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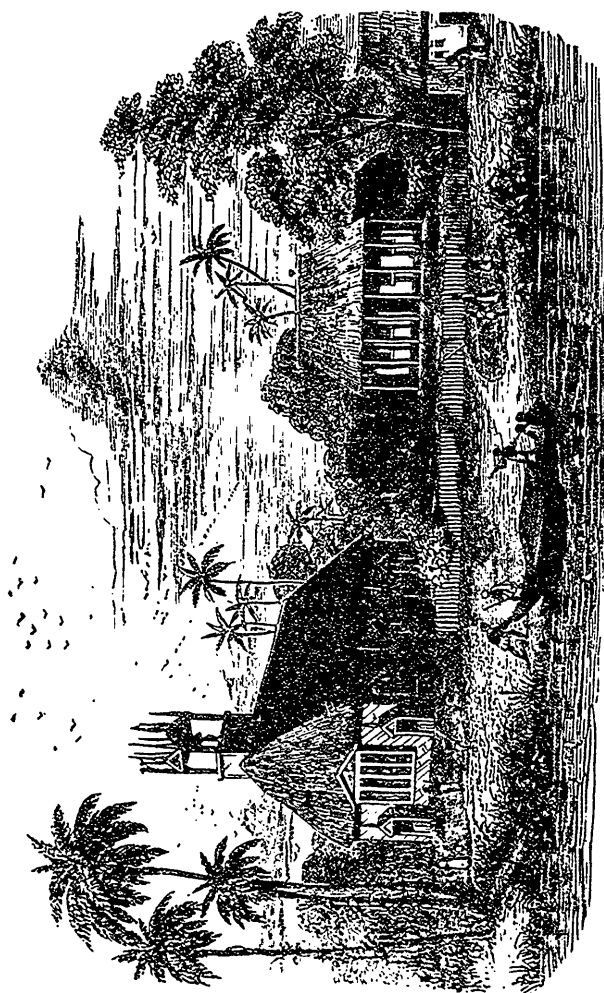
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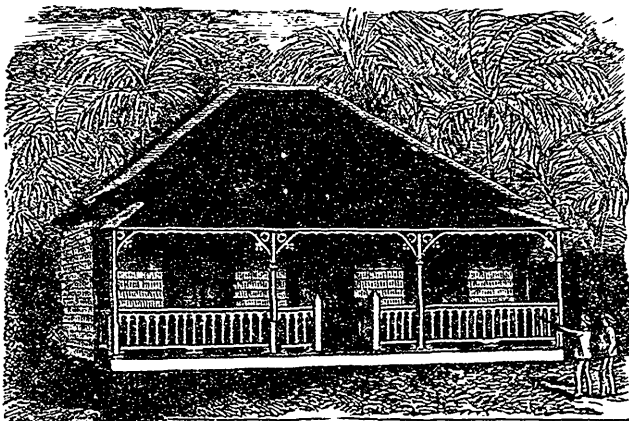
WESLEYAN CHAPEL AND MISSION PREMISES, BAU, FIJI.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN FIJI.

BY THE REV. WM. MOISTER.*

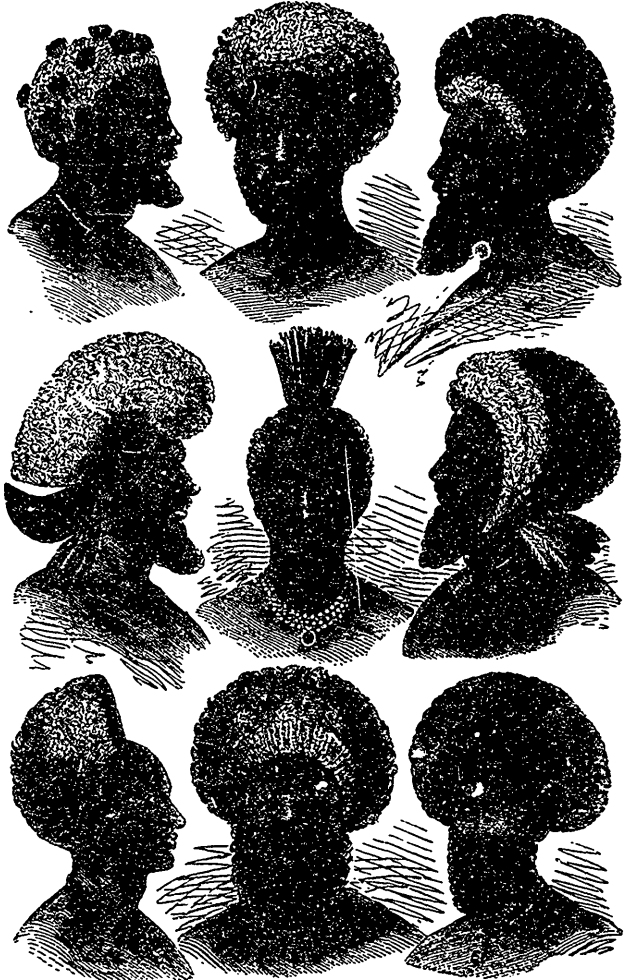


MISSION HOUSE, OVALAN, FIJI.

OW great a matter a little fire kindleth. This saying is strikingly illustrated in the history of Methodist Missions in Fiji. On the 8th of October, 1835, a small band of Wesleyan missionaries and their families, in the schooner *Blackbird*, reached the scene of their future labours, the island of Lakemba, in the Fiji group. As seen from the deck of the schooner, the island appeared to be surrounded by a continuous coral reef. The sea

* Condensed from his "History of Wesleyan Missions."

was comparatively calm; but the roar and foam of the billows, as they broke upon the reef, were terrific; the space inside this barrier seemed capable of affording shelter for the vessel; but no passage to the harbour could be discovered. Leaving their



MODES OF WEARING THE HAIR IN FIJI.

families on board, the missionaries, with hearts uplifted to God in prayer, stepped into the boat, and steered for the shore. As they approached the beach, they saw a number of natives running hither and thither, in apparent confusion; and when they

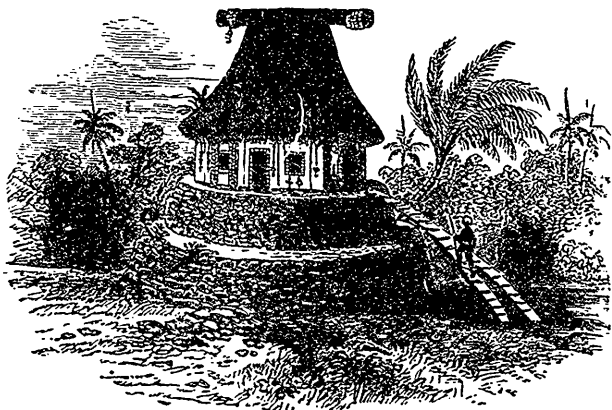
drew near to the landing-place, about two hundred armed men took their station at no great distance from them, in a somewhat suspicious attitude. The appearance of this motley group of naked savages was by no means prepossessing, as with painted faces and hideous looks they grasped their muskets, spears, and clubs, and watched every movement of the strangers. As they stepped on shore, the missionaries expressed their good will to the natives in their own language, a little of which they had already learned; but they received no response to their friendly salutations, and felt somewhat perplexed to know how to proceed. They were at length relieved from their difficulty, on being informed that the King was waiting to see them, and to ascertain the object of their visit to his country.

On being introduced to the King, in the presence of his chiefs and counsellors, the missionaries made known the object of their visit, and were welcomed by the simultaneous clapping of the hands of all the natives present. The King asked many questions, and finally pledged himself to grant to the missionaries a piece of ground to live on; to erect houses for them; to protect them and their families and property from molestation, and to listen to their instructions.

The missionaries were well aware that the apparent cordial reception that had been given to them by the King and people of Lakemba was to be attributed, not to their desire for religious instruction, but to the hope which they entertained that they would derive temporal benefit from their coming and that they would soon become possessed of the goods which they had brought for presents and for barter. They were, therefore, obliged to proceed with extreme caution, knowing that they had to deal with a designing, cruel, and treacherous people. There were instances fresh in the recollection of everybody illustrative of this, an entire ship's crew having been caught off, and the vessel seized, by the unstable and crafty natives not long before, which suggested the necessity of constant vigilance, prayer, and faith on the part of the brethren.

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust, and care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies, and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, that they may be up to the fashion, as may be seen in the engraving on page 386. The Fijians are remarkably observant,

shrewd, and sagacious; and they possess some mental qualities which, when brought under the civilising influences of the Gospel, raise them in our estimation as men and Christians. But when they first attracted the attention of Europeans, and before they became acquainted with the truths of Christianity, they were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity, a description of which would not be fit for the ears of civilised Christian people.



BURE, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, FIJI.

But the most appalling and disgusting feature in the character of the Fijians was their propensity to cannibalism. For a length of time Christian people in England seemed unwilling to believe that human beings could be found anywhere so deeply degraded as literally to devour each other; but undeniable facts have been brought to light which prove that it is even so. Instances of a most shocking and revolting character have been known to occur in New Zealand and other islands, but Fiji has earned for itself the greatest notoriety for this abomination.

An examination of the religious system of the natives of Fiji is attended with considerable difficulty. Their traditional mythology was exceedingly dark, vague, and perplexing. Each island had its own gods, each locality its own superstitions, and almost each individual his own modification of both. A confused idea

of Deity, and a belief in the existence of an invisible superhuman power, controlling all earthly things, were entertained by all classes; but no direct homage appeared to be offered to the Creator of all things. Superstitious reverence was paid to various objects, animate and inanimate, as rivers, mountains, stones, trees, serpents, lizards, and other reptiles, under the vague impression that the spirits of departed chiefs, which appeared to be their principal gods, return to the earth and take up their abode in them. To the honour of these multifarious divinities, they build sacred houses or temples, called *bures*. Nearly every town and village has one such, erected over the grave of a deceased chief, or in some other notable locality; not kept exclusively as a place of worship, but occasionally used as a council chamber, and for other purposes.

On the tenth day after her arrival, the *Blackbird*, having landed the last of the stores, weighed anchor and took her departure, leaving the missionaries and their families strangers in a strange land of heathen darkness. Had their enterprise been of a worldly nature, they might have felt sad and sorrowful at the thought of being left entirely at the mercy of cruel savages, without any means of escape, whatever might happen; but they were engaged in a heavenly undertaking, and could put their trust in God, being happy in their work. By the blessing of God upon the labours of the missionaries, a saving work of grace soon commenced in Lakemba, which resulted in the conversion of a large number of the resident Tongans, as well as in that of a few native Fijians. On the 31st of October, nineteen days after the arrival of the missionaries, a Tongan chief, named Naufahu, and about fifty of his people, who had hitherto been avowed pagans, joined the ranks of professing Christians by forsaking their idols and bowing before Jehovah for the first time.

In the beginning the missionaries found it difficult to procure food for themselves and their dependants. All the pigs on the island had been *tabu*, or prohibited, for more than twelve months, in consequence of the death of a chief, and none might be sold or eaten. Then came a destructive hurricane, which laid waste the whole country, blowing down most of the dwelling-houses, and doing much damage to the fruit-trees and provision grounds. Food now became scarcer than ever, whilst the mission families

were left for a time without a shelter, their frail houses having been levelled with the ground. These discomforts did not discourage them so much as the advantage which the heathen priests attempted to take of passing events, with a view to damage Christianity by representing the hurricane and other



BAU, CAPITAL OF FIJI.

calamities as resulting from the anger of their gods at the presence of the missionaries. In answer to the wily insinuations of the priests, the King, who was still a heathen, shrewdly remarked, " If the missionaries be the object of his resentment, why does

he punish us who have not abandoned his service?" Receiving no satisfactory reply, and not being able to reconcile the conduct with the declaration of the supposed deity, his sable majesty took the liberty of saying that he must be "either a fool or a liar." Other and more permanent dwellings having been provided for the mission families, chiefly by the personal labours of the missionaries themselves, a rude native chapel was constructed from the materials of the demolished houses, which did good service for several years. Thus was a native Christian Church established in Lakemba, which continued to advance in numbers and in intelligence from year to year, whilst the missionaries turned their attention to the neighbouring islands, in many of which the name of Jesus had never yet been heard.

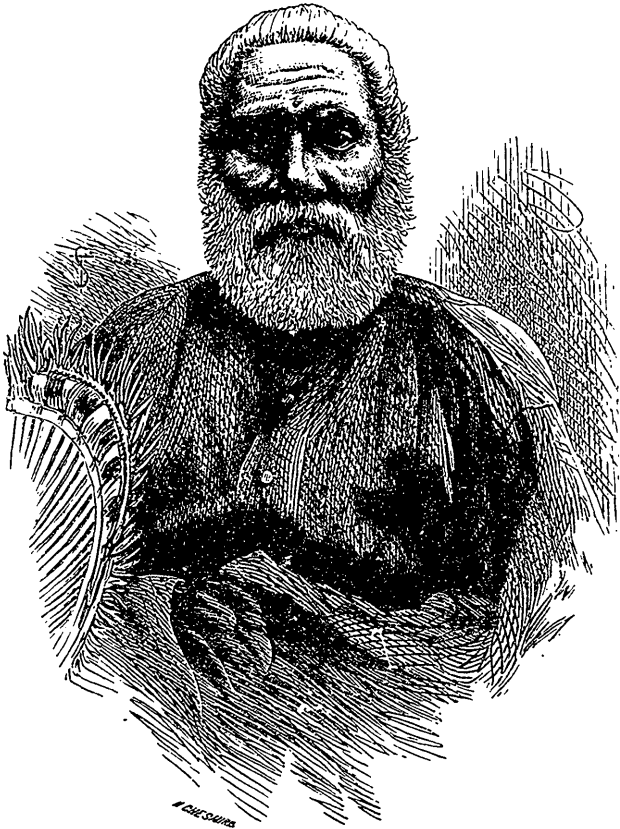
From the commencement of their labours the missionaries did not regard Lakemba as the most important place in Fiji; but they justly looked upon it as the key to the central and larger islands of the group, and as the most appropriate locality for the first station, in consequence of the number of semi-civilized Tongans who had settled there, and to whom they could preach the Gospel in their own tongue. The important task of endeavouring to break up new ground devolved upon Mr. Cross, as the senior missionary; and on the 28th of December, 1837, he embarked with his family for Bau.

Bau is a small island two miles in circumference, a few hundred yards off the mainland of Great Fiji, to which it is joined. It rises somewhat abruptly out of the sea, and is of a conical shape; and being nearly covered with the dwelling-houses and tall temples which composed the large town which bears the same name, it forms one of the most striking objects to be found in the varied scenery of Fiji. It is most inconveniently situated for everything except defence; but being a strong fortress and the most populous town in the group, it has for a long time been regarded as the capital of Fiji, and the centre of political power.

Mr. Cross embarked for the capital under the impression that if the paramount chief or king of Fiji, and his people, could be induced to abandon their idols, the minor chieftains of the land, with their respective clans, might, perhaps, follow their example, and so the whole group would, ere long, come under the power of Christianity. The waging of a cruel native war, however, frustrated this much-desired result. The Society felt warranted

in sending out the Revs. John Hunt, T. J. Jaggard, and James Calvert, with their wives, in 1838. They landed safely at Lakemba, with a printing-press and materials for printing and binding books, etc.

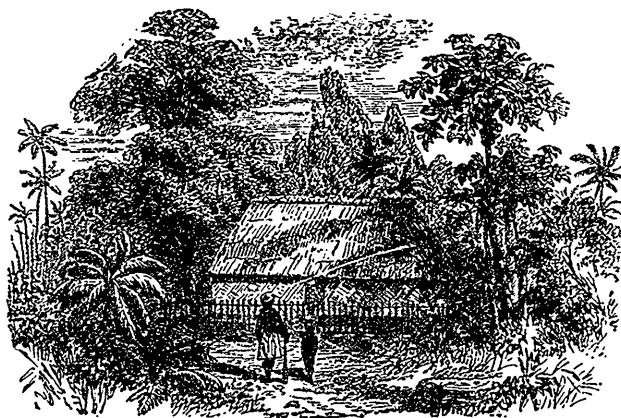
Schools were now formed for the instruction of the young, and preaching was commenced at several towns and villages in



THAKOMBAU, KING OF FIJI.

the neighbourhood of Rewa. It was not without repeated instances of opposition and persecution on the part of the pagan priests and people, sometimes encouraged by those in power, that these zealous labours were at first prosecuted; but the Lord greatly blessed the efforts of His servants, and in a short time one hundred and forty natives avowed themselves the worshippers of Jehovah.

After the reinforcement of the mission, the boundaries of the Rewa Circuit were extended by the addition of a number of out-stations, to which native preachers were appointed; and subsequently, after a desolating war had laid waste the country for several years, both Viwa and Bau were occupied by resident missionaries, and became the centres of important circuits. Thus was Christian truth, from the pulpit, the schools, and the press, brought to bear, with powerful effect, upon a dense mass of heathen people, thousands of whom were induced to relinquish their barbarous habits, and to turn from the worship of dumb idols to serve the true and living God. Many and fierce were the conflicts which the missionaries had to encounter from the prevalence of cannibalism, war, and superstition; and appalling were the scenes of cruelty and of crime which they were compelled to witness; but the Gospel of Christ proved to be



GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS, FIJI.

“the power of God” to the salvation of many precious souls. Perhaps there never was such a struggle between light and darkness, truth and error, Christ and Belial, as that which took place in the course of the Fiji Mission, before Bau, the stronghold of heathenism, yielded to the *lotu*. But the missionaries persevered with a noble moral heroism, and they had their reward in the complete victory with which their efforts were crowned at last.

Various circumstances combined to keep the missionaries out of the capital for several years after they had succeeded in

introducing the Gospel to other places in Fiji. This was the place where there was the largest number of heathen temples, and where the priests exercised the greatest power over both King and people. The country was, moreover, almost constantly embroiled in war. It was to Bau that the bodies of the victims were brought by scores and hundreds, when the savage warriors had vanquished their enemies, or succeeded in surprising a party of unoffending natives, when they wanted to make a cannibal feast for the entertainment of their visitors. There human blood was made to flow most copiously in honour of the demon-gods of Fiji, and there the ovens were kept constantly ready for the disgusting festivals and midnight orgies of a people led captive by the devil at his will. But perhaps the greatest hindrance to the reception of the Gospel at Bau was the vacillating conduct of the ruling powers. The old King Tanoa continued in his heathen state to the last, notwithstanding the many warnings which he received; and at his death, in 1852, five women were strangled to accompany him into the spirit world, in the face of the most faithful remonstrances of the missionaries. His son and successor, whose portrait we give, was convinced of the truth of Christianity long before he yielded to its influence; and it was only after he had suffered numerous reverses and afflictions that he at length bowed his knee to Jehovah. But when he did turn to God, he began at once to use his powerful influence in favour of the truth; and great was the triumph of Christianity in Bau, and in other parts of Fiji, when he yielded to the power of the Gospel.

The devoted missionary, Mr. Cross, at length succumbed to a long illness, and died at his post a witness for the truth. A native house was built over his grave, and beneath the same roof in this land of strangers were interred the remains of two or three little children, who were removed to a better country, while their bereaved and afflicted parents were striving to plant the standard of the cross in this dark benighted land.

In 1853, through the influence of King George, a converted chief of the Friendly Islands, Christianity was introduced into Kandava, a large and important island of the Fiji group, and shortly after a successful mission was established. Soon several native Fiji preachers were employed in the service of the mission. One of the most efficient of these was Daniel Afee, whose por-

trait we give. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and force of character. He is a strong advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor, the bane of his country. Some brandy having been shipped with the private baggage of a passenger on the *John Wesley*, a mission vessel, he protested so vehemently against the pollution of the good ship by the unclean thing that



DANIEL AFEE, NATIVE FIJI MISSIONARY.

its conveyance was thenceforth absolutely forbidden. Daniel was a man of varied talents. He could, with equal ease, teach a school or build a house; preach a sermon or steer a canoe through the surf. He is shown in his working and day-school dress in the portrait.

Old Joel Bulu, whose patriarchal aspect, as shown in the engraving, bespeaks our veneration, was a man of different character. Of saintly piety and singular mildness of disposition, he was the St. John of the Fiji mission, as the energetic and impulsive Afee might be called its St. Peter.



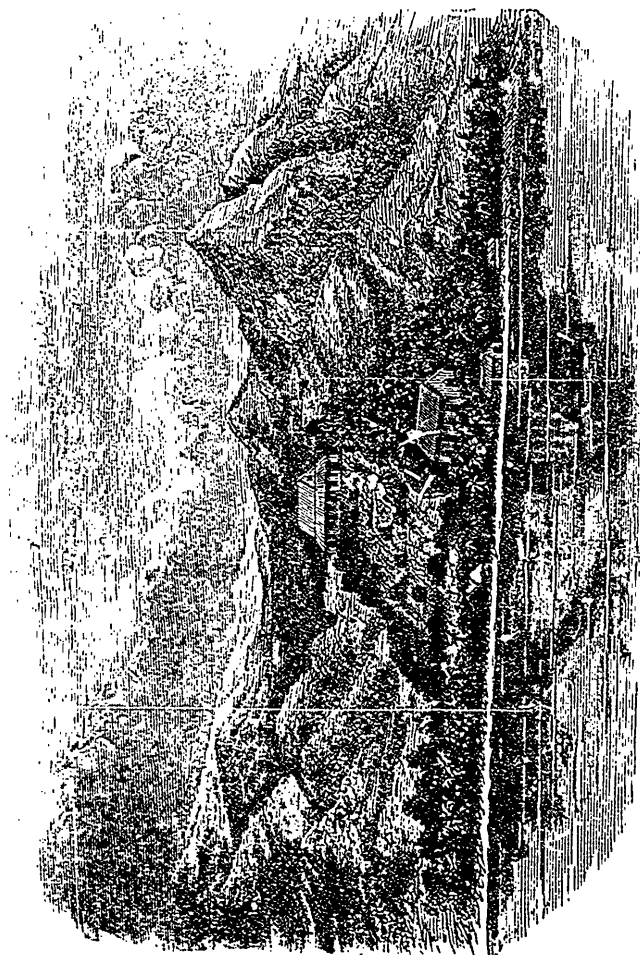
JOEL BULU, NATIVE FIJI MISSIONARY.

