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Drawn by Thomas Moran.

Engraved by F. S. [unclear]

THE HEART OF WINTER.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE HEART OF WINTER.

THERE is a robust and healthy enjoyment inspired by our cold Canadian winter weather that the languid dwellers beneath sultry skies never know. Its keen air braces the heat-enervated frame like some wondrous elixir, and stimulates to active exercise that makes the blood bound through the veins with health-giving vigour. Philosophers have remarked that not in the land of the palm and the vine, where perpetual summer smiles, and where nature pours out her treasures with unscinted hand, have either men or nations attained their noblest development; but in the land of the oak and the pine, where nature must be conquered by sturdy effort and wintry storms be braved. Where the bread-fruit grows upon the trees, and the climate demands slight clothing or shelter, and life is a perpetual holiday, you will find a listless, enervated people, who have neither name nor fame in history. Where bread must be toilfully gleaned from stubborn glebes, and long winters demand thrift and forethought and continuous energy, you have the dominant races, in thought and literature, and prowess and wealth, of the world. Old England and New England, Scotland, Germany, and our own great Northland, stretching for many a thousand mile beneath the grandest summer and winter climate in the world, are examples and attestations of this truth. Of the joys of winter weather we shall let the poets, the best interpreters of nature, speak.

The first snow-fall, that ever-renewed miracle of beauty that comes to us with a fresh charm every season, is exquisitely described by Lowell in the following lines :

“The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

“Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

“From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer’s muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan’s-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.”

Best of all, perhaps,—certainly the finest epic of old-fashioned winter weather ever written,—is Whittier’s “Snow-Bound.” “Epic” may not be the right word to use, and yet why not? It is “narrative,” and “heroic” adventures are achieved by the men and boys out-of-doors in meeting the snows and the winds; while within, mother and aunt and sisters weave together a web of home-life lovelier than anything to be shown by Penelope or Helen of Troy.

By such a fireside as that described in “Snow-Bound,” with the red blaze flashing up

“Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom,”

one might well be

“Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door.”

It was worth a great deal to live around one of those deep log-heaped fireplaces. It was grand to hear how

“When a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.”

There is also Emerson’s indoor view of a snow-storm:

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o’er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight. The whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,

And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

If you have ever known what it is to be shut in with a happy household through a long, driving winter-storm, those last two lines will often be coming back to you, after you have read them, as one of the cosiest of home pictures. That "tumultuous privacy of storm," how deep and close and warm it is!

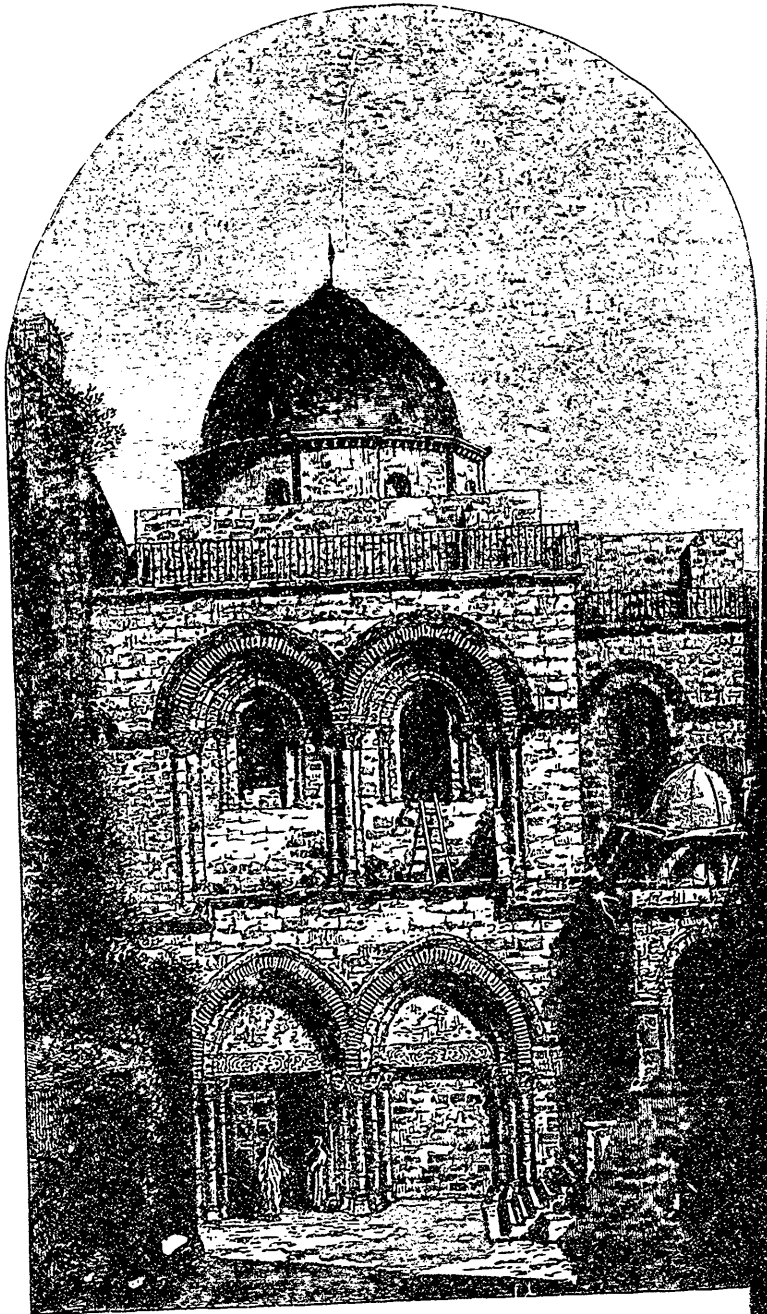
The beautiful phenomena of a "silver thaw," when each branch and twig is ringed with ice, and the woods flash like a diamond forest, is thus described by Bryant:

"But winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
Splendours beyond what gorgeous summer knows;
Or autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The encrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling waterdrops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move."

There is a dark and cheerless side to winter,—its treatment of the homeless and the poor, which is not to be forgotten even by the poets. Thomson has written of it, as you will find in the "Seasons." He draws a picture of a man lost in the snow so vivid as to awaken our sympathies very painfully.

To the very poor, who suffer for want of food and fuel, winter is anything but poetical. It is the privilege of those who are better off, to make it a pleasant season to them, and to supply the heart-sunshine and home-warmth, without which winter is bitter indeed. A little kindness goes a great way toward brightening dark days and warming up snow-drifts.

NOTE.—For the artistic engraving which accompanies this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Scribner & Co., the publishers of *St. Nicholas*, the handsomest juvenile magazine in the world. It is offered with this magazine at greatly reduced rates. See advertisement.

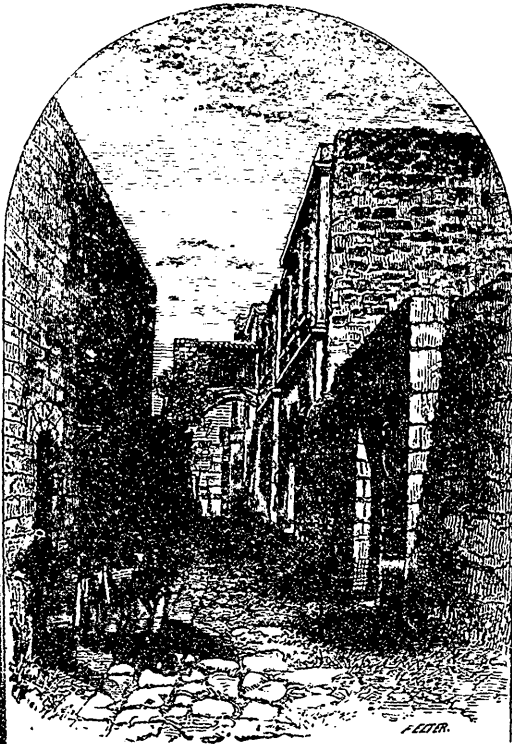


ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.



THE VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

THE most sacred spot in Jerusalem, in the eyes of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A tradition, dating back to the time of Constantine, identifies this spot as the scene of the crucifixion and entombment of Christ. The entrance is shown in the engraving on the opposite page. Directly under the central dome is a shrine of yellow marble, twenty-six by eighteen feet, richly adorned

with gold and silver lamps and precious stones. Beneath this is a natural grotto, in which are shown to the credulous the seat of the angel of the resurrection and the very stone which he rolled away! Bending low, one enters the sepulchre itself. The tomb is a recess faced with marble, and adorned with precious lamps and pictures. Here, passionately kissing the stones in an agony of earnestness, kneel pilgrims from every land, while a monk stands by with his contribution-box, crying at the very grave of Christ, "Give! give!" Here, on Easter eve, is celebrated the

sham miracle of giving the Sacred Fire, believed to come direct from heaven, to a surging mob of fanatical devotees—Armenians, Copts, Latins, but chiefly Russians of the Greek Church, while a guard of Mohammedan soldiers prevent these Christians from shedding each other's blood at the tomb of their common Lord. By their foolish traditions, the monks shake our faith in what may probably be authentic sacred sites. We are shown, for instance, the tombs of Adam, Melchizedek, and Nicodemus, the place where Christ was crowned with thorns, the pillar of the scourging, the slab on which His body was anointed, and the stone which marks the very centre of the world—for is it not written, "God hath established righteousness *in the midst of the earth?*"

The narrow street by which our Lord is said to have passed from Pilate's Judgment Hall to Calvary, is called the *Via Dolorosa*, or "Street of Grief." (See initial cut.) The arch seen in the distance, marking the site of the palace, is called the arch of *Ecce Homo*, and an indented stone in a wall is shown as the spot where Jesus sank beneath His cross.

One of the places of most pathetic interest is the Jews' place of wailing. It is the outside of the temple wall, many of whose stones are twenty-two feet in length. Here, every Friday, the sad-eyed Jews, eight thousand of whom, amid their poverty and wretchedness, cleave to the land of their fathers, meet to mourn the desolation of Zion, and especially their exclusion from their "holy and beautiful house." Their grief is often very intense and genuine. Many will utter sobs of passionate anguish, their cheeks bathed with tears. Their kisses have, in places, worn the stones quite smooth. They repeat, says Dr. Schaff, from their well-worn Bibles and books of prayer, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and suitable Psalms—the 76th and 79th: "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbours,—a scorn and derision to them that are around about us."

Dr. Tobler gives the following specimens of responsive laments from the litanies of the Karaite Jews:

For the palace that lies desolate,
 R. *We sit in solitude and mourn.*
 For the walls that are overthrown,

R. *We sit in solitude and mourn.*

For our majesty that is departed,

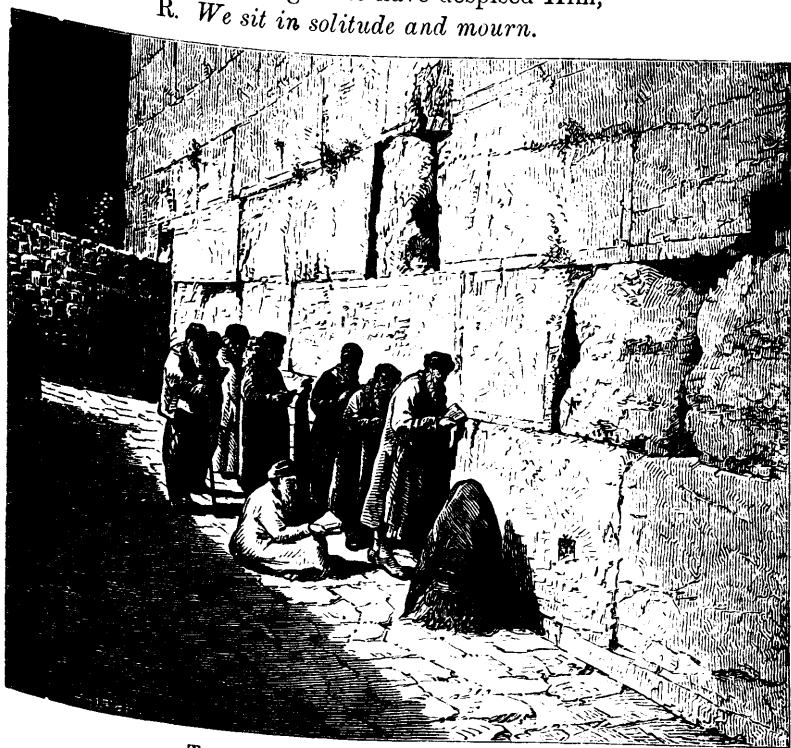
R. *We sit in solitude and mourn.*

For the priests who have stumbled,

R. *We sit in solitude and mourn.*

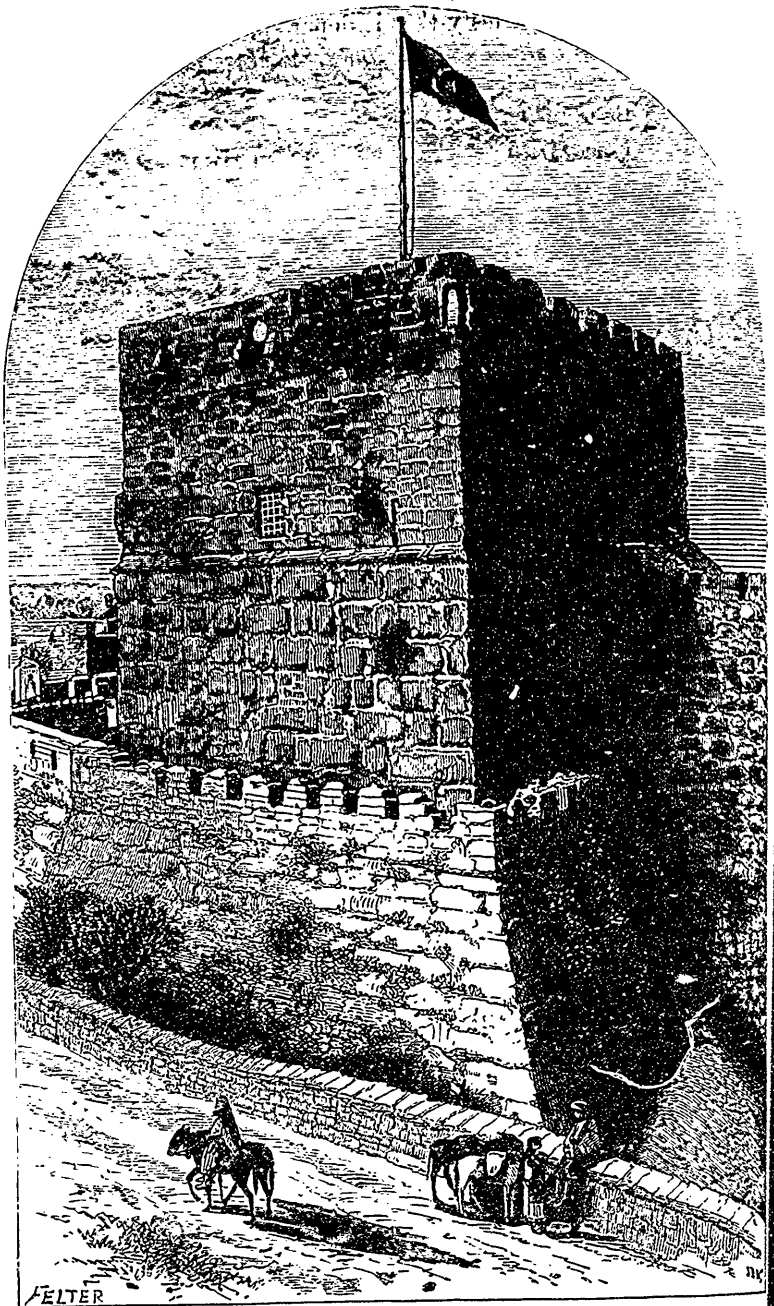
For our kings who have despised Him,

R. *We sit in solitude and mourn.*



THE JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING, JERUSALEM.

“The keynote of all these laments and prayers,” continues Dr. Schaff, “was struck by Jeremiah, the most pathetic and tender-hearted of the prophets, in the Lamentations—that funeral dirge of Jerusalem and the theocracy. This elegy, written with sighs and tears, has done its work most effectually in great public calamities, and is doing it every year on the ninth of the month of Ab (July), when it is read with loud weeping in all the synagogues of the Jews, and especially at Jerusalem. It keeps alive the memory of their deepest humiliation and guilt, and the hope of final deliverance. God has no doubt reserved



FELTER

TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM.

this remarkable people which, like the burning bush, is never consumed, for some great purpose before the final coming of our Lord."

Strange has been their fate. The victims, through the ages, of spoilation and persecution—the wandering race of the weary foot—the "Ishmaels and Hagers of mankind." On them, with all the bitterness of fate, has descended the woe invoked by their fathers: "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be on us and on our children."

Anathema marantha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

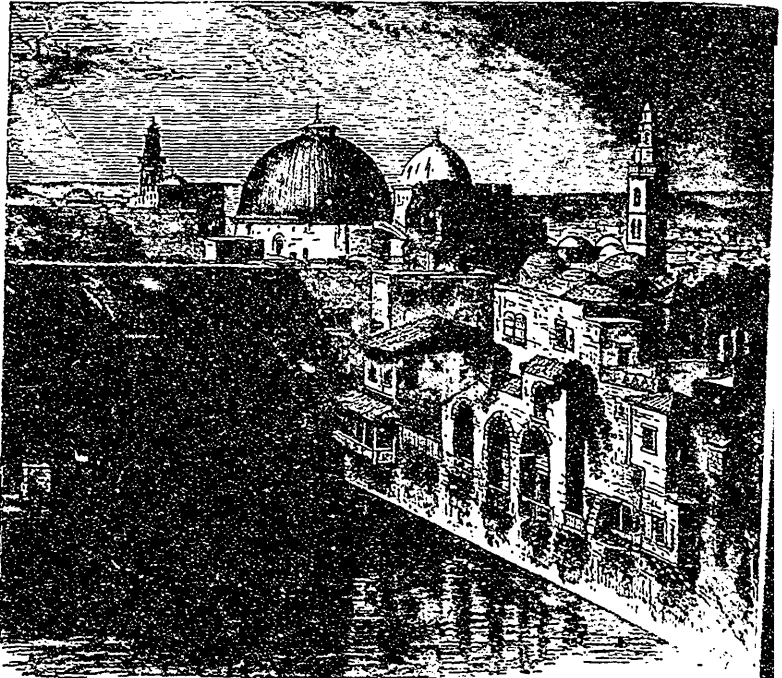
Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

On the west side of Jerusalem is the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It is now walled up, as the Mohammedans say that through this gate the Christians will enter to conquer the city. There is also a tradition that in the valley of tombs below, the Last Judgment will take place, when Mohammed, standing on the Golden Gate, and Issa—Jesus—on the Mount of Olives, will judge the world.

Other venerable monuments are the traditionary Tower of Antonia and Tower of David, strong defensive works, now used as Turkish fortresses. The tombs of David and Solomon are conjectured to be deeply buried beneath the ruin mounds, which have accumulated to the depth of eighty feet upon Mount Zion. In these, some remarkable discoveries have been made by the Palestine Exploration Fund, which we shall describe, with illustrations, in a future article.



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

One of the most remarkable things about the Holy City is the number of great reservoirs or "pools" of water that occur within or near its walls. The reader will at once think of the Pool of Bethesda, by the Sheep Gate, where the miracle of healing was wrought,—John v. 2; the Pools of Siloam, of Upper and Lower Gihon, and others. Many of these are of great antiquity, and, with their substructures, aqueducts, and conduits, give evidence of great engineering skill and great wealth employed in their construction. Some of these are attributed to Solomon, who

expressly refers, in the enumeration of the glories of his reign, to the "pools of water" that he had made. They still prove of great service to the city, and must have been of still greater service when its population was manyfold larger than it is now. It is a remarkable fact that in its many sieges we never hear of any suffering from the want of water in the city, although the besiegers had more than once to abandon their enterprise for lack of that indispensable necessary.

One of the largest of these pools is that which, as best answering the description in 2 Kings xx. 20 and 2 Chron. xxxii. 30, bears the name of good King Hezekiah. (See engraving.) It is 240 feet long by 144 feet wide, and is inside of a block of buildings, the windows and balconies of the houses overlooking it. Beneath the "Noble Sanctuary," on Mount Zion, are great cisterns of water, which were probably employed in the many ablutions required in the temple service. The large domes in the background of the picture are those of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, containing the tomb of our Lord.

The sacred places in the vicinity of Jerusalem are of scarce inferior interest to those within the walls. The most impressive of these is the Garden of Gethsemane, the square enclosure shown in the engraving on page 108. From the relations of the immemorial roads leading from the city, its site can be identified with tolerable certainty. It is just beyond Kedron and "cool Siloam's shady brook"—the streams whereof make glad the city of God—on the sacred slopes of Olivet. Here are eight hoary olives, the descendants of those under which the Saviour agonized and prayed, and was betrayed into the hands of wicked men. One, indeed, is pointed out as the tree of the Agony. "I could not resist the impulse," writes Dr. Ridgaway, "to get behind it and breathe a silent prayer through that Divine Mediator who was here crushed in spirit for my sin." Very fittingly is the garden called the place of the wine-press—for here the Saviour trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him. Here, too, on a neighbouring height, is shown the Mount of Ascension—the last spot pressed by the feet of the Redeemer as He was received up into heaven.

Crossing the shoulder of the hill, we reach the great village of Bethany, where Jesus found congenial welcome and repose in the happy home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus.

Returning, we reach the spot where the Saviour, with a prescience of the near consummation of the awful guilt and of the impending retribution of Jerusalem, wept over the city with a



GARDEN OF GETHESEMENE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

divine and brooding pity that yearned to save its children, but they would not. The main features of the scene on page 110, are those that must have met the Saviour's eye. In the fore-

ground to the left will be seen again the Garden of Gethsemane, in the middle of the wall the Golden Gate, above it the Mosque of Omar, and, on the horizon to the right, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In the valley are the tombs of the kings, and of Absalom, St. James, Zacharias, and the Empress Helena,—the first-mentioned nearly buried beneath the heap of stones upon which each Jew, as he passes, throws one in detestation of the memory of the unfilial son of David.

From Jerusalem as a centre, our tourists made excursions in several directions. One of these led them across the Jordan and, through the Land of Moab, around the Dead Sea. The road down to Jericho is still rough and wild, and beset with thieves. Elijah's brook Kerith, and Elisha's well, may be identified. The Jordan runs a serpentine course of two hundred miles in the distance of sixty miles, from Gennesaret to the Dead Sea. Its fords are few and dangerous, and, in its "swellings," wild beasts swarm up from the thickets on its banks. Small wonder that Naaman contemptuously contrasted its turbid stream with the beautiful bright rivers of Damascus. Near Er Riha was the site of Gilgal, where the tribes of Israel, and subsequently Elijah and Elisha, crossed the dry river-bed, and near by was Bethabara, where Jesus was baptized. This is the famous pilgrims' bathing-ground, and our tourists did not fail to bathe in the sacred stream. The Mount of the Temptation is a dreary waste, abounding with caves which once swarmed with the convents of the mediæval eremites. Now a solitary monk represents all those generations.

Crossing the Jordan, the tourists traversed the region of Ramoth-Gilead, and Rabbath-Ammon, and the "Ford Jabbok," rich in Bible memories. The land is filled with relics of Jewish, Roman, Christian, and Saracen occupation—once stately cities, now crumbling ruins. On Nebo's lonely mountain, from Pisgah's lofty height, the travellers viewed the same landscape that God showed to Moses thirty-three centuries ago. Here, too, Balaam beheld the far-spreading tents of Israel, and cursed them not, but blessed them altogether.

