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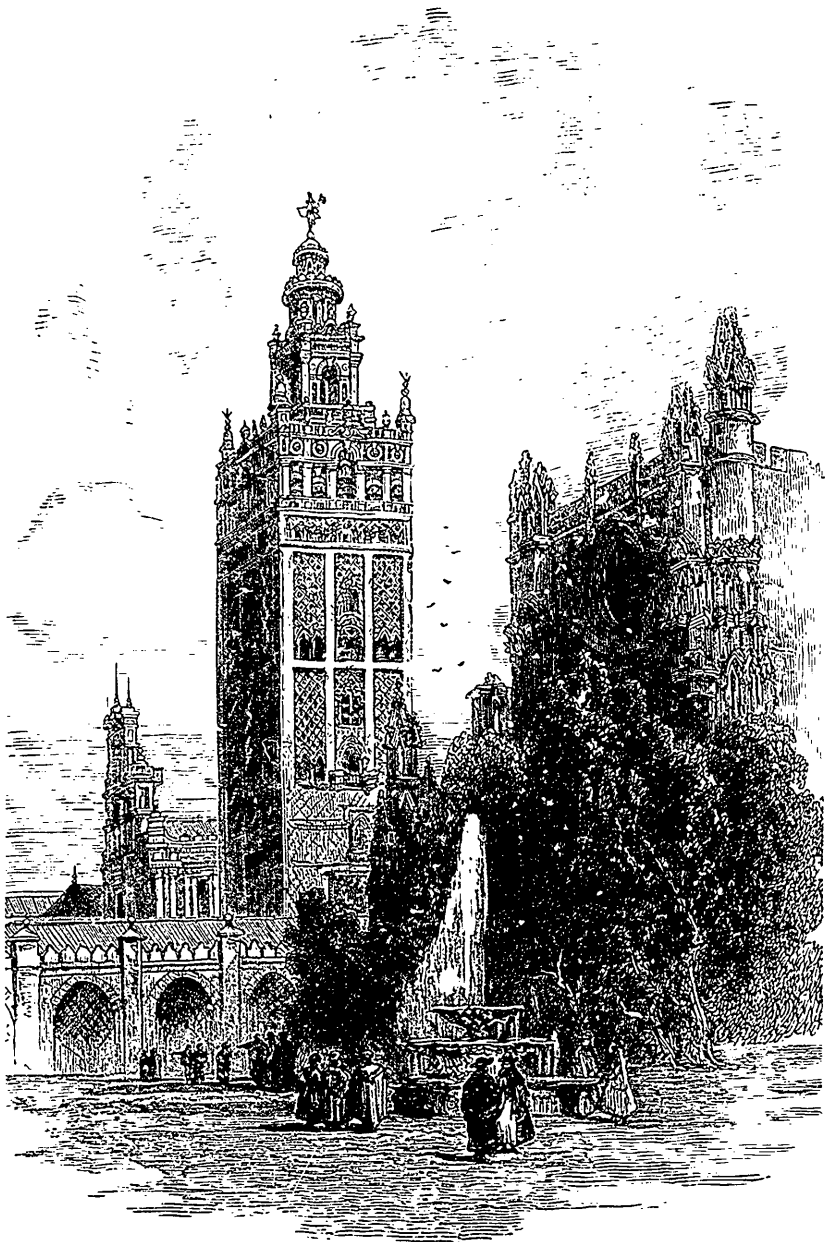
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THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1885.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

II.



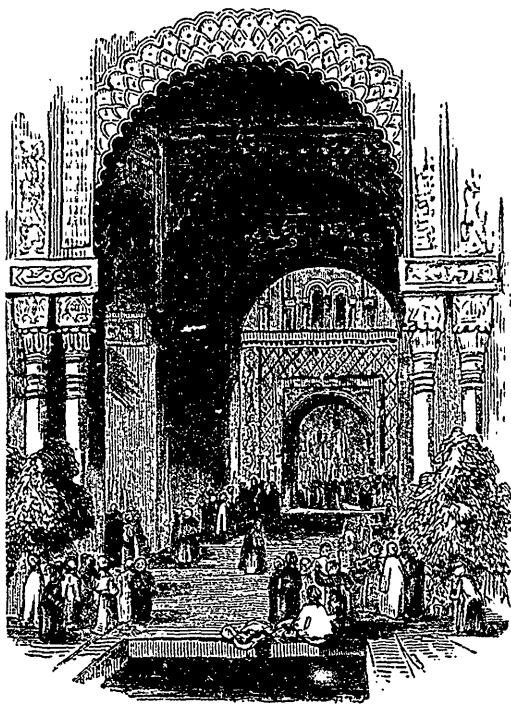
GIBRALTAR.

THERE are two routes open to the tourist who desires to enter Spain. He can do so either by land or by sea. We have already crossed the Pyrenees and proceeded by the northern line of railway to Madrid. Our present purpose being to visit Andalusia, at the southern extremity of the Peninsula, it will be more convenient for us to proceed by sea, and by the Guadalquiver directly to Seville. Here we are in the very heart of Andalusia, the land of the olive, the orange, and the vine. This semi-tropical province boasts of the finest wines and fruits, the best horses and cattle, the fiercest bulls and the handsomest people to be found in all Spain. The sites of its cities rival, in their entrancing beauty, those of any other European land. Indeed, all things assume an air of unique beauty, and picturesque grace, in the land of sun and light. It has been remarked that, even the Gipsy race, avoided and abhorred in all other countries of Europe, at Granada as at Moscow, becomes one of the attractions of the tourist.

The diversity of the natural scenery of Andalusia gives it an ineffable charm. It unites many kinds of beauty. Even here there are, as in other parts of Spain, tracks of country which were fertile and inhabited under the Moorish rule that have since become sterile and depopulated wastes. But these, and the savage wildness and barrenness of its lofty mountain, while possessing a peculiar charm of their own, heighten by contrast the

softer beauty of the "heuertas" and "vegas," with their tropical luxuriance of vegetation and fruitfulness.

Seville is the typical province of Andalusia; and it is not surprising, in view of its situation and surroundings, that it is the home of Spanish art. The greatest of its painters, Murillo and Velasquez, were born here; and here Zurbaran painted his best pieces. Here the most celebrated novelist of modern Spain, Ce-



THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

cilia Bohl de Faber, had her home. Amador de los Rios composed his chief works here. This, too, is the birth-place of both Becquers—the painter and the novelist. Though the Moors have left deeper traces, in some respects, in Granada, in Seville they have fused more thoroughly with the population, and have given it the Oriental grace and culture which is lacking at the former place. The wit of the people of Seville is peculiar to themselves.

Of the monuments of Moorish art, space will permit us to mention but two—the Giralda and the Alcazar. The former of these is by far the finest relic of purely Moorish architecture in

this part of Spain. This famous tower rises to a height of three hundred and fifty feet from the angle of the Patio de los Narrajos, or court of orange trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weather-cock (*girandola*), from which it takes its name. The weather-cock itself is an object of interest. It is the figure of a woman, and so finely balanced is it that, though weighing nearly three tons, it turns at the slightest breeze. Concerning it a recent writer—an ungallant Englishman, and possibly an old bachelor—observes: “Oddly enough it represents faith, and innumerable are the jokes current in Spain at the expense of the Sevillanos, who have chosen a woman and a weather-cock—the emblems of fickleness and inconstancy—to represent the virtue which ought to be, before all things, steadfast.”

One who has seen the Giralda from all points of view and studied it with the eye of an artist, finds himself at a loss to say under what aspect it appears to most advantage, or looks most lovely.

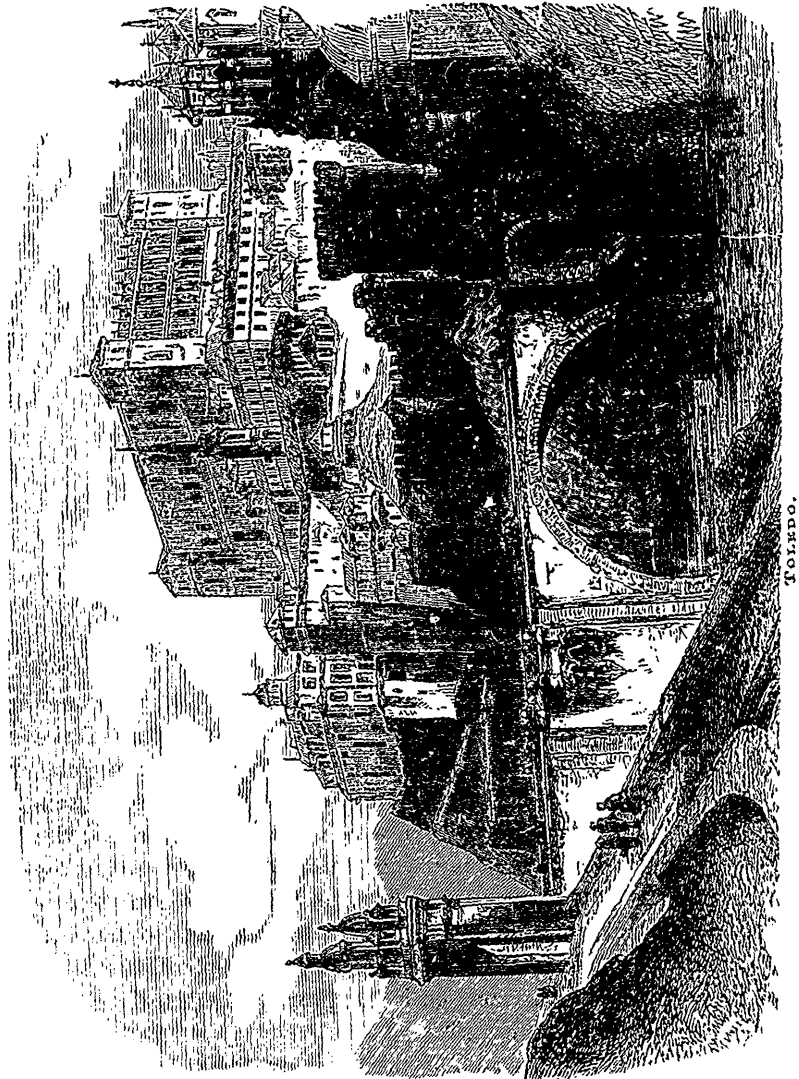
“Whether rising into the deep, radiant blue of an Andalusian noontide, flooded by a light so intense that every detail of fretwork and arabesque and fresco comes out with the utmost vividness; or on the night of some high festival, when the belfry lights seem so unconnected with earth, and so far up in the sky, that they look like strange lurid stars, or perhaps more beautiful than all, in the brilliant light of a full moon, when everything is bathed in a fine white radiance, brilliant enough to bring out the marvellous beauty of the tower, and yet kindly veiling the marks of decay which deface it.”

Originally this magnificent tower, which formed a part of the great mosque of Seville, terminated in an immense iron globe, plated with burnished gold; and immediately beneath this gilded ball was the gallery from which the muezzin called the people to prayer. Every morning from this lofty perch, three hundred feet above the sleeping city, as the sun began to illuminate the horizon, sounded out the solemn cry so familiar throughout the Moslem world: “Great is Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!”

We rejoice in the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent; we prefer even an imperfect form of Christianity to Moslemism; and we earnestly pray for the coming of the day when the pure

gospel shall be not only proclaimed, but accepted everywhere,
and

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.”



Tokyo.

But we cannot withhold our respect and admiration from these people who, guided by the dim light which was in them, were found every morning waiting for the dawn to begin their devo-

tions. Would that, with a purer creed, we had more of their consistency and devotion.

The Alcazar of Seville, though originally built by the Moors and retaining the Moorish style of architecture, having been rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel, can scarcely with strict propriety be called Moorish. The original design has been enlarged and beautified by the restorer, who for that purpose secured the services of the architects and builders who had been engaged on the Alhambra. Inferior to the Alhambra in size, situation, and artistic beauty, it is pronounced by critics to be much richer in detail, and is in a much better state of preservation. In the judgment of persons of severe taste it suffers somewhat on account of looking too new; the modern colouring is felt to be too hot and violent in tone to be in harmony with such a venerable pile. And purists in Moorish architecture, it is said, find in it innumerable inconsistencies and anachronisms. And yet, both on account of its essential grandeur, and as a link between the past and the present—essentially Moorish, and therefore belonging to a bygone age, and yet bearing the signs of modern innovation—it cannot but be regarded as an object of very great interest.

In order to reach Toledo from Seville the traveller has to pass up the valley of the Guadalquivir through Cordova by the line of railway leading to Madrid. Of the objects of interest met with on this journey nothing need be said at present, especially as we shall have to retrace our steps as far as Cordova on our way to Granada. Standing proudly on a rocky eminence, the imposing grandeur of the site of Toledo, its air of venerable antiquity, and its picturesque Oriental aspect, can scarcely fail to profoundly impress one who sees it for the first time. Vulgar tradition make it the capital of Spain, when Adam, the progenitor of the race, was king. The Jews assert that it was built by their forefathers, who fled from Palestine in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. They derive its name from the Hebrew word *Toledoth*, understanding it to mean "City of generations." Without going so far back, however, it is well known that it was taken by Marcus Fluvius Novilius, one hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era, and it had evidently attained to a position of considerable importance long before that. On the whole, its claim to be considered one of the oldest cities in Europe seems to be pretty well established.

Toledo, however, retains only the shadow of its former greatness. The objects of greatest interest which it contains are the relics of a departed glory. Here, as in many other of the cities of Spain, one is constantly reminded of a golden age which exists no longer except as a tradition or memory of the past. And it is improbable that Toledo will ever again be what it has been in other times. Whatever Spain has gained by the expulsion of the Moor in other respects, it has evidently suffered immensely in the matter of temporal prosperity. Under the dominion of the Moors, Toledo rose to a highly prosperous condition. And, on the whole, it seems to have been wisely and well governed. Christians were protected in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their religion. The Jews were, in many instances, raised to positions of great eminence in connection with the administration of the Government and the management of public affairs. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into the country increased immensely its productiveness. Vast tracts of land which would have otherwise been useless were rendered fertile and productive by a comprehensive and wisely-constructed system of irrigation.

The Christian conquest of Toledo, in 1085, brought with it the reverse of a blessing. Its prosperity began immediately to decline. Nor can this be greatly wondered at. The conquerors broke faith with the conquered. The terms of capitulation were violated. The mosques were turned into churches. The property of the Moors, which had been secured to them by treaty, was taken from them; and at length they were themselves driven away by the intolerable cruelty and oppression to which they were subjected. And with them went the energy, and the thrift, and the business capacity, on which the prosperity of the city and of the surrounding country depended. The heartless persecution of the Jews was impolitic as it was cruel and unjust. It deprived the country of the services of another class of most enterprising and useful citizens. They were the great financiers of Toledo, as they were indeed of all parts of Spain, and they filled the most important offices of the Government, with signal advantage to the country. But the most capable of them were either exiled or destroyed. The despotic rule of the Emperor Charles V., and his successor, aided by the Inquisition, by which the people were despoiled of their liberties and reduced to the condition of slaves,

completed the ruin. It is true, Toledo subsequently recovered for a time something of its ancient prosperity. It became the seat of a great and prosperous iron and steel industry, being especially noted for its manufacture of arms. The Toledo blade was scarcely less famous than that of Damascus. This revival of industry and commerce, however, proved to be only temporary, and the silence of death now reigns in the deserted streets which were once vocal with the hum of busy life.

Passing northward to Castillejo we reach the main line from Madrid to Cordova near Aranjuez; and proceeding in a southerly direction we soon cross the frontier of La Mancha, and find ourselves amid the scenes which have been made familiar by the genius of Cervantes. Everything remains to-day as it was when he described it, and shows how true his descriptions are to nature. Leaving the Venta de Cardenas and the Torre Neuva behind us, we proceed on our southward journey. We soon enter the wild and savage gorge *despenaperros*, or "Pitch the dogs over," and gaze upon the precipitous cliff where, in some of the desperate struggles between the Crescent and the Cross, the "infidel dogs" were hurled to destruction. As we approach Cordova everything begins to wear a more Oriental and tropical appearance. The traces of the Moor are everywhere more visible, and the vegetation is African rather than European. The cactus and the prickly pear grow in wild profusion on the banks of the railway; and the groves of oranges and lemons, and the tall and feathery palms all tell the same story, that we are in the sunny south.

Cordova is now a decayed and poverty-stricken city of about forty thousand inhabitants. Without trade, without manufactures, without anything to give it life or prosperity, there is an air of dejection and desertion about it beyond almost every other city of Spain. And yet we are told that this city, now so sad and forsaken, once had six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eight thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and a million of inhabitants. And that all this is true, we are prepared to believe by the magnificence of its incomparable cathedral, the most imposing relic of its departed glory. This superb building, which was erected shortly after the founding of the Western Caliphate, was intended by its founder to be the finest mosque in the world, and no cost or

pains were spared to make it what it was designed to be. It was originally supported by twelve hundred columns, one thousand of which are still standing; and in order to secure the marbles for these, all of which are diverse from one another, but the finest that the quarries of the world could produce, the temples of Sicily, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Phœnicia, were all despoiled of their finest materials. On one side were nineteen gates, the centre one of which was covered with gold plates, and the others were bronze, beautifully decorated. The minarets terminated in gilt balls surmounted by golden pomegranates. The vast edifice was lighted by four thousand seven hundred lamps, fed with oil perfumed with amber, aloes and frankincense. Among the few parts of this unique and wonderful building which remain uninjured by the hand of the spoiler is the Mih-rab or sanctuary in which the Koran was deposited—a recess lined with mosaics, and said to be the finest in the world. The roof is formed of a single block of marble carved into a shell. The cornices are inlaid with Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold. When lit up by the sacristan the recess seems a fairy cavern, radiant with gold and jewels.



CORKWOOD FOREST.

The journey from Cordova to Granada lies through scenery of surpassing grandeur. Wild savage sierras intersected by almost inaccessible ravines, groves of olive, forests of corkwood, and richly fertile valleys where winter is unknown, and which produce two or three harvests in the year, succeed one another.

And now the Sierra Nevada comes within the line of vision, and gives a glory to the scene which nothing but a series of snow-capped mountain peaks could give. At Loja we enter upon the rich and beautiful Vegas of Granada, rejoicing in perpetual sunshine, watered abundantly by innumerable streams replenished through the summer by the snows of the Sierra Nevada—a region of incredible fertility.

On the edge of this fertile plain, at the foot of some of the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, stands the city of Granada. At present it has a population of about eighty thousand; but at the beginning of the fourteenth century it had at least two hundred thousand in-

habitants. At that time it could send forth fifty thousand warriors from its gates. The object of greatest interest in Granada to-day



GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

links the present with those times of the distant past. The Alhambra was the glory of Granada then as it is now. On the summit of one of the hills of the city stands this royal fortress, or

palace, which was capable of containing within its circuit forty-thousand men. Of it Prescott says :

“ The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in Spain for the contemplation of the traveller, shows great advancement in the art since the construction of the celebrated mosque of Cordova. Its graceful porticos and colonnades, its domes and ceilings, glowing with tints which in the transparent atmosphere have lost nothing of their original brilliancy, its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilation of the air, and its fountains, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence and Sybarite luxury of its proprietors.”

This is as much about the Alhambra as can be compressed into a sentence or two ; for a fuller account of it the reader is referred



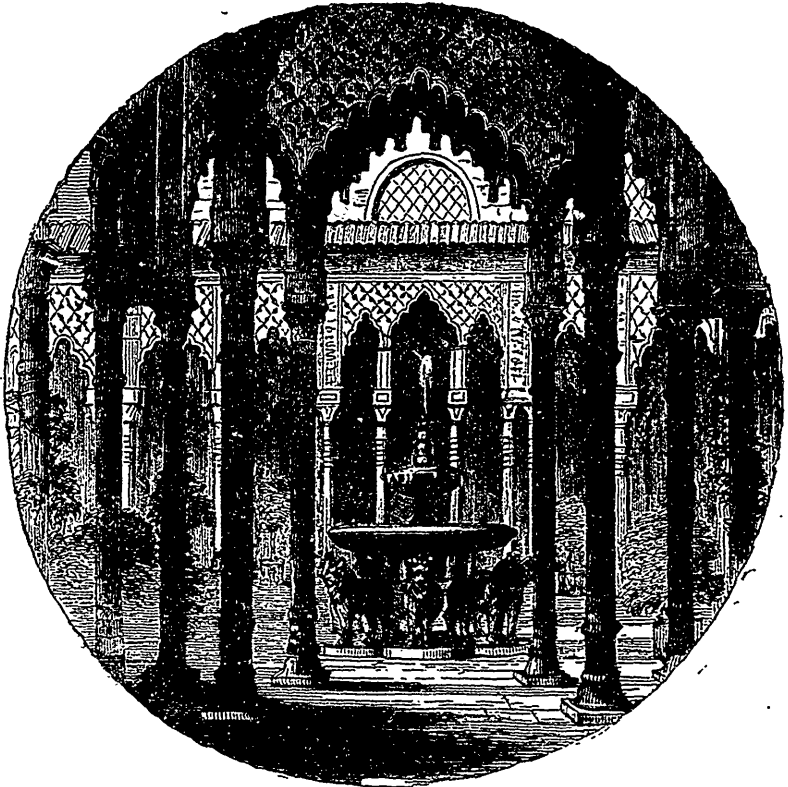
THE ALHAMBRA.

to Washington Irving's incomparable description ; but no word-painting, however vivid, can convey to the mind an adequate conception of the magnificence of this venerable pile of buildings. The accompanying cut will give the reader some idea of the interior splendour of one of the many magnificent courts of the Alhambra—the Court of Lions, with its fountain, famous in song and story, which stands to-day as it

stood in the days of Boabdil. Across the ravine yonder, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalliffe—a summer palace of the Moorish Kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months. The naked summit above it, where some shapeless ruins are visible from the towers of the Alhambra, is the Silla del Moro, or Seat of the Moor—the retreat of the unfortunate Boabdil, where he took his seat during an insurrection, and whence he looked down mournfully on the rebellious city.

