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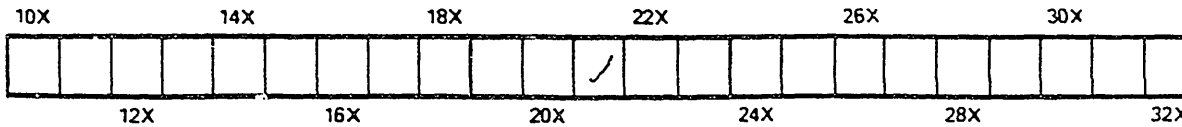

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

EDITED BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST, 1886. No. 2.

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CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO STREET.

To ..ro, Nov. 10th, 1885.

FOURTEEN YEARS' RECORD.

The Confederation Life Association commenced business on **Nov. 1st, 1871, so that the first Fourteen years were completed on Oct. 31st, 1885.** The success which has attended the Association has more than fulfilled the expectations entertained at the outset, and its position to-day as one of the leading financial institutions of Canada, is most gratifying to its friends.

The following record of what has been done for the **Policy-Holders** is interesting and instructive:—

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Paid to holders of Endowment Policies,	25,848 00
Paid for **Cash** surrender values,	77,118 00
Paid **Cash** profits to **Policy-Holders**,	170,452 00
Loaned to Policy-Holders on their Policies,	38,012 00
Paid to Holders of Annuity Bonds,	11,426 00
Premiums returned,	320 00
Total,	$790,271 00

In addition to the $170,452 **Cash** profits already paid to the **Policy-Holders**, there will have accrued at the close of the present year (estimated) the further large sum of from $190,000 to $200,000; which will be still further increased at the end of the current quinquennium (31st Dec., 1886), to $250,000, and probably more, or about **Twice** the amount of the Policy-Holders' share of surplus at the close of the **Second** Quinquennium (Dec. 31st, 1881).

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These magnificent results have been worked out in a **Home** Company, conducted by a Board of Directors drawn from Canada's business men. Surely there is no good reason for the insuring public of Canada continuing to **Impoverish their own Country,** by insuring in American Life Insurance Companies, and keeping up the constant drain upon our native capital.

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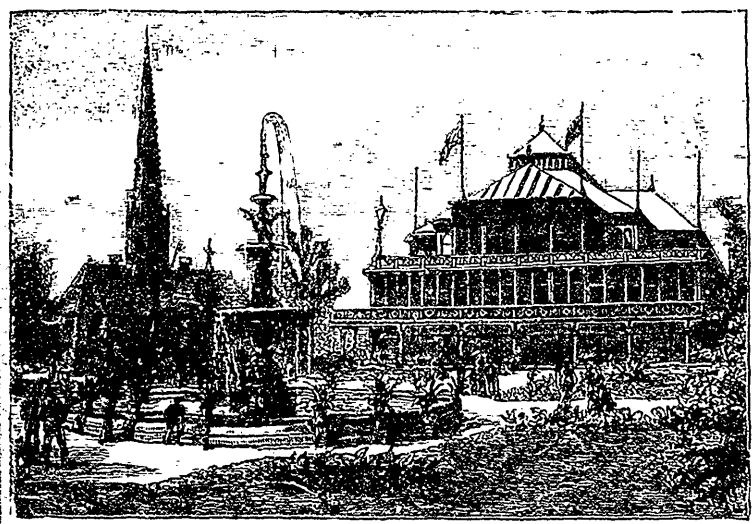
THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1886.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

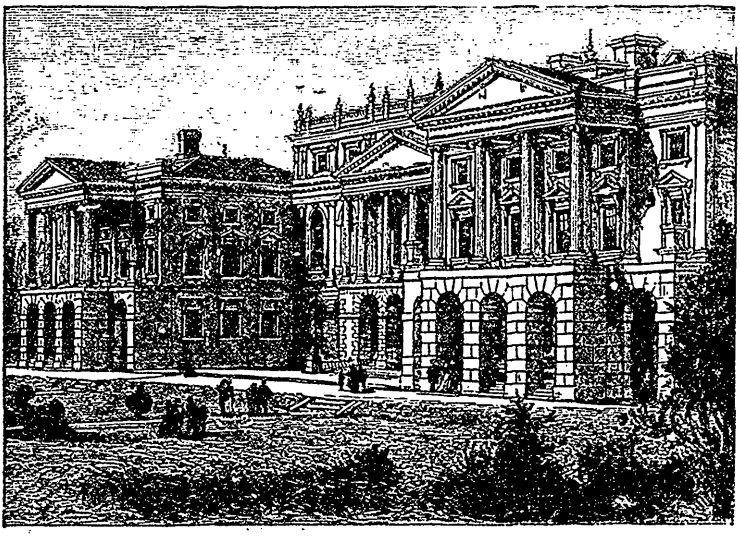


HORTICULTURAL GARDENS AND PAVILION, TORONTO.

WE have recently had the privilege of visiting several of the Conferences of our Church at different points, ranging from Quebec to Goderich. We purpose briefly to note, in connection with these visits, some of the picturesque aspects of our country, as illustrated in the accompanying engravings.

The leafy month of June is a most delightful time at which to hold the annual ecclesiastical gatherings of the land. There is so much of inspiration and buoyancy in the bursting buds and blossoming trees that one would think the deliberations of these grave and reverend bodies must catch therefrom much of

the joyous and hopeful tone by which they are characterised. Glad are the greetings and pleasant the intercourse of the brethren beloved, many of whom see each other but once a year. Old companions in arms renew their youth and fight their battles o'er again in sweet converse on the past. The religious services are seasons of great spiritual blessing—especially the Conference love-feasts. The memorial service for the fallen heroes is one of deep and tender pathos. The voices of strong men falter and tears fall as they pay their last tribute of love to those whom they shall see on earth no



OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.

more. The Conference anniversaries, Missionary, Educational, Temperance, and Sunday-school, are exhibitions of a high order of sacred eloquence; and the Friday night meeting, where the young knights of this holy war gird on their armour to receive the accolade of ordination, is a service of thrilling power. It is a joy to visit the Conferences and to realise that the Methodist ministry is a brotherhood—a fellowship no less chivalric and brave than that of "King Arthur's table round." Of the chief business of the Conferences our indefatigable co-labourer, the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., presents a condensed account.

Our series of engravings begins with some of the public build-

ings of the city of Toronto. The initial cut gives a very good view of the pavilion in the Horticultural Gardens. There are few pleasanter spots in which to saunter over the velvet lawn on a summer afternoon, the bright sunlight glinting through the trees, and the graceful fountain in the foreground flashing with showers of liquid diamonds. In the background is seen the spire of the handsome Jarvis St. Baptist church. In the spacious pavilion was held, in 1881, the International Sunday-school Convention, when our American visitors were delighted with the beauty of the place and the quiet Sabbath-keeping of our city. Here, too, during the last winter the Sabbath services of the Carlton Street Methodist congregation were held while their church was undergoing reconstruction; and here the Sherbourne Street congregation now worship till their new church, fronting directly on the gardens, which will be one of the handsomest churches in the city, shall be completed.

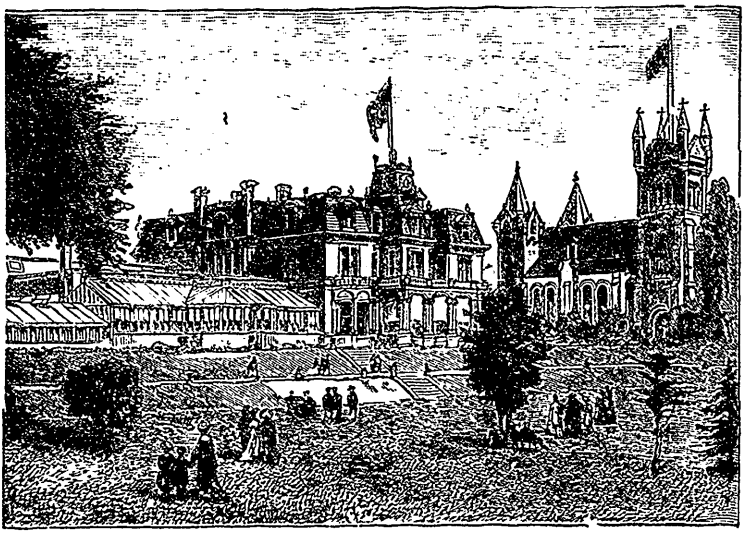
Cut two presents the noble façade of Osgoode Hall, the seat of the superior courts of this legal metropolis. The magnificent library and handsome hall, surrounded by elegant arcades of galleries, is one of the finest specimens of architecture in the city.

Cut three gives a good idea of the provision made by the Province for the comfortable lodging of the representative of our gracious Sovereign. The broad greensward, the terraced slopes, the spacious conservatories and elegant Government House, furnish facilities for those hospitalities which our Lieut.-Governors so gracefully dispense. The castellated-looking tower to the right is that of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, of which the accomplished Rev. D. J. Macdonell, B.D., is the popular pastor.

By means of the recently opened Canada Pacific Railway, one may now proceed to Ottawa and Montreal by a very picturesque route and in less time than by any other road. The comfort and elegance of the cars are, I think, unequalled on any road on the Continent. On leaving Toronto the Canada Pacific skirts the northern front of the city, giving fine views of its many towers and spires and of the elegant villas on the neighbouring heights. Passing over the deep lateral ravines and main branch of the Don on lofty iron bridges, it commands a noble prospect of the beautiful Don Valley and of the pictu-

resque hamlets of Todmorden and Agincourt and of the rich farmsteads of Markham and Pickering.

In about three hours we reach the thriving town of Peterboro', the charm of whose environment makes one long for a more intimate acquaintance. As we advance, the country becomes more rugged and broken, picturesque lakes appear and ledges of primitive rock crop out through the sod, as though the earth were getting out at elbows and the bones were appearing through the skin. Charbot Lake is a charming sheet of water, with bold rocky shores, and dotted with numerous verdure-clad islands.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

It fosters one's feelings of patriotic pride to visit the capital of the Dominion. The Parliament and Departmental buildings form one of the most imposing architectural groups in the world, and their site is one of unsurpassed magnificence. Around a lofty cliff, tree-clad from base to summit, sweeps the majestic Ottawa; to the left resounds the everlasting thunder of the Chaudiere, and in the distance rise the purple slopes of the Laurentians. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a picture never to be forgotten. The two finest features of the group, we think, are the poly-

gonal-shaped library, with its flying buttresses, its steep conical roof, its quaint carvings and tracery; and the great western tower, rising Antæus-like from the earth, pausing a moment and then, as if with a mighty effort, soaring into the sky. The

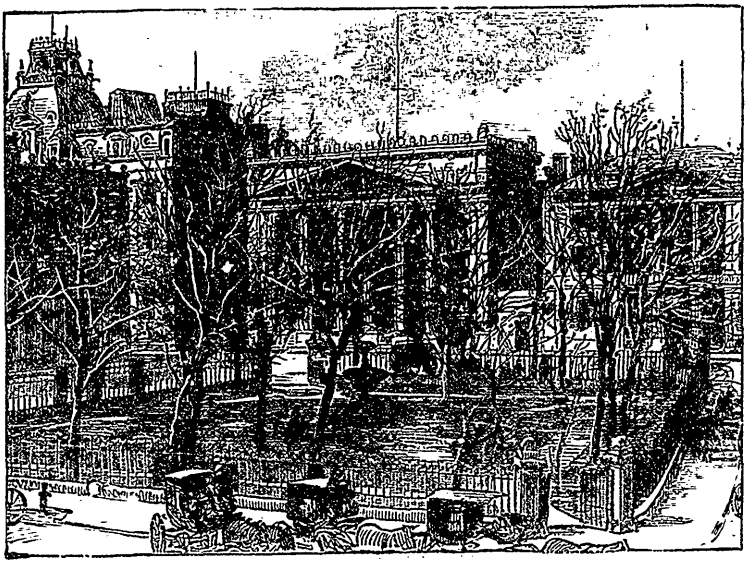
THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

view of this tower from the "Lover's Walk" beneath the cliff resembles some of Doré's most romantic creations,

The details of the buildings will repay careful study. Each capital, finial, crocket, corbel and gargoyle is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange, twi-formed creatures crouch as in act to spring or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and

flowers and chaplets of maple, oaks and ferns form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots, and birds. The Commons and Senate Chambers, though less magnificent than those at Albany, are loftier and more tasteful than those at Washington.

The meeting of the Royal Society was an occasion of much interest. Among the members are some of the ablest men in science and literature in Canada. Sir William Dawson, Dr. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Daniel Wilson and Prof. Goldwin Smith are



PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

authors of whom any country may be proud. Many papers of much value were presented and, the published "Transactions" are exchanged with those of the leading learned societies of the world.

The ride to Montreal over the C. P. R. is of exceeding interest. To the right stretch long shining reaches of the river studded with tree-clad islands. To the left rise the outliers of the Laurentides, clothed with spring verdure to their summits. Along the route are strewn picturesque French villages, bearing such pretty names as Ste. Therèse, Ste. Rose, L'Ange Gardien, with their broad-eaved houses and large stone churches, each

with its cross-crowned twin towers gleaming brightly in the sun. The "Back River" is crossed at the historic Sault au Recollet. Sweeping around the many-towered city the train skirts the St. Lawrence, with its forest of masts, to the station

In Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal.

on the site of the quaint old Quebec barracks. It is always a pleasure to visit the Canadian Liverpool—the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Its massive majesty of architecture, its quaint, huge-gabled, old stone houses, its picturesque Romish churches of the *ancien régime*, the constant ringing of

the many bells, the resonant French language heard on every side, and its foreign-seeming population, make it more like Rouen or Paris than like a New World city. Yet "the deadly march of improvement" is removing the ancient landmarks. The huxters' stalls that clung to the walls of the old Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, like mendicants at the feet of a friar, are—more's the pity—torn away. But the queer old church is still intact, with the pious legend above the door—

Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne troublie
De lui dire un Ave.

The fine group of buildings near the Place d'Armes would do credit to any city on the continent. It is said that no city in the world, except Liverpool and St. Petersburg, can boast such noble docks as those of Montreal. One of the most delightfully quaint old bits of the city is Jacques Cartier Square, with Nelson's Monument, shown in part in one of our cuts, and the old French houses around it.

The ride to Quebec over the North Shore Railway is like a run through Picardy or Normandy. There is the same quaint foreign appearance of the scattered hamlets, the queer red-roofed houses, with their many dormer windows, huge chimneys, and great hospitable outside ovens. Every six miles rises a large parish church, with its graceful spire or twin spires, and adjacent *Presbytère* or Convent, with their far-flashing tin roofs. At the stations and on the trains is seen the village *curé*, always with his breviary, which he almost continuously reads. The country has been so long settled that most of the original forest is cleared off; a few clumps of spiry spruces indicating a northern sylva. The farms run back in narrow ribands from the main road. Many of the long low barns are roofed with thatch, some are whitewashed, roof and all, and a few long-armed windmills intensify the foreign aspect of the country.

This aspect culminates in the quaint old city of Quebec. There is about it a mediæval air that pertains to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it as once did the hosts of the enemy,

invest it with a deep and abiding interest. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They are suggestive of ancient feuds, now, let us hope, forever dead. Those walls, long laved by the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

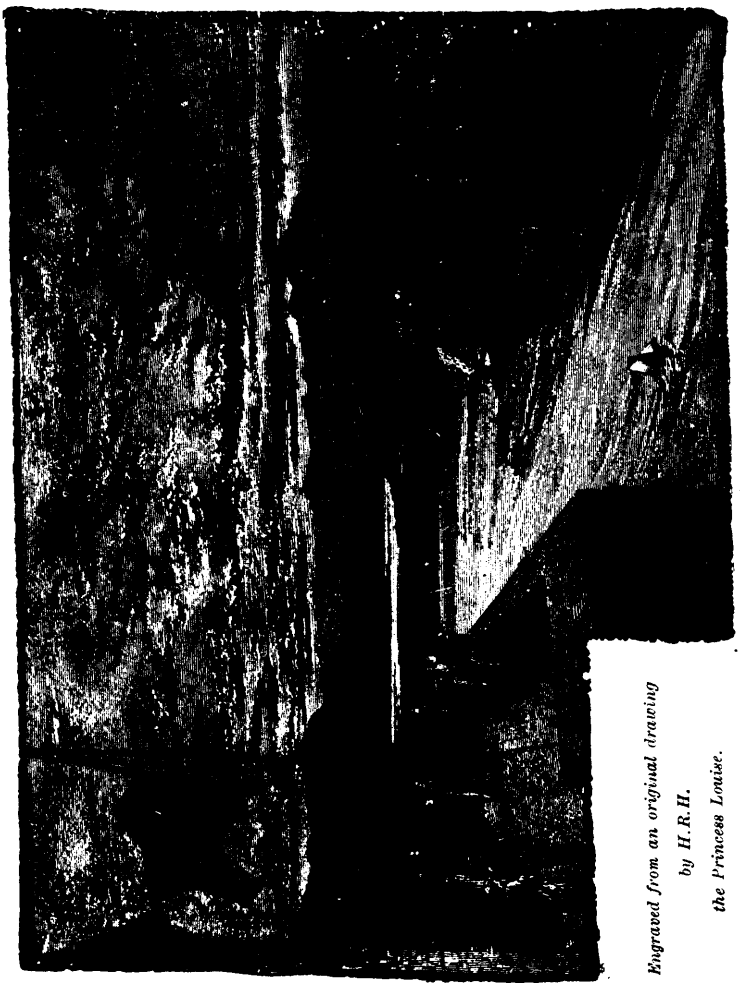
Many are the thrilling traditions of raid and foray on the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities, and rescues of its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends, many the glorious historical recollections clustering round the grand old city. Memories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and Maisonneuve and Frontenac, and D'Iberville and Montcalm,

QUEBEC.

and Wolfe and Montgomery, and many another gallant hero, fill our minds as we gaze upon the scene. No city in America, and few cities in the world, have been so often besieged and taken and retaken as Quebec.

The famous fortress castle of Ehrenbreitstein, at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle, is often compared with Quebec; but beautiful as is the view it commands, it cannot compare with that of our own St. Lawrence. The broad bosom of the river, of mingled sapphire and opal, studded with the snowy sails of ships, flocking portwards like doves to their windows; the silver waters of the St. Charles; the beautiful Isle d'Orléans, like an emerald gem on the river's breast; and Point Levi

crouching at the opposite shore, form a picture not often equalled nor easily forgotten. Like a faithful sentinel, the lofty citadel stands the warden of the noble river flowing at its feet, waving in lofty triumph over its head the red cross flag of England.



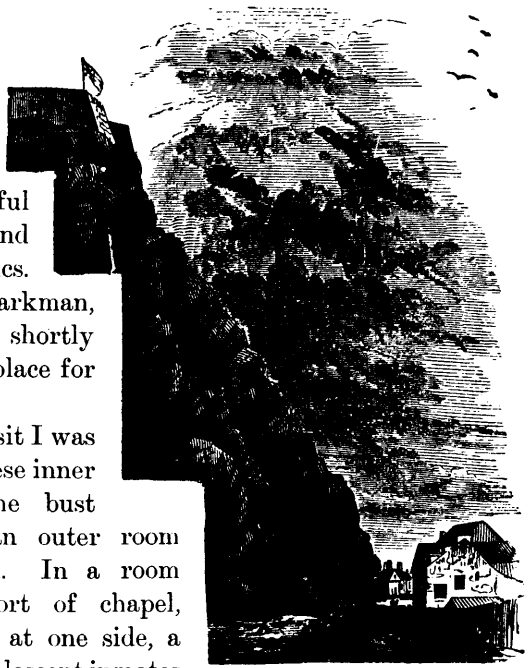
Engraved from an original drawing by H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

VIEW FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS, IN THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

One misses the old gates, but the new ones are more graceful and give more room for traffic. The old grass-grown, poplar-shaded ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens and play-ground for the children.

There are many ancient institutions in the city which will

well repay a visit. One of the most interesting of these is the Hotel Dieu Convent and Hospital, founded by the Duchesse d'Aguillon, in 1639. On my first visit, some years ago, I wished to see the silver bust and other relics of Brebœuf, who was martyred at St. Ignace, near the present site of Orillia, in 1649. I rang a bell and soon heard a voice at a perforated disc in the wall, although I could see no one. I was told to knock at a certain door, but not to enter till the person who would unlock it had gone away, because the cloistered nuns had no communication with the outer world. I did so, and made a careful study of the bust and other historic relics. I was told that Parkman, the historian, had shortly before visited the place for a similar purpose.



Under the Cliff, Quebec.

On my recent visit I was not admitted to these inner *penetralia*, but the bust was brought to an outer room for my inspection. In a room fitted up as a sort of chapel, with a little altar at one side, a few nuns and convalescent inmates were holding a religious service. The singing, accompanied by a violin played by a very sick-looking man, was very sweet and plaintive. In the reception-room of the Good Shepherd Convent, where seventy nuns teach seven hundred children, one of the "grey sisters" was reading her breviary, measuring the time by a sand-glass, ever and anon shaking the glass as if impatient that the sand ran so slowly. It was a page out of the middle ages. I saw nothing more quaint since I visited a large Beguinage at Ghent.

At the Ursuline Convent I had a pleasant conversation with

the Lady Superior, she sitting on the inner side of a double grating with a space of three feet between, and I on the outer side. I was sorry to find that a large number of Protestant girls are in attendance, chiefly from the United States. In the chapel, in a grave made by the bursting of a shell during the bombardment of 1749, rest the remains of Montcalm. Laval University and the old Jesuit Seminary present much of interest in a well-stored library and fine historic paintings. I walked out to Sillery, about a league from town, over the battle-field and through the lovely grounds of Spencer Wood, overlooking the noble river. At Sillery is the identical old mission-house from which Brebœuf, Lalemant, Jogues, and many more set forth, well-nigh two centuries and a half ago, to carry the gospel of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, on the head waters of the Mississippi, and in the frozen regions of Hudson Bay; and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood.

BREAKNECK STAIRS, QUEBEC.

The most delightful drive from Quebec is that of seven miles

to Montmorency—almost one continuous street of the humble houses of the *habitans*. One could easily fancy himself in Brittany, with its wayside crosses, the women working in the fields, and at the sunset-hour the soft ringing of the vesper bell. More charming than even the beautiful falls is the utter solitude of the scene at the "Natural Steps," where the river flows through a cleft in the rocks, surrounded by the unbroken primeval forest. A gay French wedding-party added a wealth of colour and warmth and hilarity to the exquisite loveliness of nature.

OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

The view of the stately city, as seen from the St. Charles river, with its many towers and spires and tin-roofed houses flashing back the sun's rays like the shields of an army, is one never to be forgotten.

It was a surprise to find such a stately and nobly situated Parliament building. It is quite like the quadrangle of the Louvre. Our economical province of Ontario will scarcely rival these lofty chambers. The library, though admirably housed, seemed ill-arranged—quite a contrast to the magnificent library at Ottawa.

A service in the old basilica, as a scenic performance, was wonderfully imposing. The crowded church and galleries, the deep-toned chanting of the priests, and the clear sweet singing of the boys' voices in the choir, the swinging of the censers, the

pomp and pageantry of Roman Catholic worship, make one feel the spell of that mighty sorcery which through the ages has beguiled the hearts of men.

It is a cause for congratulation that amid these dominant Roman Catholic institutions Methodism for over a hundred years has bravely held the fort, and that here in the beautiful Methodist church a Methodist Conference assembles. No Conference holds such important strategic positions as this—the political capital at Ottawa, the commercial capital at Montreal, the ancient capital of Canada at Quebec, the former capital of Upper Canada at Kingston. No Conference has a more difficult field of labour—the ground so largely preoccupied by probably the most firmly consolidated system of Romanism on the face of the earth. No Conference has shown greater energy and enterprise, as is evidenced by its generous support of the Stanstead and Montreal Colleges, and by its givings to the missionary and other connexional funds.

It is a long ride from Quebec to Picton, but in no more lovely place could Conference assemble. This is classic Methodist ground. At Hay Bay, an indentation of the larger Bay of Quinte, the Methodist pioneers built the first Methodist church in Upper Canada. In the soft sunset light it is an exquisite sail up the pleasant bay, the upland slopes sleeping in a very dream of peace. We know no country town combining so many scenic and social attractions as Picton. A fine type of Methodism prevails in this Prince Edward County.

Hasty visits were also paid to the Western Conferences at Goderich, St. Thomas, and Brampton. It is a great privilege to look in, if only for a few hours, upon the assemblies of the brethren, and to witness the remarkable evidences of their rapid growth and prosperity. (For reports of Conference proceedings see department of Religious Intelligence.) It was our first visit to Goderich. We wonder that more summer visitors do not seek health and recreation in its pleasant vicinity. The outlook over the majestic Huron, from its lofty cliffs, is one of extreme beauty, and its invigorating breezes must bring tone and vitality to the enervated frame. The hasty run here outlined confirms the conviction that few lands on earth exhibit more varied or more beautiful scenes than our own Canadian home, and that none can surpass it in all the essentials of a higher Christian civilization.

SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

IN THE FENLAND.

OUR saunterings this month lead us through the northern counties of England and amid some of the loveliest scenery of Scotland. In the shires of Cambridge and Lincoln is a stretch of country rescued by patient industry from the sea, and known as the Fenland. This half-drowned region was the last refuge of Hereward the Saxon, whose adventures are so graphically told by Kingsley, himself a son of the Fens. This region, now dyked and drained, is covered with some of the richest corn-land in Great Britain, and here the shrewd Benedictine monks, with a keen eye to fat pastures and productive agriculture, founded some of their most extensive monasteries—Ely, Peterborough, Croyland and others. The vast swarms of waterfowl with which the fens abounded furnished a not unwelcome addition to the monkish larder.

On the Isle of Ely, the great "fortress of the Fens," and on its highest ground stood the Cathedral of Ely. Here St. Eltheldreda founded a monastery in the seventh century, from which grew the great ecclesiastical establishment. The present buildings date all the way from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, and give examples of every variety of Gothic style. The cathedral is 537 feet long, and presents a noble landmark from all the fenlands far and near. The main doorway presents a noble example of purest Gothic, and is much

admired. As we look upon the noble towers of Ely we still associate them with the song that tradition has ascribed to Canute, the Danish King, as 800 years ago he rowed upon the Nene, and the choral hymn burst from the old minster:—

"Merrily sang the monkes of Ely
When Canute, the King, rowed thereby;
Row my knights, row near the lande,
And let us here these monkes songe."

Not far from Ely the noble old Norman Cathedral of Peterborough lifts its mighty walls and towers, a mountain of stone, high above every other building. It dominates the entire city, and is the most conspicuous landmark for many miles.

WEST PORTAL, ELY CATHEDRAL.

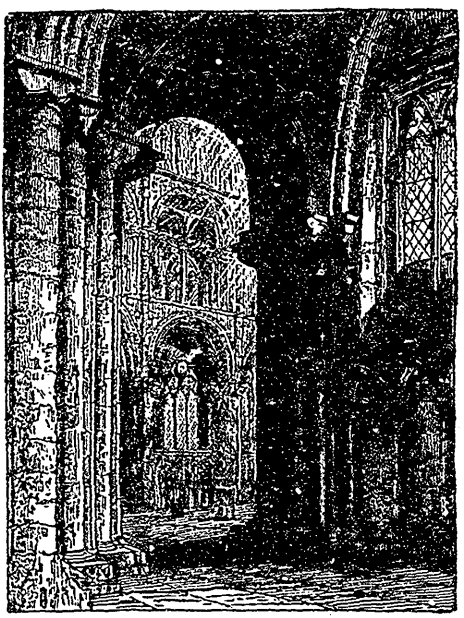
As one enters the western door a feeling of awe rests upon the soul. For four hundred and fifty feet stretches the Norman nave, vast and dim and full of solemn shadows. Milton etches with artistic touch their majestic sublimity:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below."

The older portion of the cathedral, which dates from before the

year 1200, is, as will be seen from the accompanying cut, of Norman architecture, with its round arches, stout, Atlas-like columns and "dog-tooth" mouldings. A massy tower, a hundred and fifty feet high, crowns the intersection of the nave and transept. As great cracks in the wall gave evidence of the instability of the tower, it has recently been reconstructed at vast expense.

The storms of seven hundred years have stained and weathered those Norman arches to a grim and hoary aspect, with which they frown down upon the ephemerides of to-day.

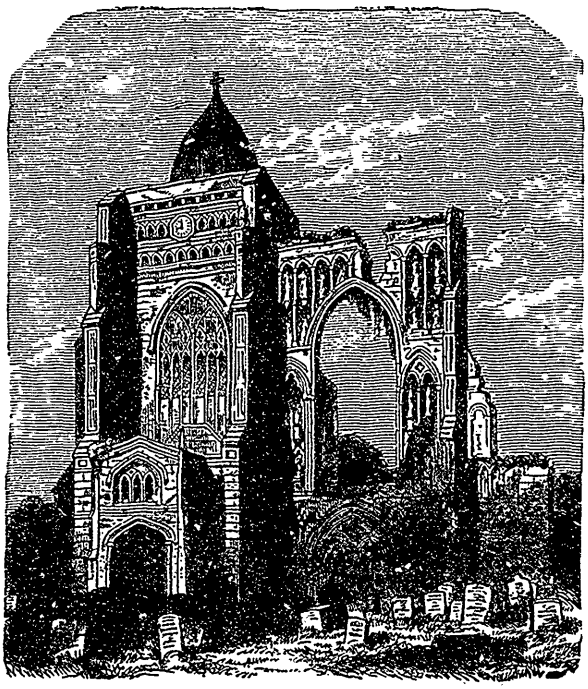


PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

Here may still be seen the tomb of that "most poor woman," Queen Katharine of Aragon. To her burial here we owe the preservation of the cathedral. When Henry VIII. ordered the dissolution of all religious houses, he commanded this to be spared, saying that he would leave Katharine one of the goodliest monuments in the kingdom. Mary Queen of Scots was buried here in the choir for twenty-five years, and was then removed, at the request of her son, James I., to Westminster Abbey, where she lies, in the solemn truce of death, near her great rival, Elizabeth of England. In this church Wolsey, in proud abasement, washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor people.

Just over the border of Lincolnshire are the ruins of the old benedictine Abbey of Croyland. Here amid the marshy solitude, the early British saint Guthlac, of the royal house of Mercia, in the seventh century, became a hermit. These fens were then, so says the legend, the haunt of myriads of evil spirits, whose unhallowed cries could be heard mingled with the

melancholy scream of the wild fowl and with the moaning of the night wind. They vehemently assailed the pious hermit, but were overcome by the fervour of his prayers and exercises. He died at last in the odour of sanctity, and his tomb became, says the legend, the scene of many miracles. Hence grew up the great Abbey of Croyland, of which only the dismantled ruins now remain. For centuries after the dissolution of the monasteries it served as a quarry for the neighbouring village



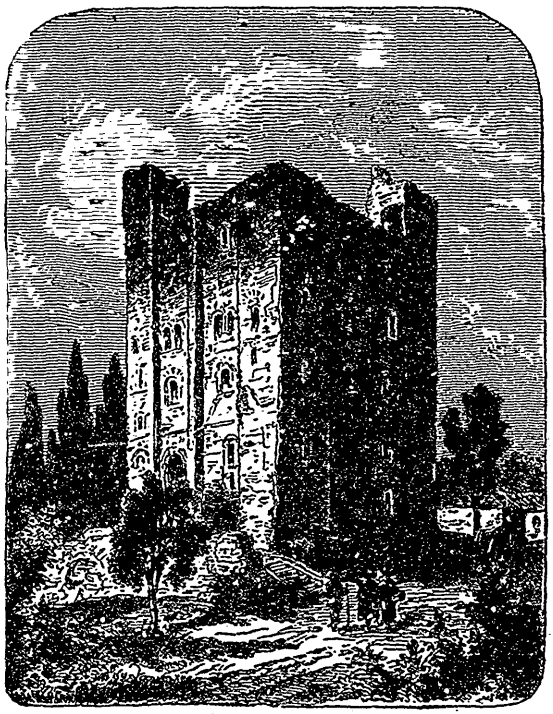
CROYLAND ABBEY.

and built into the peasant's cottage, or the rustic byre, may be seen sculptured fragments of the ancient abbey.

In the adjacent county of Nottinghamshire, on a steep cliff overlooking the lovely valley of the Trent, stands the ancient castle of Nottingham, now surrounded by the busy machinery of hosiery weavers. The castle was built, soon after the Conquest, by one of the Peverils, and was frequently the abode of kings. Here King David of Scotland and Owen Glendower of Wales were held prisoners, and from it Richard III. went forth to meet his fate on Bosworth Field.

Hedingham Castle is another of those stern feudal towers that stud this storied land. Its massive walls that "stand four-square to all the winds that blow" still bid defiance to the tooth of time.

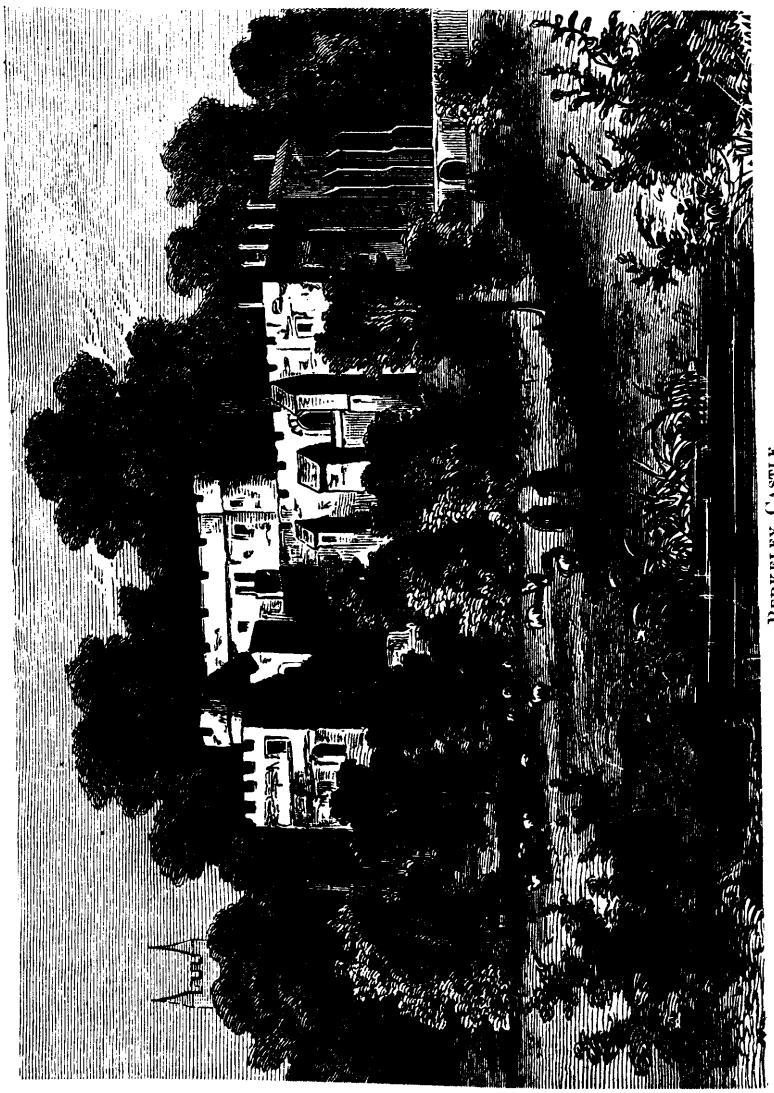
Further to the west, in fertile Gloucester, is the fine old castle of Berkeley. Here the unhappy King Edward II. was murdered with fiendish cruelty. The sylvan beauty of the scene to-day offers no suggestion of that age of cruelty and blood.



HEDINGHAM CASTLE.

It is a far cry from Gloucester to Glasgow, but the trip is made in a few hours. In sailing up the winding Clyde—the river of a thousand masts—the tourist passes one of the most picturesque spots in the realm, Dumbarton Rock—flung by the fiends after St. Patrick, says the legend, when he fled from their persecution to Ireland. The rocky crag rises 560 feet above the river and divides into two summits, one of which is named Wallace's Seat. In the fortress the hero was confined

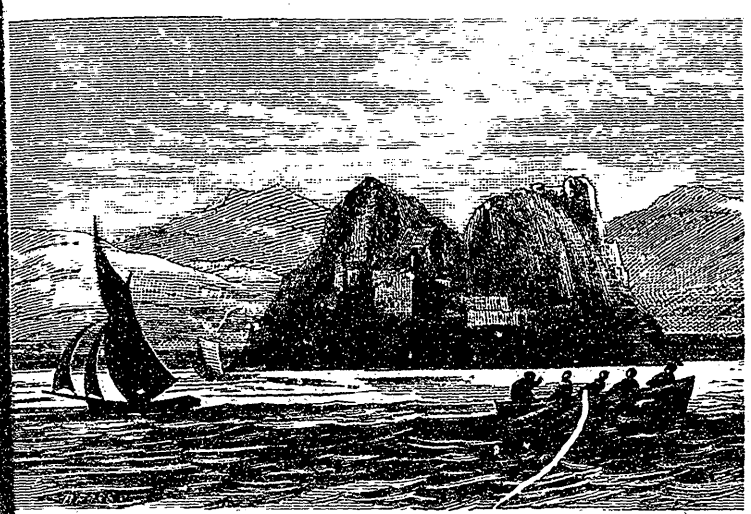
after his betrayal by the "fause Monteith," and his two-handed sword, measuring five feet six inches, is preserved in the armoury. The view from the summit, which is ascended



BERKELEY CASTLE.

by a stair built in a natural cliff in the rock, is exceedingly fine, including a great extent of the Clyde, and stretching northward to the mountains and lochs of Argyle, Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, and the Vale of Leven.

A sail up the lovely Loch Lomond is an experience never to be forgotten. The islands are forever arranging themselves into new forms, each seeming more beautiful than the one before. On every side are the sylvan mountains, mantled with beauty; and ever and anon open glens widen down from them, or forest glades lead our hearts away into their inner gloom and glory. "Bosomed high 'mid tufted trees," on every side are castled crags and country seats. Memories of Rob Roy and Nicol Jarvie haunt the scenes, and towering aloft the purple summit of Ben Lomond



DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE.

"Through shrouding mists looks dimly down;
For though perhaps his piercing eye
Doth read the secrets of the sky,
His lengthy bosom scorns to show
Those secrets to the world below."

Taking coach at Inversnaid, where Wolfe was once quartered to repress the raids of the wild Highland clans under Rob Roy, we soon reach Loch Katrine; was ever seen "so lone a lake, so sweet a strand?" Traversing its mountain-girdled expanse—past fair Ellen's Isle, floating double on the wave, and the Silver Strand where she met King James, we again take coach for the ride through the Trossachs pass. The whole region is rife with the memories of the winsome Lady of the Lake. The

genius of Scott has thrown over each crag and cliff and winding vale

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

We would hardly be surprized to hear the winding of a hunting horn, or to see Fitz James and Roderick Dhu start up from the hazel thickets of the deep and tangled glen.

The heather and the broom mingle with the gorse and gowans on the green slope of the Doune side and its "banks and braes," and Dumblane, where dwelt "sweet Jessie" of the song,

On Loch Lomond

and the grey walls of Stirling recall many an ancient ballad or legend.

Doune is only eight miles from Stirling Castle, and in full view. Its situation is beautiful; on one side are the steep banks of the River Teith, while on the opposite rushes a mountain stream. Its towers rise to a commanding height, making the view from a distance very attractive. The kitchen fireplace is quite spacious enough to allow a score of giants to spend a comfortable winter evening beneath the chimney. A ponderous iron gate still exists, with a heavy iron folding door. Although the castle is now roofless, the walls are still entire, and have the appearance of the solidity and strength that held out gallantly for "bonnie Prince Charlie."

Never, indeed, was prince better loved than was Prince Charlie. In the sweet songs of Scotland none are more pathetic

than those written about this unfortunate young man. Long after he had reached a place of safety, and after his youth had been lost in an ignoble old age, sweet voices in Scotland were singing:

"Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

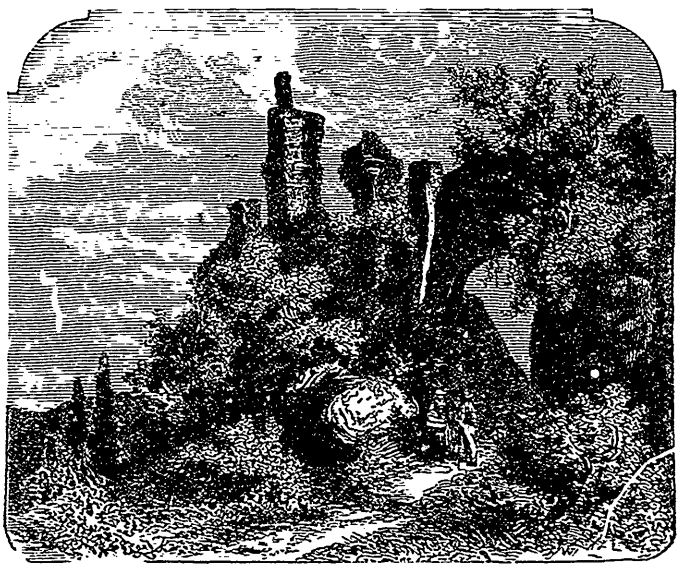
and

"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,
Safely ower a friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he never come back again.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will ye no come back to me?"

To this day these simple words have power to stir the hearts and dim the eyes.

The royal burgh of Stirling, with its famous castle perched upon a lofty crag, is delightfully quaint and picturesque. The view from the ramparts of the lovely valley of the Forth, and the purple-vested Ben Voirlich, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi and the rest of the Titan brotherhood is unsurpassed even by that from Calton Hill. Queen Mary's View is a small opening in the wall where the "fair mischief" watched the tilts and tourneys in the jousting yard below. Here is a quaint old hall, adorned with strange mythological figures, where the ancient

Parliament of Scotland used to meet. In a gloomy chamber of the palace, James V. slew, with his own hand, his guest the Earl of Douglas; below is the monument of bold Wallace wight, and hard by the world-famous field of Bannockburn. But the chief spell of the scene is that cast by the filial piety of fair Ellen of the Lake. As I marched down Castle Hill I was preceded by a company of kilted and plaided pipers, skirling the wild music of their mountain pibroch on the air.

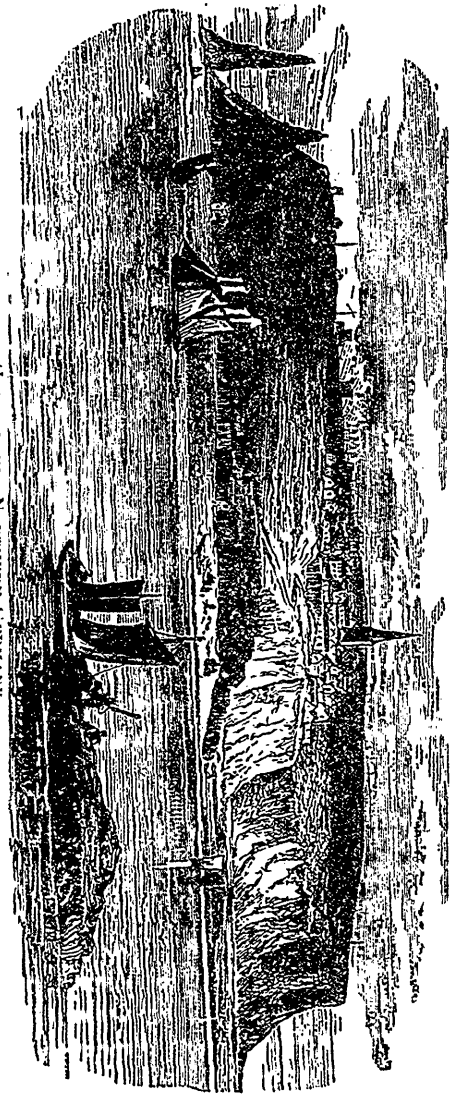


ROSLIN CASTLE.

On the manifold attractions of Auld Reekie, the most picturesque capital in Europe, I may not now dwell. They have been previously described in this MAGAZINE. One of the most delightful excursions in its neighbourhood is that of Roslin and Hawthornden. In the charming Gothic chapel the chief object of interest is the exquisite "'Prentice Pillar," with its romantic story. The castle was once a place of great strength —deeply moated and accessible only by a drawbridge. The surrounding scenery is of remarkable beauty. At Hawthornden, near by, dwelt the poet Drummond, who has immortalized so many of Scotland's most heroic legends.

In returning southward one traverses the wild east coast, forever lashed by the melancholy main; passing in view of Holy

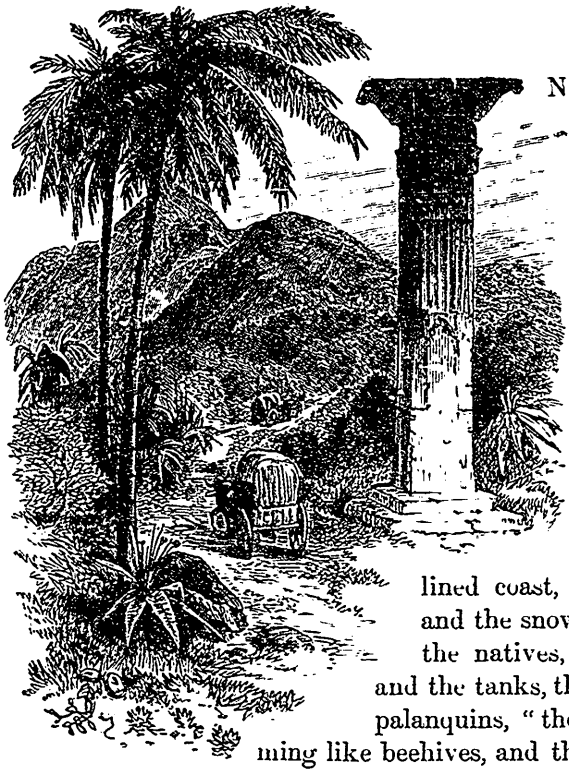
Isle, the storm-swept Lindisfarne, and the grim prison of the Covenanters, Bass Rock, and near the scene of the hard-fought battles of Flodden Field, Dunbar and Prestonpans.



Far below the eastern horizon, within forty miles of the mouth of the Elbe, is Britain's smallest possession, the Island of Heligoland—holy island—shown in the accompanying engraving. It is only a mile long and a third of a mile wide, and rises 200 feet above the sea. It was taken by the British from the Danes, who used it as a base of supplies and for smuggling operations. The inhabitants are Frisians, and are mostly fishermen and pilots. They own over a hundred vessels. The soil is very rich and is chiefly devoted to sheep pasturage the sheep being fed on fish in winter. The government consists of a governor and executive council. It is probably the latest survival of the old time Crown Colonies of the Empire. It must be rather an eyesore to the Germans to have a British fort right at the mouth of their largest river.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

I.

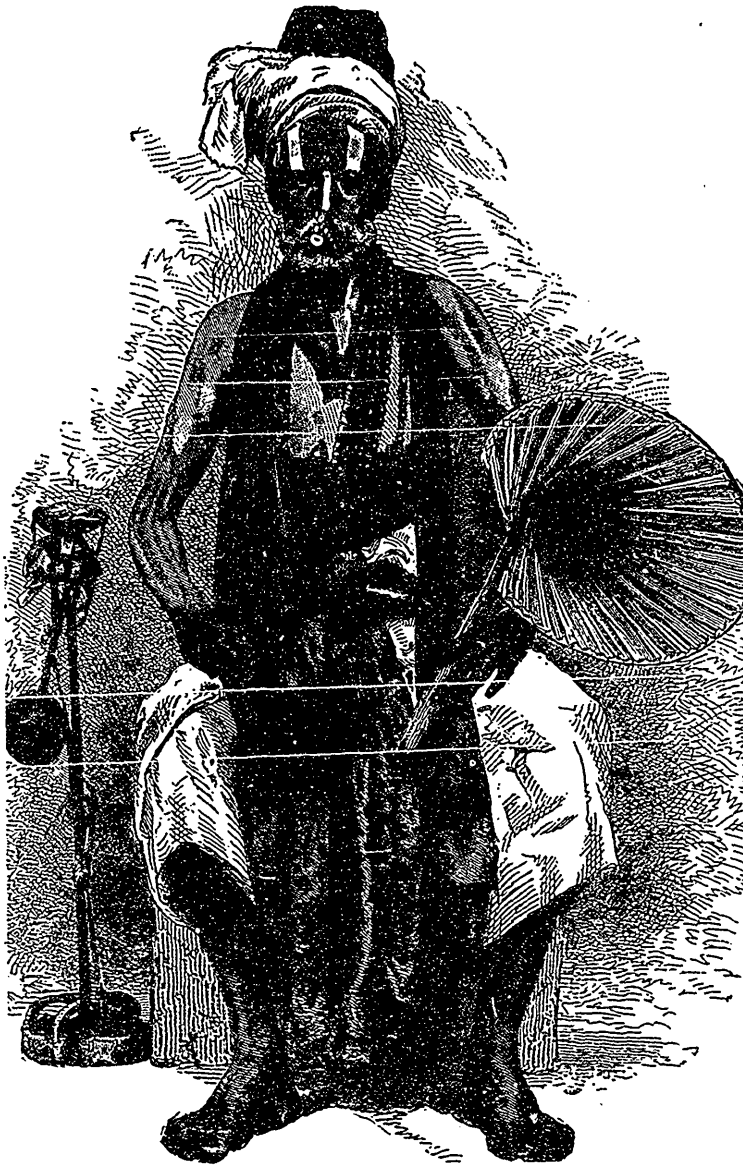


INDIA! What a brilliant paggeant the very word suggests! The ivory palaces, the gilded temples, the gaudy idols, the broad leaves of the palms and the bananas, the sky-piercing Himalayas, the vast surf-lined coast, the dark skins and the snow-white robes of the natives, the rice-fields and the tanks, the elephants and palanquins, "the bazaars, humming like beehives, and the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bundle of iron rings to scare away the hyenas." But the most stupendous thought of all is that of the two hundred and fifty millions of immortal souls,—the devotees of a dark and degrading superstition, or the followers of the false prophet Mahomet.

