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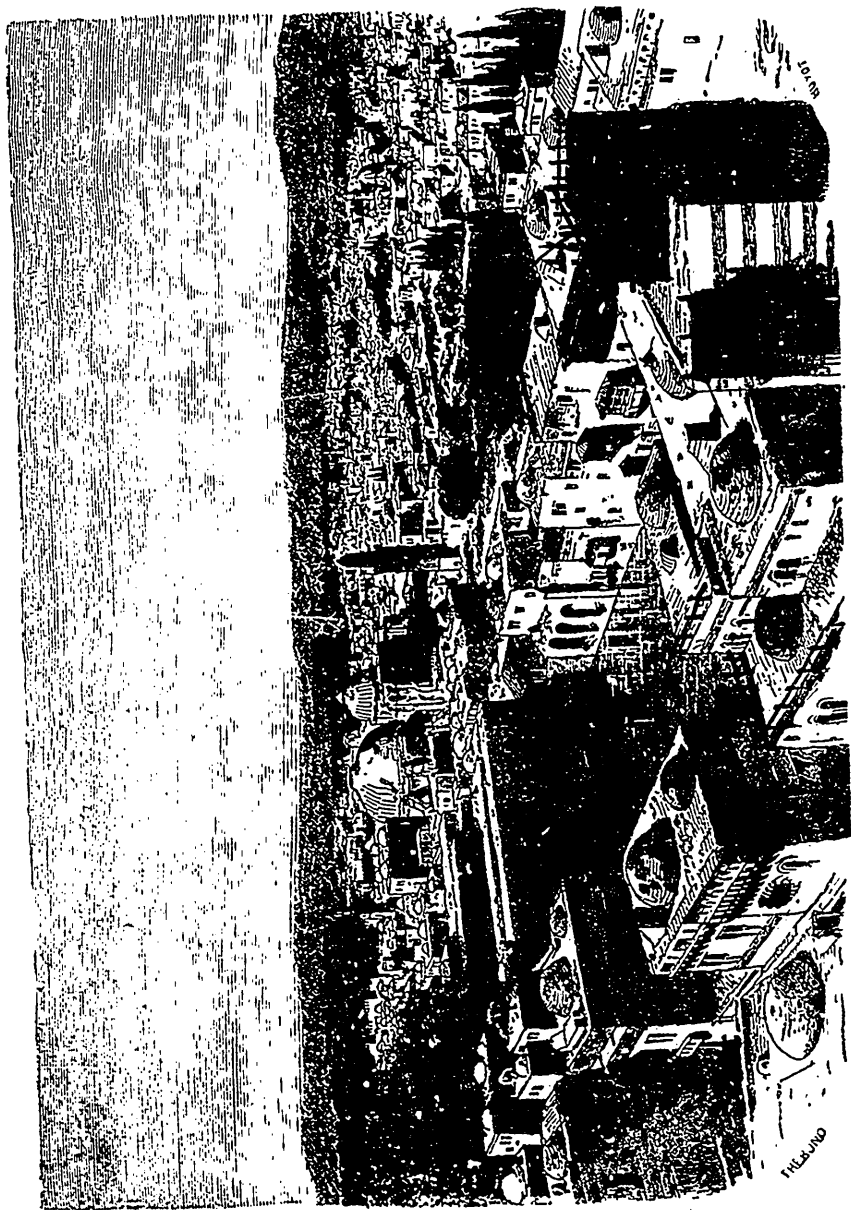
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POOL OF BETHSATA II. JERUSALEM

THE LIND

THE  
Methodist Magazine.

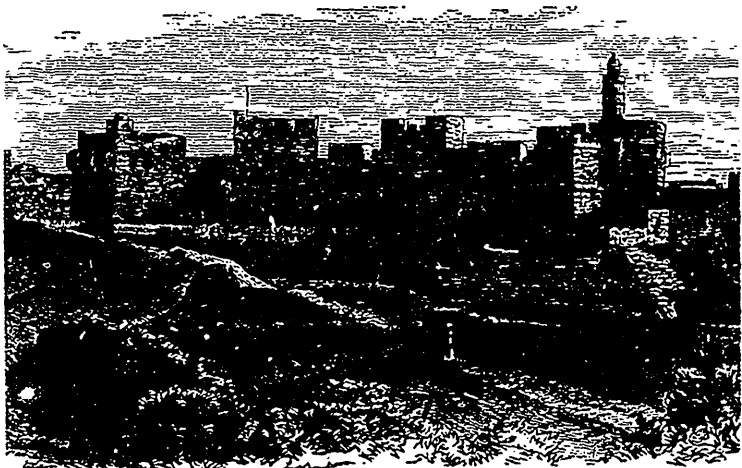
APRIL, 1889.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

VIII.

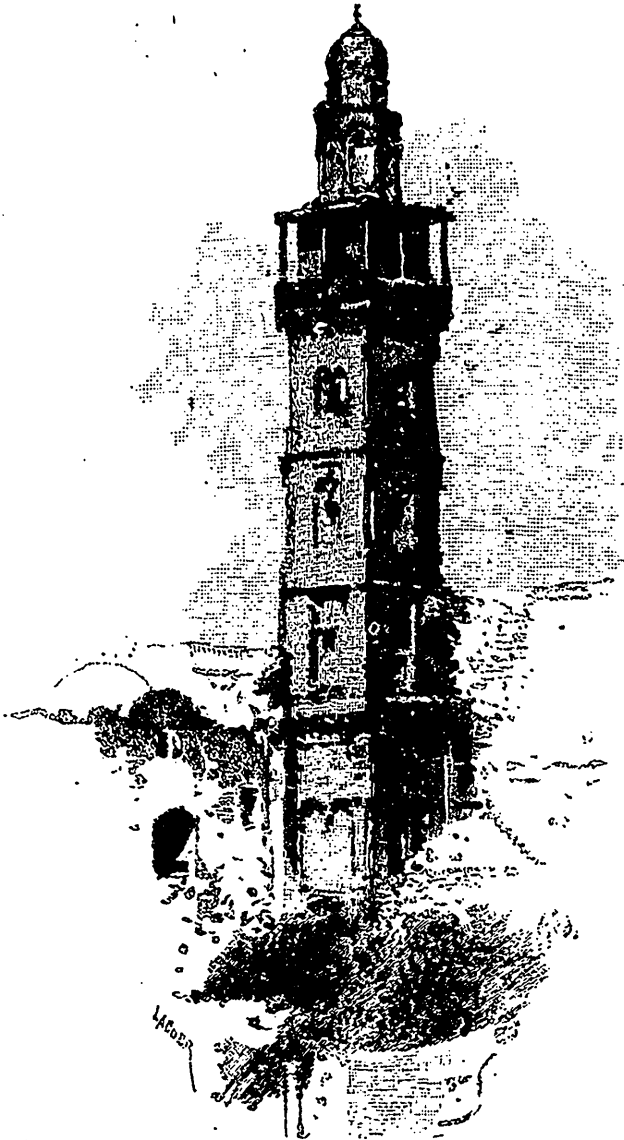
ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.



JAFFA GATE AND DAVID'S TOWER, JERUSALEM.

HARD by the village of Kolonich is a brook from which, an unlikely tradition affirms, David took the five smooth stones he used such good purpose in his encounter with Goliath. The road to Jerusalem now begins to be a very steep ascent, and at the bridge which spans the stream, an American friend and I took a short cut up the stiff hill, and thus gaining on the carriages, walked on and on, until, at length, on the open table-land we caught sight of some clusters of modern-looking buildings, and soon passing

through the European suburb outside the walls we saw before us the massive square-built Tower of Hippicus, and lifting our hats



TOWER OF ANTONIA, JERUSALEM.

in reverence as we enter the lofty portal of the Jaffa Gate, found ourselves inside the walls of the Holy City.

I remember very vividly, the peculiar feeling with which I passed inside the gate. It was difficult to realize, it was almost impossible to realize, that the experience was real, that I was myself and that this was Jerusalem. For the moment I did not see the dirty, desolate, decaying Moslem town, I saw Jerusalem, the Jerusalem of Bible history, the city of David, and of David's Son and Lord. I heard not the confused chatter of mongrel Arabic, from swarthy Arab or slouching Jew. I heard the songs of Zion, as the king came up victorious to his house, or the priests marched solemnly through the temple precincts, or some high religious festival. I could realize, I can realize now, something of the wonderful enthusiasm this city has aroused through all the ages since her awful fall; the enthusiasm which brought to her rescue the warlike hosts of the chivalrous Crusaders, which for eighteen hundred years has brought, annually to her sacred shrines, myriads of pilgrims, Jewish and Christian, from every part of the world. Superstition there has been in it, no doubt, and superstition there is in it to-day; but I can understand and appreciate the underlying sentiment—nay, it is more than sentiment—that moves and thrills the thousands that throng her streets year after year.

Jerusalem is one of the oldest cities of the world, and certainly the most famous. Other cities, such as Damascus and Jaffa, may surpass it in age, but no other can possibly rival it in interest. What associations cluster around it from the time when its king Melchizedek went out to meet Abraham, through all the centuries intervening between that age and this. As Jebus, it defied the efforts of the Israelites to take its stronghold until David's day, when it became the civil and religious centre of the kingdom. Here was erected the beautiful Temple of Solomon, the most splendid fane ever built by man; above the golden mercy-seat in which there hung, while Israel was faithful, the awful Shekinah, the visible symbol and evidence of the presence and favour of Jehovah. Hither when His chosen people rebelled against Him, came the victorious armies of invaders, and the fair city and fairer temple were trodden beneath their heel. Syrian, Chaldean, Egyptian, Greek, they came as the appointed means of a proud and perverse people's punishment, and banishment, and oppression; the Jew remembered Zion and wept.

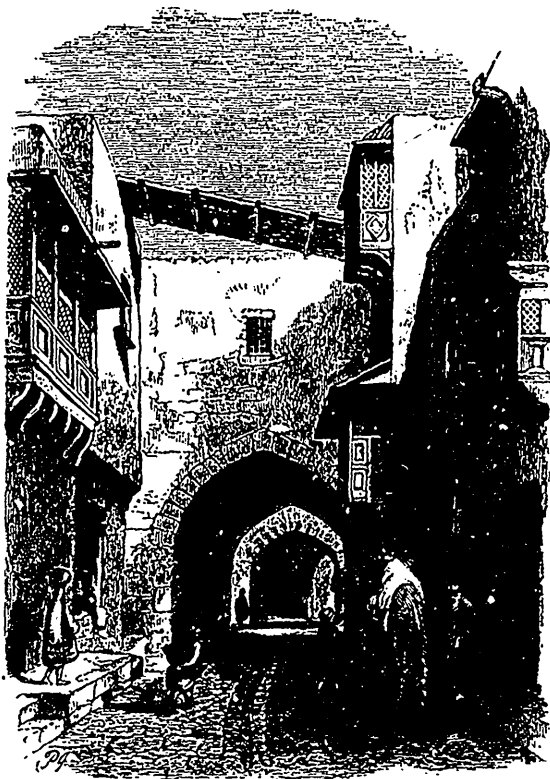
Again and again it rose and fell, until Herod, by Roman armies and aid, rebuilt it and its temple in unparalleled splendour, just before our Lord was born. Then the sin of the chosen people cul-



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

minated in the rejection of the Messiah. The Anointed, long promised, long prayed for, walked her streets; healed and taught

her people; bore witness against the formalism and hypocrisy of her religious dignitaries; proclaimed Himself as the Deliverer of Jew and Gentile—and was crucified as an evil-doer outside her walls. Thirty-eight years later the Roman general Titus razed the city to its foundations, after a siege unparalleled for its horrors in ancient and modern time. First a Jewish and then a



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

Christian city under Roman rule, it next fell into the hands of the Turks, whose barbarities practised upon Christians stirred the indignation of Christendom and gave rise to the Crusades.

It was held then in turn by Crusaders, Moslem, Tartar, and Syrian, until in 1517, it was taken by the Turks, and its present walls built by Sulieman the Magnificent in 1542. Napoleon planned an attack on it in 1800, but gave up the idea. In 1821 it was taken by the Egyptian Pacha, Mehemet Ali, but, in 1840,

was given up to Turkish rule by European intervention, and thus remains, with the rest of these fair lands, cursed with the most wretched travesty of government that ever arrogated to itself the name of civilization.

Twenty-seven times has this famous city been besieged, and at least eight times has it been rebuilt. It is now, consequently, in a very literal sense, heaps upon heaps, one city built upon the remains of another, until you have to go down from sixty to one



JEW AT WORSHIP—WEARING THE PHYLACTERY AND SHAWL.

hundred and thirty feet through the accumulated *debris*, to find the early city of which the Old Testament records speak.

Modern Jerusalem occupies a comparatively small space, its area being about two hundred acres, and the circumference of its walls some two and a quarter miles. It is, indeed, disappointingly small, until one remembers that the ancient city covered a vastly larger area, and stretched away beyond the present walls into what is now the open field to the west. The walls are some thirty-five feet high, battlemented on the top, and far more massive in appearance than in reality. They have thirty-four towers and are



pierced by seven gates, five of which are open and two closed. The streets are narrow and winding, and many of them being almost entirely arched in, are not only dark but dirty—excessively Oriental in their sights and smells—and the city is divided into quarters, Mohammedans, Jews and Christians, living entirely by themselves.

The population is about forty-five thousand, the Mohammedans preponderating. The Jews number twenty thousand, and are for the most part paupers, existing upon the charities of their co-religionists in other countries. They are divided into two sects, the Sephardin, of Spanish and Portuguese origin; and the Ash-



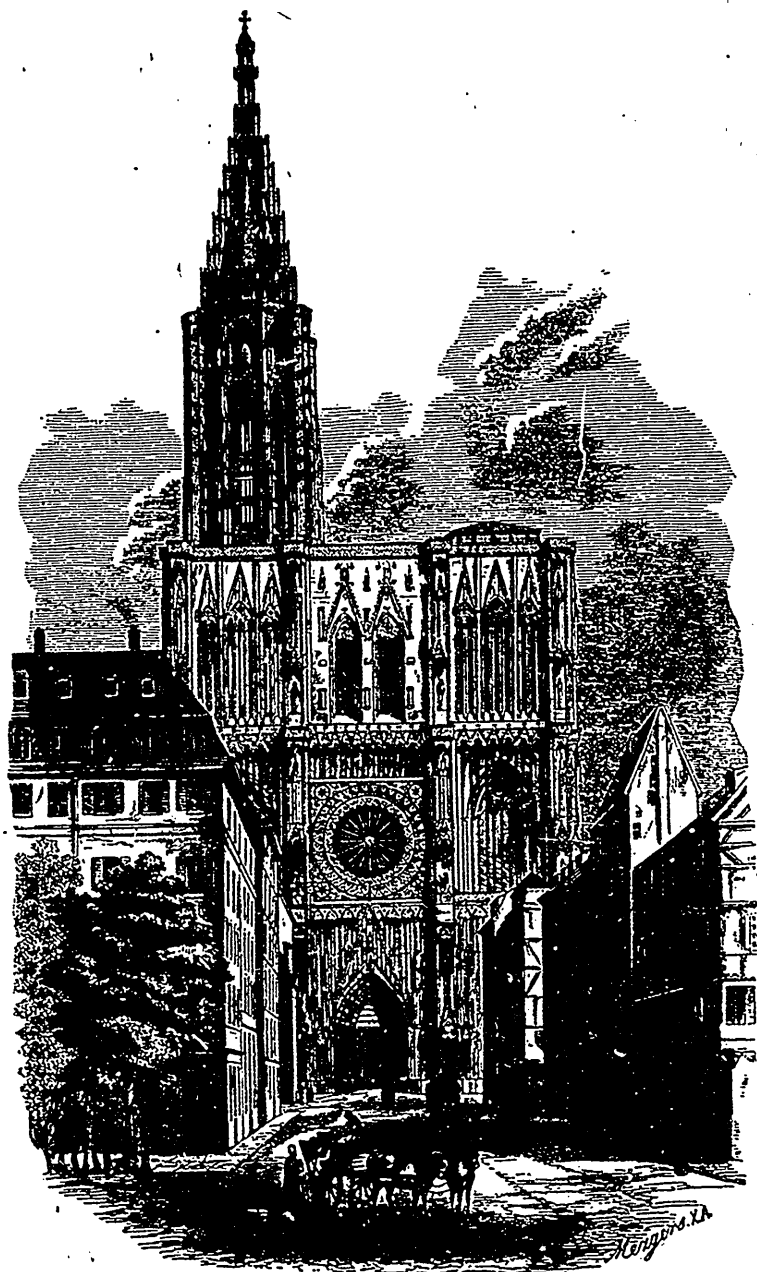
JEWISH WOMAN BARGAINING IN BAZAAR.

kenazin, originally from Poland, Germany and Russia, and these are divided again into *Perooshim* (Pharisees), and *Chasidim* (Pious). The late Sir Moses Montefiore took a deep and practical interest in the Jews at Jerusalem, and his magnificent donations and legacies have originated schools and other institutions which, in time, must very greatly elevate and improve their condition. The London Jews' Society is doing a good work, not only in seeking their Christianization, but in providing them work when converted. Their workshop, a little way outside the Jaffa Gate, is well worthy of a visit, not only to encourage the mission, but for the exquisite *souvenirs* made of olive wood which may there be purchased at a most reasonable rate.

Of the Christians, the Greek Church, largely helped by the influence of Russia, is by far the most numerous and important; then come the Latins, or, as we say, the Roman Catholics, and after the Armenians and the Copts. These bodies, particularly the two first, and pre-eminently the Greeks, own a large amount of ecclesiastical property in Jerusalem and in the neighbourhood, and their respective headquarters are the centre and rendezvous of the vast number of pilgrims who come to the city from all parts of Asia Minor and Eastern Europe, to attend the great Annual Festivals of Eastertide.

The Protestant community at Jerusalem is small, truly, but useful. There is the Kushona of Basle, a kind of lay mission seeking to propagate Christianity by means of artisans and tradesmen. There is a good Samaritan establishment, under the auspices of the Deaconesses of Kaiserworth, open to any sufferer of any creed, and in connection with it an orphanage and schools. There is a pretty church of the Church of England on Mount Zion, and the city is the see of a bishop, whose diocese embraces in its wide area Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Abyssinia. The Ophthalmic Hospital, under the control of the English branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, is an unspeakable boon to the hundreds of sufferers from that most prevalent and distressing malady of the East.

Our quarters in Jerusalem were at the Mediterranean Hotel, not far from the Jaffa Gate. It was originally, I believe, a convent, and its dark, cold stone-walled eastern rooms were anything but homelike and inviting. It was crowded with tourists, and for the accommodation of its guests during the busy season, had engaged as an annex the house of the English Bishop, a few steps away, the office being for the time vacant, and the house unoccupied. To bedrooms in the Bishop's house several of our party were appointed, myself among the number, and so I found myself housed at Mount Zion, close to the Tower of David, and within a stone's throw of the Turkish citadel. I remember climbing up the stairway that led to the flat roof of the hotel the evening of our arrival, and looking out over the city. Close at hand, in the midst of the houses, lay the Pool of Hezekiah, to the right, and at a little distance rose the beautiful dome of the Mosque of Omar, occupying the site of the ancient Temple, while across the roofs of the city, strangely near in the transparent atmosphere, was the Mount of Olives, its slopes crowned with the tall tower of the Church of the Ascension.



STBASBURG CATHEDRAL.

## IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

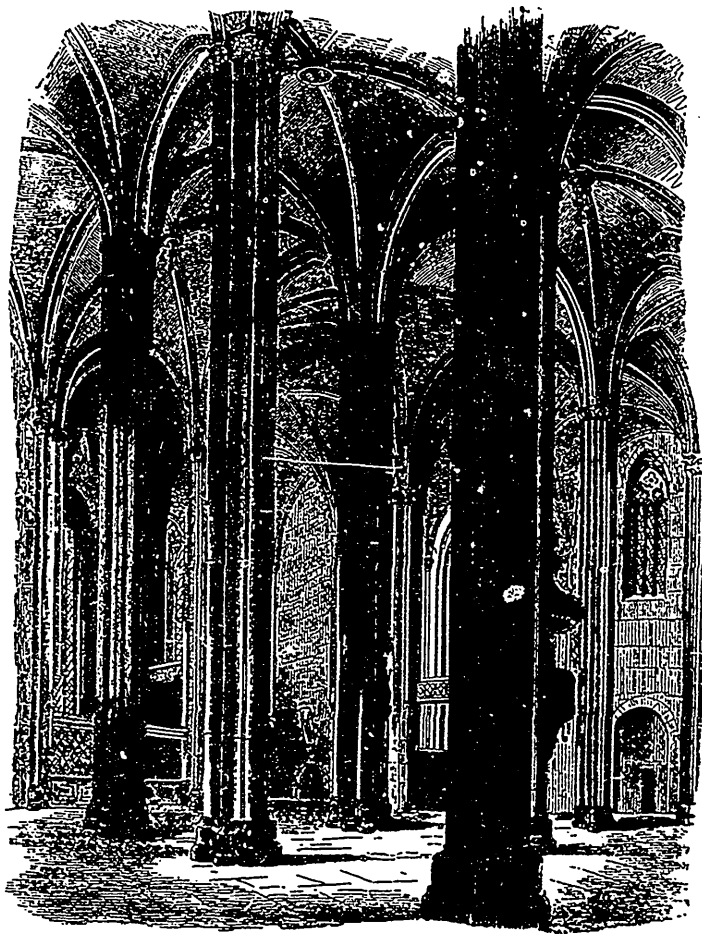
## II.

NOWHERE has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in the old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strasburg and Cologne. To the great cathedral, therefore, I first betook me in the morning, after reaching Strasburg. Beautiful without and within—it is a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement; the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit: the one, the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind; the other, the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions, of the Northern soul. These clustering columns; these dim, forest-like vaults; these long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

As I entered the church, the deep-toned organ was rolling forth a sublime fugue, descriptive of the Last Judgment—the clear pealing of the archangel's trumpet, the deep thunder of doom, the wail of everlasting despair, the jubilant triumph of the saved. The pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep and solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences by turns tender and sublime. It was, I found, a mass for the dead. The coffin, covered with a velvet pall, lay on a catafalque before the altar, surrounded by burning tapers. The clouds of incense rose, and its fragrance filled the air. Then a procession of priests, in white surplices, and boys, "with tapers tall," passed into another chapel, behind an open screen, where more chanting and singing followed. However the judgment may condemn this dramatic sort of worship, it is certainly profoundly impressive to the imagination.

Not far off was a more striking display of Romish superstition.

A statue of the Virgin and the dead Christ was tricked out with lace and flowers. Around it were a number of votive images in wax, of legs, arms, hands, and feet—a thank-offering for the cure of maladies of these members. Kneeling in the coloured light

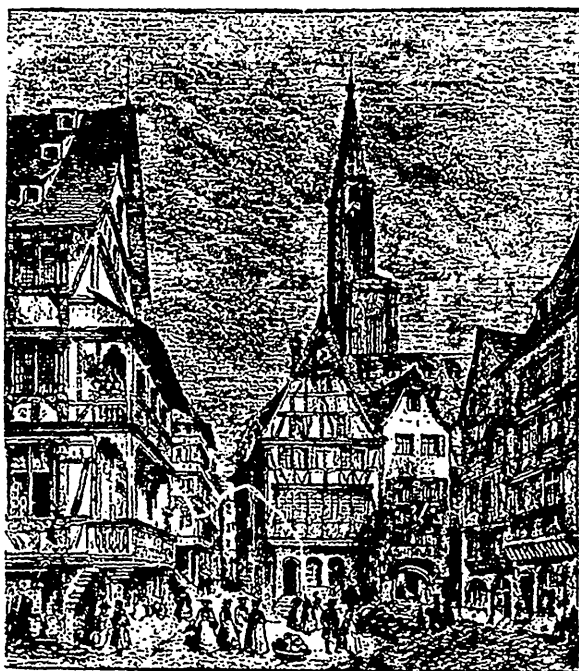


GOTHIC INTERIOR.

from a painted window, were a number of persons praying before the image, among them a mother with her sick child in her arms, seemingly interceding for its recovery. At the door was a stall where sat an old woman selling tapers for use in this semi-pagan worship.

From the time of Clovis, in the sixth century, a church has stood

upon this spot, but the present structure was begun in 1179. The western façade, with its great rose window, forty-two feet across, its "stone lace-work," and canopied niches, is the work of the famous architect, Erwin Von Steinbach. Among the statues is an impressive group of the Seven Virtues trampling under their feet the Seven Vices. Two huge towers flank the façade. Between them is a large stone platform, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the



STREET IN STRASBURG.

town at our feet, with its storks' nests on the roofs, its walls and ramparts, and in the distance the Vosges Mountains, the Black Forest and Jura range. From the platform rises the open stone spire, to a height of four hundred and sixty-nine feet. The scars and grooves made by the Prussian cannon balls, fired during the ten weeks' siege, are plainly seen on the stone. The massive cross on the top is that which Longfellow in his "Golden Legend" represents the Powers of the Air as striving, in a midnight tempest, to tear down.