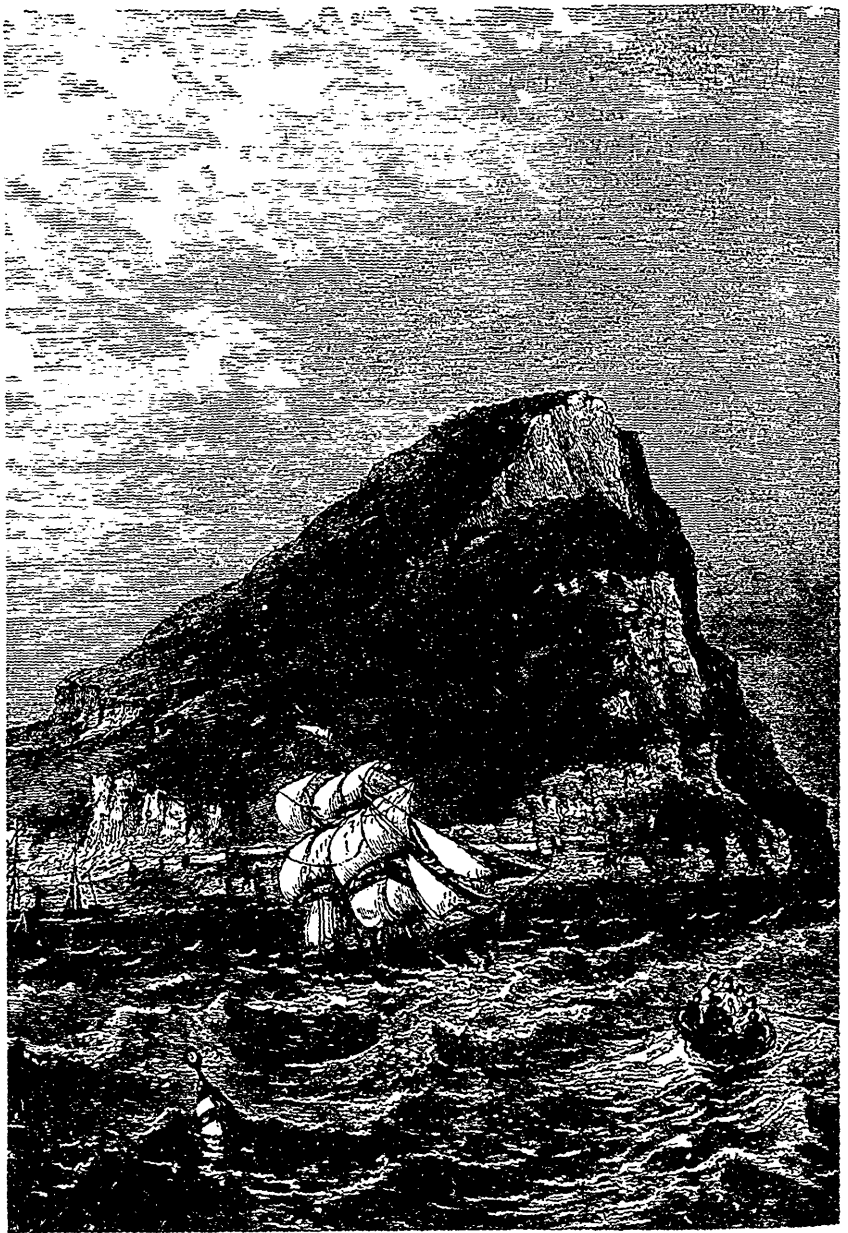
Returning by the way of Cordova and Seville down the Guadalquivir to Cadiz, the traveller finds himself again in the midst of commercial life and activity. Cadiz is a bright and cheerful city. Its houses of white stone, surrounded by Moorish

turrets, domes, and pinnacles, have a most imposing effect. It is impossible for a loyal Briton to leave the Bay of Cadiz without having his feelings of patriotism quickened and stimulated. Passing Barossa—a name famous in the Peninsular war—the coast bends inward, leaving a wide open bay. Beyond is a long, low, sandy point stretching out seaward with a lighthouse at the extremity; and then comes the bay in which British naval



THE COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

supremacy was secured half a century ago. This is the scene of the battle of Trafalgar, and under these smooth and sunlit waters lie the shattered navies of two great nations. The enormous masses of the Atlas range on the right are soon confronted by the Rock of Gibraltar on the left, and shortly we steam into the bay and cast anchor under the British flag. Here we find ourselves in a perfect babel of strange tongues. Here are the negroes



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR,

of the Soudan and the Jews of Tangiers, people from every island of the Levant, the Indian nabob and the Chinese mandarin, strangely mixed with the humble representative of some of the obscurer portions of the earth. "But," as a recent traveller well observes, "amidst all the various nationalities the Briton seems more than ever conscious of his superiority, and to verify Goldsmith's description :

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by."

A three days' ride in the saddle will enable the tourist to reach Malaga, by the way of Ronda. The journey lies for the most part through magnificent mountain scenery. Ronda itself is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. It stands on a steep rock encircled by the Guadiana, which foams and dashes through a chasm so narrow as to be bridged over. The bridge which spans the Tajo, or rift in the rock, is a most striking object as looked at from beneath. At a height of six or seven hundred feet above the Moorish mills and castle in the valley, it seems as though suspended from the clouds. The beautiful river, emerging into light and sunshine from the gloomy defiles through which it has struggled, leaps from rock to rock as though rejoicing in its emancipation. The whole scene fully justifies the enthusiastic exclamation of Ford, "There is but one Ronda in the world."

The costumes throughout the whole of the Mediterranean provinces of Spain conform more or less to the Oriental type. The peasant of Aragon, of whom we present a picture in the accompanying cut, exhibits more of a European appearance than most of those with whom one meets in this region. He has his hempen sandals instead of shoes, but his legs are neither bare nor covered with footless cotton stockings; neither has he the wide calico drawers reaching down to the knees, and looking like a short petticoat, with the close-fitting jacket covered with spangles and embroidery—the dress generally worn in this region. One characteristic of the costume of the Eastern Provinces is, however, brought out in this picture, that is the substitution of the plaid for the mantle, which is so much affected and so generally worn by the Castilians.

The capital of Aragon deserves a passing notice. Its name itself is something of a curiosity. To most ears, probably, there is but little similarity of sound between Cæsarea Augusta and Saragossa, and yet the latter is only a corruption of the former. In pre-Roman times its name was Sadoba. The Emperor Augustus bestowed on it the imperial title, which has since been degraded into the name by which it is called to-day. The debasement of this name, unfortunately, is typical of the change which,



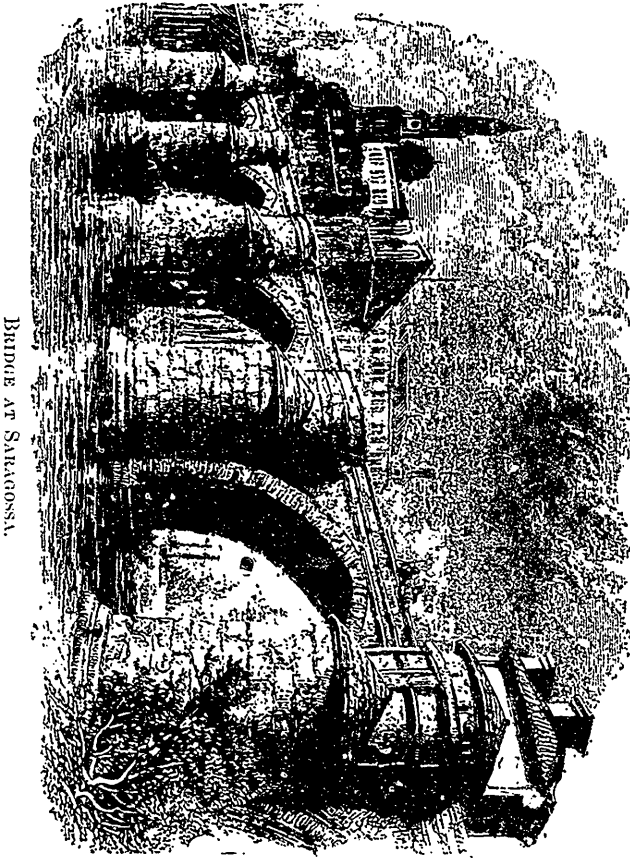
PEASANT OF ARAGON.

in the lapse of time and the progress of events, has taken place in almost everything else, not only in Saragossa, but in every other part of Spain. Nothing here is what it once was. The change, too, in almost every instance has been for the worse. This gloomy and poverty-stricken town is not an exception to this rule.

Saragossa is not without indication that it has seen better days. The fine stone bridge which spans the Ebro at

this point is a noble relic of the past. It was built in 1487, and is still apparently in good condition. Saragossa boasts, too, of the possession of two fine cathedrals, though at present its population is said to be not more than sixty thousand. La Seo, the older of the two, is of the Gothic order of architecture, vast, severe, and gloomy, but much defaced by modern alterations which have not been, improvements. The present race of Spaniards do not appear to have inherited anything of the exquisite taste and love of the

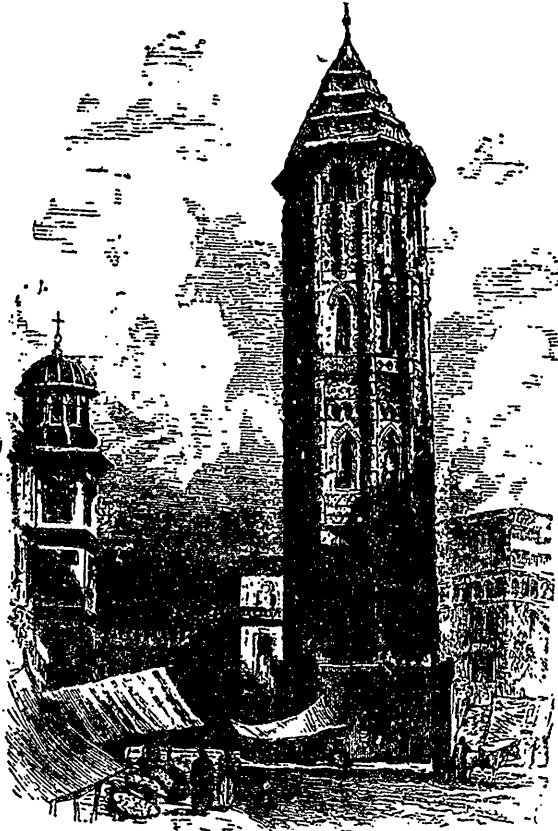
beautiful which were possessed by their distant ancestors; the result is that they seldom touch any of the monuments of the past which have descended to them without marring them. The other of these ecclesiastical structures, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, derives its name and probably its very existence from one of those legends which are the disgrace of Latin Christianity.



BRIDGE AT SARAGOSSA.

The story, in short, is, that St. James applied to the Virgin for permission to preach the Gospel in Spain. Her consent was given, and the apostle having "kissed her hand," set out on his mission and made his way to Saragossa. Eight pagans were converted to Christianity before he slept. He became very anxious to see again the mother of his Lord, under whose patronage his mission was undertaken. His desire was granted to him. A

company of angels brought the Virgin, and at the same time brought from heaven an amber pillar, with what some of those who have seen it describe as "an ugly little image" of Mary, with a child in her arms, on the top of it. She told James to build a church on the spot where this transaction took place.



LEANING TOWER, SARAGOSSA.

And here in after ages this great cathedral, with eleven domes and two towers, said to be the largest in Spain, was built. The domes are covered with green, yellow, white, and blue glazed tiles, which glitter in the sunlight with Oriental splendour.

This pillar with its image, surrounded with ever-burning lights and enclosed in a magnificent shrine, is here to be seen to this day, and is the greatest object of superstitious veneration in all Spain. Hundreds of girls are named after it; thousands of pilgrims come

every year from all parts of Spain, to present their offerings of silver and gold, and to kiss the small portion of the jasper pillar which is left exposed for that purpose; jewellers and fancy shopkeepers of the town do a profitable business in selling imitations of the Virgin's pillar in gold, silver, and all sorts of baser materials; and on the 12th of October, the anniversary of the descent of the Virgin, there have been known to be as many as 50,000 pilgrims in Saragossa, and we have the testimony of Pope Innocent III. that God alone can count the miracles which are performed on these occasions.

Not far from this cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Saragossa. This, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular; but this is said to be the result of a defect in the foundation, rather than of the whim of the architect. The settling of the foundation, which fortunately has not gone far enough to endanger the superstructure, has added to it this element of interest, if not of beauty. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal with its poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

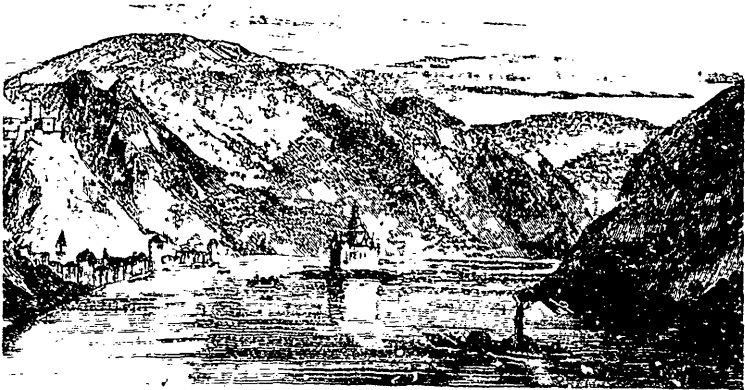
But at this point the present record of our wanderings must end. Time and space have their limits, beyond which the wanderer, whether literal or literary, cannot pass. It is not possible, however, to turn our back upon this interesting country without a sigh. Its past history sufficiently illustrates its splendid possibilities. It has all the natural resources necessary to secure for it the highest state of prosperity. The exuberant fertility of its soil, its inexhaustible mineral treasure, its commanding position on the great highway of the nations, and the industry, energy, and capacity of its people, all seem to indicate that it was designed by Providence to occupy a high position among the nations. And only three centuries ago it held unquestionably the first place in Europe. But, as a recent writer has said, "under the paralyzing influence of political tyranny, and religious bigotry, its cities have fallen into decay; its fields have been smitten with barrenness; its commerce and manufactures have perished. It contains but the ruin of its former greatness." And there is evidently nothing but a free Bible, a free Gospel, and a powerful revival of pure spiritual religion which can recover it from the condition of apparently hopeless paralysis into which it has fallen.



AN ARRIVAL FOR THE FERRY.

ON THE RHINE.

BY THE EDITOR.



VIEW OF THE RHINE AND PFALZ CASTLE.

THE storied Rhine, the theme of song and legend, is one of the principal rivers of Europe. Born high up among the Lepontine Alps, in the Swiss Canton of Grison, it reaches the sea after a devious course of eight hundred miles. Although its source is eight hundred feet above the sea level, it descends half that distance as a brawling mountain torrent in the first twelve miles. In its latest stages it creeps sluggishly along in five divergent channels through the lowlands and sand dunes of Holland. It is not unlike some generous youth who exhausts his energies in impetuous early struggles and then sinks into an inglorious and sluggish old age.

The scenery of the Upper Rhine is of the grandest and sublimest description. Huge mountains of the St. Gothard group lift their snow-crowned peaks into the skies, and doff not their white caps even to the regal sun himself. The cut on the opposite page gives an example of the mountain grandeur and mountain gloom of these Alpine fastnesses. The steep cliffs rise abruptly from the water side, their summits wrapped in clouds and mist; the lower slopes afford nutritious pasture for the cattle, sheep and goats. Sometimes the cows climb so high that they do not seem much larger than mice. One marvels how

they can find a footing on so steep a slope. The stout herdsman is hailing a ferryboat to come and take him and his sheep and cows across. Many of the cattle wear bells. I have heard hundreds of these together tinkling on the mountain side. The music is indescribably sweet.

After a turbulent and tortuous course the Upper Rhine finds repose in the tranquil waters of the Lake of Constance, depositing the sediment of the glacier-worn rocks in its quiet depths. It issues from the lake in a clear pale green stream for its less stormy course to Basle, where what is called the Middle Rhine begins. Yet on this reach of the river occurs its most famous falls at Schaffhausen. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is about one hundred feet. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with the richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command superb views.¹ Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara and the Yosemite. The old town, with its castle and minster dating from 1104, and odd architecture, is exceedingly picturesque.

Basle, famous in Reformation annals, is the first large town on the Rhine. Here was held the great Council of Basle, lasting from 1431 to 1448; and here is buried the great Reformer *Æcolampadius*, whose fine statue, with a Bible in its hand, stands in the square without. In the Council Hall are frescoes of Holbien's famous Dance of Death. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers, and doctors, lords and ladies are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton Death.

The cloisters adjoining the cathedral are of singularly beautiful stone tracery, five hundred years old. In the grass-grown quadrangles sleep the quiet dead, unmoved by the rush and roar of busy traffic without. The old walls which surrounded the city have been razed, and the ramparts converted into broad boulevards, lined with elegant villas. The quaint old gates and towers have been left, and forms conspicuous monuments of the ancient times. I lodged at the *Trois Rois Hotel*, whose balconies overhang the swiftly-rushing Rhine. Just beneath my window were gorgeous effigies of the three Gipsy kings, Gaspar, Melchoir, and Baltazzar—one of them a negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.

Sweeping down the Rhine Valley, studded with grey old castles, and crossing the river on a magnificent iron bridge, I beheld, glowing in the rosy light of sunset, the mighty minster of Strassburg. Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in these old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. To the great cathedral, therefore, I first of all betook me in the morning. Beautiful without and within—it is a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows—so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

From the time of Clovis, in the 6th century, a church has stood upon this spot, but the present structure was begun in 1179. The western façade, with its great rose window, forty-two feet across, its "stone lace-work" and canopied niches, is the work of a famous architect, Erwin von Steinbach. Among the statues is an impressive group of the Seven Virtues trampling under their feet the Seven Vices. Two huge towers flank the façade. Between them is a large stone platform, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the town at our feet, with its storks' nests on the roofs, its walls and ramparts, and in the distance the Vosges Mountains, the Black Forest and Jura range. The stork seems a sacred bird. The townsfolk put up false chimneys for it to build on, and I saw one huge nest transfixed on a spire. From the platform rises the open stone spire, to a height of four hundred and sixty-nine feet. The scars and grooves made by the Prussian cannon balls, fired during the ten weeks' siege, are plainly seen on the stone. The massive cross on the top is that which Longfellow in his *Golden Legend* represents the Powers of the Air as striving, in a midnight tempest, to tear down. The pillars that support the tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one and found it thirty-two paces in circuit.

No memories of the German Rhine Valley are more potent than those of the Great Reformer, Martin Luther. With no

mightier name can one conjure up the spirit of the past. I made, therefore, a devout pilgrimage to Worms, as the scene of one of the grandest conflicts for human freedom that ever took place. After visiting the Luther monument, I went to the old Roman-

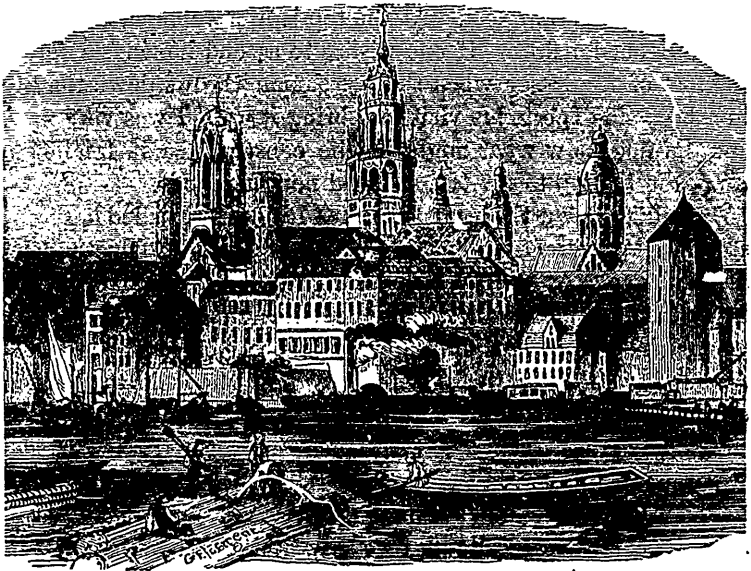


CATHEDRAL OF WORMS.

esque Cathedral, begun in the eighth century, in which the condemnation of Luther was signed by Charles V. It is 423 feet long. The vaulted roof rises to the height of 105 feet, and four lofty towers are weathered with the storms of well-nigh a thousand years. It is one of the finest specimens of Romanesque architec-

ture in Germany. In this stern cradle of the Reformation, a mass for the dead was being sung. When the procession of priests and nuns filed out, I was left alone to moralize upon the memories of the past. I afterwards wandered through the narrow streets and bustling market-place and depopulated suburbs, and tried to call up the world-drama of the Diet of Worms, three centuries and a half ago.

Mayence (in German, Mainz) is the next large town on the Rhine. It is a strong fortified place of 60,000 inhabitants, with



MAYENCE.

a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here a Roman fortress was built by Drusus, B.C. 14. The bastions of the citadel are still named after Tacitus, Drusus, and Germanicus. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his See. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The cathedral, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the 13th century. Its many towers are seen in the picture rising above the houses. Here lived Guttenburg, the

German inventor of printing, 1440. His statue, house, and printing-office are shown.

The old Electoral Palace, a vast building, is occupied as a museum of Roman antiquities, the richest in Germany. Here are altars, votive slabs, and tombstones of the Roman legions; bronze swords; helmets and other weapons and armour; torques, balistas, lamps, vases, coins, and even piles of the old Roman bridge across the Rhine—taking one back to the very dawn of the history of Central Europe.

The octagonal tower of St. Stephen's Church rises majestically to the height of 327 feet. At the top is a watchman, always on the look-out for fires. If one wishes to ascend he rings a bell at the foot of the tower, when the watchman throws down the key in a bag, and expects his visitor to bring it up. I was very tired, and did not know what might be the consequence if I failed to carry the key up to the top, so I did not ring for it.

In sailing down the legend-haunted Rhine, I travelled leisurely, stopping at the more interesting points—Bingen, Coblenz, Bonn and Cologne. At Bingen, a charming old town, I climbed a hill to an ancient castle on the site of a Roman fortress. A pretty young girl did the honours, showing the banners, antique furniture and portraits of the mediæval barons, who held that eagle's eyrie against all comers; and pointing out the glorious view of the lovely Rhine Valley, with the vine-covered Neiderwald, Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and other richest wine-growing regions in the world. The famous Johannisberg vineyard is only forty acres in extent, carefully terraced by walls and arches; yet in good years it yields an income of \$40,000. A bottle of the best wine costs \$9—enough to feed a hungry family for a week.

Between Bingen and Bonn lies the most picturesque part of the many-castled Rhine, whose every crag, and cliff, and ruined tower is rich in legendary lore. It winds with many a curve between vine-covered slopes, crowned with the grim strongholds of the robber knights, who levied toll on the traffic and travel of this great highway of Central Europe—even a king on his way to be crowned has been seized and held till ransomed. When they could no longer do it by force, they did it under the forms of law, and, till comparatively late in the present century, trade had to run the gauntlet of twenty-nine custom-houses of rival states on the Rhine.

