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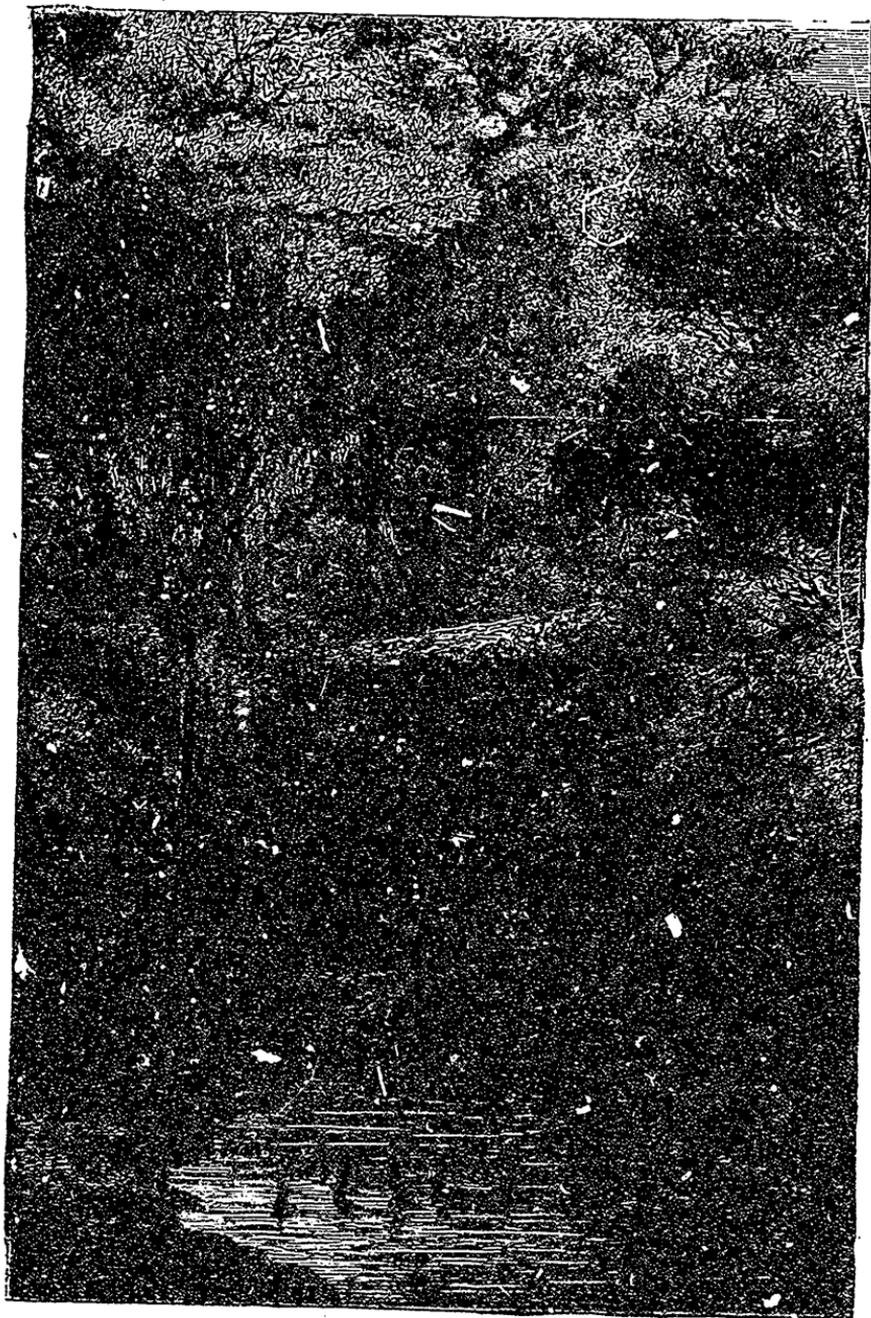
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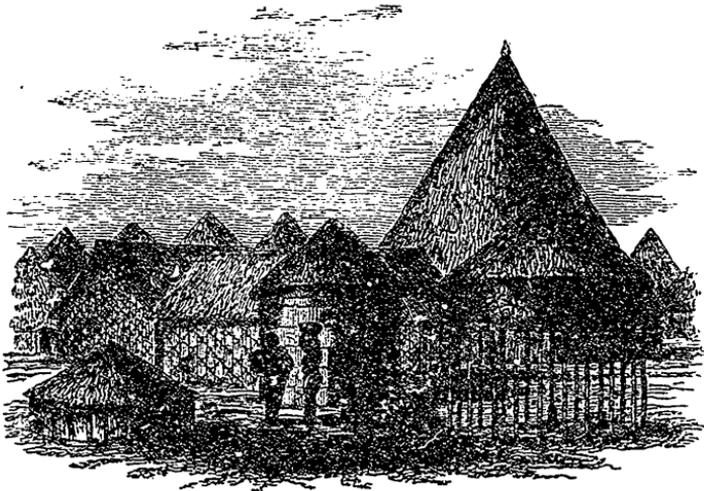
CROSSING THE LUGUNGA RIVER.

[From *Cameron's Across Africa*. Harper Brothers, New York.]

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

ACROSS AFRICA.*



VILLAGE IN LOVALE.

From Cameron's "Across Africa," Harper Brothers, New York.

COMMANDER CAMERON is the only European who has crossed the continent of Africa from the east to the west, as Livingstone is the only one who had crossed it from the west to the east. His route led for fully one-half of its distance through a region wholly unknown except to the natives and to the Portuguese slave-traders from the west coast; and his narrative forms, with

* *Across Africa.* By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, C.B., D.C.L., Commander-Royal Navy, Gold Medalist Royal Geographical Society, etc. With numerous illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros., 1877. Price, \$5.

the exception of Stanley's, the latest and unquestionably one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of Central Africa.

In 1872 the Council of the Royal Geographical Society resolved to fit out an expedition, the command of which was given to Cameron, then a lieutenant in the navy. He left England November 30, 1872, and returned April 2, 1876, having been absent three years and four months, of which about two years and eight months were occupied in the journey from coast to coast. The distance in a straight line is about eighteen hundred miles; but measured along the line of march, and including the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, the actual distance traversed was about three thousand miles, almost entirely on foot.

Cameron reached Zanzibar in January, 1873. Here he was joined by young Robert Moffatt, a grandson of the noble old missionary whose daughter had become the wife of Livingstone. He had sold a sugar plantation which he owned at Natal, and had resolved to devote all his energies and every penny he possessed to the cause of African exploration. He showed marked capacity in organizing the expedition, but died before it was fairly under way. It was not till May 28th that the expedition started from the coast, and then only a part at a time. Travelling in all this region is slow and laborious. Food can indeed be purchased in most places on the route; but many heavy articles of supply must be taken along. The currency consists of beads, brass wire, which is largely used for ornaments, and cloths of various sorts, the principal being *merikani*, or white sheeting, made in the United States, and *kaniki*, or blue cottons from India; besides these are more costly cloths, used mainly for presents to important chiefs. Human beings are almost the only available beasts of burden. The average load of a porter is thirty-five pounds, although the Arab slave-traders often compel their victims to carry three or four times as much. One of the constant annoyances in the journey is the perpetual demand made by every petty chief for tribute, or, perhaps more properly, toll, for the right of way through his district; the settlement of the amount of this is a matter of constant haggling.

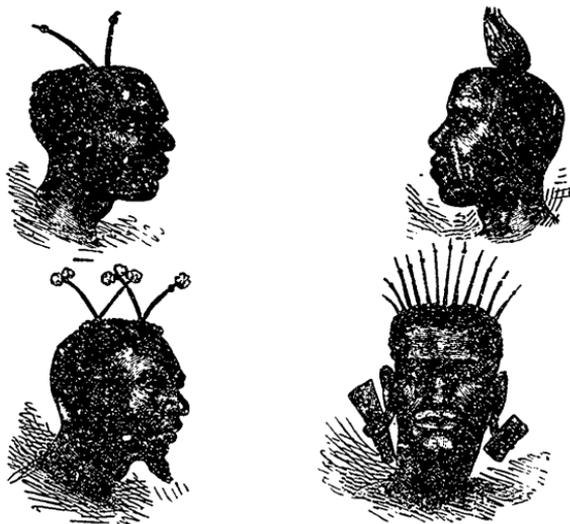
The route was essentially the same as that previously traversed by Burton and Stanley. For the first hundred miles it ran

through an unhealthy region, scarcely above the level of the ocean. The only signs of any habitations were tiny spirals of white smoke curling up from the midst of clumps of the densest jungle. The surface then began to rise rather rapidly, and in the space of another hundred miles reached an elevation of about three thousand feet, which is the general elevation of the plateau for some five hundred miles, although there are several ranges of hills which rise one thousand feet or more higher. Cameron, who went with the advance party of the caravan, reached the considerable village of Rehenneko, one hundred and fifty miles from the coast, near the close of April, a month having been occupied in accomplishing this distance. Dillon, with another division, came up a few days later, and was at once prostrated by a fever, which confined him to his bed for more than a fortnight. Cameron also had poisoned his foot by walking through the noxious jungle grass, and was very lame; it was indeed several months before he got over the effects of this poisoning. Murphy, who led the last division, did not come up till the 26th of May. He and Moffatt had been stricken with fever on the way, and Moffatt had died. "Poor boy," says Cameron; "he had come to Zanzibar so full of hope and aspirations for the future, and had told me that the day he had received permission to join the expedition was the happiest in his life."

During this enforced detention of a month, Cameron's men struck, demanding an extravagant amount of cloth in lieu of rations. "I was obliged to be firm," says he, "even at the risk of losing many by desertion, for the smallest concession on my part would only have induced them to increase their demands;" and as it was, the desertions were numerous. When the last men had come up, the entire expedition was finally organized for the march. It then consisted of the three Europeans, thirty-eight *askari*, or armed guards, one hundred and ninety-two *pagazi*, or porters, and nine servants, and gun-bearers,—two hundred and forty in all; besides which several of the men had their women and slaves. Two *pagazi* had already died, and thirty-eight had deserted. There were also twenty-two donkeys and three dogs belonging to the caravan. The expedition was well armed. The Europeans had each a double-barrelled rifle, shot-gun, and

revolvers; the *askari* had Snider rifles, and some of them revolvers; many of the *pagazi* had flint-lock muskets, the others spears or bows and arrows.

They set out from Rehenneko on May 29th. Cameron and Dillon had each a riding donkey. The three hundred miles to Unyanyembe occupied a little more than two months, of which we note only a few characteristic incidents. The aspect of the region varied considerably, but taken as a whole, the country is a very favourable one. It was the dry season, but only in a few instances is there noted any special inconvenience from want of water.



HEADS OF THE WAGOGO.

From Cameron's "Across Africa," Harper Brothers, New York.

The Wagogo, as the people are called, are specially distinguishable from other tribes by their custom of piercing their ears and enlarging the lobes to an enormous size, so that they often hang down to the shoulder. In the holes they put pieces of wood, gourd snuff-boxes, and all sorts of miscellaneous articles which they wish to have readily at hand. The ear, indeed, serves the purpose for which a pocket is used by people who wear clothes; but their special vanity is the one common throughout all Africa,—the elaborate arrangement of their woolly hair. Some twist it into innumerable small strings, piecing them out with fibres of

bark ; others make the hair stand out wildly in all directions ; others shave their heads in all sorts of fantastic patterns ; still others cut their locks on a level with the eyebrows in front, but let them hang in strings down the back, each string being tipped off with bright brass balls or gayly coloured beads, or wound round with fine brass or copper wire.

Just beyond Ugogo is the Mgunda Mkali, or "Hot Field," which, when Burton passed that way, was the worst part of the whole route, provisions being wholly unattainable, and only a single known watering place for a hundred miles. A caravan always expected to lose a considerable number of porters in passing through the thick jungle. Wars, or more properly raids, arising from the slave trade more than from all other causes put together, are eating up the population of the vast plateau of Central Africa, stretching almost from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic.

The expedition reached Unganyembe early in August. This is a settlement of Arabs from the coast, who have large and well-built houses, with gardens and fields in which they raise wheat, onions, and various kinds of fruits, and in peaceful times get tea, coffee, sugar, and other luxuries from Zanzibar ; but for several years they have been greatly harassed by Mirambo, a petty chief, who, having sustained some grievance from the Arabs, has waged a savage and predatory warfare in the entire region. At this time the Sultan of Zanzibar had here a military force of three thousand men, amply sufficient to have speedily crushed the marauder.

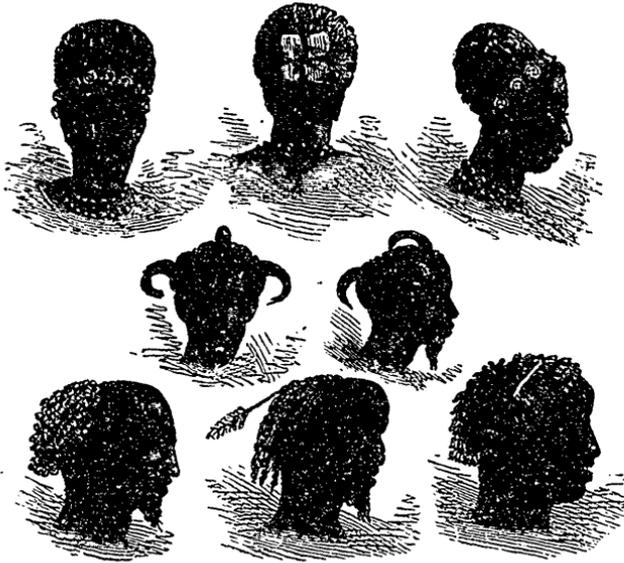
Cameron and his men were most cordially received by Said ibn Salem, the Governor, who assigned to him the large and comfortable house which had been formerly occupied by Livingstone and Stanley. A considerable portion of his pagazi had been hired only for this point ; and the first thing to be done was to pay off and discharge these. But before a week had passed all the three Europeans were attacked by a slow intermittent fever, which rendered them partly delirious during the successive paroxysms. On October 18th Cameron writes,—“I have been quite blind of both eyes and very bad indeed with fever ; so I have been helpless.” As he lay on his bed prostrate, listless, and enfeebled from

frequent attacks of fever, a letter was brought him from Jacob Wainwright, of the Livingstone Exploring Expedition. The great explorer had breathed his last almost six months before, and his faithful followers had rudely embalmed his body, wrapped it up and corded it like a bale of goods, and borne it for more than seven hundred miles on their shoulders. Cameron sent back to them the needed supplies; and in a few days the men arrived with their precious burden, which was received with all honours by the expedition and by the Governor of Unyanyembe.

Lieutenant Murphy now announced that he should return to the coast with those who were carrying thither the body of Livingstone. He was accompanied by Dillon. Cameron resolved to go on to Ujiji, secure the papers which Livingstone had left there, and then endeavour to follow up Livingstone's explorations. The two parties set out in opposite directions. But in ten days Dillon had another attack of fever, and in his delirium shot himself through the head, and was buried in the jungle.

The party under Cameron numbered at starting one hundred men; but, owing to desertions and new engagements, the numbers varied almost every day. The distance to Ujiji by the usual route is about two hundred miles, and should have been performed in thirty days. New Year's day of 1874 came and went before he had accomplished forty miles. When, at length, he was enabled to proceed the rainy season had set in, and the advance through the swampy valleys was slow and toilsome. The Wagubha, in whose region he now was, wore most elaborate *coiffures*, both men and women. The latter build up a towering structure with the aid of pads of false hair, secured in place by bodkins of polished iron, quite as fashionable as their civilized sisters. The men, when they wish to make an impression, twist their hair in the form of four rams' horns, the one in front being turned backward as shown in the cut. These are then smeared with red earth and oil. "The effect," says Cameron, "is striking, but the fashion is dirty." Others shave their heads almost entirely, which strikingly exhibits their really fine cranial development.

Still onward, and, after crossing several considerable rivers, on the 18th of February they reached the brow of a steep descent.



HEADS OF THE WAGUHHA AND OTHER TRIBES.

From Cameron's "Across Africa," Harper Brothers, New York.