The spire is a masterpiece of taste and skill, built of hewn stone

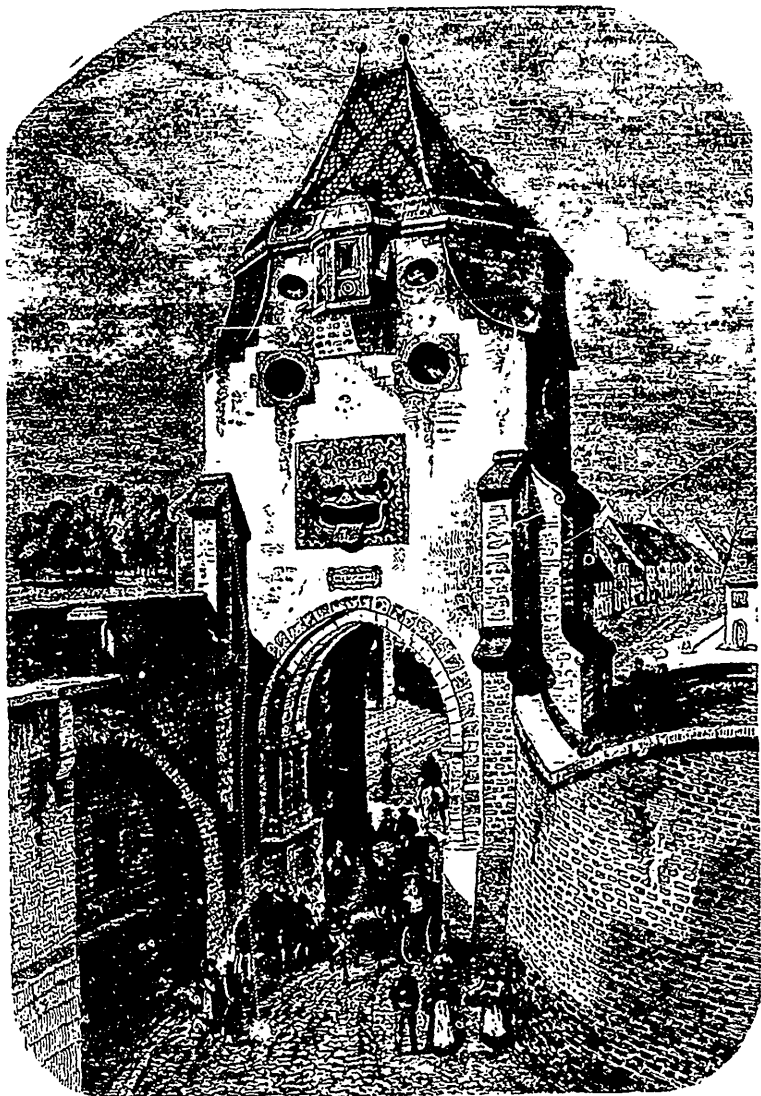
cut with such delicate nicety as to give it at the distance the appearance of lace, and combining the most elegant symmetry of parts with the most perfect solidity. The magnificent panorama to be viewed from the top will well repay the toil and danger of the ascent, which requires considerable nerve and steadiness of



STORKS' NESTS, IN STRASBURG.

head. The stone work is so very open, that in the case of a sudden attack of giddiness or the slipping of the foot, the body might pass entirely through, an accident which has happened several times.

The pillars that support the tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one, and found it thirty-two paces in circuit. At



THE NATIONAL GATE, STRASBURG.

the south door is a statue of Erwin Von Steinbach and his daughter Sabina. They are thus commemorated by Longfellow :

“The architect  
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones;  
And with him toiled his children, and their lives



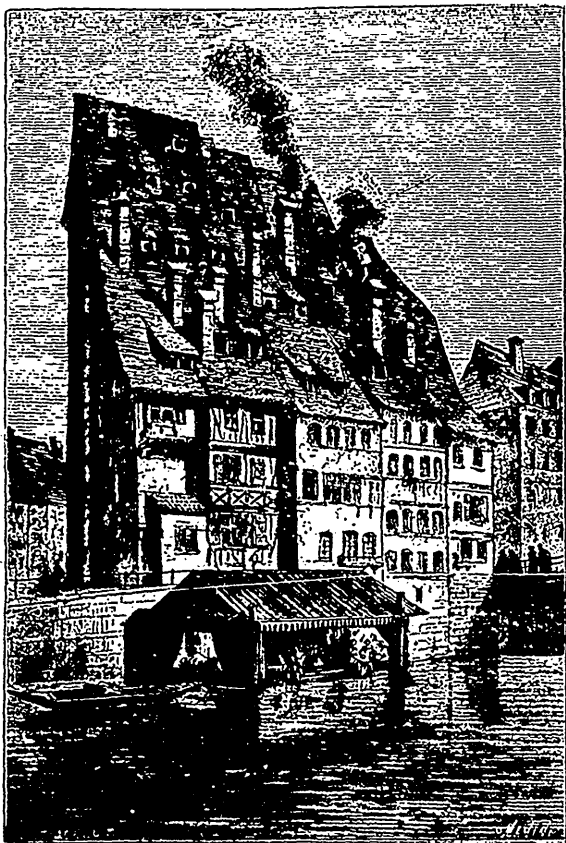
Were builded with his own into the walls,  
 As offerings unto God. You see that statue,  
 Fixing its joyous but deep-wrinkled eyes  
 Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder,  
 That is the image of the master, carved  
 By the fair hand of his own child Sabina."

The "Erwinspfeiler" referred to is of great beauty. The stone pulpit, of 1485, is exquisitely carved. But many of the statues are painted in execrable taste, with black beards and coloured robes. A mob of tourists go gaping about after a liveried verger during the service, and gather every hour before the famous clock, where an angel strikes the quarters and a skeleton the hours, and a brazen cock flaps his wings and crows. I thought it a very paltry performance, and a desecration of the grand old church. In the cloisters is the tomb of Erwin and his wife, and near by his house, with the most exquisite Gothic winding-stair in stone that I ever saw.

Strasburg has been called a German Venice, and although not built upon a lagoon like the Queen of the Adriatic, it is constructed on a marsh, and, for water communication, is not much, if any, worse provided. It is watered by three branches of the Ill, which is crossed by sixty bridges; three canals terminate here, and the Rhine is but a short distance off; so that even if there were no railroads, Strasburg would yet be one of the finest positions for trade on the continent of Europe.

Strasburg still bears in many of its streets the stamp of the middle ages. Few wooden houses are still to be seen, but many have the upper stories overhanging the lower, causing them to approach, as they ascend, the houses on the opposite side of the way. Some modern houses are built of the pink stone of the Vosges Mountains. The singular and remarkably high, sloping roofs, having three, four, and more floors, to which they serve as front walls as well as covering, seem constructed on a diametrically opposed principle to the walls that support them, and are as shy and retiring as the lower and more aristocratic portion of the house is forward and intrusive. The motive of this strange style of architecture can only be attributed to the law of compensation, or to a rooted objection to the perpendicular. Some consider these roofs ornamental, and a fine finish to the building. They are certainly picturesque, to which effect the large and numerous chimneys add a great deal. As its many-storied roofs and monumental chimneys did not suffice to finish off the tops

of the buildings, the storks, almost as much an institution of Strasburg as its Münster, put a crowning touch, by building their nests on the highest points and chimneys. Certain it is that in Strasburg, as in many other parts of Germany and in Holland, the storks suffer no injury at the hands of man, who, on the con-



ANCIENT HOUSES IN STRÁSBURG.

trary, has a reverential respect for them. The building of a nest upon a house by a pair of storks is considered as a presage of good fortune to the inmates, and a man would suffer great inconvenience rather than drive away the tutelary fowl. One gentleman, to our own knowledge, gave up the use of one of his rooms during the winter rather than destroy a nest which two storks had built right over the aperture of his chimney, and thus prevented his making a fire.

Strasburg is considered one of the strongest fortified cities of Europe, and is continually receiving such additions to its already strong defences as will render it almost impregnable. Besides its double and triple lines of bastions and forts, sluices, constructed by Vauban, the famous engineer of Louis XIV., can, by their being opened, lay under water the surrounding country for miles.

During the progress of the works on the fortifications recently executed by the Prussians, one of the historical monuments of Strasburg, the *Porte Nationale*, or *National Gate*, sometimes called the White Gate, opening on to the road to Muhlhousen, was demolished.

The Germans are very fond of introducing those queer, half-human faces in their architecture. I saw at Cologne a similar clock-face, which rolled its eyes and wagged its tongue at passers-by. At Basle there used to be another, which was wont to flout and jeer at the people of Little Basle, on the opposite side of the Rhine.

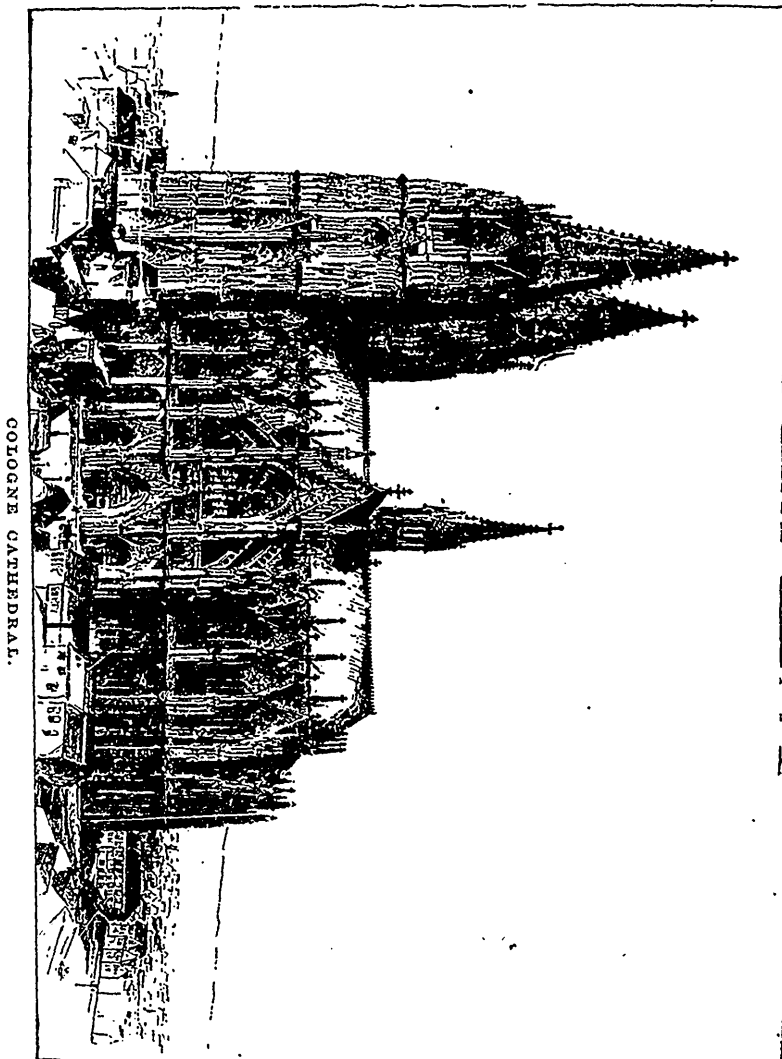
Germany holds with an iron grip her recent conquest. Sentries in spiked helmets were patrolling the streets, and here and there arms were stacked as if it were war time. The day I arrived, a feigned surprise of the city was repulsed; cavalry galloped through the streets, and infantry massed in the squares. The day I left a mock siege took place, and the heavy guns were firing from the citadel and ramparts, which have been made almost impregnable. One of the townsfolk told me that the thrifty German administration, which had introduced water-works and promoted the prosperity of the place, reconciled the people to their change of masters. In the narrow and crooked streets are many fine old mediæval houses, with Gothic gables and elaborate wood-carving; and the old gates, watch-towers, and walls are delightfully quaint.

The crown and glory of Cologne, on the lower Rhine, is its wonderful minster. Its mighty mass seems to dominate over the city—a brooding presence of sublime majesty. From the windows of my hotel, almost beneath its shadow, I looked up and up with insatiable gaze at its lofty spires, surrounded by a cloud of scaffolding.

Unfinished there in high mid-air  
The towers halt like a broken prayer.

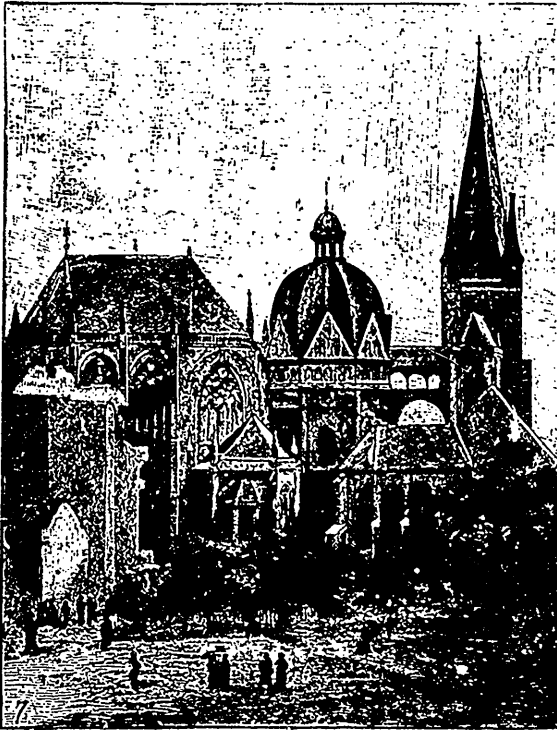
Nevertheless, incomplete as it was, it more fully satisfied the eye and mind than any other building I ever beheld. Its spires,

turrets, flying buttresses, gargoyles, foliated capitals, and flamboyant tracery seemed more like an organic growth than a work of man's device. For six long centuries the mighty structure had



been slowly growing year by year. Its vast and vaulted roof rises to a shadowy height of over two hundred feet, and its sky-piercing spire springs, like a fountain in stone, over five hundred feet in air. But no mere enumeration of dimensions can give

any idea of the magnificence and beauty of its exterior, or of the awe-inspiring solemnity of its vast interior. Arch beyond arch receded in seemingly infinite perspective, the deep-dyed windows poured their many-coloured light over capital and column, and the deep chant of the choir and roll of the organ throbbed and pulsated like a sea of sound. The twin spires appear in the cut far more "stumpy" than they are in reality. A comparison with



CATHEDRAL, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

the three-or-four-storied buildings in the foreground will indicate the vastness of the cathedral.

There are many other objects of interest in the ancient city—the *Colonia* of Roman times. Notwithstanding its open squares, many of its streets are narrow, gloomy, and redolent of anything but *eau de Cologne*. Its lofty walls, with their massive gate-towers, deep moats, and draw-bridges, give it the appearance of a huge fortress—which it is, with a garrison of seven thousand soldiers, and one hundred and thirty-five thousand civilians. The

Rathhaus, or town hall, a quaint structure, is built on the arches of an old Roman fort. I was shown the Hansa-Saal, or hall in which the Hanseatic League was formed in 1367. The Fest-Saal, or Banquet Hall, is very magnificent. I visited half a score of ancient churches—those of St. Martin's and St. Maria, splendidly restored. St. Gereon's, commemorating three hundred and eighteen martyrs of the Theban Legion, slain in 286 by Diocletian, said to be founded by the Empress Helena, is very odd. The nave is ten-sided, and the skulls of the martyrs are preserved in the choir, which is nineteen steps above the nave. The most notable relic-church, is that of St. Ursula, a dilapidated old structure,

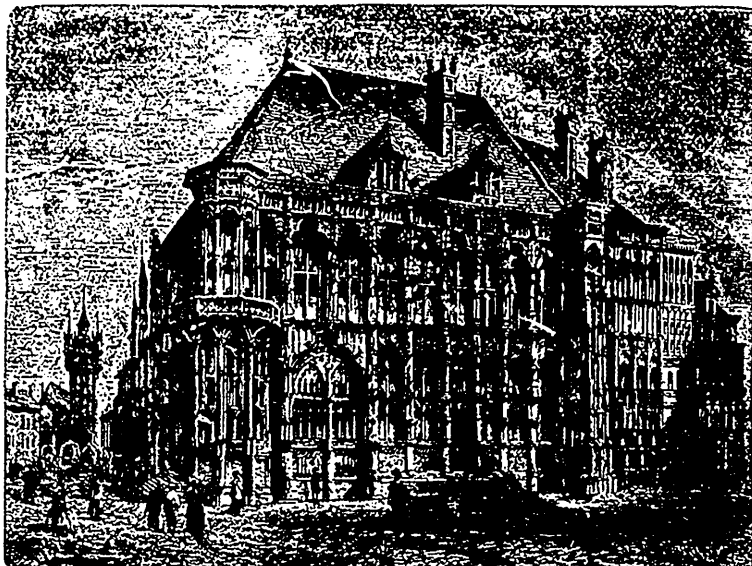


ANCIENT CITY GATE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

crowded with the skulls and bones of the eleven thousand virgins, attendants of the English Princess Ursula, martyred here by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century—the legends do not agree which. The whole story is told in a series of quaint old paintings on the walls. Rows of shelves are full of skulls wearing satin caps and tinsel coronets, and some of peculiar sanctity rest in jewelled velvet cases. Some are still crowned with soft flaxen-hair, which, as a special favour, one may touch. Others have their names written on their forehead. The rest of the bones are piled up by the cord, or strung on wires and arranged in grotesque arabesques. In the cathedral, I should have mentioned, you are shown the bones of the Magi, or three Kings, brought by

the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and since then stolen and recaptured, and held at a king's ransom. Can anything be more degrading than this worship of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, with its puerile imbecilities and its palpable frauds and lies!

A picturesque ride of forty miles brings one to the very ancient town of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was the favourite residence of Charlemagne; here he died in 814, and here, for seven hundred years, the German emperors were crowned. I stopped here chiefly to visit the tomb of the Great Charles, the grandest figure in the



HOTEL DE VILLE, GHENT.

half-mythical history of the Middle Ages. It is situated in the odd old cathedral, begun by the Emperor in 796. In the gallery of the octagonal nave is the marble chair on which the mighty monarch sat enthroned in all the majesty of death for three hundred and fifty years. The tomb was opened by Barbarossa in 1165; the remains were transferred to an antique sarcophagus, and subsequently to a jewelled reliquary; and the throne was used in the coronation of the emperors till 1531. On a plain slab is the simple epitaph of the grandest monarch for a thousand years—CAROLO MAGNO. Nor needs he more. His true memorial is written in the institutions and history of mediæval Christendom. As I entered the church, the deep tones of the organ were pealing

in solemn cadence through the lofty vaults, and the chanting of priests and choir boys blended with the unearthly sweetness of the strain. And so, I thought, during the long ages of rapine and wrong that have swept over the land, the hymns and prayers that had voiced the aspirations, and hopes, and sorrows of the successive generations, have gone up to God; and age after age the storm of battle has desolated, in wars almost without number, one of the fairest regions of the earth.

In another church I saw a large-sized model of the Grotto of Lourdes, lit up with tapers, at which a number of men and women were devoutly praying. I took a drink at the warm sulphur springs from which the place takes its name, which were known in the times of the Romans, but I found the waters excessively nauseous. The quaint old gates, like that shown in our cut, carry one back four hundred years.

In our recent article on Flemish cities, the cut of the old Hôtel de Ville, Ghent, was omitted, because not received in time from the engravers. Its elaborate Gothic tracery will be noted. From the gallery, at the left hand corner, the Emperor Charles V. addressed the multitudes, nearly four centuries ago. The old city is fairly haunted with mediæval memories.

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### CHRISTI PASSIO.

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A.

Translation of Samuel Wesley's hymn, "Behold  
the Saviour of mankind."

ECCE! Salvator hominum  
Affixus arbori!  
Quæ vis amoris Dominum  
Sic impulit mori!

Gemit; et quatit funditus  
Natura conscia;  
En! veli scinditur decus,  
Et templi marmora.

Tunc "Consummatum est!" ait,  
"Me, Pater, recipe;"  
Heu! sacro spiritum tradit  
Demisso capite!

Sed vincla Orci domitor  
Mox franget invidi;  
Quis, Jesu, te amantior?  
Quis fortior pati?



## THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

*A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.*

### I.

WHATEVER others may think or say of the conceit, reading and intelligent Methodist people, following the thought of Mr. Wesley and of the historians of his ecclesiastical system and its results, are disposed to say, and often are saying, that Methodism is a child of Providence. With her spiritual, personal, and experimental doctrines; her restless propagandism adapted to this central life; the annual assemblies and review of her itinerant ministry; the closer scrutiny and more direct impulse of her District Meetings; the immediate responsibility and individual interest of her Quarterly Official Boards and Trust Boards; with her societies and their instructors, her classes and their leaders; her Circuits and their stewards; with her graded appliances of exhorter, teacher, leader, local-preacher, and minister, for the guidance and government of her people; with her General Conference for the concentration of her energies, and the harmonization of her administration and law; the better protection of individual rights, and the better execution of great Connexional enterprises; with her General Boards and officers in charge of general interests, vested with certain powers by the General Conference, and with neither ability nor responsibility above those powers; with her Educational Institutions, her Missionary department, her Sabbath-school work, her Publishing Houses, and the circulation of Christian literature; with her Church building and Church extension operations, and the erection of homes for her ministers; with the broadening of her sympathies and efforts in many places into hospitals, asylums, and refuges for the aged and infirm; with these and other undertakings and employments after the mind and in the spirit of Him who came from heaven to found a kingdom upon earth, Methodism as she is, is possibly to the thoughtful something of an unfolding of our Lord's view and intent, when He likened His kingdom to the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.

Not unlike the British Constitution, the noble growth of heroic centuries in its lofty political aims and achievements, Methodism, with a quicker development under the hand of our God for

spiritual purposes, has expanded to the defence of our private, civil, and religious liberty, the security of our ecclesiastical rights, the improvement of personal piety, and the efficiency of the Gospel ministry; and very possibly, not unlike that same British Constitution, growing more beneficent and more resplendent with advancing generations of men, there are, after all, some two or three things even in Methodism, though the times be turbulent, that are worth preserving. The liberty, safety, privileges, peace, prosperity, and happiness of the Briton depend upon the security of the throne, the power, purity, and fidelity of the Parliament, the dignity and authority of the courts, the beneficence and the energy of administration, and the ready acquiescence of the subject in the genius, vigour, and exercise of our institutions and the spirit and acts of government, till, it may be, institutions and government transcend their sphere and invade private rights and the personal domain; when institutions themselves, and laws and government must be corrected by and in accordance with the fundamental law and the constitution of the State. If this is not done, turmoil and violence must ensue; and if power persist in wrong, revolution is the only remedy.

As in the State, so in the Church, the security of the individual, be he minister, office-bearer, or private member, as well as the prosperity of the body, is dependent upon the good direction of the government, the righteousness of the law, and the wisdom, grace, and impartiality of its administration. And this is the more appreciated, and the more generally and distinctly recognized as men advance to the intelligence in religious affairs to think half as much of, or prize half as highly, the patience and Kingdom of Jesus Christ as they do their privileges as Her Majesty's subjects, or their citizenship in the Dominion of Canada or the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The very sentiment is abroad, and it works into men's thinking and practical conduct, both inside the Church and outside, that anyway, the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is a lean, narrow, shadowy, unsubstantial affair, while the Kingdom of Great Britain, or the American Republic, is solid and strong and potent, substantial and actual, worthy of order and authority and the high functions of government, with immunities, dignities and privileges, to which there is nought in any way or degree approaching in value or importance in the rule, sovereignty or dominion of the King of kings. With the Bible in our hands, no such sentiment should abide with Christian people; and surely conscience, law, order, authority and righteous rule should be prized and potent in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, if they are to be

regarded of value, force or effect anywhere. The kingdom of conscience, righteousness and intelligence is the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. And, therefore, this kingdom of this King is central to all other kingdoms, and their stay and hope. And the government of conscience, right reason and love is the one stable and universal government which must permeate and purify all governments, and must endure forever. To the Church of God, then, are we entitled to look for the convictions, sentiments and practices that must uphold all good government in all ages and climes.

And what can we expect this government to do for us? What has civil government more to do for me than to protect and help me in the proper exercise of my powers, and ensure to me healthful liberty of action and the enjoyment of the fruit of my toil? What has it to do but save me from unjust demands, aggressions, exactions and invasions from without, and open up the facilities for improvement, enlargement and enrichment within? to give my rights full sweep consistent with the collateral, co-ordinate and co-equal rights of other men; and in this proper limitation of personal right, and co-operation of the universal energy, achieve the greatest common good; and so promote ultimately and unmistakably the highest personal attainment and noblest common heritage?

True and effective as are these principles in civil and political order, much more direct and energetic are they in ecclesiastical economies; for in the realm of conscience, reason, religion and love there is no brute force, no physical restraint, no corporeal compulsion. What men do aright here in this Kingdom of Jesus Christ they must do because it is right. The higher spiritual law must command and constrain. In the government of the Church this must be the central light and power; to it all feelings, impulses, purposes, and actions must defer, and by it be determined. And what can we expect this law and government to do for us, but again to conserve our liberty, to keep us from the aggressions of other men, and other men from our aggression? for we sin as much against liberty, and as much abuse, debase and debar our own liberty when we invade the rights of others, as when we suffer them with impunity to intrench or trample upon our rights. The realm of religion, reason, holy conscience, sacred authority, supreme law is violated infinitely more by the oppressor than the rebellious oppressed; by the tyrant, than his resisting victim striking the tyrant down; by the aggressor, than by the provoked retaliation that thrusts the aggressor unto death. Assailing, overreaching, wronging, injuring, I forfeit my own personal rights; when suffering, wronged, and oppressed I but multiply, accumulate and

concentrate them. What then can this Church rule, order, and government, in this domain of conscience, central to all righteous authority, do for me but to guard me in the possession of the immunities and privileges of religion, open up to me my field of labour, and secure to me freedom in the operation of my powers, and full fruition of the benefits of my toil? This certainty is the lowest ground religious government can proceed upon. If there come in a higher law, a code of self-sacrifice and grace, then should there be a greater delicacy of aggression, a greater repugnance to it, as all the more unjustifiable, and a greater security of the freedom and its fruits as under the more sacred claim and the holier guardianship. So in perfect freedom of action, perfect immunity from aggression or protection against it, perfect security of personal right and full enjoyment of the fruit of labour, both as to its reproductive and remunerative energy, good, solid Church government on earth gives us, as it was designed to do, the best type of the heavenly kingdom, possession and rest. It is the government of reason and conscience, of light and love.

The economy, the policy that makes these vital, essential principles most effectually operative, or least hinders their operation, is the best economy, the best polity. And the solemn duty of every citizen of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ is to put no obstruction in the way of their operation. Health of body is the free action of the natural energies and functions. And the main benefit of medicine is to remove obstructions and let native vigour work. John Wesley, yea, the providence of God, had all this in mind in the gradual and growing development of Methodism, both as to doctrine and polity. The doctrines were not new doctrines, but the removal of the incrustations, damaging and deadening deposits from the primitive Christian doctrines, and of the obstructions to the healthful action and easy and successful movement of the Body of Christ, the Church of God. Her doctrines were not studied forms, venerated ceremonials, scholastic formulas, high-sounding dogmas, the graces of culture or deductions of logic. These were all well enough in their place; but they had too much of man and too little of God; too much of human learning, office or act, and too little of true religion and of Divine demonstration and power. Her doctrines over and above the ordinary theologies were the inner life, vital and experimental godliness, personal experience and holiness laid along the line of apostolic and Christian Scriptures, and sustained and verified by them; and free, full and ready salvation for all men from sin and its fearful nature and consequences here and hereafter, by the power

of the Great God in the trusting, obedient soul, and attested in the conversation and life.