The following is a characteristic incident of mission life in Fiji: Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth were left alone with their children at Viwa whilst their husbands were gone to the District Meeting, when a report was brought one day that fourteen women were to be killed and cooked at Bau on the morrow. What could be done? The missionaries had often interceded, with more or less success, for human life. Would it be of any use for their delicate wives to exert their influence to save the

lives of their dark heathen sisters? They resolved to try. A canoe was immediately procured, and the two ladies, with a few natives, jumped into it. They drew near to the blood-stained capital of Fiji, and heard, with trembling hearts, the wild din of the savage cannibals grow louder and louder with the dismal sound of the death-drum, and horrid shrieks, at intervals, told that the dreadful work of murder was begun. Nothing daunted, the noble-minded Englishwomen urged on the boatmen to increase their speed. At length they reached the beach, and, on jumping on shore, they met a chief, who dared to join them, saying, "Make haste! some are dead; but some are alive!" Guarded by an unseen power, the missionaries' wives passed through the savage throng unhurt. They pressed forward to the house of the old King Tanoa, the entrance to which was strictly forbidden to women. With a whale's tooth as a present in each hand, they urged their plea that the remaining lives might be spared, at the footstool of his sable majesty. The old man was startled at the audacity of the fair intruders. His hearing was dull, and the ladies raised their voices higher and yet higher in pleading for mercy. When the King fully understood the nature of their request, he said: "Those who are dead, are dead; but those who are still alive shall live." At that word a messenger was immediately sent to stop the work of murder, and he soon returned to say that five of the women were still alive, the rest of the fourteen having been killed. Having faithfully executed their mission of mercy, the missionaries' wives returned to their homes with mingled feelings of gratitude and sorrow, and with renewed resolutions never to neglect an opportunity of doing good.

More tragical is the following record of missionary martyrdom: The Rev. Mr. Baker and party, which consisted of three native teachers and six young men from the training institution, while on a missionary tour, came in contact with a tribe of savage heathens at a place called Navosa, the chief of which plotted their destruction. They were allowed the use of a hut to lodge in on Saturday night; and, having cooked their supper and united in their evening devotions, they retired to rest. But the noise and confusion which was kept up outside made sleep impossible, and from what they heard they had reason to believe that mischief was intended. This circumstance hastened their departure from the town next morning; but they had not pro-

ceeded more than a hundred yards when they were attacked by a band of armed men, with the chief at their head, and were all murdered in cold blood, with the exception of two of their young men, who escaped as by a miracle, and fled with all possible speed to communicate the mournful intelligence of the sad disaster.



RICHMOND THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, FIJI.

The following is the testimony of a competent witness, the chaplain of H. M. S. *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji missions:—
 “Never was I so much impressed,” he says, “with the power of Divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation at Bau, of over seven hundred; the King, seated in a

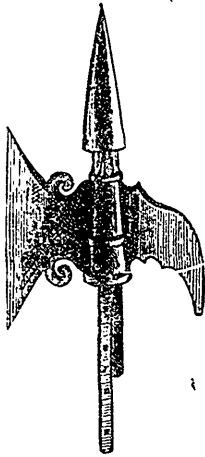
dignified manner in an arm chair, with his large Bible before him; the Queen, the finest specimen of 'the human face divine' that I ever saw, in a conspicuous place among the women; and heard the Gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high, like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose of cooking the victims are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

There are now employed in the Fiji Islands thirteer European and forty-four native missionaries, with upwards of twenty-five thousand Church members and probationers under their pastoral care, while over fifty-one thousand scholars are receiving instruction in the mission-schools. Of subordinate agents there are one English schoolmaster, 839 catechists, 494 local preachers, 2,260 class-leaders; with 105,947 attendants on public worship in 472 chapels and 391 other preaching places.

Special attention is also given to the training of native agents to enable them to take an efficient and larger share in the great work of evangelizing their fellow-countrymen. Besides the training institutions at the head-quarters of each circuit, for several years past an able missionary has been entirely devoted to this important branch of the work at the Richmond Theological Institution, shown in the cut, where between forty and fifty of the choicest young men, selected from all parts of Fiji, are receiving instruction of a higher class; and those who have gone forth from this institution have proved its value.

Considering the deeply degraded state of the people, when the missionaries first arrived at Fiji, and the numerous difficulties with which they have had to contend in the prosecution of their arduous enterprise, the results of their labours are truly astonishing; and they should excite in our hearts feelings of sincere gratitude to Almighty God for what has been already achieved by the power of His Gospel, whilst they encourage us to renewed efforts for the accomplishment of what still remains to be done before the whole of the people can be said to be won for Christ.

MONTREAL, PAST AND PRESENT.*



Old French Halbard, found
at Montreal.

ON the morning of the eighteenth of May, 1642, a small flotilla might have been seen slowly gliding up the rapid current which flows between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal. The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails, flashed from the surface of the rippling river, and lit up the tender green of the early spring foliage on the shores. The dipping of the oars kept time to the chanting of a hymn of praise, which, softened by the distance, floated musically over the waves.

As the foremost and largest vessel approached, there could be distinguished on its deck a small but illustrious group of pioneers of civilization, whose names are forever associated with the founding of the great city which now occupies the populous shores, then clothed with the rank luxuriance of the primeval forest. Conspicuous among these, by his tall figure, close black cassock, wide-brimmed hat, and cross hanging from his girdle, was Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Canada. By his side stood a youthful acolyte bearing a silken banner, floating gently in the morning breeze, on which gleamed in white and gold, upon a purple ground, the image of the Virgin, by whose name the new town, Ville Marie, was to be consecrated.

On the right of the Jesuit Father stood a gallant soldier in the uniform of the Knights of Malta, wearing a scarlet tunic on which was embroidered a purple cross. A velvet cap with a waving plume shaded his broad and handsome brow, and a light rapier completed his equipment. This was Montmagny, the military commandant of Quebec. To the left of the priest stood a taller and more martial-looking figure, wearing a close-fitting buff jerkin, on his head a steel morion, and girt to his waist a broadsword that had seen hard service in the terrible wars of Flanders. This was the valiant Maisonneuve, the first Governor

* For the cuts which illustrate this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal.

more formidable enemies than you anticipate. But if you are attacked I cannot assist you. My little garrison must not be weakened by division. Had you remained at Ile d'Orleans I would willingly give you any help in my power."

"We will trust, Sir Knight," he proudly answered, "to our good swords and the protection of the Virgin; and the greater the danger may be, the greater will be the glory and the more acceptable the service."

Montmagny now accompanied the expedition as the representative of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to formally transfer the island to Maisonneuve, the representative of the Associates of Montreal.

Nor was women's gentle presence wanting to this romantic group. A somewhat *petite* figure in dark conventual dress and snowy wimple, which only made more striking the deathly pallor of her countenance, was she to whom the greatest respect seemed to be paid. Her large dark eyes lit up her countenance with a strange light, and revealed the enthusiasm burning in her breast, which longed to carry the Gospel even to the remote and inaccessible wilds of the Hurons. This was the devout widow, Madame de la Peltrie, a daughter of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who, having abandoned wealth and courtly friends, had come the previous year to Quebec, and gladly joined the new colony now about to be established. A lay sister, Mademoiselle Mance by name, a soldier's wife, and a servant of Madame de la Peltrie, completed the little female group.

A miscellaneous company of soldiers, sailors, artizans, and labourers, about forty in all, filled the three little vessels which, freighted with the fortunes of the infant colony, now approached the strand. As the keel of the pinnace, which was foremost, grated on the pebbly beach, Maisonneuve, seizing the consecrated banner, lightly leaped ashore, and firmly planting it in the earth, fell upon his knees in glad thanksgiving. Montmagny, Vimont, and the ladies followed, and the whole company engaging in a devout act of worship, chanted with gladsome voice the sublime mediæval hymn :

Vexilla Regis prodeunt ;

Fulget crucis mysterium.

The banners of heavens' King advance ;

The mystery of the cross shines forth.

The shore is soon strewn with stores, bales, boxes, arms, and baggage of every sort. An altar is speedily erected and decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers that studded the grassy margin of a neighbouring stream. The sacred vessels are exposed. Vimont, arrayed in the rich vestments of his office, stands before



MONTREAL FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, IN 1803, SHOWING THE OLD WALLS.

the altar, and, while the congregation in silence fall upon their knees, celebrates for the first time, amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature, the rites of the Roman Catholic faith.

At the closing of the service the priest invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colony. With a voice tremulous with

emotion, turning to his audience he exclaimed, as with prophetic prescience :

“ You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land.”*

No mention is made in the contemporary records of the Jesuits of the Indian village of Hochelaga, described by Jacques Cartier as occupying the site of Montreal a hundred years before. It had, doubtless, been destroyed by Iroquois invasion. The noble stream which bears to-day on its broad bosom the shipping of the world was undisturbed but by the splash of the wild fowl, or the dash of the Indian's light canoe. The mountain which gives to the city its name, shagged with ancient woods to the very top, looked down on the unwonted scene. The river front, which now bristles with a forest of masts, was a solitude. Where is daily heard the shriek of the iron horse, peacefully grazed the timid red deer of the woods ; where now spread the broad squares, the busy streets, the stately churches, colleges, stores and dwellings of a crowded population, rose the forest primeval where—

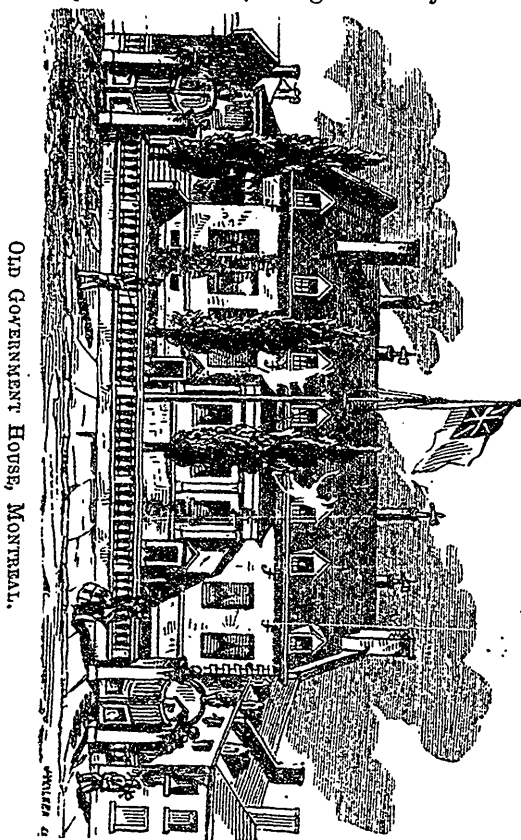
“ . . . the murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.”

The lengthening shadows crept across the little meadow of the encampment. The fireflies gleamed in the gathering gloom of the adjacent forest. It is narrated that the ladies caught them, and, tying them in glittering festoons, decorated therewith the altar on which the Host remained exposed. The tents were pitched. The evening meal was cooked at the bivouac fires ; the guards were stationed ; and, clad in silver mail, the sentinel stars came out to watch over the cradle slumbers of Ville-Marie de Montreal.

With the early dawn the little colony was astir. There was hard work to be done before the settlement could be regarded as at all safe. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty Iroquois infested the forests and watched the portages, sometimes even swooping

* Vimont, *Relation des Jésuites*, 1642, p. 37. Dollier de Casson, A.D. 1641-42.

down on the Algonquin or Huron allies of the French, under the very guns of Quebec. The first thing that was to be done, therefore, was to erect fortifications. But every undertaking must be hallowed by the rites of religion, and so morning mass was celebrated, while the mayflowers swung their odorous censers, and the dewdrops flashed for altar lights. Prayers and breakfast



over, the men all fell to work with zeal. Seizing an axe, and wielding it as dexterously as he had often wielded his good sword on many a hard-fought field, Maisonneuve felled the first tree. As it came crashing down, shaking a shower of dewdrops from its leaves, and waking unwonted echoes in the immemorial forest, the ladies gaily clapped their hands, and the bronzed Norman and Breton soldiers and workmen raised a ringing cheer.

Fast and hard came the blows. One after another the mighty

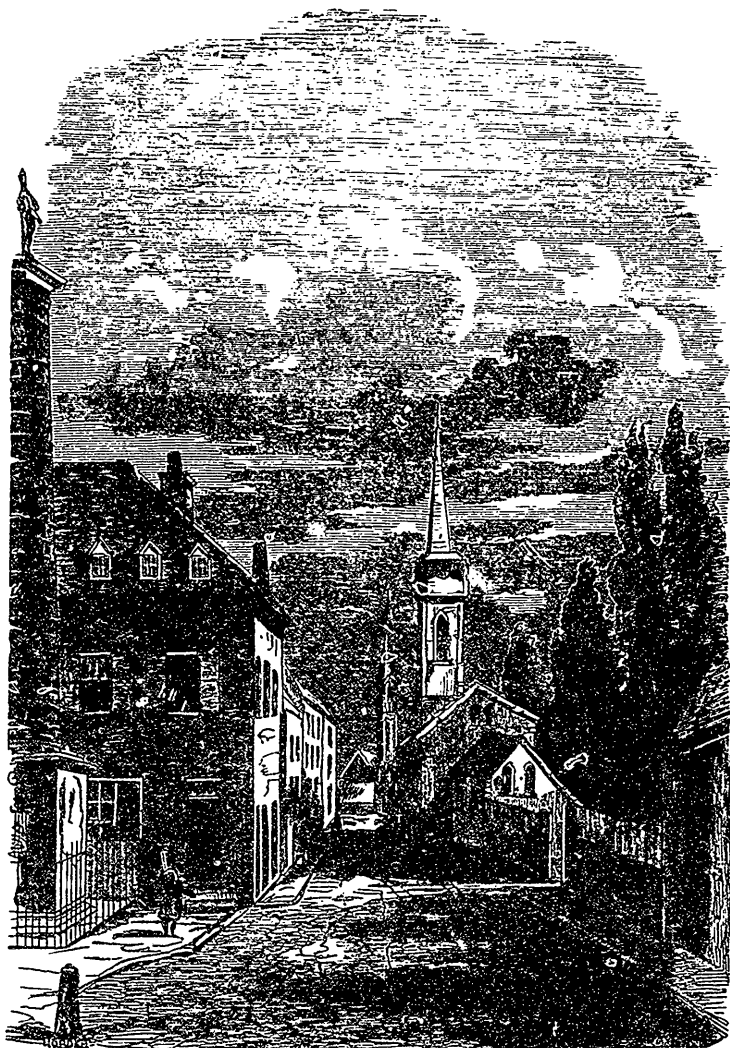
monarchs of the forest bowed and fell. Some trimmed the fallen trunks; others cut them into uniform lengths. Maison-neuve, assisted by Montmagny and Vimont, traced the outline of a little fort, and, with spade and mattock, with his own hands took part in the excavation of a trench without the lines. It revived, in the classic mind of Vimont, the traditions of the founding of the storied City of the Seven Hills. But here his prescient vision beheld the founding of a new Rome, a mother city of the Catholic faith, which should nourish and bring up children in the wilderness, extending its power over savage races, and its protection to far-off missions.

In a short time a strong palisade was erected, surrounding a spot of ground situated in a meadow, between the river and the present Place d'Armes, where the vast Parish Church lifts its lofty towers above the city nestling at its feet. The little fort was daily strengthened, a few cannon mounted, and loop-holes made for musketry.

The deadly Iroquois, through the grace of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the colonists believed, had been prevented from discovering the new settlement in its first weakness, and now it was strong enough to resist any sudden attack. A tabernacle or chapel of bark, after the manner of the Huron lodges, already sheltered the altar. It was decorated with a few pictures and images of Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints, brought across the sea. Substantial log-cabins were also erected for the Governor and the nuns, and barracks for the soldiers and labourers.

The 15th of August was a high day at the Ville Marie. It was the anniversary of the Assumption of the Virgin. High mass was celebrated with unusual splendour in the bark chapel, to the astonishment of some Indian visitors who chanced to be present, and who were publicly instructed in the elements of Christianity. A religious procession also took place, to the infinite delight of the Indians, who were permitted to take part in the ceremony. In the afternoon the colonists kept holiday, amid the forest glades, where the songs of the many-plumaged birds, and the strangely familiar wild flowers, recalled tender associations of their native land across the sea. In the evening, writes the ancient chronicler, they climbed the moun-

tain and beheld the sun set in golden glory over the silver-shining Ottawa and the tender purple outline of the far slopes of Mount Beaucéil, till the shadows lengthening across the plain



NOTRE DAME STREET IN 1804.

and covering the little stockaded fort, warned them to return to its sheltering fold.

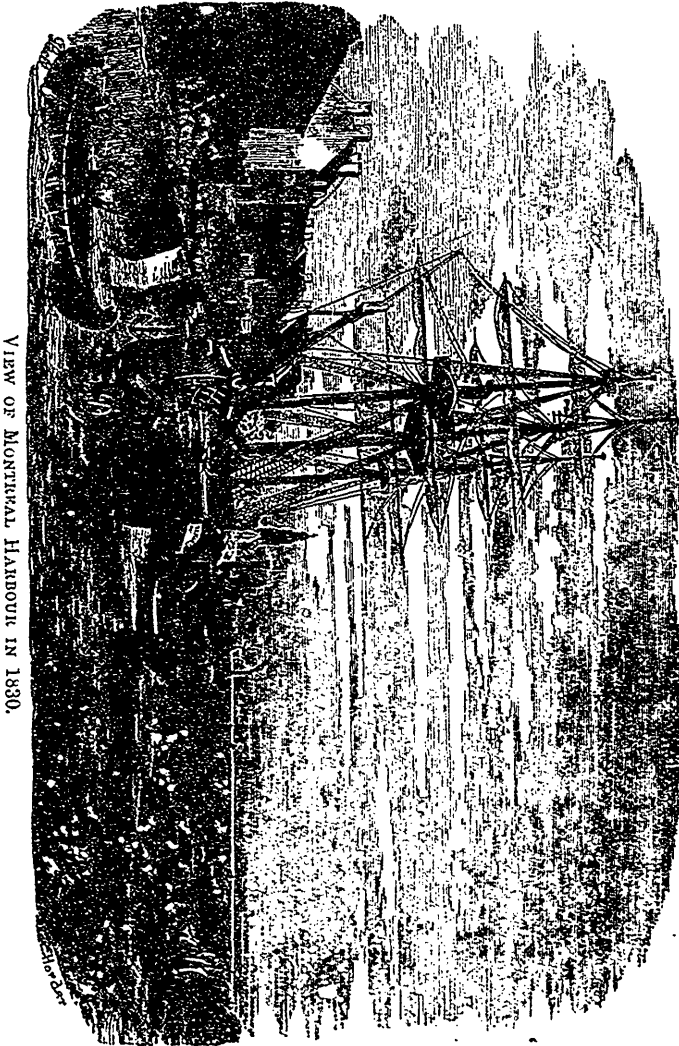
The short and busy summer passed happily. The harvest of

their meagre acres were gathered in. The little patch of late-sown wheat and barley had greened and goldened in the sunshine and been carefully reaped. The Indian corn had proudly waved its plumes, put forth its silken tassels, and now shivered like a guilty thing at the faintest breath of wind. The mountain slopes had changed from green to russet, from russet to crimson, purple, orange, and yellow, and had flamed like the funeral pyre of summer in the golden haze of autumn. The long-continued rains had swollen the rushing river, which, overflowing its banks, threatened to wash away the stockade and destroy the ramparts of the little fort. It was Christmas Eve. The peril of the colonists seemed imminent. They must suffer greatly, and perhaps be exterminated if left houseless and undefended at the very beginning of winter. They had recourse to prayer, but it seemed all in vain. At length Maisonneuve, moved, as he believed, by a Divine inspiration, planted a cross in front of the fort, and made a vow that should the rising flood be stayed he would himself bear on his shoulders a similar cross up the steep and rugged mountain, and plant it on the top. But still the waves increase. They fill the fosse. They rise to the very threshold of the fort. They strike blow on blow at its foundations. But the heart of Maisonneuve bates not a jot of faith and hope; and lo! the waves no longer advance, they lap more feebly at the foot of the fort, they slowly retire, baffled and defeated, as the colonists believe, by the power of prayer.*

Maisonneuve hastes to fulfil his vow. He immediately sets men to work, some to prepare a road through the forest and up the most accessible slope of the mountain; others to construct a cross. It is the sixth of January, with "an eager and a nipping air," but with a bright sun shining on the unsullied snow. The little garrison is paraded. Père du Perron leads the way, Madame de la Peltrie follows, and is succeeded by the entire population of the little bourg. Maisonneuve brings up the rear, bending beneath his heavy cross. The strange procession moves through the wintry forest, and up the mountain slope, now embellished with noble villas, some distance to the west of the reservoir.

* "On les voyoit rouler de grosses vagues, coup sur coup, remplir les fosses et monter jusques à la porte de l'habitation, et sembler devoir engloutir tout sans ressource. . . . Le dit sieur de Maisonneuve ne perd pas courage, espere voir bientôt l'effet de sa priere," etc. Vimont, *Relation des Jésuites*, 1643, p. 52.

Refusing all help, the pious commandant walks the entire distance, a full league, bearing his burden and climbing with difficulty the steep ascent, and plants the cross upon the highest summit of the mountain. That cross long stood upon the moun-



VIEW OF MONTREAL HARBOUR IN 1830.

tain's brow, clearly outlined against the sky, a memorial of the signal favour and interposition of heaven. It became an object of devout pilgrimage, and frequently a group of nearly a score knelt at its foot.

In August, 1643, the little colony was reinforced by a company of recruits from France, under the command of Louis d'Ailleboust, afterwards Governor of Montreal, accompanied by his youthful wife and her beautiful sister, Philippine Boulonge. Under d'Ailleboust's experienced direction the fortifications were greatly strengthened, the wooden palisades being replaced by solid bastions and ramparts of stone and earth. But continued immunity from Iroquois attacks was not to be expected. The mission fortalice amid the forest was at length discovered, and thenceforth became the object of implacable hostility. The colonists could no longer hunt or fish at a distance from its walls, nor even work in the fields under cover of its guns unless strongly armed and in a compact and numerous body. Sometimes a single Iroquois warrior would lurk, half-starved, for weeks in the neighbouring thicket for the opportunity to win a French or Huron scalp. And sometimes a large party would form an ambuscade, or throw up a hasty entrenchment, from which they would harass the colonists, who walked in the shadow of a perpetual dread. Maisonneuve, though brave as a lion, was no less prudent than brave. Instead, therefore, of exposing his little garrison, unaccustomed to the wiles and artifices of wood-warfare, to a defeat which would prove ruinous, he stood strictly on the defensive. The hot Norman and Breton blood of the soldier-colonists chafed under this, as they thought it, cowardly policy. Mutinous murmurs, and inuendoes that sting to the quick the soldier's pride, became rife, and at length reached the ears of Maisonneuve.