At its foot was a bright blue patch of water about a mile long, and beyond it a broad, gray expanse, looking like sombre sky flecked with floating clouds. "The lake! the lake!" shouted his guides. "That the lake! Nonsense," said Cameron, looking scornfully at the little blue patch. "But it is the lake, master," persisted the men. And so it was. That broad, gray expanse was the great Lake Tanganyika; the seeming clouds were the mountain tops on its opposite shore, forty miles away; the little blue patch was an inlet lighted up by a passing ray of the sun. Eighteen years before, lacking five days, Burton first caught sight of it.

Ujiji was not far off, and in a few hours they were there, and were hospitably received by the Arab traders. They found Livingstone's papers safely deposited in the care of the principal trader. But Cameron was told that it would be impossible to continue his journey west of the lake for at least three months, until the close of the rainy season. The name of the town is properly Kawele, Ujiji designating the country in which it is situated.

Livingstone and Stanley had, in 1871, sailed around the northern third of Lake Tanganyika; the greater part of the southern two-thirds was entirely unknown even to the people of Kawele. No one there knew how far southward it reached, although as we now know, from his "Last Journals," Livingstone had gone down its eastern shore, and rounded its southern extremity. Cameron resolved to improve the detention by circumnavigating this lower portion, with a special view to discover its outlet, if, as might be safely assumed, it had one. In two large canoes, with thirty-five men, including two guides hired at Kawele, he set sail March 13, 1874, and returned to Kawele on May 9th, sailing down along the eastern, and up along the western, shore. His people were timid navigators, and would only coast along, almost invariably drawing up at night, and encamping on the land.

Lake Tanganyika is an immense tarn, twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the ocean, and surrounded by mountains, which in some places come steeply down to the water's edge, and elsewhere recede a little, leaving a narrow beach. It is about four hundred miles long, with an almost uniform breadth of thirty, never more than forty, and rarely less than twenty. Its area is about twelve thousand square miles, about one-half larger than that of Lake Erie. In parts, at least, it is very deep, Livingstone having sounded it to the depth of 1,965 feet. The scenery is in most places highly picturesque. The numerous headlands are supposed to be the abode of demons. When one of these was approached the pilots would take their stand in the bow of the boat, holding a few cheap beads on the blades of their paddles, and crying, "You big man; you big devil; you big king! You take all men; you kill all men; you now let us go all right!" The beads were then dropped into the water, and the demon was supposed to be propitiated.

It took Cameron five weeks to reach the lower extremity of the lake. They then sailed across the southern end, and began to ascend the western shore. Near the end of April they came to a depression in the mountain chain. "Shortly before noon on the 3rd of May," says Cameron, "I arrived at the entrance of a river, more than a mile across, but closed by a grass-grown sand-bank, with the exception of a channel three-or four hundred

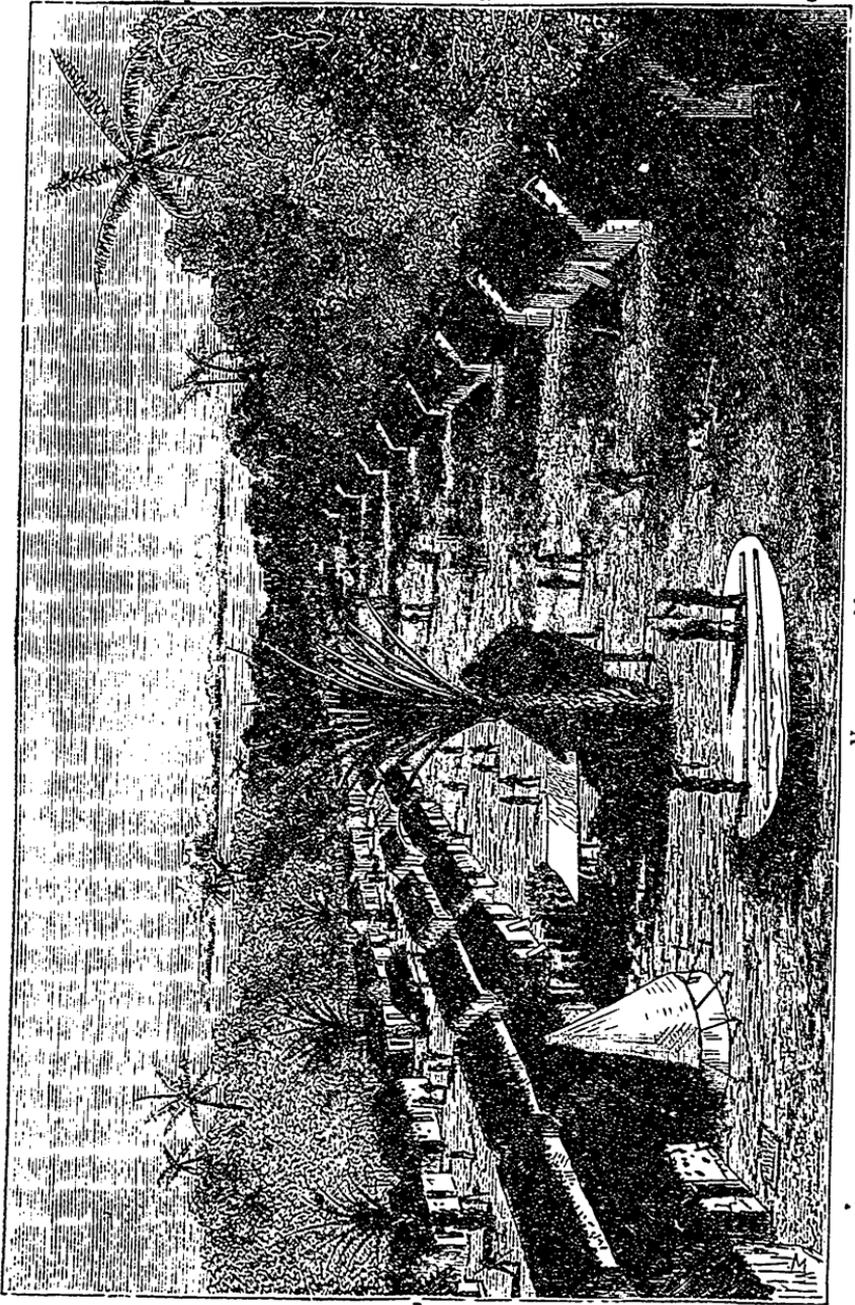
yards wide. Accompanied by the chief, I went four or five miles down the river until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was three fathoms, breadth six hundred yards, current one knot and a-half, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the vegetation."

It is hardly possible to doubt that Cameron saw a very considerable river flowing westwardly out of the lake and ultimately falling into the Lualaba, which we believe to be the Congo, or at all events one of the main affluents of that mighty river.

On May 22nd Cameron left Kawele to pursue his journey. The first point aimed at was Nyangwe, about two hundred and fifty miles north-westward on the great river Lualaba. This was the farthest point reached by Livingstone in that direction. Here, indeed, was the only place in which he ever saw that river, and that for only about forty miles of its course. Below Nyangwe, which is full one thousand miles from the nearest ocean, nothing is certainly known of the Lualaba. Cameron had good reason to believe that at Nyangwe he could procure canoes and float down to its mouth, wherever it might be.

Early in August Cameron reached the banks of the mighty Lualaba, a few miles above Nyangwe. "From a bluff overhanging the river," he says, "I obtained my first view of the stream—a strong and sweeping current of yellow water, fully a mile wide, and flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour, with many islands lying in its course. To remind us of the dangers of the stream, there were enormous herds of hippopotami blowing and snorting, and here and there the long scaly back of a crocodile, floating almost flush with the water. This great stream," continues Cameron, "must be one of the head-waters of the Congo, for where else could that giant among rivers, second only to the Amazon in volume, obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it pours each second into the Atlantic?"

According to the accounts from Stanley, dated from Ujiji in August, 1876, and received in New York near the close of March, 1877, that intrepid explorer was on the point of setting out for Nyangwe. We may hope that he will succeed where Cameron failed, and by descending the Lualaba to its mouth definitely solve the great remaining problem in African geography.*



VILLAGE IN MANYUEMA.
From Cameron's "Across Africa," Harper Brothers, New York.

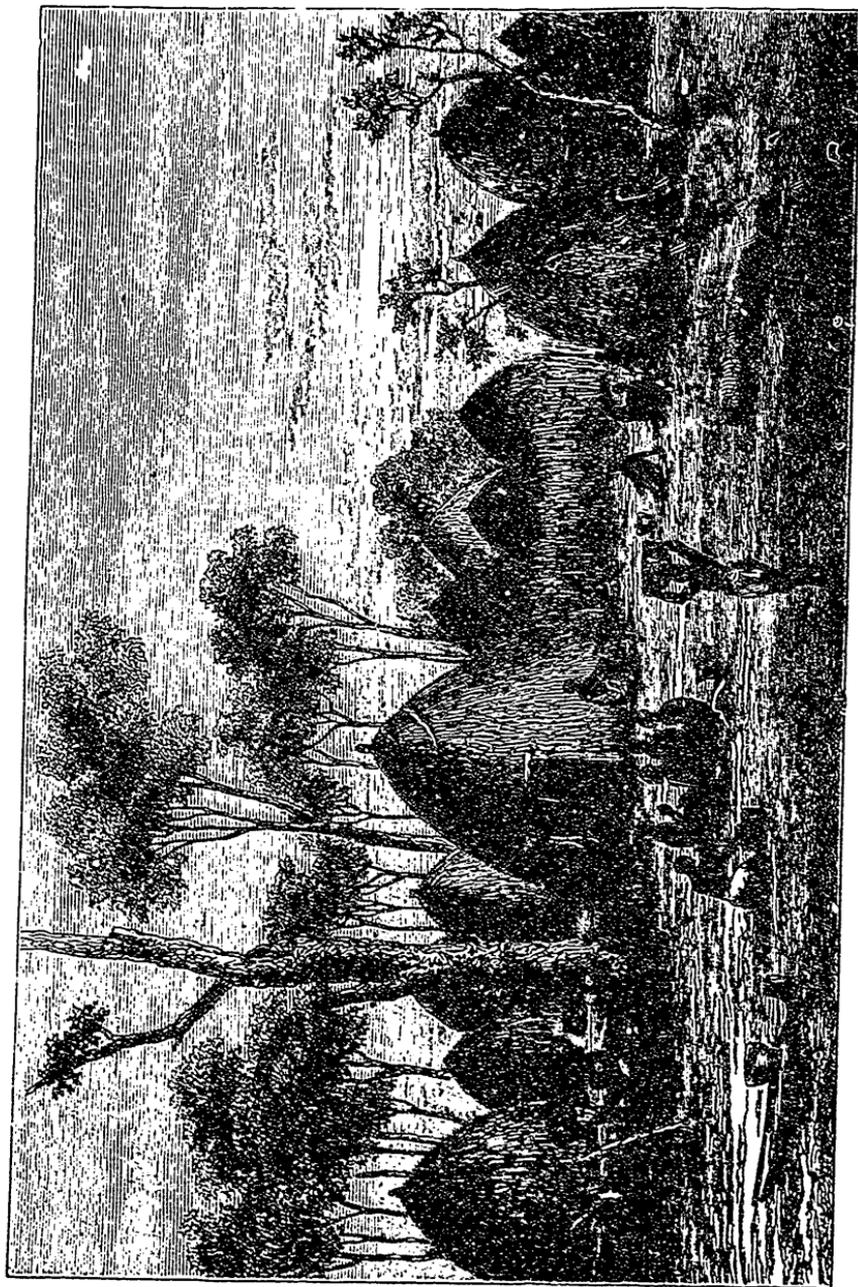
Several of the native villages, in the very heart of Africa, exhibited considerable regularity of structure, as that shown in the engraving on the opposite page. In the central space were palaver platform, granaries, and palm trees. The forest growths were of gigantic size,—some of the trees being three hundred feet high. Magnificent creepers festooned the trees, and mosses and ferns grew luxuriantly. Such a scene is depicted in our frontispiece.

Going onward the expedition passed several villages which had been destroyed by the Portuguese slavers, and toward the close of October reached Kilemba, a little village, the nominal capital of the King of Urna, the most powerful potentate in this region. The monarch was absent collecting tribute in another part of his dominions. Here was a post belonging to Jumah Merikana, an Arab ivory-trader. He had known Burton and Speke and Livingstone; and greeting Cameron with a hearty “Good-morning,” the only two English words he knew, conducted him to his large and substantially built house, surrounded by plantations of rice and corn, and showed him every kindness during his long detention in Urna, which, from one cause and another, lasted nine months.

Here also was a slave-trader from Bihe, near the western coast, eight hundred miles away, whom Cameron was to know to his cost. He bore the Portuguese name of Jose Antonio Alvez, spoke Portuguese, and was dressed in European fashion, but to sight was merely “an old and ugly negro.” Alvez had been here nearly a year, and had made up his caravan of slaves. Nothing remained for Cameron to do but to abandon the project of exploring the course of the great river, and to endeavour to make his way to the coast. The party was thought too feeble to make the journey by themselves, and it was resolved to travel with the caravan of Alvez, who was to receive an adequate compensation for conducting them to the Portuguese settlements.

In this long journey the travellers passed numerous and populous native villages. Many of these had houses of varying designs, covered with grass, like those shown in the cut at the

* He has since done so.—Ed.



VILLAGE OF SONA BAGH.
From Cameron's "Across Africa," Harper Brothers, New York.

beginning of this article. The strips of bark tying the bundles of grass were so disposed as to form a not inartistic reticulated pattern. The granaries were often elevated on posts, as a precaution against vermin. Other huts were of still simpler structure, being shaped like a huge bee-hive, and planted amid the dense jungle. The light foliage of the tropical plants were a pleasant feature in an otherwise desolate landscape. The village of Sona Bagh, shown in the engraving, is an example of these savage communities.

Early in October they reached Alvez's settlement in Bihe, some two hundred and fifty miles from the coast. The old rascal, whose villainies we have not had space to detail, had been gone so long that his wives had almost given him up for lost. They greeted him with shrieks and yells of rapture, and pelted him with flour, and a great jollification ensued. Afterward his porters were paid off. Each received from eight to twelve yards of cloth, and a few charges of powder, which, in addition to twelve yarus paid them at starting, was all their wages for two years' service. They were, however, quite satisfied with the result, for they had done a good deal of business on their own account, and announced their intention of setting out again as soon as the approaching rainy season was over. Cameron here squared accounts with Alvez, who cheated him roundly in the prices of the ivory and beeswax, which it was necessary for him to have in order to buy clothing for his men, who were now almost naked.

November found Cameron's party toiling painfully onward. The rainy season had again set in, and they had begun to ascend the steep hills of the coast range. The men began to show signs of giving out. At length, when their observations showed them to be still one hundred and twenty-six miles from their goal, swelled legs, stiff necks, aching backs, and empty stomachs became the universal cry. More than twenty men said that they could carry nothing. Nothing was to be done but that a few of the strongest should make a forced march to the coast, and thence send assistance to the main body. Cameron and seven others constituted this party. Their camp the first night was on the highest point throughout the whole journey, five thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, the adjacent hills being about eight

hundred feet higher. There was one specially difficult pass, where they had to clamber on hands and knees up and down, over and around huge masses of slippery granite separated by patches of thorny scrub, with rills dashing down into the deep gorge below. Numerous skeletons bore mute witness of the lives which had here been lost. Slave clogs were attached to some, showing that the wearers had dropped down in the marsh; while other clogs were hanging upon the trees. These had evidently been taken from wretches too weak to attempt to run away, but perhaps still strong enough to reach the coast. The region was poor and sterile. At the small village of Kisangi, where the people were almost naked, the only food which he was able to procure was a quart of sour milk. Cameron was almost exhausted, and was, indeed, only borne up by thinking of the poor fellows behind, who were trusting in him to send them aid, and by the thought that he was close upon the end of the journey.

At last, from the top of a steep ridge they saw a faint line upon the western horizon. It was the long-looked for sea, and the sight was hailed with shouts of joy.

