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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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## 'THE LORD'S LAND.\*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

### I.

THERE was not much sleep on shipboard on the night that we approached the Holy Land—a land endeared by associations, linked with our earliest and most hallowed recollections. We are up early in the morning, and amid the pale ethereal colours of the dawn is seen the dim outline of the shore. It is soon clearly discerned, and in the distance, the rose-purple shoulders of swelling hills. It is Palestine, and we have the strangely-subduing sensation of gazing upon a land the most sacred upon earth. It is the land promised to Abraham, the land of Jacob, the goodly land which Moses in rapt vision saw from the heights of Nebo, the land of Rachel and Ruth, the land of David, the Shepherd-king of Israel and the inspired minstrel of the world, the land of Solomon the Wise, of Elijah and Isaiah, the land of Immanuel, the holy fields—

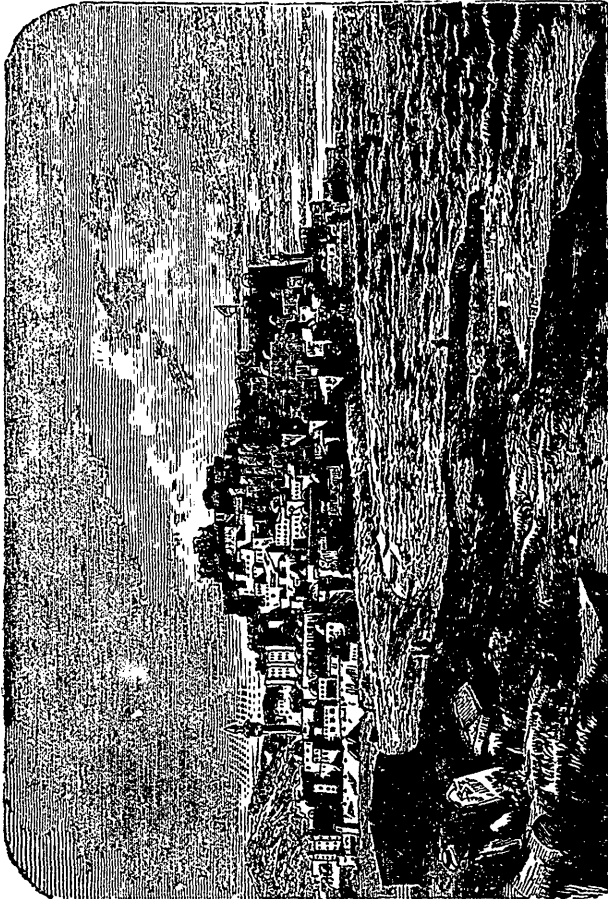
“O'er whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
Which *eighteen* hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

Nothing in Egypt the earliest centre of human thought and culture; in Greece, the mother of philosophy and art; in Rome, the once mighty mistress of the world; in Babylon, Nineveh, or Damascus (the oldest city in the world), can thrill the soul with such feelings as are inspired by the sight of the Holy Land; and all because of the Nazarene, who wearied along its highways,

\* Abridged from the Fourth Edition of the Author's "Toward the Sunrise." 12mo., pp. 459. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

climbed its hills, trod its valleys, agonized in the Garden of Gethsemane, and died on Calvary.

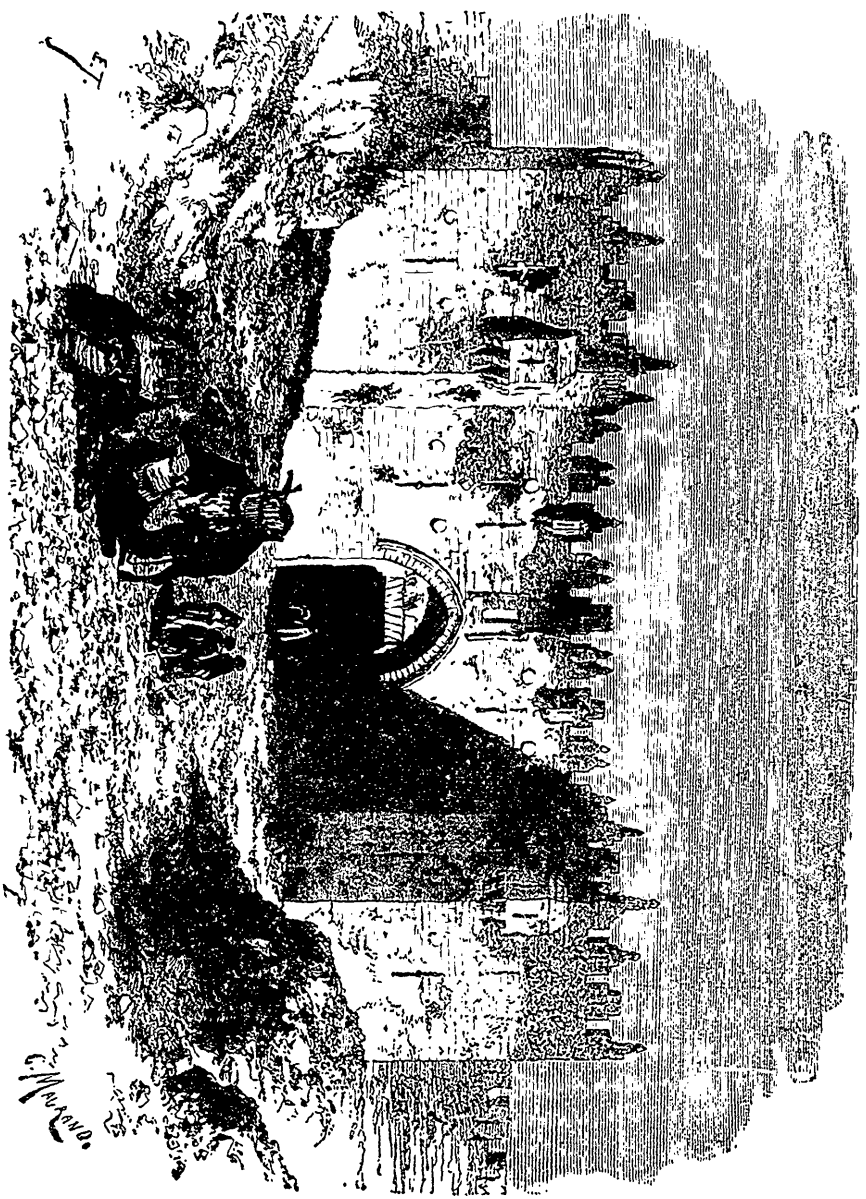
All steamers and sea-going vessels must anchor outside the harbour of Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, the sole seaport of Judea, and all passengers and merchandise must be carried in



JAFFA — THE ANCIENT JOPPA.

small coasting crafts over the reefs of jagged rocks, that most likely formed the pier of Solomon's harbour. We had a delightful morning for landing. Except in the calmest weather the surf breaks with tremendous violence over the long and rugged line of rocks; but for us the sea was quiet and placid, as a molten mirror, and amid the usual clamour and bustle and gesticulation

DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.



*Wm. M. ...*

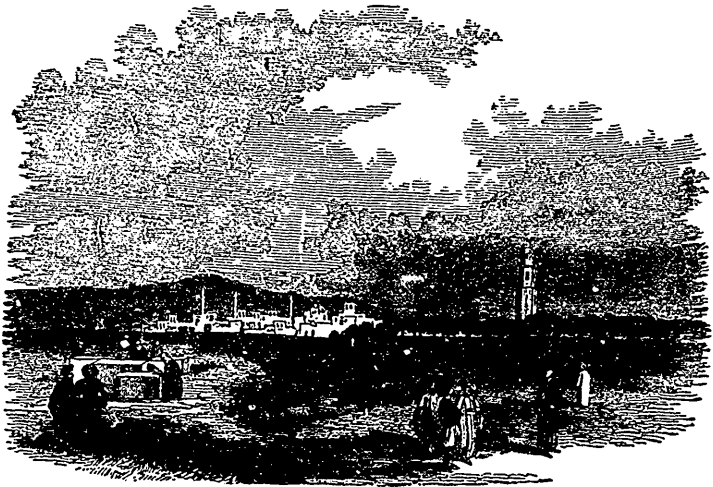
of bare-legged, yelling, howling Arabs, ourself and baggage were safely stowed away in boats and rowed to shore.

Jaffa, or Joppa, is a very ancient city. It is said to have been named after Japhet. Pliny declared it to have been standing before the deluge, and it is popularly believed to have been the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark. It looks beautiful from a distance, set as it is upon a hill, with the long bright sweep of the Mediterranean in front, and the dark chain of the Judean mountains behind; but when you enter the city, you find that the streets are dirty and narrow, the houses wretched, and the people abominable. As soon as you set foot upon the sacred soil, everything about you gives the assurance that you are treading upon Eastern ground. While we were waiting for the slow Turkish officials to do their work, we had ample opportunity to watch the attitudes, gestures, and occupations of the ever-changing groups about us—a multitudinous mass of men, women, and children—black, brown, white; beasts of burden, camels, horses, and donkeys. At length we were permitted to enter a carriage, and threading our way through the steep, narrow, and unsavoury alleys of the old town, we reached wider and cleaner spaces, and drove rapidly through streets and bazaars to the Jerusalem Hotel, which is beautifully located amid gardens and sweet-smelling orange groves. Before us lay the clear dark-blue of the Mediterranean, north and south stretched the long coast-line of white sand—a noble panorama—the eye sweeping from Gaza to—

“Where Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies.”

The first day in the Holy Land is one of the greatest events and of the grandest memories in a life-time. It is a realization of the dreams and longings of many years. What tumultuous emotions are awakened as we tread the soil pressed by the feet of God's ancient worthies—the feet of patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, yea, by the feet of God's incarnate Son! We visited the traditional house of Simon, the tanner, with whom Peter tarried many days after the raising of Dorcas. We climbed the rude broken stairs to the flat roof, and as the “Great Sea” stretched in unbroken expanse before us, we thought how appropriate a spot for the marvellous vision that was here vouchsafed to the apostle. In the afternoon we mount and start for the Holy City. What a spectacle our cavalcade would have presented on

St. James Street, Montreal, or King Street, Toronto! Solemn-looking camels, with long, slow, steady stride, neck depressed, head elevated, and carrying tents, bedsteads, mattresses, bedding, linens, carpets, rugs, tables, provisions, dishes, saucepans, baggage; the loaded train stepping to the music of several cowbells; donkeys bearing packs, and bestriden by long-legged Arabs whose toes almost touch the ground; horsemen and women, each with hat or bonnet wrapped in a *pugaree* of white muslin, which covers the head and floats down over the shoulders; dragomen, on spirited Arab chargers, dashing away; muleteers shouting; excitable Arab servants shrieking, yelling, scuffling, and scamper-



RAMLEH—ANCIENT RAMAH AND ARIMETHEA.

ing along. We force our way along the crowded thoroughfare, jostling busy citizens, foreign pilgrims, camels, mules, donkeys, sheep, goats; running over women muffled up to the eyes and wadling about "like animated bundles of dirty clothes," as Lady Brassey has it. Now, our way is through narrow, shady lanes, bordered by the richest and most beautiful gardens of orange, lemon, citron, quince, apricot, plum, and apple trees. These groves, separated from each other by gigantic cactus hedges, cover an area of many miles and load the air with delicious odours, while here and there—

"The stately palm-tree lifts its head on high,  
And spreads its feathery plume along the sky."

After an hour's ride we reach Ramleh, which has been identified with the Ramah of the Old Testament and the Arimathæa of the New, the city of "Joseph, an honourable counsellor, a good man, and just," who "went in boldly unto Pilate and craved the body of Jesus." In the middle ages Ramleh was one of the chief cities of Palestine, a flourishing and opulent centre of population, but it is now a wretched and dilapidated place. About a quarter of a mile from the town is the Great Tower, an exquisite specimen of Saracenic art. There it stands, a magnificent square tower like the famous Giralda of Seville, built of hewn stone, one hundred and twenty feet high, and standing in the midst of ruins of great extent. We climbed a flight of narrow and spiral stone steps to the top, and obtained a view of surpassing richness and beauty. All around us stretches the Plain of Sharon, and the eye roams from Cesaræa and Carmel in the north, to Gaza and the Desert of Philistia in the south. Westward, the waters of the Mediterranean gleam and ripple to the verge of the horizon; and to the east are the bare blue mountains of Judea and Samaria, standing in silent and impressive grandeur. Our camp was pitched to the east of Ramleh on a green hill-side and close to a fountain of water. The tents were already set up, looking bright and cheerful and home-like; and when we dismounted we found everything, as by magic, in complete order.

Next morning at six, we were roused by the beating of a tattoo, and hastily dressing, and packing our valise, at half-past six we went into the large tent for breakfast. When we came out there was not a vestige of tents or baggage. Everything had been silently taken down and folded up by the attendants, while we had been doing justice to tea and coffee, eggs and omelets, cutlets and hot chicken. We mounted and rode away, passing here and there a village with edges of prickly cacti and pear; the land still retaining its verdure and fertility, but rising in gentle slopes towards the mountains. As we ride along the labourers are busy ploughing. There is not the sign of a fence between the farms, only little heaps of stones that could easily be shifted, but "cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmarks." The village of El Kubab is passed, and we reach the summit of a hill which commands a full view of the Valley of Ajalon, over which Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, on that memorable day when such a complete victory was gained over the five Amorite kings.

After a mid-day rest we are called again to the saddle, and at once enter a steep, narrow, rocky defile, with rugged bold, barren, rocky hills on either side. It is the hill-country of Judea, and the stony summits rise in concentric circles one above another, the naked strata of dull-gray limestone dreary and monotonous enough. A death-like stillness and impressive wildness reigns in these elevated regions. On we go, over desolate mountains,



ORIENTAL PLOUGHING.

through silent, rugged wadies, climbing height after height, often fearfully precipitous and descending into narrow and barren defiles.

Another tedious climb and we gain the summit of ridge where the view is magnificent, sweeping over height after height to the vast plains, far as the gleaming waters of the Mediterranean, and catching holy peaks of the mountains of Judah, Benjamin, and Ephraim. Now, for an hour-and-a-half stretch, up steep, and bleak, and desolate hills. We are climbing the mountains "that are round about Jerusalem." Along this road went David and Solomon in the days of Israel's glory; here pressed the feet



of David's son and David's Lord; here poured along company after company of Israelites, on their way to the solemn feasts, through a hundred generations; on it trod Roman legions, with eagles high above them; and mailed Crusaders, from every part of Europe, dashed along, eager to catch a glimpse of the sacred city. Now there is no tree or foliage to shield us from the scorching rays of the sun. What barrenness reigns where once was fertility and great productiveness, for "Judah washed his garments in wine and his clothes in the blood of grapes!" Ah! these hills have been stripped of their magnificent olive groves, the terraces have crumbled, and these rough gray stones, so weary to the eye and so painful to the feet, give an aspect as sterile and forbidding as possibly can be conceived! But the outward features of the desolate landscape are forgotten, for we have reached the summit of the last hill, and Olivet is in sight. There is a large monastery and other buildings that obstruct the view. We are impatient to get a glimpse of the Sacred City. A little further on and a line of dim gray battlemented walls appears; then turrets, and minarets, and domes break upon the tear-filled eyes. It is Jerusalem! The dreams and longings of a life-time are fulfilled. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" Before us is the Jaffa Gate, and we ride past the citadel of David into the city of the Great King.

One confesses to a feeling of disappointment at first sight of the present city. It is built upon the accumulated ruins of seven preceding ones, and the excavations carried on through the Palestine Exploration Association, have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls are in many places one hundred and thirty feet below the present surface. Another feeling is that of disgust at the present condition of the city. The streets are narrow, filthy, and wretchedly paved. The walls are gloomy and crumbling; the houses old and miserable, the small domes on the roofs serving not for ornament but to aid in strengthening the otherwise flat roofs, the population squalid. Some quarters are beastly in their abominations, and one does not feel like singing "Jerusalem the Golden," or "Jerusalem, my glorious home!"

The first impression of disappointment and disgust are quickly followed by feelings of devoutest reverence and deepest affection. As the localities and sacred sites become familiar, the slippery and rough stones of her wretched streets become dear. There

are Olivet and Kedron, Zion and Moriah, Bethesda and Siloah, Gethsemane and Calvary. To have experienced the throbbing emotions of one glance over the city of which Jehovah said, "This is My rest—here will I dwell," the city in which the Saviour died and where the Holy Ghost was given, is worth all the toil and expense of a journey from the ends of the earth, and I shall give thanks to God all my days for the privilege of having gazed upon those battlements, and towers and minarets, and domes, towards which the longing hearts of millions upon millions have turned with devout affection through all the Christian centuries.

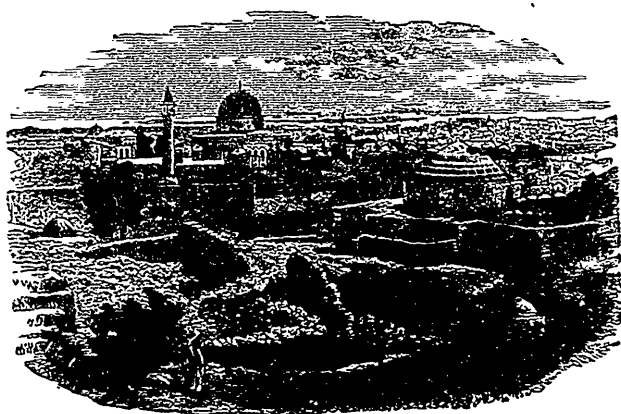
The walls surrounding the city are about two miles and a half



DISTANT VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

in a circuit. They are of grey limestone, and loosely put together, from ten to fifteen feet in thickness and from twenty-five to forty in height, according to the nature of the ground. They have their towers and battlements, and loop-holes, and projections, and are surrounded with a parapet which gives a comparatively safe pathway along the top of these walls. Having been constructed out of every available material, there are blocks of stone that bear marks of very high antiquity, fragments older than the days of Christ, older than the time of Solomon. Very sombre, yet somewhat proudly, stand those old crenelated walls; yet they would prove an idle and useless defence against the mitrailleuse and cannon of modern warfare.

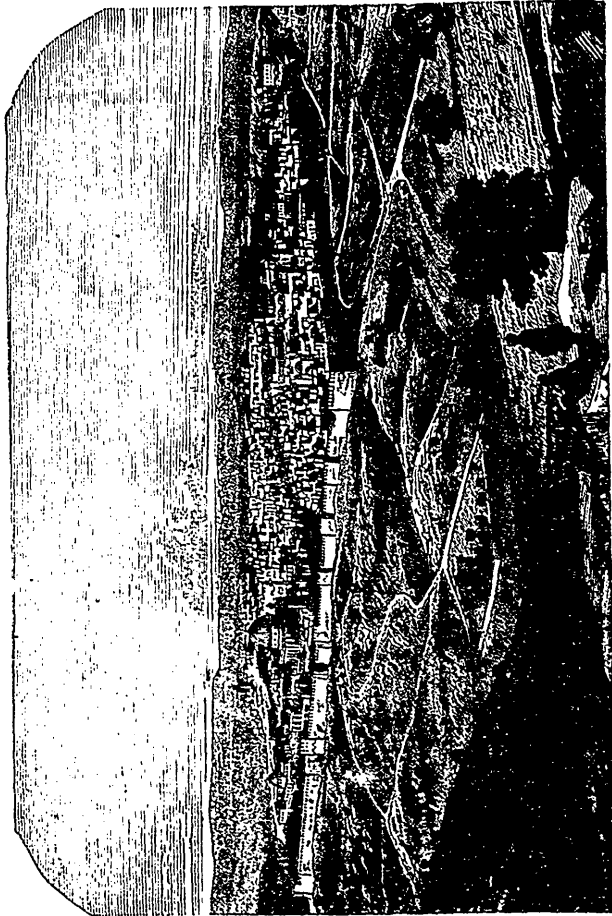
Let us start from Jaffa Gate, a busy spot where the people gather to hear the news, and to engage in traffic of every kind. Pushing through the crowd of horses, mules, and camels, and the jostling representatives of almost every nation of the habitable globe, let us climb that massive square tower to our right. It is the Tower of David, called by Josephus the Tower of Hippicus. It was most likely standing in the Saviour's time, and, wearying along the "street of David," His shadow may have rested on its wall as he passed along. From the summit you obtain a commanding view of the buildings, public places, and general outline of the city, with its surrounding hills and ravines. Invested with thrilling associations is the grand old tower that withstood the battering-



JERUSALEM, WITHIN THE WALLS.

rams of the Romans and has resisted through all the centuries the ravages of time. Opposite the citadel are the Protestant Church Mission Grounds, and further on the Armenian Convent, an immense establishment, having dormitories capable of accommodating eight thousand pilgrims. Within the Convent is the Church of St. James, a rich, splendid church, being next in size to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and one of the most gorgeous and elaborately adorned structures in the East. The tessellated floor is inlaid with rich Mosaics, and the walls are ornamented with pictures of the Byzantine School. The church stands on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James the Apostle.

Close at hand is Zion Gate, and just outside of Zion Gate is the house of Caiaphas. This was the palace to which the blessed Saviour was taken from the house of Annas, and where He was condemned before the Sanhedrim. A small cell adorned with porcelain and pearl is shown as the prison in which our Lord was kept the night before His crucifixion. Under the roof of this

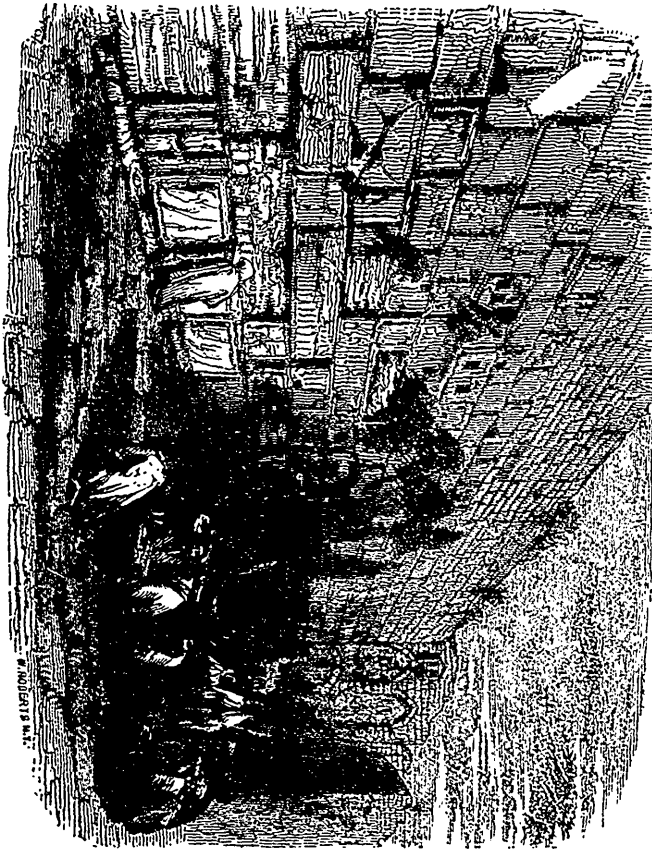


NEAR VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

building is the Cœnaculum, a large and desolate-looking "upper room," some fifty or sixty feet in length by thirty feet in width. Tradition has it that this is the "guest chamber," where the Saviour celebrated His last Passover with His sorrow-stricken disciples, and at the close of it instituted the "Supper."

