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ROSENGARTEN, HIGH ALPS.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

ALPINE PICTURES.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

II.

CROSSING A GLACIER.

WE continue our journey towards the Bernese Oberland. The road is level and good, the landscape enchanting. We pass along streams and tiny lakes, and at last begin to ascend the Brunig, one of the lower ridges of the Bernese Highlands. We rise higher, the view widens and becomes more varied, the valley stretches out far below, and the people working in the fields grow smaller until we are lost in the clouds. Soon, on the other side are revealed new valleys and mountains through the breaking clouds and returning sunshine. Down we pass, turn suddenly the corner of a precipice, and there, away to the right, lies the lake of Brienz, glancing in the evening sun, and on the left a valley floored with meadow walled with rock, and beautified by waterfalls, extending away to Meiringen. Onward we push to Brienz, a small town on the lake. Here we pass the night, and visit some of the shops where specimens of ingenious wood-carving are displayed, for which the place is very much noted,—in fact it is the almost

universal occupation of the inhabitants. We must here furnish ourselves with an Alpenstock,—a long light staff, armed with a strong iron spike. We will soon need it, for we are now to do some real climbing.

In the morning we cross over to Giessbach, a charming spot just opposite Brienz, where a stream of limpid water leaps from the mountain-edge and comes tumbling down over terrace after terrace of the tree-clad precipice, forming seven distinct cascades in its fall of over 1,000 feet. We pass up the valley which we had seen the day before, and after a somewhat monotonous walk over the level road we reach Meiringen. The cottages here are remarkably neat and clean. The change in the peasant girl's dress shows that we are in another canton. There are marks here and there of the destructive work of avalanches and land-slides, with which the village has been visited. It looks like a dangerous place for a winter residence,—so near the precipice. After a short rest we leave the village, and grasp our staves for a hard afternoon's climb. Our way leads upward along the roaming, foaming cataracts of the Reichenbach. Up we mount again. Above and beyond us tower the snow peaks. Waterfalls leap flashing down, glaciers glance on mountain slopes, and in the gorges echoes of peasant's horn and hallo resound along the valley walls. We pass the Rosenlaui or Rose glacier, the clear ice of which has a beautiful azure, owing to the character of the rock. It is not so large as many others, but it is said to be the purest and prettiest in Switzerland, noted for the whiteness of its surface, and the beauty and colour of the ice of which it is composed. A tunnel, 100 feet long has been cut into it, so that one walks through walls and under an archway of ice of the most delicate and heavenly hue, and so clear that one can see the water trickling between the layers overhead.

The glacier itself, the one peak of the Wetterhorn, its father, rising in solitary majesty, the many furrows of the Engelhorn, its mother, burdened with many cares, the loud glee of the Reichenbach, its bright child, all constitute a scene of strange sublimity. It lies in a chasm of almost unknown depth. Rocks and ice, and streams and trees, and mountain columns form a romantic picture. This spot is often visited by painters, and the scene is well worthy of their art.

Onward we press. The pines and junipers become bearded

and furred with long grey hanging moss. At last they cease, and heather alone is found growing on the inhospitable rock. On and upwards still, night is coming on, and if we stop a moment to rest we find ourselves surrrounded by winter's cold. Another effort, and we reach the solitary inn at the top of the Sheideck or ridge of the pass. After nine hours of such tramping, by which we attain a height of 6,000 feet, no one would object to a Swiss supper of good bread and butter, and honey, and then to a snug German bed with a foot thick of feathers underneath, and a foot and a half over one, though it is the second day of September. At five o'clock in the morning we are out again. 'Tis cold as any morning of Canadian mid-winter. But what a combination of glories meets the eye. No shrub or tree is to be seen on the barren rock and frozen soil, but all around us tower the giant peaks, cut in crispest outline into the background of heaven's blue, whose silver mantles glitter with millions of spangles and pearls, and whose crests are crowned with a prodigal wealth of flashing jewels

FALLS OF THE REICHENBACH.

and flaming gold. Oh, the poverty of words to depict such a scene!

At our feet lie the famous valley and glacier of Grindelwald, but to us invisible, for they are covered with a dense fog. The upper side of the fog seems to us as though it were a tiny ocean, lashed into froth and foam, and then frozen into the stillness of death. Beyond is the lower Sheideck or ridge, over which lies the pass covered with a forest of evergreen. Then rise in contrast the steep walls of the Wetterhorn, the domes of the Schreckhorn, the sharp crest of the Eiger, and the white gown of the Monch.

Let us descend just to the edge of the fog cloud. Our heavy boots crackle on the frozen earth, and well do we need the trusty Alpine staff, for the way is steep and slippery. Now we are at the edge of the mist-cloud, we can breathe the thickened moisture, and almost feel it with our hands. Another step reveals to us another scene,—there lies the sleeping vale below. Just look! Above and around us are sparkling and glowing the snowy pyramids, refulgent in the morning glory. Before us stretches the broad canopy of wavy cloud to the opposite side of the valley, at our side is the suspended glacier, and below us the luxuriant garden-like valley, with its rich meadows and fields of golden corn.

But the king of day has just touched the outer edge of the fog. Sunshine has crept downwards, chasing the shadows, and now lays hold of the mighty shroud. It cannot stand that touch, and quickly its broad sheets are rolled up like a scroll, and pass away to the mountain caverns, and morning dawns on the vale below which the sunshine shortly clothes with a fresher beauty, while the yawning peasant creeps out of his cabin to cut his dew-wet grass, imagining the sun has just risen, although we have been in the light of his beams for hours.

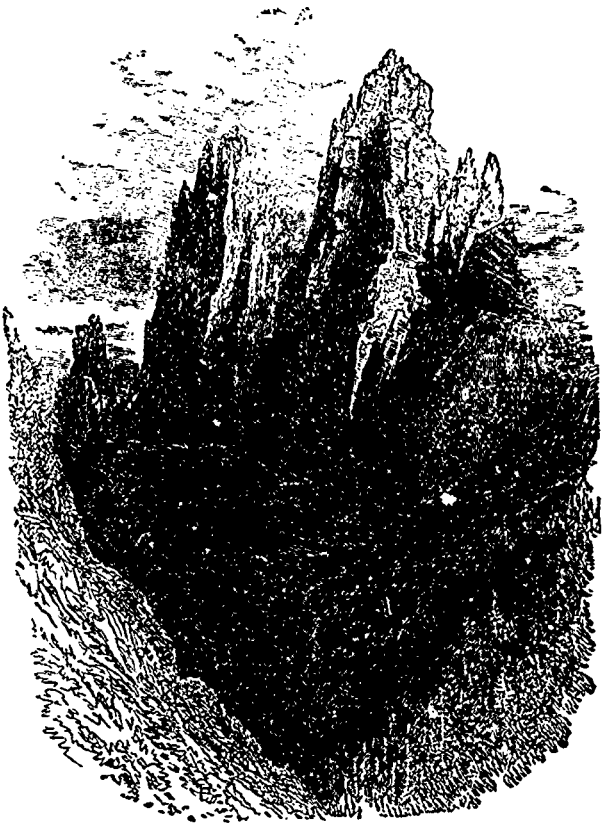
Ah! met' ought as I gazed on that scene, could we but always think of the heavenward side of life's fogs and clouds, how different they would appear! The thought that the clouds do not affect the glory beyond should teach us to

> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust Him for His grace;
> Behind a frowning providence,
> He hides a smiling face."

We leave the village, now bathed in sunshine, and climb the op-

posite mountain ridge, repeating the experience of yesterday, only on a smaller scale, and then down on the other side into the charming valley, where lies the village of Lauterbrunnen.

The view here is gorgeous. Opposite us foams a mountain cascade. In the distance the Staubbach seems to be very small, but as you approach you find it to be, in reality, a large body of water. It bounds over the rocky wall, and has a clear fall of 980



In the High Alps.

feet. It is broken into foam in mid-air, and is dashed to spray on the rocky bottom. We descend the steep precipice into the narrow valley where the sunshine is a very tardy visitor. The dark walls of the valley seem now immensely high, and away through the chasm we see the snow-fields of the Jungfrau and the Monch.

Soon we reach the picturesque town of Interlaken, at the

mouth of the valley. In the grey of the morning, while the mist veils the Jungfrau we take boat on the Thun Lake. When the sun drives away their nightly garb we see the mountain outlines standing out against the background of azure sky; but we must bid those dear old friends good-bye.

We could linger long amongst other scenes of equal beauty here, but I wish to describe some views of French Switzerland and sunny Savoy. As we proceed southward by rail, through Berne and Freiburg, we are pleased with the well cultivated country, and the distant forms of the Southern Alps grow more distinct.

After a few hours' ride we enter a long tunnel, remain several minutes in total darkness, and then with the first flash of light our eyes are greeted by a scene of surpassing beauty. There, stretching out far below us lies the broad bright blue of Lake Leman, with its gorgeous surroundings of Savoyan hills and Alpine peaks. The train stops and we climb up a stony hill into the heart of the City of Lausanne. On either hand the hills roll off in manifold variety, rising in the distance into snow-capped mountains. To our right the lake stretches away to Geneva where Calvin, and Voltaire, and Rousseau lived and wrote; there sky and water seem to meet. Opposite where we stand we can count the villages and hamlets of Savoy at the base of forest hills. Amongst these is one with the euphonious name of St. Gingulphus at the foot of St. Gingo. Behind these is the long outline of snowy battlements, where, on a clear day, we can see the cloud-crown of Mount Blanc.

Before we leave the Lake of Geneva let us visit the Castle of Chillon, whose towers and turrets and sombre ivy-grown walls we had seen from the Signal at Lausanne. We reach it by boat. The whole of the northern shore, from Lausanne to the Valley of the Rhone, is called the Italy of Switzerland. It is sheltered from the chilling winds of the plains, and has the full benefit of a long day of sunshine. The whole slope is filled with villages and hotels, villas and vineyards, above which is the richest forest background. Great stone walls support terraced vineyards and gardens, so as to win from the mountain side all that nature can afford or cultivation secure. These walls are often overgrown by a sort of trailing plant, known by the name of Canadian Vine, which in autumn bears a wealth of foliage of the richest carmine.

We land at the castle wall, and after a little climbing enter the side facing the mountains. We pass through the garden, where trees seem transplanted from every clime, over a ditch where the drawbridge formerly creaked. We enter the castle yard. The ring of a bell summons a guide who conducts us through an old arched doorway, down broad steps within the castle walls to that side washed by the lake. We can see but little. The windows are but slits in a wall of immense thickness, and so far above our heads that we can discern only a small strip of sunshine, as we listen to the dash of the waves without.

The first apartment we enter is the old military chapel, double arched, with a row of rocky columns down the middle. Next comes the small chamber where condemned criminals spent their last night alive. There is here a sort of incline of solid rock which had to serve the unfortunates as bed. The next apartment is the place of execution, dark as death, where no ray of light enters but what is carried in. Here is the horrid block where many a victim has been immolated, and here the hole in the wall through which the dead bodies were cast into the secret-keeping waters of the lake. We next enter the prison. 'Tis long and dark, and dismal, and grows darker as we advance. A row of seven stone columns extends the whole length. On the third Byron has carved his name, and around it are the names of a thousand others of less note. On the fifth is the staple and ring to which the good Bonnivard was attached during the six long years of his confinement there, and we see the hollow in the stony floor worn by his constant tread.

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
> And thy sad floor an altar: for 'twas trod
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyrrany to God!"

In 1530 Bonnivard was imprisoned here by the Catholic Duke of Savoy. He was released in 1536 by the Bernese who took the castle. Byron represents him telling his tale after his release—

> "My hair is grey, but not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's have done from sudden fears.

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil
But rusted through a vile repose;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred,—forbidden fare.
But it was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father suffered at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake.
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place. ....

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow. ....

A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake,
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple, night and day.
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked,
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky.
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked;
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free."

But we leave the sad prison-house and ascend the upper story. First we visit the Hall of Justice, a fine large apartment, with an immense fire-place that would do honour to any Canadian backwood's log-fire. Adjoining this is the torture-room. In the middle of the floor stands a wooden pillar, near the top of which is a pulley, by means of which the prisoner was drawn up and down at pleasure, and you may see burnt parts of the wood, the result of torturing the victims with red-hot instruments. We cross a yard and enter a low, dark-looking tower. Here are the opening and steps of the "oubliettes" where prisoners were got rid of who had purchased pardon by recantation or confession. They came in here in hope of regaining their liberty, but alas! they found that it was the liberty of death. They descend, one, two, three steps, the next launches them into a dark, deep, watery grave, and eternal oblivion.

We next pass by train up the fruitful Valley of the Rhone, and then, per diligence, we reach Visp, after travelling some hours over a magnificent country, on a road built by Napoleon I. Next morning we make an early start up the valley which leads to

Mountain Gorge.

Zermatt. On the one hand are perpendicular rock and overhanging precipice, on the other the roaring, tumbling river is so far below us as to be almost unseen. Over the river are pastures where scores of cattle are feeding, each one of which has a bell nicely

tuned to a different note of the gamut, and from the distance their united jingle comes to our ears like the music of an Æolian harp. The peasant women wear strange, square-crowned, brimless hats, showing that we are in the Canton Wallis. Here we meet a striking number of goitres and idiots. You see them in all the Swiss valleys, but here more than half the people have this peculiar swelling in the neck, and suffer from this hopeless, cureless, hereditary idiocy. Away above as far as the green grass extends, you may see men and women at work on the mountain slopes. They mow, or rather shave off the grass of such parts as cattle dare not tread. They rake together their scrapings in a sort of net, or make a bundle with rope, then getting on the under side they roll the burden on their shoulders, and climb with it up the slope to their mountain cot, and thus lay in winter fodder for their goats. At this work they require spikes in their shoes, for a slip or misstep might hurl them into a yawning chasm.

It is evening when we enter Zermatt, a village just at the foot of the pass, and itself 4,000 feet above the sea. We are up betimes for we have a heavy day's work before us. St. Theodule's is one of the highest of the Alpine passes, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, far above the line of eternal snow. The day is all that can be desired, not a cloud to be seen above the horizon. We start, well armed with bread and Swiss cheese, and our faithful Alpine staff. A guide is necessary, who carries hatchet and ropes and other arrangements for safety. Up, up we climb, hour after hour. We have to cease all talking, for this is too exhausting, although there are so many things to tempt us to indulge in conversation. We reach the foot of the glacier, and now, having partaken of our refreshments, we commence the march over ice and snow on the 8th day of September, after having been among the grapes and flowers a few hours before. We plod along, however, and at length reach the summit. Here, just at our side towers the pyramid, bare and bleak of the Matterhorn, several thousand feet higher. 'Tis so steep that snow can scarcely find a lodgment on its sides. The first who tried to climb the Matterhorn was Lord Douglass with several companions. They managed to ascend, but in the descent some one's foot slipped, and that slip was fatal. The whole company shot like an arrow down the precipice, and only mangled remains of the unfortunate

A Stiff Climb.

men were found. But others have ascended since and descended in safety to tell of labour and disappointment.

Within easy reach the snowy peak of Monte Rosa, which is the second highest in Europe. The dark valleys, rolling hills, and bright mountains extend on every side as far as eye can reach. On the south, we have a view of Italy's lovely, cloudless sky. No country, of Europe, at least, can boast such a dark, rich, azure canopy. We rest a moment in a hut on the pass, and when, after a few minutes, we return, the fog has fallen or risen, and Matterhorn, Rosa, Italy, and all are as though they had never been. So the commencement of our journey downwards into Italy is through fog and cloud. Down, down we go over the snow and ice; after a time

we are again on rock and soon on soil. Blue bells and campanulas smile at our feet. The blue sky then peeps through the breaking clouds and gives us an occasional view of another valley. After some hours of marching we reach the base of the pass, and our way lies through the romantic Val de Tournanche.

We still follow the valley downward toward the plain. The way grows more gorgeous as we advance. Deeper and deeper we seem to sink, the rugged, jagged black walls of rock on either side almost meet over our heads and give the whole scene an air somewhat weird and melancholy. The river rushes over rock and precipice, we can lean over the edge and see the foaming and seething stream, dashing madly against the walls of its prison-house below. Soon we meet the dark, sparkling eyes of shy Italian maidens, and the swarthy faces of Italy's sons, and shortly we enter groves of chestnuts and walnuts. The valley widens and opens up and we have a more extensive view. Now we stand on the edge of a precipice, far below us roars the river, around and above us are the snow-peaks, and at our feet the old Roman town of Chatillon, still showing its ancient arches, towers, walls, and waterworks.

Leaving Chatillon we pass through Aosta on our way to Great St. Bernard, over which we return to the Lake of Geneva. On our way we pass old ruins of Rome's former greatness, and long, trailing vines, from which hang large, luscious clusters of ripe fruit. The pass, on the top of which the convent of Great St. Bernard stands, is rather uninteresting. It summer it is easy enough, but in winter, very dangerous. The benevolent character of the convent is well known. All travellers are welcomed and hospitably entertained for nothing, and in winter the great friendly-looking dogs are still sent out in search of endangered wanderers. The buildings lie in a sort of basin amongst the peaks, close by is a little lake which is frozen about eleven months of the year. The houses are plain, but everything within bespeaks comfort and kindness. A little distance from the convent is the dead-house, where corpses are placed, the ground being frozen too hard to admit of burying. Through the window one can see skeletons and corpses of dogs and men, the collection of many years, yes, of centuries. We descend on the north side, and eventually reach the Valley of the Rhone at Martigny.

Before we bid the mountains good-bye let us visit the Grotto

of the Fairies at St. Maurice. We ascend the side of a mountain, and then, provided with lanterns, enter the subterranean passage through a gate. The passage is long and winding, now through low, rounded arches, where you have to bend almost double, now under lofty, vaulted roofs, with fathomless fissures on every side, and stalagmites and stalactites in endless array. You hear the rippling of springs, and the ceaseless drip of water. Along a part of the way runs a little stream which at last enters the rock and is lost. We follow the stream and reach at last a little lake, clear as crystal, on which is a tiny boat, and over it the rock forms a magnificent Gothic dome. Opposite where we stand a

SWISS ITALIAN TOWN.

cascade falls from a dark fissure in the rock into the little lake, agitating its waters by ceaseless tiny wavelets. You may imagine what a weird effect was produced by the faint light of our lanterns in this home of impenetrable gloom. We return and are glad to be back in open air and daylight, but everything seems to wear a weird and spectral garb, as though we had suddenly awakened from a heavy slumber in the daytime, and had to collect our thoughts to find whether it was morning or evening.

Now to take a farewell view of the Alps, let us climb to the picturesque Village of Laysin, whose stunted church spire is the nearest the stars of any in Switzerland. Here we can enjoy the

simple hospitality of the mountaineers, and pick the rhododendron, the campanula, and every species of Alpine flora at leisure. From a spot about half an hour away from the village, called Bellevue, we have a view of the Rhone Valley, and can count seventeen towns and villages along the river, and on the mountains opposite. Here we sit gazing on the scene of peace and beauty below, the sig[illegible]s of [illegible]ty and grandeur around and above, and study the strange mo[illegible]nts of the clouds which here present a mysterious charm in their play of light and colour, unseen by the dwellers in the valley below.

To the mountain tourist the change of winds is as important as to the sailor, as it may in an hour change the brightness of day into the darkness of night, the heat of summer into the frost of winter, the dashing rain-storm into the purest blue of heaven. Sometimes you may see, far below you, a layer of cloud, shutting out the world beneath, and then a layer above hiding the firmament of the heavens, while all between is perfectly clear and distinct. Sometimes it happens in summer storms that these two lines of cloudy fortification open fire on each other, and then you have the rare sight of the lightning flashing upwards towards heaven, as well as downwards towards earth.

But strange and more striking than all, are the preparations in these cloudy regions for a storm. In the midst of purest air there appears suddenly a thin vapor that shortly condenses into cloud. Out of rocky caverns, here and there, creep pale, ghost-like mists, and sail noiselessly along the mountain wall.

See! away in the distance the horizon darkens as with an advancing host of harnessed warriors in mighty phalanx. The darkness spreads and approaches. A mighty rolling wave of blackness swallows up the mightiest peaks, with their glaciers, and forests, and devouring still comes nearer, while we are yet in the full blaze of the sun. But now the sun himself hides his face, and the brightness lingers only on a few far distant peaks. The clouds now frown with angry scowl. A cold, chilling wind drives them upon us, and we are drenched by a shower. Now a lightning flash cleaves the wall of blackness, and reveals, for an instant, the stolid hills; and a peal of thunder shakes the rocks, and is echoed from the granite walls of a score of mountains. Now, while the torrents descend, flash follows flash, and volley follows peal until the whole artillery of heaven seems waged against the

battlements of the everlasting hills. The darkness and the battle continue, perhaps, half an hour, and then the ranks of cloudy warriors break, the brightness returns from above, and the valley laughs in fresher beauty.

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm."

To us, in the very home of the storm, the scene is indescribably grand, but to the poor villagers below, 'tis a time of sadness. They hear the fearful battle above and know that an enemy is near them, but know not where he will strike. They are out in the streets, crying and wringing their hands, for they know not how soon their all may be destroyed. Above the torrents fall, the gurgling streams gather as they descend the steep mountain side, sweeping down walls and vineyards in their course, filling up the streets and the lower stories of the houses, and frequently leaving corpses in their track.

We are sheltered, however, in the strong cabin of a mountaineer, which is specially arranged to provide against such tempests. The roofs are a foot thick or more, on these are then laid great beams of wood, and on these again pieces of rock, so as to enable them to hold their own against the storms.

The cabins are built wholly of wood, and are as dry as cinders, and in case of a fire would burn like tinder, so that a nightly patrol is necessary to give alarm at the first appearance of fire. This, however, is the case in all mountain villages, whether Alpine, or Appennine, or Carpathian. Just imagine yourself in a neat little village, in the Hartz mountains, North Germany. After a weary tramp, you have just settled down in the invariable feathers for a comfortable sleep, when under the window you hear the heavy tread of the watchman on his nightly round, then the ding-dong of his bell, after which his stentorian voice rings out into the clear air of night:—

> Horet Ihr Herrn und laſſet euch ſagen,
> Das die Glocke hat zehn geſchlagen;
> Bewahret Feuer und auch das Licht,
> Das da durch Klin Schaden geſchieht.
> Lobet alle Gott den Herrn!

