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A SUMMER ISLAND, NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE
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METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

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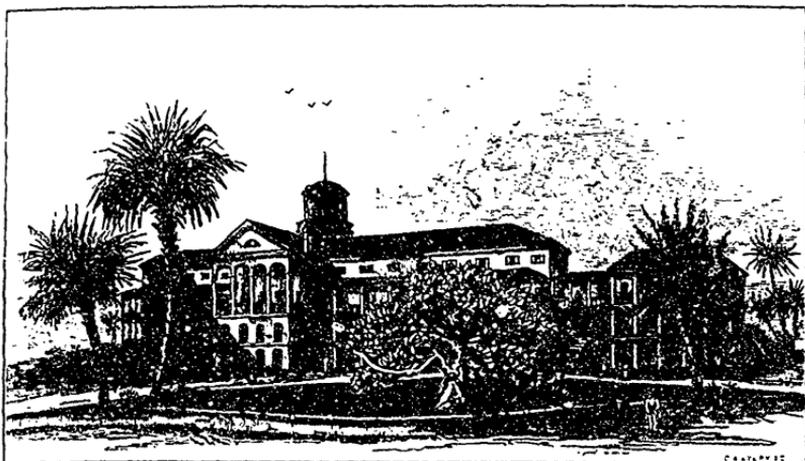
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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1878.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU.

A SUMMER ISLAND.

"A summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

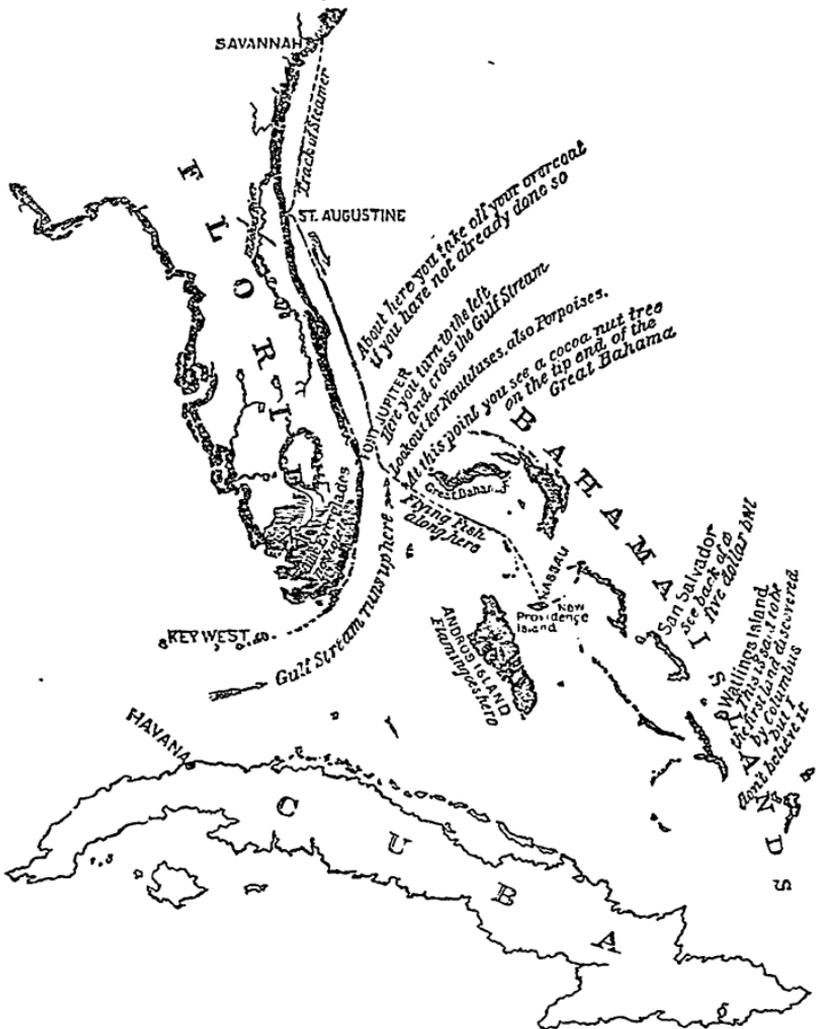
"A land in which it seemed always afternoon."

—Tennyson.

It was on a cold, rainy morning in February that we left Savannah on the steamer for Nassau. We kept on down the Florida coast until we turned eastward into the Gulf Stream. It seemed as if we had suddenly sailed into early June. The sea was smooth, the air was mild, the sky was lovely. Everybody was on deck. Off came our overcoats. It was no longer winter.

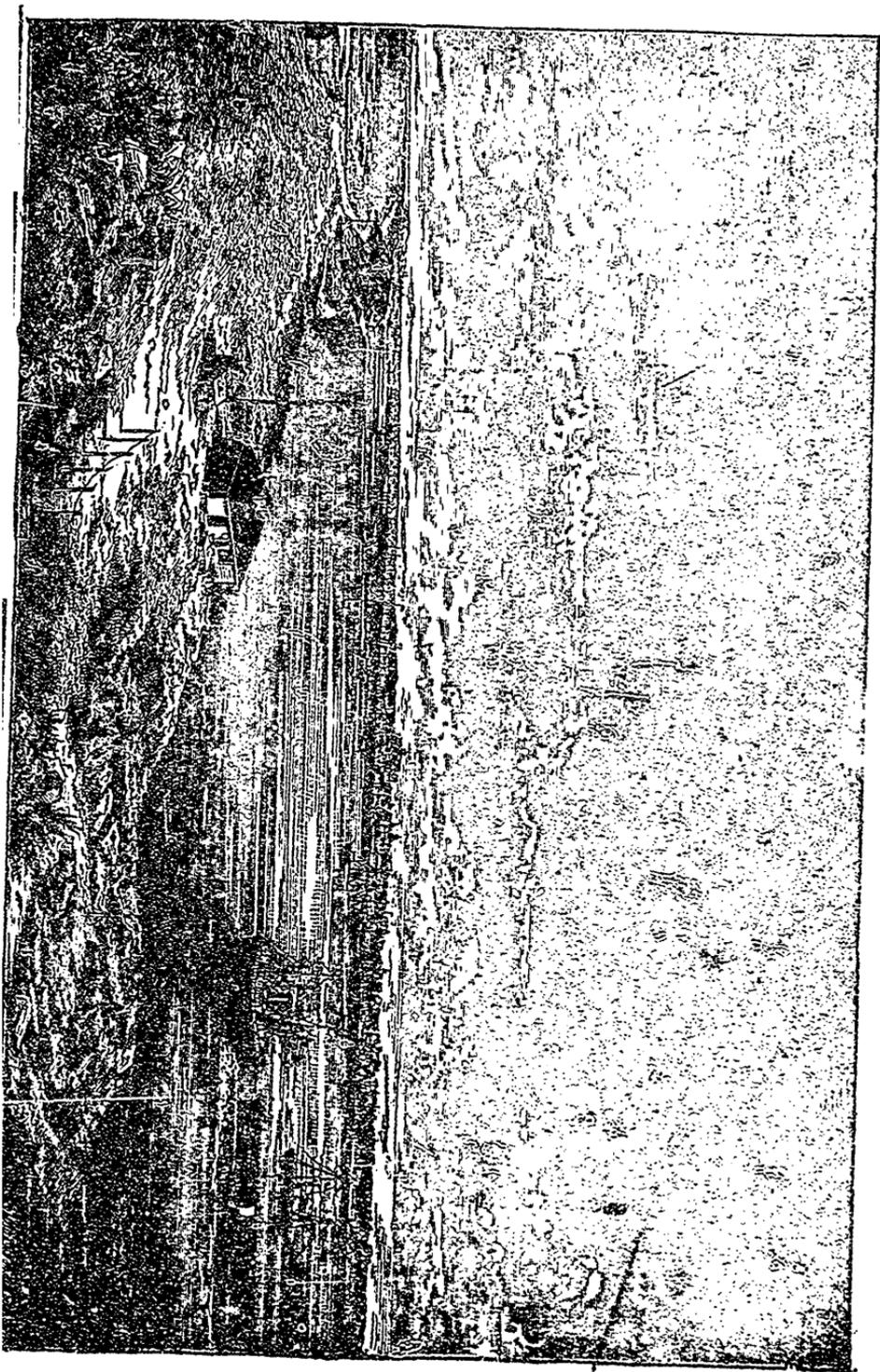
These ever-summer seas were lovely. Out of the waves rose the flying-fish, skimming in flocks through the air, and dropping down again just as we were beginning to believe they were birds;

the porpoises leaped and dived by the vessel's side, and every now and then we passed a nautilus, cruising along in his six-inch shell, with his transparent sail wide-spread and sparkling in the sun.

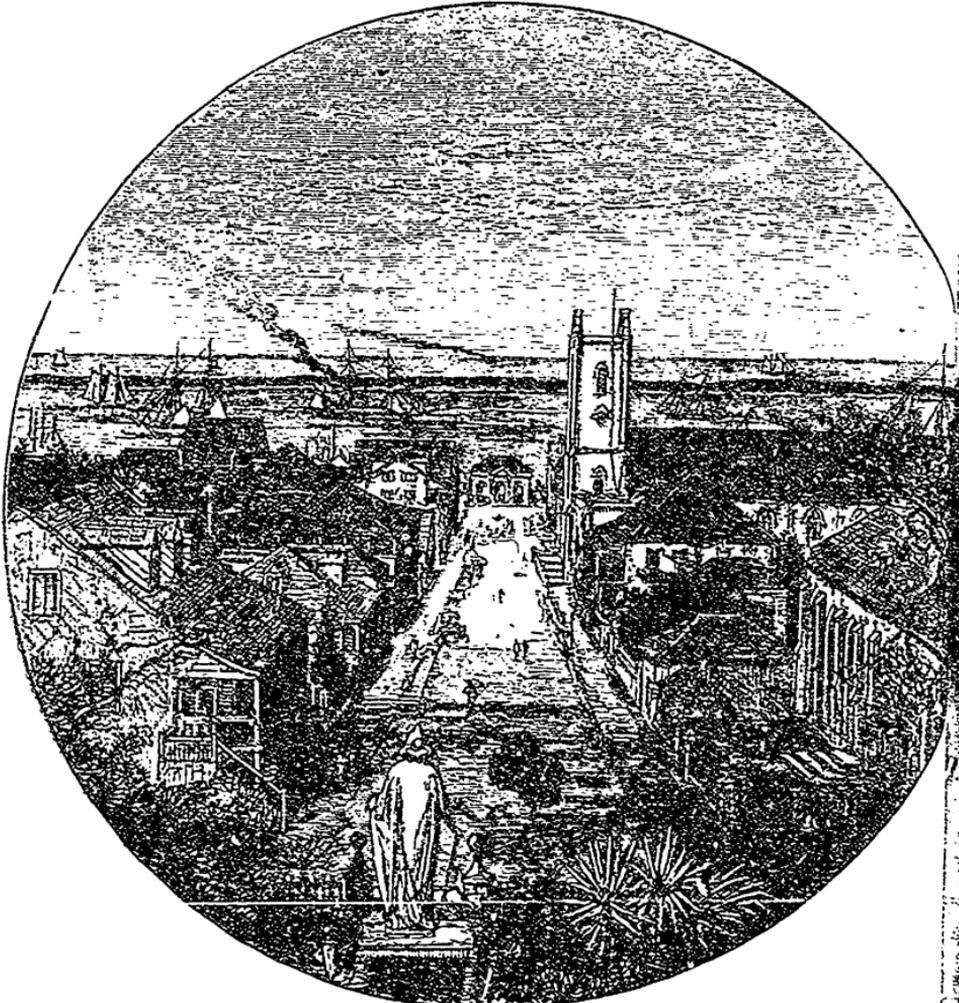


MEMORANDUM MAP OF THE ROUTE TO THE BAHAMAS.

We were journeying to find a pleasant winter climate,—one that could be depended upon. We knew of very commendable semi-tropical resorts—Florida for instance; but among the northern visitors to Florida that year had been frost and ice. In our search for the happy land we longed for, we resolved to do as Columbus



did, and begin at the beginning. First to the Bahamas came he, and thither would we go too. Early in the morning, from my open port, I heard voices coming from the water, and the thumping of oars. I hastily looked out, and there was Nassau. We were almost at the wharf. A long boat, full of negroes, was carrying a line to the shore. I hurried on deck, and looking over



VIEW DOWN GEOURGE STREET, NASSAU.—LOOKING FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
[CATHEDRAL ON THE RIGHT, VENDUE HOUSE AT END OF STREET, HOG ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.]

the rail saw to my astonishment that we were floating in water not more than a foot deep! This great ship, with her engines, her cargo, her crew and passengers, was slowly moving along in

water not up to your knees! The bottom was clearly visible—every stone on it could be seen as you see stones at the bottom of a little brook. I could not understand it.

“How deep is this water?” I asked of a sailor.

“About three fathom,” he answered.

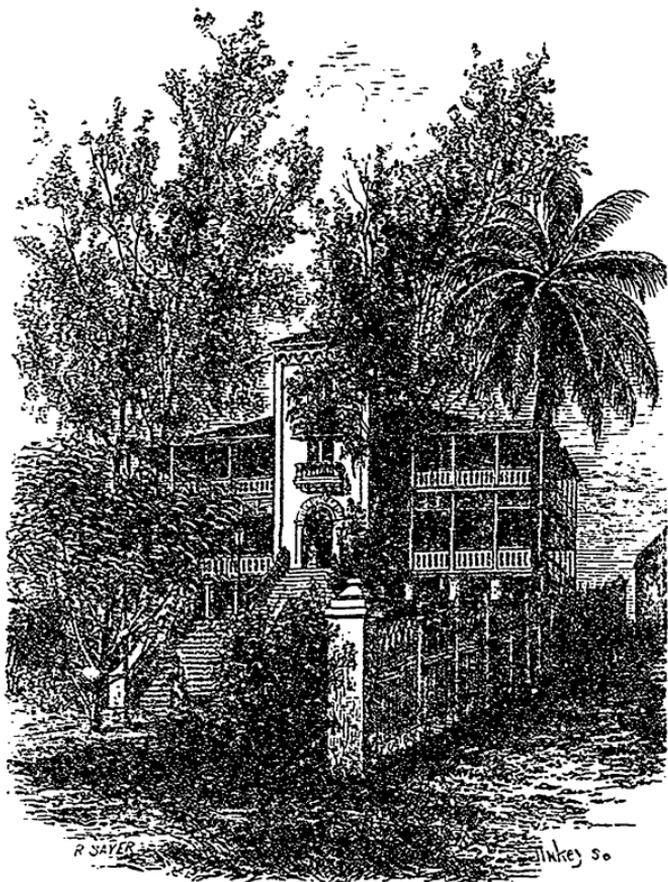
The town—a very white town—stretched before us for a mile or two along its water-front, and seemed to be a busy place, for there were many vessels, large and small (principally the latter), moored at the piers; there were store-houses on the street by the water; there was a crowd of people on the wharf; there were one-horse barouches driven by negroes wearing red vests and dreadfully battered high silk hats, and altogether the scene was lively and promising. The town was larger than I had expected to see it, but it ought to be a good-sized place, for nearly all of the people of the island of New Providence live there, and they number some eleven or twelve thousand.

There is no lack of islands and islets in what might be called the Bahamian Archipelago, which stretches some six hundred miles from San Domingo nearly to Florida. The collection comprises, according to official count, twenty-nine islands, six hundred and sixty-one cays, and two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven rocks,—assorted sizes.

New Providence is the most important member of this collection, but like many other most important things, it is by no means the biggest, being only twenty-one miles long and seven broad, while the Great Bahama and others are very many times larger, some of them being a hundred miles long. But New Providence has the brains, the other islands have merely size.

We found that, like ourselves, nearly all our fellow-passengers were going to the Royal Victoria Hotel. We speedily secured one of the one-horse barouches; the red-vested driver pulled his silk hat a little tighter on his head, cracked his whip, and away we went. The hotel made quite an impression upon us, even before we entered it. It stands high, spreads wide, and looks large, and cool, and solid. It is a hotel of which Her Majesty need not be ashamed. In front of the main door-way, which is level with the ground, is an inclosed and covered court. This court, as we soon found, is the favourite resort of the guests.

The sun can get no entrance here, while through the numerous door-ways the breezes come from nearly every direction. The interior of the house is also arranged with a view to coolness and shade. There is not a fire-place or a chimney in the whole structure. The cooking is done in a separate building, and in Nassau the people do not need fire for warmth. The building is



A NASSAU MANSION.

of limestone—four stories high; each of the three first stories being surrounded by a piazza ten feet wide, forming an uninterrupted promenade of over one thousand feet in extent—affording to those unable to withstand the fatigue of out-door exercise, perfect facilities for enjoying the fine scenery and refreshing breezes. The rooms are large and perfectly ventilated; those of

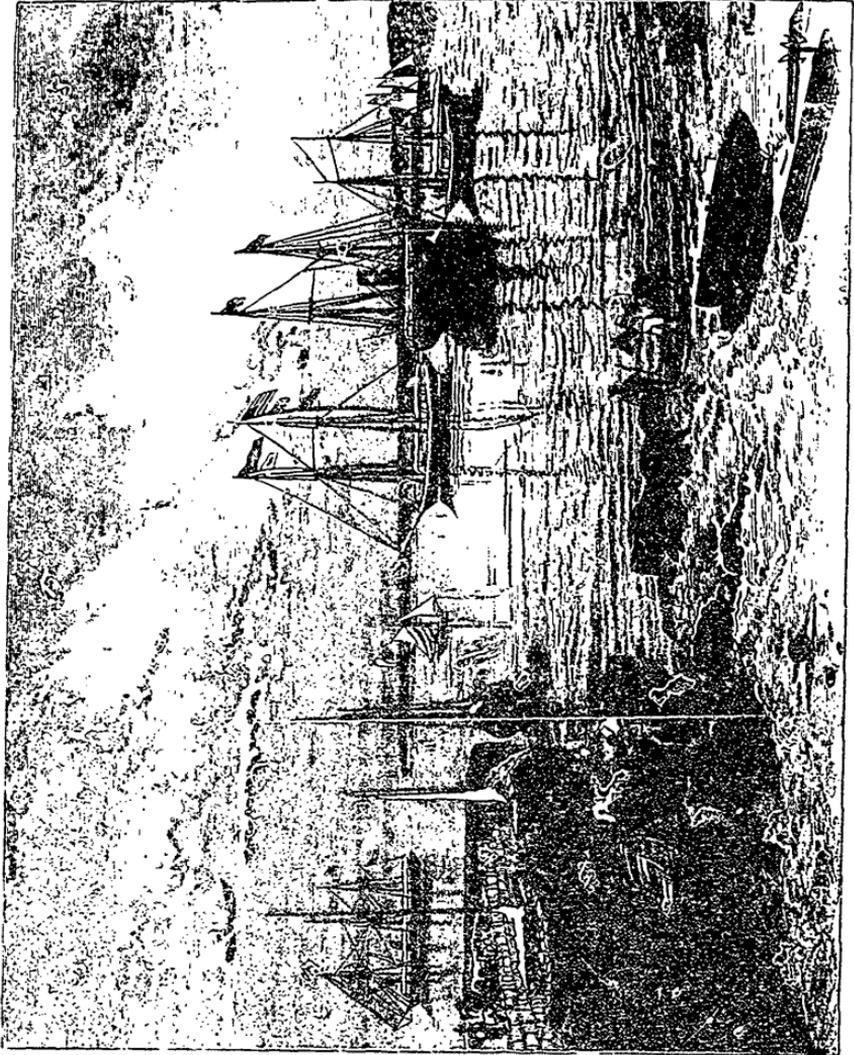
the first, second, and third stories being provided with French casements, opening on the piazza. Sea-bathing is conveniently near the house, and salt water baths, either in the bathing-rooms or private apartments, can be furnished at all times.

The very first thing I did after breakfast was to go and buy a straw hat. It was a novel experience to walk through the streets of Nassau. At first it seemed to us as if the whole place—streets, houses, and walls—had been cut out of one solid block of the whitest limestone, for the material in all appeared to be the same. The houses are wide and low, and generally have piazzas around them on every story. Nearly every house has a garden,—sometimes quite a large one,—surrounded, not by a fence, but by a high stone wall. It is these walls, over which you see the broad leaves of bananas, or the beautiful tops of cocoa-nut trees, with other rich and unfamiliar foliage, which, more than anything else, give the town its southern, and, to us, entirely foreign, appearance. The gardens, and all the spaces about the houses, are crowded with trees, bushes, and flowers. Roses were in bloom everywhere, and oleanders, twenty feet high, waved their pink blossoms over the street.

Looking down the street, the view was lovely. The tall cocoanuts, with their tufts of long, magnificent leaves, waved on each side, until in the distance they seemed to touch across the white street that ran down through the sea of foliage which spread away on either side, broken only by the thatched and pointed roofs that rose here and there like islands out of the green. The red shawls of the distant negro women gave the brilliant points of colour, while the strong sunlight gave warmth to a scene that was more than semi-tropical. In the streets, in the gardens, on the door-steps lounged and lay the happy people who had all this for nothing. They are true lotus-eaters, these negroes, but they need not sail away to distant isles to eat and dream.

If coloured people feel lazy in the Bahamas, it is not to be wondered at. Everything feels lazy, even the mercury in the thermometers. It is exceedingly difficult to get it to move. While we were there it was always at, or about, seventy-four degrees, once rising to eighty degrees, but soon subsiding again to the old spot.

The government of the Bahamas appears to be highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. As a colony of Great Britain, the islands have a colonial governor, who is assisted in his governmental duties by Her Majesty's executive council and



NASSAU HARBOUR.