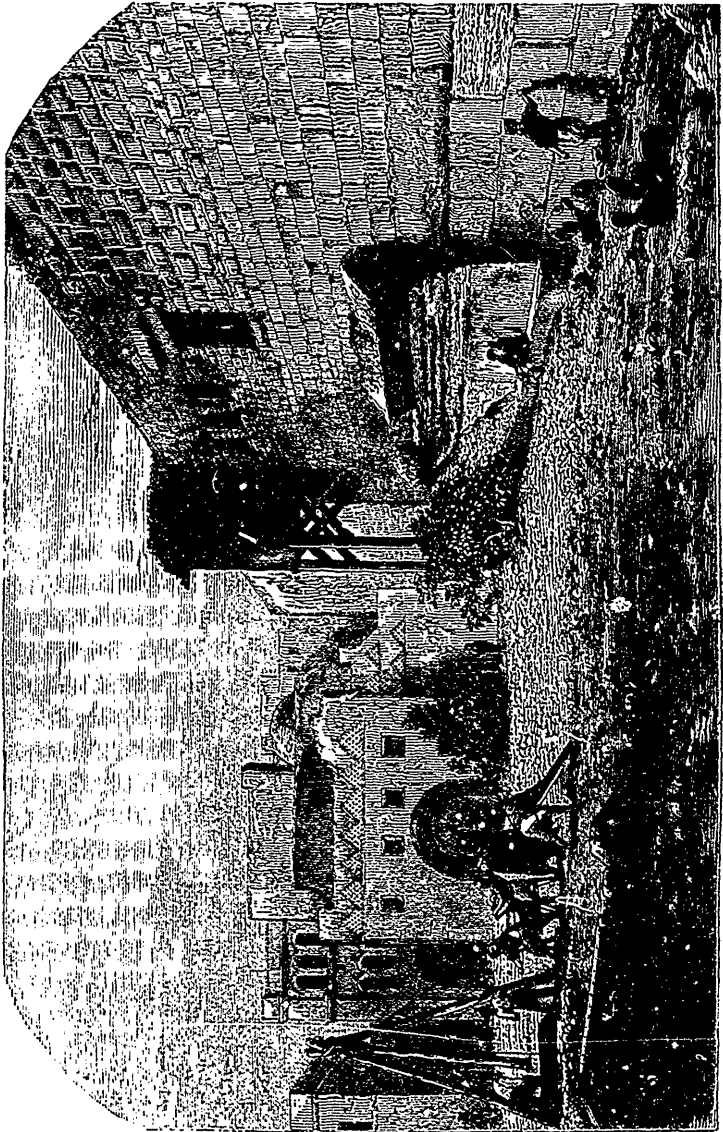
More than one-half of the hill of Zion lies outside the present walls, and as we wandered through gardens of vegetables and fields of growing grain, we were struck with the wonderful fulfilment of Divine predictions uttered twenty-five hundred years ago: "Therefore, shall Zion for your sake be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest."

JEWISH PLACE OF WAILING.



The Jews' Wailing Place is a little quadrangular area, about one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, an exposed part of the outer western wall of the Haram, between the gates of the Chain and of the Strangers. It is a fragment of the old wall of the Temple, as shown by the five courses of large bevelled stones, and here on Friday afternoons the Jews gather together to weep

over the ruins of the Holy City, and mourn for their "holy and beautiful house" defiled by infidels. There are old Jews with



ROBINSON'S ARCH.

black caps and dingy dress, sitting on the ground, reading out of old, greasy books; and Jewesses, draped in their white izars, sitting in sorrow, their cheeks bathed in tears, or kissing passion-

ately the stones which formed part of the foundations of the holy house. Unhappy ones, they can get no nearer the place of their fallen temple, for to cross the threshold of the sacred inclosure, on Mount Moriah, is instant death to a Jew. There they are, engaged in their devotions; some standing, some sitting, some kneeling, other lying prostrate upon the ground.

One of their wailing chants is in words like these:—

“ Because of the palace which is deserted,  
 We sit alone and weep ;  
 Because of the temple which is destroyed,  
 We sit alone and weep ;  
 Because of the walls that are broken down,  
 We sit alone and weep ;  
 Because of the greatness which is departed,  
 We sit alone and weep ;  
 Because of the precious stones of the temple  
 ground to powder,  
 We sit alone and weep.”

South of the “Wailing Place” is the famous “Robinson’s Arch,” consisting of three courses of huge stones, projecting one over the other so as to form the segment of an arch. Viewed casually, these stones appear to have been pushed out from their places, by some convulsion, and Dr. Robinson, when he first saw them, supposed that they were merely a bulge in the wall; but on a more careful examination they were found to form the first courses of an arch. Further explorations have established the fact that this wall is a part of the wall of the ancient Temple, and that this arch is a part of the magnificent bridge, which, Josephus tells us, spanned the valley, and connected the temple with the Palace on Mount Zion. This gigantic work belongs to the age of Solomon, and the colossal bridge, with its massive piers and arches, could not have been less than three hundred and fifty feet in length.

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The ills we see,—  
 The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,  
 The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—  
 Have all one key ;  
 This strange, sad world is but our Father’s school ;  
 All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

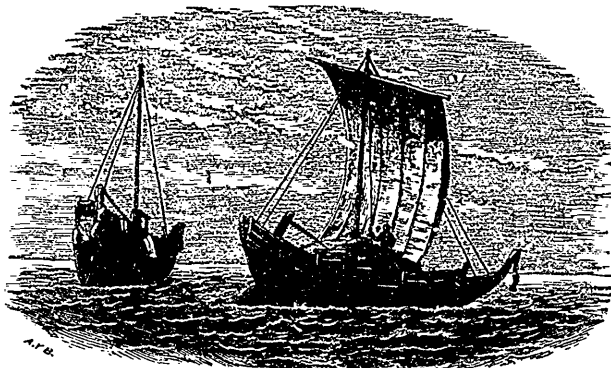
—*Havergal.*

## AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

## IX.

## JAPAN.



JAPANESE BOATS.

*Tuesday, January 30th.*—When we awoke from our slumbers this morning, it was very cold and dark, and we heard noises of a strange kind. On going on deck to ascertain the cause of this state of things, we discovered that the skylights and port-holes were all covered and blocked up with snow, and that the water froze as it came out of the hose, forming a sheet of ice on the deck. Masses of snow and ice were falling from the rigging, and everything betokened that our welcome to Japan would not be a warm one.

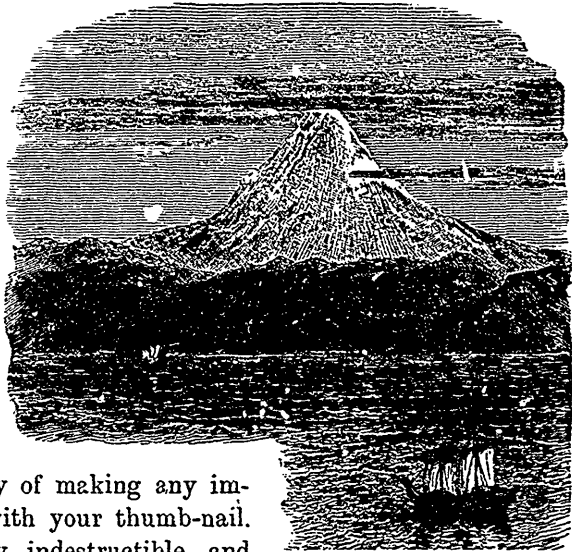
After breakfast we had many visitors, and received letters from Sir Harry and Lady Parkes, inviting us to go up to Yeddo to-morrow for a long day, to settle our future plans.

Having landed, we went with the Consul to the native town, to see the curio shops, which are a speciality of the place. The inhabitants are wonderfully clever at making all sorts of curiosities, and the manufactories of so-called "antique bronzes" and "old china" are two of the most wonderful sights in Yokohama. The way in which they scrape, crack, chip, mend, and colour the various articles, cover them with dust, partially clean them, and



imitate the marks and signatures of celebrated makers, is more creditable to their ingenuity than to their honesty. Still, there are a good many genuine old relics from the temples, and from the large houses of the reduced Daimios, to be picked up, if you go the right way to work, though the supply is limited. A really good bit of old lacquer (the best generally made into the form of a small box, a portable medicine-chest, or a chow-chow box) is worth from £20 to £200. We saw one box, about three inches square, which was valued at £45; and a collection of really good lacquer would be costly and difficult to procure even here. The

best specimens I have ever seen are at Lady Alcock's; but they are all either royal or princely presents, not to be bought with money. The tests of good lacquer are its exquisite finish, its satiny, oily feel, and the impossibility of making any impression on it with your thumb-nail. It is practically indestructible, and will wear for ever.



FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

After a long day's shopping, we went to dine, in real Japanese fashion, at a Japanese tea-house. The establishment was kept by a very pleasant woman, who received us at the door, and who herself removed our exceedingly dirty boots before allowing us to step on to her clean mats. This was all very well, as it went; but she might as well have supplied us with some substitute for the objectionable articles, for it was a bitterly cold night, and the highly polished wood passages and steep staircase felt very cold to our shoeless feet. The apartment we were shown into was so exact a type of a room in any Japanese house, that I may as well describe it once for all. The woodwork of the roof and

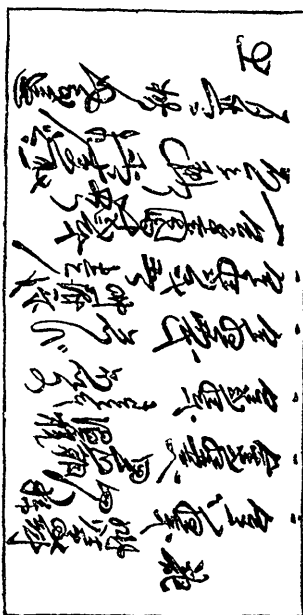
the framework of the screens were all made of a handsome dark polished wood, not unlike walnut. The exterior wall under the verandah, as well as the partitions between the other rooms, were simply wooden lattice-work screens, covered with white paper, and sliding in grooves; so that you could walk in or out at any part of the wall you chose, and it was, in like manner, impossible to say whence the next comer would make his appearance. Doors and windows are, by this arrangement, rendered unnecessary, and do not exist. You open a little bit of your wall if you want to look out, and a bigger bit if you want to step out. The floor was covered with several thicknesses of very fine mats, each about six feet long by three broad, deliciously soft to walk upon. All mats in Japan are of the same size, and everything connected with house-building is measured by this standard.

On one side of the room was a slightly raised *dais* about four inches from the floor. This was the seat of honour. On it had been placed a stool, a little bronzed ornament, and a china vase, with a branch of cherry-blossom and a few fig-leaves gracefully arranged. On the wall behind hung pictures, which are changed every month, according to the season of the year. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room. Four nice-looking Japanese girls brought us thick cotton quilts to sit upon, and braziers full of burning charcoal, to warm ourselves by. In the centre of the group another brazier was placed, protected by a square wooden grating, and over the whole they laid a large silk eider-down quilt, to retain the heat. This is the way in which all the rooms, even bedrooms, are warmed in Japan, and the result is that fires are of very frequent occurrence. The brazier is kicked over by some restless or careless person, and in a moment the whole place is in a blaze.

Presently the eider-down and brazier were removed, and our dinner was brought in. A little lacquer table, about six inches high, on which were arranged a pair of chopsticks, a basin of soup, a bowl for rice, a *saki* cup, and a basin of hot water, was placed before each person, whilst the four Japanese maidens sat in our midst, with fires to keep the *saki* hot, and to light the tiny pipes with which they were provided, and from which they wished us to take a whiff after each dish. *Saki* is a sort of spirit, distilled from rice, always drunk hot, out of small cups. In this state it is not disagreeable, but we found it exceedingly nasty when cold.

Everything was well cooked and served, though the ingredients of some of the dishes, as will be seen from the following bill of fare, were rather strange to our idea. Still they were all eatable, and most of them really palatable:—Shrimps and seaweed; prawns, egg omelette, and preserved grapes; raw fish, mustard and cress, horseradish and soy; fried chicken and bamboo shoots; turnip tops and root pickled; hot saki, pipes and tea.

The meal concluded with an enormous lacquer box of rice, from which all our bowls were filled, the rice being thence conveyed to our mouths by means of chopsticks.



OUR LUNCHEON BILL.

After dinner we had some real Japanese tea, tasting exactly like a little hot water poured out on very fragrant new-mown hay. Then, after a brief visit to the kitchen, which, though small, was beautifully clean, we received our boots and were bowed out by our pleasant hostess and her attentive hand-maidens.

Wednesday, January 31st—We left the yacht soon after eight o'clock, and started by the 9.34 a.m. train for the city formerly called Yeddo, but latterly, since the Mikado has resided there, Tokio, or eastern capital of Japan. The ground was covered with snow, and there were several degrees of frost, but the sun felt hot, and all the people were sunning themselves in the doorways or

wide verandahs of their houses.

Yokohama has been so completely Europeanised, that it was not until we had left it that we caught our first glimpse of Japanese life; and the whole landscape and the many villages looked very like a set of living fans or tea trays, though somehow the snow did not seem to harmonize with it.

We crossed several rivers, and reached Tokio in about an hour, when we at once emerged into the midst of a clattering, chattering crowd, amongst whom there did not seem to be a single

European. The reverberation, under the glass roof of the station, of the hundreds of pairs of wooden clogs, pattering along was something extraordinary. Giving up our tickets, and following the stream, we found ourselves surrounded by a still more animated scene, outside the station. We were just deliberating what to do next, when a smart little Japanese, with a mail-bag over his shoulder, stepped forward and said something about Sir Harry Parkes. He then popped us all into several double and treble-manned *jinrikishas*, and started off himself ahead at a tremendous pace, shouting and clearing the way for us.

Our first halting-place was at the Temple of Shiba, not far from the station, where most of the Tycoons have been buried. It is a large enclosure, many acres in extent, in the centre of the city, with walls overgrown with creepers, and shadowed by evergreen trees, amid whose branches rooks caw, ravens croak, and pigeons coo, as undisturbedly as if in the midst of the deepest woodland solitude. I had no idea there was anything so beautiful in Japanese architecture as this temple. We entered several of the temples, which are perfect marvels of carving, gilding, painting, and lacquer work. Their style of decoration may be somewhat barbaric; but what a study they would form for an artist! Outside where no colour is used, the overhanging roofs and the walls are carved with a depth and boldness, and yet a delicacy, I have seldom seen equalled. Within, a dim religious light illumines and harmonises a dazzling mass of lacquer, gold, and painting. It is the grandest burial-place imaginable.

The English Embassy is a nice red brick house, built in the centre of a garden, so as to be as secure as possible from fire or attack. After a most pleasant luncheon we looked over the collection which Lady Parkes is beginning to form. A little later we started in great force, some in carriages and some on horseback, attended by running grooms, to see something more of the city. These men think nothing of running by the side of a horse and carriage some forty miles a day.

There is always a festival going on in some part of Tokio. To-day there had been a great wrestling-match, and we met all the people coming away. Such crowds of *jinrikishas*, full of gaily dressed and painted women and children, with their hair plastered into all sorts of inconceivable shapes, and decorated

with artificial flowers and glittering pins! After a long and delightful drive we arrived at the station just in time to catch the train. The return journey to Yokohama, in the omnibus-like railway carriages, was very cold, and the *jinrikishas* drive to the Grand Hotel colder still. After dinner we returned to the yacht in the boat belonging to the hotel, which was prettily decorated with bright-coloured lanterns, and which afforded welcome shelter from the biting wind.

*Thursday, February 1st.*—Arrangements have been made for our excursion to the Island of Inoshima, to see the great figure of Daibutz. By eight o'clock we had landed, and packed ourselves



樽以承

景全島江

INOSHIMA, BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.

into a funny little shaky carriage drawn by four horses. We drove quickly through the town, past the station, along the To-kaido, or imperial road, running from one end of the Island of Nippon to the other. The houses are one storey high, and their walls are made of the screens I have already described. These screens were all thrown back, to admit the morning air, cold as it was. We could consequently see all that was going on within, in the sitting-room in front, and even in the bedrooms and kitchen. At the back of the house there was invariably a little garden to be seen, with a miniature rockery, a tree, and a lake; possibly also a bridge and a temple.

As we emerged into the open country the landscape became very pretty, and the numerous villages, nestling in the valleys at

the foot of the various small hills, had a most picturesque appearance. After stopping twice on the road, to drink the inevitable tea, we changed from our carriage to *jirikishas*, each drawn and pushed by four strong men, bowling along at a merry pace. There were many strange things upside down to be seen on either hand—horses and cows with bells on their tails instead of on their necks, the quadrupeds well clothed, their masters without a scrap of covering, tailors sewing from them instead of to them, a carpenter reversing the action of his saw and plane, etc.

In less than an hour we reached the narrow strip of land which at low water connects the island or peninsula of Ino-



A DRAG ACROSS THE SAND IN A JINRIKISHA.

shima with the mainland. We walked right across it in about an hour; so you may imagine it is not very large.

Our *jirikisha* men deposit us at the bottom of the main street of the principal village, to enter which we passed through a simple square arch of a temple. The street was steep and dirty, and consisted principally of shell-fish and seaweed shops.

An old priest took us in hand, and, providing us with stout sticks, marched us up to the top of the hill to see various temples, and splendid views in many directions. Before we said good-bye, one of the old priests implored to be allowed to dive into the

water for half-a-dollar. His request was complied with, and he caught the coin most successfully.

After this we proceeded on our way towards the Daibutz, or Great Buddha, situated within the limits of what was once the large city of Kama-kura, now only a collection of small hamlets. As all Japanese cities are built of wood, it is not wonderful that they should in time entirely disappear, and leave no trace behind them. But there still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is of bronze, and is supposed to have been cast about the year 1250 or 1260. It is some fifty feet



A BOATMAN.

high, with golden eyes and a silver spiral horn on the forehead. It is possible to sit or stand on the thumb, and within the hollow body an altar is erected, at which the priests officiate. Sitting there, amidst a grove of enormous cryptomerias and bamboos, there is an air of ineffable silent strength about that solitary figure, which affords a clue to the tenacity with which the poorer classes cling to Buddhism. The very

calmness of these figures must be more suggestive of relief and repose to the poor weary worshippers than the glitter of the looking-glass and crystal ball to be found in the Shintoo temples. The looking-glass is intended to remind believers that the Supreme Being can see their innermost thoughts as clearly as they can see their own reflection; while the crystal ball is an emblem of purity. Great store is set by the latter, especially if of large size and without flaw; but to my mind the imperfect ones are the best, as they refract the light and do not look so much like glass.

*Friday, February 2nd.*—The market at Yokohama is one of the sights of the place. There were large quantities of birds and game of all kinds. The fish-market was well supplied, especially

with cuttle-fish. They are not inviting-looking, but are considered a delicacy here. A real octopus, in a basket, with its hideous body in the centre, and its eight arms, covered with suckers, arranged in the form of a star, is worth from a dollar to a dollar and a half, according to its size. We weighed anchor at 8.30 p.m. and proceeded under steam.

*Sunday, February 4th.*—The scenery appeared to be pretty, and we passed through crowds of picturesque junks. At 4.25 we rounded Tomamgai Smia, and at 9 p.m. anchored off the town of Kobe, or Hiogo.

*Monday, February 5th.*—By seven o'clock a boat was alongside with letters from the Consul and Sir Harry Parkes, who had kindly made all the necessary arrangements for us to see the opening of the railway from Kobe to Kioto, and for the presentation of the gentlemen to the Mikado. It certainly was a great opportunity for seeing a Japanese holiday crowd all dressed in their best. Thousands and thousands of people were in the streets, who, though naturally anxious to see as much as possible, behaved in the most quiet and orderly manner. Outside the station there was a most marvellous pavilion, the woodwork of which had been entirely covered with evergreens and ornamented with life-size dragons and phoenixes (the imperial insignia of Japan), all made in flowers. On a dais the Mikado's throne was placed. Tom in R.N.R. uniform, the other gentlemen in evening dress, accompanied the Consul on to the platform to receive the Mikado. There were not many Europeans present; but the platform was densely crowded with Japanese, sitting on their heels, and patiently waiting to see the extraordinary sight of their hitherto invisible spiritual Emperor brought to them by a steam engine on an iron road. The men had all their heads fresh shaven, and their funny little pigtails rearranged for the occasion. The women's hair was elaborately and stiffly done up with light tortoiseshell combs and a large pin, and decorated with artificial flowers. Some of the children were gaily dressed in red and gold undergarments, the prevailing colour of the costumes being dark blue, turned up with red.

Watching the crowd occupied the time in a most interesting manner, till the firing of guns and the playing of bands announced the arrival of the imperial train. The Mikado was received on the platform, and after a very short delay he headed the procession along the covered way on to the dais.



He is a young, not very good-looking man, with rather a sullen expression, and legs that look as though they did not belong to him—I suppose from using them so little, and sitting so much on his heels; for until the last few years the Mikado has always been considered far too sacred a being to be allowed to set foot on the earth. He was followed by his highest Minister, the foreign Ministers, and a crowd of Japanese dignitaries, all with one or two exceptions, in European official dress, glittering with gold lace. I believe it was the first time that many of them had ever worn it. At any rate, they certainly had never learned to put it on properly. It would have driven to distraction the tailor who made them, to see tight-fitting uniforms either left unbuttoned altogether, or hooked askew from top to bottom, and to behold the trousers turned up and disfigured by the projecting tags of immense side-spring boots, generally put on the wrong feet. Some of the visitors had no gloves, while others wore them with fingers at least three inches too long. Certainly a court dresser as well as a court tailor ought to be appointed to the Mikado's establishment, before the European costume becomes generally adopted.

The old court dress of the Daimios is very handsome, consisting of rich silks and brocades, with enormously long loose trousers trailing two or three feet on the ground, and with sleeves like butterfly wings, of corresponding dimensions. A small high-peaked black cap is worn on the head, to accommodate the curious little cut-off pigtail, set up like a cock's comb, which appears to be one of the insignia of a Daimio's rank in Japan.

As soon as the people had arranged themselves into three sides of a square, Sir Harry Parkes read an address, and presented his five compatriots to the Mikado, who replied in inaudible but no doubt suitable terms. Then the Governor of Kobe had to read an address, and I pitied the poor man from the bottom of my heart. His knees shook, his hands trembled, and his whole body vibrated to such an extent that his cocked hat fell and rolled on the floor of the dais, and finally hopped down the steps, while the address nearly followed its example. How thankful he must have felt when it was over!

The proceedings in the pavilion being now at an end, the Mikado walked down the middle of the assembly, followed by

all his Ministers in single file, on his way to the luncheon tent. After they had gone, we inspected the imperial railway carriage, the soldiers, guns, etc., and just as we were leaving the station yard, to look at the daylight fireworks they were letting off in honour of the occasion, a salute announced the departure of the Mikado for Kioto.

We then went to see a Buddhist temple, supposed to be rather a fine specimen of woodwork. It is specially curious on account of some monkeys and a white horse, each kept in a sort of side shrine. Every worshipper at the temple stopped before these shrines, and for a small coin bought rice or beans to feed them with, through the priest.



A FAMILY GROUP.

Kobe, the foreign settlement, is bran-new, spick and span, with a handsome parade, and grass and trees, planted boulevard fashion, along the edge of the sea. It is all remarkably clean, but quite uninteresting. To-night, however, it looked very well, illuminated by thousands and thousands of coloured paper lanterns, arranged in all sorts of fanciful devices. It was dark and clear, and there

was no wind, so that everything went off well.

*Tuesday, February 6th.*—Our time is short, so half our party started early for Kioto, it being arranged that Tom and Mabelle should follow us by an early train to-morrow. It was a wet cheerless day, and the country did not look its best. Still, the novelty of the scenes around could not fail to make them interesting. The Japanese have an intense horror of rain, and it was ludicrous to see the peasants walking along with scarcely any clothes on except a pair of high clogs, a large hat, and a paper umbrella. Most of the *jinrikishas*, too, had oiled paper hoods and aprons. The drive to our hotel, through long, narrow, crowded, picturesque streets, seemed long and wearisome. The large paper lanterns still remained fastened to the high poles, with an open umbrella at the top to afford protection from the rain.

Kioto is a thoroughly Japanese town. I do not suppose it contains a single European resident; so that the manners and customs of the natives may be seen in perfection. Its theatres and jugglers are famous throughout Japan. In the suburb where the two hotels are situated, stand numberless tea-houses and other places of entertainment.