Amid the wild mountains of Moab, with their memories of Ruth and Naomi, our tourists visited the crumbling ruins of Machærus, the citadel of the guilty Herod, in whose dungeon,



JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

which may still be seen, John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded. They bathed, also, in the hot sulphur-springs of Callirhoe, where Herod the Great in vain sought relief in his last loathsome illness. At Dhiban, the celebrated Moabite stone, the oldest alphabetic inscription extant, so wonderfully corroborative of Holy Writ, was found. Many more such epigraphic treasures, doubtless, await the researches of the explorer. The cities of Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, now ruin mounds, near which were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the Israelites, were also visited.

The citadel of Kerak, near Zoar, at the southern end of the Dead Sea, is the strongest relic of the Crusaders extant. Its walls are twenty-seven feet thick, rising a hundred feet from an immense fosse. It is a virgin castle, and, though often besieged, has never been taken. It is the scene of some of the stirring incidents of Scott's "Talisman."

The awful desolation of the weird wild shores of the Dead Sea is almost appalling. Its bitter, acrid waters are fatal to animal or vegetable life, and its shore is lined with skeleton trunks washed down by the Jordan, glistening with an efflorescence of salt. Asphalt and sulphur abound in the southern plain. The guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are probably buried beneath the shallow waters of the southern end of the Sea, which is from three to twelve feet deep, although the rest of the lake is from 240 to 1,300 feet deep, and its surface is as much below the Mediterranean. Jebel Usdum is a mountain of nearly solid salt, five miles long. As one-fourth of the lake-water is saline matter, it is impossible to sink in it, but its acrid nature produces severe irritation of the skin. Contrary to the experience of all former travellers, Dr. Ridgaway affirms that he actually did see living fishes in this sea of death, but he explains that they were the Rev. Dr. Fish and his son, of his party.

The ruined stronghold of Masada, overlooking the Dead Sea, was the scene of as awful a tragedy as any recorded in the annals of war. Besieged by the Romans, rather than surrender, ten men were chosen by lot to slaughter the rest of the garrison, with the women and children, 967 persons,—and one of these to kill the rest.

Leaving the lake at Engeddi, celebrated by Solomon, Josephus, and Pliny, our tourists traversed the desolate "wilderness of

Judea" on their return to Jerusalem. In one of its wild ghosts the celebrated Greek convent of Mar Saba, founded A.D. 483,



THE FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

clings, like an eagle's nest, to the side of a cliff overhanging the valley. Though fourteen hundred years old, it is not yet finished, and a newly-arrived monk was hewing out of the solid rock his

cell—a living grave. The discipline is most austere. The brethren of the monastery eat no meat, perform harsh penance, and no woman may enter its precincts. As Miss Martineau bitterly remarks, "the monks are too holy to be hospitable."

Another trip from Jerusalem included a visit to the Plain of Philistia and the cities of Gaza, Askelon, Jaffa, and Ludd. *En route* was passed the cave of Aduliam, a grotto large enough to hold several hundred men, where, when hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, David and his followers found refuge from the fury of Saul. Gaza, more populous and larger than Jerusalem, is one of the oldest cities in the world. The site of Samson's gate is still shown to the credulous.



RAMLEH OR ARIMATHEA.

Joppa, the seaport of Jerusalem under David's prosperous reign, is still a place of considerable importance. It was here that Jonah took ship for Tarshish. The traditional house of Simon the Tanner is shown by the seaside, and the memory of Dorcas, the patron saint of female beneficence, is still celebrated by an annual procession. The bloody massacre of 4,000 Turkish prisoners, and the alleged poisoning of his own plague-smitten troops by Napoleon Bonaparte, within the last century, are blacker deeds than aught recorded of Philistine atrocity three thousand years ago. It was curious to meet here an American colony, chiefly from Maine, which came to Palestine to share our

Lord's expected triumph, to find, many of them, untimely graves. Amid the rich plain of Sharon is the ancient city of Ludd, or Lydda, where Peter healed the bed-ridden Eneas. It is famed as the place of the birth and grave of St. George, the patron saint of "Merrie England." His tomb and some of his bones are shown in the crypt of the church built by the Crusaders and destroyed by Saladin. The town of Ramleh is supposed to have been the place called Arimathea in New Testament times. It is not now, and it never has been, a place of any great importance; but its ancient name has been handed down to us through eighteen centuries, and many a reader has lingered lovingly upon the sound of it, solely on account of one good man who lived there. Gibeon and the Vale of Ajalon, with their memories of Joshua's victory; Emmaus, with its more sacred memory of our Lord, and the tomb of Samuel are passed, and Jerusalem again is reached.

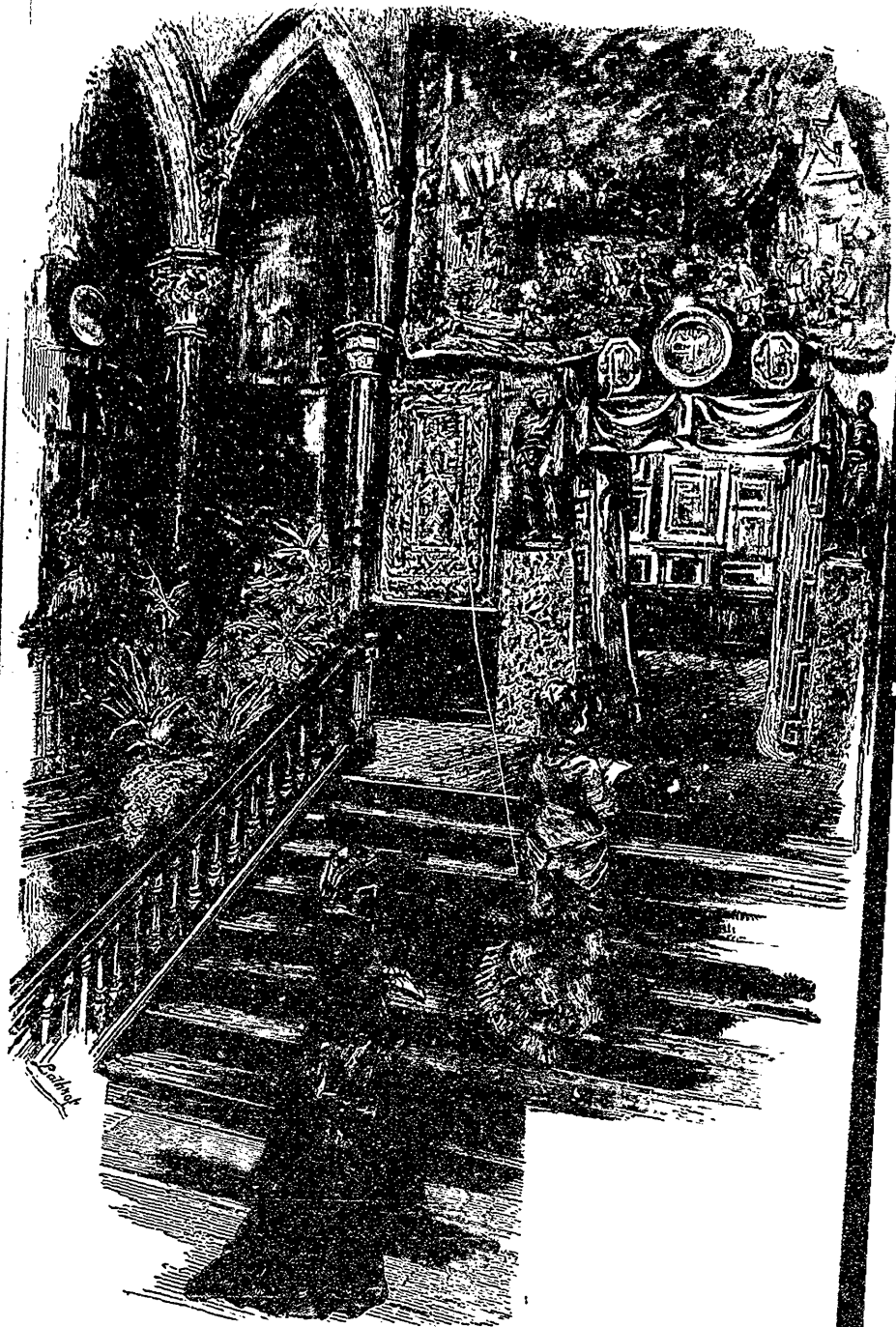
UNSATISFIED.

BE still for one moment, thou weariful world !
 Thy wheels they go faster and faster.
 I have gone at thy will, I have followed thy beck,
 Have worn, uncomplaining, thy yoke on my neck,
 But I will not acknowledge thee Master.

Thy beautiful trinkets I hold in my hands ;
 I cannot but smile at thy story ;
 Thy lily-bells ring and the birds fly in flocks,
 The vines and the mosses creep over the rocks,
 The clouds are like banners of glory ;

A wonderful pageant ! I see it go by,
 And beauty and ashes are blended ;
 Keeping step with the others, I march to and fro,
 But I feel all the time like a child at a show,
 That he knows, in an hour, will be ended.

And somehow the stars that were near to me once
 Are further and further receding ;
 They draw my heart after them unto their place,
 To catch their deep meaning I lift up my face,
 As one for his heritage pleading.



THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

FINE ART IN NEW YORK.

ONE of the most interesting buildings in New York, both inside and out, is the National Academy of Design, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. It is a unique structure of grey and white marble and blue stone. Its architectural design is fashioned after that of a celebrated palace in Venice, and its imposing entablature and the horizontal and diagonal bands of bright-coloured marble will suggest to the European traveller pleasant memories of the City of the Sea—the home of the doges and of art.

This building may be considered the headquarters of American art, and here are constantly on exhibition some of the finest specimens of native talent, and not unfrequently notable foreign collections. A very interesting and instructive exhibition is the loan collection of paintings by the old masters and eminent native and foreign artists, also fine specimens of statuary, ancient pottery, porcelain ware, arms and armour, coins, medals, antique and mediæval curiosities, cabinets, tapestries, and numerous objects of *virtu* generously contributed by the wealthy *virtuosi* of the city.

It is a delightful resort, and one of the places which we visit with ever new delight when in New York. On every side is something to charm the eye, impress the imagination, and elevate and purify the taste. The noble architecture of the interior, the soft diffused light from the roof, the rare exotic plants, the soft texture and brilliant colours of the tapestry, the rich-toned paintings on the walls, the graceful forms of the pure white marble or dark bronze statuary, the flash and gleam of ancient arms and armour, the elegant toilets and living grace of the fair connoisseurs who haunt this home of art, all conspire to heighten the æsthetic enjoyment of the scene. In the large engraving accompanying this article,* is admirably rendered, as far as gravers' burin can render it, the general impression received on entering the main corridor. We call special attention to the consummate

* For this engraving we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of *Scribner's Monthly*, the finest art magazine in America, which is clubbed on very favourable terms with this magazine. (See advertisement.)

skill with which the very texture of the marble, of the ladies' dresses, of the tapestry, and porcelain are given.

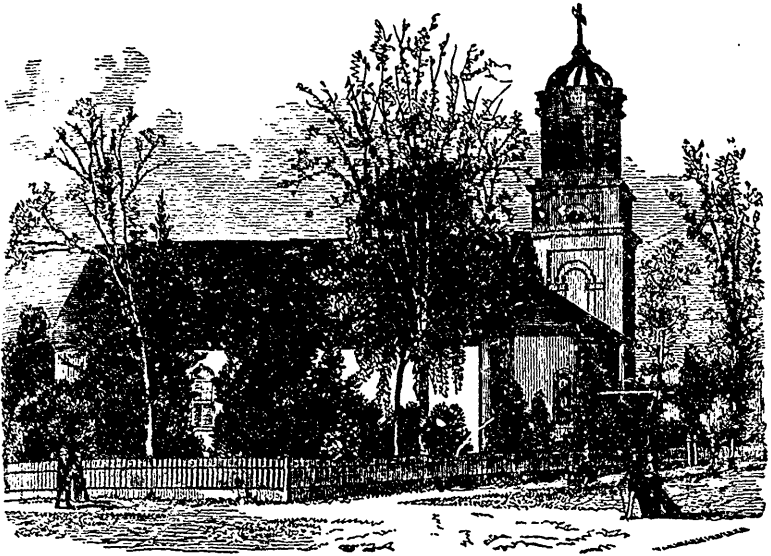
It is an epoch in one's æsthetic history when he first beholds a masterpiece of fine art. We had seen a great many pictures, but we never saw water truly painted till we saw it in a picture in this exhibition—the wild tumult, the arrested motion, and the green translucent colour of the waves surpassed anything we had ever beheld.

One walks in ecstasy amid these treasures of art. The storied scenes and mighty dead of history live again upon the almost breathing canvas. The loveliest and sublimest aspects of nature, and its most evanescent glories, are fixed in undying colours for our study and delight. Ancient fanes, solemn ruins, wild mountain gorge, and desolate seashore invite our varied moods. Sweet domestic scenes, childhood's sports, the love of mother and babe, forms of hero and martyr, of saint and angel, glow upon the walls, and marble figures of exquisite beauty seem almost to live around us.

Some fine Meissoniers, loaned by the late A. T. Stewart, and valued at fabulous sums, revealed to us new capabilities of art. The triumph of technical execution—they were finished like an ivory miniature—rendered the very texture of armour, silks, satins, brocades, embroidery, lace, leather, weapons, glass, jewelry, etc., in a wonderfully realistic manner. The homely Dutch interiors, fishermen's huts, and quaint domestic scenes, repay a careful study. The cattle pieces seemed all portraits. Each hair of the shaggy cows and donkeys seemed painted separately, and they have a strangely human look out of their patient eyes.

We confess to an inability to appreciate the old masters from the specimens we saw. Murillo's Presentation was very dark and vague; a Bacchus, by Rubens, looked coarse and vulgar; a Cuyp, a Tintoretto, and a Hogarth, altogether failed to impress us. A visit to this gallery is apt to inspire longings which only a full purse can gratify. We saw for sale an exquisite painting of the Dusseldorf school, quite small, which we would very much like to have had. It sold, however, for \$1,600, and some of the Meissoniers are valued at many thousands of dollars. But the enjoyment of all these *chefs d'œuvre* can be procured for the merest trifle, and the imperishable memory is a delight forever.

THE CHESAPEAKE PENINSULA.



OLD CHURCH, PRINCESS ANNE, MARYLAND.

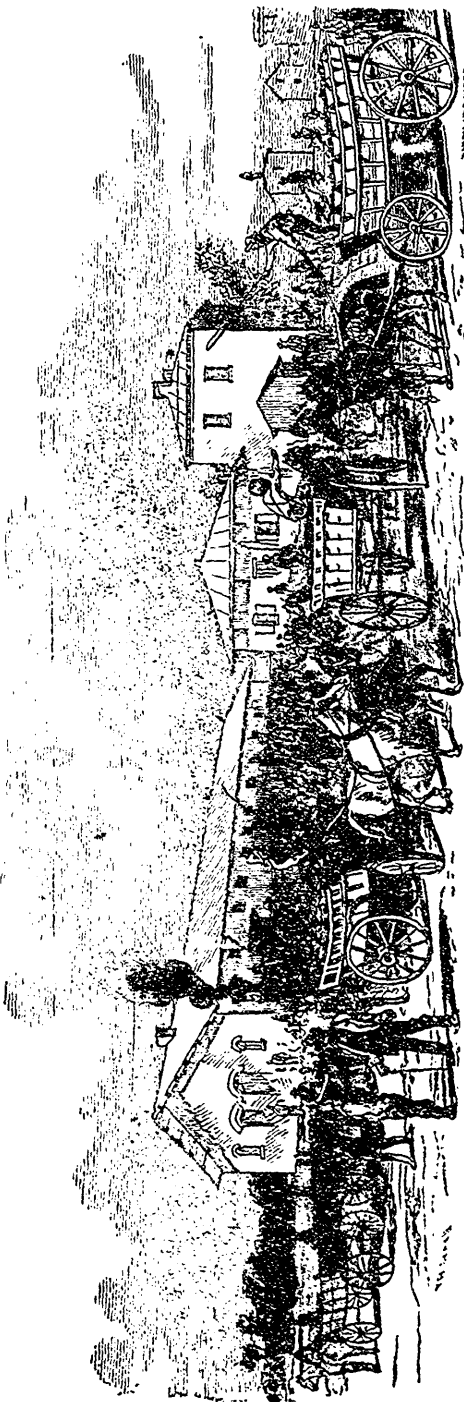
THIS fertile peninsula stretches from the head of Chesapeake Bay southward to Cape Charles, a distance of a hundred and eighty miles. Its greatest breadth is seventy miles. Its area is about six thousand square miles, of which three-ninths constitute the State of Delaware, four-ninths form the eastern part of Maryland, and two-ninths are included within the limits of Virginia.

Many of the old settlements date back to the earliest dawn of civilization on this continent. The first landing was probably made by the Dutch, in 1616, on the ground now covered by the city of Wilmington, though the first permanent settlement at this point was probably made some twenty years later, when the Swedes built Fort Christiana here. The Dutch, Swedes, and English established colonies throughout the entire region during the next quarter of a century; and endless bickerings, with occasional armed collisions, ensued in consequence of conflicting claims to proprietorship of the territory. The ancient aspect of these places is, therefore, quite legitimate, as also the survival of

old social customs and civil institutions still to be found here. The town of New Castle is a case in point. Comfortably nestled on the banks of the Delaware, it has been a quiet, sleepy, pleasant town of about two thousand inhabitants for many a long year. A land grant from William Penn has yielded income enough to pay the modest municipal expenses, so there have been no town taxes, and the people have mostly inherited property enough to live upon in comfort. Conservatism has here found a stronghold, and the manners, methods, and appearances of the last century have been perpetuated to our later days.

Wilmington, on the Delaware, is the largest city, having a population of 40,000, and possessing the most extensive powder manufactory in the world.

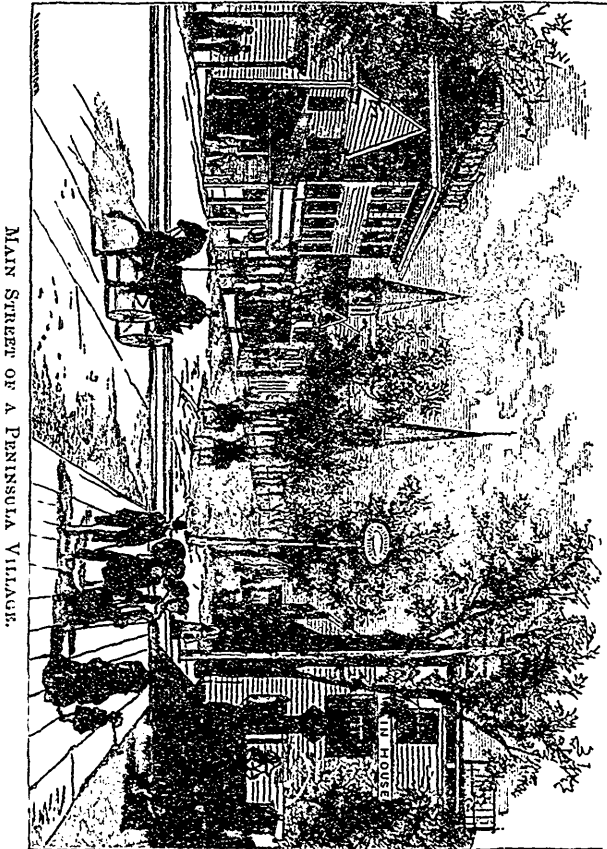
At Middletown we are fairly within the limits of the far-famed peach-growing district, and a pleasanter scene



PEACH WAGONS AT RAILWAY BRIDGE, DELAWARE.

of activity can hardly be imagined than that at the Middletown depot on a fair day in the peach season. The fragrance of the ripe fruit fills the air, and the din and shouting of the black Jehus, add much to the animation and, we must admit, the confusion, of the scene.

Many of the towns of the peninsula are old settlements, with from two or three hundred to as many thousand inhabitants. They are often characterized by a broad main street,



MAIN STREET OF A PENINSULA VILLAGE.

bordered by handsome old gardens, with large, comfortable residences in the midst. The venerable trees which shade the streets give them an air of rural retirement. The village churches, the town hall or Court House, and, at Dover, the capital of Delaware, the State House, contribute to the architectural beauty

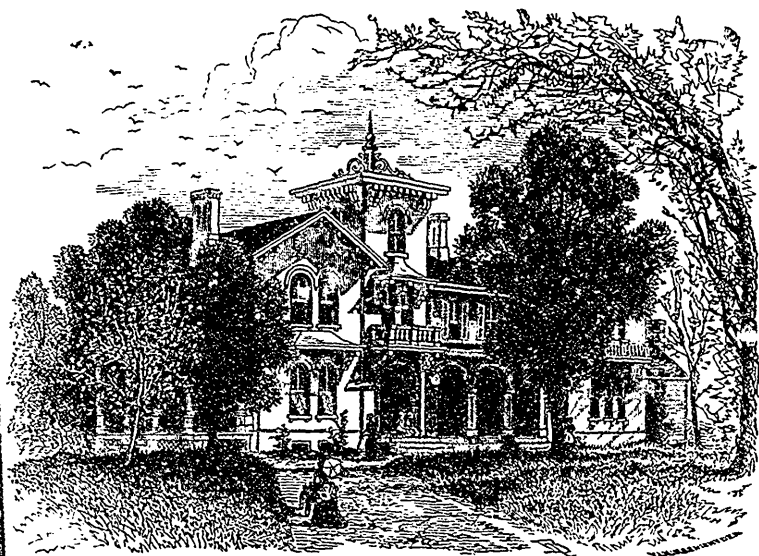
of these quaint old towns. But for the shrill screech and swift rush of the locomotive through their quiet streets, we might fancy ourselves living in the good old colonial days when George III. was king. Indeed, the very names of many of these towns have a familiar English sound. Princess Anne commemorates by its designation the maiden estate of the good queen who



MAIN STREET, PRINCESS ANNE.

made the seventeenth century the Augustan age of English literature. It is a very pleasant place of about one thousand inhabitants, with the fine old main street which we have noticed as characteristic of Peninsula towns. The Episcopal Church here is one of the oldest in this country, the organization dating back to 1670. (See initial cut.)

The southern portion of the Peninsula has a number of large estates of several hundred acres, formerly cultivated by slave



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR ROSS, SEAFORD, DELAWARE.

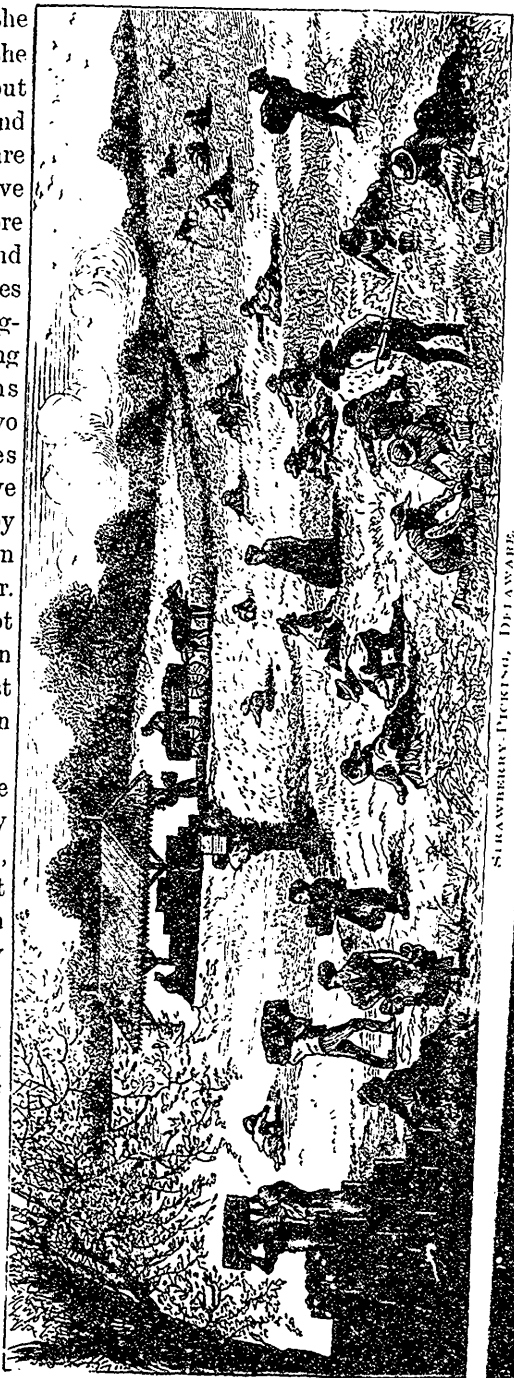
labour. These are now largely devoted to the cultivation of strawberries, cherries, peaches, and other fruits for which the fertile soil is well adapted. There are few pleasanter or more interesting scenes of rural industry than these strawberry-fields, with two hundred and fifty pickers singing in full chorus the sweet quaint melodies of the South. The grand old houses on these places are of brick imported from England more than a century ago. The interior wood-work was got out in England, much of it being in carved oak, from trees, perhaps, that grew in the forests of Sherwood or Nottingham. In the days of the "patriarchal institution" these estates supported a population of possibly five hundred negroes each. The proprietary families lived in manorial style, expending, as a rule, something more each year than the income of the property.

