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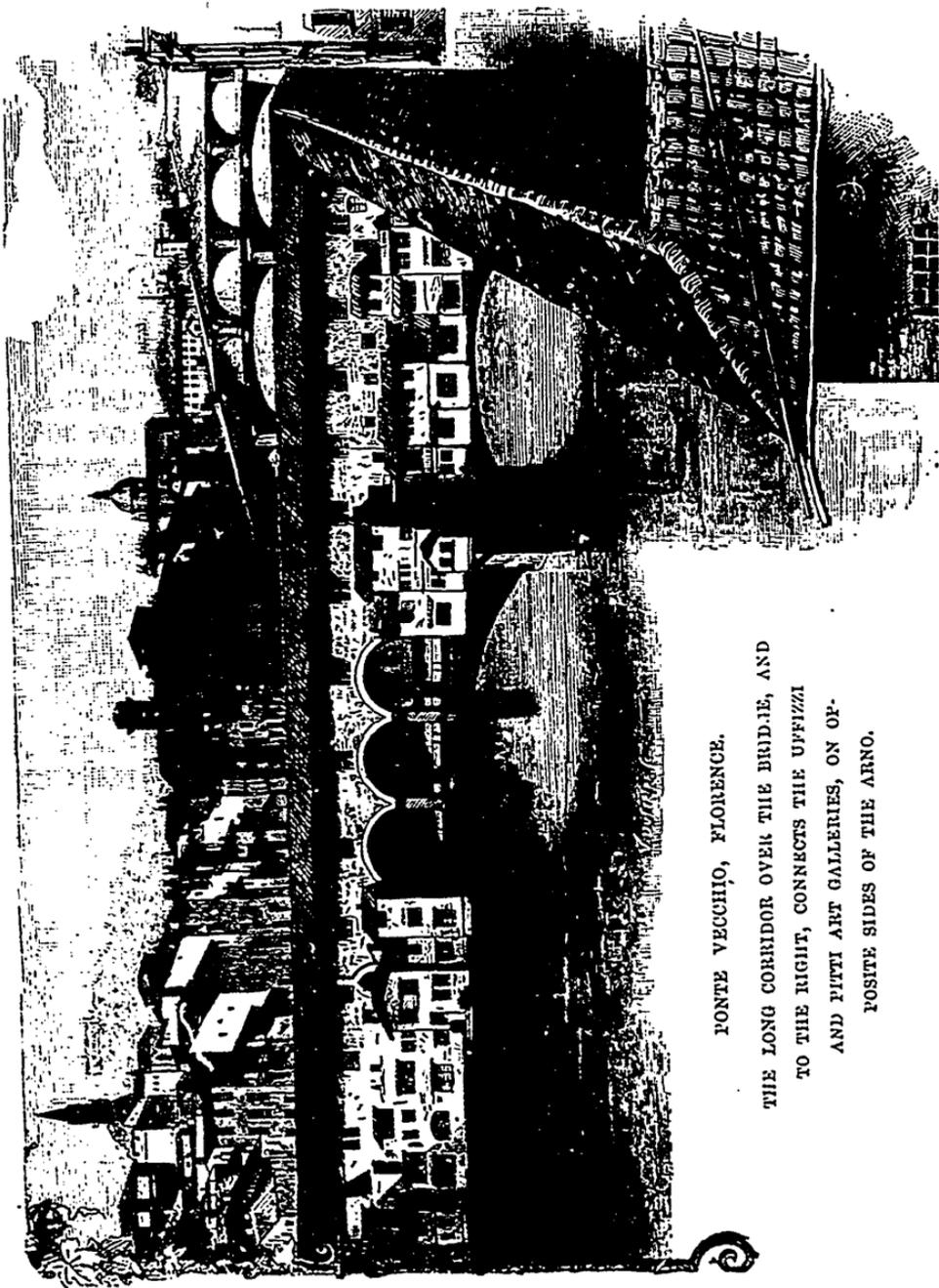
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PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.
THE LONG CORRIDOR OVER THE BRIDGE, AND
TO THE RIGHT, CONNECTS THE UFFIZI
AND PITTI ART GALLERIES, ON OP-
POSITE SIDES OF THE ARNO.

THE Methodist Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

FLORENCE AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.

BY THE EDITOR.

SAVE Rome, no place in Italy, scarce any in the world, possesses such numerous attractions—historic, literary, and artistic—as Florence. The heroic memories of its struggles for liberty, and the wonderful achievements of its sons in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and science, invest it forever with profoundest interest.

Nestling in a lovely valley of the Appenines, its situation is singularly beautiful. Embalmed forever in Milton's undying verse are the names of leafy Vallombrosa, Val d'Arno, and fair Feisole, where the "Tuscan artist with his optic tube"—"the starry Galileo with his woes," explored the skies. A patriot writer thus rhapsodizes over the beauties of "Firenze, la bella:"—"Like a water-lily rising on the mirror of a lake, so rests on this lovely ground the still more lovely Florence, with its everlasting works, and its inexhaustible riches. Each street contains a world of art; the walls of the city are the calyx, containing the fairest flowers of the human mind."

"The Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls,
Girt by her theatre of hills; she reaps
Her corn and wine and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

In the portico of the Uffizi palace are the statues of celebrated Tuscans, most of them the sons or denizens of Florence. No city in the world, I think, can exhibit such a galaxy of illustrious

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names. Among others are the statues of Cosmo de Medici, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Orcagna, Giotto, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Dante,



PALAZZO VECCHIO.
 FLORENCE, FROM WITHOUT THE GATE OF SAN NICOLO.
 GIOTTO'S TOWER.
 BUONO.

Petrarch, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Galileo, and Benvenuto Cellini. Besides these, Savonarola, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Fra Angelico,

Raphäel, and many another illustrious in letters and in art are forever associated with the memory of Florence.

Let us take a walk through this old historic city. We start from the Piazza della Signoria, once the forum of the Republic, and the scene of its memorable events. On the site of that great



ITALIAN PEASANT.

bronze fountain, erected three hundred years ago, on which disport Neptune and his tritons, Savonarola and two other monks, precursors of the Reformation, were burned at the stake, May 23rd, 1498. There, for near four hundred years, has stood in sun and shower, Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of David. The

prison-like palace, with its slender tower rising like a mast three hundred feet in air, was the ancient seat of the government.' Let us climb its marble stairs. We enter stately chambers, carved and frescoed by great masters, once the home of the senate and councils of the Republic. In the topmost story are the private apartments of the princely Medici, sumptuous with dark, carved antique furniture, frescoes, and tapestries, but small and mean in size. From these prison-like windows looked forth on the lovely landscape the fair faces and dark eyes of the proud dames of the mediæval court; and in one of these very chambers Cosmo de Medici, with his own hand, slew his son Garzia for the murder of his brother Giovanni.

Descending to the Piazza, we face the Loggia

dei Lanzi, a large open portico, of date 1376, fronting the square, and filled with masterpieces of sculpture, in bronze and marble, by Cellini and other Tuscan masters, which for three hundred years and more have entranced the gaze of successive generations.

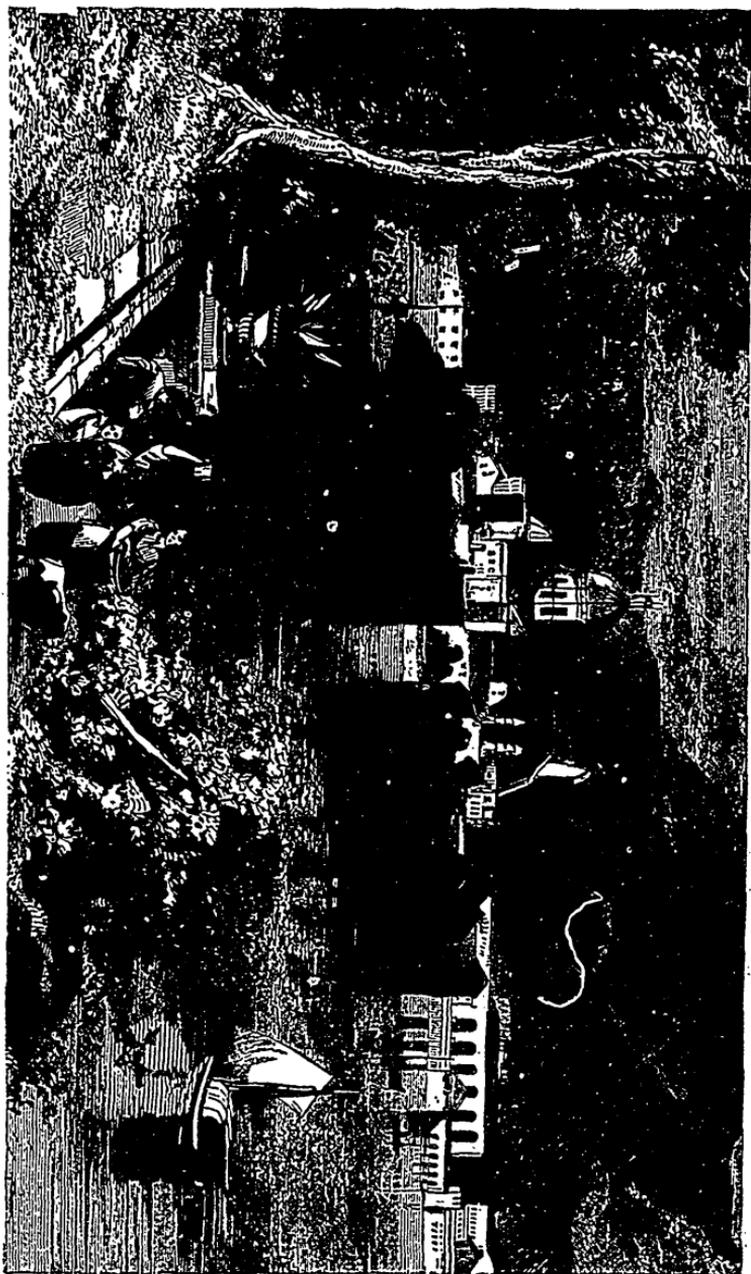
Along a crowded street we proceed to the great Duomo. On the way we pass the Church of "St. Michael in the Garden,"—a



ITALIAN PIPER.

church below, a corn exchange above—so called from a plot of grass in front, which was paved with stone some six hundred

LAKE AND CITY OF COMO.



years ago. How strange that the memory of that little plot of grass should be preserved in the name through all these centuries

of chance and change! Farther on we pass the house, with iron gratings and small bull's-eye glass, in which Dante, "*Il divino poeta*," as the inscription reads, was born, A.D. 1265.

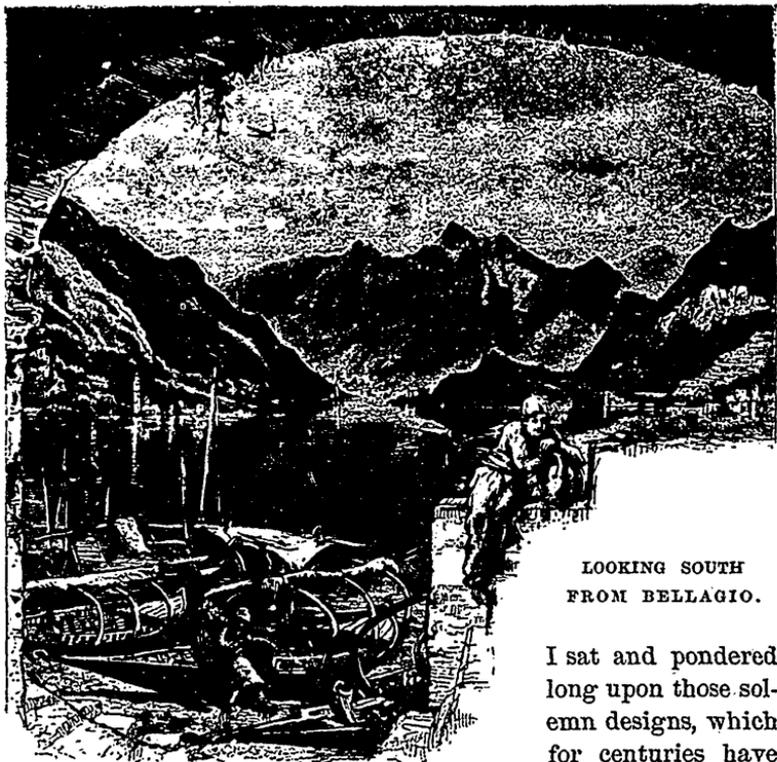
There, at the end of this street, rises one of the most remarkable groups of buildings in the world—the *Duomo*, Giotto's Tower, and the *Baptistry*. The first was begun in 1294. It is a noble specimen of Italian gothic of black and white marble, fretted with exquisite carving and tracery. From its great carved pulpit, like a king upon his throne, Savonarola swayed the sceptre of his eloquence over the awe-struck souls of the people of Florence. Its mighty dome, added in 1420-34, surpasses in size even that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is the more daring, as the earlier achievement. Its interior is covered with gigantic mosaics of the *Inferno*, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*; hideous figures of satyr-headed devils are torturing the lost in the flames with pitchforks—a dreadful and repulsive sight. The guide whispered against the wall, and I distinctly heard what he said on the opposite side of the dome. From the lantern, nearly four hundred feet in air, a magnificent view of the city at our feet, the far-winding *Arno*, and the engirdling hills, is enjoyed. In the square below is a statue of *Brunelleschi*, the architect of the dome, gazing upward with a look of triumph at his realized design. Here, too, is preserved a stone seat on which Dante used to sit and gaze with admiration on the scene, on summer evenings, six hundred years ago.

The *Campanile*, or Giotto's Tower, is an exquisite structure, rising, more and more ornate as it climbs, to a height of three hundred feet, enriched with carvings of the seven cardinal virtues, the seven works of mercy, the seven *Beatitudes*, and the seven *Sacraments*. Notwithstanding its beauty, it has yet a look of incompleteness; the spire of the original design having never been finished.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The City of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Opposite the *Duomo* is the still older *Baptistry*, venerable with the time-stains of seven, or perhaps eight, hundred years. Here are the famous bronze doors of *Ghiberti*, on which he expended the labours of forty years, worthy, said Michael Angelo, to be the gates of *Paradise*. They represent, in high relief—the figures

stand out almost free—scenes from Scripture history, and are marvels of artistic skill. The vast and shadowy dome is covered with mosaics, in the austere and solemn style of the thirteenth century. On a gold ground are seen the majestic figures of the sacred choir of angels and archangels, principalities and powers, apostles and martyrs. Beneath are the awful scenes of the Last Judgment, the raptures of the saved, and the torments of the lost.



LOOKING SOUTH
FROM BELLAGIO.

I sat and pondered long upon those solemn designs, which for centuries have uttered their solemn

warning and exhortation to the successive generations of worshippers who knelt below.

Not far from the Duomo is the Church of Santa Croce, the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Italy. It is a building of simple dignity, five hundred feet in length, begun in 1294. Its chief attractions are the frescoes of Giotto and the tombs of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, the Medici, Alfieri, and many another famous son of Italy.

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make them holier, dust which is

Even in itself an immortality
 Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo with his woes;
 Here Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

In front of the church is the splendid monument of Dante, inaugurated on the six hundredth anniversary of his birth. In the adjacent cloisters I saw an ancient statue of God the Father, an offensive attempt to represent to sense the Eternal and Invisible.

The chief glory of Florence is the unrivalled art collection in the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces. Through these long corridors and stately chambers one wanders, sated with delight in the study of the art treasures on every side. There "the goddess loves in stone;" here the Virgin breathes on canvass; and heroes and martyrs and saints live forever—immortalized by the genius of Raphaël, Fra Angelico, Fra Lippi, Titian, Guido, and their fellows in the mighty brotherhood of art. These palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but are connected by a long covered gallery, lined with pictures, over the Ponte Vecchio, shown in our cut, which it takes fifteen minutes to traverse. As I stood upon the ancient bridge and watched the sun set over the Arno, I thought how often from that very spot Dante, Angelo, and Raphaël must have watched his setting long centuries ago.

Adjoining the royal Pitti Palace are the famous Boboli Gardens, laid out by Cosmo I. It required but little effort of the imagination to repeople its pleached alleys and noble vistas, adorned with many a marble statue and diamond-flashing fountain—fit scenes for Boccaccio's tales of love—with the gay forms of the cavaliers and ladies fair of Florence in her golden prime.

One of the most interesting visits which I made in Florence was to the once famous, now suppressed, Monastery of San Marco. It gave me the best insight that I got in Europe of the mediæval monastic life. Here were the cloisters in which the cowed brotherhood were wont to walk and con their breviary; the large bare refectory, with its pulpit for the reader, who edified the brethren while they "sat at meat," and the pious paintings on the wall; the scriptorium, with its treasures of vellum manuscripts and music; and the prison-like cells of the monks. One of these possessed a peculiar fascination. It was the bare, bleak cell of the martyr-monk Savonarola, the place of whose funeral pyre I had



STREET IN VARENNA—ON LAKE
COMO.

just seen in the great square. I sat in his chair; I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine, clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic soul who kindled, four hundred years ago, a light in Italy that has not yet gone out.

Here, too, are the cell and many of the pictures of the saintly painter, Fra Angelico. The pure and holy faces of his angels, from which he derives his name, give an in-

sight into his inner nature; for only in a saintly soul could such sacred fancies dwell. A Last Judgment, by this artist, greatly impressed me with its realistic power. Christ is throned aloft in a glory of angels. An archangel blows the trump of doom. The graves open, and the sheeted dead come forth. To the right, a rapturous throng of the saved sweep through asphodel meadows to the gates of Paradise, welcomed by shining seraph forms. To the left, devils drive the lost to

caves of horror and despair, where "their tongues for very anguish

they do gnaw," as described with such dreadful vividness by the burning pen of Dante.

Not among the "giants" of the time, but one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is the "Angelic Brother," whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn these cells and corridors. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He "never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer." Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the seven sorrows of Mary, or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence, he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel—caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power.

Here, also, are the cells in which Cosmo I., a-weary of the world, retired to die, and that in which Pope Eugene slept four centuries ago. In the laboratory of the monastery are still prepared the drugs and medicines for which it was famous when all chemical knowledge was confined to the monkish brotherhood.

In the Church of San Lorenzo are the tombs of the Medician princes, on which have been lavished £1,000,000. Here are the masterpieces of Angelo, his *Night and Day*, which age after age keep their solemn watch in the chamber of the dead.

With the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, erected A.D. 1250, many tragic memories are linked. I stood in the chamber, originally a chapel, but for centuries a gloomy prison, in which the victims of tyranny languished and died; and saw the spot in the courtyard below where one of the greatest of the doges of Florence fell beneath the headsman's axe. It is now converted into a national museum, filled with treasures of art and historic relics. I was greatly impressed with a bronze figure of Mercury, "new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!" Its ærial grace and lightness was exquisite. Very different was the effect of a wonderfully realistic representation of the appalling scenes of the plague, as described in Boccaccio's "Decameron." In looking at it, one could almost smell the foulness of the charnel house. Here also are the very telescopes and instruments of Galileo, and the crutches that supported the tottering steps of Michael Angelo, in his eighty-ninth year.

Among the more recent memories of this fair city is the fact that here Mrs. Browning, the greatest woman poet of all time, lived, and wrote, and died. I inquired at several book-stores and at the hotel for her house, but no one seemed to have ever heard of her. Mine host offered to look for her name in the directory.

I left with regret this lovely city, and took rail for Milan and the Italian Lakes—Como, Lugano and Maggiore. We delay not now at the capital of Lombardy, which has been recently described in these pages.

The Italian lakes, Como, Lugano and Maggiore, have challenged the admiration of poet and painter from the days of Virgil to the present time. Less sublime in their environments than those of Switzerland, they are far more beautiful. The surrounding foliage, also, is much richer; the orange and myrtle take the place of the spruce and the pine. The sky is of a sunnier blue, and the air of a balmy breath, and the water of a deeper and more transparent hue.

Lake Como is only an hour's ride from Milan, through a fertile and hilly country. *En route* we pass the ancient town of Monza, where is preserved the iron crown with which Constantine, Charlemagne, Charles V., and Napoleon, besides two score of Lombard kings, have been crowned. Como, which lies amid an amphitheatre of hills, was the birthplace of the elder and younger Pliny. The mountains rise in verdurous slopes, clothed to their summits with chestnuts and olives, to the height of 7,000 feet. At their base nestle the gay villas of the Milanese aristocracy, embowered amid lemon and myrtle groves. Lovely bays, continued into winding valleys, run up between the jutting capes and towering mountains. The richest effects of glowing light and creeping shadows, like the play of smiles on a lovely face, give expression to the landscape. Like a swift shuttle, the steamer darts across the narrow lake from village to village. The glowing sunlight, the warm tints of the frescoed villas, the snowy campaniles, and the gay costumes, mobile features, and animated gestures of the peasantry, give a wondrous life and colour to the scene.

On a high and jutting promontory is Bellagio, the culminating point of beauty on the lake. After dinner at the *Hotel Grande Bretagne*, whose windows command one of the loveliest views I ever beheld, I set forth with a companion for a sunset sail on fair Como. Softly crept the purple shadows over wave and shore. Gliding beneath the lofty cliffs, our boatman woke the echoes with his song. Snowy sails glided by like sheeted ghosts in the

deepening twilight. At nine o'clock the Benediction rang from the village campaniles—one after another taking up the strain—now near, now far, the liquid notes floating over the waves like the music of the spheres. As we listened in silence, with suspended oar, to the solemn voices calling to us through the darkness—

“We heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the night
Like some old poet's rhymes.”

Next day we crossed by private carriage, with jangling bells



ITALIAN-SWISS VILLAGE.

and quaint harness on our horses, from Lake Como to Lakes Lugano and Maggiore—a delightful drive, up hill and down, through romantic scenery and picturesque villages. At the top of one long, steep slope, commanding a map-like view of the winding Como far beneath, our driver stopped beneath an iron-grated window of an ancient church. Behind the grating were about a hundred skulls, and just opposite, a receptacle for money, with a petition for alms for the repose of the souls of the former owners of those skulls. It was the most extraordinary appeal *ad misericordiam* that I ever saw. Two or three times during the day we crossed the frontier between Italy and Switzerland, with its inevitable guard-house and knot of soldiers.

A charming sail on Lake Maggiore, with magnificent views of the distant snow-clad Alps, brought us in the evening to Isola Bella—"the beautiful island." In the seventeenth century, a famous Count Borromeo converted this barren crag into a garden of delight. It rises in ten terraces a hundred feet above the lake; and is stocked with luxuriant orange and lemon trees, cypresses, laurels, magnolias, magnificent oleanders, and fragrant camphor trees. Fountains, grottoes, and statuary adorn this lovely spot. We found the château and gardens closed; but by dint of perseverance we effected an entrance, and, by a judicious fee, obtained permission to explore the beauties of the scene. Near by is the many-turreted château of Baveno, where Queen Victoria was an honoured guest during her visit to Italy.

In the after-glow of a golden sunset, we were rowed by a pirate-looking boatman to Stresa, where I parted with my companion in travel, he crossing the Alps by the Simplon route, and I by the St. Gotthard Pass.

On a lofty hill near the lake, overlooking the country which he loved so well, is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, one hundred and twelve feet high, his hand stretched out in perpetual benediction upon its hamlets and villages.

Traversing the entire length of Lake Maggiore, between towering mountains on either side, I took the train for Biasca, the present terminus of the railway. The road follows the winding valley of the Ticino. The scenery is a blending of Alpine grandeur with soft Italian beauty. Villas, churches, and ancient castles crown the neighbouring heights. Snowy cascades gleam through the dense foliage and leap headlong from the cliffs. Huge fallen rocks bestrew the valley, as though the Titans had here piled Pelion on Ossa, striving to storm the skies.

From the dining-table of the hotel at Biasca, I looked up and up to a cliff towering hundreds of feet above my head, making at night a deeper blackness in the air, from which leaped with a single bound a snowy waterfall. Before sunset I set out for my first Alpine climb. A steep winding path ascended the hill to a pilgrimage chapel. Along the wayside were a number of shrines adorned with glaring frescoes and rudely carved, pathetic dead Christs, with an offering of withered flowers before them. I gathered some lovely anemones, which flung their censers in the mountain air, and drank deep delight from the sublimity of the prospect. Coming down, I lost the path, when a peasant woman, mowing in the fields, kindly dropped her scythe and tripped

down the steep slope to point out the narrow winding way. It led me down to a little group of houses, rudely built of stone, and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone seems more plentiful than wood; it is used for fences, bridges, supports for vine trellis, etc. One of the peasants, at my request, showed me his house. It was very comfortless, with bare floors and rude home-made furniture. He showed me also his stock of wooden shoes and his silkworms' eggs, for he eked out a living by winding silk. A very old Romanesque church crowned a neighbouring height, with a giant St. Christopher frescoed on the wall; beside it was the quiet God's acre, in which for long centuries—

“The peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep.”

