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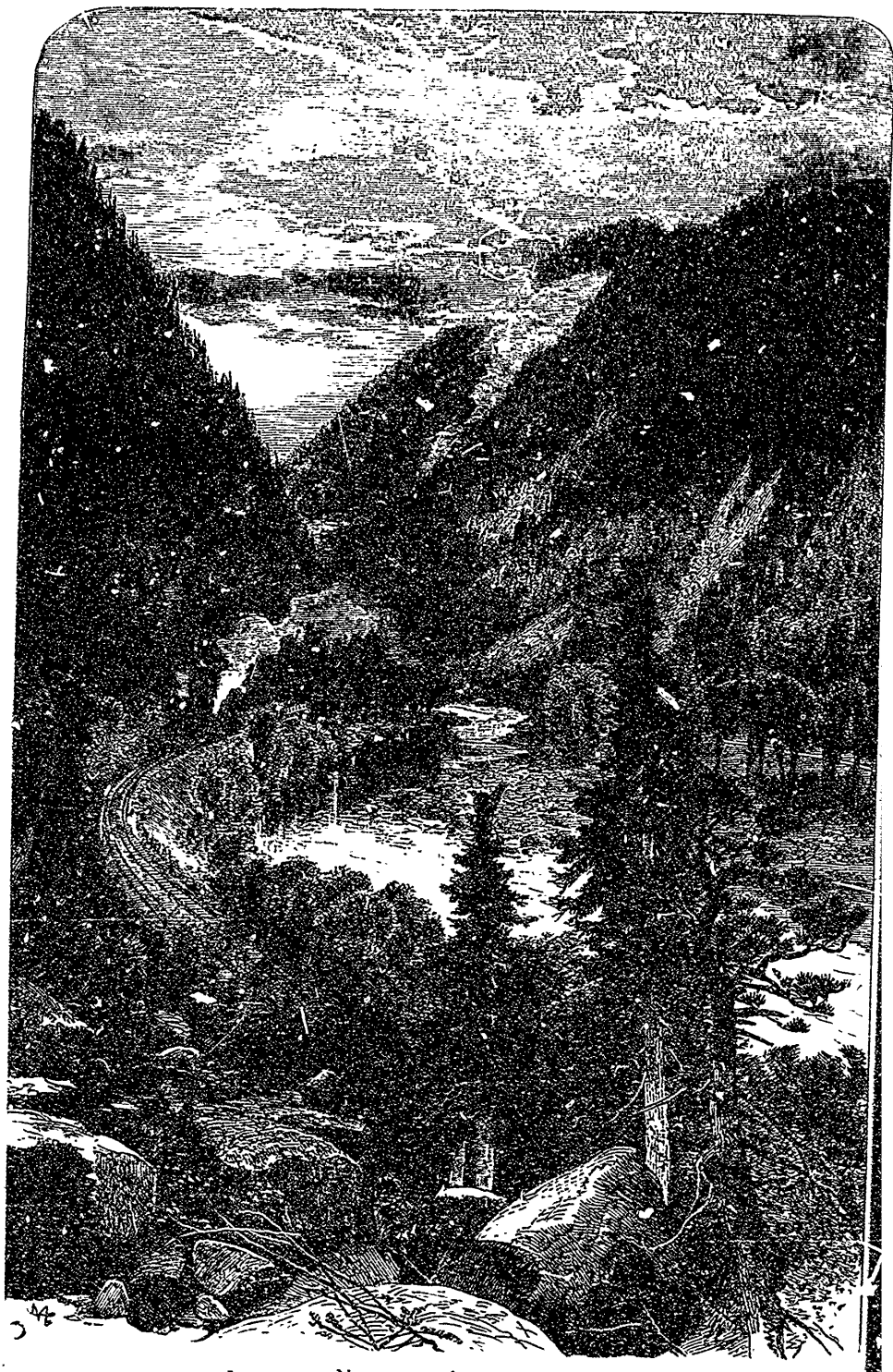
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LEWISTON NARROWS, JUNIATA RIVER.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1878.

PICTURESQUE PENNSYLVANIA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE State of Pennsylvania is formed by nature in a grandly picturesque mould. Towards the south-east it is generally level, but in the interior it becomes rugged and mountainous, and in the west rolling and broken. It is traversed by the parallel ranges of the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains, and by a continuation of the Blue Ridge of Virginia, which heave their summits far into the sky, and support upon their mighty flanks vast forests and broad sweeps of arable land. In their bosom they conceal the treasures of iron and coal which constitute so largely the wealth of the State. The broad, deep valleys which stretch between the mountain ranges smile with well-tilled farms, and fruitful orchards, and comfortable homesteads. This fair and fertile State is drained by large and beautiful rivers, which still bear the descriptive and musical names which they received from the Indian aborigines—the Susquehanna, the Juniata, the Schuylkill, the Monongahela, the Alleghany, the Ohio,

* *The Pennsylvania Railroad, Historical and Descriptive*, by William B. Sipes. Large 8vo, pp. 281, with 113 engravings. Price \$3.00. Upon this admirable volume we are dependent for much of the information given in this article. We are also indebted to the courtesy of L. P. Farmer, Esq., General Passenger Agent of the road, for the use of the fine engravings by which it is illustrated.

—Ed.

Vol. VII.—No. 3.

and the Delaware, which last alone has received an English name. Several of these have worn their way through the mountain ranges in deep and narrow cauyons or gorges, which exhibit scenery of the most picturesque and romantic character, and sometimes of the utmost grandeur and sublimity.

Forty years ago De Tocqueville described the United States as a giant without bones. Since then its great railway system has developed the bones of this young giant of the West, and the Pennsylvania Railroad, connecting the "Far West" with the tide waters of the Atlantic, may justly be considered the backbone of the railway system east of the Mississippi. The difficulties opposed by nature to the construction of this road, through the rugged character of the country which in many places it traverses, were apparently almost insurmountable. But indefatigable energy, trained engineering skill and the employment of vast capital have produced triumphs of achievement in comparison with which the building of the pyramids shrinks into insignificance. The completion of a practicable route across the Alleghany mountains in 1854, till then deemed impossible, was the crowning feature in this achievement.

The management of a great railway requires an extraordinary combination of qualities—the qualities of a great general, of a shrewd financier, of a skilled executive officer and administrator, and of a great "captain of industry." The supreme head must be prompt to decide, firm to command, and endowed with that marvellous power which succeeds in getting its commands executed. These qualities meet in a remarkable degree in Colonel Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railway Company. For nearly forty years he has been in the service of the Company, advancing from the grade of clerk to that of its chief officer. His wonderful executive ability was especially manifested during the terrible years of the civil war. At the call of the War Department he took supreme charge of all the Government railways and telegraphs of the United States, and of all those appropriated for Government use, and was made Assistant Secretary of War. Upon him devolved the tremendous responsibility of forwarding with the utmost despatch regiments, batteries, and military supplies; and the constructing, maintaining

and operating of railways, both in the disturbed and peaceful districts. The ability and energy then manifested contributed in no small degree to the successful termination of the civil war. The same qualities have since made the Pennsylvania Railroad,

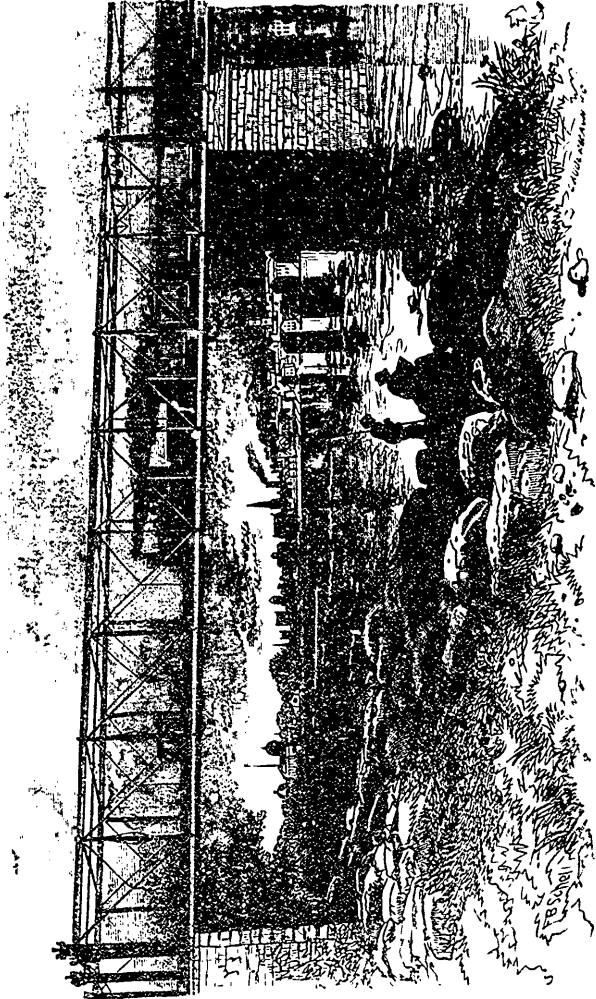
ON THE SCHUYLKILL—TRUCK TANK, PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.



with its manifold and far-reaching connections, embracing half a continent in its more than Briarean grasp, the most gigantic and successful railroad enterprise the world ever saw.

It owns 2,000 miles of completed road, and controls 5,000 more.

It employs an army of 25,000 men, many of them mechanics and experts of the highest skill. It owns and runs 1,100 locomotives, 1,000 passenger, and 26,000 freight cars. The equipment and the appointments of the road, and the precautions employed



TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

regardless of cost,—as the double track, the Westinghouse air-brake, the Wharton switch, the block-signal system, etc.—make it, we conceive, the safest and most stable railroad in the world.

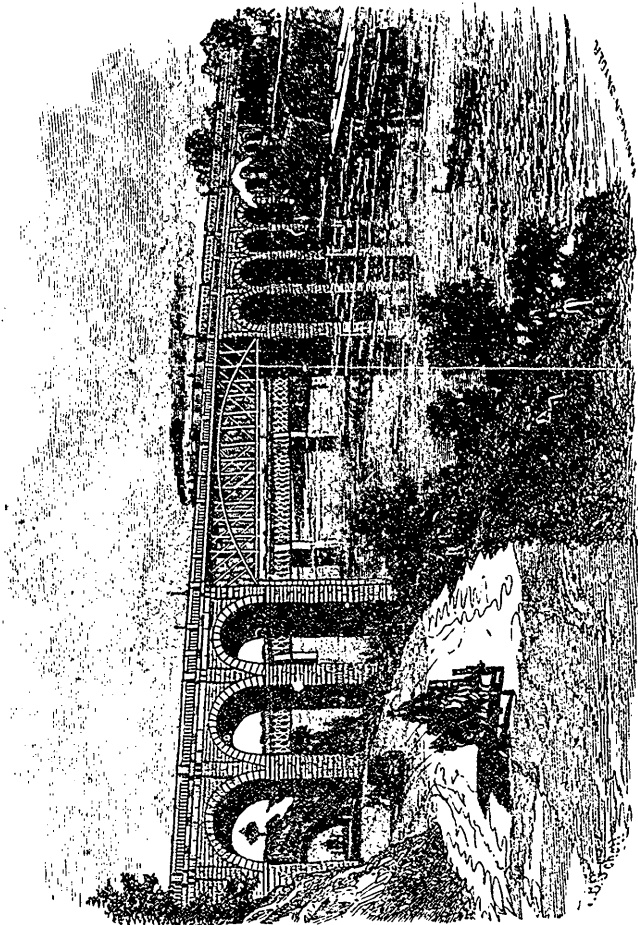
Another improvement, borrowed from the English roads, is the use of the track tank, shown in the engraving on page 105. By dropping an open-mouthed spout from the tender into the tank between the rails, the stock of water can be replenished without lessening the speed of the train. The trip of 350 miles from Philadelphia to Pittsburg can be made, with only two stoppages, in about ten or twelve hours. It used to cost as many days' travel.

We will ask our readers, without leaving their easy chairs, to accompany us in a run over part of the main line of this railway, and enjoy a brief glance at some of the more remarkable features of "Picturesque Pennsylvania." Leaving New York, the busy commercial metropolis of the Union, we cross the Hudson, or North River as the natives call it, in one of the crowded ferry-boats which dart to and fro, shuttle-like, weaving the web of traffic between Manhattan and New Jersey. We are soon whirled across the "Jersey Flats," and pass the busy manufacturing city of Newark, and the thriving towns of Elizabeth, New Brunswick, and Princeton, the latter the scene of a great battle and site of a great college.

Fifty-seven miles from New York, as we cross the slender looking iron bridge across the Delaware, shown in the engraving, we get a fine view of the city of Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. This is the head of navigation on the river, which here abruptly changes its character. Above the bridge it is a rippling stream, where the fisher loves to ply his gentle art,—dallying in many a curve among the wooded hills, and presenting many a vista of idyllic beauty. Below it becomes a broad, deep channel, feeling the tide-pulses of the great Atlantic, and bearing on its bosom the heavy burdens of commerce. Beneath the bridge in the engraving, to the left hand, is seen the large and handsome structure of the State capitol. It was here that Washington, with his barefoot, ragged regiments, crossed the icy river in mid winter, and plucked the laurel of victory from the fickle hand of fortune.

As we glide into the city of Philadelphia we catch brief but tantalizing glimpses of the lovely scenery of Fairmount Park, with its three thousand acres of greensward, rock, and river, broad carriage drives, and secluded rural rambles—the finest

public park in America, and one of the finest in the world. The solid viaduct strides far out in the channel of the meandering Schuylkill, and from the outermost abutments lightly springs the slender arch over which thunders the ponderous train.

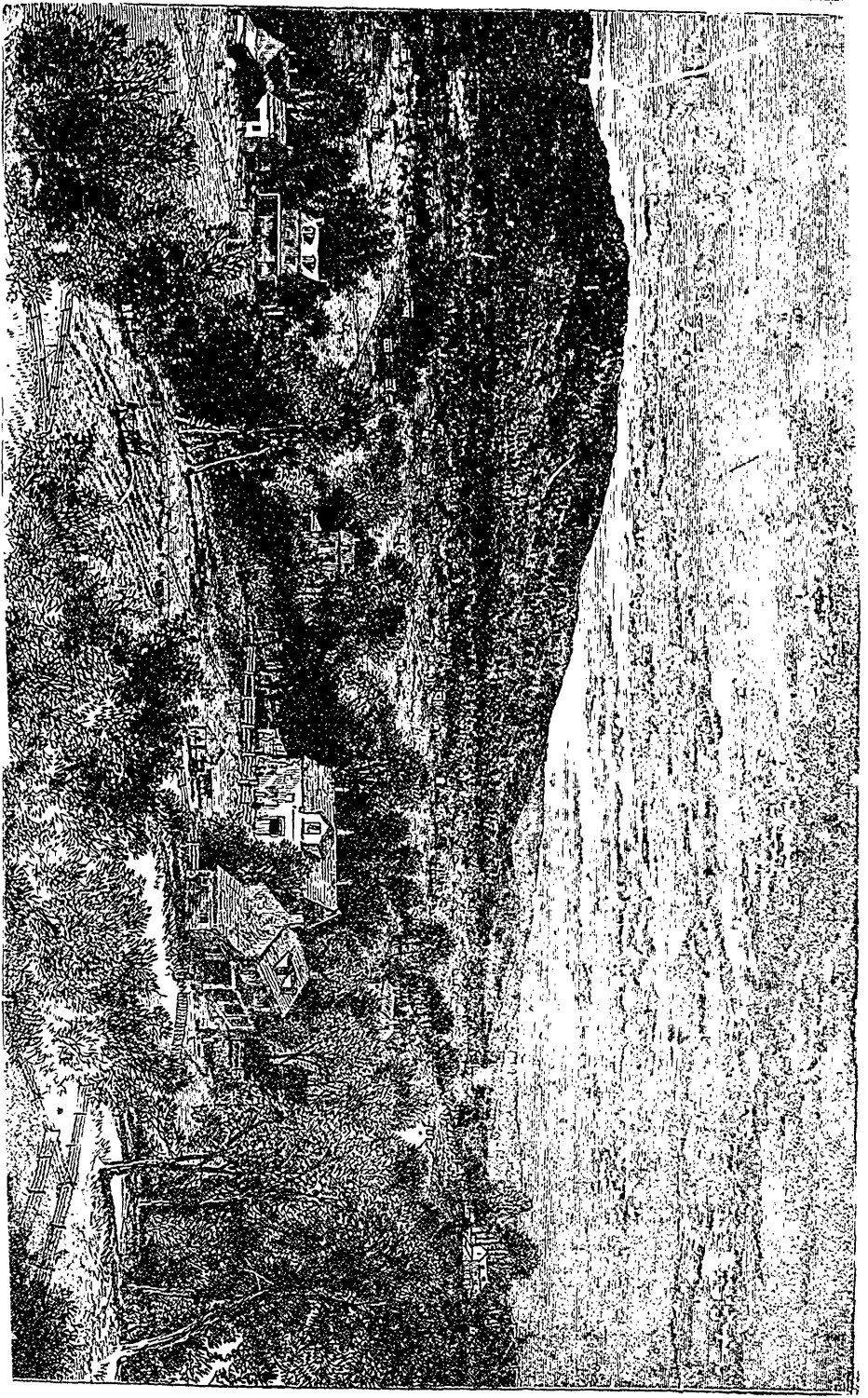


PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY BRIDGE, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

We may not at present tarry in the "City of Brotherly Love," where, as Longfellow pleasantly says,—

"The streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested."

although very manifold are its attractions. Historic memories



haunt its quaint old Carpenter's and Independence Halls, and historic shadows stalk in the dim and misty moonlight through its silent streets. Shades of Penn, and Franklin, and Adams, and Hancock, and of a mightier than they—the father of his country—seem to walk in shadowy-wise and in the strange garb of other days, and

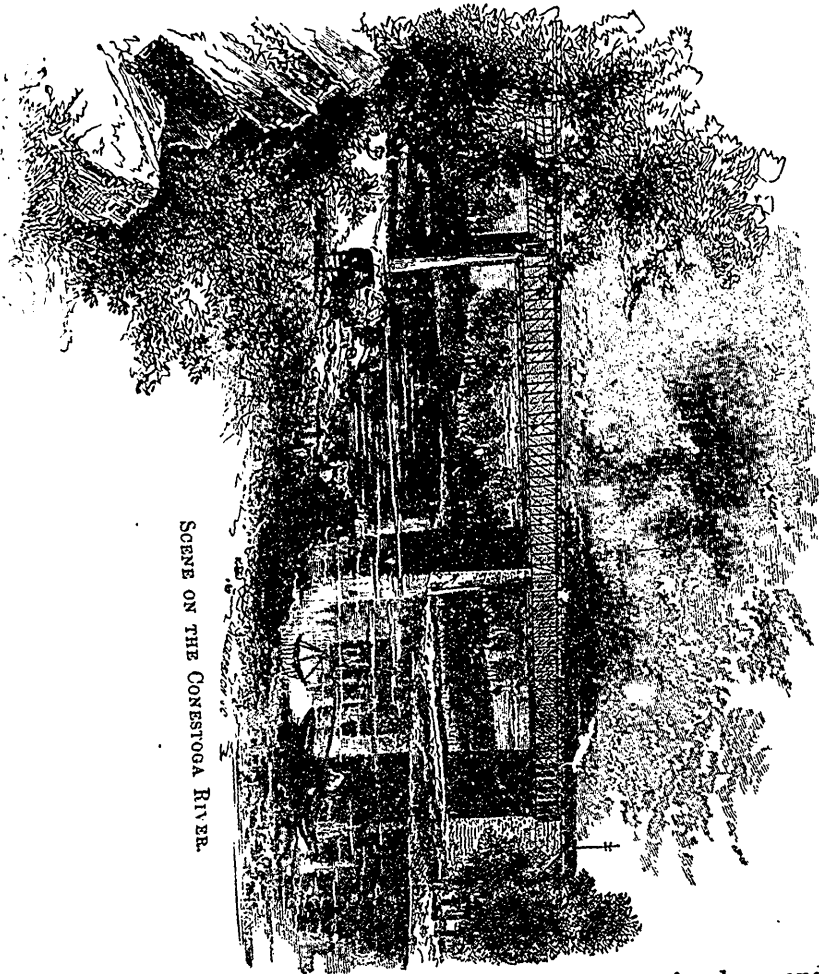
“From out their graves to stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain till their old estates.”

Again taking train westward on the main line, we leave the city's din and crowds and smoke behind, and glide out into the ever-lovely presence of nature—surpassing far the beauty of the man-made town. Before us spreads one of the richest agricultural landscapes in America. The broad Chester valley sweeps away to the far horizon, studded with quaint Dutch or Quaker farmsteads, waving with green or golden fields of grain, and embosked with woods of richest foliage. This rich estate, extending “so far as a man can ride in two days with a horse,” was purchased by William Penn two hundred years ago for guns, powder, lead, knives, awls, trinkets, etc., of the aggregate value of, perhaps, five hundred dollars, and the title deed may still be seen, signed by the Indian ‘kings, sachemakers, and rightful owners of the same.” This was certainly cheaper and more Christian than the recent policy of the United States towards Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

As we glide on through this scene of rural levelness, we behold many a picture worthy of the poet's pen or artist's pencil. The strange blending of the quiet beauties of nature and the achievements of science and eager rush of travel give, by contrast, a heightened charm to the picture. Such is the scene where the sylvan quiet of the Conestoga—the cattle wading in the stream and the fisher plying his net—are disturbed by the thunderous rush of the train over the airy-looking iron bridge.

One hundred and five miles from Philadelphia is situated, on the Susquehanna, here a broad and noble river, although navigable only for rafts, Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. It was on a sunny summer afternoon that we crossed this rapid, rushing river, flashing and shimmering in the bright sunlight.

