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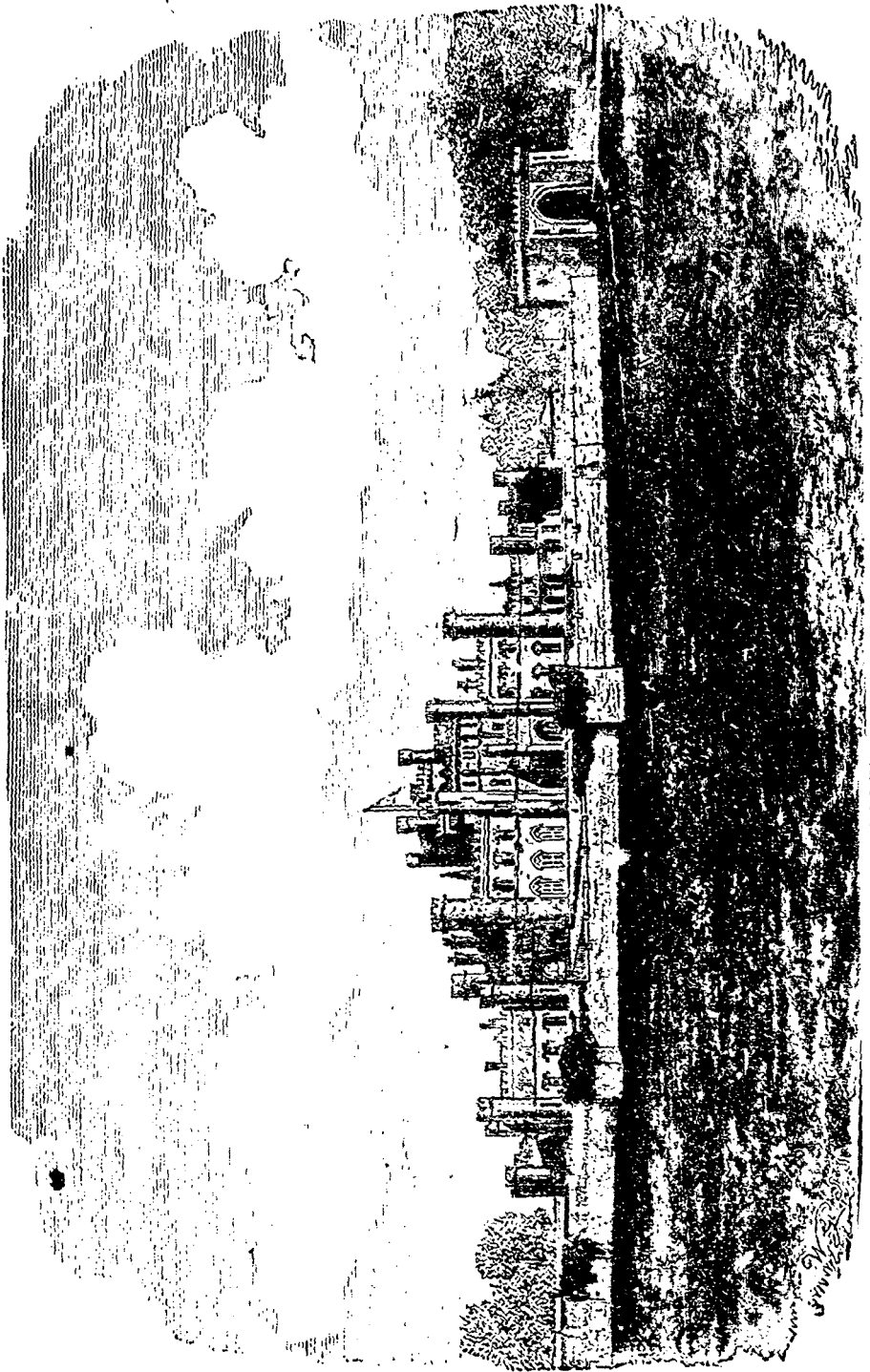
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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1882.

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## THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

### III.

#### LOWTHER CASTLE.

IN one of the most lovely shires of England—Westmoreland—where

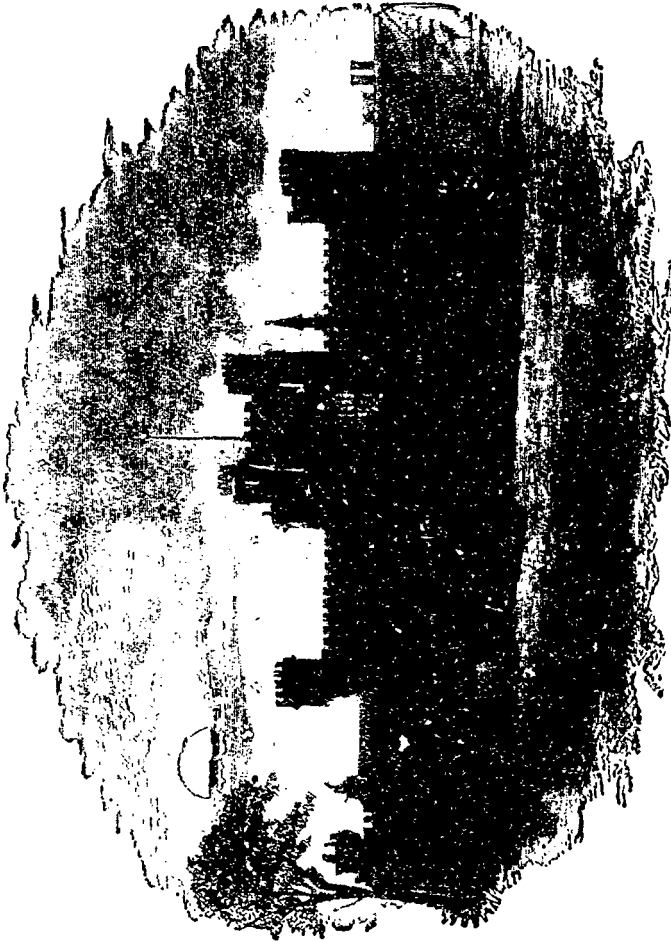
“ Hills on hills, on forests forests rise,  
Spurn the low earth and mingle with the skies,”

stands Lowther Castle. The Lowther family is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and some idea may be gained of its wealth and influential connections from the fact that the present Earl of Lonsdale and Baron Lowther is patron of no less than forty-three livings. That is, his lordship may “present,” which is practically to appoint, the clergyman in forty-three parishes, many of which give, from land tithes, very large stipends for very light duties. The parishioners have nothing to say at the selection of the religious instructor and guide. Only the sense of propriety of the patron, and his respect for public opinion, prevents the “presentation” of utterly incompetent or unworthy men. The time is not so long past when the hard-riding, fox-hunting, deep-drinking parson, in his scarlet coat, was a familiar figure at court-balls, races and “meets.” Thackeray tells of one

\* *The Stately Homes of England.* By LLEWELLYNN JEWETT, F.S.A., and S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Two vols. in one; pp. 400 and 360, with 380 engravings. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$8.

such, who, as he pulled off his surplice, resumed his betting upon a famous cock-fight which was about to take place.

There are in England 12,000 benefices of the Established Church, in every case subject to presentation. The "advowson," or right of presentation, of more than half of them, is in private hands—generally because some pious ancestor built and endowed



LOWTHER CASTLE—SOUTH FRONT.

the church, and so controlled the presentation. Sometimes the right of presentation is sold, and frequently in the *London Times* and other papers will be seen the advertisement that the "advowson" of a certain "living" is for sale; and as a special inducement to moneyed men who wish to purchase a snug living

in a literal sense, for some needy relative, it is stated that the present incumbent is old and infirm, that the stipend is £800 or £1,500 a year, the parish duties light, and the fishing and hunting good. In most cases the bishop has a right to reject the candidate presented, but unless some conspicuous reason exists for such rejection, it seldom takes place. This sale of advowsons seems to us one of the worst forms of simony, against which, it is true, certain laws are made. "These laws, however," says a competent authority, "are more frequently evaded than obeyed." But this is a long digression from Lowther Castle.

The building, it will be seen, has an extremely castellated appearance. The Great Hall is sixty feet square and ninety feet high, adorned with ancient armour, and historic banners, and other relics. The Gothic window of this great hall, especially when lit up at night, as shown in our engraving on page 290, is very impressive. In the State Bedroom is the state bed, a huge catafalque-like structure, hung with white satin, embroidered with black and gold. At the angles are carved and gilded figures of angels, recalling the old nursery rhyme:—

"Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels round me spread;  
One to sing, one to pray,  
And two to carry my soul away."\*

One of the finest collections extant of Britano-Roman inscriptions, Roman altars, memorial slabs, and the like, is collected in the museum of this castle. In deciphering these, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, of Toronto, one of the highest living authorities in the difficult science of epigraphy, has won great fame, and has published in Canada a learned volume in elucidation of these distant "finds."

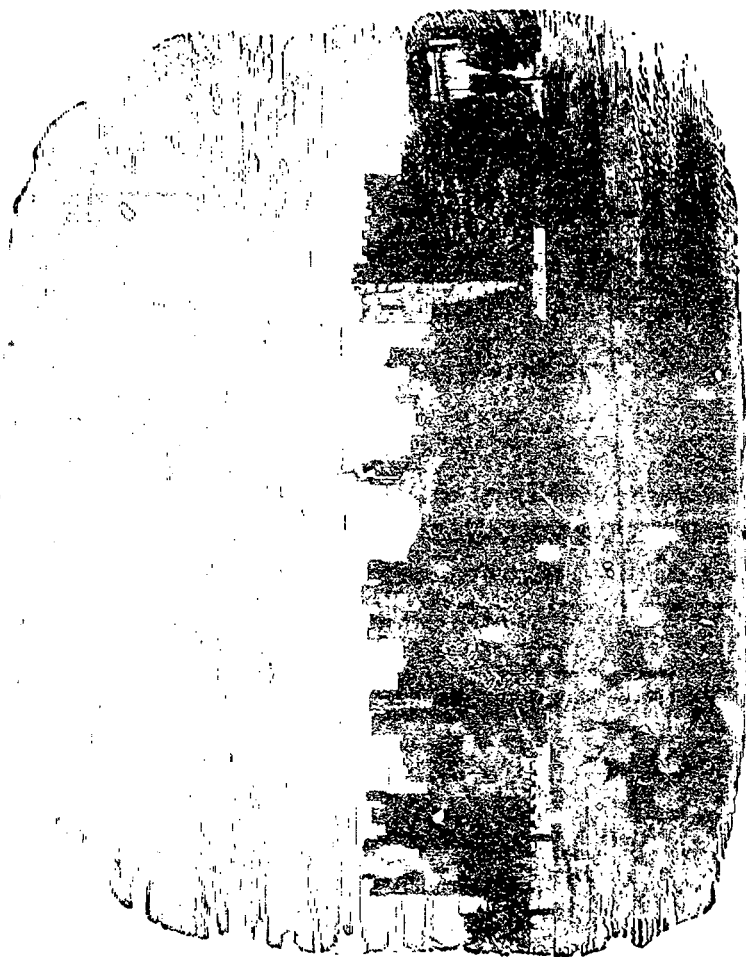
Across the park is Lowther Church, with its quiet "God's Acre," in which "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep"—

A grander, fairer spot of English ground  
To rest in till the trump of doom shall blow  
From the high heavens, through land and sea below,  
In all this ancient realm could not be found.

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\* Much more beautiful is that other childhood rhyme, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., concerning which a great English lawyer, lately deceased, declared that he always repeated it before he went to sleep.

The surroundings of Lowther Castle, the lovely Lake District, with its noble variety of mountain, fell, and mere, its memories of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, and older memories of King Arthur and his knights, make it one of the most deeply interesting regions of English classic ground.

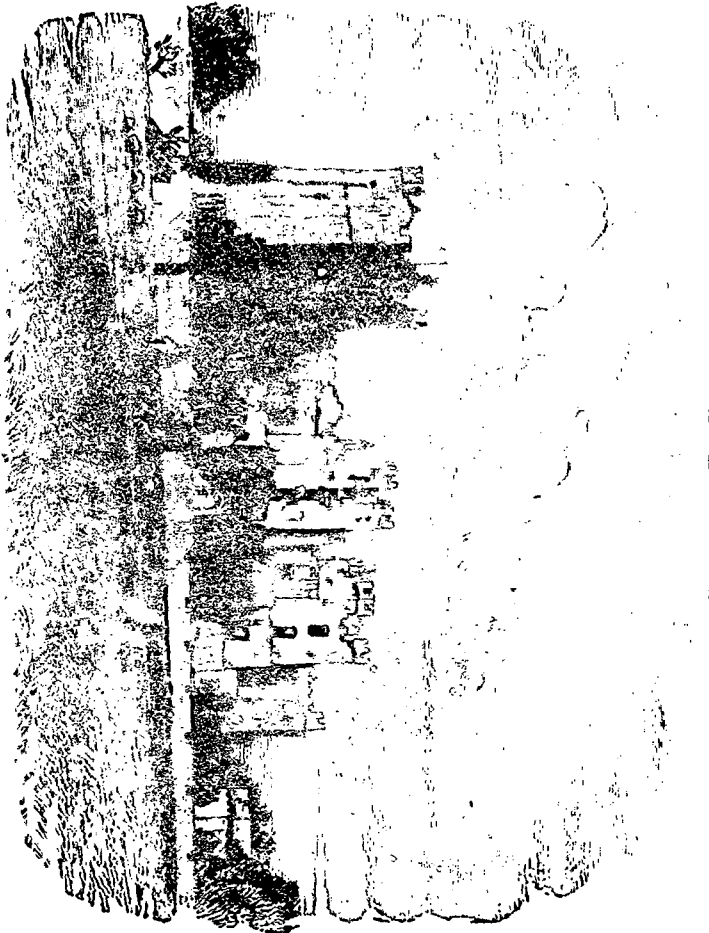


RABY CASTLE.

Few counties in England are so rich in ancient fortresses and castellated buildings as Durham. Pre-eminent among the sein historical interest, and perhaps in antiquity, is Raby Castle. The word Raby points to a Danish origin, and it is first used in

connection with King Canute. The Lord of Raby being implicated in the rebellior against Queen Elizabeth, known as "The Rising in the North," was defeated, and his possessions were confiscated to the crown.

Raby Castle afterwards came into the possession of a still

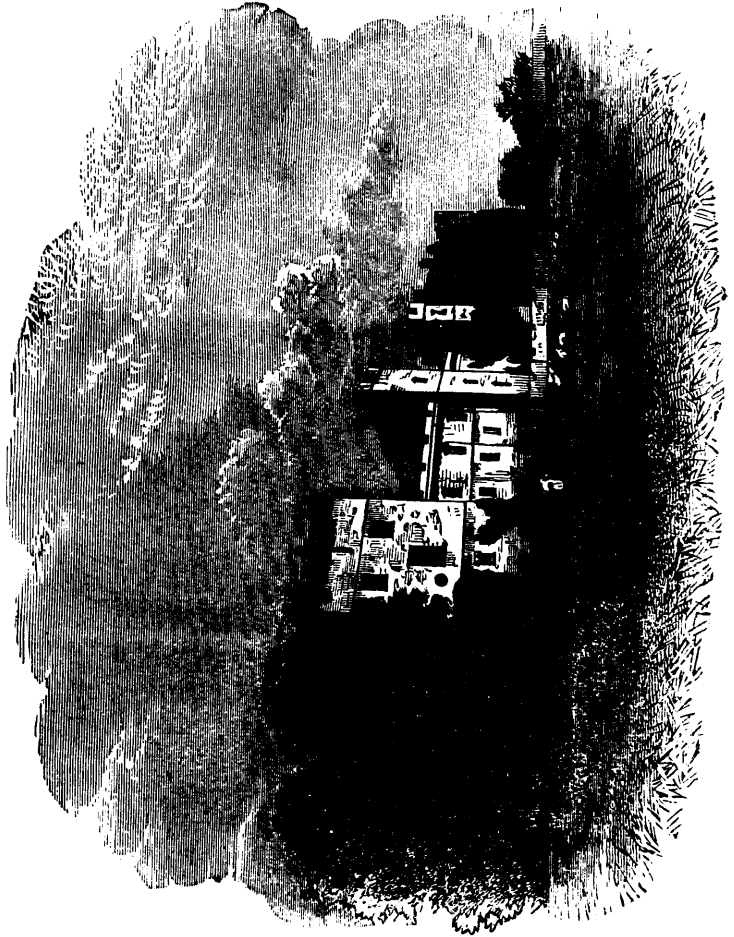


more famous family—the Vanes. The greatest of these, Sir Harry Vane, of whom Milton wrote,—

“Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,”

in his youth visited Holland, France, Geneva, and New England. In his twenty-fourth year he was elected Governor of

Massachusetts. Returning to England, he represented in Parliament the Puritan party, and surrendered to the Commonwealth the emoluments of a life-treasurship of the Navy, worth £30,000 a year. One of the greatest statesmen and purest patriots of England, he agreed in policy with neither Cromwell nor Charles.



RABY CASTLE, FROM THE WEST.

Retiring to Raby Castle, he wrote religious meditations on the "Mysterie and Power of Godliness," and afterwards, in prison, a work "On the Love of God and Union with God." When the King came to his own again, Vane was one of the twenty excluded from the Act of general pardon and oblivion, and one of the greatest of Englishmen was beheaded on Tower Hill, the



trumpets pealing to drown his dying speech. Nevertheless he was heard by Pepys, who records it in his diary, to say that "in his seventeenth year it had pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, and that thereafter he never did anything against his conscience, but all for the glory of God, and spoke confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ."

Raby Castle, which is thus glorified by the memory of this incorruptible patriot, is described by an old chronicler as "the largest castell of logginges in al the north country." A mighty pile, set thick with massy towers, strength, not grace or beauty, is its character. Yet, says an artistic critic, the broken sky-line of its walls is not equalled in England. The great kitchen occupies one of these towers, the chapel another, the guard-room a third. Everything speaks of a time of stern defence against border raids and forays, and of knightly hospitality. The great kitchen would bake for an army, as, indeed, it had need to, for, as Wordsworth tells us—

Seven hundred knights, retainers all,  
Of Neville, at the master's call  
Had sate together in Raby's hall.

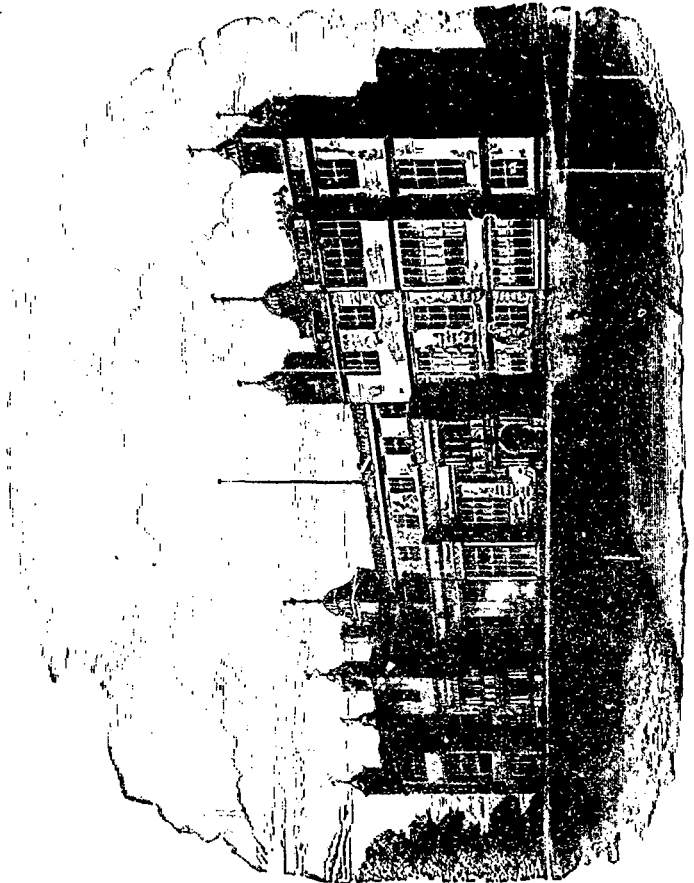
The great hall had no chimneys, but huge logs were dragged into the midst, and the smoke escaped through the louvres in the lofty roof. In the broad park still roam a herd of five hundred deer and antlered stags, as fearless and free as their ancestors in the time of Canute the Dane.

#### AUDLEY END.

Of a different character from the noble Vane was Sir Thomas Audley, the founder of Audley End. His rise was rapid, his rapacity was great; he fawned upon his sovereign, and preyed upon the possessions of others, till he had raised himself upon their ruin to rank and affluence. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII.—a fate which they justly deserved—their fair demesnes were often parcelled out among unworthy favourites. Sir Thomas, we read, subtilly obtained the great Abbey of Walden, in Kent—which means that he obtained it by fraud—and on "the ruins of that stately fabrick" founded the manor known as Audley End.

In the next generation the estate came by marriage into the

hands of a worthier possessor—the gallant Lord Howard, who so bravely defended the honour of England and her virgin Queen by commanding the fleet which attacked and repulsed the “invincible” Armada. He expended on the mansion the enormous sum, for those days, of £190,000. The Merry Monarch, Charles II., purchased the estate for £50,000, of which he paid

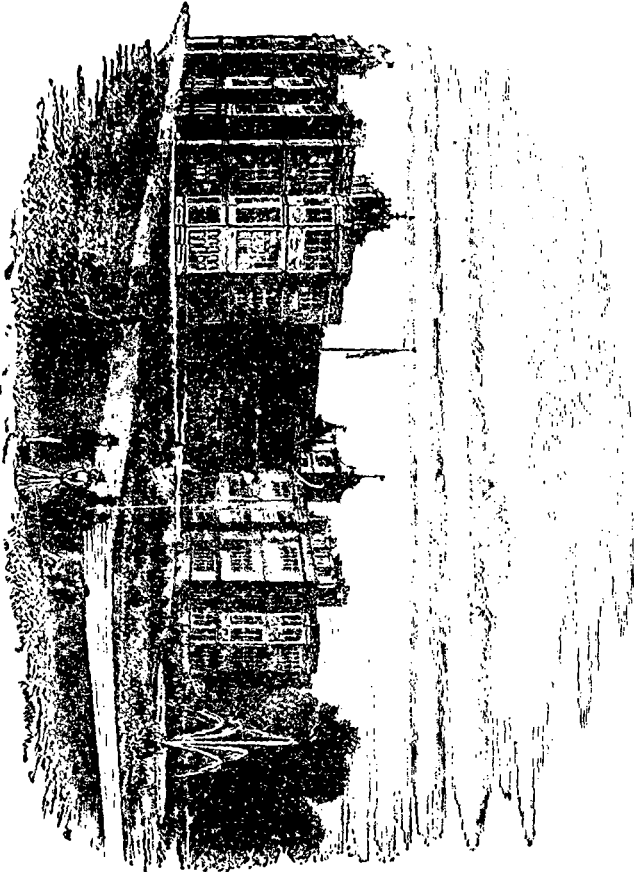


only £30,000, and here set up his court, where festivities were maintained with great splendour. The spendthrift monarch, failing to pay the balance, or even to pay the interest on the debt, it reverted again to the Howard family. In recent times it was owned by Baron Braybrooke, the distinguished antiquary, author of the “Romance of the Ring,” or the history of finger

rings in all the ages. This gentleman served in the army in Canada during the troublous times of 1837-8.