There are over a hundred steamers on the Rhine, many of them very splendid and swift. More than a million tourists travel on these steamers every season, not to mention those by the railway on either side of the river. A Rhine steamer, like a Swiss hotel, offers a fine opportunity to study the natural history of the genus tourist, of many lands and many tongues. The French and Germans are very affable, and are very fond of airing their English, however imperfect it may be. I was much amused in observing an imperious little lady, followed by a gigantic footman in livery, whose arduous task it was to humour the caprices of her ladyship and her equally imperious little lap-dog. There is much freight traffic on the river by means of powerful tugs, which pick up and overhaul a submerged cable-wire.

Just below Bingen, on a rock in the middle of the stream, is the Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, a tall, square structure, which takes its name from the legend of the cruel Archbishop Hatto, of Mayence, which has been versified by Southey. Having caused a number of poor people, whom he called "mice that devoured the corn," to be burned in a barn during a famine, he was attacked by mice, who tormented him day and night :

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," said he ;
 "'Tis the safest place in all Germany ;
 The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
 And the stream is strong and the waters deep."

But the mice have swum over the river so deep,
 And they have climbed the shores so steep,
 And now by thousands up they crawl
 To the holes and windows in the wall.

And in the windows, and in at the door,
 And through the walls by thousands they pour,
 And down through the ceiling, and up through the floor,
 From within and without, from above and below—
 And all at once to the Bishop they go.

The legend is a curious illustration of the growth of a myth. It undoubtedly arises from the name Mauth-Thurm, or Tower of Customs, for levying toll, which the old ruin bore in the middle ages. The Rheinstein is a wonderfully picturesque, many-towered old castle, dating from 1279, perched on a rocky cliff, accessible only by a narrow path. It is the Vautsberg of Longfellow's

“Golden Legend.” The poet’s lines vividly photograph the view of the Rhine Valley from its crumbling ramparts :

Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
 As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
 First saw it from the top of yonder hill !
 How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields of wheat,
 Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
 The consecrated chapel on the crag,
 And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
 Like Mary sitting at her Saviour’s feet
 And looking up at His beloved face !

The Falkenburg, a famous marauder’s castle, was besieged by the Emperor Rudolph in the 13th century, and all its robber knights hanged from its walls. Near by is a chapel, built to secure the repose of their souls. The picturesque castle of Nolllich frowns down from a height of 600 feet, whose steep slope the Knight of Lorch, according to legend, scaled on horseback, by the aid of mountain sprites, to win the hand of his lady love. The name, Hungry Wolf, of one of these grim old strongholds, is significant of its ancient rapacity. So impregnable was the castle of Stahleck, that during the thirty years’ war it withstood, eighty distinct sieges. Pfalz is a strange hexagonal, many-turreted ancient toll-house, in mid stream, surmounted by a pentagonal tower, and loopholed in every direction. Its single entrance is reached by a ladder from the rock on which it stands.

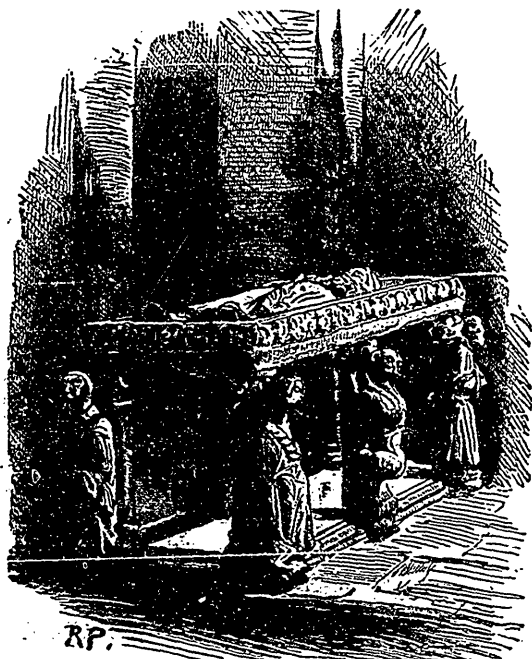
The Lurlie Rock is a high and jutting cliff, on which is the profile of a human face. Here dwelt the lovely Siren of German song and story, who, singing her fateful song and combing her golden hair,* lured mariners to their ruin in the rapids at her feet. Two cannon on deck were fired off, and woke the wild echoes of the rock, which reverberated like thunder adown the rocky gorge. According to the voracious legend, the Neibelungen treasure is buried beneath the Lurlenberg, if the gnomes, offended at the railway tunnel through their ancient domain, have not carried it off. The fair daughters of the Schönburg, for their

* Heine’s song on this subject is one of the most popular :—

Sie kammt es mit goldenem Kamme,	With a golden comb she combs it,
Und singt ein Lied dabei ;	And sings so plaintively ;
Das hat eine wundersame,	O potent and strange are the accents
Gewaltige Melodei.	Of that wild melody.

stony-heartedness, were changed, says another legend, into the group of rocks named the Seven Virgins.

The Rheinfels is the most imposing ruin on the river. It once withstood a siege of fifteen months, and again resisted an attack by 24,000 men. Two rival castles are derisively known as Katz and Maus—the Cat and Mouse—probably from their keen watch of each other. The Sterrenberg and Liebenstein are twin castles on adjacent hills, to whose mouldering desolation a pathetic interest is given by the touching legend of the estrangement and reconciliation of two brothers who dwelt in them 600 years ago.



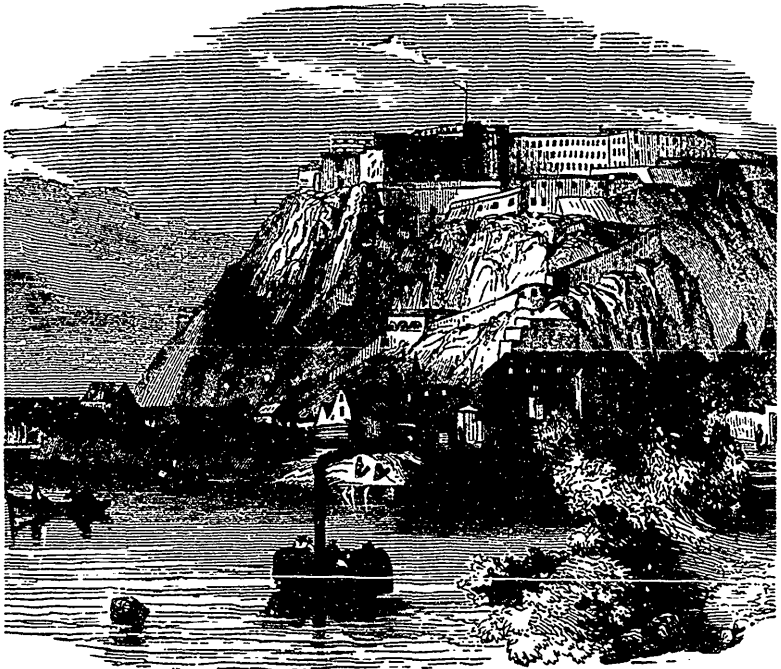
RP.
TOMB OF CONRAD KURZCOLD.

At Boppard, a quaint old timbered town, the lofty twin spires of the church are connected, high in air, by the strangest gallery ever seen. Marksburg, a stern old castle, 500 feet above the Rhine, is the only ancient stronghold on the river which has escaped destruction. Past many another grim stronghold we swept, where wild ritters kept their wild revels.

And many a tower, for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners on high and battles passed below ;
 But those who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

After a day of rare delight, I was glad when the steamer glided through the bridge of boats to the quay at Coblenz, a large town, whose fortifications will accommodate 100,000 men. It dates from the time of Drusus, B.C. 9, and during the stormy



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

centuries since then has withstood many a siege. In the old Church of St. Castor, founded A.D. 836, I found at eight o'clock next morning several hundred school children, boys and girls, with their teachers, taking part in a religious service. One boy chanted the responses to the priest at the altar, and the clear voices of the children joined in almost, I think, the sweetest singing I ever heard. In this Church of St. Castor, the sons of Charlemagne met to divide his empire in 843. The monumental

effigies in the old church of this Rhine Valley are often characterized by an elaborate grotesqueness that seems very incongruous on a tomb. Of this, the figures on the tomb of Conrad Kurzbold are a striking example. The narrow streets and old gates and churches of Coblenz were also very queer. On the clock tower a bearded mechanical figure forever rolls his eyes and opens his mouth in a very ridiculous manner.

Crossing the bridge of boats, I climbed by many a zig-zag between frowning walls, to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. During this century, \$6,000,000 have been spent on this impregnable fortress. Its garrison is 5,000 men. A soldier conducted me through barracks and bastions, declaiming volubly in gutturals which seemed to choke him, about I don't know what. From the summit, 400 feet above the river, one of the grandest views in Europe is disclosed. Below, the turbid stream of the Moselle joins the clear current of the Rhine, and the whole course of the latter, from Stolzenfels to Andernach, may be traced as in a map. Our own St. Lawrence, as seen from the citadel of Quebec, is as large as half a dozen Rhines. As I stood on the ramparts, a regiment of spiked helmets marched across the bridge of boats, the stirring strains of the "Wacht am Rhein" floating up in the morning air. They marched with a springing stride up the steep slope—large, well-built, blue-eyed, full-bearded Teutons—far superior in physique and intelligence to the average French soldier. One gigantic fellow bore the eagle standard, with several bells and horse-tails attached. The uniform looked coarse, the knapsacks were of cow's hide, with the hair on; and some of the men wore glasses—there are no exemptions for shortness of sight. While hundreds of soldiers were lounging about in enforced idleness, I saw women unloading army stores from a railway van. "Woman's rights" in Europe struck me as woman's wrongs. Women had better endure a little civil disability than encounter the fierce struggle for unwomanly work with man.

Taking the steamer again, we stop at Neuwied, a Moravian town; Andernach, with its ancient walls, gates, towers, and bastions, and its quaint legend of the carved Christ who came down nightly from the cross to do works of charity through the town; and Hammerstein, a place of refuge for the Emperor, Henry IV., who did penance three days in the snow at Canossa.

The view of Rolandseck, the lofty summits of the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains, and the towering peak, 900 feet above the river, where

The castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters proudly swells
 Between the banks that bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields that promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,

is one of the richest in natural beauty and romantic association of any in this lovely land. Rolandsbogen is a solitary crumbling arch on a lofty hill, the sole relic of the castle of the brave knight Roland, the Paladin of Charlemagne, who fell at Ronceval.*

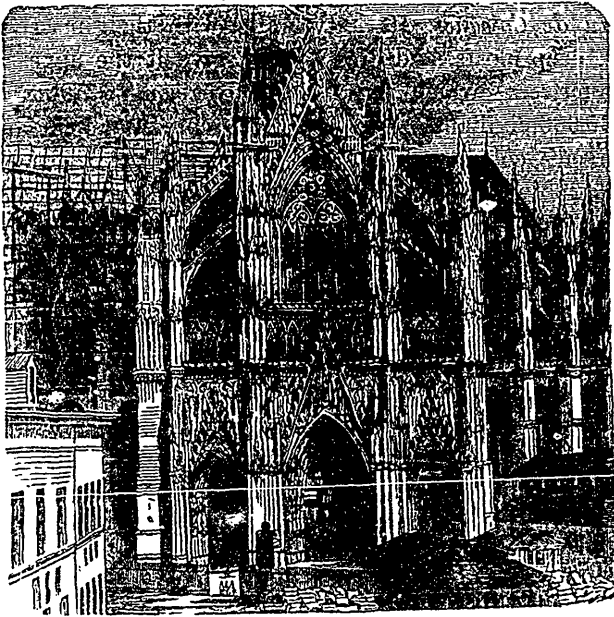
I stopped at the ancient town of Bonn, which has a fine university, the largest in Germany, occupying the Electoral Palace, 600 yards in length. On an old bastion is a bronze statue of Arndt, the author of the "Wacht am Rhein," pointing with his right hand to the storied stream that he loved so well. Here was born Beethoven, whose fine statue was inaugurated by Queen Victoria. It bears simply the inscription, "Ludwig von Beethoven, geboren zu Bonn, 1770"—nothing more. The suburbs are beautiful, and in the quiet "Gottesacker" sleeps the dust of Niebuhr, Bunsen,

* Another legend is that Count Roland, affianced to the peerless Princess Hildegunde, joined a crusade and was reported slain by the infidels. The inconsolable Hildegunde became a nun, and took refuge in a neighbouring kloster of Nonnenwerth. Roland, though desperately wounded, recovered and returned to claim his bride, only to find her lost to him forever. In his despair he built the castle of which only the crumbling arch remains, and there lived in solitude, catching rare glimpses of his lost Hildegunde passing to her devotions in the kloster chapel, or watching the gleam of her taper at the convent lattice. At length he missed the fair form and the faint taper ray, and soon the knelling of the kloster bell, and the mournful procession of nuns, told him that his beloved Hildegunde had passed away from earth forever. From that hour he never spoke again; his heart was with the dead; and one morning he was found rigid and cold, his death-filmed eye still turned, as in its last look in life, towards the convent chapel. This tender tale of love and sorrow still speaks to the heart across the centuries with a strange spell; and we gaze with a pathetic interest on the crumbling tower and on the kloster chapel which still looks forth from its embowering trees.

Schumann, Arndt, and other famous men, and here Lange lives. From Bonn I was whirled down the Rhenish railway to Cologne, and soon caught sight of the grandest Gothic church of Christendom.

The crown and glory of Cologne is its wonderful minster. Its mighty mass seems to dominate over the city—a brooding presence of sublime majesty. From the windows of my hotel, almost beneath its shadow, I looked up and up with insatiable gaze at its lofty spires, surrounded by a cloud of scaffolding.

Unfinished there in high mid-air,
The towers halt like a broken prayer.



SOUTH TRANSEPT—COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

Nevertheless, incomplete as it was, it more fully satisfied the eye and mind than any other building I ever beheld. Its spires, turrets, flying buttresses, gargoyles, foliated capitals, and flamboyant tracery seem more like an organic growth than a work of man's device. For six long centuries the mighty structure has been slowly growing, year by year, and only three years ago reached its late completion. The work of the last forty years

has cost about \$4,000,000. Its vast and vaulted roof rises to a shadowy height of over 200 feet, and its sky-piercing spire springs, like a fountain in stone, over 500 feet in air. But no mere enumeration of dimensions can give any idea of the magnificence and beauty of its exterior, or of the awe-inspiring solemnity of its vast interior. Arch beyond arch receded in seemingly infinite perspective, the deep-dyed windows poured their many-coloured light over capital and column, and the deep chant of the choir and roll of the organ throbbed and pulsed like a sea of sound.

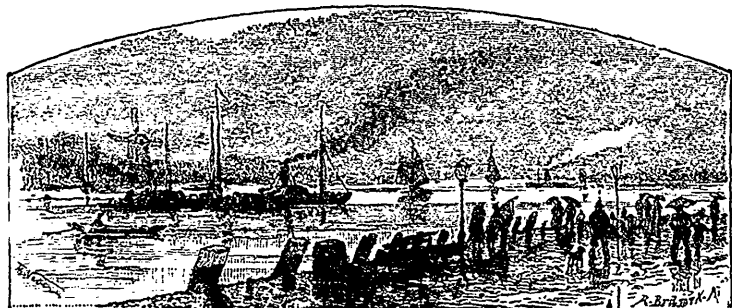
There are many other objects of interest in the ancient city—the *Colonia* of Roman times. Notwithstanding its open squares, many of its streets are narrow, gloomy, and redolent of anything but *eau de Cologne*. Its lofty walls, with their massive gate-towers, deep moats, and drawbridges, give it the appearance of a huge fortress—which it is, with a garrison of 7,000 soldiers, and 135,000 civilians. I visited half a score of ancient churches. St. Gereon's, commemorating 318 martyrs of the Theban Legion, slain in 286 by Diocletian, said to be founded by the Empress Helena, is very odd. The nave is ten-sided, and the skulls of the martyrs are preserved in the choir, which is nineteen steps above the nave. The most notable relic-church, however, is that of St. Ursula—a dilapidated old structure, crowded with the skulls and bones of the 11,000 virgin attendants of the English Princess Ursula, martyred here by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century—the legends do not agree which. The whole story is told in a series of quaint old paintings on the wall. Rows of shelves are full of skulls wearing satin caps and tinsel coronets, and some of peculiar sanctity rest in bejewelled velvet cases. Some are still crowned with soft flaxen hair, which, as a special favour, one may touch. Others have their names written on their foreheads. The rest of the bones are piled up by the cord, or strung on wires and arranged in grotesque arabesques. In the cathedral, I should have mentioned, you are shown the bones of the Magi, or three Kings, brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and since then stolen and recaptured, and held at a king's ransom. Can anything be more degrading than this worship of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, with its puerile imbecilities and its palpable frauds and lies!

Below Cologne the Rhine becomes much less picturesque, and

soon meanders in divided channels through the amphibious country well named Holland—the hollow land—

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
In which men do not live but go on board.

On every side are vast meadows, level as a floor and divided by trenches of water. Canals ramify everywhere, along whose silent highways stealthily glide the *trekschuits* or “drawboats,” often dragged by men, or even women, harnessed like horses. Along the horizon, wherever one looks, are rows of picturesque wind-mills, ceaselessly brandishing their mighty arms, as if to challenge any over-valiant Quixote to mortal combat. I have seen a dozen in a single view. Thus through the sand dunes and salt marches the historic river creeps sluggishly to the sea.



VIEW ON THE LOWER RHINE.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

ANGELS sang
When Christ was born
At Bethlehem,
On Christmas morn.

Angels wept
And hovered nigh,
When Christ our Lord
Went forth to die.

Angels watched
Beside the tomb

Through days of dread
And nights of gloom.

Easter morn !
Angels rejoice
To hear again
The Saviour's voice.

Grief and sighing
Flee away ;
The Son of Man
Is risen to-day !
—Willis Boyd Allen.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

IV.

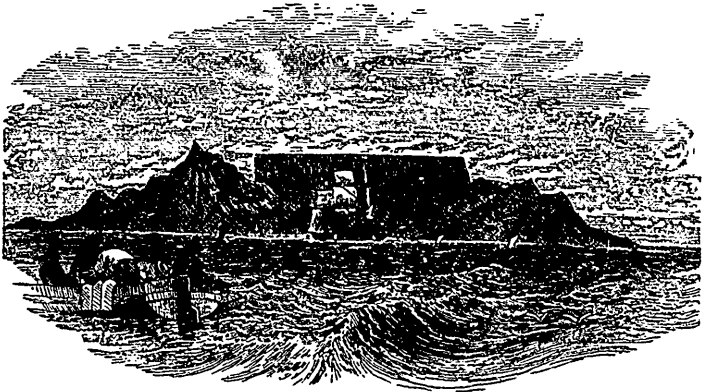


TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THERE can scarcely be a landscape more gloomy and desolate than the sterile rocky mountain and white sandy plains which inclose Simon's Bay, South Africa. The town consists of about a couple of hundred of square white-washed houses, which are scattered along the beach, with scarcely a single tree in the neighbourhood for shelter, backed up with lofty, steep, bare hills of sandstone.

Shortly after our arrival, parties were made up for visiting Cape Town, and having secured seats in the car which runs daily to Wynberg, we started one fine morning from Simon's Town. The road ran along the sea-shore for some distance, which, before reaching, appeared to consist of nothing but sand and rock, but on nearer acquaintance showed up many pretty little spots, with here and there banks of charming flowers. From here the road leaves the coast, and proceeds in almost a straight line over the plains which unite the Cape with the continent. The high land seemingly now recedes, and as we ride on, the scenes become more and more charming; the range of hills with the celebrated Table Mountain, Devil's Peak, etc., is visible, beautifully tinged in varied colours. On we go, the road still leading through a

park-like country, with charming plantations of pines and oaks on either hand, interspersed with elegant villas and stately mansions. We complete the rest of the journey to Cape Town by rail, and obtained glimpses of beautiful landscapes, Table Bay, with its shipping, and the gigantic rocky wall of the Table Mountains, rising nearly perpendicular to an altitude of 3,500 feet. The town is destitute of any imposing buildings; even the metropolitan cathedral and the other churches are very plain. The Museum deserves more than a passing mention; also the South African Public Library, besides many other establishments and societies for religious, benevolent, and industrial purposes, attesting the public spirit and enterprise of the inhabitants. The Botanical Gardens are a most agreeable resort; they are well cared for, and tastily and prettily laid out, containing many rare, interesting, and useful plants from all quarters of the globe.

There is scarcely anything remaining to indicate that Cape Town was founded by the Dutch, and were it not for the yellow Malay faces, with their gaudy head-covering or umbrella-shaped hats, and the tawny Mestizos, who remind us of the aboriginal inhabitants, and give a complete foreign colouring, one might easily fancy we are in an old English provincial town. There can be no doubt that when the English took possession (in 1815) they found that a firm foundation had been laid by the Dutch a hundred and fifty years before, but the real progress of the country, and the development of its natural resources, date only from the commencement of British rule. Within the past few years great impetus has been given to trade by the discovery of diamonds in the colony. But the means at present available for reaching the Fields are both difficult and dangerous; they are more than 600 miles in the interior, and for 386 miles the road is over the Karroo Desert, which during the dry season presents considerable difficulties to travellers. Yet the waggons which start weekly are generally filled, notwithstanding the very high prices charged.

It appears that the first diamond was found by some children who had been gathering agates and other pebbles in the bed of the Orange River. This stone (weighing $21\frac{3}{8}$ carats) attracted the attention of an inland trader, and was sent by him to Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town, by whom it was pronounced an unmistakable diamond of the first water. Systematic search was

then made, which resulted in the finding of numerous small diamonds on the surface. About twelve months after the first one was found, the Star of South Africa, of $83\frac{1}{2}$ carats, was discovered near the Orange River by a Griqua shepherd. This caused the search to be carried on with redoubled energy. Since then the Diamond Fields have attracted many thousands, and still continue to draw adventurers.

After completing stores, and having refitted ship, we steamed round the famous Cape of Storms for Table Bay. The forty miles run was soon accomplished, and the anchors let go about a couple of miles from shore. On the 16 . December, we steamed out of Simon's Bay for our Antarctic cruise. The weather was beautifully fine, and as Cape Point was passed, and the high land of the Table Mountains receded from our sight, a southerly course was shaped: and on the 19th, 80 miles to the southward of the Cape, we entered the Agulhas current, the breadth of which was found to be about 250 miles, and the temperature of the surrounding sea was influenced to a depth of at least 400 fathoms. This enormous body of heated water, is derived from similar sources as the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, and exercises such great influence on the climate of the Cape and its adjacent seas.

