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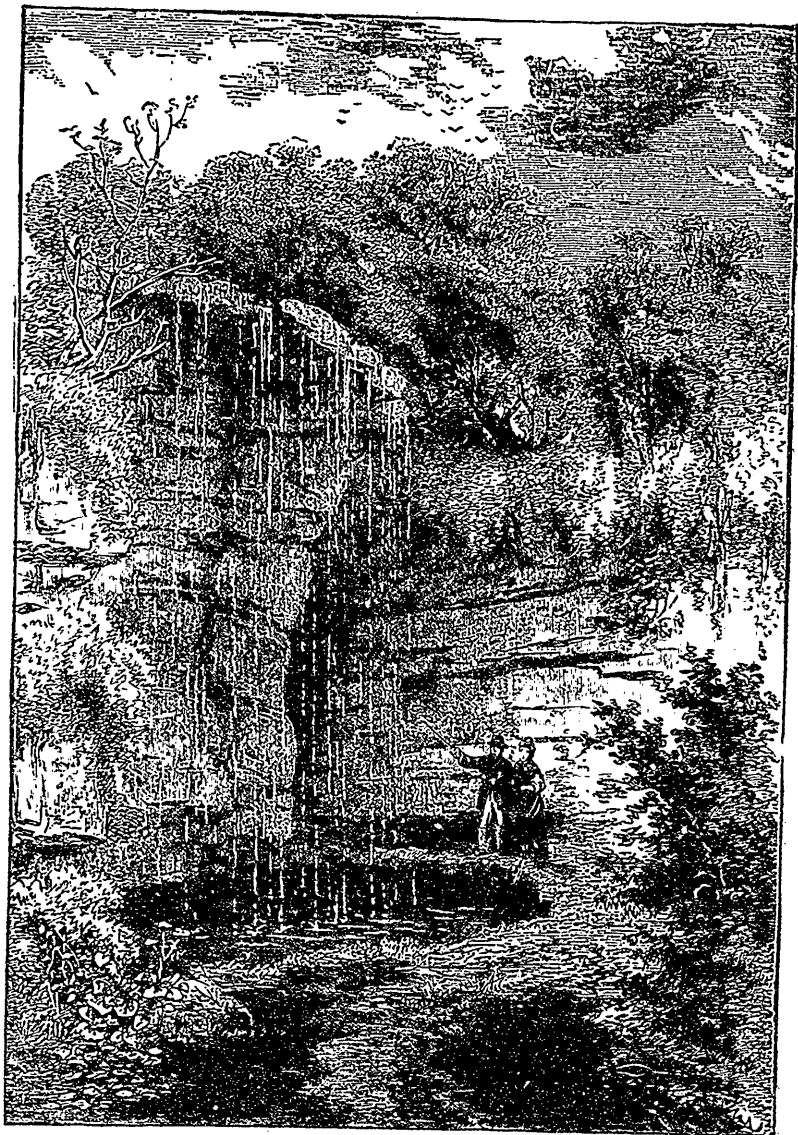
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THE DRIPPING WELL, KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1885.

SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

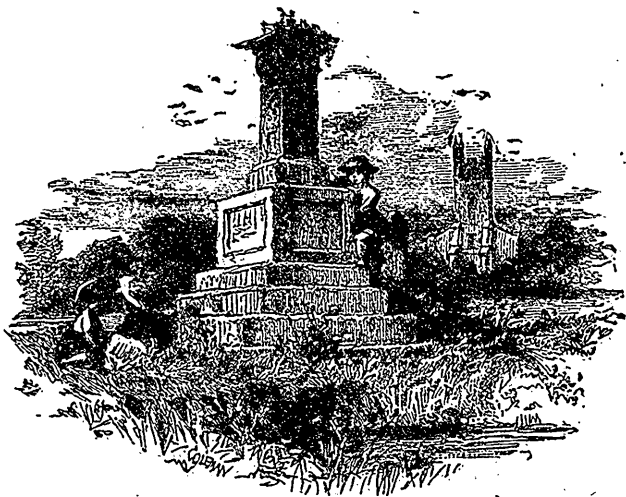


OLD ENGLISH ARMOUR.

THE word saunter is said by the philologists to come from the phrase *Sainte Terre*—the Holy Land—and derives its significance from the leisurely way in which the pilgrims to Palestine wended their way from place to place through Europe on their wandering journey to its sacred scenes. The word admirably describes the easy-going way in which we propose to ramble and loiter through some of the most picturesque portions of England and Wales.

We start, of course, from London, the great heart, not of England only, but of the world, the pulses of whose influences are felt to the ends of the earth. Leaving behind the crowded city we swept up the valley of the Thames, through scenes haunted

with a thousand recollections—Chelsea, Battersea, Fulham—for six hundred years the residence of the Bishops of London—Putney, the terraced lawns of Kew, fair Richmond, stately Hampton Court, Staines—with its ancient London Stone, which marks the western limit of the Metropolis (of which we give a cut)—Runnymede and Magna Charta Island, Windsor, with its memories of a thousand years. Sweeping past cloistered Oxford,



LONDON STONE, STAINES.

previously described and illustrated in this MAGAZINE, we reach the little Warwickshire town of Stratford-on-Avon—

“Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Where his last accents faltered on his tongue.”

We found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state with a huge four post canopy, that might have come down from Shakespeare's times. Next morning we found the sexton of the venerable parish church, which is approached through a beautiful avenue of limes, and is surrounded by cypress and yew trees, and soon stood above the plain stone slab in the chancel floor, which covers all that was mortal of the greatest poet of all time.

Strolling along the banks of the gentle Avon, we thought: “Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the

buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream; and across those meadows the love-sick swain

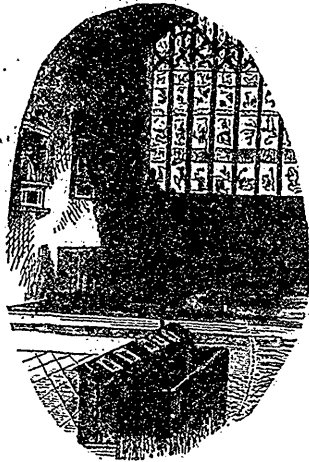
sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on their beechen bark he carved her name."



We next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic for ever. We then proceeded to the house in which the future poet saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an

inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvellously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this



CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

dull Warwickshire town, from all parts of Christendom, ten thousand pilgrims every year, to pay their homage at the shrine of genius!

We next get a glimpse of some of the striking scenery of the lovely south coast of England. The white chalk cliffs lift their gleaming front from the sea like castellated walls. It was these that gave to Britain its ancient name of Albion. On every side, far as eye could reach, roll in majesty "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the waves that guard her coast." Sheltered in a quiet bay, and enjoying an almost Mediterranean climate, lies the lovely Isle of Wight, the favourite home of our beloved Queen, and rich in historic memories and poetic associations.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

The many "coves" or

ravines with their tinkling rivulets and waterfalls, the breezy chalk downs, the romantic undercliff that runs for miles along the sea—all these are potent memories to those who have visited this charming spot, of which old Drayton thus has



SHAKESPEARE'S
BIRTH-PLACE.



THE OLD GLOBE
THEATRE.

written:

Of all the Southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace;
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoureth thus,
Embracèd in the arms of old Oceanus.

One of the most interesting aspects of the scenery of the south coast is that presented by the Needles, which are the

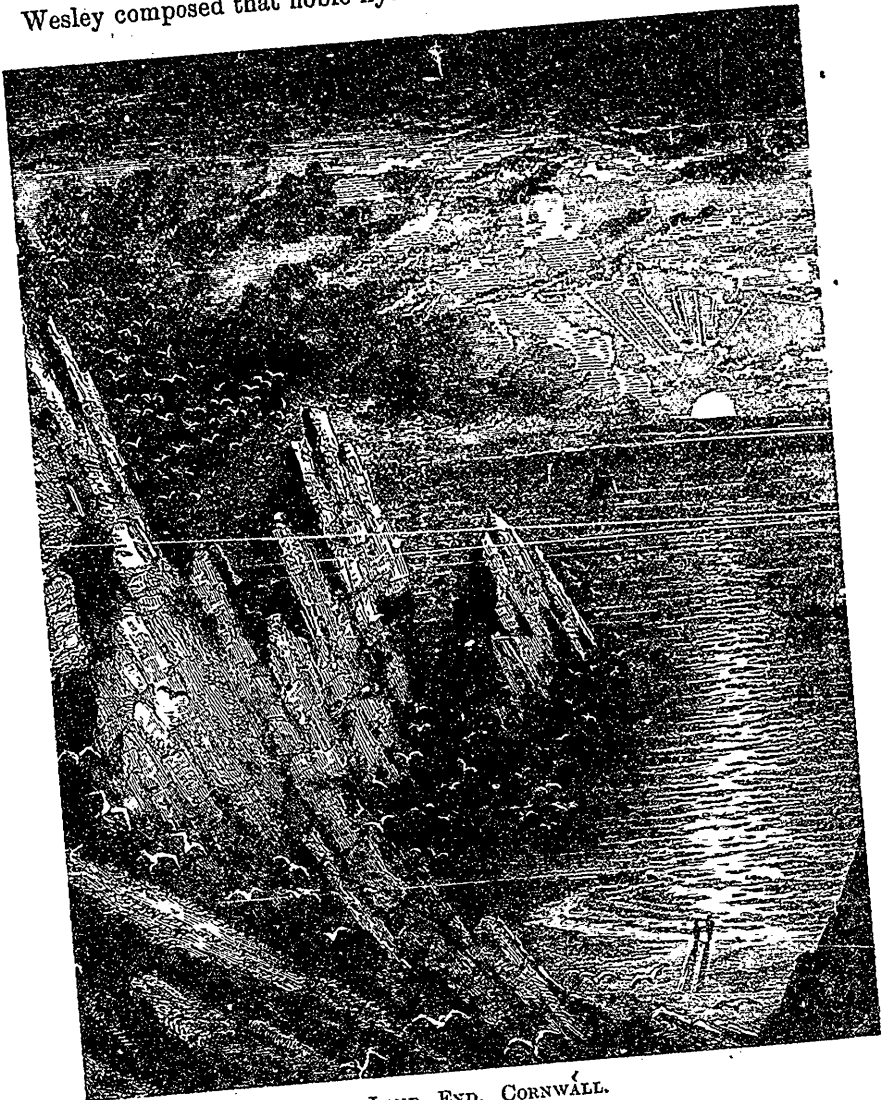
terminating western cliffs of the Isle of Wight. There are wedge-like masses of hard chalk running out to sea. They do not now much resemble their name, but among them in earlier years there was a conspicuous pinnacle, a veritable needle, 120 feet high, that fell in 1764. The headland is crowned by an old fort several hundred feet above the sea. The contrast between the white cliffs, the green turf with which they are covered, and the sapphire sea that laves their base, presents a symphony of colour that will delight an artist's eye.



THE NEEDLES.

Another of the remarkable rocky headlands of Great Britain is that at the extreme south-west of England, known as Land's End. It consists of stern granite crags, against which the ceaseless surges of the broad Atlantic have been dashing for ages. Some idea of their gigantic size may be inferred from the diminutive appearance of the figures on the sea shore, and in the little boat, as shown in our engraving. The clouds of seabirds which make the lonely rocks their home will be observed. Near by is an inn bearing the inscription, "The First and Last Inn in England." A deep poetic interest is given to this scene from the fact that here it was, far out on the precipitous crags, with the surges

of the ocean breaking at their base on either side, that Charles Wesley composed that noble hymn containing the lines :



LAND END, CORNWALL.

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shut me up in hell.

O God, my inmost soul convert !
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

These reflections will be very appropriate as we cross the "narrow neck" between the old and new year, and indeed every day and hour of our lives.



CARDIFF CASTLE, WALES.

Crossing the Bristol Channel, we enter the rugged principality of Wales, the last refuge of British liberty before the tide of Roman and Saxon invasion. Among its wildly picturesque mountains and vales still linger the ancient Cymric language and traditions, the ancient songs, and in some cases the ancient superstitions. Here rise the highest peaks of Britain, and in their rocky heart are hidden its richest treasures—the coal, iron,

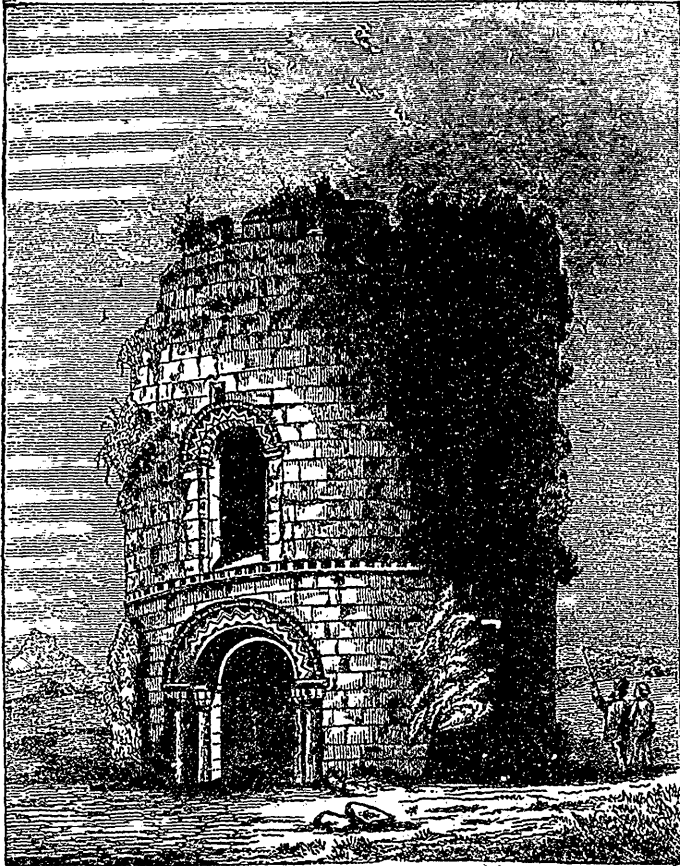
copper, tin, which have made enormous fortunes for their owners, and have developed a vast industry among the people. Cardiff is at the extreme southern point of the principality. It is almost entirely the property of the Marquis of Bute. In the ancient castle, the unfortunate Robert, son of William the Conqueror, was imprisoned for twenty-eight years by his brother Henry I., his eyes being put out for further security. He beguiled the weariness of his long captivity by the "pleasing toil" of making verse. Near by is a still more famous castle, built to hold in check the Welsh. It once covered thirty acres and had seven gate-houses and thirty portcullises. Here Edward II. was besieged in 1326. The assailants were long kept at bay by melted lead poured on them from the walls. The place being carried by assault, the molten lead was run out of the furnaces and deluged by water from the moat. The result was an explosion which shook the castle to its base, and left it the ruin that we now behold. As we saunter beneath these crumbling ivy-mantled towers, they speak of an age of rapine and blood, for which we would be little disposed to exchange even the incidental evils of this industrial era.

Still another relic of the distant past is found—the famous "Rocking Stone," once a Druid altar, oft stained with human gore. Despite its immense size and weight, it rests in such delicate equipoise that it can be rocked with one hand.

The "marches" of Wales, *i.e.*, the land along the English borders, abound in ancient castles. Few of these present a finer example of a mediæval feudal stronghold than Ludlow Castle. It was built shortly after the Conquest, as the low-browed Norman arches, with their elaborate zig-zag "dog-tooth" mouldings, indicate. Here the youthful Edward VI. was proclaimed, soon to mysteriously disappear. From Ludlow Castle, Wales was governed for more than three centuries. Here dwelt young Philip Sidney. Here Milton's "Comus" was represented, and here Butler wrote part of his "Hudibras." The castle long held out for Charles II., but it had to yield to the cannon of the Roundheads. To these solid and forcible arguments much of its present dilapidation is due.

The old city of Chester deserves a larger space than we can give it. Its walls, "grey with the memories of two thousand years," mark the camp of the Roman legions, and much of their

work still remains. We walked all around the lofty ramparts. Cromwell's cannon have left his bold sign manual upon the walls. The new bridge across the Dee has a span of 200 feet, the widest stone arch in the world. The most curious feature of the city is its "rows," or double terraces of shops, the upper one fronting on



ROUND TOWER, LUDLOW CASTLE.

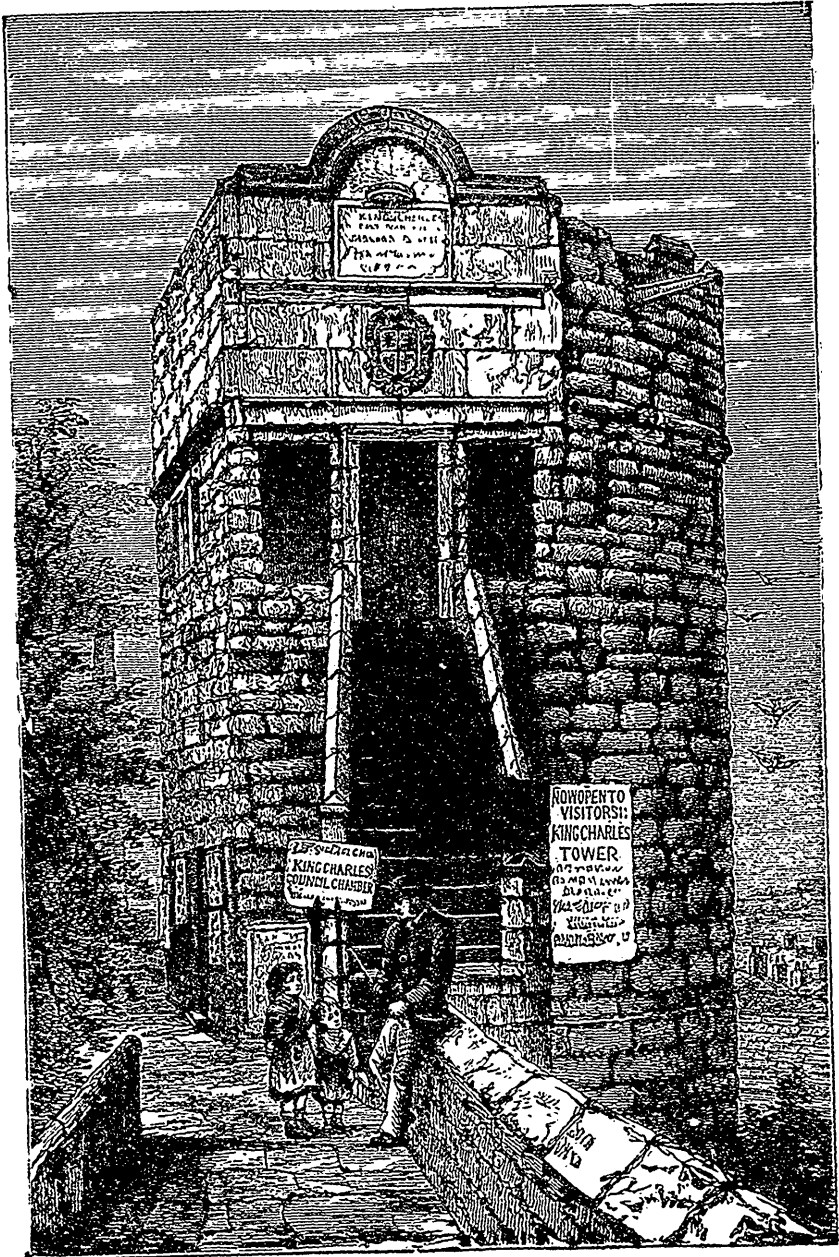
a broad arcade. The old timbered houses have quaintly carved fronts, galleries and gables, like those in Frankfort, often with some Biblical or allegorical design. Of special interest is one which bears the legend,

God's Providence is mine Inheritance. mclii.

said to be the only house which escaped the plague in that year. To reach the town house of an old earl of Derby—a handsome place during the civil wars—we had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed us the hiding-place in the roof where the earl lay concealed for days till he was discovered, taken to Bolton and executed for his fidelity to his king.

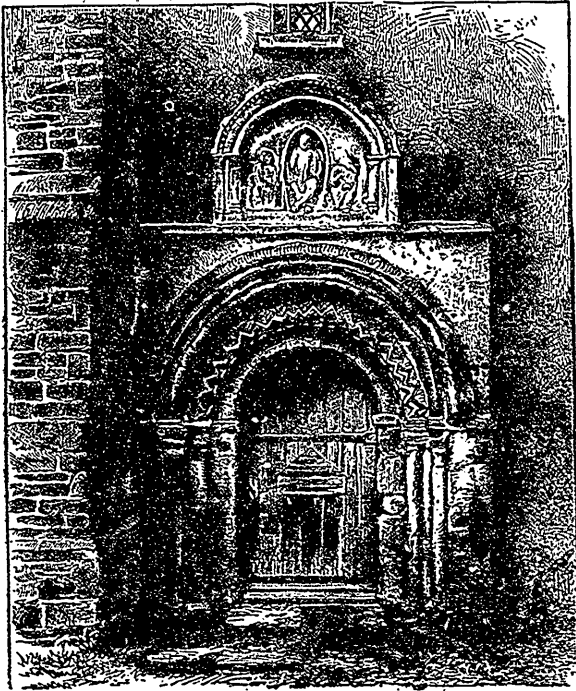
The tower in the picture is known as King Charles's tower, because from the top of it Charles I. saw his army defeated by the Parliamentary forces on Rowton Moor. It consists of two rooms. A door on the walls opens into the lower room, and the upper is approached by a flight of steps from the outside, leading into a small round chamber, with four windows, called the Council Chamber. Here Charles I. held a council before the battle, and from the leads outside he saw his army defeated. Chester, during the Civil War, remained loyal to the king, and, when besieged by the Parliamentary forces, the citizens only yielded when they had been so reduced by famine as to be obliged to feed upon horses, dogs, and cats.

While traversing the Midland Counties one passes through some of the finest scenery in England, through the celebrated Peak of Derbyshire, and down the beautiful valley of the Derwent. The memories of our first ride through this old historic land will never be effaced—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures. In traversing Bedfordshire, we pass many places hallowed by the immortal dreamer, John Bunyan; Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation, and censured the iniquities of prestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where in his reckless youth he had led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City." On this



KING CHARLES'S TOWER, CHESTER.

gentle, pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges, his eyes have often gazed and from that soft green sward he may have taken his description of "Bypath Meadow." Strange spell of genius which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many editions and translated into so many languages.



NORMAN DOORWAY, PARISH CHURCH, ELSTOW.

Our engraving on this page shows the old Norman doorway of St. Peter's Church through which, as boy and man, Bunyan must have passed. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right, and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

The cut on page 397 shows the "Tudor" door to the belfry of the church, which stood isolated from the main building, and

was of later construction. Bunyan had a passionate delight for what his morbid conscience considered the profane amusement of bell-ringing. As he hung wistfully around the belfry door, the thought would haunt his mind, he says, "if the bells should fall and crush me!" Then the terror lest the tower itself should fall made him flee for fear.



BELFRY DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.