THE UNSEEN LAND.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
 Beyond death's cloudy portal,
 There is a land where beauty never dies,
 And love becomes immortal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
 How bright and fair its flowers;
 We may not hear the songs which echo there
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
 With our dim, earthly vision:
 For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky,
 The fiery sunset lingers,
 Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by unseen fingers;

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
 And half-reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise, eternal,
 Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
 Into those pastures vernal!

AMONG THE SWISS CLOUDS AND MOUNTAINS.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

My first view of Switzerland was from the Rigi Kulm, coming by train from Bale to Lucerne, passing through many picturesque valleys, enjoying the view of many swelling hills, quaint chalets, little lakes, and the battle-field of Sempach, and catching glimpses of the more distant and more inspiring scenes of the Bernese Oberland. I halted in Lucerne only for a meal, and then proceeded by boat to the foot of the Rigi, and ascended by the mountain railroad to the summit of that peak, which, with its companion Pilatus, keeps grim ward over Lucerne and its charming lake. Up, up, steadily and comfortably the engine pushed the little cars; at each turn the view grows wider, wilder, and more magnificent; finally at the summit, with its hotels and pavilions, 5,905 feet above the sea, 4,472 feet above the lake, you find stretched beneath you an indescribable panorama of dark rocks, blue lakes, busy towns, which from their distance are hushed into absolute silence, and dwindled to the proportions of children's toys; pine forests, pretty chalets dotting the mountainsides, and little villages, whose church spires emerge from the

level, while farther away lies the Alpine range for one hundred and twenty miles.

The contrast is striking between the view northward and that to the south. To the north lie the lakes of Lucerne and Zug, and several smaller sheets of water, fringed with pretty towns and cities; beyond them vast plains and low hills, and bosky wood-



SWISS CHALET.

lands, with here and there a chalet, a village, a spire; and off to the extreme north the hills of the German Black Forest, to the north-west the peaks of the French Vosges and Jura. The great level stretch of country seems to lie at your feet, and you almost fancy a few minutes will take you to Lucerne, and you are practically undeceived only when you find that the descent by railroad and the passage up the lake in a swift steamer occupies

two hours and a half at least. That mountain atmosphere is very deceptive as to distances.

Turning to the south, you have first a succession of deep valleys and rugged, though verdant heights; and, then, beyond, loftier and yet loftier peaks, more and more bare and rugged; until at last the eye rises and rests satisfied upon the stupendous snowy range which closes in the view, from Sentis, on the east, round by Glärnisch, and Tödi, Schneehorn, and Titlis, and Mönch, and Eiger, and the glittering Jungfrau, to grim and shattered Pilatus right across the lake of the Four Forest Cantons. Over all that majestic range, how rich and gorgeous the play of colour, the alternation of light and shade, the sweep of the clouds, now



LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.

concealing the mountains and disappointing the expectant eye, and now revealing the full glory to the patient watcher.

Half-past four is an early hour in the morning! But when the blast of the great Swiss horn is heard, summoning the guests at the hotel to view the sunrise, out troop whole crowds of half-dressed people rushing to the best points of view. Poets may attempt the description of an Alpine sunrise, but not I. Those deep, dark shadows, the faint gleams of light in the east, the gradual flush upon one white summit after another, the sudden bursting of the sun upon the view! While innumerable peaks now glow in the brilliant light, away over the lake of Lucerne and up the side of Pilatus rests the purple, cone-shaped shadow of the Rigi. Down thousands of feet below, great rolling, fleecy

clouds completely cover the lakes and plains, so that the spots of land which peep through look like islands in a sea.

Then at sunset, how entrancing the sight, as peak after peak fades into shadow, until Tödi alone reflects the sun's rays and stands out for a moment solitary in a glow of light.

After two days and nights in the cloud-world, I came down to Lucerne—charming old city—at the head of that lake sacred to the legend of William Tell, with its ancient walls, and towers, and bridges, and attractive modern quays, and avenues, and shops.

My route lay thence by steamer to Alpnach, by carriage from Alpnach over the romantic Brunig Pass to the town and lake of Brienz, by steamer to Giessbach; and so on from one scene of beauty to another, until I had passed through Interlaken, Thun, Berne, Fribourg, and Lausanne, to Geneva, enjoying much by the way.

On a Monday morning late in August, I climbed into my seat in the big lumbering diligence which runs from the city of Calvin to the valley of Chamouny. It did not take long to discover some fellow-countrymen among the passengers—a burly old English squire, with his genial wife; a youthful Oxford parson, with his less youthful maiden sister; and the blooming young widow of an Indian officer, whose constant reference to the guide-book, enthusiasm for all the points of interest, and general vivacity and usefulness, won for her from us all the sobriquet of "Mrs. Cook." We all soon became acquainted, and formed a party, and travelled and jaunted and enjoyed the sights together for three days.

It is a delightful drive out from Geneva, up the valley of the Arve, to Chamouny. Here are meadow-lands flanked by mountains; yonder handsome chateaux; now we cross the river, and again recross it on stone bridges with graceful arches; then we skirt the mountains, a wall of rock to the left hand, and the deep gorge of the river to the right. We pass the fairest of water-falls. The rocks project far up, and as the water comes over it is caught by the wind and literally blown into spray, which gently floats adown the mountain (recalling Tennyson's "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn"), gradually condenses again, and finally reaches the foot of the cliff in several tiny rivulets.

Now we are in sight of the range of Mont Blanc. We stand up in the diligence and shout our recognition. But we have still some ten miles or more to go, before we fairly enter the valley of Chamouny and are at the foot of the monarch of European moun-

tains. What a valley! Nearly 3,500 feet above the sea level, fifteen miles in length, three-quarters of a mile wide, flanked by the mountains on both sides, with the Arve flowing down its centre. Down from the Mont Blanc chain sweep numerous

CLIMBING MONT BLANC—CROSSING A SNOW-FIELD.



glaciers, pushing down even below the line of pine forest which skirts the mountain-side. The eye follows the gleaming glacier up and up, until it loses the course of the river of ice among the winding defiles of the mountains. Some of the peaks shoot up

sharp and jagged through the ice and snow which rest upon their shoulders, and lift their bare heads to heaven; others are clothed with snow to the very top, and gleam most gloriously white. Sunrise on Mont Blanc next morning was superb, not a cloud interfered with the grand spectacle. At first I was disappointed with Mont Blanc itself. Its white dome did not seem so lofty as some surrounding peaks. But one gradually measures the distance better, and the great mountain seems every moment to be farther off and higher up, until with its snowy, spotless summit, glorious in the sunlight, which has not yet penetrated to the valley, it seems to fairly draw you off your feet heavenward—so lofty, so pure, so far from human sin and sorrow, so near heaven, so like God in His majesty it seems.

But time fails to rehearse the oft-told tale of Alpine wonders, beauties and glory. Over the Tête Noire to Martigny, up the Rhone Valley to Brieg, over the Simplon Pass into lovely Italy; back by the St. Gothard, up the lake of Lucerne, once more to Lucerne, and thence out of Switzerland by Zurich and the Bodensee—such a trip in the land of cloud, and rock, and lake, and glacier, is more than recreation, it is inspiration. A page cannot describe it, nor could a volume.

Well may the Swiss, with patriotic pride, point to the mighty mountains and gratefully exclaim: "Das Haus der Freiheit hat uns Gott gegründet!"

A RONDEAU.

BREAK, mighty sea, upon thy silvery shore!
 Thy voice to me sounds of the evermore.
 In foam-edged flatness waste thy giant power,
 Thy wrath is but the creature of an hour;
 A calm, a storm, a tempest, all is o'er.

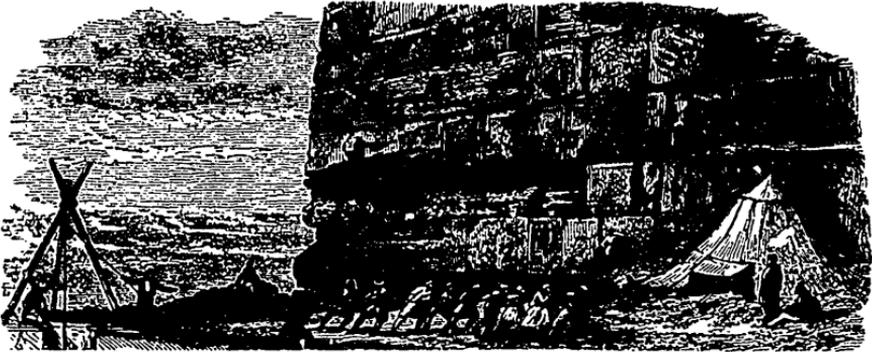
But can the wounded heart forget its sore,
 As lightly as the sands the ocean's roar,
 Its surf wreaths and its storm-swept showers?
 Break, mighty sea!

Break, mighty sea, and let thy voice adore
 The Hand that tempests make and calm restore;
 That Hand can heal the wounds that grief devour,
 And guard the soul-like castellated tower.
 Forget and rest, oh, heart, forevermore!
 Break, mighty sea!

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

XIV.

JERUSALEM—THE BURIED CITY, AND THE VOICES FROM
ITS TOMB.

WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

THERE is a wonderful fascination about the thought of what may be revealed when once the spade of the explorer and the skill of the archæologist are allowed free scope in Jerusalem. Those mounds of rubbish which environ it, those heaps upon heaps of ruins, upon which the modern city is built, must contain many buried secrets which the world of religion and science would delight to know. Were the fell domination of the Turk once removed; were the miserable ignorance and fanaticism, which now fight fiercely against all innovation, against all improvement, against all inquiry, once to give way beneath the influence of greater enlightenment or more wisely administered authority; and were the careful and reverent researches of archæologist and explorer courted instead of thwarted, it is, indeed, difficult to estimate the exceeding value and interest of the discoveries that would be made. Doubtless, the city once so splendid and famous, and still the centre of so much of the world's interest and affection, would become once more the true religious capital of the world, and its mounds and tombs, the oracle of a revelation, in which the centuries by-gone and buried would arise from their graves to give additional emphasis to the declaration and doctrines of Holy Writ.

We live in wondrous times. The histories of forgotten empires—Hittite, Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian—have given up their long-locked secrets to our scholars, and have been, many of them, translated into our common tongue, so that we may be nearly as familiar with the exploits of Sargon or Rameses the Great, as with the doughty deeds of Saxon Alfred or Richard Cœur de Lion. The every-day life of the denizen of Babylon or Memphis, his religious views, his business proclivities, are no longer a matter



GALLERY NEAR EAST WALL.

of mystery or of guess; and every year some of the missing links, between times and peoples pre-historic, and the well-known epochs and events of history, are being supplied. Within the past decade the very forms and faces of the long-buried Pharaohs of ancient Egypt have once more "revisited the glimpses of the moon;" and, gazing into the veritable features of Thothmes, or Seti, we are brought, literally, face to face with the primitive, though stupendous, civilizations of the world's childhood.

But what if from these buried vestiges of God's ancient and

chosen people, should come similarly rich finds of ancient art, far more modern certainly, but even more interesting and important? What, if from his tomb, on Mount Zion, David should arise, or Solomon, as Seti and Rameses have risen from theirs? Abraham sleeps at Hebron, and the Moslem jealously guards the tomb of El Khalil—the Friend of God. David sleeps, assuredly, on the slopes of Zion, and with equal jealousy, as I can bear witness, his resting-place is kept from hand or foot profane. And all around is one vast burial-place, not merely of the mighty dead, but of the ruins of the work their hands once wrought, the inscriptions of the words their lips once uttered; and some day, doubtless, these silent mounds will yield up their unique and priceless secrets to the Christian scholar and antiquarian.

Already, indeed, much has been done. Within the last twenty-three years, the Palestine Exploration Society of Great Britain has thrown a flood of light upon the ancient and long-buried records of the Jerusalem of Sacred History; and, hedged in and thwarted though it has been by Moslem fanaticism and Turkish misrule, the story of its work is one of intense interest. In 1867, Captain Warren—now Sir Charles Warren—of the Royal Engineers, with a party of soldiers, went to Jerusalem under the auspices of this society. For three years he pursued his explorations in and around the city. Shafts were sunk, and galleries were tunnelled, in several places, particularly with a view to ascertaining the contour and dimensions of the ancient walls, and of fixing definitely the site of the Temple; and, in the face of many difficulties and great opposition on the part of the religious and civil authorities, the explorer's zeal and labour were abundantly rewarded. Through a vast accumulation of debris, in one place to the depth of over one hundred feet, the shafts and tunnels of the engineers went down to the very foundations of the ancient walls, and laid bare the splendid courses of massive stones, laid so securely and so deep, in the time of Solomon, with the marks and figures of Hiram's cunning workmen still painted and engraved upon them. At the south-east angle of the Temple wall, down in the bed-rock of Moriah, which had been cut into to receive it, they made their way to the chief corner-stone of the sacred edifice, that most significant symbol of the Christ. Seventy-nine feet and three inches below the present surface, the excavators found this celebrated stone, carrying out fully in its position, size and beauty, the prophet's words, descriptive of the foundation of the new and better dispensation: "Behold I lay in Zion for a

foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." There still, secure in its place for three thousand years, it remains to bear eloquent witness to the skill and wisdom of those who laid it; and to speak no less eloquently of Him whom it so well symbolizes—the Rock of Ages, the Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets—Jesus Christ, the Chief Corner-stone. The stone is fourteen feet long and three feet eight inches high, let deep into the solid rock of the hill. It is squared and polished,



SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

with a finely dressed face, and a draft of four inches wide on its upper margin. A few feet to the east of it, in a niche cut in the native rock, was found a small plain earthenware jar, in an upright position, evidently just as placed then, and it has been conjectured, with at least a good show of reasonableness, that this may have been used in the anointing of the stone, when, doubtless, amid splendid and solemn religious and regal ceremonies, the sacred block was laid in its place.

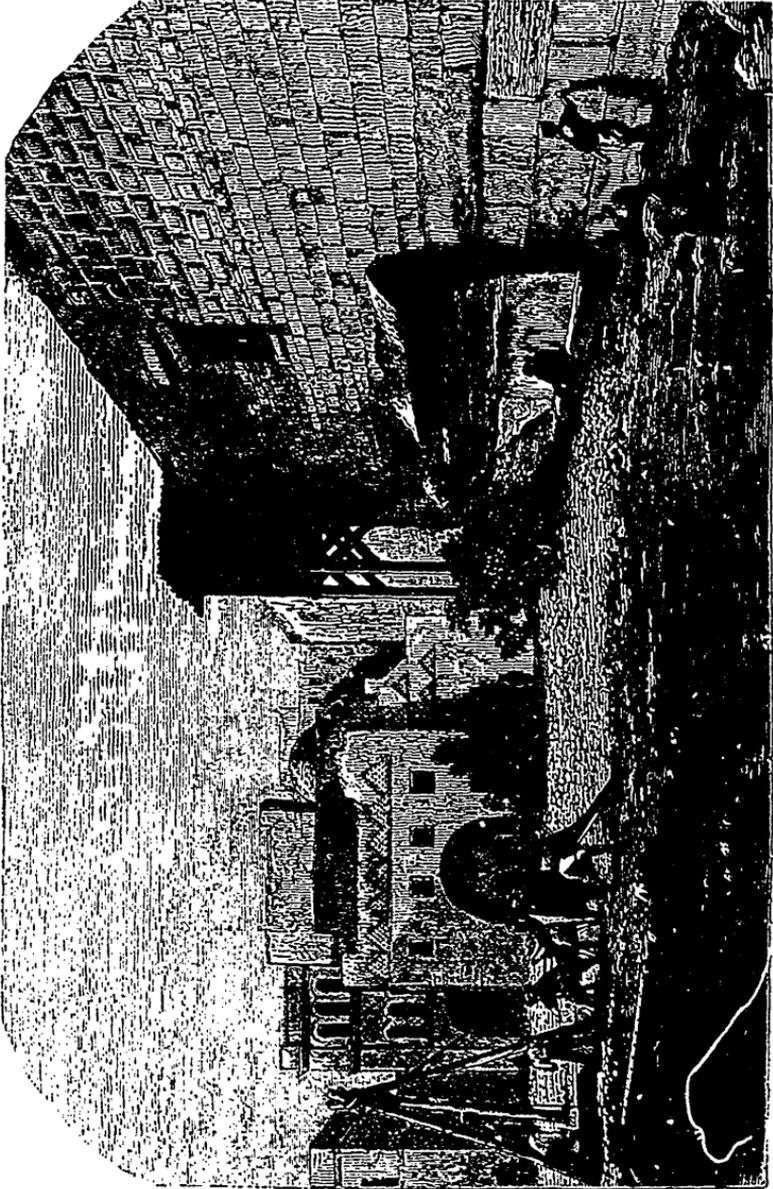
Tier above tier, from this foundation, the solid walls must have

originally risen to a superb height, at this angle. Even to-day, the original courses rise to a height of one hundred and thirty-three feet, with some twenty-three feet of modern masonry above them, and here in ancient days the wall was surrounded by the wall of the Royal Cloister, which could not have been less than fifty feet in height. Remembering that recent discoveries have shown the true bed of the Kidron to be so much lower than the present valley, that it lay one hundred and six feet below the rock which bears the foundation stone, it follows that one looking down from the wall of the Royal Cloister would have below him to the Kidron bed, a fall of three hundred feet. Josephus' account has been supposed to be exaggerated when he says, "the Royal Cloister deserved to be remembered better than any under the sun; for while the valley was very deep, and its bottom could not be seen, if you looked from above into the depth, this further vastly high elevation of the cloister stood upon that height, inasmuch that if any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both these altitudes, he would be giddy." Modern research has proved the old historian not so far from the truth as was supposed. If the corner, as is probable enough, was ornamented by a pinnacle, and this pinnacle stood fifty feet above the cloister roof, which, Josephus says, was a hundred feet above its pavement, then we may well believe that it was to this lofty pinnacle, three hundred and fifty feet above the river-bed, that the Tempter took the Christ, and its height added significance to the Satanic suggestion: "Cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone."

Along this eastern boundary wall, the fine stones run, tier upon tier, dressed and laid as carefully and symmetrically below ground as above, to the Golden Gate, a thousand feet distant; while from the corner southward runs high above ground the finest course of all, the Grand Course, or Master Course, as it is called. A hundred feet above the foundation stone, at the angle, is the corner-stone of the course, a block twenty-six feet long, over six feet high, and seven feet wide. It weighs over a hundred tons, unquestionably, and yet it was lifted to its present position three thousand years ago! This Master Course runs some seventy feet along the south wall, and twenty-four feet along the eastern one. Farther it cannot be traced.

The west wall of the Haram Arca, which, it must be remem-

bered, is identical with the enclosure of the Temple, is fifteen hundred feet long; at the south-west angle, a little north of the



ROBINSON'S ARCH, JERUSALEM.

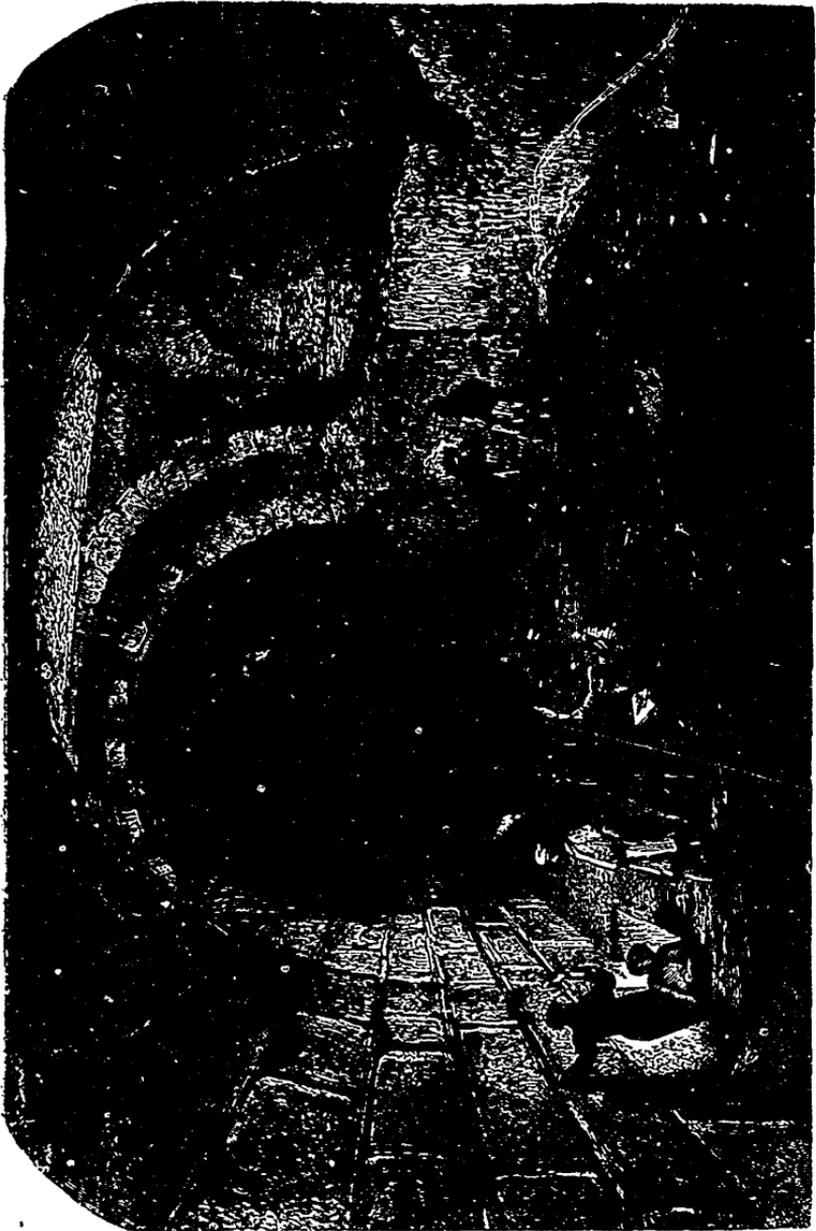
corner, there is a projection of three courses of massive stones, one of which measures thirty-eight feet nine inches in length, and weighs over ninety tons. These stones are well known to archæ-

ologists as Robinson's Arch, having been first noticed by Dr. Robinson, the American Biblical scholar, forty years ago, and by him set down as the spring of a massive arch which formerly bridged over the hollow between Moriah and Zion, the Tyrophœon Valley. Further investigations by Captain Warren and his engineer revealed in the depths of the debris which now fills up the valley, the remains of the fallen bridge. It is supposed to have been the Zion Bridge, mentioned by Josephus as connecting the Temple enclosure with the Xystus on Mount Zion. This Xystus seems to have been an open space for public gatherings, like the Forum at Rome or the Agora at Athens, and over it must have towered the superb palace of the Herods. At the Temple end of the bridge Titus stood, after his conquest of the greater part of the city, and besought the Jews assembled on the slopes of Zion, to surrender without further resistance, and thus save their city and their temple. The stubborn Jews refused the offer, and both were utterly destroyed.

Josephus tells us that Jerusalem had many secret subterranean passages beneath its streets, used not so much for drainage as for purposes of war, so that Titus, after conquering and scattering the Jews above ground, found that hundreds of his enemies were in the passages beneath the city. A hundred fights, he tells us, took place in these secret passages, and two thousand dead bodies were found in them of those who had perished either by their own hands, the poniards of their companions, or from want of food. So terrible was the stench which arose, that all the vents and traps had finally to be closed; and so they remained, these wonderful labyrinths, till Captains Wilson and Warren, within the present generation, penetrated many of their secret windings.

Wilson's Arch, so named from its discoverer, covered originally a subterranean passage between Mount Zion and the Temple. It was found, on measurement, to be forty-three feet wide, with a span of forty-two feet, and to be built of stones from seven to thirteen feet in length, laid without mortar. A still more ancient arch was subsequently found by Captain Warren, twenty-four feet lower than this one, and a subterranean tunnel running westwards. Fifty feet below it was found an old city gate, and near it an ancient building which, from certain symbolical marks cut in the stones, he named the Masonic Hall, and which he reckoned to date from the times of the kings of Judah. The records of the excavations describe passage after passage, tunnel after tunnel, literally honeycombing the hills upon which the ancient city stood.

