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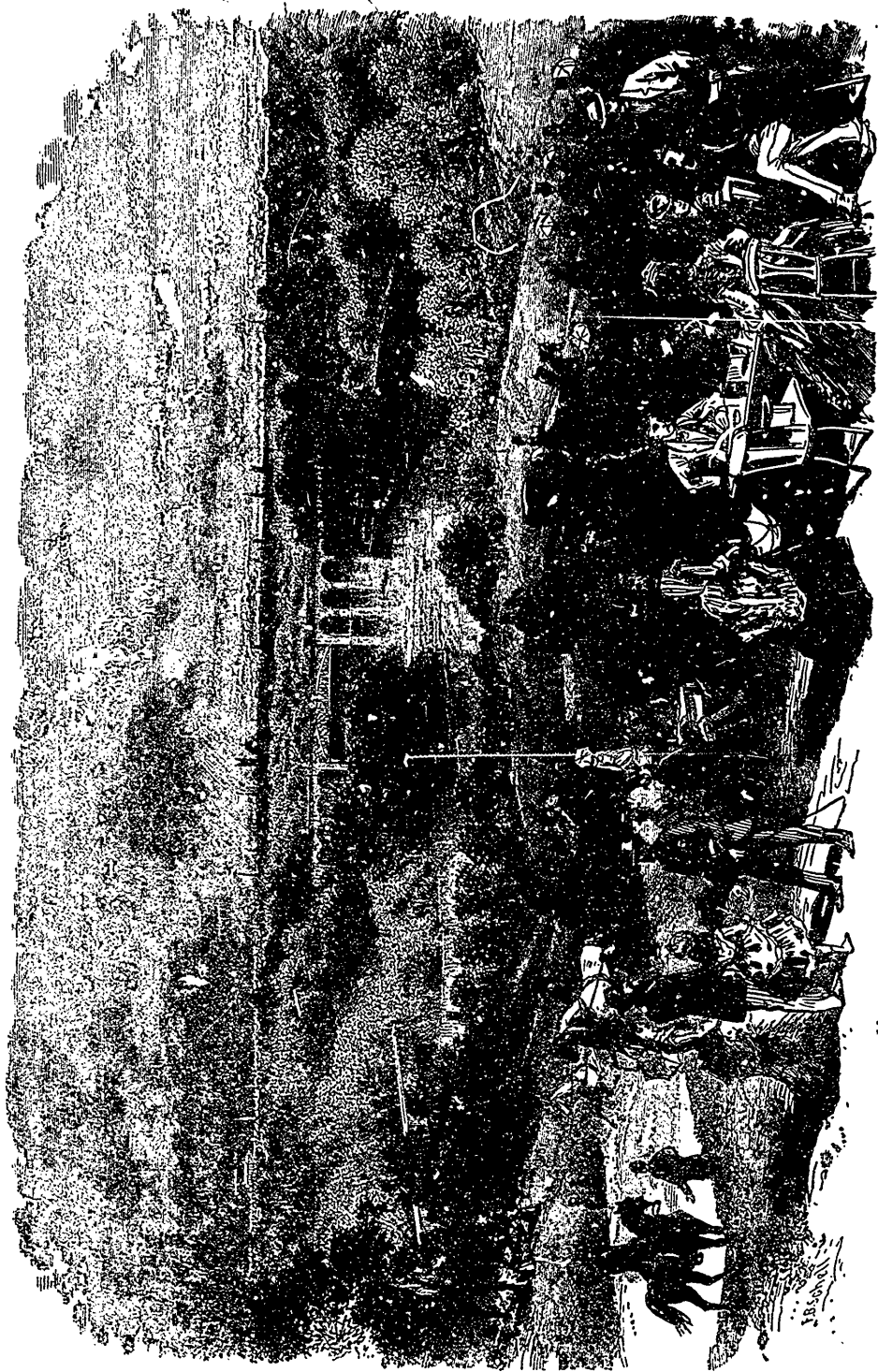
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VIEW FROM BELMONT MANSION, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

1850

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1878.

ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

THERE are many thousands of persons in the Old World and the New to whom the soft and musical name of this lovely river of the West is familiar as a household word, through Campbell's beautiful poem, beginning :

“On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!”

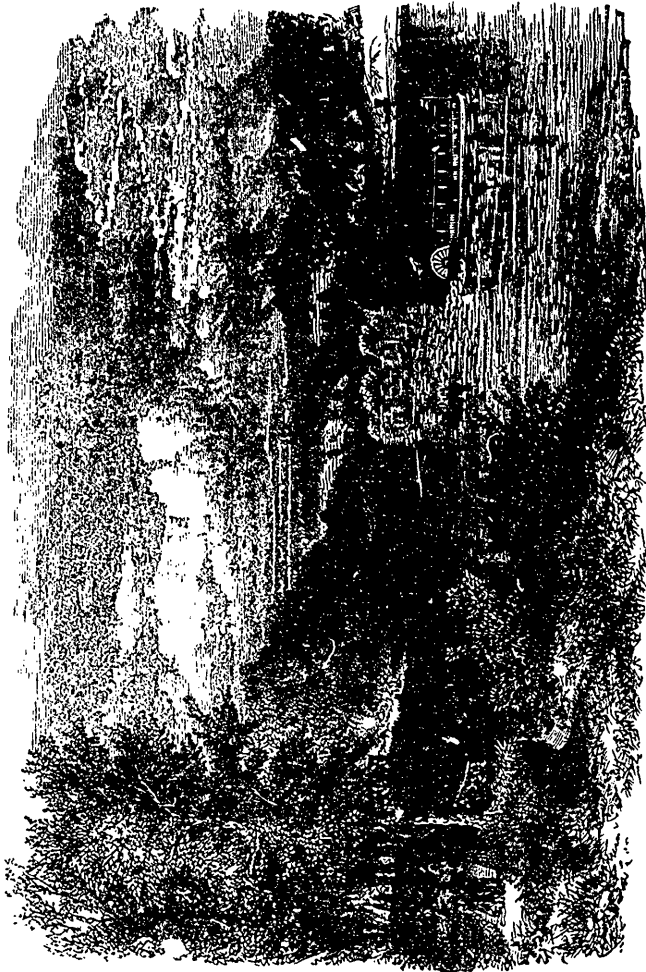
The touching legend of the massacre of Wyoming and the sad fortunes of the fair heroine, Gertrude, have invested with a tender human interest this storied stream, made classic forever by the poet's pen. To its rich natural beauties it adds what is so rare in this unhistoric continent—the associations of poetry and romance. It is these associations that impart such fascinations to the far-famed Lochs Lomond and Katrine, and to the rocks and fells, mountains and meres of

“Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for poetic child.”

The wizardry of Scott has cast its spell over every isle and crag and stream and glen, and shed over all

“The light that never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

There is in this New World so little of these old associations, "speaking of the past unto the present," such as haunt the "castled crags of Drachenfels," the storied Rhine, the soft Moselle, and the thousand historic scenes and streams of Europe,



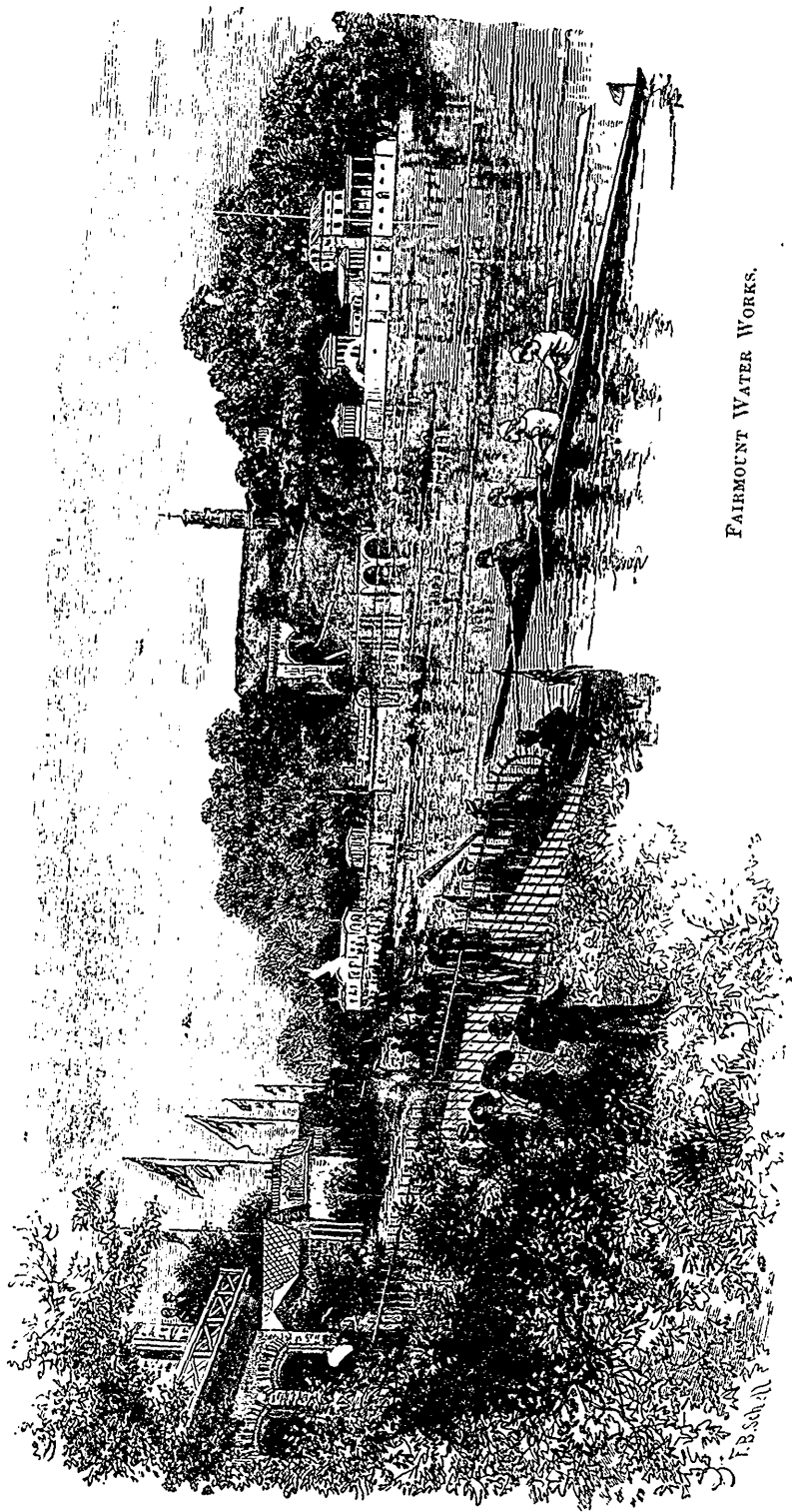
ON THE SCHUYLKILL, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

that we should make the most of what historic associations we do possess. And so, we think, we are disposed to do. Nowhere are relics of the past so reverently cherished as on this continent, where all is comparatively new. And by none are the venerable

remains of antiquity in the Old World studied with profounder interest and delight than by pilgrims from America to the world's ancient seats of civilization. It is this feeling that gives the charm to the exploration of the older parts of our few historic cities—Quebec, Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, and St. Augustine, and to the graves of Burial Hill and Old Cambridge. It is this feeling that heightens the interest with which we visit the scenes commemorated by the genius of Moore, of Irving, or of Campbell—that gives to the Rapids of St. Anne, the gnome-haunted Catskills, the soft-flowing Susquehanna their abiding charm.

To reach the Susquehanna from the city of Philadelphia—the route we shall now describe—we take the sumptuous palace cars of the Pennsylvania Railway. The adoption of what is technically known as the Block Signal System, on this road, gives a sense of security that adds greatly to the pleasure of travel. A word of explanation of this system may here be given.

The road is divided into sections between telegraph stations, these sections being technically known as “blocks.” The telegraph stations are ornamental towers, two stories high—the second story, which is the operating room, being surrounded by windows, giving a clear outlook in all directions. The signals, so arranged that the engineer of an approaching train in either direction cannot fail to see them are three in number; *red* being the danger signal, *green* the caution signal, and *white* the safety signal. These signals are illuminated at night, and show the same colours as by day. A train, say, approaches the station from either direction, and the engineer sees the *white* signal displayed. This indicates that the track before him, to the next station, be it one mile or be it ten miles, is clear, and the train dashes on. Instantly the operator lets go the cord (for he is obliged to hold the red or danger signal out of view by hand) and the red disk is displayed again. The object of this rule is, that if the operator *should* fall asleep the red signal would drop into view by its own weight, and so stop the trains. Immediately on a train passing, the operator telegraphs the fact each way, and enters on a record sheet the train number and the exact time of its passing the station. The train having passed, the block it



FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS.

F. S. SHAW



BELMONT GLEN, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

has left is clear, while that it has entered upon is closed. In a few minutes the click of the telegraph tells that it has passed the next station, and that block is also clear, and so on throughout the line.

Thus train after train reaches and passes the signal station; sometimes brought to a full stop, sometimes sent in under a cautionary signal, sometimes allowed to proceed at full speed. The principle of the system is to let no train into the block in the rear of a passenger train, and to allow other trains to proceed, only with a sufficient time allowance, and under caution to keep a good lookout for signals from the train ahead of them.

This system of signals render it next to impossible for accidents to occur, no matter how many trains may be moving in

the same direction, or at how high a rate of speed they may be run. The complete double track, with ample third track for waiting freight or slow trains, avoids all danger of collision. As an additional safeguard, all passenger trains on the road are equipped with the Westinghouse Automatic Air Brake, by which the engineer himself can bring his train to a standstill within the distance of its own length.

In leaving the city of Philadelphia, we pass through the famous Fairmount Park, the largest in America, and one which is surpassed in extent and in natural beauty by few in the world. It extends a distance of five miles along the Schuylkill River, and six miles along its romantic tributary, the Wissahickon, and embraces an area of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one acres. "Within this area," remarks Mr. Sipes, in his elegant description, "are rocky precipices and grassy plains—wooded hills and secluded dales—meandering rivulets and murmuring waterfalls—extended prospects over city and country—the placid Schuylkill and the picturesque legend-haunted Wissahickon—combining a variety and beauty of scenery that can nowhere else be found. The park is under the charge of a number of distinguished gentlemen, known as the Park Commission, who serve without remuneration, and devote much time and taste and skill to its improvement. From year to year the drives, bridle-paths, and walks are extended, and the ruggedness of nature toned to please the eye and add to the enjoyment of the people."

The view from Belmont House, an old historic mansion, in the park, is one of the finest landscapes in America. Under the mellow glow of an afternoon sunlight, as we first beheld it, the broad expanse of flood and field and forest, the soft shadows creeping over glen and vale and glassy river, and the level rays turning to gleaming emerald and topaz the rich foliage of the trees, and in the distance the snowy peristyle of the American Parthenon, Gerard College, and the far-flashing spires and stately towers of the fair City of Brotherly Love, made up a picture of surpassing loveliness, whose memory is a perpetual delight. This beautiful view is well shown in the frontispiece.

The sail up the winding Schuylkill, in the quaint little stern-wheel steamers, presents a succession of delightful surprises, as

WISSAHICKON DRIVE, FAIRMOUNT PARK



each jutting wood-crowned point is rounded and a new vista of beauty is opened up.

One of the most stately of these wood-crowned heights is the beautiful Laurel Hill Cemetery—the silent city of the dead—so near the busy city of the living. Here “storied urn and animated bust,” and costly bronze or marble monument, and many a tender epitaph bespeak the wealth of passionate love lavished, like an alabaster box of ointment, very precious, upon the dear and slumbering dust of the silent sleepers in their narrow cells. “In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord!”

There's a city vast and voiceless, ever growing street on street,
Whither friends with friends e'er meeting, ever meeting never greet;
And where rivals fierce and vengeful, calm and silent mutely meet,
Never greeting, ever meet.

There are traders without traffic, merchants without books or gains;
Tender brides in new-made chambers, where the trickling water stains;
Where the guests forget to come, and strange listening silence reigns:
Listening silence ever reigns.

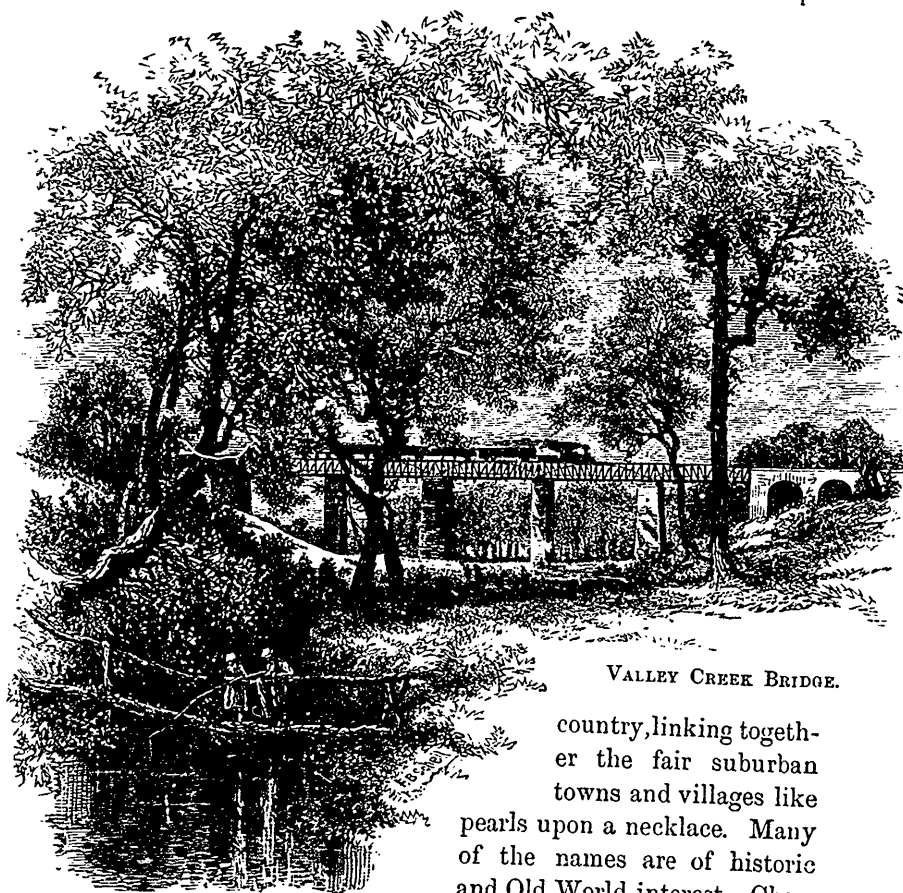
Hushed are all these many mansions, barred and bolted door and gate;
Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-trees steep and straight;
Room for all!—the high and lowly—rich and poor here equal make:
Equal dwell and equal mate.

One of the most charming features of the park is the sense of seclusion which one may easily secure by leaving the public Mall, crowded with holiday-makers and sauntering tourists, and plunging into one of the romantic glens or ravines, which lead to solitudes seemingly as lonely as any in the depths of the primeval forest.

One of the glories of Philadelphia is its far-famed Fairmount Water Works. Indeed, the park itself owes its origin to the necessity of securing an ample and unpolluted supply of water for the ever-increasing wants of the nearly a million souls of this great city. The pumping-houses are shown to the right of the engraving on page 100. In the background, behind the towering masses of foliage, is one of the vast and elevated reservoirs, and between them the water tower for measuring and signalling the depth of water. In the foreground to the left are

the boat-houses of the Aquatic Club, whose members disport themselves in their fragile "shells" upon the placid stream.

Swiftly leaving behind it this noble park, which is traversed by the Pennsylvania Railway, the train speeds across the open



VALLEY CREEK BRIDGE.

country, linking together the fair suburban towns and villages like pearls upon a necklace. Many of the names are of historic and Old World interest. Ches-

ter County, for instance, obtained its name in this wise: When Penn landed, in 1682, on its fertile shore, he said to his friend and companion, Pearson, "Providence has brought us here in safety. Now, what wilt thou that I should call this place?" Pearson replied, "Chester, in remembrance of the city from which I came." So the memory of the quaint old cathedral city—

a loving link with the dear old motherland—is perpetuated in this fair and fertile Pennsylvania valley.

Onward speeds the train through many a scene of idyllic



VIEW FROM GAP STATION.



LANCASTER FARM.

beauty, its thundrous rush disturbing for a time their sylvan quietude, then all is still again. Such is the sweet solitude of Valley Creek, where sings its song the happy stream :

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.



CONEWAGA BRIDGE.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Gradually the train climbs the great upland slope which forms the watershed between the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna rivers. This slope reaches its culmination, four hundred and sixty feet above the sea, at Gap Station. From this point a broad view over an undulating country, cultured like a garden, is obtained. Descending into the Susquehanna valley, the road passes through the rich Lancaster country. Among the embowering elms may be seen the quaint old Dutch barns, with their overhanging upper stories, and the old-fashioned Dutch waggons. Many of the inhabitants of this peaceful region are Mennonists and Dunkers, or Tunkers, a sect not unknown in Canada. Being much persecuted in Europe, early in the eighteenth century they came to the land of Penn to enjoy religious liberty. They profess to follow in their organization and social intercourse the peculiarities of the Apostolic Church. They are opposed to infant baptism, and refuse to take oaths, bear arms, hold offices, or go to law with one another. They are remarkable for their industry, sobriety, and good manners.

The scenery as we advance becomes more rugged. The rivers have worn deeper channels through their rocky beds, and the bridges leap across the narrow gorges at a dizzy height above the brawling streams, as at the Conewaga, shown on page 108.

“NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF.”

No man is born unto himself alone.
Who lives unto himself, he lives to none :
The world's a body, each man a member is
To add some measure to the public bliss ;
Where much is given, there much shall be required ;
Where little, less.

—Quarles.

THE GRIMSBY CAMP-GROUND.