At the famous county of York, the largest of English shires, with its stately cathedral city and its crowded towns—Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Whitby, Bradford, Barnsley, Scarborough, Halifax, Ripon, Wakefield, and half a score more—names which call up tender recollections in many a heart in many a foreign land—we can only give a passing glance. Of the grand old city of York, with its mighty minster—the most majestic in England; its ruined Abbey of St. Mary's—once resonant with the worship or wassail of the cowled brotherhood of monks—now open to rain and wind; its old walls, with their quaint "bars" or gates, and

the stern old castle—grim relic of the stormy feudal times—we hope, in an early number of this MAGAZINE, to give numerous illustrations. Our frontispiece gives a good idea of the curious petrifying spring at Knaresborough, a parliamentary borough and market town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the left bank of the River Nidd. Sir Robert's cave, in the vicinity, is noted for the murder committed there of Daniel Clarke, by Eugene Aram, in 1745. Says an ancient chronicle: "If you journey through Yorkshire, be sure to stop opposite the ruins of Knaresborough Castle, because on the bank of the Nidd you will find the celebrated dripping-well. Here the peasants wend their way to add to their humble fortunes by petrifying, and afterward selling to travellers, small sprigs of trees, such as the elder or ash, pieces of the elegant geranium, the wild angelica, or the lovely violet completely turned into obdurate stone."

Twenty gallons are poured forth every minute from the top of the Knaresborough cliff in perennial and pellucid fall. The beauty of the scene can only be appreciated by those who have stood upon the margin of these petrifying waters and beheld the crystal fluid descending from above with metallic fall.

MY BOOKS.

SADLY, as some old mediæval knight
 Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
 The sword two-handed and the shining shield
 Suspended in the hall and full in sight,

While secret longings for the lost delight
 Of tourney or adventure in the field
 Came over him, and tears, but half concealed,
 Trembled and fell upon his beard of white.

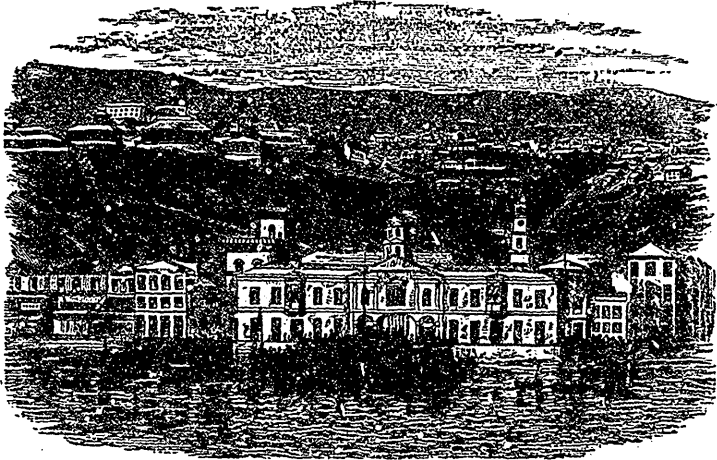
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
 My ornaments and arms of other days:
 Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
 For they remind me of my other self,
 Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
 In which I walked, now clouded and confused."

—*Longfellow.*

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

XI



CUSTOMS GUARD HOUSE, VALPARAISO, CHILI.

OCTOBER 3rd.—This morning we steamed out clear of the reefs, and so had the parting view of Tahiti. We had a capital breeze, and all seemed to promise a speedy run over the solitary waste of waters intervening in the 5,000 miles between Tahiti and Valparaiso.

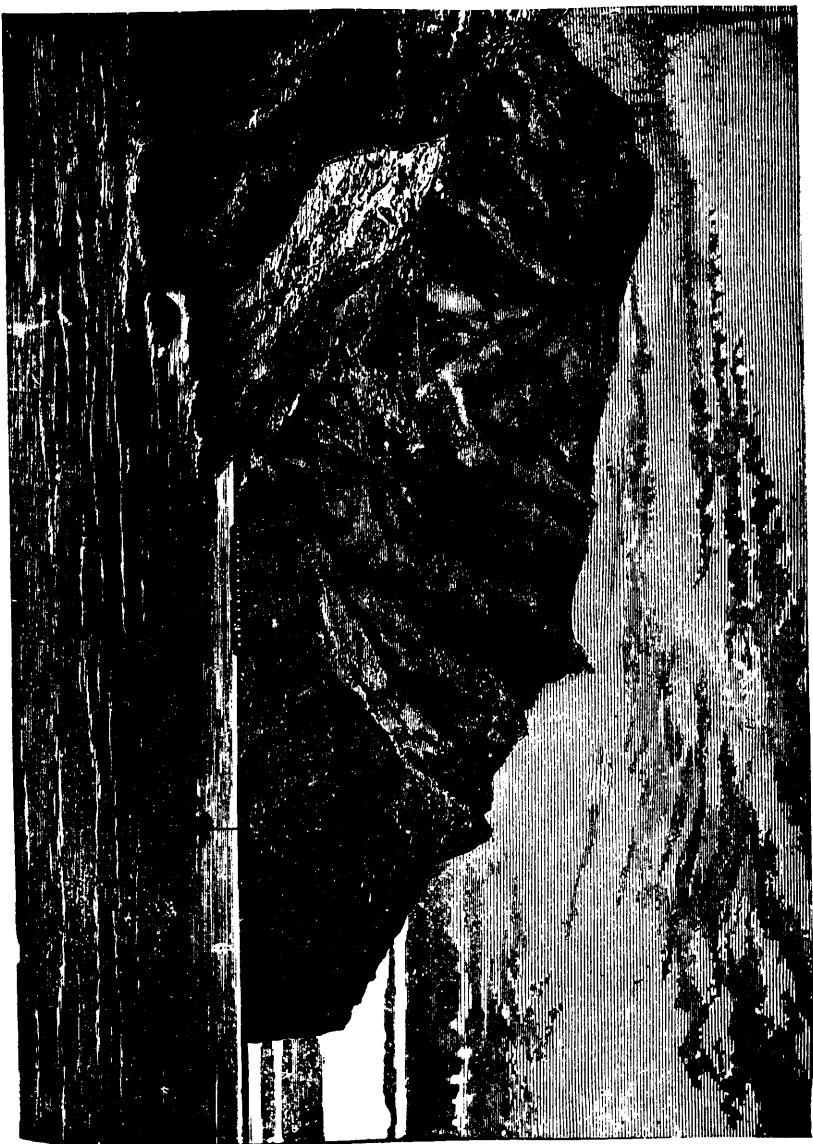
November 13th.—Land was reported—the solitary island of Juan Fernandez. I have never seen a more remarkable and picturesque view than the approach to the anchorage presented. Great mountains appear, torn and broken, into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep ravines, through which the torrents at times sweep down from the precipitous cliffs, which rise one above the other, finally culminating in a great mass 3,000 feet high, known as the Yunque, or Anvil (from its resemblance to the iron block used by blacksmiths). There are the remains of a fort, named San Juan Bautista, and a few tumble-down shanties, in which some forty or fifty people are existing, seeking a precarious living by supplying vessels that occasionally call here.

with fresh provisions, etc. It is certainly a strange fact that people can be found to isolate themselves in such out-of-the-way places as this. It was on this island that Alexander Selkirk was landed in 1704, from a ship he was serving in at the time as master; and here he remained in solitude for more than four years. Eventually, on being rescued, and returning to England, he gave the narrative of his sojourn here to the great romancer of his day, Daniel Defoe, in order to prepare it for publication; and it was from the idea so furnished that the well-known story of "Robinson Crusoe" was formed. Anchoring in Cumberland Bay, we found it quite safe and pleasant. The bay has much the appearance of a huge crater of an old volcano, surrounded on all sides, except one (the entrance), with precipitous cliffs which are torn up into deep ravines and valleys.

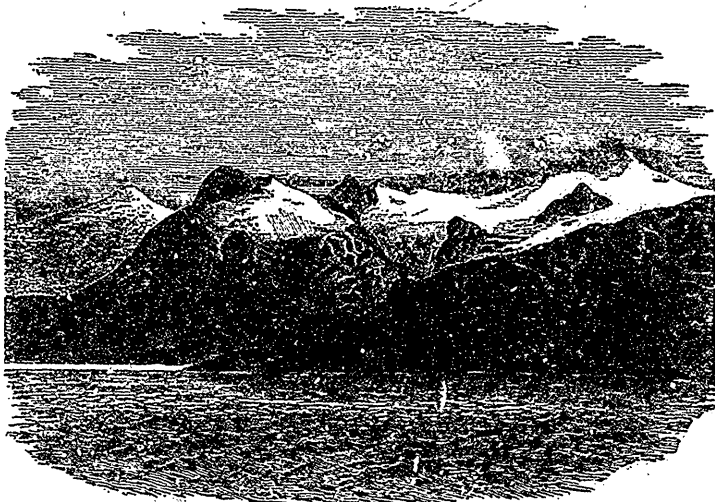
The island is only some ten or twelve miles long, by four broad. The shore is formed by a steep, dark bare rock, rising up some 800 or 900 feet, through which wild ravines run. It is leased to a Chilian merchant, who employs all the settlers in cutting wood, tending cattle, etc., and during the season seal-hunting, when they usually capture some two thousand, the skins of which are at present worth \$16 each.

On the evening of the 15th November we left Cumberland Bay. On November 19th land was in sight, the highest of the Chilian Andes. It was a pleasing sight on approaching Valparaiso, which was full of shipping; and the appearance of the city to us, just come in from the turbulent sea, was very charming; the buildings extend along, row after row, for a considerable distance in front of the bay, and surmount the hillocks which rise at short distances from the shore. A three weeks' stay in the port of one of the principal commercial cities in South America made us quite familiar with the sights. Everything about the town—the houses, shops, and population—has quite a European aspect; so that go where one would, through streets and squares, with their lofty edifices, gay hotels, and large and splendid stores, abounding in everything that can minister to human requirements and luxury, it required but little stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself in some European capital. Banks, theatres, Masonic halls, and other edifices, are scattered over its length and breadth. Tram-cars run from one end of the city to the other. It is in communication with Europe by submarine cable.

THE "CHALLENGER" IN CUMBERLAND BAY, JUAN FERNANDEZ.



On the morning of the 11th December we took our departure, favoured with fine weather. On the morning of December 31st, land was reported. We came to anchor in Port Otway, a pretty, snug place, near the entrance to Magellan Straits. Here the last fleeting hours of 1875 were passed. At the conclusion of the first watch, midnight, sixteen strokes of the bell were given—eight in honour of the departing year, and the same number in celebration of the birth of the new one. Next evening was perfectly still, and the scenery was exceedingly pretty. The wooded hills bathed in sunlight, and the placid surface of the



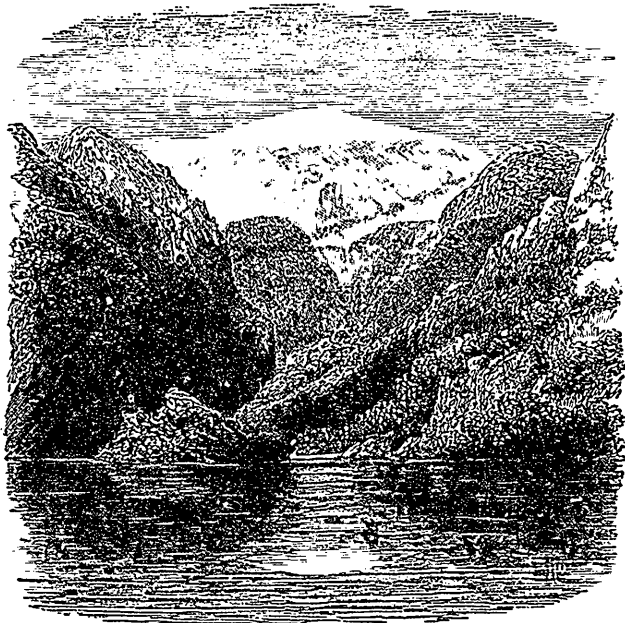
MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS IN MACCELLAN STRAITS.

water, which reflected the clear blue sky, the delicate clouds, and the trees growing on the margin, made a charming picture. The mountains rose high, clothed with trees from base to summit, with numerous cascades rushing down their sides, while behind still higher mountains rose, capped with large quantities of snow.

As we proceeded farther southward, changes became noticeable in the appearance of the land, which on either side became of a much holdier and more elevated character. Icy blasts came howling down deep gorges and crevasses, with occasional squalls of rain, giving us warning of what we had to expect on our further progress through the wild and inhospitable regions.

Jan. 10th.—Left the anchorage at an early hour; the rain fell

heavily, it was exceedingly cold, and the landscape presented a most wintry appearance; the snowy hills ranging along on each side, and the bare rock looking most desolate and dreary in the surrounding haze, and this was midsummer. In intervals of clear weather it was a fine sight to contemplate the magnificent scenery on the Patagonian and Fuegian shores, the mountains towering up steeply from the water's edge, with their summits, in most instances, covered with snow. Keeping along the Pata-



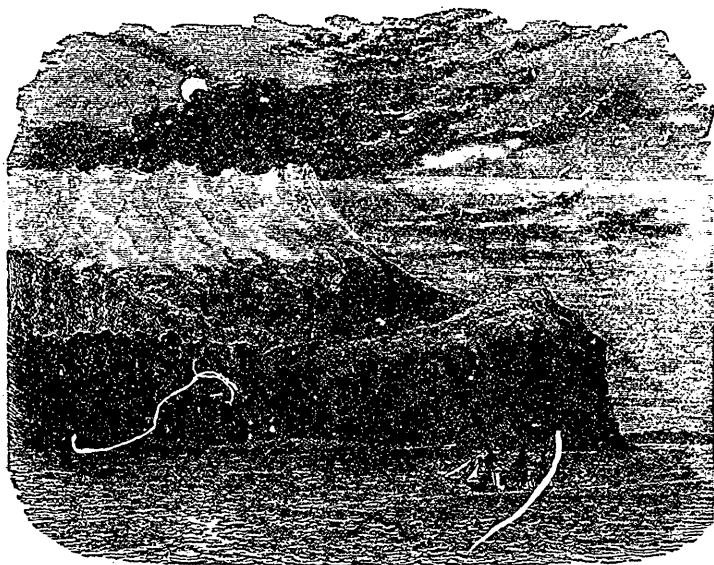
UNFIT BAY, MAGELLAN STRAITS.

gonian side, we passed some striking cliffs, with deep chasms and gorges, down which cascades ran from their snowy heights. Splendid views we had of rugged grey mountains and snowy peaks, with glaciers of many miles in length. The fine blue colouring of the ice formed a great contrast with the dazzling purity of an extensive snow-field.

On the clear spaces could be seen the fires of the Fuegians, and well can I remember when last here seeing the canoes alongside, with the natives screaming and gesticulating for "tabac." Some of them had small seal-skins over their shoulders, but the

greater number were naked ; and considering the severity of the weather, it seems strange how they exist.

Proceeding on our way we soon reached Cape Froward, the most southern point of South America. Here we encountered some fierce squalls of wind rushing down the gorges and channels. Reaching Port Famine, we stopped for the night. This place expresses by its name the lingering and extreme suffering of several hundreds of Spaniards, who had landed here in 1581.

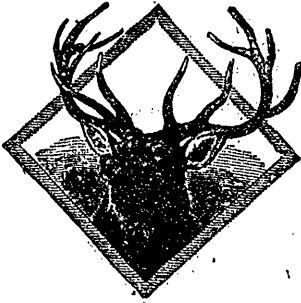


CAPE FROWARD, MAGELLAN STRAITS.

Their fate remained unknown, until Cavendish passed through in 1587, when he found only twenty-four out of the original four hundred colonists. The port was then named Port Famine, in commemoration of the sad fate of its first settlers.

Jan. 14th.—We left the port, steaming over a calm sea to Punta Arenas, a small settlement established by the Chilian Government. This colony, the only one in the straits, has a governor and other officials, and some hundred colonists. It is situated some six miles inland, and is easily reached by a line of railway, over which a locomotive and trucks run frequently during the day.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.



To the dweller in the crowded city there is an inspiration about mountain scenery that is simply indescribable. One is mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, lifted above the lower levels of life, and gains loftier views, broader outlooks, and grander horizons than ever before. Therefore we spent as much of our summer vacation as we could among the mountains. This, we think, far better than going to either lake shore or sea side. It is safer; one can't get drowned; it is cheaper, one needs no boat, but only nature's means of locomotion to enjoy its benefits; it is healthier, for the active exercise of climbing is for more enervating than loitering on the beach or lounging in a boat. The ever changing play of expression, of light and shade on hillside and valley, and the gorgeous daily pageant of sunrise and sunset among the mountains is incomparably finer than the monotony of the sea shore.

Our summer mountain experience was chiefly upon the line of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway, with occasional *détours* on either side. This fine road extends from the northern end of Lake Champlain to the heart of the eastern Pennsylvania coal regions, with numerous side lines running into the Adirondack Mountains, the Rutland Quarries, Lake George, Sharon Springs, Cherry Valley, and over the summit of the Moosic Mountains.

Our first climbing experience was up Mount McGregor, reached by rail in a little over an hour from Saratoga. The stout little engine pants its way up the narrow-gauge railway to a height of some eleven hundred feet. From the summit there bursts upon the sight a magnificent view of the historic plain on which was fought the battle of Saratoga, with glimpses of the winding Hudson, and near at hand the tree-clad slopes over which the lengthening afternoon shadows were stealthily creeping. Beneath the eye lay a hundred fertile farms, with their yellowing fields.

of grain, their russet orchards, and their elm or poplar bordered lanes. The scene derives a pathetic interest from the fact that it is the last on which the eyes of the veteran soldier, General Grant, looked in this life. He sat on the piazza of his cottage as we passed, and waved his hand in response to the respectful salutations of the sympathetic passers-by. He seemed death-stricken at the time, and in a very few days after the hero of thirty victorious battles passed peacefully away.

Next day we took a run over the Adirondack railway, some sixty miles from Saratoga and the outlying billows of that sea of mountains which fills the north-eastern corner of New York State. On every side rose the billowy peaks, crested with foam of spiry spruce and shaggy pines. In the valleys nestle countless lakes—there are said to be a thousand of them—and pretty



OFF FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

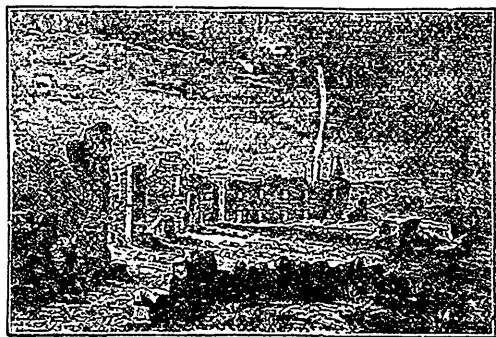
villages; and among the hills wind mountain roads offering fine facilities for "buckboard" riding—one of the most delightful modes of locomotion ever devised. For most of the way the Hudson—here a shallow,

brawling stream, chaffing over its boulder-strewn channel—keeps us company. It was a perfect day, the air exhilarating as wine, the sky a brilliant, cloudless, sapphire blue, the golden sunshine flooding with light far-spreading hill and dale. We coveted the position of brakeman on the train, or driver on the mountain stages, or farmer in the fields, or anything that would keep us out of doors all day in that glorious summer weather.

Another charming trip from Saratoga was that through Lake George, and along Lake Champlain to Au Sable Chasm. Lake George is bordered by lofty hills, which here recede from the undulating shore; these lift their wooded crests into the sky, or hang in rugged cliffs above the waves, or project in bold promontories into its placid depths. Three hundred and sixty islands, it is said, dot its surface, floating mirrored in the wave.

It is lovelier than the loveliest of the Scottish lakes. Its stirring memories of battle and victory or defeat invest it with keen historic interest. For a century it was the highway over which ebbed and flowed the unceasing tide of conflict between New England and New France. Here was the Bloody Pond in which the victims of the massacre of Fort William Henry were thrown. Here the armies of Abercrombie and Amherst on successive seasons sailed in bannered pomp and splendour in a hundred and fifty barges over the now peaceful waters, the wild scream of the Highland pibroch, and the exultant throb of "The British Grenadiers," waking the mountain echoes as the flotilla swept down the lake. Here

young Lord Howe, the darling of the British army, was slain; and at old Ticonderoga, whose crumbling ruins still rise in melancholy grandeur near the foot of the lake, Montcalm inflicted a crushing defeat, with the loss of



FORT TICONDEROGA.

2,000 men, upon the British army. But these stern memories serve only as a foil to the peaceful beauty of this lovely scene.

The ride along the west shore of Lake Champlain presents scenery of a different kind. The railway along the shore of the lake is here a piece of grand engineering. It runs on a narrow ledge hewn out of the rock, giving most picturesque views of the many bays and capes below, and of the towering cliffs above. To the right, the crest of Mount Mansfield beyond the lake, gleamed like pale gold in the afternoon light, as I have seen the Alps from the tower of St. Mark's, at Venice. Then it flushed to rosy red, and faded to ashen gray as the dusk of twilight deepened. To the left the peaks of the Adirondacks were mantled in deeper purple shadows against a saffron-coloured sky. Of the strange grandeur of Au Sable Chasm we may not here speak, as it has been before described in this *MAGAZINE*.

One of the most attractive stretches of the Hudson & Delaware

Canal Company's road is that from Albany, south-west to Binghamton, and southward over the Moosic Mountains to the Lackawanna Valley. The road traverses the broad valley of the Susquehanna, with noble slopes of cultivated upland sweeping to the bordering ridge on either hand. Forty miles from Albany is that freak of nature, Howe's Cave. It is second in size only to the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The pathway for a time is tolerably straight and level, not unlike the corridors of the Catacombs. At intervals the passage expands into vaulted spaces, which receive such names as Reception Hall, Giant's Chapel, Music Hall, Bridal Chamber, etc. In the Narrow Way the walls approach so close that there is just room for the head to pass. A striking feature is the number of stalactites, which hang like



ON THE RIVER.

icicles of marble from the roof. Corresponding to these are stalagmites, formed by the dripping of water, surcharged with carbonate of lime, upon the floor, as the Organ, the Pulpit, the Tower of Pisa. What untold ages of time must have

been required for the water to wear away, as it has, the vast space of this cave, and then to form these great masses of pure marble by such slow deposits.

The winding corridor is haunted with exquisite echoes. The guide sings a few notes and they are caught up and repeated in softened cadence adown the hollow vaults like the weird ghosts of sound. A plank let fall upon the clay floor resounds like a clap of thunder, whose echoes roll and rumble away in the dark like the voices of angry gnomes. So the tiny waterfall of four or five feet roars like a young Niagara. At Crystal Lake we embark in boat, which suggests that of Charon in the underworld, and are ferried a quarter of a mile to its further end, beneath a rocky roof festooned with fantastic stalactites. In places the path climbs high above the rushing stream, which

roars along its rocky bed far beneath. One of the most curious places is the Winding Way—a narrow passage forming a series of S's, so crooked that one can hardly see a yard ahead. Here the guide took both lights away and left me alone, that I might see how dark it was. The darkness might almost be felt. The silence as I stood there, hundreds of feet below the surface, and two miles from the mouth of the cave, was almost appalling. The ticking of my watch and beating of my heart became painfully audible; all else was silent as the grave. I never experienced anything like it, except the silence and gloom of the lower dungeons of the Ducal Prison at Venice. A very narrow passage is well named the Fat Man's Misery. Creeping through another so low that one has to crawl on hands and knees, one enters the grandest hall of all, the Rotunda, twenty-five feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. The



ON LAKE GEORGE.

height was measured by sending up a rocket which explodes at three hundred feet. It just reached the roof.

