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THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.,  
*President of the General Conference.*

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THE PROTESTANTISM OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.\*

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

PART FIRST.

MR. Neal and other writers who have followed him, have thrown doubts upon the Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth,—assuming that she was only politically Protestant, but in reality as much Romanist as Protestant,—omitting altogether, or but slightly referring to those personal or official acts by which her real Protestant feelings and principles were exemplified. Upon no other ground, indeed, could they justify their persistent opposition to the Queen and those statesmen bishops, and clergy, who sustained her policy of Reformation. I will, therefore, notice some of those incidents in the life and conduct of Elizabeth which indicate the principles and feelings of the woman as well as of the sovereign, and the testimony and acts of her papal enemies as to the genuineness of her Protestantism.

Elizabeth was the only daughter of the beautiful and murdered Queen Anne Boleyn, who, as Strype says, was “a great friend and patroness of the Reformed religion,” “was a maintainer of Dr.

\* From Dr. Ryerson's forthcoming “*History of English Puritanism in Relation to Protestant Unity and Religious Liberty*,” of which these papers form the Thirteenth Chapter.

Barnes and all the Protestants then in Cambridge, and helped many religious persons out of their cowles," and "was also a great favourer of those that suffered for religion;"\* who had Hugh Latimer and Parker (afterwards Archbishop) for her chaplains; to whose daughter Elizabeth, at her baptism, Archbishop Cranmer stood godfather.† It was to the influence of Queen Anne Boleyn, (in connection with Archbishop Cranmer), that we are indebted for most of the real Protestant reforms which were adopted by Henry VIII. On this account the death of Queen Anne was a matter of rejoicing to the Papists. Cardinal Pole, in a letter to the King, two months after her death, called her the King's "domestic evil, which God had rid him of; and that she was thought to be the cause of all his errors; and that with her head (cut off) he trusted God had cut away all occasion of such offences as had separated the King from the light of God; and that from her descended all disorders;" as he had styled the orders made for correcting the corruptions of religion.‡

Such was the mother of Queen Elizabeth; such her connection with the Protestant Reformation in its earliest stage; such the machinations of the Papists to get her put out of the way, and such their joy at her untimely and cruel death. Her almoner, Skyp, (afterwards Bishop of Hereford), wrote to Parker at Cambridge, to come to Hampton Court, as the Queen wished to make him her chaplain, in place of the excellent Betts, recently deceased; but Parker declined to leave his beloved University life until he received a second letter, carrying the Queen's commands in stronger tones. Strype says, "Mr. Parker soon came into great favour with his mistress, the Queen liking him for his learning, and for his prudent and godly behaviour. Insomuch that, not long before her death, he being with her, she gave him a particular charge to take care of her daughter Elizabeth, (after-

\* Ecclesiastical Memorials, Vol. I., chap. xxxvi., p. 430.

† Strype's Cranmer, Book I., chap. iv.

‡ Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials, Vol. I., chap. xxxvi., p. 440. Strype adds,—“When, therefore, the Papists got this good queen out of the way, they made account that the doctrine of the Gospel would decline and languish with her. Hereupon they began to bestir themselves, and to accuse and depress all inclined to reformation.”

wards the glorious Queen of England), that she might not want his pious counsel, with some other private instructions concerning her."\*

It is to the singular ability and faithfulness with which Parker fulfilled this dying charge of Queen Anne Boleyn that the Protestant world owes the knowledge, firmness, courage, perseverance and fidelity of her gifted daughter, Queen Elizabeth, in maintaining the Protestant Reformation and liberties of England against a combination of ecclesiastical and civil powers unprecedented and unparalleled in virulence and resources.

On the death of her brother, Edward VI., the Protestant faith of Elizabeth was put to the test, and her persecution on its account commenced. While Cranmer conducted the funeral service of the deceased King at Westminster Abbey, according to the King's own service book, Queen Mary commanded Bishop Gardiner to sing the mass for the dead in the Tower Chapel, in her presence, and that of some four hundred persons, some of whom had been attracted by her example. "It was observed," says Dr. R. Vaughan, "that among many unexpected faces present on that day, the princess Elizabeth was not to be seen. She had been requested to attend, and had refused, and the gossip of the court made this fact notorious. From this time, the course of persecution to which Elizabeth became subject from the hands of her sister, was such that anything of that nature which Mary had herself suffered had been a light matter in comparison with it. During the month of August, all that could be done by persuasion or by threatening to induce the sister of the Queen to attend mass, was done. Mary appealed to the Council on her case, and required the lords to expostulate with her one by one. Elizabeth, still a girl not twenty years of age, answered the arguments to which she was obliged to listen; and did so at length with some curtness and impatience. Her decision, the natural

† Strype's Parker, Vo. I., chap. ii, p. 14. Fox, in the *Book of Martyrs*, represents Queen Anne Boleyn as most liberal to the poor; as having decided Henry VIII. to print the Bible in English; and thereby excited the Popish party to plot her destruction; as having desired her chaplains to use perfect freedom in admonishing her of any thing they might consider in want of amendment. "The honest and unsparing Latimer was one of these chaplains."

result of her Protestant education, and her being the child of an injured Protestant mother, was described as obstinacy, and it was insinuated that it would no doubt be found to have its root in connection with some treasonable influences. Elizabeth was a heretic, and the hope of heretics. In prospect of a meeting of Parliament, where so much was expected to be done towards restoring the old worship, it was felt to be of the greatest importance that Elizabeth should be paraded as among the reactionists. The measure of this desire was the measure of the anger called forth by her resistance.”\*

Queen Mary prevailed upon Elizabeth to attend mass once, in honour of the Virgin. “On that day she bowed herself in the house of Rimmon—did it, said the French Ambassador; from ‘force;’ did it, said the Spanish minister, with a ‘bad grace;’” but she could not be induced, by persuasions or threats, to repeat the service. Trying and pitiable indeed was the condition of Elizabeth under such circumstances—alone and in the midst of cunning and bitter enemies, alternately entreated and threatened. “During the reign of her sister, she was treated with the utmost severity, and was imprisoned, first in the Tower (11th of March), and soon after (19th of May) at Woodstock, where, though kept in safe custody, she was treated with respect. In April, 1555, she was, at the intercession of Philip II. of Spain, removed to the royal palace at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. Her sufferings and her principles endeared her to the nation, and she became so extremely popular that it was, in a short time, deemed impolitic to put any restraint upon her. When set at liberty, she chose study and retirement, and was very submissive to the will of her sister. Attempts were made to draw her into some declarations respecting her religion, which might be laid hold of; but in every instance she acted with so much prudence and caution as to give her enemies no advantage of that kind, and seemed to comply with the external forms of the established religion, though it was well known she was attached to that of the Reformation.”†

Elizabeth’s first imprisonment in the Tower extended over a

\* *Revolutions of History*, Vol. II., Book VIII., Chap. i., p. 422.

† *Rose’s Biographical Dictionary*, Vol. VII., Article, Elizabeth.

period of more than two years, and when she was seized in her bed a second time, and conveyed to prison under a strong guard of armed men, she anticipated a speedy death. She long lived in daily apprehension of the poison or poniard of the assassin, or the axe of the executioner. The preservation of her life against the jealousy of her sister, and the plots and rage of her papal enemies, seems little less than miraculous; and it would doubtless have been sacrificed but for the interposition of Queen Mary's husband, Philip II., of Spain, who had a warm regard for Elizabeth, offered his hand in marriage after her accession to the throne, and after her rejection of his offer became her life-long enemy.

The life of Elizabeth depended on her giving no cause of offence to her sister, upon submission to her wishes and compliance with the outward form of her worship; but in all which she maintained a truly Protestant faith and spirit. The cross upon the altar of her private chapel, she seems to have used as many Protestant ministers in France and elsewhere still use it on the tables of their studies as a reminder of that cross in which the Apostle Paul gloried; and the lights on the altar she appears to have regarded as they were intended by Moses, and without any tincture of superstition, "representing the Church as the seat of all higher light and intelligence—of all holier influence and diviner joy, where abides the Spirit of truth and purity, of life and glory. More than this—if the lamp was so placed that the light fell naturally in the direction of the table of the shewbread, and even upon it, then we here see the light and the life in union, thus giving us the grandest exposition of the beloved disciple's words, in reference to the Saviour, 'In him was life, and the life was the light of men.'"\*

In the first three acts of Elizabeth, at and after the death of her sister Mary, she avowed the Bible as the rule of her religion and practice, as distinctly and explicitly as did any Puritan during her reign, or in after ages. When Queen Mary, in view of her approaching decease, sent, by two of her Council, a message to Elizabeth, asking a pledge that she would make no change in the Privy Council and none in religion, Elizabeth

\* Cassell's Illustrated Bible, note on Exodus xxvi. 31-40.

replied: "With respect to my Council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my Counsellors as was she to choose her own. As to religion, I promise thus much, that I will not change it, provided it can be proved by the *Word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion.*"\* And when, during her coronation procession through the City of London, the City Council presented her with a Bible, by the hands of a child representing Truth, she with great reverence received and kissed it; laid it near her heart, saying she was better pleased with that present, than with all the other magnificent ones that had been made her that day by the city, and *that she would often read over that Book.*†

The first Parliament under Elizabeth assembled in January, 1559, about two months after her accession to the throne; and shortly after, among many other Acts, passed the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity,—the former restoring the ancient jurisdiction in ecclesiastical affairs, and the latter establishing the worship and Second Prayer Book, as finally established and left by Edward VI. While these Acts were under the consideration of Parliament, they were strongly opposed by Queen Mary's bishops, who were still permitted to hold their places, as also by Catholic members of Parliament, though unanimously supported by the Protestants, including the Puritan members. Shortly after the close of the session, the Queen called together the fifteen surviving Romish bishops of Mary, with some other clergy, and addressed them on the requirements of the laws lately made, restoring the ancient right of supremacy to the Crown, etc., and their duties in consequence; whereupon, Heath, Archbishop of York, made a peremptory and dictatorial rejoinder, saying to the Queen, "That in behalf of the Catholic Church, here planted within Her Grace's dominions, he was entreated by several of the reverend fathers of the Mother Church, the bishops of several dioceses of the realm, to move Her Majesty, that she would seriously recollect her gracious sister's zeal unto the Holy See of St. Peter at Rome, as also the covenants

\* Zurich Letters, No. 3, p. 4.

† Burnet's History of the Reformation, Vol. II., Part II., Book III., p. 594. Strype's Annals, Vol. I., Part I., Section III., p. 43.



between her and that Holy See, made soon after her coronation, wherein she had promised to depress heresies and all heretical tenets, binding both Her Gracious Majesty, her successors, and this realm, under perpetual ignominy and curse, if not perfected by them. And that upon these conditions that Holy See would be pleased once more to take her and the realm into her bosom, after so long a heresy increasing within this isle.”\*

To this arrogant dictation from a body of men whom the Queen had treated with so much lenity and respect, whose hands were stained with the blood of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Bradford Taylor, and numerous other martyrs, under Mary, Queen Elizabeth replied with a promptness, dignity, boldness, and a true Protestant and patriotic spirit, and likewise with an eloquence never surpassed by royal lips: “That as Joshua declared, saying, *‘I and my house will serve the Lord;’* so she and her realm resolved to serve Him. For which cause she had assembled there her clergy, and was resolved to imitate Josiah, who assembled the ancients of Judea and Jerusalem, purposely to make a covenant with the Lord. Thus had she assembled her Parliament together, with them of the clergy, with the same intent, to contract with God, and not with the Bishop of Rome. And it lay not in her sister’s power to bind her, her successors, or her realm, unto the authority which was usurped. That therefore she with her predecessors, who had (as our records justified) ejected that usurped and pretended power, (which for future times would be precedents for her heirs and successors to imitate and dive

\* Strype’s Annals, Vol. I., Chap. xi., p. 207. “Queen Mary’s bishops had,” says Strype, “conspired among themselves, that none of them would set the crown upon the head of Elizabeth; and fourteen of them refused, till it came to one of the last of them, Oglethorp, bishop of Carlisle. They thought that as the Protestant clergy had been slaughtered, scattered, and peeled during the reign of Mary, that Elizabeth would be unable to fill the bishopricks and other principal places in the Church, if they should stick together and act in unison. But they were sadly disappointed. The clergy who escaped the axe and the flames under Queen Mary, had devoted themselves to theological and learned studies in their hiding places and exile; they were soon sought out by the counsellors of Elizabeth, and recommended to fill the dioceses, and the chairs in the Universities, and other chief places in the Church, vacated by the recusancy of the fourteen surviving Papal bishops and others of Mary’s persecuting clergy.”

into,) did absolutely renounce all foreign jurisdiction; as her crown was in no way either subject to, or to be drawn under any power whatsoever, saving under Christ, the King of kings. That the Bishop of Rome's usurpation over monarchs showed his desire of primacy over the whole earth; which to him and his successors would prove confusion. And that, finally, she should therefore esteem all those her subjects, both ecclesiastical and civil, as enemies to God, to her, and her heirs and successors, who should henceforth own his usurped, or any foreign power whatsoever."

Such language, such sentiments, such avowals, such defiance, from the young and newly-enthroned maiden Queen of England, with half of her own subjects Roman Catholic, and all the powers of Europe, except some smaller states of Germany, under the dictation of the Pope, were more than heroic, were truly sublime, and seem to have been little less than inspired, as they were called forth by the occasion of the arrogant speech of the Papal bishops, who were allowed to retain their places and palaces and revenues during six months after the accession of Elizabeth; and when deprived, in consequence of their refusal to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, a pension for their support was granted them, instead of their being sent to the stake as were the bishops of Edward VI. by Queen Mary.

When the bishops were called upon to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, they refused, and thus forfeited their places in the Church, which were soon filled by men who had passed through the fires of persecution, and proved faithful during the five years' cruel and blighting reign of Queen Mary.

These personal and early acts of Elizabeth indicated a thoroughly Protestant heart and purpose, and a faith and courage that braved every danger, and inspired confidence among all Reformers at home and abroad.\*

\* *The Queen selects the purest Protestants to revise the Prayer Book for the consideration of Parliament.* The truly Protestant spirit and policy of Elizabeth were also indicated in the selection which she made of persons to examine and revise the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI., preparatory to submitting it for the sanction of Parliament. The bishops being still the Papal bishops of Queen Mary, the convocation held by them during the early part of the session of

We may well, therefore, say with the candid Congregational historian, Dr. R. Vaughan, that, "Whatever some of her modern enemies may insinuate, it was no secret that the Queen was a Protestant, and that it was her intention to rule as a Protestant sovereign at the head of a Protestant Church."\*

Jewell (afterwards bishop), writing to his friend Bullinger, 10th of April, 1559—five months after the accession of Elizabeth—said, "If she could be prevailed upon to put the crucifix out of her chapel; it would give general encouragement; she was truly pious, but thought it necessary to proceed by law, and that it was dangerous to give way to a furious multitude."† The Queen's newly-appointed bishops remonstrated with her on this

Parliament, adopted articles against the Reformation and in favour of Papal supremacy. The Queen could not, therefore, commit to them the preparation of a work intended to extinguish the Papacy. The men whom the Queen selected to bring in a book or platform of religion for the royal sanction, and that of the Parliament, had all been men of note in the reign of Edward VI., and sufferers under the reign of Queen Mary. They were "Bill, late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Parker, late Dean of Lincoln (afterwards Archbishop); May, late Dean of St. Pauls—Doctors in Divinity; all under King Edward, heads of the Universities of Cambridge, but cashiered by Queen Mary and remaining obscurely in England in her reign; and beside these, Cox, Whitehead, Grindal, and Pilkington, who were exiles and newly come home; and Sir Thomas Smith (who had also been an exile), a learned knight, and doctor of the civil law, was to call them together and assist with them in the work. And before this, it was thought necessary that all innovation should be strictly forbidden, until such time as the Book should come forth."—(*Strype's Annals*, Vol. I., Chap. ii. p. 75.)

Purer Protestants, and who had suffered more for their Protestant principles, did not exist in England than the men thus selected to revise the Common Prayer Book of Edward VI. And such was the Prayer Book, prepared by such men, and unanimously adopted by Parliament (the Papal bishops and members excepted), which the extreme Puritans, after the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign, denounced as full of Papal superstition! Whatever future Puritans or some modern writers have said or may say about certain words or phrases in the Prayer Book, it is certain there was not a single one, now designated *ritualist*, among its compilers; none who used or understood the words or phrases as now interpreted by *ritualists*; nor any bishop or dignitary of Queen Elizabeth's appointment or time who did not preach the Reformation doctrine of salvation by faith, or who had the least leaning to the subsequent semi-Papal teachings of Laud, and the more full development of such teachings in the doctrines and practices of modern *ritualists*.

\* *Revolutions of English History*, Vol. II., Book IX., Chap. i., p. 487.

† *Burnett's History of the Reformation*, Part III., Book VI., p. 405.

subject; she yielded to their counsels, and removed the crucifix and candles from her private chapel, and ordered their removal from all the churches throughout the kingdom.\*

\* During eleven years, until 1570, the Queen did not permit the crucifix in her private chapel. When, however, Cartwright and his followers put forth their revolutionary views, denying the orders and polity of the Church and proposing a new model for a Church, the Queen seems to have resented such a return for her previous indulgence and attempts to conciliate the Puritans by her selection of bishops and appointment of clergy of known Puritan feelings to churches and livings, and she replaced the crucifix in her private chapel, though clearly not from any superstitious feeling, or from any Romish tendency, as she had the year before been excommunicated by the Pope and her subjects released from their allegiance to her, and as her administration of government in regard to the Catholics was becoming increasingly severe.

But the thoroughness and good faith with which the Queen yielded to the remonstrance of her bishops in regard to the crucifix and other Papal symbols in her private chapel and in the churches generally, is illustrated by a singular incident between Her Majesty and Nowell, Dean of St. Pauls, a warm friend of the Puritans, and whose preaching in different parts of the kingdom, especially in and about Manchester, was said to have been the means of more truly religious conversions of Papists than that of any other preacher of his time. Dean Nowell intended a new year's gift to Her Majesty, the particulars and result of which are thus narrated by Strype in his *Annals*, Vol. I, Chap. XVIII., pp. 403-410.—

“The aforesaid Dean, so often noted for his frequent preaching before the Queen, and in other great honourable assemblies, preached on the festival of the Circumcision, being New-Year's-Day, at St. Paul's, whither the Queen resorted. Here, a remarkable passage happened, as is recorded in a great man's memorials, who lived in those times. The Dean having gotten from a foreigner several fine cuts and pictures, representing the stories and passions of the saints and martyrs, had placed them against the Epistles and Gospels of their festivals in a Common Prayer Book. And this book he had caused to be richly bound, and laid on the cushion for the Queen's use, in the place where she commonly sat; intending it for a New-Year's-gift to Her Majesty, and thinking to have pleased her fancy therewith. But it had not that effect, but the contrary; for she considered how this varied from her late open injunctious and proclamations against the superstitious use of images in churches, and for the taking away all such relics of Popery. When she came to her place she opened the book, and perused it, and saw the pictures, but frowned and blushed; and then shut it (of which several took notice), and calling the verger, bade him bring her the old book, wherein she was formerly wont to read. After sermon, whereas she was wont to get immediately on horseback, or into her chariot, she went straight to the vestry, and applying herself to the Dean, thus she spoke to him:

Q.—‘Mr. Dean, how came it to pass that a new service book was placed on my cushion?’ To which the Dean answered,

D.—‘May it please your Majesty, I caused it to be placed there.’ Then said the Queen,

I have previously given the testimony of Fox, the martyrologist, as to the character and results of the Queen's policy in regard to the Reformation, written in the fifth year of her reign; I will here give the statement of Strype, under the date of 1561, the third year of the Queen's reign, at the beginning of the twenty-second chapter of his *Annals*. "And now we may look back, and observe that good progress was already made in the reformation of religion. The dioceses were supplied with learned, pious, Protestant bishops; images were removed from the churches; the common prayers were celebrated in the English tongue; the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered to the people in both kinds; mass and transubstantiation exploded; the Pope's pretended jurisdiction in England rejected; sound articles of

Q.—'Wherefore did you so?'

D.—'To present your Majesty with a New-Year's gift.'

Q.—'You could never present me with a worse.'

D.—'Why so, madam?'

Q.—'You know I have an aversion to idolatry, to images and pictures of this kind.'

D.—'Wherein is the idolatry, may it please your Majesty?'

Q.—'In the cuts resembling angels and saints; nay, grosser absurdities, pictures resembling the Blessed Trinity.'

D.—'I meant no harm; nor did I think it would offend your Majesty, when I intended it for a New-Year's-gift.'

Q.—'You must needs be ignorant, then. Have you forgot our proclamations against images, pictures, and Romish relics in the churches? Was it not read in your deanery?'

D.—'It was read. But be your Majesty assured, I meant no harm, when I caused the cuts to be bound with the service book.'

Q.—'You must needs be very ignorant to do this after our prohibition of them.'

D.—'It being my ignorance, your Majesty may the better pardon me.'

Q.—'I am sorry for it; yet glad to hear it was your ignorance, rather than your opinion.'

D.—'Be your Majesty assured, it was my ignorance.'

Q.—'If so, Mr. Dean, God grant you His Spirit, and more wisdom for the future.'

D.—'Amen, I pray God.'

Q.—'I pray, Mr. Dean, how came you by these pictures? who engraved them?'

D.—'I know not who engraved them. I bought them.'

Q.—'From whom bought you them?'

D.—'From a German.'

Q.—'It is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects, we

Christian faith framed, and professed by the clergy; homilies, that is, plain, practical sermons, set forth to be read to the people, where preaching could not be had. So that the Church of England was reduced to the same good state wherein it was in the latter days of King Edward."

should have questioned the matter. 'Pray let no more of these mistakes, or of this kind, be committed within the churches of this realm in the future.'

*D.*—'They shall not.'

"This matter occasioned all the clergy in and about London, and the churchwardens of each parish, to search their churches and chapels; and caused them to wash out of the walls all paintings that seemed to be Romish and idolatrous; and in lieu thereof, suitable texts taken out of the Holy Scriptures to be written."

## NOVEMBER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

Now lies fair Summer on her funeral bier;  
 The murderer Wind that has her beauty slain,  
 Moans evermore in dread remorse, like Cain:  
 Slow tottering to the tomb the dying year  
 Wails a sad threnody, like poor old Lear  
 Above the slain Cordelia's corse, full fain  
 To die with her and ease him of his pain.  
 The forest all is faded, sad and sere;  
 The clouds like funeral palls hang dark and low;  
 Slowly and sadly wave their hearse-like plumes  
 The lordly pines in mournful pomp of woe,  
 And brood o'er all the winter's gathering glooms,  
 While sad rains weep above the lowly bed,  
 Where lieth the sweet Summer, cold and dead.

## AN ECLECTIC METHODISM FOR CANADA.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

METHODISM is a revival—it means conversion; and if it is indeed what Dr. Chalmers was pleased to call it, “Christianity in earnest,” it must be a *life*, rather than a mere system of administration. This life at first began to pulsate in the hearts of a few pious students at the University of Oxford, England, who set out with the idea and purpose of cultivating universal holiness in themselves; and afterwards, by a chain of providences, they felt themselves committed to the enterprise of “spreading Scriptural holiness over the land”—indeed, over the whole earth.

Their preaching was instrumental in awakening careless men and women to a solicitude about the interests of their souls, who applied to those who had been the means of their awakening, as to “how they should flee from the wrath to come, which they saw continually hanging over their heads.” They soon became so numerous that they could not be counselled singly: a time, therefore, was appointed, “when they might all come together.” This led to the formation of a Society (not a Church, for they were all, or might be, members of some other Church) which they designated “a company of men, having the form and seeking the power of godliness, united in order to pray together, and to watch over one another in love.”

“This was the rise of the United Society, first in Europe, and then in America.” The purely society character of Methodism came to an end, or developed itself into a Church, or a Connexion with all the attributes of a Church, in America, to which it had been transplanted in 1766, sooner than in England, where it arose.