Her Majesty's legislative council. The people at large have also a voice in the matter through the representatives they send to the House of Assembly, a body of about thirty members.

We soon bought and tasted of almost every kind of native fruit; some of it was very curious to look at, and some of it was very good to eat. The sappadillo is a small round fruit, the colour of a potato on the outside, and as sweet as sugared honey inside. The grape-fruit has the flavour and taste of an orange, and is a rich and juicy fruit for a hot day, but the skin and pulp must be avoided. Guavas are fragrant and luscious. Jamaica apples, which are masses of sweet custard, covered with a thin skin, are almost too rich for a novice in West Indian fruits. Mangoes are said to be delicious, but they ripen later in the season. The lemons are enormous and very fine, and there are limes, and star-apples, and tamarinds, and other things of the kind which I cannot remember. But the fruits we liked best were those to which we had been accustomed,—oranges, pine-apples, and bananas. A pine-apple ripened in its native soil and under its native sun, was a joy before unknown to us.

As soon as possible I engaged a man to take me fishing. I have always delighted in the sport, and here I should certainly have some new experiences. We started after breakfast, myself and the fisherman, in a tight, round, dirty little sloop, with a "well" in it to keep captured fish alive. The boat was strong and safe, if not very pretty, and away we went over the bar and out to sea. We anchored some distance from land, and my good man lowered his sail and got out his lines and bait. My fisherman's next move astonished me. He coolly remarked that he would look and see if there were any fish in the water about our boat. From under his little deck he drew forth a "water-glass," which is a light wooden box, about twenty inches long and a foot square, open at one end, and with a pane of glass inserted at the other end, which is somewhat the larger. He held this box over the side of the boat, and sinking the glass end a few inches below the surface of the water, he put his eye to the other end and looked in. "Yes," said he, "there's lots of fish down there. Take a look at them." I took the box and looked down into the water, which was five or six fathoms deep. I could see everything under the water as plainly as if it had all been in the upper air,—the smooth, white, sandy bottom; the stones lying on it, covered with sea-weed; the star-fish and such

sea-creatures lying perfectly still, or gently waving themselves about, and the big fish slowly swimming around and occasionally turning up one eye to look at us. Looking through this "water-glass," it was as light as day down under the sea.

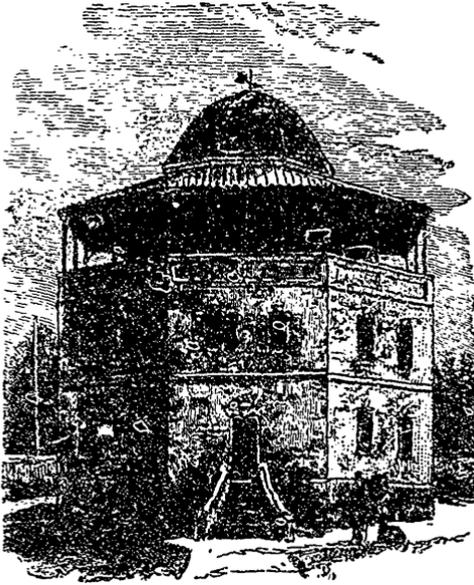


FORT FINCKALE.

This man had a queer way of classifying fish. "There's one at your hook now, sir," he would say, and when I would ask if it was a big one he would sometimes answer, "Well, about two shillin's," or "That's a big feller; three shillin's, sure," and sometimes, "That's a little one biting at you, about sixpence."

We soon became convinced that February is June in Nassau. The weather was that of early summer, and everybody was in

light clothes and straw hats. In the sun it is often quite warm ; in the shade you can generally rely on seventy-four degrees. We never found it too warm to go about sight-seeing, and there is a good deal to see in and about Nassau, if you choose to



THE NASSAU LIBRARY.

go and look at it. Back of the hotel, on a commanding hill, stands Fort Fincastle, a curious old stronghold. Viewed from the front, it looks very much like a side-wheel steamer built of stone. The flag-staff increases the delusion by its resemblance to a fore-mast. This fort was built long before steamers were heard of, so that the idea that it is a petrified steamer is utterly ridiculous.

The fort is commanded and garrisoned

by one man, whose duty it is to signal the approach of vessels. He must have had a lively time during the late war, when so many blockade-runners came to Nassau, and when a steamer might come rushing into the harbour with a gun-boat hot behind it—at any time of day or night.

The military element is quite conspicuous in Nassau. There are large barracks at the west end of the town ; a British man-of-war generally lies in the harbour, and in the cool of the evening you may almost always see down the white vista of the narrow street, the red coat of a British soldier.

There are not many places of public resort in Nassau ; but there is a library which has eight sides and six thousand books, and where the pleasant young people of Nassau—and there are

a great many of them—go to see one another, and to look over the volumes in the cool alcoves.

It is genuine pleasure to take a ride about Nassau. Apart from the fact that there is a good deal to be seen, it is delightful to ride over roads which are so hard, so smooth, and so level that it does not seem to be any trouble whatever for a horse to pull a buggy. If it were any trouble I do not think the Nassau horses would do it.

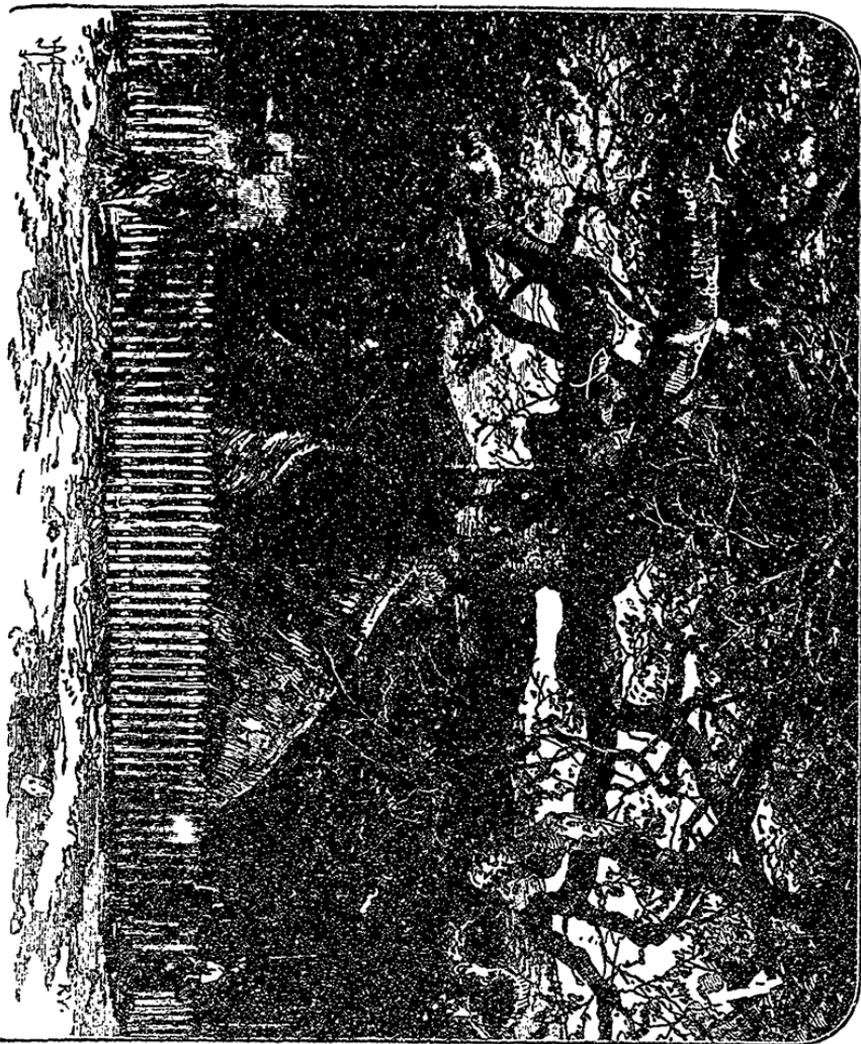
The governor, who resides in the government house, a spacious building on the heights back of the city, is a tall, handsome Englishman, who has filled his present post for about two years to the satisfaction of everybody, I believe, excepting those enterprising people who wish to revive the old business of wrecking, for which the Bahamas used to be so famous.

The principal road on the island runs along the northern shore for fifteen miles or more, and is a beautiful drive, for the most part along the edge of the harbour. This was the road we took on our first ride, and among the curious things we saw on the way was a banyan-tree. There it stood by the roadside, the regular banyan of the geographies, with its big trunk in the middle and all its little trunks coming down from the branches above.

There are a good many trees of distinction in and about Nassau. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Swann, rector of the cathedral, there are two very fine royal African palms, and back of the public buildings is a "silk cotton-tree," which is a wonderful specimen of what nature can do when she tries her hand at curious vegetation. This tree, which is inclosed by a fence to protect it from visitors, is nothing very remarkable, as to its upper works, so to speak, except that it bears a pod which contains a silky cotton, but it is very remarkable indeed when one considers its roots. These stand up out of the ground six or eight feet high, like great wooden walls, radiating from the trunk ten or twenty feet outward, making an arrangement somewhat resembling a small, circular church, with high-backed pews. The branches extend outward for a great distance, making this the most imposing tree on the island, although silk cotton-trees are

not at all uncommon. There is a very fine one on the hotel grounds.

A pine-apple plantation was something entirely new to us.



SILK COTTON-TRAP

The plants were set out all over the field about two or three feet apart. The alternations of bright pink, purple, green, and yellow in the leaves, the blossoms and the young fruit, made a very striking picture.

We took another long ride—the road running by the beach all the way—to what are called the Caves. The outer portion or vestibule is divided into two portions at right angles with each other, and one of them is not at all unlike a small cathedral, with altar, pillars, a recessed chancel, and long cords like bell-pulls or supports for chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The latter were slender rootlets, or rather branches seeking to become trunks, which came down from banyan-trees on the ground above, and finding their way through crevices in the roof, took root in the floor of the cave.

How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave, through the thick-twined vine,—
 To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
 Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine ;
 Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.



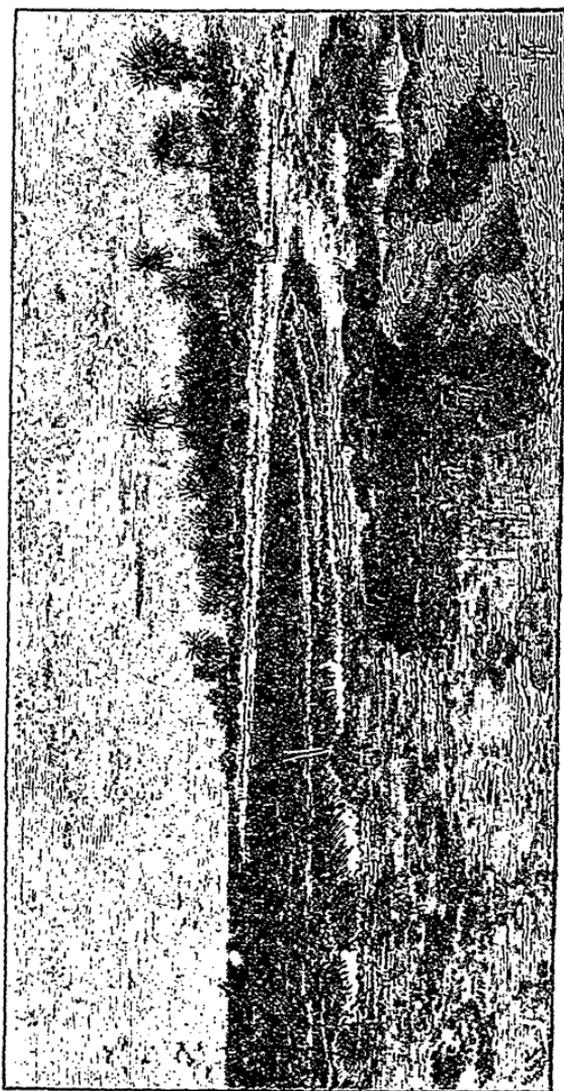
A PINE-APPLE IN ITS NATIVE SOIL.

Hog Island beach is one of the best places that I know about Nassau. It is a short row across to the island, which is so narrow that a minute's walk takes one to the other side. Here the shore is high and rocky, rising, in most places, twenty feet above the water-level. The rocks are what are called "honey-comb rocks," and are worn and cut by the action of the waves into all sorts of twisted, curled, pointed, scooped-out, jagged forms. The surf comes rolling in on the rocks, and dashes and surges and leaps against them, while every now and then a wave larger and mightier than its fellows hurls itself high up on the shore, throwing its spray twenty or thirty feet into the air, like an immense glittering fountain. Here and there are holes, three or four feet wide, down which you can look into the submarine caverns and see the water boiling and surging and hissing, while, occasionally, a great wave rushing in below sends a water-spout through one of these holes high into the air.

Toward the eastern part of this island there are several little coves with a smooth beach, of the very whitest sand that a beach can have. Here the surf is not high, and the bathing is excellent. A comfortable sea-bath in winter-time—a bath in water that is warm, and under skies that are blue with the blueness of our summer mornings, is a joy that does not fall to the lot of every man. But here you may bathe in the surf almost any day, and along the water-front of the city there are bath-houses for still-water bathing. Besides the Royal Victoria there are one or two small hotels in Nassau, one good American house of the first class, and some boarding-houses.

We sailed one day through the Narrows, and in a short time were anchored on the reef, in about ten or twelve feet of water. Here, the captain had told us, we should see "a farm under water." And his words were true, only what we saw was more like a garden than a farm. Down at the bottom we could see—quite plain with the naked eye, but ever so much better with the water-glass—a lovely garden, where there were sea-fans, purple and green, that spread themselves out from spurs of coral; sea-feathers, whose beautiful purple plumes rose three or four feet high, and waved under the water as trees wave in the wind; curious coral formations, branched like trees, or rounded like

balls, or made up into any fantastic form or shape that one might think of, and coloured purple, green, yellow, and gray, besides many-hued plants that looked like mosses, lichens, and vines



LITTLE COVE AT NASSAU.
VIEW ON HOG ISLAND.

growing high and low on the coral rocks. All among the nodding branches of the curious sea-plants swam the fish. Some of these were little things, no longer than one's finger, coloured as brilliantly as humming-birds,—blue, yellow, and red;—and there were large blue fish, and great striped fish, with rich bands of

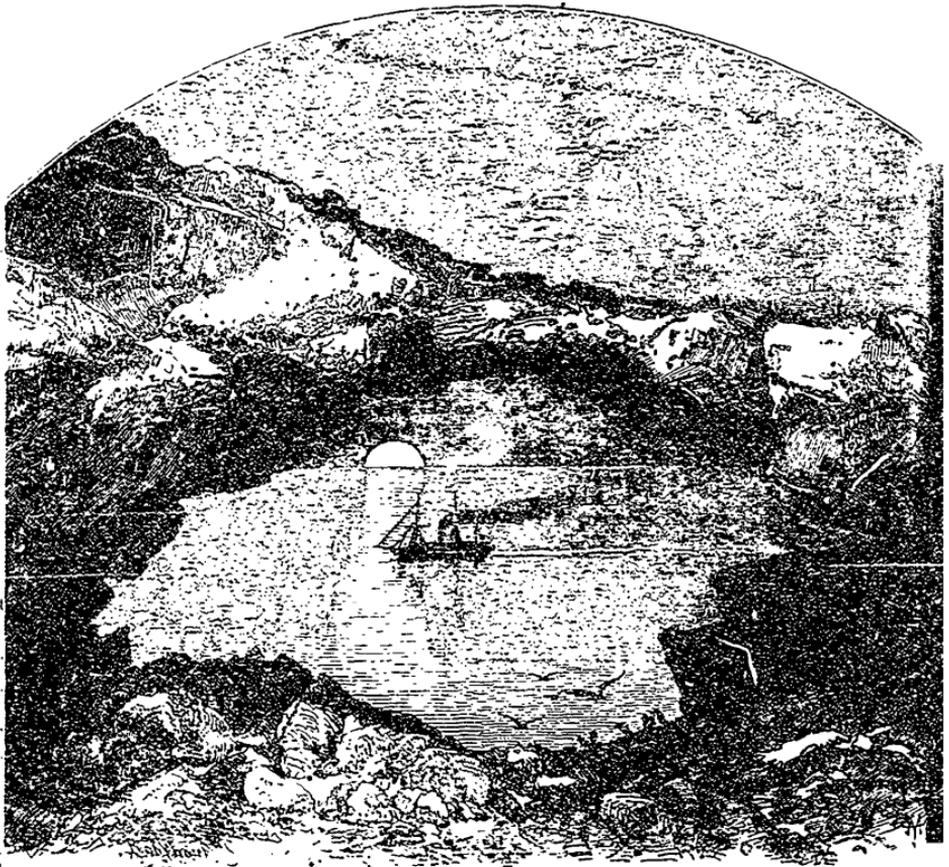
black and purple across their backs. Down into this underwater garden we sent the divers to pick for us what we wanted. Whenever we saw a handsome coral, or a graceful sea-feather or sea-fan that pleased our fancy, we pointed it out to one of the young fellows, and down he plunged and brought it up to us.

The reputation of Nassau as a health-resort is increasing every year. There are many reasons for this. Not only is its climate in winter warm and equable, but its air is moderately dry, its drainage excellent, and its drinking-water plentiful and wholesome. The island, according to excellent medical authority, is entirely free from malarious diseases, and it is, moreover, very easy of access. Its peculiar attractions draw to it, from our shores, a great many invalids and persons of delicate constitutions who would find it difficult to keep alive during our severe and deceptive winter weather, but who, under the blue skies of the Bahamas, are happy as kings, and are out-of-doors all day. At times there is a good deal of moisture in the air, especially at sunset, when a heavy fall of dew may be expected for an hour or two. But as there is very little change of temperature night or day, even persons with rheumatism and neuralgia may find relief in this steady-going climate. The doctor from whom I had most of my information on these points, thought that while he would hardly recommend patients having those forms of lung trouble in which there is much expectoration and perspiration to visit the Bahamas, he considered that in the early stages of chronic pneumõnia and tuberculosis, in convalescence from acute diseases, in malarial affections, and in exhaustion from overwork and worry, Nassau was one of the most healthful resorts of which he had any knowledge. Invalids have been brought ashore on a stretcher who were walking about the streets in a week afterwards.

When we speak of this part of the world we generally say Nassau, because it is, so to speak, the centre of the whole Bahamian system. But there are many attractions on the twenty-eight other islands, on which are some fifty small towns and settlements, and about thirty thousand inhabitants.

Harbour Island, on the northern edge of the group, boasts the most pretentious provincial settlement. Dunmore Town has two thousand inhabitants, and attractions of its own, some of which

its citizens believe to be quite equal to anything of the kind in the Bahamas. The "Glass Windows," a high arch or natural



"GLASS WINDOWS," BAHAMA ISLANDS.

bridge, eighty or ninety feet above the level of the sea, is one of the lions of Harbour Island.

By the winter arrangement of Messrs. Murray, Ferris & Co., a line of staunch, commodious, and sea-worthy steamers brings New York, Florida, Nassau, and Havana into close connection, thus giving a choice of winter resorts. This is an entirely new and highly advantageous arrangement. For winter schedule, rates, and other details see advertisement in this MAGAZINE of Murray, Ferris & Co., New York who will furnish Guide Book on application.

THE PAST—A NEW YEAR'S POEM.

BY WALTON GRAY.

A TYRANT that bindeth with cords of pain
And guardeth a prison door?
Nay,—but an angel who breaks a chain,
And leads the way to a sunlit plain,
Where grasses blossom in Summer rain,
And singing birds can soar.

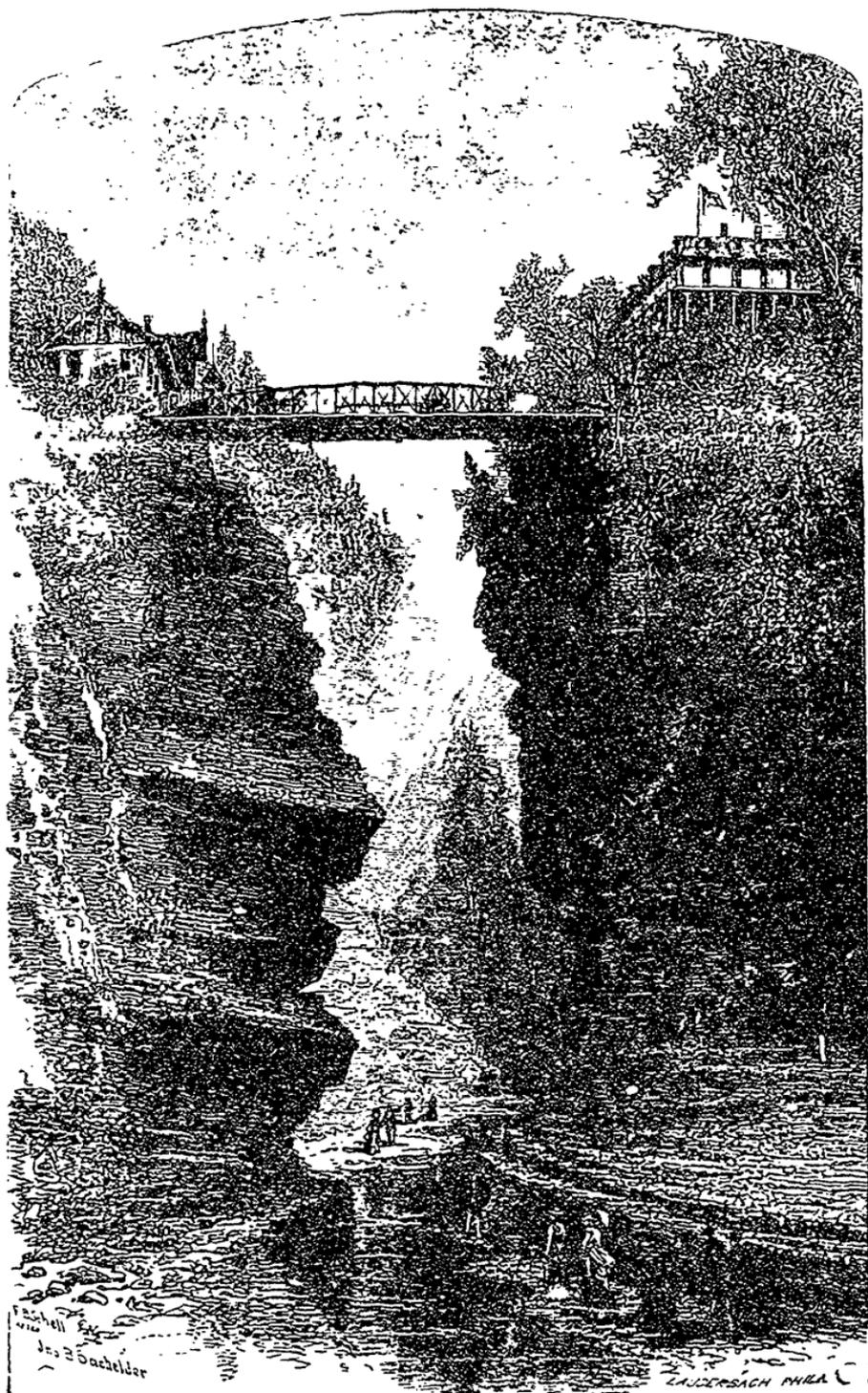
A poisoned chalice whose hot drops bring
A pang to each pulsing vein?
Nay,—but a draught from a healing spring,
Cooling the fever and soothing the sting,
Till the dimming eye and the drooping wing
Are lifted to life again.