Two of the strongest men were sent on in advance, with a letter addressed to any charitable person, begging him to send on a little food. That night Cameron was surprised to find that a slight bruise on his ankle had developed into an angry ulcer, his body covered with purple spots, and his mouth was bleeding. He was soon to learn the meaning of these ominous symptoms. The next evening they were met by one of his messengers. He had reached the town of Katombela, and had been sent back by a trader there with wine and food. Cameron, who had tasted nothing for four and twenty hours, managed, in spite of his ulcerated mouth, to eat a little; then flung himself on the ground, but was too excited to sleep.

They were off before sunrise, and before long saw coming toward them a couple of covered hammocks, and three men bearing baskets.

A jolly-looking Frenchman sprang from one of the hammocks, seized a basket, and opening a bottle of wine, drank "to the honour of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from East to West."

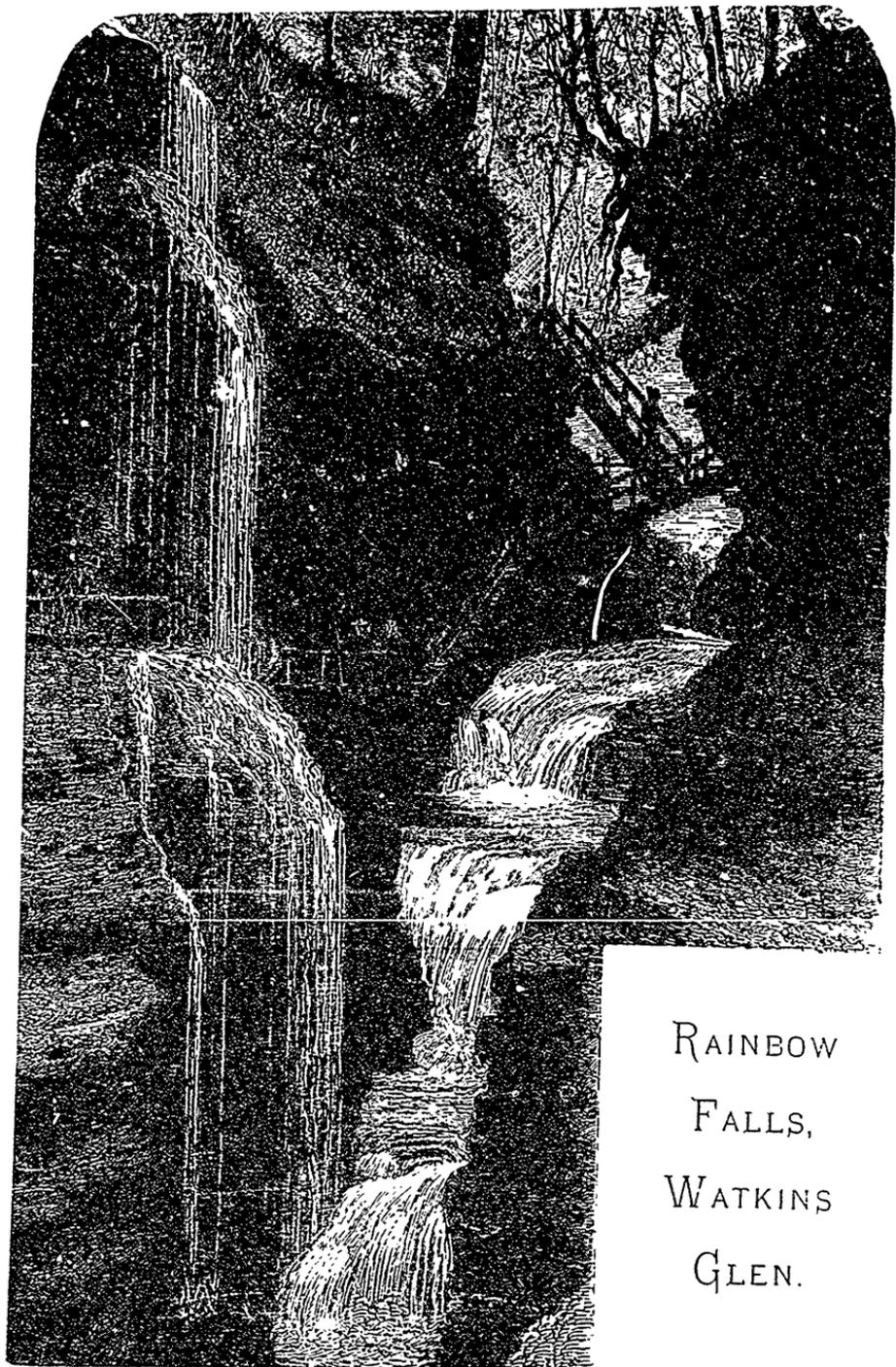
This was M. Cauchoit, an old officer in the French navy, now settled as a trader in Benguela, fourteen miles distant. He had heard of Cameron's approach at eleven o'clock the preceding night, and had set out instantly to his relief. He, however, had a house at Katombela, to which he brought his guest, and before evening twenty men, with hammocks and food, were on their way to meet those who had been left behind, all of whom save one who had died, were in due time brought safely in.

The long journey was over, but Cameron's perils were not at an end. The threatening symptoms which he had observed grew rapidly worse. His tongue was so swollen as to project beyond his teeth, and blood poured from his mouth; his body was covered with blue, black, purple, and green blotches, and he became unable to speak or swallow. For eight-and-forty hours he was only saved from suffocation by having the clotted blood continually pulled from his throat by pincers. He had been seized by a sudden and violent attack of scurvy. Had this occurred a single day earlier, when beyond the reach of medical assistance, nothing could have saved his life.

From Benguela Cameron took a steamer to St. Paul de Loanda, two hundred and fifty miles up the coast. Some time was spent before arrangements could be made for the return of his men to Zanzibar. Finally a schooner was purchased for £1,000 by Cameron and the British consul, to carry them home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, a voyage of some four thousand miles. The schooner sailed on February 8th, and a few days after Cameron embarked on the steamer *Congo* for England. The voyage was long and tedious, for the steamer had to stop at nearly seventy ports on the coast. But finally, on April 2nd, 1876, she arrived at the mouth of the Mersey.

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

—Longfellow.



RAINBOW
FALLS,
WATKINS
GLEN.

WATKINS GLEN.

BY FRANK H. WALLACE, B. D.

II.



COTTAGE ON THE CLIFF.

FROM Glen Cathedral we proceed to the fourth section of this romantic gorge. In order to do so we ascend a staircase of seventy feet in height, and reach the Glen of the Pools. Staircase after staircase do we climb, rocky gallery after gallery do we traverse, and ever another laughing cascade flashes down beside us; another pellucid pool mirrors all the beauty on its tranquil bosom; another "diamond rillet musical" falls "silver chiming" on the rocks.

From the Mermaids' Pool, with well formed basin and most limpid water, we descry what

has well been called "the matchless scene," a panorama of beauty wild and indescribable,—a strange fantastic grouping of rough and broken rocks, and dashing waters, and gay foliage, and bright sky, and through it all the shimmering sunlight falling, and over all the hush of a perpetual Sabbath, soothing to the hot and weary spirit,—

"As though the whole bright summer scene were set
To the unuttered melody of rest."



THE NARROW PASS, SHADOW GORGE.

Soon we obtain a view of the Triple Cascade, with its three separate falls, down which the water comes in creamy foam.

Just below the Triple Cascade is the lovely Rainbow Fall. A little brook comes trickling down the sloping wall of the

gorge until it reaches a projecting, over-arching shelf of rock ; from that the water falls, not in a solid sheet, but broken into crystal threads and beads, like the fairy streams of Tennyson's Land of the Lotus Eaters :

“ Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.”

A narrow path runs behind the fall, between it and the face of the cliff, and as you stand there and look out through the veil of gleaming drops and shimmering spray, you are reminded of a scene, similar in its loveliness, at the celebrated Fall of Giessbach, in Switzerland, where, as here, you have entrancing peeps from behind a watery screen, and catch misty glimpses of the scene without,—of rock and woodland and blue sky. At a proper hour in the summer afternoon, when the rays of the sun strike through the falling water from the west, two gorgeous rainbows may be seen, a primary and a secondary.

After some more climbing, and some pleasing retrospective views, we enter the Shadow Gorge. Here the path is narrow, cut out of the very face of the cliff, and has been made only with great difficulty and at considerable expense. The name of the gorge is appropriate, for lofty trees rise from the summit of the cliffs on both sides of the narrow rift and almost interlace their foliage overhead, and on the pools below their graceful, wavy outlines are delicately reproduced, with a most exquisite blending of “ shadows dark and sunlight sheen.”

A little farther on there rises abruptly a solid wall of rock, known as the Frowning Cliff, regular in its surface as if the work of human masonry, and blocking up the Glen. At its foot, in a deep, clear pool, you see an inverted picture,—a natural and most charming photograph of rocks and trees and sky. This cliff stands grim sentry to guard the entry of Glen Arcadia, the fifth section of the ever-varied gorge. Into this we make our way by turning sharply to the right, around the Frowning Cliff, and just before us lies the Artist's Dream. Wanting the boldness and the grandeur of the other glens, this possesses more

than they of picturesqueness and gentle dreamy loveliness, silvery threads of cascade, sparkling rapids, clear unruffled basins, graceful curves, soft rich mosses, foliage of lavish luxuriance,—just such a scene as might well come to an artist in his dream.



ARTIST'S DREAM.

Making our way for some distance along an elevated path, and then through the dark defile of the Narrow Pass, we come to the Pluto Falls. Here we find the air oppressively

“ Damp and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death.”

The awful hush is broken only by the hollow crash of the fall, and into the cavernous gorge the rays of the sun can never dart one cheering gleam, but over the pass there ever broods the deepest and most sullen gloom.

We are glad to escape from this dismal spot and see once more a charming succession of rapids, tumbling down along the tortuous course of the stream, until we pass the Pool of the Nymphs and the Elfin Gorge, and catch from a bridge a rare and beautiful view of Glen Arcadia, through which we have just come, and so enter section six, or Glen Facility. By this time we have come two miles, through scenery of the most marvellous variety and of the most enchanting beauty. Here we are content to “rest and be thankful,” after the weary ascent. For those who still sigh for “other worlds to conquer,” there remain many spots worth visiting, and the remainder of the glens may be explored with little difficulty or fatigue.

About three-quarters of a mile above the head of Glen Arcadia begins the seventh section, Glen Horicon, an amphitheatre of several acres, with bold and wooded sides, which rise several hundred feet, forming a scene of little beauty, but of utter solitude and stern desolation. From it a rocky gorge winds among the hills for about half a mile, and leads into the eighth section, or Glen Elysium, one of the most impressive scenes in the whole wonderful series. It contains an area of fifty acres of lawn and woodland and water, full of charming nooks, carpeted with heavy moss or luxuriant grass, and shaded by large, well-foliaged trees.

Beyond this beautiful and verdant basin, stretches the ninth and last section of Watkins Glen; and as the first section is known as Glen Alpha, this is known as Glen Omega. Half a mile farther on the Glen gradually opens out into the general level of the country, and so comes to an end about four miles from the entrance, on the lake shore. Into that short distance, and into that narrow gorge, are crowded such innumerable scenes, and glimpses, and pictures of rugged wildness, of simple grandeur, of gentle beauty, as are rarely seen together in any other place,

and as most amply repay all the toil of ascent, and remain forever a cherished treasure in the memory.

For those who have time and inclination there are many pleasant drives in the neighbourhood of Watkins. Among these are the drives leading to Excelsior and Havanna Glens, and also to the pretty cascade known as Hector Falls. No one, however short his time, should leave without ascending to the summit of Table Mountain, readily accessible from the Glen Mountain House by a cool, delightful path through the shady woods, and affording a charming general view. Just below stretches the pretty town of Watkins; steamers lie at the wharf, back recedes a level, fertile valley, away to the north, far as the eye can reach, stretches the blue lake, its surface undimpled even by the faintest ripple; and on each side the hilly shores

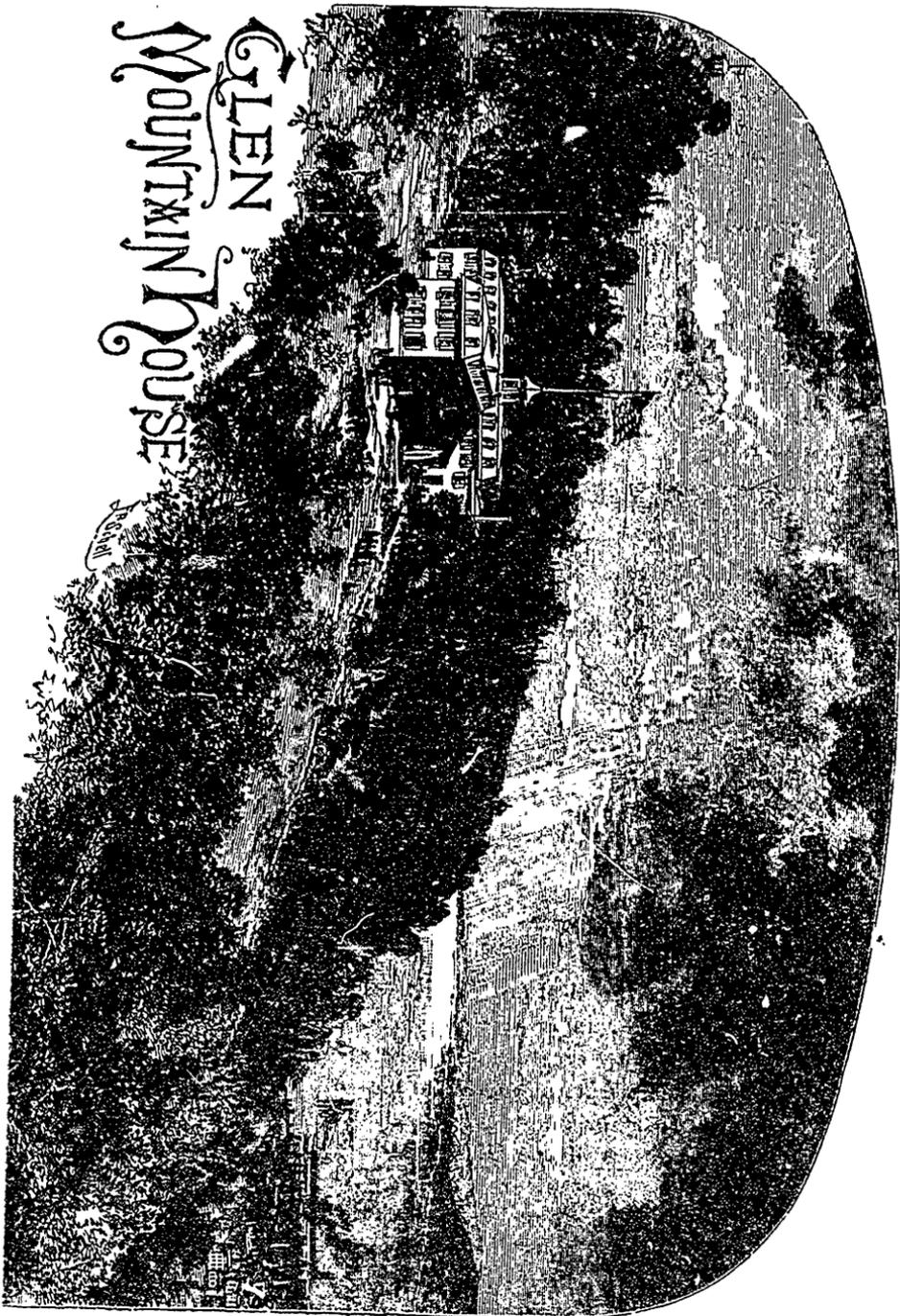


HECTOR FALLS.

sweep gracefully back and up to the horizon.