It had been a maxim of John Wesley, the principal founder of Methodism, that there was no exact system of Church government laid down in the Word of God, although his partialities were for the Episcopal form; and that as to Methodism itself, it was the child of Providence, and that its true safety and progress consisted in following the openings of that Providence. This led

him to add Church attributes and appendages to his connexional Society from time to time, as certain exigencies affecting its interests occurred. Thus, in Europe, he first dispensed the Sacraments himself, for the convenience of his people, outside of consecrated walls; then in church hours; next, he obtained certain ordained clergymen of the Church of England to aid him—then he obtained the ordination of one, if not more, of his lay preachers, by a friendly Bishop, to aid him. Next, he ordained some of them himself to dispense the ordinances in Scotland.

And when the American Revolution gave independence to the American colonies, in 1783, and the Established Church was thereby overthrown, and the Episcopal form of Christianity in the newly organized American Union greatly, if not totally disorganized, he considered that he was not only "set free," but called upon by the force of circumstances to provide the American Societies with an ordained ministry, and to organize them into a compact body, with the style and attributes of a Church. He placed it under the government of Superintendents, who assumed to themselves the name of Bishops, and provided for the distinction between deacons and elders. This took place in 1784.

Up to this point, and later, although Mr. Wesley called to his aid laymen, who exercised their gifts and talents as stewards, exhorters, class-leaders, local preachers, and lay travelling preachers, the supreme legislative and executive authority and power was in his own hands, and after him—that is to say, in his absence and after his death, which happened in 1791—in the hands of the Conferences—composed of travelling preachers, or ministers only.

Such a clerical government worked well for the earlier times, and was perhaps the most efficient that could have been then exercised. It was simple and centralizing, and could act with celerity and energy, and was admirably adapted to further the spirit of propagandism that then possessed the body, and is, if we are faithful to our vocation, the true spirit of Methodism. The *esprit de corps* which actuated these ecclesiastical Mamelukes effected prodigious triumphs. Nor were their doings open to the charge of ignoring the people's wants and wishes: they were for



the people, although not with them. It was impossible it should have been otherwise: they lived among the families of their people, they mixed with them, not only daily but hourly—they knew their opinions throughout—and popular opinion was likely to be tenderly considered by these clerical legislators and rulers; for they were directly dependent on them for the bread they ate and the means necessary to carry on the work they prosecuted. The people were the pay-masters; and pay-masters, or those who hold the purse-strings, are wont to be treated with consideration.

Again, as to the system of subordination in this ecclesiastical hierarchy itself, oversight and central authority was the rule. As to England, (and in America till 1784), Mr. Wesley was the paternal, but autocratic ruler. He ruled the circuits and the mass of circuit preachers by the "Assistants," who were only responsible to him, and who were, with that limitation, supreme in their several spheres over people and preachers. Their rule would have been vigorously severe only that they were God-fearing men, chosen for their post because of their devotion to the work as well as their executive ability.

After Mr. Wesley's death, in England, the assembled Conference inherited and exercised his authority: all the administrative functionaries, President, and Chairmen of Districts, were its creation, and were open to displacement and change if the majority of the Conference thought best, from year to year. Their powers and functions, however, were regulated by Conferential enactment; and the Conference itself, modified or restrained its own powers by public enactment, from the pressure of outside opinion—witness the Act of Pacification, and similar enactments.

In the United States, the superintendency of the whole work and the presidency of the General and Annual Conferences were confided to life-long incumbents, the Bishops, who appointed the Presiding Elders, men possessed of an overseer's authority in their several districts, who, according to Discipline, might remain in the presidency of a district for four consecutive years. These had nearly a Bishop's power in modifying the appointments or stations in their respective districts from Annual Conference to Annual Conference. It was an administrative office admirably adapted to conserve and extend the work in its infancy: they

were the pioneers, the district missionaries, while they were the advisers and rulers in their districts of the circuit-preachers, who were often young and inexperienced men. The appearance of the Presiding Elder to many a lone itinerant and his scattered sheep in the wilderness, was an occasion of joy and encouragement, which must be felt to be appreciated. Think of Elder Case, passing out of Montreal through the thirty miles of French country to La Chute, and making his appearance at the Quarterly Meeting, not only to hold the dear old-fashioned early Sunday morning lovefeast, dispense the Sacraments, and to preach the Gospel in his own fervently declamatory style and with the musical intonations of his booming voice, but with a quintal of codfish for poor Georgie Ferguson's famishing family, and when there, prayerfully devising how his subordinate may get a new pair of trowsers. Such men needed very little lay prompting or watching, and they certainly should have had no lay restraint, for they heroically "led in the van of the host."

But the Connexions in both countries, as the result of their own native tendency to grow, became more complicated and ponderous. Then the question came, "should there not be more lay co-operation and association." When an enterprise has worked fairly well, and any piece of machinery, fairly good and well-worked, will do execution—it is natural for those who have been employed in administering its affairs and working the system, to wish to conserve its essential constitution. Hence the ministers generally, both in England and the United States, although they contrived mixed committees in the former country, and District or Local Preachers' Conferences in America, withstood the lay delegation schemes of a Kilham in England, and a McCain and a Stilwell in America; and the want of success by the newer bodies in gathering members, compared with the success of the older ones, was adapted to support the conservatives in the wisdom of their stand against innovation. Nor was the success of later disruptionists adapted much to modify this opinion. And the same may be said of the experiment in Canada of 1829. It is true, the English Primitive Methodists, with a double lay delegation, were signally successful, but our conservators thought that the success in their case arose rather from their revival origin and character than from any peculiarity of organization.

The history of the older Methodist bodies and of the Primitives, goes, I think, to prove, that while a body is successful in its work, and at peace within its borders, it is not well to arrest the work of revival and evangelization, for experimental legislation; albeit I think that, both in England and America, lay uneasiness might have led the older bodies to liberalize their institutions at an earlier period than they did; and that it would have saved them many thousand members, and in no wise impaired their energy. This wisdom was displayed in the Canada Church in laying its foundations anew in 1828, by introducing the quarterly meeting veto-power. Yet even that was not apparent enough to add much to the Church's popularity.

But we are now fallen upon times vastly different from those when Methodism was younger and simpler in its construction; and when it was either an undivided body or the off-shoots were so few and small, as in no very considerable degree to crowd and impede the growth of the parent trunk. For many years it was the policy of the central bodies to almost ignore the existence of the newer ones, if not to repudiate and disown them. It was very natural to take a course like this. How natural it would be to say, "We have been doing the Lord's work successfully, but these persons sought to destroy our harmony by obtruding disturbing subjects of consideration upon us; by seceding for such reasons; and by setting up a rival cause they have evinced a spirit and character which we cannot countenance. At least we shall let them alone: if they are doing harm we will not be responsible for it; and if they are doing good, we will not be hindering them." I can remember when this was my own creed and course with regard to our Canadian seceders.

But long since they have assumed an importance and a power which effectually invalidates the ignoring policy; and have achieved a success which proves that they have a vital energy and elements of good, each of its own peculiar kind, in doing a work similar to our own, that make their respective systems the subjects of deserved consideration. Furthermore, we have long since recognized them as co-ordinate branches, not only of the universal Church, but of the Wesleyan family, by personal courtesies and exchanges, by giving and sending fraternal epistles

and delegations, and by actual deliberations on the modifications we should reciprocally consent to in order to organic union. Yea, already a beginning has been made. The British Wesleyan Conference, with a magnanimity which becomes her greatness and her strength, gave up her interest in Church property and missions, on some of which she had expended thousands annually for three-quarters of a century, and set the Wesleyan Conferences of British North America free to do whatever they thought the exigencies of Methodism in the Colonies required. This example, although more reluctantly, was finally followed by the British New Connexion Conference. It was a good deal disappointing that the Primitive Methodist Conference of Britain has pursued a different course, and has held out a money motive to retain their own creations in Canada in direct connection with themselves; yet the friends of union have been reassured by the Canada Conference of that section of Methodism refusing to be dictated to contrary to the convictions which their local experience has produced in their own minds. The success, however, which they and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada have found to crown their separate denominational efforts, seems to make them severally partial to their own institutions, and somewhat slow and deliberate in giving up their distinctive existence.

When any one of our Canada Methodist bodies meets in its own Conference, or any other large assembly, whether for Church business or devotion, it is very natural for us to feel that we are doing well enough, and that we had better "leave well enough alone;" but when we separate from each other, and go to our several fields of labour, in most of which we find that all of Methodist proclivities are so few and feeble as to make it hard enough to sustain a cause if they were all combined, and there find that this section of the population is bid for, and pulled and hauled, by some half a dozen Methodist preachers of as many different bodies, rivalling each other as to congregations, classes, Sunday-schools, prayer and missionary meetings, so that feebleness and inefficiency characterize them all, we cannot help feeling a sort of indignation that the influential leaders of the several bodies have not consideration, or wisdom and forbearance enough, to devise and carry out some scheme of comprehension, which will

end this pitiful not to say disgraceful spectacle. Let the humble pious members in the several sections, cry mightily to God that these attributes of mind may be accorded to the guiding spirits in their several connexions.

If such a spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind were possessed by the leaders of the several bodies concerned, they would find that each section of Methodism in its separate operations had learned some methods of doing good of special excellence, and had adopted some arrangement of Church order of particular value, and that these excellences should enter into the composition of the general organization of a united Church. If the subject were approached from this stand-point, instead of taking the position that "all of my own system that is given up is a concession, and that all that is adopted from another is an act of submission," the deliberations for union would be changed from a bargain and sale affair into the prayerful considerations of single-minded men, as to which are the most sightly materials in the smaller buildings which should enter into the composition of the newer, broader, and more thoroughly adapted edifice. This should be done, not in the spirit of theorizing, but according to the true old Methodist habit of adopting useful things wherever they may be found. If we could effect a union in this way, we might compile a better system than any of us have had heretofore; and our amalgamation would prove a blessing for Methodism in all time.

The result of a century and a quarter of experience, I think, points to the following conclusions: preserve your central, connexional, and pastoral authority entire; this done, give the laity and local courts all the consideration and freedom of action consistent with the maintenance of these objects. These in-detail mean laymen in all our Church Courts, excepting on questions of ministerial character and pastoral administrative authority; and a general superintendency for the Conferences and Connexion at large, with a district supervision in more direct and minute manner in the newer and more missionary departments of the work. But none of these incumbents of office to claim it as a life-long appointment.

Some may say, that a consummation so devoutly to be wished, is not, however, to be expected. Let such remember, that nothing

is too hard for God. To Him we should all repair in earnest supplication, morning, noon and night, until we see it brought about. The first feeling that a right state of mind would evince, would be not so much to ask what was done in the past, but with the light of past experience to inquire what will be the best for the future of our united Church? The proper answer to such an inquiry would result in AN ECCLECTIC METHODISM FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

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### AN AUTUMN DAY.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
     And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
     And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
     Some days must be dark and dreary.

## GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## PART I.

OF the two thousand nonconforming clergy who in the year 1662 abandoned their livings rather than perjure their consciences, none was more conspicuous for learning and piety, for zeal and suffering, than Richard Baxter. Indeed, no nobler nature sprang from that stormy age which produced a Cromwell and a Hampden, a Marvell and a Milton. But never was more heroic soul enshrined in a frailer tabernacle, or assailed by ruder gusts of fortune. His life was one long martyrdom of disease and fiery agonies of pain. His physical infirmities were aggravated by unremitting toil and study, and by cruel persecution and imprisonment. But the tree that wrestles with the storm upon the wind-swept height acquires a firmer fibre and a sturdier growth than that which nestles in the sheltered vale. So the stern Puritan nature, buffeting with the blasts of adversity, developed a strength of moral fibre, an unflinching will, and dauntless daring, that a blander atmosphere might have enervated or destroyed: The study of that heroic life cannot fail to quicken noble impulses and inspire a lofty purpose even in an age of luxury and self-indulgence.

On the 12th of November, 1615, was born, in the pleasant village of Rowton, Shropshire, the child who was to influence so largely the religious destiny of his own and of future times. His father was a substantial yeoman, who cherished the fear of God in a period of general spiritual declension. King James's "Book of Sports" seemed almost to enforce the desecration of the Sabbath; and Baxter complained that in his youth the family "could not on the Lord's-day either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise and instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all

their linen, and scarfs, and antique dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again."

His early instructors in secular knowledge were a stage-player and an attorney's clerk, who had successively assumed the functions of curate of the parish. But the religious teachings of his godly sire, and the study of the family Bible, which was all his library, save some pedlers' ballads and tracts, and a few borrowed books, were the most important elements in the formation of his character. From his sixteenth to his nineteenth year he attended the Wroxeter grammar-school, where he acquired a fluent though uncritical use of Latin, and a partial knowledge of Greek. Few glimpses of his boyhood occur, although he tells us that he was addicted to orchard-robbing and to the inordinate use of fruit, which he believed induced his subsequent physical infirmities. His constitution was further undermined by an attack of small-pox, which left behind symptoms of acute phthisis.

Shortly after attaining his twentieth year Baxter was induced to try his fortune at Court. Thither he accordingly repaired, fortified with a letter to the Master of the Revels. The frivolous amusements and fashionable follies of Whitehall, however, proved distasteful to his naturally serious disposition, and within a month he returned to his quiet and studious life at Rowton. "I had quickly enough of the Court," he says, "when I saw a stage-play instead of a sermon on the Lord's-day in the afternoon, and saw what course was there in fashion." From the seriousness of his deportment he early acquired the name of Precision and Puritan; but though at first nettled by the sneer, he soon learned to regard as an honour an epithet which was daily heaped by the worst upon the best of men.

But mere sobriety of life could not satisfy the demands of an awakened conscience. A severe illness soon brought him to the borders of the grave. Deep convictions took hold upon his mind. His soul was shaken with fearful questionings. Dark forms of unbelief assailed him,—doubts of the future life, of the credibility of the Scriptures, of the very existence of God. The very foundations of faith seemed to be destroyed. But he bravely wrestled with his doubts. He boldly confronted his spiritual difficulties,



and he came off victorious, but not without receiving in the conflict mental scars, which he bore to his dying day. His convictions were inwrought into the fibre of his being. His faith henceforth was founded upon a Rock.

At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and became the curate to a clergyman at Bridgenorth. Two years after, he was appointed to the cure of souls at Kidderminster, and entered with enthusiasm upon his parochial duties. His earnest ministrations and sedulous pastoral care disturbed the spiritual apathy of the town, and soon wrought a wonderful improvement in the manners of the people. Nor was he less mindful of the ills of the body than of the maladies of the soul. For years he practised among them the healing art, till, finding the tax upon his time too great, he secured the residence of a professional physician.

The times were full of portents. The political atmosphere was surcharged with elements which must ere long produce an explosion. In the oppressive lull, like that before a storm, could be heard the far-off mutterings of the thunder about to burst over the astonished nation. Society was to be plunged almost into chaos by the violence of the shock. The Puritans, from being a religious sect, were gradually becoming a political power. Oppression and persecution only confirmed them in their principles. They were gradually attracting to themselves the noblest spirits of the realm, —those who loved God and loved liberty.

Baxter's religious sympathies were almost entirely with the Puritans, but he was loyal to his sovereign. The storm burst in his immediate neighbourhood. The iconoclastic zeal of the Roundhead soldiery attacked some lingering relics of Popery in the Kidderminster church; a riot with the townspeople ensued. Baxter, as a man of peace, retired to Coventry as a city of refuge till the return of quiet times. "We kept to our own principles," he says; "we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament." Invited by Cromwell to become chaplain of the troops at Cambridge, he declined; but afterward visiting the Parliamentary army, he found, as he conceived, much theological error in its ranks, and accepted the chaplaincy of Whalley's regiment, as affording an opportunity of converting the Anabaptists and Levellers to the

orthodox faith.\* A skilled polemic, he challenged his adversaries to a public discussion. The theological tournament took place at Amersham church, in Buckinghamshire. "I took the reading-pew," says Baxter, "and Pitchford's cornet and troopers took the gallery; and I alone disputed against them from morning until almost night." He sought a nobler antagonist in the person of the General himself; but Cromwell, he complains with some bitterness, "would not dispute with me at all." But he witnessed other and direr conflicts than these; and after many a bloody skirmish, ministered to the bodily and ghostly necessities of the wounded and the dying. He was also present at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester, ever striving to mitigate the horrors of war, and to promote the spirit of peace and good-will.

Compelled by ill-health to leave the army, he returned to his beloved flock at Kidderminster, and gave to the world the undying legacy of his "Saint's Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted;" written, he tells us, "in the midst of continual languishing and medicine. . . . by a man with one foot in the grave, between the living and the dead." The one seems like a blissful anticipation of that heaven in whose very precincts he walked; the other is almost like a call from the other world, so frail was the tenure of his life when it was uttered, but echoing through the ages in many a strange land and foreign tongue.† It has aroused multitudes from their fatal slumber, and led them to the everlasting rest.

Baxter was no sycophant of the great. He fearlessly declared, even before Cromwell, his abhorrence of the execution of the King, and of the usurpation of the Protector. Invited to preach at Court, he boldly declaimed in the presence of the Great Captain against the sin of maintaining schism for his own political ends. With a candour no less than his own, and in honourable testimony

\* Edwards, a writer of the period, in his "Gangraena," or Collection of Errors, enumerates sixteen prevailing varieties of heresy, and quotes one hundred and seventy-six erroneous passages from current theological literature.

† During Baxter's life as many as twenty thousand copies of the "Call to the Unconverted" were sold in a year—a vast number for that period. It was translated by Eliot into the Indian dialect, for the use of the American savages. It has since been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and multiplied almost beyond computation.

to his worth, and to the value placed upon his esteem, Cromwell sought to convince him of the integrity of his purpose and justice of his acts. But the Puritan Royalist was faithful to the memory of his slain king. He left the Court, where advancement awaited him, and consecrated his wealth of learning and eloquence to the humble poor of Kidderminster, rejoicing in their simple joys, sympathizing with their homely sorrows, warning every man and teaching every man as in the sight of God.

Baxter sympathized strongly with the exiled sovereign, and preached the thanksgiving sermon at St. Paul's on Monk's declaration for the king. On the Restoration he accepted a royal chaplaincy, and in conscientious discharge of the duties of his office he preached a two-hours sermon of solemn admonition, ungraced by courtly phrase or compliment, before the yawning monarch. He was jealous of the interests of religion, and in a personal interview with Charles, to use the words of Neal, "honest Mr. Baxter told his majesty that the interest of the late usurpers with the people arose from the encouragement they had given religion; and he hoped the king would not undo, but rather go beyond, the good which Cromwell or any other had done."

Invited to present a plan of ecclesiastical reformation, he framed one on the basis of Archbishop Usher's "Reduction of Episcopacy;" but his comprehensive and moderate scheme was rejected. Notwithstanding the specious promises of the royal Declaration, the perfidy of the king and court was such that Baxter refused the offer of the mitre of Hereford as an insidious bribe. He sought instead permission to return to his humble flock at Kidderminster. He asked no salary, if only he might labour among them in the gospel; but his request was refused.

Baxter was a prominent member of the celebrated Savoy Conference, in which for fourteen weeks twenty-one Anglican and twenty-one Presbyterian divines—twelve of the former being of episcopal or archepiscopal dignity—attempted a reconciliation between the contending ecclesiastical factions. But this project was defeated by the bigoted opposition of the bishops. "Their lordships were in the saddle," says the contemporary chronicler, "so they guided the controversy their own gate." From the same authority we learn that "the most active disputant was Mr. Baxter, who had

a very metaphysical head and fertile invention, and was one of the most ready men of his time for an argument; but," he adds, "too eager and tenacious of his own opinions." He gave special offence by drawing up a "Reformed Liturgy," in the language of Scripture, which he proposed as an alternative to the venerable form consecrated by the use of a hundred years.

The prelatical party were eager to return to the livings from which they had been so long excluded. Even clergy sequestered for public scandal, reinstated in their forfeited privileges, threw off all the restraints of their order. Every week, says Baxter, some were taken up drunk in the streets, and one was reported drunk in the pulpit. A flood of profligacy swept over all the barriers of virtue and morality. The king sauntered from the chambers of his mistresses to the church even upon sacrament days. The Court became the scene of vile intrigue. Dissolute actresses flaunted the example of vice and made a mock of virtue in lewd plays upon the stage. The "Book of Sports" was revived and Sabbath desecration enjoined by authority of Parliament. To be of sober life and serious mien was to be accounted a schismatic, a fanatic, and a rebel. Engrossed in persecuting schism, the National Church had no time to restrain vice.

The excesses of a faction of Fifth Monarchy men, who in the name of King Jesus raised a riot in the city, gave an occasion of persecuting the Puritan and Presbyterian party. In the very year of the Restoration, and almost coincident with His Sacred Majesty's Declaration of liberty of conscience, the dungeons of London were glutted with prisoners for conscience' sake. Among these were five hundred Quakers, besides four thousand in the country gaols. For "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from church," attending conventicles, and like heinous crimes, John Bunyan languished in prison for twelve years, and bequeathed to the world its noblest uninspired volume.

The Act of Uniformity went into effect on August 24, 1662, the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—an omen of sinister significance, inasmuch as both crimes were animated by the same spirit of religious intolerance. Two thousand, "worthy, learned, pious, and orthodox divines," as Locke has styled them, were forcibly banished from their roof-trees and hearth-stones, and

driven forth homeless and shelterless, for no offence save worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. While the courtly revellers of Whitehall were celebrating the nuptials of King Charles and the fair Catherine of Portugal, from cathedral close and prebendal stall, from rectory and vicarage, the ejected clergy went forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. This cruel act, says Burnet, raised a grievous cry over the nation. Many must have perished but for private collections for their subsistence. "They cast themselves," continues the bishop, "on the providence of God and the charity of friends." "Many hundreds of them," says Baxter, "with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread." Many of the ministers, being afraid to lay down their ministry after they had been ordained to it, preached to such as would hear them, in fields and private houses, until they were apprehended and cast into gaol, where many of them perished. "Some lived on little more than brown bread and water," says the Conformist Plea. "One went to plough six days and preached on the Lord's day. Another was forced to cut tobacco for a livelihood."

The expulsion of these "learned and pious divines" was in wanton disregard to the spiritual necessities of the nation. Although many illiterate, debauched, and unworthy men were thrust into the sacred office, as the author of the "Five Groans of the Church" complains, yet many parishes long remained under a practical interdict—the children unbaptized, the dead buried without religious rites, marriage disregarded, the churches falling into ruin, and the people relapsing into irreligion and barbarism.

One of the most illustrious of this glorious company of confessors was Richard Baxter. With broken health and wounded spirit he was driven forth from the scene of his apostolic labours. The sobs and tears of his bereaved congregation at once intensified and soothed the pangs of parting. He espoused poverty, contumely, persecution, and insult. His home thenceforth alternated between a temporary and precarious refuge among friends, and the ignominy and discomfort of a loathsome prison.

But he went not forth alone. Woman's love illumined that dark hour of his life, and woman's sympathy shared and alleviated his suffering. It is a romantic story, that of his courtship. He

had often declared his purpose of living and dying in celibacy. His single life, he said, had much advantage, because he could more easily take his people for his children, and labour exclusively for them. There was little in his outward appearance to win a youthful maiden's fancy. Nearly fifty years of pain and suffering had furrowed his wan cheek and bowed his meagre form. His features were rather pinched and starved-looking, and decked with a scanty beard. His nose was thin and prominent, his eyes were sunken and restless. Tufts of long hair escaped from beneath his close Geneva skull-cap. Broad bands and a black gown complete his portrait.

Margaret Charlton was scarce twenty years of age, well-born and beautiful, endowed with gifts of wit and fortune. But Love is lord of all; and these two apparently diverse natures were drawn together by an irresistible attraction. The Puritan divine had been the maiden's counsellor, her guide and friend; and mutual esteem deepened into intense and undying affection. For nineteen years, in bonds and imprisonment, in suffering and sorrow, in penury and persecution, the winsome presence of the loving wife soothed the pain, inspired the hope, and cheered the heart of the heroic husband, whose every toil and trial she nobly shared. The wittlings of Whitehall did not fail to bandy jests—not over-refined—concerning these strange espousals; and some even of Baxter's friends sighed over the weakness of the venerable divine. "The king's marriage was scarce more talked of than mine," he says. But the well-nigh score of happy wedded years he passed are the best justification of this seemingly ill-matched union. There was nothing mercenary in his love, nor was it the mere impulse of passion. He renounced the wealth his wife would have brought, and stipulated for the absolute command of his time, too precious and precarious to be spent in idle dalliance.