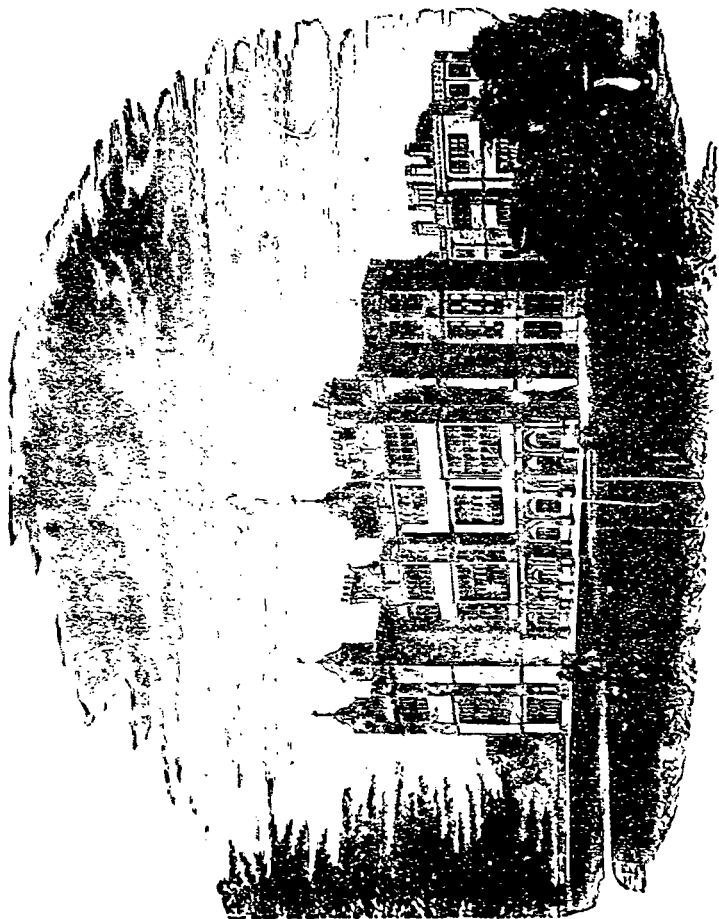
Old Pepys gives an account of a visit to Audley End in 1659, and, praised especially the "admirable drink" in the cellar, and the fine echoes which he awoke by playing on his flageolet. The noble old house is one of the best of the Elizabethan era that

AUDLEY END—GARDENS—FRONT



time has left us, though it is not now what it was when Pepys visited it. It has suffered much from the dilapidations of time, and projects at one time were on foot for pulling it down or for converting it into a silk manufactory. But though shorn of its ancient splendour, it has been partially restored, and still, like an ancient dowager, commands our respect, and shows what in its glorious prime it must have been. The grounds and foun-

tains are very fine. The two great porches of the west façade are noble renaissance constructions of Inigo Jones, and the many-mullioned, great bay-windows at the yule-tide festivals pour forth their flood of hospitable light across the spacious park.



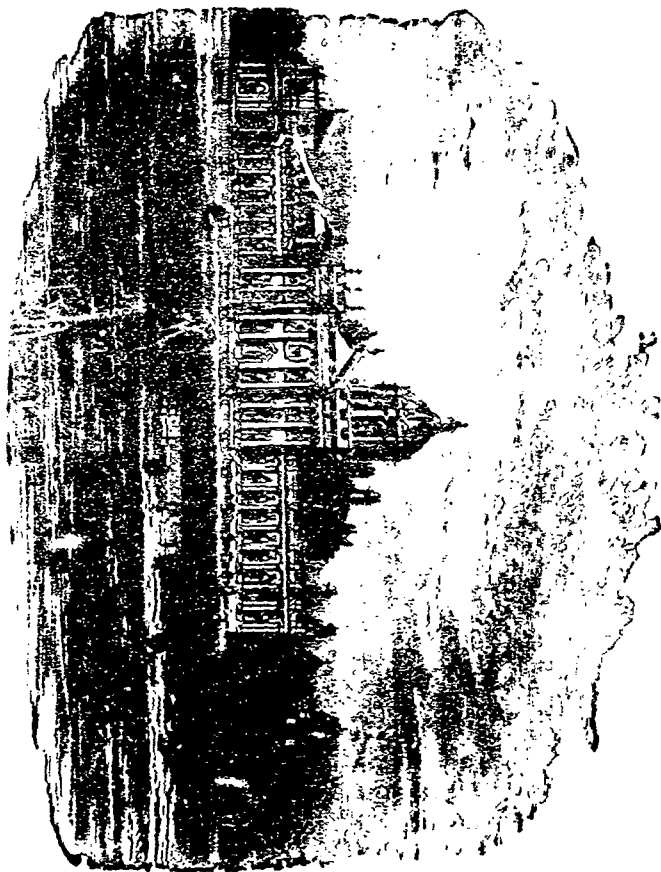
CASTLE HOWARD.

This princely seat of the Howards is situated about twenty miles from the venerable City of York, on the way to Malton. It is one of the most perfect of the "stately homes" which succeeded the castles and strong houses of the sterner period of English history. The Earl of Carlisle, the owner of Castle Howard, is descended from a long line of distinguished men,

whose services to their country have brought them the highest honours; yet the parts they took in the troublous times in which they lived, brought no less than three of the noblest of the line to the block, under charges of high treason. "Belted Will Howard" was one of the leading heroes of Border minstrelsy. He was the grandson of the famous Earl of Surrey,—

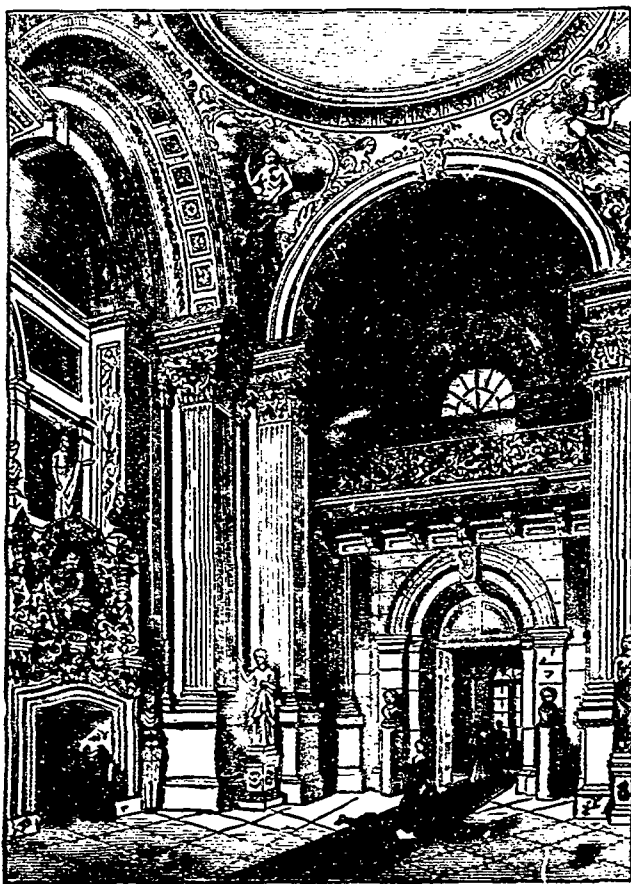
"Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?"

His father lost his title, estates, and head on Tower Hill, and bequeathed him to the care of an elder brother, as "having



nothing to feed the cormorants withal." The orphan boy lived to raise the fallen fortunes of his house, and to see gathered beneath its roof a family of fifty-two of his immediate descendants.

Castle Howard is anything but castellated in appearance. It has neither barbican nor donjon tower, but is simply the domestic home of an English nobleman, though very stately and beautiful. It is the masterpiece, in the renaissance style, of the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh. The south front, shown in our cut, is 323 feet long. The centre consists of a pediment and entablature



GREAT HALL, HOWARD CASTLE.

supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters. It is surmounted by a lofty dome. The effect of this feature from the interior is very striking. The great hall is lighted from this dome, which rises a hundred feet from the marble floor. The carved mantel, statuary, and frescoes will give some idea of the art treasures of

this famous house. The gallery of antiques is 160 feet long. It contains an altar from the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, bearing the following poetic inscription by the Earl of Carlisle:—

“ Pass not this ancient altar with disdain,  
’Twas once in Delphi’s sacred temple reared;  
From this the Pythian poured her mystic strain,  
While Greece its fate in anxious silence heard.

“ What chief, what hero of the Achaian race,  
Might not to this have bowed with holy awe,  
Have clung in pious reverence round its base,  
And from the voice inspired received the law.

“ A British chief, as famed in arms as those,  
Has borne this relic o’er the Italian waves,  
In war still friend to science, this bestows,  
And Nelson gives it to the land he saves.”

Space would fail to tell of the Blue Drawing Room, the Green Damask Room, the Silver and Blue Silk Bedroom, and other magnificent *suites* of apartment, with their priceless art treasures, including the famous Orleans Gallery of paintings, once the property of Philip Égalité. The conservatories are among the finest in the world—having six hundred species of plants unmatched elsewhere. Only in a country like England, with its ancient families, in which wealth increases from generation to generation, is such an accumulation of treasures in private hands possible. In the new and unhistoric communities of this western world such things are not to be expected; nor need we greatly pine after them. Such vast disparities of wealth and poverty are not to be desired, though certainly the ability and disposition to play the Mæcenas in art generally, in England, go together, and these stately parks and sumptuous homes are thrown open with the greatest kindness and liberality, and with the very minimum of restriction, to the people.

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SHOW us Thy presence here on earth;  
Into Thy kingdom give us birth.  
We would not wish or dare to wait  
In better worlds a better state.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

## MISSIONARY HEROES.

JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



MARAE, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, SOCIETY ISLANDS.

THE innumerable islands of the Polynesian Archipelago possess an intense interest to the Christian, the scientist, and the statesman. Here some of the noblest triumphs of Christianity have been won. Their discovery is one of the grandest results of geographical exploration. Their social constitution and history presents one of the most remarkable examples of the civilization of once savage races; and with these islands are associated some of the noblest records of English philanthropy. In confirmation of this fact, the latest biographer of the missionary martyr who is the subject of our sketch, writes thus:—

“What Cook was amongst navigators, John Williams was amongst missionaries. Both were eminently distinguished for their heroism and their philanthropy. The lot and labour of both were mainly cast amongst those lovely groups of islands, whose feathery palm-trees and tufted coconuts are mirrored to

\* We are indebted for much of the material used in this sketch to the most recent biography of John Williams—that by the Rt. Rev W P Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, England.



the waters of the great Pacific. These islands were made known to the civilized world by the one; they were brought into the fellowship of Christendom by the other. Both of these distinguished men lost their lives by murderous hands upon those distant coasts, in the noble effort to do their duty to God, and to be a blessing to their fellow-men. And if Cook was a real martyr in the cause of science, Williams was a real martyr in the cause of religion."

Tottenham Court Road is one of the most crowded and busy thoroughfares of London. It has Methodist associations from the circumstance that in this region was situated Whitefield's famous Tabernacle. In this populous neighbourhood the future illustrious missionary, John Williams, was born, 1796. From his boyhood he exhibited that mechanical aptitude and manual dexterity which he afterward turned to such good account among the barbarous South Sea Islanders. He was familiarly spoken of as the "handy lad," who repaid the breakages of the household utensils and furniture. Probably in consequence of this natural bent he was apprenticed to an ironmonger in City Road. It was soon observed that he was more inclined to the anvil and forge, although exempted by his indentures from the more laborious parts of the business, than to the more cleanly, and, as some would think, more respectable department of the office and store. He thus became an expert handicraftsman—a sort of Quentin Matseys in his way—and was frequently employed by his master in the execution of orders demanding peculiar dexterity and skill.

His parents were pious people, and endeavoured to train up their son in the ways of religion. But with the natural waywardness of youth, he was restive beneath their restraints, and in the company of fellow-apprentices sought the frivolous amusements afforded by the great metropolis. One Sunday evening, we are told, he was loitering at a street corner waiting for some companions to accompany him to some such place of resort, so unbecoming the sanctity of the day. The delay of his expected comrades gave an opportunity for the compunctions of a conscience dormant but not dead. Just at that moment it chanced, or was it chance?—that the wife of his employer passed on her way to Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle. "It proved," says his biographer, "the turning point in his life and many years after-

ward, when the successful missionary was narrating to a breathless audience, in the same place of worship, the story of his labours and successes, he pointed with deep emotion to the door by which he had entered, and to the pew in which he had sat on that memorable night, when the word of God had been fastened in his heart, as in a sure place, by the Master of assemblies."

The young convert forthwith engaged earnestly in Christian work, so far as opportunity offered—and opportunity was not wanting in that great and wicked city—greater and, considering the Christian light and knowledge abounding on every side, more wicked than ancient Nineveh. These were the early years of foreign missionary work. Already the London Missionary Society was endeavouring to win from heathenism to Christianity those sunny islands of the Southern seas which Cook and his fellow-discoverers had unveiled to the world. These

Summer isles of Eden lying  
In dark purple spheres of sea,

appeared to the casual observer among the loveliest and most favoured spots on earth. The bread-fruit tree and the cocoa palm waved their feathery foliage in the balmy air.

In a halcyon sea mid the coral grove  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove.

Surely here, if anywhere on earth, were the Islands of the Blessed, and here must be found the primeval innocence and happiness of that Golden Age of which poets had sung!

But how different was the reality! These scenes of fairy loveliness were full of the habitations of cruelty, and were in danger of becoming depopulated through the abominable wickedness of the inhabitant. Chronic wars wasted the islands, and the victors feasted upon the flesh of their conquered enemies. Even woman's heart forgot its pitifulness, and "mothers slept calmly on the beds beneath which they had buried many of their own murdered infants." Yet here the Gospel of Jesus had already been preached, and had won, as amid the corruptions of Corinth and the cruelties of Rome, its wonted triumphs. In some of the islands the natives renounced their idolatry, and gave up their bloody rites. Across the sea came the cry for

more labourers for this field of toil and danger. Among the first to respond was the zealous young convert, John Williams, being then only in his twentieth year. He offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and was accepted for the work to which he gave his life.

"It was on the 30th September, 1816," says his biographer, "that nine young men stood side by side in Surrey Chapel to receive their missionary designation. John Williams and Robert Moffatt were the two youngest of the band; the former destined to be 'The Apostle of Polynesia,' the latter to win for himself a name in connection with the dark continent of Africa, only second to that of Livingston, his illustrious son-in-law. The words in which the aged minister who addressed them gave his parting exhortation to John Williams rang not only then, but through all his after life, like a trumpet in his ears: 'Go, my dear young brother; and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for Him there.'"

With his young and devoted wife, who proved herself a noble help-meet in many a time of trial, he set forth for the scene of his future triumphs and martyrdom. Men could not then go "round the world in eighty days," and a whole year elapsed before the cocoa groves of Eimeo, one of the Society Islands, greeted the eyes of the young missionary, weary with contemplating the wide waste of the melancholy main. Here he remained for some time, acquiring the native language. His extraordinary mechanical skill commanded the admiration of the islanders, and, gaining their confidence, he soon acquired great facility in adopting their modes of thought and expression.

It is remarkable by what means God often breaks down barriers, and prepares the way for the entrance of the Gospel. Pomare, the Christian King of Tahiti, and an English missionary, had been driven by a storm upon the island of Raiatea, the centre of political power of the Society group, and the seat of the worship of Oro—"at once the Mars and Moloch of the Southern seas." The evidences of the superiority of Christian civilization induced the King to petition for missionaries to

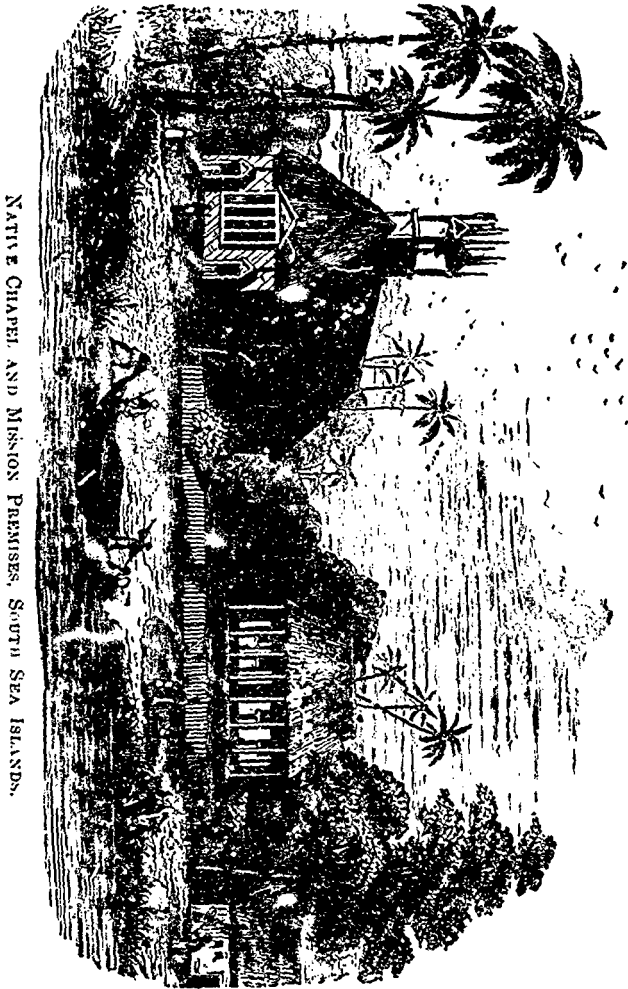
instruct his people. To this appeal John Williams joyfully responded.

"There was a grand welcome," says the record of this mission, "at Raiatea for 'Viriamu,' which was the nearest form of pronunciation that the natives could find in their speech for the name of Williams. A present of five pigs for Viriamu, five for his wife, and five for their baby-boy, with abundance of yams and cocoanuts and bananas, proved that the people were willing to accept their new teachers. They were ready, moreover, to hear Mr. Williams preach, to observe the Lord's day; to renounce their idols, but their moral condition was unutterably debased, their idleness was inveterate, their habits of theft, polygamy, and infanticide were abominable, and their darker and fiercer passions were something awful when roused to war and vengeance."

Here again the mechanical ingenuity of the missionary proved a valuable adjunct to his spiritual labours. As he well remarks in one of his journals, "The missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen: not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his." Accordingly, he built himself a house, with window sashes and Venetian blinds, and filled it with neat and commodious furniture, almost every article of which was made by his own ingenious hands. He taught the natives how to make lime from coral, and to build decent houses for themselves. When they beheld the firm, smooth surface of the snow-white plaster, their delight and astonishment knew no bounds. Their zealous instructor also set them the example of gardening and agriculture and boat-building, and rewarded all attempts at industry by presents of nails, hinges, and tools.

Soon, we read, a place of worship was erected in their midst, capable of containing some three thousand people. Williams took care to make it, as far as possible, worthy of the purpose for which it was designed. It was truly a noble Polynesian cathedral, though its sides were made of watties, and its pillars of the trunks of trees. He expended special care upon the carving of the pulpit and the reading-desk, and fabricated such wondrous chandeliers for evening service, that when the natives beheld them they exclaimed, "Au Brittanue e! Au Brittanue e!" "O England, O England!" "A Fenua marau ore;" "the land whose customs have no end."

These were, however, but means towards an end, and that end was the salvation of souls and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Christianity began to make its way. The maraes, or idol houses, which were often the scenes of cruel and cannibal orgies, were pulled down; the gods were committed to the flames,



infanticide was abolished, cannibalism was at an end, divine service was held three times every Sunday, family prayer was universal, and the people who lately seemed as if possessed by devils, were "sitting clothed and in their right mind." "With

respect to civilization," says Mr. Williams, "we have pleasure in saying that the natives are doing all that we can reasonably expect, and every person is now daily and busily employed from morning till night. At present there is a range of three miles along the sea-beach studded with little plastered and white-washed cottages, with their own schooner lying at anchor near them. All this forms such a contrast to the view we had here three years ago, when, excepting three hovels, all was wilderness, that we cannot but be thankful, and, when we consider all things, exceedingly thankful, for what God has wrought."

"Williams," remarks his biographer, "was a statesman as well as a mechanic. He succeeded in getting a new and admirable code of laws established by the votes of the people in a great assembly. Trial by jury was a distinctive feature of this code, and such an efficient executive was provided from amongst the natives themselves, that the whole system worked admirably. He laid the foundations, moreover, for a remunerative commerce, by teaching them how to cultivate cotton and tobacco, as well as by instructing them in rope-making and other useful arts. He taught them how to prepare the sugar-cane for the market, and not only constructed a mill for the purpose, but made with his own hands the lathe in which the rollers for it were turned."

The zealous missionary was not satisfied with even these results. He organized a missionary society to carry the Gospel to the surrounding islands, and these recent pagans, at the end of the first year, had given some 15,000 bamboos of cocoanut oil, the value of which was at least \$2,500, as a recognition of their own obligations to the Gospel, and of their earnest desire to make it known to others.

The missionary had heard among the natives strange songs and traditions of an island which they called Raratonga, which he was anxious to discover and evangelize. "I cannot," he said, "content myself with the narrow limits of a single reef; and if means are not provided, a continent would be to me infinitely preferable; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you."

After appealing in vain to the Christians of England for a missionary vessel—he himself chartered the schooner *Endeavour*, and with some native Christians set out on his voyage of discovery. "The story," says Bishop Walsh, "reads like a romance,

and reminds one of Columbus and his search for the New World. Baffled day after day in his efforts to discover the traditionary island, he still persevered. The provisions were all but exhausted; the captain came to the missionary early on the last morning, and said, 'We must give up the search, or we shall all be starved.' Williams begged him to steer on until eight o'clock, and promised that if the island were not then in sight he would return home. It was an anxious hour. Four times had a native been sent to the top of the mast, and he was now ascending for the fifth. Only half an hour of the time agreed upon remained unexpired, when suddenly the cloud-mist rolled away, the majestic hills of Raratonga, the chief of the Hervey group, stood full in view, and the excited sailor shouted, 'Teie, teie, taua fenua nei!' 'Here, here is the land we have been seeking!'"