Why should not such doctrines, so restored, start out again the primitive evangelization; a swift and eager itinerancy to carry light into the darkness, to justify the self-sacrifice of Jesus; to pluck men from ruin's brink, and dignify our redeemed nature by the lively impulse of the heroism of the Cross? Why should not human courage and devotion take fire at the flaming altar of Divine love? The Methodist itinerancy is the outgrowth of the doctrines of Methodism. It is the mission of Jesus multiplied a thousand-fold. It is the result and embodiment of the mightiest modern spiritual and evangelistic impulse; the plainest and most successful attempt to put in action the great thought to convert men and save the world. It arose out of the clearest view of sin and its terrible consequences; the strongest conviction of the righteousness of God and the sufficiency, glory, and universality of His great salvation; the deepest sense of the worth, responsibility, opportunity and work of each human soul; and the highest appreciation of the possibilities for man in the Gospel of Christ, vouchsafed by the ever blessed Holy Spirit to a wandering world since the Pentecostal effusion, demonstration and triumph. It vindicated God's claim to govern in His Church and Kingdom, set at nought long-established human systems and ancient hierarchies; eclipsed the splendours of the oldest, grandest and richest of earthly appointments and organizations for ecclesiastical purposes; magnified the foolishness of God, His weakest instrumentality above the wisdom of this world; spread the light of the glory of God rapidly throughout the land and to the ends of the earth; gathered multitudes of happy sons and daughters into the family of heaven; opened many prison doors and struck the chains off the heart-broken captives; lifted oppressed souls from darkness, made them heroes in conflict and set them to be princes in the earth; filled benighted minds with the blaze of heavenly glory, and inspired craven mortals with the irresistible courage of faith in God. It despised lust and licentiousness, and served God and man for love. It hastened to the rescue of the poor, the lowly, the scorned, the criminal, the outcast, and assured him he is the very man for whom Jesus died. Of comparatively recent origin, in Britain it quickly led forth Methodism to the front of the Churches even in so conservative an ecclesiastical and social order as was found in England; and beginning in America a century or more after the other Churches were established and at work, in another century, with the blessing of God, it put the Methodist Church at their head, and did more than they all to press Gospel

agencies to the verge of the pioneers' settlements to mould the civilization of the rising commonwealths, and capture the Continent for Christ. Perhaps now we better abolish it. Perhaps we better modify it to death. With such a record, clear and indisputable, and with the demands of the times, nations and races what they are, and with the commands, obligations and requirements of the Gospel system what they are, had we not better do away with our itinerancy? Had we better not give it up? or shade it down into the call system, the arbitrary, or life settlement system, the Congregational will plan, the personal will plan, the self-interest or family interest and shrewd manœuvre plan, or the happy-go-lucky way of having a preacher sometimes and oftener not; or having a congregation if whims are met, and having a roving commission till somebody's personal likes are satisfied; or shall we take the ducal, royal, or lordly patronage idea, or some other of the numerous schemes possible to human genius, caprice, device and art?

This is the question: What about our itinerancy? For according to the view we take of our itinerancy as essential and indispensable, or merely expedient and prudential, or worn out and useless, will be our views of the modifications we are ready to admit, and if we are not ourselves reckless as to the Church's interest, as to the personal, social or public pressure we bring to bear to effect changes in this part of our economy. Has it not served its day? Has not the time come to make it like the plans of other Churches? Has not Methodism done its work among the masses? and should it not now adapt itself to the notions of the classes? Should it not rather, with refined and popular men please the rich who can pay for their luxuries, than the poor who need the Gospel to make them rich?

On the other hand, are there not changes really necessary to increase the efficiency of the itinerancy? Does it not need adapting to the genius of the times? Can we modify it out of existence, or modify it into greater power? These are fundamental questions. Shall the itinerancy be retained and maintained? Are there possible changes to make it more effective? Once settled that we have faith in our itinerancy, that its history and achievements justify it, that the well-being of Methodism is practically bound up in it; and we will have no truce with any proposition that will weaken it, or any scheme or line of action or insidious practice that will mar or destroy it. Like our parliamentary or municipal system, it may have its incidental and even inseparable disadvantages; it may bring with it some things that may be mended, and some that must be mended, and some

that never can be mended; but since, on the whole and all around, it is for us and our work infinitely the best system, we shall preserve it in its integrity, and change only what needs changing in the interest of the system itself, and the general interests of the great cause it administers. Is not this the voice of the Church? And setting the welfare of the Church and the prosperity of the cause of God above our personal opinions, and even above what we may regard as our personal interests, do not we all, ministry and laity, join in the conviction, obligation and covenant to accept apparently the best thing that can be done under the system, though it seem not the best to or for that individual man, or to or for that circuit in the particular case in hand?

The Stationing Committee in some form is central and vital to the itinerancy. An itinerancy of our ministry implies regularity of movement, or at least movement with reason and design; and this implies governing and directing power, which again implies somebody to govern and direct. Just as the itinerancy is a thing of growth, development, so did the stationing system grow, arise, develop. In the beginning of our history all this provision and administration were in the hands of Mr. Wesley. In the providence of God, a second Paul, he found the labourers and allotted to them their fields. In the beginning of the Christian system our Lord Christ from heaven was the first itinerant and the first allotting and directing power that is, the first Stationing Committee. "The field is the world." And it is possible He should even yet be the ruling Spirit within. The great apostle to the Gentiles was their first itinerant and their original and entire Stationing Committee. In these regards Mr. Wesley, after the manner of religious revivalists of all ages, had safe models, illustrious antecedents, and satisfactory authority. And his authority, office and acts were publicly recognized and providentially sealed. His death approaching, he made provision after his own mind, intelligence and preference for the continuance of his work in America; and his plan seems to have worked very well, in a good degree to have vindicated his judgment and itself, and to have placed his feeble folk in the providence of God at the head of American Churches. In Britain, his ideas and measures for the perpetuity of operations and prosecution of the work were not accepted, as possibly it would have been difficult to do; but his preachers adopted the democratic system, and specially elected brethren for that particular work of stationing and allotment of fields. This acceptance of the itinerancy, next to the poll-deed registration, was on the human side likely the main preservative of Methodism in England and Ireland; and the

system for its direction adopted at Mr. Wesley's death has held sway to this hour and wrought wonders on all the continents and the isles of the sea. Is not the stationing system now about worn out and ready for dissolution? Are not its principles, impulses, life, obsolete, effete, waning, weakened, vanished? Has it not become unwise, out of touch, out of joint with the times, inexpedient, awkward, impracticable? Had not we better give it up and adopt some other plan of action?

These are the questions for our Methodist ministers and Methodist people in this country to consider. Are we going to give up the itinerancy? Gradually let it slip out, decay, die? Are we going to give up the Stationing Committee function and system; disuse, abuse, misuse, destroy it? Or are we prepared to maintain this economy in its vigour; this aggressive, historic, demonstrated and vindicated evangelism unimpeded, unmarred, unmaimed, effective? What Church has a better system of propagandism? What Church can better reach, instruct and edify the people? What Churches have done more than the cosmopolitan fraternity of Methodism? If we falter or fail, is it the fault of Paul's plan, John Wesley's plan? If societies are rent, circuits confused and distracted, appointments cast off or neglected, is the system to blame? Or is it the maladministration of a good system, the creeping in of hurtful forces, the infusion of poison or disease? Might not the greed of self-seeking work evil? Might not the worldliness and the assumed consequence of wealth hinder and hurt? Might not the selfishness of personal preferences and partialities counterwork the spirit and unity of Christ? Might not the love of power, the haughty exercise of rule and dominion do harm, rend and divide? Might not the obstinacy, self-will, denial of proper authority pierce and wound, break and crush and destroy? These are questions for both ministers and people to ask in such a system as this. There are systems quite the opposite, where neither ministers nor people need ask questions? There are systems in which only one of the parties asks questions? But ours is a system in which all parties interested must ask questions of themselves and regarding others, and must answer those questions correctly, righteously, and lovingly; and then must behave themselves continually and fully according to those righteous answers. We have no other safety, no other way to success. We dare not drift. We must deliberate, decide and do. Are modifications required, changes necessary? Some things in this world can be modified; some positively cannot. Some changes are allowable; some positively are not. Modify an obstruction out of the way and you have progress. Modify poison,



derangement, out of the body, and you have health. Modify, project infection, disease, into the body, and you have death. Reforms are not always reforms. There are cases where to modify is to kill. Allow certain insinuating forces, introduce slight, gradual, questionable changes, and you go surely, steadily to ruin, death. There is a seed of life, and there is a seed of death. There is a mingling, a modification to ennoblement, and a miscegenation to degeneracy and barrenness; an engrafting to enlargement and enrichment, and an engrafting to impoverishment and unproductiveness. There is tendency, law, result in the Church, as well as in ethnology; in the garden of the Lord, as well as in the orchard of pleasant fruit.

Is itinerancy best on the whole? is the question for us to settle, and we have settled it, and likely forever. Experience has settled it. History has settled it. Providential guidance and demonstration have settled it. The royal stamp and signet of perpetual and growing success have settled it. The concurrent testimony of far-seeing, consecrated and devout and successful men have settled it. The millions gathered by it into the Church triumphant from all tribes and conditions of men have settled it. The type of Christianity it engenders and forms has settled it. Its influence, direct and indirect, on all other systems, has settled it. The Christian heroes it lifts into the light for the example of all ages and inspiration of all men have settled it. Its undaunted, irresistible progress, and accumulated majesty and strength for the last hundred years, have settled it. Its preservation of the purity of doctrine and its glow with the Divine brightness and its impulse with the fire from heaven have settled it. Its faithful imitation of the most devoted of the ancient prophets; its sincere and successful following in the footsteps of Christ and the holy apostles; its apprehension of the genius of revival in all the centuries; its earnestness of purpose under the great scheme of human redemption and the sublime design of the conquest of the world for truth and righteousness; and the Divine approbation and baptism of power by which alone it has gone forward in its lofty career of triumph, have settled it.

It is settled, established in Methodism because, in the providence of God, it grew up under the hand and eye of John Wesley; because we have proved, as he found, that this system best covers all the ground; best reaches all grades of people; best lifts up the degraded, the lowly, and exercises and mediates the high and great of earth to a fellowship with them; best employs all the men that can be accepted for Gospel work, and so best cultivates the variety of talent and energy in the school of Christ and

the vineyard of the Lord; best finds labourers, preserves their equality in the field, and ensures vigour and dispatch in their movements; best gives regularity in their operations and the sanction of authority to their toil; best develops the different fields according to their peculiarities, and according to the great command sends forward the Divine message to regions beyond; best inspires all under its influence with a sublime comprehensive purpose, diffuses a sense of noble unity throughout the entire body, and fires each one with the zeal of all; best conducts from circuit to circuit the wisest plans and highest counsels and achievements; and under proper central administration best preserves the vitality of doctrine and energy of religion, the liberty of the individual and the solidarity and efficiency of the Connexion; best gives to every man a field and to every field a man, and best adapts the man to the field, and the field to the man, to carry on the glorious work of the Lord.

Other systems, especially if they have had an itinerancy to originate in, or the fruits of some kind or degree of an itinerancy to enjoy, may more favour, it may be, to the fortunate ones, home comfort, circumscribed social power, or personal or political influence greater perhaps within the smaller sphere; or to the competent, well circumstanced and fully purposed ones, they may even favour profounder learning, more extensive erudition, possibly the private and quiet gratifications of classic lore and philosophic research. But heathenism had all these things long ago, and all in a very good degree. These are not necessarily of the genius of the Gospel, nor will they convert the world to Christ. And we must not forget that this is our chief, our only business. These are some of the very things that must be purified, sanctified by the Spirit of the Gospel; some of the very things that must by self-sacrificing souls be laid on the altar of consecration for Jesus' sake. They are rather in their perfection and universality the fruits of the Gospel, and the ends and achievements of its ministry; and are the property of all men whom we serve in Christ's name, when the field is won, rather than the fine wool and tender flesh of the flock that we may appropriate to ourselves before the war is fairly begun. But after all, hath not God so ordered that according to His instruction and promise His faithful labourers in the itinerancy do not lack in these things, are certainly not the least enriched of the possessors of these things? What right have we to look at a well-endowed archbishop here or a munificently sustained settled pastor there, forgetting the thousand half-fed curates, or the fishermen wandering for a nibble, and in envy and blindness to serve Satan, say to ourselves, "This is the way with all of them: look at us poor itinerants." Saving so

we know better; there is a lie in our right hand to deceive ourselves. The happy, radiant homes of the thousands of our Methodist ministers, centres of light and power; bright even under the clouds of sorrow with the presence of Jesus; rich in lofty aim and high resolve, in noble endeavour and grand achievements, even if here and there amid privation there be less of Dickens and more of Daniel, less of Plato and more of Paul, less of Cousin and Chesterfield and more of Christ: the personal, moral, social, and political influence of our pastors; their position in every great public, religious reform; the honoured names in Methodism that have achieved high rank in science and literature; the patrons of universal education and the heroic spirits that have founded and inspired great institutions of patriotism and humanity; and the numerous scholars, ever increasing in number, with a broad and deep scholarship at once practical and potent, after the lapse of but a hundred years, do not by any means leave our Methodism and its systems of training and distributing its ministry with very much to envy or covet in the systems or achievements of the older peoples, and by long priority of existence, the preoccupiers, if not the cumberers of the ground. Ease, delicacy, literary culture, social refinement being the grand end, we are probably beaten in some cases. Vital religion, soul-saving Christianity, sanctified learning, Christianized philosophy, an exalted and spiritual literature, Biblical tastes and culture, the formation of mind and character according to the standards of Holy Writ, being the grand end; let even our adversaries judge and say to whom God has given the eminence and the victory. After the model of the home out of which Moses or Samuel or Timothy came, or in which Jesus dwelt in Bethany; after the model of the great examples of the Scriptures in personal and public influence and in mighty, moral, and national conflict, as set forth in Joshua, Elijah, Daniel, and Barnabas; after the model of the scholarly men of their several times and generations held up in Inspiration as filling their place in their age and nation after the heart of God, as in Moses, Ezra, Samuel and Paul, why should we complain, or envy others, or be disheartened; or lose faith in the system, or slacken fidelity to the system, that in so little a while has, under the care and inspiration of our God, done so much to give us that style of home, that style of scholar, that style of man?

' Yes, it is settled; solidly settled, that taking it all around, all in all, the itinerancy is decidedly, unmistakably best for Methodism. Wherefore also the necessary concomitants of the itinerancy are best for Methodism. Let us emphasize this, for it settles some other things, and ought to govern the convictions and actions of men. We take the itinerancy as we take the Bible,

with all it really and properly brings. It is not even a mooted question. Nobody dreams of unsettling it, disturbing it. Then why ask the question at all? Perhaps men that cheer the Queen lustily, sometimes, yea often, do things that would dethrone the Queen. Perhaps, sometimes, men that shout for the Constitution, commit acts that would undermine and destroy the Constitution. Sometimes men that swear by the throne, allow themselves in principles and conduct to do that which would pluck the pillars and foundations from beneath the throne, and hurl down the insignia of royalty and authority into the dark and raging abyss of anarchy. Perhaps, sometimes, men that believe in Canada first, Canada only, and Canada always, to gain a temporary advantage or secure a party and a passing triumph, would shout Annexation, or Independence, or Imperial Federation, or Reciprocity, or Tariff, or Free Trade. And it is just possible personal, or party, or sinister, or selfish, or worldly, or interested motives may touch and stir men in ecclesiastical and spiritual matters. And it is just possible there might be concatenated and accumulated influence enough from these foreign principles of action to impede or distress the operations of the itinerancy. And it is just possible to bring in enough of these foreign elements to obstruct and impair what otherwise would be smooth, easy and healthful in its action; and then, in the turmoil and confusion of the strife, lay the blame on the system, cry out against the system, charge the friction and disorder upon the system, strive to take wheels out of the system or put in new wheels, or abolish the system altogether; when possibly the thing needed is to remove obstructions from the system, and thereby restore it to natural and healthy action.

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### GOOD FRIDAY.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT.

O BUSTLING, mad, metallic world, here stay  
 A moment, 'midst the unhallowed strife of gain  
 And loss, and cool thy fevered, burdened brain!  
 Ah me! the rabble crowd still cries, "Away  
 With Him." Herods and Pilates, driven to bay,  
 Crush conscience 'neath the heel of proud disdain.  
 Phylacteried Pharisees without a stain,  
 And heartless Romans, ye are alive to-day!  
 The market-place the morrow thronged shall be,  
 The next, O Sovereign Sabbath! shall be thine,  
 Glad prophecy of the coming age of gold,  
 When wrathful man no more shall say, "Behold  
 The man," and Satan's broken seals assign  
 Earth's kingship to the Lord of Calvary.

ANCASTER, March 7th, 1889.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM IN TORONTO, FROM 1842 TO THE UNION WITH THE CANADIAN METHODISTS IN 1848, AND OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN) FROM 1840 TO THE DISRUPTION.

BY THE HON. SENATOR J. MACDONALD

III.

Let us notice a few of those who were found among the worshippers at the old George Street Church. Sitting not far from the door, and on the right-hand of the south aisle, was Thomas Clarke, the hatter. He was a Yorkshireman, I think—a magnificent specimen of a man. His business was one of the most prosperous of its kind in the city, and was carried on at the second door from the corner of King and Yonge Streets, on the south side, where he died after a few days' illness, in his forty-second year. Dr. Widmer, at the *post-mortem*, discovered a growth of a character hitherto unknown to the profession, which neither he nor his associates could have conceived, and which had they known existed, could have done nothing to afford relief. He bequeathed all his property to the Church, some £1,600, coupled with the condition of an annuity during life to his widow, which sum was paid by the trustees. It was this bequest which led to the erection of the Richmond Street Church.

At the extreme end on the same side sat Mr. John G. Bowes, then rapidly coming to the front as an enterprising merchant. His sister, Mrs. Samuel E. Taylor, a very godly woman, was connected with the Canadian Wesleyans, yet often worshipping with her brother. There also sat in his pew Mrs. Moore, a very estimable lady, a widow, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Fred. Perkins. On the left-hand side of this same aisle, and by the door, were two square pews, higher by some fourteen inches than the others; these were enclosed by a crimson moreen curtain. In the one on this side sat Alexander Hamilton and his family, long the leading painter and paperhanger of the city. He was a man of generous impulses, well read, and although never sparing himself from every kind of hard work, never succeeded in placing himself in the strong financial position which his attention to his business should have secured. Mr. Joseph Wilson came next, who, with Jacques and Hay, controlled the cabinet-making business of the city.

Richard Woodsworth came next in order. He also was a

fine specimen of a man, a builder, a Yorkshireman. He was class-leader, a local-preacher, and no man in the George Street Church was more highly respected or wielded a greater influence. The respected Superintendent of Missions in the North-West in connection with the Methodist Church, who is doing so good a work, is his son, besides whom he has another son in the Methodist ministry occupying a very creditable position. Mr. Thomas Storm occupied a position opposite, and was, like Mr. Woodworth, a builder; his son is the well-known architect of this city, whose firm when associated with Mr. Cumberland, carried out the works of the University College and other important buildings in the city.

Entering from the other door, we had in the curtained pew, on the south of the north aisle, Mr. Samuel Shaw, who was an Irishman, a class-leader and most regular in his attendance at the services. He carried on a large hardware business, and was the father of Mr. Samuel Shaw of this city. Then followed the Walkers, C. and W., and their families; the Butts, and others, on the north side of the aisle; Mr. Harborn, another builder, who died about the time of which I am writing; he was also a local-preacher; old Mr. Purkiss, the boatbuilder, to whom I have referred, and whom Dr. Scadding refers to in his "Toronto of Old;" James Price; John Eastwood, then a comparatively young man, also referred to, and still in business; the Osbornes; the Wheelers, and others. At the extreme end of the aisle, and on the right side of the pulpit, was the minister's pew, where in succession sat the Davidsons, the Richeys, the Hetheringtons, the Selleys, the Cooneys, and all that goodly company whose names fragrantly cluster among the memories of those never-to-be-forgotten days. Mr. James Trotter, the assessor, a very worthy man, sat in the gallery; Mr. Crossley, now of Hamilton, also of Simpson and Crossley. There were a goodly number of coloured people—Phillips, Addison, Abbott, Mink, Smallwood, and Truss, who, however, sat down stairs, and whom I can never forget, were it from no other cause than the one to which I now refer. As Rev. Mr. Richey (afterwards Dr. Richey) was closing his Sabbath evening service upon one occasion, he said in his solemn and impressive manner, "After we have sung the next verse our venerable Father Truss will lead us in prayer." To me this was something wonderfully new. Who was the venerable Father Truss? Would he go up into the pulpit? While thus thinking, the deep, full voice of the venerable black man, whose head was thickly silvered over, was heard in the language of prayer so

suitable and so impressive, that all who were present felt its influence, so that the occasion can never be forgotten.

Some of the other coloured men were remarkable men, and were members of the quarterly meeting and local-preachers; these were Phillips, Addison, and Smallwood. Abbott was a man possessed of a large amount of real estate, and died supposed to be worth \$100,000. Mink was the leading livery stable keeper, and was also supposed to be a wealthy man. Great numbers of young men flocked to the services, and in the evenings at the close of the service were seen arranging themselves into those select groups which had so much to do in the case of so many of them in determining their future.

The senior preacher on the circuit was the Rev. Matthew (afterwards Dr.) Richey. When it is claimed that he was the most eloquent preacher in the city, the statement is one which will not be questioned. He was an Irishman; he must have been then about forty years of age, of fine presence, voice so full, deep and musical, that it might well be said to be phenomenal; faultless as a reader, it was a rare treat to hear him read the Word of God. His pulpit efforts were marked by a solemn and devotional spirit, his prayers were in striking contrast to that hasty, irreverent manner which characterizes the approaches of so many, in our day, to the throne of grace. Little wonder was it that his name at that time would attract as many as the building would hold, and more. Some idea may be had of the ground which he would have to cover in reaching his work, when it is stated that the parsonage was on the north side of Queen Street, say half-way between Spadina Avenue and Bathurst Street, so that while he was near enough to the Queen Street Church, the George Street Church must have been nearly three miles from his residence, the Yorkville Church about as far. He had at one time resided on George Street, near the church, but had removed in the year 1838. His name stands in connection with Cobourg as the Principal of the Upper Canada Academy.

The following reference to him appears in the address of the Conference of 1839:

*“To the President and Members of the English Methodist Conference:—*

*“Our Academy during the year has continued in a state of increasing efficiency and success, and has acquired a high and influential character in the estimation of the public under the management of the highly-gifted President, the REV. MATTHEW RICHEY, A.M.”*

In the year 1840 the address of the Conference to the same body contains this reference to him:

“In parting with our excellent friend and brother, the Rev. Matthew Richey, A. M., who, since the opening of the Institution, has held the office of Principal, we desire to express our high and affectionate estimate of his piety, learning, and abilities. We have been greatly delighted and edified by his pulpit ministrations and labours, and we devoutly pray that wherever his lot may be cast he may largely partake of the Divine benediction and be abundantly prospered in his work of faith and labour of love.”

I have before me some of the texts from which I have heard him preach: Matt. xxvi. 58, “But Peter followed Him afar off;” Gal. iv. 18, “But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing;” Heb. viii. 3, “For every high priest is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices,” etc.; Heb. viii. 12, 13, “For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more,” etc.; 2 Peter iii. 10, “But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night,” etc. His text upon the occasion of a Sunday-school anniversary was from Heb. iv. 12, “For the Word of God is quick and powerful,” etc. His sermon having reference to the death of Mr. Thomas Clarke, who has been referred to, was a very memorable occasion; his text was 1st Cor. xv. 55-57, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Unable to control himself he broke completely down, while the congregation sobbed aloud; some time elapsed before he became sufficiently composed to continue his sermon. No such scene had I ever witnessed before, nor have I ever seen since.

About this time I attended in the George Street Church a missionary meeting. I had never been at such a meeting in the Presbyterian Church, nor had I heard of such a meeting. There was the orthodox platform, and the speakers, with Chairman and Secretary; all this was new to me. The story of the toils and triumphs of Rev. James Evans among the Indians of the Hudson Bay Territory had invested the missionary meetings with wondrous interest. Before the hour of meeting the church would be well filled, and when the services commenced the building would be packed. Extracts were read from his letters, earnest speakers referred to them in such a way as to arouse in the hearers a missionary spirit. It is not too much to say that the Missionary cause of the Methodist Church in the old George Street building had given to it such an impetus as it has never lost, and that the wonderful results of to-day may with all safety be traced to those days marked by so much earnestness and enthusiasm.

For this work James Evans was peculiarly fitted. Received into the ministry of the Church in Canada in the year 1830, he had given two years of his life previously to the work of in-



structing the Chippewa Indians as a laborious and successful school teacher. With the exception of two years, his whole ministerial life was devoted to the Chippewa Indians. After visiting the Indian tribes in the Hudson Bay territories, he felt it his duty to devote himself wholly to their spiritual interest, and requested permission to do so in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England. He is thus spoken of in the obituary notice of the English Conference in the year 1847:

“James Evans, a missionary of remarkable ability and zeal, and of great usefulness among the North American Indians; his success among the aborigines of Canada led to his appointment as General Superintendent of the recently formed missions in the Hudson Bay Company Territory. To his mental vigour and indomitable perseverance the Indians are indebted for many advantages. Among these is a written and printed character (the syllabic character) suited to their language, of which Mr. Evans was the inventor. Many were the afflictions and trials he had to endure, these issued in a failure of health which rendered his return home desirable, but the results were not favourable. He died suddenly at Keelby, in Lancashire, on the 23rd of November, 1848, at the house of a friend, after addressing a missionary meeting at which his statements had excited great interest.”