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## THE SILENT MESSENGER.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

I sat beside a bed of pain,  
 And all the peaceful hours were still ;  
 The breeze that bent the summer grain,  
 Scarce sighed along the pine-clad hill ;  
 The pensive stars, the silvery moon  
 Seemed sleeping in a sea of calm,  
 And all the leafy bowers of June  
 Were steeped in midnight's dewy balm.

She seemed to sleep, for lull of pain  
 Had calmed the fevered pulse awhile,  
 But, as I watched, she woke again,  
 With wondering glance and eager smile.  
 The pale lips moved as if to speak,  
 The thin hand trembled in my own,  
 Then with a sigh, for words too weak,  
 The eyelids closed, and she was gone.

Gone ! gone ! but where, or how, or when ?  
 I had not seen or form or face ;  
 Unmarked God's messenger had been  
 Beside me in that sacred place—  
 No sound of footsteps as he came,  
 No gleam of glory as he went,  
 Swift as the lightning's arrowy flame,  
 Still as the dew the flowers that bent.

Yet she had heard the coming feet,  
 Had seen the glory of that face,  
 And, with unuttered raptures sweet,  
 Had sprung to welcome his embrace,  
 As the swift arrow leaves the string,  
 As the glad lark ascends the sky ;  
 And 'neath that soft o'ershadowing wing,  
 Swept past the radiant spheres on high.

O track of light ! O car of flame !  
 The calm sky bears no trace of you ;  
 The tranquil orbs sleep on the same,  
 'In heaven's unclouded fields of blue ;  
 And yet, upon this placid clay,  
 There lingers still that radiance blest,  
 Sweet token that her untracked way  
 Led up to bowers of heavenly rest !

Woodstock, Ont.

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## J A M A I C A .

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANLY.

### SECOND PAPER.

WE must never forget that the people make the place. What is any land, what are agricultural or mineral riches, what are lakes and rivers and plains and mountains, without a people to appreciate and use them, without the intercourse of culture and the fellowship of kindred minds ? Many of the best families of the United Kingdom contributed of old to Jamaica's cultured and ruling race, and made slavery there, on the whole, much less cruel and calamitous than in many other slave-lands ; and this refinement lingers, though not so much renewed from its source as formerly.

The slaves in all our West Indian colonies were so well prepared for freedom, by faithful Christian missions, that when the hour of liberty struck, there was no outbreak or violence. The apprenticeship system in Jamaica, as a method of transition to full freedom, did not work well and had to be abridged. The proprietary classes or their agents made many mistakes in working out the institutions of common and equal freedom. It is difficult, or rather perhaps impossible, for slaveholders, suddenly converted by emancipation into mere political equals, thoroughly to accept at once the new state of



things ; and, accordingly, the new *regime* retained so much of the spirit of the old as to produce, at last, the late riot in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-east. This parochial riot was misconstrued by the island-authorities as the partial outbreak of a general treasonable conspiracy, and was accordingly trampled down with great injustice and most disgraceful cruelty. Thorough enquiry afterwards, by royal commission, utterly failed to inculpate the murdered Gordón, or to find any justification for the terror and severity of the island's rulers. It was not without reason that the Imperial authorities made Jamaica, immediately after this riot, a crown colony, and substituted a sort of paternal government for the freedom of self-rule. How long the suspension of representative institutions will be found necessary, it is impossible to say ; it cannot be perpetual ; but as a temporary measure, it has worked well, and turned discord and financial embarrassment into concord, improvement, and a financial surplus. For this, great praise is doubtless due to the skilful and experienced hands that have mainly guided the island's affairs. We trust the present brightness is no transient gleam, and that so noble a country will continue to flourish, under the ægis of Great Britain and by the truth of the gospel.

The history of the MAROONS may be briefly told. When the English captured Jamaica, they compelled all the Spaniards to depart ; but the latter left all their blacks and mulattoes behind, in the mountains, in officered squadrons, probably to perplex the English, and to aid in any future attempt for Spanish recovery. "The country where this remnant of the Spanish colony was placed was interspersed with open pastures, where the wild cattle were numerous. The woods yielded fruits and the cleared grounds provisions, in abundance ; and water was always accessible in those deep cavern wells so peculiar to that range of mountains, or in the springs and rivulets issuing everywhere in the lower ridges. The Viceroy of Mexico issued an order for the return to Jamaica of the expelled inhabitants. Five hundred landed in the north from Cuba ; two hundred men, women and children came from the westward ; a thousand troops landed from Spain ; and Don Arnoldi Sasi, the expelled Spanish governor, returned with five hundred of the inhabitants. English troops

were sent in vessels to attack these forces strongly posted. The Spaniards resisted desperately, but had one-third killed and a sixth made prisoners; and a succession of skirmishes and fights ensued, till Doh Sasi, with one hundred and thirty of the old inhabitants fought his last battle, and then escaped to Cuba in a canoe, to die a monk in Spain.

“The English troubles with the Spanish negroes continued till the opening of the eighteenth century, when Cudjoe, a fugitive slave, united all the wanderers in the forest under the old Spanish name of Cimarones or Maroons. Their settlements were in the eastern and midland mountains, and among their distinctive names were the Cottawoods and the Malagasas. The strength of the men, under the famous chief Cudjoe, was a body of Coramantees, first gathered from a rebellion in 1690, and afterwards augmented by runaways of the same nation. The camp of these fugitives was in the peculiar mountain hollows called cockpits,—a line of precipitous valleys in the centre of the island, united by narrow defiles, that linked them in intricate labyrinths, unassailable as hiding places. The Maroons carried on their warfare by skirmishing into and out of these cliff-bound galleries, shifting from one vale to another with such rapidity that there was no tracking them in their attacks and retreats.

“The breaking up of the Darien settlements transferred to Jamaica a number of energetic Scotsmen, one of whom was Colonel Guthrie, a person of sagacious prudence, who undertook, in 1738, the pacification of the Maroons by treaty. He merited the record on his tomb, which still exists in Jamaica, as ‘the man whose courage, conduct and perseverance effected the reduction of the rebel negroes,’ and ‘to whom the living owed their quiet, peace, and safety.’ His treaty with the Maroons made them subservient to police purposes in the forest, and they became organized as a body of fencibles, to bring in runaway slaves. From that time to 1795, nothing occurred to impeach their fidelity.

“Until the insurrection of 1830, the most formidable menace to the tranquillity of the country was the rebellion of the Tralawney-town Maroons in 1795. It was brought to an end only by the dreaded preparation for hunting down the revolters

with dogs, under the guidance of chasseurs from Cuba. Some instances of the ferocity of these dogs excited such a panic that terms were asked, and the war ended in the deportation of the revolted Maroons. They are the nucleus of the colony of Sierra Leone.”\*

The history of Jamaica, as of all the West Indies, beginning with the European discovery, comprises two great eras—slavery and freedom. As soon as the terrible tyranny of Europe had exterminated the aboriginal red race, it imported the black race of the “Mother of Mourners,” for similar bondage. “The extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants,” says the Hon. R. Hill, “followed so immediately the settlement of the West Indian Islands by the Europeans that, at the English conquest [of Jamaica], scarcely a single Indian family was to be found existing. Though the coasts were thronged with inhabitants at the time of the discovery, the inland parts [of the island] were unpeopled solitudes. Having no trade, and cultivating, for three or four months only, the provisions that sufficed for yearly family support, the more constant occupation of the people was fishing, and their occasional pursuit was the hunting of the only wild quadruped of the forest, the Indian rabbit, the utia. They seemed to have no passion but pleasure, no object but the gratification of the senses in frequent social feasts and evening dances; their repose was divided between sleep in their hamacs within doors and out-door slumber in the shade by noon-day; their activity was most manifested in their wanderings by moonlight. As there was no care or calculation for the future, there was no prospective industry. When oppression drove them from the coast that gave them their daily food, as they could neither dig nor toil, they starved and perished. In fifty years the aborigines had died out entirely.” †

America and Africa, in swift succession, groaned and bled under the white man’s heel. But Europe’s own tardy reforma-

\* *Lights and Shadows of Jamaica History*, by the Hon. Richard Hill, member of Her Majesty’s Privy Council for Jamaica, 1859—abridged and slightly altered.

† *Lights and Shadows of Jamaica History*, by the Hon. R. Hill. Jamaica, 1859.

tion brought remedy and redress at length to the slaves of the West. The Anglo-Saxon race, first in mother-England and then in daughter-Columbia, enlightened and renovated by a free vernacular Bible, has proclaimed liberty to the captives, in the islands of the sea and over the continent of the North; and it is on the rock of Righteousness, and not on the shifting sands of a debatable success, the great cause of emancipation must be based. Ignorant, small-souled, and unprincipled men sometimes sneeringly ask whether the emancipation of the slaves has proved successful. Successful! Is it successful to stop lying, to cease stealing, to forbear murdering, to renounce human cruelty and feculence? Not the success of emancipation but its righteousness is the question. "If the heavens should perish, let justice be done."

And who can doubt or deny the justice of human freedom? It is alike the justice of man's self-ownership and of God's parental ownership. It is just that a man should have his own and is not every man the owner of himself? Do not the soul and body belong to the man whom they constitute? And is it not the grossest and most absolute violation of the very first rights of humanity to rob a man of himself by enslaving him, to make what essentially belongs to him the tool and the chattel of some greater strength and cunning? The black has as much right to enslave the white as the white the black, and that is no right at all. The only righteous or rightful property in man is the parental,—the ownership of the human child, during childhood, by the human parent, and the ownership of all humanity forever by the Divine parent. Any other ownership of man by man than the qualified and temporary ownership of children by parents is a profane and blasphemous usurpation of the rights of God. He alone is the owner of manhood. All souls are His, for he made them; the earth and its fulness are His. Man may be entitled to the conditional service of man, but never to his unconditional service, and never never to the ownership of his person. The so-called biblical argument for slavery is founded on the neglect of this distinction. Man is the property of God and accordingly the proprietor of himself; and whatever infringe this law is robbery and wrong, fraud and tyranny, cruelty and

wickedness, to be punished by the Judge. God may have overlooked the infringement in the times of ignorance, but now He commandeth all men everywhere to repent. It is not needless to assert these truths and rights, for though freedom's battle is begun, it is not completed; and the hatefulnes of tyranny lurks in countless hearts and shows itself in a thousand forms. Eternal testimony and eternal vigilance are the price of liberty all the world over.

But emancipation is successful, freedom is expedient, righteousness is profitable. A small minority of slaveholders may have suffered heavy loss by emancipation (the loss of the wages of unrighteousness); and the symbols of their slave-holding, such as handsome houses, tasteful gardens, fine equipages, costly living and social show, may have disappeared or declined; but the vast majority of the human beings, the great multitude of souls, have been *liberated*. A land of tyranny has become a land of freedom; the sound of the whip and the chain has ceased; thousands upon thousands that lived like "the horse or the mule" have attained understanding and freedom; property has become proprietor; tools and chattels are transformed into self-ruling men and women; "God's image in ebony" has come forth from the house of bondage; "the vilest slavery that ever saw the sun" is a thing of the past; and the glorious Gospel of the grace of God has now free scope to illuminate, hallow, and civilize the souls for whom the Saviour died.

The Gospel saved and civilized the slaves, and prepared them for freedom. It first made them right with God, and then made them right with their fellow-men. The precedence of this noble work belonged to the Moravians, but the great bulk of it is justly claimed by the Wesleyan Methodists and the Baptists. The Presbyterians came later into the field, yet to do good service; so did the Congregationalists; and the Episcopalians have been provoked to jealousy and to proper care for the quondam slaves, and now, themselves out of the bondage of connection with the State, are sharing in Jamaica's best toils and blessings. Adverse winds drove Dr. Coke and his band of missionaries from their chosen track and gave them to the high emprise of saving and civilizing our West Indian slaves. Their course, as also that of

the Baptists, is marked by the suffering of persecution, by patient and unflinching fidelity, and in due time by glorious triumph. Knibb, of the Baptists, probably hastened emancipation by twenty years. Fox, of the Quakers, bore testimony to the truth in Jamaica. "On the 7th of December, 1754, the Moravians entered this missionary field, in the parish of St. Elizabeth, on the banks of the Black river . . . Moses Baker, the first Baptist teacher, began his work in the parish of St. James, in 1786 . . . In the slave rebellion of 1831, the slave members of churches, in which no obstacles had been interposed to a free and open intercourse with the ministers, were those that rallied around their masters, and protected their buildings from the brand of the incendiary. Irwin, with its Moravian church and people at one extremity, and Hampden, with its Presbyterian church at the other, formed the checks to insurrection. Tumult and disorder were hemmed in within a circuit, by the faithful constancy of other surrounding churches and congregations. The Gospel has had its free course; and it has vindicated its character of beneficence; and the bonds of slavery have been loosened, not by violence but by the influence of mercy and justice."\*

Methodist missions in the West Indies were originated in 1759, by Nathaniel Gilbert, Speaker of the Honourable House of Assembly in the Island of Antigua, who was brought to God, on a visit to England, by the ministry of Mr. Wesley, in 1758. It was in 1785, that Dr. Coke, with Messrs. Hammet, Warrenner and Clarke, were driven to Antigua instead of Nova Scotia. In January, 1789, Dr. Coke commenced a mission at Port Royal, in Jamaica, and sent Mr. Hammet as the first missionary. In 1831, when the mission had grown to 12,025 members, a confederacy was formed at St. Anne's Bay, called "The Colonial Church Union," for the expulsion of all sectarian missionaries from the island, the maintenance of slavery, the destruction of liberal periodicals, the protection of its lawless members, and the discountenancing of every press or person that should advocate the hateful cause of the Dissenters. Its grand achievement was the destruction of several chapels on the north side of the island. A plot for a similar achievement on the south side was defeated

\* *Lights and Shadows*, by Hon. R. Hill.

by the vigilance of the Wesleyans and Baptists. Earl Mulgrave, the new governor, issued a proclamation against the Union, and otherwise neutralized it. Like the "Hell-fire Club" at Morant Bay, about 1802, it came to naught; and the Gospel was facilitated and glorified.

Jamaica, as the queen of the British Antilles, with the West Indies generally, and Central and Southern America, forms an ample and attractive market for the surplus produce of Canada. Take Jamaica as an instance, with its capital, Kingston, of 40,000 persons, its various other towns, and its total population of about 500,000. It has the finest variety of timber for furniture, but no pine; and is in constant need not only of our lumber, but of flour, butter, pork, cheese, etc. There is a growing demand for books and periodicals. What is to hinder Canada from sending its agricultural produce and manufactures to the Southern markets, both insular and continental, instead of depending on uncertain and unfriendly markets? Why do we not open an extensive and lucrative trade with our West Indian fellow-colonists? Why should our produce reach them indirectly through the United States, and not by the enterprise and energy of our own sea-going vessels? Why do we not exchange our lumber and bread-stuffs for their capital sugar, coffee, pimento, etc.? It needs but some energy and effort to form a company for this purpose, and to open ample and unfailing markets for all that we can raise or make. For Canadian invalids, who seek a southern winter, there can be no better place than Jamaica. From the sea-coast to the mountain-residences, there is every variety of climate above frost and snow; and there is every variety of society, without the barriers of a strange tongue and foreign laws and institutions.

But even more than this should be contemplated by Canada. What is to hinder much closer political relationship between what is British in the north and what is British in the easily-accessible insular south? Why should not Canada and the British Antilles become one country, one self-sufficient country, in which northern cold and southern warmth, temperate produce and tropical luxuriance, continental space and insular dispersion, the fresh waters of Canadian lakes and rivers and the saline

waters of the Caribbean Sea, should be the complement and crown of each other? Is Canadian statesmanship too sleepy or too slow for such a problem as this? Or is the vastness of our Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so engrossing and satisfying as to make us heedless of such a commerce and conjunction as our colonial neighbourhood affords? Let us enter upon right relationships with our West Indian brethren; and we need never be impoverished by the adverse tariff of a neighbour or the want of a market for our wares and productions; we need never be embarrassed by the glut of an adjacent panic and the decline of prices, and we need never be without a congenial neighbour and brother in the time of trouble.\*

\* Would not the comprehension of the British West Indies, as well as the Bermudas, within the jurisdiction of the Methodist Church of Canada, be eminently feasible, and contribute probably to their ultimate inclusion in the Dominion?—Ed.

NOTE.—We regret that, in consequence of our illness last month, the following typographical errors in Mr. Manly's first paper on Jamaica escaped correction. Page 290, for "trivial contemporary regard," read "trivial or temporary regard." Page 292, for "Rio Cabre," read "R o Cobre." Page 295, for "mahoc," read "mahoe." Page 297, for "a well open place," read "a wide open place." Page 300, for "the hues of the clouds and mountains, and the abundant progeny of rains, rills and rivers," read "the loves of the clouds," etc.—Ed.

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## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

THE air is damp, and hushed, and close,  
 As a sick man's room when he taketh repose  
     An hour before death:  
 My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves  
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,  
     And the breath  
     Of the fading edges of box beneath,  
 And the year's last rose.  
     Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
     Over its grave in the earth so chilly;  
     Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
     Heavily hangs the tiger lily.

—Tennyson.



## METHODISM IN FIJI.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

IN the summer of 1839, a small schooner, called the *Letitia*, approached the port of Somosomo, a chief town of the Fijian group, built on the shore of the picturesque and fruitful island of Taviani. It was seldom that a vessel was seen in those waters. The terror of that region as a den of cannibals had spread far and wide, and its very name inspired with dread even Fijian savages themselves. No white man lived on the island. One, a Scotchman, who had touched at a neighbouring island, had but a short time previously been barbarously murdered. The *Letitia* had on board two missionaries and their wives. While landing, canoes filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe was brought close alongside to receive the mission party, and as the ladies were lifted into it, men stood on deck, at either side, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people, among whom these ladies and their husbands were going to live.

These were the first Christian teachers that had ever ventured into that portion of Fiji. "As missionaries," said one of them, "we thought nothing of the privations or trials we might have to endure. We expect to sow in tears, as confidently as we hope to reap in joy; and therefore trials and privations are words seldom used by us, and things that are thought much more of by our dear friends than by ourselves." The man who uttered these heroic words was John Hunt—a name which holds, as it well deserves, a high place in the annals of missionary enterprise.

Born of poor parents, in Lincolnshire, England, John Hunt began life as a farm labourer at the tender age of ten years. He spent the next twelve or thirteen years in the same hard school of ill-requited toil. Yet there was a great soul in that plain untutored lad, whose energies only needed for their awakening the quickening power of true religion. That mighty power he

experienced in a very sound and clear conversion, which took place when he was about seventeen, under the ministry of the Rev. John Smith, of sainted memory. Despite his scant opportunities and difficulties, that, to less courageous spirits, would have seemed insurmountable, Hunt gathered knowledge, made rapid improvement, and above all, became a most devoted and useful Christian. By the time he was little more than twenty years of age, he had become one of the most acceptable local preachers on the Lincoln Wesleyan Circuit. "His defects were forgotten in admiration of his well-chosen and simple language; his rich imagination adorning the solid structure of his discourse; the might of earnestness, by which the fire in the preacher's heart mastered his hearers, until sometimes the whole audience bowed before the uplifting of that hard rough hand, and sobs and tears replied to those earnest, though ungrammatical appeals."

A residence of over two years at the Hoxton Wesleyan Theological Institution, served to ripen his mental and literary attainments, while he daily grew in grace and in the knowledge of God.

For years John Hunt had cherished an eager desire to carry the Gospel to the heathen. He had set his heart on Africa as the future field of his missionary labours. But God ordered it otherwise. While he was still at Hoxton, a great cry reached England from the far Pacific. The appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," stirred the heart of English Methodism. Hunt was chosen for the arduous task, and soon he and his young wife were on their way to that far off "habitation of cruelty."

Staying for a short time in Australia, he at once became so popular, that tempting offers soon crowded upon him to remain there. "Why should he go further? Here was abundant opportunity for useful work. He had already had a long voyage—quite long enough to constitute him a missionary. If he would stay in the colony, he should have every comfort secured him; but at Fiji, among those disgusting savages, he would have to lead a miserably uncomfortable life; his dear young wife, not very strong, would be exposed to suffering and insult, and the people yonder were by no means particular as to whom they clubbed and cooked." But all this cost had been long since

reckoned, and now, after a preliminary sojourn at a station called Rewa, where he acquired some knowledge of the Fijian language, we find him disembarking at Somosomo, to engage in good earnest in the great work of his life.

About the time of his arrival, news came that Rambithi, one of the king's sons, was lost at sea; and it was forthwith ordered that all his wives should be strangled, that they might accompany him to the land of spirits. The Missionaries tried in vain to intercede for these doomed women. "We heard," says Mr. Hunt, "the cries of the poor females and their friends, and soon they were unmercifully strangled. We were obliged to be in the midst of it, and truly their cries and wailings were awful. Soon after they were murdered they were brought to be buried about twenty yards from our house. This slaughter of sixteen women was followed by a kind of festival which lasted for several days and nights; and at midnight the inmates of the mission-house were startled by the hoarse blast of conches and the hideous yells and whoops of the dancers." The whole concluded with the distribution of one hundred baked pigs, one of which was sent to the missionaries.

One day eleven men were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They had been killed at Lauthala, a neighbouring town, to avenge the murder of a Somosoman, by some of the inhabitants. With exact and ceremonious order, the corpse of a chief was set apart for the god, and the others divided among the several tribes. The chief's body was quietly and skilfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house, and the other bodies were taken to a different quarter of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people seemed to become doubly savage after their horrid feast, and some of the chiefs came and tried hard to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who for some time were nearly without food.

At times the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house that the smell from them was sickening, and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among other sources of trouble was

the capricious temper of the tyrant-chief Tuikilakila. One day this great savage, in a flaming passion, flung open the mission-house door, crying out, "*Au sa cudru sava!*—I am very angry." He then seized Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Lyth, his brother missionary, one by each hand, and drew them toward the door, where he had left his club. But God took care of His servants. Their words prevailed, and the chief released them, striking Mr. Lyth contemptuously on the face as he did so. The friendship of the great man was sometimes as annoying as his rage was terrible. For example, when the mission stores were very low, he would come and eat the meal, which had been obtained with great difficulty; or when very gracious, he would kneel down and thrust his face into that of the missionary, and with expressive grimaces and remarks watch the stranger's way of eating, while the plate was swept again and again by the observer's ample beard.

Added to the distressing circumstances without, came heavy sorrows within that missionary home. Mr. Hunt watched for weary days and nights by the bedside of his afflicted wife and dying child. "I began to realize" said he, "the sorrows of being left alone in this land of need, with a feeling quite new to me. My mind was most severely agitated, though most divinely supported." Neither did there seem to be any appreciable success in the labours of the missionaries. One day, during a storm, one of the chiefs told them that they had been consulting about them, and the result of their deliberations was, that the missionaries should go away, for they did not intend to embrace Christianity. Hunt replied, that they would not go away unless they were driven away. "Thank God," he says, "for my own part, I feel my love to them increases with their ingratitude and enmity, so that if they will only allow me to live, I will spend my strength for their welfare." Well might Mr. Hunt say at the end of his third year, "Somosomo has been a place where every feeling of our nature and every principle of our religion has been tested."

It was not all seed time however. The day of harvest came, and Mr. Hunt and his fellow missionaries were permitted to see blessed fruits of their labours. A few years later we find Mr. Hunt rejoicing that "Fiji is not what it once was. It is not

under the sole dominion of the god of this world. There is a Church in Fiji, and Christ will govern the Group for its establishment and prosperity."

One Sunday, while Mr. Hunt was baptizing ten adult converts, the Queen of Viwa was completely overwhelmed. Her heart seemed literally to be broken; and though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all he could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women, and some of the men, literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As soon as the baptism was concluded, as many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the Group, and even in the world, chanting "We praise thee O Lord, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;" while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents. This was but the beginning of a great work of God, which spread over a large area. The work went on, and a few years later found Mr. Hunt and his co-labourers surrounded by over three thousand professing Christians, and nearly two thousand of these actual members of the Church. Mr. Lawry, the General Superintendent, writing at this time about the work in Fiji, says, "In this mission, everything takes from the chairman (Mr. Hunt), not a sombre hue, but a tinge of evergreen, a glow of life, and giant strides are being made in every part of the Fijian work."

