



THE HEART OF THE SELKIRKS.
View near Glacier House.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1887.

OUR RAILWAY TO THE PACIFIC.*

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THERE is no fairer land in the world than the country about Victoria, the capital of Vancouver. The climate of much of the Island is like that of Devonshire or Jersey. A more rigorous winter is to be met with at its northern end, and the high mountains which surround most of it afford opportunities of seeking an occasional snow-field in winter. But about Victoria the snow never lies long, and its inhabitants are far more ignorant of the art of skating than are their English cousins.

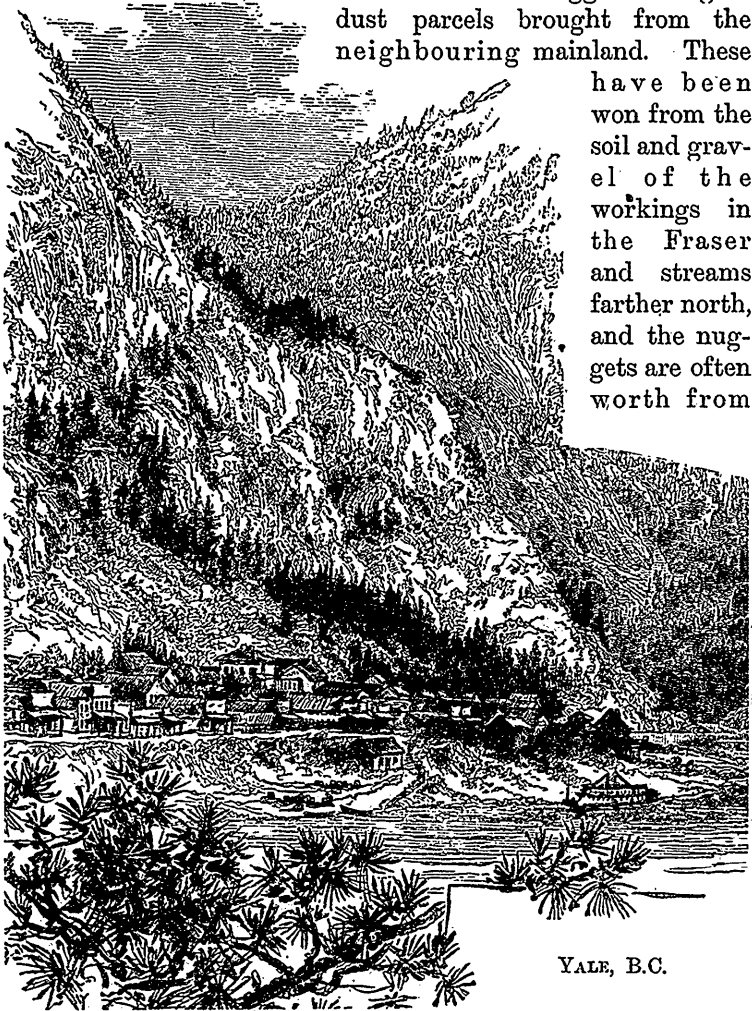
The great coal mines of Nanaimo, near one of the best harbours on the island, are seventy-five miles distant, and their produce is brought by rail and steamer to "the city." A quaint and charming town it is, with very pleasant society, many English and Canadians having recently settled there. Great forests of Douglas fir cover the whole region, with a lovely undergrowth of arbutus, sallal, an evergreen shrub, and small maples, while underneath all grows a luxuriant vegetation of fern and other plants, giving proof of the mildness and moisture characteristic of the coast.

Many Chinese and some thousands of Indians live in this part of British Columbia. The Chinese make excellent servants, but are not popular, and it is probable that their numbers will be much diminished in a few years. The Indians are wholly unlike their brethren of the plains of the interior. They are almost wholly fish-eaters. On the islands to the north they build houses of carved woodwork, reminding the traveller much of the Sandwich Islanders' habitations. They are not inclined

* Abridged from *Good Words*.

to warfare, and are easily employed in the steamers on the rivers, and in the industries connected with the catching and preserving of the salmon which swarm in every creek and stream from March to October. In the shops and banks are to be observed the nuggets and gold dust parcels brought from the neighbouring mainland. These

have been won from the soil and gravel of the workings in the Fraser and streams farther north, and the nuggets are often worth from



YALE, B.C.

£60 to £100 apiece. The crushing of the gold-laden quartz rocks will now become a prominent industry in the mountains, for the necessary machinery can by rail be easily imported. Vast mines of silver and copper will also be worked. Although the amount of agricultural land cannot be compared with that to

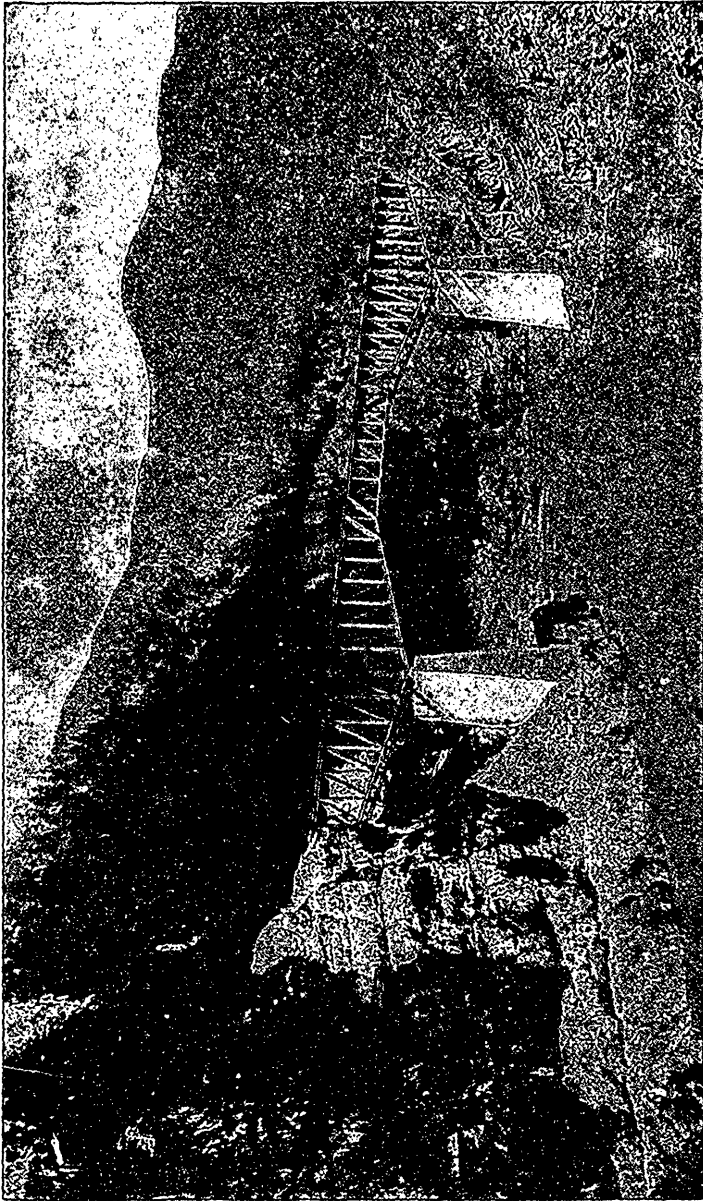
be offered to emigrants in Alberta or Saskatchewan, there is a good deal still to be had, and the delta of the Fraser only wants good dykes to make it a closely peopled country. On account of its beauty and the many charms afforded by its society, sport, and natural advantages, Victoria is sure to become the favourite residence of men wishing to possess a home in one of the most attractive spots on the American continent.

There are now five railway lines traversing the continent. Not long ago there was but one. No one expected that the British road would be completed so soon. I remember that in 1882 I told the people of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, that they might expect to see rails laid to the harbour of Port Moody, on their mainland coast, by the year 1887, and then the statement was scarcely believed. The news seemed to be too good to be true. And the great task, in 1887, was already accomplished. One of the men who were first connected with the enterprise, namely, the distinguished engineer and man of science, Mr. Sanford Fleming, was lately enabled to telegraph "First through train from Montreal arrived at Vancouver; most successful journey; average speed, including stoppages, twenty-four miles per hour. Before long possible to travel from Liverpool to Pacific by Canadian National Line in ten days. Physical difficulties have been overcome by gigantic works skilfully executed with marvellous rapidity." Then came the official announcement, "This completes the company's main system, covering a distance of 3,053 miles."

Few would have believed, ten years ago, that such an announcement would be made during the present century. The work stands as the unrivalled national effort of a people only four and a half millions in numerical strength. That these should not only have deemed it possible, but should have persuaded others to think so also, is a success altogether unknown in history. There is nothing to equal the undertaking so gallantly conceived and executed. When we remember the enormous difficulties, political and physical, which had to be faced and overcome, we may congratulate the Canadians that above all nations they have shown a political stability and energy which alone stamps them as a community capable of great things.

It became evident that vast wheat-fields, affording far more space and scope than any heretofore occupied, had been hidden away in that dim green northland. The old provinces of

Canada, magnificent as they are in area, had their best tracts already used for agriculture, and that craving for novelty, and



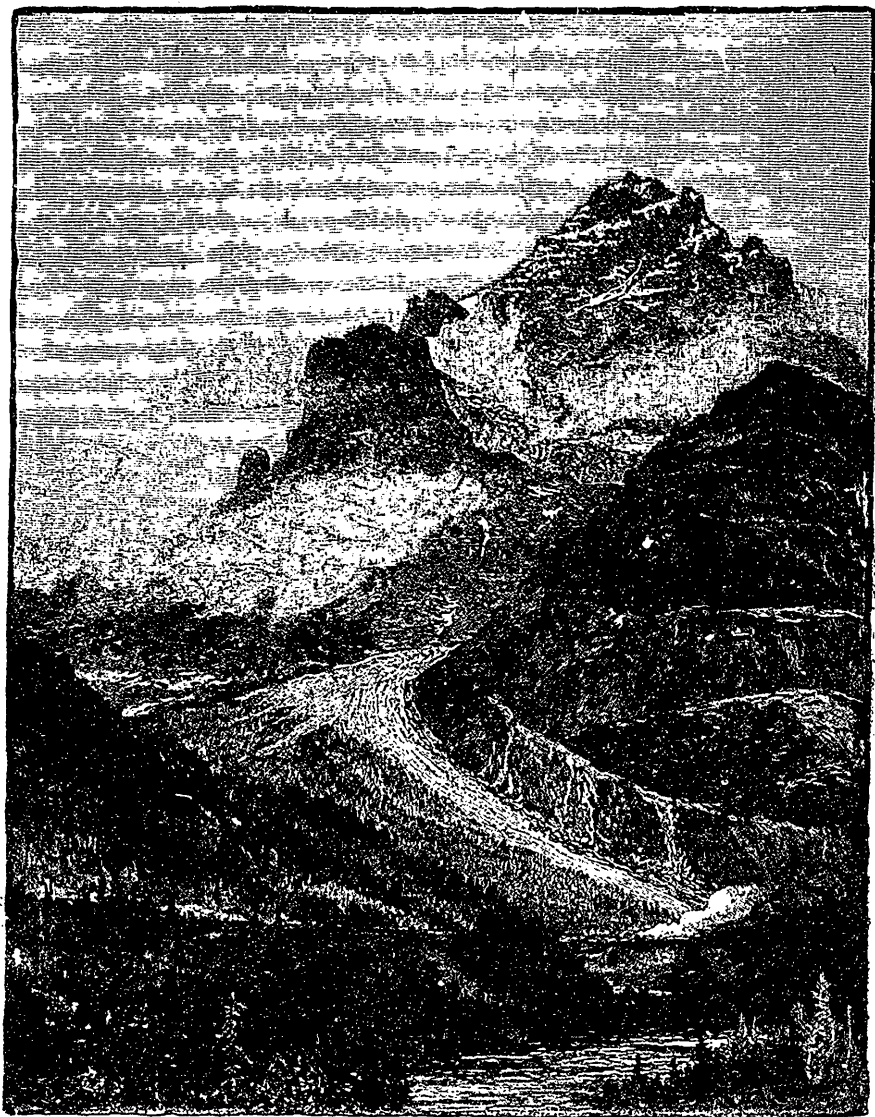
BRIDGE OVER THE FRASER RIVER, NEAR CISCO, B.C.

for yet better land and for new soil, which is the wholesome characteristic of the Transatlantic farmers, was strong among

Ontarians the New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians. And as to the quality of the soil, the veil had been lifted. Even Richardson, long ago, when accompanying Sir John Franklin, had declared the Saskatchewan country to be good. So the world began to believe in the North-West; and Canada saw that she must have it soon under control, or the active American might go in and possess it, and she decided to build a railway. She was so keen about doing this that, in order to get an indispensable member of her future sisterhood of provinces under the national government, she promised British Columbia that the line should be made so as to reach the Pacific in so short a time that the Government must have anticipated a direct interposition of Providence in their behalf. The difficulties seemed almost insurmountable. The north shore of Superior was known to be a mass of rock. Then mighty mountain chains barred the way to the western coast, and no one knew of a pass on the most direct route through the "Rockies." There was one far to the north, and it was resolved to lay the line across the plains so as to reach it, and then to take a zigzag course down the easiest river courses. But it was soon acknowledged that much more time must be given to surveying. Most fortunate of all, of those who had seen the advantages of the country, was Sir George Stephen. He had control of a tract which virtually gave him as much land on American soil as exists in the whole of Lowland Scotland. The improvement made in that part of Minnesota through the energy of himself and his friends was phenomenal.

Full of eagerness as was the Canadian Government to open up Manitoba, it was difficult to see how the feat could be accomplished. It was much to be desired that a syndicate should be formed which would command the confidence of men in the Old as well as in the New World. The patriotism of Sir George Stephen made him at all events go to judge for himself of the value of Manitoba. He came back, as many a man since has come back, convinced that in the North-West lay the future prosperity of Canada. But the Government terms were hard, for they had to satisfy public opinion, which is always suspicious of bargains made with individuals, however eminent for integrity and pluck. Pluck was the quality required, and in the case of the future president of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no doubt that this existed. With remarkable

energy Sir George Stephen finally launched out into the work, gathering round him distinguished men of the commercial



MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

world in Canada, London, and New York. Foremost among his best supporters was a chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Donald Smith—a gentleman as distinguished for his life's

work in that service, as he has since become by his unobtrusive aid in assisting all good causes whether they require his support in Canada or Great Britain.

From the moment that these gentlemen put their shoulders to the wheel, we felt the affair was only a question of time, and that victory must soon crown the desire to span the continent and unite the provinces. The object was a national one, for how can a country live in isolated sections, barred each from each, except by passage through a foreign land? How can a political whole be united together, when there is no backbone for the limbs? A railway traversing the Dominion on its own soil would give new life and hope to the enormous territory, would carry emigrants direct to the place where they would be settled, would give to the farthest communities a pledge that their interests were not to be neglected or sacrificed, and would brace with the invigorating influence of national feeling the cohesion and solidarity of Canada. In 1881 the incorporation of the new company took effect, and with a capital of 100,000,000 dollars the start was made. Twenty-five million dollars in cash was to be given by the Government, and an equal number of acres of good land in the new territories was to be added.

In the far west almost nothing had been done. There great canyons between immense precipices had to be threaded, and ledges made and tunnels bored along the mountain's face, over torrents that rose with the summer melting of the snow a hundred feet in perpendicular height, sweeping with tremendous violence through the bottom of the gorges. Yet the Government promised to carry out the plan here also, and two hundred and thirteen miles of road-bed had to be laid and furnished to the satisfaction of the company. It was even undecided where the terminus was to be; but this was soon settled, and a lovely fiord running far up into the hills was chosen, having at its mouth an excellent harbour. Along the shore of this ocean inlet grew wondrous specimens of the Douglas fir and gigantic cypress, to the height of 150 and 250 feet, and of a girth of 25 and 30 feet. These stand close to the water's edge, and it is on the borders of such sheltered coast that the tallest trees are found. Inland there are magnificent groves of the same species, clothing the valleys of the Columbia River, but the finest are to be seen near the sea, and it is to be earnestly desired that they may be preserved in some area

chosen as a national park, that travellers may have the attraction of visiting the tremendous aisles where the great shafts rise from the thickets of glossy-leaved shrubs, to be lost to sight in the dark green gloom above. I do not think there is any scenery more solemn and beautiful than the interior of such a grove.

The big mountain buttresses were bored through; trestle bridges, to be quickly made more substantial, carried the construction trains, so that the navvies had house and food carried along with them as they progressed. Dangers of a serious kind have to be guarded against in this Alpine country, where the snow-slides or avalanches have to be taken into account. So much practice has been afforded by experience on the American railways in this regard, that the only question is one of expense; so many "snow-sheds" have to be placed where the falls are heaviest. These are like the coverings seen on Swiss bridges. Stout timbers, of which there is no lack, support a strong roof capable of resisting the impact of any ordinary slide; and spots where heavy falls occur are avoided, or the safe shelter of the rocks themselves is used by the process of tunnelling beneath them. Wherever high wooden bridges are necessary (and there is one which is perhaps the highest in the world), the lowest supports rest on masonry of the strongest kind. Cobweb-like as these wooden structures appear from a distance, it is wonderful what strength they possess, and how extremely rare accidents have been upon them, universal as is their use all over the American continent. The trains go over them at a leisurely pace, and if it were not for the courtesy of the conductors, who usually call the attention of the passengers to the outlook, the traveller would not know that he was proceeding along a narrow way just wide enough to hold the pair of rails forming the single track, and with an abyss below him of two or three hundred feet.

Nowhere can finer scenery be enjoyed from the window of a car than upon this line. There is no doubt that the favourite Transatlantic excursion will no longer be to New York, Niagara, Montreal and Quebec only, but that all who have a month's time to spend will go to the Pacific by the Canadian Pacific line.

Of the difficulties overcome north of Superior some idea may be formed from the annexed statement:—

With the exception of about sixty miles, the principal material encountered was rock of the hardest description known to

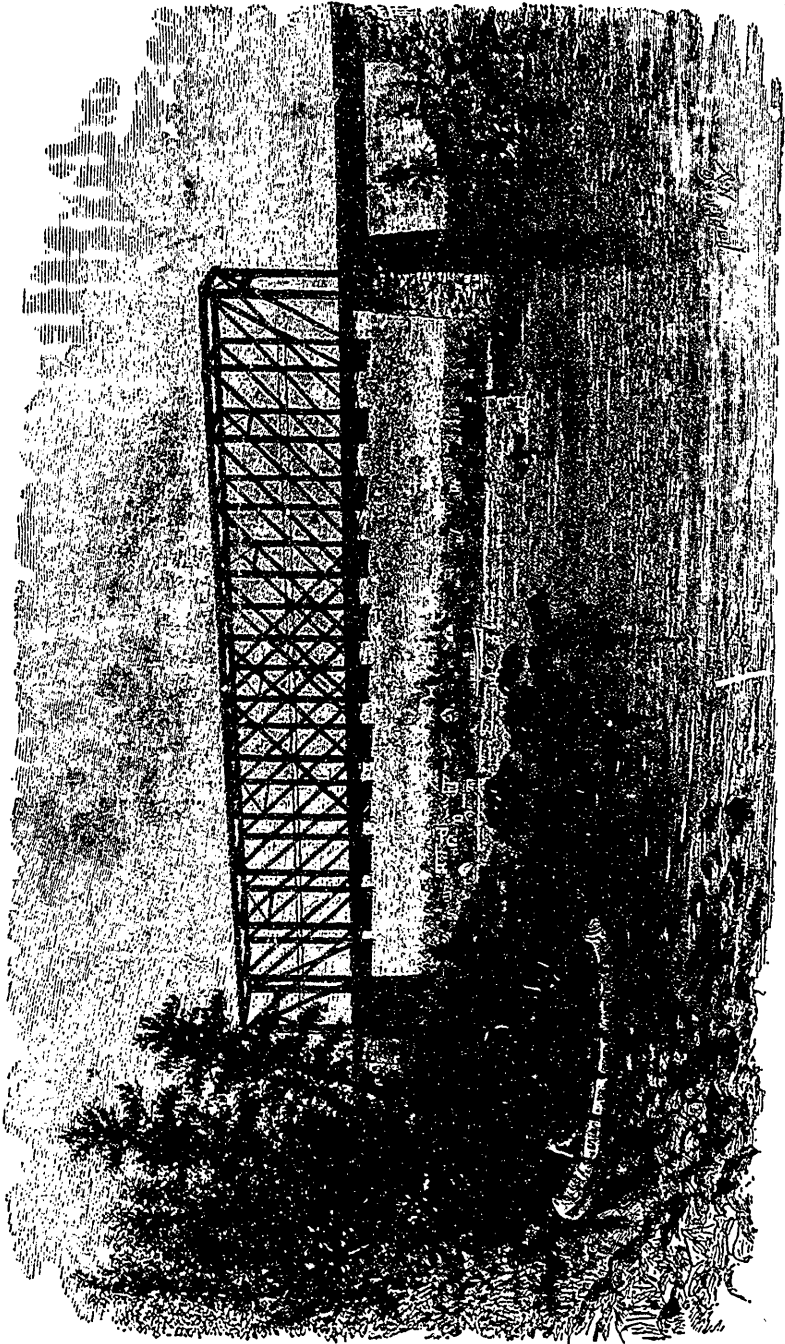


SILVER CITY AND CASTLE MOUNTAIN, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

engineers and contractors, and the oldest known to geologists—sienite and trap. Over two and a half million tons of solid rock excavation of this description had to be removed, besides large quantities of loose rock and hardpan. The task may be judged of by the fact that for fifteen months one hundred tons of dynamite per month were used. The explosive property of dynamite is considered to be equal to twelve or thirteen times that of gunpowder; so that for every month, for fifteen months, if gunpowder had been employed, enough would have been required to freight one of the company's large steel steamers running on Lake Superior. The dynamite was manufactured on the works.

The operation went on without intermission, winter and summer, day and night, controlled by an army numbering for the greater part of the time not less than twelve thousand men. There were also employed from fifteen hundred to two thousand teams of horses, supplemented in the winter by about three hundred trains of dogs. To house and accommodate this vast host, nearly three thousand buildings of various descriptions were erected on the works. We can give no estimate of the quantities of food for men and dogs and forage for horses which were brought in; but in the fall of the year seven months' provision had to be made for this hungry host, with appetites so whetted by the hard out-door work and the eager nipping air, that each man consumed on an average five pounds of solid food per diem. To bring in these supplies and the material for the works, the company had seven steamers running, and the contractors five. For the same purpose fifteen docks and storehouses were built by the company along the shore of the lake, requiring three million feet of lumber in construction. The shore was so rough that supply roads could not be built except at enormous expense; so the supplies and materials were landed at these docks, and thence distributed by fleets of small boats along the line. As many as eight hundred and sixty derricks were used on the works.

Between Nipigon and the Pic there are five tunnels, and not less than ten rivers had to be diverted from their natural courses and carried through rock tunnels excavated underneath the road-bed. One of these rivers measures in width one hundred and fifty feet. There are along the coast eleven miles where in the living rock a shelf has been formed for the road-bed of the railway, averaging twenty feet in width, in some



RAF PORTAGE.

places considerably wider. The rivers crossed by the line are spanned by iron bridges; the abutments—indeed, the stonework throughout—being the best kind of masonry.

There were few accidents to call the hospitals into requisition, and such was the care exercised in the dynamite factories that no casualty whatever arose in the manufacture of the tons upon tons of explosives. There was, however, one serious result from culpable ignorance and temerity, four men having brought dynamite into one of the houses and placed it on the stove to thaw! The experience was a severe one, but to these poor fellows it carried no benefit. The survivors were more cautious. After the works were completed, care was taken to demolish the dynamite factories so as to render them innocuous.

I am sure it will be the wish of all patriotic men, be they British or Canadian, that this backbone of the Dominion may, year after year, draw ever-increasing profits. Troops and freight may thereby be sent by a route twelve hundred miles shorter than any other to China and Japan. Mail service, if sent over by this way, will be greatly accelerated, and none but British ground, and none but British ships, need be touched from London to Hong Kong. It is a noble work nobly performed.