And then John Sunday—Sha-wun-dais—was there; in many respects one of the most remarkable of those Indians who became teachers to their brethren. Having had few opportunities of improving his mind, his force consisted in that shrewd mother-wit which he had inherited, intensified and turned to the best account by the grace of God. All his utterances were forcible, and the marvel was, that with his limited knowledge of our language, he could always speak so as to edify a white congregation. I heard him upon one of these occasions tell that when a boy, he was in the camp during an engagement between the British and American forces, when a spent cannon ball stopped as it had reached his feet. He said, “I take him up and put him in cannon and send him back.”

Why is it that we have no such crowded, no such enthusiastic missionary meetings to-day? In reply to this, we would say there are many reasons. The novelty of the enterprise was then one of its attractions; indeed, this was so great and attractive an influence that the men of to-day cannot understand it. It was the opening of a new life, not to an individual but to a nation; it was the emerging of tribe after tribe from the darkness of paganism to the light of the Gospel; men were found sitting at the feet of those who had themselves been worshippers of stocks and stones, hearing from them the story of the Cross. It was, in the case of the converted natives, a visible exemplification of what the Gospel

of the Son of God had accomplished, in a manner to leave no room for doubt or speculation. The fascination, too, which had attached itself to the name of James Evans gave an interest to his work equal to that of Dr. Duff or David Livingstone in later days.

Again, the Hudson Bay Territory was then a region more inaccessible than the centre of Africa is to-day. Rarely was it that the foot of a white man, other than the servants of the Company, trod either its prairies or its uplands. From most posts of the territory twelve months were needed to receive a reply to a letter, from others double that time, and the aim of the Company was to keep the land unknown. How different to-day. Cities with the refinement and culture of older countries are now found on what was then the home of the buffalo. All that was mysterious, and to that extent an incentive to missionary effort, has disappeared before a civilization which has brought everything in connection with that country to our very doors. The novelty, the mystery has gone.

Again, John Sunday has no successors; no red men (converted pagans) address our missionary meetings to-day as they did then, nor do these meetings receive the benefit of their assistance. Is it not true that novelty is necessary to missionary success. Have we not seen this in many cases? From this standpoint who will say that the Japan Mission has not proved an immense benefit to the great missionary enterprise of the Church; yes, paid for itself many times over, and also increased general income? Missions to be successful must be aggressive; to stand still is not to maintain acquired ground. It is to go behind; to stand still is to stagnate. Thus it comes that now that a native ministry is being raised up in Japan, it would be well for the Church to see where new trophies are to be won, where new interest is to be awakened. Hence it is time that new fields should be undertaken, undertaken in strong faith and prosecuted with tireless energy.

There were meetings at this time peculiar to the Wesleyans which have been adopted by other Churches. Among these were watch-night services. The first watch-night service which I attended was that held in the old George Street Church on the last evening of 1842. So far as I am able to remember, the service began at 9.30 p.m. The service was in charge of the Rev. Dr. Richey; and it was upon this occasion I think that he preached from the text already referred to, 2nd Pet. iii. 10, 11, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned

up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" But whether it was upon that occasion or not, the appropriateness of the text for such an occasion will be readily perceived. I remember the sermon well as being one of great impressiveness. Short addresses were offered by several of the local preachers, these were varied by "seasons of prayer." About three minutes before midnight, Mr. Richey, in his devout way said, "We will spend the remaining moments of the old year upon our knees before God in silent prayer." Everything was new to me, the death-like stillness which reigned throughout the Church was descriptive of that solemnity which every one seemed to feel, standing as they were upon the very brink of the last moments of the old year, upon the threshold of the new. Then the overwhelming silence was broken by the deep, full, solemn voice of Mr. Richey, as he gave out the following lines:

"The arrow has flown, the moment is gone ;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near."

Then continuing, he said, "the congregation will join in singing:

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear."

Then came from the minister the words, "I wish you all a happy new year. Then followed kindly expressions of happiness, general hand-shaking, and the breaking up in the beginning of the new year.

While these watch-night services have been freely adopted by other Churches, they have lost somewhat in their power and influence among the Methodists, partly from the cause already referred to in connection with the missionary services—the novelty has gone, each church has now its watch-night service, and in the city and its vicinity there must be somewhere nearly thirty churches; but chiefly in my estimation from the want of that devotional character which ought to characterize so solemn a service. Many persons, chiefly young people, keep coming in throughout the entire service up to within a few minutes of its close, in some cases; it is to be feared, more to meet friends than for the purposes of devotion, and to the annoyance of those who really go to worship; while at the best the service is very poorly attended. It ought not to be so; it is but once a year, and surely upon such an occasion a congregation can turn out so as to fill the church and

find the occasion to be one of profit. If it were understood that after a certain time the doors would be closed, that would effectually put an end to that class of interruptions which arises from people coming and going throughout the entire service. I have been at many watch-night services, but not one has left the memories upon my mind which that one did.

Another service peculiar to the Wesleyans, but adopted in some measure by other Churches, is the Covenant service. The first Covenant service which I attended was on the first Sabbath of 1843. I don't know that I need describe this one, it differed but little from the present Covenant service held among the Methodists.

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### THE EASTER CROSS.

BY CARL SPENCER.

O CHRIST, whose cross began to bloom  
With peaceful lilies, long ago,  
Each year above Thy empty tomb  
More thick the Easter garlands glow.  
O'er all the wounds of that sad strife,  
Bright wreaths, the new immortal life.  
  
The hands that once the cross upraised  
All power in heaven and earth doth fill;  
Of men desired, of angels praised,  
Why sits He silent, waiting still?  
Alas! in many a heart of pain  
The Christ is crucified again.  
  
Low lies the world He died to save,  
And feels not yet her Easter morn';  
Still holds the victory of the grave  
O'er all His brethren younger-born.  
His soul yet travails at their side,  
Its long desire unsatisfied.  
  
Sad symbol of the deathly strain—  
In resurrection-light revealed  
The sign of hope that conquers pain,  
Of joys that sharpest sorrows yield—  
Hail, thou the first that bearest flowers!  
The burden, not the grace, is ours.  
  
And yet the cross is dropping balm;  
May we not come so near, at last,  
That all the grief shall shine with calm,  
And beauty hide the ashen past?  
Oh, that our stone were rolled away!  
Oh, that our cross could bloom to-day!

## ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

## IV.—A SINGING MASON.

“ASSIST me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.”  
*Love's Labour Lost*, i. 2.

“I framed to the harp  
 Many an *English ditty*, lovely well,  
 And give the tongue an helpful ornament.”  
*First Part Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

Shakespeare felt the stirrings of an afflatus, and wrote under its influence. With his Poet in *Timon of Athens* he might have said:

“Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
 From whence 'tis nourish'd : the fire i' the flint  
 Shews not till it be struck ; our gentle flame  
 Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
 Each bound it chafes.”

What this afflatus has produced is worthy of so divine a source. Like his own honey bees—

“The singing masons building roofs of gold”—

Shakespeare has framed an edifice of more than golden worth. His own Leonatus Posthumus is not more anxious about the quality of his work :

“A book? O rare one!  
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
 Nobler than it covers : let thy effects  
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
 As good as promise.”

We will touch, in this paper, upon two effects seen in the work of our “singing mason.”

Shakespeare, in his treatment of historical characters, has lent new interest to history. He has read into history a meaning and an utility that reach their highest point in his tragedies. History with him is an epic. Into an event, or series of events, he puts a window through which the world can peep in upon the hidden workings of mind and motive, enabling one to mark the development of personal character and national life.

His historical dramas, strictly so called, are a school in which

he puts himself in training for the delineation of human character as found in his mighty tragedies. His plays on the subjects of English history, "that national epic," as Lessing calls it, illustrate our point. See how, after trying his hand at tragedy in *Romeo and Juliet*, he puts himself through a six years' apprenticeship in dramas like *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, etc., in which he has to confine himself to literal facts and real character; then tentatively putting forth *Hamlet*; waiting again some years, until finally his genius culminates in that mightiest of all, *King Lear*. History, therefore, with Shakespeare is simply human thought and human passion at work in life and crystallizing in personal character. In this new light we read it now with a new interest, finding in it a meaning never so fully seen before.

But he has rendered a greater service still to the English tongue. His sweetest honey is laid up in this hive. When it is remembered that English is spoken by one hundred millions of people, occupying more than ten million square miles of the earth's surface, and that in a century hence it will probably be the language of eight hundred millions of the human family, with a fair prospect of superseding all other tongues, it will be realized how wide is the influence of our bard in this field. Now, next to the Bible, Shakespeare has done more than any other single cause to determine the structure, to secure the epigrammatic intensity, and to maintain the purity, strength, and flexibility of our mother-tongue. His sibylline leaves have caught the rarest essence of human thought, while his words are "the oracles of nature, and will forever breathe its spirit." Francis Meres, a contemporary, says of this "well of English undefiled": "As the Greek tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, . . . and the Latin tongue by Virgil, . . . so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by Shakespeare."

Shakespeare's vocabulary, which in wealth and range excels that of any other writer in our language, includes fifteen thousand words. Milton, for instance, is far inferior to him, having a vocabulary of but eight thousand words. Besides their large number, Shakespeare uses these fifteen thousand words with such skill and precision that he puts into the lips of Justice Shallow the common language of the masses, and into the mouths of kings and scholars language suitable to their rank and education. If he could boast of but "small Latin and less Greek," as Ben Jonson says, he is certainly master of his mother-tongue. And, to-day, if one would command a full and easy flow of good English he must give his days and nights to a study of Shakespeare. A remark-

able instance of this is the case of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who, when in his prime, was one of the most eloquent men that ever lived. During one of his imprisonments Kossuth mastered the English language, chiefly from the pages of Shakespeare, in this way acquiring a command of our noble, mellifluous tongue, not as it is spoken on the street, nor yet in the drawing-room, but as it is found treasured up in its purest form. Of Shakespeare's English it may be said, as Mortimer says of Lady Mortimer's Welsh:

“ Thy tongue  
Makes *English* as sweet as ditties highly penned,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division to her lute.”

One of his “helpful ornaments” is

A POWER OF STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

“ Here let us breathe, and happily institute,  
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.”

Not to do more than mention such historical allusions as “the studious universities,” “the solemn curfew,” “the bed of Ware,” and specially “Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—‘I came, saw and overcame,’” which scintillate in Shakespeare's pages like sparks struck from a flint; there are certain familiar and homely facts that are woven like threads into his lines, lending strength as well as light to his teaching. We have put a few examples in italics:

“ A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail nor mast; *the very rats*  
*Instinctively had quit it.*”

“ He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, *as-a sailor breaks a biscuit.*”

“ Do as adversaries do in law,—  
*Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.*”

“ Now, as fond fathers  
Having bound up *the threatening twigs of birch,*  
Only to stick it in their children's sight,  
For terror, not for use; in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd.”

“ We must not make a *scare-crow* of the law,  
*Setting it up to fear the birds of prey.*”

From these homely instances his illustrative faculty takes a decided leap into a higher realm, where he says:

“A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
*In that vast tennis-court*, hath made the ball  
 For them to play upon, entreats you pity him.”

But it touches high-water mark in such as this:

“Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud  
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.”

A part of Shakespeare's charm lies in

#### HIS WEALTH OF SIMILE.

“I spake but by a metaphor.”

This wonderful power of likening one thing to another, so as to light it up and beautify it at the same time, is the aureole of his genius—

“Like the wreath of radiant fire  
 On flickering Phoebus' front.”

Here is a perfect coruscation of these rays: “Like Niobe, all tears,” “Trifles light as air.” “Dry as the remainder biscuit.” “The world's mine oyster which I will open.” “Flattery is the bellows blows up sin.” “Our cake's dough on both sides.” “Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.” “I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.” “They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.”

“How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

“My salad days when I was green in judgment:—cold in blood.” “Like the time of year between the extreme of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.” “Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by-and-by it will strike.” “This woman's an easy glove: she goes off and on at pleasure.” But perhaps the gem of all Shakespearean similes is the following: “A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit—how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!”

Our singing mason has frescoed the golden roof of our language with the most

#### SKILFUL PHRASES.

“Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable.”

His pen is a painter's brush, and adjectives to him are colours mixed into a thousand different shades of the most delicate distinctions. How felicitous are the following: “Sugared words.” “Winged haste.” “Melting charity.” “Sweating labour.” “Dull-eyed melancholy.” “Dissentious jealousy.” “A towering passion.”



"Golden opinions." "Even-handed justice." "A bright, particular star." And "last, though not least," Othello's pathetic valedictory :

"O now, forever  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war ?"

Akin to his adjective-phrases are his substantive-phrases, which are still more rich in rhetorical colouring: "The seeds of time." "The crack of doom." "The pink of courtesy." "The very ice of chastity." "The milk of human kindness." "The leer of invitation." "The rose of youth." "The sweat of industry." "The very soul of bounty." "The napless vesture of humility." "A sea of melting pearl which some call tears." "Reverence—that angel of the world." "Memory—the wonder of the brain." "Downy sleep—death's counterfeit."

His wealth of descriptive epithet is shown where he characterizes speech as "the glib and oily art;" a divine favour as "the bounty and the benison of heaven:" a dream as "a bolt of nothing shot at nothing;" a bracelet as "a manacle of love;" and a crown as "the glorious gold," "the round and top of sovereignty," "the inclusive verge of golden metal;" "a glistering grief—a golden sorrow," and "O polished perturbation! golden care!"

To these may be added verbal-phrases: "You lean to the nayward" and that more familiar one, "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

Few really know how much Shakespeare has enriched our common speech with

#### PROVERBIAL EPITHETS.

"Familiar as household words."

Who is it that has coined ingots of golden English into such current phrases as "A fool's paradise;" "The wild-goose chase;" "A foregone conclusion;" "A dog at a catch;" "A trick worth two of that;" "Sundry weighty reasons;" "In the giving hand;" and "From the top to toe?" It is Shakespeare. Who is it that has told us of those who "bandy words;" who "dance attendance;" who "mince this matter;" and who "set the table on a roar?" It is Shakespeare. "Helter-skelter;" "All six and seven;" "Neither here nor there;" "The short and long of it;" "Fast and loose;"

"Worth the whistle;" "Hit or miss;" "Sink or swim;" "A word and a blow;" "Forget and forgive;" "True as steel;" "Merry as the day is long," are all Shakespeare. So are "Poor, but honest;" "More sinned against than sinning;" "More knave than fool," and "Hoist with his own petard." What are looked upon as modern phrases newly coined are really as old as Shakespeare; such as Horace Greely's "Westward ho!" Matthew Arnold's "Men of leading;" Gladstone's "Bag and baggage," and Lord Beaconsfield's famous "Peace with honour." Do I say "My reputation is at stake;" "Thy wish was father to the thought;" "I would applaud thee to the echo;" "I'll not budge an inch;" "I am nothing if not critical;" "I bear a charmed life;" "I have them at my fingers' ends;" "I will try conclusions with him;" "I'll make assurance doubly sure;" "We must speak by the card;" "Throw physic to the dogs," and "Lay on, Macduff!" All the while I am quoting Shakespeare. Whether these expressions are original with him or not is not here affirmed. Possibly he may have caught them up from the speech of the common people, or in the pot-houses of the metropolis. In any case we are indebted to him for preserving them in his pages and enshrining them in forms that give them permanence.

But a higher service still rendered to our tongue by this singing mason is that he has filled its comb with richest honey drops of

#### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

"Have at you with a proverb."

Shakespeare's proverbs are not "old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh in the ale-house;" but as he says, "I do come with words as medicinal as true, honest as either." And he might truly add:

"I pitied thee,  
 . . . . . taught thee each hour,  
 One thing or other."

That much of his proverbial philosophy is borrowed, is evident upon its face:

"Fast bind, fast find;  
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

"All that glisters is not gold,  
 Often have you heard that told."

"The ancient saying is no heresy:—  
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny."

"The saying is true—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

“The ancient proverb will be well effected—  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.”

“The adage must be verified—  
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.”

But Shakespeare's own are fully equal to any to which he gives currency. Minted in his own mind, they bear the impress of his genius. What could surpass the following, either in form or in intrinsic worth?

“Pitchers have ears.” “Every why hath a wherefore.” “A good heart's worth gold.” “Wake not a sleeping wolf.” “All hoods make not monks.” “Omittance is not quittance.” “If it be confessed it is not redressed.” “Time must friend or end.” “Sad hours seem long.” “The raven chides blackness.” “Blunt wedges rive hard knots.” “He that will have a cake out of the wheat must tarry the grinding.” “Wishers were ever fools.” “Jesters do oft prove prophets.” “The learned pate ducks to the golden fool.” “Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.” “Great floods have flown from simple sources.” “Care is no cure for things that are not to be remedied.” “Fat paunches have lean pates.” “Loving goes by leaps.” “Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.” “Much rain wears the marble.” “Unquiet meals make ill digestion.” “There's small choice in rotten apples.” “Smooth runs the water when the brook is deep.” “Truth is truth to the end of the reckoning.”

In this way our bard's lips, like those of another, “drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under his tongue.”

“Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?”

Let him answer:

“In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.”

One begins to understand now why Dryden says he was contented when sitting under the statue of Shakespeare. To be near so wise a mind is to feel the cold marble of his memory wax warm with life, like Hermione coming down from her pedestal in *Winter's Tale*, and as we take him to the embrace of our affections we say:

“O he's warm!  
If this be magic, let it be an art  
Lawful as eating.”

## THE UNDERGROUND CITY.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.

## I.

ROBERT HADDOW, in a recent current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, writing on the miners of Scotland, says, "Neither the collier nor his surroundings are pleasant objects to study, but they are nevertheless well worth the studying. The man himself is a strangely complex being, and the condition under which he drags out a seemingly dreary and depressed existence are equally hard to understand; and when we really get at the heart and pith of both, we are surprised to find how very different things are to what they seem."

We would add that the miner is really far above all necessity for excessive sympathy, while preserved from the calamities incident, but by no means common, to his vocation; that mining life has much to interest, and, in fact astonish, the student of human conditions. So far from having a depressing effect on the mind of the workman, we are of the opinion, after lengthened observation, that mining is rather conducive to health; that it quickens the imagination, and develops singular independence of character. Methodists do not require further evidence of this than their own very graphic history. From the first, John Wesley and his brother Charles, found sympathetic and heroic co-workers among the miners of England. The samples of ministers, local preachers and class-leaders furnished from mining districts during the past hundred years are surely good proof of what I have asserted.

There is, next to life on the ocean, a fascination about mining occupations altogether beyond any feelings this writer has experienced for the ordinary pursuits of mankind. This may be explained as we pass on. Our wonder is that so few have yielded to this fascination so far as to write on the subject. This is an opening for novelists particularly, which will surely be well occupied in the near future, as certain signs already indicate. That more serious writers have not woven the lights and shadows of this weird existence into the warp and woof of poetry and romance, is passing strange. The ancients, though evidently deprived of much that makes the occupation interesting in our day, were profoundly impressed with its most wonderful features. Take, for instance, the bold and the sublime poem of the man of

Uz, in the Bible. Fortunately the new version has beautifully brought out much that was meaningless to the mere English reader in the twenty-eighth chapter of that superb book.

As the miners' chapter in Job now reads, we have some forcible descriptions. For instance:

"Surely there is a mine for silver and a place for gold which they refine. Iron is taken out of the earth and brass is molten out of the stone." It may have been thousands of years after the writer that coal was discovered, and turned into an article of commerce, yet there is, common to all mining, much that is strikingly beautiful and true to facts in the chapter. We emphasize:

"Man setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out to the furthest bound the stores of thick darkness and the shadow of death. He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; they are forgotten of the foot that passeth by." During a pastoral round this writer called one day at the house of a miner. The wife sat for a time in a state of abstraction, which was explained to us by a reference to dull explosions far underground. She was listening to her husband and sons, perhaps 1,500 feet beneath her in the earth, "firing their blasts," as she said, to loosen the coal for excavation. "They are forgotten of the foot that passeth by!"

"They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro." That picture, taken 3,000 years ago, is true still.

"As for the earth, out of it cometh bread." Fifty thousand dollars per month are paid to the workmen of one mine in Nova Scotia.

"And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire. Man putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots." There is the very sublimity of poetry; but it is all true to every-day facts.

Here is a touch of the scientific, too, of the most "advanced" sort:

"He cutteth out channels among the rocks, and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the streams that they trickle not." The mining engineer has not improved much upon that display of ingenuity and art.

We are also indebted to the revisers of the New Testament for some charming touches on the picture of John in the Revelation. If we accept the opinion, sustained by evidence, that the seer was engaged in a silver mine in Patmos, as a prisoner, if not a slave, for his principles, what new beauty is seen in these expressions:

"And they shall see His face." In a darkness that may be felt, one hears voices in the mine which are often the only means of

judging as to who is one's next neighbour. A face is only seen by closest inspection.

"And there shall be night no more, and they need no lamp, neither light of the sun." This is all very suggestive to one who has begun, but has not become familiar with, mining existence. Sepulchral voices, shadowy forms, groping by dim artificial light, are to give place by-and-by to a blaze brighter than sunshine. The awful conjurations of the bewildered fancy, as the deep, dark caverns of the mine call up armies marching to battle, to be followed by the roar of cannon, the rattle of muskets, the volumes of smoke, the fall of the wounded, the groans of the dying—these gruesome illusions are to be scattered by translation to a glorious residence, whose light shall surpass the sheen of an eastern noon-day!

The "voices of many waters," the terrible "thunderings," of the vision of John, may have been images borrowed from mining life. He translated them into a higher language and clothed them with eternal meaning. The vision takes its last brightest idea from conditions always terrible to a mining population:

"And death shall be no more. He shall wipe every tear from their eyes; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more; the first things are passed away." From the excited clusters of women and children, following a stretcher on which lies a mangled sufferer being carried to his home to linger or to die—the victim of the blast, or the descending crash of rock and coal—from such a scene as this to heaven! There is the contrast!

Occasionally a reader finds among the poets a figure drawn from mining conditions; but they are solitary allusions, left like gems among clusters of a very different kind. Our hymn-book has adopted the poem of which Cowper sings—

" Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,"

which can only be well understood by a look at some geological museum, and lingering over the most exquisite specimens of fern and other delicacies of Nature brought from carboniferous depths, with a little reflection upon God's tender care in "treasuring" them as a lady treasures her jewels by hiding them tenderly away for future display.

While on this part of my subject let me refer to a discovery made by a foreman in one of our mines, whose intelligence is really far beyond that of ordinary workmen or overseers. He describes a succession of tracks found on the rock bed which

incases the coal, some sixteen in number, which were not reptilian, but actually the fair footprints of a dog! He is a competent judge, too, having looked well into the subject of geological strata and specimens. It would be joyous to tell our readers that the stone-bed had been dug out and was on exhibition for itself; but, sad to say, our foreman was caught in an accident, and before his recovery the footprints were buried deep in shale and fallen rock. Homer knew the dog, as did Moses; and the Egyptian hieroglyphics are full of the well-known canine figure. Were the evidences I have quoted preserved, they might give some colouring to the fiction of the philosopher who paints a dog paradise, with highly cultivated tastes and wise brains on the part of the animal, while yet man was subsisting on nuts, gathered by aid of sharp claws and a long tail. In other words—Dog-days preceded the reign of Man!

An interesting chapter might be written on the social history of mining life. How much sorrow and misery were entailed on generations of miners—men, women and children—by the stern conditions of toil, when the only light was a succession of sparks struck from flint and steel; when coal was hauled over a rough surface by sleds, as our fuel is drawn from the forest in the winter; when women were slaves and boys and girls at a very tender age were doomed to lawless imposition. A stray tradition or song among the miners helps to throw light on the dark ages. The pious benediction by a bard upon the inventor of an iron surface on which to drag the loaded coal sleds:

“ God bless the man with peace and plenty  
Who first invented iron plates;  
Increase his years to five times twenty,  
Then slide him through the heavenly gates.”

The oppression of the employer bids fair to turn into the oppression of the employed on the continent to-day; and our sympathy is more called out for the commerce that is blighted by strikes than the miners who are injured by overburdening. When 60,000 workmen, at the lifting up of a master's hand, walk out of the mine, step down from the locomotive, turn away from the railway switch; when banks are broken, merchants close their shutters, and the chief business of a State is brought to a standstill at a blow, our commiseration naturally turns into a new channel.

Are miners, then, so open to inflammatory appeal as to be dangerous citizens? Are they, compared with the other classes, drunken, vicious, degraded? So far as Nova Scotia is concerned,

we need only say that in one town is a population of 7,000, chiefly miners, having, for the administration of justice, one stipendiary magistrate, a fledgling lawyer, and a jail twelve feet by ten; while five large churches are usually crowded every Sunday. This is not the material that upheaves society and strangles commerce.

It may be worth the study of modern cosmetic venders, as to the secret of the fair skin and absolute freedom from freckles so notably peculiar to miners. Veterans of the Plutonic order will aver that any lady may have an unrivalled complexion by spending eight hours out of every twenty-four in the darkness and dampness of a coal-mine, and carrying the grimy powder to her ablutions. It is a serious price to pay; but it may be preferable to the perpetual application of ingredients which ultimately leave the beauty only a shrivelled skin and a hopeless blood-poisoning.

Accidents? Yes, there are such! Mark Twain was right, however, in his estimate of extraordinary calamities as compared with affliction and death from natural causes. He found that there is more risk in going to bed than taking a railway trip, from the fact that a larger proportion of the race die in the former than the latter way, as compared with aggregate numbers. So the escapes of a coal-mine are more remarkable than the accidents. Here are a few:

Two men are standing at the bottom of a "slope," down which a car is descending attached to a wire rope. Near the surface the rope breaks, there is a roar of the car going down a thousand feet at an angle of thirty degrees. The men have but time to leap on a bench of coal, when their lights are extinguished and a crash buries them in piles of shattered timber and stones. One of the men rubs himself and finds he is uninjured; the other is carried home for dead, but to the amazement of the carriers revives and insists on walking the remainder of the journey. The pit was idle, looking for nothing short of one or two fearful deaths. Yet there was not a bone broken!