"India," says Dr. Patterson, "forms a great triangle, jutting out from the continent of Asia, having for its base the Himalaya mountains, which rise to a height in some places of 29,000 feet, and stretch for a distance of 1,500 miles along its northern frontier. The principal part of the western coast is washed by the Arabian Sea, and the most of the eastern by the Bay of Bengal. Its length from north to south is over 1,900 miles, and its breadth from east to west, where it is widest, is nearly as great. India is

INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

thus equal to the whole of Europe, without Russia. It forms a continent rather than a single country, and presents every variety of scenery and



MENDICANT PRIEST.

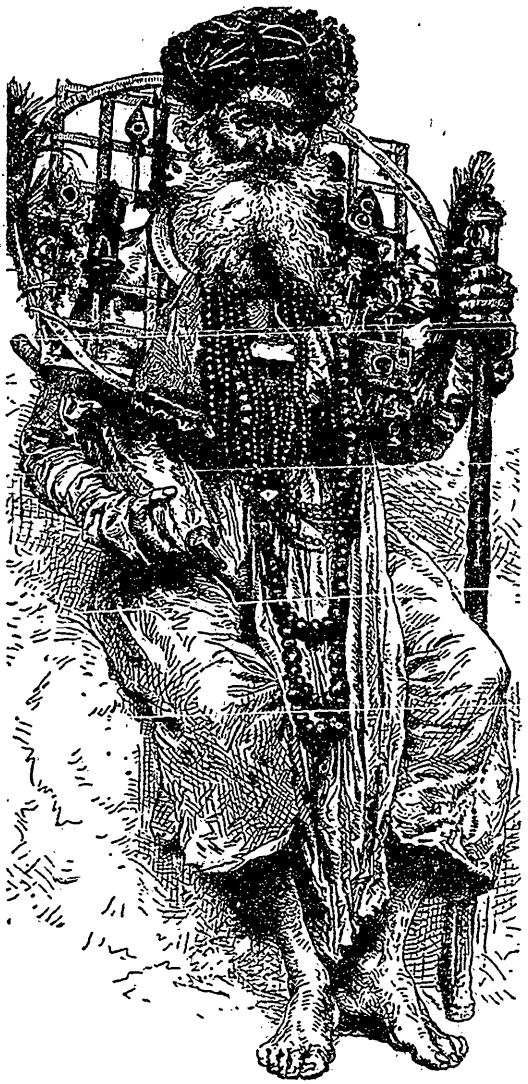
climate, from the highest mountains in the world, with summits robed in perpetual snow, to river deltas, only a few inches above the level of the sea, and scorched with the most fiery tropical heat.

"By the census of 1881, the population amounted to over 254,000,000, equal to that of all Europe, without Russia, and more than double what Gibbon estimated the Roman Empire to contain in its palmiest days. Of these over 200,000,000, or about four-fifths, reside in those Provinces directly under the British Government, and the remainder in those States under subordinate native rulers. Among them are spoken ninety-eight languages, with a much larger number of dialects. In religion over fifty millions are Mohammedans, and a million and three-quarters Christians, of whom the majority are Roman Catholics, leaving 200,000,000 of heathen."

The British East India Company, though formed in 1600, had up to the middle of the last century only six factories scattered over the peninsula. The real beginning of English political ascendency was in 1757, when on the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk conquered an Empire. With three thousand troops, on the Plains of Plassy, Robert Clive routed an army of sixty thousand and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire of 250,000,000 souls. The almost uniform success of the English Company attracted alliances with the native chiefs, and gradually the British Empire became extended over nearly the whole country. Not all the annexations can be justified, yet on the whole this vast extension of territorial sway has been a providential responsibility which could not be avoided. Step by step the dominion has mostly been forced upon the British Government. And especially since, with the suppression of the mutiny, the power has been taken back by the Crown from out of the unworthy hands of the great commercial company, all Christendom has overwhelming reasons for gratitude that the sovereignty of England extends over India.

"Hinduism," says Dr. Lathern, "is the central fortress of civilized heathenism. The world has no other such closely compacted system of error. It may be fairly regarded as the master-piece of the deceiver. Hoary with age, it challenges attention on the ground of its great antiquity. Its temples are magnificent, and its ritual adapted to the popular sense. Millions of priests avow their belief in countless millions of gods, and all are pledged to the perpetuation of this Brahmanical religion. Rising height above height, like the ranges and ridges of the Himalayas, the shadows of this stupendous and embattled structure seem to darken the day, and its proud spires to pierce the skies. Mysticisms and superstitions, penances and pilgrimages, transcendentalisms, adaptation to mental peculiarities, and penetrating grasp of the institutions and usages of national and social life, contribute to its moulding force, and combine to

constitute it the mightiest of earth's idolatries. Hinduism numbers 160,000,000 of adherents. One of the most eminent of modern missionaries, when first confronted by this towering and frowning citadel of error, realized keenly the sense of his own weakness and the utter insufficiency of human resource. A feeling came over him, such as he might have had if he had undertaken to cut down the primeval forest with the blade of a knife, to level the Himalayas with a pickaxe, or to empty the Ganges with a teacup. 'What field on the surface of the globe can be compared to Hindustan, stretching from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, in point of magnitude and accessibility combined, and peculiarity of claims on British Christians, the claims of not less than 200,000,000 of fellow-subjects, sunk beneath the load of the most debasing superstitions, and the cruelest idolatries that ever polluted the surface of the earth or brutalized the nature of man'?"



MENDICANT FAKIR.

India presents one of the most important mission fields in the world. With a civilization going back to the time of Alexander, and a literature to that of Zoroaster; with its highly-cultivated Brahmin caste and a vast substratum of

human wretchedness, it presents at once extraordinary difficulties and remarkable facilities for the diffusion of the Gospel. While the proud Brahmin looks down from the heights of a lofty scorn on his conquerors, who were naked savages at a time when the ancient pundits of India were learned sages, yet now, as in the days of the personal ministry of our Lord, the common people, weary with waiting for a healer of their woes, hear gladly the word of life.

The entire population of India are chiefly Hindus and Mohammedans, with a few Parsees, or fire-worshippers. The Mohammedans being shrewd, designing, fanatical, and powerful, became the dominant race previous to the advent of the Europeans, and they ruled the poor timid aborigines with a rod of iron. Their religious system needs no description here, as it is the same in every part of the world where it prevails. It is only necessary to say that, wherever they succeeded in establishing their authority, they required all, by the powerful argument of fire and sword, to submit to the dogmas of the false prophet.

The Hindus, or original natives of India, whether professedly Buddhist or Brahmins, are pagans, and consequently idolaters. They build splendid temples to the honour of their numerous gods, in which are set up idols of gold, silver, brass, wood, and stone, frequently of the most hideous and repulsive form. To these idol shrines are brought offerings of food, fruit, and flowers; and although the gods cannot appropriate the offerings, the priests in attendance, who live in ease and indolence, can: and thus the simple people are deceived. Nothing can be more affecting than to see Hindu parents with their children coming to the temple to present their sacrifices to dumb idols, and thus training up the rising generation to worship gods made by the hands of men. But it is on the occasion of their great festivals, when the people congregate to the number of tens of thousands, that the sin and folly of these miserable idolaters are most apparent. Then may be heard the wild and frantic shouts of the multitude as they drag along the car of Juggernaut, crushing beneath its ponderous wheels the wretched victims devoted to destruction, to propitiate their bloodthirsty deities. Then may be seen devotees with iron hooks thrust through their flesh, swinging in the air amid the deafening plaudits of the maddened throng, who regard the act as highly meritorious. And so

deluded are these poor heathens, that mothers may often be seen casting their sickly children into the sacred waters of the Ganges, to be devoured by the crocodiles, not so much perhaps with a view to be relieved from attending to them, as to appease the anger of their cruel gods, to whose displeasure they attribute all the afflictions which come upon them.

"Temples," continues Dr. Lathem, "are a prominent feature of Hinduism. Benares alone boasts ten thousand splendid fanes. India is a land of superb and stately structures. The Seringham pagoda, near Trichinopoly, 'an awful and indescribably vast fabric,' was erected at a cost equal to that of St. Paul's. There are several groups of religious buildings in the Tanjore district, each one of which involved an expenditure equal to that of an English cathedral. Hindu temples, however, have little resemblance to the ecclesiastical edifices of Christendom. In architectural idea and outline they seem to have more in common with the Hebrew temple at Jerusalem—court within court, terrace rising above terrace, and a diminished central site for the main sanctuary. The space occupied by a popular idol in India is usually flanked by extensive enclosures, comprising several acres. But as you pass through court after court to the hideous gloom of the contemptible sanctuary, and approach the obscene penetralia, the buildings diminish in size and elaboration.

PARSEE MERCHANT.

"But what shall be said of the idols, in a land that is wholly given to idolatry? In addition to more exalted divinities, the minor gods and goddesses are all but innumerable. Heavenly bodies, various productions of the earth, beneficent rivers, the mysterious wind, the cloud-capped mountain, the spreading banyan, the sacred ox, the gamboling monkey, the noxious reptile, stocks and stones, mean and miscellaneous things, fair or

foul, angel or demon, through hope or through fear, find a place in the pantheon. The Hindu makes to himself graven images, the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, and bows down to them and worships them.

"India is the land of pilgrimages. It has numerous cities and shrines and streams of reputed sanctity; and for the sake of penance, ablution, or some ceremonial observance, multitudes of people are perpetually on the move. At the great annual festivals, in honour of popular idols, thousands of pilgrims throng to the temple service. Many of these are weary wanderers after rest. Waters of sacred rivers are regarded as efficacious for the cleansing of moral pollution; and, as the most magnificent river, the Ganges is thought to be specially and signally potent for the purification of the soul. As a means of salvation, or for the accumulation of merit, a Hindu achieves immense feats of devotion. Think of a pilgrim starting from the source of the Ganges, traversing the river to its mouth, measuring the same distance on the opposite bank, and getting back to the starting-point at the end of six years!"

When nearly the whole of Continental India and Ceylon were brought under British rule, a brighter day dawned upon the country than it had ever seen before. With all its faults, the British Government of India has been merciful, mild, and benign, compared with that of its Mohammedan rulers, who previously swayed the sceptre; and it has been more likely to benefit the people than the partial and temporary rule of other European powers which it has in a great measure superseded. But though open to English commerce, India, by the decree of the Company of Leadenhall Street, was closed to Christ's Gospel. For many years it discouraged every effort that was made to evangelize the Hindus, and even prohibited Christian missionaries from settling in the country so long as it was in its power to do so. In the midst of numerous difficulties and discouragements, however, the Church, Scottish, London, Baptist, American, Wesleyan, and other Missionary Societies, have done much towards spreading the light of the Gospel among the dark, benighted, teeming millions of India.

The Wesleyan mission to India, the history of which is so distinctly marked by the providence and grace of God, originated with the venerable Dr. Thomas Coke, the "Father of Methodist Missions." The zealous Doctor had already crossed the Atlantic eighteen times; planted missions, and laboured indefatigably to establish the Word of God in America and in the West Indies; and worked hard for Ireland, to say nothing of his

literary toils and travels in England. And now, in the evening of life, at the age of sixty-six, when most men would have thought of taking a little rest, he conceived the noble idea

PARSEE LADY AND CHILD.

of inaugurating a Methodist mission to India. "India," he wrote, "still cleaved to his heart; he could give up all for India." In view of his advanced age, and the risk to health and life

which his residence in the torrid zone would involve, many of his friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose; but so firmly was he convinced of a Divine call, and so fully was his heart set upon the project, that he wrote: "I am now dead to Europe, and alive to India. God Himself has said to me, 'Go to Ceylon.' I am so fully convinced of the will of God, that I would be rather set naked on the coast of Ceylon, without clothes and without a friend, than not go there." He eagerly began the study of Portuguese, which was largely spoken in Ceylon; and which he subsequently prosecuted on shipboard to the day of his death. But he was destined never to see the shores for which he so longed. In mid-ocean he was stricken down, and was found dead upon his cabin floor. His body was committed to the deep, but the noble purpose for which he lived found its fulfilment in the labours of the devoted missionaries by whom he was accompanied. Prominent among these was the Rev. William Harvard, afterwards Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Canada. Little was done for some years on the Continent of India, but very successful missionary operations were carried on in the beautiful island of Ceylon.

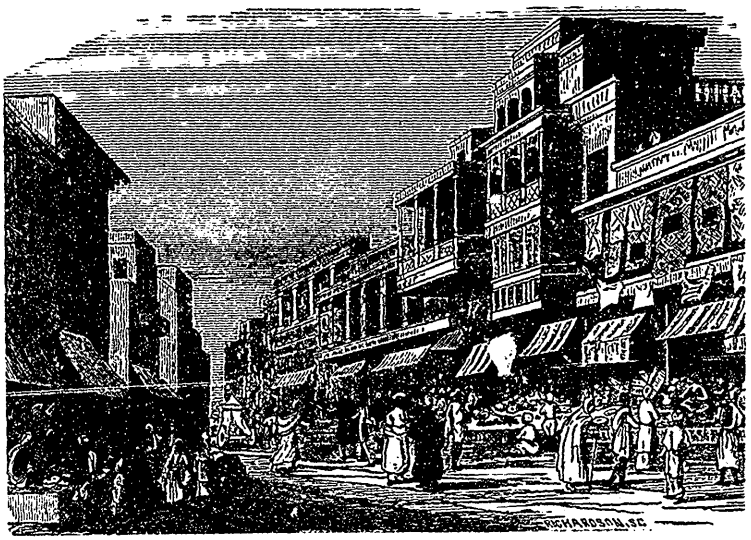
On page 123 we have a portrait of a mendicant priest of a lower caste. The white marks on his body are made with a white earth called "sooddy," and signify that he is a worshipper of the heathen god Vishnu. He has a number of beads round his neck, in his hand, and on his head, these are the seeds of the holy lotus, a lovely water-flower which abounds in Indian tanks. The priest is supposed to say a prayer, or rather a charm, to each bead.

Many of these self-torturing devotees will keep their arms in an outstretched position, or their legs crossed and cramped so long that they rigidly stiffen, and the wretched fakir becomes a mere withered torso, without power of motion. This is of course a sign of very superior sanctity, and attracts the homage of the multitudes, as well as the more substantial benefit of a liberal supply of ghee and rice. The fakir with the iron collar is one of this class.

One of the most important sects in India is the Parsees. They are worshippers of fire, and profess to be followers of Zoroaster, who founded the sect in Persia 2,090 years ago. He taught that the sun was to be worshipped as an emblem of God's power, and his followers now, in addition to the sun,

worship fire, wells of water, spirits of the air, and so on, thus paying the honour to the elements of nature that is due to God only.

A Parsee believes that to extinguish fire is a great misfortune, on which account many are unwilling to snuff a candle or trim a lamp, lest they should put it out. If their house is on fire, they will lend no assistance to quench it, and sometimes not even allow others to do so. Each head of a family is bound to keep up a perpetual sacred fire in his dwelling. The principal hours of worship are at sunrise and sunset; and it is a painful



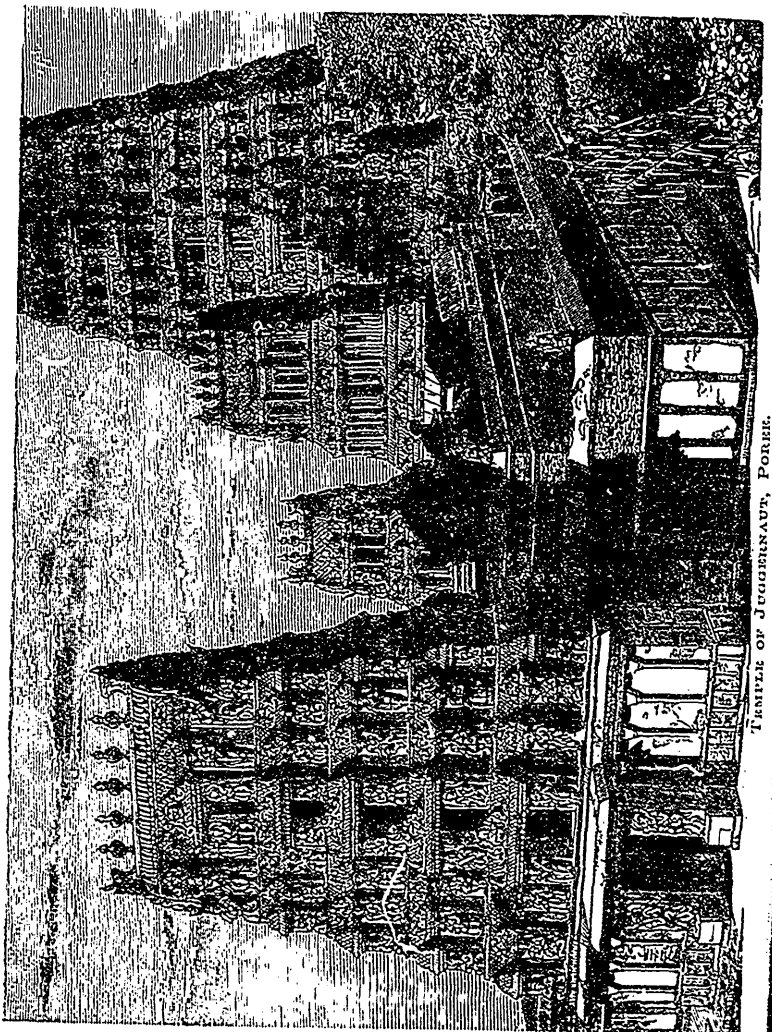
BOMBAY.

sight to the Christian, as he takes his evening walk outside of a city in India, to see numbers of these people adoring the sun as he sets in the western sky.

In the city of Bombay there are 75,000 of these people, and interesting cases have occurred in which missionaries have successfully endeavoured to lead them to adore Him who is the true Father of Lights, and to trust in Him who is the only Saviour of sinners. The Parsees are among the most intelligent, enterprising and cultured of the people of India. They are largely adopting European costumes and customs, and elegantly dressed Parsee ladies may be seen driving in their carriages at the fashionable hour on the boulevards of Bombay.

It is perhaps in consequence of his belief that the Parsee is

so careful in preventing the pollution of the other elements, and that after death his body is placed in an open tower, usually on some eminence, where it is devoured by vultures.



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, PORBE.

These open sepulchres have been appropriately named the "Towers of Silence." In every Parsee dwelling-house there is an aperture in the upper or sleeping story, which is usually covered by a grating; but when a member of a household dies, his body is placed on a bier and lowered through the aperture to the ground floor, where it is cared for by a set of priests

called Neor-ser-sala, or death men. The death men have no contact with the world at large, and on no account are they admitted to the house, as their presence would pollute it. Hence it is that the body is lowered to them, in order to make their entrance unnecessary. A procession is then formed, the friends of the dead following the priests to the Towers of Silence, on Malabar Hill. Arriving at the entrance of the grounds, the body is taken in charge by another set of priests, with long beards, who carry it to whichever of the five towers may be selected by the last set of priests. The body is taken through an aperture in the wall of the tower and deposited on a grating. There are three sets of these, one for men, signifying good deeds, one for women, representing good words, and one for children, indicating good thoughts. The clothing is then removed and torn into pieces, after which it is thrown into another tower and the bodies exposed to the vultures. In a few minutes the birds have stripped all the flesh from the bones. Everything about the grounds is kept as neat as possible, and flowers grow in pretty gardens near the entrance. It is very curious that a religion, which otherwise contains so much that is elevating, should countenance a mode of burial at once so unnatural and repulsive.

TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, PORBE.

India is a country of great cities; Calcutta, the capital, in Bengal, has over 700,000 inhabitants. Here are the superior law courts, the magnificent residence of the Viceroy, and splendid public buildings that would do credit to any capital in the world. Bombay, the chief port on the west coast, has over 500,000 inhabitants. Its crowded streets present a strange concourse of many races and tribes. It is more oriental-looking than even Calcutta. Madras, on the Coromandel coast, is nearly as large. No great seaport ever had so wretched a harbour; or rather, it has no harbour at all, only an open roadst ad, where every person and every thing must be transshipped in surf-boats through the "league-long rollers tumbling on the shore." In the interior are Benares, the Holy City of the Hindus, with its fourteen hundred temples; Lucknow, the capital of Oude, with its thrilling memories of the Mutiny; Delhi, the metropolis of the Mohammedan Empire, with its exquisite Saracenic mosques and palaces; Lahore, Poonah, Hyderabad, Agra, Allahabad and many more, each containing over 100,000 inhabitants. Of the characteristic architecture of these cities we give examples

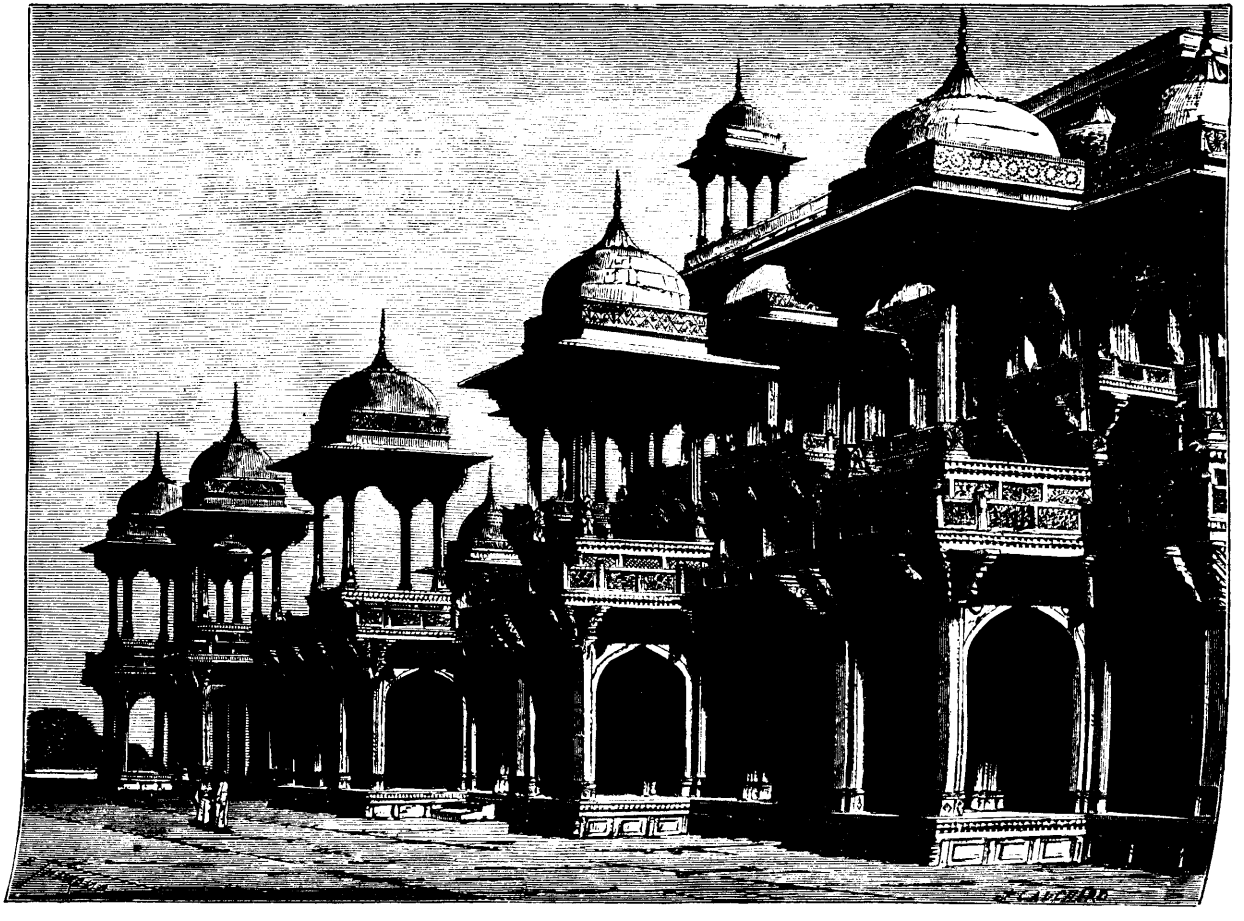
in this paper, with others to follow. The engraving of the Mausoleum of the Emperor Ackbar, at Agra, is a fine specimen of the Saracenic architecture of the Mohammedan conquerors of India. Contrasted with this is the purely Hindu architecture of the Temple of Juggernaut, at Poree—a confused mass of mythological sculpture. Our initial cut shows a group of Hindu widows, rescued by the British Government from the cruel rite of Sutteeism, or burning on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands. To this unhappy class we shall refer more fully in a succeeding paper.

