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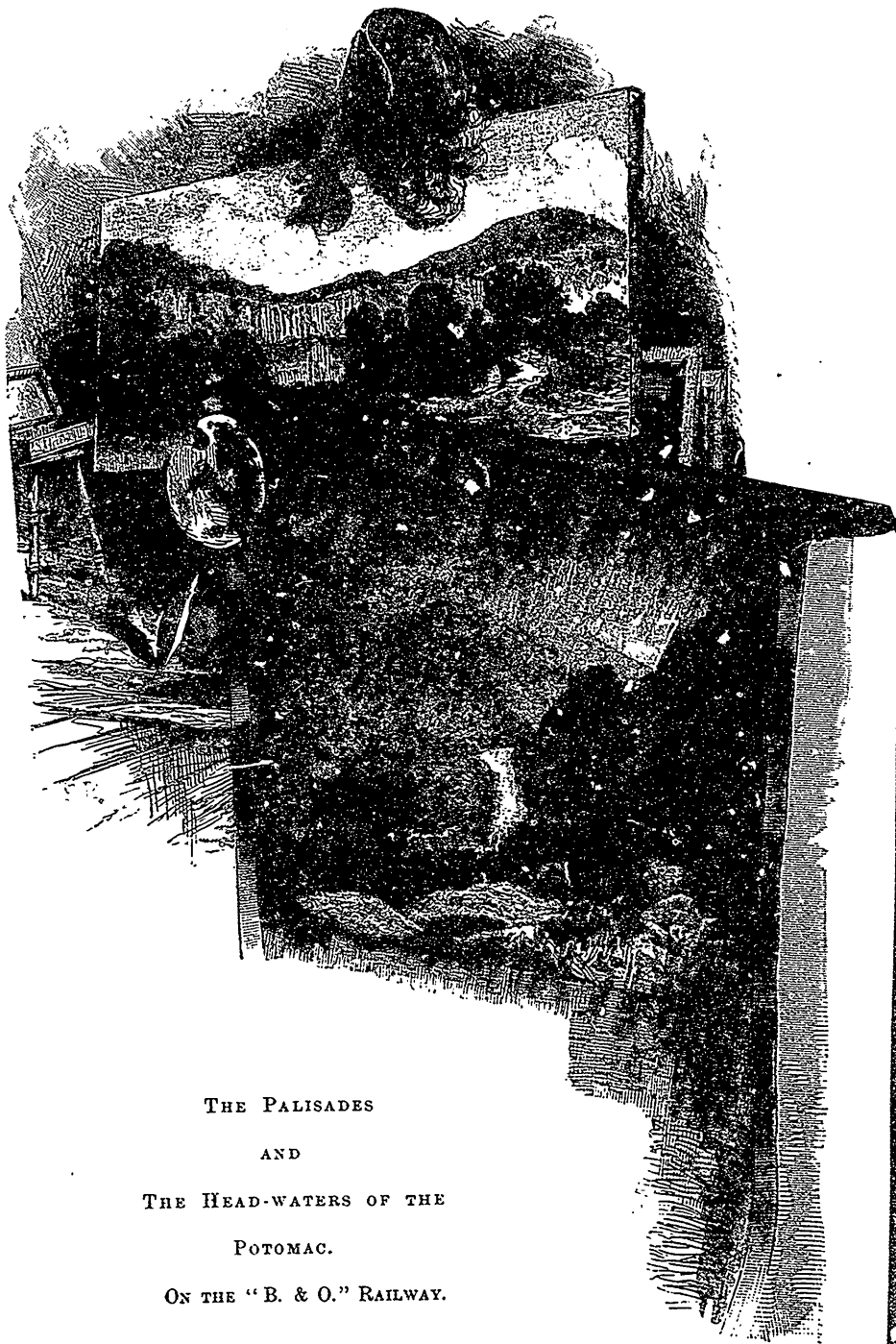
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THE PALISADES
AND
THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE
POTOMAC.
ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1888.

ON THE "B. & O."

WITH the sole exception of the roads traversing the Rocky Mountains, in our judgment, no tourist route in America equals in grandeur and sublimity that of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway up the valley of the Potomac and over the Alleghany Mountains. The memory of a summer trip through the magnificent scenery traversed by this road, still fills our mind with pleasant pictures. Some of these memories we shall try to impart to our readers, with all the better hope of success, since we have the aid of the admirable engravings that accompany this article.

We start of course at Baltimore, the eastern terminus of the road. No one should leave this city of monuments without climbing the massive tower on Mount Vernon Place and enjoying the magnificent outlook over the crowded streets, the stately architecture, the umbrageous suburbs, and the far-winding blue-shining Patapsco Bay. At one's feet is Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, one of the most exquisite architectural gems we have ever seen. It is something of a sight on Sunday to see the row of carriages drawn up outside the church, each driven by a coloured coachman, with a white necktie, as dignified as a black bishop. Quite near are the famous Peabody Institute, Johns Hopkins University, and other important buildings. The Masonic Temple, City Hall, Exchange, "B. & O." Offices, and other buildings will well repay a visit.

But whatever else you omit, you should by no means omit a visit to Druid Hill Park. We don't know a lovelier one in America. The view of the entrance, with its great row of huge vases, filled with flowering plants, is very impressive. The

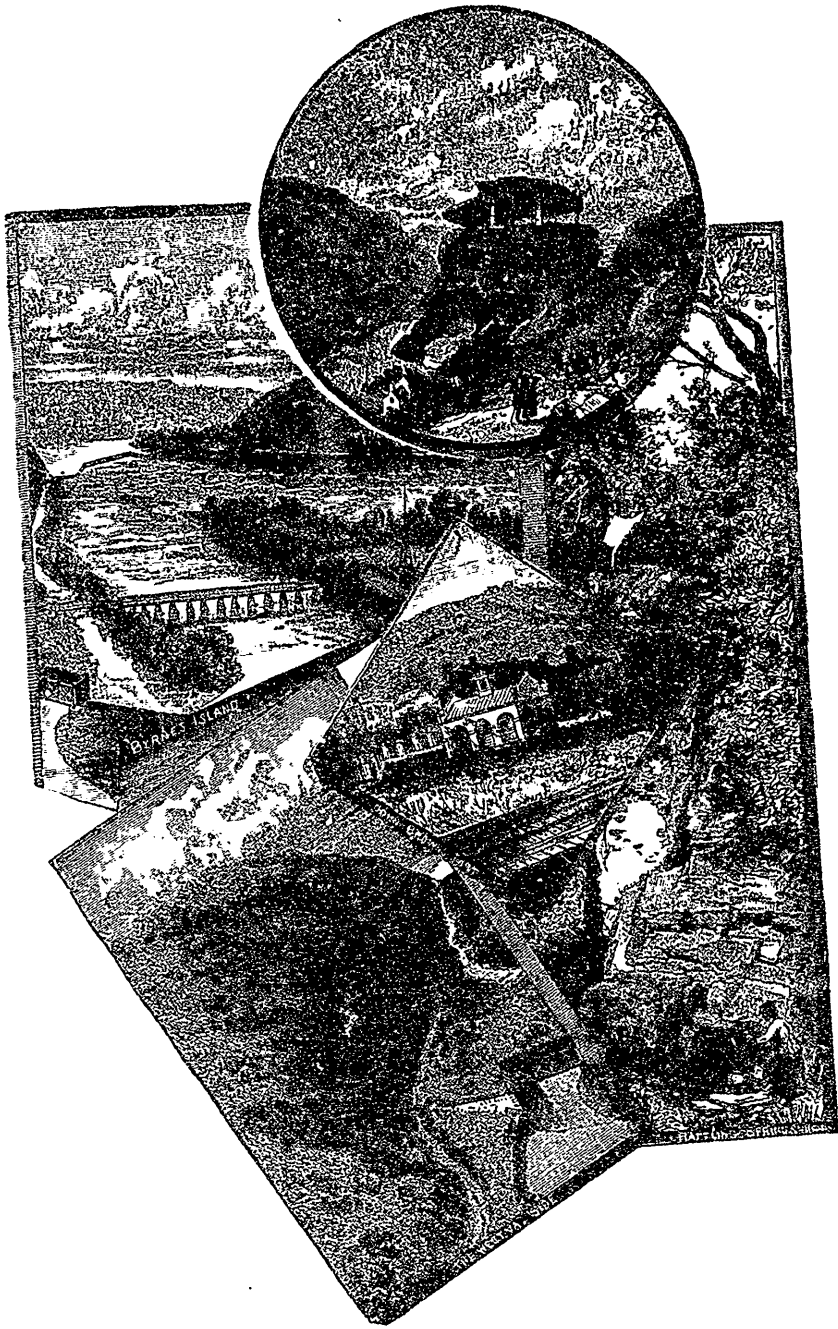
magnificent trees, including magnolias, tulips, and others rarely seen in the North, delight the eye. But the vast range of view from Druid Hill Lake, over undulating forest, city and bay, is something not soon to be forgotten.

The schedule time on the "B. & O.," between Baltimore and Washington, is the fastest on any road in America—forty miles in forty-five minutes. Washington is too large a subject to treat in this paper. It is fast becoming one of the stateliest cities on this continent. Its wide avenues and the fine architecture of its public buildings, give it quite a grandiose air, like that of Paris or Vienna. To our taste the Corcoran Gallery—probably the most magnificent private donation to art in the world—and the National Museum, rich with the scientific accumulations of the Smithsonian Institute, and with many more, will better repay a visit than any other of the public institutions, except, of course, the Capitol; but if one has time, he will want to see them all. Nor should one fail to visit the lovely drives around the Soldiers' Home. We would strongly recommend, too, a ride out to Georgetown about an hour before sunset. Twice at that witching hour have we climbed the lofty turrets of the Catholic College and traced, in the mellow light, the winding Potomac and the far Virginian hills, haunted with historic memories.

It was on a glorious summer morning that we left Washington for Harper's Ferry, where we purposed to stop over for a day, as every one should who has time, to visit the picturesque and historic scenes of that romantic region. The road follows for many miles the winding Potomac amid scenes of sylvan loveliness. The whole region is rife with memories of the civil war, which heightens the interest of the charming scenery.

Mile after mile the road follows the windings of the white-capped ripples, and from the car window one can enjoy a continuous panorama of scenic loveliness. Indeed, there are few more attractive railway journeys in this or any other country than that by the banks of the Potomac. The current winds in and about a valley really exquisite in picturesque beauty, the hills now sloping off in long stretches of cultivated land, and then, by a quick turn, the river shutting itself in among such masses of rich and luxuriant foliage.

At Point of Rocks, a huge cliff jutting out into the river, the railway dives through a tunnel of 1,500 feet. Soon we reach Weverton, near which we fought the desperate battle of South



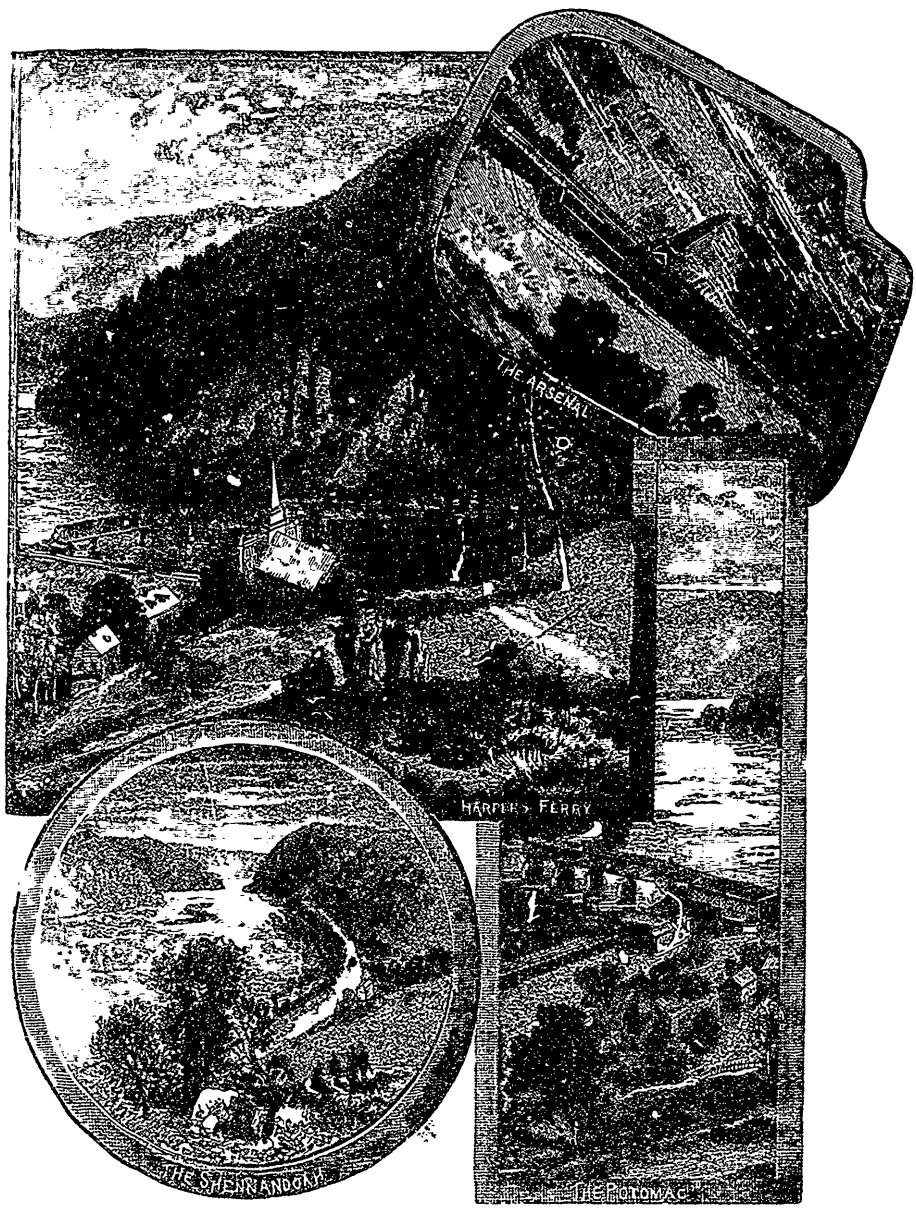
THE SHENANDOAH AND POTOMAC VALLEYS, HARPER'S FERRY.
ON THE "B & O." RAILWAY.

Mountain, September 14th, 1862. From Weverton the three miles to Harper's Ferry is through the very heart of mountain fastnesses, precipitous piles of granite rising up to a tremendous height and dwarfing the train until it appears by comparison but as a puny antagonist flying in the grizzly face of rock-ribbed power.

After dinner we started out to climb the heights behind the town to Jefferson's Rock—a curious slab supported on four short columns. We found this a very agreeable shade, beneath which we rested and enjoyed the magnificent prospect. Looking from this very rock the famous statesman declared the view worth a journey over the Atlantic to behold. "Standing," he says, "on a very high point of land, on the right comes the Shenandoah, having ranged the foot of the mountains a hundred miles to seek a vent; on the left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder and pass off to the sea." During the summer not a few old soldiers and others, impelled by the recollections of the past, stop off a train a day or more and spend the time rambling over the historic ground. "Time has extracted all the bitterness; fraternal kindness has taken the place of vengeful feeling, and arms that once were raised against each other now couple in hearty communion, and together the blue and the gray wander over fields, once everything but the green which now mantles soil and memory alike." We climbed higher still and found a large boarding-school, where we received much courtesy and enjoyed from the deck upon the roof a still wider view.

Still more enjoyable was the climb up Maryland Heights, on the northern side of the river. One crosses the curious three-armed bridge and finds towering almost perpendicularly above his head, a tremendous cliff. But a good road leads to the summit by an easy grade. It is curious to observe how rapidly, even when sauntering slowly, one is lifted above the mountain's base. At every step the horizon widens, the far-winding valley of the Potomac opens, the silver stream follows the lowest level, and one enjoys the curious experience of a bird's-eye view of the farms and hamlets far below. The deepening twilight filled the valley as a beaker may be filled with wine, and in the gathering shadows we found our way back again.

Next morning, determined to *do* the place thoroughly, we climbed the still more precipitous Loudon Heights, on the Vir-



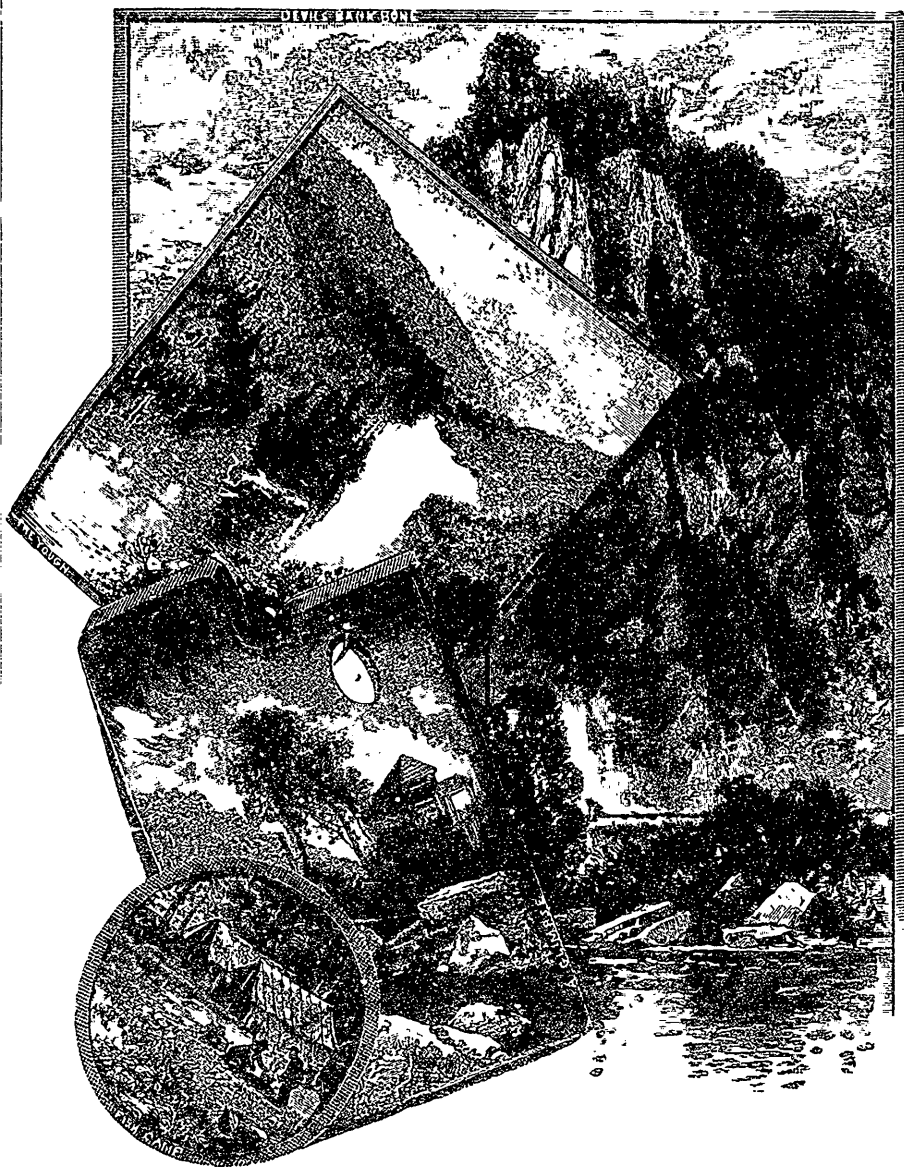
AT HARPER'S FERRY—ON THE "B. & O. RAILWAY.

ginia side of the Shenandoah. Here the climbing was more difficult. In one place a rude ladder furnished access to a detached chimney-pinnacle. But the view hardly repaid the trouble.

From a point on the main line, just west of Cumberland, and almost within the great gap which here, by a strange freak of nature, severs the mountain chain, as if gigantic power had cleaved with mighty axe, the Pittsburg Division of the "B. & O." diverges and penetrates a country of wondrous picturesque beauty. And again a section falls under the eye of the traveller, which is replete with historic memories, not of the days of armed strife within the personal remembrance of so many now living, but of a hundred or more years before. Not that way, however, lies our journey at present, but over the grander, bolder, sublimer scenery of the Alleghany Mountains.

Leaving Will's Gap, from which the Pittsburgh Division diverges in a northwesterly direction, the main line continues almost due west. The Potomac to the left, the Blue Ridge to the right, and the Alleghanies in front, no matter where the eye may roam it must fall upon a picture which cannot but stir the senses and compel a response within one's heart of hearts. Soon the hills beyond the Potomac grow more sharp in height, and rocky masses loom up bold and rugged in their conformation. The river, feeling the restraint of the more closely skirting banks, frets and fumes until cataracts give vent to its angry ebullitions. As the well-named Palisades come within view, the beholder involuntarily confesses that "Picturesque B. & O." is no misnomer. Long, sweeping hillsides, rise to a height which renders all the more impressive the mountain outlines farther away. On the left is the narrow strip of table land, losing itself in the gentle undulation of the higher ground, and then the eye, still reaching away, descries the clear, graceful form of the Blue Ridge, most appropriately named, for nothing in colour can exceed the exquisite halo which surmounts the chain. The blue is absolutely ethereal, and of a loveliness of tone seldom found in any mountain region.

As the way to the mountains is swiftly followed, the ranges gain in majestic proportions, the Blue Ridge gradually disclosing its lower series of summits by the strong contrasts with the overtopping Alleghanies. At the foot of the rocky gateway, nestled within the shadow of the precipitous heights, is the most appropriately named busy centre, Piedmont. Seventeen



THE "DEVIL'S BACKBONE," AND THE YOUGHIOGHENY VALLEY.
ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

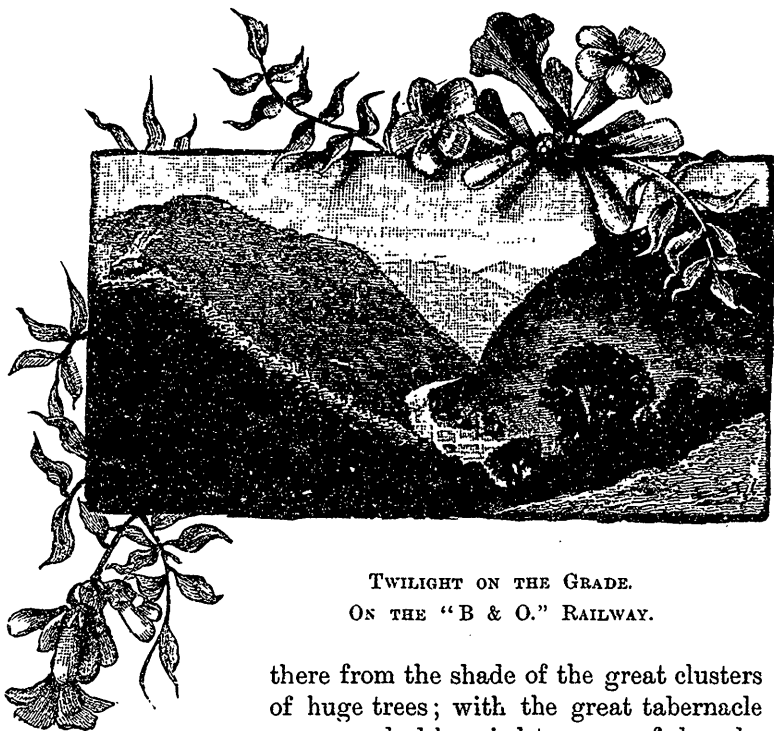
miles up the sides of the mountains is Altamont. For a short distance the steel-clad path is by the stony banks of the Potomac, now converted into a tempestuous flood, which boils and seethes with a pent up fury it strives seemingly in vain to vent upon the enormous boulders, which year by year yield little by little to the incessant warfare. If not, in the one particular of wild grandeur, equal to the Rockies, the Alleghanies are more picturesque, presenting, as they do, greater contrasts of nature in leafy beauty and in shades of colour, both of rock and foliage. The deep and laboured panting of the huge engines attests the steepness of the grade by which we are ascending.

The spring reaches this elevated plateau much later than the sheltered valley below; and even in the height of summer, when the lowlands are parched with heat, fresh breezes make this favoured region delightfully cool. The purity of the mountain atmosphere induces a physical invigoration that is most healthful. Here on the very summit of the Alleghanies the "B. & O." Railway has constructed two sumptuous summer resorts—Oakland and Deer Park.

In this delightful vicinity, a mountain Chautauqua and summer assembly has been established, after the model of the parent institution on Lake Chautauqua. Here 850 acres of land has been secured by a number of ministers and laymen, and some of the leading educationists, preachers, lecturers, and specialists of the continent take part in a programme that falls little, if at all, short of the original mother Chautauqua. All that skilful landscape gardening can do, aided by the natural beauty of the situation, is being done to create here one of the most attractive places of summer rest and recreation in America.