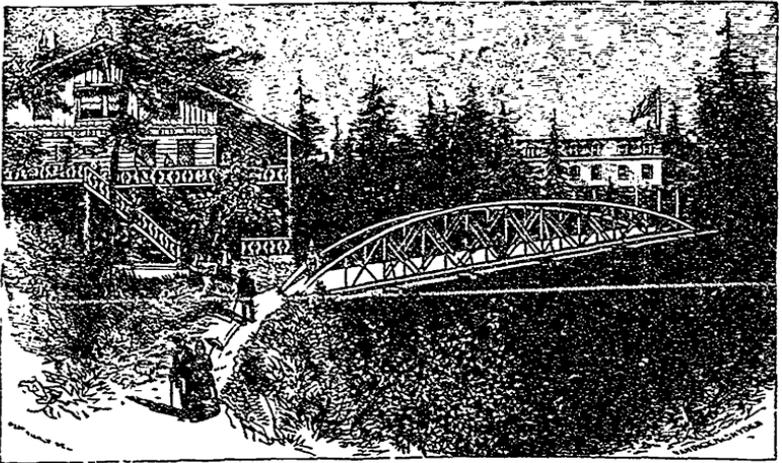
Connecting the Glen Mountain House with the Swiss *chalet* is a light and airy suspension bridge, from which a delightful view is obtained of the magnificent vista up and down the Glen. Near the bridge is a staircase leading down to the bottom of the gorge. The descent will well repay the trouble. As one walks along the winding path beside the rippling stream the tremendous masonry of rock rises in lofty walls on either hand, and a hundred feet overhead the airy structure of the suspension bridge leaps lightly from side to side. The bright sunlight, glinting athwart

GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE



the deep shadows of the ravine and shimmering through the pendant foliage, makes a picture that would delight the eye of an artist.

At the Glen Mountain House the tourist will find all the comforts of a Christian home. Mr. Lytle, the principal proprietor, is a genial member of the Society of Friends, and the quaint "thee" and 'thou" of the Quakers give a pleasant feeling to the entertainment. Mr. Lytle is an enthusiastic teetotaler, and does not allow a drop of intoxicating liquors to be sold in or near the Glen. He will not even allow wine to be used in the *cuisine* of his large establishment, yet the *table d'hote* will meet

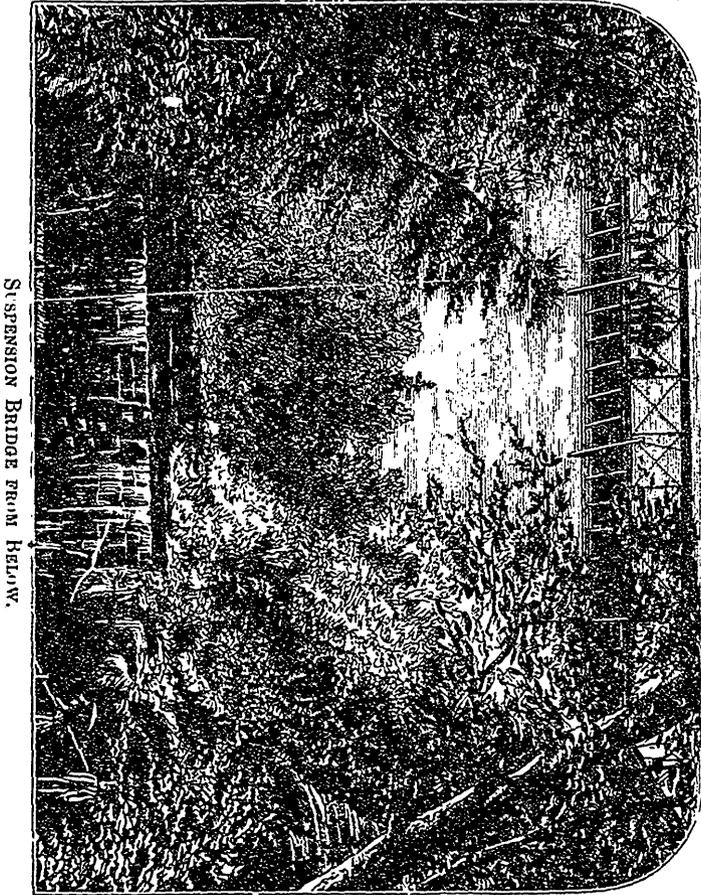


SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

the demands of the most fastidious taste. His house is a favourite summer resort of invalid ministers and others, who find in the salubrious atmosphere, the romantic scenery, and the reposeful quiet of the mountain home a tonic of rare efficacy for jaded nerve and weary brain.

The proprietors of the Glen are desirous of making it a rendezvous for great summer gatherings, like those at Chautauqua, Round Lake, and Welles Island. Certainly, for convenience of access and charm of scenery, none of the popular resorts of the country can compare with it. In order to carry out this design and to consecrate this magnificent temple of nature to the worship

of the Most High, these gentlemen invite the co-operation of Christian workers and capitalists in different parts of the country.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM HELLOW.

In the advertising pages of this Magazine will be found the announcement of the arrangements they propose to make for the accomplishment of this purpose.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

—*Sh. kespeare.*

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.—(*Continued.*)"Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."—*Prov.*

WITH the earliest dawn Lawrence was abroad to breathe the fresh air, and to learn where he could find the "crew" of lumbermen he was about to join. Just as the sun rose, he reached the cliff known as Government Hill, now crowned by the stately and many-turreted Parliament Buildings of the Dominion of Canada. As the sun rose grandly over the far-rolling Laurentian hills it turned the river into gleaming gold. Beneath the cliff, shagged with ancient woods from top to base, sparkled and dimpled the eddies of the rapid stream. Acres of timber rafts were moored in the cove, and in the still morning air the thin blue smoke of the camp fires rose where the raftsmen were preparing their morning meal.

While he gazed in admiration on the scene, he became aware of a grizzled, sun-browned man, with a kindly gray eye, and dressed in a sort of half-sailor garb, standing beside him.

"Kinder nice, that 'ere, ain't it now?" said the stranger.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," replied Lawrence.

"I've lived on this river, man an' boy, well nigh onto fifty years, an' I hain't got tired on it yet. It don't never wear out, ye see. It's new every mornin', an' renewed every evenin', like all the rest of the Good Bein's blessin's."

Encouraged by the kindly look and pious tone of the old man, Lawrence asked him if he knew where Hargrave's crew of lumbermen were camped (this was the name of his employer).

"Hargrave's crew! I shou'd think I'd oughter. I supplies 'em most o' their campin' outfit. Ye see that smoke," he said, pointing to the spray rising from the Chaudiere Falls, "well, that's the Big Kettle. Jist around the p'int beyond that ye'll find Har-

grave's camp. They break up and go up stream to-day. You jist ask for Mike Callaghan at the bridge there an' he'll tell you exactly the way."

Lawrence took out his note book to write down the name, when a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. The old man stooped to pick it up and was handing it to Lawrence when he exclaimed,

"What's this? A Class-ticket, as I'm alive! Where did ye get this, boy? Are ye a Methodist?" abruptly asked the old man.

"Yes, I am a Methodist," said Lawrence, "and I got this from James Turner, our minister at Thornville."

"Turner! I know'd him," exclaimed our ancient mariner; "was on this circuit once. I must know your name, lad."

Willing to humour his strange companion, Lawrence mentioned his name, the utterance of which produced a remarkable effect. With a quick motion the old man grasped him firmly by the shoulder and peered earnestly into his face, and then exclaimed, "Well-a-day! an' to think I didn't know ye."

"I see nothing very remarkable in that," replied Lawrence, "since you never saw me before."

"Don't be so sure o' that, my boy; I know'd ye afore ye know'd yerself, and well I know'd yer father, too. I see his looks in your very face. How is he, anyway?" rattled on the old sailor.

"He is dead these twelve months," said Lawrence, with a gush of sympathy towards the man who had known his father.

"Dead, is it?" exclaimed the stranger in a tone of mingled astonishment and grief. "An' old Jimmie Daily left, who could be so much better spared. Well, a good man is gone to his reward—rest his soul!"—Mr. Daily, although now a Methodist, in moments of excitement occasionally used expressions with which he was familiar while yet a Roman Catholic.

"How long since you knew my father?" asked Lawrence, now deeply interested.

"Knew him, is it? It's well nigh twenty years ago," he answered. "Many's the time I ferried him across the river down at Metcalf's appointment—the ould log church, do ye mind? An' the ways he used to talk to me! I was a sinful man in those days, God forgive me, but I never forgot thim words; an' he

made me promise to go to the praichin', an' I kep' my word, but I soon wished I hadn't, for he made me feel my sins that bad that I couldn't slape, an' I tuk to the drink harder nor ever, an' I got the horrors, an' he watched with me like a brother, an' tuk me to his own house to keep me from the tavern, an' prayed an' wrasled with me till I got my soul convarted. Hallelujah !

'O happy day, that fixed my choice.'

So ye're a son of John Timple, God bless ye ; an' yer mother, is she livin' ? If ever there was a saint it was that woman. An' where are ye stoppin' ?

"At the Sheaf and Crown," replied Lawrence, and he briefly told of his father's illness and his mother's welfare.

"At the Sheaf and Crown, is it ?" the garrulous old man went on. "Well, ye'll stop there no longer. It's no place for the likes o' ye. A proud man will be Jimmie Daily to entertain the son of his best friend, John Timple. Come home to breakfast with me."

Nothing loath to leave the tavern, Lawrence cheerfully accepted the warm-hearted hospitality of his Irish friend. The old man was a widower, but his two daughters, bright-eyed but bashful girls, had a clean and appetizing breakfast ready, to which Lawrence did ample justice.

"An' what way are ye goin' now, if I may make so bould ?" asked Mr. Daily towards the close of the meal.

"To the River Mattawa, with Hargrave's crew," quietly answered Lawrence.

"To the Mattawa !" exclaimed the kind host in amazement, dropping his knife and fork and staring at his guest with open-mouthed astonishment. "Och, its jokin' an ould man ye are. But it'll be gunnin' or fishin. ye're afther ?"

His astonishment deepened as Lawrence avowed his purpose to go as a lumberman, at the same time hinting that it was only a temporary expedient for a special purpose. At length he went on—

"That's not the kind o' work for John Timple's son, that I nursed when he was a baby. An' ye don't look over strong, naythur. But ye've got yer father's sperit. Nothin' ever did beat that man.

No matter what roads or weather, I never know'd him to miss an app'ntment, an' the roads wuz powerful bad sometimes. But I won't say ye nay. I'm sure Providence will direct ye. But come here, my boy," he said rising from the table and leading the way into the little store which was his chief source of livelihood.

It was an odd miscellaneous assortment of articles that almost filled the little apartment. Three sides of the room were appropriated respectively to groceries, dry-goods and hardware. But this distinction was not rigidly maintained, and sundry articles would not come under any of these heads, as, for instance, Bibles, hymn-books, school-books and stationery, a case of patent-medicines, and oils, paints and brushes. The windows occupying the fourth side were filled with specimens of the different kinds of goods on the shelves. From the ceiling hung steel traps, log-chains, snowshoes, moccasins and iron studded boots for raftsmen. Cant-hooks, axes, whips, harness, row-locks, trolling-lines, fish-hooks, rope, cordage, codfish, molasses, sugar, tea, coffee, mess-pork and mess-beef, pea-jackets, sou'-westers, oil-cloth pilot-coats, thick guernseys, blankets, mits, fur caps, mufflers—almost every thing one could think of, or that lumbermen could want, from a grindstone to a needle, from a herring to a barrel of flour, from linen thread to hawsers, from handkerchiefs to sail-cloth, was represented in this "general store."

Selecting two stout guernsey shirts, a pair of moccasins and a pair of boots, a blanket and a pair of buckskin mits, Mr. Daily quietly made them up in a parcel, saying, "Ye'll find the need of them before the winter is over."

In vain Lawrence remonstrated and protested that he could not afford to buy, and did not want to accept as a gift, these valuable articles.

"Is it sell the likes o' them to yer father's son ye'd have me?" exclaimed the generous-hearted creature in affected indignation. "Not if I knows it. Its more than this I owe the memory of John Timple, or to any that bear his name."

He then conducted his young *protege* in whom he seemed to take paternal pride, to the camp which was the rendezvous of Hargrave's brigade. The "crew," as it was called, was busy

with the final bustle of embarking on their six or eight months plunge into the wilderness. There was no time for many words. Commending Lawrence to the foreman or "boss" of the brigade, as the "son of a dear ould friend," the old man gave his hand a wing like the grip of a vice, with the valediction—

"God bless ye, my boy, and all the saints protect ye."

CHAPTER III.—ON THE RIVER.

V'là l'bon vent !	V'là l'bon vent !
V'là l'joli vent !	V'là l'joli vent ?
V'là l'bon vent !	V'là l'bon vent !
Ma mie m'appelle !	Ma mie m'attend !*

It was a picturesque scene that met the eyes of Lawrence when he had time to look around him. The broad river was flashing and eddying in the bright sunlight, rushing on to the Chaudiere Falls, like a strong will bent on a desperate resolve. This brilliant picture was framed by a dark background of pines—a fringe of shivering aspens near the water in some places trailing their branches in the current like naiads bathing their tresses in the waves. Moored in a little cove were a number of stout batteaux, and several birch bark canoes were drawn up upon the shore. Nearly a hundred men, with much shouting and gesticulating, were loading the batteaux with barrels of mess-pork and mess-beef, flour, sugar, and molasses; boxes of tea and tobacco; bales of blankets, and all the almost countless necessaries of a lumber camp. The lumbermen were sun-tanned, stalwart fellows, many of whom were French Canadian and the others of different nationalities, including three or four Indians. Almost all wore red-flannel shirts, and many had a scarlet sash around the waist and a red woven cap or fez upon their heads.

A camp-fire was blazing brightly on the beach at which a grimy-looking cook, with a short and dirty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, was preparing dinner in sundry smoke-blackened vessels.

* For this refrain, the burden of a popular *voyaguers'* chorus, we are indebted to our friend, W. Kirby, Esq., the author of that remarkably clever Canadian story, the "*Chien d'Or*."

When the stew of meat and vegetables was ready, he blew a tin horn, and the captains of the several messes received their shares in large tin vessels. These distributed in tin dishes to the men of their messes their portion of meat in due season. Strong green tea, without milk, was the only beverage furnished.

In an incredibly short time dinner was dispatched, and almost every man produced a tobacco-pipe and was soon smoking away like a small furnace. The last loads were hurried on board the batteaux. The oars were manned and with a cheer the several crews rowed their boats up the stream, hugging the shore as closely as possible in order to avoid the strength of the current. The canoes were launched and went dancing over the waves, the "boss" and the Indians going ahead to select and prepare the camping ground.

Lawrence took his place at the oar in one of the batteaux and rowed lustily with the rest of the crew. He greatly enjoyed his novel experience. He had a keen eye for the picturesque, and now he found much to employ it. The flood of golden light on the broad bosom of the river, the vivid green of the foliage on the shore, the bronzed faces, often full of character, and the stalwart forms of his red-shirted companions, the brown batteaux and the snowy sails which were spread to catch the light breeze which helped them along—these made up a picture that, transferred to canvas, would have won an artist fame and fortune.

He cordially cultivated the acquaintance of his fellow oarsman, a good-natured Frenchman, clad in a strange blending of civilized and savage attire. He wore buckskin leggings, fringed after the Indian style, bead-worked moccasins, a red sash, red shirt, and red night-cap or fez. Around his forehead was a band of wampum, or Indian bead-work, set off by a heron's plume, dyed red. In his belt, in a leathern scabbard, was a sharp and glittering scalping-knife, which, however, he used for no more deadly purpose than cutting his meat and tobacco. On one finger he wore a solid gold ring, and in his ears small earrings of the same material. A silver cross and a scapular of the Virgin might be seen on his bronzed breast through the open bosom of his shirt.

Jean Baptiste la Tour, such was his name, was a characteristic example of the *voyageurs* and *courreurs du bois* who, ever since

the settlement of Canada by the French, had found the fascinations of the wild forest life too strong to permit them to remain in the precincts of civilization or engage in any steady agricultural labour. Lawrence found him very chatty, and as he could speak a little English and Lawrence a little book French, they got on very well together.

Baptiste had wandered all over the great North and North-West, as far as Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay and up the Saskatchewan to near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He had been employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the varied avocations of trapper, *voyageur*, and guide; but on one of his trips from Fort William, on Lake Superior, down the Ottawa to Montreal, with a convoy of furs, he had fallen a victim to the fascinations of a bright-eyed Indian girl at Caughnawaga. He had now a bark wigwam and squaw and two papooses at that village, and confined his wanderings within a limit of some four hundred miles, instead of two thousand as before.