A pitiless blackness of dreary sea
Hiding our good ships' graves?
Nay,—but a beacon, flashing free
Over the track where the breakers be,
When winds are striving in frenzied glee,
To shroud the rocks in the waves.

A spectre, ever with iron hand
Holding the spirit fast?
Nay,—but a prophet, in silence grand
Lifting the veil from a far-off land,
Where, in the scorching of desert sand,
Waters shall gush at last.

The angel, who rolls from the closed door
The sealing stone aside;
The healer, for hearts that are rent and sore;
The light that flashes the black seas o'er;
The prophet who points to the other shore,—
They are here, to-night, by my side.

And it matters little if life's new bells
Sadly or gladly ring,—
An undertone, in their clamour, tells
Of a soft south wind that dies and swells
In fragrant arches of pine-wood dells,
Where, some day, the birds will sing.

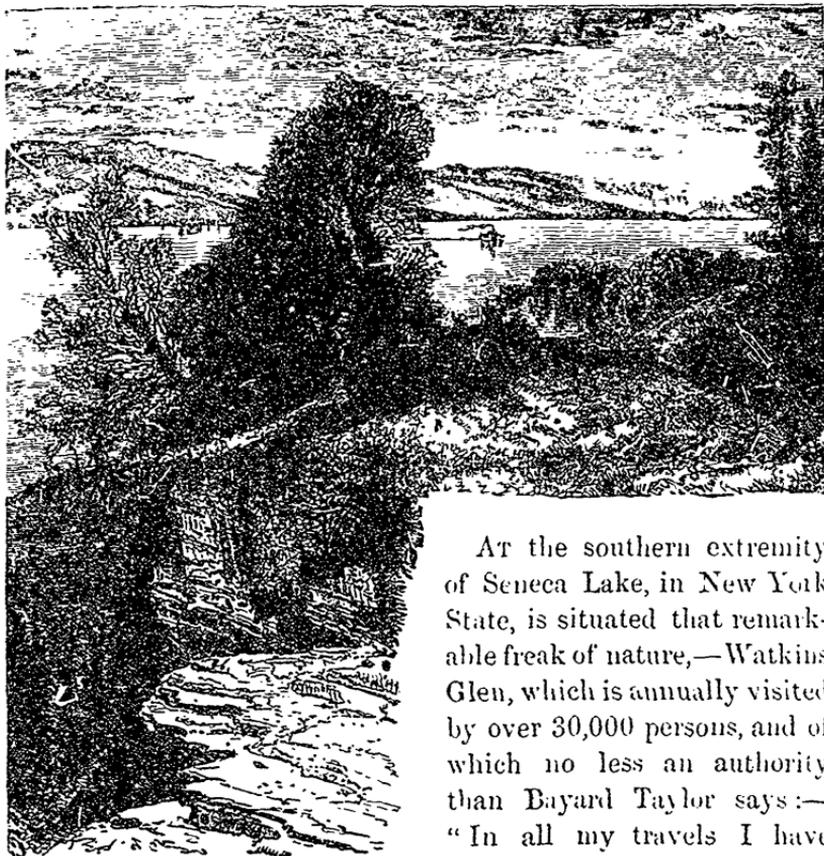


WATKINS GLEN—GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

WATKINS GLEN.

BY FRANK H. WALLACE, B. D.

I.



SENECA LAKE.

At the southern extremity of Seneca Lake, in New York State, is situated that remarkable freak of nature,—Watkins Glen, which is annually visited by over 30,000 persons, and of which no less an authority than Bayard Taylor says:—
 “In all my travels I have never met with scenery more beautiful and romantic than

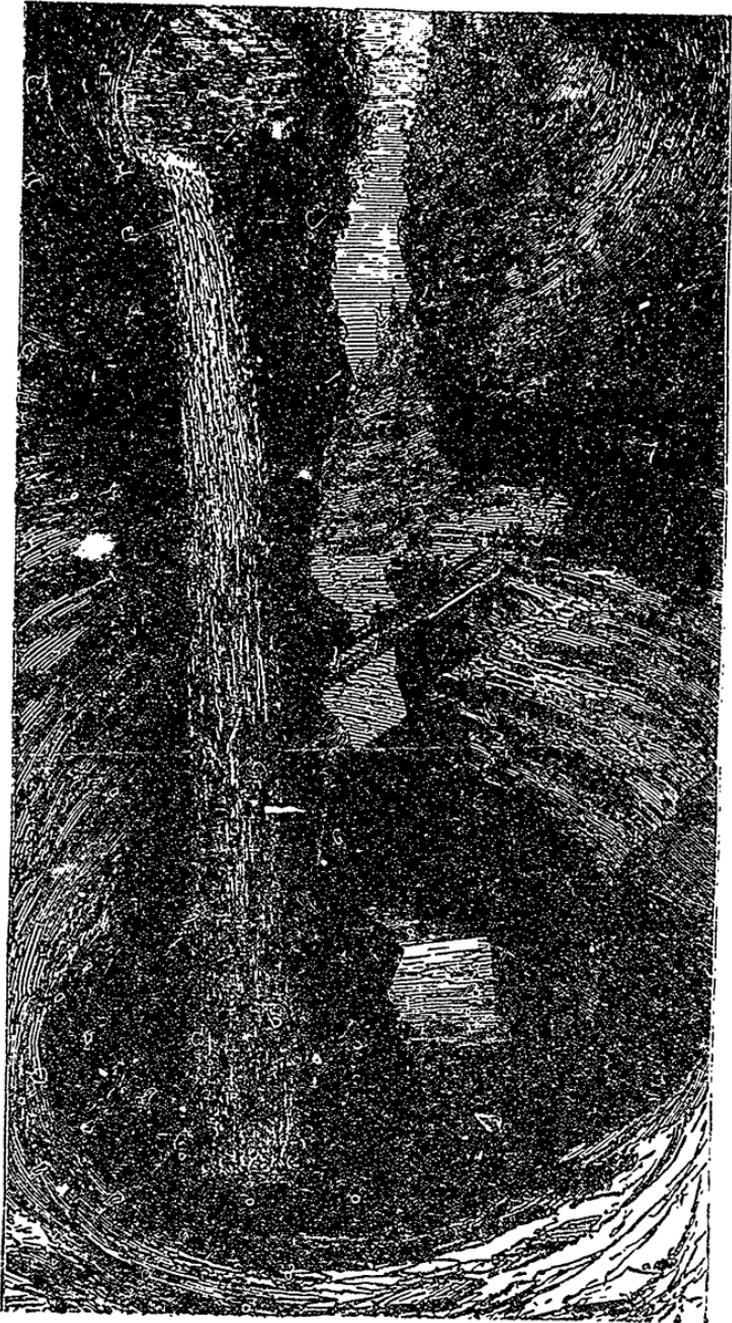
that embraced in this wonderful Glen.”

Of the many ways of reaching Watkins, by far the pleasantest is by steamer from Geneva. This last-named town, at the northern end of the lake, lies on the New York Central Railway, fifty miles south-east of Rochester. At nine in the morning we step on board the steamer, and soon leave behind us the picturesque town, which gently reposes on the slopes of the

undulating shore. Seneca Lake is forty miles long, and varies in width from two to five miles, and is one of the most charming bodies of water in America. As we cut through the clear water, and sweep past hill and dale and pleasant hamlet, many a beautiful prospect appears. The gracefully rounded hills which sweep back from the shore are decked with harvest gold and forest green, and studded with here and there a comfortable home or glittering church spire. A curious feature of this lake is that in the coldest winter weather it rarely freezes. This is owing to its great depth, it being in many places impossible to find bottom by any of the ordinary methods of sounding.

About noon we are at Watkins, a very pretty town, and of importance as the point where the coal from Pennsylvania is transferred from the Northern Central R. R. to barges, which are thence towed up to the Erie canal. Behind and around the town, which stands immediately on the shore of the lake, tower abrupt hills, frowning darkly on the pleasant valley and the smiling waters. The Glen is formed by a strangely narrow and romantic gorge among these lofty hills, through which a sparkling stream comes leaping and flashing in rapid and cascade, and, with many a sudden turn, finds its tortuous exit to the lake. There are a series of glens, rising one above another as they recede from the entrance, extending back from east to west about four miles, and reaching at last an elevation of nearly 800 feet. Rocky steps, good bridges and strong railings have been constructed so as to render this series of wild caverns, galleries, and grottoes easily accessible to all who possess a moderately steady head and firm hand.

Passing up a shady street we reach, in a few minutes, "The Entrance." We are within the area of a grand amphitheatre, whose beetling cliffs wall us in on each side, and through which the wearied stream slips quietly over its pebbles to the lake. Before us the high slate walls of the defile almost meet, and there seems nothing but a very narrow rift, like a huge crack in the rock, to afford a passage. Here issues the stream, and with it comes the sound of dashing waters chiming on the rocks. Peering forward, we see a dark wall of rock standing behind the chasm and, to all appearance, completely barring the way.



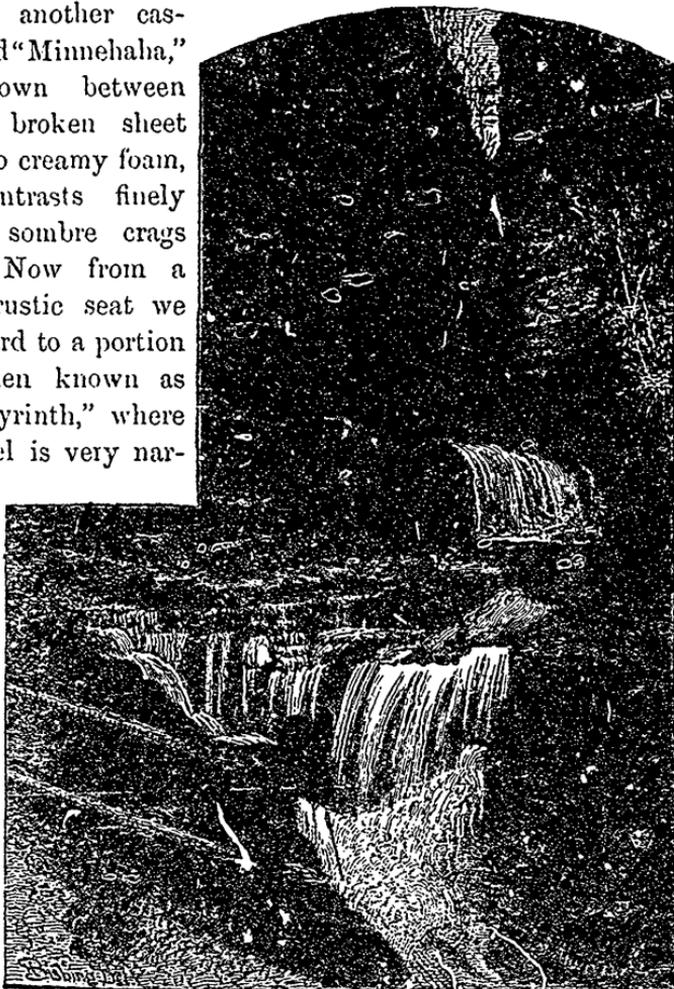
THE GROTTQ.

Climbing a staircase which clings to the cliff on the north side of the gorge, we see that the channel makes a sudden turn to the left, and thus finds a way where, seemingly, there was none. We are now in "Glen Alpha," as the first section is named, and from the head of the staircase we look down upon the Entrance Cascade, which pours a narrow stream from out the mysterious rift into a dark basin sixty feet below. Just before the Cascade and over the deep basin is a bridge, known as Sentry Bridge, from which we gain splendid views whichever way we cast our eye. Below expands the valley to the lake, with other sombre hills rising beyond its glassy surface; above, tower rough, jagged rocks, which, approaching at their summit, leave but a narrow, irregular strip of sky to remind us of the outer world. Wherever a root can twine its fibres about a jagged edge of rock wave the boughs of some hardy bush or mountain tree, or feathery ferns shoot up, or vines cling to the gloomy walls, or sweet wild flowers peep out from the crevices. Down from the shady Glen steals a delightful coolness, and the fresh air is laden with sweet odours. Silence reigns supreme, broken only by the voice or footfall of a chance visitor, and the eternal music of the falling waters. The awful crags, the interlacing foliage which often completes the arch above, and the blue sky are, in places, reflected on the mirror surface of the stream, which sleeps serenely in a crystal pool after its wild leap from above. Before us, here as everywhere throughout the Glen, the way seems blocked up a short distance ahead, and we wonder how we shall proceed, but an unexpected turn always solves the problem. The whole reminds us irresistibly of that gorgeous passage of descriptive poetry in "The Lady of the Lake," where Sir Walter paints for us in glowing colours the dark ravines, the rocky "thunder-splintered pinnacles," the mossy glades, the flowery dells, the luxuriant foliage of the Trossachs,—

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

We cross the bridge and make our way along a pathway cut in a narrow ledge, with the rocks over-arching us above on the left, and the chasm yawning below on the right. All along this

Entrance Gorge each turn displays some new and striking beauty. The rocks take wildly grotesque forms, and curve roughly in and out, while another cascade, named "Minnehaha," flashes down between them, its broken sheet dashed into creamy foam, which contrasts finely with the sombre crags around. Now from a welcome rustic seat we look forward to a portion of the Glen known as "The Labyrinth," where the channel is very nar-



MINNEHAHA.

row and intricate, and the scene is strangely grand. Looking back, we see rock and trees and water in wild confusion blending. Looking upward through the Glen, past the merry Minnehaha, we see yet another little fall, a bridge, a staircase, and beyond it still another staircase of great height, and almost perpendicular, and through the narrow gorge the flashing waters of the "Cavern

Cascade." Passing on through "The Labyrinth," we find ourselves within a cool, dark cavern, "The Grotto." It is almost circular in form, and the arching rocks above, with the interlacing trees which crown their heights, allow so small a piece of sky to peep down upon us that it seems as though truly we were within some subterranean cave, far, far below the upper world. From the rocks above us, into a deep pool away beneath us, the grand, unbroken column of water plunges with a crash which makes the rocks reverberate the deafening echoes. A damp, slippery path winds around this dismal chamber, and enables us to stand behind the sheet of water of the "Cavern Cascade."

The wildness and grandeur of this scene are almost oppressively great, and we are glad to escape by ascending a long staircase of fifty feet to a rustic seat, from which we catch wild glimpses of what we have just passed through.

This is the head of Glen Alpha. On before us we see portions of the second section of this gorge, "Glen Obscura," which is impassable, and can only be seen imperfectly from the path above it.



CAVERN CASCADE.

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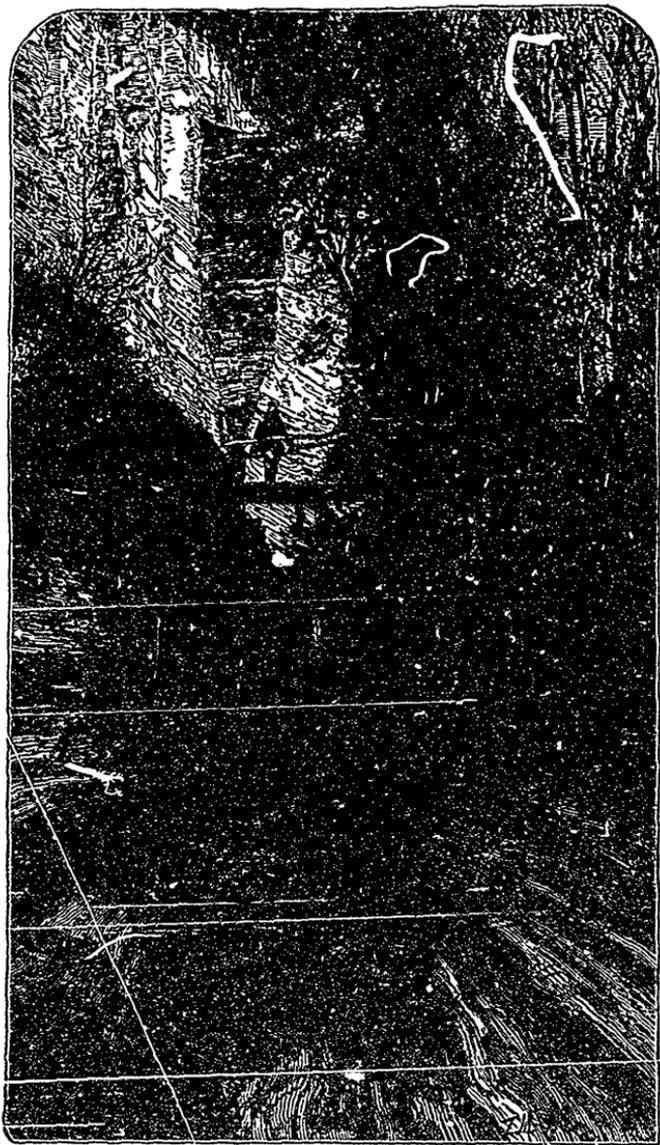
THE SWISS CHALET, WATKINS GLEN.

What of it can be seen, however, is most beautiful, and in pleasing contrast to the sterner, wilder features of the deep chasm from which we have just emerged. We catch glimpses of gleaming cascades, slumbrous pools, and mossy walls, with over-arching forest trees and densest shrubbery, "which crept adown to where the water slept"; over all is the iron span of the light and airy Suspension Bridge. It is a place of warm and fostering sunshine, of rank, luxuriant vegetation,—a very home of peace and poetry.

It is a remarkable fact that scarce anywhere else on the continent can be found such a range of vegetation within such narrow limits. On the northern slope, protected from the winds and exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is almost tropical. Many plants are found which are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family, especially, is largely represented and attains remarkable luxuriance. Within a few yards from these, high up on the southern cliffs, exposed to the keen north winds, are found stunted furs, mosses and lichens, whose natural *habitat* is the region around Hudson's Bay.

From our rustic seat we press on again, along a path which skirts the edge of the gorge, and affords us many a charming view, until we reach the "Swiss Chalet," a neat, comfortable, picturesque cottage on the cliff, nestling in true Swiss fashion on a ledge of rock, surrounded by dense and waving foliage, and affording us every means of rest and refreshment. The Chalet forms the older portion of the spacious Glen Mountain House, the larger and more recent buildings of which are situated immediately across the gorge, and reached by a handsome bridge.

From this point our way lies for a while through the woods, until we gradually descend to a level with the stream once more, and pass the dancing "Sylvan Rapids," at the head of the mysterious "Glen Obscura." Crossing a bridge we have at length reached glorious "Glen Cathedral," the third section, and, perhaps, the most remarkable of the series. Here the rocky walls of the gorge form a huge amphitheatre of oblong shape, and a quarter of a mile in length. Man has erected many a magnificent church and temple in which to worship God, with richly decorated walls, tessellated pavement, and swelling dome, through which the sounds



ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

of sweet and solemn music ever ring; but here God has built a grander temple to Himself. The rocky walls tower almost three hundred feet aloft in sombre majesty, and are hung with bright banners of waving foliage; the floor is composed of firm and

smooth stretches of rock; and heaven's own arch, with all its successive features of blue sky, lowering cloud, and scintillating stars, forms the noble dome; while the bright, central cascade,



THE CATHEDRAL.

which leaps joyously down from rock to rock and ever sings as it dashes on its way, utters eternal anthems of praise to Him whose handiwork it is.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.*

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine, . . .

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deere remembrance of his dyin g Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him ador'd :
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in His helpe he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
Y.t nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

SPENSER—*Faerie Queenc.*

CHAPTER I.—PARTING.

The parting word must still be spoken,
Though the anguished heart be broken ;
But in yonder bright forever
Pain and parting can come never.

“ My son, how can I give you up ? ”

“ You will have brother Tom and the girls, mother ; and you know it is better that I should go.”

“ Yes, my boy ; but that does not make it any easier to lose you. You seemed almost to fill your father's place. You grow more like him every day.”

