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THE
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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Adelina. Mrs. Elizabeth M. Howland.....	547
Andrew Cargill's Confession. Mrs. A. E. Barr.....	356
Balloons and Ballooning.....	17
Book Notices.....	91, 188, 285, 381, 478, 573
Christian Unity. Hon. Senator Macdonald.....	45
Count Tolstoi.....	478
Current Topics.....	373, 472
Draxy Miller's Dowry. Saxe Holm.....	168, 260, 343, 444
Flemish Pictures. Editor.....	97
German Fatherland, In the. Rev. S. D. Green, D.D.....	210
" " " Editor.....	297
Gibraltar.....	285
Growth of Methodism in Canadian Cities. Editor.....	472
Higher Life, The. Rev. W. S. Blackstock.....	177, 366, 466
Holland and Its People. Rev. S. P. Rose.....	385, 487
How John Wesley Spent New Year's Day for Fifty Years. Late Rev. George John Stevenson, M.A.....	59
Jesuit Question, The. Editor.....	373, 473
John Bright. Editor.....	474
Jonathan Yeadon's Justification. Mrs. A. E. Barr.....	65
Life in Modern Palestine.....	1
London, The Greatness of.....	115
Memories of the Crusade.....	287
Methodism in Great Britain. Rev. Dr. Stewart.....	160, 251, 517
Methodist Itinerancy, The. Dr. Carman.....	310, 421, 517
Monks, The Mountain of the. Rev. John Telford, B.A.....	504
Moral Freedom of Man, The. Prof. Goldwin Smith.....	221
My Confession.....	478
New Year Readings.....	80
One Wrong Step. Mrs. A. E. Barr.....	458, 559
On Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Pro- gress. Prof. Goldwin Smith.....	31, 128
Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto, etc. Hon. Senator Macdonald.....	142, 229, 322, 413, 526
Religious Intelligence. Rev. E. Barrass, M.A.....	88, 185, 282, 376, 474, 569
Republic of God, The.....	188
Round About England.....	392
Sam Naylor. Mrs. A. E. Barr.....	270
Shakespeare, Etchings of. Rev. S. B. Dunn.....	52, 154, 245, 330, 437, 537

	PAGE
Solo, The.....	29
Studies in Art.....	404, 497
The Scott Act Repeals. Editor.....	473
Through Normandy.	193
Tractarian Movement, The. Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D.....	238
Underground City, The. Rev. A. W. Nicolson	337, 432
University Federation.....	84
Vagabond Vignettes. Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B.A.....	106, 203, 289, 481

POETRY.

Angels, How Do You Keep Easter. Mrs. A. E. Barr.....	342
At the Stroke of Midnight. Mrs. E. Barr.....	58
Beatrice Portinari. Mary S. Daniels.....	391
Canadian National Anthem. Rev. LeRoy Hooker.....	457
Christi Passio. W. H. C. Kerr, M.A., Toronto.....	309
Death.....	420
Easter Cross, The. Carl Spencer.....	329
February Simile, A.....	153
Good Friday. Rev. R. Walter Wright.....	321
Humility. Wordsworth.....	486
Hymn for the Closing Year. Samuel V. Cole.....	80
In Perfect Peace.....	228
I Shall be Satisfied. Rev. J. C. Seymour.....	431
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. W. H. C. Kerr, M.A., Toronto.....	516
June Bird-Song, A. Rev. R. Walter Wright.....	569
Laus Christo. Rev. T. Cleworth.....	412
Life's Tapestry. Dora Greenwell.....	220
Love of God, The. Saxe Holm.....	141
New Year's Hymn. Francis B. Wheeler.....	44
New Year's Lesson, The. Georgiana Craik.....	64
Old and New Year, The. By S. W. Partridge.....	30
Peace. C. W. Willis.....	443
Resurrection Morn, The. William D. Udell.....	355
Shaping the Future. John G. Whittier.....	568
Snow-Flakes. Longfellow.....	127
The Greatest of these is Charity.....	259
Thoughts for the Thoughtful. L. A. Bennett.....	436
Via Crucis.....	496
Wolves, The. Francis Gerry Fairfield.....	546



A WINTER MORNING'S WALK.

THE Methodist Magazine.

JANUARY, 1889.

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"LIFE IN MODERN PALESTINE."\*



NATIVE TYPES IN MODERN PALESTINE.

THREE years' residence at the foot and on the summit of Mount Carmel furnished our author with the necessary facilities for accumulating information as to the social condition and religious beliefs and practices of the various classes, native and colonial, who secure their livelihood from the fruitful plains and mountain slopes west of the Jordan. The modern tourist, hurried along over the ordinary routes, sees but little of the natural resources of

\* *Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine.* By Laurence Oliphant. Blackwood & Sons. We abridge this article, in part from a paper by the Rev. J. ALDRED, in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.—ED.

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what was "a land flowing with milk and honey:" he diligently believes all that the mendacious guides are pleased to tell him, and, with his eyes full of the glamour of olden days, overlooks the real condition of the land--its boundless natural fertility, "the excellency of Carmel and Sharon," and the many-coloured views of human life and enterprise existing on that sacred soil to-day.

Our author has had the advantage of living among the people from day to day, apparently on the best terms; and of leisurely wandering from his permanent home at Haifa, or summer-house on the top of Carmel, through all the region round about; seeing with his own eyes and gathering information of the past or present from the carved stones of ancient ruins, or from personal and friendly contact with powerful sheiks and down-trodden *fellahin*.

Under the influence of several large landowners, or by the exertions of certain colonies of Jews and foreigners, the cultivation of the arable lands is extending from many centres. Nearly the whole plain of Esdraelon, for instance, is now divided between the Sultan, who has recently secured a good slice of its eastern portion, and a wealthy firm of Syrian bankers, who have, little by little, purchased almost all the villages and lands extending from the Nazareth hills to the sea; drawing an income therefrom of two hundred thousand dollars a-year, but, alas! exercising a despotic power over the five thousand *fellahin*, out of whose toil they wring their immense profits. In Haifa and its neighbourhood the value of the land has increased threefold within the last five years; and the population has doubled, with a corresponding growth of import and export trade. The restless and predatory Bedouins are being steadily pushed east of the Jordan; the few still remaining on the southern margin of the plain are all reduced to subjection by inexorable landlords, who charge exorbitant rents for the ground upon which their black tents are pitched, and force them to pay in hard cash or go thence. Greater, indeed almost absolute, security has consequently come to the villagers; and to-day the plain of Esdraelon is "like a green lake of waving wheat, with its village-crowned mounds rising from it like islands; and it presents one of the most striking pictures of luxuriant fertility which it is possible to conceive."

Among the foreign elements which affect the welfare of the country is a religious body called *The Temple Society*, which has a thousand of its members established as colonists at Haifa



Jaffa, Saron and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. For twelve years the colonists struggled with the unwilling government for the legalization of the titles to their lands, but though almost entirely men of moderate means, they have succeeded in establishing their rights; the time of weary contest with a rotten government and thieving tax-gatherers is now happily past, and its largest settlement holds its seven hundred acres of fine arable and vine lands beneath the shadow of Carmel; and with its white stone houses set in the midst of trim gardens and cultivated fields,



PLOUGHING IN PALESTINE.

presents a singular bit of Western civilization and enterprise amidst semi-barbarous surroundings. The effect of the presence of these sturdy German farmers and craftsmen upon the neighbourhood and population is very marked; new stone houses have sprung up in all directions; omnibuses, owned and driven by natives, run several times a day along the ten miles of firm sea-beach between Haifa and Acre, the capital of the province; and the colonists have themselves constructed a carriage road to Nazareth, twenty-two miles away, at an expenditure of about one thousand dollars.

“Fifteen years ago any one venturing outside the town after night-fall was certain to be waylaid and robbed; now the ways are as safe at all hours as in Western lands. The contrast between the influence of the colonists and the monks of the monastery on Mount Carmel is very striking and significant. “When we remember that the Carmelite monks have held the mountain for seven hundred years, and compare their influence over the native population with that which these honest Germans have acquired by simple example during less than fifteen, we have a striking illustration of the superiority of practice to preaching. Their whole effort has been to commend their Christianity by scrupulous honesty in their dealings, by the harmony and simplicity of their conduct, and by the active industry of their lives.”

Of deeper interest, perhaps, is the existence of some seven or eight Jewish colonies which have succeeded in establishing themselves in the land of their forefathers in spite of huge difficulties persistently thrown in their way by the government. They are composed of Russian and Roumanian refugees, who, seeking to escape from the injustice and persecution they suffered in these countries, have turned in hope to their ancient inheritance; and, singularly enough, they have been assisted in their purpose by the very governments which oppressed them. Some five thousand Russian pilgrims visit Jerusalem annually, finding accommodation in the extensive premises belonging to the Russian Government, which is a sort of Russian suburb to the Holy City. Not a Russian pilgrim visits Jerusalem who does not hope that he may live to see the day when it will become a Russian city, and who does not long for a call to a holy war, the object of which should be the exclusive possession by Russia of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the city in which it stands.

Meanwhile the Porte, becoming alarmed at the threatened extensive immigration into the country, recently issued an imperial decree forbidding the settlement of Jews under any condition whatever, and calling upon the provincial authorities to rigorously enforce the law of exclusion in regard to any persisting in establishing themselves there. At the same time all foreigners of whatever nationality have a treaty-right to settle in Palestine, so the Porte is faced by the difficulty of either departing from treaty engagements with Western governments, or submitting to Russia exercising an ever-widening protectorate over the continuously increasing number of Russian subjects locating themselves where their presence is forbidden and dreaded. What the

ultimate issue will be, and what formidable part Palestine may eventually play in the vexed Eastern question, remains to be seen. It is satisfactory to find that Jewish colonists can succeed as agriculturists, and that they blend amicably with the native

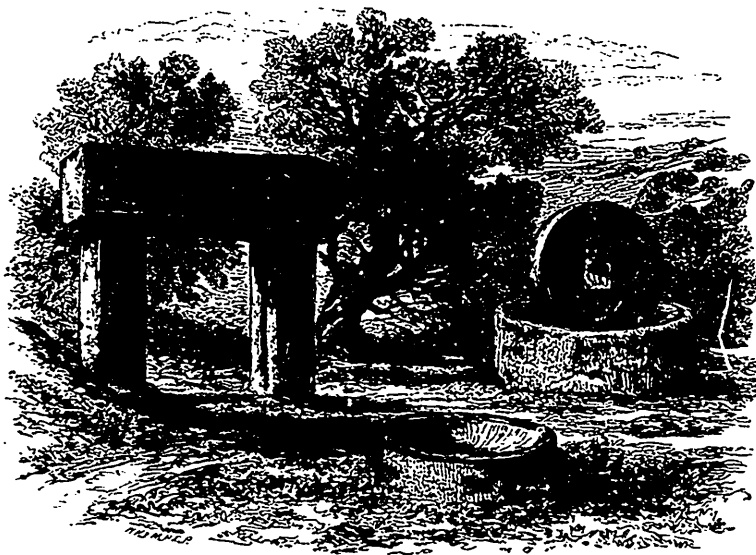
THRRESHING IN PALESTINE.



population; for on the thousand acres of the Jewish settlement on the southern slopes of Carmel, they and the Moslem fellahin are associated in working the estate.

The ruins of Cæsarea are now occupied by a band of refugees

from Bosnia and Herzegovina, who have obtained them and the surrounding land from the government as the nucleus of a new colony—the vanguard of a larger migration which is to follow. The new town is to be built upon the ruins of the old; so the “Schliemann of a future age will find here the traces of five successive epochs of civilization.” Under the buildings now being erected lie the remains of the fortress and wall built by the Crusaders; a lower stratum is composed of materials which recall Mohammedan and Byzantine periods; and underneath all, the carved marbles and tessellated pavements of Rome, by which



OLIVE TREE AND OIL PRESS.

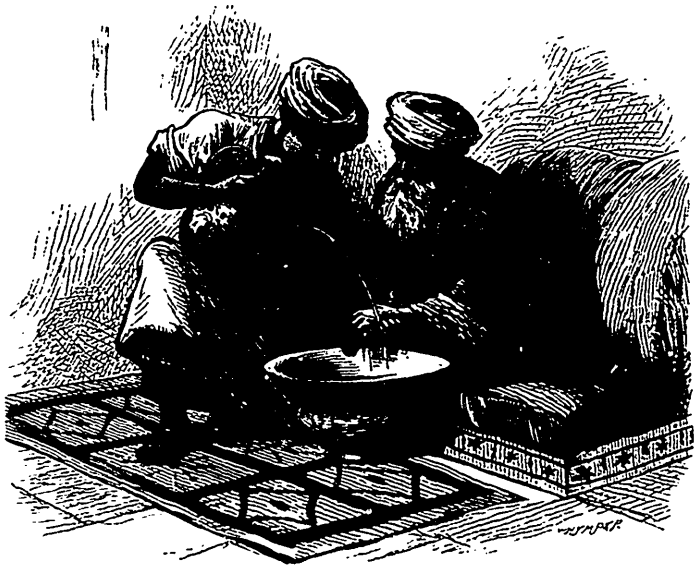
Herod the Great sought to leave behind him lasting evidences of his power and magnificence.

Near by, again, are pitched the black tents of a tribe of Turcomans belonging to the ancient Seljuk stock from which sprang the present rulers of the Turkish empire; so, with the Druses, Negroes, Bedouin and native fellahin, there are the representatives of nine different races alike engaged in cultivating the soil within a few miles of Mount Carmel.

Other signs of the presence of Western influence are manifest in the construction of carriage roads from Jerusalem to Jaffa and Nazareth; in an extensive and constantly increasing Frank suburb outside the walls of the Holy City; in the erection of new

shops and hotels—the latter on the European plan—in Jerusalem, Jaffa, Caesarea and Haifa; in the expenditure last year of six hundred thousand dollars by the Greek and Latin Churches on ecclesiastical buildings; and finally, in a completed survey for a railroad from Acre to the eastern margin of the lake of Galilee, which when constructed will tap the rich pasture lands where tradition places the feeding ground of Job's extensive herds, as well as the plains of Esdraelon and Jezreel.

"Jerusalem," says Prof. William Wells, "appears to be enjoying a veritable 'boom,' though it seems almost sacrilegious so to say.



HAND-WASHING IN THE EAST.

It is growing in proportions with great rapidity, especially since the ban was broken that confined the city to the area within the walls. Since Bishop Gobat had the courage to build a school on Mount Zion, and Schneller to found an orphanage on the western elevations before the city, the latter has greatly increased in extent and population; dwellings with gardens have arisen, as well as churches and various benevolent institutions, in the waste surroundings of the city, especially towards the north and west. This growth is the more astonishing, as it takes place in a rocky and hilly soil with no trade or industry and no external beauty that ordinarily give life and activity to cities."

Mr. Oliphant, while evidently at home among all the varieties

of native population, had for his nearest neighbours upon Mount Carmel about a thousand Druses, occupying two villages on the eastern slope of the mountain. He was able to be of some service to them, and they are evidently his favourites among the older population. Nine hundred years ago the tribe took possession of the valleys of the southern Lebanon, its headquarters being fixed at the foot of Mount Hermon. Two hundred and fifty years ago the tribe swept down upon the lowlands, led by a famous warrior; took possession of Beyrout and the coast towns as far south as Carmel, and eastward to Tiberias; the two Druse villages now occupying the sites of old Roman towns, and built out of their ruins, are the remains of that invasion. Each village is governed by two sheiks, acting as its spiritual and temporal head. The people are sober, fairly honest and industrious; very reticent as to their religious belief; and their own code of morals is rigidly adhered to. The women enjoy much greater freedom than is customary in the East, and consequently exercise a larger social influence. They are pretty, but heartless.



DRUSE WOMEN.

The prominent feature in the Druse religion is the belief in ever-recurrent Divine manifestations, one of which is regarded as being now close at hand. The whole nation numbers some one hundred and twenty thousand, and it can send into the field twenty-five thousand of the best soldiers of the Turkish empire. "There can be no doubt that the character of their religion, with the secrecy which surrounds it, enables them to organize in a special manner, and that the theocratic element which enters into their political constitution gives them a cohesion, a unity, and a power for combined action which the Christian sects, with their jealousies, bigotry, and internal dissensions, do not enjoy."

Two-thirds of the population of Haifa are Greek Catholics, or Melchites, proselytes from the orthodox Greek Church, who have been won to Roman Catholicism by the missionary labours of

priests and Jesuits. They are allowed to retain their independence of Rome in many particulars, however; mass is celebrated in Arabic in their churches; the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered in both kinds, mixed up in a cup and administered by means of a spoon to the communicants, who are men only. A married man may enter the priesthood, but bachelors are prohibited from marrying after ordination.

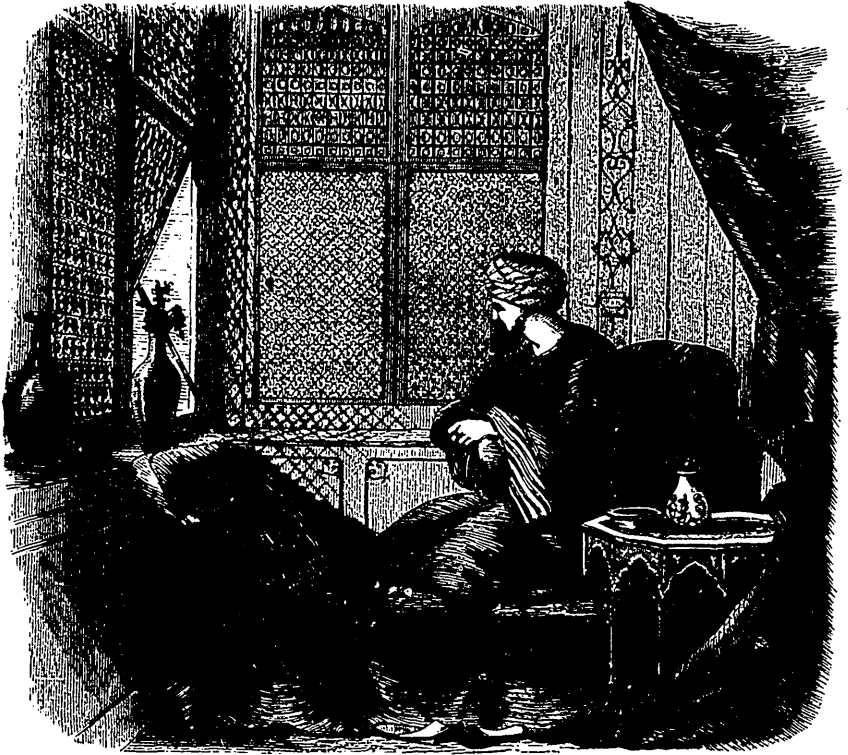
DINING IN THE EAST.



The three days' festival of Easter, as witnessed by our author, was a scene of wild dancing, yelling, firing of guns, climaxed by the devout arriving at a stage of blind intoxication, with the French Consul acting as the figure-head of the ceremony.

Mr. Oliphant falls foul of the writings of Dr. Kitto and others

for the manifestly imperfect pictures they present of the condition of things in Galilee when Jesus wandered over those hills and taught in its cities. They have simply carried back the habits of the modern fellahin and Bedouin, reinvesting the scenes of our Lord's history with the men and their modes of life as these are seen to-day, and leaving out of their computation the vast influence of the magnificence of Roman civilization, and also the



SUMMER PARLOUR.

existence of a crowd of populous cities girdling the historic lake: of numerous temples within whose vast and graceful colonnades were ranged the highest creations of art in the sculptured statues of heathen deities; of the magnificent palaces and luxurious villas occupied by the representatives of Rome's authority and wealth, and girt about with gardens splendidly gay with the brilliant flowers, and shady with groves of tree-ferns, palms, and fig-trees of a semi-tropical growth, with their irrigating channels and



cooling fountains fed by the streams which still gurgle and murmur their way across the plain of Gennesareth to the lake of Galilee:

“Here were broad avenues and populous thoroughfares, thronged with the



EASTERN CARAVAN.

motley concourse which so much wealth and magnificence attracted—rich merchants from Antioch, then the most gorgeous city of the East, and from the Greek islands; traders and visitors from Damascus, Palmyra and the rich cities of the Decapolis; caravans from Egypt and Persia; Jewish rabbis

jostling priests of the worship of the sun, the Roman soldiers swaggering across the market-places where the peasantry were exposing the produce of their fields and gardens for sale, and where fish were displayed by the hardy toilers of the lake, among whom were those whom the Great Teacher selected to be the first recipients of His message and the channels for its communication to after ages."

Where now are mere heaps of grass-grown ruins, with column and capital, carved frieze and massive foundation-stones mingled together in wild confusion, some twelve proud and wealthy, gay and luxurious cities then made the homes of a dense and largely foreign population; the beautiful lake, now so silent and forsaken, was then thronged with the rich gondolas wherein the noble ladies and gallants of Rome took their pleasure, and with the humbler boats of the fishermen of Galilee. And Christ saw it all, lived among it all, nay, pierced to the heart of it all, and as though indicative of His freedom from the narrow exclusivism of the Jew on the one side, and of heathenism as represented in the majestic, but morally base civilization of Rome upon the other side, chose to begin His ministrations, and to win the earliest citizens of that kingdom of heaven whose bounds are as wide as the world, in that very Capernaum which in the splendour of its pomp eclipsed all the rest of the towns of Rome's creation, and which in the depth of its profligacy and dissipation out-rivalled the cities of the plain.

It is when, in our thought, we set Jesus in the midst of these scenes and surroundings where He could touch the world's life of His day at its core, that we catch a glimpse of such a view of the wide world He came to redeem as must have filled and occupied His mental vision, since there, as on the mount of temptation, "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," lived and shone before Him in their motley representations; it is only then that we are really face to face with the magnificent and beneficent purposes which glowed within the soul of the Nazareth Peasant, and with the ponderous difficulties lying athwart the path of their accomplishment. Yet the gorgeous and powerful civilizations of Rome and Greece and Egypt are no more; the Jewish nation, as such, has ceased to be; here and there a group of fellahin, Bedouin or Arabs, is all that remains of the dense mass of humanity Jesus mixed and lived among; but that kingdom of God among men initiated by the Prophet of Nazareth where the narrow ceremonialism of the Jew held the native population in chains of iron, and where were displayed alike the

magnificence and baseness of the highest civilization then known, has grown until it has touched all lands, and its better civilization ever gains wider influence as the years roll on over the life of all nations beneath the sun.

The present inhabitants of Palestine are a strangely mixed people, made up of the original stock of the country and of the many successive races by whom it was invaded. It seems strange that the old Canaanitish race, descendants of those whom the conquering Israelites under Joshua failed to drive out, should still

to so large a degree possess the land. But such is the conclusion reached by the best authorities on the subject. Although no regular census of the country is taken by the Turkish Government, Dr. Soccim estimates the population at 650,000 souls—only one-

tenth the number the country would maintain. Of these, ten years ago, only about 20,000 were Jews, who dwelt chiefly in the sacred places—Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias and Salem. During the last decade a considerable increase has taken place, especially at Jerusalem. When we think of



THE PATIENT CAMEL.

the many invasions the country has undergone by Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Seljukian and Ottoman Turks, crusaders and others, it is no marvel that the population is of a mixed character. Several of the engravings in this article illustrate the variety of types that abound in the land.

