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LORD LYTTON.
(OWEN MEREDITH.)

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

THE POEMS OF OWEN MEREDITH.*

BY THE REV. ALFRED H. REYNAR, M.A.,
Professor of Modern Languages, Victoria University.

ONE does not grow enthusiastic over the poems of Owen Meredith as over the writings of Shakespeare or Milton, neither do they contain the same revelations of beauty as the works of Burns, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson; yet Owen Meredith has many very beautiful passages, and his achievements teach us a lesson we might never learn from a genius of the highest order.

Owen Meredith is the *nom de plume* of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton. The father is best known as the distinguished and versatile author of the "Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," and other novels. In November, 1831, Owen Meredith, the second Lord Lytton, was born. When eighteen years of age he entered the diplomatic service as private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, then Minister at Washington, and afterwards at Florence and Paris. For many years the young Lord Lytton continued in this service, enjoying all its opportunities to study human life, and see the strange and beautiful and grand in Nature. He had

* For the fine portrait of Lord Lytton, which accompanies this article, we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, the sole authorized American publishers of his works. The following is a partial list of the handsome editions of his poems which they issue:—

Owen Meredith's Poems—*Cabinet Ed.* In two vols., 16mo, \$2.50.

New Poems (*Chronicles and Characters, etc.*) *Cabinet Ed.* In two vols., 16mo, \$2.50.

VOL. XIX.—No. 3.

fully open to him, from highest to lowest, the life, not of his own country alone, but that of nearly every capital in Europe. His residence in America made him familiar with our Western life, and the life of the East, too, was fully known when, under the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield, Owen Meredith became Governor-General of India. It is hard to value too highly the advantages of such a world of observation to a man of Lord Lytton's temperament and talents. In some respects he did not fail to reap largely from his wide and varied field of observation; at the same time, there are indications that to Lord Lytton, as to others of the privileged orders, their very privileges become limitations. His sympathies are too exclusively with people of his own class—who range the same fields of literature or hold the same social rank. A man of the world he may be in some sense, but his sympathies are not with the world, and he is not a writer for the world. All men may admire the beautiful garden fountain, but the world will prefer to drink at the mountain spring; and when the scholarly verses of the nobleman are forgotten, even scholars and noblemen will continue to delight in the songs of a Scotch peasant.

In 1856 appeared Owen Meredith's first publication, "Clytemnestra." The author was then only twenty-four years of age. The subject is suggested and largely inspired by the Agamemnon of Æschylus. This first work produced a very favourable impression, as it well might, considering the youth of the writer. But it was not, as some supposed, a work of genius; it was a work of talent merely. The subject is not original, and if there is something in the treatment that differs from that of the Greek dramatist, the difference is in the details, and cannot be said to improve the general effect. In fact, the young Englishman retouches the work of the old master so as to introduce the colouring of our own age and race, whilst the strong features of the

Poems. Shawmut Ed. 16mo, \$1.00.

Household Ed. With Portrait and Illustrations. 12mo, \$2.00; mor., \$5.00.

Illustrated Library Ed. With Portrait and thirty-two Illustrations. 8vo., \$4.00; mor., \$9.00.

Blue and Gold Ed. 32mo, full gilt, \$1.25; mor., \$3.00.

Cabinet Ed. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25; half calf, \$3.00; mor., \$4.00.

Red-Line Ed. Eight Illus. by Du Maurier. Small 4to, \$2.50; mor., \$6.

Lucile, and other Poems. Illustrated. 8vo, paper covers, 50 cents.

original are left unchanged. It may be claimed that the writer has done very skilfully what he attempted, but he attempted too much for a translation and too little for a new work. He did not, and we believe he could not, inspire a new spirit into the old form as Shakespeare would have done, or create a new work out of the old matter. The result is, that we have some clever writing of this age dovetailed into the very different work of the old Greek writer, and the whole effect is spoiled. We have neither a Christian drama, as Shakespeare would have made it, nor a heathen drama of the classic type—neither a gothic cathedral nor a Greek temple, but something with parts of the one and parts of the other. For example, in the Greek play *Clytemnestra* has the heroic nature, the strength and beauty so often represented in ancient sculpture, but in the *Clytemnestra* of Owen Meredith are some features of a degenerate romance type approaching to the softness of the school-girls that may have been in the young poet's mind. How unlike anything in *Æschylus* is that long-drawn love scene between *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus* which reaches the anti-climax in the following words of the heroine:—

“ O my heart, my heart,
It sends up all its anguish in this cry—
‘ Love me a little ! ’

Again the motive of the Greek play is more noble, or at least less base, than that of the English version. In the first is something of a genuine spirit of vengeance on the part of *Clytemnestra* for her slaughtered *Iphigenia*, and over all is the constraining power of a fate from which the purposes and feelings of the actors can never escape; but to the modern *Clytemnestra* the great motive is the guilty love of *Ægisthus*. Once more, in the Greek drama, we have a consistent, if terrible, doctrine of a destiny that comes rushing on in spite of all that men or gods can do. In the English work, on the other hand, it is sometimes the heathen destiny, and sometimes the Christian Providence that overrules and guides.

In 1859 the “*Wanderer*” was published. The title suggests the “*Wanderer*” of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, but the two works are very different in substance and spirit. Owen Meredith's “*Wanderer*” is a collection of poems, chiefly lyrics written apparently

from the author's experience when a wanderer in many lands. The writer says of them in his dedication—

“ A human spirit here records
 The annals of its human strife ;
 A human hand hath touched these chords,
 These songs may all be idle words,
 And yet—they once were life.”

Some of the songs have the warmth that seems to come from the very life of the bard, but many of them are more like the record of another's experience, and we take them to be lyrics written in imitation of the prevailing style of the people amongst whom the author is for the time at home. It is particularly noticeable that the poems under the head of Italy are filled with the pensive, warm and dreamy sensuousness of the Italian, whilst the poems of the second book under the head of France pass over from the sensuous towards the sensual, so far at least as the theme or the association is concerned. It would be very unjust to our author to charge him with any approach to impurity of aim, for the whole drift of his writing is strongly in favour of pure thinking and noble living. A few short passages will tell of the changing moods of the “ Wanderer ” as he passes from land to land. In Italy he writes thus :—

“ How beautiful, at night, to muse on the mountain height,
 Moated in purple air, and all alone !
 How beautiful at night to look into the light
 Of loving eyes, when loving lips lean down into our own !
 But there is no hand in mine, no hand in mine,
 Nor any tender cheek against me prest ;
 O stars that o'er me shine, I pine, I pine, I pine,
 With hopeless fancies hidden in an ever-hungering breast ! ”

In France he writes like a flippant Frenchman :—

“ But I must to the palace go ;
 The abassador's to-morrow :
 Here's little time for thought, I know,
 And little more for sorrow.
 Already in the *porte-cochere*
 The carriage sounds . . . my hat and gloves !
 I hear my friend's foot on the stair, - -
 How coyously it moves !

He must have done some wicked thing
To make him tread so light :
Or is it only that the king
Admired his wife last night? ”

In *England* the “Wanderer” writes in different moods. Sometimes he is touched with the spleen, a malady said by the French to be peculiar to Englishmen and to consist in disgust of life. In other moods he is true to that strong moral and practical instinct that always marks the typical Englishman. In this last and best vein is the following passage :—

“ Doubtless, doubtless, again and again,
Many a mouth has starved for bread
In a city whose wharves are choked with corn,
And many a heart hath perished dead
From being too utterly forlorn,
In a city whose streets are choked with men.
Yet the bread is there could one find it out,
And there is a heart for a heart no doubt,
Wherever a human heart may beat ;
And room for courage and truth and love
To move wherever a man may move,
In the thickest crowded street.

O Lord of the soul of man, whose will
Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
Help all Thy creatures to fulfil
The hopes to each one given !
So fair Thou madest, and so complete,
The little daisies at our feet ;
So sound and so robust in heart,
The patient beasts that bear their part
In this world’s labour, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking ;
Hast Thou made man, though more in kind
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of his inward strife,
Than these, Thy simple creatures, are,
Submitting to his use and care? ”

In the last book of the “Wanderer,” the “Palingenesis,” we have what might be called the Confessions of Owen Meredith, or in more familiar terms, his religious experience. Here are many

things tender and true in spiritual life as well as beautiful in poetry. In the prayer with which the book opens we read:—

“It shames me not to have passed by
The temple doors in every street,
Where men profaned Thee : but that I
Have left neglected, choked with weeds
Defrauded of its incense sweet
From holy thoughts and loyal deeds,
The fane Thou gavest me to enshrine
Thee in, this wretched heart of mine.
The satyr there hath entered in ;
The owl that loves the darkened hour ;
And obscene shapes of night and sin
Still haunt where God designed a bower
For angels.”

It is a pity that this passage should be marred by the touch of scorn with which it opens, and that the cultivated aristocrat had not been satisfied to utter the humble confession and prayer of the publican without prefixing the Pharisee's “ Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men.” The following passage from another poem gives expression to the human need that has been met by Emmanuel, God with us:—

“What message, or what messenger to man ?
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul ?
For who by searching finds out God ? How can
My steps unguided gain the goal
Of necessary knowledge ? It is clear
I cannot reach the gates of Heaven and knock
And enter : though I stood upon the rock
Like Moses. God must speak 'ere I can hear,

And touch me 'ere I feel Him. He must come
To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud),
Stand at the dim doors of my mortal home ;
Lift the low latch of life ; and enter, bowed
Unto this earthly roof ; and sit within
The circle of the senses ; at the hearth
Of the affections ; be my guest on earth,
Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.”

This extract and the following from the Epilogue are only poetical versions of what may be heard in any Methodist love-feast, or in any gathering of Christians, no matter what their name,

when they talk of their religious experience. How many a horny-handed son of toil will recognize a Christian brother in the scholar and nobleman who speaks thus from his heart:—

“ Grant me to live that I may need from life
No more than life hath given me, and to die
That I may give to death no more than I
Have long abandoned. And if toil and strife
Yet in the portion of my days must be,
Firm be my faith and quiet be my heart !
That so my work may with my will agree,
And strength be mine to calmly fill my part
In nature’s purpose, questioning not the end.
For life is more than raiment or than food.
Shall I not take the evil with the good ?
Blessed to me be all which Thou dost send !
Nor blest the least, recalling what has been,
The knowledge of the evil I have known
Without me and within me. Since to lean
Upon a strength far mightier than my own
Such knowledge brought me. In whose strength I stand,
Firmly upheld even though in ruin hurled,
The fixed foundations of this rolling world
Should topple at the waving of Thy hand.”

The most popular, and some say the best, of Owen Meredith’s works is “*Lucile*,” published in 1860. It is a novel in verse. This poem is strongly influenced by French style, indeed the substance as well as the style of the work is peculiarly French. The verse is easy and flowing and well suited to the narrative. The action is swift and the colouring is strong. The motive, too, is popular,—love, jealousy and war. Altogether the book is one to please many readers. It is full of word-painting for those who do not care to think, and to the thoughtful it gives food for thought. There is a fault in this work that is, however, to be found in many modern works of fiction. The most extraordinary moral effects are brought about by moral forces that are utterly inadequate. The physical marvels of Jack the Giant Killer give no offence to childhood, and children of a larger growth show just as little sense of the enormous disproportion between the moral cause and the moral effect in a popular novel. In “*Lucile*” we have a gay woman of fashion changed into a saint of the first order, and the only cause assigned for the change is a disappoint-

ment in love. The heroine, a French Countess, has revived an old love in the heart of an Englishman, who years before was engaged to her, but who is now engaged to another. The two meet again. The glamour of the past is around them for a day, but the lady is too honourable to take advantage of the opportunity to win her old lover from the innocent and confiding English girl to whom he is engaged. On the contrary, she reminds him of his sacred obligations, leads him to fulfil them, and becomes the guardian angel of the wedded pair in some trying episodes. An attempt is made to trace the moral development of the other characters, but the development of this most wonderful character is not given, and we are left to suppose that it is the most natural thing in the world for a woman disappointed in love to grow into the purest saintliness and heroism. We must regret that the path to the moral elevation of Lucile de Nevers is left so obscure that others may not learn from her how to make their lives sublime. At the same time the wonderful self-conquest and the noble unselfishness to which the heroine attains must encourage and inspire the reader to attempt and overcome impossibilities of moral endeavour.

In 1861 "Tannhauser" appeared—a poem of which part was written by another hand. It is a strangely interesting tale of legendary lore. From the first word to the last we listen "like a three years' child" and "cannot choose but hear." This is no parlour novel like Lucile—it is full of the freshness and force of the old baronial hall and of the strong life of the Middle Ages. There is at the same time a deep moral teaching in the legend. To many readers "Tannhauser" will be the most interesting of Owen Meredith's poems, and in itself worth more than the cost of the whole volume.

In the "Good-night in the Porch" are some passages of great tenderness and some of wonderful descriptive power. It is in description of nature rather than in analysis of character that Owen Meredith excels, and in this piece he has a subject to bring out his peculiar skill. He records the vivid impressions of one who is looking for the last time on earthly things, and the quick, clear memory by which in their last moments the dying live over again all the joys and sorrows of their former years.

"A little longer in the night, love, let me be. The air is warm.

I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the farm.

A little longer, sister sweet—your hand in mine—in this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er, your casement
shines,
Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the plain is grown.

Yes, sad indeed, it seems each night,—and sadder, Dear, for your sweet
sake !
To watch the last low lingering light, and know not when the morn may
break.
To-night we sit together here. To-morrow night will come . . . ah,
where? . . .

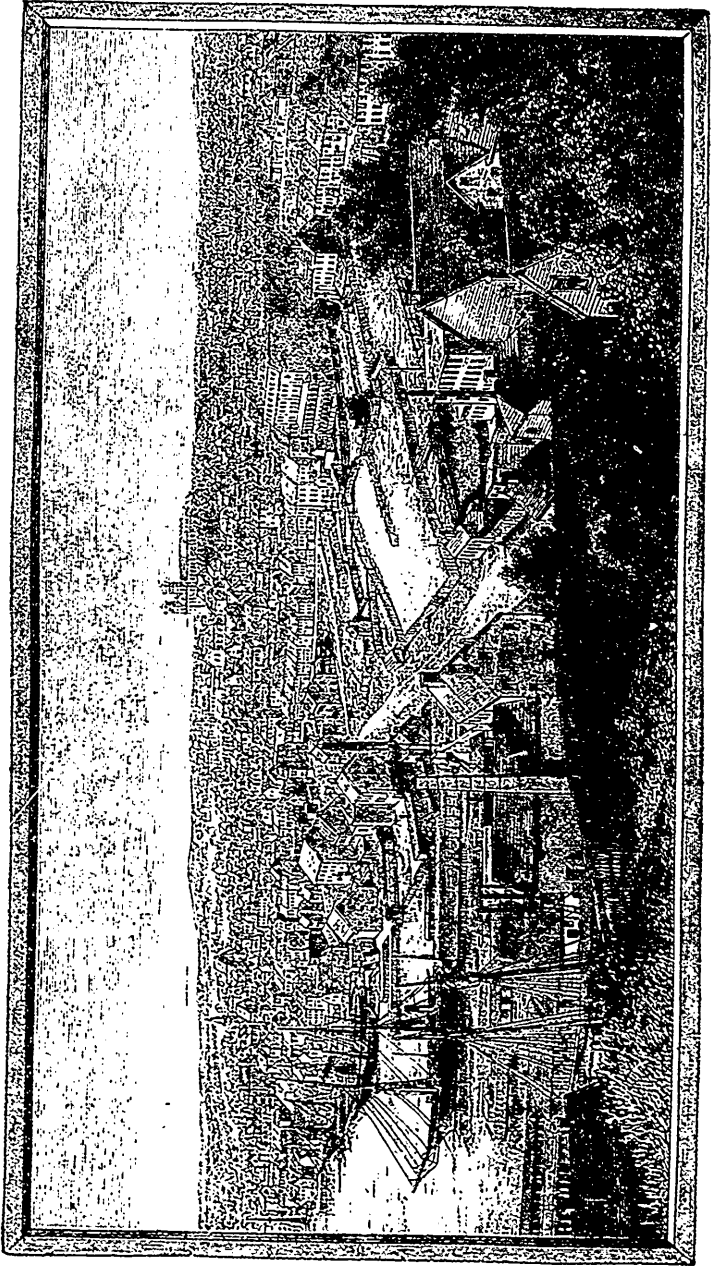
There's not a flower, there's not a tree in this old garden where we sit,
But what some fragrant memory is closed and folded up in it.
To-night the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I was a child.

'Tis eight years since (do you forget?) we set those lilies near the wall :
You were a blue-eyed child : even yet I seem to see the ringlets fall—
The golden ringlets, blown behind your shoulders in the merry wind."

In the "Wife's Tragedy" the pathetic interest goes to its ut-
most limit without sacrificing the true aim of poetry. It is yet
a genuine tragedy and not merely a horror, for after all the sad
tale of sin and shame and suffering, love is made perfect through
suffering and triumphs even in death.

We conclude this study by pointing out a valuable lesson that
it may teach. Owen Meredith is not a poet of the highest
genius, yet he is a true poet and he has gained an honourable
place in our literature. It is, however, the assiduous cultivation
of his talents that makes the great difference between him and
hundreds of men who live and die mute and inglorious. Genius
is rare. Talents and opportunities are not uncommon. They are,
however, like the good seed and the good soil, for the rich harvest
comes to none but to those who sow the seed and cultivate the soil.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by ;
For, whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.—*Alice Carey.*



CITY OF ST JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

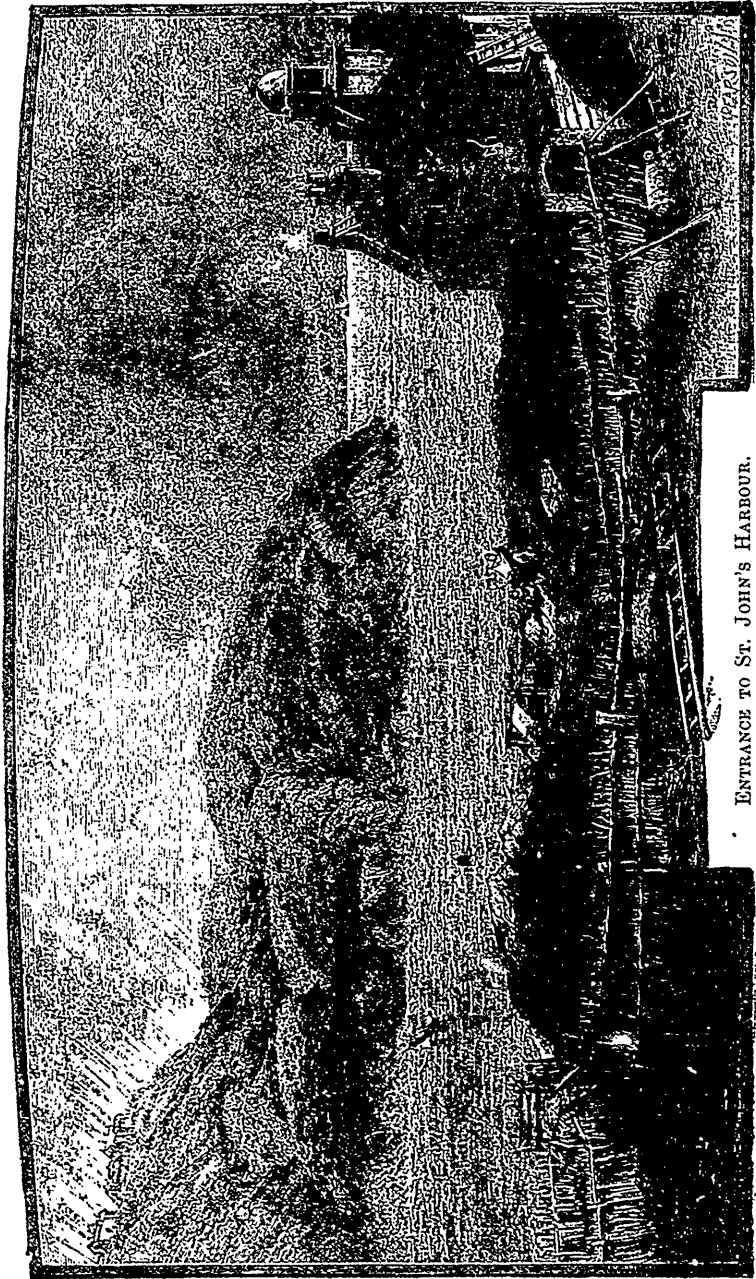
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND THE COD-FISHERY.

BY REV. W. W. PERCIVAL.

WE would ask our readers to imagine themselves treading the deck of one of the Allan Line of steamships, bound from Liverpool, England, to Halifax, N.S., *via* St. John's, Newfoundland. As the gallant ship approaches latitude 47° 33' 33" North and 52° 45' 10' West longitude, the monotonous sameness of the sea is suddenly exchanged for a scene which in picturesqueness and beauty is with difficulty surpassed. On every side a lofty iron-bound coast presents itself to view, the grim hoary rocks seem to frown defiance to the angry Atlantic. As the ship approaches nearer and nearer, you think that surely she is only rushing on to her doom, when suddenly the voyager sees a narrow opening in the rocky wall, as if by some mighty convulsion of nature the rampart had been rent asunder, and the sea had rushed in. Through this narrow entrance he safely glides, surrounded by a wall of rock on either side, some five or six hundred feet in height. It is impossible to gaze upon those great cliffs of dark red sandstone, piled in huge masses on a foundation of gray slate-rock, without experiencing a feeling of awe. On his right, surmounting an almost perpendicular precipice five hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, stands the "Block House" for signalling vessels as they approach the harbour. On his left, the hill rises still higher by a hundred feet, and looks rugged and broken. From the base of this hill a rocky promontory juts out, forming the entrance of the "Narrows" on one side, its summit being crowned by Fort Amherst Lighthouse. In former years batteries, armed with formidable guns, rose one above another amid the clefts of the rocks; but years ago the garrison was withdrawn and the cannon removed.

The passage leading to the harbour, commonly called the Nar-

* The illustrations of this interesting article, except one, are taken from Messrs. Hatton & Harvey's admirable work on Newfoundland, historical and descriptive; 8vo., pp. 431, copiously illustrated. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. For sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$2.50.



ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

rows, is nearly half a mile in length, and it is not till about two-thirds of it is passed that the city itself comes into view, as, at the termination of this channel, the harbour tends suddenly to the west, thus completely shutting out the swell of the ocean. Ten minutes after leaving the foam-crested billows of the Atlantic, your ship is safely moored at the wharf, in a perfectly land-locked harbour. Vessels of the largest tonnage can enter at all times, for we have not more than four feet of a tide. The Narrows in the narrowest part, between Pancake and China Rocks, is about sixteen hundred feet in width. The harbour is about half a mile in length, and about half a mile in width. It is deep, having from five to ten fathoms, and in the centre ninety feet of water.