On Christmas Day we were 1,100 miles to the south-east of the Cape. Land was seen the next day, and a landing was effected on Marion Island. What a scene of wild desolation and solitude met the gaze! Around nothing but huge blocks of rough and rugged rock, slippery with half-dry algæ. It was found on reaching the higher land there was but little else than a wide boggy swamp. The whole of the wet, sodden flat lands was studded with large white albatrosses sitting on their nests. These magnificent birds covered the ground in great numbers. These birds, weighing 20lbs., and measuring from 11 to 12 feet from tip to tip of wing, seen to such advantage while in their glory at sea as they sweep so gracefully through the air, are altogether out of their element on shore. In order to rise again after settling on the land, they are obliged to run some distance before they obtain sufficient velocity for the air to get under their wings and allow them to feel themselves masters of the situation. While the naturalists were on shore, the vessel was engaged sounding and dredging in the channel which separates Marion from Prince Edward Island, in from 75 to 100 fathoms, with good results.

After having accurately fixed their position, we bore away for the Crozets, distant 600 miles.

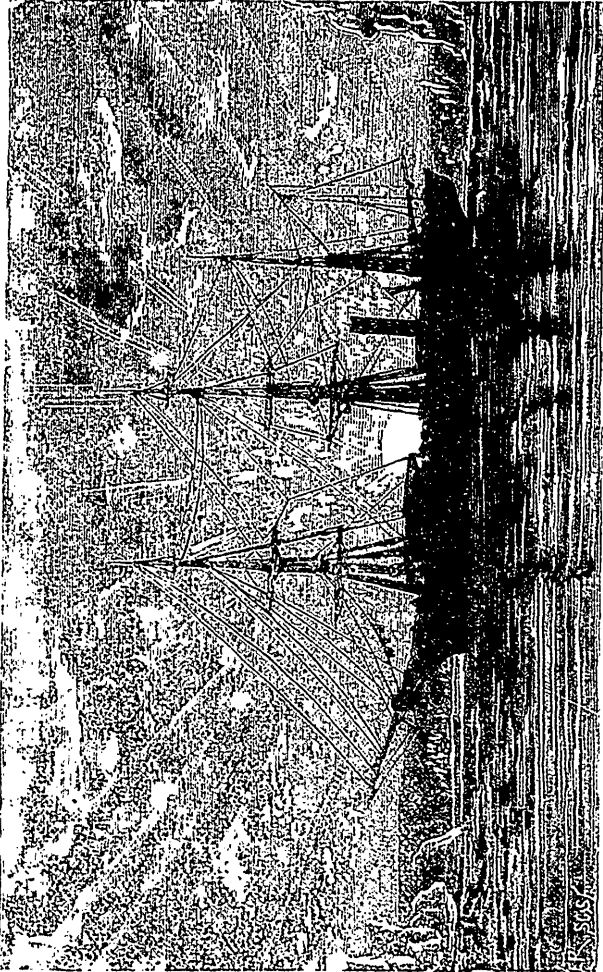
Favoured by a strong north-westerly breeze, we advanced rapidly under sail towards Kerguelen Land. This inhospitable island and its surrounding group are very little known, although discovered over one hundred years ago by Lieutenant Kerguelen, of the French navy.

January 8th, 1874.—Steamed out of Christmas Harbour, along the coast, surveying and sounding as we go. The vegetation that exists is composed of mossy grass, mixed with a dirty brown plant; while on the higher land were patches of perpetual snow. We sailed on the 17th, and, before clearing the land, encountered a strong head-wind, which speedily worked itself up to a heavy gale. Under sail alone we rolled and pitched about in the turbulent sea like a plaything, causing woeful destruction to furniture and crockery, while the masts and ropes creaked and groaned, producing a perfect medley of sights and sounds.

Here at the Heard Islands we had our first glimpse of really Antarctic scenery, for picturesque glaciers descended to the sea on all its sides. Explorers landed and discovered a party of sealers located here, "living" in a couple of dirty huts sunk in the ground for warmth and protection from the winds, which frequently blow with violence through a deep ravine. There are some forty or fifty men distributed about the island in small detachments, each party having a defined beat where they watch for the sea-elephants coming on shore. What a miserable affair a sealer's life evidently must be, hard and monotonous, living in those desolate regions, completely isolated from the world! Here they remain for three years at a time, when, if they are lucky, they return home, with perhaps £50 or £60 in their pockets. This is probably spent in a couple of months, and they again return to their voluntary exile and live on penguins, young albatrosses, and sea-birds' eggs for another period.

February 11th.—This morning at an early hour we encountered the first Antarctic iceberg. On passing within a few miles, it was from observation considered to be three-fourths of a mile long and 200 feet in height. From this time the icebergs became very numerous, and great was the excitement on board as we passed these novel sights. The rich cobalt blue tints blending into the white of the ice produced a very fine effect. The weather

was very fine, and each day now we continued to meet icebergs of all shapes and sizes, some apparently much worn by the sea into cavities and great fissures, as if they were ready to split asunder; others of tabular form, with heavy surf breaking up



SUNSET IN ANTARCTIC SEAS

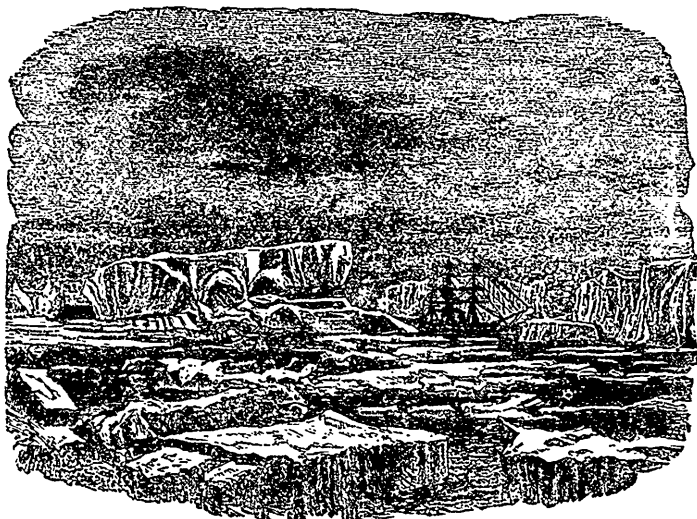
their perpendicular sides. Sailing on, we pass much loose ice, evidently fragments of broken-up icebergs; and a beautiful white petrel, *procellario glacius*, was seen for the first time. From this we were led to believe we were in the vicinity of large masses of ice, for it is known that these birds never wander far from the main pack.

February 17th was very squally, haze extending all round the horizon, and frequent snow-storms occurred, we steering east for Wilkes' Termination Land, which was supposed to be 440 miles distant. This land, which was believed to exist, and which appeared on all early charts of the world as the "Terra Australis Incognita," was considered necessary to counterbalance the land known to exist around the North Pole; but such men as Cook, Weddell, Bellinghausen, Kerguelen, and others, searched these inhospitable latitudes in vain for it. In 1840, Captain Wilkes, in command of the United States exploring expedition, gave forth to the world his discovery of the Antarctic Continent. He believed that an extensive continent existed within the icy barrier, extending perhaps for nearly 1,000 miles near the Antarctic Circle; but this region of vast mountains has such a barrier of impenetrable ice encircling the Pole that there appears but little probability of ever penetrating. The supposed existence of this continent was, to a certain extent, proved to be erroneous by Sir James C. Ross's expedition the following year sailing over two of the positions assigned to it. For another point of this continent (?) we are now shaping a course.

February 18th.—All the forenoon, we sail through vast fields of ice, and large numbers of bergs are in sight in all directions. Some of these great perpendicular masses overtopped our masts by many feet. In many places, where there happened to be a break, we could see the upper surface, which appeared quite smooth, and conveyed to the mind the idea of an immense plain of frosted silver.

February 19th.—From the great quantities of ice found drifting along our course, it appears evident we are not far from extensive fields, and as many as eighty magnificent icebergs were in sight at one time; thus for days we sail on a straight course, bounded with ice islands from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length. The question naturally arises, how and where are these masses formed? That they are commenced on the land seems to be considered conclusive from the fact that earth and stones are frequently seen on them. After a time they are probably detached from their original place of formation by some violent storm, and the prevailing winds drive them to the north and west, where they are met with in every stage. Those that had been recently detached were easily detected by their beauti-

ful stratified appearance, while others of older date had lost their original form by the sea constantly washing over them. There is a great variety of opinions as to the time required for the formation of these immense masses of ice, for those met with farthest south, and seemingly showing but little signs of decay, averaged 200 to 250 feet above the water. The depth below the surface is supposed to be three times that above. Some of these masses were at least 900 feet in thickness. Assuming the fall of snow to average an inch daily, or 30 feet each year, it would



THE CHALLENGER AMONGST THE ICE IN THE ANTARCTIC REGION.

require thirty years to form one of these blocks, which are found floating here in such numbers. We are now within twenty miles of the position assigned by Wilkes as land, but with a clear horizon none was visible.

February 24th.—This morning, instead of being able to approach the pack, we were in a fearful gale of wind, with a heavy and constant fall of snow which completely hid the surrounding dangers from us; for being in the vicinity of such vast numbers of bergs rendered our position very perilous. Steam was at command in four boilers; it was as much as the engines at full speed could do to keep station, and in a position considered safe from the ice. The barometer fell to 28.9, and the wind rose to a force of 10; soon there was a heavy and turbulent sea. In addition to this,

hundreds of icebergs could be seen from the masthead. Having now gone as far as practicable in an undefended ship, course was altered, and once more we reached clear water. The weather was getting very unsettled; it was therefore deemed useless to remain in proximity to so much ice, as a strong southerly breeze had sprung up, and squally weather set in, of which advantage was taken; as it was considered that any further stay in these icy regions would not only be attended with peril to the vessel, but would cause a delay in time, which was required for other services, and having nearly 3,000 miles to sail to our next port (Melbourne), course was altered to the northward, and throughout the remainder of the day good progress was made. Before the strong, favouring gale every one was heartily glad to take leave of the desolate icy regions, after our late experience of what a gale really was in the Antarctic.

On the 4th of March we passed our last iceberg, and on the evening of March 16th land was in sight, the first for forty days. Cape Otway, Australia's south-western point, was ahead, and the bright light glimmering in the darkness of the night. A short distance farther, and we are reminded that our voyage will soon be at an end. Next day crossed the bar, and passed Port Phillip's headland; shortly after Hobson's Bay was reached, and we anchored in the harbour of one of the finest colonial cities England possesses. Numbers of influential citizens immediately boarded us, offering every assistance, and a cordial welcome to Australian waters.

The city is some four or five miles from the anchorage; but on reaching the shore, we found railway communication near at hand; so there was no difficulty in reaching town, for which, through the courtesy of the railway authorities, free passes were supplied.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lonely paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

—*Rev. W. Gladden.*

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.



BARBARA HECK.

ON the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here, on a gently rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre," in which slumbers the

dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October last, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. T. G. Williams, of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. The whole land was ablaze with autumn's glowing tints, each bank and knoll and forest clump, like Moses' bush, "ever burning, ever unconsumed." An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is still used on funeral occasions. Its

* We reprint from the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, Chicago, the accompanying article on a subject which has attracted much attention in connection with the Centennial of American Methodism.

tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF
PAUL HECK,
BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

BARBARA,
WIFE OF PAUL HECK,
BORN 1734, DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no laboured epitaph; no fulsome eulogy; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, whose tombstone bears the following inscription: "Rev. Samuel Heck, who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months, fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Mr. Williams, who, while I made these notes,

sketched the old church, as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated, and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here also is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenir's* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

P. B.

H.,

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's sermons, dated 1770; Wesley's journal, dated 1743; Gen. Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the following clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben darin zu lernen die Neiderreiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Able Stevens thus describes the scene: "Her death was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the

well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jr., Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fireplace is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—"a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies." "Barbara Heck," writes

Dr. C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of providence it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lowly grave where sleep
 The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose hand
 Planted the vital seed wherefrom this land
 Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to deep,
 The golden harvest which the angels reap,
 And garner home the sheaves to heaven's strand.
 From out this lowly grave there doth expand
 A sacred vision and we dare not weep.
 Millions of hearts throughout the continent
 Arise and call thee blessèd of the Lord,
 His handmaiden on holiest mission sent—
 To teach with holy life His Holy Word.
 O rain of God, descend in showers of grace,
 Refresh with dews divine each thirsty place.

BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book
 Wherein the brave-souled woman oft had read
 The oracles divine, and inly fed
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took

Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
All lesser learning for what God hath said ;
And by His guiding hand was gently led
Into the land of rest for which we look.
Within her hand she held this book when came
The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,
Enbrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.

WHEN ST. CHRYSOSTOM PRAYED.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'T WAS not enough to kneel in prayer,
And pour his very soul away
In fervid wrestlings, night and day,
For those who owned his shepherd care ;
But faith and works went hand in hand,
As test of each petition made,
And saints were helped through, out the land
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Within the closet where he knelt,
A box of Bethlehem's olive wood—
"For Christ," engraved upon it—stood ;
And ever as he daily felt
The pressure of the Church's need,
Therein the daily gift was laid ;
For word had instant proof of deed
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Beneath his folded hands he placed
Whatever gold was his : and when
He travelled for the souls of men,
So long by pagan rites debased,
The more he agonized, the more
The burden on his spirit weighed :
And piece by piece went all his store,
When St. Chrysostom prayed.

Oh, golden-mouthed ! let this thine alms
Rouse us to shame who daily bow
Within our sacred places now,
With outstretched yet with empty palms !
We supplicate indeed ; but has
Our faith brought answering words to aid
Have words by deeds been proven, as
When St. Chrysostom prayed ?

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPIIN BIGHT;
 A STORY OF OUT-POST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER IV.—AN ITINERANT'S LETTER.

DEAR is the work He gives in many a varied way,
 Little enough in itself, yet something for every day—
 Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the near,
 Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

It was a fine bright morning towards the end of March, a fortnight after the conversation detailed in our first chapter. The Rev. Harry Fairbairn was sitting in his study, writing home. A cheery fire glowed in the little Franklin stove, well filled with brick billets; and the minister's skin-boots and vamps lying by the fender were steaming with heat. A tiny room was that same study, and homely enough in its appointments. Cherished photographs of far-away loved ones hung above the plain little mantel, and a half-dozen framed views of English scenery adorned the walls. Books were the chief ornaments of the room—books tidily ranged in neat shelves, on both sides of the chimney, and books scattered about the room in that untidy way so tantalizing to the careful housewife, yet so natural, and even necessary to the absorbed and eager student. A short walking-stick, with a spear in it, and a pair of snow-shoes, or, as they call them in Green Bay, "rackets," rested against the woodbox, and these, like the boots and vamps before mentioned, were dripping and steaming as the frozen snow melted from them. For the minister had just returned that morning from a round of his circuit, and, having arrived thoroughly fagged, had decided on taking a holiday within doors, and getting up some arrears of correspondence. As he sits there at the study table he gives a favourable opportunity of sketching him. It is a good head that bends over the letter—a fine, broad forehead, under the abundant brown hair, a Saxon face with its full beard and dark blue eyes, a strong, well-knit frame, tall, but full of force, and what the French call *verve*.

Somewhere between thirty and forty you would judge him to be, and rightly. Mr. Fairbairn is a Yorkshire man, from that lovely valley through which the Wharfe forms its fertilizing and flashing waters. One of those Englishmen to whom Newfoundland, and many another land owes so much, who, feeling the Divine message burning within them, have left home and occupation to preach Christ's Gospel, and who have made up for the lack of early training by an assiduous self-culture that has ripened into a truer education than the mere routine of a college curriculum, *per se*, can ever afford. Harry Fairbairn was naturally a student. When a boy on his father's farm, he began to pick up the nucleus of a library in many a well-worn but valuable volume, purchased second-hand on his visits to the towns; and these treasures carefully conned in early morning hours, and after the toilful day had closed, had helped to equip him for the work to which he had been called. In other Churches he might have remained, his fine talent hidden and his store of knowledge all unused; but to Methodism, to her highest honour be it said, such men as he have always found the means and the opportunity for development and usefulness. In his seven years of mission work in Newfoundland the habits of study acquired in the home-farm had been kept up, and the workman had, as in the Latin proverb, been made by working.

Let us glance over his shoulder. He is writing to that noble and patriarchal Yorkshire gentleman, through whose influence he had come out as a missionary, and who has been more than once affectionately and rightly called the foster-father of Newfoundland missions:

"I avail myself of a few hours' leisure," the letter runs, "to give you some news concerning myself and my surroundings. I wrote you last, just after Conference, and told you of my new appointment. I have now spent nine months on it, and begin to know it and its people pretty thoroughly. I like it very much, indeed; though it is pretty hard work, as I have twelve preaching places, and from Hammer Cove on the one side to Dog-Bite on the other, I have nearly thirty miles to travel. You will laugh, I expect, at the queer names. Fancy a lovely little harbor profaned by the name of Dog-Bite. However, as I have taken the pains to find out, one of the first settlers got bitten by his dog there when wood-cutting. But what will you think of Shoe Cove

and Stocking Harbour, and Snook's Arm and Bett's Head and Nicky's Nose? All those names are to be found in this very Bay! Sometimes in this country, as in other near countries, foreigners have left behind them much prettier and more appropriate names than the English. What can be finer than Bonavista, Bonaventure, or Placentia, or more inappropriate than Bloody Bay, Rogue's Harbour, or Muddy Hole?

"But to return to my mission. It is, as I was saying, pretty hard work to get around it as regularly, or as often, as I would like. I'm a poor sailor, and get terribly sea-sick in the punts, as the men take me from place to place when the water is open, and I've suffered a good bit sometimes from cold, being too sick to move or take an oar to keep myself warm. I like the winter travelling, though. It is rare exercise, this snow-shoe walking that we have here, and the people tell me I'm getting to be a 'ter'ble fine hand in the rackets.' I've just come back from visiting the upper part of my mission, and, thanks to good weather, have managed to get entirely round it in less than a fortnight. It is just two weeks to-morrow since I started on my round. I went first down to Prowse's Cove, just five miles from here, visited twenty-five families, read and prayed with them all, preached twice in Skipper Joe Batt's kitchen, with my head among the beams of the ceiling. Next I went on to Sculpin Arm, which is seven miles further down shore. Here I preached three times in the little school-chapel, just built, and visited every family in the place—about fifty, besides meeting the class for tickets, and administering the sacrament. Then I visited the 'liviers' on the other side of the Arm, gave them one service, and went on to Bill Bone's Harbour, Waggett's Beach, and Dog-Bite, preaching, and visiting every family. Then I came up home in one day, slept here, and early next morning started up the Bay visiting Pike's Cove, Scrabby Point, Squashberry Head and Hammer Cove, and giving each place one or two services. Altogether, in the fortnight, I've travelled some sixty miles, mostly on rackets; visited one hundred and thirty families; preached eighteen times; held twenty-one prayer-meetings; met seven classes; administered the sacrament six times; baptized eight children; married two couples, (I wish it had been more); and buried an infant, and a patriarch of four score and five.

"Coming along from Hammer Cove yesterday, I was complaining a bit of the constant work, and of feeling pretty well

tired out, when old John Adams, who was accompanying me, administered the somewhat ill-timed consolation, that it was 'better to wear out than to rust out.' But I don't think there is any fear of my wearing out. I never enjoyed such glorious health, and the air is so pure, and the climate so exhilarating, that walking is a positive luxury. And then the appetite! My dear sir, if you were to see the hearty meals one makes in this country, off the homely fare one gets sometimes on a circuit like this, you would indeed be surprised. Talk of the 'roast beef of Old England,' indeed. You should taste seal. You should sit down to a shoulder of young harp, or of two-year-old bedlamer seal, served up by the deft hand of hospitable Aunt Martha Bartlett, after a three hours' tramp on snow-shoes over the hills with a smart nor'-wester right in your face! Talk of pheasant or turkey, forsooth. You should have Aunt Kitty Fowler place before you the leg and wing of an ice-gull, or the breast of a good fat turr, after an enforced abstinence from fresh meat of perhaps a month or so! I admit, of course, that the walk and abstinence are necessary to enable an Englishman to fully appreciate these dainties at first, at all events, but on missions like this, you generally have these appetizers. Indeed, my wife often laughs at me, and says I'm becoming a regular Newfoundlander, to which I retort that she is not far behind me.

"I never enjoyed my work so much as I have done since we came here. The people are so wonderfully kind, so glad to see one in their homes, so hospitable, so attentive to what one says, and so respectful and apparently thankful for one's labour, that it is a real pleasure to be among them. It is true, as I said, that the work is hard, and being, as you know, a bit of a book-worm, I feel the loss of those regular hours of study which were possible on my circuit in Trinity Bay; but somehow my brain is kept so clear with the out-door exercise that I seem to be able to read and digest more in a couple of hours here than I did in double that time elsewhere. I have good help too in the way of faithful class-leaders, and in nearly every place there is, at least, one who in my absence either reads a sermon, or according to his ability preaches one on Sundays and maintains regular services during the week. As I have listened to some of these men, their wonderful power in prayer, their depth of experience and extraordinary facility of utterance in giving expression to it, I have longed that they had had in youth the advantages of education. Some of

them can scarcely read, some of them cannot read a word. And yet the most beautiful language, so simple, so correct will pour from their lips.

"I am hoping and praying for a revival. There are good signs, and I have little doubt that we shall soon have a baptism of power from on high. Meantime we are working on, thank God, in hope, and with the promises of a Word that hath never failed."

EASTER HYMN.

Look on the Lord, "He is risen."

BY THOS. L. M. TIPTON.

OH ! night, when the Master lay low in the tomb !
 When His servants sat shrouded in darkness and gloom !
 Dead, dead, were their hopes, as in sadness they kept,
 Their watch by the grave where the Crucified slept ;
 Oh ! balm for all sorrow ! Oh ! precious reward !
 In the light of the dawning, they looked on the Lord,
 They saw Him a captive, now theirs the reward,
 They see Him a victor, they look on the Lord.

He was dead, but He liveth, the tidings proclaim ;
 Now the loved ones who sleep shall have life through His name :
 Ye mourners ! ye watchers ! 'twas given to you,
 The face of your risen Redeemer to view ;
 Ah ! not to the world is vouchsafed such reward,
 No ! 'tis they who have loved Him shall look on the Lord ;
 The world knows Him not, but His own find reward,
 While careless ones slumber, they look on the Lord.