Few fairer scenes have we beheld than the gap in the far-rolling hills through which the Susquehanna finds its way to the distant Chesapeake. The city is named from John Harris, a native of Yorkshire, who settled here a century and a-half ago. The tales



SCENE ON THE CONESTOGA RIVER.

of massacre and pillage by the Indians during the long and bloody frontier war, are oftentimes of blood-curdling horror. During the recent war, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the advance body of his army reached the hither side of the Susque-

hanna, and caused a great consternation in Harrisburg. The archives of the State were hastily packed up and sent to a place



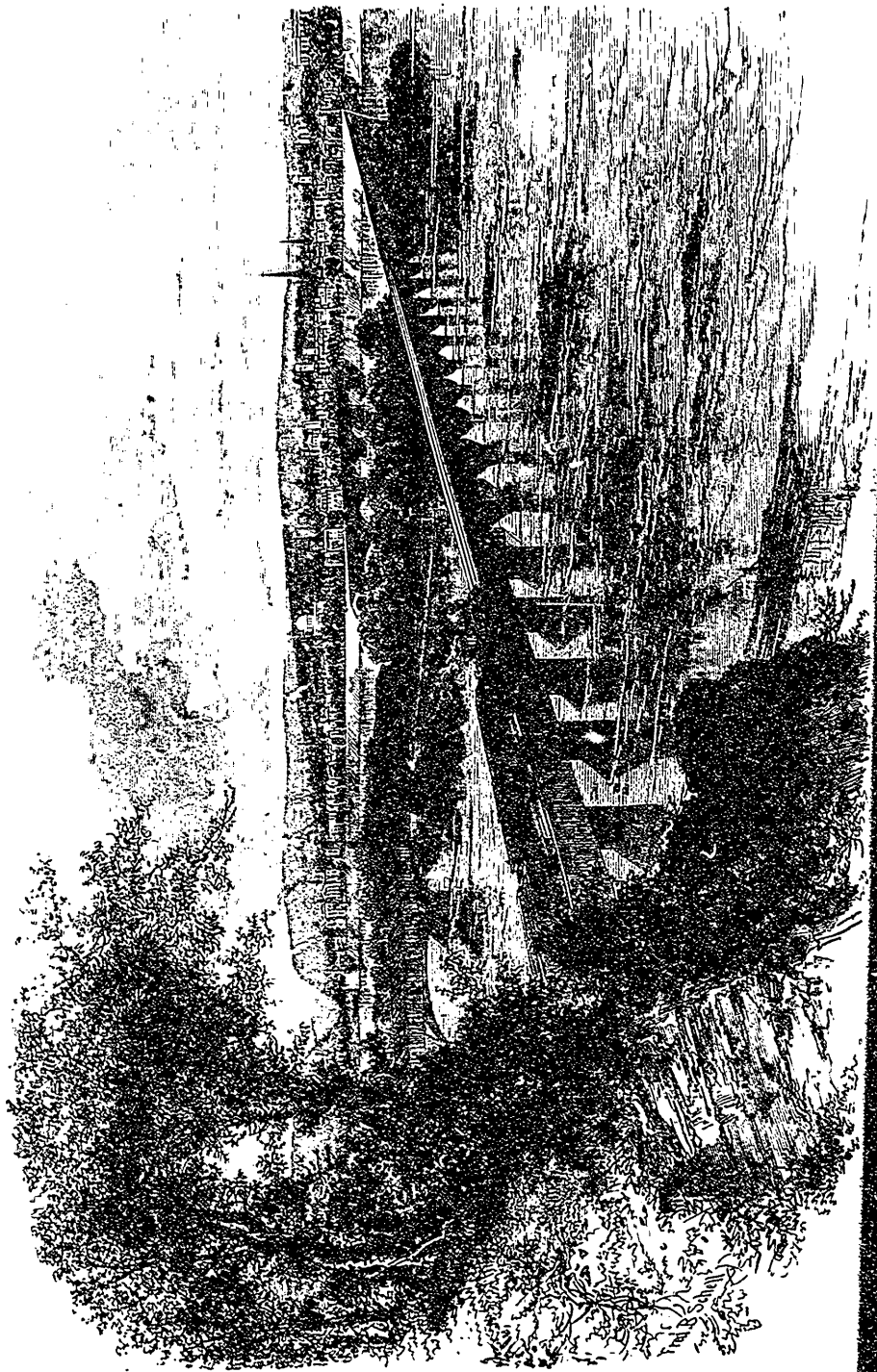
CHIQUE'S ROCK.

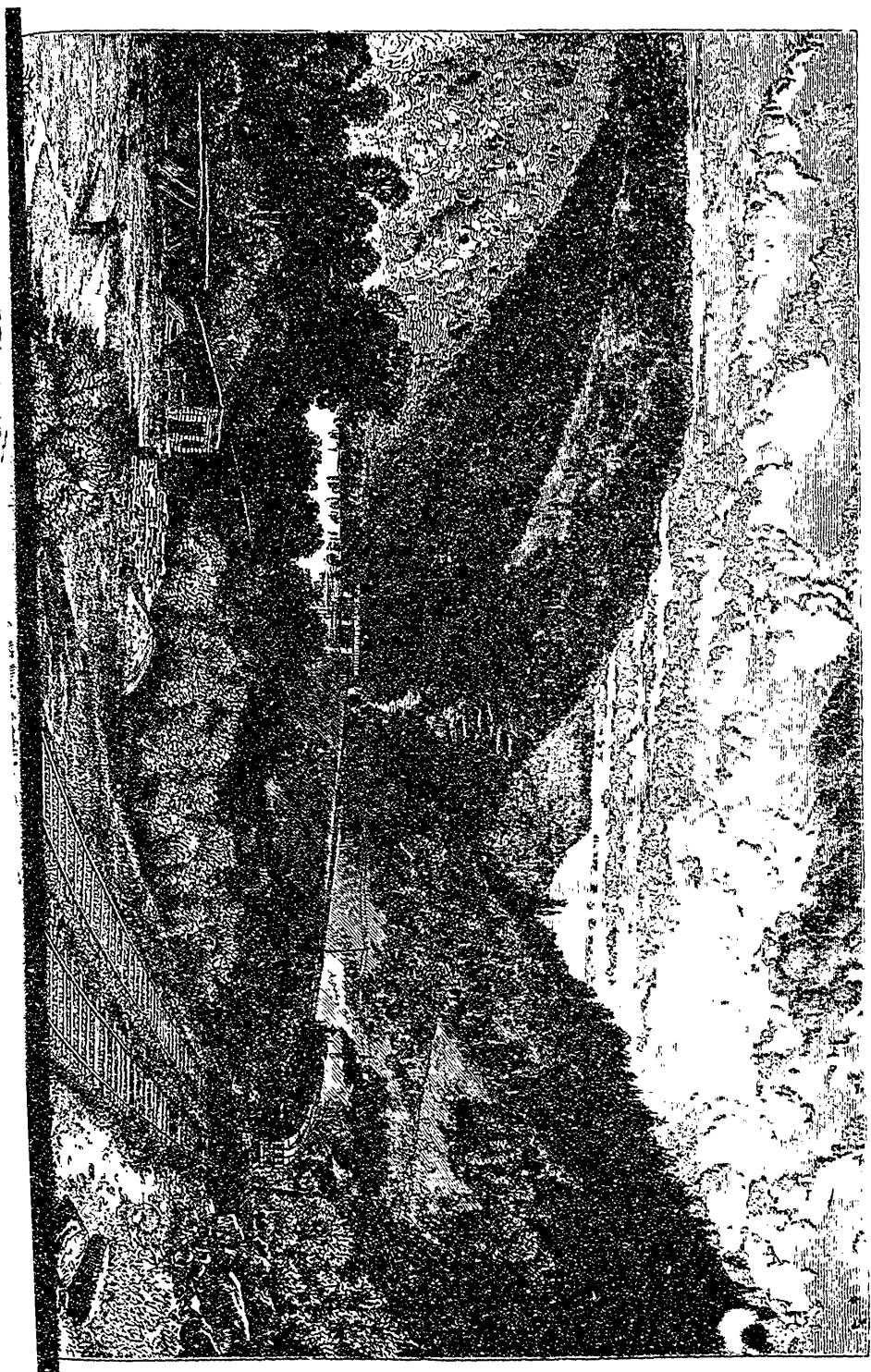
of safety ; but the tide of war ebbed away, and those beautiful hills were not stained with fratricidal blood.
Not far from Harrisburg is the bold bluff known as Chique's

Rock, at whose base a narrow foothold has been hewn out for the railway. Here the beauty of this portion of the road seems to culminate. An American tourist remarks,—“One of the loveliest landscapes on which my eyes ever rested is the scene which, on a sunshiny day, one surveys from the summit of Chique's Rock. The whole region round about is a miracle of God's handiwork—not mountainous but hilly, as if, in Mrs. Browning's phrase, 'His finger touched, but did not press, in making it.'”

Fifteen miles from Harrisburg the railway leaves the tranquil Susquehanna and follows the course of the “Blue Juniata.” Soon we plunge among the mountains, and the scenery becomes wilder and grander as we advance. At Lewiston Narrows, shown in the frontispiece, the mountains rise to the height of a thousand feet or more from the river, which frets and chafes its way, white with rage, at their feet. The rugged sides of the mountains are shagged with ancient woods to the top. Deep shadows mantle over the gloomy gorge. The sombre spruce waves its hearse-like plumes. The scream of the engine awakes the immortal echoes of the everlasting hills. It seems a region of utter solitude, and a feeling of awe is inspired in even the most frivolous nature.

Nor is this wild region without its grim legend. Jack's Narrows, where the Juniata forces its way through a narrow pass in the mountains, shown on the opposite page, receives its name from the tradition of a weird, mysterious hunter and Indian slayer, who made his haunt in the valley previous to the Revolutionary War. Here this mighty hunter was murdered by the savages with circumstances of unusual atrocity. The defeat of Braddock's disastrous expedition against Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburg) laid the whole frontier open to savage invasion and massacre. “Many of the beautiful scenes,” writes Mr. Sipes, “upon which the traveller now gazes with delight, have been crimsoned with the blood of murdered men, women, and children; and many humble and happy homes were reduced to the ashes of desolation.” The scenes of these cruel massacres have now become the home of peace and plenty, and in one of the most romantic of these glens, which often echoed to the war whoop of the Indian and the death shriek of his victim, a Methodist camp-meeting is now





W. H. STONE DEL. & SCULPTOR. 1847.

held, and the songs of joyous worship of God have succeeded the horrors of these deeds of blood.

This region, too, was the scene of the exploits of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, to whose name a melancholy interest is attached by his well-known speech, recorded by Jefferson, be-



DUTCHMAN'S RUN.

ginning, "I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat? If he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not?" Yet, in indiscriminate massacre, all his kindred were slain by the whites. "This called on me for revenge," he exclaimed; "I have sought it, I have killed many, I have fully glutted my vengeance. There



runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Among these mountains are many lovely glens, romantic waterfalls, and other beauties of nature that, to the tourist in search of the picturesque, would well repay a visit. One of these is shown in the engraving on page 206, which needs only to be magnified in scale to greatly resemble the Yosemite Falls and the Mariposa Grove; but alas, it bears the unromantic name of Dutchman's Run, and who could become enthusiastic over that?

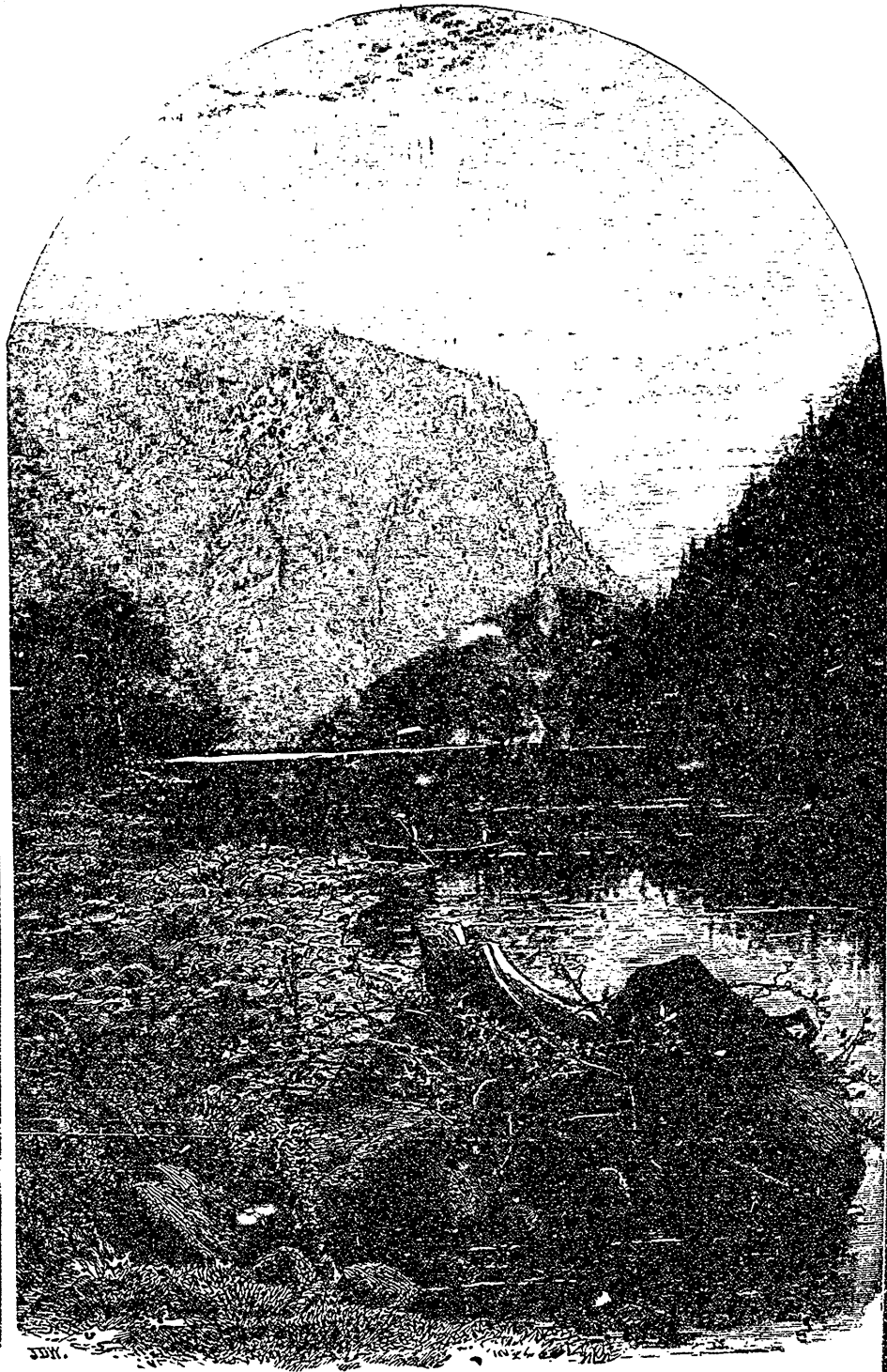
Sometimes, when further progress among the mountains seems completely blocked up, the railway train will suddenly take to earth like a rabbit to his warren, and dart into a tunnel by which it dives under the mountain if it cannot climb over nor get around it. Such is the scene depicted in the engraving on the preceding page, known as Spruce Creek Tunnel. This, with the other scenes illustrated in this article, are but types of innumerable aspects of ever-varying beauty, wildness, or sublimity, which ceaselessly delight the eye or impress the mind of the traveller on the Pennsylvania Railway.

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."

EYE of God's Word, where'er we turn
 Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
 Can all the depths of sin disarm,
 Unravel every bosom's maze.

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
 Thrill through his heart's remotest cells;
 About his path, about his bed,
 Can doubt what Spirit in thee dwells?

"What Word is this? whence knowest thou me?"
 All wondering cries the humbled heart;
 To hear thee, that deep mystery,
 The knowledge of itself impart.



DELAWARE WATER GAP.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

BY THE REV. DANIEL WISE, D.D.

“Try the air at the Water Gap,” said a friend from whom we were asking advice, as a convalescent, with respect to the best and most accessible spot for an invalid seeking recuperation.

To the Water Gap, therefore, we went.* Leaving the tropical atmosphere of New York one sultry summer afternoon, we sped across the monotonous meadows of the Hackensack, through the busy cities of Passaic and Patterson, up to the green hills among which the waters of the Passaic River wind and twist and gather strength to perform tasks among the ponderous water-wheels of the above-named cities, more wonderful than those of the genii of the Arabian Nights. The air of the iron mountains at Boonton swept refreshingly through the cars, and the clear atmosphere breathed an invigoration which amply atoned for the absence of such landscape beauties as delight the eyes. But after reaching Mauch Chunk the scenery becomes charming. The road now runs along the banks of the Delaware. The undulating fields of Pennsylvania, dotted with comfortable homesteads, stretch far away until lost in the golden-tinted mists of the distant horizon. The canal, with its creeping boats drawn by lazy mules, scarcely modifies the impression of dreamy quiet begotten by the prospect. By and by we catch our first glimpse of the great natural curiosity we are so eager to behold. It is but a glimpse, however, for we are still eight miles from the Gap.

As we now rattle along the scenery changes as by magic. The hills are transformed into mountains. Instead of the rural beauties of a cultivated landscape we behold nature clothed in her primitive grandeur. Between these giants roll the gentle waters of the Delaware, slowly winding through a mysterious cut less than a thousand feet wide for the distance of a mile. Seen through the mists of evening, it is a weird and wondrous spot; but our reveries are speedily broken by the uncanny

* This favourite summer resort may be reached from almost any part of the country by the Pennsylvania Railway or its numerous connections.

screams of the steam whistle and the bluff announcement of the brakeman that the train is at the Water Gap.

We speedily find ourselves slowly creeping up what, in the darkness, seems to be a very steep ascending plane. Fifteen minutes of this slow travel and we emerge from the gloom of a tree-lined road into what looks at first like a scene in fairy-land, but which, when approached, resolves itself into the brilliantly-lighted hotel with its hundreds of guests moving to and fro on its broad piazzas.

In the morning we resort to the broad piazza, where we find abundant charms both for the senses and the æsthetic tastes. As we look south, the northern end of this remarkable "Gap" lies at our feet, for we are now three hundred and sixty-five feet above the river. The wood-crowned sides and heights of Mounts Minsi and Tanmany exercise an indescribable influence over the spectator. Their ever-varying lights and shadows delight him, their majesty impresses him with a kind of awe; and as he looks on the beautiful river winding through the narrow channel at their feet, his mind wanders back into the mighty, the unknown past, and wonders how those mountains, once evidently united, were cut in twain by the river. Did the stream, like the Yellowstone and the Niagara, working through long geological periods, gradually wear away the strata which once filled this mighty chasm? he asks himself. Or did it burrow its way beneath them, until, their foundations destroyed, they fell with a fearful crash? or, was the mountain cut in two by a sublime convulsion which shook the continent during the pre-adamite ages? Brooding over these questions one loses himself in the fog of unsatisfactory speculations. Finally, in view of the quality of the rocks which form the sides of this chasm, and of the evidence, written in geological characters on the face of the soil, of the former existence of a vast lake above the Gap, he sagely concludes that probably nature wrought the wonder violently, but hid the secret of her method beneath the overwhelming mass of *debris* which she swept out of this marvellous gulf.

While absorbed in these and other nameless imaginings, we were aroused by a companion, who enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Come here! the view north is perfectly delightful."

Moving to the end of the piazza we looked up the river, glanced at "Broadhead's Creek;" at the far-reaching Kittatinny Mountain, a portion of the Blue Ridge, which lifts its green head over Cherry Valley and the Delaware; at "Transue's Knob;" at the fields and farm-houses which dot the landscape; and



KITTATINNY MOUNTAIN.

finally at the rafts which were floating down the river toward the shoals that lie just north of the Gap, and replied:

"Yes, this is charming—a fitting contrast to the ruder aspect of nature below."

But still greater was the pleasure afforded us by the view of the Delaware as seen from the piazza of the Kittatinny House.

There is a peculiar fascination about this view, which, however often gazed on, never loses its power over the feelings. We lingered long upon it, and its image will be to us a "joy forever."

A row through the Gap in a boat, toward evening, gave us a clearer impression of this great natural curiosity than we had previously gained, and drew to our lips the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all."

The country around the Gap is associated with names almost classic in modern Christian story. David Brainerd, with a burning heart, once traversed the hills and vales of the Minisink, seeking to win the wild Lenape Indians to Christ and civilization. The Moravians had their missionary establishment at Bethlehem, and their preachers traversed the Delaware, Lehigh, and Susquehanna Valleys, preaching Jesus with some success to the red warriors. Then our own John Brodhead, so well known, so highly respected, and so greatly beloved, was a native of this vicinity, who preached in a school-house near his ancestral home, and went forth with heroic faith and saintly fervour when only eighteen years old, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Our allotted week at this pleasant spot having expired we returned home stronger in body than when we left it, and greatly refreshed in spirit by our week's communion with the solitudes and beauties of nature. A place more delightful for a summer sojourn can not easily be found. Looking back on that pleasant week we often apply to it these lines of Wordsworth:

" I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but bearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well-pleas'd to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

MORNING HYMN.*

BY THE REV. M. RICHEY KNIGHT, A.B.

SPLENDOR of God ! paternal Beam,
Evolving ever light from light !
Fountain from which all glories stream,
Seen thro' eternal ages bright !
Great Day illumining the day,
Pour on us Thy perpetual ray.

Let us invoke with earnest prayer
The Father God of powerful grace ;
Pray Him to pardon and to spare :
Bask in the sheen of mercy's face.
May He give strength to bear the rood
And turn all evil into good.

But faith is ours—we have not sight ;
Yet Thou confirmest what we think.
Fill mind and heart with constant light—
Be Christ our food ! be faith our drink !
The dawn advances on its way ;
May Christ grow brighter with the day !

Strong Saviour ! Hope of helpless men !
Bright Son of God incarnated,
Reach down to us Thy hand again
And aid us upward. Night is sped—
Night, with its death-like sleep, is come ;
Rise, morning star. Shine forth, O sun !

Splendor of God ! paternal Beam ;
Great Day illumining the day !
Fountain from which all glories stream,
Pour on us thy perpetual ray.
Be faith, and hope, and modesty,
And love our constant praise to Thee.

* Paraphrased from the *Hymnus ad Matutinum* of Ambrose, circ A.D. 375.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis et fons luminis,
Diem dies illuminans,

Verusque sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti,
Iubarque Sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.



LOADING LOGS IN THE WOODS.

(From "The Wooden Age," in *Scribner's Monthly*.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE LUMBER CAMP.

"A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."—Ps. lxxvi. 5.

"How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

—GRAY'S ELEGY.

AT length the little flotilla reached the Mattawa river. A heavy boom of floating logs chained together was moored across its mouth to intercept timber coming down its stream. An opening was made in this, and proceeding a short distance, the brigade reached at last its destination. A camp had

occupied the ground the previous season and the buildings were still standing, although one had been partially unroofed by a summer storm.

The camp consisted of three buildings forming three sides of a hollow square, the fourth side being open, with a warm sunny southern exposure, toward the river. To the right was a strongly-built store-house for keeping the flour, pork, tea, sugar, and other supplies required for a hundred men for half a year. To the left were the stables for the ten or twelve teams which were daily expected to arrive by a trail along the river side through the forest.