The city occupies a commanding site on the northern side of the harbour. From the water's edge the ground rises with a gradual slope till the summit is reached, where there is a large level space. Along the face of this slope the main streets run east and west, being intersected by others running up over the hill north and south. Water Street is the principal business avenue, runs parallel with the harbour the whole length of the city. It presents a very substantial, if not a very artistic appearance, the houses being mostly built of brick and stone. Shops, stores, and mercantile counting-houses occupy the ground floors, while many of the merchants and shopkeepers live in the upper storeys. A vast amount of business is transacted every year in this street; perhaps there is not another in British America that transacts more, for nearly the whole business of the colony is done here.

The architectural appearance of the city, though nothing to be proud of, has vastly improved during the past dozen years. Heretofore the custom too largely prevailed of many of our merchants coming out to St. John's simply to make money, and after succeeding in doing so, returning to England or Scotland to spend it lavishly in embellishing their homes. Only intending to live here for a brief period, they were not particular how they lived, or where. But this condition of things we are thankful to say, is rapidly becoming obsolete, and the result is seen in the marked architectural improvement of our city. Already, on the summits overlooking the business part of the city, there are houses of a very superior description, and many more are being

erected every summer. Real estate is now worth two or three hundred per cent. more than it was ten years ago.

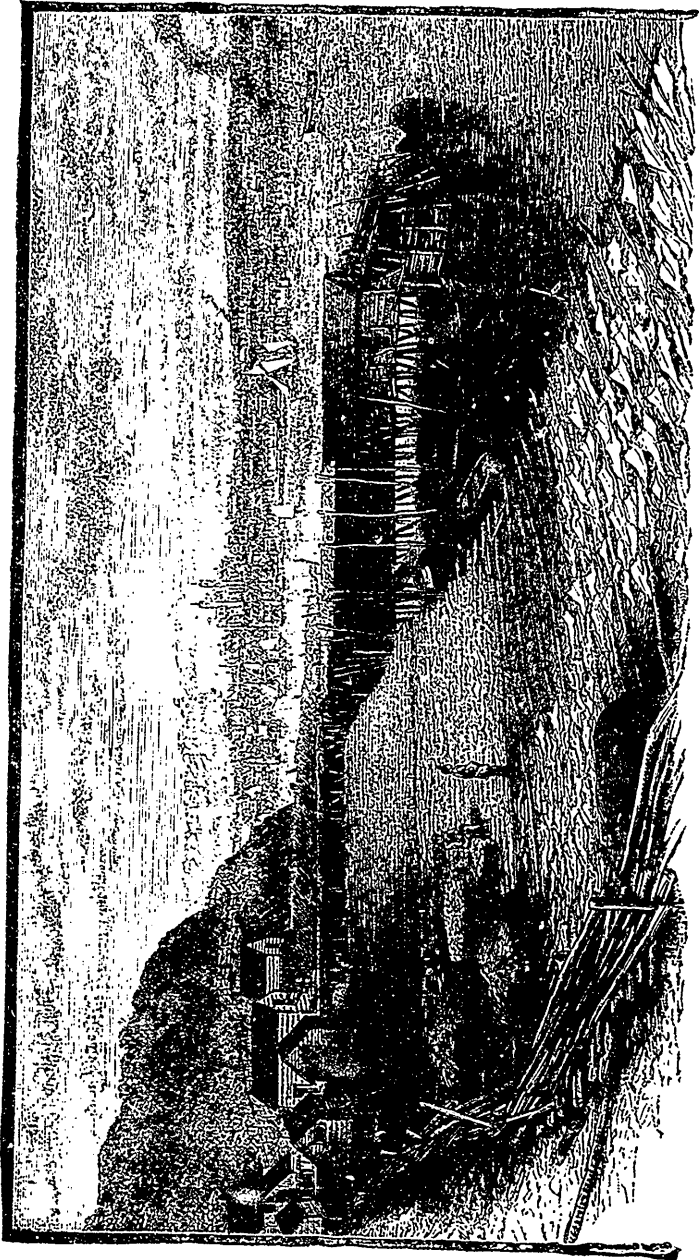


VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

In former years we have suffered terribly by fire. Twice the greater portion of our city was laid in ashes. In 1816 a fire broke out which destroyed one hundred and twenty houses, consum-

ing \$400,000 worth of property, and leaving fifteen hundred persons homeless and shelterless, amidst the biting frosts of February. Just as we were nicely recovering from the effects of this calamity, we were visited with another of the same kind, only of still greater extent. On the morning of the 9th of June, 1846, another fire broke out in the western end of the city, which swept everything before it, and before night three-fourths of the wealthy and populous city were a smoking mass of ruins. As the houses were then mostly built of wood, and as a high wind prevailed at the time, the firebrands were hurled far and wide. Even the mercantile establishments, built substantially of stone and brick, presented no impediment to the flames, and were all swept away. To add to the terrors of the scene, while the red tongues of flame were leaping from street to street, the huge oil-vats on the south side of the harbour took fire. Liquid fire now spread over the whole surface of the water, and ignited a number of ships in the harbour, thus adding to the terrible grandeur of the scene. Before the day closed, twelve thousand people were homeless, and property valued at \$4,500,000 was destroyed. This is the last visit we have had from the fire-fiend.

In the way of public-buildings, we have nothing of which we can be justly very proud. Among them we might mention Government House, the Colonial Building, Custom House, Athenæum Hall, and our churches. Government House is a plain, substantial stone building, without architectural pretensions, but spacious and comfortable. It was erected by the Imperial Government at a cost of \$150,000. The grounds around it are very tastefully laid out. The Colonial Building is a large plain structure, built of white limestone imported direct from Cork, though why it was necessary to send all the way there after it was always a mystery to the writer. This building contained chambers for the two branches of our legislature, in which the representative wisdom of this loyal Colony may be found assembled for an indefinite period every year. The Custom House is a plain, brick building, with freestone facing, and is, we should judge, not sufficiently large to transact with comfort the large amount of business done. The Athenæum is one of our handsomest public buildings. It comprises a large public hall, a reading-room, and library of some five thousand volumes of well-selected books, and several public offices. With regard to



ST. JOHN'S HARBOR — FISH-CURING

our churches, the most conspicuous among them is the Roman Cathedral. It occupies a commanding site on the summit of the hill, on which the city is built. It is in the form of a vast Latin Cross, with two lofty towers in front. The Church of England Cathedral, when completed, will rank among the first ecclesiastical edifices in British America.

The growth of Methodism has been rapid within the past few years. Up to 1856 we had but one small wooden church in St. John's. At the last-mentioned date, Gower Street Church was erected. It is a plain, brick edifice, capable of seating one thousand persons. In 1873 it was found to be altogether too small to accommodate the congregation, and during that year George Street Church adorned the west end of the city. It is a handsome stone building, of the Gothic style of architecture, with spire and bell, and can seat with comfort seven hundred people and is always full.

By 1880 old Gower Street was ready to swarm again. With characteristic pluck, and with firm faith in God, and the peculiar adaptation of Methodism to meet the moral requirements of the people, the trustees determined again to "arise and build," and during the year the Cochrane Street Church in the east end was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. It is splendidly situated on one of the finest sites in the city. It is an exceeding handsome edifice, both externally and internally, and is sure to attract a large congregation. It will seat with comfort eight hundred persons. Our church property in the city is valued at \$90,000.

We have in connection with our Methodist Church of Canada here a noble band of intelligent laymen. They are loyal and true to Methodism. They know how to make money, but they also know how to give it *liberally* and *cheerfully* for the support of the cause of God.

Any description of this ancient and loyal Colony would be essentially incomplete were we to omit all mention of our fisheries, as these constitute the grand staple industry of the island. Our trade depends mainly upon the exportation of fish and oil. In this one department Newfoundland is in advance of all other countries. Her cod-fisheries are the most extensive the world has ever seen. If, for the purpose of comparison, we take the five years from 1871 to 1875, the average annual export of codfish from Newfoundland during this period was 1,333,009

quintals, of 112lbs. weight. During the same years, the average exports of codfish from the Dominion of Canada were 785,425 quintals, and that of Norway 751,3^o2 quintals. The cod-fishery has been prosecuted during the last three hundred and seventy-five years; but, notwithstanding the enormous drafts every year, the



FISH FLAKE.

fishing grounds show not the least sign of exhaustion. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island in 1583 he found thirty-six ships in the harbour of St. John's engaged in fishing.

All our other fisheries, including seal, salmon, and herring, in the aggregate only amount in value to about one-fifth of the cod-fishery. In proof of this we take the latest complete returns, those for the year ending July 31st, 1881. The product of the cod-

fishery exported that year was \$6,406,635. The value of our other fisheries for the same year was \$1,429,871. Our total exports for 1881 including ore, were \$7,649,574. As many of your readers probably never saw a codfish, except cooked and on the table, in order that they may form an idea of the process of curing, we shall take a Newfoundland codfish at the time when it is drawn from the water, and follow it through the different stages till it reaches the exporting merchant's store. We here again quote from Messrs. Hatton & Harvey's admirable work—

“When the fisherman's boat, laden with the day's catch, reaches his stage—a rough-covered platform, projecting over the water and supported on poles—the fish are flung one by one from the boat to the floor of the stage, with an instrument resembling a small pitchfork, and called a ‘pew.’ The cod is now seized by the ‘cut-throat,’ armed with a sharp knife, who with one stroke slits open the fish, and passes it to the ‘header.’ This operator first extracts the liver, which is dropped into a vessel at his side, to be converted into codliver oil. He then wrenches off the head, removes the viscera, which are thrown into a vessel, to be preserved along with the head for the farmer, who, mixing them with bog and earth thus forms an excellent fertilizer. The tongues and sounds, or air bladders, are also taken out, and, when pickled, make an excellent article of food. The fish now passes to the ‘splitter,’ who, placing it on its back, and holding it open with his left hand, cuts along the backbone to the base of the tail. The fish now lies open on the table, and with a sharp stroke of the knife the ‘splitter’ severs the backbone, and catching the end thus freed, severs it from the body. The ‘salter’ now takes hold of the fish, and having carefully washed away every particle of blood, he salts it in piles on the floor of the fish-house. After remaining the proper length of time in salt, it is taken from the eap, washed, and carried to the ‘flake,’ where it is spread out to dry. The flake consists of a horizontal framework of small poles, covered with spruce-boughs, and supported by upright poles, the air having free access beneath. Here the cod are spread to bleach in the sun and air, and during the process require constant attention. In damp or rainy weather, or at the approach of night, they are piled in small heaps with the skin outward. When thoroughly dried they have a whitish appearance, and are then ready for storing.”

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

II.



A SNOW CLOUD.

DOWN a stairway, bearing the whimsical name of the Steeps of Time, we go to a lower level, and proceed along the Arched Way, leading to a wonderful region of pits and domes. Suddenly the guide cries, "Danger on the right!" Beside our path yawns a chasm called the Side-saddle Pit, from the shape of a projecting rock, on which we seat ourselves, and watch

with fearful interest the rolls of oiled paper lighted by the guide and dropped into the abyss. Down they go in a fiery spiral, burning long enough to give us a view of its corrugated sides and of a mass of blackened sticks and timbers sixty-five feet below, the distance being thus measured by a line and plummet.

Descending a stairway, fifty yards beyond, we enter the Labyrinth, a narrow, winding passage, barely wide enough for two persons to go abreast; and after climbing a second stairway and going down a third, and turning about till we are almost bewildered, we find ourselves peering through a window-like aperture into profound darkness. The gloom is intensified by the monotonous sound of dripping water that seems to fall from a vast height to a dismal depth. The guide bids us stay where we are, while he goes to a smaller window still further on, through which he thrusts blue lights and blazing rolls, disclosing indescribable wonders to our gaze. By the magaesium light we discern the floor far below us, about an acre in area, its general level about 90 feet lower than the window. The height of the vault

overhead seems to be about 100 feet; which gives 190 feet as the extreme altitude of this mighty chasm known as Gorin's Dome. The perpendicular walls are draped with three immense stalagmitic curtains, one above another, whose folds, which seem to be loosely floating, are bordered with fringes rich and heavy.



THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT."

These hangings, fit for Plutonian halls, were woven in Nature's loom by crystal threads of running water!

On retracing our way out of the Labyrinth, we next came to the famous abyss known as the Bottomless Pit, above which expands Shelby's Dome. This frightful pit was long regarded as constituting an impassable barrier to further progress. A substantial bridge now spans the gulf, which, for safety, is renewed every four years. Leaning over the hand-rails, we safely admire the gleaming rolls as they whirl to and fro, slowly sinking till they vanish, lighting up in their

capricious progress, the wrinkles and furrows made by the torrent's flow during untold ages. The depth is 200 feet.

The accompanying picture was taken from this point of view. There are within an area of 600 yards six of the largest naturally-

formed pits in the known world, besides several others of smaller dimensions; and the entire group is joined together by connecting passages.

Proceeding still onward through Pensico Avenue, we admire the snowy nodules incrusting the Snowball Arch, beneath which we go on to the Grand Crossings, where four avenues meet. This place is much admired. A little beyond this formation is the Hanging Grove, where the stalactites resemble branches of coral rather than those of trees. About a hundred yards on and we arrive at Angelica's Grotto, sparkling with crystals.

Mammoth Cave has gained a reputation as a cave of "magnificent distances." The Long Route is a day's journey under ground. The signal for starting is given at 9 a.m., and the return is about 6 p.m., after nine hours of steady walking over a road, a little rough in spots, but for the most part quite smooth and easy. The distance is about 18 miles.

Passing the Narrows, the Rotunda and the Giant's Coffin are reached, and we enter the Valley of Humility, a low passage four feet high. Presently we reach the famous and original Fat Man's Misery, of which all others are but base imitations. Here the path enters a serpentine channel; whose walls, 18 inches apart, change direction eight times in 236 feet. We gladly emerge into Great Relief, where we can straighten our spine, and enjoy once more the luxury of taking a full breath.

By mounting three stairways, crawling through narrow crevices, and leaping from rock to rock, one may ascend for what would perhaps be a vertical distance of 150 feet, and thus reduce the journey from the mouth of the cave to Great Relief by nearly a mile. This tortuous passage is known as the "Cork Screw."

Bacon Chamber is a striking instance of mimicry, for the masses of rocks projecting from the ceiling certainly look like the rows of hams in a packing-house, and it seems as if nature must have made this chamber when in some jocose mood.

Spark's Avenue runs from the Bacon Chamber to the Mammoth Dome, the most spacious of the many domes in this cave. After a toilsome clamber we finally emerged from Spark's Avenue, and found ourselves on a terrace thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, confronted by a realm of empty darkness. Our lamps revealed neither floor, nor roof, nor opposite wall. And this is Mammoth Dome, the grandest hall in all this domain of silence

and of night. We lighted up the huge dome, by burning magnesium at three points at once, and estimated its dimensions to



THE CORKSCREW.

be about 400 feet in length, 150 feet in width, and varying from 80 to 250 feet in height. The floor slopes down to a pool that receives a waterfall from the summit of the dome. The walls are curtained by alabaster drapery in vertical folds, varying in size from a pipe-stem to a saw-log, and decorated by heavy fringes of translucent stone. A huge gateway at the farther end of the hall, opens into a room so like the ruins of Luxor and Karnak, that we named it the Egyptian Temple. Six colossal columns, 80 feet from base to capital, and 25 feet in diameter, stand in a semi-circle, flanked by pyramidal towers. The shafts are fluted by deep furrows, with sharp ridges between. The capitals are projecting slabs of limestone, and the bases are garnished by mushroom-shaped stalagmites. By an opening behind the third column in the row,

we clambered down a steep descent into gloomy catacombs beneath.

On entering River Hall, we followed a path skirting the edge of cliffs sixty feet high and one hundred feet long, embracing the sullen waters to which the name of Dead Sea is given. Our various speculations were broken in upon by the hilarious sounds heralding a party under Mat's escort, long before they came in view. There never was a prettier sight than this merry company, sixty in all, as with flashing lamps and spangled costumes they skirted the sombre terrace, astonishing the gnomes by "Litoria," and other college songs. They wound past us, in single file, disappearing behind a wall of stone to come into view again on the



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

natural bridge, whence they swung their lamps to catch sight of the river Styx, on whose banks we now were standing. The estimated length of the Styx is 400 feet, and its breadth about 40 feet. It was formerly crossed by boat, before the discovery of the natural bridge.

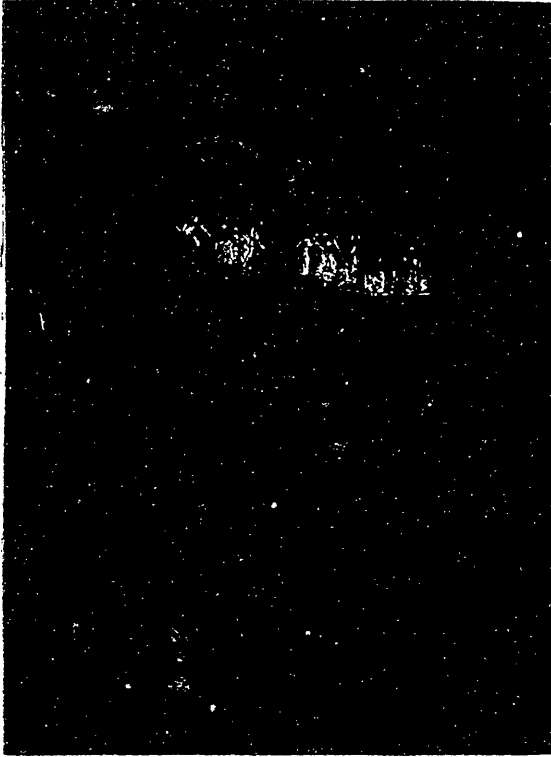
Lake Lethe comes next—a body of water as large as the Styx. Crossing this, we step upon a beach of the finest yellow sand. This is the Great

Walk, extending to Echo River, a distance of 500 yards, under a lofty ceiling mottled with white and black limestones, like snow-clouds drifting in a wintry sky.

Four boats now await us on the banks of Echo River. Each has seats on the gunwales for twenty passengers, while the guide stands in the bow and propels the primitive craft by a long paddle, or by grasping projecting rocks. The low arch, only three or four feet high, under which we go at embarkation, soon rises to a height varying from ten to thirty feet, while the plummet shows a still greater depth below. The surface at low water is

by the barometer but 20 feet above the level of Green River ; and this may, therefore, be regarded as the lowest part of the cave, at least so far as it is accessible to visitors.* The width of Echo River varies from 20 to 200 feet, and its length is about three-quarters of a mile. The guide with a hand-net, tries to catch for us a few of the famous eyeless fish that dart to

and fro in the water. He captured numerous specimens, from two to six inches long, and usually destitute even of rudimentary organs of vision. Several, however, had protuberances or sightless eyes, and one had good eyesight. The gradations of colour are from olive-brown to pure white ; while some of these are perfectly transparent. They have simple



CROSSING THE STYX.

cartilage instead of bones, and are destitute of scales. There are also blind and white crawfish.† The strongly marked divergence of cave-animals from those found outside, convinced the elder Agassiz that they were especially created for the limits within which they dwell. But it is doubtful if there is more

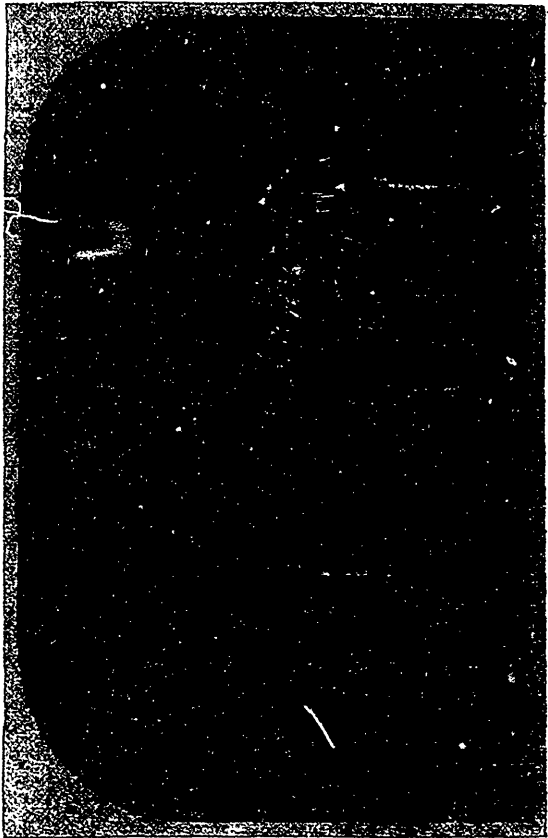
* One authority makes the river 240 feet below the mouth of the cave, by barometric measurement.

† Of these we obtained, at this spot, a fine specimen.

variability than can be accounted for by their migration, many generations ago, from the outer world to a realm of absolute silence and perpetual darkness.

Upon the water the echo is surprisingly sweet. A quiet lady in black velvet led the company in sacred song. The soft notes haunt the memory with a lingering spell. We remained long on Echo River, floating over its strangely transparent water,

as if gliding though the air, and trying every echo its arches were capable of producing. A single aerial vibration given with energy, as by a pistol-shot, rebounded from rock to rock. The din awakened by discordant sounds was frightful. On the other hand when the voice gave the tones of a full chord *seriatim*, they came back in sweeping *arpeggio*. Flute-music produced charming re-

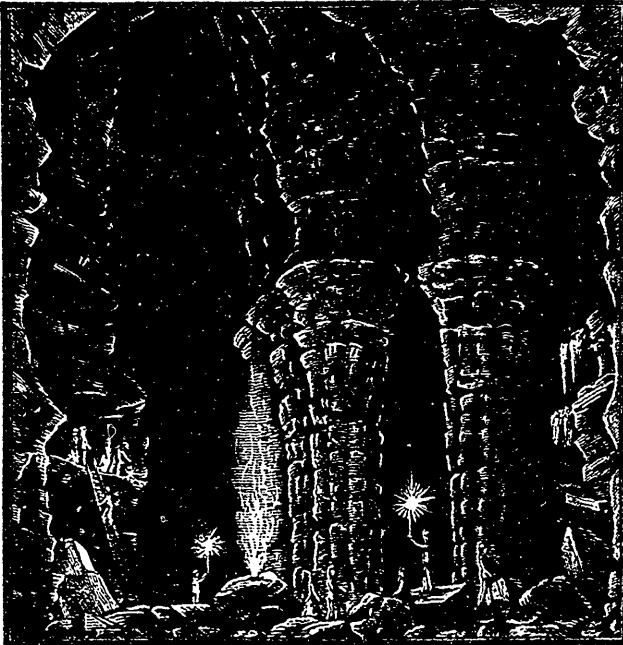


ON ECHO RIVER.

verberations; and the cornet still finer effects. It should be explained that this symmetrical passage-way does not give back a distinct *echo*, as the term is commonly used, but a harmonious prolongation of sound for from 10 to 30 seconds after the original impulse. The long vault has a certain key-note of its own, which, when firmly struck, excites harmonics, including

tones of incredible depth and sweetness, reminding me of the profound undertone one hears in the music of Niagara Falls.