BUDDHA'S LESSON.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

A MOURNING mother, with her dear dead babe,
Came unto Buddha, wise and merciful,
And said, "O Prophet, bring to life my child!"
"Daughter," great Buddha said, "bring me a grain
Of mustard-seed from home in which no child
Or parent ever died, and thy sweet child
Shall live again."
With eager feet she hied
Away; but ever as she sought, she found
No single threshold stone uncrossed by Death.
From all she answer got, "The living are,
O lady! few; the dead are very many."
The weeping mother buried her dead babe
Beneath the banyan's gloomy shade; and, sad,
With weary steps and slow, returning from
Her bootless quest, reproached great Buddha with
Deceit, and trifling with a mother's grief.
"O daughter," said he, "thoughtest thou that thou
Alone had'st been bereft? Learn thou this—
Thy child hath but a little gone before.
Soon to Nirvana thou and I shall go—
Into blank nothingness—our souls blown out
Like lamps sent floating down the Ganges stream
On gusty night. Oblivion wraps us all
Within his inky cloak, and we—what recks it?—
Are as though we had not been. Farewell,
O daughter! grieve not for thy buried son,—
Thy lot is but the common lot of all."

*This Sanscrit legend illustrates the blank hopelessness concerning the future of the religion of Buddha,—the faith of 500,000,000 of our race.



Mausoleum of Emperor Akbar, City of Agra.

BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

IV.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

WITHIN a few short years there has sprung into existence in Canada one of the greatest railway systems in the world, extending from the tide-waters of the Atlantic to the tide-waters of the Pacific, with a continuous main line of 3,050 miles, and with arms reaching out in all directions—the Canadian Pacific.

The new-born Colossus of the North has grown so quickly and quietly that few of us are as yet aware of its existence. We have so long been accustomed to seeing Canada figuring on our maps as a narrow strip along their upper margin, that it is difficult to realize the fact of a nation north of us with a domain vastly larger than all the United States.

Our misconceptions as to the climate of Canada are as far from the truth as our ideas of her political strength, her extent, and material development. As a matter of fact, the climate is not distinguishable from that of the adjacent States in our own line, while that of British Columbia closely resembles England.

This moderation in climate implies, of course, the feasibility of any agriculture suitable to the temperate zone. Everybody should know that farming, gardening, and orchard culture have been successfully followed everywhere between Lake Superior and Nova Scotia for a century and more. But it may astonish most of us to learn that wheat and other cereals, flax, potatoes, and hardy vegetables are successfully cultivated quite *fifteen hundred miles* north of the international boundary; while grazing has been undertaken all along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, on both slopes, where cattle become fat out-of-doors, winter and summer, fully three degrees north of the boundary line. The most striking results are those seen in the North-West; and the one agency which has affected them is the Canadian Pacific Railway, by carrying to unoccupied farming lands a host of settlers, and by giving the products of their fields, pastures, mines, and factories an outlet to Eastern markets.

To penetrate this productive North-West, and to span the

*We abridge from the Publishers' Department of the *Century* Magazine, April number, the following account of our great national highway to the Pacific.—ED.

whole Dominion by a railway wholly within Canadian territory, was one of the earliest ambitions of the Confederation, and work was long ago begun toward this end. After some seven hundred miles had been built by the Government, however, public opinion pronounced the attempt to carry on so gigantic an enterprise better likely to succeed in private hands; and, in 1881, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company took up the work and contracted to finish the road.

The task is now accomplished. The main line passes up the Ottawa valley and thence westward around Lake Superior to Winnipeg. Westward from Winnipeg the line spans a thousand miles of grassy uplands to its crossing of the mountains near latitude fifty-two degrees, after which it traverses the heart of British Columbia to the sea. The tourist along this three thou sand miles of railway—the longest single line owned by one corporation in the world—will encounter scenery fresh and attractive in an extraordinary degree, not only essentially contrasted to anything in the Old World, but different from what travellers in the United States are accustomed to.

The city of Ottawa may be regarded as the initial point for a tour westward over the main line. The valley of the Ottawa is one of the most beautiful on the continent. Its lower half is fully occupied by a prosperous agricultural population, supporting many large towns; while its upper parts, less thickly settled, sustains scores of huge saw-mills and lumber-making as well as farming communities. To the natural and cultivated beauty of this valley, therefore, are added the incidents of logging and lumbering in the pine-woods, and of rafting on the swift rivers, so novel and entertaining to strangers.

Leaving the Ottawa, the course is past Nipissing, and the other lakes of that region, westward to the northern shore of Lake Superior. For a long distance Lake Superior is within view, the line sometimes running close between its beach and the adjacent crags; more often carried at a considerable height above it, so that the passenger's eye is able to take in a wide expanse of blue water, dotted with sailing vessels and steamboats.

The scenery of this part of the line is as notable, in its way, as any in the world. A range of mountains to the northward sends down spurs which reach the lake in abrupt and lofty headlands, separated by profound gulfs, down each of which

rushes a stream in mad cascades. The granite walls and the isolated masses of rock with which their flanks are strewn, are painted with bright lichens, entwined into creeping vines, and shadowed by graceful trees. Through this pleasing combination of grandeur and prettiness the road makes its way, bridging the chasms and tunnelling the headlands. On Thunder Bay the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and extensive docks, hotly contest for commercial supremacy, both claiming the honour of being the lake terminus of the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, both destined in time to become part of one great city.

For those who approach from the southern or western part of the United States, or who prefer the steamboat to the railway train, a lake route to this point is available, by taking the elegant Clyde-built, steel steamships of the Canadian Pacific line at Owen Sound. These carry one through the verdant archipelagoes of Georgian Bay, across Lake Huron, through the historic narrows of Sault Ste. Marie and its celebrated canal-locks, and thence over the widest part of Lake Superior.

Between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg (continuing the journey westward) lies a region full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks, tumbling water, and diversified foliage, where the names, people, and natural history are all associated with exploits of the fur-trappers and the Indians. From the rugged and legendary "Keewaydin" the transition is surprisingly abrupt to the level prairies of the Red River valley. At Winnipeg, where hardly ten years ago Fort Garry stood alone, but where now thirty thousand busy people have erected a handsome and most enterprising city, the traveller will probably pause a day or two. Resuming his journey, the railway conducts him through fertile river-valleys and grassy uplands straight towards the setting sun. This vast stretch of open country—a thousand miles wide—is a closely grassed prairie of amazing extent, watered by many constant rivers, dotted with lakes, refreshed by many summer rains, and varied by wooded elevations. The lakes are alive with water-fowl, and their borders teem with birds and four-footed game. As the base of the Rocky Mountains is approached, agriculture gives way to the more profitable grazing of cattle and sheep.

Into the province of British Columbia are packed together, in half a dozen stupendous ranks, separated by narrow valleys,

all the mountain ranges in Western America. We cross in succession the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, Okinagon, and Coast ranges, by a route six hundred and fifty miles in length, although the breadth, measured in a straight line, hardly exceeds four hundred miles; and during the whole time are in the midst of snow-crowned monarchs.

The extent, distinctness, and variety of Alpine scenery visible from the railway trains are beyond adequate portrayal and comparison. The line enters the mountains upon the east by ascending the Bow River, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, to its sources amid the summits of the main range; after passing which, it is led by a marvel of engineering down along the cataracts of the Kicking Horse to the Columbia. The railway does not follow that queenly river in its detour to the northward, however, but climbs straight over the Selkirks and succeeding barriers, until it has descended to the Fraser and threaded its canyon to the ocean.

Here, then, are six hundred and fifty miles of mountains, heaped against and over one another, in Titanic masses, ever present to the traveller and ever changing in aspect—a great "sea of mountains" that can be likened to no other on the earth. Rising more than two miles above the sea, these mountains are cleft to their base by the passes followed by the railway, and their whole dizzy height is seen at once. Far up on their shoulders, in full view from the train, rest many glaciers, by the side of which those of the Alps would be insignificant; and from beneath the clear green ice crystal cascades come down the mountain sides in enormous leaps. Forests of gigantic trees line the valleys and reach far up the mountain sides. Great rivers follow the deep and narrow valleys, now roaring through dark gorges, now placidly expanding into broad lakes, reflecting each cliff and snow-capped peak. For thirty-two hours the traveller rolls along through this great and varied mountain panorama, without losing the wonderful scene for a minute, and finally emerging from the stupendous and terrible canyon of the Fraser River, finds himself at the tide-waters of the Pacific, having, in less than five days, completed the longest continuous railway journey that can be made in the world, and through the most interesting, picturesque, and sublime scenery anywhere accessible to the modern traveller.

The terminus is the new city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet,

whence steamships will soon ply to China, Japan, and Australasia, as well as to San Francisco, and all along the coast.

And all this may be reached in comfort and luxury, and in greater comfort and luxury than can be found on any other line of travel. The Company planned its work on a wide and liberal scale, and with a determination to make its railway the best that had yet been built on this continent. With its liberal subventions from the Government in lands and money, and with the great resources of its members, it was able to carry its magnificent plans to full completion. The roadway is thoroughly built, with wide embankments and easy gradients. The rails are of heavy steel and the track is thoroughly ballasted throughout; the bridges, with few exceptions, are of iron and steel, and the heaviest that have yet been built in America; and trains may safely be run at sixty miles an hour.

The passenger equipment is all new and has been especially designed to secure the greatest possible comfort and safety. It is superior in every respect to that of any other railway, and embraces many novelties not to be found elsewhere. The sleeping and dining and ordinary passenger cars as well, are finished outside and in with polished mahogany. Solid comfort and artistic effect have been sought in every detail. Even bath-rooms are provided in the sleeping cars intended for long journeys. The trains are so timed as to enable tourists to see the most interesting sections of the line by daylight, and well-appointed hotels are provided at intervals in the mountains—stopping places for pleasure-seekers and sportsmen.

The Canadian Pacific Railway may be reached at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Brockville, or by way of St. Paul; and excursion tickets are sold, covering a great variety of routes.* Fine steamships connect the Pacific terminus with all points on the Pacific Coast, and excursion steamers will run northward through the mountain-girt Gulf of Georgia and the fiords of Alaska.

*The Canadian Pacific Railway are selling at all stations from Montreal West, tickets to the Pacific Coast, as follows:—Second-class, $50. First class $75, good for 9 days; and $90, good for 30 days. First-class round trip, $110, good for 30 days; $120, good for 60 days; $130, good for 90 days. These tickets are good to Victoria, Vancouver, Tocoma, or any Puget Sound port, are good by all rail or lake and rail. Full particulars at any office of the Company, or write W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, 110 King Street West, Toronto.

DOES MATERIALISM SATISFACTORILY ACCOUNT FOR ALL THINGS?

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

THE most plausible and dangerous form of antagonism to the belief in a living, personal Creator is not open and avowed atheism; but theories of the origin of things which render such a Being unnecessary. By the undue magnifying of secondary causes a personal God is ignored. The intellectual atmosphere is thick with the unproved assumptions of a materialistic philosophy, which take for granted that the existence of force in matter renders it unnecessary to enquire respecting the author and origin of such force. It is not, therefore, untimely to ask: Does materialism satisfactorily account for all that exists?

By materialism I mean all theories of the universe which recognize no intelligent First Cause of all things, but which maintain that matter has in it a potency which, without guiding intelligence, produces all that is—thought and moral feeling included. A man may admit that thought, imagination and emotion are not material, and yet be justly classed with materialists, because he holds that these are simply products of organized matter.

There are a great many wonderful and curious things in the universe around us. I look upon the starry heavens, and I see vast systems of suns and worlds, holding their places and moving in their orbits in obedience to laws of motion which have sway throughout all nature. I examine the human body, and I find it curiously constructed with organs adapted to the life and intelligence of which it is the home. I study the earth on which I live, and I find its soil singularly adapted to produce fruits and grain suited to nourish the life of the creatures which dwell on its surface; while in its vast cellars are stores of coal, oil, and all kinds of minerals. I study the history and constitution of human beings and, in addition to the curious, ingenious and useful organs of the body, I find a wonderful power of thought and free volition. Memory recalls the past. Hope anticipates the future. Conscience sits in lordly supremacy pronouncing on the quality of actions. Reason compares things that differ, and passes judgment on all things both spiritual and material which come under human observation.

As everything must have an adequate cause, we are naturally impelled to ask: "Whence and how have all these things come into existence?" What cause produced them? By what power do the different types of things keep to what we call their nature? The Theist answers, that the great Creating Spirit brought all these things into being by His creative wisdom and power—that He caused those properties to inhere in them from which such varied results have come, and that all are sustained by His power. The materialist maintains that these various forms of life, and the wonderful manifestations of mind, in all departments of human thought, are the outcome of forces which exist in unintelligent matter; and that evolution explains and accounts for the whole array of these wonderful facts. Man himself, with all his organs of body and faculties of mind, has been evolved from matter by physical laws, or atomic forces, working without guiding thought or intelligence.

Materialists may not like the word "chance;" but there is no middle ground between blind chance and intelligent purpose. Every thinking being must choose between these rival claimants for the authorship of all things. From all that we know of the properties of mind and matter, it seems to me more rational to regard mind as the primal cause of the order of nature than to ascribe to the material the production of things to which there is nothing analogous in matter.

Tyndall says: "The doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages." Moleschott says: "Thought is a motion of matter." Buchner says: "The human mind is the product of the change of matter." Carl Vogt boldly says: "Just as the liver secretes bile the brain secretes thought." All these writers would admit the existence of feeling and thought, as distinct from matter itself. But to call sentient nervous phenomena "mind," and then to maintain that mind in this sense is a product of matter, is using terms in a new and misleading sense.

Though I deny this materialist theory, I admit that the union of mind and body, and the way in which mind is conditioned by the body, on a superficial view, gives much plausibility to the theory that mind is simply a function of organism. Without attempting any formal defence of the idea of spiritual and intelli-

gent existence, I shall in the briefest manner offer a few considerations to show why I hold that materialism does not fairly account for the facts of life and being which come under our notice.

1. The simple statement of the theory that all the wonderful machinery of the natural world, and the powers and achievements of the intellect, have been produced by evolution from insensate, inorganic matter, strikes one as unreasonable and out of harmony with all that we know of the powers and properties of matter. The alleged cause seems so utterly inadequate to the effect, that the assumption specially requires full and conclusive proof. This has been felt so forcibly by materialists that they freely concede that matter, as ordinarily conceived, is a wholly inadequate cause of all this; but they assume that matter has some unknown potencies which are an adequate cause; thus virtually "drawing on their imagination for their facts." This is unscientific.

2. Materialistic Evolution throws no light upon the origin of life, or the beginning of things. It is simply a process, a mode in which force acts; but it does not account for the origin of the force, or the order and laws by which it operates in producing results. If one desires to know the cause of a river, it is not enough to answer that it is a body of water moving down an inclined plane. We want to know whence came these waters, and why they are under this law of motion. If one asks what produces flour, it is not enough to say, it is made by grinding wheat between two millstones. We want to know what produced the wheat and what force sets these stones in motion, and adapts their motion to produce this result. Describing mode does not explain the cause of things. We want to know what brought the force into existence, and causes it to operate in this particular way and not another. To this question materialism gives no answer. Evolution may show us how life works out important results; but all the evidence we possess goes to prove that life only comes from life, and that it is not the product of inorganic matter. Even Prof. Huxley admits that this doctrine is "victorious all along the line." In other words all the properties of matter known to us utterly fail to account for either thought or life.

3. The expounders of physical science claim that they base their conclusions on scientific facts, more trustworthy than the

data of mental philosophy; yet, as I have intimated, materialists sometimes use the speculative imagination to bridge over chasms of difficulty which the facts do not span. This is illustrated in the atomic theory, which assumes that all the phenomena of the physical and intellectual spheres are the expression of molecular changes in the matter of life. I do not here reject the atomic theory. It may be as good as any other theory. But no microscope has revealed those minute atoms, or their occult movements. These all-creating molecules are not objects of scientific observation. They are as purely matters of inference and speculation as the spiritual things which the materialist scorns. There is scarcely any dispute about scientific facts. It is about the inferences and speculations based upon the facts that men differ. Materialism depends quite as much upon imagination and speculation, as upon the observation of facts. This atomic theory suggests some perplexing questions. How do these minute, independent particles become possessed of this mystic vital energy? Or how does it come that they act in concert and work out complex plan and pattern without any intelligent co-operation? If we conceive of any number of living beings putting forth energy to produce changes in matter, if there is no intelligent unity of plan and purpose, the result must be disorder and confusion. How then can vital force acting blindly and fortuitously, build up these harmonious results with such perfect order? In order to make the theory thinkable, we have to imagine the atoms as possessing intelligence, and taking counsel together to work out a specific design. If it is absurd to imagine the atoms taking intelligent counsel to produce bodies and minds, it is a greal deal more absurd to think of them as accomplishing such wonderful results without intelligence or antecedent design.

4. The evidences of order, adaptation, and intelligent design which appear in the universe around us are inconsistent with the theory that all things are the product of matter, acting without intelligent plan or purpose. I need not mention illustrations of this, any farther than to say that the adaptation of one thing to another, without any tendency or power in the one thing to produce the other, seems to me to necessarily imply some guiding intelligence or forethought. The mate-

rialist denies this. The eye is used to see, but it was not designed to see. The ear hears, but it was not intended to hear. The earth yields food for man and beast, but this is not the result of design. All these things are the necessary results of antecedents which produced them. But the theist maintains that these things are the results of antecedent thought, and that they exist for some purpose, and are related to each other as parts of a general plan. In human experience, all order and harmony which had a beginning existed first in thought. Is it not rational to think that this is also true of the order of nature? I know it is claimed that a fuller knowledge of efficient causes excludes the idea of final causes, and thus destroys the argument from design. I cannot admit this. The fact that we know that a plant grows from a seed, or that living creatures give birth to their offspring, and thus perpetuate their kind, does not supersede the necessity for an author or cause of this order of things. If the maker of a useful instrument must be an intelligent designer, the maker of the machinery that manufactures such instruments on a large scale, is much more an intelligent designer. If it requires intelligence and thought to understand the properties, laws, relations, and uses of the various objects in nature, it seems unreasonable to assume that it required no intelligence to bring them into existence, and to establish the order under which they exist.

5. Materialism logically involves a system of physical fatalism, inconsistent with that freedom of choice which is the basis of moral responsibility. All materialists so expound the law of the convertibility of forces as to assume that mental and moral operations and results take place according to the same law of necessity which governs the forces of matter. If mind and thought are an outcome of material forces, which operate blindly and necessarily, free, intelligent choice is precluded, and there is no ground for praise or blame. This is not merely my conclusion. So far as I know, all the leading materialists treat freedom of choice as a fancy that has no foundation in truth, and regard all men as swept on by the waves of their environment, just as the driftwood is swept by the river current. It is remarkable that all who deny a personal, living God deny also the proper personality and responsibility of man. The freedom of the mind is then one of the great facts of being, which ma-

terialism not only fails to account for, but which it contravenes and denies.

6. It is a remarkable thing that though men have had the facts of the material world constantly under their observation, and have always seen the intimate relations of body and mind, that in all ages and places they have instinctively sought for something higher than material things to account for what they saw and felt. It is a mistake to assume that the materialist theory of the universe is a discovery of modern science. Lange, in his history of materialism, shows that this is not the case. The atoms of Democritus and the cosmogony of Lucretius embrace all the essential points in modern materialism. These theories have, therefore, had ample time to commend themselves to the favour of mankind; but they have failed to do so; and are never likely to become the creed of humanity.

In this brief paper I have confined my remarks to that phase of materialism which so exalts matter as to dethrone God. I have not discussed the question whether there is in man an immortal spirit, or whether the material organization is all; because I believe that if there is a living, personal God, it follows as a corollary to this truth, that "there is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." I know it has been alleged that the changes which take place in the matter of the brain, in connection with our mental processes, prove that the brain is the organ of human thought, and, therefore, that all thought is the product of the physical organism. But the phenomena associated with mental action are not the cause of this action. The living, thinking being uses the brain as an instrument of thought, as it uses the hand as the instrument of action. It is not the hand that lifts a weight or strikes a blow, but the man who puts forth the volition. So the fact of the brain being called into play in all our thinking furnishes no proof that there is not a willing and intelligent spirit back of the material organism, which uses this organism as its instrument. All through nature we find forces operating according to established laws. Materialism merely takes note of the immediate cause, but casts no light upon the origin of these forces or of the laws which govern them. "The heart and the flesh crieth out for the living God."

TORONTO, June, 1886.

SAINTY S—— AND THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY EDWARD MORPHY.

II.

"There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was and stern to view.
I knew him well and every truant knew;
. . . . . .
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault."

—*Goldsmith.*

BEFORE they left Dublin, the young recruits, Robert and Armstrong, became close comrades and friends. They walked and rode together; attended the Stephens Green Methodist Chapel together; in a word, they were like "David and Jonathan." They had miniature likenesses of themselves taken; Robert had two; one he sent home, the other to Mary, with a request that she would send him one of hers in return. She procured one from H. McManus, a portrait painter of the town, and forwarded it.*

*Speaking of the painter, reminds me of an incident. The boy who sat next to me in school, named Bobby Wright, was dull and half deaf, fond of making men's heads on his slate, for which he had often got the taws over his fingers. After leaving school his parents articled him to McManus to learn his profession. In a little time it was said that "he was better than his master." Dr. Temple, who lived on the hill, lost a young and amiable wife, who died suddenly. He immediately went to the painter to know if he could paint a likeness of his deceased wife, regretting very much that he had not one taken while she was alive. The artist replied "that it was a difficult thing to do," but that he had a very clever lad, who might be able to do it. My schoolfellow was deputed for the task. The doctor had the body propped up and dressed in her usual costume. Bobby made such a good sketch that when painted it was a striking likeness. The lad was sent to Italy where he studied under celebrated masters, and afterwards became "portrait painter to Her Majesty Queen Victoria." How many more men of genius and others who received their education and first religious impressions in "the school upon the hill," eternity alone will tell.

While Robert and his friend were enjoying Dublin and its beautiful surroundings, "the route" came, and the 10th was ordered to "foreign service," and in a little time they embarked for India. Scarcely had the family got over the sorrows of parting with Robert when another trouble came upon them: sly James followed his brother's example, and enlisted in the 47th Regiment of Infantry; Dick, however, was a stay-at-home lad, and having a mechanical turn was bound to a gun-maker, but boarded at home. In course of time the family were reconciled, and all was going on as usual, when a little commotion arose in the society. It was whispered in the chapel that "Sister Booker was conforming to the world."

The facts were, that a well-to-do farmer, a widower, who lived near the town, often visited the preaching-house, sought an introduction to Mrs. Booker, with whom he was much taken, and thought such a pious woman would make him a good wife and a conscientious stepmother for his children. He accordingly proposed and was accepted by Mrs. B——, without consulting the Church. In the meantime the prayer and class-meetings were not regularly attended by her, and it was observed that Sister Booker had not the same fervour in prayer and was "backsliding." A meeting of the leaders was called, and Sister Booker's case was the principal topic; all lamented her worldliness. One said, "She has got a bow on her bonnet;" another said, "She had also a beau on her arm." At length one (with the Sainty S—— zeal) said, "Brethren, we got no good of Sister Booker since the courtin' devil got into her." At the expiration of the year Mrs. B—— got married to the farmer and Miss Minute was appointed in her stead.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were unremitting in their attention to the institution. They often visited the schools, and were received with the greatest respect; on the entrance of the dear old couple the scholars arose from their seats and made their best bow, and sang one of Wesley's hymns in which we were well drilled.

About this time one of the six widows died very happy; her remains were followed to the grave by the society and others, together with the boys and girls of the school (the writer amongst the rest). As the procession wended its way to the place of interment, the whole company joined in singing appropriate

hymns (a beautiful custom among the early Methodists.) The plaintive airs had such an effect on the bystanders that many Roman Catholics were heard to say. "After all, the Methodists are a good kind of people. Just see the respect that is paid to one of their poorest widows."