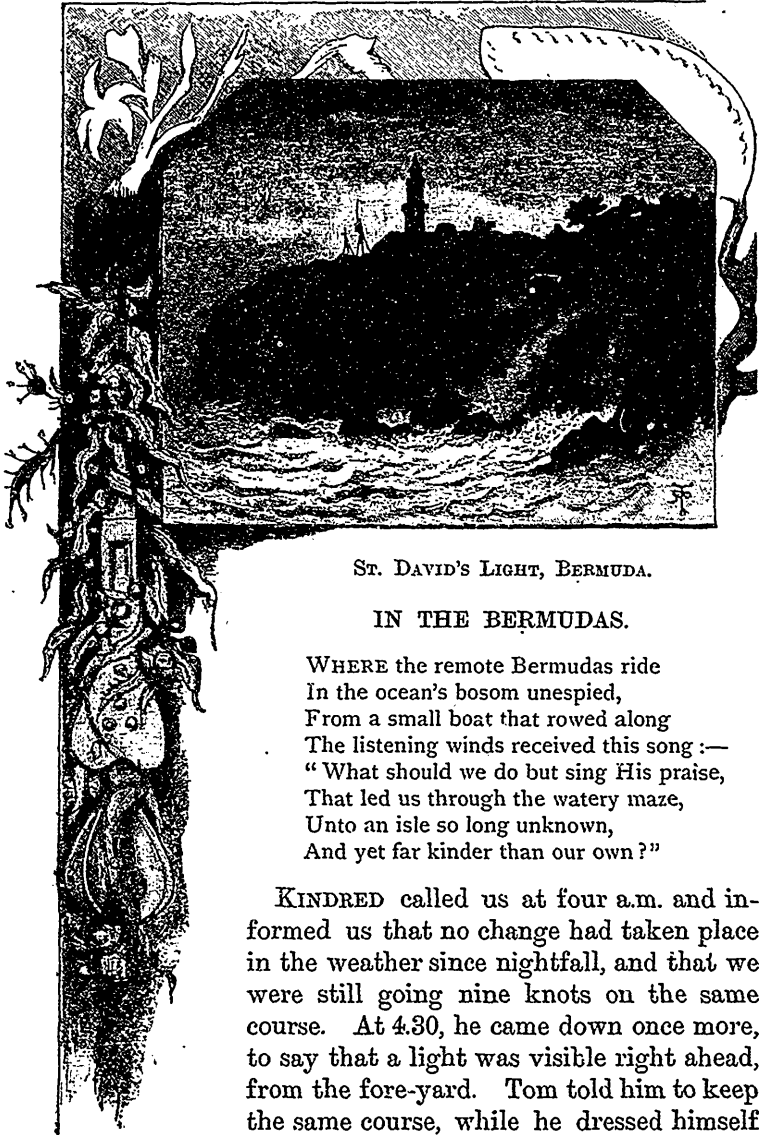
As a purely Canadian work, this Pacific Railway fulfilled its primary purpose when it connected the Atlantic with the Pacific seaboard, and linked all the provinces of the Dominion together by a road lying entirely within their own territories. But its still greater importance to the Empire at large, and to Canada also, lies in the possibilities of extended trade, and of increased safety to Imperial interests all over the world, which the construction of this great highway has opened up. It affords a safe alternative route, without touching foreign soil, between England, Japan, China, India, and Australia.

It is confidently anticipated that if the proposals now made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are accepted by the Imperial Government, the mail service which is at present performed *via* Suez, between England and Hong Kong in 34 to 37 days, Shanghai 39 to 42 days, and Yokohama 43 to 46 days, will be performed, by the Canadian route, in 29½ to 31½ days, 28 to 30 days, and 24 to 26 days respectively.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING
FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

X.



ST. DAVID'S LIGHT, BERMUDA.

IN THE BERMUDAS.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song :—
"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?"

KINDRED called us at four a.m. and informed us that no change had taken place in the weather since nightfall, and that we were still going nine knots on the same course. At 4.30, he came down once more, to say that a light was visible right ahead, from the fore-yard. Tom told him to keep the same course, while he dressed himself

speedily and went on deck. In a few minutes he came down to fetch me, in order to show me, with I think pardonable pride, the light, almost straight ahead. Both our hearts were filled with thankfulness at the sight of the welcome beacon, and at the knowledge that we were at length in sight of a harbour.

The aspect of Bermuda from the sea is charming, and as we steamed as close to Gibbs' Hill as safety would permit, the vista of rock and reef was extremely fine.*

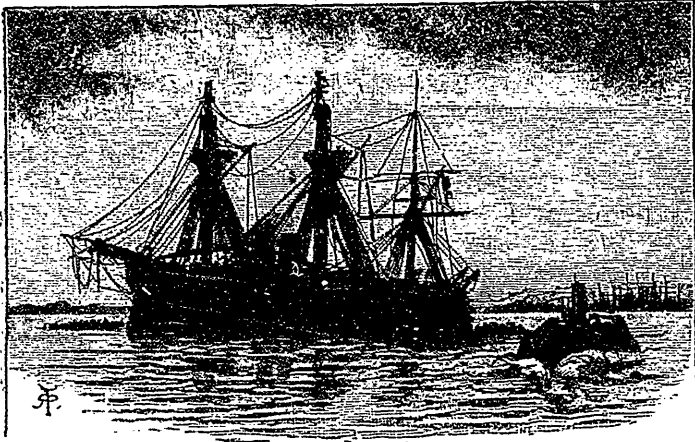
We must have steamed sixty miles after we took our pilot on board, before we dropped anchor in Hamilton Sound. We passed Hungry Bay, and could see the house-tops and churches of Hamilton, over the land. Then came Prospect Hill, with its long line of spacious barracks; next, Newton Bay, and St. David's Island and Head, on which a fine lighthouse, 208 feet above the sea-level, has been erected by the Cunard Company. Soon afterwards we went through the Narrows—and very narrow and intricate they seemed to be.

At St. George's there appeared to be a good harbour, and quite a large town, including a great many churches and barracks, and several formidable-looking forts. We were, of course, all anxiety to see the poor flag-ship *Northampton*, which had been driven ashore by the cyclone; and soon we came in view of her, hard and fast aground, in Grassy Bay, looking dismantled and melancholy, almost like a wreck, with all her top-masts and yards and spare gear sent down from aloft. She was surrounded by quite a flotilla of lighters and small boats, engaged in taking all the heavy things off her as fast as possible, so as to diminish her draught of water; while every available steamer and tug was trying with might and main to release her from her unpleasant position. It was a case, not of "all the king's horses and all the king's men" being quite unable to perform their Herculean labour, but of all the

*Before proceeding further with the account of our visit to the Bermudas, a few words of general description may perhaps be given. The distance of the group from England is 2,858; from New York, 677; Halifax, 730; and Jamaica, 1,103 miles. The nearest land, Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, is distant 580 miles. The islands are about 100 in number, of which fifteen or sixteen only are inhabited: their total area being 41 square miles. The surface, which is composed of shelly coralline rock, is mostly low. The greatest care is necessary in approaching the Bermudas, or Somers' Islands; especially on account of the barrier-reefs by which the group is surrounded, and which form a strong natural defence. Among the islands there are several good anchorages, which afford shelter from

Queen's ships and all the Queen's men (and a Queen's grandson to boot; for Prince George of Wales was on board the *Canada*) trying to pull the good ship off again. I fear they have a desperately hard task before them; for she went aground on the top of the very highest tide ever experienced here.

While we were watching these operations, a six-oared boat came alongside, bringing the Officer of Health, who was most minute in all his inquiries and cross-questionings as to the sanitary condition of every individual on board. No sooner was the officer satisfied, and our quarantine flag had been hauled



THE "NORTHAMPTON" AGROUND.

down, than several men-of-war's boats, which had been hanging about, came alongside, from one of which stepped on board our old friend Captain Victor Montagu, whom it was a real pleasure to see again, though he was looking worn and worried, like all the other officers here, about this unhappy flag-ship

the severe gales of winter. The principal islands are Bermuda, St. George, Somerset, St. David, Boaz, and Ireland. On the first named is situated the town of Hamilton; on St. George—which, like Ireland, is strongly fortified—is the ancient capital, of the same name; and on Boaz are the well-known convict-prisons. The climate is mild and very healthy, though rather too damp and relaxing to suit all constitutions. The chief productions are cotton, timber, arrowroot, cocoa, potatoes, and onions; although tropical and other fruits are also raised in abundance. The islands were first discovered by Bermudez, a Spaniard, in 1527. Sir George Somers was wrecked here in 1609, and the group was soon afterwards colonised from England and from Virginia.

business. It is said that Admiral Commerell has never left the bridge of the *Northampton* since the accident occurred.

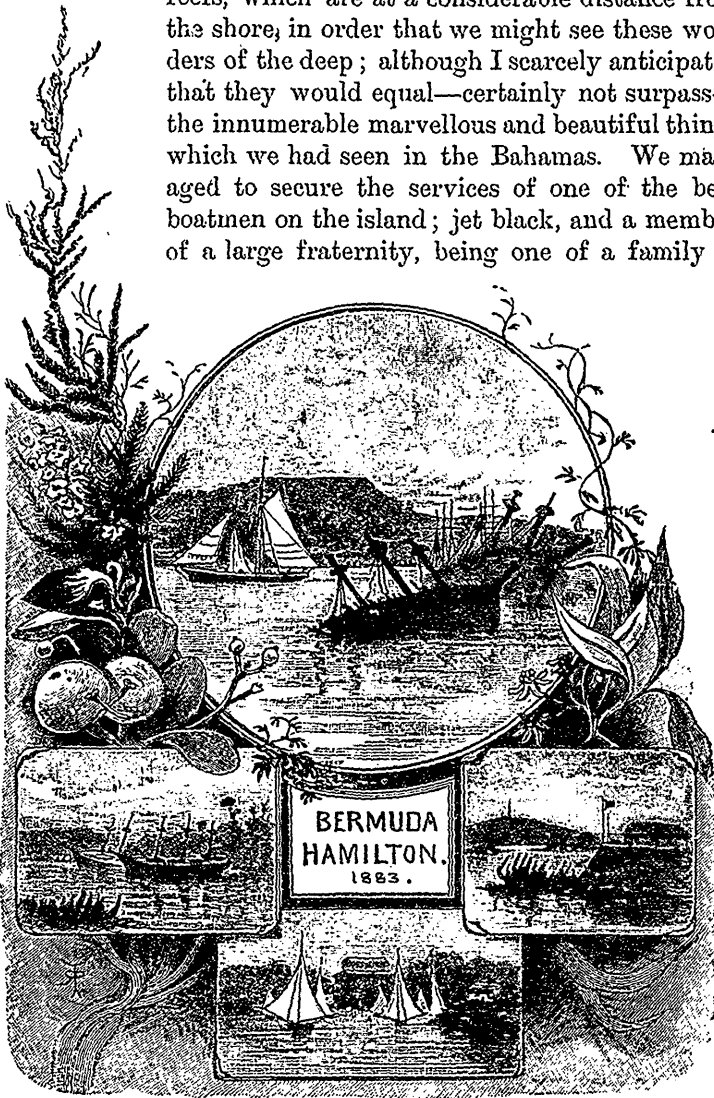
The pilot distinctly disapproved of our remaining long among the reefs and shoals by which we were surrounded: the navigation being rendered still more difficult than usual at the present moment by the numerous hawsers and chains which are out in every direction, and by the lighters, full of shot and shell, removed from the *Northampton*. Captain Montagu seconded the pilot's advice, and returned to his own vessel, the *Garnet*, while we proceeded on our way to Hamilton, through tortuous passages, between tiny islets and rocks. To say that it was practicable to throw a biscuit on shore in many of the straits we passed through would but imperfectly convey an idea of their narrowness. It seemed more than once as if the *Sunbeam* was likely to have her sides scraped by the rocks. However, the pilot went boldly on at full speed, till we dropped anchor safely in the harbour of Hamilton at ten o'clock.

The town is a nice clean little place, surrounded by pretty white villas, embosomed in green trees. Inglewood, the house which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne occupied last year, at the head of the Sound Rocks, is a large and comfortable edifice, surrounded by a green verandah, situated in the middle of a large garden, which, in its turn, is encompassed by what, for Bermuda, is an extensive park.

In the course of the day we had many visitors. Later on we landed and proceeded to call upon General Gallwey, and Sir Edmund Commerell, both of whom live some distance from the town. From Mount Langton there is a magnificent view of land and sea—principally the latter—on all sides. We next proceeded on another pretty drive of about a mile to Clarence Hill, passing on our way a church, many trim little cottages, much semi-tropical vegetation, and many beautiful coast scenes. We found Lady Commerell and her two daughters at home, and paid them a long visit, watching the sunset and then the twilight fade over Clarence Bay, with its rocks and pretty bathing-cove just below us. The Misses Commerell told me that they had only returned from Halifax a few days since in the *Northampton*. When they left Nova Scotia there was four feet of snow on the ground, and the temperature was 60° degrees lower than it is here.

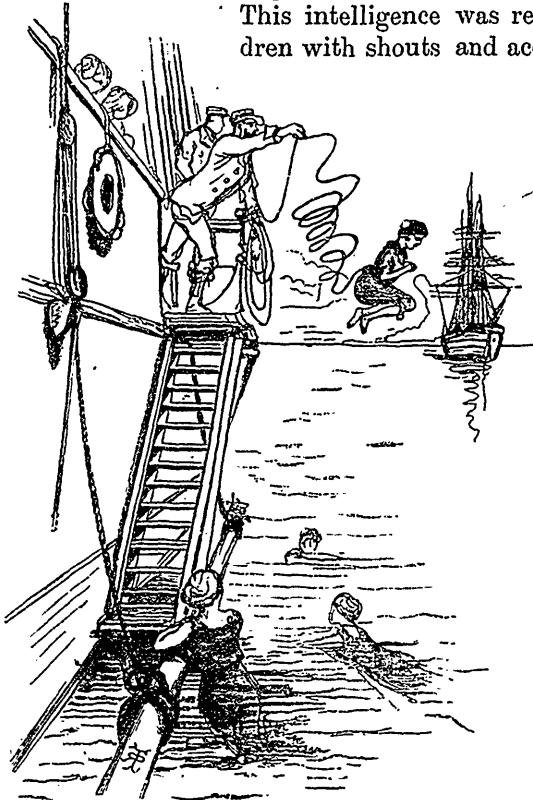
Monday, December 3rd.—I had always heard that among the great attractions of the Bermudas were the coral-reefs and

the strange-coloured fish which inhabit them. accordingly, one of the first things which we did on our arrival was to engage a suitable boat and a man to take us out to-day to the reefs, which are at a considerable distance from the shore, in order that we might see these wonders of the deep; although I scarcely anticipated that they would equal—certainly not surpass—the innumerable marvellous and beautiful things which we had seen in the Bahamas. We managed to secure the services of one of the best boatmen on the island; jet black, and a member of a large fraternity, being one of a family of



seven brothers, who are all so absurdly alike in face, form, and voice, that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other.

The eldest and most accomplished of the brothers arrived at six a.m. with a nice little sailing-boat; but he might just as well have stayed away, for it was blowing so hard that he flatly refused to take us to the coral-reef. He brought us one pleasant piece of information, that there were no sharks so high up the Sound as the spot where we were lying, and that we might bathe overboard without any fear. This intelligence was received by the children with shouts and acclamations of joy;



A WATER PARTY

and it was not long before the whole party were assembled on deck, and soon after in the water, where they enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. I know nothing more delicious than a swim overboard in a warm sea, where it is possible to remain in the water for a considerable period without any fear of cramp, or of afterwards shivering to death. How we all did enjoy

ourselves; especially the children! They jumped off the gangway; they swam alongside the yacht; they hung on to the Turks' heads on the booms; they clambered up the steps again, to have more high jumps; they splashed; they shrieked; they chattered; they ducked, and disported themselves like a party of very flighty mermaids.

All the chief officials connected with the dockyard, to which we paid a short visit in the course of the morning, had been

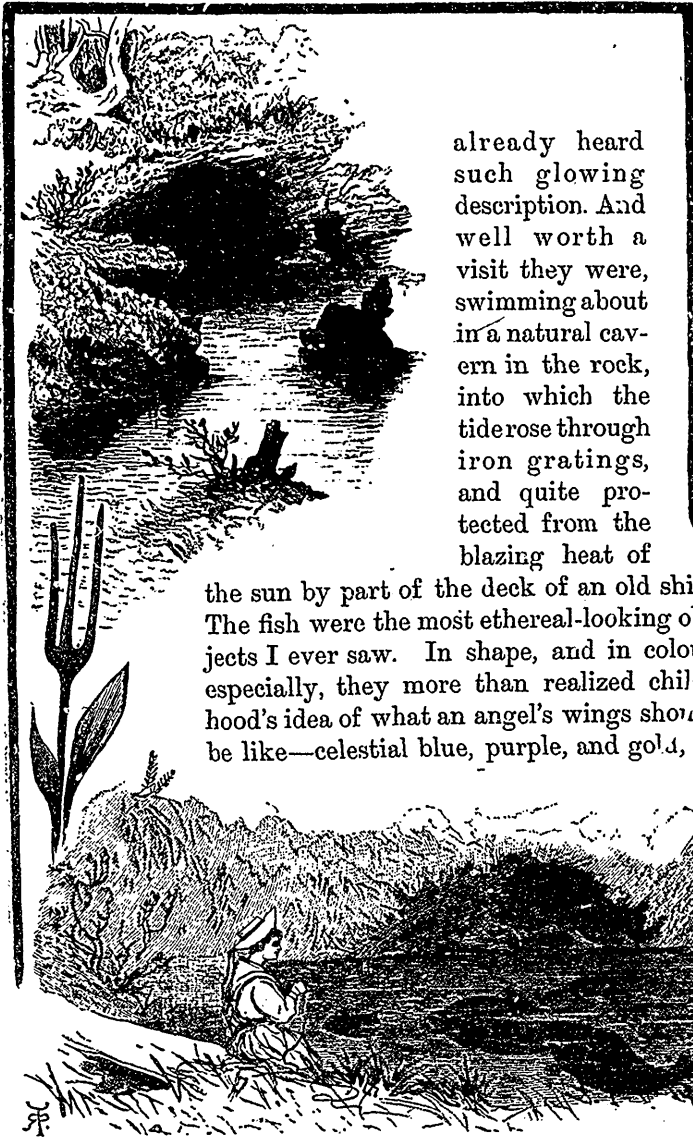
assisting in some way in the floating of the *Northampton*, and we were delighted to hear that a telegram had been received just before our arrival, to the effect that the flag-ship had been successfully hauled off, to the great joy and relief of everybody concerned, without having sustained much damage. The heavy squalls of last night had really been of some service as it turned out; the force of the wind, acting on the vast sides of the ship, having helped to push her off the rocks.

From Lady Commerell's house I drove quickly down to the quay, and went on board the yacht, which at once steamed over to Ireland Island. Just outside the camber, Staff-Commander Clapp met us in the dockyard steam-launch; piloted us in through the narrow entrance to the basin, and within a very short space of time moored us safely alongside the dockyard wall. Within the camber is the famous "Bermuda," the largest floating-dock in the world, built at North Woolwich in 1868, and towed across the Atlantic in thirty-five days by H.M.S. *Warrior* and *Black Prince*. The extreme length of the dock is 381 feet, and the breadth 123 feet, its total weight being 8,340 tons. The number of rivets used in its construction was 3,000,000, and they weighed 800 tons—as nearly as possible *one-tenth* of the entire structure. The dock is sufficiently powerful to lift a ship of the *Minotaur* class, with a displacement of 10,000 tons; and several of the largest ships of our navy, including the *Bellerophon*, *Royal Alfred*, and *Northampton*, have been upon it for repairs at various times.

Soon after we had entered the camber, Tom arrived on board, looking very tired, after a hard day's work in the dockyard and on board the various ships. He had invited Prince George of Wales and several of the captains to dine with us, and preparations had accordingly to be somewhat hastily made. But, notwithstanding the short notice, all went well; and our little party, consisting of Captain and Mrs. Barnardiston, Captain Durrant, Captain Victor Montagu, Prince George of Wales, and ourselves, spent a very cheery evening, enlivened by plenty of music.

Tuesday, December 4th.—I woke at four o'clock as usual, and spent a busy morning in writing, until interrupted by a succession of visitors from the various ships. Captain Barnardiston had been good enough to arrange to send his steam-launch at half-past ten, to take me to "The Cottage," where I looked forward to seeing the wonderful fish-pond, the description of

which had greatly excited my interest. We did not stay long indoors, for we were all anxious to see the fish of which we had



already heard such glowing description. And well worth a visit they were, swimming about in a natural cavern in the rock, into which the tide rose through iron gratings, and quite protected from the blazing heat of

the sun by part of the deck of an old ship. The fish were the most ethereal-looking objects I ever saw. In shape, and in colour especially, they more than realized childhood's idea of what an angel's wings should be like—celestial blue, purple, and gold, in

NEPTUNE'S GROTTO.

every possible shade of delicate tint, on a sort of substratum of pale, shimmering brown. Their movements too might almost be said to be angelic, as they swam gracefully through the

water, just as one might imagine an angel would float through endless space. To complete the resemblance, they had the most exquisite eyes, and a calm, serene expression of face. They are rightly named angel-fish. It was therefore rather a shock to one's feelings to hear that their ordinary name among the common people is "Mike," possibly (as some ingenious philologist has suggested) a convenient contraction of "Michael the Arch-angel."

There were also great red and brown and grey and white "groupus," "gar-fish," bright canary-coloured "snappers," and fine little black and white "sergeant-majors" as they are called, because of their many stripes; "pilot-fish," which serve as guides to the shark; "porcupine-fish," looking, I thought very much more like hedgehogs swimming about than porcupines; the beautifully-coloured "cow-fish," with an expression of face exactly resembling that of a very benignant cow, horns and all. To see a "cow" and a "calf" swimming about together was droll in the extreme. There were little puff-fish, sometimes as round as a puff-ball, sometimes as flat as a pancake, according as fancy impelled them to blow themselves out, like the frog in the fable, or to collapse and sink modestly to the bottom.

It was now getting late, and we were obliged to remember that we were engaged to lunch with Captain Montagu on board the *Garnet*, and to meet the Admiral. After lunch we embarked in the Admiral's steam-launch to perform the interesting duty of inspecting the hospital, cemetery, schools, and other public institutions. First we went to the hospital, which was spacious and airy, and appeared to be admirably well arranged. We went into every ward and saw the patients, except those who were suffering from infectious diseases. The poor invalids, I was told, had greatly appreciated some old newspapers and *Sunbeams* which I had presented to them (which can be burnt when read); as of course these patients cannot be allowed any books from the excellent library attached to the hospital.

Resuming our voyage in the steam-launch, in a very short time we arrived at the Admiralty School. The school appears to be excellently managed. We left half a dozen copies of the *Sunbeam* for the six best boys, and the same number for the six best girls. We also invited thirty of the girls and as many boys, to go over the yacht; and this tour of inspection will, I think, probably be even a greater pleasure for them. From the schools we went to the cemetery—one of the prettiest

“God’s acres” I have ever seen, situated just on the top of one of the numerous little rocky necks of land that separate the wide ocean from the many lovely sounds and inlets that are so numerous among the Bermudas. There are many interesting and some beautiful monuments, and several of the inscriptions are touching.

• *Wednesday, December 5th.*—Tom went off early to the dock-



WALSINGHAM CAVES.

yard, and we started soon afterwards for St. George’s Island and harbour. The drive was of the pleasantest, with ever-changing views over land and sea. We made our first halt at “Neptune’s Grotto,” a curious rocky cave, which is entirely supplied with water from the north coast by means of a natural subterranean passage.

The proprietor, a civil old man, “for a consideration,” allows the visitors to see his “pets.” Conspicuous among them all

was one of the blue and yellow angel-fish already described gliding along near the surface of the pool, and now and then lazily waving one of its winglike fins to change the direction of its course, in obedience to the call of the proprietor of the cave, who, by clapping his hands, caused the fish to swim towards him, when it would eat bread daintily from his hand, or complacently lie against the rocky side of the cave, to be gently rubbed and tickled. It was strange to see so much intelligence displayed by a creature belonging to an order which one has always



GIBBS HILL LIGHTHOUSE.

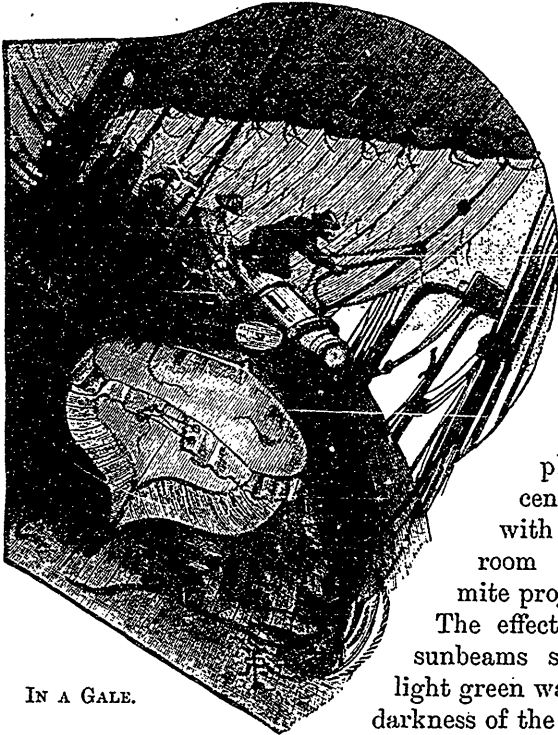


been disposed to regard as rather deficient in that quality. Very different to the angel-fish were the groupers — fierce, voracious creatures which, it is said, would tear a man to pieces before he reached the bottom of the pool, were he unfortunate enough to fall into it. A dead sheep and a dog were thrown in not very long ago as an experiment, and both were torn to

fragments and disappeared at once.

From the grotto we drove off to Painters' Vale, one of the most charming places in the island, which derives its name from the numerous beautiful views which attract many artists to its

shady groves and rocky caves. Some of the caverns are of great size and depth, have never been explored, and rejoice in highly romantic names. From Painters' Vale a short drive brought us to the celebrated Walsingham Caves. They are most picturesquely situated in the centre of a thick wood. From the rocky roofs of the caves hang numerous stalactites, covered with a sort of delicate fretwork of lime deposit, which



IN A GALE.

has the appearance of the finest lace. One peculiarity of these caverns is that the atmosphere of the interior is quite mild and soft, and not at all like the dank air that generally pervades such places. In the centre is a pool, with a small mushroom shaped stalagmite projecting from it. The effect of the bright sunbeams shining on the light green water, and of the darkness of the cave itself, illu-

minated at the further end by the brushwood torches carried by our guides, was very fine.

From the caves we had a long but interesting walk, past innumerable small pools filled with curious fish, to the calabash tree under which Thomas Moore, the poet, wrote the stanzas which have delighted so many of his legions of readers:—

Oh had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer-ocean, far off and alone;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

Moore obtained an appointment under Government as Registrar

to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, in 1803, and arrived at his post at the beginning of the following year. According to the trustworthiest authorities he seems to have been a most pugnacious little man, and to be constantly getting into difficulties of all sorts on account of his peppery temperament. He only remained at Bermuda for two months, at the end of which period he appointed a deputy to fill his place, and, after making a tour in the United States, returned to England.