“ Well, that is not much of a compliment to his beauty, mother, dear.”

“ Handsome is that handsome does, my boy. I am sure that

* The writer of this story, illustrative of Canadian life and character, deems it right to say that, with scarce an exception, every incident therein recorded has come under his own experience or observation, or has been certified by credible testimony. In the dialect conversations almost every word and phrase has been repeatedly noted by himself as occurring in Canadian communities. For obvious reasons persons and places are presented under pseudonyms which in some cases will reveal as much as they conceal.

God's smile and your father's blessing will follow you wherever you go, for no son was ever kinder to his mother."

"I should be unworthy of the name I bear if I did not do all I could for the best mother in the world. But Tom is now old enough to look after the out-of-door work, and Mary, the trustees have promised me, shall have my school, and Nellie will help you in the house. I shall earn lots of money, mother, and be able to spare some for you and save enough for a few terms at college."

"It was your father's dying wish, my boy, and though it is like tearing out a piece of my heart to have you go, yet I will not oppose it. We shall get along nicely, I trust, without your help, although we shall miss you very much; but I fear you will suffer in those dreadful woods, and so far away too. It was your father's prayer for years, my son, that you might become 'THE KING'S MESSENGER,' as he used to call it, and I am sure I have no loftier ambition than to see you a faithful preacher as your father was."

"If God should call me, mother, to that holy work, I am sure He will open a way for me. But now my duty clearly is to earn all I can and learn all I can."

"God bless you, my boy," and the voice trembled a little as it spoke. "You were consecrated from your birth. You were my first-born and you are the child of many prayers. The fondest hopes of a father passed into the skies were centered upon you. I feel sure that you will not disappoint them."

"Amen!" was the response, deeply and solemnly uttered as if it were a dedication, and after a pause the speaker continued, "Mother, I want you to give me father's Bible, the one he kept upon his study table. As I read the notes and references in his own writing, it seems as though he were speaking to me from the silent page."

"You shall have it, my boy; and may it be as a spell to keep you in the hour of temptation and trial."

"It will, mother, I am sure. I have only to read my father's Bible, and to think of my father's prayers, to be strengthened to endure any trial and to withstand any temptation."

Conversing in such a strain this mother and son sat long in the

quiet dusk that gradually filled the little room. The after-glow of the sunset gleamed softly in the west, and as they sat side by side in the fading light they strikingly recalled the beautiful picture by Ary Sheffer of Monica and Augustine, that holy mother and heroic son whose memory has come down to us through fifteen centuries. On the face of this Canadian mother, though thin and wan and worn with care and marked with sorrow, was a look of unutterable peace. The deep calm brown eyes, which were not unused to tears, looked into the glowing west as though the heavens opened to her gaze. A rapt expression beamed upon her countenance as though she held communion with the loved and lost, whose feet, which had kept time with hers in the march of life, now walked the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. At such an hour as this

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

The pure white brow seemed the home of holy thoughts, and the soft hair, streaked with silver threads, was brushed smoothly back beneath the pathetic widow's cap. The face of the boy was lighted up with an eager enthusiasm. The firm-set mouth indicated indomitable energy. The fire of youth sparkled in his eye, but a peculiar manly tenderness softened his countenance as he looked upon his mother. For a time they sat together in silence, then withdrawing her gaze from the sky in which the evening star was now brightly beaming, the mother turned a look of unspeakable affection on her boy and fervently kissed his forehead, with the admonition that he had better retire as he had to be up betimes in the morning to start upon his journey, which both felt to be one of the most momentous events in his history.

Mary Temple was the widow of John Temple, a faithful Methodist minister, about twelve months deceased. In consequence of the long journeys, exposure to inclement weather, and the privation of comforts in the humble homes of the settlers among whom for years he had zealously laboured, his health, never robust, gave

way. On one of his extensive rounds of preaching and visitation he was put to sleep in a cold and damp room—a not uncommon event with a pioneer preacher. Before he reached home he was in a violent fever. On partial convalescence he again resumed his work, only to be permanently laid aside. It was the great grief of his life to give up his life-work. As with hectic flush on his cheek and interrupted by a racking cough he “stated his case” before his brethren at the Conference, his emotions almost overcame him; but with the unquestioning faith of a Christian he bowed to the will of God.

He retired to Thornville, a village on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, where he had invested his meagre savings in a few acres of land. It had been his first circuit. Here he had wooed and won and wedded the noble wife who had been such a faithful helpmate during the years of his itinerant toil—never flinching from trial, never repining at privation, ever cheering and supporting his own somewhat despondent spirit by her buoyancy of soul, her cheerful courage, her saintly piety, and her unfaltering faith.

As John Temple wrung, with an eager and feverish pressure but with speechless lips, the hands of his old companions in toil and travel as he left the Conference, few expected that they would ever see him again in the flesh. Yet for two years longer he survived, devoting himself chiefly to the education of his four children, and, with the help of his boys, to the cultivation of his few acres, too small to be called a farm and rather large for a garden. As health permitted he preached in the neighbourhood, and always with great acceptance, for his character was beloved and revered, although his abilities were not brilliant and he was no longer in his prime.

The chief dependence of this family of six was the annual grant from the Superannuated Fund of their Church. The amount was not much—less than three hundred dollars in all,—but to those who had almost nothing else it was of inestimable value. Without its aid they would have suffered from abject poverty. Sometimes the expected grant—all too small at best—was subject to a considerable reduction. Then there was keen *disappointment but no complaining*. The wife's faded dress was

turned and worn over again. The thread-bare coat was made to do longer service. With patient loving industry the father's cast-off clothes were cut down and made over for the boys, the mother's for the girls. The coveted new book—a rarely purchased luxury, although the invalid was a man of studious tastes—was altogether dispensed with.

But growing, healthy, active boys and girls must have boots and shoes; their clothing, unlike that of the Israelites during their wanderings in the Wilderness, *would* "wax old" and wear out; and they were blessed with appetites of keenest zest. The energy and skill of the wise and loving house-mother were therefore taxed to the utmost to make ends meet; and though she often had an anxious heart, she always wore a cheerful face, and no murmurings or repinings escaped her patient lips. The children were brought up in habits of thrift, economy, and self-denial, which are worth more than a fortune; and a spirit of mutual helpfulness was fostered which made even poverty a blessing.

Still, the flour sometimes got low in the barrel, and the little stock of money very small in the purse, and sometimes it altogether failed. At such times the mother remained longer than usual in the little chamber, on whose table lay the well-used Bible which was the daily food of her spiritual life; "Wesley's Hymns," with which, singing as she worked, she beguiled her daily household tasks; Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Lives of Mrs. Fletcher*, *Hester Ann Rogers*, and other religious biographies and devotional works with which she occupied her scanty leisure. She always came out of this chamber with a deepened serenity upon her countenance; sometimes there were marks of tears on her face, but more often it shone with a holy light as if, like Moses, she had been talking with God face to face.

Although the family was sometimes reduced to the last loaf and the last dollar, it never suffered actual want. In some unforeseen way their more pressing necessities were met. Sometimes a bag of flour, or of potatoes, or a ham was left at nightfall in the porch; and more than once a five dollar bill came in a letter without any name attached. Evidently among the sick pastor's friends were some who

"Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

These anonymous gifts were accepted without any sense of humiliation as if they came direct from God Himself. While they formed slight ground of dependence, they fostered the faith of the inmates of the little cottage. Kindly neighbours, too, in that generous spirit which pervades almost all Canadian rural communities, after the first snow-fall made a "bee" and with much shouting and "haw-geeing," hauled a great pile of logs into the yard for fuel. Many of these, however, were of such huge proportions as to employ most of the spare energies of the boys during the winter to reduce them to a usable size, thus developing at once their muscles and their industrial habits. At Christmas and New Year's, too, more than one fat goose or turkey found its way in some mysterious manner to the minister's larder.

At one time, indeed, the faith of the heroic wife was sorely tried. For months her husband's health had been rapidly failing. At length he was confined entirely to bed, suffering much, and requiring constant medical attendance. The extra comforts his condition required had used up all the money available. The winter came on early and severe. Every resource but prayer was exhausted; and with increased fervour the faithful wife addressed herself to the throne of Grace. When things seemed at their uttermost extremity relief came. In the dusk of one bleak evening a waggon drove up to the back door of the humble cottage, loaded with an abundant supply of meat, flour, vegetables, a web of cloth to make dresses for the girls and their mother, and a sufficient quantity of stouter material for the boys. A kind note expressed the sympathies of the neighbours for the sick minister, accompanied by the sum of twenty dollars in money and a receipt in full of the doctor's and druggist's account. The good doctor was evidently the moving spirit in the generous and thoughtful donation. It was not the first time that he had ministered to the necessities of those of his patients who were poor in this world's goods. Like a chestnut burr, beneath a rugged exterior he concealed a sweet and mellow heart.

It would have more than compensated the kind donors of these gifts if they could have seen the rapt expression of gratitude on the face of the worn and weary wife, and heard the in-

valid faintly falter out the words of Holy Writ, "I have been young and now am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

At length the last scene came. The sick man sank lower and lower till he could scarce articulate. Although leaving his wife and children almost without a dollar in the world, his mind seemed undisturbed by doubt or anxiety on their behalf.

"Be careful for nothing," he whispered in the ear of his sorrow-stricken wife, who sat by his bedside, "but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Again, she heard him softly whispering to himself the blessed promises, "Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me;" "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy;" and "A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widow is God in His holy habitation."

"O wife!" he whispered, when he saw her beside him, "God never shows His fatherliness so much as when He promises to be a husband of the widow and a father of the fatherless. I leave you and the dear children in His hands. He will do more and better for you than you can either ask or think. Cast all your care on Him. 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

The weeping children he called to his side and placing his weak hands on their heads, gave them his blessing. He bade them love their mother, love their Saviour, and prepare to meet him—their father—in Heaven.

"Lawrence, my boy," he whispered, gazing with a look of ineffable affection on the face of his first-born, "you are consecrated from your birth. If God calls you to walk in my footsteps He will be all to you that He has been to me. My dying prayer is that you may be the King's Messenger to dying men—that our house may never want a man to stand before the Lord."

"It won't be long," he whispered after a pause, "till we shall all be gathered home. I know, I feel certain," he continued in the full assurance of faith, "that not one shall be left behind—that we shall all be bound up in the bundle of life, an unbroken

family in Heaven. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all'"—but the remainder of the doxology was uttered in Heaven. His face grew radiant, he half rose from his pillow,

Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank into darkness
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

He fell back on the arm of his weeping wife. On his countenance rested a look of ineffable peace as if he had indeed seen the King in His beauty and the land that is very far off. He was not, for God had taken him.

That parting scene Lawrence Temple never forgot. Often in dreams he lived that hour over again, and as he woke from sleep he seemed to feel his father's hand laid in blessing on his head and to hear his father's voice summoning him to be the King's Messenger to dying men. A sense of responsibility rested upon him. He became almost a father to his brother and sisters, and to his widowed mother, more than a son.

Never were the benefits of Christian sympathy more marked than in the kind and generous assistance of the neighbours on the death of the minister. The income of the widow from the Superannuated Fund was a good deal lessened, but loving hearts and kind hands provided for the immediate wants of the family. For Lawrence, was procured the village school, of which he proved a highly successful teacher. His mother, whose courageous soul had sustained her husband during his long illness, now seemed to lean on the brave heart and strong will of her first-born. A look of manly gravity settled on his countenance, but a chivalric deference, an almost lover-like tenderness marked his every act and word toward his mother.

While he taught others in the school, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge possessed his own soul. He nourished the project in his mind of going to college, although there seemed no possibility of the accomplishment of his desire. He found, however, that he could earn more by the labour of his hands than by the labour of his brain. He therefore, with the consent of the school trustees, transferred his office of teacher to his sister Mary, two years younger than himself, whom he had diligently "coached" for the duties of the office.

Through the interest of a friend of his father's at Montreal, he procured the promise of a place in a "crew" of lumbermen operating on the upper waters of the Ottawa. Our story opens on the eve of his departure. His little handvalise was already packed. It contained, beside his slender stock of under-clothing, every stitch of which was enfibred with a mother's love, his father's Bible and Greek Testament, a Latin Psalter, and his mother's copy of "Wesley's Hymns." His sister Mary had given him her favourite and almost her only book of poetry, a tiny copy of Keble's "Christian Year." His brother Tom gave him a handsome knife, earned by running errands after school hours for the village store. And little Nellie, the curly-headed pet of the household, had netted for him a purse, which was more than sufficiently large for his slender stock of money—only a few shillings—with which he was leaving home to win his fortune in the world. The love-gifts of the poor, often procured with much self-denial and sacrifice, may be intrinsically of little worth, but they convey a world of affection, which the easily-purchased presents of the rich cannot always express.

The household were up early in the morning. The coffee, prepared by the mother's loving hands, never had a richer aroma, nor the wheaten cakes a finer flavour. The girls tried to disguise their feelings by sundry admonitions to their brother concerning the fascinations of some Indian Minnehaha, whose subtle wiles they seemed to fear; and Tom exhorted him to be sure and bring him home a bearskin rug. The mother said little, but wistfully watched through gathering tears the face of her son as he ostentatiously *seemed* to be eagerly eating the breakfast for which he had, in truth, little appetite. At length the stage horn blew and the lumbering vehicle rattled up to the door. Hurried leave-taking followed—except a lingering embrace between mother and son—and he was soon whirled away from their midst. The mother that day remained longer than usual in her chamber, and when she came out the mark of secret tears was on her face.

CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

“Thine own friend and thy father’s friend forsake not.”—*Prov.*

OUR young knight was now fairly in the saddle, metaphorically, that is, and in quest of fortune. His prospects were not very brilliant; but he had a brave heart and a noble purpose within, two things that will take a man anywhere and enable him to do anything. They are akin to the faith that will remove mountains. He had first a long and weary stage ride to the town of Ottawa (it was before the time of railways in that part of Canada of which we write.) At the close of the second day the stage toiled slowly up the long hill on which the town is situated, threw off its mail bags at the post office, and drew up at a noisy tavern before which creaked and groaned in the wind a swinging sign bearing the effigy of the Sheaf and Crown. The place reeked with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquor, and loud and profane talking filled the air. Lawrence tried to close his senses to the vile sights and sounds and smells, and modestly asked for supper and a bed.

“What’ll you have to drink?” asked the red-faced bar-tender of whom he made the enquiry, expectorating a discharge of tobacco juice into the huge spittoon in the middle of the floor.

“Thank you, I don’t drink,” replied Lawrence.

“Oh! you won’t take nuthin’, won’t yer? You’re one of the pious sort, I ’low,” answered the bar-tender with a contemptuous sneer on his vulgar face, and turning away to mix drinks for two burly fellows in red flannel shirts, he tossed his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the way to the dining-room.

Lawrence sat down at a table covered with a crumpled and gravy-stained cloth, supporting a rickety cruet and some chipped and cracked dishes, when a bold-faced girl with great gilt earrings and with a stare that made him blush to the tips of his ears, asked him what he would have? Unused to ordering his meals, he modestly replied that he would take whatever was convenient. With an ill-bred giggle she brought him a meal which only his keen hunger enabled him to eat. Presently the red-shirted fellows came from the bar-room and familiarly ordered their supper. From their rough talk Lawrence discovered that they

were lumberers on their way, like himself, to the lumber camps. He made some casual enquiry as to the distance to the Mattawa River, on which the camp to which he was bound was situated.

"A matter of two hundred miles or so," replied one of the men.

"Be you goin' thar, stranger?" asked the other.

Lawrence replied that he was, when he of the red shirt continued, in an accent that indicated that he was from the forests of Maine,

"Wal now, want ter know! Be you clerkin' it?"

Our hero replied that he was going as either axeman or teamster, with both of which employments he said he was familiar. Indeed he had acquired considerable dexterity in both at home.

"What on 'arth be the like o' ye goin' to do up thar?" exclaimed the man, as he stared at the thin white hands and slender well-dressed person of the boy.

"Oh, I'll make my way as others have done before me," said Lawrence.

"Wal, ye've got pluck, any way; and that's all a man wants to get on enywhers, so fer's I see," said the good-natured fellow, as Lawrence bowed politely and rose from the table.

"Gentlemanly sort o' coot, isn't he?" continued the lumberman *sotto voce* to his comrade.

"He'll soon git enough of the camp, or I'm mistaken," answered that worthy; which remark, overheard by Lawrence, did not prove particularly inspiring.

In order to escape the unsavoury odours and uncongenial company of the bar, which seemed to be the only public sitting-room in the house, Lawrence retired to the small, close, and stuffy chamber assigned him. Opening the window for fresh air, he saw in the distance, gleaming in the moonlight, the shining reaches of the river.

"There lies my destiny," he said to himself as he gazed up the majestic stream which seemed to beckon him onward to the mysterious unknown regions beyond. He thought of the brave explorer Champlain, who, first of white men, had traversed that gleaming track and penetrated the far recesses of the Cana-

dian wilderness; and of Brebeuf, and Lalemant, and Davost, and Daniel, the intrepid Jesuit missionaries who, two hundred years before, for the love of souls, had toiled up the tortuous stream, sleeping on the bare rock, carrying their burdens over the frequent and rugged portages, till they reached their far-off Indian mission on the shores of the "Sweet Water Sea," as they called the vast and billowy expanse of Lake Huron. There three of these four had suffered a cruel martyrdom; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to confess Christ among the heathen and to glorify God by their sufferings and death. The memory of the faith and patience of these early Canadian martyrs, although of an alien race and creed, enbraved the heart of this Canadian youth, two centuries after their death, to pursue the path of duty in the face of whatever obstacles might rise.

Then his eye fell upon the evening star, beaming with a lambent flame low down in the sky, still warm with the after-glow of the departed sun, and gentler thoughts rose within his breast. Only two nights before he had gazed upon it by his mother's side. She was probably gazing on it now and, he was certain, thinking of him and praying for him. The steady glow of the star seemed like the light of his mother's eyes beaming in blessing upon him, and in the sense of spiritual communion with home and the loved ones there, he forgot his squalid surroundings and their contrast with the sweet clean comforts of his mother's roof. Praying to his Father who seeth in secret he felt that he was not alone for God was with him.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

A MARVEL seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

THE CONVERSION OF BRITAIN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

- I.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” was the mandate of the risen Saviour to the little band of unlearned and ignorant men who had been His disciples. And these Galilean peasants boldly assayed the gigantic task, emboldened by the words of their Master, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. . . . And lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” In a few brief years, therefore, in all the great centres of ancient civilization and heathen culture—in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and Gaul—the new evangel was proclaimed. The seed of the kingdom was becoming a mighty tree, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations. Even in remotest regions, the Man of Nazareth, who, in an obscure Syrian tetrarchate, had lived a life of poverty and died a death of shame, was honoured and adored as very God. “We are but of yesterday,” writes Tertullian, at the close of the second century, “yet we fill every town, city, and island of the Empire. Even those places in Britain, hitherto inaccessible to the Romans, have been conquered by Christ.”

The names of those early missionaries who first carried the Gospel to the ends of the earth, are lost in glorious obscurity. Unrecorded on earth, they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. The tomb of Saint Thomas, indeed, is shown on the Malabar coast, and Saint Paul is said to have visited Great Britain; but these legends rest on unverifiable traditions. Probably some of the “strangers of Rome” who witnessed the miracle of Pentecost, or, perhaps, the Gentile converts of the “Italian band” of Cornelius, brought the new evangel to their native city. Certain it is, that as early as A.D. 58 the faith of Roman Church was “spoken of throughout the whole world.” It is probable that Christian soldiers or civilians accompanied the

Roman armies that invaded Britain. The Claudia mentioned by Saint Paul in the year A.D. 66, it is generally admitted, was the daughter of a British king.

The venerable Bede asserts that in the second century the meek religion of Jesus had supplanted the bloody rites of the Druids throughout Britain; but he adds the incredible legend that a hierarchy of twenty-eight bishops and three archbishops was established in the island. The last of the ten terrible persecutions—that of Diocletian—was felt even in Britain. The first British martyr was Alban of Verulam. During the persecution he gave shelter to a Christian presbyter who was a fugitive from slaughter. He even exchanged clothes with his guest, and was apprehended in his stead. He boldly avowed himself a Christian, and had the honour of becoming the first of the glorious bead-roll of Christ's martyrs in Britain, A.D. 303. Constantine the Great, who was proclaimed Emperor at York, A.D. 306, and who, soon after, made Christianity the religion of the Roman Empire, built a church in honour of the martyr, around which grew up in course of time the monastery of which the ruins still remain, and the town of St. Alban's in Hertfordshire.

In the fourth and fifth centuries the Arian heresy, which was so triumphant in the West, prevailed, according to the testimony of Gildas, one of the earliest monkish historians, extensively in Britain. The heretical opinions of Pelagius, who appears to have been a native of Ireland, were also widely diffused by his disciples and fellow-countrymen. The symbols of religion had, however, degenerated into battle cries, and in their conflict with the Picts the Britons advanced to the charge with warlike shouts of "Hallelujah!"

Christianity was introduced into Scotland, according to Bede, by St. Ninian, a British bishop, A.D. 412. Shortly afterwards the heathenism of Ireland was swept away, and Christianity established as the national religion, through the labours of St. Patrick. The birth-place of this famous Saint has been identified as Kirkpatrick, near Glasgow. His father was a deacon and his grandfather a priest. His original name was Succat, which means "strong in war." His Roman name was Patricius—

whence Patrick. He was captured in his youth by Irish pirates and sold as a slave. While herding cattle, drenched with rain and numbed with cold, he felt himself summoned by a Divine voice to make known the true God to his captors and their countrymen. Obedient to the heavenly vision, he escaped to France, and sought training in the monastic school of Tours for his life work.