An extraordinary result was obtained by the guide's agitating the waters vigorously with his broad paddle, and then seating himself in silence. The first sound that broke the stillness was like the tinkling of silver bells. Larger and heavier bells then seemed to take up the melody, as the waves sought out the cavities in the rock. And then it appeared as if all chimes of all cathedrals had conspired to raise a tempest of sweet sounds. They then die away to utter silence. We still sat in expecta-



GOthic ARCH.

tion. Lo, as if from some deep recess that had been hitherto forgotten, came a tone tender and profound; after which, like gentle memories, were re-awakened all the mellow sounds that had gone before, until River Hall rang again. Those who try their own voices are pleased to have the hollow wall give back shout and song, whimsical cry and merry peal; but the nymphs reserve their choicest harmonies for those who are willing to listen in silence to the voice of many waters.

A rocky inlet receives our craft, and as we land we are greeted by the melody of a cascade that breaks itself into pearls on the sloping ledges. An avenue extends from Cascade Hall to Roaring River—a succession of shallow ripples and deep basins, navigated by a canoe. The passage-way through which it flows has an echo of remarkable power, but hoarse rather than musical.

Silliman's Avenue is a portion of recent formation as compared with the Main Cave. In a side passage we find white masses of fibrous gypsum. We follow Rhoda's Arcade for 500 yards, amid rare incrustations, to twin-domes, seldom visited because so difficult of access. The one we enter is about 60 feet in diameter, and opens into the other by a gothic window 150 feet above the floor. The guide climbs up to it, and burns magnesium, while we do the same below. Thus we are enabled to survey the long stalagmitic curtains that drape the sides, and to catch a glimpse of the oval apex, 300 feet over us—the loftiest natural dome yet discovered! By climbing by a ladder up 20 feet, and going, one at a time, through a very uninviting hole in the roof, we gain admittance to an upper tier of caverns. When the last man is through, the guide burns blue fire, and we are surprised to find ourselves in a vineyard—the famous Martha's Vineyard! Countless nodules and globules simulate clusters on clusters of luscious grapes, burdening hundreds of boughs and gleaming with party-coloured tints through the dripping dew.

Leaving this enchanted ground we soon enter Washington Hall, which is but a smoke-stained lunch-room, strewn with relics of hundreds of dining-parties, while along its walls are the sharp fragments of numberless bottles that have survived their usefulness. We find that servants from the hotel have anticipated our coming, and have spread for us an abundant meal. Vigorous exercise whets the appetite, and we leave but few remnants for the rats. Cans of oil are kept here, and while we dine the guides trim and fill the lamps.

A branch leads to a Paradise where all the flowers are fair and crystalline, and which, in the opinion of some of the guides, is the most beautiful place in the whole cave. The regular route takes us, however, next into that treasure-house of alabaster brilliants, known as Cleveland's Cabinet. What words can picture forth in beauty? Imagine symmetrical arches, of 50 feet span, where the fancy is at once enlivened and bewildered by a

mimicry of every flower that grows in the garden, forest, or prairie, from the modest daisy to the flaunting helianthus.

Select, for examination, a single one of these cave flowers—the “oulopholites” of the mineralogist. From a central stem gracefully curl countless crystals, fibrous and pellucid; each tiny crystal is in itself a study; each fascicle of curved prisms is wonderful; and the whole blossom is a miracle of beauty.

PLTTO'S DINING-HALL.



Now multiply this mimic flower from one to a hundred, a thousand, a myriad. Move down the dazzling vista—not for a few yards, or rods, but for two miles! All is virgin white, except here and there a little patch of grey limestone, or a spot bronzed by some metallic stain, or again, as we purposely vary the lovely monotony by burning coloured lights. Midway is a great floral cross overhead, formed by the natural grouping of

stone rosettes. Floral clusters, bouquets, wreaths, garlands, embellish nearly every foot of the ceiling and walls; and the very soil sparkles with trodden jewels. The fancy finds every gem of the greenhouse and parterre in this crystalline conservatory.

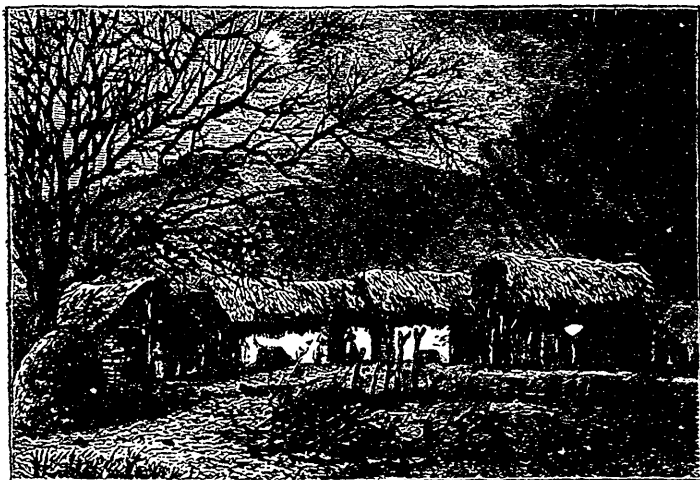
The full moon was riding in a cloudless sky, when we emerged from our journey in the great cavern. We had, as usual, a practical proof of the purity of the exhilarating cave atmosphere, by its contrast with that of the outer world, which seemed heavy and suffocating. The odours of trees, grass, weeds and flowers were strangely intensified and over-powering. We were grateful, however, for the impressions we had received, and for the memories retained of wonderful scenes and strange adventures. Feelings akin to friendship had sprung up within us for Mammoth Cave; and it was with positive regret that we finally turned away from the fern-fringed chasm lying there in the soft moonlight, where the sparkling cascade throws pearly drops from the mossy ridge, and spreads its mist like a silver veil.

NOTE.—Mammoth Cave is only 84 miles south of Louisville, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The International Sunday-school Convention will be held next June, in the city of Louisville, and doubtless many Canadian delegates will desire, when so near it, to visit this great natural curiosity. For their information we may say that round trip tickets are issued by the Louisville and Nashville Railway, entitling the tourist to, we believe, a night's lodging and one meal at the Cave Hotel for \$8.75. Transient rates at Mammoth Cave Hotel are \$3 a day. The fee for the Long Route is \$3; for the Short Route \$2. For a Combination Route, giving the best points of both, \$3. To reach Mammoth Cave from central Canada, the best route is by the Canada Southern and Michigan Central Railroad to Toledo, thence by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Drayton Railroad, and Louisville and Nashville Railroad. By the last-mentioned road, which is probably the best equipped in the entire South, one may pass in a few hours from lands of snow to lands of sun—to the everglades of Florida and the orange groves of the Gulf Coast. Two trains a day of Palace and Sleeping Cars leave Cincinnati *via* Louisville, in the morning and evening respectively, and run through with out change to New Orleans in 38 hours. Two daily trains of Palace Cars also run through from Cincinnati *via* Louisville to Jacksonville, Florida, without change, in 42 hours. It is only about 20 hours' ride from Toronto to Cincinnati, which brings New Orleans, or the heart of Florida, within about sixty hours.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

III.



LA CALERA.

Tuesday, September 5th.—We got under way at 6 a.m., and soon bade adieu to Rio, where we have spent so many happy days. It was not long before we were rolling on the bar, and then tumbling about in very uncomfortable fashion in the rough sea outside. One by one we all disappeared below, where most of us remained during the greater part of the day.

Sunday, September 10th.—Tom has been on deck nearly all night. The shore is very low and difficult to distinguish, and the lights are badly kept. If the lighthouse-keeper happens to have plenty of oil, and is not out shooting or fishing, he lights his lamp; otherwise, he omits to perform this rather important part of his duties. The lighthouse can therefore hardly be said to be of much use. About five a.m. Kindred rushed down into our cabin, and woke Tom, calling out, "Land to leeward, sir!" and then rushed up on deck again. The first glimmer of dawn had enabled him to see that we were running straight on to the

low sandy shore, about three miles off, a very strong current having set us ten miles out of our course. The yacht's head was accordingly at once put round, and steaming seaward we soon left all danger behind. Morning service was impossible, owing to the necessity for a constant observation of the land; but, after making the lighthouse on Santa Maria, we had prayers at 4.30 p.m., with the hymn, "For those at Sea." In the night we made the light on Flores, burning brightly, and before morning those in the harbour of Monte Video.

Monday, September 11th.—After making the Flores light we proceeded slowly, and dropped our anchor in the outer roads of Monte Video at 4 a.m.

Soon after breakfast we went ashore—in more senses of the word than one; for they have commenced to build a mole for the protection of small vessels, which, in its unfinished state, is not yet visible above the water. The consequence was that, at a distance of about half a mile from the landing-steps, we rowed straight on to the submerged stonework, but fortunately got off again very quickly, without having sustained any damage. Having procured a carriage, Tom and I and the children drove through the streets, which are wide and handsome, though badly paved, and so full of holes that it is a wonder how the springs of the carriage can last a week. All the lower windows were strongly barred, a precaution by no means unnecessary against the effects of the revolutions, which are of such frequent occurrence in this country. To enable the inhabitants the better to enjoy the sea-breeze, the tops of the houses are all flat, which gives the town, from a distance, somewhat of an eastern appearance. On our way back, we met a great many of the native bullock-carts going home from market. These huge conveyances are covered with hides, and are drawn by teams of from two to twelve bullocks, yoked in pairs, and driven by a man on horse-back, who carries a sharp-pointed goad, with which he prods the animals all round, at intervals.

When we at last arrived on board the yacht again, at three o'clock, we found that the miseries of coaling were not yet over, and that there had been numerous visitors from the shore. Everything on deck looked black, while below all was pitch dark and airless, every opening and crevice having been closed and covered with tarpaulin, to keep out the coal dust. It took seven

hours to complete the work, instead of two, as was hoped and promised, so our chance of starting to-day is over. This seemed the more disappointing, because, had we foreseen the delay, we might have made other arrangements for seeing more on shore.

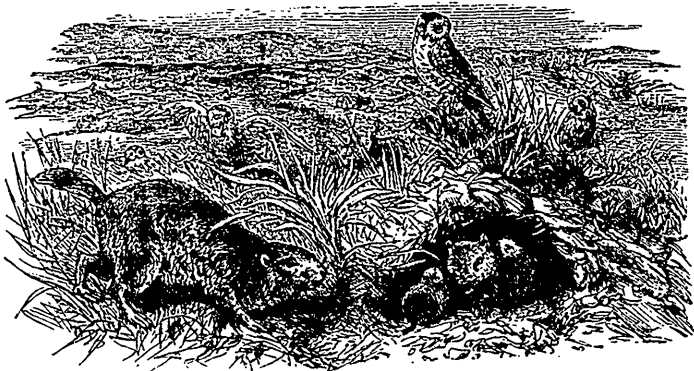
Tuesday, September 12th.—The anchor was up, and we were already beginning to steam away when I came on deck this morning, just in time to see the first faint streaks of dawn appearing in the grey sky. The channels are badly buoyed, and there are shoals and wrecks on all sides. Once we very nearly ran aground, but discovered just in time that the vessel we were steering for with confidence was only a wreck, on a dangerous shoal, and that the lightship itself was further ahead. The yacht was immediately put about, and we just skirted the bank in turning. At 10.30 p.m. we dropped our anchor outside all the other vessels in the roads at Buenos Ayres, eight miles from the shore.

Wednesday, September 13th.—Our first business was to secure the service of a pilot, to take us up to Rosario. The best man on the river was sent for; but when he came he did not recommend our undertaking the voyage, as the water is very low at present, and we might get stuck on a sandbank, and be detained for some days, although no further harm would be likely to occur to us. We decided, therefore, as our time is precious, to give up the idea of making the expedition in the yacht, and to go in the ordinary river-boat instead.

There was time to go round and see something of the city, which, like many other South American towns, is built in square blocks, all the streets running exactly at right angles one to another. There is a fine plaza, or grand square, in which are situated the cathedral, theatre, etc., the centre being occupied by a garden, containing statues and fountains. The various banks, with their marble facings, Corinthian columns, and splendid halls, are magnificent buildings, and look more like palaces than places of business.

Thursday, September 14th.—About ten o'clock we went ashore again and made our way to a warehouse to look at some ponchos, which are the speciality of this part of South America. Everybody wears one, from the beggar to the highest official. The best kind of ponchos are very expensive, being made from a particular part of the finest hair of the vicuna, hand-woven by women, in

the province of Catamarca. The genuine article is difficult to get, even here. In the shops the price usually varies from £30 to £80; but we were shown some at a rather lower price—from £20 to £60 each. They are soft as silk, perfectly waterproof, and will wear, it is said, for ever. The material of which they are made is of the closest texture, and as the hair has never been dressed or dyed it retains all its natural oil and original colour, the latter varying from a very pretty yellow fawn to a pale cream-colour. In shape a poncho is simply a square shawl, with a hole in the middle for the head of the weaver. On horse-back the appearance is particularly picturesque, and it forms also a convenient cloak, which comes well over the saddle, before and behind, and leaves the arms, though covered, perfectly free.



PRAIRIE DOGS AND OWLS.

After breakfast, about noon, we started in the train for Campana. The line passes at first through the streets of Buenos Ayres, and thence into the open country, beautifully green, and undulating like the waves of the sea. We saw for the first time the holes of the bizcachas, or prairie-dogs, outside which the little prairie-owls keep guard. There appeared to be always one, and generally two, of these birds standing like sentinels, at the entrance of each hole, with their wise-looking heads on one side, pictures of prudence and watchfulness. The bird and the beast are great friends, and are seldom to be found apart. On the top of some of the telegraph-posts were the nests of the oven-bird, looking like carved round blocks of wood, placed there for ornament. These nests are made of mud, and are perfectly spherical in form, the interior being divided into two quite distinct chambers.

Campana was reached by four o'clock, the train running straight on to the pier, alongside of which the two vessels were lying, with steam up. Passengers, baggage, and freight were immediately transferred from the train to the boats; and we soon found ourselves steaming along in the *Uruguay*, between the willow-hung banks of the broad Parana. We passed several small towns, and occasionally stopped to pick up passengers, who had come in boats and steam-launches from far-distant villages, situated on lagunes, which our steamer could not enter.

Friday, September 15th.—Rosario, like Buenos Ayres, is built in squares. The streets are generally well paved with black and white marble, but the roadways are composed of little round stones, and are full of holes and inequalities, so that, in crossing the road after heavy rain, one steps from the *trottoir* into a very slough of despond. The universal tramway runs down the centre of every street.

After luncheon we made a fresh start for Carcarana by a special train. Carcarana may be called the Richmond—one might almost say the Brighton—of Rosario. It stands on a river, the Carcaranal, to the banks of which an omnibus runs twice a day from the railway station, during the season, to take people to bath. Yesterday there was a grand wedding-party near here, the complete success of which was, we were told, somewhat marred by the fact, that for six hours, in the very middle of the day, it became absolutely necessary to light candles, owing to the dense clouds of locusts, about a league in extent, by which the air was darkened. Trains are even stopped by these insects occasionally; for they appear to like a hard road, and when they get on the line their bodies make the rails so greasy that the wheels of the engines will not bite. Moreover, they completely obscure the lights and signals, so that the men are afraid to proceed. The only remedy, therefore, is to go very slowly, preceded by a truck-load of sand, which is scattered freely over the rails in front of the engine. Horses will not always face a cloud of locusts, even to get to their stables, but turn round and stand doggedly still, until it has passed.

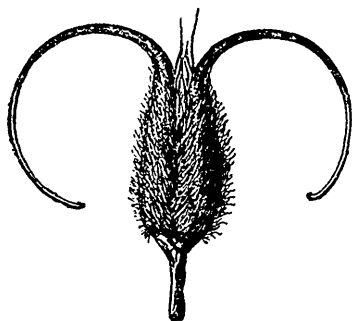
After dinner we once more stepped into our special train, in which we arrived at Rosario at about half-past nine o'clock, thoroughly tired out.

Sunday, September 17th.—A kind friend sent his carriage to take us to the English church, a brick building, built to replace

the small iron church that existed here previously, and only opened last month. The service was well performed, and the singing of the choir excellent. We paid a visit to the Sunday-schools after luncheon.

On our way across the camp we saw a great quantity of the seeds of the *Martynia proboscidea*, mouse-burrs as they call them—devil's claws or toe-nails; they are curious looking things, as the annexed woodcut will show. Frank Buckland has a theory—and very likely a correct one—that they are created in this peculiar form for the express purpose of attaching themselves to the long tails of the wild horses that roam about the country in troops of hundreds. They carry them thousands of miles, and disseminate the seed wherever they go at large in search of food and water.

Monday, September 18th.—At nine o'clock we proceeded to the station, and started in our comfortable railway carriage for Tortugas.



DEVIL'S HORNS.

At Tortugas we left the train, and paid a visit to one of the overseers of the colony and his cheery little French wife, who, we found, had been expecting us all day on Sunday. A few weeks ago this lady's sister was carried off by Indians, with some other women and children. After riding many leagues, she seized her opportunity, pushed the Indian who was carrying her

off his horse, turned the animal's head round, and galloped back across the plain, hotly pursued, until within a mile or two of the colony, by the rest of the band. It was a plucky thing for a little bit of a woman to attempt with a great powerful savage, and she is deservedly looked upon in the village as quite a heroine.

Travelling in Brazil is like passing through a vast hothouse, filled with gorgeous tropical vegetation and forms of insect life. In the neighbourhood of Monte Video you might imagine yourself in a perpetual greenhouse. Here it is like being in a vast garden, in which the greenest of turf, the brightest of bedding-out plants, and the most fragrant flowering shrubs abound.

After dinner we drove to the station, where we found all our own party assembled, and many more people, who had come to see us off. I was given the Chilian bit used for the horse I rode to-day, as a remembrance of my visit. It is a most formidable-looking instrument of torture.

The natives of the Pampas pass their lives in the saddle. Horses are used for almost every conceivable employment, from hunting and fishing to brick-making and butter-churning. Even the very beggars ride about on horseback. I have seen a photograph of one, with a police certificate of mendicancy hanging round his neck, taken from life. Every domestic servant has his or her own horse, as a matter of course; and the maids are all provided with habits, in which they ride about on Sundays, from one estancia to another, to pay visits. In fishing, the horse is ridden into the water as far as he can go, and the net or rod is then made use of by the rider. At Buenos Ayres I have seen the poor animals all but swimming to the shore, with heavy carts and loads, from the ships anchored in the inner roads; for the water is so shallow that only very small boats can go alongside the vessels, and the cargo is therefore transferred directly to the carts to save trouble and expense of transshipment. In out-of-the-way places, on the Pampas, where no churns exist, butter is made by putting milk into a goat-skin bag, attached by a lasso to the saddle of a peon, who is then set to gallop a certain number of miles, with a bag bumping and jumping along the ground after him.

Friday, September 22nd.—On our arrival alongside the "Proveedor," I found that nearly all our Rosario friends had come down to the landing-place to see us off, and had brought all manner of remembrances for me and the children. Flowers in profusion; a tame cardinal bird for Muriel; a pair of dear little long-tailed green paroquets; the skin of a seal; a beautiful poncho; an Argentine bit; whip, and stirrups; a carpincha skin; two pretty little muletas—a sort of armadillo, very tame, and often kept in the houses here as a pet; and several other presents, all of which, when I look at them at home, will serve to remind me of the kind donors, and of the happy days spent in the Argentine Republic.

Saturday, September 23rd.—At 4.30 a.m. the captain called me, being anxious that I should not miss any of the beauties of the

Tigré. On my arrival on deck he kindly had a chair placed for me right in the bows. The sky was flushed with rosy clouds, the forerunners of one of the most beautiful sunrises imaginable. The river itself is narrow and monotonous, the branches of the willow-tree on either bank almost sweeping the sides of the steamer.

At half-past six we reached the port of Tigré, where we found many fine ships waiting for the tide, to go up the river.

For about an hour and a half the railway ran through a rich and fertile country, quite the garden of Buenos Ayres. At noon we went to see the market and the museum, and to do some shopping. People of the middle and lower classes live much better here than they do at home, and the development of bone



INDIANS AT AZUL.

and muscle in large families of small children, owing to the constant use of so much meat and strong soup is very remarkable. Returning to the hotel, we collected our parcels and then had some luncheon, and then proceeded to the pier, where we found the children waiting for us to embark in the gig, and we soon arrived safely on board the *Sunbeam*.

Sunday, September 24th.—Most of us went ashore in the whale-boat at ten o'clock, to attend the English church, reopened to-day for the first time for some months, and then returned to the Mole. By this time the wind had freshened considerably, and several of our friends tried to persuade us to remain on shore; but as we knew Tom was expecting us, we thought it better to go off. It

took us two hours and a half, beating against the wind, to reach the yacht, sea-sick, and drenched to the skin. Directly we got outside the bar the sea was very bad, and each wave broke more or less over the little half-deck, under which the children had been packed away for shelter. Luncheon revived us a little, and Tom hurried us off to get ashore again by daylight, before the weather became worse. It was a very pleasant twenty minutes' sail to the shore, racing along before the wind, with two reefs in the mainsail—quite a different thing from beating out. The tide was high, and the captain therefore steered for the pier, where he hoped to land us. Unfortunately, however, he missed it; and as it was impossible to make another tack out, all that could be done was to let go the anchor to save running ashore, and wait until they sent out a small boat to fetch us. When the boat did at last arrive she turned out to be a wretched little skiff, and only capable of taking three passengers at a time. Tom went first, taking with him the two children, and the two poor sea-sick maids, and the boat at once put out for the land, Tom steering. It was terrible to watch them from the whale-boat, and when one tremendous sea came, and I thought for a moment that all was over, I could not look any more till I heard shouts that they were safe ashore. Then came our turn. The boat returned for us, and we were soon landed in safety, if not in comfort. After we had rested for a short time in the waiting-room, to recover from our fright and shake our dripping garments, we went to the Hôtel de la Paix, where we dined, and at ten o'clock we walked down to the railway station, where a large number of people had already assembled, some of whom were to accompany us to Azul, while others had only come to see us off.

Monday, September 25th.—Everything had been most comfortably arranged for us in the special train for Azul, about 300 miles south of Buenos Ayres, on the Southern Railway. The interior fittings of two second-class American carriages had been completely taken out, and a canvas lining, divided into compartments, each containing a cosy little bed, had been substituted. Wash-stands, looking-glasses, etc., had been provided, and a profusion of beautiful flowers filled in every available spot. In a third car two tables, occupying its entire length, with seats on one side of each table, had been placed; and here it was intended that we should breakfast, lunch, and dine.