Our visit to Gibbs Hill lighthouse was extremely interesting. We reached it just as the keeper had lighted the lamps, and were nearly blown away at the door while waiting to ascend. The light is very powerful, and has done good service in saving many a ship from destruction. It rises to a height of 362 feet above the sea, and is visible at a distance of 25 miles. The wind on our return journey was even more violent than it had been earlier in the afternoon, and we were glad to find ourselves once more back again in Hamilton. Getting across Grassy Bay to the yacht was a matter of some difficulty, for it was now blowing a perfect hurricane.

A BEULAH SONG.

GOD has given me a song,
 A song of trust;
 And I sing it all day long,
 For sing I must;
 Every hour it sweeter grows,
 Keeps my soul in blest repose,
 Just how restful no one knows
 But those who trust.

O, I sing it on the mountain,
 In the light;
 Where the radiance of God's sun-
 shine
 Makes all bright;
 All my path seems bright and clear,
 Heavenly land seems very near,
 And I almost do appear
 To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley,
 Dark and low;
 When my heart is crushed with
 sorrow,

Pain and woe;
 Then the shadows flee away
 Like the night when dawns the day;
 Trust in God brings light away—
 I find it so.

When I sing it in the desert,
 Parched and dry,
 Living streams begin to flow,
 A rich supply;
 Verdure in abundance grows,
 Deserts blossom like a rose,
 And my heart with gladness glows,
 At God's reply.

For I've crossed the river Jordan,
 And I stand
 In the blessed land of promise—
 Beulah land!
 Trusting is like breathing here,
 Just so easy; doubt and fear
 Vanish in this atmosphere,
 And life is grand.

—*India Wesleyan Watchman.*

THE LICK OBSERVATORY.



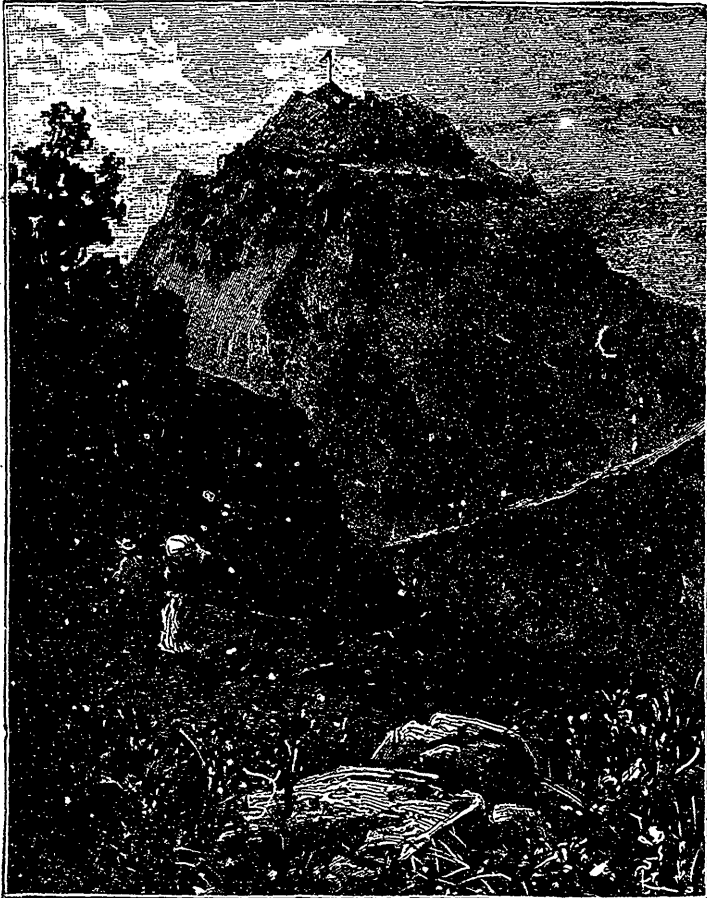
JAMES LICK.

A PERSON standing at the south end of San Francisco Bay, and looking almost due east, will observe a point of light of dazzling brilliancy on the top of what appears to be a small flat-topped knob, no larger apparently than a half-section of a billiard-ball. The little knob is the summit of Mount Hamilton, and the bright point of light is the reflection of the sun from the north dome of the Lick Observatory, from fifteen to twenty miles off

as the crow flies.

The donor, James Lick, was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, August 25th, 1796. He began life as an organ and piano maker, first at Hanover, Pennsylvania, then at Baltimore, Maryland. In 1820 he started in business on his own account in Philadelphia, but soon after emigrated to Buenos Ayres, where for ten years he successfully prosecuted his trade. He subsequently moved to Valparaiso and later to California, where he arrived with a moderate fortune in the latter part of 1847. He spent the remainder of his days in California, dying in San Francisco October 1st, 1876, leaving an estate worth nearly \$4,000,000. He was such an unlovable, eccentric, solitary, selfish, and avaricious character that, it may be fairly said, had it not been for one of the last acts of his life, he would have died "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." This one act was a contradiction of his whole life. A little more than two years before his death Mr. Lick conveyed all of his great fortune by trust-deed to a board of trustees, to be divided mainly among public charities, and for the erection of important public, industrial, scientific, and hygienic institutions. The trust-deed provided for the expenditure of \$700,000 for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. There is good reason to believe that he had nursed the idea for a great many years before he began to put it into practical shape. His ambition concerning it knew no bounds. He imposed the obligation in the trust-deed of erecting a "powerful telescope, superior

to and more powerful than any telescope yet made." In January, 1881, the trustees contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture" (this being the largest the Clarks would venture to contract for), to be delivered



MOUNT HAMILTON—SITE OF LICK OBSERVATORY.

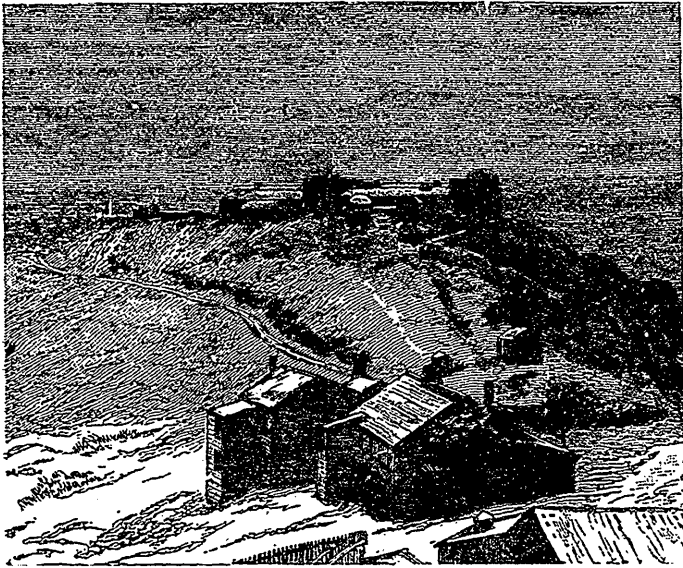
November 1st, 1883. The price was fifty thousand dollars, of which amount twelve thousand dollars was paid when the contract was signed. The flint-glass disk was successfully cast by Feil & Sons, Paris, France, early in 1882, and has since then been in the hands of Alvan Clark & Sons. Its companion, the crown-glass disk was cast ready for shipment at the close of

1882, but the material was so brittle that it unfortunately cracked in packing. The difficulties attending the casting of the crown disk have been extraordinary. No glass of the dimensions required had ever been cast or attempted before the Lick Observatory contract was awarded to the Clarks. Thirty or more blocks were cast by the Feils before one was obtained that would be acceptable. The wrecks are arrayed along the walls of their factory as curiosities. The first block, as has been already stated, was broken in packing for shipment. Many contained irremediable flaws. Others were destroyed in annealing, and others again were damaged beyond repair in cooling. At one time the prospects of the great telescope appeared hopeless. The elder Feil had retired from business, leaving his glass-works in charge of his sons. They made a great many castings and experiments in annealing, but without success. To make matters worse, they went into bankruptcy. Alvan Clark then expressed his doubts of such a large glass ever being successfully made, deeming it among the impossibilities. At this stage in the history of the telescope, the elder Feil took charge of the establishment, and after several more failures succeeded in casting and annealing a satisfactory glass. The cheerful intelligence was communicated in the early part of September, 1885, that the glass was then being prepared by Feil for shipment to Alvan Clark & Sons. It took the Clarks a year to grind and polish the glass, after it reached their manufactory.

James Lick reserved for himself the selection of a suitable site for the observatory destined to bear his name. The wisdom of his selection has since been abundantly demonstrated. To Professor Edward S. Holden belongs the honour of first recommending this site in 1874. Mount Hamilton is situated fifty miles south of San Francisco. Its summit is divided into three peaks, the lowest and the most southerly being the site of the observatory. It is 4285 feet above the sea. In due season a road was built, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. This thoroughfare, which is known as Lick Avenue, is twenty miles and a half in length. The road in ascending the range for many miles overlooks the beautiful valley, whose vineyards, orchards, and wheat-fields make a charming piece of natural patch-work, extending twenty miles or more to the south. In the last two miles the road has to overcome a vertical rise of nearly two thousand feet, and ascends in a zigzag

course. At some points a dozen laps of its windings can be seen at one glance within the distance of half a mile. Near the summit it winds twice around the peak.

On the saddle of the ridge uniting the three peaks of the mountain, a cosy cluster of white frame buildings nestle in the shadow of Observatory Peak, which protects it from the keen west wind. Work was begun on Lick Observatory July 23, 1880. Few people have any conception of the difficulties which had to be overcome before the enterprise could have hoped of success. Everything—food, tools, building materials, and water—had to be carried to the top of the mountain from the valley.



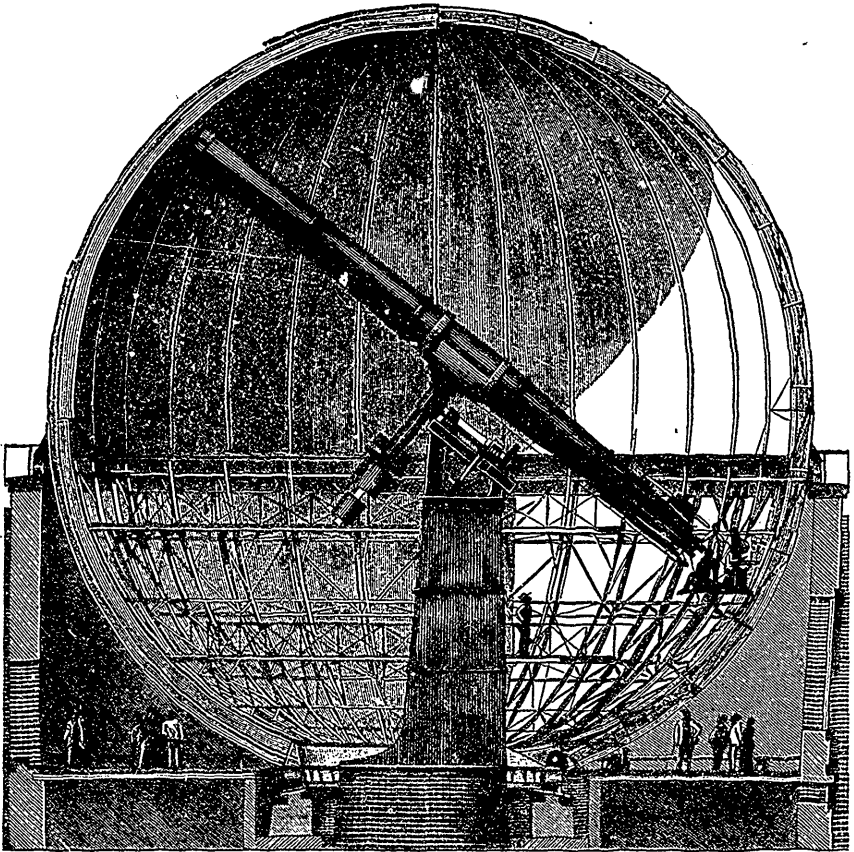
LICK OBSERVATORY IN THE FIRST OCTOBER SNOW.

The plan of Lick Observatory provides for a structure two hundred and eighty-seven feet in length, a transit house, meridian circle, a photo-heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The south dome will contain the great telescope. This dome will be the largest of any observatory in existence. Its great size presents many difficult problems for solution. The outcome has been the devising, by Captain Thomas E. Fraser, of a dome which shall be a seven-eighths sphere, resting and revolving on a tower seventy-five feet in circumference. The object of the seven-eighths sphere dome is manifold. In

the first place, the friction in moving it will be a minimum. A hemisphere dome of the same diameter would rest on a tower having a circumference of two hundred and seventeen feet. The tower would need to be of enormous strength to carry the weight, and the friction in revolving the dome would offer a resistance over one hundred per cent. greater than the seven-eighths sphere. For the seven-eighths sphere the external tower will be raised level with the greatest diameter of the dome. The frame of the dome will be of steel. The inside of the envelope of the upper hemisphere will be of paper, and the outside of steel plates. The lower half of the sphere will be a mere skeleton of the framework. Around it there will be two fixed galleries for observers, assistants, and students. The observer's chair will be hung opposite the shutter, sliding on an arc nearly corresponding with the arc of the eye-piece of the telescope. This chair will be twenty-two feet in length and five feet in breadth. Shutter and chair will be of nearly corresponding weight, and under the personal control of the observer. As the chair ascends, the shutter will slide down into the lower hemisphere, ascending again as the chair descends. The observer in the Lick dome will be able to perform all his work at the eye-piece of the great telescope free from intrusion or interruption, and he will be saved the fatigue and loss of time incurred in ascending and descending a ladder chair thirty feet or more in height. The dome will weigh fifty tons. It will roll on an endless harnessed carriage. The sole and bed plates will be perfectly protected from any variations of temperature, so that there will be no trouble from expansion and contraction. Shutter, chair, and dome will be moved by hydraulic power, controlled by the observer in his chair, after a plan devised by Captain Floyd.

The view from Observatory Peak is magnificent in its range and varied beauty. Excepting a small patch in the north-east, which is shut out by the other peaks of the mountain, the horizon in every direction is unobstructed. Half a dozen towns and cities may be seen or located within a radius of fifty miles. Through the depressions in the outer Coast Range, lying west of Santa Clara valley and twenty miles off, may be seen at sunset the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Sierra Nevada, one hundred and thirty miles to the east, comes out sharp and distinct at sunrise. On an exceptionally clear day a full-rigged ship with all sail set has been observed through a glass emerg-

ing from the Golden Gate and entering San Francisco Bay, fifty miles off. It is claimed that the astronomer may be sure of at least 250 good nights in every year on Mount Hamilton, 150 of which will be such as are rarely enjoyed at any of the Eastern observatories. The atmosphere is remarkably dry. It is a condition which has charmed the professional soul of every



NEW SYSTEM OF DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY.

astronomer that has visited it. In the winter the snow accumulates to the depth of about four feet, and gales are not unusual, although the greatest velocity recorded is under fifty miles an hour. The snowfall sometimes temporarily cuts off communication with the valley, reaching two thousand feet down the mountain's sides. Up to the 31st of August, 1885,

there had been spent on the observatory three hundred thousand dollars. What it will cost by the time it is completed cannot be stated. But the trustees believe that of the seven hundred thousand dollars assigned to the observatory in the trust-deed, there will be enough left, after the structure is finished and the great telescope mounted, to constitute a fund for the perpetual maintenance of the institution (including the regular employment of an efficient corps of astronomers) by the regents of the University of California. It is the belief of the trustees that they will be able to transfer the observatory to the University regents in 1887.

Strange to say, James Lick made no provision in the trust-deed or any other written instrument for the disposition of his remains; but some time during the last year of his life he expressed a wish to a friend that his body be buried on Mount Hamilton, within or adjacent to the observatory. In the base of the pier sustaining the great equatorial telescope, it is intended to construct a vault thirty feet in diameter and the same in height. In this vault the body of James Lick will probably find its last resting-place. He was a solitary in life, and in death he will also be isolated. But the observatory, for which there are hopes of great accomplishments in the future, will be his magnificent tomb and monument, as well as a precious instrument for the advancement of the most sublime of the sciences.

THE LOVE UNSPEAKABLE.

BY REV. JAMES B. KENYON.

“FOR God so loved the world”—O love divine!
Love which our human hearts but faintly feel;
Love whose vast depth no uttered words reveal;
Love which makes light in this dark soul of mine;
Behold! we know thee by this awful sign—
A cross whereon large drops of blood congeal,
A rock-hewn sepulchre, a shattered seal,
And a full cup with bitter tears for wine!

O love unspeakable! Dear love of God!
Love manifest in measureless sacrifice,
Teach us to walk the way which Christ has trod,
Though sands should scorch our feet, and on our eyes
Smite the fierce desert sun, and briars prod
Our shrinking flesh—till suffering makes us wise.

WELSH PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

THE Welsh are justly proud of their bards and their preachers; the former are of ancient history, the latter belong to the revival of the eighteenth century; and to the present day there is no lack of men who are far beyond the average talent as preachers, according to the English method of reckoning things.

The Welsh preachers have many things in their favour. The people are as a race rich in the imaginative: they revel in parables, they delight in allegory, and, above all, they have what some have called "a religious nature." Then their language is so well adapted for the expression of spiritual truths; however uncouth that tongue may seem to the English ear, however much the gutturals may seem to grate in their sound, yet the language is wonderfully adapted to the describing of the unseen universe, the working of the human mind and the emotions of the human heart; much of the preaching power of the Welsh is owing to their language.

We must bear in mind, also, that the pulpit was, for long years, the only means for conveying information to the people. What the newspaper is to the English, the pulpit was and is to the Welsh; public opinion is moulded, even to-day, to a great extent by the pulpit. Hence it is that you can never be in the company of Welshmen, especially in Wales, but that the conversation will turn on preachers and preaching. It is the strongest of their national characteristics.

The personal history of any preacher of note is public property, and if the man had been a ploughboy, or a shepherd, or a quarryman, previous to his being a pulpit orator, that would not lower him in their estimation, nor would they expect less from him than if he had had the best university training. If he cannot *preach* he has no business in the pulpit; and though he may be learned, if he cannot preach he has no business to be there either. The writer remembers hearing the history of one of the Welsh preachers from the lips of an old woman who had spent her days among the hills, and who had never seen a town. This preacher was once a school teacher, then commenced to preach and that with power; he was a very small

man, very slightly built: nature had been very sparing in putting him together. His success as a preacher moved the ire of the country squire and parson. It was the day of fierce persecution; a lot of roughs got hold of the little preacher and left him for dead, but the little man survived with two of his ribs broken and other injuries that followed him to his grave. But he could preach like a seraph; the old lady told me that if he had been with Jesus while on earth, and had been afterwards with John on Patmos, he could not describe things more vividly. She warned me not to miss the chance, if I ever got one, of hearing the marvellous little man. It so happened that I was in another part of Wales when he was expected to be there. Two hours before the time, for I had learnt never to be behind time at such gatherings, I got to the place of worship; already hundreds were there. A window had been taken out of the church, and a platform made so that the preacher could be seen and heard inside and out of the building. In due time the service commenced. While the Welsh love the preaching, the singing, the prayers, the reading of the Holy Writ were all gone through with much devotion and order. Then the preacher took the platform, and sure enough, a frail old man he was. Being near him I saw that his face bespoke past suffering; hunch-backed, one shoulder being somewhat higher than its comrade, standing on that platform before that sea of eager faces he seemed a very poor specimen of humanity. The people were very still; then came the text—the subject was “Wrestling Jacob.” He had not spoken five minutes when he had his audience under complete control; no one thought of his frail frame and small stature; the all-engrossing thought was, “How to wrestle with God, and what blessings we can obtain.” He illustrated, described, and enforced his subject from Scripture, nature and experience, until every hearer was entirely filled with the grand ideas that seemed to have inflamed the preacher’s soul. But, after all, the grand secret of that little man’s power was that he was nothing less than a wrestling Jacob, and had been for more than half a century. No wonder he had swayed so many with his majestic power.

These men lived to preach; their very souls were filled with holy fire; preach they must. Dr. Arnold once said, “I must write a pamphlet or burst;” so these men with their sermons. Not only were some famous, but their sermons were also; it is no uncommon thing to hear the folk talk about a certain

sermon which John Elias preached again and again in the same locality, and what is remarkable, he never wrote his discourses, yet sometimes the sermon would be repeated word for word, though years had intervened. It was John Elias who, while conversing about written sermons, remarked that a sermon ought to have fire in it, and paper was a poor thing to carry fire in. Like Christmas Evans, John Elias travelled much in Wales, and was known everywhere. Elias was a "son of thunder"; his forte was in describing "the last day," "the doom of the lost," "the wages of sin"; he dealt more with the lightnings and the thunder of Sinai than the sufferings of Calvary.

A man much honoured among the Wesleyan Methodists of Wales was Thomas Aubrey; he was the son of a poor collier, but a born orator, a perfect mimic; his descriptive powers were marvellous, and though he preached concerning the judgments of the law, and seemed at home in discoursing about Jesus and His blood, yet few men excelled in preaching the ethics of our glorious religion as he did. Doctrinal sermons were his delight, and it was no dull thing to hear him preaching about the "Eternal Sonship," or the "Unity of the Trinity in the work of redemption," or "The value of religion in the market place." To hear such a man would be one of the landmarks in one's personal history, and often events in a locality are dated as before or after such a one preached such and such a sermon.

It may be asked, Did these mighty men always preach these grand sermons? We reply, As a rule they did. It cannot be expected that a preacher can gain as much inspiration from a small congregation in a hamlet amidst the hills as he would when surrounded by hundreds of eager hearers; but as a rule these great men were worth listening to even in a small country chapel on a week evening. We happened for the first time to hear one of the grandest preachers Wales ever produced; it was in Carnarvonshire, among the quarrymen, who came in crowds. The subject discoursed upon was "The Transfiguration." We need not describe the sermon and its effects, but just say it was at least equal to anything that the Welsh pulpit can produce. About three weeks afterwards we were in an English town where the Welsh people had a struggling cause; they had a room hired in a back street that would hold, when fully seated, perhaps one hundred and fifty; said preacher, being on his way to London, stayed in the town for a night unexpected, but the

few loyal Welshmen mustered together and got the visitor to preach. The writer was one of the little assembly in that upper room. The service opened with the usual heartiness that the Welsh love, the text was announced, and to our surprise and delight it was "The Transfiguration." The sermon, though not exactly alike, was in the main substantially the same and in every respect equal to what we had heard in the vast assembly among the hills of Wales. The feeling that possessed that assembly was intense, and what was marvellous to us, who understood all, was that three or four Englishmen, who did not understand a word of Welsh—a Presbyterian minister among them—were weeping during the pathetic appeals as much as any Welsh folk, and during the latter part of the sermon were listening with eyes, ears, and mouths, just as if they knew the strange tongue perfectly well. It may be added that three new members were added to the Church in that place by the thrilling sermon and the Divine power that accompanied it. It would be out of the question to relate a tithe of the anecdotes that might be mentioned concerning the famous Welsh preachers.

It is not to the credit of Wales that some of their grandest men in the pulpit have had sore struggles with poverty; they were highly appreciated but poorly paid. Things have mended of late years, and are still improving. With those men it was poor living but high thinking; it was hard work and little pay; to be a popular preacher in Wales is no small task to attain, and still greater to retain.

Enough has been said to indicate the prevailing style of the Welsh preaching; the descriptive is a prominent feature, word-painting is an art as much as colour-painting, and the Welsh preachers know the value of it; then they do not let the imagination of the hearer lie dormant, but by its aid make thoughts and ideas move about as creatures that have hands, feet, eyes, and tongues. Some of the old preachers were sharp, pointed, axiomatic, and witty; for instance, once a congregation seemed to be more intent on coughing than usual. "Cough away, my friends," said the preacher, "it will not disturb me in the least; it will rather help me than not, for if you are coughing I shall be sure that you are awake." Others excelled in pithy sayings and proverb-uttering power. Here are one or two examples: "Ignorance is the devil's college;" "Many have a brother's face, but Christ has a brother's heart;"

"If you have no pleasure in your religion, make haste to change it." Many were at their best when using the colloquial style most freely; a fragment from one of John Elias' sermons will furnish us with an illustration. The text is, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered?" "Satan," exclaims Elias, "what do you say? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'No, never. I will increase the darkness of their minds, I will increase the strength of their chains; the captives shall never be delivered. Ministers! I despise ministers! Puny efforts theirs!' "Gabriel! messenger of the Most High God, shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" 'Ah! I do not know. I have been hovering over this assembly. They have been hearing the Word of God, but the opportunity is nearly over; the multitudes are just upon the point of leaving; there are no signs of any being converted. I go back from this to the heavenly world, but I have no messages to carry to make joy in the presence of the angels.'" Then Elias, turning to the crowd of preachers present, exclaims, "What think you? You are *ministers* of the living God. Shall the prey be taken from the mighty? Ah! who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Then he turns to the praying people, and a doleful answer comes from them. At last, as if under great distress, but evidently expecting relief this time, and in quite another tone, he said, "Well, what is the mind of the Lord respecting these captives? Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?" His face lighting up with joy, he exclaims at the top of his voice, "Thus saith the Lord, 'Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered.' Ah, there is no doubt about the mind and will of the Lord—no room for doubt and hesitation—'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.'" Such a discourse from a man of whom it is said, "Every sermon appeared to be a complete masterpiece of elocution, a nicely-compacted and well-timed oration," must have been a grand treat and a mighty influence for good.