While the work of conversion was going on, one of the most terrible wars that Fiji had ever known was raging. Thakombaw, the fierce tyrant of Mbaw, a town on the east coast of Great Fiji, and the seat of the highest power in the Group, was at war with Rewa. The new converts at Viwa, which was near to Mbaw, were exposed to danger, because of their refusal to join Thakombaw in this war. He sent word to the Christians on the Island of Ovalaw that they must either give up their Christianity, or come to Mbaw and be cooked. They replied, "It is very easy for us to come to Mbaw and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity." The enraged Thakombaw came in person to Viwa,

where the missionaries lived, to execute his threats. "The native Christians were very firm. Two of them meeting near the mission-house shook hands warmly, and with a cheerful smile, exclaimed, 'Heaven is very near.' They retired to the bush—their usual place for prayer—and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and many praying for the salvation of their persecutors." The heathens said, "Oh, if you missionaries would go away; it is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, you would not have reached Moturiki, (an island close by) before all these people would be in the ovens."

Lydia Vatea, the converted Queen, on her knees, with many tears, besought her kinsman, Thakombaw, to join the *Lotu*, (the native name for Christianity,) which he threatened to destroy. She told him how happy the religion of Jesus made her, and how it fortified her against all fear of death. The great chief wondered at this strange religion which enabled its disciples to be so happy in prospect of the ovens. In proportion as the heathens grew in numbers, they seemed to waver in purpose, until they said, "We came to kill these people, and we cannot lift a hand." Towards night they quietly withdrew, acknowledging that the Christian's God was too strong for them. As they passed through the bush to their canoes, many of the converted Viwans, whom they had come to destroy, accompanied them, carrying for them the clubs which had been brought for their purposed slaughter.

Ten years of incessant labour had passed. The nature of that work is aptly described by Mr. Lawry in his journal. "Our Missionaries here," he writes, "are hard-working men, and men of all work. They rise early and translate the Scriptures, or prepare other good books; they teach the natives useful arts, and guide them in all they do. One part of the day is devoted to native schools, and another to the schooling of their own children. They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy-councillors, builders, agriculturists, and frequent travellers on the high seas in the frail native canoes. They are men

'Whose path is on the mountain wave,  
Whose home is on the deep.'

They study hard that they may give a faithful translation of the Word of God. Several of them daily read Hebrew, Greek and Latin for this end, besides their constant application to the perfecting of their knowledge of the native language, in which they preach and converse daily, with ease and fluency. These things they do in the ordinary course of their daily labour as pastors of the flock of Christ, besides the oversight they are obliged to take of their own domestic affairs, where the busy house-wife plies her care, and where the tedious natives crowd around."

To none of the missionaries did this description more fully apply than to Mr. Hunt. But those ten years' toil proved fatal to his strength. We must now watch him as he breathes out his life on that distant shore. As he lay dying, the tears kept streaming down his face, and when the pent-up feeling could no longer be withheld, he cried out "Lord bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji." Never till then did he realize how Fiji had become identified with his very life. Grasping Mr. Calvert, his brother missionary, with one hand, and lifting the other, mighty in its trembling, he cried aloud again, "Oh let me pray once more for Fiji. Lord save Fiji. Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji." Soon the dying man broke forth, "Now I shall enter, singing Jesus, salvation, and glory, eternal glory!" "Hallelujah," he repeated twenty or thirty times, every time fainter, till his voice was hushed. The faithful workman was taken to his eternal reward, but the work he had so largely helped to begin did not falter in its onward progress, but went forward, as he had prayed, with increasing might. The memory of his apostolic life and death was, and is still, an inspiration to many hearts. His studious labours left a rich legacy to Fiji in various useful theological works in the native language, and above all, in a complete translation, which it would be hard to surpass, of the New Testament in idiomatic Fiji. His extensive travels among those scattered islands resulted largely in planting Christianity in many places; while his short career, brief in years, but compressing into it the work of a long lifetime, helped

to lay, perhaps more than that of any other man, the grand foundation on which the Fiji of to-day has built a civilized and Christian nationality.

It were unfair to the memory of such a man, as well as to ourselves, not to stay a moment to ask further as to the secret spring of such extraordinary worth as we see in such a life as his. Hunt was no ordinary man, even in the ranks of Christ's servants, simply because he was no ordinary Christian. While still a student at Hoxton, his soul was panting after the fulness of divine love; and ere he had left that situation he had entered, with joy, into the higher life of holiness. Thenceforward, "Holiness to the Lord" was the motto of his life, written as legibly as on the High Priest's forehead, on every power of his fine mind, and enflaming, as truly as the holy fire on the altar consumed the sacrifice, every emotion of his heart. His purpose in life was the simple, but sublime twin-idea, holiness and usefulness. "I propose to myself three things," writes this other Daniel from his den of lions in Fiji, "in which to take part, according to the ability which God gives me;—the conversion of the Fijians to Christianity, not in name, but in power; the translation of the Scriptures into their language; and *the revival of Christian holiness at home.*" Nor did he purpose in vain. For amid the ten thousand perplexities of his work while pursuing the first two objects, he never lost sight of the last. His zeal knew no bounds in leading those savage cannibals to Christ, and he was just as anxious, and as far as his opportunities permitted, laboured as hard for the full sanctification of British Christians. He saw, with the clear eye of a Christian philosopher, that a holy Church—a Church full of Pentecostal fire and power—is the one grand and divinely constituted agency for the conversion of men, whether of heathen sinners in Fiji or civilized sinners in England.

The glory of Methodism is that, in such men as Hunt, the apostolic piety and spiritual power of the primitive times are revived and reproduced. Great indeed is the company of such men that she has had the high honour under God of raising up; and glorious, beyond calculation, have been the successes vouchsafed to their courageous and self-denying labours. In no land has God more signally blessed the efforts of his servants, than on



that soil where the sacred dust of Hunt, and of very many of his Methodist co-workers, find rest. The Fiji of John Hunt's early day was the terror of the civilized world, and almost of the savage world too. But the unaided power of the Gospel of Christ, preached from the lips of these simple missionaries, than whom the world has no truer heroes, has lifted up, as with an omnipotent leverage, those hideous masses to the joys of intelligence, virtue and Christian civilization. Were all the other successes of modern missions obliterated and forgotten, the work of Methodism in Fiji alone would sufficiently demonstrate that there is power enough in the religion of Jesus to redeem and save the most debased nations of mankind. The Fiji of the heathen past stood the lowest stratum of all in the scale of nations, but the mission work of less than forty years reveals to us the Christianized Fiji of to-day, a nation of enlightened and civilized men, the latest added, and not unworthy star in the Crown of England's noble Queen, and what is vastly better, a bright particular star in the Redeemer's Crown of Glory. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."\*

CARTWRIGHT, *Ont.*

\* The facts narrated above have been taken from G. S. Rowe's *Life of Hunt*. New York, Nelson and Phillips; Toronto, S. Rose.

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## LIFE.

ALL are architects of fate,  
 Building in the walls of Time :  
 Some with noble deeds and great,  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled;  
 Our to-days and yesterdays  
 Are the blocks with which we build.

—*Longfellow.*

## AN EPISODE IN AN OBSCURE LIFE.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"LITTLE CREASES."

WHEN I first came up to town, it was to become junior curate of one of the East End's mother-churches. I lodged in a baker's first-floor rooms. The residence could boast of some "amenities." When I looked out of my window in rainy weather, I could see—thanks to the under-ground bake-house—the pavement beneath a dry patch in the midst of sloppiness on all sides; and the snow melted there almost as soon as it fell. But, *per contra*, the sickly-sour scent of the new bread was at times almost stifling, and the floury "black beetles" marched up in such squadrons from the bake-house, that I was forced to keep a hedge-hog; and the antidote turned out to be almost as great a nuisance as the bane. I am ashamed to say that at first my temper was ruffled by these trivial annoyances. Just because there was nothing to boast of in bearing them, they annoyed all the more. It was "Little Creases" who shamed me out of my puerile pettishness.

One sultry summer night, when I was still quite a novice in London, the beetles had kept me awake by crawling over me, and dropping from the bed-curtains like windfall fruit. In the early morning the scent of the hot bread came steaming up the stairs, and to get the nearest approach to fresh air within my power, I half-dressed, and threw up one of my sitting-room windows. As I was leaning out of it, the police-sergeant, who lodged in the room above, clumped up the staircase. "Morning, sir," he said, stopping at the open door. "Up early. Can't sleep, eh? Well, it *is* rather close; but just you look at that little gal cuttin' along there. This is a palace to where she has been a-sleepin', an' yet she's off to the market pipin' like a little lark. She's thankful for the 'eat, she is. It's bitter work when she's to turn out in the winter mornin's. I do pity that poor little soul. I've little gals of my own. Little Creases she's known as, and she's been at the cress-sellin', off an' on, this two years, though she ain't eight yet. *Creases!* She don't look much like a Cæsus, do she, sir?" and, with a grin at his pun, the pitying policeman mounted to his bed.

The little girl to whom he had called my attention wore a fragment of a black straw bonnet, with gaping chinks in its plait, through which her matted curls bulged like bows of dirty silk. A limp, ragged, mud-hued calico frock reached to where the calves ought to have been in her bare, skinny legs. That was all her dress. In one hand she carried a rusty iron tray, thumping upon it, tambourine-fashion, with the other, as an accompaniment to "The days when we went gipsying," which she sang, as she trotted along, in a clear, sweet little voice that justified the police-sergeant in likening her to a lark. At the end of the street she put the empty tray upon her head, and merrily shrilling out, "Pies! pies! all 'ot! all 'ot!" turned the corner and disappeared.

The next time I saw the sergeant I asked him where Little Creases lived. "Bottom house in Bateman's Rents; that's Miss Crease's address when she's at home," was his answer. "I can't rightly remember just now which room it is, but you ask any one about there where Little Creases dusses, and they'll show you, sir. She lives with her granny. They're a rough lot down there, but they have some sort of respect both for the old gal an' the little un, an' they won't insult you, sir, if they thinks you want to show 'em a kindness. I'll go with you an' welcome, if you like, when I'm off; but they'll think more on ye, sir, if you don't go with one of us. No, sir, the Force *ain't* popular, and yet it's only our duty that we try to do; and monkey's allowance we get for doin' on it. If you want to ketch the little un in and awake, you'd better go somewheres between six and seven in the evenin'. The little un has to tramp a weary way to sell her stuff, an' she's glad enough, I'll go bail, to go to her 'by-by,' as my littlest calls it, when she's had her grub. You know your way to the Rents, sir? Second turniu' to the left, arter you pass the Duke o' York. You can't mistake it, sir—the name's up, jist inside the archway."

On the following evening I found my way to Bateman's Rents. The archway was almost choked with gossiping loungers, who looked at first very sullenly at me; but when I enquired after Little Creases, and used the very term which the sergeant had taught me—much as a Moravian missionary might use his first conciliatory bit of Esquimese—the loungers relaxed into a general

grin. "She've jèst come in, sir," said a hulking rough, leaning against a post. "Jim, go and show the parson where Little Creases *dosses*;" and at this repetition of the friends-making pass-word there was another general grin.

Jim, a shock-headed youth, whose dress consisted of a one-sleeved shirt and a pair of trousers with a leg and a-half, upheld by a single brace of greasy twine, speedily piloted me to the bottom of the Rents, and up a filthy, creaking staircase to the first-floor back of the last house. "Creases:" he shouted, as we stopped at the open door of a dark little dungeon of a room, "'ere's a parson a-lookin' arter ye. Whatever 'as you been a-doin' on?"

The only window of the room opened on a high, dead wall, within arm's-length of it; and though half of the window-panes were broken, the room on that hot evening was very close as well as dark. It was very dirty also, and so was the parchment-skinned old woman who sat crouching, from the force of habit, over the little, rusty, empty grate. Opposite her sat Little Creases, on the floor. The old woman's half-backed arm-chair and the low bedstead on which she and her granddaughter slept together, were almost all the furniture. The scantiness of the bed-clothes did not matter so much in that sultry weather; but, hot as it was, it almost made one shiver to think of lying under them in winter.

"Yes, sir," said the old woman when I had seated myself on the bed, and stated why I had come, "Bessie an' me 'as 'ad our tea. No, we don't light a fire this time o' year. It's heasy to git a potful o' bilin' water somewheres or other—our pot don't take much to fill it. It ain't much the neighbours can do for us, but what they can they will. I must say that. No, I don't think I could git any ou 'em to clean up my room. They hain't got the time, an' if they 'ad they hain't got the water."

I was young then, and had a weakness for giving a "professional" turn to conversation; pluming myself on my clerical cleverness when I had lugged in a text of Scripture, *apropos* of anything—more often, in fact, of nothing. I began to talk about the woman of Samaria and the water of life, in a way that could not help feeling was hazy even to myself. The old

woman listened to me for a time in sulkily patient silence, although plainly without the slightest comprehension of what I meant. I was having my say, she thought, and she would get hers by and by, and would get all the more out of it, if she "behaved proper" whilst I was talking. She was full of complaints, when her turn came; especially at the hardship of her having to support a great girl like Bessie, although, so far as I could make out, Bessie contributed at least her full share of the cost of the old woman's room-keeping. Finding that I had small chance of hearing anything about Little Creases, except the amount of bread she ate, in her self-contained grandmother's presence, I proposed that Bessie should visit me at my lodgings next morning; and to this arrangement the grandmother grudgingly consented, when I had promised to make good the loss which the little girl would incur through giving up her work.

I was amused to see how I sank in the "social" estimation of my new acquaintances when they learnt that I was lodging at a baker's. "Wilson" was a very rich man in their opinion, and "made good bread, an' giv fairish weight—better than the English bakers, though he *was* a Scotchman;" but Bessie and Granny had at times bought bread of Mr. Wilson, and, therefore, looked upon themselves as his patronesses, and at me as a "kind o' make-believe sort o' gen'leman" to be lodging on his first-floor. They evidently felt comforted when they heard that Little Creases was to knock at the private door.

I was looking out for her when she knocked. Had I not been, the "slavey" most likely would have ordered her off as "a bipident match-gal as wouldn't take No."

Bessie was rather shy at first, but when she was asked what she would like to have, she suggested, "Wilson sells stunnin' brandy-snaps," with a glibness which showed that she had the answer ready on her tongue. Whilst she was munching her anticipated dainties, I got a little of her history out of her, which I will put together here, as nearly as I can in her own words:—

"My name's Bessie—ye called me so yerself. Some calls me Little Creases, an' some jist Creases—'cos I sells 'em. Yes, Bessie, I s'pose, is my Chris'n name. I don't know as I've got

another name. Granny 'as. Marther's 'er Chris'n name, an' sometimes folks calls 'er Missis Jude—sometimes they calls 'er Hold Winegar, but that ain't horfen. No, sir, they don't call 'er that to 'er face. Granny 'ud give it back to 'em if they did, an' they ain't a bad lot—not them as we lives with. No, I can't remember when I fust come to live with Granny—'ow could I? I was jist a babby, Granny says. Oh, Granny does whatever she can—*she* ain't a lie-a-bed. Sometimes she goes hout cheerin' now, but she ain't strong enough for that, an' the work an' what she gits to drink makes her precious cross when she comes 'ome. Yes, I love Granny, though she do take hall I arns. She's a right to, I s'pose. She says so, anyways, 'cos she took me when father and mother died, an' father 'ad waxed her. No, I can't remember nuffink o' them—an' I don't see as it matters much. There's kids in the Rents as 'as got fathers an' mothers as is wuss hoff than me. Well, I s'pose when I grows up, I can spend what I gits accordin' to my own mind. But I 'ou'n't forgit Grauny. She may growl, but she never whopped me—an' some on 'em *does* get whopped. Yes, sir, I knows I ought to be thankful to Granny for takin' care on me afore I could get my liown livin'—didn't I say so? No, I can't read, an' I can't write. I never went to school. What's the good o' that to folks like me as 'as to arn their livin'? I know 'ow much I oughter give a 'and for my creases, and then 'ow to split 'em up inter bunches, an' I'm pickin' up the prices 'o hother thinx at the markets, an' that's hall a gal like me need know. Readin' an' writin' may be hall wery well for little gals as can't 'elp theirselves, but I don't see as it would be any 'elp to me. Yes, I likes to look at picturs sometimes in the shop, but I can make out what they means—them as I cares about—wi'out readin'. Where does I git my creases? Why, at the markit. Where else should I git 'em? Yes, it *is* cold gittin' up in the dark, an' the creases feels shivery when you git a harmful when the gas is a-burnin'. But what's the good o' growlin' when you've got to do it? An' the women as sells 'em is horfen kinder in the winter, though they looks half-perished theirselves, tuckin' their 'ands under their harms, wi' the frost on 'em. One on 'em last winter guv me a fair market-'and when I 'adn't got no stock money, an' the browns to git a cup o' cawfee an'

a bread-and-butter. That did do me good, for it was hawful cold an' no mistake. If it 'adn't been for the pain in 'em, my toes an' fingers seemed jist as if they didn't belong to me. But it's good fun this time o' year. We 'aye our larks when we're a-pumpin' on the creases, an' a-settin' on the steps tyin' 'em up. Rushes we ties 'em with. No, we avn't to pay for the rushes—they're gived us by them as sells the creases. Yes, I think I've seed rushes a-growin'—in 'Ackney Marshes—but there wasn't much in that, as I could see. I'd rather be where there was houses, if *that's* country. It's sloppier than the streets is. No, I don't go to church. Granny says that she used to go, but they never give her nuffink, so she dropped it. 'Sides, Sunday's when I sells most. Folks likes a relish a-Sundays for their 'breakfasts an' teases; an' when I ain't a-walkin' about I likes to git a snooze. 'Sides I ain't no clothes fit to go to church in. No, an' I don't go to theayters an' that, nayther—I sh'd like to if I'd got the browns. I've 'eard say it's as fine as the Queen a-hopenin' Parli'ment—the Forty Thieves at the Pavillion is. Yes, I've seed the Queen once. I was in the Park when she came along wi' them fine gen'lemen on 'ossback a-bangin' away at the drums an' that; I s'pose them was the Parli'ment. I never was so far afore, an' I ain't been since, 'an I was very tired, but I squeegeed in among the folks. Some on 'em was swells, an' some on 'em was sich as me, and some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers. One hold fellow says to me, says he, 'What do you want 'ere, my little gal?' 'I want to see the Queen, an' Prince Halbert, an' the Parli'ment gen'lemen,' says I. 'I'm a Parli'ment gen'leman,' says he, 'but I ain't agoing down to-day.' I worn't agoin' to let 'im think he could do me like that, for he worn't dressed nigh so smart as Wilson a-Sundays. 'Your chaffin',' says I; 'why ain't you got a 'oss, an' a goold coat, an' summat to blow?' Then he busted out larfin' fit to kill 'isself; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parli'ment a-blowin' my own trumpet, an' see me a-ridin' the 'igh 'oss there.' I think he was 'alf-silly, but he was very good-natur'd,—silly folks horden is. He lifted me hup right over the people's 'eads, an' I see the Queen wi' my own heyes, as plain as I see you, sir, an' Prince Halbert, toc, a-bowin' away like himages in the grocers' winders. I thought it was

huncommon queer to see the Queen a-bowin'. I'd 'spected that all on 'us would a-'ad to bob down as hif we was playin' 'oney-pots when she come by. But, law, there she was a-bowin' away to heverybody, an' so was Prince Halbert. I knew 'im from the picturs, though he didn't seem 'arf so smart as the gen'leman that druv the 'osses. What a nice-lookin' gen'leman, though, that Prince Halbert is! I do believe that himage in the barber's winder in Bishopsgate, with the goold sheet on, ain't 'arf as 'ansome. Wisher may die hif he didn't bow to me! The 'queer hold cove I was a-settin' on, guv me 'is 'at to shake about like the other folks — law, how they did shake their 'ats an' their 'ankerchers, an' beller as if they'd bust theirselves! An' Prince Halbert grinned at me kind-like; an' then he guv the Queen a nudge, an' *she* grinned, an' guv me a bow, too, an' the folks all turned round to look at me, an' I felt as hif I was a swell. The hold cove was huncommon pleased, an' he guv me a 'arf-a-bull, so Granny said he was a real Parli'ment gen'leman arter all."

"And what did you do with the money, Bessie?" I asked.

"Guv it to Granny."

"But didn't you get any of it?"

"Oh, yes. Granny'd a blow out o' trotters, an' she guv me one, an' huncommon good it were."

A little girl who had sold water-cresses for two years, with no more memorable treat than a trotter, could not be injured, I thought, by a little indulgence. If I confirmed Bessie in her opinion that, in the complimentary words she had already used in reference to me, I wasn't "sich a bad sort, arter all," I might "get hold" of her, and eventually do her more good than giving her a little passing pleasure. Still I was at a loss how to carry out my plan of giving her a day's treat; so I asked her to choose her entertainment for herself.

"Well," she answered promptly, "I should like to 'ave some more to eat bimeby;" and then, after a minute's pause, "an' I should like to go up the Monument. I've horfen seed the folks at the top like rats in a cage; an' I should like to 'ave a look down through them railin's, too."

Little Creases' costume, although it attracted little attention to herself, was likely to make a clerical companion stared at, even



in London's crowded streets, where men brush past each other never heeding,—frowning, and laughing, and even talking, as if they were in a dark, doubled-locked room alone, instead of publishing their secrets of character, at any rate, in broad noon, to the one in ten thousand who may have leisure or inclination to notice them. I thought, however, that it would be a bad beginning with Bessie, if I wished to secure her confidence, to seem to be ashamed of her clothes. So I got my hat, and proposed that we should start at once. When I took hold of her hand outside the front door, I could see that she thought that in my case, as in that of her parliamentary friend in the Mall, wit was not equal to good-will. We were chaffed a little as we walked along. A policeman asked me if I wanted to give the little girl in charge, and when I answered that the little girl was taking a walk with me, looked more than half inclined to take me into custody myself. "Oh, he's adoin' the good Samaritan dodge in public, Bobby," explained a sneering on-looker; "lettin' 'is light shine afore men. He don't mean no more mischief than that. I know the ways o' them parsons. They'd be precious deep, if they knew how." I must confess that this gloss upon my behaviour did annoy me, because I felt that I had laid myself open to it. But is it not a satire on our Christianity that we should think it "very odd" to see a person in whole clothes talking to one in rags, unless the continuously clad person be either bullying or benefiting the intermitterly clad from the top of a high cliff of universally admitted social superiority?

I do not know who takes the money at the Monument now. At the time of which I write the money-taker was a very morose old fellow, who seemed to regret that the gallery had been caged in. "You can't fling her over," he growled, as we began to mount the weary, winding stairs.

"Did you hear what he said, Bessie?" I asked with a laugh.

"Oh yes, I 'eard 'in," Little Creases answered gravely; "but I ain't afeared. I'd scratch so as ye couldn't, if ye wanted to, an' it ain't sich as you does thinx to git put in the papers. It's chaps as can fight does them kind o' thinx."

For a wonder, the day being so fine, we had the gallery at first to ourselves. "That's a buster," said Bessie, as she mounted the

last step! "I'll 'ave a blow now. Law, 'ow my legs do ache, an' I feel dizzy like. I shouldn't ha' been 'arf so tired if I'd been a-goin' my rounds."

"And yet you wanted to come up, Bessie?"

"Well, I know I did—helse I shouldn't ha' come."

"There are other people besides you, Bessie, that want to get up in the world, and then, when they do get up, are half sorry that they took the trouble. So you may be content to carry about your tray."

But analogical moralising of this kind (as I might have expected, had not those been the salad days of my surpliced life) shot quite over Bessie's head.

"Who said I worn't content?" she asked, in angry bewilderment. "What's the Moniment got to do wi' creases? I shall work them till I can get sumfink better."