Another of the important industries of the Peninsula, or rather of its adjacent waters, is oyster culture. Crisfield, on Tangier Sound, is the great oyster emporium. It is almost surrounded on all sides by the far-famed oyster-beds of the Sound, and the numerous fleet of dredging vessels constantly seen in the offing bring into the busy wharves of the town their daily and hourly contributions, adding the value of their cargoes to the property of the community, to the traffic of the railroad, to the food supply of the country, amounting to over ten thousand tons a year.

The extent of the oyster-beds of the Peninsula is about three hundred and seventy-three square miles, which give employment to more than ten thousand hands afloat. Besides six hundred dredging vessels, averaging twenty-three tons each, there are two thousand canoes which take about five bushels each daily by tongs during seven months of the year. The product is not less than ten million bushels, worth in first hands five million dollars.

The increase since this report is fully twenty-five per cent., the product being at least twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels.

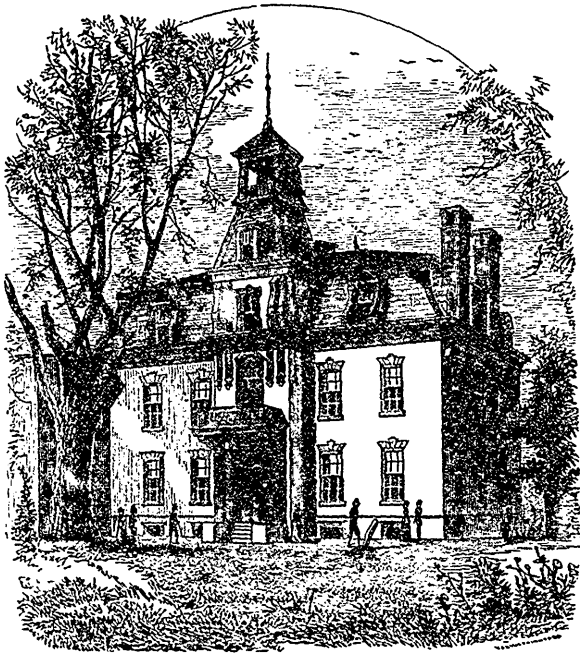
In an article on the Chesapeake Peninsula in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, 1872, the writer says: "In point of water scenery it is the Puget Sound of the Atlantic, pierced with broad, navigable, arborescent bays and



STRAWBERRY-PICKING, DELAWARE.

rivers, almost as rich in the salt delicacies of shell-fish and wild fowl as are their shores with fruit-orchards, gardens, and berry-fields. The loamy, sometimes sandy, soil is varied by long aisles of pond and brackish sound or bayou, whose humid vegetation is strong and stately in cypress, gum, pine, or oak forests."

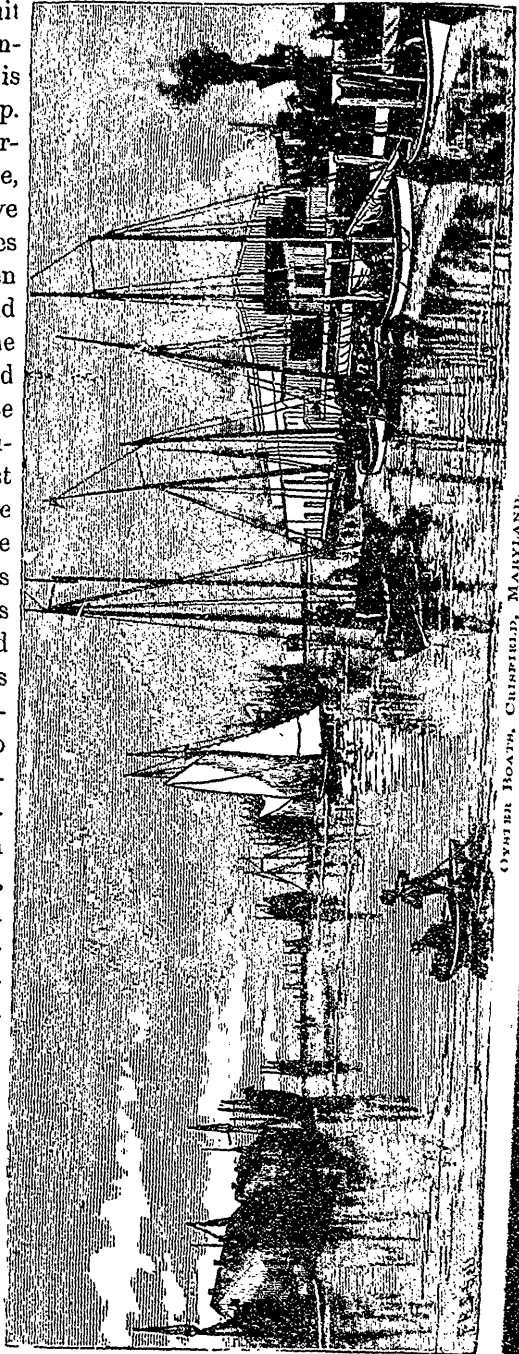
"The prevailing English character of the scenery in the southern portion," writes Bayard Taylor—"old farm-houses of stone or brick, spacious gardens and orchards, frequent hedges, smooth, rich fields, and the lush, billowy green of deciduous woods—is still retained in the low country; but the undulations of the soil become gentler, and there is no longer a valley of



STATE HOUSE, DOVER, DELAWARE.

distinct outline. The land spreads out to a level horizon, and the sky assumes the vastness and distance which it wears on the prairies, except that a soft, pearly gleam around its edges denotes the nearness of water. It is Illinois water under a warmer sky." Surrounded by the great cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, all ready and willing consumers of its varied agricultural productions: the ingenuity of man could not improve the quality of these rich garden lands in this respect.

The chief fruit culture of the Peninsula, however, is the peach crop. From the best information obtainable, there are about five million peach-trees of all ages between the Delaware and Chesapeake, and the Brandywine and Cape Charles. These trees cover fifty thousand acres of the best and most productive land, enough to make five hundred farms of one hundred acres each. Represented in money, there is an aggregate invested capital of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. From the official reports, there were shipped in 1871, an aggregate of three million baskets. But all the peaches are not exported. Many are canned and dried. So far as known, there are six canneries in Delaware, and perhaps as many in Maryland, turning out



OYSTER BOATH, CRISPFIELD, MARYLAND.

over one million cans of fruit. A new process of preserving or drying fruit, called the "Alden," has been lately put in operation, the working of which has been entirely satisfactory.

The cultivation of small fruit, such as strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries, is rapidly growing and the increase in their production for the last three years has been enormous. In 1873 there was shipped from the Peninsula to New York and Philadelphia, by rail, about six million quarts.

The Peninsula is fast becoming the orchard and early fruit and vegetable garden to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the smaller cities in the Middle and Eastern States. The system of railroads traversing and opening up all parts of the Peninsula give every section the advantages of speedy transportation.



A DELAWARE PEACH ORCHARD.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

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

CHAPTER II.—THE EVE OF BATTLE.

THE next scene of our story opens on the eve of an eventful day in the annals of Canada. About sunset in an October afternoon, Neville Trueman reached The Holms, after a long and weary ride from the western end of his circuit, which reached nearly to the head of Lake Ontario. The forest was gorgeous in its autumnal foliage, like Joseph in his coat of many colours. The corn still stood thick, in serried ranks, in the fields, no longer plumed and tasseled like an Indian chief, but rustling, weird-like, as an army of spectres in the gathering gloom. The great yellow pumpkins gleamed like huge nuggets of gold in some forest Eldorado. The crimson patches of ripened buckwheat looked like a blood-stained field of battle: alas! too true an image of the deeper stains which were soon to dye the greensward of the neighbouring height.

The change from the bleak moor, over which swept the chill north wind from the lonely lake, to the genial warmth of Squire Drayton's hospitable kitchen was most agreeable. A merry fire of hickory wood on the ample hearth—it was long before the time of your close, black, surly-looking kitchen stoves—snapped and sparkled its hearty welcome to the travel-worn guest. It was a rich Rembrant-like picture that greeted Neville as he entered the room. The whole apartment was flooded with light from the leaping flames which was flashed back from the brightly-scoured milk-pans and brass kettles on the dresser—not unlike, thought he, to the burnished shields and casques of the men-at-arms in an old feudal hall.

The fair young mistress, clad in a warm stuff gown, with a snowy collar and a crimson necktie, moved gracefully through the room, preparing the evening meal. Savoury odours proceeded from a pan upon the coals, in which were frying tender cutlets of venison—now a luxury, then, in the season, an almost daily meal.

The burly squire basked in the genial blaze, seated in a rude home-made armchair, the rather uncomfortable-looking back and arms of which were made of cedar roots, with the bark removed, like our garden rustic seats. Such a chair has Cowper in his "Task" described,—

" Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms :
And such in ancient halls may still be found."

At his feet crouched Lion, the huge staghound, at times half growling in his sleep, as if in dreams he chased the deer, and then, starting up, he licked his master's hand and went to sleep again.

On the opposite side of the hearth, Zenas was crouched upon the floor, laboriously shaping an ox-yoke with a spoke-shave. For in those days Canadian farmers were obliged to make or mend almost everything they used upon the farms.

Necessity, which is the mother of invention, made them deft and handy with axe and adze, bradawl and waxed end, anvil and forge. The squire himself was no mean blacksmith, and could shoe a horse, or forge a plough coulter, or set a tire as well as the village Vulcan at Niagara.

"Right welcome," said the squire, as he made room for Neville near the fireplace, while Katherine gave him a quieter greeting and politely relieved him of his wrappings. "Well, what's the news outside?" he continued.

We must explain that as Niagara, next to York and Kingston, was the largest settlement in the province, it rather looked down upon the population away from "the front," as it was called, as outsiders almost beyond the pale of civilization.

"No news at all," replied Neville, "but a great anxiety to hear some. When I return from the front, they almost devour me with questions."

The early Methodist preachers, in the days when newspapers and books were few and scarce and travel almost unknown, were in one respect not unlike the wandering minstrels or trouveres, not to say the Homeric singers of an earlier day. Their stock of news, their wider experience, their intelligent conversation, and their sacred minstrelsy procured them often a warm welcome

and a night's lodging outside of Methodist circles. They diffused much useful information, and their visits dispelled the mental stagnation which is almost sure to settle upon an isolated community. The whole household gathering around the evening fire hung with eager attention upon their lips as, from their well-stored minds, they brought forth things new and old. Many an inquisitive boy or girl experienced a mental awakening or quickening by contact with their superior intelligence; and many a toil-worn man and woman renewed the brighter memories of earlier years as the preacher brought them glimpses of the outer world, or read from some well-worn volume carried in his saddle-bags pages of some much-prized English classic.

"Well, there has been news in plenty along the line here," said the squire, "and likely soon to be more. The Americans have been massing their forces at Forts Porter, Schlosser, and Niagara, and we expect will be attempting a crossing somewhere along the river soon."

"They'll go back quicker than they came, I guess, as they did at Sandwich," said Zenas, who took an enthusiastically patriotic view of the prowess of his countrymen.

"I reckon the 'Mericans feel purty sore over that business," said Tom Loker, who, with Sandy McKay, had come in, and, in the unconventional style of the period, had drawn up their seats to the fire. "They calkilated they'd gobble up the hull of Canada; but 'stead of that, they lost the hull State of Michigan an' their great General Hull into the bargain," and he chuckled over his play upon words, after the manner of a man who has uttered a successful pun.

"You must tell us all about it," said Neville: "I have not heard the particulars yet."

"After supper," said the squire. "We'll discuss the venison first and the war afterwards," and there was a general move to the table.

When ample justice had been done to the savoury repast, Miss Katherine intimated that a good fire had been kindled in the Franklin stove in the parlour, and, in honour of the guest, proposed an adjournment thither.

The squire, however, looked at the leaping flames of the kitchen fire as if reluctant to leave it, and Neville asked as a

favour to be allowed to bask, "like a cat in the sun," he said, before it.

"I'm glad you like the old-fashioned fires," said the farmer. "They're a-most like the camp-fire beside which we used to bivouac when I went a-sogering. I can't get the hang o' those new-fangled Yankee notions," he continued, referring to the parlour stove, named after the great philosopher whose name it bore.

A large semicircle of seats was drawn up around the hearth. The squire took down from the mantel his long-stemmed "churchwarden" pipe.

"I learned to smoke in Old Virginny," he said apologetically. "Had the real virgin leaf. It had often to be both meat and drink when I was campaigning there. I wish I could quit it, but, young man," addressing himself to Neville, "I'd advise you never to learn. It's bad enough for an old sojer like me; but a smoking preacher I don't admire."

Zenas, crouched by the chimney-jamb, roasting chestnuts and "popping" corn; Sandy, with the characteristic thrift of his countrymen, set about repairing a broken whip-stock and fitting it with a new lash; Tom Loker idly whittled a stick, and Miss Katharine drew up her low rocking-chair beside her father, and proceeded to nimbly knit a stout-ribbed stocking, intended for his comfort—for girls in those days knew how to knit, ay, and card the wool and spin the yarn, too.

"Now, Tom, tell us all about Hull's surrender," said Zenas, to whom the stirring story was already an oft-told tale.

"Wall, after I seed you, three months agone," said Tom, nodding to Neville, and taking a fresh stick to whittle, "we trudged on all that day and the next to Long P'int, an' a mighty long p'int it wuz to reach, too. Never wuz so tired in my life. Follering the plough all day wuz nothing to it. But when we got to the P'int, we found the General there. An' he made us a rousin' speech that put new life into every man of us, an' we felt that we could foller him anywheres. As ther wuz no roads to speak of, and the General had considerable stores, he seized all the boats he could find."

"Requisectioned, they ca' it," interjected Sandy.

"Wall, it's purty much the same, I reckon," continued Tom, "an' a queer lot o' boats they wuz—fishin' boats, Durham boats.

scows*—a'most anythin' that 'ud float. Ther' wuz three hundred of us at the start, an' we picked up more on the way. Wall, we sailed an' paddled a matter o' two hundred miles to Fort Malden, an' awful cramped it wuz, crouchin' all day in them scows; an' every night we camped on shore, but sometimes the bank wuz so steep an' the waves so high we had to sail on for miles to find a creek we could run into, an' once we rowed all night. As we weathered P'int Pelee, the surf nearly swamped us."

"What a gran' feed we got frae thae gallant Colonel Talbot!" interjected Sandy McKay. "D'ye mind his bit log bothie perched like a crow's nest atop o' yon cliff. The 'Castle o' Malahide,' he ca'd it, no less. How he speered gin there were ony men frae Malahide in the auld kintry wi' us. An' a prood man he was o' his ancestry sax hunnerd years lang syne. Methinks he's the gran'est o' the name himsel'—the laird o' a score o' toonships a, settled by himsel'. Better yon than like the gran' Duke o' Sutherland drivin' thae pur bodies frae hoose an' hame. Lang suld Canada mind the gran' Colonel Talbot.† But was na it fey that him as might hae the pick an' choice o' thae braw dames o' Ireland suld live his lane, wi' out a woman's lan' to cook his kail or recht up his den, as he ca'd it."

"I've been at his castle," said Neville, "and very comfortable it is. He lives like a feudal lord,—allots land, dispenses justice, marries the settlers, reads prayers on Sunday, and rules the settlement like a forest patriarch."

"Tell about Tecumseh," said Zenas, in whose eyes that distinguished chief divided the honours with General Brock.

"Wall," continued Loker, "at Malden there wuz a grand pow-wow, an' the Indians wore their war-paint and their medals, and Tecumseh made a great harangue. He was glad, he said, their great father across the sea had woke up from his long sleep an' sent his warriors to help his red children, who would shed the last drop of their blood in fighting against the 'Merican long knives."

* In the absence of roads, boats were much used for carrying corn and flour to and from the mills, and for the conveyance of farm produce.

† Posterity has not been ungrateful to the gallant colonel. In the towns of St. Thomas and Talbotville, his name is commemorated, and it is fondly cherished in the grateful traditions of many an early settler's family. He died at London, at the age of eighty, in 1853.

"And they'll do it, too," chimed in Zenas, in unconscious prophecy of the near approaching death of that brave chief and many of his warriors.

"An' Tecumseh," continued the narrator, "drew a map of Detroit an' the 'Merican fort on a piece o' birch bark, as clever, I heered the General say, as an officer of engineers."

"But was na yon a gran' speech thae General made us when we were tauld tae attack thae fort?" exclaimed Sandy with martial enthusiasm. "Mon, it made me mind o' Wallace an' his Scots wham Bruce hae aften led.' I could ha' followed him 'gainst ony odds, though odds eneuch there were—near twa tae ane, an' thae big guns an' thae fort tae their back."

"Wasn't I glad to see the white flag come from the fort as we formed column for assault, instead o' the flash o' the big guns, showin' their black muzzles there," Loker ingenuously confessed. "I'm no coward, but it makes a feller feel skeery to see those ugly-lookin' war dogs spittin' fire at him."

"Hae na I tell't ye," said Sandy, somewhat sardonically, "gin ye're born tae be langit, the bullet's no made that'll kill ye."

"Ye're as like to be hanged yerself," said Tom, somewhat resentfully, giving the proverb a rather literal interpretation.

"Tush, mon, nae offence, its ony an auld Scotch saw, that. But an angry mon was yon tall Captain Scott* at thae surrender. How he stamped an' raved an' broke his sword."

"I am sure the General was very kind to them. On our march home, the prisoners shared and fared as well as we did."

"I heard," said Neville, "that Hull was afraid the Indians would massacre the women and children who had taken refuge in the fort."

"No fear of that," said Loker. "Tecumseh told the General they had sworn off liquor during the war. It's the fire-water that makes the Indian a madman, an' the white man, too."

"Well, thank God," said Neville, "it is a great and bloodless victory. I hope it will bring a speedy peace."

"I am afraid not," said the squire, arousing from his doze in the

* Afterwards Major-General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army. The prisoners were sent to Montreal and Quebec. Hull was subsequently court-martialed for cowardice and condemned to death, but he was reprieved on account of Revolutionary service.

"ingle nook." "We had a seven years' struggle of it in the old war, and I fear that there will have to be some blood-letting before these bad humours are cured. But we'll hope for the best. Come, Katharine, bring us a flagon of your sweet cider."

The sturdy brown flagon was brought, and the gleaming pewter mugs were filled—it was long before the days of Temperance Societies—even the preacher thinking it no harm to take his mug of the sweet, amber-coloured draught.

Neville read from the great family Bible that night the majestic forty-sixth psalm, so grandly paraphrased in Luther's hymn,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott;"

the favourite battle-hymn chanting which the Protestant armies marched to victory on many a hard-fought field—the hymn sung by the host of Gustavus Adolphus on the eve of the fatal fight of Lutzen.

As he read the closing verses of the psalm the young preacher's voice assumed the triumphant tone of assured faith in the glorious prophecy :

"He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire.

"Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

"Amen!" unconsciously but fervently responded the soft low voice of Katherine Drayton to this prophecy of millennial peace, and this solemn avowal of present confidence in the Most High.

Alas! before to-morrow's sun should set, her woman's heart should bleed at the desolations of war brought home to her very hearthstone.

CHAPTER III.—QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

About seven miles from the mouth of the Niagara River, a bold escarpment of rock, an old lake margin, runs across the country from east to west, at a height of about three hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario. Through this the river, in the course of ages, has worn a deep and gloomy gorge. At the foot of the cliff and on its lower slopes, nestled on the western side the hamlet

of Queenston and on the eastern the American village of Lewiston. On the Canadian side, where the ascent of the hill was more abrupt, it was overcome by a road that by a series of sharp zigzags gained the tableland at the top. Halfway up the height was a battery mounting an 18-pound gun, and manned by twelve men, and on the bank of the river, some distance below the village, was another mounting a 24-pound carronade. On either side of the rocky pass from which the river flows, the spiry spruces and cedars with twisted roots grapple with the rocks and cling to the steep slopes.

The river emerges from the narrow gorge, a dark and tortured stream. For seven miles since its plunge over the great cataract, it has been convulsed by raging rapids and rugged rocks and by a seething whirlpool. As it here glides out into a wider channel, it bears the evidences of its tumultuous course in the resistless sweep of its waters and the dangerous eddies and "boilers" by which its dark surface is disturbed. At this point is a favourite fishing-ground. The schools of herring attempting to ascend the river are here unable to overcome the swiftness of the current and are caught in large quantities by the rude seines and nets of the neighbouring fishermen, a waggon-load sometimes being caught in a few hours. Notwithstanding the invasion of Canada by Hull and the capture of Detroit by Brock, a sort of armed truce was observed along the Niagara frontier; and Brock had orders from Sir George Provost, Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General, to stand strictly on the defensive. As the schools of fish at this season of the year were running finely, the fishermen of the villages on each side of the river were eagerly engaged in securing their finny harvest, on which much of their winter food supply depended. As this was a mutual necessity, each party, by a tacit consent, was allowed to ply this peaceful avocation, for the most part, undisturbed by hostile demonstrations of the other.

For the defence of the whole frontier of thirty-four miles from Fort Erie to Fort George, Brock had only some fifteen hundred men of whom at least one-half were militiamen and Indians. On the American side of the river, a force of over six thousand regulars and militia were assembled for the invasion of Canada. These were distributed along the river from Fort Niagara to Buffalo. Brock was compelled, therefore, still further to weaken his already scanty force by being on the alert at all points, as he knew not at

which one the attack would be made. Consequently there were only some three hundred men, mostly militia, quartered at Queenston at the time of which we write. They were billeted at the inn and houses of the village and in the neighbouring farmhouses and barns.

The morning of the thirteenth of October, a day ever memorable in the annals of Canada, broke cold and stormy. Low hung clouds mantled the sky and made the late dawn later still, and cast still darker shadows on the sombre clumps of spruce and pines that clothed the sides of the gorge, and on the sullen water that flowed between. A couple of fishermen of the neighbourhood who were serving in the militia had been permitted by the officer in command to attend to their seines, with the injunction to keep a sharp look-out at the same time, and to be ready at an instant's summons to join the ranks. As the schools of herring were in full run, they had remained all night in the little bothie or hut, made of spruce boughs, down at the water-side, that they might at the earliest dawn draw their seine and set it again unmolested by the stray shots from the opposite side, which, notwithstanding the truce, had of late occasionally been fired. At the same season of the year, the same operation can still be witnessed at the same place—the narrow ledge beneath the cliff, along the river-bank, especially near the abutment of the broken Suspension Bridge.