We would fain linger over the names of David Davies, Williams of Wern, Shenkin of Penhydd, old Sammy Breeze, Samuel Davies, John Jones, Tol-y-Larn, Charles of Bola, and others, but space will not permit. No country is richer in religious lore than Wales; no land has so many hills and vales, hamlets and glens, made sacred by the labours and preaching of

godly men as the Principality. One can hardly take a drive but that the natives will point out some spot where one of their great preachers delivered a certain famous sermon. The question might be asked, What is the result of such a race of mighty men in the pulpits of wild Wales? We might say that prior to the days of Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands, and Christmas Evans, Wales was in a state of semi-barbarism, but owing to a succession of men famed for their piety and preaching powers, spiritual truth and elevated holiness became the delight of the common people. Secluded there among their own mountains and glens, immured in their own language, inspired by the very hills that towered above their quiet hamlets, they became a people who revelled in religious thought, poetry and preaching. Thus religion—evangelical religion—became the very life of the land of Wales.

BLACKHEAD, Nfld.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

IN the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing ;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Del ge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach ;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never should float into speech ;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me ! how my spirit was stirred !
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard ;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care ?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there ;
One is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

SIMON JASPER'S CONVERSION.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

"I WENT over to Poundstock to live, where the master was a little old man, a bachelor, with white hair all smoothed over his little round head. He was the principal man up to the chapel, and a preacher too, and all that, and so good a man as ever lived. But—well there, there's folks that are uncommon religious, only they do always put anybody in mind of the ten commandments on the tables of stone—'t is all hard and no feeling in it; and 't is all 'thou shalt' and 'thou shalt not.' That was master, exactly. If he believed a thing to be right he would do it, never mind if he had to die for it; and the more it hurt him the more he would think it was right. But there—speak a kind word or give 'e a kind look, master couldn't, no more than he could fly. He would give away ever so much to the poor, but he scolded them all the time, and looked like as if he would sooner kill them. I always used to think that I must have done something dreadful bad whenever the old master came near me.

"One day, soon after I had gone up there to live, I was coming across a little bit of plantation that belonged to master, and just as I was getting over the hedge there was he a-standing waiting for me. He never said a word—only took hold of me by the collar of my coat and led me right back again till I come to the other side, and there was a board nailed up to a tree.

"'Read that, boy,' says he, almost choking me all the time. So I spelt it out—'NOTICE. Trespassers will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law. By order, STEPHEN PETHERICK.' Then he gave me a shake and told me to mind that, for this world and the next, too. Somehow it always put me in mind of that whenever I heard master preach or pray, or anything else. If that had been in the Bible it would have been master's favourite text; and I fancy he used to think that if it wasn't there, it ought to be.

"But there—seeming to me, some of us do get hold of one end of religion and some of another. Master had got hold of that end and couldn't see any other—*Trespassers will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law*; and he used to go on just like as if he believed that the only way to do folks any good was to threaten and scold them.

"Ah, bless the Lord—that *isn't His way!* I've often thought about it when I have been sitting here by the fire a-watching the old dear making up her doctor's trade with her

flowers and herbs. God might have sent physic into the world all so nasty and ugly as men do make it—pills and mixtures and all that. But He doth send us His medicine in the flowers that look pretty and smell sweet, and that make the place all bright and beautiful. I do like what St. Paul saith about *pleasing our neighbour unto edification*; like as if we ought to sweeten the physic a bit and put in something pleasant for to give it a flavouring. I've heard the old dear say sometimes that blisters don't do any good till they do hurt 'e a bit. Master believed that about everything. But seeming to me that our heavenly Father won't so much as feed the sheep and the cows without putting in the daisies and buttercups for to make it look pretty; and the clover musn't grow without smelling sweet. And I can't help thinking that the flowers is put there for to teach us that the heavenly Father do smile upon us when He doth us good, like as if He was glad to do it. And I do believe He would like His children to do good the same way."

It was at some other time that the old man gave us the rest of the chapter, indeed more than once. There was scarcely another incident of his life on which he dwelt more fondly. As belonging to this period it naturally finds its place here.

"Ah, master, 'tis no good sowing the best garden seeds in the sand, not even if you do water them with your tears day and night and keep attending to them all the year round. That is how I was a-trying to make my little garden of Eden. No; you must get the *soil* changed before the seeds will grow, and that is what I couldn't tell how to do."

The old man stayed a moment, and shook his head as he sighed deeply. "To think I was so long coming to see that!" Presently his face was lit up with a smile, and he went on again: "The devil is oncommon fond of preaching, master; I'm sure he is. And 't is wonderful how he can get folks to listen, too. He can put up his suit of black and his white tie, just like a regular minister, and he will look so serious and talk all so nice and pious that scores do take it all for gospel. He do come 'long to anybody when they are feeling a bit concerned, and then he'll begin: 'Well, yes—'t is time for you to be thinking a bit, getting up in years like you are, and you know you are not what you ought to be, not by ever so much. There is this and that and the other—you know 't is wrong, and you will never get to heaven whilst you go on like it, never!'

"And he'll shake his head and say it like as if he was ever so sorry. 'Well,' saith he, 'there's only one thing for it. You must turn over a new leaf; give up your bad ways and all that, and begin to do what is good and proper. You must mend your manners and get the rids of your bad tempers and make yourself all nice and lovely. Then there will be some hope.'

“ ‘Yes,’ saith the poor dear soul, ‘so I will!’ And away he goes, digging at himself, trying for to come across a bit of goodness.

“ When the devil can’t hinder a man any other way, he will very often set him on to that and keep him at it until the poor soul is worn out and sick with trying. No. There’s the word of t’ Lord wrote down over the threshold of the door to heaven, so plain as plain can be—*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* It isn’t in the man for to be good, and of course it can’t come out. Why, of his own self a man has not so much as a pair of eyes for to see into the kingdom of God, much less any strength for to get up and enter into it and belong to it, like a king and priest. And, bless the Lord, the way in is the way on, and all the way right up to the glory ’pon the other side—*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*”

The old man bent his head adoringly as if some passing glimpse of that high Presence filled his soul.

“ Of course you’d think that anybody would see it all in a minute; that if the blessed Lord Jesus have come from heaven to save us it must be that we can’t save ourselves. I do know that I be an old stupid, master, but I can’t think how ever it could take me so long for to see that. But it did. I went on like that month after month till I was a’most eighteen year old, and a-beginning to think that I never should be any different, only keeping on trying and struggling, hoping and despairing.

“ Well, one Sunday there came an old gentleman over from Camelford to preach—a dear, quiet old man. He wasn’t much of a preacher so far as I can mind, but somehow you could tell in a minute that he was a good man. Well, that Sunday I was coming home over the fields, and when I got to the last stile, there was the dear old gentleman standing, leaning on the gate.

“ ‘Well, my lad,’ says he, looking up all so kind and pleasant, ‘what are you called, then?’

“ ‘Simon, please your honour,’ I says, feeling so glad that he had spoken to me.

“ ‘Simon—come, I must shake hands with you,’ and he put forth his hand and took mine in it, a-looking me full in the face. ‘There was once a man that was called Simon, and the Lord Jesus Christ looked upon him and said—*Lovest thou Me?* What would this Simon say, I wonder, if I ventured to ask him the question?’

“ He spoke all so kind, and seemed like as if he would do anything for me. I felt that I could somehow tell him all my heart.

" 'I do wish I did, sir,' I said ; ' and I be a-trying to.'

" ' Bless you, dear lad ! ' and the old gentleman laid his hand 'pon my shoulder, and spoke kinder than ever. ' Bless you. Some day you shall be able to say as he did long ago, *Lord, Thou knowest all things : Thou knowest that I love Thee.* But it will never be with wishing and trying.'

" I looked up quite frightened. Whatever could I do if I gave that up ! ' Won't it, sir ? ' I gasped out.

" ' No,' saith the old gentleman, shaking his head and smiling. ' We never love with wishing and trying to. We always love *because we can't help it.*'

" ' I don't want to help it, please sir,' I said, thinking that I must be different from everybody else. ' You see, sir, I be so hard and dark and cold—'t is dreadful !'

" ' So was that other Simon,' said the old gentleman. And he took his Bible out of his pocket and opened it to the last chapter of St. John. ' Now let me tell you about it. You see they had been fishing all night—toiling hard and catching nothing. Well, of course, Simon was all cold and hungry, and just like as if he hadn't any feeling in him. Wet to the skin and all out of heart, too, I dare say. Well, the Lord did not say to him then, *Simon, lovest thou Me?* If He had, I expect Simon would only have said, " I do wish I did, Lord—and I am trying to." No, no, that is not the way the wise and blessed Lord does. He said to Himself with His tender heart—Poor children ! they are tired and hungry and wet and cold. So he told them to let the net down on the right side of the ship, and He gladdened them with a great haul of fish. Then He lit a fire for them and cooked a fish and had some bread ready ; and as they came up out of the sea He said, *Come and dine.*'

" I leaned over to look at the page ; it seemed all so wonderful ; and there was his finger right under the very words—

" ' *So when they had dined,*' and his finger went along pointing out the words. ' Do you see that, dear lad ? When the poor, drenched, shivering Simon was warmed and had finished his dinner and felt all comfortable, and was lying down in the sand and looking right up into his Lord's face and thinking what a dear, kind, blessed Master He was, then Jesus looked upon Simon and said to him, *Lovest Thou ME?* And then all Simon's heart leapt up and cried out, *Lord, Thou knowest all things ; Thou knowest that I love Thee.* Now that is how it always is. The good Lord takes us and makes us feel His love, and warms our heart with it, and shows us how good and kind He is—then we begin to love Him. 'T isn't wishing to or trying to then, but just loving because *we can't help it.* " We love Him *because He first loved us.*" He must begin. Do you see ?'

" I looked up without a word, wondering wherever he could

have got so glorious a gospel as that from; and I had been puzzling over it so long.

" 'People think that Jesus did come to save sinners, only they must be nice kind of sinners, full of beautiful feelings and repentance and faith and earnestness and everything that is good, and then the Lord will save them. No; He comes to save people that are all hard and dark and cold and dead. You just look to Him, dear lad, like Simon did of old. Ask Him to show you His love. If you think of Him you can't help loving Him; but if you keep thinking of yourself you will never get above wishing and trying to.'

" Then he laid his hand tenderly upon my shoulder, 'Take these words with you, dear lad, wherever you go, *The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*'

" 'I do thank you, sir,' I said. I come away feeling that it was all so clear as day. Letting Jesus do it for me, instead of trying to do it for myself. I could see that there was no bounds to it then, for who could tell where *His* power would end to? Of course I could think of nothing else, and as soon as ever I had tended the cattle I kneeled down in the hay-loft and began to pray. I was not going to think about myself. '*He must begin it,*' the words kept coming to my mind again and again. So I told the Lord I was come on purpose for Him to begin it; and would He please for to begin it then and there. And, bless His name! He did. It was not so much any way of thinking about it, or seeing it. It was just a blessed feeling put into my heart that went right through me—that the Son of God *did* love me, and gave Himself for me. There—it was exactly what the Bible saith—the *love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us.* And kneeling there that evening I was able for to look right up and say, *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I do love Thee.* It did hurt me then for to think that ever I had doubted Him.

" I went forth with my mind all full of peace and a quiet sort of joy. I sang over the little maid's hymn better than ever I could before :

'The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.'

And I did wish that the little maid was near by for me to tell her all about it.

" When I come in to supper I told them how I had found the Lord; and the most of them knew by my looks, so they said, that something had happened. The little old master he only shook his head like as if he didn't believe it, and saith he, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.* But

the dear old gentleman he come to me praising the Lord; and he whispers all so tender and encouraging: 'Now you have let Jesus begin it, you must let Him end it too. He is the Author and the *Finisher* of our faith. You must go all the way looking to Him. "Fear not," He says; "I am with you alway." God bless you, dear lad, and make you a blessing.'

"The dear old gentleman, he never come again. A fortnight after that they went to call him one morning and found him dead in his bed.

"But it was the next day that it all come to be lighted up with such a beauty and blessedness—I never shall forget it. The Apostle John was sent out by the sea for to look upon the glorious revelations of heaven and the throne of God and the triumph of the Lamb. Ah, there's wonders by the sea still!—things that do make me feel a'most awed like John was. To see Him come forth in His majesty and splendour, a-riding in His chariot of the winds and speaking in that voice which is as the sound of many waters; and the great waves do lift up their heads on high for to catch sight o' the King of glory, and then fall down before Him, like as if they was hushed and awed at their Master's presence.

"And there's other times when the great King do seem to come again by the sea-side and sit down beside us all so brotherly; and it is like as if His coming makes everything so calm and peaceful, and so full of sunshine and glory. Then he doth open His mouth and teach us, turning the common things that we look at into all sorts of lovely lessons, and opening our eyes for to see the kingdom of God everywhere and in everything. Heaven itself will be a more wonderful place than I do think it can be, if ever the golden streets or the banks of the river do come to make me forget that spot down there to Widmouth Beach.

"Ah, master, it doth anybody good to think of it—that there is places down here 'pon our poor earth where it seemeth like as if the blessed Lord have left His footmark so that nothing can cover it up or hide it away. If ever I doubted that the Lord had really spoken to my soul, I should be quite sure of it again so soon as ever I caught sight of that bit of beach. It is all so fresh and full of blessedness now as it was the day it happened.

"It was like this. I had gone down there with the cart for to fetch a load of sand. I had filled the cart and then I sat down and got out my bit of dinner. I was lying down in the dry sand, just out of the wind a bit, with my heart all full of what I had found the night before, and the little maid's hymn a-running in my head all the time. And I thought about Simon too, and could see the dear old gentleman's finger still resting upon the words, '*so when they had dined.*' And I did long that the Lord Jesus would come again

and ask me if I loved Him, and let me look up in His face and tell Him all my heart.

"Then all of a sudden my eyes fell upon the track of the wheels that I had left across the sands, and all the horses' foot-marks and my own. And there was the pits I had made, and the rough places, and the sand I had spilt. I saw how that it had broken up all the smoothness of the beach, like as if I had a-spoiled it all, wherever I had gone. Then all of a sudden it came home to my heart and filled me—*crushed* me, like as if the cliff had fallen in upon me,—

"'There—that is how your life doth lie out beneath God's eye. There it is, all the story of it—how you came; where you went to; what you did. Ah, how you have spoiled all the beauty of it wherever you have a-set your foot! And you can't undo it—not so much as a word of it! To think of it, that every wish and the secretest thought should be like that, with Him looking down and reading it all!'

"And I couldn't cover it up—couldn't anyhow put it out of sight. It was like as if I never saw what sin was before; how real and how dreadful. Things that I had never thought about, not for being wrong and that I could excuse, all in a minute, there they were all so real and so black and terrible, sure 'nough. It was like as if the smooth and shining sea had all gone back and there now was the cruel black rocks, and the ghastly tokens of all the dreadful things that they had a-done. I seemed for to see how that God had made me for Himself, and now He was coming to try my life. And it was all out; all come short of His glory, as the Book saith. He put up His standard and measured me, and 't was all wrong. And yet that *He* should love *me*, and have given *Himself* for *me*. That made it hurt me dreadful. I bowed down before the Lord, and cried aloud."

For a minute or two the old man's eyes were closed, and his head bent in prayer. To us it was a relief to pause amidst the solemnity with which he spoke, and which it would be impossible to reproduce, especially in any written account. Presently he looked up, his eyes shining through the tears that had gathered in them. "Repentance is a blessed gift, master; and there is hardly another old friend that I shall miss in heaven so much as dear old Repentance. My mother-in-law I do call her, and her is like that for a good many reasons. But there—whether it is before a man is converted or whether 't is after, seeming to me that you must know something of the *love* of the blessed Lord before you do know much about repentance. When we do see Him whom we have pierced then we can mourn, and can't help it. 'T is true here too, as the old gentleman said,—'*He*' must begin it.'

"Well, while I was sitting there the tide had turned and the sea was coming in, middling and rough, I was not thinking about that or anything else, only about the sins of my life and

all the mischief they had done. Then all of a sudden I happened to look up, and there was a wave coming right in with the wind and away up over the sands; on it swept till it reached the place where I had been digging, and where all the tracks were biggest and deepest. Well, it came flowing right up over them; and when it went back again the place was all smoothed over—pits and wheelmarks and footprints were all gone—there was the shining sand all beautiful again. And after that wave there came another and another until in the very place where I had spoiled it all there in the wet, smooth sand I could see the reflection of the sky itself. Then in upon my heart there came the words like as if the Lord Himself had spoken them through me—*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.* All—no matter how deep or how many—all! Ah, the music there is in it, and the blessedness! He had made my life all clean and pure and beautiful again—cleansed from all sin—shining with the light of heaven. My heart was full—I could only look up in the blue sky overhead, like as if I was looking up into the face of my blessed Master, and say, *Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.* Love filled all my soul, and flowed over in tears of gladness and in words of praise.

“Then came the ending of it; and a lovely ending it was too. Ah, how many hundreds of times it has come to my mind! The tide crept up farther and farther till I had to get away from the place where I had been sitting. And as I stood up there I could see the great breakers going tumbling and roaring over the place where the pits had been dug, and the cart-tracks was thickest. Then in upon my soul there came the thought that made a glorious finish to it all—*Thou hast buried my sins in the depths of the sea.*”

MARCHING SONG.

THE future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow
Nought that abides in it,
Daunting us onward,
And solemn before us
Veiled the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent;
When earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error

Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,—
Heard are the sages,
The world's and the ages;
Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave to reward you
Work and despair not.

—Carlyle.

“JOTTINGS FROM JAIL.”*

MR. HORSLEY was chaplain to the Clerkenwell Prison or Middlesex House of Detention for ten years, his office terminating only owing to the disuse of the prison consequent upon the passing of the recent Prisons Act. He is known as one of the most prominent of those experts who combine the advocacy of temporary severity towards criminals with personal kindness to them, and judicious self-sacrificing efforts on their behalf when their punishment has been endured. In some respects his opportunities for observation have been unique, as he has come into constant contact, not merely with convicted prisoners but with persons whose trial has not been completed, and with convicts on their road to penal servitude. His experiences, therefore, are of peculiar value.

He recommends shorter and sharper sentences, the use of the “cat” for all crimes of violence, careful classification of offenders, rigorous separation of old jail-birds from those convicted for the first time, freer admission of voluntary religious workers, private personal supervision of criminals on their discharge, and the provision of laundries, workshops, and factories in which released prisoners could find at least temporary employment. He defends both police and warders from the charges of cruelty and tyranny so frequently brought against them. He admits, however, the disgraceful accommodation which is even now arranged for prisoners awaiting their trial. The law professes to treat every man as innocent until he is proved guilty; custom treats the accused, unless they are out on bail, as guilty until they are shown to be legally innocent.

The first of these “jottings” is entitled *An Autobiography of a Thief in Thieves’ Slang*. The autobiography itself, apart from the language in which it is expressed, is interesting chiefly because it shows how successful a clever, cautious, daring thief may be, what large sums he may become possessed of, how certain his “earnings” are to be spent in riotous living, and how sure detection and punishment are to overtake the most cunning and lucky sooner or later. To the philologist the slang

* *Jottings from Jail*. By the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., late and last chaplain of Her Majesty’s Prison, Clerkenwell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887. This article is reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

is provokingly attractive. It is a polyglot from almost all conceivable sources, but its basis is archaic Anglo-Saxon and Romany. Dr. Latham declared that "the thieves of London are the conservators of Anglo-Saxonisms." Some of the foreign terms have been adopted into the freer forms of ordinary English speech, *e.g.*, bamboozle, daddy, pal, mull, bosh, don. From the French *bouilli* we probably get the prison slang term "bull" for a ration of meat. Chat, thieves' slang for house, is obviously *chateau*. Steel, the familiar name for Coldbath-Fields Prison, is an appropriation and abbreviation of Bastille; and he who "does a tray" (serves three months' imprisonment) therein, borrows his word from our Gallican neighbours. So from the Italian we get *casa* for house, filly (*figlia*) for daughter, donny (*donna*) for woman, and omee (*uomo*) for man. The Spanish gives us *don*, which the Universities have not despised as a useful term. From Scotland we borrow duds, for clothes, and other words from the Hebrew and the German.

More puzzling is a species of rhyming slang, the actual phrases of which appear to have only a private circulation. It may be used in the hearing of those that have the key to it, and yet be perfectly unintelligible to all but those to whom it is addressed. Its principle is that "any word that rhymes with the one you mean to use is put in its place;" but it is generally made much more complicated than simple rhyming. "Come, cows and kisses, put the Battle of the Nile on your Barnet Fair, and a rogue and villain in your sky-rocket; call a flounder and dab with a tidy Charing-cross, and we'll go for a Bushey Park along the frog and toad into the live eels,"—being interpreted, means: "Come, missus, put a tile (hat) on your hair, and a shilling in your pocket; call a cab with a tidy horse, and we'll go for a lark along the road into the fields." Experts can transpose words with lightning speed. Mr. Horsley calls attention to the very significant fact that thieves' slang contains hardly a vestige of humour.

Amusing, saddening, hope-inspiring inscriptions may be copied in any number from the walls of the cells. Scribbling of this nature incurs heavy penalties, but it is altogether irrepressible. Often the writing expresses only the fact that such and such a person has occupied the cell; more often it states the crime and the punishment expected. The distinguishing adjectives, "Fatty Bill" and "Long Bill," applied to prisoners, evokes from the ex-chaplain the curious remark that tall or

stout persons are rarities amongst criminals. Frequently these mural inscriptions describe discontent with prison fare, and intolerable yearnings for beer and grog. But others intimate much higher emotions. Warnings against drink abound: "I advise you to keep away from bar; be a teatotler"; "Take my advice and keep from drink, for it has been the ruin of me; it will be a warning to me for life"; " $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whiskey brought me here—took the pledge for two years—renewable for ever."

Other inscriptions confess the folly of crime: "Take advice from a convict—Honesty is the best policy, my boys." To which exhortation another hand added: "Honesty is the best policy for a little while." "Ten days and ten years for a box of money with 9/7 in it"; "Harry, the painter from Strand, expects 6 months for 5 bob"; "When I get out I do intend My future life to try and mend, For sneaking's a game that does not pay; You are bound to get lagged, do what you may"; these and similar confessions urge the unprofitableness of crime; as does also the cynical: "You are a lot of fools to get in here, myself included." "The heart may break, yet may brokenly live on," has more than a touch of pathos about it. "It's no good crying, you have got to do it; then after you have done it, don't do it any more; I won't," strikes a manly note. How sad the record: "I was born in prison while my mother was doing a month for being drunk, and I expect to die in prison"! Alfred Jones penned: "Good by, Lucy dear, I'm parted from you for seven long years." With grim and too truthful humour, the next occupant of the cell subjoined: "If Lucy dear is like most gals, She'll give few sighs or moans, But soon will find among your pals Another Alfred Jones."

Several inscriptions are of a directly religious character: "Keep your sins ever before thee"; "Fear God and scorn the Devil, then you will not be here again;"; "Thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thee;"; "O Jesu, Thou art standing outside this fast-closed door!" "God help me! God help you!" "It's never too late to mend. God help us to do so! Amen." And perhaps most touching of all: "I was in prison, and ye visited me." A considerable portion of the criminal class seem absolutely ignorant of religious truth. Numbers have no idea of the Lord's Prayer, including a lad who had taken a first prize at a School-Board examination in religious knowledge. A convicted murderer implored the chaplain: "I should like to be converted if you could make it

convenient some day. No; I don't know what it is, but I have heard there is such a thing." Practically dualism is the creed of many: "The Devil was stronger than the Lord, and made me take them;" "The Almighty for Master, the Devil for servant," witnesses to this. A stolid fatalism enchains others, as: "I'd got to do it;" "We're none of us our own keepers;" "God won't call me before I get a turn."

Mr. Horsley urges earnestly that the Church should put forth more powerful and persistent efforts for the rescue of convicted criminals and for preventive work. He reminds us of the petition in the Litany that it might please God to "have mercy upon all prisoners and captives," and presses the duty of real and regular prayer for these unfortunates. We fear that he is right in his opinion that, while few subjects interest the general public more than prison-life, there are few of the guilty and miserable for whom less genuine prayer is offered than for the inhabitants of our jails and prisons. Our Methodist Bible and Prayer Union issues a *Calendar of Prayer*, in which almost all sorts and conditions of men have a place, especially the wicked and unhappy; but prisoners are unaccountably omitted. Yet the number in custody reaches a daily average of twenty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety-eight. One rejoices therefore to learn that the Established Church has its *Guild of SS. Paul and Silas*, a chief regulation of which is daily prayer for the population of our jails.

Prayer without work, however, availeth little. Many societies exist for the benefit of discharged prisoners and others, from which pecuniary and other aid can be obtained for them. Most of them suffer from insufficient funds, and they need to be supplemented by more elastic benevolence, that can bend itself to individual peculiarities. It is wonderful how small a sum—a few pounds, often a few shillings—judiciously applied—will place a discharged prisoner comparatively out of the reach of temptation and set him on the road to honesty and independence. Of course the Clerkenwell Chaplain selected his cases carefully, aiding mainly or wholly those concerning whom he had reason to believe that they truly intended to lead a new life. Nevertheless the reader is astonished at the small percentage of failure and ingratitude. Mr. Horsley complains bitterly of the apathy and selfishness of Christian people. One of the most serious difficulties in the way of the reformation of criminals arises from the unwillingness of employers of labour

and of domestic servants to employ a discharged prisoner. Perhaps our author makes scarcely sufficient allowance for the natural shrinking from association with such characters, and for the real danger of admitting them into factories, workshops and private houses. Still, his testimony that for years he has always had one or more ex-criminals in his household, and has suffered no loss in consequence, cannot but carry immense weight.

