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THE CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1877.

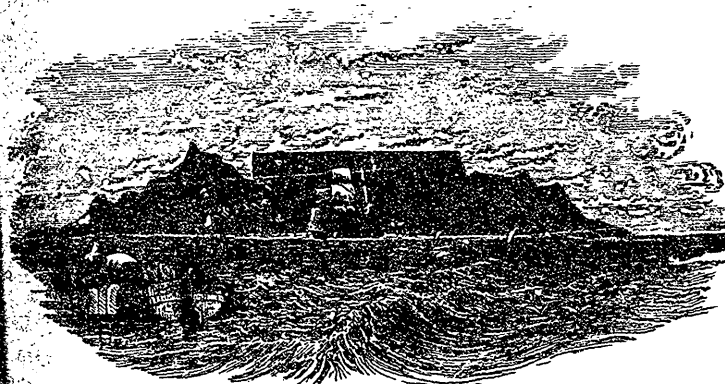


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHALLENGER.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

MARITIME discovery, from the time that the ships of Jason sought the Golden Fleece, has ever possessed a fascination to mankind. The story of the British sea-kings, Drake and Dampier, and Anson and Cook, still stirs our blood as we sail with them over lonely seas and past unknown shores around the world. Somewhat akin in its interest, but still further enhanced

\* "The cruise of Her Majesty's Ship *Challenger*. Voyages over many Seas, scenes in many lands." By W. J. J. Spry, R.N. 8vo., pp. 388, with map and numerous illustrations. Toronto: Belford Brothers; and Methodist Book Concerns, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Belford Brothers for the use of the cuts from this book which illustrate this article.

by its scientific importance, was the cruise of the *Challenger*, of which we purpose to give, from the graphic pages of Mr. Spry, the historian of the expedition, a short account.

Through the liberality of the British Government, H. M. S. *Challenger*, a spar-decked corvette of 2,000 tons' displacement and 400 horse-power, was placed at the service of the council of the Royal Society for the purpose of deep-sea exploration and for the discovery of the physical and biological conditions of the great sea basins. With the exception of two 64-pounders all the guns were removed to make room for the chemical laboratories and work-rooms, and the sounding and dredging apparatus—the peaceful instruments of science taking the place of the deadly engineering of war.

Captain, now Sir George, Nares was appointed to the chief command, but before the cruise of the *Challenger* was completed he was recalled to take charge of the Arctic exploring expedition. He was assisted by officers of eminent scientific ability. Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson was selected as director of the civilian scientific staff, which was composed of several gentlemen of distinguished reputation in their several departments of physical investigation. The most complete outfit of scientific instruments and apparatus that human skill could devise was liberally provided.

Among the instruments were sounding machines for bringing up specimens of sand or mud, sunk by weights of three or four hundred pounds, which slipped off when the bottom was reached; dredges for collecting sponges, corals, shells and the like, from the bottom; bottles for procuring water from great depths; and self-registering thermometers for recording the temperature. The drums, reels, and hoisting apparatus were very ingenious and successful. Ample provision was also made for the study and preservation of the strange objects of marine or terrestrial life discovered. The expedition, whose object was the questioning of the depths of ocean, and wresting from its bosom the secrets of the sea, was the most thoroughly equipped for that purpose that ever sailed from any shores.

On the 21st of December, 1872, the good ship left Portsmouth Harbour, and the explorers spent their Christmas and New Year's

day tossing about in the stormy Bay of Biscay, sounding, dredging, and the landsmen acquiring their sea legs. After a call at Cintra and Lisbon they visited Gibraltar for coal and stores. The fortifications mount 1,800 guns, and every night, with military ceremonial, the gates of the town are locked, drawbridges raised, and the ponderous keys consigned to the keeping of the Governor.

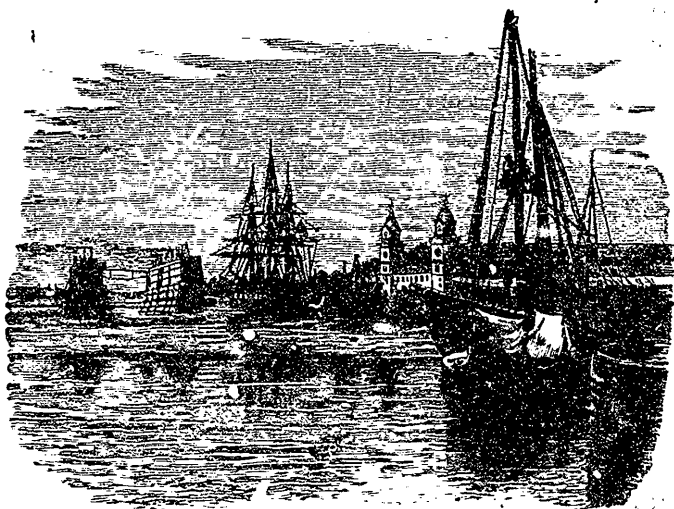
Leaving Gibraltar they sailed for Madeira and Teneriffe. The semi-tropical luxuriance of these sunny islands was a delightful contrast to the wintry weather they had left behind. After climbing the famous Peak, and sliding down the mountain side on wooden sledges, they sailed for the West Indies. Now began the regular work of the expedition. Stoppages were made every hundred miles for sounding and dredging, taking the temperature, etc., steam being used only to supplement the sails, for the sake of economy of fuel. Successful hauls from the bottom were made at depths varying from one to three miles—and subsequently from the depth of *five* miles. Dredging and sounding at these depths is a work of great difficulty and of considerable danger. Indeed, one of the seamen was subsequently killed during this operation. The utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the *servants* on the landing of the trawl or dredge, and the strange forms of life which "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear" were eagerly captured and examined.

The island of St. Thomas was reached on March 16th, and after a month's imprisonment on shipboard, everyone was eager for a run on shore. A pleasant week was spent in exploring and inshore dredging, with the capture of many new and strange forms of life. The tropic palms, and sunny skies, and emerald hills, and crystal waters, were a vision of delight. St. Thomas, as shown in our frontispiece, is a pretty town, with a fine background of hills, and is a calling-place for ten or twelve steamship lines.

The coral-built islands of Bermuda, lying low in the waves, were soon reached. The snowy limestone houses, gleaming amid the rich foliage, looked singularly attractive. The islands are one of the oldest British colonies. They are called in Shakespeare's "Tempest," the "still vexed Bermoothes." Much money has been spent on fortifications. One of the most conspicuous objects

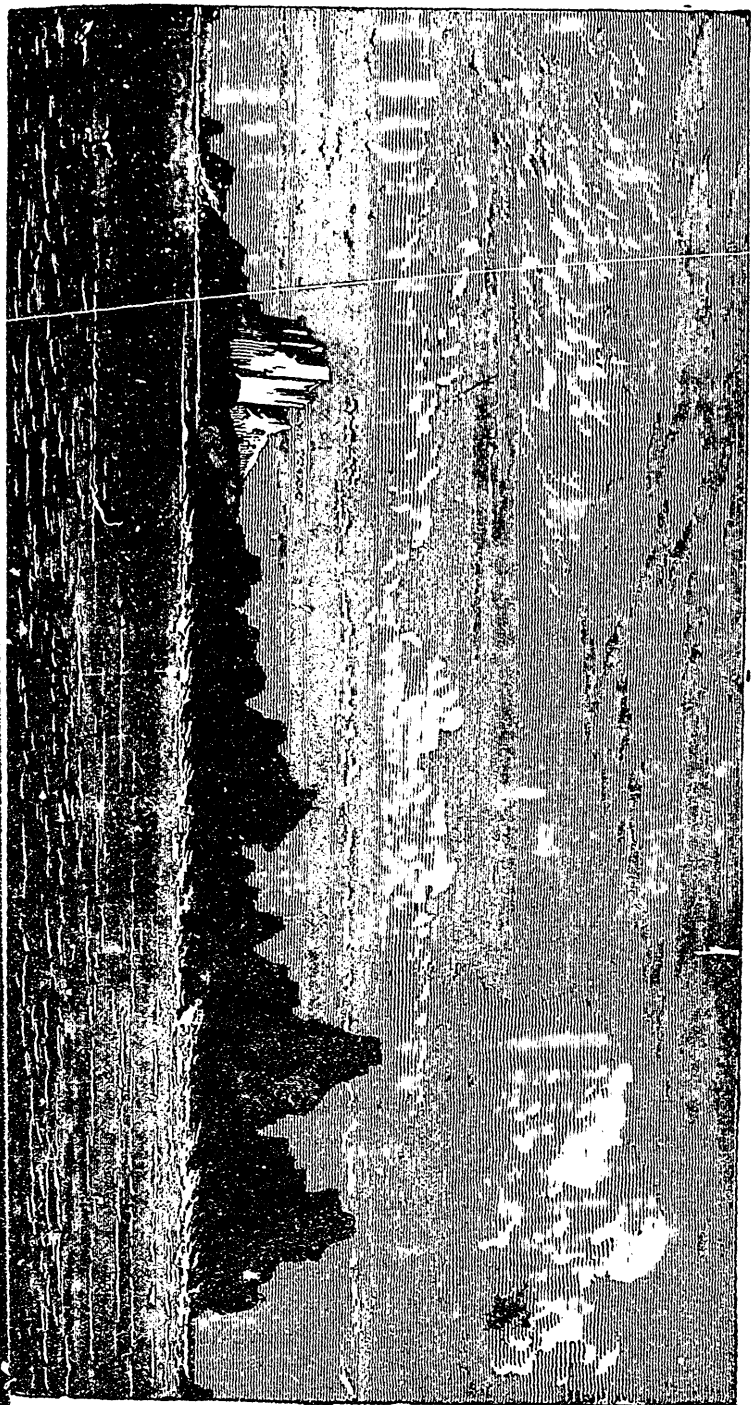
is the huge iron floating dock, shown to the left of the engraving on this page. It was built in England, and towed across the Atlantic. It can be sunk by admitting water into its compartments, and raised, with the largest man-of-war in its arms, by pumping the water out again.

After making careful thermometrical observations of the Gulf Stream,—that glorious river in the sea, sixty miles broad, tempering with the warmth of the tropics the icy regions of the far-off North,—the expedition visited Halifax. Our author is enthusiastic in his praise of the magnificence of the harbour, the beauty of the scenery, and the hospitality of the inhabitants.



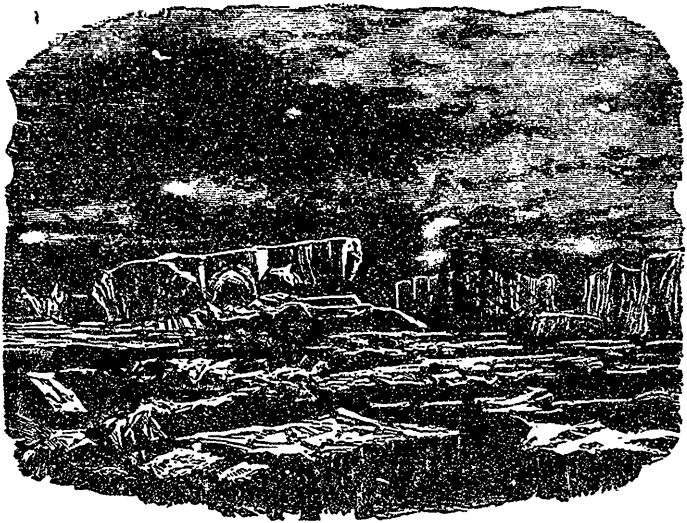
CAMBER AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

Crossing the Atlantic again, the expedition visited the Azores, Madeira, and Cape Verde Islands. Sailing southward, on crossing the line the Great Bear retired into his northern cave and the Southern Cross beamed brightly in the sky. In mid-ocean the lonely St. Paul's Rocks were reached—bare, bleak barren crags, the abode of desolation and death. See engraving on the opposite page. Bahia, in Brazil, was reached on the 14th of September. Two weeks were very agreeably spent in exploring, by rail and river, the adjacent country and in enjoying



the hospitality of the inhabitants. The naturalists were delighted with the lavish beauty and abounding life of the Brazilian forests.

A series of soundings was now made across the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope. Table Mountain, with its flat plateau, as if its top had been cut off by some giant hand, presents a very singular appearance, as shown in the engraving on our first page. Cape Town has more of an English than African look. Hottentots and Bushmen can only be found by a long journey into the interior. The diamond fields are 600 miles off, but the discovery of the precious gems has greatly stimulated the prosperity of the colony.



**THE CHALLENGER AMONGST THE ICE IN THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.**

Sailing southward before a roaring gale, they seek the regions of the albatross, (a magnificent bird with wings of twelve feet spread,) the petrel, the penguin, the seal, and the whale. New Year's day, 1874, is spent at the lonely Crozet Islands. The penguins swarmed in countless numbers, and their noise was fairly deafening. On February 16th, the *Challenger* reached its furthest southern point, within the antarctic circle. An icy barrier stretched as far as eye could reach. No sign of the land

described by the Wilkes' exploring expedition could be seen. Sometimes a hundred and fifty monster icebergs were in sight at once, and the navigation in fog, and snow, and storm, and darkness was exceedingly perilous; indeed, on one occasion, the good ship ran into a berg and lost its jib-boom and head-gear.

Stretching away to the north-east, after a run of nearly 8,000 miles from Cape Town, the expedition reached Melbourne, Australia. It is only forty years since the first white man landed on its site, and to-day it numbers 240,000 inhabitants, and is in size the ninth city in the British Empire, exceeding in population such ancient cities as Bristol and Edinburgh. The colony of Victoria devotes nearly one-third of its entire revenue to aid public instruction; a fact said to be without parallel elsewhere. Public museums, fine art galleries, and free libraries, minister to the higher civilization of the people. By the discovery of gold in 1853, Ballarat has been changed from a collection of canvas tents to a large and beautiful city. The production of gold has greatly decreased. At a mine where 120 ounces a day was once procured, a few Chinamen were gleaning amid the refuse heaps. But more stable sources of prosperity have been discovered, and Anglo-Saxon energy and enterprise are creating a Greater Britain at the antipodes that shall perpetuate under southern skies the institutions and civilization of the Fatherland. Sydney is another noble city, situated on what our author calls "the most perfect harbour in the world." Stores, warehouses, banks, hotels, a hundred and twenty churches, docks, quays, and shipping, crowd the site where, within the memory of man, the naked savage hurled his boomerang. A part only of the city is shown in the engraving on the following page.

A run was made by rail to the "Australian Alps," the railway climbing by zigzags, in sixty miles, a height of nearly 4,000 feet. The scenery is indescribably grand. The road cost from £20,000 to £25,000 per mile. Men had to be lowered from the cliffs with ropes to begin the works. Thriving towns and villages, rejoicing in such names as Woolloomoolloo and Yarayara, on all sides are springing up. The members of the *Challenger* expedition were everywhere feted and honoured, and returned the hospitality by giving entertainments on board the vessel and





dredging excursions—in which their fair friends manifested an interest not altogether scientific. In the Paramatta River dredging was conducted by a steam-launch, brought from England for such purposes, as shown in the engraving.



DREDGING ON THE PARAMATTA RIVER, SYDNEY.

Very reluctantly, after a three months' stay, our explorers tore themselves from the hospitalities of their Australian friends and sailed for New Zealand, which they reached by the end of June. Here one of the scientific staff was unhappily swept overboard by a heavy sea and drowned. The volcanic and craggy scenery of New Zealand is very grand, abounding in frightful chasms and tremendous cliffs. "Planted in the very track of storms, open to the sweep of seas from every quarter, and exposed to the swell of huge waves that run from pole to pole," its rugged coast is eaten into wildest forms and ceaselessly lashed by an angry surf. Hot springs abound close to glaciers and eternal snows; earthquakes are common, and active volcanoes are not unknown, while the valleys abound with tropical jungle and tree ferns. Yet amid these rugged scenes British pluck has constructed a railway, and the shriek of the iron horse awakens the echoes of the mountains and disturbs the quiet of the Maori villages.

At the Friendly Islands our author had frequent opportunities of seeing King George Tabu, a hale old gentleman of eighty, in his youth a cannibal, now a Wesleyan Methodist class-leader and local preacher. The Wesleyan church is a neat building, consisting of nave and two aisles. It is constructed of cocoa-nut wood, and thatched with palm leaves, and will seat eight hundred persons. There is a fine pulpit and a good-sized organ, which was well played by one of the natives. The sermon was preached by a Tongan, and the singing was very good. Public schools are giving most satisfactory results. What a change from the cannibal orgies of former times the introduction of Christianity wrought! Truly, "the isles shall wait for His law."

At the Fiji Islands, now a British colony, was found a thriving town with stores, hotels, and the like evidences of civilization. The natives are a fine race, though formerly they were eminently blood-thirsty, ferocious, and cruel. "These degrading features, however," says our author, "are rapidly passing away under the influence of the Christianising efforts of the missionaries, who have been engaged amongst them since 1835." More reliable testimony is this than that of the skeptical "Earl and Doctor" recently given to the world. The Fijians employ as labourers a large number of pagan islanders from the New Hebrides,—a particularly savage group. A number of them took passage for their homes on the *Challenger*. They are paid with English wares, supplied with plenty of good food, and learn the advantage of regular industry. They thus prepare the way among their countrymen for the introduction of British civilization and Christian institutions.

The expedition was now amid the wonders of the Coral Sea. Barrier reefs of immense extent engirdled every island, and the long swell of the Pacific, breaking on the rocky ledges, was lashed to snowy foam and fell with thunderous crash upon the shore, recalling the grand Homeric epithet of "the loud resounding sea," or the still grander expression of the Apocalypse, "the voice of many waters." These vast reefs, the work during successive generations of that

"Ephemeral train  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main,"

by the strange and beautiful forms of organic structure that they present, gave ample employment and delight to the naturalists of the expedition.

Cape York, the extreme northern point of Australia, was next reached, September 1st. Half a dozen houses and one small store constitute the settlement. The native tribes are wretched, naked savages, the lowest in the scale of humanity, living on the shell-fish of the sand flats, and snaring the vermin of the jungle. The forest of ragged-stemmed gum trees with almost leafless and quite shadeless branches has a peculiarly uninviting aspect. Among the strange birds are the mound-builders, not much larger than a turkey, which rear huge nests of rubbish six feet high and twelve feet wide.



STREET ARCHITECTURE, DOBBO, ARRU ISLANDS.

Passing through Torres Straits, the ship hove to off Booby Island, and sent a party ashore to look up the post office, for such there is on this uninhabited island of the Pacific—a log shanty where letters are deposited by passing ships, to be forwarded on their way by the first vessel sailing toward their destination. At the Dutch settlement of Dobbo Harbour the Government officials,

dressed in antiquated and ill-fitting European garb, worn only on state occasions, paid a visit of ceremony to the ship. Its wearers were evidently ill at ease in their official dress, as they were seen stripping it off on their way to the shore. The picturesque character of the houses of the natives will be seen from the engraving on the preceding page. They have no walls, but the floor is raised on posts to near the roof, apparently to escape the attacks of vermin. The forest scenery is magnificent and varied—feathered palms, festoons of climbing plants, with brilliant-plumaged birds—parroquets, cockatoos, birds of paradise, and one so gorgeous in its attire that the natives name it “God’s bird.”