BY THE REV. ALEX. SUTHERLAND.*

“How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel.”—
Numbers xxiv. 5.

The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems: in the darkling wood
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

—BRYANT—*Forest Hymn.*

NEARLY twenty years ago the hearts of some earnest brethren, lay and clerical, in the Niagara District, were moved to call the people to a “Feast of Tabernacles” on the Smithville Circuit. The Lord graciously owned the effort, and many on earth, and not a few now in heaven, look back to the Smithville Camp-ground as the place where they first could consciously say,

“’Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine.”

At the close of the meeting, the question arose, “Shall we make this an annual gathering?” “By all means,” was the general response; “but could we not fix upon a better site?—some spot accessible by rail, and yet equally central?” The suggestion was approved of, and a committee appointed to carry it out. In the course of their enquiries, somebody remarked that there was a grove on the farm of J. B. Bowslough, near Grimsby, that might be found suitable. A visit was made to the locality, and the committee found a spot that seemed to have been specially designed for a camp-ground. On the lake shore stood a grove of stately trees, chiefly oak and chesnut, interspersed with pine, casting an ample and cooling shadow; in a

* Compiled from articles in the *Camp-Ground Recorder*.

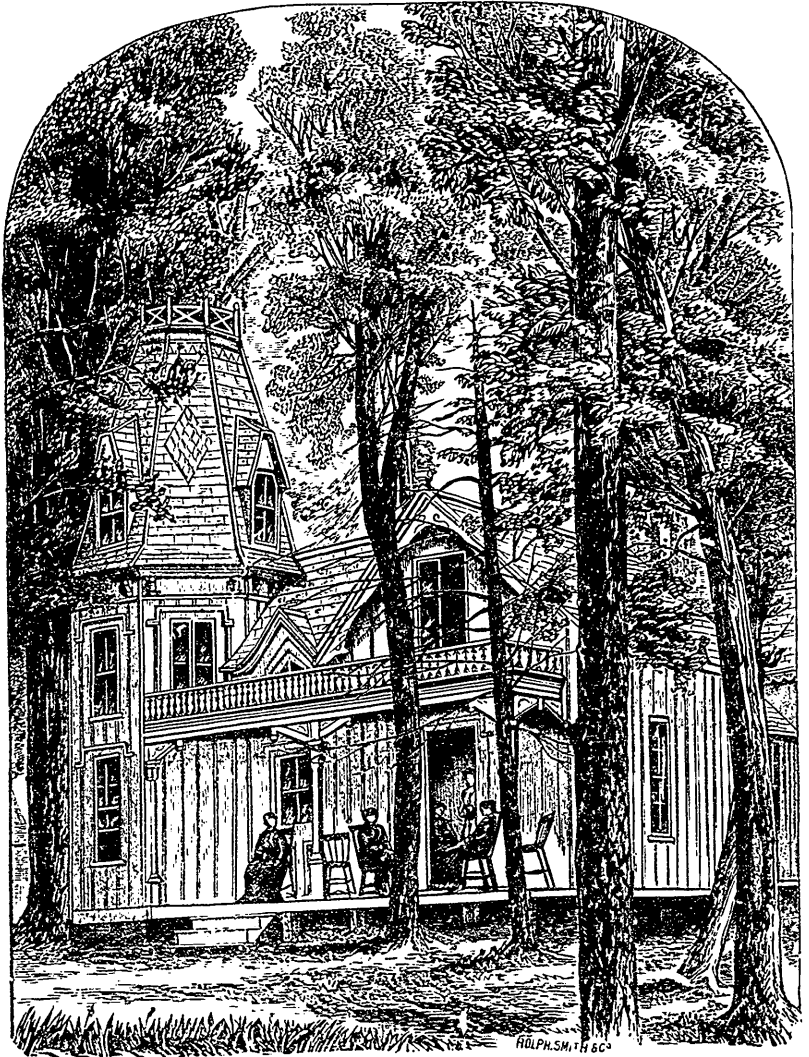
central position, a slight depression of the ground formed a natural amphitheatre capable of containing four or five thousand people; close by, a spring of clear water came bubbling up from the earth; while to the eastward the blue waters of Ontario danced and glittered in the sunshine, far as the eye could reach. Those who looked upon the scene said at once, "This is the very spot for our purpose: here we will build tabernacles and abide;" and led by the Rev. Samuel Rome, at that time Chairman of the District, they knelt upon the ground, and, in solemn prayer, took possession of the place in the name of the King of kings. Since that period (1859) the Grimsby Camp-meeting has been an established institution.

As years went on a new movement among our American friends began to attract attention. Summer resorts were numerous, but they were almost invariably scenes of frivolity and sin, and therefore exceedingly expensive in more senses than one. At length somebody asked,—“Can we not have some pleasant spot, by sea or lake, where, at moderate cost, Christian people may spend the summer months, free from the dissipation of fashionable watering places, where their families may enjoy innocent and healthful recreation, and where religious privileges will be regarded as of greater importance than fashionable display?” The idea was too good to be lost sight of, and out of it, eventually, came such delightful summer resorts as Round Lake, Sea Cliff, and Ocean Grove.

The success which attended the establishment of these resorts in the United States, suggested a similar attempt in Canada. After a good deal of thought and consultation, it was decided to try the experiment, and Grimsby Camp-ground was selected as the most promising locality. A company was formed, with Noah Phelps, Esq., of St. Catharines, as President. A charter was obtained, a part of the beautiful grove purchased and laid out in lots, and the scheme was fairly launched. The results have fully justified the faith of the projectors. This is only the third season, and already some sixty or seventy neat, tasteful cottages have been erected, and are occupied during the greater part of the summer, while many more are under contract, and will probably go up in a short time. This is quite enough to show that the

Christian public appreciate the efforts of the Directors, and that the undertaking is now an assured success.

Beautiful for situation is a phrase which exactly describes the site of the Grimsby Camp-ground. The grove, which is a very



COTTAGE OF B. C. FAIRFIELD, ESQ.

beautiful one, stands at an altitude of some thirty or forty feet above the lake. From the top of the bank, the eye can follow the windings of the shore westward as far as Grimsby Point, and south-eastward almost to Port Dalhousie. To the northward the opposite shore is distinctly in sight, while to the eastward the view is bounded only by the line where sky and water meet. The situation shows to the best advantage, however, when approached from the lake. Then in the background is seen the bold outline of Burlington Heights; to the right and left are green fields and blossoming or fruit-laden orchards; in the middle distance, pretty white cottages peep out through the trees, like forest nymphs timidly watching the fiery dragon that comes panting across the waves; while in the foreground are spread out the placid waters of "blue Ontario," the whole forming a picture whose beauty is seldom surpassed and is not soon forgotten.

The engraving on the preceding page is a fair representation of the tasteful cottage erected at the Camp-ground by the popular Secretary of the Association, B. C. Fairfield, Esq. It stands at the east end of Victoria Terrace, and commands a fine view of the lake. There are several other cottages of similar character on the ground.

The Rev. Samuel Rose, D.D., deserves a place among the earliest friends of the Ontario Camp-ground enterprise, having, as Chairman of the Niagara District, selected the site and superintended the exercises during the five successive years.

Dr. Rose is a native of Prince Edward County, Ontario, where he was born in the year 1806. His large, compact, and powerful frame was developed and knit in a rural neighbourhood, where he evinced very considerable mechanical ingenuity—not, however, to the neglect of his education, which was largely of a commercial character.

He was converted in his twelfth year, which throws his connection with the Church as far back as 1818, and gives him sixty years of Church membership. He saw the rise of the Canadian missionary work among the Indians; and having become an efficient exhorter for some time before, in 1831 he cheerfully responded to the call of the authorities of the Church to go to the Lake Simcoe Indian Mission as teacher, church builder, and

preacher. His strength, agility, mechanical skill, fervour of spirit, and ready gifts for public religious address, not to mention his melodious voice and powers of sacred song, were just the attributes required to qualify him for the multifarious calls and emergencies of this arduous situation. The next year was spent partly on a circuit and partly at study, with a view to liberalizing his educational attainments. During the Conference year 1832-33, he took charge of the newly-organized Albion Circuit, which he managed with great address, and where he was encouraged with a blessed revival. Some of the lingering early settlers of Albion, Tecumseth, West Gwillimsbury, and adjacent places, are still among his warmest friends. The next year he was regularly received on trial, and has pursued his ministerial work without interruption and with unflagging industry ever since.

The time and space allotted to us would fail to describe his labours and successes on the large and important circuits to which he was successively appointed, and which he generally superintended for the next sixteen years. His capacity for business, administrative talent, and knowledge of the Indian character and (to some extent) language, led in 1850 to his appointment to the Governorship of the Mount Elgin Industrial Institute, where he remained six years, the last four of which he was Chairman,—first of the London and next of the Chatham District. He also held the same honourable position in the Hamilton, Niagara, and Belleville Districts. Dundas, Thorold, St. Catharines, and Belleville Circuits occupied his pastoral care and superintendency till 1865, when he was elected Book-Steward at Toronto, where he has remained the last thirteen years, greatly to the advancement of the interests of that department of our Connexional enterprises. And that advancement has not been secured at the expense of ministerial labours. During these years he has been a frequent preacher and a constant upholder of the religious and devotional services of the sanctuary.

No public man has passed through so long a series of public engagements, with less challenge or complaint, than Dr. Rose. A pure, upright Christian, he has escaped, so far as we know, during the forty-five years of his public life, without censure or



THE REV. JOHN WAKEFIELD.

reproof. May he mature as a shock of corn until he becomes fully ripe. As a fitting recognition of his long services and trustworthiness, wholly unsought for by himself, he has obtained, by the unanimous vote of the *Senatus* of the Central University of Tennessee, the Degree of Doctor in Divinity. Long may he live to wear his honours! We may remark that the University from which this degree has emanated is a noble institution, with Normal, Theological, Medical, Law, and Arts Departments. Bishop Haven and the Rev. Dr. Rust are among its Trustees.

By unanimous vote of the Directors, the Rev. John Wakefield, Chairman of the Chatham District, has been invited to take charge of the Camp-meeting services for the present year, and he has consented to do so. We endorse this action as most

judicious. It requires a combination of qualities to make a successful camp-meeting leader, and these qualities Bro. Wakefield has in a marked degree. He is emphatically "the right man in the right place."

Bro. Wakefield was born in the year 1830, if we mistake not, within the patrimony of him of nursery rhyme celebrity,—

"Guy, Earl of Warwick, who killed the dun cow."

He possesses all the fearlessness of the doughty earl, albeit his courage is displayed in a vastly better cause. He is zealous, pushing, and outspoken, and few preachers speak with more ease and force than he. His sermons are usually well thought out and methodically arranged, and the arguments are mingled with hortatory appeals which his rapid utterance, resonant voice, and spiritual unction render very effective. He was converted in his nineteenth year, in the course of a great revival. His talent for public speaking was soon recognized, and he was sent to a circuit in 1852, after spending some time in preparatory study at Victoria College. Since then his work has been constant but varied, circuits, stations, and districts having filled up the time, from Sherbrooke in the East to Chatham in the West, of which latter District he is now Chairman, thus comprising a ministry of twenty-six years. With the blessing of God he may yet make it up to fifty. He is a born commander, and we doubt not will give a good account of the force under him at the approaching camp-meeting.

Bro. Wakefield has been elected to the honourable position of Secretary of the London Conference. It requires but one step more to reach the chair.

We present, also, a portrait of one of the prominent Directors of the Grimsby Camp-ground Company, D. B. Chisholm, Esq., of Hamilton, and with it a brief sketch of his life and career.

Mr. Chisholm is of worthy stock. His grandfather, George Chisholm, Esq., was a Highlander who came "from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood" to carve out his fortune in the wilds of Canada, and settled on the north shore of Burlington Bay in 1794, where the aged patriarch died at the advanced age of one hundred years. His father was the youngest son of the



D. B. CHISHOLM, ESQ.

family, and was known as Colonel George Chisholm. The subject of our sketch was born Nov. 2nd, 1832, on the old homestead farm, and, under healthful home influences, was trained in those sterling qualities of mind and disposition that have been evinced in his after career. He continued on the farm until the twenty-fourth year of his age, when he went to Victoria College, and spent three years in acquiring a liberal education. In 1859 he commenced the study of law in the city of Hamilton, and was admitted as an attorney and called to the Bar in May, 1864.

Mr. Chisholm, as a citizen, is most highly esteemed, and has had his full share of popular favour. In 1871 he was elected Mayor of Hamilton, and re-elected in 1872. In the same year he was elected member of Parliament for the city. He has been an Independent in politics, but generally working with the Con-

servative party. He has, however, no itchings after parliamentary honours, having found them empty and unsatisfying :

“ Like the snowfall on a river,
A moment white, then gone forever ;”

and if in future he is found figuring largely in political life, it will be because he has been pressed into uncongenial work. He has thrown his enthusiastic nature into all great moral and religious reforms. He has been all his life a strong temperance man and a warm advocate of prohibition. On the 11th day of April, 1877, there was inaugurated, in the city of Hamilton, a marvellous Gospel temperance reformation. Some idea of the magnitude of this movement, and of its wide-reaching effects, may be formed, when it is learned that, as the result, more than six thousand *bona fide* names have been enrolled upon the total abstinence pledge. This work began under the labours of Rev. Ezra Haskell, and Mr. William Hurd, of New Hampshire, but the success, the permanency, and the healthy and vigorous condition of this great moral movement to-day is largely due to the efforts and zeal of Mr. Chisholm. He threw himself heart and soul into the work. He became the first President of the Reform Club, and still holds that office, having been elected five times in succession. His influence over the reformed men is something wonderful, and from his own means he has clothed and fed the suffering families of scores of these saved wrecks of humanity.

As a Christian, Mr. Chisholm is earnest, intelligent, active, whole-souled, large-hearted, and liberal-handed. He is a Methodist by education and preference, and has been a member of the Church for twenty-six years. Full of energy and activity in all the circles of business and social life, he is no drone in the vineyard of the Master. A young man only forty-six years of age, he has yet been a class-leader for nearly half his life. The Sunday-school has a large share of his sympathy, and he has been for sixteen years Superintendent of the same school. The noble Centenary Church of Hamilton has no more active or useful member than Bro. Chisholm. Ever since the formation of the Camp-ground Company, he has taken a deep interest in

the work, and we wish for him a long and useful and happy career in this and every Christian work.

Among the many attractions of the Camp-ground the religious services will still hold the foremost place—deservedly so in the estimation of all truly Christian people. We most earnestly desire to strengthen this feeling, and to stir up among all who will attend, and thousands more who cannot attend, the fervent hope and prayer that the approaching meeting may be the pentecost of the many that have been held on this consecrated spot. To this end we offer a few suggestions :

Let every one who can, attend the meeting. Make your arrangements at once, and let nothing but a direct interposition of Divine Providence prevent your attendance. If you have a family, bring all who can be spared from home, and if you have no family, invite some unconverted friend or neighbour to come with you.

Come up with the sole purpose of doing or of getting good, or both. If you are in need of rest or recreation, come at some other time; but let the period of the Camp-meeting be consecrated to religious exercises. There was a time when Peter might properly say, "I go a-fishing;" but when the hundred and twenty were in the upper room, pleading for "the promise of the Father," no thought of such employments was permitted to intrude. The one object of the Camp-meeting is to bring sinners to God. Let the motto, therefore, of each Christian heart be, "This one thing I do."

Let earnest prayer be offered to God that the meeting may be one of unusual power. There be many now-a-days who say, "What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" but thou, O child of God, whose prayers have been so often answered already, "pray without ceasing," and the answer shall be "according to your faith." We hope, moreover, that ministers everywhere will call the attention of their people to this matter, and ask their prayers in behalf of the meeting.

Let the families who reside on the ground be foremost to show an example of all fidelity in attending the various services. Real invalids are, of course, excusable; but make-believe invalids,

who get up a headache at five minutes' notice about preaching time, are *not* excusable.

Let those recreations which are proper enough during the rest of the summer, be suspended during the Camp-meeting, at least during the services. It is not an edifying sight to see Church members rowing on the lake while service is going on in the auditorium.

While at the Camp-meeting avoid *everything* that might in anywise retard the work of God. Especially avoid criticism of sermons, prayers, or experience, and all censoriousness or uncharitableness; and fix your heart upon the one thing—the glory of God in the salvation of men.

HEAVEN AT LAST.

BY H. BONAR, D.D.

“WHAT a city! What a glory!
For beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary.
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth;
Song to song forever calleth,
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

Christ Himself the living Splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render.
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the vail is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended.
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!

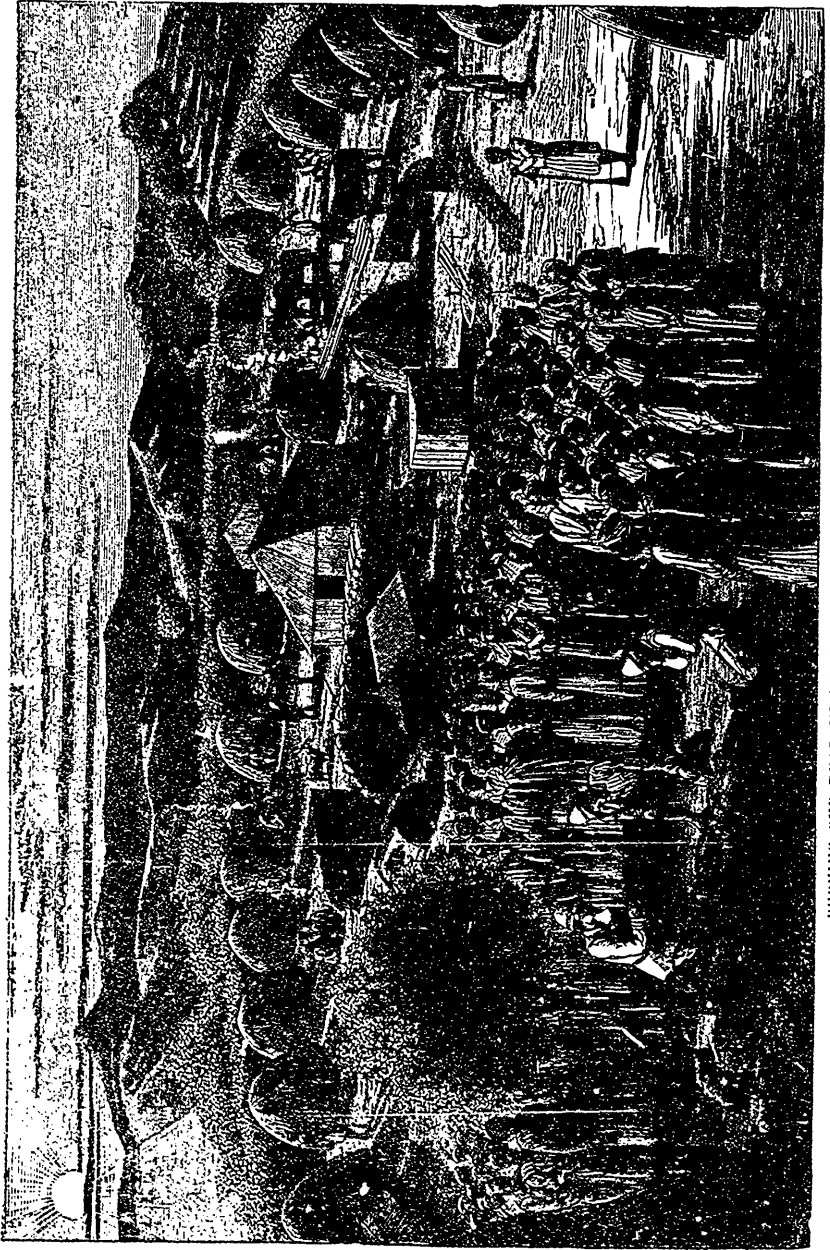
Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ the King Himself hath crowned us.
Ah! 'tis heaven at last!”

“THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT”—STANLEY’S
JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.*

I.

THE Egyptian sphinx is the true emblem of the land of the Nile. Africa is the riddle of the ages. From the time of Herodotus to the time of Stanley, its geographical problems have engaged the eager interest of the world. To no one has it been permitted to do more to solve the mysteries of the Nile, the Nyanza, and the Congo than to the gallant American explorer who has penetrated the very heart of the “dark continent,” and traversed its vast breadth from sea to sea. The narrative of his heroic adventures is one of the most fascinating books of travel ever written. The deeds of daring of the men of Anglo-Saxon blood who braved the perils of that terrible journey, make us feel that the gallant exploits by sea of Drake and Frobisher, and the Elizabethan heroes who carried the name and fame of England to the ends of the earth, are more than paralleled on land by the bravery and endurance of these African explorers. Through the courtesy of Mr. J. B. Magurn, the publisher of the Canadian copyright edition of Stanley’s account of his journey, we are permitted, from advance sheets, to give a brief sketch, with illustrations, of this remarkable expedition. We doubt not, however, that very many of our readers will soon peruse for themselves the graphic narrative of the gallant explorer. It is a remarkable illustration of the influence of modern journalism that the expenses of Stanley’s successive African expeditions were defrayed, not by kings or governments, but by two great newspapers, the London *Telegraph* and the New York *Herald*.

* Through the Dark Continent: The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes, and down the Congo. By Henry M. Stanley. Canadian copyright edition. Royal 8vo., pp. 1018, maps and numerous cuts. Toronto: J. B. Magurn. This book is published simultaneously in England, Canada, the United States, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. The price of the English edition is \$12.60, and that of the American edition is \$10; yet that of the Canadian copyright edition, printed in large part on the same press as this Magazine, from duplicate English plates, is only \$4 75.



BURYING OUR DEAD IN HOSTILE TURU: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.