"The gallant chevalier, is he *afraid* of the redskins?" sneeringly asks an impetuous Frenchman.

"If he were not would he let the dogs act as scouts and sentinels, and keep behind the ramparts himself?" replies his comrade, referring to the practice of employing sagacious watchdogs, who had a great antipathy towards the Indians, to give the alarm in case of an incursion of the Iroquois.

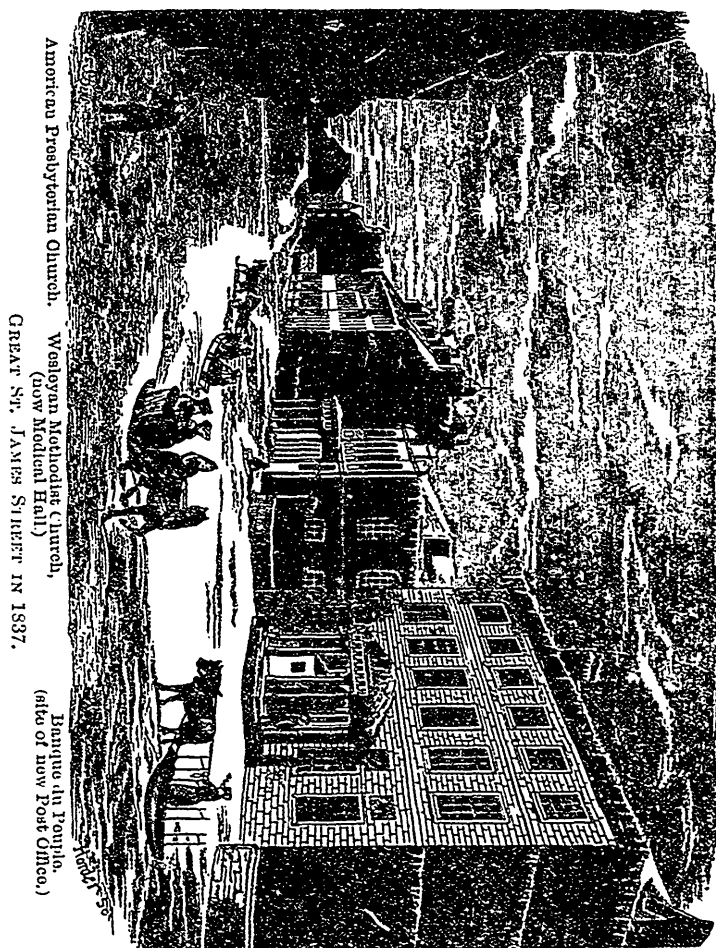
One day, toward the end of the winter of 1643-44, the baying of the hounds gave warning of the presence of the enemy.

"Sir, the Iroquois are in the woods; are we never to see them?" demanded the impatient garrison, surrounding the commandant.*

* "Monsieur, les ennemis sent dans le bois; ne les irons-nous jamais voir?" etc. DeCasson, 1642-43.

"Yes, you *shall* see them," he promptly replied, "and that, perhaps, sooner than you wish. See that you make good your vaults. Follow where I lead."

At the head of a little band of thirty men, some on snowshoes and others floundering through the deep snow, Maison-



American Presbyterian Church.

Wesleyan Methodist Church,

(now Medical Hall)

GREAT ST. JAMES STREET IN 1837.

Banque de l'Ontario,
(site of now Post Office.)

neuve sallied forth against the Iroquois. The enemy were nowhere to be seen. The rash sortie pushed on. Suddenly the air rang with the shrill war-whoop, and thrice their number of painted savages sprang up around them, and poured into their unprotected ranks a storm of arrows and bullets. The Indians,

sheltered behind the trunks of the trees, kept up a rapid and galling fire. The French made a gallant stand, but with three of their number slain, others wounded, and two captured, they were compelled to retreat. Maisonneuve was the last to retire. He bravely stood covering the retreat of his shattered forces, exposing his person as a target for the Indian arrows and bullets. In single-handed conflict he slew the chief of the Iroquois. The savages, like a tiger disappointed in his spring upon his prey, sullenly drew off into the forest and wreaked their rage upon their two hapless prisoners, whom they tortured with unspeakable cruelty and then burned alive.* This sharp action took place a little east of the present Place d'Armes, whose name is an appropriate commemoration of the gallantry of the first garrison of Montreal. No further taunts, as we can well believe, were uttered against the tried valour of the Sieur de Maisonneuve.

It is not within the scope of the present sketch to describe the progress of Ville Marie, nor to trace its fortunes during the eventful years of its early history. Not a year and scarce a month passed in which the ferocious hunters of men did not swoop down upon the little bourg † In the disastrous year 1661 the colony lost in less than a month over a hundred men, two-thirds of whom were Frenchmen and the rest Algonquins, by the attacks of the Iroquois. The whole country was completely devoured by them. ‡ Like foul harpies or beasts of prey, they pounced upon their victims and carried off both men and women to unspeakable tortures. One of these fierce chiefs, a savage Nero, so named for his cruelty and crimes, had caused the immolation of eighty men to the manes of his brother slain in war, and had killed sixty others with his own hand.

In September of the same year, 1661, Père le Maître accompanied eight men who went out to reap the grain near the fort. Retiring a little, in order more peaceably to recite his office, he was suddenly shot down by concealed Iroquois. A swift rush and a struggle, and his companions were fugitives or slain. His

* "Deux emmemés prisonniers furent bruslez tous vifs pendant quatre iours avec des cruantez espouvantables." Vimont, *Relations*, 1644, 42.

† "Il ne s'est passe aucun mois de l'année que ces chasseurs ne nous ayent visités a la sourdine tachans de nous surprendre." Mercier, *Relation*, 1653-4.

‡ "Cette Isle s'est tousiours vue gourmandée de ces lutins. comme des harpies importune ou comme des oiseaux de proye," etc. Le Jeune, *Relation*, 1661, 3.

enemies cut off his head, and one of them assuming his cassock, flaunted his precious spoil in the very face of the garrison.*

Nevertheless, notwithstanding all their trials, the hearts of the



MONTREAL FROM ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

colonists were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm. Nor were they without signal deliverances, when, they believed, angelic bucklers

* "Lay couperent la teste, et oterent la soutane, marchant pompeusement couvert de cette précieuse dépouille." *Le Jeune, Relation, 1661, 3.*

turned aside the weapons of their foes and blunted the death-dealing arrow. Thus, on one occasion, it was in the year 1653, twenty-six Frenchmen were attacked by two hundred Iroquois. But, amid a perfect shower of bullets, not one of the French was harmed, while they were enabled utterly to rout their foe, God wishing to show, the chronicler devoutly adds, that whom He guards is guarded well.*

The latter history of Montreal is better known. Strong walls and entrenchments were constructed which not only bade defiance to savage but to civilized foes. The remains of these may still be seen in the walls of the old artillery barracks on the river front, and their northern limit gave its name to the present Fortification Lane. The *arx* or citadel of this semi-feudal fortress of New France was on the elevated ground where Notre Dame becomes St. Mary Street, and in the low-roofed, stone-walled old Government House near by we have a relic of the *ancien régime*, the scene of many a splendid display of princely hospitality.

The old Bonsecours Church, with its steep roof, its graceful spire, and the hucksters' stalls clustering around it, like mendicants about the feet of a priest, carries us back to one of the most picturesque periods of the city's history. In the destruction of the Recollet Church another ancient landmark has disappeared, and only in the pages of history lives the memory of the romantic founding and early growth of Ville Marie, and of the heroic men and women whose names are interwoven forever like threads of gold in the fabric of its story.

CHRIST.

HE is a path, if any be misled ;
 He is a robe, if any naked be ;
 If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
 If any be a bondman, He is free ;
 To dead men, life He is ; to sick men, health ;
 To blind men, sight ; and to the needy, wealth ;
 A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

* "Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé." Mercier, *Relation*, 1653, 3.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

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

CHAPTER XXI.—CLOSING SCENES.

AFTER the stubborn and sanguinary battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, the Niagara frontier had exemption from invasion; and a sort of armed truce prevailed to the end of the war. It was long, however, before the exasperation of feeling excited on either side by the unhappy conflict had died away. Now, thank God, the ameliorating influence of time, of commercial intercourse, and, let us hope, of Christian amity, has almost entirely obliterated the bitter memories of that unnatural strife. A continual exchange of international courtesies and friendly amenities, marks the intercourse of the kindred peoples who dwell upon opposite sides of the Niagara River. At the narrowest part of that river, two miles below the Falls, it is now spanned by the fairy-like railway Suspension Bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave Old England, the great mother of nations. As the deep and gloomy gorge beneath that bridge, with its wrathful and tumultuous torrent, seemed to forbid all intercourse between its opposite banks, so, unhappily, a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the late Treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood for ever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era told by the poet and seer,

“ When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world !”

While musing on this theme, the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will devoutly join :

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long withstood ;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now, in that firm gage
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true alway :
Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
That would one fibre of that fabric harm !

Neville Trueman held on the even tenor of his way, through the period during which the tide of war was ebbing away on the Atlantic coast and on the lower Mississippi. Notwithstanding the tried and true character of his loyalty, he was not free from ungenerous and unjust aspersions by those prejudiced and bigoted against his American birth. He had, however, one friend who never swerved from her generous admiration of his character and respect for his conduct. Katharine Drayton never failed to defend both the one and the other when unkindly criticised in her presence. Yet to himself she was, while uniformly kind and courteous, yet unusually reserved in the expression of her personal feelings. The words of high appreciation which were spoken in his defence to others, and which would to him have been a guerdon compensating a hundredfold all his trials and troubles, were to him unuttered. A sense of maiden modesty, if not a deeper and tenderer feeling, sealed her lips and made her, on this subject, dumb in his presence.

If the enthusiastic friendship of her brother could have made amends for this reserve Neville had, indeed, ample compensation. Nevertheless a sense of loneliness and isolation were at times oppressively felt by the young man. Almost unconsciously to himself the character and person of Katharine Drayton had

become to him very dear. They occupied much of his thought, and mingled even with his morning and evening orisons. Yet he sedulously avoided giving expression, even to himself, to his desires and aspirations. The sad uncertainties of the times forbade the thought of marrying or giving in marriage. His own anomalous position as having, apparently, an allegiance divided between the two countries unhappily at war, was also felt to be a great embarrassment in all his personal relations. Above all he was not without the apprehension that the heart of Katharine Drayton might have been won by the brave soldier whose untimely death she deplored with a sorrow deep and unfeigned. Her lacerated affections he felt to be too tender and too sacred a subject to be lightly approached. Moreover, what had he, a poor Methodist itinerant, without a home, without a country, dependent for his daily food and nightly shelter upon the Providence of God and the generosity of an alien people, themselves impoverished by a long and cruel conflict with his own countrymen, to offer in exchange for her love! For himself he had no fears, no forebodings for the future, no feeling of humiliation in accepting the generous hospitality of his kind congregations. But, he questioned, how could he ask the delicately-nurtured Katharine Drayton, the heiress of many acres, whose lightest wish had been gladly gratified by loving hands,—how could he ask her to leave the sheltering roof and cheerful hearth, where she reigned a queen, to share the privations, discomforts, and it might be poverty, of his migratory existence? The question smote with appalling emphasis upon his heart. So he continued to nourish in his soul a vague hope, menaced by a vague fear that sorely tried his courage and his faith.

Meanwhile the fratricidal strife between the kindred nations came to an end—never, let us hope, while the world stands, to be renewed. The Treaty of Paris brought repose to the two war-wearied people. The Angel of Peace waved her branch of olive over the ravaged fields and desolated homes, and the kindly hand of Nature veiled with her gentle ministries the devastations of war. One evening, in the leafy month of June, shortly after the tidings of the peace had arrived, Neville Trueman was walking with Miss Drayton on the banks of the noble river where, three years before, he had gazed upon the summer sunset and sung the song of Jerusalem the Golden.

They had been on a visit of charity to a sick member of Neville's flock, and were now returning through the after-glow of a golden sunset. The breath of the peach and apple blossoms filled the air with fragrance, and their pink and white bloom clothed the orchard trees with beauty. Swift swallows clove with their scythe-like wings the sky, and skimmed the surface of the dimpling wave, and the whip-poor-will's plaint of tender melancholy was borne faintly on the breeze. At a point of vantage commanding a broad view of the river, which, wimpling and dimpling in its beauty, flowed, a sapphire set in emerald, between its verdurous banks, Kate stood to gaze upon the lovely scene—fair as the storied Bay of Naples or the far-famed Riviera of Genoa.

"It was here," she said, as she gazed wistfully at the setting sun, "that I had my last conversation with Captain Villiers, and an eventful conversation it was," and a tear glistened in her eyes as she remembered his parting words.

Neville listened in an embarrassed manner. He thought that she referred to a declaration of his passion, so knowing not what reply to make he kept silent.

"I believe," continued Kate, "that that conversation had a very important influence, under God, on his destiny."

"His life," said Neville, "was unfortunately too short for him to enjoy his happiness."

"True," replied Kate; "but all the sooner he reached its consummation."

"How do you mean? I do not understand," said Neville, in a bewildered manner. "You would have been married had he lived."

"Married! Who spoke of marriage?" exclaimed Kate, flushing rosy red over brow and cheek, as she turned with an air and tone of surprise to her companion.

"Pardon me, I thought you were engaged," said Neville. "I have grounds to know that he cherished a deep devotion for you."

"He never declared it, then," replied Kate; "and I am glad he did not. I had a great esteem and respect for Captain Villiers, but I could not have given him my hand."

"Could not!" exclaimed Neville, in a dazed sort of manner.

"Then I have been under a great mistake," and he walked on for a few minutes in silence.

"Miss Drayton," he said, after a pause, impelled by a sudden impulse and determined to know his fate, "I have long honoured and revered your character and person. This feeling has grown into a deep and ardent affection. Dare I hope that it is reciprocated? May I ask you to share the trials and, thank God, the triumphs of a Methodist preacher's life?" and he clasped her hand earnestly.

"Mr. Trueman," she faltered—but she withdrew not her hand—then, in a tenderer tone, "Neville, let me say, my heart has long been yours. Did you not know it? I fear not the trials if I may share the joys of service for the Master by your side," and she frankly placed her other hand in his.

Soft as fall the dews at even fell the holy kiss that sealed the plighted vows of these two young and loving hearts. Long they sat there on a mossy trunk beside the river's brink, in the golden twilight, beguiling the flying moments with sacred lovers' talk—to which it were sacrilege to listen and a crime to coldly report. At length, in the soft light of the crescent moon, they sauntered, she leaning confidently upon his arm, slowly up the garden alley between the sweet June roses, breathing forth their souls in fragrance on the summer air.

Plucking a rich red rose, Neville placed it in her hair, saying, "So may the immortal roses that the angel brought to St. Cecilia—the virtues and the graces of the bride of Christ—bloom forever in your garland of beauty and crown of rejoicing."

Then she, glowing with fairer loveliness beneath his fond caress, plucked a white rose from its stem and fastened it upon his breast with the words, "So, O beloved, wear thou the white flower of a blameless life, breathing the fragrance of purity and holiness throughout the world."

Arm in arm the lovers passed on to the house and into the presence of the squire, who sat beneath the grape vine of the broad piazza, enjoying his evening pipe.

"Squire Drayton," said Neville, in a tone of manly confidence, "I have come to ask your daughter's hand in marriage," and he put his arm protectingly around her, as she stood blushing at his side.

"Well, young man," said the old gentleman, taking his long

“churchwarden” pipe from his mouth, “you ask that as coolly as though girls like Kate grew as plentifully as the grape clusters on this vine. There’s not a man living good enough for my Kate—I’d have you know.”

“I quite agree with you in that, squire,” said the young man. “So much the greater my prize in winning her affection.”

“I believe you have, my lad,” said the old man, relenting, and then went on with a good deal of natural pathos, “An old thorn like me can’t expect to keep such a sweet rose ungathered on its stem. Take her, Neville. Love and cherish her as you would have God be good to you. Kiss me, Kate. You must still keep room in your heart for your poor old father. You have been my greatest solace since your mother died. Be as good a wife as you have been a daughter, and God’s blessing on you both.”

Kate flung her arms around her father’s neck and covered his brow and cheek with kisses. And Neville, taking his hand, said solemnly, “God do so to me and more also, if I cherish not your daughter as my life; if I cherish her not as Christ loved His Bride the Church, and gave Himself for it.”

“I have one regret,” said Neville, sometime afterward, when Kate had gone out of the room, “and that is, that I have not brighter worldly prospects and more assured support to offer Kate.”

“The time has been, my son,” said the squire, adopting him at once into the family, “when I would have thought so too; when I would have sought, as conditions for her future,—position, wealth, and ease. But I have lived to see that these are not the great essentials of life, that these alone cannot give happiness. With true love and God’s blessing you can never be poor. Without these, though you roll in riches, you are poor indeed. Not but that it would grieve me to see Kate want, as many a preacher’s wife whom I have known has wanted. But by God’s goodness I am able to secure her against that, and to do so shall be the greatest pleasure of my life.”

“I accept on her behalf your generous offer,” replied Neville, “but with this condition, that your bounty shall be settled exclusively on her. No man shall say that I married your daughter for anything but herself.”

“I dare say you are right,” said the squire. “Better get a

fortune in a wife than with a wife. Often when a wife brings a fortune she spends a fortune."

"I would never submit," remarked Neville, "to the humiliation of being a pensioner upon a wife's bounty. My self-respect demands that, as the head of the house, I be able to depend on myself alone."

"You must not push your principles too far," interrupted the squire. "A husband and wife should have one purse, one purpose, common interests, perfect mutual confidence, and, above all, no secrets from each other."

In such sage counsels and confidences the evening, fraught with such eventful consequences to the household of The Holms and to the hero of our little story, passed away.

A few weeks later, shortly after the Conference by which Neville was appointed to the superintendence of a circuit in the western part of Canada, his marriage took place. The Holms for days before was a ferment of excitement with the baking of cakes and pastry and confections of every kind and degree, including the construction of a three-story iced wedding-cake, on which the skill of Kate herself, as mistress of ceremonies, was exhausted. The best parlour too was a scene of unwonted anarchy under the distracting reign of the village dressmaker constructing the bridal trousseau. Billows of tulle, illusion, lace, and other feminine finery, which the male mind cannot be expected to understand, far less to describe, foamed over tables, chairs, and floor. The result of all this confusion was apparent on the morning of the happy day, in the sumptuous wedding-breakfast that covered the ample board, set out with the best plate and china, and, above all, in as fair a vision of bridal beauty as ever gladdened the heart of youthful bridegroom.

Good Elder Ryan travelled many miles to perform the wedding service. Merry were his laugh and jest and wit and playful badinage, for the early Methodist preachers were no stern ascetics or grim anchorites. Like their Master, who graced the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee with His presence, they could rejoice with those that did rejoice, as well as weep with those that wept. Long was the prayer he uttered, but to the youthful happy pair it seemed not so, for in their hearts they prayed with him,* and solemnly dedicated themselves to the new life of

* See Longfellow's "River Charles."

consecrated usefulness that invited them forward to sweet ministries of mercy and of grace in the service of the Master.

The squire looked rubicund and patriarchal, with his broad physique and snow-white hair. He wore, in honour of the occasion, his coat of brightest blue, with large gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat and an ample ruffled shirt-bosom and frilled sleeves. His manner was a singular blending of paternal joy and pride in the beauty and happiness of the fair Katharine, and of wistful tenderness and regret at the loss of her gladsome presence from his home.

Zenas was jubilant and boisterous, full of quips and pranks, overflowing with fun, like a boy let loose from school. He evidently felt, not that he was losing a sister, but that he was gaining a brother who was already knit to his soul by bonds of friendship strong as those between Jonathan and David—between Damon and Pythias.

Our old friends, Tom Loker and Sandy McKay, also, in accordance with early colonial etiquette, graced the occasion with their presence, and added their honest and heartfelt congratulations to those which greeted the happy pair. And never was there happier pair than that which rode away in the wedding-coach to their new home on the forest mission of the western wilds of Canada. Not much of this world's goods had they, but they were rich in love, and hope, and faith, compared with which all earthly riches are but dross.

The old house at The Holms seemed very lone and desolate, now that its fair mistress had departed. The squire missed her much, and, in his loneliness and isolation, turned more and more toward those religious consolations which had been the inspiration of the life of his wife and daughter, and, there is ground to hope, found that solace which can be found nowhere else.

He sought a diversion from his solitude in frequent visits to the village parsonage, where Katharine reigned in her small home-kingdom with blooming matron dignity. Nor were these visits unprofitable to the larder, if we might judge from the stout hampers which went full and returned empty. But a still greater joy was the visit of Katharine to the old homestead at Christmas-time; and at midsummer, when Neville was absent at Conference. The old man never enjoyed his pipe so much as when it was filled and lighted by the deft fingers of his fair

matron daughter. In after years these visits were made not unattended. Children's happy laughter filled the old house with glee, and strange riot ruled in the long-quiet parlour and great wide hall and echoing stairs. Another sturdy Neville, and little Kate, and baby Zenas began to play their parts in the momentous and often tragic drama of life. The old man seemed to renew his youth in sharing the gleeful gambols of his grandchildren, and in telling to little Neville, on his knee, the story of the terrible years of the war, and of the heroism of his father and his uncle Zenas, and the brave Captain Villiers, whose memorial tablet they had seen in the village church at Niagara, with the strange quartering—on a field azure a cross enguled and a wyvern volant.

Our brief story now is done. The bitter memories of the war have passed away. The long reign of peace has effaced its scars alike from the face of nature and from the hearts of the kindred peoples who dwell side by side in kindly intercourse and friendship. The broad Niagara sweeps on as ever in its might and majesty to mingle its flood with the blue waters of Ontario. The banks, in steep escarpments, crowned with oak and elm and giant walnuts, or in gentle turf-clad slopes, sweep in graceful curves around the windings of the stream. The weeping birch trails its tresses in the waters like a wood nymph admiring her own loveliness. The comfortable farmsteads nestle amid their embowering peach and apple orchards, the very types of peace and plenty. The mighty river, after its dizzy plunge at the great cataract, and mad tumultuous rush and eddy at the rapids and whirlpool, smoothes its rugged front and restrains its impetuous stream to the semblance of a placid old age after a wild and stormy life.

The slumberous old town of Niagara has also an air of calm repose. No vulgar din of trade disturbs its quiet grass-grown streets. The dismantled fort, the broken stockade, the empty fosse, and the crumbling ramparts, where wandering sheep crop the herbage and the swallows build their nests in the mouths of the overturned and rusty cannon, are all the evidence of the long reign of an unbroken peace. *Esto perpetua*—so may it ever be.