Similar results followed as at Raiatea, and "within twelve months of its discovery, the whole population, numbering some seven thousand, had renounced idolatry, and were engaged in erecting a place of worship, six hundred feet in length, to accommodate the overwhelming congregations. But not even triumphs like these," says his biographer, "could satisfy the grand aspirations of this devoted man. He looked out upon the Polynesian world of islands which still remained unevangelized around him and beyond him, and he resolved to build a ship of his own, in which he might roam through the vast Archipelago of the Western world. His account of the building of that ship reads like another romance, and has been compared to a chapter in Defoe; but while it equals that story in interest, it has the great advantage of reality. With none to help him but the natives whom he had raised from savagedom; with only a few rude tools, and with no experience save that which he had acquired as an ironmonger's apprentice, he planned and carried to completion his ambitious project. The natives looked on in wonder as the teacher built his ship. One day, when he had forgotten his square, he wrote for it to his wife, upon a chip, and told a chief to carry it to Mrs. Williams. 'What shall I say?' inquired the puzzled Raratongan. 'Nothing,' replied the missionary, 'the chip will tell her;' and when, on reading the message, she gave him the square, the astonished chieftain ran through the settlement, exclaiming, 'Oh! the wisdom of these

English! they make chips talk!' and he tied a string to the mysterious messenger, and hung it as an amulet around his neck!

"The story of his bellows is well known. There were only four gráts on the island, and three of them were killed to furnish the leather for it. But during the night the rats of Raratonga, which were like one of the plagues of Egypt, congregated in vast numbers, and left nothing of the bellows except the boards. Williams then ingeniously constructed a blowing-machine, on the principle of the common pump, which defied the rats, and accomplished his purpose. And then the builder was soon on board his 'Messenger of Peace,' which the natives called 'The Ship of God,' and was carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the surrounding shores."

From island to island he sailed, preaching everywhere the Gospel of the grace of God, till, of 60,000 natives of the Samoan group, 50,000 were under religious instruction. The grateful people testified their love for the missionary in songs and ballads, of which the following are examples:—

"Let us talk of Viriamu.

Let cocoanuts grow for him in peace for months.  
When strong the east winds blow, our hearts forget him not.  
Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great white chief.  
All victors are we now, for we all have one God!"

"The birds are crying for Viriamu,  
His ship has sailed another way,  
The birds are crying for Viriamu,  
Long time is he in coming.  
Will he ever come again?  
Will he ever come again?"

This is the testimony of the heroic missionary as to the divine power of the Gospel:—"Christianity has triumphed, not by human authority, but by its own moral power, by the light which it spread abroad, and by the benevolent spirit which it disseminated, for *kindness is the key to the human heart*, whether it be that of savage or civilized man. Having witnessed the introduction of Christianity into a greater number of islands than any other missionary, I can safely affirm that in no single instance has the civil power been employed in its propagation."

After eighteen years of hallowed labour, this heroic man was



able to say: "There is not an island of importance within two thousand miles of Tahiti to which the glad tidings of salvation has not been conveyed." But the results accomplished he regarded as only stepping-stones to still greater results in the future. He, therefore, resolved to visit England, to tell of the 300,000 savages already brought under religious instruction, to get his Raiatongan version of the Scriptures through the press, and to arouse the hearts of his countrymen to the blessed work of giving the Gospel to the heathen. "It is not too much," writes his biographer, "to say that his visit did more to fan the flame of missionary interest in England than any event which had occurred for a century. When, at the end of four years he sailed down the Thames in the *Camden* (a vessel of 200 tons burden, which had been expressly purchased for his use, at a cost of £2,600), he was accompanied on his voyage by sixteen other missionaries and their wives, and was followed by such a gale of prayer and interest from the tens of thousands who had been thrilled by his narratives, as plainly testified how much his visit had been blessed to hearts at home."

He had set his heart on the conquest for Christ of the New Hebrides, a group whose inhabitants were known to be violent and suspicious. After visiting all his old stations, he resolved on planting a mission at Erromanga, the key of the Hebrides group. He seemed to have a foreboding of his coming fate, and as the text for his last address to his beloved Samoans, he chose the words of the apostle at Miletus: "They all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

Having reached the island, Mr. Williams with a small party went ashore. The natives were shy and sullen, but the missionary frankly offered his hand and presented some cloth. They accepted his gifts, but while he was speaking to some children the cry of "danger" from the boats caused the party to run. Two of them escaped, but the heroic Williams and Mr. Harris, another missionary, were pierced with arrows and captured by the natives. A few hours before his death, Mr. Williams wrote in his diary the following words, which were destined to possess a strangely prophetic significance:—"This is a most memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity;

and the record of events which have this day happened will last long after those who have taken an active part in them shall have retired into the shades of oblivion; and the results of this day will be——." Here the record ended.

"There can be little doubt," continues the narrative of this tragic event, "that the horrid orgies of cannibalism followed closely upon the murder; for when H. M. S. *Favourite* visited the island to recover the bodies, a few bones were surrendered as the only remains of the man who had done so much good in his day and generation. These were carried to Upolu, and laid beside his desolate home and widowed church. The noblest monument that could be raised to his memory was the resolution of his Samoan converts to carry on that work in pursuit of which their beloved teacher fell, and to plant the standard of the Cross upon the soil of Erromanga."

A few years later the saintly Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, on his first visit to the New Hebrides, touched at Erromanga with a native teacher. They knelt together on its blood-stained shore, and asked God to open a way for His Gospel to the degraded inhabitants. At length, in 1852, two native Christians from the Hervey Islands were landed, and one of those chiefs who were most forward in giving them a welcome was the very man who had murdered Williams. It turned out upon inquiry that some foreigners had killed his own son, and that he had avenged himself upon the first white man that came within his reach; but the very club which struck the fatal blow was surrendered to the missionaries, and the prayer which had been offered up on that ensanguined beach was at length fully answered.

"Erromanga, however," continues Bishop Walsh, "was to have other associations with the noble army of martyrs before that blessed consummation could be attained. In 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, a devoted missionary pair, were savagely massacred by some of the heathen. A touching link between their death and two other martyrdoms is this—that they were buried close to the spot where Williams fell, and that the funeral service of the Church of England was read over their graves by Bishop Patteson, himself destined to be the 'Martyr of Melanesia.'"

It is the deliberate opinion of the biographer of this devoted missionary, that "since the days of the Apostles no one man

was the means of winning so many thousands to the true faith of Christ by the preaching of the Gospel." And yet he sealed his testimony with his blood at the early age of forty-three. His life was short if measured by years, but if measured by results—by noble achievements for God and for man—it was long and grand and glorious! His undying fame is recorded in his brief but glorious epitaph:—"When he came there were no Christians, when he left there were no heathen."

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THE RISEN LIFE.

TELL all the world the Lord is risen, —  
The Easter message, ever new;  
The grave is but a ruined prison, —  
Invisible, the life breaks through.

Earth cannot long ensepulchre  
In her dark depths the tiniest seed;  
When life begins to throb and stir,  
The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clods its upward course deter,  
Calmly it makes its path to-day;  
One germ of life is mightier  
Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirred,  
Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,  
But lived at His creative word,  
Responsive to the life in Him.

Since, then, the life that He bestows  
Thus triumphs over death and earth;  
What power of earth or death can close  
The Fountain whence all life has birth.

And, as the last up-springing grain  
Breathes still the resurrection song,  
That light the victory shall gain,  
That death is weak, and life is strong;

So, with immortal vigour rife,  
The lowliest life that faith has freed,  
Bears witness still that Christ is life,  
And that the Life is risen indeed.

—*Mrs. Elizabeth Charles.*

## THE STORY OF MY LIFE.\*

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

*Sketch of my life, from my birth, March 24th, 1803, to 1825, when I decided to become a Methodist Preacher; my early studies, religious experience, and employments.*

I HAVE several times been importuned to furnish a sketch of my life for books of biography of public men, published both in Canada and the United States; but I have uniformly declined, assigning as a reason a wish to have nothing of the kind published during my lifetime. Finding, however, that some circumstances connected with my early history have been misapprehended and misrepresented by adversaries, and that my friends are anxious that I should furnish some information on the subject, and being now in the seventieth year of my age, I sit down in this my Long Point Island cottage, retired from the busy world, to give some account of my early life, on this blessed Sabbath day, indebted to the God of the Sabbath for all that I am, morally, intellectually, and as a public man, as well as for all my hopes of a future life.

I was born on the 24th of March, 1803, in the township of Charlotteville, near the village of Vittoria, in the then London District, now the County of Norfolk. My father had been an officer in the British Army during the American Revolution, being a volunteer in the Prince of Wales' Regiment of New Jersey, of which place he was a native. His forefathers were from Holland, and his more remote ancestors were from Denmark.

At the close of the American Revolutionary War, he, with

\* We have pleasure in presenting to our readers, through the courtesy of George Hodgins, LL.D., the Rev. Dr. Nelles, and the Rev. Dr. Potts, the literary trustees of the late Dr. Ryerson, the first chapter of his "Story of My Life," a work left in manuscript at the time of his death. This will prove, we are confident, the most interesting book that Dr. Ryerson ever wrote. It deals, as will be seen from the chapter which we give, with the personal, private, and religious life of his life, as well as with its more public aspects. The book will be issued from the press as speedily as possible, and will be eagerly waited for by thousands of the admirers of its venerable author throughout the length and breadth of Canada.—ED.

many other. of the same class, went to New Brunswick, where he married my mother, whose maiden name was Stickney, a descendant of one of the early Massachusetts Puritan settlers.

Near the close of the last century my father, with his family, followed an elder brother to Canada,\* where he drew some 2,500 acres of land from the Government, for his services in the army, besides his pension. My father settled on 600 acres of land lying about half-way between the present village of Vittoria and Port Ryerse, where my uncle Samuel settled, and where he built the first mill in the County of Norfolk.

On the organization of the London District in 1800, for legal purposes, my uncle was the Lieutenant of the County, issuing commissions in his own name to militia officers; he was also Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. My father was appointed High Sheriff in 1800, but held the office only six years, when he resigned it in behalf of his son-in-law, the late Colonel John Bostwick (then surveyor), who subsequently married my eldest sister, and who owned what is now Port Stanley, and was at one time a Member of Parliament for the County of Middlesex.

My father devoted himself exclusively to agriculture, and I learned to do all kinds of farm-work. The district grammar-school was then kept within half-a-mile of my father's residence, by Mr. James Mitchell, an excellent classical scholar; he was afterwards Judge Mitchell, and came from Scotland with the late Dr. Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto. Mr. Mitchell married my youngest sister. He treated me with much kindness. When I recited to him my lessons in English grammar, he often said he had never studied the English grammar himself, that he wrote and spoke English by the Latin grammar. At the age of fourteen I had the opportunity of attending a course of instruction in the English language given by two professors, the one an Englishman, and the other an American, who taught nothing but English grammar. They professed to enable a diligent pupil to parse any sentence in the English language, in one course of instruction, by lectures. I was sent to attend these lectures, the only boarding abroad for school instruction I ever enjoyed. My previous knowledge of the

\* My father's eldest brother (Samuel) spelled his name Ryerse, in consequence of the manner in which his name was spelled in his Army Commission, but the original family name is Ryerson.

letter of the grammar was of great service to me, and gave me an advantage over other pupils, so that before the end of the course I was generally called up to give visitors an illustration of the success of the system, which was certainly the most effective I have ever since witnessed, having charts, etc., to illustrate the agreement and government of words.

This whole course of instruction by two able men, who did nothing but teach grammar from one week's end to another, had to me all the attraction of a charm and a new discovery. It gratified both curiosity and ambition, and I pursued it with absorbing interest, until I had gone through Murray's two volumes of "Expositions and Exercises," Lord Kames' "Elements of Criticism," and Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric," of which I still have the notes that I then made. The same professors obtained sufficient encouragement to give a second course of instruction and lectures at Vittoria, and one of them becoming ill, the other solicited my father to allow me to assist him, as it would be useful to me, while it would enable him to fulfil his engagements. Thus, before I was sixteen, I was inducted as a teacher, by lecturing on my native language. This course of instruction, and exercises in English, have proved of the greatest advantage to me, not less in enabling me to study foreign languages than in using my own.

But that to which I am principally indebted for any studious habits, mental energy, or even capacity or decision of character, is religious instruction, poured into my mind in my childhood by a mother's counsels, and infused into my heart by a mother's prayers and tears. When very small, under six years of age, having done something naughty, my mother took me into her bedroom, told me how bad and wicked what I had done was, and what pain it caused her, kneeled down, clasped me to her bosom, and prayed for me. Her tears, falling upon my head, seemed to penetrate to my very heart. This was my first religious impression, and was never effaced. Though thoughtless, and full of playful mischief, I never afterwards knowingly grieved my mother, or gave her other than respectful and kind words.

At the close of the American War, in 1815, when I was twelve years of age, my three elder brothers, George, William, and John, became deeply religious, and I imbibed the same spirit.

My consciousness of guilt and sinfulness was humbling, oppressive, and distressing; and my experience of relief, after lengthened fastings, watchings, and prayers, was clear, refreshing, and joyous. In the end I simply trusted in Christ, and looked to Him for a present salvation; and, as I looked up in my bed, the light appeared to my mind, and, as I thought, to my bodily eye also, in the form of One, white-robed, who approached the bedside with a smile, and with more of the expression of the countenance of Titian's Christ than of any person whom I have ever seen. I turned, rose to my knees, bowed my head, and covered my face, rejoiced with trembling, saying to a brother who was lying beside me, that the Saviour was now near us. The change within was more marked than anything without, and, perhaps, the inward change may have suggested what appeared an outward manifestation. I henceforth had new views, new feelings, new joys, and new strength. I truly delighted in the law of the Lord, after the inward man, and—

"Jesus, all the day long.  
Was my joy and my song."

From that time I became a diligent student, and new quickness and strength seemed to be imparted to my understanding and memory. While working on the farm I did more than ordinary day's work, that it might show how industrious, instead of lazy, as some said, religion made a person. I studied between three and six o'clock in the morning, carried a book in my pocket during the day to improve odd moments by reading or learning, and then reviewed my studies of the day aloud while walking out in the evening.

To the Methodist way of religion my father was, at that time, extremely opposed, and refused me every facility for acquiring knowledge while I continued to go amongst them. I did not, however, formally join them, in order to avoid his extreme displeasure. A kind friend offered to give me any book that I would commit to memory, and submit to his examination of the same. In this way I obtained my first Latin grammar, "Watts on the Mind," and "Watts' Logic."

My eldest brother, George, after the war, went to Union College, U. S., where he finished his collegiate studies. He was a fellow-student with the late Dr. Wayland, and after-

wards succeeded my brother-in-law as Master of the London District Grammar School. His counsels, examinations, and ever kind assistance were a great encouragement and of immense service to me; and though he and I have since differed in religious opinions, no other than most affectionate brotherly feeling has ever existed between us to this day.

When I had attained the age of eighteen, the Methodist minister in charge of the circuit which embraced our neighbourhood, thought it not compatible with the rules of the Church to allow, as had been done for several years, the privileges of a member without my becoming one. I then gave in my name for membership. Information of this was soon communicated to my father, who, in the course of a few days, said to me: "Egerton, I understand you have joined the Methodists; you must either leave them or leave my house." He said no more, and I well knew that the decree was final, but I had formed my decision in view of all possible consequences, and I had the aid of a mother's prayers, and a mother's tenderness, and a conscious Divine strength according to my need. The next day I left home and became usher in the London District Grammar School, applying myself to my new work with much diligence and earnestness, so that I soon succeeded in gaining the goodwill of parents and pupils, and they were quite satisfied with my services,—leaving the head master to his favourite pursuits of gardening and building!

During two years I was thus teacher and student, advancing considerably in classical studies. I took great delight in "Locke on the Understanding," Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy," and "Blackstone's Commentaries," especially the sections of the latter on the Prerogatives of the Crown and the Rights of the Subject, and Province of Parliament.

As my father complained that the Methodists had robbed him of his son, and of the fruits of his labours, I wished to remove that ground of complaint as far as possible by hiring an English farm-labourer, then just arrived in Canada, in my place, and paid him out of the proceeds of my own labour for two years. But although the farmer was the best hired man my father had ever had, the result of his farm-productions during these two years did not equal those of the two years that I had been the chief labourer on the farm, and my father



came to me one day uttering the single sentence, "Egerton, you must come home," and then walked away. My first promptings would have led me to say, "Father, you have expelled me from your house for being a Methodist; I am so still. I have employed a man for you in my place for two years, during which time I have been a student and a teacher, and unaccustomed to work on a farm, I cannot now resume it." But I had left home for the honour of religion, and I thought the honour of religion would be promoted by my returning home, and showing still that the religion so much spoken against would enable me to leave the school for the plough and the harvest-field, as it had enabled me to leave home without knowing at the moment whether I should be a teacher or a farm-labourer.

I relinquished my engagement as teacher within a few days, engaging again on the farm with such determination and purpose that I ploughed every acre of ground for the season, cradled every stalk of wheat, rye, and oats, and mowed every spear of grass, pitched the whole first on a waggon, and then from the waggon on the hay-mow or stack. While the neighbours were astonished at the possibility of one man doing so much work, I neither felt fatigue nor depression, for "the joy of the Lord was my strength," both of body and mind, and I made nearly, if not quite, as much progress in my studies as I had done while teaching school. My father then became changed in regard both to myself and the religion I professed, desiring me to remain at home; but, having been enabled to maintain a good conscience in the sight of God, and a good report before men, in regard to my filial duty during my minority, I felt that my life's work lay in another direction. I had refused, indeed, the advice of senior Methodist ministers to enter into the ministerial work, feeling myself yet unqualified for it, and still doubting whether I should ever engage in it, or in another profession.

I felt a strong desire to pursue further my classical studies, and determined, with the kind counsel and aid of my eldest brother, to proceed to Hamilton, and place myself for a year under the tuition of a man of high reputation both as a scholar and a teacher, the late John Law, Esq., then Headmaster of the Gore District Grammar School. I applied myself with such ardour, and prepared such an amount of work in both Latin and

Greek, that Mr. Law said it was impossible for him to give the time and hear me read all that I had prepared, and that he would, therefore, examine me on the translation and construction of the more difficult passages, remarking more than once that it was impossible for any human mind to sustain long the strain that I was imposing upon mine. In the course of some six months his apprehensions were realized, as I was seized with a brain fever, and on partially recovering took cold, which resulted in inflammation of the lungs, by which I was so reduced that my physician, the late Dr. James Graham, of Norfolk, pronounced my case hopeless, and my death was hourly expected.

In that extremity, while I felt even a desire to depart and be with Christ, I was oppressed with the consciousness that I should have yielded to the counsels of the chief ministers of my Church, as I could have made nearly as much progress in my classical studies, and at the same time been doing some good to the souls of men, instead of refusing to speak in public as I had done. I then and there vowed that if I should be restored to life and health, I would not follow my own counsels, but would yield to the openings and calls which might be made in the Church by its chief ministers. That very moment the cloud was removed; the light of the glory of God shone into my mind and heart with a splendour and power that I had never before experienced. My mother entering the room a few moments after, exclaimed: "Egerton, your countenance is changed, you are getting better!" My bodily recovery was rapid; but the recovery of my mind from the shock which it had experienced was slower, and for some weeks I could not even read, much less study. While thus recovering, I exercised myself as I best could in writing down my meditations.

My father so earnestly solicited me to return, that he offered me a deed of his farm if I would do so and live with him; but I declined acceding to his request under any circumstances, expressing my conviction that even could I do so, I thought it unwise and wrong for any parent to place himself in a position of dependence upon any of his children for support, so long as he could avoid doing so. One day, entering my room and seeing a manuscript lying on the bed, he asked me what I had been writing, and wished me to read it. I had written a medi-

tation on part of the last verse of the 73rd Psalm: "It is good for me to draw near to God." I read what I had written, when my father rose with a sigh, remarking: "Egerton, I don't think you will ever return home again," and he never afterwards mooted the subject, except in a general way.

On recovering, I returned to Hamilton and resumed my studies; shortly after which I went on a Saturday to a quarterly meeting, held about twelve miles from Hamilton, at "The Fifty," a neighbourhood two or three miles west of Grimsby, where I expected to meet my brother William, who was one of the ministers on the circuit, which was then called the Niagara Circuit—embracing the whole Niagara Peninsula, from five miles east of Hamilton, and across to the west of Fort Erie. But my brother did not attend, and I learned that he had been laid aside from his ministerial work by bleeding of the lungs. Between love-feast and preaching on Sunday morning, the presiding elder, the late Thomas Madden, the late Hugh Willson, and the late Smith Griffin, grandfather of the Rev. W. S. Griffin, circuit stewards, called me aside and asked if I had any engagements that would prevent me from coming on the circuit to supply the place of my brother William, who might be unable to resume his work for, perhaps, a year or more.

I felt that the vows of God were upon me, and I was for some moments speechless from emotion. On recovering, I said I had no engagements beyond my own plans and purposes; but I was yet weak in body from severe illness, and I had no means for anything else than pursuing my studies, for which aid had been provided.

One of the stewards replied that he would give me a horse, and the other that he would provide me with a saddle and bridle. I then felt that I had no choice but to fulfil the vow which I had made, on what was supposed to be my deathbed. I returned to Hamilton, settled with my instructor and for my lodgings, and made my first attempt at preaching on Wednesday, 1825, at or near Beamsville, in the morning, from the 5th verse of the 126th Psalm: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;" and in the afternoon at "The Fifty," on "The Resurrection of Christ."—Acts ii. 24.

TORONTO, NOV. 11TH, 1880.

Such was the sketch of my life which I wrote on Sabbath in my Long Point Island Cottage, on the 70th anniversary of my birthday. I know not that I can add anything to the foregoing story of my early life that would be worth writing or reading.

“THE BRIGHT SIDE OF SEVENTY-FIVE”—DR. RYERSON’S BIRTHDAY EXPERIENCE.

[In his cottage at Long Point, on his seventy-fifth birthday Dr. Ryerson wrote the following paper, which Dr. Potts read on the occasion of his funeral discourse. It will be read with profoundest interest, as one of the noblest of those Christian experiences which are the rich heritage of the Church.—ED.]

“LONG POINT ISLAND COTTAGE,  
“March 24, 1878.