Night closed o'er the mourners as weeping they lay,
 Joy came with the mourning, their griefs passed away ;
 There's gladness on earth, there's rejoicing on high,
 "Lo ! Christ hath arisen," the shining ones cry ;
 The night is departing, the morn brings reward,
 Brings rest to the watchers, they look on the Lord ;
 Ye souls who have sought Him ! receive your reward !
 Eyes, weary with watching, look ! look on the Lord !
 Oh, hearts ! that watch for Him, He maketh you pure !
 Rejoice ! ye shall see Him, the promise is sure ;
 Though the mantle of night hath been over you cast,
 Look up ! He hath risen, the darkness is past ;
 By faith shall ye see Him, by faith find reward ;
 Oh ! blessed the eyes, that may look on the Lord ;
 Oh ! happy the watchers, they have their reward,
 Sweet time of refreshing ! they look on the Lord.

THE SUGAR-BAGS DEFENCE FUND.*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

I.

TURNING over some old papers that were calculated to serve as remembrancers of some of the more noteworthy incidents and experiences of my district work, I came across a subscription-list headed "The Sugar-Bags Defence Fund," and containing a number of such signatures—most of them in one handwriting, but attested by the crosses of the individuals—as Crockery Jack, a shilling; Big Kate, sixpence; Busker Bill, a shilling; One-armed Hopkins, ninepence; Darkey Rogers, ninepence; Donkey Smith, a shilling; Dry Land Lawson, sixpence; Mother Badger, a shilling. These signatures, strange as they looked, were not playful inventions of people desiring to do good by stealth; they were the regular sobriquets of the subscribers, and were in most cases characteristic. For instance, Crockery Jack, was a hawker of crockery; and Donkey Smith was the proprietor, manager, and driver of three or four donkeys, that were hired out to holiday-makers in the summer months, and to costermongers and other itinerant tradesmen in the winter. Busker Bill was a "busking," that is, wandering, musician; and Dry Land Lawson was a worthy of the type known as dry land, or "turnpike" sailors—sturdy, able-bodied impostors, whose line is to beg, or, if opportunity serves, extort, under guise of selling tracts narrating the dreadful shipwrecks from which they have escaped with bare life.

The sight of this subscription-list reminded me that I had preserved it as a sort of curiosity of literature, reminded me too that it had a history.

On the morning following the death of Fly Palmer I was passing along one of the leading streets of the district, and was brought to a standstill by a gentleman who, standing on a doorstep, saluted me with a jauntily-uttered "Morning, sir," as I came up

*Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

to him. As a whole he was a horsey-looking gentleman. The suit of light grey tweed in which he was attired was tight fitting and sportingly cut, his scarf was loud in colour, his horse-shoe breast-pin large in size, his boots glittered with patent leather and fancy buttons, and he wore a shiny, curly-brimmed hat, stuck on the side of his head.

He was a cool gentleman too, and he evidently enjoyed the puzzled air with which I regarded him.

"Can't quite make me out, eh?" he said, smiling. "Well, think I can freshen your memory there, though: Button-hole Row. Does anything knock now, eh?"

Something did knock, that is to say, the name he had mentioned "freshened my memory," for I instantly recalled the face as that of the man who had directed me to Button-hole Row, when I had been looking for it under its map-name of Foundry Lane.

"Ah, that fetches you!" he exclaimed, smiling; but his manner abruptly changing to seriousness, he asked—

"Did you see any one leaving me as you came up?"

"No," I answered briefly.

"Well, that doesn't matter much," he replied. "You know her; it was Fly Palmer's Poll. She tells me that you were with old Braidy at Palmer's death-bed."

"Yes, I was at his death-bed," I answered, adding, "a terrible death-bed scene it was."

"So Poll has been telling me," he said; "and if it is true—as I have no doubt it is—that the memories of their whole past life flash back upon the dying, I don't wonder at it. Can guess that his recollections must have been ugly chickens to come home to roost upon him in his dying hour, and can quite understand his not dying game."

"He died penitent, which is a grander thing," I said.

"Well, yes," answered the other, "better so than that he should have passed

' Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head.' "

So far he had spoken and quoted in all earnestness, and indeed with a certain degree of solèmnity; but his usual mercu-

rial manner asserted itself when, on concluding the quotation, he struck a theatrical attitude, and added, "Hamlet! verbally altered."

"Do you read Shakespeare then?" I asked.

"Well, I used to read him a goodish bit, when I was a younger and better fellow than I am now," he answered, "and as you hear, I can still spout him a little; fact is, it's part of my business to be able to do a bit in the 'language of the poets' line. People would hardly think it to look at them; but the rank and file of such quarters as this are greatly taken with the 'flowery.' As long as it is given with a flourish, it don't much matter whether they understand it or not. If ever I'm at a loss I shove in a bit of doggerel of my own, and it generally goes down all right, especially as, barring old Braidy, there is no one else here-about as can tip them the flowery at all. Speak of old Braidy," he rattled on in his rapid, jerky style, "I've sent round for him to come and do a confab with me, about a matter I have in hand; that's why I have stopped you—matter in question arises out of Palmer's death, and so I thought you would feel interested in it, might perhaps be able to lend a hand. Will you come into my crib here, and wait till Bible comes?"

While I stood hesitating what to answer, he broke into a light laugh, in which, however, there could be detected a certain tone of bitterness.

"Ah, well, never mind," he said; "we'll wait for him here; though really, you know, I don't look quite the style of customer to go in for decoying and robbing passers-by."

I am afraid that, if I had subjected myself to very strict self-examination, I should have found that it had been some vague general ideas anent passers-by being decoyed and robbed that had caused my hesitation; but, evading such self-examination, I smilingly answered—

"Oh! it was scarcely so bad as that. But, to be candid, you did not strike me as quite the sort of customer to be associated in any business with Mr. Braidy."

"Right you are—in a general way," he answered readily enough; "but then you see, there *are* strange associations, and strange many other things, in a neighbourhood like this. I can remember a time when the idea of my becoming what I have become would have appeared much more strange to me, than

such a thing as a true old Christian like Braidy associating with a fellow who is out of the pale of honest society.

He spoke with an affectation of cool cynicism, but it was easy to see that he was really moved. With a sincere desire to soothe him, I said I felt sure that the particular object in connection with which he sought Braidy's assistance was a good one.

"I believe it to be a good one," he answered, "and I believe old Bible will think so too. It is to do what we can to help poor Sugar-Bags in her trouble."

"Sugar-Bags!" I exclaimed in amazement. "The woman who ——"

"Yes, the woman who murdered Fly Palmer, if you like to put it that way," he broke in, seeing I hesitated for a word "The woman whose hands are stained with the life-blood of a fellow-creature—who, knowing only that of her, the world will be inclined to regard as a 'female fiend,' 'a human tiger,' or any other penny-a-liner-christened monster; a thing to shudder at and shrink from—perhaps strangle."

He spoke with the utmost vehemence, and with a sternness of expression such as one would scarcely have thought him capable of, but, pausing at this point for breath, he grew calmer, and when he resumed he spoke in a lower and somewhat apologetic tone.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I know it is both rude and wrong of me to fly out in that way. Still, that is how Sugar-Bags *would* appear to outsiders if she went before them undefended; and my object is to see that she does not stand friendless in her hour of need. She is not the woman that that one unhappy act would seem to stamp her. The blow was struck in mere madness and terror, and, take her for all in all, she is more to be pitied than condemned. She is nothing to me, but she is *unfortunate and friendless, and so overcome by horror at the result of her own mad act as to be helpless, and therefore I would help her.*"

I said that I had no doubt of his good intention in the matter; and that there was no necessity for his justifying himself to me over it.

"It isn't exactly that," he answered, "I wouldn't justify myself to any one; but I saw how you looked at the mention of

Sugar-Bags' name, and I thought how ready the world is to judge hardly. I was rather railing at the world than justifying myself or blaming you."

"And how do you propose to help the woman?" I asked.

"By getting up a subscription to raise the means to defend her."

"A subscription among the people hereabouts?"

"Yes, a purely local subscription."

To a stranger, a subscription in so poor a quarter might have seemed a strange idea. As a matter of fact, however, subscriptions are of very common occurrence in such neighbourhoods, and notably for the purpose of funerals; of saving some dead friend or acquaintance from that horror most dreaded of all by the poor—a pauper's burial. It was therefore only in reference to the particular object in view, not to the general notion of a subscription, that I asked—

"Do you really think they would give?"

"I believe they would if the thing is properly managed," he answered; "though I want to hear what old Braidy says on that point before I take action. I can see your idea is that a feeling of friendship for Palmer might stand in the way, but I find a great deal more sympathy for her than sorrow for him; and, knowing the reputation that he bore, I'm not surprised at it."

"What reputation did he bear, then?" I asked.

"That of a traitor and informer," was the prompt and emphatic answer. "He was nicknamed 'Fly' Palmer, because he had been so 'fly'—so knowing as to have avoided ever being convicted, though it was notorious that he lived by crime. He was what some would think wise in his generation. He worked upon the cat's-paw principle, and not only used his tools, but sacrificed them. If he was not convicted, those who were associated with him generally were; and, though no case was ever fully brought home to him, there is no doubt that, in some instances, he betrayed his fellow-criminals; furnished the police 'information I received,' which condemned them. I'm not saying this as against his memory, or in her extenuation; I simply state it as a fact, justifying my belief, that there would be no special objection, even among the Barker's Buildings fraternity, to subscribe to a 'Sugar-Bags Defence Fund.'"

"And the upshot of all this is, that you want a subscription from me?" I said.

"No," he replied, shaking his head, "I wasn't leading up to that. Of course, if the thing is set a-going, I would be glad if you did subscribe, but I had no idea of *touting* for subscriptions now. I merely spoke to you because your coming up just after Palmer's Poll had referred to you, had put it into my head. In fact, now I come back to it, I almost think my *first* intention in stopping you was to mention to you what Palmer's Poll had been speaking to me about, as I am under the impression that you had noticed her leaving me as you came up."

"And what might she have been speaking about?" I asked, for on his first mentioning that she had been with him, I had felt somewhat curious to know.

"Well, curiously enough, about a subscription," he answered, "though not, as you will easily guess, the Sugar-Bags one. She wanted me to get up one to bury Palmer."

"But, of course, you couldn't?"

"No; seeing that I was already turning over the other affair in my mind, I couldn't have acted for her under any circumstances," he answered; "but apart from that, the idea was altogether a mistake. As gently as I could I put it to her that, rightly or wrongly, he had been unpopular, and that to ask subscriptions promiscuously would be bad policy; at the same time, gave her a note to a leading melter, pointedly suggesting that he and a few more of his kidney should make a 'whip round,' to the extent of raising sufficient to put Palmer decently under ground, as parish authorities pottering about his room might make discoveries that would be ugly for some people. I fancy they'll make the whip. Hallo, here comes the messenger I sent for Braidy!" and as he spoke, he indicated by a nod of the head a boy coming along on the opposite side of the street.

"Well, is he coming?" he asked, as the boy came up to where we were standing.

"No, he has gone to the court," was the answer.

"That will do," he said, in a tone of dismissal; then turning to me, he went on, "He must be gone to hear Sugar-Bags' first examination. I'll go too. Suppose you won't care about going?"

"Well, I would not have thought of going of my own accord," I answered; but what he had been saying had interested me, and I rather thought now that I should like to hear the examination.

"All right, then," he said, "only you know you needn't stand on ceremony with me—needn't walk through the streets with me unless you like."

He spoke seriously, and without bitterness; but putting the point aside as lightly as I could, I started for the court with him.

Outside the court there was a strong muster of people from our district, and especially of the Barker's Buildings set; and as we made our way through their midst I could gather that the burden of their song was "Poor Sugar-Bags!" Inside, too, the court was crowded; but, following in the wake of my companion, who pushed forward with a most business-like air, I secured standing-room at a point from which I had a good view of the prisoner's face when she was brought in. It was a younger, more comely face than from the brief glimpse I had obtained of it on the previous day I had supposed it to be; but it was deadly pale, and wore a haggard, despairing expression, that left no doubt as to the intense agony of mind she was enduring. Though many eyes sought hers, she kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on the ground, save once or twice when she turned it timidly to where Braidy sat watching with a look of kindly sorrow in his soft brown eyes.

The examination was a short one, being merely a formal preliminary to a remand, the only evidence given being that of the constable who had arrested her, and who spoke to expressions having fallen from her which amounted to a confession that she was the person who had struck the blow.

With eyes still averted, and the agonized expression of her countenance unchanged, she was taken from the bar, and her removal was greeted by a general sigh of relief among the spectators, the majority of whom immediately left court.

On reaching the street a man accosted my companion, who, turning to me, exclaimed in his jerky, self-satisfied way, "Business! Must be attended to, you know; soon knock it off, though; won't detain you long; mind just stopping old Braidy if you see him going?"

In less than a minute after, Braidy did come out, and touching him upon the shoulder, I bade him good day.

"Oh, good day, sir," he replied, looking up; "I saw you come into court with Shiny Smith."

"Shiny Smith!" I exclaimed; "is that his name?"

"Well, he calls himself Smith," answered Braidy, "and others call him Shiny, I suppose because in slang phrase it is his nature to be constantly 'cutting a shine.'"

"What is he at all?" I asked, for I felt curious upon the point, having already been turning it over in my mind without arriving at any conclusion. My first impression had been that he was simply a swell-mobsmen, but that idea had not borne reflection. Swell-mobsmen are birds of prey that flock together, and I knew that there was no nest of them in my district.

"What is he!" echoed Braidy, who for the moment seemed puzzled by the question; "well, I think he would be best described as regular scribe and irregular lawyer to the doubtful and dangerous classes hereabout."

"A lawyer!" I exclaimed significantly; "*that* accounts for his interesting himself so warmly about the defence of this woman."

"I did not know he was interesting himself in the matter," Braidy answered; still, if he is, it does not follow that he is doing so selfishly. He is a bad man, and yet not wholly bad. Not that he is particularly exceptional in that; few people that haven't lived among such a set as I have done would credit the amount of good—I mean goodness of heart and kindness of feeling—there is latent among bad people. I often think that with better chances many of them would have been better men. Not that that applies to Shiny. I feel convinced that he in his day has had good chances. He is one of the might-have-beens, but I have not given up hope that he is yet among the may-bes. More than once when I have been with him it has struck me that his flourishing manner is put on to stifle the still, small voice; and where conscience wants 'putting down' there is always chance of amendment."

Before any reply could be made Shiny Smith joined us, and in his most rattling manner saluted Braidy—

"Ah, here you are then!" he exclaimed seizing his hand. "Glad to see you taking an interest in poor Sal's case; been on the hunt for you to speak to you about her; thinking of getting up a whip round; wanted to see what you thought of it; like the idea myself; think it sounds well, you know: 'The Sugar-Bags Defence Fund.'"

"I am going to her room to take possession of a few little

things I have promised her to hold in charge," answered Braidy, with what seemed coldness by contrast with the other's tone; "if you want to talk anything over you had better come there with me."

"All right, old friend," answered Shiny, quite unabashed; "we're with you. I've enlisted Mr. — here in the cause."

I was about to say something in modification of this assertion, but guessing my intention he anticipated me—

"Well! well!" he hurried on, "provisionally, of course; supposing that you are shown that it is a deserving case."

The three of us then walked on in silence until we reached Barker's Buildings.

WELLS OF SHEBACAS.—JAN. 19TH, 1885.*

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL.

"WATER or death!" Forever shall be chanted
 Their praise, who reached and won the silver flood
 For comrades' sake—who hewed their way undaunted,
 Bearing the treasure where each step was blood.

"Water and victory!" The pæan rises
 From thousand throats, applauding far and wide
 Valour successful. Fame's most precious prizes
 Be theirs ungrudged. But what for those who *tried*?

The "half" who strove yet perished unvictorious,
 Though lavish of the best they had to give—
 Whose labour's meed was death—to them inglorious,
 While others bid their comrades "drink and live":

The "half" whose courage and whose wills were wasted—
 Whose uncrowned effort saw the prize unwon?
 Who poured their life-blood for that draught untasted—
 Who toiled so hard, yet left their task undone?

All honour to the victors! England's glory
 Be their reward, as theirs shall be her pride;
 But—when with swelling hearts we tell the story—
 Give *more* than honour to the "half" who died!

* "Nearly half of the men reached the river alive, and almost half the remainder found their way back, bringing water to refresh the troops and enable them to repulse the enemy."—*Daily Paper*.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

IV.—A TRUE CHILD OF PARNASSUS.

“ Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The POETS—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.”

MAY not the world's sweet singers be doing as much for the race as its workers? Busy hands, like spiders in kings' palaces, are ever weaving their webs in which to catch the wherewithal to nourish life; but who can tell how much of heart and inspiration these toilers get from our poet-minstrels that warble for us, pouring down their melodies like caged songsters from above our heads. Poetry has always been felt to have a charm and to wield a spell ever since the lyre of Jubal was first sounded, and

“ The first-born poet ruled the first-born man.”

The work of a true poet is nearest to the divine of any work possible to mortal man. “ He is an artist,” says Vernon Lee, “ who plays his melodies not on cat-gut strings, or metal stops, but upon human passions.” Among the ancient Athenians the life of a poet was held in peculiar esteem. The death of Eupolis, a comic poet who was killed in a naval battle, was so much lamented that a law was enacted exempting a poet from bearing arms.

Yet “ to be indeed a poet,” says Southey, “ does not happen to more than one man in a century.” Keats goes further still where he laments :

“ The count
Of mighty poets is made up ; the scroll
Is folded by the muses ; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand.
. the sun of poesy is set.”

Still, as Keats flourished after Charles Wesley's death, his elegy does not necessarily exclude the name of this prince of

hymnists from "Apollo's roll." Nor could we consent to such an exclusion; for if Charles Wesley is not a true poet, then Parnassus is as thinly peopled as Paradise was, or as the island-home of Robinson Crusoe. No:

"He felt the tuneful Nine his breast inspire
And, like a master, waked the soothing lyre."

"A true poet," observes Carlyle, "is a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the eternal melodies." Tried by this test, our minstrel will be found to be a true child of Parnassus. He possesses in a high degree the *genie createur*—the spirit of poetry, as Racine calls it, and the *vivida vis animi*—the poetic temperament. His hymns are no mere nursery rhymes. They are as splendid in poetry as they are fervent in devotion. His was a muse of the strongest pinion, that could soar in the loftiest flights of song. In some of his moods he emulates "the lyre of Hebrew bards." Few of our English poets equal him. John Wesley, no mean critic, remarks of his brother: "He is not only superior in learning but in poetry to Mr. Thomson and all his theatrical writers put together. None of them can equal him either in strong, nervous sense, or in purity and elegance of language." Had he chosen to enter the lists against our secular poets, attempting profane instead of sacred subjects, "he would have rivalled," says a high authority, "Dryden himself whom he greatly resembles in fluency, copiousness and power."

And his poetic genius has had some gleams of recognition. Every one is familiar with Dr. Watts' high and generous estimate of our minstrel's "Wrestling Jacob," of which he says it is worth all the poetry he himself had ever written. Alluding to Dr. Watts' opinion just cited, John Wesley once exclaimed, "O what would Dr. Watts have said if he had seen my brother's two exquisite hymns beginning:

"How happy every child of grace,"

and,

"Come, let us join our friends above."

And on another occasion, after repeating this latter hymn, he said: "There have been different views concerning the merits of

the poetry of my brother Charles, but in my opinion this is the sweetest hymn he ever wrote."

No higher compliment to Charles Wesley's poetic genius could be paid than that implied in the almost universal appropriation of his hymns. There has scarcely been a collection of hymns designed for congregational use published for the last hundred years but has contained a considerable number from the pen of the Minstrel of Methodism. One of his pieces, that popular Christmas carol :

"Hark, the herald angels sing,"

has even found its way into the Book of Common Prayer ; how, nobody knows, and efforts have been made to have this Methodist taint expunged, but so far in vain.

One mark of genuine muse is the naturalness, spontaneity and perennial flow of its effusions. Our poet is no wan-faced student with a countenance "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," wasting his life under the flicker of the midnight lamp to produce a few laboured lines, or climbing with toilsome steps the flowery steeps of Parnassus. On the contrary, he "sings because he must, and pipes but as the linnets sing." His hymns are not like petrifications slowly formed, and at best cold and glittering ; they come up naturally, unsought, like wild flowers, to bloom in open day ; or, like a fountain, to pour a silvery tide in lavish bounty, for no other reason than that it is too full to contain itself.

Poetry was a passion with him. When a youth at the University of Oxford, he would sometimes rush into his brother's room, repeat some verses that had just struck him, and then retire in the same precipitate manner. From the time he began versifying his thoughts flowed in numbers. His muse seems constantly to have felt her kindling fervours. The fire of which his hymns are but sparks, is not the momentary flash of a meteor, nor yet the shifting phantasy of the aurora ; it is "steady as the brightness of a lamp and constant as the fire of the Magi." Nothing could curb his poetic Pegasus. Neither labour nor affliction prevented him from cultivating and exercising his talent for poetry. In his journal, for instance, occurs the following characteristic entry : "Near Ripley, my horse threw and fell upon me. My companion thought I had broken my neck, but my leg only was

bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns, or thinking at all till the next day, when the Lord brought us safe to Newcastle."

As an instance of the ruling passion of his life surviving the ardour of youth, and blossoming even in the autumn and winter of age, the story is told of him, that it was his wont in declining years to ride out every day on a little grey pony. When he mounted, if a subject occurred to his mind he would proceed to expand it and put it in form; he would then write the hymn thus given to him in short-hand on a small card kept for the purpose. Returning to his house at City Road, he would leave the pony at the door and run in, exclaiming, "Pen and ink! Pen and ink!" and after writing the hymn he would salute the family.

It may not be uninteresting just here to note that a stumbling horse was not the first thing that threatened to spoil our minstrel's hymn-making, and indeed to deprive the Church of his genius altogether. When our bard was yet a boy, Garrett Wesley—a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland—wanted to adopt him as his heir and take him to Ireland. But the lad declined the flattering offer. This gentleman afterward adopted Richard Colley, an Irish relative, who took the name of Wesley, becoming the grandfather of the illustrious Wellington, England's Iron Duke. John Wesley calls this "a fair escape;" and so it was in more ways than one; for if young Charles had accepted the brilliant offer there would have been no Wellington to have emblazoned British arms, and no Wesley to have enriched the psalmody of the Church. England would have had no Waterloo and Methodism no minstrel. With Charles himself, his choice might have made a peer, but it would have marred a poet.

Judging, however, from the distinctive tone of his poetic genius and the mould it took, he does not appear to have regretted the choice he made; for it is to be remarked that his muse is a joyous one. It is true our poet has given indication of considerable power in that class of compositions which are termed elegaic, mostly referring to death and the grave. Still, it is not often that his hand touches this minor chord; when he does he,

"With master's hand and prophet's fire,
Strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre."