But through all the battles and sieges, the marshalling of hosts and the trampling of armies, the great features of nature are un-

changed. The golden sunshine falls, the sapphire seas expand, the wheat and barley green and golden on the plains, the vine and fig, the olive, citron and orange ripen their luscious fruit. Probably no country in the world of the same extent has so great a variety of climate: from the perpetual snow of Mount Hermon, to the sultry shores of the Dead Sea, where we encounter a tropical heat and a tropical vegetation. Yet the curse of Turkish oppression has for so many years brooded like a malign spell upon the land that many portions, which under proper cultivation, would bloom as the garden of the Lord, are condemned to comparative sterility. The lack of security in the possession of the



JEWISH FUNERAL.

land and of its products, and the oppressive burdens of taxation, have rendered barren many a spot once fragrant as a field which the Lord hath blessed. The agriculture is still of a most primitive character, the soil is scratched to a shallow depth by a rude wooden plough, and the seed carelessly scattered—some by the hard-trodden wayside, some among thorns, and some in stony places, and some in good ground. Where this last is the case it still brings forth fruit “in some thirty, in some sixty, in some an hundred fold.”

The reaping and threshing are also of the rudest description. The threshing-floor is an elevated spot, about eighty or a hundred feet in diameter, where oxen trample out the grain

or haul over it a clumsy drag that separates the grain from the straw. This is then winnowed by tossing it in the air, when the wind "driveth the chaff away." The stone olive press and

HIRED MOURNERS IN THE EAST.



wine vat may still be seen in the olive orchard or vineyard, and the grinding is still done by women at the handmill, as it was in the days of Solomon.

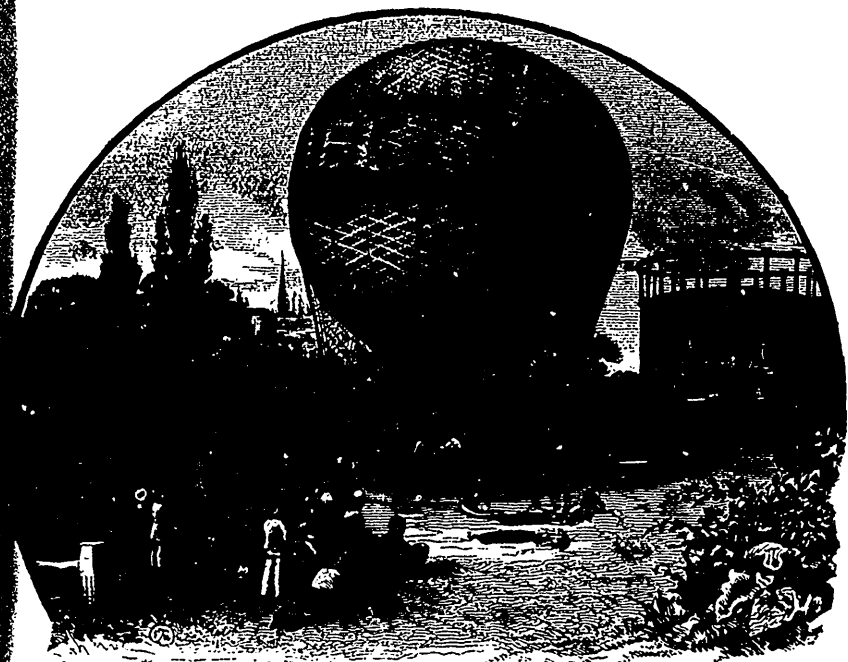
The social and domestic customs are still maintained unchanged

from age to age, so that it has passed into a proverb that the Holy Land is the best comment on the Holy Book. The Druse women of Mount Lebanon still wear a silver horn on their heads, as shown in one of our cuts, as in the time of their ancestors whose horn was exalted with pride. The social customs of visiting and dining also illustrate many passages of Scripture. As knives and forks were not used in eating, and the hand was thrust into the dish with those of the other guests it was necessary to wash their hands before and after meals. In the domestic architecture the flat roofs, the outside stairway to the house tops, the elegant divans and other features will be illustrated in this series of articles on Bible Lands. In the cut on page 10 we have an example of the "summer parlour,"—"the parlour of cooling,"—which affords so grateful a repose in the East. Its general character has probably been little changed since it formed the scene of the tragedy, described in Judges iii. 20-25.

The modes of travel have also undergone almost no change since the time when Joseph was sold to the company of Ishmaelites going down into Egypt, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh. The cut on page 11 might well illustrate the scene. There are still few good roads in Palestine, almost none for wheeled vehicles, so camels and asses are still the chief means of travel and chief sources of wealth. That humble, long-suffering beast of burden, the ass, has in a sense—as far as a dumb beast can be—been canonized in religious art, as bearing the Virgin Mother into Egypt, and as carrying the meek and lowly Christ, in triumph into Jerusalem. For long journeys, and for bearing heavy burdens, the patient camel is indispensable.

The marriage and the funeral customs are marked by the same unchanged use and wont. In any Jewish village may still be verified the life-like portraiture of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, and of the Marriage Supper. So also the mourning customs of the people, expressing with Oriental fervour the sorrow of the soul for the loved and lost, old as humanity, yet ever new. Just such a procession as that shown on page 14 may our Lord have met coming out of the streets of Nain, "and much people of the city with it." And just such a company of hired wailers as is shown in the cut on page 15, with its studied publicity, and a careful observance of prescribed ceremonial, "the minstrels and the people making a noise," may our Lord have put forth from the house of Jairus, before He raised the dead damsel to life.

## BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.



FILLING THE BALLOON.

FOR over a hundred years men have been trying to navigate the air, but with only indifferent success. It is easy enough to rise several hundred, or thousand, feet; and it is delightful to sail with the wind, and to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the landscape beneath. But to land safely, there's the rub. It is not so pleasant to drift out to sea, or to come bumping along the ground like an indiarubber ball.

We condense from a recent number of the *London Quarterly Review* the following information on balloons and ballooning:

In 1782, the brothers Montgolfier, in France, made small balloons of thin silk, which, filled with heated air, rose rapidly. The following year they constructed one on the same principle, thirty-five feet in diameter, which rose high in the air and travelled a mile and a half. The same year Prof. Charles, of Paris, filled a small balloon with hydrogen gas, which travelled many miles.

On its descent the peasants thought it a demon from another world, which notion the fetid odour of the gas confirmed. It was exorcised, fired at, and destroyed with clubs. Louis XVI. forbade the risking of human life with these dangerous playthings, but yielded to the importunity of volunteers, who ascended safely several thousand feet (1783).

Gay-Lussac, in one of his ascents, when very high, threw out a common deal chair, which fell in a field where a peasant girl was at work. The balloon was invisible, and it was thought that the chair must have fallen from heaven, but the uncomfortable provision for the celestials was a matter of surprise. The most fantastic notions were conceived as to the possibilities of ballooning—one being a project of invading England with an army descending from the skies.

In 1784, successful ascents were made from Edinburgh and from London. A Cabinet Council was broken up that the King and Ministers might witness one of them. In 1785, a French aeronaut crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais. Air voyaging became very popular. Green, an English aeronaut, made 1,400 ascents, and took up 700 persons, including 120 ladies. He once ascended sitting on a pony suspended from the balloon. He travelled, on another occasion, from London to Weilburg, in Germany, 500 miles, in eighteen hours. M. Nadar, in his balloon "Geant," seventy-four feet in diameter, took up a two-story house, weighing three tons. In 1808, a balloon burst at a great height, but spreading like a parachute, let the occupants safely to the ground. This was often afterwards safely done by design. Parachutes were employed with success for descending, even from immense altitudes. One enthusiast dropping himself from a height of 5,000 feet, with a new-fangled parachute which failed to work, was dashed to pieces.

The most important recent improvement in the balloon is the guide rope, generally from 500 to 1,000 feet long. When resting on the ground it takes considerable weight off the balloon, and prevents a rapid fall. Its trailing checks the horizontal motion more gently than the anchor, and it gives persons on the ground something to lay hold of in assisting the descent of the aeronaut. The going up is easy enough—*facilis ascensus*—but the coming down, or rather the safe landing, that is the difficulty.

A captive balloon at London, ninety-three feet in diameter, used to take up thirty-two persons at once, 2,000 feet. A 200 horse-power engine was employed to bring it down again. The balloon is yet, for the most part, a huge and dangerous toy, notwithstand-



ing all the efforts made to control its direction. Arago, Coxwell and Glaisher made it render important service to science. The latter rose to the height of 37,000 feet, or seven miles, in order to examine the constitution of the upper air. He lost consciousness and nearly lost his life at this great altitude. Shortly after two French scientists died from the rarefaction of the air at those great heights.

The application of balloons to the art of war presents great interest on account of the remarkable success with which they were used by the Parisians, in the siege of their city. As early as 1793, an attempt was made to send news by a balloon across investing lines. During the wars of the French Republic, a school of aerostatics was established, and two companies of *aerostiers* were attached to the army. A young officer of the balloon corps was sent with two balloons to a distant division of the army. The General at first thought he was a lunatic, and threatened to shoot him, but was soon convinced of the importance of the invention. Napoleon took balloons to Egypt, but the English captured the filling apparatus. The Americans used them with advantage in their civil war, the signals being communicated to the earth by telegraph wires.

Paris, at the time of its investment, contained several experienced aeronauts. One of these, Godard, had made 800 ascents. The Government established a balloon post, and began the manufacture of a large number of balloons at the railway stations. It was easier, however, to make the vessels than to find captains for them, for experienced aeronauts are comparatively rare, and when once they had left Paris there was no returning. A large number of sailors were employed for this air voyaging. "Our topsail is high, sir," said a tar to his Admiral, "and difficult to reef, but we can sail all the same, and, please God, we'll arrive." The employment of some acrobats from the Hippodrome was less fortunate, as they made use of their skill, when in difficulty, to slip down the guide-rope to the earth, leaving the passengers and despatches to care for themselves.

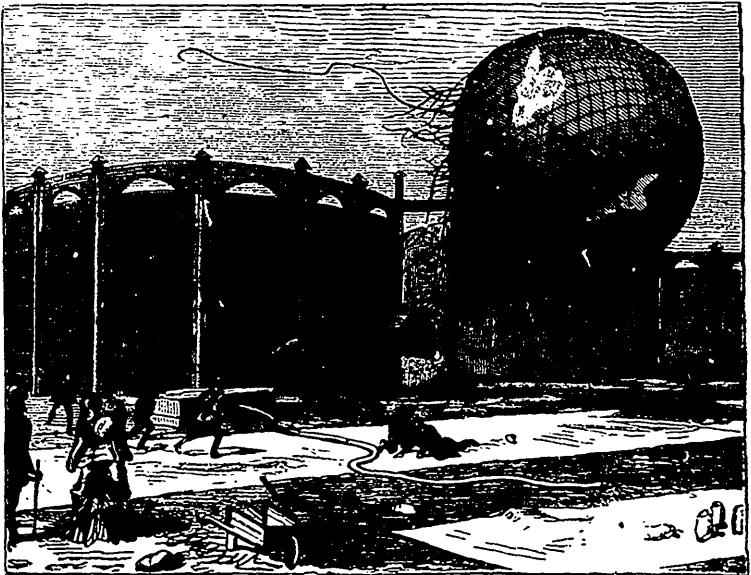
In four months sixty-four balloons were sent off. Of these fifty-seven fulfilled their mission, the despatches reaching their destination. The total number of persons who left was 155, the weight of despatches was nine tons, and the number of letters were 3,000,000. A speed of eighty miles an hour was reached in a high wind. Gambetta was fired at by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped capture. Several balloons were brought down.

The Uhlans gave chase whenever one came in sight, and rifled cannon were brought to bear on them. Thenceforth the ascents were made at night, which added greatly to their danger. The "Ville d'Orleans" drifted out over the sea. At daybreak it was out of sight of land. To avoid falling into the water the aeronauts threw out their despatches. They scudded rapidly north, and approached land. It was covered with snow and dense forests. The first living creatures they saw were three wolves. They found themselves in Norway. Two of the balloons drifted out over the Atlantic, and were never heard of more.

It was comparatively easy to send messages out of Paris, but how to get messages back--that was the question. Trusty foot-passengers penetrated the Prussian lines with despatches in cipher, concealed in hollow coins, in keys, inserted in a hollow tooth. A balloon took out some trained dogs, but they never reappeared. An attempt was made to connect the broken ends of the telegraph wires by almost invisible metallic threads, but without success. Divers and submarine boats were tried on the Seine; and little globes of blown glass, which it was impossible to distinguish from the bubbles on the water, were floated down the stream, but the frost set in and spoiled the surface of the river for this purpose.

The difficulty was overcome by the use of carrier pigeons. A pigeon post was organized with great success. The charge of private despatches was about eight cents a word, but the Parisians were urged to send to their friends questions which could be answered by the single words "Yes," or "No." Post-cards for such answers were prepared, and four were conveyed for a franc. These were collected, and printed on large sheets, and photographed one-eighth-hundredth of the original size, on a thin film of collodion, two inches long and one and a quarter inch wide, weighing three-fourths of a grain. This small pellicle contained as much matter as eighty of the large print pages of this magazine. Each pigeon carried twenty of these sheets, carefully rolled up in a quill, and attached to the tail feathers of the airy courier. They contained as much matter as 1,600 pages of this magazine, and yet weighed only fifteen grains. When the pigeon arrived at his cot in Paris his precious burden was taken to the Government office. The collodion films were placed between glass plates, and their enlarged image thrown on a screen, like the pictures of a magic lantern. They were then copied and sent to their destination. Some of the messages were of great domestic interest

and pathos. We translate the following examples: "Baby is better, she sends a kiss to papa." "Madeline happily delivered of a beautiful boy." "All well, you will find charcoal in the cellar." There were many money orders payable to persons in the city. The pigeon post was often interrupted. Of three hundred and sixty-three pigeons sent out of Paris, only fifty-seven returned. Many were lost in fogs or chilled with cold, and it is said the Prussians chased them with birds of prey. Great was the excitement caused by the arrival of these pretty couriers. No sooner was a pigeon seen in the air than the whole city was



A FALSE START.

roused, and remained in a state of intense anxiety till the news was delivered. A contemporary engraving represents Paris, as a woman in mourning, anxiously awaiting, like Noah's imprisoned family, the return of the dove.

The greatest difficulty in air voyaging is that of giving direction to the balloon; to make it travel *through*, not *with* the air. Gifford's balloon, spindle-shaped, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet in diameter, took up a three-horse-power engine, weighing three hundred pounds, which turned a fan-armed screw one hundred and ten revolutions in a minute. To avoid the danger of exploding the gas in the balloon the chimney was

turned *downward*, and the draught was caused by the steam blast. This sailed against the wind seven miles an hour and steered well. The aeronaut was thus able to choose his place of descent, and to avoid that dragging with the wind which is so often the cause of the fatal termination of balloon voyages.

The following is a graphic account of a balloon ascension which took place in St. Louis in June, 1887, and is illustrated in our cuts:

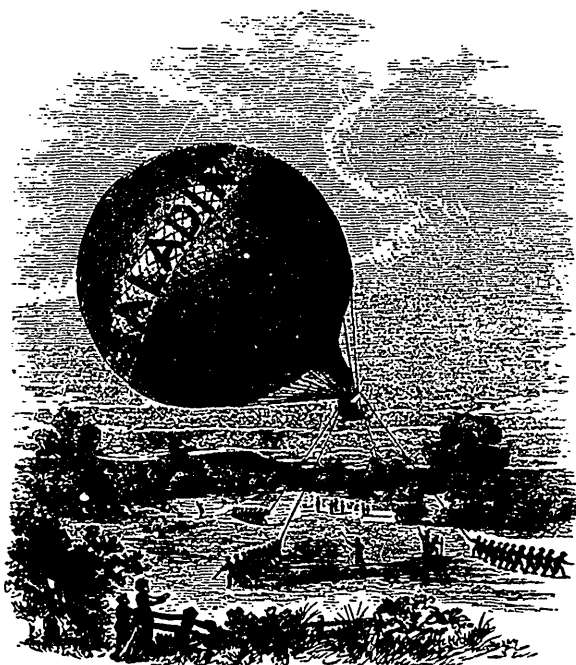
A little before midnight of June 16th, the balloon was made ready for filling. The gas was let in; and for about sixteen hours the neck of the bag was kept on the supply-pipe. At 1 p.m., the hour set for sailing, the huge yellow cloth dome was less than three-quarters full.

In the strong wind it now and then tore away, as if about to fly to cloud-land without its crew. Pitch and roll and twist and sway and tug; this it did all through the day. To the netting were fixed a hundred bags of sand—some of them more than eighty pounds in weight. And added thereto were hundreds of stout men; yet the gusty wind caught our giant under the arms, as it were, and despite all the weight he bore, jerked him off his feet. The bags swung in the air like mere tassels; and the men were often brought upon tip-toe, as they grimly held on. At last the gas was shut off; the car was hitched on. The lifting power of the balloon was equal to three tons. The whole air-ship, when ready, made up a ton in weight of itself. Its four passengers, provisions, and fully three-quarters of a ton of paper and sand; also camera and plate cases, and other traps, made a total weight of two and a quarter tons!

Soon the giant ship rises—up, up, a foot at a time; the sand-bags which held it to the earth drop away; one here, and one there, in their places hundreds of men stand and strain and tug at the monster bag which turns and twists above them. The wind comes in fitful gusts, and strikes our ship with such vigour that for an instant it lays over almost to the grass-plot, like a boat's sail thrown upon the waves in a fierce squall. Then it rises again, and once more towers aloft and erect more than a hundred feet. The men who hold the guy-ropes walk in toward the balloon a foot at a time, and the circle grows smaller. Up, up, stretches the large dome; higher and higher it ascends, and every cord is drawn taut.

"Now. Let go!" As the aeronaut shouts this, the men release the car. Like a huge bird, our ship rises from the ground—so quickly, indeed, that amid the tumult about us, I do not clearly recall the exact moment.

We clear a brick house by a few feet only, then sail away toward the blue vault overhead. The park begins to sink away beneath us. We have no sense of going up—no, not at all. All things else go down, down. The crowds as they cheer and swing their hats, it is they who fall away below us, and fast fade into a mass of tiny specks of life and colour, until the whole city is but a spot upon the wide view of the earth. I stand and gaze over the edge of the car at the unique picture below, which slowly changes its forms and tints. The big smoky city of St. Louis lies



AN ASCENT.

there like a set of toy houses, with tiny strings for streets, in the shade of trees that seem mere weeds from where we gaze at them. We are half a mile high, and fast rising. Slowly the car turns, and thereby tends to confuse our sense of place. The last sound to reach us, while we were about a mile high was the sharp shriek of a locomotive. I saw one express train as we soared above its tiny track, and it looked like a mere toy train a few inches long, which did not seem to move faster than a snail. Yet we knew that it was on its way with all its usual speed—thirty miles an hour at least. A mile and a half high—and still going up.

Hazen is busy with his records; and Doughty, with seventy-five photographic plates on board, holds his camera in hand, and turns it—first upon the earth, then upon the white clouds that, like a mass of snow, lie off to the east. Higher and higher, the earth seems bigger and bigger, as the circular line it makes with the sky grows larger and larger. With two and a quarter tons' weight, still our bird mounts rapidly upward—now two miles, now two and a half. We sail far above the fields of yellow wheat and dark green corn of Illinois. Rivers are mere white threads; and lakes are patches of silver set in a carpet of many hues. The forest trees are bushes, that look as if a small scythe might easily mow them down. The thin air and our rapid upward flight make my head roar, as if with the sounds of noisy drums; I feel dizzy—like one about to faint away

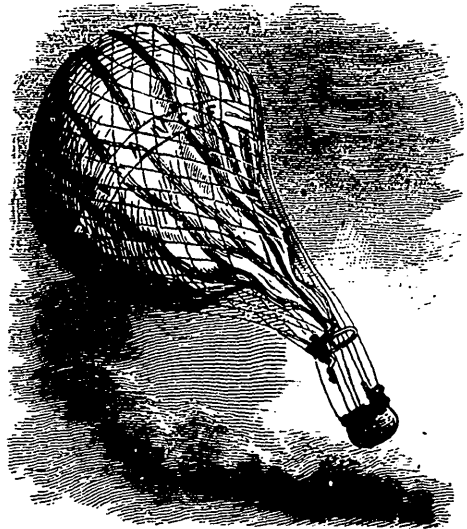
Now we are 15,000 feet high—nearly three miles.

Our ship has not yet come to the extreme top of her flight. We are far above the clouds. Over the edges of the

thick white vapour we gaze at the earth, spread out below like a map. From the discomforts of ninety-six degrees of heat in the shade when we left the earth, we have come to the chilly comfort of thirty-seven—a drop of nearly sixty degrees in less than an hour. Yet up here, where we are sailing softly, the air is so dry that the cold affects us much less than would the same temperature on the earth's surface.

Very soon our ship touches nearly 16,000 feet, a point which is said to be above that ever made by any other balloon this side of Europe.

Then we come to a pause. An instant later the balloon begins to descend at the rate of fifteen feet per second, which is only one



IN THE CLOUDS.

foot less than the distance a heavy stone falls the first second. A few seconds more, and our ship drops so fast that the car seems to fall away from us.

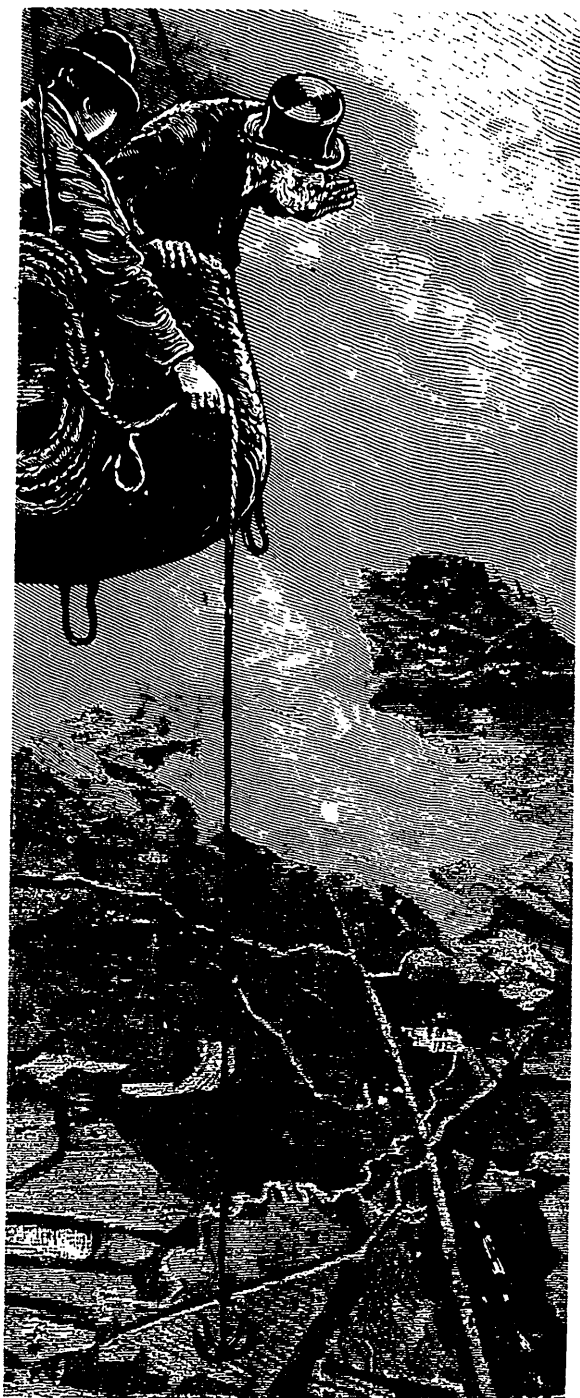
Our captain shouts, "Over with ballast! Quick!"