Near Howe's Cave we made a side trip up the beautiful Cherry Valley to Sharon Springs—a famous health resort, with magnesia, chalybeate and sulphur waters. It is a kind of Saratoga on a smaller scale, without its parade of fashion and jewellery—with more of that home-like quiet which is such a sedative to weary nerve and brain. It is much superior in beauty of situation to the more famous watering-place, the view from the summit of

the hill above the village sweeping over many miles of the hamlet-studded Mohawk Valley to the distant Adirondacks and the mountains of Vermont.

Returning to the D. & H. Canal Co.'s Railway, a few miles further on another side trip takes one to Cooperstown, the home and burial-place of the famous American novelist, and scene of his Leather Stocking tales, on the beautiful Otsego Lake. This trip we did not make; but turned southward to Nineveh, and on the Carbondale branch crossed over the Moosic Mountains—the highest point, Mount Ararat, being nearly 2,500 feet above the sea. The summit outlook is not so extensive, at least from the



IN THE MEADOW.

railway, as from many lesser elevations, but the views in the valleys, as the railway by a steep grade climbs the mountain side, are very fine.

Carbondale well deserves its name. It is the very heart of the eastern Pennsylvania coal region. Coal mines honeycomb the

ground, coal-breakers lift their begrimed and gaunt skeletons everywhere, vast mounds of refuse coal blacken the landscape; interminable trains of coal cars stand on all the side tracks or wind like huge black dragons over the curving road. Over another branch of the Moosic Mountains thousands of tons of these black diamonds are carried by a gravity railway to Honesdale, the western terminus of the Hudson & Delaware Canal. The ride over this road is one of the most exhilarating that can be conceived. The cars, which are open on all sides, giving an unobstructive view, are drawn by a stationary engine up a long and steep incline, and then for miles run on a down grade without an engine and with ever increasing speed to another incline. The summit grade is nearly three thousand feet high, and the outlook over rolling hills and fertile valleys is

superb, the ever quickening motion of the car, the swift mountain winds sweeping by, the feeling as if our train had broken loose and was running away down hill, all make the blood tingle, the eye to sparkle, and the cheek to flush. It is the perfection of travel.

Honesdale is a pretty little town, charmingly situated at the



THE PICNIC.

foot of an almost perpendicular bluff between four and five hundred feet high. It is named Irving Cliff, in honour of the brilliant writer who visited its summit many years ago. At the sunset hour the view from this spot was one of extreme

and pensive beauty. The sinking sun seemed to gather up his spent and broken shafts. The deepening shadows filled the valleys and climbed up the far hill sides. The golden glory faded into wan, grey twilight, then deepened into purple darkness. The sentinel stars came like watchers clad in silver mail upon heaven's crystal wall. They were answered by reflected stars in the mirror-like river beneath. The village bell rang out the hour, and we wended our way down the long slope enriched with an undying memory of the pensive loveliness of the scene.



WE have two lives.

The soul of man is like the rolling world—
 One half in day, the other dipt in night:
 The one has music and the flying cloud,
 The other, silence, and the wakeful stars.

—Alexander Smith.

THE OLD TRAIL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. EZRA A. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.B.

I.

As lively incidents and stirring events are scattered along the highway of life, so I now choose the old trail as a line upon which to string some scenes and occurrences that may prove interesting to those who have had no experience of western life.

There is the buffalo trail. It appears now like what farmers call a dead furrow, overgrown with grass. The marks run in all directions, and the traveller will not go far without seeing them. At first they make him think of an abandoned corn field, but they are not parallel, nor are they close enough together to be explained in that way. Old residents tell of a day when the black herds were seen, in single file, trotting along these paths to the nearest watering place, while the dust rose above them like a great cloud. With the exception of an occasional skull, these deep-trodden, grass-grown paths, are the last remaining monument of that noble, but vanished race—the buffalo.

But the trail particularly referred to here is simply a waggon-road across the face of the prairie, and a regular line of travel. In all the western country, roads defined by a fence on each side are next to unknown, and turnpikes are rare after you leave the towns a little way behind. Of course, in surveying the country, provision was made for public highways, as elsewhere. Each township is six miles square. A road allowance is left on every side of all the townships. When the crowding millions, whom we see in our dreams, have come to people these vast areas of silence, then there will be regular graded streets, cutting each other at right angles, at every sixth mile, and to these all traffic will be confined; but that time is not yet, nor is it near. In the meantime the trail is the traveller's guide over the whole country. Imagine an open space, stretching away for hundreds of miles, broken only by occasional streams, on the margin of which is always found a narrow fringe of small trees. Somewhere through this boundless field the first traveller made his way, guided only by his caprice, or may be by the eye of the

north star. Others followed the mark he left on the grass, until at length the impression was so deep as to be recognized as a guiding sign to all lonely travellers. Unlike the first adventurers in a forest land, these pioneers could not blaze their way, or leave any characteristic signs to indicate the course they had pursued. Even yet a buffalo skull lying on the sod will be mentioned to a stranger as a sign whereby he may know either to turn or to keep directly on his way.

The foot of beast never pressed a more comfortable road to travel over than the trail on the prairie. It presents to the hoof an even, slightly elastic, surface, while the carriage glides over its smooth way without a jar, like the movement of a boat over calm waters.

But is there no danger of the traveller missing his way? Yes, at night, and in times of storm, especially in the winter blizzards, the wayfarer sometimes finds himself unhoused, and unable to make his way to his destination. The fact that one may drive at a good speed anywhere makes it possible to miss the trail, and wander about for a considerable time without achieving any object. I met one man in a part of the country with which he was familiar, after he had been aimlessly wandering for half the day. A person who knew the country thoroughly, undertook one Sabbath afternoon, to drive me to an appointment five miles from his home, and we spent the remainder of the day in the sleigh, until the night began to fall, but I have never yet seen the point we set out to reach. When drifted over with snow, and the early darkness of the north has fallen upon the earth, if the trail is lost, the victim has before him the dreary prospect of wandering about the open prairie until the daylight finds him, and then he will probably discover that he has not gone beyond a somewhat narrow circle. One man told me that he had spent the whole night in this way within a mile of his own home. His amiable wife had slept sweetly the night through, and had not taken the trouble to put the lamp in the window, as by agreement she was expected to do, because she thought that the storm was too great for it to be seen.

In another case, two men had been drinking freely before starting for home. They were overtaken by night on the way. They lost the trail. Fortunately it was not, for the west, a severe night. After useless wanderings, the more sober of the two, left his companion asleep in the straw on the sleigh, and set

out on foot to find the trail. He soon came to a house unoccupied for the night, but having stove and wood and other means of comfort. He had sense enough left to start a fire, but not enough to remember his deserted companion. Once comfortable himself, he slept profoundly until late in the morning. When at last he awoke, there came over his confused senses some recollection of his fellow-traveller. He went out in search of him. He was soon found, legs and arms badly frozen, but, strange to say, not quite dead. Not long before noon of that day a passer-by found these two men in the before-mentioned house, the one in a dying condition, and the other industriously saturating his companion's frozen limbs with kerosene oil. This novel treatment did not avail to save the man's life. It may be truthfully said, in passing, that nearly every case of fatal freezing in the North-west can be traced to the use of intoxicating drinks.

The above cases are mentioned as perhaps interesting illustrations of some uncomfortable possibilities in trail-travelling, but at the same time as very unusual occurrences. In old lands the traveller is dependent upon the fences and prominent buildings on the wayside, and at night upon lights that burn in windows within sight of each other, and upon the ease with which inquiries can be made at any point, so that no skill is called out in making a journey. To one accustomed to these conditions, travel in the uninhabited west would seem to be impracticable. But as a fact, it is a rare thing indeed for any one to lose the trail, so as to spend any great length of time in search of it, and loss of life from such a cause is now almost incredible, unless drunkenness also comes in with its aid. Experience adapts the eye to the vast distances of the prairie, and the habits of thought to the new conditions, so that any one intending to travel takes into his plans all the possibilities of danger and accident, and accidents never happen if they are expected. The foresight which constantly recognizes that they may occur, almost unconsciously renders them impossible. For example, no one but a novice would attempt to cross the prairie in a blizzard. When such a storm falls upon the earth every mule even knows that it is the right thing to get under cover. There is not in all the wide territory of the North-west a house that would be closed against a stranger at such a time. The facts of climate, and roads, and distance will develop in the children who grow up in this land, in an eminent degree, the habits of foresight, caution, and pru-

dence, accompanied with a boldness that is not afraid of trifles. The chief blessing which the nation will derive from its vast north-land will be the race of wise, and far-seeing, but, at the same time, fearless men, produced by the peculiar conditions of the land.

The trail is one of the hindrances to the perfect success of the itinerant preacher's labours. Not only does it sometimes render it impossible for him to keep his appointments with the regularity which he has always felt to be a condition of success, but his widely scattered people will generally be more easily deterred than himself from attempting to be in attendance at church, so that, during a large part of the winter months, there is an element of uncertainty as to the possibility of holding any service.

The agents of the Hudson's Bay Company traced out the great trails that cross the whole country, and which, before the building of the railroad, were the through routes of travel. It is well on to a hundred years since this Company began to extend its operations into the interior of the vast territory, and during all this time it has done all the freighting needed by this western world, marking new trails as they were required. There was a time when a letter, mailed to some one at one of the posts on the eastern slopes of the mountains, would require four years to receive an answer. The first summer it would leave England by one of the Company's ships, and would reach Fort York or Fort Churchill sometime in the late autumn. It could go no further that year. When the spring came it would start westward by boat and trail, and in the autumn would be delivered to him to whom it was addressed. He could take the whole winter for his reply, for there would be no movement east that season. In the spring the reply would start east, and take up the best part of two years to get back to England. Truly,

"Man's life was spacious in that early world.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught."

The railway has not suppressed all these old methods of freighting, though it has doubtless altered the routes that are still used. The Saskatchewan river is only navigable for a few weeks in the spring and fall. Consequently Prince Albert, situated on that river, is yet largely dependent upon the long trains of waggons which set out regularly from Qu'Appelle, and traverse

the two hundred and fifty miles that stretch away toward this northern town. Saskatoon is a little aside from the regular line to Prince Albert. Fort McLeod is reached in the same way from Medicine Hat and Calgary, and Edmonton also from the latter place. These long trains are an object of interest to an eastern eye, and they discover to the observer the one great felt want in all this wide area. It is population. Arithmetical calculations show how many millions of people will crowd together here in the year 2000; but every acre, and every mile of the long trails, is saying in tones of almost tearful appeal, "Send us on in advance two or three millions now, and we will excuse the hundred millions shown by arithmetic to be the promise for A.D. 2000." The horse trains are a silent appeal for more men. You may see six or more waggons fastened together after the manner of a train of cars, then as many spans of horses or mules hitched before, one after the other. Great Jehu takes his place astride the near wheel horse, and with his long whip in hand, the train is ready to proceed. Thinking of the loss of power by this arrangement, you ask its cause. The answer is, economy of drivers. One man may direct six or more waggons, and the teams that draw them.

In the old days, when the agents of the Hudson Bay Company were marking the vast and yet trackless prairies with their lines of travel, this Company was the dominant power in the land. When Charles II. gave the Company its charter, it came into possession of an indefinitely defined region, embracing, by any rule of interpretation, almost half the continent; and its power was made practically absolute. There was just the semblance of a restriction that the Company in its legislation, and in its penal code, should give some sort of recognition to the laws of the British realm. In exercising its high privileges among a savage people it found it necessary to build a fort at every post which it established. Some of these forts have become recently centres of remarkable interest. The insurrection of the Metis, and the warlike attitude of the Indian tribes, will cause the names of Carlton, Pitt, and Battleford to be remembered in every home of our land as of historical importance; while the terrible dangers suffered, and the bloody deeds committed at some of these places, will cause them to carry a most painful significance to many minds for years to come.

As these forts have, some of them, been recently the scene of

active war it may be interesting, while at the same time it will be disappointing to the boy who has read some history, to know something of their character. To this history-reading boy a fort means a space enclosed by a solid wall of stone. He thinks of Calais, and Robhelle, and Sebastopol. But he must understand that these Hudson Bay Company's forts are nothing of this kind. They are simply a stockade, made by setting poles about eight inches in thickness upright in the earth, and rising about as high as the ceiling of a good house. With this idea of a fort in our minds, we can readily understand the news we read in April last of the burning of Fort Carlton. The fort itself was an inconsiderable loss, for it was so situated as to be almost useless as a defence against such weapons as were in the hands of some of the Indians. It lay in such a hollow as to enable persons on the high ground in the vicinity to command a full view, at close range, of all that was going on within. In this nook it was sheltered from the wintry winds, and such defences were quite sufficient against the weapons possessed by the Indians when these places were built. The disaster in the burning of such a fort was the loss of houses and other property within. In the case of Carlton this loss was not great, as the men had already removed the stores.

The visitor to Winnipeg has been told that the site formerly bore the name of Fort Garry. He looks in vain for any traces of defences that would count for anything in modern war. Anything like the appearance of warlike preparation or defence has long since disappeared from the place, and only a collection of sheds, stables, and poor houses remains to give some air of importance to the old Government House of Manitoba, which is the only prominent figure in the whole collection. However, the seeker after the tokens of war may find a regular stone fort a few miles down the Red river, on the road to Selkirk. But even that formidable defence would only lead a Krupp gun to ask if it was in earnest, and if it really meant to fight.

Within these wooden walls the Hudson Bay Company kept their stores, and here the agents lived. These were called factors, and the chief factor was honoured with the title of Governor, and this distinction is sometimes still accorded in courtesy, though all pretension of ruling authority, on the part of the Company, has passed away.

The stores embraced all that an Indian could covet, and served in place of money in bartering with the savages for their furs. The spirit of the Company is very well illustrated by its mammoth store in Winnipeg. No Canadian city has anything to surpass it. In the completeness of its assortment of all things necessary in domestic life, including both dry goods and groceries, and in the excellence of the quality of its goods, may yet be seen the Company's sense of sufficiency, developed through nearly two centuries of experience, to meet all the demands that can possibly arise among the people of the country. When the war broke out the Company was as ready to provide all the supplies that could be needed, as it was on the day before to prepare a young lady's trousseau.

But not much can be said for the Company's centuries of dominion over all this land in the way of advancing civilization. The spreading of Christian civilization was undoubtedly against the interests of a trading company. Perhaps it is not to be blamed if it enriched itself, and let the savages remain savage. One thing it did do, and that was to preserve a perpetual memorial of the Christian Sabbath. It floats its own flag, and a particularly beautiful piece of bunting it is. By a rule of the Company this flag, in days gone by, floated regularly on the Sabbath day over every post, and so bore testimony to the solitudes that it was the Day of the Lord. This rule was observed with much strictness. On one occasion, an important employee was blessed by the birth of a son. We would suppose that such an event would bring some relief to the monotonous life of the lonely place. So thought the happy father, and desired to recognize the day in some suitable manner. But what could he do? As no other diversion was possible, he hoisted the Company's flag, in all its glory, over the fort. After a time his mightiness the factor saw the display, and enquired the reason. On being told that it was to celebrate the birth of his employee's boy, he quietly said, "It is not Sunday," and commanded the flag to be hauled down. The Company may sometimes have driven hard bargains with the poor Indians for their furs; it may have taught them the taste of fire-water; its employees may sometimes have married and then abandoned the Indian women; but one thing it could not do, and that was to let its flag desecrate the Sabbath by flying on a week-day to celebrate the birth of a man-child.

“THE MAN WHO SPOILED THE MUSIC.”

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

THERE was no doubt about it—*he did*. The faintest shadow of a doubt was gone. *He was the man who spoiled the music.*

And yet it was the last thing that he was likely to believe. He loved music. His voice was often heard ringing out a rollicking song in the tap-room, swelling above all the rest as they joined in the chorus, holding the unsteady voices together in a way that indicated much force and not a little skill. And yet he spoiled all the music! It was most certainly so.

It was a discovery that came as a great shock to him; for he had always been the first to drop upon anybody else who got out of tune. And now to think that it should keep coming to him in at least a score of different ways—he himself was the man who spoiled the music!

It was Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. He was standing leaning against the wall by the dirty fire-place, unwashed, and in his shirt-sleeves, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, and the great unlaced boots thrust far out on the floor. The dull eyes, the knitted brows, the mouth drawn sourly down at the corners, completed a picture of misery. The room looked as wretched as the man himself, and as dirty; blackened and broken, with window-panes either plastered over with paper or stuffed out with rags. The rickety furniture was there simply because it could fetch nothing elsewhere. Seated on the other side of the fire-place was the white-faced and slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of mortality at her breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that told of a burden there a great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole reason of the wretchedness—*Drink*. Not a bad sort of a man but for this one thing; able to earn good wages and to have a comfortable home; yet no idle miscreant ever dwelt amidst greater squalor, or kept all about him in greater misery. The woman, who once found in him her joy, now sitting a broken-hearted wife; the home with its dainty bits of furniture, and all about it so bright and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they dreaded their father's presence: it was only the curse of drunkenness that could work such mischief.

So it came about that on this Sunday afternoon Jack stood as cross as cross could be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he could find, as if any one were to be blamed for it sooner than himself. Then it was that the door opened suddenly with a bang, and in burst two little maidens singing merrily: eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were full of music. They had come from the Mission Sunday-school, and the last hymn was in their ears, and came cheerily ringing from their lips:

“ I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given ! ”

They had just got to the line of the chorus, “ I am so glad,” and it came in at the opened door with such a bounding gladness as they lifted the latch and felt that they were in the freedom of the home—“ I am so glad—” then suddenly they came far enough to see their father. Instantly the voices were silenced, the sunshine died out of their eyes; with a frightened look filling their faces they shrank outside the door again, and shut it noiselessly.

The silenced that followed was unbroken by a sound. The wife sat mournfully looking at the blackened ashes of the fireplace, with the little one asleep in her arms. That abrupt and sudden silence smote Jack’s heart; those changed faces, and the little frightened maidens hushed like that; he felt that he had done it all. He seemed to hear again the happy burst: “ I am so glad ! ” and then that dreadful stopping. He was going to ask with an oath why they didn’t go on singing, but they weren’t there, and so it was no use to do that; besides, he knew well enough, too well, why they had stopped; so it came about that he lifted himself from the wall and thrust himself fiercely into his jacket, and went slouching towards the door. He strode out of the court and away on, anywhere, until he got outside the streets and into the more quiet and pleasant roads; then he slackened his pace. The fierceness had turned to grief, and at last there came the words muttered to himself: “ *That’s what I am always doing,—I spoil all the music.* ”

And the more he thought of it the worse he grew, until it spread itself in all directions. Slowly, and one after another, came the long procession of witnesses, who pointed at him and gave their evidence against him, as the man who spoiled their music. The first was enough if there had been no other. It was

the dear old mother who had toiled and scraped and saved for him, her only son, and so proud of him as she was, too. And he remembered how proudly he used to think that in her old age he would keep the roof over her head, and make her glad for all that she had done. And she needing many a comfort that he could have given her, had gone down sorrowing over him to her grave. An old saint, she had learned the new song in heaven, but it was little comfort to think that but for him she might have been singing still upon earth.

"I spoiled her music," Jack sighed very sadly.

Then there came the poor wife, so white-faced and wretched, with the little bit of a baby at her breast. Away behind her, ever so far, Jack saw other times when they had sung together. What a sweet voice she had then! He could hear it still as she kept singing about the farm house all day long. He could hear it again, when it seemed best of all, on the still summer evening as she came home from milking. How often his path used to lie that way, and what happy days they were, she with the bright face and the roses in it a deeper red for his coming. And now to think of her sitting there in that miserable room, so white and still. She never sang the baby off to sleep now. "Anyhow not when I am there," Jack sighed again; "I spoil all the music."

Then out of the past there came another Jack—a decent fellow who wouldn't have looked at this dirty and ragged lounge; a man with his head up and a cheery voice that rang out in the lanes as he went to work in the early morning, and that kept time with the plane as he sent the shavings flying from the bench; who whistled the tune as he held up the bit of work and let his eye run along it to see if it were true, taking a pride in it, and then ringing on again. And on Sundays,—no wonder poor Jack sighed again—it was hard to believe that it was he who sang in the choir and used to take such a delight in it all.

"I spoil all the music," said Jack again, "everywhere." And at every pause and interval there came again the sight of those merry faces darkened, and those glad voices silenced at the sight of him. "And I their own father," sighed Jack again; "poor little dears, to go spoiling *their* music too!"

Jack's trouble seemed to grow bigger every minute, until at last things began to get desperate. Dark and awful temptations flew about him. He would end it all; the wife and little ones

couldn't be worse off than they were, and he, at any rate, would not be spoiling other people's music when he was dead. But before the grim thought had well got hold of him, he seemed to see again the sunny faces, and to hear the merry voices singing their song: "I am so glad!" And with the thought of them this time, there came a softer feeling and a gentler tone. "Poor little things," he sighed again, "it wouldn't mend their music either if I was gone. Nor hers either," he said to himself a little while afterwards, as he thought of the white-faced wife and the little bit of mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so burdened and helpless, stopped and there and then put his face into his hands and said: "God help me!" He had gone on, never thinking where he was going, until now he found himself outside the long stretch of the houses, and was under the green trees, and in the midst of the fields. The lark sang overhead, the thrush and the blackbird sang out their richest notes; in the branches above him, a crowd of sparrows met and chirped the very loudest, merriest music they had ever learnt.

He stood leaning on a gate while the sunset fell full upon him. His hands hung over the bar and the tears glistened in the ruddy glow of the setting sun. Was there any help for him? Down so low, could he ever get up again? All about him was calm and still and beautiful and seemed to condemn him as he stood there, so ragged and wretched, making such misery in the world. He looked away to the setting sun: "If I could only get right off and begin again," he sighed, "right out of the reach of the old ways." But this seemed only to mock him: "Begin again," he muttered grimly; "I have got nothing to begin on!"

For a while despair came on him once more. It was no use his trying, not a bit. He must just go on to the end.

So burdened and sorrowing Jack leaned still over the gate. He had given up thinking, and now just let the thoughts come and go, scarcely heeding them. The sun had set. The music of the birds were hushed. Here and there a silver star shone overhead. Then it was that once more Jack seemed to hear the two little voices and their glad song:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given!"

The words sang themselves over and over again in his soul, sooth-

ing by the flow of the words rather than by their meaning. They lulled to sleep the fierce feelings that had filled him.

But as the words went sinking down within him, they began to speak to his heart.

"Our Father in heaven," he whispered, and there came back the story of one who had wasted his substance in riotous living; and how he arose and came to his father; and how, when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him, and put about him the best robe, and the ring on his finger and the shoes on his feet. But then Jack sighed again and shook his head sadly: "He only spoiled his own music; I've spoiled so many other people's."

But still the voices sang on his soul:

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given!"

As they sang on they seemed to gather strength until his heart heard them again, and took hold of them once more. "Our Father in heaven," he whispered, and there came distinct and living the memory of how he had kneeled long ago at his mother's knee; he felt again that gentle hand laid upon his head, and heard that voice teaching him the words: "Our Father Who art in heaven." Might he not say those words? Ah, if he could only go back again, and be the little child at the mother's knee.