After about three-quarters of an hour's ride in the *jinrikisha*, we were deposited at the bottom of a flight of steps, which appeared to lead to a temple, but by which we reached the hotel in five minutes. We were received by servants, who bowed to the ground, but who did not speak a word which we could understand. The rooms looked clean and comfortable, and the dining-room boasted a table and six chairs. The bedrooms, too, had beds, screens, and washstands; quite an unexpected luxury. Still more so was a strip of glass about half-way up the screens, through which we could admire the fine prospect. Anything in the shape of a transparent window is a complete novelty in a Japanese house, where, in winter, you feel as if you were imprisoned.

Sir Harry Parkes has had, I fear, a great deal of trouble about the yacht. She is the first vessel of the kind ever seen in Japan, with the exception of the one sent out in 1858 as a present from the Queen to the then Tycoon, and now used by the Mikado. The officials, it seems, cannot make the *Sunbeam* out. "Is she a man-of-war? We know what that is." "No." "Is she a merchant ship?" "No; she is a yacht." But what can be the object of a vessel without guns is quite beyond their comprehension.

*Wednesday, February 7th.*—At 8.30 Sir Harry Parkes and two other gentlemen arrived, and we all started at once in *jinrikishas* to see what could be seen in the limited time at our disposal. We went first to the temple of Gion Chiosiu. Sir Harry showed us all the apartments, and the large though subsidiary temple once used as an hospital, and we afterwards went to see the service performed. A dozen bonzes, or priests, were sitting round in a circle, chanting monotonously from ponderous volumes, with an occasional accompaniment from a gong or drum. Incense was being burned, vestments worn, processions formed, and prayers offered to Buddha to intercede with the Supreme Being. The accessories and surroundings were of course different, but the ceremonial struck me as being much the same as that in use at Roman Catholic places of worship.

One of the late acts of Government has been to declare the Shintoo, as the old religion of the country, to be the only State faith. This is the disestablishment of Buddhism, but it does not imply its suppression. The Buddhist priests complain very much, saying that their temples are not now so popular, and many are being closed. Speculators are buying up their fine bronze bells, and sending them home to be coined into English pennies and halfpennies.

We strolled about the temple grounds, and ascended the hill, to see the famous bell, which is the second biggest in Japan. The immense beam which strikes it was unlashd from the platform for our edification, and the bell sent forth an magnificent sound, pealing over the city and through the woods.

Nishni Hongangi is one of the largest and finest temples we have yet seen, even in spite of a large portion having been destroyed by the disastrous fire of 1864. Notice had been sent that the English Minister was coming with a party of friends, and everything had accordingly been prepared for our reception. In some places they had even put down carpets, to obviate the necessity of our having to take off our boots. The Abbot was out, which I much regretted, for he belongs to the Montes, the most advanced sect of Buddhism, and has more than once remarked to English visitors that he thought their own principles were so enlightened that they were paving the way for a higher form of religion, in the shape of Christianity—rather a startling confession to come from the lips of a Buddhist priest.

Wherever we went a large but perfectly civil crowd followed us, and people ran on before to tell others to come to their doors and look at us, though we were under the charge of an officer and two men. The Japanese shopkeepers, though difficult to deal with, are incorruptible when once the bargain is made. They pack most carefully, frequently adding boxes, bags, and baskets, not originally included in the purchase, in order that the articles may travel more safely. The smallest article is sure to be put in, and the greatest care is taken of everything, even if they know you do not mean to open the cases for months.

*Friday, February 9th.*—We left by ten o'clock train for Osaka, which has been called the Venice of Japan. It is intersected by innumerable rivers and canals, and boats were continually

making their appearance at points where they were least expected, as our *jinrikisha* men hurried us along the narrow and not very sweet-smelling streets. We went so fast that more than once I thought we should have been tipped into one of the canals, as we turned a sharp corner. Our men upset the baskets and stalls that encroached on the road in the most unceremonious manner; but their proprietors did not seem to mind, many of them quietly moving their wares out of the way as they heard the shouts that announced our approach. The smell in the fish-market was disgusting, and enough to poison the air for miles around, but the people did not seem to mind it in the least.



WAYSIDE TRAVELLERS.

At last we left the river and town, and, climbing a slight eminence, crossed the first moat by a stone bridge, and reached the guard-house on the other side. There was some hesitation at first for admitting us; but it was soon overcome. This castle, the last stronghold of the Tycoon, is composed of enormous blocks of stone. We crossed the three moats and the three enclosures, now all full of barracks and soldiers.

The Imperial Mint of Japan is a large handsome building, in great force just now, for the whole of the old money is being called in and replaced by the Government. The new coinage is marked in English characters and ornamented with Japanese devices, such as the phoenix and the dragon.

There was just time to go round some of the old streets, and to some of the shops, before the hour by which we were due at the station. Osaka is famous for its waxworks and theatres. Five of the best of these have, however, been burnt down within the last eighteen months, with terrible loss of life.

We visited several pawnbrokers' shops, at all of which there was something interesting to be seen. Many are perfect museums; but their proprietors never seem to care much to show you what they have, unless you are accompanied by a resident or some one they know. Then they invite you into the iron fire-proof "godown" or store, at the back, and out of funny little boxes and bags and parcels produce all sorts of rare and curious things which have been sent to them to be sold, or which they may possibly have bought themselves.

I bought some fine bantams at Yokohama, and a whole cage full of rice-birds. They are the dearest little things, and spend most of the day in bathing and twittering, occasionally getting all together into one nest, with their twenty-five heads peeping out. Our sailors have over a hundred birds of their own, which never appear on deck, except on very sunny days. I don't know where they can keep them, unless they stow them away in their Japanese cabinets.

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### SOME DAY.

BY W. I. SMITH.

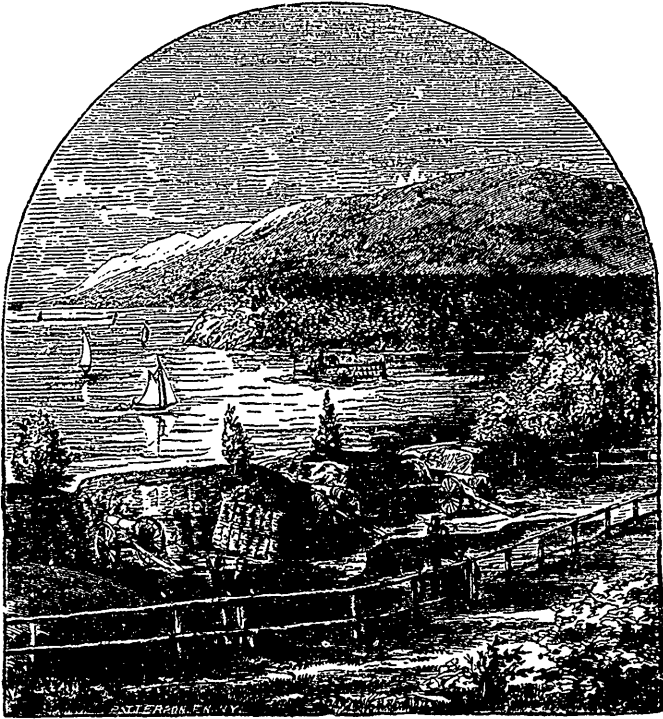
Some day for me the sun will cease to shine ;  
 Some day the light of heaven will sure be mine ;  
 Some day the grief, the pain will all be past ;  
 And I shall see my Saviour's face at last.

Above my pulseless heart the sweet bird's song  
 Will chant my requiem, the whole day long ;  
 The fragrant flowers their perfume sweet will shed ;  
 And summer rains fall soft upon my head.

The changeless stars their silent watch will keep ;  
 The loud winds roar above me as I sleep ;  
 The winter snows lie deep upon my breast ;  
 Yet not disturbed my calm and peaceful rest.

Therefore I labour on, from year to year,  
 Trusting in Him, with never doubt or fear ;  
 Content to bear my burdens all the way,  
 If I may share His blessed rest "some day."

## ON THE HUDSON.



THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT—FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.

No river on the continent can equal the Hudson for magnificent scenery, historic interest, and literary association. Our own St. Lawrence may have a more majestic flow, and the storied heights of Quebec a more intense historic spell. The Thompson and the Frazer may be more sublime, amid their mountain surroundings. But the grandeur of the Highlands and the Catskills, and the soft beauty of the Tappan Zee are all suffused and glorified by

That light which never was on sea or shore,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The genius of Drake, of Halleck, of Irving, of Willis, have invested every mountain and vale with a poetic spell and peopled them with the airy creations of the imagination.

It is well known that the most attractive scenery and most interesting places of resort are on the west side of the Hudson River. Heretofore, however, these were accessible to tourists only by means of tedious ferriages from the railway stations on the east side, or by the steamboats which stopped only at the principal points. The opening of the West Shore Railway now makes all these places of historic and romantic interest conveniently accessible. We know of no more attractive route than this, either for the through traveller to the seaboard, or for the tourist in search of the picturesque, who may wish to stop off at the score or more of places along the route which offer their varying attractions. Having recently twice traversed this route, the present writer wishes to impart the benefit of his experience.

The West Shore trains may be taken on the Canadian side of the Suspension Bridge. The pleasantest way, however, for tourists from Toronto is to cross the lake, and sail up to Lewiston, thence to follow the grand gorge of the Niagara by the railway, hewn out of the beetling precipice which overhangs the river. By leaving in the morning sufficient time will be given to inspect the new cantilever bridge—one of the most remarkable structures of recent times,—as well as the old Suspension Bridge. One may also run up by tram car to the Falls, have two or three hours there, and be back in time to take the 4 p.m. West Shore train for New York. He can reach that city next morning before breakfast if he wishes; but if he be touring for pleasure he can stop over night at Rochester, and next day visit Power's famous Picture Gallery—one of the largest and best in the country, though too sumptuously upholstered,—see the Genesee Falls and other chief sights of the city, and go on in the afternoon to Albany.

The ride down the beautiful Mohawk Valley, full of historic memories of colonial and revolutionary times, and studded with thriving towns and cities, is one of rare interest. Up the gleaming waters of the Mohawk passed the tide of early immigration to Western Canada, and it has many thrilling stories of Indian and border war. An additional feature of picturesqueness is added by the Erie Canal, with its shining reaches, its many bridges, its quaint scenes, where—

By the margin, willow-veiled  
Slide the heavy barges trailed  
By slow horses.



The broad sloping uplands, the green and golden harvest-fields, where waves of wheat and shadows of cloud chase each other over the landscape, the laden orchards and tasteful farmsteads, make a picture of pastoral beauty that lingers pleasantly in the mind. The scenery culminates in attractiveness at Little Falls, with its bold rock-cliffs and its snowy cascades.

One striking feature of this route is the architectural elegance of the railway stations. We have nowhere seen such tasteful and elegant structures. At Syracuse, for instance, the station is quite palatial, in the many-gabled picturesque "Queen Anne" style, with artistic stained glasses, bay windows, antique fireplaces, and everything in admirable keeping. Similar good taste is shown in even the smallest station. What is ordinarily a structure of irredeemable ugliness, is, on this road, an object of artistic beauty. The equipment and decoration of the coaches is in the same good taste—even the lettering of the baggage-car is in "Queen Anne" style.

A half day or more may well be spent at Albany, visiting the beautiful park and the magnificent Capitol, the Van Ransselaer Manor, and the quaint old Schuyler House—a stately relic of the colonial days, where on the handrail may still be seen the mark of an Indian's hatchet, made by a savage while trying to brain a child in her mother's arms. Older even than New York, no city in the Union has more stirring colonial memories than this same Albany—or Fort Orange as it used to be called.

The Capitol is one of the noblest and costliest buildings in the country. As seen from a distance on the river it towers a mighty mass, like a mountain of stone, above the city and dominates the entire landscape. It is even more noble within than without. The Senate Chamber is richer than that of Venice in its golden prime. Its walls are of carved mahogany, of Mexican onyx, and of stamped and gilt leather. The Assembly Chamber, with its vaulted stone roof, relieved with vermilion and gold, and with the fine frescoes, by Hunt, is worthy, as Freeman the historian has said, of comparison with the palaces of Ragusa. Begun on an appropriation of \$1,000,000, \$14,000,000 have already been expended, and it is said that \$7,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

The ride down the West Shore of the Hudson is one of surpassing interest. To the right are soon seen rising the billowy

swells of the Catskills, wave on wave of purpling hills, sweeping higher and higher till they pierce the sky at a height of over 4,000 feet.

So now the Catskills print the distant sky,  
 And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,  
 So softly blended that the cheated eye  
 Now questions which is earth and which is heaven.

From the towns of Catskill and Kingston, narrow gauge-railways penetrate the very heart of the mountains, climbing their



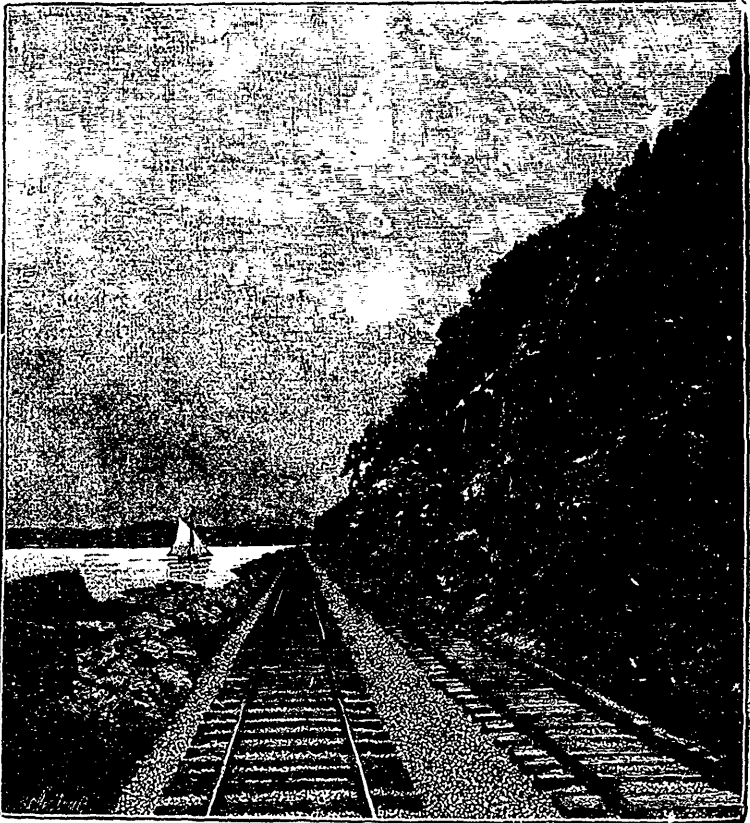
VIEW FROM WEST POINT.

steep sides till the whole country lies like a map beneath the eye, and for a distance of ninety miles the lordly Hudson is seen like a river of sapphire in a landscape of emerald. A week or a fortnight spent in wandering amid the valleys—"cloves" as they are called—and over the mountains of this picturesque region dower one for ever with memories of deep delight. It is more like life on the Righi than anything in America. In the White Mountains, for the most part, the hotels are down in the valleys; here they are far up on the mountain's brow, commanding mag-

nificent outlooks over thousands of square miles. The whole region is suffused with the spell of Irving's gentle muse, and haunted with memories of Rip Van Winkle and the gnomes of the Katzenbergs.

Between the Catskills and the Highlands is a region of tranquil beauty.

By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,  
By palace, village, cot—a sweet surprise  
At every turn the vision breaks upon.



THE DUNDERBERG.

The broad river flows between populous banks, its liquid surface plowed by many a keel, while

Like slow shuttles through the sunny warp  
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks

ply the busy ferries from shore to shore.

Soon the sublimest portion of the river is reached—the famous Highlands of the Hudson. It has not the gloomy grandeur of our own Saguenay, nor the romantic associations of the many-castled Rhine. But it is more beautiful than the one and more sublime than the other, and at the Storm King the scenery is said to be strikingly like the Iron Gate of the Danube. Here where the great cliffs jut out into the stream it seemed impossible to find a ledge for the railway. In some places a pass could only be found by letting men down by ropes and blasting out a foothold in the face of the cliff. The cut on page 225 will show the nature of the results achieved over almost insuperable obstacles. The grandeur culminates in old Storm King and Crow Nest, twin mountains that tower above the placid wave.

“Where Hudson’s stream o’er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Crow Nest like a monarch stands,  
Crowned with a single star.”

This is the scene of Rodman Drake’s exquisite poem “The Culprit Fay,” one of the most charming bits of fairy lore extant.

“’Tis the middle watch of a summer night,  
The earth is dark but the heavens are bright,  
The moon looks down on old Crow Nest,—  
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,  
And seems his huge grey form to throw  
In a silver cone on the waves below.”

Here, legend avers, the spectral “storm ship” is sometimes seen by misty midnight, the ghost of the “Half Moon” of Hendrich Hudson—the first of ships that ever burst into that silent sea.

A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew  
In tempests she appears,  
And before the gale, or against the gale,  
She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers.

Over the top of these cliffs a good road has been constructed, by which one can wander afoot through some of the most magnificent scenery of the continent. The best place of departure for this excursion is West Point, the famous military academy

and garrison, which, with its Revolutionary associations of Washington and his Generals, and of the hapless Andre and Arnold, is to the Hudson what Quebec is to the St. Lawrence. It is itself well worth visiting for its charming prospect and romantic memories. We give two engravings of views from the fort.

The river hereabout is invested with numerous literary associations. Near by are Undercliff, the home of the poet Morris; Idlewild, the home of his companion poet Willis; and Sunnyside, the home of the most genial and best-beloved on both sides of the sea of American writers, Washington Irving. Here too is the famous Sleepy Hollow, with its weird legend of the "headless horseman," and of the luckless wooing of Ichabod Crane; and near by is the old Dutch church in whose quiet graveyard, beside the Hudson which he loved so well, sleeps the dust of the sweetest writer of his time.

Before reaching New York we pass the strange phenomenon of the Palisades—a wall of columnar basaltic rock, analogous to that of the Giant's Causeway, varying from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extending for fifteen miles. Their splintered and time worn crests present most picturesque appearances.

Weehawken, the site of the magnificent terminus of the West Shore Railway, is invested with melancholy associations as the historic duelling-ground of New York. Here the statesman Hamilton fell by the hand of Aaron Burr, and many another became a victim to a false "code of honour." Now most magnificent facilities for the transaction of an enormous business occupy the site of the old duelling grounds, and staunch and elegant ferries convey passengers to the famous city of Diedrech Knickerbocker, of Peter Stuyvesant, and of Hendrich Hudson.

We repeat, we know of no finer summer excursion than one down the West Shore of this storied stream, stopping off from place to place to enjoy its charming scenery and historic and literary associations.

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GOD is a worker. He has thickly strewn  
 Infinity with grandeur. God is love.  
 He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,  
 And all the worlds shall summer in His smile.

—Alexander Smith.

## "YET NOT I."\*

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

THIS is a remarkable book by a remarkable man. Mr. Haslam's former volume, "From Death into Life," was reviewed in these pages some time ago. The present volume is a sequel to it, and well sustains the reputation both of the writer and his work. In vindication of the title to his new book, Mr. Haslam says: "It will be seen as the reader proceeds with these chapters, that I have been led to places I did not intend and to works I had not thought of. The scenes and blessings here recorded were as surprising to myself as to others, if not more so." So surprising indeed, were some of the statements of the former volume that on making them the writer was charged with exaggeration and, indeed, falsehood. For prudential reasons, therefore, Mr. Haslam in this his later record of work has "understated some things and left many others unsaid." And yet the book before us bristles with the sensational and the marvellous. And none the less do we believe it all. And for the same reason that we believe in Pentecost.

The newly-installed Anglican Bishop of the Canadian Diocese of Huron in his late charge to his Synod, among many grand utterances says: "We need a ministry that believes in Jesus Christ against the whole world. . . . One not afraid to step out on the deep blue of God's promise and trust when the whole world derides; not afraid to stake the awful inviolability of Christ's word against the despair of a nation." Such a ministry has been that which is the subject of this volume. And hence the wonderful results which attended it. To quote again from Bishop Baldwin: "If the one tremendous desire of our souls is to prove with power the revelation of Jesus Christ, let us seek to exhibit the power of a Divine life." So did the subject of this sketch, and because of it the words of a man of a kindred spirit are not inapplicable to Mr. Haslam's ministry as well as that of Paul. "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among" the

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people, "in all patience in signs and wonders and mighty deeds." We shall in this notice of Mr. Haslam's new book as fully as possible give its story in the author's own words:—

"In the closing chapter of 'From Death into Life,' I stated that the day after my dismissal from Hayter, in Cornwall, there came to me, altogether unsought, an invitation to go to Bath and take charge of a mission district in that city. I could not but regard this as an unmistakable call from God. One door had shut behind, another had opened in front." . . . If I had known nothing of Bath I might have rejoiced in the prospect of labouring in such a great and influential city; but this was not the case. I had on two former occasions visited that place. Each time I had left it discomfited and glad to get away saying, 'I will never settle in Bath.'" Passing over the first rebuff we give the second: "Only three months before I received the call, I had been summoned to Bath to visit a dying relative. While there I fell in with the vicar of the parish where I was staying. He was very friendly and asked me to preach in his church on the following Sunday. I agreed to his request, and knowing from the little conversation we had that he was not a 'revival man,' I determined to be very proper and preach like a quiet Evangelical. I took my subject from the Gospel of the day, in order to show that I had no intention of alarming or disturbing the people. My topic was 'Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?' I commenced by saying that the Gospel hardened and bound up souls if it did not melt them. . . . At this point in my sermon a poor man sitting in the free seats shouted, out of the fulness of his heart, 'Glory be to God! Halleujah!' This caused a consternation among some of the congregation, and a lady fainted. Thinking that if I stopped it would only add to the confusion, I proceeded, remarking that when the Spirit of the Lord detected an unconverted man or woman in a Christian congregation, it was as if the Lord said, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither?' My advice to such convicted sinners was: Do not be speechless, lest the command be given, 'Bind him hand and foot, and take him away and cast him into outer darkness.' . . . 'You are right,' shouted the poor man on the free benches. 'Glory be to God! I'm not afraid. My soul is saved!' At the conclusion of the sermon I announced that I would preach again in the evening, and then dismissed the congregation,

many of whom were evidently perturbed. On going into the vestry I observed that the vicar's countenance was quite changed; the clerk looked aghast; and the churchwardens appeared as if they *wanted* to say something, but did not. A relative who was waiting at the door said: 'God bless you for speaking so plainly! Come out here; there are a number of happy people waiting to shake hands with you.' When the vicar came out, he saw me surrounded by them. . . . As we walked home he told me that he did not know what sort of a man I was, or he would certainly never have asked me to occupy his pulpit; he did not like that fire-eating kind of preaching. After our mid-day dinner the vicar again alluded to my sermon, and said that my preaching would never do for Bath however well it might suit Cornwall. In the evening the church was somewhat empty except the free seats. Whether I was discouraged by this or whether the Spirit of God was grieved I know not, but I was very unhappy all the time I was preaching, so much so that I retained a prejudice against Bath."

But God's voice now called His servant there and he hesitated not to obey. Arriving, Mr. Haslam waited on his rector, who conducted him to his new parish. "He showed me Avon Street with its many courts, and said the policemen always went down there in couples; it was not safe for them to go alone. This Avon Street consisted of fine houses of three and four storeys; these had been inhabited by fashionable people in the days of Lady Huntingdon. In the middle of the street was a chapel built by the Wesleys. It had been deserted by their followers, who had gone into a more respectable part of the city and built themselves another and finer edifice. They had let this one to an undertaker to keep mourning coaches and hearses in; but the rector having offered a higher price obtained possession. Finding the veritable Wesley pulpit in a corner, he put it up, and otherwise furnished the place for divine service. This was to be my church. A public-house which had failed was secured for a penny-bank and as a residence for the Bible-woman and others. . . . The next morning having provided myself with some sandwiches for luncheon, I set out for a day's work with the Scripture-reader. In the course of conversation I found out that whatever he had known of conversion in his own experience had completely slipped out of its place; and that the even tenor of his daily



routine consisted in relieving temporal distress, with very little if any spiritual teaching. . . . There were about one hundred houses in Avon Street alone and more than 1,800 people. Whole families lived in one room; consequently the staircase was common to all. The front door was always open, but the landlord of the house, or some one belonging to him, kept his eye upon it to see who came in, and more especially who went out, lest they should take away more than belonged to them. The filth and bad atmosphere were beyond all description.