I gaze over the car. The earth seems to fly toward us--up, up it comes; the fields and woods grow large, and hamlets and cities spring into sight on every hand. At last, after nearly a quarter of a ton of weight is thrown out, our rate of descent slows a little; a third of our drag-rope trails among the tall forest trees, and we are distant from the earth but 400 feet! And now our balloon comes at last to a pause, and we are safe! It goes up again lazily, a mile high; then descends to less than half a mile, and rises again, falling as the gas escapes and rising as the sand is thrown out. Moore casts out the anchor, or grapnel; with its four sharp prongs of bright steel, it truly has an ugly, hungry look. Before long we come so close to the earth that all objects thereon take on their true shape. By-and-by, the end of the long cable, or drag-rope, touches the ground at intervals as we gently float along at fifteen miles an hour. Now it trails a few feet, then fifty, then a hundred. At last, like a huge reptile, it crawls over meadow and fence. It leaves behind, to mark its swift course, a deep crease, two inches wide, in soil and grain.

Now look out! The sharp anchor catches hold for the first time. With its greedy prongs it grips the turf, lets go, bounds twenty feet in the air, and lands again. A dozen farm hands chase us for a mile. They seize the anchor rope, are lifted off their feet, but eagerly take hold again. At last a German farmer's wife, as we sail past her house, gives the long drag-rope a quick turn about the trunk of a stout apple-tree in her doorway. This fetches us up with a big jerk, and nearly spills us out of the car. Here, tied fast to the tree, we are still two hours in coming to the ground, although aided by a crowd of strong active men.

This is not a very pleasant way of travelling, or, a least, of stopping. But we must not, however, despair that the ingenuity of man will yet discover a mode of controlling balloons, which will make sailing through the air one of the safest as well as one of the swiftest and pleasantest kinds of locomotion.

The present writer's only balloon experience was in the city of Paris, in 1879. My last view of this beautiful city, the evening before I left it, was a bird's-eye view from the car of the balloon "Geant," which ascended from the Place des Tuileries. The



LETTING DOWN THE GRAPNEL.



French manage this sort of thing admirably. A large space was enclosed by a high fence, above which the monster form of the balloon could be seen, tugging like a new Prometheus at his chains. Indeed, the huge swaying mass, over a hundred feet high, was a conspicuous object far and near. On paying a small admission fee, one enters the enclosure, where an excellent band discourses choice music. Those who wish to make the ascent purchase tickets—price two dollars—at an office. These tickets are all numbered consecutively, and one may enter the car only in the order in which his number is called. I had the pleasure of waiting a couple of hours for my turn. I came within three of getting a place, but had to wait for the next ascent. The same rule holds good for omnibuses. As soon as twelve persons enter an omnibus, a placard marked "*Complet*," is exhibited, and no one need seek admission. An enterprising tourist, not quite perfect in the language, complained that he went to every place in Paris except to *Complet*, as the omnibuses for that place were always full. The balloon was tethered to the earth by a strong cable, as thick as a man's arm, which was coiled on a huge drum, turned by two engines of three hundred horse-power. Its diameter was thirty-six yards, and its contents of gas 25,000 cubic yards. It ascended about 1,800 feet, and took up fifty persons at a time. The cable was carried from the drum underground, to the centre of a large sunk space, or pit in the ground, into which the car descended. A gangway was run out from the edge of the pit to the car, by which one went on board. The car and the strong rope that tethered it to the earth are shown in cut on page 28.

The strangest sensation about the ascent was, to use a Hibernian privilege, the utter absence of all sensation. The car seemed to be absolutely motionless, without the least jar or tremor,\* but the earth seemed silently to sink and sink, "as if the bottom had fallen out of everything," as some one expressed it. The horizon gradually rose higher and higher, and the city sank, till it looked like a great shallow saucer, rising to the level of the eye on every side. I had been taught that the earth was convex, but if I would believe the testimony of my eyes, I would be sure that it was a

\*In being hauled down, however, the balloon tugs like a huge giant at his chains, and sways about in the wind. A few days after I ascended it fell over on its side, was caught by the wind, and badly torn, and was not afterwards used. As each passenger left the balloon, he was presented with an elegant gilt medal and ribbon as a *souvenir* of the ascent.

great concave disc. I suppose I did not go high enough to perceive its true convexity.

But what tongue or pen could describe the beauty of the scene! It was about an hour before sunset, and the mellow light bathed every object in a flood of pale gold. The grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, stretching for more than a mile, was thronged with carriages, and with gaily-dressed promenaders, and the fountains flashed like diamonds in the sun.



CAPTIVE BALLOON.

Higher and higher we rose, till the city lay spread out like a map beneath the feet. It looked like a toy city, or like the models of the French seaports and arsenals, which are shown in the Musée de Marine, in the Louvre. Each street and square, the winding Seine with its quays and bridges; the old historic piles—the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and Louvre, were directly beneath the eye.

There, on the island of the Seine, rose the venerable towers of Notre Dame. During the seven long centuries through which it has watched over the city at its feet, what chances and changes it has seen! Yonder, its gilded dome gleaming against the deep blue sky, rises the Church des Invalides—the mausoleum of the first Napoleon—the noblest sepulchre, I think, I ever saw.

One of the most memorable squares in Paris is the Place de la Concorde. Here, the scene of some of the most tragic deeds of the Revolution lay stretched beneath the eye. The view of the far-winding Seine, of the grand environment of the city, of the girdle of forts which seems almost impregnable to defend it, will not soon be forgotten.

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In yielding to one temptation, the way is opened for so many. Nothing will serve us day by day but a humble trust in Him who is able to keep us from falling, and striving to watch as well as pray.—*Short Arrows.*



THE SOLO.

## THE SOLO.

THE noble painting, of which the cut on the opposite page is a copy, is one of the most attractive works of art in Miss Wolfe's admirable collection in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It is a very large canvas, and the simplicity of the treatment, the gracefulness of the pose of the figure, the masterly management of light and shade, make it one of the favourite pictures in the large gallery. We seem to hear the clear soprano voice trilling and warbling through the church, and then the deep breathing of the organ, making the throbbing air pulse with heavenly music.

It is curious that the poets, whose art is so akin to that of music, have so seldom attempted to interpret its mysterious spell. Beyond some passing allusions in Shakespeare and Milton, the noble ode of Collins, the fragment from Lowell, of which we give a part, we do not remember any worthy treatment of this noble theme till we come to Browning.

These lines from Lowell's "Legend of Brittany" are very fine:

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave  
 The music trembled with an inward thrill  
 Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave  
 Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
 The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,  
 Then, poising, for a moment, it stood still,  
 And sank and rose again, to burst in spray  
 That wandered into silence far away.

But Browning is the true high priest of music. "No English poet before him," says Mr. Symons, "has ever excelled his utterances on music, none has so much as rivalled his utterances on art. *Abt Vogler* is the richest, deepest, fullest poem on music in the language. *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*, another special poem on music, is unparalleled for ingenuity of technical interpretation. *A Toccata of Galuppi's* is as rare a rendering as can anywhere be found of the impressions and sensations caused by a musical piece; but, *Abt Vogler*\* is a very glimpse into the heaven where it is born. It is an utterance which exceeds every attempt that has ever been made in verse to set forth the secret of the most sacred and illusive of the arts. The depth and height and splendour,

\*The Abt or Abbé George Joseph Vogler (born at Würzburg, Bavaria, in 1749, died at Darmstadt, 1824), was a composer, professor, kapelmeister and writer on music. Among his pupils were Weber and Meyerbeer.

the inspiration, of this incomparable poem, are far beyond the reach of any words of praise. The wonder and beauty of it grow on one, as the wonder and beauty of a sky, of the sea, of a landscape, beautiful indeed and wonderful from the first, become momentarily more evident, intense and absorbing. Life, religion, and music—the *Gauzen, Guten, Schönen* of existence—are combined in threefold unity, apprehended and interpreted in their essential spirit.”

“What is our failure here but a triumph’s evidence  
 For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?  
 Why rushed the discord in, but that harmony should be prized?  
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;  
 But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;  
 The rest may reason and welcome: ’tis we musicians know.

“Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?  
 Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!  
 What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?  
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?  
 There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;  
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;  
 What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;  
 On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.”

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

TOLL him out, his work is done,  
 He'll not see another sun;  
 Slowly ebbs his life away,  
 'Tis at last his burial day;  
 Long has he been growing old;  
 Lay him with his fathers cold!  
 Ill-used year! He might have been  
 Far less profitless, I ween,  
 Had we used him as we ought,  
 Lovingly, with pains and thought:  
 Yet for him we'll thankful be  
 (There have been far worse than he),  
 And we'll watch our old friend die  
 With a plaintive threnody:  
 Gravely in the belfry bout  
 Toll him out!

Ring him in, the young glad year!  
 Welcome the new-comer here,  
 For he brings, whate'er befall,  
 Joy to most and hope to all:  
 To the worker and the wise  
 Fresh new opportunities,  
 Brightness to the sick and sad,  
 Further respite to the bad;  
 With his blank-book and his pen  
 Ready for the deeds of men,  
 With his sponge to wipe away  
 Feuds and strifes of yesterday.  
 Trustfully the youngster greet  
 With his white and unsoiled feet;  
 With a hearty clar-gorous din  
 Bring him in!

ON SOME SUPPOSED CONSEQUENCES OF THE DOCTRINE  
OF HISTORICAL PROGRESS.\*

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

I.

It is obvious that the knowledge and wealth of our race increase and accumulate from age to age, and that their increase and accumulation re-act powerfully on the moral state of man. It is less obvious, but it seems not less certain, that our views of morality itself expand, and that our moral code is improved, as, by the extension of human intercourse, our moral relations are multiplied, and as, by the advancement of science and jurisprudence, they become better understood. Nor can it easily be denied that this progress extends even to religion. In learning more of man we learn more of Him in whose image man was made; in learning more of the creation we learn more of the Creator; and everything which in the course of civilization tends to elevate, deepen, and refine the character generally, tends to elevate, deepen, and refine it in its religious aspect.

But then it is alleged, and even triumphantly proclaimed, that tremendous consequences follow from this doctrine. If we accept historical progress, it is said, we must give up Christianity. Christianity, we are told, like other phases of the great onward movement of humanity, has had its place, and that a great place, in history. In its allotted epoch it was progressive in the highest degree, and immense veneration and gratitude are due to it on that account; but, like other phases of the same movement, it had its appointed term. That term it has already exceeded. It has already become stationary, and even retrograde; it has begun, instead of being the beneficent instrument, to be the arch-enemy of human progress. It cumpers the earth; and the object of all honest, scientific, free-thinking men, who are lovers of their kind, should be to quicken the death-pangs into which it has manifestly fallen, and remove once for all this obstruction to the onward

\*Through the courtesy of Professor Goldwin Smith, we are permitted to reproduce this admirable lecture, delivered at the University of Oxford— one of the noblest demonstrations, it seems to us, ever written of the divine origin of Christianity, and of the guiding hand of God in the history of the race.—Ed.

movement of the race. Confusion and distress will probably attend the final abandonment of "the popular religion;" but it is better at once to encounter them than to keep up any longer an imposture which is disorganizing and demoralizing to society, as well as degrading to the mind of man. "Let us at once, by a courageous effort, say farewell to our old faith, and, by a still more courageous effort, find ourselves a new one!" A gallant resolution, and one which proves those who have taken it to be practical believers in freewill, and redeems them from the reproach of admitting the logical consequences of their own doctrines touching the necessary progress of humanity by way of development and under the influence of invariable laws. If history grows like a vegetable, or like the body of an animal, no effort of courage can be needed, or avail, to direct its growth. We have only to let well, or ill, alone.

The notion that Christianity is at this moment manifestly in an expiring state, or, to use the favourite language of the sect, that "the popular religion has entered on its last phase," is perhaps partly produced by the reform, or attempted reform, of Christian doctrine which is at present going on. This movement is supposed to be an exact parallel to the attempt made by the later Platonists to rationalize the popular mythology of Greece, and equally ominous of approaching dissolution to the superstition with which its more philosophic adherents found it necessary thus desperately to deal. The analogy would be more just if the later Platonists, instead of endeavouring to bring a sensual superstition to the level of the age by violently importing into it a spiritual philosophy, had endeavoured to restore it to its primitive and most sensual simplicity. Though even in that case it would not be certain, without further proof, that because the attempt to reform Polytheism had failed, Christianity must be incapable of reform. Historical analogy, as an interpreter of present events, has its uses, and it has also its limits. Christianity supposes that with its Founder something new came into the world. The King of Siam may, after all, be about, in contradiction to the whole of his experience, to see the water freeze.

If, however, they to whom I allude have rightly read the present by the light of the past; if, as they say, a sound and free philosophy of history distinctly points to the approaching departure of Christianity from the world, a terrible crisis has indeed arrived, and one which might well be expected to strike their rhetorical exultation dumb. They admit, I believe, that

religion, or whatever stands in the place of it, is the very core, centre, and vital support of our social and political organization; so that without a religion the civil tie would be loosened, personal would completely prevail over public motives, selfish ambition and cupidity would break loose in all directions, and society and the body politic would be in danger of dissolution. They cry aloud, as I have said, that Christianity being exploded, a new religion must be produced in order to save humanity from ruin and despair. Now to produce a new religion off-hand, and that at a moment of the most appalling peril, and consequently of the greatest mental agony and distraction, is an achievement which even the most extreme believers in free-will and self-exertion would scarcely think possible to man. I am not aware that so much as the rudiment of a new religion has yet been actually produced, unless it be the Humanitarian religion of M. Comte, which is merely a mad travesty of the Roman Catholic Church, and from which even the disciples of the Comtist philosophy, if they have any sense of the grotesque remaining, turn away in despair. Thus the law of human development, instead of being, like the laws discovered by science, regular and beneficent, the just object of our confidence as well as of our admiration, has failed abruptly, and brought humanity to the brink of an abyss.

It is my strong conviction that history has arrived at no such crisis; that the indications of historical philosophy have been misunderstood, and that they do not point to the impending fall, but rather to the approaching regeneration, of Christendom. I do not think that we should refuse to consider a question which lies at the very root of the philosophy of history, merely because it happens also to be of the highest practical importance. I propose, therefore, to add a few remarks on this point.

In the first place, we are struck by the fact that sustained historical progress has not been universal, as those against whom I am arguing always assume, but has been confined to Christian nations. For a short time the Mahomedan nations seemed to advance, not merely in conquering energy, but in civilization. They have even been set up as the moral rivals of Christendom by those who are anxious that Christendom should not appear to be without a rival. But their progress was greatest where they were most immediately in contact with Christianity, and it has long since ended in utter corruption and irrevocable decay. Where is the brilliant monarchy of Haroun Alraschid? How ephemeral was it compared even with that old Byzantine



Empire into whose frame Christianity had infused a new life under the very ribs of death; a life which even the fatal bequest of Roman despotism, extending itself to the Church as well as to the State, could scarcely quench, and which, through ages of Mahomedan oppression, has smouldered on beneath the ashes to burst out again in reviving Greece. Even in the Moorish communities of Spain, the flower as they were of Mahomedan civilization, internal corruption had prepared the way for the conquering arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Mahomedanism, however, whatever the degree of progressive energy displayed by it may have been, was not a separate and independent religion, but a debased offspring of Judaism and Christianity. From the intercourse of its founder with Jews and Christians it derived the imposing Monotheism which has been its strength both as a conquering power and as a system of civilization; while the want of a type of character, such as Christianity possesses, has been in every sense its fatal weakness. Turning to the remoter East, we find that its history has not been a history of progress, but of the successive descents of conquering races from the more bracing climate of the North, subjugating the languid inhabitants of the plains, and founding a succession of empires, sometimes mighty and gorgeous, but always barren of nobler fruits, which, when the physical energy of the conquering race was spent, in its turn at once fell into decay. The semblance of progress, in short, has been but a semblance, due merely to fresh infusions of animal vigour, not to any sustaining principle of moral life.

China advanced at an early period to a certain point of material civilization; but having reached that point she became a by-word of immobility, as Egypt, the ancient China was in a former day. This immemorial stagnation seems now about to end in total dissolution, unless Christian nations should infuse a regenerating influence from without. The civilization of Mexico is deplored by certain philosophers, who seem to think that, had its career not been cut short by Spanish conquest, it might have attained a great height, and confirmed their views of history. But what reason is there to think that Mexico would ever have advanced beyond great buildings erected by slave labour, human sacrifices, and abominable vices?

Again, we are told that the Christian view of history must be narrow and false, because it does not include in its theory of human progress the great negro and fetichist populations of Africa.

But we ought to be informed what part the Negro and fetichist populations of Africa have really played in the progress of humanity; or how the invariable law of spontaneous development through a certain series of intellectual and social conditions, which we are told governs the history of all nations, has been verified in their case. The progress of ancient Greece and Rome was real and high while it lasted, and Christianity has received its fruits into herself. Its moral sources deserve to be more accurately explored than they have yet been; but in both cases it came to an end at the moment of its apparent culmination, from internal causes and without hope of renewal. In both cases it sank under an empire, the Macedonian in one case, that of the Cæsars in the other, which, whatever it may have been in its effects on humanity at large, was certainly the grave of republican virtue.

It is confidently said that the historical progress of the most advanced nations of Europe during recent times has been beyond the pale of Christendom, and that it forms a conclusive proof of the exhaustion and decline of Christianity. The intellect of Protestant Germany, which has played so momentous a part in the historical progress of the last century, is triumphantly cited as a palpable instance of this fact. There is much which, to the eye of the theologian, looking to religious professions, is without the pale of Christendom: but which, to the historical eye, looking to moral connexions, is still within it. That increase of infidelity, which is spoken of with so much alarm on one side and so much exultation on the other, theologically viewed, is no doubt great, especially if we look not to mere numbers, but to intellectual cultivation and influence; but, viewed morally, it is, considering the distractions of Christendom, surprisingly small. Great masses of intelligence and eminent leaders of thought in all departments have been nominally and outwardly estranged from Christendom by divisions of the Churches; by the rending of the truth and of the means of religious influence between them; by the barren and impotent dogmatism into which, through their rivalries and controversies, they are perpetually driving each other; by the sinister alliances of some of them with political obstructiveness and injustice; by the apparent conflict which their pretensions create between the claims of reason and those of religious faith; by the false ground which some of them have taken in regard to the discoveries of science and historical philosophy; and most of all, perhaps, by the contradiction which their mutual denuncia-

tions produce between the palpable facts of our common morality and the supposed judgments of religion.

But it will be found, on closer inspection, that these apparent seceders from Christendom remain Christians in their whole view of the world, of God, of the human character and destinies, speak a language and appeal to principles and sympathies essentially Christian; draw their moral life from the Christendom which surrounds them; receive their wives at Christian altars; and bring up their children in the Christian faith. Many a great writer who is brought forward as a proof that the intellect of the age is Christian no longer, will be found, on examination, to have nothing in his writings which is not derived from a Christian source. Schleiermacher appears to be hailed as one of those who, by their criticisms, have pronounced the doom of the "popular religion;" Schleiermacher received the Eucharist on his death-bed, and died declaring that he had adhered to the living spirit of Christianity rather than to the dead letter. He may have been illogical, but he cannot be said, historically, not to have been a Christian.

In France, perhaps, alone, owing to peculiar disasters, not the least of which was the hypocritical re-establishment of Roman Catholicism by the statecraft of Napoleon, a really great estrangement of the people from Christianity has taken place. And what were the consequences of the estrangement to the progress of this great nation, which a century ago was intellectually at the head of Europe, which seemed by her efforts to have opened a new era of social justice for mankind, and which the atheistical school desire, in virtue of her partial atheism, to erect into the president and arbitress of the civilized world? The consequences were a form of government, not created by a supreme effort of modern intellect, but borrowed from that of declining Rome, which, bereft of a Christian hope, immolates the future to the present; a despairing abandonment of personal liberty and freedom of opinion; a popular literature of heathen depravity; and a loss of moral objects of interest, while military glory and material aggrandizement are worshipped in their place. If this state of things is progressive, what is retrograde?

There are three great elements of human progress, the moral, the intellectual, and the productive; or virtue, knowledge, and industry. But these three elements, though distinct, are not separate, but closely connected with each other. There is a moral element in every good work of intellect, and in every good pro-

duction of industry; while, on the other hand, the works of intellect and the productions of industry exercise a vast influence on our moral condition. It was contended that the moral element of progress was the cardinal element of the three; the direction of the intellect to good objects, which leads to the attainment of useful knowledge, and the self-exertion and self-denial which constitute industry, being determined by morality, without which the intellectual and productive powers of man would be aimless and wandering forces, working at random good and evil. It was also contended that the formation of good moral character, the only object which comprehends all the rest, and which all human actions, discoveries and productions, promote and subserve, was the final end of all human effort, the ultimate mark and goal of human progress, and the true key to history. If these positions are sound, the main questions, in determining the ultimate relation between Christianity and human progress, will be, whether the Christian morality is sound and universal, and whether the Christian type of character is perfect and final. It is only if the Christian morality is not sound and universal that it can be discarded or transcended by the moral progress of the race. It is only if the type of character consecrated in the Gospels is not perfect and final, that its consecration can ever interfere with the aspirations of humanity advancing toward the goal of purity and perfection. These are the main questions; we shall also have to consider whether Christianity conflicts with or discourages any special kind of human progress, intellectual or industrial.

What is the root and essence of moral character? What is it that connects together all those moral habits which we call the virtues, and warrants us in giving them the collective name of virtue? Courage, chastity, and generosity are, at first sight, three different things: in what respect is it that they are one? What is the common element of moral attraction in all that vast variety of character, regular or irregular, severe or tender, to which, in history and life, our hearts are drawn? Some one principle there must surely be which traverses all this uniform diversity, some one principle which our hearts would recognize, not as a mere intellectual speculation, but as the real spring of moral endeavour in themselves. And if there be such a principle, it will, on our hypothesis, be the key at once to the life of individual man and to the history of the race. It will contain in it not only a true moral philosophy, but a true philosophy of history.

Now, whatever mystery may shroud the ultimate source of our

moral being, thus much seems tolerably certain, that the seat of the moral principle in our nature is indicated and covered by the quality to which, according to the intensity of its manifestation, we give various names, ranging from benevolence to self-sacrifice. There is, I apprehend, no special virtue which is not capable of being resolved into this. To take those which appear least obviously identical with benevolence—courage, temperance, and chastity. Courage, when it is a virtue, is the sacrifice of our personal safety to the interests of our kind, which rises to its highest pitch in the case of martyrdom. Temperance fits us, while intemperance unfits us, to perform our duty to society, and spares, while intemperance wastes, the common store. Chastity is, in like manner, a sacrifice of the selfish animal passions to the social principle, since the indulgence of lust both involves the corruption and misery of its victims, and destroys in the man who indulges it the capacity for pure affection. We need not here discuss the question whether there is any virtue which is solely and purely self-regarding. If there is, its good effects must end with the individual life; it cannot be one of the springs of human progress.