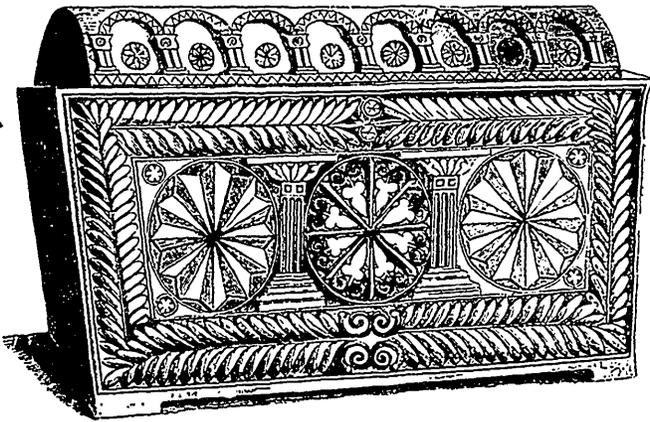
I was in Solomon's Quarries, as they are called, myself. You enter from a low passage in the rock, under the wall on the west



WILSON'S ARCH, JERUSALEM

side of the city, not far north of the Damascus Gate, and immediately the tapers of the guides light up a vast congeries of lofty

excavations, whence evidently many thousands of tons of stone have been hewn for building purposes. Dark ramifications of the quarry run out in all directions, and these gloomy recesses lead far seemingly into the very heart of the hill. Large masses of quarried stone lie all around, and several massive blocks partially cut from the rocky walls seem as though just left for awhile by the cunning workmen. One sees the niches cut for holding the lights of the workers, and the rock still blackened by the smoke. The quarries have never been thoroughly explored, but the general opinion is that they extend for a prodigious distance right under the city and temple. Modern London, with



SARCOPHAGUS, FOUND BENEATH JERUSALEM.

its underground railway, and its vast tunnels for sewerage and other purposes, is nothing like so hollowed and honeycombed, as to its foundations, as was ancient Jerusalem.

In the course of recent explorations, an interesting relic of the great Temple of Herod was brought to light, in the shape of one of the tablets mentioned by Josephus as put up to warn Gentiles from intruding within the sacred precincts. It was found by M. Clermont Ganneau, and reads, translated from the original Greek, as follows: "No foreigner to proceed within the partition wall and enclosure around the sanctuary. Whoever is caught in the same, will on that account be liable to incur death." It was inside this wall that Paul was accused of having introduced Trophimus, the Ephesian, and, still more interesting, it must surely have been to it that he alludes, when he speaks in the Epistle to the Ephesians of Christ having broken down "the middle wall of partition" between Jews and Gentiles.

But I must stop, though the subject is a fascinating one, for my attempts at summarizing a few only of the achievements of the Palestine Exploration Society give but bald and meagre ideas of what has been done. It was a grand city, this ancient capital of the Chosen People, and it was a still more grand sanctuary, that rose like a mountain of marble far above its clustering roofs. No modern edifice erected for God's worship, however noble its proportions, can in any way compare with it; and the glory of Athens, the Parthenon or the Acropolis, was small compared with the splendid house for the worship of Jehovah, erected by the wisdom and magnificence of Solomon and his subjects, and restored and enlarged by the taste and ambition of Herod. "The very ruins are tremendous" of the doomed city that knew not the day of its visitation; and heap upon heap covers deep and dark the broken and flame-scarred memorials of its former prestige and piety. But they are there, many an unique and unspeakably precious treasure, not merely for the devoted antiquarian, but for the devout Christian. The Rabbins say that the original copy of the Law is buried somewhere within the Temple precincts; and it is commonly believed that the sacred Ark of the Covenant, never seen after the destruction of Solomon's Temple by the King of Babylon, is somewhere safely hidden in one of the many caves of the Temple Hill. Perhaps, ere some of my readers pass away, these and other memorials may rise from the tombs to teach anew the lesson of reverence and religion to this worldly and flippant age.

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD.

LAST eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
 And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
 Then looking in I saw upon the floor
 Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
 "To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
 "Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
 "The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
 For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
 Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
 The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.,

President of Toronto Conference.

I.



WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

A RELIGIOUS service is going on at the Haven, Seaton Street, Toronto, conducted by a well-known Christian and philanthropist. He has engaged in earnest prayer, and now requests a minister who is with him, Rev. J. Matheson, to read a Scripture lesson and make a few comments upon it. While this is going on the little gathering is thrown into alarm, for as the leader sits listening with others to the Word of God, there is a catching of the breath, a backward movement of the head, a tremor of the frame, and a loving heart has ceased to beat, a valuable life is closed. The

word passes from lip to lip, "William Gooderham is dead." Everywhere the news is received with a shock of profound sorrow. Friends hold their breath, a thrill of sympathy runs through the city; it is as if upon ten thousand homes death had fallen. The hour of burial comes. There have been great funerals in Toronto, but no larger one was ever witnessed. Many thousand voices are tuned to one chord, many thousand hearts thrill with one sentiment of sympathy and grief. For more than an hour a stream of people passed through the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, in which the body lay, to take a momentary glance at the well-known face; and among the touching incidents witnessed was the procession of children from the Boys' Home, and the Girls' Home, coming to take their last look at the countenance they so much loved, and to pour out their tribute of grief and affection over his coffin.

With difficulty the doors were closed to allow the members of the family, and the large circle of relatives and friends, to take their appointed places, and at once the spacious edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity. That memorial service will long live in the memories of those who were privileged to be present.

The character of the congregation—the strange commingling of rich and poor, high and low, cultured and uncultured, ministers of every denomination, professional men, university men, Salvation Army people, artisans, masters, servants, young and old—all were but the outward sign of that strange commingling which makes all hearts throb with one pulse in the presence of a common loss. It was pre-eminently a Christian funeral, and a tone of triumphant faith and hope coloured hymns, prayers and addresses. The multitude outside had, during the hour of waiting, increased until, according to the estimate of the public press, it reached from ten to fifteen thousand. At once a solemn hush fell upon all hearts, and as the sad procession slowly took its way toward the family vault, in St. James' Cemetery, the entire route was lined with citizens of every class who stood in awed silence, the orderliness and decorum, the bowed head, and, in many instances, the tearful faces, showing that they were mourners indeed. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," his body was committed to the tomb, but his spirit had soared above the skies to the invisible glory and immediate presence of God and the Lamb.

Why all this sorrow? Why should one death create such a vacancy? Men are dying daily, hourly, everywhere. To die is as natural as to be born. What is it to us, then, that one more citizen dies? What was it that has made so great an impress upon all hearts? What is it that we remember of him? It

was the good he did and the hearty interest which he took in the welfare of his fellows, in private charities, and in the cause of God—the impress of a Christian character which he left upon the world. “The righteous, shall be in everlasting remembrance.” William Gooderham has risen as a star, and shall shine as the stars forever and ever. The earthly and the human, his faults and his failures, shall be forgotten; but that which was divine and Christlike in him shall abide forever. His life was marked by qualities of character which we call to remembrance with devout gratitude to Him who is the “Giver of every good and perfect gift.” We cannot in our space give an analysis of his character we can only sketch, crayon-like and in crude outline, some of the features of his marked personality. We would not indulge in extravagant eulogy, and we would not draw a picture fanciful and unreal, but one that will stand the test of criticism with all candid and honest minds, and be recognized by those who knew him best. Next to the Holy Scriptures themselves, the Church should treasure the memory of those whose consecrated lives have manifested the power of divine grace, that by their holy example others may be stimulated to like sympathy with men and like devotion to God.

William Gooderham was born in the village of Scole, county of Norfolk, England, on April 14th, 1824. In his beautiful home, Norfolk Villa, is the picture of the house in which he was born, and among the most sunny memories of his last visit to the Old Land was his pilgrimage to the family homestead, and the reviving of the recollections of his childhood days. He was one of a large family—seven sons and six daughters. His father was a large-hearted man, and took into his home, treating as his own, six orphan children of his deceased sister, so that nineteen sat daily at the table. In 1832 his father emigrated to this country and settled in Little York, and there began to lay the foundations of a large and lucrative business. But William was not drawn toward the business in which his father was engaged, nor was he content to remain at home dependent upon his father. Accordingly, when about eighteen years of age, he left home and went to Rochester, N.Y., and entered the service of a merchant in that city. Here occurred the most important event of his life, the crisis in his history—his conversion. He was led to attend a revival service, and thoroughly convicted of sin, he rested not until he found pardon and peace through believing. More than once he has told me how for two weeks, night after night, he went forward among the seekers in great distress of soul, weeping a very flood of tears. Others found the light, yet he was still in

darkness. At length an old Christian took him in hand, and said: "My boy, you are not going about this matter in the right way. Your tears cannot save you; your sorrow for sin cannot save you; your prayers cannot save you; only the Lord Jesus Christ can save you. Now, my lad, you give up your sins, do you? 'I do.' Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is able to save you? 'I do.' Do you believe that He is willing to save you? 'I do.' You believe that He is able and willing to save you here and now? 'I do.' Now, my lad, will you go a step further: Do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ does save you as you give yourself to Him?" and the answer came, "I do." At once he found peace through believing, and was renewed by the Holy Ghost. He believed "with the heart unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession was made unto salvation." For a number of years he walked in the light of God's countenance, maintaining a good profession, ready to deny himself personal comfort and ease to rescue the perishing and lead sinners to the Saviour. At this time he had a strong conviction that he should enter the ministry, but the way did not open. This yearning of his heart was surely met in his latest years, when he was wont to occupy with acceptability the pulpits of almost every denomination in the city. I have heard Mr. Wm. Blight, perhaps his oldest friend, say that he remembers, in 1858, joining him and his brother, at the head of Sumach Street, before seven o'clock in the evening, when they sang down the street, the crowd following them until they reached Queen Street, where his brother James mounted the steps of a store and preached to the people. But after a time he became lukewarm, he lost his first love, his burning zeal and faith, and allowed worldly interests to take the place of things spiritual and eternal. He was satisfied with the forms, the proprieties and respectabilities of religion without its power, and had simply a name to live. Of this portion of his life he always spoke with regret and deep humiliation, counting it a failure, and worse than a failure. But the Master was using means to draw back his servant into the vineyard as a labourer who should consecrate every moment of his time, every capacity of his being, every iota of his influence, and every dollar of his money, to the salvation of men and the glory of God.

In 1847 he was united in marriage to a sweet and beautiful woman, Miss Margaret Bright, and for many years they lived in happy wedded bliss. In 1875 a great shadow fell upon his heart, in the sudden and dangerous illness of his beloved wife. In the anguish of his soul he prayed that her life might be spared. All night, Jacob-like, he wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant,

until the assurance came to his soul that she should be given to him, and that divine grace would be sufficient. She lived on a helpless invalid, unable to speak, yet an angel of blessing to her husband and home. Along with this domestic trouble came the earnest pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Potts, in the Metropolitan Church, whose ministry was made a great benediction to him. Mr. Gooderham was restored to the joy of God's salvation, became from that moment a thorough out-and-out Christian, a leader and office-bearer in the Church, and one of the most whole-hearted, earnest men that Methodism ever had.

He was a man of strong will and of great energy. He came of a good sturdy stock. Like Bunyan's "Great-heart," he was of heroic mould. His physical appearance, not above the ordinary height, but broad-shouldered, and a figure never to be overlooked in any company; his large and well-balanced head, manly face, massive brow, searching eye, resolute mouth and chin—all indicated the iron in his nature—but the grace of God transfigured his whole character, and he became genial, generous, and tender as a child.

In his domestic relationships, as a son, a brother, a husband, a master, he was kind and true. He always spoke with the highest veneration of his father, of his integrity, his industry, his frugality, his strictness, and of the valuable lessons he received in the home-school. Especially would he refer to the old gentleman's constant injunction to his sons: "Boys, stick together." His brothers well bear testimony to his fidelity and affection, and though he differed from them *toto cœlo* in many things, yet this difference never marred the fraternal feelings; and the fact that he has appointed two of his brothers and a nephew executors and trustees of his will, empowered to administer his liberal bequests, is not only an expression of his fullest confidence in them, but also of his desire that they should become interested in the charitable deeds and benevolent enterprises to which he consecrated his means. Who does not hope that this desire may be realized? for surely there is much to be done by a right and Christianly use of wealth. He was devoted to the interests of all the members of his household.

His affection for his wife shone radiant as a star, nay, it glowed and burned as a sun. I never saw such affection, never read of greater devotion. How he watched over that invalid wife; everything in the beautiful home was centred around that sick-room. He rarely entered it without bringing her some token of his love. She could not stir or murmur at any hour of the night but he was at her side. When the hour of separation came, as the death

damp was gathering on her brow, he took her up as a child, folded her in his arms and held her to his breast till the last beat of her heart, till the last breath was heaved, and then he kissed the pale lips and laid the dear form back upon the bed, and upon his knees he fell, amid tears and sobs, to give thanks to God who had given him such a companion. He said to me, "In that moment was taken from me more than all my wealth, all my friends, more than life itself, yet in that moment God gave me more than He had taken away." Separated from him, she was not forgotten. Often during the week, and every Sabbath morning, in connection with his work in the hospital, he visited her grave and placed flowers upon it. We doubt not that when he swept through the gate into the glory-land, next to the vision of the King in His beauty, was the rapture of re-union with his beloved wife.

William Gooderham was a Methodist. He loved the Methodist Church, its doctrines, its order, and its prosperity. It was the Church of his spiritual birth, of his convictions and his affection; yet he was no bigot, but a great, generous-hearted Christian. He was too large a man to have his sympathies confined to any one denomination, and his memory now belongs to the whole Church of God. He was deeply interested in the Salvation Army. I have it on the authority of his intimate friend, Mr. Daniel McLean, that at first no man could be more prejudiced against the Army. He disliked their noisy bands, and flags, and uniforms, and glaring announcements. Why did he come to love this people so much? There is a gentleman in this city, well known, who for fifteen years was completely under the influence of the drink-demon, a moral wreck. One day he was picked up, taken to the barracks, sobered and soundly converted, and has ever since been sitting at the feet of Jesus, "clothed and in his right mind." This case awakened the attention of William Gooderham. He attended one of the services, and was deeply touched and interested. He saw that the Salvation Army was reaching the neglected and the non-church-goers as no other organization was doing. He saw these red-jerseyed men and poke-bonneted lasses were going down to the most ignorant, the most fallen, the most degraded, to help and save them, pulling them out of the fire, and his great heart went out in sympathy for the work and for the workers. To himself the Army was made a great blessing, and he was raised to a higher level of Christian living.

He had great simplicity and humbleness of mind. The Hon. S. H. Blake, in his admirable address at the memorial service, held in the Christian Institute, referred to "his deep humility," accepting

advice and suggestions from others whom he was capable of teaching himself. He was always anxious to learn more about the spiritual life of the humblest Christian, and would get hints and lessons for his own benefit from nearly every speaker that he listened to. He did not wait for great things at a distance, but was ever ready to do the little things close at hand. This humility was not a wild flower of nature, but "a fruit of the Spirit." He was sometimes touchy and exacting, as though the old proud nature were re-asserting itself, but how quickly this mood passed away, until in his whole spirit and bearing he carried out the apostolic injunction, "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." He was never combative. In conversation he never cared for argument or discussion. Every Saturday three of his most intimate friends dined with him. It was a standing arrangement, and others were from time to time invited in. These afternoons were seasons of delightful fellowship, of waiting upon God in prayer, and of preparation for Christian work. At table he delighted in animated conversation, but when it assumed the form of discussion and debate, he would be sure to change the topic. His conversation was "always with grace seasoned with salt." His greeting, "Well beloved, I am glad to see you!" and his parting, "God bless you!" were like the benediction that follows after prayer. Looking back upon these seasons of grace and sweet delight, I cannot call up one act or word of his that I would have erased from the record of his life.

He was pre-eminently a Bible man. He loved the Bible, read it, studied it. He believed it was the Book of God, and without any hesitation accepted every truth in it. I never saw him in his carriage without his Bible. In his home were Bibles everywhere. I never knew a man who studied the Scriptures with more intense delight. While we were crossing the Continent together, I noticed that he would spend nearly whole days reading the Bible. He was himself a good illustration of the educational power of this Holy Book, for by its careful perusal he was enabled to send home the truth to men's hearts and consciences and lives. He began this study late in life, but he showed what can be done by patient attention to one book, and that the difference between men's success in life is largely a matter of industry.

He was a man of prayer. He always seemed to attend upon the Lord without distraction. He believed that God's promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," faileth never. When the Christian Institute was being erected, he held a prayer-meeting with Brother Sandham over the lot to be secured. When the ground was excavated, they prayed

together in the basement. When the first floor was laid, they had another little prayer-meeting; so with the next floor and the top-most floor—every storey was consecrated by prayer. During the turmoil of the Central Bank difficulties, the liquidators frequently sought direction in prayer; and I am assured by those who were qualified to know, that in unravelling these difficulties his suggestions were always wise, practical and most important. While we journeyed together to San Francisco, and return, it is safe to say that there was scarcely a hundred miles crossed of land or sea, mountain or valley, that was not marked by an approach to the mercy-seat from this man of prayer. Two or three times a day a place would be found for united supplication—in the stateroom of vessel, or of palace car, or on the end of the train, when the sun was rising out of the sea, or sending his last rays over the shining levels of the flower-enamelled prairie. I seldom rode with him in his carriage when he did not propose prayer. The last journey we made together was in June last, the laying of the corner-stone of Fairbank Church, on the Newton Brook Circuit, and before reaching the place earnest prayer was offered for this new house of worship.

One scene is burned upon my memory. It is in connection with the execution of the poor misguided youth, Neil. Mr. Howland and myself met at Mr. Gooderham's before daylight, and after a hasty breakfast we started with the dawn to the jail, to spend the few remaining hours with the unhappy lad. We had been with him the night previous, and had seen him daily for some time; but on the way how earnestly we prayed together that he might find peace and salvation, and might not be refused entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. What songs and prayers were heard in that gloomy dungeon! When the sheriff and the stern officers of the law entered the cell they found a little company on their knees, and Mr. Gooderham praying with his arms around the neck of the doomed man.

He had an abounding zeal for God. It was no smouldering fire, but the intense glow of a furnace at white heat. He burned with divine love, and this passion to save souls won for him that most honourable of titles—*enthusiast*. This purpose to rescue the perishing coloured all his thoughts and gave tone to his life. With most Christian workers there are times when a carelessness of eternal interests, a lethargy, a feeling of *vis inertiae*, steals over the soul, but with him there was no dulness, no apathy, no indifference, but constant activity. He looked for immediate results. "What kind of prayer-meeting did you have?" "Very good." "Any souls saved?" would be his next inquiry. He could not

conceive of any end for a service other than the immediate conversion of sinners and the up-building of believers. In this he was Methodist, for is not the story told of Mr. Wesley, that catechising one of his young preachers concerning an appointment, he asked, "Any one converted?" "No." "Any one seeking?" "No." "Any one mad?" "No." "Well, then, you need not go there again." Why should not conversions be frequent in all our congregations? With sinful hearts, an attentive hearing, the Gospel faithfully presented, the Spirit of God to apply the truth, and the old promise, "My Word shall not return unto Me void," results must follow in the awakening and conversion of men.

He was a man of faith. He was an old-fashioned Christian, who had repented of his sins, and put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He believed in God the Father Almighty; in a Saviour present to touch and heal the heart; in the Holy Spirit the Sanctifier; in the judgment day; in two future worlds—a heaven for the righteous, a hell for the wicked. There was no guess-work about these truths; he gripped them with a firm conviction, and this brings us to the secret of his powers. "He believed in the Holy Ghost." He had the anointing, the unction of the Holy One. He was "filled with the Spirit," and so was thoroughly loyal to God and to duty, irrespective of consequences. He sought not his own ease or honour or aggrandizement, but only the honour of God and the good of his fellows.

THE SERVICE OF GRIEF.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

CHRIST'S heart was wrung for me, if mine is sore;
And if my feet are weary, His have bled;
He had no place wherein to lay His head;
If I am burdened, He was burdened more.
The cup I drink, He drank of long before;
He felt the unuttered anguish which I dread;
He hungered, who the hungry thousands fed,
And thirsted, who the world's refreshment bore.
If grief be such a looking-glass as shows
Christ's face and man's in some sort made alike,
Then grief is pleasure with a subtle taste;
Wherefore should any fret, or faint, or haste?
Grief is not grievous to a soul that knows
Christ comes—and listens for that hour to strike.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN INDIA.*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR, M.A.

MISS BEILBY speaks of a lady in a Zenana whose condition caused her some uneasiness. She seemed dying, and her friends said that the best thing she could do was to die. The symptoms indicated want of food, and Miss Beilby asked, "What is this?" Then came out the terrible truth. The lady was a widow, and thirty years of age. Some time previously she had been ill of fever, and the desperate step resorted to of calling in an English doctor. In the screen a hole was cut, through which he put his hand and felt the pulse of the patient. The fever spared her; but some time after her recovery she was so misguided as to make a remark touching the colour and size of the strange hand that had come in through the hole in the screen. That remark sealed her doom, in the judgment of her superiors in the Zenana. They could thenceforth only say, "What need we any more witness?" The sentence was pronounced. The best thing she could do was to die; and the best thing they could do to carry out their purpose was to keep food from her. Miss Beilby was only just in time to stay the full execution of the sentence.

It is now about twenty years since Dr. Valentine, of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, entered upon his work among those proud Rajpoots, to whom for ages daughters had been an embarrassment—an embarrassment confessedly so irksome, that among men of good family the prevalent sentiment was, that after one daughter had been born, or at most two, as to others who might follow, the best thing they could do was to die. And die they did in immense numbers. The British Government interposed by making the murder of female infants a punishable offence; but that measure was felt to be a meddling and insulting interference with an aristocratic form of family discipline.

Dr. Valentine did not belong to that order of fishers of men described by Gideon Ouseley as being in modern times numerous, who, instead of going out to look for fish, wait at home for the fish to come to them. So he went out among the villages around, taking with him his medicine-box and pocket surgical case. By degrees, among the villagers, he began to find some in whom terror cast

* Abridged from Mr. Arthur's admirable book on "Woman's Work in India." Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

out terror—the terror of the small-pox, which generally came as an epidemic every year, proving greater even than that of his bad designs. So one after another began to allow him to practise on their arms those charms by which, it was said, the English kept off the destroying small-pox spirit. Strange to say, when the next epidemic broke out, none of those who had been vaccinated were seized with the malady. Then did people begin to venture to the doctor. After a while they came flocking. Presently, mothers, who would not themselves come, began to send their babies. But the doctor, resolved always to preach the Gospel as he went about healing, said, "I shall not vaccinate any baby whose mother does not herself bring it." Here love and hope became too strong for fear, and the mothers ventured to the doctor's levee. After a while "there were as many veils as turbans in the crowd." And to the veils and turbans alike was the message of the missionary delivered, and the attentions of the physician cordially given.

Once upon a time Dr. Valentine, compelled to take a journey for his own health, had to pass through the royal city of Jeypoor, more than a hundred miles from his own station. It so fell out that at that very time the Maha Rani was languishing under some very serious complaint. To the astonishment of all, a message came from the palace requesting the attendance of the English physician. But if the Rajpoot prince, out of a desire to save his Queen, had stooped so far, he was resolved not to bate one jot either of the dignity of the Rani or of the inviolability of the Zenana. The doctor had to sit down before the curtain with a slave girl by his side. The Rani sat on the inside of the curtain with another slave girl by her side. Instead of speaking to the Rani directly, even through the curtain, the doctor was to state any question he had to put to the slave on his side of the screen; she had to pass it to the slave on the Queen's side; and that slave repeated it to her Highness. This was the coil into which a new and highly-organized species of the reptile *Circumlocution* had twisted itself. The patient leech—whatever he might think of it—adjusting himself to his own end of the coil, entered upon and followed up his pursuit of diagnosis under difficulties. His treatment was crowned with success. The Maharajah of Jeypoor invited the Missionary doctor to become physician to the palace, and Dr. Valentine consented, but on condition of retaining full liberty to labour as a Medical Missionary.

It is manifest at a glance that Dr. Valentine outside of the curtain was not as well placed as Miss Beilby inside of it, whether for relieving sufferers or discovering them. This leads us to

another incident in the experience of Miss Beilby, an incident brought before the general public in the leading columns of the *Times*. When about to start for England from Lucknow, her station as a lady Medical Missionary, she received from the Maharajah of Punnah a message requesting her to come and visit his Rani. His capital lay about two hundred miles south of Lucknow. Miss Beilby found the Rani seriously ill, and remained several weeks in the palace, attending not only the royal patient, but many others, and always preaching the Gospel as she went on with her cures. The Rani permitted her to read the Scriptures to her, but always refused permission to pray.

The 13th of April and the 13th of July, 1881, are two dates which Miss Beilby is not likely to forget. On the former of those days she was received by the Maha Rani of Punnah for her visit of leave-taking. The Queen was in her private room, and soon sent all the attendants away. "I wish you," she said, "to make me a solemn promise." This Miss Beilby hesitated to do until she should be informed as to what the promise involved. "You are going to England, and I want you to tell our Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women in England, what we women in the Zenanas in India suffer when we are sick. Will you promise me to do this?" said the Rani; and she insisted that the message must be carried to the great Queen of England by Miss Beilby herself, and not sent through any other channel, as the Queen would, in that case, think the less of it.