The third side of the square was occupied by "the shanty" or boarding-house for the men. Instead of being, as its name might imply, a frail structure, it was a large, strongly-built log-house. The openings between the logs were filled with moss and clay. The windows were very few and small. For this there were three reasons—larger openings would weaken the structure of the house, and let in more cold, and glass was a rather scarce commodity on the Mattawa.

The whole interior was one large room. The most conspicuous object was a huge log fire-place or platform, like an ancient altar, in the centre of the floor. It was covered with earth and blackened embers and was surrounded by a protecting border of cobble stones. Immediately over it an opening in the roof gave vent to the smoke, although in dull weather much of it lingered among the rafters, which fact gave them a rather sombre appearance. Around the wall were rude "bunks" or berths like those in a ship, for the accommodation of the shantymen. A few exceedingly solid-looking benches, tables and shelves, made with backwoodsman skill with no other instrument than an axe and auger, was all the furniture visible. Some wooden pegs were driven in the wall to support the guns, powder-horns, shot-pouches, and extra clothing of the men. Over the door-way was fastened a large deer's head with branching antlers. The house was warm and comfortable but with nothing like privacy for the men.

The other buildings were similarly constructed and roofed with logs split and partially hollowed out. During the fine weather

the cooking was done at a camp-fire in the court-yard, but in winter, at the huge hearth in the shanty. A large log hollowed into a trough caught rain water, while for culinary purposes a spring near at hand sufficed.

On the walls of the stable were stretched out, dried by the sun, stained by the weather and torn by the wind, the skins of several polecats, weasels and other vermin, evidence of the prowess of the stable boys and a warning of the fate which awaited all similar depredators—just as the Danish pirates when captured by the Saxons were flayed and their skin nailed to the church doors, as a symbol of the stern justice meted out in the days of the Heptarchy.

A couple of hardy Scotch squatters had cleared a patch of ground near the camp, and raised a crop of oats, and cured a quantity of wild meadow hay, for which they got a good price from the lumber company.

The deserted camp was soon in a bustle of activity, and the abandoned buildings were promptly reoccupied. The stores were safely housed and padlocked. Each man stowed away his "kit" under his berth or on a shelf or peg above it. Axes were sharpened on a large grindstone, and when necessary fitted with new helms, and every one was prepared for a winter campaign against the serried array of forest veterans. Such are the general arrangements adopted for carrying out the great national industry of Canada—an industry in which more capital is employed than in any other branch of business and from which a greater annual revenue is derived.

The day after the arrival of the lumber crew at the camp, Lawrence was told off with a "gang" of men to proceed a short distance up the stream and begin the work of felling trees. The air was cool and bracing, and fragrant with pine balm. The stately trunks rose like a pillared colonnade, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral." The pine needles made an elastic carpet under foot and the bright sunlight streamed down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold.

Soon the assigned limit was reached, and the stalwart axemen each selected his antagonist in this life and death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood was

cleared. The axes gleamed brightly in the air. The measured strokes fell thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips flew through the air, and ghastly wounds gaped in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivered through all his branches, swayed for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering groan, tottered and reeled crashing down, shaking the earth and air in his fall. As he lay there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seemed like murder. As Lawrence stood with his foot on the fallen trunk of his first tree, but a moment before standing grand and majestic and lordly as a king's son, like Saul among the prophets, he seemed guilty of sacrilege—of slaying the Lord's anointed. He followed in fancy its fate :

Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Drag down the weary winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

But after a time his conscience became seared and calloused to this tree murder, and as he swung his glittering axe through the air and it bit deep into the very heart of some grand old pine, stoical beneath his blows as a forest sachim under the knife of his enemy, a stern joy filled his soul, as he felt that he with that tiny weapon was more than a match for the towering son of Anak. It realized the fairy tales of his boyhood, and he played the *role* of Jack the Giant-killer over again.

The fallen trees were cut into logs of suitable length by huge saws worked by a couple of brawny sawyers. When the snow fell, these were drawn to the river side by sturdy teams of oxen. The logs were loaded on the sleds by being

rolled up an inclined plain formed by a pair of "skids," as shown in the engraving at the head of this chapter. A stout chain was attached to the sled and passed around the log, and a pair of oxen tugged at the other end of the chain till the unwieldy mass, sometimes weighing nearly a ton, was hauled on to the sled. This heavy work, as may be supposed, is not without danger; and sometimes serious accidents occur, when only the rude surgery of the foreman or "boss" is available.

But although Lawrence, like a strong-limbed warrior, thus "drank the joy of battle with his peers," he often also felt the warrior's fatigue and sometimes the warrior's peril and wounds. One day a tree in falling struck the projecting branch of another and dashed it to the ground in dangerous proximity to his person, and a portion of it, rebounding, gave him a severe blow on the leg. And at night as he lay his weary limbs and aching joints upon the fragrant hemlock boughs of his berth, his hot and blistered hands often kept him awake, and he contrasted, not without a pang, the quiet and neatness of his little attic chamber beneath his mother's roof with the uncongenial surroundings by which he was environed. The frugal yet clean and appetizing fare of his mother's table, with its snowy cloth and dainty dishes, and above all, her saintly presence beaming with a sacred influence like the seraphic smile of Murillo's *Madonna*, were remembered with a longing akin to that of the Israelites in the desert for the fleshpots of Egypt, as he partook of his mess of pork and beans or Irish stew and drank out of his tin pannikin his strong green tea, unflavoured with milk. Hunger, however, gave a zest to his appetite, and the monotonous fare of the camp was sometimes varied by the killing of a deer or the snaring of a covey of partridges.

Lawrence was not without spiritual contests also as well as conflicts with the giants of the forest, and the former were the more desperate and deadly of the two. To live a godly life amid all these godless men—for so far as he knew none of them had any personal experience of religion—was no slight task. To confess Christ humbly and modestly, yet boldly and firmly, amid his unfavourable surroundings taxed his Christian resolution.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of bearing the reproach of Christ. To a lad of his retiring and sensitive disposition it was quite an ordeal to observe his religious devotions at night and morning amid the smoking and foolish, and often profane, talking and jesting of nearly a hundred rude and boisterous men. On the journey up the river he had sought the solitude of the forest for his devotions. He could still have done so in the camp, but he thought that it would be an act of moral cowardice to conceal his habit of prayer. He therefore from the very first night read a chapter in his father's Bible and knelt quietly beside his "bunk" to pray to his Father in heaven. This act had a salutary effect on those near him. Most of them either ceased their conversation or subdued their voices to a lower key. Those who would do neither, moved away, as if reproached by his act. Indeed some of the Roman Catholic lumbermen began to imitate his conduct, a few openly, and others turning to the wall and furtively crossing themselves before they retired to rest. The quiet dignity without haughty reserve, and the uniform politeness and kindness of the young man, had won the respect or good-nature of most of the motley forest community.

One night a rough Irish teamster, Dennis O'Neal, by name, came into the shanty in a decidedly ill humour. He had been breaking in a yoke of young steers that the foreman had bought from the Scotch squatter—an employment not calculated to mollify a temper somewhat irascible at the best of times. He grumbled over his supper and quarrelled with the cook. As he caught sight of Lawrence kneeling at his bedside he seemed to consider him a fitting object on which to vent his ill humour. Picking up a musk rat which one of the Indians had killed and was going to cook for his private gratification, O'Neal hurled it at the head of Lawrence with the adjuration,

"Get up, ye spalpeen. What for are ye makin' yerself so much bether than the rest av us! It's some runaway 'prentice ye are, for all yer foine manners, bad luck to ye!"

Though struck fairly on the side of the face by the noisome missile, Lawrence made no reply, but bowed his head still lower and lifted up his heart more fervently to God.

"D'ye hear me, ye concated gossoon?" cried O'Neal in a rage, and he was about to hurl his heavy boot at the boy.

"Let be le garçon," exclaimed Baptiste la Tour, who had taken a fancy to Lawrence, arresting the hand of the irate O'Neal. "What for you no pray votre self? sure you much need."

"Why don't he pray right then?" said O'Neal, adopting the usual plea for persecution—a difference of religious creed. "Where's his 'Hail Mary?'"

"Indian pray to grand manitou," replied the philosophical Frenchman, who seems to have been tinctured with a rationalistic spirit; "Catholique pray to Sainte Marie; Protestant pray to Marie's Son: all good. Let be le garçon."

"That's so," "Let the boy alone," "Go to bed, Dennis," echoed several of the shantymen, and seeing that his treatment of Lawrence was unpopular, O'Neal slunk off growling to his bunk.

CHAPTER V.—A SABBATH IN THE CAMP.

O day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The endorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend and with His blood;
 The couch of time, care's balm and bay:—
 The week were dark, but for thy light:
 Thy torch doth show the way.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

By general consent Lawrence suffered no more overt persecution for his practice of prayer. He was, however, made the object of many little annoyances by O'Neal, who cherished a petty spite towards him, and by others who felt reproved by his quiet yet open confession of Christ, and who resented his superiority of manner and character. For instance, he sometimes found salt furtively introduced into his tea, instead of sugar, or a handful of beach-nuts placed in his bed, their sharp angles not being promotive of sound slumber. Sometimes, too, his axe would mysteriously be blunted or mislaid, and other articles would disappear for a time or, indeed, altogether. As he exhibited no spirit of resentment, however, much less of retaliation, as seemed to be expected,

and was always cheerful and obliging, these one-sided jokes at which nobody laughed, lost their charm to their perpetrators and were discontinued. It takes two to make a quarrel, and there was no use in annoying a man who never seemed to be annoyed.

Lawrence found opportunities also of disarming prejudice and winning favour by his helpful and cordial disposition. One day O'Neal was in real difficulty and some peril from his steers which under his domineering mode of management had proved refractory and had severely crushed their driver between the clumsy cart, in which he was hauling hay from the meadow stacks to the barn, and a huge stump which stood in the rough bush road. Lawrence ran to his assistance. With a few kind words he pacified the enraged animals and extricated Dennis from his danger. As he was a good deal bruised, Lawrence hastily threw off most of the load, helped the injured man into the cart and drove him slowly to the shanty, and, with the assistance of Baptiste, carried him to his bunk.

The next day was Sunday, a day which often seemed the most tedious of the week in the camp. Lawrence sorely missed the Sabbath services to which he had been accustomed, and was greatly distressed at the desecration of the holy day, of which he was the involuntary witness. Many of the men lay in their berths or bunks, or lounged about the shanty, unkempt and half dressed a good part of the day. Some wandered in the woods with dog and gun. Others fished, bathed or paddled in the river in their bark canoes. In the evening most of them talked, smoked, played cards, or mended their clothes in the shanty. Lawrence was wont to retire to the woods with his Bible and hymn-book and hold a Sabbath service by himself in the leafy temple of Nature. In the evening he used to seek a quiet corner, not only on Sunday but on week-nights when not too tired, and slowly and with much difficulty he spelled his way through the Gospel of St. John in his father's Greek Testament.

On this Sunday, however, instead of going out he remained in the shanty and prepared some toast and tea for O'Neal who, unable to rise, lay tossing and moaning impatiently in his rude bed.

"It's very kind av ye, shure," said the sick man, "afther the ways I've trated ye, it is."

"Oh! never mind that," said Lawrence. "You won't do it again, I'm sure."

"Troth an' I won't. True for ye, boy! It's ashamed av meself ye make me, entirely."

"Would you like me to read to you a bit?" asked Lawrence.

"Deed ye may if ye loike. I'm no great hand at the readin', but I'll listen as quiet as a dumb cratur, if it plazes ye."

Gladly accepting this not very gracious permission, Lawrence brought his Bible, and after thinking what would be least likely to offend the prejudices of the rather choleric patient, he read the beautiful hymn of the Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." He then read the story of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, with its account of the reverence paid by Mary to her Divine Son.

"Is that the Blessed Vargin, ye're readin' about?" asked O'Neal with some interest.

"Yes," said Lawrence.

"Shure, she was the good woman," replied his patient in a sort of expostulatory tone.

"Certainly," continued the reader, "the 'blessed among women' the Bible calls her."

"Does it now? the Protestant Bible?" asked Dennis with eagerness. "An' is that it ye're readin'? Shure they tould me it was a bad book. Read me some more av it, if ye plaze."

Lawrence read him the touching story of Calvary, and then repeated the beautiful *Stabat Mater*, that hymn of ages with its sweet refrain,

"Mary stood the cross beside."

Strange that that hymn of the Umbrian monk should be repeated six hundred years after his death in a lumber shanty in the backwoods of Canada.

Lawrence then repeated Wesley's beautiful hymn:

"Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls His wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God.

Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call :
'Come, and I will give you rest :
Come, and I will save you all.' "

As he recited slowly and with much feeling the last verse :

"Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God ;
Lo ! we come to Thee for ease,
True and gracious as Thou art ;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on our heart,"

a tear trickled down the bronzed face of the sick man, the first that he had shed for years, and his features twitched convulsively as he said,

"True for ye. Burdened enough I've been, and far enough I've wandered. If the Blessed Vargin 'ud only look on a poor wretch p'r'aps I might repent a'fter all."

Gently and lovingly Lawrence urged him to look from the Virgin to her Divine Son for the forgiveness of sins and spiritual succour that He alone can impart.

As he was about to leave the sick man, he laid his hand on his fevered brow and asked him kindly if he felt better.

"It's powerful wake I am," said the grateful fellow, "but, thanks to yer kindness, I'm cruel aisy."

Taking this rather contradictory statement as it was meant, Lawrence retired to his secret oratory in the woods to thank God that he had been enabled to overcome evil with good. As he walked in the dim forest aisles in the flush of the departing day he felt that in the rude lumber shanty he had been able to serve God no less acceptably than if he had worshipped beneath cathedral dome. In seeking to do good unto others his own soul had been benefitted and blessed.

CHAPTER V.—THE OXFORD SCHOLAR.

A Clerke ther was of Oxenforde also,
 That unto logike hadde long ygo,
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat I undertake ;
 But looked holwe, and thereto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
 But all be that he was a philosopre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.

CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales.*

THAT evening Lawrence sat reading his Greek Testament by the light of a tallow dip fixed in a tin sconce on the wall so as better to illumine the room. Except to those in its immediate proximity it seemed indeed

“No light but rather darkness visible.”

Laying down his book for a moment, he rose to give a drink of water to his friend—for such he now was—Dennis O’Neal.

When he returned he found that one of a group of men who had been shuffling a pack of greasy cards was looking over his book. He was a tall, dark, morose, sinister-looking man, with iron-grey hair and an unkempt grisly beard, and was smoking a short black pipe.

“Do you tell me you can read that?” he asked abruptly.

“Not much, I am sorry to say,” replied Lawrence, reaching for his book, for he began to fear that he was about to be made the victim of another stupid “practical joke,” which is generally only as much of a joke to its victim as stoning was to the poor frogs in the fable.

Matt Evans, for by that name the man was known, returned the book and soon, throwing down his cards, came and sat down on the edge of the bunk beside Lawrence.

“Where did you get that book?” he asked.

“It was my father’s,” said Lawrence, feeling a little anxious about his treasure. “It was almost his last gift.”

“Was he a clergyman?” asked Evans.

“He was a Methodist minister,” was the reply.”

"A Methodist minister! Do they read Greek?" exclaimed Evans in a tone of surprise. "I thought they were a set of illiterate nomads, prowling around the country."

"Many of them do," said Lawrence, with quiet dignity, "and some of them read Hebrew also. My father taught himself."

"It's many a year since I read any. Let's see if I have forgotten it all," said Evans.

"Where did you learn it?" asked Lawrence, handing him the Testament.

"Where they know how to teach it, my boy, at Oxford. I don't look like it, I suppose, but I once studied at old Brasenose. One of my class-mates became a bishop and sits in his lawn in the House of Lords, and another of them is a lord of the Admiralty and lives in Belgravia. Curse him! when I asked him to give me a berth in the dockyard he had the impertinence to tell me that his duty to his country wouldn't allow him, and he turned me off with a guinea, the beggarly fellow, he did."

Lawrence said nothing, but he thought that very probably the Admiralty lord had good reasons for his conduct, and that he had been very generous as well.

"The more fool I. I've nobody to blame but myself for being here," went on the remorseful man. "But drink and dice and bad company would drag a bishop down to a beast—to say nothing of a reckless wretch like me. I have a brother who owns as fine an estate as any in Dorset. Oh! he's a highly respectable man"—this was uttered with a bitter ironical emphasis—"only drinks the very best port and sherry while I had to put up with London gin or vile whisky. I couldn't abide his everlasting homilies, so I took ship to Quebec and shook off the dust of my feet against them."

"Do your friends know you are in this country," asked Lawrence, not seeing the relevancy of the quotation with which this speech closed.

"No, indeed, and I'll take good care that they shan't. They think I am dead. Best so; and I *am* dead to them. No one would recognise in the seedy Matt Evans the fashionable man-about-town who used to lounge in the windows of the Pall Mall Club."

"Is that not your name?" asked, a little timidly, the innocent boy who had slight knowledge of the wickedness and woe of the great world, and who looked with an infinite pity on this man so highly favoured with fortune and culture, almost as a sinless soul might look upon a ruined archangel, mighty though fallen.

"No, my boy, no one shall know that; my secret shall die with me. But I rather like you. You are different from this herd around me here. Can I help you any in your Greek? I find I haven't forgotten it all yet."

Lawrence wondered to hear him speak thus of the men with whom he associated in all their coarse pleasures, and who, at least, had not fallen from the same height as he had; but hoping to interest him in some intellectual employment that might recall his better days he said,

"I can't find the root of *Ἡλθον*.

"Oh! that's irregular. Look for *Ἐξομυχι*. That used to be quite a catch, that. Lots of these things in Greek. Did you ever hear of the bishop who devoted his whole life to verbs in *μι*, and on his death-bed wished he had confined himself exclusively to the middle voice? Our old don at Brasenose wrote a big book on only the dative case. Those accents, too, are perplexing till you get the hang of them. If I had spent as much time learning English and common sense, as I have over the accents and Greek mythology, I would have been a wiser and a better man."

From this time he took quite an interest in Lawrence and gave him a good deal of help in his difficulties with his Greek text. It was the first practical use, said this Oxford scholar, that his Greek had ever been to him.

I have learned to prize
The quiet lightning of the dead and not
The thunder of applause that follows at
Its heels that men call fame.

—Alexander Smith.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

ST. BONIFACE, THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ALL Protestant Christendom is indebted to a German monk for emancipating the souls of men from the spiritual thralldom of Rome. It was to an English monk that, eight hundred years before, the German lands were indebted for the first preaching of the Gospel, not yet corrupted with the papal superstitions by which it became subsequently degraded.

Near the ancient city of Exeter, in the beautiful country of Devon, was born, towards the close of the seventh century, Winfrid, the future apostle of Germany. He was carefully educated in a conventual school, the only sanctuary of learning in those stormy days. He was designed by his parents for secular life, but a dangerous illness turned his thoughts towards serious things. He became eminent for his diligence and devotion, and for his deep acquaintance with the Scriptures. In his thirtieth year he received ordination, and his remarkable eloquence and superior talents and learning won for him great repute as a preacher. He was honoured with the confidence of King Ina, of Wessex, and the way to fame and fortune seemed open for him in his native land.

But a nobler ambition fired his soul. A few years before Willibrord, a Northumbrian monk, educated in one of those Irish monasteries which were then the most famous for learning and piety in Europe, had gone with twelve companions as a missionary to Frisia, as the low fen lands of Belgium and Holland were then called. They met with great success and great persecution; and some of them won the coveted crown of martyrdom. The tales of their heroic deeds stirred the heart of the English monk and he burned to emulate the zeal, and to share the trial and triumph and the everlasting reward of his countrymen who were toiling among the pagan Frisians. He was destined to surpass them all in suffering and success and in perennial fame wherever the records of Christian heroism are remembered.

In the year 717, he sailed from London, even then a busy port, to the coast of Normandy. Joining a band of pilgrims he proceeded on foot through France and over the Gallic Alps to Rome. From Pope Gregory II. he obtained a commission to preach the Gospel among the pagan tribes of Germany. In the following spring, therefore, with a band of fellow missionaries he traversed the plains of Lombardy, climbed the rugged Swiss Alps, threaded the wilds of the Black Forest, full of elk and bison, bear and wolf, lynx and glutton and, for all he knew, of worst beasts still. Arrived in the heart of ancient Thuringia, he opened his commission. The wild German ritters were not impervious to the truth. Their stern hearts melted at the tender story of Calvary and converts were made to the religion of Jesus.

Rejecting an invitation to become bishop of Utrecht in the Frisian land, which had become partially Christianized, Boniface plunged into the wilds of Hesse. Multitudes of the fierce Saxons, subdued by the power of the Cross, soon received baptism at his hands. Nevertheless his converts were prone to relapse into paganism or, in strange confusion, to blend their old superstitions with their new creed. At Geismar, in Hesse, stood an ancient oak sacred for ages to Thor, the god of thunder. It was the object of peculiar reverence and was the rendezvous of the heathen assemblies of the neighbouring tribes. In vain Boniface argued and entreated against its idolatrous veneration. He therefore boldly resolved to destroy the idol, for such in reality it was. He advanced, axe in hand, to cut down the obnoxious giant of the forest. A vast multitude assembled, restrained from interference by a sense of awe and terror. Many expected the instant destruction of the intrepid monk by the power of the outraged deity. But blow fell on blow and still Thor gave no sign. In vain his votaries invoked his power. Like Baal he was on a journey or was sleeping and heeded not their prayers. At length the mighty monarch of the woods shivered through all his leafy branches, tottered on his throne, reeled crashing down and lay prone upon the ground, shattered into pieces by the fall. The vast multitude were convinced that the Lord, He is the God, and from the timber of their fallen idol was constructed an oratory for the worship of Christ.

Soon throughout the Schwartzwald, writes the historian of the conversion of Germany, "the heathen temples disappeared; humble churches rose amid the forest glades; monastic buildings sprang up wherever salubrity of soil and the presence of running water suggested an inviting site; the land was cleared and brought under the plough; and the sound of prayer and praise awoke unwonted echoes in the forest aisles. The harvest truly was plenteous but the labourers were few."