Benevolence may of course take as many special forms, and produce as great a variety of benevolent characters, as there are social and unselfish objects in the world. It may be the advocacy of a particular cause or principle; it may be the pursuit of a particular ideal: both the cause or principle and the ideal being matters of common interest and tending to the common good. It may be the devotion to science or art, as the instruments of human improvement and happiness, which forms the moral side of the intellectual life. It may be extended in its scope to the whole human race, and labour for the universal good of man; or it may be limited to the narrow circle of a nation, a guild, a family, through whom, however, it does indirectly and unconsciously embrace mankind. It is sure to be affected, and almost sure to be somewhat distorted in its special character, by the position of each man in life; and to show itself as a peculiar self-devotion to country in the case of the good soldier, and as a peculiar self-devotion to the interests of justice in the case of the good judge. Hence arise a multiplicity of derivative and secondary virtues, and an infinite variety of characters, of each of which some derivative and secondary virtue is the peculiar stamp. But multiform as these virtues and characters are, it will be found that they are uniform also; that, upon examination, they may all be reduced to

benevolence in one or other of its various degrees; and that on this principle the moral philosopher and the educator, if they would attain to real results, must take their stand. In the same manner, I apprehend that the approbation and affection which benevolence obtains for us, these, and not anything more individual or more transcendental, are the real earthly assurance and support of virtue, the earthly object of virtuous endeavours, the supreme happiness of our earthly life. What these foreshadow, and how they foreshadow it, is not a fit subject of inquiry here; but certainly the Gospel holds out a social, not an individual, heaven.

The question has been raised whether morality lies in action or in character, and whether our approbation of moral actions is translated from action to character, or from character to action. Some reasons were given for inclining to believe that it is in character rather than in action that morality lies. It is said, on the other hand, that character is only a formed disposition to act in a particular way, and that our approbation attaches to good character only as the source, actual or presumptive, of good action. I reply, that character is not only a disposition to act, it is a disposition to feel and to participate in certain emotions; emotions which are sometimes incapable of being translated into action. You would not say that a man's character was perfect who should be incapable of sympathizing in the emotions produced by the most glorious or the most tender visions of nature; and yet what special action can flow from such sympathies as these? Does the presence of a beloved friend give us pleasure merely as implying a likelihood of his active beneficence? And again, what presumption of active beneficence can there be in the case of the dead, our affection for whose characters often survive the grave? This passive element in character, generally called sensibility, seems to be a main source of poetry and art, which play so important a part in human life and history. Now a character formed on benevolence, as it implies not only action, but affection and the power of sympathy, does embrace a passive as well as an active element, or rather, it presents a passive as well as an active phase; and in this respect again it seems to be perfect, universal, and final. A character formed on the moral basis propounded by Gibbon, the love of pleasure and the love of action, would fail, among other things, in not having a sympathetic side.

Now Christianity rests on one fundamental moral principle, as the complete basis of a perfect moral character, that principle

being the love of our neighbour, another name for benevolence. And the type of character set forth in the Gospel history is an absolute embodiment of love both in the way of action and affection, crowned by the highest possible exhibition of it in an act of the most transcendent self-devotion to the interests of the human race. This being the case, it is difficult to see how the Christian morality can ever be brought into antagonism with the moral progress of mankind; or how the Christian type of character can ever be left behind by the course of human development, lose the allegiance of the moral world, or give place to a newly emerging and higher ideal. This type, it would appear, being perfect, will be final. It will be final, not as precluding future history, but as comprehending it. The moral efforts of all ages, to the consummation of the world, will be efforts to realize this character, and to make it actually, as it is potentially, universal. While these efforts are being carried on under all the various circumstances of life and society, and under all the various moral and intellectual conditions attaching to particular men, an infinite variety of characters, personal and national, will be produced; a variety ranging from the highest human grandeur down to the very verge of the grotesque. But these characters, with all their variations, will go beyond their source and their ideal only as rays of light go beyond the sun. Humanity, as it passes through phase after phase of the historical movement, may advance indefinitely in excellence; but its advance will be an indefinite approximation to the Christian type. A divergence from that type, to whatever extent it may take place, will not be progress, but debasement and corruption. In a moral point of view, in short, the world may abandon Christianity, but it can never advance beyond it. This is not a matter of authority, or even of Revelation. If it is true, it is a matter of reason as much as anything in the world.

There are many peculiarities arising out of personal and historical circumstances, which are incident to the best human characters, and which would prevent any one of them from being universal or final as a type. But the type set up in the Gospels as the Christian type seems to have escaped all these peculiarities, and to stand out in unapproached purity as well as in unapproached perfection of moral excellence.

The good moral characters which we see among men fall, speaking broadly, into two general classes; those which excite our reverence and those which excite our love. These two classes

are essentially identical, since the object of our reverence is that elevation above selfish objects, that dignity, majesty, nobleness, appearance of moral strength which is produced by a disregard of selfish objects in comparison with those which are of a less selfish and, therefore, of a grander kind. But though essentially identical, they form, as it were, two hemispheres in the actual world of moral excellence; the noble and the amiable, or, in the language of moral taste, the grand and the beautiful. Being, however, essentially identical, they constantly tend to fusion in the human characters which are nearest to perfection, though, no human character being perfect, they are never actually fused. Now, if the type proposed in the Gospels for our imitation were characteristically noble or characteristically amiable, characteristically grand or characteristically beautiful, it might have great moral attractions, but it would not be universal or final. It would belong to one peculiar hemisphere of character, and even though man might not yet actually have transcended it, the ideal would lie beyond it; it would not remain forever the mark and goal of our moral progress. But the fact is, it is neither characteristically noble and grand, nor characteristically amiable and beautiful; but both in an equal degree, perfectly and indistinguishably, the fusion of the two classes of qualities being complete, so that the mental eye, though it be strained to aching, cannot discern whether that on which it gazes be more the object of reverence or of love.

There are differences again between the male and female character, under which, nevertheless, we divine that there lies a real identity, and a consequent tendency to fusion in the ultimate ideal. Had the Gospel type of character been stamped with the peculiar marks of either sex, we should have felt that there was an ideal free from those peculiarities beyond it. But this is not the case. It exhibits, indeed, the peculiarly male virtue of courage in the highest degree, and in the form in which it is most clear of mere animal impetuosity and most evidently a virtue; but this form is the one common to both sexes, as the annals of martyrdom prove. The Roman Catholics have attempted to consecrate a female type, that of the Virgin, by the side of that which they take to be characteristically male. But the result obviously is a mutilation of the original type, which really contained all that the other is supposed to supply; and the creation of a second type which has nothing distinctive, but is, in its attributes as well as in its history, merely a pale and partial reflection of the first.



There is an equally notable absence of any of the peculiarities which attend particular callings and modes of life, and which, though so inevitable under the circumstances of human society that we have learnt to think them beauties, would disqualify a character for being universal and the ideal. The Life depicted in the Gospel is one of pure beneficence, disengaged from all peculiar social circumstance, yet adapted to all. In vain would the Roman Catholic priest point to it as an example of a state like his own; the circumstances of Christ's life and mission repel any inferences of the kind.

The Christian type of character, if it was constructed by human intellect, was constructed at the confluence of three races, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Roman, each of which had strong national peculiarities of its own. A single touch, a single taint of any one of those peculiarities, and the character would have been national, not universal; transient, not eternal; it might have been the highest character in history, but it would have been disqualified for being the ideal. Supposing it to have been human, whether it were the effort of a real man to attain moral excellence, or a moral imagination of the writers of the Gospels, the chances, surely, were infinite against its escaping any tincture of the fanaticism, formalism, and exclusiveness of the Jew, of the political pride of the Roman, of the intellectual pride of the Greek. Yet it has entirely escaped them all.

Historical circumstances affect character sometimes directly, sometimes by way of reaction. The formalism of the Pharisees might have been expected to drive any character with which it was brought into collision into the opposite extreme of laxity; yet no such effect can be discerned. Antinomianism is clearly a deflection from the Christian pattern, and the offspring of a subsequent age.

The political circumstances of Judæa, as a country suffering from the oppression of foreign conquerors, were calculated to produce in the oppressed Jews either insurrectionary violence (which was constantly breaking out) or the dull apathy of Oriental submission. But the Life which is the example of Christians escaped both these natural impressions. It was an active and decisive attack on the evils of the age; but the attack was directed not against political tyranny or its agents, but against the moral corruption which was its source.

There are certain qualities which are not virtues in themselves, but are made virtues by time and circumstances, and with their

times and circumstances pass away; yet, while they last, are often naturally and almost necessarily esteemed above those virtues which are most real and universal. These factitious virtues are the offspring for the most part of early states of society, and the attendant narrowness of moral vision. Such was headlong valour among the Northmen. Such was, and is, punctilious hospitality among the tribes of the Desert. Such was the fanatical patriotism of the ancients, which remained a virtue, while the nation remained the largest sphere of moral sympathy known to man—his vision not having yet embraced his kind. The taint of one of these factitious and temporary virtues would, in the eye of historical philosophy, have been as fatal to the perfection and universality of a type of character as the taint of a positive vice. Not only the fellow-countrymen, but the companions and Apostles of Christ were, by the account of the Gospels, imbued with that Jewish patriotism, the fanatical intensity of which disgusted even the ancient world. They desired to convert their Master into a patriot chief, and to turn His universal mission into one for the peculiar benefit of His own race. Had they succeeded in doing so, even in the slightest degree, the time would have arrived when, the vision of man being enlarged, and his affection for his country becoming subordinate to his affection for his kind, the Christian type would have grown antiquated, and would have been left behind in the progress of history toward a higher and ampler ideal. But such is not the case. A just affection for country may indeed find its prototype in Him who wept over the impending destruction of Jerusalem, and who offered the Gospel first to the Jew: but His character stands clear of the narrow partiality which it is the tendency of advancing civilization to discard. From exaggerated patriotism and from exaggerated cosmopolitanism the Christian example is equally free.

Asceticism, again, if it has never been a virtue, even under exceptional circumstances, is very easily mistaken for one, and has been almost universally mistaken for one in the East. There are certain states of society—such, for example, as that which the Western monks were called upon to evangelize and civilize by their exertions—in which it is difficult to deny the usefulness and merit of an ascetic life. But had the type of character set before us in the Gospel been ascetic, our social experience must have discarded it in the long run; as our moral experience would have discarded it in the long run had it been connected with those

formal observances into the consecration of which asceticism inevitably falls. But the type of character set before us in the Gospel is not ascetic, though it is the highest exhibition of self-denial. Nor is it connected with formal observances, though, for reasons which are of universal and permanent validity, it provisionally condescends to the observances established in the Jewish Church. The character of the Essenes, as painted by Josephus, which seems to outvie the Christian character in purity and self-denial, is tainted both with asceticism and formalism, and though a lofty and pure conception, could not have been accepted by man as permanent and universal.

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NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY FRANCIS B. WHEELER.

OUR grateful songs arise  
 To Thee, O God above;  
 Ascending to the skies  
 In sacrifice of love.  
 Almighty Thou, our God and King;  
 To Thee we bow, our praises bring.

In all the flowing years  
 Thy hand hath safely led,  
 In pilgrimage of tears,  
 The living and the dead.  
 O God Most High, Thou art the same:  
 Though mortals die, unchanged Thy name.

With gladness here we meet,  
 O God, before Thy face;  
 The new-born year to greet,  
 With all its wondrous grace.  
 Another gem—along the years!  
 In diadem—among our tears.

The hours before Thee lie:  
 We know not what they bring;  
 Or joy and glad supply,  
 Or ache of suffering.  
 Our trust in Thee, Jehovah, Guide,  
 Shall ever be; Thou wilt provide.

Now, through the open gate,  
 We pass along our way;  
 To watch, to pray, or wait,  
 As duty of the day.  
 Thy Spirit give, O God of light,  
 That we may live and walk in light.

## CHRISTIAN UNITY.\*

BY THE HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

Is the spirit of Christian unity growing among the Churches? He is not a close observer of the forces which are at work who is not prepared to say yes in answer to this question. What marvellous changes have been wrought in this direction in the last forty years. The lines which separated not ministers only, but laymen of the various denominations, in all matters of church work, were sharply defined, so sharply, indeed, that to the outside world it appeared that they had nothing in common. It was, for example, a rare thing for a Methodist minister to be found filling a Presbyterian pulpit, or a Presbyterian minister that of a Methodist congregation. Equally rare was it for laymen of various Churches to be jointly associated on committees (except, indeed, that of the Bible Society) for any matter relating to Christian effort of a general character, their action being strictly confined to work in their own denominations, looking, as they too often did, with scant favour upon the work of their brethren of other Churches.

Forty years ago, the very suggestion to have a psalm or a hymn found in the collection of one Church added to that of another would have been received with dismay, if not with horror. Forty years ago, by reason of the preponderance of a spirit of bigotry over the Christlike spirit of charity, the action of each Church, if not expressed in words, was nevertheless borne out in its conduct to others. Its language being: "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we;" and again: "Come not near to me; for I am holier than thou."—Is. lxv. 5.

Forty years ago, it was an unheard of thing for the members of one denomination to invite the brotherly aid of the members of any other in the extension of its Church or college enterprises. Forty years ago, the social intercourse of Church members was very largely, if not entirely, confined to those connected with their own denomination.

All this is changed. Changed, too, in a spirit of brotherly love

\* We have pleasure in reprinting from the *Presbyterian College Journal*, of Montreal, the following admirable contribution by the Hon. Senator Macdonald to a Symposium on "Christian Unity."—Ed.

and affection. In a spirit so real and so unmistakably sincere that the world, if it will be honest, will be compelled to see in it an exemplification of that commandment which Christ gave to His disciples, when He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."—John xiii. 34.

How has this great change been brought about?

Like all changes which bring about enduring results, the process has been slow, the agencies have not only been varied but numerous, have not unfrequently been set in motion from quarters the most unexpected, yet have all happily been used for the accomplishment of a common end, and that end a spirit of brotherly feeling among Christ's people of every name.

What do we find to-day? Not only do we find ministers of one denomination in the most friendly spirit filling the pulpit of the brother of another, when from any cause he may be absent from his own, but doing this to the edification and delight of the congregation, so that nothing is more common than to hear such remarks as these, "Why, he preached like our own minister. None here could have supposed that he was not one of our own people. We must have him again." But we find upon special occasions, upon the opening or re-opening of churches, upon missionary or educational occasions, the services conducted by ministers of denominations other than those in whose interest such services are held, and in every case with great advantage to all concerned. We find also that which has now become an established usage (I speak now of the city of Toronto), the appointment by the Ministerial Association of one day in each year for a general interchange in all the pulpits, that is, between the Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and Baptists of this city, in which the largest measure of Christian interchange is manifested to the edification and delight of all concerned, an arrangement which might very well be extended to the entire Dominion. We find laymen of the various denominations associated with each other in the carrying on of religious work on those matters in which all have a common interest. We find the hymns of Charles Wesley in the Presbyterian Hymnal, and the psalms of the metrical version and the paraphrases as used by the Presbyterian Church in that of the Methodists. We find instead of the contention for supremacy as indicated by the words "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we," the recognition of a loftier and purer spirit, which leads each to take in the full import of the words addressed by Christ to the multitude and

to His disciples, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt. xxiii. 8. And for the spirit of bigotry we have one of love and confidence, which finds its illustration in the prayer, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.

We find also upon the subscription list of many of the churches, parsonages and colleges throughout the Dominion, the names of members of other communions than those to which such churches, parsonages and colleges belong; subscriptions in many cases given unsolicitedly, given solely as an expression of friendliness and goodwill. This is the spirit which manifests itself to-day among the Churches. A spirit which is widening and deepening, and is gradually annihilating what may be deemed all serious differences; a spirit which is enabling each to see in the other that other's excellences; leading each to wonder what it is that keeps them apart. Is this not a wondrous change compared with that which existed forty years ago? Is there not here that which is a cause of rejoicing "to angels and to men"—a spirit which ought to beget in the hearts of God's children gratitude for that which has been accomplished, and hopefulness as to that which may be looked for.

But does this apply to all the denominations? I regret that I am unable to reply in the affirmative; for so far as the Church of England is concerned, it refuses to recognize the ministers of other denominations, men who have been "called of God as was Aaron," men upon whom God has set His seal, as ministers of the New Testament, and it refuses to interchange with them in the discharge of pulpit duties! My purpose is not to discuss this matter in any unfriendly spirit, indeed my purpose is not to discuss it at all. I can only express my deep regret that the clergy of the Church of England persist in a course which not only meets with no approval from their people, but which is to many distinguished laymen of its communion a matter of the deepest regret, a matter which were it in their power to remedy would be remedied to-morrow.\* This I know to be the mind of many loyal members of the Church of England, men who are known through the country, not for their goodness only, but for their large-hearted catho-

\* No one will rejoice more than Senator Macdonald that broad-minded Churchmen are breaking down the barriers which separate them from other denominations. We are glad to observe that the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., a Church of England clergyman of Toronto, preached recently at the opening of a Congregational church in this city.—Ed.

licity, and who are longing and praying for the day when in the Church which they love a larger spirit of Christian brotherhood will prevail—and who are ready to adopt the following soul-stirring language of Archdeacon Farrar:

“Perish the hand which would circumscribe by one hair's breadth the limits or the definition of the Church of Christ; perish the arm that would exclude from that one flock of the Good Shepherd the ‘other sheep which are not of this fold;’ perish the narrow superstition that the Spirit of God ‘which bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth,’ can only be conveyed by mechanical transmission. I for one, at any rate, refuse to flatter the priestly pride which would sectarianize the catholicity of the Church of Christ. The Articles which I accepted at my ordination taught me that the Visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men wherein the pure Word of God is preached and the Sacraments duly administered; and I for one, even if I were to stand alone, would still repudiate and protest against the uncatholic teaching which would pretend to do what it cannot do by unchurching any who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. If there are any who think that He who died for all mankind cares mainly or chiefly for outward organizations, their views of Christ are not such as I learn from Him who made the keeping of the Commandments the essential of entering into the Kingdom of Heaven. I say with Whitfield: ‘Do they profess repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ? If so they are my brethren.’”

Brave words, and timely as brave, expressive of a Christlike spirit which will meet with a hearty response from the Church of Christ throughout the world.

It must be to all a matter of rejoicing that the Pan-Anglican Conference recently held in England has already commenced to bear fruit. In an address delivered by Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, one of the dioceses of the Scottish Episcopal Church in which he spoke of the possibility and desirability of union between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, he said:

“The fact that a Bishop's hands had not ordained these ministers was not a sufficient cause to refuse them admittance to the Episcopal Church unless they approached in the garb of penitents. I cannot understand (he continued) how any Episcopalian can read the biography of Dr. Chalmers, for instance, or of Dr. Norman McLeod, or of Dr. Guthrie, or of Dr. Eadie, not to mention others, and not feel that there is something which is seriously and wrongfully amiss, something over which we ought not to rest until it has been rectified, in the fact that such men, such Christians, were not received by us to the communion of our common Lord and Master nor we by them.”

But what agencies has God been using to bring about the

changes to which these referred? These in a paper of this character can be little more than touched upon.

The Evangelical Alliance it was which furnished the first platform in order after the British and Foreign Bible Society, upon which brethren of the various denominations could meet, through the help of which brethren were enabled to discover how much there was upon which they were agreed, and how little there was upon which they differed.

Then came the Young Men's Christian Association. This agency, in my judgment, has been one of the main factors in working wondrous changes, not through the extent of its work only, but through its variety, its agents embracing all its churches, and its work being in keeping with its distinguished motto, "One is our Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

From it appears to have sprung what might be appropriately termed the Convention era,—Provincial, Dominion and International Conventions for its own work; Conventions for Sunday-school work; Christian work; and Temperance work. And these have been characterized by such a spirit of unity, that unless the Church with which a brother was associated were known, nothing which he said or did at such Convention could indicate to what particular section of the Church of Christ he belonged.

I was, in common with all who attended the meetings of the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Baltimore about 1878, specially impressed with this noticeable feature of that wonderful gathering. Brethren were there of every denomination and from every part of the world. The Convention was under the presidency of Mr. D. L. Moody. The series of meetings more nearly approached the description which we have of the "Day of Pentecost" than any meeting which I had ever before, or have since, attended. The hallowed influences which accompanied them can never be forgotten. Then, I think I may add, that what may be called the Evangelistic movement has largely been the outgrowth of the Young Men's Christian Association. In this connection I need mention no other name than that of D. L. Moody, around whom bishops of the Anglican Church, ministers and laymen of all the denominations have gathered, and witnessed through such agency the conversion of thousands of souls. Many of such workers have had life-long prejudices broken down, and have been compelled with Peter to say: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:



but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."—Acts x. 34-35.

Most observable also has been the greater directness (probably growing out of the Evangelistic movement) of pulpit ministrations. The greater prominence given to the doctrine of acceptance with God, and the necessary sequence of the consciousness of this acceptance manifesting itself in a spirit of love to God and man, a spirit with which a narrow sectionalism cannot exist, a spirit which leads its possessor, in the language of the poet, to say :

“ Oh that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace ;  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.”

Then we have the blending of the psalms and hymns in the various hymnals in use among the various congregations. One incident in this connection must be noted. At a meeting of a sub-committee on the revision of the Methodist Hymnal, the question came up as to the insertion of the 100th Psalm. One of the members of the committee stated his preference for Watts' version, the remainder expressed their preference for the Scottish version. Whereupon the one in the minority put the case thus:—"I prefer Watts' version, but with five Scotchmen what chance is there for any but the Scottish version?" Think of a Methodist Committee on the revision of the Hymnal with five-sixths of its members Scotchmen, each one of whom had either been a Presbyterian or was of Presbyterian descent! And will any man say that between the Presbyterians and Methodists any bar exists, or should exist, which would prevent them from becoming one body tomorrow? I think not. And thus it came that not only did the 100th Psalm, but several of the psalms and several of the paraphrases, form part of the revised Methodist Hymnal, so that I doubt not that very often the congregation of both bodies are singing at the same time --

“ O spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God  
And portion evermore.”

Some, I am aware, are unable to discover that a spirit of brotherly love exists among the Churches, although it is every day exerting its powers in drawing them nearer to each other. This inability arises, I fear, from an unwillingness to admit that which is patent to so many, which unwillingness arises from the fact that they personally are doing nothing to bring about or to sustain such a spirit. But there are others, and their name is legion, who beholding the signs of the times can discover the cloud, the symbol of God's presence, leading them on, and are ready to say: "Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."—Jer. i. 5.

Are we to have an organic union of the churches? This would fittingly form the subject of another paper. One thing, however, is clear, and that is, that meantime it is the duty of each section of the great army of the living God:

"To be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another."—Rom. xii. 10.

"To rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. To be of the same mind one toward another."—Rom. xii. 15-16.

"To pray for the peace of Jerusalem. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say peace be within thee."—Psalm cxxii. 6-9.

Then shall that condition exist which the Apostle enjoins, that condition which leads each member of the body to sympathize with the whole, so that "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."—1 Cor. xii. 26.

OAKLANDS, TORONTO.

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### NEW PATHS.

WE wake to see a new world spread  
With whiteness from above,  
The sullied paths of yesterday  
With joy we find are swept away,  
In this new proof of love.

And now, as we again step out  
To make fresh paths to-day  
We gratefully this day receive,  
And strive, with humbled hearts, to leave  
A pure, unsullied way.

ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

“I’LL write it straight;  
The matter’s in my head, and in my heart.”  
—*As You Like It*, iii. 5.

“He that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail.”  
—*Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4.