Twenty-five men volunteered a few months ago to go down into the "Cage Pit" at Stellarton, and save the property of the company, by building a wall between one pit that was on fire and another that was threatened. It was a danger worse than facing loaded cannons. They had almost succeeded in their object when they were called off by ominous signs. They reached the surface only in time to see the pit vomiting stones and sheets of fire. People around the pit's mouth were so much in danger that a flying brick struck one of the horses and killed him as if it had been a bullet. They went back yet again; drove all the



horses to the surface, then left the pit to its fate! Why are Queen's medals reserved for men who brave death on the battle-field?

Perhaps the most singular escape that has come to our knowledge was that of a young man who recently returned from Colorado. He was descending a perpendicular shaft, his feet resting on the rim of a large tub and the hoisting-rope in his hands, when a projecting spike caught under his guernsey jacket, lifting him clear of the tub and suspending him to the side of the shaft, two hundred feet from the bottom. In such moments the mind is very active. "The tub," he reflected, "must go to the bottom, and will not be hoisted back without my signal." When it reached its destination, the loose rope began to sway from side to side. He caught it, raised himself away from the spike, and went down "hand over hand" to solid ground. His physical demoralization may be imagined!

There are peculiar phenomena of mining operations jotted in my note-book, which I must reserve for another article.

### ANGELS, HOW DO YOU KEEP EASTER?

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

ANGELS, how do you keep Easter  
 'Mid your bright and happy throng?  
 Is it in adoring worship,  
 And the rapturous New Song?  
 If so, let our praise not falter  
 Ere it reach the risen Lord;  
 But, oh! blend its human minor  
 With your own triumphant chord.

Holy angels, are you silent  
 While the "spirits justified,"  
 And the "multitude unnumbered"  
 Cry, "Behold the Lamb who died!"  
 Cry, "All Hail!" and "Hallelujah!"  
 "Christ the Lord for sinners slain!"?  
 Are you silent, full of rapture,  
 Listening to earth's glad refrain—  
 "Christ the Lord for sinners slain!"?

Nay, we know not; but we shall know,  
 When *Life's Passion Days* are o'er;  
 And we see our Easter dawning  
 Break on the eternal shore.  
 Fair and sweet earth's happy Easters,  
 Full of hope we could not miss;  
 But the heavenly Easters coming!  
 Oh! their wonder and their bliss!

## DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

BY SAXE HOLM.

## III.

As the spring drew near, a new anxiety began to press upon Draxy. Reuben drooped. The sea-shore had never suited him. He pined at heart for the inland air, the green fields, the fragrant woods. This yearning always was strongest in the spring, when he saw the earth waking up around him; but now the yearning became more than yearning. It was the home-sickness of which men have died. Reuben said little, but Draxy divined all. She had known it from the first, but had tried to hope that he could conquer it.

Draxy spent many wakeful hours at night now. The deed of the New Hampshire land lay in her upper bureau drawer, wrapped in an old handkerchief. She read it over, and over, and over. She looked again and again at the faded pink township on the old atlas. "Who knows," thought she, "but that land was overlooked and forgotten? It is so near the 'ungranted lands,' which must be wilderness, I suppose!" Slowly a dim purpose struggled in Draxy's brain. It would do no harm to find out. But how? No more journeys must be taken on uncertainties. At last, late one night, the inspiration came. Who shall say that it is not an unseen power which sometimes suggests to sorely tried human hearts the one possible escape? Draxy was in bed. She rose, lighted her candle, and wrote two letters. Then she went back to bed and slept peacefully. In the morning when she kissed her father good-bye, she looked wistfully in his face. She had never kept any secret from him before, except the secret of her verses. "But he must not be disappointed again," said Draxy: "and there is no real hope."

She dropped her letter into the post-office and went to her work.

The letter was addressed—

"To the Postmaster of Clairvend.

"New Hampshire."

It was a very short letter.

"DEAR SIR,—I wish to ask some help from a minister in your town. If there is more than one minister, will you please give my letter to the kindest one.

"Yours truly,

"DRAXY MILLER."

The letter inclosed was addressed—

"To the Minister of Clairvend."

This letter also was short.

"DEAR SIR,—I have asked the Postmaster to give this letter to the kindest minister in the town.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. My father is very poor. He has not

known how to do as other men do to be rich. He is very good, sir. I think you can hardly have known any one so good. Mr. Stephen Potter, a man who owed him money, has given us a deed of land in your town. My father thinks the deed is not good for anything. But I thought perhaps it might be; and I would try to find out. My father is very sick, but I think he would get well if he could come and live on a farm. I have written this letter in the night, as soon as I thought about you; I mean as soon as I thought that there must be a minister in Clairvend, and he would be willing to help me.

"I have not told my father, because I do not want him to be disappointed again, as he was about the deed.

"I have copied for you the part of the deed which tells where the land is; and I put in a stamp to pay for your letter to me, and if you will find out for us if we can get this land. I shall be grateful to you all my life.

"*DRAXY MILLER.*"

Inclosed was a slip of paper on which Draxy had copied with great care the description of the boundaries of the land conveyed by the deed. It was all that was necessary. The wisest lawyer, the shrewdest diplomatist in the land never put forth a subtler weapon than this simple girl's simple letter.

It was on the morning of the 3rd of April that Draxy dropped her letter in the office. Three days later it was taken out of the mail-bag in the post-office of Clairvend. The post-office was in the one store of the village. Ten or a dozen men were lounging about the store, as usual, smoking and talking in the inert way peculiar to rural New England. An old window had been set up on one end of the counter, and a latticed gate shut off that corner of the space behind to make the post-office.

Now and then one of the men flattened his face against the dusty panes and peered through; but there was small interest in the little mail; nobody expected letters in Clairvend, and generally nobody got them. In a few moments the sorting was all over, but as the postmaster took up the last letter he uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "Well, that's queer," said he, as he proceeded to open it.

"What is it, John?" said two or three of the bystanders at once.

Mr. Turner did not answer; he was turning the letter over and over, and holding it closer to the smoky kerosene lamp.

"Well, that's queer enough, I vow. I'd like to know if that's a girl or a boy?" he went on.

"Jest you read that letter loud," called some one, "if it ain't no secret."

"Well, I reckon there is a secret; but it's inside the inside letter," said the postmaster; "there ain't no great secret in mine," and then he read aloud Draxy's simple words to the postmaster of Clairvend.

The men gathered up closer to the counter and looked over.

"It's a gal's writing," said one; "but that ain't no gal's name."

"Wal, 'd ye ever hear of it's bein' a boy's name nuther?" said a boy, pressing forward. But the curiosity about the odd name was soon swallowed up in curiosity as to the contents of the letter.

The men of Clairvend had not been so stirred and roused by anything since the fall election. Luckily for Draxy's poor little letter, there was but one minister in the village, and the only strife which rose was as to who should carry him the letter. Finally, two of the most persistent set out with it, both declaring that they had business on that road, and had meant all along to go in and see the Elder on their way home."

Elder Kinney lived in a small cottage high up on a hill, a mile from the post-office, and on a road very little travelled. As the men toiled up this hill, they saw a tall figure coming rapidly towards them.

"By thunder! there's the Elder now! That's too bad," said little Eben Hill, the greatest gossip in the town.

"Elder! Elder! here's a letter we was a bringin' up to you!" called out both of the men, as he passed them hurriedly.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, taking it hastily and dropping it into his pocket. "Mrs. Williams is dying, they say; I cannot stop a minute," and he was out of sight while the baffled parishioners stood confounded at their ill-luck.

"Now jest as like's not we shan't never know what was in that letter," said Eben Hill, disconsolately. "Ef we'd ha' gone in and sat down while he read it, we sh'd ha' had some chance."

"But then he mighn't ha' read it while we was there," replied Joseph Bailey, resignedly; an' I expect it ain't none o' our business anyhow, one way or t'other."

"It's the queerest thing's ever happened in this town," persisted Eben; "what's a girl—that is, if 'tis a girl—got to do writin' to a minister she don't know? I don't believe it's any good she's after."

"Wal, ef she is, she's come to the right place; and there's no knowin' but that the Lord's guided her Eben; for ef ever there was a man sent on this airth to do the Lord's odd jobs o' looking arter folks, it's Elder Kinney," said Joseph.

"That's so," answered Eben, in a dismal tone, "that so; but he's dreadful close-mouthed when he's a mind to be. You can't deny that!"

"Wal, I dunno's I want ter deny it," said Joseph, who was beginning, in Eben's company, to grow ashamed of curiosity; "I dunno's it's anything agin him," and so the men parted.

It was late at night when Elder Kinney went home from the bedside of the dying woman. He had forgotten all about the letter. When he undressed, it fell from his pocket, and lay on the floor. It was the first thing he saw in the morning. "I declare!" said the Elder, and reaching out a long arm from the bed, he picked it up.

The bright winter sun was streaming in on the Elder's face as he read Draxy's letter. He let it fall on the scarlet and white counterpane, and lay thinking. The letter touched him unspeakably. Elder Kinney was no common man; he had a sensitive organization and a magnetic power which, if he had had the

advantages of education and position, would have made him a distinguished preacher. As a man, he was tender, chivalrous, and impulsive; and even the rough, cold, undemonstrative people among whom his life had been spent had, without suspecting it, almost a romantic affection for him. He had buried his young wife and her first-born child together in this little village twelve years before, and had ever since lived in the same house from which they had been carried to the graveyard. "If you ever want any other man to preach to you," he said to the people, "you've only to say so to the Conference. I don't want to preach one sermon too many to you. But I shall live and die in this house; I can't ever go away. I can get a good livin' at farmin'—good as preachin', any day!"

The sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," went to his heart as it had gone to every man's heart who had heard it before from Draxy's unconscious lips. But it sunk deeper in his heart than in any other.

"If baby had lived she would have loved me like this, perhaps," thought the Elder, as he read the pathetic words over and over. Then he studied the paragraph copied from the deed. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind. He knew something about this land. It must be—yes, it must be on a part of this land that the sugar-camp lay from which he had been sent for, five years before, to see a Frenchman who was lying very ill in the little log sugar-house. The Elder racked his brains. Slowly it all came back to him. He remembered that at the time some ill-will had been shown in the town toward this Frenchman; that doubts had been expressed about his right to the land; and that no one would go out into the clearing to help take care of him. Occasionally, since that time, the Elder had seen the man hanging about the town. He had an evil look; this was all the Elder could remember.

At breakfast he said to old Nancy, his housekeeper: "Nancy, did you ever know anything about that Frenchman who had a sugar-camp out back of the swamp road? I went to see him when he had the fever a few years ago."

Nancy was an Indian woman with a little white blood in her veins. She never forgot an injury. This Frenchman had once jeered at her from the steps of the village store, and the village men had laughed.

"Know anythin' about him? Yes, sir. He's a son o' Satan, an' I reckon he stays to hum the great part o' the year, for he's never seen round here except jest sugarin'-time."

The Elder laughed in spite of himself. She went on to say that the Frenchman came every spring, bringing with a gang of men, some twelve or more, "all sons o' the same father, sir; you'd know 'em's far's you see 'em." They took a large stock of provisions, went out into the maple clearing, and lived there during the whole sugar season in rough log huts. "They do say he's jest carried off a good thousand dollar's worth o' sugar this very week," said Nancy.

The Elder brought his hand down hard on the table and said "Whew!" This was Elder Kinney's one ejaculation. Nancy seldom heard it, and she knew it meant tremendous excitement. She grew eager, and lingered, hoping for further questions; but the Elder wanted his next information from a more accurate and trustworthy source than old Nancy. Immediately after breakfast he set out for the village; soon he slackened his pace, and began to reflect. It was necessary to act cautiously; he felt instinctively sure that the Frenchman had not purchased the land. His occupation of it had evidently been acquiesced in by the town for many years; but the Elder was too well aware of the slack and unbusiness-like way in which much of the town business was managed, to attach much weight to this fact. He was perplexed. He stopped and sat down on the top of a stone wall to think. In a few minutes he saw the steaming heads of a pair of oxen coming up the hill. Slowly the cart came in sight: it was loaded with sugar-buckets; and there walking by its side, was—yes! it was—the very Frenchman himself.

"This begins to look like the Lord's own business," was the first impulsive thought of the Elder's devout heart. "There's plainly something to be done. That little Draxy's father shall get some o' the next year's sugar out o' that camp, or my name isn't Seth Kinney;" and the Elder sprang from the wall and walked briskly toward the Frenchman. As he drew near him, and saw the forbidding look on the fellow's face, he suddenly abandoned his first intention, which was to speak to him, and, merely bowing, passed on down the hill.

"He's a villain, if I know the look of one," said the honest Elder. "I'll think a little longer. I wonder, where he stores his buckets. Now, there's a chance," and Elder Kinney turned about and followed the plodding cart up the hill again. It was a long pull and a tedious one. At last the cart turned into a lane on the right-hand side of the road.

"Why, he's goin' to old Ike's," exclaimed the Elder. "Well, I can get at all old Ike knows, and it's pretty apt to be all there is worth knowin'," and Elder Kinney began, in his satisfaction, to whistle

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,"

in notes as clear and loud as a bob-o'-link's.

He walked on rapidly, and was very near overtaking the Frenchman, when a new thought struck him. "Now, if he's uneasy about himself—and if he knows he ain't honest, of course he's uneasy—he'll may be think I'm on his track, and be off to his 'hum,' as Nancy calls it, an' I shouldn't have any chance of ketchin' him here for another year." The Elder stood still again. Presently he jumped a fence, and walking off to the left, climbed a hill, from the top of which he could see old Ike's house. Here, in the edge of a spruce grove, he walked back and forth, watching the proceedings below. "Seems little too much like bein' a spy,"

thought the good man, "but I never felt a clearer call in a thing in my life than I do in this little girl's letter," and he fell to singing

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

till the crows in the wood were frightened by the strange sound, and came flying out and flapping their great wings above his head.

The Frenchman drove into old Ike's yard. Ike came out of the house and helped him unload the buckets, and carry them into an old corn-house which stood behind the barn. As soon as the Frenchman had turned his oxen's head down the lane, the Elder set out for the house, across the fields. Old Ike was standing in the barn-door. When he saw the tall figure striding through the pasture, he ran to let down the bars, and hurried up to the Elder and grasped both his hands. Not in all Elder Kinney's parish was there a single heart which beat so warmly for him as did the heart of this poor, lonely old man, who had lived by himself in this solitary valley ever since the Elder came to Clairvend.

"Oh, Elder, Elder," said he, "it does me real good to see your face. Be ye well, sir?" looking closely at him.

"Yes, Ike, thank you, I'm always well," replied the Elder, absently. He was too absorbed in his errand to have precisely his usual manner, and it was the slight change which Ike's affectionate instinct felt. But Ike saved him all perplexity as to introducing the object of his visit by saying at once, picking up one of the sugar-buckets which had rolled off to one side, "I'm jest pilin' up Ganew's sugar-buckets for him. He pays me well for storin' 'em, but I kind o' hate to have anythin' to do with him. Don't you remember him, sir—him that was so awful bad with the fever down the clearin' five years ago this month? You was down to see him, I know."

"Yes, yes, I remember," said the Elder, with a manner so nonchalant that he was frightened at his own diplomacy. "He was a bad fellow, I thought."

Ike went on: "Wall, that's everybody's feeling about him: and there ain't no great thing to show for 't nuther. But they did say a while back that he hadn't no reel right to the land. He turned up all of a sudden, and paid up all there was owin' on the taxes, an' he's paid 'em regular ever sence. But he hain't never showed how the notes come to be signed by some other name. Yes, sir, the hull lot—it's nigh on ter three hundred acres, such's 'tis; a good part on't s' swamp though, that ain't wuth a copper—the hull lot went to a man down in York State, when the Iron Company bust up here, and for two or three year the chap he jest sent up his note for the taxes, and they've a drefful shiftless way o' lettin' things go in this ere town, 's you know, sir; there want nobody that knowed what a sugar orchard was a lyin' in there, or there'd been plenty to grab for it; but I don't s'pose there's three men in the town'd ever been over back o' Birch Hill till this Ganew he

come and cut a road in, and had his sugar camp agoin' one spring, afore anybody knew what he was arter. But he's paid all up reg'lar, and well he may, sez everybody, for he can't get his sugar off. sly's he is, w'thout folks gettin' some kind o' notion about it, an' they say's he's cleared thousands an' thousands o' dollars. I expect they hain't overshot the mark nuther, for he's got six hundred new buckets this spring, and Bill Sims, he's been in with 'em the last two years, 'n he says there hain't no sugar orchard to compare, except Squire White's over in Mill Creek, and he's often taken in three thousand pounds off his'n."

Ike sighed as he paused, breathless. "It's jest my luck, allers knockin' about 'n them woods 's I am, not to have struck trail on that air orchard. I could ha' bought it's well 's not in the fust on't, if it had been put up to vendue, 's 't oughter ben, an' nobody knowin' what 'twas wuth."

Elder Kinney was almost overcome by this unhopd-for corroboration of his instincts; clearing up of his difficulties. His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears as he replied:—

"Well, Ike, the longest lane has a turnin'. It's my belief that God doesn't often let dishonest people prosper very long. We shall see what becomes of Ganew. Where does he live? I'd like to see him."

"Well, he don't live nowhere, 's near's anybody can find out. He's in the camp with the gang about six weeks, sometimes eight; they say's it's a kind of settlement down there, an' then he's off again till sugarin' comes round; but he's dreadful sharp and partikler about the taxes, I tell you, an' he's given a good deal, too, fust and last, to the town. Folks say he wants to make 'em satisfied to let him alone. He's coming up here again to-morrow with two more loads of buckets, sir: if 'twouldn't be too much trouble for you to come here agin so soon," added poor Ike, grasping at the chance of seeing the Elder again.

"Well, I think perhaps I'll come," replied the Elder, ashamed again of the readiness with which he found himself taking to tortuous methods, "if I'm not too busy. What time will he be here?"

"About this same time," said Ike. "He don't waste no time, mornin' nor evenin'."

The Elder went away soon, leaving poor Ike half unhappy.

"He's got somethin' on his mind, thet's plain enough," thought the loving old soul. "I wonder now ef it's woman; I've allus thought the Elder war'nt no sort of man to live alone all his days."

"Dear, good little Draxy," thought the Elder, as he walked down the road. "How shall I ever tell the child of this good luck, and how shall I manage it all for the best for her?"

Draxy's interests were in good hands. Before night Elder Kinney had ascertained that there had never been any sale of this land since it was sold to "the New York chap," and that Ganew's occupation of it was illegal. After tea the Elder sat down and wrote two letters.



The first one was to Draxy, and ran as follows:

“MY DEAR CHILD:—

“I received your letter last night, and by the Lord’s help I have found out all about your father’s land to-day. But I shall write to your father about it, for you could not understand.

“I wish the Lord had seen fit to give me just such a daughter, as you are.

“Your friend,  
“SETH KINNEY.”

The letter to Reuben was very long, giving in substance the facts which have been told above, and concluding thus:—

“I feel a great call from the Lord to do all I can in this business, and I hope you won’t take it amiss if I make bold to decide what’s best to be done without consulting you. This fellow’s got to be dealt with pretty sharp; and I, being on the ground, can look after him better than you can. But I’ll guarantee that you’ll have possession of that land before many weeks.” He then asked Reuben to have an exact copy of the deed made out and forwarded to him; also any other papers which might throw light on the transfer of the property, sixteen years back. “Not that I calculate there’ll be any trouble,” he added; “we don’t deal much in lawyer’s tricks up here, but it’s just as well to be provided.”

The Elder went to the post-office before breakfast to post this letter. The address did not escape the eyes of the postmaster. Before noon Eben Hill knew that the Elder had written right off by the first mail to a “Miss Draxy Miller.”

Meantime the Elder was sitting in the doorway of old Ike’s barn waiting for the Frenchman; ten o’clock came, eleven, twelve—he did not appear.

The Elder’s uneasiness grew great, but he talked on and on till poor Ike was beside himself with delight. At last the distant creak of the wheels was heard. “There he is,” exclaimed Ike. “I’m thinking, sir, that it’s kind o’ providential dispensation thet’s hendered him all this time; it’s done me such a sight o’ good to hear you talk.”

The Elder smiled tenderly on poor old Ike.

“Everything is a dispensation, Ike, accordin’ to my way o’ thinkin’;” and again he thought involuntarily of “little Draxy.”

Ganew assented with a half-surly civility to Elder Kinney’s proposition to ride down with him.

“I’ve got a matter of business to talk over with you, Mr. Ganew,” said the Elder, “and I came up here on purpose to find you.”

The man turned his stolid black eyes full on the Elder, but made no reply. It was indeed an evil face. The Elder again thought involuntarily of “little Draxy,” and her touching “we are very poor.”

But when he spoke, he spoke gently and slowly.

“I have some news for you which will be very disagreeable, Mr. Ganew. Here the Frenchman started, with such a terrified, guilty, malignant look on his face, that the Elder said to himself:

"I believe the man knows he's in danger of his life. Stealin's the the least of his crimes, I'll venture."

He proceeded still more gently. "The owners of the land which you've been using as your own in this town, have written to inquire about it, and have put the business in my hands."

Ganew was silent for a moment. Then trying to speak in an indignant tone, he said,—

"Using as my own! I don't know what you mean, Mr. Parson. I have paid my taxes all regular, and I've got the title-deeds of the land, every acre of it. I can't help whoever's been writing to you about it; it's all my land."

But his face twitched with nervous excitement, and the fright and anger in his serpent-like black eyes were ugly to see.

"No, Mr. Ganew, it is not," said the Elder; "and you know it. Now you jest listen to me; I know the whole truth of the matter, an' all the time you spend fightin' off the truth'll be wasted, besides addin' lyin' to havin' been a thief. The owners of the land'll be here, I expect before long; but they've put it all in my hands, an' I can let you off if I choose."

"Let me off! What do you mean?" said Ganew.

"Why, you don't suppose there's goin' to be nothin' said about all the thousands o' dollars' wuth of sugar you've carried off here, do—"

The next thing Elder Kinney knew he was struggling up to his feet in the middle of the road; he was nearly blinded by blood trickling from a cut on his forehead, and only saw dimly that Ganew was aiming another blow at him with his heavy-handed ox-goad.

But the Frenchman had reckoned without his host. Elder Kinney, even half-stunned, was more than a match for him. In a very few minutes Ganew was lying in the bottom of his own ox-cart with his hands securely tied behind him with a bit of his own rope and the Elder was sitting calmly down on a big boulder, wiping his forehead and recovering his breath; it had been an ugly tussle, and the Elder was out of practice.

Presently he rose, walked up to the cart, and leaning both his arms on the wheel, looked down on his enemy.

The Frenchman's murderous little black eyes rolled wildly, but he did not struggle. He felt in the first instant that he was but an infant in the Elder's hands.

"Ye poor, miserable, cowardly French, ——— sinner ye," said the Elder, struggling for an epithet not unbecoming his cloth. "Did you think you was goin' to get me out o' yer way's easy's that, 's I dare say ye have better folks than me, before now!"

Ganew muttered something in a tongue the Elder did not understand, but the sound of it kindled his wrath anew.

"Well, call on your Master, if that's what you're doin', 's much's you like. He don't generally look out for anybody much who's so big a fool's you must be, to think you was goin' to leave

the minister o' this parish dead in a ditch within stone's throw o' houses and nobody find you out," and the Elder sat down again on the boulder. He felt very dizzy and faint; and the blood still trickled steadily from his forehead. Ganew's face at this moment was horrible. Rage at his own folly, hate of the Elder, and terror which was uncontrollable, all contended on his livid features.

At last he spoke. He begged abjectly to be set free. He offered to leave the town at once and never return if the Elder would only let him go.

"What, an' give up all your land ye've got such a fine clear title to?" said the Elder, sarcastically. "No; we'll give you a title there won't be no disputin' about to a good berth in Mill Greek jail for a spell!

At this the terror mastered every other emotion in the Frenchman's face. What secret reason he had for it all, no one could know but himself; what iniquitous schemes already waiting him in other places, what complications of dangers attendant on his identification and detention. He begged, he besought, in words so wildly imploring, so full of utter unconditional surrender, that there could be no question as to their sincerity. The Elder began, in spite of himself, to pity the wretch; he began also to ask whether after all it would not be the part of policy to let him go. After some minutes he said, "I can't say I put much confidence in ye yet, Mr Ganew; but I'm inclined to think it's the Lord's way o' smoothing things for some o' His children, to let you kind o' slink off," and somehow Elder Kinney fancied he heard little Draxy say, "Oh, sir, let the poor man go." There was something marvellous in his under-current of consciousness of "little Draxy."

He rose to his feet, picked up the heavy ox-goad, struck the near ox sharply on the side, and walking on a little ahead of the team, said: "I'll just take ye down a piece, Mr. Ganew, till we're in sight o' Jim Blair's, before I undo ye. I reckon the presence o' a few folks'll strengthen your good resolutions." "An' I mistrust I ain't quite equal to another handlin'," thought the Elder to himself, as he noted how the sunny road seemed to go up and down under his feet. He was really far more hurt than he knew.

When they were in sight of the house he stopped the oxen, and leaning again on the wheel, and looking down on Ganew, had one more talk with him, at the end of which he began cautiously to untie the rope. He held the ox-goad, however, firmly grasped in his right hand, and it was not without a little tremour that he loosed the last knots. "Suppose the desperate critter sh'd have a knife," thought the Elder.

He need not have feared. A more crestfallen, subdued, wretched being than Paul Ganew, as he crawled out of that cart, was never seen. He had his own secret terror, and it had conquered him. "It's more'n me he's afraid of," said the Elder to himself. "This is the Lord's doin', I reckon. Now, Mr. Ganew, if

you'll jest walk to the heads o' them oxen I'll thank ye," said he: "an' s' I feel some tired, I'll jump into the cart; an' I'll save ye carryin' the ox-goad," he added, as he climbed slowly in, still holding the murderous weapon in his hand. Nothing could extinguish Seth Kinney's sense of humour:

"If we meet any folks," he proceeded, "we've only to say that I've had a bad hurt, and that you're very kindly takin' me home."