At nine o'clock the breakfast-bell rang, and we found an excellent repast spread out for us on two long tables. An hour later we started in large carriages, and proceeded first to make the tour of the town. Then we paid a visit to some Indians—an old chief and his four wives, who had settled quietly down near the town. They were not bad-looking, and appeared fairly comfortable, as they squatted in the open air around the fire, above which was suspended a large iron pot, containing, to judge by the look and smell, a most savoury preparation.

Leaving the town, we now proceeded about two leagues across the Pampas to Mr. Frer's estancia. He is a farmer, on a very extensive scale, and possesses about 24,000 sheep and 500 horses, besides goodly herds of cattle. We passed a large *grasseria*, or place where sheep are killed at the rate of seven in a minute, and are skinned, cut up, and boiled down for tallow in an incredibly short space of time, the residue of the meat being used in the furnace as fuel.

Arrangements had been made for us to see as much of station-life as possible during our short visit. Mr. Frer had sent a long way across the Pampas for some wild horses, belonging to him, in order that we might see them lassoed; and Colonel Donovan had brought with him one of his best domidors, or horse-breakers, that he might have an opportunity of seeing an unbroken colt caught and backed for the first time.

About a hundred horses were driven into a large corral, and several gauchos and peons, some on horseback and some on foot, exhibited their skill with the lasso, by catching certain of the animals, either by the fore leg, the hind leg, or the neck, as they galloped round and round at full speed. The captured animal got a tremendous fall in each case, and if the mounted horse was not very clever and active, he and his rider were very likely to be thrown down also. There was the risk too of the man receiving an injury from the lasso itself, if it should happen to get round his body, in which case he would probably be almost cut in two by the sudden jerk.

The next proceeding was to cast a lasso at a *potro*, or unbroken colt, who was galloping about in the very centre of the troop, at full speed. His fore legs were caught dexterously in the noose, which brought him up, or rather down, instantly, head over heels. Another lasso was then thrown over his head, and drawn quite

tight round his neck, and a bridle, composed of two or three thongs of raw hide, was forced into his mouth by means of a slip-knot rein. A sheepskin saddle was placed on his back, the man who was to ride him standing over him, with one foot already in the stirrup. All this time the poor horse was lying on the ground with his legs tied close together, frightened almost out of his life, trembling in every limb, and perspiring from every pore. When the man was ready, the horse's legs were loosened sufficiently to allow him to rise, and he was then led outside the corral. The lassoes were suddenly withdrawn, and he dashed forwards, springing and plunging upwards, sideways, downwards,



LASSOING WILD HORSES.

in every direction, in the vain effort to rid himself of his unaccustomed load. The man remained planted, like a rock, in the saddle, pulling hard at the bridle, while a second domidor, mounted on a tame horse, pursued the terrified animal, striking him with a cruel whip to make him go in the required direction. After about ten minutes of this severe exercise, the captive returned to the corral, exhausted, and perfectly cowed, and showing no desire to rejoin his late companions. In order to complete the process of breaking him in, we were told that it would be necessary to keep him tied up for two or three days, rather short of food, and to repeat daily the operation of saddling, bridling, and mounting, the difficulty being less on each occasion, until at last he would become as quiet as a lamb.

We now saw our train approaching, orders having been given

for us to come as far as it could from the station to meet us. At last we reached the train, and climbed into the cars, where we found an excellent luncheon prepared, which we ate whilst the train dashed along at the rate of forty miles an hour. About seven o'clock we stopped for tea and coffee, and the children were put to bed. By nine we had reached the junction for Buenos Ayres, where an engine met us, and took most of our party into the city, in one of the cars, while we went on to Punta Lara, the station for Ensenada. The station master kindly got up steam in the railway tug to take us off to the *Sunbeam*.

Tuesday, September 26th.—The morning was spent in victalling the yacht. About noon we saw the tug coming off with her deck crowded with a party of friends whom we expected. We found she had brought us fifteen ladies and thirty gentlemen. The luncheon was managed by dividing our guests into three parties, the coffee and dessert being served on deck; but I am afraid the last division got very hungry before their time arrived. It could not, however, be helped, and it is to be hoped that the examination of the various parts of the yacht and her contents served to while away the time. Every one seemed to be pleased with the appearance of the vessel, never having seen one like her before. It was late before our friends began the task of saying good-bye—no light matter where, as in the present case, it is doubtful whether, or at anyrate when, we shall meet again. At last they left us, steaming round the yacht in the tug, and giving us some hearty cheers as they passed.

Wednesday, September 27th.—A fine breeze was blowing this morning, in a favourable direction for our start, but as ten and eleven o'clock arrived, and there were still no signs of the expected stores, Tom was in despair, and wanted to sail without them. I therefore volunteered to go ashore in the gig and see what had happened to them. Fortunately we met the tug on our way, and returned in tow of her to the yacht. Then, after settling a few bills, and obtaining our bill of health, we got the anchor up, and proceeded down the river under sail. Between one and two o'clock we commenced steaming, and in the course of the evening we were clear of the River Plate and fairly on our way to the Straits of Magellan.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

“For other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man’s work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is. If any man’s work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man’s work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.” 1 Cor. iii. 11-15.

THIS is a chapter of very pregnant instruction. Almost every verse is suggestive of some high principle or important lesson. The announcement which is given of ministerial commission, personal helplessness, and Divinely conferred success cannot fail to be profitable, both as a corrective to arrogance and as an antidote to depression and despair. There are truths of great significance impressed upon us in the earlier part of the chapter. We are taught that there are no greater hindrances to thoroughness in Gospel knowledge than an undue estimate of our own attainments and a spirit of factious partisanship in the Church of Christ. The apostle then apprises us that all the beautiful variety in ministerial talent—the Paul, masterly in trenchant argument; the Apollos, eloquent as the cadence of a very lovely song; the Barnabas, who steals over the soul with Gospel comfort; the Boanerges, who crashes down upon its strongholds in warning peals of thunder—are all God’s gifts and, as the stars in His right hand, are worthy of equal honours. He then affirms that all success is from above; that it is quite possible, and indeed necessary, to prepare the ground, and sow the seed or plant the tree, and to be careful to supply vigilance and moisture; but unless there be life in the thing sown or planted there will be neither fruit, nor flower, and planting and watering will be alike in vain.

Then, coming to the more immediate context, he rebukes the Corinthians for their forgetfulness of this great truth, which had led them to exalt the instrument and forget the Agent, as if one should praise the harp-strings for music, rather than the skilled

hand which swept them, or the clouds for rain, rather than the wise tenderness which fashioned them as the depositaries of the healing shower. This was the special error into which the Corinthian Church had fallen—not a few of them had become, in a certain sense, worshippers of intellect instead of God, and in their blind adhesion, each to his favourite minister, there had resulted a latent disunion both in feeling and in effort, a strife of words inconsistent with the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and all the confusion of a commonwealth torn by intestine factions, and therefore powerless either for attack or for defence.

The apostle had founded the Church at Corinth, and felt therefore a fatherly interest in its welfare. It was no small grief to him that other teachers had built upon the foundation which he had laid a superstructure of materials which would not abide the testing of the fire. He speaks solemnly in these words *of warning to all ministers in all time*. There is implied the terrible possibility that even where, in the individual soul of the minister, there is the firm belief in Christ, as at once the basis of all doctrine and of all hope, the teaching may be as unsightly and as useless as “wood, hay, stubble” piled in incongruous masonry upon a foundation of enduring granite; and that by the light of the assaying fire he may wake up at last to a consciousness of wasted labour, and secure but his own difficult escape from the pursuing flame. Oh, there is enough in the thought to arouse us to heart-searching and to prayer!

It would seem that the Corinthian teachers held the truth, but spoiled it by the inculcation of puerile observance, or by the admixture of Rabbinical philosophy. Paul does not charge them with being unregenerate, but their teaching was faulty, the oldness of the letter trammelled them, or they had been led from the simplicity of truth by the speculative novelties of the Gentile world. And when, in modern teaching, Christ is discrowned of His divinity, and held up simply as the Pattern who sincerely lived, or the Martyr who valiantly died; or when with Christ in the creed the discourses are of moral duties merely, or disquisitions upon vexed questions of scholarly entanglement, or elegant essays upon the fitness of things; or when the atonement—the grand theme of Christian preaching—is studiously withheld or boldly frittered down, or systematically insulted and dishonoured;

or when other offerings are deemed necessary to supplement the one sacrifice and other advocates are retained to supply the deficiencies in the one Mediator, is there not in the midst of us the reproduction, in all its perilousness, of the old Corinthian error, the piling upon the one foundation impermanent and unworthy materials—materials which the first storm will shatter and which the last fires will utterly consume? Oh, when we consider the vast importance of the minister's office, his high investiture with all a legate's powers, the multitude and awfulness of the issues in which his messages may terminate—how to each rapt or careless listener he may become the saviour of life unto life or of death unto death—it behoves surely that each one of us upon whom the cure of souls has come, or who have to administer the ordinance of preaching, should take solemn heed to himself how he buildeth upon the laid foundation, Christ, that so in the great searching which awaiteth us, and when the revealing fires shall play, we may not suffer loss, but the work and the workman pass scatheless through the ordeal together.

There is a sense, however, in which the words of the text may furnish profit and counsel not only to ministers, about whom they were originally spoken, but to the whole company of believers, to whom they may be properly applied. They recognize the universality of the one foundation, the necessity of building in reference to the great testing time, and the fact that there are structures that will perish and also structures which abide.

These are not thoughts which you can guiltlessly exclude from your minds. Heirs of immortality, you are bound to ponder deeply all that may tend to elucidate the mystery or to explain the conditions of your being. Travellers on a journey where mistake is death, you must needs study the chart and take the bearings well.

The first great fact which the text affirms is, that there is one foundation upon which all hopes must repose, and that no man can lay any other. It is implied in the passages that God is building in the universe a grand spiritual temple, in which believers are lively or living stones, and of which Christ is the only foundation. Hence the reference is not so much to a system of doctrine, nor even to a federation of the faithful, as to the personality of the believer, and the closeness

of his union with his Saviour. It is manifest that the new temple must be Divinely-based if it is to be Divinely-crowned. The former temple lay in ruins. It preserved scarcely a vestige of its former glory—only now and then, to redeem it from utter hopelessness, there wailed a reviving breath through crypt and fane. But it woke no response of murmuring life. It was like the night-wind sighing over graves. There can be no doubt to those who read the Scriptures with believing hearts, and who bring the added light of experience to the aid of their research, that humanity was completely prostrated by the ruin of the Fall. The decrepitude which enfeebled the race was as entire as the depravity which polluted it. There was not only the burning, but the lassitude of the fever. And ever since the Fall, in those regions which have rejected the truth as it is in Jesus, or in which it has never been proclaimed, the history of mankind has been a long, availless strife to pacify a wounded conscience and to bridge the gulf of conscious separation which sundered the human from the Divine. To this end have hecatombs been offered and lustrations appointed by authority, for this purpose have "Holy Wars" been undertaken, and individuals have groaned beneath the endurance of penance or pilgrimage. Contrition has been loud in her wail, and morality earnest and ascetic in her austerity, but all has been in vain. The desire to build for eternity has been as an instinct, a yearning, a passion in the universal heart, but in all cases of unaided endeavour, the foundations were in the shifting sand, and the first sweep of the storm, when the hail pelted against the windows and the spirit of the hurricane was roused, hurried the frail building into ruin.

"But what the law could not do," what all the resources of gasping and anxious humanity were unable to effect, God has accomplished by the gift and incarnation, by the cross and passion, by the resurrection and royalty of His Son. In Christ there is a foundation, too broad, and deep, and enduring, for the wildest storm to move. All the hopes of a ruined planet may be re-animated, even if they have been so long deferred that the spirit has trembled to indulge them, and they have come to be regarded as but a sickening aggravation of the sorrow. There can be no failure in the enterprise nor despair for the destiny if the hope be fixed on Christ.

He is the ancient foundation, chosen in the loving mystery of the Divine counsels, by the prescient tenderness which foreknew the Fall, heralded in the first promise which fell upon the ear of guilt, and soothed the heart of sorrow, typed in every gush of crimson which flowed on Jewish altars, breathing in each harp-song of the bard, and glowing in each vision of the seer. Christ was the hope of the world's grey fathers as of us, their children of to-day, and patriarchal eyes glistened, and patriarchal hearts throbbed, other than Abraham's, when they saw His day in the distance, for when they saw it they were glad.

He is the *sure* foundation. Already have His capabilities of endurance been tested well. Against this Rock the tempests of centuries have striven, and the breakers have seethed and roared as they dashed against it in their fury, but it has stood firm; the "waters" of intense agony which "wear" all ordinary "stones" have made not the slightest impression upon this which God has laid in Zion; thousands upon thousands of believers racked in the extremest combinations and agonies of trial have rested here, and found it did not fail them. Millions of transgressors, poor, bowed in the heaviness of the spirit, stricken with a consciousness of sin, almost despairing in the depth to which they had fallen even to glimpse the far-off heaven, have rested their all of hope on Jesus, and no solitary voice has ever sounded through the wilderness its complaint of banishment or failure. Tried in all possible circumstances and varieties of trial, the sure foundation standeth, and hath not deflected the thickness of a hair.

He is the universal foundation. On Him all Christians must build. There can be no building for immortality without Him. Wherever there are the messengers who speak glad tidings in the hearing of the peoples, all whose work abides will rear their structures upon the one foundation. Geographical distances may serve them, but the name of Jesus is music in every language, and His atonement valid on the banks of every ancient river, and on every shore that is girt by the triumphant sea. National discords or jealousies may prevent their communion, but in Jesus there is neither Jew nor Gentile. Patriotism merges into brotherhood, and there is glad recognition of the "one blood" and of the "whole family." The denomination may absorb the energies in local

interests, and employ the leisure in minor controversies, but there are times when the love of Jesus swells so high, that the narrowest partisan is surprised into a strange catholicity, and forgets every shibboleth of sect, and every crotchet of creed. Ancient, sure, universal foundation of Thy Church! O Jesus, we adore Thee! Fulfiller of our grandest hopes, Satisfier of our largest and most magnificent desires, we come to Thee! We rest on Thee! Thou wilt not cast us out. We want no other! Refused of the builders once, we acknowledge Thee as the head of the corner. Rejected of the scribe and of the Pharisee, we "trust our whole salvation" here.

The text recognizes the necessity of building in reference to the great testing time. Three or four facts of great importance are implied here. It is implied that all are builders, that in some style of awkward or enduring masonry all are working for the future, that men build unconsciously, that they are piling up materials every hour, though they do it without a purpose and without a plan. You will discover the truth of this if you reflect for a moment. There will be affirmation of it in the integrities of your own consciousness, and in your remembrance of the observations which you have made in the lives of your friends. You can look around you, and pronounce, as if from a court of session, upon the temperaments and habits of your fellows. "Such an one is a fine, generous, open-hearted man; that other is shrewd and careful, he will not let the main chance escape him; that one will not hastily commit himself, he will not readily inaugurate a new movement, nor dash into a daring enterprise. Beware of yonder sinister-looking individual; he suspects all the world, his jealousy is a mania, and, like Ishmael of old, his hand is against every man, and he fancies, at any rate, that every man's hand is against him."

Now, how is it that you speak thus? The men were not always distinguished by these peculiarities. You knew them, perhaps, when you would have hesitated to speculate in which of the many grooves of character they would be likely to be found. You speak decisively because you have so long watched them at their work, and you know that they have been building for years. An impulse presses upon a man once and again and yet again; he yields to it until it becomes a habit, and the aggregate of habits make up what men call character, and when circumstances

have passed away, and all the accidents of the condition have been dissolved into the dust of death, character abides, passes into the spirit world, stands at the bar, is stamped with the seal of God's eternity, is the essence of the recompense whether of rapture or of doom.

Brethren, builders for eternity, think of this; ye are building even now. Marvellous your architecture, though your fingers have never drawn a plan! Enduring your masonry, though hands have never grasped a trowel! Do you remember it, that revelry of imagination, when you chased through fancy's chambers the sin you dared not openly compass, when you nursed in secret places the passion which it would have shamed you to avow? That dalliance with desire or cherishing the wrathful purpose, that hasty word, that flashing glance of scorn, the shutting up the bowels of compassion, the hardening of the heart against the embrace of acknowledged truth, all these are tributary to the future; they will live before you and within you again, after many years you may trace their features in the habits which have mastered you, as of so many children whom they have begotten in their strength. You can neither think nor speak nor act, in vain. Never flood swept across the valley but it left some effects behind it, some displacement of the rocky scour, some undermining of the village eaves. Oh, ponder this solemnly, I pray you. If you are the spendthrifts of the present, you must assuredly be the bankrupts of the future. If you harbour thoughts unholy or be unrestrained in the power of the tongue, or suffer in the life the occasional indulgence of evil, you little reck how the giant future will avenge, and so each indulgence or impiety of the present graves its enduring witness, and traces of the unclean or cruel rite may be read long afterwards on the walls of the temple of the body.

The poet has sung in graceful fancy how the kingly eagle stricken by the death-shaft, was racked with agony not because of the pangs of dying, but because himself had cast the feathers which winged the death from the hunter's bow. I deprecate that remorse for you. It will indeed be a terrible aggravation of the bitterness of doom, when the sentence is, that you are to be filled with your own ways, and when the death of all that is of good report and lovely, perpetuated in sinning immortality, comes to you as the very thing for which you have

laboriously toiled, and which you have wasted your lifetime to achieve.

It is implied again that the commencement of the Christian's life dates from his reliance upon Christ. No building is recognized by the Apostle which is not "upon this foundation." We read indeed in another part of Scripture of a foolish man who built his house upon the sand, but his choice of the wrong foundation is especially represented as his ruin. There cannot be a question that in the eye of Heaven it is the motive which determines the character, just as, in a large manufactory, it is the engine which gives life and motion to the complicated machinery of wheel and strap and cylinder within. But the motive cannot be pure until the heart has yielded to Christ, and has experienced the regeneration of the Spirit which His death has purchased. Of course, there is a spirit in man, and at his worst and vilest he is never divorced wholly from the knowledge of the good, and there have been brave and earnest men who in heathen lands have groped after the light through a Divine darkness, and there have been sincere, desiring souls whose prayers and alms have gone up for a memorial like those of Cornelius of old, and these in the day of the Lord will be judged by their own advantages and dealt with after their own measure.

But we speak to Christians who, in name and in profession at least, belong to the Saviour, and for them there can be but one law alike in the initial and progressive stages of their spiritual history. Hence the valuelessness of the morality that does not flow from faith. Hence the belief in the language of the Articles of the Established Church, "that all works done before justification have in them the nature of sin." Hence also the brand which we are compelled to affix upon many of wide philanthropy and amiable spirit, and distinguished manliness and chivalrous honour, that they know not Christ, and therefore in the Scriptural sense of the expression have not yet begun to live.

Brethren, again we remind you there is no secure building but on Christ. Waste no longer, then, your bootless and unsatisfying labour. Cast your false trusts away. Amid the ruins of your heart, come, clear a space for Christ; then may your building wax and grow seemly in its proportion and perfect in its symmetry—

"Till it to a temple rise,
Worthy to fill the skies."

It is implied again that the work which each has done will be declared and tested at a future day. Now the work, both of good and bad men, proceeds for the most part in silence. The building of the character, like the building of the temple, is without sound of the axe or of the hammer. But there is a certain future time in which all teeming issues will be gathered, and all secret processes will be revealed. "The day will declare it," when the earth shall have completed its revolutions, and await to be purified by fire; the day when, stripped of all possible disguises, conscious, naked mind shall stand before its God; the day when there shall be a universal meeting of the human family, not for greeting, nor for conflict, nor for holiday, but for judgment. The reference can only be to this greatest of the days, that earth can honour—the impartial and final assize. Of the certainty of such a day all arguments combine to assure us. You may gather it from the analogies of creation. Poets sing that—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,"

and reminds us of "that one, far off, Divine event, to which the whole creation moves." It is manifest that everything around us tends to a crisis "ultimate and solemn." Upon vegetable products, political institutions, social organizations, and even upon the many-featured face of the globe itself there are unmistakable gradations of progress, ripening, decay. You may gather it from the loud heart-cry of humanity. Thoughtful spirits, aghast at the revulsions to which in the present aspect of the world their moral sense is subject, puzzled with the vague guesses at the solution of life's many riddles, have been fain to look forward to that day as the harmonizer of all seeming contradictions, the great silent advocate which, in its majesty of retribution, shall rise up to vindicate the true. Hearts bowed heavily beneath some chafing trial, or smitten sorely by some tempest of slander, have hailed that day as their deliverance; the evil have shuddered at the thought of it as at the breath of the pestilence; the good have accustomed themselves to welcome it as the glad hour of their Redeemer's coming. It has seemed necessary as the fitting consummation of Divine purposes, as well as the public vindication of the moral government of God.

The element which is to be at once revealing and testing is said to be the element of fire. You will remember many passages

of Scripture in which the same element is presented in connection with the solemnities of the last day. It does not need to enhance our estimate of those solemnities that we dwell upon the literal effects of fire. It were easy to give highly-wrought descriptions of the last day, to bid you mark the sweep and hiss of the conflagrating elements as they are let loose upon the world—here a fiery rain, there an unchained volcano, and yonder the whole mass charred and blackened by the sudden bursting forth of the earth's central flame. But these cannot make the event one whit more awful than it is. They would rather diminish our sense of its awfulness by the introduction of a second-hand excitement which roused only the lower emotions of the soul. There is nothing in the thought of a world on fire which in itself need frighten a man. Purge him from defilements, sweep all taint of sin out of his soul, and he would "mount above the fiery void, and smile to see a burning world." Moreover literal fire is no test of character, it cannot scorch a soul.

But there are very solemn truths couched in this impressive figure. Fire is a great revealer of secrets. Hark! in the dead of night that smothered cry, that loud alarming rattle, followed closely by the murmur of many voices and the tramp of hurrying feet. Fire has seized upon the dwelling where care had snatched a respite, and tired pleasure had laid her down, and quiet and breaking hearts had forgotten their joy and sorrow in one brief interval of slumber. Fast the engines come clattering up the street, and the brave men who work them—helmeted warriors of no mean prowess or courage—do battle as well as they may with the devouring flame. And now they have mastered it; here huddled in one stunned and cheerless fellowship are the human things which have escaped with dear life, that is all; and where lately the spiral wreaths shot heavenward as if the sky were a target and they bright arrows of the mighty, there are but smouldering heaps and blackened rafters now. When the day dawns the secrets of those inner chambers are revealed; they are just as they were when the forks of flame broke in. There was no time to alter their arrangements, nor to amend their faults, just as they were revealed by fire.