I. THE APPARITION OF LITERATURE.

“Stay, illusion !  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me :  
If there be any good thing to be done  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me.”

*Hamlet*, i. 1.

“Remember thee ?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there ;  
And thy commandments all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter.”

—*Hamlet*, i. 5.

Surprise has sometimes been expressed that while so much is known about Shakespeare’s mind, so little should be known about his history. Outside of his works the scantiest records are all that remain of this most gifted of men, and first of all “the laurelled gods of song.” That he was probably born on the twenty-third of April in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-four, and that he died on the fifty-second anniversary of his birthday, is about all we know of his mortal life. During that brief period the immortal Shakespeare flits across “the disc of Time” like an apparition. In the drama of his day, he was accustomed, it is said, to play the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet* ; so he moves among “the choice and master spirits of the age” a spectral form, sheeted

in the obscurity of his life, and phantom-like in the rarity and fitfulness of his historical disclosures. Little did it seem on that memorable anniversary of England's patron Saint—St. George's Day—that there was born England's patron Genius, and with him a power greater than kings and emperors, greater than warrior or statesman—a power which by

“Thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof  
That they were born for immortality,”

was ordained to be a living force, expanding the intellect, stimulating the imagination and moulding the hearts of men down “to the last syllable of recorded time.” Stranger still is it that the world should have been so slow in recognizing this

“Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.”

For two hundred years the place of his birth slumbered above the sacred relics to which it gave shelter before it woke up to its priceless inheritance, permitting, even as late as 1810, the house in which our bard was born to pass into the hands of a butcher; and it is to an American, the celebrated Barnum, who offered a large sum to be allowed to carry off the antiquated cottage, from roof-tree to chimney-corner, that the world is indebted for the preservation and restoration of what has long since become a shrine to which the footsteps of reverent pilgrims have tended and all high thoughts have turned.

Of the living Shakespeare little is known—less, perhaps, than of any other name in our literature. We are left very largely to inference, aided by a fancy which, like his own, can body forth and turn to shape forms of things unknown, and even airy nothings, to fill up from “the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time,” what at most will be mere outline etchings of “gentle Shakespeare.”

The first ray of historical light which falls upon our bard, following the “brief chronicle” of his baptism, is the fact of his marriage. He was then a youth of eighteen,

“In the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises;”

and the glowing ideal of womanly grace and beauty that captivated his ardent nature was “Sweet Anne Hathaway,” a buxom maiden of five-and-twenty. What a vivid sketch of this love-sick swain have we in his own “Young Master Fenton:” “He capers,

he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't." And having carried it, it is pleasant to picture this fond pair living their happy life near the banks of Avon's shimmering stream, or wandering amid the flowery meads of Shottery, or through the wooded shades of Charlecote, finding in each other's love a treasure

"Of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;"

until four years later, driven by the growing demands of a family, now numbering three, and drawn by the allurements of the drama, our bard takes the supreme step of his life, going forth to earn both fame and fortune in the great Metropolis. Nor did his ardour ever cool. How much its object merited so true an affection is evident from one piece of mute testimony to the sterling moral qualities possessed by Shakespeare's Anne, namely, that twenty years after her marriage, a bequest by Thomas Whittington, an old shepherd, long in her father's employ, of forty shillings to the poor of Stratford, is confided to her care for disbursement—an incident speaking volumes for her trust-inspiring, kindly, reliable nature. All her other excellencies are celebrated in a curious poem, or rhythmical pun, which has been attributed to our bard, entitled:

"TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE, AND DELIGHT OF MY HEART,  
ANN HATHAWAY."

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,  
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,  
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,  
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!  
She hath a way to sing so clear,  
Phœbus might wondering stoop to hear.  
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,  
And Nature charm Ann hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Ann Hathaway;  
To breathe delight Ann hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
And merit to distress betray,  
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way.  
She hath a way to chase despair,

To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
Turn foulest night to fairest day,  
Thou knowest, fond heart, Ann hath a way ;  
    She hath a way,  
    Ann Hathaway ;  
To make grief bliss, Ann Hathaway.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,  
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,  
The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;  
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway !  
She hath a way with her bright eye,  
Their various lustre to defy, —  
The jewel's she, and the foil they ;  
So sweet to look Ann hath a way ;  
    She hath a way,  
    Ann Hathaway ;  
To shame bright gems, Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given  
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;  
For though a mortal made of clay,  
Angels must love Ann Hathaway ;  
She hath a way so to control,  
To rapture the imprisoned soul,  
And sweetest heaven on earth display,  
That to be heaven Ann hath a way ;  
    She hath a way,  
    Ann Hathaway ;  
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way !”

Whether or not this playful love-song be really a genuine effusion of our poet passing through the third of the seven ages as a lover,

“Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow,”

may we not find in sweet Ann Hathaway the key to that nobleness and grandeur of womanly grace and beauty of generosity which appear to such advantage in the Shakespearean drama ? In any case, Shakespeare's women—Miranda, Juliet, Desdemona, Virgilia, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, and many more—are embodiments of sweetness, devotion, patience, and inextinguishable affection.

An enthusiastic Frenchman once asked concerning Sir Isaac Newton, whom he admired to ecstasy, whether he ate and drank like common mortals. Now it is somewhat of the nature of a

broken spell to know that Shakespeare, with all his genius, is not superior to "the natural touches" of our humanity. This "inly touch of love," pure, passionate, human, reveals the man to us, softening as by a coloured lens, the fierce flame of his genius. In the words of his own King Henry: "I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smell to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing."

Sixteen years from the date of his marriage we catch another glimpse of our Apparition. He is now a man of thirty-four, in the very hey-day of his fame and fortune in London, having just written *Richard III.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King John*, and other plays; and is perhaps engaged upon his "Sugared Sonnets," of all his works the most dioramic of his inner soul, and which he himself calls "the dumb presagers of his speaking breast;" when two incidents occur of great biographical value.

In the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford is preserved a precious relic, in the form of a letter—the only one extant addressed to Shakespeare—bearing date, October 25th, 1598, and signed by one Richard Quincy, a fellow-townsmen, requesting the loan of £30, and couched in terms expressing implicit faith in the generosity of the man to whom the appeal is made. To say the least, this letter speaks volumes for the reputation in which the great dramatist must have been held for generous qualities of heart, and serves as a footlight showing him up to better view as he flits across the stage.

To the same effect is another fragment of history, if history it can be called.

In the year 1571, John Shakespeare, father of our poet, is a man in affluent circumstances, being high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford. But, eleven years later, he has suffered a reverse of fortune, having mortgaged his landed property, and fearing arrest for debt. And yet, four years later still, viz., in 1596, he is found again in affluent circumstances, and even applying to the Herald's College for a coat-of-arms on the ground, among other claims, of official dignity and ample means. Now, what has brought about this happy change of fortune? "There can be but one solution," says Mr. Wise, in a charming little *brochure* on Shakespeare, "and that is, his son William was now prospering and helped him." Our Apparition thus steals to the front, or rather stands in the shadow, a man of generous impulses and filial, dutiful affection.

Blending these broken lights, and uniting these historical fragments into a consistent whole, we are prepared now to appreciate that stereoscopic picture of Shakespeare which Jonson and Fuller afford in their respective descriptions of the man and the genius. Jonson's limnal outline is a graphic personal etching; "I loved the man, and do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." What a pity that "rare Ben" should have *stopped*; for he might have gone on filling up this graphic personal etching into a breathing portrait. However, the limner's strokes are sufficiently bold to suggest to the imagination that traces them, how lovable must have been our bard in the ripe maturity of his manhood.

Fuller, in his critical description of the Shakespearean genius, puts the twin-lens into the stereoscope. Comparing our dramatist with "rare Ben" himself, Fuller says: "Which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances: Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

The historical figure unmasking himself behind these foot-lights, is that of a gentle, affectionate nature; vivacious, pouring out his sweet soul in melodious song, and uttering with unconscious merit,

"Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations."

Soon after the change of fortune in the Shakespeare family, referred to above, the shadow of a great darkness fell upon our bard, as falls sooner or later upon all great spirits; and he passes through the fiery furnace of trial, only, however, to be purified, and to rise into a self-contained elevation of human excellence which, alas! too few of the world's geniuses have ever reached. Like St. Paul, he is having his experience of "the desert of Arabia." His sky is overcast; patrons are imprisoned; friends are departing; Southampton is declared a traitor; Essex is beheaded; the whole political horizon is electric with threatening dangers. But see how the evil spirits of that period call up the sovereign powers of Shakespeare's inner self, as Macbeth's witches called up from a boiling cauldron images of crowned kings. And



as the *suspiria de profundis* of his own dark experience, no less than of the age, there appear those imperial tragedies, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*; tragedies, in truth to nature, in artistic judgment, in perfect mastery over all the elements of pity, horror and fear, and in boundless fertility of imagination, perhaps the mightiest creations of mortal mind. In them "the muse of fire" ascends "the brightest heaven of invention," having "a kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene." The weakness and baseness of men; their loves and hates; their inconsistency and treachery; their miserable jealousies and uncontrollable passions, all sweep like a storm over the dramatist's mind. Meantime the eternal verities of God's world are coming back to him, and he is learning the lesson that all must learn, namely, that faith and love are the great forces of life, and, as Tennyson has since expressed it,

"That life is not an idle one,  
But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And battered with the shocks of doom,  
To shape and use."

The ordeal once over, this desert experience is left behind, and we find our bard back again at Stratford, revelling in "piping times of peace," and writing in serene seclusion a closing series of dramas in harmony with the sublime and mellow peacefulness that marks the last moments of his setting sun.

#### AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT.

My soul, watching and musing saw this sight:  
Two mighty angels, swift and full of power,  
Meet and clasp hands, yet stay not in their flight,  
Cleaving the zenith at the midnight hour—  
Clasp and unclasp, swift as a thought may be;  
One upward, and the other downward bent;  
One with a countenance serenely free—  
The other, thoughtful, as on service sent.

But sure and swift as holy prayers arise,  
The angel of the Past Year sought God's face;  
He knew the constellations, and with eyes  
And heart uplifted passed the starry space;  
And swift and bright as sunshine from the skies  
Came the strong angel of the Earth's New Year;  
And while he stood with calm and watchful eyes  
The last sharp stroke of midnight smote my ear.

—*Amelia E. Barr.*

## HOW JOHN WESLEY SPENT NEW YEAR'S DAY FOR FIFTY YEARS.

BY THE LATE GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M.A.

It is interesting to Methodists to learn how Mr. Wesley spent his time on any day, but it is more so to ascertain for the long period of half a century how he commenced every year—what was his chief occupation on the first day of each year; and seeing that an important, and indeed solemn religious service, was his chief work, no matter on what day of the week it might fall, he had that fascination about him that during that period he gathered at this special service congregations varying from one to two thousand persons. He especially names eighteen hundred on various occasions, gathered from all London. They walked to the service, and walked home afterwards, there being then no public conveyance and cheap fares, such as are now so common. The age of Mr. Wesley will be added to each year. As Mr. Wesley was born in June, 1703, the age given will be that previous to the year named.

1737. Age 33. In Georgia, America. At the end of the year 1736 Mr. Wesley and Charles Delamotte, both missionaries, set out on foot to Cowpen, missed their way in the wood, walked through a cypress swamp, with the water breast high, and they slept on the ground, out of doors, in their wet clothes, which during the night were frozen, and in the morning were white as snow. They arrived at Frederica, January 5, 1737, and had a cold reception.

1738. Age 34. Sunday. On board ship returning from America to England. All in the ship excepting the captain and steersman were present both at the morning and evening service Mr. Wesley held, and they appeared as deeply attentive as the poor people at Frederica did, while the Word of God was new to their ears.

1739. Age 35. Mr. Wesley was converted in the May previous. Monday, January 1. "Mr. Hall (my brother-in-law), Kenchin, Ingham, Whitefield, R. Hutchins, and my brother Charles were present at our lovefeast in Fetter-lane, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out

with one voice—'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'

1740. Age 36. Tuesday. "I endeavoured to explain to our brethren the true, Christian, Scriptural stillness, by largely unfolding those solemn words—'Be still, and know that I am God.'" The doctrine of "stillness" had nearly broken up the society; many fell away from God.

1741. Age 37. "I explained, 'If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature.' Many of our brethren had no ears to hear, having disputed away both their faith and love. In the evening I expounded those words of St. Paul, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

1742. Age 38. At London. "After a night of quiet sleep, I awoke in a strong fever, but without any sickness, thirst, or pain. I consented to keep my bed, but on condition that everyone who desired it should have liberty to speak with me; fifty or sixty persons did so this day; nor did I find any inconvenience from it. In the evening I sent for all the band members into my room, who were in the house, that we might magnify our Lord together."

1743. Age 39. Saturday. "Between Doncaster and Epworth I overtook one who accosted me with so many impertinent questions I was amazed. I asked him, Are you aware that we are on a longer journey than this—that we are travelling toward eternity? He replied instantly, 'O, I find you, I know who you are; is not your name Wesley? 'Tis pity, 'tis great pity; why could not your father's religion serve you? Why must you have a *new* religion?' Before I could reply, he cried out, 'I am a Christian! I am a Churchman! I am none of your Culamites,' as plain as he could speak, for he was so drunk he could scarcely keep on the horse he rode. Having, as he thought, put them all down, he put spurs to his horse on both sides, and rode off. In the evening I preached at Epworth."

1744. Age 40. He opened this year with a troubled mind, arising from a letter he had received from a poor man who was in lamentation, mourning and woe. He prints the letter in his Journal.

1745. Age 41. In London, doing pastoral work amongst the members.

1746. Age 42. In London. "Wednesday I preached at the Foundery at four in the morning, on 'I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect.'"

1747. Age 43. In London, visiting the societies, and resuming a vegetable diet he had discontinued for several years.

1748. Age 44. In London "We began the year at the Foundery at four in the morning with joy and thanksgiving. The same spirit was in the midst of us both at the noon and evening service."

1749. Age 45. Preparing for a journey to Rotterdam, but gave it up and spent nearly twenty days in that displeasing employment - answering Dr. Middleton's book against the Fathers.

1750. Age 46. "A large congregation met at the Foundery at four o'clock, and began the Year of Jubilee in a better manner than they at Rome are accustomed to do."

1751. Age 47. In London. The only record in his Journal relates to a long and remarkable letter on Mr. Whitefield's preaching which he prints.

1752. Age 48. No entry about the New Year, but at that period Mr. Wesley was greatly tried by the disloyalty of some of his preachers.

1753. Age 49. In London. "A large congregation met at the Foundery at four, and praised Him with joyful hearts and lips who had given us to see another year."

1754. Age 50. "I returned once more to London, and set out next day for Bristol." He was but slowly recovering from that consumption which many feared would end his life, when he wrote the inscription for his grave; but God raised him up.

1755. Age 51. No Journal entry; but Mr. Wesley was in London, commencing to edit the works of his early college friend, the Rev. James Hervey.

1756. Age 52. "We had a large congregation at the Foundery at four in the morning."

1757. Age 53. Mr. Wesley was doing pastoral work in London, but makes no record before January 3.

1758. Age 54. At Bristol, where he had arrived after Christmas, and began the New Year on Sunday with a great congregation at four in the morning, rejoicing and praising God.

1759. Age 55. Having received a pressing letter asking him to visit Bristol, he took horse on the morning of January 1st, and reached Bristol on the evening of the 2nd.

1760. Age 56. At London. "Began the New Year at the Foundery at four in the morning. A great number attended, and God was in the midst, strengthening and refreshing their souls."

1761. Age 57. Mr. Wesley was engaged in a painful controversy with the *London Chronicle*, in which he describes Newgate Prison as a seat of woe not exceeded on this side hell.

1762. Age 58. "We had pretty near two thousand members of

the society at Spitalfields in the evening, where Messrs. Berridge, Maxfield, and Colley assisted me at the Sacrament. We found God was in the midst, while we devoted ourselves to Him in the most solemn manner at the Covenant."

1763. Age 59. "Met for renewing the Covenant; a time of blessing."

1764. Age 60. Sunday. "We met in the evening for the solemn purpose of renewing the Covenant."

1765. Age 61. "I wrote an answer to a warm letter, published in the *London Magazine*, written by a man who was displeased with me for my doubts of modern astronomy."

1766. Age 62. Wednesday. "A large congregation met at the Foundery at four o'clock, and ushered in the New Year with praise and thanksgiving. In the evening we met, as usual, in the church at Spitalfields to renew our Covenant with God. This is always a refreshing season, at which some prisoners are set at liberty."

1767. Age 63. London, Thursday. "The whole society met in the evening in Spitalfields Church, and solemnly renewed their Covenant with God."

1768. Age 64. Mr. Wesley was visiting the society in London and relieving prisoners in the Marshalsea, in for debts.

1769. Age 65. "We met at Spitalfields Church to renew our Covenant with God. We never do this without a blessing."

1770. Age 66. "About eighteen hundred of us met together at Spitalfields; it was a most solemn season; we did indeed avouch the Lord to be our God, so did He avouch us to be His people."

1771. Age 67. "A large congregation met at Spitalfields in the evening to renew with one heart and one voice their Covenant with God. The Spirit of glory and of God, as usual, rested upon them."

1772. Age 68. London, Wednesday. "We met in the evening in order, solemnly and explicitly, to renew our Covenant with God."

1773. Age 69. London, Friday. "We, as usual, solemnly renewed our Covenant with God."

1774. Age 70. No entry made in January; he was in London in poor health, and was resting to promote recovery, but using his pen.

1775. Age 71. London, Sunday. "We had a large congregation at the renewal of the Covenant. I do not know that we ever had a greater blessing. Afterwards many desired to return thanks, either for a sense of pardon, for full salvation, for a fresh manifestation of grace, or healing all their backslidings."

1776. Age 72. "About eighteen hundred of us met together in London to renew our Covenant with God, and it was a very solemn opportunity."

1777. Age 73. "We met, as usual, to renew our Covenant with God. It was a solemn season, wherein many found the power present to heal, and were enabled to urge their way with renewed strength."

1778. Age 74. London, Thursday. "We had a very solemn opportunity of renewing our Covenant with God."

1779. Age 75. London, Friday, January 1st. "At length we have a house (City-road Chapel opened a few weeks previously) capable of containing the whole society. We met there this evening to renew our Covenant with God."

1780. Age 76. London. "We had the largest congregation at the renewal of our Covenant with God which ever met upon the occasion, and were thoroughly convinced that God was not departed from us. He never will, unless we first depart from Him."

1781. Age 77. London, Monday. "We begun, as usual, the service at four, praising Him who, in spite of all our enemies, had brought us safe to the beginning of another year."

1782. Age 78. London, Tuesday. "I began the service at four at West Street Chapel, Seven Dials, and again at ten. In the evening many of us at the new chapel, City Road, rejoiced in God our Saviour." [Three services at the age of 78:]

1783. Age 79. London, Wednesday, January 1. "May I begin to live to-day!"

1784. Age 80. London, Thursday. "Weary and worn," he wrote, "I retired for two or three days to Peckham."

1785. Age 81. London, Saturday. "Whether this year be my last or no, may it be the best year of my life!"

1786. Age 82. London, Sunday. "We began that solemn service, the renewing of our Covenant with God, not in the evening as heretofore, but at three in the afternoon, as more convenient for the generality of the members. God was with us of a truth."

1787. Age 83. London, Monday. "We began the service at four in the morning, to an unusually large congregation. We had another comfortable opportunity at the new chapel at the usual morning hour, and a third in the evening at West Street, Seven Dials." [Three services at 83.]

1788. Age 84. Mr. Wesley's Journals for January and February have not been printed, but letters written early in January indicate that his mind was occupied in promoting Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings.

1789: Age 85. London, Thursday. "If this is to be the last year of my life, according to some of those prophecies, I hope it will be the best. I am not careful about it, but heartily receive the advice of the angel in Milton—

'How well is thine : how long permit to heaven.'"

1790. Age 86. London, Friday, January 1. "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God, I do not *slack my labour*; I can *preach and write still*."

1791. Age 87. Mr. Wesley discontinued his Journal on October 24, 1790. From letters which the writer has seen, he was writing to Adam Clarke about the dawn of 1791. His mind was clear, although his body was feeble. His last New Year's Day, it is believed, was spent at the chapel-house in City Road.

So far as these records show, it is clear that John Wesley conducted one, two, or three religious services on New Year's Day for half a century, and a small pamphlet of hymns, specially adapted for that day, was used on those solemn occasions.—*Methodist Recorder*.

### THE NEW YEAR'S LESSON.

BY GEORGIANA CRAIK.

O NEW YEAR! teach us faith;  
 The road of life is hard;  
 When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,  
 Point thou to Him whose visage was more marr'd  
 Than any man's, who saith—  
 "Make straight paths for your feet"—and to the opprest—  
 "Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope  
 Above this unknown way,  
 Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,  
 And our hands strength to work while it is day.  
 But if that way must slope  
 Tombward, Oh! bring before our fading eyes  
 The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Friend, come thou like a friend,  
 And whether bright thy face,  
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—  
 We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,  
 And trust Thee to the end:  
 Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres  
 Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

## JONATHAN YEADON'S JUSTIFICATION.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

OPENING an old diary to-day a small, faded square of printed paper fluttered to the ground. I lifted it curiously and found it was a Wesleyan class-ticket, a token of Mary Yeadon's membership with the Guiseley chapel, more than half a century ago—a little bit of yellow paper about three inches square, with a narrow waving border around the edge, inside of which was a text of Scripture, and below the text, "Mary Yeadon," written in a bold, free hand. The date was January 25th, A.D. 1830.

I took the paper in my hand and sat down to think. What was I doing with it? Its date was before my birth—but as soon as I read the text I remembered all—"And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Yes, I remembered all; the little token had been given to me by a woman whom it had comforted for twenty years, and to whom it had been the pledge of an unfaltering trust wonderfully redeemed. If you wish to know how, then come with me into the very heart of England; into that Yorkshire which old Fuller says is the essence and the epitome of all that is excellent in the whole land. In spite of steam and railways the people yet retain much of their picturesque, unhewn roughness of character and manners; but fifty years ago the flavour of "English undefiled" was still more pronounced. They are a thorough, downright, hearty people, hard-headed, hard-fisted; a race who have left their mark on English history for two thousand years; foremost always in all those fierce processes which out of the jarring elements of Briton, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have wrought the England and the English of to-day.

There never has been a great national feeling which did not in this county find its acme. When Yorkshiresmen accepted steam they made Yorkshire the home of steam-craft; when they accepted Methodism they did it with a shout that thrilled all England. No one indeed quite knows what "singing and making melody in the heart" really means until he has heard a thousand Yorkshire men and women sing together the grand old lyric:

"Hallelujah to the Lamb,  
Who has brought us our pardon;  
We'll praise Him again  
When we've passed over Jordan."



It was to this very hymn that Mary Yeadon stood listening one summer evening half a century ago. Guiseley chapel—a little lower down the green—was ablaze with light and shaking with melody. Her favourite minister was preaching, her favourite brother was leading the singing. Mary was a good girl, and she longed to be there. But even as her heart mounted heavenward on the triumphant song she was sensible of being dragged earthward by a feeling of disappointment and anxiety.

Her youngest brother had promised faithfully to be at home in time to go with her to the service, and he had not come. Either the lad was losing interest in good things, or he had a hard master. Mary liked to look at neither alternative; for if he was losing hold of the rock on which all of his youth had been built, he was in a big city full of danger and temptation; and if he had a hard master he was bound by strong indentures to his service for seven years.