A few words in conclusion as to the construction of this story of the War. The historical statements here given have been

carefully verified by the consultation of the best published authorities, and by personal researches on the scene of the conflict, and frequent conversations with surviving actors in the stirring events which then took place. In portraying the minor characters, filling up details and reported conversations, some licence had to be given the imagination. In this connection I may adopt the language of the distinguished philosopher, Isaac Taylor, author of "Aids to Faith," with reference to a somewhat similar work of imagination of his own: "Let me say, and I say it in candour—that if, in a dramatic sense, I report conversations uttered longer ago than the Battle of Waterloo, it is the dramatic import only of such conversations I vouch for, not the *ipsissima verba*; and likewise as to the descriptions I give, I must be understood to describe things in an artistic sense, not as if I were giving evidence in a court of justice."

And now my task is ended. Much of this simple story has been written hastily, amid the pressing occupations of a busy life, and a considerable portion of it was written at sea, when the steamship was reeling and rolling with the motion of the waves, so that I had to hold on by the table at which I sat. These circumstances must be pleaded in extenuation of its shortcomings and demerits. If this retrospect of one of the most stirring episodes in our country's history shall kindle warmer fires of patriotism in the hearts of any of its readers; if the records of the trials and triumphs, the moral heroism and brave achievements of our Canadian forefathers shall inspire a stronger sympathy with their sufferings, and admiration of their character; and, above all, if the religious teachings of this story shall lead any to seek the same solace and succour which sustained our fathers in tribulation, and enbraved their souls for conflict with the evils of the time—it shall not have been written in vain.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

WOULDST thou from Sorrow find some sweet relief?
 And is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

—Wilcox.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.*

BY ALICE KING.

I.

ONE day, in the year 1714, there was a considerable stir in the Bell Inn at Gloucester. The women from the country, who, with their baskets of eggs and vegetables, turned into the Bell for a little refreshment, whispered together; the servant-maids ran about looking flushed and excited; the page-boy, having no one to look after him, played tricks at his leisure in the pantry.

Had some guest arrived? Yes, a guest had arrived, but one for whom neither the big bed in the best room nor the oak-wainscoted parlour were prepared; only a basket filled with trim little snowy garments, and a warm place in a mother's heart.

That day the cry of a newly-born infant was heard in the Bell, but as there was nothing unusually eloquent or expressive in the sound, and as there was certainly nothing connected with the pulpit in the surroundings of the hostess mother, not the most lively imagination in all the street ever dreamt that this child, whose voice was now for the first time audible upon earth, would be one of the greatest preachers that ever spoke to a Christian congregation.

There was not anything peculiarly thoughtful or studious about the childhood of George Whitefield; he was only a bright, intelligent little lad, who was always ready for activity of either mind or body.

It may, however, reasonably be supposed that the glorious Protestant memories connected with his native city worked quietly upon him, and had something to do with shaping his future opinions. These streets were trodden by the feet of Tyndal as he meditated on the English translation of the Bible.

* We had purposed preparing our sketch of Whitefield on ship-board, but were unable to procure the necessary books. We therefore adopt from the *Sunday Magazine* the following admirable article by an accomplished lady writer.—ED.

In this square Hooper bore at the stake a good testimony to the Reformed Faith, turning his funeral pyre into a lamp that lights England still. At the door of that cathedral good old Bishop Miles Smith stood and protested against the Romanist practices of Laud the dean, saying that he would never cross again the sacred threshold unless the signs of Popery were swept from the building. We may well believe that stories like these, hanging, as it were, in the very atmosphere of the town in which his early years were spent, often wove themselves into the fancies, and painted themselves in clear pictures before the thoughts, of a boy of lively intellect, such as was George Whitefield.

Whitefield was educated at the Gloucester grammar school, where he acquired a considerable degree of both classical and general knowledge. The chief way, however, in which he distinguished himself at school, was by his declamation. The most difficult piece of poetry on field days of display before parents and relations, the address from the school to the head master on his birthday, the longest speech when the boys held a mimic parliament on any subject, were all entrusted to young Whitefield, and spoken by him with the applause and wonder both of his teachers and his companions. There was a grace in his action, a subtle power in his voice, which seemed as much born in him as song in a young nightingale. In after years, Whitefield often attributed his self-possession, when speaking before vast multitudes, to the practice which he had had in his school-days.

At fifteen, Whitefield left school. Things had gone badly with the hostess of the Bell, and she could afford no money to give her son a fair start in life.* There was nothing better for him to do than to become a general servant in the inn.

His duties were now commonplace and uninteresting enough; but young Whitefield did them with his might. He had not, as the saying goes, an idle bone in his body; whatever his work might be it was an absolute necessity of his nature that he should do it with earnestness and energy.

Besides, his religious convictions were already beginning to be singularly clear and strong for a youth of his age, and already he was growing to understand that the only answer of peace to

* His father died when he was two years old.

the mystery of human existence, about which skeptics were writing and cynics were laughing so much in his day, was to be found in the Life and Death of which the Gospels told. He therefore took his humble position at the Bell cheerfully, as the sphere of action that God had appointed him for a season.

It was, however, only for a season. Perhaps through his school companions, perhaps through old frequenters of the Bell, George Whitefield had made several rich, kindly friends, who saw that such a youth was being thrown away in his present situation. They resolved to enable him to go on with the cultivation of his mind, and before long, by their help, he found himself at Pembroke College, Oxford.

Here he made a friendship which deepened yet more the religious tone of his whole nature. John Wesley was then in Oxford, waking up the spiritual life of the old city. Whitefield heard, and was struck by his preaching, and made with him an acquaintance which soon ripened into an intimacy. Though in after years they differed in certain points of doctrine, Wesley and Whitefield never ceased to be friends, and to see each in the other a mighty soldier of Christ.

From this time forward, George Whitefield's vocation in life was fixed. One, and but one, should be his work—he would lead men and women to heaven.

The doctrine of the Atonement now became the whole joy and comfort of his spirit. All the time he could spare from study while at Oxford was spent in works of mercy. He visited the prison, and shook with his words the stronghold of sin in the heart of many a criminal. He knelt by sick-beds in dark garrets, where this world's sunshine came seldom, and gospel light never. He took little children by the hand, and put them into the Saviour's arms.

When he left Oxford, the fame of his good deeds went before him to Gloucester, and Bishop Benson offered, in consideration of his high character, to ordain him at twenty-two. At that age, therefore, he entered the ministry, and preached his first sermon in a Gloucester church, among his own townsmen. Even on this early occasion he is said to have charmed his congregation. He became curate to the Tower of London and chaplain to Ludgate Prison. Soon after he took the curacy of the little village of Dummer, in Hants. He tried to do his duty well there, but

an out-of-the-way country parish was not at all the place for George Whitefield. He wanted a large sphere of action; the very energy of his nature required it. In a short time, therefore, he gave up Dummer.

Wesley now asked him to go with him to America, to visit a colony of his own followers who had settled in Georgia. To this Whitefield agreed, and crossed the Atlantic for the first time. On shipboard he had prayers and preaching twice a day, and oftener on Sundays. In America he preached with remarkable success, and helped to found near the town of Savannah an orphanage, on which, throughout his whole life of crowded work, he always kept a father's eye. On his return to England, Whitefield was ordained priest. It was now that his real warfare with evil, a warfare which lasted as long as he breathed upon earth, in good earnest began. One day, as he was taking a walk near Bristol, he saw a number of colliers standing idly about, probably in their dinner-hour. They were rough men, with coarse coats and coarser minds. It struck Whitefield that these were people who would never come into church or chapel to look for gospel truth, but that, nevertheless, gospel truth might be brought out into the fields to them. He therefore mounted a little green knoll near at hand, and began to preach.

The result exceeded his expectations. The colliers listened first wonderingly, but very soon attentively. Then tears began to flow down grimy cheeks, and the precious dew of prayer was on many a lip that had long been parched by the malignant breath of sin. Whitefield thanked God that night, and was encouraged to make further efforts in the same direction. So powerful was his preaching that sometimes over a thousand notes for prayer were sent him, and as many as three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received into society in a week.

Before long he went to London, and began there his ministry. But both the Church and the Dissenters, with the exception of the little band that followed Wesley, were sunk in a sleep which seems almost incredible to us, living as we do in the midst of the unwearying work, the active charity, which, to the glory of the nineteenth century be it spoken, now characterize the ministers of every denomination of Christians. Whitefield, with his burning earnestness, which would not let him be half an hour without doing something for his Master, seemed to his brethren

a mischievous agitator, and scarcely a man among them would admit him to his pulpit.

Being thus driven from temples made with hands, Whitefield went out into the fields, and took the green earth and the blue sky for his church. Not a whole phalanx of divines could keep the population of London, from the lord to the street beggar, from flocking to him. Out they all streamed to hear and see this great new preacher who had risen up among them. Let us try for a moment to sketch a picture of one of these vast open-air meetings. Though not far from the great city, it is a quiet country place enough in general, where leaves whisper and streams murmur; but to-day it is as full of human life as a town thoroughfare.

In that long line of ponderous coaches drawn up yonder sit the ladies of title. How proudly their jewels flash in the sunshine! With what languid dignity they throw themselves back on their cushions, and spread out their stiff brocade skirts, as though they were protesting against the injury done to their own greatness by coming here at all; and yet their ladyships cannot, any more than other daughters of Eve, resist the curiosity which drives them out to hear the famous preacher.

This carriage has a much lighter and more jaunty air than the heavy coaches of the nobility. What a fluttering there is here of many-tinted feathers, what a sparkling of bright eyes, what a twirling of fans, what a brisk exchange of airy repartee between these pretty women and the gentlemen who crowd around their carriage door! These are the actresses from the great theatres, who are come to see if the preacher can outshine the stage hero of last night.

Here is a little knot of gentlemen who but yesterday were at King George's court. Some are still sitting gracefully on their glossy, highly-groomed horses, some are leaning against the trees with an air of elegant indifference, as though they were come hither merely to comply with a whim of fashion.

A little apart from the rest of this group are two men, who are distinguished from the others by their haughty superiority of bearing. Their eyes flash with satiric fun, and keen sarcasms leap from their lips as they glance toward their less intellectually gifted companions; their delicate, jewelled hands, round which the lace ruffles fold so softly, play lightly with the gilded hilts.

of their rapiers ; every now and then their heads bow in stately homage to some highly favoured lady in the carriages.

We start as we hear these two men's names ; they are Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. What ! Bolingbroke, the fastidious free-thinker, and Chesterfield, the man whose Bible is a book of rules of court etiquette, listening to the innkeeper's son ! Yes, for that spell of the highest truth which sounds from Whitefield's lips has fallen even upon them, at least for a season. They have been to hear him before, and somehow they cannot choose but come to hear him again.

This man, who now saunters up to join the assembly, is of a very different type from the gentlemen of the court. His brow is knit ; at intervals he murmurs some word to himself as if he wished not to forget it ; something very like a proof-sheet is peeping out of his pocket. People stare at him, half through curiosity, half with wonder, as though they were surprised to see him here. David Hume has, in truth, not much time to spare from his History, but he cannot deny himself such an intellectual treat as listening to Whitefield, whom it was worth, he said, going twenty miles to hear.

In and out among the well-dressed many, there moves a crowd of people who wear neither silk nor velvet. There is the artisan, with his wife and children, who have come out here chiefly for the sake of the fresh, sweet country air ; there are the city clerk and his sweetheart, flirting a little to while away the time ; there is the poor needlewoman, whose pale face has such a wistful look that we fancy her heart must be beginning dimly to guess that if she could grasp the meaning of the great preacher's words, it might possibly bring into her life even more warmth and colouring than there is in the dresses she stitches for the grand ladies.

Suddenly the murmur of voices which has been running through the vast assembly is hushed. The duchesses and countesses incline their heads a quarter of an inch forward ; the fans of the actresses cease to flutter ; the mass of the people make a little rush, all in the same direction. Every eye is fixed on a man who is ascending slowly a green bank near at hand.

At first sight there is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. His figure is tall and spare, his dress is homely ; when he

turns to the audience we see that he squints, and he has no especial beauty of feature.

But the moment he begins to speak his face is forgotten in his voice. How does it thrill with holy passion as he tells of his dear Lord; how does it ring with stern indignation against sin, and yet how does it melt with tenderness over the sinner! It is so clear that it is heard at the further end of the wide assembly; and yet so sweet that music is the only word that can give an idea of its tones. His face, too, and his figure have changed since we last looked at him. Meaning has come into every movement of his hand; each feature answers to the theme that is upon his lips, as does the lake to the lights and shadows in the sky above; his form seems to have grown majestic, and to be like that of the desert preacher; or of him who cried against Nineveh.

When he speaks of heaven, we almost believe that he has been there; when he tells of the Saviour's love and sufferings, it seems to us that he must have walked with Peter and John at His side; when he tells a story by way of illustration, as he often does, the description is so vivid that we listen breathlessly, as though we really saw the scene he paints with our bodily eyes. For two hours the tide of eloquence flows on unceasingly, and still the listening crowd remains enthralled. Different signs of emotion appear among them. The daughters of the people stand with clasped hands, looking up at the preacher as though he were an angel bringing them the good tidings which are the especial birthright of the toil-worn and weary; the actresses sob and faint; the great ladies actually sit upright to listen.

The sterner sex, too, are affected in their own way. The hard faces of the mechanics work with unwonted feeling; the brow of Hume grows smooth; even Chesterfield, who hitherto has stood like a statue of one of his own ancestors, so far forgets himself when the preacher, in a lively parable, is describing a blind beggar on the edge of a precipice, as to start forward and murmur, "O save him, save him!"

No wonder they are thus moved, for the preacher himself sets them the example. Sometimes his voice trembles so much in his intense earnestness that he can scarcely go on; sometimes he even weeps.

At length the sermon ends in a grand wave of heaven-aspiring

prayer; then the crowd disperses: some to spend the night at a masquerade or at the gaming-table, some to criticise, some to forget, some to keep the good seed silently in their hearts.

In a short sketch like the present, it is impossible to follow, in detail, all the changes in Whitefield's varied career. Now he was riding along a muddy country road, bringing the Gospel to some remote Welsh town; now he was back again in London preaching fifteen sermons a week; now he was tossing on the Atlantic on his way to America, where his ministry always met with especial success. Sometimes he was preaching in a green Devonshire meadow, and sometimes on a purple Scotch heath.

In one of his journeyings he stopped at Abergavenny, where he made acquaintance with, and married his wife, whose name was James. It may have been that this lady was dazzled by his fame, and so, in order that she might attain to being the great preacher's bride, simulated many graces of heart and mind that she did not really possess; it may have been that he was captivated by the mere outward charms of her person; but be this as it may, one thing is certain, and this is, that she was by no means worthy of the high position, which it was for any woman, to be George Whitefield's wife. Like John Wesley, he stipulated that marriage should never prevent the delivery of a single sermon. His frequent absence from England for months, and even years, was not conducive to domestic felicity. Nevertheless his wife seems to have had in her something of the hero soul. Once, when Whitefield was attacked, while preaching, by a mob—he tells the story himself—his courage began to fail, but his wife, plucking his gown, said, "George, play the man for your God," when his confidence returned, and he preached with his wonted energy and effect.

Whitefield had many ladies, some of high rank, among his closest personal friends. Indeed, wherever he went, women generally crowded around him; they felt that the cause he advocated has been, in all time, the cause of womanhood; they understood that those delicate sensibilities which Whitefield possessed in common with all men of genius, made him appreciate all that is best in woman's nature.

Like all God's most favoured servants who have lived upon earth, George Whitefield had his faults. He was often too hasty in judgment; his language in controversy was often unwarrant-

ably violent; his burning zeal often led him into extremes. No one was more conscious of his own shortcomings than Whitefield himself; indeed, a simple and deep humility was one of the most marked points in his character.

We have no great book left us by Whitefield, in which we may now know and love him. His only printed remains are his letters, which are chiefly interesting as giving a glimpse into his inner nature, and a volume of his sermons, which are unsatisfactory from having been taken down as he preached them by unpractised reporters, and having never been revised by himself.

LOVED MUCH.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

“WOE, woe is me!” the outcast said,
And drew her mantle o’er her head,
And moaned, “Would God that I were dead :

“The women catch their robes aside
Whene’er I pass them; men deride;
The children in the market chide.

“How dare I then to *Him* draw nigh,
Who yester-eventide on high
I heard lift up the pleading cry—

“‘Come unto me, ye weary!’ So
He surely said, as crouching low
Among the throng, I hid my woe.

“And when He spake of ‘rest,’ my breath
Came back as from the jaws of death;
Oh, blessèd Christ of Nazareth !

“To-day He sups with Simon; dare
I loosen all my lengths of hair,
And thus concealed adventure there,

“And see Him as He sits at meat,
And crawling close, with unguents sweet,
Anoint His sandal-fretted feet ?

“ Oh, ‘ *heavy laden!* ’ If He be
That Christ come out of Galilee,
I know He meant this word for me ! ”

So, swathed about, that none might say
Who walked, untended, forth that day,
To Simon’s house she took her way.

Within the court she shrinking pressed
Among the menials, fearful lest
She should not find the Lord a guest.

And cowering in the lowliest place,
She drew her veil a hairbreadth’s space,
And, lo ! that calm, majestic face !

She stole behind His cushioned seat ;
She touched with touch of awe, His feet ;
She kissed them with her kisses sweet.

Then on them poured the ointment rare,
And wrapped them with her trailing hair,
And wept with wonder that she dare—

She—so abashed, despised, undone,
Whom publicans make haste to shun—
Approach, unhidden, the Holy One.

“ *Seest thou this woman?* ” Solely stirred
By contrite grief, she had not heard,
Till thus He spake a single word.

O’erwhelmed, she snatched her hair outspread,
Wrapped quick her vail about her head
And sank as one astound or dead.

He, too, would spurn her, knowing all
The guilt and trespass of her fall,
For *her* He had not meant the call.

Thus bowed, self-loathing in her fear,
There struck across her muffled ear
A sound her soul rose up to hear.

Life, joy, and peace sprang at the touch,
“ *Her sins are all forgiven, though such
Be many ; for she lovèd much.* ”

The angels that bent down to see,
Beheld no heart from burdens free
As hers that night in Bethany !

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

NAPLES.

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori." "See Naples and then die."

—*Neapolitan Proverb.*

FROM Rome to Naples is a railway ride of a hundred and sixty miles. The road for a considerable part of the way leads along the slopes of the Appenines, their splintered and pinnacled crags rising in verdureless desolation in the fierce blaze of an almost tropical sun. I was surprised at the sparseness of foliage; that of the olive tree, which chiefly abounds, is of a thin and meagre quality, and of a dull grey colour. I saw nothing to compare with the rich fresh foliage of our Canadian forests, except where natural or artificial irrigation obtains. There, indeed, the foliage and flowers of the fig, orange, and lemon groves, and of the oleander and magnolia, were of richest luxuriance and exquisite fragrance. The grape-vines are dwarfed-looking growths, more like our garden peas than what I expected a vineyard to be like. Where they are festooned from tree to tree in the orchards, they are, however, of much finer growth. Among the places of interest passed *en route* are, Aquino, the birth-place of the satirist Juvenal, and of the "Angelic Doctor," Thomas Aquinas; the celebrated castle-like monastery of Monte Casino, crowning a lofty height, founded by St. Benedict, A.D. 529, with one of the most precious libraries in the world; and Capua, once the second city in Italy, famed in Roman story.

It was with keen interest that I first caught sight of the distant cone of Mount Vesuvius, with its lofty column of smoke and steam,—a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. My first impressions of Naples were anything but favourable. After escaping from the hands of importunate "commissionaires," who attempted to force their services upon me in spite of my protests, I was driven through miles of narrow streets, flanked by lofty and monotonous houses, and crowded with pedestrians, overladen donkeys, clamorous venders of fruit, vegetables, iced water, etc., and tinkers, cobblers, and artizans of every class, working out

of doors,—the population is about half a million. The magnificent prospect from the balcony of my hotel, however, far up the slope of the amphitheatre on which the city lies, more than fulfilled my highest anticipations. There, in the soft sunset light, gleamed the blue waters of the lovely bay,—its shore sweeping like a huge sickle in majestic curve to the far-off base of Vesuvius.

The city itself contains little of special interest. Its history, like its volcanic soil, has been disturbed by many social convulsions, which have left little of antiquarian value or architectural beauty to reward the attention. Its five forts are vast, some of them of strikingly picturesque, structures. It has two curious mediæval gates, and numerous churches, most of them in a debased renaissance style of architecture. The Church of St. Januarius is the largest and most sumptuous. Here takes place, thrice a year, the alleged miracle of liquefaction of the martyr's blood. Nowhere did I witness such abject Mariolatry as here. I observed one tawdry image of the Virgin, decked out in a figured silk dress, a silver crown on her clustering curls, rings on her fingers, and a bouquet in her hand, like a fine lady dressed for a ball. One woman I saw raise the robe of the Virgin to her lips and reverently kiss it; another, I saw lying prostrate and motionless on the stone floor before an altar; and everywhere I beheld such abject superstition as I never saw before.

I had been told that in Naples I should see the lazaroni lying around like lizards in the sun, basking in luxurious idleness. But I did not. On the contrary, everybody seemed as busy as could be. Indeed, so poor is the community that they have to work or starve. The squalor of the lanes and alleys, in which the poor swarm like bees, is painful to witness. One street is called the Street of Seven Sorrows—an allusion to the woes of the Virgin. I thought it significant of the sevenfold sorrows, the poverty, ignorance and superstition and other miseries, of her devotees. Very few of the people can read. In a public arcade, I saw several writers at their desks, to one of whom a woman was dictating a letter. They seem also very impulsive and quick-tempered, and possessed very little self-control. They beat their donkeys unmercifully; they gesticulate violently, and seem disposed to quarrel about merest trifles. I noticed one handsome black-eyed woman make a rush at her little girl who had displeased her in something, and with a panther-like fierceness raise

her arm to her teeth and bite it. I thought it the cruellest thing I ever saw.

I shall have a higher respect for the whole race of donkeys as long as I live, on account of the patient toil of the donkeys of Naples. Such loads as they carry! such huge panniers of fruits, vegetables, snow from the distant mountains—just as described by Horace eighteen hundred years ago,—and wine and water-jars, and every conceivable burden! But a great offset to their virtues is the frightful noise of their nocturnal braying. Of all the lugubrious sounds that ever murdered sleep and made night hideous, commend me to the melancholy long-drawn braying of the Neapolitan donkey.