The elder of the two men was a sturdy Welshman—Jonas Evans by name—a Methodist of the Lady Huntingdon connexion. The other, Jim Larkins, was Canadian born, the son of a neighbouring farmer. About four o'clock in the morning they emerged from their spruce booth and began hauling with their rude windlass upon the seine, heavily laden with fish.

"Hark!" exclaimed Jonas to his companion, "what noise is that? I thought I heard the splash of oars."

"It is only the wash of the waves upon the shore or the sough of the wind among the pines. You're likely to hear nothing else this time o' day, or o' night rather."

"There it is again," said the old man, peering into the darkness. "And I'm sure I heard the sound o' voices on the river. See there!" he exclaimed as a long dark object was descried amid the gloom. "There is a boat, and there behind it is another; and I doubt not there are still others behind. Run, Jim, call out the

guard. The Lord hath placed us here to confound the devices of the enemy."

Snatching from the booth his trusty Brown Bess musket, without waiting to challenge, for he well knew that this was the vanguard of the threatened invasion, he fired at the boat, more for the purpose of giving the alarm than in the expectation of inflicting any damage on the moving object in the uncertain light.

The sound of the musket shot echoed and re-echoed between the rocky cliffs, and repeated in loud reverberations its thrilling sound of warning.

"Curse him! we are discovered," exclaimed the steersman of the foremost boat with a brutal oath. "Spring to your oars, lads! We must gain a footing before the guard turns out or it's all up with us. Pull for your lives!"

No longer rowing cautiously with muffled oars, but with loud shouts and fairly churning the surface of the water into foam, they made the boat—a large flat-bottomed barge—bound through the waves. Another and another emerged rapidly from the darkness, and their prows successively grated upon the shingle as they were forced upon the beach. The invading troops leaped lightly out with a clash of arms, and at the quick, sharp word of command, formed upon the beach.

Meanwhile, on the cliff above, the sharp challenge and reply of the guard, the shrill *reveille* of the bugle, and the quick throbbing of the drums calling to arms is heard. The men turn out with alacrity, and are soon seen, in the grey dawn, running from their several billets to headquarters, buckling their belts, and adjusting their accoutrements as they run. Soon is heard the measured tramp of armed men forming in companies to attack the enemy. Sixty men of the 49th Grenadiers, under the command of Captain Dennis, and Captain Hatt's company of militia advance with a light 3-pounder gun against the first division of the enemy, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, who has formed his men on the beach and is waiting the arrival of the next boats. These are seen rapidly approaching, but to get them safely across the river is a work of great difficulty and danger. The current is swift, and the swirling eddies are strong and constantly changing their position. On leaving the American shore, they were obliged to pull up stream as far as possible. But when caught

by the resistless sweep of the current, they were borne rapidly down, their track being an acute diagonal across the stream. To reach the only available landing-place, they must again row up stream in the slack water on the Canadian side, their whole course being thus like the outline of the letter N.*

Of the thirteen boats that left the American shore, three were driven back by the British fire—the little three-pounder and the two batteries doing good service as their hissing shots fell in disagreeably close proximity to the boats, sometimes splashing them with spray, and once ricocheting right over one of them.

The first detachment of invaders were driven with some loss behind a steep bank close to the water's edge, but they were soon reinforced by fresh arrivals, and, being now in overwhelming strength, steadily fought their way up the bank.

Meanwhile, where was Brock? Such, we venture to think, was the most eager thought of every mind on either side. He was speeding as fast as his good steed could carry him to his glorious fate. The previous night, at headquarters at Fort George, he had called his staff together and, in anticipation of the invasion, had given to each officer his instructions. In the morning, agreeably to his custom he rose before day. While dressing, the sound of the distant cannonade caught his attentive ear. He speedily roused his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonel, and called for his favourite horse, Alfred, the gift of his friend, Sir James Craig. His first impression was that the distant firing was but a feint to draw the garrison from Fort George. The real point of attack he anticipated would be Niagara, and he suspected an American force to be concealed in boats around the point on which Fort Niagara stood, ready to cross over as soon as the coast was clear. He determined, therefore, to ascertain personally the nature of the attack before withdrawing the garrison.

* The present writer has a vivid remembrance of a night-passage of the river under circumstances of some peril. It was in a small flat-bottomed scow. Shortly after leaving the American shore, a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail burst over the river. The waves, crested with snowy foam which gleamed ghastly in the dim light of our lantern, threatened to engulf our frail bark. The boatman strained every nerve and muscle, but was borne a mile down the river before he made the land. That distance he had to retrace along the rugged, boulder-strewn, and log-encumbered shore. We reached the landing in a still more demoralized condition than the American invaders, but met a warmly hospitable, not hostile, reception.

With his two aides, he galloped eagerly to the scene of the action. As he approached Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the hill was swept by a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the American shore. Nevertheless, with his aides, he rode at full speed up to the 18-pounder battery, midway to the summit. Dismounting, he surveyed the disposition of the opposed forces and personally directed the fire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the crest of the hill commanding the battery. A detachment of American troops under Captain (afterwards General) Wool had climbed like catamounts the steep cliff by an unguarded fisherman's path. Sir Isaac Brock and his aides had not even time to remount, but were compelled to retire with the twelve gunners who manned the battery. This was promptly occupied by the Americans, who raised the stars and stripes. Brock, having first despatched a messenger to order up reinforcements from Fort George and to command the bombardment of Fort Niagara,* determined to recapture the battery. Placing himself at the head of a company of the Forty-ninth, he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and the reckless exposure of his person, inspirited the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure—he was six feet two inches in height,—his conspicuous valour, and his general's epaulettes and cockade attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell, pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. As he fell upon his face, a devoted follower rushed to his assistance. "Don't mind me," he said. "Push on the York volunteers," and with his ebbing life sending a love-message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

GOD hath a thousand handè to chastise ;
 A thousand dartè of pernicèon,
 A thousand bowè made in divers wise,
 A thousand arblasts bent in His dungeòn.

—Warton.

* This was done with such vigour that its fire was silenced and its garrison compelled for the time to abandon it.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ATHANASIUS.

AT the genial season of Whitsuntide, in the leafy month of June in the year of our Lord 325, a notable assembly met in the ancient city of Nicæa, nestling in a lovely valley among the mountains of Bithynia. At the summons of the Emperor Constantine, now acknowledged as supreme potentate in both the East and West, on the twentieth anniversary of his elevation on the shields of his soldiers at the town of York, in the far-off island of Britain,* to the throne of the world, was held the first Œcumenical Council of the Church. Three hundred and eighteen bishops and a crowd of presbyters and deacons were assembled from all parts of the far-extended empire—from Egypt, from Syria, from Mesopotamia, from Carthage, from Spain, from Gaul, from Rome, from far-off Scythia. The great question to be settled, it was hoped, by their decision was the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. By the heresy of Arius, the essential divinity of our Lord had been assailed by the assertion of His inferior and derived existence. "There was"—the Arian doctrine did not venture to say "a time"—but, "there was when He was not." The controversy on this subject had shaken the world. It was, says Eusebius, like the collision of the Symphlegades. From distant Britain to the Cataracts of the Nile, society was agitated by the discussion of this august theme. Every corner, every alley of Constantinople—it was said—the streets and the market-places, were full of the controversy. "Ask a man 'how many oboli,'" says Gregory of Nyssa, "and you are told 'The Son is subordinate to the Father;' ask the price of bread, and you are answered, 'The Son arose out of nothing.'"

The last of the ten great persecutions was over. From prison, from exile, from the mines, from the catacombs' dim labyrinths, the bishops and teachers who shepherded the flock of Christ in those

* The pleasing legend that the first Christian emperor and his illustrious mother, the Empress Helena, were natives of Great Britain will not stand the test of modern criticism. See Stanley, Milman, and Gibbon *in loco*.

troublesome times came to this great conclave to defend the orthodox faith for which they had suffered, and for which they would willingly have died. Many of them still bore in the body, like Paul, the marks of the Lord Jesus—the brand of persecution the wounds inflicted by the instruments of torture. Some halted in their gait, dragging a shrivelled limb whose sinews had been seared to prevent their escape from toiling in the mines. Some with sightless eyeball or empty eye-socket lifted a pathetic face, which bore evidence of the atrocious cruelty of paganism in its dying struggle for the mastery of the world. The voices of these confessors for Jesus were heard almost as the voice of an oracle.* Not like many a subsequent great council was that first Œcumenical Assembly. Not in pomp and splendour—with golden mitres and embroidered palls—came those primitive bishops. Some wore a rough goat-hair cloak; one appeared in a simple shepherd's garb, for by the care of sheep he earned his bread;† and all were men whose chief dignity was a pre-eminence in suffering and toil.

The council met first in the great basilica of Nicæa, but afterwards in the more secular precincts of the imperial palace. The great emperor himself, clad in purple robe and jewelled diadem, presided during the sessions. The world beheld the strange spectacle of a man stained with the blood of his son, his nephew, and his wife, and who was not himself baptized till he lay upon his deathbed, convening and presiding over the first great council of the Church, styling himself Bishop of bishops, and discussing the profoundest problems of theology. But his remorse for his crime had been intense and sincere. He seems to have sought in the religion of Christ that expiation for his guilt which paganism could not offer, and he postponed baptism till the day of his death that he might pass into the unseen with the lustral influence it was supposed to impart fresh upon his soul.

Next to the emperor, one of the most striking figures of the council is the arch-heretic Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, a tall, spare, fiery-eyed man, worn by sixty years of arduous toil and

* An ancient tradition states that only eleven were without some bodily mutilation through persecution.

† His relics are still revered at Corfu, and hundreds of Ionians still bear his name "Spiro." At Moscow is preserved the simple scarf worn by the Bishop of Alexandria.

wasted by the most rigid asceticism. Prominent, not from his office, for his is but a deacon, nor from his person, which is but slight, but from his pious zeal, his mental grasp, his dialectic skill, is the ardent antagonist of Arius and the great champion of orthodoxy, Athanasius of Alexandria. He is small of stature,—a dwarf rather than a man, sneers the apostate Julian,—but, says Gregory of Nazianzen, of almost angelic beauty of face and expression. This judgment is modified by the tradition, which ascribes to him a stooped figure, a hooked nose, a short beard, and light auburn hair.

But, since the days of the apostles, no man has so profoundly influenced the theology of Christendom. "The immortal name of Athanasius," says Gibbon, "will never be separated from the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, to whose defence he consecrated every moment and every faculty of his being." To him the Nicene Creed—through the ages the touchstone of orthodoxy in all the Churches of Christendom—owes largely its form; and to his subtle intellect has been ascribed that wonderful creed, "*Quicumque vult*," which so definitely expounds the mysteries of the Trinity and Incarnation, and which, although erroneously, bears his name. The life-story of this remarkable man cannot fail to well repay our careful study.

Although only in his twenty-fifth year at the time of the Council of Nicæa, Athanasius played thereat a very prominent part. By his vehement arguments and passionate invectives, he closely riveted, we are told, the attention of the assembly. And a stormy arena of conflict it was; the rival factions "brandishing their arguments," says Theodoret, "like spears." Indeed, one of the Nicene fathers is said to have been so carried away by righteous indignation as to deal the heretic Arius a tremendous box on the ear; but for this intemperate act, the tradition records, he was deprived of his mitre and pall.

This august council was not exempt from some of the more virulent forms of the *odium theologicum*. On its assembly the emperor found himself overwhelmed by a number of parchment rolls, containing complaints and petitions against each other from many of the mitred polemics. These, says the historian Rufinus, he produced, before the council, from the purple folds of his mantle, bound up and sealed with the imperial ring. Having solemnly declared that he had not read one of them, he cast them

upon a brazier of burning coals. As they shrivelled in the flames, he uttered this scathing rebuke: "It is the command of Christ that he who desires to be himself forgiven must first forgive his brother." By the quaint humour and shrewd wisdom of the act, the emperor proved his ability to rule the somewhat turbulent assembly.

For two months the sessions of the council continued. An Arian form of creed was first submitted, but it was received with tumultuous disapprobation, and the obnoxious document was torn in pieces. A compromise was proposed by Eusebius, bishop of Casarea and father of ecclesiastical history, which the Arians were willing to accept; but that very fact caused its rejection by the orthodox, who were determined to condemn their opponents.

"The Nicene Creed," says Milman, "was the result of the solemn deliberation of the assembly. It was conceived with some degree of Oriental indefiniteness, harmonized with Grecian subtlety of expression. The vague and somewhat imaginative fulness of its original Eastern terms was not too severely limited by the fine precision of its definitions. One fatal word broke the harmony of assent with which it was received by the whole council. Christ was declared *Homoousios*, of the same *substance* with the Father, and the undeniable, if perhaps inevitable, ambiguity of this single term involved Christianity in centuries of hostility. To one party it implied absolute identity, to the other it was left essential to the co-equal and co-eval dignity of the three persons in the Godhead. To some of the Syrian bishops it implied or countenanced the material notion of the Deity. It was, it is said by one ecclesiastical historian, a battle in the night, in which neither party could see the meaning of the other."

The dissentients from this creed were willing to admit that the Son was of *like* substance, but not the *same* substance with the Father—*Homoiousion* not *Homoousion*—and the profane of every age, says Gibbon, have derided the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited for centuries between the rival factions of Christendom. But he justly adds the reflection that the sounds and character which accidentally come the nearest to each other frequently represent the most opposite ideas; and often the difference between truth and error is one marked not by broad contrast but by minute difference

"The solemn anathema of this Christian senate was pronounced against Arius and his adherents; they were banished by the civil power, and they were especially interdicted from disturbing the peace of Alexandria by their presence."*

For the remaining forty-six years of his life, it was the task of Athanasius to withstand, confute, and strive to overthrow the pernicious heresy of Arius. On the death of the Bishop of Alexandria, five months after the council of Nicæa, Athanasius became the almost unanimous choice of the people and of the neighbouring clergy as his successor. He vigorously protested, "*Nolo episcopari*," and attempted by flight or concealment to escape the uncoveted dignity. In commemoration of this circumstance, to this day the Patriarch elect of Egypt is brought to Cairo loaded with chains and strictly guarded, as if to prevent the possibility of flight.

The city of Alexandria was, at this time, next to Rome, the foremost in the empire; its see was the most important in Christendom, and "its bishop," says Nazianzen, "was the head of the world." And right worthily the young bishop discharged the dangerous duties of his office. With pious zeal he diligently visited his vast diocese from the mouths of the Nile to the mountains of Ethiopia—conversing with the meanest fellahin, and seeking the hospitality, in their rocky cells, of the solitary hermits of the desert.

The banished heretic Arius had powerful friends in the household of Constantine. Through their influence he was recalled from exile, and an imperial mandate was issued for his restoration to his position in the Alexandrian Church. To his astonishment the haughty monarch found that his edict, which was wont to be obeyed in trembling submission throughout the Roman world, was set at naught by the late deacon of Alexandria. It was determined that the unobsequious prelate must be humbled or removed. The Arian faction, therefore, began by evil rumours and false accusations to calumniate the character of the faithful bishop who had lost the favour of the emperor. Charges of personal immorality were alleged against him; but they were triumphantly refuted, and recoiled like a boomerang upon the false accusers. Charges of treasonable correspondence with the enemies of Con-

* Milman, History of Christianity. Book III., chap. iv.

stantine and of the abuse of his high office were also made; but these were dismissed as frivolous by the emperor himself.

A graver accusation was now made—that of the double crime of murder and witchcraft, which in those days was held in equal abhorrence. His enemies produced a human hand, which they alleged to be that of Arsenius, a bishop attached to the heretical views against which Athanasius waged implacable war. Arsenius, they affirmed, had been murdered by the Bishop of Alexandria, who had employed the dissevered member for magical incantations. The accused bishop was arraigned before a hostile synod at Tyre. The mummied hand was produced as a damning evidence of guilt. Athanasius had prepared a dramatic refutation of the charge. Arsenius had been discovered hidden in a monastery and compelled to be present, concealed beneath a mantle. At the critical moment the mantle was plucked off, and the man alleged to have been murdered was produced alive in the council. “God has given two hands to man,” said the accused with calm sarcasm, “how then has Arsenius a third?” *

But inveterate malice lacks not the skill to find or feign grounds for accusation. For alleged profanation of the sacred vessels of a church by Macarius, a presbyter of Athanasius, although it was shown that neither vessels, altar, or church could exist at the alleged scene of the sacrilege, the Bishop of Alexandria was deposed from his see and exiled from the city.

But his was not the nature meekly to bow before a storm. Throwing himself into a bark about to sail to Constantinople, he soon reached the imperial city. The request for a formal audience, would probably have been denied. The deposed bishop, therefore, boldly accosted the angry emperor as he rode through the principal street of his capital. Constantine urged his horse forward and ordered his guards to remove the importunate suitor. “God shall judge between thee and me,” cried the dauntless bishop; and he demanded a hearing of his case before the imperial tribunal. The appeal touched the conscience, or the pride, of the emperor, and the demand was granted. A dangerous charge

* Many of the sayings of Athanasius are characterised by a shrewd humour. As his enemies were pursuing him up the Nile, in one of his flights, he ordered the boat to be put about, and boldly confronted them. “Where is the fugitive bishop?” they demanded. “Not far off,” he replied with coolest assurance, and, doubling on his track, eluded pursuit.

of having detained the corn fleet of Alexandria, whereby the capital was threatened with famine, was now trumped up, and the bishop was exiled to the far-off city of Treves, in Gaul.

The victory of the Arians seemed complete. Secure in the favour of the emperor, their heresy was sustained by a pliant council at Constantinople, and they threatened to invade even the sacred precincts of St. Sophia. The orthodox betook themselves to prayer while the arch-heretic Arius was borne with shouts of triumph through the streets. But like Herod, who was smitten because he gave not God the glory, the hour of his exultation was the hour of his doom. He died suddenly by an awful death, akin to the fate of Judas; and the orthodox failed not to point out the judgment of Heaven, in the doom which had befallen the traitor to the co-equal dignity of the Son.

The intrepid spirit of Athanasius was not to be bowed by deposition and banishment. In his distant exile he bated not a jot of his rigid orthodoxy to gain the favour of the master of the world. On the death of Constantine he was restored to his see. His return to his beloved Alexandria was like the triumphal procession of a monarch. A mighty stream of people, "like the Nile at its flood," says the narrator, came forth to meet him. Palm branches were waved aloft, the richest textures of the Egyptian looms were strewn beneath his feet, the air was fragrant with perfumes and vocal with the hosannahs of the people, and the night was brilliant with illuminations of joy. Rival councils condemned and acquitted the champion of the orthodox faith. On the death of the younger Constantine his enemies again obtained the ascendant, and a foreign bishop was forced upon the Church and people of Alexandria.

"Scenes of savage conflict ensued; the churches were taken, as it were, by storm; the presbyters of the Athanasian party were treated with the utmost indignity; virgins scourged; every atrocity perpetrated by unbridled multitudes, embittered by every shade of religious faction. The Alexandrian populace were always ripe for tumult and bloodshed. The pagans and the Jews mingled in the fray, and seized the opportunity, no doubt, of showing their impartial animosity to both parties, though the Arians were loaded with the unpopularity of this odious alliance." *

* Milman, *Hist. of Christianity.* Book IV., chap. v.

Athanasius took refuge from this storm of persecution at the great rival see of Rome. His eloquence, his force of character, and his unflinching steadfastness in the orthodox faith commanded the support of Constantius, the emperor of the West and of the Roman Church. Rival councils in the East and West hurled their anathemas at one another; and at Constantinople so violent was the conflict between Arian and orthodox sects that the whole city was in arms, St. Sophia became the scene of bloodshed, and the tumult spread from street to street, resulting in the defeat of the imperial soldiery. Such were the unhappy results of the union of a degenerate Christianity with the civil power.

The Eastern emperor, Constantius, repenting his persecution of so valiant a soldier of God, implored a reconciliation with Athanasius and his return to the see of Alexandria. But the fickle potentate soon relapsed to Arianism, and by bribery, by intimidation, by personal invective, and by military power, obtained a condemnation of Athanasius by the councils of Arles and of Milan.

The time had now come to crush the bulwark of the orthodox faith. A force of five thousand soldiers was thought necessary to capture one frail old man. The scene as described by Milman was highly dramatic.

"It was midnight; and the archbishop, surrounded by the more devout of his flock, was performing the solemn service in the Church of St. Theonas. Suddenly the sound of trumpets, the trampling of steeds, the clash of arms, the bursting the bolts of the doors, interrupted the silent devotions of the assembly. The bishop on his throne, in the depth of the choir, on which fell the dim light of the lamps, beheld the gleaming arms of the soldiery as they burst into the nave of the church. As the ominous sounds grew louder, he commanded the chanting of the 136th Psalm. The choristers' voices swelled into the solemn strain, "Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;" the people took up the burden, "For His mercy endureth forever!" The clear, full voices of the congregation rose over the wild tumult, now without and now within the church. A discharge of arrows commenced the conflict; and Athanasius calmly exhorted his people to continue their only defensive measures, their prayers to their Almighty Protector. The soldiers at the same time advanced. The cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, the shouts of

the assailants mingled in wild and melancholy uproar. But, before the soldiers had reached the end of the sanctuary, the pious disobedience of his clergy and of a body of monks hurried the archbishop by some secret passage out of the tumult. His escape appeared little less than miraculous to his faithful followers." The church was piled with dead, and its treasures were left to the pillage of the exasperated soldiery.

For six years Athanasius remained in hiding, impenetrably concealed from the search of his august persecutor. The story of his adventures is stranger than fiction. The despotic power of his enemy filled the world; and whole armies were employed in hunting down the fugitive bishop. Imperial edicts offered large rewards for the apprehension of the frail old man, dead or alive, and the most severe penalties were denounced on any who should grant him any aid or refuge. But multitudes of the faithful ministered to his necessities, scorning alike the bribes and the threats of the lord of the world. In the inaccessible recesses of the Thebaid, in the rocky cells of the desert-hermits with whom he had dwelt in his youth, the aged exile found an inviolable sanctuary. Once he was hidden in a dry cistern, and escaped just before his hiding-place was discovered. Again he was rescued, at the peril of her life, by a heroic Alexandrian maiden, and concealed and supplied with books and food till he could reappear among his friends.

From the depths of the desert the wandering bishop waged incessant war with the Arian heresy, which it was his life-work to oppose and confute. His polemic epistles—whose words were half battles—continued to appear, no one knew whence, and the edicts of the emperor were answered by vehement invectives, like those of an Elijah, in which the lord of the Roman world was denounced as a weak and wicked prince, the tyrant of the State, the antichrist of the Church. In his golden palace the master of a hundred legions received from an invisible hand a wound which he could neither heal nor revenge.* A new spirit was astir in the world—the spirit, like that of a Luther or a Knox, which in the might of truth defies the civil power and, unarmed, wins the victory over the sword. Indeed, there is evidence that, issuing from his desert fastnesses, the intrepid prelate traversed the

* Gibbon, chap. xxi.

Mediterranean to confer with the leaders of the orthodox faith in the great councils of Rimini and Seleucia, in both the West and East.

On the amnesty offered by the Emperor Julian to the banished bishop, Athanasius returned, amid the rejoicings of Alexandria, to his episcopal throne. But he had not learned what the world calls prudence during his long exile. His opposition to paganism and heresy was more strenuous than ever. The imperial apostate, says Gibbon, honoured Athanasius with his sincere and peculiar hatred, and commanded his banishment as the enemy of the gods. On the death of Julian, he returned to his see, A.D. 363, but, under the persecution of the Arian emperor Valens, he was compelled for the fifth time to retire from his post of dignity and danger. In the seventy-first year of his age, he sought refuge in the tomb of his father, without the gates of the city, in which he was at last to find rest from life's stormy scenes, and there he remained in hiding four months. The indignant clamours of the Alexandrian populace procured his restoration, and the venerable bishop was permitted to end his days, at the age of seventy-seven, in the zealous discharge of his pastoral toil.