Stanley won his first laurels by his discovery and relief of Livingstone. He then almost lost his life by African fever. Nevertheless, on the death of that intrepid missionary explorer, he eagerly proffered his services to complete, if possible, his unfinished work. How successfully he accomplished that task, his last volume relates. With a force of three hundred and fifty-two native followers and three English attendants, bearing eight tons of cloth, beads, wire, and other supplies, he left the Zanzibar coast November 17th, 1874. An important part of the outfit was the "Lady Alice," a London cedar-built boat, forty feet long, six feet beam, carried in ten sections by forty men. They plunged boldly into the wilderness. They were destined to encounter unnumbered perils, under which two-thirds of the party were to perish, and the rest to be reduced to the last extremity of privation. Within a few days the expedition became lost in a pathless jungle, through which it had to steer its course by the compass. Five men became lost and were never seen again. Famine was imminent. Six men died and thirty were ill.

Stanley pays a noble tribute to his English attendants. "Though ill from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under heat and rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manly natures; stout-hearted, brave, and—better than all—true Christians. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous toils and cheerfully performed their allotted duties." Alas! not one of them returned. Edward Poccock fell ill of typhoid fever in January, 1875. The dying man was borne through the jungle in a hammock, and after four days' illness breathed his last. He was buried beneath an acacia tree. His brother read the burial service over his body. He carved a cross above his grave, and the little army passed on.

We cannot attempt a consecutive account of this expedition, the narrative of which fills a bulky volume of over a thousand pages. We can only give a few characteristic incidents out of its numerous thrilling adventures. Stanley soon found himself in a hostile country. His camp was attacked, and he was obliged, in self-defence, to fight. Twenty-one of his followers were



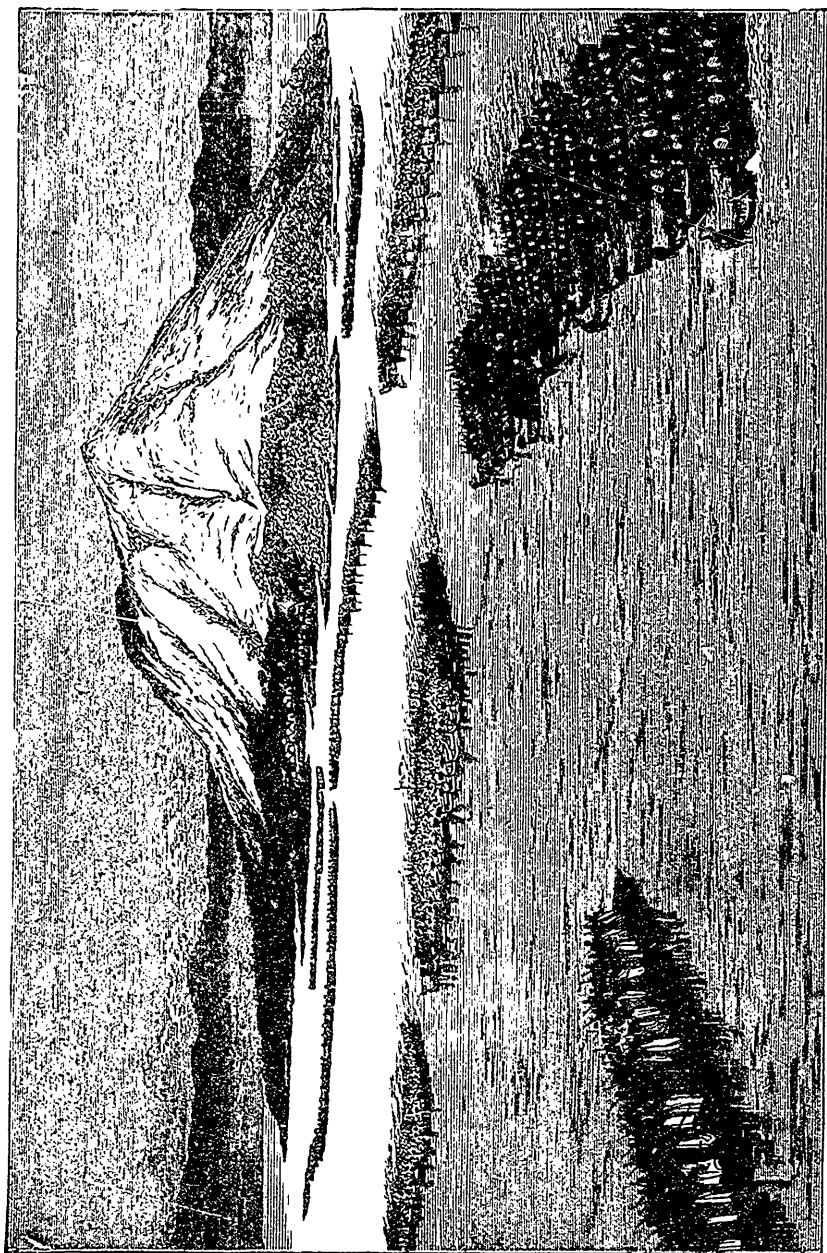
RECEPTION AT BUMBIKIH ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

killed. In less than three months he lost over one-third of his little army.

One of the most important events of the expedition was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza. This he accomplished in fifty-eight days, sailing in that time a thousand miles. While skirting the lake, they were invited ashore at Bumbireh by a crowd of apparently friendly natives. As the boat touched the beach the natives seized it and bore it high and dry upon the shore. "Then," says Stanley, "ensued a scene which beggared description. Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears was levelled, thirty or forty bows were taut, as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved over our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us."

Stanley offered beads and cloth, and sought to pacify them. For a short time he succeeded. But there was murder in their eyes, and he almost gave up all hope of escape. The natives carried off their oars and left the boat party helpless. Three hundred warriors now marshalled on the height above the boat. "Push, my boys; push for your lives," shouted the leader, and the "Lady Alice" shot into the water, pursued by the horde of yelling savages. Tearing up the seats, the oarsmen paddled with all their might. Their peril was increased by the attack of two large hippopotami. The savages manned their canoes for pursuit, but Stanley kept them at bay with his elephant rifle. All night the boat crew drifted on the stormy lake. In seventy-six hours of arduous toil they had only four bananas among twelve men. Such are some of the incidents of African exploration.

One of the most extraordinary episodes of the expedition was the visit to King Mtesa. Stanley found a monarch ruling over 2,000,000 of subjects. He was received by three thousand well-armed body guards. The capital was a strongly-built town, approached by a broad and well-kept avenue. Stanley found his sable majesty very docile, and endeavoured to convert him to Christianity. The King caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written on a board for his daily perusal. Stanley translated for him the Gospel of St.

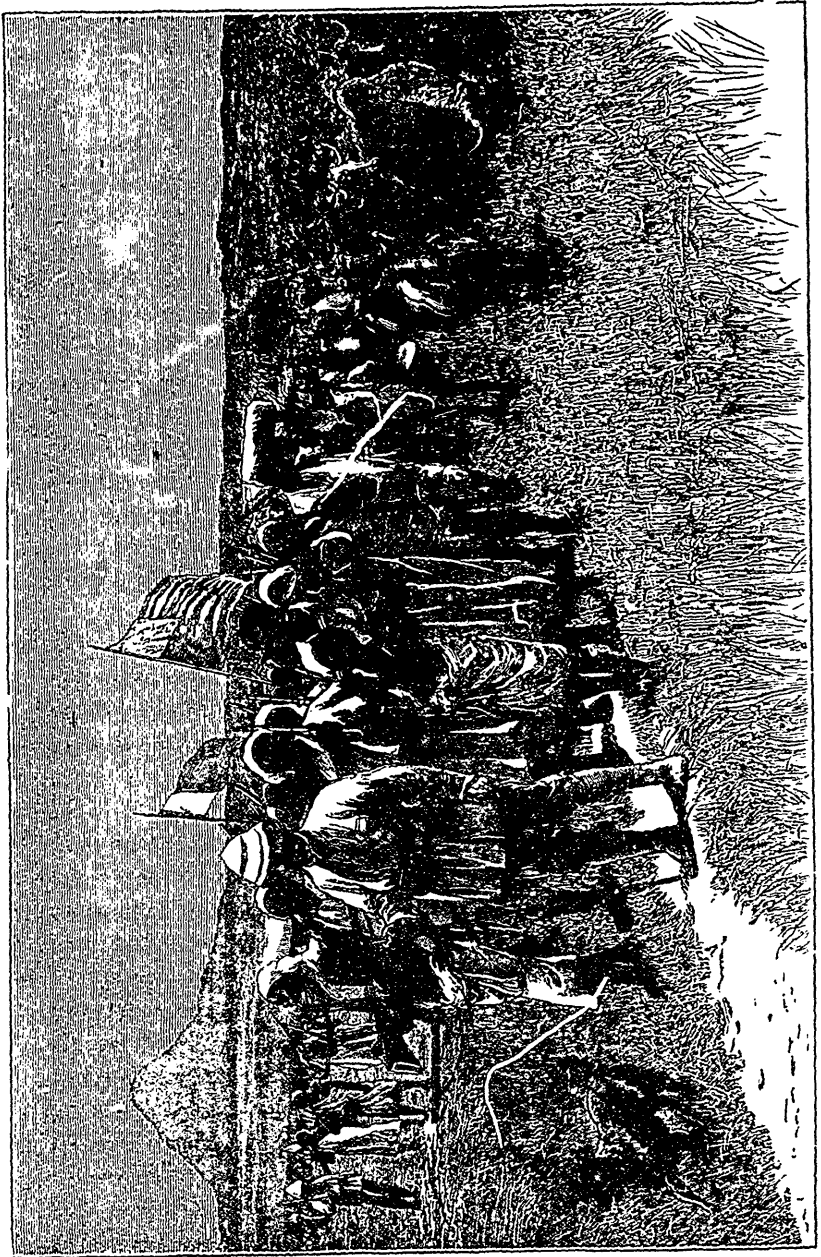


ONE OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLES BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WAYUMA, IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN
INGIRA ISLAND AND CAPE NAKARANGA.

Luke and an abridgment of the Bible. The King embraced its teachings, and as his teacher departed, said to him, "I am like a man sitting in darkness. All I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." He announced his determination to build a church, and do all he could to promote the religion of the Bible. "Oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here," exclaims the explorer. "What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and the Free Methodists at Monebasa,—to the leading philanthropists and pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity,—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." We believe that, in response to this appeal, a mission has already been planted in the kingdom of Mtesa.

Some idea of the power of King Mtesa may be gained from the fact that he was able to bring into war a fleet of 230 large boats, carrying several howitzers, which were well served in action, and manned by 16,000 warriors, many of them armed with European guns.

The engraving on page 128 indicates the order of march of the exploring expedition. Stanley himself always led the column, and encountered the brunt of the danger and toil. One of his English companions, so long as they lived, took command of the rear guard. The burden bearers occupied the centre. The multifarious necessaries of the expedition, consisting chiefly of rolls of cloth, bales of beads, coils of copper wire, and other material for trading with the natives, were made up into parcels of sixty pounds each. The chronometers and scientific instruments, medicines, ammunition, note books, photographic apparatus, negatives, and more precious articles were made up into smaller parcels and committed to the care of especially trusty carriers. The expedition was well armed with Snider rifles, carrying explosive bullets, which it unfortunately was compelled to use



MARCHING THROUGH UNYORO: MOUNT GORDON-BENNETT IN THE DISTANCE.

in self-defence only too frequently. A considerable proportion of the arms became lost by the upsetting of the boats in the rapids before the expedition reached the Atlantic. It also encountered numerous tribes well armed with European weapons, obtained from Portuguese traders. The deadly repeating rifles, however, always gave the explorers the advantage, although surrounded by tenfold numbers.

As far as possible a strict military discipline was maintained. While he lived, Frank Pocock acted as bugler, sounding the *reveille*, the advance, the halt, sometimes, unfortunately, the retreat, and inspiring the little army by his cheering notes. At night a breastwork was constructed, the treasures of the expedition placed in the centre, guards set, and the utmost vigilance observed. This, however, did not always prevent serious attacks by the enemy, and once they actually found themselves surrounded by a strong net, and the woods filled with a dangerous *cheveaux de frise* of prickly thorns.

Stanley's greatest and most important exploit was the descent of the Lualaba, or Livingstone, or Congo River, for a thousand miles, to the Atlantic Ocean. It was a task of incredible toil and danger. His little army was increased during part of the time to nearly nine hundred, by the addition of seven hundred Arabs and camp followers. They had to run the gauntlet of cannibal tribes and perilous cataracts. The “Lady Alice” was launched, and a fleet of twenty-two large boats glided down the river to seek “the unknown.” The capture of these canoes is a stirring story, but too long to tell. Seventy-four falls or cataracts were passed. These they were compelled to pass by portages, often in the face of infuriate bands of savages. Some of these portages were three miles through a tropical jungle, with an ascent of fifteen hundred feet. One took three days and three nights incessant labour to overcome—some working while others slept—a watchful foe meanwhile lurking in the forest, thirsting for their blood, hungering for their flesh.

Another article, to be accompanied by several graphic illustrations, will indicate some of the more remarkable adventures the explorers experienced.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

—
A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.—“HOME AGAIN.”

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, ever turns to thee.

—GOLDSMITH.

AT Ottawa, Lawrence took leave, not without much emotion, of his winter comrades and friends, for such, with scarce an exception, they had become. He wrung Evans long and warmly by the hand, and adjured him to avoid the taverns at Quebec.

Evans shook his hand and said, “I guess the only safe place for me is at the North Pole, or somewhere else which the liquor has not reached, and such places are hard to find.”

O'Neal took both Lawrence's hands in his own and shook them, while the tears ran down his face. “Never fear,” he said, “I've drunked my last sup av whisky, an' I'll go an' see the Methody pracher as soon as I get to Quebec, an' put meself under his care. I feel as wake as an unweaned child, not able to walk alone,” which, to one who noted his huge bulk and interpreted him literally, would seem a rather astounding statement.

Lawrence received his winter's wages from the agent of the lumber company at Ottawa, and found himself the possessor of more money than he had ever owned in his life. He felt an honest, manly pride in the fact that it was earned, every dollar, by his own hands. He knew what hard toil it cost, and he determined to make it go as far as possible in carrying out his cherished purpose. The free gift of three times the amount would have been a less valuable possession, without the lessons of thrift, economy, and self-denial that to well-balanced minds hard-earned money brings.

At the camp, on account of his superior education, Evans had been employed much of his time as clerk, accountant, and keeper of the stores. After his accident at the “timber jam,”

which proved more serious than it seemed at first,—Lawrence, relieved him of those duties, and had, from his trustworthy character and obliging manner, discharged them greatly to the satisfaction of the foreman and of the entire camp.

Mr. McIntyre, the company's agent, to whom his fidelity and skill had been reported, offered him for three years the post of clerk, which would relieve him of much of the hard work of the camp, with the promise of a hundred dollars increase of salary each year, and the chance of further promotion at the expiration of that time.

"I am much obliged, Mr. McIntyre," replied Lawrence, "but I cannot accept the situation."

"Hae ye onything else in view, lad?" asked the kind-hearted Scotchman.

With some hesitancy, Lawrence told him his purpose to use his hard-earned money to pay his way for a time at college.

"Vera guid; I was twa winters at auld Mareschal mysel'. But what then? Ye'll be gangin' into the law or pheesic belike; and enjyin' genteel starvation instead o' earnin' an honest leevin' in business."

Lawrence modestly explained his further hope of preaching the Gospel.

"An' what'll ye get for that gin I may speer?" asked the agent.

"Perhaps a hundred dollars a year for four years," replied Lawrence, "and then three or four hundred more."

"An' here I offer as much as that at the vera start, and before four years double as much."

"If you were to offer me ten times as much, I dare not take it," said Lawrence firmly, yet respectfully. "I feel bound as by a promise to the dead, a duty to the living, and an obligation to my Maker."

"In that case there's nae mair to be said," replied Mr. McIntyre. "If ye're boun' to starve, ye're gaun to do it on high preenciples, I see. I'll no say ye no richt. Faur ye weel an' guid luck to ye," and he shook him warmly by the hand.

At the truly "general" store of Father Daily, Lawrence bought a new suit for himself, stuff for a dress for his mother,

and some bright ribbons for little Nell. In spite of himself, he got a very good bargain out of Mr. Daily, who gave him a very unbusiness-like discount. At the village bookstore, he bought Robinson Crusoe for Tom—a book he had long been wanting—and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems for his sister Mary.

In order to enjoy for a day longer the company of Jim Dowler, to whom he felt his soul knit by tender ties, he took passage in a barge on the Rideau Canal. The little cabin was a mere box "where ye cudn't swing a cat," as Jim remarked. "But then, nobody wants to," he added, "an' so as we can double up at night, what's the odds?"

While the barge was going through the locks, the two friends strolled along the bank of the canal, Lawrence giving much good counsel, and Jim thankfully drinkin' it in.

"I used to think that nobody cared for Jim Dowler's soul, but now I know better, an' I'll try, God helpin' me, to save it, for yer sake an' my sainted mother's, who's an angel in heaven, an' for my own sake."

At night, they had literally to "double up," so "cabined, cribbed, confined" were they in the berths of the barge. Next morning they parted, Lawrence taking the stage for Northville. His emotions, as he drew near home, we shall not attempt to describe. It was after dark when he arrived. His coming was not expected, for no letters could be sent from the Mattawa.

He walked rapidly up the garden path, intending to surprise the inmates; but the love-quicken'd ear of his mother recognized his footstep, and with the cry of delight "That's Lawrence," she rushed to the door, scattering spools, thimble, and work on the carpet,—a home-made one of rags. A moment more and the brave boy was in his mother's arms, and a long, loving embrace, holy as any ever known on earth, was his. His sister Mary claimed her turn, then little Nell and Tom, who varied the performance by dancing around the floor with delight, and then returning to hug and kiss their brother again.

"Thank God to be home again, mother dear," he said. "I want to embrace you all at once," and he tried to fold them all in his long, strong arms.

"God bless you, my son; your mother's prayers are answered at last."

"How handsome Mary has grown," said Lawrence, after all enquiries as to each other's welfare were over. "Why, Mary, you're almost as handsome as mother."

"Thank you, Lawrence dear; that's the highest compliment you could pay me," said the affectionate girl.

"And these children, how they've grown," he went on folding one in each arm. And a very pretty group they made, the great bronzed fellow, the two fair children, and the loving mother and sister hanging on his shoulder and stroking his hair.

"But we must give you more substantial welcome than this," said the housewifely mother, and soon the snowy cloth was laid, and furnished with white bread, sweet butter, and rich strawberries and cream—"A feast fit for a king," Lawrence declared. While he did ample justice to this dainty purveying, Tom brought his slate to show how he could do long division, and Nelly her Christmas Sunday-school prize, and Mary her elegant gold watch—"so useful at school, you know," she said,—a present for playing the organ in church; and the mother brought,—well, she had nothing to bring but the great mother-love beaming in her rich dark eyes, with which she feasted proudly on her boy, and he basked in their light with a feeling of infinite content.

Then the presents were distributed, amid great glee and fresh caresses—amongst the rest, a pair of embroidered moccasins from Red Fawn for his mother and tiny bark baskets of maple sugar for the children. But the bearskin rug made the greatest sensation of all, and the story of Bruin's capture had to be told with all its details, the mother's cheek paling, and Tom's eyes flashing from time to time at the crisis of the tale. The wolf adventure, Lawrence did not tell for some time after.

Great gladness filled their hearts that night as Lawrence read his favourite psalm, the hundred and seventh, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever," with its exultant refrain, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, for His wonderful works to the children of men." And sound was his sleep and sweet his dreams as he sank into his pillowy nest in his little attic chamber, for which he had

so often longed as he lay upon the spruce boughs in the lumber shanty on the Mattawa. As he lay in the dreamy border land between sleeping and waking, he was aware of a saintly face bending over him, and a mother's kiss falling lightly as a rose leaf on his forehead, and a mother's tear, not of sorrow, but of joy, falling on his cheek, and he seemed to be again a little child in his crib, watched over by a mother's love, and his soul was filled with a great content.

CHAPTER XVIII.—OLYMPIC DAYS AND COLLEGE HALLS.

“ I passed beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random through the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls.”

TENNYSON.—*In Memoriam.*

For him was lever han, at his beddes head,
 Twenty bokes clothed in black and red,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Than robes riche, or fidel, or sauntrie :
 Of studie took he most cure and hede.
 Not a word spake he more than was nede ;
 Souning in moral vertue was his speche ;
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

CHAUCER.—*Canterbury Pilgrims.*

THIS peaceful episode in his life, Lawrence regarded but as the harbour on the Hill Difficulty, in which he might rest for a while to brace his energies for future toil. He resolved, therefore, that its delights should not enervate his soul. He wrote accordingly the very next day to the Rev. Dr. Fellows, the President of Burghroyal College, asking for the “ course of study ” and such advice as he might be able to give. Meanwhile, he hunted up among his father's books those that he thought would be useful, and applied himself with renewed zeal to his Greek Testament and grammar. He won golden opinions from the Northville farmers by going into the haying and harvest fields and earning honest wage for honest work.

In a few days came a kind letter from Dr. Fellows, giving the desired information, and some wise counsel, not unmixed with the

Attic salt of wit. Lawrence had learned to do what he did with his might—the best lesson that any young man can learn—the key that will unlock all difficulties and open every avenue to success. He therefore worked hard at his books and in the field, with sweat of brain and sweat of brow, till the time approached to leave home for college. This parting was a comparatively easy task,—for, could he not write home every week? and return at Christmas, or in a single day, if need were?

The Burghroyal College is the mental Mecca of many an ambitious Canadian youth—the objective point to which, like Lawrence Temple, they struggle through many difficulties. It has been the *Alma Mater*, tender and beloved, which has nourished and brought up many sons, who in all parts of our broad Dominion rise up and call her blessed. As Lawrence approached this venerable seat of learning—venerable in its dignity and high character, as well as, for a young country, venerable in point of age—his heart beat high with hope. He had reached the goal of long months, almost years, of struggle,—the starting-place, also, in a new race for knowledge and wider range of usefulness.