Or in English :—

Now hear me say, all ye good men,
The city clock hath just struck ten,
Take care of fire, put out your light,
Lest you some danger should invite.
Praise the Lord, all ye good men !

THE WOUNDED GREY BIRD.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

I WATCHED a little grey bird
As it flew against a wall,
So stunned, so nearly lifeless,
I saw it helpless fall;
It gave one gasp and closed its eyes,
It dropped its bruised head,
And all this in one moment,
I thought that it was dead.

Between my hands I held it,
And breathed upon its breast,
As something whispered to me
"Now try and do your best."
And soon I felt it struggling,
And then a kindling glow,
Which told the crisis over,
Told of the life's blood flow.

I placed it gently on my knee,
To catch the sun's warm rays,
So strange to see it fluttering,
For ended seemed its days.
It gathered strength each moment,
And then with new delight,
It left me to my musing,
And soon flew out of sight.

How oft in the great city,
Does many a brother fall,
Stunned like the little grey bird
That dashed against the wall.
And wounded bird and man must die,
We well can understand,
If some one out of loving heart
Reach not forth loving hand.

OAKLANDS, Sept., *1882.*

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS.

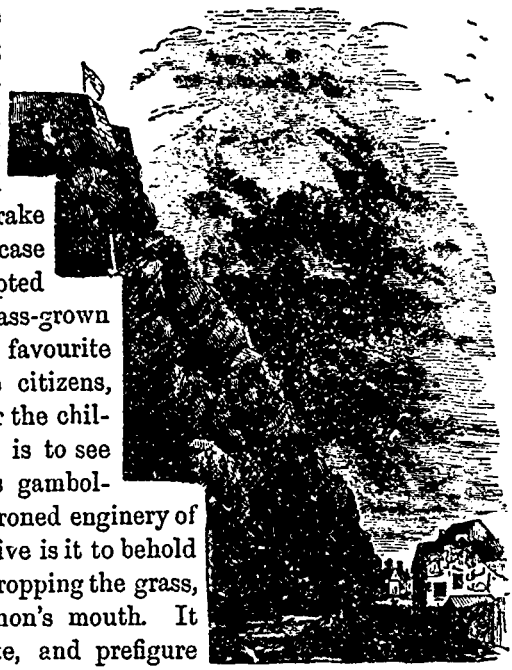
QUEBEC.

THERE is an air of quaint mediævalism about Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. But its greatness is of the past. The days of its feudal glory have departed. It is interesting rather on account of what it has been than for what it is. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They are suggestive of ancient feuds, now, let us hope, forever dead. Those walls, long laved by the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

The prominent feature in the topography of Quebec, is Cape Diamond. It rises perpendicularly to the height of 300 feet above the lower town. It is crowned by the impregnable citadel, whose position and strength has gained for the city the *soubriquet* —the Gibraltar of America. Like a faithful sentinel, it stands the warden of the noble river flowing at its feet, waving in lofty triumph over its head the red cross flag of England.

The cliff on which the city stands is somewhat the shape of a

triangle, the two sides of which are formed by the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, while the base of the triangle is formed by the Plains of Abraham, west of the city, on which was fought the battle whereby Quebec was wrested from the French in 1760. The river fronts are defended by a continuous wall on the very brow of the cliff, with flanking towers and bastions, all loopholed for musketry, and pierced for cannon. The west side, toward the level plain has, or rather had, for much of it has been demolished, a triple wall, faced with masonry, running zig-zag across the plain, with deep, wide trenches between; the inner wall sufficiently higher than the others to allow the heavy cannon which it mounts to rake the entire *glacis* in case of assault or attempted escalade. These grass-grown ramparts are now a favourite promenade for the citizens, and play-ground for the children. Beautiful it is to see the little innocents gambolling among the dethroned enginery of war. Very suggestive is it to behold the peaceful lamb cropping the grass, even from the cannon's mouth. It seems to anticipate, and prefigure the time, when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them.



CAPE DIAMOND.

But not ever was it thus! Where now the quiet sunlight sleeps, like the calm smile of God, once flashed the "red eye of battle." Where now ripples the light laugh of innocence, and the prattle of childhood, once resounded the rush of hosts and the clash of arms, the blast of the bugle, and the snort of the war-horse, the groans of the dying, and the wailing for the dead, and loud and solemn over all, the deep and deadly diapason of the cannonade.

The story of the battle which transferred half a continent from

France to Britain has been often told, but will, perhaps, bear repeating.

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759, before day, the British fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and, in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence, he whispered the strangely-prophetic words,—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Alike await the inexorable hour;
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a prescience of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and, in a moment, the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, aiding themselves by the roots and branches of the stunted spruces and savins; the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet. With much difficulty, a single field-piece was dragged up the rugged steep.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders, and English red-coats, forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levi and a portion of the fleet, upon Quebec and the lines of Beauport, detained Montcalm below the city, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got

the weak side of this wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them;" and the roll of drums, and peal of bugles on the fresh morning air summoned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste, the skeleton regiments hurried through the town, and, about nine o'clock, formed in long, thin lines upon the Plains of Abrahams, without waiting for artillery, except two small field-pieces brought from the city. This was Montcalm's great and fatal mistake. Had he remained behind the ramparts of Quebec, he could probably have held out till the approach of winter would compel the retreat of the British. Including militia and regulars, the French numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men, more than

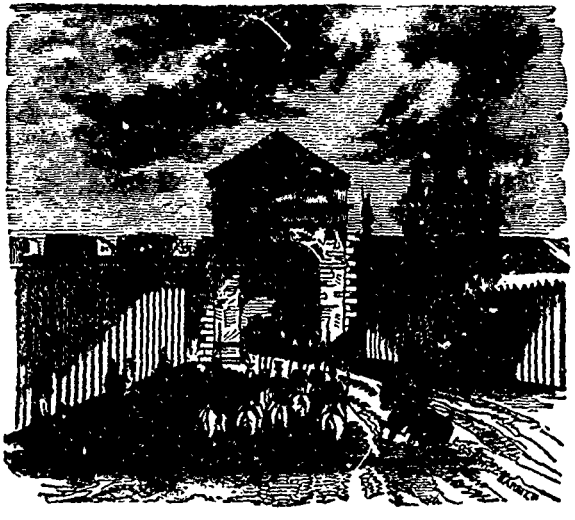
OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

half of whom were, in the words of Wolfe, "a disorderly peasantry." Opposed to them were less than five thousand* veteran troops, eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general.

Wolfe passed rapidly along the line, cheering his men, and exhorting them not to fire without orders. Firm as a wall, they awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within forty yards. Then, at Wolfe's ring-

*The exact number was 4,828. That of the French is estimated at 7,520.

ing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the levelled guns, and tore through the adverse ranks. As the smoke-wreaths rolled away upon the morning breeze, a ghastly sight was seen. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. Gallantly resisting, they received



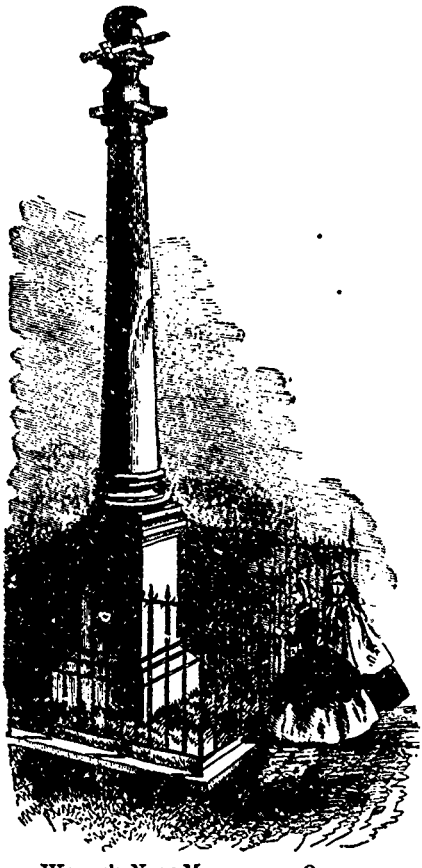
ST. LOUIS GATE.

another deadly volley. With cheer on cheer, the British charged before they could reform, and, swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes, was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain. The British loss was fifty-seven killed, and six hundred wounded; that of the French was fifteen hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners.

WOLE'S OLD MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

Besides the multitude of slain on either side, whose death carried desolation into many a humble home, were the brave commanders of the adverse hosts. Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief round the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment, a ball

pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers standing by. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content," and he gently breathed his last.*

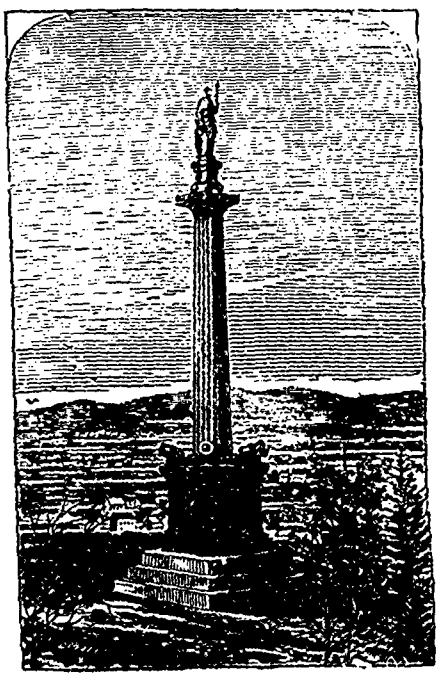


WOLFE'S NEW MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He refused to occupy his mind longer with earthly concerns. To De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, and who sought his advice as to the defence of the city, he said: "My time is short, so pray leave me. To your keeping I commend the honour of France. I wish you all comfort and a happy deliverance from your perplexities. As for me, I would be alone with God, and prepare for death." To another

* On the spot where Wolfe fell, a simple monument was erected. This was superseded, 1849, by the more tasteful memorial shown in the larger engraving. It bears the simple but eloquent inscription:—"HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS."

he said: "Since it is my misfortune to be defeated and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation that I have been defeated by so great and generous an enemy." He died before midnight, and, coffined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell. So perished a brave and noble-hearted man, a skilful general and an incorruptible patriot. At a time when the civil officers of the crown, with scarce an exception, were battening like vampires on the life-blood of the colony, Montcalm lavished his private resources, and freely gave up his life in its behalf.



STE. FOYE MONUMENT.

Near the scene of their death, a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

The historical reminiscences of Quebec are of thrilling interest.

"Wise with the lore of centuries
What tales these stones could tell!
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell."

Founded by Champlain in 1608, it is almost the oldest city in America. It was one of the earliest mission stations of the Jesuit Fathers, then in the zenith of their zeal and power. Here they collected the wandering children of the forest whom they induced to forsake paganism, to become Christians. From hence they

started on their lonely pilgrimages to carry the Gospel of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lake Huron and Superior, on the head waters of the Mississippi, and in the frozen regions of Hudson Bay.

It was long the rendezvous of the *voyageur* and *coureur de bois*, of the trapper and trader, those pioneers of civilization, and the *entrepot* of the H. B. C., that giant monopoly which so long asserted its supremacy over a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe.

Many are the thrilling traditions of raids and foray on the infant colony and mission, of the massacres, captivities, and rescues of

OLD PRESCOTT GATE.

its inhabitants; many are the weird, wild legends, many the glorious historical souvenirs clustering round the grand old city. It has been the scene of some of the most important events which occured upon the continent. In fancy I behold the ghosts of those who have lived and acted here, stalk o'er these hills. Jacques Cartier and Frontenac, Champlain and d'Iberville, Wolfe and Montcalm, Arnold and Montgomery, have all of them thrown the spell of their genius around the spot.

The many memories of this old historic spot are well celebrated in the following vigorous verses of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne:—

O fortress city! bathed by streams
  Majestic as thy memories great,
  Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
  Born of the hero hearts who died
  In forming here an empire's pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
  And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate!

For all must drink delight whose feet
  Have paced the streets or terrace way;
  From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river great.
  The bright and peopled banks that shine
  In front of the far mountain's line;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
  Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
  So often forth to trumpet sound
  Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
  The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
  The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt;
Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
  Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
  And learning from Laval looks down,
  And quiet convents grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock
  Montcalm rushed on; and edying back,
  Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
  And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.

There were till recently five gates permitting ingress and egress between the old town and the outside world. They were of solid wood framing, heavily studded with iron, opening into gloomy, vault-like passages, through frowning, stern-browed guard-houses, with grim-looking cannon scowling through the embrasures overhead, and long, narrow loop-holes on either side, suggestive of leaden pills not very easy of digestion.

At the base of the cliff, and between it and the river lies the lower town. The houses are huddled together in most admired disorder. The streets narrow, tortuous, and steep, with high, quaint, antique-looking houses on either side, remind one of the wynds and closes of Edinburgh, nor is the illusion lessened by the filth and squalor inseperable from such surroundings. Some of the streets seem half squeezed to death, as if by physical compression between the cliff and river, others are wide and wealthy, lined with wholesale warehouses, etc. So wags the world. Wealth and poverty, comfort and misery, ever rudely jostle one another in the narrow lanes of life.

PALACE GATE, QUEBEC.

As the city continued to grow till it was too large for its narrow girdle of stone wall, like a luxuriant vine it has run over the wall and wandered at its own sweet will over the fertile plain without. Within the walls are some very ancient buildings. The Jesuit College was occupied as a British garrison for over a century, and by the Jesuits for long before.

In the chapel of Laval Seminary are some of the finest paintings in Canada—the colouring is so rich, and the lights so mellow. One painting of the crucifixion greatly impressed me. The background is formed by dense black clouds, traversed by

a lurid lightning flash. In the foreground stands the cross from which depends the lifeless body of Christ. It is the only figure in the picture. The feeling of forlornness is intense. There are no weeping Marys, no fearful Johns, no remorseful Peters, no brutal soldiers, which but distract the attention. But instead thereof, at the foot of the cross lies a solitary human skull.

> "Thou madest life, thou madest death, thy foot
> Is on the skull that thou hast made."

Durham Terrace, one of the most delightful promenades in the world, is built on the foundation arches of the old Palais Saint Louis, the chateau of the early French Governors, impending immediately over the lower town. The view thereform is magnificent. The broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, of mingled sapphire and opal, studded with the snowy sails of ships, flocking portwards like doves to their windows; the silver waters of the St. Charles; the beautiful *Isle D'Orléans*, like an emerald gem on the river's breast; and Point Levi crouching at the opposite shore, form a picture not often equalled nor easily forgotten.

By means of a passport from the Town Mayor, we were admitted within the citadel. We drove through a lofty gateway, the leaves of which were formed of interlaced iron chains, immensely strong. We then crossed a wide, deep fosse, between high stone walls, and passed through a sally-port into the fortress. A soldier, off duty, courteously conducted us around the walls. He did not seem by any means anxious for war, nor did any of the many soldiers whose opinions I have from time to time elicited. I find invariably that those who have seen active service, and known the horrors of war, are much less eager for a fray than those carpet knights, who talk so bravely before the ladies, and fight so valorously through the newspapers. The fort is a sort of star shape, and to me appeared absolutely impregnable. From the ramparts you could leap sheer down 300 feet. For short ranges this great altitude is, however, a defect, it being impossible to depress the guns sufficiently to command the river beneath.

Says Scott—

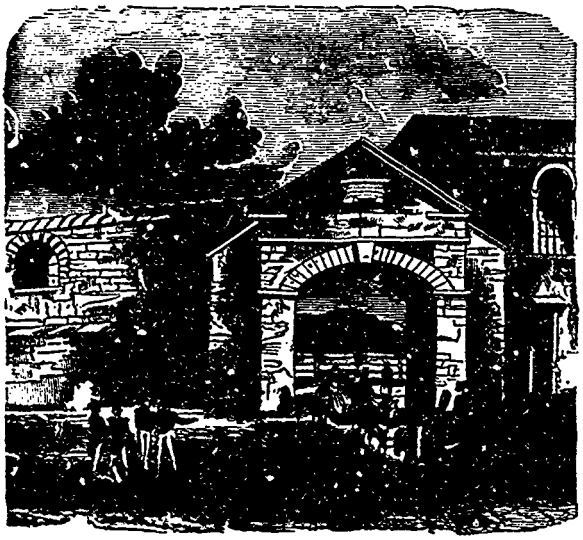
> "If you would see Melrose aright,
> You must see it by pale moonlight."

Had he been speaking of Quebec he would have said "by faint dawn-light." I think I never in my life saw anything so fairy-

like as the view of Quebec when sailing up the river at sunrise. The numerous spires and tin roofs of the city caught and reflected the level sunbeams like the burnished shields of an army. The virgin city seemed like some sea-goddess rising from the waves with a diamond tiara on her brow; or like an ocean queen seated on her sapphire-circled throne, stretching forth her jeweled hand across the sea, receiving tribute from every clime.

The beautiful suburbs of Beaufort, Chateau Richer, and L'Ange Gardien seem in the distance like the snowy tents of a vast encampment beleaguering the city.

As we round the point of the beautiful Ile d'Orléans, the far-



HOPE GATE, QUEBEC.

famed Fall of Montmorenci bursts upon the view. Like the snowy veil of a blushing bride, it hangs seemingly motionless in the distance, or but slightly agitated as if by half-suppressed emotion. But we must make its nearer acquaintance.

The drive from Quebec to the Montmorenci is one of the loveliest conceivable. Emerging from the narrow, tortuous streets, in which the wind has hardly room to turn round, and if it had it would be sure to get lost, so crooked are they, we pass the portals of Palace Gate.

The road wanders carelessly along the river side, past old red-roofed chateaux, moss-covered, many-gabled, memory-haunted,—

by spruce modern suburban villas, through quaint old hamlets, with double or triple rows of picturesque dormer windows in the steep mossy roof, with the invariable "Church of Our Lady," the "guardian angel" of the scene, from whose cross-crowned spire the baptized and consecrated bells "sprinkle with holy sounds the air, as a priest with his hyssop the congregation;"—through sweet-scented hayfields, where the new-mown grass breathes out its fragrance;—past quaint, thatched-roofed barns and granges, "where stand the broad-wheeled wains, the antique ploughs and the harrows;"—past the crowded dove-cots where "the sussurus and coo of the pigeons whisper ever of love;"—past the fantastic looking windmills, brandishing their stalwart arms as if eager for a fray;—past the rustic wayside crosses, each with an image of Christ, waving hands of benediction o'er the pious wayfarers who pause a moment in their journey to whisper a *Pater Noster* or an *Ave Maria;*—past all these onward still wanders the roadway, now bounding over streamlets, now hiding in the valleys, now climbing the hillside, on our right the silver St. Lawrence, on our left the sombre-hued Laurentian mountains, and far behind us the old high-walled, strong-gated, feudal city. As we drive along, little children run beside our carriage, offering flowers, asking alms; dusk eyed, olived-skinned girls are hay-making in the meadows, or spinning in the door-ways; and the courteous *habitant* with his comical chapeau and scarlet sash bows politely as we pass. Really one can hardly resist the illusion that he is travelling through Picardy, or Artois, or some rural district of old France.

In the meantime we have been rapidly nearing the Falls, which can now be heard "calling to us from afar off."

The best view of the waterfall is confessedly from below, so let us descend. We must here leave our carriage and clamber down as best we can. Now that we are down how high these bluffs appear; and lo! the Fall in all its glory bursts on our view. The river hurls itself over a cliff 250 feet high immediately into tide water. The Fall is about 50 or 60 feet wide. How glorious it is! Half as high again as Niagara, but not nearly so wide. We are so close that we can feel the torrent's breath upon our cheeks.

What a majesty crowns that hoary brow! What dazzling brightness hath the snowy front! It seems to pour out of the

very sky. We sit and gaze upon that awful front till it becomes an imperishable picture in the brain; "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Here the ruthless men of money have beguiled a portion of the unsuspecting river along that giddy aqueduct, and now fetter its wild gambolling, harness it like Ixion to a never-resting wheel, and make it ignominously work for a living like a bound galley-slave. What a prosy, utilitarian age is ours!

A HYMN FOR THE CONQUERED.

BY W. W. STORY.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife,
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part,
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at,—who stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying,—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

THE DESTRUCTION OF FAITH AND ITS RESULTS.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE intellectual activity and restlessness of the present day is a fact illustrated and confirmed in the most varied and emphatic manner, no matter where we look. Among the many distinguishing characters of the age which command attention, one of the most striking is the bold attempt, on the part of some, to weaken and if possible shake off from the mind and affection of this generation, the faith which in the past has wrought such grand and beneficent results; and to substitute in its place, a system of negation and unbelief, which in their free and unfettered operation would result in a moral ruin and desolation which no language can fully describe. So daring and irreverent is the spirit which is abroad, that no domain of human thought or feeling remains unvisited, and facts and doctrines of a religious character, which for centuries have been regarded as sacred and worthy of the faith and affection of the noblest souls, are to-day being discussed and handled in such a way as to disturb and unsettle the faith of some, and to widen the existing breach between believing and unbelieving men.

When we speak of the destruction of faith, we do not refer to that natural and common principle which is in constant operation in all the manifold relations and departments of secular life, but to that faith which takes into its embrace the facts and doctrines presented in the Christian revelation, which revelation must forever stand as the foundation of the Christian Church, and the source and spring of the world's best hope.