At Amboyna, the capital of the Spice Islands, the expedition enjoyed the hospitality of the Dutch Resident. Its visit agreeably stirred the stagnation of the sleepy town, which is seldom broken except by the monthly arrival of the mail steamer, or the occasional occurrence of an earthquake. Nearly the entire population was invited to the public reception, to which the *Challenger’s* band gave vivacity, and which was a very brilliant affair. The beautiful nutmeg groves and fragrant clove-trees were objects of great interest. The narrow-minded Dutch Government long ago destroyed all those valuable trees, on many of the islands that they might the more jealously watch over the rest. Dredging in the transparent waters of those sunny seas, teeming with their strange forms of life, was to the naturalists a perpetual delight. Here nature fairly runs riot in tropical luxuriance. The cinnamon, clove, and nutmeg trees perfume the air; the feathery foliage of the palm groves delights the eye; and luscious fruits regale the taste. The volcanic nature of the islands gives a rugged sublimity to the scenery, which is exquisitely softened by the kindly ministrations of nature, veiling the crags with tenderest verdure in rare blending of strength and beauty.

At Manilla, the capital of the Philippines, famous for what connoisseurs consider the excellence of its tobacco, the Government cigar factories were visited. In one factory four thousand women were employed; and our author very ungallantly remarks, that the ears of the visitors were almost deafened by the noise of their chattering. In the accompanying picture, the figure to the right has a cluster of tobacco leaves in her hand.

After encountering the full force of the monsoon in the Chinese sea, the *Challenger*, on the 16th of November, reached Hong Kong, the British sea-port of the Flowery Empire. Fifty years ago it was a barren rock. Now it is a great commercial emporium thronged with the shipping of every clime, the *entrepot* of the choicest products of the Orient and Occident, in instant communication by submarine telegraph with all the world, crowded



NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

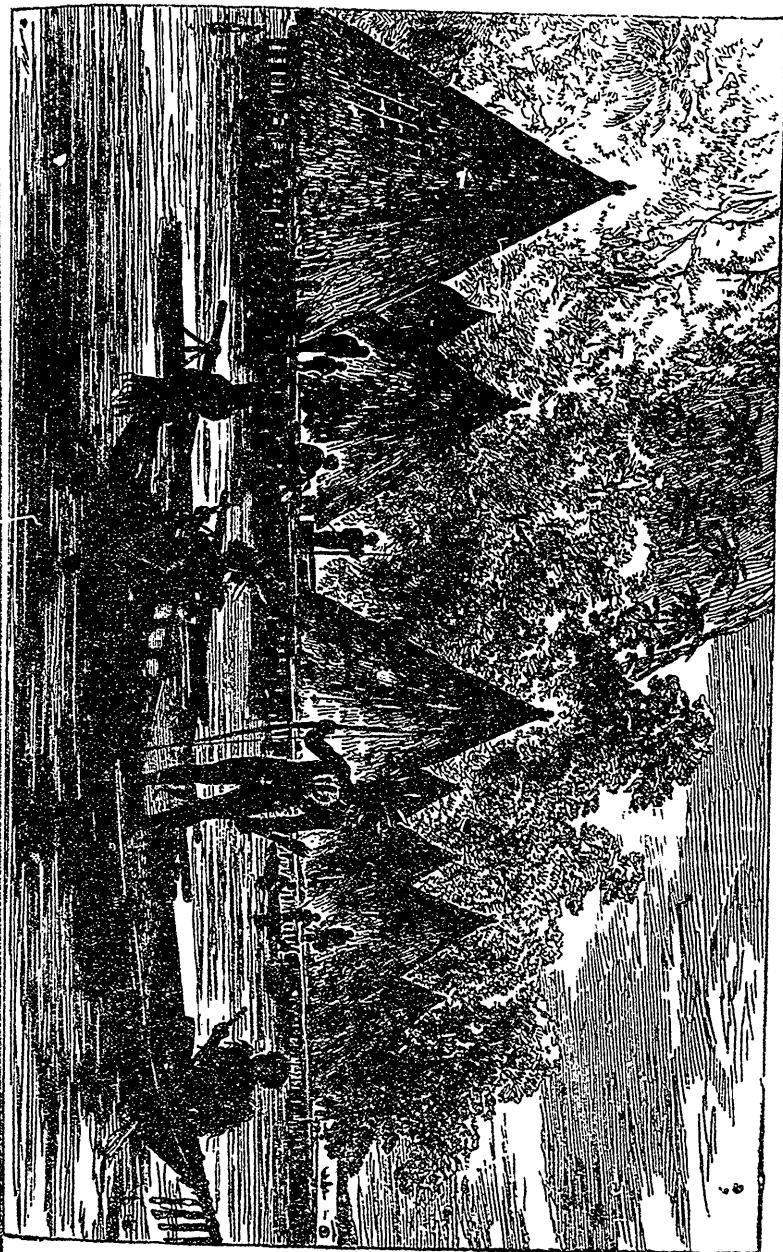
with great warehouses, elegant shops, banks, hotels, and villas—all the result of the indomitable energy of the Anglo Saxon race. With these are mingled, in picturesque confusion, Joss houses and Chinese bazaars. Crowds of men of all creeds, colours, and nationalities—Jew, pagan, and Christian, Buddhist and Parsee, Chinese, Japanese, and European—throng the streets; and gangs of Coolies chant their monotonous song as they keep step beneath their heavy burdens. Strange street cries of itinerant hawkers of every conceivable commodity, sounds of gongs, clash of cymbals, and other discordant noises, almost bewilder the novice amid these extraordinary scenes. These teeming,

toiling Chinese multitudes, says our author, "have no Sabbaths, no periodical seasons of rest. The only cessation from their daily toil is the Feast of the New Year, when they generally have a week's holiday." How urgent the duty of telling those perishing millions of the eternal Sabbath of the skies, of the incorruptible inheritance of Heaven! At Hong Kong, summoned by a telegram from England, Captain Nares took leave of the *Challenger* to assume command of the Arctic exploring expedition—a striking change from the spice islands of the tropics to the rigours of a polar winter.

On January 6th, 1875, the *Challenger* left Hong Kong, and after frequent stoppages reached New Guinea, the least explored region of the earth.\* The natives swarmed around the mysterious steamship, and eagerly trafficked for European weapons, but did not encourage, probably through fear, visits to their villages. The engraving on the opposite page shows the character of the latter—conical structures, built on piles over the water, doubtless to prevent hostile attacks, suggestive of the pre-historic lake-dwellings, which were probably the abode of a race in a similar stage of civilization. Many of the strange inhabitants of these islands were photographed, to their evident gratification, on board the *Challenger*.

On the voyage to Japan the deepest sounding of the cruise was made, namely, 4,475 fathoms, considerably over five miles! In consequence of the enormous pressure at that depth (about five tons to the square inch) most of the thermometers were crushed, though strongly protected. After being three months at sea, the beautiful harbour of Yokohama, crowded with native and foreign shipping, was reached. Our tourists, so long "cabined, cribbed, confined" on shipboard, were eager for a run on shore. A short railway trip brought the party to Tokio, or Yedo, the capital of the Empire, and the residence of one of our own missionaries, having a population of two and a-half millions. Our author was charmed with the city. "I was filled with feelings of astonishment and delight," he says, "as we passed through

\* A Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. George Brown, has since crossed the island, and made a large natural history collection. He was the first white man ever seen in the interior.





fragrant avenues of peach, cherry, and plum trees in full bloom, over arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the heart of the city; getting here and there glimpses of the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estate in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Yedo. These charming little *chalets*, raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit-trees and creepers, were usually surrounded by flower-beds and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. Frequently we met men, children, and beautiful girls, amiable, winning, and full of gentleness. All seemed happy, talking, laughing, and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailed us wherever we went."

The business streets run on for miles. The shops are filled with goods of the most exquisite skill and ingenuity,—the bronzes, carving, and fictile vases being often characterized by great artistic feeling. The Government officials of the army, navy, and civil service all wear European dress. Even the police and soldiers are costumed after the Western manner. The streets are full of life and movement; and at night the gaily painted and figured lanterns flitting to and fro, for the gas is not yet laid all over the city, make an animated picture. The dock-yards are fitted with every European appliance—steam hammers, forges, lathes, etc.; and the *Challenger* was laid up for repairs in a dry dock 400 feet long, as successfully as she could be at Sheerness. The hospitality of the authorities was most courteous, which the officers of the expedition reciprocated by a dredging pic-nic in Yedo Bay.

From Yokohama to the Sandwich Islands is a sail of 4,300 miles which occupied thirty-two days. Honolulu, the capital, is a town of 15,000 inhabitants with wide streets, hotels, stores, and churches, theatre, free library and reading room, fire company, Masonic, Odd Fellows', and Good Templar lodges, and half-a-dozen newspapers, quite like an American city. The new Legislative Assembly building cost \$120,000. The cut stone for an Anglican cathedral was sent out from Great Britain at a cost of \$100,000, but it is still packed in cases—while a high church service is daily held in a small temporary building. The

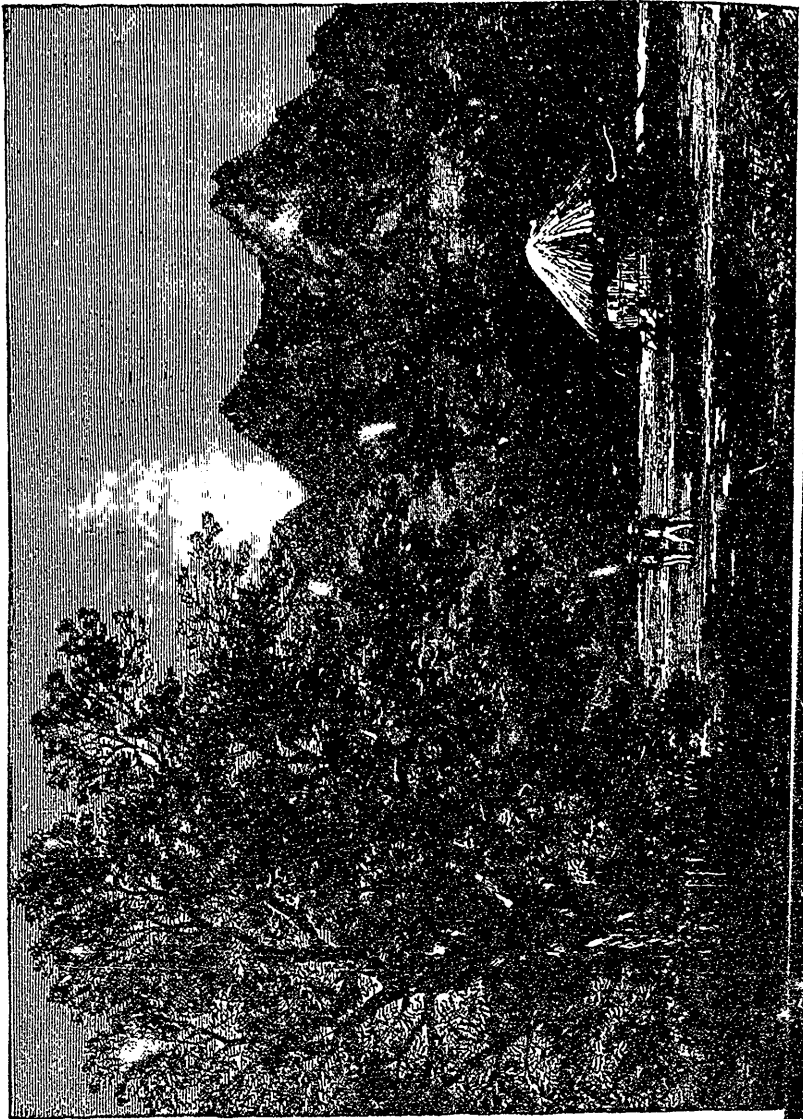
Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics have also churches; and on Sunday the church bells ring, and well dressed crowds fill the streets and churches, where, within the memory of man, paganism reigned supreme. "There are two native churches," says our author, "one a large structure built of coral stone, fitted up with modern pews and carpeted floors: it boasts a trained choir and an organ of superior construction, with a Sunday-school building and a church parlour."

A visit was paid to the Crater Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world. An expanse of molten lava, nine miles in circumference, was seething and boiling like a lake of fire.

A further sail of 2,600 miles brought the expedition to the Society Islands, where Dr. Von Willimoës-Suhm, an eminent German naturalist on the scientific staff, died, and was buried in the sea—the third death since leaving England, and still another subsequently occurred. The kindly natives of the islands would sometimes, out of pure good-fellowship, stop the members of the expedition in the street to shake hands and wish them "Ya rana," which means, every blessing. The engraving on the following page shows one of the thatched native huts, and in the background the feathery palms and the towering mountains. The large tree to the left of the picture is a stately tamarind which was planted by the hands of Captain Cook.

A further voyage of 5,000 miles over these vast ocean solitudes, which occupied five-and-forty days,—sounding, dredging, and observing,—brought the expedition to Valparaiso, Chili, a call being made at the desolate island of Juan Fernandez, the scene of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, and of the much better known hero, Robinson Crusoe. It has a stern and forbidding aspect, a fit abode for the genius of loneliness, but some of the valleys are fertile. Valparaiso, the chief port in the South Pacific and a grand naval rendezvous, is a city of 100,000 inhabitants, with gas, street cars, and steam fire-engines like a European city. A railway of 120 miles, however, carries one into the sublime scenery of the heart of the Andes.

It was a further sail of 2,500 miles to the entrance of Magellan's Straits, through the magnificent scenery of which the *Challenger* passed in January 1876—a great gorge through a



continent, lined by huge and glacier-covered mountains. Yet, in this rigorous climate the hardy Fuegians wander with absolutely no covering from the cold. Cape Froward, shown in the engraving, is the extreme southern point of the South American continent. A call was made at the desolate Falkland Islands, belonging to Great Britain, and the good ship *Challenger* turned its prow homeward bound, though a voyage of 10,000 miles was yet to be accomplished. Calls were made at Monte Vidio in Uruguay, a city of 105,000 inhabitants, at Ascension, Cape



CAPE FROWARD, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

Verde Islands, and Vigo in Spain. At length the chalk cliffs of Old England hove in sight and were hailed with a rousing cheer by the British tars. On the 24th of May, 1876, a day of good omen, the *Challenger* anchored in English waters after an absence of three years and a-half, and a voyage of 68,890 miles, the most successful of the kind ever undertaken.

We have been able to give only the merest outline of this remarkable cruise. The detailed narrative of Mr. Spry is a book of fascinating interest and of rare instructiveness. It is written

in an untechnical and vivacious manner. The illustrations, of which we present a few specimens, are numerous and elegant. A folding map of the route accompanies the work. The perusal of this book, is in itself, almost a geographical education.

## WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY C. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
 Whose hearts are kind and true,  
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too ;  
 For all human ties that bind me,  
 For the task by God assigned me,  
 For the bright hopes left behind me,  
 And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
 Who suffered for my sake,  
 To emulate their glory,  
 And follow in their wake ;  
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
 The noble of all ages,  
 Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
 And time's great volumè make.

I live to hail that season,  
 By gifted minds foretold,  
 When man shall live by reason,  
 And not alone by gold ;  
 When man to man united,  
 And every wrong thing righted,  
 The whole world shall be lighted  
 As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,  
 For those who know me true,  
 For the Heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too ;  
 For the cause that lacks assistance,  
 For the wrong that needs resistance,  
 For the failure in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## VI.

I THINK no one ever had so many kinds of happiness mixed together in their cup as I have.

I can hardly ever get beyond "adoration" and "thanksgiving" in my "acts of piety" now, except when I have to make "confession" of not having been half thankful enough.

For Hugh is to be his father's curate, and Parson Spencer told mother that it has always been understood that, after him, the living will be given to Hugh, so that we are to have the great joy, Hugh and I, of having it for our business in life, to do all the good we can all our lives long to those who have known us from our childhood. All the good we can in every kind of way. Other people have it for their calling, the thing given them to do, to fight in the King's armies, or to make laws, or to make other people keep them, or to buy and sell, doing what good they can by the way, or after their work is done; but doing good is to be our business, profession, study, always, every day, Hugh's and mine. In the morning we are to think who there are around us to be helped or comforted, turned out of the wrong way, cheered on in the right. With others, maintenance, traffic, are necessary objects. We need not have one selfish object in life. The poorest must feel there is always one door in the parish from which they will not be turned away. Those who have sunk the lowest must feel that there is always one hand that will not fear to be polluted by touching them to lift them up.

And all this will not be a romantic enterprise for us, but simple, plain duty, which is so much sweeter.

I hope I shall not be a hindrance to Hugh. I must not grudge his going out in the evening on any summons of duty, on stormy nights, even though he may seem wearied already with the day's work. I must not let any womanish fears prevent his visiting the sick, even though the sickness be deadly contagious pestilence. Should I be less brave than a soldier's wife, or a poor fisherman's? Men are meant to peril their lives and to

wear out their strength in work, Hugh says ; and if the parson's calling were to be without its perils and toils, it would be less manly than the sailor's, or the shepherd's, or the miner's, or any other workingman's, and therefore less Christian.

Easy things for me to intend ; but not so easy to do, when the peril or the trial comes ! Yet if we are to have the true blessing of our calling, we must go forth to it, Hugh says, not as a paradise, but as a campaign. And then it will be *we*, always *we* ! and that makes all the difference.

Yet how could I bear to take all this happiness if it were to bring loss to mother, if I caught her tender eyes every now and then watching me wistfully, and filling with tears,—and she still so feeble. But this will scarcely take me from her,—not at all at first, for we are to have our home under this dear old roof,—so that it will be all gain to mother and to father, too. And then I have some one to consult about everything. Because (and that is another especial blessing) Hugh knows already all about us all. He has watched mother as anxiously as I have ; and we can plan together about the best way of helping Jack.

Hugh said the other day there is no doubt Mr. John Wesley would recognize mother to be a most saintly woman, if he knew her ; and that he feels sure, if mother knew Mr. John Wesley, his life of labour, his entire devotion to God, his unlimited benevolence and beneficence to man, his attachment to the Church services, she would revere him as next to the Apostles. It is the greatest trial of Reformers, he thinks, that they have often to be blamed and misunderstood by the *good* men and women of their times.

He says if mother had lived in Martin Luther's time she might probably have prayed for him in her convent as a prodigal, whilst living by the very faith he spent his life to proclaim.

One evening, about a fortnight since, Betty, after removing the supper, announced her intention of joining the Methodist Society which met in the village.

Mother said gravely,—

“ You can do as you like, Betty ; indeed, I suppose you *will* do as you like. This new kind of religion seems to make that a necessity for every one.”

Very severe words for mother; yet mother being the gentlest of beings, is nevertheless in her gentle way absolutely impenetrable when once her mind is made up.

"Once for all, however, Betty," she continued, laying down her scissors, and speaking in the low, quiet tone neither Jack nor I ever thought of resisting, "I think it my duty faithfully to warn you. I do not understand this religion of violent excitement and determined self-will. The religion I believe in is one which enables us to control our feelings and yield up our self-will."

"Missis," said Betty, "I may as well speak my mind out at once, too. If you mean that I couldn't keep back my tears at the Sacrament yesterday, no more I couldn't, nor I scarce can now when I think of it. For the blessed Lord Himself was there, and I felt as sure of it as that poor woman who washed His feet with her tears. I felt it was the Lord Himself giving Himself to me, and showing me He loved me, and had died for me, and that my sins were forgiven. Didn't old Widow Jennifer rouse up all the town with her crying and sobbing when her poor lost boy came back, that was thought to be wrecked; and didn't he sob, too, bearded man as he was? And is it any wonder I should cry at finding my God? Sure enough, Missis, I was shipwrecked worse than Jennifer's son, and sure enough my God is more to me than any mother and son to each other. O Missis, if you only knew how lost I had been, you wouldn't wonder. You'd wonder I kept as quiet as I did."

Mother was silent some little time. Her kind, thoughtful eyes moistened and then were cast down, and she only said very gently,—

"I know such assured peace and such joys have been given to some, Betty, but they were great saints, and I think it was generally just before their death."

"Well, Missis," said Betty, simply, "I am sure I am no great saint, and I don't know that I am like to die, but I know that none but the Lord could give me joy like that; and if it's for me, surely it's for all. And John Nelson says our parsons say so every Sunday."