Naturally the Missionary lady told the Rani how difficult it was in England for a private person to obtain access to the Sovereign. It was not as at an Eastern court, where any one may go to the palace and lay a petition before the monarch. Furthermore, she added, the Queen could not make lady doctors, or order them to go out to India. That is beyond the power even of the great Queen of England. "But," said the Maha Rani, "did you not tell me our Queen was good and gracious, that she never heard of sorrow or suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she was, and trying to help it? Did you not show me a picture of a train falling into the sea, when a bridge broke, and did you not tell me how grieved our Queen was? Well, it was very sad those people should have been killed, but our condition is far worse. If you will only tell our Queen what we Indian women suffer when we are sick, I am sure she will feel for us, and try to help us."

The Englishwoman now beginning to yield, the Rani placed before her pen, ink, paper, saying she must write it down at once, lest she should forget it. "Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba, for

I want to put it in a locket, and you are to wear this locket round your neck, till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself. You are not to send it through another." The Missionary lady having written down the message from the lips of the Queen, said that before she undertook a promise so solemn, she must pray to her God to enable her to fulfil it. The Rani replied that it was impossible, for the carriage was waiting at the door to take her to the railway, and there was no time for her to go to her room to pray. "May I not have permission," rejoined the Missionary, "to kneel down here and pray?" That request, often refused before, was now granted.

There in the presence of the heathen princess, knelt down the Christian woman, and humbly asked the unseen God to grant, if it was His holy will, that this message might reach Queen Victoria, and that the way to deliver it might be opened before her, if it would be for His glory and for the good of the poor, suffering women of India. When the suppliant rose from her knees, the Rani said that it seemed as if she had been speaking to some one in the room, and yet she had not seen that she had anything to pray to; she had not taken anything out of her pocket to hold in her hand whilst praying.

"Maha Rani Sahiba," said the Christian, "when your Highness recovered from your illness, after your bath you prayed to the unknown God, you did not pray to anything. I have prayed to that God; only He is my God, and I know Him." The Rani had touched on what is always the first surprise of the Hindus at Christian prayer. How can man approach to the Infinite? how converse with the Invisible? Yet none more clearly see than they, when once principles are explained, that we do not define the Infinite by making to ourselves a statue or a statuette; that we do not make the Invisible appear by setting pictures before our eyes. In the moment of separation the words of the Rani were solemn and earnest: "If you forget your promise, your God will judge you." She did not say "the gods," or "our gods," much less did she name any one deity; but said "your God." Yet through the conversation she had used the expression, "our Queen."

Three months from that date, to the day and to the hour, was the locket of the Maha Rani of Punnah received from Miss Eilby at Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty listened with great interest, put many questions, and evinced the deepest sympathy. To her ladies she said, "We had no idea it was as bad as this; something must be done for these poor creatures." To Miss Eilby she gave a message for the Maha Rani, which was, of

course, strictly private. But she gave to her a second message for all the world, which is thus reported by Miss Beilby: "We should wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

Now it is very plain that it was not to a gentleman kept outside the curtain, or even to one admitted under many restrictions and precautions within it, that the Rani could ever have opened her heart. Only a woman could have supplied the delicate thread necessary to establish the sympathetic current between the private room in the royal Zenana at Punnah and the presence chamber at Windsor. Outside the curtain Dr. Valentine can do many things that are impossible to Miss Beilby; inside it, Miss Beilby can do many things that are unapproachable by Dr. Valentine.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America states, and I suppose with reason, that it was the first to send to Asia a lady physician with a regular degree. Mrs. Thomas, a wife of a Missionary in Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund, often spent her mornings in dispensing medicine, and had evidence constantly coming before her of the wide opening that would lie before a lady physician. In writing to America, she prayed that one might be sought for and sent out. In India she explained her views to Dr. Corbyn, who promised that if she would write them out he would forward them to the Government. She heard no more of it till Sir William and Lady Muir called to see the orphanage. Not only did Sir William enter into her ideas, but he offered to have a class of native girls instructed by his native doctor, if they were sent from the orphanage. However, Mrs. Thomas felt that, with native girls and Mohammedan and heathen doctors, this was "simply impossible." Mrs. Thomas insisted that, in order to train native girls from the orphanage for medical service, there was nothing for it but to have a "full-fledged" Missionary lady physician. She felt that this would be a means of bringing together European and native ladies, "as nothing else could do." In hope of the arrival in future time of the lady so much longed for, she and Mr. Thomas went on with careful preparatory instruction to fit girls to enter a medical class.

It was in 1869, on the 1st of May, and in that beautiful hill station, beside the mirror lake, beneath the sheen of the eternal snows, with a prospect over the plains of Hindustan sweeping a horizon of one hundred miles, that there met for the first time in India a female class of Missionary medical students. So went forth this first little batch; one of the smallest of all seeds, but one

containing a germ of which the potentialities, as gauged by some eyes, appeared to be prodigious. Native families of high caste soon began to send for these women. They on their part displayed spirit and enterprise. "The consciousness of the power to help," said Mrs. Humphrey, "seems to have inspired them with zeal." A native banker would no longer charge Dr. Humphrey interest on money. "I believe in Missionaries," he said, "now when they are willing to do good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men."

If the May sun shone on the deodoras of the Himalayan slope when Dr. Humphrey opened his class, the November wind of the year was dyeing red the leaves on the banks of the Hudson when the first lady physician sailed from the American shore for the heart of ancient Ind. Miss Clara Swain, of Castile, in the State of New York, had early in 1869 taken her degree at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. She was formally applied to, first by the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and subsequently by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both being in search of a well-qualified lady Medical Missionary. Miss Swain says, "After three months of thought and prayer, I accepted the call." The Society which had first applied to her cordially and gracefully waived its claim in favour of the one connected with her own Church. And so, blessed by many a wife, and mother, and maiden, did she, starting from a point in the West to which Columbus never reached, set out as a Missionary of science and religion for a point in the East hundreds of miles beyond the farthest march of Alexander. She sailed on November 3, 1869, and the 20th of January, 1870, saw her arrive in the capital of the Rohillas.

The next morning, on leaving her room for the first time in Bareilly, she found on the veranda a group of women and girls, native Christians of the city, come to pluck the first-fruits of the new healing plant. It had been feared that native women would not come to the mission-house for medicine and advice; but others besides the Christians soon began to arrive. It had been hoped that in the course of time some of the Zenana houses might accept attendance. Very soon a Brahmin of high standing, a Deputy Collector under the Government, and the author of an essay on Female Education, which had been read at a Durbar, waited on Miss Swain to pay his respects. He said that they could not consent to have their wives and daughters attended by a gentleman, though they suffered much for want of proper medical aid. He thought the lady doctor would do much good. When the idea of a hospital for women was mentioned, he promised not only to subscribe, but to assist in raising funds.

After a few days came the little son of this gentleman, bearing his father's salaam to the Miss Doctor and Mrs. Thomas, with his request that they would come and see his wife, who was suffering. They were received cordially and hospitably. The gentleman introduced his wife, richly dressed, and "covered literally with ornaments." He told her to shake hands, and then, *mirabile dictu!* offered her a chair, and bade her sit down. "I am told," says Miss Swain, naively, writing when still fresh to the country, "that this was very remarkable, that a native seldom pays his wife so much respect."

It was not long before another native gentleman waited on Miss Swain, requesting her to visit his wife, who had been ill for three months. At this house the ladies were shown through the dark passages, and through a court, round which were cells for "cows, horses, and human beings." Then through a second court, till they found the lady lying in the open air, on the house-top, with several servants around her. Her mother was beside her, and she at once began to weep, and to implore the lady doctor to cure her daughter. Mrs. Thomas soon had three ladies of this family under instruction. The former invalid asked to have a Bible in her own language. Would not her husband object? "Why should he, when he reads it himself in English?" When the Bible came, her mother said, "You must keep that hidden!" The ladies said that she had better tell her husband about it. "Yes, after I have finished reading it."

By the end of the first year, Miss Swain had been called to sixteen Zenanas; and she had prescribed at the mission-house for twelve hundred and twenty-five patients. During the fourth year, the Dispensary patients rose to a number exceeding three thousand. In addition to these, one hundred and fifty patients had been treated in houses, and no less than fifty new Zenana families had called in the lady doctor. Of these private families, all desired instruction, so that four Bible-women were employed.

In six or seven weeks after her arrival, Miss Swain commenced a medical class of sixteen girls from the orphanage, the same girls whom Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had been preparing in hope of such an opening. Great change; from an abandoned orphan to a medical student! At the end of three years, an examining board of three doctors passed thirteen out of the sixteen, and certificated them for practice in all ordinary diseases. They had been trained by being set to help in the dispensing of medicine, to take charge of the sick in the orphanage, and to accompany Miss Swain on her visits in the city and the Christian village. Now they went forth from the orphanage with the means not only of obtaining

their own living, but of ameliorating the lot of others. Surely kind Charity never did look kinder than when she is seen taking in at her door, from off the highway, a shock of disgusting hair covering a shrinking mass of childish skin and bone, and then sending forth a fair woman, clothed, lettered, Christianized, and skilled, the starveling waif transformed into the benefactor of society.

From the beginning the necessity of a hospital for women had pressed itself upon the attention of Miss Swain. But this was a project demanding heavy outlay. Yet every week brought some fresh token of its necessity. Native gentlemen said that their ladies would not object to go to a hospital superintended by a lady physician. Near to the Mission House was a beautiful site for such a hospital, but the ground belonged to a Mohammedan prince, and the price of it seemed to place it beyond all hope. They could only pray, and this the members of the Mission had long done. The proprietor was the Nawab of Rampore, a prince who had boasted that the Missionaries never could make their way into his city. Yet, as time went on, it became evident that if the hospital, which had many a time been built in the hearts of the ladies of the Mission, was ever to be built in brick and mortar, it must be on the ground owned by the avowed enemy of the Gospel.

At last they were advised by Mr. Drummond, the Commissioner, to apply direct to his Highness for the estate. Probably Mr. Drummond at the same time used some friendly offices, in a quiet way, with persons influential at the court of Rampore. Instead of their approach to the royal city being made difficult, they found that, through the friendly influence of the Dewan, his Highness had posted horses for them at each of the six stages of the way. Therefore these "poor beggars," as Mrs. Thomas calls them, found themselves, somewhat to their own surprise, faring along in a coach-and-four, with two footmen, an outrider, and regular relays of horses from stage to stage. For the last stage they were joined by an escort of three mounted soldiers. On entering the city gates they were received with low salaams, and children cried "Long life and prosperity." They were driven to a fine house, and magnificently served. At breakfast they counted twenty dishes, and at dinner gave up counting in despair. Two carriages were sent to drive them round the city, and a message came from the Nawab saying that, being specially engaged with his prayers, he could not see them that evening.

Next morning, after being taken round to several palaces and gardens, they were driven into the gateway of the royal resi-

dence. A cannon frowned directly in face of them, and as they passed five royal elephants made their salaams. When they reached the presence-chamber, his Highness rose, smiled, and held out his hand. He seated Mrs. Thomas on his right, next to her the doctor, Miss Swain, and next to her Mrs. Parker, another lady of the Mission. After them came the gentlemen, then the friendly Dewan, and the chief magistrate. I seem to be writing incredible records of social revolution. That chair in the Zenana of a Brahmin on which his wife was told to sit down in his presence, was portentous. And now this giving of honour at a Mohammedan Court to the weaker vessel in preference to the stronger is no less disturbing to old-established ideas of social order in India. They talked to his Highness of his palaces, gardens, taste, and so forth, while he smoked his hookah, looking increasingly pleased. But there was a great speech weighing on Mr. Thomas's heart, which, his wife archly says, he had been preparing for a week in his best Hindustani, and with his best reasons.

After a while the Dewan rose and whispered to his royal master. The Nawab nodded assent. The Dewan then gave Mr. Thomas a hint that the moment was come. His wife says that he began "with as much shyness and blushing as a school-girl." We have in England a popular superstition that the air of America absolutely heals the inhabitants of all such infirmities. It may be that coming so much into contact in India with Britons, had revived in Mr. Thomas the ancestral false shame which cruelly dogs the steps of our island race. He said, then, amidst his blushes, that he desired to procure, on some terms, the estate in Bareilly belonging to his Highness, for the purpose of building upon it a hospital for women. His Highness smiled graciously. "Take it," he said, "take it; I *give* it to you with much pleasure for that purpose."

Their hearts were all full; their thanks were silently poured out to God. "We have prayed for it," says Mrs. Thomas, "for years; but never absolutely wanted it as a present. And now we have it." The generous Nawab had their warmest acknowledgments. The gift comprised a garden, with two fine old wells, a great brick house, and forty-two acres of land, worth in all three thousand pounds. And all this given when Mr. Thomas had only opened his lips; and now his fine speech "of no use!" Ah! speeches composed in the heart, with prayers and cares, and hopes and fears, have a strange way sometimes of doing their work without ever being delivered. Such speeches appear now and then to acquire the power of discharging themselves into the

breasts of others by subtler channels, without waiting to go by the way of sound.

Our company of "beggars" turned their faces again toward Bareilly, crying, "So we are to have a hospital for women in India!" Was there at that moment in all India another company as rich, as full to overflowing with the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence? Whoever could have read the imagination of the thought of their hearts, would have probably seen, alternating with prayers for the bountiful prince of Rampore, pictures of wan forms regaining the hue of strength, of hopeless sufferers soothed in their anguish, of heathen women hearkening to the never-ending story of redeeming love and "saving health." And they had their hospital. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church found them about two thousand pounds. The grounds were laid out, the old house adapted, and new buildings added to the Nawab's bounty.

After having passed through an arduous season of epidemic, Miss Swain found the fifth year of her service more satisfactory than any previous one. Then her health broke down, and she was forced to retreat to her native air. The convalescence was slow, but after four years of absence, she was once more welcomed, joyfully welcomed, by old friends and new, back to her post again.

Mrs. Gracey tells us that when the vacancy took place, prayer was made without ceasing by the ladies, that a successor worthy of the work might be raised up. Lucilla H. Green, of New Jersey, had taken her degree at the Woman's College in Philadelphia. Her accomplishments promised a successful career at home. Her spirit hailed the call to a missionary sphere. Like other missionaries, she had learned to sing her way across the sea. With the pine-clad sand-hills of New Jersey fresh in memory behind her, and the hospital with its dusky occupants rising in the mind's eye before her, she sang:

"That Holy Helper liveth yet,
My Friend and Guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with me."

Miss Green gives a full and lively description of her visitors at the dispensary on a single morning. On entering she receives the salutation of the assistants, and of several women seated on the floor. Clean white clothes and bright faces tell her that these are native Christians. Next comes the wife of a rich merchant in costly array, and she retreats to her carriage with great precaution against male eyes. A Mohammedan woman, with a kindly,

trusty face follows. A mother brings two puny children, and holds a branch to prevent Miss Doctor Sahiba from putting any "evil spirit into them." The spirit she would like to put in is eggs and milk and meat, but animal food she must not name. Then a low-caste creature wonders if the like of her will be attended to, and goes away happy. Another woman wants to see if the doctor knows anything, and the two have a trial of their wits. One ragged woman, with "superfluous dirt," has "the usual" dozen bracelets on each arm, and five rings in each ear. The clinking of anklets and the rustle of rich dress announce two ladies from a zenana visited every week. A sweet, gentle woman is a native Christian, and "a jewel indeed." "You would feel," says Miss Green, "like putting your arms round her and calling her sister." Some Hill women come in blue, tall and handsome. A Mohammedan gentleman brings his wife and children. The wife will not take a seat while her lord stands, nor will she speak in his presence. When he turns his back she does so, and very winningly.

Miss Green finds that when asked their age, most of them say, in a helpless sort of way, "How should I know?" or "The news has not yet reached me." It is said that there are other countries besides India in which news of their correct age has not yet reached the ladies, and in which the longer it is waited for the further does it seem from arriving.

Miss Green married Mr. Cheney, a Missionary of her own Society, and removed to Nynee Tal. In less than ten years from the day when Dr. Humpfrey first gathered his pupils, there stood, on the last day of September, a group in the beautiful cemetery of Nynee Tal around a grave—one of those graves so often opened in India at a sudden command of cholera. Their hearts were very heavy, and their eyes more than full. The clods that fell on the coffin of Lucilla H. Cheney buried large hopes—hopes raised by good services already done, by broad foundations laid with vigour; and by that something in a young and consecrated labourer which inspires others with the confidence that the bud of to-day will be the blossom of to-morrow, and that the blossom of to-day will be the fruit by-and-by. Thus in the same place where had assembled the first class in India for Female Medical Missionary Students, was dug the first grave of a lady physician. And all down the winding vale of time will those two reminiscences flow along, like two noiseless silver rills, side by side with the pathway of the Missionary Church of Nynee Tal.

In Lucknow, where not many years previously all the furies of war had been raging, Miss Monelle found that her character of lady physician opened her way into houses which had never

been entered by a Christian. In one touching case she was called to the wife of a Nawab, who for four days had been in critical circumstances, having all the native help available for miles around, but in vain. Accompanied by a lady of the Mission and a native female, Miss Monelle hastened over a distance of twenty miles, in part through jungle. At the palace she was led through yards full of elephants and horses, through a court, and finally into the Zenana. There she found sixty women in gorgeous apparel staring at her from among their trinkets. In the middle of the room, on a low couch, lay the sufferer.

A messenger from the Nawab commanded that a Christian hand should not touch the Begum till her father had given his consent; and as he was sleeping, they must wait. Waiting in such a crisis, on such a pretext, soon became intolerable. The lady who had come with Miss Monelle, taking with her the native attendant, sallied out of the Zenana, and ventured to attack some three score Mussulman gentlemen sitting in conclave. To her vehement representations they replied that they knew it all, but no one must disturb the Nawab. "Somebody must do it," cried the Christian lady, "the Begum must have relief, or she will die." After weary pleading, some one did, with trembling, venture to awake the slumbering dignitary. He came forth in rich robes, with gold mitre-cap; and as he advanced, the nobles and retainers, parting to let him take the post of honour, salaamed profoundly. But no one dared to speak. They stood "as dumb as so many oysters." One can imagine how the blood boiled in the veins of that American woman to see all this delicacy about forms, and this insensibility to the life-peril of a young wife and possible mother. After a long time they gently hint that something ought to be done. The great man announced his pleasure that the doctor should report the exact state of his child, and then he could consider the case. The doctor needed not to wait so long. She reported extreme peril. Then came her husband in person to take her professional opinion. Could she relieve the Begum without medicine? She could not promise to do so. "Will you promise that medicine will positively cure her?" This, again, she could not do. Then fell from the lips of the Nawab a final sentence which was twofold; a sentence for the doctor, of bitterness; for the patient, of death. "To take medicine from a Christian would break caste, and since you will not promise to cure her, she must die." On her way back to Lucknow in the dead of the night, Miss Monelle forgot the wild beasts, forgot the highwaymen, forgot the gloom, forgot all things but God and those hopeless faces which arose before her even in the darkness. She cries out, "This young and beautiful creature died of caste."

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the Channel Islands belong to France. At the nearest point, Jersey, the largest island of the group, is only about twelve miles from the Norman coast, and evidence is not wanting that at a comparatively recent period, geologically speaking, the dividing water was much narrower than it is at present. Indeed, there is a tradition to the effect that even within the memory of man this channel was so narrow that it was crossed at low tide on a planque or bridge. Moreover, geologists are of the opinion that at one time not only these islands, but also Great Britain itself, formed a part of the continent of Europe, and if the channel existed at all it was only in the form of an inconsiderable river or creek.

Without going so far back as this, however, the evidence is abundant that at a much later date the Channel Islands covered a much larger area than they do at present. There can be no doubt that the sunken, and partially sunken, rocks which surround them, and which constitute their natural defence, making it dangerous to approach, except at a few points, within miles of them, were once covered with land, which has been swept away by the action of the tides, marine currents, and other forces incident to the encroachment of the sea. Indeed, the remains of ancient forests are to be found to-day embedded in the sand, that have either been carried into the sea by landslides or submerged, as is more probable, by the sinking of the earth's crust.

The whole of this group, sometimes somewhat pompously called the Channel Archipelago, consists of four principal islands and half a dozen of insignificant islets—mere patches of rock rising above the surface of the water. Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark—the habitable islands—have an aggregate superficial area of 75,000 square miles, or somewhat less than one of the townships in the Province of Ontario. Jersey, the largest and most important island, is barely twelve miles long, with an average breadth of scarcely five miles. Guernsey is not half as large as Jersey, and Alderney and Sark are still smaller.

And yet each of these has not only physical peculiarities of its own, which serve to distinguish it from the others; but the population of each forms a separate community, with its own customs and traditions, and a history stretching far back into the dim

and distant past. From whence or by whom these islands were originally populated must, perhaps, remain forever a matter of conjecture. If, however, the use of stone, and bronze, and iron implements, respectively, mark so many distinct ages, or stages in the development of the race, the archæology of the Channel Islands establishes the fact that they were inhabited during all these periods. Without attempting to settle this point, it is safe to conclude that these little specks of earth, either in their present insular form or as a part of the continent, were the home or homes of some of the most primitive races of man in the distant prehistoric times.

The Celts, though it may be not their first inhabitants, were the first of which anything is with certainty known; and the monuments of their occupation consist chiefly of their temples and altars. These ancient Gauls, as they were called in the days of Cæsar, whatever was their character for piety or morality, were, beyond question, deeply religious. They filled all the lands of their dispersion with the memorials of their religion. Like the ancient Patriarchs, of whom they were probably the descendants, wherever they found a resting-place they erected an altar. They were apparently monotheistic, too, as in all the religious remains that they have left behind them there is not a single trace of polytheism or idolatry. It is remarkable that, in the Channel Islands at least, there is not the mark of hammer, chisel, or any other tool, upon any of the Druidical altars, or on any of the stones of the sacred enclosures, which for want of a more appropriate name we call their temples. It is probable that the employment of any such implement upon them would have been regarded by them as a desecration. In this respect, they shared the feeling, as they probably did the faith, of the Patriarchs, through whom, there is reason to believe, they had received some part at least of the truth contained in that primordial revelation which appears to have been given to man in the infancy of the race, and which was shared by all the primitive peoples of the earth.

It may have been a weakness in me, but I confess that I have felt myself more deeply moved as I have stood beside some of these rude altars, than I have been when standing in the midst of some of the most splendid monuments which architectural art has reared to the honour of a better faith. There is something especially touching in the efforts of these rude men, back in the twilight—nay, even before the dawn—of human history, to rid themselves of the sense of guilt, the common heritage of the race, and to effect a reconciliation between them and the Great Being

above them, whom they felt to be angry with them on account of their sins. I can quite sympathize with the feeling, if not with the conduct, attributed to Father Augustine by Sir Walter Scott, when

“ He crossed his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst heard victims groan,
And at the cairns upon the wild
O'er many a heathen hero piled,
He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose.”

We may, indeed, shed a tear over the dark and bloody superstition, mixed with what was purer and better in the faith of these people, and regret that their apprehension of the justice and holiness of God, and of His consequent hatred of sin, was not accompanied with an equally vivid perception of His pitying love; but even in what our Celtic forefathers, in pre-Christian times, had in excess, we can discern an essential element of true religion, and one, too, which, though in our age of boasted enlightenment it is liable to be dropped out of the popular religion, we can ill afford to lose.

After the Celts came the Romans, who had the Island of Jersey, and probably all the Channel Islands, in possession during the third and fourth centuries. The monuments which they have left are few and insignificant. A couple of forts still bear the name of Cæsar, and a few coins are still preserved which are unquestionably Roman; but these appear to be the only vestiges which these world-conquerors left behind them. They evidently did what they could to obliterate the traces of the more ancient inhabitants, by compelling them, as it is believed, to bury many of their sacred places, the monuments of their religion, some of them probably having descended to them from distant generations, beneath mounds of earth, which continue to this day. But they reared nothing better in their stead. By some “*Jersey*,” the name of the largest of these islands, is supposed to be a corruption of “*Cæsarea*,” the name given to that island by the Romans; and if this theory be correct, this name may be regarded as the most important and enduring monument of the Roman occupation.

In the fifth century the islands underwent another revolution, and to whatever remnants of their aboriginal Celtic inhabitants and Roman immigrants that remained, was added another element. The islands at that time were included in the conquests of Clovis, the fierce and savage king of the Franks. In the following century Childelbert, King of France, son of Clovis, made a present of the Channel Islands to Saint Samson, which brought

them under ecclesiastical rule, and laid the foundation of their conversion to Christianity, which was probably effected by mediæval, rather than modern evangelical methods. But it was not until three hundred years after this that the man came upon the scene whom the modern Channel Islanders claim as the father of their country, and by whom these islands became incorporated with the Duchy of Normandy, of which they continued to form a part down to the time of the Norman Conquest of Great Britain. This man was the warlike and justly famous Norseman, Rolf, or Rollo, and, strange as it may appear, his influence appears to be as great to-day as it ever was. He not only lives in the constitution and laws that he gave to the islands, but the islander who feels himself to be wronged or oppressed by his neighbour, especially in anything relating to real property, makes his appeal to him personally, on bended knee, just as he would have done had Rollo been alive and present, although he has been dead nearly a thousand years; and it is at his peril that the would-be oppressor goes one step farther, until he is authorized to do so by a court of competent jurisdiction.