Then Jack buried his face in his hands, and just let his heart flow out with the words of the Lord's Prayer. Slowly he went through the petitions until he reached the last: THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER, He stopped and spoke them over to himself slowly three or four times. Then his soul took hold of them. They came as new life to a dying man. Here was all he needed—if he got that help he need fear nothing: companions, habits, anything, anybody; what were all these if only this power was on his side. And it was; he knew it; he was sure of it. "Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory—what for?" he asked himself, with all the fierceness turned now into a defiant triumph. Not only to set stars in the heavens, and to make glorious sunsets, and to grow great trees—and to let a man go down all helpless to hell! "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power." Then surely it was on purpose for such as he was.

As for love, the poor fellow found himself utterly unworthy of

that; it did not come anywhere within the range of his hopes. But a father who was as strong as "our Father in heaven," would help a man though He might not be able to love him. "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power," said Jack, as he lifted himself up from the gate, and he laid hold of the truth like a sword, with which he could defy all enemies. "I don't want to get away now," he said; and he longed that he could go right there and then and fight the drink and all its surroundings.

It was quite dark as he passed into the squalid court in which he lived. He turned into the wretched house; but he could look at it all now without fear. It should all come right: "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power," said Jack; and he said it with a feeling like that with which a soldier grips his sword at the footstep of an enemy:

The next day he was up and off at daylight. Vexed and desperate as he was, he went at his work with a grim fierceness, without a word for anybody. His mates were used to his moods, and did not care to interfere with him at times like these. "Jack is out again about some'at," said they, with a jerk of the thumb in his direction. They might stop for dinner, but Jack snatched at a bit of bread and worked on; they might pack up at the strike of the clock, but so long as the light lasted Jack would stick to it. "This is not spoiling anybody's music, anyhow," said he fiercely to one man who ventured to hint that he had done enough for that day. He came home and sat at his supper, with wife and children creeping noiselessly and frightened about the house. Poor Jack! a tear came gathering in the corner of his eye and fell down his cheek. "I do wish they'd sing a bit; but I expect I've spoiled all the music for ever," he muttered to himself. He longed to get them about him, wife and little ones, and to take the sleeping babe from its poor little rags, and to tell them all that was in his heart; but somehow he couldn't manage it, and so he just crept off to bed.

"Not yet," he muttered; "but some time soon, by God's help. Thine is the Kingdom and the Power."

Jack's fit was on the next day, much to the surprise of his mates; the brow knit and the lips tight, and the work flying on at a tremendous pace.

"Why, Jack, lad," cried one, "art thou putting a week o' work into a day, that thou mayest go on spree all the rest of it?"

"No," said Jack, so gruffly that nobody had a word for him again; and so it lasted, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All that was strange enough, and set his work-mates wondering; but strangest of all was it when that Saturday afternoon came, and Jack took up his wages without a word, and just walked right away from them all, and home. "Jack's mad," said they; "never knew his fit last so long as this."

"Now," said Jack, taking a stride just double the usual length, and putting his foot down as if he meant to get through to the other side of the earth, "I'll try and get the music back again;" and Jack meant to smile, but he had to put his mouth tight and to knit his brows to keep back a tear. "By God's help," Jack added devoutly.

When he came home, he evidently was not expected; indeed, was scarcely wanted. There was not very much to be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing! had not much heart to do that little. But much or little she was now in the middle of the process, and so the "bits of sticks," as they were called, were put on one side whilst the good wife kneeled and scrubbed away at the floor with the handle of a brush, on which a few straggling hairs remained as if to keep up the name. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and then just went on again with her scrubbing. Whatever this coming home meant, nothing ever brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. "Spoilt her music, too," he sighed. He hung up his bag of tools on their peg, and took off the apron that was rolled about his waist; and then he caught sight of that venerable and hairless scrubbing-brush. "It will help to bring back the music," said Jack to himself, purposing to buy his wife there and then a new one. But the purpose was somewhat delayed. Just then, from some corner of the room, there came the cry of the baby. The wife was rising up to get at it when Jack dived in after the little bundle of rags and fetched it out.

"I'll hold her a bit," said Jack, rather shyly.

Jack's wife would liked to have said "Thank you," but she felt shy too. "Now, Jack, try and mend the music," said he to himself, and this time he really did smile; for the baby was unused to strangers, and none was a greater stranger to it than its own father, and so it just cried out lustily. The good wife scrubbed on. There were times when she had to let it cry a bit, and this

should be one of them. Jack took the little one tenderly into his arms and leaned against the wall. He put his lips tightly together and chirped to it—just a tiny little chirp, like a young sparrow having its first music lesson. But the baby cried louder than ever. Then Jack put forth his strength and chirped to it louder and faster. Not a bit of use was that, still it cried. It was wonderful how such a poor little wizened frame could make such a noise. Then Jack put the baby on the other arm and he set his tongue against his teeth and clicked to it. "Click, click, click," went Jack, quite large enough to start a good coach-and-four. Bless you, he might as well have winked at the baby. Jack changed sides again, and then he whistled. Now, Jack prided himself on his whistling; he might not be much of a hand at chirping, and at clicking he was willing to give in; but as for whistling, Jack *could* whistle; and so he whistled shrill and loud, fast and wild, a whistle loud enough for a drum and fife band, and fast enough for the wildest Irish jig. But the baby cried on just as loud as ever.

Jack was in no humour to give in; the spirit of grim defiance with which he had met everything about him through all the week could not afford to be conquered by a little thing like this. Jack took it up in his hands and held the baby aloft and danced it to and fro. But still the baby cried.

The good wife rose from her scrubbing and began to wipe her hands in the apron; she must take it.

But Jack would try once more; it really was not pleasant to be beaten like this. So setting himself resolutely against the wall Jack began to sing.

At first it was soft and low, like a man who was feeling his way. But gathering courage as he went, presently he was rolling out an old song of long ago with all the force of his voice.

The effect was magical. The baby stopped as if it were charmed. It opened its eyes to the widest. Then it opened its mouth in imitation of the father's. It put out tiny hands and laid hold firmly of his whiskers as if it would keep him at it. Then it laughed and crowed with delight.

"Eh, Jack, it is good to hear thy music again," his wife said very quietly.

Poor Jack, it almost put him out. He did stop for a moment, but instantly the little face puckered and wrinkled into all sorts

of lines; the eyes closed, the nose was squeezed together, and the lips began to quiver with the coming cry. Then Jack had to strike off again, only to find the effect as magical as before, and to hear the baby laughing and crowing once more. And in the midst of it all there came in the two little maidens to find the father leaning against the wall making music like this.

"Why, we couldn't think whoever it was, father," said they wondering, and without the merriment fading from their eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, every one of them wondering except the baby; that kept stretching out its arms to the father, and found a new delight in pulling at his whiskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts about him to say what he found it so hard to say, but words wouldn't come; and the most eloquent would find it hard to talk when a tiny hand was being thrust into one's mouth, and another tugged at the beard. So Jack had to content himself with putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out one sovereign and one half-sovereign and giving them to his wife.

"What's this, Jack?" she asked, going to the window, for it was getting darkish, and she feared that the first glance had deceived her.

"Wages," said Jack, getting it out as well as he could.

The poor wife looked at the money, and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked as if she would like to apply at least her lips to Jack's. But she put her money in her pocket, or rather, we should have said, pockets, for Jack's wife had two. One of them was a very easily reached affair: there in the thin and tattered dress that she wore, you could not help seeing its somewhat obtrusive opening, for long use had kept its mouth widely agape. Into this went common things of all kinds for which no other resting-place might be handy, and its contents bulged prominently as the good wife moved about the house. But the other—where it was, it is not for us to know; away and underneath somewhere, to get at it involving much turning and searching. Here, alas! was the only safe place for the little that the good wife could scrape together to put by for the children's shoes, and such occasional expenditure. And not always sacred here in these depths, the heard-earned little bits of silver would sometimes have to go in a scrap of meat for Sunday's

dinner, and even for a loaf of bread. Now it was within and away in the more secret pocket that she had put the sovereign that perhaps might be hers. But the half-sovereign was in the outer common pocket. Jack would be sure to want that before long, and it should be ready for him, since he had trusted her like this; and she felt that if this kind of thing went on she would have to sing too.

"I'll stay and take care of the little ones if you want to go out, wife," said Jack. True, it was spoken with some interruption, and more than one word was bobbed back into his mouth by that little hand. But it went down into the good wife's heart and stirred music that she had not heard for many a long day.

"Bless thee, lad! it is good of thee," said the wife; and then she blushed like a maiden that she should have said so much.

"'Tis all thine, wife, so don't be afraid," said Jack as the wife went out at the door.

She turned back with a great stare. "All this," said she; "why Jack! what must I do with it?"

"Buy thyself a new scrubbing-brush, and get the baby a new frock for Sunday;" and this time Jack did smile.

The wife came nearer; she couldn't help it; she stood for a moment plucking up courage, then she put her hand on his shoulder, and stooped down and kissed the baby, and took a long time over it too.

"I should like to give thee one too," she said as shyly as possible; and she did it splendidly, and then hurried away.

"I think the music is coming back again," said Jack to himself.

Later that night, after his wife came back, Jack went marketing, and a couple of chairs were set by the fire. "Good kind of musical boxes," said Jack to himself as he took them in at the door and set each in its place. And there, about the fire, they sat side by side silent for awhile, the baby asleep, and the little maidens at his side.

"Come, little ones, you must sing to mother and me," said he at last. "'I am so glad,'—you know."

And they looked at each other with a wonder that soon passed into sunshine and joy; and before they knew it Jack and his wife joined with them. But poor Jack broke down before he had gone

on long; then the others broke down too, and all was still for awhile, until Jack wiped away his tears and looked up cheerily.

"Eh, but I mustn't spoil the music like this; sing on, little ones;" and they did sing, and Jack sang, and his wife. And then Jack did as he hadn't done for many a day; he knelt down with wife and children, and asked God to help them and bless them, to forgive the past, and then to strengthen him for the future.

On the Sunday, there they sat together in the little Mission-room, and from that day to this, no voice is clearer or louder than Jack's. And now, whenever he talks about clumsy work, or faults in anything, Jack always calls it "*Spoiling the music.*"

Jack soon found out that the power that helped him thus was the power of God's great love; and the grim spirit gave place to gentleness.

It was some weeks afterward that one night in the Mission-room Jack stood up to say a few words: "I can sing, mates, better than I can talk; but I should be ashamed if I could not tell you something about what 'Our Father in heaven' has done for me. I used to think that religion was no good but to die with. There never was a bigger mistake than that. I find it just the grandest thing that ever was for to live with. Talking about going to heaven when you die—why, when Christ was born didn't heaven come down to earth? And I believe that wherever Christ comes He brings heaven with Him if we'll only open the door wide enough. Ask the wife here, she knows if I'm speaking truth or no. Ask the little ones here. Why, bless you, that there baby, though it ain't more than a few months old, is old enough to know the difference."

Then Jack's eyes filled with tears and he found it rather hard work to get on. "Bless ye, lads, my heart is a-singing, though my eyes be a bit waterish, but it is only the joy running over. I tell ye, it's enough to keep a man singing all the day long, and sometimes it's more than you can let out with your tongue. I know now, mates, what the blessed Lord Jesus Christ came into the world for, and what He died for, and what He is living to do for us every one; and I do bless Him for it. 'Tis that He may bring back the music, and keep us from spoiling it."

Then Jack's voice got a bit husky again: "I used to go boozing and soaking in the public-house every night, and here was the dear missus crying her eyes out, and a-breaking her heart about

it. Here was the little ones ragged and almost barefoot, afraid of their father's footsteps more than anything else in the world. Here was the house stripped of everything comfortable and decent; and here was me a plague and a nuisance to everybody. That was spoiling the music if you like. But now, lads, I should like you to hear the concerts and lovely tunes I've got now all day long. Bless ye, there's no need to pay a big price for a ticket, you can have it very cheap, and it's a sort of music that don't get hoarse in damp weather. To go home when the work's done and see the light dancing in the little one's eyes because father's come; to see the wife looking happy enough for a princess, and the baby laugh for joy, ah, that's music that the angels in heaven might envy! To get about the fire and sing a hymn together with the kettle a-keeping time, and then to read a chapter out of the blessed Book, and to kneel down and get a fresh stock of God's love in the heart, that's something like music. Then to go out to your work along with the blessed Lord Jesus—why I reckon He was a carpenter on purpose to teach us that He had come to help us to do our work as well as ever it could be done. To have a clear eye and a steady hand, and a throat that isn't all parched up with drink; to find your work going like a merry tune of music all day long; and to feel that you can keep a clean tongue in your head, and be patient with them that make a bit of mistake, and that you want to help everybody else a bit because the blessed Lord has helped you so much. What do ye call that, lads? That's what I call music! and thank God, that is what the Lord has done for me."

Jack's prayer every morning is: "Lord keep us in tune all day long." A prayer that has been blessedly answered now for many months.—*The Christian Miscellany.*

GOD makes us brave to meet each loss
Without a sigh;
To do our work and bear our cross,
Nor question why.

He knows the secret of our way,
And what is best;
The long, dark sorrows pulse with praise,
And lead to rest.

WHAT THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS DOING FOR ENGLAND, IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

THIS is a pretentious heading, one that would warrant the reader in expecting a much more comprehensive review of the Church and its work than is contemplated in this article. It implies a familiarity with the many organizations of the Church, philanthropic and religious, and the effect of these upon the masses, with much of which I would have to confess my ignorance. My remarks are, therefore, confined to two subjects in connection with the Church, viz., "Its Pulpits and its Liturgy." If these are the mighty factors which they are held to be in moulding the opinions and in shaping the life of a people, then we have in them material sufficient to enable us to form our opinion whether they are tending to the formation of lofty and noble lives, or whether they are tending to emasculation by the diffusion of error; in one word, they furnish us with a gauge whereby we can determine the spiritual life and power of a community.

I had left my hotel on Sunday morning with the intention of hearing the Rev. Dr. Parker, at the Holborn Tabernacle. Having failed upon a former occasion to obtain an entrance from the crowded condition of the church, I left early, therefore reached the building in good time, but found it closed—an announcement on each side of the entrance stating when services were to be resumed. A church, in one of the busiest thoroughfares in London, closed for several weeks in the holiday season!

What did it mean?—with people from every part of the world, anxious to hear a celebrated preacher who had a world-wide reputation, who yet could not be heard! Did it mean that in the absence of the preacher no one could efficiently fill his pulpit? Did it mean that the best way to promote spiritual life in a people was once in a year to close the house of God and go to the seaside or other summer resort? What of the many of the congregation who are unable to take an extended holiday? Are they to seek food on the Sabbath day "anywhere, everywhere," and then find their way back again on the return of the pastor? Were there

no earnest, useful men in London who could be found ready and willing to take a brother's pulpit in his absence, when seeking needed rest, who could minister with acceptance to his people? These and kindred questions were presented to my mind as, with my wife and daughters, I left the closed building and found my way to St. Paul's.

The service here was at an earlier hour and had been begun. The steps of the great cathedral were crowded by great numbers of devout people going to service. As I was entering I heard a middle-aged Scotchman, who had left the building, enquiring in a broad accent, which left no doubt of his nationality, "Will ye tell me, if you please, if that's public worship that's going on just now?"

On being assured that it was, he returned and took his place with the congregation. The area below the vast dome and the side aisles were entirely filled, and a considerable portion of the vast building in addition; there must have been several thousand, how many I cannot say, and did not ask. The choir was surpliced, much of the service was chanted. The prayers and lessons were read so that every word was distinctly heard, and as the organ pealed, and choir and people joined in the full, deep *Amens*, which went up from thousands of devout hearts, an impression was left which years will be unable to efface. It is worthy of notice that the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray, of Niagara, the oldest clergyman of the Church of England, in Canada, with the one exception of the Metropolitan, was the first colonial Presbyterian or Bishop who ever officiated in the cathedral.

The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Reynolds, a prebendary of one of the City churches. His text was: "Follow His steps." The sermon was practical, the manner of the preacher devout, earnest and persuasive. He spoke at some length of the consecration of talents to God's service, contrasting the two mites of the widow, from the point of sacrifice, as being in the sight of God as of greater value than the offerings of the wealthy who gave of their abundance, and added, that there may be those who are unable to present even the two mites of the widow, yet they can bring the thoughts of the heart and the sincere motives which led to them: these are two mites. They can bring chastity and purity, and present these to God as two mites; and, as he showed that these were offerings which it was in the power of the humblest

to make—offerings which God would graciously accept. As in closing he persuasively urged the great congregation in the language of Peter, in his First Epistle 2, 21: to “follow His steps,” all felt the force and earnestness of his appeal; and as I saw the immense congregation leaving that great cathedral, I was impressed to an extent greater than I can express with the mightiness of the English Prayer-book and the pulpit of the Church of England in making the people of England the nation that it is.

As I turned to leave, I saw that immediately behind me my Scotch friend, who had had doubts as to the service being that of public worship, had been sitting, and who, despite the chanting and surpliced choir, had remained until the close of the service, and have no doubt was glad that he had so done.

The following Sunday I found myself in Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Ventnor is one of the favourite resorts for health and pleasure in the kingdom, known but to a comparatively small number until within the past few years. The healthfulness of its climate, and the surpassing picturesqueness of its position, attracting the attention of those whose opinion was of value, it suddenly sprang into a place of importance, and is to-day one of the most lovely places in Great Britain. I found myself in a church, the seating capacity of which, on the ground floor, was about the same as the Metropolitan Church in Toronto. It had no galleries, all the pews were comfortably filled. The clergyman, whose name I forget, was an active, earnest man, verging towards the early period of middle life. The choir was surpliced, the service intoned. I suppose the church in this country would be called high. The preacher spoke without notes, and with great earnestness. His text was Luke 19, 42: “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.” Rarely have I heard a more earnest sermon or seen a more devout congregation.

We boast in Toronto of our orderly and well-observed Sabbaths, and we are justified in so doing. Here was a resort to which the young in great numbers flock for their holidays, who go there for recreation and enjoyment. Numberless boats line the beach, vehicles in numbers line the esplanade to convey pleasure-seekers during the week to the many lovely places with which this Island

abounds. Not one boat was launched from the shore, not one yacht unfurled its sail, not one carriage or cab or pleasure vehicle of any kind was seen upon the street. But a reverence for the day and for the house of the Lord was manifest, for the full extent of which I was not prepared, which I had never seen surpassed in any land, and which afforded the true secret of the power and influence of the English people.

The following Sunday I worshipped at the parish church of St. Pancras. The rector is the Rev. Dr. Oliver. He announced that the sermon was in aid of the London City Mission. The church is one of the old-fashioned churches of the City, very large, great high pews; the church itself dimly lighted. The parish contains 236,000 persons, a population more than double that of the city of Toronto. The service, as compared with those already referred to, was severely plain, but little chanting, not even the *Amens* being accompanied by the organ. There were three clergymen officiating, the prayers being read by one, the lessons by another, the rector preaching.

Dr. Oliver is a man about forty-five, of fine presence and impressive manner. He has a well-trained and melodious voice. Women dressed alike acted as ushers, and quietly showed strangers to pews. The congregation was very large, and attentive and devout throughout the service. The preacher took for his text Luke 14, 23: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled." He began by pointing out the wretched condition of the degraded classes in that great city. He spoke of the parish as being the dividing line between the houses of opulence and those of wretchedness; of the tendency of the age pointing in the direction of the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer; of the noble work open to the Christian to elevate and improve the condition of the poor. He referred to the noble work being accomplished by the London City Mission. In speaking of the work of the parish he said: "During the year every house in the parish has been visited. We have stood by the bedside of the sick and dying seven hundred and ninety times; but what to me is of greater value, God's blessed Word has been read in this work of visitation four thousand times. I know not what the full effect of sanitary regulations may be in improving the condition of the masses. I am unable to say what legislative action may

accomplish in the same direction, for indeed I am too ignorant but I do know something of the mighty power of God's Word, something of what it will accomplish when believingly received into the heart and practised in the life." He appealed for a liberal collection in aid of this most excellent charity. "I plead with you," he said, "for the sake of that fallen and degraded class which stands so much in need of your sympathy, your help and your prayers. And finally, I plead with you for the sake of Him who says to you, the members of this great congregation of St. Pancras, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of this great city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, that My house may be filled."

The following Sunday I went to hear, in Southport, Rev. Canon Cross, one of the leading preachers in England. Southport, like Ventnor, is a fashionable watering place, in which there are many pleasure-seekers. The same orderly observance of the Sabbath day was manifest as in Ventnor. Not even a tramway running, although the distances from many of the hotels and lodging places to various churches is very great. I found on reaching the church the pulpit occupied by the curate, who preached to a very large and attentive congregation, from the passage, 2d Thess. 3, 1: "Finally, brethren, pray for us." The sermon indicated how clearly the preacher felt the value of prayer, and what importance he attached to the preacher having the prayers of God's people, and how much he himself had been sustained in his work since coming among them by the consciousness that, while he in humble dependence upon God went about the performance of his work, he was strengthened in that work by the prayers they offered in his behalf.

There is much in the manner and spirit of a preacher which cannot be described. These, to be rightly estimated, have to be felt and seen; but if the preaching which awakens and interests and benefits is that which comes from the heart and goes to the heart, then in every instance the sermons to which I listened possessed this characteristic.

What about the liturgy? This simply, that judging from the heartiness of the responses and the earnest and devout spirit of the worshippers, after the lapse of over three hundred years the English Prayer-book has not only not lost any of its power, but is a greater bond of union among the English people to-day than it has ever been before. Nor is this strange.

"As the translation of the Bible," says Froude, *History of England*, vol. V., 53, "bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the liturgy. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary; yet the same prayers translated by others would not be those which chime like church bells in the ears of the English child. The translations and the addresses, which are original, have the same silvery melody of language and breathe the same simplicity of spirit."

A distinguished foreigner thus writes of the Prayer-book :

"In 1548, at last England received her Prayer-book from the hands of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, Bernard Ochin, and Melancthon. The chief and most ardent Reformers of Europe were invited to compose a body of doctrines conformable to Scripture, and to express a body of sentiments conformable to the true Christian life—an admirable book, in which the full spirit of the Reformation breathes out, where beside the moving tenderness of the Gospel and the manly accents of the Bible throb the profound emotion, the grave eloquence, the noble-mindedness, the restrained enthusiasm of the heroic and poetic souls who had rediscovered Christianity and had passed near the fire of martyrdom."—*Taines' History of English Literature*, vol. I., 369.

Again the same writer, referring to the prayers, says :

"If you go and hear them in England itself, and listen to the deep and pulsating accent with which they are pronounced, you will see that they constitute there a national poem, always understood and always efficacious."—*Ibid.* 371.

Since the Restoration no change has been made in the liturgy. The wisdom of this is manifest. Does one join in the worship of God's house in the most remote quarter of the globe? He hears the same prayers which he had heard in the days of his childhood. Does he listen to the words, solemn and impressive, that make two human beings one, as they are each told, "so long as ye both shall live?" He hears the words which he has heard before, perhaps, oft-repeated. Does he stand by the open grave, the words which fall upon his ears are the same words "once o'er his father's said." He feels while taking part in the hallowed service that there is a bond which binds him to those around him, although in all other respects he feels that he is "a stranger in a strange land."