Bessie was more interested when I explained to her the meaning of the "goold colly-flower," as she called the gilt finial; but she was very much disappointed when she was told that the Great Fire after all had not been caused by Roman Catholics. "They'd 'a done it, 'if they could, though," she commentated. "I can't abide them wild Hirish—they's so savage, an' they's so silly. There's Blue Anchor Court close by the Rents as is full 'o Romans, an' they's a-lays a-pitchin' inter each hother wi'out knowin' what's it all about. Law, 'ow they do send the tongses an' pokers flyin' of a Saturday night! An' the women is wuss than the men, wi' their back hair a-'angin' down like a 'oss's tail. They'll tear the gownd hoff a woman's back, and shy bricks, an' a dozen on 'em will go in at one, hif he's a-fightin' wi' their pal an' is a-lickin' on 'im, or heven hif 'e ain't—an' the men's as bad for that. Yes, the Henglish fights, but they fights proper, two and two, an' they knows what they's fightin' for, an' they doesn't screech like them wild Hirish—they's wuss than the cats. No, it ain't horfen as Hirish hinterferes wi' Henglish hif the Henglish doesn't worret 'em. Why should they? What call 'as sich as them to come hover 'ere to take the bread hout o' the mouth of them as 'as a right to 't?"

Bessie's superciliously uncharitable comments on Irish character were suddenly interrupted by an expression of surprise at

the number of churches she saw rising around her through the sun-gilt grey smoke. "Law, what a sight o' churches! Blessed if that ain't St. Paul's!" When Bessie had once found an object which she could recognise, she soon picked out others that she was familiar with—the Mansion House, the Bank, the Exchange, "the Gate," as she called Billingsgate, the Custom House, the Tower, etc. "Law, 'ow queer it looks hup 'ere!" she constantly kept on exclaiming. The sensation of seeing a stale sight from a novel standpoint seemed to give her more pleasurable excitement than anything she had yet experienced on this to her eventful day. Instead of leaving her to enjoy her treat, and the new experience to teach, on however small a scale, its own lesson, I foolishly again attempted to moralise.

"Yes, Bessie," I said, "things and people, too, look very differently according to the way they are looked at. You have been taught to hate the Irish, but if you could see them as some people see them, perhaps you would like them—if you could see them as God sees them, from a higher place than the Monument, you would love them."

"Granny says they're nasty beasts," was Bessie's sullen answer.

"Yes, Granny has been taught to call them so, just as she teaches you; but if Granny, too, would look at them differently she would speak of them differently."

"I don't see as Hirish is much worth lookin' at any 'ow."

"Well, but Bessie, you said the churches, and the shops, and so on, that you've seen all your life, looked so different up here."

"They don't look a bit nicer," Bessie answered sharply, having at last got a dim glimpse of my meaning. "I'd rayther see the shop windows than them nasty chimbley pots;" and, fairly floored, I once more desisted from my very lame attempt at teaching by analogy.

"Now, the river do look nice," Bessie went on in triumph, as if pursuing her argument. "But law, what mites o' thinx the bridges looks hup 'ere! My! hif that ain't a steamer, an' there's a sojer hin it, I can see 'is red coat. It looks jist like a fly a-puffin' about in a sarcer. Look at them barges, sir, wi' the brown sails, ain't that nice? Hif I worn't a gal, I'd go in a barge. It 'ud be so jolly to doss a-top o' the 'ay an' stor an' that,

and not 'ave no walkin'. Ah, them's the docks—there where the ships is as hif they couldn't git hout. Yes, I've been in the docks—not horfen. They stops sich as me, and hif you do git hipside, they feel you hover when you comes out, as hif ye'd been a-priggin'. No, I never did nuffink o' that; Granny, oodn't let me if I'd a mind, an' I shouldn't like to git locked up in the station-'us. Blessed hif the 'osses doesn't look as hif they was a-crawlin' on their bellies like black beads! An' there's a gal a-shakin' a carpet in that yard, an' now there's a cove a-kissin' on 'er! He's cut in now, 'cos an old ooman 'as come hout. That's the gal's missis, I guess, but I don't think *she* seed 'im. Law, what jolly larks you might 'ave on this 'ere monument, watchin' the folks, without their knowin' on it. If they was to put a slop hup 'ere he could see 'em a-priggin', but then he couldn't git down time enough to nail 'em."

"But God can always see us, Bessie, and reach us, too, when we do wrong."

"Then why don't He? What's the good o' the pollis? P'r'aps, though, God don't like to see the bobbies a-drivin' poor folk about. Granny says they're hawful ard' on poor folk."

I had again been unfortunate. Of course it would have been easy to answer poor little Bessie with satisfaction to myself; but as I felt that it would be only with satisfaction to myself, I was the more dissatisfied that in my 'prentice attempts to sow faith in divine government, I should have generated doubts. As the best thing I could do under the circumstances, I tried to remove Bessie's prejudice against the police as a body, although I was disagreeably conscious that, owing to my clumsiness, I had mixed up the "station-'us" and Providence in a very bewildering fashion in my little hearer's mind.

"Are the police hard to you, Bessie?" I asked.

"Some on 'em is—wery," she answered.

"Well, Bessie, it was Sergeant Hadfield, that lodges at Mr. Wilson's, who told me where to find you. He spoke quite kindly about you. If it hadn't been for him, you wouldn't have had your fun up here."

"I never said anythink agin '*im*."

"But if one policeman is kind, why shouldn't others be?"

"Pr'aps they may be, but there's a many as ain't."

Bessie was a very obstinate little reasoner; and when I parted from her in Monument Yard, I could not help contrasting with bitter humiliation the easiness of calling and fancying one's self a Christian teacher of Christianity, and the difficulty of acquitting one's self as such. I walked home to my lodgings puzzling over those words of the child-loved Lover of children, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." There seemed somehow an incongruity between them and the precociously shrewd, and yet lamentably ignorant, little Bessie; and yet I felt that the poor little Londoner must be as dear to Jesus as any Judæan boy or girl He ever blessed.

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### BEYOND JORDAN.

AND they came to Him, mothers of Judah,  
Dark-eyed and in splendour of hair  
Flowing down over shoulders of beauty,  
And bosoms half hidden, half bare;

And they brought Him their babes and besought Him,  
Half-kneeling, with suppliant air,  
To bless the brown cherubs they brought Him,  
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching His hands He said, lowly,  
"Of such is My Kingdom;" and then  
Took the brown little babes in the holy  
White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to His heart and caress'd them  
Put His face down to theirs as in prayer,  
Put their hands to His neck, and so bless'd them,  
With baby hands hid in His hair.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

## G A R I B A L D I.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'CULLOUGH.

THE people of every age, nation, and country, can properly and proudly boast of their great men. And great men appear in extraordinary times, as if they were called forth by Divine Providence, for special purposes, and to accomplish important ends. Moses was raised up and educated for a great purpose—the emancipation of the Israel of God. Joshua was eminently qualified to lead the same people into the promised land. Daniel and his worthy associates were pre-eminently adapted for their great work; and so on in every age of the Church, in every period of the history of the world, and in every nation and kingdom, and tongue and people. The oppressed of every age and country have had their sympathisers and liberators—men for the times, specially raised up to bless the nations.

Such a man is Giuseppe Garibaldi, for he still lives, and is just such a character—a man for the people and a man for the times—a man to face the cannon's mouth, and to beard the lion in his den—a man of principle, of uncompromising integrity, and the right man in the right place to meet the cruel oppressor. Of his parentage and early history we know but very little; but if he was not born to fortune, he certainly was born to fame, and like many another, rose from the humble walks of life to become the liberator of the oppressed.

He was born at Nice, in 1807. His father was a common sailor, and his mother assisted, when necessity occasioned it, in the same occupation. The son was early devoted to the same mode of life, and inured himself to danger and to toil, and cultivated those habits which enabled him to achieve great exploits and to brave imminent danger. But his father was unwilling that his promising son, in whom he delighted, should follow a sea-faring life, and he apprenticed him to a tallow-chandler, that he might earn a living in an easier way than his own arduous occupation. But he might as well have sent him to a convent, for his restless spirit, his love of romance and excitement, would not permit him to be

an idle spectator of the stirring scenes of the eventful period in which he lived. Hence, at the age of twenty-six years, we find him taking an active part in the revolution at Genoa, and there he was wounded, taken prisoner, tried by court martial, and sentenced to death. He escaped from prison, made his way into France, and there for a time remained.

Our young hero soon made his escape from France, and we next find him engaged in his favourite *role* of liberator in South America. When the political troubles between Uruguay and Buenos Ayres broke out into an open war, he at once took the part of Uruguay, the oppressed, against Buenos Ayres, the oppressor. He received the chief command of the small Republican army, and although his forces seemed inadequate for the struggle, yet he feared nothing; he faced and repulsed the enemy, but received a severe wound in the engagement. But he soon recovered from his wound and removed to Brazil, where he married a Brazilian lady of rank, and considerable fortune, who afterwards shared with him his dangerous exploits and eccentric adventures.

But while absent from his own country many important changes had taken place in the Provinces, and the French were now in possession of Rome. Italy was struggling for a position among the nations of Europe, and to free herself from the bondage under which she had groaned for ages—priestly tyranny and aristocratic assumption of power. On his return to Italy, in 1848, Garibaldi threw himself, with his wonted zeal and energy, into the struggles of the Republican party, which had actually taken possession of the Eternal City, and forced the Pope to fly. He had only four thousand troops under his command; the Austrians opposed him with thirteen thousand men: he was compelled to retreat and flee for his life. He took possession of a small fishing vessel which he found on the coast, and with his devoted wife, who shared his danger, passed through the Austrian fleet, and reached the land in safety, where his wife, through fatigue and exposure, died in three days after his landing. Death was decreed against any one who gave him shelter, but he made his escape, and reached New York in 1850.

He now commenced the business of candle making, on Staten

Island, and was very successful, and would soon have accumulated considerable property, but his restless spirit soon led him to abandon his business for the more active maritime profession. He sailed for some time on the Pacific coast, in command of a Peruvian bark, and, took an active part in the political struggles of the South American States.

The usual tenor of military dispatches are eclipsed by the unvarnished record of the marches and exploits, the heroic deeds and herculean performances of this sincere and devoted liberator. He has given Italy a king, and set a kingdom free, and at the same time declines rank, and title, and estate, and when his work is done retires into private life. But he cannot be hid. He has defied and conquered haughty Austria, on the plains of Lombardy, and caused the Pope and the Vatican to tremble. He contributed his full share in raising Carlo Alberto to the throne of Sardinia, and when that vacillating monarch, whose principle of life seemed to be expediency, succumbed to the power of the Papacy and the influence of the priesthood, he again assisted in bringing about his abdication. He then took active measures, in concert with Count Cavour, in raising Victor Emmanuel, not only to the throne of Sardinia, but finally, to the throne of the kingdom of Italy.

When, in 1859, the peace of Southern Europe was again threatened, and Austria was determined to humble Sardinia and re-establish the Papal cause, Garibaldi immediately returned home and raised a corps of "Mountain Hunters" of the Alps for the Sardinian Government. He attacked the strongholds of the Austrians, and with his handful of men, brilliantly and repeatedly repulsed them. In 1860, with one thousand volunteers, he captured Palermo and Messina, and became Dictator of Sicily, routing the Neapolitan garrison of seven thousand men. Raising an army of thirty thousand volunteers, he marched on Naples, and with the aid of the Sardinians, completed the overthrow of Francis II. Thus Naples and Sicily were added to the kingdom of Italy. Garibaldi now resigned the command of the Southern army into the hands of Victor Emmanuel, his royal master, declined all honours and rewards, and retired to his cottage at Caprera. He stood deservedly high in the estimation of his countrymen, and



we find, in 1861, that he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, as an expression of their confidence in the liberator of their country.

But Garibaldi has been in almost every situation in life, and knows well the condition of the poor and the oppressed. Few men have seen so much of the changes and varieties of fortune—of its ups and downs. He has crossed the Atlantic many times as a common sailor; he has also many times visited South America in the same capacity, and has taken an active part in its political struggles. He has been, as we have narrated, a tallow chandler, and then a patriot adventurer and liberator—dictator and king-maker—but he was always disinterested and heroic. He combined the lion and the lamb—for he has the courage of the conqueror and the sympathetic soul of the friend of the oppressed. He was impulsive, and sometimes seemed to be rash, but was mild, considerate, and forgiving; and when the hero returned home from the scene of conflict, we see in him a woman's tenderness and a lover's romance. He is intensely humane, and can weep with those that weep, as well as rejoice with those that rejoice.

The history of such a man is highly instructive, as it presents continual contrarieties and peculiar incidents of reparations and innocent retracings, and singular eccentricities. Perhaps a more unselfish and disinterested man never lived in any country or any age, and the whole record of his life thus far is one continued scene of self-sacrifice. He was sensitive to a fault, for no man felt a slight more keenly, but none, after the first burst of indignation was over, could forgive more readily, because he was truly a great man, a man of noble and generous spirit. It belongs to small minds—minds minified by a sense of their own imaginary greatness, never to be able to forgive—never able to overlook a fault in another.

Who has not read of our hero's unfortunate marriage, when he was a widower, and observed the impetuosity of his soul, and the impulsiveness of his nature. He was struck with admiration at the patriotic zeal and singular courage of the young and lovely daughter of a country nobleman, who rode, by night, through the mountain passes to carry important dispatches to Como. No

sooner was he free from his public engagements than he went directly to her father's castle, and without consulting the preferences of the young lady, asked her hand in marriage. This was an unexpected honour to the family, but very unwelcome news to the daughter, and the lovely girl, who sincerely and ardently loved, and indeed was affianced to another, was forced to the altar, by delighted parents and an impromptu admirer; one whom she revered as liberator and hero, but one whom she could never love. They were, however, married. But Garibaldi was informed, in an anonymous letter, of the fact of her love for another, and that she had granted the favours to her betrothed, not uncommon in Italy under such circumstances. The noble hero and bridegroom left the castle the next day, and abandoned for ever the heroine of the mountain, his lovely, but unwilling bride, with the same inconsiderateness that had characterized the previous course of his singular courtship.

Garibaldi was a most rapid conquerer, and seemed, in some respects, to imitate the Great Napoleon. But unlike Napoleon he was a conqueror and liberator. Napoleon was a conqueror and an oppressor. Garibaldi was generally exceedingly precipitate and impulsive, but when he would take time to think, he was moderate, prudent, and considerate. He would have been more than human if he had paused in time; for successes such as his might well make the conquest of Rome and Venice seem like a day-dream, and the powers of France and Austria to be hated and despised. Perhaps there is not another conqueror in the world that could or would have borne unresented, and so well, the checks which the sagacious Cavour, in the interest of Italy, imposed upon him. He would sometimes, but only for a very short time indeed, seem to be chafed and vexed, and like a restive horse bound in an opposite direction; but then he would yield, and acknowledge his error, and again work in concert with the great reformer of the day—the noble Count Cavour.

Our hero could not endure opposition, because he believed he was right. He hurled back, from the lofty summit of his well-earned fame and popularity, a hasty defiance, and demanded of Victor Emmanuel, his acknowledged master, the immediate dismissal of his cautious minister. He was met by hearts just as

warm, and as honest, and as generous as his own, and the storm soon passed off, to the great joy of the sincere friends of Italy, and to the entire satisfaction of the admirers of both great and good men.

Garibaldi, like some others in similar circumstances, was subjected to many petty annoyances and severe irritations—honours, for instance, conferred on Pallavicino, a favourite of the Court, although a companion in arms, which Garibaldi thought ought to have been conferred on, and shared with, Modino, another companion in arms, but not a favourite at Court. He received a severe rebuke from D'Equile, one of the ministers, because he put on his hat in the presence of his royal master. He was annoyed because the king took his own time to answer his autograph letter, in which he asked for the confirmation of his official appointment in the army. Then the generous-hearted Garibaldi, when better informed, writes an affectionate apology to Pallavicino, whom he had treated unkindly in regard to the ribbon, a royal favour, at a time when "the evil spirit" was upon him. But he was no courtier. He had no policy. He was not a statesman. He was a most successful soldier, not so much by strategy or skill in the art of war, as by impulse, energy, courage and unbounded faith in the goodness of his cause, and in his own ability to accomplish the great end—the freeing of his country from priestly tyranny and the cruelty of the aristocracy of the land.

Garibaldi was generous in all his aspirations. And while he complained on behalf of his military friends and compeers, and was most anxious that their merit should be duly acknowledged by his royal master—he refused the command of the army for himself—he declined a dowry for his daughter—he refused an aide-de-camp's commission for his son—a pension, and an estate in Savoy—a Marshal's baton—a ribbon—a title of Prince of Calatafrini for himself. But he goes at once into retirement to his home on the island of Caprera, to find his rugged farm improved and beautified in his absence, and a portrait on the walls of his cottage, inscribed, "Victor Emmanuel to his friend Garibaldi." He has lived to see the unification of all the Italian Provinces, and Rome the capital of the kingdom. In

1874 he was elected a member of the Italian Parliament, and sits in Rome, under the very shadow of the Vatican, assisting in making laws for the good government of his country, despite the Papacy, whose temporal power is now at an end.

In the great struggle between France and Prussia, he deeply sympathised with France. For a time Napoleon III. worked in concert with Count Cavour and Garibaldi for the unification of Italy, so long as it did not clash with his own interests. And now, when France was in trouble, we find Garibaldi, in 1870, offering his sword and his life to the Government of France. His services were accepted, and he was made a General of Division in the Vosges. But he soon retired from the service of France, and again returned to his own home on the lonely island. When he shall come to grapple with the last enemy—death—may he, even then, triumph and pass away in peace to the land of eternal repose.

GRAFTON, *Ont.*

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### OUR ANGEL-KINDRED.

FAR in the glories of an endless day  
 Amid excess of beauty, and the swell  
 Of rich and everlasting melody,  
 Our angel-kindred dwell.

No care can reach them in their radiant home ;  
 No night can trail its terror o'er their skies ;  
 No sin can cast around its baleful gloom ;  
 No tears can dim their eyes.

Immortal pleasures crowd the golden hours ;  
 Undreamed-of beauty basks on every hand ;  
 And odorous breathings from the lips of flowers  
 Fill all the peaceful land.

And bright forms mingling in the holy mirth,  
 Pure white-robed dwellers on the blissful shore,  
 Our kindred are—the loved and lost of earth—  
 The happy “gone before !”

—*William Leighton.*

## EDITORIAL.

### THE MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN.

WE trust that the soul-stirring appeal from the Mission Rooms, as to the necessities of our Missionary Society, has been carefully pondered by all the ministers and thoughtful lay members of the Methodist Church of Canada. It contained words of weight and wisdom that must carry conviction to every mind, and should arouse the sympathy and effort of every soul. Inspired by the grandeur of the opportunities before them, and constrained by the urgent necessities of important and promising fields of labour, the Missionary Committee, a year ago, devised large things for God and for the Methodist Church in this land, and voted the sum of \$184,000 as absolutely necessary to maintain with efficiency the existing missions, and those which it behoved us as a Church to undertake. At the end of a year the Missionary Society finds itself \$40,000 in debt. To this result two causes have chiefly conspired. First, the extraordinary stringency of the money market, which has seriously affected every industry in the Dominion, and has thus lessened the ability of our generous-hearted people to give according to their wont. Second, a change in the internal missionary economy of that section of the Church formerly comprehended in the Conference of Eastern British America. Previous to last year, our friends in the Maritime Provinces held two series of missionary meetings, and made two separate collections during the year,—one for Home and one for Foreign Missions. The substitution of only one series of meetings and one collection for both of these naturally led, during the first year of the change, to a decrease in the aggregate amount raised. To their credit be it said, however, the churches in Charlottetown, Fredericton, St. John, Halifax and other larger places, exceeded in the one collection both those of the preceding year. In the rural districts, however, where the change was perhaps not so definitely understood, the reverse was the case. Nevertheless, the average subscription per member is very nearly that of the entire Church, and greater than that of some of the Western Conferences.

Such then is the position of affairs. How is it to be met? By a policy of severe retrenchment? By recalling men from promising fields of labour? By stinting the appropriations—never too large—of the Church's conscripts, who are fighting its battles in the mission field? Every instinct of our nature revolts against the suggestion. We would be false to our convictions of duty, and recreant to the important trust committed to us as a Church, to entertain for a moment such a thought. As the lucid statement of the Missionary Secretaries and Treasurer, in the appeal we have referred to, shows, the entire indebtedness incurred, together with appropriations on the same scale of those of last year, could be met by an annual subscription of \$2 25 per member, or an increase of eighty cents per member on the subscriptions of last year. Who will say that we are as a Church unable to give that amount? It would be a sum that even the poorest of us would not feel—only a little over three-fourths of a cent per day.

But the Missionary Committee, with a wise prudence, has declined running further in debt till the present encumbrance is paid off. This will require an increased income of \$40,000, or forty cents additional per member. To meet the necessities of the case, the parent Wesleyan Missionary Society, to whose kind solicitude and support the daughter Church in the Dominion has in the past owed so much, has generously come again to its aid, with an annual grant of £1,000 sterling, for five years, for the missions in Newfoundland and Bermuda. The Missionary Committee, during their recent session in Cobourg, in their embarrassment sent a cable despatch to the Home Mission Rooms, to ascertain the decision of the English Committee in reference to the commutation of the grant to the Missionary Society of the late Conference of Eastern British America, for those islands, and in a few hours received from our tried and true friend, Dr. Punshon, the above mentioned magnanimous response.

We feel assured that our own people will rise to the height of the emergency and duty of the hour. Fields white unto the harvest wave wide on every side. From all quarters comes the Macedonian cry for help. Doors of glorious opportunity are opening before us. Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and essay the task to which the providence of God has called us.

Let us learn the luxury there is in giving to the best of causes. Let us sustain by our offerings and prayers the hands of our brethren in their far-off fields of toil and trial. Let us win at once the benediction of God and the blessing of those who were ready to perish—perish by the sorest of all needs—for lack of spiritual knowledge, though hungering with insatiable ardour for the bread of life. Multitudes are stretching out eager hands of entreaty, and imploring us to send them the gospel, to send them the missionary. Shall we close our ears to the wail of a dying world? Shall we turn away from its necessity, or shall we embrace the privilege of self-denial and self-sacrifice for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow man? Shall we imitate the blessed example of Him who though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor; who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many? If so, we shall drink at the purest springs of pleasure which God opens in this world; in striving to benefit and bless others our own souls shall be greatly blessed; and we shall experience a joy akin to that of the Divine Benefactor who ceaseth not to lavish His blessings even upon the unthankful and the unworthy. Let us, therefore, in the exercise of that fervent charity, that unstrained quality of mercy, that droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath—that blesseth him that gives as well as him that takes—let us, as God hath given us ability, sustain this cause, which with reverence we may say lies nearer to the Divine heart than any other—the cause which communicates the glad evangel of salvation to the perishing world, for which Christ's blood was shed. Let us give to this blessed cause, not grudgingly nor of necessity, but with a loving, grateful heart. As freely we have received, so let us freely give.—

Give as the free air and sunshine are given,  
Give as the sweet rain that falleth from heaven,  
Give as the stream when its fountain is riven,  
Eagerly, lavishly, utterly give :  
Not the waste drops of our cup overflowing,  
Not the pale flowers in our June garden growing,  
Not the last sands of life's hour-glass bestowing—  
Give as He gave us who gave us to live.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

## THE MOSAIC COSMOGONY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

DR. DRAPER, in his recent work, "The Conflict between Science and Religion," endeavours to show that there is an irrepressible antagonism between these two hemispheres of truth. Dr. Dawson, in the lectures which we are about to review,\* proves that there is the most perfect marvellous harmony between them.—Draper, who is only a shallow scientist, and knows little of theology, urges the clergy to become scientific savans, that they may understand the bearing of science and the Bible. Dawson, who, as an original investigator and discoverer, is not inferior to the chiefest of the modern lights of science, and who knows more theology than many Doctors of Divinity, amply fulfils the conditions that Draper desiderates, and can, therefore, pronounce an authoritative judgment upon this important subject.

We shall endeavour briefly to summarize Dr. Dawson's utterances upon the themes he discusses. In his first lecture he deals with the general relations of science to the Bible, confining himself chiefly to the debatable ground concerning which controversy is most rampant. We should not, of course, expect a perfect scientific revelation in the Bible. That is not its scope, but spiritual and religious truth. A revelation of rudimentary science adapted to a primitive age and people would be unworthy of God, and would require continual correction as knowledge

advanced; and a full revelation would have been for ages unintelligible or delusive. But the marvellous thing is, that in its account of creation and in its countless allusions to nature, it never commits itself to erroneous and untenable theories, it never contradicts the subsequent discoveries of science, but it often strikingly anticipates them in a manner inexplicable on any theory but that it is divinely inspired. Of no other religion or cosmogony, of no heathen mythology, can this be said. Even now the ancient and venerable religions of India and China are being undermined as science exposes the absurdities and incongruities of their physical theories.