How the custom took its rise is not quite clear; but it appears that it obtained in the lifetime of this remarkable man, that in case of any encroachment or invasion of property, or any other sort of oppression or violence requiring prompt remedy, the aggrieved party had only to call upon the name of the Duke, though at never so great a distance, thrice repeating aloud "Ha-Ro," a contraction of "Ha! Rollo," and immediately the aggressor was bound to forbear attempting anything further. And this *Clameur de Ha-Ro* was not only influential as against equals, but against the highest in the land. Indeed, it seems to have been especially intended as a defence to the weak as against the strong, the poor as against the rich, the obscure against the famous and the influential.

A single illustration of its potency may be interesting to the reader. It will be remembered that one of the pious works of William the Conqueror was the erection of the Abbey of St. Stephen at Caen; and in the accomplishment of that great undertaking, he ordered the removal of several houses which stood in the way of its accomplishment. The owner of one of those who had been dispossessed had not during the lifetime of the Duke been compensated for his loss. The son of the injured man, perceiving that the grave in which William was about to be buried was in the ground on which his father's house stood, though a private person, appealed to Rollo against the injustice, and his appeal was successful. He received full compensation for his land before the

King was allowed to be buried. This appeal is just as influential to-day in Jersey as it was eight hundred years ago. The man who feels himself to be wronged or oppressed, or whose rights are in any way invaded, has only to fall on one knee, and cry, *Ha-Ro a l'aide, mon Prince*, repeating the cry three times, and the probability is that if the aggressor has any respect for his own safety he will at once desist, so influential even now is the name of Rollo.

I would like to give in a paragraph some account of the constitution and laws of these singular commonwealths, but they are so unique and curious, I am afraid that if I had the requisite knowledge, the task would be impracticable. To give an intelligible account of them would require more than all the space at my disposal. But the task is even more hopeless on another account. They say there never was but one man who understood the laws of Jersey—to say nothing about the other islands—and he is dead. A more accurate knowledge of the laws and usages which prevailed throughout Europe—especially among the Normans—in the Middle Ages than I can lay claim to would be absolutely indispensable in order to a complete comprehension of the subject. Everything there, however, unlike the acts of our own Legislature, has the flavour of antiquity about it and strikes its roots down deep in the past.

There is one peculiarity about the government of these islands which invests them with special interest at this particular juncture. They enjoy Home Rule to the fullest extent consistent with their position as an integral part of the United Kingdom. The inhabitants of each island constitute a self-governed community, having its own Legislature and its own Executive. This is true of Jersey, and, so far as I am aware, of each of the other islands. The right of veto does indeed belong to the Crown, and in certain cases suitors have the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. But beyond this they are entirely free from the interference of either the national Legislature or Executive. The "States," as the miniature Parliament of Jersey is called, is composed of twelve jurats or magistrates, twelve constables or reeves, and the twelve rectors of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided; and this body is presided over by the Bailiff, or Civil Governor, who, though nominated by the Crown, must be a native of the island, and the Lieut.-Governor, who is usually an Englishman, but whose functions are chiefly ceremonial and military. Both these Governors sit side by side in the "States," but the Lieut.-Governor sits on a seat about four inches lower than that occupied by the Bailiff, to indicate the superiority of the civil over the military power, and the complete sovereignty of the people of the island.

To account for the unique position of the Channel Islands, the peculiar relation which they sustain to the Crown and Parliament of the United Kingdom, as indeed to understand almost anything else about them, we must go back to the past. There is this curious fact about the Channel Islands, they were never annexed to England; but England, indeed the whole of Great Britain, was annexed to them. The islanders are specially proud of the fact that they formed a part of the Duchy of Normandy long before their victorious duke, William the Conqueror, added Great Britain to his dominions by conquest. It is in recognition of this fact that they retain the Norman-French as their official language, that they jealously guard their ancient laws and customs, and that they have stubbornly refused to accept representation in the British Parliament, or to submit to anything which would involve the sacrifice of their autonomy, or of their status, respectively, as nations. For each of these islands is not only a self-governed country, but its people constitute a separate and distinct, though not an altogether independent nation. It is not, therefore, for any want of loyalty to the Crown of Great Britain, but simply in conformity to the fitness of things, that a higher seat is assigned to their own Bailiff than to the Lieut.-Governor, who is there as the representative of England.

The Anglican Church, as the reader has already inferred from the position assigned to the rectors, is established by law and supported by tithes. The next strongest denomination in Jersey, and probably this remark applies to all the islands, is the Wesleyan Church. The strength of this body may be inferred from the fact, that there are no less than twenty-one Wesleyan churches in the island, and most of them, as I can bear testimony from actual observation, are highly respectable and commodious places of worship. And this does not represent the entire strength of Methodism, as the Bible Christians have two very respectable churches, and the Primitives one, at least, in St. Helier. The French Protestant Church, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Presbyterian Church, have each an organization. From this it will be seen that Protestantism is well represented. But in spite of all this, it is to be feared that Romanism is gradually gaining ground. The same process is going on there as in the eastern part of our own Province and in New England. The Protestants are moving out and the Roman Catholics are coming in. Whenever there is a lot of land in the market there is sure to be a French Roman Catholic purchaser, and though the law in Jersey makes an alien incompetent to hold real estate, the French get over this difficulty by having the property deeded to the child that has been born on the island, though he be but a year old.

This process, however, is probably confined to Jersey. Guernsey—and probably the same remark applies to the other islands—is more intensely Protestant and more decidedly religious than Jersey is. When Jersey banished Victor Hugo, on account of some supposed indignity offered to the Queen, in some utterance of his, Guernsey offered him an asylum. There the French *littérateur* found a home during the greater part of the period of the second empire; and there some of the greatest of his works were written, including "*Les Misérables*" and "*The Toilers of the Sea.*" But though the Guernsey people winked at alleged disrespect to the sovereign, they were not prepared to extend hospitality to the sworn enemies of their faith. When the Jesuits, banished from France, sought to make their island their head-quarters, they shut their doors against them. At the same time, the Jersey people, with greater liberality than wisdom, as some believe, offered them an asylum. *Le Maison St. Louis*, a large hotel, beautifully situated, in the town of St. Helier, has been purchased by them, and turned into one of their religious houses. They are occupying their spare time and money in building a cathedral of considerable pretensions, from which it would appear as if they contemplated the erection of Jersey alone, or of Jersey and the rest of the Channel Islands, into an episcopal see.

In the Channel Islands, as in England, there can scarcely be said to be a system of public elementary instruction. And in view of the social stratification of society, it does not appear possible for any such thing to exist. I am not aware to what extent the Board Schools exist in the islands, but so far as I could learn, the elementary instruction of the children is chiefly in the hands of the denominations, except in so far as it is carried on by private tuition. The "classes" will not patronize the Board Schools. Even the farmers and respectable mechanics refuse to send their children to schools in which they would be brought into contact with the children of the lower grades of society. Even the denominational schools do not embrace more than a single grade of the children of the congregations with which they are connected. I said to the head master of the Wesleyan School, in St. Helier, "I suppose your scholars are chiefly made up of the children of the congregation." He said, "Oh, no, out of one hundred and fifty" (I think it was), "I do not think that we have two dozen of children of Wesleyan families." All above a certain social grade, I found, were either educated at home or in private schools.

The provision for higher education in Jersey is excellent. Victoria College, at St. Helier, is beautifully situated, has ample

grounds and fine buildings, and appears to be thoroughly manned and equipped. The work that it does is said to be of a very high order. While the classics are not neglected, special attention is paid to modern languages, and to those other branches of a superior education which tend to fit the students for success in professional and commercial life. The Jersey Ladies' College, under the care and direction of the Wesleyan Church, situated also in St. Helier, is in every respect an admirable institution. Having had the privilege of forming an acquaintance with both the principal and the matron of this institution, Miss Roberts and Miss Frances Roberts, I can bear testimony to their eminent fitness for the positions which they fill. The highly educated and thoroughly refined daughters of a Wesleyan minister, they are in every respect the sort of persons to whom the care of girls, at the most critical period in their lives, may be most safely intrusted. The college has a full staff of thoroughly competent teachers, and every facility for successfully carrying on its work. It is not surprising that this admirably appointed and well-conducted institution receives considerable patronage from England, and even from America.

Among the educational institutions of Jersey, its excellent consulting library must not be overlooked. This institution, in which students and literary men can find the latest and highest authorities on almost any subject, and where they can sit as long as they please, and quietly pursue their investigations and studies, is a great boon to studious men, and no insignificant part of the educational machinery of an instructed community.

St. Helier has also a Young Men's Christian Association, with an excellent library, and performs a useful part in promoting, by this and other means, the cause of popular education. The care of the afflicted and the suffering poor is also admirably provided for. By the courtesy of Judge Vaudin, who presides in a court which, as far as I can understand, combines the functions of a police and a county court in this country, I was afforded ample opportunity for a thorough inspection of "The Hospital," at St. Helier—an institution every way worthy of the name, combining a hospital for the sick, a home for incurables, and a refuge for the indigent poor. Both as to the character of its buildings and the efficiency of its management, I do not know that I ever saw anything to equal it, except, it may be, the sumptuous charities of Ward's and Randall's Island, New York. In addition to this institution, there is, in the central part of the island, a well-managed lunatic asylum. There is also an industrial school at Gorey. And though, I suppose, not of the island, yet on it, Dr. Barnardo has one of his homes, which are doing so much for neglected boys.

There are a great many points of interest about the Channel Islands, especially about the Island of Jersey which, though I fear this article is already too long, have not yet been touched; but they will keep for another occasion. Enough has been written, however, probably, to show that these islands, though among the smallest countries in the world, are performing their part about as well as some of the larger countries; and though some of their laws and usages are a little complicated, and occasionally present features bordering on the grotesque, these islanders have been just about as successful in vindicating their rights of self-government as most of those communities that have filled a larger space in the world. They are an industrious, frugal people, generally well-housed, and well-clad, and well-fed. Their kindness to their cattle is remarkable. Their roads, though not of superfluous breadth, are well made and excellent. And the granite walls around their gardens and dwellings, and sometimes even around their farms, show that, like their English neighbours, they have faith in the future, and do not shrink from labour and expense in making provision for it.

LAUS PERENNIS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

O MONKS of Antioch, I read
 That in the olden, happy days,
 You kept alive a precious deed,
 And sang and chanted ceaseless praise,

Whoever neared your holy throng—
 Whether he came by night or noon—
 Across his spirit passed a song;
 Upon his heart there broke a tune.

He heard and knew, and, gliding by,
 He spake within himself, and said,
 "So must the angels sing on high,
 Where life hath risen from the dead!"

But now I tread your voiceless shore,
 O monks of Antioch, and lo!
 I hear the ceaseless song no more;
 No more the choir go to and fro.

Nay, for the world is all too wide!
 Too strait and close the cloisters grew;
 All nations laud the Crucified,
 And they and we still sing with you!

—*S. S. Times.*

THE ELDER'S SIN.

A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

III.

“Show me the way that leadeth unto Thee :
Though it be difficult, Thou art all might ;
Though dark, Thou art the Living Light.”

THE winter passed wretchedly away. Proud, passionate, ardent, suffering occasioned Andrew an amazement bordering upon rebellion. He felt under it the indignation of a king's son upon whose purple a slave has laid his hand. His soul, retaining little of its high origin but pride, dealt with God in a presumptuous spirit. The sentiment of his own sinfulness did not strike him ; the necessity of being purified, though as by fire and sword, made him angry. A victim also of the world's misapprehensions and of his own errors, mortified, devoured by a barren pain, a prey to the delirium of pride, unsocial and ashamed of his sufferings, he rapidly became an egotist of the worst type. And when a man is his own god, how can he possess the God of heaven ?

One lovely day in April Ann persuaded him to ride into Port Braddon. “I'm no weel, fayther,” she said, “and I want to speak wi' the doctor.”

The complaint was true enough, and Andrew, diverting for a moment his eyes from himself, was shocked at the wan, shrunken face of the once blooming Ann Carrick.

“Why didna you speak ere this, Ann ?”

“You hae been that fu' o' sorrow I couldna bear to gie you mair trouble. But I'll be in the bed soon, if I dinna get help, and we dinna want stranger folk roun' the place.”

“God forbid ! You ill, Ann, and strange faces here ; that wad be the last drop in the black cup given me to drink. You shouldna hae run sic a risk for my sake, no to speak o' your ain.”

He had not been in Port Braddon for many months, and the changes going on astonished him. Some capitalists had found out its excellent harbour, and its contiguity to the Irish coast, and had determined to make it the depôt of a line of small steamers between the two countries. A ship-building yard and a new pier were in progress. Old houses were putting on new fronts ; new houses were being built in all directions. The drowsy air of the old town had given place to one of action and bustle, and quite in accord with it seemed the bright, eager-looking young minister, who was the first person to accost Andrew.

He rejoiced to see him again. His place had too long missed him in the kirk. He hoped he had quite recoverd, and should.

look for him on the following Sabbath. He quite ignored the fact that Andrew had always refused to see him in all his pastoral visits. And such was Andrew's perversity, that he made the generosity of the oblivion an additional offence.

"He treated me like a petted bairn, whose anger wasna worth minding," he said to Ann, when telling her of the meeting; "and I canna thole that smile o' his, and his loud voice, and that look o' pairfect contentment wi' this sorrowfu', sinfu' warld, that he aye wears."

The doctor found Ann very sick and feeble, and Andrew was compelled either to milk and do certain household duties or to hire a stranger. He chose to do them, and, small as the distraction was, it did him good. The doctor also had a favourable influence upon him. He was a politic man, used to humouring his patients, and not disinclined to condemn Grahame and the Free Kirk elders in a prudent way. He advised Andrew, as soon as Ann was able to resume her duties, to get a fowling-piece and take to the hills. "There's naething like Nature," he said, "when you're sick to death o' men and women. Up on the hill-tops you may walk abreast wi' angels, and there's nane but God to o'erlook you."

The thought pleased Andrew. He remembered how persecuted men in all ages had fled to the mountains and the unplanted places of the earth; and there was a kind of comfort in putting himself among such a company. So, as soon as Ann was well, he began to go to the moors, as steadily as if it was his daily work. But there is no voice in Nature that cries to the children of men "Return!" and Andrew remained as spiritually far astray as ever.

When the fishing season came on, the desire to handle the sails, to pull in the nets, and to face the strong winds and the great waves, became a hunger in his heart; and he walked down to the cottages to see if there was any more friendly feeling toward him. Then he heard a most astounding piece of news. The whole colony was going to move into Port Braddon. Grahame had built some cottages near the new quay, and they were going to occupy them.

Johnnie Gilhaize, the lad who told him, said there had been a meeting at Peter Lochrig's the previous evening, and the men had agreed to call upon Andrew, after work was over, the following Saturday, and give him the reasons for their change.

"But it's Peter that will speak to you, Carrick, for I'm but a lad, and I'll dootless get my reproofs for saying what I hae said."

Andrew answered not a word. He turned round, and went once more into the solitude of his own room. That very night a letter came from Jeannie; and Ann, trembling with excitement, carried it to him. He read it, and gave it back to her in a suppressed rage. "She was so happy, and Grahame was doing so well, and they had a little lass bairn"—and in fact the world was all paradise. The girl had meant to please her father, but Andrew felt her flourishing happiness to be an insult to the shame and misery which had been brought upon her own home, and her own people,

by her selfish wickedness. Oh, it was all very bitter and hard to bear!

Lochrig and his ungrateful fellows—the minister and the elders—yea, even Grahame, might be forgiven more easily than this serpent daughter who had crept into his heart to poison his whole life. In that hour he laid upon her the blame of all the sin and sorrow which had made a shadow between him and his Maker. But for her folly and selfish indulgence, he might yet have been honoured among men and beloved of heaven. He might have been singing at his last, and happy among his mates in the fishing fleet. She had driven him from the Kirk and the market-place, and made her innocent sister to be ashamed to join any gathering of the lasses of her own age. She had been a canker in his gold. She had separated him from many friends; and in a few months the cottages, which had been his pride and his living, would be standing desolate, monuments of a broken tie nothing could ever heal. And she was “so happy.” And “dear Walter” was “so prosperous.” How could a just Providence permit such a wrong?

After an hour or two of such reflections, he went into the house-place. Never had Ann seen his face so terrible. He looked steadily at her a moment, and then said,

“You’ll bring me the Bible.”

“I’m right glad to do that, fayther.”

“And the ink-horn, and a pen.”

She brought them also; but ere she put them on the table, said, “What are you for doing, fayther?”

“I am gaeing to cross oot the name o’ ane wha has nae langer pairt nor lot in my heart or house. Gie me the pen.”

“To cross Jeannie’s name oot o’ God’s Holy Book?”

“Just sae.”

“Then I’ll nae do it, fayther! No, I’ll ne’er do it! What will mither say? And a’ the dead and gane Carricks whase names are afore hers? You shall not ’file your soul and your hands wi’ sic like a sin! Gie me the Holy Book! To-night you arena fit to lay hands upon it.”

“Hoo daur you speak to me, wha am your fayther, that gate? Hoo daur you? Do you ken *wha* you are disobeying?”

“I never disobeyed you in anything afore this. Reasonable or unreasonable, your words hae been a law unto me. But I’ll no let you cross Jeannie’s name oot o’ the Bible. I’ll no do it. It wad be a sin worse than murder.”

“Gie me the pen and ink, I say!”

She dashed the bottle upon the spotless floor, and pointed to the great black splash. “It’s better there than on your soul, fayther.”

“Sae you hae turned against me, too!”

She fell upon her knees at his side, and laying her head against his breast, sobbed with a heart-broken passion that terrified and quieted him. He soothed her with gentle words, and rising to his feet, lifted her up. “Gae to your sleep, dearie. I’ll

spare the name for your sake." Then he went back to his room and locked the door.

Sick and exhausted with her daring disobedience and unusual emotion, Ann sat trembling in the chair he had vacated for some time ere she could gather strength for further effort. Her first action was to open the Bible at those leaves which contained the family register for nearly two hundred years. Jeannie's name was the last one. She looked at it. She softly touched it; then, with a prayer in her heart, she stooped and kissed it, whispering to herself, "Oh mither, mither! for your dear sake, as weel as for Jeannie's, I'll ware my heart's blood ere I'll hae the name blotted oot."

Andrew was singularly quiet next day. Ann's heart ached for him. He walked up and down, muttering, "Would God but gie me sleep! But that He gies only to His beloved! Wae's me! Wae's me!" The man was breaking fast, but the iron thews and the nerves of steel by which he was encompassed made the struggle a frightful one. His haggardness was extreme, and the haunted seeking look in his eyes touched Peter Lochrig so keenly that he could not say one hard word to him. Indeed he began to excuse the removal of the little colony on the plea of "the better harbour, the new quay, the market close at hand, not to speak of the kirk and the shops."

Andrew listened as one who heard not.

"Every ane must do the best they can for their ain side," he answered, "and eaten bread is soon forgotten. There's nae harm whar none is meant."

"Maybe, Carrick, you wad feel to gae wi' the boats an orra time. We'd be glad to hae you. I'm sorry to see you looking sae little like yoursel'."

"I'll no gae, Peter. I'd only be a Jonah in the boats; and I'd be sorry to bring sorrow on any o' you."

He turned sadly away, leaving the money Peter had brought upon the table. This indifference to the siller touched Peter more than words. He went home quite ashamed of his animosity, and feeling something very like reverence for a man in such deep, manifest trouble.

After this there were many days in which Carrick ceased to struggle. He had nearly reached that saddest of all spiritual conditions—the hopeless apathy of a soul subjugated by despair.

One morning in July, a hot dry morning, he went very early to the hills. Not far from the house there was a large flat rock raised upon natural boulders about as high as an ordinary table. It had often been used for preaching and sacramental purposes by the Covenanting congregations, and was still known as the "Martyr's Stane." It was Andrew's favourite resort. When the sun was high he lay among the brackens beside it; when it was cool and pleasant he sat beside it, watching the sea and the road beneath and his own house.

This day he went directly there, and Ann saw him at intervals

all the morning in its vicinity. About mid-afternoon there were signs of a storm. The air was tenuous, the heat oppressive, the sea black and motionless. She looked anxiously toward the stone, and saw her father begin to descend the hill. There were already large drops of rain and the "sough" of a coming wind. The cattle also had come home, and she went and opened the byre for them. Ere she had finished this task the air was black with rain. "He'll be wetted through ere he wins hame," and she hastened to lay ready for him some dry clothing and to build up the fire and put the kettle over it.

In the meantime Andrew had nearly reached the road, when he heard the sound of a galloping horse. The traveller came on at full speed with his plaid folded tight around him, his bonnet drawn down to his eyes, and his head bent to the storm. It was David Grahame. As soon as Andrew saw him the Devil entered into his heart. The animal desire for revenge dominated every other feeling; and yet, so subtly was the spiritual element interwoven in the fibres of his being, that in the same instant in which he determined to kill Grahame he began to justify the deed and to seek a sign that it was the Lord who had delivered his enemy into his hand.

"I'll count forty save ane," he said, fiercely, "and then I'll fire. If it be God's will to rid me o' the troubler o' my peace, He'll send the bullet to its ain place; and if this occasion be laid upon me I'll ne'er shirk it."

He stood firmly on a mass of boulders, with his gun levelled at the spot which Grahame must pass, counting off the allotted numbers with the strictest justice and impartiality. He feared for a moment that the man must pass ere he reached the thirty-nine; but he kept faithfully the engagement he had made with himself.

"*Thirty-eight! thirty-nine!*" Grahame was on the very spot; Andrew's finger was on the trigger, but he never fired! There was a dazzling light, a terrific crash; Grahame was riding safely down the road. Andrew had fallen to the ground, smitten, as it seemed, by the fire of heaven.

For an hour the storm raged, and Ann walked from one door to the other, anxiously watching for some sign of her father. "He must hae gane back and ta'en shelter aneath the stane, and he'll be hame when the storm be o'er," she concluded. But when the rain had subsided, and there were even stray gleams of watery sunshine, and still no signs of his return, she grew very miserable. Hurriedly she finished her milking, and then went to the cottages, and ere she had fully made known her anxiety Peter Lochrig was putting on his bonnet and calling for Johnny Gilhaize and Robbie Boyd. They walked much more swiftly than Ann, and she had barely got home again when she saw them coming with their unconscious burden.

Peter's eyes were full of tears when he laid Carrick upon his bed. In that hour all his faults were forgotten, and the man in his old, honest, pleasant aspects came back to memory. Then

Peter felt the strength of that long, long friendship, binding the cottages to the Long House, and in the days and weeks of sorrow and anxiety which followed, it nobly vindicated itself. The men in turns watched beside Andrew, the women relieved Ann of all stress of household labour, for the shock to Andrew's system had been all but deadly in its force, and his long exposure to the rain, though it had saved him from death by lightning, had induced other disease of an acute and dangerous character. For long weeks Andrew held to existence only upon a tenure of the extremest physical suffering.

One morning he awoke as from some awful dream. He was in his right mind, but pitifully weak.

"Ann!"

It was only a whisper, but she heard it, and was at his side in a moment.

"My dear, dear fayther! Are you feeling better?"

"Ay, thank God! What time is it?"

"It's near the noon hour. Will you hae aught?"

"Ay, open the shutters and let in the daylight!" I hae been long in the valley o' the shadow—sae lang—sae long!"

"The shutters are open, fayther."

She spoke very low, holding both his wasted hands in hers, kissing them, and letting her tears downfall upon them.

"What is it? Ann—tell me? Is it light in the room?"

"Braid noonday. Oh fayther! fayther!"

"Blind! blind! blind! Nae sun, nae moon, nae face o' bairn or friend! Oh, my God, be mercifu'!"

There was a moment o' intense, anguished silence.

Then Cosmo Carrick, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, rose, and, taking Andrew's hand, said, in low, gentle tones,

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.

"He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so there may be hope.

"He giveth his cheek to him that smiteth him: he is filled full with reproach.

"For the Lord will not cast off for ever:

"But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

"For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

"Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not." (Lam. iii.)

Andrew was far too weak and prostrate to answer. Ann gave him the few spoonfuls of nourishment he could take, and Cosmo wiped away the large tears that slowly rolled down his face. And the way of God with a man's soul is one which no human intellect can follow. The moment had come when the lost sheep,

called in vain through all the pleasant valleys of life, answered at length out of the dark valley of the shadow of death. Ah! how grand is the triumph reserved for those who submit. Andrew from his crushed heart only whispered, "Thy will be done." And instantly that peace which passeth understanding was with him.