"The parsons say every Sunday, every one may know their sins are forgiven!" exclaimed mother.

"Every one who repents and believes," said Betty. "Mr John Nelson made me see how it says in the Prayer-Book, 'He pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe His Holy Gospel.' And if I ever felt anything truly in my life, Missis, I've felt sorry for my sins, and hated them, and they say that is repentance. And if I believe anything in the world, it is that the blessed Lord died on the Cross for sinners, and John Nelson says that is the Holy Gospel."

"Now, if the Prayer-Book makes you so content, Betty," said mother, shifting her attack, "what do you want with those new-fangled meetings?"

"It's the meetings that make me understand the prayers, Missis," said Betty, persisting.

"I hope you *do* understand them, Betty, and are not deluding yourself," said mother, and having thus reserved her rights to the last word, she abandoned the contest, and Betty retired.

In the course of the evening, as we were all gathered round the fire, father said,—

"My dear, I advise you to have no more theological discussions with Betty. She turned your position neatly with her quotations from the Prayer-Book."

Mother coloured a little.

"You know, my dear, we pray every Sunday against schism as well as against heresy, and I am very much afraid of people deluding themselves into a kind of religious insanity with this new religion."

"My dear," said father, "I have seen a good many religions, and not too much religion in the world with all of them together. I am not much afraid of a schism which sends people to church, nor of an insanity which makes them good servants. These are strange times. The Squire told me to-day they have sent poor John Greenfield to prison, and when I asked him why (for though the poor fellow was a sad drunkard and ill-liver in years past, since he has taken up with the Methodists he has been as steady as Old Time), he said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things; but his impudence is not to be borne. Why, sir, he

says he knows his sins are forgiven.' But," continued father, gravely, "there are some old soldiers who might think poor John Greenfield's penalty worth bearing, if they could share his crime."

When father and I were left alone, he said,—

"Kitty, it is a strange world. Here are men who set the whole ten commandments at defiance—imprisoning a good man for confessing his sins and believing they are forgiven. This morning, when I was out before dawn looking for a stray sheep, I heard a sound of grave, sweet singing; and I found it was a company of poor tanners, waiting around John Wesley's lodging to get a sermon before they went to their work, and singing hymns till he came out. And here's Betty, with a temper like the Furies, turned saint; and your mother, with a life like an angel's, bemoaning her sins. It's a very strange world, Kitty; but if John Nelson came this way again, I would go and hear him. I'm not clear the stout Yorkshireman mightn't preach as good a sermon as some other people we know."

"Hugh says John Nelson is a wonderful preacher, father," I said; "and some people think Hugh's own sermons are beautiful."

"So, ho! Hugh a Methodist, too!" said father, patting my cheek. "But who said that Hugh's sermons were *not* beautiful?"

The Hall Farm is honoured at present by a most distinguished guest.

A few days since, Cousin Evelyn announced that it was her royal pleasure to pay us a visit.

"I shall come without a maid," she wrote; "for Stubbs is persuaded that the Cornish people are heathens, who never offer a prayer except that ships may be wrecked on their coasts; that they tie lanterns to mare's tails, to bring about the same result, the poor sailors mistaking them for guiding lights; that when ships are thus wrecked, they murder the crew."

Father shook his head, and said there was too much truth in what the maid said about the Cornish wreckers, to make it a matter for a jest.

And now, Cousin Evelyn has been here only a week, and has conquered every heart in the house.

In the evening we had a long talk, Evelyn and I, in my chamber, before we went to bed.

Evelyn said,—I like you all very much, Kitty, but I am not sure that Betty is not the best and wisest among you, and the greatest friend to me. Aunt Trevelyan spoils me by her tenderness, and Uncle Trevelyan by his courteous deference, and you by your humility. But Betty knows better, and she has given me a bit of her mind, and I have given her a bit of mine. This morning I asked her to teach me to make butter, and she said, ‘Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I’ll teach you what I can, although I half think you are after nothing but a bit of play. But before we begin, I must tell you what’s been on my mind for some time. You may play, my dear, with Master about his battles, and with Missis at learning to sew, and with me at making butter, if you like, but I can’t abide play about religion, and I can’t think it’s anything else when you talk about Parson Wesley and his wonderful words, with those lappets and feathers and lace and curls flying about your face, and tripping on your high-heeled red shoes. The Bible’s plain; and I marked a text which you’ll be pleased to read.’

“She gave me her great Bible, and I read: ‘In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments,’ etc. ‘But, Betty,’ I said, ‘I don’t wear any tinkling ornaments, nor nose jewels, nor round tires like the moon, nor bells on my toes.’

“‘You may smile, Mrs. Evelyn,’ said Betty, very gravely, ‘but I think it’s no laughing matter. If that had been written in our days, my dear, your lappets, and furbelows, and hoop petticoats would have come in, sure enough. And it *was* written for you and me as sure as if it had been written yesterday; so we’ve got to understand it. But Parson Wesley’s sermons are no child’s play, my dear,’ she concluded; ‘and if you’d felt them tearing at your heart as I have, you’d know it; and till you do, I’d rather not talk about them.’”

“And what did you say, Cousin Evelyn?” I asked.

“I was angry,” said Evelyn, “for I thought Betty harsh and uncharitable, and I said,—

“‘I *have* felt Parson Wesley’s words, Betty, and I have learned

from him that pride and vanity can hide in other places besides lappets and furbelows. It's a great warfare we're in, and the enemy has wiles as well as fiery darts; and it is not always so sure when we have driven the enemy out of sight that we have defeated him. We may have driven him *further in*; into the citadel of our hearts, Betty, I said; 'and one foe in the citadel is worse than an enemy in the field.'"

"And what did Betty answer?" I asked.

"She answered nothing," said Evelyn. "She said, 'Young folks were very wise in these days,' and then she began to give me my lesson in making butter. But as I was leaving the dairy afterwards, she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'm not going to say I've no pride or conceit of my own. Maybe we'd better each look to ourselves.' I gave her hand a hearty shake, and I know we shall be good friends."

(*Marginal note.*—I noticed after this that throughout her visit Cousin Evelyn wore the soberest and plainest dresses she had.)

Then, after a pause, Cousin Evelyn continued, in a soft and deep tone,—

"Cousin Kitty, I no longer wonder at your being the dear little creature you are. I do not see how you could help growing up so good and sweet here in such a home. I love you all so much! Aunt Trevelyman has just such a sweet, choice aromatic 'odour of sanctity' about her as old George Herbert would have delighted to enshrine in one of his quaint vases of perfume—those dear old hymns of his; a kind of fragrance of fresh rose leaves and Oriental spices, all blended into a sacred incense. And dear Uncle Trevelyman and I, Kitty, have talks I am afraid your mother would think rather dangerous, during those long walks of ours over the cliffs and through the fields. He likes to hear about John Nelson and the Wesleys, and their strong, homely sayings, and their brave daring of mobs, and their patient endurance of toil and weariness. He said one day he had been used to think of religion as a fair robe to make women such as your mother (how he loves her, Kitty!) even lovelier than they were by nature, to be reverently put on on Sundays and holy days, and, it was to be hoped, hereafter in Heaven. But of a religion for every day and all day, *here and now*, to be worn by all and

woven into the coarse stuff of every-day life—a religion to be girt about a man on the battle-field, and at the mine, and in the fishing-boat, he had scarcely thought till he met John Nelson.”

We have had a charming little excursion round part of the coast, father, and Evelyn, and I, and on our way home we were present at one of Mr. Wesley’s great field preachings at Gwennap Pit; and as it came in our way, so that mother could not be grieved, I am so glad we were there. Because I would not go for the world anywhere to grieve mother, for a *religious* pleasure, more than for any other pleasure. And although Mr. Wesley’s field-preachings are infinitely more than a religious pleasure to Betty and thousands of others, I do not see that they would be so to Cousin Evelyn and me.

We started on two horses, I on a pillion behind father; Evelyn dressed in as sober attire as she could find in her wardrobe, not to attract too much attention. This, as it happened, was a great comfort, as I should not at all have enjoyed her appearing in any dainty attire under Mr. Wesley’s penetrating eyes at Gwennap.

How little the ancient miners thought, as they cut deep and wide into the lonely hillside of Carn Math, how they were excavating a church for tens of thousands. When we arrived at the place thousands of people were there already, standing about in groups conversing eagerly, or sitting on the rocks and turf in silence, waiting the arrival of the preacher. Still, more and more continued to stream in—whole families from lonely cottages on the moors, the mother carrying the baby, and the father leading the little ones, leaving the home empty; companies of miners with grim faces and clothes from the mines; fishermen, with rough, weather-beaten faces from the shores. Few of the countenances were dull; many of them were wild, with dark, dishevelled hair, eager, dark eyes, and rugged, expressive features. Evelyn whispered,—

“If I were Mr. Wesley, I would infinitely rather preach to this wild-looking congregation than to a collection of the stony, stolid faces of the midland counties, or to a smooth-faced London audience. There is some fire to be struck out of these eyes

How historical the rugged faces are, Cousin Kitty! Dark stories, I think, written on some of them; but some story written on all. I should have thought John Nelson would have done better than Mr. John Wesley here."

He appeared in his blameless clerical black, with the large silver buckles on his shoes—the little compact man with the placid, benevolent face. As he stood, the object of the eager gaze of those untaught thousands, so self-possessed and clerical, and calm, I almost agreed with Evelyn, and longed for the sturdy Yorkshireman, with his stalwart frame, his ready wit, his plain, pointed sense, his rugged eloquence.

But when he began to speak, that wish immediately ceased; the calm, gentlemanly voice, the self-possessed demeanour, made every word come with the force of a word of command. In a few moments every stir was hushed throughout that great assembly. Before the prayer and preaching began I had been thinking how small a space even these thousands of human beings occupied in the great sweep of hilly moorland. But when the sermon began, and I looked round on the amphitheatre of earnest intent faces, not the great hills only but the sky and earth seemed to grow insignificant in comparison with any one of the listening, deathless spirits gathered there.

Before Mr. Wesley had uttered many sentences I ceased to look at the audience. My eyes also were riveted on his benevolent face.

And before I had thus looked and listened long I forgot Mr. Wesley himself altogether in the overwhelming love and grace of the pardon he proclaimed.

It was the old inexhaustible good news, that all men being lost and wandering sheep (and probably not one present needed to have this proved to them), the Good Shepherd had come to seek and to save that which was lost: that all men being under sentence of death, He that might have claimed the forfeit hath paid the ransom; that the way to eternal joy, once closed by sin and the flaming sword of justice was now and forever open to all, the sword having been buried in the heart of Him who willingly offered up Himself for us, the flames quenched in His precious blood. The way was open to all; and most earnestly

Mr. Wesley invited all to return back to God by this "new and living way" then and there.

Soon the sound of subdued weeping directed my attention once more to the multitude around me. The most part were "listening with a close, silent attention, with gravity and quietness, discovered by fixed looks, weeping eyes, or sorrowful or joyful countenances;"\* others began to lift up their voices aloud, some softly, some in piercing cries; at one time the whole multitude seemed to break into a flood of tears, when the preacher's voice could scarce be heard for the weeping around him. Many hid their faces and sobbed, others lifted up their voices in an ecstasy and praised God. At moments a deep spontaneous "Amen" arose from all those thousands as from one voice. One or two, not women only, but strong men, sank down as if smitten to the earth by lightning; and these were borne away, sometimes insensible, sometimes convulsed as if with inward agony.

There was a hymn after the sermon. I shall never forget its power. It seemed as if the sluice gate had suddenly been opened, and the whole pent-up emotion throughout that great silent, listening assembly burst forth at once in a flood of fervent singing.

"Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair,  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer,  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name is love.

"'Tis love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me,  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure universal love Thou art;  
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is love."

To hear that hymn so sung by thousands, who but for Mr. Wesley might never have known a joy higher than those of brutes that perish, was a joy such as I would have walked, barefoot, a hundred miles to share. And then afterwards to see those whose feelings overcame their natural reserve, going up to Parson

\* *Vide* Letter by Ralph Erskine in Wesley's Journal.

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Wesley for one shake of his hand, one word of encouragement or welcome, to which they could only respond by a sobbing, 'The Lord bless you,' or by tears without any words at all; and others lingering to pour out the grief of consciences awakened to see their sins, but not yet seeing the remedy; and to observe Mr. Wesley's kindly, patient, discriminating words for each! As father said, when in the gathering dusk we were riding away among the slowly dispersing multitudes (who seemed scarcely able to tear themselves away),—

"Men who do not know him may talk lightly of those multitudes, as a bragging boy at home may talk lightly of a battle. But, right or wrong, it is no light matter. There is power in these words, as there is in a battery, or a thunder-storm; and Kitty," he continued softly to me, as I sat on my pillion behind him, "I believe, in my soul, it is power from Heaven. So help me God, I will never say a word against those men again."

The next evening when we sat around the fire, mother said gently in answer to our description of the scene,—

"I am only afraid that all this excitement will pass away, and leave the poor people colder and harder than it found them."

Father replied,—

"Mother, you are as good a woman as there is in the world, and a very gentle touch would set you in the way to Heaven; but I tell you some people want a wrench, enough to part soul from body, to drag them out of the way to hell. Why, but for such preaching as this nine-tenths of those people would never have prayed except for a 'godsend' in the shape of a wreck, and would scarcely have thought of a church except as a place to be married in or buried near."

"Well, my dear," replied mother, "we shall see. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

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"My dear," exclaimed father, becoming rather irritated, "I have seen. I do call it good fruit for ten thousand people to be weeping for their sins, as people commonly weep for their sorrows, and to feel if it were only for that one hour that sin is the worst sorrow, and the pardon of God and His love the greatest joy."



"And if only *ten* of the ten thousand believe that truth and live by it forever, Aunt Trevelyán," said Evelyn, "is not that fruit?"

"Yes," said mother, gently, but not very hopefully. "I am very old-fashioned. But I confess I am afraid of conventicles."

But afterwards when she was expressing the same dread of religious excitement, and these good feelings passing away, to Betty; Betty replied,—

"Bless you, Missis, *of course* it 'll pass away, ninety-nine hundredths of it. And so does the rain from Heaven, goes back to the sea and down into the rocks, and no one knows where. But the few drops that *don't* pass away make the fields green, and bring the harvest."

Every other Sunday evening through the winter a few of our poor neighbours have long been used to gather round the fire in the hall, while mother reads parts of the evening service, especially the psalms and lessons, with such bits as she thinks they can understand out of the homilies or some of our few Sunday books.

Last Sunday was the first day this winter our little congregation had assembled. Father had generally found it necessary at such times to be busy about the farm, but this evening he kept hovering in an unsettled way about the room, while mother, also in an unsettled and nervous state, turned over the leaves of the prayer-book. At last she called him to her, they spoke for a moment or two softly together, and when the poor old men and women came straggling in I saw a look of surprise on many faces as they whispered to each other,—

"The Captain's going to be parson to-night!"

There was a little tremor in his clear, deep, manly voice as he began,—

"Dearly beloved brethren;" but when he knelt down with us and said,—

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," the tremulousness had passed, and deep and firm came out the words of confession and prayer.

When the evening hymn was sung (and I never enjoy the

evening hymn as on those Sundays when those poor old quavering voices join us in it), and the neighbours had gone, no one made any remark on the change. Mother sat very quiet all the evening. But now and then her eyes were glistening, and when, as she went to bed, Cousin Evelyn said, mischievously,—

“Dear Aunt Trevelyan, I like *your* little conventicle very much.”

Mother did not defend herself; she only said,—

“I am not too old to learn, Evelyn, and, certainly, not too old to have much to learn. But God forbid I should be setting my feeble hand against any good work of His.”

And from mother such words as these mean much.

Much as Cousin Evelyn admires our wild coast scenery, her favourite excursions are to the cottages of the fishermen and miners in the hamlets around us.

To-day we went to see old Widow Treffry, Toby's mother. We found her in a very rare attitude for her, thrifty, stirring old creature that she is. She was crouching close to the fire, with her elbows on her knees, while from the chamber within came every now and then the sound of a low moan.

“Is it the rheumatism again, granny?” I said.

“Worse than that, worse than that, Mrs. Kitty,” she moaned, scarce moving or noticing either of us. “Toby's gone mazed, clean mazed, all through the Methodists. He came home from one of their preachings last week like cue out of his mind, and so he's been ever since; bellowing like a bull one hour, and moaning like a sick baby the next. He says it's all along of his sins. And what they be worse than other folks I can't see at all! The Lord is merciful, and if He sends us a ‘godser’ now and then, He surely means us to be the better of it. It was not us who raised the storm. And Toby never set a false light upon the rocks, nor gave any man a push back into the sea, like some other folks. And if, as he keeps crying out, he didn't take the pains he might always to bring the drowned to life, it can't be expected we should do the same for Indians and popish foreigners as for our own flesh and blood. Would they do more for us? And if he *has* picked up a stray bit of good luck now and then,

were we to save things for the dead, or for the folks from London who come prowling about where they've no business, with their pens and paper, to rob them who've got the natural right to what the Almighty sends on the shore? Yesterday I got Master Hugh to him, and he prayed like an angel, and did him a sight of good for the time, but to-day he's worse than ever, he's gone clean mazed, and swears he'll go and give up everything he ever got from a wreck to the justices. And that," continued the old woman, breaking into a wail, "that's what I call throwing the Almighty's gifts back in His face."

At this moment Toby's face appeared at the door of the inner chamber, pale, and haggard, and wild. But his voice was quite calm and steady as he said,—

"Mrs. Kitty, I told Master Hugh, and he said it was the right thing to do, and Parson Wesley said the same, when I heard him on the moors. He said the Bible speaks of '*the fire,*' and of '*their worm,*' and that that means that every sinner who is lost in hell will have *his own* torment made out of his own sins. And he said that worm begins to gnaw at our souls *now* when we are wakened up to feel our sins. And the words had scarcely left his mouth, Mrs. Kitty, when there was the gnawing begun at my heart! And it has never stopped since. And if it has made me faint away like a sick woman with the anguish, and has most driven me mazed in a week, what would it be forever? For Parson Wesley said there's no fainting away, and no going mazed in hell. We shall always be wide awake to feel the torment. But, Mrs. Kitty, he said there is a way of escape now for all, and for me. He said there is a way to have our sins forgiven. He said the Almighty gives His pardon as free as air, and the blood of the Lord can wash all the sins of the world whiter than snow. But he and Master Hugh both say, the Lord sees us through and through, and there's no way of making Him believe we are sorry for our sins but by giving them up, and making up for them as far as we can. They say sin and hell go together and can't be parted, nohow. So I've nought to do but to go to the justices."

Evelyn was deeply moved, and when we reached home and told mother, she wept many tears, and said at length as she wiped her eyes,—

"Kitty, my dear, I cannot make out about the rubrics and the canons. They were made by very holy men; and Mr. Wesley does not seem to mind them as one would wish, and I cannot think it wise to set ignorant men up to preach and teach. But his words are those of the prayer-book and Bible. And his works are those of an angel sent from God. And what can we do but give God thanks."

"I used to be afraid," she continued, after a pause, "that Mr. Wesley's was blind, fanatical zeal, well meant but misguided; but the zeal cannot surely be fanatical which spends itself in labours of love; nor blind since it leads so many into the light."

"Mr. Wesley says," responded Evelyn, "that *true zeal is but the flame of love*, and that all zeal is false which is full of bitterness, or has not love for its inspiration."

And mother said, thoughtfully,—

"*His zeal* will certainly stand that test. God forbid that *ours* should not."

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## MOUNT TABOR.

### A SONNET.

BY R. EVANS.