If Naples itself has few attractions, its immediate surroundings present many objects of surpassing interest. One of the most delightful excursions in the neighbourhood is that to Pozzuoli—the Putioli where St. Paul “tarried seven days” on his way to Rome—and Baja, the ancient Bai of Horace’s epistle. The road leads first through the Grotto di Posillipo—a tunnel through a sandstone rock nearly half a mile long, and in places a hundred feet high. It dates from the time of Augustus and is ascribed by the peasants to the arts of the great magician, Virgil. Emerging from the gaslit grotto into the glorious Italian sunlight, one enters a region once crowded with stately Roman palaces and villas, long since reduced to ruins by the tremendous volcanic convulsions of which it has been the theatre. But Nature clothes with perennial beauty this lovely strand; and the golden sunshine falls, and the sapphire sea expands, and the summer foliage mantles every peak and cape and crag. I visited the celebrated *Grotta del Cane*, in which carbonic acid gas accumulates so as instantly to extinguish a lighted torch thrust into it. I waded in some distance and stooped for a moment beneath the surface of the gas, but experienced a strange suffocating sensation. The guide thrust into the gas one of the numerous dogs kept for the purpose; but the poor animal looked up so wistfully that I ordered his release, and he bounded eagerly away. The Solfatara—an extinct crater—and sulphurous exhalations from the rocks, are evidences of volcanic action. In places the soil was so hot that I could not hold my hand near it.

Pozzuoli, once the most important commercial city in Italy, is now a mere shadow of its former greatness. The amphitheatre,

in which St. Januarius was exposed to wild beasts under Diocletian, is one of the most perfect in Italy. The dens of the lions and leopards, the cells of the gladiators, and the subterranean passages and conduits can be distinctly seen. Even more interesting is the ruined temple of Serapis. The oscillations of level are shown by the water-marks and borings of marine worms on the surface of the ancient columns of the temple. The importunities of the beggars and would-be guides of Pozzuoli would be amusing if not so annoying. One picturesque-looking rascal ran beside the carriage, on a hot day, for nearly a mile. I could only get rid of him by buying the torch he was determined to sell.

This whole region is rife with memories of Virgil and his immortal poem. I drove around the gloomy Lake Avernus, the scene, according to the poet, of the descent of Æneas into the netherworld. With my travelling companion, who was a classical enthusiast, I visited the so-called Sibyl's Grotto, where Æneas consulted that mythic personage. Entering an opening in the hillside, we penetrated by torchlight a long, dark, winding passage. Coming to a steep incline my guide, a grisly old fellow, with a decidedly bandit look about him, stooped down and said, "Montez." I mounted on his back accordingly, and he plunged into a stream of inky blackness—the River Styx he called it—and waded into a little cell, which he described as the Sibyl's Chamber. Here were her bed, her bath, and the very hole in the wall through which she uttered her oracles! Who could doubt the story with such an evidence before him? In this uncanny place our guides demanded their fee, but we insisted on their carrying us back to day-light before paying them. On our way to the ruins of ancient Cumæ we passed through another long and lofty tunnel, constructed by Agrippa, and lighted by large shafts from above. Cumæ was founded B.C. 1050, and was the place where Greek civilization first found entrance to Italy. We were shown its foliage-mantled amphitheatre and lofty Acropolis. Here dwelt the Cumæan Sibyl, hence came the mysterious Sibylline books, and from hence Greek letters and the arts were diffused throughout Etruscan Italy.

"Nothing in the world," says Horace, "can be compared with the lovely bay of Baiæ." Even in its ruinous estate this once gay Roman pleasure city deserves all the praise which can be given it. The whole region abounds in the ruins of temples, and of the

palaces and villas of the ancient masters of the world. Here, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Lucullus, and many a wealthy Roman had their pleasure-palaces and gardens. In one of these Nero planned, and in the Lucrine Lake near by was attempted, the murder of his mother, Agrippina. A guide who had picked up a little English, strangely twisted into Italian idioms, conducted us through the temples of Diana, Venus and Mercury; the latter, a large, dome-shaped structure with a fine echo. The most remarkable ruin is the *Piscina Mirabilis*, a vaulted cistern with lofty arches supported by forty-eight huge columns. It is a vast reservoir, fed by the Julian Aqueduct from far-distant springs, and intended for watering the Roman fleet in the harbour of Misenum far below. Of this fleet the elder Pliny, who perished in the irruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, was commander. I chipped off some of the lime deposit from the walls, which showed that it had been in use for a long period. The flat-roofed white stone houses have a singularly Oriental look. I climbed over stone threshing floors, on elevated places, and saw the cattle treading out the corn. It was then winnowed by tossing it into the air, that the wind might blow the chaff away. Stone oil and wine presses confirmed the Eastern aspect of the scene. The interior of the houses was crowded and comfortless, and uncleanly. The food was coarse, and cooked in earthenware vessels at a rude fire-place. The holiday costume of the peasants—red upper garment and gold embroidery—betrayed their Greek origin. They offered for our refreshment black bread and cheese, fruit and wine. The view from the house-top was superb—the rocky Cape Misenum, the lovely Bay of Baiæ, in the offing the volcanic islands of the Procida and Ischia, and at our feet a gloomy lake in an old crater called *Mare Morto*, the Sea of Death.

The ride back to Naples in the golden afternoon light was glorious. The blue waves broke in snowy spray upon the silver strand; bronzed fishermen, with eager gestures and much noise, were hauling their nets, rich with finny spoil, ashore; and muleteers were urging their slow convoys along the dusty highway. The road climbs the broad shoulder of a hill, gaining ever wider views, till at once the glorious Bay of Naples, with its painted villas, its gardens of richest foliage, its rocky cliffs and sheltered coves, and the magical sunset sheen on its blue waves,

bursts upon the sight. It is a memory of delight that no words can reproduce. I stopped the carriage over and over again to gaze and gaze upon the charming scene, and could scarcely tear myself away. Among the evil memories of this lovely coast is that of the Villa of Vedius Pollio, with the fish ponds where he used to feed his lampreys with the flesh of his slaves. The Grotto of Sejanus, Tomb of Virgil, and, more remote, the Villa of Cicero, are also places of interest.

Another delightful excursion is that to Sorrento and the island of Capri. As one embarks on the steamer, half-naked boys disporting in the water cry out, "Monnaie, signor, monnaie." When coins are thrown them, they dive like dolphins and bring them up in their teeth. Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, sits like a queen on a throne of rock, embowered amid groves of orange, olive, mulberry, pomegranates, figs, and aloes—a very garden of delight. A few miles out in the gulf lies the beautiful island of Capri. If I had not seen it, I could not have believed it possible that water could be so intensely blue as that of this lovely bay. In the sunshine it was a light, and in shadow a deep, ultra marine; but as clear as crystal. I could see the star fish on the bottom in from five to ten fathoms of water, and the dolphins, disporting in the waves, were visible at a much greater distance.

Capri consists of two craggy peaks, so precipitous that at only two points can a landing be effected. Covered with foliage, it gleams like an emerald set in sapphire. Here the Emperor Tiberius, when sated and sickened with ruling the world, retired to grow cabbages. The ruins of his villa still crown the summit of the island,—a part of it is now used as a cow-byre. The gem of the island, however, is the celebrated Blue Grotto. It is entered from the sea by a low arch scarce three feet high. The visitor must lie down in the bottom of the boat. Within, it expands to a large vaulted chamber. The effect of the blue refraction of the light is dazzling, and the body of the boatman who swims about in the water gleams like silver. I climbed the cliff by a steep and rugged path, dined at an inn where the orange blossoms filled the air with fragrance, and descending on the other side to a delightfully picturesque harbour, sailed round the island in a boat manned by three stout-armed fishermen. We penetrated the white grotto, where the waves looked

like curdled milk, the green grotto, and the stalactite grotto, and sailed beneath a magnificent natural arch, and under volcanic cliffs rising precipitously a thousand feet in air.

The grandest excursion from Naples, however, is that to Mount Vesuvius. In order to avoid the heat, I left Naples with a friend, by carriage, shortly after midnight, and rode through the silent streets of the beautiful city—the tall white houses gleaming like marble in the glorious moonlight. At many of the corners lamps were burning before a shrine of the Virgin. After an hour's drive we reached Resina, a village at the foot of the mountain. Our *veturino* knocked loudly at a door, and soon we were surrounded by a swarm of guides, all anxious to prey upon the victims. Making a bargain with the chief we were soon mounted, with the aid of much officious assistance, on good stout horses. Through the stone-paved streets of the little town we clattered, and soon began to climb the mountain, between luxuriant vineyards and fig and almond orchards growing upon the fertile volcanic soil. Our train was soon increased by four hangers-on, besides the guide. They well deserved this name, in its most literal sense, for they would catch hold of the horses' tails, and so for part of the way we helped them instead of their helping us. At length the road became so steep that horses could no longer climb, and we were forced to dismount.

Now the use of the guides whom our horses had dragged up became apparent. It was their turn to drag us up. One stout fellow tied a leather strap to a stick and gave me the stick, which I held with both hands while he took the other end of the strap over his shoulder, and another guide pushed me up from behind. Between the two, by scrambling in zig-zags up the mountain's side, I at last reached the top and stood on the edge of the crater. And what a sight I beheld! A crumbling ledge of rock ran round the summit, sloping suddenly down to a large irregular depression which was covered, and floored as it were, with black lava, which had cooled and hardened, retaining the form in which it had boiled up and flowed forth. This floor was studded with a number of smaller cones from which gas and steam were escaping with a violent hissing noise. Among them was one very much larger than the others—the active crater—from which issued the most frightful bellowings. About every two minutes came a violent explosion, and a large quantity of

stones and scoria were thrown high in the air, and fell back into the crater.

Through numerous cracks and crevices steam and gas were escaping; the rocks were stained yellow, red, and purple with the sulphur incrustations, and I could feel the heat through the thick soles of my boots. In many cracks and crevices the rock was seen to be red hot, and when I thrust in my staff it suddenly caught fire. Soon one of the guides gave a loud cry, and called us to see the molten lava which we found boiling up through the black floor, and flowing along in a thick, viscid stream, like tar, only of a fiery colour. The heat was great, but the guides went so near as to take some of it on the end of their staves, and pressed into it copper coins which I gave them. When the lava cooled these were firmly imbedded, and I brought them away as souvenirs of the occasion.

My guide climbed a small cone and broke off the top with his staff. Instantly, with a violent noise, a jet of steam escaped, throwing fragments of rock into the air. As may be imagined, I hurried down as fast as possible. I should have liked very much to look down into the active crater, but it was quite unsafe, so frequent were the showers of falling stones. From the summit we had a magnificent view of the distant city and beautiful bay with the wide sweep of its sickle-shaped shore. After luncheon on the mountain top, part of which consisted of eggs cooked by the natural heat of this great furnace, we descended much more rapidly than we went up. All we had to do was to lift our feet well out of the cinders and down we went with tremendous strides. We mounted our horses and rode down through vast slopes covered with the black lava of recent eruptions, which in places had flowed far over the plain, destroying numerous houses and vineyards in its progress. In the eruptions of 1872 many lives were lost; in that of 1794, four hundred perished; and by one earlier still, three thousand were destroyed. In the recent great eruption, ashes and scoria were hurled eight thousand feet in the air and carried by the wind a distance of one hundred and forty miles.

It was a bright sunny afternoon that I drove, with my companion in travel, from Mount Vesuvius to Pompeii. The city, it will be remembered, was buried beneath twenty feet of volcanic ashes and pumice stone, just eighteen hundred years ago. About

the middle of the last century it was re-discovered, and ever since its excavation has been prosecuted with varying energy. A large part has now been disinterred, and the result is a revelation of the conditions of old Roman life, such as is exhibited nowhere else. The houses, of course, are roofless; the woodwork having been ignited by the red-hot ashes and scoria. But their internal arrangements, their paintings, and their contents are perfectly preserved. It produces a strange sensation to walk down the narrow streets of this long-buried city—they vary from fourteen to twenty-four feet wide—to observe the ruts made by the cart-wheels eighteen centuries ago, and to see the stepping-stones across the streets, bearing the marks of horses' hoofs. On either side are small shops, just like those of Naples to-day, for the sale of bread, meat, oil, wine, drugs, and other articles. The signs of the shopkeepers can, in places be seen, and even the stains of the wine-cups on the marble counters. A barber shop, a soap factory, a tannery, a fuller's shop, a bakery with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, and several mills have also been found. At the street corners are stone fountains worn smooth by lengthened use, to which the maidens used to trip so lightly.

The dwelling-houses have a vestibule opening on the street, sometimes with the word "Salve," "Welcome," or a figure of a dog in mosaic on the floor with the words, "Cave canem," "Beware of the dog." Within is an open court surrounded by bedrooms, kitchen, *triclinium* or dining-room, etc. The walls and columns are beautifully painted in bright colours, chiefly red and yellow, and adorned with elegant frescoes of scenes in the mythic history of the pagan gods and goddesses, landscapes, etc. In public places may be read election placards and wall-scribblings of idle soldiers and schoolboys. Opposite one shop is the warning, in Latin, "This is no place for lounging, idler depart." The public forum, the basilica, or court of justice, with its cells for prisoners; the temples of the gods, with their shrines and images, their altars stained with incense smoke, and the chambers of the priests; the theatres with their stage, corridors, rows of marble seats—one will hold five thousand and another twenty thousand persons; the public baths, with niches for holding the clothes and toilet articles, marble basins for hot and cold water, etc.; the street of tombs lined with the monuments of the dead, and the ancient city walls and gates, may all be seen almost as

they were when the wrath of Heaven descended upon the guilty city. About two thousand persons are supposed to have perished in its ruins. In the house of Diomedes the bodies of seventeen women and children were found crowded together. At the garden gate was discovered the skeleton of the proprietor, with the key in his hand, and near him a slave with money and jewels. In the gladiator's barracks were found sixty-three skeletons, three of them in prison with iron stocks on their feet. In the museum are observed several casts of the ill-fated inhabitants in the attitude of flight, and in the very death-struggle. Among these are a young girl with a ring on her finger, a man lying on his side, with remarkably well preserved features, and others. The very texture of the dress may be distinctly seen. The sight of this dead city, called forth from its grave of centuries, made that old Roman life more vivid and real to me than all the classic reading I had ever done.

The poet Rogers thus describes his visit to Pompeii :—

But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
HAIL ! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace ! everywhere,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in Patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep ! May we not intrude ?
And now, methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse !
—And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths !
—Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain ! We are but where we were ;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead !

In the National Museum at Naples are preserved a very large collection of the paintings and mosaics and other objects found at Pompeii. The frescoes are wonderfully fresh-looking, and the drawing is full of character and expression, although many of the subjects betray a depravation of morals painful to contemplate. A curious collection of articles of food and other objects found at Pompeii is also shown. Among these are specimens of oil, wine, meat, fish, eggs, loaves of bread with the baker's name stamped

on them, almonds, dates, peas, onions, sandals, a purse with coins, etc. A very large collection of bronzes, objects of art, household utensils and the like, gives a vivid conception of the life and habits of the inhabitants of the buried city. The following is a list of articles I jotted down as I walked through the rooms: Statuettes and images of the gods; candelabra and lamps of very ornate character; musical instruments, flutes, cymbals, plectra, etc.; surgical instruments in cases, many varieties, also cases of medicines; toilet articles, combs, mirrors, beautiful bracelets, brooches, amulets, rings, seals, gold ornaments and jewellery; spoons, buckles, spears, weapons of all sorts; cake cutters, and moulds for cakes in the form of pigs, rabbits, hearts, etc.; tongs, fire-irons, griddles, pots, pans, funnels, steel-yards, scales, large and small with weights, marked I., II., III., V., X., etc.; measures, chains, nails, tacks, screws, door-knockers, hinges, locks and keys for doors, spades, mattocks, hay forks, sickles, pruning knives, axes, shears, hammers, adzes, planes, iron beds and baths, vases of every size and shape, lead pipes and brass water taps. Many of these are almost identical in shape with those used by the Italian peasantry of the present day. Of special interest to me was the gallery of portrait statues and busts. They were not ideal figures, but faithful copies from life, full of character and expression—magistrates or consuls, grave matrons, beautiful children, pure-faced vestal virgins, merry school boys and arch-looking Roman girls. It was the best presentation of ancient life and character I have seen. At Rome, also, I was greatly impressed by a domestic group. It was the portrait busts of a husband and wife of middle age and of grave, almost austere, expression. The man held his wife's hand in his, while her arm was thrown confidently over his shoulder. This was so admired by the historian Niebuhr, as a symbol of early Roman virtue, that he ordered a copy of it to be placed upon his own tomb.

Amid all the natural beauty of this lovely land, there is one thought that continually haunts one like a nightmare. It is the consciousness of the oppressed and degraded condition of the people, and especially of the hard lot of woman. On her, unfitted by nature for such toil, some of the heaviest burdens fall. While the cities swarm with idle priests and sturdy mendicant friars, and uniformed soldiers swagger around the railway

stations, I saw women toiling, like beasts of burden in the field, and performing the hardest and most menial drudgery. I saw one aged woman carrying up large stones on her head out of a quarry. I saw another harnessed to a cart, and my travelling companion saw a woman and a cow harnessed together to a plow. I sometimes tried to alleviate a little their burdens, but what was my poor help against this mass of human misery! As I witnessed their sufferings, I often felt tears of pity start unbidden to my eyes.

Yet this is the land where Christianity won some of its earliest triumphs, and where the lips of an Apostle preached the New Evangel to the dying Roman world. And here, in this heart of Catholic Christendom, the self-named Vicar of Christ for centuries has had almost unbounded sway—and these be the results. It seems to me that no more damning accusation can be brought against the Papacy than the ignorance and superstition and social degradation of the essentially noble race which it has had beneath its fostering care. The only hope for the moral and social elevation of these people is the pure Gospel of Christ. This is the lever of more than Archimedian power which can lift them to a higher plane of being. And this divine agency is exerting its energising influence as never before, since the days of the Church of the Catacombs. English and American Methodism and other forms of Evangelical religion are, from many centres, leavening the surrounding mass. In this land, long groaning under pagan, and then under Papal persecution, the Gospel has now free untrammelled course. Under the very shadow of the Vatican is the propaganda of the Bible Society, and on one of the best streets in Rome rises the handsome façade of a Methodist church. To use the figure of Bunyan, Giants Pope and Pagan may both munch with their toothless gums, but they cannot come at the pilgrims to harm them.

God's ways *seem* dark,
Yet soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day.
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.

EARLY DAYS OF UPPER CANADA.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

II.

WE can form no idea of the difficulties which beset the early inhabitants of Upper Canada, nor of the hardships and privations they endured. They have not unfrequently been reduced to the very verge of starvation, yet they bravely struggled on. Tree after tree fell before the invading axe, and the small clearing was turned to immediate account. A few necessaries of life were produced, and even these, limited as they were, were the beginnings of comfort. I have in my younger days taken grists to the mill, as the farmers say; but I can assure my dear reader I would rather decline the homely task of carrying bags of grain on my back for three miles, and then paddling it in a canoe to Kingston mills and back again to Fourth Town, a round trip of about seventy-five miles; and then after this pleasing trip had come to an end, resuming the gentle exercise of backing it home, a feat done more than once by old men I have known.

But time rolled on: the openings in the forest grew larger and wider. The log-cabins began to multiply, and the curling smoke rising here and there above the woods, told a silent but more cheerful tale. There dwelt a neighbour, miles away, perhaps, but a neighbour nevertheless. If you would like an idea of the proximity of humanity and the luxury of society in those days, just place a few miles of dense woods between yourself and your nearest neighbour, and you will have a faint conception of the delights of a home in the forest.

There are persons still living who have heard their parents or grandparents tell of the dreadful sufferings they endured the second year after the settlement of the Bay of Quinte country. The second year's Government supply, through some bad management, was frozen up in the lower part of the St. Lawrence, and in consequence the people were reduced to a state of famine. Men were glad in some cases to give all they possessed for that which would sustain life. Farms were given in exchange for small quantities of flour, but more frequently refused. A

respectable old lady, long since gone to her rest, and whose grandchildren are somewhat aristocratic, was wont in those days to go away to the woods early in the morning to gather and eat the buds of the basswood, and then bring an apronful home to her family. In one neighbourhood a beef bone passed from house to house, and was boiled again and again in order to extract some nutriment from it. This is no fiction, but a literal fact. Many other equally uninviting bills of fare might be given, but these no doubt will suffice. Sufficient has been said to show that our fathers and mothers did not repose upon rose-beds, nor did they fold their hands in despair, but with strong nerve and stout hearts, even when famine was in the pot, they pushed on, and lived. The forest melted away before them, and we are now enjoying the happy results.

The life of the first settlers was for a long time one of hardship and adventure. When this Utopia was reached, he had frequently difficulty in finding his land. He was not always very particular as to this, for land then was not of very much account, and yet he wished, if possible, to strike somewhere near his location. This involved sometimes long trips into the forest, or along the shores. After a day's paddling he would land, pull up his canoe and look around. The night is coming on and he has to make some preparation for it. How is it to be done in this howling wilderness? Where will he sleep, and how will he protect himself against the perils that surround him? He takes his axe and goes to work, a few small trees are cut down, then he gathers some dry limbs and heaps them up together. From his pocket he brings a large knife, then a flint and a bit of punk. The punk he places carefully under the flint, holding it in his left hand, and then picks up his knife and gives the flint a few sharp strokes with the back of the blade, which sends forth a shower of sparks, some of which fall on the punk and ignite, and soon his heap is in a blaze. Now this labour is not only necessary for his comfort, but for his safety. The smoke drives the flies and musquitoes away, and keeps the wolves and bears from encroaching on his place of rest. But the light which affords him protection submits him to a new annoyance.

“Loud as the wolves in Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roaring of the stormy deep,”

the wolves howl to the fire kindled to affright them away. Watching the whole night in the surrounding hills, they keep up a concert which truly "renders night hideous;" and bullfrogs in countless numbers from adjacent swamps, with an occasional "to-whit to-who" from the sombre owl,—altogether make a native choir anything but conducive to calm repose. And yet amid such a serenade, with a few boughs for a bed, and the gnarled root of a tree for a pillow, did many of our fathers spend their first nights in the wilderness of Canada.