A foolish idea is prevalent both among scientific and unscientific persons, that by referring all natural phenomena to the "laws of nature" we may eliminate the great Lawgiver from the universe that He has made. That the "Reign of Law" supersedes the reign of God. But "Law" is nothing in itself. It merely expresses the mode of operation of some power, which power is revealed to us in the Bible as the omnipotent, ever-acting, universal will of God—the great First Cause which stands behind every series of secondary causes, how long soever that series may be.

The second lecture discusses the Biblical theories of the universe as a whole. It shows that the meteorological and astronomical references

\* *Nature and the Bible. A Course of Lectures Delivered in New York, in December, 1874, on the Morse Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary.* By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal. Author of "Archæa," "Story of the Earth," etc., 12mo., pp. 254, ten plates, price \$1 50. New York; Robert Carter & Brothers, Toronto; S. Rose.



of Scripture are beautifully in harmony with science. It is a striking fact that the modern doctrine of the unity of forces seems to be strangely anticipated in the sublime declaration, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light,"—the Hebrew word *אור*, or, translated light, including also the correlated forces, heat and electricity. As regards the physical efficacy of prayer our author wisely affirms, which only a shallow science will deny, that God, to whom the future and the past are one, may so correlate the myriad adjustments of the universe that the answers to prayer shall coincide with the supplications of His people.

The spiritual heaven, the future home of the soul, Dr. Dawson thinks may be either the infinite expanse which surrounds the stellar universe, where a recent work suggests that all the forces that for ages have been radiating into space are crystalizing into an "unseen universe," or in the great central sun, around which all worlds revolve. But Dr. Whedon suggests that as all systems seem destined to fall into that central sun and to be consumed, *it* may rather be the Gehenna of Scripture, and the superior realm the Paradise of God.

Lecture three treats of the generalizations of geology, and from many considerations shows that the word *yon*, *yom*, means not a sidereal day but a vast period of time corresponding with the *eon* of the New Testament. "This view," our author beautifully remarks, "is the only one which brings the Lord's Day of the Christian fully in harmony with the Jewish Sabbath, making the latter a weekly commemoration not only of the completion of the work of creation, but of God's rest, which man lost by the fall, and the former a weekly commemoration of that rest into which the Redeemer has entered, and to which Christians look forward."

The Bible also indicates an order of creation which minutely corresponds with that revealed in the

testimony of the rocks, the probabilities against which coincidence are almost infinite on any hypothesis but that of omniscient revelation. No words can more fittingly describe the primitive chaos to which astronomy and geology alike point as the early condition of our earth than those used in Scripture, and the apparent anomaly of describing the existence of light on the first day, whereas the heavenly bodies did not appear till the fourth, is just what the most approved scientific conclusions exigently demand. The lurid light of the earth's own heated photosphere, and that which struggled through the seething clouds that swathed it, long preceded the clearing of the heavens, and the vision of the sun and stars.

The separation of the cloud-borne ocean above from the seething waters below, the corrugation of the earth's surface into great ridges, and the appearing of the dry land are described by Moses in language as scientifically exact as it is graphic. That sublime hymn of creation, the one hundred and fourth Psalm, with many allusions in Job, in the eighteenth Psalm and elsewhere, beautifully illustrate these truths. How superior, for instance, to any heathen cosmogony is the following sublime language of Job, how beautiful, how vivid, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, he hangeth the earth upon nothing." The reference here seems to be to the revolution of the visible heavens round the pole star, and the free suspension of the earth in space.

There is one apparent discrepancy between the Mosaic and the geological record. The Bible mentions the introduction of a copious vegetation a whole period before the creation of animals, but no remains of such vegetation have been found. Yet here, again, Moses is right. For vegetation must certainly have preceded land animals, of whose food it is the sole source, and in view of the metamorphic condition of the lower

rocks, and of the probable succulent character of that early vegetation, its preservation, not its absence, would have been remarkable.

Lecture four discusses the origin of life. The physical theories of life by evolution, as taught by Huxley and Tyndall, and the derivative theory as taught by Darwin and others, are shown to be as contrary to true science as they are to revelation. They have absolutely no ground for their hypotheses, which are only tremendous assumptions, and the well-known geological fact that the different classes of creation are introduced, not in inferior but in noble types, which God pronounces "very good," and the marvellous persistency of species during vast ages, are enough to give the death-blow to Spencer's brain-spun and unsubstantial theory of evolution, and to Darwin's equally unsupported theory of derivation.

It would probably be an undue assumption to take any patriotic credit for the fact, but fact it is, that the earliest known living inhabitant of the planet was a Canadian, who got the start of all the rest of creation. He very properly bears the name of his native country, *Eozoon Canadense*. He lived in a calcareous shell, forming great reefs of rocks. Hence his preservation while older vegetable remains have disappeared.

The "great whales" of Genesis i. 21. are properly "great reptiles," and leave their gigantic remains in the huge sauroid monsters of our museums which were wont to "tempest the ocean" in those primeval ages.

The much vexed question of the origin and early history of man forms the subject of the fifth chapter. Both science and Scripture agree that he came in at the close of the geological period. The glacial phenomena show that God by his great ice ploughshare had been upturning and grinding down the primitive rocks for the formation of a rich surface soil for human tillage. When critically examined the alleged proofs of the high antiquity of man are no longer

tenable. The erosion of the river valleys in whose lower strata human remains have been found, could occur in a few hundreds, instead of many thousands of years, as they were filled with glacial drift. Stalagmites may be deposited at the rate a quarter of an inch a year, or over two feet in a century, which amply meets the necessities of the case. The earliest human remains may, therefore, be less than six thousand years old.

Nor is there anything in their structure to favour the theory of their simian origin, or development from the ape tribe, but decidedly the reverse. The oldest fossil man "possessed the frame of a giant and the brain of a philosopher." With it was found the skeleton of a tall robust woman, about five and thirty years of age, who had been wounded in the skull by a blow of a sharp stone-headed spear, probably while defending herself and children, and after about two weeks died from the wound and was buried near the scene of the conflict. Dr. Dawson considers these remains relics of the antediluvian giant brood of Scripture. They were succeeded by a dwarfish and inferior race, indicating a physical retrogression instead of an advancement, as the theories of Darwin demand. The stone and bronze ages, while criteria of relative civilization, are utterly unreliable as chronological indications.

The last, and, in some respects, the most important chapter of all, gives a masterly review of the modern schools of thought. The Skeptical Philosophy of Spencer owes its charms to its gorgeous generalizations, but is utterly opposed to the sober inductions of true science. Mill, on the other hand, holding that causation is merely invariable sequence, leaves us no basis for our knowledge of either nature or God.

The materialistic science of either Tyndall or Huxley correlates forces and traces the causation of natural phenomena up to ultimate atoms, but denies the supreme and personal

Divine will, which the Scriptures teach us gives their initial impulse to these atoms and forces.

The pseudo-science of Lubbock and his school, who, in violation of all the grand traditions of the race, derive all religion from mere fetichism, the doctrine of immortality from the dreams of savages of their dead friends, and love and gratitude from the instinct of dumb brutes, deserves even less respect than other forms of scientific error, from its mean deduction of all that is noble in man, and its degrading him with the beasts of the field.

These schools of thought have acquired their popular influence largely from the rhetorical manner in which they are presented to a sensation-mongering age, and in their often rash solutions of the mysteries of the universe which a more careful induction may refute.

Dr. Dawson's book is not large, but it sweeps the whole debatable ground between science and Scripture, and proves that the statements of the Bible stand irrefutable in their sublime simplicity, and are a marvellous corroboration of their own Divine inspiration. Its style at times rises into a lofty vein of eloquence, but its chief merit is its standard scientific authority. The Doctor thinks a little more accurate science in the pulpit would neutralize a good deal of the skepticism out of it, and is of the opinion that we do not nearly sufficiently make use of the magnificent arguments which its own wonderful correspondences with science supply against the current forms of infidelity. The book closes with valuable appendices on the derivation of species, facts relating to primitive man, the Biblical deluge, and allied topics.

## "ECCE CŒLUM."

BY THE REV. HALL CHRISTOPHERSON.

ONE of the difficulties in the way of the education of the masses has ever been that of inspiring a taste for even a moderate acquaintance with the sciences. Most persons, leaving this important branch of study to the energies of the few, have been content with the ability to write or speak their mother tongue with correctness, or to estimate the profit and loss of a bargain. Whether this almost universal eschewing of the sciences grows out of the suspicion that such study adds nothing to a commercial or professional fitness or from a shrinking from the toil of retaining the numerous details such studies impose, it is hard to say. But certain it is that had these higher branches been laid before the student in more condensed form, and in more

attractive garb, a larger number would have formed their acquaintance. And it is under this conviction that the author who so popularizes the sciences as to engage the otherwise indifferent student should be heartily welcomed.

Such an author is the Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., of Lyme, Connecticut, who modestly signs himself "A Connecticut Pastor," in the contribution of a volume on Parish Astronomy, in which he gives the pith of the science, including the very latest astronomical discoveries, all in the interest of religion, and in a completeness that furnishes, and finish that entrances, the brain, while breathing a devotion that fails not to captivate the heart.

This natural bible has not only

lifted the gaze of its students nearer to its Divine author, but like the Bible of revelation, it has the better enabled the student to live and to appreciate his surroundings. "Thanks to the 'Sibyls of the sky,'" says our author, "that commerce no longer rows her scant and Lilliput shipping in timid adventure within her native creeks and along her native shores. To the science of the stars we owe the safety and audacity with which unlimited canvas now stretches across our widest seas and darkest nights. By the improvements it has been the means of introducing into mathematics and observation it has raised the whole body of our art and science; in fact created larger bodies of each. Scarcely a branch of business or knowledge, however humble or however high, but is debtor in one way or another to astronomical investigation."

To complain, however, of the paucity of students in this field of inquiry is not a modern grievance. For the neglect is not confined to this age. "Why," asks the astronomer, "should inventive genius be so tardy as to leave for recent generations the discovery of instruments of investigation?" He knows that had these been pointed to the heavens earlier, the knowledge of to-day would be increased a hundred fold—that as in our time one discovery is the harbinger of another, and one invention the inspiration to a still higher, so such a discovery as that of the differential or integral calculus at an earlier date than that which gave birth to Newton's fame, might have given the student of to-day an addition of celestial lore, which, for aught he knows, might have made him as conversant with the internal condition of the heavenly bodies as he is with the external geography of the sky.

It is certainly no slight cast upon whatever use the rude mapping out of the heavens into representations of men, women, brutes and inanimate objects by the ancients may

have been for determining the position of certain stars, if we suggest that the earlier use of modern appliances might at least have suggested a more refined, and certainly a more scientific, and equally correct definition of localities. Nor would it have sounded more harsh to describe the longitude and latitude of a star than to say it was within the neck of Taurus, the bull, or in the head of Andromeda, a woman, or in the tail of Pegasus, the winged horse. In pointing out, however, the disadvantage it may be to us that modern discovery did not obtain earlier, credit must not be denied to the ancients for the suggestions their knowledge has bestowed.

Still, make the science ever so simple, it strains the mind as exploration does the eye. And it were next to impossible to repress the emotions of the heart while the eye broadens the field of thought. Truly "the undevout astronomer is mad," inasmuch as no secular study beneath the heavens is such an inspiration as that of the heavens themselves. Even were our thoughts to pause at the limit of telescopic vision we might well grow giddy with rapture. But the lessons we learn at that limit teach us of the beyond, where even the assisted eye cannot reach. As imagination makes us revel in scenes we have not the means to visit, we are launched in the realms of thought which we find too distant for demonstration other than analogy, suggestion, or inference. Take, for instance, the theme of space. That word of five letters can be uttered easily; but of what is it the definition? Where are its boundaries? Think of a journey to find the end—a point beyond which nothing can pass! Hear Dr. Burr on some of the phenomena of astronomical exploration: "In thought we sail away most comfortably among the constellations, without furs or overcoats, and perhaps our fancies make nothing of stopping whole hours in mid-heaven, leaning against the chair of Cassio-

peia, or grasping the horns of Taurus, to admire the glory of the trooping stars. But one real bodily expedition of the sort would forever cure us of our fancies. Those who visit the higher regions of our atmosphere by mountain or balloon, tell us that the pleasant blue gradually passes into an intense black. At last the stars glitter on a background of perfect jet. To an observer out in mid-heaven the whole sphere would seem muffled in a horrible pall, save just at the points where the heavenly bodies are. He would have the impression of not being able to see an inch before him. He would see sun, moon and stars all at the same time, but they would look as if hissing on a sea of ink. The blackness would seem solid enough to be cut with a knife. An Egypt in the sky would seem to him to have completely overrun its whole atlas of celestial empires. And should he try to express his feelings and to say, 'How awful is this blackness!' 'How glorious are these luminaries?' no sound, no spectre of a sound could issue from his shouting lips. Such is 'the House I live in' of the heavenly bodies. What are the heavenly bodies themselves,—what this sun, this moon, these planets, and comets, and fixed stars, and nebula?"

Such is but a sample of the brilliant thought that is made to grow out of the spacious abode of the heavenly bodies. And it is easy to see how a whole volume might be constructed in the treatment of even this lowest step of this ever ascending study. But by far the most lofty view of the beautiful harmony of the celestial bodies is to be found in the ever widening exhibition of the mathematical precision of their arrangement. Dr. Burr thus puts this feature, which he in the most graphic style subsequently elaborates:

"1. A body not self-luminous has one or more like bodies revolving around it. There are many such (our earth is one), which we call satellite systems.

"2. Several of these primary systems form a still larger neighbourhood, and revolve about a self-luminous body like the sun. There are many such; we call them planet systems.

"3. Several of these form a still larger neighbourhood, revolving about a point within it. There are many such systems, and we call these sun systems.

"4. Several of these sun systems form a neighbourhood still larger, circulating about a point within it.—There are many such systems which we call group systems.

"5. Several of these unite in a still larger neighbourhood, and revolve about a point within it. Many of them exist and are called cluster systems.

"6. Several of these cluster systems combine into a system still grander, whose centre of motion is also common to its members. Many of these exist called nebula systems.

"7. Finally, all the systems in space composing one great neighbourhood, embracing all other neighbourhoods, move about one motion centre of the creation as a Universe system."

But vast as are the distances of the bodies in our solar system, what are they in comparison with those of sun systems, commonly known as fixed stars. These self-luminous bodies resolved by telescopic power into two or more suns, having their brilliant planetary cohorts, seen to revolve about each other, were for a long time thought too far off for the definition of their distance. Prussia, however, obtained the honour of reaching them with mathematical rule. Bessel, travelling over the whole diameter of the earth's orbit, found sufficient displacement of the apparent position of 61 *Cygni* (a double star) viz., one-third of a second, which by mathematical calculation placed the star at a point 300,000 times 190,000,000 of miles distant. Since then the Pole star has been proved to be even five times as re-

mote. What bewildering distance! Miles are fractions of a drop to the ocean. And yet these are but "parts of His ways."

"What right have we," exclaims our author, "to stop just where the power of our instruments happens for the moment to have stopped and say 'this is the end—these are the Pillars of Hercules. Turn back, O adventurous explorer; nothing but night and void in this direction; thou hast reached the last outpost of the Kingdom of the Eternal! *Ne plus ultra.*' No! thrice no!" Eighteen million suns belong to our firmament. More than four thousand such firmaments are visible, and every increase of telescopic power adds to the number. Where are the frontiers—that last astronomical system, that remote spot beyond which no nebula, no world glitters on the bosom of eternal nothingness. Suppose the end; suppose an orbit so large as to include in its unspeakable round the entire magnificence of the sidereal

heavens. At last the *ultima thule* is reached. All members of this great ultimate system must be in motion about its common centre of gravity. Whether this sublime centre is or is not a mathematical point where not an atom of matter is poised, our present science has no means of determining. But is there not (to continue the author's strain) something at the bottom of our hearts better than science, which invites us to believe that what would be so fitting and beautiful is also actual, namely, that at the centre of this august totality of revolving orbs and firmaments, at once the centre of gravity, of motion, and of government to all, is that better country, even the heavenly, where reigns in glory everlastingly the Supreme Father and God of nature—the capital of creation, the one spot that has no motion, but basks in perfect and majestic repose, while beholding the whole ponderous universe revolving around it.

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### METHODIST EVANGELISTS.

METHODISM in its origin was an active evangelism. Men, whose lips God had touched with a live coal from the altar of eternal truth, went up and down the land, crying everywhere, "Repent ye," like John the Baptist in the wilderness. With the organization of societies and the pastoral care of large churches, this ceaseless peregrination became impossible for the great majority of Methodist ministers. But an important means of appeal to the masses was lost, and multitudes, both in urban and in rural districts, are to-day beyond the reach of the circuit agencies of English Methodism. For years the late Charles

Prest had been urging the appointment of men, marked by special qualifications for the work, to this neglected department of Christian work. Before his death he had the happiness of seeing six men, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, commissioned "to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken," and to preach the gospel to the poor, the needy, and the outcast. It cannot be doubted that the results will be most salutary. Many perishing with thirst will have the water of life brought to their lips, who would never have sought it for themselves; and many will be plucked from a life of degradation, from the very jaws of hell, and raised to the dignity of men and

the fellowship of saints. In London, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere, quite an army of Christian workers is being organized for "carrying war into Africa"—for assailing sin and ignorance in their strongholds. Lay preachers, Bible women, district visitors, street preaching, cottage meetings, tract and handbill distribution are all being effectively employed in this great work. The strength of the movement is, that every one who will can find something suited to his capacity to do. The young people are trained to sing hymns, distribute tracts, recruit hearers for the services, etc., and are educated in the delightful work of active Christian beneficence.

Might we not have something akin to this in Canada? We, too, have our neglected masses who never darken our church doors—who, amid descending showers of blessing, remain "like Gideon's fleece, unwatered still and dry." If we had active city missionaries under Conference direction at Halifax, St. John, Québec, Montreal and Toronto, could they not accomplish a world of good? Many of the immigrants who annually reach our shores, especially from Ireland, are Methodists, at least in sympathy. But for want of a kind word or of friendly counsel they drift away from us, perhaps into irreligion and sin.

Many would be saved to our churches, as experience has shown where the experiment has been tried, and many prisoners of God's providence—sick persons, and weary mothers burdened with household cares, who never get to the house of God—would be cheered in life's battle; and many wandering and uncared for children gathered into the Sunday Schools by such efforts. Street preaching, that powerful agency of early Methodism, is almost unknown amongst us. It might be revived with great advantage as well to Christian workers themselves as to the objects of their kindly solicitude.

#### A METHODIST CONVENTION.

THE leading Wesleyan laymen in London, England, have inaugurated a most important religious movement for the promotion of Methodism in that great city. They have, says the *Methodist*, "requested the London ministers to sanction and promote a great gathering of all the Methodist office-bearers in the Metropolis, in order that they may unitedly seek that fuller personal consecration to God which is essential to extensive personal usefulness."

They will probably meet in a three days' convention in the City-road Chapel, in the first week in November. There are four hundred local preachers in London, and thirteen hundred class-leaders, most of whom are expected to be present. A special day will be set apart for a gathering of the four thousand Wesleyan Sunday School teachers of the city. The movement will be of service as revealing the strength of London Methodism, greatly increased of late years; in making its leaders mutually acquainted; and, above all, in the quickening of spiritual impulses, and, in answer to prayer, in the Divine bestowment of spiritual power. Although the Methodists are the largest dissenting body in England, other Nonconformist Churches greatly surpass it in London: And multitudes of Methodists coming up from the provinces to the Metropolis are lost to the Church of their early choice because it has no provision for their reception. The grand Church extension movement so munificently patronized by Sir Francis Lycett, and the Methodist lay mission which employs six hundred agents in evangelizing the most spiritually destitute parts of the city will soon make a change in this respect.

In our Canadian cities, notwithstanding their much smaller size, similar Methodist conventions we think would be of great service. Many of our faithful office-bearers, the chief desire of whose life is the

glory of God and the welfare of our Zion, have no opportunities for meeting each other for mutual counsel and encouragement save in the Quarterly Official Meeting. The learning workers in sister churches may scarcely know each other. A convention of the officials of all the Methodist churches of a city would lift those brethren out of the isolation and often selfishness of circuit relations and make them feel the pulsations of the connexional and family life of Methodism throbbing more strongly in their souls. Schemes of comprehensive church extension, conjoint active evangelism, and plans for the revival of religion and promotion of holiness could thus be devised, and under God's blessing successfully carried out. The late convention of the ministers and laymen of the Toronto District was a practical movement in this direction, and was so successful that we hope to see it followed by similar gatherings in this and other districts. The more frequent interchange of pulpit by Methodist ministers on our city stations would, we think, be mutually agreeable to their hearers and themselves, and would be of advantage as enlarging the acquaintance of both preachers and people.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"DOETH God care for oxen?" asks the Apostle; and the numerous admonitions of Holy Writ assure us that He does indeed care for oxen, and for every creature that He has made. But the frequent thoughtless or wanton cruelty inflicted on dumb animals shows that man often despises that for which God cares. Where we write we look out on public works in progress, and our feelings are often harrowed at witnessing the cruelties inflicted upon the poor cart horses by their stupid or brutal drivers. Carlyle says that in England every horse goes about sleek and satisfied in heart. How-

ever that may be there, it is certainly not the case in this country. Some of these poor brutes look as if they had been fed on barrels, so plainly can one see what appear like the hoops through their skin. And while dragging a heavy load of earth it is a favourite diversion of the driver to violently jerk the bit in their tender and sometimes lacerated mouths, and to beat them over the head with a whip-stock. Personal remonstrance accomplishes little except evoking a torrent of oaths. We saw the other day a poor little calf, which we tried to take under our protection, bullied and beaten till it fell down from sheer exhaustion, and had to be temporarily abandoned. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which we are glad to learn is multiplying its branches throughout Canada, is doing much to accomplish the work for which it is established. But the real cure lies in home and school training. Children should be taught a loving sympathy with the brute creation, and never allowed to torture dogs or cats, frogs or flies.

The field sports, more popular in the old countries than here, have a brutalizing tendency. A company of red-coated squires and ladies fair, with a pack of hounds in full cry after an unfortunate fox or timid hare, is, to our fancy, anything but the "gallant sight" it is described. And, refinement of cruelty, the poor fox is sometimes rescued from the fangs of the dogs, and compelled again to run for his life. The style of pigeon shooting, fashionable in English high life, even though patronized by dukes and duchesses, is essentially cowardly and barbarous. A lot of doves, whose timid innocence is a mute appeal to pity, are released from cages, and as they flutter in dazed efforts to escape, practised marksmen, with their improved fowling guns, blow them to pieces, while lovely ladies look on applaudingly, and crown the victor with their smiles. Faugh!—the Spanish bull fight is less ignoble



than this, and the wolf and boar hunting of our rugged ancestors had at least an element of danger in it that redeemed it from cowardice.

The slaughter of small birds, by valiant city sportsmen, is another brutal pastime, and is followed by its Nemesis in the alarming increase of noxious insects. We cannot, either, for our part, conceive any intense enjoyment in, after impaling a writhing worm upon a hook, lying in wait by the hour for the opportunity of transpiercing through the jaws a struggling fish, and after tearing the barbed weapon from its lacerated throat, watching its mortal agony as it gasps its life away upon the sand. Once, in our callow youth, we were guilty of this crime, but we hope we never shall be again. We speak not now of the lawful catching of fish for food, but of that foolish fashion or destructive instinct which inspires the annual fishing mania, and sends amateur sportsmen a thousand miles to the wilds of the Saguenay or the Nipigon, to slaughter fish which they cannot use, "just for the magnificent sport, you know." We are afraid the savage instinct is not quite eradicated, which *Punch* satirizes when he makes one gallant English officer say to another, "It's a fine day, let us go and kill something."

It were well if we had more of the Brahmin reverence for even insect life, and that Cowper-like tenderness which would not step upon a worm.