A little girl may have been in that company (for her parents lived near the town) who in after years emigrated and settled in York, Upper Canada (now Toronto). She joined the Methodist society and became a "mother in Israel." Many who read this will remember Sister Taylor, of old Adelaide Street church, and of sainted memory. On her death-bed she selected several hymns to be sung at her funeral, and the writer is one who sang in that procession as he had done when a boy at the widow's funeral.

But to return to our story. Letters were received from the two young soldiers. Robert spoke of his arrival at Calcutta and of their visit to Bombay, Madras and other parts of India; of the manners and customs of the natives; their great heathen temples, etc.; that already they had a brush with the Sikhs, who were mustering in great numbers, and that they did not know the day they might have a desperate battle with such a daring enemy. James spoke of his regiment being removed to several parts of England, then to Gibraltar, and up the Mediterranean, to Corfu, Malta, and other parts of the British possessions.

Father S—— replied to his sons' letters, exhorting his boys to be faithful to their duty as soldiers of their King, and to acquit themselves like men, but to keep in mind that they should be soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and "put on the whole armour of God, to fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life." He never bowed the knee without praying for his family, and especially the absent ones; and the two S—— boys, although absent and mixing among strangers and gay comrades, were strictly moral, their good conduct and education securing promotion. Nor did they forget their father's limited means, as they sent home small remittances from time to time.

As Irish Methodism runs concurrent with our story, we may be permitted to make some extracts from the "Centenary of Methodism," and "Riley's Life of Ouseley."

When John Wesley first visited the south of Ireland, he found in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary a Protestant peasantry of a superior class, differing in appearance from their Roman Catholic neighbours. Their little farms were better tilled, their houses presented a neater and more tidy appearance. They were generally tall and of a fair complexion. The history of this people is a very interesting one. Their forefathers were natives of the Palatinate in Germany, and on account of their Protestant principles they were ruthlessly driven from their homes, in midwinter, by that cruel bigot, Louis XIV. of France, who had already persecuted to death many thousands of the unoffending Huguenots. The Palatines fled for refuge to the Duke of Marlborough's camp in the Netherlands and found a refuge under the British flag. Good Queen Anne was apprised of their hopeless condition and had them brought over to England, and distributed over different parts of her dominion. One colony was sent to Ireland and had small grants of land given to each family. They became loyal subjects to the British Crown, and won the name of "True Blues." Here Mr. Wesley found their descendants, who embraced Methodism, and from this "good old stock" came Phillip Embury and Barbara Heck, the founders of Methodism in the United States and Canada, which to-day numbers over ten millions of adherents on this continent. (For particulars of this interesting people, see the story of "Barbara Heck," in the METHODIST MAGAZINE for 1880.)

The self-sacrifice and successful labours of the early Methodist preachers, and especially of Gideon Ouseley, should never be forgotten. Had the British Government followed up Mr. Ouseley's plan, already commenced, of sending Scripture readers to the Roman Catholics, presenting the Gospel in their native language in which that eminent divine found access to thousands of our benighted countrymen, and not tried to force a State religion and a foreign language on a conquered people, Roman superstition would have given place to the truth, and Ireland would be no longer "a by-word and a hissing," but a happy Protestant country to-day, and no clamour for home (or Rome) Rule.

But as most readers prefer a narrative to a lecture, we proceed with "The School upon the Hill."

Robert and James S—— had been several years away, their sisters had grown up to be wise, intelligent and pious young women, and a great help and comfort to their parents. Dick was a journeyman and boarded at home. Mary Logan had grown to womanhood, and retained her good looks. She had many good offers for marriage but modestly refused, saying her heart was in India, and she could not bestow her hand on any other than Robert S——, her "first love." One day a paragraph appeared in the newspaper, stating that a great battle had been fought, and a complete victory gained by the British troops under Lord Gough in India. In the list of the killed and wounded the names of Sergeants Robert S—— and Wm. Armstrong appeared among the latter.

I need scarcely say what effect this news had upon the S—— family, and especially on Mary Logan, who with her parents hastened to town to hear the particulars. In this dreadful state of anxiety they remained for a week, when a letter in a strange hand arrived. It was from Sergeant Armstrong, giving a detailed account of the fight, and of the bravery and charge of the 10th Hussars, completely routing the enemy; that Robert and the writer were in the midst of it; that the wound he received was slight, but Robert's left arm was broken. This letter of explanation was received with devout thankfulness, and congratulations were sent to the S—— family by all their friends. After some time a letter was received from Robert confirming the above, stating that he was now out of hospital, and, being unfitted for active service, was promoted to be Quartermaster-Sergeant; that he was writing in the orderly room, and occasionally made excursions with the Quartermaster to purchase stores for the regiment; that his position was a lucrative one, as he often received valuable presents from the loyal natives; also that his regiment would return to England in about six months, when he would receive his discharge on account of his wound. This last news was received with rejoicing at the "School on the Hill," and especially by Mary, who received a similar one from her "wounded Hussar."

The brothers Robert and James kept up a correspondence. The 47th was now in Canada; in James' last letter he said they had orders to return in the spring. One fine May morning a large transport anchored at Portsmouth. It had on board the

10th Hussars, returning from India; amongst them were Robert and his comrade, Sergeant Armstrong. The sunburnt fellows, with medals on their breasts, received a royal welcome, the bands playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." After being settled in barracks Robert applied for his discharge, which the commanding officer promised to forward to him, and adding that "in the meantime Quartermaster-Sergeant S—— might consider himself on furlough." Robert's comrades gave him a farewell demonstration and presented him with a piece of plate. In parting with his bosom friend, Armstrong, he elicited a promise from him that he would visit him in Monaghan at no distant date, and be his "best man" on an *interesting occasion.* The promise was given and the comrades separated for a time.

Robert's first piece of business was to dispose of a part of his valuable and curious presents to a museum, for which he realised quite a little sum of money. His next was to make enquiry about the 47th Regiment, which he heard had already landed, and was in Liverpool; thither he hasted and found James. The brothers were so much altered in personal appearance that they scarcely recognized each other. In a little time their plan was arranged: James was to procure a furlough for a month, and then they would go to Monaghan and surprise the family at home. There was no difficulty about "the leave;" then the two sergeants proceeded to Holyhead, thence to Dublin by boat, and from Dublin to Monaghan by mail coach.

One evening as the S—— family were seated round a bright fire in the little parlour, the father reading his Bible, the mother knitting, the daughters working samplers, and Dick carving "a man's head" on a stick. A knock came to the front door, on opening which Carrie started back affrighted. There stood two tall men wrapped in military overcoats. The first speaker asked, "Is this where Mr. James S—— lives?" Scarcely had he spoken, when Mrs. S—— recognized the voice and said, "It is Robert," and Carrie exclaimed, "And James." In an instant the family surrounded the returned prodigals. The shock was too much for the mother, who fainted in Robert's arms; her first word, when consciousness returned, was "My son." "Yes, my dear mother, your wayward boy," said Robert, planting a kiss on her pale face; James

followed suit. On removing the overcoats the tall, manly forms of the soldiers in uniform stood before their delighted family. As for their father, he could do nothing but hold up his hands in praise and thanksgiving, for the safe return of his sons. There was scarcely any sleep in the domicile that night.

On the following morning, after breakfast and worship, Robert opened one of his large trunks, took out a canvas bag containing one hundred sovereigns (part of which James contributed) and handed it to his father as a present. Then to his mother a parcel containing a beautiful Cashmere shawl, to each of his sisters a rich India silk dress, and to Dick a large Turkish smoking pipe. On taking out the next parcel, he handed it to Susan, saying, "Don't open this, Susie; it's for my blue-eyed Mary."

Dick was deputed to see Mr. Jackson forthwith, announce the arrivals, and ask permission to give the boys a holiday. This he granted and sent his congratulations.

I need scarcely say the scholars received their leave with joy. The news spread like wild-fire and before noon every person in town heard of the returned soldiers. The excitement at the S—— house was intense. Father S——, who never saw so much money together, went up stairs and paced the vacant school-room, saying, "Lord, keep me humble; save me from being carried away by the 'deceitfulness of riches.' 'If riches increase, set not thine heart upon them.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter.' Oh! Lord keep me humble."

James remained in the house that day amusing the family with his adventures abroad. As for Robert, he started off for Milltown. It was a fine May morning, and the thousand singing birds seemed to say, "Welcome home, wanderer." On ascending the gaol hill, he looked at the old building, in which there was no change; then, turning to the right, he saw "Peter's Lake," which brought up fishing remembrances, at the "Crabtree brae" he heard the familiar notes of the lark, blackbird, thrush, cuckoo, and corncrake. In a little time he was in Milltown, and stood upon the old "Blackwater Bridge," which brought up many pleasing associations. On reaching the other side he began to feel a little nervous, especially as he neared the "Logan Farm." In the lane leading to the dwelling-house a man was clipping a hawthorn hedge, who, seeing the stranger,

dropped his shears and, running towards him, said, "Is it possible that you are Robert S——?" "Yes, sir, no other; and you are Mr. Logan?" "Yes, I am Thomas Logan, and you are welcome home, my boy." "Many thanks, Mr. Logan, but how is Mary?" "Come in and see for yourself."

They enter. Robert is shown to the parlour, while Mr. L—— goes to the garden, saying, "A neighbour wants to see the ladies." Mary coloured up; she was afraid it was a ruse of her father, and tremblingly, followed her parent to the house. On arriving at the parlour door a scream, a swoon, and she would have fallen, but for Robert who caught her with his right arm and clasped her to his bosom. On recovering, she opened her soft blue eyes, and her first word was "Robert." "Yes, my darling and faithful Mary. Your own Robert," at the same instant bringing his bronzed face in close proximity to hers and kissing her pale lips.

That afternoon was spent in planning. Robert explained about James' leave, which would expire in about three weeks, also of the coming visit of his comrade, whom he wished to be his "best man;" that Mary must try to be ready within that time, as he would like to have James at their wedding. Mary thought the notice too short, but supposed "she must obey military orders." Mr. and Mrs. Logan were called in to the "council of war," and gave their consent, then the soldier and his bride-elect started for a walk to town. When they came to "the bridge" they paused and had another look at the "Old Mill." "Here," said Robert, "I am reminded of the appropriate stanza—

> 'Remembrance loves to linger near
> The scenes to love and friendship dear,
> And memory oft brings back to view,
> The happy hours I spent with you.'"

Mary was delighted with the beautiful present, which consisted of a richly embroidered India silk dress, to be worn on an interesting occasion.

While preparations were being made for the approaching nuptials, Robert wrote to Sergeant Armstrong saying "the affair" would come off in three weeks, and that he would expect him about that time. The reply was that "he would be on hand." Robert's friend arrived in good time and was well

received by the family, who were already prepossessed in his favour. As before stated, Armstrong was tall and handsome, still unmarried. The three sergeants attended the little chapel and were admired by all.

The eventful day having arrived, the parish church was crowded to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the rector, as Methodist preachers did not officiate in those days. At the altar stood Robert in the full uniform of a Hussar, long boots and spurs, scarlet jacket slung over his blue tunic, which was adorned with his medals. Sergeant Armstrong was similarly dressed, and James, on his right, was in full regimentals, scarlet tunic, etc. In a little time Mr. Logan proceeded up the aisle with Mary on his arm, followed by Carrie and Susan richly dressed in their India silks; as they formed in a semicircle, they presented a picture for an artist. The blushing bride, of course, looked lovely. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple were congratulated by their numerous friends, especially by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who occupied front seats with the family. Jaunting cars were in readiness to convey the company and guests to Mr. Logan's at Milltown, where a sumptuous repast was prepared.

Nor does this story end with one marriage Armstrong thought Carrie beautiful, and she was charmed with the "gallant Hussar." While he remained in town they had frequent interviews, and before he left they were engaged. The furlough having expired, James and Armstrong were obliged to return to their regiments. An affectionate parting was the result, especially with Carrie and her affianced.

In a little time Robert's discharge arrived, giving him a sergeant's pension for life and an excellent character. He and Mary settled down at Milltown, and in a little time he was appointed barrack-master—a Government situation—to purchase supplies for the troops. Susan got married to a young preacher. Sergeant Armstrong received his discharge, returned to Monaghan, got married to Carrie, then removed to Enniskillen, his native town. James served his full time, got married, and emigrated to Canada West. As for poor Father S—— he had grown feeble and gave up his situation at the "School on the Hill." He and Mrs. S—— went to live with Dick, who was a good son. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson lived to a good old age, endowed the Methodist Institution, bequeathed largely

to public charities, as they had no children. Then the saintly old couple departed this life in the full assurance of a glorious immortality. Amongst the many tablets in the Monaghan parish church this day, a very handsome marble slab reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Richard and Margaret Jackson," then describing his many benevolent acts, and his having given a large donation towards the erection of the church.

As above stated, Father S—— lived with his son Dick. One morning he did not come to breakfast at his usual time. Dick went to his bedchamber, and found his good old father, kneeling at his bedside, dead. Faithful unto death, no doubt but he received the crown of life. So ended my schoolmaster, poor old "Sainty S——." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL."

With pleasing recollections I meditate for hours
On happy days of boyhood spent, in "Erin's lovely bowers,"
The swimming feats in "Blackwater," near Milltown's bridge and mill,
The fishing sports at "Hatchell's Lake" and "School upon the Hill."

At "Rossmore Park" we've spent the day gathering nuts and sloes,
And climbing prickly bushes, regardless of our clothes;
Then seeking nests of singing birds, and drinking at the rill,
Thus filling up the holidays of "School upon the Hill."

At early morn, just as the lark and songsters of the grove
Had warbled forth in joyous song of praise, to God of love,
Then would the boys of Jackson school, in manly pastime drill,
And hasten home for morning meal and "School upon the Hill."

Dear "Sainty S——" we dreaded most, yet sometimes with a look
Of love, he said "'twas for our good," and quoted from God's book;
Thus we were taught in various ways, sometimes against our will,
To read our Bible daily at the "School upon the Hill."

Impressions then were made which after years proved good,
Though covered for a season, yet brought us back to God;
The fervent prayers of pious men, I think I hear them still,
In Jackson's little preaching-house and "School upon the Hill."

Although in modern temples now of architecture grand,*
With eloquent divines and choirs—a credit to our land—
Once more I'd like to see each spot, the "Milltown bridge and mill,"
The little Clonite preaching-house and "School upon the Hill."

—E. M. M.

*The "Metropolitan" and others.

OUR "TRADITIONAL POLICY" AT THE COMING GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

THE dream of University Federation is virtually ended. Like dreams in general it never had a very substantial foundation; but to the imagination of many it opened a charming vista, at the end of which rose an ideal university, splendidly endowed by the State, from some secret treasury, without cost to the people. Professors of renown filled its chairs; students from all parts of the Dominion, and beyond, thronged its halls; every branch of human learning that could be regarded as strictly "secular" held an honoured place in its curriculum, and was housed, in princely fashion, within its walls; while, with rare magnanimity, even the Son of Man was not absolutely excluded, but might have the "option" of charitable entertainment by such students as were not ashamed of His acquaintance, or, as a last resort, might find in humble Divinity Schools a place "where to lay His head."* All this was very delightful; but even while the dreamers gazed and wondered, "the baseless fabric of the vision" melted, and, like good John Bunyan, when *his* vision was ended, they could only say, "So I awoke, and behold it was a dream!"

What Next?

This awakening brings the Methodist Church face to face with the question,—What next? The agitation of the past eighteen months, like an unsuspected ocean current, has carried our educational ship a good distance from her former quiet anchorage, and we must quickly decide whether it is safer to go back, if that be possible, or to hoist sail and make for another port. This much is certain, things cannot remain as they are. We must go for-

*In the Scheme of Federation the curriculum is made to include Biblical Greek, Biblical Literature, Christian Ethics, Apologetics and Church History; "but," it is added, "provision shall be made by a system of options to prevent such subjects being made compulsory by the University upon any candidate for a degree."

ward or backward. We must push out boldly on the lines of our "traditional policy," or we must abandon all pretence of university work, and confine ourselves to the theological training of candidates for the ministry. Which shall it be? Some would unhesitatingly accept the latter alternative. They would say at once, "Let the State provide for and control all secular education, and let the Churches teach only theology." But for Methodists to speak thus is to ignore alike the history of the past and the responsibilities of the future, and to show that they have have not considered the scope of the question which they undertake to decide so quickly.

The Mission of Methodism.

Methodism has a distinct providential mission. If this be not so, there is no good reason for her existence as a separate ecclesiastical organization. When asked to define that mission we are wont to say, in the words of Wesley, that it is "to spread Scriptural holiness over the land." As a definition nothing could be better; but the interpretation that is often put upon it is narrow and misleading. It is assumed that Scripture holiness can be spread only along one line, and in one way: that it consists solely in direct effort for the conversion of sinners; and that in meddling with education the Church is neglecting her "mission," and expending her energies in a wrong direction. It is time this huge mistake was corrected. There is no agency through which Methodism can work with such far-reaching power in spreading Scriptural holiness as through Christian colleges and universities; and she can operate with the best effect when these colleges are under her own control. If she would fulfil her mission to the largest extent and in the best way, she must maintain a system of higher education in which the ethics and evidences of revealed religion shall not be mere options,—matters of trifling moment, left to the whim of the student,—but essential parts of a standard *curriculum*, as necessary to a liberal education as classics or mathematics, philosophy or natural science, and far more important. She must stand loyally by the Christ whom she preaches, and vindicate His right to be enthroned in the intellect as well as the heart of the age; and by incorporating the great verities of revelation with the verities of science and philosophy, raise an

immovable breakwater against the floods of Agnosticism and Infidelity which threaten to overflow the land.

Result of Recent Discussions.

The time spent in recent discussions has not been altogether wasted. The results must have convinced the most skeptical of at least two things, namely, that to unite in one university colleges founded on widely different principles, without sacrifice of conscience somewhere, is an impossibility; and that a distinct recognition of the great truths of revealed religion as an essential part of a liberal education, cannot be secured in colleges endowed and controlled by the State. If these facts are fully understood by the Methodist Church, she will at least be saved from spending further time in useless experiments, and can give undivided attention to her own educational work. As a needful preliminary let the Church review the situation, and definitely announce her policy.

A Protest against Monopoly.

When the Methodist Church founded Upper Canada Academy at Cobourg, in 1832, it was a protest against the vicious policy of monopoly in higher education. King's College, which had been founded and endowed for the benefit of all classes of his Majesty's subjects, had been captured by the Anglicans, under the leadership of the late Bishop (then Archdeacon) Strachan; and notwithstanding repeated efforts by the Home Government and the Canadian Parliament to effect a change, their efforts were frustrated by the hostile attitude of the Executive and Legislative Councils. To-day the Methodist Church maintains the same protest; for so long as the principle of monopoly remains, it does not mend the matter in the slightest degree that the institution has been transferred from the control of a denomination to the control of the State. The recent negotiations were a well intended, though somewhat clumsy, attempt to overcome this objection by grouping a number of colleges around a common university; but as only one college of the series was to receive any aid from the State, the principle of monopoly remained in its most invidious form. Moreover, to this was added the more serious objections that in the proposed arrangement religious truth was to find no place save in the equivocal form of "options." To such proposals the Meth-

odist Church could not accede without stultifying her record for the past fifty years; and so, thrown back upon her own resources, she has no choice but to gird herself afresh for the great task to which she is providentially called.

The Educational "Creed" of the Methodist Church.

In regard to this whole matter of higher education, the "creed" of the Methodist Church may be summed up in a few propositions:—

1. That to confine the higher education of the young men of a country to a single institution, is unsound in principle and injurious in results.

2. That it is the duty of the State (*i.e.*, the Government) to aid and encourage higher education, but not to monopolize or control it.

3. That religious truth, at least in the form of Christian Evidences and Christian Morals, should be regarded as an indispensable part of a liberal education; and that a system which excludes all religious truth is alike defective and dangerous.

4. That the potent forces of education will flow in safe channels only as they are under Christian oversight, and permeated by Christian influences.

5. That any college or university maintaining a proper standard in its curriculum, and doing efficient work, is justly entitled to share in the aid which the State gives to higher education.

6. That duty to God and our country demands that the Methodist Church maintain academies, colleges and universities, based on distinctively Christian principles, and under her own control.

The Traditional Policy should be Maintained.

The "traditional policy" of the Methodist Church, as outlined in the foregoing propositions, should still be maintained. There is nothing in the state of the country or the signs of the times that would justify its modification. If such a policy was demanded in 1832, when higher education threatened to become exclusively sectarian, much more is it demanded to-day, when that education threatens to become agnostic. "A straw will show which way the wind blows," and circumstances trifling in themselves may indicate tendencies against which we cannot

too carefully guard. If a college paper, published by the students of our Provincial University, can speak contemptuously of Denominational Colleges and the religion they represent,—if a notorious skeptic and political charlatan can be invited by a member of the Senate to lecture on political science before a college society,—if a student who has attended church on Sunday can be told by his Professor on Monday that he might have spent his time better in dissecting the leg of a frog than in listening to such twaddle,—it is time, to say the least of it, that some one should rise and ask, "Whither are we drifting?" If it be said that some of these things were the work of thoughtless students and other irresponsible persons, the reply is simple and evident. Such things would not be possible unless surrounding influences were somewhat favourable; or if they occurred without the knowledge of the university authorities, and were disapproved by them, such prompt and decisive rebuke should have followed as would effectually prevent a repetition of the offence. But if these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? If they are possible in a university surrounded by competing institutions, what may we not expect if the whole work of higher education becomes centred in one.

Consolidation, not Expansion.

At present the work of the Methodist Church in regard to education should be that of consolidation rather than of expansion. A vast amount of money has been wasted on well-meant but unwisely directed efforts. Academies or colleges have been started by private enterprise, asking only "the moral support" of the Church; but when, in a few years, heavy debts had accumulated, and the income was found to be insufficient to meet current expenses, pathetic appeals have been made to Conferences, and the support of the half-bankrupt concerns has been thrown upon the Connexion. As a result the resources of the Church have not, in all cases, been wisely expended, and special subscriptions and annual income have gone toward the support of a number of institutions when in reality there was not enough for one. To close any of these colleges now, or to withdraw the grants they receive, would not be prudent; but the General Conference ought to lay a firm

restraining hand upon any effort to increase the number of our schools until those already founded are placed upon a sound financial basis and furnished with the needful appliances to do efficient work. Even a single college or university, thoroughly equipped, would be a source of strength and prestige to the whole Connexion; but half a dozen feeble, half-starved institutions would be only a source of weakness and reproach.

A Central University with Affiliated Schools.

Speaking for myself (though many others share the opinion) I think it should be the policy of the Methodist Church, for some years to come, to put her chief strength into one central university, with affiliated colleges and schools in other parts of the Dominion. Such a policy is practicable, from a financial point of view, but to sustain several universities is not. I do not speak of this as a finality. The time will come when perhaps three universities will be demanded,—one in the centre, one in the east, and one in the west; but at present such expansion is beyond the strength and beyond the needs of the Church. Neither in the east nor in the west can a really *strong* university be maintained without drawing much of its financial support from the region covered by the Central Conferences, and such support cannot be given till the problem of a Central University is fully solved. In regard to academies preparing students for matriculation, or even more advanced examinations, the question is far less complex, because the expenditure involved is vastly less. The chief difficulty will arise from local preferences; but if a general conviction can be produced that for the permanent success of Methodism the local should ever give place to the Connexional, and sectional preferences be held in abeyance for the general good, an incalculable advantage will be gained, and a danger of no small magnitude averted. That this policy is in harmony with Church action hitherto admits of no dispute, the last General Conference having declared, (see Journal p. 205), "that the ultimate object to be reached shall be the establishment of a consolidated university for the Methodist Church."*

*As Sackville College already exercises university powers, of course no change could be made there but by her own consent; and no change would be beneficial which did not command the sympathy of both ministers and people in the East.

Experience of American Methodism.

On this subject we ought to learn something from our brethren in the United States. There the conviction is becoming general that they have erred in establishing too many colleges and seminaries, some of which, owing to a limited constituency, are comparatively feeble, and likely to remain so. We must take heed that we do not fall into the same error, and cripple our work for years by unwise expansion beyond the real needs of the Connexion. In view of the number of High Schools already existing, an increase of Denominational Academies is by no means necesary; and when the point is reached where university education begins, and students have to leave home, a hundred miles of additional distance will make but little difference provided a well equipped university is reached at the journey's end. Let it be the aim of the Church to have a limited number of colleges, but let these be of the best kind; and let the Central Univ.rsity be fully abreast of the times in buildings and equipment, as well as in the scholarship and mental calibre of the professors. Only by such a policy can we compete with rival institutions, and vindicate our right to a foremost place among the educational forces of the day.

Why Should the Church Undertake this Work.