As he approached the town, the setting sun shone brightly on the conspicuous cupola of the college, which beamed like a star of promise in the heavens, beckoning him onward, as it seemed to him, to a higher plane of being. As he ascended the massive stone steps and passed beneath the lofty and pillared portico of the building, he felt like a Greek neophyte entering the temple of Pallas Athene.

The following day, he presented himself to Dr. Dwight, who had charge of the domestic and moral government of the institution, as Dr. Fellows had of its literary department. He was a man to arrest attention anywhere—tall, straight as a Norway pine, with clear-cut features, expressive of great promptness and energy of character, and with an alertness of manner and action that seemed to belong to a younger man than he appeared to be. Lawrence felt a little awed as he stood in his presence, but the Doctor frankly held out his hand and said,

“Ah, Temple, I'm glad to see you; I heard you were coming.” He always seemed somehow to hear everything and to know everything pertaining to the college.

The Doctor looked sharply at him for a moment with those keen eyes that seemed to read his very thoughts.

"I knew your father, Temple, and respected him highly," he continued: "you are like him in person: I can wish nothing better for you than to be like him in character."

These words made Lawrence thrill with pleasure, and he resolved more firmly than ever to be worthy of that father's memory and reputation.

The Doctor then inquired kindly as to the young student's plans and purposes, in which he evinced a fatherly sympathy and interest.

"Where have you been during the year?" he asked in his alert manner.

Lawrence briefly recounted his adventures on the Mattawa.

"Good! I admire your pluck," said the Doctor: "I congratulate you on having to depend on yourself. It is worth more than a fortune to you. Hew your way for yourself here, as you did among the big trees on the Mattawa, and it will develop a strength of character that will carry you anywhere and enable you to do anything. It is well for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. It will give him the shoulders and strength of Atlas. Steward, show Mr. Temple to his room, please," and turning to that functionary, he designated the apartment which Lawrence was to occupy.

"What a general he would make," thought Lawrence as he left the Doctor's presence: "I could follow that man anywhere." He already felt the inspiration of his character. "But I would like to be sure that I was always right," he further reflected, as he remembered the keen scrutiny of that commanding glance.

His room was a pleasant apartment, affording a magnificent view over the broad lake and the pretty town in which the college was situated. A bed, table, chairs, and washstand constituted its simple furniture; but when his books were unpacked and placed on shelves, their familiar faces made it look quite homelike.

Soon after, he called on Dr. Fellows for advice in his studies, and was very courteously received. The Doctor was a very noticeable sort of man, who somehow put Lawrence in mind of pictures he had seen of Andria Dandolo, one of the doges of

Venice in the days of her mediæval prime. He had the same lofty brow, handsome face, clear olive complexion, quick insight of glance, and general scholarly air. In his brief conversation with Lawrence, he seemed equally at home in ancient and in modern lore, in poetry and philosophy. He impressed the young student as his ideal of a scholar,—though learned, simple, and unaffected, his words though weighted with wisdom, flashing oftentimes with wit, like a robe of rich texture bejewelled with sparkling gems.

In the great dining-room, filled with eager, active, hungry youth—for college boys have most portentous appetites—Lawrence felt more lonely than even amid the forest solitudes of the Mat-tawa. One is often never so much alone as in a crowd. It was a severe ordeal to his retiring disposition to encounter the enquiring glances, and sometimes critical stare of so many young men, all of whom, he thought, knew so much more than himself. The acquaintance formed with his table companions somewhat reassured him, by showing that they were very much like ordinary mortals,—that human nature even in college halls differs not very greatly from human nature in a lumber camp.

Nothing so breaks the ice of formality as a good laugh, and this experience Lawrence enjoyed at his first college meal. It was the usage for the whole company to wait for the slowest eater to finish his meal—sometimes a little impatiently, for college boys are too apt to bolt their food and hurry back to ball or cricket. On this occasion an unlucky individual, who was “slow but sure,” kept the tables waiting an undue time. As he finished his dessert, the wag of the college, who was sitting near him, a tall, shambling, awkward-looking fellow with ill-fitting clothes, but with a merry twinkle in his eye that made him a general favourite, assuming a dignified, forensic air, slightly accommodating to the occasion the memorable reply of Pitt to Horace Walpole, asked,

“Is the gentleman done? Is he quite done? He has been voracious from beginning to end.”

It was not very much of a joke, but Lawrence found it impossible to avoid joining in the laugh which it caused.

It was not long before he also had experience of the

supreme disdain and lofty, supercilious airs with which certain gentlemen of the sophomore year regarded the newly-admitted freshmen, assuming far more dignity than the graduating class. He felt greatly abashed at this, till he discovered that their knowledge was not quite so encyclopædic as they thought, although they seemed to know so much more than the professors themselves. Some of the city lads, too, put on somewhat extensive airs on account of the more dandified cut of their coats as compared with their country cousins.

But a college class-room is a great leveller. Nowhere are wind-bags more easily pricked, or do they more suddenly collapse. A professor is no respecter of persons. Money gives no monopoly of brains, and the poor students, for the most part, win the prizes by virtue of the energy of character developed by the very effort they have to make to gain an education.

In the Greek class one day, one of these dainty gentlemen was most effectually taken down. Professor Nelson, a mild-mannered gentleman, who sat quietly behind his gold glasses and seemed to take little note of aught but the text book before him—but those who attempted to take any liberties would find out their mistake,—called on Mr. Adolphus Fitztomkyns to recite. That gentleman started, hesitated, stopped, and fumbled his gold chain, amid the sustained silence of the Professor.

At length, "I do not know what *ηλακα* is from," he said.

"It is from *ελαυνω*" said the Professor.

Another pause. "I don't know what part it is," said the embarrassed youth.

"The future," replied Dr. Nelson, without the least accent of asperity in his tone.

Another long pause of awful solemnity, in which the beaded sweat stood on the youth's forehead. At last in desperation he made the honest confession, "I know nothing about it," and sat down.

Not a word was uttered, but the unhappy lad felt the unspoken reproach more keenly than the sternest reproof.

Professor Rexton, however, who had an utter abhorrence of sham, seemed to take a special delight in displacing fools from their pedestal of conceit. His department, too, that of mathe-

matics, supplied sometimes salient opportunities of doing this. There was no room for imperfect recitations or illogical reasoning there. The habits of rigid accuracy acquired by this means were invaluable in their result. The lofty principles of mathematics and their sublime applications in astronomy were a keen delight to Lawrence.

His greatest pleasure, however, was to wander through the woods or by the shore of the lake, with its remarkable geological outcrop, with Professor Washburn, the young and enthusiastic instructor in natural science. Breaking off twigs from the trees as he walked, the latter would point out the beautiful morphology of the leaves, and their wonderful phylotaxis—the mathematical exactness with which they are arranged in spirals around their stem. Or, knocking an encrinite or coral out of the corniferous rock, he would discourse luminously of the bygone geologic ages. Then he would advance to the constitution and genesis of the universe, and, rising from Nature up to Nature's God, would reason on the lofty themes of

“Fixed fate, foreknowledge, and free-will,”

and the glorious truths of atonement and redemption.

Lawrence seemed to himself to drink in knowledge at every pore—to acquire it by all his senses. He seemed to feel new faculties developing within, as the dull chrysalis may feel the wings of Psyche forming under its coat. In the Burghroyal College, learning was not divorced from religion, nor science made the handmaid of skepticism. All the resources of knowledge were brought to the illustration and corroboration of God's revealed truth; and every effort was made to cultivate in the young men a manly rational piety which would enable its possessors to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

The influence of our colleges on the future of our country is of incalculable importance. They will either curse it with skepticism or bless it with piety. In those college halls are assembled, at the most impressible and formative period in their history, the most eager, active, energetic, and ambitious young men of our country,—the future legislators, judges, lawyers, physicians, pro-

fessors, editors, teachers, and preachers of the future. Upon what they shall be depends the destiny of our country.

If the majority of them become materialistic skeptics, denying the God who made them, the Lord who bought them, and the spiritual nature with which He endowed them, the age shall be a coarse, vulgar, venal, and sensual one. Knowledge shall be a bane, not a blessing—a power indeed, but for evil, not for good. If, on the contrary, they be men of faith in God and His Word, of high-souled principles and of spiritual instincts, then shall they guide the age as a skilful rider guides his steed up the heights of progress to a higher plane of being, a wider range of thought, a purer moral atmosphere, and a nobler type of life.

THE BIBLE.

POISED beneath earth and heaven, its loftier edge
 Is swept by angels' wings,
 And yet so low it swings,
 A little child may touch its secret springs.

All the glad songs of earth, or sea, or sky,
 Wake not the joyful strain,
 Or give such sweet refrain,
 To soothe an aching heart, or bed of pain

The poet sweeps afar on fancy's wing,
 But here our thoughts may rise,
 Beyond ethereal skies,
 Still on, and on, when nature faints and dies.

Towering where earthly wisdom cannot reach,
 And yet so simply clear
 Sublimest truths appear,
 The wayfarer with confidence draws near.

From darkest border up to heaven's bright verge,
 From desolate shore of gloom,
 To hope's perennial bloom,
 It floods with light, the cradle and the tomb.

—*Mrs. Elizabeth R. Dunbar.*

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

THE MARTYRS OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

SUCH enthusiasm as that of these empassioned devotees was not without its unfailing reward. Inveterate prejudice was overcome, bitter hostility was changed to tender affection, and the worn and faded close black cassock, the cross and the rosary hanging from the girdle, and the wide-brimmed, looped-up hat of the Jesuit missionary became the objects of kind regard instead of the symbols of a dreaded spiritual power. The Indians abandoned their cruel and cannibal practices. Many of them received Christian baptism. In the rude forest sanctuary was broken to savage neophytes the sacred bread which the crowned monarchs of Europe received from the hands of mitred priests beneath the cathedral dome. As at evening the Angelus sounded,

“The bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as a priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings among them.”

The little children were taught to repeat the *Ave*, the *Credo*, and the *Pater Noster*. Rude natures were touched to human tenderness and pity by the tender story of a Saviour's love; and lawless passions were restrained by the dread menace of eternal flames. Savage manners and unholy pagan rites gave way to Christian decorum and devotion, and the implacable red men learned to pray for their enemies.

That, in some instances at least, the conversion of the Indians was not a merely nominal one but a radical change of disposition, is evinced by the following prayer of a Huron tribe for their hereditary foes, the cruel Iroquois:—“Pardon, O Lord, those who pursue us with fury, who destroy us with such rage. Open their blind eyes; make them to know Thee and to love Thee, and then, being Thy friends they will also be ours, and we shall together be

Thy children.”* A more signal triumph of grace over the implacable hate of the Indian nature it is difficult to conceive. “Let us strive,” exclaimed another convert, “to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus.”

The scattered missionaries were reinforced by eager recruits drawn across the sea by an impassioned zeal that knew no abatement even unto death. At almost every Indian town was a mission established and consecrated by some holy name. Thus in the Northern half of what is now the County of Simcoe, were the missions of St. Michel, St. Joseph, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Louis, St. Denys, St. Antoine, St. Charles, St. Ignace,† St. François Xavier, Ste. Marie, Ste. Anne, Ste. Agnes, Ste. Catherine, Ste. Cecile, St. Genevieve, Ste. Madeleine, Ste. Therese, and several others. The most important of these was that of Ste. Marie, established in 1640, on a small stream, now known as the River Wye, which flows into Gloucester Bay, itself an inlet of the Georgian Bay, not far from the present town of Penetanguishene. The outlines of the fortification, for it was both fort and mission, may still be traced amid the forest, which has long since overgrown the spot. A wall of combined masonry and palisades, flanked by bastions at the angles, enclosed a space of some thirty by sixty yards, containing a church, a mission residence, a kitchen and a refectory. Without the walls were a hut for Indian visitors, a hospital for the sick, and a cemetery for the dead. Sometimes as many as sixty white men were assembled at the mission, among whom were eight or ten soldiers, as many hired labourers, about a score of men serving without pay, and as many priests; most of these, however, were generally engaged in the various out-missions. The demands upon the hospitality of Ste. Marie were very great. During the year 1649 as many as six thousand Christian Indians were lodged and fed. But the Fathers

* “Seigneur, pardonnez à ceux qui nous poursuivent avec tant de fureur, qui nous font mourir avec tant de rage, ouvrez leurs yeux, ils ne voyent goutte; faites qu'ils vous connoissent et qu'ils vous ayment, et alors esclaves vos amys ils, seront les nostres, et nous serons tous vos enfans.” Vincent, *Relation*, 1645, 16.

† The frequency of this designation, throughout the whole of New France, attests the veneration in which the founder of the Society of Jesus was held.

bestowed such care on agriculture, sometimes themselves working with spade and mattock, that in 1648 they had provisions laid up sufficient for three years. They had also a considerable quantity of live stock, including fowls, swine, and even horned cattle, brought with infinite trouble through the wilderness.

But this prosperity was destined to be rudely interrupted and to have a tragic close.

The terrible Iroquois, who dwelt to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now Central New York, the most warlike and cruel of all the Indian races, the scourge and terror alike of the French and English settlements, waged perpetual war against their hereditary foes, the Hurons. Urged by implacable hate, large war parties would travel on snow-shoes through a pathless forest for hundreds of miles to burn and destroy the Huron villages and indiscriminately massacre their inhabitants, not merely the warriors, but the old men, the women, the little children. No distance was too great, no perils too formidable, if they might only glut their thirst for Huron blood. Even single individuals lurked for weeks near the walls of Quebec or Montreal, for the opportunity to win a Huron scalp. With the persistence of a sleuth hound, a small war party of Iroquois travelled twenty days' journey north of the St. Lawrence in mid-winter to attack a Huron camp, and wantonly butchered its inhabitants. The ubiquitous and blood-thirsty wretches infested the forest; lay in ambush at the portages of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and sprang, like a tiger on his prey, on the stragglers of their foes. Their victims they tortured with demoniac cruelty. They hacked the body with knives and shells, scorched it with burning brands, and after, with fiendish ingenuity, exhausting every mode of suffering, in their unhallowed frenzy they devoured the quivering flesh. "They are not men but wolves," said a wretched victim of their rage.

This tempest of heathen rage in 1648 was let loose on the Christian missions. The storm burst on the frontier village of St. Joseph, situated not far from the present town of Barrie, on the morning of July 4. This village had two thousand inhabitants, and was well fortified, but most of the warriors were absent at the hunt or on distant journeys. Pere Daniel, who

for fourteen years had here laboured in the wilderness, arrayed in the vestments of his office, had just finished the celebration of the mass in the crowded mission chapel, when the dread war whoop of the Iroquois was heard. The painted savages rushed through the unprotected openings in the palisade, murdering all whom they met. Unable to baptize separately the multitude who, hitherto impenitent, now sought this ordinance, Pere Daniel dipped his handkerchief in water and, shaking it over the terrified crowd, exclaimed "My brethren, to-day we shall be in heaven."* Absolving the dying, and baptizing the penitent, he refused to escape. "Fly, brothers," he cried to his flock. "I will die here. We shall meet again in heaven."† Boldly fronting the foe he received in his bosom a sheaf of arrows, and a ball from a deadly arquebuse. "He fell," says the contemporary chronicler, "murmuring the name of Jesus, and yielding joyously his soul to God; truly a good shepherd, who gave his life for his sheep."‡

Seven hundred persons, mostly women or children, were captured or killed. The body of the proto-martyr of the Huron Mission was burned to ashes, but his intrepid spirit, it was believed, appeared again among the living, animating their hearts to endure unto the bitter end; and not for one moment did they quail. "We cannot hope," writes Ragueneau, his companion in toil and tribulation, "but to follow in the burning path which he has trod, but we will gladly suffer for the glory of the Master whom we serve."

The next act of this tragedy opens eight months later, in the early spring of 1649. A thousand Iroquois warriors had, during the winter, made their way from near the Hudson River, round the head of Lake Ontario and across the western peninsula to the Huron country. The object of attack was the village of St. Ignace, situated about ten miles northwest of the present town

* "Mes Frères, nous serons aujourd'hui dans le Ciel."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 3.

† "Fuyez, mes Frères. Pour moy, ie dois mourir icy; nous nous reverrons dans le ciel." *Ib.* 4.

‡ "Il tomba prononçant le nom de Jésus, en rendant heureusement son âme à Dieu, vrayment un bon Pasteur, qui expose et son âme et sa vie pour le salut de son troupeau." *Ib.* 4.

of Orillia. It was completely surprised in the early dawn of March 16th, and taken almost without a blow.* All the inhabitants were massacred, or reserved for cruelties more terrible than death, save three fugitives, who fled half-naked across the snow to the neighbouring town of St. Louis, about three miles off. Most of the inhabitants of St. Louis had time to escape before the attack of the Iroquois, but about eighty Huron warriors made a stand for the defence of their homes. With them remained the two Jesuit missionaries, Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, who, scorning to fly, chose the point of danger among their flock, standing in the breach, the one baptizing the catechumens, the other absolving the neophytes.† The town was speedily taken and burned. The Jesuits, however, were not immediately killed, "being reserved for a more glorious crown,"‡ but were, with the other captives, driven before their exulting conquerors back to St. Ignace.

Now began a scene of fiendish torture. The missionaries, stripped naked, were compelled to run the gauntlet through a savage mob, frenzied with cruelty, drunk with blood. They received a perfect storm of blows on every part of the body. "Children," said Brebeuf to his fellow captives, "let us look to God. Let us remember that He is the witness of our sufferings, that He will be our exceeding great reward. I feel for you more than for myself. But endure with courage the little that remains of these torments. They will end with our lives, but the glory that follows will continue forever."

The Iroquois, maddened to fury, tore off the nails of their victims, pierced their hands, lacerated their flesh. Brebeuf, of brawny frame and iron thews, and dauntless bearing—the Ajax of the Huron Mission—was the especial object of their rage. On him they wreaked their most exquisite tortures. They cut off his lips, they seared his throat and bleeding gums, they hung a collar of red-hot hatchets around his neck. "But he stood like a rock, unflinching to the last, without a murmur or a groan, his

* "Quasi sans coup férir."—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 10.

† "L'un étoit à la brèche baptisant les catechumènes, l'autre donnant l'absolution aux néophytes."—Ragueneau, *Relations des Hurons*, 1649, 11.

‡ "Dieu les réservoir à des couronnes bien plus grandes."—*Ib.*

soul even then reposing on God, an object of amazement even to savage stoicism."* The gentle and delicate Lalemant they envelope in bark saturated with pitch, which they fired, seaming his body with livid scars. As the stifling wreaths of smoke arose, he cried, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." In derision of the rite of baptism, which the missionaries had so often administered to others, their savage tormentors poured boiling water on their heads. "We baptize you," they said, "that you may be happy in heaven; for without a good baptism no one can be saved."

The dying martyrs freely pardoned their foes, praying God not to lay these things to their charge. After nameless tortures the human hyenas scalped Brebeuf while yet alive. Lalemant endured his sufferings for seventeen hours, and died by the welcome stroke of a tomahawk. Brebeuf's stronger frame succumbed to his more deadly wounds in less than four hours.

"In their divine repose," writes their biographer, "they say, 'We passed through fire and water, but Thou hast brought us into a wealthy place.'"

The skull and other relics of Brebeuf, with a silver bust of the martyr, I have seen at the Hotel Dieu at Quebec. They are *said*, by superstitious devotees, to have wrought miracles of healing, as well as the conversion of the most obstinate heretics; † but a more potent spell is that of his lofty spirit, his earnest life, and his heroic death.

The night which followed this deed of blood was a night of terror at Ste. Marie, situated only six miles distant from St. Ignace. All day long the smoke of the burning village of St. Louis was visible, and Iroquois scouts prowled, wolf-like, near the mission walls. All that night and the night following the little garrison of forty Frenchmen stood at arms. In the chapel vows and prayers without ceasing were offered up. The Hurons rallied, and attacked the Iroquois in furious battle. But their valour was unavailing; they were, almost to a man, cut off. The Iroquois in

* "Souffroit comme un rocher. Sans pousser aucun cry, estonnoit ses bureaux mesmes; sans doute que son cœur reposoit alors en son Dieu."—Rague-neau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 14.

† "Plus opiniastres."—Mercier, *Relations*, 1665, 26.

burn, panic-stricken, fled in haste, but not without a last act of damaging cruelty. Tying to the stake at St. Ignace the prisoners whom they had not time to torture, they fired the town, retreating to the music, delightful to the savage ear, of the shrieks of human agony of mothers and their children, husbands and their wives, old age and infancy, wreathing in the fierce flames' torturing embrace.* The site of the hapless town may still be traced in the blackened embers, preserved beneath the forest growth of over two centuries.

The mission was wrecked. The Hurons were scattered. Their towns were abandoned, burnt or destroyed, and themselves fugitives from a wrathful foe. "We are counted as sheep for the slaughter," piously writes Ragueneau. The Fathers resolved to transfer the missions to the Grand Manitoulin, where they might gather again their scattered flock free from the attack of their enemies. They unhappily changed their destination to Isle St. Joseph, now known as Christian Island, (probably from tradition of its Jesuit occupation), situated about twenty miles from Ste. Marie, and two or three miles from the mainland. They set fire to the mission buildings, and, with sinking hearts, saw in an hour the labours of ten years destroyed. On a rude raft, near sunset on the 14th of June, they embarked, about forty whites in all, with all their household goods and treasures, and, after several days, reached Isle St. Joseph. They built a new mission-fortress, the remains of which may still be seen. Here by winter were assembled six or eight thousand wretched Hurons, dependent upon the charity of the mission. The Fathers had collected five or six hundred bushels of acorns, which were served out to the perishing Indians, and boiled with ashes to take away their bitter taste. But the missionaries found compensation in the thought that man shall not live by bread alone; and they sought unweariedly to break unto the multitude the bread of life as they had it. In their extremity the famishing creatures were

* "Prenans plaisir à leur depart, de se repaistre des cris espouantables que pousoient ces pauvres victimes au milieu de ces flammes, ou des enfans grilloient à costés de leurs mères, ou un mary voyoit sa femme rostir auprès de soy.—Ragueneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 13.

fain to eat the carrion remains of dogs and foxes, and, more horrible still, even the bodies of the dead.