Boniface therefore sent an urgent appeal for assistance to his native land. He addressed a circular letter, A.D. 733, to the bishops, clergy, and principal abbots of England, in which he says: "We beseech you, that ye will remember us in your prayers to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, who would have all men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, that He will vouchsafe to convert to the true faith the hearts of the heathen Saxons, that they may be delivered from the snares of the Evil One, wherewith they are now held captive. Have compassion on them, brethren. They often say, 'We are of one blood with our brothers in England.' Remember they are your kinsmen according to the flesh. Remember that the time for working is short, for the end of all things is at hand, and death cannot praise God, nor can any give Him thanks in the grave. Aid us then while it is day."

He especially besought the donation of copies of different portions of Holy Scripture. Of the Abbess of Eadburgh he requested the epistles of St. Peter, written in gilt letters, that he might use them in preaching. From another he asked copies of the Gospels written in clear, bold hand, suitable to the weakness of his eyes. He requested also the commentaries of the venerable Bede for the elucidation of the sacred text.

These truly apostolic appeals were not in vain. Zealous missionary recruits flocked from England, among whom were not a few devout women who braved the perils of a stormy sea and the greater perils of a journey through roadless forests, in order to become deaconesses and servants of the Church in the wilderness. The wild, heathen German land of lawless ritters, bandits, and robbers was being organized into a Christian community. Churches were multiplied and the bishoprics of Wurzburg, Eichstadt, Bamberg, Erfurt, Mayence, Worms, Spires, Tongres, Fulda, Salzburg, Passau,

Cologne, and Utrecht, destined to become during later centuries great historic cities of manifold associations both of glory and of shame, were founded.

The venerable missionary—venerable both by his years and his apostolic character—boldly rebuked sin in high places. The smiles or frowns of earthly potentates inspired in him neither hope nor fear. Learning that King Ethelbald of England was living a life of flagrant sin, he administered a scathing reproof and tried to shame him into repentance by contrasting his conduct with that of the pagan Saxons in the German forests, who, though without the law of Christianity, did by nature the things contained in the law, and testified by stern punishments their abhorrence of the crimes committed by the recreant Christian king.

Though bowed beneath the weight of years and labours manifold, the missionary ardour of this apostolic bishop knew no abatement. Six times he crossed the Alps in the interest of his vast mission field. The welfare of his spiritual flock was a burden that lay heavy on his heart. In his seventy-fifth year he was called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches which had been destroyed by inroads of the heathen Frisians. He made an urgent appeal to Pepin of France for the protection of the persecuted Church. "Nearly all my companions," he wrote, "are strangers in this land. Some are aged men who have long borne, with me, the burden and heat of the day. For all these I am full of anxiety, lest after my death they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heather borders may not lose the law of Christ. My clergy are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain, but clothing they cannot procure unless they receive aid to enable them to persevere and endure their hardships. Let me know whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future."

This truly apostolic epistle brings to us across the dim and stormy centuries the assurance of the faith and prayers and godly zeal with which the foundations of the Christian civilization of

the German Vaterland were laid by this pious English monk so many hundred years ago.

His work was well-nigh done. His death was as heroic as his life. Though upwards of seventy-five years of age, his missionary zeal burned as brightly as when in his eager youth in his English home he yearned to preach the Gospel to the pagan tribes. He resolved to make a dying effort to win the heathen Frisians to the religion of Jesus. He had already selected his successor in office, and he bade him a solemn farewell. Among the books which he took as his companions on his last journey was the treatise of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," with which he sustained his soul as he went calmly to his fate. He felt an assurance that he should not return, and directed that with his travelling equipment his shroud might also be put up.

With a retinue of ten ecclesiastics and forty laymen he embarked at Mayence, on the Rhine, on his last missionary expedition. He glided down the rapid river, whose castled crags are haunted still with old time memories. At length they reached the dreary fen land of the heathen Frisians. For a time all went well. Many pagans were converted and several churches were planted. But the heathen party, enraged at the success of the missionary band, resolved on an exterminating blow. On a blithe June morning the shimmer of spear points was seen approaching the Christian encampment. Soon the clash of arms and shouts of an infuriate multitude were heard. Some of the Bishop's retinue counselled resistance and began to prepare for a defence. But the venerable Boniface stepped forth from his tent, his white hair streaming in the wind, and gave command that not a weapon should be lifted, but that all should calmly await the crown of martyrdom.

"Let us not return evil for evil," said the dying Saint. "The long-expected day has come. The time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body. Put all your trust in God who will speedily give you an entrance into His heavenly kingdom and an everlasting reward."

Enbraved by these heroic words, that doomed missionary band calmly awaited their fate. The onset of the heathen was furious.

The struggle was brief, and soon the blood-bedabbled robes and gory ground and mutilated bodies were the mute witnesses of this dreadful tragedy. The victorious pagans eagerly ransacked the tents, but their only treasures were some leathern cases containing the precious parchment Gospels and other manuscripts of the monks. These were speedily rifled, and the books strewn upon the plain or hidden in the marsh. Pious hands afterwards gathered up with loving care these relics and conveyed them, with the body of the great missionary, to the monastery of Fulda which he had founded.

In a stone sarcophagus in the crypts of the monastery still sleep the remains of the Apostle of Germany, and here has been treasured for ages the time-worn copy of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," which, with his shroud, was stained with his blood. This simple relic brings vividly before the imagination that heroic martyrdom eleven hundred years ago—June 5th, A.D. 755—by the shores of the Zuyder Zee :

Many centuries have been numbered
While in death the monk has slumbered,
'Neath the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

But the brave deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

This heroic life and death are but one example of the pious zeal of the mediaeval apostles and missionaries of Europe. "Eager, ardent, impetuous," writes Dr. Maclear, "they seemed to take the continent by storm. With a dauntless zeal that nothing could check, an enthusiasm that nothing could stay, they flung themselves into the gloomiest solitudes of Switzerland and Belgium and Germany, and before long their wooden huts made way for the statelier buildings of Luxeuil and Fulda and St. Gall. With practised eye they sought out the proper site for their monastic home, saw that it occupied a central position with reference to the tribes among whom they proposed to labour, that it possessed a fertile soil, that it was near some friendly water-course. These

points secured, the word was given, the trees were felled, the forest cleared, the monastery arose. Soon the voice of prayer and praise was heard in those gloomy solitudes, the thrilling chant and plaintive litany awoke unwonted echoes amid the forest glades. The brethren were never idle. While some educated children whom they had redeemed from death or torture, others copied manuscripts or toiled over illuminated missal or transcribed a Gospel; others cultivated the soil, guided the plough, planted the apple-tree and the vine, arranged the bee-lives, erected the water-mill, opened the mine, and thus presented to the eyes of men the kingdom of Christ as the kingdom of One who had redeemed the bodies no less than the souls of His creatures."

Sturmi, a successor of Boniface, founded the first monastery in the awful forest of Burchwald. Unattended he sailed up lonely rivers and traversed pathless wildernesses where the foot of man had never trod before. By day he protected himself against wild beasts by chanting hymns and prayers. At night he kindled a fire of fagots, signed himself with the sign of the cross, and committed his soul to the protection of God. Before long he had four thousand monks under his command, felling the forest, ploughing the glebe—planting, tilling, building, dyking and draining—turning the wilderness into a garden, the scene of pagan savagery into the seat of Christian civilization. They conquered the wild heathen tribes, not with carnal weapons, for the monks were men of peace, but by the mightier weapon of Christ's Gospel; and often their own martyr-blood became the prolific seed of the Church.

The Western monk never exhibited the delirious fanaticism which marked the Eastern confraternities. He was characterised, in the earlier and purer days of monachism, by submission to authority, by intense missionary zeal, and by industry of life. "Beware of idleness," wrote St. Benedict, "as the greatest enemy of the soul." *Qui laborat orat*, was the motto of his order. Under the inspiration of this principle, work, before degraded as the task of slaves and serfs, became ennobled and dignified as a service of duty.

The Latin confraternities were also less austere and ascetic than the Eastern Orders. They exhibited less of spiritual selfishness

and clearer conceptions of Christian obligation. "I serve God that I may save my lost soul," exclaimed the Stylite and, fakir-like, cursed the world as a scene of baleful enchantment, and in his dying hours refused to look upon the face or regard the tears of the mother who bore him. The gentle heart of St. Francis Assisi, the flower of the Western monks, went forth in affection to all created things, and inculcated boundless beneficence as the essence of Christianity. In his "Song of the Creatures," he gives thanks for his brother the sun, his sister the moon, his mother the earth, for the water, the fire and even for his sister Death—"Laudato sia Dio mio Signore—messer le frate sole—per suor luna—per nostra madre terra—nostra morte corporale."

But the monastic system, however clear in the spring, became mire in the stream. It shared an inveterate taint from which sprang frightful corruptions invoking its destruction. The picturesque ruins of the abbeys and priories of a bygone age are the monument of an institution out of harmony with the spirit of modern civilization—an institution to be remembered with gratitude, it is true, for its providential mission in the past, but without regret for its removal when that work had been accomplished. In lands where it still exists it is an anachronism and an incubus—a belated ghost of midnight walking in the light of day.

HARK.

A truant child o'ertaken by the dark,
 In sad bewilderment, where two ways meet.
 White robes of morning draggled, and her feet
 Begogged with mire, and many a bleeding mark
 Of awkward reach through briers, bristling stark,
 For flowers, or berries which she dares not eat,
 But clutches still, scared at her own heart's beat,
 And crying to the lonesome sky. When, hark!
 A voice! And from that frightened heart a voice
 Responsive, thrilling up through cloud and night!
 'My child!' 'O, father, take me to the light!'
 Her apron emptied now from blessed choice!
 Such, Lord, was I, when, through the dark, Thy call
 Made empty all my heart for Thee, my All.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

DUKE OF SOAP-SUDS.

ONE day I was standing in the gateway of a wood-yard talking to the manager, when there turned into the yard a young fellow driving a donkey and cart. The man and his "turn-out" were alike rather noticeable. He looked about two or three and twenty, had a pleasant, open countenance, and though evidently a sharp-witted, self-assured customer, who "knew his way about," was as evidently frank, kindly, and good-humoured. He was well dressed in what might be called a half "coster" style—that is to say, he wore a hairy cap, sleeved waistcoat, and tight-fitting cord trousers; but he did not "sport" aggrawater curls, or have a "loud"-patterned handkerchief twisted round his neck, and his thick-soled lace-up's, instead of being greased or simply neglected, were brilliantly polished.

"Now, that's what I call a model turn-out," said the manager in an undertone, as the driver pulled up and got out of the cart.

"Well, Duke; come for wood?"

"Yes; I want a load or two," was the answer.

"All right; we've plenty on hand," said the manager. Then laughingly turning to me he added, with an air of mock ceremony—

"Allow me to introduce you to his grace the Duke of Soap-suds."

"That's a very old joke of his, sir," said the young fellow, with perfect good-humour; "but you see it pleases him, and, as I always tell him, jokes go free till Christmas, and then they begin again."

As he spoke he led his trap away.

"He's an uncommonly clever, pushing young chap," said the manager. "There's more in him than meets the eye. He don't make much show, but I'll be bound to say that even now he

could buy up some that make more. He's what I call a born trader, and though he only drives a donkey cart at present, I shouldn't be surprised if he lived to keep his carriage; and whatever success in life he has had or may have, will be well-deserved, if it is only for the way in which he has behaved to his poor old mother and a sickly sister."

I loitered about the gate till Duke was coming out with his cart laden, and then, by way of opening a conversation, observed,—

"You haven't been long getting your cart filled."

"No longer than I could help, sir, you may depend," he answered. "I'm one of the go-ahead sort you must be nowadays, if you don't want to be left behind; so it's gee up Johnny, and away we go!"

He sprang into his cart as he spoke, and seeing there would be no chance to 'lead up' to my point, I came to it at once.

"You are a go-ahead fellow, and no mistake," I said, "I would like to be better acquainted, so I'll take the liberty of looking you up some day soon, if you don't object."

"Not at all, sir," he answered promptly; "quite the other way about; you do me proud. Will you name a time when you can come?"

I did so, asking if that time would suit him.

"Yes, that'll do for me; it's one of my in-door days, and here is where I hang out."

The address which he gave me was, as I found, one of the most curious and interesting spots in all the district. It consisted of twenty-one houses, and was lettered F——l Street, but as a sort of burlesque upon the street and house nomenclature of the neighbourhood, it had been popularly nick-named Drying-ground Villas, and was the home of a colony of washerwomen. Here resided Duke of Soap-suds with his mother and sister.

I made my call on a Friday afternoon, and found Duke in his shirt-sleeves turning a mangle, while his mother and sister sat folding the clothes at a table under which crouched a fine black retriever. The dog was the first to salute me, which he did in a manner about the friendliness of which I was for the moment doubtful. Seeing this, his master laughingly said,—

"Oh you needn't be afraid of Turk, sir; he barks at every stranger at first sight; but he'd only bite a 'liner.'* He's got a rare nose for that sort of vermin. I keep him on purpose for them, and for the benefit of the Row—*pro bono publico*, as the sayin' is."

Having concluded his praise of Turk, the Duke, waving his hand towards the table, said, by way of introduction,—

"My mother and sister; I told them you were coming."

They rose as he spoke, and I noticed that the mother—an old lady with "too-soon silvered head" and much-careworn countenance, but still showing the remains of good looks and a strong constitution—had considerable difficulty in getting upon her feet, a circumstance which her son explained by uttering the one word "rheumatics."

"Ah! a sad complaint," I said, addressing myself to the mother. "Do you suffer much from it?"

"Not now, I don't," she answered, "thanks to Bill here as has saved me from having to stand to the tub for years past now; but I used to have it dreadful bad, and it didn't leave me till it pretty nigh crippled me. What would have become of me if it hadn't been for Bill, I don't know. Ah, sir, he's a son in a thousand, though I say it as shouldn't."

"And of course you shouldn't," interrupted the son, laughing, but still blushing a little. "You ought to know I can blow my trumpet myself when there's anything to blow it about, which looking after a dear, kind old mother like you *aint* such a thing. Well, there now," he went on, as she was about to speak, "supposing you and Nell go and brew the tea," and as he spoke he put his arm around her and assisted her into the adjoining room.

"It's the old story, you see, sir," he said, as he came back to me when he had closed the door between the two rooms, "every mother thinks her son one of the best as ever lived."

"Well, I really think there has been good ground for it in your case," I answered.

"Well, no particular grounds, let's hope," he said, quite unaf-

* The technical name for the class of thieves who more especially devote themselves to stealing clothes that are hanging out to dry.

fectedly. "I often turns those sort of things over in my mind, and what I've come to think is, that human nature—taking it through and through, for of course you come across some real bad eggs—is a lot better than it gets credit for being, and that most people have got more good in 'em than they're aware on. Now take this of me keeping my mother and sister—I needn't make any bones about speaking of it, as it's come up anyway. I know how people that know us sometimes talk about it; they say how good it is of me to burden myself with them, what a model son I am, and all the rest of it, as if they thought it was something wonderful that I should do it, though the real wonder would be if I didn't do it, or any son didn't do it *as was called upon*. Why, bless you, I've known fellows as have done as much for drunken old mothers as hardly ever done a mother's part by 'em, let alone such a mother as mine, who—though it's a big thing to say, and though, as she would say, I say it as shouldn't—has been as good a mother as ever breathed. She was mother and father too to us children, and—if you can understand it—had as you may say, to be mother as well as wife to our father, who was the worst child of the lot, and the most expensive and heart-breaking."

I *could* understand it, and as the most delicate manner of intimating that such was the case, I observed with just the least shade of significance in my tone,—

"I knew your father." I remembered that he was an incorrigible drunkard.

In his turn Bill understood.

"Well," he said, "he was my father, and he's gone now, so that it is not for me to say a hard or disrespectful word of his memory, nor do I wish to do so; but if you knew him, and knew his failing, you can easily guess what a handful and heart-break he was to a decent, hard-working wife, who loved him, and whom all his drinking, and the shame that come of it, couldn't drive to drink, as such drinking upon the part of husbands-but too often does. But there was one good as came out of all the evil,—it set me as dead against it as poison. I've never tasted intoxicating drink in my life, and, please God, I never shall."

"How old were you when your father died?" I asked.

"I was rising seventeen then," he said, "and things were well on

the mend with us. It was when I was between eleven and twelve that the tug of war came, as the sayin' is. At one time, father, he did help mother a bit, and at that time he used to be satisfied to spend only his pension. But as drink got more and more the upper hand of him, he gradually took to screwing sixpences and shillings out of mother, whenever he saw a chance. The consequence was, that the rest of us had often to go on short commons. That worn't pleasant, of course; but it's one of the sort of things as you get used to, and none of us minded it very much. But at last mother was took with rheumatics, and that put us fairly in queer street. It had been a from-hand-to-mouth job with us when she could work, and now as she couldn't, it looked as if it was going to be a settler with us. Up to that time we had always paid our rent, but now it went behind, and the landlord, who was a sharp customer, and was down upon father, was going to take our traps, but mother begged hard of him to wait till pension day, and he agreed. Well, pension morning came—I can remember it as well as if it was yesterday—and mother, getting her arms around father's neck, and looking up into his face as loving as could be, said—

“You won't fail me this time, will you? You know how much depends on the money. You would be a good fellow if it wasn't for the cursed drink; but, after all, I don't think it can have so mastered you that you will see your wife and children turned into the streets for sake of it—there, you will bring me the money, wōn't you, dear?” and she finished by drawing his head down to her and kissing him. He said he would, and swore it, and there is no doubt he meant it at the time; but it turned out the old, old story. Hour after hour went by without his turning up, till at last, late at night, a couple of fellows brought him home dead drunk, and without a penny in his pocket. My mother had cried when the like had happened before; but she was past crying then. I shall never forget the look that came over her face—it was a look that sobered him, though the sobering came too late, for the money was gone. What I had seen and gone through before had made me pretty knowing and old-fashioned, and now the sight of her despair, and the knowing what a pinch things had come to with us, made a man of me, as you may say. My

sister was four years older than me, but she was very delicate ; my father was what he was, and my mother was laid up, so it comes home to me that I ought to be doing something, and that it was a case of now or never. So, while this feeling was on me, I goes up to the bedside, and I says, 'Never mind, mother ; don't be down-hearted, we'll pull through somehow yet. I'll get work, and what I earn can go to pay the back rent—I'll speak to the landlord when he comes.' It did cheer her up a bit, though she only shook her head. But I meant what I said. The landlord came on the Monday, and finding that there was no money, guessed fast enough what had happened. He was sorry enough for mother and us, he said, still he didn't see why he should go without his rent to enable other parties to drink the money, and he would distrain on the goods. I didn't say anything before mother, but I followed him out, and I blurts out,—

"Look here, sir ; it ain't mother's fault that the rent ain't paid. Don't turn her out or take our things. She'll soon be able to work again, and you know she'll pay you when she is, and if you'll only give us a little more time, I'll promise you to pay the back rent.'

"You !" he says ; 'how will you pay it.'

"Well, I'll get work at something or other,' I said, 'and my wages will go to pay it.'

"Well," he says, 'I like my rent, but I like your spirit too. You shall have the chance.'

"Of course I thanked him, and the very next day started off to look for work. I'd been to a score of places only to get 'No' for an answer, and I had got to be regular down on my luck, and shamefaced over asking, when I come to a builder's yard. I dashed into the office like a bull at a gate, and, without looking who was there, sang out—

"Do you want a boy, sir ?'

"I stood there with my eyes on the ground, and my face all a-tingling, expecting to hear the old answer, but instead of that I heard a laugh, and looking up, who should I see but our landlord. I had never known to that minute he was a master builder.

"Well, young Soap-suds,' he said, keeping on laughing, but in

a good-humoured sort of a way ; 'so you're going in for being as good as your word.'

" 'I meant to be as good as it, if I could,' I said, and then I told him how badly I had got on.

" 'I'm sorry for that,' he said, 'especially as I don't want a boy myself. However, you mustn't give up, but try some other places, and then, if you don't get anything, you can give me another call, and I'll see if I can help you.'

" Well, I went about trying for the next two days, but with no better luck, and then I went back to the landlord again.

" 'So you haven't succeeded?' he said, as soon as he set eyes on me.

" 'No,' I said ; 'but it wasn't for want of trying,' and then I was that down-hearted I burst out crying.

" 'Oh, you mustn't break down,' he said, a patting me on the head, 'something will turn up;' and then, after stopping for a while, thinking like, he asks, 'Do you think you could clean knives and boots?' I was sure I could, I answered him.

" 'Very well, then,' says he ; 'there's about an hour or a hour and a half's work of that sort at my house every morning, and, if you like, I'll have it turned over to you, and give you eighteen pence a week and your breakfast for doing it. What do you say? will you take the job?'

" 'Yes, and glad of the chance,' I says. And then says he, 'That's yer sort, I think you'll do—that's the way to get on; anything for a start, and take a little thing when you can't get a bigger. Now, get yourself something to eat, and come to my house in the morning;' and with that he slips a shilling into my hand, gives me a chuck under the chin, and starts me off."

I made an observation to the effect that the conduct of the landlord in the matter had been most kind and considerate, and must have been very encouraging.

"Which it was!" exclaimed Bill, emphatically. "There's nothing like kindness to give heart, either to man or boy, and especially to boys. However, to go on with my own yarn, I was at his house betimes the next morning, and he came out in the scullery himself to start me. After this I saw no more of him for a fortnight, and then he called me into the house, and says he,

laughing like, 'Look here, young Duke, do you think that to earn three or four shillings a week for about a hour or so's work a day you could manage to turn out at five, or perhaps a little earlier, in the morning?' and I answered, 'Of course I could; why not?' 'Just so; that's the way to say it,' he says, giving me a clap on the back; 'and now I'll tell you what the work is: there's a number of my workmen that I'm constantly having to haul over the coals for losing morning quarters, and the regular excuse with most of them is, that they have no one to call them, and oversleep themselves. Well, yesterday I asked them if they would like to have some one to call them, as I thought I could find them a caller. They said they would, and as there is a round dozen of them living pretty well in a cluster, you might manage *them*. You'll get threepence a week from each man, and as I shall benefit by their keeping better time, I'll give you another shilling a week.' So after I settled with the hands and got their addresses, he called me into the office, and says he, in a joking way, 'Now, my sweet William, I'll put you up to a wrinkle over this business. Calling was one of several irons that I had in the fire when I was only a little older than you, for I was as poor as you once, and had to work my way up, as I hope you will do. You know calling men isn't a common thing in London, and when it is done it is generally by means of a thundering ran-tan at the knocker that sets all the dogs in the neighbourhood barking, and wakes half the street. But in Lancashire, where I had my practice, calling is a regular custom, and the way it's worked there is this. You get a long light rod—an old fishing-rod for choice—and just tap the bedroom windows with that. It wakes the people in the room without disturbing others, and, what's of most consequence to you, it doesn't give a call to those who don't pay you, as a row with a knocker will do when workmen live near each other. Now there is a tip that's honestly worth a sovereign, and I give it to you free, gratis, for nothing.'