Athanasius, for his potent influence on the thought and creed of Christendom, was probably the greatest man of the early Church. Of the forty-six years of his episcopate, twenty were spent as an exile or a fugitive. Five times he was driven from his post of danger, only to return again with unabated zeal when the peril for a time was overpast. Yet none the less he ruled the souls of men from the depths of the Thebaid desert than from his episcopal throne. He braved the power of successive emperors, he calmly endured persecution, calumny, and exile, and unflinchingly confronted martyrdom, not, as Milman has remarked, for the broad and palpable difference between Christianity and heathenism, but for fine and subtle distinctions of the Christian creed, which distinctions he, nevertheless, considered of vital importance to the orthodox faith. He reared an obstacle to arbitrary power which sceptered tyrants have sought in vain to overcome. A mighty spiritual influence was in the world greater than the armies of despots or the headsman's sword. The emancipation of the peoples, the birth of the civil and religious freedom of the race was heralded and hastened by the life and labours of the bishop of Alexandria. When almost every other great ecclesiastic

in the East and West was swept away by the Arian heresy, supported and enforced by all the power of the empire, he, "faithful found among the faithless," stood staunch and true—*Athanasius contra mundum*—alone against the world. "It is by its solitary protest," says Stanley, "against subservience to the religious spirit of the age that the life of Athanasius has acquired a proverbial significance," and that it now, we may add, wields such a power.

We conclude our brief study of this heroic life by an eloquent passage from the "judicious Hooker": "Athanasius, by the space of forty-six years, from the time of his consecration till the last hour of his life in this world, they never suffered to enjoy a peaceable day. Crimes there were laid to his charge, many. His judges were evermore the self-same men by whom his accusers were suborned. Such was the stream of those times that all men gave place unto it, saving that some fell away sooner and some later. Only of Athanasius there was nothing observed during that long tragedy, other than such as very well became a wise man to do, a righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of those times. The whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it. Half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial, which of the two in the end would prevail; the side which had all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death; the one a defender of his innocency, the other a finisher of his troubles."*

WINTER.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art!

* Ecclesiastical Policy, v. 42.

THE HUNGRY YEAR.

BY WM. KIRBY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEN D'OR."

PART I.

THE war was over. Seven red years of blood
 Had scourged the land from mountain-top to sea ;
 (So long it took to rend the mighty frame
 Of England's empire in the western world).
 Rebellion won at last ; and they who loved
 The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
 To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
 Passed into exile ; leaving all behind
 Except their honour, and the conscious pride
 Of duty done to country and to king.
 Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
 Of patient toil and self-denying years
 Were confiscate and lost ; for they had been
 The salt and savor of the land ; trained up
 In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
 The wine upon the lees, decanted when
 They left their native soil, with sword-belts drawn
 The tighter ; while the women only, wept
 At thought of old firesides no longer theirs ;
 At household treasures reft, and all the land
 Upset, and ruled by rebels to the King.

Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
 In exodus to our Canadian wilds ;
 But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
 And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.—
 With thousand toils they forced their devious way
 Through the great wilderness of silent woods
 That gloomed o'er lake and stream ; till higher rose
 The northern star above the broad domain
 Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
 Defend, and keep forever as their own ;
 Their own and England's, to the end of time.

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
 Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
 Put on their woodland state ; while overhead
 Green seas of foliage roared a welcome home
 To the proud exiles, who for empire fought,
 And kept, though losing much, this northern land
 A refuge and defence for all who love
 The broader freedom of a commonwealth,
 Which wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
 Proud oaks and pines, that grew for centuries—
 King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
 Ten thousand homes were planted ; and each one,
 With axe, and fire, and mutual help, made war
 Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
 Into the opened glades, unlit before,
 Since forests grew or rivers ran, there leaped
 The sun's bright rays, creative heat and light,
 Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
 Since Time's beginning, in the earth's dark womb.

The tender grass sprang up, no man knew how ;
 The daisies' eyes unclosed ; wild strawberries
 Lay white as hoar-frost on the slopes—and sweet
 The violets perfumed the evening air ;
 The nodding clover grew up everywhere,—
 The trailing rasp, the trefoil's yellow cup
 Sparkled with dew drops ; while the humming bees
 And birds and butterflies, unseen before,
 Found out the sunny spots and came in throngs.

But earth is man's own shadow, say the wise,
 As wisdom's secrets are two-fold ; and each
 Responds to other, both in good and ill—
 A crescent thought will one day orb to full.
 The ground, uncovered by the woodman's axe,
 Burst into bloom ; but with the tender grass
 And pretty violets, came up the dock,
 The thistle, fennel, mullin, and a crowd
 Of noisome weeds, that with the gentle flowers
 Struggled for mastery, till the ploughman trod
 Them down beneath his feet, and sowed the ground
 With seed of coin for daily use and food.

But long and arduous were their labours ere
 The rugged fields produced enough for all—
 (For thousands came ere hundreds could be fed)
 The scanty harvests, gleaned to their last ear,
 Sufficed not yet. Men hungered for their bread
 Before it grew, yet cheerful bore the hard,
 Coarse fare and russet garb of pioneers ;—
 In the great woods content to build a home
 And commonwealth, where they could live secure
 A life of honour, loyalty, and peace.

The century's last decade set in with signs
 Of coming wrath over the forest land.
 The sun and moon alternate rose and set,
 Red, dry, and fiery, in a rainless sky ;
 And month succeeded month of parching drouth,

That ushered in the gaunt and hungry year,—
The hungry year whose name still haunts the land
With memories of famine and of death !

Corn failed, and fruit and herb. The tender grass
Fell into dust. Trees died like sentient things,
And stood wrapped in their shrouds of withered leaves,
That rustled weirdly round them, sear and dead.
From springs and brooks, no morning mist arose ;
The water vanished ; and a brazen sky
Glowed hot and sullen through the pall of smoke
That rose from burning forests, far and near.
The starving cattle died, looking at man
With dumb reproach, as if the blame were his,—
Perhaps it was ; but man looked up to heaven
In stern-lipped silence, or in earnest prayer
Besought relief of God, or, in despair,
Invoked the fiercest storms from tropic seas
To quench the earth with rain, and loose the claws
And teeth of famine from the scorching land.

Slowly the months rolled round on fiery wheels ;
The savage year relented not, nor shut
Its glaring eye, till all things perished,—food
For present, seed for future use were gone.
“ All swallowed up,” the starving Indian said,
“ By the great serpent of the Chenonda
That underlies the ground and sucks it dry.”

While equally perplexed at such distress,
Despite his better knowledge,—“ Why is this ? ”
The white man asked and pondered ; but in vain.
There came no quick response. Nature is deaf

And voiceless both, to satisfy the heart
That needs a deeper answer than she gives.
And till we seek for light of God alone,
Putting ourself aside and all we know,—
Learning the truth in His way, not our own,
The mystery of mysteries remains.
Sin, sorrow, death ; inexplicable ! were
There not beyond the veil a power of love ;
God in the human, infinitely like,
Who bore our pains himself, as if to show
He cannot, without suffering, pluck away
The rooted sin that tangles in the heart,
Like tares with wheat. Permissive love, that lets
Them grow together for a troubled space,
Till ripe for harvest. Love triumphant, when
The Reaper comes, and life is winnowed clean
Of its base weeds, and all that's good and true
In human souls is garnered up by Him,
Till His vast purposes are all fulfilled.

PART II.

Upon the banks of sedgy Chenonda,*
 With sycamores and giant elm trees fringed,
 Backed by unbroken forests, far from hail
 Of friends' and neighbours' help in time of need,
 A house of massive logs, with open porch
 O'errun with vines and creepers, fronted full
 Upon the quiet stream, that, sleeping, lay
 Hot in the noontide sun. A well, with sweep
 Long as the yard of a felucca, stood
 Unused and dry ; its glaring stones aglow.
 Some fields of tillage, rough with undrawn roots
 And stumps of trees, extended to the woods
 That, like a wall, surrounded every side.
 hovels for cattle that were nowhere seen,
 Stood empty near the house ; nor corn, nor grass,
 Nor food for man or beast was visible—
 The famine for a year had scourged the land !

Upon the river-bank a bark canoe
 Just touched the shore with its recurving prow.
 A woman's shawl and rustic basket lay
 Beneath the paddle, thrown in haste aside
 By one who came across the Chenonda

With food and tidings for the dying man
 Who lay within the porch, unconscious all
 Of help, or her who brought it. A tall man ;
 Not young indeed, sun-browned and scarred with wounds,
 Received in battle fighting for his King.
 His features, worn and haggard, were refined
 By intellect and noble purposes
 Which beautify the looks as naught else can,
 And give the impress of a gentleman.
 A face it was of truth and courage, one
 To trust your life to in your hour of need ;
 But twitching now in pain, with eyes that looked
 Enlarged by hunger, as of one who sought
 For bread he could not find ; and so gave up
 To plead with God for life, and waited death.

He lay, and in his eyes a far-off gaze
 Saw things invisible to other's ken.
 Delirious words dropped from his fevered lips
 As in a dream of bygone happiness,
 That went and came like ripples on a pool,
 Where eddying winds blow fitful to and fro—
 A hunger feast of fantasy and love
 That haunts the starving with illusive joys.

* The Chippewa.

And one dear name repeated as in prayer,
Clung to his lips and would not leave them ; nay,
Unspoken, one might see it syllabled
In sign and proof of his undying love.

Beside his couch, in passionate despair,
A woman knelt, clasping his hands in hers,
With kisses and endearing words, who bade
Him rouse to hope of life, for she had brought
The food for lack of which he dying lay.
Tall, lithe, and blooming ere the hungry year
Had wasted her to shadow of herself,
She still was beautiful. A lady born
And nurtured in the old colonial days ;
Of graceful mien, gentle in word and deed,
As well became a daughter of the time
When honour was no byword, and the men
Were outdone by the women of their kin—
Who spurned the name of rebel as a stain ;
And kissed their sons and sent them to the war
To serve the King with honour, or to die.

Her long black hair, shook loose upon her neck,
Was turning grey with sorrow at the pangs
Of those she loved and could not help. Her eyes
Were full of pity infinite and tears ;
With courage in them to encounter aught :
Toil, pain, or death, for sake of one she loved.

Amid the rage of famine and of fire,
That spread a consternation through the land,
It had been rumoured : Food was on the way
As fast as oar and sail could speed it on !
“ From far Quebec to Frontenac,” they said,
“ King’s ships and forts gave up the half their stores ;
Batteaux were coming laden ; while the Prince
Himself accompanied, to cheer them on !

The news flew swiftly—was itself a feast,
Gave strength and courage to the famished land.
Fresh tidings followed. One day guns were fired
And flags displayed all over Newark town.
The people went in crowds to see the Prince—
Their royal Edward, who had come in haste
To succour and console in their distress
The loyal subjects of his sire, the King.

The loving wife upon the Chenonda
Had heard the welcome news—in time, she hoped,
To save her husband, overwrought with toil
In fighting fire among the burning woods,
And prostrated with hunger, till he lay

Helpless and hopeless, drawing nigh to death.
 With woman's energy, that's born of love,
 O'erpowering all her weakness, she resolved
 To save her husband's life or for him die.
 With tearful kisses and with fond adieux
 And many prayers, she left him in the charge
 Of one old faithful servant, born a slave,
 And now a freedman in his master's house,
 And traced with desperate steps the trackless woods
 And smoking morasses, that lay between
 Her forest home and Newark's distant town,
 To buy, not beg, the bread for which they starved.

She reached the town ; befriended everywhere—
 For each one knew all others in those days
 Of frank companionship and mutual aid—
 She saw the Prince, the flower of courtesy,
 Who listened to her tale, which, ere half told,
 Prompt order went to grant beyond her prayer.
 And bread and wine, and all things needed else,
 By messengers were sent to Chenonda.
 A royal gift, bestowed with royal grace,
 With words of kindest sympathy and cheer,
 Which of all gifts are those men hold most dear.

The Prince knew well, of no one but the King,
 Or in his name, would these proud loyalists
 Receive a gift. "But this," he earnest said,
 "Was not a gift, but royal debt and due
 The King owed every man who had been true
 To his allegiance ; and owed most to those
 Who fought to keep unbroken all the orb
 Of England's empire, rounded like the world."

With fit and grateful words she thanked the prince,
 And took his gift and royal message, full
 Of gentlest sympathy for their distress,—
 Nor rested longer than the first pale streak
 Of morn upon th' horizon rose, ere she
 Set out for home, with treasure more than gold :
 Bread and the Prince's message, and returned
 The way she came, outstripping, in her haste,
 The messengers who followed in her track.
 She reached at noon her home on Chenonda,
 Too late, alas ! for one had outstripped her !
 Death, like a phantom, had run on before
 And entered first, and smit down whom he would !

Their faithful servant lay upon the ground,
 Dead in his master's service ; worn and spent
 With hunger, watching, sickness, and a care,
 Not for himself, but those he loved and served,—

A faithful man and loyal to the last.
And yet a sadder sight did meet her when,
Upon the couch, she saw her husband lie,
All fever flushed and dying, gazing wild
With open eyes that saw her not ; and mind
That wandered crazily o'er thousand themes ;
And her, the theme of themes, unrecognized !
She threw herself upon her knees, nor felt
The stones that bruised her as she shrieked, and gazed
With startled eyes, and wildly called his name ;
Who, deaf to her appeals, talked heedless on,
In his delirium, with words that pierced
The inmost memories of her woman's heart.

" O Mine ! Minne mine ! Where are you, love ?
Come to me, you or none ! " he dreaming said,
Unconscious of her presence, or the hand
That smoothed his hair, or lips that kissed his brow.
" O, Minne mine ! what hinders us to-day
To climb the mountain-summit through the broad
Autumnal forest, dropping leaves of gold
And scarlet on our heads as we go on ? "

His fevered thoughts strayed back to autumn days
When he had wooed his lovely bride ; the flower
Of Shenandoah—all gentleness and grace,
When, blushing with the consciousness of love,
She gave her willing hand and pledged her troth
One day beneath the spreading maple trees ;
Whose leaves were flushed with crimson, like her cheek,
And life, that day for them, seemed first begun !

" O, Minne mine ! my beautiful and true ! "
She listened to the unforgotten words,
While grief and terror mingled with the joy
That used to greet their memory in her heart.
" Loving and loved, each one in other blest,
To-morrow is our happy wedding-day !
The orioles and blackbirds gaily sing,
Mad with delight, upon the golden boughs,
Their song of songs. To-morrow is the day !
To-morrow ! O, my love ! I hear a chime
Of silver bells in heaven, ringing clear ;
To-morrow is their happy wedding-day ! "

His words shot straight as arrows, through and through ;
The sweetest recollection of the past
That nestled in her heart and, fed with love,
Lived there encaged, her bosom's bird ; now rent,
Displumed and bleeding, 'neath the shaft of death.
Her tears fell hot and thick, and oft she kissed
The pallid cheek and pressed the hand upled

Her to the mountain-top, and held her there
 In dalliance sweet and fond affection's thrall ;
 While the broad world beneath them opened wide
 Its fairest treasures to their raptured eyes.

Soft Indian summer floated in the air,
 Like smoke of incense, o'er the dreamy woods ;
 So still, one only heard the dropping leaves
 Of forests turned to crimson, brown, and gold,
 In myriad tints, to craze a painter's eye.
 For Nature's alchemy, transmuting all,
 Gilded the earth with glamour, rich and rare,
 As if to give the eye, weary of this,
 A transient glimpse of fairer worlds to be.

She wept and listened as he still spake on :
 "Thank God for autumn days ! O, Minne mine !
 In autumn we were wed, in autumn came
 Our love's fruition, when our babe was born.
 In autumn, when the laden orchard trees
 Dropped ripest apples, russet, red, and green ;
 And golden peaches lingered past their time ;
 And richest flowers of brown October bloomed :
 The gentian blue, crysanthema of snow,
 And purple dahlias ; flowers that bloomed again
 A year away, with amaranths, to strew
 The grave of our young hope—the first and last—
 Who died enfolded in thy tender arms."

She listened, with a look of wan despair,
 As he recalled their early bliss. We drink
 With bitterness the tale of former joys
 Retold in misery. Yet, drink we still,
 Kissing the chalice which we know will kill !
 She watched, consoled, repeated oft his name,
 In hope of recognition ; but in vain.
 No wandering syllable escaped his lips,
 Though faint as dying breath ; but she divined
 Its full intent, and with a woman's ken,
 Saw that his love was perfect, to the core
 Of inmost dreams. The thought with human touch
 Let loose the tears surcharged her swollen heart.
 She wept and listened as he still spake on :

"O, Minne mine ! in autumn, too, we lost
 Our smooth-faced handsome boy ; our Raleigh brave,
 A stripling full of courage, and athirst
 For honour in the service of the King.
 He died in front of battle, by my side,
 In that hot day we won at Germantown.
 I bore him in my arms from 'midst the dead
 And buried him beneath the autumn leaves,

In the still forest, by a boulder stone,
I took thee once to see it—all alone,
We two as one ; and there we wept as none
But fathers, mothers weep o'er children gone."

Her heart was torn at mention of her boy,
So good, so dutiful, so early lost.
And for a moment a fair picture flashed
Up from the gulf of buried years. She saw
Him with his baby feet, as sea pearls pure,
Essay, with awkward prettiness, to climb
Up to her knee and bosom to receive
A storm of kisses each time for reward.

He ceased to speak and breathed with fainter breath,
Like one forspent, and losing hold of life ;
His hand grasped tightly hers, as if it were
His last sheet-anchor in the sands, that failed
To hold his bark amid the storm of death.

PART III.

The hunger fever left him ; and he lay
Awake, resigned and calm, to meet the end
He knew was nigh, but feared not, save for her
Whose yearning eyes bent over him with love
And pity infinite. His noble face
Had brightened with a gleam of holy light,
That sometimes shines in death, to cheer the gloom
Of that dark valley of the shadow, when
Our hour is come ; when from the couch of pain
We must descend and go, each one alone,—
Alone—to travel on a darksome road
We know not ; but, when found, a king's highway !
Broad and well beaten ! None may err therein !
Made for all men to travel ; and not hard
For those unburthened and who humbly take
The staff God offers all, to ease the way
And lead us wondering to the vast beyond.

The " Help of God " is Death's strong angel called,
Who brings deliverance from this world of care ;
Azrael, who casts his sombre mantle off
Upon the threshold ; and in robes of white,
With loving smiles, will lead us on and on,
Out of the darksome valley to the hills,
Where shines eternal day for evermore !

He lay and looked at her, remembering
The things had happened until all was clear.
"O, Minne mine !" he murmured, "I have been
Unconscious of thy presence and return !

The fever overmastered me, and grief,
 When our old servant died, with none to aid ;
 And I fell on my couch and knew no more.
 But some one said to-day, or did I dream ?
 The woods are all ablaze and roofed with fire
 Up Chenonda, and down the deep ravine,
 The marshes, dried like tinder, catch the flames ;
 The very earth is burning at the roots,
 While savage beasts tumultuous, rush and roar
 In rage and terror from their burning lairs !
 How could I risk thee, love, to go alone
 Amid such dangers as would daunt a man ?
 To seek for help in Newark's distant town,
 Where haply help is not—or needed more
 Than in our forests. Everywhere, they say,
 The iron grip of famine holds the land ;
 And men have long since shared their household corn
 To the last handful, and there's nothing left !

She stooped and kissed him tenderly, with lips
 That trembled in an ecstasy of fear,
 What might betoken all the signs she saw,—
 Then told in broken accents how she sped :
 " I care not though my feet were bruised or scorched
 Treading the burning forests, if I brought
 Good news, my love, to thee, and help to all
 The famished dwellers on the Chenonda ! "

Then she recounted in his eager ear,
 That drank her words as summer dust the rain,
 How England's Prince had come ! and Newark town
 Was hung with flags ; and cannon pealed salutes
 To welcome him from old Niagara's walls !
 And she had seen the river margin thronged
 With broad batteaux, all laden down with corn,
 Brought by the Prince in haste, to help and save
 The King's true subjects in the forest land.

A gleam of joy across his features shone,
 As when a sudden ray escapes the sun,
 Shot through a cloud rift in the wintry sky,
 Athwart the old gray Mississaugua tower ;
 Where it stands desolate, on guard no more
 Over Ontario's ever-changing sea.

" God bless the Prince ! " he said, " 'Tis princely done
 To bring, not send, the help we sorely need !
 A gift is sweetest from the giver's hand
 When face to face we look and understand
 The soul of kindness in it to the full.
 And one may take King's gifts and feel no shame,"
 He said, to reconcile his manly pride

To take a gift as alms from even him.
"For he is ours and we in fealty his.
We hold this land of England and the King
Though all the seven plagues around us cling!"
Then added, in a tone of fervent prayer:
"Bless we Prince Edward's name for evermore!"

She told him of his royal courtesy,
And tender words of sympathy for him
And all the loyal people, doubly scourged
By fire and famine in their forest homes.
She told him of the messengers by her
Outrun, but following in haste with food
To aid the dwellers on the Chenonda,—
While she had brought a basket in her hand
For present need, until the men arrived
With waggon train and plenty for them all!

"Thanks for God's mercies!" said he. "Thank the Prince
And thee, my love, for all that thou hast done!
I now can die content. The country's saved!
Content to die—except in leaving thee."

He turned upon his couch and looked at her,
As if his heart were bursting with the thought.
"O, Minne mine!" he whispered, "bend thy ear
As thou didst in those happy autumn days
When I first claimed thy hand and all thy love.
As thou wert to me then, so be thou now!
For now a greater sorrow waits us both
Than then, if possible, our mutual joy.
Together we have lived our life of love
In perfect oneness. Now apart; one dead
One living, shall we love alway as now?
I hear thee whisper yes, O Minne mine!
Then be it so; for there is nought to fear;
Though fall between us the mysterious veil
Which hides from mortal eyes the life beyond,—
The veil that is not lifted till we die."

Between those two that veil did never fall!
She heard, but only in her inward ear,
His dying whispers, as she speechless lay
Kneeling beside his couch; nor marked that day
Had faded in the west and Night had come,
Leaning upon her shoulder, draped with cloud,
The harvest moon, that made the very sky
About it black, so silver clear it shone.
The south wind rose. The smoke which filled the air
Far down upon th' horizon rolled away;
While shorn of radiance in the moonlight clear,
The stars looked blankly in the porch and saw,

With eyes as pitiless as stony fate,
 A sight had melted human eyes to tears.
 The rustling sedges on the river-side
 Alone made moan about the couch of pain,
 Now still forever,—all was silent else,—
 True man and loving woman—both were dead !

The Prince's messengers came quickly ; but
 Too late to save, and found them as they died,
 With hand and cheek together,—one in death,
 As their fair love had been but one in life,
 The last sad victims of the Hungry Year.

Where sluggish Chenonda comes stealing round
 The broken point, whose other side is lashed
 By wild Niagara rushing madly by,
 Afoam with rapids, to his leap below.
 An ancient graveyard, overlooks the place
 Of thunderous mists, which throb and rise and fall
 In tones and undertones, from out the depths,
 That never cease their wild, unearthly song.
 Among the oldest stones, moss-grown and gray,
 A rough-hewn block, half-sunken, weather-worn,
 Illegible, forgotten, may be found
 By one who loves the memory of the dead
 Who, living, were the founders of the land.
 It marks the spot where lies the mingled dust
 Of two who perished in the Hungry Year.

Few seek the spot. The world goes rushing by
 The ancient landmarks of a nobler time,—
 When men bore deep the imprint of the law
 Of duty, truth, and loyalty unstained.
 Amid the quaking of a continent,
 Torn by the passions of an evil time,
 They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
 Defections, treasons, spoils ; but feared God,
 Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

To keep the empire one in unity
 And brotherhood of its imperial race,—
 For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
 Where losing was to win a higher fame !
 In building up our northern land to be
 A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea, —
 A land of labour, but of sure reward,—
 A land of corn to feed the world withal,—
 A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace ;
 Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
 A land of men to rule with sober law
 This part of Britain's empire, next the heart,
 Loyal as were their fathers and as free !