CHRIST call'd the chosen three to Tabor's height,  
 The splendours of His glory to behold;  
 There He, His Godhead's fulness did unfold.  
 His face, more radiant than the star of night,  
 Shone like the sun, unsufferably bright;  
 His glist'ring raiment chang'd its glowing gold  
 Into the dazzling brightness it enrolled—  
 Transfigured into light, for God is light.  
 Throng'd in the shadows of that brilliant cloud  
 That bathes the feet of Majesty supreme;  
 Hear Him, O earth, this is the Son of God;  
 With both wing veiled, hear Him ye seraphim.  
 Heav'n echoes still His thoughts blest Prince of Peace,  
 And mount to mount still speaks of His decease.

HAMILTON, Ont.

## A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY CHARLES CLARKSON, B.A.

EDUCATION is an apprenticeship to the art of thinking. Mere knowledge is not necessarily education. As Tennyson has truly said, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." There is a higher knowledge than the knowledge of living and of dead languages, of the facts and "fairy-tales of science," and of the truths of mathematics. It is the recognition of the ends and utilities of all knowledge. Studies are after all only the keys with which to open the door leading into that great palace of truth and spiritual freedom of which every man is born a king by right. This palace contains many splendid chambers, which abundantly repay the explorer by the magnificence of their rare treasures; and the man who has only crossed the threshold of the edifice, and breathed its invigorating atmosphere of pure freedom and intellectual liberty, may justly be considered a prince of men—not arrogantly, but still a monarch, even though the short lifetime of man be utterly insufficient to explore fully the rich possession he inherits, expanding "far as angels ken" into the eternal progress beyond this childhood of existence. The poor pedant has never studied the utility of study, and stands polishing his keys, or ostentatiously jingling them as he struts about the entrance, without the disposition, and apparently without the power, to enter within the gates of the palace.

It is quite possible to be a skilful linguist, master of the enchantments of science, or perfectly familiar with the imperious domain of mathematics, and yet to be the victim of Bacon's *Idola Specus*—Idols of the Den—those prejudices peculiar to a man's self, which spring from the peculiar character of the individual, from his education, his temperament, his habits of life, etc.; or to be deluded by the *Idola Fori*—Idols of the Market-place—the customs of society, the conventionalisms of the age, and the words of common conversation. "The house is a man, and the man is sometimes the very portrait of himself. Go into one man's room, and what a medley you have there!—the too

of an old monk, an old rusty nail, an old horse-shoe, the finger of an old glove. Go into another man's room : guns, fishing-rods, nets, hunting-horns, sporting caps and jackets, wires, portraits of horses and dogs, foils, and fencing-swords. Go into another : it is a laboratory,—phials, glasses, retorts, alembics, crucibles, elixirs, the furnace, the hermetically-sealed jar, the book of Arabian hieroglyphy." These are the phantoms of the den. Unless the owner possesses a most healthy mind, you will get no entrance to his thoughts and sympathies, except it be through his hobby.

"How frequently is it the case that men carry the 'leather' principle into mental matters! 'Nothing like leather;' no book like that; no study so useful as that; no sect like this; no honest men but those who live in our street." These are *idola fori*; and if it be true that the high aim of a liberal education is to produce a sound mind in a healthy body, it should be able to banish these phantoms from the mind.

We cannot believe that the liberalizing process has proceeded far where we observe these vultures feeding on the intellectual life-blood. We believe that no single study, exclusively, or almost exclusively, pursued as an instrument of education, can possibly give the student a right to suppose that he has received a liberal education. Yet it is not very uncommon to meet those who have made their way into "the learned professions," through school and college, without ever having reached that higher kind of discipline through which come wisdom and understanding, as distinguished from mere knowledge.

" Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,

The mere materials with which wisdom builds,

Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,

Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich."

Such a man as above described I met last winter,—a book on legs, with a lofty idea of his own inexpressible importance. As he does not get into the usual newspapers, it may be interesting to sketch him in profile. He enjoyed the immense

advantage of being born in an ancient town in one of the famous islands of western Europe. What is of still greater moment in his own estimation, he is the son of a very respectable gentleman, who was the son of a very respectable, etc., etc., through the shadowy mists of forgotten generations of respectable gentlemen. To be the "final result" of such a cumulative series of gentility he holds to be glory enough for any of the sons of mortals. He inherits a nice perception of the distinction between a man and a "gentleman," and of the "impassable chasm" that yawns betwixt them,—a mark, he believes, of design and of "the eternal fitness of things." He also possesses fair natural abilities, and as he was able to run his own "coach" (private tutor) at college, and did not give more than two wine parties a week, he gained one of the many scholarships attached to that old and richly-endowed university. Thenceforth he flourished as "*Scholar*" of his college, and is very careful never to omit the "*Sch.*" at the end of his signature. After graduation he appears on the continent as the tutor of the son of an aristocratic gentleman, the son of etc., etc.; and, with three successive sons of gentlemen, he visits many of the noted cities of Europe. Finally, he turns up in America about the end of last year, with a deep scar on his face, received in New York during one of his frequent alcoholic derangements. Though his general outward appearance is not prepossessing, and his raiment not what the pawnbroker would most desire, yet he blandly condescends to shake hands with us poor provincials and "mere colonists":

"The man on horseback he,  
The humble footmen we;"

and says he is really surprised to find so many signs of civilization in this new country, he had not really expected so much. His pleasure overflows in fine, patronizing phrases. He has not quite one hundred dollars left, and spends twenty-five to send a cable despatch to his mother to say that he is "doing America."

As to education, he has studied one subject, and only one in his university career; but in this he has unlimited confidence in himself. It was Lord Brougham, we believe, who defined a well-educated man as "One who knows something about every

thing, and everything about some one thing." Our subject fulfils the latter condition pretty fairly, but the former not at all. He is, in fact, a mathematical all-in-all. If you are interested in the calculus, he can show you the latest methods of the best men at Cambridge. Newton, Hemming, Hymer, Frost, Salmon, Gregory, Todhunter, Wolstenholme, and the rest, he has at his fingers' ends, and can positively repeat some of these books by rote, quoting page and paragraph, chapter and section, through the course of pure mathematics. This is his intellectual universe. Beyond this orbit, however, all is to him silence, darkness, and mystery—a vast *terra incognita*. Outside that gin-horse track he does not move, nor wish to move. History, poetry, psychology, natural sciences are dead, and buried, and forgotten, as far as he is concerned.

But here is his cousin-cousin, the classical all-in-all, who knows little or nothing of mathematics, and has quite as one-sided an intellectual development as our mathematical friend. He never wearies of the praises of Greek and Latin literature, nor of extolling the superiority of the ancient pagan writers over the Christian moderns. No such writers, he says, as Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, Cæsar, Tacitus, and Horace now grace the stage of human action. No logic extant like Aristotle's; no mental science like Plato's. Pooh! Kant, and Hamilton, and Cousin are mere moderns; Trendelenburgh, Reid, and Mill are not like the ancients; though this fountain of inspiration knows little more than the names of most of the writers whose merits he values so lightly, and can only assure you that "you had better be careful, unless you are very sure of your opinions—a most dangerous experiment to read such books." He will quote you parallel passages from the whole range of Greek and Roman literature to any knotty construction you may select within the limits of the classical course. He could compose a Greek ode to the Centennial more easily than he could give an intelligent account of the properties of the atmosphere he is breathing. He could make you lists of all the exceptions and irregularities of Greek etymology easier than he could describe the exact uses of a thermometer and explain the principles involved in its construction and scientific correction. He would



scorn to use even a Greek lexicon, how much more an English dictionary!

We need not look far to find similar cases in other departments. Specialists they like to call themselves, but still men of liberal education they suppose. There is the science man, who grows animated over the glycols, pterodactyles, lamellibranchiates, Rumkhorff's coil, etc., and sends you a letter showing the writer's total unconcern about such arbitrary conventions as spelling and syntax. Then our ethnologist and philologist loves to dilate on the orthognathous and prognathous types, and to descant on the allophyllian races; but it leaks out that he has never paid any attention to the laws of induction by which he attempts to establish such general conclusions with regard to remote antiquity. We might multiply instances, almost indefinitely of this specialist tendency in education.

One subject each knows—"only this and nothing more." Shall we call the result of such a training liberal education? Should we call that a liberal, muscular education of the athlete which developed his legs and made him a famous runner, while his arms hung powerless and weak as a child's? This plan is very liable to produce a self-complacent pedant, who always feel convinced that "he has not so very much to learn." It can never produce a well-educated, properly furnished man, ready to grapple with the numerous many-sided questions cure to present themselves in his day and generation. This age cries for something better in its educational products—a higher *pleurus* of results than mere stuffing of memory with loads of ponderous learning having no more practical benefit to the possessor than to the pages on which it is printed; and, indeed, the advantage seems to remain with the encyclopædia, for *it* continues modest, while the *man* often grows top-heavy and bigoted. It is well that our legislators and the directors of public education should enlarge the scope of our national system so as to reduce to a minimum the chances of producing, by direct artificial means at any rate, mere pedants and intellectual bigots, victims of the deluding phantoms of the cave and forum. Many who clamour for the reduction of the range of studies enforced in our schools and colleges, would not be willing to accept the well-attested

results of a narrow and exclusive course of training. We need breadth of mental horizon. A liberal education should place us on an eminence which commands a view of the surrounding districts. We need to know what is going on in other fields of labour, and not to be ignorant of all that lies beyond the limits of our own little potato patch. The cry is for *men*, not for mere helpless, calculating machines, or animated classical dictionaries. On this energetic young continent, with its vast undeveloped natural resources, whose very beggars and criminals can read, it is of immensely more importance for a man to know the history, geography, and geology of his own country; the literature of his own language; the laws and constitution of the Government under which he lives; the chemistry and physics of every-day life, on which life itself, and most conveniences and comforts of life, depend; the physiology of his own body, and the laws of health and disease,—it is of immensely greater practical importance to know these and kindred subjects than to be familiar with Greek tragedy, or with quaternions, and know almost nothing about the simplest plant or animal, or even the very sunbeam that enters the eye. Better write passably pure and correct English, than dream in German and “murder the Queen’s English”; better understand and appreciate Chaucer, Milton, and Macaulay, than spend all one’s time and energy to become a third-rate performer of difficult operatic music; far less danger of becoming dwarfed and shrivelled into a mere pedant; far more chances of escaping the *idola*; far more chances in favour of having the mind liberalized and the mental powers symmetrically expanded.

With his usual vigour, Carlyle says:—“Foolish pedant, that sittest there compassionately descanting on the learning of Shakespeare! Shakespeare had penetrated into innumerable things; far into Nature, with her divine splendours and infernal terrors, her aerial melodies and mystical mandragora moans; far into man’s workings with Nature, into man’s art and artifice. Shakespeare knew innumerable things,—what men are and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there, from the Dame Quickly of modern Eastcheap to the Cæsar of ancient Rome, over many countries and many centuries. Of all this, he

had the clearest understanding and constructive comprehension; all this was his learning and insight. What now is thine? Insight into none of these things; perhaps, strictly considered, into nothing whatever; solely into thine own sheep-skin diplomas, fat, academic honours, into vocables and alphabetic letters, and but a little way into these! The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do; the grand schoolmaster is PRACTICE."

WESLEYAN INSTITUTE, DUNDAS, Ont.

## ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

BY M. A. BAKER.

CATCH the mantle of the prophet!  
 Teachers, workers, watch and pray  
 Till the Spirit rests upon you,  
 Then go boldly on your way  
 To the blessed work of doing,  
 For the Master, unto those  
 Who are sinking 'neath sin's burdens  
 And encompassed with its woes.

Catch the mantle of Elijah!  
 For the world such courage needs,  
 To destroy its senseless idols  
 And reprove its wicked deeds.  
 Unto you the Church is looking,  
 O Christ's prophets, true and strong,  
 Unto you her all, her battles  
 And her victories, belong.

Catch the mantles! they are falling  
 From the shoulders of the brave  
 Who have spent their years in toiling,  
 Precious, dying souls to save.  
 Catch the robes of the departing,  
 As God's chariot bears above  
 Those whose lives and lips are telling  
 His redeeming power and love.

Catch the mantle of *our* Prophet,  
 Who for others lived and died.  
 Smitten with this holy garment,  
 All temptations shall divide;  
 Covered with His seamless vesture  
 Power is thine to heal, restore  
 Earth's most bitter, poisoned waters,  
 Till there shall be death no more.

## TRIALS AND REWARDS OF CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY.

BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

WE are at a season of the year when the Methodist conferences, and Baptist associations, and Congregational councils, and Presbyterian general assemblies, are setting in motion a great multitude of Christian strangers. They come with, and like, the spring blossoms, and when they put their hand on our door-bell, the question is, with what kind of spirit shall we greet them? Indeed, every season of the year puts to a test this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality. There is danger that the multiplication of large and commodious hotels in our towns, and cities, and villages, will utterly exterminate that grace which Abraham exhibited when he entertained the angels, and which Lot showed when he watched for guests at the gate of the city, and which Christ recognized as a positive requisite for entering Heaven, when He declared, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

I propose to speak of the trials and rewards of Christian hospitality. The first trial often comes in the whim and eccentricity of the guest himself. There are a great many excellent people who have protuberances of disposition, and sharp edges of temperament, and unliability of character, which makes them a positive nuisance in any house where they stay. On short acquaintance they will begin to command the household affairs, order the *employees* to unusual service, keep unseasonable hours, use narcotics in places offensive to sensitive nostrils, put their feet at unusual elevations, drop the ashes of their Havana on costly tapestry, pry into things they ought never to see, and become impervious to rousing bells, and in a thousand ways afflict the household which proposes to take care of them. Added to all, they stay too long. They have no idea when their welcome is worn out, and they would be unmoved even by the blessing which my friend, Gerrit Smith, the philanthropist, asked one morning at his breakfast table, or the day when he hoped that the long-protracted guests would depart, saying, "O Lord, bless this provision, and our friends who leave us to-day!"

But, my friends, there are alleviations to be put on their side of the scale. Perhaps they have not had the same refining influences about them in early life that you have had. Perhaps they have inherited eccentricities that they cannot help. Perhaps it is your duty, by example, to show them a better way. Perhaps they are sent to be a trial for the development of your patience. When our guests are cheery, and fascinating, and elegant, it is very easy to entertain them; but when we find in our guests that which is antagonistic to our taste and sentiment, it is a positive triumph when we can be "given to hospitality."

Another trial in the using of this grace is in the toil and expense of exercising it. In the well-regulated household things go smoothly, but now you have introduced a foreign element into the machinery, and though you may stoutly declare that they must take things as they find them, the Martha will break in. The ungovernable stove. The ruined dessert. The joint that proves to be unmasticable. The delayed marketing. The perplexities of a caterer. The difficulty of doing proper work, and yet always being presentable. Though you may say there shall be no care or anxiety, there will be care and there will be anxiety. In that very thing comes the divine reward. We were born to serve, and when we serve others, we serve God. The flush on that woman's cheek, as she bends over the hot stove, is as sacred in God's sight as the flush on the cheek of one who on a hot day preaches the Gospel. We may serve God with plate, and cutlery, and broom, just as certainly as we can serve Him with psalm-book and liturgy. Margaret, Queen of Norway and Sweden and Denmark, has a royal cup of ten lips, on which were recorded the names of the guests who had drunk from this cup. And every Christian woman has a royal cup, on which are written all the names of those who have ever been entertained by her in Christian style—names not cut by human ingenuity, but written by the hand of a divine Jesus. But, my friends, you are not to toil unnecessarily. Though the fare be plain, cheerful presidency of the table, and cleanliness of appointments, will be good enough for anybody that ever comes to your house. John Howard was invited to the house of a nobleman. He said, "I will come on one condition, and that is, that you have nothing

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but potatoes on the table." The requisition was complied with. Cyrus, King of Persia, under the same circumstances, prescribed that on the table there must be nothing but bread. Of course, these were extremes, but they are illustrations of the fact that more depends upon the banquetters than upon the banquet. I want to lift this idea of Christian entertainment out of a positive bondage into a glorious inducement. Every effort you put forth, and every dollar you give to the entertainment of friend or foe, you give directly to Christ.

In picture galleries we have often seen representations of Walter Scott with his friends, or Washington Irving with his associates; but all those engravings will fade out, while through everlasting ages, hanging luminous and conspicuous, will be the picture of you and your Christian guests.

You see we have passed out from the trials into the rewards of Christian hospitality; grand, glorious, and eternal. The first reward of Christian hospitality is the divine benediction. When any one attends to his duty, God's blessing comes upon him, upon his companion, upon his children, upon his dining-hall, upon his parlour, upon his nursery. Christ said to His disciples, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me: and he that giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward." As we have had so many things recorded against us in Heaven, it will be a satisfaction to have written on unfailing archives, the fact that we made the blissful mistake of supposing that we were entertaining weak men like ourselves, when lo! they showed their pinions before they left, and we found out that they were angels unawares!

Another reward comes in the good wishes and prayers of our guests. I do not think one's house ever-gets over having had a good man or woman abide there. George Whitefield used to scratch on the window of the room where he was entertained a passage of Scripture, and in one case, after he left, the whole household was converted by the reading of that passage on the window pane. The woman of Shunem furnished a little room over the wall for Elisha, and all the ages have heard the glorious consequences. On a cold, stormy winter night, my father entertained Trueman Osborne, the evangelist, and that, among others

was the means of saving my soul, and through all eternity I will thank God that Trueman Osborne stopped at our house. How many of our guests have brought to us condolence, and sympathy, and help!

There is a legend told of St. Sebald, that in going his Christian rounds he used to stop for entertainment at the house of a poor cartwright. Coming there one day, he found the cartwright and his family freezing for the lack of any fuel. St. Sebald ordered the man to go out and break the icicles from the side of the house and bring them in, and the icicles were brought into the house and thrown on the hearth, and they began to blaze immediately, and the freezing family gathered around and were warmed by them. That was a legend; but how often have our guests come in to gather up the cold, freezing sorrows of our life, kindling them into illumination, and warmth, and good cheer. He who opens his house to Christian hospitality, turns those who are strangers into friends. Years will go by, and there will be great changes in you, and there will be great changes in them. Some day you will be sitting in loneliness, watching a bereavement, and you will get a letter in a strange handwriting, and you will look at the post-office mark and say: "Why, I don't know anybody living in that city;" and you will break the envelope, and there you will read the story of thanks for your Christian generosity long years before, and how they have heard afar off of your trouble. When we take people into our houses as Christian guests, we take them into our sympathies forever. In Dort, Holland, a soldier with a sword at his side stopped at a house, desiring lodging and shelter. The woman of the house at first refused admittance, saying that the men of the house were not at home; but when he showed his credentials, that he had been honourably discharged from the army, he was admitted and tarried during the night. In the night-time there was a knocking at the front door and two ruffians broke in to despoil that household. No sooner had they come over the door-sill, than the armed guest, who had primed his piece and charged it with slugs, met them, and, telling the woman to stand back, dropped the two assaulting desperadoes dead at his feet. Well, now there are no bandits prowling around to destroy our houses; but how

often it is that we find those that have been our guests become our defenders. We gave them shelter first, and then afterward, in the great conflicts of life, they fought for our reputation; they fought for our property; they fought for our soul.

Another reward that comes from Christian hospitality is in the assurance that we shall have hospitality shown to us and to ours. In the upturnings of this life, who knows in what city or what land we may be thrown, and how much we may need an open door. There may come no such crisis to us, but our children may be thrown into some such strait. He who is in a Christian manner hospitable, has a free pass through all Christendom. It may be that you will have been dead fifty years before any such stress shall come upon one of your descendants; but do you not suppose that God can remember fifty years? and the knuckle of the grandchild will be heard against the door of some stranger and that door will open; and it will be talked over in Heaven, and it will be said: "That man's grandfather, fifty years ago, gave shelter to a stranger, and now a stranger's door is open for the grandson."