"Well, I got a rod and commenced calling the next Monday morning, and with my getting more calling to do, I was earning from ten to twelve shillings a week by the time I was thirteen."

"That was very good," I said.

"It was," he assented; "but you see circumstances alter cases,

and good as it was it wasn't good enough for our circumstances. While mother could work—for father didn't count, except as a burden—it was all very well; but the rheumatics tackled her again each winter, and with her laid up and only my money coming in, it was a cold look-out. At those times I was always saying I *must* alter this; but how to do it—that was the rub. I used to think and think about it till my head ached without hitting upon anything; but at last, the thought struck me,—

“A mangle is the thing for your money, Bill, my boy! That'll take mother from the tub; the work of the Row will be a little trade in itself to commence with.” I said nothin' to nobody at the time, for it was in the winter when mother was ill, and things at low-water mark with us. But when spring came round and mother could get about, I began to save all I could, and by hard pinching I managed to get the mangle by the next winter was setting in. It turned out a good thing; so much so, in fact, that though mother was laid up again, we managed very comfortably, for you see I could turn the mangle; it filled up my afternoons nicely, and a good old bread-winner it has been to us.”

“And then the donkey and cart would do their share of bread-winning too,” I said.

“They do now,” he answered; “but they came later. I went in for saving up again, till I had enough to buy King Dick—as I calls my donkey—and the trap. That turned out a good 'spec' too.”

“Well, you are certainly an industrious fellow,” I said; “your hands must be pretty full.”

“Well, they are, and that's how I like it to be; 'keep moving' is my motto, and, thank goodness, I haven't got a lazy bone in my body. But I ought to tell you I don't do the calling now; I've gave that up three years ago; sold the good-will of it; but I have another 'up in the morning early' business in place of it.”

“And what might that be?” I asked.

“A coffee-stall,” was the answer.

“And what led you to take to that?”

“Well, it pays better than the 'calling;' but that wasn't my only reason.

“Of course, when I started to work I had to leave day-school;

but, thanks to my mother at first, and to God's goodness, in giving me an understanding mind and believing heart afterwards, I kept up my Sunday-school and Bible-class, and learned to lead a better life than I should have done if I had been without religion, as I am sorry to think so many of the poor are. Well, partly from this, and partly from what I had seen at home, I became a staunch teetotaler. I joined a temperance society, and, though speaking aint much in my line, I felt so strong agen drinking that I *did* take to speaking about that ; but at the same time, I used to think couldn't I do more than merely speak agen it? and so it came about that I bethought me of the coffee-stall. I used to pass the gates of two large ship-building yards that lay close together, and close to them, as you may easily guess, for it is pretty near always so, was a large public-house. Well, this house was open every morning at five o'clock, and used to be filled with workmen drinking rum and coffee, and very often rum, or some other spirits, without the coffee.

" Well, of course, on cold winter mornings and nights there is a good deal to be said for a warmer ; but when I used to see the men crowding round the bar, I used to think what a pity it was they couldn't have warmers that weren't also ' make-yer-drunks.' From thinking of that to thinking of setting up a coffee-stall was a very easy easy thing for a chap like me as was on my own hook and didn't care what I turred my hand to, so long as it was honest."

" Did it turn out well ?" I asked.

" Very well for me," he answered, " and I believe I may fairly say that it was a good thing for some of the men. It was often the means of saving them from going into the public-house, and of sending them home to their families with more of their week's wages in their pocket than would have been the case if they *had* gone into the public-house instead of coming to my stall."

" I had no doubt of that," I said, and then added, " With all your businesses doing so well, you must be making a good thing of it."

" I am," he answered, " and I am not one of those who deny my mercies : I'm too thankful for them to do that. I'm making a good living, and more—I am saving money. I've got shares in

a building society and money in the bank, and after a bit I shall make mother safe by a little pension, and then launch out in the coal and greengrocery on a biggish scale ; so don't be surprised," he concluded, smiling as he spoke, "if some of these odd days you hear that the Duke of Soap-suds has been round leaving his card, and soliciting the honour of your custom."

Such was the story of the Duke as told by himself. In telling it he had certainly not been bashful, but neither had he been unduly boastful ; and indeed I knew afterwards, that notwithstanding his free-and-easy manner, he had shown considerable real delicacy. From other sources I learned that in his own way, and according to his means, he was a sort of Lord Bountiful among the poor inhabitants of Drying-ground Villas, and that as an advocate of teetotalism, he was ever ready to afford substantial aid, as well as advice to any who showed that they were really desirous of turning from their wickedness in the matter of drunkenness.

ISRAEL IN ZION.

(FROM A JEWISH HYMN.)

For the walls and the palaces rent,
Where ruin's chill blasts ever sweep ;
For the temple laid waste, the glory effaced,
We sit down alone and weep.

For the gems that are scattered and strown,
The priests who no sanctity keep,
The kings who in shame have despised Thy name,
We sit down alone and weep.

Jerusalem's children's recall ;
Speak peace to her heart gone astray ;
In mercy and love, oh haste from above,
Redeemer of Zion, we pray !

By glory and beauty again,
In Israel Thy favour display ;
Remember her shame, deliver her name,
Redeemer of Zion, we pray !

Let us comfort and happiness reap ;
Let righteousness shine as the day ;
Where we sit down alone and weep,
Redeemer of Zion, we pray !

SHAKESPEARE ON CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.

SHAKESPEARE knew better and better, as he grew older, what Kant affirmed in his last years, that the best melody of the harp is never obtained until the chords are stretched tightly, and the plectrum with which the resonant wires are struck is made firm. Madame de Stael says of Schiller, that his muse was Conscience. His poetry has several of its high, crystalline fountain springs in the heights of Kant's philosophy. But even Schiller once complained that Kant's system of ethics occasionally takes on the aspect of a repulsive, hard, imperative morality, and is not attractive. Kant replied that the two objects of moral training are to give "hardihood" in the application of conscience to the motives, and "gladness" in prompt and full obedience to the moral sense. Hardihood! That is the stretching of the chord tautly in the harp. Hardihood! That is the firmness of the plectrum which smites the cord. Hardihood! That is the first object of moral training. Gladness is the second, but that is only the music derived from the tightly stretched cord and the firm plectrum. More and more, as Shakespeare grew older, he tightened the moral chords in the colossally wide harp of his nature, and the stretched cords he struck with firm plectra, and their far-resonant upper notes at last are harmonious with the deep bass of the moral law in the nature of things. That is Shakespeare. He dwelt in his advanced years more upon the Unseen, upon the moral law, upon the great characters of his tragedies, and less and less, except as a foil, upon the lower traits and the coarser in human nature.

Here is the last tone shed from Shakespeare's harp within the hearing of this world: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."—Shakespeare's Will.

As one would touch the multiplex array of banks of organ keys at random to test the tones of some mighty instrument, so I open

a copy of Shakespeare at random, with no partisan plea to make. What massive and over-aweing tones are these first ones I happen to strike :

In the great hand of God I stand.

Why? Because I am following my conscience in opposing a bloody tyrant.

And, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.—Macbeth, act ii, sc. 3.

But here is a contrasted tone strangely deep :

What do I fear? myself? There's none else by :
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am :
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no; alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

—King Richard III., act v, sc. 3.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

—Measure for Measure, act iii, sc. 1.

The dread of something after death
 . . . puzzles the will.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

—Hamlet, act iii, sc. 1.

Strike the peaceful, cheering, mysteriously-commanding notes
once more :

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—2 King Henry VI., act iii, sc. 2.

Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

—King Henry VIII., act iii, sc. 2.

Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the *intent* of bearing them is just.

—King Henry IV., sc. 3.

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

—King Henry VIII., act iii, sc. 2.

Strike the contrasted notes again :

First murderer—So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Second murderer—Let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.

First murderer—How if it come to thee again ?

Second murderer—I'll not meddle with it. It is a dangerous thing. It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; he cannot swear, but it checks him ; 'tis a blushing, shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles ; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it ; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing.

First murderer—Zounds, it is even now at my elbow.

—King Richard III., act i, sc. 4.

Put up thy sword, traitor ;

Who mak'st a show, but durst not strike ; thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt.

—Tempest, act i, sc. 2.

The grand conspirator,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave. . . .

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour ;

With Cain, go wander through the shades of night.

—King Richard II., act v, sc. 4.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.

—King Richard III., act i, sc. 3.

I open the book again, and hear Shakespear answer the question whether blindness, sent as a judgment, results from the suppression of light. Lady Macbeth says :

The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature

This serious observer represents ruin as possible to man :

. . . . O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Has drops too few to wash her clean again ;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul-tainted flesh.

—Much Ado About Nothing, act iv, sc. 1.

Shakespeare is nowhere a partisan. He lived between two conflicting currents, men that were sometimes called fanatics, but who have founded New England—quite a piece of work in the world—and the rough, roystering circles of the court. Shakespeare was no fanatic, but he was no roysterer. In few words he sums up, in a passage more terrific, probably, than any other in his dramas, the whole effect, mental and physical, of an upbraiding conscience. How does this man, speaking to roysterers in his own audience, and writing under the fear that he was to be called illiberal, and sneered at for sympathizing with fanatics, how does this man, to whom human nature lay open, draw the picture of a soul accusing itself ?

Macbeth—One cried, “ God bless us ! ” and “ Amen ! ” the other ;
 As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.
 Listening their fear, I could not say “ Amen,”
 When they did say “ God bless us.”

What are the physical effects of an outraged moral sense ?
 Shakespeare has answered.

Lady Macbeth—Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth—But wherefore could not I pronounce “ Amen ? ”
 I had most need of blessing, and “ Amen ”
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth—These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth—Methought I heard a voice cry, “ Sleep no more ! ”
 Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep ;
 Sleep that knits up the ravell’d sleeve of care,
 The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
 Chief nourisher in life’s feast.

Lady Macbeth—What do you mean ?

Macbeth—Still it cried, “ Sleep no more ! ” to all the house ;
 “ Glamis hath murdered sleep : and, therefore, Cawdor
 Shall sleep no more : Macbeth shall sleep no more ! ”

Lady Macbeth—Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brainsickly of things;—Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
 They must be there: Go, carry them; and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth—I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
 Look on't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth—Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
 For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.]

Macbeth—Whence is that knocking?
 How is't with me when every noise appals me?
 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green, one red.--Macbeth, act ii, sc. 2.

But if Macbeth had read Professor Tyndall's speech at Birmingham, undoubtedly advanced thought would have washed his red right hand.

To summarize all that Shakespeare has said, therefore, take this opinion from Gervinus:

"The deity in our bosoms Shakespeare has bestowed with intentional distinctness, even upon his most abandoned villains, and that, too, when they deny it. To nourish this spark, and not to quench it, is the loud sermon of all his works."

We will take Byron as answer to our question whether other poets sustain the prophet and philosopher of Stratford-on-Avon. Lord Byron had guilt of which he knew the extent, and which God has not suffered to be known to men at large, and I hope never will suffer to be known. But this poet, understanding very well that the world was listening, and that on every sentence of his concerning the moral sense and remorse a microscope would be placed age after age, does not hesitate to say:

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
 Heard through God's silence, and o'er glory's din ;
 Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

—Byron : *Island.*

Here are the most incisive words Byron ever wrote concerning conscience :—

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows
 The flames around their captive close ;
 Till inly scorched by thousand throes,
 And inly maddening in her ire,
 One and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourished for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives one pang and cures all pain,
 She darts into her desperate brain.
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live, like scorpion girt by fire ;
 So writes the mind remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven ;
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death.

—Byron : *Giaour.*

AN IDLE WORD.

MATT. XII. 36.

It passed away, it passed away,
 Thou canst not hear the sound to-day ;
 'Twas water lost upon the ground,
 Or wind that vanisheth in sound.
 Oh, who shall gather it or tell
 How idle from the lip it fell ?

'Tis written with an iron pen ;
 And thou shalt hear it yet again '
 A solemn thing it then shall seem
 To trifle with a holy theme.
 Oh, let our lightest accent be
 Utter'd as for eternity.

THE DEACON'S SIN AND ITS EXPIATION.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER VII.—THANKSGIVING AGAIN.

SEVEN years had passed and once more the Thanksgiving-tide was in Mapleton. This year it had come cold and frosty. Chill driving autumn storms had stripped the painted glories from the trees, and remorseless frosts had chased the hardy ranks of the asters and golden-rods back and back till scarce a blossom could be found in the deepest and most sequestered spots. The great elm over the Pitkin farm-house had been stripped of its golden glory, and now rose against the yellow evening sky, with its infinite delicacies of net work and tracery, in their way quite as beautiful as the full pomp of summer foliage. The air without was keen and frosty, and the knotted twigs of the branches knocked against the roof and rattled and ticked against the upper window panes as the chill evening wind swept through them.

Seven long years had passed since James sailed. Years of watching, of waiting, of cheerful patience, at first, and at last of resigned sorrow. Once they heard from James, at the first port where the ship stopped. It was a letter dear to his mother's heart, manly, resigned and Christian; expressing full purpose to work with God in whatever calling he should labour, and cheerful hopes of the future. Then came a long, long silence, and then tidings that the *Eastern Star* had been wrecked on a reef in the Indian Ocean! The mother had given back her treasure into the same beloved hands whence she first received him. "I gave him to God, and God took him," she said; "I shall have him again in God's time." This was how she settled the whole matter with herself. Diana had mourned with all the vehement intensity of her being, but out of the deep baptism of her sorrow she had emerged with a new and nobler nature. The vain, trifling, laughing Undine had received a soul and was a true woman. She devoted herself to James's mother with an utter self-sacrificing devotion, resolved, as far as in her lay, to be both son and

daughter to her. She read, and studied, and fitted herself as a teacher in a neighbouring academy, and persisted in claiming the right of a daughter to place all the amount of her earnings in the family purse.

And this year there was special need. With all his care, with all his hard work and that of his family, Deacon Silas never had been able to raise money to annihilate the debt upon the farm.

There seemed to be a perfect fatality about it. Let them all make what exertions they might, just as they were hoping for a sum that should exceed the interest, and begin the work of settling the principal, would come some loss that would throw them all back. One year their barn was burned just as they had housed their hay. On another a valuable horse died, and then there were fits of sickness among the children, and poor crops in the field, and low prices in the market. As the younger boys grew up the deacon had ceased to hire help, and Biah had transferred his services to Squire Jones, a rich landholder in the neighbourhood, who wanted some one to overlook his place. Nevertheless, Biah never lost sight of the "deacon's folks" in his multifarious cares, and never missed an opportunity either of doing them a good turn or of picking up any stray item of domestic news as to how matters were going on in that interior.

Of late Biah's good offices had been in special requisition, as the deacon had been for nearly a month on a sick bed with one of those interminable attacks of typhus fever which used to prevail in old times, when the doctor did everything he could to make it certain that a man once brought down with sickness never should rise again.

But Silas Pitkin had a constitution derived through an indefinite distance from a temperate, hard-working, godly ancestry, and so withstood both death and the doctor, and was alive and in a convalescent state, which gave hope of his being able to carve the turkey at his Thanksgiving dinner.

The evening sunlight was just fading out of the little "keeping-room," adjoining the bed-room, where the convalescent now was able to sit up most of the day. A cot bed had been placed there, designed for him to lie down upon in intervals of fatigue. At present, however, he was sitting in his arm-chair, complacently

watching the blaze of the hickory fire, or following placidly the motions of his wife's knitting needles.

There was an air of calmness and repose on his thin, worn features that never was there in days of old : the haggard, anxious lines had been smoothed away, and that spiritual expression which sickness and sorrow sometimes develop on the human face reigned in its place. It was the "clear shining after rain."

"Wife," he said, "read me something I can't quite remember out of the Bible. It's in the eighth of Deuteronomy, the second verse."

Mrs. Pitkin opened the big family Bible on the stand, and read, "And thou shalt remember all the way in which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee and to know what is in thy heart, and whether thou wouldst keep His commandments or no. And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know, that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

"There, that's it," interrupted the deacon. "That's what I've been thinking of as I've lain here sick and helpless. I've fought hard to keep things straight and clear the farm, but it's pleased the Lord to bring me low. I've had to lie still and leave all in His hands."

"And where better could you leave all?" said his wife, with a radiant smile.

"Well, just so. I've been saying, 'Here I am, Lord; do with me as seemeth to thee good,' and I feel a great quiet now. I think it's doubtful if we make up the interest this year. I don't know what Bill may get for the hay: but I don't see much prospect of raisin' on't; and yet I don't worry. Even if it's the Lord's will to have the place sold up and we be turned out in our old age, I don't seem to worry about it. His will be done."

There was a sound of rattling wheels at this moment, and anon there came a brush and flutter of garments, and Diana rushed in, all breezy with the freshness of out-door air, and caught Mrs.

Pitkin in her arms and kissed her first, and then the deacon, with effusion.

"Here I come for Thanksgiving," she said, in a rich, clear tone, "and here," she added, drawing a roll of bills from her bosom, and putting it into the deacon's hand, "here's the interest money for this year. I got it all myself, because I wanted to show you I could be good for something."

"Thank you, dear daughter," said Mrs. Pitkin, "I felt sure some way would be found, and now I see *what*." She added, patting her rosy cheek, "a very pleasant, pretty way it is, too."

"I was afraid that Uncle Silas would worry and put himself back again about the interest money," said Diana.

"Well, daughter," said the deacon, "it's a pity we should go through all we do in this world and not learn anything by it. I hope the Lord has taught me not to worry, but just do my best and leave myself and everything else in His hands. We can't help ourselves; we can't make one hair white or black. Why should we wear out our lives fretting? If I'd a known *that* years ago it would 'a' been better for us all."

"Never mind, father, you know it now," said his wife, with a face serene as a star. In this last gift of quietude of soul to her husband she recognized the answers to her prayers of years.

"Well, now," said Diana, running to the window, "I should like to know what Biah Carter is coming here about."

"Oh, Biah's been very kind to us in this sickness," said Mrs. Pitkin, as his feet resounded on the scraper.

"Good evenin', deacon," said Biah, entering, "Good evenin', Mrs. Pitkin. Sarvant, ma'am," to Diana—"how ye all gettin' on?"

"Nicely, Biah,—well as can be," said Mrs. Pitkin.

"Wal, you see I was up to the store, and I see jest the biggest letter there for the deacon. Wal, we couldn't, none o' us, for our lives, think what it's all about, it was sich a tremenjuss thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the deacon's hands.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Silas Pitkin, the colour flushing apprehensively in his pale cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

There was an agitated, silent pause while he broke the seals and took out two documents. One was the mortgage on his farm and the other was a receipt in full for the money owed on it! The deacon turned the papers to and fro, gazed on them with a dazed, uncertain air, and then said:

"Why, mother, do look! *Is this so? Do I read it right?*"

"Certainly, you do," said Diana, reading over his shoulder. "Somebody's paid that debt, uncle!"

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Pitkin, softly; "He has done it."

"Wal, I vow!" said Biah, after having turned the paper in his hands, "if this 'ere don't beat all! There's old Squire Norcross's name on't. It's the receipt, full and square. What's come over the old crittur? He must 'a' got religion in his old age; but it's done, anyhow, and that's all you need to care about. Wal, wal, I must git along hum. Good-night, all on ye!" and Biah's retreating waggon-wheels were off in the distance, rattling furiously, for Biah was resolved not to let an hour slip by without declaring the wonderful tidings at the store.

The Pitkin family were seated at supper in the big kitchen, all jubilant over the recent news. The father, radiant with the pleasantest excitement, had for the first time come out to take his place at the family board. In the seven years since the beginning of our story the Pitkin boys had been growing apace, and now surrounded the table quite an army of rosy-cheeked, jolly young fellows, who to-night were in a perfect tumult of animal gaiety.

"Who's that looking in at the window?" called out Sam, aged ten, who sat opposite the house door. At that moment the door opened, and a dark stranger, bronzed with travel and dressed in foreign-looking garments, entered.

He stood one moment, all looking curiously at him, then crossing the floor, he kneeled down by Mrs. Pitkin's chair, and, throwing off his cap, looked her close in the eyes.

"Mother, don't you know me?"

She looked at him one moment with that still, earnest gaze peculiar to herself, and then fell into his arms. "O my son, my son!"

There was a few moments of indescribable confusion, during

which Diana retreated, pale and breathless, to a neighbouring window, and stood with her hand over the locket which she had always worn upon her heart.

After a few moments he came, and she felt him by her.

"What, cousin!" he said; "no welcome from you?" She gave one look, and he took her in his arms. Neither spoke, yet each felt at that moment sure of the other.

"I say, boys," said James, "who'll help bring in my sea chest?"

Never was a sea chest more triumphantly ushered; it was a contest who should get near enough to take some part in its introduction, and soon it was open, and James began distributing its contents.

"There, mother," said he, undoing a heavy black India satin and shaking out its folds, "I'm determined you shall have a dress fit for you; and here's a real India shawl to go with it. Get those on and you'll look as much like a queen among women as you ought to."

Then followed something for every member of the family, received with frantic demonstrations of applause and appreciation by the more juvenile.

"Oh, what's that?" said Sam, as a package done up in silk paper and tied with silver cord was disclosed.

"That's—oh—that's my wife's wedding dress," said James, unfolding and shaking out a rich satin; "and here's her shawl," drawing out an embroidered box, scented with sandal-wood.

The boys looked at Diana, and Diana laughed and grew pale and red all in the same breath, as James, folding back the silk and shawl in their boxes, handed them to her.

Mrs. Pitkin laughed and kissed her, and said, gaily, "All right, my daughter, just right."

What an evening that was, to be sure! What a confusion of joy and gladness! What a half-telling of a hundred things that it would take weeks to tell.

James had paid the mortgage and had money to spare; and how he got it all, and how he was saved at sea, and where he went, and what befell him here and there, he promised to be telling them for six months to come.

"Well, your father mustn't be kept up too late," said Mrs.

Pitkin. "Let's have prayers now, and then to-morrow we'll be fresh to talk more."

So they gathered around the wide kitchen fire and the family Bible was brought out.

"Father," said James, drawing out of his pocket the Bible his mother had given him at parting, "let me read my Psalm ; it has been my Psalm ever since I left you." And there was a solemn thrill in the little circle as James read the verses :

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ; these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven ; they go down again to the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men !"