Ganew walked like a man in a dream. He was nearly paralyzed with terror. They met no human being, and very few words passed between them. When the cart stopped at the Elder's door, Ganew stood still without turning his head. The Elder went up to him and said, with real kindness of tone,

"Mr. Ganew, I expect you can't believe it, but I don't bear ye the least ill-will."

A faint flicker of something like grateful surprise passed over the hard face, but no words came.

"I hope the Lord 'll bring ye to Himself yet," persisted the good man, "and forgive me for havin' had anything but pity for ye from the first on't. Ye won't forget to send me a writing for Bill Sims that the rest of the buckets in the camp belong to me?"

Ganew nodded silently and went on, and the Elder walked slowly into the house.

After dark, a package was left at the Elder's door. It contained the order on Bill Sims, and a letter. Some of the information in the letter proved useful in clearing up the mystery of Ganew's having known of this tract of land. He had been in Potter's employ, it seemed, and had had access to his papers. What else the letter told no one ever knew; but the Elder's face always had a horror-stricken look when the Frenchman's name was mentioned, and when people sometimes wondered if he would ever be seen again in Clairvend, the emphasis of the Elder's "Never! ye may rely on that! never!" had something solemn in it.

In less than forty-eight hours the whole village knew the story. "The sooner they know the whole on't the better, and the sooner they'll be through talkin'," said the Elder, and nobody could have accused him of being "close-mouthed" now. He even showed "the little gal's letter," as the townspeople called it, to anybody who asked to see it. It hurt him to do this, more than he could see reason for, but he felt a strong desire to have the village heart all ready to welcome "little Draxy" and her father when they should come. And the village heart was ready! Hardly a man, woman, or child but knew her name and rejoiced in her good fortune. "Don't yer remember my tellin' yer that night," said Josiah Bailey to Eben Hill, "that she'd come to the right place for help when she come to Elder Kinney?"

When Draxy took Elder Kinney's letter out of the post-office, her hands trembled. She walked rapidly away, and opened the letter as soon as she reached a quiet street. The Elder had not made it so clear as he thought he had, in his letter to the "child," which

way matters had gone. Draxy feared. Presently she thought, "He says 'your father's land.' That must mean that we shall have it." But still she had sad misgivings. She almost decided to read the inclosed letter which was unsealed; she could not have her father disappointed again; but her keen sense of honour restrained her.

Reuben had grown really feeble. There were many days now when he could not work, but sat listlessly on a ledge of rocks near the house, and watched the restless waves with a sense of misery as restless as they. When Draxy reached home this night and found that her father was not in the house, she ran over to the "Black Ledge." There she found him. She sat down by his side, not knowing how to begin. Presently he said: "I wish I loved this water, daughter—it is very beautiful to look at; but I'm thinkin' it's somethin' like human beings; they may be ever so handsome to look on, but if you don't love 'em you don't, and that's the end on't, an' it don't do ye no sort o' good to be where they are."

"The woods and fields used to do you good, father," said Draxy.

Reuben was astonished. Draxy was not wont to allude to the lost and irrecoverable joys. But he only sighed.

"Read this letter, father, dear," said Draxy, hurriedly pushing it into his hand; "I wrote up to a good old minister to find out, and here's his answer."

Reuben looked bewildered. Draxy's words did not make themselves clear. But the first words of Elder Kinney's letter did. The paper fell from his hands.

"Oh, daughter! daughter! it can't be true! It can't!" and Reuben Miller covered his eyes and cried. Draxy did not cry.

"Yes, father, it is true. It must be. I have believed it from the first! Oh do, do read the letter," said Draxy, and she forced the letter into his hands again.

"No, no, daughter. Read it to me. I can't see the words, replied Reuben, still weeping. He was utterly unmanned. Then Draxy read the letter aloud slowly, distinctly, calmly. Her voice did not tremble. She accepted it all, absolutely, unconditionally, as she had accepted everything which had ever happened to her.

After a time Reuben grew calmer; Draxy's presence always helped him. They sat on the rocks until twilight fell, and the great red lamp in the lighthouse was lighted.

"Father, dear," said Draxy, "I think there are lighthouses all along our lives, and God knows when it is time to light the lamps."

Reuben clasped Draxy's hand tighter, and turned his eyes upon her with a look whose love was almost reverent.

Lights shone until morning from the windows of Captain Melville's house. The little family had sat together until long after midnight, discussing this new and wonderful turn in their affairs. Jane and Reuben were bewildered and hardly happy yet; Draxy was alert, enthusiastic, ready as usual; poor Captain Melville and

his wife were in sore straits between their joy in the Millers' good fortune, and their pain at the prospect of the breaking up of the family. Their life together had been so beautiful, so harmonious.

"Oh, Draxy," said the Captain, "how shall we ever live without you?"

"Oh! but you will come up there, uncle," said Draxy; "and we shall keep you after we once get you."

Captain Melville shook his head. He could never leave the sea. But full well he knew that the very salt of it would have lost its best savour to him when this sweet, fair girl had gone out from his house.

The "good nights" were sadly and solemnly said. "Oh!" thought Draxy, "does joy always bring pain in this world?" and she fell asleep with tears on her cheeks.

Reuben sat up until near dawn, writing to Elder Kinney. He felt strangely strong. He was half cured already by the upland air of the fields he had never seen. The next morning Draxy said, "Do you not think, father, I ought to write a note too, to thank the kind minister, or will you tell him how grateful I am?"

"Put a postscript in my letter, daughter. That will be better," said Reuben.

So Draxy wrote at the bottom of the last page:—

"DEAR MR. KINNEY:—I do not know any words to thank you in; and I think you will like it better if I do not try. My father seems almost well already. I am sure it was the Lord that helped you to find out about our land. I hope we can come very soon.

"Your grateful friend,

"DRAXY MILLER."

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## THE RESURRECTION MORN.

BY WILIAM D. UDELL.

O THE visits that elate us, O the glory that awaits us,  
Just beyond life's rugged mountains, where by faith we see the dawn  
Of a radiant day of gladness, where His love will banish sadness,  
Where all shall enter singing on the resurrection morn.

O that it may never perish, O that we may feel and cherish,  
That sweet love, so pure and holy, that is of the Spirit born.  
May it reign and glow within us, and His sacred form live in us,  
And tell it out in singing on the resurrection morn.

Soon, ah soon, our life's frail being, worn and tired of earth, and fleeing  
To the place of bliss and pleasure, to the land of wine and corn.  
Hand in hand we'll tell the story, sweeping o'er the hill of glory,  
And singing hallelujahs on the resurrection morn.

## ANDREW CARGILL'S CONFESSION.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

BETWEEN Sinverness and Creffel, in the county of Cumberland, lies the valley of Glenmora. Sea Fells and Soutra Fells guard it on each hand, and the long, treacherous sweep of Solway Frith is its outlet. It is a region of hills and moors, inhabited by people of singular gravity and simplicity of character, a pastoral people, who in its solemn high places have learned how to interpret the voices of winds and waters and to devoutly love their God.

Most of them are of the purest Saxon origin; but here and there one meets the massive features and the blue bonnet of the Lowland Scots, descendants of those stern Covenanters who from the coasts of Galloway and Dumfries sought refuge in the strength of these lonely hills. They are easily distinguished, and are very proud of their descent from this race whom

"God anointed with His odorous oil  
To wrestle, not to reign."

Thirty years ago their leader and elder was Andrew Cargill, a man of the same lineage as that famous Dr. Cargill who was the Boanerges of the Covenant, and who suffered martyrdom for his faith at the town of Queensferry. Andrew never forgot this fact, and the stern, just, uncompromising spirit of the old Protestor still lived in him. He was a man well-to-do in the world, and his comfortable stone house was one of the best known in the vale of Glenmora.

People who live amid grand scenery are not generally sensitive to it, but Andrew was. The adoring spirit in which he stood one autumn evening at his own door was a very common mood with him. He looked over the moors carpeted with golden brown, and the hills covered with sheep and cattle, at the towering crags, more like clouds at sunset than things of solid land, at the children among the heather picking bilberries, at the deep, clear, purple mist that filled the valley, not hindering the view but giving everything a strangely solemn aspect, and his face relaxed into something very like a smile as he said, "It is the wark o' my Father's hand, and praised be His name."

He stood at his own open door looking at these things, and inside his wife Mysie was laying the supper-board with haver bread and cheese and milk. A bright fire blazed on the wide hearth and half a dozen sheep-dogsspread out their white breasts to the heat. Great settles of carved oak, bedded deep with fleeces of long wool, were on the sides of the fireplace, and from every wall racks of spotless deal, filled with crockery and pewter, reflected the shifting blaze.

Suddenly he stepped out and looked anxiously towards the

horizon on all sides. "Mysie, woman," said he, "there is a storm coming up from old Solway; I maun e'en gae and fauld the ewes wi' their young lammies. Come awa', Keeper and Sandy."

The dogs selected rose at once and followed Andrew with right goodwill. Mysie watched them a moment; but the great clouds of mist rolling down from the mountains soon hid the stalwart figure in his bonnet and plaid from view, and gave to the dogs' fitful barks a distant, muffled sound. So she went in and sat down upon the settle, folding her hands listlessly on her lap, and letting the smile fall from her face as a mask might fall. Oh, what a sad face it was then!

She sat thus in a very trance of sorrow until the tears dropped heavily and slowly down, and her lips began to move in broken supplications. Evidently these brought her the comfort she sought, for ere long she rose, saying softly to herself, "The lost bit o' siller was found, and the strayed sheep was come up wi', and the prodigal won hame again, and dootless, dootless, my ain dear lad will no be lost sight o'."

By this time the storm had broken, but Mysie was not uneasy. Andrew knew the hills like his own ingle, and she could tell to within five minutes how long it would take him to go to the fauld and back. But when it was ten minutes past his time Mysie stood anxiously in the open door and listened. Her ears, trained to almost supernatural quickness, soon detected above the wind and rain a sound of footsteps. She called a wise old sheep-dog and bid him listen. The creature held his head a moment to the ground, looked at her affirmatively, and, at her command, went to seek his master.

In a few moments she heard Andrew's peculiar "hallo!" and the joyful barking of the dog, and knew that all was right. Yet she could not go in; she felt that something unusual had happened, and stood waiting for whatever was coming. It was a poor, little, half-drowned baby. Andrew took it from under his plaid, and laid it in her arms, saying,

"I maun go now and look after the mither. I'll need to yoke the cart for her; she's past walking, and I'm sair feared she's past living; but you'll save the bit bairn, Mysie, nae doot; for God disna smite aften wi' baith hands."

"Where is she, Andrew?"

"'Mang the Druids' stanes, Mysie, and that's an ill place for a Christian woman to die. God forbid it!" he muttered, as he lit a lantern and went rapidly to the stable; "an evil place! under the vera altar-stane o' Satan. God stay the parting soul till it can hear a word o' His great mercy!"

With such a motive to prompt him, Andrew was not long in reaching the ruins of the old Druidical temple. Under a raised flat stone, which made a kind of shelter, a woman was lying. She was now insensible, and Andrew lifted her carefully into the cart. Perhaps it was some satisfaction to him that she did not actually die within such unhallowed precincts; but the poor creature her-



self was beyond such care. When she had seen her child in Mysie's arms, and comprehended Mysie's assurances that she would care for it, all anxiety slipped away from her. Andrew strove hard to make her understand the awful situation in which she was; but the girl lay smiling, with upturned eyes, as if she was glad to be relieved of the burden of living.

"You hae done your duty, gudeman," at length said Mysie, "and now you may leave the pair bit lassie to me; I'll dootless find a word o' comfort to say to her."

"But I'm feared, I am awfu' feared, woman, that she is but a prodigal and an—"

"Hush, gudeman! There is mercy for the prodigal daughter as weel as for the prodigal son;" and at these words Andrew went out with a dark, stern face, while she turned with a new and stronger tenderness to the dying woman.

"God is love," she whispered; "if you hae done aught wrang, there's the open grave o' Jesus, dearie; just bury your wrong-doing there." She was answered with happy smile. "And your little lad is my lad frae this hour, dearie!" The dying lips parted, and Mysie knew they had spoken a blessing for her.

Nothing was found upon the woman that could identify her, nothing except a cruel letter, which evidently came from the girl's father; but even in this there was neither date nor locality named. It had no term of endearment to commence with, and was signed simply, "John Dunbar." Two things were, however, proven by it: that the woman's given name was Bessie, and that by her marriage she had cut herself off from her home and her father's affections.

So she was laid by stranger hands within that doorless house in the which God sometimes mercifully puts His weary ones to sleep. Mysie took the child to her heart at once, and Andrew was not long able to resist the little lad's beauty and winning ways. The neighbours began to call him "wee Andrew;" and the old man grew to love his namesake with a strangely tender affection.

Sometimes there was indeed a bitter feeling in Mysie's heart, as she saw how gentle he was with this child, and remembered how stern and strict he had been with their own lad. She did not understand that the one was in reality the result of the other, the acknowledgment of his fault, and the touching effort to atone, in some way, for it.

One night, when wee Andrew was about seven years old, this wrong struck her in a manner peculiarly painful. Andrew had made a most extraordinary journey, even as far as Penrith. A large manufactory had been begun there, and a sudden demand for his long staple of white wool had sprung up. Moreover, he had a prosperous journey, and brought back with him two books for the boy, "Æsop's Fables" and "Robinson Crusoe."

When Mysie saw them, her heart swelled beyond control. She remembered a day when her own son Davie had begged for these

very books and been refused with hard rebukes. She remembered the old man's bitter words and the child's bitter tears; but she did not reflect that the present concession was the result of the former refusal, nor yet that the books were much easier got and the money more plentiful than thirty years previous. When wee Andrew ran away with his treasures to the Druids' stones, Mysie went into the shippen, and did her milking to some very sad thoughts.

She was poisoning her heart with her own tears. When she returned to the "houseplace" and saw the child bending with rapt, earnest face over the books, she could not avoid murmuring that the son of a strange woman should be sitting happy in Cargill's spence, and her own dear lad a banished wanderer. She had come to a point when rebellion would be easy for her. Andrew saw a look on her face that amazed and troubled him; and yet when she sat so hopelessly down before the fire, and without fear or apology

"Let the tears downfa',"

he had no heart to reprove her. Nay, he asked with a very unusual concern, "What's the matter, Mysie, woman?"

"I want to see Davie, and die, gudeman!"

"You'll no dare to speak o' dying, wife, until the Lord gies you occasion; and Davie maun drink as he's brewed."

"Nay, gudeman, but you brewed for him; the lad is drinking the cup you mixed wi' your ain hands."

"I did my duty by him."

"He had ower muckle o' your duty, and ower little o' your love. If Davie was wrang, ither folk werena right. Every fault has its forefault."

Andrew looked in amazement at this woman, who for thirty and more years had never before dared to oppose his wishes, and to whom his word had been law.

"Davie's wrang-doing was weel kent, 'gudewife; he hasted to sin like a moth to a candle."

"It's weel that our faults arena written i' our faces."

"I hae fallen on evil days, Mysie; saxty years syne wives and bairns werena sae contrarie."

"There was gude and bad then, as now, 'gudeman."

Mysie's face had a dour, determined look that no one had ever seen on it before. Andrew began to feel irritated at her. "What do you want, woman?" he said, sternly.

"I want my bairn, Andrew Cargill."

"Your is i' some far-awa country, squandering his share o' Paradise wi' publicans and sinners."

"I hope not, I hope not; if it werena for this hope my heart would break;" and then all the barriers that education and habit had built were suddenly overthrown as by an earthquake, and Mysie cried out, passionately, "I want my bairn, Andrew Cargill! the bonnie bairn that lay on my bosom, and was dandled on my

knees, and sobbed out his sorrows i' my arms. I want the bairn you were aye girding and grumblin' at! that got the rod for this, and the hard word and the black look for that! My bonnie Davie, wha ne'er had a playtime nor a story-book! O gudeman, I want my bairn! I want my bairn!"

The repressed passion and sorrow of ten long years had found an outlet, and would not be controlled. Andrew lay down his pipe in amazement and terror, and for a moment he feared his wife had lost her senses. He had a tender heart beneath his stern, grave manner, and his first impulse was just to take the sobbing mother to his breast and promise her all she asked. But he did not do it the first moment, and he could not the second. Yet he did rise and go to her, and, in his awkward way, try to comfort her. "Dinna greet that way, Mysie, woman," he said; if I hae done amiss, I'll mak amends."

That was a great thing for Andrew Cargill to say; Mysie hardly knew how to believe it. Such a confession was a kind of miracle, for she judged things by results, and was not given to any consideration of the events that led up to them. She could not know, and did not suspect, that all the bitter truths she had spoken had been gradually forcing themselves on her husband's mind. She did not know that wee Andrew's happy face over his story-books, and his eager claim for sympathy, had been an accusation and a reproach which the old man had already humbly and sorrowfully accepted. Therefore his confession and his promise were a wonder to the woman, who had never before dared to admit that it was possible Andrew Cargill should do wrong in his own household.

The confidence that came after this plain speaking was very sweet and comforting to both, although in their isolation and ignorance they knew not what steps to take in order to find Davie. Ten years had elapsed since he had hung for one heart-breaking moment on his mother's neck, and bid, as he told her, a farewell for ever to the miserable scenes of his hard, bare childhood. Mysie had not been able to make herself believe that he was very wrong; singing two or three love-songs at pretty Mary Halliday's bridal did not seem to the fond mother such awful transgressions as the stern, strict Covenanter really believed them to be, though even Mysie was willing to allow that Davie, in being beguiled into such sinful folly, "had made a sair tumble!"

However, Davie and his father had both said things that neither could win over, and the lad had gone proudly down the hill with but a few shillings in his pocket. Since then there had been ten years of anxious, longing grief, that had remained unconfessed until this night. Now the hearts of both yearned for their lost son. But how should they find him? Andrew read nothing but his Bible and almanac; he had no conception of the world beyond Kendal and Keswick. He could scarcely imagine David going beyond these places, or, at any rate, the coast of Scotland. Should he make a pilgrimage round about all those parts?

Mysie shook her head. She thought Andrew had better go to Keswick, and see the Methodist preacher there. She had heard they travelled all over the world, and if so, it was more than likely they had seen Davie Cargill; "at ony rate, he would gie advice worth speiring after."

Andrew had but a light opinion of Methodists, and had never been inside the little chapel at Sinverness; but Mysie's advice he allowed, "had a savour o' sense in it," and so the next day he rode over to Keswick and opened his heart to John Sugden, the superintendent of the Derwent Circuit. He had assured himself on the road that he would only tell John just as much as was necessary for his quest; but he was quite unable to resist the preacher's hearty sympathy. There never were two men more unlike than Andrew Cargill and John Sugden, and yet they loved each other at once.

"He is a son o' consolation, and dootless ane o' God's chosen," said Andrew to Mysie, on his return.

"He is a far nobler old fellow than he thinks he is," said John to his wife, when he told her of Andrew's visit.

John had advised advertising for Davie in *The Watchman*; for John really thought this organ of the Methodist creed was the greatest paper in existence, and honestly believed that if Davie was anywhere in the civilized world, *The Watchman* would find him out. He was so sure of it that both Mysie and Andrew caught his hopeful tone, and began to tell each other what should be done when Davie came home.

Poor Mysie was now doubly kind to wee Andrew. She accused herself bitterly of "grudging the bit lammie his story-books," and persuaded her husband to bring back from Keswick for the child the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Young Christian." John Sugden, too, visited them often, not only staying at Cargill during his regular appointments, but often riding over to take a day's recreation with the old Cameronian. True, they disputed the whole time. John said very positive things and Andrew very contemptuous ones; but as they each kept their own opinions intact, and were quite sure of their grounds for doing so, no words that were uttered ever slackened the grip of their bands at parting.

One day, as John was on the way to Cargill, he perceived a man sitting among the Druids' stones. The stranger was a pleasant fellow, and after a few words with the preacher, he proposed that they should ride to Sinverness together. John soon got to talking of Andrew and his lost son, and the stranger became greatly interested. He said he should like to go up to Andrew's and get a description of Davie, adding that he travelled far and wide, and might happen to come across him.

The old man met them at the door.

"My sight fails, John," he said, "but I'd hae kent your step i' a thousand. You, too, are welcome, sir, though I ken you not, and doubly welcome if you bring God's blessing wi' you."

The stranger lifted his hat, and Andrew led the way into the house. John had been expected, for haver bread and potted shrimps were on the table, and he helped himself without ceremony, taking up at the same time their last argument just where he had dropped it at the gate of the lower croft. But it had a singular interruption. The sheep-dogs, who had been quietly sleeping under the settle, began to be strangely uneasy. Keeper could scarcely be kept down, even by Andrew's command, and Sandy bounded towards the stranger with low, rapid barks, that made John lose the sense of the argument in a new thought. But before he could frame it into words Mysie came in.

See here, John," she cried, and then she stopped, and looked with wide-open eyes at the man coming towards her. With one long, thrilling cry, she threw herself into his arms.

"Mother! mother! darling mother, forgive me!"

John had instantly gone to Andrew's side, but Andrew had risen at once to the occasion. "I'm no woman to skirl or swoon," he said, almost peevishly, "and it's right and fit the lad should gie his mither the first greeting."

But he stretched out both hands, and his cheeks were flushed and his eyes full when Davie flung himself on his knees beside him.

"My lad! my ain dear lad!" he cried, "I'll see nae better day than this until I see His face."

No one can tell the joy of that hour. The cheese curds were left in the dairy, and the wool was left at the wheel, and Mysie forgot her household, and Andrew forgot his argument, and the preacher at last said,

"You shall tell us, Davie, what the Lord has done for you since you left your father's house."

"He has been gude to me, vera gude. I had a broad Scot's tongue in my head, and I determined to go northward. I had little siller and I had to walk, and by the time I reached Ecclefechan I had reason enough to be sorry for the step I had taken. As I was sitting by the fireside o' the little inn there, a man came in who said he was going to Carlisle to hire a shepherd. I did not like the man, but I was tired and had not plack nor bawbee, so I e'en asked him for the place. When he heard I was Cumberland born, and had been among sheep all my life, he was fain enough, and we soon 'greed about the fee.

"He was a harder master than Laban, but he had a daughter who was bonnie as Rachel, and I loved the lass wi' my whole soul, and she loved me. I ne'er thought about being her father's hired man. I was aye Davie Cargill to mysel', and I had soon enough told Bessie all about my father and mither and hame. I spoke to her father at last, but he wouldna listen to me. He just ordered me off his place, and Bessie went wi' me.

"I know now that we did wrang, but we thought then that we were right. We had a few pounds between us, and we gaed to Carlisle. But naething went as it should hae done. I could get

nae wark, and Bessie fell into vera bad health; but she had a brave spirit, and she begged me to leave her in Carlisle and go my lane to Glasgow. 'For when wark an' siller arena i' one place, Davie,' she said, 'then they're safe to be in another.'

"I swithered lang about leaving her, but a good opportunity came, and Bessie promised me to go back to her father until I could come after her. It was July then, and when Christmas came round I had saved money enough, and I started wi' a blithe heart to Ecclefechan. I hadna any fear o' harm to my bonnie bit wife, for she had promised to go to her hame, and I was sure she would be mair than welcome when she went without me. I didna expect any letters, because Bessie couldna write, and, indeed, I was poor enough wi' my pen at that time, and only wrote once to tell her I had good wark and would be for her at New Year.

"But when I went I found that Bessie had gane, and none knew where. I traced her to Keswick poorhouse, where she had a little lad; the matron said she went away in a very weak condition, when the child was three weeks old, declaring that she was going to her friends. Puir, bonnie, loving Bessie; that was the last I ever heard o' my wife and bairn."

Mysie had left the room, and as she returned with a little bundle, Andrew was anxiously asking, "What was the lassie's maiden name, Davie?"

"Bessie Dunbar, father."

"Then this is a wun'erful day; we are blessed and twice blessed, for I found your wife and bairn, Davie, just where John Sugden found you, 'mang the Druids' stanes; and the lad has my ain honest name and is weel worthy o' it."

"See here, Davie," and Mysie tenderly touched the poor faded dress and shawl, and the wedding-ring in his palm. As she spoke wee Andrew came across the yard, walking slowly, reading as he walked. "Look at him, Davie! He's a bonnie lad, and a gude aye; and oh, my ain dear lad, he has had a' things that thy youth wanted."

It pleased the old man no little that, in spite of his father's loving greeting, wee Andrew stole away to his side.

"You see, Davie," he urged in apology, "he's mair at hame like wi' me."

And then he drew the child to him, and let his whole heart go out now, without check or reproach, to "Davie's bairn."

"But you have not finished your story, Mr. Cargill," said John, and David sighed as he answered,

"There is naething by the ordinar in it. I went back to the warks I had got a footing in, the Glencart Iron Warks, and gradually won my way to the topmost rungs o' the ladder. I am head buyer now, hae gude share i' the concern, and i' money matters there's plenty folk waur off than David Cargill. When I put my father's forgiveness, my mither's love, and my Bessie's bonnie lad to the lave, I may weel say that 'they are weel guided that God guides.' A week ago I went into the

editor's room o' the *Glasgow Herald*, and the man no being in I lifted a paper and saw in it my father's message to me. It's sma' credit that I left a' and answered it."

"What paper, Mr. Cargill, what paper?"

"They ca' it *The Watchman*. I hae it in my pocket."

"I thought so," said John, triumphantly. "It's a grand paper; every one ought to have it."

"It is welcome evermore in my house," said Davie.

"It means weel, it means weel," said Andrew, with a great stretch of charity, "but I dinna approve o' its doctrines at a', and—"

"It found David for you, Andrew."

"Ay, ay, God uses a' kinds o' instruments. *The Watchman* isna as auld as the Bible, yet, John, and it's ill praising green barley."

"Now, Andrew, I think—"

"Tut, tut, John, I 'se no sit i' Rome and strive wi' the Pope; there' naething ill said, you ken, if it's no ill taken."

John smiled tolerantly, and indeed there was no longer time for further discussion, for the shepherds from the hills and the farmers from the glen had heard of David's return, and were hurrying to Cargill to see him. Mysie saw that there would be a goodly company, and the long harvest-table was brought in and a feast of thanksgiving spread. Conversation in that house could only set one way, and after all had eaten and David had told his story again, one old man after another spoke of the dangers they had encountered and the spiritual foes they had conquered.