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

CORPORAL BRIMSTONE'S GARRISON.

I.

DICK BRADLEY, *alias* "Give 'em away," *alias* "The Poor Man's Friend"—the latter a self-bestowed title—was a perambulating fish-hawker in my district; a rather good-looking fellow, loud of voice, slangy of expression, given to good-humoured chaff, and rather a favourite with those who knew him. In the daytime he "did" a tolerably extensive round, heralding his approach by eccentric trade-cries uttered in stentorian tones; and giving his customers the choice of a considerably larger stock than barrow-dealers generally exhibited. It was too large a stock, in fact, to have been sold in a morning round, but Dick did a night-trade in which he sold off, or, as he put it, "gave away," whatever was left of his day's stock. His evening business was a stationary one, and the spot at which he took up his stand was popularly known as Bradley's pitch. It was a well-selected pitch, being situated in a snug corner toward which a number of the poorest streets in the districts converged; and here each night Bradley might be seen behind his stand; his naphtha lamp flaring, his arms bared for work, his right hand flourishing his knife, his left up to his jaw, to give additional loudness to his running fusilade of patter. Though his talk about giving fish away for nothing, "with a little one in, to carry them away," asking to what lucky lady or gentleman he was making a present of this lot, and the like was merely "patter," he really did sell very cheap, and this being the greatest of all "draws" to the poor, his stall was always surrounded by a motley crowd of customers. Women, with their market-baskets over their arms, and leading a child by the hand, were buying in the next day's provisions "over-night" because they had to work in the daytime, or to get a "fry" for supper; men who were lodgers, "finding themselves;" and others, both men and women, who, stopping originally as mere lookers-on, were, at the sight of Bradley's bargains, tempted to become purchasers of this or that lot, and go

in for a fish feed. On one day in each week Bradley had also a morning pitch in the neighbourhood of the relieving office, for the especial behoof of those receiving out-door parish pay; and so in one way or another he came in the way of trade to have a pretty extensive knowledge of the poor of the district. I had a speaking acquaintance with him, and as he was a shrewd straightforward fellow, sober and hard-working himself, and with no false sympathy for the drunken and idle, but rather a detestation of them, he was often able, in a friendly way, to "put me up to a wrinkle." My acquaintance with him, though rather of the casual than the intimate order, was sufficiently close to make it natural that I should miss him, should he be absent from his usual haunts; and a time coming when he was absent from them for a considerable length of time, I did miss him, and seeing that he did not reappear, and that I did not chance to hear anything of him, I proceeded to make inquiries as to what had become of him. A "coster," doing about the same round as himself, had, I knew, been his chief companion, and meeting that personage one afternoon, when he had returned from his round, I asked,—

"Where has Bradley got to, do you know?"

"Ah, poor Dick!" he exclaimed, and then in reply to my question, answered, "Well, he's got where you'd better not follow him, I expect—leastwise if you've got any respect for yer carcass, as the sayen is, and meaning no offence to you, but t'other way about."

"Where may this dangerous place be?" I asked.

"You've said it!" exclaimed the coster; "dangerous it is, I dunno as it 'ud be perticular safe for the likes o' me, and it would be dangerous and no mistake for the likes o' you; the sight o' you would put his back up like a shot, and when he is up he's pisin; it would be a word and a blow, and the blow fust."

"I really don't know what you are talking about," I said rather testily; "can't you tell me plainly where Bradley is?"

"Oh, yes, I can tell you plainly enough," was the answer, "and quickly enough, too, for all the good it'll do you—he's along o' Corporal Brimstone in his garrison, as he calls it."

"Corporal Brimstone!" I exclaimed, "whoever may Corporal Brimstone be?"

"Oh, I thought you know'd," said the coster, "looking rather surprised in his turn, "though I don't see why you should perticular

either, for he ain't the sort of feller to put hisself in your way, or to let you put yourself in his, if he can help it."

"But who is he?" I asked, impatient at the other's round-aboutness.

"Who is he?" echoed the coster, with a rather perplexed air, "you're a-askin' me what I never ast myself, or him, though I've know'd him to pass the time o' day with for these two years. I suppose he has got a proper name like the rest on us; but I don't know what it is. I only knows him as Corporal Brimstone, which he's been a real army corporal, and we calls him Brimstone this and Brimstone that. He likes to be left alone, and most folks like to let him alone; but arter all, I think his bark is wuss nor his bite; he is crusty for certain, as crusty as crusty can be, but even crusty loaves have soft hearts, you know, and so I think it is with him, the outside crust may be rougher and deeper than common, but there's a heart under it. He's took poor Dick, and is shelterin' and nussin of him."

"Oh, yes!" I said. "What is the matter with Bradley?"

"Been laid up with rheumatic fever," was the answer, "had to spend his stock money, part with his clothes, and all that sort of thing, to keep hisself and pay for medicine, and things; and when he couldn't pay no longer, he was turned out of his lodgin', and would 'a had to 'a gone into the workhouse—which he'd a'most rather a died than done—if the Corporal hadn't come and took him."

"Were the Corporal and him friends then?" I asked.

"No, they'd hardly ever spoke to each other," answered the coster, "but it seems Dick he'd been kind to some little girl as ain't no friends of her own, and as the Corporal a sort o' looks arter, and she used to come every mornin' to ask how Dick was, and when she heer'd as he was hard up, and was going to be cast adrift, she tells the Corporal, as comes and has a bust up with the landlord, and takes Dick to the garrison."

"And where is the garri-on, as you call it?" I asked.

"As the Corporal calls it," said the coster in a tone of correction; "most on us calls it Take-who-can Castle."

"I know it by that name," I said, "but I thought it was empty."

"So a good many think," said the coster, "and so it looks, but it ain't,—there's the Corporal and two or three others kennel

there, and the Corporal he's head man; commander as he calls hisself, for though he ain't werry active, being a good deal crippled in the legs, he's strong and an ugly customer when his back's put up."

The house in question was a deserted one. No one seemed to know properly to whom it belonged; and certain it was that for years no one had come forward to claim it, nor could the local rating authorities find any person on whom to levy the taxes falling upon house-owners. A popular impression with respect to it was that it was "in Chancery," though there was a second party who maintained that it belonged to a merchant captain who had gone to sea and never returned. At one time it had been a centre of sensation in the neighbourhood, on the ground that it was haunted. Strange and ghostly sounds, it was said, were to be heard proceeding from it throughout the night; and occasionally, it was averred, quickly vanishing lights had been seen to gleam, now from this window, now from that. That there was a good deal of invention and imagination about these rumours, there can be little doubt; but there may well have been a foundation of truth in them, for when, in consequence of the excitement on the subject, the police broke into the house, the rats were found to be scampering about it, literally in hundreds, while everything in the shape of metal fixtures had vanished, a circumstance that might well account for the occasional gleam of a dark lantern. It was situated at the corner of a street in a "low" quarter of the district, and was a larger, and had originally been a much better house than the general run of those in the street, but under years of abandonment and wreckage, it had come to present a most dilapidated and desolate appearance.

Of this dismal tenement the man known as Corporal Brimstone had, it appears, taken possession, squatter fashion, occupying some back rooms on the ground floor, which were the only apartments still water-tight. Having been instructed by the coster how to find the back entry to the house, I proceeded there on the following day, partly to visit my acquaintance Bradley, and partly with a view to a general exploration. I knocked at the open door, and receiving no answer, was going along the passage, when suddenly I was confronted by a formidable-looking figure that hastily emerged from a room on the right. It was that of a large-framed muscular man, whose stalwart form was now, however, bowed to

a degree that considerably lessened his original height; his face was pale and haggard, and his deeply sunken eyes had a rather wild expression. He wore a long, loose, much-be-patched grey overcoat, fastened in at the waist by a piece of rope; and about this coat, and about his close-cut iron-grey hair and whiskers, there was something of a military air. If I had any doubt as to this being the Corporal, his opening salute would have speedily removed it. "Halt, you brimstone blackbird! Halt, or I'll cut you down," he shouted, flourishing a walking-stick that he had in his hand. Thus admonished, I naturally did halt, though without retreating, and then the Corporal went on.

"So you thought to storm the garrison, did you? But you see it won't do. We don't want none on *your* black-watch here, so just bear that in mind, and don't try another attack here; if you do, mind you'll get a warm reception."

"I think this is a tolerably warm one," I said.

"You may think what you like," he answered; "but take my advice, and don't try to see how much warmer the next would be. I'm not going to be molested and spied upon, so don't think it; and now that ends the parley. 'Bout face and march."

"Well, since you so strongly object to it," I said, "I won't attempt to force my company on you, but I've come here in a friendly way to see a friend, who I don't think would object to seeing me, and I hope you won't stand in the way of that."

"And who might you be a friend of as is here?" he asked eyeing me sharply.

"Dick Bradley," I answered briefly.

"And what might you 'a done in the way of befriending him?" was the Corporal's next question.

"Well, I couldn't say that I'd done anything particular," I said, "simply because, so far as I knew, there had hitherto been no particular need; but that now hearing that he was ill, I had at once sought him, desiring to aid and comfort him in any way that I could, and while thinking of his spiritual, not forgetting his physical welfare."

The Corporal paused irresolutely for a minute, and then answered, "Well, I won't be the fellow to half do a good turn. I can truthfully say that he was a stranger, and I took him in, and I've done all I could for him; but my all ain't much. He can do very well with all the aiding and comforting he can get, and I

won't stand in his way of getting any ; so if he says he wants to see you, he can. What's your name ? ”

I told him, and then ordering me to stand where I was until he came back to me, he entered a room opposite to the one from which he had emerged, carefully closing the door behind him. In a very short time he re-appeared, and speaking in a milder tone than he had previously adopted, said,—

“ You made your way in by surprise, but it seems you haven't come under any false colours. You'll find him in there.”

Thus permitted, I entered the room he had just left. It was a large good-sized room, and as bare and desolate-looking as a room well could be ; but it was much cleaner than I expected to find it. On a pallet of straw in a corner under the window lay Dick Bradley, terribly wasted by the disease, from which, however, he was now recovering. By the side of the couch stood a backless chair to serve as table, and by this improvised table stood a girl about nine or ten, who, young as she was, had evidently been acting as nurse to the sick man.

“ Here you are then, sir ? ” said Bradley, in a woefully weak voice, but trying to smile as he spoke. “ I am surprised—as I daresay you can pretty well guess—to see you here, though to tell the truth, and meaning no offence, I did think you'd 'a called on me before I came here.”

“ And so I would,” I said, “ if I had known you were ill ; but I did not know till yesterday, and I came to-day, even though I knew,” I added with a smile, “ what sort of a reception I was likely to meet with from your friend the Corporal.”

“ You may well call him my friend,” said Bradley, with grateful emphasis, “ for a true friend in need he's been to me ; no brother could 'a been kinder to me than he's been ;—and little Katie here,” he added after a pause, “ God bless 'em both.”

“ 'Cos you was kind to me,” said the child ; “ and which, when I told 'im as 'ow yer were on yer back, and a-going to be bundled out, and wor a crying about it, he said as them as was good to me was good to him.”

“ And in what way was Dick good to you ? ” I asked, not from any particular curiosity on that point, but with a general view to learning something of her history, for I had already concluded that she was the *protegee* of the Corporal, of whom the costermonger had spoken.

"In lots of ways," she answered promptly; "giving me odd browns, and bits o' fish, and speaking kind to me, and not shovin' me about, or movin' of me on, or horderin' me off, like 'spectable people do; and, more'u all, bringin' me shells reg'lar."

"What shells?" I asked.

"Why, hister shells," she replied, seeming surprised at my asking such a question; "they're the only uns as'll do; I've tried whilk uns, but they won't do—they're too hard and won't flake."

"But what do you use the shells for?" I asked, for I was still in the dark on the point.

"Why, to sell to them as keeps fowlises, and as can't let them run about to pick up bit o' harl for theirselves. I gathers 'em, then father he burns 'em and pounds 'em, and then I takes the small round and sells it to them as wants it to sprinkle on their fowls' runs; and sometimes I gets a horder for a basket or two of whole shells for grotter work."

"I suppose you don't make much in that way?" I said questioningly.

"Oh, I dun'no," she said, "there ain't a fortin in it, but I might do wuss. I have cleared as much as sixpence in a day, and most days I makes twopence or threepence; and sometimes I has grub give to me, and I have had sich things as a frock or a bonnet or a pair of boots give me—old uns in course, but fit to wear."

"But how do you do when oysters are not in season?" I asked, curious to learn something more concerning a "rummaging" industry of which I heard for the first time.

"Them's my hard times," she answered; "I gets sand or fine gravel instead of shells, but that's harder to get, and people don't care so much for it. Winter is my busy time, 'cos there's most shells to be got then; and when I ain't on with them, I can go cinder-scraping for our own fire."

"You spoke just now of father pounding the shells; I suppose you mean the Corporal?" was my next observation.

"Who else should I mean?" she said. "I ain't got no father of my own, and he's been as good as a father to me, and gooder than plenty o' fathers would 'a been."

"You have no mother either, I suppose?"

"No," she answered, shaking her head, "they've both been

dead this ever so long; longer a'most than I can remember. A aunt brort me up, and it *was* a bring up, goodness knows. Not but what she would 'a done right by me. It was her master as done it. He was a out-and-out bad 'un as ever stepped. He used to starve her and her children as well as me, and when he used to come home tight, which he did pretty nigh every night, he used to whack us all drefful." She paused for a moment, shuddering at the recollection, and then went on. "One night, when I was about seven years old, he knocked me about so as I thought he'd 'a killed me. I was three or four days afore I could get about arter it, and when I could I run'd away and went scratin' about for myself."

"And whatever sort of 'scratin'' might you have taken to?" I asked, looking in wonder at the old-fashioned, self-reliant little creature.

"Oh different sorts," she answered carelessly; "rooting in the dust-yard, and among shop-sweepings, and about market-stalls; and sometimes when the coal-barges was up I used to go raking 'long shore; and sometimes a bigger girl wot I know'd would give me a bit o' grub to 'elp her to sell fusees and newspapers, which she was in that line, and used to do werry well; and nows and thens women wot wos on piece-work would give me a job sorting in the rag-shop, or bundle-piling in the fire-wood yards."

"Who did you lodge with?" I asked.

"I didn't lodge with no one," she answered; "I slep' out, under harches, in carts, or empty houses, or anywhere as I could get, me and some others gen'ly know'd of a lurk or two."

She spoke with a simplicity and—if I may be allowed the expression—matter-of-factness, that to me seemed intensely sorrowful. My heart had grown heavy within me as I had listened to her. The *significance* of the thing was unutterably sad. It was not merely that one so young in year-, so old in bitter experience, should speak of such a life of hardship as hers had been as a thing of course, but that she should do so from a knowledge that such a life *is* a thing of course with large numbers of children. She had been one of a set of such; and the like homeless, friendless, seemingly man-forgotten little outcasts are to be found in thousands "scratin' for themselves" in all manner of strange ways and places about the great

city of London; children literally "born unto trouble" from their birth upwards, knowing nothing of "childhood's happy days," and but little of childish innocence—hungry, naked, sick; skulking little Ishmaelites, fearing, and not without reason, that the hand of "'spectable" society will be against them; and moved on and on if they venture forth from their "lurks;" children, in common with ourselves, of the Great Father, but in our midst leading such a life of martyrdom as should cause most of us to feel something of shame as well as of sorrow when we think of it.

A DAY AT WINDSOR.

BY C. HAIGHT, ESQ.

QUIETLY seated after breakfast in the reading-room of my hotel, looking over letters that had just come to hand by the last steamer from home, and occupied with thoughts that carried me many a broad league away from the busy city, my musings were suddenly terminated by a gentleman from Toronto with whom I had become acquainted in crossing the Atlantic, who hastily approached me and asked if I felt disposed to take a run out to Windsor and see the grand display that was to come off there in the afternoon. As we Canadians have not many opportunities of seeing royalty air itself, here was a temptation presented of too enticing a nature to be withstood by an ordinary mortal of the Canadian sort; and so, turning at once to my tempter, I said, "Certainly, when shall we leave?" "Immediately," my friend replied. "We have no time to spare; and, what is more, we shall have to look sharp to get the train."

Thrusting my letters into my pocket, and seizing my hat and umbrella, for I had learned the importance and comfort of always having the latter article about me in a country where the clouds are so dreadfully leaky that they are sure to spill moisture on you if they are anywhere to be seen, and there are not many days in the year, I think, that they do not roll over that grand old island, dropping their fatness on plant and beast, on saint and sinner alike. It is a remarkable sight to stand in any of

the principal railway stations in London, from whence trains are departing almost every hour, and note the rush and push, the anxious expression marking every face, and the eagerness with which the multitudes press on and into the coaches of departing trains.

We are off, and soon begin to emerge from the smoke and bustle of the great city. Here and there a tasteful garden or well-trimmed lawn appears, and is lost. Now a park opens to our view, studded with noble old trees whose giant limbs stretch far over the velvet sward, and whose leaves hang lazily in the summer air. Now a stately mansion embowered in wood and flowers, then beautiful green fields bespangled with buttercups and daisies. On we fly past Wandsworth, and now leave Putney, the birthplace of Gibbon, behind. Now we dash into the open country, past well-kept hedges decked with wild rose and honeysuckle. Here and there we catch a glimpse of a quiet road winding its way through overhanging trees, or a brooklet dancing out from under the arches of a time-worn bridge. The chestnut and hawthorn, in massive bloom, perfume the air. There the gentle ivy festoons a cot with wreaths of green, and yonder hides, as with a mantle of charity, the cracks and seams of hoary walls with its velvet leaves. It is delightful even to gaze from the window of a flying train upon the charming landscapes that rapidly burst upon the vision like dreams from fairyland, and then as rapidly disappear. Now we dash across the winding Thames at Richmond, where dwelt Walpole, Thompson, and Pope. There is Twickenham, and Staines, and Datchet, nestling in charming meadows, recalling to our mind the amorous Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Now the shrill whistle of the engine pierces our ear. The train stops. The guards rush past, wrenching open the doors of the coaches shouting, "Windsor."

We step out on the platform, and there before us rise the venerable walls of Windsor Castle. It is a fair sight to see. Right regally does it crown the summit of the beautiful hill. Proudly its towers and turrets stand out against the blue sky. Peacefully floats the royal standard over dome and battlement. What stirring scenes it brings to mind! What grand pageants in the days of old! How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting-lodge in these wild woods

and since he laid the foundation of that grand old donjon, from the top of which is unfurled to-day the same noble flag that flaunted in the breeze high above its battlements eight hundred years ago! The sons of William contributed their share to its enlargement. All the Henrys, the Edwards, Jameses, Charleses, and Georges added their contingents, as did the Hebrews under Nehemiah to the walls and towers of Jerusalem. Here kings and queens were born, married, and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry halo this high place of kinghood and knighthood. The outside face of its walls registers the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, the slow transformation of religious and political institutions, the gradual upgrowth of the British Constitution, and the rights and recognitions it brought in with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James II. and Charles I. and Cromwell, not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a wonderful grand junction station of the ages past and present, a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead.

However agreeable it would be to linger around this grand old castleburg, we must turn away from it, and join the vast multitudes that are surging into the Park. Thousands upon thousands of people of all ranks and conditions are pressing their way on foot, other thousands are hurrying on to the same point in all kinds of vehicles, from the humble cart to the stately carriage and four. The tide of human beings, perhaps at its ebb when we reached the town, had been flowing into the Park since early in the morning. Trains of immense length had been coming, and still continued to come, from all parts of the country, crowded with eager and expectant multitudes, who at once hurried away to get favorable positions for seeing. Our chance at this late hour did not seem to us at all propitious; however, there was some comfort in knowing that there were thousands no better off than we were, and so we took heart and pressed on through the thickening mass of humanity.

Gaining, in the first place, a position slightly elevated, we secured for ourselves probably as good a view of this magnificent

old Park as could be had. I wish I were able to convey an adequate conception of the splendid scene spread out before us. The extensive lawns, the broad and far-reaching avenues, the magnificent trees rising in ramparts of deep foliage, embracing in themselves all that is beautiful in landscape, and presenting to the beholder one of the fairest pictures of nature the eye can look upon.

“ Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
 Not chaos-like, together crushed and bruised,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
 When order in variety we see,
 And when, though all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day :
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
 Then, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
 Then, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
 Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And 'midst the desert faithful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.”

But when you fill in this picture with more than a hundred thousand people, you have a combination beyond the ken of the painter's brush. Not that the vast multitude adds to the beauty of the place, or renders it more attractive. It requires no such adjuncts to increase its charms, they diminish rather than add to them. Extensive as the grounds are the masses are too dense and too widespread to adorn, and therefore in order to appreciate the first we must take it by itself, the interest excited by the immense concourse of people is of another character, and to this we turn. All along one side of the great lawn or square, as far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads crowd up to the barriers in the form of a semicircle, many of whom have been standing along the line since early in the morning.

Leaving our position, we worked our way slowly, and with much difficulty, towards the saluting point, indicated by two tall flagstuffs, from one of which floated the royal standard of Britain, and from the other the royal standard of Persia. From

this point, extending both ways, there were a number of stands to accommodate the household of Her Majesty,—the *suite* of the Shah, foreign ministers, Lords and Commons, and other favoured personages. The crush here for a time was very great, and the pressure we were forced to submit to, seemed sometimes almost beyond our power of endurance.

Owing, however, to the long delay in the arrival of Her Majesty and the Shah, (who were to have been on the ground at three, but did not arrive until after five), a great many left, hoping, no doubt, to do better for themselves. Holding on to our footing and advancing whenever an occasion offered, we succeeded in working our way to a point, where we concluded to remain, as we should get from it perhaps as good a view of the field as could be had. A bit of good fortune now fell in our way, a reward, no doubt, for our perseverance. Close by was a carriage, the driver's seat of which was unoccupied. With more eagerness than good manners, perhaps, we introduced ourselves to the proprietor, and made known our request, to which he very good-naturedly consented. The advantages of this arrangement to us, however "cheeky" it may seem to have been, were twofold. In the first place, being somewhat weary, it was much more comfortable to be seated than standing on tiptoe in an uneasy crowd; and, in the second place, it elevated us so that we could see with comparative ease over the heads of those in front.

While we are waiting for the coming of the Queen and her cortege, we may amuse ourselves by watching the movements of the immense concourse of people that stretches away to the right and left as far as the eye can see. To me it was a wonderful sight. I had often been in crowds before, both in Canada and the United States, but they were but as a drop in a bucket in comparison to this. Another thing that struck me was the good-nature that seemed to predominate, and the universal respectability in appearance and deportment. It was a grand gala day, and the people had come there to do it honour.

A little after five the Scots Greys, which formed the van of the royal procession, debouched from the trees, the staff and the grey horses of the Queen's carriages could be seen, and now the murmur took wing and rolled on through the vast multitude, "They come!" Steadily the procession made its way across the green to the right of the line, the artillery on the left flank

firing a royal salute. The smoke swept away over the trees, and, making a wide sweep over the lawn, the procession came on towards the saluting point. The boom of the guns had scarcely died away, when a hundred thousand voices broke forth in patriotic chorus, and a hundred thousand hands, moved by love of Queen and country, waved and clapped with wild delight. It would be impossible for Canadian blood to witness such an ovation without imbibing its spirit. Impossible to hear the roar of human voices swelling and rending the air without joining in the shout. Impossible to look over the swaying sea of men and women waving hats and clapping hands, without cutting circles in British air with a Canadian "tile." Utterly impossible, and we did it, too, with a will, because our heart was in it.