Then he heard with pleasure and gratitude how kind the men and women from the cottages had been—how often the elders had called upon him—how regularly prayer had been offered in the kirk on his behalf. All these things blended with his daughter's tenderness, with Cosmo Carrick's spiritual ministrations, and with some sacred secret influence at work within his own soul; and Andrew came back to life a changed man.

But oh! how changed was life. Not at first did this appear to him. He was so weak that the silence and darkness were grateful. He needed nothing of earth but spoonfuls of food and a tender word. In the early delirium of his sickness he had called incessantly for his cousin Cosmo, and Ann had written for the minister. Then Andrew received back the bread he had cast upon the waters many years before. Every hour that it was possible to give to his benefactor Cosmo gave cheerfully. He brought to the sick man the best medical counsel that Edinburgh could supply. Ann learned to depend upon him in all emergencies, and during the tedious convalescence his kindly visits never slackened.

Even after Andrew was able to sit up again, Cosmo came every week to see him; and these visits supplied pleasant conversation, and happy hopes until he came again. In the intervals he was not deserted. Peter Lochrig got into the habit of spending Saturday evening at the Lone House, and there were few days in which some old acquaintance did not "make it in his way" to call, and chat an hour as he passed.

In the following spring Andrew was able to go once more to Port Braddon kirk. It was the spring communion, and a most lovely day. Holding his daughter's hand, he walked with uplifted face to the holy table. There was not a dry eye among the men and women. The children gazed at him with wondering pity. With what humility and gratitude he ate that sacred meal no mortal but Cosmo Carrick knew; for to him alone Andrew had confided the murderous intention, so justly, so mercifully thwarted.

After this, life at the Lone House fell into very regular methods. Ann rose early, and hastened her regular household work, and then read to her father. Not only the Bible, for Cosmo brought books of missionary travel, magazines, and papers of varied interest. And Andrew, in his physical darkness, had his mental sight opened. He became gradually acquainted with peoples and nations afar off. The world that had been bounded by Glasgow and Edinburgh spread out from east to west, from Greenland to India. And Ann soon also grew to enjoy what had at first only been a labour of love. When they had such a book in reading

as Moffat's Africa, or Huc's Travels in Asia, both alike longed for the hour when it could be resumed. And then when Cosmo came next, what pleasant conversations and discussions grew out of it!

The year went peacefully away, and Andrew gradually learned to find his way with his staff about the house and yard, and even up the hill to the Martyr's Stone; and when Ann was busy, and the day fair, he often went there to meditate.

One day, just before Christmas, Cosmo Carrick came to the Lone House. Ann was in the dairy, and Andrew, sitting alone, was singing "St. Marnock's." As Cosmo listened a thought flashed across his mind, and he put it into shape immediately on his return to Edinburgh—that is, he bought an excellent parlour organ and took it to Carrick.

Andrew was full of gratitude and joy; he had a fine natural taste for music; and with some help from Cosmo, was soon upon familiar terms with his instrument. Henceforward it was the companion and confidant of all his moods; and, as years went by, he acquired a wonderful command over it. Not that he ever played artistically, but he did play so that artists listened to him with pleasure and astonishment.

These events indicate the main currents of Andrew's renewed life. No one will suppose that they were not blended with many dark and gloomy circumstances. Earth has deserts in all her fruitful lands; the work of God is barren in some parts; a rose is not all flower, but hath much of lower beauty; and even that life which is hidden with Christ in God is not all joy. Andrew had many sad hours—hours in which his helplessness fretted him like a chain—hours in which not even the sweet spirit of his organ could charm away the mournful, mocking phantoms that peopled his darkness—hours, also, when he longed with great longing for his lost child.

But he never named Jeannie, and Ann had nothing pleasant to tell him. One other letter she had had, dated from an interior station three hundred miles north of Sydney. It was full of complaint, sorrow and fear. Her child was dead; her husband had got among bad companions; he had begun to drink; he was "ill to her;" she was sick and longing for home. This letter had come when Andrew was very ill, and the answer Ann had been compelled to send had probably shocked and quite discouraged the unhappy woman. She wrote no more. But though Andrew did not name her, when he sat quiet in his houseplace he thought of her.

He had long begun to make excuses for her, in the very *necessity* which was a part of the creed inborn and interwoven in his being. Stormy wind and ocean, love's ingratitude and wrong, the lightning's cruel flash, all were alike His ministers, fulfilling His will. It was the keystone of his own submission, the sentiment of his triumphant song.

He indeed confessed to Cosmo Carrick that he had been permitted to "mak' a sair stumble, and to wander sae far frae his

Fayther's house, that naething but a fiery message frae heaven itsel' could bring him back; but then," he would add, triumphantly, "I was aye His child, ne'er forgotten—ne'er made little o'; and that's the glory o' His covenant wi' the seed of the righteous." So he gave Jeannie also the benefit of the same reasoning; and, by the benign interpretation of the great parable, he gave the prodigal son's position to his wandering daughter.

But year after year passed, and no word came from Jeannie. Even Ann had given up hoping. All her letters remained unanswered, and, after five years' neglect, any love but a parent's love ceases to remember—for absence and silence do not make the heart grow fonder. We should not forget the dead if we ever heard from them. It is the speechless blank, from which comes neither voice nor messenger, that appals love and slays memory.

Ann was now twenty-eight years old. She had been scarcely twenty-one when Jeannie left her home. Physically, she had lost the fresh bloom and easy grace of girlhood; in other respects she was a much handsomer woman. The culture of varied reading, the association with her cousin Cosmo, and the refining influences of sorrow, had given her far more than time had taken away. She was a beautiful woman, domestic, peaceful, loving. She loved God with all her soul, and went about her daily duties unchallenged by any of those desolating problems which make the knees to tremble and the heart turn sick with fear.

She was the one woman in the world to Cosmo Carriek. He loved her with all the strength of his truthful, generous nature; and he knew that her affection for him was of the same tender, earnest character. Andrew, however, closed his ears to every word which gave to Cosmo's visits any other meaning than that of friendship for himself. But waiting, which would have been intolerable to undisciplined hearts, was not difficult to them. They knew how to possess a true passion, instead of being taken "possession of" by it. "If our union is in the will o' God, He will bring it to pass in His ain way and time," said Ann; and Cosmo cheerfully accepted her decision.

One morning Ann was sitting in the houseplace with a measure of vegetables on her knee, and Andrew, at his organ, was filling the room with rolling cadences of sweet and solemn sounds. Outside it was the dreariest of days. From the ocean came drifting fogs and showers of chilling rain; the hills loomed huge and pale in the misty air, and the gray Lone House stood gaunt and gloomy amid its melancholy moors. But Ann was full of quiet happiness in her clean, white house. The fire crackled and blazed, the soup bubbled beside it, and the little table was spread for an early dinner, so that they could begin a new book which had come the night before.

Suddenly there was a momentary shadow. It was as if some one had passed the window. Ann looked up, and listened to hear if anybody knockèd at the door. Ere she was satisfied, a pale

face, almost ghostlike in the vapoury atmosphere, looked in at the window, and a hand beckoned her outside. She obeyed at once. There was no one at the front of the house; but at the back a woman was leaning against the dairy door—a woman in thin, wretched clothing, shivering and wet, and quite worn-out. It was Jeannie. Ann knew her at once, and folded her to her breast with words of love and welcome.

“Gie me a drink o’ milk, Nannie,” were the first words Jeannie uttered; and Ann looked in fear and pity at the famishing creature as she greedily drank it.

“I haena tasted since yestermorn, Nannie, and I hae walked—I canna tell how far, sae mony miles, sae mony weary miles. I’m dying o’ want, and pain, and sorrow. Oh, Nannie, ask fayther to let me bide at hame.”

She led her into the dairy and made her sit down. “You arena going awa’ frae me ony mair, Jeannie. Eat and drink, dearie, and I’ll go to fayther.”

Andrew was still playing, his face slightly uplifted, his fingers wandering among the keys. Ann put her hand upon his shoulder and said, “Fayther!”

“Well, lassie, what is it? I was just trying to find a bonnie bit that has slipped awa’ frae me; it was only twa or three notes, but I canna find them.”

“Fayther, you and I hae found more than a few lost notes; we hae found the lost piece o’ siller—we hae found our Jeannie!”

“Whar is she? Ann Carrick, whar is she? Tak’ me to her! tak’ me to her!”

“She shall come to you; she’s in the dairy waiting for your word. What will I tell her?”

“Tell her I hae forgiven her lang syne. Tell her that she is welcome to my heart and hame!”

He turned his white sightless face to the door, and when he heard Jeannie’s footsteps he opened his arms, and the wretched woman tightly folded in their embrace, sobbed out her sorrow and grief and love.

Andrew hardly spoke, but he took her face in his hands and kissed it. No words could have said as much. It was an expression of affection so unusual with him, that Jeannie in all her life could only remember one other like token of his fatherly love—the kiss he had given her on the Sabbath when she had made her confession of faith and received her first Sacrament.

When she was clothed and warmed and fed, it was a sad story she had to tell. The death of her child had been but the beginning of many sorrows. Whatever dissolute, unfaithful, idle, cruel husbands can make women suffer had been Jeannie’s lot. She drew a terrible picture of the miseries she had to endure in the rude frontier life to which she had been taken. Poverty had been the least of her sorrows, though poverty in its extremity she had been familiar with. “When Walter died a year syne,” she said, “I had ane thought—to win hame again. I worked my way o’er

the water as under-stewardess. The ship put into Southampton, and I had only a sovereign. That took me vera near Carlisle. I hae walked the rest o' the way. I hae been a week on the road, and I lived on less than four shillings."

Poor Jeannie! She was two years younger than Ann, but she looked twenty years older. Exhaustion and exposure brought on a slow fever; for a month she was not able to leave her room. But after that she fell naturally into her future place, the companion of her father.

Before another winter came Cosmo and Ann married, and Jeannie took Ann's place also in the house. But Jeannie's way was not Ann's way. When she became mistress she made far less butter, and she did far less cleaning, but she read more, and she walked more with her father, and she spent hours together at the organ, for Jeannie soon learned the technical part of music, and was able to supply Andrew with constant new themes for his practice.

Not infrequently they left Janet Lochrig in charge of the house, and went to Edinburgh for a week; and these visits grew more frequent when Ann had a little lad bairn, who was baptized Andrew, and whom Andrew senior delighted to cuddle in his arms and croon to sleep with some old Covenanting melody. For ten years Jeannie and her father lived together in a peaceful happiness, almost ideal in its calm purity and freedom from all earthly care. Day by day they were climbing to the goal of an existence in which they spoke much oftener to God, and of God, than to the world, and of the world.

In the days of her great sorrow Jeannie had found the Christ of the poor and the forsaken, and proved His ineffable tenderness, and taken from His pierced hands royal compassions. It was with her Andrew first of all sat down at the foot of the Cross. And when the dawn of this higher revelation came to him he was as "one that dreameth." He kept repeating to himself, "The Cross of Christ! The Cross of Christ! It cleanseth from all sin. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ, *all! all!* shall be made alive. It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish!" And he set these assurances to music so lofty and joyful that it is worthy to be the prelude of an antiphony for the church militant in all lands.

He lived to be a very old man, and every year his faith strengthened and his nature grew riper and sweeter. But a little while ago death touched his eyes, and they opened amid the loveliness of the land which is very far off, and the joy of that multitude which no man can number. And oh! after nearly ninety years of life's fitful fever,

"How sweet is the slumber wherewith the King causeth the weary to rest!"

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.*

BY THE HON. JOHN MACDONALD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee,
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mountain, stream and sea.

One 'mid the forests of the west,
 By a dark stream was laid,
 The Indian knows his place of rest
 Far in the forest shade.

—Mrs. Hemans.

The *G. W. Elder* has cast her anchor in Freshwater Bay. The day was lovely, the water of the bay smooth as a mirror and as highly reflective. Close to its margin was the deep, thick, rich border of the unbroken forest, and behind this, and completely encircling the bay, was a range of lofty mountains, some of which were snow-clad.

The bay reflected with great sharpness the belt of trees which reached the tide water-mark, and behind these, with equal distinctness, the darker and deeper shadows of the lofty mountain range. Occasionally a salmon sportively leaping from the water disturbed its glassy stillness, adding additional interest to the picture, the bay soon resuming its perfect mirror-like appearance. I was much impressed with the marvellous beauty of the scene, and in speaking to our pilot, Capt. W. E. George, of Victoria, B.C., of its loveliness, he said to me, pointing to a particular part of the forest, "Eighteen years ago, a young Englishman, serving on board the admiral's ship, the U. S. steamship *Saranac*, was killed, and buried with military honours in that spot."

How wondrous must have been the sight in this bay! How quiet the resting-place in the unbroken forest, where, in all probability, the foot of white man had never trod! How grand the mountains, how far from his home, were thoughts which in quick succession rushed through my mind. I found myself unconsciously weaving the story in the following simple lines:—

What mean those sounds of music,
 And the dip of the muffled oar,

*The Hon. Senator Macdonald, who has just returned from Alaska, contributes this interesting sketch to *The Week*.

As those boats in long procession
Move slowly toward the shore ?

And why are those men armed
Who are not bent on fray,
Why this imposing pageant
In the waters of this bay ?

See ! The Admiral's ship is flying
Its flag at half-mast head,
And that boat, with its mournful draping,
It bears a sailor—dead.

See ! His comrades gently bear him
To his lonely place of rest,
So far from his home of childhood,
From the land which he loved best.

Hear the echo of the volleys
As they fire them o'er his head,
Ere with measured step they leave him
To slumber with the dead.

Where the wild, unbroken forest
Throws its shadows o'er the bay,
Its stillness broken only
By the salmon's sportive play.

In a land whose snow-clad mountains
Guard as sentinels his grave,
Fit resting-place for England's son,
For one so young and brave.

O England, dear old England,
Thy sons lie scattered wide,
Some sleep 'neath palms in tropic lands,
Some by the glacier's side.

But dear is every spot to thee
Where'er their ashes be,
And dear to thee is this lone grave
By this Alaskan sea.

On my return from Sitka the *Elder* again cast anchor in the bay, and I determined, if possible, to find the grave. I was unable to make the Indian whose aid I sought understand what I wanted, but through the aid of Mr. Kastromitinoff, the Government translator, and a Russian, as his name implies, I succeeded in getting an Indian, who, with two squaws, paddled me to the place.

Mr. Kastromitinoff was anxious to accompany me. He had

never heard of the circumstances and was somewhat doubtful. The Indian going into the forest and before us led us to the spot, for

The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the forest shade.

How well the memory of Capt. George had served him, not only as to the spot, but as to the date, may be gathered from the lettering upon the head-board, which reads as follows:

W. H. NEIL,

SEAMAN,

U. S. SS. "Saranac."

Died July 1, 1871, aged 27 years.

I found the grave in a perfect state of preservation. Nature had lovingly covered it over with the most delicate lichen, mosses, ferns and wild flowers, with a profusion which seemed to mock man's efforts in bedecking the resting-places of the dead. I gathered specimens of these, and our pilot, who had been on board the Admiral's ship at the time, was glad to have one of the ferns as a memento. I found the lettering also on the head-board in an excellent state of preservation, and could only account for this by supposing that loving hands from ships subsequently visiting the Bay had carefully retouched it, so that time apparently had had no hurtful effect upon it.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

COMFORT one another :

By the hope of Him who sought us
In our peril—Him who bought us,
Paying with His precious blood ;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that will not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another :

Let the grave gloom lie behind you,
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb,
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear-drop starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and for all His people room.

—*Independent.*

THE BATTLE OF BELIEF.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.*

THE impossibility of miracle is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry. They point to unbroken sequences in material nature, and refer every phenomenon to its immediate antecedent as adequate to its orderly production. But the appeal to this great achievement of our time is itself disorderly, for it calls upon natural science to decide a question which lies beyond its precinct. There is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until philosophy or science shall have determined a limit, beyond which this extraneous force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon or deflect the natural order.

Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that if the Gospel had been intended only for the Jews, they at least were open to the imputation of a biasing and binding appetite for signs and wonders. But scarcely had the Christian scheme been established among the Jews, when it began to take root among the Gentiles. It will hardly be contended that these Gentiles, who detested and despised the Jewish race, had any predisposition to receive a religion at their hands or upon their authority. Were they, then, during the century which succeeded our Lord's birth, so swayed by a devouring thirst for the supernatural as to account for the early reception, and the steady, if not rapid, growth of the Christian creed among them? The statement of the Squire, which carries Robert Elsmere, is that the preconception in favour of miracles at the period "governed the work of all men of all schools." A most gross and palpable exaggeration. In philosophy the Epicurean school was atheistic, the Stoic school ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy. Christianity had little direct contact with these schools, but they acted on the tone of thought, in a manner not favourable, but adverse, to the preconception.

Meantime the power of religion was in decay. The springs of it in the general mind and heart were weakened. A deluge of profligacy has gone far to destroy, at Rome, even the external habit of public worship; and Horace, himself a differentist, denounces the neglect and squalor of the temples; while further on we have the stern and emphatic testimony of Juvenal:

"Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranca regna
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur."

The age was not an age of faith, among thinking and ruling classes, either in natural or in supernatural religion. There had been indeed a wonderful "evangelical preparation" in the sway of the Greek language, in the uni-

* Abridged from Mr. Gladstone's review of "Robert Elsmere."

fyng power of the Roman State and Empire, and in the utter moral failure of the grand and dominant civilization; but not in any virgin soil, yearning for the sun, the rain, or the seed of truth.

Looking for a comprehensive description of miracles, we might say that they constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience. Distinctions may be taken between one kind of miracle and another. But none of these are distinctions in principle. Sometimes they are alleged to be the offspring of a divine power committed to the hands of particular men; sometimes they are simple manifestations unconnected with human agency, and carrying with them their own meaning, such as the healing in Bethesda; sometimes they are a system of events and of phenomena subject to the authoritative and privileged interpretation. Miracle, portent, prodigy and sign are all various forms of one and the same thing, namely, an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural. In the last-named case, there is an expression of the authorized human judgment upon it, while in the earlier ones there is only a special appeal to it. They rest upon one and the same basis. We may assign to miracle a body and a soul. It has for its body something accepted as being either in itself or in its incidents outside the known processes of ordinary nature, and for its soul the alleged message which in one shape or another it helps to convey from the Deity to man.

The lowly and despised preachers of Christian portent were confronted everywhere by the high-born and accomplished caste sworn to the service of the gods, familiar from centuries of tradition with the supernatural, and supported at every point with the whole force and influence of civil authority. Nor has there ever probably been a case of a contest so unequal, as far as the powers of this world are concerned. Tainted in its origin by its connection with the detested Judaism, odious to the prevailing tone by its exclusiveness, it rested originally upon the testimony of men, few, poor, and ignorant; and for a length of time no human genius was enlisted in its service, with the single exception of St. Paul. All that we of this nineteenth century know, and know so well, under the name of vested interests, is insignificant compared with the embattled fortress that these humble Christians had to storm.

First let us recollect, when we speak of renouncing Christian dogma, what it is that we mean. The germ of it as a system lies in the formula, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostles' Creed; the Creed which forms our confession of individual faith, in baptism and on the bed of death. Now belief in God, which forms (so to speak) the first great limb of the Creed, is strictly a dogma, and is on no account to be surrendered. But the second and greatest portion of the Creed contains twelve propositions, of which nine are matters of fact, and the whole twelve had for their office the setting forth to us of a Personage, to whom a great dispensation has been committed. The third division of the Creed is more dogmatic, but it is bound down like the second to earth and fact by the article of the Church, a visible and palpable institution. The principal purely dogmatic part of this great document is the part which is to be retained. And we, who accept the Christian story, are entitled to

say, that to extrude from a history, tied to strictly human facts, that by which they become a standing channel of organic connection between Deity and humanity, is not presumptively a very hopeful mode of strengthening our belief in God, thus deprived of its props and accessories. The chasm between Deity and the human soul, over which the scheme of Redemption has thrown a bridge, again yawns beneath our feet, in all its breadth and depth.

A Christianity without Christ is no Christianity; and a Christ not divine is other than the Christ on whom the souls of Christians have habitually fed. What virtue, what piety have existed outside of Christianity, is a question totally distinct. But to hold that, since the great controversy of the early times was wound up at Chalcedon, the question of our Lord's divinity has generated the storms of the Christian's atmosphere, would be simply an historical untruth.

The onward movement of negation in the present day has presented, perhaps, no more instructive feature than this, that the Unitarian persuasion has, in this country at least, by no means thriven upon it. It might have been thought that, in the process of dilapidation, here would have been a point at which the receding side-tide of belief would have rested at any rate for a while. But instead of this, we are informed that the numbers of professed Unitarians have increased less than those of other communions, and less than the natural growth of the population.

All that can be said or shown of the corruptions that have gathered round the central scheme of Christianity, of the failure rightly to divide the word of truth, of the sin and shame that in a hundred forms have belied its profession, affords only new proof of the imperishable vitality that has borne so much disease, of the buoyancy of the ark on whose hull has grown so much of excrescence without arresting its course through the waters.

Without doubt human testimony is to be duly and strictly sifted, and every defect in its quantity or quality is to be recorded in the shape of a deduction from its weight. But as there is no proceeding more irreverent, so there is none more strictly irrational, than its wholesale depreciation. Such depreciation is an infallible note of shallow and careless thinking, for it very generally implies an exaggerated and almost ludicrous estimate of the capacity and performances of the present generation, as compared with those which have preceded it.

It is sometimes possible to trace peculiar and marked types of human character with considerable precision to their causes. Take, for instance, the Spartan type of character, in its relation to the legislation attributed to Lycurgus. Or take, again, the Jewish type, such as it is presented to us both by the ancient and the later history, in its relation to the Mosaic law and institutions. It would surely have been a violent paradox, in either of these cases, to propose the abolition of the law, and to assert at the same time that the character would continue to be exhibited, not only sporadically and for a time, but normally and in permanence.

These were restricted, almost tribal, systems. Christianity, though by no means less peculiar, was diffusive. It both produced a type of character wholly new to the Roman world, and it fundamentally altered the laws and institutions, the tone, temper, and tradition of that world. For

example, it changed profoundly the relation of the poor to the rich, and the almost forgotten obligations of the rich to the poor. It abolished slavery, abolished human sacrifice, abolished gladiatorial shows, and a multitude of other horrors. It restored the position of woman in society. It proscribed polygamy; and put down divorce, absolutely in the West, though not absolutely in the East. It made peace, instead of war, the normal and presumed relation between human societies. It exhibited life as a discipline everywhere and in all its parts, and changed essentially the place and function of suffering in human experience. Accepting the ancient morality as far as it went, it not only enlarged but transfigured its teaching, by the laws of humility and of forgiveness, and by a law of purity perhaps even more new and strange than these. Let it be understood that I speak throughout not of such older religion as may have subsisted in the lowly and unobserved places of human life, but of what stamped the character of its strongholds; of the elements which made up the main and central currents of thought, action, and influence, in those places, and in those classes, which drew the rest of the world in their train. All this was not the work of a day, but it was the work of powers and principles which persistently asserted themselves in despite of controversy, of infirmity, and of corruption in every form; which reconstituted in life and vigour a society found in decadence; which by degrees came to pervade the very air we breathe; and which eventually have beyond all dispute made Christendom the dominant portion, and Christianity the ruling power, of the world. And all this has been done, not by eclectic and arbitrary fancies, but by the creed of the Homousian, in which the philosophy of modern times sometimes appears to find a favourite theme of ridicule. But it is not less material to observe that the whole fabric, social as well as personal, rests on the new type of individual character which the Gospel brought into life and action; enriched and completed without doubt from collateral sources which made part of the "Evangelical preparation," but in its central essence due entirely to the dispensation which had been founded and wrought out in the land of Judea, and in the history of the Hebrew race. What right have we to detach, or to suppose we can detach, this type of personal character from the causes out of which, as matter of history, it has grown, and to assume that without its roots it will thrive as well as with them?

The Christian type is the product and property of the Christian scheme. No, says the objector, the improvements which we witness are the offspring of civilization. It might be a sufficient answer to point out that the civilization before and around us is a Christian civilization. What civilization could do without Christianity for the greatest races of mankind we know already. Philosophy and art, creative genius and practical energy, had their turn before the Advent; and we can register the results. I do not say that the great Greek and Roman ages lost—perhaps even they improved—the ethics of *meum* and *tuum*, in the interests of the leisured and favoured classes of society, as compared with what those ethics had been in archaic times. But they lost the hold which some earlier races within their sphere had had of the future life. They degraded, and that immeasurably, the position of woman. They effaced from the world the law of purity. They even carried indulgence to a worse than bestial type; and they gloried in

the achievement. Duty and religion, in the governing classes and the governing places, were absolutely torn asunder; and self-will and self-worship were established as the unquestioned rule of life. It is yet more important to observe that the very qualities which are commended in the Beatitudes, and elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, and which form the base of the character specifically called Christian, were for the Greek and the Roman mind the objects of contempt. From the history of all that has lain within the reach of the great Mediterranean basin, not a tittle of encouragement can be drawn from the ideas of those who would surrender the doctrines of Christianity and yet retain its moral and spiritual fruits.