Whether it was the speaking, or the sympathy of numbers, or some special influence of the Holy Ghost, I know not; but suddenly Andrew lifted his noble old head, and spoke thus:

"Frien's, ye hae some o' you said ill things o' yoursel's, but to the sons o' God there is nae condemnation; not that I hae been altogether faultless, but I meant weel, an' the lad was a wilfu' lad, and ye ken what the wisest o' men said anent such. Just and right has been my walk before you, but—still—" Then, with a sudden passion, and rising to his feet, he cried out, "Frien's, I'm a poor sinfu' man, but I'll play no mair plis-kies wi' my conscience. I hae dootless been a hard master, hard and stern, and loving Sinai far beyond Bethlehem. Hard was I to my lad, and hard hae I been to the wife o' my bosom, and hard hae I been to my ain heart. It has been my ain will and my ain way all my life lang. God forgie me! God forgie me! for this night He has brought my sins to my remembrance. I hae been your elder for mair than forty years, but I hae ne'er been worthy to carry His holy vessels. I'll e'en sit i' the lowest seat henceforward."

"Not so," said John. And there was such eager praise, and such warm love rose from every mouth, that words began to fail, and as the old man sat down smiling, happier than he had ever been

before, song took up the burden speech laid down; for John started one of those old triumphant Methodist hymns, and the rafters shook to the melody, and the stars heard it, and the angels in heaven knew a deeper joy. Singing, the company departed, and Andrew, standing in the moonlight between David and John, watched the groups scatter hither and thither, and heard, far up the hills and down the glen, that sweet, sweet refrain,

“Canaan, bright Canaan!  
Will you go to the land of Canaan?”

After this David stayed a week at Glenmora, and then it became necessary for him to return to Glasgow. But wee Andrew was to have a tutor, and remain with his grandparents for some years at least. Andrew himself determined to “tak a trip” and see Scotland and the wonderful iron works of which he was never weary of hearing David talk.

When he reached Kendal, however, and saw for the first time the Caledonian Railway and its locomotives, nothing could induce him to go farther.

“It’s ower like the deil and the place he bides in, Davie,” he said, with a kind of horror. “Fire and smoke and iron bands! I’ll no ride at the deil’s tail-end, not e’en to see the land o’ the Covenant.”

So he went back to Glenmora, and was well content when he stood again at his own door and looked over the bonny braes of Sinverness, its simmering becks and fruitful vales. “These are the warks o’ His hands, Mysie,” he said, reverently lifting his bonnet and looking up to Creffel and away to Solway, “and you’d ken that, woman, if you had seen Satan as I saw him ram-paging roun’ far waur than any roaring lion.”

After this Andrew never left Sinverness; but, the past unsighed for and the future sure, passed through

“— an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,”

until, one summer evening, he gently fell on that sleep which God giveth His beloved.

“For such Death’s portal opens not in gloom,  
But its pure crystal, hinged on solid gold,  
Shows avenues interminable—shows  
Amaranth and palm quivering in sweet accord  
Of human mingled with angelic song.”

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#### EASTER.

THOU, O Most Compassionate!  
Who didst stoop to our estate,  
Drinking of the cup we drain,  
Treading in our path of pain—

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,  
As of old, the angels sit,  
Whispering, by its open door:  
“Fear not! He hath gone before!”



## The Higher Life.

“HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?”

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

### II.

HITHERTO we have been endeavouring to prepare the way for the intelligent discussion of this question, by the elimination from it of some things which are sometimes associated with it in the minds of men, but which do not properly belong to it. In order to avoid confusion, it will be necessary to push this process somewhat further. It has been proved that it could not have been the grace of the Spirit in the work of regeneration to which the apostle referred. It is equally evident that it was not to the operation of this Divine Agent in the after-work of sanctification. There can be little doubt that the Ephesian disciples, to whom this question was addressed, were both regenerated and sanctified. That is to say, they were born of the Spirit, and that progressive work of grace, the foundation of which was laid in this change, and by which the image of God is perfected in the soul was being carried on by the same Divine power. And whatever may be said of these people, in view of the imperfection of their instruction, there can be no doubt that all this was true of the disciples whom our Lord had gathered around Him during His personal ministry, and who were admitted to the closest fellowship with Him up to the time of His ascension. They were set apart, devoted to the service of their Lord. They had, in a sense, that in these times, and in our circumstances, it is not easy for us to understand, taken up their cross, renounced themselves, and in the midst of persecution and peril, with the prospect of martyrdom before them, they were following their Divine Exemplar; and there can be no reasonable doubt that they were growing in grace daily and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet it was to these that the Lord Himself spoke of the descent of the Holy Ghost, as something that was still in the future. It was to them that He said: “Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence;” and whom He instructed to tarry at Jerusalem until this promise was fulfilled. The plain inference is that a man may be both regenerated and sanctified, using the latter of these terms in its broadest and most general signification, and yet not have received the Holy Ghost in the Pentecostal sense.

It is equally evident that what our Lord referred to in the passage just quoted, and what was referred to by the apostle in the question which stands at the head of this article, was not the power to work miracles. The observation is all the more important because of the prevalence of the idea that this was the very thing to which they did refer, and that this was that for which the apostles and the other disciples were instructed to wait, as the final preparation for the work of the world's conquest upon which they were about to enter. Nothing, perhaps, has done more to produce con-

fusion in men's minds, in respect to the nature and end of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and to divert attention from its purely spiritual character and effects than this utterly unwarrantable assumption. And yet, though the fact has been strangely overlooked, the power to work miracles was enjoyed by the disciples before the descent of the Holy Ghost just as fully, probably, as it ever was after that event. So far as the twelve were concerned, it is not easy to conceive how they could have been more amply endowed in this respect than they were from the very time of their call to the apostleship. When the Lord sent them out on their first missionary journey, it is said: "He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases" (Matt. x. 1). And when we come to examine the terms of their commission, we learn that it embraced more than this. A part of it ran thus: "Heal the sick, cleanse the leper, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8).

Surely, so far as miracle-working power is concerned, this was a pretty liberal endowment. In this respect, even at this early stage in their religious experience and missionary life, these men were pretty thoroughly furnished for their work. Indeed, it is not quite easy to see how their equipment could have been more complete. And the other seventy disciples who were sent out, two and two, as heralds to proclaim the coming of the Lord in all the places He proposed to visit, seemed to have shared very fully these supernatural gifts. At first it would appear as if the miracle-working power with which they were invested was confined (Luke x. 9) to healing the sick, but as we read on the sacred narrative discloses the fact that they enjoyed more than this. We read (Luke x. 17-19) that, when they had accomplished their mission, or at least had carried out the programme which the Master had laid down for their first missionary tour, "the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy name. And He said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you." Here we have a band of men, not only furnished with all those supernatural gifts which could be utilized in carrying the war into the ranks of the enemy, but clad, at the same time by the same means, from head to heel in invulnerable mail. Is it conceivable that men possessing in such abundance these extraordinary gifts should be instructed to tarry at Jerusalem until they received further endowment of the same kind. Surely if this were the sort of power specially needed for the conquest of the world it was not necessary for them to wait until the Holy Ghost had come upon them.

It is remarkable that in none of those utterances of the Saviour respecting the coming of the Holy Spirit, which we find in the Gospels, is there the slightest reference to miracle-working power. Take the fullest exposition of the doctrine of the Spirit which is to be found anywhere in the New Testament (John xiv., xv., xvi.), there is not the slightest mention of miracles from the beginning to the end of it. It is true, that Luke reports certain sayings of the Saviour about power, but it is a mere begging of the question to say that in either of them he refers to the power to work miracles. If this were the only, or even the most important, form of power—

that which is most essential to the spread of the Gospel and to the triumph of truth and righteousness—in the absence of anything to the contrary, we might be warranted in giving to this word this meaning in those two or three instances in which it occurs in connection with the promise of the Spirit; but surely there must be some other and higher sense in which these words are to be understood when applied to the most spiritual things belonging to the most spiritual dispensation of the most spiritual religion the world has ever seen. In the treatment of this subject it must not be overlooked that we are dealing with the things of the Spirit, and the very words in which they are expressed in Scripture are spirit and are life. If it be true, without clear and indubitable Scriptural warrant we are not at liberty to put upon them any other than the most spiritual interpretation. We are not to assume, for example, that any of the grosser and more material forms in which the Divine power manifests itself is intended to be expressed by the word power, in the passage which refer to this subject, unless there be some clear and unquestionable intimation in the text itself that it was intended to be so understood.

Both the passages in which the idea of power is associated with the descent of the Spirit were uttered by the Saviour at the same time and refer to the same thing. The sentences in which these two things are brought together were uttered immediately before the Ascension, and referred to the part which the disciples would be called to play as witnesses for their Master. Our Lord had been speaking of his own suffering, His death and His resurrection on the third day, and of the fact that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. "and," said He, "ye are witnesses of these things. And, behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 48-49). In the other passage, the ideas are the same, though their order is reversed. "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me." And it is remarkable that the word which we translate "witness" also means a martyr. And this is why Christians are called to, not only to be witnesses in the judicial, but also in the tragic sense—to be ready to seal the testimony which they give, if need be, with their blood. It is not miracle-working power which will fit any one for this sort of witnessing for Christ.

It is evident, then, that the reception of the Holy Ghost is not to be confounded with the obtaining power to work miracles. Men have wrought miracles, even of the most extraordinary kind without it, and thousands, probably millions, have received and enjoyed this gift of the Spirit who never wrought a miracle in their lives. But in this inquiry we must stick close to the Scripture narrative and seek for the import of the promise in the nature of its fulfilment. And the only special gift which appears to have been enjoyed after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, that was not enjoyed before, was the gift of tongues, concerning which there is so much difference of opinion among Biblical critics and commentators, and which, after all the labour that has been bestowed upon it is still involved in a great deal of obscurity. Indeed, it may be doubted whether there be anything in the spiritual phenomena of

the Apostolic Church, of which it is more difficult to get anything like a clear and consistent conception than this gift of tongues. Indeed, one naturally shrinks from taking any part in the discussion of a subject beset with so many difficulties; but as it lies directly in our path, it cannot be very well ignored. The narrow limits of what remains of this article will, however, admit of little more being done than to indicate some of the theories by which critics and commentators have attempted to account for the facts connected with it, and to explain it as far as they have conceived it to be explicable.

The proposition under discussion is, that the special gift of the Holy Ghost referred to by our Lord immediately before His death, and afterward immediately before His ascension, and which is referred to in the question which forms the heading of this article, did not consist in the power to work miracles. And it is remarkable that, explain it as we may, the apostle does not put the gift of tongues in the category of miracles. Besides, whatever may have been the precise nature of this gift, it was not bestowed upon all that received the Holy Ghost. It is not, therefore, to be regarded as being either identical with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, or even as one of its invariable attendants. Nor is this the only one of the spiritual gifts of the supernatural order, of which this may be affirmed. It is true of every one of them. There never was a time when they were not exceptional and extraordinary. And even among those who were supernaturally endowed, not only was there diversity of gifts, but the same gifts were possessed by different persons in widely different degrees. In nothing, perhaps, was the sovereignty of God more manifest than in the bestowment of these supernatural gifts. As He selected whom He would to fill the various orders and offices of His Church, assigning to each his particular work, so in the distribution of these exceptional and extraordinary gifts He acted according to the counsel of His own will.

As to the diversity and inequality of the bestowment of these *charismata* the teaching of the Apostle Paul is explicit :

“Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will” (1 Cor. xii. 4-11). Toward the end of the same chapter (vs. 28-30) we read: “And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?”

The intelligent reader, who has paid the least attention to the philosophy of language, need not be told that each one of these interrogatories, in the rhetorical sense in which they are used by the apostle, has the force of the strongest possible denial. His meaning is that all are not apostles, all

are not prophets, all are not teachers, all are not workers of miracles, all have not the gift of healing, all do not speak with tongues. That is what he desires to say, what in effect he does say; but by the employment of the figure of speech which rhetoricians call interrogation, at the same time that he appeals to the observation and experience of his readers, he adds a spirit and force to his style which it would not otherwise possess. Besides, the fact that these gifts are associated with the various orders and offices in the Church—orders and offices which are admittedly exceptional and extraordinary—is itself significant. It shows that he would have them regarded in the same light. Even the order of these offices in the Church should not be overlooked. It is not by accident, we may be well assured, that Paul says: “first,” “secondarily,” “thirdly.” The things which are thus numerically distinguished, do not stand on the same plane, though they are all important and valuable to the Church; there is a gradation in their value and importance. The apostle is more valuable, more important to the Church than the prophet; and the prophet has an importance that does not belong to the teacher. And this suggests the idea that the apostle would have the same discriminative principle applied to the various *charismata* of which he speaks. They, too, have a graduated value and importance. Now the order in which he arranges these things is this: (1) miracles, or powers—the ability to use the power of God, within a certain limited range, and on particular occasions, these being determined by the will of God; (2) the gift of healing—subject to the same limitation, and the same in kind as the other, but differing from it in that it is confined to a narrower sphere—being applicable only to the healing of diseases; (3) then come what our translators have rendered “helps, governments,” the gift of executive ability and wise counsel in the administration of discipline and the management of the business of the Church; and (4) the gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues.

It is evident from this gradation of gifts, as well as from the disparaging comparison which he makes of the gift of tongues with prophecy that he did not consider it worthy to be regarded as the crowning glory, the typical gift, of the new dispensation. While fully recognizing its divine origin, and its value to its possessor, so far as the edification and enlargement of the Church was concerned, he evidently looked upon it as the least important of all the gifts. And this fact is in itself important as indicating, if not what the nature of this gift was, at least what it was not. The theory which seems to have been held generally in ancient times, though not universally, was that the gift of tongues consisted in the ability of the person possessing it to speak one or more foreign languages that he had never learned. If this had been the nature of it, one cannot conceive it possible that Paul would have been disposed to rank it so low. He knew too well the value of languages in connection with the missionary work of the Church, and the labour and drudgery of acquiring them, to hold, in even comparatively low esteem, a gift which would confer so great advantages, both of a negative and positive character. It is not, however, possible to study with candour 1 Cor. xii. and xiv., without coming to the conclusion that what Paul writes respecting this gift, as it existed in the Corinthian Church, cannot on any rational principle of interpretation be reconciled with this theory.

(1) If the gift of tongues consisted in the ability to speak one or more foreign languages, it would not have been true as affirmed (1 Cor. xiv. 2), that "he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men but unto God; for no man understandeth him; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries." Surely this cannot be truthfully affirmed of speaking in any language. The very purpose of language is to be the medium of communication between man and man; and it cannot be affirmed of any language, broadly and without qualification, as the apostle does of this tongue-speaking, that "no man understandeth him," that speaks it. (2) Then if this were the nature of this gift, there would be no ground for the contrast of it (v. 6) with revelation, knowledge, prophesying or teaching. All these may be done in any language, and with one language, providing it is fully developed and thoroughly organized, as well as another. (3) Upon the theory under consideration, the difficulty arising from the absence of an interpretation of which the apostle speaks (v. 25) would have been impossible, for every one who spoke in a foreign language which he understood, would be able to translate it into his own vernacular. (4) This theory can scarcely be regarded as consistent with what the apostle says of his own practice (v. 18), though he possessed the gift of tongues in a high degree, he tells us he did not exercise it in the Church—the inference is that he only used it in private, and we can scarcely imagine such a thing as that he should have been in the habit of performing his private devotions in a foreign language. (5) Finally, this theory is inconsistent with the apostle's treatment of the subject in 1 Cor. xii. and xiv. He does not say a single word about the propriety of using this gift when foreigners happened to be present in their assemblies, or about its value as a means of preaching the Gospel in foreign parts, enabling men to speak to the heathen in languages they had never learned. The silence of Paul, and indeed all the New Testament writers, on this aspect of the subject is entirely inexplicable on this theory.

For these and other reasons—some of them too critical to be appropriately introduced in this article—the most learned of the modern commentators have found themselves compelled to abandon what is certainly the most ancient, and is probably still the most generally accepted view of the gift of tongues. Neander and Meyer and Beet, though among the most reverent and conservative expositors of the Word of God, have been forced to the conclusion that the theory that the gift of tongues was a miraculous gift of languages, or that the speaking in a tongue was speaking a language at all, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is entirely untenable. The difficulty, however, which all of these learned expositors have found to be most perplexing is how to reconcile what is clearly the teaching of St. Paul (1 Cor. xii. and xiv.), with the account given (Acts ii.) of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost and the effects which followed. From the former of these sources Neander concludes as follows:

"In the gift of tongues the high and ecstatic consciousness in respect to God alone preponderated, while the consciousness of the world was wholly withdrawn. In this condition the medium of communication between the deeply moved inward man and the external world was wholly wanting. What he spoke in this condition, from the strong impulse of his emotions and inward

views, was not a connected discourse, nor an address adapted to the wants and circumstances of others. He was wholly occupied with the relations of his own soul to God. The soul was absorbed in adoration and devotion. Hence to this condition are ascribed prayer, songs of praise to God, and the attestation of His mighty deeds. Such an one prayed in spirit; the higher life of the soul and spirit predominated in him. When, therefore, in the midst of his peculiar emotions and contemplations he formed for himself a peculiar language he was "wanting in the power so to express himself as to be understood by the greatest number."

With this view Meyer is in substantial agreement. He analyses the spiritual phenomena of the Apostolic Church, and in so doing both indicates his views of the nature of this particular gift, and assigns to it what he judges to be its relation to the other *charismata*. The following is, in substance, his analysis: (1) First, the gift of teaching, the most important of all, to which belong the apostolic, the prophetic, and the teaching *charismata*. (2) The gift of *miracles*, to which belong *powers* in the larger sense, and the more limited and specific gift of healing. (3) The gift of *practical administration*, to which belong the "service of help," and the gift of government; and (4) the *ecstatic charisma*, to which belongs the gift of tongues.

Mr. Beet holds, in the main, the same view. He describes it as a special and extraordinary gift of the Spirit, but denies that it was the faculty of speaking one or more foreign languages, or that it was a miraculous utterance in moments of special inspiration of prayer or praise in a human language unknown to the speaker, and affirms that words spoken "with a tongue" were evidently intelligible to others only when interpreted. He holds, indeed, that this gift was profitable to the speaker himself, as indicated by Paul's gratitude to God that he enjoyed it in an eminent degree, and that the words spoken in this preternatural state of spiritual exaltation, though unintelligible without interpretation, must have had a meaning, else they would not have been susceptible of interpretation. This, in meagre outline, and roughly expressed, is the substance of what this exceptionally able commentator says on this gift, as it existed in the Church at Corinth. The only point, in fact, in which he differs from Neander and Meyer is in respect to the complete identity of this with that bestowed upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. While admitting, with these authorities, that the gift of tongues, as it existed in the Apostolic Church, was not generally the miraculous power of speaking languages which the speaker had never learned, he thinks that the gift bestowed upon the Church at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost was an exception to the rule, and that the apostles were actually enabled to address every one in the multitude drawn together on that occasion in his own mother-tongue. This, he thinks to be the only way in which the narrative, Acts ii., can be explained. Neander and Meyer feel the difficulty just as keenly as he does; but they cut the Gordian knot by assuming that St. Luke, following the prevailing tradition at the time that he wrote, was unconsciously led to attribute more to this phenomenon and the effect which it produced than really belonged to it.

## Current Topics.

### THE JESUIT QUESTION.

Seldom have we seen the whole country stirred as by a common impulse on any question as it has been by the aggressive efforts of the Church of Rome in connection with the Jesuit Estate Bill. Many of both political parties have joined in condemnation of the measure. The pulpits of all Protestant denominations have resounded with protests against it. Scarce a single Protestant journal has a word to say in favour of it. One of the most remarkable meetings we have ever attended was that in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, held to discuss this question. The large audience remained, as if spell-bound, till near eleven o'clock, to listen to a full, fair, free and, for the most part, dispassionate examination of the subject. They were profoundly impressed by the patriotic utterances of ex-Mayor Howland, the new President of the Toronto Branch of the Evangelical Alliance; by the calm, judicial, statesman-like address of the Rev. Principal Caven; by the close-linked logic and keen sarcasm of the Rev. Dr. Stafford, and by the luminous exposition of the legal aspects of this *cause celebre* by Dr. Maclaren. It is no small compliment to the ability of any man that, at the late hour at which Dr. Maclaren spoke, he could so hold his audience while discussing a legal question of so great difficulty and importance.

The meeting was marked by a large tolerance of the religious convictions of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. It brought no railing accusation against individuals, but it was most emphatic and united in its intense opposition to the aggressions of Romanism as a political system, and especially of the subtle, sinister system which has won renown and execration in every land, and which has been in every land the most deadly enemy of civil and

religious liberty. The truculent and immoral teaching of the Jesuits were exposed by Principal Caven in a manner all the more severe from the judicial and fair-minded spirit of his remarks. There was hardly a nation in Christendom, he said, that had not suppressed the society, and some great countries in Europe had suppressed it again and again, and had even to expel its members. To crown all, the Pope himself, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, had also suppressed them. He referred to the famous Pascal letters, which he averred had never been answered in any true sense up till to-day. There was one of the ablest men of the Roman Catholic Church gibbeting them for all time. Their principles of probabilism, mental reservation, and of direction of the intentions, were strange, subtle doctrines, as also was that of the end justifying the means. They all knew what directing the intentions meant. It meant descending to any depths to accomplish the good of the Church. It was simply a matter of history that the Jesuits thoroughly believed in directing the intentions. A large collection of letters had been unearthed from the archives of Munich in June of last year, which showed a remarkable controversy in the Roman Catholic Church which was going on during the whole of the seventeenth century regarding the Jesuits. These letters sustained every charge that Pascal had brought against the Jesuits, and this had only come to light last year. Extracts which had been published of them by the Rev. William Arthur, showed that the immorality of the confessional and other institutions of the Church were so flagrantly indecent that the extracts had to be printed in a dead language. He said that, in fact, the opening of any of these Jesuit records was like opening a city sewer. The right-



minded Catholic would agree with them in stamping out such morality as theirs. He had made these remarks to show that the history of the Jesuits and their morality proved them to be a society which ought not to hold property in any Christian community. Apart from all specific charges against the Jesuits, and the evil passages in their history, the very fundamental clause in their constitution was immoral. The constitution written by Loyola, and his letter to the Spanish Jesuits, laid it down that a member of the society must surrender himself to his superior as if he were a dead body, or a staff in the hands of an old man. So that whatever might be argued about "directing the intention," if a man voluntarily resigned his personality and conscience and will be ceased to be a moral being. He, in fact, placed himself in a position unethical and immoral. There was needed no further charge than this. When the only man who had a will was the head of the society, what guarantee could they have as to the morality of its members? Their Protestant friends in Quebec, he said, had a right to expect them to come to their assistance in this crisis. If their Protestant brethren, however, accepted the \$60,000, the case would be gone. If they stood firm in their rights, he trusted that Ontario Protestants would not fail them in a temperate way. He could not believe for a moment that the several provinces of Canada had no right to express their judgment and sentiments upon great questions of common interest. Without moral unity they would fail to found a country. In reply to the argument that a disallowance of the Jesuits' Act would be an interference with Provincial autonomy, he would say that where questions of justice and freedom were concerned, it became a matter for the whole Dominion to consider, and it was the duty of the central authority to see that these principles were respected throughout the whole country.

The Rev. Dr. Stafford, from original investigations of historical authorities, expressed the baselessness

of the claim of the Jesuits to the forfeited estates. From the beginning of the negotiations they acknowledged that they had no legal claim to the property. He protested against any legislation which opened up for everlasting discussion a question which was settled. The question would now remain open forever. The agitation was of that kind which the aggressive and never-sleeping hand of the Roman Catholic Church was always crying for more. Give us more! He objected to this legislation, because it was recognizing the name of the Pope in legislation of a British colony. He objected to a Premier of a British colony putting a matter into the hands of a foreign power, and still more when it was said that the ratification of an Act would need his approval, and after that an appeal to the British Legislature. He objected to a British representative embodying in an Act that it would not become law till sanctioned by the Pope, and would not take effect until it met his approval and that of the Legislature. This legislation was establishing a foreign power in the country—a society whose character had been shown to be such that they did not need the benefit of them. He complained that Canada, of all lands on the face of the earth, should exalt this order to a position of honour and distinction—a power which had been expelled from France in 1763 on charges which involved the expenditure of immense sums of money, and in the trial of which their whole system was brought in and exposed before the court, and upon which the French Government deemed it a matter of self-protection, and banished them from the country and confiscated their property. Yet here in Canada a British Government incorporated these people and made them respectable, and then endowed them. If the Catholics persisted in their pressure there would be a Protestant reaction, which would be a terrible thing for Romanism. At the same time he did not want Protestant denominations to follow Jesuits in a self-governed country like Canada.

As a matter of fact the settlement of this question is entirely in the electors' own hands. Let the right of petition be largely used. Let vigorous protests be employed. Let representatives in Parliament be deluged with letters expressing the views of their constituents. If these measures fail, the electorate have an easy remedy. They can, if they be sufficiently in earnest, turn out every one of the unfaithful servants of the people, and put in their places those who will carry out the will of the country, which nowhere in the world, if electors will do their duty, can find more prompt, vigorous and effective expression than in Canada.

#### OLD-TIME LETTERS.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Rose we have been favoured with the perusal of a number of letters of the Rev. William Case, the apostle of the Indians in this country, and one of the most zealous and successful preachers of early Methodist preachers in the land. The old yellowed paper and the faded ink give a pathetic interest to the letters, which refer to subjects connected with the early Missionary work of the Province. One is a letter dated Belleville, Feb. 26, 1832, and addressed to the Rev. Peter Jones, Hatton Garden, London, England. It bears the London postmark of April 3rd. The amount of postage paid was 1s. 7d. The writer speaks of a grant from the New England Society of £100, for the erection of

a mill on the Indian Reserve at Grand River. Speaking of the Indian missions, he says: "We shall need much more than £100; our field is enlarging. The work requires translators, teachers, interpreters and ministers to preach the Gospel for the spread of this glorious work to the thousands of the northern and western wilderness, who now call loudly for our help." He urges the speedy return of Mr. Jones on account of the cholera, which was very prevalent in England. This and other letters give interesting details of the work among the Indians. The writer speaks of attending the General Conference at Philadelphia, refers to Casanovia Seminary, and gives other indications of the intimate relations between the Canadian and American Methodism of the day.