"Friendless and fallen"; the collocation, though so common, can never lose its pathos. But it is more sorrowful still to know that the fallen have much more favourable opportunity for recovery if they are friendless. When those released from Homes, Reformatories, jails, prisons, can be sent away from their relatives and so-called friends, a most encouraging proportion permanently leave the ranks of the lapsed. Of those who return "home," or to friends, a markedly smaller proportion forsake their evil ways.

"The drink" figures largely in Mr. Horsley's pages. He seldom or never writes "public-house," but always "public-house." He is inclined to ascribe a greater proportion of crime to drink than the judges and even temperance orators do. Statistics spread over many years demonstrate beyond all dispute the correctness of the canon: "Crime is æstival." The causes of this unexpected phenomenon has puzzled both experts and theorists. The former chaplain of Clerkenwell declares the reason to be, that in summer work and trade are brisker than in winter, money is more plentiful, more "drink" is consumed, and hence more crime is committed. He does not think that poverty is a frequent or prolific source of crime. Prosperous years show a decidedly higher number of charges and convictions than years of depression. On the same principle, Mr. Horsley accounts for the kindred fact that suicide and attempted suicide was always "æstival." In this connection he makes the rather remarkable statement that Roman Catholics are rarely guilty of this sin. He ascribes this immunity to "definite Eschatological teaching." The intimation deserves pondering. Mr. Horsley is decidedly of opinion that nothing avails so effectively to check suicide as the belief that neither existence nor responsibility end with the present life. We know that self-destruction was regarded almost as a virtue by Greeks and Romans, that it is viewed at any rate with indifference by modern heathens. Fashionable and sentimental as it

is to preach future retribution with bated breath and with numerous qualifications and deductions, the Gospel for fallen man cannot afford to dispense with clear and authoritative utterances concerning it. A very practical idea here obtrudes itself. When do the Romanists receive this "definite Eschatological teaching," the beneficial restraint of which they are seldom able to shake off? *In their childhood.* Both preachers and teachers might take the hint advantageously. Surely it is feasible to teach our boys and girls that "God is love," and yet that they must give an account of their actions to Him as Judge, and that unrepented sin and neglected salvation have eternal punitive consequences. The young far more frequently commit suicide than the middle-aged or old; and females more often than males.

The reference to religion reminds us of the chapter on *Atheism in Prison*. The ex-chaplain does not credit the Secularists' boast of the widespread and increasing acceptance of their doctrines by the lower classes. He considers that the apparent progress of secularism is due to political rather than religious motives. Many who crowd to hear atheistic lectures, read the *Freethinker*, and profess skepticism when things are going well with them, return to their old creed in time of trouble. Their secularism indeed is a mere synonym for discontent with the existing social order. For many reasons the test of formal religious profession in prison is delusive. The criminal registers enter a man as of "no religion" if he will not profess himself to be an Episcopalian, Romanist, Dissenter, or Jew. Yet, even so, the numbers in this mixed category are surprisingly small. Mr. Horsley gives us his "notes" on "the first twelve consecutive cases" of "no religion" entries which he finds in his private memoranda. No. 1 had some faint notion of what atheism means. He was a regular attendant at the Hall of Science. According to his own account, religion had been "crammed down his throat" when a boy, so he had turned from it in disgust. He rested his unbelief argumentatively upon the shallow sophism: "The Bible is contradictory, and the Bible is religion; what is there therefore if the Bible is untrue?" No. 2 called himself an atheist because he thought that atheism and insanity were identical. No. 3 alleged "the hypocrisy of Christians" as the ground of his atheism, but became penitent, and withdrew both the profession and the plea. No. 4 averred that "everything came from electricity;"

and was a thorough scamp. No. 5, aged nineteen, had "read all Bradlaugh's tracts," but found Paine's *Age of Reason* too dry. No. 6 was a renegade Jew whose "no religion" signified simply that he had not submitted to Christian Baptism, and was disowned by his own people. No. 7, an ex-schoolmaster, styled himself of "no religion" because he felt that he ought not to be called a Christian. Really he meant: "I am no more worthy to be called Thy son." Nos. 8 and 9 were really secularists; but they were acquainted only with the most frivolous objections to Christianity. No. 10 never called herself an atheist except when she was drunk or out of temper. No. 11 "had been to the Hall of Science, but did not like it." He is now a member of a Congregational church. No. 12 was an ignorant girl fifteen years old. Our author deems these fair specimens of the class as a whole. He draws the inference that theoretical atheism is much less common than is generally supposed. The information is worth recording.

Mr. Horsley delivers himself with some emphasis upon "The Legislative Treatment of Drunkards." The severest penalty that can be awarded for being "drunk and disorderly" is "forty shillings or a month," no matter how many times a prisoner may have been convicted of the same offence. Despite the shortness of each separate incarceration, men and women often spend the greater part of the year in jail as punishment for drunkenness. One woman had been convicted for this sin about four hundred times. With the consent of the Home Secretary, our author issued a circular to all prison chaplains inquiring whether, in their judgment, a more protracted imprisonment would tend to cure drunkenness, and whether confirmed drunkards should be allowed the option of a fine. The immense preponderance of opinion was affirmative on the first query, and negative on the second. A month is far too brief a period in which "to get the alcohol out of their bodies," and to teach habits of sobriety. The prisoners themselves frequently beg for longer seclusion as their one chance of obtaining mastery of the craving. Indeed, a short sentence and scanty food dispose the unfortunate dipsomaniac to indulge in his vice immediately upon his release from jail, and render his stomach and nerves less able to resist the maddening influence. One cannot but fancy that it would pay the State to establish institutions to which persons repeatedly convicted of drunkenness could be consigned on a magistrate's order, that remedial

measures might be tried on them either after, or in some instances as a substitute for, imprisonment with hard labour.

Now-a-days children convicted of crime are so seldom committed to prison, being sent to reformatories or industrial schools, that we need not dwell upon the extreme undesirability of the forsaken practice. It is a little startling to be told that premature marriages are a most prolific cause of suicide, violence and infanticide. This, however, seems to be the fact. Our author suggests that the clergy of the Established Church should refuse to perform the marriage ceremony for couples palpably too young to enter into the holy estate of matrimony. But can they legally take this course?

Two interesting essays on American and Canadian prisons furnish some food for reflection. To the surprise of most readers, they show that in the United States prison discipline is in some respects scarcely more judicious and efficient than it was in England in the days of John Howard. Canada comes considerably nearer to England in this matter. Nevertheless the United States may teach us one lesson concerning the treatment of criminals. The American Government permit quasi-private individuals to carry on an experiment which promises important results. At Elmira, convicted criminals are confined for an indefinite period. Their imprisonment may not last longer than the severest penal sentence for their fault would necessitate; but so soon as the authorities at Elmira are satisfied of the reformation of an offender, they may discharge him, at first on a ticket-of-leave, then, if expedient, fully. To earn this discharge, a prisoner must manifest habits of industry and self-control, and must be capable of providing for his own support by honest labour. Evidently this system offers inducements to good behaviour and reformation which no other can supply. The experiment has not been continued long enough for a decision upon its success or failure. The auguries are favourable, even though the training adopted recognizes religion after such a fashion as practically ignores it.

Our paupers and criminals cannot avoid comparing the work-house and the jail. The preference is nearly always given to the latter, so far as physical comfort is concerned. There is less tyranny, more kindly intercourse with the officers, more nourishing and better-prepared food in the jail. Our author fully endorses this complaint. It may well be that few enter the "house" save through their own negligence or folly, but

certainly poverty ought not to be dealt with less favourably than crime.

"Why are our prisons failures?" asks Mr. Horsley. He lays down four principles which should guide the infliction of punishment. Altering his putting of them slightly in order to bring them into yet nearer accord with our own views, they are: (1) Actual penal infliction upon the guilty; (2) Deterrent effect upon the individual punished and upon others by way of example; (3) The reformation of the criminal; (4) The protection of the State against the mischief an unreformed criminal would work, if released. One or other of these principles is nearly always left out of sight. It may be difficult to combine them; it should not be impossible. None but an acknowledged authority dare speak such words as these: "Real punishment is non-existent, save for some in some prisons where the treadmill exists. 'Hard labour' is such that no prisoner could get a good living outside if he did not work harder. . . . You give little safety to the State, as criminals are discharged simply because they have 'done their time,' and are set free to injure the community, with the full knowledge that they mean to do nothing else. . . . You don't protect us; you don't deter them. Of course the reference is to jails, not to convict-prisons.

"UNTIL HE FIND IT."

BY MISS H. L. KEYES.

"How long, O thou Shepherd, hast kept for Thy sheep
This watch it avails Thee so little to keep?
Return from the vigil, Thy sandals unbind."
But the Shepherd made answer, "I seek till I find."

"O Love unrequited! one sign Thou art faint,
One look to Thine angels, one word of complaint,
Thou art free from the task which Thyself hast assigned."
But the Shepherd made answer, "I seek till I find."

Sad heart! hast committed thy quest to the care
Of One who is able such burdens to bear?
The name thou hast breathed on His bosom He binds;
He will not be weary,—He seeks till He finds.

Do thou, undiscouraged, His coming await;
Be ready to welcome Him, early or late;
So learn of His patience, and copy His mind,
That thou, like thy Master, shalt seek till thou find.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IX.—IN THE SHADOW.

ELEANOR was disappointed but not discouraged; the road was still open—she was determined to try again, and only from Anthony's own lips take a final dismissal from his heart and home. But the next day there was a driving rain-storm, and the weather was wet and cold and blustery for a whole week. And before the common was passable, Anthony went to his uncle's, and Martha heard in the village that Squire Bashpoole and his wife and daughter were going to Italy in his company.

"It is too late," she said bitterly,—*"too late, Martha. Oh, what shall I do?"*

"I'd ride over to Squire Bashpoole's, and ask plain out-and-out to see my husband if I were you, Mistress Aske."

"I can't do that, Martha. If he refused before Jane Bashpoole, I think it would kill me."

"You be full o' pride yet, ma'am. Can't you write a letter, then?"

"Yes, I can do that. But if it goes to Bashpoole Manor House, they will never give him it."

"Nay-a! nay-a! Gentlefolks wouldn't do a thing like that! Then send it to Aske Hall; I'll warrant he'll go back there before he leaves England, if it only be for an hour or two.

This plan appeared to Eleanor the best. She wrote a few penitent lines, and asked her husband to come and see her and to bring her forgiveness with him. She addressed her letter to Aske Hall, and Mrs. Parsons, the house-keeper, took it from the post. She knew the handwriting, and she guessed the contents referred to a reconciliation, "which isn't agreeable, nor what is expected or wished for," she commented. "Master is gone—or as good as gone—for all the year; and iverything arranged comfortable for servants at the hall, and missis can be done vary well without. It's not a Botany Bay affair to put t' letter in his room, where he can see it if he looks round for it; and it isn't imprisonment for life to forget to tell him about it." So, without a word, she took the unfortunate petition to a parlour Anthony seldom used, and put it behind a large china vase on the chimney-piece.

As Eleanor expected, Anthony made a final visit to the Hall, but he never saw her note, and Mrs. Parsons never remembered to point it out to him. And to the anxious wife the weary hours of watching and waiting went over as if there was lead

in every minute of them. But in four days the suspense was over. She saw the departure of her husband and his uncle's family in the weekly paper, and she realized, as she had never done before, how truly forsaken she was. Love, anger, and jealousy drove her to the very verge of fever; but fortunately her misery ran into motion; she found relief in long, physically exhausting walks, and oblivion in the deep dreamless sleeps that followed them.

In this way the first cruel suffering of her wounded heart was dulled and soothed; and as the summer advanced she was more and more alone with Nature. One day she was coming through a beautiful strip of woods, and she heard some person singing. It was a man's voice, but so clear and joyful, and so full of rich melody, that she could not but listen, and follow its merry strains. On the brink of a little dripping spring, half hid in a superb growth of purple foxglove, she found the singer. He was lying among the flowers, with his hands clasped above his head; but, as Eleanor approached he raised himself upon his elbow, and said, "A good afternoon to thee, Mistress Aske."

She looked at him and all fear left her. The face was white and thin, but as candid as a child's; and though his clothes were ragged, and he was nearly barefoot, he did not seem to have any sense of his poverty, or any intention of asking alms.

"I see you know me," said Eleanor; "but I do not remember you."

"Nay, I dare say not. I hev worked for thy father, though, iver since I were a lad big enough to wind a bobbin—thet is, when I could frame mysen to work at all. But I often wish I were a flower like one of these big bells; they neither toil nor spin, but there's varry few men and women that are gay and happy as they are."

"You sing as if you were happy."

"Nay, I'm not happy. I could be, if I didn't hev to work and think. But I've got a wife and some litle childer, and I can't pick up a meal for 'em as them blackbirds do, in ivery one's field and garden."

"Dear me! I thought from your voice that I had found one happy heart. Everybody I meet is in trouble of some kind."

"Ay, I know. Thou hes thy own sorrow, too. I know all about it, and I think little of a man that can't forgive a wife like thee. Why-a! My wife hes forgiven me hundreds o' times; and she's a bit of a Tartar, too."

"What is your name? Have I ever known your wife?"

"My name is Steve Benson. Happen ta hes heard tell o' my sister Sarah?"

"No, I think not."

"Nor of Joyce Benson?"

"No."

"No, that's likely enough. Master Burley isn't one to talk about his 'hands,' or his business. He hes hed 'a sight o' trouble lately."

"Yes. Can I do anything for you?"

"Ay, if ta could spare a shilling. I'm going home when t' sun sets, and it would make it easier to do. Here's a bonny lot of ferns. I'll give them to thee and welcome."

"Thank you, Steve Benson, and here is half a crown. I think you are what wise men call a philosopher. I have got half a crown's worth from you." She put the coin into his out-stretched brown palm, and took the nodding ferns and a great handful of bluebells he gave her, and went on her way, wonderfully cheered.

After this she met Steve on the common, or in the wood, several times; and she made a point of carrying a piece of money in her pocket for him. Steve interested her, and she regretted that her means were too small to effectually aid him. Perhaps it was because he so frankly confessed his faults.

"You see, Mistress Aske," he said, "there hes been a great mistake somewhere in my life. I'm on a wrong road, and I feel it ivery hour of ivery day. Well, then, what is t' good o' me working and tewing, for I'll niver be able to make wrong come right? I just try to get all t' happiness I can. When t' weather is bad I go to t' mill and I earn a bit o' brass. When t' sun is shining, and t' birds are singing, and th' flowers blowing, and iverything is happy and bonny, I go and tak my share o' t' pleasure with 'em."

"You are what people call 'lazy,' Steve."

"Ay, I am. An hour ago I saw half a dozen men mending t' road down yonder. There were half a dozen crows in a tree watching them, and you niver heard such a mockery as t' birds made o' t' work. But they cawed a civil 'good morning' to me. They knew I had sense enough to enjoy t' sunshine and all t' other good things thet could be hed without spending a penny for them."

"I am afraid you are a foolish fellow, Steve."

"Ay, I dare say. Most folks will tell you so."

"And if you have a wife and children I think you are really doing wrong."

"I about know I am doing wrong. But I can't bide t' heat of t' mill—it gives me a headache—and t' smell of t' wool and t' oil is fair sickening. Sunshine and t' woods are varry much healthier; and then, I may tell thee, t' wife hes her tantrums pretty often. Nature is a deal easier to live wi' than Joyce, poor lass! Human beings are trying, mostly, Mistress Aske."

It was after this conversation Eleanor first spoke to her father about Steve. Jonathan listened with some interest to her description of this lazy lover of Nature.

"He's right enough, Eleanor," he answered; "there has been a mistake somewhere in his life: he's a good lad in a way, and yet he can do good to nobody, not even to himsen. But for that matter, there has been a mistake in thy life. And happen thou aren't doing a bit better with it than he is. Wand'ring about t' woods and wolds won't put wrong right. I niver heard tell or found out yet of any salvation coming that way. A spoiled life will hev to look a bit higher than Nature."

"Steve says you are the best of good masters to him. He says, 'Master Burley pays me all I earn, and he niver casts up my faults to me.'"

"Happen I hev a good reason for being patient with t' poor lad. I hev a Master, too, Eleanor; and I hev tried His patience above a bit these last three years or more."

"I know, father. I have brought sorrow and care and loss without end on you."

"Ay, thou hes! That is t' truth, and there's no use covering it up with a lie or a compliment. But I think a deal worse of mysen than I do of thee. I hed spoiled thee to begin wi'. I was nearly forty years older than thou wert. I knew t' world and thou didn't. I'll go deep down to the bottom o' my heart, and say, I was a bit jealous o' Aske mysen, and t' quarrel was smould'ring in my own soul, or I wouldn't hev been so ready to lift thy quarrel."

"Late as it is, can we not put an end to the trouble? I will go back to Anthony and ask him to forgive me, and try and do my duty pleasantly for the future."

"Nay, thou won't. If ta turns traitor to me now, thou wilt be a mean-hearted lass. Aske may ruin me as far as brass is concerned; but if I hev his wife, I can still snap my fingers o'er him. Nay, nay, thou must stand by me now! It would be t' cruellest blow of all if thou should leave me after I had spent the last shilling I hev in thy quarrel."

"Is it as bad as that, father?"

"It's coming to it. But I'll fight him as long as iver I can. If he is Yorkshire, so am I. I won't give in as long as I can hit back. And when he's got all my money, and ruined my business, and turned me out of my home, I can still crow over him, if he hesn't got thee."

"I do not believe Anthony wants me."

"Doesn't he? Ay, but he does! Thou art what he is fighting for. He thinks when he hes driven thee out o' thy fine home, and me to day's work, thou wilt be glad to turn thy back on me."

"Never! I'd never, never do that."

The tears trembled in Jonathan's eyes, and his lips quivered as he spoke. Eleanor bent forward and took his hands in hers, and kissed them, and said solemnly, once more, "I would never, never do that, father."

But the conversation made her very miserable. It was quite evident from it that Jonathan neither expected nor desired a compromise, and that any reconciliation she made with her husband would be repudiated by him; for, in spite of what he had said to his daughter about his utter ruin, he still believed in his case, and felt certain of success if he could only "keep going" for a few months longer. But, oh! the misery of the law's delay! The fears and hopes and doubts that broke that long summer to pieces left traces on both Jonathan and Eleanor that no future years ever quite effaced.

Towards the end of December, when the crisis of Jonathan's affairs was approaching, he became strangely calm. The mood was so obvious, even to himself, that he could not help speaking to Ben Holden about it.

And Ben, always sympathetic, heartily rejoiced in it. "Thou art full of human nature, Jonathan," he replied; "and human nature is about t' same thing as iver it was. T' disciples were just like thee. They toiled and they tewed all night long in t' storm, and when they were beat out, then they woke up t' Christ, and were willing He should do for 'em what they couldn't do for theirsens."

"Well, I think a deal better of t' disciples for it. We've got a right to try and help oursens, Ben. When you set a new hand to a job of work, you'd think little of him if he didn't do all and iver he could do before he came to thee and said, 'Master, I'm fair beat wi' t' job. I hev got the threads all tangled up, and I want thee to put 'em right for me.' Now, I'm none ashamed to go to God and tell Him, 'I hev done all I can. I can do no more. Thou undertake my enemy for me.'"

"And will ta do whatever He tells thee to do?"

"Ay, will I."

"Well, I believe thee, Jonathan."

God giveth his beloved *in* their sleep. Surely some swift and subtle intelligence visited Jonathan one night in the Christmas week. His affairs had not apparently changed in any way for the better, yet he rose in a restful, passive mood, feeling only the patient care of a submissive heart. Softly as a chidden yet forgiven child he dressed himself, facing, as he did so, the consequences of his rash, self-willed temper.

For the very first time it struck him consciously that others would suffer in his ruin quite as much as himself. How hard it would be for the daintily reared Eleanor to bear the limitations of actual, bare, cramping poverty. And Sarah! And all the "hands," to whom he had ever been a just and kind mas-

ter! He remembered this morning that the closing of Burley's Mill would mean, to most of them, the breaking up of their homes, and perhaps the scattering of their effects, the separation of families, and the beginning of new lives in unknown places and among strange people. These thoughts made him speak with a singular tenderness to his daughter, and he saw the tears come into her eyes with happy surprise at it.

The day was a cold winter day, and the whole country white and spectral with unbroken snow. The farm-houses and the scattered mills rose up from it dark and well-defined, like islands in a spellbound sea. In some way it seemed exactly to fit his mood, and he walked to the mill that morning wondering at the subdued, resigned influence that swayed him.

Ben Holden met him at the gates, and said something to him about the machinery in the lower weaving-room. He went with him and examined it, and then slowly ascended to the upper shed. He had not been in it for weeks. One-half of the looms were idle, but Sarah Benson was in her old place.

He had avoided her—consciously avoided her lately, not that he loved her less, but because in the gathering difficulties of his life, any happy termination to his love seemed so impossible. But he looked at her steadily and inquiringly this morning. Her lips quivered, and she returned the glance with one of infinite sorrow and sympathy. Steve was not in his place. Their eyes met again over his empty loom, and Sarah dropped hers with a sigh. Jonathan could no longer be silent. He stood near her and asked, "How is ta, dear lass?"

"I'm well, master."

But Jonathan felt a keen pang at the words. For her face was white and wasted. There were dark, heavy rings round her eyes, and the eyes themselves were wells of sorrow. For when the weird is very long, and the cup very bitter, it always leaves a permanent shadow in the eyes. It was hard work to pass her without another word, but Jonathan did it.

About the middle of the day Ben Holden came to him, and said, "I hev just heard that Aske is home again."

"Varry well. Let him come. He can only hurt me as far as he's let hurt me."

"And after a', Jonathan, what's t' good o' worriting thysen to death about such trash as looms and money?"

"There is a good deal o' use in it, Ben. Job didn't call God's gifts 'trash.' He didn't tell himsen that it was a good thing when his riches were taken away from him. The Eternal hed given, and it was a gift; He hed taken away, and it was a loss. And I want thee to notice in particular, that it wasn't his poverty nor his ulcers that made Job angry. It was t' exasperating advices and condolences o' his friends. Now it isn't my losses—I'm none afeared to work—it's my friends and

my neighbours, and the things they'll hev to say, that bothers me."

"Well, if ta holds thy peace, they'll soon get tired of talking. Wi' silence you can plague t' devil. I hev done it."

"I'd a deal rather talk up to him. Sarah Benson is looking vary badly; does ta know how Steve is getting on?"

"He's not getting on at all. Sarah hes Steve's fami'ly to find for, in t' main. As for Steve, he works an hour or two now and then; but he's far more like a gypsy than a Christian. He's never happy but when he's away to the sea-side or to t' moors. Joyce is niver well. There are two children now, and poor Sarah hes to keep things together, or they'd be in t' work-house. She's fair worn out, poor lass!"

"God help her! I see that."

"Thou looks more like thysen, Jonathan, than I have seen thee for a long while. Hes ta any good news?"

"Ay, I think I hev. I got a letter from my old uncle Shuttleworth half an hour ago. He says he hes just heard from a friend o' mine of t' fight I am having with Aske. And he says he isn't a bit too old to hev a hand in it, and he's going to hev fair play for me, if money can get it. So I'm going oover to Keighley to see him this afternoon. Shuttleworth hes a mint o' brass, and I'll give Aske another tussle, with his help."

"Is it any use, Jonathan?"

"Ay, is it. I won't give up now. Truth and oil are bound to come to t' top."

"Is it worth it?"

"It is worth it to me. I'm not Ben Holden. Thou cares so little for this world that there would be no risk in t' devil taking thee up into a high mountain, and showing thee all t' kingdoms of t' world. And I'm in t' right. That's where it is. I know I am, and I'm going to fight for my right to t' last shilling I can lawfully get. Shuttleworth hes offered to help me. It's a fair wonder. He never gave me a penny in his life; no, nor anybody else one. He's seventy-five years old, and he's keen to fight Aske oover again, if needs be. I'm going to see him this afternoon, and I'll stay at Keighley till iverything is settled."

"Does ta know when ta will be back? I want to go to Otley this Christmas feast to see my sister."

"I won't be back before Christmas-eve."

"Am I to give t' hands their extra pay this Christmas? Can ta afford it?"

"Ay, I feel as if I could afford them all they have iver had, and a shilling more. Don't make it a penny less, and tell them. I wish 'em all 'A Merry Christmas and a Good New Year.'"

CHAPTER X.—THE HAND THAT TURNS BACK.

Keighley was then a pretty Yorkshire town surrounded by sylvan scenery, and with few premonitions of the factory and furnace smoke that was in the future to make it rich. It was nearly dark when Burley reached it; but Jonas Shuttleworth was a famous man in Keighley, and his residence was easily found. It was one of a long row of small white cottages, and when Jonathan knocked with his hand upon the door, a strong querulous voice called out, "If ta is Jonathan Burley, come in."

The two men had never seen each other before, and the elder one looked at his visitor with sharp but not unkindly eyes. "So thou art my nephew Jonathan. Why, thou looks varry near as old as I am! Come thy ways in to t' fire, and sit thee down; thou's welcome. I thought thou'd be here, and I hev waited tea a bit for thee."

He was a thin, rosy-cheeked old man, with eyes as quick and bright as a ferret's, and plenty of money wrinkles round them; very tall, but remarkably erect; and even when quiet, giving an idea of extreme pugnaciousness. He wore a rather shabby corduroy suit and a scarlet nightcap, and on Jonathan's entrance rose, pipe in hand, to welcome him.

The tea was quickly placed upon a small round table between them, and without any preliminaries the subject of Burley's troubles introduced. "I hev heard a good deal," said Shuttleworth, "but I want to hear it all from thy own lips. Tell me t' whole truth just as if I was thy lawyer, and don't thee be afraid to let out any bit o' meanness thou hes been forced to do—I'm none too clean-handed mysen."