On economical grounds, the temptations to wild sports in a new country are an evil; and the time and toil spent in even successful deer hunting or the best of fishing, might be more profitably employed on the farm, in the cultivation also of habits of thrift and industry instead of those of idleness and lounging. But

Evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of sense,

and the foolish following of fashion often inflicts great suffering. The tight check rein on horses, which

makes them champ and prance, and fleck their sides with foam, in the aristocratic manner that fine ladies so much admire, is a cruel torture, of which, if their ladyships were aware, they would surely forbid it; while in draft horses the check rein neutralizes a large proportion of the animal's effective power. The true principle of reform in these matters is to cultivate a loving sympathy with whatever God has made—to remember that, in the beautiful words of Coleridge—

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God that loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

#### COMPULSORY EDUCATION AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

FROM the window where we write, we look out upon a building in course of erection. All morning two tiny mites of girls, bare-headed, bare-footed, and half-clad, have been carrying off huge armfuls of wood-cuttings. Once, one of the rude cart-boys elsewhere spoken of, with a feeling of humanity scarcely to be expected, got off his cart to lift upon their heads loads that they could not themselves raise, and they staggered off beneath their prize quite elate. Think of it, parents whose children are well clothed, well fed, and well taught. How would you like your Maud or Mabel to grow up thus? The temptation to steal the workmen's tools is constantly before them, and the numerous junk shops furnish only too great facilities for disposing of them. At this moment placards announce \$500 reward for the detection of tool-thieves. As these girls grow up greater perils await them. They possess in no small degree what is to the poor often the fatal dower of beauty. They may fall the victims of vice, and in turn become the pests of that society by which they have been neglected and wronged; and so swell the ever augmenting criminal classes. The support of criminals in our jails and

penitentiaries, as our friend Mr. Macallum has recently shown, is just about four times as much per head as their education would have cost, to say nothing of the salaries of judges and maintenance of courts, etc. The expenses of many criminal trials would educate a whole township.

Would it not be wiser, better, more economical and more Christian to educate the children in secular knowledge, industry and the principles of morality, than to allow them to grow up to a life of vice and crime? And if their parents, if they have any, are too careless, too selfish, or too drunken to send them to school, should not the State act in their stead, and, if needs be, by a wholesome compulsion secure their attendance at well organized industrial schools, where they will be taught not only how to read and write but how to earn a living? With the increasing foreign population, sometimes thriftless and pauper, swarming to our shores, which may eventually form a numerical majority, one of the pressing problems of the times is how we may absorb, assimilate, and educate those masses so as to make them a blessing instead of a curse—an element of strength instead of weakness to the common weal.

#### MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

THE last report of the Ontario Association of Mechanics' Institutes presents some very interesting features. The number of institutes affiliated with the Association is forty-seven. The amount of Legislative grant to institutes is \$15,143. The average attendance at evening classes was 523, and the total number of teaching meetings 772. The number of volumes in thirty-three institutes making returns was 56,218, and the total number of volumes issued by fifteen institutes was 100,884. These returns, imperfect as they are, represent a good deal of practical

work accomplished. These institutes are emphatically the people's colleges. They are one of the most valuable educative influences of the country, and may be immensely developed and improved in their practical utility. They are located, in many cases, in small country towns, and render accessible in out-of-the-way places standard works in history, science, and general literature, which must otherwise have remained unknown to very many readers. The intellectual stimulus thus offered is incalculable. Many, whose early opportunities of study and reading have been either limited or neglected, have been enabled to retrieve in large degree their loss, and to prosecute a pretty extensive course of self-education—the only sort of education which is worth much, as the best of teachers can only assist in that process.

The provision made by the Ontario Legislature for the assistance of these institutes is of a very liberal character, and might be imitated with great advantage by other provinces of the Dominion. For every dollar subscribed locally and expended on books other than fiction, the Government will make a grant of double the amount up to \$400. These grants, we are inclined to think, are about the best expended monies that come out of the provincial treasury. The counter attraction of well warmed and well lighted reading rooms and libraries, supplied with the best current and standard literature, as opposed to the coarse allurements of the tavern or billiard saloon, are a mighty agency for good. There is no reason why they should not exist in all our towns and villages; and in few ways, we think, can a practical philanthropist benefit society more than by aiding their establishment. This is a work in which the Christian minister may engage without any derogation from his dignity, and with the effect of greatly increasing his influence for good. Any thing which will allure young men from the

horse talk and horse play of the village bar-room to intellectual pursuits is a moral benefit; and often a mental quickening will be thus imparted that will speed its subjects with nobler impulses along a higher plane of action.

In the towns and cities the institute classes impart valuable technical education, and employers can, and we are glad to know that some do, greatly benefit their employees by aiding their attendance. In England a much more comprehensive scheme is thoroughly organized. The following is an outline furnished by an intelligent young mechanic, who had himself enjoyed the advantages of the Manchester classes. We hope to see something of the kind he describes introduced into Canada, for the benefit of our young workmen.—

"The Science and Art Department of the Committee on Education of Her Majesty's Privy Council, has its head-quarters in Kensington, London, and holds annually examinations in the following subjects of Science: Practical Plane and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Naval Architecture, Mathematics, Theoretical and Applied Mechanics, Acoustics, Light and Heat, Magnetism and Electricity, Inorganic and Organic Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Animal Physiology, Zoology, Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology, Systematic and Economic Botany, Principles of Mining, Metallurgy, Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, Steam, and Physical Geography.

"The schools in the provincial cities and towns (which are generally held in the evening) open their Sessions in the month of September, and continue till the month of May, in which month the Government Examinations take place.

"The Examinations are open to all who think they have a chance of passing. In the large cities there are generally a number of schools, the members of which are notified

by circular to meet at a certain place (say the Mechanics' Institute). When the students are assembled they receive their respective papers, of which no one knows anything, as they are sent from Kensington under the seal of the Privy Council, and the seal is broken in presence of the students. The questions in the most of the subjects are accompanied with diagrams. The examinations last from two to five hours, and immediately the specified time expires the papers, whether finished or not, are gathered up, sealed, and sent by first mail to Kensington. The examiners are men of the highest ability in the several subjects. The results are generally made known within a month, and the names of the successful students published in the local newspapers.

"The fees charged per quarter range from one dollar to three dollars, according to the subject taken up by the student. The subjects are open to female students, and some of them pass with high honours.

"In some of the large cities and towns great encouragement is given to boys and young men, as a great many builders and other employers furnish their apprentices with instruments and other materials, and pay their quarterly fees; so that in their spare hours they may learn something that will benefit them when they grow up to be men."

In the Art Department instruction is given in Freehand and Perspective Drawing, Modelling, Designing, etc., and diplomas, medals, and the like awarded for success.

#### RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN TORONTO.

IN our last number we had occasion to denounce the defiance of the law by the Roman Catholics of Montreal, in resisting the burial of Guibord's remains. We regret that a more aggravated defiance of the law, by a mob of self-constituted defenders of Protestantism, has disgraced the Capital of Ontario. For this there is even less excuse than

for the Romish outrage, because Protestantism has its very foundation in the supremacy of the individual conscience and in religious toleration, both of which were flagrantly violated by the Toronto rioters.

On two successive Sundays—September 26th and October 3rd will be remembered in Canadian history as the ill-omened days—a lawless mob, armed with stones and pistols, assailed a religious procession composed largely of women and children, engaged in what they conceived—whether rightly or wrongly it is beside the mark to enquire—to be a spiritual duty, to be accompanied by spiritual benefits. In this the highest legal authority among us, the Attorney General of the province, declared they were within the pale of the law and must enjoy its protection. Not so, however, thought the young zealots whose religion appears to consist in hating their fellow-subjects of another faith; and an organized riot was planned to interrupt the procession. To vindicate the sanctity of the Sabbath its holy hours were desecrated by turbulence, blasphemy, and brutal violence. Had it not been for the overwhelming presence of the military and the vigorous efforts of the police, there is no knowing what disastrous results might have followed—probably a stubborn street fight between rival religious factions, attended, there is reason to fear, by mutual bloodshed and slaughter. Through the good providence of God no lives were lost, although the pistol shots flew thick and fast. Such an event reveals the existence among us of volcanic elements of society which on slight provocation—such as is almost inseparable from the celebration of the holidays of the hostile factions—may explode in fearful convulsions that may shake the common weal. Is it the part of good citizens, not to say Christians, to foster that spirit which so imperils society; by grievous, bitter, rancorous words to stir up strife; and thus to scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death in a peaceful community?

It is a matter of congratulation that the respectable Protestantism of Toronto indignantly repudiated all sympathy with the shameful outrage committed in its name, and that the press of the country unanimously denounces such lawless violence. The majesty of the law at all hazards must be maintained, and intelligent public opinion demands that its extremest penalties shall be meted out to all its violators, to whatsoever creed or faction they may belong. Protestant bigotry is the very worst kind of bigotry, because it is diametrically opposed to the genius of Protestant institutions. The great Protestant leaders, William of Nassau and William of Orange, would be the very first and most vehement to denounce the violation of those principles of religious toleration of which they were the earliest and most distinguished champions. We shall best exhibit our admiration of their characters, by an adoption of their large-minded views of religious liberty.

#### “THE HEART OF AFRICA.”

THE gallant Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, has accomplished another remarkable achievement in penetrating 750 miles into the heart of Africa, and exploring a large portion of the Victoria Nyanza. It is a curious illustration of the rise of the “Fourth Estate,” that newspapers now send out armed expeditions, which accomplish results more illustrious than the victories of kings of former times. Stanley’s little army was jointly equipped by the *London Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*. From his last letters of March 1st and May 15th, 1875, which were carried hundreds of miles in the breech clout of a savage, we condense an account of his progress.

On leaving Zanzibar, the expedition consisted of four white men and over three hundred negroes—the advance guard of the great army of civilization, destined yet to occupy those vast and fertile regions. It

traversed an unknown path through undiscovered lands. Furious rainy tempests accompanied it each day, and some days both nature and man warred against it. Men died from fatigue and famine, many were left behind sick, while many, again, deserted. Promises of reward, kindness, threats, punishments, had no effect. The expedition seemed doomed.

The white men, though selected out of the ordinary class of Englishmen, did their work bravely—nay, heroically. Though suffering from fever and dysentery, insulted by natives, marching under the heat and equatorial rain-storms, they at all times proved themselves of noble, manful natures, stout-hearted, brave men. Unrepiningly they bore their hard fate and worse fare; resignedly they endured their arduous troubles, and cheerfully performed their allotted duties. The guides proved faithless. The brave explorers had to cut their way for days through tangled jungle, gnawed by hunger, parched by thirst. "I was so struck," says Stanley, "with the pinched faces of my poor people that I could have wept heartily, could I have done so without exciting fear of our fate in their minds, but I resolved to do something toward relieving the pressing needs of fierce hunger. I broke open our medical store and took five pounds of Scotch oatmeal and three tins of revalenta arabica, with which I made gruel in a tin trunk to feed over two hundred and twenty men. It was a rare sight to see these poor famine-stricken people help me to cook that huge pot of gruel, and it was a still more rare sight to watch the pleasure steal over their faces as they drank the generous food." A couple of lion cubs eked out the repast. Several men, worn out with fatigue, died in the jungle, and the sick list increased alarmingly. Pocock, a brave young Englishman, after being for some distance carried in a hammock died of typhoid fever. "We buried him at night," says his leader, "and a cross cut deep into a tree marks his last resting place at Chiywu."

As they advanced the natives became suspicious. At length they attacked the camp in force. It was fortified by a thorn fence. Stanley's men not only repulsed attacks during three days' hostilities, but sallying from their forest fortress burned the villages for miles around. But their loss was heavy. "In less than three months," says Stanley, "I had lost by dysentery, famine, heart disease, desertion, and war, over one hundred and twenty-five men."

At length, 103 days after leaving Zanzibar, he stood on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, discovered and named by the intrepid Speke. He had brought with infinite toil through hundreds of miles of jungle the sections of a large English-built boat. These were now screwed together, and the "Lady Alice" was launched upon the virgin waters of Lake Victoria, destined to become as familiar to British commerce as Ontario or Erie. It is as large as both of these lakes put together. Its altitude is nearly 4,000 feet above the sea. Though under the equator, its climate is salubrious, its scenery is superb, its shores populous, fertile, and abounding in ivory. At the time of his writing Stanley had explored 1,000 miles of its shore, and proposed to thoroughly examine the remainder and then to march 3,000 miles further across the continent. More than half of his company had perished by the way, but the survivors bated not a jot of heart or hope, and the undaunted explorer, with one white companion and his little company of faithful blacks, pressed on to pluck the secret of the ages from the heart of Africa.

#### "FROM DARK TO DAWN."

THE *Toronto Mail*, of Oct. 22nd, contained a striking article under the above title, contributed by a Christian philanthropist who, we have reason to believe, is a distinguished Methodist layman. It discusses one of the most terrible evils which curses our modern civilization

—what Dr. Guthrie has called “the great sin of great cities.” It is an appalling revelation of the magnitude of the evil referred to, the problem of the suppression of which is one of the most difficult which presents itself to the philanthropist or Christian statesman.

“My object,” says the writer, “is to awaken sympathy, not to suggest a remedy; that I feel I cannot do. If I succeed in arousing one noble-hearted, loving woman, full of tenderness and sympathy, to look at this matter fairly in the face; if I can get such a one to feel that this is a *field* in which she can be useful in raising her poor fallen sisters, some of whom, despite the sad life they lead, can still appreciate efforts put forth for their restoration, I shall have done all I hope to do. I do not doubt that if the heart of some such noble woman should be impressed with the importance of the work, she will find a way. If I shall but be instrumental in enlisting her in the work, I shall feel abundantly repaid.”

Many of these unhappy creatures, no doubt, would gladly leave their loathly life if the door of escape were open to them, and the loving hand of a sister woman can open that door which is so often barred by a selfish and cynical world. The Divine Benefactor—the All-holy and the All-pure—said to the repentant Magdalene, “*Go and sin no more.*” Can his professed followers feel that they have done their duty to the fallen when they coldly spurn these daughters of sorrow and shame. A noble Christian lady in this city, a banker’s wife, has been in the habit of visiting the jail at the time of the expiration of the imprisonment of these poor unfortunates, and endeavouring to woo them to purity of life. Where no man of respectability would dare to venture, this noble woman, in the unstained whiteness of her saintly charity, would go and seek to guide the objects of her solicitude to the paths of virtue from the very lair of vice. Such was the power of her

sympathy that not a few victims of man’s wickedness were plucked from the depth of degradation and restored to self-respect and happiness. What one loving woman can do others can do.

If Christian matrons and maids would only require as unstained a record of their male friends as of their own sex they might revolutionize society, and scath with their indignation and scorn the man, however respectable his seeming, who was known to have treated otherwise than with the most respect all woman-kind, how lowly soever and defenceless they may have been. In mediæval times it was thought the foulest of murders to administer death in the sacramental wine. But that crime is white compared to his who poisons, to her everlasting undoing, the most unselfish and self-sacrificing instincts of a woman’s soul.

But this evil is most effectually prevented by proper home training, by cultivating in the young of either sex an ideal of the loftiest virtue and the most immaculate purity. Let our daughters grow up in unstained whiteness of their womanhood that shall awe the rude into reverence, and that shall resent the slightest indelicacy as an irreparable insult. Let our sons be taught, by precept and example, a chivalric regard for the honour of all womankind, and an obedience to the matchless counsels of a noble Christian gentleman—to “intreat the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters in all purity.”

WE would call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of the new volume of this Magazine, which accompanies this number. The success which has attended the first year of its issue, in view of the prevailing money stringency, has been very marked. But that stringency has prevented it being so great as we would wish. We hope that each one of our readers has become a personal friend, and a permanent patron of this department of our

Connexional literature. We rely, therefore, upon them to extend its circulation among our people, as a means of doing good, and extending the influence of sound and wholesome reading, which will, we trust, benefit both heart and mind. Our price of publication is so low that we must depend on our friends to assist us in this respect.

THE comparative failure of the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, in

a former number of this Magazine, has induced us to present a better impression. We are persuaded that all our readers will be glad to have such a well executed likeness—(it is engraved, as were our other Xylographic portraits, by the Harper Brothers, New York)—of the venerable President of the General Conference, who has filled so large a place not only in the history of our Church, but also in that of our country.

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## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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### THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

OUR report of the late Conference of this Church was very full in our last issue. The brethren appointed to "departments" have addressed themselves vigorously to the duties assigned them. Rev. T. Woolmer, Secretary of the Society for the "Extension of Methodism in Great Britain," has addressed a circular to the friends of Methodism, from which we learn that it is intended to erect 1,000 churches in country villages and market towns, in the course of the next ten years, at an average of one hundred per year. Two gentlemen have offered \$100,000, one-half of which they have already invested to meet preliminary expenses, and it is hoped that liberal responses will soon be made to the Secretary's appeal. The project is a noble one.

Rev. C. H. Kelley has entered upon his duties as Sunday-school agent. Provincial centres are being established in some of the large towns, as auxiliaries to the Connexional Sunday School Union, where books, papers, and all school requisites can readily be obtained. Meetings of teachers will also be held occasionally, and from these centres an influ-

ence will go forth to all the Sunday Schools of the Connexion, which it is hoped will effect great good.

Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., the founder of the Children's Home, is making his influence felt in a variety of ways. The "Home" is a hive of industry. The boys are taught the following useful industries: Fire-wood chopping, shoemaking, carpentering, and printing, while the girls learn the ordinary household occupations, laundry-work and dress making. The training of boys for sailors is also soon to be attempted on the Thames, and the Government has agreed to pay a certain sum for every boy of sixteen, who can pass a fair examination for the mercantile marine. It may be readily seen that Mr. S. must be well occupied to manage the multitudinous matters connected with "the Home," and yet he can find time to go into the back streets, play his harmonium, gather a crowd around him, to whom he delivers an earnest address, and then goes on his way to another quarter, where he acts in a similar manner, and thus, in one evening, he will hold as many as three or four short open-air services.

Methodism in England utilizes its Local Preachers to an astonishing

extent. As there are many of these in London, a large number of whom are employed in open-air preaching in the summer season, it is proposed to establish an Institution and Library for their special benefit. Such an Institution cannot fail to be of great utility to the deserving class whose interests it contemplates.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

WE feel sure, that while all our readers take deep interest in the state of the Methodist Churches generally, many of them will feel a filial interest in the welfare of this denomination, which, at its last Conference, reported a membership of 23,220, with 2,617 on trial. There are 261 ministers. There is a college at Sheffield, over which the Rev. J. Stacey, D.D., presides, which has an endowment of nearly \$35,000, with an annual income of nearly \$8,000. The income of the Foreign Mission Fund is \$45,000, and that of the Home Mission Fund \$9,500. The latter is a comparatively new fund, designed to aid in establishing churches in the large centres of population. The Book Room is established in London, the total income of which is nearly \$15,000. After paying all expenses, more than \$1,200 were donated to the funds in aid of aged ministers. Some of the members of the Church are munificent contributors, a few of whom recently erected a school to accommodate 1,000, children at a cost of \$27,000. One gentleman alone contributed \$12,500. Another gentleman erected an organ in a church, at Lees, Mossley Circuit, at a cost of nearly \$6,000. Mark Firth, Esq., at whose magnificent residence the Prince and Princess of Wales took up their abode while at Sheffield, is a member of the Methodist New Connexion, and is doubtless the largest connexional contributor.— Though being a true Methodist of John Wesley style, he is the friend of all and the enemy of none. Already he has donated a park and several alms-houses to the people of

Sheffield, and now he proposes to provide a building at the probable cost of \$70,000, for the lectures and classes commenced there and elsewhere by the Universities. He proposes to give \$5,000 towards a scholarship fund, if the town will raise \$45,000 additional. Would that all our men of wealth would imitate such noble examples.

Among the printed resolutions of Conference, there is one which makes grateful mention of the services rendered to the Connexion for so many years by the Rev. J. H. Robinson, and a prayer that he may be able to render valuable service to the Methodist Church of Canada, to which we feel sure all who read these lines will join with us in saying Amen. Mr. R. has been in the ministry nearly half a century, nearly twenty years of which were spent in Canada, which he has chosen as the home of his declining years.

The last Missionary Report contains the following respectful mention of the late union in Canada. "We disguise not the fact, that we part from our brethren with reluctance and regret. We have not approved but have consented to the union, in the hope expressed by our last Conference in England, which hope rises in the hearts of your committee to the holy fervour of a prayer, 'that the union may be overruled by the Great Head of the Church to the establishment and extension of liberal Methodism in the Dominion of Canada, and to the advancement of the principles and blessings of the kingdom of Christ in the world.'"

The Mission in China appears to be the most important, where great attention is paid to education and the raising up of a native Ministry. A Training Institution has long been established, and now one of the Missionaries is in England soliciting aid for its extension, and is meeting with liberal responses. We are glad in looking through the Missionary Report to find the names of a few friends in Canada as contributors.



## THE AMERICAN M. E. CHURCH.

THIS Church is pushing forward its Foreign Missions, though with a depleted treasury. It is proposed to build a church in Rome next to the church of the Crociferi, and such "thin partitions will their bounds divide," that the music of the Roman Mass will probably be plainly heard in the new Protestant building. In these latter days the agency of Woman has been much employed in Mission work; according to the *Missionary Advocate*, the M. E. Church has over one hundred and forty Christian women engaged daily in spreading the Gospel among their Hindu sisters. This number is composed of the wives of missionaries, agents of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, wives of native pastors, and over a hundred native women labouring as Bible-readers, medical assistants, and teachers. In making estimates of the future progress of Christianity in India it is of importance to remember the new element which has entered into Missionary operations—women working for women.

## THE METHODIST CHURCH, U. S.

THIS branch of the great Methodist family in the neighbouring republic consists of twenty one Annual Conferences, and one General Conference. The origin of the Church dates from October 12th, 1829, when it was organized at Cincinnati, and was then known as the Methodist Protestant Church. The statistics as reported at the last General Conference held in May, 1875, are: Ministers and Preachers 775, members 55,183. Church property valued at \$1,767,140. There is a Book Concern, at Pittsburg, which issues *The Methodist Recorder* as its official organ, which has a circulation of between 6,000 and 7,000. The Editor has a young lady as his assistant at a salary of \$500, per annum. There is one Collegiate Institute, called Adrian College. During the Centennial year it is contemplated to

raise \$200,000, as a thank-offering for national prosperity, to be allocated thus: \$100,000, college endowments, \$25,000 to each of the following: Publishing Interests, Ministerial Education, Missionary Purposes, and Church Extension. The income for Missions is very small, for the whole four years, not \$7,000. The spirit of union is very prevalent, and there is some probability that the Methodist Protestant Church and the Methodist Church may soon be united. They are about equal in membership. Bishop Janes attended the General Conference as representative from the M. E. Church. Fraternal delegates were appointed to attend various Conferences of the denominations, our own General Conference included, to which Revs. J. M. Mayall and George B. McElroy were appointed. These brethren will no doubt receive a kindly greeting from the General Conference to be held in Montreal, October, 1878.

## CANADIAN METHODISM.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Provincial Wesleyan* has been making a careful examination of the Minutes of the various Conferences of the Methodist Church in Canada, from which we learn that there are 1,005 ministers, and 166,268 members; the increase in the latter during the last Conference year is upwards of 9,000.

In respect to Missionary contributions, the various Conferences contributed thus:

London	\$1.12,	average per mem.
Toronto	1.39,	" "
Montreal	4.82,	" "
Nova Scotia	1.32,	" "
N. Brunswick and	}	" "
P. E. Island		

The average for the whole Church is \$1.38 per member, though it will be seen that Montreal Conference exceeds this amount. It is very remarkable that the other Conferences are so near alike.

We cannot report respecting Newfoundland Conference, and as the Cen-

tral Board holds its Annual Meeting at the time we go to press, we cannot publish a detailed report of its proceedings.

While we write, news reaches us that the venerable William Herkimer, a devoted and useful Indian Missionary, has gone home. He died at his residence on the New Credit Mission, at the advanced age of seventy five. Since 1861 he has been superannuated. He spent his ministerial life chiefly on the various missions of civilized Indians. His end was joy and peace.

Rev. Willis Nazrey, bishop of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, has terminated his useful and ardent labours. And thus God buries his workman, but the blessed work still advances.