"We visited one old man who lived in a cellar that was cold and green with damp. I asked him if the water ever came in.

"'Oh yes, when the tide be high, it do come up here for an hour or two.'

"What do you do then?

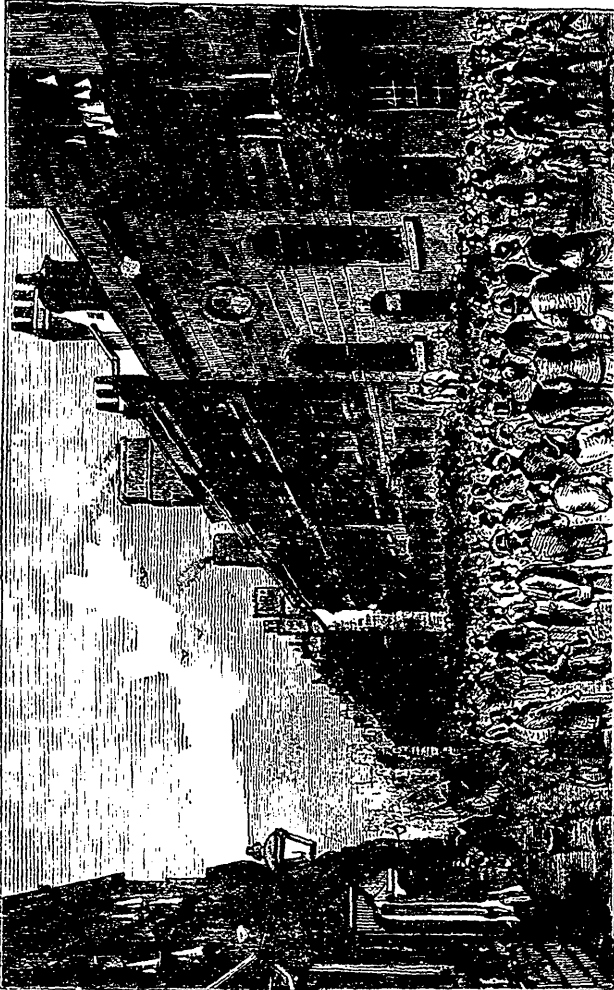
"'Why,' he said, suiting his action to his words, 'I puts my legs up on the stool, and goes on with my shoe-mending. I keeps my tools up there where they be safe from wet.'

"In his person he was a dirty, grimy man, who apparently never washed himself from one month's end to the other. Yet he seemed happy in his dirt and quite satisfied with his lodging.

"Bad and vile as these dwellings were from attic to cellar, their occupants with a few exceptions were far worse; their depravity was equal to their ignorance. It was easy to see that drink had a great effect in stupefying and drowning their senses. Twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty people, might be found living in one house, and that without any adequate supply of water. The Company turned the water on once or twice a day; but there were no cisterns in the houses to hold or keep it, and the little vessels each tenant brought to be filled would not hold anything like sufficient for their need. Neither could they in such a poisonous atmosphere keep sweet and wholesome the small quantity they had. These poor creatures had no chance of making tea or coffee for themselves, and little or no opportunity to drink water; so there was nothing for them but the beer sold in the public-houses. These, I need scarcely add, abounded in this street and neighbourhood.

"What with the dwellings of the people, their manner of life, their low degraded morals, their ignorance, indifference, recklessness, and occasional impudence, the work was indeed a trial of faith. As the Scripture-reader pointed out these things to

me one by one, he seemed to exult in my dismay, as much as to say, 'There now! do you think that even you could have done better than I have done in this locality?' It was



SUNDAY MORNING IN AVON STREET.

a bad locality and no mistake; but still I could not help thinking 'What is the use of the Gospel if it cannot touch such people? What place is there in all Bath that could excite the attention and sympathy of the Lord Himself more than this?'

The experiences of Mr. Haslam in his rounds through his new parish remind us very much of John Ashworth and his work, as recorded in those inimitable volumes, "Strange Tales from Humble Life." The same scenes of squalor, dirt, heathenish ignorance and insensibility, coarseness and brutality. But the new vicar had learned before this to "put a stiff back to a steep brae," and with a brave heart he met his duty. His first Sunday morning service is graphically described.

"As I passed along the street while the church bell was ringing, I invited the loiterers to come with me. Some of them laughed aloud at the idea; others mocking said, 'O yes, we'll come. We're all on us coming.' Another man suggested that he would come if I paid him. This remark caused much merriment. I stopped and said that I thought they ought to pay me for coming to do them good. 'Oh,' exclaimed one of them, 'the Government pays you well enough no fear; if the truth were known, they gives you a lot for us besides, if yer did not keep it all for yerself.'

"On arriving at the church I was grieved to find but a few people there. They were respectably dressed and not like those I had seen in the street. After the service I took a chair, and standing on it at the church door I spoke to the crowd outside. They were very quiet and gave me a patient hearing. In the evening we had a larger congregation and I felt more encouraged. As I was reading the first lesson my attention was arrested by a verse which so touched my heart that it brought tears to my eyes before I was aware. It was from Isa. xlix. 20. 'The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell.' I could not help reading it a second time, then I stopped and told the people by way of comment that I had come from a large congregation of very dear people in Cornwall. 'Look here,' I said, 'the Lord is telling me in this verse that instead of them He will give me others here, and that this place will be too strait for us; I believe this.' "

Like every other good man, he did not believe in vain. And he showed his faith by his works. Both publicly and from house to house he ceased not to warn every man day and night with tears. A Temperance Society, a Band of Hope, a Day-school, a Mothers' Meeting were started. Helpers were raised up for

the work in a most remarkable way. When the congregation had outgrown the building, Mr. Haslam took his difficulty to the Lord, but did not otherwise mention it. Very soon a lady wrote him: "You ought to enlarge your church. I will give you one hundred pounds towards it; or if you build a new one I will give you a thousand; and I know some one else who will give you five hundred or more."

Take another instance. "The great need of a day-school had been so pressed upon me that I went to a lady, who held a Bible Class for young women, to ask whether she could recommend any one for a school-mistress. She said she thought the locality would be a difficulty, but promised to give me a definite answer on Monday afternoon. Strange to say, on that very Monday morning, altogether unsolicited, there came a cheque from a lady of title who had received good at the church in Avon Street, 'for the benefit of the place, and towards a school, if possible.' For this I thanked God and felt sure of success. That same afternoon I called upon the lady governess. She told me that one of her class had promised to take the situation and had said, 'It is an honour I could scarcely have aspired to, to work for the Lord in Avon Street. I will undertake it with pleasure, and a friend of mine will assist me.' 'Now,' added the lady, 'what about the money?' 'Here,' I said, 'is a cheque the Lord has sent me to-day.' Looking at it, she exclaimed, 'It is the Lord's school, and is sure to be a blessing. Will you let me have the management?' I need scarcely say that I accepted her offer, and we thanked God together. The school was opened the next day, and did become a blessing to many. It was worked most effectually in connection with the Mothers' Meeting."

Take another. "One of my lady-helpers had a brother, a colonel from India. He was much put about and very irate that his sister, 'such a beautiful and accomplished young lady, should be working in a dreadful place like Avon Street. She sleeps at home to be sure, but she lives down there all day. She must be mad.' To my great surprise, one night I saw this same colonel on his knees among the beggars at the after-meeting. I could scarcely believe my eyes! I found him thoroughly broken-down and in deep distress of soul. His sister's prayers were heard, and the Word had at last penetrated his armour and brought him in penitence to the Lord.

He became an out-and-out Christian and worked diligently for the Master in this as well as in other parts of the city. . . . He went about his work for God in a most methodical and business-like way, finding out anxious souls and sick people, also some cases of real temporal distress. Among other things he arranged Bible-readings and drawing-room addresses for me. By this means I had sometimes as many as three or four gatherings a day besides all my work in the district.

Of God's care of His servant in the support of his family he tells us: "I had abundantly proved that God was not unmindful of my domestic circumstances, for my stipend was only one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and though this amount had sufficed in Cornwall with a house-rent free, it was manifestly not enough to live upon in Bath with rent and taxes to pay. I had a wife, ten children, and two servants dependent on me, but I was dependent upon the Lord and He did not fail me. Unsought, a friend wrote to ask me to put two of my sons on the foundation of his Grammar School. Another, a lady, the daughter of a Lord Chancellor, bade me send my daughter to a school at her expense. A gentleman who had a nomination to Christ's Hospital, gave me that for another of my sons. My house-rent was regularly paid by some unknown benefactor. A butcher's boy came twice a week to my door with a joint of meat. A tailor called in occasionally to measure me for a greatcoat or other clothes. Indeed we never wanted. I have already told you how our trip to Freshford was provided for; and in addition to all this a Christian physician attended us for nothing and said he was our debtor. It was like carrying an empty purse, but always finding money convenient according to the need. In some way or other the Lord did provide."

From time to time on special invitation and as Providence opened the way, Mr. Haslam would take a run to outside points, and many remarkable results attended these evangelistic tours. At Paul-beyond-Penzance he tells us: "At an afternoon service on a certain Sunday there was a very large congregation, and the choir was in full force, almost filling the capacious gallery at the west end of the church. They had prepared a grand anthem for the occasion, which was taken from the 20th Psalm (Prayer-Book version). The striking parts were repeated over and over again, 'I will wash, I will wash mine hands in innocency, O

Lord, and so will I go to thine altar. . . My foot standeth right,' etc. While this was in lively execution the portly clerk stood still and firm as a rock in the front of the gallery, presenting a striking contrast to the band of numerous musicians behind him who were in energetic action, arms and heads all going. There were upwards of a dozen violins, a bass fiddle, trombone, brass bassoon, ophicleide, and other instruments of music, besides a host of singers. This vigorous demonstration was quite exciting. I could not help wishing that their feet did indeed stand aright, and that they had really washed their hands in innocency. . . . At the end of the sermon the choir scarcely joined in singing the psalm that I gave out, and while I was praying some of them began to cry to the Lord for mercy. I went up to the gallery as soon as I could, and oh! what a scene presented itself! The violins were lying about in all directions, and the various other instruments of music were laid aside, while the players were on their knees praying for mercy, the clerk himself being among their number. It was a glorious afternoon: there were people praying and rejoicing in the body of the church, and the gallery also was resounding with cries, first of distress and then of praise. . . . The churchwarden with others was helping to lead the anxious ones to Jesus.

“Another time preaching at Newlyn, in the open air, there was so great a crowd assembled that I was obliged to climb up into a high fishing smack which was stranded on the beach. There standing on the deck, I let down the nets, and, truly, the Lord gave us a miraculous draught of fishes. It was a day of joy and gladness. Oh for the liberty and triumph of the rough ram's horns; they beat the pretty silver trumpets into nothing! I was as a giant refreshed with new wine, and felt as if, like a Samson, I could pull the pillars of Bath down, and set some of the Philistines flying!”

To the writer of these notes few passages in this racy volume have proved more interesting than those which bring out the shrewd practicalness of the unconventional clergyman whose sayings and doings it records. The play of humour and occasionally of sarcasm in his descriptions is sometimes masterly. Take this one:

“It was announced in Bath that the Week of Prayer would be observed. Unhappily the Church people and the Dissenters had

their *united* meetings in different places, if not at separate times. This was not a good omen for successful prayer. Still it was well that the week should be kept at all. On the Monday evening I went to the Church of England meeting, and was introduced to several of my clerical brethren. In conversing with one of them he told me that the meeting was for special prayer for the outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon the city. This had a refreshing sound and delighted me. I went on to ask whether they had already received any droppings of a shower. I suppose I was unfortunate in the person I addressed, for he said he 'did not quite take in my meaning.' I asked him more plainly:

"Have you had any conversions?"

"'O yes,' he replied, 'I suppose God does that.'

"I said, 'In Cornwall when we met together to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit we expected it, and, what is more, we received it. The believers praised God, and sinners cried aloud for mercy.'

"'We never have such a thing here as that,' he said.

"Suppose while we are praying, the Lord answers prayer, and the people are moved to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' How would you act then?"

"'Oh,' said one who had been quietly listening to our conversation, 'we do not allow such things: we should at once send for the police and have them put out.'"

Disappointed with the gathering of his brother Churchmen, in its tone and management, Mr. Haslam went to another part of the city where the Nonconformists had met for a similar object. "Here," he says, "I was disappointed even more. . . . I heard nothing but platitudes or eloquent utterances. There was much display of oratory, and one speaker vied with another in using difficult words and long sentences. I noticed that each of them concluded with the verse of a hymn or poem, before he sat down exhausted, while the people applauded. Their prayers were as oratorical as their speeches, and I confess I felt very small in the midst of this display. It was far beyond my reach. I could no more compete with this kind of thing than I could fly."

After a successful term of service in Bath, the finger of God pointed Mr. Haslam's removal to another field. The call came quite unexpectedly. "While the work in Avon Street was making its best progress, it pleased God to send us domestic trials. We had seven members of our family ill with scarlet

fever, one of whom died. It was a time of sorrow, and suspense also, on account of the other children. The air of Bath had never suited my dear wife; and this affliction brought her to the conclusion that we should ask the Lord to remove us to some other place. I was rather taken aback; but looking at the matter on all sides, I determined that if she asked me again I would do so. She did ask; and accordingly we knelt down and prayed the Lord to move us. On the morning of the second day after doing this, there came a letter from Sir Thomas Beauchamp offering me a rectory in Norfolk. Taking this as the Lord's answer to prayer, we thanked Him and accepted it. Then Sir Thomas wrote to tell me that as soon as the living became vacant he had a wish to give it me; but fearing it might be his own will and not God's he restrained himself. After waiting four weeks, notwithstanding very numerous applications, Lady Beauchamp said one morning, 'Why do you not give the living to Mr. Haslam?' This was the very sign he had been waiting for. He replied, 'I will do so to-day.' Thus it happened that the very day we were praying at Bath, God was answering in Norfolk.

"The day arrived for my induction to the Rectory of Buckingham and Haddingham. All other preliminaries of institution and paying of fees (of which there are too many) being completed, a neighbouring vicar who had the commission, came to perform the ceremony. He brought me to the church and setting my hand on the latch of the door, said, 'I induct you as rector;' then giving me the key he bade me go in, lock the door on the inside, and ring the bell.

"I entered, and locking the door, knelt down for a few minutes; after which in due time I took hold of the rope and rang the bell in true ringer's style. When I came out the vicar said:

"'What in the world made you so long? Could you not find the bell-rope?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'but I knelt down first to thank God, and to ask Him to give me His blessing here for the salvation of many souls.' I'm afraid he did not quite understand my meaning; so he wished me 'good-bye' and drove off."

The new rector had to begin at the beginning with his parishioners. "I was obliged to be very elementary, for upon previous enquiry in the neighbourhood I had ascertained that none knew anything about conversion." One woman to whom he spoke about her soul said, "Was you always religious like



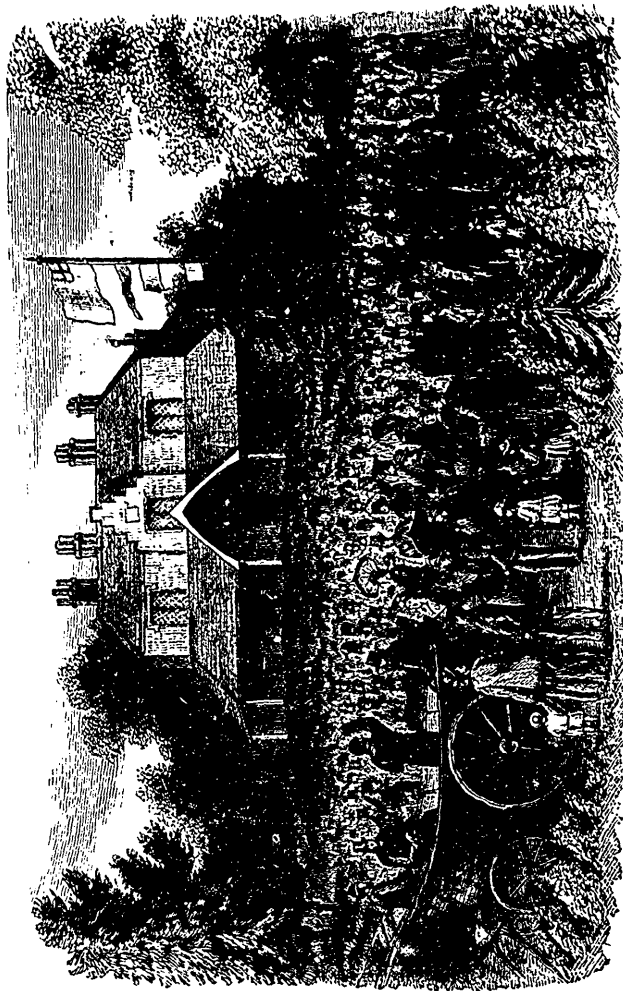
this?" "Oh dear, no," replied the rector, "we used to be worldly like other people, but by the grace of God we have been changed—'born again.'" She said she knew nothing about that—born again! "Have you been born twice?" "Yes," said Mr. Haslam. "Well," she continued, "I've lived a number of years in this neighbourhood; and I'm sure people are never born but once about here."

Despite the ignorance, indifference and opposition which met him, Mr. Haslam's labours in his new field began in blessing and grew in influence and power. Among the early converts was a publican who determined to give up his business. "Nothing would do but I must come and preach in his public-house before he did so. It must be on a Saturday, for that was the day when the most mischief was done. Accordingly, on the appointed Saturday evening I arrived at seven o'clock, and found a few people standing outside the door. I said, 'Won't you come in.' To which they replied, 'There is no room inside.' I knocked, and the door was opened. On entering I saw the stairs before me were filled with people, as well as a wide passage; also the parlours on my right and left. I was told that every chamber upstairs was crowded and the back kitchen besides. 'The whole house is just filled. There are more than two hundred people in it; and though you cannot see them they will be able to hear.'

"I had the door-mat for a pulpit, and standing there gave out a familiar hymn. . . . I took for my text, 'Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice.' While I was speaking, a smothered voice from one of the chambers was heard saying, 'Lord save me!' but as it did not disturb me I went on with my address. Then another said, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' and yet one more in another part of the house. Still I proceeded till a man with a loud voice standing near me cried aloud for mercy. This appeared to be a signal for all. On the stairs, in the passages, in the parlours, in the chambers and in the kitchen there were people crying in distress of soul, while others were adding to the noise by their loud amens and shouts of praise. This for quiet Norfolk was indeed surprising! With some difficulty I went from room to room, and satisfied myself that the work was general. Soon cries for mercy were exchanged for songs of praise. . . . This continued until ten o'clock, when I thought it was time

to break up. We therefore concluded, and the company dispersed, continuing to sing as they went along the lanes.

"The glorious work was now beginning to spread on all sides. If churches were closed against me they were but of small capa-



THE WHEAT-MONDAY GATHERING.

city, while large and commodious barns were opened. One gentleman said: 'I never knew before what my grandfather built these large barns for, but the Lord has found good use for them!' Night after night in one place or another, including my own barn, the work went on for seven or eight weeks. Then my strength began to fail."

Of Mr. Haslam's evangelistic tours in Scotland and Ireland as well as in the neighbouring counties of Suffolk and Kent, and of the success which attended his ministry abroad as well as at home, there is no space to speak. Let every reader of these pages get the book and learn this part of its wonderful story. The opposition which the indefatigable evangelist had to encounter was sometimes formidable, but the record of it is relieved throughout by a sparkle of humour which unconsciously reveals the surprising elasticity of the man and the worker. Taken to task by the Archbishop of Canterbury for his alleged irregularities: "In reply to his Grace I acknowledged that I had been to Folkestone more than once, and that the Lord had given blessing to His Word in that place. As to my authority for doing so I could only plead, with all deference, that I was constrained by the love of God inside, and by the Word of God outside. I begged to say respectfully, but firmly, that I had full liberty to do so according to law. His Grace sent my letter, together with a complaint, to my bishop. He immediately summoned me to his presence. On the appointed day and time I put in my appearance and was asked to take a seat. Then this methodical prelate went to a drawer and opening it took out a large bundle of letters; and proceeding to another drawer, as if the one devoted to my parish was not enough, he took out more letters, and then deposited the heap on the table in silence. Looking at me, the bishop said, 'It would appear that you have the care of all the churches.' I made no reply. Selecting one letter from the pile, his lordship asked me whether I had been preaching in Kent. 'Yes,' I said, 'I have at several places.' 'Pray upon what authority did you do this?' I replied, 'I have already answered that question in a letter to the archbishop.'

"However, I had to go over the old story of many years, which bishops and clergy could not, or it appeared would not see, that Gospel preaching is not an official or ministerial act. I claimed the liberty to preach the Gospel wherever I was invited. The bishop asked me how I divested myself so easily of my ministerial character. 'Why, my Lord,' I replied, 'this is one of the easiest things possible. In this country the clergy do not go out shooting and fishing ministerially. The rural dean himself shot me the other day as I was passing along the road, because some partridges happened to rise. Fortunately they were spent shots and pattered on my waistcoat, but they might

have struck my face and put out my eyes!' His lordship said no more on that subject."

What a satisfactory presentment of work do the following paragraphs furnish: "In the year 1864, after the first winter's work in the barn at Buckingham, I invited those who professed to have received blessing to come for tickets that we might have a tea-meeting on Whit-Monday. Upwards of six hundred and seventy persons applied. Though all this number could not come to tea, they promised to attend the meeting and bring others with them. It happened to be a bright warm summer afternoon; so we had the tables spread in the orchard where the apple blossom was in full bloom. . . . I asked the people to testify individually as to the blessing he or she had received. One after another then stood up, and in a few words bore witness of salvation. The first hour thus quietly and rapidly passed away. By this time other guests having arrived we arranged ourselves for the general meeting. . . . Our hearts were very full, and with much joy we thanked God again and again. I said I had come there about eight months before, almost alone; and now behold what the Lord has done in these few months! . . . Before we separated it came to my mind to invite all present to come again on the Whit-Monday of the following year. 'Come,' I said, 'and meet others whom the Lord may give us between this time and then.' We met again the next year under even happier circumstances; and so continued our gatherings for eight successive years until I left the neighbourhood. I may add that the Lord was pleased to give us fine weather upon every occasion. Sometimes it rained the day before; sometimes the day after; and sometimes even before and after; but on the Whit-Monday itself we had no rain. . . . Year by year increasing hundreds came to tea and also to the general meeting afterwards. One Whit-Monday as I was speaking about the day of Pentecost, . . . I said the Holy Ghost is not changed. He can fall on us now and fill us now. While I was yet speaking at least fifty or sixty persons fell simultaneously to the ground, and perhaps three times that number praised God with loud voices. From the platform the scene was one of extraordinary confusion. From time to time, one after another, those who had been seeking mercy, found it and began to rejoice. This made others who had not found peace more terribly in earnest. Thus we continued for two hours till it was time to go to the trains. Those who were

still anxious were led between two persons, and in most cases they were crying as they went along. The trains being late we continued our meeting at the station."