This thought is brought out by a clergyman, formerly of Streetsville, in a few lines on "The Emigrant's Funeral," which illustrate this point better than any words of mine :

" Strange earth we sprinkle on the exile's clay,
 Mingled with flowers his childhood never knew ;
 Far sleeps he from that mountain-top so blue,
 Shadowing the scene of his young boyhood's play.
 But o'er his lonely, transatlantic bed
 The ancient words of hopeful love are spoken,
 The solitude of these old pines is broken.
 With the same prayers once o'er his father's said.
 Oh precious liturgy ! that thus can bring
 Such sweet associations to the soul
 That though between us and our homes seas roll
 We oft in thee forget our wandering,
 And in a holy day-dream tread once more
 The fresh green valleys of our native shore."

—Tales, Sketches and Lyrics : Rev. R. MacGeorge.

I am assuming that the services referred to in this article fairly represent the present condition of the Church of England in England ; that the attendance upon God's house and the attention and devotedness of the congregations, as well as the earnestness of the preachers and the unmistakable soundness of their teaching, give a very fair picture of the spiritual power of the Church ; and I think I am warranted in arriving at this conclusion. The conditions of each of the churches were dissimilar, each representing distinct classes—one being in the great cathedral of the nation ; one the parish church of one of the City's most populous parishes ; one in the extreme south of England ; and one within an hour's ride of the second most populous city in the kingdom.

I am, moreover, confirmed in my impression from my own personal knowledge of what is being done in some of the great centres of population in Great Britain. If I am right in my conclusions, is the Church of England not a mighty power for good in the nation, and so long as her pulpits give " no uncertain sound," has she not before her a great future ? No one conversant with her present condition will hesitate in attaching the fullest importance to that paragraph in Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speech, which has reference to Disestablishment, viz. :

" I cannot forecast the dim and distant courses of the future, but like all others, I have observed the vast and ever-increasing development for the last fifty years, both at home and abroad, in the Church to which I belong, of the power of voluntary support.

" Those abridgments of her prerogatives as an Establishment, which have been frequent of late years, have not brought about a decrease, and

have at least been contemporaneous with an increase of her spiritual and social strength. By devotedness of life and by earnestness of labour, the clergy are laying a good foundation for the time to come. The attachment of the laity improves, if I may so speak, both in quantity and quality. The English Church also appears to be eminently suited in many weighty points to the needs of the coming time. And I have a strong conviction that if this great modification of our inherited institutions shall hereafter be accomplished, the vitality of the Church of England will be found equal to all the needs of the occasion."

Had the Church of England in the days of the Wesleys been the living, active, progressive Church that it is to-day; had her clergy been the earnest, devoted and self-sacrificing men that many of them undoubtedly are, would there have been the same need for their work? Would the Wesleys not have been welcomed to the pulpits which they found closed against them, and instead of meeting with armed hostility and unrelenting persecution, would they not have been welcomed as earnest labourers, and would they not have met with willing and cheerful co-operation?

The Wesleys were God-commissioned men, and would have found their work, but had the conditions been such as they now are, I do not think I venture anything in stating that the outgrowth of that work would not have been separation from the Church. The conditions being changed, the Church of England having largely benefited by the Wesleyan revival, the Wesleyans in their turn having been stimulated by the increased and growing earnestness of the Church of England, both Churches being thus mutually helpful to each other, is it best that they should continue to work upon their own separate lines? Or would it be better that two Churches having a common origin, a common faith and a common liturgy, should find a solution to the difficulties which keep them apart, and in their united capacity go forward in the great work of the world, evangelization? These are questions which some one better fitted will, I hope, find time to answer.

OAKLANDS, TORONTO, Oct., 12th, 1885.

To err in modes of prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray is mad.—*Isaac Taylor.*

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

XI.—A CENTRE MAGNETIC AND RADIANT.

“The choice and master spirits of this age.”

—*Shakespeare.*

“’Tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes.”

—*Ibid.*

To Charles Wesley belongs the proud distinction of being the first to bear the now honourable name of *Methodist*, that epithet of ridicule and reproach having been originally applied to him in the year 1729, while a student of Oxford, and just ten years before the formation of the Methodist Societies. In many other respects, as we shall now proceed to show, our poet is a centre of uncommon interest—a focal point both of convergence and radiation.

Charles Wesley had no small influence in the evangelical conversion of his distinguished brother John, which happy event occurred some three days or so subsequent to that of our minstrel. Charles' new experience of pardoning mercy greatly encouraged the faith of his brother who was just then feeling after God; and it was not long before the twin-souls could sing together in the glow and rapture of their first love:

“Where shall my wondering soul begin,
How shall I all to heaven aspire.”

Charles Wesley was the honoured instrument under God in the conversion of George Whitefield, that prince of preachers who, like a flaming seraph, for four and thirty years traversed the three kingdoms and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times. And if our minstrel was the first Methodist, Whitefield led the way in field-preaching, and was the first to urge upon his compeers to follow his example; although it ought to be noted that John Wesley had preached in the open air in Georgia some time before Whitefield was ordained. In the union of these three mighty evangelists was formed a noble ternion—the triumvirate of early

Methodism—a triumvirate more remarkable and historic than the Roman. It is the copartnership in love and labour of these three revivalists that our bard so beautifully celebrates in a hymn, probably written in 1742, of which the following are the opening and closing stanzas:

“Come, Saviour, from above,
Our dear redeeming Lord,
And twist us by Thy dying love
Into a threefold cord;
Friendship that shall endure
Long as the life of God,
Indissolubly strong, and pure
As Thy cementing blood. . . .

Thy mind we surely know,
In which we now agree,
And hand in hand exulting go
To final victory
Obedient to Thy will,
We put forth all our fire,
Our ministerial work fulfil,
And in a blaze expire?”

Another of Charles Wesley's spiritual children is the renowned Edward Perronet, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, “archbishop of Methodism,” and the author of the immortal coronation hymn: “All hail the power of Jesus' name.” And Perronet is only one of many whom our minstrel has kindled into song.

It is more than probable that Charles Wesley was a means of spiritual good to the learned Robert Ainsworth, the well-known author of a Latin Dictionary; for when an old man of upwards of seventy, Ainsworth was accustomed to attend Methodist meetings conducted by Charles Wesley, in the spirit of a little child. In Charles' journal, under date May 24, 1738, three days after his conversion, occurs the following entry: “I was much pleased to-day at the sight of Mr. Ainsworth; a little child, full of grief, and fears, and love. At our repeating the line: ‘Now descend and shake the earth,’ he fell down as in an agony.”

No name in early Methodist history shines out with purer lustre than that of the saintly John Fletcher, that master of polemic divinity. Between Fletcher and our minstrel a warm friendship existed. Of all the early Methodists Charles Wesley

seems to have most completely won Fletcher's heart, and became his beloved and confidential friend, to whom for years he turned for companionship. Fletcher, who was Wesley's junior by more than twenty years, once wrote to his friend: "You are an indulgent father to me, and the name of son suits me better than that of brother." He made Wesley his censor and critic, submitting his manuscripts, both of prose and verse, to him for revision. Referring to the manuscript of his poem, "La Grace et la Nature," Fletcher writes to his friend: "Be so good as to peruse the enclosed sheets. . . . I wish I were near you for your criticisms; you would direct me both as a *poet* and a *Frenchman*."

What a picturesque figure does our poet present among some other conspicuous men of his time. For a while, at least, he is the centre of "the Oxford Methodists;" in which historic group stands James Hervey, author of "Meditations Among the Tombs," a man of large and lightsome piety, with a heart "open to the whole noon of nature," who by introducing the poetical and picturesque into religious literature became "the Shenstone of theology." Alluding to this eminent man our bard has the lines:

"Could I like rapid Young aspire,
Transported on his car of fire,
Or flow with academic ease,
Smooth as our own Isocrates."

And when Hervey died in 1758, Wesley wrote a hymn opening:

"He's gone! the spotless soul is gone,
Triumphant to his place above;
The prison walls are broken down,
The angels speed his swift remove,
And shouting on their wings he flies,
And Hervey rests in paradise."

These "Oxford Methodists," drawn together by the magnetism of a common purpose, constitute one of several *elite* coterie of literature, or clustering constellations of brilliant characters that shine with blended light and wheel for a time in a common orbit in the firmament of the past. One can hardly fail to recall that philosophical galaxy—Socrates surrounded by Euripides, Aristippus, Epicurus, Xenophon and Plato. Akin to this is that literary galaxy of modern times—Johnson, and the club that

bears his name, including Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, Garrick and Boswell. Still another scarcely less distinguished is that philanthropic galaxy—the Clapham Sect, of whom the more prominent are Henry Thornton, William Wilberforce, and Granville Sharp. But in the “Oxford Methodists” arises a religious galaxy in which the Wesleys and Whitefield are planets of the first magnitude.

It is interesting to observe that Charles Wesley, as one of these planets, is sometimes found in conjunction with some of the brightest luminaries of his day. When a lad of eight years, at Westminster School, one of his fellow pupils and playmates was a Scotch youth—James Murray—who afterwards became Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England, and Wesley had the honour, in later years, of renewing this intimacy. In 1737 Charles was appointed, by the University of Oxford, to visit Hampton Court to present their address to the King, by whom he was graciously received and invited to join the royal party at dinner. And next day he dined with the Prince of Wales at St. James’ Palace.

It was his privilege to have for his teacher in short-hand Byrom, the eminent Manchester poet, author of the hymn: “Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,” and whose poetry contains, as John Wesley observes, “some of the finest sentiments that ever appeared in the English tongue; some of the noblest truths, expressed with the utmost energy of language and the strongest colours of poetry.”

Once, at least, Charles Wesley had the “satisfaction,” as he expresses it, “of two hours’ conference . . . with that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge”—a man after his own heart, and a minstrel of no mean powers of song.

Quite an intimacy existed between our poet and the immortal Handel, that prince of musicians. It is very probable that Charles Wesley was an instrument of spiritual good to this great man. At one time Handel was exceedingly profane and would swear, it is said, in three different languages. But later in life a change came over him and he became serious and devout. Our bard in a poem on Dr. Boyce represents Handel as having a place in heaven:

“Thy generous, good and upright heart,
Which sighed for a celestial lyre,
Was tuned on earth to bear a part
Symphonious with the heavenly choir,

Where Handel strikes the warbling strings,
And plausive angels clap their wings.

Handel, and all the tuneful train,
Who well employed their art divine,
To announce the great Messiah's reign,
In joyous acclamations join,
And springing from their azure seat,
With shouts their new-born brother greet."

The following three hymns of our poet's: "Sinners, obey the gospel word;" "Oh, love divine, how sweet thou art;" and "Rejoice, the Lord is King," were set to music by Handel, and the musical MSS. in Handel's own hand-writing are preserved in Cambridge University. And as if in return for the honour thus done to Wesley's poetry, a son of our minstrel—Charles Wesley, jun.—in 1824, when our beloved Queen was the Princess Alexandra, did honour to Handel's music and was himself honoured by rendering selections from his "Messiah" in her presence.

Charles Wesley enjoyed the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century." The following is a copy of a letter addressed by the Doctor to our minstrel:

"SIR,—I beg that you and Mrs. and Miss Wesley will dine with your brother and Mrs. Hall, at my house, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, to-morrow. That I have not sent sooner, if you knew the disordered state of my health you would easily forgive me.—I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

Now, to have enjoyed the friendship of this monarch of literature is no small distinction. And yet it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast than is presented in a Johnson and a Wesley. The Wesleys were neat, precise and abstemious in habit; Johnson "dressed like a scarecrow and ate like a cormorant." The Wesleys were men of untiring activity and niggard of time; Johnson was naturally indolent, and "loved," as he said, "to fold his legs and have his talk out." The Wesleys were men of a loving spirit and won their successes by persuasion; Johnson was dogmatic and intolerant, and "when his pistol missed fire knocked you down with the handle."

We can mention but one name more—that of William Wilber-

force, the Christian orator, statesman and philanthropist. The first interview between Charles Wesley and William Wilberforce was when the latter was a young man just rising into fame, and the former was an old man of seventy-eight, feeble and fast tottering to the tomb. It took place at the house of Hannah More, and is thus described by Wilberforce himself: "I went, I think, in 1786 to see her, and when I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table, around which a numerous party sat at tea, and coming forward to me gave me solemnly his blessing. I was scarcely ever more affected. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether overset me, and I burst into tears unable to restrain myself."

Now in all these instances, and many more of a similar character, our minstrel is seen to have been a centre both magnetic and radiant, wielding a personal influence upon the age in which he lived—upon its greatest minds, no less than upon the masses of the common people. Nor is that all. His influence has reached even royalty itself. In the year 1815—the memorable year of Waterloo—a little event happened by which Wesley's hymns found their way into royal hands; and the probability is that a copy of the Methodist hymn-book is to be found to-day in Queen Victoria's palace at Windsor, or in one of the other royal residences. In that year H. R. H. the Duke of Kent attended a memorial service in City Road Chapel, in honour of the opening of an elementary school, in Cowper Street, London; and to signalize the auspicious event of a royal visit to that historic edifice, the trustees presented His Royal Highness with an elegantly bound copy of Charles Wesley's hymns, and a complete set of Wesley's works. But what is better than winning the favour of royalty and reaching sceptred hands, Wesley's hymns have radiated in revival power to the quickening of nations. Just one year after Waterloo, in 1816, during the sittings of the Wesleyan Conference in London, two Prussian clergymen, sons of the Bishop of Berlin, were present at one of the sessions; and wishing to learn the nature and character of Methodism, copies of Wesley's hymns and Wesley's works were presented to them. These volumes were taken to Berlin and handed round among leading Prussian families for several years. In 1825, nine years latter, Dr. Tholuck, then on a visit to London, when breakfasting with the Rev. Henry Moore, said that the reading of those

volumes had resulted in an extensive and powerful revival of religion in Germany. How appropriate, then, no less to the genius of our minstrel than to the work of Methodism—a genius as magnetic as the sun and as radiant—are our author's own lines:

“ See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze :
To bring fire on earth He came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is :
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.”

GOD'S TEMPLE.

BY MRS. JOHN FOSTER.

“ *Ye are the temple of God.*”—1 Cor. 3:16.

IT seemed a strange, strange place
For royal Guest ;
How could I make a temple meet
Within my breast ?
Canker and rust for many years
Had gathered there ;
How could my heart be ever made
A house of prayer ?

And yet He came,
Though this poor temple scarce was worth the name,
So wasted and defiled ;
I saw the glance He cast about the place,
How tender was the pity in His face !—
“ Take these things hence, My child.”
I took them hence,
All the vain idols that had barred for years
The temple gate ;

Long had I ceased to worship them
And moaned my state ;
Then He, the Christ, set up His throne
In regal grace.
Like a refiner's fire He came
To purge the place
And make my heart a “ temple ” meet
For royal feet.

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;
 A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER XIII.—UNCLE TOMMY WEIGHS ANCHOR.

To die is gain.—*St. Paul.*

The end of that man is peace.—*David.*

Soon after the revival, Uncle Tommy was taken seriously ill, and, evidently, as he said himself, "took for death." For a long time the old man had been failing, crippled with rheumatism, and shattered with the toil and exposure of years of struggle as the bread-winner of a large family. The nervous tension when his son was blown off to sea, and the excitement attendant upon his rescue and the joy of his subsequent conversion, had been too much for the enfeebled constitution of the old fisherman, and rapidly, yet gently, the silver cord was loosening. The quaint smile was still upon his face, and the sharp look lingered in the fast dimming eye as Mr. Fairbairn entered his room one bright June morning. The sun was doing his best to enter through the small casement, and touched here and there the silvery locks upon the pillow, and the gnarled and wrinkled hands that lay folded upon the coverlet.

"Here I be, sir," he said, cheerily, after the first greetings were over, "out in the stream, all ready for the voyage, thank God, and only waitin' for the word to up anchor and be off. God have bin very good to me, sir. I've had a long time on airth, and heaps o' blessin's. Bless His name, since I seen the state I was livin' in, and give Him my heart, I bin led along like a little child. An' now my dear boy's begun to serve Him, my last care is gone. Not but what I'd ha' bin glad to live a bit longer—but then, too, I'm glad to go. Seemin' to me, sir, it's been like heaven in Caplin Bight these last few weeks!"

"It has indeed, Uncle Tommy," said the minister.

"It have, sir, it have. Seemin' to me I won't be able to feel more joy or peace hardly up yonder. Sure I forgot, though; I'll

see Jesus. That'll be different. That'll be more joy. Praise His name. I shall know Him by the prents o' the wounds in His hands. 'We shall see Him as He is,' the 'postle says—that manes wounds and' all, I s'pose. An' I'll see my little girls that died when they were babies, over forty year ago—two of 'em. Will they be babies still do 'ee think, sir, or grow'd out o' my knowledge?"

"I'm sure we'll know our loved ones in heaven, Uncle Tommy, though we cannot tell how they may have altered."

"Yes, sir, I believe it. Since I bin lyin' here I bin thinkin', thinkin', turnin' over in my mind th' past o' my life. 'Tis wonderful, too, to think how, after seventy-three years o' knockin' about, afloat and ashore, hard put often, an' wi' terrible narry 'scapes many times, here I be dyin' so quiet an' comfortable like. I told 'ee once how I was brought to God, sir; I didn't tell 'ee, did I, o the time I was carried overboard wi' an anchor? No, I thought not. 'Twas near fifty year ago. I was shipped wi' a man called Clarke, in a small schooner. We'd bin to Twillingate for salt, I mind, an' we was comin' home. It was blowin' heavy an' we couldn't make the run, and had to go into a bight, a few miles down the shore, for the night. In beatin' in we mis-stayed in a terrible ugly spot, an' to keep her from goin' ashore the skipper shouted to let go the anchor. Somehow it fouled, and wouldn't start, and I got leanin' over the rail to try an' clear it, when, all of a sudden, it shipped round, the fluke hitched in my sleeve, and I was jerked overboard, and went down to bottom with it. By God's mercy, when it struck the bottom, the fluke was unhitched from my sleeve, and I rose to the top again, an' climbed on board; but it was an awful moment for me when I felt myself pulled down to bottom foul of an anchor, an' I'll never forget the look on the skipper's face when I got on board, or the words he said to me. 'Tuffin,' he says, 'there's no man livin' has had a narrier 'scape than you. If you sin agin' God after this, you're an ongrateful chap. 'Tis a warnin', lad, 'tis a warnin'.' Poor old skipper Joe Clarke put me in mind o' that many a time arterward; but I carried on much the same as afore fur a long time. Thank the Lord, I did turn to 'en, afore it wuz too late, and He sove me. He didn't cast me away. He sove me. Will 'eesing a verse o' "Happy Day," sir, if 'ee please?"

The minister at once started the familiar words, the weak,

quavering voice of the old man joining in fervently. As the singing proceeded, Uncle Tommy's voice grew louder and louder, and his whole frame seemed to dilate with the consciousness of his acceptance with God. His countenance lost the haggard look of illness, and his eye was lit up as with inward fire. Raising himself suddenly to a sitting position, he clapped his hands together as the chorus of the last verse was finished, and, raising his face to heaven, he began ecstatically to praise and glorify God for His goodness towards him.

"I can rejoice in Him, I can rejoice in His salvation," he cried. "I feel Him with me, He fills me with His love. Glory be to His holy name forever! Glory, glory, glory!"

Judging the excitement to be too great for the old saint's exhausted frame, Mr. Fairbairn took up the Bible, lying beside the bed, and began to read the one hundred and third psalm. As the quiet tones of his voice, reading the beautiful and familiar words, fell upon the old man's ear, he lay back upon his pillow, and turning his radiant face towards the minister, he repeated the psalm, verse by verse, after him.

"Thank you, sir," he said, as the reading closed; "now pray with me."

Kneeling by the bedside, Mr. Fairbairn gave thanks to God for His goodness to His aged servant, and asked for grace and strength for him in his hours of weakness and approaching death. The old man responded feebly yet fervently all through, and as the prayer ended he lay with closed eyes and parted lips as though exhausted, just opening his eyes with a look of affection and gratitude as the minister bade him good-bye and promised to call again in the evening.

"What do you think of father, sir?" said his son Richard, as he shook hands with the minister on leaving the house.

"Well, Richard," was the reply, "I don't think he can last much longer. He seems to have given way all at once. I should not be surprised if he goes in a day or two."

"That's just my thinking, sir," said the young man. "He's been so happy this last week, prayin' and singin' and exhortin' everybody that comes to see him, that I don't think he can stand it much longer, for he's failin' very fast, as you say."

"Well, Richard, I believe the dear old man will soon be with Jesus. He was talking to me so triumphantly of seeing his

Saviour just now. He will soon see Him face to face, and be with Him forever. Let me know if there's any change. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir. I will, indeed, and thank you, too."

Towards the close of the day a messenger came for the minister. Old Mr. Tuffin had had a change for the worse, and Richard would be glad if Mr. Fairbairn would come down; such was the substance of the message. In a few minutes the minister was in the sick room. A wonderful change had taken place in the brief interval. It seemed no longer the old familiar, friendly face, full of good nature and quaint fun, that lay there on the pillow, but a refined and sublime countenance, purified from earthliness of contour or expression, and glowing with a radiance that awed you as you gazed. The old man was unconscious, and the watchers told the minister that he had been wandering in his thoughts and speech all the afternoon. The sun was setting in glorious purple and golden clouds, and the room was flooded with its light. Quietly, the circle around the bed watched the calm face that was already growing grey in death. Startlingly and with wonderful clearness came the sudden words, "Heave up the anchor, boys; we're all ready;" and then, "Starboard there, boy, steady; now we're off." The watchers looked at one another, and whispered, "He's wandering again;" and Mr. Fairbairn, seeing the face altering rapidly, said, "Beloved, let us commend our dear friend to God." Kneeling down amid many a sob, the minister prayed for an abundant entrance for the soul about to enter the haven of eternal rest, and as he prayed, the change came. One glance around, one quiver of the lip, one soft, child-like breath, and then the stillness of a death-chamber. Uncle Tommy had weighed anchor, and sailed away beyond the sunset.

FOR O! the Master is so fair,
 His smile so sweet to banished men,
 That they who meet it unaware
 Can never rest on earth again.
 And they who see Him risen afar,
 To God's right hand to welcome them,
 Forgetful stand of home and land,
 Remembering fair Jerusalem.

AN EAST END MISSIONARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

LONDON, as well as the map of the world, has its East—an East peopled by thousands of benighted and suffering folk whom it is by no means an interesting work to enlighten and relieve. There is no picturesqueness in their dwellings or in their rags. Their wickedness is of the vulgar kind, that finds its record in police reports. They talk no musical foreign tongue, or pretty broken English; but sigh, and lie, and curse in coarsest Cockneyese. They have no old-world creed which it is an intellectual treat for a Christian controversialist to have to confute: the "beak," when he orders them something out of the poor-box, is their Ormuzd; the "slop," under all circumstances, is their Ahriman. This was the East in which my missionary laboured—an unlettered, hard-working man, who sleeps in a nameless grave, but who went about doing good whilst he lived, without ever thinking that he was doing anything to make a fuss about. The class to which he belonged is not proverbial, I believe, for either energy or any other kind of morality: but good comes out of all kinds of Nazareth, far oftener than is generally supposed.