It is just possible the question may yet linger in some minds, Why should the Methodist Church take upon herself the difficult and expensive task of maintaining colleges and universities, when such are already provided by the State? To this question there are many answers, only a few of which can be touched upon now:—

1. It is necessary in order to fulfil the mission of Methodism in spreading Scriptural holiness everywhere,—in the college as well as in the Church, in education as well as in worship, in thought as well as in feeling, in intellect as well as in heart.

2. It is necessary as a countercheck to the tendencies of a purely secular education, which, beginning as non-Christian, usually ends in becoming anti-Christian.

3. It is necessary as a breakwater against the floods of agnosticism and materialism, which find their easiest and most dangerous inlet along the channels of secular education.

4. It is necessary if the educated men and women of the future, even among our own children, are to be kept in sympathetic union with the Methodist Church.

A Significant Testimony.

In this connection the words of a prominent American minister to the writer are very significant:—"We have made up our minds to this, that if in the future we desire to have educated men, professional men, public men in the Methodist Church, and in hearty sympathy with its ideas and work, we must educate them in our own colleges and universities; for, account for it how you will, we find that, as a rule, those who are educated elsewhere either leave us altogether, or, if they retain a nominal connection with the Church, are seldom found in cordial sympathy with Methodist ideas and Methodist work." The same thing is true in Canada. There may be occasional exceptions to this as to every other rule; but among the Methodist young men who have been educated outside of our own colleges, how many can be found to-day who stand prominent in our councils, or can be thoroughly relied upon in our Connexional work?

A Central University a Bond of Union.

Returning for a moment to the policy of a Central Methodist University with its own affiliated colleges and schools, thoughtful men will not fail to see that such an institution will be a bond of union to the Connexion, the strength and value of which can hardly be overstated. That one of the chief dangers of the future lies in the growth of the sectional spirit, only those who are ignorant of the facts will dispute; and it becomes us to strengthen, by every means in our power, all those institutions in which the whole Connexion has a common interest. Such a bond we have in our great Missionary Society which, if it can be kept off the rocks of sectional interests, will do much to perpetuate the oneness of Methodism in this Dominion; and if with this we can entwine the bond of a Connexional system of higher education, wherein every school and college maintained by the denomination shall be parts of an organic whole, of which the Central University is the head, a most important step in promoting and maintaining Connexional unity will have been taken.

Difficulties to be Overcome.

That there are serious difficulties to be encountered in realizing this policy, it would be unwise to deny. The agitation of the past eighteen months has succeeded in this, if in nothing else,—it has divided opinion in the Methodist Church and thus afforded a ready argument to those who will be glad of any excuse for not supporting our educational work. But even this may turn out to be an advantage by removing the incubus of the wavering and half-hearted, and showing clearly who the men are upon whom the Church can thoroughly rely to carry out her decisions. Difficult problems of finance will also have to be solved; for the policy indicated will involve large expenditure, in which both "faith and works" will find abundant room for exercise. Moreover from outside sources there will be strong antagonistic pressure, and no means will be left untried to prevent the success of our educational plans. Already there is too much reason to believe some intended benefactions to Victoria University, of large amount, have been diverted into other channels by the influence of men who have no great sympathy with Methodism or its aims, especially on educational lines; and although the Federation Scheme has failed, it need not be expected that all efforts to further divide and embarrass the Church will immediately cease. What the next move in that direction will be, time will show; but meanwhile it behoves every man who believes in Methodism and her mission,—who is loyal to the Church and her institutions,—who is prepared to stand by her "traditional policy" in the matter of higher education,—to fall into his place in the ranks, that with unbroken front we may meet every adverse move while marching steadily onward to the accomplishment of our providential work.*

My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.
The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet,
The green immortal ground.

*For rejoinder to this article see Editorial on University Federation, page 182.

METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE state of religion previous to the Wesleyan revival was deplorable. Even of professed theologians, but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. One of these, the venerable Archbishop Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms laments over the national Church as "a fair carcase without spirit." A sneering skepticism pervaded the writing of Bolingbroke and Hobbes, of Hume and Gibbon. The principles of French philosophy were affecting English thought. In the universities a mediæval scholasticism prevailed. Even the candidates for holy orders were often ignorant of the Gospels. A hireling priesthood often dispensed the ordinances of the Church, attaching more importance to mere forms than to the spirit of the Gospel—to the wearing of a surplice than to the adorning of the inner man. Many of them were more at home at the races, at a cock-pit, at a hunting or a drinking party, than in their study or their closet. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no redeeming features to this dark picture. The names of Butler, Lowth, Watts, and Doddridge would cast a lustre over any age. But they, alas, only made the surroundings darkness seem more dark.

At this time the Wesleys entered upon their sacred mission. They carried the tidings of salvation to regions were it was unknown before. Amid moor-fields, fair-grouuds, and coal-pits, they boldly proclaimed their message. On the mountains of Wales, among the tin mines of Cornwall, on the chalk downs of Surrey, in the hop-fields of Kent, on the fen-lands of Lincolnshire, in the cornfields of Huntingdon, on the wilds of Wiltshire, and among the lakes of Cumberland they proclaimed the joyful

*England in the 18th Century. By W. E. H. Lecky, 4 vols. Price $12. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

tidings to assembled thousands. They adapted themselves to the capacity of miners and pitmen, of uncouth rustics and rude fishermen. They recognized in the ignorant and embruted the sublime dignity of manhood. With tireless energy they laboured on. From the ranks of those who were rescued from degradation and sin, arose a noble band of fellow-workmen—earnest-souled and fiery-hearted men: men who feared not death or danger, the love of Christ constraining them. Nor was this new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through the kennels, and some died under their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, as Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective. But like the rosemary and thyme, which "the more they be incensed," to use the words of Bacon, "the more they give forth their sweetest odours"; so those holy lives, under the heel of persecution, sent forth a sacred incense unto God, whose perfume is fragrant throughout the world to-day. Thus the influence spread till its great originator ceased at once to work and live. At that period this despised sect numbered in England 77,000, and in America 55,000 of people called Methodists.

The lofty and lowly were alike brought under the influence of Divine truth. The trembling plumes of the weeping court-dame in the *salons* of the Countess of Huntingdon, equally with the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of the message. Whitefield especially gained wonderful influence over many persons of noble rank. The wanton Duchess of Suffolk winced under his burning words and thought them highly improper as applied to sinners of elevated position. "I shall not say to you what I shall say to others," said the patronizing popinjay, Chesterfield, "how much I approve you." Much the fiery preacher valued his "approval"—as much as Paul did that of Felix. Hume, though one of the coldest and most skeptical of men, said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. The philosospher, Franklin, as he tells us, listening to a charity sermon, resolved to give nothing; but under the power of the preacher's appeals he "emptied his pocket wholly in the collector's plate—gold, silver, and all."

This great movement was not without its alloy of human

imperfection, to which Mr. Lecky, with honest criticism, refers. One manifestation of this was the unhappy controversy and temporary alienation that, fomented by over-zealous followers, took place between the leaders of the great revival. But they loved each other too well for permanent estrangement. Whitefield to the last spoke of Wesley with a touching affection. On one occasion when a censorious Calvinist asked him whether he thought they would see John Wesley in heaven, "I fear not," said the great preacher, "he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get a sight of him." He remembered him warmly in his will, and it was in obedience to the expressed wish of Whitefield that Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

The penal code of England a hundred years ago was of savage ferocity. Its laws, like those of Draco, were written in blood. The death penalty was inflicted not only for murder, but also for treason, forgery, theft, and smuggling; and it was often inflicted with aggravated terrors. Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual association in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame.

"The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion. His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, and admiration, envy of all the bold and hardened."

The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made £200 by showing Jack Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem*—"Live and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naively added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so." When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Leeky:

"There were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or

twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize."

Many persons now living can remember the gibbeting of murderers till the ravens devoured their flesh and their bones rattled in the wind. Political offenders were still more harshly dealt with. Men then alive had seen the gory heads of knights and peers impaled on Temple Bar, and their dismembered limbs on London Bridge. The very contemplation of the subject excites loathing and abhorrence. In a hundred years posterity may look back with similar feelings on the executions of to-day.

Suicides were thrown into dishonoured wayside graves, transfixed with stakes and crushed with stones. The pillory and stocks still stood on the village green. Flogging was publicly inflicted by the beadle of the parish. The number of executions were enormous. In 1785, in London alone, it was ninety-seven. After a jail-delivery at Newgate, scores of miserable wretches were dragged on hurdles up Tyburn Hill, amid the shouts and jeers of a ribald mob, who either mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits, or exhorted their favourites to "die game," as the phrase was. The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that this was an improvement,

"No, sir," said Johnson eagerly, "it is not an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was gratified by a procession; *the criminal was supported by it.* Why is all this to be swept away?"

So far were those exhibitions from deterring vice, they actually promoted it. Mountebanks, gamblers, and jugglers plied their nefarious callings under the very shadow of the gallows and in the awful presence of death. On the outskirts of the throng, John Wesley, or Silas Told, probably exhorted the multitude to prepare for the great assize and the final Judgment.

The condition of the prisons was infamous. Prisoners for

debt were even worse lodged than condemned felons, and all were exposed to the cupidity and cruelty of a brutal jailor. In 1785 John Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford. The horrible state of the prison pierced his soul. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in Europe, and dragged their abominations to light. They were the lairs of pestilence and plague. Men were sentenced not to prison only, but also to rheumatism and typhus. He bearded the fever demon in his den, and fell a victim to his philanthropy. But through his efforts, and those of Mrs. Fry, Fowell Buxton, and others, a great reform in the state of prisons has taken place. Methodism did much for the prisoners. The Wesleys sedulously visited them, and Silas Told, the sailor convert of John Wesley, gave himself exclusively to the work.

The slave trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with a mixture of surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check.

After thirty-four long years of conflict with the prejudices of the House of Lords, and with the interests of the shipmasters and merchants of London and Bristol, and of the planters of Jamaica, the foul stain of the slave trade and of slavery itself was wiped forever from the escutcheon of Great Britain. In this work John Wesley deeply sympathized. The last letter he ever wrote was one to Wilberforce on the enormity of the slave trade.

A hundred years ago the elective franchise was vastly more restricted than at present. The parliamentary seat for the counties was generally the hereditary perquisite of the Knight of the Shire. The pocket boroughs were the private property of the Lord of the Manor. Some landed proprietors held several of these boroughs. A few ruined huts on Salisbury Plain, where not a soul dwelt, returned a member to Parliament, while important centres of population, like Manchester and Leeds, had no voice in the councils of the country. A parliamentary majority could be secured by the combination of a few score of private landlords. Hence, nearly all the legislation was for their exclusive benefit.

Although the great classics of the English language are all more than a century old, the galaxy of poets to whom modern

literature owes so much of its glory had not yet appeared. Cowper was resting under the cloud of insanity, which continued to brood over him during the greater part of his life. Samuel Johnson, the veteran moralist, continued yet to wield his vigorous pen. Burns was a schoolboy in Ayr. Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge and Campbell, Rogers and Landor, Croly and Crabbe, Byron and Scott, Shelley and Keats, Hemans and Landon, had not yet appeared. Robertson and Hume were writing their histories. Gibbon was meditating his magnificent prose epic by the beautiful Lake of Geneva. Warburton and Louth wore the cassock. Adam Smith and Reid wore the professor's gown. William Pitt held the House entranced till dawn. Franklin was coquetting with the lightning, and making those magnificent discoveries that have led to a terrestrial and oceanic telegraphy.

The most glorious revolutions of science have been compressed into the last few years. The rocky tablets of the earth have been deciphered and its mystery wrested from the immemorial past. The arcana of nature have been explored, and their secrets discovered. The science of electricity is almost entirely the growth of the past century. The sciences of chemistry and medicine have received immense improvement. Some of the most devastating diseases have been rendered almost innocuous. Small-pox, that scourge of the last century, has been shorn of its terrors by the universal practice of innoculation, brought from Turkey to England by Lady Wortley Montague, and introduced to America by Cotton Mather. The sanitary condition of towns and cities has been greatly improved, and the duration of human life considerably extended. The population, of America especially, has increased beyond all precedent. At the close of the revolutionary war it was three millions, it is now over fifty millions. That of Canada in 1763 was 70,000; it is now nearly five millions. The sites of most of the towns and cities were swamps or forests. At Niagara, indeed, was a wooden fort, and at Frontenac, one of stone. Quebec and Montreal were well fortified. Of the Jesuit mission existing on the shores of Lake Simcoe two hundred years ago, every vestige has disappeared, and its very memory is forgotten by the occupants of its site.

The progress of American Methodism has been astonishing.

Its dozen members of 1766 are now four millions. Its two itinerants are now thirty thousand. Its first educational institution of 1787 has multiplied to two hundred, with thirty-two thousand pupils. Its first Sabbath-school of 1786 has multiplied to over thirty thousand, with half a million of teachers and over four millions of scholars. Its first church of 1768 has increased to over thirty thousand, or, including rebuilding and renewals, over one for every day in the past hundred years. And how many millions of redeemed ones have during that time gone up on high to join the Church triumphant in the skies!

I cannot close this retrospect of the world's progress without casting a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells to hear what echo they return. I behold in imagination a grand confederation of States, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august lady who to-day graces the proudest throne on earth! At the rate of increase of the past century, a hundred millions of inhabitants shall in 1986 fill the watershed of the great lakes, and the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca. I behold a greater Britain, built up by British enterprise and industry, and washed by the Pacific Sea, rejuvenating the effete old nations of China and Japan. A ceaseless stream of traffic flowing along the iron arteries of commerce that throb across the continent shall realize the dream of Columbus of a western passage to the "gorgeous Inde and far Cathay." Great cities, renowned as marts of trade throughout the world, stand thick along this highway of the nation.

Amid this material prosperity I descern the truer elements of national greatness. Schools and colleges spring up through all the land. Graceful spires point evermore towards heaven, and seem to intercede for the cities at their feet. And not least among the thousands of Israel I behold our beloved Methodism, equally adapted to the most advanced civilization and the highest degree of refinement as to the lowly miners and fishermen among whom its earliest trophies were won. I behold it utilizing the increased facilities for good, sanctifying a national literature, consecrating wealth and power to the glory of God, writing upon every enterprise and industry of the age, "Holiness to the Lord."

Is this bright future to be the inheritance of our children? If so, out of our present must it grow. The buried centuries are but the root, of which the present is the leafy bloom, of which the future promiseth the golden fruit. We may add to its fruitfulness or wither the sources of its strength. The fathers who planted this goodly tree have fallen asleep. They rest from their labour and their works do follow them. Their graves, green and holy, around us are lying. Reverently let us mention their names, lightly let us tread upon their ashes. May their mantles fall upon children worthy of such sires. Let us gird up the loins of our mind and essay the duties of the present. The times demand heroic action, not ignoble ease. Already the battle is set, the final issue of which shall be fought out upon the plains of Armageddon. We are called to play the man therein. A conflict of opinion is waging in every department of thought. Everything is questioned. The world of mind is in a tumult—wave meeting wave in ceaseless shock. But the issue of the conflict is not doubtful. A glorious day is dawning on the world. Its freshness breathes around us now. The clouds of ignorance and superstition are rolling away. Old hoary systems of wrong and of injustice are crumbling to the earth. The chains are fallen from the bodies and souls of men. God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself.

HOMILY.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

THE Master passing through the wheat
Brake off the bearded grain,
And rubbed it in His hands to eat,
And then went on again.

God's shew-bread; so it stands to-day,
Beneath His templed sky,
For hungry Sabbath souls to stay,
And use it, passing by.

Take with thy daily hands the gift
Which grows on every side;
Each head of wheat thy heart shall lift,
Behold! the world is wide!

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.—SNORRO IS WANTED.

DURING the next two years Margaret's life appeared to be monotonously without incident. In reality it deepened and broadened in a manner but slightly indicated by the stillness of its surface. Early in the morning following her re-occupation of her own house, she had two visitors, Dr. Balloch and her old servant, Elga.

"Elga's husband is with the Greenland fleet," said the minister; "she is poor and lonely, and wants to come back and serve thee."

"But I cannot afford a servant."

"Thou can well afford it, take my word for that; besides, thou art not used to hard work, nor fit for it. Also, I have something better for thee to do. When thy house is in order, come to the manse and see me, then we will talk of it."

So Elga quietly resumed her old duties, and ere two weeks were gone the house was almost in its first condition. White paint and soap and water, bees'-wax and turpentine, needle and thread, did wonders. On the evening of the eleventh day, Margaret and Elga went from attic to cellar with complete satisfaction. Everything was spotless, everything was in its old place. Jan's big cushioned chair again stood on the hearth, and little Jan took possession of it. Many a night, wearied with play, he cuddled himself up among its cushions, and had there his first sleep. It is easy to imagine what Margaret's thoughts were with such a picture before her—tender, regretful, loving thoughts most surely, for the fine shawl or stocking she was knitting at the time was generally wet with her tears.

The day after all was in its place and settled, she went to see Dr. Balloch. It was in the early morning when everything was sweet and cool and fresh. Already the quays and streets were full of strangers, and many a merry young fisherman with a pile of nets flung over his shoulders passed her, singing and whistling in the fulness of his life and hope. All of them, in some way or other, reminded her of Jan. One carried his nets in the same graceful, nonchalant way; another wore his cap at the same angle; a third was leaning against his oars, just as she had seen Jan lean a hundred times.

The minister sat at his open door, looking seaward. His serene face was full of peace and light of holy contemplation. His right hand was lovingly laid on the open Bible, which occupied the small table by his side.

"Come in, Margaret," he said pleasantly. "Come in; is all well with thee now?"

"Every thing is well. The house is in order and Snorro hath promised to plant some berry bushes in my garden; he will plant them to-day with the flower seeds thou gave me."

"Dost thou know that Snorro hath left thy father?"

"He told me that he had taken John Hay's cottage, the little stone one on the hill above my house, and that in three days he would go to the fishing with Matthew Vale."

"Now, then, what wilt thou do with thy time? Let me tell thee, time is a very precious gift of God; so precious that He only gives it to us moment by moment. He would not have thee waste it."

Margaret took from her pocket a piece of knitting. It was a shawl twelve yards round, yet of such exquisite texture that she drew it easily through a wedding ring. Beautiful it was as the most beautiful lace, and the folds of fine wool fell infinitely softer than any fold of fine flax could do. It was a marvellous piece of handiwork, and Dr. Balloch praised it highly.

"I am going to send it to the Countess of Zetland," she said. "I have no doubt she will send me as many orders as I can fill. Each shawl is worth £7, and I can also do much coarser work, which I shall sell at the Foy."

"Would thou not rather work for me than for the Countess?"

"Thou knowest I would, ten thousand times rather. But how can I work for thee?"

"What is there, Margaret, on the long table under the window?"

"There is a large pile of newspapers and magazines and books."

"That is so. None of these I have been able to read, because my sight has failed me very much lately. Yet I have longed to know every word that is in them. Wilt thou be eyes to an old man who wishes thee only well, Margaret? Come every day, when the weather and thy health permit, and read to me for two hours, write my letters for me, and do me a message now and then, and I will cheerfully pay thee £50 a year."

"I would gladly do all this without money, and think the duty most honourable."

"Nay, but I will pay thee, for that will be better for thee and for me."

Now all good work is good for more than appears upon its surface. The duties undertaken by Margaret grew insensibly and steadily in beneficence and importance. In the first place the effect upon her own character was very great. It was really two hours' daily study of the finest kind. It was impossible that the books put into her hand could be read and discussed

with a man like Dr. Balloch, without mental enlargement. Equally great and good was the moral effect of the companionship. Her pen became the pen of a ready writer, for the old clergyman kept up a constant correspondence with his college companions, and with various learned societies.

About three months after this alliance began, the doctor said one day, "Thou shalt not read to me this morning, for I want thee to carry some wine and jelly to old Neill Brock, and when thou art there, read to him. Here is a list of the Psalms and the Epistles that will be best for him." And Margaret came back from her errand with a solemnly happy light upon her face. "It was a blessed hour," she said; "surely he is very near the kingdom."

This service once begun grew by a very natural course of events. Margaret delighted in it. The sick loved her calm, gentle ways. She was patient and silent, and yet sympathetic. She had that womanly taste which naturally sets itself to make dainty dishes for those who cannot eat coarse food. In a few months the sick all through the parish felt the soothing touch of her soft, cool hands, and became familiar with the tones of her low, even voice, as she read aloud the portions which Dr. Balloch usually selected for every case.

And as there is no service so gratefully remembered as that given in sickness, Margaret Vedder gradually acquired a very sincere popularity. It rather amazed Peter to hear such remarks as the following: "Luke Thorkel is better, thanks to Margaret Vedder." "John Johnson can go to the fishing with an easy mind now, Margaret Vedder is caring for his sick wife." "The Widow Hay died last night. She would have died ere this, but for Margaret Vedder's care."

These outside duties made her home duties sufficient to fill all her time. She had no hours to spare for foolish repining, or morbid sorrow. Little Jan must be taught his letters, and his clothes must be made. Her garden, poultry and knitting kept her hands ever busy, and though her work was much of it of that silent kind which leads to brooding thought, she had now much of interest to fill her mind. Yet still, and always, there was the haunting, underlying memory of Jan's disappearance or death, keeping her life hushed or silent. To no one did she speak of it, and it seemed strange to her that Dr. Balloch visibly discouraged any allusion to it. Sometimes she felt as if she must speak to Snorro about it, but Snorro kept ever a little aloof from her. She was not very sure as to his friendship.

She thought this a little hard, for she had given him every opportunity to understand that her own animosity was dead. She permitted little Jan to spend nearly all his time with him, when he was not engaged in fishing, or busy on the quays. And

Snorro now spent most of his time at home. His earnings during the fishing season more than sufficed for his wants. Every fine day in winter he was apt to call for little Jan, and Margaret rarely refused him the child's company.

And little Jan dearly loved Snorro. Snorro put him in the water and taught him how to swim like a seal. Snorro made him a spear and taught him how to throw. He made him a boat and taught him how to sail it. He got him a pony and taught him how to ride it. Once they found a baby seal whose mother had been shot, and the child kept it at Snorro's house. There also he had a dozen pet rabbits, and three Skye terriers, and a wild swan with a broken wing, and many other treasures, which would not have been so patiently tolerated in the cleanliness and order of his own home.

So the time went pleasantly and profitably by for two years. Again the spring joy was over the land, and the town busy with the hope of the fishing season. Snorro's plans were all made, and yet he felt singularly restless and unsettled. As he sat one evening wondering at the feeling, he said to himself: "It is the dreams I have had lately, or it is because I think of Jan so much. Why does he not write? Oh, how I long to see him! Well, the day will come, by God's leave."

Just as this thought crossed his mind, Dr. Balloch stepped across his threshold. Snorro rose up with a face of almost painful anxiety. He always associated a visit from the doctor with news from Jan. He could scarcely articulate the inquiry, "Hast thou any news?"

"Great news for thee, Snorro. Jan is coming home from Africa. He is broken down with the fever. He wants thee. Thou must go to him at once, for he hath done grand work, and proved himself a hero, worthy even of thy true, great love."

"I am ready—I have been waiting for him to call me. I will go this hour."

"Be patient. Every thing must be done wisely and in order. The first thing is supper. I came away without mine, so now I will eat with thee. Get the tea ready; then I will tell thee all I know."

As Snorro moved about, the doctor looked at his home. Every piece of furniture in it was of Snorro's own manufacture. His bed was a sailor's bunk against the wall, made soft with sheep-fleeces and covered with seal-skins. A chair of woven rushes for little Jan, a couple of stools and a table made from old packing boxes, and a big hearth-rug of sheep-skins, that was all. But over the fireplace hung the pictured Christ, and some rude shelves were filled with the books Jan had brought him. On the walls, also, were harpoons and seal spears, a fowling-piece, queer ribbons and branches of sea weeds, curiosities given

him by sailors from all countries, stuffed birds and fish skeletons, and a score of other things, which enabled the doctor to understand what a house of enchantment it must be to a boy like little Jan.

In a few minutes the table was set, and Snorro had poured out the minister's tea, and put before him a piece of bread and a slice of broiled mutton. As for himself he could not eat, he only looked at the doctor with eyes of pathetic anxiety.

"Snorro, dost thou understand that to go to Jan now is to leave, forever perhaps, thy native land?"

"Wherever Jan is, that land is best of all."

"He will be in Portsmouth ere thou arrive there. First, thou must sail to Wick; there, thou wilt get a boat to Leith, and at Leith take one for London. What wilt thou do in London?"

"Well, then, I have a tongue in my head; I will ask my way to Portsmouth. When I am there it will be easy to find Jan's ship, and then Jan. What help can thou give me in the matter?"

"That I will look to. Jan hath sent thee £100.