The subject was one on which Jonathan always waxed eloquent. He described his mill, his house, and his beautiful daughter enthusiastically. He told of her courtship by Squire Aske, of his pride in the connection, and of the handsome settlement he had made on the bride. He did not entirely justify Eleanor in the matrimonial disputes which had followed her marriage, but he excused her largely because of her youth and high spirit, and because also of her nascent jealousy of Jane Bashpoole. Then, with kindling anger he described her return home, the stand he had taken in the quarrel, and Aske's quiet, persistent, iniquitous revenge.

Before he had done, the elder man was on fire. He had put his pipe down, and with his arms laid across the table, was listening with ill-suppressed passion to Jonathan. "My word!" he cried, when the story was finished—"my word! but we'll give 'em enough of it! I like t' little lass for heving such a spirit. I'd like to thrash Aske for putting a finger on her. If I was nobbut a young man I'd do it. But I hev'n't done with

them. I can meet him with t' English law, and thou ask Mat-
 thew Rhodes what he thinks of fighting Jonas Shuttleworth
 that way. But I'll tell thee, Jonathan, what I'm going to do in
 t' morning. We have another hour to-night, and I'll spend that
 in getting to know thee."

With these words he dropped the subject of the lawsuit
 entirely, and manifested an almost childish curiosity about
 Eleanor's appearance, her dresses, her entertainments at Aske
 Hall, her presentation at court, and her acquaintance with great
 people. If Jonathan had not first seen the other side of his
 uncle's character, he would almost have despised him for his
 womanish curiosity about such small things.

In the morning, however, Jonas Shuttleworth was a very
 different man. Before Burley had finished his breakfast he was
 at his hotel. "Ay," he said, in answer to Burley's invitation—
 "ay, I'll have a cup o' coffee; eating and drinking helps talk-
 ing. I think I hev got t' hang o' thy affairs now, and I'll tell
 thee what we'll do. First, about thy mill—how many looms
 hes ta idle!"

"Eight hundred."

"Set 'em going at once."

"It will take a deal o' money to do that."

"I'll be bound for it. I'll hev to do summat wi' my brass.
 I was thinking o' sending it to t' Fejees and t' Africans; but
 happen it will be just as good a thing to keep five hundred
 Yorkshire lasses at work in their own village. It's a bad thing
 when mill hands hev to run here and there for work. Home's
 a full cup, Jonathan."

"You're right, Shuttleworth; and God knows I'll be glad
 and grateful to see ivery shuttle flying again and to watch t'
 old crowd in and out of t' gates, morning and night. I will
 that!"

"As to Bashpoole lot, I hev an old spite at them. Squire
 Bashpoole and me hes been tooth and nail at it three times, and
 I hev licked him ivery time—*wi' damages!* I'm going to please
 mysen about him and his family. Dost ta know them big gates
 at t' entrance of his park, Jonathan?"

"Ay, I hev seen 'em."

"And thou remembers that little mill village round Long-
 bottom's factory that straggles right up to 'em?"

"I think I do."

"I own t' most o' them cottages; and I own that strip o'
 sandy, frowsy land running above them, in a line wi' the high
 wall Bashpoole built to shut his own park in. He said t' fac-
 tory lads and lasses got oover the pailings and walked among his
 beeches, and he didn't like it. So he built 'em out. Well, on
 that strip o' sandy land I am going to put up a soap factory.
 There's plenty o' wool mills round, and soap is a sure thing;

and though he can build lads and lasses out, he can't build a smell out."

Jonathan burst into a hearty laugh. "You'll be indicted for a nuisance," he said.

"Ay, I will. I'll like that. I'm out of a lawsuit of any kind now. I hev had twenty-four, my lad, and *won them all!* T' tenants in them cottages are mostly my tenants. I can make t' rents that comfortable they wouldn't smell a brimstone factory—and, ta knows, they are well used to bad smell with t' boiling wool in t' mills. Bashpoole will swear it's a nuisance; varry good, there's fifty o' my tenants—closer to t' nuisance than he is—will swear it isn't. Bashpoole is a varry parnickaty, fussy old gentleman. That soap factory will bring him to his senses, if anything will. I'll teach him to meddle wi' my bonny grandniece, and to hev his high-flying, fox-hunting daughter travelling round t' world wi' my niece's husband. He'll hev to come and see me in t' end about that soap-boiling, and then I'll tell him plainly, 'Tit for tat, squire. Your nephew built a lock to annoy my nephew.' If there's anything I call a satisfactory payment, Burley, it is paying a man in his own coin. Now, then, when does ta expect the verdict about thy case?"

"Soon after the New Year."

"I'm impatient for it. If it isn't a fair one, we won't hev it at any price. We'll fight the whole case oover. We'll take it to t' Lords and Commons before we'll be beat. My word, Jonathan! I'd like thee to see Matthew Rhodes' face to-morrow when I tell him I'm going to tackle Aske."

"Will ta see Rhodes to-morrow?"

"Ay; I hev a varry gratifying bit o' business with him. He hes some money to pay me in a case I won last week—only a right o' way, that one o' his clients robbed me of. I didn't want it, but I wouldn't hev it taken without leave or license; and it's turned out to be worth two hundred pounds and expenses. I'm going to see Rhodes to-morrow, and get t' little bit o' brass."

"I'll go with thee if ta likes."

"I'd like nothing better."

Certainly Jonas Shuttleworth looked as if the business pleased him. He was as cheery and chirrupy as if he were going to a bridal, and an apparently irrepressible smile lingered about his puckered mouth all the way to Leeds. Rhodes met him with a grim, watchful courtesy, and was evidently surprised to see Jonathan Burley with him.

The money was silently paid over, and Shuttleworth, having carefully tied it up in a buckskin bag, said, "There is some pleasure in fighting thee, Rhodes. Thou art no fool. I'm right glad thou art Anthony Aske's lawyer, for now thee and me are going to hev it hot and heavy!"

"Sir?"

"I say, as thou art Aske's lawyer, thee and me are in for t' biggest fight thou iver had."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Shuttleworth."

"Well, I'll mek mysen clear enough before I've done. Aske and thee are two of as big rascals as Yorkshire owns; but I'm not going to see you rogue my nephew any longer."

"I am somewhat accustomed to your adjectives, Mr. Shuttleworth; still, I would advise you that to call a man a 'rascal' is actionable."

"Keep thy advice until I think it worth paying for; or make an action of t' word 'rascal' if ta wants to. Dost ta think that any jury in t' West Riding is going to fine me for telling thee a bit o' truth? Thou art too well known round here to get a farthing o' damages, Rhodes. And thou wilt hev enough to do just now to defend thy client against me and my nephew."

"Mr. Shuttleworth, I have paid you all the law allowed, and my business is done with you. Good-morning."

"Stop a bit. My business isn't done with thee, and that is what I'm staying for. Dost ta think anybody stops a minute longer in thy spider's parlour than they can help? I hev come to tell thee that Jonathan Burley is my nephew, my sister's lad, and that I am going to fight his quarrel for him."

Rhodes looked quickly up. He was astonished and dismayed; but he controlled himself wonderfully, and answered, with apparent indifference, "I congratulate Mr. Burley on his champion. It is a pity, Shuttleworth, that you did not come forward before your nephew was ruined."

"Speak about what thou knows. My nephew ruined! Not he! He'll hev time now to run ivery loom in his mill, for I'm going to look after t' lawyers for him. And I want thee to understand I wasn't fool enough to come up wi' my help in t' beginning of t' battle. I was waiting till Aske's bank account was overdrawn. Now, tell him he hes got the whole quarrel to fight oover again, if t' verdict don't suit us. I'm quite ready for it. I've hed my say now, and so I'll bid thee good-morning."

Eleanor was in a mood of peculiar sadness. Her father had not told her of Shuttleworth's letter, and she thought it very likely that this would be her last Christmas in Burley House. And never, in all her memories of the festival, had Christmas-eve seemed so little like it. No one, this year, had thought it worth while to gather holly and haw, or to hang up the pleasant mistletoe branch. A little extra cooking seemed to be the one idea of Christmas left in their sad house; and to Eleanor's mind there was nothing festive in that rite.

In the afternoon she went out, to walk off the melancholy that oppressed her. Her usual walk was in a little lane that

skirted the back of the house, and led directly over the common to Aske Hall. It was the road she had taken that unfortunate night, when she made her unsuccessful effort to see her husband. The misery of that long, dark walk, the sight of the handsome, angry face of the man she still loved, the apparent hopelessness of all reconciliation, made it always a sorrowful way to her. For since her last conversation with her father, she understood plainly that he would regard any advance towards her husband as a deep and cruel wrong to himself. She was in a sore strait, and she felt utterly unable to do anything in it but endure and wait.

In the cold, gray afternoon she walked rapidly, folding her long black cloak tight around her, to protect herself from the keen air. She was not thinking of any grief in particular; it was only *Anthony! Anthony!* that ran like the echo of some mournful cry through her heart. At that moment Anthony was passing Burley House. Perhaps some hope of seeing his wife had led him to take that road. Perhaps he had chosen it simply because it was a mile or two shorter.

In time, we forgive even those whom we have injured. His proud heart felt a pang as he passed the little garden wicket, where Eleanor, in the first bloom of her fresh loveliness and love, had so often stood watching his arrival and departure. The lonely look of the big dwelling also touched him. He slackened his rein, and rode onward, full of regretful thoughts. At a sudden turning a few yards before him he saw a woman approaching. Her head was dropped, she was dressed in black, in the chill winter twilight she had an inexpressible air of pathetic and yet proud sadness.

Oh, how well he knew her! It was his Eleanor! his wife! The woman still tenderly beloved. A perfect tempest was in his heart. If he had been strong enough he would have lifted her to his saddle, and carried her back to his home. He could not determine whether to stop and speak to her, or to pass her by unless she spoke to him; and while he was trying to decide, he found himself close to her.

Then Eleanor looked up and recognized the proud, handsome face, gazing so intently into hers. Alas! in the shock and surprise she did not see the tender longing, the unspoken invitation that made it almost luminous. She stood still a moment, trembling violently, but speech entirely forsook her; and possessed she knew not by what fear, she hurried on. Then she heard his horse's hoofs in a mad gallop, and every beat of them seemed to be upon her heart. Love, longing, shame, sorrow, tossed her on a sea of passionate regret.

"Oh, if she could retrace the evil road! Oh, if Anthony could ever again be the lover-husband of the old happy days! Why had she not spoken to him? Why had she not held his

bridal-reins and made him listen to her? Oh, how foolish, how cowardly, she had been. And Anthony would think her still proud and unforgiving and unrepentant. Oh, what a miserable wife she was;" and thus murmuring broken laments, and prayers of contrition, and implorations for pardon and comfort, she went rapidly, and almost unconsciously, along the frozen road.

At the same hour, Jonathan was driving homeward in an unusually happy mood, and as he crossed the lonely moor he was singing his favourite hymn for company :

"Though trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground,
Yet ills on ills, by Heaven's decree,
In man's estate are found.

"As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.

"But with my God I leave my cause,
From Him I seek relief;
To Him in confidence of prayer,
Unbosom all my grief.

"Unnumbered are His wondrous works,
Unsearchable His ways;
'Tis His the mourning soul to cheer,
The bow'd-down head to raise."

He went over and over the verses, trying to make them fit—first to one tune he liked, and then another. Not far from Aske Hall he saw two men leap over the wall and disappear. He called to them to come and clean the balled snow out of his horse's feet, but they paid no attention to his request. The circumstance, though a trivial one, impressed him unpleasantly. The spirit of song was gone—he was suddenly watchful and expectant. He turned in his gig and looked all around. The snow was so white that darker objects easily attracted attention, and Burley noticed a horse, restless and rearing.

"That horse must be tied," he argued. "If it was restless and loose, it wouldn't remain in t' same place."

He drove near to it, alighted and examined the creature. It was a fine mare, expensively caparisoned, and some one had fastened her securely to the stone wall. He had instantly an impression that the animal was Aske's, and he connected its peculiar situation with the flight of the two men who had refused to answer his call.

"There's something wrong here!" he muttered. "I wonder if Aske hes gotten hurt, or if he's been robbed!" He stood

still and thought a few moments. "If he hes, it's none of my affair. He deserves all and more than he'll get in this world, I'm sure. I might call at t' Hall and tell them about it, though; and happen, it might be some stranger going to Aske for t' Christmas holidays: I mebbe ought to look round a bit."

He was walking slowly along the stone fence as these thoughts passed through his mind, and he had not gone fifty yards when he saw the white, upturned face of an apparently dead man.

"*Why—a—it's 'Aske!*"

He shook all over. For a moment a fierce joy thrilled him from head to foot; the next one he was stooping over his prostrate foe and asking, "Does ta know me?"

"Water!" gasped Aske.

"Ay, I'll get it for thee."

There is always running water by a stone fence on a Yorkshire moor, and Burley knew, though it was silent under its coat of ice, it was there. But what should he bring it in? He was a man good in emergencies, and he took out his watch, broke off the case, and filled it again and again with precious mouthfuls for the perishing man.

"Don't leave me to die, Burley. I—will—give—up—the—suit!" whispered Aske. "Save me, Burley."

"Not for the biggest bill of damages iver given."

"I'll—give—up—the—mill, too."

"Not for t' mill, nor for all thou hast. But it's Christmas-eve, and for Christ's sake I'll save thee if I can. My gig is close by, and I'm going to lift thee into it. Bear up as well as ta can."

But with the first movement Aske became insensible, and Jonathan discovered that his head was bleeding profusely. He bound it with his own handkerchief as tightly as possible; then with his pocket-knife he cut loose Aske's horse. "It will let them know there's summat wrong, and fetch help, happen."

Then he brought his gig as close as possible to Aske, and lifted the insensible man into it. The body of the vehicle was too small to allow Aske to be laid across it, but he supported him against himself, keeping his left arm around him, and holding the reins with the right. He drove as rapidly as possible, and near the Hall gates met some grooms from the stables, who had been alarmed by the return of the riderless horse. Two of them remained to assist Burley with the wounded squire, the rest were sent in every direction in search of any medical aid that could be found.

The force by which a man throws a good action out of him is invisible and mystical, like that which makes trees blossom and fruit, and Jonathan, in the pitiful, holy work of saving

life, had never once remembered that it was the life of his bitterest enemy. Not until he was alone again did he take notice of his blood-stained hand and clothes, and recollect, with a shudder, whose blood it was.

Oh, if he had been thus stained with taking life instead of sparing it! For one awful moment he had a revelation of a murderer's terror and remorse; the next his heart rose in a wave of gratitude that found expression in a fervent, audible "Thank God! thank God!" And all the way home he was ejaculating, "It might have been! But for His mercy! God forgive me! God forgive me!"

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
 Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
 Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day;
 Coward, arise; go forth thy way!

Lonely! and what of that?
 Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
 To feel a heart responsive rise and fall
 To blend another life into its own.
 Work may be done in loneliness: work on!

Dark! well, and what of that?
 Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
 Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
 Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight.
 Thy steps will guided be and guided right.

Hard! well, and what of that?
 Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
 With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
 Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die,
 It must be learned. Learn it, then, patiently.

No help! nay, 'tis not so,
 Though human help be far, thy God is nigh;
 Who feeds the raven hears His children cry.
 He's near thee whereso'er thy footsteps roam,
 And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

THE SHADY SIDE OF A PREACHER'S LIFE:

SHADOWS CAST BY IMPOSTORS.

BY THE REV. OWEN DAVIES.

I HOPE I shall not be thought regardless of professional secrets, or, like De Quincey, a little too free in my confessions, if I say that preachers are more frequently imposed on than any men in the whole family of man. This fact is really attributable to their fellow-feeling and benevolence, although it looks, at first sight, like evidence of a simplicity akin to weakness. The Vicar of Wakefield, when his resources were in a state of painful tenuity, could not refuse the contents of his purse to the stranger who poured into his listening ear a tale of need; and most preachers, like Dr. Primrose, have given from their little store to the apparently needy without subjecting them to the ordeal of a severe cross-examination. That our charity is often misapplied, and that we are often "taken in," cannot admit of question. The obtrusive people who breathe an anxious desire to help us to live up to our belief in the doctrine of systematic giving, are not always the most deserving. The really needy are not often to the fore—they suffer and bear it in solitude; but impostors are as brazen as the door-plates they so frequently face.

The impostor is as many-shaped as Proteus. He wears all sorts of disguises. Sometimes he announces himself as a man of letters. A few years ago a gentleman (?) of this sort waited on me, and asked me to give him a recommendation to my people as a teacher of elocution. He was dressed in clerical costume, his eye had the touch of the "fine frenzy," his white hair hung in picturesque disorder over his shoulders, and altogether he was no unsuccessful counterfeit of a literary man. I said I was sorry I could not give him the recommendation he desired, because it was my misfortune not to know him, but I would certainly support him by being present when he lectured. Thinking of the angel who sometimes comes to men's houses unawares, I asked my visitor to take a seat, and we drifted into conversation. He was at home in English poetry. He mentioned Chaucer, and dipped into the "Well of English undefiled"; he discussed the beauties of "The Faerie Queene,"

touched on the comparative merits of the dramatists; echoed the high-sounding music of Milton, and step by step came down to our own times. He saw I was interested. "Sir," said he, "I perceive you are fond of poetry. I am proud to tell you that I am a humble singer in the great orchestra where Spenser and Shakespeare are, if I do not speak profanely of genius, first fiddles. I happen to have a copy of my poems in my pocket, and (lowering his voice to a whisper) you shall have it for three shillings and sixpence." I glanced at the book, saw abundant evidence of literary incapacity, and returned it to him with a gesture which he rightly understood to mean a disinclination to buy. Then the man of letters rose to the occasion, the angel faded from his countenance, and, throwing into his language a passion which I failed to detect in his poetry, he cursed me with unseemly vigour. I could not calm him, and there was no alternative but to cast him out. This semi-tragical ending of an interview which had not been altogether unpleasant, distressed me. I do not know that I am more superstitious than my fellows; but I would rather have a man's blessing than his curse.

Preachers have a large number of applications for help from men who seek to recommend themselves to favourable consideration on the strength of being members of Society—mostly unattached. They are, perhaps, a portion of the "leakage" of which we sometimes hear. These people study the *Minutes of the Conference*. They always know the President for the year. They are well furnished with Methodist incidents. Their fathers were leaders or stewards, and were loyal when the storm shook and levelled pretentious columns. They succeed in diminishing the preachers' funds. After inquiries usually bring to light the fact that the professed scion of an ancient and honourable house is a miserable loafer, whose father was not more related to Methodism than a son of Abraham to a Buddhist temple or a Mohammedan mosque.

A disabled sailor always works on my sympathies. Having spent my earliest years by the sea, I cannot well resist an appeal from a genuine "tar." The counterfeit has often taken advantage of me. It is wonderful how powerful, how nearly approaching to genius, the imagination of the impostor is. Jules Verne is not more minute and picturesque in his descriptions than some of the "Rodneys in rags" who appeal occasionally to a preacher's generosity. They tell of "hair-breadth

'scapes"; of storms on the last voyage to Rio, when the ship lay on her beam-ends for a full hour; of a cyclone in the Indian Ocean that swept away the topsails like so many sheets of paper; of a wreck on the coast of Guinea when the crew lost everything but the clothes they stood in. They are as well up in nautical phraseology as Captain Marryat. They know where "abaft the binnacle" is. They talk fluently about the trade winds and the equinoctial gales. They can tell the situation of the pole-star. As I listened one day to an affecting story from one of these men, I thought of a wrecked voyager to whom certain barbarous people showed great kindness a long time ago, and not caring that a Christian should be outdone by heathen in generous sentiment, I gave the poor fellow a trifle. He thanked me with a pull at his forelock and a tear. I learnt afterwards (I have a faculty for getting to know things *afterwards*) that the pretended seaman had never been in a storm which he could not ward off with an umbrella, and that in all probability he had never seen the sea, except from the deck of a Gravesend steamer, or from the Margate pier.

Former acquaintanceship is often pleaded by the impostor. He knew the preacher, he says, years ago. He attended the same Sunday-school, or the same day-school, or the same place of worship. He heard the preacher preach his first sermon, or saw him once at a missionary meeting. The slightest pretext brings him to the preacher's door. Sometimes he writes from a distance, and begs money to pay his rent, or to help him in procuring an outfit to New Zealand, the money to be repaid with interest at the very first opportunity. A letter came to me on one occasion asking for a loan of thirty shillings, which I was to forward by return of post. The writer assured me, in the most matter-of-fact way, that if I refused there was nothing left for him but suicide. I did refuse; and my sleep was disturbed by dreams of Chatterton's last struggles, of a coroner's inquest in a heated room, and of a burial without a religious service.

During my residence in a northern circuit, appeals were often made to me to assist in burying children who never had an existence, who were as much the creatures of imagination as Elia's "Dream Children." Women clasped their hands in feigned distress, and stood before me "like Niobe, all tears." I have often appeased the wrath of a supposititious undertaker, provided a mute for an imaginary funeral procession, and helped

to raise a marble slab to perpetuate the memory of faded flowers that never flourished. Considering the frequency with which the last rites have been forced on my attention, I ought to be the gravest of men.

Biblical difficulties often bring the impostor to the preacher. To whom should a perplexed man go if not to his spiritual adviser? Sometimes the difficulty is numerical, like that which baffled the calculating powers of Bishop Colenso's intelligent Zulu. At times the inquirer is sorely troubled by the question of "the unpardonable sin." Occasionally an apparent discrepancy between the statements of two Evangelists gives fleetness to the impostor's foot. Now he broods over the date of the Book of Daniel, and now he is agitated touching Peter and the Rock. The preacher does his best to meet the difficulties, and in the midst of his learned disquisitions is pained to hear from the inquirer that he is ready to receive a *solatium* in silver in lieu of a satisfactory solution of any of the painful problems. "Not a penny, sir; not a penny, sir;" said Dr. Chalmers to a man of this sort. "It is too bad; not merely to waste my time, but to haul in your mendicity upon the shoulders of Melchizedek."

These instances of imposture might be extended indefinitely. The physiognomy of distress is counterfeited so well that it is difficult to distinguish the impostor from the real sufferer. Unhappily there is little chance of redress when the deception is found out. In former days, pre-eminently in the fourteenth century, when a citizen of London was cozened or robbed, if he applied to the chief magistrate, that official, jointly with the aldermen, wrote to the mayor and bailiffs of the town in which the miscreant lived, and courteously but firmly demanded their interference to secure the restoration of the money. Alas! there is no such interposition now. The good old days are gone!

One of the dangers to be guarded against in an age of philanthropy is an easy yielding to sentiments, however fascinating, which do not admit of wise as well as practical application. There are philanthropists, enthusiastic souls, who, impatient of waiting, and weary of doing nothing, commit themselves to unwise measures, and embark on crusades which must end in failure. They remind us of certain worthy firemen, of whom a pleasant writer tells, who were very anxious to distinguish themselves, but were denied the opportunity. One night they mistook the Aurora Borealis for a devouring flame, rushed

forth with their engine to extinguish it, and only discovered their error when, weary and footsore, they were twenty miles distant from their home. It is not well to rise, like unwary fish, to the bait of every chance angler for charity. We ought to know the circumstances of the persons to whom we give alms. There are hundreds of people in all large towns who will do anything to live rather than work. Their conscience is in a state of perpetual *coma*. They have neither manliness nor ambition. They are contemptible parasites. If the mischief they do were confined to those whom they cheat, it would be bad enough; but they take what the honest, worthy and retiring poor ought to have. There are many such in all our circuits. There are aged people, bent and withered, whose only certain income is a parish allowance of three or four shillings a week, out of which they have to pay their rent. There are destitute women of middle life and faded respectability, who still talk of "poor dear papa," and the "boarding-school," and "French master," and early surroundings which lent a grace to their movements observable even in their decay. There are sick folk whose countenances have grown white in consequence of long confinement, whose chambers—lone rooms at the top of the house—are often honoured by angels who fold their wings to bear the frail ones company, or spread them to fan the fevered brow. There are children, pinched and cold, whose aspect sends sharp pangs across our hearts:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see."

These are they who ought to receive our charity; but we cannot do what we would because we are so often cheated by the unworthy.—*Christian Miscellany*.

O TIRED HEART.

O TIRED heart,
God knows!
Not you nor I,
Who reach our hands for gifts
That wise Love must deny.

We blunder where we fain would do our best,
Until weary; then we cry, "Do Thou the rest"—
And in His hands the tangled thread we place
Of our blind weaving, with a shaméd face.
All trust of ours He sacredly will keep,
Tired heart—God knows—go thou to work or sleep.

—*Hannah Coddington*.

The Higher Life.

COURAGE.

BY THOMAS KEN.

STAND but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly—
 Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye ;
 Choose rather to defend than to assail—
 Self-confidence will in the conflict fail.
 When you are challenged you may dangers meet—
 True *courage* is a fixed, not sudden, heat ;
 Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
 And will itself into no danger thrust.
 Devote yourself to God, and you will find
 God fights the battles of a will resigned.
 Love Jesus ! love will no base fear endure—
 Love Jesus ! and of conquest rest secure.

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

It is the privilege of all believers to be *kept* for Jesus through all the sorrows, temptations, and trials of daily life. Kept in perfect peace, according to His promise, free from anxious care even in things pertaining to this life ; from worry and fretfulness when harassed, by perplexing circumstances, and all seems dark, and our way hedged upon every side—even then, like that calm sleeper on the Galilean lake, when the storm rages and the waves threaten to engulf our little bark, our *souls* may be kept in perfect peace. Kept from falling into sin ; kept pure and holy amid the defilement with which we are surrounded ; kept, as was our Master, holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners ; kept from dishonouring our profession by word or deed, but enabled to walk before Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives. But how are we to be thus kept ? we cannot keep ourselves, and we are weak and prone to sin. "By the power of God." That alone *can* keep us. The power of temptation is strong, the strength of the worldly associations that would draw us into sin is very great, Satan is powerful, and he is hard after us ; his fiery dart falls upon every inflammable material, but "greater is He who is for us than all they who are against us."