All reference to Mr. Haslam's work at "Little Morsenden," a new parish to which he was translated, as also subsequently at "Curzon Chapel," a London living to which he was presented, we must now forgo. "When I left Curzon Chapel," he says, "I entered at once into the work of Parochial Missions, and have been incessantly labouring in this field for the last four years. I did not seek or make this opening for myself. . . . It is another instance in my life of the Lord's leading me in a way that I knew not. He has not forsaken His servant nor ceased to direct his steps. What is more, He has given me another helpmeet in my second wife, who is in full sympathy and as thoroughly devoted to the work as myself. We go from parish to parish as we are invited, proclaiming the twofold message to the saved and to the unsaved—to the former that they may be stirred up to become workers for the Lord; and to the latter that they may be saved. . . . Twenty years ago at the time when the history contained in this volume commences, laymen were doubtful whether they ought to preach; and the general public thought it an absurd thing for any one to say his sins were pardoned. Now everywhere we find forgiven ones praising God and this in spite of increasing infidelity and wickedness. Our meetings are largely attended by incipient believers who are hungering for something more. It is our privilege, as simply and definitely as we can, to direct those who have received life by 'a look at the Crucified One' on Calvary, to look at Him as a risen Saviour. Then we seek to lead those who see Him as such, to regard Him as the Ascended One who is gone up on high to obtain the gift of the Holy Ghost for them. Endued with this—the baptism of fire—they are sanctified for service, and go forth in the power of God to work. . . . We have witnessed many remarkable conversions and answers to prayer, also marvellous revivals of God's work in believers' hearts by raising them to a higher platform of spiritual experience. I could fill a volume as bulky as this with the narration of interesting facts and incidents of missions and mission work. Perhaps in some other form I may yet tell these things. Well may I say, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.'"

## ORGANIC UNION OF CHURCHES: HOW FAR SHOULD IT GO?

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D., F.R.S.C.,

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THOUGH much of the thinking and talking on this subject is as yet rather vague, its general trend is in favour of all the union that is practicable. The Christian common sense of the nineteenth century is persuaded that many of the divisions of the Church are unnecessary, and therefore hurtful, no matter how many subsidiary advantages may seem to result from them; and if hurtful, if a hindrance to the development of the highest types of Christian character, then sinful. The union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada was not brought about by our coming to unanimity on the points on which we had formerly differed. A discussion on Voluntaryism, the Veto Act, or the relations of Church and State would have shown at once that our differences of opinion were as great as when those differences were thought sufficient to warrant the formation in Canada of three or four Presbyterian Churches. But ministers and people generally had come to feel that the only sensible course was to forget past conflicts and agree to differ on all those subjects that had led to conflict, and on a good many others that were emerging, such as postures in public worship, "human" hymns and anthems, the use of harmoniums, organs, and perhaps of liturgies, which would once have been deemed causes sufficient for new ecclesiastical cleavages that would have crossed the old cleavages, and for the formation of new Churches. So, too, the recent union of the Methodist Churches did not imply intellectual agreement on the points on which those Churches had formerly differed. Not at all. This union, like the other, only proved that there is such a thing as Christian common sense, and that in spite of vigorous protests it is beginning to have some influence on ecclesiastical organizations.

Naturally enough such triumphs of the principle of union are leading men to hope for triumphs much more signal, and even to dream the dream of faith that all things are possible; and recent

interchanges of courtesies between the three great Protestant Churches of Canada encourage the dreamers. Thanks to our environment, we are now in advance of the Churches in the mother land and even in the go-ahead United States. Is it possible that Canada is to lead the van of the Church on this line, and to demonstrate that there is a more excellent way than that of ceaseless division and subdivision on the ground of what is called "principle?" Last year, in an article published in the *CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE*, I took the liberty of suggesting that the time had come when we should at all events recognize one another as Churches of Christ, and do so frankly, fully and consistently, and not in the half-and-half, hesitating and inconsistent way in which we act now; also, that we should divide the land between us, especially in new provinces and territories, and so save irritating rivalries and some of the Lord's money; and that we should co-operate in missions and possibly in other matters. Events have moved so rapidly that many who were then unprepared to go so far may now be willing to go farther; and it is therefore worth while considering how far it is possible to go, in our own day and our own land, without the sacrifice of "principle."

A worthy city rector, preaching to his congregation recently, thanked God for the spirit of union that was evidently animating the great body of the people, and concluded by saying that the Church of England afforded the broad platform on which all denominations might come together and be one. A most worthy Bishop has pointed out that we find something like the Diocesan Episcopate recognized throughout the Christian Church in the third century, and he urges that we should accept it therefore as of divine institution, promising that if we accept the polity all other difficulties can be easily arranged. Comment on such utterances is unnecessary. Their authors are good men and well intentioned. They believe that they are friendly to union, and the good Lord who has led them so far may yet lead them farther. We all see what the will of God is on this matter more clearly than we did a few years ago, and if we have patience we shall see greater things.

It is necessary to indicate here what the general Protestant position with regard to Church polity is. It is neither High Church Congregationalism, High Church Presbytery, nor High Church

Prelacy. There is a beautiful simplicity about the theory that Jesus Christ gave His Church an outward form and polity that was to be the same for all ages and all lands. But the fatal defect of the theory is that it is not true. Congregationalism, presbytery, and episcopacy can put forth exclusive claims to be "*jure divino*," only in spite of the facts. History, with a hammer that becomes heavier every day, shatters all theories of "*jus divinum*" with calm impartiality. It may now be said that nothing historical is more certain than that for a hundred and fifty years the polity of the Church was in a fluid state; that while the Church was one in spirit, life, teaching, and aim, it adapted itself as a visible society to existing conditions and the forms in which social life had previously expressed itself, and with which society was familiar; that bishops and presbyters were different names for the same officers, and that each congregation had several of those officers, none of them, it may be added, being university men; and that the supremacy of the bishop grew out of the necessity for unity of doctrine and unity of discipline in an age when there was danger that the faith might be lost in a chaos of speculations and of dreams that arose from the contact of Christianity with Greek thought and Oriental imagination, and when the very life of the Church was in danger of being lost through the admission into it of vast numbers of people accustomed from their infancy to Gentile license, and utterly unaccustomed to the wholesome bondage of law by which the Jews had been trained to understand the obligations of personal and family purity. The authority claimed by the Episcopate from the days of Irenæus was necessary. It was a legitimate development. But so also was the further development into the hierarchy of Cyprian's day, and the subsequent development into the great patriarchates, and gradually into the monarchy claimed by the popes. Once admit that bishops have prerogatives and powers over the Church, by the appointment of Christ, and as the successors of the twelve apostles, the logical conclusion is Vaticanism. As Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman puts it, "the main difference between a large number of members of the Church of England and Catholics is that the powers which we give to the Holy See, they lodge in her bishops and priests, whether as a body or individually." We Protestants, on the contrary, lodge those powers in the Church,



or the whole body of the faithful. And just as civil society may organize itself as a republic, a limited monarchy, or an absolutism of half a dozen types, so the Church may organize itself under presbyters, bishops, patriarchs, or pope. The Anglican theory is utterly untenable. As Dr. Newman puts it, "the Pope is the heir of the Ecumenical Hierarchy of the fourth century, as being what I may call heir by default." And he acutely points out the advantage of the Papacy over the Christian polity of the fourth century, even if it were possible to revert to such a *staté*. "Would politicians," he asks "have less trouble with eighteen hundred centres of power than they have with one?" For that, he says, and there is no possibility of denying it, "would be the Anglican theory made real."

The Church has the power to adapt itself to changing times and seasons. But it is one thing to admit the value to the Church of the hierarchy in the fourth century and of the Papacy in the Middle Ages, and quite another thing to maintain that either was instituted by Christ. I am willing to agree with everything that can be urged by the most extreme Romanist as to the necessity for the Papacy, after the barbarians had broken down the bulwarks of the Empire, overflowed Christendom, and destroyed the ancient institutions of society; to recognize not only the sublime magnificence of the autocracy contemplated by Gregory VII., but to believe that such an autocracy was the wise, voluntary, and democratic choice of the members of the Church in that day. The Roman Church saved Christianity. Humanly speaking, Christianity would have perished in Europe, as it perished in its ancient seats, and in the whole of Asia and Africa, had it existed only in the hearts of insulated believers, or in the form of free and disunited sects. The medieval Church was the only form that the then state of society permitted in which effectual witness could be borne to the eternal truth that it is God's will that in this world spiritual forces shall be supreme, and that its government must mirror Divine law and not human self-will. Besides, as Melancthon owns, the monarchy of the Pope served admirably to preserve a general consent in doctrine among the nations; and Grotius states that without the primacy of the Pope there would have been no means of deciding and ending controversies and of determining the faith. Casaubon, Puffendorf, Luther, and others might be quoted to the same effect,

but it is unnecessary. I bow before the spiritual majesty of men like the great Gregories and Innocent III.

But this medieval despotism was simply a necessary step in the education of the Romanic, Keltic, and Germanic peoples, not an immutable law or a fixed polity for Christianity. It was a temporary phase accommodated to social, political, and moral necessities, not a permanent crystallization. Had medieval Catholicity issued in the establishment of free national Churches, the ideas of unity and catholicity would have been satisfied. Humanity would have been spared unutterable woes and horrors, and every Church, that is more than a hundred years old and that has had power, would not have to mourn that its escutcheon is stained with the blood of those whom it took in its own hand to slay, because it could not call down fire from heaven to destroy them. National and individual differences would have been acknowledged to be inevitable. Each nation would have been allowed to work out its own ideal in an atmosphere of freedom. Its Church would have sought to include all the varieties of Christian life and thought in the nation instead of seeking to force them on a bed of Procrustes or haughtily casting them into jails or out into a social and ecclesiastical wilderness; while a federation of all the national Churches of Christian nations would have presented to the world the sublime spectacle of spiritual unity underlying external differences and mutual independence. But it was not to be so and it will not be so for many a long day. The phantom of uniformity misled Rome, and the phantom of unanimity misled Protestantism. The Catholic League would not tolerate heresy in Europe. In Germany, Lutherans and Calvinists hated each other, for the love of God, sometimes more than they hated Romanists, and persecuted one another bitterly whenever they got the chance. In Holland, the contra-Remonstrants stamped out the Remonstrants, all unmindful of how sinful had seemed to them the stamping-out process by Alva. In England, Laud considered that it was for the glory of God to pillory and crop the ears of the Puritans. The Presbyterians of the Long Parliament eagerly passed laws taking away the civil rights of Congregationalists. The Scottish Presbyterians were still more resolute for "the truth." In vain did Cromwell entreat them—"Dearly beloved, I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus Christ to think it possible that you may be mistaken."

The Congregationalists in their turn asserted their *jus divinum* and were as bitter against the Quakers; and though the Quakers lacked opportunity, I would not venture to affirm that human nature in them was radically different from what it was and is in everybody else. All this, and a thousand times more, in the name of Jesus Christ! All this by men so great that I offer no objection when their admirers declare that they were bigger-brained, bigger-hearted and holier than we. It was no more shame to them that they were not wiser than their time than it is a shame to the St. Lawrence that it is smaller at Brockville than it is at Montreal. The shame is ours when, with the records of history before us, we still satisfy ourselves with building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous, so proving that we are the children of them which killed the prophets. The shame is ours when we anchor ourselves to the dead past, and refuse to recognize the progress of humanity, and the facts and necessities before our eyes. O ye hypocrites, says the Lord, sighing deeply in His spirit, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of this time?

Instead of harmonious development, then, Church history presents us with a picture of repeated disruptions. Intolerance has begotten new Churches, and the divisions once made have become stereotyped from mere use and wont. Christendom accordingly presents not one Church, but many, apparently hopelessly divided. The Greek Church represents the first four centuries. Rome represents medievalism, and Protestantism the life of modern society, with its spirit of endless inquiry and investigation, its readiness to make experiments, its fearlessness and restlessness based upon faith and hope. The Greek Church is a petrefaction of orthodoxy. By the Vatican decrees, Rome has perfected the hierarchical system, and rendered herself impregnable to attacks from without. Consequently we cannot touch Byzantium or Rome. Those imposing organizations are only solidified by the assaults of rival organizations. But they cannot escape the inevitable. They can no more keep themselves from the influence of the regulative principles of modern society than a man can keep himself from the influence of the atmosphere, and internal solvents will succeed where external assaults are worse than powerless. These solvents will do their work, in spite

of spiritual inertia and ecclesiastical anathema. Neither Constantinople nor Rome, neither Wittenberg, Geneva nor Canterbury is a copy of the mother Church of Jerusalem. The general Protestant position is that every Church of Christ is apostolic, but that there is not a Church on earth whose polity is a transcript of the Apostolic Church, and that it is as absurd to suppose that the Church of the future should be exactly like the infant Church as to hope that a man would be exactly like a baby.

And what of the future? The future belongs to Protestantism, if it can solve one great problem. It must reconcile freedom and authority. It must satisfy the demand of the intellect for liberty and of the heart for unity. So far, its variations have been its glory and its shame. They have given point to the wit of Voltaire and the argument of Bossuet. But they have saved Christianity, in Britain and America alike, from the infidelity of Italy and France and the Statolatry of Germany. Denominationalism has been the weapon with which we have gained liberty in the Church, as party was the weapon with which we gained it in the State. But now that liberty has been gained, now that it is generally admitted that a Church must be elastic in polity, that it possesses the inherent power to revise its government and adapt it to changed circumstances, and that there must be room in a living Church for variety of opinion and variations in *cultus*, may not the weapon be laid aside? Or must the sword devour forever? Is every conscientious difference of opinion and every new outburst of zeal to be forced either to suppress itself or to crystallize itself, even against its will, into a new and hostile organization? Is there to be no prospect before Protestantism but that of continued and stereotyped divisions, until the idea of unity is lost from the minds of men, and it is declared in the teeth of Scripture and reason that Jesus Christ never meant that His Church should be one? Spoils, traditions, names, inertia, keep political parties in existence after their work is done. Let us hope that there is little or nothing analogous to the spoils system in connection with our denominations? Tradition, Protestantism professedly rejects. At its birth, the invocation by the Church of the great names of fifteen centuries could not keep the Reformation from the living Christ. And the power of the Holy Ghost should enable us to triumph over inertia, stupidity and all the

other forces, negative and positive, that are usually enlisted on the side of doing nothing.

Let us now ask, which of the Protestant Churches in Canada are already so closely allied, so really one in race, language, spirit, doctrine, polity, modes of worship and procedure, that they might be looked to for the initiation of an union movement. To begin with, there is nothing to keep Congregationalists and Presbyterians apart. The fact that they exist as separate Churches in this country, with distinct institutions, agencies, and missions, shows how completely we are the slaves of names and tradition. Again, if the Baptists would, as regards the mode of baptism, imitate the freedom which, according to "The Teaching of the Apostles," prevailed in the early Church, and would as regards the subjects of baptism, give liberty to Christian parents, who from their own relationship to the Lord believe that their children are "holy," to dedicate them to Him in baptism and accept His gracious promises sacramentally on their behalf, there is nothing to keep us apart. It is clear that a united Church must, with reference to disputed points, be based on liberty. It must be comprehensive. Certainly, baptism with water is a small thing, and it is almost ludicrous that a Church should be based on the notion that a hogshead rather than a handful of water is absolutely essential in administering the ordinance. Baptism by and in the Spirit is what we all need.

So far, there ought to be little difficulty, and yet it strikes me that there will be still less, when we come to the Methodist Church. Undoubtedly, it differs from us in polity and doctrine. So much the better, for thus we shall be able to test what the principle of union is worth. The Methodist polity is essentially Presbyterian, as Dr. W. B. Pope, of Didsbury College, points out in his Compendium of Theology, now a favourite text-book in Methodist seminaries. In consequence of the recent union in Canada, the feature of superintendency has been added—a feature congenial to our system, one that we need, and one that would bring us into line with the great Lutheran Church. We had superintendents in John Knox's day. At the meeting of the General Council at Belfast this year, one of the rising men of the Free Church gave voice to a very general feeling that had already found expression in the General Assembly, to the effect that some such officers are needed in the Scottish Churches.

And if needed in Scotland, how much more in Canada! Complaints are made among us that ministers and congregations never see the face of what is called a "leading" minister, unless one comes the way to collect for College Buildings or Endowments or for a special fund of some kind. And why should they, under our system? Even "leading" ministers have work of their own to do. If the Church wishes to get other work out of them, the Church must set them apart to the service.

As to doctrine, I hold with Dr. Briggs, of Union Seminary, New York, one of the two managing editors of the *Presbyterian Review*, that a true Reformed Church must include evangelical Arminians. His words, in the April number, in an article on the question of the admission of the Cumberland Presbyterians to the Alliance, strike the right key-note. "Arminianism," he says, "is historically one wing of the Reformed camp. In other words, the Reformed Churches broke into two hostile camps, Synod-of-Dort Calvinism and Arminianism. In our judgment, the Alliance has no other historical and consistent policy than to recognize and admit to its fellowship the Evangelical Arminianism. This recognition has already been given to the Continental Churches which are Evangelical Arminian. . . . We look forward to the time when the Church of Christ shall be one. We are not willing to sacrifice the unity and hopes of ecclesiastical combinations for the sake of perpetuating schism and separation on minor issues. We believe that the Alliance will be far stronger and more consistent in its policy if it raise the banner about which eventually Methodism may rally with us, and to which the Anglican Episcopal Church may come, when it abandons the unscriptural dogma of apostolical succession of diocesan bishops and ordination by them alone."

What gives point to this language is that the Alliance took the action here recommended. Dr. Briggs goes on to quote from a letter of the late distinguished Henry B. Smith, Professor of Theology in Union Seminary, to a Methodist clergyman as follows:—"What is it that keeps Methodists and Presbyterians apart? Is it anything *essential* to the Church or even to its *well-being*. For one, I do not think that it is. Your so-called Arminianism, being of *grace* and not of *nature*, is in harmony with our symbols. It is a wide outlook, which looks to an *ecclesiastical* union of Methodists and Presbyterians; but I am

convinced that it is vital for both, and for Protestantism and for Christianity *vs.* Romanism in this country, and it is desirable *per se*. I am also persuaded that our differences are merely intellectual (metaphysical), and not moral or spiritual; in short, formal and not material."

I do not care to add anything to those weighty words. It is becoming clearer to the Christian consciousness that the Bible includes the two sides of truth which have been seized upon by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches respectively. Holy Scripture asserts unmistakably, without attempting to reconcile, man's free-will and God's sovereignty. Presbyterianism too asserts both truths, but it utters the first in a whisper and the second with a trumpet. Methodism too asserts both, but it takes the trumpet to the first truth, and gives us the second in a whisper. Christians are coming to think that the Bible way is the more excellent way.

And what of the Anglican Episcopal Church! Who can help honouring that grand historical Church, now so full of life? But until it settles whether it belongs to the Reformed camp that would give it eager welcome, or to the hierarchy that laughs its pretensions to scorn, it is useless for us to talk union to it, however willingly we may interchange courtesies or co-operate in special departments of work. One thing is very clear to me, and that is, that we have no right to upbraid it with being unwilling to unite with other Protestant Churches, until we who have accepted unreservedly the principles of the Reformation have accomplished union among ourselves. It will be time enough to think of the second step when we have taken the first.

But why, it may be asked, should we take this first step? Why? "God wills it" was once conviction potent enough to set Europe on fire, to make men, by the tens and the hundreds of thousands, madly eager to sell houses and lands, in order that with red cross on banner and shield and shoulder they might go forth, crusade after crusade, and pour out their heart's blood on the burning sands of the East, if perchance thereby they might win for Christendom Christ's grave. Why, is it asked? Because, God wills it. The doors of universal heathendom are open for the first time since Christ gave the Church its marching orders. The Macedonian cry is actually world-wide, now for the first time. Dare we say that this Providence im-

poses no obligation on the Church? Dare we be satisfied with use and wont in presence of this stupendous fact? Besides, modern society demands a new demonstration that Christ is living, and that His Church is able to discern the signs of the times. Social questions are pressing upon us, before which all our verbal differences sink into insignificance. Democracy has gained the victory over all its enemies so completely that its omnipotence, if not its right, is questioned by nobody. And the question now is, what will democracy do with its victory? That depends on whether Christianity can take hold of and pour its spirit into democracy or not. It can do so only by reorganizing itself, only by realizing its own ideal. Democracy will rather have the rudest realities than the most ancient and most elegant shams. It will not accept as Christianity cushioned pews and half a dozen competing sects up town, and a mean-looking mission chapel with half starved city missionary down town. It will not accept words however grand, nor dead issues, nor isms that have to be laboriously explained. The Church as it was in the heart and brain of Jesus Christ must be incarnated.

The most devoted men and women within the Churches are longing to hear the advance sounded. A great thought inspires men. The call to a new movement gives new life. No longer have they to lie among the pots, no longer to abide by the stuff. They hear the Master's call, and they follow Him, fearing nothing. "Bliss is it then to be alive." See what a new thought could do even for the poor "French *sans-culotte* of '93, who, roused from long death-sleep, could rush at once to the frontiers, and die fighting for an immortal Hope and Faith of deliverance for him and his!" The long struggles in England, identified with the name of Wilberforce, to deliver the nation from the sins of the slave-trade and then of slavery, ennobled Englishmen. They gave to every Englishman a wider conception of freedom and a loftier pride in the great name of England. Even the struggle to get cheap bread for the people, with which the much less heroic name of Cobden is identified, quickened the pulse of national feeling. Nothing in this century did so much for the people of the United States—so much permanent good, so much to elevate and purify their national character—as the war to preserve the Union and get rid of slavery.



The enthusiasm of humanity took possession of a people who were becoming hopelessly materialized. The masses were lifted up into a higher atmosphere. A nation that in sober earnest had called the dollar "almighty" threw into a gulf apparently bottomless countless millions of dollars, and drained its dearest veins under the inspiration of a great purpose. So has it ever been with the Church. It becomes weak and paltry when "it walks in its silver slippers." When signing a solemn League and Covenant that implies the pillory and the gibbet to the signers, but that is to preserve the life of three kingdoms, it glows with Divine beauty. And so must it ever be. Such an influence on Christian character, Christian life, and Christian work would come, I verily believe, in no small measure, from an union between the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Such an union would bring us nearer to God. It would be a step towards the formation of that regenerated society for which we pray.

How can this thing be? It must come from God, but each of us can help to prepare the way and each of us is responsible for what he is able to do. We must talk it up, write it up, preach it up. We must work for it, make sacrifices for it, pray for it. The great thought will then take possession of the heart and mind of the Church, and the Church will say that the thing must be. And when it comes to that, those who are opposed had better stand out of the way.

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#### HIS PATIENCE.

AH, how His patience shames our discontent !  
How foolish all our fretfulness appears !  
Did He not love us all those weary years?  
And yet His days in quiet toil were spent.  
He knew the cause whereunto He was sent—  
His world stood waiting—there were anguished tears  
For Him to wipe, the dead upon their biers  
To be awaked, and men called to repent,  
And little children to be blessed, the hill  
Of Calvary to climb ; yet day by day  
Unrecognised He calmly worked until  
The time was come. O blesséd Lord, we pray  
That by Thy life we may take pattern still,  
And in Thy path may follow patiently !

## SOME CURIOUS KINSHIPS.\*

BY JOHN READE, ESQ.

## II.

As some words, in the course of time, come to have widely divergent and, in some cases, almost opposite meanings, it need not be surprising that "harvest"—which is generally associated with plenteousness—is of kindred origin with "scarcity." The bond of union is discovered in the Latin *carpo*, "to pluck," from which is formed *ex-carpo* and the Low-Latin participle *ex-carpsus*—Italian, *scarso*, "plucked," "picked," "select," and therefore *scarce*. The idea of plucking, or gathering, enters naturally of course into "harvest," which is simply the gathering-up of the fruits of the year—the gathering-time.

There are three words of peculiar formation which, though seemingly unrelated, are found to have a common bond of union. These are the English "turmeric," the French *truffe*, and the German *kartoffel*. We find the key to the connection in the French *terre cuite*, the Italian *terra cotta*. Now *truffe*, our English "truffle," is evidently related to the Italian *tartufo* (also *tartufola*), which is a corruption of the Latin *terre tuber*. Again, from the Italian *tartufola* comes the German *kartoffel*, a potato (synonymous with the obviously formed *erd-apfel*, which means "truffle" as well as "potato"). As *turmeric*, it is a corruption of the French *terre mérite*, deserving or excellent earth, or else a barbarous corruption of the Arab *kurkom* or *karkom*, saffron (*curcuma*).