The following words of the Rev. Stephen Merritt, New York, show that Mountain Lake Park is a good place for the soul as well as for the body. "God's mountains are where Jehovah meets His people. Sinai and Nebo, Carmel and Horeb, Moriah and Olivet, have shone under the presence and power of the Almighty. And Mountain Lake Park Camp-meeting, in the lofty peaks of the Alleghanies, has witnessed the presence and power of the Most High in a wonderful manner. Beautiful for situation was this meeting-place of God and man! The place, the company, the communings, were each and all indescribable. Never could there be a place more suitable for such an occasion; 2,800 feet above tide-water, at a distance from any city, or from

any worldly influence, or from anything to call one's mind away from spiritual things; 800 acres of land, prepared by the Creator for just such a purpose, with the grandest trees this side of the Golden State, and the purest, sweetest waters bubbling up from the ground in rich abundance; with clean wide roads over hill and valley, every turn of which opens new scenes of surprising grandeur and beauty; with more than a hundred quiet, unostentatious cottages, peeping out here and



TWILIGHT ON THE GRADE.
ON THE "B & O." RAILWAY.

there from the shade of the great clusters of huge trees; with the great tabernacle surrounded by eight acres of lovely grounds; with hotels and homes for strangers, well adapted for the purpose, and well cared for by the proprietors; and all hemmed in by the everlasting hills, makes Mountain Lake Park one of the fittest spots on earth for a meeting-place for God and man. The company was an admirably mingled crowd of many denominations and of many usages, from different States and nations, but all with one accord in this one place, to meet and talk with God."

The Camp-meeting, under the direction of that grand Quaker, Rev. D. B. Updegraff, begins July 7th. Assembly meetings follow.

In the vicinity of the Park itself are many points of charming interest. Within a half hour's drive on the east is the elegant Deer Park Hotel and the grounds of the "B. & O." Company, and about the same distance on the west the Oakland Hotel, of the same Company. Some three miles distance is the remarkable Boiling Spring, and beyond that can be reached by a beautiful mountain drive, Eagle Rock, from which is to be obtained a view of perhaps a hundred miles in every direction. The ascent of the "Backbone" affords fine views and delightful drives. The "Big Yough," with its banks filled with mossy rocks, huge hemlocks, and blooming rhododendron, is a charming retreat, and on every side rambles and excursions can be taken to points of beauty and interest. All trains on the "B. & O." stop at Mountain Lake Park, affording the advantages of the fastest time and quick communication with the leading cities of the country. Passengers *en route* east or west may stop over at the Park, and resume their journey at will, and within the limit of their railway tickets.

The descent of the western slope of the mountains is even more inspiring than their ascent. The summit of Cranberry Grade opens up to the view a matchless panorama, combining lofty peaks, wavy lines of cloud-capped crests and bewitching glimpses of valley, which, in any direction, appears almost without end. Down the grade, and a quick turn discloses the picturesque village of Rowlesburg, on the banks of Cheat River. Then the climb up Cheat River grade, with its varying and constantly more impressive realization of mountain grandeur. At Buckhorn Wall it culminates in one of the most glorious of views. Mountain top verily, yet peaks rising still higher, and peak after peak in the distance, which appear to hide their hoary heads in the clouds themselves. Straight down, a thousand feet or more, is the glistening ribbon marking where the waters of the Cheat beat their tumultuous way through gorge and canyon. Buckhorn Wall, so named from the shape which suggests it, is a mighty piece of engineering and masonry, and its even face forms strong contrast with the unhewn masses on either side. At the eastern extremity a cataract goes plunging down, forming a royal bit of the picturesque, while striking is the effect of the beautiful little garden on the very verge of the precipice. The view from this point we think the grandest feature on the whole route.

It is difficult to imagine anything more impressive than the slow coming on of evening in these mountain solitudes. The



IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

purple distance takes a deeper hue, the sky passes from saffron to gold and crimson, the twilight shadows gather darker and darker, a feeling of solemnity, almost of awe, comes over the soul, and another day, the latest of an almost infinite series, is done.

We know of no more delightful trip that the Canadian summer tourist could make than that over the "Picturesque B & O." We would suggest, for instance, a circular tour like the following: From central Canada to New York by any of the great routes—we prefer the Erie; thence to Philadelphia, with perhaps a stop at Ocean Grove; thence by "B. & O." to Baltimore and Washington, and over the great route we have described to the Cheat River, or Grafton. One could then return by Wheeling and Pittsburg, and take in the mother Chautauqua; or, better still, one could return on the "B. & O." to Will's Gap, and take the Pittsburg Division of the same road through scenery, only less romantic than that of the main line, and so make a circuit that probably cannot be equalled for the time and money elsewhere. Round trip tickets from New York to Mountain Lake Park, \$13.65.

A LEGACY.*

FRIENDS of my many years!
 When the great silence falls at last on me,
 Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
 A memory of tears.

But pleasant thoughts alone
 Of one who was thy friendship's honoured guest,
 And drank the wine of consolation pressed
 From sorrows of thine own.

I leave with thee a sense
 Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
 The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
 Its own great recompense;

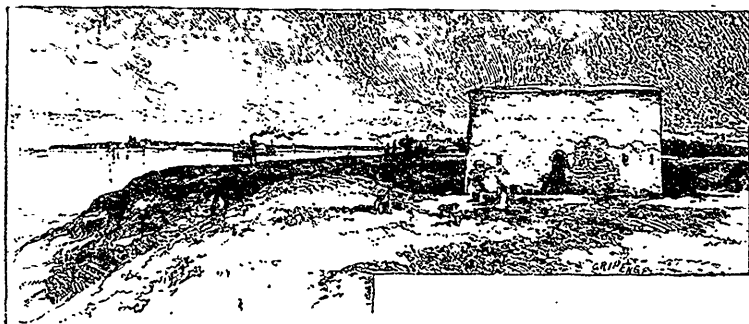
The knowledge that from thine,
 As from the garments of the Master, stole
 Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
 And heals without a sign:

Yea, more, the assurance strong
 That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
 Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
 With its immortal song.

* The poet Whittier was eighty years old December 17th, 1887. He contributed the foregoing lines to the columns of the New York *Independent*.

PICTURESQUE NIAGARA.

I.



OLD FORT, MISSISAUGA, NIAGARA.

FEW parts of the Dominion of Canada present such a remarkable combination of picturesque scenery and stirring historic associations as the Niagara frontier, especially that part reaching from the great cataract to the mouth of the river. It unites the charm of soft pastoral and sylvan landscape, and the wildest and grandest sublimity. The enlightened policy of the Canadian and American Governments, adopted at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin, of preserving forever as a park for the people the environment of the grandest waterfall in the world, and the many other attractions of the frontier, will always make it a favourite tourist resort. We begin our survey with the historic old town of Niagara, and abridge, from a late number of *Harper's Monthly*, some interesting facts concerning the ancient borough.

Niagara is the Plymouth Rock of Upper Canada, and was once its proud capital city. Various known in the past as Loyal Village, Butlersbury, Nassau, and Newark, it had a daily paper as early as 1792, and was a military post of distinction before the present century; its real beginnings, however, being contemporaneous with the war of independence. Here within two short hours' sail or ride of the populous and busy cities of Toronto and Buffalo we come upon a spot of intensest quiet, in the shadow of whose ivy-mantled church tower sleep trusted servants of the Georges, and their Indian allies. The place has been overtaken by none of that unpicturesque commercial pros-

perity which further up the frontier threatens to destroy all the natural beauties of the river banks.

The Welland Canal and the Grand Trunk and Great Western railway systems diverted from Niagara the great part of the carrying trade, and with it that growth and activity which have signalized the neighbouring cities of Canada. "Refuse the Welland Canal entrance to your town," said the commissioners, "and the grass will grow in your streets." The prediction has been realized. St. Catharines is a flourishing neighbour, while Niagara, with a harbour in which the navy of England might ride, sees her cows crop the turf up to the door-steps of

the brass-knocked, wide-windowed houses, while the classic goose roams through the town. When the red-coated militia of the Dominion are encamped on the breezy common, the unwonted bustle and stir in the quiet old town make it the more easy to summon a picture of that remote past when Niagara, then Newark, figured as a gay frontier military post.

Here Governor Simcoe opened the first Upper Canadian

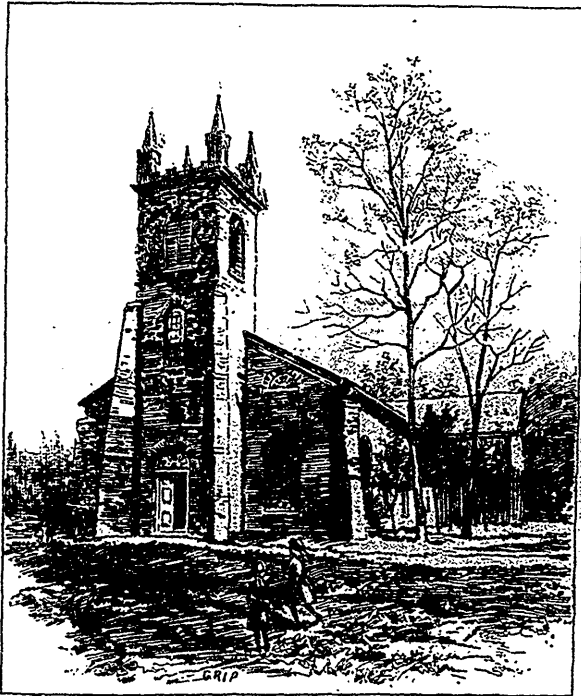


GOVERNOR SIMCOE.

Legislature; and later, from here General Brock planned the defence of Upper Canada. While the cities of western New York, which have now far eclipsed it, were rude log settlements, at Newark some little attempt was made at decorum and society.

Tourists stroll frequently to the grassy ramparts of old Fort George, whose irregular outlines are still to be traced upon the open plains which now surround it. Here landed, in 1783-84, ten thousand United Empire Loyalists, who, to keep inviolate their oaths of allegiance to the King, quitted their freeholds

and positions of trust and honour in the States to begin life anew in the unbroken wilds of Upper Canada. Little has been written of the sufferings and privations endured by "the makers" of Upper Canada. With the present revival of interest in American history, it is singular that writers do not awaken a curiosity about the Loyalists of the Revolution. Students and specialists who have investigated the story of a flight equalled only by that of the Huguenots after the revocation of

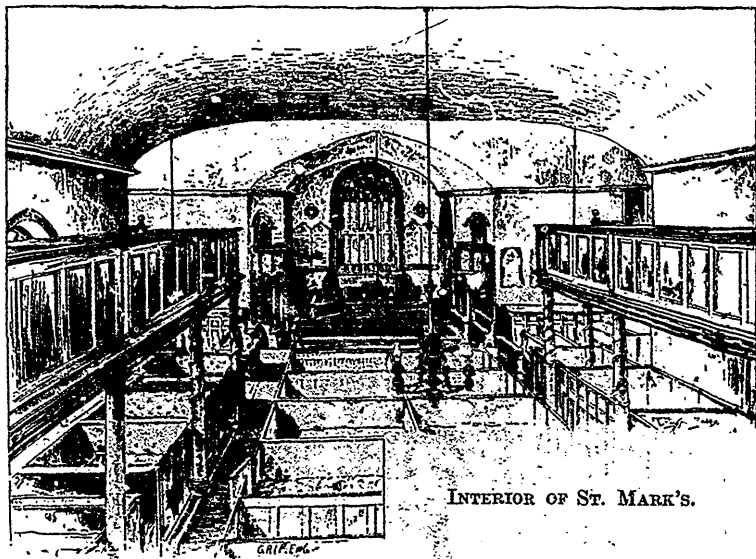


ST. MARK'S CHURCH.

the Edict of Nantes, have been led to admire the spirit of unselfish patriotism which led over one hundred thousand fugitives to self-exile. The United Empire Loyalists, it has been well said, "bleeding with the wounds of seven years of war, left un-gathered the crops of their rich farms on the Mohawk and in New Jersey, and, stripped of every earthly possession, braved the terrors of the unbroken wilderness from the Mohawk to Lake Ontario." Inhabited to-day by the descendants of these pioneers, the old-fashioned loyalty and conservatism of the

Niagara district is the more conspicuous by contrast with neighbouring republicanism over the river.

Near Fort George, less than a century ago, stood the first Parliament House of Upper Canada. Here, seventy years before President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the first United Empire Loyalist Parliament, like the embattled farmers of Concord, "fired a shot heard round the world." For one of the first measures of the exiled patricians was to pass an act forbidding slavery. Few readers know that at Newark, now Niagara, Ontario, was enacted that law by which Canada be-



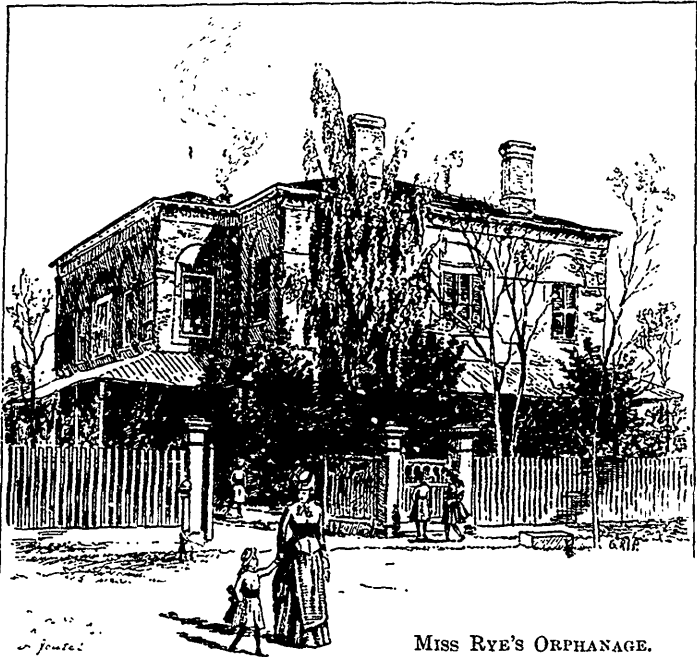
INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S.

came not only the first country in the world to abolish slavery, but, as such, a safe refuge for the fugitive slaves from the Southern States.

After much hesitation and perplexity, Governor Simcoe decided to fix the seat of government at Newark, where a small frame house served him for the Executive residence as well as the Parliament building. Traces of the fish-ponds which surrounded it may still be detected in the green depressions of the river-bank where it stood. A landed gentleman and a member of the British House of Commons, Governor Simcoe voluntarily relinquished the luxuries of his beautiful English home and estates to bury himself in the wilderness, and use his executive powers for the service of his country in establishing the govern-

ment of Canada on broad and secure foundations. We read of the first Governor of Upper Canada that he lived in a noble and hospitable manner. Mrs. Simcoe not only performed the duties of wife and mother, but acted as her husband's secretary. She was a gifted draughtswoman, and her maps and plans served Governor Simcoe in laying out the towns of the new colony.

With the sweet chimes from its belfry-tower pealing out across the village park, every visitor, when first he comes in

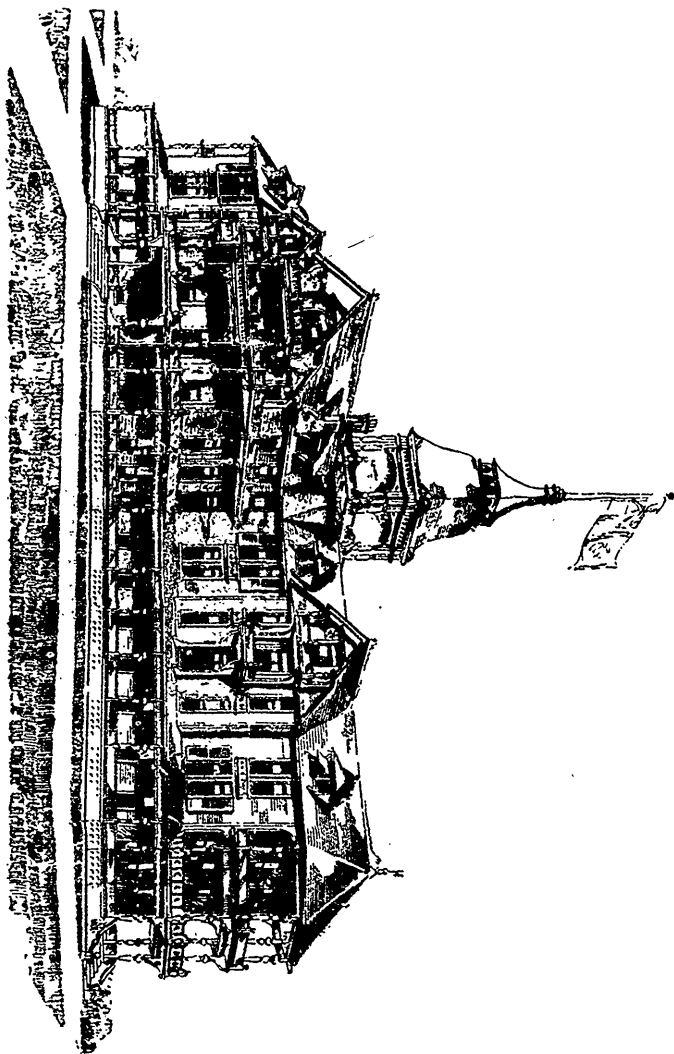


MISS RYE'S ORPHANAGE.

sight of St. Mark's gray buttresses, must echo Dean Stanley's involuntary exclamation, "Why, this is old England right over again!" Surrounded by a churchyard full of moss-grown tombstones, and shaded by drooping elms, the air sweet in spring-time with the scent of wild flowers, St. Mark's is the very picture of an English country church. Entering the dim, quiet interior, the legend "Fear God! honour the king!" carved on a mural tablet, greets the eye, to renew the impression of the Christian patriotism which animated the early settlers of the

town. This stone is to the memory of Colonel John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, his Majesty's Commissioner for Indian Affairs, and of W.oming Massacre memory. He was the founder of St.

THE HOTEL, CHAUTAQUA, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

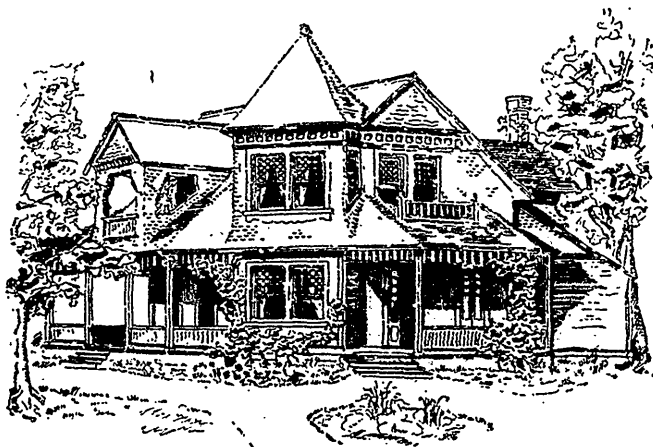


Mark's Church. The parish register contains this record of his death: "1796. *May* 15.—Col. John Butler, of the Rangers. (My patron.) Robert Addison, min'r of Niagara."

It is a gratifying fact that more recent investigation has

proved much of the obloquy cast upon Colonel Butler by earlier writers of American history to have been due to the heated partisan prejudice of that time.

Few churches in America can boast so many quaint and peculiar tablets as St. Mark's. One is to the memory of an officer who "served in most of the glorious actions of the Peninsular war." A gallery supported by slender pillars runs around the church, and the high square box pews are curtained in red. The neutral tints of the stained glass in the chancel windows, harmonizing well with the faded quaintness of the gray interior, are a relief to the eye. Established in 1792, the parish has had



SUMMER COTTAGE, NIAGARA ASSEMBLY.

but three rectors since the beginning. The church itself, the oldest but one in Upper Canada, was built in 1802.

The names in the earlier pages of the register represent the different nationalities which made up the motley population of a stirring frontier town—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Indians, and negroes, with a generous sprinkling of Tories from the Hudson and Mohawk.

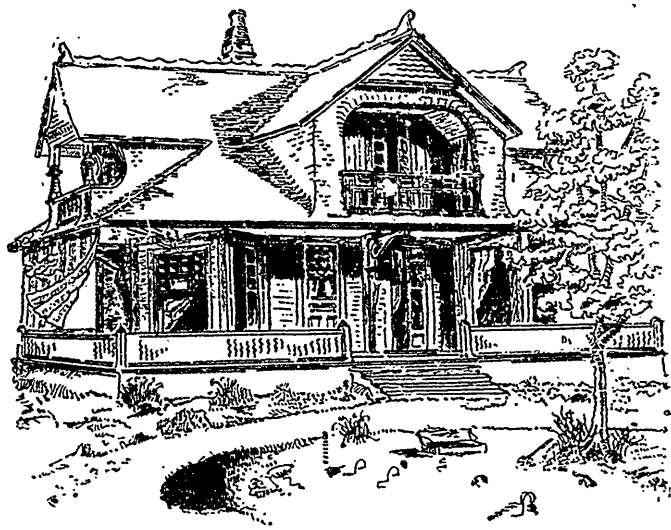
On the outskirts of the town stands a large, square, yellow brick house, mantled in ivy and clematis. Its broad and spacious porch looks upon an old-fashioned garden and orchard. Approaching it by the country road that leads off from the town, past detached villas, the green common, and over an old stone bridge, one sees shy, curious little faces peering out

through the fence pickets. For it is here, under the name of "Our Western Home," that Miss Rye, one of the most distinguished of England's women philanthropists, has established her famous orphanage. Since 1869, when the house, formerly the old Niagara County jail, was opened, over 2,000 London waifs, ranging in age from two to sixteen, have found a home under this roof.

Old Fort Missisauga, its walls,

"Thick as a feudal keep, with loop-holes slashed,"

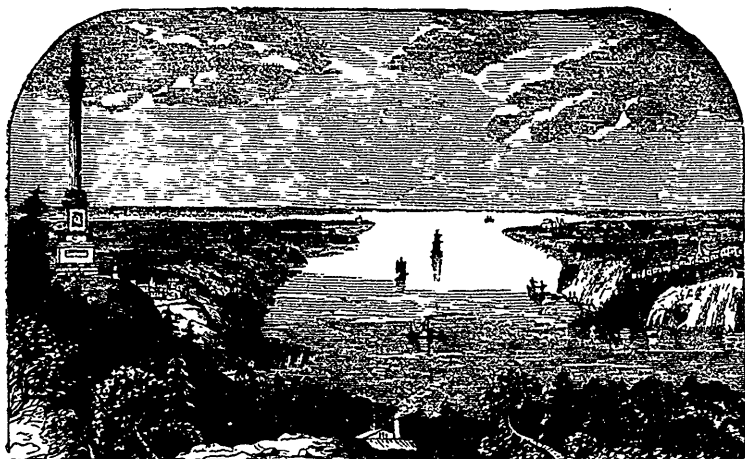
lies to the north of the town of Niagara, on a bluff above the lake, and in the nooks and crannies of its ruined arches



SUMMER COTTAGE, NIAGARA ASSEMBLY.

innumerable pigeons nest. Built from the ruins of the ancient town, it serves to keep in mind traditions of that bleak December night when the four hundred inhabitants of the little settlement were turned into the streets to brave the ice and snow of a Canadian winter. To England, then absorbed in a deadly struggle with Napoleon, this frontier war of 1812 was as nothing in comparison with the mightier issue at stake, but of vital moment to the pioneers fleeing from the whirlwind of fire and sword which, beginning with Newark, swept the whole frontier, to culminate in the burning of Buffalo, then the largest settlement on the Niagara border.

Exactly opposite, on the American side of the river, is Fort Niagara, whose ramparts command a sweeping view of Lake Ontario. The history of Fort Niagara, knit up as it is with all America's past, from before the time when the French king, dallying with his favourites, thought this region valuable only for furs, down to the imprisonment of Morgan in 1828, in the low magazine near the river-bank, yet remains to be written. During a long period it was a little city in itself, and the most important point west of Albany or south of Montreal. In the centre of the enclosure stood a cross eighteen feet high, with the inscription: "*Regnat, vincit, imperat, Christus,*" and over



VIEW FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

the chapel was a large ancient dial to mark the course of the sun. La Salle traced the outlines of the fortress, from whose lofty flag-staff now floats the emblem of the United States, but which, alternately owned by French and English, witnessed some of the most hard-fought engagements in their strife for mastery of the New World.