“I am this day seventy-five years of age, and this day fifty-three years, after resisting many solicitations to enter the ministry, and after long and painful struggles, I decided to devote my life and all to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

“The predominant feeling of my heart is that of gratitude and humiliation; gratitude for God’s unbounded mercy, patience, and compassion, in the bestowment of almost uninterrupted health, and innumerable personal, domestic, and social blessings for more than fifty years of a public life of great labour and many dangers; and humiliation under a deep-felt consciousness of personal unfaithfulness, of many defects, errors, and neglects in public duties. Many tell me that I have been useful to the Church and the country; but my own consciousness tells me that I have learned little, experienced little, done little in comparison of what I might and ought to have known and done. By the grace of God I am spared; by His grace I am what I am; all my trust for salvation is in the efficacy of Jesus’ atoning blood. ‘I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.’ I have no melancholy feelings or fears. The joy of the Lord is my strength. I feel that I am now on the bright side of seventy-five. As the evening twilight of my earthly life advances, my spiritual sun shines with increased splendour. This has been my experience for the last year. With an increased sense of my own sinfulness, unworthiness,

and helplessness, I have an increased sense of the blessedness of pardon, the indwelling of the Comforter, and the communion of saints.

“ Here, upon bended knee, I give myself, and all I have and am, afresh to Him whom I have endeavoured to serve, but very imperfectly, for more than threescore years. All helpless myself, I most humbly and devoutly pray that Divine strength may be perfected in my weakness, and that my last days on earth may be my best days—best days of implicit faith and unreserved consecration, best days of simple Scriptural ministrations and public usefulness, best days of change from glory to glory, and of becoming meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, until my Lord shall dismiss me from the service of warfare and the weariness of toil to the glories of victory and the repose of *rest*.

“ E. RYERSON.”

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## EASTER MORN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

TELL the soul-redeeming story;  
Sing the Saviour's wond'rous love;  
Looking for His grace and glory,  
Marching to the home above.

Jesus is the sure foundation,  
On this rock let us abide.  
Drink the waters of salvation  
Flowing from His smitten side!

In His cross be all our glory;  
Here we close the guilty strife,—  
Here is sealed the heavenly story:  
He is our abundant life!

Nailed for us in anguish bleeding,  
Jesus died, but lives again!  
Risen for us and interceding,  
Easter light of dying men!

REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.\*

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D.



REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

“ For a quite complete and admirably arranged Exhibition, illustrating the Ontario system of Education and its excellent results; also for the efficiency of an administration which has gained for the Ontario Department a most honourable distinction among Government Educational agencies.”—*Award of the American Centennial Commission, 1876.*

☞ SUCH was the gratifying tribute which a number of eminent American educationists unconsciously paid to the distinguished

\* We have pleasure in reprinting from the June number of the *Canada School Journal*, 1877, this sketch of the life of Rev. Dr. Ryerson, recounting especially his invaluable services to the cause of education in this province. No one living is so fully cognizant of those services, and of the various

founder of the Ontario system of Education, in estimating the results of his labours as illustrated at the Centennial Exhibition.

Although it is difficult to sketch, with freedom, the life and career of distinguished men, while living, yet it can, nevertheless, be done; and there are cases in which it is desirable and fitting that it should be done as far as possible. Such a case is that of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, whose official career as the founder of our Educational system was so honourably and successfully closed in 1876. The history of Dr. Ryerson's life and labours has yet to be written. The conflicts of his noted and eventful career have been so many, and have been more or less so severe that it would be a difficult and delicate task just now to describe them, or to discuss the motives and proceedings of the principal actors with the judicial calmness which would give to such a work an impartial character. The materials are, however, abundant; and the writer of this sketch hopes that it may yet be in his power, from his long and intimate knowledge of the facts relating to these events, to be able to perform this filial duty,

steps by which our public school legislation, under the moulding hand of Dr. Ryerson, has assumed its present form, as his colleague for thirty-two years, Dr. J. George Hodgins, now Deputy Minister of Education. We have omitted from the article a few paragraphs on the different legislative stages through which our school law has passed, as of a somewhat technical character more suited to an educational journal than for our pages. There is a special fitness in the fact that into the hands of Dr. Hodgins has fallen chiefly the task of editing the story of the Life of Dr. Ryerson. In this connection Dr. Hodgins makes the following request:—

“REV. DR. RYERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.—In editing ‘The Story of My Life,’ written by the late venerable Dr. Ryerson, the Literary Trustees (Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. Dr. Nelles, and Dr. Hodgins) would be glad to get any letters written to friends and others by Dr. Ryerson, which would throw light upon his personal history and events in his public career. The placing of these letters in the hands of the Editors would enable them to amplify the ‘Story’ by illustrative notes or references, for which such letters would, no doubt, furnish the material. Any private or confidential matters in the letters will not, of course, be referred to. Letters sent will be returned, if desired. Address—

“J. GEORGE HODGINS,

“*Chairman, Literary Trustees.*”

“Toronto, March, 1882.”

We beg also to acknowledge the courtesy of J. J. Gage & Co. in granting the use of this portrait of Dr. Ryerson, which accompanies Dr. Hodgins' sketch of his life.

and to do justice to the noble qualities, statesmanlike views, and comprehensive grasp of mind of the distinguished man who, while yet in the vigour of a "green old age," has reared for himself so enduring a monument as the Public School System of Ontario, and has enshrined his name in the hearts and affections of his countrymen.

In seeking to account for the great success which has attended the labours of the late Chief Superintendent of Education, in founding our system of public instruction, it is desirable to enquire into the causes of that success. Energy and ability will do much in any great work, and they are essential to its successful accomplishment; but many a man of untiring energy and undoubted ability has failed, because he had overrated his own powers and had lacked tact and judgment in their exercise. Dr. Ryerson may have erred now and then in these particulars; but such errors were with him the rare exception and not the rule. He wisely laid down certain great principles which he believed to be essential to the success of his labours. These general principles may be thus summarized: 1. That the machinery of education should be in the hands of the people themselves, and should be managed through their own agency; and they should, therefore, be consulted in regard to all school legislation. 2. That the aid of the Government should only be given where it can be used most effectually to stimulate and assist local effort in this great work. 3. That the property of the country is responsible for, and should contribute towards, the education of the entire youth of the country, and that as a complement to this, "compulsory education" should necessarily be enforced. 4. That a thorough and systematic inspection of the schools is essential to their vitality and efficiency. These, with other important principles, Dr. Ryerson kept steadily in view during the whole thirty-two years of his administration of the school system of Ontario. Their judicious application has contributed largely, under the Divine blessing, which he ever sought, to the wonderful success of his labours.

The Rev. Egerton Ryerson (or, as he was baptized, Adolphus Egerton Ryerson), was born in the Township of Charlotteville, on the 24th of March, 1803. His father, Colonel Joseph Ryerson, a United Empire Loyalist, in the British service at the time of the American Revolution, was born in New Jersey. He first



joined as a cadet, and was one of the five hundred and fifty loyal volunteers who went to Charleston, South Carolina. For his good conduct in bearing despatches one hundred and ninety-six miles into the interior, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Prince of Wales' Volunteers by Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester). Subsequently he was engaged in six battles, and was once wounded. At the peace of 1783 he was exiled, and went to New Brunswick, thence to Canada—he and his family enduring very great hardship in penetrating into the interior of the then unbroken wilderness of Canada. He settled in Charlotteville, and lived there about seventy years. In the war of 1812 he and his three sons again joined the British standard, and acquitted themselves bravely. During his life he held various appointments under the crown. He died in 1854, at the venerable age of ninety-four years, after having enjoyed his half-pay as a British officer for the unprecedented period of seventy years. Dr. Ryerson was the fourth son of Colonel Ryerson, and was named after two British officers who were intimate friends of his father.

Dr. Ryerson's habits of study at this time were characteristic of his practice in after life. He was an indefatigable student; and so thoroughly did he ground himself in English subjects—grammar, logic, rhetoric—and the classics, and that, too, under most adverse circumstances, that in his subsequent active career as a writer and controversialist he ever evinced a power and readiness with his tongue and pen which has often astonished those who were unacquainted with the laborious thoroughness of his previous mental preparation.

[It was marvellous with what wonderful effect he used the material at hand. Like a skilful general defending a position—and he was always on the defensive—(except in one or two memorable contests), he masked his batteries, and was careful not to exhaust his ammunition in the first encounter. He never offered battle without having a sufficient force in reserve to overwhelm an opponent who had not sat down first, and consulted whether he was able with ten thousand to meet him that came against him with twenty thousand. He never exposed a weak point, nor espoused a weak and worthless cause. He always fought for great principles, which to him were sacred, and to be defended to the utmost of his ability when attacked. In such

cases, Dr. Ryerson was always careful not to rush into print (as he might do when he desired to repel petty attacks) until he had fully mastered the subject in dispute. This statement may be questioned, and apparent examples to the contrary adduced; but the writer knows better, for he knows the facts. In most cases Dr. Ryerson scented the battle from afar. Many a skirmish was improvised, and many a battle was privately fought out before the Chief advanced to repel an attack, or to fire the first shot in defence of his position.—Added in 1882.—J. G. H.]

On his twenty-second birthday (24th March, 1825), Dr. Ryerson was ordained deacon in the M. E. Church by Bishop Hedding. His diary during the first year of his ministerial life shows how devotedly he applied himself to the culture of his mind, although his valise often contained the chief part of his library, and the back of his horse frequently afforded him the only place of study. His first literary effort was put forth in 1826—being the review of Ven. Archdeacon Strachan's sermon on the death of Bishop Mountain, and it at once established his reputation as an able controversialist. In 1828 he again wrote a series of letters criticising Dr. Strachan's famous "Chart" of the various religious bodies. Both series were republished in pamphlet form. In 1829 the *Christian Guardian* was established, and he was appointed its joint editor. In 1833 he went to England, and again in 1835. In the latter year his mission was to obtain a Royal Charter and subscriptions for "Upper Canada Academy," (founded in 1832) now Victoria College, Cobourg. He also induced the Home Government to recommend the Upper Canada Legislature to grant \$16,000 to the Academy, which it did against the personal wishes of Sir F. B. Head, the Governor.

In 1841 an Act of Incorporation was obtained from the then recently united Canadian Legislature, erecting Upper Canada Academy into a University under the name and style of the "University of Victoria College at Cobourg." Doctor Ryerson (who then received the title of D.D. from the Wesleyan University, Middleton) was unanimously chosen its first President. In 1844 Dr. Ryerson was appointed Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, by His Excellency the Governor-General, with an understanding that he would re-lay the entire foundation of the system, and establish it on a wider and more enduring basis. The instructions which he received on his formal appointment

were contained in the following words: "His Excellency has no doubt that you will lose no time in devoting yourself to devising such measures as may be necessary to provide proper school books to establish; the most efficient system of instruction; to elevate the character of both teacher and schools; and to encourage every plan and effort to educate and improve the youthful mind of the country; and His Excellency feels assured that your endeavours in matters so important to Western Canada will be alike satisfactory to the public and creditable to yourself." In 1846 he submitted an elaborate and able report on his projected system of public schools for Upper Canada.

Notwithstanding the zeal and ability with which Doctor Ryerson had collected and arranged his facts, analyzed the various systems of education in Europe (largely in Germany) and America, and fortified himself with the opinions of all the most eminent educationists in those countries, yet his projected system for this province was fiercely assailed, and was vehemently denounced as embodying in it the very essence of "Prussian despotism." Still, with indomitable courage he persevered in his plans, and at length succeeded in 1846 in inducing the legislature to pass a School Act which he had drafted. In 1849 the Provincial administration favourable to Doctor Ryerson's views went out of office, and one unfavourable to him came in. The Hon. Malcolm Cameron, a hostile member of the cabinet, having concocted a singularly crude and cumbrous school bill, aimed to oust Dr. Ryerson from office, it was, without examination or discussion, passed into a law. Dr. Ryerson at once called the attention of the Government (at the head of which was the late lamented Lord Elgin) to the impracticable and un-Christian character of the bill, as it had formally excluded the Bible from the schools. Rather than administer such an Act, Dr. Ryerson tendered the resignation of his office to the Government. The late Honourable Robert Baldwin, C.B., Attorney-General (the Nestor of Canadian politicians, and a truly Christian man), was so convinced of the justness of Dr. Ryerson's views and remonstrance, that he took the unusual course of advising His Excellency to suspend the operation of the new Act until Dr. Ryerson could prepare a draft of a bill on the basis of the repealed law, embodying in it, additional to the old bill, the result of his own experience of the working of the system up

to that time. The result was that a law passed in 1850, admirably adapted to the excellent municipal system of Canada, so popular in its character and comprehensive in its provisions and details that it is still (in a consolidated form) the statute under which the Public Schools of Ontario are maintained.

In 1850, Dr. Ryerson, while in England, made preliminary arrangements for establishing the Library, and Map and Apparatus Depository in connection with his department; and in 1855 he established Meteorological Stations in connection with the County Grammar Schools. In this he was aided by Colonel (now General) Lefroy, R.E., for many years Director of the Provincial Magnetical Observatory at Toronto. Sets of suitable instruments (which were duly tested at the Kew Observatory) were obtained, and shortly afterwards a few of these stations were established. In 1855, the law on the subject having been amended, twelve stations were selected and put into efficient working order. In 1857 he made his third educational tour in Europe, where he procured at Antwerp, Brussels, Florence, Rome, Paris, and London an admirable collection of copies of paintings by the old masters; statues, busts, etc., besides various articles for an Educational Museum in connection with the Department. In 1858-60, Dr. Ryerson took a leading part in the discussion in the newspapers, and before a committee of the legislature, in favour of grants to the various outlying universities in Ontario. He maintained that "they did the State good service," and that their claims should be substantially recognized as colleges of a central university. He deprecated the multiplication of universities in the province, which would be the result of a rejection of his scheme. In consideration of his able services in this contest, the University of Victoria College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in 1861.

In 1867 he made his fourth educational tour in England and the United States. On his return, in 1868, he submitted to the Government a highly valuable "special report on the systems and state of popular education in the several countries of Europe and the United States of America, with practical suggestions for the improvement of public instruction in Upper Canada." He also made a separate and extensive "Report on Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind in Various Countries."

For many years Dr. Ryerson had felt that our new political

condition required a change in the management of the Education Department. He, therefore, in 1869 and 1872, urged upon the Government the desirability of relieving him of his arduous duties, and of appointing a Minister of Education in his place. Early in 1876 his recommendations were acted upon, and he retired on full salary from the responsible post which for thirty-two years he had so worthily and honourably filled. As to the estimate formed of his valuable labours, I shall quote the opinions of two gentlemen, viz.: Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, England; and the Hon. Adam Crooks, Dr. Ryerson's successor. In concluding his report on our Canadian Schools in 1865, Bishop Fraser says: "Such, in all its main features, is the school system of Upper Canada. A system not perfect, but yet far in advance, as a system of national education, of anything we can show at home. It is indeed very remarkable to me that in a country, occupied in the greater part of its area by a sparse and anything but wealthy population, whose predominant characteristic is as far as possible removed from the spirit of enterprise, an educational system *so complete in its theory and so capable of adaptation in practice* should have been originally organized, and have been maintained in what, with all allowances, must still be called successful operation for so long a period as twenty-five years. *It shows what can be accomplished by the energy, determination, and devotion of a single earnest man.* What national education in England owes to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, what education in New England owes to Horace Mann, that debt education in Canada owes to Egerton Ryerson. He has been the object of bitter abuse, of not a little misrepresentation; but he has not swerved from his policy or from his fixed ideas. Through evil report and good report he has resolved, and he has found others to support him in the resolution, that free education shall be placed within the reach of every Canadian parent for every Canadian child."

Before giving the remarks of Mr. Crooks in regard to Dr. Ryerson, I insert the following particulars from the Report to which he refers. They show what a wonderful advance our school system has made under Dr. Ryerson's administration from 1844 to 1875. In this connection I may say that few of the present generation can realize, not only the low status, but the positively inert condition of the Province in educational matters

when the Rev. Dr. Ryerson took charge of the Department—thirty-two years since,—in 1844. Men who were fit for no other occupation were considered just the men to teach school; and houses which farmers of the present day would not erect as outbuildings on their farms, were considered as the ideal country school-house.\*

Mr. Crooks, in concluding his report for 1875, says: "During that year all these matters were under the control and supervision of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson; and this Report may be considered as a further testimony to the vigour and success of his long administration of thirty-one years; recording, as it does, the operations of the last complete year of his educational labours, and showing a further stage in advance in our educational progress. . . . My best efforts will be directed to secure and perpetuate the advantages which were gained for our system by the late Chief Superintendent, after many controversies and discussions."

\* *Comparative Statement of the Condition of Public School Education in Ontario for the years 1844 and 1875.*

YEAR.	TEACHERS.			MONEYS.		PUPILS. Total.	SCHOOL-HOUSES.				
	Total.	Male.	Female.	Salaries of Teachers.	Total Expenditure.		Total.	Brick.	Stone.	Frame.	Log.
1875	6,018	2,645	3,373	\$1,753,100	\$2,993,030	474,241	4,858	1,232	492	2,117	1,017
1844	2,706	2,060	646	266,856	275,000	96,766	2,605	49	84	1,028	1,344
Incr'se.	3,312	585	2,727	\$1,551,254	\$2,718,030	377,485	2,353	1,183	408	1,089	..
Decr'se	....	....	....	.....	.....	....	..	..	..	..	\$37

### THE SEALED SPIRIT.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee:

I would be wholly Thine:

As Thou hast given Thyself to me,

And Thou art wholly mine.

Oh! take me, seal me, on Thine heart,

Whence life nor death shall ever part.

## LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

## SIGHTS AND MEMORIES OF BOHEMIA—PRAGUE.

## II.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, M.A.

A VISIT to Prague, the capital, will be a fit sequel to our sight-seeing in Bohemia. There is in Europe no more beautiful city-view than is afforded by Prague from one of the neighbouring hill-tops. It is built on the slopes of the hills which here skirt both banks of the Moldau. On an eminence commanding the city is an ancient, and still strong, fortification, within which is a still older castle, built on a rock at whose base flows the Moldau. This was the commencement of Prague. In the year 722, A.D., the Princess Libussa established herself here in power, and for fifteen years practically carried out her ideas of woman's rights. Her army consisted of amazons of like spirit with herself, with whom she more than held her own against her hostile neighbours. The window is still shown out of which they cast the dead bodies of captured knights into the Moldau. But at last, even the terrible Libussa was conquered, not by the sword of steel, or the grim battle axe, but, as the most obstinate of young ladies in all ages and in all lands are finally conquered, by the unseen shafts of Love. She married like a sensible woman, and ever after sat "clothed and in her right mind" by the side of her liege lord.

In the thirteenth century the city had become a place of importance. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries thousands of students flocked from all Europe to its famed Universities. And then it was that such men as Huss and Jerome were far in advance of their day. In the immense library of the Prague University, which still has a certain fame, though not such as it has lost, is a room containing over 7,000 ancient manuscripts. Amongst these is a missal of the eleventh century, besides many other souvenirs of popish despotism. Here are also the decanal acts of Huss in his own handwriting; but above all is a magnificently illuminated copy of the Hussite liturgy, gotten up in honour of the martyr. On one page is Wickliff striking a light with flint and steel, Huss lighting a candle, and Luther swinging aloft a

flaming torch. At the foot of the same page is a coloured representation of Huss at the stake, crowds of priests are looking on, one of whom has the head and ears of an ass. Huss's house stands still in Bethlehem place, as well as the chapel in which he preached.

The city is surrounded by walls and bastions, in which are eight gates. There are four distinct divisions within the city limits. The first is the Kleinseite, or the Small Side, occupied chiefly by public offices and residences of officials. The second is the Hradschin, occupied by some of the most ancient and interesting churches and palaces, and crowned by the imperial castle. The third is Josephstadt, or the Jew's quarter. This is the business thoroughfare; it has, however, some fine ecclesiastical and educational buildings. The fourth is the New City, more modern in appearance and the place of public resort. Entering the city from almost any side, you are struck by the long array of modern and ancient palaces, admirably arranged with courts and gardens. To us the most interesting parts will be the Jew's quarter and the Hradschin. One of the old churches has a clock facing the market-square, almost as curious as the famous astronomical clock in the Strasburg Cathedral. When the hour of twelve arrives figures of the twelve apostles appear, two by two, bow to the crowd and then retire.

If we enter the churches, we find them overstocked with gaudy ornament, often tasteless enough, but attractive to the poor and ignorant. On the doors and on almost every pillar is a box asking for the money of the poor, while we are assailed on every side by loathsome beggars.

Through the Jews' quarter runs the old Jews' Lane. It is now one of the principal business streets, and may still be known by the absence of crucifixes and Madonnas and pictures of priests, and wooden angels in little cages. They are plentiful everywhere else, and specially prominent at both ends of this lane.

The visitor to Prague should not fail to see the oldest synagogue in all Europe. Its walls are black with age and sunk to the windows in the earth; its narrow windows and crumbling masonry give it a sombre tone. It is said to have been built in the first century of the Christian era, by refugees from Jerusalem, after the destruction of that city. The tradition may not be very far astray for Germans fought under Titus in Palestine, and captive



Jews were probably sent north into Germany. The cemetery connected with the synagogue is, of course, sacred to the Jews. Its weather-worn and moss-grown tombstones tell a long, long story. One of them, over the grave of a Rabbi, bears a date indicating 606, A.D. The new synagogue is the most tasteful place of worship in the city. It is a pleasant relief to the gaudy finery of popish temples.

Wallenstein's palace is still a princely residence, with its massive gates, its vast covered walks, its well-kept gardens, and its frescoed walls. Everything about it shows the wealth and power of the man who was the greatest champion of the Catholic League, and the greatest dread of the Protestants during the Thirty Years' War.

To reach the Hradschin we pass over an ancient massive stone bridge, under which flows the dark Moldau. The bridge is ornamented with colossal statuary, representing the powers of the Church, and particularly the terrors of the Inquisition. Near the middle of the bridge is the picture of a man lying on the water. It is painted on glass and at night is lighted from behind. It represents the fate of Johann of Nepomuck. John of Nepomuck was born in the village of Pomuck only a few years before Huss. He became priest and confessor to the queen of the profligate King Wenzel. The king demanded of him certain information which he as confessor alone could possess. This he absolutely refused to give, so, a pretext being shortly found, the poor man was seized and racked by order of the king, then bound hand and foot and cast into the river from this old stone bridge. The body is said to have been discovered by a miraculous light emanating therefrom as it floated on the water. A few years later, after the great Huss difficulty, John of Nepomuck was created patron saint of Bohemia, and as such presented to the people to make them forget John Huss, whom all loved, and whose work could not be smothered. This picture is said to be just above the stone over which John of Nepomuck was thrown into the water. The peasants as they cross the bridge drop their mite into one of those ubiquitous money-boxes for the Church, cross themselves before the picture, and kiss the sacred stone. The piece of rock has been kissed hollow so that a block of marble has been inlaid, and this has been so worn away that brass bars have been laid in,

and these have their edges rounded off by the lips of men and women.