Among the Greeks, after entertaining and being entertained, they take a piece of lead and cut it in two, and the host takes one-half of the piece of lead and the guest takes the other half as they part. These two pieces of lead are handed down from generation to generation, and from family to family; and after awhile, perhaps one of the families in want or in trouble go out with this one piece of lead and find the other family with the corresponding piece of lead, and no sooner is the tally completed than the old hospitality is aroused and eternal friendship pledged. So the memory of Christian hospitality will go down from generation to generation, and from family to family, and the tally will never be lost, neither in this world nor the world to come.

Mark this: the day will come when we shall all be turned out-of-doors, without any exception—barefoot, barehead, no water in the canteen, no bread in the haversack, and we shall go in that way into the future world. And I wonder if eternal hospitalities shall open before us, and if we shall be received into everlasting habitations? Francis Frescobald was a rich Italian, and he was



very merciful and very hospitable. One day, an Englishman by the name of Thomas Cromwell appeared at his door asking for shelter and alms, which were cheerfully rendered. Frescobald afterwards lost all his property, became very poor, and wandered up into England; and one day he saw a procession passing, and lo! it was the Lord Chancellor of England; and lo! the Lord Chancellor of England was Thomas Cromwell, the very man whom he had once befriended down in Italy. The Lord Chancellor, at the first glance of Frescobald, recognized him and dismounted from his carriage, threw his arms around him and embraced him, paid his debts, invited him to his house, and said: "Here are ten pieces of money to pay for the bread you gave me, and here are ten pieces of money to provide for the horse you loaned me, and here are four bags, in each of which are four hundred ducats. Take them and be well."

So it will be at last with us. If we entertain Christ in the person of His disciples in this world, when we pass up into the next country, we will meet Christ in a regal procession, and He will throw His arms around about us, and He will pour all the wealth of Heaven into our lap, and open before us everlasting hospitalities. And O, how tame are the richest entertainments we can give on earth compared with the regal munificence which Christ will display before our souls in Heaven! Oh, what a grand feast God has made for us on high; the great banquet hour; the one hundred and forty and four thousand as guests; all the harps and trumpets of Heaven as the orchestra; that vintage of the celestial hills poured into the tankarks; all the fruits of the orchards of God piled on the golden platters; the angels of the Lord for cup-bearers, and the once folded starry banner of the blue sky flung out over the scene, while seated at the head of the table shall be the One who eighteen centuries ago declared: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Our sins pardoned, may we all mingle in those hospitalities!

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## BESSIE'S PARISH.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"THE wildest colts make the best horses," said Themistocles, "if they only get properly broken in," and wild little Bessie, very soon after she had been lured into it, became one of the best scholars in our Sunday-school. A good many of the children, like Bessie, went to no other school, and therefore we had a great deal of *a, b, ab, b, a, ba* work to get through—most necessary under the circumstances, but generally rather distasteful to both teachers and taught. Bessie, however, revelled in the dry, rhyming columns, and rang their changes backwards and forwards as merrily as if they had been a peal of bells, as soon as she had learnt her letters. As soon as she had picked up our chants and psalm-tunes, her voice, not only in the school-room, but in the church also, rose above all others—sweetly shrill. We were in the habit of singing the Old Version Psalm, in which these lines occur:—

" And on the wings of cherubim  
Right royally He rides."

The tune had something of the irresistible motion of a march in it, and that and the alliterative music of the latter line, between them, quite carried Bessie away. For some seconds after the rest of the congregation had finished the verse, her "ri—i—i—i—ides" could be heard ringing up in the rafters.

The variety of characters over whom our blessed Lord exercised, so to speak, a magnetic influence during His life on earth is one of the most striking facts in His earthly history. The doctors in the temple and the Baptist in the desert, Peter and Pilate, Mary of Magdala, and Joseph of Arimathæa—those who agreed in scarcely anything else agreed in recognising in their various ways the divinely exceptional personality of Christ. And throughout all the centuries during which Christ's life has been read, that marvellously many-sided influence has continued to act. Every one who reads this must be able to count up people by the score who have scarcely anything in common except a

reverential love of Jesus of Nazareth. Social circumstances, dispositions, tastes, modes of thought, may seem to have dug impassable gulfs between the sharers of that love, but *that* makes them feel akin. It was curiously interesting to note the gradual way in which the character of Christ exercised its attraction on the little London street girl. At first she greatly preferred the Old Testament to the New. There was "a deal more fun an' fightin'" in it, she said. The story of Samson and the foxes greatly took her fancy. "Worn't that a knowin' game?" was her admiring comment on it. The trick by which Michal saved her husband's life was another exploit which made Bessie chuckle in a very infectiously indecorous manner; and she gloated over accounts of pitched battles and single combats. Owing to the bellicosity which her street-life had bred in her, the gentle forgiveness of the Saviour was to her at starting a disagreeable puzzle. She liked Him for "goin' about doctorin' poor folks, an' givin' 'em bread an fish when they was hungry," but, according to her original notions of nobility of character, it was cowardly not to resent an injury or "take your own part," and therefore the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount perplexed her sorely, and she was utterly at a loss to understand why Peter was told to put back his sword into his sheath. "He'd ha' fought, anyhow, if he'd been let, though they did all on 'em cut away arterwards," remarked Bessie, trying in vain to make her newly-acquired belief that all which Jesus did *must* be right, tally with her old faith in the manliness of fighting. The first time she read the fifth of St. Matthew, she had a stiff argument with her teacher over "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

"It can't mean *that*, I know," exclaimed Bessie, decidedly "Do it, teacher?"

"It means what it says—it's in the Bible, and that's enough," answered the teacher.

An unsympathising appeal to authority of this kind, as a settler, or rather silencer, of moral difficulties, does not, however, satisfy children, any more than it satisfies adults. It is far more likely to weaken the weight of the appealed-to authority in the estimation of those who are morally muddled. Bessie was not to be so put down. I have no doubt that she half became a little

infidel—fancied that, after all, the Bible could not be true, if it taught things like *that*.

"But, teacher," she persisted, "if anybody was to fetch ye a clout a-one side o' yer face, would ye let 'em give ye a clout a-t'other? Ketch *me* a-bein' sich a soft. I'd do all I knew to give it to 'em back agin."

But, as the months went by, Bessie's character underwent a very striking change. She was as self-reliant a little body as ever, but self (with half-grudged sacrifice to Granny) was no longer the centre of her little system of the universe. One Sunday morning, when she had been at the Sunday-school about two years, and I had happened to look in just as the children were filing off for morning service, Bessie stepped out of rank and walked up to me with great *aplomb*, and yet manifestly in great distress. She waited until she had seen the backs of the last scholar and teacher, and then explained her trouble. (In spite of her readiness in reading, and the near approach to correctness which the purifying and enriching influence which music gave her "vocalisation" when she sang, Bessie's spoken English, down to the last day I saw her, was very nearly as heteroepic and syntax-defying as ever.) "If you please, sir," she said, "I want to do some good, but I don't know how. *He* was al'ays a-goin' about doin' some good to somebody, but I don't do no good to nobody, though I goes about pretty much. I'm workin' walnuts now, and how's ye to do any good to anybody out o' *them*? Cept ye give 'em away, an' then how's Granny to live—let alone me?"

"Don't despise the walnuts, Bessie," I answered, "if they help you to earn an honest living. Whilst you are getting that you are doing your duty so far—just as much as when you come to church. If people were to come to church all day long, and leave other people to work for them and their wives and children—that would be laziness, and not religion. Besides, Bessie, 'doing good' doesn't mean *giving* only. That is one way, and a very good way when people give away what they really have a right to give, and take care that the people who have no right to get *don't* get it. But there are scores of ways in which you can do good, though you haven't a penny to spare. If you only want

to find them out, you're sure to find them out. Just look about you when you get back to Granny's. Charity begins at home, you know. It isn't doing good to make a great fuss about people out of doors, and then go home and sulk or be lazy. I don't mean *you*, Bessie. I don't think *you* sulk, and I'm sure *you* are not lazy. But if you look about perhaps you'll find that there is something you could do to make Granny more comfortable or happier in her mind, and when you have tried to do that, there are the other people in the Rents—the children and the grown-up people, too. You might do something for them. But I cannot talk to you any longer now. I ought to have been in the vestry five minutes ago. Some day this week I will come to the Rents, and we will consult together then."

When I called at Granny's I found that Bessie had very speedily acted on my hints. The floor had been scrubbed; the mantel-piece was no longer furred with dust. A little bunch of wall-flowers stood on it in an old medicine-bottle. The scanty crockery of the establishment was all clean, and arranged along the mantel-shelf. The window had been cleaned, too, and the few articles of furniture tidied up in some way. The battered flat candlestick had been rubbed until it shone like polished silver. Bessie, who was sitting at her grandmother's knee with a book on her lap, glanced proudly at this last proof of her industry, as it gleamed in the evening sunlight, flanked on both sides with the clean crockery.

"Why, Mrs. Jude," I exclaimed, "you look quite smart." The old woman was evidently pleased with the altered appearance of her abode, but, of course, she could not refrain from grumbling. "Humph!" she answered, "I don't know what's come to the gal. She come home from school last Sunday, an' says she, 'Granny, how can I make ye comfor'bler an' 'appier in your mind?' 'Well,' says I, 'I should be comfor'bler if I'd things a bit more like they used to was afore your father treated me so bad, an' left me with a great gal like you on my 'ands.' 'How was that?' says she. So I told her about the nice furnitur' I used to have—mahogany, sir—an' sich like. 'Can't we do summat with wist we've got, Granny?' says she. 'Stuff an' nonsense, child,' says I, 'in a mucky hole like this.' 'Well, Granny,' says she, 'I'll do

what I can if you'll tell me how.' An' so she went on botherin' till somehow, between us, we *have* made the place look a bit more Christian-like, I won't deny. But Bessie must needs clean the winder, though I told her not, an' so there we've got another broken pane, as if we hadn't got enough afore. Spendin' her money, too, on them flowers for the mankle-shelf!"

"They didn't cost nuffink, Granny," Bessie objected. "Jim Greenham give 'em to me."

"An' if ye can git flowers give to ye, why didn't ye never bring me none afore?"

"Why, Granny, I used to think they'd choke like in here," answered Bessie; "but now I'll bring ye some whenever I git the chance. I *do* like flowers. They make ye feel somehow, when ye smell 'em, an' they look at ye, as if ye could be good somewheres or other. An' there's about flowers in the Testament, Granny—in the very chapter I was a-readin' when you come up, sir."

"I didn't hear about no flowers," growled Mrs. Jude.

"Becos, ye see, I was on'y jist a-comin' to it. Here 'tis, Granny—'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"Well, sir, I don't deny that that do sound pretty," said Mrs. Jude, in a condescending tone—as if she thought that courtesy compelled her to compliment the New Testament in the presence of a clergyman. "But what I should like to know is how we're to foller what she was a-readin' jist afore—about not takin' no thought for your wittles and your clothes. I'd heard it many time afore you read it, Bessie, but it was your readin' of it that brought it to my mind. We ain't fowls as flies in the air, or flowers as grows in a garding."

"You'd look comikle a-flyin' in the air or a-growin' in a garding, Granny," laughed Bessie, who had not lost her liking for looking at the ludicrous side of things. The old woman's temper was ruffled by her grand-daughter's irreverent conceit, and she paid very divided attention to the explanation I tried to give her of her difficulty. So I contented myself with reading the whole of the latter part of the chapter to her, that it might teach

its own lesson—a plan which I have often found to be efficacious under similar circumstances. Except in so far as it removes difficulties caused by differences of time and place, or gives a passing hint that enables one's hearers to make a personal use of circumstances that seem at first things that can have nothing to do with *them*, the less exposition is mixed up with the reading of the Scriptures in the houses of the poor the better, I think. The mere reading of a chapter may, I know, be made as mechanical an operation as the twirling of a "praying cylinder," on the part both of the reader and the hearer; but when the reading is not a perfunctory performance of official duty, the words have often a marvellous power of explaining themselves for purposes of edification. Mrs. Jude echoed the last sentence of the chapter, and gave also, without knowing it, Jeremy Taylor's comment on the text.\* "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she said. "Ah, that it be. I'm tired to the very tips o' my finger nails. You never knew what it was to ache all over in your lines an' every one o' your j'ints—you never stood at a wash-tub, sir—so it's easy talkin'. But I won't deny that I can't rest my legs to-night by thinkin' how tired they'll be to-morrer, an' day after. I mayn't be alive to-morrer. I can't last long, slavin' as I do, an' then, when you've lost me, you'll know how good I've been to you, Bessie. But I won't deny, sir, that you must ha' took pains wi' her readin', an' I've no objection to her readin' to me agin. Now we've done up the place a bit, you can sit down in a bit o' comfort, an' it's a beautiful book to listen to, I won't deny; though it do make ye feel that ye ought to be somehow as ye ain't. But there's myst'ries none of us know the rights on, wise as we may think ourselves, I guess."

In spite of the parting shot at myself, I could see that Bessie had made a very good beginning on Granny. The clearing up of their room—although Bessie had been the chief agent in the joint-stock operation of which Mrs. Jude (except in the case of the broken window) claimed the chief credit—led to greater personal cleanliness and tidiness in both. The reading of the

\* "Sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring in one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable."

Bible at home led to Mrs. Jude's being prevailed upon to go to church again, although her church-going *was* only very slightly profitable to her in a pecuniary point of view.

She never became what is called "a cheerful Christian," but I believe that, in a genuine sense, she did at last become a Christian. She learnt to feel the saving power of the divinity manifested in Christ—to know that she *ought*, at any rate, to think little of herself, and to strive hard, and pray hard, for the curbing of her unchristian temper, and the cultivation of a more Christian character.

Bessie's missionary work amongst her neighbours was not quite so judiciously begun. The brave little body went about reproving sin of all kinds like a little Nathan, with a considerable infusion of the small Pharisee, and the sinners would not "stand her cheek." Bessie was very proud at first of the persecution she had provoked, but when she found that no good came of it, she adopted a quieter tone. When I think that any one is actuated by a good motive—which can have been given only by "the good God" (to use what is a pleonasm in English), I am very reluctant to interfere with the modes of action to which that motive urges, simply because they do not tally with my own idiosyncrasy. But I suggested to Bessie that only the Sinless Man had a right to speak to sinning men and women as if He did not share their sinfulness, and that that was a standpoint which He did not take. Bessie's quiet work succeeded far better than her Boanerges business. She became more carefully anxious than she had been before to make her conduct harmonize in little things—which, as a rule, because they are always turning up for notice, are really great things—with the principles she professed. She conquered the prejudices entertained against her by the young folks of the Rents very speedily. As soon as she "larked" with them, in an innocent way, again, she was so good a hand at larking that she secured us sundry even of the least likely of her boy and girl neighbours as pupils for our Sunday-school. She used to introduce the half-scared, half-saucy, shock-headed tatterdemalions with "Here's another, sir"—much as if she had lugged in a ragged, restive colt from the marshes by the burr-buttoned mane.



That she ever did much amongst the adults of the Rents, I cannot say, but she did something. After a time they ceased to snub her and swear at her. They even recovered a good deal of the kindly feeling they had entertained towards her before she had taken to being "a saint." With a difference, however. They felt that she was no longer "their sort," and though they could not help owning to themselves that it was *she* who had risen by the change, the necessity of being obliged to make such a confession even to themselves somewhat chilled their friendly feeling for little Bessie. She proved herself such a willing, helpful little body, however, in the way of fetching water, running to the chandler's, nursing babies that must otherwise have been tossed about in the Rents' gutter very much like its cabbage-stalks, at odd times of very scanty leisure, that two or three of the Rents' women who had very large families, came to church now and then out of gratitude to her. It was partly genuine gratitude, looking back upon the past. Bessie had helped them, and so they wanted to please her by going to a place to which she said they ought to go. But it was partly also, I must own, the prospective gratitude which cynical cleverness has defined. "I was at church yisterday arternoon, so you'll come an' nuss my Johnny, won't ye, Bessie?" is a specimen of the appeals that were often made to my little lay assistant. She was greatly amused when I called the Rents her "parish." "Anyhow," she said, slyly, "there's people in the Rents that'll let *me* talk to 'em, as wouldn't let a parson inside their places—let alone a missioner. Why, Big Sam's wife—he's the fightin' sweep, you know, sir—pitched a missioner into the dust-cart, an' she said she'd serve you jist the same; but I said she shouldn't—not if I was by to help ye."

One of Bessie's parishioners was of a very different type from any I have as yet referred to: an old apple-woman who "pitched" just outside the mouth of the Rents. Bessie ran evening errands for her, and sometimes kept her stall for her when the old woman wanted to go home for a little time. When rheumatism laid the poor old body up, Bessie looked in before she started on her rounds, to light her old friend's fire for her, and make her as comfortable as she could for the day. As soon as

wearry little Bessie got back from her rounds, she looked in again on Mrs. Reynolds—thereby making Mrs. Jude feel very jealous, in spite of her hard struggles to think that it was all right that Bessie should do so when she knew (as was always the case when she did it) that her Granny was not “ailing more than ordinary.” Mrs. Reynolds was a widow, without a soul in the world to care for her but Bessie; and she doated on Bessie accordingly. She was a very simple-minded woman, strictly honest, and willing to “do anybody a good turn,” in her little way; but so far as any definite belief about God’s government of the world was concerned, her mind was a blank sheet when Bessie first took her in charge. Her heart, nevertheless, was half-consciously thirsting for something that would make life a more satisfying thing than merely giving fair ha’porths of apples in a muddy street. However fair she might make them, she did not feel comfortable when she got home at night. She wanted something to make her feel at peace, though what it was she could not tell. She found out soon after Bessie had begun to read the New Testament to her. “Lor, sir,” said the old woman to me once, “that little gal’s been next door to an hangel o’ light to me. Afore she come an’ read to me, I knew I wasn’t as good as I might be, but I comforted myself wi’ thinkin’ I was as good as my neighbours. But there she read about him as called hisself the chiefest o’ sinners, arter all he’d done—an’ what had I done like him? I was awful scared at first, but then she’d read to me about Jesus, too, an’ she talked to me about Jesus in a surprisin’ manner for a little gal like her. So now I try to do the best I can, and I just trust to Jesus for the rest.”

Systematic theologians might, perhaps, object to this creed of Mrs. Reynolds’s, but under the circumstances I did not see that I could improve upon it by shaping it into more regular form.

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“It little matters at what time of day  
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come  
To him untimely who has learned to die.  
The less of this brief life the more of heaven;  
The shorter time, the longer immortality.”

## THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## II.

NONE have any true conception of the appalling power of the habit of intemperance save those who have had personal experience of it. You may have seen a fluttering bird, fascinated by the glittering eye and brilliant skin of the serpent, hovering in ever narrowing circles, without even the will to escape, till it falls into its expanded jaws and is transpierced by its envenomed fangs. Not otherwise the wretched victim of intemperance is held by the potent spell of the fascinating poison, which at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Like the poisoned tunic of Hercules this garment of shame clings closer and closer, in spite of every effort to shake it off. And so great is the danger of relapse in those who have reformed, that a loving wife has been known to thank God at her husband's death because at last he was beyond the reach of temptation and of fall. A reformed drunkard once said, "I will look upon the person who tempts me to drink again as an infernal fiend."

So inveterate is this habit that almost every neighbourhood has its local celebrity of incorrigible drunkenness. In the city of Toronto one poor wretch has been committed for drinking nearly 200 times; the entire period of his commitment being over sixteen years. He was surpassed, however, by a woman in the city of Halifax, who had been arrested *over* 200 times for the same offence, and had repeatedly tried to commit suicide.