And in connection with this faith it is well for us to remember, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, that a religious system like Christianity, around which the best confidences and hopes of nineteen hundred years have gladly and serenely gathered, and have suffered no mocking disappointment nor fatal blight, should refuse to be shuffled carelessly aside, or to be dismissed from its place by a wave of the hand. Do those who, perhaps, in a somewhat premature and unthinking manner, accept the teaching of a materialistic philosophy, pro-

perly anticipate the ultimate disastrous results, which the adoption of those irreligious principles would assuredly secure? Perhaps if they calmly considered the issue which the abandonment of their early faith necessarily involved, they would pause before plunging themselves into the vast, cold, godless vacancy to which all unchristian speculations inevitably leads. The object of the present paper is to indicate some of the results which must undoubtedly follow the relinquishment of the Christian faith, and the adoption of the modern teachings of unchristian and unbelieving men. The effect which the wide recognition of a godless philosophy would have on *human life and character* could not but be of the most degrading kind. The highpriests of modern unbelief do not hesitate to tear into shreds the robe of man's dignity, to snatch from his brow the crown of immortality, and substitute for this precious diadem the poor mockery of a brief animalism, or at best a "book-shelf immortality" of which the authors forever lie unconscious and unconcerned. If man as they would teach, is only the "apex of a pyramid" whose base is a worm; if he is but the outcome of blind mechanical force, and the helpless, irresponsible victim of a cruel, iron necessity from which he cannot by any effort free himself, then does he sink himself to a level with the animal creation around him, and such a thing as a noble, glorious freedom becomes an impossibility. To baptize him with sounding titles, if such teachings be true, is only a mockery of the cruelest kind; to call him a splendid animal, "the glorification of the brute," the "apocalypse of the beast," or the "crown and glory of the universe," would be but poor compensation for the royal characteristics and legacies which our would-be teachers are willing to bury in the dust! If, according to this "gospel of dirt," man finds his origin in the primeval slime; if his whole nature and constitution is nothing more than the production of the unconscious, unintelligent material world around him, then all his high-born aspirations go for nothing, and his outlook from this standpoint is as dreary as the regions of the dead. His future is a thing of sadness and of gloom, the true "centre of man's gravity" is no longer the nobler and better world beyond, but the physical and bodily gratifications which the present scene may possibly supply; around his life is flung the "crape of a creedless gloom," and around his grave the dark-

ness of a sad despair, with no hope that the eastern sky will ever redden with the fair promise of a resurrection morn.

If, as these apostles of negation and materialism teach, man is organized merely for the enjoyment of this scene of earth and time, and if, with these physical and fleeting satisfactions, the utmost possibilities of his existence are reached, then all hope of a conscious immortality is at once laid low, and the most cherished anticpations of the race, embraced by the noblest of our kind, and clung to in millions of instances at great sacrifice and under life's most sorrowful circumstances, only remain to be struck down by death into all the ruin and desolation of an endless night. Tell us no longer of man's glory and dignity, but point him out to all coming time as the only bungle of creation, and the very scandal and humiliation of the universe itself. Sir J. F. Stephens, in "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," has truly said "That the facts of human life are the same on any hypothesis. A belief in God and a future state is the only faith which scatters any rays of light over the otherwise dark sea on which we are sailing."

The important matter of *human responsibility* fares no better under such teachings as we now are reviewing. The solemn facts of man's moral freedom and consequent accountability, are practically ignored, for he is declared to be the victim of his surroundings, and the distinctions between right and wrong are set aside or divested of whatever force and authority they may now possess. No higher law than a mere human expediency is recognized, and all the sanctions and authorities by which man is to be moved are confined to the narrow arena of time, in which for awhile he is found. What the outcome of teachings like these would be on the practical life of mankind it is not for a moment difficult to foresee. This utter debasement of humanity and this squandering of the "crown rights" of mankind are well illustrated by the story which one of the historians tells of a tame eagle he once saw in a butcher's shop. The royal bird, he says, "had forgotten the plains of heaven, the glories of sun and sea, and sky and storms, its plumes draggled in the ashes, and its eyes once bathed in the light of noon, now twinkled in the kitchen fire." And such is the humiliation to which men of high-sounding names would reduce us; but we are thankful they are not our masters, and we

refuse to accept a theory which logically involves issues so degrading and enervating as this.

But the results on *public and individual morality*, of this decline and decay of religious belief, would be of the most serious and alarming character. When the only authoritative and acknowledged standard of morals in the world is repudiated and declared to be without foundation, we can at once imagine what flood-tides of iniquity would deluge society, if this standard were cancelled or set aside. Dr. J. W. Draper, of New York University, in the *Princeton Review*, in 1877, has set forth the political effects which the decline of faith in Continental Europe has brought about. He says, "Whence comes that black thundercloud, Nihilism, now lowering over Eastern Europe? The most despotic of all civilized governments looks on with alarm. Whence comes that blood-red spectre, Communism, threatening Western Europe? In France they have had experience of what it would do. And Socialism in Central Europe! If it cannot have its way, it threatens revolution, civil war." And it is a matter of undisputed history, that unchristian and unbelieving nations have always furnished the world with their "programme of misery and of blood;" and scenes of the most revolting and unblushing immorality and crime have been transacted under the influence and sanction of customs, which once widely prevailed, but which, thank God, are going down year by year into the darkness of a deserved and infamous oblivion. One writer states the moral and social condition of Greece in her palmiest days, and says, "In the purest and sublimest morals of that distant day, what strange and shocking immoralities prevailed; not only are the great and essential principles of morality wanting, but crimes like piracy and murder, suicides and infanticides, lying, impurity, and revenge, received the sanction of the world's greatest thinkers, and vices of the darkest kind are excused and classed with virtues. The moral condition of Rome, at the time when Christianity was introduced, presents one of the darkest and saddest pictures of human depravity that the world has ever seen."

And yet back to these inhuman and barbaric times the masters of modern unbelief would throw our generation. Strike from the great common mind, the motives and restraints which our Divine and supernatural religion presents, and vital principles

which hold millions within the bounds of a moral respectability, would be cancelled, and the on-rolling flood of vice and iniquity would soon spread themselves far and wide.

We cannot, as a recent writer has said, ignore a true piety without at once loosening the golden cords which secure the safety and stability of human society; if the religious sentiment is allowed to perish, then farewell to those influences which keep society pure, and give to man a moral elevation of character which he could not possibly otherwise acquire.

Allow the Christian faith to decline, and the moral aspect of this nineteenth century would undergo a lamentable change; the moral code and consciousness which are the creation of New Testament teaching would be ignored, and nothing would be left for the regulation of human conduct but the empty, forceless theory which a mere expediency might seem to demand. The reduction, therefore, of the principles underlying nearly all of the "advanced systems" of to-day, to the common practice and operation of every-day life, would undoubtedly secure the above terrible results, and demonstrate in the most conclusive manner the utter insufficiency of such productions to meet the requirements of a struggling and needy world. Society would shrink with horror from the yawning gulf of moral and social ruin into which a false science and philosophy would plunge her, and the most confirmed unbeliever would stand aghast at the results which his own teachings are calculated to secure.

It is claimed, however, that the moral standing of many of those distinguished doubters is of a very high character. This may be admitted as a rare and marked exception to the general rule, but it presents a strong inconsistency which it is not difficult to explain. It is like the Moorish king of whom we have read, who, having mounted his horse, struck off the head of the slave who held his stirrups. And if the man whose withered hand had been healed by Christ had lifted that same hand in return to strike his gracious benefactor, it would only be an illustration of what, in our day, many are doing with that religion which in many ways has enriched and blessed them in their circumstances, employments, lives, and homes. A distinguished author has well said, that "no doctrine can be morally good which ignores morals; and no doctrine which ignores morals can be supported by men who are morally good."

The destruction of faith in the Christian system strikes at the root of all *true and continued progress*, and the mainspring of the noblest activities is at once broken, and a wild, bewildering chaos is the final result. Men talk about the sufficiency of the "Temple of Reason," but the lurid pages of the revolutionary period in France, and all pagan history, fling back the claim and ask imploringly for something more. The unprogressive nations of the past and present are those which have felt little or none of the rich, invigorating, and emancipating influences of the Christian faith. Only one-twelfth of the Main Building at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, was occupied by the contributions of other than Christian lands. Christian civilization, representing a little more than a quarter of the population of the earth, occupied eleven-twelfths of the space devoted to the exhibition. And a similar state of things appeared at the exhibitions of London, Paris, and Vienna. Whatever men may say it is evident, as one has said, that "Christianity gives impulse to all that is mighty in effort and genuine in progress. It is the mainspring that drives the machinery of the age, the motive power of all mental activity, and the source of the material prosperity as well as of the moral excellency of the people who yield to her beneficent reig: . . . . To sweep away Christianity would be to destroy nearly all the forces that have lifted some nations out of barbarism, and placed them upon the plane of a lofty and progressive civilization, and bring back humanity to the days of moral darknesss and intellectual apathy and death."

The sad and unappeasable sorrow and lamentations running through all unchristian ages, permeating the best of the unbelieving literature of to-day, and casting the grim shadow of a sad and sickening gloom over the lives and deathbeds of those who have drifted away from the moorings of the Christian faith, is full of a profound significance, which we do well to note. The story of Hume's mother is sad enough. He had persuaded her to give up her faith in Christ, but when sorrow and affliction came upon her she found that with her faith in Christ, her comfort too had fled, and speaking to her infidel son she said, "My son, you have taken away my religion, now tell me something to comfort me." Alas! he had no healing consolation for his mother in the hour of her sore and crying need. And with the eclipse of faith our, noblest conceptions of the world we live in and of the Maker of that

world are all slain and buried in one dreary grave. We are left to listen to the "dry dead clatter of the universal machinery" around us, and it stands before us more like some mighty skeleton than anything else. With Beattie we may piteously exclaim—

> "'Tis night, and the landscape is lonely no more."

We are left to wander through a roofless and mysterious world, and nothing seems real, even—

> "The pillared firmament is rottenness
> And earth's base is built of stubble."

Jean Paul F. Richter, in his "Dream of Atheism," has graphically set forth our condition when our faith is gone. He says, "The whole spiritual universe is split and shattered by the hand of atheism into countless points of individual existence, which twinkle, melt into one another, and wander about, meet, and part without unity and consistency. No one is so much alone as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; he mourns until he himself crumbles away from the dead body. The whole world lies before him like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, which is half buried in the sand, and the universe is the cold iron mask of the shapeless eternity." The picture is dark, but a faithless world would make it darker still. Blot out the belief of Christendom and man at once drifts in piteous impotency over the stormy sea of time; he becomes a bundle of miserable contradictions; the world one gigantic paradox; human history a confused and inexplicable conflict and struggle; life a troubled and ferverish dream; and the world beyond a vague and dreadful fear.

Skepticism cannot save man nor give him the answer for which he longs and prays in the hours of his deepest needs. The old Spartan, trying to make the dead body of a man stand upright, but failing, said, "It wants something within;" so what this world needs is not the cold corpse of an atheistic philosophy, but the living God-man who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He alone is the explanation of the world's history; and He alone can give solace to the sorrowing heart, wash the sadness from the human face, and along man's rugged pathway scatter the rose

leaves for his bleeding feet. In His teachings we have the "urn of destiny, and in that urn there are no dead ashes." As never before, Christianity is flinging her redeeming forces over the benighted regions of pagan lands, and already throughout the world there is the rich promise of an early and glorious dawn.

In view, then, of the bitter antagonisms which the materialistic and godless speculations of to-day present, the duty of the Church is to grasp yet more and more firmly the grand and satisfying realities of her Divine and imperishable faith. And is it not her duty also to attack and resist this moral vandalism which is abroad whenever and wherever she can? Upon the individual Christian there rests the obligation to equip himself with the world of "unkilled evidence" which is within his reach, so that he may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. For the Christian religion there is not, and never can be, any equal and satisfying substitute. She has grooved the past 1800 years with lines of beneficence and light, and all the obliterating waves of time cannot wash out those distinguished and memorable lines. Those who have sought the Young Child's life to destroy it are numbered with the dead; for those who carry the same purposes and aims, nothing awaits them but conspicuous failure, and the anathemas of a struggling and sorrowing world. We may now answer that most pathetic enquiry of the Saviour, addressed to His disciples, "Will ye also go away?" With Peter we may say, if we part company with this historic and precious faith, "To whom shall we go but unto Thee?" And looking into the vast, cold vacancy into which an unbelieving philosophy would plunge us, there comes back the echo of our deep cry: "To whom, to whom shall we go?"

GAGETOWN, N.B.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon Earth's fevered brow.
Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through Earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

—*Bonar.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.

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

I.

THE Editor of this Magazine has repeatedly requested me to furnish the readers of his valuable Monthly with some personal reminiscences of the late Dr. Punshon, urging as his plea that it had been my inestimable privilege to be included in the circle of his most intimate ministerial friends. I have hesitated to comply with this request for two reasons. One is, that I did not care to risk the appearance of egotism in linking my humble name with that of so incomparable a man; and the other is, my inability to present a worthy picture of that great and gifted minister who held such exalted rank among the most eminent—a distinguished peer among the honoured nobility of the Church of God. Altogether to decline for the first reason would only be an affectation of delicacy, and though I could wish my time more ample and pen more able, yet it is not an unwelcome task to contribute a leaf for the chaplet to his precious memory

The first time that I ever heard the name of Punshon was shortly after my conversion, when a lad of seventeen I was teaching a select school in the village of Arkona, on the old Warwick Mission. The Rev. Alexander Langford was the junior preacher, and after preaching he was spending the night at the home of Mr. J. H. Wood, where I was boarding. The conversation turned upon Spurgeon, who was then entering upon his career of unbounded popularity. I had heard much of him, and was reading with great delight the first volume of his sermons then just published. I was giving expression to my ardour, when Mr. Langford said, "But have you heard of that wonderful boy preacher among the Wesleyans, who is stirring all England?" "No," I answered. "Who is he?" "His name is Punshon—Morley Punshon." And he told me what he had heard of his oratorical power, how that whenever he spoke in town or country, the crowds flocked to hear him until there was not standing room. He told me of his wondrous voice, his manner of delivery,

his marvellous memory, his toilsome and patient preparation and the extraordinary effect of his preaching on all classes of minds. My enthusiasm was kindled, and I began at once to take a strange interest in this young orator who had leaped at the first bound to the very pinnacle of fame.

On my first appointment, the Florence Mission, my superintendent, the Rev. William Savage, used to tell me about him; and there came to us from across the seas an English local-preacher who had sat under his ministry in the home land. I would never tire hearing him describe his brilliant, fascinating discourses, the stirring strains of poetry, the blaze of rhetoric, his burning appeals to the conscience and the heart. He had listened to his delivery of the famous lecture on "John Bunyan," in Exeter Hall, and how vividly he described that scene of oratorical triumph, when, after mounting from climax to climax, the lecturer gained the summit peak and as all aglow with ardour and enthusiasm he exclaimed, "*It is morning!*" the vast and breathless audience that had listened rapt, entranced, bewildered, rose with one impulse to their feet and gave cheer upon cheer, women waving their handkerchiefs, and men whirling their hats and giving vent to the most rapturous plaudits. He described the wizardry of his speech upon his own heart; how, under the breathing thoughts and burning words, he had entirely forgotten his surroundings and found himself standing with beating heart and streaming eyes, making sundry demonstrations of delight, and looking up to the brightly lighted ceiling, as if expecting to see the morning breaking in.

When as a young man I was associated with Dr. Douglas on the Montreal South Circuit, one of my kindest and dearest friends, the now sainted Mrs. Daniel Hadley, who had sat under Mr. Punshon's ministry in Carlisle, used to tell me not only of his gorgeous illustrations, his poetic tastes, the beauty of his language, the charm and power of his delivery, but also of some of the characteristic traits of his character, his goodness of heart, his genial spirit, his charming humour, his unaffected piety, his care of the sick, pastoral attention to the poor, and his devotion to the entire work of the ministry.

Then a constant reader of the *Watchman*, I eagerly devoured every scrap of information concerning the career and work of this famous minister. Not a published word of his, not a sketch

of sermon, lecture, or missionary address from him that I did not read with avidity, such a hold had he taken on my imagination and my heart.

When I heard that he was coming to Canada, my delight was unbounded. It seemed almost too good to be true that I was actually to see and hear my cherished ideal of pulpit power. I was then stationed in Windsor, and he was the representative of the Home Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to be held in Chicago. I determined to go to the "Garden City," to be present at the Conference on the great day when his address would be given. This did not prevent me eagerly following his course from the day he landed in New York, arriving first in Montreal, where he spent the Sabbath, then coming on to Toronto, Hamilton, and so westward. When I reached Chicago the Methodist world was astir, all eager to hear the great English orator. I was at the Conference Church early to secure for myself a comfortable seat; but a great multitude was there before me, and I could only get standing room in the gallery. Business that morning in the Conference had to be entirely suspended, so great was the crowd and so eager, so absorbed, were all in this one desire to hear Punshon. At length the great man appeared upon the platform, accompanied by the Canadian delegation, Rev. Dr. Ryerson and Rev. Dr. Richey. I was at once impressed with his manly presence and modest bearing, and received an ineffaceable impression of his individuality. There was the strong physical man, the typical Englishman, built up solidly and broad, his head of unusual size, very full, and, if not "domed" like that of Shakspeare, yet surcharged with imagination and power; his marvellous face, ruddy complexion, and deep piercing eye, full of a restless fire; his nervousness, shown by the restless motion of his feet while he was sitting as well as when he arose to speak. I need not describe that memorable address so full of courtesy, genuine Methodist loyalty and catholicity, apt illustration and thrilling sentences; nor the strange hurrying emotions that glowed in my heart. He at once placed himself perfectly *en rapport* with the American people; and I heard him deliver his sermon before the Conference as well as the discourse in the crowded Opera House on Sunday afternoon.

My acquaintance with Dr. Punshon began on the way to the

Mississippi; the Chicago and North Western Railway having given to the General Conference a free excursion to Clinton, Iowa, on the western bank of the great river. It was my good fortune to be one of the invited guests on this ride over the prairie of the West. Rev. Dr. Ryerson, who always regarded me as a son in the Gospel, met me, and at once led me to Dr. Punshon and introduced me in a very warm and fatherly manner. As the venerable Doctor, in his courtly and benign way, alluded to me as an old pastor of his own in Adelaide Street Church, the bearing of the great man instantly relaxed, and there was in his entire appearance a sweetness and kindness of expression that I had not anticipated. This, with his warm greetings and inquiries as to my present work, seemed to relieve my mind and heart of the timidity I had expected to suffer in the presence of the greatest preacher of the day. Little did I dream that this acquaintance with him should ripen into a sacred and intimate friendship; that it should be my tender privilege to be near him in the Gethsemane of his sorrows; and with broken and sorrowful spirit to watch over him in the closing hours of his life.

That ride to the Mississippi was a memorable one, and so was the day spent in Clinton. After a sumptuous repast, provided by the citizens, a meeting was organized, a president being appointed, and then vice-presidents from almost every State in the Union. Dr. Slicer, of Baltimore, was there and flashed in all his brilliance; but his wit and repartee were all outdone by our illustrious friend, who, catching the spirit of the gathering, gave full play to his mirthfulness and took the hearts of ministers and people by storm. He was in one of his happiest moods, and they saw something of his many-sided nature, and were not only dazzled by the unsurpassed splendour of his genius, but were won by his easy affability and the affectionateness of his heart. One of his happy *hits* was his allusion to the President, when he observed that with all his rare qualities he was forced to say that he never saw a man that had so many *vices* about him, and some of these *vices* all must acknowledge were no *small* ones. As he turned his twinkling eyes toward the colossal proportions of Doctor, now Bishop, Peck, one of the vice-presidents, the audience was convulsed with laughter.

During the sessions of the Kingston Conference I had the privilege of meeting Dr. Punshon in society, and of listening

to his eloquent utterances. His Conference sermon there will be remembered as one of the most effective discourses ever given in Canada by this royal preacher. His voice, with its marvellous modulation and penetrating emphasis, was in its best condition; his elocution and action were consummate; while the matter of the sermon was everything that was inspiring and suggestive to the intellect, and lofty in sweep of imagination; on the emotional side, contagious, magnetic, full of tenderness and pathos; on the spiritual side, potent with saving and sanctifying influences. He entered with deep feeling into all the public services which he had to conduct. As a presiding officer, in the fine balance of his qualities, his clear discrimination, his quick grasp of the various subjects under discussion, he largely influenced the deliberations of the Conference; while his courtesy, suavity of manner, and utter absence of self-consciousness endeared him to all the brethren.

During the year, as he went in and out among us, infusing new life and vigour into all our institutions and Church enterprises, I had several opportunities of free and confidential intercourse with him. I was with him on more than one occasion in connection with the Victoria College Endowment Movement, into which he threw himself with such energy and enthusiastic sympathy; and it was a fitting tribute paid to his efforts in this department of our work, when Principal Nelles said, at the recent General Conference in Hamilton, that but for the services which Dr. Punshon rendered as President of the Church, Victoria University would most likely not now be in existence. He was at one of our anniversaries in Windsor, and also served us in Detroit, and soon I began to be attached to him as a genial and warm-hearted friend. Indeed one of the earliest manifestations of his regard for me occurred at a memorable missionary meeting, held in the Town Hall, presided over by David Preston, Esq., and addressed by Rev. E. A. Stafford, Rev. William Goodson, and Dr. Punshon. For the purpose of saving time and giving information to our American visitors, I had condensed into ten or twelve minutes a statement of our missionary operations. This struck Dr. Punshon very favourably, and he declared it one of the best reports to which he had ever listened. Indeed, while in his extreme modesty he was disposed to underestimate his own transcendent

powers, he was always ready enthusiastically to admire any good thing in others.

An enthusiasm for Missions characterized him from the very beginning of his ministry; from the first the idea of the world's evangelization had taken fast hold of his conscience and his heart; more frequently than any other work were its claims and necessities urged upon the people in sermons and speeches that were half battles; and it was a fitting recognition of his great services to this cause that he was placed, in the full vigour of his powers, in the Mission House, where as Missionary Secretary, with his watchful eye upon every missionary and every missionary post, he could look upon the struggling forces, and with mighty advocacy of tongue and pen pour upon the people's hearts the overwhelming claims of the Gospel of Christ.

Dr. Punshon was honest as daylight and true as a magnet—

> "His heart was pure and simple as a child's
> Unbreathed on by the world; in friendship warm,
> Confiding, generous, constant."