Does then that severance, unsustained by authority or by experience, commend itself at any single point by an improved conformity with purely abstract principles of philosophy? and is the new system better adapted to the condition and the needs of human nature than the old? Does it better correspond with what an enlightened reason would dictate as the best provision for those needs? Does it mitigate, or does it enhance, the undoubted difficulties of belief? And if the answer must be given in the negative to both these inquiries, how are we to account for the strange phenomenon which exhibits to us persons sincerely, nay painfully, desirous of seeing Divine government more and more accepted in the world, yet enthusiastically busied in cutting away the best among the props by which that government has been heretofore sustained?

As regards the first of these three questions, it is to be observed that, while the older religions made free use of prodigy and portent, they employed these instruments for political, rather than moral, purposes; and it may be doubted whether the sum total of such action tended to raise the standard of life and thought. The general upshot was that the individual soul felt itself very far from God. Our bedimmed eye could not perceive His purity; and our puny reach could not find touch of His vastness. By the scheme of Redemption this sense of distance was removed. The divine perfections were reflected through the medium of a perfect humanity, and were thus made near, familiar, and liable to love. The great all-pervading law of human sympathy became directly available for religion, and in linking us to the Divine Humanity, linked us by the same act to God. And this is not for rare and exceptional souls alone, but for the common order of mankind. The direct contact, the interior personal communion of the individual with God, was re-established: for human faculties, in their normal action, could now appreciate, and approach to, what had previously been inappreciable and unapproachable. Surely the system I have thus rudely exhibited was ideally a great philosophy, as well as practically an immeasurable boon. To strike out the redemptive clauses from the scheme is to erase the very feature by which it essentially differed from all other schemes; and to substitute didactic exhibition of superior morality, with the rays of an example in the preterite tense, set by a dead man in Judea, for that scheme of living forces, by which the powers of a living Saviour's humanity are daily and hourly given to man, under a charter which expires only with the world itself. Is it possible here to discern, either from an ideal or from a practical point of view, anything but depletion and impoverishment, and the substitution of a spectral for a living form?

If we proceed to the second question, the spectacle, as it presents itself to me, is stranger still. Although we know that James Mill, arrested by the strong hand of Bishop Butler, halted rather than rested for a while in theism on his progress toward general negation, yet his case does not supply, nor can we draw from other sources, any reason to regard such a position as one which can be largely and permanently held against that relentless force of logic, which is ever silently at work to assert and to avenge itself. The theist is confronted, with no breakwater between, by the awful problem of moral evil, by the mystery of pain, by the apparent anomalies of waste and of caprice on the face of creation; and, not least of all, by the fact that, while the moral government of the world is founded on the free agency of man, there are in multitudes of cases environing circumstances independent of his will which seem to deprive that agency, called free, of any operative power adequate to contend against them. In this bewildering state of things, in this great enigma of the world, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Wherefore art thou red in thy apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?" "There has come upon the scene the figure of a Redeemer, human and Divine. Let us grant that the Incarnation is a marvel wholly beyond our reach, and that the miracle of the Resurrection to-day gives serious trouble to fastidious intellects. But the difficulties of a baffled understanding, lying everywhere around us in daily experience, are to be expected from its limitations; not so the shocks encountered by the moral sense. Even if the Christian scheme slightly lengthened the immeasurable catalogue of the first, this is dust in the balance compared with the relief it furnishes to the second; in supplying the most powerful remedial agency ever known, in teaching how pain may be made a helper, an evil transmuted into good; and in opening clearly the vision of another world, in which we are taught to look for yet larger counsels of the Almighty wisdom. To take away, then, the agency so beneficent, which has so softened and reduced the moral problems that lie thickly spread around us, and to leave us face to face with them in all their original rigour, is to enhance and not to mitigate the difficulties of belief.

Lastly, it is not difficult to understand why those who prefer the Pagan ideal, or who cannot lay hold on the future world, or who labour under still greater disadvantages, should put aside as a whole the Gospel of God manifest in the flesh. But it is far harder to comprehend the mental attitude, or the mental consistency at least, of those who desire to retain what was manifested, but to thrust aside the manifesting Person, and all that His living personality entails. or, if I may borrow an Aristotelian figure, to keep the accidents and discard the substance. I cannot pretend to offer a solution to this hard riddle. But there is one feature which almost uniformly marks writers whose mind is of a religious tone, or who do not absolutely exclude religion, while they reject the Christian dogma and the authority of Scripture. They appear to have a very low estimate both of the quantity and quality of sin; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world, and of the subtlety, intensity, and virulence of its nature. I mean a low estimate as compared with the mournful denunciations of the sacred writings, or with the language especially of the later Christian Confessions. Now let it be granted that, in interpreting these Christian Con-

fessions, we do not sufficiently allow for the enormous differences among human beings—differences both of original disposition and of ripened character. We do not sufficiently take account of the fact that, while disturbance and degradation have so heavily affected the mass, there are a happy few on whom nature's degeneracy has but lightly laid its hand. In the biography of the late Dr. Marsh we have an illustration apt for my purpose. His family was strictly Evangelical. He underwent what he deemed to be conversion. A like-minded friend congratulated his mother on the work of Divine grace in her son. But, in the concrete, she mildly resented the remark, and replied that in truth "Divine grace would find very little to do in her son William."

We are bound to believe, and I for one do believe, that in many cases the reason why the doctrines of grace, so profoundly imbedded in the Gospel, are dispensed with by the negative writers of the day, is in many cases because they have not fully had to feel the need of them; because they have not travelled with Saint Paul through the dark valley of agonizing conflict, or with Dante along the circles downward and the hill upward; because they have to bear smaller share than others of the common curse and burden, they stagger and falter less beneath its weight.

But ought they not to know that they are physicians who have not learned the principal peril of the patient's case, and whose prescription accordingly omits the main requisite for a cure? For surely in this matter there should be no mistake. As the entire Levitical institutions seem to have been constructed to impress upon the Hebrew mind a deep and definite idea of sin, we find in the New Testament that that portion of our Lord's work was, so to speak, ready-made. But He placed it at the foundation of His great design for the future. "When the Comforter is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1890.

We are not yet able to make a complete announcement of the many attractions which this MAGAZINE will offer during the coming year. We can confidently affirm, however, that in beauty and variety of illustration, and in interest and importance of its articles, it will surpass any previous year. This MAGAZINE is especially devoted, as its motto sets forth, to "Religion, Literature and Social Progress." These ideas shall be kept prominently in view in its management. Its chief object shall be to promote whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. Its articles of travel and literature shall be written from a Christian standpoint.

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

It will give special prominence to articles on "Social Progress," or, as it has been well called, "Applied Christianity." Recognizing, as we do, the Christian Church as the chief agent of social progress in the world, we shall treat fully the organized efforts of the Church to raise the fallen, to reform the vicious, to save the lost, and in every way to extend the kingdom of truth and righteousness in the earth. Among numerous papers on this subject will be the following: "The Woman's Christian Union and its Work;" "Woman's Missionary Societies;" "Modern Deaconesses;" "The Sisters of the People," an account of the new Methodist Sisterhood in London, by "One of Them;"

"The West London Mission," illustrated; "Woman's Work for Women in Pagan Lands," by Joseph Cook, with portrait and life-sketch of the author; "Miss Frances Willard," with portrait; "The Relation of the Church to the Capital and Labour Question," by Jas. McCosh, LL.D.; "Applied Christianity," by Washington Gladden, D.D.; "Co-operation in Christian Work," by Dr. Schauffer; "Octavia Hill and Her Work," by Helen Campbell; "The Care of Criminals and Prison Reform," by the Hon. Z. R. Brockaway; "Mission Work Among Degraded Populations," by Hon. Senator Macdonald; "Methodist Missions in the North-West;" "Christ's Sympathy with the Suffering," by Hugh Price Hughes; "The Exceeding Riches of His Grace," by the Rev. Dr. Douglas; "Many-Sidedness and True Emphasis, in Religion," a Baccalaureate sermon by the late Chancellor Nelles; "Science and the Revelations of Christ," by Dr. Dallinger; "Between the Living and the Dead," a temperance sermon by Archdeacon Farrar; "Christ's Treatment of Honest Doubt," by the Rev. John Bond; "A Narrative Sketch;" by E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D.; "Alleged Progress in Theology;" "Estrangement from the Church, its Cause and Cure," by Bishop Hurst, and other articles.

Among Canadian contributors will be Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Dr. Johnston, Rev. Prof. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Stafford, Rev. Dr. Douglas, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, and other of the leading writers of Canadian Methodism.

"CHARACTER SKETCHES."

A conspicuous feature of the year will be series of short stories and character sketches associated with social reform, as "East End Stories," by a Riverside Visitor; "Leaves from my Log, Episodes in Christian Work;" "Jack," a temperance story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Short Stories, by A. E. Barr, Jackson Wray, Mark Guy Pearse, Rose Terry Cook and others; "Nor'ard of the Dogger," Mission Work among the

Sailors; "Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher;" "Sam Hobart;" "Fred Douglass and the Underground Railway;" "A Captain of Industry—Thomas Brassey," by Professor Goldwin Smith; "Samuel Budgett, the Successful Merchant," by Peter Bayne, LL.D., etc.

Among the other articles and biographical sketches will be "The Martyr of the Desert,"—Life of Professor Palmer; "Mary Moffatt, a Model Missionary's Wife;" "A Forgotten Queen," by M. A. Daniels; "A Nova Scotia Missionary among the Cannibals;" "Billy Bray;" "The Glorious Return of the Waldenses;" "The First Methodist Society;" "Tennyson and his Poetry," by Prof. C. H. Little; "The Geographical Advantages of Great Britain;" "The Nun of Jouarre;" "A Royal Log," etc.

SERIAL STORIES.

A feature of very special interest will be a couple of serial stories of great literary merit and pronounced religious character. The first of these is "Kathleen Clare," an Irish story of blended humour and pathos. The other is a story of Yorkshire Methodism, by that popular writer, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled, "Master of his Fate." Mrs. Barr's genius has won wide recognition, and she has been engaged to write the leading serial story for the *Century Magazine* for 1890, in which periodical it will doubtless prove one of the chief attractions of the year, as "The Master of his Fate" will prove in this MAGAZINE.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

As heretofore, illustrated articles, on topics of general interest, will form a very attractive feature of this MAGAZINE. Arrangements have been made for the presentation of a series of engravings which for number, variety, and artistic merit, have never been surpassed, if ever equalled, in these pages. Among the articles which will be so illustrated will be a series on the "Canadian Tourist Party Abroad," giving an account of the things best worth seeing in a

journey by land and sea of over 10,000 miles. Among the topics treated will be, The City and Lake of Geneva; Constance, and Martyr Memories of Jerome and Huss; The Rigi and the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons; The St. Gotthard Pass; From the Adriatic to the Danube; Tyrol and the Tyrolese; From Innspruck to Constance; In the Black Forest; In Rhine Land; Heidelberg and Frankfurt, etc.

Through the great kindness of Lord Brassey, we are enabled to announce the most splendidly illustrated series of articles ever given in this MAGAZINE, if indeed in any other. All that art and wealth could lavish on a volume have been expended on Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," published since her death. This is a sumptuously illustrated octavo of 514 pages, published by the great London House of Longmans, Green & Co., the price of which in Canada is \$7.35. This costly work Lord Brassey generously allows the Editor to reprint in this MAGAZINE with about one hundred exquisite illustrations, engraved in the highest style of the xylographic art.

The book is one of the most interesting Lady Brassey ever wrote, and has the additional interest of being the record of the last months of her life. It describes, in a very graphic manner, life and adventure in India and Ceylon, in Burmah, Singapore, Borneo, Celebes, Australia, and New Guinea. Lady Brassey had the amplest opportunity to see everything worth seeing under the most happy auspices. She had her private railway train, and her own camel and elephant trains, and the social *entrée* to the highest circles, and to the privacy of the Zenana. Her skilful

pen describes what she saw with extreme grace and vividness, and the numerous engravings enable the reader to accompany the tourist through the strange scenes of these strange lands of the Orient.

Among the other illustrated articles will be "Napoleon at St. Helena;" "California and Alaska," by Hugh Johnston, D.D.; "Norway and its People," by Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.; "Choice Bits of Thuringia," by E. C. Walton; "Round About England," second series, etc., etc.

The Rev. George J. Bond's sketches of travel in Bible Lands, which have attracted so much attention—"Vagabond Vignettes"—will be continued. They will be illustrated by fine engravings, many of them from original photographs, made for the great Publishing House of Cassell & Co., London. They will give graphic illustrations of the Jordan Valley, Cana, Shechem, Nazareth, Samaria, Nain, Tabor, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, the Lebanon Range, Damascus, Petra, the Sinaitic Peninsula, etc., etc. They will illustrate Oriental life—its social, religious, and domestic customs. These series of articles will be of special value to every Minister, Sunday-school Teacher, and Bible-Student.

Our Patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly, and thus prevent any break in their reception of the MAGAZINE. All new subscribers will receive the Christmas number free. This is a special Christmas number, containing an illustrated account of Paris during the Exposition, Pictures of the Levant, a Christmas Story, Christmas Readings, Christmas Poems, and other attractive articles.

WHY DISCOURAGED?

DISCOURAGED! why?
Doth love e'er die?
Doth God forget His own?
The sparrow's cry
Doth reach the sky;
Is thine the less upborne?

Discouraged! nay;
When God's great year
And amen seals His love;
Each blessed day
Hope lights the way
To rest and joy above.

Current Topics.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE FEDERATION QUESTION.

THIS question we may hope will now be settled, by the cheerful acquiescence of all concerned in the decision of the General Conference, all the conditions required having been fully met. It seems scarcely necessary to re-argue the question, which was so fully discussed in the Conference, and in the connexional and secular journals three years ago. It is expected, now that the generous bequest of Mr. Gooderham has removed the chief financial difficulty, that those who have heretofore opposed Federation will unite with its advocates in carrying out, with the utmost possible energy and despatch, the policy to which we are as a Church committed, to which every dollar subscribed, since the General Conference, is sacredly pledged.

We think that a good many of those opposed to Federation have not yet reached a true conception of what the requirements of a great university, adequate to the necessities of the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand, really are. In his excellent pamphlet on this subject—excellent in its courteous spirit, its literary merit, and its painstaking accumulation of information—the Rev. Jas. Allen, M.A., endeavours to show that all that is required to adequately equip Victoria College as an independent university, apart from buildings and professors' salaries—a very large exception—is an expenditure of, say, \$10,000 for physical and chemical apparatus, and \$5,000 for a library. We covet for Victoria College, as a federated part of our national University, the advantage of a much nobler outlay of money on these departments than that—the advantage which it will derive from the fine collection of apparatus and large library which Toronto University already possesses—which are in the near future to be

greatly increased. Our Methodist youth are not to be placed at a disadvantage as compared with any in the land. Nor will they. If our denominational University cannot furnish them as good opportunities as they can get elsewhere, they will go, in still larger numbers, where these opportunities can be found. Five thousand dollars seem to us an utterly inadequate sum for the library of an independent university. The most recent scientific books and journals, on account of their comparatively limited sale, are always expensive, and so rapid is the progress of science that any but the latest are soon out of date. Students, during their college days, should become familiar with the classics of all the languages which they study. They cannot, of course, read them all, nor is it necessary. Neither does one read the whole of a dictionary or a cyclopædia. But they ought to learn to consult them freely, to know what is in them, and to learn how to prosecute original investigation by means of the literary and scientific apparatus placed within their reach. Not one student in ten will proceed to a post graduate course, and still fewer will have the time or opportunity, when engaged in busy professional life, and remote from large libraries, to become familiar with the world's great storehouse of accumulated knowledge, to say nothing of the most recent developments in the specialized knowledge into which modern science is so minutely divided. For this something far more than two or three thousand volumes, on the whole range of the arts, sciences, and literature of all ages and all civilized lands, will be necessary. Scores of private libraries have more books than that number on the special subjects in which their owners are interested.

But the chief teaching now-a-days is not merely from books, but from

real things—by coming into contact at first hand with nature. For this, natural history collections, museums, technological models and apparatus are necessary, and these are still more expensive than books. Unless the student have the opportunity to examine and study these during his university life, he will have slight chance to do so after he takes up his arduous professional duties. Note, for instance, Prof. Marsh's noble geological museum at Yale; or Prof. Agassiz' natural history collection at Harvard; or the splendid new scientific collection at Oxford. These multiply the power of the most brilliant lecturer tenfold, and themselves give a character and standing to a university not to be otherwise obtained.

The opinion of the librarian of Columbia University, and of the President of Johns Hopkins University is cited in support of the theory that \$5,000 is enough for a good working library of an undergraduate college. If by that is meant a college that is merely preparatory to a real university, like the *Gymnasias* in Germany, or like many of the "mono-hippous" colleges of the United States, it may possibly be true; but when it comes to the equipment of a university they tell a very different story. This very Columbia College, with its magnificent library of 84,000 volumes, makes an appeal for \$4,000,000 for university work. Yale College, with its magnificent library of 140,000 volumes, its museums, laboratories, college buildings, etc., and its additions to its endowment of \$700,000 in three years, yet says she is "crippled for lack of funds, and estimates her needs to-day at \$2,000,000 more to enable her to efficiently overtake university work." A due proportion of this is doubtless for accessions to the library, museums, etc. Such are the estimates of old and already richly endowed universities of the needs for the future.

The Methodist people of this country, we judge,* will not be willing to contribute the very large amount of money required to adequately equip and endow a first-class university, when by joining their resources with those of the Provincial Institution they can enjoy all these advantages with a moiety of the cost, and at the same time help to build up a great university which shall be a credit to the whole Dominion. It is not remarkable that one of the most distinguished university men in the Dominion, Professor Goldwin Smith, should say in speaking of this very subject: "Long ago the *Bystander* advocated Confederation on the grounds which he has never seen assailed, that the resources of this Province are not more than enough to maintain one university on a proper scale, and that starveling universities must lower the standard and may do social mischief by luring into intellectual callings a number of youths largely in excess of the demand. . . . It is easy to enter into the feelings of those Methodists who on religious grounds cling to the seclusion of Cobourg. But no seclusion short of that which is maintained in a Roman Catholic seminary will suffice. Impose what tests you will, and let your teaching be as rigidly orthodox as it may, with free access to bookstores and unrestricted intercourse, you will find that your separate university is a fortress with gates well guarded but without walls."

President Patton in his recent inaugural address at Princeton wisely remarked, "a million of dollars would make a very meagre university, while half a million may double the efficiency of one already established." Sir Daniel Wilson, with equal truth, in his recent inaugural address, affirms that "the multiplication of inadequately endowed denominational colleges with university powers conferred on them by local legislatures

*If we compare what has been contributed in fifty years for Independence, with what has been done since the General Conference declared for Federation, we shall be at no loss to infer which plan meets the approval of the Church.

has in the neighbouring States tended to bring degrees into contempt."

Even though we had a million of dollars, we think it would be a great mistake, a great disaster, if we were to refuse to join our resources to those of the National University, in which, as a Church numbering one-third of the people of Ontario, we have at least as large an interest as any other denomination in the Province. We have a duty to perform in moulding the higher intellectual life of the country and in taking our full share in the control of its leading institutions. Sir Daniel Wilson, speaking from the Toronto University standpoint, very truly remarked in his recent inaugural address, "Now that the Legislature, with the entire concurrence of the University authorities, has provided every facility for universities and colleges, representing the various Churches, to share in the government of this University, and bring their influence to bear on its intellectual and moral training, we have done our part. If left alone to carry on the work of this State University, experience has proved that, with an efficient faculty, there need be no doubt as to our satisfying the just demands of the community. We invite co-operation, not because we need it, but because we believe it to be in the best interests of higher education. The manifest tendency of popular judgment in relation to our whole scheme of Canadian education, from the common schools to the University, appears more and more to incline toward a purely national system, in which the rising generation shall not only enjoy ample privileges of intellectual training, fitting them for the duties of citizenship in a free state; but shall, as far as possible, mingle together in unconstrained equality in the impressible years of youth and

early manhood, instead of growing up in isolated divisions, unconsciously trained to exercise the ordinary duties of citizenship apart from those with whom their interests are, or should be, the same."

This is the ground taken by the late General Conference, the ground that we are confident is taken by the very large majority of the Methodist people of this country, as expressed by the delegates in the Conference and by their representatives in Parliament. We believe that, without a day's unnecessary delay, the governing authorities of Victoria University will carry out with energy the task committed to it by the highest authority known in our Church.

P. S.—The above article was written and in type before the meeting of the Board of Victoria University on the 11th of October. The action of that meeting but emphasizes the importance of sustaining the authority and carrying out the decision of the highest court known in Canadian Methodism. We sincerely hope that the Church may be spared the disquieting and despiritualizing results of a prolonged agitation on this question. It would be, in our judgment, an irreparable calamity to have a question—this question or any other question—which had been so definitely decided by the General Conference again discussed in every quarterly meeting in the country. The Church is engaged in a great work—the work of saving souls and building up the walls of Zion—and cannot afford to stop this work that her leaders may come down into the plain to waste their time and energies in an unseemly wrangle over a decision that, having once been made, should remain forever unquestioned and undisturbed.

THOUGH the difficulties throng
And the struggle may be long,
And the power of evil strong,
Hope on ;

For to patient, brave endeavour
Cometh utter failure never,
And the crown at last forever
Shall be won.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Wesley Memorial Chapel at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in honour of John and Charles Wesley, both of whom were known there, was dedicated September 5th, by the Rev. Charles Garrett, one of the ex-Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference. There were about 3,000 persons present at the various services. The total cost of the church and school is \$20,000.

During the past twelve months the Wesleyan Methodists acquired much valuable property, having built a chapel, a parsonage, or a school-house for every working-day in the year.

Unusual difficulty was experienced in stationing the ministers; some circuits refused to receive those appointed to them, and some ministers objected to the places to which they were assigned. One correspondent in England writes that, "the time has come when a minister to be received by a circuit must be worth having or sit down."

The Leysian Mission in London has commenced its benevolent work on an extensive scale. A site has been secured. The total cost of the scheme will not be less than \$35,000. The work to be carried on will be religious, social, and philanthropic. There will be a medical mission a *crèche*, a boy's brigade, a working-men's club, a cricket club, and a gymnasium.

The Methodist Church in Ireland had last year a net increase of 60 in the membership, with 624 on trial. Total now in Society, 25,306; new members, 1,954. There are 364 churches, 1,894 other preaching places, 49,391 hearers at Sabbath services, 74,232 sittings in the churches. There are 231 schools,

2,856 teachers and officers, and 25,298 scholars.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Miss Waller, daughter of the late Rev. Ralph Waller, a most successful minister, who possesses in a very high degree the evangelistic spirit of her father, and was for some time an earnest worker in the McAll Mission, Paris, has now accepted the position of Head Teacher in the Girls' School at Tientsin, China.

The Rev. John Innocent writes from China, and states that some of the hopeful mission stations in the district of the Yellow River have been desolated by the floods resulting from the bursting of the river banks. He asks earnestly for more workers.

The foundation of a new Sunday-school building was recently laid at Birmingham. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., made an address, and said: "One of the most remarkable features of modern history is the unexampled development of voluntary religion in England." This he attributed to the influence of Methodists, who had entered into the highways and byways, and had quickened the spiritual life of the neglected poor. The close communion and sympathy with the masses of the people had, he said, imposed upon Dissenters the great responsibility of endeavouring to solve the great social problems of the time by inculcating thrift, industry and temperance among the people.

PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

There is to be an Australasian General Conference of the Churches in Australia, to be held every third

year. Its constitution is to be on the principle of one-third ministers and two-thirds laymen.

An extensive scheme for the London area has been inaugurated, which will differ from the London Wesleyan Mission, and will comprise a series of small centres rather than a few great centralized halls.

The trustees of the Wesleyan Church, Westborough, Scarborough, Eng., recently lent their premises for a series of special meetings in aid of the reduction of the debt on the Palsgrave Primitive Methodist Church. Several sermons and lectures were delivered.

A writer in the *Christian Globe* says: "Of late years catechumen classes have been formed for the special purpose of fostering the religious life of the young. There are now 1,000 of these classes, in which 17,000 young people are gathered under fourteen years of age. The increase of these young disciples for the past year has been over 2,000. Another cheering feature is seen in the fact that over 5,000 scholars have become teachers during the last twelve months.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Fowler has just returned from an extensive tour in China, India, and Europe. The Bishop thinks that China will repay America for its exclusion enactment and violation of treaties. He fears that some of the best blood of America will be shed. Bishop Fowler was greatly pleased with the progress of missions in India. He also spent much time in Italy, where he thinks Methodism "needs aid by instruction and example in order to prosecute successfully the work it is fitted to do." He further says that the condition of Italy is bad, financially, politically, and spiritually, and that the development and instruction of the latent moral sense of the nation must be done by the spirit or sons of Wesley.