I met him first in the Commercial Road. As I was passing a public-house there, three half-drunken women reeled out, and one of them was saying, with a hard laugh, "Ah, I remember when I'd go without, to get my old man a dinner. But I'm wiser now; I look after myself." No doubt the husband had done his worst to kill his wife's love, but it was sad, nevertheless, to see the once pretty, and still young creature thus scornfully kicking, so to speak, its corpse. Such were my sentimental musings, but the women had been overheard by a more practical thinker. "Are ye wiser, missis?" said a carman, who was standing at the head of his horses in an adjoining archway. A drooping left eyelid gave the man's face a roguish expression of chronic wink, but something in its tone told me that he was not merely "chaffing" the woman, and I stopped to listen to the dialogue which ensued. On the woman's it began with a "Shut up, you —," etc., but the carman was not to be silenced. "No, I'm not a Methody, my gal," he answered, with a laugh; "but I think it's

a pity you should spoil that pretty face of yourn with jacky, and foul your lips 'wi' sich talk as that." He did not "preach" but chattered on like a kind big brother. I have heard sermons even from wearers of silk aprons not half "so adapted to the occasion" as the kindly words of the carman in his leathern one. The woman listened, after a time, all the more readily because he said it was such a pity such a "*pretty gal should go to the bad.*" Perhaps this was not sound logic, but it was good rhetoric; and, somehow, it *does seem* a special pity when a lovely woman stoops to folly. A beautiful face can gladden, like the sun, by merely looking out upon the earth; and when the owner disfigures it by sin, she robs all she meets of pleasure they might have had. "Well, if I'd you for my master, I think we should get on," said the woman, as she turned to go away; "you seem a good sort of a bloke." The carman gave a jolly laugh as he answered:—

"Thankee, I'm provided for at present, and I don't want to get rid of my old woman jist yet. I've got a daughter, besides, a'most as old as you." And then, in a more serious tone, he added, "But think of what I've been sayin' to you, will yer? and you and your master, p'r'aps, may come round. You may be 'appy yet, as the song says. Anyhow, you know it isn't *right* to git lushy. Think of yer kids. And there's somebody else, you know, we've got to think on."

His mate came up the yard, and jumped on to the tail of the van. The carman clambered to his perch and gathered up his reins. As he cracked his whip, and steered his unicorn-team into the stone tramway of the Commercial Road, I did not wonder at the appreciative glances which his late catechumen had cast upon him. He was a stalwart, manly, not bad-looking fellow, with curly black hair, beard, and moustache, and mildly merry brown eyes, one of which, as has been said, was made specially roguish by the drooping eyelid. He was evidently a "respectable" man in his own humble line. Of his extra-professional respectability I had got a hint, and I soon learnt more of it.

He was "kenspeckle," as the Scotch say; and I readily recognized him when, a fortnight afterwards, I chanced to attend a meeting of an East-end board of guardians. He had not come to plead his own cause, but that of a neighbour—a fireworks-maker,

with five children, whose wife, when she was well enough, did mangling. The father was out of work, and the wife was ill in bed; the rates, even for the East-end, were awfully high, and the guardians were anxious to make as many of their poor as possible cease to bother them, by telling them they must come into the "house" or starve. The Poor-Law question is a very complicated one. It is not fair to heap indiscriminate abuse on guardians because they protect the interests of those who have elected them—it is not only their own money they have to look after. On the other hand, the feeling that makes the poor loathe the shelter of the workhouse, considering the loss of the caste which such shelter now implies, is an honourable one—however unreasonable it may seem in individual instances. There are faults on both sides. It was not, however, to the noisy minority of the poor, who bring a bad name on their nobly-suffering fellows by refusing to work, and then snapping at the hands which gave them eleemosynary bread, that the fireworks-maker and his wife belonged. They had pawned or sold almost everything they had, except the mangle, to buy food for their children and themselves; but even for their children's sake they could not bring themselves "to come upon the parish." Such pride is false, I think, but it exists very widely; and the fact is a terrible satire on the often-asserted "humanity" of our parochial provision for the poor. When fathers and mothers would rather die, and let their children die, in a cold, dark hole, like frost-killed flies, than accept aid to which they have a legal claim, there must surely be something wrong in the administration of the law which gives them that claim. Their neighbours had done what they could for the poor creatures, but most of them were only a little less poor than themselves. My missionary was their wealthiest friend, but he had a pretty large family himself, and it may be supposed that his wages—a pound a week—did not afford a wide margin for pensions to his numerous *clientèle* of beneficiaries. Finding that the man would not come before the board himself, my missionary had given up his dinner-time to inform the guardians of the family's deplorable condition. The chief speakers among them were two men of about fifty, whom I will call Mr. Snapandhold and Mr. Barkandback. The former had scanty, moist, iron-grey hair brushed down in streaks on a low forehead, shaggy eyebrows, fierce grey eyes, and a viciously down-drawn

mouth. When he spoke he clenched his left fist, as if about to fly at the person he addressed. When he had once formed a judgment of character or a decision as to a line of conduct, he stuck to it through thick and thin. Mr. Barkandback was a sandy-haired, doughy-faced gentleman with a weak peevishly-pursed mouth. He was as spiteful as his colleague, but his spite was of a flabbier fibre. He was afraid of being "shown up in the papers;" whereas Mr. Snapandhold utterly pooh-poohed the press. "What did scribbling chaps know about parish business? The chances were they hadn't paid their rates," he scornfully remarked.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" he said to my missionary; "a great hulking fellow coming begging."

"I haven't come on my own account, sir," answered the missionary very mildly, though the blood mounted to his face; but he was cut short with,—

"Don't tell me. You see, it won't do, though. Well, what story are you going to trump up now?"

When it had been told, Mr. Snapandhold instantly exclaimed, "A lazy, worthless fellow, I'll be bound. He likes loafing about, and drinking with you and such like. I suppose the money has run low, and so you want the parish to stand treat. He could get work if he liked. Why, they've fireworks at Cremorne and the Crystal Palace, and there's no end of money thrown away on such trash every fifth of November."

"That only comes once a year, sir, like the hoysters," respectfully retorted the missionary, with a very unmerry twitch of his drooped eye-lid, which, nevertheless, made it seem to give a saucy wink.

"Don't be insolent, feller!"

"I'm sure I didn't mean to be so, sir. But he has walked himself barefoot lookin' after work."

"Well, then, that only proves that he's a fool at his own fool's business. Why doesn't he try the docks?"

"So he has, sir; but a weak man like him has no chance in the crowd, they've got about the gates. We've had a heast wind height days runnin', sir."

"Don't tell me. Any man that really wants to work can get it."

Here Mr. Barkandback put in his oar:

"But you say the woman has got a mangle. If she can't work it, why don't she sell it?"

"But what is she to do when she gits well agin?"

"Well, there *is* something in that, Mr. Snapandhold. Those papers would make what they call a point of that!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" was Mr. Snapandhold's polite reply. "These people if there *are* any such people, must come into the house—the whole boiling of them—if they want relief. And now (to my missionary) you can get about your business—if you have got any business to go about."

"I'm sorry for 'em, gen'l men," was his reply, as he pulled his forelock. "I'll try to make 'em come in, for their young uns' sake; but it *is* a 'ard thing when two as 'ud work their fingers hoff 'ave to come to that."

The board broke up after a long sitting, during which those whom I could not help thinking the least worthy applicants—slavishly whining creatures—had received the most favour from Mr. Snapandhold. All the guardians had left except himself and Mr. Barkandback, who were sitting in a little side office, talking over accounts. I was standing in the lobby buttoning up my overcoat, when in came my missionary once more. "'As the gen'l'men gone?" he said to the porter. "There's two of them there," answered the porter, pointing to the side office, the door of which stood half open, "but you can't go in, man." In, however, the missionary stalked, and nervously clutching the back of a chair, said, in a low, trembling tone, "You must send somebody, gen'l'men—will you go yourselves? I've fetched 'em a doctor, but the poor woman is dyin'." There was a ring of unmistakable truth in his voice which staggered even the incredulity of Mr. Snapandhold, and made him long, more than ever, most probably, to be able to floor the tall truth-teller with his clenched left fist; whilst Mr. Barkandback started back in his chair, aghast at the prospect of a damaging inquest.

The poor woman *did* die; there *was* an inquest which provoked comments that took the sweetness out of the sugar of Mr. Barkandback's nightcap of brandy-and-water, and made Mr. Snapandhold snort more fiercely than ever at the ignorant presumption of "them scribbling chaps." The poor neighbours took the poor children, until the poor father, who went into the stoneyard (saying, "What's the good of holdin' out, when poor Sal's gone?"),

got back to his old business of making latent sparks, instead of chipping them out of granite. A charwoman took one, a vendor of cats'-meat took another, three sister seamstresses took a third; my missionary took two.

Whilst they were still with him, I had the honour of getting on visiting terms at his house. I had learnt his address at his place of business, a sugar refinery in Great Alice Street—a tall, melancholy pile of dirty drab brick, breathing forth a sickly scent, as of brimstone and treacle. The room I entered in the little lane, at the top of a dwarf flight of stairs, all askew—the *salle à manger* of the family, and the bedroom of the parents (the daughters sleeping, and generally working, in the other room)—was neat and clean, and decently though scantily furnished. In a bed on the floor, counterpaned with the carman's drab, brass-buttoned great coat, lay the two adopted little ones, staring, with dilated round dots of eyes, at the intruding stranger. All the family were assembled there, except the father, who had gone out, after he had his supper, on one of his missions. Mother and daughters were all busy at work, stitching away in the dim candlelight, that made uncanny shadows flicker out and pop in again beneath the chest of drawers. They were shy at first, but when they became aware of my respect for the missionary, they grew eloquent in his praise—the wife, especially, although, nevertheless, she seemed to grudge the fag he gave himself, and the time he spent from home, when his bread-winning work was done. I had to go away before he came back that night, but I stayed long enough to see that he was not one of those whose charity begins *outside* their home. Then, and at other times, when I happened to call whilst he was out, I heard of many instances of my missionary's goodness. Instead of repeating hearsay stories, however, I will mention one or two cases of which I chanced to see something myself.

One day I met my missionary in Whitechapel, leading an imbecile young man by the hand, just as if he had been a child. The idiot was capering with delight at the sight of the long lines of straw carts, whose high-piled, over-hanging yellow loads seemed to flood the dingy thoroughfare with country sunlight, and my missionary was looking as pleased as himself at his pleasure. This "poor Joe" was the son of a woman who did any kind of odd work that would enable her to keep her boy with

her. When the boy's father pretended to marry her, he had a wife already. He soon deserted her, and she had been left to fend for herself and her child who was not only unable to do anything for himself, but subject to fits when painfully excited. The mother had been forced to go into the London Hospital with rheumatic fever, and poor Joe had been taken into the workhouse until she should come out. But a woman who had seen him there, and afterwards visited his mother in hospital, had terrified her by telling her that Joe was having fits "as fast as he could fall," and was sure to die and "be buried in only his shirt," if some one did not take him out. The poor creature had sent an imploring message to my missionary, and that morning he had rescued Joe from the workhouse, and was taking him to his own home, where he kept him until his mother was able again to take charge of him.

Space will allow me to give only another specimen of my missionary's work. In that dreary Bromley-and-Bow-Common district, where factory stalks bristle like blighted bean haulms, the air is foul with an ineffable medley of mineral and organic malodours, the bricks are furred as thick with filth as if they had once arched sewers, and the only bright thing is the sulphur heaped in the yards of the chemical works, there lived a lonely old woman, who had not a friend in the world but my missionary. She lived in a boarded-up railway arch, which had once been used as a stable. The graceless youth of the neighbourhood greatly persecuted the poor bent old creature, and there was not a soul there who cared whether she lived or died. The missionary's visits were a great comfort to her, both as a protection and a proof that in the wide world there was still one person left that would remember the old woman, who had outlived all the rest of her friends, when she was put into the ground. The missionary every now and then also took her a loaf, an ounce of tea, a smoked haddock, and such like; and, since she liked to hear a chapter in the Bible read, as "mindin' of her o' the days when she could afford to go to church," he always took his Bible with him when he called upon her, and a candle to read it by. He made furrows between the lines, with his slowly-moving nail; he boggled terribly over the proper names; but those readings, in that damp rotten place, with the candle stuck into a blacking-bottle on the corn-bin, were more touching than any poetry-professor's prælections.

And now I have only to tell of my missionary's end. It chanced that I had not seen him for more than two months, when one evening I tapped at his door. A strange woman opened it. "Mr. Brown?" she replied dubiously after me. "Oh, you mean John the carman. Law bless ye, sir, haven't ye heard? He's been dead this six weeks—him, and his missis, and one o' the gals. They took the fever from one of his sick folk, as he was settin' up with. Ah, *he was* a good man, was John; and the rest o' the gals, poor things, 'as sold their traps and gone off to New Zealand."

I made out that father, mother, and daughter had been buried in one grave in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery. It must be within sight of the railway arch where he used to read the Bible; but the boarding is pulled down now, and the old woman is at rest as well as John.

HE LEADETH ME.

In "pastures green?" not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night.
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So whether in green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And "by still waters?" No, not always so;
Oftimes the heavy tempests round me blow;
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul, "Lo! it is I."

Above the tempests wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of which I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell; or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

So where He leads me I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter, I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

MONTAYWAHSIS.

A LEAF FROM AN INDIAN'S LIFE.

BY JAMES B. STEELE.

By the south-west shore of Beaver Lake, in the District of Alberta, a small band of Crees reside. They "take treaty" with the rest of their tribe, but seldom, if ever, go on a begging expedition to the Indian agent at Edmonton, preferring a life of comparative independence.

Katchamoot, the head of this little band, is past three score and ten, is of mixed origin, and as fond of hearing himself talk as some of our legislators. Montaywahsis, of whom I write, was his step-son, and the most self-reliant of them all.

He (Montaywahsis) was indeed a strange exception to the Indian rule of life. His wife was not to him simply a beast of burden. He didn't sit by the fire and smoke while she did the work. No; whatever was doing Montaywahsis took a hand in. As a necessary result his wife, himself, his children, all were respectably dressed, and their faces wore a cheerful look—an expression of hope and contentment. Even his dog had an independent air about him.

He was of medium height, stout and active. He stooped slightly, the effect of moose-hunting in the forest-clad Beaver hills. His long black hair fell about his shoulders and fringed his round, honest face, from which his large, dark, kindly eyes looked forth. Poor fellow, he shall follow the moose no more!

In December, 1882, one of the white settlers at Beaver Lake wished to get his grain threshed, but no machine could be had to do it. Two alternatives remained—to use the laborious flail, or thresh with horses. He decided upon the latter, but having no horses of his own the question arose: Who can be found to do it? A half-breed neighbour answered it. "Get Montaywahsis," said he; "he has horses and will do it well." So the settler drove across the lake and engaged the Indian to do the work; the latter to do everything and to receive as payment therefor every tenth bushel.

Montaywahsis had just returned from a moose-hunt, having killed two fine ones, and the joists, rafters and walls of his hut

were lined with the meat. It was high carnival with them all, and when the settler departed he bore away as a gift a couple of choice pieces; the first but not the last present from his dusky friend.

Punctual to the day Montaywahsis appeared, with teepee, family, and half-a-dozen ponies; pitched his tent near the stacks of grain and went to work. But no sooner had he completed the corral than the weather changed. From fine it went at a bound to the other extreme. Blizzards raged three days out of five, and the thermometer registered from 20° to 50° below zero.

It was terrible. The job the Indian had expected to complete in two weeks took more than six. At night the corral would be clear of snow; in the morning it was full. It was hard work indeed. Four white men out of five would have begged off or demanded higher pay. Montaywahsis did neither. He stuck to it like a man and took as much pains with it as if he were making a fortune. He seemed to consider it his duty to finish the contract, let the weather be what it might.

At Christmas his supply of meat gave out and he asked leave to go and hunt for a few days. The request was at once granted, but when the farmer saw family, teepee and all disappear in the distance he half repented his haste. There was no occasion for such regrets, for in four days the Indian was back in the corral "hy-ahing" to his ponies as they trotted round and round. And the moose-meat in his tent told that his hunt had been successful.

Still old Boreas raged, and the cold was intense. The mornings were usually spent in clearing the corral of snow, and the afternoons in threshing. Once in a while a good day's work was done, but not often. During all this time the settler worked along with the Indian, and resolved in addition to do well by the latter if he held out to the end.

January was drawing to a close when the last floor had been threshed, and the grain made ready for market. Then, indeed, were both white man and red thankful. Montaywahsis, of course, expected no more than the tenth he had bargained for, and when nearly double that amount was given him he was struck dumb. He couldn't believe his senses, such treatment was so different to what he had previously experienced. At first he refused point blank to take the surplus, but was ultimately prevailed upon to do so. As the settler explained to him, he was only getting his just due. One thing was certain, the Indian would never forget

this deed, and (as very shortly proved) would show his friendship when occasion offered. They parted; Montaywahsis to return to his hut, and the settler to start with a grist to the mill, some sixty miles away. The roads were extremely bad, and nine days were consumed in going to the mill and returning, and taking advantage of this a half-breed "ne'er-do-weel" near by stole some of the man's stored up grain.

Passing by the corral when returning from a muskrat hunt, Montaywahsis had his suspicions aroused, and his anger also. Home he went, packed up his tent, and moved his family across the lake, pitching his camp beside a pond near the corral. To all appearance he was on a muskrat-trapping expedition, so the thief's mistrust was not aroused.

Two days passed, during which Montaywahsis and his wife shared the vigils of the night, but nothing occurred. The third night the weather moderated and it snowed in the early morning. This was exactly what the half-breed desired, and he and his wife were observed in the corral in the hazy light of morning. Montaywahsis took his gun and proceeded to the corral, but the rogues were gone. Still plain to view was the trail they had left, however, and the Indian was but a short time in reaching the end of it at the half-breed's house. Without any ceremony he flung open the door and entered. There on the floor before him was the proof he required,—the stolen grain,—and he at once taxed the rascal with the theft. The half-breed blustered and threatened, but all to no purpose; seeing which he changed his tune and whined. He begged of the Indian not to tell and he would return the grain, but Montaywahsis was inexorable; he would not only force the half-breed, he said, to restore that, but he would inform upon him also. And the first man the settler saw upon his return was the Indian, and the first news he got was the news of the robbery. It angered him at first, but as the half-breed was really hard up and had a family depending on him, he let him off with a reprimand. As for Montaywahsis, having done his duty, he positively refused any recompense, and returned to his hut with his family.

I first met him, myself, in July, 1883, six months after the foregoing event, and was at once attracted towards him. During the twelve months subsequent to this, I saw Montaywahsis very often, and had every opportunity I desired to study his character. The more I saw of him the more I liked him. His old step-fathe

also, was a fine old fellow, and as full of yarns as he well could be. It was pleasant indeed to hear his jolly "Aha! aha! aha!" and to listen to his stories, even if one didn't understand the whole of them. Poor old chap! I sold him some wheat at a nominal figure just before the late outbreak, as he wished to raise enough to bread him, but he had to take to the Beaver Hills, and never got it sown. Were all the Indians in the North-West like old Katchamoot and his little band, the Government would find it an easy task to keep them quiet, for they would soon be self-supporting.

In August of the next year (1884) I heard that Montaywahsis was ill, but a few days later he came around the lake on a visit, and seemed all right again. But it was not so, and the present of ducks he gave me then was the last I was to receive at his hands. September was drawing to a close, when one evening, as I sat by the open window listening to the wild-fowl and the sighing of the wind, a knock at the door aroused me.

"Come in," said I, and the door opened, admitting a young half-breed. Seating himself dejectedly, he remained silent for some time. Then he looked up.

"He's dead," said he, mournfully.

"Who?" I enquired.

"Montaywahsis," said he; "we buried him to-day."

That was all; but few as were his words they were eloquent with sorrow. The tears started to my eyes, and it was some time before I felt like asking the particulars. This emotion may be looked upon with scorn by some, but I am not in the least ashamed of it. An old internal injury, received while buffalo-hunting, carried him off. He died peacefully. "I am going to the happy country," he said with a smile, and kissing his wife and children, yielded up his spirit. Let us hope that he *has* gone to the *real* "Happy Country," for he ever did what was right so far as he knew.

But hush! what sound comes o'er thee now, O Lake?—

A wailing cry as from a new-made grave.

"Oh weep," it says, "the Manitou did take,

Far to the Indian's heaven, the true and brave:

No human skill nor prayers his life could save."

He's gone, O Moose; no more thy trail he'll scan,

For o'er him now the quivering aspens wave.

He died, as he had ever lived, A MAN.

Aught else come forth and say, all ye who dare or can!

The evening speeds, O Lake ; thy face grows dark,
And shadows thicken over bluff and plain ;
Far in the distance the coyotes bark,
While water-fowl the echoes wake amain :
All giving presage of th' approaching rain ;
And o'er the Indian's grave upon the lea
The sobbing wind now sings a sad refrain,
But soon shall lash to foam thy waters free,
Till white-capped breakers roar in furious revelry.

EDMONTON, N.W.T., Oct., 1885.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty fades away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst ;

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands, waning
Beneath soft clouds, along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams, through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook, and on the umbered meadow
Where yellow fern tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight ;
And thro' the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dewfall of the summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

INDWELLING.

O SPIRIT, whose name is the Saviour,
 Come enter this spirit of mine,
 And make it forever Thy dwelling,
 A home wherein all things are Thine !

O Son of the Father Eternal,
 Once with us, a Friend and a Guest,
 Abide in Thine own human mansion,
 Its Joy and its Hope and its Rest !

Shut in unto silence, my midnight
 Is dawn if Thy Presence I see ;
 When I open my doors to Thy coming,
 Lo ! all things are radiant with Thee.

O what is so sweet as to love Thee,
 And live with Thee always in sight ?
 Lord, enter this house of my being,
 And fill every room with Thy light !

THE JOY OF PERFECT LOVE.

When love is the master-passion of the soul, duty rises to delight, "We lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears a stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection. She never thinks of duty while yet she is discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has, in infinite condescension, used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate divine truths. And we find him calling the Church His "bride." What does it mean? On His side it means that He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He loved human souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But surely, on the bride's part, it implies the perfect love that loves too much to swerve from duty. Can it mean less? In

every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without scent, a cloud without rain, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life. Yes, to perfect love, obedience is joy. And it is a thousand-fold more exalted and Christianlike to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience, than to have to fight an "enemy within," in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight to, than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the works" which God has given me to fulfil, because "the love of God constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*Rev. C. W. L. Christien.*

THE HOLINESS FOR TO-DAY.

There can but be one opinion as to the fact that one of the greatest needs of the age is a thoroughly holy Church. The world needs bringing to Christ; the Church is the Redeemer's chosen instrument; holiness is spiritual health, and without it there can be neither pure zeal, strong moral influence, nor power. If God's people were but holy! If the Church were but what her great Founder intended her to be! If the lives of all those who profess the name of Christ were but radiant with His glorious image! *The result?* The going forth of such moral power as the world has never seen, and the dawn of the longed-for millennium days.

Holiness! What means this word which is on the lips of so many in these days—prayed for—sung about—and the theme of exhortation everywhere? We have no purpose now to answer questions like these. Our pages from the beginning have been largely devoted to explanations of scriptural holiness. We would place before our readers now some aspects of the great theme which are specially need in the present day.