And is it to be so at the end? The fire is to reveal the work at which we have been busy through the lifetime and to make

it manifest in the presence of the Judge. How shall we bear the disclosure? Just as writing, traced in some subtle chemical solution, remains invisible until the flame discloses the cipher; so, it may be, characters traced upon the mind, hidden from the eye of our fellows, remaining unsuspected through the lapse of numerous years, will be discovered in a moment by the fire. Our small hypocrisies, our conventional falsehoods, the base alloy that has mingled with the gold of our very purest motives, our many-branching selfishness, our strange liability to degenerate from the holy to the impure, and shall all these be revealed? made manifest? set in the light of the impartial Judge's eye? Oh, who can bear it? There is no hope nor refuge for us, save that Jesus died.

But the fire is to try as well as to discover. "The fire shall try." Of that final crucible, how searching the assay and the analysis! "Gold, silver, precious stones." Ah! the fire plays about them, but harms them not. "Wood, hay, stubble." Ah! the fire is remorseless to devour and consume them. The materials which are permanent abide, the materials which are unworthy perish.

Brethren, how is it with us? Our beliefs, are they scriptural? Our zeal, is it the meteor-fire, or the delusive marsh-light, or is it the pure white flame of love? Our hearts, are they self-deceived, or right in the sight of God? Brethren, we are all builders for eternity. For those who build worthily upon the true foundation, what remains an abiding work, a glorious recompense? Grateful memory, blest anticipation, the calm of conscience, the smile of God, the sweet Sabbath immortality. He shall receive a reward. For those who build with incongruous materials upon the true foundation, what remains? The remorseful consciousness of misplaced labour and a wasted life, loss of recompense, and sympathy, and comfort, and a personal salvation just assured by a frantic plunge from the pursuing flame. For those who build on other foundations than the true, what remains? Dread memories and brooding fears which yet cannot compass the appalling reality; a frowning God, an angry heaven, the gathering of great blackness of darkness, and the hail to sweep away the refuges of lies.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. T. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.,
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III.

WHENEVER God sees well to vouchsafe us His directions, it is ours to obey, however inexpedient it may seem to do so. But in this plain case, it seems to me that reason and faith should both lead men to the same conclusion. Our common object is surely to induce all Christians laying aside their differences of opinions, their fancies, their prejudices, and their cherished rites, to unite together in godly love and unity. Now, how is this most likely to be effected? 'Is it by encouraging them to live in separate communities; to have little or no intercourse with one another; to have not only their separate places and modes of worship; their own ordinances; and their own rulers, without others having anything to say in regard thereto; or is it by requiring them to unite in one body, to be called by the same name, to believe the same doctrines, and to be under the same officers? How is it with reference to the things of this world? We have a good illustration of this, drawn from the neighbouring Republic. There every one is a citizen, not only of his own State, but also of the whole Union. The Union presses him on all sides. It encompasses him with its general laws; it indirectly dips its hands into his pockets to sustain its general expenditure; it protects him with its flag, when in foreign parts; and maintains him in his own country in the possession of life and liberty. But suppose that the general government were overthrown, and every man were allowed to do that which was right in his own eyes, what "confusion and every evil work" would ensue! Would rival factions, each backed by its own supporters, produce that peace and quiet which happily reigns there? And surely the Church of God can be no exception to this general rule! It is true that previous to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, spirits of unrest were kept under by the the strong arm of the Pope, whose tyranny, through the aid of the secular power, was a disregard

of God's command, in an opposite direction. By it the souls of men were enslaved. They were forced to receive the behests of an ecclesiastical ruler, who "ruled them with a rod of iron," though in the name of the Lord of love.

And since the blessed Reformation in the sixteenth century, man's devices have been pretty well tried. In some countries of Europe Episcopacy has prevailed. In others Presbyterianism has gained the State over to its side. Under the Commonwealth in England Congregationalism gained the upper hand, and wielded the sword pretty effectually. Of late years especially, both in Europe and America, the printing-press has afforded people new means of communicating information and has enabled men to disseminate their ideas on religions, as on other matters, and to secure followers and supporters. But what are their results? Are Christians satisfied with the state of things in the Christian world of to-day? If I do not mistake "the signs of the times," I may say No! emphatically No! This has been the result of divisions in the Christian Church.

When, in the early ages, through the decay of pure faith among Christians, they fell into errors and were tempted to divide one from the other, the bishops and other pastors, instead of *allowing* the people to form into sects and thus *perpetuate their errors*, reminded them of their duty to comply with God's commands and warned them of the sin of schism, and bade them, as they regarded their immortal souls, to cling to the communion of the Church; and although they found the *Novatians* and *Donatists* as stubborn as any of the heretics of modern times have been found; yet by God's blessing on their course, peace was maintained and errors corrected. Then St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in behalf of the unity of the Church, gained a decided victory over the Donatists. Here was an example for all modern bishops and other leaders in the Church of Christ, to *hold men in the unity* of the Church, and in that Church to *correct the errors* which would have been multiplied if they had broken up into sects for the propagation of their errors.

Having thus endeavoured to show from the New Testament, whether Christ and His Apostles have *condemned divisions* and *commanded* us, that we should "*all be one, even as He and the Father are one;*" and having, as I trust, shown that we have unquestionable proof from the New Testament, that God is the

“author of unity,” and condemns division, whether amongst the followers of Paul, or of Apollos, or of Cephas, or of Christ; or amongst the Gnostics, or Eutychians, or the Arians, or other heretics; I claim that it is ours in this day, to seek unity and that in the way of God’s own commands, in the Church, which Christ purchased with His most precious blood, and sanctified with His most Holy Spirit.

But there is one part of my proposition for bringing about this much-desired unity, as laid down in the first part of this paper, in relation to which exception has been taken by some of our friends. I mean that part, in which I propose that the plentipotentiaries, who in order that they may understandingly select the Church on earth that most nearly resembles the Church that existed in the two centuries after the Apostles, before the world came in as a flood and brought much error, worldly-mindedness and sin into it, should very carefully study, not only the Bible, but also the writings of the Christians of the first three centuries bearing on this all-important question. To this extension of the field of study we may expect considerable objection.

Men may contend, (as one has already contended) that those, to whom this momentous responsibility shall be entrusted, of selecting one body of Christians on earth, should confine their studies to the Bible alone. None can fairly accuse a consistent Churchman of any disrespect for, or disparagement of, the Bible. The position that the Article on “the Holy Scriptures” occupies among the Articles of Religion in our Prayer-Book forbids that. It is preceded only by the articles on “the Holy Trinity,” and on “the Word, or Son of God, which was made very man,” and the short ones regarding “the going down of Christ into hell,” of His “resurrection,” and on “the Holy Ghost.” And it is entitled “The sufficiency of Holy Scripture to salvation.” Its language is clear and most explicit: “Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation so that what is not read therein, or may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or thought requisite or necessary to salvation.” Throwing off, as she did at the Reformation, the thralldom and corruptions of Rome, amongst other things was shutting out the Word of God from the people, and emerging, as she did, into the glorious light of the Gospel, she lost no time in proclaiming that

it was her firm belief that we have in our Bibles all that is *necessary for our salvation*. This I firmly believe. The Bible is *my rule of faith and practice*. As a Christian man, seeking the salvation of my soul, I need go no further.

But there are questions of the first importance to Christians in the mass which are *not* settled in the New Testament. It has been well said that, because the fence around the cornfield is not the corn, it is not to be undervalued; for, unless it is erected and kept in order, the neighbouring cattle would soon find their way into the field and destroy the corn. So the Church of Christ has to be built and maintained in the world, if the precious things within it are to be cared for.

The Church of Christ was not established when Christ ascended into heaven. The Holy Spirit, who was to work mightily amongst men, did not come down from heaven till Christ Jesus had gone thither. The commission to the twelve Apostles had been indeed given, and they were to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." That commission they did fulfil as far as they could. And in fulfilling it the Church grew; but there are many things connected with it which are not so positively laid down in the New Testament that all dispute regarding them is shut out. Thus, more than nineteen-twentieths of the Christian world believe in infant baptism; but the anti-pedobaptist can triumphantly say, Put your finger on that passage of the New Testament wherein infant baptism is as clearly and distinctly required from Christians, as was circumcision from the Children of Israel! We are led to believe, that in the days of the Apostles infants were brought into covenant with God, as infants eight days old had been brought into covenant with the same Almighty Being under the former dispensation. But it is chiefly by inferences from certain passages, that this is effected, and from arguments adduced from infants having under that previous dispensation been brought into covenant with God. But those inferences and arguments have been triumphantly sustained by the evidence afforded by the writers who followed the Apostles, that infant baptism prevailed universally at the close of the New Testament history and in the times in which they wrote.

Again, we search in vain for any authority given by Christ and His inspired Apostles, to admit to the Lord's Supper any of that

sex, who were "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre." Did we depend *entirely* on the New Testament for our directions in this respect we should have to do what would be a grievous hardship—we should have to refuse the Lord's Supper to our mothers, our wives, our sisters, and our daughters. Unquestionably, when the Lord's Supper was instituted, there were *none* present but males.

Again, we have no positive command in the New Testament for observing the Christian Sabbath on the *first* day of the week: In the Old Testament its observance on the last day of the week is clearly required. But in the writings of the Christians of the first three centuries we find that *all* these practices prevailed in their days, and that universally amongst Christians. But, above all, I would ask, To *whom* are we indebted for our canon of the New Testament? Was it established when St. John the Divine brought "the Revelation" to a close on the Isle of Patmos? Far from it! Those Christians who had been born Jews, had been accustomed to the canon of the Old Testament, which was as complete in our Saviour's time, as it is now; but generation after generation passed away *before* the canon of the New Testament was settled and accepted by the Church of Christ. Very few Christians of the present day have any idea of the *slowness* with which our present New Testament was collected, thoroughly weighed, and considered and tested in every possible way, before the Christians of that day would venture to declare it to be the New Testament, worthy of being handed down to all future generations as part of the Bible. That queer writer, the Rev. T. K. Beecher, says, that, "the Reformation in England was two hundred years long." His assertion is perfectly correct; for the Reformed Church of England did not show herself a thoroughly Reformed Church *in a day*. The process of reformation was a slow and careful one. So also was the work of forming the canon of the New Testament. Council after Council discussed the claims of various works to be included therein. In the time of Ignatius, who flourished A.D. 170, the New Testament consisted of two orders or collections, called "Gospels and Epistles." The same divisions existed in the times of Tertullian, A.D. 200, "the Acts" being included in the latter division.

It was not till in the early part of the fourth century, that the Scriptures of the New Testament were divided into eight parts,

viz., 1st, the four Gospels; 5th, the Acts of the Apostles; 6th, the seven General Epistles; 7th, the fourteen Epistles of St. Paul, and 8th, the Revelation of St. John the Divine. We have to take the New Testament as *handed down to us* from the early Christians. These were *acquainted with the facts* connected with the writings of the several books of the New Testament, which we *cannot claim* to be. We have to take a great many things on *trust* from others. Thus, we find that the Christian child is obliged to trust to his parents and teachers for *most* of the great truths he is called upon to hold, and Christians of a later day are indebted to the early Christian writers for settling the canon of the New Testament.

But this principle of dependence on the testimony of others is one of a still wider range. Thus the child at school has to take almost the *whole* of his instruction upon *trust*. His teachers tell him that certain letters are expressed by certain sounds. He has not only to do this, but he is called upon sometimes to believe in facts, which his senses would lead him to contradict, *e.g.*, that this earth is *round*, whilst it appears to him only a plane; that the sun does *not* rise or set, although his eyes assure him that it does. He who is willing to receive nothing from others must necessarily be without ideas, except as he acquires them in common with the brutes, and if he carries this principle into religion, he must become an atheist. Unless we are prepared to receive on *TRUST* from those, who collected them together, in the first three centuries of Christianity, the books composing the New Testament, or unless we could have lived from the times of Christ and His inspired Apostles (which cannot be), we cannot possibly know *whether* we have the true canon of Holy Scripture or not.

It will, then, never do for any of the defenders of the received canon of the New Testament, or of the change of the Christian Sabbath from the last to the first day of the week, or of the admission of women to the Lord's table, or of infants to baptism, to *make light* of the weight of testimony yielded by the writers of the first three centuries to facts, of which they were unquestionably cognizant in their day. And there is no reason why their testimony should be lightly esteemed. They were *intelligent* men; this is proved by their writings which have come down to our day. They were *honest* men, as can be gathered from the

fact that they embraced the Gospel when they knew that to do so exposed them, at any moment, to persecution, bodily suffering and death itself. They are, then, those whose intelligence is sufficient to secure our confidence in their ability to comprehend those facts of which they wrote, and whose honesty is proved by their embracing the Gospel, when, and as, they did. They seem to me to be very competent to give evidence as to the facts which existed in their day, and they seem equally to be depended upon as men who would give a true account of those facts.

For, what do we ask them to testify about?

Whether in their day there was only one bishop upon earth, who swayed all the different Churches throughout the whole world? Or whether the Christian world was divided into dioceses, with bishops of equal authority over each; or, whether the Christian world was under Presbyterianism or under Congregationalism? Whether the worship of the sanctuary was according to a pre-composed form of words, or whether it was extemporaneous (so-called); whether infants were baptized, or whether that ordinance was administered to adults only? These and other points in regard to which Christians differ, and which keep them apart, are things about which the writers of the first three centuries were quite competent to give most reliable evidence, supposing them to be intelligent and honest.

I trust, therefore, that our friends who, at the first proposition to add the evidence to be drawn from the writings of the first three centuries of Christianity to that of the Bible, shuddered at the thought of giving it even a subsidiary place in that good work which we all have in view, will consent to yield that point and admit them, as far as they can, to be legitimately used for the purpose of testifying as to what were the marks of the Church of the first three ages of Christianity. For if they do not do so, we would ask them on *whose authority* the canon of the New Testament was settled; by what authority was the practice of infant baptism introduced which has become so general that ninety-nine out of every hundred approve of it, at least as far as the standards of the bodies to which they belong are concerned, and only a comparatively small number condemn the practice, and they have done so for the last three hundred years only? By what authority do we, the ministers of Christ, administer the Lord's Supper to females, seeing that we cannot *prove*

from any verse in the New Testament that either Christ or any of His inspired Apostles ever administered that sacrament to them? If we followed the strict letter of the New Testament, we should certainly commit a great hardship. We should have to exclude those who in the present day constitute the greater part of our communicants. We have ample authority for admitting women to baptism in the cases of Lydia and of the household of the Philippian jailer, but I cannot lay my finger on any verse in the New Testament where I am even authorized to admit to the Lord's table the most devoted of Christian women. For that authority we must look to subsequent times; *to the practice of the Christians in the first three centuries*, when we find that they were universally admitted. I repeat, therefore, the declaration, that *it will not do* to throw out of court, as utterly unreliable witnesses, the writers of these centuries, when they testify as to matters of fact. And the same may be said as to the transfer of the observance of the Christian Sabbath from the last to the first day of the week. We have, indeed, in the New Testament, several intimations of the first Christians meeting together for worship on the *first* day of the week, and of their gracious Master vouchsafing to meet them and to bless them on that day; but we look in vain for anything so formal and authoritative as a change of such importance implies. For this, too, we must go to those writings the value of which some have been accustomed to call in question. As we have to acknowledge ourselves indebted to the above writers for the establishment of these important matters, I hold that in making the latter part of my proposition, I do nothing more than I am perfectly justified in doing.

There is, undoubtedly, amongst earnest Christians an irrepressible yearning for a grand union amongst the millions of divided Protestants, but also a looking forward at no distant day to a union with the *Reformed Church of Rome* also. A union of Christians without the one hundred and seventy millions of Rome would be a very imperfect union; but the union of all Protestant bodies would be a very *important* step towards the grand consummation.*

* In a pamphlet published thirty years ago, the author shows that the Church of Rome, on account of its manifold corruptions, and wide departure from the Primitive faith, is not, as has sometimes been erroneously asserted, the "Mother Church" of England.

The re-unions of the Presbyterians, and of the Methodist bodies in this country have struck a chord that has reverberated wherever there were Christian feelings to be affected, and the first and most effectual move towards bringing Rome into unity with the rest of Christendom will be for the rest of Christendom to be itself united; but, in my opinion, this can be effected only on *the basis of the early Christian Church*, as she existed before errors engulfed her. To find that Church we must look to the times when she existed. The constitution which the Church had then she must have on the great day of union and to the end of time. Those who have *added* to what shall be found in the Church of the first ages, must abandon those additions. Those who have *taken anything away* will have to *restore it again*. There must be a returning all around (especially of Rome) to *the state of things that existed in the early Church*; to the polity, the organization, the worship and the doctrines found in her. No body must think of clinging to modern devices, never mind how much they may be enamoured of them! Away, I say, with everything *merely modern*, whether held by Protestants or by the Church of Rome.

If I do not misunderstand the feelings of the members of the Church of England who take any interest in this question, they are prepared to say to Rome what was said to the Pope by the Patriarch of Constantinople A.D. 1870, when invited by the former to attend the Vatican Council held that year. His weighty words were as follows: "Since it is manifest that there was a Church in existence thirteen hundred years ago, which held the same doctrines in the East as in the West, in the old as in the new Rome, let us each return to that; and let us see which of us has added to, which has diminished aught therefrom. And let all that has been added be struck off, if any there be, and whatever it be; and let all that may have been diminished therefrom be readded, if any it be, and whatever it be. And then we shall unawares find ourselves united in the same symbol of Catholic orthodoxy."

In concluding this paper—far longer than I intended it to be when I accepted the very cordial invitation of the kind Editor of this MAGAZINE to write a paper on the important subject of Christian Unity, with the assurance that I should be at liberty to write with all frankness and honesty, and that whatsoever I

felt called upon to write should be inserted in his very able and high-toned MAGAZINE—I trust that I may be permitted to quote from a very able paper on this same subject from the pen of the truly eloquent Bishop Coxe, the Chrysostom of the American Church. He says: “The unity of the Christian Church exists in its organization and cannot be lost. Whether intercommunion be suspended, or not, the body is one—a tree from the same root—and nourished by the same indwelling spirit. Philadelphia cannot deny its relation to Sardis; if Sardis refuses to own Philadelphia and Smyrna, so much the worse for Sardis. The Master may come and remove her out of her place, but even she, till she is ‘twice dead and plucked up by the roots,’ is a member of the body. The members should have the same care one of the other, and there should be no schism in the body.”

Nothing can be more manifest than that the Holy Scriptures give no countenance to the present condition of Christendom. Diversity of rites and large liberty of action are implied in the Pastoral Epistles, and in those to the Seven Churches, in all local matters; but any division into sects, any violation of the apostolic ordinances and traditions, and any dismemberment of the body of Christ, is denounced by the Holy Ghost as a sin, utterly inconsistent with the Christian profession. *It is in vain to pretend that a mere social intercourse of good will is all that is commanded.* The Apostle enjoins organic, visible unity, the unity of “one Lord, one faith, one baptism,” the partaking of one bread, the confession with one heart, and one mouth, the observance of one Apostolic Law, in all Churches of the Saints, the free reception and acknowledgment of one another in intercommunion, the recognition of apostles and ministers of Christ throughout the Church according to their office and degree.

It is in vain to ask whether these primitive rules can be carried out. They are part of the evangelical law, and every Christian is bound to acknowledge them and to walk by them, so far as he can do so personally, leaving it to the great Head of the Church to order and bless the result. The rule is, that every Christian, so far as *depends on him*, must be in communion with every other Christian, or must be able to give a good reason, in view of the Scriptural canons, why he is not. He must be able to show that he at least stands in the Apostles’ fellowship and

doctrine, and is ready to *accept and acknowledge* all others who do so ; yea, even those who are far from being, in all respects, what the Gospel requires. There is no doubt that if this principle were once acknowledged, the rest would follow in due time. Till Cæsar had invaded the kingdom of Christ, and brought in the spirit of the world, Christians were one, not only in organic unity, but in open, visible intercommunion, and so it may be again, for *with God nothing is impossible*.

In entire honesty, sincerity, faithfulness, I commend the foregoing papers to the earnest consideration of the readers of this excellent MAGAZINE. The ground taken in it may not accord with that hitherto held by them. But is it not the Scriptural ground? Are any of the arguments adduced in it open to the charge of unsoundness? Most of those into whose hands this paper may come, feel, as deeply as I do, the evils of a divided Christianity. Can they show any better plan than the one here proposed ; or, in fact, any other feasible one to heal those divisions and to secure unity ?

We may all be assured that, if the world is ever to be converted, it cannot be done by divided bodies of Christians, but must be done by *a united Church* working together in "the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life."

Let all the readers of this paper, then, do what they *can* to bring about that blessed event, whilst trusting to God's grace alone for wisdom to guide them and for strength to uphold them in their work. Above all, let them *pray* for God's blessing on the work, without which they can do nothing effectual, but with which all difficulties can and will be overcome.

" IF WE KNEW."

AND so, through this weary world we go,
 Bearing a burden of needless woe,
 Carrying hearts that are heavy and slow
 Under their load of care ;
 When, O ! if we only, only knew,
 That God, is tender, and strong, and true,
 And that he loves us through and through,
 Our hearts would be lighter than air !

HEREDITY.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Medical Superintendent of Asylum for Insane, Toronto.

WE see consumptive parents perpetuate in the lungs of some or all of their children or more remote descendants the tendency to form tubercles in the lungs, whose malign influence sends the vast majority of those thus afflicted to a premature grave. Such labour under great disadvantages in the struggle for life. A chain is only as strong as the weakest link. A fort is only as impregnable as its weakest part. So when any debilitated organ gives way the enemy has possession of the bulwarks, and the citadel is in danger. This is seen in the operation of laws of health as well as in those of disease. It is a tendency of like to reproduce like. Even in those cases in which no apparent cause can be seen operating we find a decided change of constitution and in such deviation a natural heritage. This is illustrated in *albinos*, who are to be found among all the diverse human races on the face of the globe. This absence of colouring matter from the eyes, skin and hair appears in the children of normal parents, but when once in existence it is transmissible as a patrimony of physical permanence. The same is true of the other extreme, called *melanism*; of hairlip, of abnormal spinal column, of supernumerary fingers and toes, of acuteness in the organs of sense, of perversions of taste, and even of bodily movements. Of course, many of these peculiarities have not the pertinacity of reproduction seen in blood diseases.