South of Niagara is an oakwood, "Paradise Grove," long a favourite picnic resort; upon an open heath stand, "outlawed, lonely, and apart," a picturesque clump of thorn-trees. One of the best known writers of the Dominion, and author of that powerful historical romance *Le Chien d'Or*, Mr. William Kirby, a resident of Niagara, traces the planting of these trees, brought originally from Palestine to Avignon—descendants, it is averred,

of the true *Spina Christi*—as far back as to the period of the French occupation of Fort Niagara. In one of his series of Canadian idylls the poet beautifully relates how under the oldest of these French thorns, “in the grave made wide enough for two,” sleep a once gay cavalier of Roussillon, and a fair dame of Quebec, whose bright eyes caused him to forget his *châtelaine* in Avignon.

“O! fair in summer time it is, Niagara plain to see
 Half belted round with oaken woods and green as grass can be!
 Its levels broad in sunshine lie, with flowerets gemmed and set,
 With daisy stars, and red as Mars
 The tiny sanguinet,
 The trefoil with its drops of gold—white clover heads and yet,
 The sweet grass commonest of all God’s goodnesses we get!
 The dent de lion’s downy globes a puff will blow away,
 Which children pluck to try good luck,
 Or tell the time of day.

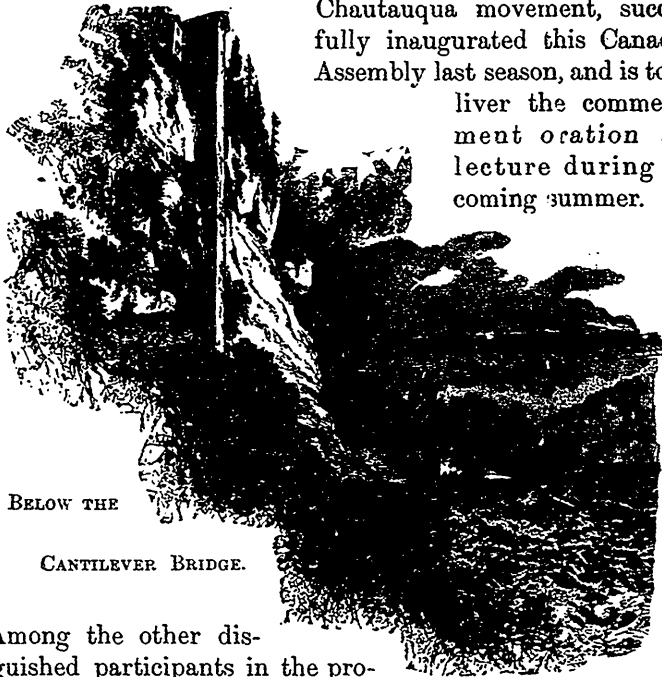


CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

“Count Bois le Grand sought out a spot of loveliness, was full
 Of sandwort’s silvered leaf and stem—with down of fairy wool,
 Hard by the sheltering grove of oak he set the holy thorn
 Where still it grows and ever shows
 How sharp the crown of scorn
 Christ wore for man, reminding him what pain for sin was borne,
 And warning him he must repent before his sheaf is shorn,
 When comes the reaper Death, and his last hour of life is scored,
 Of all bereft, and only left
 The mercy of the Lord.”

A new enterprise of a somewhat comprehensive character gives promise of restoring to the old town a large degree of its former prosperity. A Canadian branch of the famous Chautauqua Assembly has established here a local habitation. A hundred acres of land on the lake shore, a little west of the town, has been purchased and laid out as a beautiful

summer resort, under religious and educational auspices. A first-class hotel and a number of elegant cottages have been erected, and an amphitheatre capable of accommodating an audience of 4,000 has been constructed. This place is designed to be a rallying place for Canadian Chautauquans, and to furnish an annual programme of high-class lectures and artistic and musical entertainments by some of the ablest talent on the continent. Special prominence is given to Sunday-school, Normal class work, and Chautauqua work. Dr. Vincent, the originator of the now world-wide Chautauqua movement, successfully inaugurated this Canadian Assembly last season, and is to deliver the commencement oration and lecture during the coming summer.



BELOW THE

CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

Among the other distinguished participants in the programme will be the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Boston; Dr. Ormiston, of New York; Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University; the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane; Rev. Drs. Carman, Dewart, Sutherland, Wild, W. J. Hunter, B. D. Thomas, Rev. J. S. Ostrander, the Oriental lecturer, and many others.

For two weeks, from July 21st, there will be a full programme of daily lectures, etc.; and from July 1st there will be a less frequent series of entertainments. An International

Missionary Conference and special gatherings in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and other departments of temperance work will also be held. The design is to furnish a pleasant summer home, surrounded by religious safeguards and under highly educative and moral influences. The success which has already attended the enterprise is an indication that it meets a want that is felt by a large portion of the community.



CANTILEVER BRIDGE, BUILDING PIER.

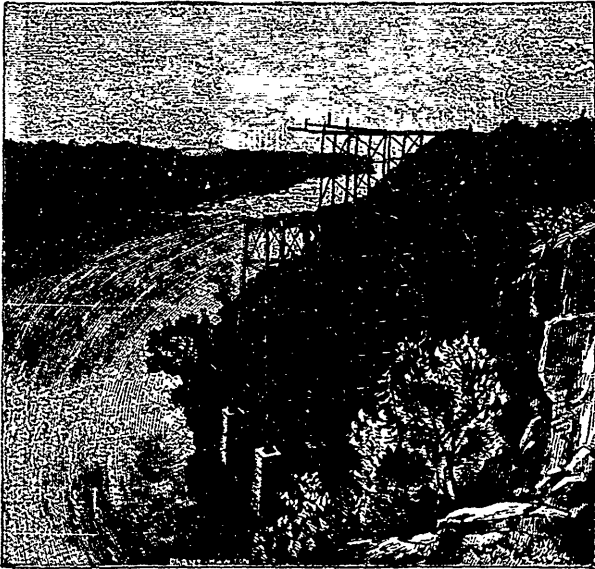
This Assembly enjoys unusual advantages of access, being situated on the through line of travel with the fine steel steamers *Cibola* and *Chicora* daily from Toronto, and with direct connections for all parts of the east and west by the great Michigan Central Railway system.

Every step of the way between Niagara and Queenston—so named in honour of Queen Charlotte—is historic country. But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with that of his brave aide-de-camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute of respect.

From the summit of Brock's Monument—a Roman column

exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire—is a panoramic view of the river. From here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the cataract, but all of the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane.

Four miles farther up the river is spanned by two of the most wonderful bridges in the world. The light and airy Suspension Bridge, erected in 1855, and the new Cantilever Bridge, erected in 1883 by the Michigan Central Railway.

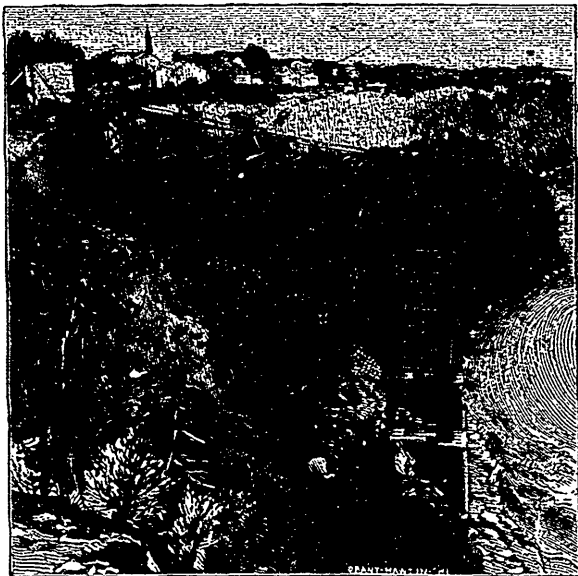


BUILDING CANTILEVER BRIDGE, WESTERN PIER.

This is of sufficient interest to call for a somewhat detailed description. The location of the bridge, a short distance below the Falls of Niagara, precluding the possibility of any supports in the centre of the stream, which at this point is five hundred feet from shore to shore at the water's edge. The design is what is known as the cantilever bridge, the principle of which is that of a trussed beam, supported at or near its centre, with the arms extending each way and one end anchored or counter-weighted to provide for unequal loading. It was in practice entirely novel, no other bridge having then been completed upon this principle.

Each end is made up of a section, entirely of steel, extend-

ing from the shore nearly half way over the chasm. Each section is supported near its centre by a strong steel tower, from which extend two lever arms, one reaching the rocky bluffs, the other extending over the river 175 feet beyond the towers. The towers on either side rise from the water's edge; between them a clear span of 495 feet over the river, the longest double-track truss-span in the world. The ends of the cantilevers reaching on each side 395 feet from the abutments, leaving a gap of 120 feet filled by an ordinary truss bridge hung from



BUILDING CANTILEVER BRIDGE, EASTERN PIER.

the ends of the cantilevers. There are no guys for this purpose, as in a suspension bridge, but the structure is complete within itself. The total length of the bridge is 910 feet. It has a double track, and is strong enough to carry upon each track at the same time the heaviest freight train, extending the entire length of the bridge. From the tower foundations up the whole bridge is steel, every inch of which was subjected to the most rigid tests from the time it left the ore to the time it entered the structure.

The structure has very much the appearance of an ordinary truss bridge, but in view of the conditions and surroundings, very different in the manner of its erection. The difficult por-

tion of the work was to span the 495 feet across and 239 feet above a roaring river whose force no earthly power can stay. No temporary structure could survive a moment, and here the skill of the engineer came in to control the powers of nature. The design of the cantilever is such that after the shore arm was completed and anchored the river arm was built out, one panel or section at a time, by means of great travelling derricks, and self-sustaining as it progressed. After one panel of twenty-five feet was built and had its bracing adjusted the



CANTILEVER BRIDGE, CONSTRUCTING OVERHANG.

derrick was moved forward and another panel erected. Thus the work progressed, section by section, until the ends of the cantilever was reached, when a truss bridge was swung across the gap of 120 feet, resting on the ends of the cantilever arms, thus forming the connecting link. In less than seven months, December 1st, 1883, the bridge was completed. It was rigorously tested on the 20th of December and, under the tremendous weight of eighteen locomotives and twenty-four heavily loaded gravel cars, showed a temporary deflexion of but six inches, proving to be a grand and perfect success.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

FY THE EDITOR.

THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

III.

EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY.

THE road from Halifax to Windsor does not, to put it mildly, take one through the finest part of Nova Scotia. I crossed the country thirty years ago on one of the first trains that ran over the newly opened railway, and anything wilder or more rugged than the country through which we passed it would be hard to imagine. Even now it is sufficiently rough, and if, as Dudley Warner remarks, a man can live on rocks like a goat, it will furnish a good living. Some pretty lakes, and pleasant valleys and hamlets, relieve the monotony of the journey.

The old university town of Windsor, situated at the junction of the Avon and the St. Croix, presents many attractive features. If the tourist arrives at low tide, he will agree with the witty American writer who, with a pardonable vein of exaggeration, says: "The Avon would have been a charming stream, if there had been a drop of water in it . . . I should think that it would be confusing to dwell by a river that runs first one way and then another, and then vanishes altogether."

When the tide is up, however, the Avon is a very respectable-sized stream, and the view, from the hill crowned with the old block-houses and earth-works of Fort Edward, of the widening river and distant basin of Minas, is very attractive; but when the tide is out, the banks of mud are stupendous. The two places which the present writer sought out with especial interest were the old-fashioned house of the witty Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick," and the plain buildings of King's College, the oldest college in the Dominion, founded in 1787. The gypsum quarries are of much interest, and large quantities of plaster of paris are exported.

We are now approaching the region invested with undying interest by Longfellow's pathetic poem, "Evangeline."

The Acadian peasants, on the beautiful shores of the Bay of Fundy, were a simple, virtuous, and prosperous community.

Their civil disputes, when any arose, which was rare, were all settled by the kindly intervention of their priest, who also made their wills and drew up their public acts. If wealth was rare, poverty was unknown; for a feeling of brotherhood anticipated the claims of want. Domestic happiness and public morality were fostered by early marriages; and homely thrift was rewarded by almost universal comfort. Such is the delightful picture painted by the sympathetic pen of the Abbé Raynal,—a picture that almost recalls the innocence and happiness of the poets' fabled Golden Age.

With remarkable industry the Acadians reclaimed from the sea by dikes many thousands of fertile acres, which produced abundant crops of grain and orchard fruits; and on the sea meadows, at one time, grazed as many as sixty thousand head of cattle. The simple wants of the peasants were supplied by domestic manufactures of wool or flax, or by importations from Louisburg. So great was their attachment to the government and institutions of their fatherland, that during the aggressions of the English after their conquest of the country, a great part of the population—some ten thousand, it has been said, although the number is disputed—abandoned their homes and migrated to that portion of Acadia still claimed by the French, or to Cape Breton or Canada. Some seven thousand still remained in the peninsula of Nova Scotia, but they claimed a political neutrality, resolutely refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the alien conquerors. "Better," said the priests to their obedient flock, "surrender your meadows to the sea, and your houses to the flames, than peril your souls by taking that obnoxious oath." They were accused, and probably with only too good reason, of intriguing with their countrymen at Louisburg, with resisting the English authority, and with inciting and even leading the Indians to ravage the English settlements.

The cruel Micmacs needed little instigation. They swooped down on the little town of Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, and within gun-shot of its forts, and reaped a rich harvest of scalps and booty. The English prisoners they sometimes sold at Louisburg for arms and ammunition. The Governor asserted that pure compassion was the motive of this traffic, in order to rescue the captives from massacre. He demanded, however, an excessive ransom for their liberation. The Indians were sometimes, or indeed generally it was asserted, led in

these murderous raids by French commanders. These violations of neutrality, however, were chiefly the work of a few turbulent spirits. The mass of the Acadian peasants seem to have been a peaceful and inoffensive people, although they naturally sympathized with their countrymen. They were, however, declared rebels and outlaws, and a council at Halifax, confounding the innocent with the guilty, decreed the expulsion of the entire French population.

The decision was promptly carried out. Ships soon appeared before the principal settlements in the Bay of Fundy. All the male inhabitants, over ten years of age, were summoned to hear the King's command. At Grand Pré, four hundred assembled in the village church, when the British officer read from the altar the decree of their exile. Resistance was impossible; armed soldiers guarded the door, and the men were engaged in prison. On the fifth day they were marched at the bayonet's point, amid the wailings of their relatives, on board the transports. The women and children were shipped in other vessels. Families were scattered; husbands and wives separated—many never to meet again. It was three months later, in the bleak December, before the last were removed. Hundreds of comfortable homesteads and well-filled barns were ruthlessly given to the flames. A number, variously estimated at from three to seven thousand, were dispersed along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. Twelve hundred were carried to South Carolina. A few planted a new Acadia among their countrymen in Louisiana. Some tried to return to their blackened hearths, coasting in open boats along the shore. These were relentlessly intercepted when possible, and sent back into hopeless exile. It is a page in our country's annals that is not pleasant to contemplate, but we may not ignore the painful facts. Every patriot must regret the stern military necessity—if necessity there were—that compelled the inconceivable suffering of so many innocent beings.*

The following pathetic lines describe the idyllic community, and the consummation of this tragical event:

In Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates

* Withrow's *History of Canada*, p. 207.

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
 Strongly-built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the
 maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
 Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 north-east

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to the sultry Southern savannas,—
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of waters
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
 Friends they sought and homes; and many despairing, heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

The Horton Railway Station is quite close to the site of the old Acadian settlement. The scene is peculiarly impressive, and not without a tinge of sadness. In front stretch the vast diked meadows, through which winds in many a curve the sluggish Gaspereaux. In the distance are seen the dark basaltic cliffs of Cape Blomidon, rising to the height of five hundred and



GRAND P&E.

seventy feet. In the foreground to the left, near a large willow tree, are shown remains of the foundation of the old Acadian church. A gentleman, living in Horton, informed me that there were in the neighbourhood the traces of forty cellars of the Acadian people, also of an old mill, and old wells. A long row of ancient willows shows the line of the old road. Now, my

informant assured me, there is not a single Frenchman in the whole county.

The Acadians reclaimed the fertile marsh lands from the sweep of the tides, by constructing dikes with much labour by means of wattled stakes and earthen embankments. There were more than two thousand acres of this reclaimed meadow at Grand Pré and much more at other places. These areas have been much extended from time to time, they form an inexhaustibly fertile pasture and meadow land.

I could not help being struck with the photographic fidelity with which Longfellow describes the country. The long beard-like moss on the pines suggests exactly the simile employed in the following lines :

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Three miles from Horton is the charming collegiate town of Wolfville. Here I was most kindly met at the station by Mr. J. W. Caldwell, a member of two of our General Conferences. Learning that I was passing through the town, he intercepted me at the station, insisted that I should stop over, carried me off to his house and showed me no end of kindness—a thorough specimen of Nova Scotia hospitality. From the roof of Acadia College, a flourishing Baptist institution, beautifully situated, we enjoyed a magnificent view over the storied scene which Longfellow has made “more sadly poetical than any other spot on the western continent.” My friend had apprised the Rev. Mr. Friggens, the junior Methodist preacher on the Circuit, of my expected arrival, and after dinner there he was with his horse and carriage to give me a drive up the famous Gaspereaux Valley and on to Horton and Grand Pré. And a magnificent drive it was. I have seen few things finer in my life than the view from the lofty hill surmounting the valley, sweeping up and down its winding slopes many a mile. We stopped for an hour at Horton parsonage, the successor of a previous one on the same site in which the Rev. Dr. Pope, the distinguished theologian was born. No one but a travelling Methodist preacher, I think, could be made the recipient of so many kindnesses as fell to my lot.

Proceeding westward, the railway passes through the picturesque Cornwallis Valley, in frequent view of the dike-bordered Cornwallis River. Kentville, the railway headquarters, is a pleasant and thriving town. We are now entering what is known as "the Garden of Nova Scotia"—the far-famed Annapolis valley. It is a magnificent farming region, especially adapted to the growth of apples. It has been said that for fifty miles one may drive through an almost continuous orchard.

The town of Annapolis, or Annapolis Royal, to give it its complete name, is full of historical interest. Save St. Augustine, in Florida, it was the earliest permanent European settlement in the New World. Its early history reads like a romance. It was first colonized by Baron Poutrincourt, in 1605. In 1628 it was captured by the British, afterward surrendered to the French, again captured by Sir William Phips, and again surrendered. It was captured for the last time by the British in 1710, and ever since the Red Cross flag has waved above the noble harbour, then named, in honour of the reigning sovereign, Annapolis. (An account and cut of the fort will be given in the next number.)

From Annapolis one may sail direct to Boston or he may take the steamer across the Bay of Fundy to St. John. The most conspicuous features in sailing down the basin are the fishing hamlets, each with its little wharf which at low tide seems to be stranded high and dry far from the water's edge, and an occasional tide mill. From this basin come those toothsome herrings known throughout the world as "Digby chickens." At Digby, near the entrance to the basin, the huge wharf was so out of repair that we had to drop anchor and transfer our passengers to a scow—a work of no small difficulty in the turbulent waves made by the meeting of the wind and tide. While all was bright and sunny in the basin, the cold and clammy sea fog lay in wait without, to wrap us in its damp embrace. I once sailed from St. John to Windsor in so dense a fog that when land loomed high and threatening through it the captain had to send a boat ashore to find out where we were; and all the time the swirling tides were making eddies in the water which threatened to drift us upon the rocks. Our engraving shows the character of the bold and rugged scenery of the tide-swept bay.

From Digby, with its houses scattered over the windy downs, like a flock of frightened sheep, one may go by rail to Yarmouth, the extreme south-west point of Nova Scotia. My own

visit to Yarmouth was made by steamer from Halifax. It was an experience never to be forgotten. The route follows an iron-bound coast of bold and rugged front, which has been the



IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

scene of numerous shipwrecks. The deep fiords, rocky ledges and unending pine forests resemble the coast of Norway, but without the mountain heights. In the beautiful Mahone Bay is the quaint German town of Lunenburg, settled a hundred and

forty years ago by German religious refugees. They still retain their German language and customs and Lutheran mode of worship. They have adopted the thrifty Nova Scotia practice of seafaring, and carry on a lucrative trade with the West Indies. Liverpool is another thriving town of over three thousand inhabitants. Shelbourne, an active ship-building town, has a romantic history. At the close of the revolutionary war in 1783, a large number of U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States settled here, with the hope of creating a great city on this magnificent harbour. Within a year the population numbered twelve thousand, of whom twelve hundred were Negro slaves. It quite ran ahead of Halifax, and it was seriously proposed to remove thither the seat of Government. But it was soon found that there was no back country to support the town, and the high-toned inhabitants would not engage in the fisheries. So, after \$2,500,000 was expended in two years, the attempt was abandoned and the population soon dwindled to about four hundred.

We next pass Port La Tour, with its heroic memories of Madame La Tour. Cape Sable, at the extreme southern angle of the peninsula, is the terror of the mariners. Here the *S. S. Hungarian* was wrecked with great loss of life. Rounding this angle and passing Barrington Bay, the steamer in fair weather can thread the kaleidoscopic mazes of the Tusket Islands. These, while having almost the intricacy of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, lie quite out at sea, and through them sweep the swift and swirling tides. On the occasion of my own visit to Yarmouth the weather was dismally foggy, we therefore had to give those dangerous islands a wide berth. As we approached by dead reckoning the vicinity of Yarmouth the precautions were redoubled. The lead was heaved. The log was cast. The whistle blew and the small cannon on deck was frequently fired. But only dull cloud echoes were returned. At length, while listening intently for any sound that might give indication of our whereabouts, the hoarse roar of the surf, lashing with ceaseless rage the rocky shore, was heard. Soon the fog lifted a little, and a white line of breakers was seen on almost every side. When the familiar landmarks were recognized, it was found that we were almost at the entrance of the harbour.

Yarmouth is one of the most enterprising towns in the Province, and for its size, it is claimed, the greatest ship-owning

port in the world. Its population in 1887 was 7,000. Its shipmasters owned twelve steamers, fifty-two ships, forty-three barques, eleven brigs and one hundred and nine schooners, an aggregate of two hundred and twenty-seven vessels, with a carrying capacity of 120,394 tons—a record of which any country might be proud. Almost alone it has constructed the Western Counties' Railway to Annapolis. Its schools, banks, churches and public institutions are of conspicuous excellence.

Along this rugged coast that we have been describing, that heroic pioneer explorer, Champlain, with his companions in their puny vessels sailed, exploring every bay and island, as well as the New England shore. Champlain has left us a minute and accurate account of the country, its products and people, illustrated with quaint drawings by his own hand.

This south-western part of the peninsula, especially the Tusket Lakes, and the vast forests in the vicinity, is a very paradise of sportsmen. It is still the home of the moose and cariboo deer, and the Government is taking proper precautions to prevent their extermination.

Forty miles from Yarmouth is the old French "Clare Settlement." After the conquest of Canada, the Acadian exiles were permitted to return to their native land, but finding their former homes on the basin of Minas occupied by the English, a number settled on St. Mary's Bay. They grew ever gradually to a community of four or five thousand souls. They preserve their own language and usages, and form probably the most considerable Acadian settlement extant, the next being those Louisiana Acadians of whom fable discourses so pleasantly.

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

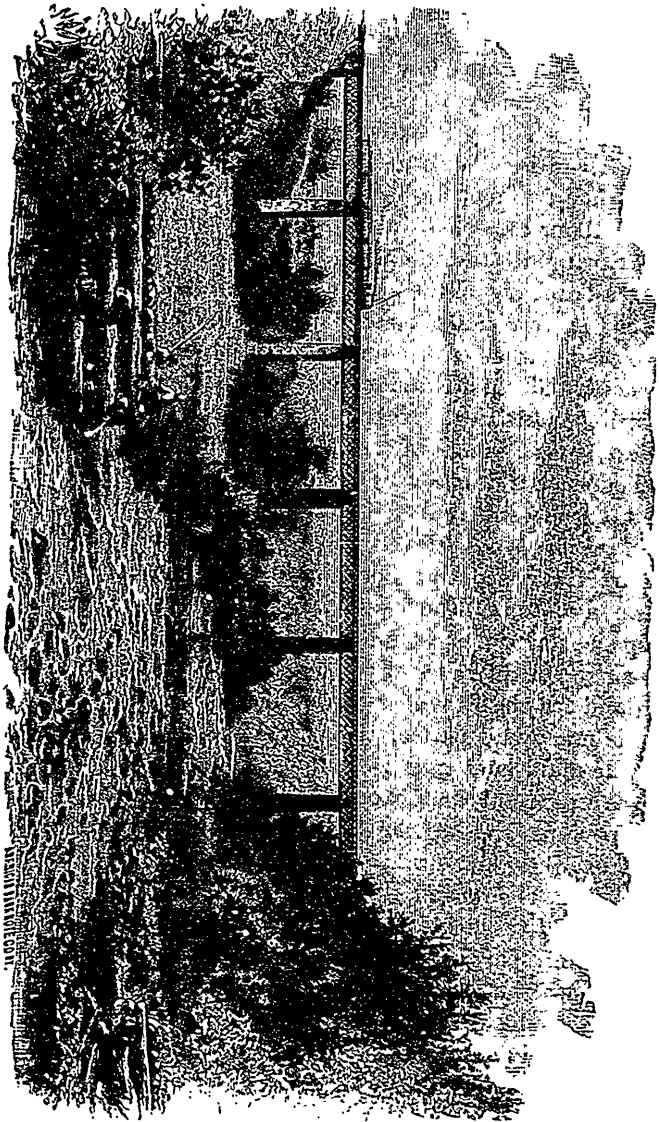
Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

I have left undescribed that part of Nova Scotia from Truro to Amherst ; I therefore return to briefly recount its more striking features.