O, the long and dreary winter!
 O, the cold and cruel winter!
 O, the wasting of the famine!
 O, the blasting of the fever!

Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Before spring, harassed by the attacks of the Iroquois and wasted by pestilence, half of the number had died. Day by day the faithful missionaries visited the sick, exhorted the living, absolved the dying, and celebrated the sacraments in the crowded chapel, which was daily filled ten or twelve times. Night by night, in frost and snow and bitter storm, through the livelong hours the sentry paced his weary round.

During the winter the Iroquois ravaged the mainland, burning villages and slaughtering the inhabitants. St. Jean, a town of some six hundred families, which had hitherto resisted attack amid the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, not far from the present town of Collingwood, was taken and destroyed. Here Pere Garnier, the scion of a noble family of Paris, shared the tragic fate of Daniel, the first martyr of the mission. He was slain in the act of absolving a dying Indian. With the opening spring the pinchings of hunger drove the starving Hurons from Isle St. Joseph to the mainland. The relentless Iroquois were awaiting them. Of the large party who crossed but one man escaped to tell the tale of blood. The whole country was a land of horror, a place of massacre.* There was nothing but despair on every side. More than ten thousand Hurons had already perished. Famine or an enemy more cruel still everywhere confronted them. They resolved to forsake their country, and to fly to some distant region in order to escape extermination by their foes. Many of them besought the Jesuits to lead

* "N'estoit plus qu'une terre d'horreur, et un lieu de massacre."—Rague-
 neau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1650, 22.

them to an asylum beneath the guns of Quebec, where they might worship God in peace. The Fathers "consulted much together but more with God,"* as they expressed it, and engaged in prayer for forty consecutive hours. They resolved to abandon the mission. Dread of the Iroquois hastened their retreat.

"It was not without tears," plaintively writes Ragueneau, "that we left the country of our hearts and hopes which, already red with the blood of our brethren, promised us a like happiness, opened for us the gate of heaven.† The zealous toil of fifteen years seemed frustrated, but, with devout submission the Father Superior writes, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." They were accompanied in their retreat by three hundred Christian Hurons, the sad relics of a nation once so populous.‡ Along the shores where had recently dwelt eight or ten thousand of their countrymen not one remained.§ The little band of fugitives sought refuge on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec. But even here they were pursued by the undying hate of the Iroquois, who again and again attacked the mission beneath the very guns of the fort. The remaining Hurons were dispersed in scattered groups far over the bleak Northern wastes from the Saguenay to the Mississippi, and soon disappeared as a distinct race. One band sought the aid of the powerful Ojibways, and confronted their merciless foe on the shores of Lake Superior, where a great battle was fought on the spot still known as Iroquois Point, otherwise, "the place of the Iroquois bones." A few families, the remnant of the once powerful Huron nation, still linger at Lorette, near Quebec.

Of pathetic interest is the specimen of the Huron language given in the *Relations* for the year 1641. This language, once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful nation, is as completely lost as that of the builders of Babel. In all the world is none who comprehends the meaning of those strange mysterious words. Like the bones of the dinornis and the megatherium this meagre fragment is the relic of an extinct race—the tombstone over the

* "Nous consultations ensemble, mais plus encore avec Dieu."—*Ib.*

† *Relations*, 1650, 26.

‡ "Tristes reliques d'une nation autrefois si peuplée."—*Ib.*

§ "Il n'en restoit pas mesme un seul."—*Ib.*

grave of a nation. Yet the labours of the Jesuit missionaries have not been altogether lost. The lives of these devoted martyrs and confessors, notwithstanding the gross errors of their creed, were a perpetual self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. Through their efforts, also, multitudes of degraded savages were reclaimed from lives of utter barbarism and pagan superstition and cruelty, to the dignity of men and not unfrequently to the piety of saints. "It is well for the Protestant of to-day," says Dr. Whedon, "occasionally to go back on the path of history and form fresh acquaintance with the men of God who lightened up the night of the distant past. It intensifies our feeling of human brotherhood. It gives us a salutary consciousness of our communion with the Church general in all times and nations and sects. The chain of saints is a chain which stretches through *all* the ages." He who reads the story of the self-denying lives and heroic deaths of these Jesuit Fathers, although of alien race and diverse belief, however mistaken he may deem their zeal or however false their creed, will not withhold the throb of sympathy for their sufferings and of admiration for their lofty courage and unfaltering faith. The falsehoods and corruptions of their religious belief were an inheritance from the dark ages of superstition. Their inextinguishable desire to preach the Gospel, as they possessed it, to the perishing heathen, and their faithfulness in what they believed to be the call of duty, even unto a martyr's death—these spring not from the errors of Romanism, but from that incorruptible germ of Divine truth which even those errors could not utterly destroy.

SLEEP.

Balm that tames
 All anguish, saint that evil thoughts and aims
 Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
 Like to a breeze from heaven.

—*Wordsworth.*

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONAR .

"BUCKLE-TO AND PARTNER."

II.

"CARRIE'S father," the kind-hearted ex-showman went on, "was our describer and modeller when we were in business. He was a wonderfully clever fellow, and might have done well in the world, only for the curse of drink; he wouldn't keep from it, and of course it ruined him, kept him poor, and miserable, and despised. Many a time I've found him lying drunk in the living-van when the exhibition was crammed full of people waiting for the describing to begin. At such times I often used to think of sending him away, but if I spoke about it my partner here would put in a word for him."

"Well, I thought that if we sent him off no one else would take him on," put in the wife, "and beside, apart from his one fault, he was a very good fellow, and then"—and here her voice softened wonderfully—"there was a great fondness between him and one that was very, very dear to us, and that I know would have fretted very much, if the other had been turned adrift in the world."

"And so he stayed on with us," said Buckle-to, taking up the narrative again, "and was counted as pretty much one of ourselves. When we retired from business I got him an engagement in another concern, but it was not long before I heard that he had lost it through his old enemy the drink. I heard of his being dismissed a fortnight after it happened, but in that time he had taken himself off somewhere, and for ten years I never heard or saw anything of him. Then—I was living in the country at the time—I got a letter from him. Though I couldn't read it, I could tell by the very look of it that it was wrote by some one in trouble, and when my partner here read it we found that it was so. It was begging of me, for God's sake, and the sake of the memory of the one who, as my partner said just now, was very

dear to us, to come to him as he was dying, and hadn't a friend in the world, and had a great weight on his mind. The letter was dated from London, and of course I buckled-to at once to get there," he went on, using his favourite phrase for the first time since I had been in his company. "I took the first train to town, took a cab to the address given, and found him as I was very sorry, but not much surprised to find him—I had seen too often to what drink brings its slaves. He was in a dirty tumble-down garret, lying on a little pile of straw, and covered with a couple of old sacks. A woman that lodged in the house was wetting his lips, and a little girl was moaning and sobbing in a corner. *He* brightened up when he saw me; but it brought the water into my eyes, and put me past speaking for the minute, to see him in such a state; for I thought of the old times when he lived in the van with us, broke bread with us every day, and—in his sober hours—was, though so much older, a loving friend and companion to our favourite little son, who had been taken from us, and for the sake of whose memory he had prayed me to come to him in his dying hour. He saw how I was cut up, and taking my hand in his—for, though I couldn't speak, I had knelt down beside him—and looking up in my face, said as well as his weakness would allow him, 'You do pity me then.'"

"From the bottom of my heart," I said, a gulping down a sob, but what is it that is on your mind, what can I do for you?"

"That which will make me die happy," he answers, "promise me that you will befriend my child there."

"Your child!" I said, for he had been a single man when he left me.

"Yes, my child," he answered again, "my child that for all the wretch that I have been, I love as dearly as I can love—love as you loved your little Mat. Then he went on to tell me as well as he could the story of his life since he had left me. There is no occasion for me to go over it all to you. Among other things, he had gone into a wax-flower manufactory, and there he fell in with a poor friendless French girl and married her. She died a year after their child was born, and since that time the little one had been alone with him through good and evil—mostly evil. She was

motherless and friendless, and would soon be fatherless, he said, finishing his story; would I promise to befriend her? I would, I said, he might make his mind easy so far, and think of other things. Ah, he could think of other things then, he said, closing his eyes, and a happier look coming over his face. He lay quite still for about an hour, and then as if strength and grace were specially given to him he prayed aloud—prayed so that it was beautiful to hear, for you must know, sir, he had been well educated, and had been religiously brought up when young. I have hopes that all was well with him in the end. I saw that he had a decent funeral, and followed him to the grave myself, and then I took the child home with me, and we have brought her up as our own—that is why we call her ‘*Our Carrie.*’”

He told the story with much of pity for the unhappy father, but with nothing of self-praise as to his own part in it; and when he had concluded he proposed that I should go up-stairs and look at “the little crib he had had fitted up van-fashion for himself.” I accordingly accompanied him and his wife to the apartment in question. It was a small room at the top of the house, and in all probability had originally been an ordinary attic. Now, however, its appearance was the reverse of ordinary. It was wood-panelled and ceiled; the panelling of the ceiling being in light, that of the walls in dark oak; the panels being divided by gilt beading, and some of them having figures or landscapes painted on them in a very fair style. It was fitted up with numerous drawers and lockers, ingeniously planned to economize space, or serve two or three distinct purposes. Windows of the travelling-van size had been substituted for the ordinary windows, and were curtained in bright red. Instead of a fireplace there was a little stove, with its iron chimney carried straight through the roof, and the walls were abundantly hung with photographic and other pictures of P——’s wax-work exhibition, as it appeared both inside and out;—views of the show in its entirety and filled with spectators, of single figures and groups; of the “front” of the establishment, with its band playing, and showmen bawling out their invitations to the public to “walk up;” portraits of Mr. P—— and his wife and of their “Describer,” Carrie’s father; together with a number

of framed letters of praise or approval of the exhibition from mayors, magistrates, and county gentry.

"This is where father likes us to sit of an evening, especially in the winter," said Mrs. P——, handing me one of the four chairs that, with a table, made up the furniture of the imitation van.

"Well, you see, sir," said Buckle-to, rather in the tone of one apologizing for a weakness, "use is second nature, as the sayin' is. I was born in a living-van, and was in the show line all my life till I retired from business; and I don't know as I should have retired when I did if times hadn't altered as they have done. It wasn't so much as I wanted to give it up as I saw that it was likely to come to give up me. There wasn't anything in the line travelling to beat us——"

"Nor to come up to us, as far as that goes," put in the wife. "If there was more than us in a town at the same time, it was P——'s first, and the rest nowhere."

"Well, we'll put it that we were second to none," said Buckle-to smiling. "But you see, sir, when there got to be railways from everywhere to everywhere, everybody as cared about such things got to see the great stationary exhibitions as ours *was* second to, and what with that and one fair after another being done away with, it began to be a cold look-out for the travelling, and so as I had made enough to live upon and to spare, I gave up. Still, I always looks back to the old times, and when I gets in here of an evening, with the curtains drawn and my pipe alight, the old 'hurrah-for-the-road' feeling comes over me again, not that it's quite like the genuine thing, though, you misses the old jog-trot, rock-you-to-sleep movement of the road."

"Ay, and more than that, father," said the wife softly, "you misses the dear old faces,—and, above all, the face of our little Mat."

"Yes, I do miss his face," he said, his voice, like that of his wife, becoming softer in its tone; "and yet sometimes when from missing it, I'm thinking about him, I can see his little face again in my mind's eye, I can close my eyes, and fancy he is sitting opposite to me with his book on his knee, as he used to do before he was taken from us."

“Your child?” I said, questioningly.

“Yes, one of them,” he answered; “our youngest, and—though it is perhaps wrong of me to say so—our dearest. We have had six in all. The other five are grown up and gone out in the world; he has been taken to the other and better world. We always felt that he would die young; and we knew and he knew when he went that his Saviour was taking him to Himself; but for all that, sir, the loss of him was the bitterest grief we ever had.”

“Strangers loved him, let alone us, sir; he had such loving, winning ways,” said the mother in a tremulous tone, and with two great tears coursing down her cheeks.

“There’s his books and playthings, and a lock of his hair,” said the husband, rising and opening a drawer; “they are simple things to look at, but all the money in England wouldn’t buy them from us.”

These treasures consisted of an illustrated edition of “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” two or three hymn-books, one or two other volumes of selections of poetry, and, in the way of toys, a small telescope and a box of paints.”

“His Bible,” said the mother, when I had looked over the contents of the drawer, “was buried with him by his own wish; that was his favourite book of all; he knew it off by heart pretty near, and could talk to you about it beautiful; like any minister almost.”

“He really was a wonderful child in that way,” said Buckle-to, taking up the theme; “he seemed to know that he wasn’t long for this world, and to think of the one above. He would talk about *his* Jesus, and about what he would do when he was an angel, just as other children would talk about every-day affairs. He was a delicate child, and, as the saying is, a very old-fashioned one. He wasn’t quite twelve when he died, but he had more sense than many a man. He was born one bitter winter time when we were snowed up on one of the Yorkshire moors, and we always thought that that was the cause of his being so delicate; for we were a couple as never knew a day’s illness, and all his brothers were fine strong fellows. We couldn’t keep him roughing it with us as the others had done, so we put him to live with

some friends of ours in a little Devonshire village. When he got to be seven years old, however, we used to let him have his own way, as far as coming on the road with us for a few weeks in the middle of the summer; and for the few years that it lasted those were always the happiest weeks of the year: he was such a loving little fellow, and such good company; for, though he was clever and old-fashioned, and given to dreamy sort of ways at times, he was in a general way as lively as his health would allow of his being. He was great friends with Carrie's father; and of a night, when we were all together, he would talk and argufy with him about all sorts of things like any old man; and very often he would put questions to us that would puzzle the lot of us to answer; or come out with some strange idea that had got into his head."

"He was full of such notions," said the mother; "when he wasn't with us his favourite spot in fine weather was the little village churchyard—the churchyard where he was laid to rest when he was taken from us."

"He loved that little churchyard," said the father, "and now we love it because he is lying in it. 'Lay me there, father,' he said, when he was dying, 'but let the sun shine upon me, and the daisies grow over me—don't put a stone over me.' He could go no further for the moment, the recollections that were crowding upon him choking his utterance, while the wife's voice was shaky from suppressed emotion as taking up the discourse she said:—

"And of course we didn't, sir; we've just marked his grave with a headstone with only his name, and 'Suffer little children to come unto Me' on it; and scarcely any higher than the highest of the daisies."

Having now recovered himself, Buckle-to again became spokesman.

"We go down every summer and have a look at his little green grave," he said, "and though it opens the wound afresh, it does us good, and it does others good too, if they only knew it, for it keeps us in mind of his last words. If any poor body came to ask us for help when he was with us, he always put a word in for them, and many a time we gave when we otherwise wouldn't have done, just for the sake of the pleasure we knew

it gave him to be allowed to hand it over to them. Well, when he was upon his death-bed, and a very short time before he lost his voice, he looked up in our faces as we stood on either side of him, and says, 'Don't be so distressed, I know I am going to Jesus, and beside, now you will be sure I shall never know want.' Then he closed his eyes as if thinking, but opening them again after a minute or two, he says—

"'Father, I should like you always to help those who are in want, as far as you can, for my sake. We are told to do it, and he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord; and those who lend to Him in that way He can repay with a crown of glory.' It seemed very solemn to hear him saying it then, though he had often spoke so before; he used to explain to us what tithes meant, and talk about paying tithes to the Lord, and what he would do if he was rich, and so on, and it was thinking on all this after he had gone that first put it into my mind that I was called upon to do something more than just put my hand into my pocket if some heart-breaking case of distress had happened to be brought under my nose—what little good I may do, I do in little Mat's spirit, and in little Mat's name."

The memory of their dead child was evidently a topic on which they loved to dwell, but still it was one that made them sad of mood, and by way of changing the subject, I broke the silence that ensued at this point, by remarking in a questioning tone—

"Your exhibition must have been a paying concern in its day?"

"We wouldn't have been as we are, if it hadn't," said the wife rousing herself, "would we, father?"

"Well, no," he answered, brightening up; "people nowadays would hardly be able to credit it, if they were told what our takings were in our best times. Many a day we've been taking money so fast and have been so busy, that at night we've measured the money by the pint, instead of taking the time and trouble to count it, and many a time we've filled a gallon jar brimfull of silver just from the little places lying between towns that were big enough to have a bank each."

"And how much might a gallon jar-full of silver amount to?" I asked.

“ Well, ours was mostly in shillings, that being our charge, and we used to measure in pints and reckon it at twenty-two pounds a pint, that would give us within a pound or two, more or less, in the gallon, and of course we counted up exact when we came to bank.”

“ Then, I suppose you do not consider that your not travelling on Sundays like others in the show line injured you in a business point of view ?”

“ Injured us !” he exclaimed. “ Why, bless you, no, sir, it not only didn't spoil business, but the beginning of our not buckling to on Sundays like others in the profession was the beginning of the real making of the concern ; for before that it was a twopenny-halfpenny sort of an affair that a bare living could hardly be got out of.

“ And thereby hangs a tale, as the sayin' is. It was my father that started the concern. He wasn't what, as the world goes, would have been called a bad man, but he was up to the time of the happening of what I'm going to tell you about—what you, and I, and he in his latter life, would have called a wicked man. He had no more notion of religion than a heathen, never mentioned the name of God, unless to take it in vain, and used Sunday just as he would any other day. That was the sort of character he was when one Sunday he was on the road a heavy thunder-storm came on, and in the midst of it the man who was standing beside him on the footboard of the van, was struck dead at his feet by the lightning. He was untouched in body, but thank the Lord he was touched in soul. He felt it as a judgment and a warning, and from that instant was a converted man. His first resolve when he got over his fright was no more Sunday-work, come what might. When others in the line heard it, they tried to chaff him out of it. But his lesson was not one that he was likely to forget, and he held fast to that which was right. Instead of working on Sundays, he took to attending worship wherever he might be. Instead of being a swearing man, he became a praying one ; and although he couldn't read himself, he got others to read the Scriptures to him whenever he had a chance. From his mind having got this bent, he got to putting Scripture figures in the exhibition ; David slinging the pebble, Moses

striking the rock, and the like ; and as he got on he added groups, such as Daniel in the den of lions, and Joseph receiving his brethren in Egypt. By degrees he got a special name and a special connection through this ; parents brought their children, and teachers their schools to his when they didn't to other exhibitions. Then he took to giving to the charities of the towns he passed through. He didn't do it to advertise himself, though I say it that perhaps shouldn't, but because he had been born again, and as a thanks-offering ; but at the same time there is no doubt that it did him good, and brought him patronage. Before he died he made it a first-rate concern—a better concern than belonged to any of those who had scoffed at him when he turned from his wickedness. When it passed into our hands, we carried it on in the same spirit, and with the same, and even greater, success ; and I can only hope that neither me nor my partner here have been unthankful for all God's goodness to us."

Such was the story of the lives of the kind-hearted and truly Christian showman and his partner, as told to me on the first occasion of my visiting them under their own roof. They were an illiterate, and, in some respects, an eccentric couple ; and the wife, as will have been seen, was not without her weakness where the "pomps and vanities" were concerned. They made sport for some of the Philistines of the neighbourhood—people who, knowing no more of them than met the eye and ear of passing observers, set them down as purse-proud, "jumped-up," and vulgar. Such an opinion, of course, did them injustice, and yet as the world judges there was some excuse for it. The things that gave colour to such an idea—their living in a fine house, and the wife's rather gorgeous taste in dress—were obvious to all ; their goodness and godliness were known but to few.

When parting from them Buckle-to said,—

"You know, sir, if ever you are at a loss for a little help for any one who you think ought to be helped, you can let me know."

I replied that I would, and in after time I did, "many a time and oft," and never without receiving the assistance asked for. Many a fervent blessing and expression of gratitude has there

been bestowed upon me, that belonged to Buckle-to, for I was forbidden to mention the name of the benefactor, even to the recipients of his bounty. He was of those who take heed to do "not their alms before men, to be seen of them." His good deeds were for the most part done in secret, and brought him but little of worldly credit, or praise from men—yet is his reward none the less sure, for are we not told of such that the Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward them openly?

THE TARES.

BY MARY BARRY SMITH.

HE spake it in a parable, full fain
 To answer in such guise the questionings
 That start, like shrieking birds, on wild, wet wings,
 From the heart's troubled depths—a sad refrain.
 It fitteth well to each loud, passionate cry,
 How long, O Lord, how long? And why? And why?
An enemy hath done this. Did'st thou deign,
 Lord of the field, to speak, lest such as I,
 Half-maddened by earth's sights and sounds of pain,
 Half-guessing of the "dumb cries" all unheard,
 The moan of stricken beast and quivering bird,
 Lest such as I should blindly dare arraign
 Thy goodness and thy love in sovereignty.
 Thou speakest!—there is hope. I see a hope.
 "An enemy hath done this,"—but a friend—
 May not friend undo? There comes an end,
 Not always shall the good with evil cope,
 Not always shall the martyr fires ascend.
 O, angel reapers, when ye bind the sheaves
 Ye will take care, being angels, that no tares
 Be gathered 'neath your sickles unawares—
 That no new fields of good be cursed with ill's dark leaves!

ST. JOHN, N.B.

A DOMINION UNIVERSITY AND EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION.

BY THE REV. J. LATHERN.