THE END.

THE TROUBLING OF THE WATERS.

A SONNET BY R. EVANS.

O MICHAEL ! thou who by divine command
On the bright waters of Bethesda breathed ;
When troubled Siloam was all enwreathed
In healing power for Sion thus to stand,
As nature's type of Christ so near at hand ;
Not as when o'er Assyria all unsheathed
The sword of justice to the hilt was bathed,
And proud Sennacherib felt the blighting brand,
Dost thou now come ; nor as when from the cloud
The Lord looked out and troubled Pharaoh's host
Dost thou fling back the Red Sea on the proud :
Like mercy's angel now to save the lost,
All in the Shiloh's healing virtue clad
Thou dost come down to make thine Israel glad.

AMONG THE KAFFIRS.*

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

IN the month of March, 1840, the Rev. Horatio Pearse, accompanied by his wife and several other missionaries, after a four months' voyage, landed at Port Elizabeth, a small and unprepossessing village on the shores of Southern Africa, in which country he was to labour during the remainder of his life. They proceeded almost immediately to Graham's Town, a land journey of about ninety miles. This journey they made in an African waggon, drawn by oxen at the rate of two or three miles an hour, "over extensive plains dotted with the mimosa-bush, and now through tremendous kloofs or ravines, in which grew the yellow-wood tree and the acacia." They were cordially welcomed by the resident missionary, the Rev. W. Shaw, and his family. Here they were much surprised at the evidences of civilization, the place resembling their native land so much that but for the presence of Hottentots and Fingoes they could scarcely have believed themselves to be in Africa.

Mr. Pearse was appointed to open a new mission in the interior of Kaffirland, among the Amavelelos, a tribe governed by a chief named Gxaba. This territory was one to which the Committee had long desired to send a missionary. For this the chief Gxaba had petitioned, partly, no doubt, from selfish reasons, as he had observed, he said, that those tribes which had received missionaries were free from war, and had grown rich and strong, while those who rejected them had been involved in perpetual hostilities.

The depravity and superstition of these people were truly appalling. Witchcraft was an ever-brooding terror among them, and many an innocent victim, suspected of dealing in the black art, was cruelly put to death. In many cases these poor creatures fled to the missionaries and were rescued by them from their tormentors. Lying was so common that no Kaffir thought it an insult to be accused of it; and theft was practised to per-

*"The Earnest Missionary. Memoir of the Rev. H. Pearse." By THORNTON SMITH. London: Wesleyan Mission House.

fection. Intemperance, both in drinking and eating, was a common vice. Cruelty of the most barbarous nature was practised upon prisoners taken in war, upon the women, who were regarded as mere cattle, and upon the dumb animals, and wars were constantly occurring.

It was while oppressed with the thoughts of these evils that Mr. Pearse, after a few months' residence with the Kaffirs, wrote to the General Secretary of the Society as follows :

"If ignorance and superstition, if wretchedness and crime may challenge the commiseration and stimulate the prayers and efforts of British Christians, then these woefully exist here. O could my voice reach the ears of my friends in our native isle I would entreat them by the blood that was shed for a guilty world, and by the incalculable value of an immortal spirit, to pity and pray for the thousands of the perishing sons of Ham in this land of woe, and sin, and death."

It was not until the month of August that the site for the mission station was selected. After much consultation with the chief and his counsellors, Mr. Pearse was able to fix upon a beautiful and romantic spot near the Umbashee River, and the following regulations were agreed upon between them, viz. :

"That all revolting dances, cruel rites, and polygamy should be strictly prohibited, under a penalty of a fine, the fines to be distributed among the deserving inhabitants."

To this station, which was about four miles in circumference, was given the name of Beecham Wood, in honour of the late Dr. Beecham, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who had been greatly interested in the spiritual welfare of South Africa.

Having arranged the necessary details, Mr. Pearse proceeded to erect a dwelling-house, assisted by a devoted English catechist who accompanied him.

He was obliged to cut down the poles for building, thatch the roof, and daub the walls with clay, living, meanwhile, in his raggon, and holding a school with the children in the open air ; at the same time hearing and answering the questions of many of the natives with regard to religious and other matters. In a short time his house was so far advanced that he was able to

bring his wife and infant daughter, whom he had left at Butterworth Mission, to the station. Mrs. Pearse received many visits from the native women, and the present of a fine cow from the wife of the chief.

The zealous missionary's time was much occupied in the study of the Kaffir language, which is very difficult to acquire, but by dint of much study and prayer, and mingling in the most familiar manner with the natives, he was able soon to conduct his class-meetings without the aid of an interpreter.

In July, 1841, the neat little chapel with which Mr. Pearse and his assistant had replaced the hut which they had been using for services, was dedicated to the worship of God. And now the missionary saw many signs of improvement among his people. Regular services were held, the congregations increased, children flocked to the schools, and many began to be anxious about the salvation of their souls. Evidences of improvement, though often ludicrous ones, were also visible in their dress; one man appeared in a pair of trousers, patched with various colours, another in a suit of clothes formerly belonging to some English soldier," while red nightcaps were much in favour. Mr. Pearse was also the means, in several instances of preventing impending war between the tribes, for which on one occasion he received many thanks from Gxaba, who said to him, "You must be our umagbluli—mediator—at all times, because you are the father of the people."

Butterworth, a lovely spot, inhabited chiefly by Fingoes, was to be Mr. Pearse's next field of labour. Here his work was substantially the same as at Beecham Wood—sometimes preaching, teaching, administering to diseased bodies as well as souls, at other times repairing the buildings belonging to the missions. This village became in time an example of industry and thrift, the inhabitants engaging in gardening, carpentering, blacksmithing, etc. During Mr. Pearse's residence there it was visited by small-pox, and many of the converts to Christianity, as well as the heathen, fell victims to that dread disease. Mr. Pearse was indefatigable in his attentions to the people, endeavouring in every way possible to check the ravages of the disease. He persuaded the natives to submit to vaccination, a precaution

which they at first regarded as a sort of witchcraft. Many were the cheering testimonies to Christ's saving power, borne by these converted heathen in their dying moments.

Mr. Pearse was next called to occupy the important position of pastor of the native congregation and church in Graham's Town. He left in Butterworth a society of more than ninety members, and about fifty candidates for baptism; also three hundred and fifty children in the Sunday-schools and two hundred and twenty in the day-schools. This, considering the tremendous difficulties and drawbacks in the work of the missionary, was a very encouraging result. Mr. Pearse took leave of his deeply sorrowing people, many of whom sobbed aloud at parting with him, and turned his steps toward Graham's Town. Here he preached in English, Kaffir, and Dutch, visited the barracks, hospital, and jail, and had the great satisfaction of seeing even condemned criminals accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and die happy in His love and forgiveness.

A Kaffir war broke out in 1846, which brought terrible disaster to the country. English, burghers, and Fingoes united against the Kaffirs, and the conflict was very severe. The missionary at Butterworth and his people were obliged to flee and abandon the place to the infuriated Kaffirs, who destroyed it by fire.

In 1848 "Commemoration Chapel," the completion of which had been delayed by the war, was dedicated to the worship of God. Some twelve years after Graham's Town was visited by Prince Alfred, when there assembled to welcome him "upwards of 2,300 children belonging to the various schools." They formed a striking procession, girls and boys bearing banners with gilt spangles, the former arrayed in spotless white, the latter adorned with purple scarfs or white rosettes.

In 1850 Mr. Pearse was transferred from Graham's Town to Natal. His farewell sermon to his Fingoe congregation was interrupted by the cries of the people—they could only pray and weep. This feeling was shared by his English congregation though without such outward demonstration.

Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, where he was now to labour, had a considerable and mixed population; its situation is very grand; its scenery magnificent. While here Mr. Pearse made

several exploring expeditions into the surrounding country. During these journeys, in which his course lay "over burning plains, dreary uplands, and rugged mountains," varied by stream, cataract, and glen, his thoughts would frequently take the direction so beautifully expressed by the poet Pringle :

" Afar in the desert I love to ride
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side ;
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;
 By the valleys remote where the Oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'ernung with wild vine ;
 Where the elephant brouses at peace in his wood
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

And here while the night-winds around me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 A still small voice comes through the wild,
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child)
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
 Saying, MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR !"

Mr. Pearse's journey across the Drakenberg Mountains was one of great difficulty and fatigue. On the heights they experienced intense cold as well as hunger, as their supply of food had run out, and they were very glad to get some old and worm-eaten Indian corn at one of the kraals.

At Platberg and Thaba Ucher, two Wesleyan stations, he found a Sunday-school attended by about 1,000 natives. Some of the native teachers accompanied him in his tours. There are now 16,000 of these native agents assisting the European and American missionaries in their several mission-fields.

In 1862 Mr. Pearse, whose health was greatly impaired through his arduous toils and anxieties, resolved to return to England. On the 30th of January, with his wife and daughter, he left Maritzburg in a carriage for Durban, where they were to embark. They had proceeded safely upon their journey about sixteen

miles when a dreadful accident occurred. While descending a hill the horses took fright and dashed forward at a furious rate throwing all the occupants out of the carriage. None were seriously injured but Mr. Pearse, who, upon being conveyed to a house, remained insensible for sixteen hours. He lingered after this for six days, tenderly watched over by his devoted wife and sorrowing friends, and then peacefully passed away among the people for whose salvation the best years of his life had been spent in self-denying labour. His remains were interred in Durban, and over his grave a stone has been erected by his widow, which bears the following inscription :

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. HORATIO PEARSE,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 18TH OF FEBRUARY, 1862,

IN THE 49TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HIS ZEALOUS AND FAITHFUL LABOURS IN SOUTH AFRICA EXTENDED
OVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS,

DURING A LARGE PORTION OF WHICH HE MINISTERED TO
THE CONGREGATION

WORSHIPPING AT PIETERMARITZBURG,

AND WAS

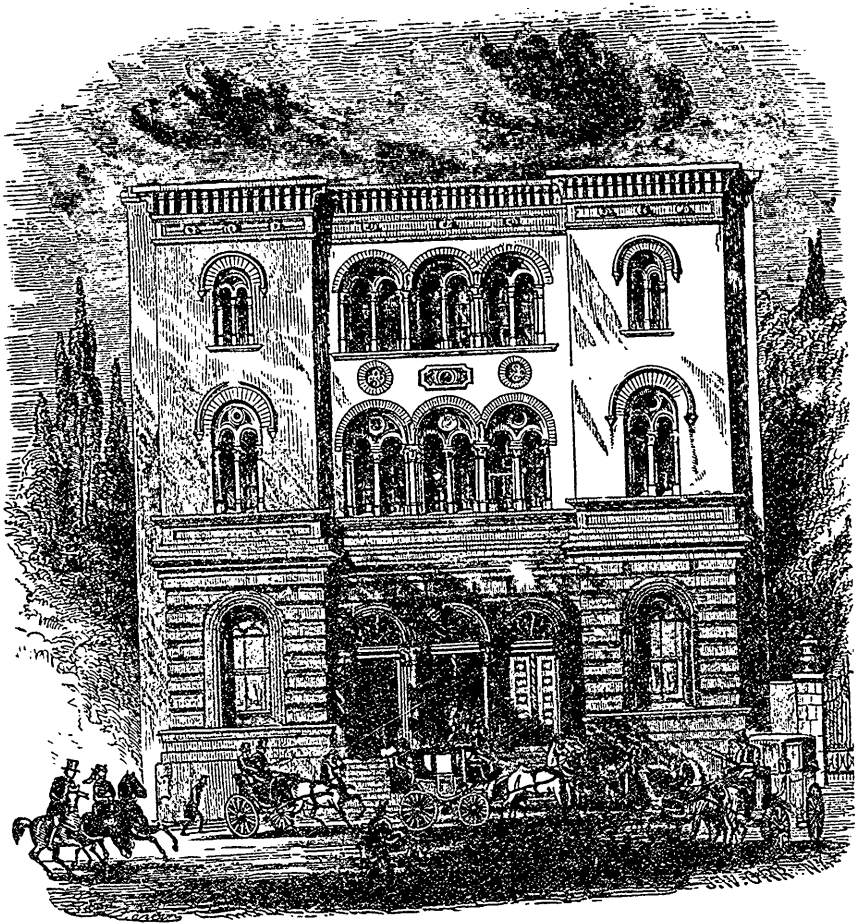
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NATAL DISTRICT.

HE CEASETH FROM HIS LABOURS AND HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.

THE world's a stage ; each mortal acts thereon,
As well the king that glitters on the throne
As needy beggars : Heaven spectator is,
And marks who acteth well and who amiss.
What part befits me best I cannot tell :
It matters not how mean, so acted well.

—*Quarles.*

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.



ONE of the most delightful places of resort in a great city is a large public library. The transition from the din and bustle—the rush and crush of life without—to the reposeful atmosphere of the quiet alcoves cannot fail to suggest profound reflections. Around us on every side are the works of the mighty spirits of the past—

The dead but sceptred monarchs
Who still rule us from their thrones.

In their calm presence the trivial pursuits of the passing hour lose their wonted attractiveness, and the spell of the garnered wisdom of the ages, that passeth not away, asserts itself. In comparison, too, with the great world of books, to us almost unknown, the limits of our knowledge seem very narrow indeed, and so vast is the field that we almost despair of greatly extending them. Such, at least, were our feelings as we first entered Astor Library, New York, and the feeling deepened as, day after day, we sat in its pleasant alcoves exploring its vast treasures of literature.

But a large library is only a great dictionary or cyclopaedia—not intended to be read through, but to be referred to for the special information we require; and we only derive from it its full benefit when we learn so to use it. This art, happily, is very easily acquired; for most public libraries are so well classified that the books upon almost any subject may be readily found. This is especially the case with the Astor Library, under the admirable arrangement of Dr. Cogswell, the late librarian, from whom we received much personal attention. We were glad to find, however, that in the department of Christian archaeology and epigraphy the library of our own Toronto University was in many respects superior to the great New York library.

Astor Library owes its existence to the generous bequest of \$400,000 by the late John Jacob Astor, who accumulated his large fortune in the fur trade. He began life as a peasant boy. He worked till he was sixteen years old on his father's farm at Walldorf, near Heidelberg, in Germany. He then set out for America, walking two hundred miles to the nearest seaport. He began dealing in furs in a very small way, extending his business till it grew to large proportions. He soon began to revolve colossal schemes of supplying with furs all the markets in the world. It was his purpose to organize the fur trade, from the great lakes to the Pacific, by establishing numerous trading posts all over the vast expanse that intervened. At the mouth of the Columbia River he founded a great central depot, which was named, after himself, Astoria. Then, by obtaining one of the Sandwich Islands as a station, he proposed supplying the markets of China and Northern India with furs direct from the

Pacific coast. This gigantic scheme, of which Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," has written a charming account, was only partially carried out. The bulk of Astor's large fortune was gained by the rapid rise in the value of real estate in New York. He is reputed to have been worth \$20,000,000. The most of this was inherited by his sons. Besides his bequest for the Library he left \$50,000 for the poor of his native village of Walldorf.

The Library is situated in Lafayette Place, near the Cooper Institute. It is built in the Byzantine style of architecture, ornamented with brown stone mouldings and an imposing entablature. The main room is a hundred feet long, sixty-four wide, and fifty in height. It is reached by a flight of thirty-six marble steps. Through the liberality of William B. Astor, son of the founder of the Library, a second building, similar to the first, has been erected beside it, the two having a capacity for 200,000 volumes. The number now on the shelves is about 150,000.

It is more remarkable, however, for its admirable selection than for its size. The departments of technology, the natural sciences, bibliography, and linguistics, especially Oriental, are very rich—many of the books being exceedingly rare and costly. The catalogue alone fills five octavo volumes of four hundred pages each. The Library is open to the public every lawful day, and every attention is shown by the courteous attendants to persons desiring to investigate its contents. It is much visited by the literary workers and book-makers of New York, and here may be frequently seen some of the chief notabilities in its world of letters.

TRUTH.

THE soul long used to truth still keeps its strength,
Though plunged upon a sudden mid the false ;
As diamonds, borne into the dark, retain
Their sun-lent light a season.

—Bailey.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN.

IN May, 1870, after long previous discussion, the Convocation of Canterbury resolved "that it is desirable that a revision of the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken." A committee of twelve members of the Convocation were appointed to undertake the work, who were empowered "to invite the co-operation of any, eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong."

While it may be regretted that this great work originated with one Church rather than with the Churches of Christ, we are bound to admire the wisdom and catholicity of the Committee in prosecuting the task committed to them. The revisers are selected from all the leading Churches of Great Britain, and represent the ripest Biblical scholarship of our time.

"I do not hesitate to say," writes Philip Schaff, "that in ability, learning, tact, and experience, it is superior to any previous combination for a similar purpose, not excepting the forty-seven revisers of King James, most of whom are now forgotten. Trench, Ellicott, Lightfoot, Stanley, and the late Dean Alford, stand first among the modern exegetes of the Church of England; and Alexander, Angus, Brown, Eadie, Fairbairn, Milligan, and Moulton, hold a similar rank among the other denominations. There are no textual critics now living superior to Tregelles, Scrivener, Westcott, and Hort." The late Constantine Tischendorf, in Germany, was, in critical acumen concerning the text of Scripture, the peer of them all, and his labours perhaps more abundant than any.

The conservative and judicious spirit of the Committee, as well as

the character of the revision, may be judged by the rules, adopted at the first meeting for the government of the revisers:

"1. To introduce as few alterations as possible in the text of the Authorized Version consistently with faithfulness.

"2. To limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorized and earlier English versions.

"3. Each company to go twice over the portion to be revised, once provisionally, the second time finally, and on principles of voting as hereinafter is provided.

"4. That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating; and that when the text so adopted differs from that from which the Authorized Version was made, the alteration be indicated in the margin.

"5. To make or retain no change in the text on the second final revision by each company except *two-thirds* of those present approve of the same; but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities.

"6. In every case of proposed alteration that may have given rise to discussion, to defer the voting thereupon till the next meeting whensoever the same shall be required by one-third of those present at the meeting, such intended vote to be announced in the notice of the next meeting.

"7. To revise the headings of chapters, pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation.

"8. To refer, on the part of each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, whether at home or abroad, for their opinions."

Thus far the work was confined to Great Britain. But it was soon felt that the task of preparing an English Bible, to be read by all English-speaking people, ought to be shared in by Biblical scholars in America. Accordingly, at the request of Bishop Ellicott, Chairman of the New Testament Committee, Dr. Philip Schaff prepared a draft of rules and a list of American scholars to co-operate in the work, which, in due time, were submitted to the English Committee and approved. Among the American revisers are Drs. Conant, Tayler Lewis, (deceased,) George E. Day, Ezra Abbot, Hackett, Hodge, Kendrick; Bishop Lee; Van Dyck, of Syria; Washburn, Woolsey, and Philip Schaff. Four of the Committee are of the Methodist Episcopal Church, namely: Drs. Strong, Crooks, W. F. Warren, and Burr.

The plan of work as between the English and American Committees is that the English Committee send their revision to their brethren in America as soon as a book is finished. The Americans review this, approving or altering the same with absolute independence. The work is then returned, and the English Committee go over the whole a second time, reviewing, in their turn, the transatlantic revision. It has not yet been determined how ultimate differences between the two Committees shall be adjusted. In this way a large part of the Bible has already been revised.

The first and most difficult work of the revisers was with the Greek text. Not that the Hebrew text of the Old Testament is correct, but the means of amending it are very scanty. But few Hebrew manuscripts are older than the twelfth century, and not one has survived that is of very ancient date. Our version of the New Testament was made from the so-called "received text," *textus ab omnibus receptus*, which was the fourth edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament (1527), corrected by

Stephens (1550) and by Beza (1589). But great improvement has been made in the text since the sixteenth century. Immense amounts of material for textual criticism have been gathered and thoroughly investigated by scholars. The best Uncial manuscripts were then unknown. The Sinaitic and Vatican manuscripts have since been brought to light; old versions, as the Itala, Vulgate, and Peshito have been thoroughly studied, as well as the Biblical quotations of the Ante-Nicene Fathers.

Dr. Lightfoot has declared that "a study of the history and condition of the Greek text solves more difficulties than it creates." The magnificent labours of Mill, Bengel, Griesbach, Wetstein, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and others have restored the original text, and given to the Church the *ipsissima verba* of the apostles. Romanists and infidels, and not unfrequently Protestant divines, have opposed these labours of the critics. The saintly Bengel was branded as a "Bible murderer." Mill's New Testament, with its thirty thousand various readings, created a panic in England. Like Jerome in the early Church, Bengel was malignantly assailed until the prayer was wrung from him, "Oh that this may be the last occasion of my standing in the gap to vindicate the precious original text of the New Testament!" Jerome, in a different spirit, told his accusers that "a lyre is played in vain to an ass." Bentley anticipated Dr. Lightfoot in the opinion quoted above, when he wrote, "make your thirty thousand variations as many more, and even put them into the hands of a knave or a fool, and yet he shall not extinguish the light of a single chapter, nor so disguise Christianity but that every feature of it will still be the same."

A few of the changes, accepted by the critics, may be given. The passage (1 John v. 7) "For there are three that bear record in heaven,"

etc., is omitted. "Take heed that ye do not your *righteousness* before men." "*I will make* here three tabernacles," sounds quite like Peter. "Whoso is angry with his brother" "without cause" must be omitted. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth *among men of good will.*" "God manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16), has less authority than "who was manifest in the flesh." The last twelve verses of Mark, and the beautiful story of the woman charged with adultery in John, will probably be omitted. Many will regret to find the anthem-like doxology which closes the Lord's prayer omitted,—"*for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, Amen.*" It is without doubt an interpolation from the liturgies, as it is not found in any ancient manuscripts. The troublesome fourth verse of the fifth chapter of John, that about an angel coming down and troubling the pool, will be omitted. Errors of translation, of English grammar, and archaisms are being corrected by the revisers. "The Lord added to the Church daily such *as were being saved,*" avoids the unauthorized doctrinal squinting of King James. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed," is more intelligible when properly translated,—"*Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed.*" "Strain out a gnat." "Make to yourselves friends *out of* the mammon of unrighteousness;" we are not to make mammon our friend, but to employ this world's wealth in a wise way. "Wist ye not that I must be *in my Father's house,*"* was the answer the boy Jesus made to his mother when she had found him in the temple. An archaism (1 Cor. iv. 4), introduced by Tyndale, "I know nothing by myself," should be "*against myself.*" "Baptizing *into* the name of," etc., *eis to onoma*, that is, into all that the divine name represents.