#### THE BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, (CANADA.)

THE anniversary of this society was recently held at Montreal, and was an occasion of no ordinary interest. A mission was established among the Telogoos, in India, in 1840, and now there are nearly 4,000 communicants. There are sixteen missionaries employed by the Society, and it is hoped that this number will soon be increased. An appeal is made for an income of \$10,000, all of which is needed immediately. Some very interesting accounts were given at the Annual meeting. For instance, the population of India is believed to be 233 millions. During the last thirty years, not an idolatrous temple had been built. There are now 6,000 miles of railway, and the revenue of the country exceeds 150 millions sterling. It is believed that India is in a transition state, and that now is especially the time for spreading the Gospel in that vast country. On the collection of \$352.75, being announced, one gentleman reminded the audience that Carey's first collection did not amount to \$4.00.

In connection with the Anniversary, a Sabbath School Convention was held. There are 36 Sabbath Schools

in the Province of Quebec, 23 of which contain 1856 scholars; no reports from the others. Sixteen schools report that they have exceeded during the year \$1,998,96, and contributed for missionary purposes \$680.81. One hundred and thirty five cases of conversion were reported in connection with the schools.

The Baptist Missionary Society in England has a Mission in Western Africa. A gentleman in Scotland has presented a small iron steamer mainly for the use of Rev. Mr. Saker, 'the apostle' of that mission, by means of which he will be able to proceed up the river to visit the inland tribes, instead of walking over the mountains. The vessel is named *Helena Saker*, in honour of the devoted wife of the missionary.

The same society also has a successful mission among the Cameroons in the same country. Recently some friends at Sheffield sent out a good supply of tools and agricultural implements in aid of the mission, in acknowledging which the missionary, Rev. J. J. Fuller, thus writes: "The joy they have afforded us can scarcely be expressed in words; so kind have the friends been, that even my wife has not been omitted in the supply of needles, cotton, &c. She had but one pair of scissors, and they with a broken point, when their generous supply arrived."

An ex-priest in Naples has formed a Baptist mission there, and urges that a missionary be sent to his assistance, either from England or America, as there is a population of half a million of souls to whom the Gospel can be preached.

A gentleman of the Baptist Church at Broughton, Lancashire, has presented a beautiful church, which cost \$12,500, to the Wesleyans; in doing so, he assigned as his reason that he believed the said denomination would be more likely to promote the moral improvement of the people in that locality than even the Baptists, though he still avowed himself as being ardently attached to his own

people. Such gifts are certainly evidences of a true catholicity of spirit.

#### ROMISH MISSIONS.

It is no libel to assert that Roman Catholics excel all others in making proselytes. They are marvellous propagandists. The missionaries are sent forth with their robes, their rosaries and their crosses. An appeal is made to the senses, and baptism is the glorious consummation of their labours. And what are the results? For three-quarters of a century the missionaries were in California before it was annexed to the United States, and the Indian tribes there were said to be converted, but there was not the slightest moral improvement in a single tribe. They lived in all their former wretchedness and were as ignorant of the Christian religion as they were when the priests went among them.

A similar statement is made respecting China. A Chinese convert said to a Protestant missionary: "though the Romanists had been here two hundred years, we had not the Bible, we did not know what the Gospel was."

Is it not true that the masses of adult citizens in Spain, in Italy, in Mexico, and in Central and South America are unable to read? The mummeries of the Church service—it were burlesque to call it worship—are faithfully taught, nothing more is deemed safe, since knowledge would lessen the priest's power; hence, "ignorance is the mother of devotion."

Romish missionaries, wherever they can gain access, sow the seeds of strife among Protestant converts. Tahiti and other places in the South Seas are proofs. Their conduct among the aborigines of America testifies the same fact, while their attempts to destroy or sap the school system of the country, and their intolerance everywhere are illustrations of what we mean. As one has said, "in a single particular the Romish missionaries are most remarkable—

in their obedience to the Head of their Church, who commands them to compass sea and land in making proselytes. But if fruits of holy living are required as evidences of success in bringing the nations to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, then Romish missionaries are spending their strength for naught."

The people of the Romish Church are liberal contributors, judging from what is stated in "the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," for in one year, the various Dioceses in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceanica, (the latter about \$1,000,) contributed no less than \$1,123, 528.

Other contributions are in proportion. An Italian newspaper states as a fact, that the income of each Cardinal amounts to \$6,000, though some of them have much larger than this; one even receives \$100,000. In Italy there are 240 bishops and an almost interminable list of ecclesiastics; at least one-half of these receive aid from the Pope, to the amount of some \$120,000 per year, so that it may be easily seen that the "poor Pope" needs a large income to sustain all his children. How much Pius IX. received from "The Faithful," in America and Canada, we have no means of knowing, but this we know, when bishop McCloskey went to Rome to receive his Cardinal's hat, he took with him \$100,000, from his children in the West, as a present to the "Holy Father."

On the same occasion, bishop McCloskey presented an address to the Pope, which dwelt particularly on the progress of Romanism in the New World. For 200 years little progress was made, but as the country became inhabited by persons of other nationalities, so Romanism began to increase. At the commencement of the present century, a single small church was adequate, in the foremost city of the foremost State, to receive at the matin call the entire congregation, and in the whole rural territory the true worship was

unknown. But now, says the address, "we witness in the metropolitan city fifty-two churches, and in the suburbs many more, while throughout the whole land altars arise wherever men are to be found."

In consequence of the iron hand of Bismarck in Germany, the break-up in the convents has begun. The Ursuline nuns have sold their property, and will emigrate to Cracow.

The Capuchins have left Munster, the Benedictine nuns at Fulda have also sold their property. The Franciscans of Westphalia are about to take their departure. A considerable number of the above have sought a home in America. These facts, together with what is occurring around us, should surely teach Protestants that they have need to be on the alert.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*The Religion of Life: or, Christ and Nicodemus.* By JOHN G. MANLY. 12mo. pp. xxiv-155. Toronto: S. Rose.

THIS book is one of the most beautiful specimens of fine Biblical exegesis, of chaste eloquence, and of earnest exhortations to practical piety that we have ever read. The scriptural argument is as firmly linked and as closely woven as a suit of chain armour, impenetrable to any shaft of adverse criticism. It is a singularly forcible and beautiful interpretation of one of the most important passages of Holy Writ, and is a noble vindication of the freedom of the human will, and of the ways—the wondrous ways—of God with man. Some of the incidental illustrations of Scripture are very felicitous, notably that on page 11, with reference to the question of baptism, and that on the "many mansions," on page 25. The tender and magnanimous treatment of honest doubt, and of the sacred right of free inquiry, on pp. 109, *et seq.*, is in pleasing contrast to the intolerant bigotry of some religious teachers. No minister, no layman, can thoughtfully read this volume without profounder conceptions of the marvellous depths of meaning and beauty of our Lord's conversation with Nicodemus. As a specimen of minute criticism and exhaustive study, and exposition of Holy Scripture, it is an admirable

model. It would be well if such treatment of the sacred text were more common in our pulpits and in exegetical literature. The style has a sinewy flexibility and logical strength, and is characterized by a precision and elegance of diction that make the book pleasant as well as profitable reading. So great is the concentration of thought, and so condensed is the manner of printing, that this modest volume contains much more matter than many twice the size.

*Glancia.* A Story of Athens in the first century. By EMMA LESLIE. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 12mo. pp. 308. Three engravings.

IN this tale of early Christian trial and triumph the author has endeavoured, and with remarkable success, "to show some of the many difficulties with which Christianity had to contend on its first introduction to the centres of civilization, not only from paganism and philosophy, but from every mode of life, and the whole tone of thought then prevailing." Such books are truer than much of the history that is written. They clothe its dry bones with flesh, and make the dead past live again, instinct with human sympathy. This volume discusses the greatest problem in the universe, the planting and early spread of Christianity, and is vastly more wholesome for youthful

readers than many of the sensation stories or unreal religious novels which are to be found in some of our Sunday Schools.

It forms one of a series of historical tales from the same accomplished pen, and published in very elegant style by the same house, illustrating the great epochs in the history of the Church. The lessons of noble heroism, zeal and self-sacrifice, that the annals of these early years of Christianity exhibit, should be an inspiration to duty to languid Christians of to-day, and a cause of gratitude for the immunities from persecution and the superior privileges that we enjoy.

*Flavia; or, "Loyal unto the End."*

A tale of the Church in the Second Century. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "Constantia's Household," etc. 12mo. 311 pp. Five engravings. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

THIS pathetic story gives a vivid portraiture of a most interesting period of the heroic age of the Christian Church. Among the historic characters introduced are the noble and truth-loving pagan philosopher, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who nevertheless persecuted unto the death the saints of God; the eloquent Christian Apologist, Mileto of Sardis; and the venerable martyr-bishop, Polycarp of Smyrna. The triumphs in Ephesus, Smyrna, Philadelphia, Pergamos, Thyatira and Sardis, before those golden candlesticks were removed out of their places, of that strange new faith which was everywhere turning the world upside down, are graphically depicted; and the fiery trials of the persecuted Church of the Catacombs at Rome awake our sympathy and inspire our zeal. The world will never grow tired of hearing this heroic tale; and it is well to tell it to the young, who might be repelled by dry ecclesiastical history, in such vivid narratives as these, to which so much of human interest is given by introducing us to the social and

family life of the period, with their holy joys, their poignant sorrows, their deep tragedies, and their sublime triumphs, even amid the fiery pangs of persecution and martyrdom. Although we have personally long and carefully pondered this subject, we thank the accomplished author for fresh insight into the spirit of early Christian life and character. The usually careful proof reading of the publishing house is marred by two or three slight errors, as Satyr for Sofer, and Auspices for Auspex. Equity is not the title of any Roman office; perhaps equites are meant. The sacred (Constantinian) monogram was not known till one hundred and fifty years after Aurelius, and is moreover incorrectly interpreted. Pagans never buried in the Catacombs; nor, as we have elsewhere abundantly shown, were these latter excavated for any but Christian purposes. We are pleased to observe the introduction of a couple of engravings from our own volume on a cognate subject.

*Quadratus.* A Tale of the World in the Church. By EMMA LESLIE, author of "Glaucia," "Flavia," etc. 12mo. 308 pp. Three engravings. New York: Nelson and Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

THIS we consider the best that we have yet read of the series of stories illustrating the different periods of the history of the Church, now in course of publication by the enterprising agents of the Methodist Book Concern. The period is one of absorbing interest. The alliance of the State was found more dangerous to the Church than its bitterest persecution. The great Arian controversy was raging. The strifes and jealousies of Jews, Pagans and Christians, orthodox and heretics, were kindled to intense bitterness. The nascent corruption of conventionalism, a gorgeous ritualism, a worldly religionism and a semi-religious philosophy were rife. The varied and richly coloured phases of Christian life and character in the

great cities of the Empire—Alexandria, Antioch, Carthage, Tagaste, Jerusalem and Damascus, are vividly presented. A striking picture of the great Council of Nicœa, a sketch of the pagan reaction under Julian, and a glimpse of the cœnobitic life of the Thebaid, exhibit diverse aspects of the social phenomena of the times. Among the historical characters are the great heretic and orthodox combatants, Arius and Athanasius; Constantine and Julian; Agustine and Monica; Chrysostom and Arethusa. These great historic names, to many readers, are only names, and nothing more. In these pages they live again, with a personal and human interest that enriches and intensifies our conception of the entire period, and of the part they played therein. The historical "keeping" of the picture is on the whole very correct, and indicates careful study. We note a few solecisms in order to their correction in future editions. The Bishop of Antioch, in 325, was Eustathius, not Custathius. The colleague and rival of Constantine was Licinius, not Lycinius. Cordova was not a see at the time. The tutor of Chrysostom was Libanius, not Libanus, and the title of Golden-mouth was not given to John of Antioch till after the date of this story. Tagaste was in Numidia, not in Egypt. Terence was a native of Carthage, not of Alexandria. We doubt if porphyry was ever used for statuary, and the use of palanquin, a word of modern origin, for the classic lectica is an anachronism. These, however, are minor imperfections, some of them misprints, unavoidable from the fact of the MS. being sent across the Atlantic. The book is sound and wholesome, truer to life than most histories. We need more such.

WE have also received the Report of the first International Sunday School Convention, held at Baltimore, Maryland, in May, 1875. It is a well printed 8vo., of over 150 pages, and

in every way worthy of the grand occasion which it commemorates, and is monumental of one of the great movements of the age. From personal knowledge we can testify to the completeness and accuracy of its reports of the addresses delivered and business transacted. We are glad to observe that the Canadian delegates, several of whom were members of our own Church, took their full share of work, and did it so well. Several admirable illustrations of Sunday School architecture embellish the book.

*The British Quarterly Review.* July, Leonard Scott's Reprint.

WITH this vigorous Quarterly, which is the mouth-piece of English Non-conformity, our views, as a Church, are more in sympathy than with any other of the great English Reviews, except, of course, the Connexional Quarterly. If we were personally restricted to one of them, we think this should be our choice. The Book Notices are an important feature, and are a valuable guide to an estimate of current literature. The other articles of the present number are a fine classical paper on Roman Treves; a critical examination of Shakespeare's early career, disposing of many of the myths that have gathered round him, and rehabilitating his character, which has been somewhat blown upon by contemporary gossip and rumour: The same service is rendered to the character of Edgar Allan Poe, in a sympathetic review of his writings. Sin and Madness, is the title of a judicious review of Dr. Maudsley's book on Responsibility in Mental Disease. Mr. Disraeli's utter failure as a Minister is strongly asserted in another article, and a great liberal reaction predicted. We have elsewhere referred largely to the excellent articles on The Future of the English Universities, and on Christian Missions in India.

*The London Quarterly Review*, July.  
Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,  
New York.

ART. I. The First Stuart in England, is an effort characteristic of the criticism of the times to reverse the verdict of history as to the character of James I.—not altogether successful, we judge. Art. II. gives an interesting account of Jamaica since emancipation. Some gratuitous flings at the missionaries and at Exeter Hall do not enhance its value. Art. III. records the singular literary influence of Virgil during the middle ages. His chief reputation was as an arch-necromancer. Art. IV. On Balloons, we shall condense into a brief paper for the December number. Art. V. The Theatre Francais. Art. VI. Falconry in the British Isles—a dissertation on an obsolete field sport. Art. VII. Memoirs of Count de Legur, gives a close-at-hand view of the character of Napoleon, by a personal friend and admirer and member of his staff. More intimate acquaintance only increases our detestation of this scourge of the human race. Falsehood and treachery lurked beneath his smile, and an insatiable ambition and stoical indifference to human suffering led him through seas of slaughter to a gory throne. Art. VIII. is a discriminative Review of Tennyson's Queen Mary. Art. IX. Church Law and Church Prospects.

*The Methodist Quarterly Review*,  
October, 1875.

THIS Standard Quarterly opens with an appreciative review of Motley's "John of Barneveld," by the Rev. R. H. Howard, M.A. Professor Moses contributes an interesting paper on Georg Stjernhjelm, the father of Swedish poetry. Dr. Brunson discusses Mr. Wesley's ordination of Dr. Coke, vindicating on Scriptural grounds Wesley's right to ordain. Dr. George, whose ministrations at the Hamilton Conference will be remembered with such pleasure, reviews the Bampton Lectures

of 1874. The subject is the interesting one of the historical and literary development of the Christian Religion considered as an evidence of its origin. "A Statesman of the Period" is a critical estimate of the political career of Fernando Wood, late Democratic Mayor of New York. With his politics we have no sympathy, but his civil administration was a remarkable success in the interests of morality and honesty. The most readable article is a review of Bishop Haven's, "Our Next Door Neighbour," by Dr. Carter, himself for some time a resident in Mexico. Methodism has a noble mission to accomplish for that beautiful but misgoverned land. The Editor's book notices are especially valuable. The fourth volume of his Commentary—I. Corinthians to II. Timothy—is announced for November.

This Quarterly will be increased in size 16 pages, or 64 pages in the year, without increasing the price, \$2.50. The Editor of this Magazine continues to act as agent.

*The Lesser Hymnal*. A collection of Hymns, selected chiefly from the Standard Hymn-Book of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

THE conception of this book is a very happy one. It is designed to give unity to the Church, social meeting and Sunday School, by offering in compendious form an ample and varied selection of hymns, suitable for each. It is highly desirable that the "glorious old hymns of the ages" should displace the trivial and flimsy hymns and melodies which often disgrace our Sunday School collections. At the same time, the "vivid and vital hymns of faith that have been born of latter day Pentecosts," should be brought together and made easily accessible for social use, in the love-feast and prayer-meeting. The Editors, Drs. Warren and Eben Tourjee, and the

publishers, have done their parts well, and have presented 356 hymns with over 200 tunes and melodies in a small pocket volume, at a cost of 50 cents. The book cannot fail to be highly useful and popular. Something of the sort might with advantage be compiled for our Canadian Methodism.

*All for Christ.* By the Rev. THOMAS CARTER, D.D. 12mo. pp. 192. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

THE purpose of this devout and excellent little book is to show "how the Christian may obtain, by a renewed consecration of his heart, the fulness of joy referred to by the Saviour just previous to His crucifixion." The practical application of this blessed truth is enforced with remarkable strength and clearness. The chapters on Integrity in Business; Social Tastes; Dress, Food, Money, Time, Words, Thought and Feeling consecrated, are full of wisdom and convincing speech, and the ethical lessons are barb-pointed and illustrated by narratives of their embodiment in living examples. The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Higher Christian Life.

*Can a Christian be a Soldier?* By JOHN ASHWORTH. Montreal: Methodist Book Room.

IN this vigorous pamphlet, the genial and loving heart of John Ashworth expresses its detestation of the unhallowed spirit of war. It brings us face to face with one of the most difficult and appalling problems of civilization. The principles which are here enunciated, which are based upon a vivid apprehension of the teachings of the Prince of Peace, shall unquestionably ultimately prevail, and may God speed the day; but we confess that the negative answer to the question proposed is not so clear to our mind as to that of the writer. We much prefer the logical and luminous treatment of

this subject by the gentle-souled Elishu Burritt, to the somewhat belligerent invective of this pamphlet.

*Liturgy of the Methodist Church of Canada.* Pulpit Edition. 8vo. Limp covers. Price 60 cents.

OUR noble liturgy awakens grand historic memories in our mind every time we hear it. It bears the impress of the most devout minds and ablest theologians of the Christian Church. Much of it is the legacy, from age to age, of the Primitive Christian times. It has voiced the aspirations of God's saints under the most solemn circumstances of religious worship in the fiery times of persecution, in the hours of deepest sorrow, and of highest joy. This latest edition is typographically worthy of the book. The bold clear type, wide spaces, and general mechanical excellence, will make it not only a ministerial luxury but a pulpit necessity.

*Waymarks; or, Counsel and Encouragement for Penitent Seekers of Salvation.* By the Rev. E. H. DEWART. Second Edition. pp. 16. 8vo. Toronto: S. Rose.

WE have found the first edition of this excellent tract of valuable service in circuit work, and in revival meetings. It is a clear, strong statement of religious truth which cannot be too widely circulated. Our ministerial brethren will find it an invaluable adjunct in their winter's revival campaign.

THE Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE'S admirable book, *The Religious Opinions of Daniel Quorn*, from which the papers, entitled "A Cornish Class-Meeting," in this Magazine, have been taken, has been one of the most successful of the recent issues of the press. In England, ever since its issue, it has sold at the rate of 1,000 copies a month. Our readers, who wish to enjoy a rich treat, should not fail to procure a copy.



## NOTES ON LITERATURE, &amp;c., &amp;c.

## LITERATURE.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes, late M.P., is engaged on a work on the Church of England.

—It is rumored that Jefferson Davis intends to write a "History of the Civil War."

—Mr. Smiles has nearly ready a work entitled "Thrift," which will form a companion volume to his ever popular "Character" and "Self-help."

—Mr. J. H. Nichola, a personal friend of the late President Lincoln, who acted as private secretary to the murdered occupant of the White House, is engaged on "A Biography of President Lincoln," of a more extended and authentic character than any which has as yet been produced.

—In the United States there are 400 religious periodicals of various kinds at present in existence:—The Methodists claim 47, the Roman Catholics 41, the Baptists 35, the Presbyterians 29, the Episcopalians 21, the Lutherans 14, the German Reformed Church 14, the Jews 9, and the Congregationalists 8.

—The *Athenæum* says: "A letter has just reached England from one who, many years ago, was a popular writer on political and other subjects, but who is now almost forgotten. We allude to Alexander Sumner-ville, who will be better remembered by his *nom de plume* 'The Whistler at the Plough.' Mr. Somerville has been resident for many years in Canada."

—Mr. John Lathrop Motley, the well-known historian of the Dutch Republic, who recently returned to America from Europe, will remain for several months in Boston and vicinity, and will return to England this fall. His health has improved greatly.

—Sir Charles Dilke is about to make another journey round the world. His objective point will be Japan, which he will inspect with care,

doubtless with a view to future speeches in Parliament. It is said that he has regained his popularity as a public man.

—The real name of "Ascott R. Hope," the author of those charming works, "A Book about Dominies," "A Book about Boys," etc., is Robert Hope Moncrieff.

—Mr. J. Stuart Glennie has written a book called "Travel and Discussion in the Birth-Countries of Christianity." The author was the travelling companion of the late Mr. Buckle, and gives many interesting particulars of that celebrated writer's character and life.

—During the last twenty-five years the number of volumes in the British Museum has increased from 435,000 to 1,100,000; the increase in the Bodleian, in the same time, has been from 220,000 to 310,000; in the Bibliothèque National, of Paris, from 824,000 to 2,000,000.

—All the copies of the first volume of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* have been sold, and the publishers have just reprinted the volume. The article on Beaumont and Fletcher, for the third volume, is being written by Mr. Swinburne. The articles on Archæology and Canada are from the pen of Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto University.

—At a late auction of rare books and manuscripts in London, a copy of the first English Bible translated by Coverdale, with four leaves in fac-simile, was sold for \$1,800; and a Latin Bible, printed by Jenson, in 1476, on vellum, was sold for \$1,850.

## SCIENCE.

—In a recent paper on "Anæsthetics," Dr. Prevost states that when the sleep produced by chloroform has continued so long that it is dangerous to administer more chloroform the anæsthetic state may be safely

prolonged by the injection of small quantities of morphine under the skin. It is also said that, if morphine be first injected, a much smaller dose of chloroform suffices to produce insensibility.

—*Marriage and Longevity.* — M. Bertillon, in the *London Med. Record*, gives the results of a careful study of the statistical documents respecting the influence of marriage on longevity in France, Belgium, and Holland. He finds that marriage creates a remarkable increase in longevity in both sexes. Among widowers he finds the same mortality as among celibates of the same age; thence he concludes that the vitality of married persons is not derived from intrinsic causes, but is a directly beneficial result of marriage, which modifies the conditions of life favourably. To this general fact he found few exceptions. Thus, marriages contracted before the parties are twenty years old increases the risk of death.

#### ART.

—Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron, once refused a place in Westminster Abbey, is at Cambridge, in the library of Trinity College.

—The monument in honour of Edgar A. Poe, which will be dedicated this month, is described as of white marble, eight feet high, resting on a granite base, six feet square. On the granite slab are two other bases of marble. On these rests the die-block, three feet two inches square, surmounted by a heavy cap, carved with an ornamental lyre in the centre of each face. On the front of the die-block is a beautifully chiseled medallion of the poet, carved in the purest Italian statuary marble, after a plaster cast by Volk, the sculptor, from a photograph in the possession of a member of Poe's family.

#### MUSIC.

—Madame Christine Nilsson's concert at St. James's Hall, London, in aid of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, was even more successful than the one she gave last year. Upwards of £960 were realized for the Fund.

—It is stated that M. Gounod has just finished a new oratorio, the libretto of which was written by the Abbe Frippel in 1869. The new work is founded on some passages in the life of St. Genevieve.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
George D. Philips....	River Philip..	River Philip,N.S	..	Sep. 4, 1875
Ann Lukey.....	Warsaw.....	.....	75	" 5, "
Wm. Law (Indian sch'l- teacher 40 years)...	Bell Ewart..	Innisfil, O.	70	" 18, "
Freeman Poutry.....	Shelburne....	Shelburne, N.S.	33	" 19, "
John Scott.....	Jordan Bay ...	.....	81	" 20, "
Ann McBurney.....	Peterborough..	Lakefield, O. ..	..	" 29, "
Rachel Little.....	McKellar.....	McKellar, O. ..	23	.....
Rev. W. Herkimer....	New Credit...	New Credit, O.	75	Oct. 3, "

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, Toronto.