True, our foes are mighty ; but our God is almighty. His

power can bring us safely through every difficulty ; His power is infinite ; " He setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power ;" all power belongs unto Him, in heaven or on earth, who " upholds all things by the word of His power." But how can we take hold of this power so as to be kept by it ? " Through faith." Faith is the empty hand by which we take hold of the almighty power of Jesus, and engage it on our side ; faith not only in the power but in the willingness of Jesus to keep us. He is the omnipotence of love, and it is when we believe Him to be able and willing to keep us, and so far trust Him as to place our whole being in His hand, giving up all claim to ourselves, and confidently expecting to be kept by Him moment by moment, that His power will be exercised on our behalf, and we shall realise in our own experience the answer to our Saviour's prayer : " Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we are one." A glorious possibility, to be kept from anxiety, fear, and sin, and made one with our Saviour Himself— one in love, purpose, and aim—blessed and made a blessing to all around, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Jesus, our Lord.

But how long may we be thus kept ? " Unto salvation." Not for a day or an hour, or even for a lifetime, but unto *salvation*, and how far that means is beyond the power of men or angels to conceive, for He is able to save to the uttermost.

Not for one moment need we cease to be kept by His power. A present, full salvation is our glorious privilege through Christ. Let us then, laying our *all* upon that altar which sanctifieth the gift, take *all* the salvation the blood of Jesus has purchased for us, and expect each moment that He will keep us from sinning, and preserve us blameless unto His coming.—*King's Highway.*

FAMILY RELIGION.

There is danger in the great rush of the present day that even in Christian families the spirit of worship and devotion may be in great part shut out by the exciting habits of private and public life. To maintain religion in the family, its form must be observed. Prayer, song, and reading of the Scriptures are all delightful forms of worship, and they will enter into the custom of every well-regulated family. The home altar is the fountain of all moral and spiritual power to a great degree in

the Church. We remember its influence in our own childhood, and its memories come back fragrant with the blessings of parental piety that led our childish feet to the Divine footstool to wait in reverence before the Father of families. The Christian family is God's little sanctuary. It is very near the Celestial Land. No shrine like this in all this pilgrim world. That professed Christian father who fails to be the priest of his own household, in leading the worship of those entrusted to his care, comes far short of his high duty and privilege. He deprives his own soul of one of the richest means of grace, and his children of the greatest helps to a life of piety and devotion. Fathers, you may learn the highest path of honour and blessing in fidelity to your position. It will be blessed when your active work shall be done, and nothing but memory shall remain, that there shall be the power of a life-long example of prayer and duty to those who shall love to think of you and recall the tender and blessed scenes that made the home circle a place of delight.

Happy the household whose altar burns with daily sacrifice, and form and spirit of worship that elevates and educates the immortals whom God hath bound so sweetly together. How blessed to go to heaven in families! How to secure a more general attention to family religion is one of the most serious questions of our times. Pulpit and press cannot enforce it too much.

FROM GRACE TO GRACE.

Life is too precious to spend in a treadmill. Having been pardoned by your God and Saviour, the next thing you have to do is to show your gratitude for this infinite favour by consecrating yourself entirely to Him, body, soul, and spirit. This is the least you can do. He has bought you with a price, and you are no longer your own. "But," you may reply, "this is contrary to my nature; I have my own way; I desire ease and pleasure; I desire to go to heaven, but I want to be carried there on a bed of flowers. If I give myself entirely away to Him, and lose all ownership in myself, He may deny me many things I greatly desire." "But," I reply, "this is no matter of parley or discussion; it is not optional with God's children whether they will pay Him a part of the price they owe Him and keep back the rest. He asks, and He has a right to ask, for all you have and are. It is true that such an act of

consecration on your part may involve no little future discipline and correction. As soon as you become the Lord's by your own deliberate and conscious act He will begin that process of sanctification which is to make you holy as He is holy, perfect as He is perfect. He becomes at once your physician as well as your best and dearest friend, but He will use no painful remedy that can be avoided. Remember that it is His *will* that you should be sanctified, and that the work of making you holy is His, not yours. At the same time you are not to sit with folded hands, waiting for this blessing. You are to avoid laying hindrances in the way, and you are to exercise faith in Him as just as able and willing to give you sanctification as He was to give you redemption; and now, if you ask how you may know that you have truly consecrated yourself to Him, I reply: Observe every indication of His will concerning you, no matter how trivial, and see whether you at once close in with that will. Lay down this principle as a law. God does nothing arbitrary. If He takes away your health, for instance, it is because He has some *reason* for doing so; and this is true of everything you value; and if you have real faith in Him you will not insist on knowing this reason. If you find in the course of daily events that your self-consecration was not perfect—that is, that your will revolts at His will—do not be discouraged, but fly to your Saviour, and stay in His presence till you obtain the spirit in which He cried in His hour of anguish, "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done." Every time you do that it will be easier; every such consent to suffer will bring you nearer and nearer to Him; and in this nearness you will find such peace, such blessed, sweet peace, as will make your life infinitely happy, no matter what may be its mere outside conditions. Just think of the honour and the joy of having your will one with the Divine will, and so becoming changed into Christ's image from glory to glory!—*Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss.*

PRAYER-MEETING POINTS.

At the "Temple," Chautauqua, N.Y., a devotional service was held, conducted by President Lewis Miller, which was characterized alike by so much spiritual feeling and good common sense that I may be pardoned for referring to a few of its features. The lesson, the Sunday-school selection for the day (John xiv.), was read with but a few brief words of remark, not

so much by way of exposition as for gladness at the rich promises of this comforting Scripture. Two or three brethren offered brief petitions, and, the congregation standing, a dozen persons offered prayers from half a minute to a minute in length. Some portions of sacred songs were indicated by the leader, and others by persons in the meeting, all of which were rendered heartily, without reading. Many texts were repeated by men and women scattered through the house, all seeming to feel at great liberty in this exercise. There was a brief season of silent prayer, and also a brief season of silent thanksgiving, in view of the rich assurances of God's grace. In all there were fully twenty prayers offered, and nearly every person present participated in the same audible way, in addition to joining in the singing. Forty-five minutes were occupied in the entire service, and there was vastly more in it to instruct, to delight, and to approve, than in many a prayer-meeting of twice its duration. The plan was simple, but sensible and successful. Such meetings would attract everywhere, while long-drawn expositions, formal exercises, and the monopoly of the service by a few cannot be expected to do so. Why cannot our prayer-meetings be so commonsensical, spirited, fervent, varied, and with so fair a place for all to take a part, that everybody may consider them interesting—at least everybody that is fairly within the range of possible attendance at such meetings? Prompt, energetic, and even business-like methods would improve many of them.—*James H. Kellogg.*

WEANED FROM EARTH.

Everything that tends to disenchant the present and to fix our hearts and hopes upon the better world must have an ennobling influence upon the soul. The more attractive heaven becomes to us the more shall we seek in the present to cultivate the heavenly spirit. To be weaned from earth is one of the means of making us seek our spiritual food from heaven; and the trials of earth, transplanting us from place to place and from plan to plan, tend to prepare us for the great transplanting which is to take us from this world altogether and root us in the garden of the Lord above.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

A sure means of overcoming a dislike which we entertain for another is to do him a little kindness every day; and the way to overcome a dislike which another may feel toward us is to say some little kind word of him every day.

THE MILLENNIUM.*

BY THE REV. G. A. CLEVELAND.

IN the discussion of the question of Christ's second advent to the earth, the doctrine of the millennium has always been given a very important place. The question has always been—Will our Lord's coming be *pre*-millennial, or *post*-millennial? The object of the present paper is to consider the legitimacy of connecting the two doctrines in this way, and to outline a different view of the scripture which refers to the "thousand years."

Strictly speaking, there is but one millennarian passage in the whole Bible. It is found in the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse. Other passages, however, are supposed to relate to the same subject, and are therefore made to do duty in the interpretation of this one. The passage is given in the Revised Version in this form: "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and *I saw* the souls of them that had been beheaded for the testimony of Jesus, and for the word of God, and such as worshipped not the beast, neither his image, and received not the mark upon their forehead and upon their hand; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. The rest of the dead lived not until the thousand years should be finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: over these the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years."

Remembering, now, that no other passage in the Bible makes any mention of the thousand years' reign of the saints, let us note carefully a few facts with reference to this one:

(1) Not a hint is given in it that the Christians who are living on the earth when the millennium begins, or while it is in progress, will have any share in it; (2) Those who are spoken of as thus reigning with Christ are not even the whole number of the pious dead; but only those who had suffered for the truth in this life—those who had been put to death for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God; (3) Not a word is said of their living on the earth while this reign is in progress; and (4) Our Lord's second coming is not mentioned once in the whole passage.

Immediately following this is the vision of the great white throne, the Judge, the assembled nations, and the opened books. It corresponds quite closely to the description of the general judgment, given in Matthew xxiv., and affirming that that judgment follows immediately upon the second coming of the Lord. If the judgment scene described in the first Gospel, and this one set forth in the vision of John are identical, it would seem safe to believe that the second advent belongs with this vision and not with that of the millennium.

Let us give careful attention to the fact that there is not a hint in our

* We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, October, 1886, this interesting and suggestive paper, kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. Harper. It will be admitted to be an exceedingly ingenious interpretation, even though it should fail to carry conviction of its accuracy.—Ed.

passage that the Lord's coming is in any way connected with the thousand years' reign of the saints; and, indeed, that there is no passage in the Bible which does connect them. And we shall better realize the bearing and force of this when we recall the other points noted in connection with it, viz., that the earth is not represented as being the scene of the millennial reign, and that only a certain class—the martyrs—are said to participate in it.

So far forth, then, as this passage is concerned, there is not a shadow of foundation for the question which has been discussed so earnestly and so long—Will our Lord's coming be pre-millennial or post-millennial? Will He come to begin the thousand years' reign with the saints on the earth? or will He come only after they have been reigning on the earth for that long period? For the passage—the only one in which the "thousand years" is mentioned—says not a word about the earth, or Christ's coming either.

But now if we decide that the earth is not the scene of the millennium, what shall we do with the passage of Scripture which affirms concerning the saints, that "they shall reign on the earth." It is doubtless this passage which has given the millennium its terrestrial location in current theology. We find it in Rev. v. 9, 10. It is the new song which John heard the four living creatures and the four-and-twenty elders singing in praise of the Lamb, when He was about to open the seven seals of the book. In our common English version it reads: "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."

This last clause certainly sounds like a confirmation of the pre-millennial view of the passage in the twentieth chapter, "We shall reign on the earth"! If this is to be true of the saints, nothing can be more natural than to treat it as explaining the sentence in the twentieth chapter, which declares that they—at least, that some of them—shall reign with Christ a thousand years: . . . and the two would of course mean—"they shall reign with Christ a thousand years on the earth." This would finish the pre-millennial theory nicely, with the exception of the part of it which refers to the "first resurrection"; and for this we are pointed to two passages in Paul's writings—one in his first letter to the Thessalonians (iv. 14, 16), the other in the first letter to the Corinthians (xv. 52). The first tells us, that "the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first." The second informs us, that "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we [the Christians who are then alive] shall be changed." These passages are made to fill out the other two, and by putting them all together, we get the complete theory: The Lord shall come with great pomp and glory; the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then the living Christians be changed; together they shall all be caught up to meet the Lord in the air; and the earth being purified by fire during their absence, they shall return and reign on it with Christ a thousand years.

The chief difficulty in the way of this theory is the interpretation of the passages on which it rests. Other objections might perhaps be removed, but this one stands obstinately in the way. Look first at the passage in Rev. v. 9, 10. Properly translated it will read: "Worthy art Thou to take the book and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and didst

purchase unto God with Thy blood *men* of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation; and didst make them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests; and they are reigning over the earth." Notice the time indicated in the last clause. John is viewing the future history of the work of redemption in panoramic form. He is "behind the scenes"; is looking upon the unfolding history from the standpoint of heaven where it is controlled, not of earth where it is enacted. And when, in the progress of the vision, the point is reached at which the seals are to be opened, he hears the new song telling that the saints *are reigning* over the earth. If this reveals the time of the millennium at all, it puts its starting point far back in the present dispensation.

Again, notice the preposition which is used: "They are reigning *over* the earth"—*βασιλεύουσιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς*. "The earth" is put for the affairs or the nations of earth, and the passage simply states that it is over these that the rule of the saints is exercised. It does *not* say that they dwell on the earth while they are reigning. The addition of that item is entirely gratuitous.

In Matt. ii. 22, we read, that "Archelaus was reigning *over* [not "on" or "upon"] Judea." In Luk. xix. 14 we are told that the citizens sent an embassy after the departing rulers, saying, "We will not that this man reign *over* [not "on" or "upon"] us." So here it should be—"They are reigning *over* the earth."

Queen Victoria reigns over Ireland; but she does not live in Ireland. If we would write in Greek the sentence—the Emperor of Russia reigns over Poland—the same verb and preposition would be used which we find in this passage—*βασιλεύει ἐπὶ*; but we should hardly care to have our language so interpreted as to make it mean that Alexander *lives in* Poland. He reigns over it without living in it, as the Poles have good reason for knowing.

It is unfortunate that the Revisers in this passage have substituted "upon" for the "on" of the Authorized Version. The change indicates that they did not consider that "on" expressed the true meaning of the original "*ἐπὶ*" in this case. But is there a shade of difference between "on" and the "upon" which they have put in its place, when used with the verb "reign"—"they reign *on* the earth"? "No," the Revisers say, not that; but they reign upon—*upon* the earth." Exactly so: "They reign upon the earth;" but in the same sense that Archelaus reigned *upon* Judea, or that Victoria reigns *upon* Ireland, or Alexander *upon* Poland; that is to say, "They reign *over* it." To say they reign "on" or "upon" the earth is inevitably to express the idea that they live on the earth and reign there—a meaning not contained in the original. The passage simply states that the earth, that is to say the affairs, or the nations of the earth, constitute the realm over which the rule of the saints is exercised; without hinting at such a thing as that, clothed with the spiritual body, they dwell on the earth and exercise literal, temporal sovereignty.

And now, as to the other passages: "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the dead in Christ shall rise first." (1 Thess. iv. 16.) "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." (1 Cor. xv. 52.) "Do not these passages teach, in accordance with the pre-millennial view, that a part of the dead shall be raised before the rest of them?" We do not think so. When quoted to prove this, they are taken entirely out of their connection, and so give a false impression.

In the passage in Thessalonians, Paul is teaching that the Christians, who are living at the time of Christ's second coming, *will not meet the Lord before* those who have fallen asleep. They will have no advantage in this respect. "We shall in no wise precede them," he says, "for when the Lord comes, they shall be raised *first*, and *then* we, together with them, shall be caught up to meet Him." The passage in Corinthians gives substantially the same thought. "The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed;" they shall be raised *first*, and *then* we shall be changed, for we shall in no wise precede them. The emphasis in both passages is laid on this one thought, that the living Christians and those who have fallen asleep shall be ready together to greet the Lord when He comes. Not a word is said about the wicked dead, or the living wicked, either; and to argue that, because the resurrection of the wicked is not mentioned in a passage which speaks of the resurrection of the righteous, therefore the former will not be raised at that time, is to show more zeal for a theory than respect for logic, or reverence for other parts of the Word of God.

But, let it not be overlooked, that in neither of these passages is there a word said about the millennium. In the one quoted from the letter to the Thessalonians, the Apostle's conclusion is: "So shall we ever be with the Lord." Not—So shall we reign with Him a thousand years on the earth; but, being caught up to meet Him in the air, so shall we *ever* be with Him. The Lord Himself promised His followers: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also." And those words of Paul are in exact harmony with the promise: The Lord, having gone away to prepare a place for us, shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . and we, being raised from the dead, or "changed," if still living, shall be caught up to meet Him; and so shall we *ever* be with Him. Where? "On the earth?" No; but in the place He has gone to prepare for us, and to which He will come to receive us.

We find not a vestige of authority in the Word of God for connecting the doctrine of the millennium with that of our Lord's second coming to the earth; and not a shadow of proof that its scene will be the earth.

But what, then, and where—perhaps, also, when—will it be? Turning to the only portion of Scripture which describes it, we find it represented as *a special blessing given by the Lord to those who, in this life, had been brought into persecution, suffering, and death, through their zeal for His cause*. It is given to those who have laid down their lives here rather than prove recreant to their trust as followers of Christ. The thrones which John saw were filled by those who had been beheaded for the testimony of Jesus and the word of God, and who worshipped not the beast, neither his image, and had not received the mark in their forehead or in their hand. These lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years; but the rest of the dead lived not till the thousand years should be finished. *He who should overcome* was to have given Him authority over the nations, and was to sit down with Christ in His throne. The Church in Smyrna were to be tried bitterly, and were to suffer dreadful persecution; but he among them who remained faithful unto the end had the promise that he should not be hurt by the second death. And, we are told, it is those who have part in the first resurrection, those who are accounted worthy to live and reign with Christ—those are they who cannot be hurt by the second death.

Our Lord is reigning *now*. All power has been given to Him in heaven and on earth. And this passage which tells of the millennium, together with the rich promises of the Saviour to those who love Him and His cause more than they love their earthly life, indicates that there is given to those who suffer in His service a share or fellowship in His government which no others know. Instead of remaining in the "intermediate state" until the final resurrection, they are associated with their Lord in His government of the world and the extension of His kingdom among men. This is the special reward of those who have been faithful ever unto death; *and this is the millennium.*

Query: Is it on this fact that the Romish heresy of invoking the intercession of the saints is founded, as their heresy of purgatory is based on the truth concerning the intermediate state of the departed?

Believing that this special blessing is given to the martyrs, we shall be better able to understand how it has been that, taught and upheld by the Spirit of Christ, men have rejoiced in being accounted worthy to suffer shame for His name. It will help to explain the songs of rejoicing which have risen above the creaking of racks and the crackling of death-fires.

Does it not put a deeper meaning into the words of our Lord: "He that loveth his life loseth it; but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal"?

There is a difficulty in explaining on any other ground the saying of Paul: "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ," so that it shall harmonize with the doctrine of the intermediate state of the dead. But with this view of the millennial reign of the saints the difficulty disappears.

Did not Paul have this in mind when he wrote: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, becoming conformed unto His death, if by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Was he not thinking of this first resurrection? Could there be the slightest doubt of his being, at least, finally raised with the rest of the dead, in the mind of the man who wrote: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ?"

The writer has heard it urged as an objection to this view of the millennium, that it indicates the granting of a great and *special* favour to the martyrs, or to those who have actually suffered persecution for the cause of Christ; the implication in the objection being that all real Christians are to receive exactly the same award. But it is believed that no careful student of God's Word will, after sober thought, hold to such a view. The Scriptures certainly do teach very plainly that special faithfulness here secures special blessing hereafter.

A more serious objection, in the minds of some, will be that according to Rev. xx. 1-3 Satan is bound—kept from deceiving the nations—during the thousand years; and therefore, if the millennium is now in progress, we must account for the evil which is being wrought on the earth, without introducing the factor of Satanic influence, which is so much relied on in that connection.

But can any one say positively that Satan is not now bound? Does any one know certainly that bad men, or rather, that *the bad in men*, is not quite sufficient to account for all the opposition which the truth meets in the world? Is there, perhaps, a hint here as to the origin of the denial of the personality of Satan by a large class of professed Christians?

The doctrine of the millennium does not properly belong to eschatology, but is rather a part of Christology, coming under the head of "Government by Christ." Putting it into its proper place, we shall find that not a few of the difficulties which at present encumber the subject of eschatology have disappeared.

NORTH BERWICK, MAINE.

ALONE WITH GOD.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ALONE, but with no loneliness,
In silence that is full of praise;
O God most merciful, I bless
The love that gives me these calm days,
And lets me, for my healing, be
Away from every one but Thee.

No strife of arguing words is here,
No rush of tongues, no questioning eyes;
No eager teachers gather near,
And no one seeks to make me wise;
For no bewildering books or men
Can reach me with the voice or pen.

All things around are still and strong,
The hills stand fast for evermore;
Only the white clouds sail along,
And the swift swallow seeks the shore.
Nothing has unrest, haste, or noise,
For nature calmly takes her joys.

There are no eyes regarding me,
But from the moor and mountain-side
All things are lifting eyes to Thee,
O God, who lovingly dost guide
The flowers' upspringing, and the flight
Of every bird that loves the light.

There is no voice that speaks to me,
But whispers fill the tranquil air,
And all things seem to tell to Thee
Their reverent love in praise or prayer;
For they have known no touch but Thine,
Nor other smiles upon them shine.

And I who am alone with Thee
Would feel Thy hands, would see Thy face;
O God reveal Thyself to me,
And with Thy glory fill the place;
And rest and perfect peace shall be
For my glad heart alone with Thee.

—*Christian World.*

Current Topics and Events.

AGGRESSIVE METHODISM.

Methodism is in a very special sense the child of Providence. It has for the most part been prompt to respond to providential guidance. When it has failed to do so, it has fallen short of its privilege, and its duty, and of the fullest measure of success. The very flexibility of its methods in its earlier years enabled it to vary its operations in accordance with the varying necessities of the times. It would be a disaster if it should fail to adapt its methods to the changed environment of these days. Thank God, there is abundant evidence that it has lost none of its ancient zeal or energy, that it is as well suited to the needs of the close of the 19th century as it was to the early years of the 18th. In the great evangelistic work, which is the special mark of a living Church to-day, the venerable parent body—the old Wesleyan Church—"the mother of us all"—is one of the very foremost of the Churches of Christendom. No one can read the reports of the recent Conference in Manchester, of which an excellent summary is furnished in our Religious Intelligence, without feeling that this is the case. The Church is planning a large and active and aggressive campaign against the kingdom of darkness. The West London Mission, the East London Mission, the Village Methodist Mission, the Holiness Conventions throughout the land, the active interest taken in the Temperance Reform, in the Social Purity Movement, in every Christian work, are proofs of its keen sensitiveness to the needs of the age, and consecrated resolve to "push the battle to the gate."

That vigorous young optimist, the *Methodist Times*, says: "The most encouraging of all the signs of the times is the unusual readiness and eagerness of our people to undertake any aggressive work which our ministers may set before them. There

never was a time when our people were so willing to do anything and to go anywhere in order to promote the work of God. Perhaps the most important necessity of the hour is to reject all trust either in men or in methods, and to put our whole confidence in God. Without His blessing we are nothing and can do nothing. But with Him we are omnipotent."

At the late Conference a resolution in favour of the employment of lay evangelists was introduced. Mr. Champness, who has been very successful in directing this kind of work, said: "Many Methodist young men had left them for the Church Army and the Salvation Army; these should find employment as lay agents among them."

Mr. Barlow, a layman of Bolton, said: "He had long felt that they had the men, and the women too—God bless them!—for this work, and they should be employed. The Church Army and the Salvation Army were doing the work which they ought to do. He felt responsible to God for using his money to support the organizations which were best adapted for doing the work that needed to be done. He besought his lay friends to stand by the men who were doing that kind of work."

Dr. Rigg was constrained to support the resolution, although he had great respect for the judgment of those who had spoken in favour of postponing the subject. The amendment to refer the resolution to a committee was put, and lost. The original resolution was then carried by a considerable majority.

LAY EVANGELISM IN CANADA.

Now just such work as is described above is needed in Canada. The success of Methodism has been attributed to the fact that "they were all at it and always at it." If this were only true, what a mighty revival

would speedily follow! As a matter of fact, multitudes in our churches have nothing to do—that is, although there is an infinite amount of work to do, and pressing needs on every side, they have no work assigned them, nor any guidance or oversight in Christian endeavour. Now the Church is not a mere social club, it is not even a mutual benefit society; it is a great organization for saving the world. That is its purpose. In so far as it fails in this it fails in its great object—in the very reason for its existence.

One of the finest examples of the success of these aggressive methods that we know is the Band Workers' Association of St. John, N.B. It is thus described by Brother Brewer, pastor of the Centenary Church: "In all great centres there is a large portion of the population that is seemingly beyond the reach of ordinary church agencies, and this city is no exception to the rule. To reach these classes praying bands have been organized, halls have been secured, and services have been held in addition to those regularly held in the churches. God has been with us and the indications encourage us to 'go forward.'" One of the first places secured was a dance-hall on one of the worst streets in the city. Here a mission service was begun and many lost ones were reclaimed and many souls saved. Open-air preaching, house-to-house visitation, tract distribution, and various forms of personal persuasion have been employed to bring men and women to Christ, and God's blessing has abundantly rested upon these efforts. Several of the city churches, we believe, have combined in this band work. The movement has spread to other places. The press is largely employed to carry the good news of salvation where the living voice cannot reach. A fortnightly paper, *The Glad Tidings*, brimful of the Gospel, is published and is distributed far and wide.

At the Berwick camp-meeting Brother Savage and his band of workers, who have achieved such success in the West, were present, and their visit was attended with

great blessing. They are arranging for an extended and active campaign in the East, beginning with the cities of Halifax and St. John. These labours redound to the glory of God and the salvation of men. The Christian workers are themselves greatly benefited, as well as those whom they seek to save.