In spite, however, of all the honour accorded to Johann of Nepomuck; in spite of the endless pictures and representations of the saint at street corners, with a brass halo around his brow and the tin and wooden angels hovering over his head; in spite of all that has been done to root out the memory and influence of John Huss, that martyr's name is handed down from generation to generation, and is ever spoken with reverence. His memory stil lives surrounded by a purer halo, and guarded by holier angels; and when the opportune day arrives, the fire which was lighted in the mountains of Bohemia will burst into a stronger flame and bless the land after smouldering for centuries under the rubbish of popery.

The grand old bridge was splendidly illuminated on the anniversary of Johann of Nepomuck, so that the gaunt storm-worn statues grew savage in the torchlight's glare. On the following day, Sunday, a specially grand service is held in the Cathedral of St. Veits, in the Hradschin in honour of the saint. We follow the crowd from the bridge up the hill to the great collection of palaces and castles. Here stands the magnificent Gothic cathedral, unfinished though five centuries old, as the central point around which are arranged as lesser lights the palaces of Prince Schwarzenberg, of the ex-Emperor Ferdinand, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bohemia, and of other nobles and ecclesiastical magnates. A crowd of the strangest people has gathered long before the time of service; a constant stream of sight-seers push, waving and shoving, down the aisles of the church. We are carried along with the crowd, past tiny chapels filled with images and candles. In some of them priests are mumbling their masses, without heeding the throng. Numbers of country people are fast asleep in the hard pews, others are doing penance, and mortifying the flesh on their knees. At length we reach the rich silver sarcophagus of Johann of Nepomuck, which is regarded with the greatest reverence and almost worshipped. Here we visit the last resting-place of seven kings of Bohemia and emperors of Germany, besides the tombs of numerous lesser heroes and saints. Passing out through a side door, we have a view of the imperial palace, and the window of the council-room is pointed out where

the three Roman Catholics were thrown into the street, an act which kindled the fires of the Thirty Years' War.

At the time of this national festival many thousands of strangers visit the city. Here is the dark Hungarian with his tight trousers and long white overcoat; here are the peasants of Maiern and Croatia in their strange costumes, and the sombre Pole in his national dress. Every peasant has his rosary, either in his hand or around his neck. In the villages the people are very devoted and pious, but are not to be trusted out of sight. There are some strange traditions among the Bohemians themselves respecting their propensity to steal.

We find ourselves back again in front of the cathedral. The primate is about to enter in state to officiate on that great day. First comes the bishop in a magnificent silver-ornamented carriage, drawn by four fine horses, with silver-liveried coachman and footmen. After him comes the archbishop and cardinal himself. He has six splendid steeds in golden harness, ridden by as many golden-liveried postilions, and a magnificent carriage, to bring him about four hundred yards. Little did any one standing there that day imagine how that plump smooth-faced man, on the cushioned seat of that carriage, would in 1870 speak out so boldly in the Vatican against the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, and then in 1871 so cravenly subscribe to the obnoxious doctrine, and in 1872 would sit trembling in his sumptuous palace for fear lest the sons of murdered Hussites should rise to free their country from the tyranny of Rome! Yet such is history.

Before we leave the Hradschin we visit a small but rich monastery in which is a pyx, or casket for the Host, made of 6,666 diamonds, and in the tower of which is a sweet chime of bells, worked by machinery. There's an elevating charm in the music of those vesper peals, which from the towering belfry seems to beckon us away from this sad life unto a better.

Through a gateway we enter a well-kept open space, around which is a walk for the monks, covered in and leading to the church. You see a jolly fat brother, with his long gown and rope around his extensive waist, and a little skull-cap on his bald head, while all around are poor people at their devotions.

Away from the Hradschin, we are glad to breathe a freer air outside the city walls. From the Belvidere, a garden hill commanding the town, we have a most complete picture of a city

landscape. The Moldau flows at our feet, beyond it lies the city with nearly a hundred towers and spires, and further still extends into the dim distance of a broad expanse of varied country scenery. While standing gazing on this scene, I could easily imagine the Saviour on the Mount of Olives, as His tear-dimmed eye not only gazes on the outward charm, but penetrates the inward corruption of Jerusalem, and his voice in tremulous tones of pity and disappointed love, utters those memorable words — "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee!"

Here is a city whose advantages should have exalted her to heaven, but whose sins have transformed her into an earthly pandemonium.

Just below us an iron bridge spans the river. Over this, Sunday as it is, come the people streaming in hundreds and thousands. For hours they come and pass over to a military field just back of the Belvidere. There, in the middle of the field is an elevated platform, from which wild and disaffected Czechs are declaiming against the government and the powers that be to an audience of 20,000 souls. The result of such meetings is to have the city put under martial law, and the garrison strengthened.

We continue our walk, lost in the saddest thoughts, until we reach a beautiful park called Baumgarten. This is more than the Hyde Park of Prague. Here assemble the wealth and beauty and nobility of the whole country for the purposes of health and display. Quiet walks invite us from the flash of the gay throng, and we seat ourselves wearily on one of the numerous benches under the spreading branches of massive oaks. Immediately, as if called, a neat waiter appears, in dress coat and white cravat and spotless shirt-front, with a white cloth under his arm or in his hand, and, with the politest of bows, he asks with what he may have the honour of serving us. We ask for coffee. He returns in a surprisingly short time with the sweetest of Mocha, served in goblets of glass. Now we are left to our coffee and our own busy thoughts. Suddenly, above the music of a distant band, amid the melody of a thousand warblers, we distinguish one peculiar song, clear and powerful and harmonious. Ah, 'tis the voice of the nightingale hidden in the darkest foliage over our head! We can make no mistake after having once learned the

note, and we listen enraptured, forgetting our weariness, until our eyelids droop, the head drops on the hand, and we are transported to dreamland, where continents are grasped by a thought and centuries re-lived in an hour.

The long and darkened history of Bohemia passes before our minds like a panorama of dissolving views. The first scene bears the date of 2,000 years ago. The hills and plains of Bohemia are covered with dense primeval forest. Between the trees we catch occasional glimpses of the half-giant forms of the blue-eyed blonde-haired Boii. Little is known of these Bojer or Boys of the Wood and the original Teutons, but they were driven from their northern homes, and hundreds of thousands met their fate south of the Alps, where their blood enriched the plains of Lombardy, and their massive bones fenced the Tuscan fields in after years.

Two centuries later when Rome was mistress of the nations, when Augustus closed the temple of Janus because peace reigned, and Jesus was born in Bethlehem, we find the bold Marcomanni in Bohemia. Powerful in frame, pure in their morals, true to their promises, restless in peace, dreadful in war, they worshipped the God of Freedom in the Temple of Nature. In the depths of night, amid the orgies of drink, their chosen men deliberate, and make their decisions when sobered off in the morning. "They deliberate," says Tacitus, "when they cannot dissemble, and decide when they cannot err." Swarming from their northern fastnesses, they give the first serious check from the north to the tyrant power of Rome, about the year 160, A.D.

We pass over another period of two hundred years. The Roman empire has become Christian, but with rapid strides approaches her fall. Bohemia is trodden down by the ever-increasing swarms of Goths who come pouring over the country, slaying indiscriminately and desolating the land, to hurl their power against the tottering empire, and prostrate the proud arbiter of the world. Just in their rear, amid the dust of their horses' tramp and the smoke of desolated towns of wood, come the terrible flat-nosed, blood-thirsty Huns from the inexhaustible East. Nothing can stand before the onward rolling wave of war, until their power is broken at the Alps.

The next scene is four centuries later. The Slavonian has come speaking another tongue, and the religion of Jesus is received.

The aspect of the country has changed. The forests are partly cleared away, villages and towns spring up, castles are built on the rocks, and churches on the hillsides. At intervals through centuries, proud knights from castled hill, and vassal serf from the huts of the plains, congregate at the churches to march forth in ever-increasing train with the flaming cross on their breasts, and ambitious fire in their eyes, panting to engage with the Saracen beside the Holy Sepulchre. But few return from these crusades—the nobles poor and humbled—the vassal with higher ideas of human refinement and individual right.

Bohemia profits by those lessons from the crusades, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries stands amongst the first of nations in point of wealth, intellectual and material, and of military power. Aeneas Sylvius, the great traveller and historian of those times, declares that no kingdom of Europe equalled this in the splendour of its monastic buildings, or in the priceless treasures of its altars and shrines. Chief of these was the palace-castle of Wissehrad, which, with its accumulated treasures of ages, its memorable relics, and its privileged colleges and churches, formed the culminating point of Bohemia's ecclesiastical and palatial splendour. In a monastery in Konigsaal there was a garden surrounded with walls on which, upon beautiful plates, the whole of the Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, were written in majuscule letters; the letters increased in size as they were carried above the eye, so that the whole could be easily read from top to bottom, a memorable proof of the devotion of the Bohemians to the Bible.

Scenes now pass before us in this historical drama that rivet our attention, and stamp this country and this period with unique and undying interest. Names, too great for epithets of earthly honour, were graven deep and imperishable on the tablets of a nation's heart. Strange characters appear on the stage, some, worthy models for all succeeding centuries, shame into silence our coward spirits, and others, despicable puppets of a hidden power, excite a loathing in our freer hearts. Here are the pictures of a wondrous tragedy, emblazoned partly in characters of gold, and written partly with letters of blood on the dark background of the feudal age, which tells of the majesty of the human heart when taught and inspired by the Word and Spirit of God, as well

as reveal to us the withering influence of that system whose earthly centre is on the Seven Hills.

The Slavonian nations from the time of their conversion in the ninth century up to that day had a very strong religious sentiment which separated them in character and sympathy from the scholastic teachings of the Church of Rome. Their Theology rested on a Philosophy of Realism, and they could not submit to a religion by proxy. Learning characterized the people, and old women of Bohemia knew more theology than the priests of Italy. Bohemia had been a place of refuge for the fugitive Waldenses from the blood-dyed plains of Piedmont and the Valley of the Rhone. The shattered fragments of this persecuted people enjoying the hospitality of Slavonian huts, told not only the story of their wrongs, but also the simple truth which had made them free.

In the village of Hussinetz, in the south of Bohemia, John Huss was born in the year 1373. He visited the University of Prague, became M. A. in his twenty-third year and public lecturer in his twenty-fifth. In 1400 he was appointed preacher in Bethlehem Chapel, where he was noted for his earnestness and faithfulness amidst the greatest ecclesiastical corruption. As a preacher he was loved by the people, as confessor he was welcomed at the court. Led by the Holy Spirit in the study of the Scriptures, he was taught to believe with a purer faith and to experience a higher life. Monks and clergy were his sworn enemies on account of his unsparing attacks on their licentiousness. The archbishop, failing to convince him of error in his teaching, tried to persecute him into silence. He preaches on, is summoned to Rome, but cheats deception of its prey by disregarding the summons. The Pope publishes a bull of indulgences. Huss impugns the lawfulness of its publication. Some of his friends are beheaded for denouncing the decree. An interdict thundered against the city drives him to his native village, where he continues to preach the pure Gospel to crowds of loving followers.

The emperor imagines that a council at Constance would heal all the wounds of the Church. Accordingly the most splendid council of all Christian history is called together. To this Huss is summoned. The malice of his enemies now wreaks itself on their victim, for he is at last in their power. In spite of the Emperor's safe conduct he is thrown into a dungeon.

Out of that dungeon shines a strange light for those days ; a light which not only cheered the orphaned disciples of Bethlehem Chapel, but comes down to us and will remain forever a life-beacon for the storm-tossed soul. What a marvel of meekness and faith, and love ! He is disgraced from holy orders and burned alive by the same council that ordered the buried bones of Wickliff to be unearthed and given to the flames. Jerome of Prague, a friend and disciple of Huss, though greater than he in intellect and learning, is seized by the same sanguinary shepherds and subjected to even greater tortures ere he is permitted to defend himself in council. Even to-day we stand amazed as we picture to ourselves that lone man in that vast assembly of mitred heads and deadly enemies. Haggard he is from confinement, ill-treatment, and disease, yet he speaks with an eloquence which holds his audience spell-bound, and evinces in his arguments such a power of reasoning, and such a treasure of research, such a grasp of memory, as to make even the hard-hearted cardinals promise to preserve his life as a literary curiosity if he will but acquiesce in the sentence against Huss. But no, he rallies from the temporary weakness, defies their threats and promises, declares himself the friend of Huss and the enemy of wrong. From the same spot outside the city walls, the chariots of fire and the angels of God transported his spirit to the other shore to meet his Master and friend.

But what fearful results lay concealed in the bloody acts of that council. With that double deed of inhuman cruelty, the first blow was struck of an awful struggle which shivered to atoms the hope and glory of Bohemia. The ominous silence maintained by the Bohemians during the council was followed by the convulsions of a most terrific storm. The death of their beloved teachers riveted their doctrines and influence more firmly on the Bohemian mind and heart than all their mighty eloquence while living. That act was the signal for a national struggle against the fetters of superstition, which shook all Europe with its awful throes, and resulted in the death of a nation. The people had learned to prize and defend liberty of conscience, but not yet to return good for evil. And now, through walled city and every hamlet of the vales and plains pealed the wild cry of insatiable revenge. The leader was the one-eyed, and soon-to-be blind, man of iron, Ziska, a born strategist, enthusiastic in action, with the



inspiration of a mission to fulfil, who was never known to fail. "He died, a conqueror in many battles, having never been conquered in any." Urged on to terrible deeds of blood and cruelty he glutted his rage in the crash of ruined monasteries, in the gleam of devouring flames, and the shrieks of priestly victims.

There, just a little distance from us stands his old fortress "Tabor," issuing from which, with his little band, he drives back in dismay and slaughter an army of 140,000 men, the flower of all the armies of Europe, which the Emperor brings to subjugate them. The humbled Emperor changes his tactics, and invites the Bohemians to the memorable council of Basle. At this council certain concessions were made to the Bohemians, who were sighing for peace. They willingly laid down their arms, but the articles were gradually violated and then laid aside; and liberty of conscience, for which they had fought so long and so well, died away from internal dissensions and the encroachments of Rome. Then conscience became once more enslaved, and little by little the crucifix supplanted the cross.

A century later the Reformation found ready hearts and rapid success in Bohemia. Certain privileges were granted to the Protestants, but only to be followed by the curse of the Thirty Years' War, in which poor Bohemia was the chief battle-ground, as well as the theatre of its first outburst. It left all Germany an impoverished nation with a debased population of demoralized beggars. However they had liberty of conscience left intact as a germ of future life. But poor Bohemia, without a friend to help, was delivered over to the tender mercies of the Jesuits, and was made the scene of the direst, deadliest human butchery that ever disgraced the blackest page of history. The wars of the most religious Ferdinand II. resulted in the death of ten millions of men, women, and children. In Bohemia alone two millions out of three millions of the population were missing after the Jesuits had finished their work; and Ferdinand told his beads and boasted that he had brought back a peaceful country to the bosom of the Mother Church. Ah! what peace hath Rome? She makes a desert and calls it peace.

In hidden hearts God had still a seed to serve Him, and out of the ruins sprang up again the teaching of Evangelical faith. The United Brethren became established in Moravia and Herrnhut,

and have both directly and indirectly advanced the great cause of the Redeemer.

After a short respite old Fritz of Prussia makes the land a desolation for seven long years. As a result the German element creeps in and becomes more thoroughly established. Then Napoleon's name is made terrible amongst the hills.

Again in our own day, in '66, is heard the tramp of the dread foe of the north. Bohemia is again a battle-ground. The hills tremble with the heavy cannonade, and the plains are watered by the blood of Sadowa and Konigrätz.

A strain of music ends the tale,  
A low, monotonous, funeral wail ;  
That with its cadence soft and sweet,  
Makes the long legend more complete.

Historians tell us the tale of other times, relate the deeds of the great, and how they employ the fanaticism of the vulgar and the faith of the masses to accomplish their own personal and selfish ends; and from their standpoint the case may be clear enough. But to the Christian who recognizes the divine Creator as the supreme Controller of human destiny, the hand of God must be manifest in the world's strange history. He who controls the winds and the waves makes use also of men to advance the purposes of His will. The King of Glory holds in His hands the potentates of earth. "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will." An unseen hand still controls the passions of men, and will make them subservient to His plans of infinite love,—

"Until it can be truly said,  
The reign of violence is dead  
Or dying slowly from the world ;  
While love, triumphant, reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
Its blessed banners are unfurled."

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WHO blesses others in his daily deeds,  
Will find the healing that his spirit needs,  
For every flower in others' path thrown  
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

## PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE HOOSIER PREACHER.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

AFTER the termination of the American War of Independence, an immense emigration westward to Kentucky set in. All the way thither from the Eastern States was, at that time, almost an unbroken wilderness, filled with hostile savages. The emigrants moved in large companies for protection, and seldom travelled far without passing the bodies of some of their countrymen who had been murdered and scalped by the Indians. Among the emigrants from Virginia was a young soldier who had fought two years in the Revolutionary War, who, with his family, sought a home in the western wilds. A son of that soldier was destined afterwards to become a famous character. It was PETER CARTWRIGHT, the celebrated backwoods Methodist preacher.

Cartwright's father settled in Logan County, which got the name of "Rogue's Harbour," as it had become a refuge for a host of murderers, horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and bad characters generally. These scoundrels banded together, and for a long time set all law at defiance.

"When my father settled in Logan County," says Cartwright, "there was not a newspaper printed for an immense distance, no mill short of forty miles, no schools worth the name; Sunday was a day set apart for hunting, fishing, horse-racing, and gambling. We killed our meat out of the woods wild, and beat our meal and hominy with a pestle and mortar. We stretched a deer-skin over a hoop, burned holes in it with the prongs of a fork, sifted our meal, baked our bread, ate it—and it was first-rate eating too. We raised our own cotton and flax, our mothers and sisters carded, spun, and wove it into cloth, and they cut and made our garments; and when we got on a new suit thus manufactured, and sallied out into company, we thought ourselves as big as anybody."

Young Cartwright grew up a wild rollicking boy, delighting in dancing, horse-racing, and especially gambling. His mother was a devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and her prayers, and tears, and entreaties, and holy example, were finally rewarded in seeing him soundly converted to God. This took place at a camp-meeting, partly Presbyterian and partly

Methodist; for, singularly enough, the first great camp-meetings in that western region originated at a Presbyterian sacramental meeting. This meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers of all denominations flocked in from far and near. At times from 12,000 to 25,000 people were present. Hundreds fell prostrate under the power of God as men slain in battle, and between one and two thousand professed conversion. Other meetings of a similar character speedily followed at one of which young Cartwright found the Saviour. He joined the Church of his mother, and instantly began a career of extraordinary zeal and devotedness. Some of his boyish efforts clearly foreshadowed the peculiar character he afterwards so strikingly developed.

At one of the camp-meetings, we are told, "there was a great stir in the crowded congregation. Many opposed the work, and among the rest a Mr. D——, who called himself a Jew. He was tolerably smart, and seemed to take great delight in opposing the Christian religion. In the intermission the young men and boys of us who professed religion would retire to the woods and hold prayer-meetings; and if we knew of any boys that were seeking religion, we would take them along. One evening a large company of us retired for prayer. This Jew appeared and he desired to know what we were about. Well, I told him. He said it was all wrong, that it was idolatry to pray to Jesus Christ, and that God would not answer such prayers. I soon saw his object was to get us into debate, and break up our prayer-meeting. I asked him, 'Do you really believe there is a God?' 'Yes, I do,' said he. 'Do you believe that God will hear your prayers?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Do you really believe that this work among us is wrong?' He answered, 'I do.' 'Well now,' said I, 'let us test this matter. If you are in earnest get down here and pray to God to stop this work; and if it is wrong He will answer your prayer and stop it; if it is not wrong all hell cannot stop it.' The rest of our company seeing me so bold took courage. The Jew hesitated. I said, 'Get down instantly and pray, for if we are wrong we want to know it.' After still lingering, and showing unmistakable signs of unwillingness, I rallied him again. Slowly he kneeled, cleared his throat, and coughed. I said, 'Now, boys! pray with all your might that God may answer by fire.' Our Jew began, tremblingly, 'O Lord God Almighty,' and coughed again, cleared his throat, and started again, repeating the same

words. We saw his evident confusion, and we simultaneously prayed out loud at the top of our voices. The Jew leaped up and started off, and we raised the shout and had a glorious time."

A young man of such a vigorous type of piety was soon licensed as an exhorter, and as he continued to show in no small degree gifts, zeal, and fruit, he was before long introduced into the itinerant ranks of the Methodist ministry. His peculiar type of character will best be seen, in the part he took in those primitive, and, at times, somewhat rough scenes, connected with frontier Evangelization, and described, for the most part, in his own words. Strange indeed, were some of these scenes. At some of the early camp-meetings an extraordinary phenomenon called the "jerks," made its appearance, "which," he says, "was overwhelming in its effects upon the bodies and minds of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not by any possibility avoid, and the more they resisted the more they jerked. I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at one time in my large congregations. To see those proud young gentlemen and young ladies, dressed in their silks, jewellery, and prunella from top to toe, take the jerks would often excite my risibilities. The first jerk or so you would see their fine bonnets, caps, and combs fly.

"At one of my appointments in 1804 there was a very large congregation turned out to hear the 'Kentucky boy,' as they called me. Among the rest there were two finely-dressed, fashionable young ladies, attended by two brothers with loaded horsewhips. The two young ladies coming in late took their seats near where I stood, and their two brothers stood in the doorway. I was a little unwell and I had a phial of peppermint in my pocket. Before I commenced preaching I took out my phial and swallowed a little of the peppermint. While I was preaching the congregation was melted into tears. Both the young ladies took the jerks to the great mortification of the brothers. There was a great stir in the congregation, and before our meeting closed several were converted. As I dismissed the assembly a man stepped up to me and warned me to be on my guard, for he had heard the two brothers swear they would horse-whip me when the meeting was out for giving their sisters the jerks. 'Well,' said I, 'I'll see to that.' I went out and said to the

young men, I understood they intended to horsewhip me for giving their sisters the jerks. One replied that he did. I undertook to expostulate with him on the absurdity of the charge against me, but he swore I need not deny it, for he had seen me take out a phial, in which I carried some trick that gave his sisters the jerks. As quick as thought it came into my mind how I would get clear of my whipping, and jerking out the peppermint phial, said I, 'Yes, if I gave your sisters the jerks, I'll give them to you.' In a moment I saw he was scared. I moved towards him, he backed; I advanced, and he wheeled and ran, warning me not to come near him or he would kill me. It raised the laugh on him and I escaped my whipping. I had the pleasure before the year was out of seeing all four soundly converted to God, and I took them into the Church."