In the list of Annual Conferences forty were announced to be held in September and twenty in October, and in one of the issues of the New

York *Advocate* during the summer, 152 camp-meetings were advertised to be held.

A writer in the *New York Advocate* has an article of interest, in which he urges the establishment of a great Methodist University in Washington city, to counteract the influence of the Roman Church at the national capital.

The *Indian Mission*, published in Calcutta, is printing and circulating weekly 10,000 short sermons. It is proposed, as means accumulate, to put these sermons in five different languages every week; thus securing an immense native congregation, and bringing them in contact with the pure word of God.

A corner-stone of a church was recently laid in the city of Nagoya, Japan, in the presence of 300 persons. It is the first Christian edifice built in this city of 200,000 inhabitants.

The Crouse College for the education of women in connection with the Syracuse University has been dedicated. It is said to be the finest college building in existence. The late John Crouse provided for the funds of the college about two years ago, and his son has faithfully carried out the wishes of his late father, by giving a further sum of money for furnishing the building and putting the grounds in order. What a fitting memorial to father and son.

The Rev. Dr. Moore has been elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, in place of the Rev. Dr. Bayliss, deceased.

It is estimated that there are now 2,154,237 communicants in this Church, showing a net gain of 60,000 during the last year.

A Chinese Christian named Ah Qui, described as an eloquent and effective speaker, has appeared as an evangelist in the streets of San Francisco.

Many of our readers will remember the Rev. Francis Berry, formerly a Methodist minister in Canada, now a member of Detroit Conference; one of his sons, Rev. E. A. Berry, has been appointed Superintendent of the mechanical department of Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. An elder

son is associate-editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*. We congratulate our old friend on having such sons.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The *Institute* is a lively little monthly periodical, published by the young people of the Methodist Church in Vancouver, British Columbia. The visit of Senator Macdonald was greatly appreciated, and his pulpit services were especially acceptable. The citizens wanted to see the man who, when their city was destroyed by fire, telegraphed from London to Toronto, instructing his book-keeper to remit \$500 for the relief of the sufferers.

The Rev. A. E. Green, writing to the *Wesleyan*, states that the decision of the last Conference respecting "a Boys' Institute," at Port Simpson, is highly satisfactory; but as sufficient funds have not yet been received toward the erection of a suitable building, he would like to hear from those who can help in the enterprise. There are several boys whom they would gladly take under their care. A few are at the Mission House, and some are cared for at the Girls' Home.

A new parsonage has been erected at Wentworth, N.B., costing \$1,500.

We are glad to report that there is an increase of \$6,000 in the income of the Missionary Society for the past year. It is to be hoped that this amount, with the late Mr. Gooderham's legacy of \$30,000, will enable the Board to deal more generously with the brethren on Domestic Missions, who for many years past have been put to great straits. We are also glad that, with the exception of the Bay of Quinte and New Brunswick, all the Conferences have contributed toward this increase. Montreal, to its honour be it recorded, reports the largest increase, and British Columbia comes next.

A very interesting letter has been received at the Mission House from the Rev. T. Crosby, written on board the *Glad Tidings*, while visiting the

Indians at various points. Neither Brother Crosby nor those who accompanied him spent their time in idleness. One day he "preached five times in Chinook and twice in English, and walked ten miles." On another Sabbath he walked twenty-five miles in visiting the Indian camps, and he held three services. He called also on his route at several logging camps, and held religious conversations with the lumbermen. Brother Crosby strongly appeals for additional labourers.

An interesting series of meetings was recently held in connection with the jubilee of the Sunday-school at Thornhill, Ont. Mr. David James, the present Superintendent, deserves great credit for the way in which he planned the celebration of the jubilee. Revs. W. M. Beilby, J. A. Rankin, and G. W. Calvert, all of whom had been connected with the school as scholars or teachers took part in the interesting proceedings. Other schools would do well to follow the example of Thornhill.

An unusual event recently occurred at Woodstock, Ont.—five cornerstones were laid in connection with a new church in that town. No doubt they were all well and truly laid. The new church has grown out of a new enterprise inaugurated about two years ago.

RECENT DEATHS.

Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn, Germany, died in August last, through the bursting of a bloodvessel in the brain. He attended the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York in 1876, where he delivered a magnificent address. He was also the author of a valuable work on Protestant Foreign Missions, and several other works.

The Rev. W. H. Olin, D.D., of the Wyoming Conference, New York, died from disease of the heart, while visiting friends in Michigan. He was a leading member in the Conference. In early life he was a lawyer, but on his conversion, in 1849, he resolved to become a minister. Dr. Olin was a man of great energy, and

was greatly beloved. More than seventy ministers attended his funeral.

The Rev. George Tindal, Primitive Methodist, recently died at the great age of ninety. He was the oldest minister in the denomination. The present writer can remember hearing him preach more than sixty years ago. He was very zealous in the pulpit, and faithful in pastoral duties.

In our own Church, since the Annual Conferences adjourned, the Rev. M. Baxter, Rev. J. R. Gibson, and Rev. J. C. Osborne have gone to their reward. Bro. Baxter was a superannuated minister in the Niagara Conference, and was eighty-six years of age. His early ministry was spent in Ireland, in connection with the Rev. W. Cooke, D.D., of the Methodist New Connexion Mission. In Canada he laboured on some hard fields. He was a good man and an earnest minister.

Brother Gibson was a member of the Guelph Conference. He commenced his itinerant career in Muskoka in 1870, where he remained four years. After spending three years at Haliburton and McKellar, he was sent to Algoma District, so that it will be seen our dear brother performed some hard ministerial labour.

Brother Osborne was a superannuated minister in the Montreal Conference. Since he retired from the active work, in 1877, he has resided mostly in Ottawa. For more than thirty years he laboured on circuits, and for eleven years he gave his services gratuitously. He was a man of great meekness, and was much beloved by those to whom he was best known.

ITEMS.

Rev. J. A. Sawyer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, writes from Kentucky: "I have had three Baptist ministers to come around the table and help to consecrate the elements and to assist in the administra-

tion, and the members follow their leaders."

A Baptist church at Birmingham, England, has just elected a negro as its minister. Rev. P. D. Stamford was actually born a slave in Virginia, though he was liberated while yet a child during the civil war. He was converted under Mr. Moody.

Over 200 Baptist churches in New York State are pastorless.

W. Carey's sermon that led to the establishment of the Baptist Missionary Society and sent him out as its first missionary, was based on the text, Isaiah liv. 23: "Enlarge the place of thy tent," etc. Under this he made two points: 1. Expect great things of God; 2. Attempt great things for God. Where ninety years ago Carey was the only ordained Protestant missionary, are now about 7,000.

The Rev. E. Spoor, an English missionary, after about five years' labour in Brazil, says: "Brazil is fully open to the preaching of the Gospel. The first missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society went to Brazil in 1882, since then five others have joined them in the work. We have missions established at five important centres. The Empire of Brazil comprises one-fifteenth of the land surface of the globe, and more than three-sevenths of South America. It has an area of 3,000,000 square miles and some 14,000,000 inhabitants. Millions there have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Vast provinces larger than England are yet without a single minister. The people are idolatrous, and superstitious, and very ignorant; sin and immorality abound."

The Pope has sent an autograph letter to the authorities of Laval University, Quebec, thanking them and the citizens of Quebec for expressions in favour of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

There are scores of Methodist ministers in Canada who are largely deficient in their salaries, some to the extent of hundreds of dollars. One whom we know was more than \$2,000 deficient in less than twenty years, and during no year was he promised more than \$650.

Book Notices.

Glimpses of Fifty Years: The Autobiography of an American Woman. By FRANCES E. WILLARD. Written by order of the National Woman's Temperance Union, with Introduction by HANNAH WHITALL SMITH. 8vo., pp. xvi-704. Toronto: Rose Publishing Co.

Miss Willard has just celebrated her fiftieth birthday at her beautiful home at Evanston, Illinois, amid the congratulations and benedictions of thousands of admiring friends. She has in this volume given us her recollections of the last half century, the most marvellous in moral progress that the world has seen. In this progress Miss Willard has had no inconspicuous part. She has been identified intimately with one of the greatest moral movements of the age. She has probably addressed more audiences and won more friends than any woman living; for none can hear her speak without being charmed with her sweet womanliness, her moral earnestness, her intellectual ability. She is no stranger in Canada, and many Canadian admirers will be glad to possess this record of her useful and eventful life.

With rare modesty, yet with perfect frankness, Miss Willard tells her life-story—the story of her happy school and college days, with their diligent study and broad and liberal culture; and her wide experience as a “roving teacher,” beginning as a “lonesome school-ma'am” in a western district school, and proceeding from grade to grade to a distinguished position in one of the foremost universities of the Union.

Miss Willard has been a notable traveller, too, in her own and foreign lands. She has visited every European capital and large city and specially interesting haunt of history, learning and art, besides going north as far as Helsingfors in Finland; east as far as the Volga in Russia and Damascus and Baalbec in Syria;

and south as far as Nubia in Africa. A study of the most ancient civilizations of the world in its three oldest continents was her preparation for her life-work of endeavouring to advance the higher civilization of this western hemisphere. This delicate woman, besides performing her vast literary and administrative labours, has travelled not less than 250,000 miles, traversing this continent from Puget Sound to Maine, from Canada to Mexico. Her graphic sketches of travel evidence the keen insight and hearty appreciation of a broad and liberal mind.

Miss Willard found her true sphere as a temperance advocate and organizer, and as the promoter of those moral reforms which are designed especially to protect the sanctity of the home and promote the elevation of her own sex. In connection with her temperance work, with her advocacy of the political enfranchisement of woman, and in the promotion of social purity, Miss Willard had a very difficult part to play. In many places, especially the south, the antipathy to women speaking in public was very great. But she almost always converted opponents into admirers and friends. The work of the Christian Temperance Union is a very important factor in the great Temperance Reform. Every member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union should have a copy of this book. It will make them more enthusiastic in their noble work, and more appreciative of the labours of its leading advocate.

It will be remembered that Miss Willard was elected, with three other women, delegates to the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at New York; but were ruled out simply because they were women—against, however, the advocacy and vote of many of the ablest men in the Conference. Miss Willard at the same Conference

received a very large vote—over 100, we think—for the position of editor of the foremost journal of American Methodism. Of that, however, one will learn nothing from this volume. With self-effacement of which few men are capable, she makes no reference to an incident to which we think future Conferences will look back without any complacency. A fine steel portrait of Miss Willard embellishes the volume and over fifty other engravings.

Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada. By CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER. Pp. 488. New York: Harper & Brother. Toronto: William Briggs. Post 8vo., half leather. Price \$1.75.

Mr. Warner is one of the most genial of tourists and most vivacious of descriptive writers. But in this volume he is something more. He exhibits many of the highest qualities of a statesman, a publicist, and a political economist. He studies the causes and tendencies which go to the making of the two nations occupying the northern part of this continent. He observes with the eye of an astute journalist, and deduces with the breadth of a philosophical critic the inferences to be derived from his travel and study. The resources, social progress and economical development of the New South, and of the great and growing commonwealth of the West and North-West of the American Union, are discussed in a series of chapters masterly in their scope and vigour of treatment.

The part of the book which will be read with greatest interest by Canadians is that devoted to the vast extent, exhaustless resources, and social and political condition of the Dominion. Such eulogy of our country coming from the pen of a foreigner, is all the more gratifying to Canadian patriotism. This is not Mr. Warner's first visit to Canada. No one who has ever read will ever forget the delicious humour of his book of travel in the Maritime Provinces—"Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing." The present volume, while

much more serious in its character, is characterized by the same lightness of touch and grace of diction.

Mr. Warner's account of Ontario will give some Canadians a more adequate conception of the extent of their country. It is, he says, an empire in itself. It is nearly as large as France; it is larger by 25,000 square miles than the combined six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. He reports very favourably of its climate, soil and resources; and pays a noble tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers of Ontario, the U. E. Loyalists, who brought with them much of the best blood and noblest traditions of the older colonies.

Our Own Country: Canada, Scenic and Descriptive. A large octavo volume, of 608 pages and over 350 engravings. By W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.00.

It would not become the writer to characterize this book. He merely quotes the publishers' announcement: "This is not a history of Canada, but a copiously illustrated account of the scenic attractions, natural resources, and chief industries of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and the islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, Labrador, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and an excursion into Alaska. It describes every city, and almost every town in the Dominion. It gives a full account, with many illustrations, of the fishery industry, the lumbering industry, the agricultural industry, the oil-producing industry, the mining industry, the fur trading and trapping industry. It brings vividly before the mind the vast extent and almost limitless resources of the country. It is the most copiously and handsomely illustrated volume of the size ever produced in Canada. This volume embodies the results of the author's travels and observations for many years, from Cape Breton, N.S., to Vancouver Island. He has also

been assisted by experts in several departments. The book abounds in thrilling incidents of pioneer's and hunter's life, old legends and traditions, illustrations of Indian life, camping, snow-shoeing, canoeing, stories of moose and cariboo hunting, noted shipwrecks on the Gulf coast, gold mining in Cariboo, illustrations of Chinese life on the Pacific coast, life and adventure at the Hudson Bay Company's posts, explorations in Alaska and amid the sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks and Coast Range. All the above subjects are fully illustrated with handsome engravings. The cities of Halifax, St. John's, Nfld. ; St. John, N.B. ; Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Victoria, and many smaller cities and places of picturesque interest, are carefully illustrated.

The Sermon Bible: Vol. III., Psalm LXXVII. to Songs of Solomon. 12mo., pp. 476. New York: A. C. Armstrong. Toronto: A. G. Watson. Price \$1.50.

The volumes of this series will be found a very useful working apparatus for a preacher's library. They give outlines of important sermons by eminent preachers on a very large number of texts, consecutively arranged; as well as references to many other sermons on these texts and to standard theological treatises and commentaries. These outlines and references will be found eminently suggestive.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1890. By THE MONDAY CLUB. Fifteenth Series. Price \$1.25. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

This Annual has become well known, and ought to be read of all men—particularly those who have to do with teaching the Sunday-school lessons. The lessons are treated in it in a more comprehensive way than is possible in any Sunday-school help. The writers in it, untrammelled by the necessity, as in other helps, of

giving expositions of the text, afford *perspectives* of the lessons, such as help a teacher to present them most effectively. From year to year an improvement in the sermons is manifest, such as might be expected from practice and experience. The names of the writers—Revs. Drs. Dunning, Boynton, Griffis, Leavitt, Wright, Foster, Clark, etc.,—have become as familiar as household words. The Monday Club sermons have become indispensable.

Raymond Theed: A Story of Five Years. By ELSIE KENDALL. London: T. Woolmer.

Like all the issues of the Wesleyan Conference Office, this is a very handsomely printed volume. It is a sound and wholesome religious story illustrating Methodist life in the old land—admirable for Sunday-schools and for family reading.

Christianity of Jesus Christ, Is it Ours? By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer.

This little volume contains a series of addresses given at the Friday noon services at St. James' Hall, the headquarters of the West London Mission. They are characterized by great plainness and religious warmth and earnestness. They are a bugle call summoning the Church to a new consecration and to greater efforts for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Picked up in the Streets. A Romance from the German of H. Schobert. By MRS. A. L. LEWIS. Montreal: Theo. Robinson.

Steadfast, the Story of a Saint and a Sinner. By ROSE TERRY COOK. Montreal: Theo. Robinson.

If the people must have fiction to read, it is important that it should be as free as possible from moral taint. So far as we have been able to judge from a hasty examination of this publisher, he seems to have been careful on this point in the selection of the works which he is from time to time sending forth to the public. Of the two above mentioned, the last appears to be the best.

The Man of Galilee. By ATTICUS HAYGOOD. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo., pp. 156. Price 80 cents.

Another book on Jesus of Nazareth! How many thousands of books have been produced upon this most interesting of all themes, and still they come. And the wonderful about them is that the subject seems to be as far from being exhausted as ever. We bespeak for this a wide circulation. It will do good.

Counting the Cost; or, A Summer at Chautauqua. By CORNELIA ADELE TEAL. Introduction by the REV. FRANK RUSSELL, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 16mo, pp. 315.

This is a book for Chautauquans, for whom it will have a special interest. But others beside these will find it interesting, instructive, and profitable reading.

LITERARY NOTICES

The Canadian Methodist Quarterly Review for the current quarter makes a highly respectable appearance. The Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., under the heading, "Who is God? What is God?" discusses the question of the natural fatherhood of the Supreme Being, in a manner which shows that he has made it the subject of profound and patient thought. He finds in the process by which man was called into being that which serves to differentiate him from all other creatures, and to place him in a relation to the Creator altogether different from that sustained to Him by every other part of the terrestrial creation. Made, like every other living thing, out of pre-existent matter, and endowed with all the attributes of being which he shares with the lower orders of creation, man was constituted a living soul by the inbreathing of the Divine, and it was this "generative" act which constituted him the son of God. Mr. Phillips, of course, holds the doctrines of gracious adoption and regeneration, by which Christ gives to as many as receive Him *power*—confers on them the right—to

become the sons of God; but he apparently holds that, apart entirely from this gracious change, it is the privilege of every human being, as such, to approach God as *his* Father; though his restoration to the enjoyment of all the privileges which belong to this relationship can only be effected by the agency of the Holy Spirit through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. He holds with Pope, that "the perfect design of Christianity, and that which is, so to speak, its peculiarity, is to bring God near to us as a Father; to restore His fatherly relation to mankind. And the soul of personal Christianity is the adoption which makes us, as regenerate, the sons of God." And, according to this view, this gracious change, though in some aspects of it, a new creation, is in fact a recovery and a renewal—the recovery of a forfeited relation and the renewal of the soul in the image of God.

The Rev. John Morton, Congregational minister, Hamilton, writes pleasantly and instructively on Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." In the main, Mr. Morton's estimate of the work under review is favourable; he does not, however, fail to point out with skill and force the inconsistencies and errors into which its author has fallen. He puts his work in the category of "good religious books;" he dwells upon its many fascinating features, especially the fresh and engaging light in which it sets some old and familiar truths; he gives it credit for the impressive manner in which it points out certain great dangers to the spiritual life, and especially for the way in which it emphasizes the truth that there is order in the spiritual realm no less than in the natural; but, at the same time, he lays bare the confusion and errors into which its author's materialistic conception of natural law has led him, and the utter futility of the attempt which he has made to explain purely spiritual phenomena by the principles which prevail in the material world.

The Rev. Benjamin Sherlock writes wisely and well on "The Holy

Ghost." *Inter alia*, he gives some singular illustrations of the unaccountable extent to which this Divine theme has been neglected, both by the Christian pulpit and the Christian press. He quotes the Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D., an eminent American Methodist minister, who says: "I preached a sermon on Acts xi. 4, in Philadelphia a few days ago, and one of the leading members of the Church said to me that he had heard but one sermon on the work of the Holy Ghost in his life." Mr. Sherlock says that, though he has attended twenty-six Methodist Conferences in Canada, he has heard but one sermon on this subject on all those occasions. And during ten years that he was a deeply interested hearer of sermons, previous to entering the ministry, he can remember having heard but two. And, until within a few years, he acknowledges his own ministry was characterized by similar neglect. Rev. Daniel Steele, D.D., says: "Six years ago I announced to the public that the Holy Ghost was not receiving His due honour in the preaching and theological thinking of New England scholars. As a proof I cited the *Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review*, published at Andover, thirty-six volumes, 1844-1879, containing 1,250 articles by 300 contributors, as not containing one article on the personality and offices of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of man." And in the *Methodist Episcopal Quarterly* during the last forty years, according to the same testimony, but one article on this subject had appeared, and that was on the sin against the Holy Ghost.

The Rev. W. Harrison, Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island, contributes an able and well-written article, which deserves a fuller notice than our space will permit, on "The Mechanical Conception of the World." The purpose of the article is to point out the fallacy and utter inadequacy of the materialistic philosophy as an explanation of the system of things with which we are connected and of which we form a part. This philosophy "has ever regarded the raw eternal matter—

the elemental stuff of creation—as the only substance, and the all-sufficient cause of every variety and species of life. It maintains that these various forms of life, and the wonderful manifestations of mind in all the departments of human thought, are the outcome of forces which exist in unintelligible matter, and that evolution explains and accounts for the whole array of these wonderful facts. Man himself, with all his organs of body and faculties of mind, has been evolved from matter by physical laws, or atomic forces, working without guiding thought or intelligence." Of course, the adequate refutation of this theory would require a volume, rather than a brief review article, but Mr. Harrison has made the best of his opportunity in pointing out some of the points at which this philosophy most signally and ignominiously fails to afford the needed explanation. He at the same time shows by remarkable facts and quotations that the ablest advocates and exponents of this theory have not full confidence in it themselves, and that they have to help out their explanations by reference to a Power which they hold to be unknown and unknowable, but the presence of which is demanded in order to account for the facts of the world, both within and without the mix. If they will not have the God of the Bible, they must either create a feeble imitation of Him, or invest matter with His perfections.

"Romanism in Quebec" is treated in an interesting article by our friend, Edward Barrass, D.D., which will doubtless be read with avidity at this particular juncture. Dr. Barrass's character for indefatigable industry and conscientious care in the accumulation of facts is well known. The statistics of the great Church of which he writes in the Province of Quebec, may, doubtless, in the main be relied on, and will be found to be very interesting; but we cannot help thinking that on one point he has been misled. He says of the big cathedral in Montreal, which has been so long in course of erection, "It is intended to outrival St. Peter's in Rome, from which it takes its name." It is understood,

indeed, to be modelled after that great creation of Michael Angelo, and will no doubt be made to look as much like it as circumstances will permit; but it can never become a rival to that magnificent structure, if for no other reason, because it is only one-fourth the size.

The Rev. James Graham furnishes a very able article on the "Inspiration of the Biblical Writers." Whether one can always agree with Mr. Graham in every particular, he generally excites one's admiration. His stalwart reasoning and vigorous style render whatever he writes interesting and pleasing reading. This particular article has, however, far more than its style to commend it. It is a fresh and vigorous putting of the argument in favour of the plenary inspiration of the writers of the Old and New Testament, and consequently of the infallibility of the teaching of "The Book" as a whole, which certainly places the readers of the *Review* under special obligation to the writer.

The Rev. Job Shenton writes on "St. Paul's Eschatology." The aim of the article is to exhibit St. Paul's teaching in respect to death, the intermediate state, the resurrection of the dead, and the final and unending condition of the righteous and the wicked. It will readily occur to any thoughtful person who has given any degree of careful attention to this great subject, in its manifold aspects, and especially to any one who knows anything of the literature of it, and of the state of the various questions connected with it at present, that it opens quite too wide a field for adequate treatment in a single article. Mr. Shenton would have done better to have selected a single branch of the subject, than to have attempted to cover the whole ground at once. And yet, a connected view of the teaching of the great apostle, even in outline, is not without its value. For popular reading it may answer even a better purpose than a more-elaborate treatment.

The *Chautauquan* magazine, under the able management of the Rev. Dr. Hood, has developed from the

thin quarto of a few years ago, to a stout and handsome octavo of 158 pages, filled from cover to cover with high-class articles in general literature and in special Chautauquia readings. This is but another illustration of the marvellous growth of this great educational movement. We predict for the *Chautauquan* in its new form even more marked success than in its former shape.

Persons about to build will find it to their advantage to send for the Architects' and Builders' Supplement to the *Scientific American*. New York: Munn & Co. \$2.50 per year. The designs are new and elegant, and working drawings clear and easily understood.

The *Scientific American* and *Supplement*, published by the same house, are both necessary to keep one abreast of the progress of science and art in their manifold developments. No papers which come to our desk are read with greater interest.

We extend a cordial welcome to the new series of the *Bystander* (Hunter, Rose & Co., \$1 per year). The strong personality of Prof. Goldwin Smith, his keen and trenchant criticism of men and things, and his fascinating grace of style, are apparent in every line. Without fear or favour, he "hews to the line let the chips fly where they will." Whether one agrees with his opinions or not, one cannot but feel that he utters the honest convictions of a broad-minded and patriotic thinker.

The *Magazine of Art* has published nothing more interesting than the frontispiece of its October number. "Madonna" is certainly beautiful. The opening article is "Glimpses of Artist Life." This is followed by a criticism of "The Sculpture of the Year," also illustrated. Very timely is the selection of Jean François Millet as the subject of "The Barbizon School" series of papers. Millet's famous "Angelus," recently sold for over \$100,000, is well engraved. It is an excellent number. Cassell & Co., New York. 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.