Returning to his adopted country with a company of fellow labourers in missionary toil, he preached everywhere, as he had opportunity, the Gospel of Jesus. He came one Eastertide to the famous hill of Tara, the ancient residence of the Irish kings. It was a high festival of the Druids and the bards, when no fire might be lighted under pain of death. Nevertheless the intrepid missionary calmly pitched his tent and kindled his camp fire. As the smoke curled upwards in the still air of the Easter eve, it was seen by the Druids, and caused the greatest consternation. The act of the missionary was regarded as one of sacriligious enormity, and the Druids warned the king that unless it were extinguished forthwith, to him whose fire it was would belong the sovereignty of Ireland for ever. The Saint was summoned to the presence of the king. With great boldness and eloquence he preached the Gospel to the assembled Druids. So successful were his labours that many chiefs were baptized, and soon the great idol of Crom-cruach, in the plain of Magh Slecht, in what is now the County of Cavan, was destroyed.

A prominent feature of the pagan worship of Ireland at that time was the adoration of the sun. St. Patrick proclaimed a mightier Deity—One who made the sun, but who was Himself uncreated and eternal. "Beside Him," he said, "there is no other God, nor ever was, nor shall be." "Those who believe in Him," he declared, "would rise again in the glory of the true Sun, that is, the glory of Jesus Christ, being by redemption sons of God and joint heirs of the Christ, of whom, and by whom, and to whom are all things; for the true Sun, Jesus Christ, shall never wane or set, nor shall any perish who do His will, but they shall live forever, even as He liveth forever with God the Father Almighty and the Holy Spirit, world without end."*

* "Confession" of Saint Patrick.

With such sublime teachings the Saint confronted the paganism of Ireland, and, like the mists of darkness before the dawn of day, it faded away before the growing light of the Sun of Righteousness. With the characteristic enthusiasm of the Celtic race, the impulsive Irish opened their hearts to the reception of the truth, and welcomed as a teacher sent from God the messenger of the new evangel. He was not, however, without stern opposition and bitter persecution from the pagans, and many were his "hair-breadth 'scapes," and, if we would believe the traditions, his miraculous deliverances.

With a wise foresight, the Saint devoted himself especially to the establishment of schools and seminaries for the training of a native clergy for the conversion of Ireland. As years passed on he made his principal abode at Armagh, where gathered about him those ecclesiastical institutions which made that ancient city the religious metropolis of the island. Here he spent the last years of his life. Here he wrote the "Confession," from which the facts of this history are taken. He never revisited his own kindred in Scotland, though often solicited and urged thereto. A deep concern for his adopted country, and a sense of responsibility for its welfare, prevented his leaving it even for a time.

For seventy years he laboured with his disciples among his adopted people. They covered the island with churches and schools, where the Scriptures were studied, ancient books collected, and missionaries trained for duty, who, for hundreds of years thereafter, successfully proclaimed the Gospel, not only in their own country, but also throughout the remotest parts of Europe. The doctrines of St. Patrick were not those of pure Protestantism, but they were unstained with the corruptions into which Romanism subsequently degenerated. His labours conferred inestimable blessings, not only upon Ireland, but upon almost every nation of Continental Europe.

"The legends of the 'Isle of Saints,'" says Kingsley, "are full of Irish poetry and tenderness, and not without touches of genuine Irish humour. The memory of the virtues and beneficence of the Saints, as well as of their miracles, is rooted in the heart and brain of the Irish peasantry, and has been an enduring

heirloom of the Irish race through long, sad centuries of oppression and misrule."

Ireland soon repaid to Scotland her debt of obligation. Among the wild mountains of Donegal, early in the sixth century, was born a child destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity among the heathen Picts, and the Patron Saint of Scotland, till he was superseded by St. Andrew. The boy received at baptism the name of *Colum*, to which was afterwards added *cille*, or "of the Church," on account of his devout attendance on the ordinances of religion. Eventually it was changed to *Columba*,—*i.e.*, the Dove,—under which name he was canonized.

The youth had a passion for borrowing and copying manuscripts of the Gospels and Psalms. By stealth, we read, he copied in the Church of Drom Finn, in Ulster, remaining after service for that purpose, a Psalter belonging to Finnian, the priest, which he despaired of getting otherwise. The priest discovered the pious fraud, but kept his own counsel till the slow and tiresome labour was accomplished. He then demanded the book because it had been copied without his permission from one which was his property. *Columba* refused to comply, and appealed to *Diarmaid*, King of Ireland, for his decision. The case was argued before the king, in the royal palace of Tara. *Diarmaid* gave the following judgment, which passed into a proverb, which is current in Ireland to this day: *Le gach boin a boinin, le gach leabhar a leabhran*—that is, "To every cow belongeth her little cow or calf," and so to every book belongeth its son-book or copy: "therefore the book you wrote, O *Colum*, belongs of right to *Finnian*."

The indignant *Colum* denounced the injustice of this judgment and fled to his native mountains of Donegal. Here he raised a party of his kinsmen who, after the manner of their race, enthusiastically took up his quarrel. Forming an alliance with the King of Connaught, they marched against *Diarmaid*. A bloody battle was fought at *Cooldrevny*, in *Sligo*, in which many were slain. Compunction of conscience now visited the blood-guilty *Columba*, who had been so unlike the dove which his name signified. He was condemned by the Church to quit his

own country, and win to Christ from among the heathen as many souls as had perished in battle. So runs the ancient legend, in testimony of which is preserved, in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, the *Cathach* or "Book of Battle," which is alleged to be the identical MS. Psalter which had been the cause of this strange conflict. As a potent relic of the Saint, it was borne into battle as late as 1497, to ensure the victory of the O'Donnell clan.

Faithfully did Columba fulfil his expiatory vow.

With twelve companions, in skin-covered osier boats, he reached Iona's lonely isle, amid the stormy Hebrides. Here he reared his monastery of wattled huts, his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed and a stone their pillow. The sea-girt isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MS. copies of the Scriptures, many of which, still extant, are wonderful examples of the art of copying and illuminating.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their fragile osier barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda; to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.

Other Irish and British monks carried the Gospel to remote Bergundian plains, to Swiss valleys and German forests, and even far-off Sclavic wildernesses. With coarse serge dress and pastoral staff, with leathern water-bottle, a wallet, a leathern case for their service books and another for the relics of some Saint or martyr, they went forth to conquer the world for Christ. These monks became the apostles and civilizers of Europe.

With the decrepitude, decay, and breaking up of the old Roman Empire, the very foundations of society seemed dissolved, and Europe reverted to a condition of barbarism. Crushed by a

merciless weight of taxation, and drained of their strength by the levies of the Imperial armies, the older provinces almost ceased to till the soil. The villages disappeared out of the land, the towns crumbled to ruin, and dense forests of oak, birch, aspen, and witch elm overspread once fair and populous regions, and enveloped Central Europe in a vast network of silence and shade.* Wave after wave of northern invasion—Celt, Teuton, Selave, and Hun—swept over the scene, burying beneath ruin and destruction the remains of classic civilization.

The Christian Church was almost the only institution that survived the wreck of the old Roman world. Throughout the long, dark, stormy night of the middle ages it trimmed the lamp of learning, which else had flickered to extinction. With no small admixture of error, it nourished the germs of undying good. It asserted the dignity of humanity, rebuked the tyranny of nobles and of kings, smote the yoke from the neck of the slave, maintained the sanctity of human life, and, in an age of violence and blood, exhibited the immeasurable superiority of moral influence to brute force. The monks were the Apostles and the Saints of medieval Europe. St. Guthlac in Lincoln's fens and on Yorkshire wolds; St. Columba in lone Iona and on storm-swept Lindisfarne; St. Boniface amid Thuringian forests; St. Columbanus in Helvetian vales; Methodius and Cyril amid the recesses of Bohemia and Bulgaria; and Anskar amid Norwegian glaciers and fjords raised the voice of prayer and hymn of praise, and planted the germs of the new life of Christendom.

Another paper will trace the reconversion of England under Augustine.

WHEN roses bloomed, I found a friend—
On sped the changing year;
The ripe leaves fluttered to their rest,
And fields stretched white and drear.
But when the blue-bird built its nest,
Spring whispered in my ear,
“Thy friend, O foolish heart! hath grown
Too dear—too dear.”

* Montalambert—“Monks of the West.”

NEW YEAR'S CALLING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

"Lead us not into temptation."—WORDS OF JESUS.

It was the birth-night of the year. The moon shone in all her fair, benignant loveliness upon the half-slumbering city of Montreal; the air was still and sharp, and the footfall of the few pedestrians sounded crisp upon the snow and echoed far along the street.

The inhabitants of Sherbrooke Street had, for the most part, retired to rest, save that now and then a sleigh, containing a merry company just returned from party or ball, drove gaily by and stopped at the door of some mansion; and here and there, like one of the stars paling in the glow of the morn, glimmered a faint light in an upper window. In a quiet part of the street, where the bare branches of the trees made long shadows upon the snow, stood two young men engaged in earnest conversation. They had been walking together; but now, by one consent, they stepped back and leaned against a stone wall, waiting in silence until the sound of horse's hoofs, clicking upon the frozen road, had died away. The younger was the first to speak, his words were uttered in a half-despairing tone :

"I tell you, Rich, it's no use; I've tried again and again, but I cannot give it up: and here's to-morrow coming, and it will be the worst day of all—New Year's always is. You needn't talk to me, I've given up trying. I shall die, one of these days, and be held up as a frightful warning to the youth of our land;" and a bitter laugh ended his speech.

"Jack," said his companion earnestly, "hav'nt I been down where you are?"

"Never so low," interrupted Jack.

"Yes, Jack, and lower; and, moreover, I sinned against greater light. You will excuse me for saying so, but you know my father and mother and sisters, how they grieved over me; I am thankful they never knew *how* low I fell; I never did here

what I have done abroad. But I will not speak of it, the subject is too painful; I refer to my past life merely to show you that if *I* could rise and be a sober man, no one need despair. You need not look so incredulous; I know my disposition, always to run to an extreme in anything bad; I am not earnest enough in what is right, I fear."

"You know nothing at all of the awful incubus that rests upon me," replied Jack, "and that very thing you mention—the influence of home—is against me. They may hate and despise me for making such a fool of myself, but if I were to wheel about and give it up altogether, they would give me no peace. And to-morrow—to-day, rather—they will offer wine to young men no better able to stand it than I am, and urge them to take it if they refuse."

Richard Eastman groaned inwardly. What would he now have been, had he not had the pure example and tender encouragement of loved ones at home? But he spoke encouragingly to his friend:

'My dear fellow, what are you afraid of? Come, be a man, and you'll find all your bugbears will vanish in the light of the new day which will dawn upon you. I'll stand by you through thick and thin, if that's any comfort to you.'

"Thank you, Rich, you're the best fellow in the world; but I'm afraid you are only wasting your sympathies when you bestow them upon me."

"What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow?"

"Make New Year's calls, of course."

"Will you take me with you?"

"Take you? I'll be only too glad; the only trouble is, I made an engagement with four or five other fellows to go with them; but I'll back out, pay my share of the team, and go with you; what time will you be ready?"

"Whenever you say."

"Well, say about eleven; will that suit you?"

"It's a bargain," said Richard, "but I must tell you beforehand that I am not very well acquainted in Montreal, owing to my long absence, so you will have to introduce me. And another thing; if I go with you, I'll expect you not to touch a drop of wine."

"Can't promise, Rich; I'd only break it, you know."

"Well," said Richard, "it is late, and I must go home. Good-night—or good-morning, rather—and a happy New Year."

"The same to you, Rich;" and the friends parted.

As Eastman stood at his window before he lay down to rest, his eyes fell on the beautiful landscape spread out before him beneath the brilliant moonlight, but his mind was intent on his friend. Far before him stretched the broad St. Lawrence, not so firmly bound beneath the weight of its icy covering as was his poor friend beneath the resistless pressure of a fatal appetite. Yet, there was something in the still grandeur of the scene which, while it awed, inspired him with hope. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span;" "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" was the thought which came into his heart. Richard Eastman and Jack Harrowby loved each other with a love which is rarely found between two young men. They had been play-mates in childhood, companions in early youth, and now, as they met again after a separation of three years, the one renewed in heart and life, the other sunk deeper in the mire, Richard realized, as he had not been able to do while absent that there was a gulf between them. Yet it was not an impassable one; and Richard would not leave Jack on one side of the gulf while he walked happily on the other; if it were possible for one man to be the instrument of saving another, he would, under God, be the means of Jack's salvation. Then came the thought, so comfortingly, of how

"Tenderly the Shepherd,
O'er the mountains cold,
Goes to bring His lost one
Back to the fold.

Lost one, 'tis Jesus, seeking to save."

"Jack's soul is more precious to *Him* than to me," he thought; "it is more precious than all those worlds;" and filled with the solemnity and the joy of this truth, he watched the heavens until gradually the moon paled, and faint streaks of dawn began to appear. Then, mindful of his appointment at eleven o'clock, he threw himself on the bed and fell into a heavy sleep, from

which he did not awaken until aroused by a loud knocking on his door, and the merry voices of his sisters shouting "Happy New Year."

"Shade of Janus," he ejaculated, "what's all this?"

"Happy New Year, and come to breakfast, you great lazy boy," responded a chorus of voices.

"A Happy New Year, girls. I'll be down directly."

A merry party assembled at the breakfast table: father, mother, and children, all entering heartily into the spirit of the time. The plans for the day were discussed, the probable number of callers they should have, and the prospects for fine weather. Cheerily jingled the sleighbells without, and brightly burned the cosy fire within.

"Do you think we can spare Jane to-day, girls?" asked Mrs. Eastman.

"Oh! no, mamma," quickly answered impulsive Fanny, "Maggie is so awkward about attending the door."

"Does she want the whole day, mamma?" asked Emily.

"Yes, she says her father has the day at home, the first holiday he has had for a year, and they are all very anxious that she should go. I should very much like to gratify her, and think we could manage, do not you?"

"Moved and seconded," said Richard, "that Jane be allowed to spend this day within the protective walls of her own home; all in favour of the motion signify it in the usual way."

"Majority has it—carried, mother." So the matter was settled. An hour or two later, behold the ladies seated in the drawing-room, prepared to receive the "compliments of the season" from their gentlemen friends. The scene was a pleasant one: a bright fire burned in the grate, evidences of clever fingers were everywhere visible; pendants of evergreen hung from the chandeliers, wreaths wound serpent-like among the pictures; while, on the table in the corner, glittering with silver and the prettiest of china, and from which emanated a tempting odour of coffee, stood, in a slender vase, a bouquet of hot-house plants.

Leaving them to go through the usual routine of New Year's day, we will follow Jane, the young housemaid, as, with a light heart and a basket laden with good things, filled by the bountiful

hand of her mistress, she trips homeward. The way is long before her, but she heeds it not; her basket is heavy, but she feels not its weight upon her arm. The new year had come in with joy and gladness, and it seemed to imbue the world with its bright spirit. To Jane, it seemed that never before had the sun shone so brightly, or the people looked so happy; the very boys, tiny fellows in big overcoats, fur caps, and mittens, with their hands stuck in their pockets, walked as if a foot or two had been added to their height that happy New Year's morning.

But have a care, Jane, or you will be run into by one of the tobogans and sleds ridden by a score of madcap boys, and coming with breakneck speed down Peel Street sidewalk! On she hurries, dodging an avalanche which the sun sends frolicking down from the roof of a lofty house. What cares she for tobogan or avalanche! Is she not going home, *home*, HOME, for the whole day, and hasn't she a ball and a pop-gun for Jimmie, a lovely doll of Miss Bessie's, 'or little Susie, and a rattle and jacket and shoes for dear little baby? And has she not her own Christmas presents to show them; the muff she carries, and such a beauty of a silver thimble, and half-a-dozen handkerchiefs from the young ladies? At last, she has nearly completed the third mile, home is just in sight, and here are Jimmie and Susie, who have caught a glimpse of their sister in the distance, running to meet her; and there—bless his little heart!—sits baby in the window, tied securely in his high chair, laughing and crowing and flourishing his little fists as the children make their appearance. Their father—a grave-looking Englishman—opens the door; he greets his daughter with a hearty

“Happy New Year, lass, you be come a long way, I doubt ye'll be tired. Here, mother, here's thy little lass.”

Mrs. Acker calls them into the room which they designate the “parlour:” a tiny room, but greatly revered in their eyes. Mother and children together had cut out tissue paper and tacked it neatly all round the ceiling, and a spruce bush stood in one corner, containing what remained of the Christmas adornings.

After Jane had admired the room to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, she displayed the contents of her basket, amid screams of delight from the children.

"Aint that jolly?" said Jimmie, as a plump goose made its appearance.

"Have you got a goose for dinner to-day, mother?" asked Jane.

"Yes, child, I 'ave, an' a plum puddin', too; fayther sent a lot o' things 'ome, yesterday, and I was a-thinkin', Jane, there's poor old Mrs. Mercier, next door, as is all alone, wi' nothink fit to eat in the 'ouse: her aint oor kind or oor religion, but I couldn't be 'appy hover my dinner if I thowt as her 'adn't nothink to eat."

"Well, mother, send her some of ours," said Jane,

"But then her d 'ave to eat it hall alone, and that seems so un'olesome like, o' New Year's day. Couldn't we hask her to come an' take a bit wi' us?"

"Oh yes, mother, do ask her quickly," said Jane. "Don't you say so, too, father?"

"Wi' hall my 'eart, lass," was the response.

So Mrs. Acker ran off to give the invitation to her French neighbour, Mrs. Mercier, receiving in reply a polite "Thank you, Madume, thank you, you are too good to me."

After this, father sat down in the rocking chair, with baby in his arms, and Susie beside him, to sing hymns and wait for dinner; while mother, Jane, and Jimmie went busily to work to prepare their sumptuous repast. Here we shall leave them to enjoy the comfort which is the result of thrift and industry, combined with humble piety.

Richard Eastman and Jack Harrowby started off on foot at the appointed time to make their round of calls; but though the sun shone so brightly, and the air was so exhilarating, these influences seemed lost upon the young men. The night had not been a profitable one to Jack. Determined to stifle the convictions of his conscience, he had joined some boon companions after parting with his friend, and "made a night of it," as they phrased it. His morning reflections, therefore, were of the bitterest kind. The New Year, so appropriate a time for starting upon a right course, so abundant in its blessings upon those who do, seemed to pronounce a woe on one bent on following the wrong. Filled with unpleasant thoughts, his manner to Richard was sullen and half-defiant; and this, of course, exercised a very

depressing influence upon his friend. Moreover, it seemed to Richard that Jack had made up his mind to convince him of the utter fruitlessness of any attempts at his reformation, as he made no attempt to refuse the wine which was freely offered them at many places. Richard never failed to expostulate with him after such an occasion; but finally, seeing that his words seemed but to make Jack worse, and that his presence was no restraint upon him, he determined to leave him to himself. Just as he had come to this conclusion, Jack, looking at his watch and perceiving that it was two o'clock, turned to Richard and said, with considerable rancour,—

“ Well, we're getting on famously, aren't we? Look here, I know you are just sticking to me to keep a sort of espionage upon me, and I cannot and will not stand it. I was a fool to break my engagement with the other fellows, but we may as well part company now.”

Richard was stung to the quick, but felt unable to say anything. He gave one searching, almost tender, look at Jack,—for a sudden dread had come over him; an impression that he might never see him again, and he held out his hand, saying,

“ Good-bye, Jack.” Jack sullenly shook hands, and they parted.

Richard walked on, now hurriedly, now slowly, engaged in deep, tormenting thought. Must he then give up all hope for his friend? Was he, indeed, as he had himself predicted, to die, and be a warning? The thought haunted him, oppressed him, he could not shake it off.

It was six o'clock before he turned his steps homeward. As he entered the hall he was met by the servant, who said to him,

“ There's a message come for you, sir, from Mr. Harrowby's; they sent word that Mr. John was hurt, and they wanted to see you at once.”

“ How long ago?” asked Richard, excitedly.

“ An hour or more, sir.”

Richard rushed off without another word.

Arrived at his friend's house, he found it hushed and silent. The New Year's festivities were over, and all was gloom. One of Jack's sisters came down, upon Richard sending up his name. She was weeping.

"How is he?" was the first question.

"He is alive," said she, "but still unconscious."

"How did it happen?"

"It seems, he went up the mountain, between two and three o'clock,—we all thought he was with you, but he was there toboganing with some other gentlemen. Two of them were on the tobogan, when it struck something hard, and Jack was thrown into the air; the other escaped unhurt; but poor Jack"—her voice was choked with sobs.

"May I see him?" asked Richard, bitterly reproaching himself for having left Jack; thinking, wildly, that he might have prevented it all.

Miss Harrowby motioned him upstairs, saying, "He will not notice you."

Richard went up, and softly entered his friend's room. A cold chill passed through him. There lay poor Jack, dressed, and in his overcoat, just as Richard had left him hours before; his jet black hair contrasting strangely with the deathly paleness of his brow. There was no motion, he seemed not to breathe, and lay as if dead. Two doctors were bending over him, endeavouring, if possible, to restore him to consciousness. His father and mother stood near, agony and despair depicted in their countenances. A weary time elapsed before any signs of consciousness returned, and they could remove his heavy wrappings. Richard sent a messenger home to tell his friends not to expect him that night; and when at seven o'clock the next morning Richard, for the first time, left the bedside of his friend, poor Jack lay moaning, as if in great pain, but still unconscious of all around him.