"It was one of our rules of the camp-meetings that the men were to occupy the seats on one side of the stand, and the ladies the other side, at all hours of public worship. At a certain camp-meeting there was a young man finely dressed, with his bosom full of ruffles, who would take his seat among the ladies, and if there was any excitement in the congregation, he would rise to his feet and stand on the seat, looking around. I reproved him several times, but he would still persist in his disorderly course. At length I reproved him personally and sharply, and said, 'I mean that man there standing on the seats of the ladies, with a ruffled shirt on;' and added, 'I doubt not that ruffled shirt is borrowed.' This brought him off the seat in a mighty rage. He swore he would whip me for insulting him. After a while I was walking round on the outskirts of the congregation, and he had a large company gathered round him, and was swearing at a mighty rate. I walked up and said, 'Gentlemen, let me in here to this fellow.' They opened the way. I walked up to him and asked him if it was me he was cursing and going to whip? He said it was. 'Well,' said I, 'we will not disturb the congregation fighting here, but let us go out to the woods; for if I am to be whipped I want it over, for I do not like to live in dread.' So we started for the woods, the crowd pressing after us. I stopped and requested every one of them to go back, and assured them if they did not that I would not go another step; they then turned back. The camp-ground was fenced in. When we came to the fence I put my left hand on the top rail and leaped over. As I alighted on

the other side one of my feet struck a root and I had well-nigh sprained my ankle; it gave me a severe jar, and a pain struck me in the left side, and involuntarily I put my right hand on my left side where the pain had struck me. My redoubtable antagonist had got on the fence and looking down at me, said, 'You are feeling for a dirk are you?' As quick as thought, I said, 'Yes, and I will give you the benefit of all the dirks I have,' and advanced rapidly towards him. He sprang back on the other side of the fence from me. I jumped over after him and a regular foot race followed. I was so diverted at my cowardly bully's rapid retreat that I could not run fast; so he escaped and I missed my whipping. There was a large pond not very far from the camp-ground, and what few rowdies were there concluded they would take my bully and duck him in that pond as a punishment for his bad conduct. So they decoyed him off there and got a long pole and secured him on it with some hickory bark, two of them, one at each end, waded in, and ducked him nearly to death; he begged and prayed them to spare his life, and promised he would never misbehave at meeting again. On these conditions they released him, and I got clear of my ruffle-shirted dandy. It may be asked what I would have done if this fellow had gone with me to the woods? This is hard to answer for it was a part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried, and I did not allow myself to premeditate expedients in such cases. I should, no doubt, have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then follow the openings of Providence.

"When I was stationed in another part of Logan County one evening there rode up to my place an old gentleman and a youth he called his son. He asked if Peter Cartwright, a Methodist preacher, lived there. I answered he did. He asked, 'Are you the man?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Baptist preacher, have been to Missouri after this my sick son, and I have called to stay all night with you.' I told him to do so and alight and come in. I disposed of their horses as best I could, supper was prepared and they partook of our fare. After supper they both stepped into the other room, and when they returned I smelled whisky very strongly, and although these were not the days of general temperance as now going, yet I thought it a

bad sign for a preacher to smell very strong of whisky, but said nothing. When we were about to retire to bed I set out the books, and said, 'Brother, it is our custom to have family prayers, take the books and lead in family prayer.' He began to make excuses and declined. I urged him strongly but he refused. So I read, sang, and prayed myself. But he would not sing with me neither did he nor his son kneel when we prayed. Next morning the family was called together for family prayer. Again I invited him to pray with us but he would not. As soon as prayer was over he went into the other room and brought out his bottle of whisky. He asked me to take a dram. I told him I did not drink spirits. He offered it to all my family but they refused. After breakfast he and his son harnessed up their horses to start on their way home. 'Perhaps, brother,' said he, 'you charge?' 'Yes,' said I, 'all whisky-drinking preachers that will not pray with me, I charge.' 'Well,' said he, 'it looks a little hard that one preacher should charge another.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you have given me no evidence that you are a preacher, and I fear you are a vile imposter; and when any man about me drinks whisky, and will not pray with me, preacher or no preacher, I take pleasure in charging him full price; so haul out your cash.' He did so, but very reluctantly. I am glad such an unworthy example of these preachers does not apply to the Baptist ministry generally, as many of them are friends of temperance."

At a Conference held in the City of Nashville, Brother Mac, the minister in charge, informed him that he was appointed to preach in the Presbyterian Church of Dr. Blackburn, charging him at the same time to be sure and "behave himself." "I made him my best bow," says Cartwright, "and thanked him he had given me any appointment at all, and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. 'And now,' said I, 'Brother Mac, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the Doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, sir, they shall hear the truth for once. Said the preacher, 'You must not preach controversy.' I replied, 'If I live to preach there at all I'll give Calvinism one riddling.' 'Well,' said he, 'I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there, and you must preach in the Methodist church



Monday evening, and do try and behave yourself.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I'll do my best.'

"The preacher's conduct towards me was spread abroad and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every seat was crowded and many had to stand. After singing and prayer, Brother Mac took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post and very gracefully leaned against it and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General Jackson has come in; General Jackson has come in.' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro.'

"The preacher ducked his head and squatted low, and would no doubt have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson, and all smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me there are two can play at that game.' General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning, very early, my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left I passed by the hotel, and I met the General on the pavement, and before I approached him by several steps he smiled, and reached out his hand, and said, 'Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir, I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had

a few thousand independent fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England.'”

In 1820, on his return from the General Conference held in Baltimore, Cartwright had an extraordinary experience. “Saturday night came on and found me,” he says “in a strange region of country, and amidst the hills and spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. I greatly desired to stop on the approaching Sabbath, and spend it with a Christian people; but I was in a region of country where there was no Gospel minister for many miles around, and where, as I learned, many of the scattered population had never heard a Gospel sermon in all their lives, and where the inhabitants knew no Sabbath only to hunt and visit, drink and dance. Thus, lonesome and pensive, late in the evening, I halted at a tolerably decent house. I rode up and asked for quarters. The gentleman said I could stay, but he was afraid I would not enjoy myself very much as a traveller, inasmuch as they had a party meeting there that night to have a little dance. I enquired how far it was to a decent house of entertainment on the road. He said seven miles. I told him if he would treat me civilly and feed my horse well, by his leave I would stay. He assured me I should be treated civilly. I dismounted and went in. The people collected—a large company—I saw there was not much drinking going on. I quietly took my seat in one corner of the house and the dance commenced. I sat quietly musing, a total stranger, and greatly desired to preach to this people. Finally, I concluded to spend the next day (Sabbath) there, and ask the privilege to preach to them. I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me to dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion. However in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could, I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side. I grasped her right hand with mine. We walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady shown to a stranger. The coloured man who was the fiddler began to put the fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment and added that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first

asking the blessing of God upon it, and desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and the whole company that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger. Here I grasped the lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still—all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, 'Lord 'a' marcy! What de matter? What is dat mean?'

"While I prayed some wept and wept out loud, and some cried for mercy. I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sung a hymn. The young lady who invited me on the floor lay prostrate, crying earnestly for mercy. I exhorted again. I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and next night, and as many more were powerfully converted. I organized a society, took thirty-two into the church and afterwards sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader, which post he held for many years. This was the commencement of a great and glorious revival of religion in that region of country, and several of the young men converted at this Methodist dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ. I recall this strange scene of my life with astonishment to this day, and do not permit myself to reason on it much. In some conditions of society I should have failed; in others I should have been mobbed; in others I should have been considered a lunatic. So far as I did permit myself to reason on it at the time, my conclusions were something like these:—If I fail it is no disgrace; if I succeed it will be a fulfilment of a duty commanded, to be 'instant in season and out of season.' Surely in all human wisdom it was out of season, but I had for some cause or other a strong impression on my mind that I should succeed by taking the devil by surprise, as he had often served me, and thereby be avenged of him for giving me so much trouble as I had experienced on my way to the Conference and back thus far."

## THE NEW HYMN-BOOK : ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

THE numerous associations which cling to the noble hymns of Charles Wesley have frequently intensified and added to their interest and power, in social and sanctuary service. These hymns were woven from the experience of life. Each treasured hymn has a history of its own. The cherished memories which cluster around "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," alone, if freely narrated, would exhaust the space at my disposal. The field-preaching of the Wesleys, and their itinerancy commenced in 1740. That incomparable hymn, which Henry Ward Beecher says he would "rather have written than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York, than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth," was first published in 1742. It must, therefore, have originated in the stormy scenes through which the brave and tuneful evangelist passed in the early part of that extraordinary career. There is a tradition that an evening service was interrupted upon the Common. The heroic preachers on that occasion were overpowered by a brutal and lawless mob. Missiles flew like hail. They first, after a time of separation, found a place of refuge beneath an adjacent hedgerow. To avoid serious injury, as they knelt in the dust their hands were clasped over their heads. Night came on, and the darkness enabled them to reach a safer retreat in a spring-house. After waiting for their pursuers to grow weary of the search, they "struck a light with a flint stone." They dusted their soiled garments, quenched their thirst, and bathed their hands and faces in the pure and bubbling water of the spring. Then it was beneath the power of a grand inspiration, "with a bit of lead which he had hammered into a pencil," that Charles Wesley wrote "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." In a time of pressing peril, there was prayer for security, "till the storms of life were past." The fountain gushing plenteously at their feet, and flowing away in a clear stream, would suggest the closing lines :

"Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity."

My purpose at this time is to gather up such illustrations of hymns recently introduced to Methodist worship, as reference and recollection may suggest. Though fragmentary, and compiled from various sources, this paper may be regarded as a kind of fitting supplement to former chapters on Methodist hymnody.

In no age has God left Himself without a witness to the truth, and at no time has the Spirit of Christ been withdrawn from the Church. The first hymns of the Christian ages were written in days of persecution, when the song of praise was not unfrequently interrupted by the axe of the executioner, and when the confessors for the truth went up in their chariots of fire to mingle with the "noble army of martyrs" before the throne of God. It is a matter of delightful interest that ancient and consecrated strains, freighted with the devotion of the ages, now enrich the psalmody of our Church, and are available for congregational worship. The *Te Deum* is full of Christ. It is said to have burst from the lips of St. Ambrose, in a moment of rapt inspiration, as he worshipped in the Cathedral at Milan. It is thoroughly apostolic in doctrine. This noble chant was probably a reproduction of earlier strains. It may have comprised portions of hymns such as Pliny heard in praise to Christ. Apart from sacred association, such a composition must elevate and ennoble any service.

The oldest hymn extant, linking us to the close of the second century, is that of Clement of Alexandria. In a time of fierce and pitiless persecution he was driven from his charge, and from the proud and queenly city. But while the enemies of the Church could drive him into exile, they could not stifle the voice of song. The hymn, "Shepherd of Tender Youth," 839 in our new Hymn-book, has challenged attention for its archaic simplicity and beauty. "Through all the images so quaintly inter-blended, like a stained window of which the eye loses the design in the complication of colours, we may surely trace, as in quaint old letters on a scroll winding through all Mosaic tints," a sacred legend: *Christ is all and in all*. But this oldest hymn of the Church, a testimony from the earlier and purer days of Christianity, has a value quite independent of its structure, and a voice that we do well to heed. It speaks to us concerning the dedication of children to God. It crystallizes the primitive idea of their relation to Christ and to His Church.

“ Shepherd of sheep that own  
 Their Master on the throne,  
 Stir up Thy children meek  
 With guileless lips to speak,  
 In hymn and song, Thy praise;  
 Guide of their infant ways.”

A free rendering, by an unknown author, has been adopted for the hymn-book :

“ Shepherd of tender youth,  
 Guiding in love and truth,  
     Through devious ways ;  
 Christ our triumphant king  
 We come Thy name to sing ;  
 Hither our children bring  
     To shout Thy praise.”

This hymn of Clement, like many compositions that have come to us from scenes of fiery trial, closes in an excellent strain :

“ So now and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
     And joyful sing ;  
 Infants and the glad throng,  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite to swell the song  
     To Christ our king.”

The golden links of succession, in the psalmody of the Christian centuries, would not have been complete without Luther's battle hymn. It is founded upon the 46th psalm, and is numbered 506 in our book. The Reformer is said to have written this soul-stirring battle-song on the occasion of the Second Diet of Spires. Then, in 1529, the *protest* was made from which Protestantism takes its name. The third stanza has the ring of Luther's fearless testimony,—“ Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the roofs of the houses, yet would I enter the city.” Papal thunderings and lightnings could not scathe him. That dauntless confidence was prompted by faith in God :

“ A mighty fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never failing  
 Our helper He amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe ;  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal."

The hymns of Luther, says Coleridge, did as much for the Reformation as did his translation of the Bible. The children hummed them in the cottage. Martyrs sung them on the scaffold. They became a bond of life and unity to many who knew little of the Creed or Confession. After Luther's death, the gifted Melancthon heard a little girl sing on the street: "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.*"

"Sing on," said the great scholar; "you little know whom you comfort." Amidst sobs and tears, the hymn of Luther was sung at his grave, and its first line was inscribed upon his tomb.

The next great hymn-writer of the German Reformed Church, was Paul Gerhardt. His sacred songs struck home to the very heart of the Fatherland. They were sung around the fire-side, in the crowded street, and were amongst the moulding influences of the time. Like other great and enduring hymns of the Church, the grand chorals of Germany belong to a dark and troubled period—that of the Thirty Years' War. Most men—

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong,  
And learn in suffering what they teach in song."

After a night of weary anguish on the altar-steps of the Lubben Church, one of Gerhardt's hymns was written; and many others were born of sorrow and pain. When, in consequence of loyalty to Lutheran doctrines, unjustly deposed from the Nicolai Church, he wrote a hymn of lofty trust:

"Give to the winds thy fears!"

"This," he said, "is only a small Berlin trouble; but I am ready and willing also to seal the evangelical truth with my blood." It was due to experiences of this nature, and to the deep tribulation of the time, that we are indebted for the power and pathos of hymn 163:

"O Lamb of God once wounded  
With grief and pain weighed down,  
Thy sacred head surrounded  
With thorns, Thy only crown."

Even associations of unique denominational character will in many cases be keenly appreciated. One century and a-half ago, 1736, John and Charles Wesley arrived in Georgia, then an English colony. The following year, 1737, after Charles had returned to England, the first of John-Wesley's numerous hymn-books was published at Charleston, S. C. The book contained seventy pages, and was entitled a "Collection of Psalms and Hymns." Five of Wesley's translations from the German were included in the Collection, and some of these have been retained in Methodist worship. Another of those hymns of 1737 has found a place in our new selections. It is for morning and evening mercies :

" My God, how endless is Thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently distil like early dew."

The hymn once entitled "The New Jerusalem, the soul's breathing after the heavenly country," numbered 607 in the Hymn-book, has become rich in traditional association. The earliest English translation was long supposed to be that of David Dickson, of Edinburgh ; but another version by F. B. P., dated 1616, contained in a manuscript volume, was some time ago discovered by Dr. Bonar in the Library of the British Museum. There is a tradition that, towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a prisoner was shut up in the tower of London, whose spirit was one which fetter could not bind, and which no dungeon could immure. His gloomy cell began to flame with the light of the New Jerusalem. Through the vision of faith that radiance streamed down upon the prisoner's soul. Then was woke up a song of heavenly anticipation which has been borne to every portion of the globe. It has been pronounced by James Montgomery to be one of the finest hymns in our language, and doubtless will mingle with the latest strains of earthly worshippers. The several versions of this hymn are now thought to be renderings of an early composition, "*Cælestis urbs Jerusalem*," which has been dated back as far as the eighth century. The form adopted for our hymn-book contains six stanzas :



"Jerusalem, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me;  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?"

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong  
And streets of shining gold?"

This hymn has always been a favourite one in Scotland. In days of persecution of the Cameronians and Covenanters, as they met in deep glens and on misty moors, there was the thrill and exultation of heavenly anticipation. They would one day meet and mingle their songs—

"Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end."

An incident has been mentioned by the biographer of George Whitefield that very touchingly tells of the enduring and sympathetic power and influence of hymns in the hearts and homes of the people. A young Scotchman was dying in the City of New Orleans. He was visited by a Presbyterian minister; but there was decided aversion to religion. Apparently every avenue to his soul was closed. Discouraged by failure the clergyman walked towards the window. Almost unconsciously in an undertone, he sang: "Jerusalem, my Happy Home." That was enough. The dying man's attention was arrested. A tender cord was touched, and the fountains of feeling were unsealed. Bursting into tears, he said, "My mother used to sing that hymn." Thus, as in the case of very many, a hymn became the medium through which the spiritual light beamed in upon the soul.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh, a soldier was visited by a courteous stranger. But a rough life and evil associations had hardened the heart and blunted the sensibilities of the suffering man. With coarse profanity he boasted that he could die without the help of religion, and turned his face to the wall. The painful silence was broken by familiar words and a sweet melody:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?"

The soldier's face turned to the singer, hardness of expression

melted away. "I learned that hymn," he said, "when I was a child, and sang it to my mother."

There is another hymn "Nearer Home," 639, by Phœbe Carey, which, with a somewhat peculiar metrical structure, comprises beautiful and touching stanzas :—

" One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I am nearer home to-day  
Then I ever have been before.

" Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne ;  
Nearer the crystal sea."

Two men, as the story was told in the *Boston Daily News*, sat together in a gambling-room in China. One was quite a young man, losing his money very fast, and the other about forty years of age. They gambled, drank brandy, and uttered foul oaths. While cards were being slowly and carelessly shuffled the young man commenced to hum a tune. From sheer force of early habit, the words and tune of Miss Carey's hymn were recalled. The strain seemed out of place in that gambling den. The cards were dropped. "I learned that hymn," said the singer, "in a Sunday-school in America." "Come, come, Harry," said the other, rising from the table, "here's the money that I have won from you; use it to good purpose. As God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, and say for old America's sake, if for no other, that you will quit this infernal business."

The 27th hymn, an invocation to the Trinity, from its structural resemblance to the National Anthem, challenges attention. This fine hymn, generally attributed to Charles Wesley, bearing the stamp of consecrated genius, comprising qualities that must make it popular and impressive in congregational worship, was first published in 1764—in a volume of psalms and hymns, compiled by Rev. Spencer Madan. The four stanzas, three of which are an address to the Persons of the Godhead, and the fourth an acknowledgement of the Trinity in Unity, exhibit a beautiful symmetry and sequence in structure and expression. During

the Revolution in the American Colonies, while the British troops were in possession of Long Island, a company of soldiers went to the church there, and demanded that the congregation should sing the National Anthem, "God Save the King." The people sang with spirit and earnestness :—

"Come, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise :  
Father all glorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days."

To another famous hymn, also of Methodist antecedents, now sung the world over, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," a place of honour has been assigned in the Hymn-book. It leads a grand procession of hymns in which special homage is rendered to the Lord Jesus Christ. This hymn was written by Edward Perronett, an early associate of the Wesleys in their evangelical work, and was first published in the *Gospel Magazine*. The tune "Coronation," long since wedded to Perronett's hymn, was composed by an American musician, Mr. Oliver Holden, in 1793. Long years after the composer of this beautiful strain had gone to rest, when civil war disturbed the Union, it is said to have been the favourite tune of a famous Massachusetts' regiment. By the camp-fires it was sung; and when those brave men marched into the valley of death, in words clear and distinct that battle-hymn rose and rolled above the din and roar of battle. To feel the grand power and impressiveness of that hymn, it needs to be sung by a multitude. Once I heard it beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington. It was taken up by the great audience there convened. As rolling thunder, gathering volume with each successive stanza, it pealed into mighty song.

Under the ministry of William Dawson, through means of this hymn, an extraordinary scene was witnessed. The theme on that occasion was the regal glory of Christ. A coronation procession in honour of the king, patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and confessors of every age and clime, was sketched in vivid words. The congregation was wrought up to a high pitch of feeling, when the preacher's voice burst into song :—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all !”

The magnetic wave swept over the congregation like a tempest. The effect was almost overpowering. The people sprang to their feet, and verse after verse was sung: “Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.”

The swell of adoring joy which Perronett's hymn has done so much to inspire and augment, was the dominant feature of his own latest earthly experience. He was conqueror and more than conqueror. “Glory to God,” was his dying ascription at Canterbury, in 1792—a year after John Wesley's departure. “Glory to God in the height of His divinity ! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity ! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency ! Into His hands I commend my spirit !”

Amongst modern hymns, by which our noble hymn-book has been enriched, there is one by Dr. Ray Palmer, 400, that may fairly claim to rank with Charles Wesley's “Jesus, Lover of My Soul ;” Toplady's “Rock of Ages ;” Cowper's “Fountain Filled With Blood ;” and Watt's “Wondrous Cross.” Ray Palmer, soon after his return from college, now a little more than fifty years ago, wrote four verses in his pocket memorandum. They were born of his own soul. He wrote rapidly, and with swimming eyes :—

“My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !”

Looking to Calvary while faith rests in the Redeemer, his love to the Saviour becomes “pure, warm, and changeless,” and he asks for “living fire.” But the third stanza anticipates temptations, a maze of perplexity, and the shadow of dark clouds, and he pleads :—

“Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrows' tears away ;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.”

The mysterious experiences that must “end life's transient

dream," lie still beyond; but even for the swelling of "death's cold sullen stream," there is a voice which rises into blessed assurance:—

"O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul."

Like all hymns of the highest class, this beautiful composition has unity and continuity of idea and expression.

The hymn of Charlotte Elliott, "Just as I am Without One Plea," 255, already familiar in every kind of religious service, cannot fail to grow rich in treasured association. It may supply language for penitential prayer and of heart trust to minds of the highest order and culture, and yet there is simplicity of language that suits the lips of childhood. "All my theology is in that hymn," said the venerable Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and he asked that it should be sung at his funeral. So, as they laid him away to rest on the beautiful banks of the Ohio, the vast concourse of mourners sang that hymn of pathos and heart-trust.