As the echoes of the hymn died away Mary turned thoughtfully in, and stirring up the fire—which burned all summer long in the clean, pleasant “house-place”—she began to lay the cloth for supper. Presently there was a sound of voices at the gate; Mary listened and blushed brightly—it was the preacher and her brother Jonathan. They sat down on the low stone wall dividing the small flagged yard from the gray old garden, and fell into earnest conversation.

The two men were a strange contrast; perhaps it was for that very reason they liked each other with a stubborn affection that endured a great deal of that plain talking which is a Yorkshireman's native tongue. A still deeper regard existed between the preacher and Mary Yeadon; not acknowledged as yet, but well understood by both of them. Mary knew that if ever she married she would be Mark Aslin's wife; and Mark Aslin knew that Mary Yeadon was for him the one woman in the world to be desired.

But there were many difficulties in the way of their marriage. Jonathan Yeadon, though the head of an old family, and the employer of a great number of weavers, was far from being a rich man. Partly from a love of old ways, and partly also from a want of capital, he still made his camlets and serges by hand-loom; and every year he was finding it harder to keep his place in the Bradford “Piece Hall.” Then he showed little inclination to marry, and as long as there was no other mistress in Yeadon House Mary was bound to her brothers Jonathan and Benjamin by ties stretching back to her infancy.

Mark Aslin, too, was a poor man; and though a favourite preacher—one who, when he came to his own, was well received by them—he was yet subject to the orders of a Church whose

discipline sent him hither and thither. He had no abiding place. Yet love ventures to show himself where he dare not speak for himself, and so it happened that Mary Yeadon and Mark Aslin knew each other's heart, though they had not told each other they did so.

When they sat down to supper Jonathan said, anxiously, "Mary, my lass, where is Ben?" And when informed that Ben had not come home, his face grew dark and troubled.

Mark Aslin suggested that it was only Friday night, and that wool-staplers did not like their apprentices idle all day Saturday.

"But this was a special arrangement with James Ackroyd. I told him that at quarterly meetings Ben was to be here for all services."

"I saw Ben Yeadon going over t' garden wall well-nigh an hour sin'; he's mebbe laking wi' t' lads on t' green," said the servant-girl, with the freedom of speech Yorkshire customs permit.

"Thou saw naught o' t' kind, Jane Sykes. Ben Yeadon laking when t' chapel were in! A likely story, wench!"

"I nobbut said what I saw."

"It's been thine own lad, Jane; I've caught him in t' strawberry bed afore to-night, thou knows."

"Don't be vexed, brother; if it were Ben, why then he'll be here soon; and he'll have a good reason for not being here before."

But Jonathan was vexed, and when Mark Aslin tried to renew a pending argument, piling text upon text for his own side, Jonathan querulously declined the combat, saying: "Mark, thou speaks as if the Bible were a new book, just come out; I've known them texts, my lad, afore thou wast born." Moreover, he took his way into the garden, and paced up and down the dark alleys between the thick privet hedges, afterwards sauntering up the green near enough to the boys playing cricket to be quite sure Ben Yeadon was not among them.

Mary was anxious because her brother was, and Mark undertook to comfort her. He began talking about the anxieties of others, he ended by telling Mary his own; and as his anxieties were all blended with his love for her, Mary was quite able to comfort him. For one hour Mark and Mary were perfectly happy. In love's land the future is so distant and so bright, it sufficed for Mary to be Mark's promised wife, it sufficed for Mark to know that Mary loved him. Something good would happen and clear their way; at any rate he would hope, and speak to Jonathan.

The next day was Saturday, and Jonathan Yeadon had always plenty to do on Saturday. Early in the morning he was surrounded by men in heavy wooden clogs and long blue linen

pinafors covering them from neck to heels. Each brought the "piece" he had woven in his cottage during the week, and received the yarn necessary for the next week's labour. But every man's yarn was to weigh, and every man's work to measure; and this was not done without frequent disputes, and oftentimes very hard words. On Saturday nights lately, when Jonathan thought over his day's work and worry, and contrasted it with the method and gain of the new system of mills and machinery, he was more and more impatient of his poverty, and more and more anxious to rid himself of the personal annoyances of hand-labour; of its small gains and its large demands on the sympathies and temper.

As yet, however, he had said nothing to any one; for the Yeavons of Yeadon had found bread for nearly two hundred families for many a generation; and perhaps the most prominent of all Jonathan's feelings was an intense love of popular favour. He wished all men to speak well of him. For this sole reason he had, four years ago refused the offer of the rich Timothy Thoresby to find capital for a fine mill and machinery if Yeadon of Yeadon would run it. But at that time trade was good, and he was making sufficient to satisfy him.

But it was different when he barely made expenses, when he began to lose, when it cost him to go around the country-side and collect the yarn spun by the cottage-women on the old one-thread wheel more than double what it cost the mill-owners to spin it with their new jennies on their own premises. He was no longer finding work for his hands, he was feeding them out of his estate.

This Saturday, many things conspired to provoke him; webs rather shorter than usual, and the men insisted that the fault was in the yarn. Jonathan came home much fretted; and when he found Ben still absent he was seriously annoyed.

If it had not been so near the Sabbath he would have saddled his nag and would have ridden over to Leeds, to see what kept the lad; but he was a conscientious man, and he could not make himself believe that his duty toward Ben was greater than his duty toward the Sabbath, toward the men and women whom he was to lead in class, toward the Sunday-school which he ought to superintend, and the important duties of the love-feast and the communion that would follow.

However, to-night he opened his mind to Mark, and told him that he knew that Ben was dissatisfied, and he was afraid he had found company none too good for him. He had made a friend of an old soldier that now attended Ackroyd's horses, and had become excited with the idea of seeing strange countries, making a great fortune, and restoring the glory and prosperity of Yeadon Hall.

He said the lad complained that Ackroyd was a stern master, and that he was tired to death of the long room and the oily wool, and the clang of machinery.

Mark suggested that perhaps in this case there had been a mistake, and that the best plan might be to break the boy's indentures and let him go to sea, or follow some trade more consonant to his tastes. Jonathan was indignant at such advice; "Ben had been asked to do naught his forebears had not done; all the Yeadons had been wool-staplers and manufacturers, decent householders and citizens, and he would rather the lad—whom he loved dearer than his own life—were dead than roaming about the world among Turks, heathens, infidels, and foreigners of all kinds."

Jonathan spoke warmly, but Mark knew that in one respect, at least, he spoke out of a full heart; he did love his younger brother of his with a love almost motherly, for he had taken him from his dying mother's arms when only ten months old, and there was sixteen years' difference in their ages. Not even his only sister Mary was so precious in his eyes. Then the lad was handsome and bold, and had such a will that the elder had always felt holding his own with the younger an exciting strife. Even Ben's faults were such as men readily forgive. He was ambitious, rash, fond of power, indifferent to danger; and Jonathan admired the boy, even while trying to force him into the stereotyped Yeadon pattern. "He's such a bonnie lad, Mark, and he's so clever; but I'm angry to-night at him not heeding what I bid him."

"Patience, friend; we must be very patient with the gifted; it is less easy to manage ten talents than two. You said in class-meeting that you believed prayer availed in all cases; if you do, kneel down with me and ask God to take care of this dear lad of your heart both for this life and the next."

So these two men kneeled down beneath the stars and prayed as men pray when their thoughts of God and heaven and eternity are convictions, and not ideas only.

With an impulse that was strangely prophetic, Mark said, as they rose from their knees, "Brother, if it should take the Lord twenty years to answer this prayer, what about it?"

"His ways, Mark, are not our ways. His will be done."

The next day was a great Sunday in Guiseley, and long remembered. Mary Yeadon's engagement was made known, and she walked with her betrothed and brother to chapel. Jonathan was unusually happy: he rejoiced with Mark and Mary, his Sunday-school was large and well-behaved, and there was an immense congregation, and a great time both at the love-feast and the communion. At its close Mark was silently happy; he was, perhaps, too tired to talk; he sat with closed eyes in his corner of the white,

bright hearth, holding Mary's hand and smiling for deep content. But Jonathan's strong, muscular frame responded to his soul's enthusiasm in a more demonstrative manner. He triumphed with the souls that had "found liberty," and wept tears of joy over the sinners who had repented, and been brought with songs of rejoicing into the fold of the Church.

When the three clasped hands that night they parted as if they would never meet again. Very early early in the morning Mary Yeadon was awakened by her brother. His face was so white and terrible that she was afraid. "Mary," he said, "I have been robbed. I am utterly ruined and undone."

"Robbed! How? In the office?"

"What had I in the office? I paid my last sovereign out on Saturday. My desk has been opened, and the chapel money taken—all of them, Mary; class moneys, subscriptions, pew-rents, and collections. It is the quarterly meeting to-day; I have not time even to borrow the amount."

"Is it much?"

"Nearly eighty pounds."

"Eighty pounds! O, who can have done such a wicked, cruel thing?"

I know not who has done me this wrong; I alone must bear the blame. All the village will know me in a few hours for a thief or a defaulter."

"But you must tell them you were robbed."

"Who will believe me? Get up, and call Jane Sykes; I am going to tell Mark."

Mark could give nothing but sympathy. He was almost at his last shilling. Indeed part of the money stolen was his quarter's salary.

There was but one man in the village likely to have such a sum in coin in his house. He went to Crossley, of Crossley's Mills. Nothing could have astonished Samuel Crossley more than Jonathan Yeadon on a borrowing expedition, unless it was that he should come to borrow of him. If Crossley had had the money he would have loaned it. He was honestly sorry that he could not serve him.

"The humiliation has been for nothing," said Jonathan, bitterly, to his sister. Perhaps he was mistaken.

At ten o'clock the leaders, local-preachers, and principal members of the Guiseley Circuit were to meet in the chapel to transact the business of the churches, and to make the next three months' appointments; so then Jonathan must make confession that the money with which he had been intrusted was missing. Proud of

his hitherto stainless name, keenly sensitive to the opinion of his fellow-men, the alternative was as bitter as death.

Greatly to his amazement, Mark Aslin took the shame of the disclosure on himself. After the opening prayer he rose and announced the loss in terms so noble and self-denying, and full of such perfect faith in his friend's integrity, that for the time all were of the same opinion. But other speakers of less clear and generous mind followed, and a very divided opinion was soon visible.

When Jonathan offered to resign his position of trust and honour in the church, a vote was found to be in favour of his resignation. He could scarcely have believed it possible. He did not know that his brothers convicted him, not of being dishonest, but of being self-sufficient; of "managing" without their aid; of being "so officious" in the Sunday-school, prayer-meetings, and chapel services that their own labours and gifts were dwarfed in comparison.

Perhaps Jonathan's own behaviour in the meeting was against him. He was known to be in embarrassed circumstances, yet he would enter into no explanations; he would suggest no probable thief; he gave no invitations to examine the rifled desk; he would not "talk it over" with everybody who stopped him, and people felt that their lawful curiosity was not respected.

Mark's support was of little use. Everybody knew that he was betrothed to Mary Yeadon; it was natural he should defend her brother. Mark's position compelled him to sit through the proceedings; but Jonathan and two or three who clung to him left the meeting early in the day. The first effect of Jonathan's trial was not favourable to him. He was defiant; irritably, almost sullenly, silent. His faith had received a severe shock; he had gone to his Saviour with such strong crying and trust, and left his case in His hands, he thought, "Surely God will send an angel or work a miracle in my affairs before He will see the innocent condemned."

But God had sent no angel, worked no miracle for him. He was also sensible that in no circumstance of his life had his behaviour been so suspicious and unconciliatory. And he did not seem to care—a kind of deaf-and-dumb stupidity possessed him; he went home and shut the door of his room, and felt as if life had suddenly become a simple weight.

Mary half feared Mark might think it prudent to stay with some other friends. She did him a great injustice; Mark was never timid in the way of duty. He refused all other offers, and after the meeting came at once to the house full of trouble. But he was an anointed "son of consolation;" and he left Mary

strong in every noble purpose, and full of faith in God. Their love had received its baptism of tears; in both hearts it was a sacred thing for evermore.

Jonathan was hard to comfort. He felt dishonour like a wound, and the ready desertion of his friends had shocked him beyond expression. They had condemned him, he said, upon likelihoods, without waiting for proofs; everybody had gone against him, though his whole life had been an endeavour to win everybody's esteem and good-will.

"But, Jonathan," replied Mark, "no one can be liked by everybody. God Himself, dear brother, doth not please all; nay, as men are, I think it may stand with divinity to say He cannot."

Mark went away next day, and then gloom and anger and anxiety sat down on Yeadon hearthstone, and kept the brother and sister company many a week. Before another Saturday Jonathan got a letter from Ben, dated Liverpool, saying that he had gone to Calcutta. At this news he bowed his head and wept like a woman. Mary could not comfort him. "He were so proud, my lad were, and he could not bear their flitting and scorning at his brother! Poor little Ben, I would to God he'd told me! Yeadon is not that poor but it would have found a nest-egg for his fortune!" So he bemoaned his Benjamin, picturing him before the mast in raging storms or tormented with fever in the Indian jungle.

On one point only Mary blamed her brother—he appeared strangely remiss in his endeavours to discover the thief. With the exception of dismissing Jane Sykes, he had shown no shadow of suspicion of any of the numerous "hands" coming about the house. If he had any he kept it to himself, and for a few weeks tried, as far as his daily life was concerned, to make no changes.

But circumstances were too strong for him. He had lost his own standing, and he absolutely refused to take any steps to recover it. Mary began to say openly that he ought to mortgage Yeadon and pay the chapel's loss; he took no notice of the suggestion. He was a poor man going downhill, without money and without influence; it was scarcely worth while to be civil to him. He soon noticed that the very men he employed had lost that indefinable "something" in their manner which alone made their free speech more tolerable than impertinence.

After one exasperating Saturday he suddenly made up his mind to endure it no longer. He called in his webs and then coolly bade his hands "good-morning." The men stood in angry groups about his place for two or three days; he reminded them that four years ago he had refused a proposal which would have made him a rich man because they had asked him to go on

working in the old way. He spoke some very plain words to them. They grew insolent and threatening.

In all these dreadful days Mary Yeadon suffered keenly. If she had not known that her brother spent many hours in solitary prayer, she would have feared for his better nature, or his reason. But she was sure, however long the night-wrestling, the day would surely break at some hour. Mark frankly told Jonathan that he would have no peace until he resumed his place in the chapel and class-meeting and consented to worship again with his fellow-creatures though they had wronged him.

At last, more than a year after his trouble, when it was Mark's farewell Sunday with them, Jonathan went once with his sister to the little chapel on the Green, and put his name down as a member of the class which she had never left. By a singular and comforting coincidence the class ticket was the text I quoted at the beginning of my story. Jonathan read it with a strange thrill of assurance; Mary, kneeling on her knees, pinned hers in her Bible, and turned down the leaf at the thirty-seventh Psalm, as a sign between God and her soul that she waited on His time to fulfil the promise given them that day.

Things did not mend at once, even after Jonathan's submission to Heaven. They were better in the respect that he himself was more cheerful, but in other matters all remained very dark. Mary and Mark had been compelled to part without any definite hope of reunion. No tidings, good or bad, had come from Ben, and straits and pinching poverty cast doleful shadows across the threshold of the once pleasant old house.

But if men can be patient, God will be profitable. One cold, bleak evening the following winter, as Jonathan was walking home from Bradford—for he no longer kept a nag—Timothy Thoresby overtook him in his gig.

"Take a lift, Yeadon," he said.

It was an unusual courtesy for the rich Timothy to show to any one. Jonathan was tired and cold, and he answered, "Thank you, Thoresby, I will."

"You've acted like a fool, Yeadon, for nigh'on six years; I hope you have found it out by this time."

"Was it to tell me this you stopped me, Thoresby?"

"Partly so, but not altogether. I want to know if you are any wiser for your folly?"

The rough, red face was so full of kindness and sympathy that, in spite of the frank address, Jonathan's heart thawed as it had not done in the long months of its winter of discontent.

"I don't know, Thoresby," he said, sadly; "I hope so, but I have no proof of it."



"I'll give you one. Six years ago I made you a fair offer, but we were too stuck up then wi' werselves and wer notions. We thought the world were going to wait for Yeadon of Yeadon. The offer is still waiting for you; will you take it this time?"

"Yes, I'll take it, Timothy Thoresby, and say 'Thank'ee.'"

"It'll call for more than a bit of money, lad, but I can trust thee with my brass; I know nobody else I can."

This was the turning of the tide. In a few weeks workmen were breaking ground in Yeadon Hollow; then arose a gigantic brick building, which was filled with such looms and spinning-jennies as Jonathan had never dreamed of. But the instinct of the manufacturer was born in him; he soon knew every band and wheel and crank as well as he knew his ten fingers. And he was a ready-made merchant. Whatever was to be known about wool he knew; and the secret of alpacas was an open one to him. Thoresby, a shrewd, keen business man, had not mistaken his partner; the firm of Thoresby & Yeadon soon became the leading one in its specialties.

In a few years Jonathan was a more prosperous man than he had ever been; but he was not a happier one. Men again asked his advice or help, quoted his sayings and deferred to his judgment, but he did not care for it as he once had done. He built a much larger chapel on Guiseley Green; he gave nobly toward its support, and the story of the lost money was put out of men's memories, but Jonathan did not forget it. He believed men had forgiven the theft, but he never doubted in his heart that they still blamed him for it.

As time went on Yeadon House was greatly enlarged, and splendidly furnished; but it was not a change without sac-ess. Both Jonathan and Mary remembered the bright boy that had made this very thing his dream and object; the boy who had sailed away to the East and never returned. Jonathan believed him to be dead, and this belief was not much shaken by the report of a stranger having known a Ben Yeadon in the custom-house at Calcutta.

One morning Mary came to Jonathan weeping. She had a letter in her hand. It was from Mark; he was very ill, dying of consumption, and he longed to see his promised wife before it was too late. "I want to go, dear Jonathan," she said; "can you spare me a few days?"

Jonathan looked into the patient, sad face, and his own selfishness smote him like a sword. "Where is Mark?" he asked; "still in Sunderland?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then he shall come here and stay till he is well. I am going at once to fetch him." And he did. By slow and easy stages, lifted backward and forward in Jonathan's strong arms, Mark at last reached Mary and Yeadon. This was not the union they had hoped for, but Mark was quite content and happy. Already he breathed the sweet air of futurity. The sick-room was but the land of Beulah, and in it Jonathan went fully back to the love of his first espousals. What hours the three friends spent almost within sight of the Celestial City—until that supreme moment came when Mark "fell on sleep,"

"As sweetly as a child,  
Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,  
Tired with long play at close of summer day  
Lies down and slumbers."

The change in Jonathan was soon seen and felt. If we would have men trust us, we must trust them. He had cast all care of that mysterious wrong away. Guiseley was only too ready to acknowledge again the kindly, bustling control; and the chapel prospered, even as the mill prospered.

So time slipped away. It was the summer of 1848, nearly twenty years after that June night when Mark Aslin asked Mary Yeadon to be his wife and Jonathan Yeadon's desk was robbed. Jonathan had outlived the scorn and the trouble; he was now a hale, rich man, in the prime of life, from whose hands a whole village took their work and wage. He was a good man, too—all the better for his past sorrows.

It was in this year that my acquaintance began with Mary Yeadon. Lydia Thoresby—old Timothy's granddaughter—and I had been for some time the only Yorkshire girls in a London boarding-school. She had spent the first year's vacation with me among the dales of Calder and Ripponden; the second I spent with her at Thoresby. Almost our first call was upon Mary Yeadon, and we soon got into the habit of riding over to Guiseley every day.

We were not insensible to Mary's delicious sweetmeats and Jonathan's brusque but hearty hospitality. We liked the enthusiasm of the hale old bachelor, whether it was in his gardening, or his manufacturing, or his religion. It was something to hear him lead his five hundred men in one of Charles Wesley's grand hymns; it was almost as good to hear their honest, hearty "Amens" to his prayer.

We were leaving Yeadon House one Saturday evening, when Jonathan came out of the mill. There was a shadow on his face

I had never seen there before, and he was unusually silent and depressed—not cross, however, for I noticed he gave a penny to every child who spoke to him, and stopped Jerry Goth, whose wife had just died, to put a sovereign in his hand. I had noticed a shadow of the same kind on Mary's face, but I took little thought of the matter at that time.

"You'll be sure to come to-morrow, lasses; it is the love-feast, and, please God, we shall have a good time."

"To be sure, Mr. Yeadon," said Lydia; "it is the quarterly meeting, I believe."

"Yes, it's the quarterly meeting. Well, good-night"—and greatly to my astonishment he went on, without any of his usual pleasant joking.

"What is the matter with Mr. Yeadon to-night?" said I.

"I have heard my grandfather say that this is always a sad time with Mary and Jonathan. Nineteen years ago to-night a great sorrow came to Yeadon."

Old Thoresby was a staunch "Church of England" man, and frequently in his own home indulged in sarcastic and contemptuous opinions of "Methodys;" so he insisted on our going with the whole Thoresby household to the Established Church in the morning; but he did not interfere with our promise to attend Guiseley love-feast in the afternoon.

As soon as we reached Guiseley it was easy to see that this was a high day. Every cottage door-stone was pipe-clayed white as snow; and men, women and children were all wending their way to the large square chapel on the green. We made our way up the crowded aisles of the chapel to the Yeadon pew. Mary had saved two seats for us, all the rest were filled by strangers.

I looked up to the gallery; it was crowded up to the very window-panes. The crowd in Guiseley chapel was so still that I heard distinctly an occasional sigh, and was quite startled when one old man, unable any longer to repress his feelings, said in a subdued tone of exultation, "Glory be to God!"

After the opening services Jonathan was the first to speak—only a few earnest, hearty words, but they put every soul, however humble, quite at its ease and quite at home.

I shall never hear again in this world such varied and sincere testimony to God's love as I heard that afternoon—colliers, cotton-weavers, woollen-weavers, farm-servants, converted horse-jockeys, rich manufacturers, delicate gentlewomen like Mary Yeadon—all speaking in their own tongue (and some were very, very broad patois) the wonderful dealings of God with their souls. Few spoke more than five minutes, some ended in tears, some broke

out into a hymn, which was immediately lifted by the whole congregation.

At last the clock pointed to four; the preacher rose and opened a hymn-book. Then a strong, clear voice said: "I have come from the other end of the world to speak at this very meeting, and men and women, old and young, rich and poor, must listen to what I say."

The voice paused a moment. I looked up at the speaker. He was a man in the prime of life, exceedingly handsome, though sunbrowned and poorly dressed.

"Go on, brother! Go on, brother!" was the hearty response from the preacher on the platform and the men in every part of the chapel.

The stranger stood in the very front of the crowded gallery, and for a moment he dropped his eyes and steadied himself by grasping the top of it. Only a moment, however; then he looked with clear, open eyes down at the platform and around the attentive audience, and continued:

"Brother Jonathan Yeadon, and all else present: Nineteen years ago I committed in this place a theft for which an innocent man has borne the blame—" Jonathan Yeadon half rose and Mary turned round and faced the speaker; there was a perceptible and intense emotion, but no one spoke—"I did not know all the wrong I did, as God hears me; I would not have done it if I had. You have all forgotten me, as I well deserve to be forgotten, but I am Ben Yeadon!" There was a woman's sob and cry, and Jonathan left the platform, but Ben went on:

"Let no one stop me now, until I clear my own soul and my brother's name, and let all young men present ponder well what I have got to say. Nineteen years ago I was an honest lad, with a brother that was father and brother both, and a sister that was mother and sister to me; and a name—you know it, Yorkshiremen—that no one could say an ill word of.