He was full of vivacity, very polite in his way, somewhat choleric and hasty when crossed, and a rather boastful talker. He was very proud of his aristocratic ancestry. He claimed descent from the Chevalier de la Tour, Governor of Acadie in the seventeenth century, and favoured Lawrence with highly romantic traditions of the beauty and valour and fidelity to her husband's checkered fortunes of the heroic Madame de la Tour, narrating how she held the fort at the mouth of the St. John against three fold odds. The relationship claimed was not improbable, for some of the best blood of France, that of the Montforts and Montmorencies, flowed in the veins of semi-savage wanderers in the woods or dwellers in Indian wigwams.

Towards evening the brigades of boats swept into a little cove, where, behind a narrow beach, the dense foliage rose like a castle wall. A little streamlet shyly trickled down, making timid music over its pebbles. In an open space the camp-fires were soon blazing brightly, the splendid black and brown bass, caught by trolling in the river, were soon broiling on the coals, and never lordly feast at a king's table was enjoyed with keener zest than the frugal repast of these hardy lumbermen.

It was soon dark, for the season was September, and, in the

light of the camp-fires, the lounging figures smoking their short pipes, and some, we are sorry to say, playing cards, looked like a group of bandits in one of Salvator Rosa's paintings. The trees overhead gleamed in the firelight like fretted silver, and through the rifts the holy stars looked down like sentinels in mail of burnished steel keeping ward upon the walls of heaven.

Leaving the uncongenial company Lawrence plunged into the caves of darkness of the grand old forest, which lifted on pillared colonnades its interlaced and fretted roof, more stately and awe-inspiring in the gloom than any minster aisle. There, with thoughts of home and God and heaven, he strengthened his heart for the duties and the trials of his new life.

On returning to the camp he gratefully accepted the invitation of the foreman to share his tent, and soon, lying on a bear-skin rug spread upon a bed of fragrant spruce boughs, was fast asleep. The rest of the crew threw themselves down in their blankets with their feet to the fire and slept beneath the open canopy of heaven.

With the dawn the camp was astir. Breakfast was promptly despatched, and as the sun rose, turning the waters into gleaming gold, the little flotilla again glided on its way. So passed day after day. Lawrence was often weary in back and arms and legs with rowing, and his hands were severely blistered; but the ever-changing panorama of beauty was a perpetual delight. Sometimes, as they approached a rapid in the river, the sturdy boatmen would spring into the water and push and drag the batteaux against the foaming current. When the rapid was too strong to be overcome in this way, the boats were lightened and pushed up with poles, and dragged with ropes. The bales and boxes, supported on the broad backs of the men by a band going around their foreheads, were carried over the portage to the calm water beyond.

The light-hearted Frenchmen beguiled their labour by boat songs having a rattling chorus like that which heads this chapter, in which all joined. The favourite song was that of the king's son who went a-hunting with his silver gun, with its strange reiteration and stirring chorus, which made every rower spring to his oar with renewed vivacity and vigour.

The following will be a sufficient specimen of this national boat song of French Canada :

Derrière chez nous ya-t-un étang,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
 Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
 En roulant ma boule roulant,
 En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
 Rouli, etc.

Le fil du roi s'en va chassant,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 Rouli, etc.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
 En roulant ma boule.
 Visa la noir, tua le blanc,
 Rouli, etc.

Visa la noir, tua le blanc,
 En roulant ma boule.
 O fils du roi, tu es méchant,
 Rouli, etc.

So it goes on for thirteen verses, but of its simple melody the *voyageurs* never tire. Baptiste led the refrain, with infinite gusto, in a rich tenor voice, and the whole company, English and French, joined in the chorus, waking the echoes of the forest aisles and feathery crags as they passed. On all our Canadian streams, from the grand and gloomy Saguenay to the far Saskatchewan, this song has been chanted for over two hundred years. It is, therefore, as a relic of a phase of national life fast passing away, not unworthy of a place in this chronicle.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
 They touch the shining hills of day ;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait.

— *Whittier.*

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

THE CONVERSION OF BRITAIN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

WE now return to trace more particularly the history of Christianity in Britain :

When Hengist and Horsa with their wild pagan followers, in the middle of the fifth century, invaded England, they found most of the inhabitants of the south and a smaller proportion in the north, at least nominal Christians. The storm of Saxon invasion burst with equal violence on tower and temple. "Amidst the havoc of an exterminating warfare," says a judicious authority, "the churches were destroyed and the ecclesiastics massacred, so that at length the former Christianity of the country was chiefly to be traced by heaps of ashes and tokens of devastation." Without a clergy, without altars or churches, and without the rites of religion, Christianity became almost extinct. But in the providence of God a course of events, seemingly trivial in character, was bringing about its re-establishment. The story is a familiar one, but it will bear repetition.

About the year A.D. 577, a monk of the monastery of St. Andrew at Rome was one day passing through the market place. He saw there, among the gang of slaves exposed for sale, three fair-skinned, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boys. Their ruddy beauty excited his interest, and he asked the slave dealer of what country they were.

"They are Angles, father," was the reply.

"Not Angles but angels would they be if they were Christians," he exclaimed.

"From what province do they come?" he further inquired.

"From Deira,* father," the slave dealer answered.

"*De ira Dei liberandi sunt*," continued the monk, playing

* The region now included in Yorkshire and Durham.

upon the name, "from the wrath of God they are to be delivered. And who is the king of this province," he continued.

"Aëla," was the reply.

"Allelujah," exclaimed the pious monk, as if inspired with the spirit of prophecy, "the praise of God yet shall be chanted in that clime."

His heart yearned for the conversion of that fair pagan race, and he soon after set forth as a missionary to tell them of the glorious tidings of the Gospel. He was recalled, however, by the ruling pope, and his generous purpose was for the time postponed. A few years later that monk became Gregory the Great, Pope of Rome. His long-cherished object was now about to be fulfilled. He selected a band of forty monks and sent them forth with their prior Augustine to plant again the religion of the Cross on the soil of Britain.

In the summer of the year 596, they set forth on their momentous mission. They traversed rapidly the plains of Lombardy, crossed the Gallic Alps, and reached the town of Aix in Provence. But the timorous monks were so dismayed by the accounts they received of the ferocity of the Saxons that they refused to proceed and sent to Gregory for permission to return. The zealous pontiff, however, adjured them by every Christian motive to persevere in their sacred task, and he wrote letters on their behalf to the kings and bishops of the Franks. Constrained by an authority they dared not resist, the missionary band advanced through Tours and Anjou to the sea coast. They took ship the following spring and soon reached the Isle of Thanet on the coast of Kent.

The time and place were propitious for the success of their mission. Ethelbert, the King of Kent, held the important rank of Bretwalda, or chief king of the Heptarchy. Moreover, his queen, Bertha, was a Frankish princess, brought up, at least nominally, in the Christian faith. Ethelbert was therefore, although a pagan, probably predisposed to a favourable reception of the new doctrines. Indeed, tradition records that he was not without previous admonition of the supernatural claims of the religion of Christ, possibly from Frankish palmers who had wandered into his kingdom. Alexander Smith, in his beautiful poem "Edwin

of Deira," has interwoven the various traditions of the conversion of Britain, though sometimes with slight anachronism, into consecutive narrative. I shall quote largely from the poem the account of this important event, of such intense interest to the whole English-speaking race. To the king's palace is represented as having come, months before the advent of Augustine,

“— A poor far-travelled man who spoke
About a dear God Christ, who hung on tree
While His own children pierced His tender side
Quoth he, ‘ This English land belongs to Christ,
And all the souls upon it. He will come,
And merciful possession take of all.’
“Then said he, ‘ When Lord Christ
Comes to His own, then the times of war are o’er.
Upon His raiment there are stains of blood.
But ’tis His own, for He can only love.
He never blew a trumpet in the field ;
His soldiers are the men who die in fires,
With blessings on their lips for those who stack
The fagots and who bring the blazing torch.’ ”

When tidings was brought to the king, whom the poet by a solecism calls Edwin, of the landing of Augustine's vessel, he rode down with his lords to witness the debarkation of this strange embassy.

“ In the bright
Fringe of the living sea a great ship lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a chaunting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men ;
Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed ;
Fair in their front a silver cross they bore ;
A painted Saviour floated in the wind ;
The chaunting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea air. All the lords
Sat silent and wide-eyed. The foremost man,
Who seemed the leader of the white-robed train,
Unbent, although his beard was white as snow,
And the veins branched along his withered hands,
Spake, while to Edwin he obeisance made.
‘ To thee, who bear'st the likeness of a king,
'Tis fit that I should speak, that thou may'st know
What is the business of thy servants here.
We come to traffic not in horse or man,

Corn, wine, or oil ; nor yet to gather gold,
 Nor to win cities by the force of arms.
 O king ! we came across the dangerous seas
 To win thee and thy people from the gods
 Who cannot hear a cry or answer prayer,
 Unto the worship of the heavenly Christ,
 Of whom thou art the eldest son of all
 That in this nation dwell. Within thy hands
 Thou hast our lives. But yet we trust in Christ,
 From whose pure hand each king derives his crown,
 And in whose keeping are the heavenly worlds,
 No harm shall us befall. We bring thee Christ—
 The Christ before whose coming devils flee,
 Idolatrous fires burn low, and horrid drums,
 Beaten to drown the shrieks of sacrifice,
 Are covered o'er with silence.' ”

The king received them courteously and appointed a time for a formal interview, but with characteristic caution he declined to receive them under a roof, for fear of the charms or spells which he imagined they might exercise upon him.

“ To-morrow, here, beneath the open sky,
 Where magical arts are powerless, will I bring
 In council all my lords, and ancient men
 Who have inherited wisdom with their snows,
 To give thee patient hearing. For myself,
 Although not minded to desert the gods
 My fathers followed, and beneath whose sway
 The happy seasons still have come and gone,
 I keep an open door for thoughts and men
 That wear strange clothes and speak with foreign tongues ;
 Such hospitality befits a king.’
 And when the priests, the cross before them borne,
 Beheld the city in the yellow light,
 And all the king’s train riding to the gate,
 Sudden a choir of silver voices rose :—
 ‘ Lord Christ, we do beseech Thee in Thy grace,
 Let not Thine anger ’gainst this city burn,
 Nor ’gainst Thy hol’ house, for we have sinned ! ’
 And so they sang until the gate was reached.”

The king was sorely puzzled in his mind. He was reluctant to abandon the old gods under whom he had achieved victory and become great. At the same time there was a strange power in the words of those foreign teachers that took hold upon his con-

science and swayed his soul, he knew not why. And thus he reasoned with himself—

“ ‘ This Christ has ne'er been seen by living eye,
His voice has ne'er been heard by living ear,
And if beneath His banner I enlist,
Service life-long, obedience absolute,
Strict abstinence from all ambitious thoughts,
Stern curbing of the war-horse in the heart,
Are needed ; and long years of purity,
That shame the honour of a knight, that shame
The nobleness of kings. War is forbid ;
I must forgive the man that injures me.
What if, when I am on a death-bed laid,
Hoary with painful years, no Christ should be ?
I have my spirit tortured for a dream ;
The man who wrongs me insolently laughs ;
And unenlarged my kingdom for my son ;
And, unembalmed by victories, my name
Will perish like a nothing from the earth,
Unrescued by a halpstring. Could I place
This Christ within the temple of the gods ?
One must be right ! But then this man brings Christ
To save me from the worship of the gods,
To smite in dust their shrines.”

As he thus questioned with himself in the hush and silence of the night a supernatural presence visited him,—so runs the poem,—and drew aside the veil that hides the future from men's view. And thus it spoke—

“ ‘ This fertile island in the narrow seas,
Parcelled in seven states that fret and fume
Fiercely against each other, shall grow one,
And a far distant son of thine shall sit
Within its capital city high enthroned,
The crown upon his head. The crown from Christ
He will receive on coronation day.
The kingdoms and the nations of the earth
Are tools with which Christ works ; and many He
Hath broken, for the metal faithless proved ;
And many He hath thrown aside to rust
In a neglected corner ; many worn
With noble service into nothingness ;
This England, when 'tis tempered to His need,
Will be His instrument to shape the world

For many a thousand years. O mighty Prince,
 Within the East is born a day of days,
 For Christ this day will to thy kingdom come
 And seek therein to dwell. Be faithful thou,
 That faithfulness may live from king to king.”

The king holds council with the priests and wise men of his realm. Some endeavour to dissuade him from acknowledging the foreign gods. At length rose Ella, a venerable priest, hoary with a hundred years, and said—

“To me, O king, this present life of man
 Seems, in comparison of unknown time,
 Like a swift sparrow flying through a room,
 Wherein thou sit'st at supper with thy lords,
 A good fire in the midst, while out of doors
 In gusty darkness whirls the furious snow
 That wall and window blocks. The sparrow flies
 In at one door, and by another out,
 Brief space of warm and comfortable air
 It knows in passing, then it vanishes
 Into the gusty dark from whence it came.
 The soul like that same sparrow comes and goes,
 This life is but a moment's sparrow-flight
 Between the two unknowns of birth and death ;
 An arrow's passage from an unknown bow
 Toward an unknown bourne. O king, I have
 This matter meditated all my days,
 And questioned death, but with no more effect
 Than if I shouted 'gainst a stormy wind
 And had my words dashed back in my own face.
 If therefore these new doctrines bring me light,
 All things I would renounce to follow them.”

The eventful day, fraught with the destinies of England, at length arrived. The band of missionaries, after much prayer to God, issued from the house in which they lodged, in solemn procession, clad in snowy vestments, chanting holy litanies, bearing on high a silver cross and the painted image of the Saviour. It was an age of sign and symbol, and to these they largely trusted to impress the infantile imagination of that untaught race. As they reached the place of conclave, the leader of the missionary band stood forth and thus addressed the multitude—

“Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired,
 That dwell within a green delicious land,

With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-acorned woods,
Refreshed and beautified by stately streams—
We heard this island with its climate pure
Was given o'er to heathen deities :
That these were worshipped with the bended knee,
Unholy fire, and smoke of sacrifice.
And we are come to smite the deities,
And to the idolatrous temples set the torch.
For this we took our lives within our hands,
For this we drew a furrow through the sea,
And this we will accomplish ere we die.
And furthermore, we come to speak of Christ,
Who from His heaven looked down, and saw a world
Crimson with stains of wicked battle-fields,
And loud with the oppressions of the poor,
And, moved with gracious pity, wrapt the sun
Of His Divinity in a mortal cloud
Till it was tempered to our human sight.
And, for the love He bore the race of men,
Full thirty years ungrudgingly He breathed
Our human breath, endured our human needs,
Hungered and thirsted, oft without a home.
Though but a man He seemed, such virtue dwelt
Within the compass of His mortal frame,
That poor and forlorn creatures near their death
Touched by His garments were made instant whole.
And all the time He lived upon the earth
He cast out devils, gave the blind their sight ;
With slender store of loaves and fishes fed
A hungry multitude close-ranged on grass ;
And, walking on the waters, with a word
Made all the roaring lake of Galilee
Sink to a glassy mirror for the stars.
Yea, at His word a three days' buried man
Came forth to light with grave-clothes on his face.
And, when the times of wickedness were full,
When by the vilest city in the world
Nailed to a cross upreared against the sky
He hung with malefactors—dismal sight
The sun dared not to look on—with a prayer
For him who pierced His body with the spear,
For him who tore His temples with the thorns,
For him who mocked His thirst with vinegar,
The Lord Christ bleeding bowed His head and died ;
And by that dying did He wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart

Like slow fire on a brand. From grave He burst ;
 Death could not hold Him, and ere many days
 Before the eyes of those that did Him love
 He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
 Unto the heaven of heavens, whence He came.
 And there He sits this moment, man and God ;
 Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
 And all the uncreated light confronts
 With eyelids that have known the touch of tears.
 Marvel not, king, that we have come to thee.
 If but one man stood on the farthest shore,
 Thither I would adventure with the news—
 News that undungeons all from sin and fear.
 The glimmering wisp, the sprite that haunts the ford,
 The silent ghōst that issues from the grave
 Like a pale smoke that takes the dead man's form
 Can scare us never more, for Christ made all,
 And lays His ear so close unto the world
 That in lone desert, peril, or thick night,
 A whispered prayer can reach it. In the still
 Abyss of midnight lives a human heart,
 And therefore all the loneliness and space,
 And all the icy splendours, cannot freeze.
 Death is a din'd couch ; for there a space
 Christ's limbs have rested, and that knowledge takes
 The loneliness, which is death's fear, away.
 And in the light beyond earth's shade He sits
 With all the happy spirits of the dead
 Silent as garden flowers that feed on air,
 And thither thou wilt join Him in due time.