This was only the commencement of many nights of vigil for Richard. Jack lay for weeks at the point of death, suffering intense agony; speaking at intervals, but always in delirium. Richard begged the privilege of sitting up with him at least two nights in the week; an offer which was thankfully accepted by Mrs. Harrowby, who learned now to admire Richard's character as she had never done before. She had thought him a fanatic, and feared lest he should infect her handsome, though dissipated son with his narrow notions. Morality was all well enough; but

why should people go to such extremes. Now, as she saw his devotion to her son, his tender care and nursing—delicate as a woman's—and the eagerness with which he watched for any favourable sign, her whole soul went out in gratitude toward him. The tenderest cords of her heart had been touched; for Jack, her only son, had been her idol. But though she marked these outward signs of affection in Richard, she knew not of the inner workings of his soul; she saw not the prayers which ascended to Heaven almost momentarily for her son's salvation. She was ignorant of his "strong crying and tears" when in the solitude of his own chamber.

These were weeks of heart-searching to Mrs. Harrowby; and, though they had a chastening, subduing effect upon the whole family, it was the mother who felt it most keenly. The first real prayers she had offered for many years went upward then for the life of her boy. And they were answered. It was about six weeks after Jack's accident, that, one night, as Richard sat watching him, as he seemed to be asleep, he turned his head suddenly and said in a natural, though feeble voice,

"Is that you, Rich?"

Richard's heart throbbed, but he controlled himself: "Yes, Jack, I'm here," he answered quietly.

"Put your hand under my head, I can't lift it; I don't know what ails me. Am I going to die, Rich?"

"No, no, dear old fellow; we'll have you round soon, now; you've been ill, but you're getting better."

"I was angry with you, Rich;" and hot tears stole slowly from beneath the closed eyelids. Richard saw that his mind had reverted to the time when they had said good-bye, on New Year's day.

"Don't talk now, Jack," he implored: "go to sleep, now, and we'll talk another time."

Jack turned wearily, and fell into the first healthy sleep he had had since his illness. From that time his recovery was rapid. As he became convalescent, the change in his manner was almost touching. His old imperious ways were gone; he was so gentle with his mother, so grateful for all that was done for him. But, above all, he liked to have Richard beside him: to talk with him of all he had passed through, and the lessons

his illness had taught him; of how, when he had left Richard on that fateful day, it was with a determination to do something desperate; "I didn't care what became of me," he said. Then there was the mad plunge over the frozen snow; and after that he knew nothing.

As soon as he was able to sit up a little, he made Richard bring him a Temperance Pledge; to which, with a trembling hand, he laboriously signed his full name, "JOHN REGINALD HARROWBY;" murmuring, as he handed it back to his friend, the parenthesis it contained, "God helping me."

It is almost needless to say that Mrs. Harrowby's scruples against her son becoming what had once been so odious to her—"a total abstainer"—were entirely overcome; and though she could not yet banish wine from her house, she gave her son every encouragement in the new way upon which he had entered.

After Jack had begun to go about again in his usual way, he called, one day, at the office where Richard sat writing, and after a little cursory talk, said,

"You look frightfully ill, Rich; you've been killing yourself, taking care of me; I'll have to turn about and nurse you, now."

"They tell me at home I don't look well, though I feel all right. Father insists on my going away for change of air and rest; so I am to start for the Lower Provinces next week, for about a month; I'd like it immensely, if it were not for one thing.

"What's that?"

"Well, leaving a sort of Temperance meeting that I've had every Sunday, this winter, down in — Street. I'm afraid, if it falls through, some of those poor folks will be in the gutter again."

"Don't let it fall through; I'll take care of it for you."

"God bless you, Jack; that's just what I wanted. I tell you, Jack, it takes such fellows as you and me, who have been down, to lift the drunkard to his feet again—with God's help," he added, reverently.

THE PHYSICAL TANGIBLENESS OF THE MORAL LAW.

A LECTURE BY THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.

AFTER Robespierre had choked the Seine with the vainly whimpering heads sheared away by the guillotine, there came an hour when a death tumbril containing himself was trundled toward the fatal French axe. Carlyle narrates that the streets were crowded from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution, the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human curiosity, in strange gladness. The soldiers with their sabres point out Robespierre as the crowd presses close about the cart. A French mother, remembering what rivers of blood that man's right hand had wrung out of the throat of France, springs on the tumbril, clutching the side of it with one hand, and, waving the other Sibyl-like, exclaims, "Your death intoxicates me with joy!" The almost glazed eyes of the would-be suicide Robespierre open. "*Scelerat*, go down, go down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers." A little while after Samson did his work, and a shout raised itself as the head was lifted; a shout, says history, which prolongs itself yet through Europe, and down to our day. "Go down to—." That word "*down*" will never be understood by us until we contrast it with the "*up*," with which men salute the Gracchi, and the Lafayettes, and the Washingtons, and the Hampdens, and the Phocians, and which prolongs itself mysteriously in history. The word "*down*," once uttered by the ages, is rarely reversed; and the word "*up*," once looking haughtily on that word "*down*," very rarely, in history, changes its countenance.

There appears to be behind these two words inexorable natural laws. Is it possible to discover any of them?

1. Instinctive physical gestures accompany the action of strong feelings.

2. It is a peculiarity of the strongest moral emotions that the general direction of the physical gestures which they prompt is either up or down.

3. By the operation of a fixed natural law of the human organism, we hang the head in shame or acute self-disapproval.

4. By the operation of a fixed natural law we hold the head erect when conscious of good intentions or acute self-approval.

5. It is a physical fact, demonstrable by the widest induction, that the gestures prompted by the blissful supremacy of conscience have their general direction upwards, and give the human form a reposeful and commanding attitude.

6. It is also a physical fact, demonstrable by the widest induction, that the gestures prompted by the opposite relations to conscience have their general direction downwards, and give the human form an unreposeful and more or less grovelling attitude.

7. Other things being equal, the latter attitude always quails before the former.

8. By fixed natural law the upward gestures induced by an approving conscience and the activity of the higher faculties are accompanied by a sense of repose, unfettered elasticity, and of a tendency to physical levitation.

9. By fixed natural law the downward gestures induced by a disapproving conscience are accompanied by a sense of unrest, fettered activity, and of a tendency to delevitation.

10. In some of the most celebrated works of great artists, the human form is represented as in a state of physical levitation, but this is always pictured as accompanied and caused by the blissful supremacy of conscience and of the higher faculties.

11. It will be found, on an examination of personal consciousness, that there is in the artistic sense a feeling that forms exhibiting the blissful supremacy of conscience and of the higher faculties, will float, and that forms which do not exhibit these traits will not.

12. So deep is the instinct concerned in the upward gestures produced by an approving and the downward produced by a disapproving conscience, that history contains large numbers of alleged instances of the physical levitation of the human form in moral trance.

13. Without deciding whether these cases are authentic facts or not, their existence shows the intensity of this instinct, and

the unfathomed significance of the inexorable natural law which it reveals.

14. In the existence of the instinctive upward and downward physical gestures accompanying the approval or disapproval of conscience, natural law reveals the distinction between up and down, higher and lower, in moral emotion; and, in doing that, founds an aristocracy, strictly so called, or government by the best, and determines that they shall rule; and these instinctive gestures, occurring according to natural law, are a proclamation of that aristocracy—the only one recognized by nature, and the only one that will endure.

15. It will be found that all the instances of human experience of the distinction between up and down and higher and lower, as thus defined by observation, may be summarized under a law of moral gravitation proceeding from conscience.

16. Moral gravitation, therefore, is as well known to exist, and is as tangible, as physical gravitation.

17. But all law in nature is but the uniform action of an Omnipresent Personal Will.

18. The tangibility of the Moral Law in conscience is scientifically known, therefore, to be identical with the tangibility of an Omnipresent Personal Will.

19. Moral gravitation is *in*, but not *of*, the soul.

20. There is, therefore, in man, a Somewhat or Someone not of him, and spiritually, and in a significant sense physically, tangible through conscience.

Ascending that stairway of propositions, I have not asked you to pause to converse on the balustrades; but, assuming that we have gone up the height together, let us, now that we stand here, look back, and make sure that all our steps were on the adamant. Take no partisan witness, however, in our examination of this case before these learned jurors. You say I am a lawyer, making a plea for foregone conclusions. Is William Shakespeare a partisan? Did he know anything of human nature? The heaviness of the soul of a man that has done evil—is that recognized by William Shakespeare?

Imagine that this platform is Bosworth battle-field. There is the tent of Richmond, and here the tent of Richard. William

Shakespeare shall guide us in our study of natural laws in these two tents. He does not look through partisan lenses. He is no theologian. What are these forms that rise in the dead midnight between the two tents? There are eleven ghosts here. Shakespeare is behind every one of them. They utter nothing that he does not put into their lips. When they speak, he speaks; and some of us have been taught to believe that when Shakespeare speaks Nature speaks.

“ Let me sit *heavy* on thy soul to-morrow !
Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury. Despair, therefore, and die.”

So speaks the first ghost at Richard's tent.

“ Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wrong'd souls
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf ;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.”

So speaks the same ghost at Richmond's tent.

“ When I was mortal my anointed body
By thee was punch'd full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower and me ; despair and die ;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.”

So speaks the second ghost at Richard's tent.

“ Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !”

So speaks the same ghost at Richmond's tent.

“ Let me sit *heavy* on thy soul to-morrow,
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine ;
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death ;
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die.”

So speaks the third ghost at Richard's tent.

“ Good angels guard thy battle. Live and flourish.”

So speaks the same ghost at Richmond's tent.

“ Let us sit *heavy* on thy soul to-morrow.”

So speak the ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan at Richard's tent.

“ Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day !”

So speak the same ghosts at Richmond's tent.

The ghost of Hastings rises. The ghosts of the two young princes rise :

“Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower,
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.
Thy nephews’ souls bid thee despair and die.”

“Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy ;
Edward’s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.”

The ghost of Queen Anne rises :

“Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife—
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy powerless arm. Despair and die—”

“Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep,
Dream of success and happy victory ;
Thy adversary’s wif doth pray for thee.”

The ghost of Buckingham rises :

“The first was that I helped thee to the crown ;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
God and good angels fight on Richmond’s side,
But Richard falls in height of all his pride.”

The ghosts vanish.

Is this natural ? or supernatural ? or both, and the one because
it is the other ?

Your Richard wakes yonder in his tent :

“O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—
The light burns blue—it is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
I am a villain : yet I lie. I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well ;—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high’st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir’st degree ;
All several sins, all us’d in each degree,
Throug to the bar, crying all : Guilty ’ guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me :—
Nay, wherefore should they ? Since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow’s vengeance on the head of Richard !”

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! So spoke Shakespeare; so, the ghosts; so, inductive science; so, natural law; so, that Somewhat which is behind all natural law; and so, that Someone who is behind the Somewhat.

You will allow me to make reference here to some of the subtlest of unexplored human experiences. I am by no means drifting out of the range of scientific currents and received thought, even if I venture to sail boldly into the fog that lies along the shore of many an undiscovered land. But, my friends, put Shakespeare at the helm. Let us recognize him as the pilot; and, remembering what weight he puts on the word *heavy*, dare to look into the canvass of a Raphael and an Angelo a moment; and into this deeper canvass of our own souls, painted by natural law, that is, by the fingers of the Personal Omnipresence, who was, and is, and is to come. I affirm, what no man can deny, that natural language is God's language. We did not invent it. Surely natural language is the language of nature; and these gestures which make us hang the head and give us the erect attitude are proclamations made, not by the will of man, but by the will of that Power which has co-ordinated all things, and given them harmony with each other, and never causes an instinct to utter a lie. We have heretofore carefully looked into the distinction between an instinct and an educated tendency. It would mean very little if men had been taught to hang their heads in shame. It would mean very little if men, by a process of education, had learned to assume the erect attitude when conscience is supreme.

It is scientifically sure, however, that, when an organic instinct can be discovered, we have a right to infer from its existence that of its correlate. We know that where there is a fin there is water to match it; where there is a wing, there is air to match it; an eye, luminousness to match it; an ear, sound to match it. The migrating swans fly through the midnights and the morns, and they lean in perfect confidence upon the Maker of their instincts, knowing that if God has given them a tendency to fly to the South, He will have provided a South as a correlate to the tendency. Our great tests of truth are intuition, instinct experiment, and syllogism.

Incontrovertibly we may have instincts concerned, and not educated tendencies, in these instinctive gestures, by which conscience in blissful supremacy gives the human form a commanding or overawing attitude, and sometimes a levitated mood. I say the mood is levitated whether the form is or not. In certain highest moments, when conscience assures us that the stars fight for us, we do have a feeling that if cast out unsupported into the ether we should float there; and we have at other times a feeling that, if we were disembodied and cast out into the unknown, we should sink. These two subtle and subtly-contrasted organic feelings are endlessly significant. Do you believe the forger, the perjurer, the murderer has any feeling that he could float aloft with great forms that the artists have put upon canvas.

After studying often at Dresden Raphael's Sistine Madonna, who will float, I paused in the Louvre many times with dissatisfaction before Murillo's Madonna, who will not. She stands on a crescent moon, and I think she needs it as a support. But the Venus di Milo will float, although she is in marble. We have these instinctive feelings, although we do not understand them any more than the brute does the sunset. We cannot rid ourselves of them if we allow our thoughts and emotions to follow a natural course. We have a strange, deep sense by which we authorize ourselves to say of now and then a female form in art, and even of the male form occasionally, though oftener of the female, that it would float if left alone in the ether. This instinct is an indisputable fact. It is surely a shore, although yet veiled in vapour. We have not approached that coast much yet, but there is the instinct; there is firm land here, and the trend of its beaches, where lies so much undiscovered gold, must be in perfect accordance with that of all these instinctive gestures. Begin with what cannot be controverted, or the proposition that we hang the head in shame and hold it erect in conscious self-approval. We know that some attitudes, in deep remorse, bring a man down to the posture of the brute almost. We grovel in the dust at times, when we feel ourselves under the full thunder and lightning of the moral law.

We know something of what it is to be elastic when we feel right with God and man; and that fact is a deep glimpse into this

wheeling, smiting mist. It is surely worth while, gazing in the direction of this gleam of analogy and fact, to ask whether there have been cases in which the human form under the highest activity of conscience has been lifted aloft.

If a man have the approval of conscience, if the upper nature be in blissful supremacy, he is usually unconscious of his mood. No emotion has its full length until it is so profound that its possession is not noticed by its owner. We are not fully given up to any feeling until we not only have possession of it, but become unconscious of the sorcery by which it possesses us. The orator must not only have possession of his subject, but his subject of him. When it has possession of him you are not conscious of him, nor is he of himself, but only of his theme.

If I were able to go up only half the steps that you have ascended here with me, I should feel myself an orphan in the universe. We ask how can God be touched? How can we come near to the ineffable Somewhat and Someone that lies behind natural law? We are poor flowers opening toward the noon. We have no eyes to see, and yet we have nerves to feel. Do we need anything more? We are sure that we have nerves, and that we touch the sunlight. We know scientifically that there is an up and a down in natural law in the moral range. We are as conscious of this moral gravitation as we are of physical gravitation. We touch a Somewhat that lifts, and the absence of which leaves us to sink to what appears to be a pit bottomless; and we know that this gravitation is a natural law. But it is a truth of science that every natural law is the constant operation of an Omnipresent Personal Will; and, therefore, in the incontrovertible physical facts illustrating moral gravitation as a natural law, have we not the touchings of the personal Omnipresence as much as the flower has the touchings of the sunlight when it absorbs its beams?

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,
But sun and sunlight never see;
So feel I Thee, O God, my God,
Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,
But rain and rainbow never see;
So touch I Thee in bliss or pain,
Thy far vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon, and sun, and bow,
 Amaze a sky unseen by me ;
 God's wheeling heav'n is there, I know,
 Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate I, as the flower,
 Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see ;
 The subtlest in the conscience is
 Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I
 More yet shall feel and shall not see ;
 Above my soul Thy wholeness roll,
 Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to rain and ray,
 Turn I in meekest loyalty ;
 I breathe and move and live in Thee,
 And drink the ray I cannot see.

What of the Ascension ? It is said, to turn now one glance upon the Scriptural record, that one whose face did shine as the sun in solar light, and who illustrated that radiance as no other member of the human race ever has done since, as He blessed His disciples was lifted up from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. Will you quail here, when you see the perfect unity between the natural law, as I have endeavoured to unfold it, and this action of the spiritual body, it may be, in that member of the human race who, at the Transfiguration, illustrated the glorious capacities of that body for solar light ? I know that in us there is a levitating tendency in a moral trance. I know that as we pray the fashion of our countenance is altered. And it is recorded that as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and that as He blessed His disciples He was borne up from them. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of Godliness ; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." You say that I am treading here upon the very edge of blasphemy, in assuming that any natural law is concerned in these summits of revealed fact. But, my friends, the distinction between the natural and the supernatural is one that may be stated in many ways. The natural to me is merely God's usual action ;

the supernatural His unusual action. God's will is uniform ; and if you and I experience some tendency to stand erect when we are right with God, if you and I have some tendency to spiritual levitation when we are in a moral trance, who shall say, if our goodness had equalled that of the Soul that never sinned, we should not know what levitation is, as He did ?

THE SNOW STORM.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without the sun ;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs :
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell :
And when the second morning shone
We looked upon a world unknown—
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue wall of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow !
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat ;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendour seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THE DEACON'S SIN AND ITS EXPIATION.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER I.—THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING was impending in the village of Mapleton on the 20th of November, 1825. Trees were looking like gigantic tulip beds, and breaking every hour into new phantasmagoria of colour; and the great elm that overshadowed the red Pitkin farmhouse seemed like a dome of gold, and sent a yellow radiance through all the doors and windows as the dreamy autumn sunshine streamed through it.

A great cathedral elm, with shadowy aisles of boughs, its choir of whispering winds and chanting birds, its hush and solemnity and majestic grandeur, asserts its leave to be in a manner to which all hearts respond; and so the great elms of New England have got to be regarded with a sort of pride as among her very few crown jewels, and the Pitkin elm was one of these.

But wasn't it a busy time in Mapleton! Busy is no word for it. O the choppings, the poundings, the stoning of raisins, the projections of pies and puddings, the killing of turkeys—who can utter it?

In the great roomy, clean kitchen of the deacon's house might be seen the lithe, comely form of Diana Pitkin presiding over the roaring great oven which was to engulf the armies of pies and cakes which were in due course of preparation on the ample tables.

Of course you want to know who Diana Pitkin was. Well, she was Deacon Pitkin's second cousin, and of course just in that convenient relationship to the Pitkin boys which has all the advantages of cousinship and none of the disadvantages.

This was just what James Pitkin did not believe in, and now as he is walking over hill and dale from Cambridge College to his father's house he is gathering up a decided resolution to tell Diana that he is not and will not be to her as a mere cousin—

that she must be to him all or nothing. He is a strong-hearted, generous, resolute fellow as ever undertook to walk thirty-five miles home to eat his Thanksgiving dinner.

All day Diana keeps busy by the side of the deacon's wife—a delicate, thin, quiet little woman, with great thoughtful eyes and a step like a snowflake. New England had of old times, and has still, perhaps, in her farm-houses, these women who seem from year to year to develop in the spiritual sphere as the bodily form shrinks and fades. While the cheek grows thin and the form spare, the will-power grows daily stronger; though the outer man perish, the inner man is renewed day by day. The worn hand that seems so weak yet holds every thread and controls every movement of the most complex family life, and wonders are daily accomplished by the presence of a woman who seems little more than a spirit. The New England wife-mother was the one little jewelled pivot on which all the wheel work of the family moved.

"Well, haven't we done a good day's work, cousin?" says Diana, when ninety pies of every ilk—quince, apple, cranberry, pumpkin, and mince—have been all safely delivered from the oven and carried up into the great vacant chamber, where, ranged in rows and frozen solid, they are to last over New Year's Day! She adds, demonstratively clasping the little woman round the neck and leaning her bright cheek against her whitening hair, "Haven't we been smart?" And the calm, thoughtful eyes turn lovingly upon her as Mary Pitkin puts her arm around her and answers:

"Yes, my daughter, you have done wonderfully. We couldn't do without you!"

And Diana lifts her head and laughs. She likes petting and praising as a cat likes being stroked.

CHAPTER II.—BLAH CARTER.

It was in the flush and glow of a gorgeous sunset that you might have seen the dark form of the Pitkin farm-house rising on a green hill against the orange sky.

The red house, with its overhanging canopy of elm, stood out like an old missal picture done on a gold ground.

Through the glimmer of the yellow twilight might be seen the stacks of dry corn-stalks and heaps of golden pumpkins in the neighbouring fields, from which the slow oxen were bringing home a cart well laden with farm produce.

It was the hour before supper time, and Biah Carter, the deacon's hired man, was leaning against a fence, waiting for his evening meal; indulging the while in a stream of conversational wisdom which seemed to flow all the more freely from having been dammed up through the labours of the day. Biah was, in those far distant times of simplicity, "a mute inglorious" newspaper man. Newspapers in those days were as rare and unheard of as steam cars or the telegraph, but Biah had within him all the making of a thriving modern reporter, and no paper to use it on. He was a walking biographical and statistical dictionary of all the affairs of the good folks of Mapleton. He knew every piece of furniture in their houses, and what they gave for it; every foot of land, and what it was worth; every ox, ass, and sheep; every man, woman, and child in town. And Biah could give pretty shrewd character pictures also, and whoever wanted to inform himself of the status of any person or thing in Mapleton would have done well to have turned the faucet of Biah's stream of talk, and watched it respectfully as it came, for it was commonly conceded that what Biah Carter didn't know about Mapleton was hardly worth knowing.