Our versatile word "nice" long gave employment to the ingenuity of philologists. Its kinship with "science" has, however, been sufficiently established. Derived from the Latin *nescius*, it has passed through many changes of meaning, from that of ignorance to simplicity, and so on to its manifold modern applications.

The French term of contempt, *niaiserie*, has been found to be related to the word *nid*, nest—*nidax*, in the sense of unfeathered nestling, and so, inexperienced, being contracted into *niais*. In

\* A Paper read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal, November 13th, 1883.

English we have an obsolete "nias," corrupted into "eyas," which, besides a young hawk, means a "ninny," a "simpleton." In the secondary form it occurs in Shakspeare.

The words "marmot" and "marmoset," both familiar to zoologists, are sometimes associated etymologically. They prove to be wholly unconnected, and the origin of one of them is a curious piece of history. The word "marmoset" is derived from the Latin *marmor* (marble). *Marmorretum* (made of marble) was applied to the spouts of cisterns and drinking fountains, which were generally grotesquely shaped. One of the streets of Paris which abounded in such fountains was known as the "Rue des Marmousets" (*vicus marmoretorum*). Attention being fixed for the most part on the accidental character of these places of resort, *marmouset* gradually came to signify anything quaint or grotesque, a puppet, or a puppet-show, like Punch and Judy, or the antics which they were made to display. When the little American monkey, so called, was first introduced, its appearance and frolics at once suggested a resemblance to the grimacing monsters of the waterspouts, and so it was christened "marmoset."

The origin of marmot is quite different, it being a corruption of *mus montanus*, or mountain rat. The German name, after many vicissitudes, has come to a final stand as *murmeltier*, which, if its derivation were not known, would seem to have reference to the marmot's voice.

The word, which has played an important part in the history of the theory of evolution and has given a name to the imaginary "Lemuria," which Mr. Wallace has again overwhelmed in the Indian Ocean, was so named from its nocturnal habits—wandering about like a ghost. It would be a good thing if it frightened away the intruders on its island home and thus procured peace and the chance of developing their civilization for the Malagasy.

The word "galligaskin" suggests Gaul rather than Greece. Yet to the Greeks, not the French, the world was indebted for that kind of hose. The corruption from *gregescho*, through *garguesques*, *gari-* and *galli-gresques*, arose probably through a mistaken notion as to the region where the article originated. It came, not from Gaul or Gascony, but from the Byzantine Greeks, through the Venetians.

There are few institutions more thoroughly French, or that might be more confidently assigned a French origin, than the great charitable establishment of *Bicêtre*, yet the name is due to

the temporary residence of a Bishop of Winchester, during the English occupation (*temp.* Hy. VI.), in the old castle selected for its foundation. The formation of *cêtre* from *chester* presents no difficulties. And if *win* be sounded like the French *vin*, we can imagine the cognate *bin* and ultimately *Bî* taking its place.

We find a still stranger metamorphosis in the career of nomenclature, through which the city of York passed before it settled down to what it is. No doubt, many simple people are still puzzled to know why Archbishop Thompson should sign himself *W. Ebor*. *Eborac* seems to have been the British form which was softened into *Evorac*, then *Euorac*, then, by sympathy with the Anglo-Latin *wick*, *Euorwick*, and finally *Yorwick*, *Yor'ik* and *York*.

The study of the changes that names of places have undergone is not only interesting but of considerable value from an historical point of view. Look at Saragossa, Badahoz (*Pax augusta*), Autun (*Augustodunum*), Aosta, Augsburg, and once the key is found in the last mentioned, their *august* origin in the far-spreading power of Rome is made evident. In others the honorary prefix has been dropped. In Merida, Braga, Turin, Soissons, Treves or Triers, we know that the Imperial characteristic was once a proud possession, as it was for a time in our own proud metropolis, *Augusta Trinobantum*. But, however disguised or faded, or mutilated, we meet with some trace of Rome or Greece from the Atlantic to the Indus. Its Teutonic guttural cannot banish the stately Latin from Utrecht. Stamboul and Setines and Kustendje, Merv and Balkh and Samarcand, and Kandahar, bear witness, in spite of barbarous deformation, of the march of Greek letters and Roman law.

Some popular attempts to make intelligible what seemed meaningless—such as “the Washings,” an Anglified version of the St. Joachim Rapids in our own country—have, no doubt, seriously altered the names of places. In other places, while the sense in the original language has been spoiled—as in Bay of Fundy, for Fond de la Baie—there is no compensating seeming-sense in the transformation. Some Portuguese writers, in order to add to the glory of their own explorers, have tried to derive Saguenay and Canada from a corruption of the Senegal—one of the triumphs of Portuguese research in the 15th century.

I will not apologize for this geographical digression, as my paper is made up of digressions, and while I am dealing with

names of places, it may be worth while to glance for a moment at the words with which they have endowed our written or spoken language. One of the oddest of them is the word "spruce." It is to Paris, not to Berlin, that the fashionable world now looks for guidance in the matter of dress, and a gaily-dressed lady would certainly be more likely to have ordered her costume from a French than a Prussian milliner, male or female. Nevertheless, there was a time when, in some points, at least, Prussia led the fashion, and the lady or gentleman who adopted the Prussian style was said to be *sprucely* arrayed or apparelled after the manner of *Spruce*. How the needless *s* came to be prefixed is explained by the English fondness for that initial letter, as in "squash," for "quash," "splash," for "plash," and other words. At all events there seems to be trustworthy evidence for the identity of our "spruce," with Puce or Prussia. Spruce-beer is in Montreal a familiar, though not a fashionable, beverage, both before and after the dog-days. In Germany it is known as *sprossen-bier*, or sprouts-beer, on account of its being made of the sprouts of the spruce-fir, that tree being so named from the fact of its supplying such sprouts. Our English spruce-beer took its name from the German, but "spruce" was substituted for *sprossen* or sprouts because it came from Prussia.

The "Jerusalem artichoke" was so called through confusion with the Italian *girasole*, the exact equivalent of *heliotrope*. "Vaudeville" is a corruption of the Norman district of Val-de-Vire, or Vau-de-Vire, where Olivier de Basselin, the poet who invented the kind of song so-called, lived in the 15th century. The town of Vire is situated to the south of Bayeux, celebrated for the tapestry which bears its name. Cambric, calico, bayonet, Guinea-hen, turkey, spaniel, mantua-maker (in which case there is a confusion with *mantle*), sienna (pigment), arras (tapestry), artesian (wells), sardine, morisco or morris-dance, savoy (cabbage), sedan (chair), cravat (Croatian, a kind of necktie), salic or salian (law, pertaining to the Salian Franks), dollar (from Joachims-thaler—from the silver of the mines of the Joachim Valley, first coined by the counts of Schlick in 1518), carronade (a sort of cannon made at the famous iron works of Carron, Stirlingshire), dunce (from the native town of John Duns Scotus, the famous schoolman who died in 1308), cordwainer (from Cordova, once noted for its leather), morocco (noted for the same manufacture), damson, damascene, and damask (all from the ancient Syrian

town), peach (the *malum persicum*—*pesca*—*pêche*), pheasant (from the Colchian river Phasis), gypsy (from Egypt), sinople (the colour green in heraldry, from the ochre of Sinope, a Black Sea port and the birthplace of Diogenes), indigo, turquoise, jalap (from Xalapa, in Mexico), fustian (from Fostat, *i.e.*, Cairo), magnet and magnesia (from a city in Asia Minor), agate (from the river Achates in Sicily, according to Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxvii. 10), sherry (from Xeres, Cæsaræa, in Southern Spain), currant (from Corinth), parchment (from Pergamus), laconic, China, Japan, Attic, Arcadian, Galloway (nags), solecism (from the barbarous dialect of Cilician Soli),—these are some of the words which our language has gathered in from all quarters of the world, to express facts, or what experience has shown to be fancies.

Scarcely less numerous are the words derived from names of persons of all countries and ages. Some carry us back to the very dawn of history, or are the record of creeds long dead; some are tributes to great inventors or discoverers, others to the creative genius of poets or novelists; some celebrate the application of practical and universally-prized improvements in the common arts of life, and not a few, though they come quite trippingly to the tongue, are but of yesterday. The names of our months and weeks it is unnecessary to dwell on. Such words as "saturnine," "mercurial," and "jovial," remind us that our ancestors believed (not of course, in our enlightened scientific way) in the influences of the heavenly bodies. "Voltaic," "Copernican," "Cartesian," "galvanism," and other like words are historical landmarks. So, in another sense, are "Lutheran," "Calvinistic," "Wesleyan," etc. "Macadamize" we could now hardly do without. "Daguerreotype" has been superseded and will soon be only a memory.

Such a word as Jesuit, in the sense in which even Roman Catholics sometimes employ it, is a melancholy instance of the manner in which a name that men revere may be so degraded as to make us even forget its presence. In such a term as "chauvinism" there is harmony between the object of reproach and the derived name of it. But "Jesuit," used in a bad sense, affects us as the tracing of "Jack" or "Zany" to "Jehovah" does. Cicerone is another instance of degradation, though not to be compared to "Jesuit." Cæsar, originally a nickname, has been raised to the highest honour. Gobelin, guillotine, silhouette, greengage (from Sir W. Gage, in 1725), camellia, dahlia, fuchsia,

quassia, derrick (from a celebrated hangman), gerrymander, tabinet, pantaloon, grog, orrery, sandwich, petrel, Morin's apparatus (to illustrate the laws of falling bodies), sadducee, and macintosh, may be given as examples of naming after persons, directly or indirectly, and under all sorts of circumstances.

It was a pretty fancy to call Mother Carey's chickens after St. Peter, from their seeming to walk on the sea. John Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, was much addicted to gambling, and, in order not to have his play interrupted, used to have slices of bread, with layers of ham between them, brought to him at the gambling-table. "Quassia" was so named by Linnæus after a negro named Quassi, who first pointed out the virtue of the bark. Quassi was still alive in 1755, a few years after Kalm visited this country. The camellia, or Japan rose, was also named by Linnæus, after a Moravian Jesuit, called George Joseph Kamel, who wrote a history of the plants of the island of Luzon. The guillotine was so named after the supposed inventor, Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin. The first person executed by it was a highway robber, named Peltier. The word "gerrymander" was invented from the name of Elbridge Gerry, one of the "signers" and subsequently Vice-President of the United States. It is applied to a contrivance by which, in arranging the divisions of a state, province or county, a party may obtain an advantage over its opponent, even though the latter have really a majority of votes. The word "bogus," in the sense of "spurious," is said to be of Georgia origin. William A. Bogus was a Georgia land lottery commissioner years ago, caught in rascality in connection with his office. He was an issuer of fraudulent land rights. "It is curious," says a correspondent of the *Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle*, "that this obscure Georgia scamp should have furnished our vernacular with a genuine name for everything spurious and false."

Pantaloon was a nickname of the Venetians, from their patron saint, Pantaleone, who was martyred A.D. 303. It was, therefore, given to a ridiculous character in a play, just as Sandy or Pat might be put on the stage to represent Scotchmen or Irishmen. The name of silhouette was given to that kind of portrait, not in honour but in ridicule of Etienne de Silhouette, the French Minister of Finance, to mark the popular dislike of his parsimonious reforms.

One of the prettiest words in the French language—a word often borrowed by English writers, because they think that their

own tongue has no exact equivalent for it—is *espègle*, in the sense of roguish, arch, attractively mischievous. It is born, as Littré tells us, of the German *Eulenspiegel* (or Till Owlglass), whose frolics and tricks have made him the jocular hero of a great part of rural Germany. The use of such words as “tartuffe,” “quixotic,” “Pickwickian,” is a standing compliment to Molière, Cervantes, Dickens, and the other great writers who have bestowed them on the world.

To return to my comparative genealogies, one of the strangest instances of the differentiation of words of common parentage is found in that singular pair, “quilt” and “counterpane.” Readers of the “Notes, Queries and Replies,” in the *Montreal Star*, may remember that a sketch of their history was published in that column last summer. To begin with “counterpane” is connected with neither “counter” nor “pane.” The old English form was “counterpoint,” the “counter” having crept in through a mistaken notion that the word was connected with the old French *contre poincter*, to work the back stitch. The right word is “coudre point,” in which *coudre* is the Latin *culcita* or *culcitra* (a cushion, mattress, pillow or *quilt*, which last word is in fact derived from it.) *Counterpane* is, therefore, a corruption of *coudre pointe*, from *culcitra puncta*, literally a “stitched quilt,” and “quilt” itself is a variant of the former part of the word.

There used to be an old school-rhyme which ended with the complaint that “fractions set me mad.” Boys do not generally know, however, that there is really a connection between “decimal” and “dismal,” both being derived from the Latin *decem*, *decimus*—the latter word being simply a French-derived doublet of the former. *Dîme*, or (as we call the ten-cent piece) “dime,” had formerly an *s*, and the tenths or tithes which were paid to the Church or the feudal lords, were called *dismes*. The phrase, “in the *dismal*,” occurs in Chaucer’s “Book of the Duchess,” and Skeat thinks it just possible that it means “in tithing time.”

The word “danger” used to be referred to “damnum,” but it is now well known to be connected with *dominus*. From the shortened *domniarium*, through the consonification of the vowel *i*, and the dropping of the *m*, we get *donjer*. In like manner *somnium* becomes *songe*, and *simia*, *singe*. The French word *foie* (liver) is cognate with our English “fig,” being derived from *ficatum*, a Roman dish, made with livers, in which figs were



a prominent constituent. The Italian *fegato* and Spanish *higado* are similarly formed.

The word "cant," in the sense of corner, which occurs in Ben Jonson, is the mother of a curious little family. The verb formed from it is still used for "to turn upon edge, to tilt." The word "kante," a corner, gives rise to the French diminutive *cantel*, a corner-piece or piece broken off. From that, again, are formed *escanteler*, to "break into cantles," and the noun *eschantillon*, modern *échantillon*, such a broken piece, and hence, a sample, a "scantling." So that this last familiar word, both in its special sense of a small piece of timber, and in its general sense of a small quantity, which might serve as a sample of anything, is a doublet of the French *échantillon*.

Foreigners are often naturally puzzled at the variety of meanings attached to one English word. Of such a word "Punch" may be selected as a fair instance. There is "punch," to pierce with a sharp instrument, from "punch," a contraction of "punchion" (French *poinson*, Italian *punzone*, Latin *punctio*); then there is "punch," to beat or bruise, an abbreviation of "punish;" thirdly, there is "punch" the beverage, from the Sanscrit "*panchan*" (five), with reference to its five ingredients, spirit, water, sugar, spice and lemon—the last one giving rise to many a pun during Mr. Mark Lemon's editorial career—and, finally, there is "Punch," the chief figure in the puppet show. The Italian *pulcino*, of which *pulcinello* is a diminutive, means first a "young chicken," then a "little boy," and thirdly, a "puppet"—the primary word being the Latin *pullus*. The tradition which made Punch stand for *Pontius Pilate* and Judy for *Judæi*, has been given up as without foundation.

The English "lobster," and the French "langouste" do not look very much alike. Brachet, however, derives the latter from the Latin *Locusta* and Skeat traces lobster to the same source. He points out that *p* and *q* or *k* are occasionally interchanged, and thinks there is no reason why the *cus* of *locusta* might not pass through *qus* into *ps*, thus giving lopster.

The words bugle and beef do not resemble each other, yet they seem to be akin—the bugle-horn being the horn of the bugle or wild-ox, from the Latin *buculus*, other forms of which are *bubalus* and *bufalus*, the former from the Greek *βοῦβαλος*. As from *bous* or *bos* we can easily reach beef through the French *bœuf*, that word and "bugle" are evident relations.

The etymology of some of our simple English words is as interesting as anything we can get from outside. "Stirrup," from "stigan" (to climb), is the "climbing-rope." Miss Mulock once wrote a pretty spring song on "Green things growing." It appears that growth is the very idea comprised in green—it is the colour of growing plants, and, as we should expect, Skeat connects "grass" with the same root. "Blue" is the colour caused by a "blow," and "black" is of kindred origin. "Black and blue," therefore, is etymologically as well as chromatically correct for the hue of a wound thus caused.

The word scooner (schooner), which is now so familiar a word, appears to be of American coinage. In Babson's "History of Massachusetts," cited in Webster's "Dictionary," occurs this passage: The first *schooner* is said to have been built in Gloucester, Mass., about the year 1713, by a Capt. Andrew Robinson, and to have received its name from the following trivial circumstance: When the vessel went off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out "O how she scoons,"—[i.e. glides or skims along]. Robinson instantly replied, "A scooner let her be," and from that time vessels with two masts and thus rigged have been called schooners. The New England "scoon" was imported from Scotland (Clydesdale), where to "scoon" is to make stones skip along the surface of the water. Skeat accepts the story above told as true. It is also sanctioned by "The Imperial Dictionary."

My notes, I fear, would outstand the patience of any audience, however kindly disposed. A subject of this kind, indeed, is like Mr. Tennyson's brook, if not abruptly stopped, it might "go on for ever." Like the dictionaries, however, which are its chief authorities, it abounds in resting-places. Before I conclude, have I not some reason for saying that in etymology, as in other human pursuits, facts are often stranger than fiction? *Ménage*, who did some good service in a day when philological study was all uphill work, has bequeathed some standing jokes through his derivation of *rat* from *mus*, of *horse* from the Arabic *alfana*, and of *haricot* from *faba*. I have tried to show that there are derivations, now accepted by all philologists, which, at first blush, look quite as unpromising as any of *Ménage*'s exploded conjectures.

## OLD FEND-OFF.\*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

## II.

As time passed on I saw a good deal of Old Fend-Off, and his out-door preaching being a frequent subject of incidental mention, I came to have a rather strong curiosity to see him in his character of parson. At length I determined to gratify this feeling, and one Sunday evening set out for the spot at which his open-air gatherings were held. It was a piece of waste land outside a large foundry, and a mound of slag from the works served him for platform. When I arrived, he and a few members of "the connection" had already taken their stand upon the mound, and were faced by perhaps as strange a looking congregation as was ever gathered together. A number of fish-hawkers' and costermongers' "shallows" were drawn up in lines, and occupied as seats by their respective proprietors and their friends, who had evidently come prepared to listen at their ease, as many of the men were in their shirt-sleeves, and most of them were smoking, while one or two parties had bottles of drink with them. Behind the "shallows" the standing portion of the congregation was ranged in close order; and behind them again were the stalls of sundry vendors of penny ices, ginger-beer, and fruit, who were on the spot with a view to "pushing trade." Rough labourers, and still rougher loafers, made up the bulk of the assembly, and had probably never before attended any form of public worship. Unpromising congregation as they looked, there was still something promising in the mere fact of their being assembled together as a congregation. I gathered that, generally speaking, they were there simply with a view to fill up a "nothing-doing hour;" and that the strong point of Old Fend-Off's preaching was—in their estimation—its anecdotal character. The general sentiment upon this point was pretty well summed up in the remarks which I heard a middle-aged lighterman making to a com-

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

panion, who, like myself, appeared to be a stranger to these gatherings.

"I come pretty nigh every Sunday," he said, "and in fact, I should miss it now; I've got to think of it as a kind of treat. Old Fend-Off gives it you plain, and he always brings in a story or two pat, and that's the draw to most of us. He knows his way about; he knows fast enough that a bit of a yarn will hold us together, and he makes 'em hit his nails on the head, and drive 'em home."

At this point the lighterman's talk was brought to a close by the commencement of the service. One of the group on the mound gave out the hymn with the burthen—

"I do believe, I do believe,  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross He shed His blood  
That I might happy be;"

and it was so pleasing to find that a considerable number so joined in the singing as to show they were familiar with the hymn.

Another member of the connection offered up a prayer; and then Old Fend-Off gave out as his text, the words from the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs:—"Fools make a mock at sin." Sinners generally thought themselves very clever people, he said; but as a matter of fact those who made a mock of sin, who, because sin seemed for the time to prosper with them, spoke lightly of it, were really fools, as a little thoughtful consideration of the matter would show. "Be sure your sins will find you out," he went on, was a proverb with a great deal more truth in it than the sinners who hugged themselves in their supposed cleverness seemed to imagine. Of course *all* sin would be found out at last, and have to be answered for, but independent of that—though that ought to be sufficient for all who were not fools—most sin was found out and in some way punished even in this world. He had no doubt that every one within reach of his voice had had experience of that. "At any rate, I have. I remember, for instance—"

As the last words left his lips, there arose a buzz of expectation; then came a swaying movement towards the mound, followed by a silence of eager attention.

“I remember when I was in the Marines,” he resumed, “the regiment I belonged to was sent to Jamaica. Well, there was a great many drunkards among us—and I’m sorry to say that I was one of them—and as soon as we were settled on the island, we began drinking and rioting about. A Christian missionary on the island, who was a great advocate for teetotalism, hearing of our goings on, and thinking, I suppose, that we stood quite as much in need of a missionary as did the blacks, came to the barracks, and in a kindly way pressed us to sign the pledge, saying that he had just received a box of cards and medals from England with a view to establishing a temperance society; and that he would like to have us as the first members of it. We thought we would show our cleverness by ‘taking a rise out of him,’ and agreed among ourselves that we would all pretend to be teetotallers, and clean him out of the cards and medals—and we did. The next day, behold, he met some of us on the drink again, and of course reproached us, but we only laughed at him; only made a mock at sin. However, those laugh best who laugh last; and, sharp as we thought ourselves, and simple as we thought the missionary, the last laugh in the business was at our expense. A few days later, one of the gang happened to show his medal to a negro, and the darkie innocently enough turns up the whites of his eyes, and cries out, ‘O golly, what fine big new dollar!’ This was a fine hint for us. Like the blackguards we were, we took to persuading the poor ignorant blacks that they *were* fine new dollars, and worth more than a dollar at Kingstown. By means of this yarn we sold them the medals at a dollar a piece, and spent the money in drink. After a while the darkies began to find out that they had been swindled, and some of them came to the particular men that had cheated them, only to get laughed at or ill-used. But one morning a crowd of the blacks came to the barracks crying out about it, and one of the officers hearing them, had them in to explain; and of course they told him how bad ‘buckkra’ man soldier had sold them fine big dollar, no good, no changee at Kingstown, no buy nothing. Well, the officer was a just man. He asked how many had been swindled in that way, and found out that there were forty. Next he paraded the regiment, and asked the blacks each to point out the man who had sold them a medal,

which they did. Being children of the father of lies, we denied hard and fast that we were the men.

"Very well, our officer said, he would see, and he sent for the missionary, who, when he came, picked us out as the blacks had done, and showed the list of our names. This was enough for the officer. 'I'll settle this,' he said. 'All you whose names are down here produce your medals, if you can. Every one who can't must pay a dollar to one of these negroes here.' And to this he stuck; and the money was stopped out of our pay. The negroes and every one else had the laugh at us, and our officer, a man whose good opinion we all liked to have, was brought to think meanly of us; in short, our sins found us out."

I have told this one of Old Fend-Off's anecdotes, as illustrating not merely *his* style of preaching, but a style of preaching that "goes down," with such a class as he was addressing, better perhaps than any other style. He recounted the story dramatically, and was listened to with the greatest attention; and though there was at parts of it some slight laughter, he, to use the points of the lighterman's simile, drove home his nail in all seriousness, arguing from his story that the *wisest* as well as the happiest man was the sincere and humble Christian.

While listening to Old Fend-Off I had kept well in the background and escaped his observation; but being with him later in the week, I mentioned to him that I had been there, and, after a little preliminary conversation, asked in a friendly way—

"Do you think now that your preaching really has any good effect upon such characters as were listening to you?"

" ' God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,' "

he quoted by way of answer.