"Cherubims," has the English and

Hebrew plural terminations. "Marcus, cousin to Barnabas," not "sister's son;" "Simon of *Cana,*" not "a Canaanite;" "One *stock* and one shepherd," (John x. 16), not "one fold," which might seem to favour a narrow sectarianism.

Our version makes bad work with the Greek article. At times it is omitted from passages where its presence would illumine the sense, and occasionally it is inserted where the Greek omits it. "As by the transgression of *the one* the many were made sinners, so by the righteousness of *the One* shall the many be made righteous." "He was looking for *the city,*" not "a city," but the city of God. "God be merciful to me *the sinner,*" expresses the deep conviction and humility of the Publican.

Paul wrote "the love of money is a root of all evil," not "the root." The great passage (Matthew xxv. 46), is weakened in our version by rendering the word *aiônios* by two different words: "These shall go away into *everlasting* punishment, but the righteous into *everlasting* life."

In Acts xx. 28, the word *episcopoi* should be rendered "bishops," as elsewhere in the New Testament, and then it would be evident that bishops and elders are not distinct orders of the ministry. The distinction between *hadés* and *gehenna* is lost in our version, both words being translated "hell." So between *theria* and *zoa*, both of which are rendered "beasts," though the one denotes the beings who worship before the throne of God, and the other the monsters whose abode is in the abyss beneath. Obsolete words are replaced by modern ones; for example, "to precede" for "to prevent," "hinder" for "let," "baggage" for "carriages."

The confusion among proper names is occupying the care of the revisers. Why retain both "Hagar"

* The original has no word for either "business" or "house;" it is simply my father's.

and "Agar," "Jonah" and "Jonas," "Korah" and "Core," "Koresh" and "Cyrus," "Judas" and "Jude," "Jewry" and "Judea," and, worst of all, for the same person, Hosea, Hoshea, Osee, Osea, Oshea, and Oseas?

It is also probable that the revisers will arrange the prose portion of the Bible in paragraphs, and the poetry in metrical verses, according to the laws of Hebrew parallelism. Not only the beauty but also the meaning of the Scriptures is often obscured to the English reader by the uniform printing of prose and poetry. If the inspired authors were moved to express their thoughts in poetic numbers, it can hardly be proper for a translator to interfere with such an arrangement.

These are some of the emendations and corrections which have received the attention of the revisers, and which seem to have been favourably considered by them. Still others are under consideration; but with the cautiousness that becomes them in the discharge of so weighty and delicate a duty, they seem to be feeling their way carefully, and yet with a steadiness of purpose that indicates their consciousness of their own ability to deal successfully with the subject committed to their hands. We see no reason to doubt that their work will be well done; and that it will very greatly redound to God's glory and to the good of the world.—*National Repository.*

THE INVISIBLE KING AND KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. JOHN MANLY.

CHRIST accomplishes human redemption by a two-fold process, by Sacerdotal sorrow and by Sovereign strength, or, in other words, by Priestly passion and by Regal sway. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death": "Therefore shall he divide the spoil with the strong." "He hath suffered for us": "Behold a King shall reign and prosper." The priesthood, the priestly death, of Christ removes all legal barriers to our salvation; His royalty, His royal life, removes the practical. "For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the [priestly] death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His [kingly] life." As dying priest he legalizes our life; as living king, He realizes it. He died for our sins, as our priestly representative, and we *may* be saved; He lives in us, as our sovereign lord, when we believe in Him, and we *are* saved.

He is at once our ransoming priest and our regenerating king,—"a priest upon His throne," to propitiate and to prevail. "Faithful is the saying—For if we died with Him, we shall also live with Him."

In the redemption of the world the priest and His priesthood were visible, the King and His kingdom are invisible. There is no more striking and eminent contrast than this. Christ came visibly into the world as our priest, because He had a visible sacrifice to offer, the sacrifice of His flesh for the life of the world, and because it was necessary that His sacrifice should be seen and testified for universal belief; but He comes invisibly into the world, in His kingdom, because His kingdom is spiritual and invisible. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," something sensible and external. "The kingdom of God is within you," not outward and palpable. "The king-

dom of God cometh not with observation" or ostentation, with sensible signs and worldly show. "The kingdom of God is not in word," in optical marks or aural indications, though these are eminent instruments, "but in power," the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon us. The kingdom of God is a "mystery," the mystery of a hidden and divine life, like the life of the buried seed or the human birth; and as such unseen.

"My kingdom," says Christ, "is not of this world," which means that it is of unworldly nature and unworldly origin. "If my kingdom were of this world," in its nature, or like this world, "my servants would fight" with worldly weapons, "that I should not be delivered to" the worldly power of "the Jews"; and accordingly, "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," since "though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh." "Now is my kingdom not from hence," says Christ--not of worldly origin but heavenly and divine. The reign of Christ is the reign of the Eternal Spirit, "whom no man hath seen or can see." The royal way of Christ is "a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." "Man knows not the price of this wisdom; neither is it found in the land of the living. The Depth saith--'It is not in me'; and the Sea saith--'It is not with me'... It is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and Death say--'We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.' God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof." The reign of Christ is the reign of faith that is always contrasted with sight, the reign of love that fills and rules the heart, the reign of righteousness that rests itself in the depths of our inner being, the reign of secret peace with God, the reign of a holy and a hopeful joy, that the Holy Ghost alone can kindle and keep alive, and with which no stranger intermeddles.

The best and greatest forces of the universe are silent and unseen. What speaks for us, across land and water, across continents and islands, without appreciable time, without sound or show, but secret electricity? What wheels the myriad worlds of the universe around their several centres but the noiseless and invisible power of gravitation? What binds the hearts of men to each other and to God, and thrills and fills them with harmony and happiness, but a faith and love that eye hath not seen or ear heard or the unrenewed heart conceived? Who sees the power that arrests the sinner and transforms him into a saint? Who sees the mystic ties that bind the holy universe in concord and communion? What outward ear catches the still small voice of assuring forgiveness to trembling penitence and infantile faith? What visible embodiment is there, or can there be, of the power of the gospel of the salvation of them that believe? Is it a *visible* Saviour we look to and long for? Let the apostle answer: "Whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "For," in the language of another apostle, "we walk by faith, not by sight."

There can scarcely be a greater error than to look for a visible kingdom of Christ, or a visible King. The Jews rejected the visible advent of Christ in His priestly servitude; and they have either ceased to look for anything Messianic or else are looking for a visible kingly advent that cannot occur. In this second Jewish error many Christians are participating. They look for Christ to appear to eyes of flesh, on a throne in Jerusalem, for the visible subjugation and government of the world. But we have not so learned Christ. Before He left the world He warned His disciples, repeatedly and expressly, against this very error, in every shade and form. By the use of two very different words, He dis-

tinguishes between our spiritual perception of Him and our corporeal imperception. For the corporeal sight of Himself, which since His ascension cannot be, He uses the word *theoreo*, and for the spiritual sight of Himself, which should always be, and which always is among His own, He uses the word *optomai*. And He uses them both in one sentence, to contrast them, and by this contrast to furnish us with an expository rule and key. "A little while, and ye behold not me (*ou theoreite me*); and again, a little while, and ye shall see me (*opsethe me*):" John xvi. 16. The contrast here is between "beholding" and "seeing," or between corporeal vision and mental or incorporeal vision. After the little while of forty days, from the resurrection to the ascension, the disciples had no corporeal acquaintance with Christ, they saw Him no longer with their fleshly eyes, or, as Paul expresses it, they knew Christ after the flesh no more; but there has been a better and nobler knowledge of Him instead. "Ye shall see me," He says, — as the pure in heart see God, as the disciples saw heaven open, as believers see salvation.

Webster, in his Syntax and Synonymes of the Greek New Testament, justly observes that *theoreo* means to "behold an object present, to contemplate a thing as actually done," and that "when it is used of bodily vision, it assumes that the object is actually present." When our Lord, as above, uses *theoreo* and *optemai* in contrast (for they are not always in contrast), He means by the first word bodily vision, and the rendering should be "behold," and by the second word mental vision, and the rendering should be "see"; and without this distinction it is impossible to understand Him. There is the same contrastive distinction between *horaō* and *blepo*: the first, as Webster observes, "applies to bodily sight; the second to mental vision or consideration." The disciples were puzzled by our Lord's contrast of *not*

beholding and *seeing*, and repeated His very words; and when He instructed them, He repeated the very same contrastive words, and comforted them with the promise that though they should no longer *behold* Him, He would *see* them again spiritually, see them (*palin de opsomai humas*) and would rejoice their hearts with such joy as none should take away from them. Such is the joy of all that know the Lord Jesus by believing in Him, though they cannot behold Him.

The very same word that Christ uses to denote His own permanent invisibility, after forty days, He uses to denote the invisibility of the promised Spirit: "The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it beholdeth Him not (*ou theorei auto*) neither knoweth Him": John 14. 17. Then He denotes His own proximate invisibility to the world: "Yet a little while," the little while of a few hours between His last supper and His death "and the world beholds Me no more (*me ouketi theorei*); but ye behold Me (*humeis de theoreite me*)," for forty days: John 14. 17. But if Christ is invisible, how is He made manifest; especially, how is He invisible to the world and yet made manifest to His disciples? This is what Judas (not Iscariot) asked about, and what Jesus graciously explained in these words: "If a man love me, He will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him": John 14. 23. This is the manifestation of Christ to His own, this is the mental sight that believers have of Him, without any promise or intimation whatever of future visibility.

Christ intimates His coming invisibility to His disciples, as well as to the world, though at a later season. When the promised Spirit is come, He says, "He will convince the world of righteousness, because I go to my Father [to present to Him the righteousness of my self-sacrifice for

sin] and ye behold me no more, (*kai ouketi theoreite me*): John 16. 8, 10. Then he contrasts His coming corporeal invisibility with His coming spiritual visibility, in the words already considered: "A little while, and ye behold me not; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me": John 16. 16. Once more, He denotes His coming invisibility, in saying—"I leave the world, and go to the Father": John 16. 28. And yet again, in His great intercessory prayer, He denotes His proximate invisibility, in these words—"I am no more in the world"—I am about

to die and become forever invisible to the world.

The Person of Christ is invisible, the Spirit of Christ is invisible, the kingdom of Christ is invisible, the kingly coming of Christ is invisible; and by these great facts our biblical exegesis should be conducted, our theology formed, and our expectations and efforts governed. Christianity is in full harmony with these facts, and so should be all Christians.

"Unto the King of the ages, the Immortal, the Invisible, the only God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

TORONTO, Ont.

AN INDICTMENT OF BONAPARTE.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE appearance of Bonaparte upon the scene with his character and abilities may be truly called the most calamitous accident in history. An accident it was, for Bonaparte was not a Frenchman; he was made a French soldier by the chance which had annexed his country to France, without which he would have become a Corsican brigand, instead of being the scourge of the world. As to the greatness of the calamity, few doubt it except the train of mercenary adventurers whose existence in France, as a standing and most dangerous conspiracy against her liberties, is itself the fatal proof of the fact which they would deny. What may have been the extent of Napoleon's genius, political or military, is a question still under debate, and one of a kind which it is difficult to settle, because, to take the measure of a force, whether mechanical or intellectual, we must know the strength of the resistance overcome. The Revolution had swept the ground

clear for his ambition, and had left him in his career of aggrandizement almost as free from the usual obstacles without as he was from any restraints of conscience or humanity within. He disposed absolutely of an army full of burning enthusiasm, and which, before he took the command, though it had recently met with some reverses, had already hurled back the hosts of the coalition. In Europe, when he set out on his career, there was nothing to oppose him but governments estranged from their nations, and armies without national spirit, mere military machines, rusty for the most part, and commanded by privileged incompetence. England was the only exception, and by England he was always beaten. The national resistance which his tyranny ultimately provoked, and by which, when he had provoked it, he was everywhere defeated—in Russia, in Germany, even in decrepit Spain—was called into existence by his own folly. He ended, not like Louis

XIV., merely in reverses and humiliations, but in utter and redoubled ruin, which he and his country owed to his want of good sense and of self-control, and to this alone, for he was blindly served, and fortune can never be said to have betrayed him, unless he had a right to reckon upon finding no winter in Russia. Before he led his army to destruction he had destroyed its enthusiastic spirit by a process visible enough to common eyes. Though invisible to his. Nor was he more successful as a founder of political institutions. He, in fact, founded nothing but a government of the sword, which lasted just so long as he was victorious and present. Of its effect on political character it is needless to speak; a baser brood of sycophants was never gathered round any Eastern throne.

At the touch of military disaster the first empire, like the second, sank down in ignominious ruin, leaving behind it not a single great public man, nothing above the level of Talleyrand. The code survived; but the code was the work of the jurists of the Revolution. With no great leading principle was Bonaparte personally identified, except the truly Corsican principle of confiscation, to which he always clung. The genius of the moral reformer is to be measured by the moral effect which he produces, though his own end may be the cup of hemlock. The genius of the adventurer must be measured by his success; and his success is questionable when his career, however meteoric, ends in total disaster. This is not the less manifest to reflecting minds because the pernicious brightness of the meteor still dazzles and misleads the crowd. But the greater Napoleon's genius was, the worse was it for France and for mankind. All his powers were employed in the service of the most utterly selfish and evil ambition that ever dwelt in human breast. It has been justly remarked that his freedom from every sort of moral restraint and

compunction lent a unity to his aims and actions which gave him a great advantage over less perfectly wicked men. As to religion, he was atheist enough to use it without scruple as a political engine, and to regret that the time was past when he might, like Alexander, have given himself out as the son of a god. His selfishness is to be measured not merely by the unparalleled sacrifices of human blood and suffering which he offered to it; not merely by the unutterable scenes of horror which he witnessed without emotion, and repeated without a pang; but by the strength of the appeal which was made to his better nature, had he possessed one, and the splendour of the reward which was held out to him, if he would have kept his allegiance to the interests of his country and of humanity. What happiness and what glory would have been his if, after Marengo, he had given the world a lasting peace, and with it the fulfilment, so far as fulfilment was possible, of the social and political aspirations for which such immense and heroic efforts, such vast sacrifices, had been made! Never, in all his history, has such a part been offered to man. Instead of accepting this part, Napoleon gave the reins to an ambition most vulgar as well as most noxious in its objects, and to the savage lust of war, which seems after all to have been the predominating element in this Corsican's character, and which gleamed in his evil eye when the chord was touched by those who visited him at Elba. The results were the devastation of Europe, the portentous development of the military system under which the world now groans, the proportionate depression of industry and of all pacific interests, the resurrection in a worse form of the despotisms around which the nations were fain to rally for protection against a foreign oppressor, and the new era of convulsions and revolutions which the resurrection of the despotisms inevitably entailed.

Of all the effects of Napoleon's

career, the worst perhaps was the revelation of the weakness and meanness of human nature. What hope is there for a race which will grovel at the feet of sheer wickedness because the crime is on an enormous scale, and the criminal is the scourge, not only of one nation but of his kind? Next in the order of evil were the ascendancy given to the military spirit and the example of military usurpation. The example of military usurpation was followed by Napoleon's reputed nephew, who in his turn was driven by the discontent of his army, combined with the influence of his priest-ridden wife, into the war which overthrew his empire, at the same time bringing the invader for the third time into Paris. The blow which military passion and the spirit of aggrandize-

ment received in that defeat was to France a blessing in disguise. To it she owes the recovery, however precarious, of free institutions, of which there would otherwise scarcely have been a hope. But even now, France, after all her efforts and revolutions, is to a fearful extent at the mercy of a self-willed soldier, a third-rate master even of his own trade, totally devoid of political knowledge and of sympathy with political aspirations, but at the head of the army, and, as his language to the soldiery on the eve of the elections proved, sufficiently wanting in the true sense of honour to admit into his mind the thought of using the public force with which he is entrusted for the overthrow of public liberty.—*Contemporary Review*.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN MONTREAL.

Lord Dufferin's happy facility in speech-making was conspicuously illustrated at the recent banquet in his honour at Montreal. The grand tribute to the dear old mother land and to "the purest woman and most duty-loving sovereign that ever wore a crown or wielded a sceptre," whose sway we delight to own, must have quickened the heart-throbs of every one who heard or read his words. The generous reference to the United States as "one of the greatest and noblest nations on the earth," and the strong expression of esteem and affection for its citizens, cannot fail to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries. He wittily disclaimed having brought the \$5,500,000 fishery award in his portmanteau, but referred to his guest, the son of the President, as a hostage for its payment, "though,

to save appearances, in the guise of a friendly visitor." Our American cousins will appreciate his railleury and, we doubt not, Mr. Evarts will, as his lordship expressed it, "not only pay up like a man, but pay in gold like a gentleman."

In connection with these festivities, however, we cannot but regard it as matter of regret that a method is adopted of paying respect to the representative of the Queen, in which a large portion of the community, not a whit behind any in loyalty and devotion to the crown and person of the sovereign, cannot, from conscientious scruples, take part.

In this young country, with its comparative social equality and absence of large fortunes, the custom of giving grand balls which demand such costly extravagance of attire, "direct from Paris and London," as we are told graced this occasion, is

one which we think "more honoured in the breach than the observance," especially at a time when so many of the poor among us find it difficult to get food to eat.

THE WAR CLOUD.

We live certainly in stirring times. The swift rush of great events is felt to pulsate around the world—the crisis in France, the death of Victor Immanuel and the Pope, the collapse of Turkey, the triumph of Russia, the British fleet before Constantinople, and next, perhaps, war!

"Loud war by land and by sea,
War with a hundred battles, and
shaking a score of thrones."

Let us hope, however, that the Supreme Disposer of events will guide the affairs of the nations to a peaceful issue. Confident we are that the final outcome of the present complication will be the larger liberty of truth, and the ampler development of humanity on a higher plane and under better auspices. The hands go not back on the dial of time. God's great hours go on to the full noontide glory of knowledge and progress, when mercy and truth shall meet together, and righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.

The position of affairs is, however, most critical. Those who believe that God is the Sovereign of the universe, and the loving Father of men, and not merely a far-off, indifferent Being,

Who views with equal eye, as Lord
of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,

should pray fervently that He would overrule the affairs of the nation for His glory and for the welfare of mankind, When a single ill-considered word may be the spark that will kindle a vast conflagration; when a single hasty shot may echo around the world in the loud reverberations of war—the men to whose

keeping is committed the destiny of the nation have need of more than human wisdom of the mental and moral illumination that the Spirit of the Almighty alone can impart. No false sense of honour nor sordid fears for selfish interests should plunge Great Britain and, it may be, all Europe, into the vortex of a war, which, however it may issue, must bring desolation and sorrow to many a home. In face of the protests of Gladstone, and Bright, and Carnarvon, and, we believe, of Derby and many others of England's wisest and best men of both political parties, we cannot think that this will be the case. With the wrestling earnestness of faith should the litany of the nation go up to God, "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

THE FALL OF TURKEY.

We think this expression not too strong to describe the situation of the Ottoman power in Europe. It can never be again what it has been in the past. Its four hundred years of cruel oppression of its subject Christian populations, thank God! are at an end. Whatever may be the details of the peace soon, we trust, with the concurrence of the great Powers, to be signed, Turkey cannot again rivet the shackles of cruel bondage on the Christian provinces of Roumania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Servia, and Herzegovina. Montenegro, the gallant little principality among the mountains—like a free eagle in its lofty eyrie—will not stoop its haughty crest to be hooded, like a tame falcon, by the Sultan. Bulgaria, through a baptism of tears and blood, has won a dear-bought liberty. Her devastated plains and flame-blackened villages, and outraged maids and matrons, and slaughtered children, appeal to Heaven against the brutal tyranny of the Turk.

The utter collapse of the Ottoman power has been a surprise to many, but its causes are not far to seek. The civil and military administration

were completely honeycombed and worm-eaten by corruption and fraud. The revenue, wrung by extortion from the horny hands of peasants, and the loans raised in the bourses of Paris and London, were lavished on seraglio palaces and barbaric pomps. The ruling classes were enervated and debased by polygamous sensuality. With empty exchequer, repudiated debt, and bankrupt credit, small wonder that the rotten structure at length collapsed. The Turks fought with valour, it is true, and clung to Plevna as a bulldog clings to a bone. But even a stag will fight when turned to bay, and why should not the stern fatalist, who believes death by the sword to be the gate to paradise?

But even the valour of the Turks is more savage than that of any nation in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. Few Russian prisoners were found at Plevna, although thousands had been taken by the Turks. Osman Pasha, the lauded hero of the defence, is accused of burying his prisoners alive. After a battle, hideous Bashi-Bazouks, like human hyenas, prowled over the plain, butchering the wounded and robbing the dead. Even their own wounded the Turks deliberately neglected. Provision for their succour there was almost none. A dead soldier costs nothing, a wounded one costs much, and so they were deliberately left to die:—See the reports of the English relief committee, who were constantly obstructed in their work of mercy.

As in the case of the Byzantine Empire that they destroyed, the cup of the Ottomans' iniquity was full. Their rule in the fairest realms of nature has been a blasting and a curse. Mis-government and oppression and ignorance prevail. Stately cities, once abounding in luxury and wealth, and crowded with ingenious populations, are heaps of ruins. Great rivers—once the highway of commerce—roll through a solitude. The degenerate descendants of noble races are now unlettered slaves in

barbarous lands. The scene of the earliest triumphs of Christianity are a desolation. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia is departed. The Christian temple and the Gospel of Christ have given place to the Turkish mosque and the Koran's creed of lust and blood. In Europe, Turkey has never been anything but an armed camp. By their terrible janizaries, and their successors, the Circassians, the Turks terrorized over a four-fold Christian population. Their polygamy and fatalistic creed prevent their assimilating to the civilization of Europe. The sooner they leave it, "bag and baggage," the better, we judge, for the down-trodden Christian helots who so long have groaned beneath their oppression.

We are no apologists for Russian aggression. In this respect, however, it has never equalled that of our own race. At the Conference of last year the Czar pushed conciliation to the furthest verge. But Turkey was inflexible in her perverseness and obstinacy. It seems as if she was infatuated that she might be destroyed. It is easy to be wise after the event, but the great Powers could surely have compelled those reforms which Russia has wrung, with so much more, from her humbled foe. She is now mistress of the situation. Her four hundred miles' march from the Pruth to the Bosphorus, her gallant midwinter passage of the Balkans, her great victories of Plevna and Erzerum, her expense of blood and gold, must surely weigh much in the settlement of the peace. The Czar has solemnly disavowed, in the face of Europe, any purpose of permanent occupation of Constantinople. The man who, against the traditions of his house and the opposition of selfish nobles, emancipated twenty millions of serfs, has given no cause to doubt his pledge of honour. He is not responsible for the dark traditions of Poland any more than Queen Victoria for those of Ireland. The tem-

porary and partial occupation of a conquered capital is no new thing under the sun. We have only to think of Napoleon at Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow; of the British and the Allies in Paris in 1814 and the Prussians in 1871; and of the British in Washington in 1814, to remind us that the demand of Russia is not an unprecedented one.