"Putty piece o' property, this 'ere farm," he said, surveying the scene around him with the air of a connoisseur. "None o' yer stun pasur land where the sheep can't get their noses down through the rocks without a file to sharpen 'em! Deacon Pitkin did a putty fair stroke o' business when he swapped off his old place for this 'ere. But I tell *yeu*," proceeded Biah, with a shrewd wink, "that are mortgage pinches the deacon, it does. Deacon fairly gets lean on't."

"Why," said Abner Jenks, a stolid plough-boy, to whom this stream of remark was addressed; "this 'ere place ain't mortgaged, is it? Du tell, naow!"

"Why, yis; don't ye know that 'ere? Why, there's risin' two thousand dollers due on this ere farm, and if the deacon don't

scratch for it and pay up squar to the minit, old Squire Norcross 'll foreclose on him."

"The deacon's a master hand to work," said Abner, "so's the boys."

"Wal, yis, the deacon is," said Biah, turning contemplatively to the farm-house; "there ain't a crittur in that 'ere house that there ain't the most work got out of 'em that ken be, down to Jed and Sam, the little uns."

"There comes the deacon and Jim over the hill. Jim walked home from college day 'fore yesterday, and turned right in to-day to help get in the taters, workin' right along. Deacon was awful grouty."

"What was the matter o' the deacon?"

"Oh, the mortgage kind o' works him. The time to pay comes round putty soon, and the deacon's face allers goes down long as yer arm. 'Tis a putty tight pull havin' Jim in college, losin' his work and havin' term bills and things to pay. Them 'ere college folks charges *up*, I tell you. I seen it works the deacon, I heard him a-jawin' Jim 'bout it."

"What made Jim go to college?" said Abner, with slow wonder in his heavy face.

"Oh, he allers was sot on eddication, and Mis' Pitkin she's sot on't, too, in her softly way, and softly women is them that gin'erlly carries their p'int, fust or last."

CHAPTER III.—THE SHADOW.

THERE is no moment of life, however festive, that does not involve the near presence of a possible tragedy. When the concert of life is playing the gayest and airiest music, it requires only the change of a little flat or sharp to modulate into the minor key.

There seemed at first glance only the elements of joyousness and gayety in the surroundings at the Pitkin farm. Thanksgiving was come—the family, healthy, rosy, and noisy, were all under one roof-tree. Yet behind all was walking with stealthy step the shadow of a coming sorrow.

"What in the world ails James?" said Diana, as she retreated

from the door and surveyed him at a distance from her chamber window. His face was like a landscape over which a thunder-cloud has drifted, and he walked beside his father with a peculiar air of proud displeasure and repression.

At that moment the young man was struggling with the bitterest sorrow that can befall youth—the breaking up of his life purpose. He had just come to a decision to sacrifice his hopes of education, his man's ambition, his love, his home and family, and become a wanderer on the face of the earth. How this befell requires a sketch of character.

Deacon Silas Pitkin was a fair specimen of a class of men not uncommon in New England—men too sensitive for the severe physical conditions of New England life, and therefore both suffering and inflicting suffering. He was a man of the finest moral traits, of incorruptible probity, of scrupulous honour, of an exacting conscientiousness, and of a sincere piety. But he had begun life with nothing: his whole standing had been gained inch by inch by the most unremitting economy and self-denial, and he was a man of little capacity for hope, of whom it was said, in popular phraseology, that he “took things hard.” He was never sanguine of good, always expectant of evil, and seemed to view life like a sentinel forbidden to sleep and constantly under arms.

For such a man to be harassed by a mortgage upon his homestead was a steady wear and drain upon his vitality. There were times when a positive horror of darkness came down upon him—when his wife's untroubled, patient hopefulness seemed to him like recklessness, when the smallest item of expense was an intolerable burden, and the very daily bread of life was full of bitterness; and when these paroxysms were upon him, one of the heaviest of his burdens was the support of his son in college. It was true that he was proud of his son's talents and sympathized with his love for learning—he had to the full that sense of the value of education which is the very vital force of the New England mind—and in an hour when things looked brighter to him he had given his consent to the scheme of a college education freely.

James was industrious, frugal, energetic, and had engaged to

pay the most of his own expenses by teaching in the long winter vacations. But, unfortunately, this year the Mapleton Academy, which had been promised to him for the winter term, had been taken away by a little manœuvre of local politics and given to another, thus leaving him without resource. This disappointment, coming just at the time when the yearly interest upon the mortgage was due, had brought upon his father one of those paroxysms of helpless gloom and discouragement in which the very world itself seemed clothed in sack cloth.

From the time that he heard the Academy was gone, Deacon Silas lay awake nights in the blackness of darkness. "We shall all go to the poorhouse together—that's where it will end," he said.

"Oh no, no, my dear," said his wife, with those serene eyes that had looked through so many gloomy hours; "we must cast our care on God."

"It's easy for women to talk. You don't have the interest money to pay. You are perfectly reckless of expense. Nothing would do but James must go to college, and now see what it's bringing us to!"

"Why, father, I thought you yourself were in favour of it."

"Well, I was wrong, then. You persuaded me into it. I'd no business to have listened to you and Jim and got all this load on my shoulders."

Yet Mary Pitkin knew in her own calm, clear head that she had not been reckless of expense. The yearly interest money was ever before her, and her own incessant toils had wrought no small portion of what was needed to pay it. Her butter at the store commanded the very highest price, her straw braiding sold for a little more than that of any other hand, and she had calculated all the returns so exactly that she felt sure that the interest money for that year was safe. She had seen her husband pass through this nervous crisis many times before, and she had learned to be blamed in silence, for she was a woman out of whom all selfness had long since died, leaving only the tender pity of the nurse and the consoler. Her soul rested on her Saviour, the one ever-present, inseparable friend; and when it did no good to speak to her husband, she spoke to her God for him, and so was peaceful and peace-giving.

Even her husband himself felt her strengthening, rest-giving power, and for this reason he bore down on her with the burden of all his tremors and his cares; for while he disputed, he yet believed her, and rested upon her with an utter helpless trust, as the good angel of his house. Had *she* for a moment given way to apprehension, had *her* step been a thought less firm, her eye less peaceful, then indeed the world itself would have seemed to be sinking under his feet. Meanwhile she was to him that kind of relief which we derive from a person to whom we may say everything without a fear of its harming them. He felt quite sure that, say what he would, Mary would always be hopeful and courageous; and he felt some secret idea that his own gloomy forebodings were of service in restricting and sobering what seemed to him her too sanguine nature. He blindly revered, without ability fully to comprehend, her exalted religious fervour and the quietude of soul that it brought. But he did not know through how many silent conflicts, how many prayers, how many tears, how many hopes resigned and sorrows welcomed, she had come into that last refuge of sorrowful souls, that immovable peace when all life's anguish ceases and the will of God becomes the final rest.

But, unhappily for this present crisis, there was, as there often is in family life, just enough of the father's nature in the son to bring them into collision with each other. James had the same nervously anxious nature, the same intense feeling of responsibility, the same tendency towards morbid earnestness; and on that day there had come collision.

His father had poured forth upon him his fears and apprehensions in a manner which implied a censure on his son, as being willing to accept a life of scholarly ease while his father and mother were, as he expressed it, "working their lives away."

"But I tell you, father, as God is my witness, I *mean* to pay all; you shall not suffer; interest and principal—all that my work would bring—I engage to pay back."

"You!—you'll never have anything! You'll be a poor man as long you live. Lost the Academy this Fall—that tells the story!"

"But, father, it wasn't my fault that I lost the Academy."

“It’s no matter whose fault it was—that’s neither here nor there—you lost it, and here you are with the vacation before you and nothing to do! There’s your mother, she’s working herself to death; she never gets any rest. I expect she’ll go off in a consumption one of these days.”

“There, there, father! that’s enough! Please don’t say any more. You’ll see I *will* find something to do!”

There are words spoken at times in life that do not sound bitter though they come from a pitiable depth of anguish, and as James turned from his father he had taken a resolution that convulsed him with pain; his strong arms quivered with the repressed agony, and he hastily sought a distant part of the field, and began cutting and stacking corn-stalks with a nervous energy.

There was raging a tempest in his soul. For a young fellow of a Puritan education in those days to be angry with his father was something that seemed to him as awful a sacrilege as to be angry with his God, and yet he felt that his father had been bitterly, cruelly unjust towards him. He had driven economy to the most stringent extremes; he had avoided the intimacy of his class fellows, lest he should be drawn into needless expenses; he had borne with shabby clothing and mean fare among better dressed and richer associates, and been willing to bear it. He had studied faithfully, unremittingly, for two years, but at the moment he turned from his father the throb that wrung his heart was the giving up of all.

He had in his pocket a letter from his townsman and school-mate, Tom Allen, mate of an East Indiaman just fitting out at Salem, and it said:

“We are going to sail with a picked crew, and we want just such a fellow as you for third mate. Come along, and you can go right up, and your college mathematics will be all the better for us. Come right off, and your berth will be ready, and away for round the world!”

Here, to be sure, was immediate position—wages—employment—freedom from the intolerable burden of dependence; but it was accepted at the sacrifice of all his life’s hopes. True, that in those days the experiment of a sea-faring life had often, even in instances which he recalled, brought forth fortune and an

ability to settle down in peaceful competence in after life. But there was Diana. Would she wait for him? Would she keep faith with an adventurer gone for an indefinite quest? The desponding, self-distrusting side of his nature said, "No. Why should she?" Then, there was his mother. An unutterably reverential pathos always to him encircled the idea of his mother. Her life to him seemed a hard one. From the outside, as he viewed it, it was all self-sacrifice and renunciation. Yet he knew that she had set her heart on an education for him, as much as it could be set on anything earthly. He was her pride, her hope; and just now that very thought was full of bitterness. There was no help for it; he must not let her work herself to death for him; he would make the household vessel lighter by throwing himself into the sea, to sink or swim as might happen; and then, perhaps, he might come back with money to help them all.

All this was what was surging and boiling in his mind when he came in from his work to the supper that night.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Be still, ye bells! Ring not for joy to-night,
 A queen lies dying—lone and disenthroned,
 Let forest winds her requiem recite
 In mournful murmurs, solemn and low-toned.

Your merry peals resound the hills between;
 The breezes bear your joy on every breath;
 Ye crown the daughter, while the mother queen
 Lies broken-hearted at the gates of death.

Let not the sound of joy and revelry
 Embitter this last hour; compelled to leave her throne
 She wandered out beneath the starlit sky,
 To die amid the woods and hills alone.

Let booming ocean mournful dirges sing:
 Let the bright stars their funeral torches light:
 Let nature mourn—mock not her suffering:
 Be still, ye bells! Ring not for joy to-night.

WINTER POEMS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A WELCOME winter guest is Happy New Year, brought in like a smiling babe in its white christening-ropes, to be tossed about from one to another with good wishes and feasting and laughter. You might fill many volumes with the poetry that has been written about the New Year.

But the wonder and beauty of winter itself are what the poets of the North have loved to show.

We sometimes think of winter as the most unpoetic among the seasons: but there is a different way of looking at it. The snow is a blank sheet to some eyes, but not to all. A fresh snow-drift is often moulded into the most exquisite sculpture, and the waves and lines and shadows are a joy to artistic eyes. The tints it reveals in the sunset rays are purer than any colour we know, and suggest the light that may shine upon us in some lovelier world which we have not yet seen.

And the falling of the snow—how delicate and dreamy it is! There are poems through which it seems to glide as airily as it descends from the sky itself.

This is the way Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," describes it:

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robes of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
Is one wild, dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man."

And somebody else writes of the snow-flakes as the blossoms of winter:

“ Softly down from the cold, gray sky,
 On the withering air, they flit and fly ;
 Resting anywhere, there they lie,—
 The feathery flowers !
 Borne on the breath of the wintry day,
 Leaves and flowers and gems are they,
 Fresh and fair as the gay array
 Of the sunlit hours.”

Still, again, they are spoken of by a poet (John James Piatt) as flowers exiled from the gardens of heaven :

“ The wonderful snow is falling,
 Over river and woodland and wold ;
 The trees bear spectral blossoms
 In the moonlight blurred and cold.

“ There’s a beautiful garden in heaven :
 And these are the banished flowers,
 Fallen and driven and drifting
 To this dark world of ours !”

You will remember Byron’s “ Snow-Shower,”—

“ Flake after flake,
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake,”

and Longfellow’s “ Snow-flakes ” :

“ Out of the bosom of the air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow
 Descends the snow.”

Is it not true, as he says, that

“ This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded,—
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wold and field ? ”

Childhood and winter are the best of playmates. Like some kind, rough old grandsire, he sets the boys and girls running races, tosses them about among the snowdrifts, and pushes them along the ice until they are rosy and strong with the merry exercise. Look at this German portrait of winter, boys, and see if you do not like it :

- “ Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of ;
His flesh is firm as iron-stone :
There's nothing he's afraid of.
- “ Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he ;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosey.
- “ But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river,—
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver.
- “ When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,—
That hates he not, but loves it all ;
Then bursts he out in laughter.
- “ His home is by the North Sea's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen ;
His summer home, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.”

But when any of us dream of summer lands in winter-time, we must remember how much that is rare and curious and wonderful the people of the tropics lose, in never seeing icicles or frost-work, or what Emerson calls

“ The frolic architecture of the snow.”

And Whittier, in his “Pageant,” bids us look

“ Where, keen against the wall of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-boles, ice-embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.”

In the ice-gleaming, sunlit forest, he exclaims :—

“ I tread in Orient hall enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves,
Gem-lit, beneath the North Sea waves.

“ I walk the land of Eldorado ;
I touch its mimic garden bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers.”

There is a poetry of snow and ice as well as of flowers and fields and rivers. Here is a specimen of it from Thomson :

“ An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm ; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.”

The last line, which compares the stream to a caged lion under the ice, has been said to be the best description of a frozen river in the language.

If there were less beauty upon the outside earth in winter, there would still be the charm of home-life, which is always more perfect in a cold climate. One stronger reason than all others for being glad that we live in the temperate zone, is that it is the zone of homes.

Greenlanders and Laplanders, it is said, each consider their own country the fairest the sun shines upon, and charming stories of domestic life have come to us from those icy latitudes. But the Esquimaux and Kamtchatkans, and those inhabitants of extreme Arctic regions who must live in snow-huts, or burrow underground for warmth, cannot know the rich and tender meanings the word “home” has for us.

There is more poetry in a really beautiful home-life than in the finest natural scenery ; but it lies too deep in the heart for words to express. It is poetry that is felt rather than spoken. A happy home is a poem which every one of the family is helping to write, each for the enjoyment of the rest, by little deeds of tenderness and self-sacrifice, which mean so much more than words. This home-poem is all the more delightful because it does not ask or need admiration from anybody outside. The poetry that people live in, of which they are a part, and which is a part of them, is always the most satisfactory, because it is the most real.

Cowper's “Task,”—a domestic poem throughout, is in great part a winter poem, too,—with its famous tea-table picture :

“Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.”

If you do not care to drink tea with the poet Cowper, you may like to hear him talk of the postman, and the budget of news he brings; or of the Empress of Russia's wonderful palace of ice.

To the very poor, who suffer for want of food and fuel, winter is anything but poetical. It is the privilege of those who are better off, to make it a pleasant season to them, and to supply the heart-sunshine and home-warmth, without which winter is bitter indeed. A little kindness goes a great way toward brightening dark days and warming up snow-drifts.

There is a legend of the Child Jesus, which tells how he made flowers bloom and birds sing in the midst of winter, by a smile of love given to His mother. A beautiful meaning may be drawn from this. Love is the true sunshine, and all children can make a cold world blossom with it, after the example of the Holy Child.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

THE WITCH AND THE KING OF THE SKY.

BY GEORGE BREALEY, EVANGELIST.

IN one of the dreary wastes of the Black Downs, in Yorkshire, stands a cottage that had, in 1863, for its occupant an old woman who went by the name of Witch. She was hated by some, feared by others, and affirmed by many to have had dealings with the Evil One. Hearing one day of some sad disasters in the way of loss of cattle by death, pigs and cows going mad, the milk of the dairy turned, etc., on account of which this poor captive of Satan had been, it seems, ejected from the parish in which she lived, I thought I would call and see her, but was strongly urged by a Christian not to go, for she certainly had to do with the devil. I replied that was just the case with all people till they are brought to Jesus. Whether the charges laid to her account were true or false, one thing I knew, let her be as bad as she may, Jesus Christ could save her. Calling at her door, I found her very ill in bed, and thus I addressed her: "Well, poor woman, are you very ill?" "Yes, I be very bad." "How long have you been so ill?" "Many weeks, sir." "And do you expect to get better?" "No; I's feared I shan't." "But if you die, where will you go then?" She looked at me with a look of horror; it was as if one had pierced a tiger in his lair. More like a fiend than a human being, she sprang up in the bed, with, as it appeared, superhuman effort, and with her bony fingers grasped my arm, and screamed out, "I's going to hell; I's wicked."

I firmly but gently laid her back in the bed, and said, "Why do you wish to go to hell?" "I don't want to go; but I's forced to go." "Who forces you to go to hell?" "The devil. I's wicked; I's served him all my life." "But did you never hear of Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven to save us from going to hell?" "No." "Did you ever hear of God?" "No; I can't read; I's wicked." "But do you not know what love is?" "No." "Had you ever a child?" "Yes; I had eight." "Didn't they love you?" "No; they robbed me." "Did not your husband love you?" "No; he turned me out

o' doors." "And did you never love any one?" "No; I's wicked. I hate all; I hate everybody."

Finding all was of no avail, I asked her if she would "like a few nice things to eat." "I can't have it; no one will gi' it to I." "Oh, yes; I will give it to you. This very night I will send it to you."

Her amazement was as great as her horror before. "Will ee shure?" "Yes; so you see somebody loves you. Now, I want to tell you that some one else loves you, and He sent me to tell you that He loves you." "Who is that?" "It is God, the great King of the world. He lives up there above the sky. This great King has made all things; He made you. This great King has one Son, whom He loves very much, because He deserves to be loved. Yet this great King loved *you* so much, that He sent this Son all the way down from the sky to die for all your sin that you have committed in all your life; and He has sent me with this letter to read to you, that you may not go to hell, but to heaven." Then, having read some of the third chapter of St. John, I sought to instruct her mind, and tried to make her understand what the great King of the Sky was, and how He would not turn away from her. "But will He hear a poor old thing like me?" "Yes," I said, "He will." "But what shall I say to un?" "Just tell Him what you are afraid of. Tell Him what you have just told me—that you are wicked." She at once looked straight up to the ceiling, as if she saw some one there, and said, with all the vehemence of despair: "O Lord, the King of the Sky, have mercy on a wicked old 'ooman. I have been a wicked 'ooman all my life." She kept saying this till she wept bitterly. I then taught her a sentence of that beautiful verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This she repeated after me till she had got it in her memory. I then left her.

Some time afterwards she sent for me, and her first words were, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I then asked her who Jesus Christ was. She said He was "the Son of the King of the Sky." "Well, what has He done for you?" She well remembered all I had said to her: it was like a thing graven upon her heart.

I had the privilege of visiting her several times after this, and to my own mind there was no doubt that this poor captive of Satan had heard the voice of the Son of God. Her chains were broken; her fears were gone; her hatred vanished: love flowed into her soul; and this drove out the enmity of the natural heart. She had peace most of her time, though when the enemy arrayed her past life before her she would weep and tremble; but on thinking of the love of God and the blood of Jesus, she would find the joy come back.

I did not see her for many days previous to her death, but her ungodly friends said she wanted them to be always reading to her out of the Testament, and she would give them no rest without it. This testimony I value, as it speaks volumes for the poor old woman. Another young Christian who visited her much, and was greatly helpful to her, and who had known her previously, spoke very decidedly of her conversion. One expression which marked the change was this: in answer to a question I put to her, "Do you hate everybody now, Mary?" she said, "Oh, no; I love everybody now, and everybody loves me."

Now, dear reader, perhaps in reading this little narrative you may be led to doubt the truth of all that has been written about this poor woman. But the facts are known to many who can vouch for their truthfulness.

Let me ask you, in all love, Has your superior knowledge made known to you your lost and ruined condition as a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and have you yet been led to see your need of a change of heart? Have you yet by your knowledge found Jesus as your salvation? Do you know what it is to be renewed in your mind by the Holy Spirit? Can you say that the great King of the World is your Father? I ask you solemnly, in the sight of the living God, in the light of the day of the Lord, when all hearts shall be laid open, to ponder these vital questions as in the presence of God; and if you cannot answer them, all your boasted knowledge is in vain; you stand on the same level with this poor woman before she had heard about Jesus. Nay, all your superior attainments are only so much greater condemnation to you, and you are in worse condition than that poor old woman of eighty-four when she knew nothing about God or the King of the Sky.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

VALE ET SALVE !

So the ancients were accustomed to bid farewell to the dying year and to welcome the advent of his successor. The phrase is full of suggestion. We stand every moment, to use the phrase of Carlyle, "in the centre of immensities, the conflux of eternities." But especially do we realize this when we stand by the death-bed of the year. In such a moment it seems as if God's hand turns the great hour-glass of time and measures out another period of probation to man. As we count the last few golden grains that trickle through, we should apprehend more vividly than ever the value of time. We stand beside the grave of an irrevocable past that shall know no resurrection. Let us leave the dead past to bury its dead and turn hopefully and trustfully to the future. If we have wasted time let us waste it no longer, but redeem the golden hours and wrestle with each moment as it flies, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, nor let it go until it bless us.

Thank God, the swift procession of the years brings nearer, day by day, the Golden Year foretold by seer and prophet when this weary world which, like the demoniac in Scripture, has so long been the abode of unclean and evil spirits, shall at length, like that demoniac, sit clothed and in its right mind at the feet of Jesus. As, therefore, we listen to the passing bell of the departing year let us join in the triumphant strain,

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PEACE PROSPECTS.