Snorro's face brightened like sunrise. "I am glad that he thought of me; but I will not touch the money. I have already more than £20. Thou shalt keep the £100 for little Jan."

"Snorro, he hath also sent the £600 he took from his wife, that and the interest."

"But how? How could he do that already?"

"He has won it from the men who coin life into gold; it is mostly prize money."

"Good luck to Jan's hands! That is much to my mind."

"I will tell thee one instance, and that will make thee understand it better. Thou must know that it is not a very easy matter to blockade over three thousand miles of African coast, especially as the slave ships are very swift, and buoyant. Therefore captures are mostly made by the boats which are sent up the rivers to lie in wait for the slavers putting out to sea. Sometimes these boats are away for days, sometimes even for weeks; an African river is a dreadful place for British sailors, Snorro; the night air is loaded with fever, the days are terrible with a scorching sun."

"I can believe that; but what of Jan?"

"One morning Jan, with a four-oared gig, chased a slave brig. They had been at the river mouth all night watching for her. When she came in sight he compelled her to run on shore to avoid being boarded. Then her crew abandoned her, in order to save their own lives, and *The Retribution* hove her off. She proved to be a vessel of two hundred tons, and she carried one thousand slaves. She was taken as a prize into Sierra Leone, and sold and then Jan got his share of her.

"About a year ago, he heard of a brigantine of great size and speed lying in the Old Calabar river with a cargo of slaves destined for Cuba. She carried five eighteen-pounder guns, and a crew of eighty men; and her captain had vowed vengeance upon *The Retribution* and upon Jan, for the slavers he had already taken.

"At length she was seen coming down the river under all sail. Then *The Retribution* lowered her canvas in order to keep out of sight as long as possible. When she hoisted it again, the slaver in spite of her boasts endeavoured to escape, and then Jan, setting all the canvas his schooner could carry, stood after her in chase. The slaver was the faster of the two, and Jan feared he would lose her; but fortunately a calm came on and both vessels got out their sweeps. Jan's vessel being the smaller, had now the advantage, and his men sent her flying through the water.

"All night they kept up the chase, and the next morning Jan got within range."

"Oh," cried Snorro, "if I had only been there! Why did no one tell me there was such work for strong men to do?"

"Now I will tell thee a grand thing that our Jan did. Though the slaver was cutting his rigging to pieces with her shot, Jan would not fire till he was close enough to aim only at her decks. Why, Snorro? Because below her decks there was packed in helpless misery five hundred black men, besides many women and little children."

"That was like Jan. He has a good heart."

"But when he was close enough, he loaded his guns with grape, and ordered two men to be ready to lash the slaver to *The Retribution*, the moment they touched. Under cover of the smoke, Jan and ten men boarded the slaver, but unfortunately the force of the collision drove *The Retribution* off, and Jan and his little party found themselves opposed to the eighty villains who formed the slaver's crew.

"For a moment it seemed as if they must be overpowered, but a gallant little midshipman, only fourteen years old, Snorro, think of that, gave an instant order to get out the sweeps, and almost immediately *The Retribution* was alongside, and securely lashed to her enemy. Then calling on the sailors to follow him the brave little lad boarded her, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight followed.

"This is the work Jan has been doing, Snorro; almost I wish I was a young man again, and had been with him."

The Doctor's eyes were full; Snorro's head was in his hands upon the table. When the Doctor ceased, he stood up quivering with anger, and said, "If God would please Michael Snorro, he would send him to chase and fight such devils."

"Well, then, thou wilt go to Jan?"

"I must go to-morrow. How can I wait longer? Is there a mail boat in the harbour?"

"It was Lord Lynne brought me the news and the money. He will carry thee as far as Wick. The tide serves at five o'clock to-morrow morning, can thou be ready?"

"Ay, surely. Great joy hath come to me, but I can be ready to meet it."

"Lean on me in this matter as much as thou likest; what is there I can do for thee?"

"Wilt thou care for what I have in my house, especially the picture?"

"I will do that."

"Then I have but to see Margaret Vedder and little Jan. I will be on *The Lapwing* ere she lift her anchor. God bless thee for all the good words thou hast said to me!"

"Snorro!"

"What then?"

"When thou sees Jan, say what will make peace between him and Margaret."

Snorro's brow clouded. "I like not to meddle in the matter. What must be is sure to happen, whether I speak or speak not."

"But mind this—it will be thy duty to speak well of Margaret Vedder. The whole town do that now."

"She was ever a good woman some way. There is not now a name too good for her. It hath become fashion to praise Jan Vedder's wife, and also to pity her. If thou heard the talk, thou would think that Jan was wholly to blame. For all that, I do not think that she is worthy of Jan. Why does she not talk to her son of his father? Who ever saw her weep at Jan's name? I had liked her better if she had wept more."

"It is little men know of women; their smiles and their tears alike are seldom what they seem. I think Margaret loves her husband and mourns his loss sincerely; but she is not a woman to go into the market-place to weep. Do what is right and just to her, I counsel thee to do that. Now I will say 'Farewell, brave Snorro.' We may not meet again, for I am growing old."

"We shall anchor in the same harbour at last. If thou go first, whatever sea I am on, speak me on thy way, if thou can do so."

"Perhaps so. Who can tell? Farewell, mate."

"Farewell."

Snorro watched him across the moor, and then going to a locked box, he took out of it a bundle in a spotted blue handkerchief. He untied it and for a moment looked over the contents. They were a bracelet set with sapphires, a ring to match it, a gold brooch, an amber comb and necklace, a gold locket on

a chain of singular beauty, a few ribbons and lace collars, and a baby coral set with silver bells; the latter had been in Jan's pocket when he was shipwrecked, and it was bruised and tarnished. The sight of it made Snorro's eyes fill, and he hastily knotted the whole of the trinkets together and went down to Margaret's home.

It was near nine o'clock and Margaret was tired and not very glad to see him coming, for she feared his voice would awake little Jan who was sleeping in his father's chair. Rather wearily she said, "What is the matter Snorro? Is any one sick? Speak low, for little Jan is asleep, and he has been very tiresome to-night."

"Nothing much is the matter, to thee. As for me, I am going away in the morning to the mainland. I may not be back very soon, and I want to kiss Jan and to give thee some things which belong to thee, if thou cares for them."

"What hast thou of mine?"

"Wilt thou look then? They are in the handkerchief."

He watched her keenly, perhaps a little hardly, as she untied the knot. He watched the faint rose-colour deepen to scarlet on her face; he saw how her hands trembled, as she laid one by one the jewels on the table, and thoughtfully fingered the lace yellow with neglect. But there were no tears in her dropped eyes, and she could scarcely have been more deliberate in her examination, if she had been appraising their value. And yet, her heart was burning and beating until she found it impossible to speak.

Snorro's anger gathered fast. His own feelings were in such a state of excitement, that they made him unjust to a type of emotion unfamiliar to him.

"Well, then," he asked, sharply, "dost thou want them or not?"

"Jan bought them for me?"

"Yes, he bought them and thou sent them back to him. If thou had sent me one back, I had never bought thee another. But Jan Vedder was not like other men."

"We will not talk of Jan, thee and me. What did thou bring these to-night for?"

"I told thee I was going to Wick, and it would not be safe to leave them, nor yet to take them with me. I was so foolish, also, as to think that thou would prize them now for Jan's sake, but I see thou art the same woman yet. Give them to me, I will take them to the minister."

"Leave them here. I will keep them safely."

"The rattle was bought for little Jan. It was in his father's pocket when he was shipwrecked."

She stood with it in her hand, gazing down upon the tarnished bells, and answered not a word. Snorro looked at her

angrily, and then stooped down and softly kissed the sleeping child.

"Good-by, Margaret Vedder!"

She had lifted the locket in the interval, and was mechanically passing her fingers along the chain. "It is the very pattern I wished for," she whispered to her heart; "I remember drawing it for him." She did not hear Snorro's "good-by," and he stood watching her curiously a moment.

"I said 'good-by,' Margaret Vedder."

"Good-by," she answered mechanically. Her whole soul was moved. She was in a maze of tender, troubled thoughts, but Snorro perceived nothing but her apparent interest in the jewels. He could not forget his last sight of her standing, so apparently calm, with her eyes fixed upon the locket and chain that dangled from her white hand. "She was wondering how much they cost Jan," he thought bitterly; "what a cold, cruel woman she is!"

That she had not asked him about his own affairs, why he had left so hurriedly, how he was going, for what purpose, how long he was to be away, was a part of her supreme selfishness, Snorro thought. He wished Dr. Balloch could have seen her as he did, with poor Jan's love-gifts in her hands.

With his heart all aflame on Jan's noble deeds, and his imagination almost deifying the man, the man he loved so entirely, Margaret's behaviour was not only very much misunderstood by Snorro, it was severely and unjustly condemned.

"What did God make women for?" he asked angrily, as he strode back over the moor. "I hope Jan has forgotten her, for it is little she thinks of him."

On reaching his home again he dressed himself in his best clothes, for he could not sleep. He walked up and down the old town, and over the quays, and stood a five minutes before Peter Fae's store, and so beguiled the hours until he could go on board *The Lapwing*.

At five o'clock he saw Lord Lynne come aboard, and the anchor was raised. Snorro lifted his cap, and said, "Good morning, Lord Lynne;" and my lord answered cheerily, "Good morning, Snorro. With this wind we shall make a quick passage to Wick."

HE always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to us when
It triumphs at our cost.
All that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.—*Faber.*

Current Topics and Events.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

WE have pleasure in giving place to Dr. Sutherland's article on this subject, which appears in another part of this MAGAZINE: not that we agree with his sentiments, for we differ from them *toto cælo*, but anything which comes from Dr. Sutherland demands a respectful hearing. Moreover, so able an advocate as he is will present the arguments against Federation in so cogent a manner that the full strength of the case is now before us. Nevertheless, without detracting in the least from the weight of his arguments, the balance of advantage seems to us decidedly to preponderate in favour of Federation.

We accept as playful *badinage* Dr. Sutherland's introductory paragraph, and regard it as one of his good-natured jokes. We heartily agree with him that things cannot continue as they are. We are come to a place where two ways meet. Upon the decision made at the General Conference most important issues depend. The question of direct State aid to denominational institutions—involving as it does State aid to Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries—has long since been decided by the Protestant public opinion of this province. That decision is not likely to be reversed. Now that the Government has made provision—in the only way we think in which provision can be made, without doing violence to the principles and deep-rooted convictions of many thousands of Methodists in this land—whereby Victoria University may share to the full all the advantages possessed by the national university, we cannot imagine any adequate ground on which that provision should be rejected. It has been estimated that an endowment of $4,000,000 would be required to duplicate those advantages. Even if it were possible to secure such duplication would it not be midsummer madness to attempt it? Yet who will propose that the Methodists of this country should accept as a provision for the higher education of their sons anything inferior to the very best the country can afford? That very best is a very expensive thing. The State of California is equipping a university with an endowment of ten millions. Its telescope alone costs about a quarter of million. Senator Stanford is endowing a university in the same State with fifteen million dollars. Cornell, within a few hours' ride of Toronto, will soon have an endowment of ten millions. Public opinion will sustain, we think, any Ontario Government in thoroughly equipping our national university. And if we repel the offer now made by federation with that university we shall be forever estopped from objecting to the granting of such State aid to the State university as it may require.

We think that the friends of denominational universities will admit that if such a broad, catholic, unsectarian Provincial University had been in existence in 1841, it is not at all likely that Victoria University would ever have been established. And now that what public opinion generally deems to be an equitable and honourable plan for the federation of the denominational universities with the Provincial institution has been propounded, it should be rejected for only very grave considerations. It requires not much argument, we think, to show that a much stronger, better equipped and effective university can be created by such federation than by the maintenance of separate and rival institutions. Every branch of human knowledge has in recent years wonderfully expanded; new departments of science have been practically created; and any institution at all worthy of the name of a

university for the twentieth century, on whose threshold we now stand, with a curriculum embracing every branch of human knowledge, must be a very different institution from anything the country now possesses.

Shall we be doing justice to the Methodist youth of this country, of the present and future generations, by standing aloof from this movement for the founding of a national university under pronounced Christian auspices which shall be worthy of the foremost province of this Dominion, and the peer of any university on this continent? The question arises, Can we maintain our hold upon young men of the best Methodist families if we stand aloof from this patriotic movement? Many of them attend the Provincial University as it is, and many more will in the future. Are we willing as a Church to let these young men, who will be leaders of opinion in the future, drift beyond our influence in the most important period of their history.

Dr. Sutherland urges that we need a denominational university to train the sons of Methodism for public professional life. Well, we have had our own university for over forty years and are we satisfied with the result? Are we as a Church represented, as in proportion to our members we should be, in the Government of the country, in the Senate, in the Commons, in the Provincial Legislature, in the judiciary, in official life? After counting the brilliant examples of prominent Methodists, all will admit that a people numbering one-third of the Province are entitled to a still larger proportion in comparison with other Churches than they possess.

Dr. Williams, at an educational meeting at Halifax recently, used these words:

"We were not having the influence upon the public mind as a Church that we should. The adherents of Methodism are not filling the places they should in our courts, our legislatures, our public positions of various kinds. The time was coming when Methodists should make their influence felt in high places which they were not reaching and in political circles. In the Senate of Canada there are only two Methodists that he knew of. This is a very small percentage considering that the Methodists represent 17½ per cent. of the whole Dominion. In the Province he came from the Methodists represented 31½ per cent. of the whole."

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

The very fact of meeting, in the intimacies of college life, young men of other Churches, and of diverse habits of thought and mental characteristics, and of enjoying personal relations with a large number of professors and learned men, for a series of years, has a broadening effect upon the mind, and is itself an admirable preparation for the cultivation of friendly and sympathetic relations in the wider arena of public life.

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

We can profoundly sympathize with our friends at Cobourg, and with the

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

DR. DEWART ON FEDERATION.

We write these hasty notes while waiting to catch the boat to cross the lake, and therefore repeat in part what we have said elsewhere. We beg to add the following cogent paragraphs from a late vigorous address of Dr. Dewart, who has given this subject special attention :—

"Whatever it would cost," he says, "to run the federating colleges, at any rate it would cost more to provide the branches it was proposed to teach in the university department. If the Methodists had $4,000,000 in gold, they could not with that sum provide for the teaching of the subjects they would have access to under the federation scheme of a university professoriate. By this scheme their own college was left as free as ever it was to control its own religious life. There was no restraint put upon Victoria College by coming into federation, it would not sacrifice its freedom, and the advantages it would obtain were many. Looking at the scheme from a broad, patriotic standpoint, it would raise the standard of education by a common examination ; and if only Victoria amalgamated with the university, it would give their own college greater stability and greatly strengthen the university. As a part of the people of this country, Methodists had an interest in building up and making efficient that great central institution. He was not one of those who believed that Methodism should be boxed up. He believed they could go out in their vigorous denominational life and influence the communities among which they lived. They talked about union, and Protestant Churches standing shoulder to shoulder and working together. If they meant anything by this, why could they not have Christianity and confidence enough to work together in the higher educational work of the country? There is also beyond this making of our Provincial University, which belonged to the Methodist people as much as to anyone else, stronger, the fact that it would be made more national and more Christian. Just in so far as any Church withdrew its sympathy and co-operation from that institution it was weakened, and its moral influence and Christian character weakened. This was not the time when the Churches should withdraw from the institutions of learning. The matter comes home to them as Methodists just as it did to other people, and it was high time that they woke up to take their full share in developing the social, educational and political institutions of the country. By the federation scheme there was all the religious supervision provided they ever had, and with regard to the character of the teachers he did not hesitate to say that in a university whose senate was composed of representatives from the Church colleges and from the Christian Churches of the land, and backed up by this Christian constituency, there was the highest moral certainty that no man would be tolerated as teacher whose principles were false or pernicious, or whose teaching was corrupt or anti-Christian."

Dr. Dewart thus summarizes, in a few pregnant sentences, the real questions to be decided :—

"I venture to submit the following questions, as the real points to be decided by the ministers and laity of our Church. I cannot see how any unprejudiced mind can ponder these questions carefully, without concluding that it would be a great mistake, if at the present time we should adopt a policy of separation and opposition for all coming time.

"Is it a wise and patriotic policy for us to labour to exclude our Methodist young men from all share in the important advantages of our Provincial University, when they

can share these advantages and be under the care of our own college?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

President Nelles on Federation.

We beg to quote, in conclusion, the wise and weighty words of the learned President of Victoria University, uttered with a full sense of the responsibility which they involved, at the Convocation of 1885. No man is more competent to pronounce upon this subject—from the length and intimacy of his acquaintance with university life—than is he; and no man has more fully proven his loyalty to our denominational university, bearing as he has done for five and thirty years the burden of its administration under a continuous struggle with debt and difficulty. The words of Dr. Nelles therefore come with peculiar authority.

"Between the necessities of the State university, and the rival necessities of a number of denominational universities," he says, "we have at last reached what may be called a kind of dead-lock in our educational progress. We may, therefore, well begin to inquire, and the growing spirit of Christian union enables us to inquire with hopefulness, whether all the Churches of Ontario cannot combine in one national university, and with advantage to the common interests of science and religion. Those who distrust or oppose such a measure seem to me to raise imaginary obstacles, and also to fail in estimating the increasing extent of university work, and the consequent necessity of large endowments, such endowments as we can only secure in this Province by concentrating all our available resources. Such persons seem to forget that if we keep our universities poor we shall have poor universities in more senses than one. They also forget that in so far as any religious body stands aloof from the national system of education it not only deprives itself of advantages to which it is fairly entitled, but does what it can both to weaken and unchristianize that

system. 'Let us beware,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'of a Christianity of isolation.'

"The obvious facts of the case, and even the very word university, seem to rebuke us for the appropriation of the name to anything else than a place where all sound means of discipline can be employed, and all forms of knowledge cultivated, with the best facilities of the age. Such a university we need for the Province of Ontario, and assuredly it cannot be said that we have such a university now. There is not one of those now in existence, not even the Provincial University, that is not complaining sorely and with good reason of the want of adequate resources, and the case is rendered the more embarrassing from the fact that, at a distance of a few hours' travel, the well-endowed universities of a foreign country present every attraction to draw away Canadian youth. Meantime the several universities which we have are so related to each other, and have inherited such a stubborn old quarrel between opposing systems, that, instead of working as allies, they are rather playing a game of reciprocal obstruction and enfeeblement. The evil has reached a point where it must be met, and the most feasible mode of meeting it is by some plan of consolidation, such as would secure for the country a stronger and worthier university than is possible under the present order of things. Due regard should be paid, and I trust will be paid, by our Legislature to all existing interests, and to the reasonable plea of those who contend for variety, for competition, and for religious instruction, in the work of education. Nor should we forget the immense debt of gratitude due to those religious bodies which provided in earlier days, and which still provide, a liberal education for the youth of the country. But if, with proper consideration for these things, and without doing violence to the great principles on which Victoria College was founded, we can aid in building up a proper national university, and can even help to supply some elements in which we have felt the University of Toronto to be deficient, and can moreover give the Methodist people the full advantages of this improved constitution, then I maintain that no sectarian divisions, no undue regard for local interests, no sentimental attachment to an old order of things for which the occasion has largely passed away—none of these things should induce us to block the way to a great public good by opposing in the Legislature the improvement of a national institution which we profess to uphold, and which, in a new country like ours, will at the very best fall short of the true ideal.

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

scheme of federation, and to give the denominational colleges scope for adding religious subjects to the curriculum, with collegiate homes and discipline for the students, then if we have been honest in our former contention, why should we not rejoice at this liberal and Christian reconstruction of our Provincial University?

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

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

With these broad, and sound, and patriotic views the matured judgment of Dr. Burwash is known to agree, but we have not his reported address at hand to quote. It is an easy matter for our sanguine and enthusiastic friend, Dr. Sutherland, to outline on paper a great central Methodist university with affiliated universities in the east and west. But even if such a scheme could with each be accomplished, which we take the liberty to doubt, we think a great federated university of all the Churches a much more desirable and patriotic thing. We covet for Methodism the honour and the reward of doing her utmost to make this fair "dream" a living actuality. So shall we as a Church seek to mould the educational as well as the religious institutions of the country, and to write upon them both alike, "Holiness to the Lord."

Special Appeal for Japan.

Japan presents the great opportunity of the Western Church. Never in the history of missions have the

barriers of opposition so given way, and such a wide door been opened for the reception of the Gospel. Till recently one of the most exclusive of nations, it is now one of the most accessible. But a short time ago, in the most public places in the Empire, proclamations denouncing death to the teachers of foreign religions were conspicuously displayed. To-day they may preach without let or hindrance. The Bible is being very largely read, even in the public schools. A strong effort is being made to adopt the English alphabet for even the native literature. Already there are over 1,200 Japanese members of the Chautauqua Circle. The great hall erected to give the opportunity for denouncing and controverting Christianity has been used by Dr. Eby and other Christian missionaries for the defence of the Gospel. All through the country an intense spirit of inquiry is manifested as to the Christian religion, and many thousands of Christian converts have been made.

A Japanese writer in the *Japan Mail* of May 8th, 1886, in an article eleven pages long, says:—"A marvellous change has been wrought in our feelings towards Christianity in the last seven years. . . . In a word, the country is thoroughly ready and willing to be Christianized. The outer lines of defence have been carried, and the gate of the very citadel is thrown open. One more resolute effort and complete success will be achieved." This writer deprecates the multiplication of Christian sects in Japan (there are now fifteen denominations in the country), and urges the establishment of a national Christian Church, founded upon the Bible pure and simple, without reference to the historic development of the Western Churches, and concludes: "A glorious prospect invites the nation to advance. It rests with us, the rising generation, whether that prospect shall ever be attained—whether, progressing in an enlightened and Christian spirit, the country shall reach the true goal of civilization. Let us lay down our mutual strifes, cut ourselves entirely free from the historical chain of Christianity in the West, and advance along a path independent and undeviating."

The Rev. Dr. Eby writes:—"The first Protestant Church was organized in 1872. At that time there were about a dozen native Christians. In 1873 a large increase of missions began work in Japan, and from that time progress has been rapid. At the end of 1885, in fourteen years, there were 11,615 members. In 1885, 3,115 persons were baptized—an increase of a third in one year; and the pace accelerates. There are 168 church organizations—67 self-supporting, 110 partially so; some of the 57 raise $1,000 to $1,500 each, in all $20,000 last year. There are 60 native preachers, 183 missionaries, male and female, and yet not one Christian worker, on an average, to 120,000 people.

Dr. Cochran writes:—"*Press, press*, IMPRESS the truth on the minds and hearts of Canadian Methodism, that *now*, NOW is the golden opportunity in Japan. A few thousands of dollars, and a few more men at once, in this most thrilling crisis, is worth more in the service of the crown and kingdom of Jesus our Saviour and Lord, than millions of money and an army of men by and by. The day for work, so far as the foreign missionary is concerned, is likely to be shorter in Japan than in any other land the sun shines on in his course through the heavens."

Two men are wanted for school work, and one or two for evangelistic work. The salary of one teacher will be paid by the Japanese authorities, and the removal expenses and $500 for three years has been promised on behalf of a young man for evangelistic work. The Missionary Committee, however, have hesitated to send more help to Japan unless their support can be secured without touching the ordinary income of the Society. Earnest appeals are therefore made for this special work. Dr. Eby and the Missionary Secretary will be glad to receive subscriptions on behalf of this special work. May there be a liberal response.

THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

This festival has been the most important musical event in the history of the Dominion. It reflected the greatest credit on all concerned, especially upon its accomplished and energetic conductor, F. H. Torrington, Esq. Its success has been so great that we hope to see another of a similar character at an early date. The effect upon the choir singing of the city churches, of the special training undergone by the chorus of nearly a thousand voices, cannot but be most marked. The singing of the magnificent choruses of Handel's sublime "Israel in Egypt" was something never to be forgotten. The singing of the twelve hundred school children, too, was very delightful.

The portrait of Dr. Rice in the July number of this Magazine has attracted much attention, and has elicited warm commendation as a life-like representation. The same portrait, with a life sketch of Dr. Rice, we are glad to say, will shortly appear in the *Methodist Review*, thus bringing Canadian Methodism prominently under the attention of the Methodism of the United States.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

THE MONTREAL CONFERENCE.

The Montreal Conference was the first in order, and held its sessions in the ancient city of Quebec. The Rev. Dr. Williams, one of the General Superintendents, was in attendance. The presence of one or other of the chief officers of the Church at the Annual Conferences cannot be otherwise than gratifying to the members, as in difficult cases of ecclesiastical law their large experience enables them to give such decisions as less experienced officers might hestitate to give, while their valuable sermons and platform addresses greatly add to the interest of the Conference.