The progressive tendency of intemperance is illustrated in the change of meaning of the very word *dram*. Formerly it meant the eighth part of an ounce, or the twelfth part of an ordinary glass: and it was purchased at the apothecary's like laudanum or any other drug. It now signifies a quantity twelve times as great as it did originally. The aggregate consumption has also greatly increased. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, the use of intoxicants in Scotland tripled in fifteen years. In Glasgow it increased five hundred per cent., while the population increased

only 66 per cent. In the same time crime increased 400, fever 1,600, death 300 per cent., and the chances of life diminished 44 per cent.

The tyranny of fashion is one of the most powerful agencies in creating and fostering this habit. Every person in society feels the pressure of its conventional usages and imperious customs. This tremendous power long dictated that to decline offering wine to guests at a dinner party, in the social circle, or in numerous occasions of daily occurrence, was a violation of hospitality. This custom, so much more honoured in the breach than the observance, has had numerous adherents in the religious community, and even among Christian ministers, whose duty it is to endeavour to reconstruct society on a loftier model, to abolish the sources of evil and temptations to sin, and to remove stumbling-blocks from the pathway even of the weak and the erring. Woman's influence is here a potent agency. She may do much to promote the growth of temperance principles. She is the true regent of society; and can, to a great degree, mould opinion and adjust the standard of taste. She owes much to the Temperance Reform, which has rescued so many of her sex from the misery and degradation and wrong to which they have been condemned by intemperance, and none have suffered more in their holiest and tenderest affections from the ravages of this evil than has woman. She should, therefore, exert all her influence on behalf of total abstinence. The highest lady in the realm, whose Christian example has done so much to purify the moral atmosphere of the court, and who so signally illustrates in her life all the social and domestic virtues, gracefully accedes the liberty of choice in the use of wine at her own table, and sets, herself, an example of the strictest temperance. A viceroy of the crown, in one of the most important dependencies of the empire, finds no difficulty in dispensing hospitality without the aid of intoxicating liquors. Would that these illustrious examples were followed by all the leaders of society

The absurd custom of drinking toasts is a snare to many, as well as irrational in itself. It were strange if men could not express a loyal, patriotic, or friendly sentiment without clashing of glasses and drinking of wine. It were just as sensible to

touch peaches or oranges, or to eat slice after slice of ham after dinner, as for men to drink toast after toast when they are not thirsty.

Habits of drinking are also encouraged through acts of mistake or inconsiderate kindness. Wine and cordials are often the first gifts sent to the sick poor; and at all rustic merry-makings the barrel of ale was wont to be broached by the village patron.

The use of home-brewed beer and of home-made wines begets the appetite for stronger potions. Thus the use of cider, perry, and light wines in the countries where they are made in great abundance, greatly swell the tide of intemperance.

The custom of acknowledging or rewarding favours in drink, of treating workmen, porters, servants; and of closing every bargain with liquor, from the transfer of a farm to the selling of a pig, are all powerful incentives to the vice of drunkenness.

Many a poor emigrant to the New World has made unhappy acquaintance with the police station and the prison cell, and begun a career of drunkenness and degradation from thoughtless indulgence on meeting an old friend in a strange land; and has been betrayed by feelings of good-fellowship into riotous excess, and perhaps into the commission of serious crime.

The tyranny of the artificial and compulsory drinking usages, more prevalent formerly than now, is not only a serious monetary tax, often falling heavily upon those who can ill afford it, but is also an active agency in creating and fostering the habit of intemperance. Mr. John Dunlop, in a paper upon this subject, enumerates over two hundred distinct and well-defined customs of this sort; and these are by no means exhaustive of the number.

Under this tyrannical system every social or domestic event in the life of a man is made the plea for some extortion. His promotion in the workshop, a change of work, or the completion of a job; the details of courtship and marriage; the birth of each child, and every death, lyke-wake, or funeral; every birthday, anniversary, or festival; and every act of buying selling, or exchange, becomes the occasion of drinking, and often of prolonged intemperance.

In the mechanic arts every stage of construction, from digging

the foundation of a building to adjusting the topstone; from laying the keel of a vessel to its launch; from turring the first sod of a railway to driving the last spike, is apt to be accompanied by drinking.

A regular system of pains and penalties to maintain and enforce these drinking usages exists in many workshops, especially in Great Britain, which are always absurd or disagreeable, and often dangerous. The mildest of these is ridicule and petty persecution. The recusant often becomes the butt of exceedingly obnoxious practical jokes; his clothes are tarred, greased, cut, or torn; his tools are injured, stolen, or pawned; his work is destroyed, and the victim of the conspiracy is even driven from employment by the threatened strike of the workmen. Frequently fighting, blows, bloodshed, and cruelty ensue. Men have even been half-drowned, half-strangled, half-beaten-to-death by the tyranny of this British Moloch. Tortures no less atrocious than those of the bastinado or the bowstring, of the rack and of the thumb-screw, have been inflicted on British workmen, with a despotism as arbitrary as that of any Turkish Bashaw or Papal Inquisitor, for non-conformity to these abominable drinking usages.

Drunkenness is emphatically the bane of the British army. Every promotion among commissioned or non-commissioned officers has only too often been attended by a carouse. The abominable system of recruiting; the venal arts of "Sergeant Kite, all ribbands and lies," to inveigle the idle rustic or the runaway apprentice into intoxication and the army at the same time, have made it the reproach of the nation and the terror of British parents. "The practice of billeting the militia upon the public-house is also very objectionable on moral as well as on military grounds," says Sir C. G. Trevelyan, K.C.B.

In the navy, both Royal and merchant, every detail of the service, from receiving the cargo to its discharge, from weighing the anchor to the end of the voyage, has generally been accompanied by drinking; and in both naval and military service regular rations of liquor are served out. In the United States navy this last temptation to drinking is now abolished.

The payment of wages in the public-house, generally on Saturday night, and frequently through the agency of some one inter-

ested in its sale, places a fearful temptation before the workingman, weary, faint, with money in his pocket, and with the means of gratification fairly thrust upon him. He is often liable to lose his employment unless he will spend a large proportion of his earnings at the bar of the man who is really his deadliest foe. One man states that three times in a single year he was discharged from work because he was a teetotaler. What a premium on drunkenness is this! In Great Britain the catalogue of crime is fourfold greater on Saturday night than on any other night, and its dissipation is the cause of one-third of the national intemperance. The Sabbath becomes a Saturnalia of vice and debauchery, which is often prolonged far into the following week.

Another great incentive to drunkenness is the unwholesome, vitiated, and badly ventilated sanitary environment in which great masses of the labouring classes live; ill-conditioned and overcrowded, with few of the requirements of health or decency. Multitudes of British men and women, as described in the Report of Mr. Kay, a Royal Commissioner appointed to investigate their social condition, are worse housed and scarcely better fed than most of the horses, hounds, and hogs in Great Britain. These influences tend to depress the physical stamina and moral tone; they create a craving for stimulants and diminish the power of resistance. The exhaustive and unhealthy nature of the employment, frequently carried on in a vitiated atmosphere, or at an excessive temperature, intensifies this craving. The lack of education and inability to read prevents the mental stimulus of books or newspapers. The gross animal stimulus of the intoxicating cup at the ale or beer-house proves a superior attraction to any intellectual pleasure. The employment of women in field, factory, or shop, prevents their training in domestic duties or cookery. It makes the home comfortless, and the food unpalatable and innutritious; makes the women slatternly, listless, and dispirited; coarsens their sensibilities, degrades their manners and morals, and creates a craving for drink, indulgence in which always intensifies the evil.

When woman becomes the victim of this vice, her fall is more hopeless and irremediable than man's. The best, when perverted, becomes the worst. Her indulgence is generally a solitary vice,

cloaked and dissembled by a thousand garbs of hypocrisy and deception. When her wretched secret can no longer be concealed, its loathsome lineaments are the more abhorrent by contrast with her natural grace and refinement; and are the more ruinous in their effects from the very delicacy of her organization. They speak of blighted affection, outraged duty, and perversion of the holiest instincts of her nature,—the wife's duty to her husband, the mother's love for her babe. Her womanly delicacy is more ruthlessly violated, and her moral debasement bears the stamp of a deeper degradation, than even that of man.

The prescription of alcoholic stimulants by certain members of the medical faculty for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, lends the tremendous weight of their social position, moral standing, and scientific authority to the drinking customs of the day.

Thus we have seen that, as remarked by Mr. Dunlop, there is, besides the physical craving of appetite, a vast mental machinery at work in favour of intemperance; and the etiquettes, courtesies, and complimentary usages of social life, are often exerted on behalf of drinking.

The use of tobacco is also found to produce a constant thirst for stimulating drinks to supply the waste of glandular secretion caused by the expectoration of saliva; and at the same time it renders simple fluids insipid to the taste. It is extremely injurious to the nervous system, disorders the assimilating functions, impairs the appetite, and creates a tormenting desire for alcoholic liquors.

The plea that indulgence in alcoholic liquors in "moderation," like the moderate use of food, can do no harm, and that excess in the latter is equally as pernicious as excess in the former, is based on the transparent fallacy that intoxicants are healthful as an article of diet. If it be true, as is amply proved by the highest scientific authority, that they are not in any sense food, but a virulent poison, then their use in any quantity is an abuse, as is that of opium, hasheesh, or absinthe, though all these deadly drugs are frequently used for purposes of intoxication.

But moderation, moreover, is exceedingly difficult to define. It is said to vary from a single glass to three bottles, from a pint



to a gallon. But even in its narrowest limits it is the nursery of intemperance and the great feeder of excess. No one becomes a confirmed inebriate but through the preliminary stage of moderation. It is not the example of the gutter drunkard that is so dangerous to the morals of society. That carries its own condemnation with it, and is rather the warning beacon against excess. It is the dangerous allurements of the example of the respectable drinker—the pious clergyman or learned professor, the noble lord or fair lady—who would spurn with indignation the charge of immoderate indulgence, which beguiles multitudes to their endless ruin. Even the wretched sot, wallowing in the gutter, was once as proud of his moderation as any purist in the land; and, although his conceptions of that virtue may have greatly changed, he would doubtless assert his adherence to its rules.

A dignified clergyman, defending at a public meeting the practice of 'moderate' drinking—"the true temperance," as he called it, as opposed to the entire abstinence of the teetotal fanatics—was rather disconcerted by the hiccupped endorsement of a miserable drunkard—"That's right, your riverince; ye're on our side." We must in justice add that the clergyman had the good sense to see his anomalous position and replied, "Well, my friend, if I'm on your side I'm on the wrong side," and he became forthwith a staunch adherent to the principles of teetotalism.

The prevention of the evil is surely, in this as in every other case, better than its cure. A more than herculean task is the effort to lop off the hydra heads of intemperance, if they continually start up afresh. Excess is the legitimate and ripened fruit, of which moderation is the strong tap root; and only by the destruction of that root can we hope to eradicate this evil which is daily scattering its seeds of death around. By the rills of moderation is the desolating tide of intemperance swollen till it deluges the world; only by cutting off those affluents can that stream of death run dry.

It is by the so-called moderate drinkers that the liquor traffic is mainly sustained. Moderation, then, as it is called, is the greatest obstacle of the temperance reform.

Deem of it, therefore, as a serpent's egg,  
Which hatched, would, as its kind, grow mischievous:  
Then crush it in the shell.

But even if moderation should never degenerate into drunkenness, it is not the less pernicious. We have seen that in itself it is physically injurious: it is morally no less so. Nay, it is often more dangerous than even drunkenness. It is not by the man who is *drunk* that theft, assault, and homicide are most frequently committed; but by him whose nerves are strung to higher tension and whose destructive or vindictive passions are aroused by a quantity of liquor, far short of that required to stupify his brain. It is not the *drunken* pilot, engineer, or switchman who wrecks the vessel or destroys the train. The least outward sign of inebriation would be a warning of the peril and cause his instant removal from the responsible position where a thousand lives may depend upon his act. It is the man whose gait is steady, whose powers are undiminished, but who is spurred to recklessness by a single glass or two, who works the hideous ruin which ever and anon harrows the soul with its carnival of blood, the cause of which will often be forever unknown.

Absolute drunkenness incapacitates a man for doing very much harm. He is the sport of the very children in the street. It is the half-drunken fellow who is the more dangerous animal. All his depraved passions are stimulated; he becomes, as the law quaintly expresses it, *voluntarius dæmon*—by his own act a devil; yet, though his judgment is warped, his perceptive faculties are only quickened, not overpowered by liquor, and he is enabled with cunning craftiness to mask his design of violence or blood.

The practised gamester carefully avoids excess that he may keep his brain cool and nerves steady, and lay his snares for his prey rendered reckless by liquor.

We see, then, that "moderation," as it is called, is only a cunning delusion of the devil for beguiling men into temptation and impelling them to crime. Even good men are not safe from its dangers. A very slight indulgence will often excite the swelling depravity, determine the judgment, drown the voice of conscience, and lead to the commission of sin. It is impossible to discriminate between the degrees of moral turpitude of excess and moderation. For what is moderation? Who shall determine its boundaries? Ask a hundred persons and they will all probably give you as many different answers. Two men may sit down at the same table. They may both take the same quantity

of the same liquor. On the one it exerts no visible effects; of the other it makes a raving madman. Is he the more innocent of the two whose stronger nerve or more sluggish brain or long habit of drinking renders him callous to the effects of the liquor? Is that a degrading vice in one which is a harmless indulgence in the other? What jugglery of words is this? Nay, the greater is *his* sin who makes his strength the temptation of his weaker brother. Oh, ye prudent drinkers, who know just when to stop, who can take your dram or let it alone, beware lest ye be the stumbling-blocks over which souls shall fall into eternal ruin!

As little can we define what is really drunkenness. There may be no *visible* effect, yet the judgment may be perverted, the imagination excited, the perceptions obscured, the nerves jarred, and the man unfitted for the efficient discharge of his duty. Yet those duties may be of the most momentous character. It may be a military officer has taken a single glass to invigorate his nerves on the eve of an engagement. On his correct decision and prompt action may depend the lives of thousands, the issue of a battle, the fate of a nation. But the treacherous spirit—more dangerous than the foe—mounts to his brain, and the confusion and disorder, causing disaster and defeat, spread through the army. Or a ship-captain may have taken an unusual dram, under the delusion of better enduring exposure to the storm; his intellect becomes obscured, his conduct becomes reckless, his presence of mind is lost, and the vessel is wrecked through alcohol. Or, more common still, a physician may be summoned from the enjoyment of the table to the bedside of the sick or of the dying. Life, or what is infinitely more valuable, the soul's salvation, may depend on the coolness, tact, perspicuity, and intellectual clearness and vigour of him who is called to minister to the dying man. How terrible the consequences of that perversion of intellect, that "stumbling in judgment," which the Scriptures declares results from strong drink, and which may result from a very moderate amount!

Is this danger exaggerated? It is a matter of notoriety that frequently the most momentous interests are imperilled through the influence of strong drink, and the most tragical disaster, resulting in far-reaching desolation and woe, has resulted through its use.

## LEGENDS OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

LEGENDS seem to offer to us "children of older growth" somewhat the same attraction presented by fairy tales to the inmates of our nurseries,—very possibly for the same reason, that under the symbol of some beautiful and fanciful story, in many instances, a useful moral truth is conveyed to the mind of the reader.

Some legends, however, may take higher ground than mere morality, for they have not only a hidden vein of ore lying beneath their surface, but if we seek those especially connected with the life and death of our Lord, we may find the pure gold of a spiritual meaning rewarding our search.

The legend of the aspen tree has been so beautifully versified by an anonymous author in an old volume of *Good Words*, that I am tempted to quote a portion of the poem:—

"Not a breath of air in the region wide;  
Not a ripple upon the river;  
Yet all of a sudden the aspens sighed,  
And through all their leaves ran a shiver.

"My darling, she nestled quite close to me,  
For such shield as my arms could give her;  
'There went not the least waft of wind through the tree,  
Then why did the aspens shiver?'

"I told her the tale how by Kidron's brook  
Our Saviour one evening wandered;  
A cloud came over His glorified look  
As He paused by the way and pondered.

"The trees felt His sighing; their heads all bowed  
Towards Him in solemn devotion,  
Save the aspen, that stood up so stately and proud,  
It made neither murmur nor motion.

"Then the Holy One lifted His face of pain:  
'The aspen shall shake and shiver  
From this time forth till I come again,  
Whether growing by brook or by river!'

“ And oft in the listening hush of night  
 The aspen will secretly shiver,  
 With all its tremulous leaves turned white,  
 Like a guilty thing by the river.

“ So the souls that look on His sorrow and pain  
 For *their* sake, and bow not, shall quiver  
 Like aspens, and quake when He comes again,  
 Through the night for ever and ever.”

A German legend, of obscure origin, gives to our little robin the honour of having flown around the cross of our Redeemer till its breast was stained with the blood which flowed from His hands. Possibly some dim record of this beautiful old tradition may account for the respect shown even by village children to this little songster. Other birds may be hunted with sticks or stones from bush to bush, but in almost every instance the red-breast remains unmolested, and its eggs and nestlings undisturbed.

There is a plant of the buckwheat tribe indigenous to Great Britain as well as to Syria, and named the Spotted Persicaria, of which the following story is related :—

Upon the mount of Calvary, where the “accursed tree” was placed, grew an herb which was stained with blood from the wounds of our Saviour, and to this day it bears a crimson spot upon each leaflet, to distinguish it from all other plants.

Longfellow’s beautiful translation of the “Legend of the Cross-bill” is well known :—

“ On the cross the dying Saviour  
 Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,  
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling  
 In His pierced and bleeding palm.

“ And by all the world forsaken,  
 Sees He now, with zealous care,  
 At the ruthless nail of iron  
 A poor bird is striving there.

“ Stained with blood and never tiring,  
 With its beak it doth not cease ;  
 From the cross ’twould free the Saviour,  
 Its Creator’s Son release.

“ And the Saviour speaks in mildness, —  
‘ Blest be thou of all the good !  
Bear, as token of this moment,  
Marks of blood and holy rood.’

“ And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
Covered quite with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.”

In the forests of Thuringia vast flocks of crossbills may constantly be seen, singing in the pine branches, as they empty the fir cones of their aromatic seeds. Even in Great Britain there are few seasons in which these strange birds do not exhibit the peculiar structure of their bills, and their bright red plumage, identifying them with the legend of Julius Mosen, and the superstition that the faithful bird destroyed its bill in the vain attempt to release our Saviour from His sufferings.

There is another tradition, not so well known as that of the crossbill, which has always appeared to me even more beautiful than that tale, from the exquisite idea it presents of the Holy Spirit hovering over and comforting our Redeemer in His hour of darkest agony, even as He comforts His believing people now, when earth is fading from their sight. It is called “ The Legend of the Ringdove : ” —

“ When upon the cross in anguish  
Jesus drooped His dying head,  
Then a gentle dove beside Him  
Sought to soothe that hour of dread,  
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

“ Still amid that time of horror,  
Through the darkness funeral pall  
Spread o'er Calvary and Judah,  
Came the low sweet voice through all,  
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

“ When the thief his eyes uplifting  
To the Holy One appealed,  
And when Christ His pardon promised,  
Then the dove that promise sealed,  
Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

“ When the last sad groan was uttered,  
 And the Saviour’s Spirit passed  
 From His load of bitter sorrow,  
 Constant, faithful to the last,  
 Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

“ Sat the ringdove, moaning softly  
 With that voice surpassing sweet,  
 Pouring forth her love and pity  
 At the blessed Master’s feet,  
 Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.

“ So she bears a ring to mark her,  
 Crown or collar, dazzling white,  
 Round her azure neck forever  
 To remind us of that sight,  
 Singing, Kyrie, Kyrie.”