Amongst other valuable acquisitions to the New Hymn-book, are several of the hymns of Miss Havergal. They are eminently devotional, tender, musical, and they speak directly to the heart. The pilgrim singer, Philip Philips, spent an evening at the residence of a wealthy manufacturer in Philadelphia. The Gospel was sung on that occasion, and among the selections, was the hymn 779: "I Gave My Life for Thee." The members of that family were chiefly Quakers; but, strangely enough, these hymns of Christ were sung at their special request. The aged father, a prominent business man of the city, had never made any public profession of personal faith in the Redeemer. As the lines were sweetly emphasized:

"I gave My life for thee,  
What has thou given for Me?"

The tears suffused his eyes. Through that tender appeal the Holy Spirit was evidently moving upon his heart. The late lamented and saintly Alfred Cookman, proposed that they should engage in prayer, that the offering should be placed upon the altar, and that they should wait for the fire. All knelt at the Mercy-seat, the venerable father with the rest. It was a scene of memorable

supplication. The penitent of three-score and ten years consciously realized a sense of acceptance with God.

Like ivy-foliage twining around a stately tree and wreathing into various forms of beauty, these consecrated memories and tender associations gather around living hymns of the Church. There is a touching story told of a Scotchman who wandered far away from his native land. Taken captive by the Turks, he was doomed to slavery in one of the Barbary States. At the kirk and by his own fireside, in early life, the metrical version of the Psalms had become familiar as household words. In captivity, through eighteen long years, these sacred songs of Zion were never forgotten. He sang them in that strange land. The attention of sailors on board an English man-of-war was arrested by a familiar tune. The music of the Old Hundred floated softly and solemnly across the moonlit waves. The cause was at once surmised. One of their countrymen must be languishing his life in that land of barbarity and bondage. A boat was at once manned. The gladness of deliverance from slavery was more than can be told. Was it possible that the grand old tune of his childhood, now to be forever associated with memories of release, could cease to thrill his soul? I well remember the fascination of this story in earlier years of life. There must be something analogous to this fact in the final rapture of the ransomed ones. The strain of redeeming praise, begun upon earth, must be perpetuated before the throne.

" Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save."

YARMOUTH, N.S.

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### THE EASTER JOY.

TRIUMPHANT as the angel at the tomb,  
On the first Easter when the Lord arose,  
Rise, joyous soul! put on thy spring-time bloom,  
As on its stem the Easter lily blows.

Sound forth the joyful news, O Easter bells!  
Henceforth let every heart be comforted;  
This joy on earth a future joy foretells,  
Our Lord is risen! risen from the dead!

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, *LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY,*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER X.—PREPARING THE CAMP.

“ Ah, why  
Should we in the world's riper years neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have made?

—*Bryant*—"A Forest Hymn."

THE great event of the season on the Burg-Royal District, of which Fairview, at the time of which we write, formed a part, was the District Camp-meeting. This had been in the early days of Methodism a most potent institution in those parts. In those times meeting-houses, or even school-houses, were few and far apart, and the camp-meeting was made a grand rallying-place for all the settlers far and near. Two famous camp-meeting preachers were Elder Case and Elder Metcalfe, in their early prime, and marvellous were the scenes of religious revival and spiritual power which they witnessed, and in which they took part.

With the multiplication of religious agencies and increase in the number of churches, the pressing need for these special services became less. They no longer attracted persons from so great a distance, neither were they the scenes of such extraordinary manifestation. But they were still occasions of great interest and were attended by several hundred, and on Sunday by two or three thousand, persons.

The Methodist families throughout the District looked forward to this season of dwelling in tents with somewhat kindred feelings, we suppose, to those of the ancient Israelites in anticipation of their annual Feast of Tabernacles. By the more devout it was regarded as a high religious festival and as a spiritual harvest-time. It was the subject of much prayer and pious desire for weeks beforehand in the class and prayer-meetings. The heads of families made arrangements, as far as possible, to allow the attendance of their whole households—their children

and servants, and "the strangers within their gates," as the hired men were described in their prayers. Pious parents longed and prayed for the conversion of their children; and even those who were not over pious themselves, knew that a converted farm-servant was more trustworthy and efficient, that is, possessed a higher money-value than any other; and therefore freely allowed their hired help to attend the camp-meeting—at least on the Sunday, if not longer.

To the young folk the occasion offered very special attractions—the charm of a change from the regular routine of life; the charm of kindred youthful companionship, and the excitement of picnicking for a week or more in the woods. All this was tempered, however, with some shade of austerity, from the necessity of attending so many religious services, and in some cases by the haunting fear that they might be converted in spite of themselves, and so be cut off from the enjoyment of all the social junketings and dances and worldly dissipations of the neighbourhood. Sometimes the attractions of a travelling circus, with its attendant side-shows, which were felt to be incompatible with a religious profession, were allowed to deaden the religious susceptibilities and stifle the convictions of a quickened conscience.

The principal burden of preparation for the camp-meeting fell upon the good matrons of the congregations. For many days beforehand the great farm kitchens were scenes of unwonted bustle and activity. The good wives, "on hospitable thoughts intent," were making liberal provision, not only for their own households, but also for the entertainment of troops of friends, yes, and even of utter strangers. The open-hearted hospitality of the camp-ground was almost like a revival of the religious communism of the primitive believers, when "neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common."

The great out-of-door ovens were filled to repletion with generous batches of bread, which came forth brown and fragrant; and manifold was the baking of pies and cakes, the roasting of turkeys and pullets and young porkers, and the boiling of hams for the generous and substantial sandwiches which were so much in request for the sustenance of the outer, while the preachers laboured for the refreshment of the inner, man. Some of the attendants at the meeting, however, we are sorry to say, seemed



to have confused notions as to which *was* the outer and which the inner man ; and were much more sedulous in their attention to the well-filled tables than to the religious services.

The favourite time for holding the camp-meeting was either during the brief respite in farm labour after "haying" and before harvest, or in the more ample leisure, and the golden September weather, after harvest and before "seeding." The latter was the season selected for holding the Burg-Royal District Camp-meeting.

The chosen spot was a famous camp-ground on the shores of Lac de Baume, which had been from time immemorial a favourite camping-place of the Indians. It had, therefore, been adopted by Elder Case, the father of Methodist missions to the Indian tribes of Canada, on account of its convenience of access either by water or by the forest trails. It also presented in itself admirable advantages for the purpose. An ample area of forest land sloped down to a beautiful little bay. The noble elms and maples lifted their leafy arms high in air, and completely shaded the open space below.

As this spot lay within the bounds of the Fairview Circuit, it fell to the lot of Father Lowry, Mr. Manning, Father Thomas, John Crumley, and a few others of the neighbouring farmers to prepare the camp-ground. But little required to be done, except to repair the dilapidations caused by the winter storms. Around an area of about half an acre were a row of rough board buildings or tents, as by a rather bold metaphor they were called. These consisted, for the most part, of only one room, the principal use of which was as an eating-room by day and a sleeping-room by night. Between the religious services relays of hungry people would fill every corner, and at night the board tables were removed, and quilts and curtains divided it into two sleeping apartments. The same articles furnished the doors and windows, so that if not tents exactly, these "lodges in the wilderness" still possessed to the imagination of their occupants quite an oriental character, as was becoming to a "feast of tabernacles."

The kitchen arrangements were in the rear of each tent, beneath the shadow of the trees, or perhaps of a booth of boughs. They consisted chiefly of open fires with a crotch-stick at each side and a cross-piece at the top, from which hung the kettles for boiling water for the tea and coffee, the making of which was the chief culinary operation of the camp.

The preacher's tent differed little in character from the others, except that before it was a platform elevated about a yard from the ground. Along the front of this ran a flat board by way of desk; at the back was a long bench—the whole making a pulpit large enough to accommodate a dozen men. The room in the rear was occupied by one enormous bed, greater than the Great Bed of Ware or than the iron bedstead of Og, King of Bashan. But it was generally pretty well filled with clerical occupants, on such occasions, and with the aid of plenty of straw and buffalo-ropes was by no means uncomfortable.

In front of the preacher's stand were rows of plank benches resting on sections of saw-logs set on end, and the ground was plentifully strewn with straw. At the four corners of this area were four elevated platforms about six feet high, covered with earth, on which at night were kindled fires of pine knots for lighting up the camp, which they did very efficiently.

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#### CHAPTER XI.—THE CAMP-MEETING.

To its inmost glade  
The living forest to thy whisper thrills,  
And there is holiness in every shade.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The camp-meeting began on Friday evening of the first week in September. All day long teams continued to arrive, laden with bedding, household stuff, and provisions. With much innocent hilarity the farmer's boys unloaded the waggons, and the girls and matrons unpacked the boxes and set their houses in order for their ten days' encampment in the woods. Lawrence Temple had a tent of his own, and Edith exhibited in its dainty curtains and in the pictures on the walls, the same refined taste that characterized her little parlour at home. Mother Lowry had invited the minister's wife to share her larger tent and to let Lawrence "share and fare" with the visiting preachers; but the young matron replied: "No, I want the opportunity to exercise hospitality as well as you. As we are on our own circuit my tent must be a sort of headquarters for the preachers' wives."

"What a cosy nest of a place you have here," said Mrs. Manning, as, with her friend Mrs. Marshall, she made a brief call, "I declare it's as pretty as a picture."

"What does she want with all them jim-cracks out here in the woods," said her ascetic companion, as they walked away. "A prayer-meeting won't be any better for all them pictures on the wall."

"I don't know but it will," replied Mrs. Manning, "if they help to put people in a pleasant frame of mind." She was evidently unobservant of the contrary effect which they seemed to have had upon her friend.

Upon the borders of the lake were two Indian missions, and the Indians turned out in full force to the camp-meeting. It was a sort of reminiscence of the great councils and pow-wows of their nation. Along the shore on each side of the camp the Indians pitched their wigwams and drew up their bark canoes. The main body arrived in quite a flotilla of bark canoes which rode lightly over the waves, some of them spreading a blanket sail to catch the breeze. A band of sturdy rowers urged on the other canoes, chanting, as they kept time with their oars, the words of an Indian hymn.

Fragile as the canoes seemed, their sides not much thicker than stout paper and weighing in all but a few pounds, it was extraordinary what loads they would carry—squaws, papooses, pots, blankets, hatchets, guns, fishing-tackle, and fish. These loads were soon disembarked, and in a very short time the squaws had fires made and water boiling for tea—of which they are very fond—and freshly-caught fish broiling on the coals. The men had almost as speedily cut poles for their wigwams and stripped the bark from the great birch trees growing near the water's edge to cover the poles. In a very short time nearly a hundred lodges were pitched and their camp had the look of long occupancy—the Indians smoking stolidly in groups, the women cooking at the fires, at which they seemed to be engaged most of the time, and the boys shaping arrows, or fishing from a rocky headland.

As evening drew on, the row of fires around the shores of the little bay, each mirrored in the rippling waves, the groups of wigwams, and the dark forest behind were exceedingly impressive. But a few years before such a gathering of red-skins would have carried terror to the entire neighbourhood, and would have excited apprehensions of midnight massacre by the tomahawk and scalping-knife. But through the apostolic labours of Elder Case, these once savage tribes had become civilized and Christian-

ized, and now instead of pagan orgies,—the hideous medicine-dance, the sacrifice of the white dog, and beating of the conjure's drum,—was heard in every lodge the sound of Christian prayer and praise.

As the darkness fell the pealing strains of a huge tin trumpet,—like an Alpine horn, some six feet long,—blown by stentorian lungs, rolled and re-echoed through the woods. Soon, from every tent and lodge, the occupants were streaming toward the auditorium—only that was not what they called it. It was “the evenin’ preachin’.” The fires were kindled on the elevated stands which soon blazed like great altars, sending aloft their ruddy tongues of flame, brightly lighting up everything around, changing the foliage of the trees above them apparently into fretted silver, and leaving in deep Rembrandt-like shadow the outskirts of the encampment and the surrounding forest.

The first sermon was by the Chairman of the District. It was of rather an official character—indeed, Mrs. Marshall pronounced it rather a tame affair,—“milk and watery” was the phrase she used. She liked to see the sinners catch it red hot; and this was a calmly-argued discourse, urging upon the members of the Church the duty of personal consecration to God, and of waiting upon Him that they might be endued with power from on high and prepared to work for Him; which topic was not so much to her taste.

At the morning and afternoon service, the next day, the attendance was not so large. A good many being engaged in completing the arrangements of the camp—a great many new arrivals came on the ground, some to remain only over the Sunday, and others to remain till the close.

In the evening a very large congregation was assembled, and seemed full of expectancy. The preacher for the occasion was the Rev. Henry Wilkinson, a fiery little black-eyed, black-haired man, a perfect Vesuvius of energy and eloquence, pouring forth a lava-tide of impassioned exhortation and appeal. When warmed up with his theme he reminded one, says Dr. Carroll, of nothing so much as “a man shovelling red-hot coals.” The effect of the sermon was electrical. Shouts of “Amen!” and “Hallelujah!” were heard on every side, and also sounds of weeping and mourning. The Indians who sat in a group on the ground near the speaker were aroused from their characteristic stolid indiffer-

ence by the magnetic energy of the speaker, even though they did not understand his words; and when his discourse was afterwards interpreted to them by one of their number, chosen for that purpose, they were deeply moved.

At the singing of the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus' name," to the grand old tune of "Coronation," they joined in heartily in their own language, and it seemed an earnest and foretaste of the fulfilment of the closing prayer of the hymn:—

" Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Of this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

After this another preacher gave a fervent exhortation and invited penitents to the "mourners' bench," as the foremost row of seats was called. This was soon filled with earnest seekers of salvation, and a fervent prayer-meeting followed. It must be confessed that, to a person not in sympathy with the services and observing them from the outside, they would have seemed confusing if not disorderly. Cries, tears, groans, ejaculations, and at times two or three persons praying at once, appeared unseemly, if not irreverent. But the power of the Most High rested upon the assembly, notorious sinners were deeply convinced, and some soundly converted. When the tide of excitement rose immoderately high, the presiding minister who held the meeting well in hand, would give out a hymn whose holy strains would have a tranquilizing effect on the minds of all present.

It is seldom in our modern fashionable watering-place camp-meetings that such scenes of divine power are witnessed, and to many minds they would be rather disconcerting if they were to occur. But these old-fashioned preachers came together for this very purpose—to see souls converted; and they were not disturbed by a little noise if only the desired result were accomplished. We doubt not that on the day of Pentecost, when the great multitude were pricked in their hearts and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and when three thousand souls were converted in one day, a good deal of excitement was manifested. Strange that men who would shout themselves hoarse at a political meeting, or at a stock exchange, or at a boat race or lacrosse match, and expect others to share their enthusiasm, should be so

shocked when men aroused to a sense of sin, and its guilt and danger should cry out in their anguish, and seek to flee from the wrath to come. The wonder rather is, that, with the tremendous issues of eternity and the soul's salvation at stake, men are so apathetic, so torpid, and so dumb.

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CHAPTER XII.—“AS A BIRD OUT OF THE SNARE OF THE FOWLERS.”

Touch the goblet no more !  
It will make thy heart sore  
To its very core !

—*Longfellow*—“Golden Legend.”

The general impression on the community, made by the camp-meeting, may be inferred from the remarks of Bob Crowle, a notorious scape-grace, famous for all manner of wicked and reckless exploits in disturbing previous camp-meetings and other religious services. He was conversing with Jim Larkins, the keeper of the Dog and Gun tavern in the village, who stood by, a sinister observer of the proceedings.

“Why, bless my eyes,” exclaimed that individual, “if that ain’t Bill Saunders a-roarin’ like a bull o’ Bashan, there at the mourner’s bench. Well, wonders will never cease. I’d as soon expect to see you there as Bill Saunders.”

“You’ve often seen me in a worse place,” said Crowle, “and where I had better reason to be ashamed of myself than Bill Saunders has. I guess he won’t spend so much of his earnings at your bar; and that’ll be a good thing for his wife and kids.

“Why, you aint jined the temperance, has you, Bob?” asked Jim, in real or affected dismay. “You’ll be goin’ for’ad to the mourner’s bench yourself, I reckon.” This was said with an intensely contemptuous sneer.

“Well, if I did, it would be nuthin’ to be ashamed of,” replied Crowle. “If a man’s got a soul, I don’t see why he shouldn’t try to save it. I’ve served the Devil long enough, and what have I ever gained by it? I’ve spread away a good farm and dranked up a small fortune—most of which has gone into your till, Jim Larkins. I’m thinking it was about time I was turning over a new leaf.”

At this moment the vast assemblage were singing a hymn of

invitation, the refrain of which rang sweetly through the forest aisles—

“Will you go? Will you go?  
O say, will you go to the Eden above.”

Edith Temple had been a not uninterested observer of the colloquy between Crowle and Larkins. She knew who they were from having seen them at the Fairview church. Yielding to an impulse for which she could not account, she walked toward Crowle and stopped before him still singing—

“O say, will you go to the Eden above?”

There was an irresistible spell in the thrilling tones of her voice and in her appealing look.

“By the help of God, I will,” said Crowle, with a look of solemn resolution in his eyes, and taking her proffered hand he followed her to the altar for prayer.

Mrs. Marshall was rather shocked to see the preacher's wife going forward with the dissipated-looking creature, who was chiefly noted for hanging around the village tavern; and even Mrs. Manning thought it a very bold proceeding; but Edith was sustained by the consciousness that she was doing a right and Christian act. One of the advantages of these free forest assemblies is that they break down the conventionalities of the more formal indoor service, and one feels more at liberty to follow the promptings of conscience and the guidings of the good Spirit of God.

It was certainly very noisy in that prayer circle. Strong crying and sobs and groans were heard, and tears fell freely from eyes unused to weep. One dapper little gentleman—a theological student from the Burg-Royal College—retired in protest to the preachers' tent, saying as he did so: “This ranting and raving is terrible. God is not the author of confusion. Does not St. Paul expressly say: ‘Let all things be done decently and in order?’” This gentleman afterwards found that Methodism was too raw and rough a religion for his delicate sensibilities. He therefore joined a highly ritualistic church, wore a very long clerical coat, a high-buttoned vest, and a very stiff, straight-band collar, and intoned the prayers most æsthetically for a fashionable congregation. We observed, however, that the learned and cultured president of the college did not seem at all disconcerted by the

noise and the non-observance of the conventionalities of public worship, and laboured earnestly with his colleagues in the good work in progress.

Poor Saunders, the village blacksmith, who was also, as we have seen, a zealous patron of the Dog and Gun, had indeed a terrible time of it. He was a large and powerful man, and as he wrestled in an agony of prayer, the beaded sweat-drops fell from his brow, and the veins stood out like whipcords on his forehead. His weeping wife—a godly woman and loving consort, but bearing on her cheek the marks of a cruel blow received from her husband in a drunken bout—though kinder man ne'er breathed when he was sober—knelt by his side trying to comfort him and to point him to the Saviour, who had been her own support and solace during long years of trouble and sorrow. At length, with a shout of deliverance, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed:—

“I’ve done it! I’ve done it! I’ve done it! I’ve given up the grog forever! I thought I never could; the horrid thirst seemed raging like the fire of hell within me. But I vowed to God I’d never touch it more, and that very moment it seemed as if the Devil lost his grip upon my soul, the evil spirit was cast out, and God spoke peace, through His Son, to my troubled heart.

“Oh! Mary,” he went on, “I’ve been a bad husband and a bad father, but by God’s grace we’ll be happy yet.”

A great shout of praise and thanksgiving went up from the people, and few eyes in the assembly were unwet with tears. Yet it was certainly a most disorderly assembly. But there was joy in heaven and joy on earth over the repentant sinner, and we think we could pardon even a greater confusion from which such hallowed results should flow.

Amid the general joy poor Crowle seemed forgotten. He remained with head bowed down, but his mind, he said, was all dark, not a ray of light gleamed amid the gloom. Even after the meeting was dismissed, he still knelt upon the ground. Presently he felt a soft hand laid upon his shoulder, and a soft voice spoke gently in his ear: “I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry.”

“I’ll wait,” he replied. “He waited many a year for me; I’ll wait His good time.” And with a gentle pressure of his hand, Edith glided away.



And wait he did till after midnight, with two or three who remained to pray with and counsel him; and after that, all night long he waited in the silent forest, wrestling with God as Jacob wrestled with the angel, saying: "I will not let thee go until thou bless me." But still the blessing came not. Still the burden was unremoved.

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EASTER MORNING.

OVER the purple mountains	Oh, risen glorious Saviour,
The Easter morn breaks clear,	What have we now to-day?
And the sunbeams come as brightly	What gift of love and service
With their voiceless faith and cheer,	At Thy pierced feet to lay?
As to the waiting women	Only our contrite hearts,
Came the light of that hallowed day,	But we offer them to Thee,
After their night of watching	Praying that Thou wilt plant therein
At the tomb where the Saviour lay.	Fair lilies of purity.

As sweetly and as freshly	Thou hast robbed the grave of terror,
Our Easter blossoms bloom	No more we feel its power;
As those in the sunny garden	Death is no more a monarch
Beside the Saviour's tomb;	Since Thy resurrection hour.
Teaching the same glad lessons:	Oh! happy, holy Sabbath,
That life must upward spring,	That saw our Lord arise!
That to our flowers immortal	He waits to welcome His redeemed
No taint of earth can cling.	Beyond the starry skies.
	—H. E. W., in <i>Easter Chimes</i> .

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SONNET.

On Her Majesty's providential escape from assassination, March 2nd, 1882.

A FIERY message crossed the ocean wide  
 In wrathful joy, to say: "A traitor's shot  
 Had missed our gracious Queen and harmed her not—  
 Had missed the fair Beatrice by her side,"  
 While England, all aflame, rose up and cried—  
 To tears indignant moved—that such a blot  
 Of infamy had stained a single spot  
 Of English ground, and humbled so her pride!  
 The Queen of kingdoms and of womanhood!  
 Example of all virtues, for the stay  
 Of this lax age and her dear country's rest,  
 God saved her from th' assassin's hand of blood,  
 And all the world gave thanks—none more than they  
 Who dwell in her Dominion of the West.

## MEMORIALS OF DR. RYERSON.

It is not always that a man's greatness is recognized by his contemporaries, or that a prophet has honour in his own country. The snow-crowned Mont Blanc, and the virgin Jungfrau seem less sublime to the Swiss peasant than to the tourist from far-off lands. It is often only at a distance that the true grandeur of a majestic mountain is felt. The familiarity of nearness often prevents the recognition of real greatness.

The life record of the late Dr. Ryerson, is a remarkable exception to this frequent rule. No man ever passed away from among us in Canada whose true greatness was so universally recognized. He lived in the hearts of his countrymen, and

“ Read his history in a nation's eyes.”