I arrived at Truro Junction in a pouring rain, and was in doubt whether to go on by the night train, or to stop over in hope of having fairer weather to visit Fort Cumberland and

FOLLY VIADUCT.



Sackville. I sallied out therefore to look for a barometer. I found one in a doctor's office, and, though it was still pouring, as the top of the column of mercury was somewhat convex, I

concluded to stay. Next day it was still raining heavily, but my faith in science was confirmed by the fine weather signal on the train. Sure enough, in an hour or two we came out of the rain belt, and had bright sunshine.

The railroad for some distance west of Truro traverses the Cobequid Mountains, low rounded hills about a thousand feet high. The scenery is picturesque, and the outlook over the vast Wallace Valley is extremely grand and impressive. At the Folly River is a substantial viaduct, six hundred feet long and eighty-two feet high, and many deep cuttings give evidence of the labour expended in the construction of the road.

At Springhill station one may take the Cumberland Railway to Parrsboro', one of the most charming summer resorts of Nova Scotia. A few miles farther on, the main line brings one to the pleasant town of Amherst. Its prevailing aspect is one of neatness and thrift, and there are evidences of large manufacturing industries. Nearly every window seemed filled with flowers, even those of the Roman Catholic church. The Methodist church is a very handsome one, the best in the place.

As it was a lovely day, I walked from Amherst to Sackville, a distance of ten or eleven miles, stopping to explore the ruins of Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland, formerly Fort Beaubassin and Fort Beausèjour, on the way. These grass-grown ramparts, on the opposite sides of the Missiguash River, are among the latest relics of the long conflict between France and England for the Province of Acadia. They were constructed at this narrowest part of the isthmus connecting Nova Scotia and the main land, and were the scene of much hard fighting. It was a pleasant walk through a Ruysdael-like landscape—vast meadows reclaimed from the sea, and protected by miles on miles of dikes, constructed with enormous labour, to keep out the tides. The outline of Fort Lawrence can with difficulty be traced amid the fields and neat white buildings of a comfortable farmstead. Three miles distant rise the clear-cut outlines of Fort Cumberland—Beausèjour, as the French called it—crowning a somewhat bold eminence. Here for long years these forts frowned defiance at each other, and not seldom exchanged salutes, not of friendship, but of deadly hate. I walked across the intervening valley on the Intercolonial Railway, whose iron bridge spans the Missiguash, now, as then, the boundary line.

These tidal rivers have the habit of changing their direction in an extraordinary manner. When the tide is rising it rushes

violently up stream in a turbulent flood, sometimes accompanied by a great "bore" or rolling wave, five or six feet high. At low water a languid, slimy stream crawls sluggishly between its muddy banks. You will often see good-sized vessels stranded among the orchard trees, and leaning at all angles in their oozy bed. But this very marsh mud, when diked and cultivated, produces with apparently exhaustless fertility the richest crops.

"Man scarcely begins to realize such productions of nature," says Mr. C. Murphy, "until he considers the practicability of utilizing them. The early settlers were not slow in recognizing the value of these marshes, and the feasibility of their acquisition by diking them. The currents, too, are considered, studied and applied by the mariner, and made to subserve his purpose in bearing him rapidly along with more unerring precision than the no less phenomenal trade winds.

"The fisherman also profits by the great height of the tide which, during the flood, comes with its large shoals of such fish as resort to the coast. These remain to feed until the return or ebb tide falls somewhat, and are trapped within weirs of wattles, that are made to run out past their line of retreat. Large quantities of herring, cod and shad thus left dry at low water, are carted to the smoke-houses, prepared and packed in small cases and forwarded to the different markets."

THE LAND OF WHICH WE DREAM.

SURELY, yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
 Is not so distant as we deem
 From this low earth ! 'Tis but a little space,
 The narrow crossing of slender stream ;
 'Tis but a veil which winds might blow aside ;
 Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
 From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
 The Land of which we dream !

Those peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,
 Those hills are higher than they seem ;
 'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
 Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem.
 'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they appear,
 And like some old and wildly rugged stair,
 They lift us to the Land where all is fair—
 The Land of which we dream.

SPRING.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns, e'en as the flowers in Spring ;
 To which, beside their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May ;
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
 Quite underground, as flowers depart
 To see their Mother-root when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour ;
 Making a chiming of a passing bell,
 We say amiss
 This or that is :
 Thy word is all ; if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither :
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-shower,
 My sins and I joining together.

And now in age I bud again ;
 After so many deaths I live and write ;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing ; O my only light
 It cannot be
 That I am he
 On whom the tempests fell all night !

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
 Which when we once can find and prove
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.



“SISTER AND SAINT.”

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

OUR sketch of the life of Jacqueline Pascal must be prefaced by an acknowledgment of indebtedness to the admirable volume* from which the facts of the present article are derived. We have found the book delightful reading. It is not a dry biography; it is rather, as its title indicates, a “study” of the character of the “elect lady” whose career is suggestively epitomized in the caption, “Sister and Saint.”

Jacqueline Pascal was born in the year 1625, in Clermont, in the Province of Auvergne, “just south of the heart of sunny France.” That the memories of her birth-place were pleasant, is evident from the affectionate poetic tribute in which she describes the charms of her native town :

“A climate fruitful in unnumbered charms,
 Though ornaments, save Nature’s, it has none;
 In stern simplicity, untouched by art,
 It yields a picture of its Maker’s power.
 There,—in Auvergne—from those proud peaks afar,
 Whose gloomy heights nor fruit nor harvests know,
 But in their stead dark precipices yawn—
 Rises a little hill, so fresh and fair,
 So favoured by the sun’s celestial ray,
 That *Clairmont* seems its most appropriate name.”

No inconsiderable historical interest attaches to Clermont. “Thither, in 1095, came the Pope, Urban II., with a great retinue of bishops, priests and cardinals, to hold a solemn council to preach the first crusade.” The crusade was successfully preached. “A few weeks later the fountain plashed to a silent and deserted square. The knights were gone. The ladies and children lingered no longer at the windows in holiday attire.”

It was at Clermont that the *codex claromontanus*—an early copy of St. Paul’s epistles—was found in the monastery on the side of the mountain. Tischendorf published a fac-simile of this manuscript, and scholars are said to value it highly.

**Sister and Saint; A Study of Jacqueline Pascal.* By SUSAN WINTHROP WEITZEL. New York: Anson D. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Our interest in the "noisy, humdrum manufacturing city" of Clermont of to-day is due to the fact that it was the early home of the Pascals. And a family well worth knowing the Pascals were. "The father, Étienne (or *Anglicé*, Stephen), was President of the Court of Excise. This was a high position, open to him as a member of a wealthy and influential family of long standing in the province. It had not been a titled race till, in 1478, Louis XI., in recognition of faithful service, bestowed upon it that honour, and thus our friends became possessed of that best patent of nobility which comes of good works."

The other members of the Pascal household were three: Gilberte, the eldest daughter, required at an early age by reason of her mother's death, to resign the pleasures of girlhood and assume the burdens of womanhood; Blaise, the only son, afterward spoken of by Sir William Hamilton, as "a miracle of universal genius," and Jacqueline, two years younger than her famous brother, the sister and saint of this sketch.

Jacqueline Pascal's lot fell upon eventful times. Louis XIII. was king of France. He lived a respectable and moral life, permitting Richelieu, who was prime minister and cardinal, to rule both court and people as he willed. Anne, of Austria, was Louis XIII's queen. She is remembered chiefly for two peculiarities, her pronounced aversion to roses, and "an exceedingly delicate sense of feeling in all parts of the surface of her body, so that all ordinary linen and cambric was rough to her." She spent much of her married life apart from her king, and it was not until twenty-two years after the marriage of the royal couple that an heir was born to them, afterward known in history as Louis XIV. Charles I. was King of England, where Laud, without Richelieu's ability, was endeavouring to act Richelieu's part. Germany was experiencing the religious freedom which followed upon the Reformation, and in France the converts to Protestantism were sufficiently numerous and powerful to awaken the hatred of Richelieu. Puritanism was in its pristine vigour. Five years before the birth of Jacqueline Pascal, the *Mayflower* had anchored off Plymouth Rock, and the doctrines and practices of the Puritans were matters of discussion even among the orthodox Catholics of France.

Jacqueline's early love was for poetry. She learned to read through her admiration for verse; and when less than twelve years old, assisted by two playmates of similarly tender years,

she composed and acted to play, "a coherent piece," having five acts, and divided by scenes regularly arranged. Her skill at impromptu verse-making brought her into the notice of the Court (her father having moved to Paris in 1631), and secured her the doubtful favour of royalty. In 1638 a collection of her poems, dedicated to the Queen, Anne of Austria, was published. That the religious instinct was deep within her, appears from her "stanzas thanking God for the power of writing poetry." This is the last stanza :

"As water falls, and rills,
And streams wind past the hills
In steady progress toward their parent sea,
Thus, Lord, my simple lays,
Heedless of this world's praise,
Find their way home, O source Divine, to Thee."

In her heedlessness "of this world's praise," she found her safety, hence one is not surprised at her sister's testimony: "Though she wrote so much, and received so much attention, she did not lose in the least her gay good humour."

While Jacqueline was writing verse, how was Blaise, but two years her senior and her "twin-spirit," employing his mental energies? He was pursuing the study of science, giving especial heed to geometrical investigations. These, so the story goes, were prohibited by his father, until Blaise should have perfected himself in Latin and Greek. One bare definition was given the boy by his father, that geometry was the science which treated of "forms and their proportions and relations to one another." Proceeding on that simple hint Blaise worked until, step by step, he reached the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, when his father discovered him proving that "the three angles of a triangle are together greater than two right angles." Learning that the lad had actually built up the science for himself thus far from a single definition, M. Pascal thought it safe to permit his son a copy of Euclid's "Elements" for "light reading." Blaise occasionally accompanied his father to a meeting of scientific friends, out of which the celebrated "Academy of Sciences" afterward took its rise. Here an acquaintance was formed with Descartes, Roberval, Pailleur and others whose names are known to fame. The boy Pascal is said "to have held his own" in solving the problems which this association of wise men considered, and, about the time his sister was publishing

verses, "he wrote in Latin a treatise on Conic Sections," which, though pronounced "of permanent value to science," the unambitious author never published.

About this time, when the Pascal household were most prosperous, circumstances occurred which had a far-reaching effect upon their after lives. Richelieu was in need of money to carry on a war with Spain: "No easier way to get it than to take it from the pockets of loyal Parisians! And where this could not be done with a show of legality, it could be done, and was done, by arbitrary seizure of private property." M. Pascal was one of the cardinal's victims, but not submitting quietly to his wrongs, was ordered to the Bastille. Only by flight was this fate escaped. Permission to return and some measure of the cardinal's favour were secured through the intercession of M. Pascal's youngest daughter, Jacqueline. While enjoying Richelieu's smiles, M. Pascal was appointed to a position similar to that of collector of customs with us. This appointment made it necessary for M. Pascal to remove to Rouen. And it was at Rouen that the spiritual epoch which wrought such marked effects in the after-lives of the "twin spirits," Blaise and Jacqueline may be said to have occurred.

Properly to understand these spiritual changes we must leave the Pascals for a while and learn something of the religious forces which were at work in the nation at large. And first of all we must form the acquaintance of a Flemish bishop, Cornelius Jansen by name. He was born 1585 and received his training for the priesthood at the Jesuit College of Louvain. His college career was brilliant. He formed a life-long friendship in his youth with a young Frenchman, named Jean du Verger de Hauranne, known in history in aftertime as Abbé de St. Cyran. These young men studied together with great earnestness, the objective point of all their inquiries being the truth. Their search for truth led them to a study of the Fathers of the Church. But they were contented with a knowledge of St. Augustine, as the fountain whence the streams of information were to be derived. Jansen read the whole body of Augustine's writings not less often, it is claimed, than ten times. "Besides all this, he thoroughly studied every passage throughout the voluminous works of the other Fathers which bore in the least on the doctrines" of this great teacher. The result of his labours was an elaborate digest and arrangement of "the whole mass of sacred literature accumulated in thir-

teen centuries." In less than twenty-four hours after the final word of his life-work was written, Jansen died of the plague. The system to which his treatise gave birth is known by the world to-day under the name Jansenism, akin, in some respects, to the doctrines of Calvin. The Jansenites, "a learned and religious society in the bosom of the Catholic Church," distinctly taught "justification by faith" and did what they might to disseminate a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The volumes which Jansen composed, it is important to add, were a "tissue of texts from St. Augustine," so skilfully arranged "as to bring out the complete system of Augustinian doctrines." The importance of this fact will appear further on.

St. Cyran, the friend and early associate of Jansen, was a man of great personal magnetism. He is described as a physician of souls, or, to employ the ecclesiastical term, "director of consciences." This humble work he preferred to more prominent places in the Church, though no less than eight bishoprics were successively offered him by Richelieu. As spiritual director of the convent of Port Royal he was brought into contact with Angélique and Agnes Arnauld, its celebrated sister abbesses, whom we are again to meet in the progress of our narrative. He did much to provide educational privileges for the citizens of Paris, thus provoking the jealousy of the Jesuits, whose schools had previously enjoyed a celebrity which they were destined, in a great measure, to lose. The Jesuits also disliked St. Cyran as the near friend of Jansen. Hated both by the cardinal and Jesuits, the result may be anticipated. In May, 1638, he was arrested on the order of Richelieu, and made a prisoner in the fortress of Vincennes.

His imprisonment closely links his fortunes with those of the Pascals. A learned priest named Guillebert was a companion of St. Cyran in the prison of Vincennes. The priest was soon released and appointed to the parish of Rouen. Here he eloquently taught the doctrines of Jansen and St. Cyran, exciting great interest by the doctrines proclaimed, and the rare skill with which they were disseminated. A serious accident brought M. Pascal into intimate association with two physicians, brothers, earnest Christians and disciples of Guillebert. In the spiritual results of this acquaintance the Pascal household all shared. Toward the close of 1646 Jacqueline Pascal received the rite of confirmation, preceded by special religious instruction, and from that time forward lived a changed life.

Blaise Pascal likewise received the truth, and both brother and sister, being brought into contact with the writings of M. Jansen, M. de St. Cyran, M. Arnauld, and others of that school of thought, accepted the teachings of these writers as the rule of their conduct.

There can be no doubt of the genuineness of Jacqueline Pascal's desire after a holy life. But that she erred in judgment in the choice of her life-work seems equally certain. She might have done so much good in her own household, caring for her lonely father and delicate brother, and in the home of her sister upon whom the cares of life often passed heavily. But no; "she sought too high the way of duty and missed the narrow, sweetly-shaded path at her feet."

On the 4th of January, 1652, after many delays and despite the opposition, at first, of father, sister and brother, in the twenty-seventh year of her life, Jacqueline Pascal "quitted the world," and became a novice at Port Royal. She had waited for her father's death before taking this step and was deeply grateful at the accomplishment of her heart's desire; only one thing seeming to lessen her joy, the absence of the full sympathy of her dear brother Blaise. This was not long denied her.

Some brief account of Port Royal is now in place. The charm of goodness attaching to the memory of this convent is largely due to Angélique Arnauld, "a noble and charming woman," who "at seven years of age finds herself a nun; at eleven years, an abbess; while her little sister Agnes, six years old, takes the same office in the neighbouring convent of St. Cyr." Both sisters were condemned to life in a convent through family necessities. When Angélique awoke to the reality of her position she contemplated flight, but having abandoned this idea, determined to make her life endurable by making it a blessing to others. She restored the ancient discipline to Port Royal, over which she ruled a veritable mother, by turns rebuking, comforting and encouraging its inmates. In the evil times which the civil wars of the period brought about, the convent of Port Royal showed itself "rich in good works" toward those who were in need. "There was a permanent infirmary within the convent gates, where women and children were nursed and medicines were dispensed. . . It was in such service as this that Angélique and her nuns passed their days and in this way they manifested their piety. 'Per-

fection,' the good Mother often said, 'consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.'"

It was to such a home that Jacqueline Pascal came when she entered the gates of Port Royal, and left the world outside.

The first months of her stay at the convent were embittered by the refusal of her family to grant her the portion of her father's estate, which was undoubtedly her right. It was urged that, if she had chosen the heavenly riches, she might willingly permit her sister and brother to possess the earthly. But Jacqueline wanted her earthly portion, not for herself, she had no need of funds, but for the convent, which she had no idea of entering empty-handed. It afterward appeared that the conduct of the Pascals was inspired by the hope that Jacqueline might be induced, during the term of her probation, to reconsider her determination to abandon the world. Finding her purpose unshaken by this new trial, the share of her father's goods which was hers was freely given into her possession, and, by her, gladly added to the material resources of the convent.

Her conduct during the progress of these negotiations was characteristic. She prayed earnestly to be admitted as a "lay-sister." "If my reception must be a gratuitous one," she afterward writes, "I thought that out of gratitude to the sisterhood, for the double favour of welcoming me without a dowry, I could do no less than serve them as a menial for the rest of my life." To this proposition the authorities would not listen for a moment. Mother Agnes, the gentler sister of the more stern but not less noble Angélique Arnauld, of whom mention has just been made, treated the troubled probationer with great tact. "Only eternal things are worth such emotion as this," she chidingly says to Jacqueline, whose grief was of the severest sort. "Temporal matters ought never to call forth these tears—only the *real* evils, sins, deserve those." A novice of Port Royal, on the eve of her profession, should not be afflicted "by such a *bagatelle* as a little money!" The Mère Angélique advised the young novice "to relinquish it all to her relatives," and "to give her whole mind to her approaching confession." When Jacqueline remonstrated that it was the injustice done the establishment that troubled her, that for her own sake she was indifferent, the wise mother replied, "You are mistaken, my daughter. Nothing is more painful or hard

to bear than wounded affection. I know you feel deeply the injustice done to the House, but your own share in this gives you a keener pang, for self-love mingles in everything we do, and is the mainspring of this mighty sorrow."

Not only did Blaise Pascal at length secure Jacqueline her full financial rights; in the course of a brief period of time, he imitated her example and gave himself over to the performance of what were called "religious duties."

The charming volume from which we quote, contains no more interesting chapter than that entitled "A Bundle of Letters," in which "Sister Euphémie" describes the processes by which M. Pascal comes to the decision to "leave the world." An extract or two from these letters will give vividness to this sketch:

"He came to me toward the close of last September, and during the visit opened his heart to me in such a way that I felt a deep pity for him. He acknowledged that in the midst of his occupations, which were numerous and of a nature to excite in him a love for the world, he still often felt a desire to leave it altogether. . . . I did not attempt to hurry him in the least, but I saw him growing in such a way that I scarcely knew him for the same person."

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. Pascal during a brief "retreat," by means of which he hoped to determine his fitness for a "religious life."

"I was before you in the discovery that health depends more on Jesus Christ than on the maxims of Hippocrates. Spiritual regimen often cures bodily ailments, unless, indeed, God sees fit to strengthen us by means of sickness. . . . We are not told, 'if any man will come after Me let him perform works requiring great strength,' but 'let him deny himself.' And sometimes a sick person may do this better than one in health."

A subsequent letter exhibits the rich, common sense of "Sister Euphémie." She writes, as before, to her brother, Blaise:

"I have been congratulated on the great fervour of devotion which has lifted you so far above all ordinary customs, that you consider a *broom* a superfluous piece of furniture. . . . I think that, for some months at least, you should try being as clean as you are now dirty, in order that you may show that you can succeed in humble and vigilant *care* of the body (which is your servant), as well as you have succeeded in humble *negligence* of it. After that, if you again find it glorious and edifying to others to be dirty, you can do so; especially if it be a means of holiness, which I very much doubt. St. Bernard did not think it was."

In the same "bundle" is a letter addressed to her sister, Madame Perier, in which these suggestive words occur:

"There is a great advantage in having to teach others the ways of God but it is very difficult to speak of God in a godly manner, and *there is great danger of feeding others from our own penury instead of from His abundance.*"

Jacqueline Pascal advanced rapidly, not alone in the esteem of her associates in convent life, but likewise in personal holiness. Her faults were largely those of her time and education. Her brother's definite identification with the recluses of Port Royal was a great joy to her and a source of spiritual blessing as well. It was likewise a great event in the history of Port Royal, to whom the accession of Blaise Pascal was as the crowning of a beloved sovereign.

And now we come to consider an epoch in the history of Port Royal and of the Jansenists, in the white light of which both M. Pascal and his sister appear in the true nobility of their character.

The followers of Jansen have been described as "a little church born of the Spirit, within the visible and regnant church." Romanism disowned them; "they obstinately refused to accept that disavowal." They found themselves, to quote the words of Pascal, "in a strait betwixt God and Pope." This "grievous" and dangerous condition of affairs they endeavoured to maintain for years.

The Jesuits hated them, largely for reasons previously mentioned. Governmental influence was with the Jesuits. "There were very few princes on the throne, nobles in the realm, dignitaries in the Church, or religious houses belonging to any order, which were not, either directly or remotely, under their influence." The young king (Louis XIV.) had a Jesuit tutor, from whose teaching he had learned to hate the followers of Jansen.

A crisis was reached in 1656, when the Holy See condemned the "Five Propositions." These were "five statements, which Father Cornet, a Jesuit priest, had with marvellous subtlety and art framed out of Jansen's *Augustinus*." Their construction was so peculiar and ambiguous as to be capable of two meanings, widely different. Understood as the Jesuits professed to understand them, the Jansenists were as ready to condemn these five propositions as their opponents. "But they denied that they were to be found in any such sense in the *Augustinus*," which, as the reader will remember, is "a tissue of texts from St. Augustine." When, therefore, the followers of Jansen were required to sign a "formula," condemning

these propositions, they did so without hesitation, simply adding the denial that the propositions were to be found in Jansen's book, and indicating the points of difference between Jansen and his Jesuit interpreters.

Their straightforward conduct did not save these "unconscious Protestants" from trouble. The next move of the Jesuits was to break up the Port Royal schools for boys. "The recluses were also driven away from *Les Granges* on pain of imprisonment." Pascal found a home in Paris.

The nuns became the next objects of attack. An order in council was signed requiring that "every scholar, postulant and novice should be turned out of both houses of Port Royal." Two events delayed the execution of these orders for five years: the publication of Pascal's famous "Provincial Letters," into the history of which we may not enter here, but simply quote the testimony of *Sainte-Beuve*, that "they killed the Jesuits;" and the alleged miracle effected on the person of Margaret Perier, niece of the "sister and saint" of our narrative. Of the miracle it is enough to say that the nuns of Port Royal believed in it, upon what seemed to them sufficient evidence, and the Jesuits were unable to disprove it.

For three years the good nuns of Port Royal were permitted to carry on their work undisturbed. They did not live idly. Not only did they seek to develop their own spiritual life, they sought the good of others.

These happy years were but the calm before the storm. In 1661 new troubles broke in upon the peace of Port Royal. Once again the "five propositions" came into prominence. A new "formulary" was issued, in which it was asserted that the condemned propositions were contained in the book entitled "Augustinus." Ecclesiastics, nuns, schoolmasters, were required to sign the declaration. "No exception was made in favour of those who had never seen the 'Augustinus,' or who could not read Latin!"

Refusal on the part of the Port Royalists to sign this untruthful paper was succeeded by cruel persecution. "In April, 1661, there came an order that all the pupils in the two convents should be sent back to their homes within three days."

Jacqueline Pascal, now sub-prioress, remained in the empty and desolate convent, where she was visited by the Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Paris, whose business it was to question each nun in turn in regard to her belief. His examina-

tion was unsuccessful. "Pure as angels and proud as devils!" he pronounced them, for they would not sign the "formulary."

The Mère Angélique was visited by the Grand Vicar in Paris, whither she had been carried on a litter the day before that fixed for the dispersion. She was waiting for her departure, but did not forbear her testimony against the wrongs under which she and her sisters in tribulation suffered. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "this is man's day; but the day of the Lord is coming and that will explain all, and avenge all!" A few weeks later, with the precious words, "Jesus, Jesus, my Lord, my righteousness, my strength, my all!" upon her lips, she passed to her reward.