THERE has been, it is safe to say, on the part of practical educationists, and the friends of educational progress, for some time past, a growing feeling in favour of the introduction of an educational system thoroughly national and more widely comprehensive in its character. An Act recently passed by the Legislature of Manitoba, to establish a University Corporation, with an affiliation of colleges, while it indicates the enterprise of the Prairie Province, calls attention afresh to the advantages and important possibilities of such a university system. The question to be determined for the Dominion is not that of the abstract or theoretical value of any one system of education ; but what, under existing circumstances, may be regarded as feasible and on the whole most practicable.

The actual existence and *de facto* claims of denominational colleges cannot in any national comprehensive scheme be ignored. Spacious buildings, valuable endowments, and the constantly increasing number of matriculated students, in such institutions, are evidence of increasing strength and hold upon public sympathy. The probabilities of the future are also, judging from the past, in favour of the extension of this system. The universities of Europe are mostly found in close relation to the State Churches. The London University has in affiliation the numerous Nonconformist colleges—which like a network spread over the British Isles. In the United States, of three hundred and sixty universities and colleges enumerated by the Commissioner of Education, in a report now before me, only thirty are known to be secular in their origin and management, and two hundred and sixty are known to be under the care and control of the several Churches. Even the exclusively secular Girard College, from which, by will of its munificent but eccentric founder, the Holy Bible was excluded, has of necessity been subjected to considerable modification ; and has at the present time, for its able and erudite president, a

gentleman who is also President of the American Bible Society. The great and influential seats and centres of learning, in the United States, such as Yale and Brown, and others, which have made for themselves an imperishable record, are the creation of the Churches which they severally represent. Harvard, one of the most venerable and revered, bears upon its seal the suggestive legend: *Christo et Ecclesix*. Princeton, in furnishing scholarly and accomplished men for the ministry and other professions, has probably done more for the influential Presbyterian Church, especially in the great Middle States, than all other agencies and institutions combined. In addition to the actual existence and the vested rights of denominational colleges they claim, upon other grounds, respectful recognition. *They have saved young men to the country.* Many promising students of former times, moved by a laudable ambition, controlled by denominational preferences, sought in the United States what they could not find at home, colleges of their own Church; and, at the risk of alienated sympathies, availed themselves of the superior advantages which such institutions afforded. This consideration contributed—amongst others the desirableness of saving young men to the country—towards the establishment of several of the existing denominational colleges.

They supply needed oversight: The public schools of the Dominion ought to be what they are, free, unsectarian, and untouched by denominationalism; but then, during the period of school-life, scholars of all grades are supposed to be under parental charge. Passing from school to college, the student leaves home, and, at a most critical period of life, when most susceptible of moulding influences, passes beyond parental care and control. In the absence of home and home influence, the Church alone can make adequate arrangements for suitable and efficient supervision; and afford that guarantee of moral and religious culture which, though no part of a proper educational course, are nevertheless felt by many parents to constitute a consideration of first and of vital importance.

The Denominational College awakens enthusiasm: The discussion and advocacy of higher education in every important charge of the Church, throughout the length and breadth of the land,

for which arrangements, in Council, Conference, or Convocation, are annually made, stimulate thought, excite thirst for literary and scientific knowledge, fire the ardour and ambition of young men, secure the co-operation of wealthy members of the church and congregation, and thus around the college of the denomination are gathered and centered sympathies, resources, and forces which, but for such organized agency and enterprise, would have remained dormant, silent, and inactive. In many sections of the several provinces of the Dominion, the only public ventilation that education receives is that which takes place at the Church Educational Meeting.

The Denominational System is Economical: Grants annually claimed by several colleges may in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum; but these, as supplemented and increased by voluntary contributions and endowments, accomplish a work proportionately greater than could be attempted by any other expenditure of public money; and in advance, beyond all comparison, of what could be expected from the same amount granted to a central teaching college.

The advocacy of denominational education evokes generous liberality: Very far, under this system, is the cause of higher education from being left in the desolate and forlorn condition implied in the contemptuous application of the phrase; "Chance, Church, and charity." At great sacrifice the friends and founders of denominational colleges have prosecuted their work. They have in this way succeeded in building up institutions which deserve well of their country, from which gifted young men have gone forth equipped for life-work, and which constitute a noble and enduring monument of liberality and enlightened enterprise. Turning in a brief glance to the neighbouring Republic—from which examples may be more safely selected without appearance of invidiousness than from the Dominion of Canada—where denominational colleges have achieved a work of incalculable importance—taking the records of the most influential denomination, simply on the ground of more intelligent and intimate acquaintance with its educational work and history—we find the Wesleyan University beautifully located at Middletown, in the State of Connecticut, with its *thousand* graduates,

including over two hundred members of the legal profession and more than a hundred college professors; Nashville University, to which the late Commodore Vanderbilt contributed above a million of dollars; Boston University, located at the Athens of America, which has, in arrangement with European universities, secured for its students special facilities for a post-graduate course, thus taking a step in advance of all other American institutions—towards which property was bequeathed by one gentleman, estimated at the time of his death at nearly *three millions* of dollars; the North Western University, which, as the result of voluntary liberality, has spacious and splendid buildings, costly apparatus, wealthy endowments, and, in its various departments, an equipped staff of *seventy* professors. Facts such as these afford ample evidence of the magnificent capabilities of the denominational system of education, and abundantly illustrate the vigorous, liberal, and progressive enterprise by which its history and operations have been so deeply and decisively stamped.

Can there be devised any possible or practicable scheme by which, without prejudice to provincial establishments, the varied and influential educational operations of the several denominations may be utilized and unified, and by which they may be bound up into parts of a compact and efficient national system? The suggestion of Dr. M'Cosh, one of the most able and accomplished practical educationists of the day, familiar with universities upon both sides of the Atlantic, is certainly worthy of consideration:—“Why may not the several colleges of a State or a vicinage be connected together as subordinate members of a common university, *the last being a corporation existing solely for the appointment of examiners and the conferring of degrees?* Each college might be a subordinate to the university; even its trustees might by their representatives constitute its board of managers either wholly or in part. Its examiners might be selected in rotation from the colleges. No special advantages would follow from this arrangement, except the more perfect harmony of the several institutions, their co-operation in the elevation of the standard of learning, and the stimulus to high attainments which would be felt by the students. But these advantages are most important.”

The practical value of such a scheme, and its admirable adaptation to the varied conditions and exigencies of educational work, have been abundantly exemplified. The University of London, incorporated in 1837, consisting of a body of Fellows, including a chancellor appointed by the Crown, a vice-chancellor annually elected from their own body by the Fellows, who constitute the Senate, is an example. This University, with its headquarters at Burlington House, chartered for the purpose of ascertaining by examination proficiency in literature, science and art, and of rewarding successful students with academical degrees, has hundreds of colleges in affiliation with it all over the realm. Even Oxford University, with all its resources of wealth and prestige of rank and learning, is essentially an examining and degree-conferring body. The main distinction between Oxford and London Universities is that one is ancient, the other modern—the one has its colleges closely grouped together, the other has them scattered over the land—the one has magnificent State endowments, the other is largely the result of voluntary contribution—the one belongs mostly to the National Church, and the other exists mainly for the benefit of the Nonconformists. In no case do the students know anything of the University Corporation, with examining powers as distinct from the college with its faculty of professors, in which they study, except when presenting themselves for prescribed examinations.

This university system, which has done so much for higher education in England, where all the culture and science of Western civilization find fullest representation, has also given evidence, quite as complete, of adaptation to the conditions and requirements of Eastern climes and of Oriental ideas and institutions. In the dark and inauspicious days of the Sepoy Rebellion, the Calcutta University was founded. A Senate of thirty or more *Fellows*, a vice-chancellor annually elected, and *ex-officio* the Governor-General as chancellor, constitute the University Corporation. Like the University of London, after which it has evidently been modelled, it is a non-teaching body, but it exercises a controlling supervision over affiliated colleges and confers degrees in arts, law, medicine, and engineering. In affiliation with Calcutta University are not only the Government institu-

tions, but also colleges founded and fostered by different denominations and the various missionary societies. From not less than two hundred and seventy different establishments, representing all phases of religious faith, Hindoo, Mohammedan, Romanist, and Protestant, it receives candidates for matriculation. Through the agency, therefore, of the Calcutta University, and of similar corporations in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, a great and good work is being done for British India.

Upon the same model has been framed the measure, to establish the University of Halifax, which has recently passed the Legislature of Nova Scotia, and which, with a fair prospect of success, having in affiliation our own college at Mount Allison, by which the full curriculum has been adopted, and other denominational colleges has just now passed into operation ; and still more recently has the Act for the incorporation of a university, of the same class, been passed by the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba. Is it too much to hope that a university system, which meets the requirements of the great English nation, and which also unifies and elevates the educational operations of the many nations, tongues, and creeds of British India,—which adapts itself equally to the meridian of London and of Calcutta, and to Halifax, our Eastern Metropolitan City, and to Manitoba, in the great North West,—which combines the solid advantages of both national and denominational institutions, the *prestige* which the degrees of a State establishment may be supposed to command and confer, and the enthusiasm and elevated moral tone which may be looked for from colleges under denominational supervision and control, sufficiently compact to constitute nationality of character, and yet flexible enough in the administration of affiliated college interests, conservative in the application of literary tests, and yet sufficiently comprehensive for the admission of all collegiate institutions of suitable grade—may be found to furnish a satisfactory solution for a confessedly perplexing problem not only for provinces east and west, but for the future of the Dominion of Canada ?

In a national system of education, in addition to an Examining and Degree-conferring University, embracing colleges

of various grades and denominations in the several provinces, might not a *complete scheme* contemplate a structure having for its base the Public Schools, crowned and completed by a Dominion Institution, amply endowed, with complete faculties, professorial rather than tutorial, affording superior facilities to gifted candidates for the learned professions, and especially available, in post-graduate studies, for young men of abundant means and for those of exceptional merit as graduates?—institutions similar to some of those of Germany.

In the future, even more than in the past, the young men of this country, in public, professional, and commercial life, will be brought into competition, always growing in severity, with the trained and thoroughly cultured men and minds of other communities. Geographically and commercially, we occupy a central and commanding position. The possibilities of the future are almost boundless. In one direction, we have the Republic, the West India Isles, and the nations of South America. In the track of navigation, across the Atlantic Ocean, we have that great country of which many of us still love to think and speak as home, and close by, the marts and schools of civilized Europe. Then to the West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, and the bright waters of the Pacific, we have the empires of the Old World, the traffic of which, in silks and spices and golden treasures, may yet find a thoroughfare across our own country, and which may enrich the commerce of our maritime cities. With such central position, abundant and varied resources, a magnificent future must await the Dominion. For the duties, advantages, and possibilities of the future, thorough educational equipment will be needed. Then the young men of the Dominion of Canada, as they go forth into the arena of national competition, will ask only a fair field and no favour. They will make for themselves a name, and they will make for their country a history.

Educational institutions, both provincial and denominational, which deserve well of their country, Canada already possesses. What many thoughtful men desiderate is the advent of some moulding master-hand who shall achieve for the interests of higher education what the venerable Ex-General Superintendent

of Schools has been successful in accomplishing for the Public School system of Ontario. A greater boon could not be desired than the introduction of a scheme which should afford ample guarantee of equal rights, co-ordination in methods of work, and the largest possible results in educational efficiency, by which scattered colleges and isolated institutions could be threaded and tied up into parts of one compact unified system of national university education.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

THE ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.

IN one of his most thoughtful essays Herbert Spencer asks the question, What sort of knowledge is best worth knowing?—he is speaking of secular knowledge—and answers that it is scientific knowledge. This answer he bases on its practical utility, its cultivation of the powers of observation, and its use as a mental discipline. Whether we may agree with his dictum or not, we must admit the strange fascination of scientific studies to those who become in any degree adepts in them. Dr. Holmes employs his gentle satire upon the specialist who devoted his life to the classification of a small sub-family of *coleoptera*; but he is himself a fine example of a scientific enthusiast. Many men who have taken up some scientific pursuit as a passing amusement, have found it become an absorbing and ennobling passion. Others, like Agassiz, pursued the study of nature from youth to old age with an unfaltering delight, such as made him reject the most lucrative offers to turn aside from his special work with the reply, "I haven't time to make money."

In none of the spheres of science have grander and more ennobling results been reached than in that of astronomy. No department of merely human knowledge can so raise the mind above the littlenesses of daily life as the contemplation of the grandeur of God's universe around us. Long ago was it said, "The undevout astronomer is mad;" and long ago still, beneath

the brilliant Eastern sky, an oriental sage exclaimed, "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Some of the recent developments of astronomical science are of especially absorbing interest. The remarkable applications of analysis by spectra bring us intelligence from the remotest parts of the universe, and enables us to investigate with great accuracy the physical constitution of the several heavenly bodies. Few more fascinating books were ever written than Proctor's "Worlds around us." As enchanting as a novel, is a poor description of the rational interest that it creates; for those listless idlers who waste their time over the sentimental trash of the circulating libraries have no conception of the enthusiasm which such studies awaken. It would create a new sensation in the mind of the most sated novel reader to get a glimpse on a bright night through a good telescope of the strange pale orb that

" Nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth."

The next best thing for those who have not that privilege is to read some of the recent books on this subject, several of which are reviewed in a late number of the *British Quarterly*. The reviewer takes his reader on an imaginary journey to the moon. He conducts him through its strange wild scenery, which is described with all the minuteness of scientific accuracy. Being without atmosphere or water, its tremendous cliffs have an unweathered cragginess surpassing the most stern and savage volcanic regions of the earth, and its awful yawning abysses and empty beds of what may have been primeval oceans lie open to the view.

Supposing life possible, it would be to terrestrial constitutions a rather unpleasant experience. During the long day, equivalent to fourteen of ours, the temperature would reach that of boiling water, and in the equally long nights would sink to seventy degrees below zero. There is, moreover, no alternation of the season, but one daily succession of more than tropical heat and more than arctic cold. The sudden transition from

utter darkness to blind glare, there being no atmosphere to refract the rays, would be torture to any visual organs at all analogous to ours, and the instantaneous coming of deepest midnight would be appalling in its gloom.

The long and dreary night, however, is illuminated by the shining of a seemingly fixed orb, the earth, thirteen times as large as the moon appears to us. But from the earth's rotation a grand panorama of all its continents and seas would pass before the eyes of the spectators. The only mitigation of this long night, our reviewer thinks, would be the prodigious dreams for which it would give scope?

Our reviewer closes his deeply interesting article with the following devout reflections:

“Still we have no right to conclude harshly and dogmatically that this brilliant orb is a meaningless waste. . . . It must not be forgotten that each world has its history. Ours has run through a number of stages, commencing probably as a vast formless fire mist, and gradually cooling and consolidating until it became fit for the reception of life. The earliest leaves of this grand chronicle have been lost, but later on, chapter after chapter may be read in geological succession, each page being pictorially illustrated by the fossil relics graven on the everlasting rock. Any one who had chanced to open this magnificent book before the sedimentary era commenced, would have probably expressed the greatest surprise that such a planetary wilderness could exist. But the chronologies of creation baffle all our arithmetic. The Almighty has an eternity to work in, as Arnauld said of himself. The moon may be in a particular state of transition: it may be undergoing one of those grand pauses which we find exemplified in the physical annals of our own earth, when fire and frost, sea and land, the forces of elevation and depression rested awhile from their labours, or slowly gathered up their strength for a new strife. . . . Our companion may never yet have reached the stage which would admit of the importation of the mysterious principle of life. The sun we know has not yet attained the habitable condition. It may be myriads of years before that splendid orb is in a condition to entertain a single living monad.

THE HEROINES OF ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY.*

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE strongest forces in nature are the stillest in action and least demonstrative in being. How quiet are all the germinating forces that clothe the earth with beauty and cover and gladden it with golden harvests and all the varied artistry of spring, summer, and autumn! How quiet and invisible is the work of the sunbeams, that permeate the thick walls of great cathedrals and add inches to their statures under the noontide heat! These quiet but mighty forces in Nature have their correlatives in the moral world. If love is the sum and sun of God's attributes, how slowly, gently, and almost imperceptibly it permeates human society, expands and softens human hearts, quickening their best sensibilities for work of its own kind! Measured against the forces which press to the front of universal estimation, how feeble are those selected to do these great works of divine inspiration for human good! Truly the weak things of the world have been chosen to confound the wise and mighty, who thought them weak for lack of insight into the strength of their faith, worked by love.

The woman-power that is now working in every department of Christian power in Great Britain illustrates the boundless capacity of those quiet and gentle forces against the strongest holds of sin and misery that can face the light of civilization. These holds, though cased with granite or iron, yield to the permeating process of that power. Nowhere else has that power been developed to such a capacity and variety of action. What it has done and is doing in England is worth more to the masses of mankind than all the political achievements or programmes that are monopolizing the attention and history of this present living world. The woman-work in England must become the work of every land and race that would overpower the worst evils that afflict its society. We need it in every town and

* From *Chips from Many Blocks*. Rose-Belford Co., Toronto.

village in America. Its necessity grows daily in all our larger cities. There are walls of granite, bars of iron, and gates of brass in them all which no other power can penetrate, and loose the victims bound fast by their own appetites and habits. This woman-work in England has produced a literature which ought to be republished and read widely throughout the world. The volumes that record its history bear no sensational but truthful titles. How many Christian women in America have read in their homes, and in face of the vice and evils they deplore, what Miss Marsh says in her "English Hearts and Hands," or Mrs. Wightman's "Haste to the Rescue," and "Annals of the Rescued"? These books show the spirit, aim, and first fruits of a work which is now enlisting the best sympathies and personal devotion of thousands of ladies in England, of refined culture and of high social position. And next to the grace of God in their hearts are the graces of this very culture to fit them for the work; for it gives their hand, and voice, and eye a touch that the most ignorant, hardened, and vicious cannot resist. Indeed, these combined graces of spiritual, mental, and social culture are the very vital forces that give such power and success to the movement.

Every reading American man and woman has heard of Florence Nightingale and what she did in the Crimea. Perhaps many of such readers have seen her photograph, and have been surprised to notice what a thin, frail, delicate creature she is. They have wondered that she could go through such harrowing scenes of human suffering and do such work for its relief. I wish the photographs of other heroines of English philanthropy could be introduced into all the albums that grace the centre tables of wealth and fashion. They would show what weak things of this world have been chosen to ordain the strength of Christian faith against the worst evils of society. Every one of these workers, so feeble in flesh and blood, has made a history that would fill a volume, worth a dozen of the best novels of the day. I should like to interest the reader in the unwritten history of one of these workers.

I had read Mrs. Wightman's "Annals of the Rescued" with deep interest. It gave the details of her remarkable work among

the working classes in Shrewsbury. While spending a Sunday in Cambridge, I referred to the book and expressed much admiration at the labour it described. My friends told me, to my pleasant surprise, that a work of equal importance was being carried on in a populous suburb of the city by the daughter of one of the college professors, and that she held a meeting that very evening of working men. I hastened to the building and took a seat by the door, where I could see as well as listen. The scene was one which few congregations ever presented. At the desk of the long school-room sat the young creature, hardly twenty-five years old, a delicate, fragile thing, born and moving in the highest circle of refined society and dressed as if it were before her there, in the rough-faced audience of five hundred working men who filled the house. These she had, as it were, led by the hand out of the very dens and lairs of that low suburban city of poverty, ignorance, and vice. Two by twos and three by threes, she had brought out of these living graves, where they had been bound and tormented by the worst fiends of that legion of evil spirits which our Saviour drove out of the poor man in Scripture. They could not but follow when that voice so tender and that hand so gentle touched them in their bonds. And here were five hundred of them sitting before her, clothed and in their right mind, looking up meekly into her face, as if it were the face of an angel. And it was to them a better face than any angel ever showed to mankind. It was all alight with the glow of tender sympathy with their human conditions, with a sentiment no being could feel who had not tasted the varied draughts of human experience. And, as she stood up and looked into those sun-burnt, swart faces, many of them bearing scars of the vice and misery from which they had been uplifted, she spoke as never *man* spoke, as never *man* can speak, as only such a woman's heart and voice and eye can speak.

I have listened to the most eminent preachers in America and England; but I never heard an address more calculated to melt an audience of common men than hers, and I never saw an audience more deeply moved. In diction and argument it was beautiful and powerful, but in fervour and pathos it was indescribable. I cannot recall a passage entire; but one I shall

never forget for the touching pathos of its utterance and for the effect it produced on the congregation. She had alluded to the case of Rush, the murderer, who was once so impressed with religious convictions that his stout frame trembled from head to foot under his minister's preaching. But he had put aside these impressions, and turned away into the awful course that brought him to the scaffold. His minister, at its foot, had said to the impenitent criminal, "Farewell forever!" Having dwelt upon the course and end of the murderer—once so near the threshold of salvation—she said, with the deepest emotion: "I have been thinking all the week of you, costermongers, and of you, coprolite diggers, fearing that you might be thrown from your carts or buried under an avalanche of rocks, and that you would be brought to your homes with your broken limbs. And whom would you send for first? Why, for me, of course; and I should go to you, and find your weak, distracted thoughts too feeble and wandering to take hold of God and Christ, and I should bury my face in the bed-clothes and say: 'Farewell forever!' The best painter with a thousand strokes of his pencil, could not portray a more vivid and touching scene than these few simple words pictured before the eyes of those working men, and scores of them filled with tears they could not conceal. The last passage of her address was more affecting still for the voice, feeling, look, and motion of the speaker. Stretching out her thin and trembling hands toward the hundreds who had hung their hearts on her lips, she seemed to throw her whole soul into this utterance, as if it were to be her last to them: "Brothers, come! Lay your hands in these feeble ones, which have been so often wrung in secret prayer for your salvation, and let us all go home together to our Father's house!"