He was incapable of affectation or concealment, and could not speak otherwise than as he felt. He had not only wealth of intellect but wealth of heart. Intellectual power alone will not sustain friendships; they dissolve unless there is some basis of feeling to give permanence to the relations. Dr. Punshon was not only great but good, and kind, and true. It is in the *abandon* of familiar intercourse that the true self appears. Two of our Annual Conferences were successively held in Toronto, and at each of these I had the honour of being a guest in his household. And what a revelation did the home unfold of the beauty and brightness of his character; his tenderness and simplicity, his generosity and manliness, his unselfishness and devotion to his friends! A more unselfish heart never beat in human bosom; and there was an utter freedom from anything sordid or base. He had no unhallowed, restless ambition to satisfy. There were no personal jealousies or animosities disturbing his soul; he was "as a child." He did not make himself the object of his thoughts and aims. There was the total absence of vanity and self-importance; he turned away from flattery and praise, and if the incense of praise were burned before him he did not snuff it up as a grateful offering but rather disdained from it.

Among the circle of his friends, with all the pressing and clamorous claims of duty upon him, there was no absence of courtesies, amenities, and kindly consideration. By the fireside he was free, easy, and brimful of fun; while religion was a constant atmosphere, a pervasive, yet genial presence. In conversation his high animal spirits, unrivalled quickness of apprehension, wonderful command of language, personal experience of men and things, and dignified playfulness, gave an irresistible fascination and intense enjoyment to his society. What delightful and merry scenes were witnessed in that home on Bond Street, Toronto! What bright, incessant corruscations of his genius, what thrusts and parries, what pleasantries and side-splitting stories!

It was during one of these Conferences that his life-long friend, Rev. Gervase Smith, made his first visit to Canada. Beautiful and touching was the large, simple, manly love which they bore to each other. It was the story of David and Jonathan over again. Like Bunyan's Great Heart, both were of heroic mould, and it was a rare sight to see those glorious men as children devoted to each other. The first evening after Dr. Smith's arrival he accompanied us to the Conference, having underneath a light coat, a broad-cloth coat over it, and carrying another on his arm. It was a sweltering June night and we all laughed heartily at the way in which he was protecting himself against the cold. After this he would never go out without appealing to Mrs. Punshon: "I say, Fanny, what shall I wear?" Those were high days in that home, full of jokes and bright sayings, delightful conversations, deep, spiritual communings, and fervent prayers. Mr. Punshon's joy was unbounded at the magnificent reception given to his friend by the Canadian Conference. During the delivery of his lecture on the "Spanish Armada"—a truly magnificent effort—in the excitement of the lecturer his necktie got displaced and began a circuit around his neck, getting about three-quarters of the way around when he sat down. Dr. Punshon made great fun of this little incident, insisting that the lecturer should have gone on until his necktie had completed its circuit, and then it would have been "all right."

I saw those two beloved friends together when the days of wit and pleasantry were over. I accompanied Dr. Punshon on his last visit to Dr. Smith. He was then lying in great feebleness in

his own home in London. They conversed together on Church, family, and personal matters. As we were parting, I said, "Dr. Smith, you remember your visit to Canada?" "Ah, well," he answered. I said "We should like to see you and hear you again." He shook his head and answered with much emotion, the tears filling his eyes, "My work is done." Three months after, the feeble, suffering man made a weary pilgrimage to Tranby to see his life-long friend. It was their farewell interview, yet they knew it not, although the meeting and parting were most affecting. Was it the shadow of the coming separation that fell upon them? Now they are together again before the Throne. With what a bound must their kindred souls have sprung forward to the meeting in the heavenlies!

Another friendship very dear to him was that with the Rev. William Hirst, whom he loved for his winsomeness and goodness, his manly grace and dignity, his gentle and devout spirit. Mr. Hirst also visited him in Canada, so timing his coming that he could accompany him back to England, which was a great delight to Dr. Punshon. Another friend of his heart, from whom he himself had received more stimulating and inspiring impulses than from any other man, was the Rev. William Arthur. When he started in his last Continental tour, one of the things that took him along the Riviera was that he might visit Mr. Arthur, who, in great feebleness, was spending the winter at Cannes. During his illness he often referred with great satisfaction to this visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur. How he was cherished by this chosen life-friend may be gathered from this extract from a letter sent by him to Mrs. Punshon on receiving the news of her husband's death. "How can I begin. If ever in my life I felt dumb it was when that telegram came. When I had first cried out the words of it to my wife I put it into her hand, but could not utter a syllable. 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth.' 'Thou didst it.' So be it done, and let the light that we are all nearing clear it up. It is now twelve years since death entered our own dwelling and bore away our first-born. Certainly since that time there has been no day when with us faces were dark and voices so low as yesterday evening. 'In such an hour as ye think not!' How that word has rung and rung again in my ear. When Dr. Punshon was at my bedside, and when he then took leave of me, I had no more apprehension for his life than for that of

any one else. I felt sure that he was to be strong again and borne up in the labour he had on hand for the Lord. Short is our sight and blind both our hopes and fears. I can hardly write for tears. . . . . ."

Dr. Punshon had stood before his friend with "no hint of death in all his frame;" and yet he subsequently said to me, referring to Mr. Arthur's state of health, "I went to see him, but I think I was not as strong as he." His feelings were singularly fine and sensitive, and only to his most intimate friends did he disclose them. What communings we had together, what intimate personal conversations concerning the things of Christ! The Saviour was indeed to him a profound "reality." Only a few of his friends knew how strong and deep were his spiritual feelings; life had chastened him to the utmost, and his trust was calm and abiding, yet he was not wont to speak out his heart in these things. In his dreadful nervous depressions, when he could only be quieted by entering altogether into God, he would often speak of the comfort it gave him, in comparing our Christian experiences, to see where they tallied. He was nearing home, and the glorious Lord, who "was unto him a place of broad rivers and streams," had prepared for him these inspirations of faith, for we had often had together these delightful times interchanges of experiences in the sorrows of his Canadians home, under star-lit skies of California, and while pacing the deck of the steamer far out on the Pacific.

Dr. Punshon was not only a true friend, but he rejoiced in the love of his brethren. This was a wealth which he prized and coveted. If there was any sort of excellence in a Methodist preacher he was sure to find it out. He was slow to detect any personal failing in another, and never spoke disparagingly or uttered a malicious word against a brother. There was no assumption of superiority in any form, and he was merciful in his dealings with any who came short of duty.

At one of the Toronto Conferences, in those days when a Conference plan of appointments meant something, a brother was planned to preach in a coloured Methodist Church. The good man evidently misconceiving the spirit in which this work had been assigned him, wrote to the President a rather tart letter, declining to take the service. Mr. Punshon's simple remark was, "Well, if he does not take it I will take it myself." His de-

cision was to be kept secret. As the hour of service approached I accompanied him to the little church; we found that, with the proverbial tardiness of the race, the congregation was late in gathering, and there was a solitary sable brother lighting the lamps and setting the house in order. I said to him, "You had better stir about here. Do you know who is going to preach here to-night?" He answered that he believed it was one of the members of the Conference. "Why," I said, "you are going to be greatly honoured—it is William Morley Punshon, the President of the Conference." His face shone, and with eyes like saucers he said, "Rev. Morley Punshon going to preach for us!" "Yes," I answered. "Tell all the people you can. As soon as anybody comes, send them back to get their friends. We will be here again in half an hour, when you must have the congregation gathered." He did stir about, and hastened with glad heart to tell the news. We sauntered along Richmond Street for half an hour, and when we returned there was a houseful, with a good sprinkling of white friends who had heard the news and had come crowding in. Great was the astonishment of the refractory brother when he learned that the appointment, which he had refused in the Coloured Church had been taken by the President himself.

WITH silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb—

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth;
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought,
His funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we loose not wholly
What He hath given,
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven.

—*Whittier.*

JAMES EVANS AS THE INVENTOR OF THE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.*

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

WITH pleasure do I comply with the request of the Editor of the *Methodist Magazine* for a few items of interest in reference to the late Rev. James Evans, the grandest and most successful of all our Indian missionaries. Of him it can truthfully be said while many others have done well he excelled them all. In burning zeal, in heroic efforts, in journeyings oft, in tact that never failed in many a trying hour, in success most marvellous, in a vivacity and sprightliness that never succumbed to discouragement, in a faith that never faltered, and in a solicitude for the spread of our Protestant Christianity that never palled. James Evans stands among us without a peer. If accurate accounts of his long journeys in the wilds of the Great North West could be written, they would exceed in thrilling interest anything of the kind known in modern missionary annals.

There is hardly an Indian mission in the whole of the vast North-West, whether belonging to the Church of England, Roman Catholic or Methodist Churches, that James Evans did not commence; and the reason why Methodism to-day does not hold them all, is because the apathetic Church did not respond to Mr. Evans' thrilling appeals and send in men to take possession of and hold the fields as fast as they were successfully opened by him. From the northern shores of Lake Superior, away to that Ultima-thule that lies beyond the waters of Athabasca and Slave Lakes, where the Aurora Borealis holds high carnival; from the beautiful prairies of the Bow and Saskatchewan Rivers to the muskegs and sterile regions of Hudson Bay; from the fair and fertile regions of Red River, where the waves of

* In order to supplement Dr. Carroll's admirable sketch of James Evans in the October Magazine, especially with respect to the invention of the syllabic characters, the crowning achievement of Mr. Evans' life, we requested the Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young, who was for several years his successor at Norway House in the North-West, and was fully acquainted with his work, to prepare for this Magazine, the sketch which he has now kindly furnished.—ED. *Meth. Mag.*

Anglo Saxon civilisation are now surging, to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, enduring foot-prints of James Evans may still be seen; and at many a camp-fire and in many a lonely wigwam, old Indians yet linger whose eyes brighten and whose tongues wax eloquent as they recall that man where deeds live on, and whose converts from a degrading paganism, are still to be counted by many a score.

Many a weary hour has been strangely charmed away as I have listened to Paporekis or Henry Budd, or to some other old Indian guide, or dog-driver, or canoe-man rehearse the thrilling adventures, the narrow escapes, and also the tragic events that they passed through in company with the "Nistum Ayumerookemow," the first missionary. How the dog-drivers loved to talk about Mr. Evans' wonderful train of half-dog half-wolves, of their fierceness, and yet wonderful speed and endurance; of how when the nights in the wintry camp was unusually cold, say 50 degrees below zero, these fierce animals would crowd into the camp and lying down on their backs would hold up both their fore and hind legs, and there remain, and thus mutely beg for some one to have compassion on them, and put on to their feet the warm woollen dog-shoes, which being made like a thumbless mitten contributed very much to their comfort and happiness. And then the canoe trips, some of them reaching in the aggregate to thousands of miles; the excitement in the dangerous rapids, and the many narrow escapes!

Mr. Evans ever on the look-out for some improvement, made a canoe out of sheet tin. This the Indians called the "*Island of Light*," on account of its flashing back, the sun's rays as it glided along, propelled by the strong paddles in the hands of the well-trained crew.

The invention of what are known as the syllabic characters was undoubtedly Mr. Evans' greatest work, and to his unaided genius belongs the honour of devising and then perfecting this alphabet which has been such a blessing to thousands of Cree Indians. The principle on which the characters are formed is the phonetic. There are no silent letters. Each character represents a syllable, hence no spelling is required. As soon as the alphabet is mastered, the student can commence at the first chapter in Genesis and read on, slowly of course, at first, but in a few days with surprising facility.

Mr. Evans' hope when he commenced this great work, was the invention of some plan by which the wandering Indians, who never could remain in one place long enough to acquire the art of reading in the ordinary way, but were ever on the move after the game on which they lived, might acquire the ability to read God's word in their own language. In this his most sanguine expectations were more than realized.

It is a cause for righteous indignation that some have been found unprincipled enough to try and wrest the honour of this wonderful invention from him to whom it so justly belonged. One especially, who went out from among us, and was for years employed in another Church, arrogated to himself this honour, and even had the audacity to have published in some English papers articles in which he received all the credit as the inventor of the Cree Syllabic Characters. Let it be known to all, that long before Wm. Mason reached Norway House, the Rev. James Evans had not only perfected his invention, but had so far utilized it, that portions of the Gospels, and also several hymns, had been printed by himself and his Indian helpers. He whittled out his first types for patterns and then using the lead furnished him by the Hudson Bay Company's empty tea chests, he cast others in moulds of his own devising. He made his first ink out of the soot of the chimneys. His first paper was birch bark, and his press was also the result of his handiwork. Afterwards, thanks to the kindness of the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, he was furnished with a large quantity of type, paper, and a capital press; and the sum of five hundred pounds sterling was given towards the erection of a printing-house. For years, catechisms, hymn-books, and large portions of the Word of God were printed at Norway House.

When the invention became more extensively known, and other Churches desired to avail themselves of its benfits, the British and Foreign Bible Society nobly came to the help of our own, and the kindred Churches, having missions in the North West, and with their usual princely style of doing things, for years have been printing, and gratuitously furnishing to the different Cree Indian missions, all the copies of the Sacred Word they require.

To give you an idea of the facility with which the Indian can acquire a knowledge of these syllabic characters sufficient to

enable them to read the Holy Scriptures, perhaps I cannot do better than recall an incident of my missionary life: One day, when sitting in my study at Norway House, quite a number of strange Indians came rather abruptly into the room and desired to have a talk with me. I welcomed them kindly, and after our first greetings were over, I asked them where they lived and what was the object of their coming to see me. They replied that their homes were thirteen nights away. That meant that they had been travelling fourteen days. They said, their object in coming to see me, was to ask me to come and visit them in their distant homes, and to teach them the meaning of what they were reading in the Great Book.

"You say you can read the Great Book," I replied, "then of course you have had a missionary or a teacher?"

"No," they answered. "We never had a missionary or teacher. You are the first missionary some of us ever saw."

"Do you pretend to tell me," I answered, "that although you never had a teacher, or missionary, yet you can read the Great Book?"

"Yes," they replied, "and many of our tribe."

I took down my Cree Bible, and handing it to the one nearest me, he began to read fluently where I directed him. And so it was with them all. Of course I become very much interested in them, and asked for the explanation of this extraordinary phenomena. In substance, this was the answer of the principal man of the party.

"The hunting grounds of some of your Indians, who go a long way off to hunt, are many days' travel from here, and they join on to some of the places where our people go to hunt, and so we sometimes used to meet with some of your Indians. On some days when there was no hunting, we used to visit each other in the little wigwams or hunting lodges. When we visited your people we found that they all had their good books with them, and some of them read them very much. At first we were afraid of them but, bye-and-bye, we felt different, and some of your Indians taught us to read, and then when the ice left the lakes and rivers, and we went down to Hudson Bay and along to York Factory, the man there gave us some Bibles and Testaments and we brought them in our canoes to our own wigwams, and the people, those who had learned from your Indians, taught the others, and so now

most of all of our people can read the Book. But we do not know what it means and this is the reason why we have come to ask you to go and visit us and make known to us the meaning of what we read."

I visited them as soon as I could, which was not until the next winter, with my dog-trains and found out that what this deputation had said was a grand reality. A band of isolated Indians who had never seen a schoolmaster, a missionary, or a school-teacher, yet were able to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.

Who is to blame I know not, but it has for years appeared to me that somebody has grievously blundered, in that the Church has not been furnished with a good biography of James Evans. His printed letters in the old English Wesleyan Missionary Notices, with the additional valuable material known to be in the hands of some in this country, would make a volume of thrilling interest.

To show how one competent to appreciate the worth of such an invention as the Syllabic Characters, looked at it, when first brought before his notice, I will try to recall an interview with gifted nobleman who for years so grandly filled the position of Governor-General of this Dominion, and who is still adding laurels to his fame, by his diplomatic tact in Constantinople. After a pleasant and earnest conversation with the writer in reference to the Indians of the North-West Territories, in which Lord Dufferin expressed his solicitude for the welfare and happiness of these wandering races, he made general inquiries in reference to missionary work among them, and seemed much pleased with the answers it was in my power to make.

In mentioning the helps I had in my work, I showed him my Cree Indian Testament, in Evans' Syllabic Characters and explained the invention to him. At once his curiosity was excited and jumping up he hurried off for pen and paper and had me write out the whole alphabet for him, and then with that glee and vivacity for which his Lordship was so noted, he constituted me his teacher, and commenced at once to master them. As their simplicity, and yet wonderful adaptation for their designed work became clearly recognized, for in a short time he read a portion of the Lord's Prayer, Lord Dufferin became quite excited, and getting up from his chair and holding the Testament in his hand,

exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Young, what a blessing to humanity the man was who invented that alphabet!" Then continuing he added, "I profess to be a kind of a literary man myself and try to keep up my reading of what is going on, but I never heard of this before. The fact is," he added, "the nation has given many a man a title, and a pension, and then a resting-place, and a monument in Westminster Abbey, who never did half so much for his fellow-creatures." Then turning to me again he asked "Who did you say was the author, or inventor of these characters?" "The Rev. James Evans," I replied. "Well, why is it, I never heard of him before, I wonder," he answered. My reply was, "Well, my lord, perhaps the reason why you never heard before of him was because he was a humble, modest Methodist preacher."

With a laugh he replied, "That may have been it," and then the conversation changed.

CREE SYLLABIC CHARACTERS.

ᐁ ᐃ ᐅ ᐊ ā, e, oo, ah.

ᐯ ᐱ ᐳ ᐸ pā, pe, poo, pah.

ᑌ ᑐ ᑕ ᑐ tā, te, too, tah.

ᒉ ᒐ ᒍ ᒐ chā, che, choo, chah.

ᓀ ᓂ ᓄ ᓇ nā, ne, noo, nah.

ᖁ ᖃ ᖅ ᖏ kā, ke, koo, kah.

ᒣ ᒥ ᒧ ᒪ mā, me, moo, mah.

ᔪ ᔨ ᔫ ᔭ sā, see, soo, sah.

ᕀ ᕁ ᕂ ᕃ yā, ye, yoo, yah.

The following exhibits the mode of forming words.

ᒪ ᓂ ᑕ Mah - ne - too—Great Spirit.

ᐃ ᒥ ᒥ Oo - me - me—Dove.

ᐅ ᐱ ᐅ Nah - pah - nee—Flour-making.

A holy life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF THE CROSS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT CHAUTAUQUA, JULY 30TH, 1882.*

BY REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

THE world's thought is gathering steadily around the person and work of Jesus the Christ. Men are beginning to understand that Christ is the keystone of the arch not only of Christian faith, but of modern civilization, and that it behooves them to seek a true interpretation of His teachings and His life. The world's conception of Christ and His work has always been crude and unsatisfactory. The Church's interpretation of it has too often, I fear, been such as to drive men into infidelity instead of leading them to faith. But a brighter and better day, I think, has dawned upon the world. Out of the conflict of modern thought will come, bye-and-bye, the rest of settled conviction, and it will be a conviction resting not upon the ever-changing phases of human opinion, but upon the clearly ascertained verities of the Word of God. I have no serious apprehensions in regard to the world's religious future. All human experience testifies that man must have a Christ; and, although, as a result of this, many false Christs have gone out into the world, no one of them has yet be enable to satisfy the world's deepest need save this Man of the New Testament.

The words of the Lord Jesus show very clearly that He claimed a position altogether unique in human history. He spoke of God as His Father in a way that implied a peculiar relationship. He spoke of the whole duty of man as being comprehended in their relation to Christ. He taught that a day was coming when from the judgment seat of the universe He would pronounce sentence upon men, and that the ground of that sentence should be their life-long attitude in regard to Jesus Christ. Thus He made human history and human destiny to revolve around one common centre, and that centre was Himself.

In apparent contradiction, but after all in real harmony, with

* TEXT.—John xii. 32, 33: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me. This He said, signifying what death He should die."

these assertions of personal dignity and claims of empire, there began to be mingled in His teaching allusions which pointed to a period of suffering and humiliation. He began to show unto His disciples, that He must "suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." In the text we have an allusion of the kind referred to, one which resembles very closely certain other utterances in this same Gospel by John. Thus, in the memorable interview with Nicodemus: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." Again: "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am He." But in the text the results come grandly out: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." And that there might be no mistake as to His meaning, the Evangelist adds the explanatory sentence: "This He said, signifying what death He should die."

The claim asserted in these words is far-reaching and comprehensive, and we can hardly wonder that, on hearing them the Jews should have said, "Who is this Son of man?" for assuredly if He can make good His claim He must be different from any other Son of man the world has ever seen. The words at once arrest attention, much more the person by whom they are uttered. We perceive at once that they mean more in His lips than they can in the lips of any other. What, then, is included in this "I" as it falls from the lips of Jesus?

It may be a somewhat trite observation, and yet it is not without its importance, that *this is the utterance of a Person.* When God would present to us the great centre of moral attraction, He does not unfold a system of doctrine, or prescribe a code of morals: He reveals a living Person; as if to teach us, first of all, that the great evil which afflicts humanity is that they have become separated from God, and that the only hope for the race is in getting back into living contact with the living God again.

It is equally clear that *this is the utterance of a Human Person,* for "this He said, signifying what death He should die," and when we speak of death, we associate with it a form of existence that can suffer and die. Angelic beings are not subject to death; spirits, whether embodied or disembodied, cannot die; but humanity, as we understand the term, is subject to this law;

and so when we speak of death in relation to Jesus Christ we think of Him as human in all that the word properly implies. We often dwell with delight on those Scriptures which set forth the Divinity of Jesus Christ, but not one whit less important is the fact of His true humanity. He took upon Him our nature, and it is this which links Him in with every individual member of the human family and gives us the assurance that He was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." "Forasmuch as the children are partaker of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same."

Furthermore, *this is the utterance of a Divine Person.* What! a Divine Person speak of the death that He ıld die? Even so; for if Jesus were not Divine His death would lose its distinctive value and its peculiar significance. Death may mean any one of several things, just as you happen to look at it. Christ's enemies said He was a bad man, and deceived the people; so from their standpoint His death was the just punishment of His crimes. But that view you would not entertain for a moment. Suppose, however, we take the ground that Christ was not Divine, that He was only a good man unjustly condemned and unjustly put to death, in that case His death was judicial murder, nothing more. Or, still assuming Him to be but a man, suppose we allow His own words to settle the point: "No man taketh it [his life] from me, but I lay it down of myself," in that case His death was simply suicide. But murder is not atonement, and suicide is not sacrifice; and however eloquently men might talk of the beauty of His life, and the wisdom of His teaching, and the heroism of His example, His death would mean nothing more than that of any other good man who had lived and died.