Even envy and detraction could not lessen his grandeur nor tarnish the lustre of his name. The very circumstances of his funeral showed the universal esteem in which he was held; and since his death the expressions of appreciation of his character and of the services which he rendered to his country have been very general and very strong. Scarce an organ of public opinion in the country, no matter what party or what interest it represented, has not laid its wreath of praise on the tomb of this great Canadian. And far beyond his own country his character was revered and his loss deplored. Almost every Methodist journal in the United States has also paid its tribute to his memory. We quote from the *North Western Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, but one such tribute of loving respect:—“ We believe Canada owes more to him than to any other man, living or dead. In all his official relations to the public he was true to his Church. We shall never forget the grand old man we once met at the hospitable table of our friends, the Kermotts, in Detroit. Men like Wellington and

Washington, ‘ save their countries,’ but men like Ryerson make their countries worth saving. The mean little soul flinches when its brethren rise in reputation and power in the Church. The more exalted soul rejoices when the Church grows rich in competent workers. The death of such a servant as Ryerson is a loss to the world greater than when the average president or king passes away. Thank God, the great Ruler lives, and He will continue the line of prophets in modern Israel!”

The expressions of sympathy and condolence with the family of Dr. Ryerson, for the death of its honoured head, have been very general and heartfelt. Telegrams or letters from the Governor-General, from Sir John A. Macdonald and other members of the Senate and Commons House of Parliament; from the Roman Catholic Archbishop; from the Anglican Bishop, from many ministers and members of the Church of England and other religious bodies, as well as of his own Church; resolutions of the Board of the Bible Society, the Tract Society, School Boards, and Conventions, and Collegiate Institutes, all bore witness to the fact that the sorrow for his death was not confined to any party or denominational lines, but was keenly felt in other churches as well as in that of which he was the most distinguished minister.

But most of these tributes are of too tender and private a character to be quoted without violating the sacred privacy of grief. We take the liberty, however, to quote the following paragraphs from a resolution of condolence (written, we believe, by the Rev. W. S. Blackstock), of the Toronto Monday meeting of the Ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada:—

“ To most of us from our early childhood the name of Egerton Ryerson has been as a household word, and we learned to esteem and

love him even before we were capable of estimating his character, or the greatness of the service which he was rendering to his own and coming generations; and the knowledge of him which we have been permitted to acquire in our riper years has only tended to deepen the impressions of him which we received in early days.

"As the fearless and powerful champion of civil and religious liberty, and of the equal rights of all classes of his countrymen, he is associated in our memory with the patriotic and Christian struggles of a past generation, which have resulted in securing to our beloved land as large a measure of liberty as is enjoyed by any country under the sun. In respect to the incomparable system of Public Instruction, to the perfecting of which he devoted so many years of his active and laborious life, and with which his name must ever be associated, we feel that he has laboured and we have entered into his labours. We can hardly conceive how either our country or our Church could have been what they are to-day, but for his fidelity and the work which he accomplished.

"The lively interest which he took in every patriotic, Christian, and philanthropic movement, especially those which tended to increase the influence and usefulness of his own Church—the zeal with which he laboured for them, and the large-hearted, generous liberality with which he contributed of his means for their support—awaken our gratitude and thankfulness, and will be a perpetual inspiration in our efforts to promote those objects which lay so near his heart, and to further the interests of that cause which he served so well.

"But standing, as we are to-day, with bowed heads and stricken hearts, beside the grave which has just closed upon the mortal remains of our venerable departed brother, though we would not forget what he has done for us, we prefer to think of what, by the grace of God, he was, than of what by God's good Providence he was permitted to ac-

complish. We delight to cherish the memory of his penitent and child-like faith in Christ—the sinner's only Saviour and hope—and of those graces of the Holy Spirit which gave so much beauty and sweetness to his character, and which were more and more conspicuous in his declining years.

"Though Dr. Ryerson was a man of positive views and devotedly attached to his own Church, he was distinguished for his comprehensive charity, and his genuine appreciation of great and good men from whom he differed widely in opinion. His goodness no less than his greatness will serve to keep his memory fresh among us, and the recollections of his virtue is to us a powerful incentive to a fuller consecration to the service of God."

When the District Meetings and Conferences of our Church assemble, there will be, we venture to say, many such expressions of loving regard. Painful will be the blank caused by the absence of the "good grey head that all men knew," and of the wise counsels, the ripe religious experience, the kind and genial presence of the venerable Dr. Ryerson.

A very good criterion of a man's character is: How does he get on with his colleagues? Does the familiarity of daily intercourse, year after year, increase or lessen their esteem? Few men will bear this test so well as Dr. Ryerson. The more one saw of him the more one loved him. Those who knew him best loved him most. Dr. Hodgins, the Deputy Minister of Education, for over thirty years the intimate associate in educational work of Dr. Ryerson, knowing more fully than any living man the whole scope of his labours, sharing his anxieties and toils, records on another part of this Magazine his estimate of his character. In all those years there never was an hour's interruption of perfect mutual trust and sympathy. No son could have a stronger filial love for an honoured father than had Dr. Hodgins for his late venerated Chief. It was his privilege to minister to the latest hours of his revered

friend, and it is to him a labour of love to prepare for the press the posthumous memorials of his life.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Hodgins we are permitted to give the personal testimony of two other of Dr. Ryerson's intimate associates in educational work. The first is from the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church in New York. At the meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association, in 1872, Rev. Dr. Ryerson came into the room of the meeting leaning upon the arm of the Rev. Dr. Ormiston. They were received with unbounded applause, the members standing to do honour to their visitors. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Ormiston, turning to Dr. Ryerson, said :—

"The feelings of loving reverence which we entertain for those who have awakened our intellectual life, and guided us in our earliest attempts at the acquisition of knowledge, are as enduring as they are grateful. I shall never forget, as I can never repay, the obligations under which I lie to the venerable and honoured Chief Superintendent, Dr. Ryerson, not only for the kindly paternal feeling with which, as principal, he welcomed me, a raw, timid, untutored lad, on my first entrance into Victoria College, when words of encouragement fell like dew-drops on my heart, and for the many acts of thoughtful generosity which aided me in my early career, and for the faithful friendship and Christian sympathy which has extended over nearly thirty years—unbroken and unclouded.—a friendship, which, strengthened and intensified by prolonged and endearing intimacy, I now cherish as one of the highest honours and dearest delights of my life; but especially for the quickening energizing influence of his instructions as professor, when he taught me how to think, to reason, and to learn. How I enjoyed the hours spent in his lecture-room—hours of mental and moral growth never to be forgotten!"

The next from the venerable Dean of Toronto, who has himself

just gone to his long home, is as follows :

Copy of a letter from the Very Rev. Dean Grasett, D.D., to Dr. Hodgins, dated 9th November, 1875.

"My dear Doctor Hodgins—I thank you very much for your kindness in presenting me with a complete set of the *Journal of Education* from the date of its commencement in 1848 to the present time.

"You could not have given me a token of parting remembrance more acceptable to me on various accounts; but chiefly shall I value it as a memorial of the confidence and kindness I have so invariably experienced from the Rev. Dr. Ryerson from the day I first took my seat with him at a Council Board in 1846 to the time that I was released from further attendance there this year. Similar acknowledgments I owe to yourself, his coadjutor, in the great work of his life and the editor of the record of his labours, contained in these volumes.

"I shall carry with me to the end of life the liveliest feelings of respect for the public character and regard for the private worth of one who has rendered to his country services which entitle him to her lasting gratitude. My venerable friend has had from time to time many cheering recognitions of his valuable public services from the Heads of our Government, who were capable of appreciating them, as well as from other quarters; but I think that in his case, as in others that are familiar to us, it must be left to future generations adequately to appreciate their value when they shall be reaping the full benefit of them.

"I esteem it an honour that I should have been associated with him in his Council for so many years, (30) and a privilege if I have been of the least assistance in upholding his hands in performing a work, the credit of which is exclusively his own.

"Believe me, my dear Dr. Hodgins, faithfully yours, (Signed),  
"H. J. GRASETT."

Dr. Ryerson possessed in a marked degree the faculty of commanding

the confidence and winning the friendship of distinguished men of every rank, of every political party and religious denomination. He possessed the confidence and esteem of every Governor of Canada, from Lord Sydenham to the Marquis of Lorne. No native Canadian ever had the *entree* to such distinguished society in Great Britain and in Europe as he. He had personal relations with Lord Glenelg, Earl Grey, Lord John Russell, Sir James Stephen, Sir Charles Buller, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone and others of the leading British statesmen. He enjoyed the personal friendship of the Bishop of Manchester, the Dean of Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished divines of the Anglican and Dissenting Churches. He was one of the very few Methodist preachers who have ever shared the hospitalities of Lambeth Palace, for six hundred years the seat of the Primate of England; and when Dean Stanley passed through Toronto, Dr. Ryerson had the pleasure of reciprocating the hospitality he had received at the Deanery of Westminster. When making his educational tours, Dr. Ryerson was furnished by the Home Government with special introductions to the British Ambassadors of the countries he was about to visit, and was by them introduced to the leading statesmen and educational authorities of those countries. The late Pope Pius IX. having heard of his educational work in Canada, wished to see the man who had devised a system of such equal justice to all denominations. We once heard the Doctor describe this interview as he beguiled the tedium of a railway journey with his reminiscences of the past. Several foreign dignitaries were waiting in an ante-room an audience with the Pope, but the Methodist preacher received precedence of them all. "Are you a clergyman?" asked the chancellor, who conducted him to the Pope's presence; "I am a Wesleyan minister" he replied. "Ah! John Wesley. I've heard of him," said the chancellor, as he shrugged his

shoulders in surprise that this heretic should be so honoured above orthodox sons of the Church. After an interview of some length the Pope addressing two young ladies by whom Dr. Ryerson was accompanied—his daughter, now Mrs. Harris, of London, and a daughter of Earl Grey—who had rolls of paper in their hands, said, "What have you there, my children?" They replied that they wished to procure his autograph, when the fatherly old man wrote in Latin the benediction: "Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord," and then kindly gave them also the pen with which it was written.

We hope that Dr. Ryerson in his "Story of his Life" has given his recollections of the distinguished persons whom he has met, for certainly no son of Canada ever met so many.

Yet with all his catholicity of sentiment and charity of spirit, Dr. Ryerson was a man of strong convictions, and he always had the courage of his convictions as well. When it came to a question of principle he was rigid as iron. Then he planted himself on the solid ground of what he believed to be right and said like Fitz James:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly,  
From its firm base, as soon as I."

An example of this occurs in his controversy with a leading Canadian politician on the school system. "You may yet be able," he says to his opponent, "to undo and to trample to dust the work I have been endeavouring to construct and build up. You may be able to avenge yourself upon me by reducing my family and myself to poverty, but as I have never indulged in the desire for wealth, so I do not fear poverty. Your threats of loss of salary and office do not, therefore, disturb me. . . . But though you may reduce me to want you cannot make me a slave. Though you may cause me to die a very poor man you cannot prevent me from dying a freeman."

Dr. Ryerson's controversies were for great principles, not for personal

interests. Hence no rancour no bitterness disturbed his relations with his antagonists. And even his old and conquered foe, Bishop Strachan, after the controversy was over became his personal friend.

Dr. Ryerson endeavoured, as far as was in his power in a school system embracing both Protestant and Catholic children, to have the great principles of religion taught. There lies before us as we write a copy of his book on Christian Morals, inculcating those primal duties on which all the Churches agree. This book received the approval of all the members of the Council of Public Instruction, including the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Anglican Bishop, and ministers and members of other Churches, and was authorized for use in the school. But the mousing malice of certain carping critics frustrated this noble design. We hope that now that the founder of our school system has passed beyond the praise or blame of man, this great wish of his life may be fulfilled; and that those moral duties which lie at the very foundation of social and national well-being may be taught in all our schools.

Such benefactors of his kind and of his country, as Dr. Ryerson, deserve to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance. His imperishable monument, it is true, is the school system which he devised. But we should have also some concrete embodiment which shall represent to successive generations of his native land the noble presence, the benignant countenance, the dome-like and majestic brow of this great Canadian. Few things more forcibly impress the foreign tourist, than the effigies of the great Italians in the Capitol Museum at Rome, the statues of noble Florentines in the court of the Uffizi Palace, and the busts of the great Scotchmen in the public gardens of Edinburgh. We rejoice that the project is entertained to erect a bronze or marble statue of Dr. Ryerson in the grounds of the Educational Buildings where he so long administered the school system which he had devised. Thus shall the future generations of the boys

and girls in our schools, of the teachers who shall pass through those educational halls, and the foreign visitors to our land learn what manner of man was he whom Canada delights to honour. We rejoice, too, that it is proposed to make this a national tribute, and that every boy and girl in the land may have a share in its completion. When asked if he would concur in the participation of the Roman Catholic schools in this tribute to an eminent Protestant, the Archbishop of Toronto gave his cordial assent and gave, moreover, himself a generous subscription to this object—the first contribution to this national monument.

To future generations of Canadian youth the career of Dr. Ryerson shall be an inspiration and encouragement. With early educational advantages far inferior to those which he has brought within the reach of every boy and girl in the land, what a noble life he lived, what grand results he achieved! One great secret of his success was his tireless industry. As a boy he learned to work—to work hard—the best lesson any boy can learn—and he worked to the end of his life. He could not spend an idle hour. The rule of his life was “no day without a line” without something attempted—something done. In the discharge of his official duties, the amount of work that he got through was an amazement to the clerks of the department. Morgan in his *Bibliotheca Canadensis* enumerates fifty-eight distinct publications from his busy pen. Since that time have been published his “Essays on Canadian Methodism,” and his “U. E. Loyalists and their Times.” He has also left in MS his “Story of His Life,” and a voluminous historical work which involved great research and labour. Over a score of times he crossed the Atlantic on official duties. He often turned night into day for purposes of work and study; and on the night before making his famous three-hours’ speech on University Administration before the Committee of the Legislature in 1860, he spent the whole night long

in the study of the documents and papers on the subject—to most men a poor preparation for such a task.

But again we remark his moral greatness was his noblest trait—his earnest piety, his child-like simplicity, his Christ-like charity, his fidelity to duty, his unflinching faith. Not his intellectual greatness, not his lofty statesmanship, not his noble achievements are his truest claim upon our love and veneration—but this—

“The Christian is the highest style of man.”

#### THE RYERSON CHAIR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Ryerson did much for Canadian Methodism. To him the Methodist Church owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay. His name is imperishably associated with Victoria University as its founder, first President, and unflinching friend. It is a peculiarly fitting and proper thing to perpetuate his memory in connection with that Institution by the endowment of a Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy. These are the subjects which were his own special favourites—the subjects which he himself taught; and the subjects which form the very essence of sound religious thinking and teaching. Through this professorship Dr. Ryerson being dead shall yet speak. By this Chair shall his name and fame and influence be perpetuated, let us hope

to the end of time. In no way can money be so well invested as in the training of cultured intellect in this highest department of knowledge. That Chair shall be the teacher of the teachers of our land. It shall be the armory whence the future watchmen on the walls of Zion, the captains of the hosts of God shall be equipped for their conflict with error and unbelief. It shall be the fountain from which shall flow forth the irrigating streams of knowledge from which many future generations will drink.

While others shall rear the bronze or marble monument to the honoured dead, let the Church, which he has so faithfully served and so dearly loved, erect a monument more lasting than brass by the perpetuation of his influence in moulding the higher thought and religious teachings of his successors in the work and office of the Christian ministry, and in the Educational work of the land.

We regret that through pressure of engagements Dr. Nelles has been unable to prepare for this number of the Magazine the paper of “Personal Recollections of Dr. Ryerson.” The same reason has unexpectedly prevented the Rev. Hugh Johnson from furnishing his memorials of Dr. Punshon. We expect, however, that in early numbers of this Magazine both of these valuable papers will appear.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*England Without and Within.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Cr. 8vo, pp. 601. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.

England, with its strange blending of free institutions and monarchical principles, with its sharply contrasted social classes, with its heroic history and matchless literature, has always been a favourite study for intelligent foreigners. A foreigner often catches a more vivid

impression than one “to the manner born.” M. Taine’s study of English character and English literature has never been surpassed by any English author. It is to American writers, however, that we are indebted for the best books on what they still affectionately call “the mother country.” Washington Irving’s “Sketch Book,” Emerson’s “English Traits,” Hawthorne’s “Note Book,” Burritt’s “Walks,” White’s “England.” and

other less known books, all show the perennial interest of the theme. Of all the books on the subject which we have read, we know of none at once so interesting and instructive, so philosophical and fascinating as that of Richard Grant White. We awaited with eagerness the appearance of its successive chapters in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and now re-read it with delight. The author was sympathetic with his subject. "I have some rights of memory in this kingdom," he quotes on his title page. There, he tells us, his forefathers lived for eleven hundred years. Of his "Yankee" countrymen he says: "To them England is still the motherland,—the 'Old Home' of their fathers. To her they look with a feeling, strong and deep, of interest, of affection, almost of reverence, such as they have towards no other country in the world." Few Englishmen are so familiar with the great English classics, and fewer still use so well that potent instrument, the English speech, as Mr. White. He had, too, exceptional opportunities for the study of English character and English family life—England within, as well as England without. In a series of charming chapters he groups together his views on such topics as English skies, English railways, Rural England, English Men, English Women, English Manners, English Speech, England's national vice—Drinking—"Nobility and Gentry," Parks and Palaces, London Life, London Streets, On the Thames, Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, etc. There is a genial humour, a shrewd observation, a kindly appreciation, that makes the book very charming reading. There is also a vein of gentle egotism that gives us a personal interest in the author's adventures and experiences which no impersonal narrative can communicate. Such books as these are an omen of good for the kindly relations of both England and the United States. Though thousands may visit each other's countries, yet millions cannot, and from such kindly, genial books they will learn

to know each other better, and love each other more.

*Ballads and Sonnets.* By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Pp. 383. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.65.

It is seldom that a man is great alike in the sister arts of painting and poetry. Yet a great poet must have the artist's eye to discern beauty, as well as the pen to describe it. We doubt not that the admirable word-painting of these poems, their *curiosa felicitas* of expression arises largely from the author's artistic gifts. It is now many years since the exquisite pre-Raphaelite beauty of "The Blessed Damosel" told the world that a great poet was born. The fruit of those intervening years is contained in the volume before us. Our author does not, at least, wear out his welcome by the frequency of his visits. "Thin kale but plenty of it," is the Scottish proverb for the deluge of words which some authors pour forth. Rossetti's words are fit though few. The present volume has three striking poems, a hundred exquisite sonnets, and a number of fine lyrics. "Rose Mary" is a quaint mediæval legend, beautifully versified—every line a picture. "The White Ship" is a wonderfully vivid account of the tragic yet heroic death of Prince William of England, drowned with a hundred and forty of his companions, A.D. 1120. The story is told by Berold of Rouen, the sole survivor. In "The Kings of Tragedy," Katharine Douglas tells how she attempted to bar with her arm the castle door against the assassins of her sovereign, James I. of Scotland, only to see him done to death before her eyes. Her descendants still bear as their crest a woman's broken arm. The century of sonnets is probably, after Shakespeare's, the finest collection in the language—unless, indeed, Mrs. Browning's rival them. Each is polished like a gem. The following is an indignant protest against the foul assassination of the emancipator of the serf:—



**CZAR ALEXA. IBER THE SECOND.**  
(13th March, 1881.)

From him did forty million serfs, endow'd  
Each with six feet of death-duosoil, receive  
Rich freeborn life-long land, whereon to  
sheave  
Their country's harvest. These to-day aloud  
Demand of Heaven a father's blood,—sore  
bow'd  
With tears, and thrilled with wrath; who,  
while they grieve,  
On every guilty head would fain achieve  
All torment by his edicts disallowed.

He stared the knout's red-ravening fangs; and  
first  
Of Russian traitors, his own murderers go  
White to the tomb, while he,—laid foully low  
With limbs red-rot—with festering brain  
which erst  
Killed kingly freedom—'gainst the deed accurst  
To God bears witness of his people's woe.

*Commentary on the Old Testament.*  
The Book of Psalms. By Rev.  
F. G. HIBBARD, D.D. D. D.  
Whedon, LL.D., Editor. Pp. 448.  
New York: Phillips & Hunt.  
Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price,  
\$2.25.

This great people's commentary is gradually approaching completion. Already the five volumes on the New Testament and the four on the Old, constitute the best apparatus for the study of the Scriptures, available for the average Bible student. They give the results rather than the processes of criticism, and are as useful to the unlearned as to the critical reader. Dr. Hibbard has special qualifications for his task. He has made this rich treasury of truth a study for years. His expressed opinions strike us as exceedingly judicious, and if less novel than those of Prof. Robertson Smith, as decidedly more sound. The remarks on the Messianic psalms, on the doctrine of the future life, and on similar topics, will commend themselves to most candid readers, however critical they may be. The explanatory notes are clear and concise, and really explain, not confuse, the text. Some of the engagements, as, for instance, on pp. 82 and 354, strike us as hardly good enough for a book of so high a character.

*The Decorative Sisters; a Modern Ballad.* By JOSEPHINE POLLARD.  
New York: Anson D. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.  
Price, \$1.50.

This is a very clever satire with pen and pencil on the æsthetic craze, of which we hear so much. It records in resounding verse the story of two clever country lasses, who became infected with the fashionable folly through the visit of an æsthetic artist—

They decorated pots and pans—whate'er the  
house afforded;  
They daubed the mirror over with some in-  
tricate design;  
And rummaged through the garret where all  
sorts of things were hoarded,  
And sat before an ugly plaque as if it were a  
shrine.

As a consequence, they were no longer interested in the churning, although the churn was ablaze with sunflower designs. They took to wearing outlandish sea-green or saffron yellow dresses, and to sitting up with a lily, and "living up to their blue china tea-pots," and tried to array their father and mother in æsthetic guise—

The Decorative Sisters were so mystically  
mystic—  
So whimsically whimsey—so intensely in-  
tense,  
That those who didn't know 'twas Æsthetic  
and artistic,  
Would surely think that neither had a grain  
of common sense.

The story is capitably illustrated by numerous coloured lithographs, in which all the follies of the fashionable craze are graphically set forth.

We have received a copy of the new catalogue of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. It announces, we judge, more high class literature than that of any other house in America. The issues of the Riverside Press are unsurpassed in mechanical excellence. The publishers will send a copy of this handsome catalogue containing portraits of nineteen world-famous authors to any address, on application, *without charge*.

## RESURRECTION HYMN.

GERMAN MELODY.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.

1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!  
The pass - o - ver of gladness, The pass - o - ver of God!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,

Our Christ has brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright,  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection light:  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!  
Let earth her song begin!  
Let the round world keep triumph  
And all that is therein!  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.