Moral, intellectual, emotional, affectional qualities and instincts are inherited in the same way, even through collateral lives of ancestry. It is true the exceptions are many from causes beyond human kin, but these legacies are in such a preponderating majority that they must be admitted as rules regulating descent. It is easy to see, then, that in a few decades the individual comes to affect a family, the family a race, the race a species. It is one of those influences which works silently and unseen and does not startle as does the malignity of epidemics. It slowly, but pertinaciously, saps vitality, thwarts nature's efforts towards

health, and in the end changes the laws which direct the vital forces, when it takes the form of transmitted disease. In health it revels in frustrating uniformity of kind. Good can be handed down from race to race as well as evil qualities, but unfortunately the latter predominate. It is not to be wondered at that certain blood diseases are thus liable to reproduce tendencies from parents to children, when we notice how even healthy traits of physical form and mental character are handed down to posterity—the peculiar walk, the movements of the hands and head, the facial expressions, the hot or cold temperament, the aptitudes originally acquired by personal habit, the distinctive moral and mental capacity, and a thousand other likenesses and peculiarities can be traced in families for generations. Each person needs only study himself in these salient points to be surprisingly cognizant of how much he automatically imitates or follows one or both progenitors in movement, feeling, modes of thought and tendencies. Prominent and characteristic outlines of nose, chin, mouth, ears and eyes are reproduced in families and races. The Indians, Jews, and Gypsies are good illustrations of this law of like producing like in successive progeny. All the Bourbons had aquiline noses; the members of the Royal House of Austria have thick lips. The flat foot, the retiring chin, the predominant eyes and nose are distinctive marks of a well-known illustrious race. Burton says in his “Anatomy of Melancholy:”—

“The famous family of Enobarbi was known of old and so surnamed from red beards; and Indian flat-noses are propagated; the Bavarian chin, and goggle eyes among the Jews; their voice, pace, gestures, looks, are likewise derived *with all the rest of their conditions and infirmities.*”

“A horse,” says Darwin, “is trained to certain paces, and the colt inherits similar movements. Nothing in the whole circuit of physiology is more wonderful. How can the use or disuse of a particular limb or of the brain affect a small aggregate of reproductive cells in such a manner that the being developed from them inherits the character of either one or both parents? Even an imperfect answer to the question would be satisfactory.”

Idiosyncrasies exist in families. Such as intolerance of certain foods, as pork; and medicines, such as opium. Life Assurance Companies build chances of life in those who have long-lived ancestors. The averages of life are closely calculated and largely based on data furnished of the longevity of families. The roving

and stoical Indian, the emotional Negro, the phlegmatic German, the volatile and gesticulating Frenchman, the sturdy, cool-headed, slow and persevering Anglo-Saxon, and the imitative, plodding, observant Chinaman, are only evidences of the law of heredity applied to nations. The American people, although in some of the States they are mainly descendants of English immigrants of two centuries ago, still substantially show the distinctive features of their sires. The same is true of the people in those parts of the United States settled many years ago by the Teutonic and Gallic races. The purely American features of character may crop up, yet it is a substratal fact that the traits of the nations from whence they originally sprang stand out prominently. Any one who observed closely the distinctive appearances, actions, habits and temperaments as a whole, of the various regiments drawn from different parts of the Union on both sides, during the recent civil war, could not help being struck with the contrasts. We need only look to the *habitan* of the Province of Quebec, the descendants of Germans, of Highlanders and of English, where they are settled in the different counties of Canada, to be convinced of the truth of this statement.

We need only point to the records of illustrious families to show that gigantic intellects are transmissible. Napier, Pitt, Fox, Herschel, Bache, and many such might be quoted to establish this fact. It is true there are exceptions to this rule, as seen in the descendants of Cromwell, Goethe, Milton, Burns and Scott. These deviations from a general law may easily be explained, when it is considered how much maternal influence affects offspring, especially if mediocrity is joined to towering genius, and children partake of the similitude of the former. The least change in the conditions of existence may overbalance the characteristics which go to form greatness. This is strikingly seen in the many examples history produces of great genius hovering all life long on the borderland of insanity. The least untoward circumstance may upset a giant mind as easily as that of the veriest weakling. The many deviations of even a minor character, which may be inherited, often readily disarrange the equilibrium of physical and mental vitality sufficiently to change the whole nature of a man. An imperceptible defect in a lens may distort the fairest view. The least change in the ultimate elements of a chemical substance will entirely affect

the physical appearance and radical properties of a substance having only a few primary atoms. A drop of foul water will pollute a large cistern of pure water. In an analogous way this tendency to great changes from apparently minor causes is true of natural heritage. A man of impulses, with discretion and good judgment, may go through life without committing himself to rash acts through want of forethought. His son may have the passionate nature, and with hot-headed impetuosity may be always in trouble, because deficient in the powers which regulate conduct. A parent of good mind and morality may give to a child intellect, but the morals may naturally be of a low standard, and from this want of balance he may become an expert counterfeiter, burglar or bank defaulter, or, on the other hand, he may be of good behaviour and consistent character, but his mental capacity may be of a low order. A child may inherit splendid talents, but they are practically useless if he is deficient in prudence, pertinacity and industry. The least change in the imparted physical and psychological elements may unhinge the whole man. The rule, however, holds good, that like conditions in parents will produce like results in children. The proportions of each may be somewhat changed, and in this way aptitudes, peculiarities, and similarity may not be as striking as in a photograph. Yet when the salient points of each case are closely scrutinized in relation to parentage it will surprise the student to find how much in common with the parents the most diverse children possess. Even the public make it a subject of remark when one child of a family differs from the rest. The history of every neighbourhood shows that some families are notorious for innate wickedness, and when occasionally one member of it turns out to be an honest man, the fact is looked upon as a gratifying wonder. On the other hand, the exclamation of "who would have thought it?" is often heard when an honourable race begets a rascal, but it is explained away by the hackneyed remark, "There are black sheep in every flock." The exception proves the rule.

Comte never said a truer thing than when he wrote the following axiom :

"Mankind is as one man, always living and always learning. The growth of intelligence is gradual, and spreads from the one to the many ; until by a process of ingraining, these become changed in organization and

produce aptitudes, rising into faculties as the results of modes of thought passing down through a series of generations."

On the same point Maudesley says :

"The causes of defective cerebral development, which is the physical condition of idiocy, are often traceable to parents. Frequent intermarriages in families may undoubtedly lead to a degeneration which manifests itself in deaf-mutism, albinism and idiocy. Out of 300 idiots in the State of Massachusetts, whose histories were carefully investigated, as many as 145 were the offspring of intemperate parents. Here, as elsewhere in nature, like produces like, and the parent who makes himself a temporary lunatic or idiot by his degrading vice, propagates his kind and entails on his children the curse of a hopeless fate." ("The Physiology and Pathology of Mind)."

The amount of suffering, disease and death which could be prevented by judicious living, can never be estimated. It would become an interesting calculation and a sad task to sum up, if possible, how much epidemics of crime, personal responsibility in relation to law, unbiassed volition, and moral turpitude depend on causes beyond the control of the individual. Free agency is given to all in a greater or lesser degree, but in no two sons or daughters of Adam is it alike powerful and unshackled.

It will be seen that what is true in respect to physical and intellectual reproduction is also none the less true of the moral nature as far as tendencies, propensities and desires go. The volition may be strong enough to counteract them, but they may, and do often, clog the progress towards morality in thought and good conduct. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," truly says: "There are men whose whole lives are spent in *willing* one thing and *desiring* the opposite."

Dr. Elam says in "A Physician's Problems:—"

"In one we have an impulsive nature, in which, between the idea and the act, there is scarcely an interval; in another, the proneness to yield to temptation of any kind, a feeble power of resistance, inherited either from the original or the acquired nature of the parent; in the third, we have an imbecile judgment; in a fourth, an enfeebled vacillating will; in a fifth, or in all, a conscience by nature or habit torpid and all but dormant. All these are the normal representatives of an unsound parentage; and all are *potentially* the parents of an unsound progeny; in all is moral liberty weakened; in all is responsibility not an absolute but a relative idea. Even all the passions appear to be distinctly hereditary—anger, fear, envy,

jealousy, libertinage, gluttony, drunkenness—all are liable to be transmitted to the offspring, especially if both parents are alike affected ; and this, as has often been proved, not by force of example or education merely, but by direct constitutional inheritance."

The sad truth is seen operating in the inexorable laws of our whole being : " Our fathers have sinned, and are not ; and we have borne their iniquities." The silver lining in the cloud is, that although this heritage may descend to the third or fourth generation, the laws of health are constantly re-asserting themselves, and in time, if not thwarted in a gallant struggle for the mastery, will bring order out of confusion. Did this upward tendency not exist, we might despair of mankind recovering a lost estate, but this fact is an incentive to well-doing in the ever-recurring struggle to gain the mastery. Every victory won over self and its environments is a potent influence which makes every triumph easier in the future, and also removes stumbling-blocks out of the way of those who may succeed us.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, pithily and ironically says :

" It is singular that we recognize all the bodily defects that unfit a man for military service, and all the intellectual ones that limit his range of thought ; but always talk at him as though all his moral powers were perfect. Some people talk about the human will as if it stood on a high lookout, with plenty of light and elbow-room, reaching to the horizon. Doctors are constantly noticing how it is tied up and darkened by inferior organization, by disease, and all sorts of crowding interferences, until they begin to look upon Hottentots and Indians—and a good many of their own race, too—as a sort of self-conscious clocks with very limited power of self-determination ; and they find it as hard to hold a child accountable in any moral point of view for inheriting bad temper or a tendency to drunkenness as they would to blame him for inheriting gout or asthma. Each of us is only the footing-up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells, and some of them are *plus* and some *minus*. If the columns do not add up right, it is commonly because we cannot make out all the figures."

Ribot, an eminent French author, alleges two causes as among the chief at work in cases where the law of transmission does not manifestly show itself. The first is the disproportion of an initiatory force to the amount of energy it may liberate or direct, as in the slight agencies by which fires are lit or explosions set off. The second cause which often tends to obscure evidences of heredity is the transformation in development of characteristics

which are the same at root. Thus, a consumptive father has a son who suffers from rheumatism or paralysis. Here the transmission has simply been that of a feeble constitution which gives way in the first circumstances of severe trial and takes these or kindred forms. It is the futile efforts of the original power to reproduce its like, because of rebellion in its domain, which causes the anarchy in this would-be confederation of forces. The least rebellion in the bodily or mentally well-poised organization means in the end widespread disorder. The engine may be well constructed, and able to generate much steam, but if the safety-valve be dangerously weighted, the governor improperly hung, and the balance-wheel out of proportion to the capacity of the engine, the consequence is, its strength is greatly wasted and impeded. The engineer with his leverage power will avail little to correct the evil and direct the force. So in man, each one is controlled by the resultant of different forces expended in varied ways to the disadvantage of the motive power. In all of us volition is handicapped to a greater or less degree by natural or acquired habits, propensities, and desires. The *will not* and the *can not* are important factors in our nature.

The influence of this law might be put in the following way for illustration. It may be supposed that three culprits had been selected at random, who had committed like crimes under apparently similar circumstances. From our standpoint of knowledge all were equally guilty, and should be punished alike. Were it possible for us to get behind the external acts and see the motives, tendencies and constitutional bias which impelled each, it would be found that no two of them did the unlawful deeds under exactly like impulses. Assuming 100 to be the standard of a normal man, it might be found that the inherited propensity of each to do evil would be, putting it hypothetically, say 60, 40, 20. The resisting power of each against the doing of certain things, and the impelling momentum of volition to do others diametrically opposite, might be supposed to stand in some such relation. It follows, then, that the crime of him who had the more powerful stimulus for good, and the less constitutional incubus to deter, would be more heinous morally than the poor creature whose volition would be so largely dominated over and hedged round by hindrances no mortal can know. A low moral nature can be a legacy equally transmissible to that of a weak intellect.

This inequality needs no argument to prove it, for to a greater or less degree it enters into the experience of every one. Law deals out to such equal penalties, their infliction being based on external acts. Yet the actual guilt of each would comparatively be very unequal. For the last few years an epidemic of murder and other atrocities has been sweeping over the country. Any one who has taken the pains to enquire into the history of each criminal and his transgression, will be struck with the different circumstances which have prompted and surrounded each, anterior to the perpetration of the crime. The family history, the education by precept and example, the wilfulness uncurbed, the vicious license unrestrained, the natural perversity, and the inherited tendencies, so different in each, show how much one man has to contend against to resist crime more than another, and to what extent the judgment and moral sense of each is warped by these underlying forces.

“’Tis with our judgment as our watches ; none
Go just alike. Yet each believes his own.”

It is easy to be understood, then, that if natural traits are thus so readily reproduced in offspring, it needs no stretch of imagination to conceive that the same law in operation in chronic disease means the deterioration of the whole man in himself and his succession. There is a lineage of disease as truly as there is a legacy of health ; there is a bequest of moral and immoral qualities as surely as a devise of mental excellency. Dr. Dugdale, of New York, traced by reliable records the individual history of each of the descendants of the notorious Margaret Jukes, throughout six generations, and from this mother sprang 709 persons, every one of whom were either idiots, murderers, thieves, robbers or prostitutes. Criminal statistics are full of such examples. This tendency to create its kind is sadly true of lunacy. Esquirol says that hereditary insanity exists among the rich insane to the extent of one-half, and among the poor one-third. One of the superintendents of the Bicetre has kept records of a number of years, and he believes that in the aggregate at least 75 per cent. of cases of insanity arise from this cause. Several eminent jurists go farther, and say that all cases must have a hereditary tendency. These may be extreme views, but they show how strongly impressed acute observers are with the fact of the widespread influence of parental transmission in mental alienation.

It is to be remembered it is not the disease which is transmitted, but the tendency to it; hence the hope of those to whom this bias is given lies in their power to use healthful influences to counteract this subtle foe, and thus often escape from its direful ravages. This persistent proneness would soon become extinct, if its cumulative and exciting causes could only be extirpated. The human system is always struggling towards health. This vital effort would in the end conquer the enemy through "the survival of the fittest," were it not for the constant reinforcements of weakly-acquired or inherited constitutions, brought into existence through ill-assorted marriages, vicious habits, fast living, contaminated constitutions and general violations of the laws of health. The epileptic, the consumptive, the scrofulous and those with insane tendencies marry without knowledge or reflection, and, as a result, fill our hospitals, asylums, and prisons with their degenerate progeny, or bequeath to them a brood of ailments which means deteriorated constitutions to the unhappy victims of parental folly, and, in too many instances, makes life not worth living. Were it not for the wonderfully recuperative powers of nature the result would be not only the degeneration but also the extinction of many civilized races.

The lower animals are carefully assorted and mated, for the simple reason that the young have the possibilities of their parents. So-called boasted freedom and morality forbid law to interpose its arm in this matter when applied to our family relations. A howl of indignation would rise from the unthinking public were a prohibitory statute to be proposed that would prevent certain classes of the community to form ill-judged marital alliances. At the present stage of public opinion full freedom of choice must be allowed in such vital matters. Yet here is a plague-spot to root out, against which moral suasion might be used with good effect. This is one great factor through whose power much could be done to elevate, ennoble and improve in every respect our race, and at the same time it would be a rational step towards eradicating the evil. At present we are standing at the bottom of a fearful precipice and caring for, in our noble charities, the mangled victims, who, in an ever-increasing stream, are pouring over its dangerous edge, and who are never more to recover former health after the dangerous fall. Yet, strange to say, no warning post, no cry of danger and no pro-

tective barriers are to be seen or heard at the brink of this dangerous abyss.

It would be startling to say how much indiscreet marriages lie at the root of our social vices and national sins. The friends of humanity—more especially parents—might by judicious advice and discreet exposure of consequences following rash selection, do more for their relatives, children and generations yet unborn, than were they to endow them with the richest legacies. The heathen Chinese reward the parents of great men, thus having regard to this law. We shower honours on, it may be, their worthless descendants.

It is a pity that the senseless modesty of this prudish age forbids the use of the plainest language and the pointed epithets in dealing with this subject. The public attention is not sufficiently directed to it. The society of to-day makes these subjects of secondary consideration to the unions which bring wealth, social position and worldly honour to an ill-matched pair. The curse which always follows outraged natural law is to-day afflicting thousands of families in this Dominion, and must necessarily do so, even under the most favourable recuperative circumstances, for many years yet to come. It is granted that, important as physical health is, mankind needs other conditions to ensure happiness than the purely bodily and intellectual. The affections, emotions, and desires must be taken into consideration. Their controlling power is great, and, if well directed, beneficial. Unfortunately this is not always the case. These in active exercise too often cause the young to spurn advice and to brook no control. Affection will not wait to calmly consider consequences. Emotion will excite the most wary and well balanced at times to do ill-advised and hasty things upon which hinge untold results. Cupid is blind, and reason is too often over-ruled by his equally sightless followers. These impulses, if guided by discretion and judgment, are among the sweetest experiences of human life, and were they thus directed much misery would be avoided and many sorrows unknown. The world is a vast hospital to-day, and will be to the third and fourth generation, principally because of ill-adjudged marriages, with all their dread heritage of misery. The redeeming feature is, that when such unions take place, judicious living and intelligent obedience to nature's behest may do much to avert untoward results to themselves and

their posterity. The vitiated system always makes extra efforts to recover from its fallen condition, if assisted by good conduct and healthy habits. If the combustibles which are consuming vitality can be quenched, the fire would soon die out for want of fuel. The other alternative is extinction because of the hydra-headed diseases which follow in the train of misalliances begun in ignorance or folly, continued in vicious lust, ruinous indulgence, and ending in life-long misery, an early grave, or insanity. This is the rule, let not exceptions lure to risk exemption to a general law. The results are too momentous to be lightly considered, and even strong affection will not be an excuse for a dangerous experiment. If such an ill-omened choice and consummation will cause any one to dare all such formidable and possible contingencies, then it is a Christian duty to so live that the avenging sword of outraged law may be turned aside by that temperance of life, that moderation of desires, and that reasonableness of conduct which may, to some extent, sheath its keen edge or blunt its incisive sharpness.

HOW LONG.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

“HOW long, Oh Lord, how long?”
 Has been my constant moan ;
 But now my only song—
 “ I trust in Thee alone.”

Thy will is always good,
 And what Thou dost is best,
 Thou knowest Lord, I would
 Seek only Thee for rest.

My sufferings seem small
 When I recall Thy pain,
 And Thou hast borne them all,
 That I with Thee might reign,—

Might triumph over sin,
 And walk in constant light ;
 The victory I win
 Through Thy eternal might.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO FOXES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER VIII.—WE HEAR FROM MARK ONCE MORE.

In this age when the influence of science and education are dispelling every vestige of the superstitious, we are loth to be found with any leaning towards the belief in apparitions, ghosts and tokens. Much depends upon a person's temperament and training. There is a marked difference between folk who have been reared in town and those reared in the country. But it is reserved for seafaring men to carry the palm. They revel in yarns concerning phantom ships, and listen with delight while some one reads about—

“ A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew,
 In tempests she appears ;
 And before the gale, or against the gale
 She sails without a rag of sail,
 Without a helmsman steers.”

The fisherman is not a whit behind the sailor in ghost-lore. The fishermen of Foxes had their quota of such stories. If you stood on Wester Head on a dark night with a fresh breeze to “the wester'd” and a good sea on, you would hear voices crying for help. That was owing to a vessel being lost with all hands; the voices were not heard crying for help until it was too late. Then there was Mark Hicks' house haunted by the spirit of a Frenchman because one corner of his house trespassed on the spot where the Frenchman's grave was; and there was an old man who troubled a fish-store because his widow was wronged, “years and years ago,” out of her share of some property. With a host of such stories Foxes kept apace with its neighbours in such traditional “yarns.”

Foxes was going to add another story to its annals, but this time the Methodists were to be prominent in the whole business.

The month of March had come in “like a lamb,” as the fishing folk say, and bade fair to continue so. The air was

clear and bracing, the snow hard and crisp, the evening was a perfect picture of beauty, and, amidst the silence that prevailed, the voices of children playing and workmen hammering echoed from cape to cape. All at once men and women were seen running towards John Simm's, and most were running in that direction because they saw others do so.

"What's the matter?" "What's up?" were the questions asked by several as they arrived with bated breath. There was Caroline lying as still as death; she had come home running at full speed, and only reached the threshold when she fell down in a helpless condition, and so remained for some hours. Everybody wondering what was the reason, all they could ascertain was, that she had gone a little into the woods to seek a cow that had not returned as usual, and had come back in the manner stated. It was not until the night was far spent that any clue could be got to the mysterious affair. Various were the speculations indulged in by the neighbours. Some said it was a dog that scared her; others that the cow had chased her, and a few maintained it was some providential occurrence to warn those "noisy Methodists." But the story was slowly told by Caroline herself, when she recovered sufficiently, during the night. Her account was as follows:

"I went up the path looking for the cow, and when I got near the little pond, I saw a man coming towards me. I was fixed to the ground and couldn't stir, because it was poor 'Mark.' He came to me, and was dressed in the clothes he used to wear when he came to meetin'. He told me that he shot himself that night, because he was broken-hearted. He said I was better off with Jim, and he took hold of my arm, but in a moment he was gone. I don't remember any more, for I ran home as fast as I could."

When Caroline had got through with her story, which took intervals, during which questions were asked and comments made by John Simms and Uncle Peter, Jane said there was a mark on Caroline's arm, and all agreed, excepting Uncle Peter, that it was the mark left by the ghost. Uncle Peter was an out-and-out skeptic concerning ghosts and the like.

"I don't believe folk that have gone to heaven would ever come down here to scare the life out of people," said he; "and I'm sure they will never come from the lower regions to trouble us."

"But you see it's their spirits that come," remarked John Simms, who firmly believed in all things pertaining to ghosts and apparitions.

"Then the matter's settled," answered Peter, with a degree of confidence, "because it's the spirits that go to the other world and not the bodies. Seemin' to me, the people nowadays are like Saul; they want some witch of Endor to bring up ghosts and they pass by the Word of God. They will talk about and believe any old yarn, and they don't think anything about Christ dying and rising out of the grave, and then 'He ascended up on high and led captivity captive and received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also.' That's the kind of story I like to hear and talk about." The old man was right.

It so happened that upon the very day Foxes was revelling in this new sensation Parson Flip came. He heard about the ghost story, of course, though it was somewhat altered before it got to him; additions and emendations are easily made in circulating such bits of news. Anyway, Mr. Flip was grieved when Master Wilcox told him how some were neglecting the Church services, and went to the prayer-meetings at Uncle Peter's, and to him this ghost affair was only a sensation to attract attention, something akin to the "excitement" they had at Snug Harbour during the revival.

That evening after the service, which was well attended, the parson asked his people to stay for a little while. He told them it was high time to start building a new church. To this they assented. Then he alluded to their going to the prayer-meetings or "schismatical conventicles," as he called them, and such high-sounding words made the unlearned wonder at the wickedness of the Methodists. Then he told them that he was sorry to hear about the story "that poor ignorant girl" had got up to make a sensation; he condemned ghost stories as the result of ignorance and fanaticism. Perhaps he was right. But the trouble was, nearly all his flock believed in the ghost story as firmly as they believed in the Scriptures that Parson Flip had read that night; moreover, they all knew that Uncle Peter did not believe in such stories any more than Mr. Flip. In fact, the old man had oftentimes ridiculed their foolish yarns. Parson Flip's remarks went for nought, and Methodism was unhurt. Caroline recovered, and the ghost affair served to make her more

thoughtful, and ere long she sought salvation in Jesus. But there was no argument that ever would make her believe anything else than that her old lover spoke to her in the twilight of that evening. Be that as it may, Uncle Peter was just as firm in asserting it was "an illusion."