One more legend must close this slight sketch of a subject which would take both time and space to enter upon fully: it is that of the crown of thorns, which the apostles gave to Joseph of Arimathea, after our Lord’s crucifixion:—

“ To Glastonbury Joseph came,  
 And brought that sacred crown  
 Christ wore, when on the cross of shame  
 He laid His tired head down.

\* \* \* \*

“ One Christmas Eve St. Joseph dreamed  
 The crown could not be found ;  
 He sought it long, and then it seemed  
 A light shone on the ground ;  
 And looking there he saw a tree  
 He ne’er before had seen,  
 Its berries red appeared to be  
 Blood-drops amid the green.

“ The green leaves had a many thorn :  
 Then did St. Joseph see  
 The blood-stained crown the Lord had worn  
 Was grown into a tree.  
 He woke to find what he had dreamed  
 Had in the night come true ;  
 Planted by angel hands, it seemed  
 The holly thrived and grew.”

It is strange that the untutored mind of a poor deaf and dumb Irish boy should have seized upon the idea embodied in a legend which must have been utterly unknown to him. Charlotte Elizabeth tells us a few weeks before "John B——'s" death, on Christmas Eve, his sister brought in a quantity of holly. An expression of the most divine sweetness overspread his countenance, and lifting his meek eyes to me, he took a small sprig of holly, pricking the back of his hand with its pointed leaf, and showed me the little scars left by it. Then, selecting a long shoot, he made a sign to twist it about his head, described the pain it would give him to do so, and with starting tears signed "Jesus Christ." He then pointed to the berries thinly scattered on the holly bough, and told me God put them there to remind him of the drops of blood that stained the Saviour's brow when so crowned. Charlotte Elizabeth adds, "I stood before the boy, filled with conscious shame for that I had never traced the touching symbol."

Fanciful these legends may be, but what thinking mind would like to lose the remembrance of such a time, which may be conjured up by bird, and tree, and flower, in our daily walks, even if we fail to trace a deeper meaning in the beautiful old stories. Surely anything which for a few moments can raise our thoughts from earth to Heaven has not been written in vain.

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### ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow,  
Finds the strong head that served him on the plain  
Dizzy and blind, the heart whose pulse was low  
Now throbbing wildly with the upward strain,  
So fares the spirit on the heights of thought ;  
Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,  
While love, the childlike, consciously o'erwrought,  
Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.



## THE HIGHER LIFE A CONSTRAINING LOVE

BY C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

THERE are many elements that enter into the Christian character. It is impossible to tell which are the chief ones, for if we examine each with critical care we find it an integral in relation to all the rest. Even those which would at first seem to possess only a subordinate value develop great interest and importance the more closely we inspect them. Like the stones in a vast temple, even the smallest can be as little spared as the largest. Each has its worth toward the harmony and integrity of the whole superstructure.

The place which the doctrines and traditions of our holy faith have assigned to love is by no means subordinate. If any one can claim supremacy above all else, it is love—the constraining love of Christ toward His disciple, and the constraining love of the disciple toward his Master. Like the root which supports the oak, love must underlie all outward progress and development. It is the source of the two great classes of duties, the passive and the active. There are periods in the life of the Church when those who love Christ must bear and suffer, rather than take the initiative and aggressive.

In the primitive and apostolic period there was a singular connection of the two. There was persecution of the bitterest character, and those who loved Christ were compelled to leave home, and friends, and property, and life itself. Christian life was one long passion, until death changed it to a victory. But there was, at the same time, a large measure of the aggressive and active. In the first three centuries there was a progress of evangelization, a seizing upon new territory and new peoples, an organization of Christian societies, a growth of apostolic literature—which are simply amazing; and we are left in doubt which to admire the most, the love which suffered or the love which wrought. But in either case it was love—a restless, impelling, constraining love.

And this impulsion is the infallible test of love to Christ. It

must impel, or it is nothing; it must be a current, or its waters dry up. When the warm and impulsive Payson was most successful in his ministry, his love was the prevailing force. It was that which inspired other hearts and led many to Christ. His appeals were no more intellectual or convincing than those of many of his contemporaries; but with the appeal there was this irresistible and constraining love which swept away the skepticism, the indifference, and the life-long impenitence of his hearers. But it cannot cease with the loving man's life, for love is one of the Christian's earthly immortalities. When Payson died, his love became more potent than when he lived. His constraining love for the sinner was a tide which, being set in motion, could never stop. There is to-day many a Christian life that is influenced by that spotless example; and such will be the fact for the centuries to come.

A very touching exhibition of the way in which Christ influenced His immediate disciples and friends was seen in the manner which they exhibited after His death. They were all put to a fearful test by the events immediately preceding His death. It was the usage then, oft repeated since, especially in the French social convulsions, for the friends of the leading sufferer to be put to death with him. Peter was expecting death, and so he trembled, denied, swore, and soon repented. No doubt, every one who was publicly known as a friend of the Master regarded his life as in danger. There was no use in publicly resisting the wild determination of both Jews and Romans, together with the floating populace; and so the friends of Jesus were utterly helpless, and were compelled to retire as silent spectators. Their love was put to a severe test, never surpassed in fiery ordeal at any time since. But when the great tragedy was ended, we find these disciples still true and loving.

The women were early at the sepulchre on the third day. All the Master's friends came together in groups, and, when Jesus appeared to them, He found them talking about His passion. When He joined the two disciples who went into Emmaus—they little thinking who their new companion was—He found that they talked together of all those things which had happened." The conversation was all of Jesus and His suffering.

By-and-bye the great proof of the resurrection became known to all the twelve, and through them to every one who enjoyed the blessing of discipleship. The love which they bore their Master was manifested during the days preceding the ascension, the ten days' waiting in the upper room of the temple, and the pentecostal effusion and preaching. Surely there never was a time when the love of friends was put through so refining a burning; neither was there ever a time when love received so rich a reward.

The constraining love of Christ toward His children should produce in them a love which constrains to the noblest and purest service. If the Old Guard would die for Napoleon, and Nelson's sailors would board any ship, with certain death in view, because he gave the order, what may not the love which we bear Christ compel us to do? This service of a love that asks no questions, but simply obeys, is what has enriched the Church with a devotional literature, a long line of pure lives, a record of great daring in the face of enemies, a protest against popular sins, and an inward experimental life which no pen has the art to describe. What we most need to-day is more of this same love. If the love of Christ constrained Him to die for us, and now to mediate for us, our love should constrain us to defend the honour of His name by a spotless life and a joyous faith.

Few men that ever Methodism has produced have equalled the lamented Bishop Janes in great intellectual gifts. We shall be able to measure them only gradually when we see the vast chasms that are made through his death. But the more fully we catch the measure of him, the more surely will we come to the conclusion that his master characteristic was an unfailing and constraining love. This was always beautiful, but with his years it became more beautiful; and now who can measure it?—*Christian Advocate*.

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IN passion's tide and cruelty's excess  
 Rebuke thy brother, but with gentleness;  
 By mild reproof, in kindly words arrayed,  
 Meek as the lamb, the lion may be made.

## "CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM." \*

Mr. Roy's pamphlet, from the startling nature of many of its arguments and conclusions, has already won a wide celebrity. It contains many just, noble, and generous sentiments, expressed in eloquent language. But it contains also, we judge, much sophistical, fallacious, and dangerous reasoning, which would, if followed to its logical conclusion, lead to much wider divergence from the general belief of Christendom as founded on the Scriptures than we hope the author either intends or would wish. Of course in a brief article we cannot undertake a formal refutation of what we conceive to be the errors of the book—that would require a treatise of itself. We would be recreant to our duty, however, if we did not record our protest against the erroneous and, as we think, dangerous doctrines. The genial spirit, the elegant scholarship, the eloquent language of the accomplished author, as manifested in this pamphlet, must not prevent the conscientious discharge of a bounden duty.

The avowed purpose of the book is to show the limits within which private judgment may be exercised in the Methodist ministry according to the "legal standards," but in the discussion of this subject a very wide range of topics is traversed and certain doctrinal statements are unmistakably expressed. It is asserted that Methodism was originally extremely catholic in its organization, imposing no doctrinal opinions whatever upon its members. It is further maintained that in course of time Methodism lost its original catholicity through the following causes:—1. "An imperfect development of its conceptions of God's love,

and consequently, of its brotherly sympathies for men." 2. "A narrowing of the organic form of the Societies, corresponding to that of the inward thoughts and feelings of those Societies."

In attempting to answer the question, "Can Methodism become catholic again?" the author calls attention to certain alleged discrepancies of Wesley's early and later views, and to an alleged want of harmony of the Methodist standards of doctrine. Modern "orthodoxy" is then examined under four heads: The Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement, and Retribution, and the author endeavours to show by citations from "orthodox" writers that the doctrines now generally held, on some at least of these subjects, were not originally derived from the Scriptures, but were, or at least the current explanations of these doctrines were, the slow growth of centuries of Christian thought.

We, of course, admit that the science of theology, the grouping and arranging of Christian doctrine into a symmetrical system, was the work of the early Apologists and defenders of Christianity against the heresies by which it was assailed. Many of these Apologists had themselves turned from the dreams of pagan philosophy to the Gospel of Christ, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood as witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus. But the doctrines, the "dogmas," if one chooses to call them so, were in the Gospel just as the symmetrical crystal is in solution in the liquid out of which, by the polar forces of nature, it is afterwards crystallized. It is true that Athanasius and the Alexandrian school,

\* *Catholicity and Methodism: or, The Relation of John Wesley to Modern Thought.* By the Rev. James Roy, M.A. Svo. pp. 109. Burland & Co., Montreal.

under the influence of the Neo-Platonist philosophy, and Abelard, Duns Scotus, and Aquinas, under the spell of Aristotelianism, attempted scholastic refinements, definitions, and subtleties beyond the reach of human intellect. But these are mere spots on the sun, slight defects in the noblest science in the universe, the science whose object is

To vindicate Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.

In endeavouring to prove the alleged vagueness of primitive belief on the subject of the Trinity, Mr. Roy does us honour to make several quotations from our book on the Roman Catacombs, and makes the assertion that "the earliest records in the Catacombs show an utter ignorance of this scholastic theology, if they do not contradict it." Now, in his very citations Mr. Roy seems entirely to have misapprehended our purpose, which was to show, not that the doctrine of the Trinity was not held, but that the idolatrous carved or painted representations of the Trinity which disgrace later Roman Catholic art, had no counterpart in the art of the early Church. With regard to the doctrines of the Trinity of the Godhead and the Divinity of Jesus Christ we expressly say: "We know from ecclesiastical history that numerous heresies sprang up in the early centuries with reference to these august themes; but no evidence accuses the Church in the Catacombs of departure from the primitive and orthodox faith in these respects. Frequently, indeed, the belief in these cardinal doctrines is so strongly asserted as to suggest that it is in designed and vigorous protest against the contemporary heretical notions."\* Then follow a selection of examples in proof of these statements. The believer is said to "sleep in God," "in Christ," "in the Holy Spirit." Quinzelianus is described in his epitaph as

"holding fast the doctrine of the Trinity." The divinity of Christ is most strongly asserted, as in the formulæ, "God Christ Almighty," "God, Holy Christ," "Christ, the one holy God." An engraving of a seal is also given, on which, doubtless in protest against the Arian heresy, it is expressly declared "Christ is God." The earliest doxologies, benedictions, baptismal formulæ, and liturgies of the Church all give evidence of the firm holding of these vital doctrines.

We think that it could also be shown that quotations from the other authors cited, and even from Wesley himself, equally fail to corroborate the view on behalf of which they are quoted.

One of the most objectionable sections of the entire pamphlet under review is that which discusses the question "Can 'orthodoxy' rest on the Bible?" The tendency of the whole section, we think, is to degrade the Scriptures as a rule of faith and conduct, to invalidate their authority, to eviscerate their very life, to unsettle the faith of unlearned Bible readers, and to loosen the very bonds that hold the Christian Church together. The difficulties of the different theories of inspiration and interpretation, and of the formation of the canon of Scripture, are so exaggerated as to prove, if anything at all, far more than we hope the authors means. "When the 'Bible Revision Committee' have finished their labours," he asserts, "the people will have what will practically be two Bibles. These will not agree: Who will decide between the conflicting claims? Authority cannot; for both versions will have had authority in their favour. The masses cannot judge of MSS. or grammatical intricacies in dead languages. Common sense or reason will assert itself. We may as well prepare for this once."

There are, it is true, various rec-

\* Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome," p. 449.

ings and trifling divergencies of text; but not a quarter as many as in the case of Homer or of any other ancient author, or even of Shakespeare, who wrote only three hundred years ago. And these various readings, with perhaps one solitary exception (1 John v. 7), affect no doctrine at all, but are mere unimportant matters of fact, as of chronology or enumeration. Each new revision of Homer or Virgil does not give us a new Iliad or Æneid. So the blessed Bible, which in over two hundred tongues is speaking throughout the world the infallible word of God, notwithstanding the slightly varying shades of thought in these different versions, is, in all the essential doctrines of salvation, a grand harmonious whole—the voice of God speaking unto men the word of life.

The *dictum* of Chillingworth needs to be strongly reasserted: "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants;" or, as Wesley's own Rules of Society express it: "The written Word, the only rule, and the sufficient rule, both of our faith and practice." As for the selection of "common sense" or "reason," Strauss and the German Rationalists have shown us what that means, when the miraculous or supernatural come into antagonism with modern skepticism.

In the section on Wesley's relation to "Orthodoxy," that large-minded man is shown to have held exceedingly broad and liberal views on religious toleration, far beyond those generally entertained in his own or our age. Mr. Roy illustrates the following passage: "What if I were to see a Papist, an Arian, a Socinian casting out devils? (By this he means, turning sinners to God.) Yea, if it could be supposed that I should see a Jew, a Deist, or a Turk doing the same, I should be no better than a hypocrite, if I to forbid him, directly or indirectly, I should be no better than a hypocrite still."

Mr. Roy claims that this liberal view has reference not merely to min-

isters of different Churches but to ministers of the same Church (page 82). If this view be correct, the passage quoted means (if anything at all) that the ministers of the same Church may be at liberty to play the *role* of Papist, Arian, or Socinian, not to say of Jew, Deist, or Turk, without let or hindrance by the authorities of that Church. This surely is proving too much. It is one thing to see a man, be he Jew or Pagan, "casting out devils" or doing good works, and to forbid him not, but rather to wish him "God-speed," and it is another, and very different thing to invest him with special authority, to endorse his character, and to share the responsibility of his acts.

The Methodist Church, we conceive, has no right to clothe with ministerial authority, prestige, and influence, and to appoint as teachers men who hold and inculcate religious beliefs strikingly at variance with those of the Church which they claim to represent, no matter how great the talents, how profound the learning, or how commanding the eloquence of those men may be.

The chapter on the Relations of Methodism to Modern Religious Thought and to Protestant Unity is a piece of brilliant rhetoric. But its very epigrammatic style and striking antitheses lead to an exaggeration of language unfavourable to the elucidation of truth. In discussing the question, "Are thoughts or systems of thoughts true because they are divine or divine because they are true?" Mr. Roy thus inquires concerning the central idea of Christianity—God is love,—“Why do you believe that to be true? Doubtless, some will say, ‘Because Jesus said so.’ But how do you know that Jesus spoke the truth? ‘Because of the attestation of His miracles.’ But how do you know the miracles ever took place? ‘Because the Bible says so.’ But how do you know the Bible is true?” And he refers to the difficulties about the

canon of Scripture, and supplies the answer: 'The Church has so decided,' which he concludes to be rank popery, or at least to lead to it.

Instead, therefore, of accepting as the ground of moral obligation the divine authority of those Scriptures which have been handed down from the earliest times as the miraculously authenticated Word of God, which carry their own attestation to all who obey their teachings, which the free criticism of the most learned Biblical scholars of successive generations abundantly confirm, and which the virulent antagonism of hostile critics has never been able to confute or invalidate—instead of accepting this bulwark of truth as the final ground of appeal, Mr. Roy asserts that "all questions must rest ultimately on the trustworthiness of our mental and moral nature." We should believe that God is love, therefore, not because Jesus says so, but because "we instinctively feel that He must be what we should be were we perfect, that is, love." And in attestation of this feeling the noble sentiment of Euripides is quoted: "I do not think that any one of the gods is bad."

But "the trustworthiness of the mental and moral nature" of the Greek poets did not prevent them from constructing a mythology which represented the gods as viler than the vilest men; and Greek philosophy calmly ignored, or in its last development of skeptical Pyrrhonism, insolently defied them. In the Hindoo mythology, Seeva, the destroyer, the embodiment of cruelty and hate, is worshipped with obscene and bloody rites as the most powerful manifestation of the great Brahma. All paganisms are cruel and vile. The dark places of the earth, where the knowledge of the true God, as revealed in His Word, is not, are full of the habitations of cruelty. It is only where the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has dispelled this darkness that the minds of God's disobedient and prodigal children can

rise to a true conception of His character as the Father of infinite compassion, who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son for its redemption.

If the Scriptures, or, in other words, God's revealed will, be not an ultimate ground of moral obligation, what is the ground of obligation of, for instance, the religious observance of the Sabbath? Will the "trustworthiness of our mental and moral nature" guide us in this respect? We know of no adequate and authoritative obligation to this duty save the revealed will of God.

With a good deal of what we cannot help thinking is misplaced sympathy, Mr. Roy asks, "Is it any wonder that the professors [of our schools of theology] go to their homes feeling that the men who break stones upon the streets are happier than those whose position demands of them the stultification of their own intelligence and the stifling of the rising spirit of inquiry in their pupils?" We are not aware that this alleged stultification, and the consequent feeling so confidently inferred, exists. On the contrary, we are certain that our professors of theology would repudiate with indignation both the one and the other, and only Christian forbearance would prevent their resentment of the gratuitous insult conveyed by the groundless allegation. They rejoice in the privilege of instructing those eager minds that shall be the future religious teachers of our Church and country in the sublimest of all sciences, the science of God and of His dealings with the race. There may be mysteries in theology, it is true. Clouds and darkness are about God's throne. Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? But are there no mysteries in the realm of nature as well as in the sphere of spiritual truth? Are there no wonders in science? Are there no wonders in the universe around us? Who can tell, for instance, how dead inorganic matter become change

into a living organism? Who can explain the constitution of a single atom? What is the nature of those mysterious forces that weave the warp and woof of the universe?

Mr. Roy asserts as an axiom that "common work demands a common organization," and that the continuation of the present system of diverse Church organizations involves "the intellectual and moral paralysis of the pulpit," and that it "stabs the very heart of Christianity." This axiom and its corollary as just given, are by no means so self-evident to us as they seem to be to our author. We admit neither the alleged fact nor the inference. The work of evangelizing the world has been, and can be very successfully carried on by diverse organizations; and however abstractly desirable their external unity may be, there is the danger that the attempt to bring it about by abandoning as conditions of Church-fellowship the conscientious convictions which give them their individuality would greatly lessen, rather than increase, their efficiency. It is difficult to conceive that an organization comprehending within its pale Quakers and Presbyterians, Unitarians and Methodists, would cause a more successful propagandism of the Gospel of Christ. It is rather by cultivating the higher unity of the Spirit, the brotherhood of the Churches, each adding loyally its own tenets, and adhering faithfully regarding the tenets of others, than by embracing in an external unity the most anarchic and discordant elements, that religious conviction and conversion will be multiplied in the earth.