The Queen's carriage paused between the flagstaves. The Shah, who rode a white Arab, took up his position on the side of the Queen's carriage nearest the troops. Her Majesty was dressed in black, at her side was seated the Princess of Wales. The Shah, a thin man, with dark features and prominent nose, wore a blue riband across his breast. A large gold saddle-cloth and large silver stirrups were conspicuous, while brilliants and precious stones glittered on bit and bridle of his Arab horse. The Csarowitch wore a Russian cavalry uniform, and the Prince of Wales his uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. Besides these there were stars and ribands and decorations without number. Her Majesty having received the royal salute from the whole of the troops, who presented arms while the bands played the national anthem, and the colours were lowered, the royal party now made for the right of the line to begin the inspection, the Duke of Cambridge having handed the field-state to Her Majesty. While the carriages of the Queen and Princesses passed along the line the bands played the Persian March. They now returned to the saluting point, and the march past began at once.

The Royal Artillery first moved by with their fine bays in noble style, then the Household Cavalry with their powerful horses, the splendidly dressed and stalwart horsemen, passed on with measured pace. The mounted bands were massed in the usual place, and gave time to the passing horses, with sweet and monotonous music. The sun, which had been obscured by clouds, now looked out cheerfully upon the brilliant array. The

scene was gay and beautiful, first of all with the natural charm of the landscape, and also with the cavalry of various uniforms moving on against the trees on the far right of the saluting point, and on the far left with the solid advance of the infantry. After this followed other military manœuvres, which I shall not attempt to describe.

There were but 7,000 men on the field, and as a gallant show of a small force of picked soldiers of various arms, the parade was perfect. Every man and horse upon the ground was a thoroughly taught and drilled unit, turned out in perfect order. The scene was not wanting in any accessory which could give it dignity and beauty. Its elements were a historic and lively landscape, sovereigns, princes, princesses of various royal families, a crowd of nobles, a great gathering of English gentlemen and ladies, and a greater gathering of those who are not free to all drawing-rooms, but in whom lies the strength of the English nation.

When all was over the Shah took from his Grand Vizier a curved Persian sword, with a golden hilt and a scabbard of purple velvet, and presented it, with much grace and some duly interpreted sentences, to the Duke of Cambridge. When the Duke had thanked the Shah, he immediately handed the sword to the Queen in her carriage, and after Her Majesty had done admiring it, it became an object of much notice and curiosity among the princes and princesses.

Hoping to get a still closer view of Her Majesty, my friend and I left our seat, and hurried away in the direction of the castle. The immense mass of people, who had remained comparatively quiet for so long a time, now began to move, and soon the great lawn, which had been reserved for the manœuvring of the troops, was swept over by an eager multitude, who pressed onward to get, if possible, a nearer look at the Shah, for to most of the English people he was the principal centre of attraction. Passing on in advance of the great crowd, we reached what seemed to us a favourable point, and took up our position on the edge of the carriage track which leads through the main avenue to the gates or entrance to the castle. We did not wait long before the royal carriages came in sight. They were moving slowly onwards, and in a few moments passed us. Our success was complete. We could not have desired a better glance at

our noble Queen, and those who accompanied her, than we got. The expression of the face seemed to indicate pleasure and gratification, and we thought she had good reason to feel pleased with the result of the brilliant affair which had just terminated. Next came the Shah on his milk-white charger, a beautiful creature, that seemed proud of the burden it bore, and which won our admiration as it moved on with the cavalcade, gently curveting and prancing. After the Shah came his attendants, among whom was one who bore a silver stove, in which was a fire to heat the golden teapot, which another attendant had charge of, or to light the mixture used by the Shah when he smokes a pipe.

All was now over. The grand pageant moved on through the gates of the castle and disappeared. Hurrying away as fast as possible to the station, and thinking ourselves fortunate to get a place to stand in the guard's van, we are soon moving on towards the city, which is reached in due course. At nine we are seated in our hotel, highly pleased with our day at Windsor.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

THE mighty angel of the wind passed by,
 And with his iron wings the rocks were cleft ;
 An earthquake rent the mountain right and left,
 Then through the opening rift the flames leaped high ;
 But God was not in all that met the eye.
 Then Nature seemed of every sound bereft,
 And through the tissues of the warp and weft
 Of silken silence breathed a voice so nigh—
 It was the voice of God,—its gentle tone,
 Like to a benediction bathed in love.
 Elijah thought that he was all alone,
 But there were thousands numbered, sealed above ;
 A seed for God, reserved in Israel,
 Who had not kissed, or bowed the knee to Bel,

HAMILTON, Ontario.

THE REV. WILLIAM PHILP.

BY THE REV. DR. SANDERSON.

"Death loves a shining mark."

WITHIN a brief space, during the first half of the present Conference year, no fewer than five of the venerated and loved fathers of the London Conference have ceased to work and live. The Revs. A. Hurlburt, S. Waldron, J. Ryerson, R. Corson, and W. Philp have passed from labour to reward. Such an unusual mortality is solemnly admonitory to those who still linger and labour in the field of toil.

Their memory is precious. Yet of none is the memory more precious or fragrant than that of the Rev. Wm. Philp, who, as a Christian for more than fifty years, adorned his profession; and, as a minister for nearly half a century, shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God.

Mr. Philp was born in the town of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, England, Aug. 3rd, 1808. He came of a royal line. His grandmother, on the maternal side, was a Methodist for sixty-one years, and his great-grandfather was one of the first local preachers in Cornwall. Baptized and confirmed in the Church of England, Mr. Philp attended its ministry and Sabbath-school until he attained his seventeenth year. At this period he became an attendant on the Methodist ministry. Two years later he was converted to God. This occurred during a marvellous revival, under the instrumentality of Christiana Marks, a blind female, whose faith and love were signally owned and blessed of God. Among many others who, at this time, were led to Christ were not less than four, who subsequently became honoured and useful ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada; viz., J. Musgrove, S. C. Philp, W. Coleman, and W. Philp. His soul being filled with love, Mr. Philp immediately com-

menced to work for the Lord—doing what he could in the social services of the Church and in the Sabbath-school. In 1832 his name was placed on the local preachers' plan as an exhorter, and the following year he emigrated to Canada, settling in the town of Cobourg. Here he remained, serving the Church as a local preacher and class-leader until 1840, when a wider field of usefulness opening to him, he entered the work of the ministry of the Methodist Church in Canada. His first appointment was to the Hallowell Circuit, at that time one of the most important in the entire work. A very gracious revival ensued, and among the many converts was Geo. Young, now Dr. Young, the ex-President of the Toronto Conference. The Sidney Circuit was his next field of toil; and, amid abounding discouragements, the spirit of the Lord was poured out, and two hundred and twenty-four were added to the Church. Hamilton, Dundas, Nelson, Georgetown, Oshawa, Farmersville, Waterloo (Kingston), Newcastle, Weston, Waterdown, and Cookville successively shared the advantages of his apostolic ministry. In each of these appointed fields of his happy toil, God was with him, and many were the souls given to him in his self-denying labours. "As ointment poured forth," is the name of William Philp, in each of these Methodist centres, at the present hour!

In the life of Bro. Philp there was a great deal of sunshine. His was a happy life. He walked not alone in the law of the Lord, but also in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. His countenance was usually the speaking index of his inner life. As a preacher he was clear, pathetic, and practical. His trumpet gave no un-

certain sound. The grand old doctrines of Methodism were presented by him in all their fulness and freshness and freeness. He was eminently useful. No starless crown is his in his eternal home. Those who knew him well will readily agree with the writer that punctuality, fidelity, earnestness, and love were conspicuous in his life and labours as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the year 1875 he paid a visit to his native land, after an absence of forty-two years. In conversing about this visit, he said, "I never felt such a feeling of loneliness as when I placed my foot on the soil of my native country—a stranger among strangers." And yet it seemed to be the crowning joy of his life to be permitted once again to visit the scenes of his earlier days. In his diary are the following records: "July 11th, 1875, Sunday.—Attended the old King Street Wesleyan Chapel, where I was converted and my first religious days were spent. It was with mingled feelings I entered that sacred place. I felt grateful to God for the way I had been led and brought back after forty-two years." "July 18th.—I preached in the evening in the Wesleyan Chapel in my native town, to a good, attentive congregation. My feelings almost overcame me, but the Lord helped me, and I had a gracious time." "Thursday, Aug. 5th.—I bade all farewell and left Lostwithiel, never expecting to see it again."

Ten years ago he superannuated and, with his loved wife, made his home at Waterdown, with his son, Dr. Philp. Five years later, while residing with his eldest son, the Rev. John Philp, M.A., he was called to sustain the greatest of all of life's losses—the loss of an affectionate wife, who, for so many varied years, had been his faithful and devoted companion. After again spending some time with Dr. Philp, he returned to his son John's, then stationed at St. Mary's, and subsequently accompanied him to this city, where he was very happy and useful. One very dear to him and

dwelling under the same roof, said he "never knew father to be happier or more joyous in spirits than during the last few months of his life. He took the deepest interest in the prosperity of the cause of God, and found great delight in the services of the Lord's house. Many will remember the prayer that he offered (so full of holy earnestness) on the last Thursday evening that he attended service in the Lecture Hall I never shall forget the breathings of his heart at the throne of grace, in connection with family devotions, on the last Saturday evening of his life. Mentioning each member of the family by name, he placed their case before the Lord, and besought His blessing to rest upon them; and then on the Sabbath morning the peculiar joy and interest with which he listened to the word of life. Many noticed it and have made reference to it since."

On Sabbath evening, August 18th, he preached in the London East Church from the words, "Behold I lay in Zion," etc. His last sermon, and Christ his theme! Ere another Sabbath dawned he was before the throne! On Sabbath evening he returned home very cheerful and full of thankfulness. During the night he was taken ill with cholera morbus. The struggle was short and sharp, for on Wednesday, at six p.m., the 21st, he passed away from earth, "to be forever with the Lord." In consequence of the severe character of his illness he was able to converse but little. Yet enough was said to evince the firmness of his trust in Christ.

"Dear father," said his son, "we fear you will soon be taken from us." The dying sire's reply was, "All is well, my son. I have no fear. All is well." He lived well; he died well! His three sons, Rev. J. Philp, London; J. R. Philp, of Whitby; and Dr. W. Philp, of Hamilton, cherish his memory with grateful tenderness and love. No parent could have been more devoted to his children or more anxious for their welfare, both for this life and that which is to come.

The body of our departed brother was borne from the residence of his son, Clarence Street, to the Queen's Avenue Church by six senior ministers, the Chairman of the District reading, as the cortege entered the church, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," etc. Many persons, ministers and others, from a distance, as well as citizens, at-

tended the service, which was of unusual solemnity. The Rev. Drs. Williams, Rice, and Sanderson addressed the assembly. After the service the body was conveyed to the Great Western station, and subsequently interred in the family burying-ground, at Waterdown. "Many die as sudden—few as safe."

"BAPTISMA."

BY THE REV. JOHN M'MURRAY.

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism.

SOMETIME over a year ago, there issued from the press in Charlottetown, P. E. I., a small work, by the Rev. John Lathern, under the above title, being the substance of a discourse addressed by the author especially to the young people of his charge, about one hundred of whom were at the time candidates for Church membership. As may be supposed from this circumstance, the time was one of much religious interest in that locality—a precious revival season—and, as is often the case on such occasions, the advocates of the much-water theory were busy in the dissemination of their peculiar dogmas, and, with a zeal worthy of a better object, were pursuing the work of proselytism. The converts who had been brought to a knowledge of Gospel salvation, through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, were subject to annoyance from the persistent intermeddling and cunning craftiness of immersionist agents, and naturally looked to their pastor for guidance and instruction in all that related to their initiation into Church fellowship at this, to them, highly important crisis. Our ministers, generally, deem it inexpedient on ordinary occasions to make the sacrament of baptism a frequent topic of pulpit discourse; nor would it be

necessary that they should often do so were it not that anti-pedobaptist advocates introduce their views of the ordinance upon all occasions, and, as the corner-stone of their system, attach to it an importance quite unwarranted by the teaching of the Lord Jesus and His apostles. At such times it is incumbent upon the Methodist pastor to guard and guide his flock in relation to the question of baptism, and thereby prevent the unwary being carried away by sophistry to pastures less likely to promote their spirituality and growth in grace; for although we rejoice to acknowledge that the Baptist denomination contains very many of the excellent of the earth, yet there is good reason for believing that there, as in other Churches which give special prominence to external rites, there is, proportionately, a loss sustained in regard to matters of weightier import; and especially is this the case where strong persuasion is employed to induce young converts hastily and inconsiderately to take upon themselves the vows of the Lord's service. The pastor who could see the souls that the Lord had given him as the fruit of his toil exposed to danger of this kind, and not lift up his voice in warning, would be chargeable with a gross dereliction

of duty. But of faithlessness such as this, the worthy superintendent of Charlottetown Methodist Church is not capable. Hence his timely pulpit testimony on the baptism with water and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire; and then, in response to a request for the publication of this course, there was issued the treatise styled, "Baptisma." The book, on its first appearance, was so well received, and answered its purpose so admirably, that a second edition was soon called for; and that which was quite a small work has now developed into a volume of considerable size. There appears to have been a want of care in the correction of the proof sheets; but otherwise the getting up of this greatly enlarged edition of "Baptisma" is highly creditable.

That, however, which is especially gratifying in this volume, is the marked ability and the Christian temper in which the author has fulfilled his task. He has acquitted himself in a manner that reflects upon him the highest credit for acumen and painstaking research, and with a manifest purpose to set forth the truth, as he believes it, in the charity of the Gospel. The book is scholarly and critical, and though its terms are sometimes trenchant, yet no words employed are needlessly sharp, nor are its pages sullied by any expression unworthy of the Christian gentleman. The temptation to a departure from the law of courtesy was by no means slight; for there entered the list against the first edition of "Baptisma," a would-be champion on the immersionist side, in the person of a Rev. Dr. McDonald, who put forth a reply, under the highly pretentious title, "The Voice of God," abounding in great swelling words, which, in the estimation of those best capable of judging, amount to very little. A part of "Baptisma," in its enlarged edition, is devoted to the lucubrations of this redoubtable knight, and toward him Mr. Lathern deals some home-thrusts, which are all the more keen and telling because of the gen-

tlemanly spirit in which they are given.

The volume, as a whole, will be found to be a comprehensive and masterly work on the baptismal controversy, both as to the subjects and the mode. In arrangement it differs from other works of this nature; and though it may at first sight seem fragmentary, as resulting from the form in which it originally was given, yet its plan is ingenious and its arguments conclusive. There is no quibbling employed. All its utterances will bear scrutiny. The author clearly shows that throughout the Old Testament Scriptures the idea of submersion is always indicative of calamity and not of blessing. The antediluvian world was submerged and destroyed, while Noah and his family in the ark represented baptism, as sprinkled by the rain from heaven. The Egyptians crossing the Red Sea were submerged and perished, while Israel in crossing was baptized by sprinkling and were safe. 1 Cor. x. 2. In the divinely appointed ordinances of the Mosaic economy, sprinkling and pouring are employed, but always expressive of blessing. In numerous promises, blessing is symbolized under the idea of affusion: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed." "I will sprinkle clear water upon you, and ye shall be clean." "He shall sprinkle many nations." "There shall be showers of blessing." Thus the grand pervading idea in ceremonies and prophecies and promises, in which affusion is expressed, is always good. Our author very expressively says: "*Always good and never evil; always blessing and never calamity; always salvation and never destruction.*" He then asks: "Would it not have been strange if, in the baptismal element of Christianity, the mode always suggestive of salvation had been set aside, and another mode, which, in figurative teaching, had always typified destruction, had been substituted? It would have been difficult, with our conceptions of the orderly

arrangement of infinite wisdom, to have comprehended such an anomaly.”

The New Testament is the arsenal whence our author draws his principal weapons and his heaviest artillery, and these, in the execution of their purpose, are efficient and complete. But he has availed himself also of such other subsidiary means as are necessary for his object in exposing the weakness of the other side, and in demolishing their strongholds. Any who wish to read or to circulate something really good in pedo-baptist testimony, will find “Baptisma” a readable volume of 270 pages; not tiresome in its details; in style and sentiment unexceptionable, and, withal, at moderate cost. Of course those who imagine that they have nothing to learn upon this question,—who have made up their minds that the Baptist side is the Scripture one, and who will not allow themselves to be convinced by any light that can be produced from the Bible to expose their error, will not read this book with any likelihood of receiving profit. But the candid, unprejudiced mind, open to conviction, disposed to take pains to be right on this matter, will find in this volume something better than chaff, and will be likely to rise from its perusal satisfied that pedo-baptists have strong and Scriptural grounds for their faith and practice. The author dwells very forcibly upon the pentecostal baptism as furnishing conclusive illustration of the mode in which baptism was understood by the primitive Church. The argument on this point is telling. He shows also that simplicity of outward sign is calculated to direct the mind at once to that which is of true significance, and quotes a sentiment well expressed by Witsius, to the effect that “A drop of water in baptism serves the fulness of divine grace just as well as a small piece of bread and the least taste of wine in the Holy Supper.” The following inquiry is well put,—“Would any thoughtful Christian man ever dream of commencing a crusade against the Churches because *deipnon*, the

supper, meant the principal meal of the day; and because, in the administration of this sacrament, we use only the smallest quantity of bread and wine? It would not be difficult, upon the basis of such a parallel, to construct a conclusive *reductio ad absurdum* argument; but the simple suggestion in the direction of consistency in dealing with the two sacraments of the Church, and of making the same law of interpretation to sweep the whole circle, shows sufficiently the supreme folly of attempting to build up a lofty fabric upon so slight a foundation.

Another point of great excellence in this volume is that the author aims at leading his readers to rise from the question of baptism with water to baptism with the Holy Ghost,—that leaving the outward and visible sign, they may secure the inward and spiritual grace; not being satisfied with the shadow and the symbol, but reaching forth to grasp the substantial reality; and his earnest words in this direction are well fitted to aid in this highly desirable result. His grounds of argument from the mode of the Spirit-baptism, and his quotations from the New Testament in the use of the Greek prepositions as indicating the apostolic idea of baptism, are so presented as clearly to exhibit the significance and beauty of the symbol employed in the pentecostal baptism of the early disciples; and this view of the matter leads the spiritually-minded Christian up from the material sign to that which is of heavenly signification; so that the pious heart will rise from this train of thought, not merely satisfied that the ground of his initiation into the Church of Christ is safe and Scriptural, but also greatly edified, and strengthened in faith to look up for the promised baptism of the Holy Spirit. Those who profess to trace back their origin to the honoured messenger who came to prepare the way of the Lord, would do well to remember the prominence given by that holy man to the special privilege of that dispensation of

which he was the forerunner. This was the burden of his message:—"I indeed baptise you with water; but He that cometh after me shall baptise with the Holy Ghost and with fire." And some of the last words of the ascending Saviour were evidently designed to lead the disciples to look from water baptism to something far higher: "John truly baptised with water, but ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost." Is not this the baptism to which the minds and hearts of all the Lord's disciples should be especially directed? And if we wait for this great privilege as the early Church waited for it, shall we not receive it, even as they? It came down upon them. It filled them. It gave them enlightenment, unction, power, boldness, purity, love, joy; and all these in fulness of measure. This baptism of the Holy Spirit is what is especially needed in these latter days; and looking above that which is merely ceremonial and ritualistic,

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we should wait for this. Another quotation from the book under review will not be out of place in this connection:—"Unquestionably too much of recognition, far too much in controversy, has been accorded to a matter of mere form. 'The letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth life.' 'How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?' The *genius* of our holy Christianity, like the snow-white, brilliant dome of the loftiest Alpine mountain, towering in grandeur above mist and vapour, in its magnificence of spiritual reality, *stands far above the region of shadow and of form.* 'For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God.'" We hope that "Baptisma" will have the wide circulation of which it is so deservedly worthy.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

We propose giving, during the course of the year, a series of papers on Methodist Colleges, with due prominence to those of our own country. In order, however, to aid as much as possible the special effort now being made on behalf of the Stanstead College, we anticipate our article on that institution by a few remarks in its interest at the present time—although we are without all the data that we need for the adequate treatment of the subject.

A primary idea in the establishment of this college was to aid our Church in its work of French evangelization in the Province of Quebec. It was found, by the experience of the several Protestant churches in that difficult yet pro-

mising field, to be absolutely necessary to have some institution in which to educate the children of persons forsaking the Romish communion, and to educate young French converts for evangelistic work among their fellow countrymen. The Church of England and the Presbyterians have their colleges and institutes for this purpose. But, although the Methodists have more hearers in the eastern townships than any other denomination, till the establishment of this college they were without this necessary adjunct for carrying out their Church work.

It is also necessary to compensate for the deficiency in the educational system of the Province of Quebec, which, owing to the Roman

Catholic preponderance in the population, is quite inferior to the provision made for Protestants in the other provinces. The Romanists, on the other hand, spend large sums on their own denominational institutions. Their colleges and convents are numerous, and are often buildings of palatial extent. In these a large number of Protestant children are exposed to the wiles of the papacy, and are often perverted from the faith of their fathers. To maintain our position as a Church in the country, and to furnish an antidote to this Romish teaching, the Stanstead Wesleyan College was founded by the zeal and energy of the Methodist ministers of that province. Among the active agents in its establishment and maintenance have been the Revs. Messrs. Wakefield, Washington, Hansford, Hagar, Holmes, Scott, Hardie, and probably others whose names are unrecorded in the data before us. A spacious college building has been erected, 142 by 52 feet, with a wing 37 by 42 feet, and four stories high, of imposing architectural design.

The college has been in operation since January, 1874. From the first it has taken a high rank in the educational institutions of the country. Stanstead, as a site for such an institution, is unquestionably unsurpassed in regard either to salubrity, or to charming and varied scenery, while its rare natural advantages are supplemented by art and culture. Owl's Head, Mons Elephantis, Mount Orford, and Lake Memphremagog, form a panorama of peerless beauty. The college was established as a proprietary joint-stock institution. Over \$32,000 of stock was paid. Although the college has been doing a good educational work from the beginning, the pressure of the hard times had caused an accumulation of \$28,000 debt at last June. In 1876 the college was presented by the stockholders to the Montreal Conference, thus becoming a completely non-connexional institution. The value

of the property was estimated at \$50,000. A vigorous effort has been organized to lift the college from its embarrassment. The ministers of the Montreal Conference have subscribed \$6,488; the people of Montreal \$4,200, and the people of Stanstead \$5,115, in addition to the amount of over \$15,000 which they had previously subscribed to the founding of the institution. An appeal is now being made to the Western Conferences, which, considering the extreme financial depression, has met with a very generous response. The late General Conference very heartily recommended the college to the patronage and liberality of the whole Church, and authorized its agents to solicit aid throughout the Connexion.

The failure to carry on the college would be a great calamity to the Methodism of Quebec, which is maintaining such a gallant conflict with the stupendous power of Popery. If a forced sale of the buildings took place they would fall, at a greatly depreciated value, into the hands of the Romish authorities, who can always find money for their schemes, to be employed as a nursery. Thus we should have the humiliation of seeing a building erected by Protestant efforts for the promotion of Protestant principles employed for a directly antagonistic purpose. It would be like the story of the eagle feathering the shaft with which itself was slain.

But we cannot believe that this disaster will take place. We are confident that the Protestantism of Ontario will come to the help of our brethren who are fighting our battles with the ignorance and superstition of Romanism in Quebec. There is evidence in that province of a movement on the part of its Romish population to the light, and this is no time to quench the beacon which we have kindled in the Stanstead College. The Rev. Alex. Hardie, M.A., the Moral Governor of the institution, will represent its claims in the principal churches in the west. We bespeak for him the

sympathy and co-operation of the friends of Protestant education wherever he shall go.

THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

The circumstances attending the jubilee year of the *Christian Guardian* are unparalleled, we think, in the history of journalism. We believe the fact is unique that the editor of the first number of a periodical is permitted, after the lapse of half a century, to write the first editorial of the jubilee number. And that vigorous article gives evidence that the veteran editor's mental vision is not dim, nor his natural force abated. Dr. Ryerson's striking contrasts of the past and the present, of the wonderful progress of half a century, are very instructive and suggestive. We cannot sufficiently admire the energy, and the wise appreciation of the power of the press, which led the Methodist preachers of those days out of their narrow incomes, and amid the difficulties of the times, to establish a religious newspaper. We venture to say that no agency during the last half century has been more promotive of the higher interests of the Church and the country than the *Christian Guardian*. It strikes us that if the conspicuous loyalty to their own Church organ of the early Methodists were imitated by their successors of to-day, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the increased circulation for which the editor asks. Never was there more need for a vigorous religious journalism than there is to-day. Never was the character of the veteran *Christian Guardian* more deserving of the moral and material support of the Church, which it so ably represents, than it is to-day. One of the striking features of the jubilee number was the admirable memorial poem of the editor. It is a noble treatment of a noble theme, and is, so far as our knowledge extends, the finest poem on the power of the press extant.

Books and papers are the greatest moral educators of the day. In

general intelligence and in practical efficiency in life, the members of the household abounding with books will be found vastly superior to those of the household without books. Yet, well-to-do heads of families, who grudge no expense to feed, and clothe, and adorn their children's bodies, will often starve their minds by withholding the small amount necessary to provide mental food for those committed to their care. The Methodist Church of Canada, in its periodical literature, has made a rich provision for the mental and moral education of the 500,000 persons attendant upon its ministry. Yet that provision is only very partially utilized. For \$4 50 the *Christian Guardian*, *METHODIST MAGAZINE*, *S. S. Banner*, and *S. S. Guardian* will be sent to any family for a whole year, or the two former of these for \$3 50. For a family of nine, the whole amount is only 50 cents each, one cent a week,—for the weekly and monthly visits of those valuable periodicals. For a family of five, it is less than two cents a week. How far would that go in feeding or clothing the body? But is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Is it not more important to nourish the mind, and heart, and soul, which shall live forever, than to pamper the appetites, or adorn the body, which shall perish in the dust? If either must be pinched and restricted, shall it be the mortal or immortal part? Many old subscribers to our Church periodicals are retrenching their expenditure by cutting off their subscriptions. We are persuaded it is false economy. A little less sugar in the tea, a little less butter on the bread, a little less ornament on the person, or a little longer wearing of the apparel will make all the difference between the loss and the continuance of those valuable visits. We are persuaded that if it were put to the vote of the members of the household, they would cheerfully make the sacrifice, if need were, and thus at once cultivate a noble spirit of self-denial of the body and secure an invaluable

aid for their moral and intellectual culture. Let ministers and lay readers, therefore, help us to have a large increase in the circulation of both the *Guardian* and the *METHODIST MAGAZINE*, which, taken jointly, are the best value for \$3 50 that we know of anywhere.

INTERNATIONAL [DIS]COURTESY.

The loyal enthusiasm with which our new Governor-General and the daughter of our beloved Queen have been received in Canada, has strangely provoked the atrabilious wrath of the eloquent editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*. It seems that the presence of these inoffensive persons is an infringement on the sovereign rights of the American citizen. Indeed, they should beg pardon for existing at all on the soil of this North American continent, the sacred preserve of the Monroe doctrine. We thought in our innocence, that this Western world was free to every comer, from a Russian Grand Duke to a heathen Chinese. It seems we were mistaken. There is one exception—the daughter of the Queen of England. There is, in her coming, eminent danger to the legitimate development of republican institutions.

We do not see how the matter can be mended, however. The Princess cannot help being the Queen's daughter, and the Marquis and his royal consort are not likely to pack up and abandon the continent to the Monroe doctrine at the dictation of a New York editor.

Seriously, however, we consider it a piece of extraordinary assurance for that editor to interfere in the internal economy of a foreign country. He might just as well dictate to his neighbour across the street whom he should employ as steward of his estate. Canadians prefer to manage their own affairs in their own way; and they certainly have no reason to be so in love with American institutions as to desire political union. With Fenianism, Tweed Rings, the Louisiana Scandal, Ben Butlerism, and the Mor-

mon cancer, the model Republic does not offer any special attractions to detach us from our filial relations to the most stable throne and most revered sovereign on earth. We appreciate too well our free institutions. We are too democratic, as Lord Dufferin assured his Chicago hosts, to submit to the perils of stuffed ballot-boxes, caucus conventions, and a practically irresponsible Cabinet and President. At all events, we are likely, as a result of our present system, to have as our chief ruler a statesman, a gentleman, and a scholar—a Durham, an Elgin, a Dufferin,—and not an Andrew Jackson, a "Zack" Taylor, or an "Andy" Johnson. The less said about the "antics" of the Canadians in welcoming the representatives of their Queen the better. We have heard of some remarkable antics played in New York over a "Japanese Tommy" or a Sandwich Island King Kalakana.

Has not the United States, in its extensive territory stretching from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes, ample room and verge enough without coveting the vineyard of the Canadian Naboth? Is it generous? is it just? is it common courtesy for this able editor to dip his pen in gall and write his acrid gibes against a friendly neighbour? "We have no use for royalty on this side of the Atlantic," forsooth. "European monarchs must not come this way." "If Disraeli expects us to let his plans alone, he must not interfere"—mark the word—"with matters on this side of the sea."

If this sort of rhodomontade had appeared in a fifth-rate political sheet, fishing in very muddy waters for the Fenian vote, we should have treated it with contempt. But its appearance in the foremost religious paper in the Union, or in the world, excites our sorrow and surprise. We rejoice to believe that it does not represent the general sentiment of the American nation, nor of its chief magistrate, nor of its executive officers, nor of its leading minds, towards its northern neighbour. A letter now before us, from

an American Methodist minister, "deploras" and, on behalf of his fellow Christians, repudiates that discourteous language. The generous sympathy of the American press in the late domestic bereavement of our widowed Queen, and the filial regard of the better type of American minds to that Old England out of whose loins their grand country has sprung, reciprocated by the recent noble utterances of a Stanley and a Gladstone, convince us that peace and goodwill are the cherished sentiments between the kindred nations.

The following generous sentiments of Joseph Cook, unlikely as the anticipated event is to happen, do more credit to the American people: "What I want is not the annexation of Canada, and not her incorporation into the American Union. I want a day to come such that, if England ever grows weak after her coal mines are exhausted; if ever Russia takes possession of the Tigris or Euphrates and makes English rule difficult or impossible in India; if ever the inevitable approach of age comes to our parents in the British Isles, the shoulders of America may be broad enough to provide, as the oldest son in the family, for the younger children, and for the parents also. Let it come—an American Anglican alliance!"

More worthily, too, does Dr. Holland, in *Scribner's Monthly*, remark: "We are delighted with the expressions of loyalty which have attended the reception of the new Canadian Governor and his wife. Canada is a friendly neighbour, with whom it is for the interest of the United States to cultivate the most cordial relations. She wants nothing of us politically, and we want nothing of her; and it is gratifying to learn—what this reception seems to have proved—that Canada is content with the very mild foreign rule under which she lives; nay, that she has a sense of pride in being brought closer to the heart of the empire by the presence within her borders of royal blood. This reception pro-

mises well for order and peace and unity, on which our neighbour is to be heartily congratulated."

For forty years the loyalty of the wide-spread British empire has rallied around our revered and beloved sovereign, the common head of the whole nation. In that time the American people have had ten presidents, each of whom represented only the favourite of but one political party. The quadrennial elections are almost national convulsions, and once, indeed, rent the nation for a time in twain. While we like not American institutions, we would emphasize the words of Lord Dufferin to all Canada in his farewell address: "I would exhort you to cultivate the most friendly and cordial relations with the great American people. A nobler nation, a people more generous and hospitable does not exist. Of my own knowledge I can say that they are animated by the kindest feelings toward the Dominion, and I cannot doubt but that the two countries are destined to be united in the bands of an unbroken friendship."

FAILURE OF A WORTHY ENTERPRISE.

We regret that, after a vigorous career of eleven years, the *New Dominion Monthly* Magazine has been compelled to succumb to the hard times. This magazine was conducted with much enterprise and ability, and has done much to develop and foster a native literature among us. It, at one time, had as many as 8,000 subscribers, yet, in its continual efforts at improvement, it lost from \$1,000 to \$3,000 every year. It dies with honour in the field. Its last number is the best yet published. It contains no less than forty-six specially prepared engravings, among which are thirty illustrating an admirable article on Oka and its inhabitants. We shall miss a valued exchange, and sympathize with the publishers in the disappointment of a laudable ambition.

Only two literary magazines, we believe, now survive in the Dominion. One of these is of a pure

secular character. The other, our own METHODIST MAGAZINE, now entering, with greater vigour than ever, upon its ninth volume, is devoted not only to literature, but to religion and social progress. We believe that the people of Canada, and especially the nearly a million of Methodists of Canada, can, and will sustain a religious monthly which, while it specially represents Methodism, is friendly to all denominations. It cannot, however, but happen that, where other periodicals are compelled to succumb, this magazine must feel the pinch of the hard times. We hope, therefore, that all our friends will make a personal effort to get, at least, *one* new subscriber, to make up for those compelled to discontinue and to extend our list as much as possible. The magazine, this year, will be better than ever before. We receive many expressions of appreciation. We quote but one, from an American ex-sterling Methodist periodical the better we like it. It combines ability and good taste in an eminent degree, and its varied contents meet the literary wants of all the members of the family."

While grateful for this foreign testimony, we desire a largely increased native patronage.

The sale of American periodicals in this country, many of them out of harmony with our institutions and sympathies, is very large. No nation worthy of the name is satisfied with an imported foreign literature. We wish to cultivate one of a specially Canadian character, and appeal to the co-operation of loyal Canadians, especially loyal Canadian Methodists, for our support.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

"Death knocks alike," says the Roman moralist, "at the palaces of kings and the cottage of the poor."* This fact is brought painfully to our consciousness by the sore bereavement of the happy ducal home of

Hesse-Darmstadt. The fair English princess,

"So young, so good, so much well done
Of life's best work, so much left still to do,"

stricken down, a sacrifice to her mother-love and care, calls forth the sympathy of every heart. That sympathy which is felt in every English-speaking home, brings the lofty and the lowly together with the sense of a common sorrow, and is the touch of nature that makes the world akin. But our hearts turn with deepest feeling towards the twice-stricken mother and queen, to whom the fatal fourteenth of December will henceforth be an anniversary of double sadness. The spontaneous expression of her people's love and sorrow has deeply touched Her Majesty, and, as she feelingly says, "will remain engraven on her heart." Again may we use the words of the laureate uttered with reference to her first great bereavement:—

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure :
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

One of the most touching tributes to the Princess that we have seen is the following, which, as it would lose much of its beauty by translation, we leave in the original :

IN OBITUM PRINCEPSSÆ ALICÆ.
Filia cara, soror dulcis, fidissima conjux,
Mater, cui soboles vita pretiosior ipsa,
Te tua voce una gemit Anglia, te memor isdem
Prosequitur lacrymis, te nunquam oblita silebit.

METHODIST MISSIONS AND THE INDIAN TRIBES.

The following item with reference to this subject is of interest : The Hon. Senator Aikins, in a speech as chairman at a missionary meeting held in the Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, referring to the late Rev. Mr. Macdougall's influence in the North-west, said that the

* Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.—HOR. *Carm. I. Od. IV.*

Blackfeet Indians, formerly the most bloodthirsty, had become quite tractable. A gentleman also told him that there was a band of Indians living on the slope of the Rocky Mountains who would never sit down to a meal without first asking

the divine blessing. This had struck him as an extraordinary statement, but was confirmed by what had come under his notice while going through official correspondence connected with the Mounted Police.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The meeting of the London districts, to inaugurate the "Wesleyan Thanksgiving Fund," was a grand success. The amount subscribed exceeded \$150,000. It is anticipated that by the time all the circuits have been canvassed, this amount will be made up to \$200,000. Should the entire Connexion contribute as liberally as the metropolis has done, no doubt the proposed sum of one million of dollars will be forthcoming. The achievement will be one of the grandest in the annals of Methodism.

The General Committee of the Theological Institution have purchased an estate of seventeen acres near Birmingham, on which a new college for the Midland District will be erected. The work will be proceeded with without delay.

The following statistics exhibit the growth of Wesleyan Methodism in connection with the British Conference. Mr. Wesley left at his death, in 1791, upwards of 70,000 members, and at the beginning of the present century the number had increased to nearly 110,000. Since then the following decennial increases have been reported: (1820-30), 57,375; (1830-40), 74,586; (1840-50), 35,099; (1850-60), decrease, 47,966; (1860-70) increase, 38,160; (1870-78), 32,405.

The following is a cheering evidence of progress in the mission of North Ceylon. In 1867 there were twenty-nine preaching places, now

there are one hundred; then five English missionaries, now seven; then four Tamil ministers, now fourteen; then three catechists, now twenty-two; then 55 day-school teachers, now 150; then 337 members of society, now 898; then 922 boys in day-schools, now 4,968; then 922 boys in day-schools, now 4,968; then 241 girls, now 1,520.

A Magazine of Home and Foreign Missions, bearing the title of "At Home and Abroad," chiefly for young persons, is now issued by the secretaries at the Mission House.

The Missionary Notices for December is full of interesting matter relating to India, China, South Africa, and the West Indies. A biographical sketch is given of the Rev. Samuel Hardy, who lately passed away, after having served three terms of service in India; a considerable period in Australia; and in South Africa for the last sixteen years of his life. He had been in the service of the Society for more than half a century, and for thirty years he was chairman of every foreign district to which he was attached. His end was triumphant.

Sir Francis Lycett, who has often devised liberal things in Methodism, recently issued circulars inviting the young men of the various metropolitan circuits to meet him at a social gathering for conversation respecting Methodism. Some seventeen hundred young men, most of whom had come from the provinces to seek their fortunes in London, responded

to the kind invitation, and were addressed by Sir Francis and several ministers. Sir Francis wishes to enlist the services of the young men in the extension of Methodism in London. It must have been exceedingly gratifying to this distinguished gentleman to behold such an army of young men who testified their attachment to the institutions of the Church of their fathers.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The visit of the Revs. John A. Williams, D.D., and Davidson McDonald, M.D., to the Maritime Provinces, on behalf of the Missionary Society, was a source of enjoyment to the people and of great benefit to the Society. The deputies, we doubt not, were pleased with their intercourse with 'the wise men of the east.'

The Newfoundland Conference has established a mission among the people of the Labrador coast, who are comparatively destitute of religious privileges. The Sunday-school of St. John's have guaranteed three hundred dollars a year towards its support.

Rev. C. M. Tate, Chilliwack, British Columbia, writes respecting a tour he has recently made among the Indians on the coast. At Nanaimo, "the graveyard is being filled very fast by those who are being swept away by drunkenness and disease. The great need of the mission there is a school. The children are growing up in a state worse than heathenism, with all the vices of the white man and Indian combined to ruin the body and destroy the soul."

He says that the camp-meeting at Chilliwack was very successful, especially among the Indians. There were conversions among all the leading nations in British Columbia, and several from Alaska.

A missionary writes from the Indian mission at Cape Croker, that several Roman Catholics have united with the Methodist Church.

The Protestant chief is a Methodist local preacher. Bro. Glazier has formed a temperance lodge, which is

doing much good among the Indians. He writes very encouragingly respecting the Bible class, which he holds for the young people of both sexes.

The poor Indians at Oka, though still the objects of persecution from their oppressors, hold fast their profession. A series of extra meetings was recently held among them, which was attended by Mr. Laforte, the Indian preacher at Hogansbury, New York. Mr. Laforte said he never witnessed before such a time of God's power.

The Hon. Algernon Heber Perry has addressed a very affecting letter to the father of the late Rev. E. W. Skinner, whose sudden death by the explosion of his gun caused a feeling of sympathy in the hearts of thousands. The hon. gentleman had been on a hunting tour, when he found the dead body of the missionary, which he conveyed to Fort Carlton, where it was decently interred after the inquest. Mr. Burns, of Toronto, a former schoolfellow of Mr. Skinner, who was attached to a surveying party, rode fifty miles on horseback to attend the funeral.

Respecting the missions among the French, one missionary writes, "Any mission among the Roman Catholics is naturally arduous and trying, but during my eight years' experience in this work that on this mission (Hull) is the most so of any that I have known. I am thankful for two converts from Popery since Conference." He writes encouragingly respecting the effects of circulating the Scriptures, and knows of some who are weary of Romanism, but are held back by fear of their bigoted and intolerant neighbours.

All the missionaries bestow considerable attention on the young, and are hopeful that the seed sown in the youthful hearts will be found after many days. The brethren on the French missions have many discouragements, but they now and then meet with evidences that their labours are not in vain. In their visits among the *habitans*, they find some who are like Nicodemus--secret disciples.

BOOK NOTICES.

The History of the Administration of the Right Honourable Frederick Temple, Earl of Dufferin, K.P., G.C.M.G., F.R.S., late Governor General of Canada. By WILLIAM LEGGO, Barrister-at-Law, Ottawa. 8vo, pp. 901. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. Toronto: G. Mercer Adam. Price \$3.

The period of Lord Dufferin's administration was one of the most important in the history of Canada. The recently confederated provinces had to be brought into harmonious co-operation and certain early asperities removed. Then a great political crisis followed, characterized by intense virulence of party warfare, and resulting in the defeat of the administration which had presided over the early years of the Confederacy. Amid these stormy scenes, Lord Dufferin played the part of a wise constitutional Governor, and, although accused at the time of political partizanship, as everybody now admits, he held the scales of justice between the rival parties with an even hand. These are considerations which lend to this volume its special value. It is not the record of an uneventful lustrum in our country's history, but of a great transition era,—of an important epoch in its political and social evolution.

The administration of Lord Dufferin has been conspicuous for the warm sympathy of the Governor General with all that concerns the moral, material, and intellectual progress of the country. He traversed its length and breadth, and became familiar with the varied aspects, conditions, and necessities of its several provinces. He visited its educational institutions and, by the donation of several hundred medals for proficiency in scholarship, evinced his practical sympathy with their prosperity. But it is by his numerous and felicitous public addresses—weighty with wisdom and flashing with wit—that he will be best re-

membered among us. These "words of the wise" are all placed on permanent record in this noble volume, accompanied with an account of the circumstances under which they were uttered.

A preliminary chapter gives an account of Lord Dufferin's personal history before his appointment to the governorship of Canada; and another gives a condensed summary of the recent political history of the several provinces. The record of His Excellency's journeyings is very full, in some respects, we think, needlessly so,—the transient interest of the various public entertainments hardly demands their being chronicled in a permanent history. Yet, doubtless, to many the personal allusions and incidents of the time will possess a living interest.

The author by no means conceals his own political views and preferences, and has not attempted to write in a severely judicial style. We have not observed, however, that his statements of matters of fact have been questioned; and as for personal inferences and opinions, every one is at liberty to form these for himself. The book is, mechanically, a very handsome specimen of Canadian manufacture—in paper, type, engraving, and binding—and its 900 octavo pages are exceedingly good value for its price. It is dedicated, by permission, to the Countess of Dufferin, and is embellished with excellent portraits of Her Excellency and her noble consort.

Misleading Lights; a Review of Current Antinomian Theories of the Atonement and Justification. By the REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART. 8vo, pp. 16. Methodist Book Rooms.

It is well known that there are certain plausible theories on the subject of the Atonement and Justification, which are conspicuously thrust forward by many popular evangelists, that do not harmonize with Methodist interpretation of the Word of

God. It is to the examination of these theories and the demonstration of their unscripturalness that Mr. Dewart addresses himself in this pamphlet. It is written with his characteristic vigour of style, clearness of insight, and convincing logic. It is eminently timely that these plausible but erroneous doctrines, so rife in the religious world, should be confronted and confuted, as has been done, by the incisive pen of the author of this pamphlet. The ministers of our Church will find it promotive of a rational piety in their congregations to give this refutation of those false doctrines a wide circulation, especially in communities where the erroneous teaching with which it grapples has been disseminated.

Smiles and Tears; Sketches from Real Life. By the REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.; with introduction by the REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A. 16mo, pp. 200, gilt. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Price 55 cents.

This is a dainty, full gilt volume, fit for Queen Titania's hand. We congratulate our brother on the attractiveness, outside and inside, of his book. It consists of a series of twelve sketches from life, written in a vivacious and vigorous style, of experiences and incidents which have come under his personal observation in a somewhat protracted and varied ministerial career. Brother Barrass understands the Yorkshire character and dialect as "to the manner born," and those who are fond of a good Yorkshire Methodist story will find several here. We cannot better express our judgment of his book than by quoting from our own "Introduction":

"In this volume the writer has given examples of piety [not "of parties," as a typographical error makes it] that are an inspiration to a holier life, and examples of evil that are a warning of its awful retributions. The author, with powers of observation of unusual acuteness, possesses powers of description of unusual vividness. He presents here

a sheaf from the gleanings of a lengthened observation and experience. It will be found to contain, intermingled with flowers of fancy, wholesome herbs of grace, together with the fine wheat of true wisdom. It will, we doubt not, benefit both head and heart, and instruct and edify while it will greatly entertain."

The Canada Educational Monthly and School Chronicle. Edited by G. MERCER ADAM. Vol. I., No. 1. 8vo, pp. 64. Price \$1.50 per year.

Nothing is a more striking demonstration of the educational progress of Canada than the appearance of such a high class and ably edited monthly as this—devoted especially to educational subjects. Mr. Adam brings to his task a cultured taste, a practised pen, wide bibliographic knowledge, long connexion with publishing, and a deep interest in educational matters and in our native literature. His article on "School Manuals," in the present number, treats with wise suggestiveness the unsatisfactory condition, in some respects, of the text books in use in our schools. The article on "University Consolidation" discusses a question which must, before long, receive legislative attention. The suggestions of Mr. McHenry, of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, show the feasibility and advantages of consolidation. The present *laissez faire* policy should not last much longer. School Hygiene, Teacher Training, Natural Science in Schools, and kindred topics are discussed by practical educationists. This monthly should receive the generous support of the profession. It cannot fail to prove a valuable assistance in their important work.

The *Atlantic Monthly* depends entirely upon its literary merit, without any aid from illustrations. It has an unsurpassed list of contributors, including Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Warner, Steadman, Aldrich, Henry James, jr., "H. H.," and others. Price \$4 00—clubbed with this magazine for \$5 25.

THROUGH THE DESERT.

Air by MOZART.

Words by BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

x We are marching thro' the desert, From Egypt's slav - ish chains, And our

course is ever onward, To Canaan's happy plains. We leave behind the

bond - age of self - ish - ness and sin, And we see before the glo - ry, Which

A - bram's sons shall win ! March ! march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the

promised land, March march from Egypt's strand, March till we reach the promised land.

- 2 Though within the bounds of Egypt
Is many a pleasant wile ;
Though the plains are green in Goshen,
And fat the banks of Nile ;
Better the rock-drawn water,
And manna from above,
While round us and upon us
Rests God's bright smile of love.
March, march from Egypt, &c
- 3 Though Amalek arrayeth
His might to bar the road,
We smite him ; for we combat
Clothed with the might of God.
Though Marah's wells are bitter,

- Our God doth make them sweet ;
And strengthen'd by one trial,
We march the next to meet.
March, march from Egypt, &c.
- 4 So soon we'll reach the Jordan,
The goal of all our toil,
Dividing from the region,
That flows with wine and oil ;
We'll to our cov'nant country,
March through the parted tide,
And mount the banks of heaven,
With Jesus for our guide.
March, march from Egypt, &c