Students of Church history well know that there have been again and again periods of awakened spiritual life, in some cases bearing no slight resemblance to what is known in our own day as the "higher life movement." Monasticism took its rise in the

recoil of downright earnest spirits from the coldness and worldliness of the times, and in a desire to seek in solitude a deeper fellowship with Deity than seemed possible amid the entanglements of secular life. The glimpses we have in the history of the mystics of the middle ages, in the brotherhood of "the friends of God" of Tauler's day, reveal the fact that amid the darkness of those times were multitudes who had sought and found what is now called the higher spiritual life. Similar things might be said of many who received the teaching of Madame Guyon, and her illustrious disciple Fénelon, and of the Port Royalists at the same period. Every student of the growth of Methodism knows that its history is marked with such a revival about the year 1763, when in all parts of the country there broke out that work, the second great spiritual movement in Methodism, which Mr. Wesley speaks of as "the perfecting of the saints." It would be interesting to note how much these revivals had in common, and in what respects they differed. In each instance some specific element of the great doctrine of holiness has come to the front, meeting the especial need of that time, and in course of time falling behind, as other manifestations of duty or privilege received their embodiment in a fresh revival.

The fact that the Churches of Christendom are now blessed with a great revival of holiness, and that it differs in many respects from former quickenings, leads to the question, What is the holiness needed to meet the wants of to-day? The great essentials of spiritual life are ever the same, but has not each age its own development of that life, and in forms suited to its own peculiarities? Monasticism was the exemplification of a truth, but monkery is not the need of to-day. Mysticism was a development of spiritual intenseness, but it can hardly live in the broad light of 1885. And we may venture to say that the ideal of sanctified life, as held in the generation before us, is to a great extent an impossible attainment in these days. The fastings, and long-continued and agonized prayers, the early rising, and severity of life, which were then deemed essential, are out of the question as men live now.

The holiness needed to-day is a holiness whose very soul shall be *reality*—love to God and man as genuine as pure, clean hearts and lives, and the "fruit of the Spirit in all goodness and truth." This is an age of shams. In politics, business, social life, and in religious profession—unreality everywhere! There are many

modern counterfeits of Bible sanctification : the ascetic, affecting to despise the blessings of life, and placing high religious attainment in austerities ; the mystical, great in spiritualising of texts and types and figure ; and the sanctimonious, unctuous in phrase, trading in sermon style, and making salutations in scripture terms, oily, smooth, but hollow of heart. Holiness is worth nothing if it be not, in the soul and body of it, the genuine, and not a spurious thing.

What is wanted, moreover, is a *whole-hearted* holiness. Never were the calls more loud for full consecration—never did the vast harvest-field need labourers more sound in heart, robust in form, or strong of nerve. It will not do, this half devotion, this contentment with partial cleansing, this lukewarm love. For the times men are wanted “redeemed from all iniquity, and zealous of good works.”

Men are wanted who in their individuality set forth manly, robust holiness, and show themselves able to grapple with the difficulties of living men, and to mix in the everydayness of the world. A thing which shuns fresh air and stirring work, and trembles at opposition, and sighs for the cloister or the wilderness, is as sickly as it is sentimental, and is at a great remove from the ideal of our High Priest, who prays, not that we should be taken out of the world, but kept from the evil. Life is now much of a rough hand-to-hand fight, and the man who would do his Maker service must be prepared to put on the armour, grasp a weapon, and take and give hard blows for his Lord's sake and the truth. A holiness is wanted that will go in among all secular life, to reprove what is sinful, and to carry purity and blessing everywhere. Perhaps the lack of this is one of the greatest dangers of men who are seeking to live the life of holiness. If there is a need for more doctrine on this subject, the need is greater for more earnest, practical living of it. Better a hundred times hold an error in the creed, than allow a wrong in the life. Those who have seen it their privilege to live a life of faith and purity, must prepare to be watched, to have their actions scrutinized, and, with all emphasis we would say, “Above all things let your life speak. Be more anxious to live the life than to defend the doctrine, and in this way the work shall spread.” Men will fall in love with “righteousness and true holiness” when they see it in its beauty ; and how great an achievement, for the Master to be glorified in us.—*The Methodist*.

TEMPERANCE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, M.A.

ONE hundred years ago there lived in Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love," a benevolent gentleman who was a member of "the healing art," named Benjamin Rush, M.D., who wrote a vigorous pamphlet entitled, "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind." It passed through several editions both in England and America. When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in 1811, Dr. Rush presented 1,000 copies of his work to the members of that body. Other religious bodies were similarly favoured. Dr. Rush was greatly encouraged in his benevolent work by Bishops Asbury and Coke, both of whom make frequent respectful mention of him in their writings.

From the time that Dr. Rush sent forth his little *brochure*, men of all classes wrote and spoke respecting the subject as they had not been wont to do. It was therefore the commencement of a new era. The various temperance organizations which have arisen during the century need not be now enumerated. They have all done a grand work, and have been the means of not only reclaiming many drunkards, but have also created a more healthy public sentiment on the subject of temperance.

In the month of May, 1884, the Rev. Dr. Dorchester, of Boston, Massachusetts, called the attention of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the fact that temperance might be said to have taken its rise in Philadelphia, where by a remarkable coincidence the Conference was then assembled, and suggested that the centennial should be celebrated in 1885, and introduced resolutions to that effect, which were adopted by the General Conference. Soon afterwards various representatives of temperance societies and church organizations held a meeting in Boston, and decided to

recommend the week commencing September 20th to be observed as the centennial week, and that on the Wednesday and Thursday of the said week a Centennial Temperance Conference should be held in Philadelphia. Various committees were appointed, but the burden of the work devolved upon Mr. J. N. Stearns, of the National Temperance Publication Society, New York, and it must be admitted that, so far as we could judge, the work was well done.

On the day appointed, Wednesday, September 23rd, the great Centennial Temperance Conference, of which so much had been spoken, commenced its deliberations in St. George's Hall, which is a spacious building having a lofty arched ceiling, and possessing excellent acoustic properties. The edifice was filled with delegates and friends of temperance from all parts of the continent, though we did not see more than half a dozen from Canada. The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, from Brooklyn, called the Conference to order. This venerable man is rather small in stature and has become very deaf, but his cheerful countenance, piercing eye, and clear, ringing voice, make him a forcible speaker, and we should suppose that he must be a charming companion in the social circle. He had just returned from a visit to Europe, and said that he felt recuperated and ready for a good winter's work. One of his earliest temperance addresses was delivered in the presence of the Irish Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, at the close of which that apostolic man gave him a kiss as he stood on the platform and wished him success. Dr. Cuyler said that the kiss had been an inspiration to him ever since.

On motion, General Clinton B. Fisk was called to the chair, and presided with great ability. Various

officers and committees were appointed. Canada was represented in the Secretariate by Mr. F. S. Spence; and the vice-presidency by Dr. Oronhyateka and the Rev. R. Alder Temple. The Chairman of the Business Committee was the Hon. J. B. Finch, whose labours in Canada in behalf of temperance during the present year have been so eminently successful.

According to previous arrangement various essays had been prepared. These were of two classes, historical and denominational. Only portions of some of the essays were read. All will, however, be published in the centennial volume which will be shortly issued. The essays, judging from such portions as were read, were valuable dissertations, and the volume when published will be one of more than ordinary value, as it will be a repository of facts and arguments which will be of immense service to all who may engage in the temperance campaign.

The greatest harmony pervaded the various sessions. Only once did there seem to be a likelihood of a disagreement, which arose from a remark made by one of the speakers respecting the political parties in the United States and their relationship to temperance. The Republican party preponderates largely in the north, and the Democratic party in the south. A number of temperance people are dissatisfied with the action of both parties, and have therefore formed "a third party," the chief plank in whose platform is the election to all offices only of temperance or prohibition men. For awhile the meeting was very lively; there was considerable cross firing and some sharp, incisive words were scattered about in various directions. Miss Willard, one of the vice-presidents, was in the chair at the time, and was equal to the occasion, for she soon commanded order and the combatants were too gallant not to be obedient to their lady commander. After the little breeze had passed away all the combatants manifested the greatest amount of good nature.

Speaking of Miss Willard reminds the writer that, in addition to that

eminently gifted lady, there were present others of the sisterhood who have greatly distinguished themselves in the temperance campaign—Mrs. Foster, who led the army of women in Iowa as they marched through the streets singing hymns and praying in the saloons, to the terror and alarm of the occupants; Mrs. Hunt, who for years has been chiefly employed in getting School Boards to adopt temperance books, and has so far succeeded that School Boards in fourteen States have adopted her recommendations; Miss Julia Coleman, the daughter of a Methodist minister, who devotes herself to publishing small leaflets and temperance catechisms, the circulation of which cannot fail to do a great amount of good; then there was Mrs. C. B. Briel, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who could write or speak on temperance at any moment.

It had been anticipated that the well-known J. B. Gough and Dr. Talmage would have been in attendance and taken part in the proceedings, but the former was confined to his house by illness, and the latter had just returned from Europe and was engaged in home work. There was, however, no lack of men of more than ordinary ability, whose burning words often thrilled the audience and called forth repeated cheers. Only a few can be mentioned in addition to those already named. There were clergymen, Protestant and Catholic, soldiers, statesmen and philanthropists, some of whom are well known, as General Wagner, Colonel Baine, N. K. Carroll, of the New York *Independent*; Rev. Dr. Chickering, for many years Secretary of the Congress Temperance Society; Dr. Eddy, and General Riley, who is more than ninety years of age and yet his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated, and spoke so as to be heard by every person present. He stated that he had the names of 6,000 persons whom he had induced to sign the pledge. Father Cleary, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society of the United States, an earnest advocate, whose thrilling sentences gave no uncertain sound. Some portions of

one of his addresses were not popular as he advocated high license. He stated that the Archbishops and Bishops in their late Council at Baltimore had decreed that all priests should enjoin upon their people to cease their connection with the rum traffic, both in the manufacture and sale of the cursed poison. Mr. Geo. H. Stuart came from a sick-bed that he might give practical evidence of his deep interest in temperance, which has attained such a position in public estimation as he never expected to see. There were also the Hon. R. S. Hastings, who is the oldest Good Templar in the world, Governor St. John, and Senator Blair and many others. The writer regarded the privilege of attending this convention as one of the greatest in his life, and he has attended many on

both sides the Atlantic. The pleasure which he experienced was very great, and his confidence in the ultimate success of temperance was greatly strengthened.

If we are not mistaken, the temperance cause has much to fear from its friends. There are earnest temperance friends in both the great political parties, and this is true both of the United States and Canada. Those friends will not readily be persuaded to leave their respective party and join the *third* party, unless some good reason can be given for such action, hence, while temperance people are divided among themselves, there will not be much probability of their success. In the meantime, the duty of the hour is battle for the truth and labour to spread temperance everywhere.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1886.

OUR arrangements for the year 1886 are not yet quite complete, but they are sufficiently advanced to enable us to announce that our programme will surpass in interest, in permanent value, and in copiousness and beauty of illustration anything that we have hitherto presented.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

We have already in this MAGAZINE, in the chapters on Stanley's "Dark Continent," Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," "The Cruise of the *Challenger*" and other papers, given our readers the substance of several large and costly books with their numerous engravings. During the coming year we propose giving the substance of the most graphic and readable book that we know, on "The Great North-west." These chapters will run through the year and will give an account of the History and Resources of that vast region, of the Indian Races, the Fur Trade and Fur Companies, Trapping and Hunting, Mis-

sions and Missionaries, Farming and Ranching, etc., to which will be added a connected account of the late Rebellion in the North-west. Several of these papers will be illustrated.

Among the other illustrated articles will be a series by ex-Alderman John T. Moore, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Sutherland's companion in travel across the continent to British Columbia and Alaska. These papers will give an account, with magnificent pictorial illustration, of the wonderland of the Yellowstone, and the magnificent scenery of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast.

In the January number will appear a condensed account of H. M. Stanley's new book, "The Founding of the Free State of the Congo," with several full-page illustrations. This book has just been published simultaneously in eight different languages, and sells for \$10.

Among other illustrated papers will be "A Holiday Excursion to the Rocky Mountains," by Henry E. Clark, M.P.P., for West Toronto;

"Picturesque Canada," with new and beautiful cuts of Toronto, Montreal, and other places, "Footprints of St. Paul," "Among the Golden Candlesticks"—the Seven Churches in Asia,—"Picturesque Scotland," "Saunterings in England," 2nd Series; "Our Indian Empire, its Cities, its Palaces, its People," "Wanderings in South America," "Among the Eskimo"—recent exploration in the Arctic Regions, by the Rev. W. S. Blackstock; "Chautauqua with Pen and Pencil," "Through the Bosphorus," "Norway and its People," "A Visit to St. Helena," "In the German Fatherland," "Swiss Pictures," "China and its Missions," "In the Carolinas," "Among the Catskills," "On a Gravity Railway," "In the Adirondacks," "The Picturesque St. Lawrence," "In Bible Lands," 3rd Series; "On the Colorado," "Jamaica and its People," (crowded out of current volume). "Father Matthew and His Work," by the Rev. William McDonagh, "John Milton," by the Rev. F. H. Wallace, B.D., "The Modern Saint Elizabeth," by the Rev. S. P. Rose, "Havelock and His Heroes," "A Missionary Bishop," and other articles. All these will be copiously and handsomely illustrated. Such a comprehensive and varied announcement has never before been made in Canada.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among the numerous other articles will be the following: "Less known Poets of Methodism," by Dr. John A. Williams; "The Final Outcome of Sin," by Dr. Sutherland; "The Lost Empire of the Hittites," by Thos. Nichol, M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.; "Progress in Theology," by Principal Sheraton, Wycliffe College; "Half Hours in a Lunatic Asylum," by Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of Asylum for Insane, Toronto; "The Vicar of Morwenstowe," by the Rev. T. W. Jolliffe; "George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist," by the Rev. James Cooke Seymour; "Memorials of Dr. Rice and Dr. Carroll," "A Plea for Encentricity," by the late Dr. Carroll; with many

other articles not yet fully arranged for.

Among the lay contributors will be John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Prof. Haanel, F.R.S.C., His Honour Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the *Toronto Globe*; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the *Montreal Gazette*; and numerous other writers.

The department of studies in the Higher Christian Life will be sedulously maintained. The motto of the MAGAZINE—"Religion, Literature and Social Progress"—will indicate the general scope of the purpose which it shall endeavour to fulfil.

REPRINT ARTICLES.

Among the valuable reprint articles, selected from the whole range of current literature, will be the following: A series of papers on "The Four Gospels," by Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., being discourses of great force and beauty on the scope and purpose of these sacred books. "The English Princes at the Antipodes," from the Journals of Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales; "Chivalry," by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland—Sister of the President of the United States; "The Origin of the Universe," by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S.; "The Mediterranean of Canada," by J. Macdonald Oxley; Famous Men and Women Series, being brief studies of the most eminent persons of recent or remote times; "Wesley and His Helpers," "St. Patrick," by the late Thomas Guard. The most important papers of current interest will be reproduced. Papers on Science, by Prof. Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Sir John Lubbock, Grant Allan, and others.

OUR SERIAL STORY

Will be one of unique interest, "Jan Vedder's Wife," a tale of estrangement and reconciliation, by Amelia E. Barr. This is a powerfully written story and leads one on with absorbed

attention from beginning to end. Of this book Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: "I have read and re-read with deep interest the story. I rejoice in a book whose moral is so noble and so nobly and strongly expressed." The London *Guardian* says: "The purifying effects of the discipline of life, and the old story that sin brings its own punishment are well worked out." John Habberton says: "It is the most natural story I have read in years and is delightfully fresh from beginning to end." The *Christian Union* says: "In 'Jan Vedder's Wife' there is a freshness of feeling indiscribably refreshing. No one begins to read the first chapter who will leave the last unread."

The sketches of life among the lowly, by an "East End Missionary," and by the author of "Episodes of an Obscure Life," which have been read with such interest, will be continued through the coming volume.

OUR PREMIUM FOR 1886.

The premium for the METHODIST MAGAZINE for 1886 is, we think, the best that has been offered in connection therewith. It is the famous story by the late Norman McLeod, D.D., Editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, and Chaplain to the Queen,

entitled THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON. It is a graphic tale of Scottish life and character, of mingled pathos and humour, of domestic scenes and foreign adventure. A noble chapter gives an account of the moral heroism of a converted sailor, turned Methodist preacher, who spent his life in seeking and saving the lost. The book is of fascinating interest, and will be read with avidity by both old and young. It is a volume of 401 pages, illustrated and handsomely bound, stamped in ink and gold. It will be given to every subscriber to the MAGAZINE, old or new, post paid, for the nominal sum of 35 cents, less than one-fourth the regular price.

CLUBBING ARRANGEMENTS.

Harper's Magazine, or the *Century Magazine*, will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$3, instead of \$4, the regular price. *Atlantic Monthly*, for \$3.20; full price \$4.

St. Nicholas Magazine, for \$2.25; full price \$3.

Wide Awake, a Young Folks' Magazine, for \$2.25; full price \$3.

Littell's Living Age, a 64 page weekly, for \$7, instead of \$8, the full price.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

We are glad that the articles in this MAGAZINE on this important subject by the Rev. E. R. Young, and the Rev. John McLean, both of whom, as missionaries in the Northwest, became personally cognizant of the needs of the Indians, have attracted much attention. Brother Young's article was read in the Dominion Senate and became the subject of much conversation, both inside and outside of the House. It was also copied by a leading London (Eng.) paper, as admirably setting

forth the condition and needs of the Indians. Brother McLean's article has been still more generally quoted and commented upon by the Canadian press. We shall be glad to hear further from these brethren. What the country wants is not the one-sided statements of political partisans, but an honest and unbiassed setting forth of facts as they are. The Indians have undoubtedly suffered many wrongs from unprincipled white men. The white man's vices have entailed much misery upon their red-skinned victims. As a re-

sult of the military movements in the suppression of the late rebellion many of the Indian tribes are in a state of abject poverty, if not of starvation. The Government should generously supply their wants and thus turn them from enemies into friends. It will be cheaper to feed them than to fight them. A starving Indian is a desperate Indian. He cannot be much worse off than he is, no matter what offence he commits; and the cravings of a hungry man are a strong temptation to raid a farm-yard, pillage a store, or stampede a herd of cattle.

DISESTABLISHMENT.

This question is coming prominently to the front in connection with political discussions in Great Britain. The London *Record* states that of 579 Liberal candidates for the new Parliament only 37 declare themselves opposed to disestablishment, while very many are strongly in favour of it. It is not hard to understand how those who regard a Church established by law as a necessary defence of the truth and bulwark against error, regard disestablishment as a sort of sacrilege that would be followed by most disastrous results. Cardinal Newman is reported as saying, the other day, that the Protestant Church of England was the great bulwark of the country against Atheism. He said he wished all success to those defending the Church, and that he and his Catholic friends would join in defending it.

For a man who attaches such importance to sacramentarian theories and ritualistic observances as the Cardinal, and who sees in the High Church but an erring sister fast returning to the Church of Rome, there is no inconsistency in this opinion. But an appeal to historic facts will show that it is ill founded. From the time of Edward VI. that Church had all the prestige and power of a rich ecclesiastical establishment. Yet after two hundred years Bishop Butler says, that so greatly did infidelity prevail in England, that it had come to be disputed question

whether there was any God at all or not. And Archbishop Leighton describes the Established Church "as a fair carcase without life." And when the Wesleys and other evangelical clergymen sought to awaken a religious life beneath these ribs of death, they were thrust out of the pulpits of this Church established by law, and driven to preach in the highways and hedges, on moorfields and commons. The Dissenting bodies of England, long oppressed and subjected to civil disabilities and social degradation, are now more numerous than even the Established Church itself, and are certainly not less zealous and successful. We need not fear, therefore, any "eclipse of faith" or "moral *interregnum*," even though disestablishment should come in the near future.

A Church that is instinct with spiritual life does not need to be buttressed by secular power, or supported by a State endowment. These are often elements of weakness instead of elements of strength. It must be a cause of sincere congratulation to every earnest Christian that this old historic Church, which has given so many able divines and priceless writings to the world, is exhibiting so much spiritual life and energy as is evidenced by the article of our valued contributor, Mr. John Macdonald, the Missionary Treasurer of the Methodist Church. Methodists should especially rejoice at the religious quickening of that venerable Church in which Methodism was born. They are no enemies of that Church, we think, but its truest friends, who urge its disestablishment. When it is thrown for its support upon the voluntary offerings of its loyal sons it will unseal a fountain of strength and energy before unknown. Instead of the niggard dole of the State, often wrung by unjust tithe-laws from the grudging hands of an alienated peasantry, it will receive the ample gifts of attached and zealous friends. The history of that Church in the British Colonies and in the United States shows that when it depends solely on the voluntary principle, it secures an increase

of spiritual power and material prosperity. The real enemies of that Church are they who attempt to keep it apart from the religious life and work and Christian fellowship of the other Churches of the nation, or who

by their ritualistic extravagances and sacramentarian teachings carry it over to the very verge of the apostate Church of Rome, which for long dark centuries wrought such evil in the realm.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Missionary Committee greatly need a strong reinforcement of Missionaries for South and West Central Africa. Rev. Owen Watkins, the famous pioneer in the Zambesi country, reports many favourable openings which he cannot occupy for want of help.

A series of jubilee meetings have been held in Western Africa, which resulted in a fund being raised in honour of this jubilee year amounting to \$75,000.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has 528 central stations, with 1,210 chapels and preaching places. Its missionaries and assistant missionaries number 287; paid agents, 1,543; total number of communicants, 29,091. The income for the year amounted to \$731,540, of which \$43,180 came from mission stations.

There are in Great Britain 3,787 Wesleyan ministers, 35,951 local preachers, 16,834 churches, and 768,624 members. The clear gain for the year was 5,041.

During the last 25 years, 65 new churches have been built in London, at a cost of \$3,000,000, and the number of ministers has increased from 50 to 150.

Fifty years ago, the gospel was introduced into Fiji. The last year's report of church work in the islands gives—missionaries, 11; preaching places, 1,136; Sunday-school scholars, 42,651. What a marvellous work in half a century!

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

From the Minutes of the last Conference we learn that there are 4,233 churches, 87 of which were built during the past year, at a cost of \$300,000. The total number of sittings exceeds 1,000,000. The value of the church property is estimated at \$14,000,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wiggan are doing a noble work in London, holding services every night during the summer months. The tent is a mammoth one, capable of seating 4,000 persons. It is lighted with gas and has a choir of 250 singers and players. The tent is frequently filled to its utmost capacity.

At the late Conference it was resolved to establish a new mission on the Congo. Rev. Thos. Guttery, formerly of Toronto, gave \$500 towards the project.

As there were 50 young men on the list of reserves, the Conference refused to receive any additional candidates for the ministry.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Out of the entire population of 200,000 in Newfoundland, the Methodists have a membership of 7,000, besides 1,500 on trial and 27,000 attendants on public worship.

The corner stones of a new Methodist Church were recently laid in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The site cost \$1,000. The total cost will exceed \$7,000.