He found it more congenial to his genius to join in the glad anthems of the Church than to muse amid the melancholy of the church-yard, or he might have rivalled the immortal Gray who published his "Elegy" in 1749, the year of our poet's marriage. When Haydn, a contemporary of his, was once asked how it was that his church music was always of an animating and even gay description, he answered: "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit." For the same reason—a melody of heart—Charles Wesley's hymns are not like the patter of rain or the sighing of autumn winds, mournful and melancholy; but they are gay and bright like the play of sunbeams and the merry music of summer. The melody within finds fitting expression "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

"Bard! inspired by love divine,
Hallowing influence benign;
Ever vital, ever rife,
Throbbing warm with inner life;
Holy unction, quenchless fire,
All concenter in thy lyre;
Wreathe the laurel round thy brow,
Israel's sweetest singer, thou.

Who in like majestic lays
Ever voiced Jehovah's praise?
Earth is choral with thy songs,
From her countless million-tongues;
Girdling the great world around,
Wheresoever man is found
Hearts are melted, harps are strung,
And thy *jubilates* sung.

Bard of bards! in peerless light
On the empyrean height,
All surpassing, all above
In thy canticles of love.
Joining hands with those who dwell
Where eternal anthems swell,
Now we wreathe thy deathless brow,
Israel's sweetest singer, thou."

JOHN WESLEY'S ANCESTRY.

BY GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M.A.

It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of being noted, that Dr. Adam Clarke, with all his opportunities for research, and with all his diligence, summarizes the result of his inquiries into the history of the Wesley family in these words: "Posterity can mount no higher, in tracing the Wesley family, than to about the end of the sixteenth century. All records of the family of previous date appear to have been lost." These words he wrote in a spirit of doleful regret. The Rev. William Beal, who searched all the local histories, and church registers in and around the county of Dorset, could find no direct lineal connection with the Epworth Wesleys. No previous or subsequent writer has lifted the veil which has enshrouded the ancestry of the Wesleys prior to the seventeenth century, till the present writer undertook the task ten years ago, and the result of a long and persevering investigation and research was the discovery of various records which furnish a continuous family narrative of father and son in succession through fully half the period of the Christian dispensation. Right back into Saxon times, commencing with A.D. 930, a genealogical table has been formed, which is brought down to 1880, with about one hundred known living descendants at the present time.

The first Earl of Mornington is said to have been at the cost of the first investigation into the family history; that document came into the possession of Lord Cowley, another branch of the Wellesley or Wesley family, who sought further information. The fragments thus obtained came into the possession of a member of the parent stock of Wesley, and these were placed in the hands of the present writer ten years ago to complete from such records as were available in the library of the British Museum and in the Will Office of Doctors' Commons. The reward of long and patient research was the formation of an unbroken genealogical chart, from A.D. 930 to A.D. 1875, which covers more than half the Christian era. A glance at the characters of the men whose names make up this chart, shows that this distinguished family has been marked by learning, piety, poetry, and music, as also by

loyalty and chivalry; devotion to the Church, to the army and the Sovereign; and it has contributed largely in moulding the moral, religious and social habits of the people, both in England and Ireland.

A valuable document has recently been found in the archives of Wells Cathedral, which relates to the paternal estates of the Wesleys, and fixes their location not far from that venerable city, where they had existed for many centuries. The family mansion and the broad acres of pasture and woodland, were in the possession of the then rightful heir, George Arthur Wesley, who had led a wild and extravagant life in the army, and about 1784, just a century ago, to enable him to pay his debts, and to retain his freedom of person, he had to sell the family domain, wood, pastures, and mansion, and the latter was pulled down, being too old to be repaired effectively. The remarkable part of this narrative is, that Adam Clarke, the first historian of the Wesley family, was travelling his first circuit as a Methodist preacher at the time this property was sold, and the property was situated within walking distance of where he then resided. Then, Adam Clarke had personal knowledge of John Wesley, and did not think of his ancestry; indeed not any member of the Epworth Wesley family had any knowledge where their paternal estate was, seeing that their branch of the Wesleys had been severed from the parent tree over a century, without even knowing their relationship. The deeds found in the archives of Wells Cathedral are of great value in identifying this long-lost property. The present owner of the estate has permitted the ground to be opened, so as to trace the position and extent of the original mansion, the foundations of which still remain in the ground. This search was made in 1883. Had Adam Clarke only known of that sale of the property, as he might have done—only newspapers were but little known and read in country places a century ago—what a different history of the family would he have written with such knowledge for a starting-point. Many important facts in history have yet to be discovered, even in the history of Methodism during the last century.

Before the Normans conquered Britain, the Wesleys occupied a prominent place in the land; before surnames were used, and before England was united under one sovereign, the Wesley family flourished. When Athelstan the Saxon ruled, A.D. 925-

940, he called Guy, the then head of the family, to be a thane, or a member of his Parliament. This Guy married Phenan, the daughter of an old chieftain, and they settled in their home at Welswe, near Wells, in Somerset. His son, Geoffrey, occupied a prominent position among his Saxon compeers, and having been, as he believed, unjustly treated by Etheldred, he joined himself to the Danish forces, and marched with Sweyer against his own countrymen. His son, Licolph, who is said to have been concerned in the murder of Edward the Elder, A.D. 946, was, in his turn, murdered on his way home, many years afterwards. His eldest son, Walrond, long resided on the ancestral estate, the Manor of Welswey, and died there about A.D. 1070, leaving two sons, both of whom were large landowners. Avenant the Elder was made sergeant of all the country for many miles north of Bristol. At that period surnames began to be used, and these brothers are described in contemporary history as Avenant of Welswey, or Wesley, and William de Wellesley. The son of the latter became heir to the estate, and is recorded as Roger de Wellesley, and married Matilda O'Neal. They had two sons and two daughters, all of whom married into wealthy families, by which their influence was greatly extended in the country.

Stephen, the heir, married Alice de Cailli, county of York. He having distinguished himself in the wars in England and Gascony, was sent with Sir John Courey to Ireland in 1172, to try and subdue Ulster. Walter, his youngest son, having been initiated into the arts of chivalry, was permitted to go with his father to Ireland, and had the honour of being appointed standard-bearer to the King, Henry II., who led the expedition. For this military service he obtained large grants of land in the counties of Meath and Kildare, and he settled in that country on his property. He founded the Irish branch of the Wesley family, who have occupied the land ever since, and on that estate, Arthur, the great Duke of Wellington was born more than a century since, a lineal descendant of the Wesley family. The original standard carried in 1172 was preserved in the Irish family till quite a recent period.

Returning to the English family, Nicholas de Wellesley married Laura Vyvyan, daughter of a Cornish baronet, who inherited the estate near Wells. He was engaged in much military service, for which he was amply rewarded, and left six children

who, by marriage, increased the family estate. William, his heir, was grandson to the standard-bearer. Contemporary history mentions him as a great warrior, who was slain in a battle with the Irish in October 1303, aged seventy years. For his courage and conquests, he had the honour of knighthood conferred on him; his eldest son was also slain in a battle in Ireland, so that his youngest son, Sir John de Wellesley, Knight, became heir. His son, named after his father, Sir John de Wellesley, was summoned to Parliament as a baron of the realm. His successor was Sir William, who became one of the most influential men of the time, and represented interests of great magnitude in the South and West of England. By his first wife, Elizabeth, he had one son, Edward, who joined the Scottish army during the Crusades, and went with Sir James Douglas to Palestine, with the intentions of placing the heart of Sir Robert Bruce in the Holy Sepulchre. He died in a fight with the Saracens in 1340. This incident entitles the Wesleys to use the scallop shell in the quarterings of their family arms.

While these events were transpiring, Sir William, Edward's father, was created a peer of the realm, as Baron Noragh, and married for his second wife, Alice Trevellion, and they had issue four sons—Walrond, Richard, Robert, and Arthur. Robert was a monk and died unmarried. Each of the three other sons married, and became the head of a distinguished family, whose descendants have come down to our times. Walrond was heir to the English estates, and through him the original stock has continued to the present day. Richard became the head of the Wellesleys in Ireland by marrying the heiress to the Irish estates. He was sheriff of Kildare in 1418; he resided at Dangan Castle, where the great Duke of Wellington (as his descendant) was born. Arthur founded another branch of the family, and one of his descendants did much service for the king, who rewarded him by making him his grand porter, and gave him many lands and tenements, so he took the name of Porter, in the county of Salop, and from him descended Sir Robert Ker Porter, the traveller, and Jane and Anna Maria Porter, died 1832, celebrated authors.

Up to this period, covering four centuries, courage, heroism, and chivalry, intermixed with the form of piety which marked that age, had generally characterized most of the members of this influential family. Walrond, the heir, became the second Baron

Noragh and as a peer of the realm he married the daughter of another peer, the Earl of Kildare. He succeeded to the Wellesley Manor, County Somerset, leaving his brother Richard in the Irish estates, he having married the heiress thereto. Walrond accompanied Prince Edward in a military expedition against France, and subsequently set out with the king to check an invasion of the Scots in Northumberland. He was eventually taken prisoner with the Earl of Pembroke, and died in France in 1373. He left two sons—John, a clergyman, and Gerald, the heir.

Gerald de Wellesley, the third baron, was twice married, and inheriting the estates, exercised what the king considered an undue influence in the State, by which he gave offence to the king, Henry IV., who not only deprived him of his estate, but imprisoned him for some years. On the accession of Henry V., in 1413, he was liberated and his property restored, but the title of nobility was refused. He had three sons and three daughters. His son Walter was chaplain to King Edward IV., Cuthbert fell in battle; Arthur was his heir, and took the name of Westley.

Arthur married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Ogilvy. Relieved of the Parliamentary responsibilities which rested on his father, he devoted himself to the improvement of his property, and the extension of his influence, in both which he succeeded. He had four sons. John entered the Church; Richard married one of his Irish cousins at Dangan Castle; Humphrey married into another branch of the family; and Hugh, the heir, obtained the honour of knighthood, and resumed the name of Wellesley. Sir Hugh de Wellesley married into the family of the Earl of Shrewsbury, ancient, wealthy, and influential, by which he recovered much of the influence his grandfather lost. His property was greatly augmented by the favourable marriages of his children. He had five sons. Richard fell in battle with the Irish in 1570; Hugh and Harold were younger; William was the heir.

Sir William de Wellesley married, in 1552, into the family of the Earl of Devon, by which his influence was extended amongst the nobility. He had one son, Walter, his heir, and two daughters; one of the latter became the wife of Robert Wellesley, of Ireland, in 1552.

Sir Walter took the name of Wesley, or Westley, and married

Alice, the daughter of Paul Tracey, of Toddington, who was connected with the eminent families of Sir William Tracey, and Sir William Throckmorton. We are now approaching the time when the Epworth branch of the Wesleys separated from the parent stock. So far as is known (and the present writer has had the privilege of examining more original manuscripts belonging to the Rector of Epworth, and his three sons, Samuel, John, and Charles Wesley, than any other person now living), they did not any of them know of their relationship one step further back than the person of Bartholomew Wesley, and of him they knew next to nothing; his father and mother were utterly unknown to them as a family, and they had not the remotest idea of the quality of blood which flowed in their veins. Bartholomew Wesley; his son, John Wesley; and his son, Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, existed during the turbulent and violent reigns of the latter Stuarts, the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution, times of trouble and persecution which were never surpassed in any century of English history, when secrecy had to be observed in nearly all the affairs of life, social and religious, and when even the righteous dead had to be buried in the darkness of night, without any ceremonial, and without any mark as a grave. During that period the Wesley family lived on in the possession of their manorial estates near Wells, in Somerset, and there Sir Walter Wesley had born to him one son and six daughters. One daughter, Millicent, became the wife of W. Wellesley, of Kildare and Dangan, one of her Irish relatives; Alice became maid of honour to the Princess of Condé; Herbert was his heir.

Sir Herbert Wesley entered into the possession of the family estate in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Wesley of Dangan Castle, Ireland, by which event the Irish branch was again united to the parent stock in England. From that union he sprang, who founded a family which is world-wide in its influence and reputation. By his marriage Sir Herbert had three sons—William, his heir; Harphame, who died unmarried; and Bartholomew, who was educated at Oxford, ordained a priest,—he is said to have been born about the year 1595, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir William Wesley, the heir, died in the reign of James I., leaving three sons; William was his heir. He married the daughter of

Sir Thomas Piggot, and had two sons and two daughters; his heir was George Arthur. He was twice married, was for some years in the army, lived a wild life, and squandered so much of his property that he had to sell the family estate to pay his creditors, and thus broke up a family connection and manorial interests, which had existed for seven or eight centuries. By his second marriage he had one son and one daughter. His son, named Francis, born in 1767, died in 1854, aged eighty-seven years. His heir was Alfred, born in 1804, married Anne Lilly, and had issue six sons, two of whom are ministers, one is the Rev. Lewis Herbert Wesley, graduated at Durham, in 1867, the other is the Rev. Ernest George Wesley, a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Other living members of his family must be passed over.

Chivalry held high rank when the Rev. Bartholomew Wesley was born. His father and his mother's father had both been brought up under its potent influence. Great deeds in both Church and State were often the theme of conversation in the family of Sir Herbert Wesley, and chivalry, doubtless, became the standard of aspiration to his sons. Poetry, as well as religion, laid hold on chivalry, and took some of its popular themes from the heroism of their ancestors. They had travelled and fought with kings and their nobles, had been in the Crusades, and one had been a royal standard-bearer. Besides all this, religion was no strange thing in their household, and Puritanism was developing in the National Church when Bartholomew Wesley was sent to Oxford to complete his education. He studied both divinity and physic in that university, and about the year 1619, he married the daughter of Sir Henry Colley, of Kildare, Ireland, so both himself and his wife came from a knightly stock, noted for chivalry. From the time of his marriage to the year 1640, we find no records concerning his life and actions. Whether he was a clergyman or doctor during those years, the turbulence of the period has deprived posterity of any knowledge, but in 1640 he was installed rector of the humble parish of Catherston, County Dorset. To that small living was added that of Charmeach, the two being of the yearly value of £35 10s. Out of that sum he had to maintain the dignity of a clergyman, the position of the son of a Knight of the Shire, and to educate his only son for the ministry when he grew up; that son was four years old when his father became rector. If we

consider the privations, persecutions, and sufferings which this good minister had to endure during his earthly pilgrimage of more than four score years, we are amazed at his fidelity to Christ, and the firm integrity he maintained, even after he was ejected from his living in 1662. He died about 1680, hunted by his foes, honoured and beloved by his parishioners, aged eighty-five years.

His only son, and only child we believe, was born in 1636—John Wesley, A.M., of New Inn Hall, Oxford, where he took his degree, having studied under the famous John Owen, D.D., then Vice-Chancellor of the University. He left Oxford about 1658, and at the age of twenty-two returned to his father's residence, and began to preach to a congregation he gathered at Weymouth, when a vacancy occurred in the parish of Winterburn-Whitchurch (the writer has a large photograph of the church before him). John Wesley was examined by Oliver Cromwell's "triers," and having passed with approval, was appointed by them the minister to that parish, in May, 1658. The value of the living was £30 a year, and on that pittance he commenced his public ministrations, and the same year he married the daughter of the Rev. John White, the patriarch of Dorchester—a notable man, an author, and a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. This excellent lady lived to a great age, had a large family, was many years a very poor widow, and during her later years, her son, Samuel, allowed her £10 a year out of his small income, to keep her from actual want. She died in a village near Coventry in the year 1710. Her husband, the Rev. John Wesley, endured sorrow, losses, persecutions, privations, and imprisonments of the most painful character. The writer of this record has recently secured the manuscript account of one of his trials, never before known, which he may some day publish. He was ejected from his living in 1662, and afterwards led such a life of poverty and sorrow as brought him prematurely to the grave in 1678, when he was denied the right of burial in the graveyard of his former parish, and was secretly buried at night in the village of Preston, Dorset. The names of five only of their children have been discovered: Timothy, born April, 1659; Elizabeth, born in January, 1660; Matthew, born in May, 1661; Samuel, born December, 1662, and Thomas, date unknown. Samuel became the Rector of Epworth, and the father of the Revs. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY, the FOUNDERS of METHODISM.

SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, B.A.

VARIOUS estimates have been placed by authors upon children of their brain, few of which have been accepted as absolutely accurate by the reading public. That which has caused an author a large expenditure of labour may be held to be of inestimable value and yet it may pass into oblivion, while the child of inspiration that becomes perfect in its infancy may charm forever the weary mind and heart. Authors are oftentimes poor judges of the merits or demerits of their works. That which they love most may not prove to be the most successful. The financial value agreed upon between author and publisher does not always measure the value of any work. Many a rejected MS. has become years afterwards the delight of thousands. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," the "Titcomb's Letters" of Dr. Holland and many others have been offered to several publishers, and yet they became popular works. The truly successful books are those that have accomplished great results, transforming society and guiding the lives of individuals to great and noble ends. Some books have burst suddenly upon the world, and their contents been eagerly devoured. This may arise from the name of the author, the indication of critics, the peculiar ideas contained in the book, its sensationalism, or the charm of its style.

A few books have rapidly passed through several editions without resorting to unjust methods in seeking popularity. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was eminently successful in America. In four weeks after its publication ten thousand copies were sold, and fifty thousand in a year and a half. Within a few months after its appearance several editions were printed in England and two translations in Germany.

Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" passed through seven editions, comprising twenty-six thousand copies in three years. Translations in German, French, Latin, and Italian were also issued. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" went through four editions in one year. Samuel Drew published his famous essay on the "Immortality of the Soul," which was received with so much favor that within a few years five editions were printed in England,

two in America, and a translation in France. Montgomery issued his first volume of poems, which was severely condemned in the *Edinburgh Review*, yet in one year and a half it passed through four editions. Colton's "Lacon" passed through six editions in one year, and "The Miseries of Human Life"—a series of humorous dialogues by the Rev. James Beresford—was so popular that the readers of that period bought nine editions in one year. Scott and Dickens still retain their popularity, though many new novelists have entered the field of fiction and attained an honourable position for themselves. The greatest success obtained by any work of fiction has been Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Noah Webster, desirous of preparing school books that should be essentially American, began his series by publishing in 1783 his "First Part of a Grammatic Institute of the English Language." This was followed by the second and third parts, his spelling-books and readers, and finally by the "American Dictionary," upon which he laboured twenty years. The spelling-book was so successful that the sales averaged one million copies per annum.

In the field of religious literature, where the readers may be supposed to be fewer, arising from the doctrinal differences of intelligent Christians, there are books that have had immense sales and been exceedingly popular. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Baxter's "Saints' Rest," with many others of a similar character remain as English classics, whose influence may still be felt in the cottage homes of the old and new worlds. Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" was published in 1669, and twenty thousand copies were sold the first year. It has been translated into nearly all the literary languages of the world.

Lewis Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, published a work entitled "The Practice of Piety," which ran through fifty-one editions in a few years. This was one of the two books owned by Bunyan's wife when she was married. Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" passed through five editions in six months, and has been translated into various languages. Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury of the Children of God," published at Breslau in 1718, was translated into English in 1821, and in 1878 it had reached the fifty-fifth edition.

Keble's "Christian Year" has been admired because of its spirituality; between 1827 and 1873 one hundred and forty edi-

tions were published. Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" has been translated into several languages, and though nearly thirty years have passed since it was first issued, it is still as popular as ever. Charlotte M. Yonge received for her book, "The Daisy Chain," ten thousand dollars, which she used for building a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. "The Sinner's Friend"—a very small pamphlet, but one which has accomplished much good—passed through two hundred and ninety editions, and was translated into twenty-three languages during the lifetime of its author, John Vine Hall. In less than eight years sixty-four thousand copies of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton's "Life in Earnest" were sold.

Great results have often been produced by the reading of standard works. It would take volumes to relate the inspiration given to men and women, and the influences that have directed them to begin some course of study, engage in noble enterprises and toil amid discouragements in life, until success became their righteous due. Gladstone, in acknowledging his indebtedness to Dante, wrote: "In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it be) which has served me to make the journey of human life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years. He who labours for Dante, labours to serve Italy, Christianity, the world." The late Sir Rowland Hill with many others, drew their early inspirations toward benefiting humanity from reading the stories written by Miss Edgeworth. John Bright's phraseology was moulded by reading Milton and the Bible. Dr. Duff carried a copy of "Paradise Lost" in his pocket, and read portions of it every day. This English classic and Johnson's "Rambler" exercised a very stimulating and beneficial influence upon his intellect. He spoke years afterwards of the great benefits he derived from reading these books. Anna Seward, the poetess, could repeat the first three books of "Paradise Lost" when only nine years of age.

It is impossible to estimate the immense amount of good done in the spiritual world by the publication of standard religious books. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers read some atheistical works, which beclouded his mind for years, and the intelligent perusal of Beattie's "Essay on Truth," removed the doubts and made him a firm believer in Christianity. John Aikman, of Edinburgh, was converted through reading Newton's "Cardiphonia." The

Rev. Dr. Guthrie read the "Pilgrim's Progress" through once a year. Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" comforted Edmund Burke in his deep sorrow, inspired Leigh Richmond to live and work for God. Leigh Richmond gave a small but successful book to the world, "The Dairyman's Daughter," which led Dr. Chalmers into the way of salvation and truth.

Time fails to tell of the thousands led to devote their energies for God and man by reading the successful books of the religious world. There are great books born amongst us, and not until the beatific vision becomes our heritage shall we know the good that they have done.

FORT MACLEOD, ALBERTA.

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

THERE is a strange, sweet solace in the thought
 That all the woes we suffer here below
 May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
 For us to wear, whether we will or no,
 Be cast aside, with a relieving smile,
 After a little while.

No mortal roaming, but hath certain end ;
 Though far unto the ocean spaces grey
 We sail and sail, without a chart for friend,
 Above the sky-line, faint and far away,
 There looms at last one enchanted isle,
 After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and fast
 With more of anguish than the heart can bear,
 Though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast,
 Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
 Let us withdraw into some ruined pile,
 Or lonely forest aisle—

And contemplate the never-ceasing change,
 Whereby the processes of God are wrought,
 And from our petty lives our souls estrange,
 Till, bathed in current of exalted thought,
 We feel the rest that must our cares beguile
 After a little while !

—*Golden Hours.*

THE RESURRECTION.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MORNING of the Sabbath-day !

O thou sweetest hour of prime !

Dart a retrospective ray

O'er the eastern hills of time ;

Daybreak let my spirit see,

At the foot of Calvary.