In the year 1780, on the 14th day of October, and again in July, 1814, a most remarkable phenomenon occurred, the like of which was never before witnessed in the country. "At noonday a pitchy darkness completely obscured the light of the sun, continuing for about ten minutes at a time, and being frequently repeated during the afternoon. In the interval between each mysterious eclipse dense masses of black clouds streaked with yellow drove athwart the darkened sky, with fitful gusts of wind. Thunder, lightning, black rain, and showers of ashes added to the terrors of the scene, and when the sun appeared, its colour was a bright red." The people were filled with fear, and thought that the end of the world was at hand. They are known as the "dark days."

Many years after this, another phenomenon not less wonderful occurred, which the writer had the satisfaction of seeing; and although forty-five years have elapsed, the terrifying scene is as firmly fixed in my memory as though it had happened but an hour ago. I refer to the meteoric shower of the 13th November, 1833. My father had been from home, and on his return about midnight, his attention was arrested by the frequent fall of meteors, or stars, to use the common phrase. The number rapidly increased; and the sight was so grand and beautiful that he came in and woke us all up, and then walked up the road and roused some of the neighbours. Such a display of heaven's fireworks was never seen before. If the air had been filled with rockets they would have been but match strokes compared to the incessant play of brilliant dazzling meteors that flashed across the sky, furrowing it so thickly with golden lines that the whole heaven seemed ablaze, until the morning's sun shut out the scene. One meteor of large size remained some time almost stationary in the zenith, emitting streams of light. I stood like

a statue, and gazed with fear and awe up to the glittering sky. Millions of stars seemed to be dashing across the blue dome of heaven. In fact I thought the whole starry firmament was tumbling down to earth. The neighbours were terror-struck: the more enlightened of them were awed at contemplating so vivid a picture of the Apocalyptic image, that of the stars of heaven falling to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken by a mighty wind; while the cries of others, on a calm night like that, might have been heard for miles around.

Young and poor as Canada was half a century ago, she was not behind many of the older and more wealthy countries in enterprise. Her legislators were sound, practical men, who had the interest of their country at heart; her merchants were pushing and intelligent; her farmers frugal and industrious. Under such auspices her success was assured. At an early day the Government gave material aid to every project that was calculated to foster and extend trade and commerce, as well as to open up and encourage the settlement of the country. Neither was individual enterprise behind in adopting the discoveries and improvements of the time and applying them not only to their own advantage, but the community at large. Four years after Fulton had made his successful experiment with steam as a propelling power for vessels on the Hudson, a small steamer was built and launched at Montreal; and in 1815 the keel of the first steamer that navigated the waters of Upper Canada was laid at Bath. She was named the *Frontenac*, and three years later another steamer, the *Charlotte*, was built at the same place. I cannot give the dimensions of these boats, but it is safe to say that they were not large. Their exploits in the way of speed were considered marvelous, and formed the topic of conversation in many a home. A trip in one of those steamers down the bay to Kingston was a greater feat than a voyage to Liverpool now; and they went but little faster than a man could walk.

Previous to the introduction of steamers, which gave a wonderful impetus to trade, and completely revolutionized it, the traffic of the country was carried on under great disadvantage. Montreal and Quebec, the one the depot of merchandise and the other the centre of the lumber trade, were far away, and could only be reached during six months in the year by the St. Law-

rence, whose navigation, on account of its rapids, was difficult and dangerous. There was but little money, and business was conducted on an understood basis of exchange or barter. During the winter months the farmer thrashed his grain, and brought it with his pork and potash to the merchant, who gave him goods for his family in return. The merchant was usually a lumberman as well, and he busied himself in the winter time in getting out timber and hauling it to the bay, when it was rafted and made ready for moving early in the spring. As soon as navigation was open, barges and batteaux were loaded with potash and produce, and he set sail with these and his rafts down the river. It was always a voyage of hardship and danger. If good fortune attended him, he would in the course of three or four weeks make Montreal, and Quebec with his rafts two or three weeks later. Then commenced the labour of disposing of his stuff, settling up the year's accounts, and purchasing more goods, with which his boats were loaded and despatched for home.

The task of the country merchant then in making his selections was much more difficult than now. Beside this, as he could reach his market but once in the year, his purchases had to be governed by this fact. He had to cater to the entire wants of his customers, and was in the letter as well as the spirit a general merchant, for he kept dry goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, tools, implements, drugs,—everything in fact from a needle to an anchor. The return trip with his merchandise was slow and difficult. The smooth stretches of the river were passed with the oar and sail, the currents with poles, while the more difficult rapids were overcome by the men, assisted with ox-teams. Thus he worried his way through, and, by the time he got home, two or three months had been consumed. During the winter months, while the western trader was busy in collecting his supplies for the spring, the general merchant of Montreal, a veritable nabob in those days, locked up his shop and set off with a team for Upper Canada, and spent it in visiting his customers. The world moved slow then, the ocean was traversed by sailing ships—they brought our merchandise and mails. In winter the only communication with Montreal and Quebec was by stage, and in the fall and spring it was maintained with no small difficulty. One of the wonders of swift travelling of the day was that of Weller, the mail contractor and stage proprietor, sending Lord Durham

through from Toronto to Montreal in thirty-six hours. Many a strange adventure could be told of stage rides between Toronto and Quebec, and of the merchants in their annual trips down the St. Lawrence, on rafts and in batteaux; and it seems a pity that so much that would amuse and interest now has never been chronicled.

There was one thing brought about by those batteaux voyages for which the farmer is by no means thankful. The men used to fill their beds with fresh straw on their return, and by this means the Canadian thistle found its way to Upper Canada.

As Canada had not been behind in employing steam in navigation, so she was not behind in employing it in another direction. Stevenson built the first railroad between Liverpool and Manchester in 1829. Some years later, 1836, we had a railway in Canada, and now we have over 5,000 miles in the Dominion. These two agencies have entirely changed the character both of our commerce and mail service. The latter in those early days, in the Midland district, was a private speculation of one Huff, who travelled the country and delivered papers and letters at the houses. This was a very irregular and unsatisfactory state of things, but was better than no mail at all. Then came the wonderful improvement of a weekly mail carried by a messenger on horseback; and as time wore on, the delivery became more frequent, post-offices multiplied, postage rates were reduced, and correspondence increased. There were two other enterprizes which the country took hold of very soon after their discovery. I refer to the canals and the telegraph; the first, the Lachine Canal, was commenced in 1821, and the Welland in 1824. The Montreal Telegraph Company was organized in 1847. So that in those four great discoveries which have revolutionized the trade of the world, it will be seen that our young country kept abreast with the times, and her advance not only in those improvements but every branch of science and art has been marvellous.

"It is a common complaint perpetually reiterated," remarks a racy writer "that the occupations of life are filled to overflowing; that the avenues to wealth or distinction are so crowded with competitors that it is hopeless to endeavour to make way in the dense and jostling masses. This desponding wail was doubtless heard when the young earth had hardly commenced her

career of glory, and it will be dolefully repeated by future generations to the end of time. Long before Cheops had planted the basement-stone of his pyramids, when Sphinx and Colossi had not yet been fashioned into their huge existence, and the untouched quarry had given out neither temple or monument, the young Egyptian, as he looked along the Nile, may have mourned that he was born too late. Fate had done him injustice in withholding his individual being till the destinies of man were accomplished. His imagination exulted at what he might have been, had his chance been commensurate with his merits, but what remained for him now in this worn-out, battered, used-up hulk of a world, but to sorrow for the good times, which had exhausted all resources.

"The mournful lamentation of antiquity has not been weakened in its transmission, and it is not more reasonable now than when it groaned by the Nile. There is always room enough in the world, and work waiting for willing hands. The charm that conquers obstacles and commands success is strong will and strong work. Application is the friend and ally of genius. The laborious scholar, the diligent merchant, the industrious mechanic, the hard-working farmer, are thriving men, and take rank in the world; while genius by itself, lies in idle admiration of a fame that is ever prospective. The hare sleeps or amuses himself by the way side, and the tortoise wins the race."

"JESUS WEPT."

ONLY two little words,
But O what grace!
Only a tear-drop
On a meek, sad face!
Far-off at Bethany,
Long, long ago,
A little act,
Simply done.
But that little tear,

Falling to earth,
Warmed by its gentle power
Into glad birth
A seed of human love,
Since grown to such beauty
That it makes life more glad,
And makes far less sad
Earth's hardest duty.

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF METHODISM.

I.

WE have long thought that the social aspects of the Methodist organization are well worth study. There is probably no body of Christians that come into closer contact with each other. The class-meeting, the three years' system of ministerial changes, the numerous public meetings for connexional purposes, the great missionary enterprise with its almost countless gatherings, all these have contributed to form relationships that have affected the body spiritually in a large degree. The changes, too, in the pulpit Sunday after Sunday have made up a large social element to be added to those we have mentioned. In this way the interchange of ideas has been frequent, and whilst it has disadvantages there can be no doubt that this complicated system of change has led up to immense moral and spiritual results. An earnest Methodist, one who enters enthusiastically into the all the affairs of his church, is in many respects a rare type of man. There is a fullness of sympathy in his nature, an overflowing generosity that marks him out as a lovable person. He comes into contact with different men—with innumerable phases of mind—he hears what they have to say, he unconsciously reflects their better qualities, and becomes himself a centre of genial influence. Perhaps this is not found to be universally the case, but it is undoubtedly the genius of Methodism to work in this particular way.

It is within the limits of strict truth to say that the singular development of the Methodist organization has united, as with a strange net-work, the whole of the villages and towns in England. The constant movement of the preachers acquaints one town more or less with the religious life of another. The itinerant carries with him not only his own library and sermons, but a bundle of associations that are of engrossing interest in his new sphere. Methodism yearly presents a steady panorama of social and religious incident, the culminating scene of which is the assembling of the Conference, now held in this town, now in that. All the centres get the benefit periodically of what may be termed the whole life of Methodism gathered into one focus.

On these occasions veteran preachers meet, and exchange views not only in the deliberations of the ecclesiastical court, but in the home circle, in some old and revered family whose guests they are. Here the social aspects of Methodism are perhaps seen to the best advantage. For it cannot be doubted that the presence of hundreds of ministers in hundreds of homes, men who have come from all quarters of the globe, must have a powerful result for good. These assemblies are valuable not only on their spiritual side. There are other aspects to be looked at. The extensive travel, which is the inevitable heritage of every Wesleyan preacher, must prove of advantage both to him and the Connexion. An experience thus gained, if well marked and digested, has many uses. It ought to make him a desirable accession into the numerous social circles he is called in the course of his itinerant work to enter. And thus we see what a power the living men have as an interpenetrating element in the daily life of the Methodist Church. These laws of association, which are in some respects peculiar to this Church, invite special study. The social aspects of Methodism have done more, perhaps, than we think to shape its spiritual existence.

Reflection on these things might to many be a rich harvest of genuine emotion, not the spurious and dangerous emotion of the sensational novel, but a real uplifting of the tides of the spirit.

The field over which an average aged Methodist is called to throw his memory is and must be in many cases a large and a very varied one. He has multiplied lessons to learn from the workings of Divine Providence, from frequent experience of change. He has not to mourn the loss of one pastor in twenty, or it may be thirty years, but he will probably be called to think of the passing away of a spiritual teacher ten times in that period, and in some instances more than that. Out of Methodism in its enthusiastic aspects you get a robust and fine social, as well as religious, life. It presents abundant material out of which spiritual characters are made, moulded, chastened, and purified by the Divine touch.

The class-meeting, though mainly designed for purely spiritual objects, has a decided social cast. Each member listens to the experience of his neighbour. This weekly record of joy or of

sorrow often recounts the vicissitudes of domestic life—all kinds of mental anguish, affliction, and bereavement. Those, therefore, in danger of lapsing into spiritual idleness or indifference by reason of luxury and ease, are reminded of their duties when some tale of sorrow or of death is related in their presence. Thus the Methodist is never without the materials out of which a strong religious experience is constructed. Let him train his Spiritual eye to view these things aright, to look at them through the medium of the Divine illumination, which is never withheld, and fresh thoughts will come to him, his motives will rise to a loftier platform and work through a wider and more ennobling sphere.

The subscription lists of the present Thanksgiving Fund will, viewed in such a way, become something infinitely more precious than a bare record of pounds and shillings. There is no more eloquent document in the whole range of Methodist literature. Let the hearts of those who have looked at it week after week answer to this. The variety of its expression is amazing. There are few of the columns that do not afford abundant materials for quiet thought and reflection. How many, within the last few months, have had their memories refreshed whilst they have scanned the lists by the fireside. Some of the items have taken us back in recollection to men and women who have passed to the skies. It would not, indeed, be spiritually-minded people who would charge us with exaggeration, if we said in a moment of exuberance that the Thanksgiving Fund had led to a higher communion with our departed friends. The lists are noteworthy for the names of many ministers who were known throughout the country and remarkable alike for talent and piety. Some have given for fathers and mothers in heaven, some for children there, others for faithful servants, many for special blessings and the watchings of a gracious Providence. Nothing but a careful perusal of the register in connection with this Fund can give an adequate idea of the countless associations which it has revived. Apart from the financial objects of the scheme it ought, and we doubt not will, give a stimulus to every agency in Methodist work. Best of all it will demonstrate to the outside world that the Wesleyan community have not been immersed in the spirit of selfishness which has taken hold of the age, and threatens to hold it in bondage. Giving lies at the very root of Christianity.

It was the great manifestation in Christ's character. The man that has no heart for giving robs himself of the highest delights of being. In proportion to the sacrifice or the self-denial is the rapture of soul, which in its turn acts and reacts on the whole round of the affections with an elevating influence.

In the organ of another denomination, a writer thus speaks of the Thanksgiving Fund :—“ It is due to the Methodist ministry, to say that they have led the whole Connexion in this expression of gratitude with a spirit which does them great honour. The very first contribution on the list last issued runs thus, ‘An aged Supernumerary, £24.;

and this is but one of many handsome gifts from ministers, old and young, married and single, together with the children of the former. In some instances, when, perhaps, the possession of private property made the difference, ministers and ministerial families have sent in princely gifts; but, in general, these sums, rising from tens to hundreds and from hundreds to thousands, have naturally proceeded from laymen and lay families in the enjoyment of ample fortunes or of large profits from commerce or manufactures. Nor is it less marvellous, whether we speak of tens, hundreds, or thousands, that so much liberality should have been shown in this time of stagnation and distress. In one case, for example, a gentleman who had already given one thousand pounds for general purposes added the magnificent sum of nine thousand pounds ‘for an orphange;’ while, at the lower end of the scale there may be noticed such items as ‘Sergeant and Mrs. Kerrison, two pounds,’ and ‘Private William Davidson, 30th Regiment, ten shillings,’ which may be regarded as a truly thankful and well-earned acknowledgement of the ‘army work’ which the Conference instituted years ago, and which has been prosecuted with a degree of success that has drawn warm recognition, not only from the commanders of regiments, but also from general officers of the highest rank.

“One very striking and interesting feature in this ‘Thanksgiving Fund’ is the wide range taken among the donors by the sentiment which dominates the movement. Many of the gifts are characterised as ‘*In memoriam*’ simply, but a large number are in memory of fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters ‘now in heaven,’ some of which may be rather quaintly expressed, but all in a touching manner, such as

'five children gone home and five living,' 'dear sainted mother,' 'godly mothers (of husband and wife) in heaven,' 'in memory of Methodist parents,' and so forth. There are also 'thank offerings for family blessings,' for 'God's mercies,' for 'sparing and saving grace' for 'blessings received since Christmas, 1877,' for 'chastening mercies,' and for 'constant mercies,' for 'special deliverance in a recent railway collision,' from 'one who realises Ephesians ii. 13' (which speaks of those who 'sometimes were far off' but 'made nigh by the blood of Christ'), for 'special help in time of need,' for 'God's care,' for 'restored health,' to which might be added many instances like 'In gratitude for the Methodist ministry of the last two years,' and 'For the great success of the late revival.' Probably, if former lists were searched, they would afford other instances of sympathy beyond the bounds of the 'Connexion, like one which we observed in the latest issued, 'A Congregationalist, one pound.' But the great signal result that an examination of the whole series would yield would be the productive power of those chords of connexional, personal, and family sympathy, which have been so distinctly struck and so universally responded to."

This Thanksgiving Fund then touches deeply the whole social life of the Church. But there are other considerations that fall to be viewed in this paper. Who amid the tranquillity of an evening hour, has not reverted to the conversations of earlier years; we mean those delightful talks that took place by the winter fireside when the Methodist preacher told stories of the burning and shining lights of other days, when *Wesley's Journals* were recommended for perusal, and *Watson's Sermons and Institutes*, and the biography of the saintly Fletcher of Madeley? That was a time, too, when we noted all the good things said about the popular living men of London, in Liverpool, in Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere. It was then, too, that the noble mission enterprise was brought before our view, and great thoughts of self-sacrifice arose. Those were the times of holy vows and pure ambitions. Those were the seasons when many of the best men were led to think of the ministry. Then probably religious biography had the strongest charms, and did much toward the shaping of future character. Under the circumstances we speak of, the Methodist ministers were a great power for good in the homes of England. The very memory of the hours spent with

them has saved many a youth from the downward road. It is customary in the Methodist as well as in other churches to examine annually the statistics of the membership, and thus to arrive at an estimate of the good the Church has accomplished. But it is often forgotten that a religious community exerts far reaching influences that no statistics can tabulate. What may be called the negative influence of Methodism has been of great consequence in modern life. The teaching unconsciously received—perhaps often unconsciously administered—in the domestic circle, has acted in the after years with repressive force against the stream of evil tendency rushing upon our youths amid the *fitful and dazzling glare of city life*. Thousands who have not been brought into active work in the church, have at least been saved from working actively for the devil. This is a positive gain to society, though it does not swell the roll of church membership. Remembering, therefore, how potent for good the influence of the Methodist social circle may be, it is seemly that parents, and above all ministers, should guard the sanctity of the influences that may grow in this fertile sphere. Let not the inner current of Methodist social life, so great a power in years gone by, take on the taint of the evils of modern society. Let not the tone of the social circle be lowered by frivolous conversation, by weak jesting, by feeble satire upon religious things, by laughing at old customs, at the mode of living which made the Methodist fore-runners the salt of the earth, and gave them a title to be considered “the bravest of the brave,” but who now dwell in “other heavens than those that we behold,” and

Take their fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe and kene,
Bear flowers we se full fresh and faire of hue ;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renue ;
The fire that all things eke consumeth clene,
May hurt and heale : then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Sins every woe is joynd with some wealth.

—*Sir Thomas Wyat, 1541.*

MEETING THE UNKNOWN.

THERE are two ways of meeting the unknown—either by not thinking about it at all, or by thinking and leaving it all to God.

We may indeed be very weak in our last hours, and we may be sorely tempted; we may be weaker than we have ever been in our lives before; we may also be more sorely tempted; if so, as we have met many unknowns in the past, when they developed themselves, so we may believe that we shall meet this unknown when it comes, also. "Distance," it is said, "lends enchantment to the view;" distance lends terror, also; God sees the future both of our weakness and of our temptation; and when they come we shall find that He has come with them.

The Word of God is intended to be, not a fear-creating, but a fear-dispelling, Word. No doubt it warns us about ourselves—our own weakness, and nothingness, and entire liability to fall—but this is only to prevent our being set on the wrong basis of self, and our own strength. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." But once off your own basis, there is no more mention of weakness. "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," is the Word. "The Lord is my strength and my song, and He is become my salvation." Greater is He that is with us than they that be against us."

One of the uses of the Word is to lift us out of self-strength—to put us on new standing-ground altogether; to take us out of the land of fears, and set our feet in the land of faith.

In one sense, then, these fears are right—so far as they come from an estimate of "self;" in another way they would be wrong, and, like all wrong things, must exercise a disturbing influence. That disturbing influence God wills not for us, and so we must get well on to the standing-ground of simple faith, when we shall find him; and in him the one who is to dispel our fears.

Sometimes we fear that we shall fail in faith, as though when it came to the trial of our long-professed trust we may be found wanting. But faith is the gift of God; and why should our

Father take away His gift from us then, at the very moment when we want it most?

Sometimes we think we shall fail in patience—that either pain or weariness of body may make us say or do what is unseemly, and prevent our lying still in a Father's hand.

Then again, we think we shall come short in comfort—that those comforts which we have now will be withdrawn; or that even if they are there, we shall not be able to make them our own; and so we go on, until we see the future all wrapped in gloom.

Let us put a stop at the very beginning to such thoughts as these. They have a wonderful tendency to spread and darken the whole of our horizon; we thus make a black future for ourselves. This is not God's future for us; it is the future of our own faithless hearts.

Now, what we are to do, is this: We must leave the future to God—our future must be a God-made, a God-wrought one. Our comfortable considerations must come from thoughts connected with Him.

And take this as a first comfortable thought—If we have committed God's honour to Himself in this matter, He will guard it. Nowhere can God's honour be so well guarded as in his own keeping. Therefore we may say, "Work for Thine own honour's sake, O my Father, O Lord most Mighty, in keeping me in my last hours, with their weaknesses and temptations, whatever they may be. Do not let me dishonour Thy promises or Thy faithfulness by distrusting them; hold me at that time in the hollow of Thine own hands." And God's honour will be dear to Him; and He will remember the trust we reposed in Him; and although we may have forgotten it, He will not; and His strength will be made perfect in our weakness.

Consider, too, another comfortable thought. "Is not the last the same as the first to Him?" If to His own honour He first of all drew us forth from the world, and into communion with Himself, for what purpose is it but that we should be His? Is the last keeping harder than the first drawing? We have already had experience of his power; we may be sure that His hand is not shortened that it cannot save.

SUSTAINING GRACE.

BY REV. DR. PLUMER.

I ONCE heard an eloquent discourse on the power of divine grace to sustain and comfort in great affliction. The preacher has been for years very favourably known on both sides of the Atlantic. He still lives to love and be loved by thousands. He illustrated his subject by the recital of some incidents in the life of one whom he had personally known. His statement was substantially as follows :

“ While I was a student at Hampden Sidney College, there was a young man in the county of Prince Edward who was afflicted with one of the most painful of all the diseases to which the human frame is liable. It was a spinal affection of the most aggravated character. Being entirely dependent on others for support, it became necessary to make some permanent arrangement which would secure for him the constant attention he required. Through the intervention of some benevolent persons connected with the institution, he was transferred to one of the rooms of Union Theological Seminary, and an arrangement was made by which the students of the Seminary, in turn, waited on him day and night. After he was transferred to their care I often visited him, and had abundant opportunity of knowing what he suffered and how he bore the painful visitation to which he was subjected.