Now, what we teach concerning Christ is this: that in Him two natures were joined in one personality. There were not two Christs, one human and one divine; but in the union of the two natures in His personality we have the one undivided and indivisible Christ. We sometimes speak as if the two natures were divided. Thus when Christ says "I and my Father are one," we say, "He is speaking here of His Divine nature;" and when He says, "My Father is greater than I," we say, "He is speaking here of His human nature." But Christ is not divided. The "I" of the text cannot be split into two parts. It is a word

which overarches both natures and includes both; so that what we affirm of Christ the man, that we may, in a very important sense, affirm also of Christ the God.

What is the conclusion of the matter, so far as this point is concerned? *It is something more than a man that suffers there on Calvary.* There is divinity in the nature, and there is divinity in the sufferings, and it is this which gives value to the sacrifice which Christ offered up once for all. We did not go beyond the truth when we sang—

"The Incarnate God hath died for me."

Let us now turn to another point in the text, the lifting up of the Son of man. Why was it needful that Jesus should be "lifted up?" Speaking after the manner of men, there may have been many reasons in the Divine mind for such a procedure, reasons which we cannot fathom and do not know; but there are other reasons which come out plainly, I think, in the teaching of revelation, and some of these we will try to unfold a little.

In the first place it was needful that Christ should be lifted up in order *that He might reveal God's heart to us,* that we might know what God thought about us and how He felt toward us. Christ came to reveal the Father. But how can you reveal one person to another? Can you do it by telling them something about the person in question? No, that will not do. There are many people about whom you know a good deal, but you do not know them. You know many things about the Queen of England, but you don't know the Queen of England. What saith the Scripture? "This is life eternal to know"—what? Something about God, and something about Jesus Christ? Nay, that is not it; but "this is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." I sometimes fear that just at this point we may detect a serious, a fatal, defect in much of the religious profession of the day. There are multitudes who know a great many things about God and about Christ, but who do not know God or Christ to this day. It is well to know all we can about this Saviour of men, but the faith that saves is not a mere belief of something we have heard about Him; it is the trust of the heart in Christ Himself.

I have said Christ came to reveal the Father; to reveal something the world had never dreamed of before—the Fatherhood

of God. And He said in His teaching, "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." But doctrine alone could not have revealed Him. We may be told that God is our Father, but the heart craves something more: does God *care?* I venture to say there are few who have not had to fight their fiercest battles with unbelief just on this point,—the paralyzing doubt that sometimes creeps in that God does not care. In this life we often find ourselves surrounded by darkness that we cannot scatter, and mysteries that we cannot solve; and amid this darkness and mystery what am I?

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

And when I cry, does anybody know? Does anybody hear? Does anybody care? Reason says no; Philosophy says no; Science says no. Spite of all your crying nature's inexorable laws will hold on their course, and the great iron wheel will still revolve, though crushed hopes and bleeding hearts lie beneath it at every turn. It is useless to cry; there is no one who knows, or hears, or cares. Jesus Christ says, Yes, there is: Your Father both knows, and hears, and cares. But while Christ by His teaching shows that God cares, it is when lifted up on Calvary that He shows *how much* God cares.

It has often been assumed that God cannot suffer, and if by suffering we mean merely pain of muscle, or nerve, or brain, it would be true enough. But who does not know that physical pain is the least of the sufferings known to men,—that there are forms of suffering infinitely worse than those which touch only the material frame? When I read on almost every page of the Bible some expression, some allusion, by which we get a glimpse of the Divine heart, and see the intensity of God's sorrow for man's fall, and desire for man's salvation, I cannot regard them as mere figures of speech, but rather as hints of a wonderful reality. And then when I go to Gethsemane and Calvary—when I begin to take in the mighty meaning of Christ lifted up,—I perceive there are other words upon the cross besides those that Pilate wrote, and in the new light there shed upon the wondrous fact that "God *so* loved the world," I read a story of Divine love and suffering in the presence of which I can only wonder and adore.

There is a crude conception of the atoning work of Christ, and an undercurrent of thought which hardly ever finds expression, but which, formulated in human speech, would amount to something like this: That man had sinned and God was angry and minded to punish him; but that Christ was more merciful, and He interposed and offered to bear the punishment, to suffer the penalty, if thereby the transgressor might go free; and it seemed to make but little difference to God where the blow fell: it might as well be on the sinless Son of God as on any one else. And so Christ bore the punishment that the sinner might go free. Now, if this were a correct representation of the doctrine of atonement as taught in Scripture, we might cease to wonder that the heart and intellect of multitudes have revolted from the whole thing. But the representation is not correct. It has elements of truth in it; but as a statement of the method by which God reconciles man to Himself, it is not only inadequate, but misleading.

But some one may say, How would you state the doctrine? That is a comprehensive question,—one that would require volumes for an answer; but outlined in the briefest manner my thought is this: That when God in his pitying tenderness saw the human race ruined and going down to deeper darkness, He drew upon the infinite resources of heaven to meet the emergency. *As He looked upon the perishing human race, and the great* question was, What can be done to meet this emergency? God said, *I will go down myself!* and so He comes down, incarnated in the person of Jesus Christ, and on Calvary offers himself a sacrifice, that He may redeem the perishing children of men.

Again, it was needful that Christ should be lifted up, *that mercy and truth might meet together.* There is a legal side to the atonement that must not be overlooked. When God purposed to save men, He would not save them in defiance of righteousness and justice, but in harmony with them. As some one has put the thought,—"The claims of divine justice and the condition of the sinner were essentially hostile. They had diverged to points of infinite remoteness, and stood as if frowning at each other from opposite sides of the universe, but Jesus Christ laid hold upon the nature of man and planting His cross midway, He raised a point of attraction which reached across the separating gulf and drew them back to Himself, as to a common

centre. Justice moves from its awful position on Sinai, and with all the armies of holiness brightening and still brightening as it approaches, bows with reverence at the cross and says, It is enough, I am satisfied; while the sinner, detached by the same magnetic power from the strong confederacy of sin, approaches, relents, and changes as he draws near, till he falls before the cross a new creature in Christ Jesus." And so to each the cross is unspeakably precious; to one as the symbol of that work whereby the righteousness of the divine government has been vindicated, and to the other as the symbol of the love wherewith God loved the world, and which found its outlet and its expression in Christ lifted up for men.

In a theme like this all illustrations fall short of the reality, yet, sometimes, an illustration may help us to clearly grasp a truth that otherwise would be dimly perceived. I have read somewhere an incident that may help us at this point. Years ago, in an American town there was a youth—an only child—trained amid the surroundings of a Christian home; but notwithstanding precept and example, and earnest prayer, he forsook the "guide of his youth," and turned to the way of the transgressor. Soon he became utterly reckless, ruined his reputation, broke his poor mother's heart, and leaving home suddenly, went to live in a distant city, where he pursued the same career of wrong-doing. One day a telegraphic message was brought to him. He opened it and read: "Your mother is dying. Hasten home if you would see her alive." This unexpected message, breaking in so suddenly upon his career of guilt, brought to his mind the memory of all the past. He thought of the home of his childhood; of his father's counsels and his mother's prayers; and the remembrance subdued the proud spirit and broke his hard heart in pieces. Then he hastened homeward. He reached his native town, walked up the well-known street, and came to the door, but no one came forth to greet him. He entered, and almost unconsciously found his way upstairs to his mother's well-known apartment. Gently he pushed open the door and stood within. The blinds were closed and the light was dim; but as his eye became accustomed to the uncertain light it took in the still outlines of a shrouded figure that lay upon the bed. He went and stood beside it, and reverently lifting back the covering from the face he gazed upon the quiet features. Again

the memory of the past rushed over him like a storm, and on his knees, with strong crying and tears, he bewailed his folly and sin, beseeching God that, if it were possible, even he might find mercy, and from that hour follow his mother's Saviour and his mother's God. When the storm of passion had somewhat subsided, he arose from his knees, and beheld his father standing upon the other side of the bed. They looked in one another's faces, and at last the father said: "My son, your course of wrong-doing has broken your poor mother's heart, and she is dead; but I have seen your tears; I have heard your confessions and your prayers. Let the past be forgotten. Here, over your dead mother's body, I give you a father's forgiveness and a father's blessing."

My brother, do you remember when first the consciousness of divine forgiveness sprang up within your troubled heart? Was it not when God by His Holy Spirit spake within you and said, "Your sins have crucified my well-beloved Son; for you He tasted death; yet here, over his slain body, I give you a father's forgiveness and a father's blessing." Oh, believe me, it is at the cross, where Christ is lifted up, that mercy and truth meet together, and that righteousness and peace embrace each other.

Yet, again, it was needful that Christ should be lifted up *that we might get back to the Father*. There is no other way by which men can get back to the consciousness of God's fatherhood than through Jesus Christ lifted up. A brother minister told me that while passing along a street in Liverpool, on one occasion, he noticed a group of people on the pavement. He asked a by-stander what it meant, and was informed that a little boy had got away from his friends and was lost. In the centre of the group stood the child, crying bitterly. They tried to comfort him, but in answer to anything they could say there would be only a fresh burst of tears, and the bitter, sobbing cry, "I'm lost! I'm lost! Just then a man pressed his way in through the circle, and laying his hand upon the child's shoulder said: "My boy, what's the matter?" Oh, how the light flashed in a moment over the tear-stained face! There was a quick, glad cry of "Father!" and in a moment he was sobbing out his gladness in his father's arms.

Do you remember a time when you walked in darkness and had no light? When every other thought was swallowed up in

the one terrible conviction: "I'm lost! I'm lost!" And do you remember the hour when

> "Fear gave place to filial love,
> And peace o'erflowed your heart?"

Was it not when by faith you beheld Jesus "lifted up" for you, and in that Divine atonement saw "the Godhead reconciled," and for the first time could say, "Abba, Father!" "My Lord and my God!"

What is the Object and End of this lifting up? To draw all men to himself. This seems to imply that there is something in us which can respond to the attraction of Christ lifted up; something which perceives the attraction of Christ crucified, and responds to it. I have sometimes thought that there is a way in which the fallen and depraved condition of human nature is presented that is hardly in accordance with the Scriptures of truth. That human nature is fallen admits of no dispute; but when men go on to assert, thinking thereby to extol Divine mercy and goodness, that human nature is absolutely worthless, and therefore has nothing in it to attract Divine regard, they overstate the truth, and therefore neutralize its force. If human nature were that worthless thing that it is sometimes said to be, we might be pardoned for wondering why such a marvellous expenditure was made to redeem it. That which is intrinsically worthless cannot become valuable merely on account of the price paid for it. But human nature is not worthless. It was made in the image of God, and the design of the Atonement is to restore the "image and superscription" which sin has marred. Not in a spirit of vanity or boasting, but of reverent thankfulness to God, I make bold to say that God sent His Son into the world to redeem humanity because he thought humanity was worth redeeming.

Yes; there is something in human nature still which can feel the attraction of the Cross and respond to it; but why, then, have not all been drawn thereto? Because this divine faculty has been paralyzed by sin; and not until quickened into life by the Divine Spirit can the soul reach out her arms of faith to embrace the Cross. And so we hold fast to these two cardinal truths: Christ the only object of saving faith, and a Divine Spirit freely given, whereby the sinner is enabled to "look and live."

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men

unto me." This is a comprehensive statement. Has it ever been made good? Yes; there is a sense in which it is already true. Apart from Christ's atoning work the whole human race lay outside the pale of a possible salvation. They were not only "without God," but "without hope." But by the lifting up of Christ all this has been changed, and the whole race stands, in regard to salvation, in a position entirely different from that in which they were left by the fall. In this sense, therefore it is true that all men have been drawn to Christ.

But why have not all men been drawn to Him in the sense of conscious pardon and renewal? Because in the ministry of His Church and the testimony of His people Christ has not always been lifted up. Some have lifted up the Church, and they have drawn men to a religion of human authority; and some have lifted up the Creed, and they have drawn men to a religion of human opinions; and some have lifted up the crucifix, and they have drawn men to a religion of ritualism and form. But in all this how seldom, alas! has Christ been lifted up. And yet this is the work of Christ's people the wide world over; not to argue with the philosopher, not to dispute with the scientist, but to lift up Christ and cry, Behold the Lamb of God!"

Let us lift Him up and the signs and wonders will follow as in the days of old. Lift Him up in the great congregations where the people gather. Lift Him up at His table where He is still revealed in the breaking of bread. Lift Him up in the home, and the little children will gather around His knees as in the days of His flesh. Lift Him up before the proud intellects of to-day, who seem to have turned their backs on Christ and His Gospel, but who, peradventure, will come, when the shadows gather, stretching out imploring hands and crying, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out." Yes, lift Him up even at the bedside of the dying, and let the sinner's last look be in the face of the Crucified, e'er he goes to see the King in His beauty.

Already the world feels this mighty attraction. Christ has been lifted up, and from the Cross has gone forth a power that is reaching to the ends of the earth, and is drawing lost sinners back to God. Still let us lift Him up in the divinity of His person, the vicariousness of His sufferings, the prevalency of His intercession, and sure as His word is truth, promise and prophecy shall be fulfilled, and soon a ransomed race shall come together in grand assembly, and crown our Jesus Lord of all.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—"HEAVEN'S MORNING DAWNS."*

"Pale and wan she grew and weakly,
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour drew nearer."

As we intimated in our last chapter, the accident whereby Carrie Mason was submerged in the water of the lake was attended with more serious consequences than were at first anticipated. Her fine-strung nervous system received a shock, from which it seemed to lack the force to rally. The day after the accident, on attempting to rise she fainted away, to the great alarm of her anxious parent. Dr. Norton was promptly sent for, but he prescribed only rest and quiet.

"Dr. Quiet is my great ally in such cases," he said in his cheery way; "get all the sleep you can—

"'Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast . . .
The best of rest is sleep.'"

His patient smiled a weary smile and sought to woo the drowsy god; but the more she tried the more sleep fled from her. Her eyes beamed more brightly and became more dilated, her breathing quickened, a hot flush mantled her cheek, and as the doctor on a second visit laid his finger on her rapid pulse, a grave look came into his eyes, although he still strove to wear his accustomed smile upon his lips. His fair patient was evidently on the verge of a low fever, into which, in spite of every effort to prevent it, she gradually sank. Day after day the fondest affection ministered at her bedside; but much of the time she was unconscious of the

*This is a continuation of our story as given in the September number. The absence of the Editor at the General Conference has prevented its resumption till now.

brooding love that watched over her. Her mind, in wandering mazes lost, groped amid the strange experiences of the past, but chiefly dwelt upon the terrible drowning scene.

"Help! help me, mother," she would cry piteously. "I am sinking down, down, O, help! The waves are roaring in my ears, I see strange lights before my eyes, I cannot breathe, more air! more air!" and she would struggle convulsively till her strength was completely exhausted. Then she would lie for hours in a state of seeming coma, utterly unconscious of the soft caresses of her mother's hand, or of the furtive tear that fell upon her brow. Still nothing seemed to soothe her quivering nerves like the touch of her mother's fingers as she sat with unwearying love by her side,—scarcely leaving the room for an hour, day or night. By a gentle constraint, Edith Temple at length insisted on the invalid mother seeking some needed rest, while she herself caressed the sick girl's fevered brow, and softly answered her wandering words.

In her most delirious moanings she seemed strangely calmed by the presence of Dr. Norton. Her hot little hand rested quietly in his broad palm as he felt her fluttering pulse. His deep rich voice asserted a control over her that no other could, and she took from him with an utter trustfulness the bitter potions from which she recoiled when given by others. Often, too, in her unconscious moanings his name would escape in low murmurings from her lips, and she seemed to feel his strong arm rescuing her from a watery grave, although it was not he but Lawrence who had saved her in the hour of peril. These abberrations, however, occured only in the Doctor's absence. When he was near her the spell of his presence seemed to quiet her nerves and give her a self-control which she did not at other times possess.

At last, after many days, as the morning light shone on her face, the love-quickened discernment of her mother observed that her eyes had no longer the restless look, like that of a hunted animal. A quiet light of intelligence beamed forth, a wan smile flickered about her lips as she whispered, "Kiss me, mother!"

As her fond parent bent over her, the sick girl faintly said, "Have I been long asleep, mother? I have had such a strange and troubled dream," and her thin hand carressed her mother's face.

"Yes, darling. You have been very ill. But you are better now, and it will be only as a dream when one awaketh, now that we have you back with us again."

"Have I been long away, mother?" dreamily asked the maiden. "Yes, I know. I seemed drifting, drifting away upon a shoreless sea. But a strange spell seemed to follow me, a deep strong voice seemed to call me back. At times, mother, it seemed like Dr. Norton's, and at times I seemed to see you on the shore beckoning me to return. But I was powerless to move and lay idly drifting, drifting on the sea."

"Yes, darling," said the glad mother, returning caress for caress. "Under God it was the skill of Dr. Norton that brought you back to us. You seemed, indeed, drifting away from us all. Thank God, thank God, we shall soon have you well again."

Yet, when Dr. Norton came to visit his patient again, to his surprise, he found that she exhibited a degree of shyness and reserve that he had never noticed before and that seemed to deepen with each successive visit. He thought little of it, however, attributing it to the unreasoning caprice of sickness.

During her convalescence she would lie and read and muse for hours in self-absorbed thought, very gentle and patient, but with an air of utter lassitude as if aweary of the world. Slowly, very slowly, the invalid seemed to drift back again, like flotsam borne upon a tide, to the shores of time. But she failed to recover strength. On warm and sunny days she was carried out to her favourite garden seat, commanding a view of the broad valley, the elm-shaded village, and the beautiful lake. Autumn was once more in the pride of its golden glory. A soft haze filled the air and veiled the outline of the distant hills. The Virginia creeper gleamed dark crimson in the sunlight and the sugar-maple flung its scarlet blazonry to the autumn breeze.

"How exquisite!" said the sick girl to her friend, Edith Temple, who sat by her side. "I think I never saw the valley look so lovely before."

"That is because you have been a prisoner so long," said Edith. "We will soon have you out again, the village does not seem like itself since you have been sick."

"I shall never see another autumn, dear," answered Carrie, in a low soft voice, gazing with a far-off look in her eyes at the

distant hills, as though she beheld the golden battlements of the City of God.

"You must not talk that way, child," said Edith, with a start, "That is only a sick girl's nervous fancy. With God's blessing, you will soon be well again."

"It is no fancy, dear," replied Carrie, with a wan smile flickering about her lips, "I know it; and indeed were it not for mother I would not wish to live."

"But life has many joys and many duties that more than counterbalance its sorrows and pains," responded Edith, seeking to argue down what she thought the sick fancy of her friend.

"O yes!" said the fair girl, a bright light kindling in her eyes, "God's world is very lovely, so lovely that often it has touched my soul to tears; and though I have endured so much pain and weakness, yet, as Mrs. Browning says—

> 'With such large joys of sense and touch,
> Beyond what others count as such,
> I am content to suffer much.'

But God has provided even better things for those who love Him."

"Yes, dear, but we must wait His good time, till He calls us home," said Edith with her usual sense of duty dominant in her mind. "While there is work to do in God's world we must not shrink from doing it."

"My little work is almost done," said Carrie, with a sigh. "Alas! that it is so small—

> 'Nothing but leaves,
> No garnered sheaves
> Of life's fair ripened grain.'

But poor as it is, He will accept for the love's sake seen therein. Nay, dear, to live on would be but to drag a lengthening chain. God is kindly taking me away from a burden I could not bear, from a sorrow I could not endure."

"You speak in riddles, child, I do not understand," responded Edith expectantly.

"Perhaps it is better I should tell you," replied the sick girl with hesitating speech. "You are my other self. From you I can have no secrets. You may tell him, perhaps, when I am

gone. I did not know," she went on, "till since I have been sick what my real feelings toward Dr. Norton were," and a pink flush overspread her face as she mentioned his name. "I always admired the nobleness of his nature, his kindness to the poor, his tenderness to the sick and suffering, his patience with the unthankful and unworthy; but while I have communed with my own heart upon my bed, I have become aware of a deeper, a tenderer, a more sacred feeling, a feeling the nature of which he must never know, till I have passed away from time. Of this he does not dream. His heart is another's. I pray God daily that his love may be rewarded, that his life may be happy."

"I never thought of this," said Edith gazing wistfully at her friend.

"Nor would I have breathed it, even to you," said the fair frail girl; "but that after I am gone you might tell him of my daily prayer that hereafter, in that world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, our souls might meet before the throne of God."

After a pause she went on, "I used to be much troubled at one thing. He is not what the world calls a Christian. I know that he has his doubts and scruples about some things which most Christians accept. He has even been called by the censorious an infidel. But I know his fidelity is the convictions of conscience, his loyalty to all things noble and good and true, and such a nature God will not suffer to wander far away. Over such a soul the Saviour yearns and says, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.'"

"He is more of a Christian in spirit and life," said Edith impetuously, "than many who call themselves by that sacred name. God will reward his noble treatment of poor Saunders; when others spurned him as an irreclaimable drunkard, he never lost faith or hope in him, but clung to him and helped him up from the ditch and from the grave to life and manhood again. I can never join the unchristly tirade against those who cannot see truth just as we see it."

"Bless you for these words," exclaimed the sick girl. "I could not die content, I could not be happy, even in heaven, if I thought that he with his noble aspirations, his impassioned search for truth, should grope blindly after God and never find Him."

"Oh, fear it not," replied her friend, "God will not hide Himself from any that entreat."

The long and absorbing conversation in the garden seemed to have exhausted the strength of the invalid. It was her last day abroad. She returned to the house weary and worn. The next day came on a bleak autumnal storm—

> "The wind like a broken lordling wailed
> And the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove through the air."