"I went to Leeds to learn my trade, and fell among bad company. No, that is not true; I sought out bad company. I were told of rich countries where gold was plenty and pleasure of all kinds lawful, and I got fair sick with the thought of working day after day among oily wool for my living. I stole the money out of my brother's desk and went with it to Calcutta. I did not know it were the chapel money; I thought it were Jonathan's, and I wrote to him before I sailed to tell him what I'd done, and bid him take my share of Yeadon in its place. I didn't know there was naught left of Yeadon but the name and the old house.

"But I am not here to make excuses for myself, but to tell the

truth. I found out when it were too late what a fool I had been. I landed in Calcutta and fell sick and nearly died, and was turned out of the hospital without a penny. I found out gold were just as hard to get one place as another. I found out whatever comes with sin goes with sorrow. I found out that the devil were the hardest of masters, and that he knocked me about the world, flattering me one day and ruining me the next; giving me such wages as he did give with many a blow and many a bitter word. I wandered hither and yonder, and found no happiness anywhere.

"At last I went to Bombay, and hired myself out to attend to the horses of the officers in garrison there. One of them was young Tom Thoresby. I knew him at once, and after awhile I ventured to tell him I were a Guiseley lad and ask some questions about the Yeadons. Then I knew what I had done. I went out of his presence stunned like. I remembered all my sins that day.

"Thinking it all over I remembered, too, that there would be a love-feast at the quarterly meeting at this time, and that at it I could best make this confession, I worked my passage home to Liverpool, and I have walked from Liverpool to meet you all today. The devil promised me a different home-coming to this: I was to come back with gold and honours, and horses and chariots; but he lied about that as he did about all his other fine promises. I come home, brothers and sisters, with nothing but a sad, sorrowful heart. I have worse than wasted nineteen years. In the middle of life I have to go back to where I left the road of piety and industry. I am a poor prodigal, seeking my old place in your chapel and an honest day's work from any one who will trust me."

It is impossible to describe what followed this address. Mary Yeadon had dropped upon her knees, and was weeping happy tears, and softly praying. Jonathan fell upon his brother's neck and renewed the grand old parable again. Friends and neighbours received him with triumphant hymns and hearty assurances of kindness and goodwill. It is not in Yorkshiremen to resist an acknowledged offence. There was such a service of joy in Guiseley chapel that night as was long remembered.

Jonathan called all his friends and neighbours to come and rejoice with him. He turned out all his mills for two days' holiday, he spread a feast in every cottage in Guiseley. He sent offerings to every charitable scheme he knew of, he buried out of sight and memory everything that could remind him of his past grief. Men knew now that he had willingly borne an unjust charge, but he would suffer no one to speak of the subject again. And he was far more jealous of Ben's respect than his own; to

slight Ben was to offend and wound Johathan in his most sensitive part. He associated him with all his own business and personal plans, and the affection of the brothers is to this day a local proverb.

One morning, about three weeks after Ben's return, I went to bid Mary Yeadon "Good-bye." She was sitting in the morning sunshine, reading a little Eible that was never very far away from her. It had been Mark's gift, and was full of lined passages. She laid it down as I came in, and in the movement a little square of paper fell out. It was the class-ticket of 1830. She showed me where it had been pinned for nineteen years, and how for all that time she had kept the leaf folded over the promise, as a sign between God and her.

"It was a long time to wait, Mary, dear," I said, for nineteen years looks to youth a lifetime.

"But what is nineteen years in 'for ever and ever?' We may well be patient, dear, when we remember that we are eternal."

I looked very reverently at the leaf that had waited nineteen years for the finger of God to turn; and then at the placid, happy face of the woman who had watched with unfaltering faith for "His hour."

"Mary, will you give me the little ticket, now the promise is redeemed?"

"You may have it, child; it will say to you all your life, 'God is not slack concerning His promise,' and assure you that 'None who put their trust in Him shall ever be ashamed!'"

"But, Mary, I am selfish; perhaps you will miss your verse."

"I have another now."

"What is it?"

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt countiffully with thee."

I did not see Yeadon again for twenty-five years; and when I did see it I hardly knew it. There is a large manufacturing town all around it now. The "Thoresby and Yeadon" mills are now Yeadon Brothers' Mills. Jonathan is a noble old man, Benjamin is his right hand and the apple of his eye. Long ago Ben married my old companion, Lydia Thoresby, and there is another Mary Yeadon flitting about the sweet, trim old garden and the splendid rooms of Yeadon House.

But my Mary Yeadon "went home" ten years ago; passed so gently and happily from one life into the other that none durst mourn for her. They showed me the grave, covered with daisied turf under the rustling poplars. At the head was a slight marble shaft bearing the words, "Mary Yeadon, aged 68 years. She hath attained to look upon the beginning of peace."

## NEW YEAR READINGS

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### HYMN FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY SAMUEL V. COLE.

O THOU that sealest up the past,  
The days slip from us, and the years  
Grow silent with their hopes and fears;  
'Tis Thine to keep all things at last.

We have not done the things we would,  
A blotted page we render back;  
And yet, whate'er our work may lack,  
Thy work goes on, and Thou art good.

Thou movest in the moving years;  
Wherever man is, there Thou art,  
To overrule his feebler part,  
And bring a blessing out of tears.

We know what blessings had their birth  
In Thy great purpose, and we see  
What evil customs touched by Thee  
Are crumbling ruins in the earth.

Thy hand has been in every age,  
To mould the ways of men and teach  
The generations each to each  
To leave a nobler heritage.

I know the word is in Thy breath  
That guides the wheels of time; I know  
'Tis Thou that guidest them, although  
They bear me toward the Vale of Death.

And as the silent seasons pass  
Along their well-appointed way,  
Nor any hand is raised to stay  
The falling sands, the emptying glass.

I own Thy promise, for I find  
In all Thy dealings evermore  
Thou teachest that the things before  
Are better than the things behind.

A nobler lot awaits the soul  
Than that of dying star and sun;  
Our lives do not in circles run,  
But ever onward to a goal.

Thou, Opener of the years to be,  
Let me not lose in woe or weal  
The touch of that strong hand I feel  
Upholding and directing me.

## THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT do you mean to do with this bright, white, beautiful year that God has now put into your hand? It is a book of three hundred and sixty-five pages—all blank pages yet; pure, clean, unsoiled. You are to write something on each page while it lies open under your hand. Then the leaf will be turned over and sealed down, and another one will spread out its white face before you. At the close of the year your book will be written full, and then it will be carried away by the Angel of Time and preserved until the last day, when it will be opened to show how you have lived this year. What are you going to write in this book? You know that everything you do writes itself down. One of the wonderful inventions of these late times is an instrument which preserves the words that are spoken into it. You talk beside it, and every word is caught. It may be carried thousands of miles, and laid away for years; but when the wonderful machinery is set in motion, the words come out just as they were spoken, and you hear the very tone of voice of the person who uttered them.

This is a little illustration of the way our deeds and our words go down on the pages of the book each one is writing. We do not always think much about what we are doing as the days pass. Sometimes we do careless things, or even very wrong things. We speak words that are not gentle and kindly; we show tempers and dispositions that are not sweet and beautiful. We forget these things soon afterward, but let us remember that they have all gone down day by day on the pages of our book, and are not lost. Some day we shall have to see these pages opened again, and shall have to look at what we have written on them; some day we shall have to hear our careless, bitter, unkind or untrue words again in the very tones of voice we used when we spoke them.

This ought to make us very careful what we do and what we say. Now is a good time to begin in the new. How was last year's book filled? What did you put on the pages? Perhaps they were blotted, some of them, or stained by sins or follies. Perhaps there were whole pages with nothing beautiful on them—only idle words and idle acts. Well, you cannot change anything now in last year's pages. The thing written you cannot blot out; the words said you cannot unsay.

“Never shall thy spoken word  
Be again unsaid, unheard.  
Well its work the utterance wrought;  
Woe or weal—whate'er it brought—



Once for all the rune is read,  
 Once for all the judgment said. . . .  
 Rue it all thy living days,  
 Hide it deep with love and praise;  
 Once for all thy word is sped:  
 None invade it but the dead. . . .  
 Spoken words come not again."

The past you cannot change, but a new book is in your hands, with pages white, clean, unsoiled. What will you write on these pages? Will you stain them, too? Does not every young person who reads these words desire most earnestly to fill the pages of this new year with beautiful things?

Begin, then, on the first morning of 1889. Begin with an earnest prayer to God for help. Then watch your acts and your words, that you do nothing and say nothing which you will be ashamed to see or hear again years hence. Fill the day with gentle things, and useful, helpful things.—*Forward.*

#### THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Happy are we if the last hours of another year find us in the enjoyment of genuine Christian experience! Whatever may be the occasions of humiliation on account of our many past deficiencies, the knowledge of God's acceptance at the present moment encourages us to turn our faces toward the unknown future with feelings of joy and hope. For, we may safely reason, that the conscious gift of divine love at any one given point in our earthly pilgrimage is the pledge of God's continued faithfulness, however dark or winding the remainder of the journey.

As the year departs, is it not better to dwell upon the tender mercies of God than to feed a morbid sense of our unworthiness? Personal demerit, on account of sins of omission and commission, every one who has a just understanding of himself must freely acknowledge. But such acknowledgment, much as it becomes us, should only open our eyes to behold the long-suffering, the patience, and the tenderness of God. Have we, at any period of the year, fallen away from His love? Have opportunities for usefulness come, only to find us indifferent? Have bereaved hearts, well-nigh crushed beneath earthly woe, turned to us in vain for sympathy? Have hungry, starving souls surrounded us daily without hearing from our lips a single word concerning the bread of life? Have our own steps heavenward been marked at times by unsteadiness, halting by the way, seeking forbidden pleasures, turning from, not toward, the blissful goal? O! let us rather, in reviewing all this, look through our blinding tears, and see the goodness of the Lord.

How kind He has been during all these months! When His love has failed to woo us away from sin, how has He permitted faithful chastening to ensue! When He knew that we needed nothing so much as a deeper knowledge of spiritual truth, how the actual withdrawing of His conscious presence became to us the signal of our distress and want! O, let us recount these mercies; never ceasing to confess our sins, never losing sight of His perfect law, but in the very same moment, exclaiming: "O, how great is Thy goodness!"

Rejoicing in all that God hath done for us, we will be conducted across the threshold into the new year with a firmer purpose and a braver heart. Great changes await us? Possibly. But gladness "in the Lord" will conquer all. Because of this we will go forth to the coming conflict in the strength of the Lord God.

Alfred Tennyson brings a message for each one, "sonorous as the bugle-blast that calls to battle, and joyous almost as an epithalamium:"

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws. . . .

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

## UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

SINCE the General Conference of 1886 this MAGAZINE has not discussed the principle of University Federation, because we considered that that was no longer an open question. We considered that a final and irrevocable decision upon this subject had been reached by the emphatic vote of the highest court in our Church, after a full and free discussion of three days. We do not now think it an open question. We deem that our Church is fully and finally pledged to the principle, and that it cannot, without dishonour, violate its pledges. But it may not be amiss to briefly recapitulate some of the considerations which, notwithstanding the able and eloquent speeches of influential opponents of Federation, led the General Conference to so unequivocally decide in favour of the policy of Federation.

Upon the decision reached by the General Conference most important issues depend. Now that the Government of the Province has made provision—in the only way we think in which provision can be made, without doing violence to the principles and deep-rooted convictions of many thousands of Methodists in this land—whereby Victoria University may share to the full all the advantages possessed by the national university, we cannot imagine any adequate ground on which that provision should be rejected. It has been estimated that an endowment of \$4,000,000 would be required to duplicate those advantages. Even if it were possible to secure such duplication would it not be mid-summer madness to attempt it? Yet who will propose that the Methodists of this country should accept as a provision for the higher education of their sons anything inferior to the very best the country can afford? That very best is a very expensive thing. The State of California is equipping a university with an endowment of ten millions. Senator Stanford is endowing a university in the same State with fifteen million

dollars. Cornell, within a few hours' ride of Toronto, will soon have an endowment of ten millions. Public opinion will sustain, we think, any Ontario Government in thoroughly equipping our national university. And if we repel the opportunity now offered of federation with that university, we shall be forever estopped from objecting to the granting of such State aid to the State university as it may require.

We think that the friends of denominational universities will admit that if such a broad, catholic, unsectarian Provincial University had been in existence in 1841, it is not at all likely that Victoria University would ever have been established. And now that what public opinion generally deems to be an equitable and honourable plan for the federation of Victoria University with the Provincial institution has been arranged, it should be rejected for only very grave considerations. It requires not much argument, we think, to show that a much stronger, better equipped and effective university can be created by such federation than by the maintenance of separate and rival institutions. Every branch of human knowledge has in recent years wonderfully expanded. New departments of science have been practically created. "The thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." Any institution at all worthy of the name of a university for the twentieth century, on whose threshold we now stand, with a curriculum embracing every branch of human knowledge, must be a very different institution from anything the country now possesses.

Shall we be doing justice to the Methodist youth of this country, of the present and future generations, by standing aloof from this movement for the founding of a national university, under pronounced Christian auspices, which shall be worthy of the foremost province of this Dominion, and the peer of any university on this continent? The

question arises, Can we maintain our hold upon young men of the best Methodist families if we stand aloof from this patriotic movement? Many of them attend the Provincial University as it is, and many more will do so in the future. Are we willing as a Church to let these young men, who will be leaders of the opinion in the future, drift beyond our influence in the most important period of their history.

It is urged that we need a denominational university to train the sons of Methodism for public professional life. Well, we have had our own university for over forty years, and are we satisfied with the result? Are we as a Church represented, as in proportion to our members we should be, in the Government of the country, in the Senate, in the Commons, in the Provincial Legislature, in the judiciary, in official life? After counting the brilliant examples of prominent Methodists, all will admit that a people numbering one-third of the Province are entitled to a still larger proportion in comparison with other Churches than they possess.

Dr. John A. Williams, at an educational meeting at Halifax, used these words:

"We were not having the influence upon the public mind as a Church that we should. The adherents of Methodism are not filling the places they should in our courts, our legislatures, our public positions of various kinds. The time is coming when Methodists should make their influence felt in high places, which they were not reaching, and in political circles. In the Senate of Canada there were (at that time) only two Methodists that he knew of. This is a very small percentage, considering that the Methodists represent  $17\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole Dominion. In the Province he came from the Methodists represented  $31\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole."

Men talk of losing prestige through becoming a partner in a great and flourishing national university and sharing all the advantages it has to offer. It seems to us that we shall lose prestige very much more if we

refuse to take advantage of the opportunity now offered us. It is possible that in our educational policy we have been segregating ourselves too much from the public and political life of the country, and by confining our educational work largely to denominational lines, have not done our duty in assisting, to the fullest extent of our resources and numbers and influence, to mould the character of the Provincial University.

Much stress is laid upon the supposed superior moral advantages of a small town over a large city as the seat of a university. There is slight force in the argument. There are low, coarse forms of vice in small towns as well as in large cities. But we must meet the difficulties. Young men and young women come by thousands from the country to the cities to work in shops, stores, and other places of business. They are exposed, often with no watch-care or over-sight and with idle evenings, to all the alleged temptations of city life. The students of Victoria University average, we believe, about twenty-two years. They are the subjects of sedulous care and oversight, and their course of study will occupy most of the time during both day and evening. If they are ever to develop manly character, it will not be by being cooped up out of the way of supposed temptation. The cities are the centres of social, political, literary, commercial and religious influence. It is highly important that those who are to become leaders of opinion in the future—many of whom come from the country and return to the country—should have during the period of college life the educating influence of a city—the social refinement, the mental alertness, the sharpening of the wits that come from the daily attrition of city life.

The very fact of meeting, in the intimacies of college life, young men of other Churches, and of diverse habits of thought and mental characteristics, and of enjoying personal relations with a large number of professors and learned men, for a series of years, has a broadening effect upon the mind, and is itself an

admirable preparation for the cultivation of friendly and sympathetic relations in the wider arena of public life.

We can profoundly sympathize with our friends at Cobourg, and with the *Alumni* of Victoria, who wish to maintain the university as a separate institution. The feeling is alike creditable to them and to the university which so commands their allegiance. But having so educated public opinion as to cause the adoption of the safeguards of sound morality in the proposed State university, she can with dignity and propriety enter the federation which shall give effect to that desired result.

#### DR. DEWART ON FEDERATION.

We beg to add the following cogent paragraphs from a vigorous address of Dr. Dewart, who has given this subject special attention:—

“Whatever it would cost,” he says, “to run the federating colleges, at any rate it would cost more to provide the branches it was proposed to teach in the university department. If the Methodists had \$4,000,000 in gold, they could not with that sum provide for the teaching of the subjects they would have access to under the federation scheme of a university professoriate. By this scheme their own college is left as free as ever it was to control its own religious life. There is no restraint put upon Victoria College by coming into federation. It would not sacrifice its freedom, and the advantages it would obtain were many. Looking at the scheme from a broad, patriotic standpoint, it would raise the standard of education by a common examination; and if only Victoria amalgamated with the university, it would give their own college greater stability and greatly strengthen the university. As a part of the people of this country, Methodists had an interest in building up and making efficient that great central institution. He was not one of those who believed that Methodism should be boxed up. He believed they could go out in their vigorous denominational life and in-

fluence the communities among which they lived. They talked about union, and Protestant Churches standing shoulder to shoulder and working together. If they meant anything by this, why could they not have Christianity and confidence enough to work together in the higher educational work of the country? There is also beyond this making of our Provincial University, which belonged to the Methodist people as much as to anyone else, stronger, the fact that it would be made more national and more Christian. Just in so far as any Church withdrew its sympathy and co-operation from that institution it was weakened, and its moral influence and Christian character weakened. This was not the time when the Churches should withdraw from the institutions of learning. The matter comes home to them as Methodists just as it did to other people, and it was high time that they woke up to take their full share in developing the social, educational and political institutions of the country. By the federation scheme there was all the religious supervision provided they ever had, and with regard to the character of the teachers, he did not hesitate, to say that in a university whose senate was composed of representatives from the Church colleges and from the Christian Churches of the land, and backed up by this Christian constituency, there was the highest moral certainty that no man would be tolerated as teacher whose principles were false or pernicious, or whose teaching was corrupt or anti-Christian.”

Dr. Dewart thus summarizes, in a few pregnant sentences, the real questions at issue:—

“Is it a wise and patriotic policy for us to labour to exclude our Methodist young men from all share in the important advantages of our Provincial University, when they can share these advantages and be under the care of our own college?”

“Will the laity of our Church, who must bear the chief burden, sustain a movement for a rival university, when a just scheme of university education is submitted by the Government? Will they be willing

to tax themselves to provide for something that is already provided by the State!

"Are our people generally willing to hand over our State University to Presbyterians, Episcopalians and others, as if Methodists were aliens who must stand outside, while others share the advantages of its educational facilities?"

"Can there be any reasonable doubt, that by bringing Victoria College into closer relations to our Provincial University, we would widen the sphere of our Church influence, and increase the spirit of Christian union which now happily prevails between the different Churches?"

"Is it not likely to work against the future success of our young men, to separate them, during their college life, from all association with the educated young men of other Churches, among whom must be a large proportion of our public men of the future?"

"If our Provincial University is governed in a way that gives good security for its character and management, would it be just and patriotic for the Methodist people to withhold their countenance and support, and place themselves in a position of antagonism to the chief educational institution of the country?"

"If there is now an opportunity to place our college in a position of wider influence, and to secure important advantages for our students that would cost us large sums to provide, would it be wise in us to allow appeals to sentiment and local considerations to outweigh the logic of facts, and let the opportunity pass away without improving it?"

#### DR. BURWASH ON "OUR TRADITIONAL POLICY."

We wish we had space for the whole of Dr. Burwash's admirable letter of December 3rd, in which he demonstrates that the proposed Federation is not only not opposed to "our traditional policy," but in strictest harmony with its very essence and spirit. We have only space for the following quotations:

"It is admitted that the provision of the higher learning is the work of the State, while the Church is called to aid the work by moral and religious influence. It is also admitted that the Church or State, or both, may be the trustees of noble private beneficence for the promotion of this work. At the same time the spirit of Christian unity and co-operation is abroad in the land as never before, and unity and consolidation of the old separate efforts is the order of the day. These new circumstances create a reason for a new departure. The ends are still the ends proposed by our fathers' religion and learning. Our principles are the very same as theirs. Nay, the very method which we propose was one which in a kind of prophetic vision of hope they anticipated and waited for, but died without the sight.

"To-day the lack of our country is not indeed the sufficient number of institutions with power to confer degrees. In Ontario alone there are seven such institutions with power to confer degrees in Arts. There are in these seven institutions less than a thousand under-graduates in Arts, *i.e.*, less than are found in one first-class university in the United States. And again, our young men are leaving their native land, not because they cannot get degrees at home, but because they cannot get what is more important than degrees, the instruction which our advancing age demands in the varied and advanced courses of study which have to-day become part of the work of a university. The call of duty to learning as well as duty to our country, and duty to the cause of religion, is not to seek new charters, or to hold on to our charters or degree-conferring powers as an *Sarpagma*, to borrow Paul's expressive Greek word, but if need be to resign them, that we may build up for our country at least one institution second to none upon this continent in the advantages which it will afford our sons and daughters."

By a strong and united effort between now and the first of May,

the success of University Federation may be triumphantly assured. In the vocabulary of our Educational policy, as in that of Napoleon, there must be no such word as fail. The duty of the hour is for every one—whether opposed to federation or in favour of it—now that the decision has been made by the highest authority that can make it, to join hands heartily and work out the problem before us. We believe that upon every institution and enterprise of the age—especially upon our institutions of higher education—should be written “Holiness to the Lord.” We trust the Methodist Church will unite with the other religious denominations who already have their affiliated colleges in connection with Toronto University, and in no narrow or sectarian sense, but in the broad, free spirit of our common Christianity, strive to so surround the highest seat of learning in the Province with all the influences of faith and hope and prayer and consecration and high endeavour, as shall

make it like Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and other great seats of learning—a centre of light and power and moral energy for the glory of God and the uplifting of man.

The result of Federation Sunday in Toronto was in the highest degree favourable to this movement, although the weather was bad, largely affecting the attendance. Although \$146,000 had already been subscribed in Toronto; yet in seven of its churches \$15,500 was subscribed for Federation in a single day. There is no doubt that the \$100,000 required by the first of May will be reached, though it will require a united and vigorous effort to reach it. We trust that then, if not before, all opposition will cease; for, as has been well remarked, a far larger question than Federation underlies the whole subject—the question of the government of the Church, the authority of the General Conference, the coherence and the well-being, if not the very existence, of the Connexion.

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## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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

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### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Much aggressive work is being done both in London and various provincial towns. Nothing in Methodism appears to command such universal attention. Recently a Baptist minister in Derby made the “Forward Movement” the theme of a Sabbath evening address, in which he declared, that it deserved to be designated “the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.”