“ So contorted was he by his malady that he could not lie in a horizontal position, but was propped up by pillows placed under his head and shoulders, and he was so bent that usually his chin rested on his breast. At times, it gave him acute pain to partake of his necessary food. In some way the optic nerve was implicated, and so keenly sensitive did he become to the light, that it was necessary to exclude it, as far as possible, from his room. A close curtain was drawn across the single window behind his bed, and by night a shaded lamp was all that was permitted in his apartment. As an additional precaution, he often wore a bandage over his eyes, lest an accidental ray should pierce him with new anguish

“And yet, amidst all these complicated and bodily distresses, such was his patience and serenity of spirit, so hopeful and even cheerful was he in the tone of his conversation, so quick was his sympathy in all that concerned others, that his room, so far from being a place of gloom, or in any way repellant, was an attractive resort to the students of the seminary and to his friends in the neighbouring college. He never murmured, but he often gave thanks. Though it gave him pain to partake of his daily food, yet heavenly manna brought strength and refreshment to his trustful spirit. For long years, no sight of green fields or blue sky greeted his shaded eyes, but visions of beauty, infinitely transcending the fairest of earthly prospects, were disclosed to the eye of his firm, unfaltering faith.

“Thus racked and consumed with bodily pains, and thus replenished and comforted by divine grace, he lingered on, until a late hour one night, while absorbed in study, I was stopped by hearing the tolling of the bell which announced that his weary, worn, and emaciated body was at rest, and that his patient, un-murmuring spirit was among the just made perfect.”

The preacher added: “We hear of those who say they would dispense with religion during life, if they could be sure of its support in a dying hour; but, I ask, What would have been the condition of this man, during these long years of pain and destitution, but for the support and consolations of the Gospel of Christ?”

Now, dear reader, when you are inclined to think yourself the greatest of sufferers, remember this young man, or one of old, who cried: “Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?”

God, my brothers, will not leave us,
Still His sky is o'er us bent:
His commandments are not grievous,
Do His will and be content,
Let us learn to live and labour,
Conquer wrong by doing right;
Truth alone shall be our sabre,
Love alone our shield in fight.

THE CONDITIONS OF EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

“And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”
Matt. xxi. 22.

HAVE we not sometimes been tempted to think that here, at least, is a case in which our Lord has not literally and always kept His word? in which we do not get quite so much as the plain English of the promise might lead us to expect? If so, well may He say to us, “Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?” If we had known the Scriptures by searching, we might have known more of the power of God by experience in this matter. For this is no unconditional promise; this marvellous “whatsoever” depends upon five great conditions; and, if we honestly examine we shall find that every case of seeming failure in the promise can be accounted for by our own failure in one or more of these.

1. “Whatsoever ye shall ask *in My name*, that will I do.” Really, not verbally only, in the Name of Jesus; asking not in our own name at all; signing our petition, as it were, with His Name only; coming to the Father by our Advocate, our Representative. Do we always ask thus?

2. “*Believing*, ye shall receive.” The faith-heroes of old “through faith . . . obtained promises;” and there is no new way of obtaining them. Is it any wonder that, when we stagger at any promise of God through unbelief we do not receive it? Not that the faith merits the answer, or in any way earns it or works it out but God has made believing a condition of receiving, and the Giver has a sovereign right to choose His own terms of gift.

3. “*If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you*, ye shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you.” Ah! here is a deeper secret of asking and *not* having, because we ask amiss. Not, have we come to Christ? but, are we abiding in Him? not, do we hear His words? but are they abiding in us? Can we put in this claim to the glorious “whatsoever?” And, if not why not? for “*this is His commandment*,” “Abide in Me.

And this leads us to see the root of our failure in another condition, for :

4. "Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him, *because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.*" Only as we are abiding in Him, can we bring forth the fruit of obedience, for without (*i. e.*, apart from) Him we can do nothing; only in waiting by faith can we do those things that are pleasing in His sight, for without faith it is impossible to please Him.

5. "If we ask anything *according to His will*, He heareth us." When what we ask is founded on a promise, or any written evidence of what the will of the Lord is, this is comfortingly clear. But what about petitions which may or may not be according to His will? Surely, then, the condition can only be fulfilled by a complete blending of our own will with His; by His so taking our will, so *undertaking* it and influencing it for us, that we are led to desire and ask the very thing He is purposing to give. *Then*, of course, our prayer is answered; and the very pressure of spirit to pray becomes the pledge and earnest of the answer: for it is the working of His will in us.

Two comforting thoughts arise:

First, the very consciousness of our failure in these great conditions shows us the wonderful kindness and mercy of our King, who has answered so many a prayer in spite of it, according to His own heart, and not according to our fulfillment, giving us "of His royal bounty" that to which we had forfeited all shadow of claim.

Secondly, that He who knoweth our frame knows also the possibilities of His grace, and would never tantalize us by offering magnificent gifts on impossible conditions. "Will He give Him a stone?" Would an earthly parent? Would *you*? Therefore the very annexing of these intrinsically most blessed conditions implies that His grace *is* sufficient for their fulfillment, and should lure us on to a blessed life of faith, abiding in Jesus, walking in obedience "unto *all* pleasing," and a will possessed by His own divine will.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.*

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

Doctrine is the definitive, formulated postulation, or statement of religious truth. Truth may be substantially taught before it is formally propounded. Almost every kind of knowledge, in its earliest disclosures, is usually taught and learned in an unsystematic and irregular form. Language is learned and used, and that too in its most idiomatic and purest condition, before it is reduced to system by a grammar. Mankind, in their national and personal infancy, learn it by induction; but when they come to teach it to others, they resort to the synthetical method, or formulated rules and canons to embody it. Maxims of philosophy categorically propounded, are but the embodied result of experience learned without any preconcerted method. So also with the sciences embraced within the boundaries of human knowledge.

It is so likewise with the doctrines embraced in systematic theology. They were at first communicated and learned by piecemeal, and unsystematically, as they were demanded to serve some practical need. The teaching of the first preachers of Christianity was communicated in the narrative form, or as practical declarations and directions to guide and comfort anxious inquirers after salvation. Still they were embodied in those statements by implication. Soon, however, there arose occasions when the implied truths and underlying doctrines were required to be systematically stated in their defined and harmonious relation to each other, in order to confront error, and to furnish the teachers of the Church with a safe and consistent exhibition of the whole truth in the mutual relations of its several parts.

The word "develop" signifies to unfold. The bud in which lie

the rudiments is developed when it unfolds into the leaf, or cluster of leaves; or becomes the full blown flower, with all its petals and other parts which go to make up the completeness and beauty of the flower, attended by its intended fragrance. The very word "development," when applied to Christian doctrine, implies the embodied entirety of Christian doctrine in its most simple and elementary statements. One essential truth implies all the rest; but it may be long before all these doctrines are called into requisition in public teaching, or grasped and understood, either by the individual mind or long before the expansion of mind in a community prepares them to require, understand, and accept the whole assemblage of Gospel truths, displayed in all their height and depth and grandeur. So likewise it will often require that the individual mind should be expanded by knowledge of all kinds, and by experience before it is prepared for the reception of Christian doctrine in all its theoretical and practical portions, if, indeed, it ever will be so enlarged till its final and full development is presented, where "we shall see as we are seen, and known as we are known."

But this is an idea which cannot be propounded, much less illustrated and proved short of many pages. It is therefore impossible for us in the space at our disposal to give anything like the positions taken and the argument put forth in the fifty pages in which Dr. Dewart found it so hard to condense the range of thought awakened by a life-long course of reading and reflection, and his most labourious research into many volumes specially examined, to enable him to do justice to his theme. The Theological Union of Victoria University could have chosen no more suitable person than this year's lec-

* "The Development of Doctrine." By the Rev. E. H. DEWART, D.D. Toronto: Conference Printing Office. 49 pp. 8vo.

turer to discourse, at this state of their history, than he, a man gifted with that cast of intellect and that kind of mental power, and that fullness of reading, along with previous exercise of mind and similar domains of thought, which pre-eminently qualified him to deal with those questions of high import. We have not space, nor time, nor ability to give even an analysis of his theme, argument and illustration; suffice to say, that we hold him thoroughly sound and orthodox, steering clear of the dangerous extremes of Romanistic and ritualistic assumption and dictation on the one hand, and of rationalistic unsettling of the foundations on the other. To all Christian men, whether actual incumbents or expectants of the ministry, and all lay-members of the Christian Church with minds sufficiently trained in close thinking to appreciate the important religious question now pressing on human attention, we would commend the purchase—and not only the perusal, but the repeated perusal and pondering of this lecture, to be obtained at our Methodist Book-Rooms.

The sermon before the Theological Union was a very fitting accompaniment of Dr. Dewart's lecture on the "Development of Christian Doctrine."* It was preached by a gentleman, newly come to the front in Connexional matters, as a man of mark and a man of great originality and profundity of thought.

The Rev. E. A. Stafford's subject was "The Work of Christ;" and his text 1 Peter iii. 18, "For Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." The preacher started with the question, "What was the work done by Christ in the world?" The question invests the simple facts of His life with absorbing interest. This idea expanded a moment, the preacher propounded the all-engrossing question in form: "How was His work connected with the plans of government for the universe so as to enable

Him to effect such a change as He does bring about in the condition and life of a sinner in this world?"

This inquiry puts us behind the mere facts of Christ's unique and remarkable life—to the motive from which they sprang—"He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust." His earthly life was spent in the interests of others. No similar example from Nimrod to Napoleon. "His was a deliberate, intense, and sustained effort to save a vast class—the unjust." "I lay down my life for the sheep." (John x. 15.) One may work for another by being his substitute, or without being his substitute, as a mere expression of affection. Both the thoughts are very originally illustrated. It was mainly in the former way that Christ served the interests of sinful men.

Christ served us by suffering "for sins." (Isa. liii. 3, 5.) But it went beyond the examples which history furnishes of friend dying for friend, parent for child, servant for master, and the like. This throws us back on the character of man's sin, the violation of God's law,—rendered a crime as opposition to the very nature and government of God. It is not to be considered as an indiscretion, a weakness, a mistake.

Crimes deserve punishment. Punishment must be inflicted for crime, or government is overthrown. And this is true of God's government as well as all others, standing as he does in the relation of father and ruler. Here, without naming him, the preacher makes a crushing thrust at the lax notion of sin put forth in the Rev. Mr. Roy's pamphlet. All governments in all ages, human and divine, have sustained themselves by vigorous enforcement.

But the life and death of Christ make it possible for God to forgive man's sins, to count him just, and to treat him as if he had never sinned; and yet maintain the honour and authority of His law. After showing from Scripture the truly vicarious character of Christ's sufferings, he demonstrates that it presents the heinous nature of sin as nothing else

* *The Work of Christ*: A sermon preached before the Theological Union of Victoria University, in 1879.

can, and that produces a profound loathing of sin in the mind of the pardoned offender.

The preacher ably reasons out the absurdity of the cavil, on the ground of the alleged consequence, that penalty, and the exacting of suffering either from the offender or his substitute, presents God as fierce and implacable in his wrath. The cases of the judge, jury, jailer, and sheriff, are employed powerfully to show that there may be necessary punishment without passion or malignity.

But it is impossible in the very few short paragraphs allotted to us to present with justice to the author and his theme, even the substance of this originally closely compacted

argument, on a subject so deep and high, so wise and far-reaching. Suffice it to say, that it seems to us that it is a most timely production, adapted to overthrow the specious errors of Plymouthism, alas! too widely disseminated, and insidiously burrowing in the evangelical churches themselves. Most earnestly would we commend the perusal of this well-considered exposition of the great central doctrine of that Gospel which proclaims life and salvation to man, without affording tolerance for vice and making "Christ the minister of sin." The two tractates above considered, whether singly or bound together, should have a thorough and wide diffusion.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE RELIEF AND EXTENSION FUND.

A great crisis is a great opportunity. We rejoice that our Church in the present crisis of its missionary operations is rising to the height of its privilege and obligation. From the grand success which has so far attended the Relief and Extension movement, we may confidently augur that, if the whole Connexion does its duty as a part has already done, the \$150,000 needed for this fund will be forthcoming. Along four thousand miles of longitude, from Newfoundland to Vancouver's Island, a mighty spiritual impulse is felt, and our Church is now nobly laying her offering of thanksgiving on the altar of God. Ministers and laymen, the poor and the rich, alike share the blessings of giving for the extension of Christ's Kingdom. Let none defraud themselves of this privilege. Let all claim a share in this great work, and with a glad heart and free give as God hath prospered them.

Though the times be bad we have much to be thankful for. Compared with other countries ours is probably the most prosperous on the earth.

An abundant harvest has rewarded the labour of the husbandman and our barns are filled with plenty. In Great Britain, on the contrary, blight and mildew and rain have almost destroyed the fruit of the earth, and the grain lies rotting in the fields. In broad regions once busy with the stir of industry, the whirring-spindles are silent, the furnaces are cold and black, the rust gathers upon the unused machinery. No great war indebtedness nor crushing poor rates oppresses our industries. The virgin soil of our great North-west and the indomitable energies of our people are an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Our public debt is incurred, not for useless wars, but for great productive enterprises which shall rapidly develop and enrich the country. We are not army-ridden and priest-ridden, like many countries in Europe, as for instance Spain, Italy, and Belgium. Our future is one of brightest promise. Our country is another Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, inviting a new exodus of our kinsmen from beyond the sea; and many an English, Irish, and Scottish tenant, weary of the struggle with fate, without

hope of ever being other than a landless helot in the home of his fathers, looks with longing eyes to this fair land of promise. Canada is on the eve, we think, of such an influx of higher class immigration as it has never known before. The brave hearts and strong hands of our brethren from over the sea will build up in this New World a Greater Britain which shall be the home of liberty, of happiness, of contentment for millions.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,—
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

In this crisis of destiny a momentous obligation rests upon our Church. She must be in the future, as she has been in the past, the pioneer of religion in the frontier settlements. She must keep step with the advancing march of immigration. The Bible and the saddle-bags must accompany the rifle and the axe, or rather the plough and the reaper, for there is but little need of the axe and rifle in our fertile Prairie Province. The church and the schoolhouse, the rites of religion and the principles of education, must be brought within the reach of the settlers of our Far West. We must go up and possess the land in the name of the Lord, for we will be well able.

In the effort to do this, this missionary debt has largely been incurred. And who will say it was not better to pre-empt a home for Methodism in that land, even if we did incur a debt thereby? It will for sometime tax our utmost energies to keep pace with the demand made upon us as a Church for mission extension in that great North-West. But the moral and material well-being of that country will be a tenfold recompense; and a hundredfold will the future contributions to the mission cause compensate our donations in its present need.

The example of our fathers and brethren in Great Britain, who, in a time of such extreme commercial and agricultural depression, are giv-

ing so liberally to their Thanksgiving Fund, has been an inspiration and an example to us. We anticipate for our Church great spiritual prosperity as the zeal of the Divine approval of her thank-offering to God. In fulfilment of His own promise God will open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing, a shower of heavenly grace, that shall refresh and fertilize every hill of Zion. For this let us labour and pray. Without this all our givings are vain. Missions and church extension are but the telegraph wires, inert and profitless till the lightnings of heaven flash through, thrilling the souls of men with their Divine message. They are but the empty conduit till the holy tide of the Water of Life pour through their channels to the multitudes that perish of thirst.

CHURCH LYCEUMS

The last General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States, gave direction for the establishment in connection with every congregation, where practicable, of a literary institute, lyceum, or mutual improvement society. To give definiteness to their aim, and to prevent their becoming mere social clubs and nothing more, a course of reading and study has been outlined for the members of these lyceums. It will employ about three or four hours a-week, which even the busiest may command. It comprises a number of easily accessible books in English literature, science, general and ecclesiastical history and biblical knowledge. The whole course extends over four years. Annual examinations will take place by means of printed papers transmitted through the mail.

We think we perceive herein the germ of what may be an institution of inestimable value. Already the somewhat similar course of the Chautauqua Literary Circle has a body of nearly nine thousand students. But this is a much more comprehensive scheme, having its local centre wherever there is a Methodist Church or preacher. The

advantages of such a course are manifold. We can think of no more effective agency for the diffusion of culture, of biblical knowledge, and of a love of good reading among the people. Many waste their hours in frivolous or pernicious reading, who by the adoption of this course will cultivate a purer taste, a sounder judgment, and a definite aim. Many who, amid the pressure of business or household cares, scarce read at all, will find in this course a solace, a profit, and a delight. Many who are anxious to improve their minds but know not how, will hail with joy the wise suggestions and assistance which this plan affords. They will find that reading a few books well, and for a purpose, is better than devouring many without digesting them. Instead of aimless, desultory, and mentally enervating chance-reading of whatever happens to come to hand, a well-defined, closely-connected, and wisely-chosen course will be adopted. The busiest need not find it a tax, but a pleasing relaxation and employment of the moments that may be redeemed by careful economy of time. Thus, too, will the appalling waste of time, in which aimless, trivial lives are squandered, be retrieved.

It is not merely young people who engage in the Chautauqua Course, but men and women advanced in years. They say, "Our children are growing away from us. They are getting beyond us. Their mental sympathies are being alienated from us. We want to keep up with them. We want to have common objects of thought, of conversation, of discussion."

Thus, too, will Church relations be made more attractive in their social and intellectual aspects. The so-called literary gathering, too often the occasions for frivolous entertainments, will receive a dignity and be made the means of practical usefulness. A mental stimulus will be given to previously inert minds which may hereafter enrich the world and the Church with their mental wealth. Sound literature will be widely diffused. In one

small town where the Chautauqua course was adopted, fifty copies of Green's admirable *History of the English People* were sold in a few weeks. Small and inexpensive manuals of knowledge, in many departments, have already been prepared, so that the poorest may buy and the busiest may read them.

We could very much like to see something of the sort adopted in Canada. Our long winter evenings are peculiarly favourable to such culture. Our Church-life and home-life will be the richer, riper, more intelligent, and more joyous therefor. The older scholars in our Sunday-schools, and the young people who ought to be in our schools might be thus enlisted, and strongly affiliated with our Church organization. Already a large number in Canada are pursuing the Chautauqua course. We hope that many more will take it up. Now is a favourable time. It is just beginning its second year. Persons desiring information may write, of course enclosing stamp for answer, to the Rev. Dr. Vincent, Plainfield, N.J., or, to Mr. Lewis C. Peake, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1880.

WE are not yet prepared to announce the full prospectus for the coming year. The following, however, will be among its prominent features :

A series of *ESSAYS ON EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF METHODISM IN CANADA*, by the Rev. DR. RYERSON. This is the work which Dr. Ryerson has prepared in response to the formal request of three Annual Conferences. He kindly gives it to the public through the medium of this Magazine. It will be of great and permanent value, and in itself worth the year's subscription.

The Editor's *Notes of Travel*, entitled, *A CANADIAN IN EUROPE*, will be continued, and arrangements are pending for their illustration by engravings of the most celebrated sites and scenes on the Continent and in Great Britain.

A serial story, by the author of

"The King's Messenger," will run through the year, entitled, "BARBARA HECK, A TALE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF UPPER CANADA." It will give pictures of the early days of Methodism in this country, and of the perils and adventures, and the trials and religious triumphs of the U. E. Loyalist settlers of Canada.

The Editor will also contribute a series of papers of GREAT REFORMERS, including sketches of such martyrs and heroes as Savonarola, Arnold of Brescia, Jerome of Prague, Huss, Wickliffe, Farel, Calvin, and Luther. They will illustrate the historic conflict between the spiritual vassalage of Romanism and Protestant religious liberty; a conflict not yet ended, and one which has its lessons for us to-day.

Among the ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES will be a continued series on METHODIST MISSIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD; PICTURES OF BIBLE LANDS; PICTURESQUE CANADA, with views of historic scenes and monuments of our own country; together with PICTURES OF TRAVEL in various parts of the world.

Engraved portraits of several of the leading ministers of our church,

with sketches of their lives, will be given during the year. Important articles by Dr. Dewart on the New Hymn-Book, by Dr. Whedon on Arminianism, (Reprint), Rev. Geo. Cochran on Japan, Dr. Sutherland on Bermuda, and others which we cannot now announce will shortly appear.

Popular papers will also be prepared on Practical Religion, the Higher Christian Life, Current Topics, New Books, and Religious Intelligence. No effort will be spared to improve the character and enhance the interest of the Magazine.

Our clubbing arrangements are not yet complete; but we are no longer able to furnish *Scribner's Monthly* at \$2.50 as last year. It costs us \$3 for every copy. We will, however, club it at that price with this Magazine, giving the two for \$5, or the two with the *Christian Guardian* for \$6.50, being \$1.50 off the full price. *St. Nicholas* will be furnished with this Magazine for \$4.25, or the two with the *Guardian* for \$5.75, being \$1.25 off the full price.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Minutes of the late Conference, held at Birmingham, is a 12mo volume of more than 400 pages. Under the question, "Who are now received on trial," only two names are given. There are only thirty permanent supernumeraries, which is a small number, considering that there are about seventeen hundred ministers in Great Britain. Our fathers in England do not superannuate at such an early period as we do in Canada.

Forty-six pages are occupied with

obituaries of ministers who have died since the last Conference. Of these there are thirty-two in Great Britain, six in Ireland, and ten in the Foreign Missions—forty-eight in all—who have thus died in the work. Some have just been permitted to buckle on the harness, while others had long borne the burden and heat of the day. It is affecting and yet gratifying to read the record of those devoted servants of Christ who have thus been called to their reward.

There are 847 circuits in Great Britain and Ireland, to some of

which there are four ministers stationed, and others two; comparatively few have one minister only. The missions in Europe, Italy, and Asia, which comprise Ceylon, Continental India and China, South and West Africa, and America (West Indies), contain among them 426 circuits, and the French Conference contains sixteen circuits. English Methodists are distinguished for their missionary zeal, and the missionary meetings are almost invariably seasons of hallowed enjoyment. If our readers in Canada could be present at Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, and some other places during the missionary anniversaries, they would be ready to exclaim, "We never saw it on this fashion"

The Regulations for the Examination of Preachers on Trial and Candidates for the Ministry would repay an attentive perusal by the members of the Conference in Canada. No doubtful case is received, and the various Examining Boards are made up from the best men in the Conference. The standard for candidates is being raised considerably.

A report is given respecting the Representative Conference, and the names of ministers and laymen who attended there were 240 of each. At this Conference reports are given concerning the various funds, such as the Foreign and Home Missions, Contingent, Chapel and Children's Fund, also the schools and colleges. It is marvellous how so many reports can be discussed in one week.