THE numerous friends of the Rev. T. W. Jeffery will rejoice that he has come forth from the long and painful ordeal in which he has been tried, as gold is tried, without the slightest imputation of blame upon his moral character. We rejoice at this, not merely on the grounds of personal friendship, but as a vindication of the Christian ministry in the person of one of its most distinguished ornaments. No one more readily than Brother Jeffery will admit that, under great provocation, he may have spoken unadvisedly with his lips; but that is a very different thing from the serious moral dereliction with which he was charged.

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HAVE faith in a third-day morning.

In a resurrection hour;  
For what ye sow in weakness,  
He can raise again in power.

Have faith in the Lord of that thorny crown,  
In the Lord of the piercèd hand;  
For He reigneth now o'er earth and heaven,  
And His power who may withstand?

And the hopes that never on earth shall bloom,  
The sorrows forever new,  
Lay silently down at the feet of Him  
Who died and is risen for you.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Revolution in Hayti has seriously interfered with the mission work. Great fears are entertained respecting the future, as the head of the contending parties is a bigoted Romanist, and the priests are using their influence in his favour.

The missions in Eastern Africa are in serious peril. The heathen are raging as Mohammedanism is promoting slavery, so that the struggle for the truth cannot be otherwise than violent.

With a view to increase the ordinary income of the Missionary Society, District Conventions have been held throughout England with good results. Thanksgiving offerings have also been presented by several families, with a view to reduce the debt which has been accumulating during the last few years. At a Convention held at Birmingham, rooms were fitted up to illustrate life in India, China, Africa, Egypt, Palestine and Fiji, which were visited by great numbers of people.

Arrangements are being made for the Ecumenical Conference, to be held in New York in 1891. A meeting of the English committee was held in the Wesleyan Mission-house, London, a few weeks ago. Representative men from all the branches of Methodism composed the committee. It is expected that a large number will come from England to attend the Conference.

During the year 1888, 134 new Wesleyan churches were erected in England. From the report of the General Chapel Fund Committee, just published, it appears that 338 fresh cares received the official sanction of the committee, including the churches, school-rooms, ministers, horses and organs. The total cost of which will be more than one million of dollars. It is thirty-five years

since the said committee was organized, and during that time about ten million dollars of debt on places of worship have been paid.

Juvenile missionary meetings are often held in English Methodism. In some instances all the proceedings are conducted by the young people.

"The Forward Movement" is being worked most vigorously. At a Convention recently held at Bournemouth, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes stated that he had seen a thousand persons saved in one week. John Wesley recorded in his "journals" as the most wonderful revival since the days of the Apostles, that upwards of 300 souls had been converted in six weeks.

The Home Mission Committee will recommend the next Conference to leave the Rev. T. Champness without appointment as circuit minister. His duties in training lay-evangelists have become onerous, and the applications from all parts of the connexion which are made for their services clearly prove that he will have enough to do in superintending this important agency.

The London Missionary Society have resolved to imitate Mr. Champness' example, by providing for the employment of a similar class of agents on some of their missions. The Congregational Board of London invited the Rev. H. P. Hughes to address one of their meetings, at which he explained at great length "The Forward Movement" of Methodism, for which he received a hearty vote of thanks.

Fraternal meetings have been held in various places among the Wesleyan and other Methodist ministers. These meetings are not only of a social character, but in some instances union prayer-meetings and sacramental services are held. All who have taken part express them-

selves as being delighted, and it is anticipated that great good will be sure to follow.

The amount of nearly \$10,000 has been given to the Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund by the publishers of *The Methodist Times*.

Rev. Peter Thompson is the only Methodist minister working among a population of 310,000 persons, who inhabit the area embraced by the East London Mission.

Mid-day services are held in the Central Hall, Manchester. One was recently conducted by the President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, which was followed by a prayer-meeting for the four branches of the Methodist family. A united Communion Service was held in the afternoon, and a public meeting in the evening.

William Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" has been translated into Welsh, French, Italian, German, Tamil, Kaffir, and Tongan, and has been marvellously faithful in spiritual results.

Twenty-one thousand Bibles were sold at the Glasgow Exhibition, where the National Bible Society of Scotland had a stall, while 5,000 *souvenir* Testaments were circulated at the Melbourne Exhibition.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

Glorious revival services have been held at Newport (Isle of Wight). A William O'Bryan Memorial Church has been erected at Week, St. Mary. The first preacher's meeting ever held in the connexion was held in this parish.

At Telah, Truro circuit, the church was enlarged and renovated. The Wesleyans and others manifested great sympathy, and even the vicar of the parish withdrew his week-night service at the time of the re-opening ceremony.

A new mission has been opened in the district of Kirwee, New Zealand, and steps have been taken to open missions in other inviting districts. Additional helpers are urgently needed.

The missionaries held a ten days' mission at Tunman Foy, China.

Crowds attended. Four dollars per year will educate a boy. A pledge from opium and wine-drinking is given by the converts. The missionaries do their own printing. They have also established a Chinese class-meeting and Sunday-school. A Dane, who was as dark on spiritual things as any Chinaman, attended the meetings and yielded himself to Christ.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Seventeen annual conferences were appointed to be held in March, five of which were in session as these notes were being prepared.

The following interesting items are taken from the Year Book recently published. Fifty educational institutions have been added to the former number last year secured, two theological seminaries, eleven colleges, thirty-four mission schools and class seminaries. Additional money invested in schools, \$6,455,965. The collections for missions during the last eight years give a total of \$6,221,049.54. The grand total received by the Society since its organization in 1819, to November, 1887, was \$20,161,439.99. The church has in her foreign mission work 1,643 Sunday-schools, with 80,355 scholars.

The Bareilly Theological Institution (Indian) was founded in 1872, and has sent out 153 students. It has given diplomas to 113, and forty have taken a partial course. These have nearly all turned out well, and are coming on to take good positions.

Bishop Fowler, while at Foochow, China, urged the great importance of street preaching, and in the appointments so arranged that a strong force is to engage in this work.

When Bishop Warren visited Korea, in 1887, he baptized a man to whom he proposed some searching questions. He asked if his heart glowed with love to Christ as his personal Saviour. The man answered: "If I did not love Christ I should not desire to be baptized and to join the church my people de-

spise." "But," said the Bishop, "the Korean laws against the Christian religion are not yet repealed, and may yet be executed, involving all professed Christians in death. Are you ready for that?" "I do not know, but if peril and death should come I believe Christ will be with me and support me to the end." That was enough, the Bishop baptized him.

Four ladies sailed from New York in February to various foreign missions. They were all sent out under the Woman's Missionary Society.

An unusual number of church dedications have taken place during the last few weeks. One church in Denver City which cost \$250,000, and another is soon to follow which will cost \$130,000. Governor Evans and family contributed \$46,000. The Governor has also endowed two chairs in the North-Western University with \$50,000 each.

A generous giver has been the means of erecting thirty churches in Dakota. Another gave \$5,000 five years ago, which provided twenty churches. Another gift of \$2,500 enabled ten churches to be erected in 1888. Twenty years of city Church Extension has planted twenty self-supporting churches in the heart of New York City. Two hundred churches, to cost \$250 each, are wanted immediately in Dakota.

It has seldom been our privilege to read respecting revivals at so many places. Harrisburg "is in a perfect blaze of revival." Buffalo has been the scene of a most remarkable revival. New York City has been favoured with the services of the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the Boy Preacher, for more than a year, during which he has gone from church to church, and in all instances there has been the shout of a King in the camp. Beekman Hill Church, where the late Rev. John Johns died, was the last place visited, and hundreds are reported as having found the Saviour.

Deaconess' Homes are being established at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston and other places. Methodist hospitals are also being established

at Chicago and Philadelphia. Homes for the aged and infirm are among the live institutions of to-day. At the Home in New York, more than one hundred aged saints, including men and women, find a delightful shelter. A home will soon be established in Washington City, as an important meeting was recently held in the Metropolitan Church, when several thousand dollars were subscribed to start the institution.

The Book Concern, at New York, recently held its annual meeting, when it was found that the net capital was \$1,787,711.39, being a net gain of assets of \$135,513.63. The Western Concern reported for the first time over a million of assets. The net capital being \$844,698.44. The net profit for the year \$105,529.26. \$100,000 will be given to the Conferences, for distribution among the aged ministers.

Rev. Homer Eaton, D.D., was appointed successor to Mr. Phillips. The firm will henceforth be Hunt & Eaton.

One of the most magnificent Methodist structures in the United States was recently dedicated by Bishop Warren, at Denver, valued at \$250,000, and opened for worship free of debt.

A new departure in Methodism is announced by the founding of an Itinerant's Biblical Department, at Mount Union College Alliance in Canton, Ohio. Bishop Vincent, and Lewis Miller, of Chautauqua fame, head the movement. Regular classes for resident students and occasional sessions for ministers in the field will take up all phases of the itinerant preacher's work. A class for the training of deaconesses is proposed in connection with other advance movements.

The revival of the missionary spirit is nowhere more marked than among the students of the United States and Canada. No less than 3,157 are enrolled as volunteers, of which number 1,007 have sailed to foreign lands. Nine seminaries and ten colleges have pledged \$16,000 yearly for the support of alumni missionaries.

## METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Sir George Chubb recently opened a Bazaar in South London, and expressed the opinion that if the several Methodist Churches could arrange to use the same hymn-book it would be a step in the direction of closer union. Dr. Watts, connexional editor, stated that the hymn-book of the New Connexion actually contains more of Charles Wesley's hymns than that in use among the Wesleys themselves.

The Rev. J. Innocent, one of the founders of the China Mission, was chosen arbitrator in the dispute between the Chinese Government and the London Missionary Society, in relation to the Medical Hospital at Tientsin, and his decision has been accepted as both able and impartial.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Great interest has been taken in the missionary services this year; probably this has arisen, in part at least, by reason of so many missionaries being on furlough for a few weeks. Rev. J. McLean, from the North-West, Rev. J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent, from Manitoba, and the Rev. Thomas Crosby, from British Columbia, have all told of the wonders achieved in their respective spheres of labour. Mr. Crosby spent some weeks in the Maritime Provinces, where he was abundant in labours. His story of life among the Indians produced a thrilling effect. All the above brethren greatly pleased their respective audiences, and gave ample proof that they were well adapted for the positions assigned them. The people were greatly encouraged, and it is hoped that the missionary revenue will be largely increased.

The new Richmond Church on McCaul St., Toronto, was dedicated in February. The dedicatory services were gratifying, and new Richmond enters upon its career under the most auspicious circumstances. May its career be like that of its predecessor.

The Rev. E. R. Young is in England, the guest of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. He was announced to

appear at a missionary meeting in Princess' Hall, London, and will relate his thrilling missionary story in several other places.

A disastrous fire has occurred at the Muncey Educational Institution, whereby thirty-three Indian boys were left almost destitute of clothing. The institution also sustained heavy losses. Contributions in money or clothing will be thankfully received by the principal, Rev. W. W. Shephard.

The Revs. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have held a successful series of services at Detroit, and are now in Peterboro'. They have more calls than they can respond to.

The Rev. D. Crossley and Prof. Canfield have also held several successful evangelistic services at various places, and are at the time of writing labouring in Dundas Street Centre Methodist Church, London.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow is making preparations for an excursion to Europe. Several ladies and gentlemen have intimated their intention to join the party. Those who may wish to do so should address the Doctor at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Our friends in the east are indefatigable in their evangelistic labours. They issue *Glad Tidings*, a neat four-page paper, published fortnightly at fifty cents per year. It is a live sheet, and deserves liberal support. Headquarters, St. John, N.B.

A few brethren in Newfoundland have also begun to publish the *Methodist Monthly Greeting*, which is full of news respecting church affairs in that island. One item greatly pleased us. At St. John's East a thanksgiving collection was made, which exceeded \$1,200. "A more excellent way" than miserable bazaars, fancy fairs and other substitutes for Christian giving.

The Rev. Geo. Boyd, St. John's, Newfoundland, writes January 17th: "We had a good day last Sunday in this circuit. We asked for a thank-offering to God for the mercies of the past year, and the people offered willingly. The contributions amounting to \$1,218.

A new church was recently opened at Columbus, Toronto Conference. At the close of the dedicatory sermon, by Dr. Stafford, Dr. Stone took charge of the finances, and asked for \$1,400; and in less than an hour \$1,600 were subscribed, which leaves the church free from debt.

The missionaries in China write very encouragingly respecting their work, some native Chinese have been baptized.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Bishop McTycire, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died Feb. 16. He had been ill for several weeks, but until within a few days of his death hopes were entertained of his recovery. He was in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and had been in the ministry since 1845. After serving in the ranks, he was elected editor of New Orleans and Nashville *Advocates* respectively. He was thirteen years editor, when he was elected bishop, just as the Civil War was closed. His task was not easy, but he proved himself adequate to the trying duties of the Episcopacy. Being a relative by marriage of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, largely through his instrumentality the Vanderbilt University was established at Nashville, of which he was President from the commencement. He was an able man in every sense of the word. He visited the Methodist General Conference at Hamilton in 1882.

Rev. Otis Gibson, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in San Francisco, Jan. 25th. He was first a missionary in China, and afterwards commenced a Chinese mission on the Pacific Coast. This was a trying position. His life was often in danger. He was once burned in effigy, and frequently he was under police protection, but nothing could drive him from his

work. His arduous labours brought on paralysis, from which he never recovered. He was a grand man, and the mission could not well have sustained a greater loss than his death occasioned.

Father Gavazzi, of Rome, was well known as one of the prominent men of Italy; at one time a monk of the Church of Rome, and afterwards a minister of the Free Church in Italy. He was a prominent actor in many of the scenes which took place in that country during the last forty years. His eloquence was thrilling. He visited America twice. Those who heard him in Toronto in 1850, will not have forgotten the effect of his discourses. A riot occurred in Montreal, which will always be known as the Gavazzi riot. He laboured with great zeal. His death occurred in the latter part of 1888, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. His funeral was attended by all the Protestant ministers in Rome. By his desire his body was cremated.

The death of Professor Young, of Toronto University, removes a man greatly beloved and revered by his students. He was a model instructor, full of enthusiasm in his chosen work, and inspiring enthusiasm in others.

The Rev. John Gibson, missionary in Demerara, of the Presbyterian Church, Canada, died at his post. He was a young minister of great promise, but after four years' toil in the mission he was called to his reward in heaven.

Rev. R. W. MacDonnel, a valuable missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Durango, Mexico, in December last. He was only thirty-one years of age, and had been a missionary eight years.

Rev. John Broadbent, Wesleyan, finished his successful course in December.

## Book Notices.

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*The Text of Jeremiah.* A Critical Investigation of the Greek and Hebrew, with the Variations in the LXX. Retranslated into the Original and Explained. By GEO. COULSON WORKMAN, Ph.D., Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature in Victoria University, Cobourg, Ont. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo., pp. xlv.-389. Price, \$3.15.

This book we regard as one of the most important achievements of Canadian scholarship. It is all the more praiseworthy as having been performed in the difficult field of Oriental literature. Professor Workman has made this subject a specialty during his four or more years residence at Leipsic, where he has enjoyed the most competent instruction in Oriental learning to be had in the world. That he has profited well by this protracted study is evident from this admirable volume of original investigation. In his highly complimentary Introduction, the distinguished Professor Delitzsch says of this work, that it "presents a complete and comprehensive view of the differences between the Greek and Hebrew texts, in a way in which it hitherto has never been presented. The author thereby contributes to the science of Biblical criticism a work of valuable and lasting service."

An examination of the book will show that this is not overpraise. The author has the courage to arraign the critical judgment of a number of the most learned scholars of the day as to the value of the Septuagint translation of the Scriptures, and he gives very good ground for maintaining a contrary opinion. He has ingeniously arranged in parallel columns the accepted or Masoretic Hebrew text, and a translation into Hebrew of the corresponding passages from the LXX., and has shown how many of the various readings may have re-

sulted from easily occurring mistakes of copyists, which he proceeds to illustrate at length. We have not space here to treat more fully this important contribution to Biblical scholarship, but we heartily commend it, especially to our ministers, for their personal study. We congratulate Victoria University on securing, for the important chair of Old Testament Exegesis, so accomplished a scholar as the author of this book, which we place in the hands of an expert for more adequate notice than we can here give it. The ancient University of Leipsic has shown its appreciation of Professor Workman's distinguished scholarship by conferring upon him the degree of Ph.D.

*The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour.* By the Rev. WILLIAM SECKER. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

This very remarkable book is a reprint of one published seventy years ago. We can find no reference to its author in any biographical dictionary. He is here simply described as the "Minister of All-Hallows Church, London Wall." We judge that the book was written in the last century. It is well described by Dr. Cuyler as a "wonderful book, combining the sentimentousness of Benjamin Franklin with the sweet, holy savour of Samuel Rutherford." It seems to us rather to unite the terse wisdom of Bacon, the wit of "quaint old Fuller," and the Saxon energy and shrewdness of Charles Spurgeon. It is a book of practical godliness setting forth the character of the consistent Christian. Every page sparkles with gems of thought expressed with the apophthegmatic force of a well-worn proverb—the expression of the wisdom of many and the wit of one. The following are examples: "Who would



envy an ox that pasture which only fits for slaughter? or the malefactor that carriage which only conveys him to the place of execution?" "If the sun be eclipsed, one day it attracts more spectators than if it shone for a whole year; so if you commit one sin, it will cause you many sorrows and the world many triumphs." "The water without the ship may toss it; but it is the water within the ship that sinks it." "God is nearer to us than we are to ourselves." Here is a plan of constructing a sermon, "Firstly, the explication of what is doctrinal; secondly, the application of what is practical. The former is like cutting the garment out; the latter is like putting a garment on." From these plums the reader may judge what kind of pudding it is.

*The Life of John Price Durbin, D.D., LL.D.* By JOHN A. ROCHE, M.D., D.D. Pp. 369. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

A few months ago we had the pleasure of visiting the famous old Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania—one of the very few colleges in America which date back over a century. The quaint old college buildings, in their large elm-shaded campus, had an air of scholastic repose akin to that of some Old World seats of learning; while the elegant new buildings—library and science hall, etc.—showed that it keeps touch with modern science and thought. We found the whole place fragrant with memories of the gifted Dr. Durbin, one of its early and most distinguished Presidents. In the museum were massive sections of hexagonal columns from the Giant's Causeway, and other souvenirs of travel, which he had collected in foreign lands; and the college halls were alive with traditions of his scholarship, his administrative skill, his eloquence. We, therefore, read this book with especial interest. One of its most important departments is its analysis of the great preacher's homiletic skill and sacred oratory. He was, indeed, a peerless preacher,

an accomplished editor, an enthusiastic and successful Missionary Secretary. His life is well described as a model for the imitation of young preachers.

*The Indians, Their Manners and Customs.* By JOHN McLEAN, M.A., PH.D. Pp. 350. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

Dr. McLean, the indefatigable Methodist missionary at Fort McLeod, has had admirable qualifications for writing this book. He has spent nine years among the Blood Indians, and has travelled extensively throughout the North-West. He has made a special study of the traditions, superstitions, mythology, and customs of the red men. He gives the results of his observations and studies in a series of interesting chapters on Indian usages, camp and wigwam life, Indian heroes, and traditions, frontier tales, missionary work among the Indians, etc. We venture to say that no one who begins to read this book will fail to finish it, if possible. It has not a dull page from beginning to end, and many chapters are of thrilling interest. We hope that this book will largely circulate in our Sunday-school libraries; it will make our young people familiar with one of the grandest mission fields on earth, and with some of the grandest missionary triumphs ever achieved. The book is illustrated with eighteen engravings of Indian life in the North-West.

*Among the Millet, and Other Poems.* By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN. Ottawa: J. Durie & Sons.

Mr. Lampman's name and thoughtful musical verse have been familiar for a number of years in some of the higher-class American magazines. This is, we think, his first volume of collected poems. And a rich sheaf of poetic gleanings we welcome as a valuable contribution to the poetic literature of Canada. Mr. Lampman has a correct ear, a delicate fancy, a copious and poetical diction. The musical quality of much of his verse reminds us alternately of Swinburne

and Tennyson. But he is never a slavish imitator. His poems are mostly subjective, but the narrative poems of "The Monk," "Abu Midjan," and others, are of striking merit. He has a keen sympathy with nature, whose varying moods he faithfully reflects. Some thirty sonnets show his skill in chasing these artistic gems. We have space for only a single example :

THE KING'S SABBATH.

Once idly in his hall King Olave sat  
 Pondering, and with his dagger whittled chips ;  
 And one drew near to him with austere lips,  
 Saying, "To-morrow is Monday," and at that  
 The King said nothing, but held forth his flat  
 Broad palm, and bending on his mighty hips,  
 Took up and mutely laid thereon the slips  
 Of scattered wood, as on a hearth, and gat  
 From off the embers near a burning brand.  
 Kindling the pile with this, the dreaming Dane  
 Sat silent with his eyes set and his bland  
 Firm mouth, tight woven, smiling, drawn with pain,  
 Watching the fierce fire flare, and wax and wane,  
 Hiss and burn down upon his shrivelled hand.

*From Flux to Linen.* By Mrs. NATHANIEL CONKLIN (Jennie M. Drinkwater). Pp. 443. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

We have had occasion, in this MAGAZINE, to commend highly "Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline," and other books by the author of the volume now under review. This book is characterized by the same keen perception and accurate delineation of character, and by the same moral earnestness and lofty ethical motive. The tale is written in a minor key. It opens with a sympathetic account of a motherless girl in a large boarding-school, whose empty heart was yearning for paren-

tal love. A long course of spiritual disciplina follows, by which her character is transformed from the rude flax to fine linen fit for the Master's use.

*Ready, Aye, Ready.* By AGNES GIBERNE. New York: Carter & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.

This is a story of life among the lowly in a factory town in Great Britain, illustrating the evils of the factory system in breaking up home associations, and preventing the wholesome effect of proper home influence. It shows, furthermore, the duty of being "ready, aye, ready" for Christian service, and the great results that may flow therefrom. While not reaching so high a level as "Coulyng Castle" and other works by the same author, this is, nevertheless, an excellent book for Sunday-schools or for home reading.

*The Loyalists at Shelbourne.* By the REV. W. WATSON SMITH.

This is a paper of fascinating interest contributed to the "Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society." Few more heroic episodes occurred in the history of the U. E. Loyalists than that recorded in these pages. For their fidelity to their conscience and their king, ten thousand exiles were landed on the storm-swept Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia during the year 1783, and spent the following winter in such shelter as could be hastily constructed, many of them living beneath canvas tents all winter long. Mr. Smith rescues from oblivion many interesting traditions of those founders of the empire, among whose descendants have been some of the most conspicuous servants of the Church and State in the Old World and the New.

*Methodism: A Parallel.* By WILLIAM A. QUICK. 8vo. Pp. 200. London: T. Woolmer.

It is a striking illustration of the cosmopolitan character of Methodism that we have here a volume written in Australia by an Ex-President of a

Methodist Conference at the Antipodes, analyzing the character of that great religious movement which has girdled the globe with its missions and institutions. The author shows, by cogent argument, the identity in spirit and character of apostolic Christianity and Methodism; the striking analogy between the condition of England at the time of the Wesleys, and that of Palestine at the time of Christ; between the founder of Methodism and the Apostle Paul, and between the rise and progress of Methodism and primitive Christianity. This book is of sufficient importance to receive a fuller notice at a future date.

*Songs in the Night Watches from Voices New and Old.* Compiled by HELEN H. STRONG THOMPSON. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Price \$1.25; pp. 317. Cloth, full gilt.

Except in the case of the very highest genius, it is safe to assume that a selection of poems will contain more of high merit than an equal volume of original verse. We, therefore, owe a debt of gratitude to the good taste of the editress of the book, that she has brought together such a body of verse, which will touch the heart and console the stricken spirit, as we find here. These songs are pitched in a minor key, and are tuned to such subjects as humiliation, poverty, sickness, and death. The book is daintily printed and will be an appropriate present to a friend in sorrow or bereavement.

*The Life and Times of G. F. Pierce, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, with his sketch of Lovick Pierce, D.D., his Father.* By GEORGE G. SMITH.

This is a goodly 8vo. volume of nearly 700 pages, embellished with several portraits. The bishop and his father were great men. Both were members of the celebrated General Conference of 1844, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was rent in twain. The father was, when

he died, the oldest Methodist preacher in the world. The Bishop had been college professor, preacher in charge, presiding elder, and then finally, bishop, so their lives were full of incidents deserving of record. From necessity, Bishop Pierce was an extensive traveller. He kept a journal and wrote numerous letters. The biographer has made good use of the materials at his command, and the volume named should be read extensively. Such books are worthy of a place in every Methodist library. E. B.

*The Court of Charles IV.* By B. PEREZ GALDOS. From the Spanish by CLARA BELL. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price, 90 cents.

This is another volume of Gottsberger's fine library of foreign tales, well translated. Galdos is the author of those striking stories, "Gloria" and "Trafalgar," previously reviewed in these pages. It possesses the same vivid characteristics, and gives a striking picture of Spanish life.

*Fallen in the Field.* By the REV. JOHN S. PAWLYN. London: T. Woolmer.

This is a touching memorial of the Rev. Alfred H. Clegg, a young Methodist missionary of great promise, who "fell on the field" in Central Africa, that grave of so many missionaries.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The *Studio* (Studio Publishing Co., New York) is one of the best art magazines published. It has, in each number, three full page supplements reproducing famous pictures by the photogravure process. Its art criticisms and other articles are of permanent value.

The "Cherry Isaac" series of booklets (London: T. Woolmer) is a very serviceable collection of readable gospel stories, by J. JACKSON WRAY and other successful writers. About 350 pages for a shilling.