The West Central Mission of London recently celebrated its first anniversary, the report of which is truly marvellous. There was a sermon by the Rev. M. G. Pearse, and a convention, which occupied a whole afternoon, followed by an enthusiastic public meeting, when the attend-

ance was so great that an overflow meeting had to be held. The Rev. Dr. Rigg presided. A band of sisters devote all their time to the mission work. They not only hold religious meetings, but they visit from house to house, nurse sick women, provide for poor children, and not infrequently perform menial duties, such as scrubbing floors and washing clothes.

Then there is a band of young men whose time is largely occupied in looking after youths from the country, and seeking by every means to reclaim those who may have been seduced from the paths of virtue. Mr. Joseph Nix, a large-hearted layman takes special charge of the lay-workers, and being an efficient local-preacher, and a man of great in-

genuity, he not only looks well after household matters, but, can preach a good sermon, deliver an earnest exhortation, or pray with mourners. There is seldom a Sabbath evening without conversions. A band of music is in constant use. The cost of such a mission could not but be great, and it is no marvel that some were afraid at the commencement that it would be impossible to provide the necessary means, but to the astonishment of everybody it has paid its way. The receipts at the annual meeting were \$15,000.

The success of the first year in Western London has been so astonishing, that still greater things will be attempted for the coming year. Additional halls are to be taken, a portion of "Wycliff House," the new headquarters, will be used as a shelter for friendless and homeless girls.

The latest provincial mission that has been commenced is Derby. The series of meetings at the inauguration were enthusiastic. The labours performed by the ministers who are leaders in the "Forward Movement" are truly herculean and must be very exhausting; but, they are strengthened for their duties and experience by the truth of the Scripture, "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

Miss Sarah Robinson, the well-known friend of soldiers and sailors, has issued a circular describing her work in connection with the Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute. Nearly 500 persons, including several soldiers and sailors, professed to be savingly converted in the "Gospel Tent."

The Rev. Thomas McCullough will write the life of the late Sir William McArthur. He will doubtless produce an interesting volume.

It is stated that henceforth the Stationing Committee will report to the Conference the names of all ministers whose general incompetence or indolence has rendered it probable that their appointment to any Circuit would be an injury to the work of God. The late Dr. Bunting once said that God buried the workmen and carried on the work, but that the Conference buried

the work and carried on workmen. This seems to be severe, but dreadful, if true. Inefficiency is not tolerated anywhere, and should not exist in the ministry.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Dr. Sutherland, the Missionary Secretary, at the close of the Central Board meeting went to British Columbia on important business, and while there he laid the corner-stone of a new church at Vancouver, the cost of which will be about \$10,000.

The Wesleyan College in Winnipeg has been opened, and the expenses for a few years are promised by some generous friends.

The *Canadian Advance* says, "The Methodist Church is to be congratulated on the success it has attained in its missionary efforts. One reason of this success lies in the excellent management by the Missionary Secretary.

Twelve new students have entered the Wesleyan College, Montreal. The college buildings are fully occupied, and enlargement is greatly needed. Dr. Antliff has been added to the staff of professors—a valuable acquisition.

The Rev. J. W. Wilkinson, the indefatigable pastor of Agnes Street Church, Toronto, not being able to hold open-air services in Queen's Park as in the summer, has gone to Shaftesbury Hall, where he is conducting a series of Sabbath afternoon services of an attractive kind. There is every probability that the effort will be successful.

The Rev. J. M. Kerr, of the People's Church, Toronto, has been enjoying the services of the Rev. D. B. Updegraff, Quaker minister of Ohio, who has been labouring in Toronto. Mr. Updegraff describes himself as "a Quaker, converted in a Methodist revival, baptized by a Baptist preacher, and married to a Presbyterian wife." His labours have been greatly owned of God.

Mr. Schiverea has been holding successful Evangelistic services at Owen Sound. The Presbyterian and Methodist Churches united in the revival campaign.



The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Lowrey, of New York, have been holding successful revival services in Prince Edward Island. They are well-known devoted evangelists.

A convention was recently held in St. John, which was a season of great spiritual power, and is likely to be productive of much good to all the churches concerned.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The General Missionary Committee held its annual meeting in New York. The income was below that of 1887, but still \$1,200,000 were appropriated, including \$100,000 for the debt and temporary interest. There were representatives from all parts of the mission field.

Eight missionaries and their wives and seventeen young ladies recently sailed from New York to India, China, and Japan. The two missionary Bishops, Taylor and Thoburn, have also gone to their respective fields, Africa and India, leaving their families in America.

A Deaconess' Home will soon be established in New York. Suitable quarters have been secured. It is estimated that \$250 will support a deaconess for one year and \$5,000 endow one in perpetuity.

A French Mission Conference was recently held in New York, at which the Rev. Louis Beaudry presided. Missions are established in various Conferences. It is estimated that, including French-Canadians, besides French, Belgians and Swedes, there are about two millions French-speaking people in the United States, 30,000 of whom are Protestants. A French-American periodical was established as the organ of the French societies, and a course of study was agreed upon for ministers and local preachers.

#### ITEMS.

There are now in the mission field 2,400 unmarried ladies, besides probably an equal number of married.

More than 2,200 students in the colleges and theological seminaries of America have promised their lives to foreign mission service.

The King of Siam recently donated to the Baptist mission at Bangkok the sum of \$240,000.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, is called by the Indians, "the Straight Tongue and the Father Who Don't Lie."

Presbyterianism is making advances in South Africa. Already she has 223 congregations and controls five colleges. Also in Hungary her influence is extending, there being in that country more Presbyterians than in France and Switzerland, with five colleges, which contains 2,926 students. The American Presbyterian Church received 1,200 ministers from other Churches during the last eighteen years. About one-fifth of the ministry of that great body has been trained in other Churches.

The Queen of Madagascar recently attended the opening services of two Christian Churches. In fourteen years 700 Protestant chapels have been built in Madagascar, making the number now 1,200. There are 8,000 Protestant communicants and all the churches are self-supporting.

A missionary in China, Mr. Beach, has succeeded in representing the Chinese spoken language by a system of clear and simple phonetic symbols fashioned after the Pitman style. It is said that an educated foreigner can learn the system in from two to five hours and a bright Chinaman in ten lessons.

Native converts in Japan, with an average wage of less than 25 cents a day, contributed last year \$27,000 to mission work. During the year 3,640 adults were baptized, making a total membership of 14,815. There are now 192 organized churches, 64 of them self-supporting, 93 native ministers and 169 theological students.

The wife of Li Hung Chang, premier of China, has offered to support a class of Chinese women who are to study medicine with Mrs. King, M.D. Mrs. King was formerly Miss Howard, of the Methodist mission at Tientsin, and is a native of Canada.

Daniel Hand, an aged resident of Guilford, Conn., has given the American Association a million dol-

lars to be known as "The Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Coloured People." The income is to be used in educating the Negroes in former slave states.

Lisbon, Portugal, has three Protestant Churches, the pastors of which were formerly Roman Catholic priests.

A Japanese brewer doing a large business at Mishima, became a Christian, and after a struggle, in which conscience and the grace of God triumphed, he gave up the profitable traffic, and gave his spacious and costly building to be used for a church.

#### THE DEATH-ROLL.

The Rev. Anthony Atwood, the oldest member of the Philadelphia Conference (Methodist Episcopal), died November 15th, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He joined the Conference in 1825, and was favoured with extensive revivals in many of his circuits.

The Rev. Dr. Bennett, Presbyterian, Almonte, died in November. Almonte was his only pastorate. He was gifted beyond many and was highly esteemed.

The Rev. W. Turner, of the London Conference, finished his course, November 11th. He was a native of England, and for about twenty years he was a faithful ambassador for Christ. We often thought that he laboured beyond his strength. His sole object always seemed to be to win souls to Christ, and he was successful. He now rests from his labours, after serving his generation faithfully.

There has been an extraordinary mortality among the Primitive Methodist ministers in England. In four weeks the following brethren were called to their reward:—The Rev. Thomas Penrose; he was fifty-four years in the ministry. The Rev. John Dickenson, a man greatly beloved. He was for five years Book-Steward. He spent forty-five years in the ministry. The Rev. Samuel Turner had attained to his eighty-second year. He was fifty-seven years in the ministry. The Rev. Henry Pratt was an old colleague of the present writer. For forty-two years he performed faithfully the duties of the ministry, mostly in the northern counties. The Rev. H. J. Allen travelled more than forty years, mostly on Home Missions.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Red Letter Days Abroad.* By JOHN L. STODDARD. With 137 illustrations. Small 4to, extra cloth, full gilt. Price \$5. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

This is one of the most beautiful and exquisitely illustrated books of travel we have seen. Its literary merit, too, is of a high order, and the subject matter is of intense interest. The book is divided into three parts. The first consists of a racy and readable account of travel in the romantic Spanish Peninsula. It graphically describes with pen and pencil the stately cities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and especially the

fairy loveliness of Granada and the Alhambra. The noble Saracenic architecture of the mosque of Cordova, with 1096 monolithic columns—a many-coloured grove of marble and porphyry—the beautiful Alcazar and Giralda of Seville, the exquisite arabesque decorations of the Alhambra, with its memories of splendour and disaster, are a triumph of the engraver's burin.

Part two gives an account of the famous Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in 1880. This is accompanied by thirty-four fine engravings, giving a vivid representation of this remarkable survival of the

Mediæval Mysteries and Miracle Plays. The author bears testimony to the sincerity and simple piety of the plain peasant people who enact the august and solemn scenes. The *Passion Spiel*, nevertheless, seems to us an anachronism that lingers like a belated ghost of midnight in the light of day.

Part three, and the largest section of the book, is an account of the cities of the Czar--St. Petersburg and Moscow. The latter, especially, is one of the most interesting cities in Europe, with its strange blending of the Orient and Occident, of mediæval barbaric splendour, and modern civilization, the stately churches, palaces, museums and galleries, are set forth with striking fidelity. We must again refer to the delicacy of the engravings, and handsome exterior. It is an admirable gift book for all the year round.

*The Capitals of Spanish America.* By WILLIAM ELLORY CURTIS. Illustrated. 8vo. Pp. 715. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

This is a valuable addition to the noble library of travel published by the Harpers. In interest of theme, in importance of information, in beauty of illustration, it is not surpassed by any previous issue of this house. As Commissioner from the United States to the Governments of Central and South America, Mr. Curtis enjoyed unusual advantages for mastering the study of the economic, social and political relations of those interesting peoples. Nowhere else will be found so complete, reliable and succinct an account of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

Much of the information here given comes with all the force of a strange surprise. It is not, we think, generally known that Buenos Ayres has twenty-three lines of steamships sailing to European ports; that it

has wealthier banks than any in the United States, being exceeded only by two banks in the world; that it has more daily papers than New York or London, and has more telephones and electric lights in proportion to the population than any city in the world. Its two universities rank with Yale and Harvard. The Argentine Republic spends more per pupil than any other country except Australia. The papal nuncio denounced the teaching of some forty Yankee "school-ma'ams." The nuncio and the archbishop, too, who came to his rescue, were shipped back to Rome, and the heretical school-teachers staid. With less than half a million people, Buenos Ayres has 93 miles of street railway, 3,800 licensed hacks and waggons, and sewers "large enough to run a railway train through." It has a church worth a quarter of a million. The river system of the country is unsurpassed, and its railway system will soon equal that of the United States. Its wealth in wheat, in cattle, in horses, is enormous. Of Monte Video, the capital of Uruguay, almost as marvellous a tale may be told.

We have said enough to show the important character of this book as illustrating the new civilization of the Spanish Republics. The stately architecture of San Jose, Bogota, Caracas, Quito, Lima, Santiago, and Rio de Janeiro will be a surprise to most readers, as well as the majestic scenery and exhaustless resources of the countries of which they are the capitals. Admirable maps and nearly four hundred engravings illustrate the volume. For artistic merit we have seldom, if ever, seen the latter surpassed. The very texture of the drapery, the bronzed skin of the natives, the mystery of the tropical forests, and of the sky-piercing mountains, etc., are exquisitely rendered. The dominance of the Roman Catholic Church is the great blight of the country, and our author gives some of the priests a very bad character. But many of the southern republics are becoming restive under the yoke, and are asserting both civil and religious liberty.

*British Columbia, 1887: A Ramble in British Columbia.* By J. A. LEES and W. J. CLUTTERBUCK. With map and seventy-five illustrations. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 387. Price \$2.25.

The noble scenery, vast extent, and almost exhaustless resources of the Dominion of Canada, especially of the more newly-opened portions of it, are more and more attracting the attention of the British tourist. The present volume is one of the raciest of its kind. The writers are experienced globe-trotters, and speak familiarly of their adventures in Ceylon, Norway and elsewhere. Their object was prospecting for a home amid the mountain valleys of British Columbia. They were delighted with the country and its climate. They give a good-humoured account of their adventures in roughing it in the Far West, indulging at times in John Bull's privilege of a hearty grumble at the mosquitoes and whatever else did not suit them, and devoting rather too much space to their account of their table *menu*. They are, however, optimistic philosophers, and are disposed to give praise where it is due. They were much pleased with Toronto. Jarvis Street, in its summer beauty, they thought one of the handsomest streets in the world. The numerous engravings are all new, being made from their own photos and sketches. Such books will do much to bring our country before the British and American public, and most Canadians can learn from it much that is new and instructive.

*The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures and Fancies from Transylvania.* By E. GERARD. With maps and illustrations. Pp. viii.-405. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Some one has said that in these days, when men run to and fro so much in the earth, there are no longer any foreign countries. An exception must be made of the unfamiliar country described in this book.

The romantic region of Transylvania, in the south-east of Hungary, is to most readers an almost unknown land. Yet few parts of Europe present such features of interest, from its historic associations, its picturesque scenery, customs and costumes, and from the quaint folk-lore and traditions of the people.

The accomplished author of this book has, for the first time, to our knowledge, done justice to this interesting region. Mrs. Emily de Laszowska-Gerard is the wife of an Austrian officer who has had sixteen years' acquaintance with Austrian military life, and has resided two years in Transylvania. She has a keen sympathy with the people, and this book has been a labour of love. The country is a treasure-mine for the artist, and she has collected a number of illustrations of the quaint architecture and costumes of the country which will be quite unfamiliar to western eyes. It is indeed a chapter out of the Middle Ages. The population is strangely mixed—being made up of Lutheran Saxons, Greek Church Roumanians, Catholic Magyars, and 80,000 gypsies of no very definite religion. One of the most charming features of the volume is the folk-lore songs, superstitions and traditions. They go back to the very roots of civilization. Over these plains swarmed Attila and his fierce and fiery Huns, of whom the Magyars claim to be the descendants; and for centuries this was the battleground between the Christian and the Ottoman. Its traditions, and songs, and tales cannot fail to be of absorbing interest.

*A United Church; or, Ecclesiastical Law: Its Sphere, Diversity, and Possible Unity.* By the REV. E. A. STAFFORD, LL.B., D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 72. Price 10 cents.

This is a thoughtful study of the essential constitution of the Christian Church in its broadest sense and in some of its subordinate organizations. The author shows the essential principles in which these organizations are one. He clearly discriminates

between the essentials and the accidents of a Christian Church, and discerns bright auguries of the unification of Protestant Christendom. We cannot quite adopt the author's views of the relative rights of the majorities and minorities in an organized Church. But we are in hearty accord with the greater part of his essay, and especially with its closing sentences: "The ends to be served by division have been accomplished. God from above, and the earth from beneath, are calling for a united church, to contend with problems of greater interest to humanity than any which have yet risen above the moral horizon. In comparison with the salvation of the uncounted hundreds of millions who never saw the Bible, and never heard the name of Christ, and the proper instruction of ignorance, and the adequate relief of poverty that is worthy to be raised up, all the theological conflicts of the ages are the rarer trifles. The race has outgrown them. The Christian church has risen above them. The brighter day, with a promise of nobler things in its hand, is at the door." This important pamphlet is written in Dr. Stafford's clear, strong, trenchant manner.

*The Sunday-School: Its Origin, Mission, Methods and Auxiliaries.* By H. CLAY TRUMBULL. Pp. xiii. 414. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

It is a worthy recognition of the place and power of the Sunday-school that one of its leading exponents should be requested to give this course of lectures at the venerable seat of learning at New Haven. And right worthily has he fulfilled his task. His many years' experience as editor of the *Sunday-School Times* has brought him intimately into touch with every aspect of Sunday-school work. He treats the subject very comprehensively. He traces it back to Jewish times, and shows its Christian adoption. He traces its history through seventeen Christian centuries till its modern revival

under the Wesleys and Raikes, and illustrates its wonderful expansion. He shows it to be a divinely ordained complement of family religious instruction. He discusses its membership and management, its teachers and training, the pastor and the school, its auxiliary training agencies, preaching to children, its importance and difficulties, etc. The book is in Dr. Trumbull's best style, and its study will be of great benefit to all Sunday-school workers.

*Roman Mosaics; or, Studies in Rome and its Neighbourhood.* By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Pp. 397. Price \$1.50.

Another book on Rome, "the city of the soul," "the Mecca of the mind," "the lone mother of dead empires," the city of the Cæsars and the popes. This book is one of the best of its class. Dr. Macmillan was fitted by prolonged residence and by accurate scholarship to appreciate the spell of mighty Rome, and to expatiate on its attractions. He brings to his task the seeing eye, the sympathetic taste. As he walks through the streets and along the Appian Way he makes the reader see through his own larger vision, both the present and the past. He penetrates the Catacombs, he explores the Forum, he studies the obelisks, he visits the old historic churches, he investigates the treasures of the Vatican library, he traces the footprints of St. Paul from Puteoli to the Mammertine prison, and points out a thousand things that the casual tourist never sees. It is one of the best books on Rome that we know.

*The New Princeton Review.* New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The November number of this ably-conducted and excellent review opens with a well-written article by Austin Dobson on Matthew Prior. Charles Eliot Norton contributes an interesting article on the Intellectual Life of America, which contains much that is quite as applicable to Canada as to the United States. In

an article with the remarkable title, "The Renaissance of Barbarism," George R. Stetson discusses the increase of crime in the United States. This, and the one which follows on the Education of the Muses, by James P. Munroe, will probably awaken more interest and receive more attention than anything else in the number, though the articles on Matthew Arnold and John Richard Green, by J. W. Hunt and J. Loftis, respectively, are exceptionally able and interesting. Altogether the number is a very excellent one, in which the character of the work is well sustained. The Book Notices and record of Current Events add greatly to the value of the work.

*Conscience: A Contribution to Christian Ethics, Being the Eighteenth Fernley Lecture, Delivered at Cambridge, August, 1888.* By J. W. Davidson, M.A. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road.

Believing thoroughly, with the author of this lecture, that "the true battle-ground with modern scepticism lies in a thorough discussion of man's mental, and especially his moral, nature"—with Dorner, that conscience is one of the most important topics in the whole of Christian ethics, and even in the whole of theology, especially evangelical theology—and with Bishop Sanderson, that "the Christian can never find a more faithful adviser, a more active accuser, a severer witness, a more impartial judge, a sweeter comforter, or a more inexorable enemy," than in this somewhat within us which makes for righteousness,—we heartily welcome this able treatment of a subject of such great apologetic, theological, and practical value.

*Information for Authors: Hints and Suggestions concerning all Kinds of Literary Work.* By ELEANOR KIRK. For sale by the author, 786 La Fayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. Pp. 166.

Almost everybody writes for the press now-a-days, and almost all who

do, make serious mistakes, which the information contained in this book would have prevented. The author gives valuable hints on the preparation of MSS., on methods and variety of literary work, on the literary quality of MSS., on book-making, the prices paid by the principal publishers, and a thousand other things that would-be authors want to know. Many Canadian writers find remunerative work in writing for the home and foreign press. We know one whose work is in much request, who wrote in a single year over 1,200 pages the size of this MAGAZINE, in addition to his regular office work. To all writers for the press this book will prove very helpful.

*The People's Bible.* By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. XV. in the series; Vol. IX., O.T.; 1 Chron. x.-2 Chron. xx. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, cloth. Price \$1.50.

As each successive volume of this massive work is issued, we become more and more amazed at the versatility, the deep spiritual penetration, rare originality, and firm grasp of the author. Dr. Parker is a worker in the world of thought. He loosens the ground and helps us to dig deeper and obtain rarer and richer nuggets of Divine meaning. The more we study this work the more it brings to us stimulus, suggestion and mental enrichment. "There is more help in it," it has been well said, "than in loads of so-called homiletic literature."

1588-1888: *The Tercentenary of England's Great Victory over Spain and the Invincible Armada.* By the REV. JAMES LITTLE, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs; and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

Mr. Little, in this handsome volume, tells once more the grand, heroic story of the defeat of the proudly so-called "Invincible Armada." It is one of the most stirring episodes in the history of the "tight little isle." As the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so

the winds and waves, "those ancient and unsubsidised allies that guard her coasts," fought against the enemies of England and of the Protestant faith. One may well devoutly exclaim,

"When was ever God's right hand  
Over any time and land  
Stretched as then beneath the sun."

Mr. Little has told this stirring story with patriotic fire and vigour. He gives graphic pictures of the chief actors in this great national drama—Elizabeth, Leicester, Essex, Raleigh, Howard and Philip, Farnese, Santa Cruz, and the rest. It is impossible, even after three hundred years, not to feel one's pulses quickened at the tale of the peril and deliverance of our fatherland. The lessons of the conflict with the papacy—a conflict renewed in a different form from age to age—are duly enforced. Such books will make better citizens and patriots of those who read them. The book is admirably printed, with marginal notes.

*Through Spain on Donkey-Back.*  
Drawings by W. PARKER BODFISH.  
Boston: D. Lothrop. 4to. Price \$2.50.

The chief charm of this book is its series of full-page artistic engravings on tinted ground. They are not formal presentations of cities and architecture, but artists' "bits" from highways and by-ways, figure pieces, interiors and humorous aspects of Spanish life. Many of them have quite the effect of etchings, and give more vivid vignettes of home and street life than many more formal treatises. The artistic merit of the drawing is very superior.

*Romanism versus the Public School System.* By DANIEL DORCHESTER, D. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$1.25.

Dr. Dorchester has won for himself the right to speak with authority on this subject by his exhaustive study of the Romish question in his

previous works. He sounds a needed note of alarm at the encroachments of the Roman hierarchy, and he gives facts and figures to vindicate that alarm. "Our greatest fear," he says, "is from the political manoeuvring of Rome." We, in Canada, have need to study the same problem, and to be admonished by similar facts.

*A Hand-book of Scriptural Church Principles, and of Wesleyan Methodist Polity and History.* By the REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY, D. D. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Pp. 404.

This book, prepared by Dr. Gregory in his own scholarly style, at the request of the Wesleyan Conference, is an admirable defence of Methodist doctrine, polity and practice. We like better the part on the exposition of Christian doctrine, than that on the record of Methodist history. That record is to a sad degree one of strife, dissension and disintegration. The time for its perfectly impartial record has not yet come. Let us hope that a time of peace, brotherhood and reunion may soon mitigate the asperities of the past, and remit to a kind oblivion its strifes.

*The Christianity of Jesus Christ. Is it Ours?* By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is another of Guy Pearse's devout little volumes—a companion in style and spirit to his "Thoughts on Holiness." It consists of Friday noonday addresses, delivered at St. James' Hall, in connection with the West London Mission. The freedom of week-day discourse enables him to deal plainly with the vexed social problems of the times, which the Forward Movement is trying to solve. It is only by the practical application of the Gospel that the bitter waters of the modern *Marah* may be healed. We strongly commend these stirring discourses. We think the too great use of italics and capitals, however, mars both the style and the emphasis.