The beautiful laburnum near the window, nipped by an autumnal frost, seemed an emblem of her own stricken life, and she visibly drooped and failed from day to day. Dr. Norton came often to see his gentle patient, and his large manly form, his bluff hearty manner, his exuberant life brought colour to the cheek and light to the eye, and seemingly life to the weary frame of the sick girl. But, to the quickened apprehension of Edith Temple, who now possessed the key of her strange distraught air, she evidently set a watch upon her words and looks lest she should by sign or token betray the secret locked within her breast. The dreary weeks of November dragged on—

> "The melancholy days had come, the saddest of the year,
> Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere."

Then came the short days of December with its wintry frosts and snows, which to the hale and strong but heighten the enjoyment of the season, but to the feeble and the sick, bring depression and weariness. The cheery doctor strove to encourage his patient by holiday talk and anticipations of the approaching Christmas festivities.

"You remember what a jolly time we had last Christmas. What a success that Christmas tree was, and the Indian feast."

"And dear Nellie Burton," exclaimed Carrie, with generous praise! "how full of joyous life and merriment she was," and as she noticed how eagerly the Doctor drank in her words of praise, she went on though it cost her a pang: "compared with her exuberant life and overflowing health, poor pale me seemed but a 'rathe primrose of the spring' beside the full-blown rose."

Her mother who hung wistfully on every word and look, kissed her wasted fingers, and gazed through dimming tears on the pale cheek and said:

"But the primrose is very dear to hearts that love it, and would not exchange its pale beauty for the reddest rose."

But even the doctor's well-meant efforts at cheerfulness failed, and the smiles that came were oftentimes akin to tears.

Sweet Carrie Mason was really the most cheerful of the household group. To her mother, to whom the very thought of parting, was an unutterable pang, she spoke tranquilly—nay exultantly of the joy of meeting,

"In the home beyond the river."

And in her pure and flute-like voice she would softly sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

And she would often ask her mother to read the beautiful descriptions of heaven in the seventh and twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of the Revelation, and would talk of its joys and blessedness, and would sing of "Jerusalem the Golden," till—

"Very near seemed the pearly gates,
And sweetly the harpings fall,
And her spirit seemed restless to soar away,
And longed for the angel's call.

One day when she felt a little stronger than usual she said to her mother.

"When the Doctor comes, leave us together please, I wish to speak to him alone."

"Don't fatigue yourself, dear," replied the mother, as she kissed her brow and left the room.

"Dr. Norton," said the sick girl when they were alone, "I want to say something to you while I have strength. I'm not afraid to die, Doctor. I know as well as you that my days are very few, that the time of my departure is at hand. But though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I fear no evil, for my Saviour is with me, His rod and staff they comfort me. Dr. Norton, the religion of Jesus is no cunningly-devised fable. It is a blessed reality. Can you not believe it? Can you not accept my Saviour?" and all her soul went forth in the look of yearning wistfulness that beamed in her eyes.

The strong man quivered with emotion, and with a voice broken with sobs he exclaimed,

"I do! I do! My unbelief is overcome. My doubts are banished. My faith lays hold on God. This is not the work of a day, but of months. You remember the camp-meeting. I went there a skeptic, but, thank God! never a mocker at religion. I I saw you in that trance-like state. It baffled all my medical skill. I could not understand nor explain it. I witnessed your restoration to consciousness. I saw your face shine as it had been the face of an angel. I heard your whispered words of adoration as if you talked with God face to face. I felt that there was something here beyond human philosophy, that it was the mighty power of God. I sought illumination by prayer. God has led me by a way that I knew not; the long-insulted Saviour did not spurn me for my doubts; but He showed me, as He did unbelieving Thomas, evident proofs of His divinity and His humanity; of His power and His love; and now, with Thomas, my heart cries out in truest, and deepest adoration, 'My Lord and my God,'" and he knelt at the bed-side.

"Thank God! Thank God!" softly whispered the dear girl, while the tears of gladness stole down her wan and wasted cheek, "now I can die content."

Strangely moved by her deep interest in his welfare, and her intense sympathy, he took her thin white hand in his, and as devoutly as he would worship a saint, he raised it to his lips, then rose and silently left the room.

Lawrence Temple was most sedulous in his ministrations to the dying girl, but he confessed that he received more spiritual strength and instruction than he was able to impart.

At length came Christmas Day, bright and clear and cold without; but in every home in Fairview, what a change from the joyous festival of one little year before! There was sorrow at every hearth that sweet Carrie Mason lay upon her dying bed. Even the little children had no heart for their Christmas games, and the Christmas presents seemed to lose their power to please.

As the short day drew toward its close, a little group of the more intimate friends of the stricken household, Lawrence and his wife, Dr. Norton, and two or three others, gathered in the room which so often had seemed

> "Blessed beyond the common walks of life
> Quite on the verge of heaven."

The object of their common love lay supported by pillows on her bed, whose snowy counterpane was scarce more white than she. Her cheeks were thin and pale, save for a hectic spot that burned in each; her thin hands were transparent, almost as alabaster. But a strange light beamed in her eyes, like the dawn of another world rising in her soul.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed as the light of the setting sun flooded the room with glory. "Draw aside the curtain, please, and let me see once more, the village, the valley, the church, the school, and the garden," and as she gazed on each remembered spot, endeared by a thousand tender recollections of childhood and youth, "I shall never forget it," she said, "even in heaven I shall remember it, as, next to heaven itself, the dearest spot in all God's universe."

Then as the setting sun transfigured and glorified the whole scene, and its rays were flashed back from the village windows, and the village spire—

"It is a parable," she said, "I go to the unsetting sun. Sing, please, 'Sun of my soul,'" and from lips that faltered as they sang, rose the sweet strains of Keble's evening hymn—

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

"When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die."

As she lay with closed eyes, they thought she had fallen asleep and ceased to sing. But she opened her eyes and gazed long at the western sky, now ruddy with the after-glow of the winter's sunset. Then she faintly whispered as she held her mother's hand—

"'Beyond the skies where suns go down
I shall be soon.'

'I shall awake in thy likeness and be satisfied, be satisfied.'"

Then as the light faded and the shadows fell, she whispered, "Sing again, 'Abide with Me.'"

With tear-choked voices one after another took up the strains of Lyte's pathetic hymn—

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, it glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

"I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like hyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me."

Often they were compelled to stop, for sobs choked their utterance. But when their voices failed, hers faintly but sweetly took up the strain. The fourth stanza she sang through almost alone, as if its exultant strain enbreathed her soul with strength, her voice swelling to its triumphant close.

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me."

Then her voice faltered and the others sang through the last verse alone—

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

As the song died into silence, she lay with closed eyes for a moment, then starting up, she exclaimed, gazing with transfigured face toward the waning light. "Mother! Heaven's morning breaks! Angels! Jesus! God," and the rapt spirit was with Him she loved.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

God Knows.

Through all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes;
'Tis this: "God knows." He knows indeed full well
Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring
My will to His. Often, when night-time comes,
My heart is full of tears, because the good
That seemed at morn so easy to be done
Has proved so hard; but, then, remembering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I say,
"He knows," and so I lay me down, with trust
That His good hand will give me needed strength
To better do His work in coming days.

Christians on Earth and in Heaven.

It becomes each of us then to live in a state of daily preparation either for life or for death. And let it be impressed upon our minds, that the best preparation for death is the best fitness for life; that the best meetness for entering into the society of heaven is the best qualification for performing our duties to the society of earth; that when we possess the mind which was in Christ, when "our conversation is in heaven" and "our life hid with Christ in God," then we are best adapted to do every part of our appointed work here and do the will of God on earth as angels do in heaven. The spirit of true religion is the spirit of heaven —is the reflection of its purity and benevolence; and this life is the apprenticeship of heavenly knowledge and employment.—*Dr. Ryerson.*

Holiness.

There are certain words which carry a peculiar charm. We vulgarize many august terms and titles. We ring changes on them in our customary cant; we point witticisms with them, we use them to conceal our lack of thought, and so we cheapen and degrade them. But there are some terms which carry a peculiar charm, and which are slower to be cheapened. They retain an awfulness which forbids desecration like a dead child's memory.

One of these words is holiness. Justification is a noble term. It summons before the Christian his Saviour's suffering and his Saviour's triumph. Righteousness is a potent word. It strengthens the fibre of the Christian's soul, as it reminds him of his standing in the valour and virtue of his Lord. But around both words there hover the clouds of fierce debate. They are links of union it is true, but they are also lines of demarcation. Holiness speaks otherwise to our souls. There is that about it which appeals to a fine instinct even in thoughtless minds, and forbids them to pronounce it. Is it because the word suggests a spiritual quality, which is foreign to their habit of life and of feeling? Holiness is not to be confounded with virtue. No disparagement is cast upon the virtue by this distinction. The two things rest upon differences in human nature, and flow from different sources. Virtue rests on conscience, holiness, on truth. Virtue flows from moral principle; holiness from communion with God. Virtue is guided by self-will: holiness though sought for by the will, yet implies a subjection of self-will, a willingness to be a subject to the will of another. Holiness requires virtue as one of its components. No man is holy who is not virtuous. But virtue may be dissociated from holiness. And the difference is apparent to us all. When we find a man whose life is under the influence of a daily communing with God, we feel that is a signet upon his character, a charm in his soul which distinguishes him from the very best of men, whose conduct acknowledges no higher principle than a correct morality; and most persons I fancy, whether religious or not, would view the holy character as the nobler of the two, even though its possessor should be beset by infirmities of temper, which the other man is a stranger to. Before his conversion Paul no doubt was rigidly virtuous. His conscience was scrupulous but not sanctified. The voice from heaven called him to a loftier level of communion with his God, of clearer spiritual eyesight, in a word, to holiness.—*Central Adv.*

Fellowship With God.

(1 John i. 3.)

Fellowship! How shall we fathom the depth of meaning in this precious word? Going down into the essential idea of the original word, we find it signifies *somewhat in common* between two parties, having for its basis a more or less intimate know-

ledge of each other, upon which is founded a common interest, a common sympathy, a common mutual love. Such is fellowship between one human being and another; such in its nature must be the fellowship of man with his Maker and Redeemer. * * * We must suppose that John had a lively and deep sense of the meaning of these words, and a precious experience of the communion they promise. * * * Esssentially what was true of John becomes true of all disciples of Jesus. By faith and love they enter into the same communion and fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.

And now as to the essential blessedness of this fellowship with the Father and the Son as possible to be enjoyed even here and now by mortals of our race, I have no words, I know of none, adequate to set it forth. To know a God so pure, so good, so glorious; to love such a God with undivided, supreme affection and devotion; to come into fellowship of humble trust, unqualified submission, grateful and devout adoration on the human side, over against which on the divine shall be manifestation of God's forgiving love, sympathy, and care; to feel a deep consciousness that this union of fellowship and friendship is real, is sure, is growing, is promised of God to endure forever, what shall we, what can we, say that will adequately set forth its blessedness.—*The Rev. Dr. Cowles.*

Rest in God.

Above all things, and in all things, O my soul, thou shalt rest in the Lord alway, for He Himself is the everlasting rest of the saints.

Grant me, O most loving Jesus, to rest in Thee above all creatures, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honour, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtlety, above all riches and arts, above all joy and gladness, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all hope and promise, above all desert and desire, above all gifts and favours that Thou canst give and impart unto us, above all mirth and jubilee that the mind of man can receive and feel; finally, above angels and archangels, above all the heavenly host, above all things visible and invisible, and above all Thou art not, O my God.

Because Thou, O Lord my God, art supremely good above all; Thou alone art most high, Thou alone most powerful, Thou alone

most full and sufficient, Thou alone most precious and most full of consolation: Thou alone most lovely and loving, Thou alone most noble and glorious above all things, in whom all good things together both perfectly are, and ever have been, and ever shall be. And, therefore, it is too small and unsatisfying, whatsoever thou bestowest on me besides Thyself, or revealest unto me of Thyself, or promisest, while Thou art not seen, and not fully obtained. For surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee, and surmount all gifts and all creatures whatsoever. O that I had the wings of true liberty, that I might flee away and rest in Thee; for there is nothing like unto Thee in all the wonderful things of heaven and earth. Let others seek what they please instead of Thee; but for me nothing else doth nor shall delight me, but Thou only, my God, my hope, my everlasting salvation. Unto Thee will I cry, nor hold my peace, until Thou speakest to my inmost soul, saying, "I am thy portion; peace, be still."—*From Thomas à Kempis.*

O for a higher example of God's moral "workmanship!" O for men instinct with the Spirit; the countenance glowing as a transparency with a lamp behind it; the eye shining with a purer, truer light than any genius or good nature ever shed; limbs agile for any act of prayer, of praise, of zeal, for any errand of compassion; and a tongue of fire! O for men on whom the silent verdict of the observer would be, "He is a good man and full of the Holy Ghost!"

Never, perhaps, did earthly eyes see more frequently than we see in our day, men with ordinary Christian excellences—men in private life whose walk is blameless—men in the ministry who are admirable, worthy, and useful. But are not men "*full of the Holy Ghost,*" a rare and minished race? Are those whose entire spirit bespeaks a walk of prayer, such as we would ascribe to Enoch or to John; whose words fall with a demonstration of the Spirit, and a power such as we conceive attended Paul or Apollos; who make on believers the impression of being immediate and mighty instruments of God, and on unbelievers the impression of being dangerous to come near, lest they should convert them;—are such men often met with?—*Tongue of Fire.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

"MARMION" AND THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, LL.D.,

President of Victoria University.

As one interested in our system of public instruction, I desire to add my voice, to that of others, in protesting against this attempt to proscribe Scott's "Marmion." The Minister of Education has, as I suppose, not yet finally decided the question, and as he seems inclined to take clerical advice, I trust he will consider the later advices as well as earlier ones.

I would be disposed to go all reasonable lengths to humour even the prejudices of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, but I cannot see that his Grace, Archbishop Lynch, has any grounds for his present alarm and interference. He and his co-religionists have surely no occasion to hold themselves responsible or liable to reproach, either personally, or as a community, for the follies and crimes of former and less enlightened ages. To take that line of defence is to burden themselves with a terrible and ghastly load, much more grievous to bear than the convent scene in "Marmion." I do not say this as against Catholicism, and in the interest of Protestantism, for I do not write as a Protestant, nor as a partisan of any kind. Religious bigotry is, unfortunately, not confined to any particular sect, and it becomes both Catholics and Protestants to disavow and feel ashamed of many sad things that have been said and done among their respective adherents in the name of the common Christianity. But the times have improved, men understand better the great principles of toleration, that is the principles of justice and charity in matters of religious faith; and, what is especially relevant to the matter in dispute, there has been a great softening down of the penal code. There is less of Draco, both in Church and State. There is nothing in the convent scene of "Marmion," or in the pictures and incidents of other parts of the poem, but may easily find a parallel in many a tragic tale of mediæval and early history. Our wisdom would seem to lie, not in keeping out of view the errors and cruelties of other days, but in such a careful and truth-loving study of the past as will serve for present guidance, and in ecclesiastical matters, especially, will teach us the greatly-needed lessons of charity, forbearance, and self-distrust.

But history is history, and as sacred as theology, of which it is the handmaid; and poetry, too, is history, so far as it fairly and truly portrays the temper and manners of the time of which it professes to draw a picture. In this respect Scott's poems and novels have generally had a very high character assigned them; in fact, they are not surpassed, if, indeed, they are equalled, by any writings in any language. No one, of course, expects in such literature a bare and literal statement of actual occurrences; it is enough if there be veri-similitude, or a faithful portraiture of the spirit of the time. And can any one for a moment pretend that "Marmion" gives an exaggerated picture in the points to which exception has been taken? Will not the barest dry narratives of actual history, by whomsoever honestly written, give all of "Marmion," and a hundred-fold more? The question has, indeed, been

* As much public interest has been manifested in this subject, we have pleasure in reprinting from the *Mail* the judicious remarks of Dr. Nelles upon it.

raised whether the precise form of punishment which the nun Constance is represented as suffering was really ever infflicted upon any one by the ecclesiastical authorities of any period. But what does it signify? The difference between being immured alive in a niche of one stone wall, and immured alive for ten weary years, within *four* stone walls, as in the case of Roger Bacon and others—this is not so great a point as to render the question worth the trouble of our investigation. What does it matter whether we speak of Constance in the convent, or of the Council of Constance one hundred years before; of Constance suffocated in her stony crypt, or Huss (not to mention Bruno and others at a much later day), suffocated in fiery flame and vapour of smoke? "The dream is one," and would to God it were only a dream.

But history is a kind of witness which we can neither bury nor burn. And if we begin by withholding from all our text-books, and oral lectures as well, both in High School and University, whatever describes the follies and crimes of former generations of men, including even some great and good men, what kind of history shall we get? Let us have the truth, and let us learn to bear the truth. Whether we speak of Rome or Geneva, of Luther or of the nun that he is reproached with having married, of Calvin or Servetus, of Torquemada, Loyola, or Wesley, let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." Let us know these things and ponder them, and let us teach them diligently to our children.

Dante, the great Catholic poet, puts some popes and cardinals in hell; shall we, therefore, be afraid to let our university students read the Divine Comedy? Homer represents Achilles as dragging the body of Hector by the heels around the walls of Troy. Shall the Minister of Education in yonder modern Athens therefore proscribe the Iliad, lest some supersensitive Greeks of to-day should blush for the barbarisms of their progenitors? It would go hard with us all if we are to carry the sins of our ancestors, and hard with our children if they are reared on history with the facts taken out, and literature so expurgated and neutralized that no sect, party, or school shall receive any shadow of blame. Or are we to believe that there have been no cruel priests, no erring nuns, no hypocritical or backsliding Christians of any sort? Or, supposing there have been such, are we to be afraid to say so? God, Himself, in His great book, has taught us better than that, how both history and poetry should be written.

As to the charge of immorality in the poem, there is nothing to be said that would not apply equally well to passages of Milton, the New Testament (not to speak of the Old), and I know not how many more of the purest and best works in the English language. Southey, Wrodsworth, and other pure-minded men have recorded their admiration of the poem, and neither they nor Jeffrey, and other great critics, have discovered this taint of impurity. It is fair to hold that the accusation is a mere afterthought, introduced to make out a case.

There are other aspects of the subject as it has come before the public, some of which have a political bearing, and I refrain, therefore, from discussing them; but I must say that I for one begin to doubt, and more and more, the wisdom of the change which has exposed our system of education to the embarrassments and disadvantages of being mixed up with all the party politics of the day. People say that the Minister of Education cannot do this, and must do that, because of his Grace the Catholic Archbishop, because of the Hon. Mr. Fraser, because of "the Catholic vote," and the rest of it. I join in no such cry; but nothing could well give more occasion for the complaint than this recent and most uncalled for prohibition of a valuable text-book, and this unwarranted dishonour done to the name and fame of one of the purest and most Catholic-minded of all the great authors in our noble English tongue.

METHODIST UNION.

We have observed, as a significant fact, that the great religious periodicals outside of Canada, such as the *New York Independent*, in commenting upon the late General Conference, confine their remarks, almost entirely, to its action with reference to the Methodist Union. This seems to outsiders by far the most important subject which came before the Conference. With this object the heartiest sympathy was uniformly expressed. We regret to notice, what seems to us, a change of sentiment in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, *The Canada Christian Advocate*, upon this subject, following the change of Editor. The genial and accomplished Dr. Stone, while not committing his Church in any unwarrantable degree to union, yet manifested his warm sympathy with the movement. We have been struck, with what appears to us, the evidence of a less friendly feeling towards this important matter, in the utterances of the new Editor. We hope we are mistaken.

We deem it a very grave responsibility to obstruct, in the least degree, a movement, which in its spontaneous and general manifestation seems to be evidently a providential occurrence, and a movement which must commend itself to the heart and mind of every well-wisher of our common Methodism. We trust that the important joint committee which is to meet during the month of November, in this city, will meet untrammelled by the traditions and hostilities of the past, and that by God's blessing it may be guided to such results as will most promote His glory and the prosperity of His Church in the future. To this end much prayer should be offered by the Church, and the most kindly relations and feelings should be cultivated. We rejoice that already union prayer-meetings and lovefeasts have been held with much advantage to all who have taken part in them. Let such meetings be multiplied.

We regard it as a very significant fact, that in a projected movement of such importance, and affecting such vast interests, so little opposition has been manifested. Only three or four adverse letters, so far as we have seen, have appeared in the pages of the leading journals, and these have been more than counterbalanced by the warm letters of endorsation of the movement which they called forth. On the principle that silence gives consent this seems to indicate almost complete unanimity of opinion.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1883.

Our arrangements for the ensuing year are not yet quite complete; but we confidently affirm that the MAGAZINE will be more deserving of the patronage of its readers than ever before. Never, not merely, in the history of this MAGAZINE, but in the history of periodical literature in this Dominion has so brilliant a galaxy of contributors been secured as we are able to announce. We are in correspondence with other distinguished writers and expect in our next number to announce additional names from among the foremost writers of this continent. Among the gentlemen who have kindly consented to furnish papers for the forthcoming volume are the following:—PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., one of the most brilliant writers of English living, who has free access to the foremost journals of the world. DR. DANIEL WILSON, F.R.S., President of Toronto University, who will, probably in the January number, contribute an article on the Native Indian Tribes of Canada. Dr. Wilson is one of the highest living authorities on all that pertains to the aboriginal tribes of this continent. DR. J. W. DAWSON, Principal of McGill College, Montreal, one of the leading Scientists of the day, and what few Scientists are, profoundly learned in Biblical criticism, will furnish one or more articles on the Relations of Science and Religion. We expect from the Rev. DR. McCOSH, Principal of Princeton University, and one of the ablest Theologians of the United States, an article of Biblical Exegisis; and also

contributions from the Rev. DR. GRANT, Principal of Queen's University, whose previous paper on Methodist Missions in the North-West was so highly appreciated; and from the Rev. DR. JACQUES, of Albert University, one of the most accomplished writers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. The Rev. J. C. ANTLIFF, M.A., B.D. Editor of the *Christian Journal*, organ of the Primitive Methodist Church, and the Rev. H. J. NOTT, Editor of the *Christian Observer*, of the Bible Christian Church, have also kindly promised contributions.