Joseph's sepulchre is nigh ;

Here the seal upon the stone ;

There the sentinel, with eye,

Starlike, fixed on that alone ;

All around is calm and clear,

Life and Death keep Sabbath here.

Bright and brighter, beam on beam,

Now, like new-created light,

From the rock-cleft, gleam by gleam,

Shoots athwart the waning night ;

Till the splendour grows intense

Overpowering mortal sense.

Glory turns with me to gloom ;

Sight, pulsation, thought depart,

And the stone, rent from the tomb,

Seems to fall upon my heart :

With that shock the vision flies,

Christ is risen—and I may rise—

Rise like Him, as from this trance,

When the trumpet calls the just

To the saints' inheritance,

From their dwellings in the dust—

By thy resurrection's power,

Jesus ! save me in that hour !

Sabbath morning ! hail to thee ;

O thou sweetest hour of prime !

From the foot of Calvary,

Now to Zion's top I climb ;

There my risen Lord to meet,

In His temple, at His feet.

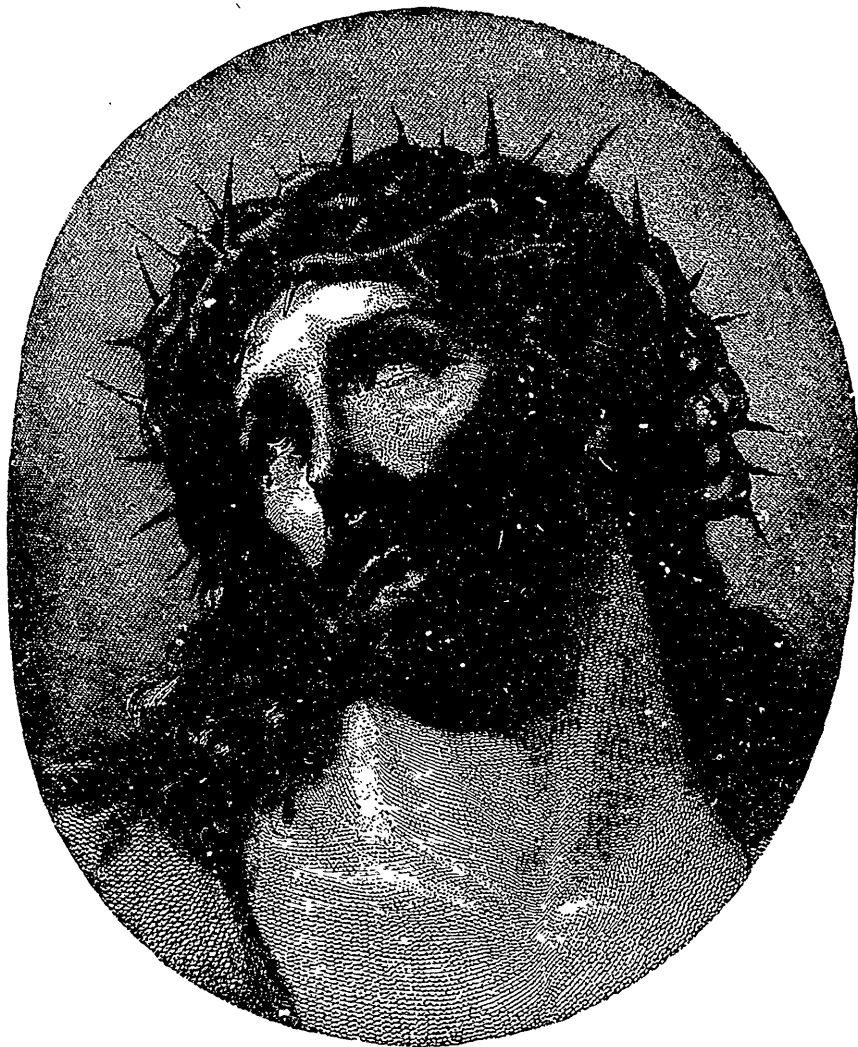
* These beautiful verses are not found in any volume of the poet's collected works. They appeared in an annual called the "Forget-me-not" (1837), to which they had been contributed. Many other products of his gifted pen are to be met with in the same work, and in the old volumes of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. Should a complete edition of his poetical works be called for at any time, these buried gems of his genius ought to have a resurrection.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

BY THE LATE REV. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

GOD has taken care to fence round the death of Christ with evidences which no skeptic can gainsay. The cross was reared in the very midst of the ages, when men with sharpened intellects had begun to weigh evidence, and to guard against fraud; when the schools had fostered an inquisitive spirit, and when there was a general avarice for knowledge. There was history when Christ was crucified, and that history records the fact from the pens of writers who were unfriendly to Messiah's claims. Even men's evil passions were made to subserve the purposes of the Divine attestation. The imperious Roman and the jealous and cruel Jew were equally interested in the frustration of imposture, and they join with swarthy Cyrenian and cultured Greek in witness of the death of Jesus. The soldier who pierced Him bears testimony as important as if Providence, and not malignity had poised his spear; and the sepulchre hewn out of the rock, with its quiet clay and rich embalmments, with its imperial signet and its pomp of guards, authenticates, so that all the world may receive it, that Christ did actually die. The resurrection rests upon evidence equally, and if possible more convincing. Sophistry itself might well be silenced before the vast accumulation of testimony which crowds around the forsaken tomb. It is right therefore that we should comfort ourselves as we stand by the grave of Jesus—a grave now emptied of its tenant—with the expectation of the blessings which His death was undertaken to procure.

During the time of His incarnate life, His announcement of His coming fate, and of the purpose of expiation which it involved, fell often upon the ears of His disciples like a startling rain; and on several occasions, He taught them to anticipate His resurrection as the completion of His work, and which was to vindicate His character and approve Him to have come down from heaven. And we too, upon whom there has come fuller light from the descent of the Spirit and from the fulfilment of the interpreting years—we too may rejoice in this Easter-tide, even with exceeding joy. Jesus is risen!—then there has come



O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

Salve, caput cruentatum,
 Totum spinis coronatum,
 Conquassatum, vulneratum,
 Arundine sic verebratum,
 Facies sputis illita.

Salve, cujus dulcis vultus,
 Immutatus et incultus,
 Immutavit suum florem,
 Totus versus in pallorem

Quem cæli tremitt curia.

—Bernard of Clairvaux, died 1153.

O sacred Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 No scornfully surrounded,
 with thorns, Thine only crown ;

O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now was Thine !

Yet though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.

—Translated by J. W. Alexander.

a reversal upon the olden curse, and this noble nature of mine shall not cease in the tomb from an existence whose rapture and whose resources it will but just have begun to feel. Jesus is risen!—then that terrible shadow which has clouded life and kept the soul in bondage, is not invincible, as I feared; for He who has conquered death and spoiled his goods is my Surety and my Friend. Jesus is risen!—then the fear which has crept about my heart, like the mortal faintness about the life-springs of the dying, need be my master no longer. Jesus is risen! and out of His tomb, into whose gloomy guardianship I cast my old despairs, there rise for me acceptance and comfort and blessing, as the young lightnings are born out of the blackness of the cloud; and subdued and humbled beneath the unmerited mercy, I walked freely on, “begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.” But the resurrection of Jesus is also the sweet token of the acceptance of His offerings on high. It was necessary, in order to assure the hearts of those who might believe on His name, that the prevalence of the Saviour’s sacrifice should be publicly declared. *He* knew that it was accepted when, in the agonies of the cross, He spoke those meaning words: “It is finished;” so close was the harmony of counsel between the Son and the Father. But how was it to be manifested to the world—to the few true-hearted who had ventured on Him a faith which was the common wonder and the common scorn—to the disciples who laid down their hopes in obsequy, in the same sepulchre which held their Master’s body—to the future ages, whose trust it was to secure, and whose hopes it was to enkindle for heaven? To these the only attestation could be by the resurrection from the dead. Without this there would have been absolute uncertainty—unending conflict of faith with feeling, a blank earth and a frowning heaven; and even the most loyal of the adherents of the Nazarene might be excused if He spoke of the trust regretfully as a dear relic of the past, upon which the hateful tomb had closed: “We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel.” But the great triumph of the resurrection chased all doubts away, and the three days’ suspense for the fortunes of the world was broken by an achievement of wondrous victory, which exceeded the loftiest thought and fondest dream of men. Hence the apostle, in the exulting consciousness of privilege, asks: “Who is he that

condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea *rather*, that is risen again."

The argument in the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians goes even further. In that magnificent burst of mingled logic and eloquence, which has been selected by the Church as the requiem, in whose words Christians express—in their last fond lingering by their dead—at once their triumph and their sorrow, the apostle says: 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain, . . . ye are yet in your sins.' It would seem from this that we are shut up to the resurrection of Christ as a necessary preliminary to our salvation. And so it is: if death had triumphed over our Champion, our doom must have been sealed for ever. Dark indeed would have been the destiny of a world of sinners, if the Second Adam had lain powerless in the sepulchre which had entombed the first. "But now is Christ risen from the dead." The claim of the olden bondage snapped when it was sought to bind them upon Jehovah's fellow, just as the withes which would have fettered common men, were as gossamer when Samson woke and tried them. "Now is Christ risen;" and therefore there is hope for the sinner. Our preaching is not vain; there is a power in it which stirs the souls of the listeners. Sometimes gentle as the snow-fall, and sometimes restless as the cataract, its influence descends; but it is the influence of Jesus and the resurrection. Your faith is not vain; it rests upon sure promises, and compasses mighty ends. Bravely does it upbear amid surrounding evil. Keenly does it pierce the invisible as a land with which it dares to be familiar; but it is faith in a risen and exalted Saviour. Ye are not in your sins, those of you who believe in Jesus—for the victory of His cross, declared by the marvel of His rising, has purged your every stain. Nay! they also that have fallen asleep in Christ are not perished, as the scoffers slanderously affirm; the first-fruits have been waved before the Lord, and the whole harvest of the immortal shall follow—"they that are Christ's at His coming." The whole ransomed universe, present at the death of Death, shall swell the triumph of Him who hath abolished him, and creation in all its circlets shall echo to the one song, bursting from hearts which are glad in the fruitions of redemption: "Begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

EASTER.

LIFT up your heads, ye sorrowful ! Eshold,
The dawn of Easter floods the hills with flame !
The sun burns like the light of God's great name,
Where heaven's blue courts are flushed with blushing gold.
Let day break in thy heart, and be consoled !
Oh, let no more the night thy gladness claim.
Let Hope arise from out thy doubt and shame,
As Christ, from death, rose glorified of old.

Thy spirit is a breathing of thy God,
Pulsating in its chrysalis of clay.
The dust that tires thy feet that onward plod
Is of the night, but thou art of the day.
Oh, let henceforth that day from Him grow fair,
And thou shalt hold an inner Easter there !

I faltered in the storm and gloom, and prayed
That I might touch the hand of Christ, and know
His might to lead me from my doubt and woe :
But when my fingers, trembling and afraid,
Upon His gentle, loving palm were laid,
I felt the prints that let His life's blood flow
In Calvary's dark tumult, years ago,
When heaven grew black and Pilate stood dismayed.

But when I gazed upon His face, I cried,
" Oh, beautiful ! " and bowed my head in shame.
Now never more my soul, dissatisfied,
Shall doubt because my pilgrim feet are lame.
But I shall hear His footsteps at my side,
And on my heavy cross shall shine His name !

THE LESSONS OF EASTER.

BEYOND the cross was the grave. Around that lonely, rock-hewn tomb, just outside of Jerusalem's historic walls, hung earth's destinies. Guarded though it was by scarred veterans and sealed with the Roman seal on that great stone rolled against the door, that grave must be opened. Though the everlasting hills were piled on it, though Satan stood sentinel with all his legions of

demon-guards, though every seraph must hush his song, and omnipotent energies be taxed for its accomplishment, that grave must be opened. "The Almighty Father-God had said it. The angels had said it. The prophets had said it. The Son of God Himself had said it. That grave must be opened, and the silent, weary, mangled, crucified death-sleeper must come to life."

Amid all the joy of the Easter season let the Christian read over the old story of conquest. Songs and anthems are but the echoes of the voice of Him who shattered in fragments the mighty dominion of death and proclaimed eternal freedom for death's captives: "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

"The cross—the grave—the skies." Eternity must tell the power of that personal resurrection. It established beyond possibility of doubt the truth that Jesus was the Son of God, it glorified every office of the Mediator; it established Him a Priest forever; and it invested Him with all kingly power. To declare that resurrection's power was to be thenceforth the highest honour that man could bear; to feel that power the blessing which could raise men into brotherhood with the Conqueror. And yet resurrection was only on His way to the skies, where was awaited the summons, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"

Therefore, blessed are they to whom the risen Jesus to-day by faith appears, as he did to Mary at the sepulchre. Let such adore Him; and, then, receiving eternity for clinging to His feet, let them tell to those who dimly seek to honour Him by funeral tokens and floral tributes only, how precious an Easter He is ready to give them. *Therefore*, "Blessed too are the dead which die in the Lord." Does death of friends appal? does the door unclosing to us and revealing the great things of eternity to our comprehension alarm, let it be remembered that Christ's resurrection is a glorious proof that our bodies shall not be ruled out of all recognition in the work of redemption, but that they shall be raised. It was when writing on this topic that St. Paul burst forth into that series of joyous declarations which ever meets and checks our gloomy visions. Do we stand at the grave and cry out, "It is sown in corruption;" the grand jubilant response is, "It is raised in incorruption." "It is sown in dishonour, is

the humiliating confession; "It is raised in glory," is the Easter assurance. "It is sown in weakness;" and the triumphant answer is, "It is raised in power." "It is sown a natural body;" and over against this is put a wonderful glory, when it is declared that "it is raised a spiritual body."—*The Wesleyan.*

THE RISEN CHRIST.

"Nothing," says even so keen a critic as Heinrich Ewald, "stands more historically certain than that Jesus rose from the dead and appeared again to His followers, or than that their seeing Him thus, again, was the beginning of a higher faith, and of all their Christian work in the world. It is equally certain that they thus saw Him, not as a common man, or as a shade or ghost risen from the grave, but as the one only Son of God—already more than man at once in nature and power—and that all who thus beheld him recognized at once and instinctively His unique divine dignity, and firmly believed in it thenceforth. The Twelve and others had, indeed, learned to look on Him, even in life, as the true Messianic King, and the Son of God; but from the moment of His reappearing they recognized more clearly and fully the divine side of His nature, and saw in Him the conqueror of death. Yet the two pictures of Him thus fixed in their minds were in their essence identical. That former familiar appearance of the earthly Christ, and this higher vision of Him, with its depth of emotion and ecstatic joy, were so inter-related that, even in the first days or weeks after His death, they could never have seen in Him the heavenly Messiah, if they had not first known him so well as the earthly."

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The contemplation of this point should elevate our thoughts and affections into heaven and heavenly things, above the sordid pleasures, the fading glories, and the unstable possessions of this world; for "Him we should follow whithersoever He goeth;" rising with Him not only from all sinful desires, but from all inferior concerns, soaring after Him in the contemplations of our mind and affections of our heart; that although we are absent from the Lord in the body, we may be "present with Him in spirit, having our conversation in heaven and our heart there where our treasure is" (Rev. xiv. 4; Eph. ii. 6; 2 Cor. v. 6;

Phil. i. 23 ; iii. 20 ; Matt. vi. 21) ; for if our souls do still grovel on the earth, if they be closely affixed to worldly interests, deeply immersed in sensual delights, utterly enslaved to corruption, we do not partake of our Lord's resurrection, being quite severed from His living body ; and continuing in vast distance from Him. I shall therefore conclude, recommending that admonition of St. Paul : " If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God ; set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth : for you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God, that when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then ye may also appear with Him in glory." Amen. 2 Pet. ii. 19 ; Rom. viii. 21 ; Gal. vi. 8 ; Rev. iii. 1 ; 1 Tim. v. 5 ; Col. iii. 1-4.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE CROWN.

ADVENT.

Oh ! hear the strains o'er Bethlehem's plains,
Glad music in the air ;
A Saviour dear lies cradled here,
Join ye in praise and prayer.

PASSION.

Ye passers by, oh ! hear the cry
From dark Gethsemane ;
The Son of God, in tears and blood,
Poured out His life for me.

RESURRECTION.

Let every voice aloud rejoice !
Jesus has left the grave ;
He that was slain now lives again,
Hail ! Mighty One to save !

—*Daniel B. Harris.*

Joyful tidings !
" The Lord is risen to-day ! "
No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead ;
For death is hallowed into sleep
And every grave becomes a bed,
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise,
For Christ hath won, and men shall win.

—*Neale.*

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The sixtieth Missionary Report has just been published. The accounts from the various mission fields are interesting. The total income from all sources is \$171,935.60. Large as this amount may appear, the Committee will need \$200,000 to enable them to merely sustain the work which they have under their care without a single dollar being used for any new missions, so that all interested need to be up and doing. The accounts from Japan must be gratifying to all who have observed the marvellous success of missions in that Empire. Here are a few items taken from various sources:—

The Methodist missionaries in Tokio, representing three branches, held a joint Centennial celebration, which consisted of two services—afternoon and evening. The native preachers as well as the missionaries took part, both in making addresses and reading essays. The success of the meetings was gratifying. Great expectations of good are entertained respecting the educational establishments which the missions are supporting.

The largest theatre in Tokio was completely packed recently for two days with audiences estimated at 4,500 to 6,000 who listened eagerly to the preaching of the Gospel by native pastors for four hours each day.

The disestablishment of heathenism and granting to Japanese Christians the right to bury their dead in a Christian way, show that the Government of Japan is steadily advancing in liberality. Respecting our own missionaries in Japan it is gratifying that they are meeting with encouragement in the prosecution of their work. Sometimes they make evangelistic tours when they

preach to large congregations. The Quarterly Meetings which are conducted in true Methodist style are seasons of refreshing. The openings for additional labourers are numerous.

From British Columbia we learn that Bro. Crosby has launched his new mission boat, which he calls by the appropriate name *Glad Tidings*. All will pray that she may make many successful voyages in conveying the glad tidings of mercy to the heathen.

The *Missionary Outlook* which is published at our Mission Rooms is full of missionary intelligence and should have an extensive circulation among our people.

OTHER CANADIAN CHURCHES.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Tamsiu, Formosa, under date of October 20th, says:—"Yesterday I called upon Dr. Mackay, the well-known Canadian missionary, who has been many years in Formosa, and in the opinion of every one has done a great deal of good. He is a sincere man and a good Chinese scholar. He understands the island well. His residence is on the plateau, and in a row behind it are his boys' school, his girls' school and mission chapel. I found him well fortified. He has a garrison on each side of the front door, comprised of 15 coolies armed with a rifle and cutlass, while leaning against the pillars of the verandah were numerous spears with iron heads and iron-wood handles, such as are used by the hillmen. At the foot of each column was a pile of small boulders. Unhappily there were no catapults to render these ancient projectiles useful. The Doctor lamented the situation, and hoped the French would not take the island. Six of

his chapels at various villages up the river, all of red brick with glass windows and well furnished, had been levelled to the ground. His converts had been turned out of doors, and their houses had been destroyed. If trouble continues their lives are in the greatest danger. He was going on a little steamer trip for his health, and just at parting was telling Dr. Johansen, the resident physician, to take the boys' school for an hospital in case the French again landed." He regards the island as one of the garden spots of creation, and says, "that beautiful and productive as the country about Tamsiu is, it bears no comparison with the interior."

WOODSTOCK BAPTIST COLLEGE.
—Recently a meeting was held in Jarvis Street Church, Toronto, to consider the scheme for placing Woodstock College on a better basis. Rev. Dr. Thomas occupied the chair. The various Baptist Churches throughout this Province and Quebec are at present considering the matter. Ample buildings are required for the institution, properly furnished and adapted for the work of giving young men and women higher education. The sum of \$138,000 will be necessary to accomplish this, which will include an endowment fund of \$100,000 and \$25,000 for enlarging and improving the building. The remainder of the fund, \$13,000, will be needed to pay off the present debt. There have been raised already \$50,000. When another \$56,000 has been subscribed the Hon. William McMaster will donate the remaining \$32,000.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Friendly Islands have been evangelized in the lifetime of one man. Rev. John Thomas, the first missionary to those islands, recently died at Birmingham, England. For several years his converts sent him an annual gratuity.

The people of these islands now contribute \$10,000 to the mission funds, besides sustaining their own missionaries.

A Wesleyan missionary writes from China, that at least sixteen

chapels and preaching-rooms have been destroyed by the war, the London Mission, Church of England, American Presbyterian, and Baptist Missions, and the Wesleyan Mission being among the number. The houses and shops of Christians were looted, and hundreds rendered homeless. Already in connection with the China Inland Mission there are nearly two hundred missionaries, many of whom, as is well known, were to some extent at least trained in Methodism.

The Rev. Joseph Taylor, of Natal, thus writes respecting the Transvaal. He says there is a field between Natal and Umzillas, having Pretoria as a base, with centres at Moloffo on the west and Swarmland on the east. The following is especially of interest, not only showing a field white to harvest, but also as teaching us that tabulated results by no means cover all the outcome of missionary labour. From Pretoria we have already gone two hundred miles due north, and everywhere we find a people prepared more or less for the Lord. Amongst nearly every tribe we have visited we find some boys who were converted when they were servants in Natal or the Cape Colony, and have returned to their heathen countrymen with the "glad tidings of great joy." In some instances these men have reaped rich fruit of their labours.

One of the most remarkable memorials ever sent from Aberdeen (Scotland) is the request of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city to the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Wesleyan, of London, to visit Aberdeen for a fortnight for evangelistic work. The memorial is signed by ministers of all Churches, and by the Principal and three professors of the Free Church College.

The Fiji District Meeting was held last September. Takelo, the oldest native minister in the group was, at his own request, recommended for a supernumerary relation. He has been an able preacher in three languages,—his native tongue (Fijian), also Tonga and Rotuman. October

11, 1885, will be the jubilee of the arrival of the first mission party. In commemoration of that day, the Rev. F. Langham was requested to prepare a historical discourse in Fijian, to be printed and read in all the churches on that day. Nearly \$28,000 was contributed in the district for foreign missions during the year.