“ ‘ Christ cannot come
 Where any idol is ; so burn them down.
 King, be the wind to blow these clouds away,
 That Christ's clear sky may overarch thy land.’ ”

Whereupon Coifi, the high-priest of the false gods, giant-moulded, strong of limb, impetuous of soul, in an outburst of enthusiasm born of the intense convictions of his mind, exclaimed—

“ ‘ O king, give ear unto the stranger's words,
 Surely the truest, best that ever ear
 Gave welcome habitation to. The deities
 Are but the mighty shadows of ourselves,
 And reach no higher than our highest moods.
 But this Christ has existence all untouched
 By fond imagination or belief :
 And, being Lord, the richly furnished world

Is an unemptied treasury of gifts
For those He loves; and, on rebluous men,
He has for executioners the sea,
Snow-drift, and sun-fire, blast and thunderstone,
Earthquake and shivering lightnings red with haste:
All good is resident within His smile,
All terror in His frown. And, therefore, King,
it seems to me expedient that the gods,
Voiceless and empty-handed as our dreams,
Should be at once forsaken, and the torch
Be set unto the temples we have built.' ”

The wavering mind of the king was swayed toward the truth. He resolved to embrace this strange new doctrine of the Cross, and to take allegiance as the crowned servant of the lowly Man of Nazareth. And thus, in kingly wise, he spoke—

“ ‘ Ye strangers who have come across the sea,
Ye people who have known me all my days,
I here, in seeing of the earth and sky,
Unclothe myself of the religion dark
Which I and all my forefathers have worn,
And put on Christ, like raiment white and clean.
Ye priests, I take allegiance unto Christ;
My crown I wear as vassal unto Him:
This day I Christ as my commander take,
And as His faithful soldier will I live,
And as His faithful soldier will I die.
But, being now His soldier, it is meet
That I make war upon His enemies;
Who of my priests and nobles standing round
Will first profane the temples of the gods
And all the dark enclosures sacred held? ’ ”

The impetuous high-priest, with the characteristic enthusiasm of a new convert, sprang eagerly forward and exclaimed—

“ ‘ I will, O King;
For surely of thy people it befits
No one so well as him who was their priest.
If I the dwellings of the gods outrage,
With a forbidden horse, unlawful spear,
And smite them and return again unhurt,
What then? Yon ancient boulder on the hill,
That wears obscure the features of a man,
Is strong, divine, and worshipful as they.
But, if the blow and clangour of my lance

Should pierce the stony calm, and draw a voice
 And lightnings that will blast me, I but die,
 And by my death I bring the gods alive,
 And in the fairer summers that will come
 My name will be remembered oft with praise.
 The profanation of the gods is mine ;
 Provide me, King, a stallion and a spear.' "

Dire was the confusion that thereupon ensued. The multitude stood in awe-struck suspense, awaiting the result of this sacrilegious act. It was like the conflict betwixt Elijah and the priests of Baal. The worshippers of the false gods eagerly expected their outraged deities to avenge their insult on their recreant priest.

"Soon from the tumult running footmen broke
 Leading the coal-black stallion of the king
 That plunged and neighed, his knee and counter dashed
 With foamy flakes, and on him Coifi sprang,
 Priest-vested as he was, and curbed and reined
 The mighty brute as though his heels were armed,
 And loud cuirass and greave his daily wear.
 While with his hoofs the stallion bruised the turf,
 Coifi leaned sideways, stretched a hand and caught
 A glittering spear, and, poising it, gave rein
 And rode toward the temple, and the crowd,
 Deeming the priest stark mad or brain-distract,
 In that he was so covetous of death,
 Broke after him in wild and shrieking lines ;
 But Coifi struck them marble as he crashed
 Through the enclosures ever sacred held,
 And gained the central space unharmed, and rode
 Thrice round and round, then in his stirrup stood,
 And, with a high defiance on his lip,
 Smote, with a clang, an idol, monster-faced ;
 And, as he smote, the foul thing, reeling, fell ;
 Fell Dagon-like, face downwards on the grass.
 And, when from every heart the icy hand
 Of fear was lifted, sea-like grew the noise.
 And Coifi shouted something from the place,
 And, as in answer to the half-heard shout,
 The king's loud voice the mighty uproar clove,
 'Consume with fire the idols and their homes ;
 Burn stake and god together !' And the cries
 Within the crowds a sacred fury wrought,
 The deities were tumbled on the grass,
 The pales and the enclosures were torn down
 By naked hands, and flung into a heap,

And one a torch applied ; and through the smoke
There flickered here and there the fiery tongues
That crackled, spread, and ever higher climbed ;
Till the scorched beam came thundering down, and towers
Of flame rushed up, then licked the air and died.
And when the world was quivering through a film
Of furnace heat that shook in welling lines,
And a great smoke rolled off and sea-ward spread,
And dimmed the gleam from headland on to cape,
And ever louder grew the swarming crowds,
The white robed priests together standing sang,
' Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
So let all wicked gods and idols fall !
Come forth, O light, from out the breaking East,
And with thy splendour pierce the heathen dark,
And morning make on continent and isle
That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
O Holy One that hung upon the tree.'

“ So, when the temple lay a ruined mass,
And the gorged flames were low upon the brand,
And a great vapour breathed across the sea,
King Edwin called his people ; and they came
Long line on line as tide sets to the shore.
And then he pointed to the smoky blot
Athwart the sea-light and the peaceful sky.
' Behold our old religion hanging there,
Behold it dying in the heavenly ray ;
So dies the error of a thousand years ! ”

Then, in the great gladness of their hearts, the choir of white-robed priests fulfilled the prophecy of Gregory, made years before in the market place of Rome, by chanting “ Allelujah ” to the Lord for the bloodless victory His hand had wrought. They joyously exclaimed—

“ The holy Pontiff's heart,
That aches with the great darkness of the world,
Is this day lightened, for among the tongues
That rise to heaven in prayer, there is one
Ne'er heard by Christ before ; another string
Is to the world-harp added, praising Christ.
For what has been accomplished on this day,
Fragrant will Gregory's memory be held
By every race of Englishmen to be.' ”

A nation was born in a day. The king, with several of the great lords of his court, was baptized on Whitsuntide, the feast of Pentecost June 2nd, A.D. 597. The conversion of the sovereign was the signal, as was frequently the case in those loyal days, for that of the people; and on the following Christmas day upwards of ten thousand were baptized in the waters of the Swale at the mouth of the Medway. After his conversion Ethelbert became exceedingly zealous in the extension of the kingdom of Christ and in subduing all England to His sway.

“And from that day, filled with strange fire, he rode
 A mighty idol-breaker, far and wide
 In battle-gear, Christ following in the print
 Of his war-horses hoofs. The fanes he burned
 At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
 And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing by.
 Near his own city, where the temple stood,
 He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
 And ruled his people faithfully, until he died.
 “And so they laid
 Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
 The body of the earliest Christian king
 That England knew; there 'neath the floor he sleeps,
 With lord and priest around, till through the air
 The angel of the resurrection thus.”

TAKE MY HAND.

“PLEASE take my hand,” she lisped, with a tear
 On the baby lashes sweet,
 For tangled vines in the pathless wood
 Were tripping the tired feet.

Then on with a child's meek trust she went,
 Content with her hand in mine,
 Till we saw the welcome lights of home
 In the gathering darkness shine.

Thus let me, Lord, with my hand in thine,
 Through the tangled mazes go,
 Till the golden lamps of Paradise
 Through the gloom of evening glow.

THE DEACON'S SIN AND ITS EXPIATION.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GOOD-BYE.

DIANA PITKIN was like some of the fruits of her native hills, full of juices which tend to sweetness in maturity, but which, when not quite ripe, have a pretty decided dash of sharpness. There are grapes which require a frost to ripen them, and Diana was somewhat akin to these.

Nothing was further from Diana's thoughts than that any grave trouble was overhanging James Pitkin's mind. When, therefore, he brushed by her hastily, on entering the house, with a flushed cheek and frowning brow, she was slightly indignant. She was as ignorant of the pang which went like an arrow through his heart at the sight of her as the bobolink which whirrs and chitters and tweedles over a grave.

She readily promised that after supper she would go with her cousin Bill a walk of half-a-mile over to a neighbour's, where was a corn-husking.

"These college fellows," thought she, "worry over books till they hurt their digestion, and then have the blues and look as if the world was coming to an end."

The Pitkin folk that night sat down to an ample feast, over which the impending Thanksgiving shed its hilarity. There was not only the great pewter platter, piled with solid masses of boiled beef, pork, cabbage, and all sorts of vegetables, and the smoking loaf of rye and Indian bread, to accompany the pot of baked pork and beans, but there were specimens of all the newly-made Thanksgiving pies filling every available space on the table. They sat down to the table on democratic equality—Biah Carter and Abner with all the sons of the family, old and young, each eager, hungry and noisy; and over all, with moonlight calmness and steadiness, Mary Pitkin ruled and presided, dispensing to each his portion in due season. The Deacon was in one of his severest humours. To-night the severely cut lines of his face

had even more than usual of haggard sternness, and the handsome features of James beside him, in their fixed gravity, presented that singular likeness which often comes out between father and son in seasons of mental emotion.

When they rose from table the young man followed Diana into the pantry.

"Will you take a walk with me to-night?" he said, in a voice husky with repressed feeling.

"To-night! Why, I have just promised Bill to go with him over to the husking. Why don't you go with us?"

"I can't," he said. "Besides, I wanted to talk with you alone. I had something special I wanted to say."

"Bless me, how you frighten one! But I suspect another time will do just as well. What you have to say will *keep*, I suppose," she said, mischievously.

He turned away quickly.

Upstairs in his room James began the work of putting up the bundle with which he was to go forth to seek his fortune. There stood his books, silent and dear witnesses of the world of hope and culture and refined enjoyment he had been meaning to enter. He was to know them no more. Their mute faces seemed to look at him mournfully as parting friends. He rapidly made his selection, for that night he was to be off in time to reach the vessel before she sailed, and he felt even glad to avoid the Thanksgiving festivities for which he had so little relish. Diana's frolicsome gaiety seemed heart-breaking to him, on the same principle that the poet sings:

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

To the heart struck through with its first experiences of real suffering all nature is full of cruelty, and the young and light-hearted are a large part of nature.

"She has no feeling," he said to himself. "Well, there is one reason the more for my going. *She* won't break her heart for me; nobody loves me but mother, and it's for her sake I must go. She mustn't work herself to death for me."

And then he sat down in the window to write a note to be

given to his mother after he had sailed, for he could not trust himself to tell her what he was about to do. He knew that she would try to persuade him to stay, and he felt faint-hearted when he thought of her. "She would sit up early and late, and work for me to the last gasp," he thought, "but father was right. It is selfish of me to take it," and so he sat, trying to fashion his parting note into a tone of cheerfulness.

"My dear mother," he wrote, "this will come to you when I have set off on a four years' voyage round the world. Father has convinced me that it's time for me to be doing something for myself; and I couldn't get a school to keep—and, after all, education is got other ways than at college. It's hard to go, because I love home, and hard because you will miss me—though no one else will. But father may rely upon it, I will not be a burden on him another day. Sink or swim, I shall *never* come back until I have enough to do for myself, and you, too. So good-bye, dear mother. I know you will always pray for me, and wherever I am I shall try to do just as I think you would want me to do. I know your prayers will follow me, and I shall always be your affectionate son.

"P.S.—The boys may have those chesnuts and walnuts in my room—and in my drawer there is a bit of ribbon with a locket on it, I was going to give to cousin Diana. Perhaps she won't care for it, though; but if she does, she is welcome to it—it may put her in mind of old times."

And this is all he said, with bitterness in his heart, as he leaned on the window and looked out at the great yellow moon that was shining so bright as to show the golden hues of the overhanging elm boughs and the scarlet of an adjoining maple.

A ripple of laughter came up from below.

The sound of the light laugh and little snatches and echoes of gay talk came back like heartless elves to mock Jim's sorrow.

"So much for her," he said, and turned to go and look for his mother.

CHAPTER V.—MOTHER AND SON.

HE knew where he should find her. There was a little, low work-room adjoining the kitchen that was his mother's sanctum. There stood her work-basket—there were always piles and piles of work begun or finished; and there also her few books at hand, to be glanced into in rare snatches of leisure in her busy life.

The old times New England house-mother was not a mere unreflective drudge of domestic toil. She was a reader and a thinker, keenly appreciative in intellectual regions. The literature of that day in New England was sparse; but whatever there was, whether in this country or in England, that was noteworthy, was matter of keen interest, and Mrs. Pitkin's small library was very dear to her. No nun in a convent, under vows of abstinence, ever practised more rigorous self-denial than she did in the restraint and government of intellectual tastes and desires. Her son was dear to her as the fulfilment and expression of her unsatisfied craving for knowledge, the possessor of those fair fields of thought which duty forbade her to explore.

James stood and looked in at the window, and saw her sorting and arranging the family mending, busy over piles of stockings and shirts, while on the table beside her lay her open Bible, and she was singing to herself, in a low, sweet undertone, one of the favourite, minor-keyed melodies of those days:

“ O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.”

An indescribable feeling, blended of pity and reverence, swelled in his heart as he looked at her and marked the whitening hair, the thin worn little hands so busy with their love-work, and thought of all the bearing and forbearing, the waiting, the watching, the long-suffering that had made up her life for so many years. The very look of exquisite calm and resolved strength in her patient eyes and in the gentle lines of her face had something that seemed to him sad and awful—as the purely spiritual always looks to the more animal nature. With his blood bound-

ing and tingling in his veins, his strong arms pulsating with life, and his heart full of a man's vigour and resolve, his mother's life seemed to him to be one of weariness and drudgery, of constant, unceasing self-abnegation. Calm he knew she was, always sustained, never faltering; but her victory was one which, like the spiritual sweetness in the face of the dying, had something of sadness for the living heart.

He opened the door and came in, sat down by her on the floor, and laid his head in her lap.

"Mother, you never rest; you never stop working."

"Oh no!" she said gaily, "I am just going to stop now. I had only a few last things I wanted to get done."

"Mother, I can't bear to think of you; your life is too hard. We all have our amusements, our rests, our changes; your work is never done; you are worn out, and get no time to read, no time for anything but drudgery."

"Don't say drudgery, my boy—work done for those we love is *never* drudgery. I'm so happy to have you all around me I never feel it."

"But, mother, you are not strong, and I don't see how you can hold out to do all you do."

"Well," she said, simply, "when my strength is all gone I ask God for more, and He always gives it. 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.'" And her hand involuntarily fell on the open Bible.

"Yes, I know it," he said, following her hand with his eyes—while "Mother," he said, "I want you to give me your Bible and take mine. I think yours would do me more good."

There was a little bright flush and a pleased smile on his mother's face—

"Certainly, my boy, I will."

"I see you have marked your favourite places," he added. "It will seem like hearing you speak to read them."

"With all my heart," she added, taking up the Bible and kissing his forehead as she put it into his hands.

There was a struggle in his heart how to say farewell without saying it—without letting her know that he was going to leave her. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Mother," he said, "if I ever get into heaven it will be through you."

"Don't say that, my son—it must be through a better friend than I am—who loves you more than I do. I have not died for you—He did."

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, then. You I can see—Him I cannot."

His mother looked at him with a face full of radiance, pity, and hope.

"I feel sure you *will*," she said. "You are consecrated," she added, in a low voice, laying her hand on his head.

"Amen," said James, in a reverential tone. He felt that she was at that moment—as she often was—silently speaking to One invisible of and for him, and the sense of it stole over him like a benediction. There was a pause of tender silence for many minutes.

"Well, I must not keep you up any longer, mother dear—it's time you were resting. Good-night." And with a long embrace and kiss they separated. He had yet fifteen miles to walk to reach the midnight stage that was to convey him to Salem.