Such hands as those washed the thorn-prints from the brow of the crucified Saviour; and such hands He is using now to lead up into His great salvation multitudes that have hitherto been left to perish as reprobate and hopeless beyond recovery—beyond the scope and reach of grace itself. Such hands are at this great and holy work day and night. Soft and noiseless, in the dwelling of the poor and fallen they are at work; and, following their leading, dark-faced, stalwart men, who for half a long life's

length thought of no God and no Heaven but the appetites that enslaved them and the gin-shop in which they worshipped them, are now entering in pilgrim bands the wicket-gate of a new existence, singing among the sceneries of Christian faith and hope by the way the same old songs that Bunyan's Pilgrim hymned on the road to the Celestial City.

But the life-work of this delicate young woman was not confined to such fervid and melting eloquence at the desk. It was not the distant Heaven above to which she laboured to lift and lead them. Her sympathy and sleepless watch for them in these lower walks of life were equally tender and devoted. What she felt and did to this end she thus describes in a letter which I received from her, soon after the meeting referred to, in answer to some expression of admiration at her work :

“Of course, it is very exceptional work for a woman to do ; but my excuse is that our rough Barnwell men could not be got at by ordinary means, and were living without God and without hope, until, in love for my Redeemer, I tried to gather them together. The results are, indeed, wonderful. Many of the vilest are now devout men, full of the Holy Ghost ; my especial pride and joy being, I think, “the Devil of Barnwell,” for such was he called for his outrageous wickedness. He is now invaluable as a missionary among the rest, never, strange to say, having once swerved from the narrow path that leads to life, after he first started. Still the fact remains of eighty public-houses to a population of a little upward of three thousand ; that is to say, a public-house for every forty persons, including women and children. So we are determined at once to begin to collect funds for a small Working Men's Hall, which shall afford them society without sin, recreation of mind without ruin of soul. For these men have noble stuff in them when once they get the grace of God in their hearts.”

If ever “*laborare est orare*” is true, it is so with such work and workers. This young woman had the greatest repugnance to any publicity given to her efforts. When writing a little book on this woman-work in England, the proceeds of which were to be given to her enterprise, she insisted that I should neither mention her name nor the name of the town in which she was

labouring with such devotion and success. Still she could not hide so much light made in darkness under a bushel. It would and did get abroad, little by little. Her appeal for help to private circles was responded to most generously. Instead of a small hall, a large and elegant building was the result—a veritable working men's club-house, as well as hall—where they could and did enjoy all her heart could wish of “society without sin and recreation of mind without ruin of soul.” But she never was permitted to speak in the large hall thus built at her appeal. Her flesh and blood failed her at the moment of this consummation. Her voice, so eloquent and inspired, was stifled by disease of the throat. For several years she has been living by the sea, an invalid, plying her pen to do a little of the work her tongue can no longer perform. All the little books she has written in these years of prostration and suffering she has consecrated to the same mission of benevolence. One whom her example led into the same field of effort, in a letter just received, thus refers to her tiresome labours of love: “I went with my family to Freshwater; and there, to my pleasure, found Ellice established. She was busy writing—*slaving* for Miss Robinson; and was finishing a little story in aid of the Blind School. Her devotion so worked on me that I have been obliged to do a little for Miss Robinson too.” And who is Miss Robinson and what is her work?

This she is and does. “She herself fights a daily battle with pain and weariness which has few parallels in the annals of even sainthood, since she suffers from spinal curvature, that would condemn most women to an invalid couch, and is only enabled to do her active work by the aid of a steel support—a strange armour in which to go forth to such conflict—a war with evils before which the stoutest heart and the strongest frame might alike fail. But to this conflict her whole energies are devoted, and, living after this manner, for such a purpose, it is not likely that she can fail in what she undertakes.” No; it is not likely she can fail, as the young lady thus “obliged to do a little for her” writes and believes. What is it this young lady, upheld on her feet by steel support and fighting such battles with weariness and pain, has undertaken to do? Truly “to establish

a Soldiers' Home and Institute at Portsmouth," that great military and naval port, "where there are one thousand beer-shops and gin-palaces offering to the soldiers all the temptations to which he most easily yields, and where there is not a single place to which a decent, sober man can go for innocent refreshment and recreation." She only wants \$20,000, and as yet only one-half of this *trifling* amount has been collected, says this other girl's appeal for her. Only twenty thousand dollars! Of course she will get it for her Soldiers' Home, for she is known far and wide as "the soldier's friend," her doings are recorded in official blue-books, and the daily papers have recently recorded her successful work in the camp at Dartmoor.

Such is some of the woman-work now going forward in England, and such are many of the workers engaged in it. What a field for both have we not in all our large towns and cities!

J O B.

A SONNET, BY R. EVANS.

THIS crystal diamond glows without a stain,—
 A stone most precious, not a flaw or speck ;
 The priceless gem a monarch's brow might deck.
 'Tis Nature's gift ; methinks had Nature seen
 She might have said, "Is not this edge too keen ?
 How precious what is lost ! why will ye take
 So great a risk ? what if this stone should break !"
 Yet the true artist heavier still doth lean,
 Its glory and its beauty to secure.
 Thus Job is held to the relentless wheel ;
 His shrinking flesh its sharpness must endure.
 Behold ! in anguish, Virtue lifts her veil—
 His soul irradiates affliction's night,
 And in the darkness glows—a gem of light.

HAMILTON, Ont.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD, THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND MATERIALISTIC SCIENCE.

BY SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

THE mind of man rises to its highest dignity when viewed as the object through which, and through which alone, his unassisted reason can ascend to the knowledge of a God.

The Deity is not an object of immediate contemplation ; as existing and in Himself, He is beyond our reach ; we can know Him only mediately through His works, and are only warranted in assuming His existence as a certain kind of cause necessary to account for a certain state of things, of whose reality our faculties are supposed to inform us. The affirmation of a God being thus a regressive inference, from the existence of a special class of effects to the existence of a special character of cause, it is evident that the whole argument hinges on the fact,—Does a state of things really exist such as is only possible through the agency of a Divine Cause ? For if it can be shown that such a state of things does not really exist, then our inference to the kind of cause requisite to account for it is necessarily null.

We must, first of all, then, consider what kind of cause it is which constitutes a Deity, and what kind of effects they are which allow us to infer that a Deity must be.

The notion of a God is not contained in the notion of a mere first cause ; for in the admission of a first cause Atheist and Theist are at one. Neither is this notion completed by adding to a first cause the attribute of Omnipotence ; for the atheist who holds matter or necessity to be the original principle of all that is, does not convert his blind force into a God, by merely affirming it to be all-powerful. It is not until the two great attributes of Intelligence and

Virtue (and be it observed that Virtue involves Liberty)—I say, it is not until the two attributes of intelligence and virtue or holiness are brought in, that the belief in a primary and omnipotent cause becomes the belief in a veritable Divinity. But these latter attributes are not more essential to the divine nature than are the former. For as original and infinite power does not of itself constitute a God, so neither is a God constituted by intelligence and virtue, unless intelligence and goodness be themselves conjoined with this original and infinite power. For even a Creator, intelligent and good and powerful, would be no God, were he dependent for his intelligence and goodness and power on any higher principle. On this supposition, the perfections of the Creator are viewed as limited and derived. He is himself, therefore, only a dependency,—only a creature ; and if a God there be, He must be sought for in that higher principle, from which this subordinate principle derives its attributes. Now, is this highest principle (*ex hypothesi*, all-powerful) also intelligent and moral ; then it is itself the veritable Deity. On the other hand, is it, though the author of intelligence and goodness in another, itself unintelligent ; then is a blind Fate constituted the first and universal cause, and atheism is asserted.

The peculiar attributes which distinguish a Deity from the original omnipotence or blind fate of the atheist being thus those of intelligence and holiness of will, and the assertion of theism being only the assertion that the universe is governed not only by physical but by moral laws, we have next to consider

how we are warranted in these two affirmations: (1.) that intelligence stands first in the absolute order of existence, in other words, that final preceded efficient causes; and (2.) that the universe is governed by moral laws.

The proof of these two propositions is the proof of a God; but before considering how far the phenomena of mind and of matter do and do not allow us to infer the one position or the other, I must solicit your attention to the characteristic contrasts which these two classes of phenomena in themselves exhibit.

In the compass of our experience, we distinguish two series of facts,—the facts of the external or material world, and the facts of the internal world or world of intelligence. These concomitant series of phenomena are not like streams which merely run parallel to each other; they do not, like the Alpheus and Arethusa, flow on side by side without a commingling of their waters. They cross, they combine, they are interlaced; but notwithstanding their intimate connection, their mutual action and reaction, we are able to discriminate them without difficulty, because they are marked out by characteristic differences.

The phenomena of the material world are subjected to immutable laws, are produced and reproduced in the same invariable succession, and manifest only the blind force of a mechanical necessity.

The phenomena of man are, in part, subjected to the laws of the external universe. As dependent upon a bodily organization, as actuated by sensual propensities and animal wants, he belongs to matter, and, in this respect, he is the slave of necessity. But what man holds of matter does not make up his personality. They are his, not he; man is not an organism,—he is an intelligence served by organs. For in man there are tendencies—there is a law—which continually urge him to prove that he is more powerful

than the nature by which he is surrounded and penetrated. He is conscious to himself of faculties not comprised in the chain of physical necessity; his intelligence reveals prescriptive principles of action, absolute and universal, in the Law of Duty, and a liberty capable of carrying that law into effect, in opposition to the solicitations, the impulsions, of his material nature. From the co-existence of these opposing forces in man, there results a ceaseless struggle between physical necessity and moral liberty,—in the language of Revelation, between the Flesh and the Spirit; and this struggle constitutes at once the distinctive character of humanity, and the essential condition of human development and virtue.

In the facts of intelligence we thus become aware of an order of things diametrically in contrast to that displayed to us in the facts of the material universe. There is made known to us an order of things, in which intelligence, by recognizing the unconditional law of duty and an absolute obligation to fulfil it, recognizes its own possession of a liberty incompatible with a dependence upon fate, and of a power capable of resisting and conquering the counteraction of our animal nature.

Now, it is only as man is a free intelligence, a moral power, that he is created after the image of God, and it is only as a spark of divinity glows as the life of life in us, that we can rationally believe in an Intelligent Creator and Moral Governor of the universe. For, let us suppose that in man intelligence is the product of organization, that our consciousness of moral liberty is itself an illusion; in short, that acts of volition are results of the same iron necessity which determines the phenomena of matter; on this supposition the foundations of all religion, natural and revealed, are subverted. The truth of this will be best seen by applying the supposi-

tion of the two positions of theism previously stated.

I. In regard to the former, how can we attempt to prove that *the universe is the creation of a free original intelligence*, against the counterposition of the atheist, that liberty is an illusion, and intelligence, or the adaptation of means to ends, only the product of a blind fate? As we know nothing of the absolute order of existence in itself, we can only attempt to infer its character from that of the particular order within the sphere of our experience; and as we can affirm naught of intelligence and its conditions except what we may discover from the observation of our own minds, it is evident that we can only analogically carry out into the order of the universe the relation in which we find intelligence to stand in the order of the human constitution. If in man intelligence be a free power, in so far as its liberty extends, intelligence must be independent of necessity and matter; and a power independent of matter necessarily implies the existence of an immaterial subject, that is, a spirit. If, then, the original independence of intelligence on matter in the human constitution, in other words, if the spirituality of mind in man, be supposed a datum of observation, in this datum is also given both the condition and the proof of a God. For we have only to infer, what analogy entitles us to do, that intelligence holds the same relative supremacy in the universe which it holds in us, and the first positive condition of a Deity is established, in the establishment of the absolute priority of a free creative intelligence. On the other hand, let us suppose the result of our study of man to be, that intelligence is only a product of matter, only a reflex of organization, such a doctrine would not only afford no basis on which to rest any argument for a God, but, on the contrary, would positively warrant the atheist in denying His existence. For if, as the materialist

maintains, the only intelligence of which we have any experience be a consequent of matter,—on this hypothesis, he not only cannot assume this order to be reversed in the relations of an intelligence beyond his observation, but, if he argue logically, he must positively conclude, that, as in man, so in the universe, the phenomena of intelligence or design are only in their last analysis the products of a brute necessity. Psychological materialism, if carried out fully and fairly to its conclusions, thus inevitably results in theological atheism; as it has been well expressed by Dr. Henry More, *nullus in microcosmo spiritus, nullus in macrocosmo Deus*. I do not, of course, mean to assert that all materialists deny, or actually disbelieve, a God. For, in very many cases, this would be at once an unmerited compliment to their reasoning, and an unmerited reproach to their faith.

II. Such is the manifest dependence of our theology on our psychology in reference to the first condition of a Deity,—the absolute priority of a free intelligence. But this is perhaps even more conspicuous in relation to the second, *that the universe is governed not merely by physical but by moral laws*; for God is only God inasmuch as he is the Moral Governor of a Moral World.

Our interest, also, in its establishment is incomparably greater; for while a proof that the universe is the work of an omnipotent intelligence gratifies only our speculative curiosity,—a proof that there is a holy legislator, by whom goodness and felicity will be ultimately brought into accordance, is necessary to satisfy both our intellect and our heart. A God is, indeed, to us, only of practical interest, inasmuch as He is the condition of our immortality.

Now, it is self-evident, in the first place, that, if there be no moral world, there can be no moral governor of such a world; and, in the

second, that we have, and can have, no ground on which to believe in the reality of a moral world, except in so far as we ourselves are moral agents. This being undeniable, it is further evident, that, should we ever be convinced that we are not moral agents, we should likewise be convinced that there exists no moral order in the universe, and no supreme intelligence by which that moral order is established, sustained, and regulated.

But in what does the character of man as a moral agent consist? Man is a moral agent only as he is accountable for his actions, in other words, as he is the object of praise or blame; and this he is only inasmuch as he has prescribed to him a rule of duty, and as he is able to act, or not to act, in conformity with its precepts. The possibility of morality thus depends on the possibility of liberty; for if man be not a free agent, he is not the author of his actions, and has therefore no responsibility, no moral personality, at all.

Theology is thus wholly dependent on psychology or mental science; and psychology operates in three ways to establish that assurance of human liberty which is necessary for a rational belief in our own moral nature, in a moral world, and in a moral ruler of that world.

1. In the first place, an attentive consideration of the phenomena of mind is necessary in order to a luminous and distinct apprehension of liberty as a datum of intelligence.

2. In the second place, a profound philosophy is necessary to obviate the difficulties which meet us when we attempt to explain the possibility of this fact, and to prove that the datum of liberty is not a mere illusion. For, though an unconquerable feeling compels us to recognize ourselves as accountable, and therefore free agents, still, when we attempt to realize in thought how the fact of our liberty can be, we soon find that this altogether transcends our under-

standing, and that every effort to bring the fact of liberty within the compass of our conceptions only results in the substitution in its place of some more or less disguised form of necessity. The tendency of a superficial philosophy is therefore to deny the fact of a liberty, on the principle that what cannot be conceived is impossible. A deeper and more comprehensive study of the facts of mind overturns this conclusion and destroys its foundation. It proves to us, from the very laws of mind, that while we can never understand *how* any original datum of intelligence is possible, we have no reason from this inability to doubt that it is true.

3. In the third place, the study of mind is necessary to counterbalance and correct the influence of the study of matter; and this utility of psychology rises in proportion to the progress of the natural sciences, and to the greater attention which they engross. An exclusive devotion to physical pursuits exerts an evil influence in two ways. In the *first* place, it diverts from all notice of the phenomena of moral liberty, which are revealed to us in the recesses of the human mind alone; and it disqualifies from appreciating the import of these phenomena, even if presented, by leaving uncultivated the finer power of psychological reflection, in the exclusive exercise of the faculties employed in the easier and more amusing observation of the external world. In the *second* place, by exhibiting merely the phenomena of matter and extension, it habituates us only to the contemplation of an order in which everything is determined by the laws of a blind or mechanical necessity. Now, what is the inevitable tendency of this one-sided and exclusive study? That the student becomes a materialist, if he speculate at all. For, in the first place, he is familiar with the obtrusive facts of necessity, and is unaccustomed to develop into consciousness the more recondite facts

of liberty; he is, therefore, disposed to disbelieve in the existence of phenomena whose reality he may deny, and whose possibility he cannot understand. At the same time, the love of unity, and the philosophical presumption against the multiplication of essences determine him to reject the assumption of a second, and that an hypothetical substance, ignorant as he is of the reasons by which that assumption is legitimated.

In the infancy of science, this tendency of physical study was not experienced. When men first turned their attention to the phenomena of nature, every event was viewed as a miracle, for every effect was considered as the operation of an intelligence. God was not exiled from the universe of matter; on the contrary, he was multiplied in proportion to its phenomena. As science advanced, the deities were gradually driven out; and long after the sublunary world had been disenchanted, they were left for a season in possession of the starry heavens. The movement of the celestial bodies, in which Kepler still saw the agency of a free intelligence, was at length by Newton resolved into a few mathematical principles; and at last, even the irregularities which Newton was compelled to leave for the miraculous correction of the Deity, have been proved to require no supernatural interposition; for La Place has shown that all contingencies, past and future, in the heavens, find their explanation in the one fundamental law of gravitation.

But the very contemplation of an order and adaptation so astonishing, joined to the knowledge that this order and adaptation are the necessary results of a brute mechanism, when acting upon minds which have not looked into themselves for the light of which the world without can only afford them reflection, far from elevating them more than any other aspect of external creation to that inscrutable Being who reigns beyond and above the universe of nature, tends, on the contrary, to impress on them, with peculiar force, the conviction, that as the mechanism of nature can explain so much, the mechanism of nature can explain all.

Should physiology ever succeed in reducing the facts of intelligence to phenomena of matter, philosophy would be subverted in the subversion of its three great objects, GOD, FREE-WILL, and IMMORTALITY. True wisdom would then consist, not in speculation, but in repressing thought during our brief transit from nothingness to nothingness. For why? Philosophy would have become a meditation, not merely of death, but of annihilation; the precept, *Know thyself*, would have been replaced by the terrible oracle to Oedipus:—

“May'st thou never know the truth of what thou art;”

and the final recompence of our scientific curiosity would be wailing, deeper than Cassar.dra's, for the ignorance that saved us from despair.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE TWELFTH IN MONTREAL.

The people of Canada are being made to feel that in our young Dominion is one of the most intolerant and despotic forms of Romanism on the face of the earth. The indignities offered to the remains of Joseph Guibord, the bitter persecution of the poor Oka Indians, the cruel murder of the unfortunate Hackett, the terrorism that has prevailed for a whole year back in Montreal, and the violent interference with the personal liberty of Her Majesty's loyal subjects on the twelfth of July, all show the iron hand of Rome in Canada. The last outrage has provoked a feeling of indignation in the minds of Protestants throughout the Dominion, even though they may have had no sympathy with the Orange Society or with party processions. The question has now become the broader one of the rights of British subjects under the British flag.

The Roman Catholic majority of Montreal have missed one of the noblest opportunities ever offered to any people to maintain a dignified self-respect, and exhibit an example of generous tolerance of the opinions of others. But instead of that, an intense bigotry—a rabid intolerance has been manifested. The Mayor of the city, who in his representative character, should be absolutely impartial, allowed himself to be swayed either by personal bias or by the passions of the mob to become the tool of a faction. The disreputable trick by which an obsolete statute, designed to suppress seditious gatherings, was unearthed and construed as applying to assemblies of enthusiastically loyal men, and then sprung upon them at the very last moment, makes the outrage on personal liberty all the more intolerable. As long ago as the 21st of June, three

weeks before the day of the procession, Mr. Beaudry, in correspondence with the Premier, cited the statute under which action was finally taken. But it was reserved, as a concealed weapon, till it was too late to appeal from its application. Doubtless, Mayor Beaudry apprehended, and with good reason, that the convenient statute would not stand the test of legal criticism. Certainly, some weight should have been attached to the opinion of the Premier of the Dominion,—an opinion, we may be sure, which was not given without legal advice,—that even if the Orange Association were an illegal confederacy, that would not relieve the Mayor and Corporation from their protection as citizens. "It is the absolute right," wrote the Premier on the 3rd of July, "of every person to walk the public streets, and this may be exercised by them individually or together, and the mere fact that every person in a collection of persons walking together happens to belong to an illegal association, or to several illegal associations, does not render unlawful his act of walking the public streets alone or in company, and there is no Act that I am aware of prohibiting such processional walking. I cannot help, therefore, urging you with all the energy I possess to lose no time in making the most vigorous preparations in your power for maintaining the public peace."

Had this advice been followed the fair fame of the city of Montreal would stand higher before the civilized world than it does to-day.

The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable that the five hundred special constables were sworn in not to protect the general public, but to intimidate and "bull-doze" the Orangemen. The description given of those special guardians of the

peace as a "mob of armed ruffians" seems to indicate their efficiency for the purpose for which they were selected. It seems passing strange that the exhibition of force should be directed, not against the men who threaten a breach of the peace, should a harmless blue or orange ribbon appear on the street, but against the handful of men who desire to walk peaceably to church to worship God.

A characteristic of the loyal British subject is obedience to the law of the realm, even when it is opposed to his personal predilections, or even his sense of natural justice. We commend, therefore, the abstinence of the Orangemen from walking till the legal question of their right to do so shall be decided in the proper courts. That is a matter which cannot be decided with clubs and brickbats in the public streets. Whoever violates the law puts himself outside of its protection and injures the cause he would serve.

Should the courts decide that the Orange Association have the legal right to walk, as we doubt not they have, they should be protected in the exercise of that right, should they see fit to assert it, by the entire military force of the Dominion if necessary—horse, foot, and artillery; by its last man and last gun. It is, however, a matter worthy of earnest consideration whether, in a mixed community as ours in Canada is, it would not be better, in the interests of peace and good-will, to waive an unquestionable right rather than to assert it at the cost of stirring up bitterness and strife, and it may be of provoking bloodshed and causing death. Not by "blood and iron," not by weapons of war, nor by brute force are spiritual victories won; but by moral suasion, by the exhibition of Christian charity, by the winsome and irresistible spell of the gospel of love.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

Peace has won another victory more glorious than those of war.