The nuns remaining firm, a modified "formulary" was submitted to them for signature. A meeting of the scattered leaders of the Jansenist party was held in the room where Pascal was drawing near his end, to consider the duty of the hour. Arnauld and Nicole favoured the acceptance of the modified formula. Pascal was for "standing by God's truth at all hazards, even if it involved disobedience to the Pope." Against the arguments of those who urged a compromise, the dying man protested in words which were prophetic: "No, no, you can never save Port Royal, but you *can* be traitors to the truth." And when the majority decided against him, he fainted, entirely losing voice and consciousness for a time.

In the meanwhile, all unconscious of her brother's position, in the quiet of her convent home, the sub-prioress was seeking for light and working out the problem of duty for herself. She reached the very conclusion which Pascal reached. "I am convinced that in this course there is safety neither for body nor soul. Truth is the only Liberator." She indulges in satire. "I admire the ingenuity of the human mind, as displayed in the perfection with which the 'Mandement' is drawn up. . . . I know very well that the defence of the truth is not women's business. But, perhaps, when bishops have the cowardice of women, women ought to have the boldness of bishops."

The compromise was accepted. And who can wonder? The only cause for surprise is that these heroic souls, members of a Church which requires submission, instant and implicit, from all of its adherents, and wealthy in devices to enforce obedience, should have resisted so long. Arnauld, to whom Port Royal owed a deep debt of gratitude, expressed his wish—"a note of command" Jacqueline calls it—that the modified "formulary" should be signed. It was signed accordingly,

sadly and unwillingly, "with a distinct exception in favour of Jansen's meaning," an exception counselled by Arnauld himself. Jacqueline and the prioress added "a strong protest in order to clear their conscience in some degree." Both fell ill the next day, overcome by grief, the prioress to recover a measure of health, but Jacqueline realized her own expectation when she wrote these words in her "Letter on the Formulary," "I speak in an agony of grief which I feel certain will kill me."

She died on her birthday, October 4, 1661, just thirty-three years old. Neither brother nor sister was by her bedside to minister to her comfort. The Mère Agnes was a prisoner in Paris. The Mère Angélique had passed on before. She was denied, it is said, the presence of her beloved spiritual adviser and friend, Father Singlin. But who can doubt that she realized the presence of the Good Shepherd, and rested safely upon His rod and staff as she passed through the dark valley into the clear light of eternal day?

Blaise Pascal survived his sister for less than a year. A mistaken ascetism deprived him of much that might have soothed his journey to the tomb, but the higher and rarer comforts of Divine grace attended him to the very end. Gilberte, the elder sister, lived to be sixty-eight years of age, the last years of her pilgrimage being full of trouble.

But what of Port Royal? Did the compromises avail? Nay. The Jesuits were unsatisfied by the signing of a paper. "You refuse to yield your consciences to your superiors. What signifies it that you are holy and virtuous?" Thus spake the archbishop, when "in full pontificals" and with a "terrible countenance," he inspected the Port Royal de Paris. The inmates were forbidden to approach the altar, declared "unworthy, contumacious and mutinous," and advised of the near approach of "signal punishment."

The threat was fulfilled. Soon after his visit to the abbess, all the principal officers and nuns were made prisoners in Jesuit convents. The last sacraments were refused the Mère Agnes in what was regarded as a fatal illness, and she was distressed with the threat that "her dead body should be thrown out unburied." Another noble nun, threatened with burial in unconsecrated ground, made reply, "Sire, I do not think you can bury me in a spot where my Lord cannot find me and raise me up again at the last day."

Port Royal des Champs shared the same fate as Port Royal de Paris. In 1709, fifty years after the death of Angélique, an

officer with three hundred soldiers appeared in the almost deserted valley of Chevreuse for the purpose of "dispersing" the twenty-two nuns, "old and feeble women, bedridden, paralytic, dying," who remained in this retreat. The eldest of the company was eighty-six, the youngest over fifty. They were not even permitted to go "two by two," but were condemned to a separate exile in different convents. Death overtook some of them on their journey. Others died almost immediately after their journey was completed. Their imprisonment was attended with great hardship, they were deprived of sacraments, and, "in some cases their dying hands were guided to sign that hated, unmodified 'Formulary,' which no persecution had been able to make them sign."

Still Jesuit hate was unsatisfied. "The convent itself, the farm-house of the recluses, the church, and the graveyard must suffer. The buildings were razed, one after another, to their foundations. Then "a band of workmen, prepared for their task by drink, broke open the graves of recluses and nuns, tore the bodies from the graves, threw them together in heaps, and allowed the dogs to feed on them. The remains were heaped up in carts and conveyed to a large pit, into which they were cast."

Did these men and women, of whom neither the world which they forsook, nor the Church by which they were persecuted, was worthy, live and suffer and die in vain? We must not believe it. It is the defeated who win.

"While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who
have won—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded and dying—
and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows,
breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper: 'They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that
tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds
on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—and if need be,
to die—
Speak history! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success
of a day?

The Martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

MACDONALD'S LIFE OF DR. PUNSHON.

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

III.

AT the Conference of 1870, Dr. Punshon was visited by his life-long friend, Rev. Gervase Smith. His coming was to the President as cold water to the thirsty soul. How nervous he was over his friend's first appearance at the Conference, and how anxious that he should be received with befitting welcome. The reception was all that could be desired, and when the brethren gave themselves up to the spell of that eloquent, enthusiastic and most lovable man, his delight was unbounded. And what days those were in his own home, when the Conference sessions were over; the glee, the playful humour, the brilliant strokes of wit and repartee, the episodes and stories of the past, the sparkling and delightful conversation, the tender and true affection; the two great and gifted divines were like boys together. What a change when I saw the two friends together at Tranby, both broken down in health and spirits, but loving each other as of old. It was their last meeting on earth. But a short time intervened between the departure of the two, so that "in their deaths they were not divided."

The three departments of Church work to which Dr. Punshon's best exertions were given were the increased endowment of Victoria University, the missionary work, and Church building extension. When the annual grant from the Legislature was suddenly withdrawn in 1868, Mr. Punshon threw himself with great earnestness into the movement for additional College support, and in a short time endowments were received which more than made up for the loss of the grants from the Provincial treasury. Prof. Reynar says:

"Victoria University is also indebted to Mr. Punshon for his interest in the establishment of a theological faculty, the first chair of which was endowed by the late Edward Jackson, of Hamilton. His advocacy was also given to the establishment, in the city of Montreal, of the Wesleyan Theological College, to be affiliated to Victoria University." P. 335.

While greatly interested in our Domestic Mission work, and our French Canadian and Indian Missions, he thought it was

high time that Canadian Methodism was represented in the foreign field, and the establishment of our Mission to Japan was due to his advocacy and exertions, coupled with those of a few of our own far-seeing and zealous laymen and ministers. His last official act was in a valedictory given to our noble missionaries, Revs. George Cochrane and Davidson Macdonald, who were starting for the sunrise kingdom.

Another movement in which he took a prominent part was Methodist Union.

The Canadian biographer well says :

“ In the readjustment of relations with the parent Church in England it was of great advantage that one so familiar with English Methodism and so influential in her councils should be at the head of the Canadian Church. It was not till the year 1874, the year after Mr. Punshon's departure from Canada, that the first union took effect, but he was actively concerned in the previous negotiations which led to that union. The union of 1874 was of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Canada, the Wesleyan New Connexion Conference, and the Wesleyan Conference of Eastern British America. This was followed in 1883 by a further union of the Methodist Church of Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, the Bible Christian Church, and the Primitive Methodist Church. Thus was founded the present Canadian Methodist Church, into which all the Methodists of British America are gathered in one national Methodist Church of ten Conferences, 1,628 ministers, and a spiritual charge of some 800,000 souls, the largest Protestant Church in the Dominion.” Pp. 331-2:

An impulse was also given to church building; and in cities, towns and rural places, beautiful churches were reared and consecrated to God's worship, and multitudes were drawn to the dedicatory services to hear the great orator. Says the writer: “ The chief monument of the church extension and improvement that marked Mr. Punshon's time is the Metropolitan Church in the city of Toronto, and so large a part did he take in this enterprise that it is still pointed out as his monument in Canada.” Assuredly, without him the Metropolitan Church would never have been built, nor would this great expense have been undertaken but for the support of strong and influential laymen. “ Honour to whom honour is due.” At one critical meeting of the trustees, when the tenders came in and the amount exceeded all expectations, there was a proposal to cut down the church in size. Even Dr. Punshon could not see the wisdom of proceeding on so extensive a scale. Then a young man, Mr. James Paterson, rose, and in a few words, said, “ We may cut down the plan,

but we will not have a Metropolitan Church. Let us increase our subscriptions." And he quadrupled his own. His enthusiasm was at once caught up, and it was resolved to proceed with the work.

The erection of the Metropolitan gave an impulse to church building in Toronto amongst all the denominations. The largest and most beautiful of the one hundred churches in the chief city of Ontario, the City of Churches, have nearly all been erected since that time. In short, it revolutionized ecclesiastical architecture all over the Province. Along with this, more than any other minister he helped to promote the sweet and fruitful spirit of Christian unity so manifest among us. Incapable of narrowness or bigotry, while his brilliancy and power drew around him many outside the pale of Methodism, his unfailing courtesy and the catholic spirit which inspired his life was felt throughout the churches, and they were drawn together in the unity of spiritual life.

On the 23rd of September, 1870, his home was again darkened by an overwhelming loss, in the death of his beloved wife. The happiest of earthly unions was severed. The desire of his eyes was taken away at a stroke in the prime of her strength and beauty, in the midst of her growing influence and usefulness, and just as her happy life was about to be crowned with the rich joy of motherhood.

"The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled."

Her death startled and shocked a wide circle of friends, and awakened emotions of profound sorrow and regret among all who knew her. In the midst of this desolation he was enabled to say, "It is the Lord. All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me, but they are *Thy* waves and I lie and let them sweep, waiting till Thou shalt tell me in the fulness of a clearer vision why they sweep over me."

Returning from the funeral, one of the largest ever seen in Toronto, he invited Dr. and Mrs. Cochran, Professor Reynar, my wife and myself to remain to tea with him. When the time for family worship came, as he opened the Bible to read, he expressed his thankfulness to God that he was again permitted to be the priest in his shattered household. He reviewed the past ten years of his life, and paid a touching tribute to his departed wife, her simple faith, earnest piety, and unpreten-

tious goodness, her sweet, spotless life, the interest she had taken in all his work, the deep and tender love which she had shown to him and his children, and the unutterable desolation that was upon him. Yet in his acquiescence with the Divine will he had been saved from every rebellious thought. He then uttered his thanksgivings for family mercies yet remaining, his yearnings over his children and his intense desire that not a shred of the intended benefit of this great sorrow might be lost upon any one of them. It was a striking exhibition of the tenderest feeling that I ever witnessed, and created an ineffaceable impression on all present.

In the spring of 1871 Mr. Punshon made his journey to the Pacific Coast. The party were to have been joined by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lister, of Hamilton, but "the father" could not summon up courage to undertake the long and arduous journey. On the eve of his departure he addressed the following letter to Mr. Lister :

March 8, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have "dreamed a dream which is not all a dream," or can it be that some bird of the air has carried the tidings that there is a little relenting in the mind of the inexorable "minority," and that the august head of the household is a little more inclined than he was to this Pacific trip.

• The expedition will not leave Chicago until Tuesday, 21st March. One wishing to find a place for repentance may obtain it by seating himself and *wife* (not otherwise) in the Pullman car which passes through Hamilton on Monday, 20th March.

Do this and you shall have all manner of absolutions and a pleasant journey westward, besides enjoying the refined luxury of giving great pleasure to

Your Affectionate Friend,

W. M. PUNSHON.

In his letters to his daughter and notes of travel he gives vivid descriptions of the great prairies, the Rocky Mountains, Salt Lake City, the deceptions of Mormonism. From Salt Lake City he crossed the Sierra Ranges to the El-Dorado State. San Francisco, the Queen City of the Pacific, is described; the Golden Gate, the exquisite coast and scenery of Vancouver Island, Victoria, New Westminster, the Fraser River as far as Yale, grandly situated just like sweet Swiss villages. The Gulf of Georgia, the Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley, the two gems of which, the Yosemite Falls and the majestic El Capitan, moved him to tears. His knowledge of the famed prospects of Europe, his quick powers of observation and deep sympathy with

nature, along with his unfailing good temper and characteristic ardour, made him a rare travelling companion; and this journey widened his experience of the outer aspects of the world and supplied him abundant material and illustrations for future use.

A messenger to the Churches in these distant regions he preached along the entire way, and was alike at home in growing cities, in Indian settlements and frontier towns. On his return to Toronto he makes this record in his journal:

“May 26th — Since my last entry, how marvellous have been the preserving mercies of the Lord. I have to record many loving-kindnesses. I have taken a long journey. I have been preserved by land and sea, through many excitements, discomforts, and pleasures, through 8,800 miles of travel I have been permitted to testify for Christ, I humbly trust not without success, in regions which I may never see again. My soul is full of gratitude. . . .” P. 359.

On the first of June, 1871, his beloved daughter, Fanny, of whom he speaks as being by sorrows “sanctified into a very woman of truth and purity,” was married to the Rev. Professor Alfred H. Reynar, M.A., the man of her affection, into whose hands the father unhesitatingly trusted her. At the Conference Dr. Punshon was not only elected President, but nominated for President in 1872, and appointed Representative to the British Conference. In July he sailed for England, accompanied by his daughter and her husband. His reception in the homeland was of the most enthusiastic kind. The open session of the Conference, at which he was introduced as the President and Representative of the Canadian Conference, was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which was filled to overflowing with an audience of six thousand, of which nearly one thousand were ministers. An English paper says:

“It would be difficult to analyze and define delicately the feeling of the vast mass of people who rose to greet him with shouts, and waving of hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, and all movable things. But I shall not be far wrong when I surmise that the predominant emotion was deep, personal affection, sympathy with his great services past, and joy at his return. English Methodists have kept his place vacant in their hearts.” P. 363.

The address was one of the most eloquent and effective efforts of his life, and never before were the claims and interests of our Canadian work so fully and forcibly brought before the English public. The Conference set a term to his stay in Canada when he was to return home, and during his visit he

was everywhere greeted with the warmest affection and expressions of esteem.

Among the many letters from him which I cherish, I found one written at this time, bearing date :

LONDON, August 24, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thanks for your letter which I was right glad to receive. I cannot find time for correspondence amid my multiplied engagements and excitements, so my friends must not regard me as indifferent or forgetful, but simply as continually and overwhelmingly engaged. You will have seen the address at the Free Trade Hall. They say it told pretty well; and perhaps you will have seen also the Conference action, that it intimates an intention to “reclaim the loan.” I moved neither eye, hand nor lip in this, and so far, therefore, it may be regarded as providential. It secures me in Canada at any rate for two years or thereabouts, but more of this anon. My reception has been more than cordial, it has been enthusiastic, and has much humbled me, as I think successes ought to do. I do not think Methodism is altogether as happy as it was wont to be in England, though there is much power about it yet.

I am glad to hear of your prosperity, and that the Metropolitan progresses well. I am trying to do a little for it here; but everybody has his own schemes, and their name is legion. I shall succeed a little.

Fanny and her husband are in Bristol at present. It has been a painful pleasure to revisit old scenes, and renew old friendships, but the Lord has kept me up until I had a brief collapse last Friday, and was unable to take two engagements. I lectured in Bristol, however, on Monday, and on Tuesday preached in Spurgeon's Tabernacle to 7,000 people, the grandest sight of human beings I ever gazed upon. Pray give my kindest regard to everybody—Ryersons, Green, Rose, Dewart, Sutherland, Griffin, Evans, etc., etc. Special to your bonnie wife, and believe me, my dear friend,

Yours most truly,

W. M. PUNSHON.

Early in September he returned to Canada, bringing with him his niece, Miss Panton, to keep up the light and warmth of his home, to fill the place of his “lost angel” and of his daughter, now gone to a home of her own. The biography here, it seems to me, does not adequately set forth the character of his work—attending missionary services, preaching, teaching and dedicating churches, among them the holy and beautiful house of his affection, the Metropolitan. As the time drew near for his departure, his friends in Canada who loved and honoured him became very urgent that he should remain, and he himself writes, “I shall be as sorry to leave Canada as I was to leave England.” He was even offered a chair in Moral Philosophy in the Toronto University, but he was constrained to decline the position. At the Convocation of Victoria University, in 1872,

the Senate insisted upon conferring on him the degree of LL.D., the highest in its gift—a degree which has during nearly the half century of the University's existence been conferred *honoris causa* only thirteen times.

The last Conference in which he sat in the chair, June, 1872, was the most important of the five over which he had presided. Of it he says :

“Though there was much difference of opinion, there was substantial unity at last, and brotherly love throughout. Questions of difficulty were satisfactorily solved; the commutation question amicably settled; the principle of division of Conferences affirmed; the way cleared for a union with the Conference of Eastern British America, and, if they so please with the New Connexion; and last, not least, it was decided to open a theological school in the City of Montreal.”

From this to the end of the Conference year he was in journeyings often and in labours more abundant. He visited the Conference of Eastern British America and renewed the pleasant acquaintance made four years previously.

In July he started with John Macdonald, Esq., for Manitoba, on a missionary tour to the Great North-West. On Lake Superior he was in perils of waters; which he thus vividly describes :

“Embarked on board the steamer *Manitoba*, called at Goderich, Southampton, Bruce Mines, all on Lake Huron; passed through the St. Mary's river, and about six p.m. on the eleventh went through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, which separates Lake Huron from Lake Superior. A great wall of fog met us as we entered the latter, the most enormous basin of fresh water in the world, unless Lake Nyanza shall prove larger. We toiled through the fog all night. About one p.m. on Thursday, the twelfth, I was standing on the fore deck, the fog dense and heavy, and the captain said to me, ‘We are going along like a pig in a poke.’ ‘More intelligently than a pig, I hope,’ was my reply, ‘for you know where we are going.’ ‘Oh, yes,’ was his answer. The fog was coming down heavily, so I retired into the saloon. Not two minutes after I saw the captain rush frantically to the alarm bell and reverse the engines. At that moment the fog lifted, and there was a desolate coast close upon us, towards which we were driving at the rate of six miles an hour. Two seconds only, as it seemed of agonizing suspense, and the ship struck with a tremendous concussion, smashing crockery, glasses, doors, etc., flinging ladies down upon the floor, and causing, as you may suppose, immense consternation. For a moment the scene was terrible; happily there was no rebound, and the vessel remained hard and fast upon the rocks. We found by-and-by we were on an island which was uninhabited, save at one end of it, some fifteen miles distant from the scene of our shipwreck. We all (one hundred and fifty) landed, made fires on the beach, or rather on the rock, found out lovely beaches, covered with the

most exquisite quartz, spar, agates and amethysts, and so spent the day; the captain trying all manner of ways to get the boat off. At eleven next morning a sail was descried, which turned out to be the steamer *Cumberland*, bound for the same port as ourselves. She bore down to our rescue, and stayed with us for thirty hours in vain efforts to dislodge us. At length, on Saturday about six p.m., the *Manitoba* was pulled off the rocks, but alas, only to fill with water, so she was beached in about twelve feet of water, and all the passengers transferred to the *Cumberland* in which we made the rest of our voyage."

At Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, he preached and conducted the first ordination service ever held by any Church in the North-West. He had a two days' conference with the missionaries, who were all present, and in a letter to his daughter he says:

"Some of the missionaries had come from 1000 miles west to be with us. We gathered the whole nine or ten from each station, and had a blessed little conference. One of them even had not seen a railway for twelve years. I felt so dwarfed in their presence. These are the true heroes of the Lord's host. I felt it almost presumption to assume any official position, and to counsel and question them; I would gladly have sat at their feet. I trust our visit has done good. I have been much struck with the self-denial and earnestness of the missionaries, and with the vastness of the field they have to cultivate, especially in the great Saskatchewan country."

He saw "lots of Indians," was adopted into the Cree tribe, and received the name of "Wan-tu-nu-tuk," which means the "spirit of the morning." Returning, he journeyed through the Muskoka district, the lake scenery of which he characterizes as "exceedingly lovely." At Rama he attended an Indian camp-meeting, and was greatly interested in these children of the forest, keeping their Feast of Tabernacles. October was given to presiding over important committees. The Missionary Committee comprising some eighty members, the Committee on Methodist Union, and the Committee on the division of Conference.

In November he was in Baltimore, dedicating the splendid Mount Vernon Church, one of the costliest churches in Methodism; where they offered him a salary of \$5,000 per annum, and an elegantly furnished house, to become their pastor.

In December he was in Boston, preaching, lecturing, visiting Harvard University, and having a pleasant chat with Longfellow in his own study—"a fit lair for such a genius;" then to Stanstead, and on to Cobourg, to spend a few days with his

daughter. Her health was now a subject of great concern to him, and the shadow of another sorrow was upon him. How he loved her is shown in a letter written at this time, full of birthday wishes, and greetings, and prayers, and closes with :

“God send His good angels to guard and bless thee my child. From the weary morning in December, 1850, until now, when your child is dear to me, I have never ceased to cherish you in my heart of hearts, and I do not cease now, although you have a happy home of your own. May God bless it to you, and keep you to it for many years. If my heart could go out upon the paper it would burn. Again, God bless my darling child.”
P. 382.

About the middle of February he started on a month's tour through the Southern States, and he records more conscious waiting on God during the journey than usual. He was accompanied by H. A. Massey, Esq., of this city, then of Cleveland, Ohio; and the following delightful account, by Mr. Massey, of their visit to the sunny South-land will be read with interest.

“In January, 1873, the Rev. Dr. Punshon was engaged to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, Ohio. The Doctor preached on the Sabbath morning to an overcrowded house, many hundreds not being able to gain admittance; and on Monday evening following, when the doors were thrown open for the lecture, the rush for seats was so great that a number of policemen had to be employed to keep the people back. It was found many hundreds having tickets could not gain admittance, and the only use made of the office for the sale of tickets was to redeem the tickets of those who could not get in, and many hundreds had to be bought back. So great was the anxiety to hear his celebrated lecture on ‘*Mayflower* Memories.’ Many offered as high as \$10 to get in, some having come seventy or eighty miles to hear him, but they could not be accommodated. The lecture, there is no need to say, gave very great satisfaction, and the Doctor was urged to repeat it or give another lecture. He finally consented, with the proviso that I should accompany him on his contemplated tour through the Southern States. This I consented to do.

The Doctor proceeded to Cincinnati on his way to the South, at which place I was to join him, but this I was unable to do till he reached Louisville, Ky. At Cincinnati the Doctor met with a very warm reception from the leading citizens, and had a very large audience at his lecture there.

At Louisville we met Bishop Simpson, and had a very pleasant interview. The Doctor's high regard for Bishop Simpson led him to look upon him as one of his dearest friends, and he spoke of the Bishop as having no equal in the pulpit in his magnetic influence over his hearers. We drove out to the suburbs of Louisville, and were delighted to find the contrast in the foliage of the trees and shrubs, and the beauty of the grounds, so great in comparison with those of the north. Places we had left a few days before were cold and dreary, and in this southern latitude it was warm and

sunny. In the cemetery we found flowers in full bloom—magnolias flourishing in great abundance. From Louisville we proceeded by train to Nashville, where we spent two or three hours of the time in rambling through the quaint old city.

After leaving Nashville, our train got stuck on a very heavy grade, necessitating the dividing of the train, one portion being sent forward to the next station while the other remained till the engine came back for it. In consequence of this mishap we were without our breakfast till we arrived at Memphis. The Doctor and I made the best use of our time while we were stuck on the grade in making a foraging expedition to the log cabin of a coloured family, where we were treated with the greatest kindness; and they gave us the best of what they had, which assuredly was very meagre, yet it was greatly enjoyed by us. We had thus an opportunity of viewing the humble homes of those who but a few years before were slaves, and the Doctor took very great interest in their stories of former bondage.

We arrived after midnight at Memphis, and in the morning proceeded to our steamer, the *Thompson Dean*, which had just arrived and was lying at the dock, and engaged our passage to New Orleans. Memphis being a very important shipping point on the Mississippi, large quantities of cotton and other products were loaded upon our steamer. The *Thompson Dean* is one of the largest vessels on the line, very fine in all her appointments, in reality a floating palace. There were a large number of passengers on board on their way to New Orleans to be present at the Mardi Gras. Many of the young people were full of fun and frolic, and determined upon having a good time, which they certainly did; music and dancing going on most of the time. On one occasion they had a masquerade dance, all those taking part being completely disguised, causing much amusement to the passengers. We had quite a number on board who did not join with them, and with whom we had much pleasure in conversation and singing, there being a number of very good singers on the steamer.