CHAPTER VI.—GONE TO SEA.

A LITTLE way on his moonlight walk James' ears were saluted by the sound of some one whistling and crackling through the bushes, and soon Biah Carter emerged into the moonlight. The sight of him resolved a doubt which had been agitating James' mind. The note to his mother which was to explain his absence and the reasons for it was still in his coat-pocket, and he had designed sending it back by some messenger at the tavern where he took the midnight stage; but here was a more trusty party. It involved, to be sure, the necessity of taking Biah into his confidence. So he told him in brief that a good berth had been offered him on the *Eastern Star*, and he meant to take it to relieve his father of the pressure of his education.

The whole village of Maplewood on Thanksgiving Day morning was possessed of the fact that James Pitkin had gone off to sea

in the *Eastern Star*, for Biah had felt all the sense of importance which the possession of a startling piece of intelligence gives to one, and took occasion to call at the store on his way up and make the most of his information, so that by the time the bell rang for service the news might be said to be everywhere. The minister's general custom on Thanksgiving Day was to get off a political sermon reviewing the State of New England, the United States of America, and Europe, Asia, and Africa; but it may be doubted if all the affairs of all these continents produced as much sensation that day as did the news that James Pitkin had gone to sea on a four years' voyage.

The letter had fallen on the heads of the Pitkin family like a thunderbolt. Biah came in to breakfast and gave it to Mrs. Pitkin, saying that James had handed him that last night, on his way over to take the midnight stage to Salem, where he was going to sail on the *Eastern Star* to-day—no doubt he's off to sea by this time. A confused sound of exclamations went up around the table, while Mrs. Pitkin, pale and calm, read the letter and then passed it to her husband without a word. The bright, fixed colour in Diana's face had meanwhile been slowly ebbing away, till, with cheeks and lips pale as ashes, she hastily rose and left the table and went to her room. A strange, new, terrible pain—a sensation like being choked or smothered—a rush of mixed emotions—a fearful sense of some inexorable, unalterable crisis having come of her girlish folly—overwhelmed her. Again she remembered the deep tones of his good-bye, and how she had only mocked at his emotion. She sat down and leaned her head on her hands in a tearless, confused sorrow.

Deacon Pitkin was at first more shocked and overwhelmed than his wife. His yesterday's talk with James had no such serious purpose. It had been only the escape-valve for his hypochondriac forebodings of the future, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than having it bear fruit in any such decisive movement on the part of his son. In fact, he secretly was proud of his talents and his scholarship, and had set his heart on his going through college, and had no more serious purpose in what he said the day before than the general one of making his son feel the difficulties and straits he was put to for him. Young

men were tempted at college to be too expensive, he thought, and to forget what it cost their parents at home. In short, the whole thing had been merely the passing off of a paroxysm of hypochondria, and he had already begun to be satisfied that he should raise his interest money that year without material difficulty. The letter showed him too keenly the depth of the suffering he had inflicted on his son, and when he had read it he cast a sort of helpless, questioning look on his wife, and said, after an interval of silence:

“Well, mother?”

There was something quite pathetic in the appealing look and voice.

“Well, father,” she answered, in subdued tones; “all we can do now is to *leave* it.”

LEAVE IT!

Those were words often in that woman’s mouth, and they expressed that habit of her life which made her victorious over all troubles, that habit of trust in the Infinite Will that actually could and did *leave* every accomplished event in His hand, without murmur and without conflict.

If there was any one thing in her uniformly self-denied life that had been a personal ambition and a personal desire, it had been that her son should have a college education. It was the centre of her earthly wishes, hopes, and efforts. That wish had been cut off in a moment, that hope had sunk under her feet, and now only remained to her the task of comforting the undisciplined soul whose unguided utterances had wrought the mischief. It was not the first time that, wounded by a loving hand in this dark struggle of life, she had suppressed the pain of her own hurt that he that had wounded her might the better forgive himself.

“Dear father,” she said to him, when over and over he blamed himself for his yesterday’s harsh words to his son, “don’t worry about it now; you didn’t mean it. James is a good boy, and he’ll see it right at last; and he is in God’s hands, and we must leave him there. He overrules all.”

When Mrs. Pitkin turned from her husband she sought Diana in her room.

"Oh, cousin, cousin!" said the girl, throwing herself into her arms. "Is this true? Is James *gone*? Can't we do *any* thing? Can't we get him back? I've been thinking it over. Oh, if the ship wouldn't sail! and I'd go to Salem and beg him to come back, on my knees. Oh, if I had only known yesterday! Oh, cousin, cousin! he wanted to talk with me and I wouldn't hear him!—oh, if I only had, I could have persuaded him out of it! Oh, why didn't I know?"

"There, there, dear child! We must accept it just as it is, now it is done. Don't feel so. We must try to look at the good."

"Oh, show me that letter," said Diana; and Mrs. Pitkin, hoping to tranquillize her, gave her James's note. "He thinks I don't care for him," she said, reading it hastily. "Well, I don't wonder! But I *do* care! and I never will forget him as long as I live. He's a brave, noble, good man. Give me that locket, cousin, and write to him that I shall wear it to my grave."

"Dear child, there is no writing to him."

"Oh, dear! that's the worst. Oh, that dreadful, dreadful sea! It's like death—you don't know where they are, and you can't hear from them—and a four years' voyage! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Don't, dear child, don't; you distress me," said Mrs. Pitkin.

"Yes, that's just like me," said Diana, wiping her eyes. "Here I am thinking only of myself, and you that have had your heart broken are trying to comfort me, and trying to comfort Cousin Silas. We have both of us scolded and flouted him away, and now you, who suffer more than either of us, spend your breath to comfort us. It's just like you. But, cousin, I'll try to be good and comfort you. I'll try to be a daughter to you. You need somebody to think of you, for you never think of yourself. Oh, it seems like a death. Don't you think the ocean is like death—wide, dark, stormy, unknown? We cannot speak to or hear from them that are on it."

"But people can and do come back from the sea," said the mother, soothingly. "I trust, in God's own time, we shall see James back."

"But what if we never should? Oh, cousin! I can't help thinking of that. There was Michael Davis,—you know—the ship was never heard from."

“Well,” said the mother, after a moment’s pause and a choking down of some rising emotion, and turning to a table on which lay a Bible, she opened and read: “If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.”

The *THREE* in this psalm was not to her a name, a shadow, a cipher, to designate the unknowable—it stood for the inseparable Heart-friend—the Father seeing in secret, on whose bosom all her tears of sorrow had been shed, the Comforter and Guide forever dwelling in her soul, and giving peace where the world gave only trouble.

Diana beheld her face as it had been the face of an angel. She kissed her, and turned away in silence.

THE LOVED OF LONG AGO.

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown;
 But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,
 When we are tempted sore!
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God, forevermore.

RITUALISM IN MONTREAL.

THE Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, is an unpretentious building in a comparatively poor locality, in what was once the St. Lawrence suburbs, but is now the centre of the city. Its position, but not by any means its congregation, suggests the field of ritualistic work described in "Tom Brown at Oxford," and the commendable object of charity shown by Ritualists in England in carrying light and Christianity among the ignorant masses of the crowded cities. St. John's Church is a low, plain brick building; high enough, however, as regards its roof and its ritual.

On entering a small side door, the only entrance, except one for the "priests," a person is struck with the chancel being fully half the size of the nave, and the most conspicuous object is the altar of brilliant appearance, with its crimson and gold adornings, and its surroundings of tall, gleaming candlesticks. The reading-desk appears to the people as a large brazen eagle, with outstretched wings. This expresses, of course, no republican sentiment, for the Catholic mind soars far above the low divisions of political factions or national boundaries,—except when self-interest weakens its pinions. The eagle was the symbol by which the great Evangelist was represented in the primitive Church. It is significant that the pulpit is a very diminutive thing, away to one side of the sanctuary, contrasting with the conspicuous pulpit in the magnificent Christ Church Cathedral. In the one place the gorgeousness of ritual is almost everything; in the other, the faithful preaching of the Gospel is the central point of interest. On each side of the chancel there are seats for the acolytes and priests, as in Roman churches.

At eleven o'clock a.m. on a recent Sunday, after matins, there marched up through the church a clerical procession consisting of about twelve acolytes and fourteen priests, clad exactly as Roman Catholic priests, with long black gowns and white surplices of the shape worn in Roman Catholic churches. Then came the brilliant crozier of the Bishop of New Brunswick, who, with his two chaplains, brought up the rear. As they entered the sanctuary they all did obeisance to the altar, and then, with

military precision, marched off right and left to their stalls. Then commenced the service of the Holy Communion. The sermon was preached by the Bishop, and was a sort of "goodish" talk, lasting seventeen minutes. One principal point made was to magnify the importance of daily communion, condemning "those who fed their bodies before they received a crumb of spiritual bread into their mouths." Another point made was to impress upon the people a sense of the glory of the sanctuary. They were not to stare at it with idle curiosity, but reverently to recognize the mysteries there solemnized.

Some noticeable features of the service were the turning to the East at every singing of the *Gloria Patri* and at the chanting of the Athanasian Creed, the very low prostration of the officiating priests before the altar at each singing of the *Sanctus* and when the elements were consecrated by the Bishop, and occasionally the making of the sign of the cross. The singing was good, and in the chanting of the Apostles' Creed the effect was exceedingly impressive. When Christ's humiliation was mentioned the people bowed very lowly and in a minor key, with a sad dirge, they sang, "He was crucified, dead, and buried," and then rising with triumphant strains and a different key they rolled out the words, "He rose again the third day." The rendering of the *Te Deum*, too, was such as to thrill the hearts of all, and to gratify the faithful with the thought that they belonged to the great fraternity that includes apostles, prophets, and the noble army of martyrs, provided, of course, you exclude from this army those ignorant Protestant fanatics of the sixteenth century.

The whole service was marked by fervour, making appropriate the term revival, as applied to the movement of Ritualism. And in my mind there is no doubt that the elevation of the great truth of Christ's sacrifice as the central point of worship serves to strengthen the faith of the people in this fundamental truth. For my part, I say give me the Ritualist, or even the Romanist, mode of doing honour to the divine sacrifice rather than the cold negativism of Socinianism, which tears the heart out of Christianity by denying the vicarious offering of the Divine Victim as an expiation of sin. Of course I make this acknowledgment without forgetting that the Master's commission is not "Go and

symbolize the Gospel," but "go and preach the Gospel;" but our guilty, aching hearts want in some way to "Behold the Lamb of God."

Having so much to say in favour of Ritualism, I cannot, on the other hand, conceal my sadness at the studied aim of a portion of the great Protestant Anglican Communion to disown their Protestantism and seek a union with the greatest foe of intelligence and freedom in Christendom, the Roman Catholic Church. I share this regret, even though I am satisfied that the effort will be very limited in its success. Ritualism will be a feeder of Romanism, but the organic union of Anglicanism and Romanism is an utter impossibility. It is impossible from whichever side you look at it. During the spreading of the German Reformation, time and again did the Papacy show a readiness to compromise for the purpose of reconciliation. To several of the Principalities was the proposal made that if they would return to submission to the Holy See they might retain their views of Justification, or the marriage of the clergy, or the use of the vernacular in divine service. But that time has passed, and Romanism has placed herself in this age in a position in which compromise is impossible.

On the other hand, Anglicanism, even in its most pronounced ritualism, to me appears to be so very far removed from Romanism that the great gulf fixed can never be passed. While out of fourteen thousand clergymen in England only twelve hundred are pronounced Ritualists; while Ritualism is hated by Romanists with the spirit shown by Marshall in "My Clerical Friends"; while the thirty-nine Articles and the Homilies have a place in the Anglican system; while all public service is conducted in the vernacular, and the elements are administered *in utraque*, and the clergy are permitted to marry; and while the immense majority of the Anglican laity feel as they now do, I have not the slightest fear of the supremacy of the Pope being recognized by the Church of England. Because of my very respect for Anglicanism, however, I regret the narrowness and exclusiveness which mar her glory, whether shown by the High Church or the Low Church, in obsequiousness to Romanism or insolence to other Christians.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

THE GUTTER MERCHANTS.

SOME of my readers will perhaps remember that in the winter of 1866-7, one of the chief "sensations" of the day was "the Distress in the East," the East of the great city of London. Under the outburst of the joint-stock mania, the ship-building trade of the Thames rose to an unparelled state of briskness. Great yards were opened all along the banks, and tens of thousands of "hands" were attracted to the district by high rates of wages. For a little while all went on gloriously, but soon the trade began to fall off, and by the end of 1866 it had utterly collapsed.

The gaunt army of the unemployed took to meeting in their thousands, to parading the streets, to muttering ominously, and finally in some parts to bread-rioting.

The distress in the East thus became known to the general public, and its appalling nature and extent more or less fully realized; and, this being the case, it is scarcely necessary to add that the stream of charity was freely turned upon the stricken district.

Mine was one of the distressed districts, and, having shared in the suffering, participated in the charitable help when it came; and I was one of the almoners entrusted with the distribution of the funds subscribed by the public. In mine, as in all poor London districts, there was a charity-hunting set, who though, generally speaking, poor enough, were so through their own idle or dissipated habits. They were the least deserving of all the poor, but being also the most mendacious and shameless, they generally managed to secure a good share of whatever charity might be given in the district.

When the funds for the relief of this special distress came in, the charity-hunters rushed to the front, and attempted to obtain a share. Under these circumstances it was necessary for the distributors of the funds to act with the greatest caution. It being

pretty generally known how I stood in the matter, I was frequently stopped in the street by people anxious to press their claims. They were mostly persons I did not know ; but one day to my surprise, and I must add to my indignation, I was stopped by a man who in the popular phrase, I knew (by sight and reputation) much better than I respected. His name was Jack H—, but he was usually spoken of as “Ginghams,” or “The Slogger;” the first nickname having reference to the fact of his gaining a livelihood by selling second-hand umbrellas about the streets ; the other to his having in his younger days been a pugilist of some local note. He was now about five-and-forty, stood six feet, was largely built, and with coarse red hair, high cheek-bones, small sunken eyes, a broken nose, and a face deeply pitted with small-pox. Wearing a great hairy cap on his head, he certainly looked a rather fearsome customer as he approached me with a short black pipe in his mouth.

“Day, guv’nor,” he said gruffly, and jerking out his words as though he were forcing himself to speak.

I returned his good day ; and I suppose that either my tone or looks expressed the astonishment which I felt at his addressing me, for in the same gruff tone he went on—

“I see you’re took aback at me a-speaking to you ; but I don’t mind that ; I knew you would be, for I ain’t none of yer creepin’ or cantin’ sort. If I’m a rough customer, I’m open, and I don’t care for nobody as don’t care for me.”

“What do you want to speak to me about ?” I asked rather curtly.

“Well, that’s straight hittin’ anyhow,” he said, “but I ain’t got anything to say against it, so here goes to come to the point. Look here, guv’nor, ain’t you one on ’em as has got the givin’ of the tickets for this ’ere relief fund, as they calls it ?”

“I am,” I answered, with an emphasis, about the meaning of which I intended there should be no mistake. He understood me, and answered—

“Oh, I take, guv’nor, you’ve got the tickets, and you’ve got sense enough not to give any on ’em to the likes o’ me. That’s about the state o’ the poll, eh ? Well, you needn’t alarm yourself,” he continued, without giving me time to make any reply, “I

ain't going to ask you for a ticket for myself, not but what I could do with it, for I'm hard up enough, goodness knows, and not but what I'm deserving of one as some as had them, though it's me as says it, and whatever you may think about it. You've been done more'n once, to my certain knowledge, not as that is anything agen you. From all as I've heer'd you know your way about in these things as well as most, still you are only one agen hundreds, and it ain't in natur to suppose you could spot every dodger as tried to come the old soldier over you. I've seen more'n one loaf of your giving melted—swop'd for drink, yer know—directly it come to hand, and charity money spent in ways as would a-made you open your eyes wider than you did when I stopped you—and you opened 'em pretty wide then."

"Have you come to tell me of any who have been abusing the charity?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "Not but what it would serve them right to expose them; but anything in the way of informing would go agen the grain with me."

"What *do* you want then?" I questioned.