Europe again breathes freely. From Archangel to Navarino, from Finis-terre to Astrachan the peasant sleeps more sweetly, relieved from the dread of the conscription dragging him from his hearthstone or his vines to shed his blood in Balkan passes or Bulgarian plains. A half a score of elderly gentlemen sitting around a U-shaped table in the Radziwill palace have relieved the apprehensions of Christendom and given, let us hope, a permanent peace to Europe. The tension of many months, at times almost beyond endurance, has been relieved. The consols have risen in every bourse in Europe, and the currents of commerce flow more steadily through their wonted channels. England, as of old, stands foremost in the conclave of nations. By her moral weight, and by the exhibition of undaunted courage and unflinching energy, she has made her influence dominantly felt. This treaty, we believe, will be remembered in history as one of the greatest and most beneficent events of the century. Well may Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury be received with a warmer welcome than the proudest conqueror. Theirs are brighter laurels, because unstained with blood, and theirs shall be a more enduring renown.

The superiority of quiet conference, of diplomacy, of peaceful arbitration over the arbitrament of the sword is again demonstrated. As the terms of the treaty are flashed around the world, shall we not recognize therein the triumph of the principles of the Gospel of Christ, an augury of the coming time when wars shall cease to the ends of the earth; an undertone of the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good-will to men?"

THE ANGLO-TURKISH CONVENTION.

England plays again the heroic part of the protector of the weak against the strong. No one will venture to speak now of her waning influence in the councils of Europe. She stands to-day unquestionably

the foremost of the nations of Christendom. She assumes, in undertaking the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, vast responsibilities—a burden under which an Atlas might bend. But it is for the political and moral regeneration of old historic lands, the emancipation of long downtrodden peoples. One of the first steps taken has been a convention for the suppression of the slave trade and the guaranteeing of internal reforms. British capital and British enterprise may restore more than their ancient prosperity to Aleppo and Damascus, to Antioch and Tyre. A Euphrates valley railway will traverse the seats of the world's earliest civilization, and perchance, wake to life again the forgotten glories of Baalbec and Palmyra, of Babylon and Nineveh. The storied lands of ancient empire, under the fostering influences of improved government and guaranteed liberty and justice, may again flourish as of old. Great rivers which now flow through solitudes may again become the highways of commerce. The Churches of Asia, where the Gospel was first proclaimed by the pen of Evangelist or lips of Apostle, under the quickening influences of Christian missions, shall revive again.

It is a surprise to find that the new relation assumed by England toward Asiatic Turkey, with its vastly increased influence and responsibilities, is so cordially acquiesced in by the great powers of Europe. It is probable that although the promulgation of the convention was a surprise to the public, it was previously communicated to the Governments of Europe. Russia, which is, by this movement, most thoroughly checkmated in Asia, seems not even to have uttered a protest. We suppose this is one of the things with respect to which, no matter how grave may be the consequences incurred, a Government cannot take parliament or people into its confidence. But we judge that every patriotic English-

man, whether politically opposed to the Premier or not, will rejoice at the increased glory, and be willing to share the increased responsibility of England in her new Asiatic relations. Wherefore is a nation great and strong and rich unless to succour the weak and to do justice and mercy among the oppressed? Cyprus will be made an impregnable stronghold—another Malta or Isle of Rhodes; and while Britannia rules the waves she will hold the keys of the Levant and control the destiny of the East. India will be safe from Russian machinations—if it was ever in peril from them, which we do not believe—and Egypt and Palestine, with Asia Minor and Syria, will feel the invigorating influence of occidental energy and enterprise and the elevating power of Christian institutions.

WE purpose from time to time to give selections of the best thoughts of the world's greatest thinkers in the departments of science and philosophy—selections that shall not be devoid of interest to any thoughtful reader; but which shall also be worthy of the careful study of the most profound. We have pleasure in presenting in this number the celebrated argument on the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, by that prince of metaphysicians, Sir William Hamilton.

CYPRUS.

War creates great men and great places in a single hour. On the evening of June 17, 1815, it was a difficult task to find on the map the little Belgian town of Waterloo; but since the evening of the next day it has been impossible to hide this spot from the eye of all the world. The most extensive and exhaustive Cyclopædias in 1861 contained no reference to U. S. Grant. It would have required a close hunt through the tanneries of this country to find the retired lieutenant. But to-day there is not a paper on earth that is

not familiar with his name, and there is no desert, however barren, and no hamlet, however obscure, where he can be concealed from the admiring gaze of the civilized world. Last week Cyprus was an obscure island in the Mediterranean Sea, full of undrained marshes, and at seasons parched and suffering for water; it was the northern possession of the Turk in the Mediterranean; it was occupied by about 200,000 people, of whom 150,000 were Greeks, and the rest a conglomerate—Turks, Jews, English, Germans, Africans, and everybody else. To-day it is the centre of a great English-speaking Asiatic empire. The Union Jack floats from the summit of Olympus, 6,595 feet above the sea, where will be heard, not the thunders of Jové as of old, but the roaring of the British Lion for all time to come.

Cyprus is 140 miles long and about fifty miles wide at the widest point. It contains 3,678 square miles. It produces almost every variety of nutriment, and contains valuable deposits of the precious metals and of copper and iron. In the days of the old Phœnicians and Greeks it supported nine kingdoms. Under the blighting rule of the cruel, treacherous, butchering, indolent Turk the island has sunken almost into a wilderness, and has endured the pains of the lost.

To-day, under the touch of Beaconsfield, it springs up out of the sea into unmeasured importance. In the hands of the Anglo-Saxons it will bear a crop richer than ever before. It has been enriched by the best blood of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, and Turks. Since 1571, when it was taken by the Turks, it has been idle, and is now ready to bear a good crop of civilization.

England receives this island subject to the mortgage that Providence has placed upon it. She shoulders the responsibility with the prize. It does not avail in the high

court of the universe to plead that the English nation has not been consulted. Beaconsfield is the English nation. Neither House has had any more information on this whole matter than he has thought proper to give it.

Cyprus means a great deal. It makes the Mediterranean an English lake. With Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar in hand, this is no longer an open question. India is moved up under the guns of the British Isles. Western Asia is swung round where it can be protected; that is, ruled, robbed, and enriched by England. Turkey becomes an English colony. Egypt cannot escape the insatiable ambition. Thus Cyprus, only an island like England, becomes the centre of new departures and of new empires. With British powder on Cyprus, to make good the *advice* of her ministers scattered over the Turkish empire, the thunders from Olympus will make the earth tremble. We expect to hear Him speak who will also make the heavens shake.

The protectorate of Asia may be found to be an expensive dignity. It is sure to be criticised. The expense of men and money is provided for. The increase of value assessed in England to the income tax for the last twelve years, is from \$1,652,903,645 to \$2,451,724,530. And the successful employment of the Indian troops on European soil settles the question of men. True, these Indians are criticised as soldiers nearly as much as the coloured soldiers were criticised in this country; but English officers, discipline, weapons, and gold will, in time, settle all these questions.

England makes herself responsible for the good order of Western Asia. She stands sponsor for the Turk. She may not be very quick to see his cruelties and bad government; but, sooner or later, the people will make her see them. Virtually the power of England occupies Constantinople, and the Eng-

lish Government must keep or guarantee the peace

Cyprus is sacred in Christian history. It is the home of Barnabas, who made the world ring with his eloquent pleas for the religion of the prophet of Nazareth. It is the first spot touched by the great apostle to the Gentiles on his first missionary visit. It is the point from which went missionaries to Antioch. It is memorable by the miracle of Paul, by which "Sergius Paulus, a prudent man," was converted, and by which blindness fell on Elymas, the Sorcerer.

Shall not history repeat itself? The circle of the world is being completed. From this same Cyprus a new evangel is about going forth again into Greece, and into Western Asia. If we mistake not, the Anglo-Saxon Paul has cast a mist and darkness upon the Turkish Sorcerer for a season. He will go about for some one to lead him out of Europe. And all the prudent deputies, being astonished at what is done, will believe not only in Lord Beaconsfield, but also in the Lord of the universe who appoints the bounds to the nations.—*Christian Advocate*.

THE SAME OLD TIGER.

Montreal has been one centre of general Protestant interest for the last few days. We will not go into the question of whether it is wise or not for factions, sects, or parties of the Old World to transfer their old feuds to this country. We have simply to do with the living question—the power of a Protestant

Government to protect its subjects. When Papists are allowed to block the streets of our cities for hours with their St. Patrick processions and to disturb public worship on Sunday with processions and bands, it becomes a living question whether Protestantism cannot secure the same privileges on Protestant soil. There can be but one side to this question.

There are many lessons; and we must learn some of them. Our Dominion friends must show themselves worthy of respect, and able to maintain the honour of British fair play and pluck, or they must expect incursions and invasions of Fenians, whenever a wild Papist may take a fancy to disturb the peace by marching, in some way comprehensible only to the Catholic Irish mind, through Canada into Ireland.

The lesson for us to learn is, that this old mother of harlots and of cruelties is not modified in spirit or malignity. Out of the cage this old tiger is as bloodthirsty as she was in the palmy days of the Inquisition. They have the same convictions, follow the same customs, and huddle together as they did five hundred years ago. No modern ideas penetrate their centres. They are shut in with themselves. It is madness to expect reform or liberality when they have no chance. The dupes at the bottom ought to be liberated from the hierarchy at the top, that robs and ruins them. The profession of a faith does not justify the continuance of public pests. We must let the light into this paganism.—*Christian Advocate*.

BOOK NOTICES.

Methodist Quarterly Review for July. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

The opening article of this number is one on the Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, by Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of Syracuse University. He makes certain admirable suggestions and criticisms with respect to that venerable document, the Book of Discipline. He shows good cause

for maintaining the Episcopate, presiding eldership, and itinerancy as at present, while allowing full force to the arguments of those who urge a change. Prof. Latimer, of Boston University, contributes a thoughtful paper on Mysticism; what is true in which, he says, never needed emphatic assertion more than it does to-day. Prof. Baird, of New York University, gives a critical review of Schliemann's Trojan researches. Our esteemed contributor, Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., furnishes an appreciative review of Dr Carroll's "Case and his Contemporaries," the leading characters in which were intimately related to American Methodism. Prof. Strong, of Drew Seminary, has a second learned paper on Egyptian Chronology; Prof. Heminway one on Bible Wines; and Prof. Sheldon one demonstrating that the "Atonement of the Early Church was no price paid to Satan," as it has been erroneously asserted to be. Tyerman's Life of Whitfield is judiciously reviewed by Rev. J. I. Boswell. These articles, with over fifty pages of editorial notes and reviews, from the vigorous pen of Dr. Whedon, make up a number of remarkable interest and value.

The London Quarterly Review for July. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This number completes the fiftieth volume of this organ of the higher thought of English Methodism. In accordance with English usage, the names of the contributors are not given. The first article gives an outline of Row's Bampton Lecture for 1877 on Christian Evidences viewed in Relation to Modern Thought. Without at all disparaging Paley's great work, the subject of religion needs to be treated as here, with especial reference to the difficulties propounded by recent science. A valuable paper on Burma, and another on the Annexation of the Transvaal Territory, give an

interesting account of two little known portions of the ever-extending British Empire. Lecky's new History of England receives very high commendation for its judicial impartiality, and for its clear elucidation of the causes of great national and social changes. It treats more fully than any previous general history the great religious movement under the Wesleys and Whitefield. The book of Job is the subject of a scholarly article, giving the results of the latest higher criticism of this difficult but profoundly interesting book. "The Science of Health" is an eminently practical paper. The Poems of Sir Robert Aytoun form the text for a genial review of a little known author. The issue of a new edition of Foxe's Acts and Monuments furnishes the occasion for a vigorous article on the English Reformation. The literary notices are particularly full and valuable, occupying ninety octavo pages.

Philo-Christus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord. Cr. octavo, pp. 412; \$2. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: S. Rose.

This is an imaginative Life of Christ, purporting to have been written by one of His disciples, who afterwards came to reside in Lodinium, or London, where, as early as the first century, there was a Christian Church. It gives an admirable insight into the daily life, education, and prejudices of a Jew of the time of our Lord. It shows how the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth overcame these prejudices, and how the man who found not salvation in the worship of the temple, nor in the Essenes, nor in Phariseism, found it in the teachings of Jesus. The account of the tragic scenes of Calvary are vivid and pathetic. The style is quaint and archaic, and the doctrine, so far as we have observed, without reading the book entirely through, orthodox.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY E. BARRASS, M.A.

THE CONFERENCES.

Montreal Conference.—This Annual Conference was held in the town of Brockville. A good many years had passed since this noble old town had entertained the Methodist Conference. In addition to the usual hospitalities, the ladies of the Methodist congregation chartered a steamer for conveying the members of the Conference to and from the "Thousand Island Park," which enabled the Conference in a body to view that celebrated summer resort where various religious services are held during the hot season of the year. Rev. John Borland was elected to the office of President, a proof of the esteem in which he is held by his brethren, and a reward for the fidelity with which he has watched over the interests of the poor Oka Indians. Professor Shaw discharged the duties of Secretary with his usual promptness.

The affairs of Stanstead College occupied much attention, and from the resolutions adopted, it was evident that the friends of that institution have no intention of allowing it to be discontinued. The citizens of Stanstead have offered a good sum towards the debt, and the members of Conference with their usual liberality subscribed more than \$5,000, being nearly one-fifth of the whole debt which now burdens the institution.

As might be expected, the funds of the Church were somewhat affected by the serious monetary depression of the country, but, it was gratifying to learn that there was an increase in the number of members amounting to eight hundred and fifty-five, the largest increase of any of the Western Conferences.

The religious services were of a

spiritual character. At the reception of the young men who had completed their probation, a very large congregation was present: Revs. H. F. Bland and W. Jackson were the speakers on the occasion. The ordination sermon was preached on the following Sabbath by the ex-President, Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., and was one or more than ordinary ability. Rev. J. M. Hagar occupied the Conference church in the evening, and several members of the Conference occupied the other Protestant pulpits of the town.

The missionary meeting, like those of London and Toronto Conferences, was unusually interesting, arising from the fact that it was addressed by such speakers as Rev. L. N. Beaudry, A. E. Russ, M.A., and D. McDonald, M.D., who ably advocated the claims of the missions with which they were connected. Sheriff Patrick occupied the chair.

We were pleased to find that the brethren of this Conference held a meeting for the promotion of holiness. Such meetings give an impetus to spiritual growth. Our brethren recommended, and we think wisely, that the Conferences should be held at least a month earlier, so that ministers and their families may not be inconvenienced by removing during the hottest period of the year.

The visitors to the Conference were Revs. Dr. Rose, E. H. Dewar, and J. Douse, who did not fail to lay before the Conference the claims of the Book-Room and Connexional publications; the latter gentleman of course strongly urged the claims of the Superannuated Ministers' Fund upon the attention of both ministers and laymen. There were also present

Revs. J. Carroll, D.D., Professor Burwash, D.D., W. J. Hunter, A. Andrews, and A. Cummings, D.D., Principal of Riverside Academy, Genesee Conference. The latter gentleman expressed the pleasure he experienced in being at a Methodist Conference in the town where fifty years ago he heard some of the pioneers of Methodism explain the way of salvation.

Rev. B. Longley, M.A., received permission to accept of an appointment as Principal of Sackville Academy, N.B. This makes the third graduate of the Victoria University whom our friends in the East have called to their assistance. We are glad that our noble University can thus send forth men so well qualified for such onerous positions. While preparing these notes we learn that another of Victoria's sons, Rev. A. Burns, has been appointed Governor of the Female College, Hamilton.

Two deaths have been reported, Revs. J. Howes and W. S. M'Cullough, M.D. The former was somewhat advanced in years, but the latter was in the heyday of life, and many years of usefulness were expected from him, but the Master said "Come up higher."

Newfoundland Conference.—This Conference met at St. John's, Newfoundland, when Rev. G. S. Milligan, M.A., was elected President. This is the second time to which he has been elevated to this honourable position. Rev. James Dove was appointed Secretary. Rev. J. G. Currie was the only minister who had been called to his reward during the year. Nine probationers were received into full connection and ordained. Rev. J. Goodison, ex-President, delivered an impressive charge to the newly-ordained ministers, which, according to request, was published in the organ of the Eastern Conferences, *The Wesleyan*.

Rev. Job Shenstone had been transferred from the New Brunswick to the Newfoundland Conference. The brethren with whom he had

been so long identified passed a very eulogistic resolution, expressing regret at his removal, and praying for his success in his new field of labour.

Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island Conference.—Sackville was the place selected for the sessions of this Maritime Conference. Rev. Jos. Hart was elected by his brethren to the office of President. It was a coincidence worthy of remembrance, that Mr. Hart began to preach at Sackville, there too he was ordained, and now in the same town, he was called to the highest position in the Conference. Rev. C. H. Paisley, M.A., was elected to the post of Secretary.

The Missionary meeting was held on the first evening of Conference. Do missions pay? Missions to the lumbermen; The final issue of the missionary enterprise; these were the very suitable topics of the speeches. At the Educational and Sabbath-school meetings, also, topics were previously assigned to the speakers, a plan which might be adopted with great advantage by the Western Conferences.

We were glad to see that our brethren in the East take much pleasure in fraternising with each other, hence, a whole day was set apart by this Conference and the sister Conference of Nova Scotia in visiting each other. On both occasions fraternal addresses were delivered, and certain questions, in which both Conferences are interested were discussed in a friendly manner. Such visits are profitable, and when Conferences meet only a few miles apart, it is well to renew them.

Only one young man was received on trial, six were ordained, one for special purposes. Two ministers had died, Revs. W. M'Carty and J. Elliss, of both of whom honourable mention was made. The ordination address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Stewart, and according to request he consented to prepare it for publication. The Board of the Sackville Educational Institutions entertained the Conference one day to dinner,

during which an opportunity was given to inspect the various departments, with which all were much pleased.

Nova Scotia Conference.—This Conference met at Amherst, when Rev. Jas. Taylor was elected President. Rev. S. F. Huestis was re-elected Secretary. Rev. J. S. Ady, now in his seventieth year, was placed on the Superannuated list, a position to which he is justly entitled, having preached the Gospel for fifty years, forty-three of which he has spent within the bounds of the Eastern Conferences. Three young brethren were received into full connection and ordained. The Educational collection experienced a decrease of one hundred dollars. E. Jost, Esq., who died during the year, left a bequest of \$8,000, the interest of which is to be expended in assisting young men to prepare for the ministry. Five candidates were received on trial.

Some other friends ere they left the Church militant, made provision for the payment of certain sums of money for Church purposes in the localities where they had resided, an example which might be followed by Methodists elsewhere. A resolution was adopted recommending the General Conference to so amend the constitution of the Stationing Committee that it shall be composed of those who do not expect to remove at the coming Conference.

Revs. H. Pope, sen., and W. F. Penny, B.D., were reported as having finished their course. The former was one of the fathers, having been in the ministry more than fifty years. The latter was comparatively young and was removed when many years of usefulness were anticipated from him. The Conference appointed

Rev. S. B. Dunn as assistant editor to the Rev. A. W. Nicholson, who for the past four years has filled the double offices of Book Steward and Editor, somewhat to the injury of his health.

Methodist New Connexion Conference, England.—This was the eighty-second Conference of this denomination, and was held at Ashton-under-Lyne. One hundred and forty ministers and laymen were in attendance. Rev. J. Ogden filled the Presidential chair. It was a gratifying fact that while for a series of years there had been several instances of decline in the membership that this year there was an increase of eight hundred and seventy-two. Notwithstanding the depression of trade, churches had been built costing more than \$155,000, \$96,000 of which had been contributed. The Conference pays much attention to Bands of Hope, which is a powerful organization for good among the young.

The New Connexion Mission in China is well supported by the Conference. It deplors the continuance of the opium trade, which is such a stain on the escutcheon of England, and acts as a great barrier in the way of the success of the Gospel in that country.

Primitive Methodist Conference.—The cotton metropolis of England (Manchester) was the seat of this Conference. There is a net increase in the membership amounting to two thousand. The Missionary income exceeded \$90,000.

An interesting episode in connection with the Conference was the laying the corner-stone of a new college for educating young ministers, the cost of which was estimated at \$40,000, \$25,000 of which had been promised.

No. 84. *In Sight of the Crystal Sea.*

J. E. RANKIN.

Son, remember.—LUKE, 15 : 25.

J. W. BISCOFF.

Rather slow.

1. I sat a - lone with life's mem - o - ries In
 2. I thought me then of my child - hood days, The
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God—"Re-
 5. I seemed as though I woke from a dream. How
 6. Still oft I sit with life's mem - o - ries, And

sight of the crys - tal sea; And I saw the thrones of the
 prayer at my moth - er's knee— Of the coun - sels grave that my
 wast - ed in folly and sin— Of the times I'd mock'd when the
 mem - ber, re - member, my son! Re - member thy ways in the
 sweet was the light of day! Mel - o - di - ous sound - ed the
 think of the crys - tal sea; And I see the thrones of the

star-crowned ones, With nev - er a crown for me.
 fath - er gave— The wrath I was warned to flee;
 Sav - iour knock'd, And I would not let Him in.
 for - mer days, The crowns that thou might'st have won!"
 Sab - bath bells From towers that were far a - way.
 star-crowned ones; I know there's a crown for me.

No. 85.

Come to Jesus.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus
Come to Jesus just now.
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now; | 5. He is waiting, etc.
6. He will hear you, etc.
7. He will cleanse you, etc.
8. He'll renew you, etc.
9. He'll forgive you, etc.
10. If you trust Him, etc. |
| 2. He will save you, etc.
3. He is able, etc.
4. He is willing, etc. | 11. He will save you, etc. [ENGLISH.] |