"Yes," I said; "what seemed strange means of ~~grace~~ were often successful; but do you, as a matter of fact, know that any of the rough characters of the neighbourhood who listened to your preaching have thereby been brought to live a better—a religious—life?"

"Thank the Lord, who made me His humble instrument," he exclaimed reverentially, "I do. Without taxing my memory,

I can think of at least half-a-dozen souls who have been made happy in the Saviour's love, through hearing the word as it was given me to speak it. I speak it in all humbleness, sir, but I know how to 'fetch' these rough people—as they would put it themselves—better than a better man. The Lord, sir, sends the special means of salvation; He did with me, and I was a worse, a more hardened, and seemingly more hopeless case than any of those you saw listening to me. When I think of myself as I am, and as I was, I cannot but look upon myself as a miracle of God's goodness."

"And what were the special means by which you were brought to your better life?" I asked, becoming interested.

"Well, it wasn't preaching in my own case," he answered, "it was practice; it was a noble act done in a Christian spirit. It's a longish yarn, but I think it's worth hearing; and I'll tell you, if you don't mind."

I said that I should be very pleased to hear his story; and without further preliminary Old Fend-Off began to tell it.

"I'm not London bred," he commenced. "I was born and brought up in the Black Country, and when a young fellow worked there as a miner. They're a rough lot there even now, and they were rougher in my young days, and I was one of the roughest of the rough. I was given up to gambling, and to dog-fighting, man-fighting, and poaching; while drinking and swearing were my daily habits—notably swearing. So much was the latter the case, that to distinguish me from another miner named Joe, who was a Methodist and a local preacher, our mates called me Swearing and him Christian Joe; and he was a Christian, and a brave one. He wasn't content with not sinning himself, he reproved sin when he heard or saw it, and that was no light thing to do among such a set as us miners. Many a time when he had checked me in my vile swearing I've turned to knock him down; but he always used to meet me with a look that somehow or other made me feel ashamed of myself."

"And his example and influence at length made a *second* Christian Joe of you?" I put in, as the old man paused for a moment.

"You'll hear," he resumed. "After a while I got mixed up

in a poaching affair in which a keeper was wounded. To escape being arrested I made my way up to London, and in a drunken fit I enlisted into a regiment of Marines. I was soon afterwards sent abroad, and was out of England for three years. When I did come back I was tired of soldiering, and the poaching business having blown over, I wrote to some of my old companions; and as they were generous after their fashion, and earning big wages, they raised a subscription and bought me off, and I went down to my native place again. Trade was rather slack at the time, and I could not get a job directly, but I could get plenty of drink; there were scores ready to treat me. Well, in the dinner hour of the fourth day after my return, I was coming out of a public-house blustering and swearing, when who should I meet but Christian Joe. Hearing how I was going on, he spoke to me in his old style about my swearing; and this time, the drink and the devil being strong in me, I *did* hit him. The blow staggered him, but the instant he recovered himself he looked me straight in the eyes, and said, in a quiet, sorrowful sort of way, 'Brother, I'm afraid you have come back a worse man than you went. I did *not* think you would have struck me; you know that I would not strike again, and you know too, that I speak to you for your own good. However, I freely forgive you, and I shall not cease to raise my voice against your besetting sin, or to hope that I may live to see the day when you will have put that sin away from you, and be ready to raise your voice in reproof when you hear the name of God taken in vain'

"You said rightly that he was a *brave* Christian," I put in, as Old Fend-Off once more came to a brief pause.

"He was," Fend-Off assented, "but those standing round didn't see it in that light. If he had struck me back they would have sided with him, but they thought that, Christian or not Christian, he ought to have been hit again, and they set down his not doing it to cowardice. As to myself, I felt ashamed of the blow the moment I had struck it, but I wasn't man enough to say so; I only went back to the public-house and tried to drink down the feeling shame. This was what I was doing when there came into the house a reckless sort of fellow, who was in a small way of business as a shaft sinker. Whether he had come specially after me, or seeing



me there had put the idea into his head, I never knew; but he struck up a conversation with me, and got telling me that he had a job that he wanted to finish; that the men he had had working for him had turned out milksops, and gone away, saying that they were afraid the shaft was going to give way, though it was as safe as any shaft could be. If he had only one good man to help him he could finish it in two or three days, and could afford to give a sovereign a day for that time—did I care about the job?

“Yes, I would take it,” I said; and we shook hands on the bargain, and went straight away to the shaft—and down it. When I’d been at work an hour I began to get sober, and then looking up, I could see why the other men had left the job. A good many yards towards the bottom was loose, nasty-looking stuff, and all the way up the bratticing was bulging out in a style that meant danger. I pointed this out to the other, but he only pooh-pooh’d it. However, I insisted upon going up a long ladder that we had down with us, to drive in a cross-beam at a spot that looked particularly shaky; but I had scarcely climbed to the point, when with a sudden crash the earth below it fell in, burying him, and jamming me in, with just my head and shoulders free. From where the shaft had fallen in up to the top the earth was overhanging, and was liable to fall in at any moment, and every second I expected it would come crushing down upon me. In my agony I roared out, and I suppose made somebody hear me, for presently I saw some one peep over the edge of the shaft, and directly afterwards I could tell by the sounds that a crowd had assembled near. I was wedged in with some of the broken bratticing, and I knew what a risky job it would be to attempt to rescue me; that any man who d’ attempt it, would do so with his life in his hand, as it was a hundred to one that the pulling and shaking necessary to release me would bring the overhanging earth down, and make the shaft a grave for him as well as for me.

“I had just one shadow of a hope. I was the friend of all the dare-devils in the neighbourhood, and I thought that hearing it was one of their own set that was in such desperate strait, one or other of them would run the risk.

Several men crept to the edge of the shaft and looked down, and the look seemed to be enough, for nothing came of it. I had given up my last faint hope, when I became aware from the sudden bustling and shouting that something was going to be attempted. In about a minute I could make out a skip being put over the side and a man stepping into it. It was lowered very gently, and I strained my sight to see which of my companions had been so bold and true. My heart went out towards him whoever he might be; and though when I had tried to pray for myself I couldn't, I did manage to *think* a prayer for him. Those who were letting down the skip knew what they were about, and lowered very slowly, so that it was some seconds before I could make out who it was that was risking his life for me; but at length, when he was within a few yards of me, I knew the face—and it was Christian Joe's.

“‘Be of good cheer, brother,’ he said, shaking the rope for them to stop lowering when he had got on a level with me—‘Be of good cheer! if it's the Lord's will all may be well yet.’

“He had got a saw with him, and as he spoke he commenced sawing for dear life at the piece of timber that I was wedged in by. As he worked, the loose earth came rattling down upon us, and I whispered to him, ‘I'm afraid we shall neither of us ever be got out alive.’ ‘Well, it is in the Lord's hand, brother,’ he answered cheerily; but lest we should not, let us each ask with our hearts that He will take us to himself.’

“Half a minute later he had cut me free and I stepped into the skip. The signal was given for winding up; and though we got some bruises from falling earth, were drawn clear a second before the general fall came.”

“Well, Joe certainly deserved his title of Christian,” I observed, when Fend-Off had concluded this thrilling portion of his story.

“He did,” said the old man, with an emphatic toss of the head, “and that wasn't all he did for me. I had been badly crushed, and he took me to his home and he and his sister kept me and nursed me through a month's illness; and what was more, they made a Christian of me. To make short the rest of my story, I

fell in love with the sister, and she promised to be my wife at the end of two years if, during that period, I held firm to my resolve to live a Christian life. I did remain firm, thank the Lord, and we were married; but she was only spared to me for a year. Feeling unsettled when she was gone, I came up to London, and joining a steamship as fireman, followed the sea for some years. Afterwards I was one of a lightship's company, and it was there I learned the rope-work. Then—my brother-in-law being dead—I settled on shore here, and started in my present way of business; and coming to feel the call, took to doing whatever the Lord's work was brought to my hand. And remembering what I was before I was brought in," he concluded, "I would consider myself ungrateful for all the mercy and goodness that has been shown to me, if I doubted that even the worst of the people I try to speak to were beyond the reach of salvation; or gave up the hope that in some stray instance my humble efforts might be the appointed means."

Strong in his simple faith Old Fend-Off preached and taught on; and his example has a christianizing influence upon many in the neighbourhood, who would otherwise stand little chance of being brought under any ordinary form of Christian influence.

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REST.

"I will give you rest."

I SOUGHT it oft. Naught asked I for beside;  
 Nor wealth nor fame nor friends, but only this,  
 Rest from myself—the height of earthly bliss,  
 Self freed from self—its discontent and pride.  
 Somewhere, thought I, the secret must abide,  
 But where? "O soul," I said, "thy long unrest  
 Is pledge divine thou may'st be fully blest,  
 And from the strife and storm securely hide!"

Too much had life for me. An ocean vast,  
 Whose daily tides, by mighty forces swayed,  
 Were oft by winds in battle fierce arrayed,  
 Forbade me hear aught else save its rough blast.  
 That quiet Lake, I found, where Jesus taught;  
 And there, the "Still Small Voice," my blessing brought.

—A. A. Lipscomb, D.D.

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

## THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.

A point always noticed by our Lord's hearer was, that his teaching differed from that of all others: "Never man spake like this man." He spoke like a man, and yet no man ever spoke like Him. The criticism of those who left Him after one of His sermons was, "Not as the scribes." Whether the teaching was good or evil, they might not be able to say; but of this at least they were sure, that it was different from the teaching they had been accustomed to hear.

The double thread of divinity and humanity is to be traced also in the teaching of Christ.

He spoke with authority. It was this that first struck the people as marking Him out as different from the scribes. The scribes always made appeals to others. They quoted traditional interpretations, and sought to win the assent of their hearers by appealing to those who had gone before. But Jesus appealed to His own authority, "I say unto you." The scribes were aware of the opposition their statements might excite, and of the silent resistance with which men are always prone to meet any unfamiliar truth, and they took the usual means to anticipate and master that resistance. They employed authority, argument; and if these failed, the fortress might be captured by appeals to passion. But with Jesus it was different. He appealed to no prejudices; He made no concession to passion. He spoke as one who knew that he possessed the truth, and that the truth had a welcome prepared for it from of old within obedient hearts. For the most part He did not argue; and although it is true that an Eastern discourse is generally a collection of loosely-connected sayings, resembling in its entirety not a living organism, but a heap of jewels, each beautiful in itself, and that this is so with Christ's, yet that is not the whole. When He says, "Believe in Me," "Follow Me," "I am the Truth," "Verily, verily, I say unto you," He is speaking with sublime certainty of one who knows that, as a divine teacher, He has a right to the empire and assent of every soul of man. It is true that He refers to the Bible; but

in His references He, as it were, stands above it and sets His seal upon it, even when He has claimed its sanction for His own words. The prophets effaced themselves by appealing to God, whose witness they were, and prefaced the words by "Thus saith the Lord." He spoke the most startling truths, and offered no certificate but that of His own authority. And as He was the only authoritative teacher, so He was the commander of men. He never gave advice. He did not say, "If you please," His words were imperative; they were law; they were guarded by the most awful sanctions; to disobey them was to incur the risk of eternal ruin. The difference between law and advice is one appreciable measure of the difference between Christ and human teachers. This was what men needed then, and need now.

#### FULL SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST.

You want to be saved from a vain and worldly life, of which all persons at your age and with your ardent temperament are in great danger. You feel that you will find a help in my friendship in proportion as it serves to defend you against those tides of secularizing care and excitement which were drifting you away from the end of your highest aspirations. You are sick of the hollowness of a worldly or merely natural life, and you are charmed with the idea of a state of purity in which your affections will find just what they were made for. This is the idea of the salvation which, through Christ, is attainable by all who desire it, however conscious at present of their destitution of every other qualification. The greatest obstruction to your progress (supposing real earnestness) will arise from the tendency of your mind—not peculiar to you—to be forever looking within to see what has been gained. I wish you could see that this in Christians can proceed from nothing but distrust of the Saviour. This is *unbelief*, and will prove the source of all your discouragement and perplexity. On the contrary, if you can only get the habit of constantly meditating on or referring to the perfection of Christ as a Saviour, thinking of those Scriptures which relate to this point, and using them in prayer with application to yourself; if you can get the habit of making all your barrenness and backwardness but a stronger reason for trusting Him, (for which the Scriptures give you the most abundant warrant,) you will find the greatest advantage in it. Learn to feel that your salvation in

all its parts is already *secured* by His love, and you have nothing to do but always simply and entirely to trust Him, no matter what objections an evil conscience may raise. You have heard much of union with Christ, from which everything good flows. It is by the exercise of this habit of trusting alone that this union becomes, after a while, a matter of consciousness; and then, when we have been so thoroughly tried that no danger can result from the discovery of good in ourselves, such good begins to appear without our looking for it. You never will find it in any other way.

The want of faith or confidence in Christ is the root of all our difficulties. In every genuine work of grace this confidence is a principle of slow growth, and its increase can come only from God. The basis of such a work is a thorough knowledge of ourselves, and in this there is everything to weaken and perplex us. Health, where there is latent disease, can only come through feeling our sickness; knowledge, through a consciousness of ignorance; holiness, through a sense of sinfulness. As the invalid, greatly diseased, is often distressed by the fear that he can never recover, at least to perfect soundness, and the mind toiling with its rudeness that it can never reach a high degree of culture; so it is, and much more so, with the soul that seeks after a perfect union with God. I would not think much of a Christian life of which a consciousness of great difficulty was not a principal element; and yet, I confess, there is another view of the matter which makes it wonderful that there should ever be any difficulty at all. When we consider the freeness and abundance of the Divine promises, their source in the unchanging goodness of the Divine nature, and the additional security for their fulfilment which we have in the work which Christ has done for us, and in the love, the special love, which He has for the weak and ruined and miserable, it is amazing that we should have any doubt at all.—  
*Rev. William James.*

GRATITUDE is a means of grace. Many a mortal would be consoled in his mere annoyances could he get a glimpse of the real trouble from which God saves him. Others, in comparatively light affliction, would cease murmuring could they realize the heart-break that abides with some else. There is always firm ground for thanksgiving to God for deliverance from that always possible greater trouble.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN WORK.

The union and consolidation of the forces of Methodism in Canada into one large and influential Church is no warrant for less active and energetic efforts than those to which its different sections were stimulated by the mutual rivalries, and, shall we say jealousies, of the past? Nay! Increase of strength should cause increase of zeal and energy; and better equipment to do the Lord's work, should be followed by better results. It is wise to learn even from our enemies, says an ancient proverb. Recently Methodism has been made the subject of unfriendly, and we think unjust, criticism in the public press. The best answer to such criticism will be for Methodism to rise to the height of her privilege and obligation, and exhibit to all the world such a moral heroism, such a burning zeal, as shall make even the worldling and scoffer admit that it is indeed "Christianity in earnest."

Methodism has an as yet unfulfilled mission in our great cities. She must reach, as she does not now reach, the lapsed, the churchless, Christless masses. She must go not only to those who need her, but to those who need her most. If the people will not come to the preaching of the Gospel, she must take the Gospel to them. She must go into the highways and the hedges, and in the Scriptural sense "compel them to come in." We should have a revival of old primitive Methodist street preaching and field preaching—preaching in halls and mission-chapels, on wharves and docks and seamen's Bethels—everywhere where men will hear.

The present writer was much impressed during a recent visit to Louisville, Ky., with certain aggressive Christian work in that city. A few of the earnest workers of one of the Methodist churches hired a large

basement-room on one of the most public streets, in the very midst of the lager beer and liquor saloons and cigar shops. They fitted it up neatly with comfortable chairs and a good cabinet organ, and on four nights of the week carried on a lively Gospel mission. The singing was an inspiration, and attracted night after night many who would never enter a church—loungers and loafers, dock rats and roustabouts, negroes and degraded whites—and numbers of these were converted and led to live new lives. The mother church of this mission was all the better for its mission work and increased, we believe, two hundred in a single year. One of its classes which we attended gave a curious illustration of old-fashioned Kentucky Methodism. After each experience the leader struck up a hymn and everybody shook hands with everybody else. Among the number were a father, a veteran in the service, and his son just setting out in the good way; and as the father fell upon the son's neck and kissed him every heart was touched and every eye filled. It was like the apostolic "saluting one another with an holy kiss."

Such mission work as we have mentioned would stimulate all our churches. We rejoice to know that in many places "praying bands" are doing just such work with the most blessed results. It trains for victory the dormant energies of the Church and quickens it with a divine life.

## THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The agitation on this subject goes on, and is destined to go on till the reasonable wishes of the Bible-honouring portion of the community are met, and the Word of God receives a recognized place in all our schools.

It is a wrong done to our children,

even from a purely literary point of view, to say nothing of religious obligation, to banish from any school the grandest classic in the world—a book which has done more to ennoble the English thought and English speech than any other book in existence.

It ought not to be difficult, either, to frame an elementary book on Christian morals which would receive the assent of all the different denominations, Catholic as well as Protestant. With the growth of that broader charity and Christian common-sense, of which Principal Grant writes so eloquently, this is becoming easier every year.

We do not think that our Roman Catholic friends would object to any extent to the reading of the Bible in the schools. They have not done so in the Board Schools in England, and the "conscience clause" will render any objection invalid. It is only, we believe, a few noisy agnostics or infidels—who are not one in a hundred of the community—who make the objection. If in deference to this godless clamour the reading of the Bible and definite moral teaching should be excluded from the schools, Anglicans would have as good a right as the Romanists to demand Separate Schools. But that would be a step which we would be very sorry to see them take—a step that would wreck our whole public school system. We have no right to attribute to them any such design. When they asked, at the Toronto Conference, for our co-operation in promoting religious instruction in the Public Schools it was, we must assume, without any sinister motive; and in this sphere, at least, we can co-operate with them in advancing the interests of religion and morals among us.

#### THE SUPERANNUATED MINISTER.

We take from the Chicago *Current* the following eloquent appeal for superannuated ministers. We are persuaded that the case referred to is an exceptional one, and that the

great Methodist Church of the United States makes better provision for its worn-out ministers than the article implies. But the appeal is not less cogent on that account, and possibly, at the present juncture in the history of our Church in Canada, when special pressure comes upon our Superannuated Fund, it will be well to see that none of those faithful men, who by their toil and travail, their faith and zeal, helped to make Canada what it is to-day, and the Methodist Church what it is to-day, should suffer in their old age the pinchings of penury, or pinings of want. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is," says the great dramatist, "to have a thankless child," and scarcely less sharp is it for these venerable men to have to say, "We have nourished and brought up children—spiritual children—and fostered prosperous churches, and now in our old age they have neglected us." The *Current's* article is as follows:—

"There is living within thirty miles of the city of Chicago a superannuated minister of the Methodist Church, who for forty-three years, fought the good fight in the service of Christ. That minister is to-day almost starving for the necessities of life. During the period of his active ministry he manifested a constant readiness to go to that field of labour in which the preaching of the Gospel might most be needed. He preferred neither his ease nor his personal advancement. He sought the hard roads. His income during those forty-three years of toil, devotion and self-sacrifice was never more than \$350 a year, and frequently as low as \$100. He could lay up nothing for inactive old age. When he heard he had been relegated to the ranks of the superannuated, it is said he fainted. It meant absolute poverty. The Methodist Church has done much for mankind. Its policies have been those of enlightenment and beneficence. It has been valiant in good works. But is there not something wrong in its system of administra-



tion when a soldier of forty-three years' loyal service in its cause should, because of the unselfishness of that service, find starvation at his door? In calling attention to this grave matter, *The Current* believes it is performing a duty which the Church itself will recognize as incumbent. Is it not, indeed, imperative that *The Current* should do so? Faults cannot be remedied unless made known, and this journal believes that the Methodist denomination too sincerely pledged to Christian benevolences to suffer the maintenance of a system of internal government which, *by any possibility*, might work out so disastrously to a single member of its clerical corps as in the instance cited. There is probably no church which has such easy access to the purses of its laymen as the Methodist Church. Their contributions are constant, liberal, willing and offered in the broadest Christian spirit. They certainly cannot regard with satisfaction the disposition of their offerings when they find, helpless, suffering, beggared, an old servant, whose declining years should be spent toilless and care-free. Forty-three years a soldier of Christ! Forty-three years a consoler of the afflicted! Forty-three years a preacher of God's gospel! Can a Church afford to abandon such a man? Can it afford to leave him to the jeers of its enemies? Can it afford to remove from its clergymen that they need take no thought for the morrow? Can it afford to encourage its ministers to make provision against superannuation? These interrogations abound in most portentous suggestions. And how many other Church denominations are there to which these same interrogations might not be pertinently put? What would it matter if it could be said of a preacher who had served his Church forty-three years, that they had been as many years of constant failure? It could well be replied that they had certainly been as many years of constant devotion. And what Church, what commercial house, what Government can afford to

reckon devotedness as of no account when distributing rewards for service? The Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Church, any and all Churches, in short, can find means to maintain in inactivity those who have carried the standard of Christ's cause until the flame that burned in their breasts consumed their physical powers. Better plain belongings in church edifices, better empty organ-lofts, better any deprivation of luxurious appointments, than to suffer such a wrong. The spectacle of a superannuate peaceful, cared-for, comfortable and content, would of itself do more to arouse the mission spirit, would do more to further the Gospel's spread, than any other policy any Church could adopt. But the spectacle of an aged soldier of the Cross, battle-worn and weary, turned out to die foodless, despairing and ignored, is a sight to quicken the ardour of every foe of the Church, and to make every devil laugh. These superannuates are the men who baptized our fathers and mothers, and who bound their children in marriage, whose lives have been spent in solacing the afflicted, smoothing the pillows of the dying, and in uplifting the souls of the weary. Will the laymen of the Churches consent that they starve?

#### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

This subject which was so eloquently treated in the article by the historian Froude in the last number of this MAGAZINE, has gained fresh prominence from the influential meeting for its promotion held during the last week in July. Among the distinguished men taking part therein were the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P.; the Marquis of Normanby, the Earl of Wemyss, Viscount Bury, the Earl of Camperdown, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Mowat, Premier of Ontario; Sir Henry Holland, M.P., and many others; and a permanent society was organized for the promotion of the movement. There seemed but one sentiment as to the desirability of a

federation of the great English Colonies in all parts of the world. The details of the plans were wisely left for future consideration. The Earl of Rosebery eloquently remarked, "On both sides of the world, across the western ocean and across the southern ocean, we have two great Empires stretching forth their hands in passionate loyalty to the country from which they sprang. If we do not avail ourselves of that sentiment now, the time might come when we should bitterly regret it, and it was from a practical handling of the question now that he hoped to see great benefit arise." Nowhere is this spirit of enthusiastic loyalty stronger than in the Dominion of Canada, and nowhere would such a British Federation be more warmly welcomed.

One of the most marked tendencies of the times is that toward integration, both in religious and political communities. The time for breaking down seems to have passed away, and the time for building up to have come. The unification of Italy and Germany, and the conservation of the American Union, are illustrations of this tendency. The unifying of the British Empire would give it its grandest exemplification. If there be burdens to bear in order to realize this grand idea, we should share them. The numerous and noble progeny that Britain, the great mother of nations, has nourished and brought up should begin to bear their part in the maintenance of national defence and the support of the national dignity. The cost of the West Indian and Pacific squadrons and of the numerous British garrisons that belt the globe should not be borne disproportionately by the over-taxed peasants of Dorset and Devon, of Tipperary and Inverness. The wealthy colonies of Canada and Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon, and their fair and flourishing sisters around the world, should contribute equitably to the maintenance of that protection which they enjoy no less than those who live beneath the guns of Chatham and Plymouth.

There are doubtless grave problems of state-craft to be solved be-

fore all the alien interests of so many diverse peoples can be harmonized; but the grandeur of the object is an inspiration to the effort, and the difficulty of the task but enhances the glory of its achievement. Never was there nobler field for statesmanship, nor sublimer reward for the man who, not by "blood and iron," but by peaceful diplomacy shall weld into indissoluble national unity all the British colonies throughout the world.