The river at this time was beginning to rise rapidly, in consequence of the thaws and rains that were taking place along its tributaries. As we proceeded down the Father of Waters, we noticed that it had overflowed its banks and had largely inundated forests and low-lying lands in all directions. There is much similarity in the scenery along the whole route, woods occupying a large portion of the ground, with log huts interspersed here and there. We often stopped at the side of the river to obtain wood where not a solitary person is living. At this season of the year fogs are quite frequent, and one night we had to stop for several hours and tie up to a tree along the bank of the river.

Our first stopping place of any importance after leaving Memphis was Vicksburg, where we arrived at 7 a.m. The Doctor and I walked around the city, and went upon the heights to see the breastworks, which were prepared during the late Civil War. This place was one of very great importance during the war, and will be remembered as the place where Grant won his first great victory. We left Vicksburg at 9 a.m. calling at Natchez, and Baton Rouge, which used to be the capital of the state, a fine old English-looking place. The ruins of the old Capitol stands upon a high point of the city, and have an imposing appearance.

While on our passage down the river, I was waited upon by a deputation of the passengers, who, notwithstanding their gaiety, love of dancing and card playing, were eager to secure the services of Dr. Punshon to preach upon the following Sabbath. He consented to do so. This sermon was preached soon after leaving Baton Rouge, that day being Sunday, and all were delighted with it. It was delivered to a very large audience, as there were many hundreds of people on board, a large portion being Roman Catholics. After the service the passengers met together, presided over by a leading Roman Catholic editor, and passed resolutions of thanks to the Doctor for his appropriate and eloquent sermon.

We arrived at New Orleans late on Sunday night, and on Monday morning we were met at the steamer by the Rev. Dr. Tudor, pastor of the First Church South, in New Orleans, and R. W. Royne, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of that city. The latter invited us to be his guests during our stay, and we gladly accepted the kind invitation, as the city was so full of strangers that no rooms could be obtained for any price at the hotels. Dr. Tudor had arranged for Dr. Punshon to either lecture or preach for his people without the Doctor's consent, and it was with very great reluctance that he yielded to the very urgent solicitations of many of the leading people of that city, as he was away from home for rest, and had resolved not to lecture during his tour. He finally consented to preach for them, which he did on Monday evening, the 24th, to a very large audience.

New Orleans at this time was in a great state of excitement, immense preparations having been made for their annual jubilee, or Mardi Gras, and to one who had never before witnessed that gorgeous procession, it was certainly something to be admired and remembered. The Doctor was very much amused by many of the scenes as they passed in procession through the streets. During the evening the display was simply grand. We visited many of the ice manufacturing establishments of that city, and were much interested in witnessing the process of making that very useful and necessary commodity of this warm climate. The thermometer stood on this day, the 25th of February, 70° in the shade. We visited the cemetery, where they bury their dead in vaults above ground, as the land here is lower than the river level. The public buildings are all very fine, and we think well worth visiting.

We left New Orleans on the morning of the 26th for Mobile, Ala. Very little of interest was to be seen on this route, with the exception of a few alligators. The country through which we passed on our way to Mobile is very low and flat, the sandy soil poor and unproductive, and very little is grown except cotton, of which there are large plantations cultivated by the coloured people. We also noticed several large sugar plantations.

At Mobile we were unable to secure sleeping berths for the night, consequently we had to make the best of it, under which circumstances the Doctor proved a patient traveller, and submitted with becoming grace to the many inconveniences we had to endure.

The presiding elder of the Methodist Church South waited upon the Doctor and pressed him to preach in the evening. We visited some cotton mills and the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church, which was then in session. In company with the presiding elder we visited, at his

home, the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, then in his 89th year, and who had preached as an effective minister uninterruptedly for 67 years, his last sermon being on the previous Sabbath. He held the position of Missionary editor. After sitting for a half-hour or more, Dr. Punshon and Dr. Pierce delighted us with reminiscences of Wesley while in Savannah, and Methodism in general. When about leaving, Dr. Pierce expressed his gratification at having enjoyed the great privilege of an interview with his friend, Dr. Punshon, when the Doctor replied, "I am honoured, sir, to sit and learn wisdom from age."

Arriving at Savannah on Saturday morning, we called upon the Methodist minister and took him for a drive out to Bonaventure, where we saw some of the most beautiful oaks in the world. For a long distance the drive was between rows of these magnificent trees, whose branches formed a complete arch over the street, and shaded it from the hot sun, which made it very enjoyable. After viewing the cemetery and grounds, we visited the large oak under which Wesley preached, and drank out of the Wesley spring. The memories of Wesley's labours around this hallowed spot were inspiring to us all, especially to the Doctor, as he eagerly grasped every opportunity that offered of securing any information relative to Wesley's work in this locality. He also searched the city records for the purpose of gleaned some particulars relative to his labours in that city, in which he was somewhat successful. When we entered the church, which is now built upon the spot where Wesley preached, we felt an inspiration which will not soon be forgotten.

The next day, Sunday, March 2nd, the Doctor preached in Trinity Church, his subject being, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord;" and a truly noble sermon it was. The Doctor afterwards said he felt a special inspiration in preaching on the spot which had been the first field of Wesley's labours many years ago. In the afternoon I accompanied the Doctor to the coloured church, as he was very anxious to attend the meetings of the coloured people. In some of these meetings the services were very boisterous and exciting, as they are a very emotional people; yet the Doctor enjoyed them all exceedingly, and could rejoice with them in their forms of worship. In the evening we went to the Presbyterian Church.

Leaving Savannah on Monday morning, we arrived at Jacksonville the same evening. On the road through Florida we were favoured with an almost continuous display of wild flowers and blossoms. At Jacksonville the next morning we found the weather quite cold, so much so that ice about the one-eighth of an inch thick had formed upon the water. We took a steamer up the St. John River to Tricola, and from there, horse rail to St. Augustine, where we remained over night. This ancient city was very much admired by the Doctor. We visited the old fort and some orange groves, picking ripe fruit from the trees. This old Spanish city has many places of historic interest, and the climate is delightful. The Doctor was particularly interested in going through some of the cells in the old fort, and here we purchased a number of curiosities. We left on the early morning train, on our return journey, arriving at Jacksonville that evening, from whence we took train to Savannah, on our homeward route, arriving at Charleston on Thursday evening, where we stayed for the night, and went to a prayer-

meeting held by the coloured people. Next morning found us *en route* to Washington. In passing Petersburg, we saw much of the fighting ground and battle-fields during the Civil War. Had a very good view of Richmond, and arrived at Washington on Saturday evening.

The Doctor was desirous of keeping very quiet, and not having it known that he was in the city. I had, however, telegraphed Rev. Dr. Tiffany our intention of spending the Sabbath in Washington. Sunday morning Dr. Tiffany called on us at our hotel, and insisted on Dr. Punshon preaching, and with difficulty did we prevail on him to preach. We knew well the anxiety of many of the great statesmen there to hear him in the evening. We attended the Metropolitan Church in the morning, sitting in one of the back seats, as the Doctor desired not to be observed among the congregation. It was announced by Dr. Tiffany that Dr. Punshon would preach in the evening, and pew-holders would be admitted by ticket at the rear entrance. President Grant intimated to Dr. Tiffany his anxiety to hear Dr. Punshon, although, as he stated, he generally stayed at home on Sunday evening, so as to allow his servants an opportunity to go to church. He, however, was present that evening, and had great difficulty to get through the immense crowds that pressed around both of the street entrances to the church. There were a larger number of people that could not gain entrance than those who were privileged to listen to him on that occasion. Although much fatigued from travelling, the peerless preacher was in his happiest mood, and delighted his audience with his masterly discourse. President Grant was so delighted, that on leaving the church he said to Dr. Tiffany, "You will please convey my sincerest thanks to Dr. Punshon for his magnificent sermon, which I have enjoyed so much." There were a great number of the Senators and Congressmen present at this service.

On Monday we visited the Post Office, the Treasury Department and also the Capitol, where the Doctor was met by many leading statesmen, to whom he was introduced, and not a few of them expressed their gratification at meeting so distinguished a man. After leaving Washington we came on to Baltimore, where I spent the last evening of my journey in the Doctor's company with some of his friends.

From Washington Dr. Punshon wrote as follows to Mrs. Lister, of Hamilton, describing Southern habits and scenery :

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. LISTER,—I am on my homeward journey at last, and feel inclined to let you know that although I have lacked your much desired and "motherly" care, I am still in the land of the living. I have had no one but Mr. Massey, of Cleveland, as my companion. My Canada friends you see are dropping off from me. I went to Buffalo, as you know, thence to Cleveland, Akron, Cincinnati. At the latter city, where the water is of the colour and consistency of pea-soup before you wash in it, and afterwards of lamp-black oil, I was seized with a sharp attack of lumbago, an inauspicious beginning. I persevered, however, and went to Louisville, Kentucky, where Mr. Massey joined me. We railed to Nashville, and thence through Tennessee to Memphis. Here we took the *Thompson Dean*, and steamed down the Mississippi, 824 miles, through the states of

Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, passing and calling at Vicksburg, Natchez and Baton Rouge, to New Orleans. The hardest thing I have had to do for some time was to preach in the saloon of a Mississippi steamer to a congregation, most of whom had been dancing as if bitten by a Naples spider, until midnight on Saturday night.

At New Orleans we were welcomed and entertained with true Southern hospitality, and came in for the festival of the Carnival, which it would take too long to describe. From New Orleans (where overcoats were an unmitigated nuisance, and the heat was oppressive), to Mobile in Alabama; thence to Montgomery and Columbus, in Georgia, where we missed connections, and had to wait 24 hours. I had not been a quarter of an hour in the hotel before a long brother called, who introduced himself as the Presiding Elder, and said there was a union Love-feast going on, and I must come and talk to the people. In for it again. I had been recognized at the depot by some one who had heard me in Brooklyn.

From Columbus to Savannah, a fine city, where there is the most appropriate cemetery I ever saw, for nature has furnished the mourning. There are long avenues of fine old oaks, from each branch of which hang pendant wreaths of Spanish moss of a sombre olive hue—natural immortelles over the graves of the loved and lost. I preached in Savannah just opposite the spot where John Wesley preached, and tried to speak as he and his Master would have had me speak.

From Savannah down into Florida, weather very cool, almost cold; down the St. John River to St. Augustine, frost on the ground; the trees laden with oranges, superb magnolias, palmettoes, figs, bananas, live oaks, a blooming wilderness; back to Savannah, and up to Charleston, South Carolina; through North Carolina and Virginia, passing Petersburg, the last Citadel of the Confederacy; Richmond, the capital; Fredericksburg, where some of the bloodiest battles were fought, and Guinea, where Stonewall Jackson died; then sailing up the Potomac past Mount Vernon, where rest the ashes of the Father of his country, and arriving here on Saturday night, in time yesterday to address a few words of counsel to the President of the United States, who was in my congregation last night.

As the time of separation drew near he writes:

“I am wonderfully attached to this place and people. It will be a pang for me to leave Canada. It will always be endeared to me by memories of joy and sorrow, of usefulness and solicitude. I have made many friendships here which will abide.”

Early in April, his beloved friend, Rev. Mr. Hurst, came out to be with him, to lighten the sorrows of parting, and accompany him home. On the eighth of May he writes, “The pangs of parting have already begun, and they are hard to bear.” On the eleventh, he preached his farewell sermon in the Metropolitan Church, and among his last words to the congregation were these:

“The long bond which has united us is now of necessity loosened. From

other lips you will listen to the words of eternal life. Our interest in each other, fresh and vivid and hearty now, will become by a law that is common, and of which therefore we may not complain, fainter and fainter, until down the corridors of memory we must gaze, to recall with an effort the names and circumstances that are so familiar to day; but deeply in a heart that does not soon or readily forget will be graven in distinctest lettering, the name of this house of prayer and of the congregation that has gathered within its walls."

Before his departure he was entertained by a large number of Canadian friends, and a testimonial was given him as a slight proof of their affection and esteem, and of the value which they set upon the services he had rendered to the Methodist Church and to Canada. An illuminated address was presented, and a casket composed of several kinds of Canadian woods, mounted with clasps and plate of solid silver, and containing \$4,000. His reply was given with deep feeling, and he accepted the money only on condition that it should be invested in Canada, that he should draw the interest until his death, when the principal should be applied to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. He went by the Royal Mail steamer to Montreal, and the wharf was crowded with troops of friends assembled to bid him good-bye, and he sailed away encompassed with their love and followed by their most fervent prayers.

"And women's tears fell fast as rain,
And strong men shook with inward pain,
For him they ne'er should see again."

At Cobourg came the never-to-be-forgotten parting between the father and the daughter; they were not to meet on earth again, for in the following July, the tender daughter, the beloved wife, the true-hearted friend, slept in Jesus. At Kingston he was met by a deputation and presented with an address. At Brockville the District Meeting adjourned to the wharf to bid him farewell.

On the 24th May, 1873, he sailed from Quebec on the *S. S. Sarmatian*, encircled with the Christian sympathy and affection of two nations on this side of the Atlantic. His work in Canada was finished, and what a work! Most tersely put by the Hon. Senator Macdonald, who, in reply to a question put by the late Sir William McArthur, of London, "Well, what did Mr. Punshon do for you when he was in Canada," answered, "Do for us? Why he pushed us on half a century."

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.—THE RUNAWAY BRIDE.

FOR many days Gloria's love affairs kept the house in an atmosphere of dispute and anger; and Cassia could not help resenting it. She had resolved to make their return home a kind of household festival, and to date a new and happier life from it. She had made many new plans, and many good resolutions, and this selfish girl spoiled everything; and did it, also, with an air of innocence and regret, which quite deceived Raymund. Every one and every thing was to blame but Gloria. In some tacit way Cassia was made to feel that all the girl's imprudences had been the result of that unfortunate quarrel which had left her without adequate protection.

"Both of us away, and madam sick," Ray kept saying; "of course there was nothing to prevent the child becoming the prey of wicked, designing men."

"Thoughtless cruelty comes from a selfish heart, Ray. There was no obligation on Gloria to entertain herself with a stranger, while her grandmother, and her brother, and, for all she knew to the contrary, her accepted lover, were in danger and distress. At the very time madam and yourself were at the gates of death, she was arranging little dinners for this Captain Grady, and dressing herself as for a festival. Yes, she told me how charmingly she had thus passed the time. It is an incredible selfishness, I think."

"Women are women all the world over."

"It is not fair, Ray, to judge all womanhood by Gloria. How many thousands of beautiful young girls were unprotected and uncounselled during the war, and how very rarely one of them soiled by a suspicion the honour left in her own keeping! Father and John were four years away; I did not amuse myself while their hourly fate was uncertain."

"You are an angel, Cassia."

"No, I am not. I am a woman full of faults, and I have just proved it by complaining of Gloria's constant interferences with our happiness. An angel would have borne it with more patience."

She turned away, troubled at last, for she fancied there was an inflection of sarcasm in Ray's voice.

The conversation had arisen out of a very painful scene between Gloria and her brother, in which he had positively forbidden her to see Captain Grady again. Raymund had been making enquiries about the officer, but had learned very little

concerning him. The planter, with whom he had been staying, understood that he had been sent on regimental business to the East; but owing to the blockade against Galveston, had been unable to transact it. He had, however, left for that city as soon as he understood commerce had been resumed, and was not expected to return for six weeks.

Possibly the officer was, as madam asserted, a very suitable husband for Gloria; but Raymund, on principle, disapproved of everything arranged without his advice and permission. Also, he had come to the conclusion that John Preston was exactly the man capable of the long-loving endurance he knew Gloria's peculiarities would demand. During the terrible fever season he had learned to trust in John, and admire in him qualities which yet he had no desire to imitate; and he was grateful to him for the faithful care with which he had nursed him back to life and health. It angered him that John had been so summarily dismissed; he was equally angry because he took the dismissal. "A woman's 'No' means 'Yes,' John," he said; "and, as for a rival, that doubles the delight of winning."

But John shook his head gravely. A girl whom two men thought they had a right to claim had lost, in his eyes, her sweetest charm. It was not John's habit to deceive himself; he had looked at his disappointment squarely, and accepted it. But he suffered more than any one, except Cassia, understood.

Deprived of both her lovers, time went wearily to Gloria. She had only one relief—her correspondence with Denis Grady; and as Raymund had strictly interdicted it, the clandestine nature of the pleasure afforded her that taste of the forbidden which was essential to her happiness. Madam enjoyed it with her. It was through her contrivance and connivance letters were sent and received. For, as Raymund attended to the mail-bag himself, and carefully examined all its contents, and as he kept Gloria very much under his own eye, some agent was necessary. Several plans were discussed in madam's room, and the reliability of the different servants considered there.

"Thar aint de fust one ob dem to be 'pended on," said Souda, scornfully. "Dey might say it, and dey might swear it, and den some day Mass' Ray will just look at dem, wid dem half-shut eyes of his, and dey'd fall down at his feet and tell him all, and far more dan all, dat dey knows. I'se gwine myself. I aint been off de place since freedom, and dey says I'se 'fraid to go off de place; so no one will be lookin' fur Souda to open de gate."

"But suppose you meet Master Raymund, Souda? He would be sure to suspect. If he asked you where you had been, what could you say?"

"I'd tell him I'd been fur a pair of new shoes, and I'd hab de shoes in my hand. Mass' Ray knows shoes hab got to be fit on, and I'd just tell him shoes don't last fureber."

Madam was delighted at Souda's co-operation, and, after this point was settled, minor ones were easily arranged. For three weeks the woman, by some little management, passed almost every day between nearest mail village and Briffault, although it was a distance of five miles. One evening she was returning home, with a letter from Denis Grady in her pocket. She had been singularly sad all day, and had accounted for the feeling, to herself, by supposing "her spirit was in some trouble of which her body knew nothing at all." One event after another of her early life came back to her. "What's de matter wid me?" she asked herself. "What fur I t'ink ob dis and dat, when de circumstance done gone fureber?" Holding her large, black face in her hands, she gazed into the space before her with the melancholy of a lost soul in her eyes. "What I made fur? What I made fur? Just to sin and to suffer? Someting wrong somewhar." As she had complained before, things long forgotten called to her. One whom she knew not saw her under the palma trees, and brought her sins to remembrance. And, O, who can bear to sit in full view of their own sinful souls? Souda could not; she grew impatient, almost angry, under the contemplation, and rose to pursue her journey. As she did so she heard the sound of a human voice, a voice sustained and equal, like that of a man reading aloud.

"Mighty strange t'ing!" she muttered, as she directed her steps toward the voice. It was not the nearest road to Briffault, but she took it. As she approached the place she saw John Preston standing upon the slight eminence. His head was bare and he had an open book in his hand, from which he was reading aloud to a little company gathered near—fierce, tawny-bearded men, armed to the teeth, spurred and booted like cavalry soldiers—Lavacca teamsters carrying four waggon-loads of valuable merchandise to the interior. It was possible they might have to defend it, and they were ready to do so; but they were by no means the quarrelsome desperadoes they looked to be. One had his wife and child with him, and the woman sat at John's feet with her baby asleep in her arms. Souda went softly to the woman's side, and sat down beside her.

In the awful aisles of the yellow fever hospital John had only one theme to preach from—the cross of Christ—and it was still his text. "Behold it!" he cried. "It reaches from your clasping hands up to the throne of God! Who is on it? The Christ of the poor and the sorrowful! The Christ of the slave and the prisoner! The Christ of the Magdalene! The Christ of every sinner that ever lived! His outstretched arms embrace the world. His pierced hands have broken the chains of the devil, and turned the key of the prison-house of hell. Jesus calls you, hearken: 'Follow Me! I will in no wise cast you out. I have the joys heaven, but I died for earth! I have the

adoration of angels, but I want your love!' O, can you turn Him away? Here, in this wilderness, where He has nowhere else to lay His head but on your hearts. Will you not take Him now!'

There was no answer, but the whole atmosphere was sensitive with emotion, and John had to pause a moment in his impassioned pleading ere he could ask again:

"Can you turn Him away?"

"Souda could not bear it. Had she sat still she must have cried out. With a face almost stern she rose quickly and went away. Never, in all her restrained, sinful life, had she heard words like these. Her soul was in a tumult, and the old cry, that will ever be new until the end of time, rose to her lips: "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Generally it had been a little triumph and pleasure to her to bring home a letter. The whole affair had suddenly become of no account in her eyes. She laid it in Gloria's hand without a word, and went about her usual duties, like one in some great sorrow. For two days the woman endured such misery as souls know when they "look upon Him whom they have pierced." On the afternoon of the third day, while madam was asleep, she took a horse and rode over to the Preston ranch. John was taking his siesta, but she insisted upon his being awakened. When he saw Souda he was frightened. He thought at once of Cassia, of Gloria.

"Why have you come?" he asked.

"I'se come, Mass' John, 'case I'se de miserablest broken-heartedest woman in de worl'. I done heard you preachin' Monday night, and I'se had no rest, no sleep, no peace eber since. What kin you do to help me, Mass' John?"

Then John's face brightened all over. He sat down by the poor soul, and talked to her until they were both weeping. He told her that she might be sure that when she was seeking Christ, Christ had been first seeking her. He told her of the mercy of Christ, of the gentleness of Christ; he prayed with the weeping woman until a great peace filled the room and the divine miracle was again repeated; for that hour "Jesus was guest in the heart of one who was a sinner."

"He has forgiben me!" cried Souda, in a kind of wonder. "He has forgiben me! Now I'se free, Mass' John! I'se free now, soul and body! O, de glory ob it! What shall I do, Massa' John?"

"Go home, and God will show you, Souda. You are His child now, and you have a right to ask Him about everything. You will need help, ask it all the way home."

And O, how blessed is that peace which Christ gives to His own! That quiet *within* the soul, that restful life beneath all all other life, which is not ruffled by any doubt, and against

which neither death nor hell can prevail. Souda's countenance was quite changed. Madam noticed it the moment she entered the room, and rejoiced at it, also; for though we may affect to despise our servants, they really hold a good deal of our household happiness in their hands.

"So you have found your temper, Souda. I congratulate myself on the circumstance. You have had the devil in you since Monday."

"I'se done got rid of him, eber more got rid ob him. I'll neber lift a finger nor tell a lie fur him again; long as I live, if de good Lord help me, an' I know He will."

Madam stared at her in silence a moment, then laughed immoderately.

"Why, you wicked old woman, do you pretend to have got—religion?"

"I'se got 'ligion, bless de Lord!" I'se got it!"

"Really! Now where did you get it?" and she smiled sarcastically at Souda, as she sat sipping her afternoon tea.

"De Lord send Mass' John Preston wid a message fur me, and I listened to him."

"John Preston, of course! And you really have the presumption to think that He knows anything about you?"

"He bought me from de debil, and He's forgiben me all my sins, and I'se gwine to sarve Him all de rest ob my life; sure!"

"Very well," answered madam, languidly, "the subject does not interest me. I don't suppose your service in that direction will interfere with your duty to me."

"Now the earliest results of that intimate communing between the mortal and immortal, of that witness of the Spirit, which is to the humblest and the most ignorant, "the evidence of things not seen," is a desire first, to speak of the miraculous joy; second, to do some good to others. That night Cassia was sitting in her room with the Bible in her hand. She had finished her portion, and was meditating, with closed eyes, upon it.

"Miss Cassia!"

"What is it, Souda?"

"Miss Cassia, I'se been forgiben, and made happy by de Lord, and I'se come to ask you fur to forgibe me, too. I'se been mighty ugly many a time 'bout you—"

"O, Souda! Is that so" She took the woman's hands, and, standing up, kissed her." "I am more glad, more glad than I can tell you. Come often and speak to me. Don't lose your confidence, Souda; but if you do for one moment, come to me, and we'll seek it together. And you must join the Church at Waul's Station as soon as possible, then you'll have the whole Church to help you."

In the first joy of her experience Souda almost wished for

hard trials and impossible acts of self-denial. She had saved about one thousand dollars, and she wanted to give it all away to some good work. But John had said to her, positively, "Go home and do your duty; as soon as God has any special work for you, Souda, He will be sure to let you understand it. Perhaps it may be His will that you remain with madam. If so, you will do it?"

"Yes, I'll do it, Mass' John. I hope de Lord hab mercy on me now. I'se been many, many evil years in dat bondage."

For about a week after this event things went on at Briffault in their usual course. Souda had many a sneer from madam and many a mocking laugh from Gloria to bear, but she was as one that heard not. The following Sabbath evening she asked permission to go to the preaching at Waul's Station, and she was refused. A little later she passed through the yard to the kitchen, for something madam wished, she saw a very old woman, who was stone blind, feel her way with her stick, to the well, then try, with her trembling hands, to draw herself a drink of water. Souda had been very hard on this woman in years gone by; she had caused her suffering and sorrow without stint, and she had seen her many and many a time make just as painful efforts; and the sight had never troubled her before. But this night her heart ached, her eyes filled. She went to the well-side and took the bucket from her.