Mr. John Dunn, of Mount Barker, South Australia, now in his 84th year, has presented to the Wesleyans of that colony "the Dunn Memorial Church," which financially represents something like \$22,500. At the opening of the church, the Hon. John Dunn, jun. (once a missionary in Fiji), in speaking of the trials of the early colonists, told how he and his father, 44 years ago, walked from Adelaide to Mount Barker, to take possession of the land they had purchased for a homestead, and on reaching it his father dug a patch of ground about four feet square, and sowed some radish and lettuce seed, and then said, "Now let us kneel down and pray," and that simple act of devotion (said the speaker), and that small patch of cultivation, were the beginning of religion and farming in Mount Barker.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There are one hundred and two churches in Baltimore, and the people have projected what has long been needed there, and for lack of which Methodism has met with serious losses—a female college of high grade. Some time ago, the Rev. J. F. Goucher subscribed \$25,000, but he has now increased the amount to \$50,000. Mr. Henry Shirk has also subscribed \$40,000, others have subscribed smaller amounts, so that the total now promised is \$137,000 and it is intended to raise not less than \$200,000.

Bishop William Taylor—This distinguished man has gone to Africa, and will by this time have held his first Conference in Liberia. He will next proceed to establish his new mission, which comprises nearly 2,000,000 square miles and 75,000,-

000 people, among whom it is not known that there is more than one missionary labouring. The field west is described as a fertile region, and remarkably salubrious. The villages are of immense size.

On the 22nd of January, fifty-three missionaries, including men, women, and children, sailed from New York to Liverpool, thence to Africa, to labour under the direction of the heroic Bishop. Whatever views our readers may entertain respecting the project which Bishop Taylor has undertaken, all must admire both him and his self-denying coadjutors, and pray that the great Head of the Church may be pleased to crown their mission with abundant success. Just as the party was preparing for embarkation, a telegram was received by one of the ladies stating that her father was dead. For a moment she paused, but with true Christian fortitude she brushed away the tear and went on board saying, "I must not turn back."

Bishop Taylor has previously established self-sustaining missions both in India and South America, which are reported to be in a flourishing condition. A college has been established at Coquimbo. Rev. J. H. La Fetra, the superintendent of the mission schools in Chili, is calling for twelve additional labourers, male and female, to act as teachers and preachers.

The Board of Church Extension recently held its annual meeting in Philadelphia. The Board has aided in building 483 churches, more than 9 per week, and 41 more than the preceding year. Receipts from Conference collections, \$151,583.63; donations and loan fund account, \$71,306.38; balance from last year, \$104,594.70. Disbursements to churches, \$141,265.60; loans to churches, \$186,254.13.

Bishop William Taylor has left for Africa *via* England. In a letter to Rev. W. McDonald, he says: "I am off. Good-bye. I shall meet you again, my beloved brother, probably on earth, certainly in heaven. We shall have (D.V.) over 40 of our

heroic people for the wilds of Africa. We have not half enough funds in to pay their passage; but, we are trusting God and His people 'without wrath or doubting.'" Messrs. Cranstons & Howe are printing the phonetic Testament that he expects to use in his missionary work, and will soon ship 1,000 copies to the west coast of Africa, packed in tin boxes, each package to weigh about 56 lbs., or a load for one man on the journey to the interior of the Dark Continent.

Mr. Richard Grant, in the *Christian Witness*, gives the names of the missionaries working under Bishop Taylor on the self-supporting plan. The numbers are as follows: South India, 45; Panama, 2; Costa Rica, 3; Peru, 4; Chili, 31; Brazil, 4. Others are on the way.

Miss Thoburn has been released from her work in Lucknow and appointed superintendent of the entire work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the North and South India Conference, that is, in all India.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Bishop W. F. Dickerson, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Carolina, December 21, 1884. Bishop Dickerson was a member of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London in 1881, and delivered a stirring address on Methodism and Education.

The Rev. A. N. Brown, of the Church of England Missionary Society in New Zealand, has been called to his reward. He was ordained in 1827 by the Bishop of London. He sailed to his mission field in 1829, and laboured continuously for more than fifty-five years. He was the oldest missionary in the service of the Church of England.

The Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer, of our North-West Mission, died December 29th. He was rescued from heathenism by the labours of the late Elder Case, who was accustomed to take him and other children to missionary meetings where the singing of the Indian children created great interest. In 1840 he accompanied the Rev. James Evans as a teacher

to the Hudson's Bay Territory. In 1851 he was received on trial with the Conference, and laboured in the North-West until 1854 when he visited England, and on his return to Canada he was received into full connection with the Conference and ordained. For a few years he laboured in Ontario, chiefly among his own people, and then returned to the far North-West, with the Rev. Thomas Woolsey, and laboured continuously among the Indians until his death, only being absent in Ontario for a few months in 1882, when he attended the Conference at Brampton. He was a faithful, devoted man. Two sons survive him, both of whom are preparing for the ministry.

The Rev. John Elliott died very suddenly, January 31, 1885, at his residence, Richwood. He commenced his ministry in 1862 with the late Methodist New Connexion, so that he had laboured for Christ about twenty-three years.

Rev. Richard Phelps died at Kelvin, January 28, after seven days' illness. He was eighty-seven years of age, and entered the ministry in 1826, but for many years he was on the superannuated list, though he was always ready to preach when health would permit. His last sermon was preached only a few days before his death.

Rev. Samuel Morrison, a superannuated minister in Guelph Conference, died at his home at Glenwilliam January 5th. He was for several years identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church. At different times he filled the offices of Presiding Elder, Editor and Book Agent.

The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., an eminent Congregational minister, died at Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 29. He was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee.

The Rev. James Loutit, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, died at Halifax in the latter end of January. He was in the ministry for a period of 60 years. He had been stationed in 20 circuits, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the north, down to Plymouth, in the south.

Bishop Parker, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died in New Orleans, March 5th. He preached in the forenoon on the 1st inst., and attended church in the evening. He was perfectly well on the Tuesday following, on which day he walked three miles, was taken ill in the evening, and next day medical aid was called in, but he died before assistance could reach him. This Church has suffered great mortality in its episcopacy during the present year.

Right Reverend Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, died Jan. 6.

ITEMS.

We take the following from one of the essays read at the late Centennial Conference respecting the statistics of Methodism. Its total membership is little more than 5,100,000, and its total population—those who are under its immediate influence—is estimated at 25,500,000. Its itinerant ministry number 33,400, its local ministers are 78,000. American Methodism has a membership of 4,200,000 and a population of 20,800,000. Its itinerant ministers number 27,600, and its local ministers 36,700. The number of Sunday-schools taught by American Methodism is about 2,000,000. It has church accommodation or sittings for more than 7,000,000, and church property valued at \$74,000,000.

It is a remarkable fact that although for the last 125 years a ship has left England annually for the Moravian missions in the Arctic regions, not a single vessel or passenger has been lost by storm, ice-berg or wreck.

A writer in the *London Times* says that a family of converted Karens, in their intelligent faces, present a marked contrast to their kinsfolk, who are still Buddhists or pagans.

The late Morgan L. Smith, of the South Baptist Church, Newark, New Jersey, helped to educate 55 young men for the ministry, and has left \$50,000 for the founding of scholarships to continue the work.

The children of the English Con-

gregational Sabbath-schools last year contributed \$28,790 for the support of their missionary ships.

The Rev. C. Chiniquy has sent to the Editor of the *Montreal Witness* a list of sixty-three names appended to a letter to his lordship the Bishop of Montreal (Roman Catholic) renouncing their connection with the Roman Catholic Church and giving their reasons therefor.

The congregation of Notre Dame Church, Paris, has dwindled from 30,000 or 40,000 of former times to 200 or 300 even on festival days.

A floating mission on the Amazon river, South America, is about to be established by the Roman Catholic Church. The vessel to be used will be called the *Christopherus*, and will be manned by a number of priests whose duty it will be to evangelize the population who leave the banks of the river and make for the forests when the waters go down. It is to contain a fully-furnished chapel as ample accommodation for the priests.

Nearly all the Esquimaux of Greenland are adherents of the Lutheran faith, having been converted through the missionary enterprise of the Danish Church. They have neat little churches where they hold religious services every Sunday. From Greenland the Moravians are trying to extend their labours to Alaska, and systematic work will be commenced there early this year.

Out of 2,141 missionaries sent out by the Moravian Church, 700 have died at their posts. One of them, D. Teisberger, laboured for 63 years among the North American Indians.

The Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, has published an interesting account of missions among the Indians. He says of the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and the Dacotahs, that the entire Bible has been translated into their respective languages. During the last five years 60 additional labourers have been sent to labour among these red men, so that now 95 male and female missionaries are labouring among them.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Divine Origin of Christianity indicated by its Historical Effects.
By RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D. New York : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., Broadway, cor. 20th Street. 8vo, pp. 674. Price \$3 50.

The esteemed author of this volume is too well known to require any special commendation. He has been for many years recognized, both at home and abroad, as occupying a prominent place among the ablest and most scholarly divines on this continent. He is especially distinguished as a preacher and lecturer; and most of the productions of his pen were written for the ear rather than for the eye; but many of them have such sterling value as to fully warrant their publication in a permanent form. This is especially true of the ten lectures contained in this goodly volume. They deal with an important branch of Christian evidences which has not heretofore received the full measure of attention that it deserved.

The principle involved in the aphorism of the Redeemer, that "the tree is known by its fruit," is applicable to systems as it is to individuals. This test Dr. Storrs applies to Christianity; and the case which he has made out can scarcely fail to produce a profound impression on the mind of the candid reader. Of course, it is not claimed that by this, or any other sort of external evidence, it is possible to demonstrate the Divine origin of Christianity. As Dr. Storrs points out, this religion itself makes a personal spiritual experience of its power the only final evidence of its divinity. To all honest and earnest enquirers it says, "Taste and see that the Lord is good." To all skeptical objections it answers, in the language of Philip addressed to Nathaniel, "Come and see;" or in the words of the Divine

Master Himself, "If any man be minded to do the will of My Father in heaven, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself." As against the final demonstrative value of any external argument for Christianity, Dr. Storrs holds, this Scriptural view of the self-evidencing power of this religion constitutes an insurmountable objection.

What is attempted in these lectures is to establish such a fair, obvious, antecedent probability that Christianity is from God, that each conscientious and intelligent man should study it for himself, should master its statements, requirements, offers, should set himself in intimate personal harmony with its law and its life—thus making a sufficient experiment of it by accepting and applying it to his own soul. In other words, the author asks himself the question, Is there any obvious, forcible, presumptive evidence that this religion which appeals to its own self-evidencing power, and invites mankind to put it to the test of personal examination and experiment, has come to us from God as its author? In answering this question he points to the effects of Christianity as exhibited in the history of the Christian centuries. The argument, of course, is not new. It has not escaped the attention of apologists in the past. But we do not remember a book in which it is presented with so much fulness, and at the same time so compactly, and with such impressive force.

Every one who knows anything of the state of opinion among the most cultivated portions of mankind at the time that the Author of Christianity came visibly on the stage of human history, needs not to be told that a marvellous change has taken place since that period. And no candid and intelligent person who has given any degree of attention to

the subject, probably, will be disposed to deny that to this Unique Personage—His life and His teaching—this change is mainly attributable. But few of those who have not given earnest and protracted attention to it have any idea of how radical and sweeping this revolution has been. Christianity has not only given to the world a new conception of God, and our relation and duty to Him, but also of man, and our duty to one another. Thus, while it has laid the foundation for a pure, spiritual religion, it has at the same time furnished the only basis for an enlightened civilization, capable of sustaining the fabric of society, consistently with human liberty.

This religion has not only taught men their duty to one another as individuals, but also as communities and nations, as it was never understood before. At the same time that it has stimulated the intellectual faculties and promoted mental culture, it has quickened the moral sentiments and purified the springs of private and social life. And by placing before the minds of men a higher and nobler ideal than had ever been set before them before, and by giving the promise of Divine help in their efforts to realize it, it has inspired them with confidence in the future of the race, and has become one of the most influential factors in human progress.

These are some of the lines of thought which are opened up and admirably illustrated in these lectures, which are confidently commended to the perusal of all who are engaged in either the pursuit or defence of fundamental Christian truth. The style of the book is clear, vigorous, and eloquent; and the material and mechanical execution of it are excellent. The appendix, which forms about one-third of the volume, made up of quotations from the authorities referred to in the text of the lectures, forms an interesting and valuable feature of the work; and the copious and accurate index, by the help of which one can find anything in it almost in a moment, makes it complete.

Hints to Self-Educated Ministers, including Local Preachers and Exhorters, and other Christians whose duty it may be to speak more or less in Public. By JAMES PORTER, D.D., author of the "Compendium of Methodism," "Helps to Official Members," etc., etc. With an Introduction by Bishop Wm. S. Harris, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 16mo. Pp. 299.

"This book," as the author tells us, "has been written at the suggestion of itinerant preachers, whose opportunities for preparatory education were limited, and who claim that most homiletical books are too scholastic and exacting to accommodate their circumstances." It treats of "the Christian ministry, its origin, objects, and supplies;" "different processes of entering the ministry;" "knowledge necessary to ministers with suggestions as to its attainment;" "the spirit, purpose and matter of preaching;" "the construction and composition of sermons;" "the delivery of sermons, as to different methods and a proper state of mind;" "the delivery of sermons, as to voice and action;" "suggestions with regard to other public services;" "duties and difficulties of the pastoral office;" "use to be made of the press, exhorters, local preachers, their origin, use and present importance;" and a final chapter on "other Christian workers who propose to speak more or less in public, including the mission of woman." A hasty examination of the book has convinced us that it is well calculated to meet a real want, and that it cannot fail to be helpful to the classes of Christian workers for whose benefit it has been written.

Notes on Ingersoll. By REV. L. A. LAMBERT. Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Publication Co.; 16mo, pp. 203.

This clever little book is too well known in this country to require any lengthy notice. Every one who has

read Ingersoll's infidel lectures should read these "Notes." To use a common expression, they do not appear to us to leave the arch-infidel and eloquent blasphemer a "leg to stand upon." He is fairly met at every point, and ignominiously defeated in every instance. We are not surprised that he has not attempted to reply to this scathing refutation of his sophistries, and rebuke of his blasphemies. If he had common prudence—to say nothing of any higher quality—he would devote himself to the discussion of other subjects, and let theology and religion alone for the future.

Map of Egypt, the Sinaitic Peninsula, and the Promised Land. Edited by REV. LOUIS H. SCHNEIDER, and compiled and delineated by MAX FRANKE. Washington: E. Waldecker, Printer.

This map appears to have been compiled with great care from the most reliable sources, such as important government surveys, and may therefore be taken to be sufficiently correct for all purposes for which a map is generally used. It is accompanied by a "Companion" of pamphlet which, while it adds little to the price of it, affords valuable assistance to the Bible student in studying it. It can scarcely fail to be helpful in the study of the Scriptures, especially those of the Old Testament.

The Shadow of the Hand and other Sermons. By WILLIAM A. GRAY, minister of the South Free Church, Elgin. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 12mo., pp. 339.

Of the material character and mechanical execution of this volume it is not easy to speak too highly. Both the paper and the typography are excellent. The sixteen sermons which it contains are by a prominent minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and are, we judge from a hasty examination, quite up to the average character of the current literature of this kind issuing from the British press.

From Wealth to Poverty; or, the Tricks of the Traffic. A story of the Drink Curse. By the REV. AUSTIN POTTER. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, 78 and 80 King Street East. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 16mo. Pp. 328. Price \$1.00.

This is a striking book, and all the more striking on account of its truthfulness to fact. The esteemed and gifted author has evidently made a profound study of the "drink curse," and has drawn a picture of it which cannot fail to produce a salutary and lasting impression upon the mind of the reader. Mr. Potter's book deserves to be widely circulated; and at this time, especially when the battle of "prohibition" is being fought in the country, this vivid presentation of "the Tricks of the Traffic" cannot fail to do good. It will most likely find its way into all our Sabbath-school libraries, as it deserves, but we should like to know that it had found its way into all the houses in the land. It belongs to a class of books which cannot be too widely circulated among the young, and we should say it is one of the best of the class. We congratulate our brother on his success in what we understand to be his first essay in authorship. We shall doubtless hear from him again.

Bermuda: An Idyl of the Summer Islands. By JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 148. Price \$1.00.

Whether Canada is to annex the West Indies or not, Canadian Methodism has annexed the beautiful summer islands described in this book. Our ecclesiastical relations thereto will render this account of their varied attractions of special interest to the readers of this MAGAZINE. Mrs. Dorr sees with an artist's eye and writes with a poet's pen. She was in Bermuda during the visit there of the Princess Louise, and, loyal American though she is, she quite fell in love with her Royal Highness and enjoyed the military pomp of the British troops.

A Protestant Converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayer-Book; and the Struggles of a Soul in Search of Truth. By MRS. FANNY MARIA PITTAR. Buffalo, N. Y. : Catholic Publication Company; 16mo. Pp. 225.

The impression which we get from reading this volume is that, for whatever knowledge of spiritual religion this lady has, she is indebted to her Bible; while to the Roman Catholic Church, in which she has found a resting-place, she owes the elements of superstition with which it has become so strangely mixed. It is sad to think that a Protestant, with the Bible in her hand, and brought up among professed by Christian people, should never find the true secret of a happy life, in simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the continual indwelling of the Holy Comforter, but we know there are such; and the experience of this woman only proves that nothing short of this genuine Christian experience constitutes a sure defence against grievous and soul-destroying error.

Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity. By JOHANN HEINRICH, DANIEL ZSCHOKKE. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Compiled by the REV. L. R. DUNN, D.D. 2 vols., pp. 277, 312. Price \$1.60. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book in the original passed through several editions. It was a great favourite with the late Prince Consort who read much in those *Meditations*, "as though he had a presentiment of his early death." The book thus became very precious to our widowed Queen, who selected the themes here given and procured their translation into English. She thus expresses herself concerning the book: "These *Meditations* have been selected for translation by one, to whom, in deep and overwhelming sorrow, they have proved a source of comfort and edification." And wherever there are bereaved and sorrowing hearts, it is believed that these devout reflections will bring

comfort and consolation. The views of life, death, and eternity here given are not dark and gloomy, but cheerful and inspiring. There is light in the valley, and joy unspeakable in the prospect of eternal life.

The Making of Canada. By JOHN READE. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Vol. II., Section II., 1884. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, Publishers. 4to, 30 pages.

The Literary Faculty of the Native Races of America. By JOHN READE. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Vol. II., Section II., 1884. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The merit of these papers is such as to entitle them to prompter attention than we have been able to give them, owing to the over-crowded state of the literary department of the *MAGAZINE*. The name of the author itself is a sufficient guarantee that any literary work undertaken by him shall be conscientiously and ably performed. He has that rare faculty for minute and painstaking research which specially fits him for the sort of work for which the Royal Society of Canada, or at least that section of it to which he belongs, may be supposed to exist. In the former of these papers Mr. Reade presents in a condensed form a large amount of interesting information respecting the early settlements and settlers of this country. In the latter he deals with a still more difficult subject of the *Literary Faculty of the Native Races of America*. It evinces wide reading and specially careful research in a most interesting field. An important feature of both these papers is the light which they shed incidentally upon the literature of the subjects of which they treat. Mr. Reade is to be congratulated upon the distinguished ability with which he has performed this important service for the Society and the country; and the Society is to be congratulated upon being able to publish, as part of its "transactions," at so early a period in its existence, papers of such distinguished ability and permanent value.

Men of Invention and Industry. By SAMUEL SMILES, LL.D. Pp. 382. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50

The world is always willing to hear whatever the author of those famous books, "Self-Help," "Character," "Thrift" and "Duty" has to say. He has given us here another volume of industrial biography full of inspiration to every reader. The men whose achievements are here recorded are some of the less known inventors or "captains of industry." Among them are Pheneas Pett, one of the pioneers in British ship-building; Francis Smith, who introduced the screw propeller; John Harrison, inventor of the marine chronometer; Frederick Koenig, inventor of steam printing; the Walters of the *Times*, and other benefactors of mankind. Of special interest is the chapter on students in humble life, rich in lessons of hope and courage to the young and to all who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal. By her Sister, M. V. G. H. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street. 1883.

Of the many gifted and devoted women whose consecrated lives and labors have illustrated the annals of the Church of God in our day, and have been made the means of blessing to so many, few are better known to the Christian public than Frances Ridley Havergal. Her saintly character and untiring devotion in the service of her Divine Master have made her the instrument of edification to thousands of Christians, and doubtless of leading many sinners from darkness to light. These "memorials" contain the record of her religious life, mainly in her own words. They are full of deep religious experience, and cannot fail to carry a blessing with them wherever they go. The book may be safely recommended as a closet companion to the thousands of Christian women whose aim is to live a life of entire devotion to God.

Notes of Lessons on Moral Subjects: A Hand-book for Teachers in Elementary Schools. By FRED. W. HACKWOOD. London: Paternoster Row; Edinburgh and New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 12mo., pp. 216.

The importance of ethical instruction, as a part of elementary education, is forcing itself more and more upon the attention of thoughtful men. A merely secular education which does not include the development and training of the moral sense, is just as likely to result in the production of a race of accomplished scoundrels as anything else. These forty lesson outlines on such subjects as "Honesty," "Truthfulness," "Candour," "Honour," "Obedience to Parents," "Love of Home," and such like themes, ought to be a valuable help to teachers in this important part of their work. Such lessons judiciously taught and enforced by the authority of God's word and the sanctions of religion can scarcely fail to be productive of much good.

The Wane of an Ideal. By LA MARCHESA COLOMBI. From the Italian by CLARA BELL. Pp. 260. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price 90 cents.

This is another addition to the fine foreign library issued by this enterprising publisher. It describes with much skill village life in Italy, the struggles of a country lad against poverty and adversity in Milan, his final achievement of success and fame, to find at last that the fair ideal of his youth had waned and vanished and left his pinnacle of fame but a lonely splendour.

We are late in noticing the Methodist Year Book for 1885. (New York: Phillips & Hunt. Pp. 159. Price 25 cents.) It is a perfect storehouse of information, facts and figures on Methodism, especially in the United States. The story of the New York Book Concern issuing three-quarters of a million of printed pages every day, is one of the most remarkable on record.

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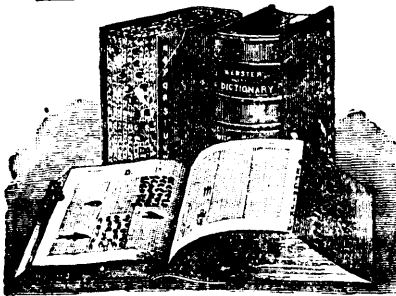
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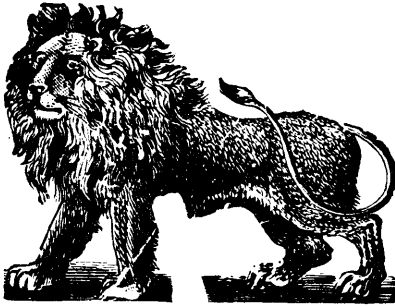
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