The fall of Plevna, let us hope, will prepare the way for the conclusion of peace. There has surely been enough of slaughter; and in what way has it contributed to the solution of the vexed Eastern Question, that could not better be accomplished by peaceful negotiation? It is by State craft at last that international treaties are framed, and this can better be done before the passions are inflamed, and the desire for vengeance aroused by mutual massacre and outrage—to say nothing of the loss of treasure and of human lives caused by every day's continuance of war. It will be a sad Christmas in many a Russian and Turkish cottage, through the havoc of this cruel war. The deadly character of modern arms renders the slaughter appalling. The war correspondents record that in a single assault 800 men were killed in ten minutes by the terrible breach-loaders. Then the suffering and loss of life by camp diseases and neglect of the wounded is greater than the actual carnage of the field. Let us pray God to stay this dreadful scourge of war, to let the echo of the Song of Bethelhem be heard

above those Bulgarian plains, scathed and blackened with wasting and rapine; that the Holy Christmas-tide may bring again the blessing of peace on earth and good will among men; and that the year go not out in tears and misery, in hatred and battle and blood.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

The mind, chameleon-like, assumes the colour of that on which it feeds. Hence the importance of wisely selecting our mental food. This is especially true of the young, whose judgment is immature, and whose moral character is plastic as melted wax beneath a seal. Hence Methodism from its beginning has given much attention to the purveying of sound and wholesome literature for the people. The object of the Methodist Church, both in the Mother-Country, in Canada, and in the United States, in the establishment and maintenance of a monthly magazine in each country, is the same—to furnish its members with reading which shall be religiously edifying, as well as intellectually instructive. We beg to call the attention of our readers to the following pregnant words of Dr. Curry on this subject. We trust they will deeply ponder them and then favour us with their hearty co-operation in extending the circulation and influence of our own Magazine.

“When we consider what is the character of the reading to which many of our Methodist families are accustomed, and which everywhere falls in the way of our young converts, we may well be alarmed at the prospect of a coming generation of superficial thinkers in all matters of faith, and at the promise of prevalent taste for the shallow and sensational in religion. One of our General Rules condemns ‘the reading of those books that do not tend to the knowledge and glory of God,’ and a rigid application of that rule would exclude a large proportion of the popular magazines that now find

their way into our Christian families, to form and fashion the mental and moral characters of our young people. Our ministers often have reason to mourn the want of effectiveness in their preaching and other religious ministrations, and also to confess the lack of depth and thoroughness in the religious life and experience of the Church members. The character of their reading will largely account for these deficiencies. And since it would be impossible, were it attempted, to hinder our people from reading, as well as quite undesirable, were it practicable, the only way of safety lies in giving them something to read that shall at once please and profit them.”

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have no small pleasure in presenting to our readers the admirable illustrations that grace this number of our Magazine. We feel that we have fulfilled our pledge to make it the handsomest ever published in Canada. And these are a fair sample of the numerous illustrations to follow in successive numbers. The pleasure and profit to be derived from reading during the year our series of illustrated articles will alone be a more than adequate compensation for our very low subscription price. Even the children of the household will find instruction and delight in their study, their æsthetic tastes will be refined, and a love for reading will be cultivated thereby. Some of the best artists of the world will present pictures of some of the fairest and sublimest scenes of nature for stay-at-home travellers, who in their easy chairs can share the delight of the foreign tourist or the adventurous explorer.

Our readers can have no idea of the amount of labour involved in arranging the comprehensive programme of illustrations that we have announced for the year. These things do not drop into an editor's mouth like ripe pears. They have

to be sought for in two hemispheres and arranged for, secured and prepared with no small expense of time and toil and money. At this moment we have on the Atlantic, in transit from London, England, an elaborate series of engravings showing the explorations and discoveries which are now being carried on at Jerusalem and in other parts of the Holy Land, by the Palestine Exploration Committee. These revealing the ancient structures of Solomon, 80 feet below the present surface of the ground, and other striking discoveries, will be of great interest to every Bible student. We shall also give from other sources numerous engravings which will throw much light upon the Book of books. The volume for the year will contain about 200 engravings which will form an art gallery of no small value.

We can promise that our serial story of Canadian life will increase in interest to the close, and will be the source, we doubt not, of much pleasure and profit. Several of the best writers of our Church and country have promised their aid. No effort on the part of editor and publisher shall be spared to make this Magazine a credit to our Church and country.

What we now urgently request of all our friends is that they will help us to make it a distinguished success by largely extending its circulation. This, indeed, is necessary to meet the heavy expense incurred in its production. Please show this copy to your neighbors and friends, and ask them to try it for at least six months for the small sum of one dollar.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY INDEBTEDNESS.

The American Board of Foreign Missions closed the year with a debt of \$48,000; but at the annual meeting, which was held in the city of Providence, the enthusiasm of the people was such that the whole of this amount was cancelled in a few minutes. The Board appropriated \$500,000 for the current year, but no further extension of the work is to be undertaken.

The Presbyterian Board (U. S.) debt at the close of the year was \$50,000, and we are not aware that there is any immediate prospect of this burden being reduced.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society reported its debt in September last to be no less than \$188,209 77. The income for the

year has been \$629,000, which has enabled the Society to pay off \$93,000 of debt.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society in England has an indebtedness of \$90,000, and our own Church in Canada has overdrawn to the extent of \$53,000.

It has been truly remarked, that as a Church there are but three courses before us. First, to recall some of the missionaries. Second, to lessen the grants for missionaries' allowances. Third, to increase the income. We have the fullest confidence that the liberality, the courage, the resources, and the devotion of the Methodist Church of Canada will render it certain that the last of the three plans will be the one adopted. May we not hope that the meeting of the second General

Conference, which assembles next October, will see this debt of the Missionary Society swept away.

These debts are especially to be deplored, seeing that demands for additional missionaries are strongly urged upon all the missionary societies. The secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society state that in the Transvaal and Central Africa, on the Gambia, in Northern India, in China, and in India, the fields are "white already to the harvest." Meanwhile, "the Lord of the harvest" has answered the cry of His Church, and is sending forth labourers into His harvest.

There are now seventy-six young men training for missionary service at the Richmond Branch of the Theological Institution—a larger number than ever before. Our fathers, however, are hopeful, inasmuch as they are sending out more missionaries.

Our own brave missionary at Anticosti is now shut up in that island for the winter, and for seven months at least, he and the islanders will have no communication with the outside world. In one of his late communications, he says, "The people are extremely poor, and have but few comforts, as the fishery has partially failed and provisions and clothing are very dear—flour \$10 50 per barrel, and other things in proportion." The missionary is labouring in the midst of great discouragements, but is hopeful that he will not labour in vain. He is making a vigorous effort to build a church, towards which subscriptions have been received from various friends in England and elsewhere. He has collected more than sixty members into society.

CHURCH ITEMS.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church has now eighty parishes, and a membership of about five thousand.
—Rev. R. W. McAll's mission in Paris, France, was conducted last year at an expense of only \$13,000.

Mr. McAll is an English Protestant, who is labouring among the poor. During five years past he has established twenty-two mission stations, having a weekly attendance at worship of over seven thousand adults, and about two thousand five hundred children. The results of his work have been such as to elicit praise from the Paris police and earn for him the medal of the Society for the encouragement of Good Deeds, of which the Archbishop of Bordeaux is a member.

—The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa were very regular in their private devotions. They had no closets to go to, but each had their separate spot in the thicket where they used to pour out their hearts to God. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked, and when any one of those African Christians began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would kindly remind him of his duty by saying, "Broder, de grass grow on your path yonder."
—The first Protestant church in Constantinople was opened in 1846. There are now seventy-six in the Turkish Empire, of which one-third were recently reported as self-sustaining. The congregations number about 13,000, with a population of over eighteen thousand native Protestants.

—The Hindoos, when gathering in the harvest, no matter how much they may be in debt, always take out a portion for the gods before appropriating a particle for themselves. How do Canadians act who have recently reaped such a glorious harvest?

—A man of wealth said lately to his pastor, after a morning sermon, "My first contribution for missions was, as I remember, eight dollars, I think I am now a thousand times as able to give as then," and there-with he laid down his pledge for eight thousand dollars.

—The Sandwich Islanders have, for

several years, given voluntarily about \$24,000 per annum, for the support of the gospel at home, and on adjacent islands.

—A young man from Raratonga recently visited London, England, and was taken to the British museum. Among the many wonders he saw was a row of idols. He looked at them with wonder, and at

last said, "These are the first idols I ever saw in my life." In the time of John Williams there were more than 100,000 individual gods in Raratonga, and the gospel has so swept away the abomination that this young man of nineteen had never seen one of them in his own land.

BOOK NOTICES.

Elements of Political Economy; or, How Individuals and a Country become rich. By EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D. 12 mo. pp. 168. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

In this compendious volume the venerable author embodies the result of a wide range of reading, and of the life-long observation and reasoning of a philosophic mind. The problems of political economy are among the most difficult which the statesman and the legislator attempts to solve; and so wide is their range that no one, however humble, is not affected in person or purse thereby. For lack of a little elementary knowledge of this science and the adoption of sound economical principles, both nations and individuals have been impoverished, and seemingly perennial sources of prosperity have been dried up like springs in a desert. We do not suppose that Dr. Ryerson would claim to have solved all the vexed questions of the relations of capital and labour, of protection and free trade, of co-operative industry and the principles of taxation. But no one can study this manual without receiving valuable assistance in the forming of intelligent conclusions on the great problems of political economy.

The book is divided into four sec-

tions, which treat respectively of Production, Exchange, Distribution of the profits of labour and capital, and Consumption or use of wealth. The principles of the science are expressed in clear, strong, concise propositions, and in very copious notes the principles enunciated are elucidated and defended by numerous and extensive citations from such great masters on this subject as Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, J. R. McCulloch, Dr. Wayland, and M. M. Sismonde, Chevalier, Rossi, Say, Droz and Garnier. Nowhere else is there, to our knowledge, such a succinct yet complete and satisfactory treatment of the subject as in this volume.

History of the Methodist Church of Eastern British America, Newfoundland and Bermuda. By the Rev. T. WATSON SMITH. Vol. I. pp. 491. Price, \$1.50. Methodist Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

To read the story of the heroic achievements, trials and triumphs of the pioneer founders of Methodism in this land is an inspiration to duty, to faith, and to zeal in the cause of God. And in no portion of the Dominion was the planting of Methodism a grander work or beset by greater difficulties than in the old Maritime Province. This History fitly embodies and preserves for our profit and delight the records of

those brave days of old. Methodism is the child of Providence. Both in the Old World and the New it was rocked in a rude cradle and met with stern buffetings. But it developed thereby a grand moral strength and force of character which have made it one of the most aggressive forms of Church organization in the world.

In the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, the rigours of the climate, the sparseness of the population and the political and military complications resulting from the war of American Independence made the labours of the early missionaries all the more arduous. Much light is thrown upon the civil history of Canada by this volume. The fidelity to their sovereign of the loyalist exiles from the revolted colonies, among whom were ancestors of our own, is one of the grandest records in the annals of our country. These were the brave true-hearted men, who, forsaking often ease and comfort, houses and lands, developed this great northern nation as the fairest possession of the British Crown.

"Thousands of men, women, and children," says our author, "after sorrowful farewells, had gone on board ship, and with the flag of Britain to the fore, had sailed away to seek new homes in the wildernesses of Nova Scotia. Late in the autumn they were joined by several thousands more of loyalists and disbanded troops, whose privations during the long and severe winter which followed, are still kept in memory at the firesides of many of their descendants."

Many of the names which appear among those early annals were those whose fame had filled two continents. The memories of Garrettsen, Cromwell, Coke and others link Maritime Methodism intimately with that of the United States and of the motherland. But the central figure in the history of Nova Scotia Methodism is that of William Black.

He was a grand character—a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and of intense and undying zeal. "To him" says our author, "belongs the high honour of having developed, in no small degree, in the heart of Coke that missionary spirit which never ceased to impel him, until his body found a resting-place, nearly thirty years later, in the Indian Ocean." The story of the life and labours of Black reads like a romance. His journeyings through pathless forests and on stormy seas, his adventures in winter morasses, his encounter with French privateers, his persecution by men clothed with a little brief authority, and, above all, the wonderful religious success of his labours, give to these records a fascinating interest.

In the Bermuda Islands, although they were favoured with the ministrations of Whitefield, the persecution of Methodism was exceedingly virulent. For years might be read on the cedar floor of his cell the following inscription cut by a prisoner for conscience sake :—

JOHN STEPHENSON,
METHODIST MISSIONARY,
WAS IMPRISONED IN THIS JAIL
SIX MONTHS,
AND FINED FIFTY POUNDS,
FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF
JESUS CHRIST
TO AFRICAN NEGROES AND
CAPTIVE NEGROES.
ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA,
JUNE, 1801.

But notwithstanding this persecution, the Word of God grew and prevailed, till Methodism to-day is one of the most powerful elements in the religious life of those sunny islands.

Mr. Smith has done his work as a historian well. He has been indefatigable in gathering exact information. He has digested it into an easy flowing narrative. His graces

of style still further enhance the intense interest of the subject. The publisher has presented the book in an elegant dress,—clear, bold type and handsome binding. We had marked several passages for quotation and comment, but limits of space at present prevent. We recommend our readers to procure it for themselves. It will do good both to their heads and their hearts. We shall await with interest the concluding volume of this history, and trust that the success of this first volume will warrant the speedy production of the second.

Lectures on Biology, with Preludes on Current Evcnls. By JOSEPH COOK. pp. 326. Boston: Osgoode & Co., and Methodist Book Room.

We regard this book as the most important recent contribution to biological science that we have seen. Mr. Cook discusses the subject with great skill, acumen, vigour and lucidness. He employs strictly scientific methods. By a close-wrought chain of logical sequences he demonstrates, we conceive, that, however brilliant as observers and discoverers Professors Huxley and Tyndall may be, they have failed to construct a rational philosophy. He shows that Tyndall's attribution to matter of the promise and potency of all life, directly violates the universally admitted law of its *inertia*. It can only develop into higher forms through the influence of an external cause, and that cause, an intelligent mind.

The consciousness of personal identity contradicts the theory that emotion and will are the result of the collocation and interaction of matter. Our identity continues; our bodies are continually changing. As *the inherent properties of matter are not transferable*, on Tyndall's theory we must "perspire latent soul, and exhale latent personality," and thus speedily lose our identity. The consciousness of our will-power disproves for ever the

doctrine of necessity through physical causes. We *know* that mind is not matter. This is a primal principle "like a reef in the tumbling seas of philosophy, and its roots take hold of the core of the world."

Mr. Cook shows, moreover, that Prof. Huxley exaggerates resemblances and minifies differences in related animal forms. For instance, the *Orohippus* which was so triumphantly announced as the Eocene horse, is described by Dana as not larger than a fox. Yet the bores of its leg and foot, in Huxley's published lectures, are shown quite as large as those of the horse with which they are compared.

Cook's demonstrated conclusion is that of the Spiritual Origin of force, the Divine Immanence in natural law, and the Omnipresence of a personal First Cause. As Tennyson finely expresses it:—

"God is law, say the wise, O Soul,
and let us rejoice:
For if He thunder by law, the thunder
is yet His voice.
Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and
Spirit with Spirit may meet:
Closer He is than breathing, and
nearer than hands and feet."

The National Repository, 1877.
DANIEL CURRY, D.D., Editor.
pp. 1152. Price, \$3. New York:
Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati:
Hitchcock & Walden.

The first year's issue of the new series of this valuable Methodist Monthly has been characterized by marked editorial ability, high literary merit, and excellent pictorial illustration. Still further improvement in several respects is announced for the year to come. Any of our readers who can, in addition to our own, take this admirable monthly, will confer no small benefit on themselves and their households. Many of the engravings have been of remarkable artistic merit, especially those of views in Palestine, and of the grand

and gloomy gorges and canyons of the Colorado. The Editor's articles on science and religion, commanded wide attention, and were of great weight and value.

Christmas Chimes. Edited by Mrs. E. J. KNOWLES, with Introduction by J. F. HURST, D.D. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Toronto: S. Rose.

The sweet memories and tender associations of Christmas find their appropriate embodiment in song. In this sumptuous volume have been gathered from many lands a choice anthology of Christmas verse, which here exhales its fragrance amid befitting artistic embellishment, like Christmas roses entwined with a garland of holly and mistletoe. The songs of Christmas-tide, which through the ages have rung out their music over the earth, here chime merrily in a sweet carillon. They are prettily classified as Chimes of Promise, Chimes of Peace, Chimes of Sorrow, and Chimes of Joy. A fine taste has presided over their selection. The artistic pencil of Miss Lathbury has sketched a number of beautiful vignette and full-page designs, which have been well engraved. The elegant initial letters and tail-pieces, and the sumptuous binding, make the volume a very elegant and appropriate gift-book for the season.

Scenes in my I fe. By MARK TRAFTON, D.D. 12mo., pp. 349. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

Few men have such excellent opportunities for studying human nature, in both town and country, as Methodist preachers. And if they be men of keen observation, and dramatic powers of description, none can write out of their own experiences more graphic life-sketches than they. Dr. Trafton conspicuously possesses these qualifications. This book is a vivid narrative, full of picturesque description and strong local colouring, of life in New England and on

the borders of Canada, including certain missionary raids into New Brunswick. In one of these he refers to his pleasant domicile with Dr. Rice, the father of the energetic and accomplished Principal of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton. The book gives stirring sketches of the great moral conflicts waging in those days—the temperance reform and the anti-slavery conflict. It is a photograph of a state of society fast passing away, and soon to be brought to memory only by such books as this.

Summer Rambles in Europe. By ALEXANDER CLARK. 12mo., pp. 280. New York: Nelson and Phillips.

The Old World—"where every step is o'er a nation's dust"—with its thrilling historic memories, will always have a strange charm for a native of this new continent. Be he American or Canadian, he always feels in going to England, that he is going "home" to the mother of us all. Much of this charm is also felt in reading the narrative of a sympathetic traveller. Such an one emphatically is Dr. Clark, the accomplished editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, Pittsburg. The author was the companion in travel and sojourn of the Rev. David Savage, the associate representative with Dr. Ryerson from the Methodist Church of Canada to the New Connexion and Wesleyan Churches of Great Britain. He pays a deserved tribute to the labours of both in bringing about the recent union in Canada, and to their services in England. Dr. Clark's route led him through some of the fairest scenes of England, Wales, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switserland, and France. The varied scenes of travel are described with vivacity and vigour. For the great majority of us who are denied the enjoyments of foreign travel much of its advantage can be derived from this volume, without any of its discomforts.

THE LAST OF THE FOREST TREES.*

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

Oh! tell to me, thou old pine tree,
 Oh! tell to me thy tale,
 For long hast thou the thunder braved,
 And long withstood the gale;
 The last of all thy hardy race,
 Thy tale now tell to me,
 For sure I am, it must be strange,
 Thou lonely forest tree.

"Yes, strange it is, around this trunk,
 So withered now and gray.
 Waved many noble forest trees
 Long, long since passed away:
 They fell beneath the woodman's axe,
 Nor have they left a trace,
 Save my old trunk and withered limbs,
 To show their former place.

"Countless and lofty, once we stood:
 Beneath our ample shade,
 His forest home of boughs and bark
 The hardy red man made.
 Child of the forest, here he roamed,
 Nor spoke, nor thought of fear,
 He trapped the beaver in his dam,
 And chased the bounding deer.

"Sweet, then, the early breath of
 morn,
 Fragrant as spring time leaves,
 The crowded city's curling smoke
 Had not then stained the breeze.
 The woods in summer's sunshine
 Sparkled with dew drops bright,
 Nor looked less gay in winter's day
 When decked in snowy white.

"No gallant ship with spreading sail,
 Then ploughed these waters blue;
 No craft had old Ontario then
 But the Indian's birch canoe;

No path was through the forest,
 Save that the red man trod;
 The forest was his dwelling-place
 And temple of his God.

"Now where the busy city stands,
 Hard by that graceful spire,
 The proud Ojibway smoked his pipe
 Beside his camping fire,
 And there where busy commerce builds
 Its markets in the west,
 Amid the rushes in the marsh
 The wild fowl had its nest.

"The pale-face came, our ranks were
 thinned,
 The loftiest were brought low;
 The mighty forest faded fast
 Beneath his sturdy blow.
 The steamer on the quiet lake
 Then ploughed its way of foam,
 And then in bands, to far-off lands,
 The Indian sought his home.

"And many who, in childhood's days,
 Around my trunk have played,
 Are resting like the Indian now
 Beneath the cedar's shade;
 And I, like one bereft of friends,
 With winter whitened o'er,
 But wait the hour when I shall fall
 As others fell before." †

And thus the mighty city sweeps
 Each old landmark away.
 Soon ships of far-off nations
 Shall anchor in that bay.
 And not in all the city's bounds,
 Nor by Ontario's shore,
 Shall aught remain to tell one
 Of the Indians' home of yore.

* From Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old."

† It has since been cut down.

(By permission.)

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1 Listen! the Master beseecheth, Calling each one by his name; His voice to each

loving heart reacheth, Its cheerfulest service to claim. Go where the vineyard de-

-mandeth Vine-dressers' nurture and care; Or go where the white harvest standeth, The

rit...... CHORUS.

joy of the reaper to share..... Then work, brothers! work! Let us

slumber no longer, For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger; The light of this

rit......

life shall be darken'd full soon, But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

- 2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are charter'd to slay.—*Chorus.*

- 4 Work for the good that is highest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander or scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles thro' the gates of the morn.—*Ch.*
- 5 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
So in shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth
It shall grieve and be weary no more.—*Ch.*