Rev. T. A. Large, B.A., left Toronto in August for Tokio, Japan, where he will enter upon the duties of mathematical tutor in the new college, pursuing his linguistic studies preparatory to his entering the evangelistic work just as soon as he shall have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Japanese language. Dr. Sutherland has recently visited the Missions in British Columbia. He was greatly pleased with the state of the work generally. He ordained one Missionary to the full work of the ministry, and baptized eleven Chinamen at Victoria. Such visits as those of Dr. Sutherland and the General Superintendents to the distant mission fields are productive of great good.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Chaplain McCabe, no. Missionary Secretary, is leading in a vigorous effort to raise \$1,000,000 for missions during the current year. He says there is a total in sight of \$831,430. It is understood that a million a year for missions is hereafter to be the low water mark in the Church.

The work in India still continues to spread. Several hundred conversions since Conference, six months ago.

Nearly 20,000 persons are in the schools of the North India Conference.

The new Hindustani Church at Cawnpore was dedicated July 19. At least 1,200 persons were present.

It is announced that a farmer in Illinois has given the Wesleyan University at Bloomington a farm of 300 acres. It is finely improved, well watered, and estimated to be worth \$27,000. Victoria University would not object to a similar gift.

Rev. W. B. Osborn was for many years a missionary in India, and is now pastor at Niagara Falls. Mrs. Osborn is conducting at her own home a preparatory school for young ladies who are fitting themselves for missionary service. Her long service in India enables her to prepare them for their work in that land, so that they lose little time on their arrival at the mission fields, but can enter the work at once. Mrs. Osborn is carrying on this work entirely on the

"faith" plan, having no means of her own, but thus far has not lacked, though she makes no appeals for aid. Supplies have been sent her from time to time by those who have been led of the Spirit to do so.

Methodists have no need to be ashamed of the evangelistic efforts once peculiar to themselves. It is announced from New York that thirteen Episcopal ministers are to conduct a series of missions this autumn and that they will hold a preparatory "retreat." "Missions" are nothing more than revival services; a Presbyterian minister in the South recently remarked that with proper and sufficient evangelistic labour the membership of the Presbyterian Church could be doubled in ten years.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The Publishing House reports a profit of \$56,645. The debt has been reduced in seven years \$226,726.16.

The *Christian Advocate* has a circulation of 25,000. The House publishes eight Sunday-school publications—weekly, monthly, and quarterly—the total circulation of which amounts to 3,762,000 for the year.

Rev. S. Norwood writes thus of a Mexican circuit: "The fixed intention of the fanatics seems to be to ambush and kill every Protestant who attempts to enter or leave the place. Several of us have been shot at several times, and once Bro. Guerrero and I held three men at bay, I with a pistol and he a rifle in his hand, just out of gunshot, while riding a distance of nearly a mile, until we met reinforcements. Hence we dare not go to that section with less than four or five in a group. One horse has been wounded, one house burnt, and another partially burnt."

THE DEATH ROLL.

As these Notes were being prepared, news reaches us of the death of two other noteworthy men. First, Alderman George Charlton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was a Primitive Methodist local preacher more than half a century, and was a tower of

strength to the community which he represented at the Ecumenical Conference. He was an earnest temperance advocate, and travelled thousands of miles to advance the cause. As he was a man of means and was liberal in his offerings, many of the institutions of the town and country enjoyed his munificence.

Second, Robert Walker, Esq., Toronto, one of the first friends in Canada that the writer secured more than thirty years ago. On our arrival we were entertained at his house for some weeks. As a class leader he was a model of punctuality and faithfulness. The class in his house was the first in Canada that the writer visited for "renewal of tickets." For four years this duty devolved upon us. He was princely in giving. His sons, as they joined class, contributed in proportion. He excelled as a Sabbath-school superintendent. Many who were under him as scholars be-

came useful members in the Church, and have attained to respectable positions in society. Primitive Methodism was greatly indebted to his liberality. His first contribution to Alice Street Church was £200. Other churches were largely indebted to his munificence, and once he told the writer that the year in which he gave most, he was surprised to find, was the year in which he made the largest amount of money. He was not content to give *one-tenth*, but sometimes his contributions exceeded *one-fifth* of his income. He was slow in accepting the Basis of Methodist Union, but, from conversations which we had with him more than a quarter of a century ago, he believed then that the consummation would take place, and when it came he accepted it right loyally. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him.

BOOK NOTICES.

The English School of Painting. By ERNEST CHESNEAU, translated by L. N. ETHERINGTON, with a Preface by PROF. RUSKIN. Cassell & Co. (Limited). Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xliii., 339. Illustrated. Price \$2.

Few publishers have rendered such valuable services to the fine arts as the enterprising firm of Cassell & Co. Their "Illustrated Magazine of Art" is a record of the progress of art in all lands, art criticism and art history, with copious illustrations in the highest style of engraving. Their "Fine Art Library" contains a series of elegantly printed and illustrated books, each on some separate school of painting, as the English, French, or Dutch school. The volume before us is to English readers of special interest. It is an analysis, by a keen and vivacious French critic, of the characteristics of the English school

of painting. It reminds us, for its vivacity and acuteness, of Taine's book on English literature. It is interesting to see what our clever French friends think of English art and English literature. M. Chesneau is highly appreciative. Indeed, Ruskin states that he has named with praise certain painters whom he, Ruskin, has treated with "remorseless contumely." But Ruskin, we know, is merciless to all who will not fall down and worship the incomparable Turner. Turning away from the mob of minor painters, our hierophant says of Turner, "Let us ascend the solitary throne." The Frenchman, we think, has greater breadth than the great English critic. From Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Opie, Lawrence, Wilkie, Martin and other "Old Masters" of the English school, he comes down to the pre-Raphaelites and other living artists. Hogarth was more a moralist than an artist,

says our critic. Of Landseer's wonderful animals he says, the obvious method, not to say trick, is giving them a human expression of countenance, which catches at once the sympathy of the observer. Turner's wonderful pictures are well illustrated with pen and burin. Blake's weird fancies and Watts' masterly art are well described. Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Bourne Jones, and the rest of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, receive discriminative and ample treatment. Sir F. Leighton, Gilbert, Leslie, and great living artists, receive their due merit of illustration and criticism. Even the humorists of *Punch*—Du Maurier, Leech, Doyle and Teniel—are not omitted. We venture to say that the study of this book will give a better and more intelligent conception of British Art than running around the galleries for months. The engravings are very numerous and very effective; that of Madox Brown's Elijah, for instance, haunts one like a spell.

George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies. By ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND. Sq. 8vo, pp. 191. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

The fact that this book has already reached a fourteenth edition is an evidence that, apart from the interest felt in the writer as mistress of the White House, and so "the first lady of the land," it has substantial literary merit of its own. An examination of the book bears out this inference. There is a sprightliness of style, a womanly insight and delicacy of feeling, an aptness of expression, and a fine vein of humour that make it very charming reading. The leading essay will, we think, voice the convictions of most competent critics of the two authors reviewed. Our hearts, which the glitter and fine finish of George Eliot's verse affect not, are touched to tenderness by the soulful pathos of Mrs. Browning. The other essays are: Reciprocity—"the give and take of the common lot;" Altruistic Faith; and History—a profoundly thoughtful and noble study.

History, she says, is a discourse concerning God and the progress of humanity. "Less sane than the undevout astronomer is he who reads the page of history yet finds not between all lines the same great word, [God]. . . . To one who acknowledges the man Christ to be the one top-flower of time, the perfect bloom of His life to be the final development of all that good toward which the heart of man in all ages has yearned—all history is sacred, and becomes, as it did to St. Augustine, but the history of the city of God, or to Jonathan Edwards, 'a history of redemption,' and all the past is but a history of Providence."

Then follow a series of mediæval studies: Old Rome and New France; Charlemagne; The Monastery; Chivalry,—the most poetical, we think, of all the essays; and Joan of Arc,—the most pathetic. Some of these, especially that on the Monastery, gave great offence to the Roman Catholics. We think it none the less likely to be truthful and fair for all that.

Miss Cleveland receives greater honour from being the author of this book than from being mistress of the White House. An accident of fortune placed her in the latter position; her genius, her industry, her high-souled womanhood are the causes of the former distinction.

The English Poetical Works of EVAN MACCOLL, F.R.S.C. With a biographical sketch of the author by A. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot. Pp. 351. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and Wm. Briggs.

We congratulate our veteran Scottish-Canadian poet on this handsome re-issue of his collected English poems. The fact that this is a second Canadian edition is evidence of the superior merit of this volume. Among the characteristics of Mr. MacColl's poetry are an impassioned love of nature, especially of the wild and rugged scenery of his native highlands, an intense and sturdy patriotism, which rings out in such lyrics as "The Hills of the Heather," and "The Bonnet, Kilt and Feather," and a cheery optimistic phil-

osophy that keeps his heart young as a boy's. There is also a world-wide sympathy with the struggles for liberty and the emancipation of the oppressed, as shown in the stirring stanzas on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, on Garibaldi and on Lincoln, and in the indignant remonstrance against the British invasion of Afghanistan in 1843. It is evident from many of these bursts of song that, like the lark at heaven's gate, he "sings for very joy because he must." A keenly satirical vein appears in some of these poems, as in "A 'Fabled' Ossian," and "Scotland a Conquered Land!" and a tender pensive strain in others, as in his "Farewell to Scotland," and his Elegiac verses. He recounts with pride the heroic memories of Iona's lonely isle and storm-swept Lindisfarne, and the rugged grandeur of Staffa, Glen-Urquhart and Lock-Awe. There are also a number of stirring Canadian poems. A good portrait of the author embellishes the volume.

We are glad to find such a ringing condemnation of the drink traffic as "The Modern Moloch," of which we quote a couple of stanzas :

There's a foe within our borders,
One of most malignant might,—
One who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,
Though oft smiting in the light.
Crowds of every rank and station,
Year by year become his prey ;
What of that ? He pays state tribute :
Wise men license him to stay !

Talk of Juggernaut and Moloch !
Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims, many-millions,
Matched with Alcohol's account.
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
Such law-sanctioned misery.

Europe in Storm and Calm. Twenty Years' Experiences and Reminiscences of an American Journalist.
By EDWARD KING, author of "The Great South," "Echoes from the Orient," etc. Illustrated. Imp. 8vo, pp. 845. Springfield, Mass. : C. A. Nichols & Co. Price \$5.

This volume is practically the his-

tory of Europe for the last twenty years from the stand-point of a personal observer. Mr. King, as special correspondent of leading journals, was constantly on the scene of the chief political excitement and military achievement ; and with the skill of a ready writer he photographs, as it were, those scenes and events on these pages. He gives here sketches of the principal events, persons and places, national and international affairs, in France, Spain, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Turkey-in-Europe, Switzerland and Italy.

There was something wonderfully dramatic about the collapse of that house of cards, the Second Empire. Many of the engravings here given are of touching interest, especially those showing the domestic and court life of Napoleon and Eugenie and the little Prince Imperial. One cannot help thinking of that fatal day at Sedan, of the flight of the Empress, of that lonely grave at Isandulu, of that gallant young life ended by the thrust of a Zulu assegai. The stirring scenes of the siege of Paris by the Germans and by the National troops, of the revolt and chaos of the Commune, of the subsequent subjugation and convulsions of unhappy France, are graphically told. The Spanish Revolution and its suppression, the unification of Germany and of Italy, the war in Bulgaria, adventures in Montenegro and Roumania, and court life in Vienna and Berlin, fill many a stirring page. The narrative is brought down to the present year, giving a *resume* of the recent events in the Soudan and on the Congo. Of special interest to Canadian readers is the large space given to Great Britain and Ireland ; to London and its environment ; to the court and parliament ; to London preachers, editors, authors, artists ; to rural England ; to Scotland and Ireland and the Irish question ; and to British statesmen and public events. One of the most attractive features of the work is its 133 engravings, from designs by Felix Regamy, of Paris. Very often subscription books are gotten up in a very superficial manner, both as to their literary

material and mechanical manufacture and illustration. That is not the case with this volume. The engravings are works of art, the text is a high order of literature, the printing and binding are first-class.

The Student's Ecclesiastical History. Part II. The History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages, with a Summary of the Reformation. Centuries XI. to XVI. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. Pp. 699, with 65 illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Harpers' Student's Series comprises the finest condensed apparatus for historical study in the language. We have the great histories of Hume, Gibbon, Hallam, Merivale, Miss Strickland and others brought within the compass of a single volume and sold for the small sum of \$1.25 each. In our student days the same series, or what was then published of it, cost \$2 a volume. The present work fills a gap in ecclesiastical history, for which Milman's expensive "Latin Christianity," in nine volumes, was the chief accessible authority. That great work, and the other great English and German works on this interesting period, have been made the basis of the present volume. So far as we can judge, the author has succeeded in being strictly impartial and honest in discussing the exciting controversies of the period under review. The great themes are the struggle of the Empire and the Papacy for the supremacy; the Babylonian captivity and renaissance of the Papacy; the constitution, worship and doctrines of the Mediæval Church; the monastic orders; the university and scholastic theology; seeds and heresies of the Middle Ages; and the Reformation and its precursors. We cordially recommend this admirable volume to young ministers and thoughtful laymen who would understand how through the ages God unfolds Himself in many ways.

Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon. 1838-1877. By JAMES KENNEDY, M.A., late Missionary

of the London Missionary Society. With introduction by SIR WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I. Illustrated. Pp. xxiv., 392. New York: Cassell & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The contributions of Christian missions to literature have been numerous and valuable. One of the most interesting and instructive of these contributions is the volume before us. The author compresses the experiences of nearly forty years of missionary life into less than four hundred pages. His work was in the heart of Paganism, at the sacred city of Benares. He describes also his numerous mission tours and a visit to Ceylon. He passed through the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and gives a thrilling account of the "hairbreadth 'scapes" of many missionaries and others in that fierce outburst of Hindu and Mohammedan fanaticism. Of the numerous illustrations none are of more pathetic interest than that of the beautiful monument over the awful Well of Cawnpore—an angel of peace brooding over the scene where two hundred English women and children were massacred. Instructive chapters are devoted to the native races; progress of missions; the English in India; the Government of India; its future, etc. The book is manufactured in the elegant style for which this house is famous.

No Condemnation—No Separation. Letters on the Eighth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD, M.A. Pp. 269, Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$2.

This book, so far as the mode of treatment is concerned, is the very antithesis of "What saith the Scripture," noticed on next page. It is an almost microscopic examination of a single chapter. And a very important chapter it is—"the gem of the Epistle," says our author, "as the Epistle is the gem of the New Testament." This an earnest evangelical exposition, setting forth the privileges and obligations of the believer in a way that will foster piety and lead to deeper consecration.

My Lady Pocahontas; A True Relation of Virginia. Writ by Anas Todkill, Puritan and Pilgrim.
With notes by J. ESTEN COOKE.
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a dainty little volume, bound in linen, with a quaint imprint of the "Lady Pocahontas," and printed in the style of the last century, with wide margins and marginal readings. The author has admirably caught the style of the period he treats, with the quaint old spelling and phraseology. It is a romantic story, not without its strange pathos and tear-compelling interest—the rescue of the gallant hero, Captain John Smith; the "bruit" of his death; the grief of the Indian maid; her Christian baptism and marriage to Master Rolph; her visit to England and reception at Court, to find Captain Smith, after strange adventures, still alive; and the early "passing" of the "blessed damozel." It records one of the tenderest episodes of a heroic age of English adventure, which, valiant Anas says, Shakespeare interweaves in the play of *The Tempest*.

Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago. Personal Recollections and Reminiscences of a Sexagenarian.
By CANNIFF HAIGHT. Pp. xii.-303. Illustrated. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Prof. Goldwin Smith remarked some time since that the real history of Canada is written on the tombstones of its pioneer settlers. It is wise, therefore, to clear away the moss from the tombstones and from the memories of these founders of empire, to reproduce the past which is fast fading from the minds of men. This Mr. Haight has done, with many a deft and loving touch, in the present volume. He gives us a vivid portraiture of that old pioneer life; of the rural sports and games and merry-makings; the corn-huskings and sugar-making, and pigeon-shooting, and night-fishing; the sleighing and skating; logging and "raising;" of the old-fashioned coaches, batteaux and Durham boats; of the schools

and colleges; libraries and literature; teachers and preachers; with many interesting reminiscences of the olden time. The book will prove interesting fireside reading in many a Canadian home. It is one of the best specimens of Canadian manufacture that we have seen. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. Those of night-fishing, sugar-making, sleighing, and spinning, are of superior artistic merit.

What Saith the Scripture? By J. ANDERSON, M.D., M.R.C.G.L. Pp. 239. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.25.

This book is an exposition and an analysis of the Pentateuch and earlier historical books of the Old Testament, with explanatory and practical notes. The author, for a medical doctor, gives evidence of remarkable acquaintance with critical Biblical literature. The book of Genesis is the one most fully treated, occupying 114 pages; about as much more covers the rest of the Pentateuch, Job, and most of the historical books. The plan, it strikes us, is too comprehensive for such concise treatment. Nevertheless, so far as it extends, the work is well done.

Zechariah; his Visions and his Warnings. By the late Rev. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., F.R.S.E. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 335. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is a minute study after the admirable expository methods of the Scottish divines, of the penultimate book of the Old Testament. It is only by such minute study that the wealth of meaning can be brought out. That the work is well done, goes without saying, from the ability of its distinguished author. This book, and the two following, form part of Nesbit's excellent Theological Library, republished from their notable *Homiletical Magazine*, which has enriched current literature with many valuable contributions. The mechanical get-up of this library, in paper, printing and binding is excellent.

Between Old and New Testaments: Or, Four Centuries of Silence, from Malachi to Christ. By the Rev. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B., Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, New College, London. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 258. London: James Nesbit & Co. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This book is a most valuable contribution to the bridging of the gap between the Old and New Testaments. It is much more modern in its treatment of this period than either of the great works of Davidson or Prideaux; and throws much light upon the long dark interval between the setting sun of the Old Testament and the brighter glory of the New. The following are among the topics treated: The Jewish Pontificate, the LXX.; the Apocrypha; the Scribes and their traditions; the rise of Jewish sects; the growth of the Messianic expectation; the Sanhedrim; Philo of Alexandria; the dawning light, etc.

Immortality: A Clerical Symposium on "What are the foundations of the Belief in the Immortality of Man?" Cr. 8vo. Pp. 259. London: James Nesbit & Co. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

The contributors to this important symposium are the Rev. Prebendary ROW, M.A., Rabbi HERMANN ADLER, G. G. STOKES, F.R.S., Rev. Canon KNOX-LITTLE, Right Rev. BISHOP OF AMYCLA, Rev. Principal JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., Rev. EDWARD WHITE, and others. They discuss all sides of this vital topic. We think that Prebendary Row takes far too low ground in saying that this doctrine is only feebly adumbrated in the Old Testament Scriptures. Rabbi Adler shows that it runs like a golden thread through their very warp and woof, and cannot be torn out without destroying their very fabric. Mr. Horder shows that the doctrine unlies all Pagan mythology and is a great primal instinct of humanity. Mr. White's theory of conditional immortality is trenchantly criticised by Principal Cairns. The other contributions are of great value.

Such symposia present all sides of great truths. They stimulate thought and inquiry in the reader far more than a ponderous tome on any one aspect of the subject.

The Pilgrim's Progress as originally Published by JOHN BUNYAN. Being a *fac simile* reproduction of the first edition. New York: Baker & Taylor.

As one takes up this quaint and dainty little book, imagination carries one back two hundred years to the first appearance of the immortal allegory, which has been more read than any other English book ever written. This is an exact reproduction of the edition of 1678, of which only four copies are known to exist, with the quaint spelling, odd shaped letters, wide margins and rough edges. The vigorous marginal notes, which in subsequent editions were much altered, are given in all their original force. For instance, we find such old-fashioned English as "Christian snibbeth his Fellow," etc., and again, Bunyan exclaims in the margin, "O brave Talkative." The binding is an imitation of embossed vellum, with queer arabesque designs and figures.

The Will. By ERNST ECKSTEIN, from the German by CLARA BELL. Authorized edition. 2 vols. Pp. 352-358. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price \$1.75.

This is the latest addition to the already large library of foreign authors published by Wm. S. Gottsberger. We have previously spoken in strong commendation of the author's classical story of Quintus Claudius. We regret that we cannot as highly recommend the present volumes. They give, it is true, a wonderfully vivid picture of life in the great German capital. They reveal the secret workings of the socialistic and anarchic elements of society. They abound in clever analysis of character and in a keenly humorous vein of satire. They are intensely realistic, describing "life as it is" with graphic touch. But life as it is has a very seamy side, of which

young people, who are the chief readers of fiction, are better left in ignorance. Not that the work outrages the proprieties, but the chronicle of crime and the harrowing tragedy of the tale create a too absorbing interest in its scenes. For energy and vividness of style the author may be called the Victor Hugo of Germany. The sketch of the radical editor with his strong "academical-politico-philosophical thirst for beer," is full of humour. The glimpses of German newspaperdom reveal the touch of one behind the scenes. The anarchist Hackenthal, "a desperate man grown too lazy for labour, who longs and plots for catastrophes, since whoever else may be crushed by the ruins, he cannot be worse off," is a striking type of his class.

LITERARY NOTES.

The tenth Annual Report of the Wesleyan Methodist S. S. Union is a volume of 360 pages (price 4 shillings) full of information and statistics as to the working of that noble institution.

We are indebted to the Southern Pacific Railway Co. for two admirable tourists and settlers' guide books, "Bentley's Handbook of the Pacific Coast," and "Homes and Happiness in the Golden State." They are both elegantly illustrated, and abound in useful and interesting information.

Talks on Temperance, by CANON FARRAR, (New York National Temperance Society), contains 200 pages of eloquent temperance addresses, by one of the finest masters of English living. Price 25 cents.

The most valued of our literary exchanges is the *Atlantic Monthly*. We read it through from beginning to end. It depends for its success on the value of its articles, independent of illustration, and well maintains its historic reputation. It will be clubbed with the METHODIST MAGA-

ZINE for \$3.20. The full price of the *Monthly* is \$4.

A recent issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* more than maintains its high average excellence. Among the articles of special value are a Criticism of Herbert Spencer, by Emile de Lavaleye, and a rejoinder by Spencer; interesting articles on whales, on monkeys, on moths, on kerosene, on the fuel of the future, and one which will prove of much attraction to Canadians, by our accomplished contributor, J. M. Oxley, of Ottawa, on "The Mediterranean of Canada"—our magnificent Hudson's Bay.

We are glad to see Canadian writers occupying positions of such credit in the American and British Press. We spoke recently of Dr. Sutherland's able contribution to the *Monthly Review*. The last number of the *Quarterly Review*, of the M. E. Church South, contains also an admirable article by the Rev. W. Harrison, of the New Brunswick Conference, on The Great Exception—*i.e.*, Christianity the great exception to all the historic failures to meet the spiritual needs of man. Our friend the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., of the Toronto Conference, also contributes to the same review a very interesting and instructive paper on Joseph Barker, Minister and Skeptic. In *Zion's Herald* Bro. Barrass also gives an excellent sketch of the Rev. John Rattenbury, of the *English Conference*. This brother's versatility and literary industry are extraordinary. We meet his writings in half a score of English and American journals. Our able contributor, J. M. Oxley, to whose article in the *Popular Science Monthly* on the Mediterranean of Canada we elsewhere refer, recently won a prize, open to the world, for the best condensation of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. He is also a successful contributor to *The Week*, *Wide-Wake*, *S. S. Times*, *Youth's Companion*, *Christian Union* and other periodicals.