CHAPTER IX.—ROUGHING IT.

The petition sent to the District Meeting by Mr. Cook and others in Snug Harbour was answered by sending a probationer to labour on the comparatively new field called "Snug Harbour." Brother James Fielding, who was appointed, had seen two years of successful work on another mission in the colony, and had by his work and examinations the reputation of being an earnest, judicious and studious young preacher. He was not one of your florid preachers, that aim at rhetorical effect in composing their sermons, but the great object he had in view was the salvation of souls, hence his sermons were plain, direct, and earnest. That summer was a busy one on Snug Harbour Mission to the fishermen because the codfish came in abundance, so that little in evangelistic work could be done excepting by house-to-house visitation. In this way Mr. Fielding got to be personally acquainted with his people from Snug Harbour to Foxes. His visits to Foxes were hailed with delight; Uncle Peter ignored the existence of fish, nets, lines and everything else when "the preacher" came along. By the time the long evenings and rough weather of the fall came on, when the fishermen have more leisure, Mr. Fielding had settled well down to work and saw what kind of action was needed. He had this advantage, he was preaching to people who were hungering for the Gospel, and that makes a wide difference in regard to success. Conversions became frequent. The people got more earnest in their efforts to help their preacher, nor were the handful of Methodists lacking in either earnestness or faith, and there was much spiritual power in their meetings. A few were led to give their hearts to Jesus. This moved the ire of some to whom Methodism was a nauseous thing. The report was spread abroad that the next

time the preacher would come to Foxes he would meet with a rough reception in the shape of tar and feathers. Uncle Peter heard it and expressed the opinion that tar and feathers would only help the cause along.

"These persecutions," said the old man, "will bring in some Saul of Tarsus, or it may be a Philippian jailer. They used to mob Mr. Wesley and his preachers and nearly kill them, but that only helped the work along." Uncle Peter was right, but Jane didn't want Mr. Fielding to have such a rough reception, so when he came next time she told him what threatening rumours had been afloat. He assured her that whatever they might promise to do that such men were cowards when it came to the point, unless they got grog to make them desperate, but that did not allay the good woman's fears.

That evening a preaching service was held as usual in Uncle Peter's. The congregation was larger than ever, and the preacher seemed to wax more eloquent than usual. There was much spiritual power. Tears of penitence were visible during the sermon. During the prayer-meeting that followed the sermon, four or five sought and found pardon. Two or three others were earnestly seeking, when suddenly a crash was heard and several stones came right in the midst of the people while kneeling; other stones struck the side of the house. All were alarmed, some were hurt with the stones; Mr. Fielding was struck on the head and cut. But in less than a minute he secured order, and asked them to remain where they were lest by going out they might be hurt. The voices of the attacking party were heard laughing, hooting and shouting for "that Methouy preacher" to come out and they would "limb him." Some of the men who did not care to "go to meetin'," but did not approve of the conduct of the roughs, heard the shouts, were soon on the spot and scattered the cowardly crew, and assured the preacher that no harm would befall him while he was in Foxes. By this time the little assembly was sitting quietly, and having sung a hymn and prayed they dispersed. That was a memorable night in the history of Uncle Peter, and he often alluded to it in after days.

"I tell you what it is," said Peter to the people fore they had left his house, "it is easier to smash my windows than break God's promises which He has put down in His

Word. Seemin' to me, Satan has been losing ground in Foxes of late, and he's trying to scare us folk, but he's making a grand mistake, baint he, Mr. Fielding?"

"It will not hurt the cause of God. We must be careful and not let the spirit of retaliation get in our hearts, and let us copy the example of Him who 'when He was reviled reviled not again,' and who teaches us to pray for our enemies," remarked Mr. Fielding. "Amen," said several voices, John Simms' being the most distinct.

The next morning it was the talk of the place. The event of the preceding night had various interpretations put on it. Some even said "Master" Wilcox had something to do with it. There had previously been a rumour that Master Wilcox heard that Mr. Fielding was not doing him any good at Mr. Cook's. He therefore wrote to Emily immediately after the affair at Foxes, telling her that there was to be no notice taken of the event, because it was the work of a set of ignorant boys. He failed to tell that he highly disapproved of Mr. Fielding's visiting Foxes. Mr. Fielding wisely said little about the rough usage he received at Foxes.

The names of several implicated in the assault were known, and Mr. Cook wanted to mete out to each the penalty of the law. Uncle Peter, whose house was injured, told him that "it was Gospel and not law the people in Foxes wanted, and," he added, "Mr. Fielding is the very man to let them have it."

The persecution in Foxes overshot the mark. Open opposition was seldom known afterwards, except that a few boys gathered around Uncle Peter's on prayer-meeting night to hoot and howl. They soon got tired of that, but many a young convert after that found it hard toiling to stem the current of opposition that ran very high sometimes, especially when it was announced that anyone had "turned Methodist."

CHAPTER X.—SEES A METHODIST CHURCH IN FOXES.

The little kitchen in Uncle Peter's was getting too small for the congregation that assembled there, so that the need of building a church was forced upon the attention of the zealous little flock.

Uncle Peter had been thinking over the matter for some time,

and one day he came to a conclusion as to site. He was leaning over the fence of a small plot of land he owned which fronted on what by sheer courtesy was called the main road.

"Hello, Uncle Peter, what bin yer thinking about now?" said a neighbour as he passed by, noticing that Peter was in deep thought.

"I'm thinking about building on this here piece."

"What? a shop in opposition to Master Wilcox?"

"No, but what I heard a man call once 'a converting furnace.'"

"What sort of furnace?"

"A place where the fire of the Spirit will come down and burn up all the dross of sin in Foxes."

"I guess, you'll have a job then. Do yer mean a meetin'-house, Uncle Peter?"

"Yes, please God; if He is willing and the handful of Methodists hereabout are able, we'll have a church on this spot, and a graveyard," said the old saint, with a feeling of confidence.

"What do you think Parson Flip will say?" said the interrogator.

"We baint going to ask him to say anything," was the answer.

The questioner moved off at that, and Peter went homeward to think and pray over the matter. At the next meeting Uncle Peter read an appropriate chapter and then commented on it in his own homely style:

"I've been thinking of late that we folks must 'arise and build.' It's time we should have a church where we can meet in a decent way. But it's no use starting unless we begin in faith and prayer. I know it will be a heavy job, but no greater than when they built the walls of Jerusalem and they had to use sword and trowel because the enemies were about. Sanballat don't live far from Foxes, so we mun be prepared for his visits and advice. The children of Israel, bad a set as they were, and they gave Moses a sight of trouble, built a tabernacle to worship God in the wilderness, yes, in the wilderness; and seemin' to me that it's time to have a house of God in Foxes. I was a-reading about Noah the other day, how he built the ark. All the people were unbelievers and he did it all hisself, so we read that 'by *faith* Noah built an ark.' So we mun copy Noah and build 'by faith,' and you may depend upon it the church will go up in spite of Satan and all his host."

The next time Mr. Fielding came to Foxes, he was asked to arrange for the building of a place of worship. The plans were laid out; and early one morning a group of men and boys were seen going with axes, ropes, sleds and dogs to cut and haul the frame for a Methodist church in Foxes. When, in the spring, the frame was erected on a plot of land Uncle Peter had already dedicated for the purpose with much prayer, there were many who said the building would never be finished, and there was more truth than fancy in Uncle Peter's remarks about Sanballat. Some even threatened to knock down the frame, and burn the stuff. Another, in ridicule, said he "would tar the roof and paint the Methody shanty if it was ever finished." The work went on, the jeers and ridicule only made the little band more industrious. Much outside aid was obtained; Snug Harbour helped a little, and the loyal Methodists of St. John's, with their usual generosity, gave the undertaking a great lift by donations of windows, doors, nails, paint and shingles.

There was scarcely a meeting but what Uncle Peter alluded to the new church either by direct remarks or in prayer. And the feeling was contagious. Every member worked with a will in the undertaking. John Simms, who was a skilful man with tools of any kind, did much to advance the building, and was considered the chief carpenter. Uncle Peter rejoiced to see such enthusiasm, and Jane had enough to do sometimes to keep him from saying wild things concerning the work of God in general; still the old man felt as happy as he could well be. One night in class-meeting he fairly got into the subject. He had been reading about the spiritual Church as a building of God.

"You see, friends," he said, "we're part of that great temple. Christ is the chief corner-stone, and we're a part of the great building. Some of us, like the preacher, are to be in the front of the building; others on us, like John here and myself, are to be like the posts that are hid under other parts of the building; but we have all got a part in the temple. I was a-looking at a house that was pulled down in Snug Harbour last fall. All the timber was good 'cepting a post or two that were all-dry rot when put there. Now those pieces ought to have been kept out. So I was thinking that we must not let any diy-rot get into our hearts. The great Builder will put us a one side if we are not sound in faith and good works; so we must examine ourselves."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Whether our readers will agree with all the remarks of Bishop Fuller on this important subject or not, they will at least, we think, sympathize with the spirit of Christian courtesy in which they are written. We think it a most encouraging sign of the times that a venerable dignitary—venerable in years and in office—of a Church which has often been accused of standing aloof from other Christian bodies, should come upon the platform of a METHODIST MAGAZINE to present, together with representative ministers of the other Churches, his views on Christian Unity. We rejoice at the fraternal spirit with which he declares that “the reunions of the Presbyterians and of the Methodist bodies in this country have struck a chord that has reverberated wherever there are Christian feelings to be affected.” From the bottom of our heart we sympathize with the conviction which he enunciates, “that every Christian, so far as *depends on him*, must be in communion with every other Christian, or must be able to give a good reason, in view of the Scriptural canons, why he is not. He must be able to show that he at least stands in the Apostles’ fellowship and doctrine, and is ready to *accept and acknowledge* all others who do so.”

We rejoice at the multiplying instances in which, in all branches of the Church of Christ, this spirit is being illustrated:—as when Dean Stanley suggested that a memorial of John and Charles Wesley should adorn that “temple of silence and reconciliation,” Westminster Abbey, and spoke so touchingly at its inauguration; as when that liberal-minded scholar so fraternally responded to the reception given him by the Methodist preachers, in a Methodist church, at New York; as when a deputation of the An-

glican clergy of Hull visited the Wesleyan Conference in session; as when Phillips Brooks, rector of the most magnificent Episcopal church in America, preached the other day, at the opening services of the new Methodist church in Boston; as when Bishop Baldwin pronounced his congratulations at the opening of the Methodist College, at Montreal; as when Bishop Sullivan so eloquently advocated the claims of the Bible Society in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto; as when Mr. Rainsford asked the prayers of all the Methodist churches in this city on behalf of revival services at the Cathedral and our own Dr. Ryerson took part therein; as when, Berkeley Street Methodist Church being damaged by fire, the rector of Trinity, in the east, offered the use of the church school; and when, the magnificent cathedral of Bermuda being destroyed, the offer of the Methodist church was so kindly received; as when Dr. Cunningham Geikie presided the other day at a Bible Christian prayer-meeting and boldly defended his right as an Anglican clergyman to do so. Thank God for these Christian courtesies between sister Churches. They go far to make one forget the discourtesies that have sometimes occurred. We prefer to chronicle such acts of Christian kindness rather than those of a contrary spirit.

We rejoice exceedingly at this growing concord and friendship between the Churches, and, by God’s help, purpose to do all in our power to promote it. Therefore, in imitation of the English *Wesleyan Magazine*—the oldest Magazine, we believe, in the world—we have endeavoured to secure the services of leading writers of all the Churches. We are thankful for the courtesy with which writers of such distinguished fame as Dr. McCosh, Prof. Goldwin Smith,

Principal Dawson, Principal Grant, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Dr. Stephenson, Dr. Laing, and Bishop Fuller, unite with the distinguished contributors of our own Church to give such catholic character to the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

IS CHRISTIAN UNITY POSSIBLE?

We do not ask, Is an intimate organic union, exhibiting complete oneness of doctrine, and discipline, and mode of worship—such as that which, under the blessing of God, is about to put an end to the divisions by which Canadian Methodism has been rent during the last half century—we do not ask, we say, Is such a union as this possible? But, Is a Christian union, which—while recognizing diverging schools of thought, and traditional or national modes of worship, or even varying ecclesiastical polities—shall bind with the bonds of a common love, and common zeal, and common work *all*—by whatever name they are named—who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth? We not only believe that this is possible, but that it is as sure as the never-failing Word of God. “Yes, is the answer that Faith must give, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

But it may be said that there is already such a spiritual unity of the Churches of Christendom. Thank God for the increased approximation to it that we behold in the world. But it will be admitted that it is a very imperfect unity that permits the continued existence of some thirty distinct, and often rival, branches of Methodism, and the existence of the two hundred and forty, or whatever the precise number of sects of Protestant Christendom may be. Is this in accordance with the will of Him who prayed that His followers should be one—even as He and the Father are one?

Are we to hope for no broader, deeper, stronger union than we now see in the world? Shall we perpetuate throughout the ages these divisions, so trivial, enfeebling and narrowing as they often are? To say nothing of the waste of means

and the keen and often bitter rivalries in Christian lands, shall the hundred million of Protestants in Christendom make war in such broken array upon the dense, dark, compact thousand millions of heathendom? Shall their shattered ranks fight in guerilla bands, or march onward in unbroken phalanx like a conquering army? Shall they seek to plant in the heart of China, on the plains of India, throughout the Dark Continent, the manifold divisions which now mar the unity of the Church of Christ? Must not that Church rather, before it shall conquer the world for Christ, go first and be reconciled in a holy brotherhood, and then preach the unity of the faith—the sublime, all-embracing oneness of believers in the great essentials of salvation?

We rejoice that the centrifugal repulsions which have so long divided and weakened the moral forces of Christendom are yielding to the centripetal attractions which are bringing together and strengthening the hearts of earnest men in all the Churches who are yearning to unite in common Christian endeavour. Hence we believe, in large degree, the hearty co-operation of the different Churches, in Christian Associations, Sunday-school Conventions, and Salvation Army work. The following recent utterances of the Hon. Edward Blake, of the Church of England, express, we believe, the convictions of many thoughtful minds:—“There is, I think,” he said, “no more hopeful sign than the degree of charity following the unity which exists in these latter days, amongst the Christian Churches, and though I believe there are points of difference between us and sister Churches, we are falling more and more into the spirit of the Gospel, and there is a tendency to dwell more upon those points on which we agree than on those on which we agree to differ.” While this spirit is growing among the laity of all the Churches, may we not hope that their religious teachers and guides shall foster the same generous spirit, and be their leaders in this great movement toward Christian unity and co-operation?

HOW SHALL CHRISTIAN UNITY BE PROMOTED?

In the first place by cultivating more and more the crowning grace of Christian charity—the divine and heavenly principle of love—love toward God and love toward the brethren—that charity that suffereth long and is kind; that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Let us recognize the excellences in each other. Let us broaden our horizon, enlarge our sympathies, and dwell more and more on the blessed thought of the true fellowship of saints and their spiritual **unity** in the great essentials of saving **faith** and holy lives. Let us dwell **less upon** our mutual differences, and **more** upon our common agreements.

We can surely find much to admire in those great historic Churches which have been for centuries the conservators of truth and bulwarks against popery, infidelity, ignorance and sin? May we not admire in the Anglican Church that comely and pious liturgy, from which Methodism, the world over, has so largely borrowed; and those prayers which sustained the hearts of the martyrs amid the fires of Smithfield? In the grand old Presbyterian Church—heroic daughter of the Reformation—can we not, forgetting the Five Points of Calvinism, be touched to reverence by the sublime definitions of Christian doctrine in the Westminster Confession?

Why should we cut ourselves off from the historic past? Through all the ages God has been building up His spiritual Church—the great “City of God,” of which Augustine wrote. Its citizens are the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church throughout all the world. That Church—the type on earth of the Church of the redeemed in heaven—is a grander, wider, nobler thing than any of the many -isms into which it is divided.

As Principal Grant has truly

said, in an able article on “Signs of the Times:” “Men act together in municipal, political, social, and educational affairs; but in religion, which should be the bond of cohesion between man and man, as well as between man and God—in that region where more than in any other subtle influences stream out by which they may help all others and receive help from all others, they are separatists and sectarian in spite of themselves. They stand aloof from those who are of the same household of faith, cultivating a one-sided development and presenting a weak and sickly spiritual life to the world.”

That, therefore, the Church on earth may become more like the Church in heaven, let us hail with joy every sign of its approaching unification; let us reciprocate heartily every overture toward Christian unity. “The time for controversy,” says Bishop Coxe, “is past, the time for conferences has come.” Let us hear what our brethren of other Churches, who earnestly desire Christian union, have to suggest. It is no proof of strength of conviction to refuse to listen to the convictions of others. “Strike, but hear me!” said the Grecian sage; and it is only just to hear what even an adversary has to say before prejudging and condemning him. And let us hear with candour, without attributing motives other than those which are expressed, or reading into his utterances a meaning other than that which is avowed, or affixing a stigma which may not only be uncharitable, but unjust.

Methodism can well afford to hold out the olive branch to other Churches. Almost alone of the Churches of Christendom it has originated, as Prof. Goldwin Smith has remarked, not in strife and controversy, but in a religious revival. Let the maxim of Wesley be ours: “The friends of all, the enemies of none.” Let us seek to inherit the beatitude pronounced by the Author of love and concord, on those who follow after the things which make for peace.

As to the mode of securing Chris-

tian unity opinions may differ. As to its desirability they must, we think, agree. The plan suggested by Bishop Fuller, while having much to commend it, is attended with many difficulties.

We have recently seen a pan-Anglican Synod—a pan-Presbyterian Assembly—a pan-Methodist Conference—and have witnessed the great benefits which they produced. Would not a grand pan-Protestant Council, held, say, in Westminster Abbey, do much to bring closer together the noblest spirits of Protestant Christendom? We have the precedents of the Westminster Assembly of Presbyterians and Churchmen in 1643,* and of the Savoy Conference of the same parties in 1661.† Such a council, as suggested, would doubtless do much to knit in bonds of Christian unity the several branches of the Church of Christ. This, within the range of Methodism, has been conspicuously the result of the late Ecumenical Conference; and if unity and fraternity be good within the range of Methodism, they will be equally good among all evangelical Churches.

We admit, too, the authority of the Fathers of the first three centuries in deciding matters of Christian doctrine and discipline. No one can be familiar with their writings without feeling how valuable they are. "I reverence them" (the Fathers), says John Wesley, "because they were Christians, and I reverence their writings because they describe true genuine Christianity, and direct us to the strongest evidence of Christian doctrine." But even if a Council were held whose decisions should be as authoritative as that which formulated the Nicene Creed—the almost universally accepted symbol of Christendom—we doubt whether the constitution of the Church of the first century would

be the best constitution for the Church of the nineteenth century. To use the appropriate figure of Bishop Coxe, the Church is a tree—a life—a growth. It does not receive a stamp for all time like a coin, but it has a vital adaptation to the varying needs and conditions of men, through all the ages, by virtue of the Divine indwelling Spirit that gives it life and power.

The better way, it seems to us, to promote Christian union is, without waiting for an Ecumenical Council, to seek more and more, in all the Churches, the baptism of the Spirit of love, of brotherhood, of Christianity. Let every Christian, to quote the words of Bishop Fuller, be in communion with every other Christian, and be ready to accept and acknowledge all others who stand in the Apostles' fellowship and doctrine.

Much may be done by Christian intercourse and courtesy. We have before us the address to their brethren in Christ of all the Churches, of the Christian Unity Society, formed for this purpose. In the *New York Independent* for February 14th, Bishop Coxe urges the formation of a Christian Alliance of all the Churches—something possessing more dynamic energy than the Evangelical Alliance, with its occasional handshaking and "agreeing to differ." "It is time," he says, "to speak out and to see what can be hoped for in behalf of united Christian efforts to preserve and to augment the Christian forces on which American civilization must depend. Let anybody reflect on the monstrous social evils which are everywhere at work to destroy and overthrow where our forefathers have built wisely and well, and I think he must feel that the scattering of Christian energies, where every duty calls us to combine, is madness. Evil masses its forces against us; but millions who are practically one as to fundamental principles of Chris-

* It sat in that famous historic Jerusalem Chamber in which Henry IV. died, and in which the meetings of the Bible Revision Committee are held, as were also, we believe, the meetings of the translators of King James' Version.

† A previous conference of the same ecclesiastical parties took place at Hampton Court in 1603.

tian society are impotent to make their mighty energies felt in national morals and in behalf of social order, because a persistent individualism resolves them into a rope of sand."

"Is not the time ripe," asks the *Independent*, "for a visible combination of Protestant Christianity for advancing the Kingdom of God?"

"After so many ages of controversy," says Dr. Strong, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his "Irenics," which we review elsewhere, "Christians are at last coming to understand better, not only their own faith and its relations, but also one another's views of it; and thus what may be styled an *anti-polemical* spirit is springing up, which augurs well for the dawn of the millennial day of the Prince of Peace." To promote this tendency he issues his volume of "Irenics," or "peace-making" among Christians, as opposed to the too frequent books of *Polemics*, or war-making.

Let this spirit be cultivated more and more, and in the near future Christians of the different Churches will discover, with a glad surprise, as they drink more deeply of the spirit of the Master, how near together and how much alike they are. Let all who name the name of Christ, join with heart and hand in a solemn league and covenant, first of Christian concord and friendship, and then of united effort to promote the glory of God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill to men.

God is too near above, the grave beneath,

And all our moments breath
Too quick in mysteries of life and death

for us to spend a moment of time
or a spark of energy in unchristian
strife and antagonism.

As we stand a-nigh His cross,
And behold His grief and shame,
Trifling differences as dross,
Live but in their trifling name.
Hate and spite and party fall
Dead, when CHRIST is all in all.

METHODIST UNION IN ENGLAND.

Dr. Cooke well says that "Union is in the very air." In the January

number of the *Primitive Methodist Quarterly*—a noble Review of 192 pages, at the low price of two shillings—he contributes an earnest article to a "symposium" on Methodist union. He takes as his text part of the address of the Ecumenical Conference, signed by its twelve presidents and published to the world by its authority: "We are happy to observe decided tendencies to a closer if not organic union with each other... Such unions, we believe, should be prudently managed, and when they occur under favourable auspices should be hailed with great joy." The Rev. John Bond, of the Wesleyan Church, contributes a vigorous article on the same subject. "What a picture of sectarianism," he says, "is that now seen in three or four Methodist Churches fiercely fighting for existence—sectarianism utterly inexcusable, because the rival Churches agree in doctrines and aim and for the most part in methods. What an opportunity in such cases is afforded to skeptics and other opponents for ridicule and contempt!" He hopes that "with God's blessing many whose hair has long been grey may yet live to see the consummation so devoutly to be wished—a united Methodism in England." The success of union in Canada, we believe, will greatly promote that desired consummation.

DEATH OF MR. C. A. MASSEY AND OF MR. A. W. LAUDER.