In addition to these, several of the foremost writers of our own Church have promised contributions, among them the Rev. Dr. JEFFERS, whose first article will probably be an exposition of the Eighth Chapter of Romans. The Rev. Dr. NELLES, who has so often enriched those pages with his valuable articles will contribute further articles of conspicuous interest. From the Rev. Dr. BURNS we expect an important paper on Christian Missions. The Rev. W. W. ROSS has promised a paper on the famous preacher, Robt. Hall; the Rev. E. A. STAFFORD, two papers on Wesley and Voltaire; the Rev. Prof. SHAW, one on the eccentric Vicar of Morwenstow. Contributions may also be expected from the Revs. DR. WILLIAMS, DR. DOUGLAS, DR. STEWART, J. LATHERN, W. A. NICOLSON, DAVID SAVAGE, HUGH JOHNSON, M.A., B.D., and DR. SUTHERLAND, and other able writers.

We have made arrangements for a series of articles of literary criticism on LEADING LIVING AUTHORS. These will be accompanied by fine portraits like those of Longfellow and Whittier, in recent nnmbers. Dr. STEVENSON, of Montreal, has promised to prepare the article on Tennyson; Rev. LEROY HOOKER that on Lowell; Prof. REYNAR, that on Lord Lytton; and Mrs. Dr. CASTLE, that on Mrs. Stowe. Other subjects of a similar character will also be treated.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

This department will be maintained with a fullness and richness not hitherto surpassed. The publisher has purchased the whole of the plates of Stanley's greatest book, "THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT"—a book which was the literary event of the season in which it was issued. It formed two bulky volumes of 1018 pages with about 150 engravings, many of them full page, and sold in the English edition for $12.50. Its high price necessarily restricted its sale in the colonies. We purpose condensing this remarkable narrative of discovery and adventure, into a series of chapters to be published in the MAGAZINE and illustrated by the greater number of the high-class engravings of that book.

Another recent issue of the press —probably the most notable of the past season—is Du Chaillu's "LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN;" a work which sells in two large volumes for $9. Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Harper & Bros., we will be enabled to give one or more articles, founded on this magnificent book, illustrated by a number of its handsomest engravings.

The Editor will contribute two or more papers on an "OLD COLONIAL PILGRIMAGE;" giving an account, with suitable illustrations, of a personal visit to several of the old colonial towns of the Atlantic sea coast, whose historic memories, dating as they do from pre-revolutionary times, possess for us all an abiding interest. Among the subjects to be thus treated are the ancient towns of Portsmouth; Newburyport—where we saw the tomb, the coffin, the very bones of Whitefield; Salem—with its witchcraft memories; Lynn; Plymouth—the landing place, in 1620, of the Pilgrim Fathers; Newport; Fairhaven; and Providence, founded in 1636 by Roger Williams.

Dr. A. Coleman, son of the Rev. Francis Coleman, of the London Conference, a graduate of Victoria University, and subsequently of the University of Breslau, in Silesia, where he was the only English-speaking student, has kindly consented to prepare one or more papers, under the title of "A CANADIAN IN NORWAY." He spent

several months and travelled several thousand miles in that romantic country, and had the fortune to be shipwrecked off North Cape, the most northern point in Europe. Dr. Coleman's exquisite paintings of Norwegian subjects, contributed to the Royal Canadian Academy exhibitions, prove him an artist of rare ability. We have hopes of having those papers illustrated by sketches from his own hand.

We will also present a fine series of *twenty-two engravings* of the romantic scenery of the WHITE MOUNTAINS, with sketches of Holiday Adventures in climbing Mount Lafayette, and other mountains of the Switzerland of America.

Two finely illustrated papers will be given on FIRE MOUNTAINS, giving an account, with scientific explanations, of the most famous volcanoes in the world. Handsomely illustrated papers on BRAZIL and FLORIDA, will also appear; as also papers which have been crowded out of the present volume on BIBLE LANDS, ITALIAN PICTURES, and the ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND, with engravings of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Holyrood, and Edinburg Castle.

Through pressure of work the Editor has not been able to complete his series of Life Sketches of MISSIONARY HEROES, of which the *Princeton Missionary Review* has spoken in terms of high commendation. But these will be resumed, and sketches of Dr. Morrison, the Apostle of China; Robert Moffat, and his distinguished son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone; Bishop Patteson, the Martyr of Melanesia; Dr. Duff; Dr. Judson, and other heroes of the mission-field, will be given, with numerous engraved illustrations.

One of the most attractive features of the year will be an intensely interesting Serial Story, by RUTH ELLIOTT, entitled "AT LAST; OR JAMES DARYL'S CONVERSION." "Ruth Elliott" is understood to have been the daughter of a Wesleyan Minister. Her books have been exceedingly successful. Of one of them the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference England, says: "He wished he could persuade every Christian in the land to buy that wonderful book —John Lyon." Of another, a leading English paper says: "It should be a familiar friend in every Protestant home." Of the one we propose to publish the London *Echo* says: "We have seldom read a more beautiful story." The Catholic *Freeman* calls it "a stirring and well-told tale." The Glasgow *Herald* says: "This beautiful story is one of the highest order, full of eloquence and earnestness, and of a pathos at times almost terrible in its religious intensity." The Rev. Dr. Parker, in the *Fountain* says of it: "One of the most powerfully written stories that has come into our hands for a long time. Few will read it without intellectual stimulus and spiritual profit." The late Dr. Punshon said of it, "I like it much. There is a sacred purpose never lost sight of. The conversation in old Donald's garret is worth the price of the volume." This story will run through the year and will be sure to be read with great pleasure and profit. It will take the place of the Serial Story which the Editor has heretofore written. His increasing duties so engross his time as to prevent the preparation of such story for 1883, which is the less necessary; as he has secured one so much better than he could hope to write.

The other departments of the MAGAZINE will be maintained with increased vigour. The CURRENT TOPICS will review the leading events of the day. The RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE will provide a permanent record of the passing history of our own and other Churches. The BOOK NOTICES will give concise *outlines*, and not mere opinions, of the leading issues of the press. We hope for the co-operation of our readers, and, especially of the ministers, to so extend the circulation of this MAGAZINE that it may be still further enlarged in size, and improved in character. With such a programme and premium as we announce we ought to double our circulation.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1883.

After examination of many books, the following has been selected as the most desirable that could be found for a premium to be given with the METHODIST MAGAZINE for 1883 :—

THE LIVES OF
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY,

BY JOHN WHITEHEAD, M.D.

To Dr. Whitehead, in conjunction with Dr. Coke and Henry Moore, John Wesley left, by will, all his manuscripts. From these this volume has been compiled. It is one of the most complete of the many lives of the Wesleys, and is a book that should be in every Methodist family. *This is a bulky volume of 572 closely printed pages, and contains as much reading matter as 800 pages of the Magazine.*

OUTLINE OF CONTENTS.

In a series of Sixteen Chapters the author gives a full history of the Wesley Family—John Wesley's distinguished ancestry, on both the father's and mother's side; the brilliant Dr. Annesley, the eccentric Samuel Wesley, and, above all, the saintly Susannah Wesley; also an account of John Wesley's brothers and sisters, interspersed with many interesting anecdotes and literary remains. The greater part of the book, however, is taken up with the life-story of Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism, and John Wesley its founder, the early family life of the illustrious brothers—Oxford Life—the Holy Club—the Georgia Experience—John Wesley's Evangelical Conversion—Field Preaching—Persecutions—Spread of Methodism—Closing Years—Death—Review of his Life and Writings—The Mission of Methodism. This is a partial outline of the contents of this valuable book.

It is well-bound in a handsome cloth cover, gilt lettered and inkstamped, and contains

A fine Steel Portrait of John Wesley.

In consequence of the large size and weight of this book—it weighs two pounds, and the postage alone is eight cents—it cannot be given for less than FORTY CENTS; but it will be furnished, post paid, for that amount, in addition to the regular subscription price, to all subscribers, old or new.

This is much the most valuable book ever given with the MAGAZINE, and is much cheaper at 40 cents than any previous premium at 30 cents.

Only one copy of this book will be given to any subscriber of the MAGAZINE.

METHODIST MAGAZINE, $2 a year; MAGAZINE and PREMIUM, $2.40. MAGAZINE and GUARDIAN, $3.50. MAGAZINE, GUARDIAN, and both premiums, $4.25.

Our clubbing arrangements with other periodicals will be continued as heretofore. *Harper's* and the *Century* (late *Scribner's*) *Magazine* $3 in addition to regular price of METHODIST MAGAZINE—full price $4. *Atlantic Monthly* $3.20—full price $4. *Littell's Living Age* $7—full price $8.

PRIZE ESSAY ON MISSIONS.

The wonderful results that have followed the self-denying labours of such devoted missionaries as Livingstone, Duff, and others, have awakened in the hearts of very many new interest in the spiritual welfare of the millions still dwelling in heathen darkness, and have led them to ask, when will the Church awaken to the need of grappling earnestly with Paganism in its many deadly forms, and of entering boldly and hopefully upon the field now open and awaiting the workers?

These questions, so pregnant with all that is of interest to the advancement of God's cause in the earth, have taken such a shape that the Board of Adjudicators, mentioned below, have been authorized to offer a prize of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS for the best Essay in English on the following subject, viz: "The Heathen World—Its Need of the Gospel and the Church's Obligation to Supply it."

The Essay should contain not less than 200 pages of 300 words on a page, and not more than 250 pages of 300 words.

The Essay should, if possible, consist of a number of chapters or sections, that, if deemed expedient, it may be published serially as well as in book form.

The following named gentlemen have consented to act as a Board of Adjudicators of Prize.—

Rev. W. Caven, D.D., *Principal of Knox College, Toronto.*

Rev. J. H. Castle, D.D., *President of Baptist College, Toronto.*

Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., *Professor of Apologetics, Wycliffe College, Toronto.*

Rev. H. D. Powis, *Pastor of Zion Congregational Church, Toronto.*

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., *Editor of* Canadian Methodist Magazine, *Toronto.*

The competition for the prize shall be open to any person residing in the Dominion of Canada, or Island of Newfoundland.

All Essays must be sent, post-paid, to Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Toronto.

The Essay should be legibly written on one side only of sheets numbered consecutively, and not larger than letter size. They should not be rolled or folded, but sent flat for convenience in reading.

The time for receiving such Essays shall expire at noon on the 15th of July, 1883. The name of the writer must not appear on the Essay, but, instead thereof, each Essay must bear some word or motto by which, after adjudication, its writer may be identified.

Each Essay must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the name and post-office address of the writer, and bearing on its cover the word or motto of identification inscribed on his Essay.

The award shall be rendered on or before the 15th day of October, 1883.

The successful Essay shall be the property of the Donor of the Prize, to be by him published in such a manner as he may deem expedient.

Payment of prize will be made by draft, payable to the order of the successful Essayist immediately on adjudication being declared.

Essays which fail to obtain the prize shall be the property of their writers, and will be returned to them if so desired.

The Board of Adjudicators reserve the right of determining whether any of the Essays come up to the standard which would entitle it to the Prize. Although failure in this respect is not anticipated, it is deemed expedient to provide for it should it occur.

For any further information apply to

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.,
Toronto.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

The Methodist Church of Canada.

Immediately on the rise of the General Conference, the Central Board of the Missionary Committee met in the Mission Rooms, Toronto, to make the appropriations for the current year. Most of the members of the Committee were present. The President of the General Conference, Dr. Rice, occupied the chair. Dr. W. J. Hunter acted as Minute Secretary, and A. J. Donly, Esq., was appointed Financial Secretary. A

great amount of business was transacted during the two days and nights that the Committee met. The writer of these notes was present and he can bear witness to the rigid manner in which all matters relating to finance were carefully inquired into. All were gratified with the increase of income of $25,000, and some thought that as there would be a still further increase during the current year, that larger appropriations might be made, but, the rule was strictly adhered too, not to appropriate more than the income of the past year.

During the first session the Rev. Geo. Young, D.D., was unanimously appointed General Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, and on entering the room, soon after his appointment, he was loudly cheered. He thanked the Committee for the honour thus conferred upon him, and remarked that it was a somewhat singular coincidence that he had received three mission appointments in that very room, first to Winnipeg, then 11 years after to Emerson, where there is now 100 members, and church property valued at $12,000, and now to the most onerous position of all, the General Superintendency of Missions in the North-West. Dr. Young, shortly afterwards left for the field of his toil, where he would spend some weeks, and then return and spend a considerable time in the Maritime Provinces, attending missionary meetings at the more important places. Dr. Young's appointment will, we feel sure, greatly further the niterest of the Mission cause, especially in the North-West, with which he has been so long identified.

No part of mission-work sooner becomes remunerative than in the North-West. From the reports received from all sections of that vast country, it is quite clear that the population is increasing at the most marvellous rate. Winnipeg District, until recently, required a large sum to sustain its missions, and now the said district sustains all the missions within its bounds, and also has a surplus to aid other missions.

To meet a pressing necessity, "The Mission-Church and Parsonage Aid Society," was established. Towards the objects of this fund $20,000 have been contributed conditionally, and it is intended to raise, at least, $50,000 in three years, which will be of immense value in Manitoba and the North-West.

A considerable sum of money is expended every year for house rent. The Committee urge the necessity of erecting parsonages at all Mission Stations. This is being done rapidly in the North-West, and should certainly be done more generally in the older fields. A large sum is also spent in removals, but the strictest economy is practised in this matter, when the bills of some missionaries were read, who had removed from Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces. Dr. Rice and others expressed the opinion that great economy had been practised.

To sustain the Missions in the vast field now occupied is no easy task, as the expense of living is very great. In some instances $19 is charged for a ton of coal, $3 for a bushel of oats; and yet the people on some of the mission-stations sometimes contribute an average of $18 per member to the church funds. One affecting fact was stated, that in British Columbia there are 50,000 Chinese and no missionary has yet been found to labour among them Surely this should not be.

There is a great demand for an increase of labourers everywhere. Manitoba and the North-West have an increase of 14 missionaries, but more are still wanted. Teachers and Interpreters are greatly needed in the Indian Mission Schools. As these notes are being prepared the Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, has sent out a request for several male teachers. He could employ, at least six suitable persons, who have 3rd class certificates, and are properly recommended. It is gratifying to know that the education imparted at Mount Elgin Institution meets the approval of the Indian Department in connection with the government of the country.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church held its

first annual meeting at Hamilton, during the sessions of the General Conference. The meeting was one of the most gratifying kind. The branch societies now number about 20, with a membership exceeding 800. Nearly $3,000 have been expended in aiding Japan and French Canadian Missions, and in giving help to the McDougall Orphanage, and the Crosby Home for Girls. A young lady, who has been a teacher in the Public Schools, Hamilton, has been appointed a female missionary to Japan, and it is hoped that accompanied by another lady, they will soon proceed to that country.

An exchange says that during the last 12 months 15 new Methodist churches have been built or commenced in New Brunswick.

Our brethren in the east are now making preparations for their centenary services. May they be eminently successful!

Mount Allison College has the honour of having one of its sons as the winner of the Gilchrist Scholarship, entitling the recipient, Mr. William Tweedie, son of a Methodist Minister, to the receipt of £100 for three years, during which he may further prosecute his studies, either at London or Edinburgh Universities.

We are glad to learn that Victoria University opens with a larger attendance of students than at any former period. The same is also true of the Wesleyan Theological College, at Montreal, and we believe of the Sackville University as well.

The Presbyterian Church of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. Cochrane, the convener of the Home Mission Committee, has lately visited British Columbia, in the interest of the Church. Professor McLaren has also visited the North-West, inspecting the work in that great country. A meeting of the Committee was recently held which was attended by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba, when he earnestly appealed for an increase of labourers. During the short time that Mr. Robertson has been Superintendent he has raised more than $100,000 for extending the Presbyterian Missions in Manitoba.

Those of our readers who heard the Rev Dr. McKay, of Formosa, when he visited his native land, will be glad to learn that his labours in that island are still yielding good fruit. When he went to Formosa the Saviour's name was not known, but now there are hundreds who are fearing God and working righteousness. He has established a college giving it the name of his native county in Ontario—Oxford; 1,500 persons were present at the opening in July last. Mandarins, converts, and foreign residents were there. British ensigns and Chinese flags floated on the occasion.

The Woman's Missionary Society in connection with this Church, and the Presbyterian Board of Missions in the United States, have during the last year raised the handsome of $178,180.

The Death Roll.

The Missionary death roll has been enriched with the names of the Rev. Thomas Hodson. He was the founder of the Methodist Mission in Mysore, where he laboured 14 years. The next ten he was stationed in various circuits in England; then he returned to India and spent 25 years more. Four years ago he became a superannuate, and died in September, having been 54 years a Wesleyan Minister.

In our own section of the Church there have been several deaths. The Rev. V. B. Howard, a Superannuated Minister, closed his eyes in great peace at Cobourg. He entered the ministry in 1832, but had lived in retirement for 23 years.

By the wreck of the *Asia*, during the dreadful storm, on the Georgian Bay, the Rev. R. James, Missionary at Seabright, found a watery grave, leaving a widow and three small children to mourn his loss.

A few days after the above sad disaster the Rev. S. Wilson was proceeding to his appointment, when his horse took fright and he was thrown from his carriage with such violence that death shortly afterwards released him from suffering,

On Sabbath, October 9th, the Rev. Ashton Fletcher, Supernumerary at Peterborough, was called to his long home.

The many friends in Canada of the Rev. Dr. Guard, of Baltimore, will regret to hear of his death. He was an Irish Wesleyan Preacher, who more than sustained the reputation of his country for brilliant loquence. He was for some years a Wesleyan Missionary in Africa, and for some ten or twelve years past has occupied some of the foremost pulpits of the United States. He lectured repeatedly in Canada, and was regarded as one of the ablest and most brilliant speakers who ever addressed a Canadian audience. It will be to many a keen regret that they shall never again hear the golden-mouthed eloquence of the great and gifted Thomas Guard. All these brethren were deservedly respected. They now rest from their labours and their works follow them.

Wesleyan Methodist.

At the close of the late Conference, which was held at Leeds, the President, the Rev. Chas. Garrett, found that he had on his "List of Reserve," the names of eighty young men who had been three years at the Theological Institutions, and yet no circuits could be found for them. He, therefore, made an appeal for funds to enable him to employ those young men as "Evangelists" for the year. In a short time the necessary funds were forthcoming, and now the whole number has been sent "about their Master's business." The President's appeal met with such a ready response, that he could easily have employed many more young men as "evangelists." The President calls for an advance all along the line—a Revival in every circuit. The late Conference set apart the Rev. T. Cook, to act as an Evangelist, which was certainly a new departure in Methodism. He has been labouring in Halifax, Bradford, and Bristol with great success, and at the time of writing these notes, he has gone to Liverpool, where it is hoped he will reap an abundant harvest. Methodism in England just now appears to be "Christianity in earnest." Methodism in England is very prolific of men. In addition to the foregoing, eleven candidates were despatched to Australasia, and five each to our Newfoundland and Nova Scotia Conferences.

The Rev. David Hill, who visited our General Conference, and took part at the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, in Centenary Church, is returning to China, where he has laboured for several years. He is a most self-denying brother. Being possessed of ample means, he could live in luxury, but he nobly sustains himself while performing his missionary labours, without any expense to the Society. He dressed in the garb of a Chinese Mandarin, and is beloved by those to whom he is known.

In India the Missionaries are labouring zealously, both as evangelists, and pastors, and teachers; and though their faith is often tried, they are not without evidences of Divine approval. Several native ministers are now employed who were once in the mission-schools. The orphanages which were established during the time of the Indian famine have become a powerful auxiliary in helping the spiritual work of the Mission.

In Ceylon, a boarding-school for girls is likely soon to be established by means of the Ladies' Committee, in London. The wives of the missionaries greatly assist their husbands, by teaching in the schools and in various labours among their own sex.

In South Africa, there have been extensive revivals in which hundreds are reported as having been brought into the way of salvation. New churches have also been erected, towards which liberal offerings have been given. In one place it is said that the membership has been trebled, and a new church to cost about $15,000 is in course of erection.

One Missionary describes a tour which he made to Dahomey, in Western Africa, where alas! bloody sacrifices are still being offered. The king follows many more cruel customs than were practised by his

predecessors, all of which are associated with human victims. In the course of a year it is believed that hundreds of his subjects are thus put to death. It is believed, that during the few years that Gelele has occupied the throne, that, at least, 4,000 prisoners of war have been put to death in cold blood. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.

The Rev. Wm. Gibson, Wesleyan Missionary, in Paris, France, has adopted a new method of evangelistic work about the French coast. He has a mission-boat in which he travels from point to point, accessible by water, holding service on board the vessel. He would commence by singing a hymn on the wharf and then invite the people on board, and at one place he told "the old, old story" to about 500 persons, and at another more than 2,000 surrounded the vessel as he spoke to them of Jesus and the Resurrection. He is full of hope for the future of France.

The Secretaries at the Mission House have sent out a circular asking that the income of the Missionary Society this year may be increased at least $20,000, for in no other way can the Society keep out of debt, and even with this amount of increase no new fields can be taken up, and appeals are constantly being made for Missionaries in India, China, and Central Africa.

The foundation stone of the Princess Alice Orphanage was laid at Birmingham, September 19th, by Mr. Samuel Jevins, son of the originator of the movement. This orphanage will be for the children of deceased Methodist parents. Mr. Jevins gave $50,000 towards the erection, and promised a further sum toward the maintenance of the institution. The Thanksgiving Fund Committee, appropriated a similar sum, and thus the Methodist Orphanage, bearing the name of Queen Victoria's deceased daughter, has become a grand fact.

Methodist Episcopal Church, United States.

This denomination, on an average, organized ten new Sunday-schools, dedicated fourteen new churches, and added two new parsonages each week during the year.

Bishop Hariss has been absent from home more than a year visiting the missions in South America, and some parts of Europe, and was neither detained in any part of his journey, nor prevented from taking any appointment which he had previously made. Just as Bishop Hariss returned home, Bishop Foster sailed to Europe, thence to Egypt and the Holy Land, where he will be accompanied by Dr. Reid, Missionary Secretary to India, where he will remain during the winter. and next summer will hold the Conferences in Europe.