We could wish that England had shared with the other Powers the responsibility of advancing a fleet to the Golden Horn. They have Mediterranean interests as well as she. The freedom of the straits is not an insular but a European question. The action of Lords Carnarvon and Derby on this very question shows that the Cabinet has been divided. We fear that the act will be regarded as a menace—as the act, not of a neutral, but of a belligerent. Let us pray God that no drop of English blood may be shed, nor a single English or Canadian home darkened by the loss of loved ones, to bolster up the effete, corrupt, and moribund dynasty of Turkey in Europe.

The Asiatic conquests of Russia, forced upon her like those of Oude and the Transvaal on Great Britain, are no ground for apprehension as to our Indian possessions. The thousand miles of desert and mountains between Khiva and Kashgoor will be a sufficient barrier for a hundred years to come. If Russia in that time can subdue and civilize the lawless desert nomads and savage hill tribes, they will be better neighbours and less dangerous to British India than they are to-day.

Since the above was in type another turn in the kaleidoscope of events has again changed the relation of affairs. The prospects for peace are brighter, and we trust that moderate councils will prevail. Our sympathies should be altogether with the oppressed Christian populations of Turkey, struggling for their new found liberty. With a

great price obtained they this freedom, but we were free born.

PIUS IX.

The time has been when the death of a pope convulsed kingdoms. It was the signal for intrigues, conspiracies, and counterplots that sometimes deluged the earth with blood. Popes and anti-popes hurled at each other excommunications and anathemas, and asserted their rival claims to the Fisherman's Chair with a zeal unsurpassed by the struggle for the proudest throne on earth. That time has passed forever. The dead pope lies in state in the Sistine chapel, and is quietly buried without causing a ripple of excitement even in the papal see itself. A month before, a mourning multitude surged through the streets, testifying by every sign their sorrow for the death of the Liberator of Italy, who lived under the pope's ban, and accounted his worst enemy.

How changed the times since the haughty Gregory spurned the suppliant Henry IV., kneeling in the snow, and the great Barbarossa held the stirrup of Adrian IV., and the craven King John offered to hold England as the pope's vassal. How changed even since, in 1846, Cardinal Ferretti became Pius IX. Within two years he was a fugitive hiding in the Catacombs, and an exile seeking refuge in Gaeta. Restored by the aid of a French army, which deluged the streets of Rome with Italian blood, he forfeited forever the confidence of the liberal statesmen of Italy.

While the pope sought to restore the papacy of the middle ages, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi and Mazzini realized for Italian patriots the long-cherished dream of a free and united Italy—united from *Ætna's* fires to Alpine snows, and free as the winds that sweep the Apennines. The last vestige of the territorial authority of the popes has passed away. Where

once a sovereign pontiff had disposed of crowns and kingdoms at his pleasure, the late Pius IX. was maintained in precarious authority by foreign bayonets, and, when these failed, became the "prisoner of the Vatican" and the pensioner of the power on which he heaped his most vigorous anathemas.

Vaulting ambition overleaps itself, and the assumption of personal infallibility has produced a reaction against the authority of the pope that will probably emancipate man from his spiritual sway. In the irrepressible conflict between Ultramontaniam and Old Catholicism it is not difficult to augur on which side the victory shall fall. The superstitious subservience of the dark ages can never be restored in the free atmosphere of the present day.

THE DOMINION LEGISLATURE.

The debate on the address from the throne has been long and acrimonious almost beyond precedent. We can hardly characterize the parliamentary reports as edifying reading, although they have often been more than sufficiently "spicy." Now that the initial battle of recrimination and *tu quoque* accusation is over, we hope our legislators will settle down to their proper work of making useful laws for the good of the country. We are glad to know, from the utterances of leading men of both political parties, that there is the probability of some prohibitory liquor legislation being undertaken this session. The meeting of the Dominion Temperance Alliance at Ottawa was a very influential gathering. The Report of the Executive Committee which bears the signature and is characterized by the vigorous strength of argument and expression of the Rev. E. H. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian*, is a remarkably able document. It states with no less truth than force that "should the present session of Parliament be allowed to pass without an earnest endeavour to grapple with these

evils, the result will be a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction amongst all who feel a patriotic interest in the moral elevation and progress of the country." The conference between the Executive of the Alliance and the Government will doubtless further the accomplishment of the desired legislation.

OUR PROGRESS.

We are happy to state that the increase in our circulation which we pre-announced a month ago has not only been realized but considerably exceeded. If subscriptions continue to come in at their present rate we shall soon have doubled our circulation. We rejoice at this, not only as a sign of the appreciation of this Magazine, but also because it will enable us to more than keep our promise in the way of increased improvements. We are making arrangements for the introduction of a series of illustrations, the artistic excellence and beauty of which have never been equalled by any published in this Dominion. From every quarter we are receiving words of congratulation and encouragement. Three gentlemen, not of our Church, one a veteran editor, another a successful author, the third a skilful barrister, commend our Connexion Magazine as "the best of the class," "the best in the Dominion," and "one of the best religious monthlies in the world."

For these kind words we are obliged. We prize them only because we believe them to be words of truth. We are still more obliged for the kind efforts, in increasing its circulation, of numerous friends of this enterprise of our Church, both ministerial and lay, including not a few zealous ladies, who use their potent influence in its behalf. We especially acknowledge the efficient services of the Rev. Henry Lanton, of Hamilton, who has obtained over a hundred subscriptions, and of the Rev. D. Savage, who has sent us seventy-six. We hope their noble

example will stimulate others to emulate their successful canvass. No effort shall be spared on the part of publisher and editor to make each number, if possible, better than its predecessor. Our Canadian story will increase in interest as the months go on. We especially desire to get this Magazine introduced into as many neighbourhoods and families as possible, believing that it will everywhere give amplest satisfaction and be regarded as a permanent

household necessity. We again request those of our ministers and friends, who have not already done so, to kindly lend us their assistance by exhibiting and commending this periodical to their neighbours, and soliciting their subscription.

N.B.—If any of our readers have received two copies of either the January or February numbers, they will confer a great favour by returning one of each to the office of publication, marked "duplicate."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

City - Road Chapel, London.—Several meetings of an unusually interesting character have recently been held in this mother church of Wesleyan Methodism. A debt amounting to thirteen thousand and five hundred dollars remains on the edifice, and as it will be one hundred years next November since the house was dedicated by the venerable Wesley, it has been resolved, that when the centenary anniversary is held, the debt shall be discharged. Towards this desirable end, large sums have been contributed and no doubt the whole will be forthcoming.

Peter Bohler Memorial Chapel.

All who have read the history of Methodism, know how much its Founder was indebted to Peter Bohler of the Moravian Church. It so happens that there are hundreds of Bohler's countrymen residing in the east of London, among whom the Wesleyan Methodists have long had a Mission. As there is great need of a better place of worship than these Germans are able to build, a

meeting was recently held in Centenary Hall, to raise funds for that purpose, when it was resolved that the house should be called "Peter Bohler Memorial Chapel."

Conventions.—Dr. Pope, President of the Wesleyan Conference, like his distinguished predecessor has held several District Conventions solely with a view to promote the spirituality of the Church. These special gatherings, held in such large cities as London, Manchester, and Sheffield, have been eminently useful. Much time was spent in devotional exercises, and the various papers which were read formed topics for profitable conversation. Similar conventions have been held on a limited scale in Canada. While we are preparing these notes, one is being held in Montreal. We believe they may be made largely conducive to the best interests of the Church.

London Lay Mission.—Wesley's direction, "go to them who need you most," is not forgotten by his followers. Last year the Lay Mission reports having visited seven

thousand families of the poorest, the neediest, and the worst. Nearly five thousand meetings were held, which were attended by ten thousand people. A thousand women attended mothers' meetings, and a large number of open-air meetings were held. Two hundred and thirty persons united themselves to the church, and some fifty more were on trial for church membership. There are towns and cities in Canada, where house to house visitation among the poor might be adopted with great advantage. Dr. Chalmers often said, "a house-going minister makes a church-going people"

Wesleyan Colleges in Australia.

--Rev. W. Kelynack from New South Wales, now in Canada, has lately been spending some time in England, on behalf of Stanmore College, Sydney, which is to be very similar to Belfast College, Ireland. The Messrs. W. and A. McArthur each gave one thousand pounds sterling towards the object, and several other gentlemen gave magnificent sums. Prince Alfred's College, Adelaide, which was built a few years ago, has proved too small, hence a new wing to cost thirty thousand dollars is in course of erection, towards which a gentleman in England has contributed twenty thousand dollars. May such noble examples excite much emulation!

SYRIA.

An illustration—one of many such—of the methods by which Christian nations renew intellectual life in countries whose civilization is decaying, is furnished from the Life of the Syrian Missionary, Dr. Simeon H. Calhoun. About the year 1843, it was determined to establish a school in Syria for the training of native teachers. Dr. Calhoun was appointed to the work. "The spot chosen for the experiment," says the editor of the *Evangelist*, "was Abeich, a village on the side of Mount Lebanon, about six hours' ride from Beyrout. Here this noble man

set himself down to teach a group of Arab boys hoping in time to see them become pastors and teachers. It was very slow work. But he entered upon it cheerfully, and pursued it diligently, and after a generation had passed away he could see its fruit. From his Academy in Mount Lebanon, there have gone out teachers carefully grounded in natural philosophy, the lower mathematics, geography, history, Arabic, and especially in the Bible. These teachers are in Jaffa, Gaza, the land of Moab, and Ramoth Gilead and other parts of Syria and the East.

TURKEY.

The Presbyterian Board and the American Board are doing a noble work in the Turkish Empire. While war is raging the hosts of God are pushing the triumphs of the Cross. There are one hundred and fifty evangelical missionaries, fifty native pastors, seventy native churches, sixty stations, with about twenty thousand enrolled members. There are seventeen Christian boarding schools, and two hundred and thirty-four common schools. The Bible has been translated into Arabic, Osmanli - Turkish, Greco - Turkish, Armeno - Turkish, Armenian, and modern Greek, and it is having a fair circulation in all, but especially in Arabic.

INDIANS.

The Indian Mission Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, among the Choctaws, reported at the last session eight hundred and fifty baptisms, forty Sunday-schools, and an increase of two hundred members.

An ably drawn petition, signed by one hundred and thirty-four Dakota Sioux has been sent to the American government at Washington asking grants of land, and expressing their desire to live as consistent citizens of the United States. Those Indians have their eloquent native preachers and maintain a home-missionary

society for which they raised last year more than two hundred dollars.

The Society of Friends in the United States has under its charge twenty thousand Indians. The seventh annual report of their Executive Committee states that at Rossville, Kansas, the Pottowatomies have ninety-five farms, a boarding-school and a school farm. The Kickapoos, in Kansas, have also a boarding school and a school farm. Many of the children are advanced in arithmetic, grammar, and history.

A late issue of *The Wesleyan*, our excellent contemporary at Halifax, Nova Scotia, contains a letter from a gentleman in British Columbia respecting the Indian Missions in that colony which deserves a permanent record. The first Indian Sunday-school was started in 1869, with nine persons, and in a few months afterwards three of these were converted. The wife of a chief attended and she was converted. She had a married son six hundred miles away for whose conversion she prayed. To the mother's delight the son and his wife came to the place of meeting, and in time they were both converted. The latter being half French and half Indian and having been trained, by the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, was a good English scholar, and became very useful. The son became a useful local preacher in connection with the Fort Simpson Mission. A missionary was asked for to be sent to Naas, but the District Meeting had no funds. Rev. T. Crosby pleaded with such earnestness that twelve gentlemen raised three hundred dollars and agreed to maintain the missionary for two years. The missionary has been sent. The letter concludes with this postscript, "The native preachers are the salt of the earth, up at the mining country. At Fort Wrangel, an American military station, a place where Satan's seat is, our Fort Simpson Indians started a preaching place and kept it up till

the people there got a minister from Portland, Oregon.

At a recent session of the Michigan Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, fifty Indians were reported as converted in one charge, and one thousand new members were reported from another.

We are glad to record the fact that the attempt made to fasten the crime of arson upon the Methodist Indians at Oka failed at the late trial. John Maclaren, Esq., advocate, is deserving of grateful remembrance for the manner in which he has espoused the cause of these poor persecuted people. They have borne their cruel persecutions in a most exemplary manner. Their case demands the sympathy of Ontario Methodists.

ITEMS.

-- The little band of thirty Protestants in Cæsarea has grown within the last twenty-two years into a community of two thousand five hundred largely under the influence of Mrs. Franks-worth, of the American Board of Missions.

—Ten Christian churches in as many years have been planted in Egypt by American Presbyterian Missionaries.

—Bishop Strossmayer of Hungary, has an income of nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year, Canon Liddon, who lately visited the magnificent bishop, was charmed with the man, and amazed at the mediæval splendour of his establishment. Every day in the year he gives dinners to forty or fifty poor persons.

—Mr. Torr, a wealthy merchant of Liverpool, England, has offered to give two hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward the endowment of additional Bishoprics, on the condition that the Central Committee raise fifty thousand.

—On a certain Sabbath recently, some unknown donor dropped an envelope containing a five-hundred dollar bill into the collection box of the Eleventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, U.S.

BOOK NOTICES.

Among the Turks, by CYRUS HAMLIN. 12mo., pp. 378; \$1.50. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers. Toronto: S. Rose.

In the present critical condition of the "Eastern Question," this subject is one of extreme interest. Dr. Hamlin enjoys the advantage of being thoroughly familiar with his subject, from a residence of thirty-five years in Turkey. He evidently has a strong sympathy for the "Sick Man"; and truly the reforms, social and civil, of the last thirty years are marvellous, and give much ground for such sympathy. But, upon his own showing, the state of affairs still existing is one of extreme political corruption and moral degradation.

The story of the establishment of the Christian Seminary and of Robert College has all the charm of romance, and strikingly exhibits the "pluck" and energy of the Doctor in overcoming almost insuperable difficulties. Dr. Hamlin shrewdly combined in his Seminary the manufacture of stoves, the assaying of metals, and the operation of a steam flouring mill and bakery, with the prosecution of sacred and secular studies.

During the Crimean war he supplied the English hospital at Scutari with eight and a half tons of bread daily. The Greek merchants sold him flour to the value of \$30,000 on his simple word. After the battle of Inkerman the hospital was crowded with wounded men literally crawling with vermin. So filthy was the clothing that a huge furnace was employed for burning it, although the men were suffering from want of the clothes thus destroyed. Bursting through the restraints of red tape, the energetic missionary organized a laundry and invented ma-

chines for washing three thousand pieces a day. He cleared, moreover, \$3,000 by the transaction, which he devoted to the building of a mission church. The profits of the bakery were \$25,000, with which he aided the erection of thirteen mission churches. During an outbreak of cholera he exhibited the utmost moral and physical courage.

The best monument of Dr. Hamlin is Robert College, Constantinople, erected and endowed through the liberality of an American gentleman, at a cost of \$200,000. Students of eighteen nationalities throng its halls, and are instructed by American, Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, German, Italian, French, and Turkish professors. The great essentials for the moral regeneration and social elevation of Turkey, the Doctor conceives to be "Peace, time, and education," including in the latter all the Christian influences that accompany it. This solution of the vexed Eastern Question, at the time of our writing, seems very doubtful.

United States Geological Survey of the Territories. PROF. F. V. HAYDEN, Geologist-in-charge. Vol. XI. *Monographs of North America*. By ELLIOTT COVES and JOEL A. ALLEN. 4to. pp. 1081. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1877.

The United States Government is a munificent patron of science. In nothing is this more conspicuous than in the costly and elaborate survey of its vast western territories. The distinguished success of this survey has been largely due to the zeal in the cause of science of Dr. Hayden, the Geologist-in-charge. He has devoted himself with enthusiasm to this great work, and has occupied over twenty years in per-

sonal explorations of the vast region extending from Arizona to Oregon—from the Minnesota to the Colorado. He has been ably seconded by an accomplished staff of assistants, and sustained by liberal Governmental grants, amounting at times to the sum of \$75,000, and \$20,000 for engraving, in a single year.

The contributions to the sciences, especially of geology, botany, and zoology, of this survey, are of the utmost value. The present volume contains a series of monographs on the North American Rodentia, including those of Canada, by Dr. E. Coues, of the U. S. Army, and Prof. J. A. Allen, of Harvard University. The Rodentia constitute, as Dr. Hayden remarks, by far the largest order of mammals, and one of the most important from an economic as well as scientific standpoint. Nowhere else, to our knowledge, has it found such adequate treatment as in this noble quarto volume. The mechanical execution of the book is really sumptuous. The engravings illustrating cranial morphology are numerous and excellent. Of its scientific value, the distinguished reputation of its authors will be a sufficient guarantee. An appendix of 130 pages gives a very full bibliography of North American Mammals.

U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey of Colorado and Adjacent Territory, by PROF. F. V. HAYDEN, U. S. Geologist. Vol. IX., 8vo., pp. 827. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1877.

This is one of the most important volumes of the valuable series of which it forms a part. It records the adventurous operations of the survey among the canyons of the Colorado, and San Juan, and the Sangre de Cristo, and La Plata Mountains. The adventures by flood and field, and from hostile Indians, were often of a very exciting character. Among the most remarkable results of the explora-

tion is the knowledge they give of the prehistoric inhabitants of the canyons and lowlands of the southwest. Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will remember the curious models of the cliff houses or cave towns of Arizona in the U. S. Government building. These were prepared by Mr. Holmes, of the Survey, from minute personal examination of the originals. The magnificent series of photographs, nearly two feet square, of the grand cliff scenery and of the picturesque aborigines were also the achievement of the Survey. The U. S. Government has now nearly 4,000 of these negatives, taken often under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, but forming an invaluable series for scientific, artistic, and ethnological study. The minute details of structure or appearance would defy the most accurate pencil; but limned with absolute accuracy by the sun's rays, they may be submitted to the careful scrutiny of experts in any part of the world. The economic value of this survey in the discovery of arable and pasture lands, and the mineral resources of the country, have, many times over, compensated for its cost. The present volume contains numerous maps, sections, bird's-eye views of the country, and sketches of its strange wild scenery, much of which—as the "Garden of the Gods"—is of a most weird character.

Evenings in the Library, by GEORGE STEWART, Jr. 12mo., pp. 254. Toronto: Belford Bros. and Methodist Book Room.

A very important and fascinating department of modern literature is literary criticism. And few books are more interesting and instructive than those of intelligent criticism. Such emphatically is the book before us. We all like to know something about the personal history and character of the authors whose books delight and instruct us. The group of authors here treated are

among the most illustrious of recent literature—embracing Carlyle, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and more recent and less known writers. The criticism is sympathetic yet discriminative. Mr. Stewart is himself well known as a young Canadian writer (of St. John, N.B.) of distinguished ability.

The Ethnography and Philology of the Hidasta Indians. By WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, M.D., U.S. Army. 8vo., pp. 239. Washington, Government Printing Office.

The laws of language, which are also the laws of thought, are the same among all peoples. The philological affinities of the different tribes of men are among the most striking proofs of the unity of the race. Dr. Matthews has rendered good service to the cause of comparative philology by this treatise. He gives first an interesting ethnography of the Hidasta tribe, then a grammar and dictionary of their language. The verbs with their complex conjugation quite resemble the inflectional forms of the Greek language. The human mind amid the fertile vales of Attica and on the rolling plains of the Missouri follows essentially the same laws. Dr. Hayden, who has himself given much attention to Indian philology, considers this, with one exception, the most important memoir on the subject of the aboriginal languages yet published.

Fur-bearing Animals of North America. By ELLIOTT COUES, M.D., U.S. Army. 8vo., pp. 348. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1877.

Dr. Coues has been for twenty years engaged in the preparation of a comprehensive History of North American Mammals. In the prose-

cution of this gigantic task the author has largely enlisted the co-operation of the medical officers of the army and scientists of the Government Surveys. The present exhaustive memoir on the *Mustelidae*, to which family the most valuable fur-bearing animals belong, is a contribution to that history. It is beautifully illustrated by sixty figures engraved from photographs on wood, a method which secures absolute accuracy of outline.

Birds of the North West. By ELLIOTT COUES, M.D., U. S. Army. 8vo., pp. 791. Washington: Government Printing Office.

This is a large and closely printed volume on the ornithology of the North-west portion of the United States, which is largely identical with that of Canada. Dr. Coues is an acknowledged authority in this department of science and this treatise is one of the best and most thorough formal expositions of the subject. The study is a fascinating one and small wonder that Audubon, Wilson, and Coues become enthusiasts in its pursuit. The book is admirably indexed, which greatly increases its practical utility.

U. S. Geological Survey of Wyoming and Contiguous Territories. By Prof. F. V. HAYDEN. 8vo., pp. 511. Government Printing Office, Washington.

This is one of the earlier reports of Dr. Hayden, in which he unfolds the magnificent resources of the vast territories of the West. It is marked by the same scientific enthusiasm, picturesqueness of description and practical value which have characterized his subsequent labours in this field. The admirable engravings give additional clearness to the recorded observations and inferences.

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

(John xix. 41.)

Words by Rev. S. P. ROSS.

Music by W. FLINT JONES.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. Dynamics include piano (p), forte (f), and fortissimo (ff). The score ends with a double bar line.

1. How of - ten in life's jour - ney Un - will - ing feet are
 led Mid gar - den's rar - est beau - ty, Be - side the si - lent
 dead. For where the flow'rs up - spring - ing Spread fra - grance all a -
 round, E'en in the choic - est gar - den, A new - made tomb is found.

2 The heart is garden fairest,
 The hidden grief the tomb,
 Unknown to careless gazers
 Who only see the bloom.
 The heart-ache deep is hidden
 From laughing passers-by,
 The grave where hopes lie buried
 Lies screened from listless eye.

3 Yet Christ's indwelling presence
 Shall fill the tomb with light;
 His resurrection power
 Shall morning give for night.
 Accept His proffered mercy,
 Thou weary, burden'd soul,
 So shall thy pain be lightened,
 Thy heart made pure and whole.

NOTE.— These words may be sung to the tune in this Magazine for August, 1877.