The Rev. Richard Whiting was elected President, and the Rev. Wm. Jackson, Secretary, of the Conference. Dr. Eby, from Japan, delivered his lecture on the "Missionary Problem of To-day," not only at the Montreal Conference but also at all the Conferences in Ontario. It is a grand oration, and is calculated to be of immense value in arousing the Church to activity. Its publication in pamphlet form will benefit those who had not the pleasure of hearing it. It is a valuable addition to the missionary literature of the day.

The Legislature of the Province was in session while the Conference was meeting in the ancient capital, and did itself an honour by instructing the Clerk to inform the Conference that seats would be provided for the members in the Speaker's Gallery, which they could occupy at any time they might deem proper. This act of courtesy was duly appreciated and accepted by the Conference.

As usual the Reception Service was one of profound interest. The anniversary meetings were all well sustained, and the Sabbath services were greatly enjoyed. General Superintendent Williams preached the Ordination Sermon.

There was an increase in the membership of the Church of 1,368, and all the funds were in a good state. The absence of the venerable Dr. Elliott and Dr. Douglas from all the sessions of Conference, in consequence of illness, was greatly regretted. Drs. Dewart and Withrow were present and addressed the Conference in the interest of their respective journals, and the Rev.

James Gray did not fail to remind the brethren of their duty to the Superannuation Fund.

The Niacara Conference.

The Niagara Conference was next in order, and met at Woodstock—a flourishing town. Rev. W. J. Hunter, D.D., was elected President. He stated that on the day of his election he completed the 30th year of his ministry. The Rev. J. S. Williams was elected Secretary. This Conference reports a year of great prosperity, inasmuch as there is an increase of more than 2,000 members, and $3,000 increase to the Mission Fund. Three probationers were ordained, and three others were received on trial.

The clergymen of the town visited the Conference, and two of them, Rev. Messrs. McMullen, Presbyterian, and Hill, Episcopal, addressed their brethren in kind, fraternal terms, to which the Conference responded in a suitable manner.

Drs. Dewart, Briggs, Burwash, Sutherland, and J. Gray were in attendance, and by their eloquent addresses pleaded for the Connexional interests with which they are connected. Mrs. Blackstock also pleaded on behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society, and the responses which were made clearly indicated that the members of Conference were in deep sympathy with the Society which the excellent lady so ably represented

Mr. W. E. Sanford introduced a series of resolutions relating to financial affairs, in which he urged for retrenchment in the management of Connexional funds, and advocated a central Bureau of Finance under the direction of a Board of Managers. The subject awakened great interest, and was referred to at some of the other Conferences. The matter will come up for final adjustment at the General Conference. It is gratifying to find that influential laymen are taking increasing interest in all ecclesiastical questions, and it is to be hoped that they will specially aid the Church with their financial ability, so that increasing facilities may be afforded for the extension of all the departments of Church work.

The London Conference.

The London Conference was held in the town of St. Thomas. Rev. Dr. Parker was elected President, and Rev. Wm. McDonagh, Secretary. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was present, and delivered an earnest, thrilling address.

The Connexional officers previously named, with the addition of Dr. Withrow, were present at this and all the subsequent Conferences and pleaded for the Connexional interests of which they are placed in charge. Dr. Briggs made one statement which was particularly gratifying, viz., that the net profits of the Book Room amounted to $21,000. The statement of Dr. Sutherland that the increase in the Mission Fund was $10,000 was received with cheers.

Five probationers had completed their probation and were therefore received into full connection with the Conference and ordained. Two young men were received on trial.

The venerable Dr. Sanderson having entered upon the 50th year of his ministry, was presented with an address and a purse of money, as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his brethren.

The Bay of Quinte Conference

The Bay of Quinte Conference was held at Picton. This is Methodist classical ground, as not far from the town the first missionaries to Canada unfurled the Gospel banner. General Superintendent Williams was present, and greatly assisted the brethren in their deliberations. The Rev. J. S. Clarke was elected President, and Rev. J. Young, Secretary. The representatives of the Publishing House, the Mission House, the Superannuation Fund were on hand to represent those important interests of the Church.

Ten probationers were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained.

This Conference is crowded. A

resolution was therefore adopted to place all candidates for the ministry on the President's List of Reserve—six were thus received. Rev. Charles Fish, after 38 years' faithful service, was placed on the Superannuation List, but intends to devote all his remaining strength to evangelistic services, in which through life he has been eminently successful. The venerable Richard Jones was absent from the Conference. This is the first time his place was vacant since he joined the ministry.

The Conference is very desirous to add to its territory, and therefore resolved to ask the General Conference to enlarge it by adding one district from Montreal and two districts from Toronto Conference. This Conference, as well as some others, took strong action against the Children's Fund. The increase in the membership was 1,013.

The Guelph Conference.

The Guelph Conference assembled in the town of Goderich, which for the first time entertained the Conference. The Rev. Dr. Griffin was elected President, and the Rev. T. M. Campbell, Secretary. Three probationers had creditably completed their course, and were ordained. Five candidates were recieved.

Archdeacon Ellwood and Rev. Dr. Ure visited the Conference, and said a few kind words to their brethren.

General Superintendent Carman was present after the fourth day of the Conference. Professor Shaw, of Montreal, in addition to other official representatives, was also present, and addressed the Conference in the interests of the Wesleyan Theological College. The net increase in the membership of the church was 1,905, which would have been much larger, but that the removals from the bounds of the Conference had been unusually large.

While the Conference was in session, a telegram was received announcing the death of the Rev. James Scott. For some time he had been in declining health, which compelled him, except at rare intervals, to retire from the active work, but now he has entered into rest.

The Toronto Conference.

The Toronto Conference held its sessions in the town of Brampton in the recently erected, elegant St. Paul's Church. General Superintendent Carman was present until the last day. General Superintendent Williams was also present at some of the sessions. Both those distinguished servants of the Church preached on the Sabbath to the edification of crowded auditories. The Revs. J. F. German M.A., and W. Pirritte were elected President and Secretary respectively. Nine brethren were received into full connection and ordained. Two others were ordained for special purposes.

An important communication was received relative to a gentleman having offered $10,000 toward establishing a permanent Church Building Fund, which was gratefully accepted, and recommendations adopted for the General Conference to act in the matter. Fourteen candidates were received on trial, two of whom were native Japanese. Seven brethren were added to the list of superannuates, three of whom were well known —Revs. J. G. Laird, M. Fawcett, and J. H. McCollum, and four other brethren. The first was one of the ex-Presidents, who had travelled thirty-eight years, the other two had given forty-five years' effective labour to the Church. The Rev. J. M. Kerr and J. Matheson were appointed to labour as Connexional evangelists.

The service in commemoration of the righteous dead was one of the most impressive that many ever attended. Obituaries were read respecting the Revs. Jas. Edgar, M.D., I. B. Howard, W. McFadden, J. Douse, T. Crompton, and kind words in honor of their memory were spoken by several ministers and laymen.

The labours of the Stationing Committee were very onerous. Some who were members of the Committee for the first time were surprised at the difficulties that had to be encountered. This arose from the preference that was given by many circuits for young men, who had been invited to important stations, while aged ministers who can no longer do such rugged work as formerly, must either

be set aside or appointed to circuits for which they have not the physical ability. Yet complaints are made that some are superannuated who ought to be continued in active service.

The Manitoba Conference.

The Manitoba Conference was held in Grace Church in the city of Winnipeg. The Rev. A. Langford was elected President, and the Rev. J. F. Betts, Secretary. Neither of the General Superintendents were in attendance. The Stationing Committee were compelled to telegraph to other Conferences that they wanted fourteen men to fill vacancies; five young men were received on trial as probationers, one of whom was an Indian. There had only been one death in the ranks of the ministry, viz., Rev. R. Loughead, who had been 43 years a member of Conference, during some of which he sustained a superannuated relation.

The increase in the membership of the Church was reported at 532. Some of the brethren want a General Superintendent of Missions to be appointed. Severally the funds report an increase. Some of the circuits had failed to receive their Superannuation Fund assessment, but the Conference insisted that further efforts should be made to complete the desired amount.

Strong resolutions were adopted relative to the support of the Government on behalf of Indian Industrial Schools, and other matters which were referred to the General Conference.

The Rev. Dr. King, Principal of the Presbyterian College, visited the Conference, and expressed the hope that a Methodist College would soon be established.

The Methodist Church.

The writer craves the indulgence of the readers of the Magazine, as this month's notes are written a few days after arriving at a new—which is an old—field of labour, as we spent a very happy term here, and only left it eight years ago. Some may be interested to know that on leaving Kleinburg the writer was presented with a massive gold-headed cane and a purse of money by our friends, who left us in an embarrassed condition as we could not find words to express our gratitude for the favours now conferred. May the kind donors be remembered by our Heavenly Father!

Ladies' Colleges.

It is very gratifying to know that the colleges at Hamilton, Whitby, and St. Thomas report a very gratifying state of things. The success of the past year has been far above that of any former year. The prospect of these colleges is highly encouraging. The Conference in Manitoba was gratified to learn that steps had been taken at Brandon to establish a Ladies' College in that rising town of the Prairie Province.

The Maritime Conferences.

The reports of these Conferences have not been received at the time of writing. Their transactions will be duly summarized in our next communication.

Miscellaneous.

A sad calamity has befallen the city of Vancouver, whereby the Rev. Joseph Hall has been a heavy loser. He and his family have lost all their clothing except what they wore at the time. Mrs. Hall and their three little boys had a narrow escape for their lives. The household furniture and library, the latter valued at $700, are all consumed. Help should be imparted by friends in Ontario immediately.

Recently Sir John A. Macdonald assisted at the services in connection with the laying of the corner of a church in Richmond Circuit, when he said that "clergymen were the moral police of the world, without bayonet or baton, preaching goodwill among men. No Church in the country was more active, more zealous, or had done more for the good of the country than the Methodist Church."

Book Notices.

Light for the Last Days: A Study Historic and Prophetic. By MR. and MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. 8vo., pp. xxxi.-673. With two Colored Diagrams. Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository. Price $4.25.

Mr. H. Grattan Guinness is well known in Canada as a fervent and successful evangelist, and as the author of a previous volume on "The Approaching End of the Age." The present volume is a further elaboration of the same theme. It claims to compare "in a fuller and more accurate manner than has previously been attempted—in the light of astronomic and archæologic discovery—the predictions of Bible prophecy with the great facts of the history of the last twenty-five centuries." To this part of the subject we have not much objection to make, although we may not always concur with the interpretation of prophecy here given. We agree with the authors—for with Mr. Guinness is associated in the preparation of this book his accomplished wife—"that as the age of miracle recedes the proofs of supernatural power and wisdom arising from fulfilled prophecy accumulate, and become a perpetual evidence of the truth of revealed religion." But when our authors enter upon a course of vaticination and prediction concerning the future, we cannot give our assent to these predictions. We have witnessed so many erroneous ones, seemingly as plausible as these, that we doubt whether the purpose of these prophecies of Scripture is to enable men to know the day and the hour of the end of the age. Not that our authors fall into the mistake often made of fixing precisely the time of the consummation of all things. But they seem to imply that it will take place within the next half century. We think that Dr. Laing has, in the February and March numbers of this MAGAZINE, conclusively shown that the millenarian theory, as taught in this book and in so much current literature, is founded on an erroneous interpretation of Scripture. We believe that through the influence of the blessed Gospel of God's grace which has wrought such wondrous moral transformations in the past, the world shall witness in the near future still further and mightier spiritual conquests than it has ever known; that Christian missions shall bring whole nations to a knowledge of the truth. We believe that God's great work of creating and redeeming and governing the world is not a failure; that the world is better than it ever was before, and that it is improving every day; that the higher Christian civilization of the future shall write upon every industry and enterprise of the age, "Holiness to the Lord." We are free to say, however, that this book is one of the best on the subject that we have seen; that its spirit is devout and reverent, and imbued with intense moral earnestness. The chronological and historical charts are ingenious and instructive, and the book is admirably printed and bound.

Solar Heat, Gravitation, and Sun Spots. By J. H. KEDZIE. 12mo, pp. 304, with illustrations. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price $1.50.

In this work the author endeavours to explain the phenomena of solar heat, gravitation, and sun spots by a single, well-defined principle; and while combating many generally accepted beliefs, he advances a theory at once plausible and satisfying. His theory, expressed in his own words, is as follows:—"The main propositions advanced and defended are: (1) That the universal ether is still the abode, though in diversified

forms, of the whole sum total of all the energy with which it was replete in the nebular state, when the heavens were aglow and 'the elements dissolved with fervent heat.' This energy in varied forms, however inconsiderable, is to the last iota still extant, or else conservation has failed to conserve. It leaves the suns as heat, but during long progresses through space turns to mechanical force and other forms of energy, only to reappear as heat in the solar orbs *ad eternum;* perhaps by electrical vibrations of atomic diamond dust in the photosphere; perhaps by a change in vibration analogous to the sympathetic motion which one vibrating body awakens in another. In fact, every metamorphosis of energy is the arrest of one kind of motion and the inauguration of another. (2) That this same energy in the form of mechanical motion pervades all space, moving in right lines and attacking every molecule and every mass equally on every side, except when intercepted by one molecule or mass from others. The nearer the intercepting bodies are to each other, the more rays of force they will intercept from each other in the proportion of the inverse square of the distances, thus making lines of least resistance in which all the bodies will infallibly seek to approach each other. All will recognize this as gravitation. (3) The planets, satellites, and planetoids, revolving around the sun within or near the belt of the zodiac, must and do intercept from the sun's equatorial regions a portion of the emanations of a wide belt of the heavens. All will admit that these emanations, however feeble, or however puissant, are in the form of motion or energy convertible into heat. These interceptions or shadows must lower, however slightly, the temperature of the equatorial regions of the sun, and hence condensation and precipitation of portions of the photospheric clouds, exhibiting the phenomena of sun spots. This trinity, inexpressibly grand, infinitely comprehensive, comprises a cycle so vast as to include the light and heat of every known form of energy."

The positions taken are strengthened by quotations from Newton, Faraday, and other eminent names in the realm of science, and the whole scheme is so closely connected, and so ably presented, that it must attract the attention of every thoughtful person who feels any interest in the grand problems of science.

Our Thrones and Crowns, and How to Reach Them; or, the Golden Way to the Highest Attainments in the Life of Time, and the True Preparation for the Glories of Eternity. By the Rev. J. H. POTTS, A.M. 8vo, pp. 606. Philadelphia and Chicago: P. W. Zeigler.

The accomplished editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate* is already well known as a successful author by his popular books on "The Spiritual Life," and "The Golden Dawn; or, Light on the Great Future." In the present volume he treats this wondrous life of ours in its varied aspects—physical, intellectual, professional, domestic, social, moral, and religious, and concludes with reflections on the discipline of life. Each of these aspects is treated with great breadth of view and wealth of illustration. Under the first he treats concisely the subjects of physiology and hygiene; under the second, the conditions of mental health and education; under the third, the choice of a vocation, secrets of success, etc.; under the fourth, the ever important subjects of love, marriage, and home life; under the fifth, friendships, society, manners, fashion, hospitality, etc.; under the sixth, the moral sense, conscience, virtue, character, temperance, etc.; under the seventh, Christianity and art, literature and science, the Bible, prayer, the Sabbath, the higher life, etc.; under the last—child-training, temptation, doubt, afflictions, prosperity, sorrow, death. It will be seen how comprehensive is its scope, how important are its themes. Best of all, it is saturated through and through with the most intense religious spirit, and

will be greatly helpful to the spiritual life. Mr. Potts is master of a charming style. The book is embellished with a number of beautiful engravings, and is handsomely printed and bound.

The Ambassador for Christ. The Annual Lecture on Preaching delivered under the auspices of the Theological Union of Victoria University, 1886. By EDWARD B. RYCKMAN, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 204. Price 40 cents.

The Theological Union is bringing into existence a fine body of religious literature. The present volume is a contribution of great and permanent value. Dr. Ryckman has treated his important theme in his best manner. He discusses, in four lectures, the Man, his Message, its Delivery, and the Results. That the lectures are strong, clear, cogent, and judicious will surprise no one who knows the author's ability. But we were not prepared for the rich vein of humour and sparkling wit with which the lectures on this grave theme are enlivened. Often, too, some happy image illuminates the subject as with a flashing light. We wish that each of our younger men —some older ones, too—would read and profit by the wise and godly counsels of these lectures.

Shall We, or Shall We Not? A series of five Discourses preached in the Pavilion Music Hall, Toronto. By the Rev. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 160. Price 25 cents.

These are four vigorous sermons on the live topics—Shall we, or shall we not drink wine?—play cards?—dance?—or attend the theatre?—and a concluding one answering the question, What *shall* we do? They are a tremendous indictment of the fashionable amusements of the times. Their frank remonstrance and earnest warning are not unneeded, we believe, even in Methodist circles. The sermons attracted much attention during their delivery, and in this permanent form will have a wider ministry of usefulness. They are marked by the chaste eloquence for which their author is noted. Both this book and Dr. Ryckman's are deserving of a more elegant and durable binding.

"*Bietigheim.*" New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This is a most extraordinary book. It purports to be three lectures given in Denver, Col., in 1932, describing the wonderful events of 1891. A German, naturalized in the United States, while on a visit to Fatherland, is arrested as a deserter, and, offering resistance, is shot dead. Arbitration failing to placate the excited feelings of either country, a great war is precipitated—France, England, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and the United States, against Germany, Russia, and Austria. The great battles by sea and land are vividly described. A remarkable verisimilitude is given to the story by pictures, plans, maps, tables of forces, etc., and by extracts from the daily press in many languages. A most striking consequence is the formation of a great European republic, a reorganization of society, and many other remarkable results. It is a very ingenious way of propounding a social theory, and will well repay reading.

Wayside Songs of the Inner and the Outer Life. By the Rev. HENRY BURTON, B.A. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

These Christian lyrics are much above the average in poetical merit. They treat for the most part themes of experimental religion, and are saturated with the very spirit and imagery of the Bible. There runs through them all a vein of tenderness, and they reveal a spiritual insight that reminds us of Miss Havergal. A few of the poems describe the outer life—the beauties of nature and kindred themes. The Wesleyan Conference Office is winning a distinguised reputation for the elegance of its book manufacture. The beautiful red-lined pages and handsome binding of this volume make it an attractive gift book.

New Tabernacle Sermons. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. Pp. 410. With portrait. New York: E. B. Treat, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Talmage and Spurgeon are the most popular preachers living. By the printed page even more than by the spoken voice they reach vaster multitudes than ever preacher reached before. The sermons of Talmage have a vividness of imagery, beauty, and strength that we know not where to find equalled. He is a poet, and an artist, and an orator combined. The volume before us contains his letter of authority to the publisher for its issue. It is handsomely printed, and many of the sermons treat live topics, such as "Capital and Labour," "The Despotism of the Needle," "Summer Temptations," "Tobacco and Opium," "The Day We Live In," and the like.

Chantry House. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, pp. 405. Price $1.50.

We have had frequent occasion to commend the writings of this popular author. There is in all her books a high-toned, Christian sentiment, which makes them pure and wholesome reading for young people. The present volume exhibits this character no less than its predecessors. It is a family story, describing English life in a critical period of the nation's history—the period of the Bristol riots, with their attendant commotions, suspicions, and final triumph of the righteous cause. The lesson of trust in God, amid most adverse circumstances, is strongly enforced.

Vital Questions Pertaining to Christian Belief. By M. RHODES, D.D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price $1.00.

This a book for the times. It discusses in plain and simple style the great verities of the faith, and shows that amid the mental disquiet and incertitude of the age, these are the things that cannot be shaken, but shall abide for ever. Among the subjects discussed are the following: "The Folly of Atheism;" "Has God made any Revelation of Himself to Man?" "Is the Bible Inspired?" "The Divinity of Jesus Christ;" "Probation after Death;" "The Power and Excellence of the Christian Faith Contrasted with the Weakness of Infidelity;" etc.

Eternity: What Does the Bible Say of It? Pp. 96. London: Bagster & Sons. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price 70 cents.

This little book furnishes a concordance of all the occurrences in the Scriptures of the Hebrew words *Olam* and *Sheol*, and of the Greek *Aion* and *Hades*. Thus the English reader can see the force and meaning of those important words as he can in no other way.

LITERARY NOTES.

The second volume of the *New Princeton Review* starts off with a brilliant number. Prof. C. E. Norton ably defends Carlyle against the misrepresentations of Froude. Bishop Potter shows that the Sunday question involves the most sacred rights of the labouring man. Prof. Farnham, of Yale, writes wisely and justly on The Clergy and the Labour Question. Prof. Conn, discussing the origin of life, maintains that a mechanical theory of the Universe is impossible. Mr. Stillman laments the decay of art. Other articles are a graphic sketch of Helen Jackson (H.H.), Historical Studies in the South, a charming story, and valuable reviews of books.

Cassell's *Magazine of Art* for July contains, among many other attractive features, one of special interest to Canadians—a handsomely illustrated paper on the noble scenery of the St. John River—a river akin in beauty and sublimity to the Hudson and the Rhine.

The minutes of the Fall Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for 1885, fills a large 8vo book of nearly 300 pages, closely printed—a remarkable example of the growth of Methodism. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price $1.

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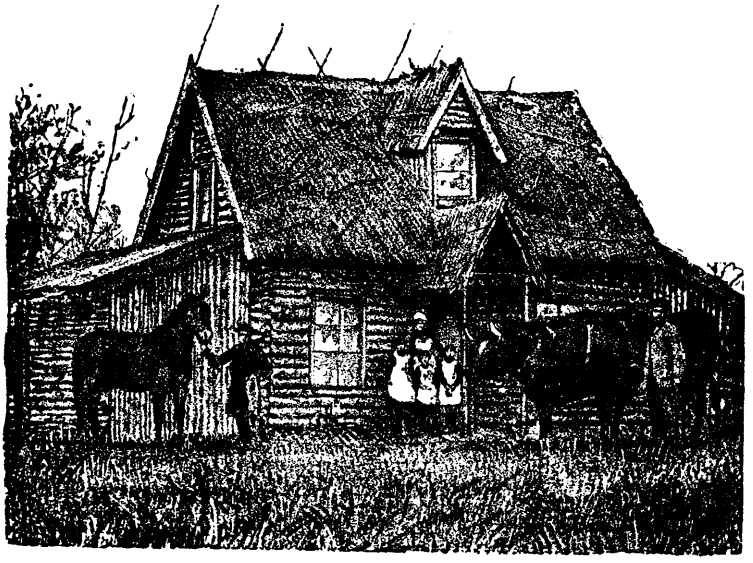

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RED DEER SETTLEMENT, ALBERTA.

Rev. LEONARD GAETZ, recently of London, Ont., now settled at Red Deer, N.W.T., reviews the season of 1885 as follows :—

JOHN T. MOORE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,— * * * * Much of the land might have been sown in March if it had been deemed necessary to start in so soon. There was a sufficient rainfall to encourage vegetation without being in any sense a wet season. These rains occurred principally in the latter part of June and first week of July, and were in no case, nor have they been since I came to the country, accompanied by the terrific storms so frequent and disastrous in the East. * * Haying commenced about the middle of July, and with the exception of a few dull, misty days, was exceptionally favourable for two months thereafter. * * The estimated yield of oats is 60 bushels per acre, and of wheat, 30 to 35 bushels per acre. Our experience is that tillage tells greatly on the rapid growth and consequent earlier maturity of the crops, as well as increased yield. The root crop is all that could be desired ; potatoes, in some instances, a great yield. I have grown this year at the rate of 726 bushels per acre of Late Rose. Of course the average yield of all kinds is much lower than this, but the crop is good throughout the settlement. Stock invariably does well. After another year's experience, I am the more confident that this branch of farming operations affords one of the safest and most profitable investments of capital. The pasture is so rich and abundant, and hay so unlimited, that a man can handle from ten to one hundred head of cattle at so small a cost that the products are almost entirely of the nature of profits. The short season for feeding is a pleasant surprise to an Easterner. Last winter my stock rustled all their living up to the middle of December, and were again rustling part of it as early as the first of March. On the last of March all but my working teams and calves were independent of the stall. From what I have said it must be apparent that this section of our great North-West is eminently adapted for mixed farming. * * * The man who starts with a reasonable allowance for the disadvantages inseparable from any new country, and has the courage to meet them and plod on, has a grand future before him. Such I believe to be the characteristics of our settlers here at present, and so far as I am aware there is no feeling of despondency, but on the contrary, an increased hopefulness and courage.

Personally, if I had known every solitary feature of the experience gained since I set foot on the Red Deer country (except perhaps the Indian revolt), I would not only not have changed my plans, but have prosecuted them with less misgiving. When I change my mind in this respect, I will be as ready to state it as I am the above. I remain, yours sincerely,

LEO. GAETZ.

For Pamphlets, Maps and further information, address

JOHN T. MOORE, - - - Managing Director,
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