Such a Confederated Empire would be the pledge of peace and the bulwark of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. It could defy the combined powers of all its foes, would become the umpire for the settlement of all international disputes, and would render possible the general disarmament of nations. It would surpass in territorial extent and power all the empires of antiquity, would open to its sons a career of splendid and honourable ambition, and make the proud "*Civis Romanus sum*" pale into faded splendour before the grander boast, "I am a British subject;" and would speed the world on a plane of higher progress and loftier civilization than ever seen before.

Unless some such federation take place, in less than a hundred years the grand old mother of nations will be dwarfed into insignificance by the prodigious growth of her stalwart offspring. She who so long led the van of the world's progress will falter a laggard in the race, and this great and noble empire be broken up into separate and perhaps estranged and antagonistic though kindred peoples. Rather as her far off and innumerable children rally in undying affection around the dear old mother of us all, renewing her youth in their unfading prime, let them say,

"The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee."

Joseph Cook in his recent oration on Independence Day thus describes the grandeur of the British Empire.

"I have passed many months in England, and looked into the faces of impressive audiences in all the great towns of the British Islands; but

when I sailed away from the white cliffs of Albion, I did not seem to have seen the British Empire. I floated through the Mediterranean, with many thoughts of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and other British ports. I came to the green and black and yellow plains of the pulsating Nile, over which England has practically a protectorate. I came to Aden, a twisted cinder of red rock, carved into military might, the Gibraltar of the gate to the Indies. I sailed into the Indian Ocean and looked back, and did not seem to have seen the British Empire. I gazed over my ship's side, southward and westward, and remembered the immense British possessions at the Cape, and the British predominance in the Sudan and in the valley of the Congo, but did not seem to have seen the British Empire.

"One tropical morning there arose out of the purple and azure seas, far to the east, queenly Bombay, second city of the British Empire, and I studied its proud fleets, its stately wharves and public buildings, its university and schools. I crossed crowded India, and saw the Taj Mahal and the Himalayas looking down on a land in which Britain rules twice as many people as any Cæsar ever governed. I studied Calcutta, the most cultured city of Asia; visited Madras on her blistered sands, and so came to that rustling Paradise of the tropics, Ceylon, and I sailed away and looked backward, but did not seem to have seen the British Empire.

"I came to Singapore, at the foot of the Malay peninsula, within eighty miles of the equator, and found a harbour alive with British fleets, and a city busy with the richest trade of the East Indies, under the British flag. I sailed away to Hong Kong, and found a mountainous island, with a beautiful city on a magnificent harbour full of British fleets. I sailed away to Japan and back to China, finding British quarters prominent in every seaport.

"I sailed southward through the East Indies, and was almost never

out of sight of the British flag. The shadows began to fall southward at noon. The days gradually grew cool. Strange constellations rose out of the sea. In July the blasts of a northern December came up from the icebergs of the Southern Pole. There lifted itself, at last, from under the ocean, a continental island, slightly less than the whole territory of the United States. I studied the pastures, the forests, the mines, the thriving and cultured cities of Australia. I saw verdant Tasmania and green New Zealand, and sailed away, with the Fijis over the gunwale toward the sunset; and still I did not seem to have seen the British Empire.

"After many days the shadows fell northward again at noon. The Sandwich Islands rose to view, and I remembered that over them the British flag once floated for a day and an hour; and I sailed away and looked backward, but even yet did not seem to have seen the British Empire. It was only when half way between the Sandwich Islands and America I remembered that British possessions stretch across this Continent from sea to sea, and that our own land was once predominantly British, it was only when, at last, my lonely eyes came to the sight of America, my own, and my thoughts went back around the whole earth, that I suddenly obtained, by a combination of all my memories, a conception of the physical and political dignity of the British Empire as a whole.

"Not more than a century or two distant lies, in the possible, not in the certain future, an alliance, I do not say a union, of all English-speaking peoples, Great Britain, the United States, Australia, India, belting the globe and possessed of power to strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas." What a federation that would be!—a pledge and augury of the Millennial Age,

When the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flag is furled,  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Conference assembled at Burslem, Staffordshire, being the second time it has met in that part of England called "the Potteries." Great preparations had been made to render the visit of so many ministers and laymen pleasant to themselves and a blessing to the people. The population is very great in the country, and towns and villages are numerous. Several of the ministers were billeted from twelve to twenty miles from the seat of Conference, but through the railway system which reaches to almost every corner of the land no great difficulty was experienced in attending the various sessions of Conference. The week-evening meetings included several evangelistic services in different towns. The Fernley lecture, by the Rev. B. Hellier, on the "Universal Mission of the Church of Christ," was delivered in the Methodist New Connexion Church, which is one of the largest in the country. The first Fernley lecture was delivered in the same place of worship by the Rev. Dr. Osborne, fourteen years ago, when the Conference met for the first time in the town of Burslem. It is gratifying to record that 62,000 persons have been added to the Wesleyan Methodist Church in that time. The increase for the past year exceeds 3,000. The Rev. F. Greeves, D.D., was duly elected President. Dr. Greeves has been thirty years in the ministry, during which he has laboured in Paris and London, and other important towns in England. He received his degree a few years ago from our Victoria University. He belongs to a family of ministers: two of his brothers are members of the same Conference with himself, and another

is a clergyman of the Church of England. Their honoured father was a Wesleyan minister. On taking the chair of the Conference he delivered an appropriate address in which he gave as the motto for his year of office: "Salvation in every house." He does not want less evangelistic aggressive work, but more pastoral labour, to secure the children of Methodists to the Church of their fathers.

The Rev. R. N. Young was re-elected Secretary, a position which he has held for five years, and which he is likely to fill until the Conference says "Come up higher."

The following ministers were elected to vacancies in the Legal Hundred: Revs. J. E. Clapham, R. Hardy, G. Sargeant, J. McKenny, M. G. Pearce, D. Barley, J. Evans, and T. C. Maguire.

The Conference is a centenary assembly, as it is just one hundred years ago since John Wesley's Deed of Declaration was executed. In view of this fact a silver inkstand was presented to the Conference to stand on the President's table. On it are portraits of John and Charles Wesley, and also a figure of the globe with the motto, "The world is my parish," and an open Bible, underneath which are the words, "A man of one book."

The deputation to the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, the Revs. R. N. Young and S. Whitehead, gave an account of their visit to America, in which they made special mention of Toronto and the Metropolitan Church and its splendid choir, with which they were greatly delighted. In the death roll two were the names of the oldest ministers in Wesleyan Methodism,

both having been more than 60 years in the ministry; seven others had completed their half century in preaching the Gospel; nine others had been more than forty years in the ministry.

There were 65 candidates for the ministry, five were declined, the others were allocated to the four colleges.

The Rev. W. J. Frankland, who has ceased to believe in the eternity of future punishment, was made a supernumerary, and is prohibited from preaching or spreading his views.

Deputations were received from the Primitive Methodist Conference, and the Nonconformist ministers of the district.

The Rev. J. Agar Beet was appointed Theological Professor in place of the venerable Dr. Osborne, who retires from the post which he has occupied sixteen years. Dr. Osborne has been fifty-six years in the ministry.

The corner-stone of a new church in honour of Bishop Asbury has been laid at Handsworth, near the place where that distinguished man was born. The church will accommodate 900 persons, and will cost about \$20,000. The Rev. F. W. Briggs collected \$5,000 towards the cost during his visit to America.

The Princess Alice Orphanage in connection with the Children's Home has also been opened under the most favourable circumstances. It will be a valuable auxiliary to the institution of which it forms a part.

An unknown friend has presented the Conference with a theological library of 10,000 volumes.

Evangelistic services continue to be held with great success. Mr. L. Middleton spent five days at Hyde, where he preached every night to crowds, many of whom seldom went to a place of worship. During the day he went round the back streets with his silver cornet, and held several brief services which drew the people to the evening meetings.

A seven days' revival mission was also held at Leeds, conducted by the Rev. W. D. Sergeant. Services were held in the open air, private

meetings for inquirers were also instituted, and the interest excited was very great. Much good is reported as the result of the services.

The Irish General Mission has made a new departure in its methods of reaching the general public, and is determined to try a series of tent services. A tent has been secured at a cost of about \$250, which will seat about 500 persons, and if necessary can be enlarged so as to accommodate 1,000.

The recent North Italy District Meeting unanimously adopted a resolution, proposed by the chairman, strongly urging a union of all the evangelical denominations throughout Italy.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Minutes of Conference have just been published. The number of members is 33,819, increase for the year 88. The Connexion has existed 88 years. During the past year \$240,000 was expended on church property. The Rev. John Innocent, who has been 26 years a missionary in China has returned to England. His work among the Chinese has been wonderfully successful. The Rev. Law Stoney, who entered the ministry in 1832, died during the year. He was President in 1857. The writer knew him forty years ago, when he was one of the most popular ministers in the body.

#### THE FRENCH METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held the first week in July. The Theological Institution is to be removed to Nimes. A new mission has been commenced at Algiers. *The Life of John Wesley* in French has sold well. Lives of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, and others are about to be published very cheap; also a children's edition of the *Life of Wesley*. All the funds are seriously crippled.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This Conference was also held in the Potteries at Tunstall, near Burs-

lem, where the Connexion originated in 1810. The Rev. George Lamb, though seventy-six years of age, fifty five of which he had spent in the itinerancy was chosen President. The progress of this denomination has been marvellous. The membership amounts to 191,198, with 1,044 ministers. Increase of members, 3,159. There are 4,217 churches valued at \$14,001,735, but nearly one-third of that amount of the property is in debt. The profits of the Book Room are \$16,000, all which, except \$12,750, was given to the fund for the support of the aged ministers, widows, and orphans. Candidates for the ministry are more numerous than can be employed, and last year one of the colleges was sold to defray the cost of another. A special meeting was held at Mow Cop, where the first camp-meeting was held. Respectful mention is made of the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., who performed his mission from Canada in a most satisfactory manner.

#### THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

This assembly was as usual very interesting. On the Sabbath about fifty ministers preached in various churches and in the open air; 2,310 members had been added to the societies during the year, and 1,000 emigrants had left the country. The attendance at public worship among the Wesleyans in Ireland is estimated at 68,000. The Thanksgiving Fund of \$100,000, has reached \$96,000; \$81,785 has been paid.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH—NEW-FOUNDLAND CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in St. John's, and was attended by thirty-six ministers and eight laymen. The Rev. G. S. Milligan, LL.D., was elected President, and the Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., Secretary. Ten candidates were received on trial. A new mission is to be established at Gros Water Bay. A resolution of sympathy towards the Rev. Dr. Rice,

General Superintendent, was adopted, and thanks were tendered to the Rev. S. F. Huestis, for his attendance. The ladies of one of the churches entertained the members of Conference at a social tea when a pleasant season was enjoyed. The public services on the Sabbath, the missionary meeting, and the educational meeting were all numerously attended and were seasons of great interest. The missionary income exceeds that of last by about \$1,000. The Rev. W. W. Percival having accepted an appointment to British Columbia, the Conference tendered him a congratulatory resolution. He was the recipient of addresses and pecuniary gifts from various societies. The brethren in this Conference deserve great sympathy. It is questionable whether there is a Conference in the Methodist Church where greater self-denial is required on the part of the ministers.

A report of the Grimsby and St. Lawrence Camp-ground services will be given in our next.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

A large reinforcement is soon to be sent to China. Miss Haygood, sister of the Rev. Dr. Haygood, goes to take superintendence of all the women's work in the mission, including day and boarding-schools, and the work of the Bible-women. The Rev. W. A. Bonnell, President of Covington College, is to organize a high-school for boys. Other missionaries are also to join the party, which will consist of seventeen persons. Miss Haygood's salary will be \$750. In Atlanta she received \$1,200.

The Anglo-Chinese University, though still in its initial stages, is overrun with pupils, till there is neither room in dormitories nor class-rooms for more. It more than pays all its running expenses, and already more than ten per cent. of the pupils are applicants for membership in the Christian Church.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The One Mediator: Selections and Thoughts on the Propitiatory Sacrifice and Intercession Presented by the Lord Jesus Christ as our Great High Priest.* By the REV. J. S. EVANS. Pp. 393. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.25.

We regard it as a very auspicious indication of the intellectual activity and literary ability of Canadian Methodism, that so many of its ministers are making such valuable contributions to religious and theological literature, as this valuable work by Brother Evans and others, which have recently appeared. The present volume is an admirable treatment of the central thought of Christian theology. In a series of chapters the author sets forth, in original exposition and by copious citation, the Scriptural doctrine of the Atonement. This is the citadel of our faith. Upon it the fiercest attacks of heresy and infidelity will be made; and in its defence the most strenuous fight will be waged. Our author discusses successively, the priestly office of Christ, the typical sacrifices, the anti-typical High Priest as a mediator between God and man, the need of the atonement, Christ's priestly intercession and its mode of operation, its effects, its moral influence, and its extent. A history of the leading theories of the Atonement and an exposition of the conditions of salvation follow. Brother Evans exhibits a wide range of reading and profound study of this august theme. The chief theological writers, British and foreign, have been carefully connoted and are copiously quoted. We need not say that our author is staunchly Wesleyan in his theology. We commend his book to the study of Canadian Methodists as one of the most valuable contributions to our theological literature.

*A Higher Catechism of Theology.* By WILLIAM BURT POPE, D.D. Pp. 389. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is a very distinguished compliment to the theological tutor of the Wesleyan College at Didsbury, that his larger treatise on theology should be adopted as a text-book by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Pope is one of the ablest of living expositors of what has been well called the Science of Sciences. Many readers who have been repelled from the task of studying his large three-volume text-book of theology, will doubtless study with profit this higher catechism. It will be found, we venture to say, one of the very best compendiums of theology in existence. For clearness of definition, conciseness of statement and distinctive enunciation of Wesleyan doctrinal teaching, the book is not only unsurpassed, but unequalled. We hope that not only the theological students but many thoughtful laymen and Sunday-school teachers will make a thorough study of this admirable book.

*The Methodist Pulpit: A Collection of Original Sermons from Living Ministers of the United Methodist Church of Canada.* REV. M. S. G. PHILLIPS, M.A., Editor. Pp. 332. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.25.

It was a happy thought of Brother Phillips at this juncture in the history of Methodism in Canada, to issue a volume of sermons by ministers representing the different sections of which the united Church is composed. Apart from this, the book has a great value from the high character of the individual contributions. The brethren represented with the subjects of their discourses are as

follows:—Rev. Dr. Dewart, on Soul Freedom; Rev. Dr. Milligan, on Divine Providence; Rev. G. Webber, on Giving; Rev. W. Hansford, on the Unity of the Race; Rev. Dr. Burwash, on Creation; Rev. D. V. Lucas, on the Dignity of Labour; Rev. W. C. Brown, on a Fruitful Church; Rev. W. R. Parker, M.A., on Eternal Life; Rev. T. Pitcher, on Solitude; Rev. T. G. Williams, on an Old Testament View of the Gospel; Rev. J. J. Rice, on the House of God; Rev. J. Burwash, M.A., on the Limits of Religious Thought; Rev. L. N. Beaudry, on Holiness; Rev. C. Jost, M.A., on our Father's Good Things; Rev. Prof. Shaw, on the Humiliation of Christ; Rev. A. Chambers, LL.B., on the Increase of Christ; Rev. U. Hooker, on Modern Skepticism; Rev. W. Jackson, on the Cross of Christ; Rev. Dr. Jacques, on the Condition of Success in Life; Rev. J. S. Coffin, on the Peace of Faith. For range of topic and ability of treatment these sermons will compare favourably with any that we know.

*The Pulpit Commentary.* Edited by the REV. CANON SPENCE and by the REV. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. DEUTERONOMY. Second edition, 8vo. pp. xliii-viii., 577. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.25.

The American republication of this excellent commentary is steadily progressing. It is issued from duplicate stereotype plates of the English edition, at about one-half the price. The volume on Deuteronomy has many features of special interest. The Editor contends strenuously for the Mosaic authorship of the book, examines candidly the alleged discrepancies, and confutes many of the criticisms of Bishop Colenso and his school. A striking feature is the homiletical department, containing sermon outlines founded on the text. For our own sake we prefer the admirable exposition by which the text is accompanied, but doubtless the other feature will commend the book to many Bible

students. The publishers offer very favourable clubbing terms, viz., five volumes per year for \$1.60 per volume, or per mail at \$1.80 per volume.

*Poet-Toilers in Many Fields.* By MRS. ROBERT A. WATSON, author of "Crabtree Fold," etc. Pp. 192. London: Wesleyan Conference. Toronto: William Briggs.

The heroic toilers in life's harvest, whose lives are here sketched, were not all poets in the technical sense, but only in that higher sense of doing Christ-like deeds,—"more strong than all poetic thought." Among the names commemorated are those of Lucy Larcom, the sweet singing Factory Girl; Daniel Macmillan, the Christian publisher; Henri Perreyve, the French Priest, a true "Sir Bayard of the Cross;" Mary Carpenter, the Social Reformer; James Clark Maxwell, the Christian Scientist; Toru Dutt, a Hindu Girl, who wrote exquisite poetry in English, French, and German; John Duncan, the humble weaver and botanist; Pastor Oberlin; Edward Denison; Alfred Saker, apostle to the Cameroons, and others. These are all lives worth knowing about. They are sketched on a cameo scale and with cameo delicacy. The book is beautifully illustrated.

*The Gospel to the Poor v. Pew-Rents.* By B. F. AUSTIN, B.D., with an Introduction by the REV. DR. CARMAN. Pp. 110. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Paper 25 cents, Cloth 35 cents.

In this vigorous little book the accomplished Principal of Alma Ladies' College brings a severe indictment against the system of rented pews. He considers the system an unauthorized innovation, which renders the Church uncatholic and exclusive, and creates unscriptural distinctions between the rich and the poor. He considers the system unnecessary and inexpedient and a hindrance to Christian benevolence. He deems the weekly offering system the "more excellent way,"



and supports his views by very strong and cogent reasons. If there is any place on earth where the rich and the poor should meet together on terms of equality and feel that God is the maker of them all, it is the house of God; and anything that interferes with this is to be greatly deprecated. We are not sure, however, that the system of renting pews is solely responsible for the evils above mentioned, or that its abolition would cause their removal. But we fully agree with our author as to the scripturalness, and economic advantage of the old Wesleyan system of weekly offerings and proportionate giving.

*A Compleat History of the Most Remarkable Providences, both of Judgment and Mercy, which have Happened in this Present Age.* By WM. TURNER, M.A. London M.DCXCVII.

This is a quaint old book in tall folio, bound in heavy leather in the style of two hundred years ago. It gives a strange transcript of the superstitions of the age on almost every conceivable subject—Oracles, Witchcraft, Angels good and bad, Monsters, Miracles, and Marvels of every sort. It is a very curious old volume, and is now extremely rare. A copy was recently sold in New York for \$10. Mr. Joseph Trampleasure, of Toronto, the owner of this copy, will part with it for \$8.

*Dorthea Kirke; or, Free to Serve.* By ANNIE S. SWAN. Pp. 166. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price 75 cents.

Miss Swan is the author of "Aldersyde," one of the most successful Scottish stories of recent times—a book which called forth the hearty commendation of Mr. Gladstone and of a host of literary critics. The present volume is written in gentler mood, but is characterized by the same strong religious spirit and wholesome ethical teaching.

*Glenarlie; or, The Last of the Grames.* By ROBINA F. HARDY. Pp. 301. Illustrated. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

This is an interesting story of Scottish life, told partly in Scottish dialect. The characters of the Master of Rowandean, of the village minister, of the somewhat obstinate household servant, and of Old Grizzel, are admirably drawn. The familiar incident of the concealed will, illustrate the old lesson, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

*To Mexico by a Palace Car.* By JAMES W. STEELE. Pp. 95. Illustrated. Chicago: Jansen McCiurg & Co. Price 25 cents.

This is a veritable *multum in parvo*. The writer gives just the information that tourists require about Mexico, how to get there, what to see, and how to see it when there. For those who visit that strange civilization so wonderfully uniting the present and the past it is indispensable. Mexico is now as accessible by rail as California.

*Eternal Punishment.* By the REV. W. S. SHAW, LL.B. *The Coming One.* By the REV. W. R. PARKER, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have here the Seventh Annual Lecture and Sermon before the Theological Union of Victoria College. Prof. Shaw's lecture is the ablest treatment in brief of the important subject which it discusses that we have yet seen. It is Scriptural, scholarly, and candid. It frankly meets the objections and grapples with the difficulties. It is reverent, tender, and sympathetic, and instinct with spiritual earnestness. Its wide circulation will tend to correct some popular errors.

Brother Parker's sermon is what might be expected from his refined and scholarly taste—a chaste, polished, and vigorous discussion of Christ's claims to the Messiahship.

*The Old Vice and the New Chivalry.* By I. TEMPLETON ARMSTRONG. Pp. 178. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The great temperance revival of the times is producing a vigorous

crop of temperance literature. One of the most sturdy specimens of this is the volume before us. In its literary merit and the range of reading of which it gives evidence, it is much above the average temperance book. We commend it heartily as a small arsenal of weapons and ammunition for the temperance campaign.

*Wesley and Early Methodism.* By ANGELA K. DAVIS. Pp. 142. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 30 cents.

This is a timely little handbook for these Methodist Centennial days. It gives in brief space the principal facts about the founder of Methodism and the wonderful system which sprung from his labours. We do not like the question-and-answer style of the book, but it will probably be the better adapted thereby for the use of Church Societies for which it was prepared.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

From the facile pen of the Rev. C. S. Eby, B.A., an accomplished missionary of our Church in Japan, we have received a vigorous pamphlet in vindication of England's diplomatic course in that empire. That course is often stigmatized by the natives, and invidiously compared with that of the United States. But after careful study of the subject, Mr. Eby writes, "I would not exchange England's record in Japan for that of any nation with this country," and he furnishes, in fifty pages of evidence, the ground for this conclusion.

The fifth volume of the *Dominion Annual Register and Review*, edited by that accomplished Canadian litterateur H. J. MORGAN, ESQ., is to hand. It gives an impartial record of the Political and Parliamentary History of the year 1883, a Journal of Remarkable Occurrences, a Review of Literature, Science and Art, etc., etc. This book contains a vast amount of information, well indexed, which cannot be had elsewhere. 8vo., pp. 473. Price \$3. Toronto: Hunter Rose & Co.

*Outline Missionary Series: India, Country, People and Missions.* J. T. GRACEY, Author and Publisher, Rochester, N. Y. Post paid, 50 cts. Dr. Gracey, who was seven years a missionary in India, has in this little book of 207 pages given the best *resumé* that we know of information concerning Britain's great Indian Empire, especially of the progress of Christian missions therein. It is an inspiration to faith and zeal to read this book, to see what God hath already wrought, and the glorious possibilities of the near future.

It will be glad news to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's many admirers to hear that he is again at work upon "The Treasury of David." He writes Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, his authorized publishers in this country, that the seventh and last volume of this great work, which has been so long delayed by reason of sickness, will, he hopes, be ready for issue before the close of the present year.

*Property in Land: A Passage-at-arms between the Duke of Argyll and Henry George.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 12mo paper, 15 cents. The literary reputation and the high social and political rank of the Duke of Argyll have attracted unusual attention to his arraignment of Henry George's doctrine as to property in land. Mr. George has made a vigorous and aggressive reply, which is here given in juxtaposition with the Duke's attack.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon writes that his little volume, *The Claw of the Maze* (republished in Funk & Wagnalls' *Standard Library*) is having a remarkable popularity in England. The "Maze" is modern skepticism.

WE understand that the general distributing agency, entrusted with the city delivery of this MAGAZINE, has without warrant or permission circulated therewith the announcement of a moonlight excursion and "hop" across the lake. The said distributing agency, which is an outside affair doing work for several offices, has been sharply reprimanded, and we have the assurance that the offence shall not be repeated.