Brother Brewer issues a circular asking his people to engage in some form or other of Christian work, as, for instance, the following:

Sabbath-school department—To gather in children not attending any Sabbath-school; to keep in the Sabbath-school those already in attendance by visiting absentees; to act as deputy-teachers. Prayer-meeting department—To seek to secure the attendance of all members by visiting those who do not attend, or do not attend regularly; to labour to secure the attendance of the unsaved; to secure general participation on the part of those who do attend; to hold cottage prayer-meetings. Sabbath service—To invite to service strangers and those who have no church home; to make people feel at home when they attend; to seek to secure regular attendance by making those who absent themselves feel they are missed. Visiting department—To visit the sick, poor and aged; to exercise a loving watch-care over the younger members and those who are neglecting their duties and privileges. Social department—To arrange for social entertainments; to help each member of the church and congregation to intimate acquaintance with all the others. Miscellaneous—To find out the religious state of the members of the congregation; to watch for indications of special interest, and report to the pastor; to speak to the careless about their souls. In this way, as in the olden time, the walls of Zion are built up, "for the people have a mind to work."

This method furnishes opportunity for the exercise of the gifts and graces of the whole church membership, and presents all the advantages of the methods of the Salvation Army, without any of the eccentricities or

questionable methods of the latter. The work is carried on strictly in harmony with the principles and institutions and doctrinal teachings of our Church. We believe that similar methods might, with great advantage, be adopted by many of our churches in the towns and cities of the West.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

Feeling the need of a brief holiday trip to recuperate exhausted energies and to prepare for the fall and winter's work, we took a run for three weeks down to the Maritime Provinces, and a very delightful trip it was. The journey over the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways was pleasantly broken by brief rests at Montreal, Quebec, and Campbellton. St. John has wonderfully improved since the fire, when we last saw it. The new Methodist churches, Queen's Square and Centenary, are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary Church is in some respects superior to our Metropolitan, which we are told is the handsomest in the world. It is built of a fine stone, and with a noble open roof, and is the only Methodist church we know in which the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches. If Rome was built on seven hills, St. John must be built on seventeen; and each of them seems to be crowned with a graceful spire. The school-room of Centenary Church is the finest we ever saw. It has a flourishing school, and the religious work of the church, as indicated elsewhere, is on aggressive and successful lines.

The run over the New Brunswick railway to the Grand Falls of the St. John, 200 miles from its mouth, was one of the most magnificent rides we ever enjoyed.

Leaving St. John by steamer, we crossed the swirling tides of the Bay of Fundy to Digby and

steamed up the magnificent Annapolis Basin to the ancient town of Annapolis Royal, first founded in 1605, three years before Quebec. A delightful afternoon was spent in exploring the old French fort and enjoying the superb view from the hill across the ferry. A ride through the famous Annapolis Valley, the garden of Nova Scotia, brings one to the land of Evangeline and to Grand Pré, the scene of the touching tragedy described in Longfellow's exquisite poem. The memory of the drive with Brother Friggins through the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, and of the splendid outlook over the far-spreading Basin of Minas with Blomidon's lofty cape in the distance, will never be forgotten. A brief visit to Halifax enabled us to revive impressions of a summer's sojourn three years ago, to observe the substantial progress of this beautiful city by the sea, and to enjoy the courtesies of our genial friends Revs. Dr. Lathern and S. F. Huestis. Not the least pleasant part of our visit was a few days spent amid the majestic scenery of Cape Breton with its rocky shores, its rugged mountains, and the charming water ways of the Bras d'Or Channel and Lakes. If the people of Western Canada but knew the scenic and other attractions of Baddeck, Wycogmagh and "that sort of thing," as C. Dudley Warner phrases it, many more of them would make a holiday trip to this cool and invigorating summer retreat.

On our return trip we embraced the opportunity to stop over at Sackville to see the Collegiate buildings of our Church University and Academies. We knew they were well manned and equipped, but it was a pleasant surprise to find them so extensive and elegant. The Centenary Memorial Hall is a perfect architectural gem both within and without; and the view from the roof of the Ladies' Academy, of the College campus and groups of buildings and their environment, is one of not-to-be-forgotten beauty. The unbounded kindness of our old friends, Prof. Burwash, Dr. Inch, and the kind family of Dr. Stewart, and of

many brethren elsewhere, made it almost impossible to bring our visit within the allotted length of time. We purpose in early numbers of this MAGAZINE to give, with copious pictorial illustration, an account of these beautiful provinces down by the sea, such as has never been at-

tempted in any Canadian—or indeed in any other—periodical.

Erratum.—In the September MAGAZINE, in the article on Methodist Reunion, printed while the Editor was from home, on page 287, for “*Servos*,” read “*Servus*.”

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Conference of this year was one of great interest. The place was one of the old churches in Manchester, converted into a Central Hall; the ground floor is let for shops, the rentals of which assist in maintaining the hall, which contains several rooms used for various departmental offices. A Home Missionary is stationed here and is assisted by a noble band of men and women, who hold evangelistic services almost every night, greatly to the benefit of the locality. A large congregation has been gathered, a Sunday-school has been established, and classes have been formed.

The Conference is the one hundred and forty-fourth that has been held, fifteen of which have been held in Manchester. Over one thousand ministers were present.

The Rev. J. Walton was elected President, the Rev. Joseph Bush being the next highest. Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary.

Dr. T. B. Stephenson, who attended the last General Conference in Canada, gave an account of his visit. His address was listened to with great interest. Dr. Stephenson entertains a very high opinion of the Dominion of Canada, and said many excellent things respecting Methodism, which he was pleased to see was making such rapid advancement.

Twenty-seven ministers had died during the year. Thirty young men who had completed their probation were ordained.

Wesleyan Methodism has become increasingly evangelistic in its movements, and no reports presented at Conference elicited greater interest than those which related to onward movements. A lay mission has been established in Manchester for fifteen years past, and has done much good.

A mission has been established in Liverpool under the Rev. Charles Garrett for eleven years, and during the past year twenty-one thousand visits had been paid, two thousand eight hundred of which were to the sick and dying; sixty-eight thousand tracts had been distributed; six hundred persons had signed the total abstinence pledge; meetings held, in cottages, one hundred and eighty; in the open air, two hundred and thirty; mid-day meetings, dockyard, and railway-shed services have also been held.

The report respecting the Children's Home was presented by Dr. Stephenson, and was full of interesting facts. From a private letter we learn that more than \$40,000 has been collected for the Jubilee Fund. During the Conference, corner-stones of two new houses, bearing the name of Jubilee Houses, at Edgeworth, Bolton, were laid. More than two thousand children have been received into the Home, seven hundred and four of whom are in situations in Canada.

Revs. J. G. Tasker and W. F. Slater were appointed classical tutors, and the Rev. R. Green was appointed Governor of Didsbury College. Revs. Hugh Price Hughes,

M.A., and Mark Guy Pearse were appointed to the West Central London Mission.

Rev. C. Kelly, Secretary of the Sunday-school Union, was appointed representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held in New York, May, 1888.

The London Mission is regarded as one of the most important movements in Methodism. A few ministers are stationed in some of the neglected parts of the city where vice of all descriptions is rampant, and, aided by self-sacrificing men and women, they are labouring to "rescue the perishing." A large amount of money has been subscribed both in London and the provinces to aid the movement.

A White Cross Mission has also been established by the Old Leysians, which has been amazingly successful. The Secretary said that it was one of the most hopeful signs of the times that the sons and daughters of our most respectable people were consecrating themselves thus in the midst of some of the darkest spots in London.

Owing to the great success which has attended the Rev. T. Champness' evangelistic work, the employment of lay evangelists will henceforth be regarded with greater favour than hitherto. A number of villages in Essex and Sussex have been formed into a mission district, over which the Rev. Joseph Bush has been placed in charge with a band of suitable agents under him.

In London, the Rev. John Bond is seeking to employ local preachers, more than one hundred of whom are labouring under his guidance.

A public meeting was held in connection with Mr. Champness' mission. Mr. Champness presided and explained at great length the origin and success of the remarkable movement. A great number of the men employed by Mr. Champness were present and occupied a conspicuous place; two of them were about to proceed to Africa; ten addressed the meeting.

Great attention is being paid to the temperance cause in all the mission movements. Public meetings are usually held in the halls on Saturday evenings. At the Central Hall in Manchester there are sometimes one thousand persons present. About five hundred have been induced to sign the pledge, among whom at least one hundred men and women have been found afterwards in the inquiry room and several have joined the Church. There are three thousand one hundred and thirty-six Bands of Hope, with three hundred and twenty-two thousand and seventy-one enrolled members under Conference control.

The villages of England are receiving greater attention than heretofore. There are four thousand five hundred in which no Wesleyan agencies are employed, with an aggregate population of two million five hundred thousand, though in one thousand two hundred of these other Methodist bodies are labouring. During the last twenty years societies have been established in about five hundred additional villages.

The conversations on the work of God in the Ministerial and Representative Conference were spiritual and heart-searching. The small numerical decrease of eighty-four excited many painful reflections. Probably there was not so much cause for serious alarm, seeing that there were several thousands on trial and a large number in juvenile classes who were not reckoned in the total number of members. Attendance at class is more strictly observed as a test of membership in the Parent Body of Methodism than in any of its branches at home or abroad.

During the past year one hundred and thirty-four chapels, nineteen ministers' houses, and sixteen school-rooms had been built; eighty-four of the chapels were in new places. The total amount expended in new erections and in reduction of debt exceeds \$1,611,180. The net amount actually contributed for new erections and enlargements with grants is \$1,237,045.

Towards the Epworth Memorial Chapel \$17,500 had been promised.

Various public meetings were held, the largest of which was the missionary meeting in Free Trade Hall, where some six thousand persons were present. All the speakers were returned missionaries. A Home and Foreign Missionary meeting was also held in Bradford. A Conference Temperance meeting was held. Working-men's meetings were held at Bolton and Rochdale, and a meeting to welcome returned missionaries was held at Stockport. A Band of Hope demonstration was also held. The Fernley Lecture by Rev. Dr. Dallinger was most successful.

From the Sunday-school Report we learn that there are in Great Britain eight hundred and ninety-five thousand scholars, being an increase of sixteen thousand on the year previous, with one hundred and twenty-seven thousand teachers, making more than a million in connection with Wesleyan Sunday-schools.

The progress of Wesleyan missions is thus illustrated: It is about one hundred years since the Missionary Society was inaugurated. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne it had fifty-one missionaries, now it has three hundred and twenty-four. Then it had also fifty-one Sunday-school teachers, now it has three thousand six hundred and fifty-one. The Queen owes much more to John and Charles Wesley than to the King Charleses, though she is said to have a warm spot in her heart for the latter royal promise-breakers. Alas! that there should be a heavy debt crushing the Missionary Society, though its annual income exceeds \$669,165.

The most exciting discussion related to Methodist Union, to which allusion was made in our last issue. A committee, however, was appointed to consider and report as to the way by which the waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist Church may be lessened or prevented.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

During the year seventy-seven

new churches were built at a cost of more than \$225,260, toward which \$120,010 had been raised, and debts previously incurred amounting to \$204,490. The estimated value of the Connexional property is \$15,355,210.

Two young men, Messrs. Woolas and Clements, have been sent to the New Zealand Mission.

Rev. W. N. Barleycorn, native missionary from Fernando Po, West Africa, is visiting England and will attend missionary anniversaries during the year. He is a man in the prime of life and speaks the English and Spanish languages with great fluency. He gave up a lucrative position to be a missionary.

Elmfield College, York, was established during the jubilee year of the denomination, and now occupies a high position among the middle class and schools of England.

In the recent Conference address two decades of the Connexion's progress are placed in contrast. From 1840 to 1850 the increase was thirty thousand seven hundred and seventy-two members, but between 1876 and 1886 the increase is only eighteen thousand eight hundred and forty-six. Many are asking why this serious difference.

There are two Primitive Methodist Conferences in the United States, one in the East, embracing portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts; the other in the West, having churches in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa. The total membership, including both Conferences, is four thousand nine hundred and forty-nine, and ministers, fifty-two.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The subject of Methodist Union has awakened great interest and called into practice several pens. The latest publication is a "Dream of Methodist Union," by Rev. F. Jewell, and is said to be "full of quaint, suggestive, and religiously profitable talk." Dr. Watts' pamphlet on "Liberal Methodism" has had an extensive sale. Dr. Watts is now Editor of the Connexional maga-

zine, and in a late issue he says respecting the Wesleyan and New-Connexion denominations: "If we only understood each other better, difficulties started against union would soon disappear." Who will say that this witness is not true?

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

The sixty-ninth annual Conference was held at Swansea. Rev. J. H. Batt was elected President. The Connexion is enjoying great prosperity. The increase of Sunday-school scholars exceeds four thousand. More than four thousand persons have been received into the Church, but the net increase is only eight hundred and nineteen.

The great question of debate was Methodist Union. Some were afraid of absorption, but the Rev. F. W. Bourne, Editor, who visited Canada a few years ago, assured the brethren that there was no ground for alarm, if they did but observe the manner in which their denomination had been treated in Canada, one of their ministers having been elected President of an important Conference and had also been honoured with the degree of D.D.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

The annual assembly met in Louth. There is an increase of seven hundred and seventy-five in the membership. There are three hundred and eighty-three ministers and thirty-six superannuates, and an increase of two thousand five hundred and ten Sunday-school scholars. The religious services were seasons of refreshing. The missionary meeting was especially enthusiastic. The feeling in favour of Methodist union is spreading in all branches of Methodism at home.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It is proposed to sell the Book Concern in New York and erect more spacious and commodious buildings.

In the North India Conference there are in the Sunday-schools

twenty-two thousand children, of whom sixteen thousand are Hindoos and Mohammedans.

A telephone line is to be extended between the river stations of the Congo Free State. Bishop Wm. Taylor's steambot will introduce the electric light to Central Africa, and Stanley's expedition is provided with a Maxim repeating-gun. Thus the latest inventions are finding their way into the Dark Continent.

The number of Methodists in New York city is published at sixteen thousand, which is one in every one hundred of the population. The property held by them is estimated at \$4,944,000.

It is reported that the Annual Conferences are about to memorialize the General Conference to declare the tobacco habit an impediment to the consecration to the office of bishop.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The next General Conference, which will meet in 1890, will be held in St. Louis.

The Bishops have recommended that the Discipline be put at ten cents per copy, and that the new Hymn Book be published so as to sell a good cloth-bound copy at 25 cents.

A week of prayer and sacrifice was recently held, and so far the Missionary Treasurer has received \$12,300 as the result.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

It is gratifying to learn that there is an increase of \$12,000 in the Missionary income, bringing the total amount to over \$200,000.

Rev. Dr. Macdonald, Chairman of Japan District, has been granted a furlough of one year. He will be accompanied to Canada by the Rev. Mr. Hiraiwa, native minister, whose presence will be very acceptable at the principal Missionary meetings.

The openings in Japan are numerous. The entire nation appears to be aroused in favour of Christianity. The demand for Christian teachers

is especially urgent. A banker in Sendai has given \$10,000 for a thoroughly Christian school in that city.

The college at Tokyo needs to be enlarged, and loud calls are made for a church building on the college site.

A large order for Ontario school books has lately been received from Tokyo Academy, including Campbell's geography.

Miss Cunningham, of Nova Scotia, has lately been sent to reinforce the band of mission workers in Japan. A farewell meeting was held in Grafton Street Church, Halifax, when several presents were given to the heroic lady, and addresses were delivered by both ladies and gentlemen, expressive of high admiration for Miss Cunningham and deep interest in the work to which she has devoted herself.

The Rev. David Savage is now labouring in the Maritime Provinces. He is ably assisted by the Rev. W. W. Brewer, Rev. D. D. Moor and others. Mr. Brewer has commenced the publication of *Glad Tidings*, one copy of which we have seen. It deserves a wide circulation and will greatly aid evangelistic services. Mr. Savage was at Berwick camp-meeting; appearances indicate that he will have a successful tour in the East. Our friends everywhere seem to be on the alert for a revival campaign. May they have showers of blessing.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Since our last issue, the genial, intellectual, and pious John S. Evans, D.D., has been called to his rest in heaven. During three years it was our privilege to be associated with him on the same district, when we learned to esteem him very highly. He was a guileless man, beloved by all to whom he was known. For some years he was in charge of the Children's Home, Hamilton. Dr. Stephenson, in a letter now on our table, says, "He was a faithful and devoted servant and we shall miss him greatly in his work." He now rests from his labours.

The Metropolitan Church of Toronto has lost another of its original trustees. Mr. Charlesworth, after a painful illness, went home to God on the 29th July, two days before the completion of his 65th year. Some twenty years ago he became a follower of Christ, and it is about twelve years since he entered into the enjoyment of full consecration. His evidence was most clear, and his testimony during his last illness was of a very decided character. On one occasion, when asking him if Christ was as precious as ever, he replied: "There is no *variableness* in my experience; my foundation is too firm." "Yes," said a friend, "on the Rock of Ages," and repeating the hymn, he remarked: "That is my favourite hymn—we have none more beautiful." To his wife he said: "Christ is all my strength." To his only daughter he frequently spoke of the preciousness of Christ Jesus and his power to save. Mr. Charlesworth was one of the three men who assumed the responsibility of the purchase of the McGill Square, in which the Metropolitan now stands. He took warm interest in all the offices of the church, and wherever he was needed, and could do good, there he was sure to be found. A good man has gone to his rest.

The Rev. Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D., died in New York, August 17th. He was in his seventy-ninth year and had served the Methodist Church faithfully for half a century. He had been pastor, college professor, and editor. He was a member of several General Conferences, in which he always took a conspicuous part. He was editor since 1864, first of the *New York Christian Advocate*, then of the *National Repository*, and finally, the *Methodist Review*, the tripod of which he occupied when called to his eternal home. He was also the author of several volumes. As a writer he was original and incisive; some thought him a little too speculative, but this arose from his thorough independence. He sometimes had an austere appearance, but he was genial and

friendly. During the last few years he was evidently ripening for heaven.

The Rev. Robert Brewster, formerly a Methodist minister in Canada, died in the Central New York Conference in June last. He went to the United States in 1870 and was greatly beloved by the people whom he served. He leaves a wife and three children. His illness was brief, but his life was the best testimony he could give, and now being dead he yet speaketh.

The Rev. M. Godman, a superannuated minister in England. He

was more than forty years a missionary in Africa, where he was often in perils. He had the pleasure of seeing many of the sable sons of Africa brought into the Church of Christ.

The Rev. H. Piggin was a minister of the Methodist New Connexion forty-one years. He was a minister of great influence in the body and occupied the Presidential chair one term. Last Conference he retired from "the active work," and a few weeks afterwards he "ceased to work and live."

Book Notices.

The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London. Vol. VI. Judges VI.—Samuel XVIII. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 8vo, cloth; price \$1.50.

Next to Spurgeon, Dr. Parker is probably the strongest pulpit personality in London. That week after week for nearly a score of years he has been able to collect a large midday audience of busy men in the very heart of the busiest city in the world is a remarkable proof of his ability. An even greater one, we think, is his purpose to issue, under his own hand, a complete People's Commentary of the whole Bible. That work so far has been marked by the spiritual insight, the fervid spirit, the shrewd wisdom of its distinguished author. The present volume embraces the last sixteen chapters of Judges, the whole of Ruth, and the first eighteen chapters of Samuel. The five former volumes have elicited the highest commendation from both ministers and laymen, and this is by no means inferior to them.

"Dr. Parker," says a competent critic, "is a genius in both exegetical

and homiletics. He flashes new light upon these old books, and starts the student's mind in a thousand different directions. His books are as valuable for what they suggest but do not say, as for what they say." His approaching visit to this country will lend an additional interest to his writings.

The Life of the Rev. Amand Parent, the First French Canadian Ordained by the Methodist Church. Pp. 235, with portrait and engravings. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Price \$1.25.

This is an exceedingly interesting book. It gives an account of Mr. Parent's early life and of his adventures during the rebellion of 1837, of his conversion, and of his forty-seven years' experience of evangelical work in Canada—thirty-one of which were in connection with the Conference and eight years among the Oka Indians. The story is as interesting as a romance. It gives a remarkable insight into the workings of that Papal system under which so many of our fellow-subjects are held in mental and spiritual bondage. The persecution and malignity with which Mr. Parent was followed almost surpass be-

lief. The atrocious treatment of the Oka Indians by the authorities of the Church of Rome is a painful picture and arouses one's indignation at the injustice and cruelty exhibited. The strange story of the destruction of the Catholic chapel by fire and of the trial of the Protestant Indians for the alleged crime of arson, which attracted so much attention at the time, is recounted, and is illustrated with numerous engravings of the chief actors in the stirring drama; numerous other illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book, which we cordially commend to the attention of our readers.

The Guiding Hand. By REV. E. A. STAFFORD, LL.B. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 50 cents.

Bro. Stafford has produced a book of more than ordinary interest. It discusses with clear, conclusive, and convincing argument, a subject of great moment to all who desire a more intelligent and intimate acquaintance with that Divine Spirit whose mission it is to lead from sin to holiness, and along the highway of holiness to heaven. In the preface the author speaks of the book as "an effort to find an atmosphere both of common sense and of perfect purity"; and we believe the careful and candid reader will conclude that it is at once a sensible and scriptural presentation of the subject. The title clearly indicates the contents of the book, and the writer keeps well to his subject all through, setting forth in finish and fervid style, and with fresh and forceful illustration, the doctrine and detail of divine guidance. Particular interest will centre in the chapters that seek more directly to correct certain "mistaken views" that the author regards as "a recent development upon the old and well understood doctrine of entire sanctification." He enters into a full and exhaustive discussion of the nature and extent of God's guidance in temporal things, and the manner in which "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." The whole truth is here clearly set forth in such a man-

ner as to afford the greatest possible comfort to the trusting soul, without any extravagance, and the reader must feel the calm, consistent and Christly spirit in which the book is written.

It is a healthy and hopeful sign of the times that such a subject is being brought to the forefront, and that the attention of the Church is thus being called to a most profoundly important part of the Spirit's work. May the Holy Ghost be hereby honoured, this work be better understood, and this help be more eagerly sought by all believers. We welcome this rich, racy and readable volume as a very valuable contribution to the somewhat limited supply of literature along this line; and cordially and confidently commend it to all lovers of holiness as a timely, thoughtful and trustworthy treatment of the subject, believing that it will be a valuable help to the right understanding of the Spirit's work as the "leader of faithful souls and guide of all who travel to the skies."

G. J. B.

Tactics of Infidels. By the REV. L. A. LAMBERT. Pp. 350. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 30 cents, paper.

A few years ago Father Lambert published a volume of "Notes on Ingersoll," which proved to be one of the best refutations of current infidelity ever penned. Though often challenged to do so, Ingersoll never replied to that book. One of his disciples, a Mr. B. W. Lacey, at length essayed to do so. With that reply Father Lambert here grapples. He takes it up clause by clause and, to use a familiar idiom, "makes mincemeat of it." His retort is decidedly racy reading. Father Lambert in Biblical knowledge, in critical acumen, in vigorous confutation of infidel tactics, is master of the situation. Of Ingersoll himself very little is heard now a-days; but his blatant talk about the "mistakes of Moses," and the like, are still the stock-in-trade of his school of skeptics. It was a judicious and enterprising thing for the Book Steward to put

this bulky book into such cheap form that every lover of the truth might possess it.

Eighty-Seven. By PANSY (MRS. ALDEN). Pp. 342. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

Mrs. Alden has created quite a Chautauqua literature. She is in hearty sympathy with the great educational movement which Chautauqua symbolizes. This book is especially written for the 5,000 Chautauquans for the class of 1883. But all Chautauquans, and all who care to understand that greatest educational movement of our times, will find it very interesting and instructive reading. Under the form of a story the author has grouped the actual experiences of many students as given in letters which she has received. We commend the book especially to our younger readers.

God and Nature. By the REV. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, F.R.M.S. London: T. Woolmer.

Mr. Curnock has gained the right to speak with authority on the scientific aspects of Nature. He here deals with what may be called its religious teachings, and a very thought-suggesting, soul-comforting little book he has produced.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Proceedings and Transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science.

We had the pleasure of meeting in Halifax the Rev. Dr. Honeyman, curator of the Provincial Museum. The volume before us, which would do credit to any scientific association, contains no less than four papers of distinguished ability from his facile pen. The Province is to be congratulated on having so accomplished a scientist in the important position which he occupies.

We have not had an opportunity to notice earlier the following pamphlets which have reached our desk:

The Fishery Question: Its Imperial Importance. This is a very

timely and valuable paper on a live topic, by J. G. Bourinot, LL.D., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society—reprinted from the *Westminster Review*.

Our Five Foreign Missions, by the Rev. Dr. Grant, gives in brief space a graphic sketch—in the author's graceful style—of the Foreign Mission work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. We have been specially interested in the account of Dr. Geddie, of Nova Scotia, the apostle of the New Hebrides, of whom it is recorded, "When he came there were no Christians, when he left there were no heathen."

Physiology in Thought, Conduct, and Belief, by Daniel Clark, M.D., Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto. Dr. Clark's valued contributions to this MAGAZINE have made him no stranger to its readers. We need not say in all subjects connected with the mysterious relation between mind and matter Dr. Clark is an authority. This pamphlet is exceedingly able and interesting, and of much educational value.

An unusually important work is announced by Cassell & Company. It is "Martin Luther; The Man and His Work," by Peter Bayne, LL.D. Dr. Bayne's sympathy is as great as his literary skill. The men and women of whom he writes are made to live. The reader will not only become acquainted with the facts of Luther's life, but he follows the events of his career with the vivid realization of the spectator of a powerful drama.

That tireless literary worker, Professor Henry Morley, has nearly ready from the press of Cassell & Company what promises to be his *magnum opus*. It is a work of magnitude as well as of importance, and when completed will fill twenty volumes. "The History of English Literature" is the subject of Professor Morley's task, and it covers the whole subject, beginning with the early times before Alfred and coming down to the present day. Professor Morley has been engaged upon this work for twenty years.