"Jane, I will draw you some water."

"Fur de Lor's sake!" The old woman trembled with terror. She lifted her sightless eyes to Souda's face. It was more than Souda could bear. She leaned upon the well-curb and cried bitterly.

"I'se had you whipped often, Jane. I got de madam to sell your little daughter 'way to Orleans. I'se made you cry your eyesight clean gone. I wonder, O, I wonder, ef you can forgive me!"

"I'se forgiven you long ago, Souda. When Jesus Christ forgave me, dat hour I forgave you, forgave you eberyting."

Then, rapid and vivid as a flash of light, Souda's reparation was made clear to her. It sprung up in her heart perfect; she did not need to think it out, or make plans, or regulations, or by-laws, concerning it.

"I'se gwine to take care ob you as long as you live, Jane. You sha'n't eber want your cup ob tea, nor your pipe, nor any comfort I kin git you; and you shall have the best cha'r in de chimbley corner, no matter who comes next. Mass' John Preston done tole me dat most ob de Briffault people are in Galveston—some ob dem very bad off—dar was Moke and his wife, dey died ob de fever, and left four little chillen. I'se gwine down to Galveston. I'se gwine to take you wid me. I'se gwine to make a home fur dem as needs it—de little chillen

and de sick women, and de men when dey has rhumatiz and sich. I'se got a thousand dollars, and I'll take in de fine washin', and none ob de ole Briffault folks, in trouble, shall eber want a home. But you shall allays be de fust, Jane."

"O my good Lord! What a wonder! Souda, Souda, am dis true? Sure true?"

"Sure true, Jane. And ef de Lord will help me I'll find your little Jane for you. I will, indeed!"

The next minute's communing between the women was without speech, but Souda's heart was joyful, and she gave Jane her draught of cold water, and led her carefully back to her comfortless cabin, with many a word of hope and comfort.

Souda kept her promise, kept it without delay, and, as often happens, the change, apparently great and difficult, was effected with little real trouble. Madam was passionately angry, and Gloria annoyed, at the confusion it might cause in her correspondence with Captain Grady; but Cassia rejoiced in the project. She believed it to be the best thing for Souda to cast entirely off the trammels of her sinful slavery, and to begin, in fresh and better surroundings, a life of self-denial and good works. She went through her own stores and cheerfully gave such things as were absolutely necessary to the new home. As for Raymond, he was also glad of Souda's retirement from Briffault. He had long resented her influence with madam, and her overbearing authority among the other hands. He blamed her for much that was offensive in madam's behaviour to Cassia; he sincerely thought his home would be happier without the tall, black woman, who had dominated in it for so many years. But he gave her a handsome present, as she stood for the last time on his threshold, and he said no word to discourage her work of reparation, though he laughed to himself sarcastically as he resumed the newspaper he was reading.

Madam was now mainly dependent upon Gloria, and Gloria did not enjoy the position which Souda's defection had almost compelled her to take. Another maid was hired to attend to madam's physical want but she expected Gloria to talk to her, to bring her news, or to read to her, when she wished to be entertained in that way. The life became a life of bondage to the restless, selfish girl. She complained bitterly to her lover of the "cruel" demands made upon her time and strength, and, of course, he sympathized with her. Just for once he begged her to meet him, unknown to any one, and promised to be waiting for her, at whatever time and place she chose to appoint. Her first impulse was to name midnight, at the lower end of the avenue. That would have been the most romantic, but she reflected that madam was wakeful and watchful at that hour, and that it would be uncomfortable, and too dark for Denis to see either her

beauty or her toilet. So she decided upon a certain little grove of live oaks behind the house as the place of meeting, and named two o'clock in the afternoon as the time. Denis was waiting, in a new uniform, and looking more dashing and handsome than ever. He had a daring scheme to propose, and he had taken every pains to augment his personal influence.

"I am going to Washington and New York next week, Gloria, my darling, and unless you go with me, I don't know when we may meet again."

The hook was twice bated—"Washington and New York," "unless you go with me." Gloria seized upon these words at once and they were the texts of all their future conversation. Everything, also, was in the tempter's favour. Gloria was weary of her life, weary of madam's wants and exactions, weary, even, of her affection. Winter was coming on, and winter at Briffault would be dull and dreary, while winter in New York or Washington meant balls and operas and endless gaiety. And the handsome soldier, so brave looking, so graceful and ardent in his wooing, gave to the temptation a reality and power the foolish girl could not resist. She submitted her will entirely to the will of Denis, and as soon as he was sure of this, he made his final proposal. The jewels her grandmother had promised—they were hers, twenty times over, they were hers. He had heard them given to her at least that often. She must manage to get them in some way or other.

"Let me see madam," he urged; "she will doubtless agree to our marriage, and give you the present she promised."

He knew well that madam would do nothing of the kind, but he wished Gloria to assume the part he designed her to play.

The girl fell readily into the trap.

"No, Denis," she answered, positively; "grandma has changed her views somewhat since Souda left her. I told you so, if you would remember. She does not want me to marry for a couple of years; and she said yesterday that I should have three months in Austin this winter, and there, perhaps, I might see some one whom I could love better than you, and who would not take me so far away from her, as if I ever could love any one but you, Denis."

"Then, Gloria, there is only one thing to be done. I will have a buggy waiting for you to-morrow night, and before your brother is awake in the morning we shall be in Galveston, and married. You can secure your jewels by that time."

"I will tell you a better way. Grandma goes to bed about dawn. Her maid sits the first part of the night with her, sit the latter part, when I feel able. I shall be able to-morro

morning, and while grandma is in her first sleep I shall get what I want. Then I will meet you here. It may be seven or eight o'clock."

Gloria went home quite satisfied with her interview. Her splendid lover! The delights of Washington and New York! Not for a moment did she hesitate between them and her duty. She made herself charming to madam. She lavished the prettiest attentions upon her. She induced her to talk of her own days of beauty and triumph; for she knew well such a conversation usually brought forward the laces and jewels of that period. It was as she expected. The little drawers were placed upon the table by madam's side, and the old, trembling yellow fingers, and the young, shapely white ones, toyed with the glinting gems, and talked of the scenes in which they had sparkled "*These! and these! and these!* you shall take with you to Austin," said madam, pointing out the rosy rubies, and moonlight pearls, and the rich set of gold and *aqua marines*.

And the pretty Judas kissed and thanked her; and as she replaced the drawers, chatted so pleasantly, madam never noticed that she locked, and then unlocked, the inner cabinet, so that there was only the main key to turn when the moment of abstraction came. She took her rest as usual. But about two in the morning she rose, and with a light step and bright face went to madam's room. Madam was delighted to see her. The new maid, Josepha, was nodding wearily by the window. Gloria sent her to bed, and then sat down to amuse madam. It was her last watch, she could afford to keep it pleasantly. She made the hours, usually so wearisome, pass rapidly away, and at dawn, madam had thoroughly exhausted herself. She fell into a profound sleep.

Gloria tested it in various ways, but not even the falling of a chair disturbed the unconscious woman. Without hurry and without a tremour, she opened the cabinet. It was an easy matter enough. She took whatever she desired, and left in one of the empty drawers a little note which she had written for the purpose. Then she locked them all, and having carefully turned the main key, put it in its usual hiding-place. Madam had never stirred; Gloria stood a moment and looked at her, then she closed the door softly, and hastened to her own room to complete her arrangements. She carried the small leather bag holding the jewels in her hand, and, deliberately buttoning her gloves, passed through the yard at the back of the house. A servant was lazily drawing a bucket of water, but her back was to Gloria, and she never noticed her. Denis was watching for her. He came joyfully to welcome her, lifted her into the buggy, and drove her rapidly away. He had only asked in reference to the jewels, "All right?" and been quite satisfied when she put her hand on the bag with a meaning smile.

"You are as clever as you are beautiful," he answered; "not every girl is clever enough to take her own."

At Biffault she was not missed until the noon-hour lunch. It was supposed she was sleeping after her watch with madam. No one thought of disturbing her, even when Cassia noticed her absence. But suddenly, a few minutes afterward, Raymund laid down his knife and fork. One of those sharp presentiments, not to be set aside, had struck him like a blow. He said to the girl in waiting:

"Go to Miss Gloria's room, and tell her lunch is ready."

She came back in a few minutes.

"The door am locked, sar, and I kaint make Miss Gloria hear me."

Raymund rose instantly. He was already in a passion, for his heart divined what had happened. He placed his knee against the door, and with one blow flung it wide. Cassia had followed him, and he turned angrily to her:

"This is your care of the child, is it?"

His anger gathered strength with everything his eye fell on. He tossed the dresses and slippers and the knick-knacks of the pretty room before his passionate steps. His eye fell at last upon a note addressed to himself. It confirmed his suspicions.

She has gone with that Denis Grady! I wonder where your senses were to let a child like Gloria outwit you! I hope, I do hope, you were not willingly, intentionally blind."

"Ray, how can you insinuate such a crime against me? I never once suspected Gloria. Why not rather accuse madam?"

"Because, as the lawyers say, madam had *no interest* in getting rid of the poor girl."

Cassia turned indignantly away. She knew it was useless to defend herself. Then Raymund went to madam. Not even his startling statement that Gloria had fled made her move an inch from the position she had taken.

"I don't in the least wonder," she answered. Any one would flee from you who had the power and the opportunity. It is your own fault, sir! You were always tormenting her about John Preston. You never did anything to make the place pleasant for a young girl. I am glad she has gone! Very glad, indeed! Why are you storming at an old woman like me?" she asked, scornfully. "Have you not got a wife? Your father would have been on the heels of Denis Grady by this time. Bah! your anger is only words; only words, sir! You are a coward, sir! You are afraid of Grady's sword! You are afraid of your wife! You come here to bully an old woman! I will have my maid turn you out of my room unless you leave it at once, sir!"

In her passion she had risen without her stick and advanced toward him. Her eyes blazed. By sheer force of will she

mastered him. Step by step, still facing him, she talked him to the door, and, as he passed through it, she closed it violently and turned the key.

"He has cost me a year of my life," she muttered, as she sank, almost fainting, into her chair. "What does he come here for? Let him go to his wife! Let him go to his wife!"

That night, while madam fretted and scolded over Gloria's selfish desertion and Raymund's selfish attack upon her, she heard an unusual stir in the house. Women ran hither and thither. Raymund called for his horse and galloped down the avenue at its fiercest speed. At a similar speed he returned an hour afterward, and, toward the dawning, she heard—and she could not help crying out herself as she heard it—the hard, unmistakable wailing of a new-born child.

SATISFIED.

NOT here, not here; not where the sparkling waters
 Fade into mocking sands as we draw near,
 Where in the wilderness each footstep falters,
 I shall be satisfied—but oh! not here.

Not here, where every dream of bliss deceives us,
 Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
 Where haunted ever by the thought that grieves us,
 Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
 With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
 Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,
 And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight while yet the flesh enfolds us,
 Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
 And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
 Than these few words: I shall be satisfied.

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing,
 The aching void which nothing earthly fills.
 Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging
 As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending.
 Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide;
 Guide me toward home, where all my wandering ended,
 I then shall see Thee and be satisfied.

The Higher Life.

HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH.

“The Lord hath blessed me hitherto.”—JOSH. xvii. 14.

HITHERTO the Lord hath Blessed us,
 Guiding all the way;
 Henceforth let us trust Him fully,
 Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us;
 Caring for His own;
 Henceforth let us love Him better,
 Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
 Crowning all our days;
 Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
 Live to show His praise.

—*Havergal.*

CONCERTED ACTION.

Stand together, and together as members of the church stand by your pastor. How indifferent are many to the *honour* of being “workers together with Him” and to the *responsibility* of being “His witnesses unto the people.” Many contribute liberally to build churches of brick and mortar, but not of their talents to build up the spiritual Church; they sustain the Sabbath-school, support the minister, subscribe for missions, but fail most sadly in *personal* devotion to God and His work. In our homes, places of business, sitting with us in the house of God, are the spiritually “dead” to whom many a church member has not uttered the first word of invitation or counsel. Only recently the writer spoke to a father and mother, head of an interesting family about making a start and at once in Christian life, and the reply was, “We have been wanting you to speak to us upon this matter for some time.” Jesus is saying to the Church as distinctly as to those who stood about Him at the grave of Lazarus: “Take ye away the stone”—the stone of *indifference* and *silence*. Do what you can, and ought, and then ye shall see the power of God. If under the searching sermōn some are aroused and resolve “something must be done;” conscious that duty has been

neglected, the easier method is taken to quiet an aroused conscience, and the *pastor is asked* to "speak to friend W., I think he is seriously inclined." We know we would be doing an unseemly thing to ask a successful business man to come and do business for us, to the neglect of his own; and yet many do this very thing in religious matters in order to be relieved of *personal* responsibility. Delay is making the salvation of many in our home and congregations improbable, if not impossible, yet how many are indifferent. While there are always a few earnest workers in every Church, the apathy of the Church as a whole is *appalling!* is awful! Look at that Syro-Phœnician woman so much in earnest for her daughter; she makes the case her own, and cries out, "Lord, help *me*." Oh! for more in the Church who will make the perilous condition of the unsaved their own, and cry in agony of soul, "Lord, help *me*."

Servants of God we profess to be; then let none forget we are also the servants of *man*. But what is the fact? Not one half of the membership of the Church attend regularly the weekly meetings for prayer. About one in *thirty* are actively engaged as "workers" to save those who are "ready to perish" How few go "out calling" with a view to lead some one to Christ. It is a fact that we must face, the majority in our churches are doing but little *personally* to save men from sin. To cover our shame and neglect of duty, some are trying to promote revivals by *contract*, willing to pay an evangelist, or some singers (both good in themselves and as helps) to come and "get up a revival" and then express themselves as "glad to hear that a good work is going on in the church."

It cannot be called a sacrifice to attend a well-ordered service in most of our churches on the Sabbath; it is rather a pleasure, and further a proper thing to do, in the eyes of modern civilization. But to take from our business, time and money to carry on aggressive warfare against the evils and sins of modern times, calls for genuine sacrifice. It is this that God is demanding of His people to-day. What is required is greater unity of action, coupled with divine love on the part of the *entire Church membership*.

We open a Sunday-school or seek to sustain one already in operation; what is the want? Teachers. In our weekly meetings for prayer, where's the weakness? The *same* half dozen doing all the praying and giving testimony for the three hundred and fifty or four hundred who are silent as the grave or remain unconcerned at home.

What victories could be won if *all* gave themselves to this work, who vowed at conversion to be wholly the Lord's! What could the Church of God *not* do? What shall we do? Go out from our beautiful churches (none too beautiful), and invite those who attend no place of religious worship to "come and take a seat in my pew on Sunday next," and if need be let the *pew-holders* sit in and fill up the aisles. By personal invitations, fill up the prayer-meeting, and stand in the doors and hallways, giving praise to God. Crowd our Sunday-schools by seeking out the children upon the streets, until extra classes are formed in the lecture room. The power of *such* concerted action is wonderful! No victories have ever been won by a few staff officers, until the rank and file of the army has been called into action. On the other hand no sane person will deny the value of leadership, but leadership *alone* is not sufficient. That hammer falling with telling blows upon the granite, if separated into small particles, would drop upon the stone as harmlessly as the snow-flake. But these fragments united, welded into *one*, shatters the solid rock asunder. So the Church of God welded into one by the bond of love and impelled forward by the Holy Ghost becomes a mighty power in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. Niagara divided into drops would be no more than the falling rain, but *united* Niagara will quench the fires of Vesuvius and yet flow on to put out other volcanoes. Oh, for *united* action on the part of the entire membership of our churches. Minister and membership of one heart and mind, crying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and there is sure to follow a gracious revival.

"If My people which are called by My name shall humble themselves and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land." 2 Chro. vii. 14.—*Rev. Manly Benson.*

CHRISTIAN PURITY.

There is nothing towards which Christian hearts should yearn with such unfeigned longing as a pure life. It is a pearl of greatest price. Jesus pronounced this eulogium upon it, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The great and good of past ages have earnestly toiled for this, and many counted not their lives dear unto them that they may be found in Him, not having on their own righteousness, but that which is by faith in Jesus. But alas! this purity is the very opposite of our natural condition. The most melancholy pic-

ture upon which man ever looked, is the picture of his state by nature drawn by the Spirit of God—full of wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, no soundness at all. But, thank God, there is balm in Gilead, and a great Physician there. From Calvary's streaming cross there flows a fountain to cleanse and purify every human heart. Its virtue has been tested by millions of impure souls. No moral leper ever dipped into this Jordan without being cleansed. A woman with seven devils; a disciple who denied his Lord with oaths and curses; a fierce Pharisaical fanatic who persecuted the infant Church, and millions of others have been cleansed and raised into a new and blessed life. And so there is hope for us. Only let us trust Jesus by a simple faith in the efficacy of His blood, and He will make our hearts pure, then we shall have pure thoughts, pure words, and a pure life.

This purity touches the *whole* life, not merely is a bad habit broken off there and a patch of mended resolutions put on here; but Jesus covers us with the garment of His righteousness, and we "walk in the light as He is in the light, and the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin." "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so let us pant after the purity of God. We should not be content always to dwell in the vale of repentance, and contemplate the first rapturous joy of faith—but leaving these first principles let us go unto perfection. A perfect faith—a perfect love—a perfect walk with God. So let our daily prayer be:—

"Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A pure and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads to the Lamb."

—Rev. J. Dyke.

We are fain to study the resurrection of Christ as a fact of our human earthly history. But this human history was the most potential fact in the history of the moral universe. His resurrection was His enthronement over powers and all worlds through all ages. His resurrection was the lifting of His Church, as His body, to the central position of interest and power in the affairs of the world, and in the issues of the world to come. His resurrection was our quickening from sin, and exaltation to a life in God. All gracious experiences within our souls, all blessed hopes for our humanity, all glorious promises for the hereafter, date from the resurrection of Christ.

—Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.

DEATH OF BARBARA HECK.

Barbara Heck, who was under God, the foundress of Methodism in both the United States and Canada, died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, near Prescott, in 1804, aged seventy years. "Her death," writes Dr. Stevens, "was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."—*Withrow's Worthies of Methodism*.

IN hands that are gnarled with labour,
 And swart with the kiss of the sun,
 She is holding her worn old Bible,
 When the day is almost done.
 And gazing through misty glasses,
 For her eyes are growing dim,
 She thinks of the Lord who has led her,
 And the way she has walked with him.

The hills in the purple distance
 Looked over her childish head.
 No charm from their brows has faded,
 No tint of their glory fled.
 And the sweet green-waving meadows
 Through the long years reaped and sown,
 For all their harvest guerdons
 No blight of age have known.

But she can scarce remember,
 It went so long ago,
 The time of the tripping footstep,
 And the heart's exultant glow.
 The life has been hard and toilsome,
 With its tasks and dull routine,
 Less of a song than a sermon,
 And the rests so few between.

And yet she has walked with the Master,
 He has come at the eventide,
 To comfort her with His presence.
 He has lingered oft by her side,
 In the hour of care and sorrow;
 And the burden has not pressed
 So heavily at His whisper,
 "Lo! I will give you rest!"

She read just now in the chapter
Where her ribbon marker lies,
Of the flow of the crystal river,
And the never-darkened skies.
In her there is less of longing
For the golden-paven street,
Than for somewhere a little refuge
Low at the Saviour's feet.

She has even a quiver of shyness
For the angels at the gate,
And the splendid stately choirs
At the great white throne who wait,
And yearns for a tiny corner
To hide herself away,
Till she feels at home in heaven,
In the wonderful, peaceful day.

Dear soul, trust Him who loveth
His own to the very end,
Who, alike for earth and heaven,
Is thine unfailing friend.
He will lift the latest burden,
And loose thy sandal-shoon,
And give thee youth and freedom
In his own good time, and soon.

AT THY FEET.

BY C. J. M.

Low at Thy feet I bow, O blessed Master!
Here let me lift my waiting heart to Thee;
Here let me feel Thy touch of love and healing;
Here let me lie in my humility!

As birds of song who swell the sweetest praises,
Build low their nests beneath the grassy mound,
So thro' life's shadows keep me, blessed Master,
Low at Thy feet where perfect peace is found!

Here fill my soul with Thy reviving Spirit,
Inspire my lips to sing a nobler song:
Till at the dawn of that eternal morning,
I shall arise to join the choral throng.

Sweet it will be to burst these earthly fetters,
And soar above where angel faces greet;
But sweeter far to clasp Thy hand of welcome,
Kneeling in rapture at Thy sacred feet.

“ANTINOMIANISM REVIVED.”*

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, LL.B.

This work proceeds on the conviction that a person's life and usefulness will be affected by what he believes. It assumes that any doctrinal teaching which makes virtue easy, by removing the necessity for watchfulness and self-denial, instead of by constant dependence upon God, is dangerous to society, and will prove ruinous to the individual who accepts it. It requires but little observation to justify these conclusions.

But it remains a fact that many seem in matters of religious faith to gravitate naturally towards what contradicts reason and common sense. Tertullian said: “*Credo quia absurdum est*”—I believe because it is absurd. In this he has many followers. Hence men can accept teaching which, if followed, would ally any baseness of character and conduct with a Christian profession, and charm a foul life by breathing into it a plausible hope of heaven. This is just what Antinomianism is calculated to do. The definition of the word is traced in this book to the two Greek words *anti* and *nomos*, which mean against law, and Antinomianism actually teaches, as shown here, that men are saved by faith alone, and that obedience to even the moral law is not at all necessary.

This doctrine is brought home beyond dispute to the sect or denomination called Brethren, generally known as Plymouth Brethren. It is shown to be essentially wrapt up in their views on faith, and the Atonement, Imputed Holiness, and on Eternal Life received in this world as a non-forfeitable possession.

It is not anywhere claimed, or asserted, that the Brethren live on as low a plane as their teachings would

allow. On the contrary, they furnish an example of people living better than they teach. This is the rule. But a person who is willing to live a bad life would through this system fall to a very low moral level, some examples of which are given in this book. That the Brethren are a regular sect is shown by their doctrinal tests, their terms of communion, and by their expulsion of members. The work is not an assault upon any particular people, but upon opinions, false expositions, and habits of thought, all of which are always proper subjects of discussion.

The chapters are brief, clear, and easily understood, while the new light which is cast upon certain passages, rescuing them from the hackneyed and superficial notions generally associated with them, will make this book a mine to readers who depend wholly upon the New Testament in the English language.

In the chapters on the “Last Things” the reader will find a bracing view of absurdities for the support of which the Scriptures are made to walk on “all fours,” and on two feet, and on one, and backwards or forwards, or any way so as to favour a theory.

The work is clear, and simple, yet forcible in statement; and it is thoroughly convincing, through no art of the author except that which places the truth of the Word before the reader in its true light. The tone and spirit of every page is kindly and Christian, and will only be complained of by those who feel their errors brought home to them in a manner too convincing.

If this book should be read by young Christians, the result would be a much grander development of

* *Antinomianism Revived; or, The Theology of the so-called Plymouth Brethren Examined and Refuted.* By DANIEL STEELE, D.D., Professor of Didactic Theology in Boston University. William Briggs, Toronto. Price 75 cents.

Christian character. It would lead to work for God instead of depending upon emotional excitement alone, stability and intelligence in the religious life instead of a blind acceptance of certain habits of thought and expression as the whole substance of religion. Now, as much

as at any previous time, is there need of guarding against errors in doctrine, which do silently but surely undermine efficiency and usefulness. The very errors here exposed are much more widely sown than many Christian people imagine.

Current Topics and Events.

THE WOMAN'S CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

THE most notable gathering of women ever assembled was the recent International Council at Washington. Nearly forty different organizations of women were represented by delegates, including temperance, hospital relief, missionary and other forms of social and religious co-operation. Among the delegates were women from Norway, England, Scotland, Denmark, Finland, Canada, France, India and from almost every state of the Union. Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, claims an enrolled following of no less than 1,000,000 women. For a whole week these women kept the largest room in Washington filled with an intensely interested audience, and by means of full press reports a whole continent has been listening to their discussions. Eighty addresses were given by as many women, many of which were of a very high order of merit. A great impulse has doubtless been given to woman's work for women throughout the world.

We regard it as an omen of brightest augury for the great philanthropic movements of the age, that women of culture, of refinement, of marked intellectual ability, of wealth and leisure are devoting their energies to the moral, social, educational and industrial elevation of their less favourably situated sister women. In the temperance reform alone their influence has already

carried terror to the heart of liquor-don, and when invested with a right to vote, which cannot much longer be withheld, they will make short work of the drink traffic, and of kindred abominations that so long have cursed the land.

In this great woman's movement there is nothing unwomanly, but much that is ennobling to the sex. It seems a providential concurrence of events, that when the use of labour-saving machinery has freed many women from much of the household drudgery that used to engross their time and thought, such wide spheres of usefulness are opening on every side. Already the various women's missionary societies have proved most valuable auxiliaries in promoting the work of the world's evangelization.