The interest taken by the Conference in the Temperance cause is rapidly increasing, as is evident by the appropriations made to the Committee from the Thanksgiving Fund, while every means is also adopted to secure a better observance of the Lord's Day. The Connexional Sunday-school Union, though only in existence a few years, has accomplished much good. The Lesson Helps and Notes are even sent to Russia and Spain, and arrangements have been made for translating them into Italian, Chinese, and Kaffir. It is worthy of observation that in both the Pastoral and

Representative Conferences, a considerable portion of one session was occupied with conversation respecting the state of the work of God.

The entire number of ministers in the active work in Great Britain, including the Channel Islands, and the several secretaries, treasurerships, and educational institutions, is 1,756; a grand phalanx of consecrated labourers in the service of the Master.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Church Relief and Extension Fund is receiving considerable attention. The accounts received from various parts of the work afford encouragement to hope that the amount stated by the committee will be forthcoming. Several contributions have already been paid. The meetings necessarily entail a large amount of additional labour on those who are active in their promotion. It would be a disaster if such a grand movement should fail, and surely when there has been such an abundant harvest, there ought not to be the least difficulty in raising the amount. Many of the ministers have set a noble example to the people. Some of the city appointments have also led the way in a most praiseworthy manner. The intelligence received at the Mission Rooms is cheering. Our brethren in the East are especially distinguishing themselves. Much will depend upon the efforts of the next few weeks.

Rev. G. H. Cornish, whose *Cyclopedia of Methodism* will, we trust soon be published, has published the following statistics of progress in the Church for 1879:—Increase of ministers, 7; the number of superannuated and supernumerary ministers is 172; there are 172 probationers for the ministry, fifty of whom are allowed to attend college; 39 were received on trial at the last Conferences. Of circuits and missions there is an increase of 13; and a net increase of members of 418, while there is an increase of nine Sabbath-schools, 394 teachers, and 2,637 scholars. 5,192 conversions are reported among the scholars.

From the Mission Rooms we learn that Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald had arrived safely in Japan, and were cordially received. The Financial District Meeting was held in July. Besides those named in the Minutes of Conference, there are two native Japanese under the Chairman. The unavoidable withdrawal of the Rev. G. Cochran from the mission was deeply regretted. He was deservedly esteemed in Japan, and his brethren expressed their estimate of him by adopting an appropriate resolution at the district meeting.

Bro Manning writes from the Saskatchewan District, that the work among the Blackfeet is being attended to at Fort Macleod, and that the white work is increasing in interest. The mission premises deeded to the Conference are worth \$1,300. He is hopeful of spiritual success.

The new church in Queen Square, St. John's, New Brunswick, was recently dedicated with a series of services conducted by the Rev. H. McKeown, President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, and others. The church is a beautiful edifice, and the friends may well be jubilant at the success with which their self-denying labours have been crowned.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

Dr. R. S. Rust has recently visited Atlanta, Georgia, to arrange for the speedy erection of a new, large, academic edifice for Clark University. Bishop Haven has secured for this important school a spacious domain of four hundred and fifty acres, in the most growing city of the South, and overlooking the city. With the contribution of a Christian lady, whose name is not given, the Freedmen's Aid Society have contracted for the erection of a new building, with a new stone foundation and a brick upper-structure. The material—the stone and the clay for brick—is found upon the ground.

A minister visiting Italy writes

thus respecting the mission-work at Rome: "I doubt if there is another field that has so many first-class men at work. I can hardly believe what I see. I heard a sermon by Dr. De La Ville. I went to the prayer-meeting this evening and enjoyed it very much. I made an address, which Dr. Vernon translated into Italian. I am greatly impressed with the grand ability and piety of Dr. Lanna, who is becoming quite popular."

The *Bombay Guardian* says that the Eastern camp-meeting, at Lanowlee, was a grand success. The services were of a heavenly character, and a good number were brought to God.

OTHER CHURCHES.

This is the jubilee year of the Primitive Methodists in Canada, and they are endeavouring to raise a fund for church extension purposes. At the last Conference the movement was inaugurated, when some very liberal subscriptions were promised.

The Baptist Conference was recently held. The members in Ontario and Quebec were reported at 30,000. Forty-six missionaries are employed, who had paid more than 10,000 pastoral visits; travelled 42,873 miles, and baptized 584 persons on profession of faith. More than \$5,000 were raised in support of Foreign Missions.

ITEMS.

In a village in India, where no missionary has ever preached, a prominent man recently announced himself a Christian, and offered to give land for a "prayer-house." He had, three years before, while travelling, bought a copy of the Bible, and this is the result.

Bishop Bompas, of Athabaska, U.S., knows how to hold service in seven native dialects. He has learned to endure hardship like a good soldier of the Cross.

A New Zealand girl, who was brought over to England to be educated, in the course of time became

a true Christian. When the time came for her to return to her own country, and some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her, they said, "Why do you want to go back to New Zealand? You have become accustomed to England; you love its shady lanes and clover fields. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the return voyage. And if you should get back safe, your own people may kill you and eat you—everybody there has forgotten you." "What!" she said, "Do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think I could be content with having got pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they might get it too? I would go, if I had to swim there!"

The cry has often been heard that the missionary cause is a failure. Does the following account of the Sandwich Islands confirm the slander? "These cannibals, who, erewhile, would cook and carve a merchant or mariner, and discourse on the deliciousness of a 'cold slice of missionary'—these semi-devils have now two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of church property, built with muscular Christianity and pious self-denial, which shame us out of all self-complacency. Think of it—one hundred and fifty persons, each dragging timber for a church eight miles; diving for coral ten to twenty feet, reducing it to lime, and carrying it on their shoulders seven miles, to cement stones, carried one by one an eighth of a mile; women subscribing \$200 to a church erection, payable and paid by making mats at eight cents a week; and subscriptions by men, payable and paid by the profits on firewood, sold at eight cents a stick, after ferrying seven sticks in a canoe across the twenty-mile wide channel. Then, two thousand miles away, beginning a foreign mission on the Micronesian Islands—why, if this were not fact it would be counted the silliest of all possible romances, the improbable of the improbable, the impossible of the impossible, com-

pared with which Jules Verne's expeditions would be stale sobriety itself."

Rev. Joseph Barclay, rector of Stapleford, Herts, England, a well-known author, skilled in Hebrew, Arabic, and German, and the translator and commentator on parts of the Talmud, has accepted the Bishopric of Jerusalem.

The missionaries of the American Board in Japan have established a new mission in Okayama, a city of 35,000 inhabitants. Seventy-five natives attended the first service.

The spread of Christianity in Japan during the last seven years has been remarkable. There are forty-three Protestant churches in that country, with a membership of one thousand five hundred. There are fifty-four Sunday-schools, with two thousand scholars; three theological schools, with one hundred and seventy-five students; eighty-one missionaries, ninety-three native assistant preachers, ten native pastors, and one hundred and fifty preaching-places. In addition to the distinctively religious work, a large number of secular schools are carried on by Christian teachers.

A young Creek Indian, who was converted at the University of Wooster, took the first Latin prize, a gold medal, for best scholarship during the senior preparatory year, and for best examination for entrance to the freshman class at the late commencement. There were sixty students in the class.

A Methodist missionary in China has prepared a Chinese Sunday-school hymn and tune-book. It is printed in Foochow.

A Christian woman has opened a medical mission in Jaffa, and religious services in Arabic are held three times a week in connection with it.

In San Francisco more than twenty young Japanese have formed themselves into a "Gospel Society" for the purpose of studying and discussing the Christian religion. Six of these young men have already

embraced the faith of the Gospel, and are now members of the Methodist Mission church. Some others are members of other churches.

The French Protestants, with a population of 700,000 souls, contribute 1,000,000 francs a year for domestic and foreign missions, sustaining missionaries in the South of Africa, in Senegal, and in Tahiti.

Bishop Peck has pledged his whole estate for Syracuse University, and has his life insured for an amount sufficient to complete the endowment of a professorship in that institution.

A missionary, after thirty years' service in India, in building churches and school-houses, largely with his own hands, complains, that on returning to America he finds churches in large cities which cost \$200,000 and \$500,000, and a secretary of his own foreign board receiving a salary of \$5,000 a year, when the oldest mission in India "is really dying out for the lack of men and means."

THE DEATH ROLL.

The Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., recently died at Berlin, by apoplexy. For many years he was minister in the city of New York, and has spent several years in the Foreign Mission field. He was also an author of great ability.

Professor J. P. Lacroix, of Ohio University, died a few days ago, just as he was returning home from a foreign trip. He was a frequent contributor to periodicals of the Church.

Daniel Drew, the founder of Drew

University, died very suddenly from heart disease. His property once was estimated at millions, but reverses came, and he died comparatively poor. Latterly he was reported to be a very devoted Christian, and often regretted that he had not paid the various endowments which he promised, instead of merely paying the interest, before the crash came which swept his money away. Vanity of vanities!

Rev. W. McCullough recently passed to his reward. He had been a Methodist minister 39 years, and was at one time Chairman of a District. May we be ready when the summons reaches us.

Rev. G. H. Bryant, one of the junior ministers in the Newfoundland Conference, has been called to his reward in heaven. He came from Cornwall, England, about six years ago, and has laboured very earnestly as a missionary ever since, and now, alas! he has died at his post, leaving a widow and five small children to mourn his loss in a land of strangers.

Another of our brethren, comparatively young, the Rev. W. Irwin, died at his residence at Markdale on the ninth of September. For the last eight years of his life, on account of ill health, he has been laid aside from the active work.

Rev. A. Topp, D.D., the beloved pastor of Knox Church, Toronto, died suddenly at the house of a sick friend whom he was visiting, October 4th. He was a faithful servant of his beloved Master, and a genial friend.

BOOK NOTICES.

Studies in Theism. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. 12mo., pp. 444. New York: Phillips and Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The first review in the first number of this MAGAZINE five years ago, was one of Prof. Bowne's admirable book on "The Philosophy of Her-

bert Spencer." We commended the vigour, the philosophical acumen, the clear insight which were manifested by that book, and the distinguished graces of its literary style. The same characteristics mark the book now before us. There is, however, or there seems to us to be, in this later work, a stronger beat of

pinion, a higher and more sustained flight in the keen and difficult air of philosophical speculation, than even in the former. The subjects discussed are of prime importance—subjects which lie at the base of all theology, nay, of all philosophy. In a series of brilliant essays he discusses the following topics: Knowledge and Scepticism, Knowledge and Belief, Postulates of Scientific Knowledge, Mechanism and Teleology, The Conservation of Energy, Substances and their Interaction, Theism and Panthism, The Relation of God to the World, The Relation of God to Truth and Righteousness, The Soul, Spiritualism, or Materialism, and Postulates of Ethics. The study of these august themes demands, of course, considerable concentration of thought. But we are free to say that we know no philosophical writer who has the art of "putting things" more clearly than Prof. Bowne. His short crisp sentences, his mastery of the subject, the pungent wit at times manifested, and the sharp dialectic thrusts give to these essays a vivacity and lucidity that make them not only easy but fascinating reading. The fallacies of evolutionism, with its cosmical and geological theories as a solution of the problem of the universe, are shown with great acuteness and subtlety. There is at times a tone of somewhat dogmatic assertion in the book, but the author explains that as the opinions can have no weight but as they affect the judgments of others, it saves both time and space and is, withal, in better taste to express them plainly.

Missions and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By the Rev. J. M. REID, D.D. 2 vols., 12mo., pp. 462 and 471, illustrated. New York: Phillips and Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$3.00 the set.

There is no more romantic or heroic story than that of Methodist Missions. The M. E. Church of the United States has given proof of her descent from the grand missionary Methodism of Great Britain by her

zeal in the mission cause. And the Methodism of Canada, as the offspring of that missionary zeal, ought not to forget her intimate early relations to American Methodism.

In these two goodly volumes Dr. Reid has told the interesting story of the beginning, development and progress of M. E. Missions throughout the world. The missionary society, like our own in Canada, had its origin in the efforts to evangelize the native tribes, and some of its earliest co-labourers were converted Indians. Dr. Reid commemorates the services of our own Canadian Peter Jones, Peter Jacobs and Elder Case. The labours of the missionaries among the Indians and the Negroes did much to elevate these subject races and would have done much more but for the obstructions placed in their way by unscrupulous traders and venal politicians.

The foreign missions of the Church have had a wonderful providential development. In Siberia, in Brazil, in Uruguay, in Mexico, in India, in China, in Japan great success has attended its operations. The story of the planting of the Indian Mission and of its perils during the mutiny lacks no element of the heroic and the morally sublime. In Japan, the M. E. Missionaries are labouring side by side with our own in endeavouring to evangelize that land.

In its missions on the Continent of Europe the Methodism of the New World has endeavoured to repay the benefits it has received from those old historic lands, so many of whose sons have found a home in the West. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy and Bulgaria successful missions, with training institutes for the education of native missionaries, and a vigorous native press have been created. The missionary statistical tables are very full and are brought down to recent dates. The volumes are copiously illustrated with maps and engravings.

Methodist Quarterly Review for Oct. 1879. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

A very noteworthy article in the current number of this Review is a

very practical one on "Our Colleges," urging that they become much more than they are nursing mothers of vital piety and champions of the Christian orthodoxy. Another of much interest is one by Dr. Hartzil, of New Orleans, on the Negro Exodus from the South, the result of the violation of their political, social and religious rights, and of their bitter persecution and "bull dozing" by their former masters. The subjects of the other articles are: Dollinger; The Deity and the Physical Forces; The French Reformed Church; and the Election of Presiding Elders. A steel portrait and life-sketch of the late Dr. Nelson, head of the Book Concern, is given. The editor in his book reviews in part agrees with Bishop Foster's "Beyond the Grave," and in part dissents from its teaching. He highly commends Bourn's Studies in Theism, and reviews a number of other important books. This is a very high class and cheap review, only \$2.62 a year. May be ordered through our Book Rooms.

The Teaching of Christ in Regard to His Own Person and Work
By the REV. C. STEWART, D.D.
A lecture delivered before the Theological Union of Mount Allison Wesleyan College, and *Preaching Christ*. By the REV. W. C. BROWN. A sermon delivered before the same Union. 12mo., p.p. 78. Halifax: Conference Office and Methodist Book Rooms. Price, 25 cents.

We rejoice at the establishment of the annual lectureship and sermon in connexion with the Theological Union of Victoria and Mount Allison Wesleyan Colleges. Certainly the results thus far have amply vindicated the wisdom of that step. The lecture and sermon at Victoria College are reviewed in another page of this MAGAZINE. We have here only space to notice briefly the first similar instalment from Mount Allison. Dr. Stewart's lecture is the masterly treatment of a very important subject that we would expect from so thoughtful a mind and judicious

a theologian. It will not bear summarizing and to be appreciated must be carefully read for ones self.

The Rev. J. C. Brown's sermon is an admirable pendant, both in subject and treatment, to the lecture. We trust that these are but the beginning of a long series of similar productions in connection with the Theological Union of Mount Allison College.

The London Quarterly Review for October, 1879. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

This veteran Review is now in its hundred and fifth volume. Its continuous improvement has led to a near approach to perfection. It is always learned and profound in treating scholastic subjects, yet it is always practical in discussing current Christian work. Of the latter nature are two articles in the present number, one on Woman's Work among the Poor; the other on the Evangelical Alliance meeting of the present year at Basle. Of the former class are articles on the Ancient British Church, Colenso's last volume, and the Prophecies concerning Israel after the Captivity. An interesting life-sketch of Dr. Eadie is also given, and a review of his work. No less than thirty-two recent books are "noticed" by the Editor.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Pulpit; a volume of sermons by members of the Niagara, Ontario, and Bay Quinte Conferences of the M. E. Church in Canada. Edited by the Rev. B. F. AUSTEN, B.A. 12mo., pp. 319. Hunter, Rose, & Co.

Absence from our tripod has prevented an earlier notice of this handsome volume. One of the advantages of the itinerancy is that it makes congregations acquainted with a great variety of preachers; one of its disadvantages is that they cannot enjoy the services of any of them very long. It was a happy idea to bring together in this volume the sermons by a large number of Methodist preachers. In this way the hearers of the scattered congregations

to which they have ministered may hear again, as it were, the voices of their former pastors, and possess these remembrances of their ministrations. The sermons are twenty-one in numbers, and are by such representative men of the M. E. Church, as Bishop Carman and Drs. Jacques, Pilcher, Aylsworth, Webster, Badgley, Stone, and others. As might be expected from the ability of their writers, they exhibit the old yet ever new truth of the Gospel with much force, beauty, and earnestness. The volume has a handsome vignette of the Belleville M. E. Tabernacle.

Dawson's Educational Course: A complete Arithmetic, oral and written. By the Rev. D. H. MACVICAR, LL D. 12mo., pp 380; Dawson & Brothers, Montreal; and

A Primary Arithmetic, 12mo., pp. 160. Same author and publisher.

The scholarly Principal of the Presbyterian College Montreal, has in these volumes submitted a primary and advanced system of arithmetic based on philosophical principles, and having the merit of remarkable clearness and simplicity—qualities which are of such prime importance, especially in the case of young students. The treatment of several departments of the subject is new, and will be found, we think, an improvement on former methods. Where possible, each process has been presented objectively, by diagrams and cuts, so that the truth is exhibited to the eye and thus clearly defined to the mind. To the larger book a short treatise on mensuration is added.

Methodism in 1879. Impressions of the Wesleyan Church and its Ministers. 12mo., pp. 201. London: Haughton & Co.

The occasion of this book was the grand uprising of Wesleyan Methodism to wipe out its debts and extend its work by the Thanksgiving Fund of 1879. The author writes anonymously, but with full knowledge of the condition of Methodism and with hearty sympathy with its mission.

He gives a retrospect of its history, an estimate of its present position, and a forecast of its future. He discusses its relation to doctrine and modern thought, to political movements, its missionary enterprise, the intellectual character of its ministry, and its social aspects. From the latter chapter we give in another, part of this number, copious extracts.

Daniel Quorm and His Religious Notions, Second Series. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. 12mo., pp. 225, illustrated. New York: Phillips and Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Our readers will remember the graphic delineations of Cornish life, largely quoted in this Magazine from the first series of "Daniel Quorm and his Religious Opinions." In this volume we renew our acquaintance with several of the characters to whom we were introduced in that work. Uncle Dan'el is as quaint, as witty, and as wise as ever; you can almost see the dogmatic jerk of his head as he speaks. Dear old Franky Vivian grows more saintly in his simple piety. We follow him down to the dark river and see him pass triumphantly over to the Canaan that he loved. One of the most striking and best drawn new characters is that of 'Mest' Gribble," the Devonshire farmer; the dialect is admirably managed, Dan'el's notions on preaching will well bear pondering by both pulpit and pew. We think the introduction of the supernatural element in one sketch ought to be more definitely avouched for or else omitted. The vignette illustrations are very artistic.

DR. RYERSON'S HISTORY OF THE LOYALISTS OF AMERICA AND THEIR TIMES.—We are glad to learn that the important work on which the Rev. Dr. Ryerson has been for several years engaged has at last reached its completion. It is especially fitting that one who is himself the son of a U. E. Loyalist, and who has borne such a prominent part in the religious, social, and educational de-

velopment of his native country, should record the history of the Loyalist fathers and founders of the British Provinces of North America. To this work Dr. Ryerson has given several of the best and ripest years of his life. He has spared neither pains nor expense in the prosecution of his task. He has had large correspondence with the U.E. Loyalists and their descendants. He has examined the MSS. and printed documents and original authorities on the subject in the Canadian Parliamentary Library and in that of the British Museum. He has discovered by his researches that the American histories of the early New England are with slight exceptions, little more than fictions, as also their histories of the Revolutionary War; and on unquestionable evidence he has corrected their errors. The work cannot fail to prove one of great historical value and to be a "monument to the character and merits of the fathers and founders of Canada," and also of the patient research, fervid patriotism, masterly delineation and philosophical judgment of its venerable author.

CORNISH'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF METHODISM.—We are glad to learn that the Cyclopædia of Methodism on which the Rev. Geo. Cornish has been engaged for a long time, is now ready for the press. From the experience we have had of the usefulness of Bro. Cornish's smaller Handbook of Methodism, we are confident that his Cyclopædia will be a work of great and permanent value.

The work has been endorsed and commended by the General Conference of 1878, and by several of the Annual Conferences. We are quite prepared to concur in the statement of the prospectus that "when published it must supply an actual want in Canadian Methodism, and prove of great value to every Methodist family. No such comprehensive work on Methodism has ever before been published. As a work of reference, in which everything pertaining to our Church history, from Newfoundland in the East to the Pacific Coast in the West, it has no equal."

Owing to the expense of publishing such a book, the author has determined not to print until a sufficient number of copies is subscribed for to cover the cost of publication. The Cyclopædia will, therefore, be published only by subscription. It will be royal 8vo. in size, and will contain 550 pages, and several illustrations. The price will be for cloth binding, \$4.50; for sheep, marble edge, \$5.00.

All ministers and others who desire to subscribe for the Cyclopædia will kindly send their name to Rev. Geo. Cornish, at Burlington, Ont. Six hundred additional names are necessary before the book can go to press. We hope that all the ministers and lay friends who possibly can will aid this worthy enterprise by their subscriptions at once, so that no time may be lost in putting it to press. Ministers will be allowed 25 per cent. discount on all the copies they may take.

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. W. BRIGGS; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

JESUS ONLY.

H. WALLACE.

No other Name for me, but Jesus only.

Adagi.

1. No o - ther name for me, But Je - sus on - - ly; None else in

earth or heav'n, But Je - sus on - ly. Let my lot low - ly be,

Let all for-sake but Thee, My Je - sus on - ly, My Je - sus on - ly.

2 Dearer than life to me
Is Jesus only;
No earthly smile so sweet
As Jesus' only.
All else seem vain to me—
All seem the same to me—
With Jesus only!

3 Thus, 'midst the gloom of life,
With Jesus only;
Thus free from care and strife,
With Jesus only,
My chiefest theme shall be—
Jesus hath died for me,
And Jesus only!

4 Oh, how I long to dwell
With Jesus only!
How long the song to swell
Of Jesus only!
From Him no more to part,
But love with all my heart,
My Jesus only!

5 When passing through the vale,
With Jesus only;
Should earth or hell assail,
Let Jesus only
Show forth His wond'rous power.
I'll triumph in that hour,
Through Jesus only.

6 When I wake up in Thee,
My Jesus only,
"Light in Thy light" to see,
My Jesus only;
How o'er the heavenly plains
Shall roll the rapturous strains
Of Jesus only!

7 Higher and higher still,
To Jesus only,
Till on the loftiest hill,
With Jesus only,
I stand enthroned in light,
On Zion's glorious height,
With Jesus only!