It is our painful duty to record the sudden death of two brethren, well beloved, of the Metropolitan Church in this city. Mr. Charles A. Massey, manager of the Massey Manufacturing Co., was after a very brief illness called from labour to reward, on the 12th of February. Mr. Massey was comparatively a young man, only thirty-six, yet he had by his energy and business enterprise conducted to great success the largest manufacturing establishment in the Dominion. Though his illness was short the triumphs of grace were signally manifest in his last days and in his dying hour. It

seems a strange providence that cuts short so useful a life, having such wide, and strong, and tender relations. But though his sun went down at noon, he had accomplished more than many around whom the shadows of old age have gathered. His relations to his workmen, were very kind, and he had just completed arrangements for providing a reading-room and a supply of wholesome and instructive reading for their moral and intellectual improvement. Seldom have we witnessed such a testimony of regard as when the hundreds of his workmen, who in a body attended his funeral, bowed their heads and wept as his pastor and old college friend paid his tribute of love to the memory of the departed.

AN even deeper shock was experienced throughout the community when it was announced, (Feb. 20th,) that Abram W. Lauder was dead. He had only a few days before been engaged in the active discharge of his parliamentary duties and seemed the very embodiment of robust health. The verses by Mrs. Lauder in this number were in type before her husband's illness. They are accompanied by this notice of his death. How inscrutable the dealings of God's Providence! Of Mr. Lauder's public life we need not here write at length. He entered parliament a young man and devoted his best years to the service of his country. Although he was a leading member of the opposition, the Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of the Province, in moving the adjournment of the House out of respect to his memory, paid the following generous tribute to his character:

"We all recognized him as a man of marked ability, extended culture, a superior platform speaker, and an able debater in this House. He had been a member of this House ever since Confederation, which can be said of only two members now remaining. It is no small testimony

to a man's character to have passed through so many successful elections as Mr. Lauder had. In spite of the efforts of rivals and competitors he had passed through six contests in the ridings of Grey, never having once suffered defeat, and not having lost a constituency; and so strongly was he entrenched in the public mind that during the twelve years we have occupied these benches he had always been regarded by the public as one who, in the event of a change of Government, would form one of the Cabinet."

Mr. Lauder for many years was an active member of the Methodist Church in this city. He was one of the original trustees of the Metropolitan Church and took a leading part in securing the admirable site and in the erection of the church. He took a deep interest in the Educational work of our Church, and was a member of the Senate of Victoria University. The Young Men's Christian Association and the other philanthropic and religious institutions of Toronto found in him a strong friend. During his last painful illness he experienced the sustaining power of Divine grace, and bore testimony of his unflinching confidence in the atonement of Christ. During the last visit of his pastor, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, he sang through, with much feeling, the hymn "Jesus, Lover of my soul," as expressive of his experience in life's latest hours. Blessed words:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!"

The funeral service at the Metropolitan Church was a very impressive one. The Governor of the Province, the Ministers of the Crown, the members of the Legislature, public officials and private citizens, all combined to pay their last sad tribute to the memory of one who commanded high respect in both Church and State.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The last number of the *Missionary Notices* which we have received contains letters from various parts of the Mission field, all of which will repay careful perusal.

Much good has been done in India by means of orphanages by which some hundreds of children were cared for, and if funds can be secured this particular part of the Missionary work can be made to yield a much larger amount of good.

In London, in the last twenty-two years, within the Metropolitan area the Methodist circuits have been increased from sixteen to fifty-one; the ministers from fifty-one to a hundred and twelve; the larger chapels from twelve to seventy-seven; the number of members from fifteen thousand two hundred and seventy-five to twenty-six thousand four hundred, without reckoning Welsh or German members.

Special evangelistic services are still being held in many places. In several of the London circuits great spiritual quickening has been manifested. In a country town, two hundred and eleven names of inquirers were recorded in a week. Some parts of Cornwall have caught the revival flame, and in the Shetland Islands a gracious visitation has been experienced. In Ashton-under-Lyne, more than six hundred have been in the inquiry-room in a few weeks.

The Rev. George Piercy, the pioneer Wesleyan Missionary to China, is working as a Missionary among the Chinese in London, by appointment of Conference.

Agitation on Methodist union in England continues. The Primitive Methodist *Review* is publishing a symposium on the question of the feasibility of union. The Revs. Wm. Cooke, D.D., and John Bond have written papers for the first number,

which has been published. Representatives of four branches will contribute to the debate. Dr. Cooke, who contributed to the last number of this MAGAZINE is to have the right of final reply.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Bible Christians of Wisconsin, formerly a part of the Bible Christian Church in Canada, met on Jan. 16th to consult as to their future ecclesiastical relations. After a thorough canvass of the forms of Church government and the various questions involved, it was decided almost unanimously to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church as a body. The Bible Christians in question have five ordained ministers, 426 communicants, 700 Sunday-school pupils, thirteen churches and five parsonages valued at \$21,500.

Still more fruits of Methodist union: The Bible Christians of Lodge-room appointment, Hungerford, Ont., have united with the Methodist congregation, and are erecting a brick church.

The Methodist and Bible Christian Sabbath-schools of Cartwright have united and will meet in future in the Bible Christian Church. The two congregations will also unite for worship in the same church. The old Methodist Church will be used as a Temperance Hall.

In Prince Edward Island the union sentiment is bearing fruit. At Summerside the Methodist and Bible Christian congregations have been worshipping together for several months. In Charlottetown the two denominations have been holding united religious services with good results. The second Methodist Church is to be enlarged so as to accommodate the Bible Christian congregation. There has been an informal meeting of the United Quar-

terly Boards, and all matters have been amicably arranged, though some anticipated considerable friction. The outlook is encouraging.

The lady members of Centenary Church, St. John, New Brunswick, are erecting a window bearing the figure of the "Parable of the Sower" on the east of the church, to the memory of the late Rev. Jos. Hart. Mrs. Troop has ordered a window to be placed in the same side in memory of her husband. Miss Eaton also is to have a window erected to the memory of her father, Aaron Eaton, Esq.

Bishop Baldwin, Huron Diocese, recently visited St. Thomas, and while there he visited Alma College, and was most cordially received by Principal Austin and Faculty. The Bishop addressed the young ladies on personal religion.

It is gratifying to receive intelligence from various places in all the Conferences of the gracious revivals that are taking place. The mission of Methodism is evangelization, and just in proportion as Scriptural holiness is spread that mission is accomplished. Some brethren report 100 conversions as the result of one meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Rice, General Superintendent, and Dr. Nelles, President of Victoria University, are actively engaged visiting the Churches in the interests of the Educational work of Methodism. The Methodist people, though many of them have done nobly, have not yet taken hold of the Educational work of the Church as its importance demands. It is to be hoped that the visits of the above distinguished brethren will be the means of greatly enriching the funds of the society.

THE DEATH ROLL.

For some months we were not called upon to record the departure of any of our honoured fathers and brethren to the better world, but lately several have been taken to their heavenly home. First, we have the Rev. J. S. Addy, of the Nova Scotia Conference. He entered the work

in 1837, and spent several years in Newfoundland. He was at one time Chairman of one of the Nova Scotia Districts. Since 1878 he has been retired from the active work, but has always taken the deepest interest in all that pertains to Zion. He died in peace.

Next we have the Rev. James Norriss, a superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, who commenced his ministry in 1827. After labouring in some hard fields in Ontario, he spent ten years in Newfoundland, when he returned to Canada and laboured with zeal until 1866. He then took a superannuated relation, and resided mostly at Omemeé with his son, Dr. Geo. A. Norriss. The writer was his pastor for three years and feels great pleasure in giving testimony to his great moral worth. He was never absent from church so long as he could get there, and he often attended when some thought he should have remained in his room. He greatly loved the prayer-meeting and class-room and preached until he could no longer stand in the pulpit.

We must also add the name of the Rev. Charles Turver, who entered the itinerancy in 1844 and laboured acceptably until 1869, when he took a superannuated relation which he retained until January 1884, when he departed this life.

The Rev. Jacob Poole entered the itinerant ranks in 1823, but only performed circuit work a few years and then located. He had resided for several years in Cookstown, Ont., where he rendered such service as his health would permit. He died in the early part of the year 1884.

From across the Atlantic we learn that the Rev. Robinson Scott, D.D., of the Irish Conference, has finished his course. He visited America in the interests of Methodism in Ireland in 1865. He was a man of influence in the Conference of which he was a member. He bequeathed \$5,000 to be invested and the proceeds applied to assist in the education of four ministers' daughters, year by year, at the Methodist College, Belfast.

BOOK NOTICES.

Irenics. By JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The world has had more than enough of polemics. The time for irenics has come. Earnest souls in all the Churches are growing weary of religious controversies which do but estrange Christian hearts from one another, and hail with delight the spirit of love and concord which seeks to bring the severed Churches nearer together. As Dr. Strong truly says, "There is common ground enough for all evangelical believers to stand upon together, and the more closely they come together in this friendly manner the more fully will they be able to fraternize and harmonize with each other." To promote this good work this volume is written. We are glad that a leading Methodist divine, the accomplished Professor of Drew Theological Seminary, and the learned Editor of Strong & McClintock's Theological Cyclopedia should lend the weight of his great name and fame and scholarship to this work of Christian conciliation. He even attempts, what some have thought the impossible, to show the "substantial reconciliation of Calvinism and Arminianism." "The time was," he says, "within the recollection of many still living, when polemics were the order of the day on this field, and the early Methodists especially seemed to think themselves bound to take up and lustily wield the cudgels of controversy on the notable five points of Augustinian doctrine.

"It is amazing as it is mortifying," he adds, "to observe how easily misunderstandings arise, even between good men, in the absence of friendly conference with an honest purpose of harmony; but it is comforting to discover how readily these misapprehensions may be dissipated by a careful and candid

comparison of views." Thank God that more and more the desire is exhibited for this candid comparison, instead of that angry wrangling about even the most holy things, which has made the phrase, *odium theologicum*, a byword of reproach against polemical divines. Speaking of the specially Methodist doctrine of "entire sanctification" he says: "As a matter of fact, there is not much practical difference between Calvinists and Arminians on the subject, whatever variety of theory there may exist. The difference is almost wholly in name, not in the thing. Leaving a few technical phrases and pet expressions out, evangelical Christians of all denominations find no want of harmony whatever in the mutual narration and understanding of their experience, even of the deep things of God. The experiment is actually made every week, and with the most delightful success."

Speaking of the growing spirit of fraternity among the Churches, he says: "The present generation are not eager for the fray. Thank God these are the piping times of peace! Let us hope that Christians at least have beaten their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and that they will learn war no more. True catholicity," he adds, "is not merely a sentiment of toleration, nor a prudent forbearance out of fear of irritation, but a principle of association arising from a conviction of substantial unanimity. The motto of Augustine bids fair to be speedily realized: 'In things essential, unity; in things indifferent, liberty; in all things, charity.' Would God that during the fifteen centuries that have elapsed since the Bishop of Hippo wrote these golden words, their spirit had tempered the controversies that have vexed the Church of Christ, and that it had long since "breathed peace to rent and war-worn Christendom."

A Critical History of Philosophy.

By the Rev. ASA MAHAN, D.D., LL.D. 2 vols. pp. xxii., 421—xv., 435. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$4.

The venerable President Mahan brings to the task assayed in these volumes the ripened thought of an almost life-long study of philosophical themes. It is of great importance to students of philosophy to be furnished with a critical survey of the vast field from a theistic and Christian point of view by so accomplished a master of these august subjects. President Mahan will be found, we judge, a well-versed and thoroughly safe guide through these psychological labyrinths, even though we may not accept all his interpretations of the profound problems which pass under review. A clearly-conceived and firmly-grasped Christian theism is the only key to the solution of those difficult questions.

Our author treats with great amplitude of detail Oriental, Grecian and Christian philosophy, discussing, especially the modern evolution in philosophy from Bacon, Hobbs and Gassendi, down to the "New Philosophy" of Herbert Spencer and his school. Much space is given to the critical examination of the systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and the great thinkers of German Idealism; and to the materialistic theories of Comte and the modern Positivists. One of the most suggestive chapters is the concluding one on the Author's theory of a "True Philosophy;" but on this difficult theme he will probably find less general agreement than in his critical survey. Of course, in a brief notice like this, we cannot attempt more than a slight indication of the character of an encyclopædic work which it would require another book adequately to review. A work of this magnitude and importance should have a full index in addition to its copious analytical table of contents.

Methodist Centennial Year-Book for 1884. Edited by W. H. De Puy, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms,

Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Cr. 8vo., pp. 418. Price \$1.50.

This book is itself a monument of the marvellous growth of Methodism during the last hundred years. Its records cover, not merely every department of work in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, but also the statistics and a summarized account of the various Methodist organizations throughout the world. Dr. De Puy has a perfect genius for statistics. He marshals his columns of figures and brigades of facts as a general marshals his army. Every subject is so well tabulated and indexed that the desired information can be found in a moment. To English and Canadian Methodism he gives 50 closely-printed pages. He notes the tendency of Methodism throughout the world towards harmony, fraternity, and co-operative union, and gives a full account of Methodist union in Canada. The missionary record of the M. E. Church is an inspiring one. At its first conference, one hundred years ago, it sent two missionaries to aid William Black in evangelizing Nova Scotia. The missionary statistics of British and Canadian Methodism are defective. The historical sketch of American Methodism is from the facile pen of Dr. Able Stevens. No such Manual of Methodism has previously appeared.

Outlines of the Doctrine of the Resurrection, Biblical, Historical and Scientific.

By R. J. COOKE, M.A. With an introduction by D. D. WHEDON, LL.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Pp. 407. Price \$1.50.

There is a great deal of vagueness of conception and of positive misconception on the doctrine of the Resurrection. This book, we think, will help to give definite and correct views on this subject, as will no other book that we know. Indeed, Dr. Whedon considers it the most complete treatise on the subject in the English language. The author discusses first some of the various theories of the resurrection, and lays

down the Biblical doctrine of a literal resurrection of the body. He defends this against scientific objections, and traces the doctrine through the Old and New Testaments, and its historical acceptance by the Church from the times of the apostles. In doing this he cites in evidence, from our book on the Catacombs, fourteen early Christian inscriptions, in which the belief in the Resurrection is either distinctly taught or strongly implied. This book is brilliantly written; but we note a few typographical errors. On page 105, Protius should be Proteus; on page 167 Iræs should be Iræ, and on page 315 the first word is wrongly given.

The Poetical Works of Edwin Arnold, containing The Light of Asia, The Indian Song of Songs, Pearls of The Faith. Pp. 512. New York: John B. Alden. Price by mail 60 cents.

Of the two Arnolds before the public, we vastly prefer as poet the scholarly Editor of the London *Telegraph*. No man, since the days of Sir William Jones, has so deeply drunk at the founts of Indian learning, or so well interpreted its meaning to the occidental mind. Of the three books included in this volume we think the "Pearls of the Faith" contains some of the finest poetry, in thought and expression, of recent times. Many quaint Mohammedan legends of Biblical characters—Adam, Abraham, Ishmael, Solomon, Jonah—are given. "The Light of Asia," while an exquisite poem, gives a conception of Buddhism, not, we are sure, warranted by its history. This book is one of a series of the chief poets of the language, published at almost nominal prices. Sold only by the publisher, who will send price list on application.

Pictures from English History, by the great Historical Artists. Selected and edited by COLEMAN E. BISHOP. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Cr. 8vo., pp. \$1.25.

This is another fine example of Chautauqua literature. It consists

of a connected series of brilliant extracts from such great writers on English history as Bede, Troland, Froissart, Defoe, Burnet, Thierry, Hume, Gibbon, Knight, Carlyle, Green, Froude, Macaulay, Motley, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Kinglake, and others. Connecting links are supplied by the Editor. While the book is not a substitute for the consecutive study of these great authors—which is the work of a life time—it gives pictures of the great dramatic events, "sufficiently full and graphic to interest even a tyro, and possessing literary merit enough to attract the most scholarly." Several good engravings embellish the book, and a number of excellent maps, in one of which we note—by anticipation we suppose—Egypt and the Soudan, coloured red, as a British possession.

Beyond the Gates. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

We noticed some months since in this MAGAZINE Mrs. Oliphant's tender story, "The Little Pilgrim"—the experiences of a soul just entering heaven. Of a similar character is the present volume by Miss Phelps, but, in our judgment, of much intenser interest. We do not envy the heart that can follow unmoved and uninspired to purer, nobler living, this touching story. Only a soul of noble yearnings, of deep spiritual intuitions could have written it. It makes heaven seem not vague, far off, and indistinct, but near at hand, real, almost tangible—a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Who has not had imaginings of the "sweet fields arrayed in living green," and of the mansions of the skies? This book, with its visions of the joys of the redeemed, its deep human sympathy, its devout spirit, will help the most prosaic to conceive more vividly of the things which God hath prepared for them who love Him. It should help us more and more to have our conversation in heaven, when also

we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus. As we read it,

O very near seem the pearly gates,
And sweetly the harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angels' call.

The theological fault of this book—as of Mrs. Oliphant's—is that without Scriptural warrant it opens a door of eternal hope to those whose earth-lives have been grovelling and unspiritual. The views of heaven may be criticized, but they are at least as orthodox as those of Luther in his letter to his little Hans: and what know we of the deep significance of the Revelation of St. John?

Garton Rowley; or, Leaves from the Log of a Master Mariner. By J. JACKSON WRAY. London: James Nisbet & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

To thousands of readers another book from the author of "Matthew Mellowdew" and "Nestleton Magna" will be welcome as the greeting of a thrice-proved friend. Mr. Wray's pen has not lost its cunning. Indeed, it gains in strength and skill. There is a breezy freshness and vigour in this sea tale akin to the winds that swept the "Bonnie Bessie's" decks. Who does not love a sailor's yarn? But seldom is one so full of wit and wisdom, of pathos and piety as that of good Captain Rowley. He is as original a character as Jack Bunsby. His talk is quite as racy and as fragrant of the sea, and abounds in "wise saws" and quaint proverbs, seasoned with the salt of true religion—as the immortal Jack's does not. Mingled with the smiles which it provokes will start not a few furtive tears at the trials of Bonnie Bess—the gentle heroine of this "ower true tale."

English Cathedrals—their Architecture, Symbolism and History. By E. W. BOYD. New York: Thos. Whitaker.

This is, in print and illustrations, a very elegant book; but otherwise it is one of the most absurd things we ever came across. It is sym-

bolism run mad. The foundations of a church signify the apostles and prophets; the four walls, the evangelists; the cement, the bond of charity; the lattice-work, prophecy; the roof, heaven; the two shafts, love to God and love to man; the two candles, the two natures of God; the tower, the apostolic ministry; the spire, elevation of thought; the nave, the Church militant; the choir, the Church expectant; the windows, the Scriptures. These are wider within than without, because Divine truth broadens as we leave the world. The stained-glass shows that to those within the church things are clear, which to those outside are obscure. There now, who will dare to gainsay the profound philosophy and wisdom of this sacred symbolism!

The Miracles of the Lord Jesus, and an Inquiry into the Origin of Man. By the Rev. WM. COOKE, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75c.

In this single book are included the two most recent writings of the veteran *litterateur*, the complete list of whose works numbers about forty valuable books. The first of the above-named treatises is an antidote to the skepticism of the day. The second is a masterly refutation, as we judge, of the theory that man is an evolution from the ape, and that he has been upon the earth for a period inconsistent with Biblical testimony. We have in a former number reviewed at length Dr. Cooke's arguments,—unanswerable as they seem to us,—on the recent origin of man. We know not any book where they are so succinctly and forcibly put.

The Silverado Squatters. By ROBT. LOUIS STEVENSON. Pp. 287. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price \$1.50.

The Rocky Mountains and mining life have already created a literature of their own. The present volume is one of the best of this class. It gives graphic sketches of miners, hunters, Chinamen, *et hoc genus omne*, but without the coarseness that oc-

casionaly distigures the stories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. It describes a strange, phase of life fast passing away. The humour and pathos of mining luck and disaster are well brought out. The literary photographs of mountain scenery are as clear cut as the silver peaks against the azure sky.

Easy Lessons in Vegetable Biology; or, Outlines of Plant Life. By the Rev. J. H. WYTHE, M.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price Paper, 30 cents; cloth, 45 cents.

The fairy tales of science are here told for Chautauqua readers in plain and, so far as possible, untechnical language. They open the wonder-world of nature, and give new conceptions to the reader of its beauty and order and of the beneficence of the Creator. "The Christian philosophy of life," which the author believes to be the true philosophy, is clearly stated. A few hours' study of this book, unburdened with detailed classifications, will furnish the key to many of the mysteries of plant life.

Sesame and Lilies. By JOHN RUSKIN. New York: John B. Alden. Price 25 cents.

This is the quaint title of two Oxford lectures—on books, woman, etc., by, perhaps, the most accomplished English writer living. The subtitles are just as quaint—"Of King's Treasures," "Of Queen's Gardens." This dainty Elzevir edition is fit for Queen Titania's hand.

A Brief Handbook of English Authors. By OSCAR FAY ADAMS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a convenient manual, giving biographical and bibliographical notes concerning some 1,500 of the chief lights of English literature. A handy book like this, with its concise criticism and condensed facts, will be used when a bulky cyclopædia will not. The references to books treating more fully the respective authors, and to the publishers of their works, are very useful.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. announce as in preparation for publication in May, 1884, Dr. Mombert's edition of *Tyndale's Pentateuch* of 1530, now for the first time reprinted in separate form, collated with the edition of 1534, in the Baptist College, Bristol, England, with *Matthew's Bible* of 1537, the *Biblia* of Stephanus of 1528, and Luther's *Pentateuch* of 1523. This edition is further enriched by the Marginal Notes of Luther and John Rogers, as a contemporary commentary, and Prolegomena by Dr. Mombert.

Christian Womanhood in the Forty Days is the title of a thoughtful exposition, by the Rev. DR. LIPSCOMB (ex-Chancellor of the University of Georgia), of Acts I. 3, which records the appearances of Christ to His disciples after His resurrection. It confutes the rationalistic theories of Renan, that the testimony of Mary Magdalene was only the hallucination of an enthusiastic woman, and augurs for the Church the fuller liberty for testifying for the Master of consecrated womanhood.

Rand, Avery, & Co., Boston, have in press a new story, involving the pregnant question of Mormonism. It will be illustrated in handsome style, and issued as a large subscription book. It is thought that this remarkable book will serve a purpose not unlike Uncle Tom's Cabin (of which eight hundred thousand volumes were issued by this house); that it will hasten the day for the uprising of an indignant nation, whose verdict will be as the case of slavery: This disgrace must cease; the Mormon must go!

The Story of My Heart. By RICH'D JEFFERIS (Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price 75 cents), is a strange mental autobiography. The introspective analysis of thought and feeling is very minute, and sometimes rather morbid. The literary quality gives evidence of broad culture and rare skill.