In all moral reforms, who have better right than they to take an active part by word and deed? Who have suffered more than they from various forms of wrong and evil? Into their own souls the iron has entered. They have been wounded in their deepest and tenderest affections. And who so well can reach forth the hand of loving sympathy to raise and bless suffering and even sinning women? If a woman's hand may sway for fifty years the proudest sceptre on the planet, who shall say that it is unwomanly to vote and speak and pray for the weal of women? All honour to such women as Mrs. Butler, Ellice Hopkins, Frances Willard and many more who devote

their lives to the righting of immemorial wrongs, and conferring imperishable blessings on their sex.

REV. JOHN BORLAND.

It will cause profound grief to very many persons throughout Canada to hear of the death of the Rev. John Borland, one of the most widely known and highly revered ministers of the Methodist Church. When we last saw him he seemed to be in excellent health, and he was so full of mental energy that it was a surprise to learn that he had at the time of his death reached his 80th year. He was born at Ripon, Yorkshire, and came to Quebec, Canada, with his parents in his ninth year. He was converted at the age of seventeen, and in due course became an acceptable local preacher. He entered the ministry in 1835 in connection with the British Conference, being stationed at important centres in Lower Canada. After the union with the Canada Wesleyan Conference, he was stationed at Toronto, Stanstead, Brantford, Montreal and St. John. He was delegate to the Toronto and Montreal General Conferences, Chairman of the French work, 1874 to 1880, and President of the Conference in 1878. He was a man greatly beloved, of feeble physique but of vigorous mind; a thoughtful and impressive speaker, and a writer of more than ordinary vigour and perspicuity. His literary energy was intense, and at the time of his death he had large literary works accomplished and passing through the press. While a vigorous controversialist, he was one of the most sweet-spirited Christians we ever

knew. Many will thank God forever for the holy life and consecrated labours of John Borland.

GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE, MONTREAL.

From the Rev. W. Jackson, Secretary, we have received an outline programme of the General Christian Conference, under the auspices and direction of the Montreal Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, to be held in Montreal, Quebec., from 22nd to 25th October, 1888. Among the topics to be discussed are: "Education—Its relation to Church and State;" "Current Unbelief—What It Is and How to Meet It;" "National Perils—Sabbath Desecration, Intemperance;" "Promiscuous Immigration;" "Capital and Labour;" "Application of the Gospel to Employers and Employed;" "Roman Catholicism in Canada—Its Present Attitude and the Best Way of Meeting It;" "The Church in its Relation to the Evangelization of the World;" "Co-operation in Christian Work" and "Personal Responsibilities." Among those who may be expected to take part are, Principal McVicar and Principal Dawson, Hon. J. W. Ross, Dr. Allison, Dr. Duryea, Rev. Dr. Burwash, Dr. J. Hall, Bishop Baldwin, Rev. J. Robertson, Dr. W. Gladden, Hon. Senator Macdonald, Dr. Pierson, Dr. J. Strong, Dr. Potts, Chancellor Sims, Bishop Bond, Dr. J. A. Williams, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Judge Macdonald, and others. This promises to be an occasion of unique interest, and we hope that many members and laymen of our Church will arrange to attend. Special facilities for travel will be afforded.

DEAR Lord, is it too much to ask
 For this poor heart the blissful task :
 May not my life so brightly shine—
 The reflex of that smile of Thine—
 That it may lead, through sin's dark night,
 Some soul to worship Thee aright ?

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Next to the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., the Rev. T. Champness is the most prominent minister in the Evangelistic movement in England. He has about fifty laymen engaged in village work, whom he supports by the sale of *Joyful News* and the contributions of friends. Some time ago he sent a number of his labourers to Africa, and now he contemplates sending some to India.

Huddersfield, Bristol, Exeter, Leeds and Sunderland Circuits are putting forth vigorous efforts in respect to church extension. Revs. T. Waugh, and other Conference Evangelists, are holding their "ten days' missions" in various places, which are being attended with great success. The West End Mission in London, under the care of Revs. Messrs. Hughes and Pearce, is receiving increased attention. Recently a fifty pound Bank of England note was put into the collection. The poor are cared for; soup and coffee are now provided every day, and young men are making Lincoln House their homes while they stay in London.

An institute is to be erected at Camborne, Cornwall; in honour of the late Dr. Smith, the historian of Methodism. The institute will be a depot of the Sunday-school Provincial centre, with library and reading room. The whole cost will be about \$17,000.

An old Leysian Mission has been established in the east end of London by former pupils of the school, with which a "girls' parlour" is connected. Factory girls who reside in the vicinity are thus provided with a place where they can spend a social hour without temptations to vice.

Some would like to alter the laws of the Church in respect to Church membership, but the committee

which has been considering the question are of opinion that no action should be taken which will weaken or discredit the class-meeting; at the same time, it is recommended that more attention should be paid to communicants.

A native of Solomon Islands, who was taken to Fiji as a labourer, was there converted, and has gone back to his own people an accredited local preacher, and will act as a pioneer missionary to his own people.

The natives of New Britain have held their first missionary meeting, and have contributed more than \$200 of their own money to send the Gospel to others.

AUSTRALIA.

The Conferences have recently been held in the southern world. Some are advocating very strongly the unification of Methodism. The New Zealand Conference is earnestly labouring for union, and wishes the parent body to give it an independent existence.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

There has been a mission in Melbourne, Australia, for some years, but it was recently resolved not to send further financial aid from England. The mission in Melbourne and the minister have united with the Wesleyan Church.

Holiness conventions have been held in several of the circuits in England, which have been followed by gracious visitations from on high. An Evangelistic Union has also been formed among the ministers, the design of which is to advance the spiritual life of the denomination.

Gleanings in Harvest Fields is the missionary chronicle of the Church. The number for March contains a portrait of the devoted native pastor, Rev. Sun Tzu Chun, who has been

a useful agent of the Chinese missions sixteen years.

For many years a mission has been maintained in North China, of which the Rev. J. Innocent has been superintendent for at least twenty years. He has a valuable staff of native assistants. Mr. Innocent's son was recently set apart to the work of the ministry. Nearly all the resident missionaries of various denominations took part in the service, which was one of unusual interest.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A Holiness Convention was recently held in Agnes Street Church, Toronto. Rev. Messrs. Gill and Fowler were present from the United States, and did good service. Rev. J. A. Williams, D.D., General Superintendent, and several other ministers, took part. All the sessions were numerously attended and were seasons of great spiritual power, and hundreds gave evidence of their determination to live holy lives.

A Holiness Convention was also held at Brantford, which was a season of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord. Rev. Dr. Carman, Senior General Superintendent, was present, and preached a sermon of great power. It is believed that the Convention gave a great impetus to the work of holiness.

Delightful intelligence reaches us from the East. Rev. D. Savage and his associates are meeting with great encouragement. In Nova Scotia, the evangelistic band movement has been remarkably successful. Other churches have been baptized with power, and have formed Christian Endeavour societies. Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, who has been released from pastoral work, has thrown himself zealously into the movement, and has formed several praying and working bands, which have already been made a great blessing. Methodism will succeed best when all its members are well employed.

In various parts of the west, too, the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly. Rev. C. Fish, Miss Dimsdale and others, have seen great numbers of penitents. Some brethren,

without any aid from evangelists, are diligently labouring to extend the triumphs of the cross, and they neither labour in vain nor spend their strength for nought.

The following fact deserves to be universally known. The Rev. Silas Huntingdon, missionary on the Canadian Pacific Railway, says: "The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post established on the line of road in connection with which I have found a band of Indians numbering seventy-two souls, who were converted from paganism at Michipicoton over twenty-five years ago under the labours of the late Rev. George McDougall. They claim to be Methodists, and through all these years, although separated from the body of their tribe, they have kept their faith and maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary.

The farewell services of Richmond Street Church, Toronto, will not soon be forgotten. This famous mother of churches is now to be converted into other connexional institutions. It is believed that at least 10,000 persons have been connected with its Sunday-school, thirty-one of whom have become ministers. May the new church on McCaul Street be as fruitful as the old.

Dundas Street Church has been greatly enlarged and beautified. The re-opening services were a great success. A new church has been dedicated at West Toronto Junction. The name of Dundas Street West Church has been changed to Clarence Avenue Methodist Church. Spadina Avenue Church is being rebuilt, and a new church is in course of erection in the western suburb under the superintendence of the Rev. T. W. Jeffery.

Good Friday Love Feast in Toronto was formerly confined to one church, this year four churches were thus employed. Such union services cement the people together.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Dr. Thoburn, who has been enjoying a brief furlough, is recruiting missionaries for India, and has a

second corps of thirty-four, and hopes soon to increase the number to fifty.

Bishop Taylor is full of hope respecting his missions in Africa. He has recently sent for an outfit for six new schools. The missions which he established in South America are very successful and are largely supported by Roman Catholic patronage, and he says they are preparing the way of the Lord for a great soul-saving work by and by. More missionaries and larger premises are called for in Brazil.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The Publishing House has cancelled its troublesome debt. Ten years ago it was hardly considered solvent as it owed \$355,000. The last dollar has been paid. Those who have accomplished such a grand result are to be congratulated.

Some time ago a week of prayer and self-denial was observed in order to liquidate the debt on the Missionary Society, which was so successful that another similar week has been appointed, and it is hoped that by this means the balance of the debt, \$21,799, will be completely liquidated.

OTHER CHURCHES.

The Primitive Methodists in London laid the memorial stones of the new Surrey chapel on Good Friday. The entire outlay will exceed \$60,000, and \$35,000 has been already secured. It is expected that the new edifice will be finished in October, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has promised to preach at the dedication. The new building is only forty yards from the old Surrey chapel.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. Henry Wilkinson, of the Toronto Conference, has finished his earthly career. He was formerly connected with the Methodist New Connexion, and entered the ministry in 1843. He was a good man, and performed much service on hard fields of toil. For the last few years he sustained a superannuated rela-

tion, and died in great peace at Stayner, March 1.

Rev. G. T. Richardson, also of Toronto Conference, entered into rest March 28. His death was sudden and unexpected, but he was ready for his change. He commenced his ministerial labours in Canada in 1854, and with the exception of a few years, when ill-health compelled him to take temporary rest, he laboured with great fidelity until the Master called him to enter his heavenly home.

Rev. J. H. Eynon, superannuated minister, London Conference, was taken to his eternal reward, March 22. He was a veteran in the service of Christ, having entered the ministry of the Bible Christian Church in England in 1826. He was sent to Canada as a pioneer missionary in 1832. For many years he travelled altogether on horseback. During the last few years he sustained a superannuated relation, but his last illness was short. He was a valiant soldier in the army of Immanuel, and had been in the ministry sixty-two years. At the time of the Union in 1883, the Bible Christian Branch numbered fifty ministers and 6,000 members.

Few recent deaths have occasioned more sincere and widespread regret than that of the late Mrs. James Foster, which occurred at her residence, 125 Mutual Street, on the 25th of February, in her 70th year. Barely a year has elapsed since her husband, full of years, honoured and respected by all, passed away, and now the family have the sympathy of the community in their double bereavement. The deceased (for almost fifty years a faithful and consistent Church member), was a woman of the very highest type of Christian character, and of much refinement of mind and manner, combined with such a bright, genial, generous and whole-souled disposition, as rendered her beloved in every relation of life. Of rare intellectual gifts and intelligence, many will cherish the memory of her friendship as a precious boon, and her children rise up and call her blessed.

Book Notices.

Witnesses to Christ: a Contribution to Christian Apologetics. By the REV. WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is quite a compliment to Canadian scholarship that our fellow-townsmen, Professor Clark, should have been selected to deliver the second course of Baldwin Lectures at the University of Michigan. The high character of this volume is a proof that the selection was a wise one. The lectures cover a very wide field, including the Phases and Failures of Unbelief, Civilization and Christianity, Personal Culture and Religion, the Unity of Christian Doctrine, the Insufficiency of Materialism, the Pessimism of the Age, and the great crowning demonstration of our holy religion—the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. This last, as was fitting, is more fully treated than any other subject. One thing that we especially admire in this book is the kindly Christian, irenical spirit with which the author treats even the sceptic and the unbeliever. “if there is any duty,” he says, “which requires of us that we should be wise as serpents and harmless as doves, it is this fighting for and defending the ark of God. Our antagonists are not our enemies. They are men who are loved by God. They are men for whom Christ died. They are not to be treated with scorn and contumely, even though they may scorn us and blaspheme the holy name by which we are called. They are to be loved, pitied, prayed for, persuaded, reasoned with. In this spirit, and in no other, is it lawful for the servants of Jesus Christ to go forth against the enemies of the cross.”

We heartily commend this book as, within its prescribed limits, an able discussion of the important subjects which it treats.

Everyday Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs.

A new volume from Canon Farrar is always greeted with avidity. No recent sermons that we know combine in so great a degree the charm of literary grace, of broad humanity, and of spiritual insight into the needs of the human soul, and the perfect adaptation to those needs of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. These sermons were chiefly preached in St. Margaret's Church, though a charming one to children was preached in Westminster Abbey. Taken as a whole they combine in very happy wedlock the doctrinal and the practical. “A teaching exclusively doctrinal,” says Dr. Farrar, “might appeal only to the understanding, and might result in nothing but an intolerant Pharisaism; a teaching exclusively practical might only resemble a child's flower stuck in the sand, which has no root. Doctrine and morality can never be dislinked from each other, for it is their perpetual connexion which constitutes the unity of Scripture.” Among the subjects treated here with the Canon's ineffable sweetness of spirit and grace of style are: How to Make Earth Like Heaven; Wherewith to Measure Life; The Essentials of Prayer; Deathbed Repentance; The Marks of the Lord Jesus; The True Glory of Humanity, and a number of similarly exalted yet practical themes.

People In Our Circuit. By L. M. SENIOR. Pp. 536. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

This book cannot fail to interest a large class of readers, especially those of Methodist proclivities. It gives a life-like picture of Dowton

Circuit and of some of its people—the local preachers, stewards, class-leaders and the like. The portraiture is graphic and some of the incidents are of dramatic interest. The author has done his work well. The various persons who are introduced are graphically delineated. We have read the entire volume and are prepared to recommend it to our readers. If space permitted, we would be glad to make some extracts, but can only give one. It relates to the mother of our beloved Queen, Her Majesty, and a Methodist servant. The Duchess of Kent was much attached to her Methodist maid, so when the latter became sick she was sent to a watering-place to recover. When convalescent, she wrote to the housekeeper that she was ready to return. Not receiving any reply she wrote to a friend, who took the letter to the Duchess, and soon the housekeeper was called in, when it was discovered that she had paid no attention to the letters she had received, and had even supplied the maid's place with a stranger and assigned as her reason, "that as Hannah was a Methodist it was not right to have such persons about the Princess (Victoria), so it was a good opportunity to get rid of her." The Duchess was indignant, and Hannah the Methodist girl became chief housemaid when Princess Victoria became Queen of England, and subsequently she was put in charge of the private rooms occupied by Prince Albert.

The gentleman from whom these facts were obtained said: "I have been several times to Buckingham Palace and have been taken by Hannah through the palace, and I have had from her such satisfactory statements respecting the Queen's manner of life, that I have not the slightest hesitation in speaking of Her Majesty as a truly religious woman. One thing particularly pleased me. I learned that the Queen and Prince Albert had family prayer together regularly, and that they were accustomed, on these occasions, not only to read a portion of God's Holy Word, but also to sing a hymn or psalm of praise."—E. B.

Butler's Physical Geography. By JACQUES W. REDWAY. 4to, pp. 128. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

The proper way, it seems to us, to begin the study of the earth is to study its physical before its political geography. To young minds it will have a much more attractive interest, and we believe will have a much greater educational value. There is a perfect fascination in the investigation of the phenomena by which our earth has been moulded to its present state, and by which the grand economy of the universe is maintained. For this study the volume before us furnishes an admirable guide. It embraces the latest discoveries in geographical science, and its arrangement of larger and smaller type adapts it for the use of students of all grades. It treats, first, the earth as a planet, then the structure and formation of the earth, its land and water distribution, the atmosphere and its phenomena, and the distribution of life. The engravings are numerous and of high grade, and really illustrate the subject; and the fifteen coloured maps and charts are all that could be desired.

Scripture Readings for Use in the Public and High Schools of Ontario, Revised ed. Pp. 438. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Authorized by the Education Department.

Even as a matter of education, apart from its religious teaching, it is of very great importance that our children become familiar with the language of the Holy Scripture—that well of English undefiled—the book containing the oldest history, the noblest poetry, the most touching stories of any book in the world. But when we realize that it teaches the only way of salvation it becomes unspeakably important that every mind should be stored in youth with these noble teachings. It is a grand thing that amid the clashing of creeds all denominations have agreed upon these Bible readings. They omit, we think, no vital doctrine, and are

so arranged that all the great events and teachings of the Bible shall be presented in due order. If it be objected that the whole Bible is not here given, that objection lies no less against our Sunday-school Lesson System and against the Lectionary of the Church of England. These readings do not prevent a fuller reading of the Bible, but they do secure the reading of at least its most instructive parts. The book is beautifully printed.

A History of Art for Beginners and Students: Sculpture, Painting, Architecture. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8vo, pp. 850. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mrs. Clement has for many years enjoyed a distinguished reputation as one of the most accomplished and accurate art critics of America. Her writings on the subject of art have been numerous and valuable. In this portly volume are collected three distinct works, treating the kindred subjects of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Published separately they cost \$7.50. In this handsome volume they cost probably not more than half that sum. The study of art is becoming more fully recognized as an important part of a liberal education. As such it occupies a prominent place in the Chautauqua course of reading and study. Such a book as this would be an admirable one for Chautauquans, and for all others who wish to obtain a somewhat adequate view of the development of the fine arts. The author gives a succinct, but comprehensive, view of the three great departments of art in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. A brief anecdotal biography of the great artists, a description of their chief works, and a characterization of the different schools of painting, sculpture, and architecture are also given. One of the most important features of the book is its copious pictorial illustrations of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of art of every age and country. Many of these engravings are of superior merit; as the fine

portrait of Raphael, his exquisite Sistine Madonna, his Saint Cecilia, and others. All of them will give a much clearer conception of the subjects than pages of description. The book is quite a library, or encyclopædia, on the subjects which it treats.

History of the Christian Church. By GEORGE PARK FISHER, D.D., LL.D. With Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 701. Price \$3.50.

The previous historical studies of the accomplished Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in Yale University, have admirably qualified him for the task of presenting in one volume a complete history of the Christian Church. The very vastness of the field makes this a task of unusual difficulty. It is only by judicious selection, and judicious rejection, that it can be accomplished. In this two-fold task, it strikes us, that Prof. Fisher has been signally successful. No important event, or movement, or character, will, we think, be found undescribed or uncharacterized. In another important respect this work differs from most other ecclesiastical histories. It exhibits, as fully as limits of space will permit, the relations of the history of the Church to contemporary secular history. The learned author brings out conspicuously the inter-action of events and changes in the political sphere, with the great religious movements of the ages. Another valuable characteristic of this work is the tolerably complete survey of the history of theological doctrine, and theological literature. This is a matter of vital importance, for there can be no adequate apprehension of religious phenomena without a knowledge of the underlying doctrines of which these are the outgrowth. In pronouncing judgment on so great a variety of persons and events, this work is characterized, so far as we have had an opportunity of testing, by judicial fairness. An important chapter is devoted to a history of Christian missions, and one of singular

interest, to a record of Christian piety and philanthropy. These are shown to be the crowning graces of "Applied Christianity." The book is well indexed, and we must not omit to mention the eight excellent coloured maps, illustrating the text, and an ingenious chart of religious statistics.

The Evolution of Episcopacy and Organic Methodism. By the REV. T. B. NEELY, PH.D., D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 448. Price \$1.50.

This book will be of more interest to our Methodist Episcopal friends than those who belong to non-Episcopal churches. It discusses an important aspect of ecclesiastical history. John Wesley's views on Episcopacy, ordination and church government, are very distinctly given. Those who expect to find therein any support for the theory of the tactual communication of apostolic grace, will be disappointed. The Episcopate of the Primitive Church is investigated and the author concludes, that it is in thorough harmony with that of the Methodist Church of the United States. In this conclusion we think that he is quite correct.

Palestine in the Time of Christ. By EDMOND STAFFER, D.D., translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

We are not aware of any work that fills the place of this one. Delitzsch's "Day in Jerusalem," and "Jewish Artisan Life in the Time of Christ," briefly treat one of the topics. This work covers the whole field of the social and religious life of the Jew in the first century. Its object is to facilitate the intelligent reading of the Gospels. This it does by giving us first, the geography of the Gospels, then an account of the home life, the dwellings, the public life, the literature, arts, science, administration of justice, etc., of the Jews. A still more important section treats of their religious life, of their

schools of philosophy and doctrine, of the synagogue, the temple, the feasts, the fasts, the rites, the ceremonies, etc. That the work is well done is evidenced by the fact that this is the third edition, revised and enlarged. The style of the work is marked by that literary charm in which the French excel. Note a single example: "Judaism succumbed in the first century, but the pharisees and doctors of the law succeeded in embalming its corpse. Thanks to their labours, Judaism still subsists in the form of a mummy. It is dead like all other mummies, but it is marvellously preserved." This book is of such importance that, we have placed it in the hands of an expert for a more adequate review.

Light in Darkness; or, Missions and Missionary Heroes. By REV. J. E. GODBEY, D.D., and A. H. GODBEY, A.M. 8vo, pp. 768. Illustrated. St. Louis, Mo.: Holloway & Co.

This book is comprehensive in its scope, giving, not only a graphic history of the missionary work in all lands from the organization of the first mission, and the Christian heroes and martyrs who perilled their lives for the heathen, but it also describes the customs, habits, superstitions, and curious character of the wild races of the world. The book has a large number of illustrations, some three hundred. The subject is of surpassing interest, and the narration is one stranger than fiction, and illustrating the highest moral and religious heroism.

Prize Essays on Systematic Giving. By Revs. C. A. COOK and J. C. SEYMOUR. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

These are the two essays between which was divided the prize of \$250 given by a gentleman who takes a deep interest in the subject. The essays were so nearly of equal merit that the adjudicators were unable to decide between them. They both treat the important subject of proportionate and systematic giving in a very forcible manner. Were only the

principles here inculcated generally carried into practice, what a revolution would take place in the great schemes for the evangelization of the world. We commend this book to the thoughtful study of all who would understand the scriptural law of giving.

The Blessed Dead. By the REV. J. M. GREENE, D.D. Price 75 cents. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.

Here are five sermons concerning death and life beyond the grave, which are tender, comforting, and assuring. Those questions are answered which are in the minds of all who have lost friends, sometimes much to their troubling.

Introductory Essay on the Manichæan Heresy. By ALBERT NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Professor Newman, of McMaster College, is one of the editors of the new Schaff Post-Nicene Library. In this pamphlet he has shown himself in breadth and accuracy of scholarship admirably qualified for the task. This is a complete bibliography and succinct treatment of the subject.

A Bouquet of Sonnets for Thoughtful Moments. By JOHN IMRIE. Price 25 cents.

This dainty little booklet contains thirty-two sonnets on various subjects—suitable for a quiet Sabbath hour.

Days and Nights on the Sea. A Souvenir for an Ocean Voyage. Compiled by JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price 40 cents.

This is a very ingenious compilation, from the poets, of passages descriptive of the sea and its associations—a pleasant little volume to con on shipboard or to review on shore.

The Wonderful Cities of the World. By HELEN AINSLIE SMITH. Pp. 661. New York and London: Geo. Routledge & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.00.

This book describes in an exceedingly interesting and instructive manner all the great cities of the ancient and modern world, with the manners and customs of the people. The most attractive feature for young people will be the 375 engravings—many of them full-page—illustrating those cities. Our own continent receives very ample treatment, and several engravings are given of Canadian cities.

The Higher Criticism; or, Modern Critical Theories as to the Origin and Contents of the Literature and Religion found in the Holy Scriptures. By the REV. F. R. BEATIE, PH.D., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 15 cents.

The title of this book very fully describes its character. Within its necessarily brief limits we know of nothing so good on the subject. We commend its reading especially to our younger ministers.

LITERARY NOTES.

Recent numbers of the *Illustrated London News* have been of very special interest. The imposing obsequies of the German Emperor have been splendidly illustrated. The American reprint—a *fac-simile* of the English edition—is clubbed with this MAGAZINE for \$3.50, full price \$4., less than half the price of the English edition.

The Writer. This periodical is specially designed for writers for the public press and those who would like to become such. It gives many valuable hints and suggestions, and costs but one dollar a year. Address: *The Writer*, P.O. Box, 1905, Boston, Mass.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.