The world has not been without examples of so-called "liberal Churches," but their history does not encourage the hope of the rapid evangelizing of the world through their agency. The Unitarian Church of Great Britain and America has as its leaders many men of distinguished learning, eminent culture, commanding intellect, and high moral character, and has embraced

many of the wealthy and highly educated classes among its adherents. Yet we are not aware that it has been remarkable for religious zeal, missionary effort, active revivalism, or intensity of church life. On the other hand, the moral heroism inspired by intense convictions is illustrated in the history, by the faithfulness unto death, amid the fiery trials of persecution, of the Arminians, in Holland, the Huguenots, in France, the Puritans, in England, and the Covenanters, in Scotland. And the intense religious zeal of Methodism which in a century has belted the world with its missions and leavened all the Churches of Christendom with its spirit, is a proof of its intense vitality, notwithstanding what Mr. Roy stigmatizes as the "narrowness of its creed."

If any man feels his intellectual faculties cramped, his moral sympathies stunted, or his utterance "muzzled" by holding the liberal theology of Methodism, no one disputes his liberty to throw off what he considers a grievous yoke. But what about the thousands of preachers and millions of members who find its theology no yoke, but a glorious liberty? who exult in the limitless extent of its free salvation? Have they no rights in the case? We hear a good deal of the rights of minorities and of individuals. But has not the Church, as a whole, a right to the conservation of her traditional theology which is enfibred with the spiritual life of her members, and is to them as dear as life itself, and which they regard as essential to her very existence?

The divisions of Methodism, which we all deplore, and which we hope to see healed, are the result not of doctrinal divergencies, but of other causes. Methodism is one in doctrine throughout the world, and needs no abandonment of any part of her theology to become one in organization. As to other Churches, it desires to live in charity to all, in malice toward none, keeping the



unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

We exceedingly regret to have to take exception to so much in Mr. Roy's eloquently written pamphlet. With many of its sentiments we agree, but from many of them, also, we are compelled most strongly to dissent.

Since the above was in type, the committee appointed to investigate the case of Mr. Roy has rendered the following judgment: "We regret to be obliged to condemn the teachings promulgated by Mr. Roy in his pamphlet, as Rationalistic in their basis, in some respects absolutely Unitarian, and in nearly every respect Socinian in their tendencies. We find in these teachings not only

a departure from the standards of faith of the Methodist Church of Canada, but also a decided antagonism to the orthodox views of all evangelical Churches."

Mr. Roy has consequently resigned his connection with our Church, and organized a congregation on an independent basis. We cannot help thinking that this is a false step which he will ultimately very greatly regret. In the meantime, let us stand firmly in the old paths, and join more fervently with the holy Catholic Church throughout the world in the prayer, "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, and from contempt of Thy Word and commandment, good Lord deliver us."

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

While preparing our present month's summary, the district meetings are being held in Ontario and Quebec. We cannot, therefore, yet ascertain the exact state of our Church in respect to numbers and finances. This we hope to do in a future number. In the meantime, we are glad to record the fact, that we believe the past year has been one of unparalleled religious prosperity. There has been one continued outcry of 'hard-times,' and no doubt, the severe monetary pressure, which has so much crippled all kinds of business, has placed many of our esteemed ministers in straitened circumstances. Many of our circuits lack system in collecting their finances. There is too much of the spasmodic. The weekly system of contributions has been adopted in some

places with such satisfactory results, that we feel certain its universal adoption would be a great boon.

### REVIVALS.

Nothing is so gratifying to all Christian readers as accounts of revivals. It is pleasing to know that the past year has been one of extensive prosperity in this respect. Truly there have been showers of blessing. We are glad that some of our lay brethren have greatly distinguished themselves in those special services.

Revivals should be the normal state of the Church, both minister and people, expecting conversions, and the budding up of the Church under the regular means of grace. Right glad are we to find, that in the Conferences of Canada, the Holy Spirit has been poured out in so

rich effusion, that from all parts of our Zion there have come the most cheering tidings. Our weekly *confreres*, the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*, have had their columns well filled with revival news, which we feel sure has been very pleasing to their readers. Some of our brethren, have reported the number of their conversions by hundreds, others have detailed numbers varying from twenty to eighty. In one week we counted more than two thousand which had been reported from various places.

The Educational Society, which is intended mainly to assist probationers who may be attending college, does not receive that share of patronage which its importance demands. The General Conference requires that educational sermons are to be preached and collections taken in all our places of worship, at least once a year. To preach a sermon on education should not be an onerous duty to Methodist ministers. Such a requirement was made by Mr. Wesley himself, which shows that in this, as in many other things, we were greatly in advance of the times in which he lived.

The libraries of the various educational institutions of the Church are always needing accessions. We can hardly conceive any object, to which money can be appropriated with such certainty of accomplishing good, as aiding these institutions. Vanderbilt and Peabody of the United States, and John Edward Jackson, with his now deceased wife, conferred lasting benefits on coming generations by their generous donations for educational purposes. Would that many others would do likewise!

#### MISSIONS.

Just as our last monthly notes went to press to the printer, we received the *Missionary Notices* for April, which were unusually interesting. A history of the Bermuda Mission

is given, detailing the hardships which some of the early missionaries had to endure in that island. One was imprisoned six months and fined fifty pounds sterling. During his incarceration, he inscribed with his knife on the cedar floor of the prison, this sentence, "For preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to African blacks and captive negroes." There are four missionaries at present in Bermuda, who minister to eighteen hundred and fifty persons, four hundred and eighty of whom are Church members. An increase of labourers is very much needed.

Japan continues to be, as it has been from the commencement, a most prosperous mission. Dr. McDonald reports from Shidzuoka, that sixty-seven persons have been baptized, and that other candidates are waiting for baptism. The brethren who were last sent there, Brothers Meacham and Eby, are becoming accustomed to their work, in which they are meeting with many tokens of divine approval. The progress of Christianity in Japan, is one of the most remarkable facts of the present era, and affords delightful evidence that the hand of God is with His servants in that distant land.

The Indian Missions of the Methodist Church, have always been regarded as its chief glory. Probably the romance of their early history has passed away, but though Peter Jones, John Sunday and others are no longer with us, and though Elder Case and the noble George Macdougall are greatly missed, still there are pleasing evidences of Divine approval to be seen not only in the old missions, but also in the new fields of labour.

The Indians at Oka, are still the subjects of fierce persecutions from the agents of those from whom, to say the least, better things might have been expected. Some of the poor creatures are arrested for the most trivial offences, and are cast into prison on questionable evidence.

They bear their hardships patiently, but to us it seems passing strange, that no means can be adopted to remedy such a state of things as exists at Oka. We are pleased to find that in the midst of much that is hard to bear, the missionary is not without signs of prosperity. He says, "Last Sunday we had four Indians who left the Church of Rome. They were long driven to do so, but were afraid of persecution. One said he wanted to give his name to me last fall, but he thought the people would say he had turned Protestant to have something to eat through the winter. He had his child baptized last Sunday by me."

No missionaries of our church are deserving of more sympathy than those living in British Columbia. Rev. Charles Bryant, writes in bitter tones respecting the havoc made by means of 'the fire water' among the Indians in that region. Some of the poor victims of the white man's vice, were rescued from heathenism by the labours of the missionaries and here they were, ruined by that cursed liquor. Rev. T. Crosby sometimes travels three or four days by canoe searching for the wandering Indians. Noble testimony is borne to the good work among his people, by some distinguished visitors from the United States.

Rev. James Turner has an extensive circuit in the Nicola Valley. He has found several miners who had been beyond the reach of Gospel privileges for ten, fifteen, and even twenty years. In some instances, his congregations are made up of men who come directly from the gaming table. Some of his appointments are one hundred miles apart. He travels constantly on horseback, and has not missed one appointment in twelve months. He reports that in some instances persons have come twenty miles to hear a sermon. Such persons must surely prize the Gospel.

The Chinese school at Victoria is

giving evidence that it will be a great blessing to the Church in years to come. Let the friends of Christ sow in hope.

Delightful tidings come from Manitoba, to which Province of our Dominion, the tide of emigration is rapidly tending. Very favourable openings of usefulness are presenting themselves. Some of the stations have been visited with revivals, and the debt on the church at Winnipeg has been cancelled, the contract has been let for its enlargement, and this mission has now become self-sustaining.

The following, taken from a letter written by a Missionary in the East, is worthy of serious consideration by all Christians: "There is money enough and skill and energy enough to grasp and accomplish worldly enterprises of incredible and gigantic proportions. Should war rage and roll its fiery billows over the nations there would be money enough, men enough, infernal skill and energy enough, will and courage enough, pride of prowess and ambition for destruction enough, to slay millions, and soak the earth with blood, and spread desolation and mourning and over wide realms now clothed with beauty. Why is it that, even in Christendom, and among the most enlightened Christian nations, such floods of wealth are poured out to kill men while such meagre mites are doled out to save souls? How will Christians answer this question!"

The venerable Lovick Pierce, now in his ninety-third year, is writing a series of reminiscences of the century. He is the oldest Methodist minister living on this continent, and probably the oldest of any denomination. He points to the great difference that exists between Methodism at the beginning of this century and now, and concludes that either primitive Methodists were more religious than was needful, or else modern Methodists are less so.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Life and Writings of St. John.*

By JAMES M. MACDONALD, D.D.  
8vo. pp. xxxvi. 436—\$5.00. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

In this book Dr. Macdonald, the learned Vice-president of Princeton College, has done for the *Life and Writings of St. John*, what Conybeare and Howson have done for the *Life and Epistles of St. Paul*, *i.e.*, prepared the most exhaustive and scholarly treatment on the subject in the English language. A pathetic interest is given to the work from the fact that its accomplished author ceased from his earthly labours while the sheets were passing through the press. As was fitting, a distinguished English scholar—Dean Howson—contributes a lengthy introduction in his own lucid and luminous manner. The book is the result of an exhaustive study of the period treated, as well as of the most recent biblical criticism. It is scarcely necessary to say that our author successfully defends the Johannine authorship of the synoptic Gospel against the attacks of Strauss and the Tübingen School. The analysis and account of the apocalypse is of peculiar value, and judiciously modest in interpretation. Of course we cannot adequately notice this important book in the space at our command. It is well illustrated with cuts and maps.

*The Popular Science Monthly Supplement.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The success which has attended the *Popular Science Monthly* has been so marked that the publishers have determined on issuing a monthly supplement in order that they may present a greater number of articles on social and scientific topics by the best men of the day. The lead-

article of the first number is that by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the Political Destiny of Canada, which has created such a sensation in this country. Whether agreeing with his conclusions or not, one cannot help admiring the masterly manner in which he marshals his arguments. Dr. Carpenter discusses the radiometer and its lessons, controverting the theory of Dr. Crooks on the mechanical efficiency of light. In "A Modern Symposium" eight of the most eminent thinkers of the day discuss, *pro* and *con*, the important problem of "The influence upon morality of a decline in religious belief." Other important articles make up the cheapest "quarter's worth" of high-class reading that we know. This new serial is \$3.00 a year, or with the *Popular Science Monthly* \$7.00 a year.

*The Pictorial Bible and Commentator for Young People.* By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. 8vo., pp. 707. Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

One of the omens of brightest augury of the present day is the concentration of light focused upon the Holy Scriptures. Especially is this true of the facilities afforded for the study of the Bible by the young. The best intellect and ablest scholarship of the age are concentrated upon the exposition of the International Sunday-school Lesson. And here we have an admirable commentary expressly prepared for young people. The design was very happily conceived and is excellently carried out. On the sound principle of speaking through the eye to the heart, the imagination, and the understanding, the book is copiously illustrated, containing not less than 450 engravings. These not only arrest

and keep the attention of the young, but they explain at a glance numerous unfamiliar customs and costumes, habits, and usages better than many pages of bare description. The commentary is concise, simple, and lucid, and cannot fail to be of great assistance, even to those who are no longer young, in obtaining a clearer comprehension of the Book of books. The Scripture text, as being in every one's hands, is omitted, which gives more space for explanatory comment. As a supplement to the published Sunday-school notes it will be of great service. As is fitting in a book for the young, it gives rather the results of modern scholarship in simple language, than any very great display of original learning.

*Comey of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.*  
By CHRISTOPHER NORTH. Selected and arranged by J. SKELTON, advocate. Cr. 8vo., pp. 582—\$2.00. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

We are all of us familiar by reputation with the brilliant series of papers which under the title of *Noctes Ambrosianæ* Professor Wilson gave to the world in the early volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*. But with many of us it is only by reputation. The generation that enjoyed them in the pages of "Old Ebony" has passed way, and most of us have been unable to make ourselves acquainted with the six formidable volumes of the collected *Noctes*. Mr. Skelton has therefore done good service in condensing into one volume the cream of the entire series. The book is much improved for modern readers by condensation. Much of the political, social, and literary criticism was of only transient interest, and is with advantage omitted. Like the Sibylline Books, the part is more precious than the whole. The far-flashing wit, the scintillating humour, the genial wisdom of Kit North and his friends sparkle in these pages—an intellectual sym-

posium which it would be difficult to match elsewhere in our literature.

*The Maid of Stralsund: A Story of the Thirty Years' War.* By J. B. DE LIEFDE, D.D. 8vo. pp. 333. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson and Co.

Dr. De Liefde, although a foreigner, is well known as a writer of pure and limpid English, by his history of the Charities of Germany and his story of the Founders of the Dutch Republic. In this volume he gives a vivid picture of an episode in the great duel of the 17th century between Papal imperialism and Protestant liberalism. The scenes described are of tragic interest,—the storming of Stralsund, the sack of Magdeburg, the battle of Lutzen. Amid the awful scenes of war runs the golden thread of a tender domestic story. The character of Helena, the sweet fraulein of Stralsund, is admirably drawn. The dark sinister character of Wallenstein, trusting in his stars and in fate, and that of the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, who went to his last battle with the words of Luther's hymn "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" upon his lips, are strikingly contrasted. It was an age of intense moral enthusiasm, and its story can scarce fail to kindle similar enthusiasm in readers of to-day. The book is an eminently sound and wholesome one.

*Case and his Cotemporaries; or, The Canadian Itinerant's Memorial.*  
By JOHN CARROLL, D.D. Vol. v. 12mo., pp. 347. Methodist Conference Office, Toronto; and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax.

Dr. Carroll has in this volume worthily completed a work to which he has devoted several of the ripest and best years of his life. This work has been a labour of love, or amid the many difficulties by which it has been beset it never would have been done at all. He has

given us a history of sixty-four years of the most eventful period of Methodism in this country, together with a portraiture of the principal actors in the interesting and important events which he records. The central figure around which these actors group themselves is that of the venerable and apostolic Case. Associated with him were the men who laid the foundations and built the walls of the goodly fabric of Methodism in this land. Some of these still linger among us, crowned with the honours of venerable age; but most of them "have fallen on sleep;" yet their memory is fragrant still. These valuable volumes record the spirit-stirring story of the early trials and triumphs of Methodism in Canada, its marvellous growth from feebleness to strength and prosperity, the inception and remarkable success of its Indian and home missions, the checkered and sometimes painful story of its changes of relation and internal organization, and of the various stages of development by which it became what it is to-day.

The last volume, covering the period from 1847 to 1855, the year in which the venerable Case passed to his reward, will by many be regarded as perhaps the most interesting of the series, as the majority of the persons sketched are those who are still engaged in the active work among us. It is characterized by the same vivacity of style, graphic portraiture, liberality of view and generosity of sentiment that have marked the previous volumes. Dr. Carroll has laid our Church under a very great obligation by his faithful and laborious researches into her history, the original sources of information concerning which are becoming less available every year, and by this vivid and unbiassed yet sympathetic presentation of the memorable facts of her grand record. We hope that Methodist readers will show their appreciation of those labours by the careful study of those

volumes. They cannot fail to quicken their aspirations to emulate the zeal of the men of God of the past, to strengthen their faith for the conflicts of the present, and to confirm their confidence in the glorious destiny of the Church of their fathers in the future.

*Mystic London; or, The Phases of Occult Life in the British Metropolis.* By the REV. CHARLES M. DAVIES, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 331—\$1.75. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

We reviewed in these pages some time since Dr. Davies' interesting book on "Orthodox London." In the present volume he describes his initiation into some of the more occult phases of metropolitan life. It is characterized by the same keen observation and shrewd practical good sense as his previous books, and from the wider range of subjects treated is of greater general interest. In his search for "mystic" scenes, the author sometimes finds himself in rather strange company for a Doctor of Divinity, and there is an occasional flippancy of manner that we cannot help thinking beneath the dignity of his profession. A large portion of the book relates to the singular phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, in which he seems to have felt a profound interest. He was often puzzled, but not convinced, by the extraordinary performances of the "mediums." A glance at the headings of some of the chapters will indicate the range of subjects treated: London Arabs, London Arabs in Canada, A Lunatic Ball, A Night in a Bakehouse, A Tichborne Meeting, The Derby, Peculiar People, Interviewing an Astrologer, A Private Execution, Al-Fresco Infidelity, and a whole series devoted to spiritualistic *seances*. Much useful information concerning peculiar institutions and strange developments of modern civilization is also given.

*Russia.* By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE. 8vo., pp. 620. \$4 00. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: S. Rose.

This is probably the best English book on Russia ever published. It embodies the experience of an accomplished traveller and philosophic writer during a residence of six years in that country. He does not give a wearisome detail of trivial personal adventures, but presents the results of his studies of Russian institutions, her social, religious, political, and economical condition, etc. A glance at the contents will indicate the scope of the work. Among the subjects discussed are, Travelling, the Village Priest, a Peasant Family, the Village Community, Finns and Tartars, Towns and the Mercantile Class, the Imperial Administration, Landed Proprietors, Social Classes, Heretics and Dissenters, the Steppes, the Cossacks, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Church and State, the Crimean War, the Serfs and their Emancipation, and the Eastern Question. The author writes from thorough knowledge of his subject, with perfect fairness, and in a very vivacious style. The future of Russia is hopeful, but, as compared with our own country, its condition is not enviable. Its many millions of recently emancipated serfs, and even multitudes of higher grade, live in intellectual and religious ignorance, in strenuous toil and physical discomfort, and die in a condition of stolid and almost brute apathy. Many of the religious dissenters, and so-called heretics, however, are well read in the Scriptures and lead lives of simple piety. Others are infected by dangerous and immoral communistic theories. Tartar and Mahometan influence is still much felt, especially on the Eastern steppes. The Russians seem to be a very kindly, amiable people. The language abounds in affectionate diminutives. "Little Father" is the general mode of address toward superiors; and "Children," or "Little Peter," or "Little Nicholas," as the

case may be, is the mode of reply. The iron will of the Czar and the influence of officialism and bureaucracy is apparent throughout society. In the present aspect of the Eastern Question the book will be of great value, and it is also of great interest.

*Every day Topics.* By J. G. HOLLAND. P.p. 391. Scribner & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms.

In this volume Dr. Holland has collected a large number of his judicious editorials which have appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*. They treat live topics in a vivacious and eminently readable manner. Among the subjects discussed are: Literature, Criticism, Private and Public Morality, Preachers and Preaching, the Church of the Future, Christianity and Science, Revivals, Amusements, the Temperance Question, etc. The style is chaste and clear, the matter sound and sensible, and on questions of Christian and social morality the Dr. speaks brave, bold words that need to be heard and heeded. From his influential editorial chair, he is a preacher of righteousness to a very large community of readers, although we regret that he has sometimes had associated with him, as contributors, writers far from as sound as himself; witness Mr. Blauvelt, lately deposed from the pulpit of the Dutch Reformed Church on account of his heterodoxy.

*Ministerial Education and Training in the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By D. P. KIDDER, D.D., New York: Nelson & Phillips.

This pamphlet is printed from the plates of the *Bibliotheca* for July, 1876. It is a contribution to the department of Church history which shows the true attitude of Methodism toward the cause of ministerial education. No man has done more for this cause than Dr. Kidder, and no one is better qualified to write its history.