The Rev. Wm. Taylor has issued another missionary volume, chiefly devoted to the "Self-supporting Missions in India. He has made 60 long voyages in the prosecution of his great work. He believes that God has given him "an additional lease of 25 years to his life." He hopes to visit India again.

The Rev. W. Butler, D.D., it will be remembered was the founder of the missions in India, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He witnessed many of the horrors of the Sepoy Rebellion, some of which he has described in his book on India. From the time that Dr. Butler was a student under Dr. Hannah at Didsbury, he has been an energetic Methodist Minister, and has been honoured more than many, in establishing missions, both in India and Mexico. He has long desired to revisit India, and Chaplain McCabe has promised that the necessary funds shall be forthcoming next summer.

Dr. Maclay writes:—The condition and prospects of Japan seem to me to be better than when I left the country on my recent furlough. The financial situation is improved, industries are developing satisfactorily, trade is increasing, and the government is apparently strongly intrenched in the loyalty of the people.

It is also stated that a large proportion of the Japanese who went to

America for education became Christians, but not a single instance was known of one who had gone to Germany, France, or England, becoming a Christian.

At Oswego, New York, under the labours of Mrs. Van Cott, 500 conversions are reported.

A Chickasaw Indian proposes to pay half of the cost of Testaments to supply the school children of that tribe. The American British Society has forwarded him a box of 500 Testaments, which he is now distributing. The fact is noted also, that he is not a professor of religion.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Vicar of Morwenstow: A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A. By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A. Third American edition. Cr. 8vo. pp. 312. New York: Thos. Whittaker. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Paper 50 cts.

This book may well be bracketed with the next, as it treats largely of the same localities and the same subjects. But it has the additional interest of being solid fact, stranger than fiction, and of superior literary merit. The vicar of Morwenstow was one of the extraordinary characters of whom we ever read. His grandfather, Dr. Hawker, was author of that noble hymn, "Lord Dismiss us With Thy Blessing," and one of young Hawker's early exploits was an improved version of his grandfather's hymn, which the old gentleman did not at all appreciate. Robert was an incorrigable boy, full of pranks and practical jokes—as for instance, painting the doctor's horse like a zebra, and sending a message demanding his presence, post haste at a distance, and the like.

Another of his absurd tricks was dressing himself up—or rather undressing himself—like a mermaid, and sitting on a rock, in the moonlight, singing night after night, till hundreds of people came from the neighbouring villages to see the wonder. He then finished the performance by singing "God save the King," and plunging into the sea.

His father, who was a poor curate, told the boy in his twentieth year that he could no longer keep him at college. The impetuous youth rushed off, without his hat, and proposed marriage to a lady of fortune, a year older than his mother.

He was ordained deacon at twenty-five, but continued as eccentric as ever. He had a black pig, "Gyp," which accompanied him on his pastoral visits, even into ladies' parlours. The legend of Morwenna, an old Cornish Saint, dating back a thousand years—the patron saint of Morwenstow—forms a charming episode in the book. In personal attire the eccentric vicar was probably one of the oddest figures ever seen. "At first, soon after his induction to Morwenstow, he wore his cassock, but in time abandoned this inconvenient garb, in which he found it impossible to scramble about the cliffs. He then adopted a claret-coloured coat with long tails. He had the greatest aversion to anything black; the only black things he would wear were his boots. These claret-coloured coats would button over the breast, but were generally worn open, displaying beneath a kitted blue fisherman's jersey. At his side, just were the Lord's side was pierced, a little red cross was woven into the jersey." Pink and claret were the only colours he would tolerate in his hats, and he always removed the brims from even his beaver hats, to imitate, he said, the Armenian archimandrites. His gloves, which he wore incessantly, were bright scarlet. He used to wear a yellow poncho, or blanket, with a hole cut in it, and ride around on a mule, the only fitting beast, he said, for a churchman. He used to be attended to church by nine pet

cats, which careered around the chancel, while he performed service. He was as fond of birds as St. Francis and used to say, "*ubi aves ibi angeli*," He did much to suppress the wrecking and smuggling propensities of the Cornishmen, and many are the stirring tales told of wrecks and rescues on that stormy coast. He buried in the parish churchyard forty-four bodies rescued from the sea.

Many queer stories are told illustrating the habits of the rural clergy in the last century. One fox-hunting parson was surprised by a call from his bishop, just as he was about to ride to the "meet." Rushing up stairs he jumped into bed, red-coat, boots, and all; "Tell his lordship," he said, "I'm cruel bad with scarlet fever, a very aggravated case."

Like Sidney Smith, whom he resembled in wit, Mr. Hawker was a "good hater," and he most cordially hated the Methodists — not the Wesleyans as much as the "Bryanites." Yet his kind heart prompted him to teach Greek and Latin to a Wesleyan probationer, and he used to invite Dissenters to dine with him, because they would never meet in the next world. He tells some of the most absurd and monstrous stories about the early Methodists, that even he himself could not have believed. But he could believe a great deal and seemed thoroughly saturated with the old Cornish superstitions.

One of the most striking traits of the vicar was his remarkable poetic ability. His long poem on the "Quest of the Sangreal," antedates, we believe, Tennyson's "Arthurian Cycle." Hawker lived in the very heart of King Arthur's country, and he was full of admiration for the noble legends of the "bl- meless king."

"The Song of the Western Men," mingling martial defiance and the picturesque folk-spirit, is of the same kind as the famous border minstrelsy. "The Silent Tower of Bottreaux," with its solemn refrain—

"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last,"

reminds one of Charles Kingsley, and is embalmed in song like that singer's best verse. Kingsley, by the way, was a friend of Hawker's, and the two had some points of striking resemblance. Tennyson also used to visit him in his Cornish home, and it was Hawker who directed him into the channel of some of his most famous productions. He was master of a biting sarcasm, as seen in the followlng lines from the "Carol of the Pruss," January 1st, 1871.

"No sigh is so sweet as the cannon's breath,
No music like to the gun!
There's a merry Christmas to war and death,
And a happy New Year to none.
Thus saith the king to the echoing hall:
With the blessing of God we will slay them all."

The specimens of his sermons and other prose writings given, are in the loftiest vein of classic eloquence. His keen sympathy for the poor and lavish charity are among his most amiable traits. He nursed his venerable wife with the utmost devotion through a long illness, and after a considerable lapse of time he married a young Polish lady. She was a devoted Romanist, and when her husband was stricken down with paralysis, she had him, when in an unconscious state, admitted to the Church of Rome by clinical baptism, and at the same time the Romish Sacraments of Penance, Extreme Unction, and Communion were administered in succession. Two days later he was buried at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, of Plymouth, instead of, as he had always wished, beneath the walls of the old church of St. Morwenna, of which he had been vicar for forty-one years. So remarkable a character deserves a fuller study than we can give it here. We hope that it shall receive fuller justice in these pages from a competent pen.

It is a curious coincidence that the compositor who put in type the above notice knew Mr. Hawker very well, and was in Plymouth at the time of his death.

The Watchers of the Longships: A Tale of Cornwall in the Last Century. By JAS. T. COBB, F.R.G.S. From the Eighth London Edition. Cr. 8vo. 361 pages. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a remarkable picture of Cornish life and character. The principal incidents of the story are historical. The first light-house was erected on the Longship's Rock, as narrated, in 1795. The fisher-folk were intensely hostile to it as an infringement on their custom of wrecking. They kidnapped the keeper, but to their chargin his little daughter kept the lamp alight through a storm till he was released; and this, notwithstanding the fact that an earlier keeper had been so terrified by a storm that his hair turned white in a single night. The story abounds in stirring incidents of kidnapping sailors for the navy by a press gang, of sea fights with French, of wrecks upon the Cornish coast, of the heroic rescue of shipwrecked sailors by a brave parson, who rode his horse again and again into the sea till he lost his life in saving others. The persecution which the poor Methodists encountered, on ship and shore, are vividly described, and the beneficent results of Wesley's influence on the barbarous wreckers and smugglers of the Cornish coast. The word Methodist, however, is used as a term of reproach for any religious person, whether Churchman or Dissenter. The book is thoroug' ' evangelical in spirit, and the fact of this being its ninth edition is proof of its popularity.

The Sociable, the Entertainment, and the Bazaar. By the Rev. ALFRED E. MYERS. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; pp. 61. Price 10c.

The writer of this pamphlet brings a heavy indictment against especially the popular church entertainments and bazaar. He shows that, as these are often conducted, they undermine the spirituality of the Church, demoralize the Christian character of its members, and degrade it before the world. In the attack on the Church Sociable we have not so much sympathy, but on the other counts we think he is right, as we shall endeavour to show by ample quotations in an early number.

The Great Revival of the Eighteenth Century. By The Rev. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. With a chapter on the Revival in America. Appendix and Index 12mo. pp. 329. Numerous illustrations. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, gilt, cloth, $1,25.

This is a book that ought to be in every Methodist household and every Methodist Sunday-School. It is a concise and graphic story of the greatest religious movement, next to the Reformation, of modern times. In a series of vivid chapters originally written for a widely circulated magazine, the Rev. E. P. Hood sketches the deplorable moral condition of England before the Wesleyan Revival—the "darkness before the dawn." Even the clergy were often irreligious and profligate. When reproved by his bishop for his drunkenness, one of them replied indignantly: "But, my lord, I was never drunk *upon duty*." "When is a clergyman not upon duty?" was the reply. "The First Streaks of Dawn," is the title of a chapter sketching the influence of Watts, Doddridge, and others, who anticipated the great revival by their holy lives and labours.

In a chapter on Old Lights and New Lanterns, the author tells the story of the Holy Club, and then he tells how these godly men were cast out from the Church. "Sir," said Bishop Lavington to Thompson, Vicar of St. Gonnys, "if you pursue these practices I will strip your gown from off you." "My lord, I can preach without a gown," was the undaunted reply, and he laid the gown at his lordship's feet.

Other chapters are, The Singers of the Revival, Lay Preacing, Revivalist Portraits, with sketches of Berridge, Grimshaw, Venn, Ingham, Walker, Romaine, and glorious John Newton, the ex-slaver. "I was a

wild beast on the coast of Africa," he said, "but the Lord caught me and tamed me, and now you come to see me as people go to see the lions in the Tower." Then follow sketches of the Clapham Sect, of Robt. Raikes and the Sunday School movement, of Silas Told and John Nelson, of the origin of the Bible Society, and the Missionary Societies, and Methodism in America, the glorious aftermath of the Great Revival; Engravings of the old Foundry, Epworth, Gwenap Pit, the Wesley monument in Westminster Abbey, and many portraits embellish the book.

Antinous, a Romance of Ancient Rome. By GEO. TAYLOR. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD; pp. 343. New York, Wm. S. Gottsberger. Cloth 90c., paper 50c.

Eliane. By Mme. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN. From the French by Lady GEORGINA FULLARTON; pp. 340. Same publisher, same price.

Few things are more characteristic of the widening culture of the times than the interest manifested in foreign literature, not merely in the great poets of Italy and Germany, but in the romance and folk lore of Poland, Russia, France, Spain, and the revived classic life of Rome, Greece, and even Egypt. The publisher of these books seems to make this library of foreign authors a specialty for his catalogue contains a large number of the leading foreign writers of the time.

There is no more difficult task than to attempt to reconstruct the dead and buried life of Greece or Rome in the form of an historical tale. Yet in no way, if it be well done, can such light be thrown on the remote past, and in no way can we realize its character as in studying the pages of such masters of erudition as Professor Ebers and George Taylor.

In the galleries of Italy no busts are more frequently met than those of Hadrian and Antinous. Few are more stern than the one, and more beautiful or more melancholy than the other. In this book the author has endeavoured to explain the relations between the Emperor and his Bythinian favourite. It is painful, it is pitiful, to follow the earnest efforts of the beautiful youth, groping after God, if haply he may find him, amid the mysteries of Mithras and of Isis—turning away disappointed and saddened from the beautiful myths and statues of the dieties of Olympus to the cat-headed and dog-headed bestial gods of Egypt—and there were many such weary hearts in that dying ancient world. Hadrian seems the sneering cynic without faith in any of the Gods, yet rendering servile homage to them all. We have a vivid picture, from a pagan point of view, of the Church of the second century; of its nascent corruptions, of the noble heroism of its martyrs, of the human weakness of the unworthy and the false. Two strongly contrasted characters are the old pagan Suetonius and the Christian martyr, Hermes Pastor. The account of the conflict in the Flavian Amphitheatre makes the desolate old ruin buz, and hum, and ring again, with excitement and passion. We know no such vivid reproduction of old Roman life in any historic page.

The second book mentioned is the direct antithesis of the first. It depicts the complex social life of our own time. It treats not of great world wide interests—the rise and fall of empires, the death struggles of old and the birth pangs of new faiths. Its interest is domestic—the personal relations of individuals. It gives what only those who have lived intimately with the better class of French society can give, a picture of French home life, its unsentimental marriage system, often accompanied, nevertheless, by much domestic affection and happiness, and simple piety and moral heroism. Outside the fevered atmosphere of Paris there must be a world of kindly hearts and happy homes and moral lives, of which such books as this gives us pleasant pictures. Were it not for such homes and lives the social fabric would soon fall to pieces.

Memoir of Daniel Macmillan. By THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C. London: Macmillan, & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 308 pages.

This is the record of a remarkable life. Daniel Macmillan was the son of a poor tacksman, or farm steward, in the Island of Arran, the tenth child in a family of twelve. Daniel, left fatherless at ten years of age, is apprenticed to a bookbinder, at 1s. 6d. a week the first year, with a rise of a shilling a week for five successive years. He goes to Glasgow, to London, to Cambridge, practising the most rigid economy, working hard from early till late for meagre salary, hungering for knowledge more than for food, often enjoying the luxury of a book that cost a meal. *Dying at the early age of forty-four* he had founded a great publishing house now renowned throughout the world. He had become the intimate friend of Kingsley, Archdeacon Hare, Maurice, and some of the leading writers of England. The story shows what indomitable will can do, in spite of poverty, defective early training, wretched health, and many obstacles. For four and twenty years he stood daily face to face with death. But the crown and glory of his character is his Christian principal. As his biographer say, "It shows how a belief of the old Pauline kind may lay hold of a man of strong character, and of naturally questioning intellect, and can bear him triumphantly through a life of poverty and trouble, of constant bodily pain and mental anxiety."

One of the most beautiful traits of Daniel Macmillan's character is his impassioned love for his mother. "I know her as well as son ever knew parent," he writes when a man, "and my persuasion is that she is the most perfect lady in all Scotland. Was there ever a lady who so instinctively did what was right in all cases? No one heard her say or knew her do a mean thing. I think she had one of the finest, I mean, the most refined, minds I ever came in contact with." This noble woman, the wife and widow of a poor peasant, doing all household work with her own hands, with only the most scanty leisure for reading and society, so impressed herself upon her son that she moulded his life, and on his death-bed her image was still *uppermost in his mind.*

The book abounds in much pleasant literary gossip, and with sketches and letters of some of the leading writers of England.

The Secret of Power and other Sermons. By ALEX. MACLAREN, D.D. Fcap. 8 vo. 328 pages. New York: Macmillan & Co., and the Methodist Book-Rooms Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1 25.

Dr. Maclaren is one of the most able and popular preachers of the City of Manchester. He is much in request for the anniversary occasions of the great religious bodies. The first of these sermons, for instance, was preached before the London Missionary Society; the second before the Wesleyan Missionary Society; the third before the Baptist Missionary Society; the fourth before the National Bible Society of Scotland; the fifth before the Congregational Union. The sermons are worthy of the occasions on which they were preached. They are marked by ripeness of thought, freshness of utterance, and spirituality of tone. It is an encouraging sign of the times, when a series of volumes of such sermons as these reaches a third, a fourth, and even a sixth edition.

A Fruitful Life: A Narrative of the Experiences and Missionary Labours of Stephen Paxon, Missionary of the American Sunday-school Union. By his daughter B. PAXON DRURY. 220 pages, with portraits and illustrations. Philadelphia: The American S. S. Union, and Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.25.

This book is an extraordinary record of what God can accomplish through very unpromising agencies. Stephen Paxon was born to poverty in the heart of Ohio, in 1808. Early left an orphan, he was apprenticed to a farmer with the condition that he should be sent to school

three months in the year. But he stammered so that he was sent home to learn to talk before he should come to school. He became afflicted with lameness and had to leave the farm and learn hat-making. He learned to read by asking the names of the letters on the street signs. Having served his time, he started out with seventeen cents in his pocket to see the world. He wandered from State to State, and one day came to a wide stream. The ferryman was absent, so he beckoned to a comely girl in a boat to row him over. It was a case of "love at first sight," and in a few months, in spite of obstacles, they were married. After some years he moved to Illinois and prospered in business. One day his little daughter asked him to go to Sunday-school. "I want you to teach a class," said the Superintendent. "No, indeed," was the reply. "Those boys know more than I do." "Tell us all you know," said one of the boys, "and we will tell you all we know." Thus was given to the Sunday-school one of the most efficient workers of the age. Fired with a holy zeal, he went from school-house to school-house starting Sunday-schools. In 1846 he summoned the first County S. S. Convention ever held. By dint of effort he overcame his stammering tongue and became eloquent in the cause of Sunday-schools. He gave up business, put his family on a bush farm, and became travelling agent for the S.S. Union, on a salary of $1 per day. The religious destitution of the people was distressing. "Nobody has died for sinners in our neighbourhood," said a fourteen year old boy, "leastways, I never hearn tell of it." For forty years Paxon ranged throughout the Mississippi Valley, travelling with his good horse "Robert Raikes," a distance equal to thrice the circuit of the earth, founding 1,300 Sunday-schools, from which have grown many hundred churches, and later, electrifying, in spite of his imperfect grammar, the most cultured audiences of New York and Philadelphia, and doing a work for the great West such as no other man has ever done. This life-story is one of fascinating interest, and the incidents recorded range from the intensely pathetic to the irresistibly comic. It is a book that should be in every Sunday-school library in the land.

Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains. By Mrs. M. A. LAUDER. 12mo., Cloth $1.50. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs.

We had the pleasure of reviewing this admirable collection of German folk-stories on their first appearance. We are glad to learn that they have been such a literary success. We rejoice the more thereat for we regard the commendation it has received abroad as a tribute to Canadian literature. We have pleasure in quoting a few of many flattering criticisms by high-class literary journals.

In this neat little volume—dedicated by special permission to the young Queen Margherita, of Italy—Mrs. Lauder has collected about seventy of the most interesting stories and legends current in Germany about the doings of dwellers in the great Harz Mountains in the olden times. The narratives of daring adventure, love, and wondrous doings, are related in appropriately simple terms, and these are sure to find many charmed readers, especially among young people. Though Mrs. Lauder has not gone out of her way to adorn the stories—which was wise—she has supplied explanatory notes, which will be valued by readers unacquainted with Germany and the German language.—*Liverpool Daily Courier.*

Mrs. Lauder has made a collection of every species of tale, supernatural or not, long or short, which can in any way be attached to the Harz Mountains. Some are undoubtedly legends, some are mere anecdotes, and not a few are apparently historical tales of the writer's own invention. . . . . The child is to be envied who learns to read from such a collection.—*The Saturday Review.*

Is a collection of quaint traditions connected with the district of the

Harz. The stories, of course, vary widely in their character. Someare sweet and pleasant, refreshing to the reader as is an oasis in the midst of a rugged forest to the weary traveller; others are wild and stern, like the region that gave them birth. —*Dundee Advertizer.*

Appleton's General Guide to the United States and Canada, with Railway Maps, Plans of Cities, and Illustrations. Part I. New England and Middle States and Canada. Newand Revised edition, 12mo, pp. 271. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: N. Ure & Co., and Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00

Absence from home has prevented an earlier notice of this admirable Guide-Book. It is the most compact and useful guide-book for the Northern part of this continent, extant, and we know them all. All the important cities and routes of travel in Canada, New England, and the Middle States, are minutely described in it; also railway and steamboat fares, hotel rates, cab rates—everything the tourist wants to know, is given; objects of special literary, historic, or picturesque interest are specially noted. Folding maps of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Montreal, and Quebec, and of the United States and Canada, and numerous engravings enhance the value and interest of the book. It is of convenient pocket size.

Songs of a Semite; The Dance to Death and other Poems. By EMMA LAZARUS, 8vo, pp. 8vo. New York: American Hebrew Publishing Co. Price, paper, 25 cents.

This is a volume of unique interest. A daughter of Israel sings the sorrows of her people, with something of the spirit with which her ancestors in Babylon wept as they remembered Zion. The first and longest poem is a grim tragedy of the Middle Ages, which doubtless had more than one counterpart in the Ghetto or Judengasse of Frankfort, Rome, or Seville. It is of the persecution unto death of the Jewish population of Nordhausen in the fourteenth century, under the pretext that they poisoned the wells and spread the Black Death, but in reality to gratify Christian revenge, and greed, and hate. The scene in which the victims chanted the Psalms of David amid the flames of martyrdom is one of strange power. Many of the shorter poems have a similar *motif,* notably one entitled "The Crowing of the Red Cock," by which is meant the kindling of the Russian fires of persecution in our own time, with the fine conclusion.

"The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is—to forget."

Probably the malignity of hatred of the Jews was nowhere stronger than in Spain and Malta, as is illustrated by two striking poems.

Important Notice.—Ministers who are accustomed to forward orders for *Guardian,* MAGAZINE, Premiums, or any of the other periodicals, and do not forward the amount with the order, but remit for the same afterwards, will greatly lessen the liability to make mistakes, and save a great deal of trouble if they will remember the following:—*Never duplicate an order.* If you have ordered the periodicals and did not pay for them at the time, they are now charged in your account, and it is only necessary to say that the amount sent is to be credited to your Book Account. If your order has not been filled as you wanted it, ask us to refer to the order again and mention where we have erred. Always distinguish *new* subscribers from the *old.* The kind attention of friends to this respectful request will greatly help in keeping accurately this important department of the Book and Publishing House.