"Well, look here, gov'nor, to give it you straight, I want you to do a good turn; I want you to lend a helping hand to old Jimmy Parker. You may lay your life on it you couldn't give to one as stands more in need of it. He's in awfully low water; reg'lar broke down altogether; bad health, no trade doing, no money to the good, clothes up the spout—pawned, yer know—neither bit nor sup in his cupboard, and not so much as a handful of firin' to keep his old bones warm. He bears it patient; but I tell you it would drive most men to do summat wrong."

"But who is Jimmy Parker?" I asked.

"Not know old Jimmy!" he exclaimed; "why I thought as everybody knew him—'Cough-no-more-gentleman,' as they calls him."

By that sobriquet I did know him. He was a quiet, respectable-looking old fellow, who, with a tea-tray hung before him to hold his stock, went about selling what he called "The celebrated medicated cough lozenges," and by way of a trade cry he was constantly calling out, "Cough no more, gentlemen, cough no

more," and by this phrase applied to himself as a nickname he was popularly known in the neighbourhood.

I explained to the Slogger that I knew whom he meant, adding that the relief fund was a special one, intended chiefly to help those who had been brought to distress by the closing of the shipyards.

"Well, *that* needn't stand in the way of your giving Jimmy a lift, if so be as you're minded to. It's true, he didn't actually work in the yards, but all the same, it's their shutting up as has shut him up. The men and boys—and especially the boys—from the yards kept him going. I've known the old chap to take five shillings at a workshop gate when the hands were leaving off. But of course all that's altered now; what workmen are left hereabout haven't money to buy bread for their families, leave alone lozengers; and so the likes of old Jimmy suffers as well as yer reg'lar tradesmen."

"Won't the parish relieve him?" I asked.

"Well, I dare say they would," answered the Slogger promptly; "in fact, as far as that goes, I suppose they'd be bound too; but then, you see, 'circumstances alter cases,' as the sayin' is. Old Jimmy is dreadfully poor, but at the same time he's dreadfully independent as to askin' for charity. He's been persuaded to try the parish, but he won't; he's one of the sort as would sooner lie down and die than beg—or steal, as I tell you many a feller would if they were as hard driv as he is. Though I wouldn't bear it as quietly as he does, I respects him for it, and that's why I spoke to you. I thought how as if you would drop in as if it was promise'ous-like, you might help him without hurtin' his feelin's. Yer ought'r, guv'nor, for he's a downright good old cove, though I say it, as ain't much of a judge of them things. He ain't much of a go-to-meeting; but many a time he's called me to order for swearin', an' d things of that sort, when he didn't know but what he would get a clip under the ear for his pains; and many a time too he's shared his meal with me, when I've been cleaned out, and that when none of my reg'lar pals had thought enough to ask me whether I'd a mouth or not. I thinks of that sort of thing, rough as I am; and though he bears everything patient, just readin' of his Bible and sayin' how as it's the Lord's will, and the like, I

won't see him starve, I'll help him if I go to the mill for it—on'y I thought as how I would ast you first."

While the Slogger had been speaking, I had been thinking; and, coming to the conclusion that if what he had told me was true, Jimmy Parker's was a really deserving case, I asked—

"Where does the man live?"

"Number 4, F——'s Rents," was the ready answer.

"Very well, then," I said, "I'll make some inquiries, and if the result is satisfactory I'll call."

"But, look here, gov'nor, just another minute!" exclaimed the Slogger as I was turning away: "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you like; I'm dead cleaned out o' money just now, but I dare say I can muster up something or other as I can raise a shilling on to keep him a-going while you are a-making your inquiries, if you'll pay it me back if you find it's all right as I've been sayin'. In fact, as I see nothing else for it, I shall do that whether you pay me agen or not—on'y, as I tell yer, I've got no money, and I hardly know where the next is to come from. What do you say? Do you think it's a fair offer?"

"If all that you have been saying is correct," I answered, "it is a generous offer."

"Oh, that's neither here nor there," he said, in an off-hand tone, "but if you do call, gov'nor, will you call promisc'ous, just as if you were on a round, and spotted him by chance."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I'll manage that if I find all else right;" and then I left the Slogger, and certainly entertained a much more favourable opinion of him at parting than I did on our meeting.

Later in the lay I called upon the relieving-officer of the district, and asked him—

"Do you know anything of one Jimmy Parker?"

"What? of Gutter Merchants' Buildings?"

"No; of 4, F——'s Rents," I answered.

"Well, that is Gutter Merchants' Buildings," said he. "Of those who know it at all you'll hear a score call it by that name for one that will speak of it as F——'s Rents."

"But why, in the name of all that's curious, is it so called?" I asked.

"Well, simply because it is principally inhabited by gutter merchants," answered the relieving officer, smiling at my evident surprise.

"And whatever are gutter merchants?" I asked again; "rag-pickers?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered the officer, the smile on his face broadening; "they are nothing very grand, certainly, but still they would tell you that they are several cuts above rag-pickers. Who christened them gutter merchants, I don't know, but they are the street sellers of the 'any-article-on-the-board-for-a-penny' class; the men who sell the 'strong leather laces,' the twelve rows of pins for a penny, and the like."

"Ah, now I see!" I said; "and I suppose their title will be founded upon the fact of their taking up their stand in the gutters."

"Yes, I expect that's the idea," said the officer. "They are a decent, struggling class as a rule, and in their way, work very hard to earn a poor living; and old Jimmy is one of the most respectable of them; I believe he is a quiet, sober, God-fearing old man."

This was satisfactory; and, having inquired the exact locality of Gutter Merchants' Buildings, I set out to make my promised call on old Cough-no-more.

It was Thursday afternoon when I made my first visit to the place.

I made my round in such a manner that Number 4 was the last house but one in the Buildings at which I had to call. Cough-no-more, I had ascertained, occupied a back apartment on the second floor, and going straight to this room I knocked at the door, and was answered by a cry of "Come in," uttered in a tone in which it was easy to detect the effects of physical weakness. Obeying the call, I turned the handle and stepped into the apartment, which, together with its tenant, presented a woefully poverty-stricken appearance. A chair bedstead, on which—in its chair form—he was seated, crouching over a miserable fire in the bottom of the grate, was literally the only article of furniture in the room. The man himself was without a coat, and the clothes he had on were anything but seasonable, for they were thin and much worn, and altogether a great deal more suitable for mid-

summer wear than for the bitterly cold weather that prevailed at the time. So much I took in at a glance while his back was towards me, for it was not until he heard the sound of my voice greeting him with a "good day," that he turned round. Then he started to his feet with all the suddenness of surprise, and stammered out—

"I really beg your pardon, sir, for not rising to open the door; I thought it was the Slogger or some of the other people in the house. Will you be seated, sir?" he went on, pushing the chair a little way back from the fenderless hearthstone as he spoke; "you see I have only the one chair to offer you."

"No, no," I said, replying to his offer, "sit down again yourself; don't let me disturb you, I can see you are ill."

"Well, I am certainly not well, sir," he said; "and to tell you the truth, I feel all of a shiver now; so if you don't object, I think I will try and keep the fire warm again," and smiling feebly, he sank into the chair, and, leaning forward, crouched over the bit of fire so closely that his knees and hands were almost touching the bars. He drew his breath in long shivering sighs, and—bitter irony on the name by which he was popularly known—he was tormented by a racking cough. When he had recovered from a fit of coughing that attacked him just as he had resumed his seat, I commenced a conversation by observing that I had been "doing a round of the Buildings in connection with the relief fund."

"Well, there are some in the Buildings that stand much in need of relief," he said, "and from no fault of their own. Of course, none of us here are shipbuilders, but as we were dependent upon those that were, it comes to much the same thing. Their living was our loaf, and they've been taken away together. Those in the Buildings who have children dependent upon them have been sorely tried of late."

"Well, the position of those with families must naturally be the worst," I said; "but still, those without families would have their share of the general suffering."

"Yes, that is so," he said; "and every heart feels its own sorrow; but for all that the bodily sufferings of a lone person can hardly be as bad as the agony of mind of those having

helpless beings looking up to them. In all the trouble with which it has pleased the Lord to afflict me of late, it has been a consolation to me that I have had no aged father or mother or young child depending upon me for bread. If I cannot suffer and be strong, I can, when I look around me, at least suffer and be resigned—even thankful.”

There was nothing whining or affected in his tone or manner; he seemed to speak out of a gentle, thoughtful nature, and was evidently a man of some education, and, upon the whole, decidedly superior to the general run of gutter merchants.

“I take it that it is a matter of fact,” said I, “that your business was ruined by the closing of the shipyards, and the consequent distress among the working population.”

“Well, yes, I think I may fairly say that,” he answered. “The workpeople, and even their little children, were very kind in supporting me. Many a time I know they went out of their way a little to spend their coppers with old Cough, as they called me, for they could see that I hadn’t the same energy in pushing myself forward as some others had. But when the yards were closed, and I had to go further afield where I wasn’t known, I could scarcely do anything at all, some days not taking a penny, and this and the extra walking and exposure to the cold laid me up, and extinguished my trade altogether for the time being.”

“And how did you manage then?” I asked.

“I can scarcely tell you,” he answered; “as the poor do, I suppose; and if you asked any of them how they managed to pull through a spell of hard times, you’d find they hardly knew, they would just tell you that they had rubbed along somehow. I might have starved outright had it not been for the kindness of a neighbour that very few would be inclined to give credit for having anything of the Good Samaritan in him. Though only a street man like myself, and with his trade pretty near extinguished, he has shared with me what he had, down to his last slice of bread, and it is to him that I am indebted for the bit of fire I am sitting beside, and for the only food I have had for the last two days.”

I had no doubt as to who the Good Samaritan was, but to be

assured I asked the question, and, after a moment's hesitation, Cough-no-more answered that it was Jack H——, the man who Dutch-auctioneered second-hand umbrellas at the corner of S—— Street, and who was best known as the Slogger.

"Could not you have tried some other means of getting a living?" I asked, when Cough-no-more had concluded, "you appear to have had a fair education."

"I thought of that, sir," he said, sadly, "but I couldn't see my way. I found everything full-handed, and plenty of better educated men than myself—not to speak of their being younger and abler—looking in vain for employment. Moreover, to tell you the truth, I don't think—for I may confess it now that I am old and broken—I ever had it in me to get on in the world. But I don't complain, sir, I always think that God is very good to us all in the nature He gives us. If He did not grant me the talents to make my way, He bestowed upon me a humble and contented mind. Upon the whole, I daresay I have been as happy as the generality of better-off people, and till now—and I am forty-five years of age—I have never known what it was to go short of the actual necessities of life."

Such was the story of the life of the poor and afflicted gutter merchant, and it was told with such gentleness and simplicity, with such thankfulness for what his humble mind sincerely regarded as past mercies, and such fortitude and resignation in respect to his present heavy trials, as to be deeply affecting. I had some further conversation with him touching on more spiritual matters, and I promised some day soon to return and read a chapter with him; having already placed the means for material relief at his disposal.

As I got to the bottom of the stairs, on leaving Cough-no-more's apartment, I was greeted with a gruff "Hi, guv'nor!" and looking round I beheld the Slogger beckoning me to enter the front room on the ground floor. Obeying his signal, I found him there, in company with two other gutter merchants, one a dealer in glass sugar-crushers (three a penny) and solid glass pens (a penny each); the other a vendor of furniture polish and wood-staining liquids. The latter looked, and soon showed himself to be, a character. He had his hair twisted into a long "aggrawater"

curl on either cheek, his cap was stuck on one side of his head, his pipe knowingly stuck in his mouth, and everything about him cried aloud of his being a wonderfully conceited and self-satisfied personage; but it was also easy to see that, unlike many conceited individuals, he was a good-natured fellow.

"Two mates o' mine," said the Slogger, by way of introduction. "I've been telling 'em I'd spoke to you about old Cough. Did yer work it promise'ous-like?"

"Oh, yes," I answered.

"Ah, well, that's so far so good," said the gutter merchant of the "aggrawater" curls, promptly taking up the conversation. "Life's a up and down business, and though when you are regular in the downs, yer can't help yerself, and must 'knuckle down,' yer still don't like to *see* as how people is lookin' on yer as 'a holject of charity,' as they calls it. Them's my own feelin's, and I respects them in others. I've been very low in the downs a good many times, and though I felt pretty nigh desperate at times, I always pulled through without havin' to ask for charity, or layin' my hand upon so much as the vally of a pin's-head belongin' to any one else."

"Hold hard, Charley!" the Slogger exclaimed, "I want to ask the gentleman whether he didn't find that what I had told him was right."

"Quite right," I answered.

"Oh, there's no mistake about it. Poor old Cough-no-more is the genuine article." put in Jackson, as he of the "aggrawater" was called.

"Well, gov'nor, if yer satisfied that I wasn't coming the old soldier, yer knows the bargain," said the Slogger, sheepishly. "I don't exactly like to bring it up, on'y as I told yer in the morning, I'm cleaned out just now. I had to send my coat to a pawnshop to raise a shilling for the old man; and though I don't set up for bein' a tender chicken, still it ain't the sort of weather to be without a coat."

"You have fulfilled your part of the bargain manfully," I said, "and here is your shilling;" and as I handed him the coin, I added a remark to the effect "that his kindness to his sick friend did him great credit."

"Which I'm glad to hear you say so, sir," exclaimed the man who had hitherto remained silent. "Slogger is a rough 'un to look at, but he has the heart that can feel for another."

"Oh, that's neither here nor there," said the Slogger, actually blushing; "it's a case of give and take between old Cough and me—he's shared with me many a time."

"Well yes," said Jackson; "he's a good old sort. He's different from a good many as are free in giving advice without being ast—he'll give something else beside where need is, and he has the means. But bless you, sir," he went on, "though many people thinks as how us gutter merchants are a sharking, cheating, don't-careish lot, we're a pretty good sort, though I say it as shouldn't; it would be a bad job for us if we weren't, for ours is a very hand-to-mouth life. I ought to know. I've been at it ever since I can remember. I've had a turn at almost anything you can name that's been sold in the street, from pins to paintings, or boot-laces to clocks. I've been at the quacking, too, from infallible remedies for the toothache and certain cures for warts at a penny, up to bottles of 'Take-and-live' at half-a-crown a bottle—two-and-five a bottle being profit, the cost of the glass given in. I've been that I could put my hand in my pocket and pull out a handful of sovereigns, and I've been as I've had to borrow a penny to get a pen'orth of bread to break a two days' fast. I'm a good deal nearer to the last state than the first at present, for, as you know, times are hard and money scarce. But still here I am alive and 'opin' to see better times again."

As poor old Cough-no-more's health had been much broken for more than a year previously, this exceptionally trying winter might have carried him off under any circumstances. But however that may be, he did not survive it. I saw him frequently, read with him, and prayed with him, and for my visits he was really grateful. I cannot but believe that his influence on the rough people round him was for their good. From the time I first saw him he wanted for nothing that was really needful, but he gradually sank, and one morning about two months later, quietly and painlessly he passed away. I chanced to be present when his friends assembled to take their last look at his remains ere the lid of the coffin was screwed down, and I shall not readily

forget the scene that I saw on that occasion. In one sense it was a gratifying scene; for it served to show that, amid all their poverty and ignorance, the gutter merchants had some thought of, and hope for, the better world to come. Conspicuous among the little knot of mourners were the Slogger and Jackson, and it was curious to note how sorrow and the solemn presence of death had for the moment changed the natures of the men. Jackson stood silent while the Slogger gave vent to his grief with a depth of feeling in his tone that made his homely language eloquent. Lightly touching the forehead of his dead friend with his lips, he exclaimed, "Good-bye, old mate! bye, old Cough! good-bye forever in this world. But I *do* believe *you've* gone to a better world, and may we all live so as when we die we may meet you again."

I murmured an "Amen"; and, with one voice and one impulse, all in the room fervently echoed it; and then I spoke to them a few sentences, as simply as I could, of Jesus as the Resurrection and the Life, to which they listened quietly, and with reverent attention.

VANITY.

THE sun goes up and the sun goes down,
 And day and night are the same as one;
 The year grows green and the year grows brown,
 And what is it all when all is done?
 Grain of sombre or shining sand,
 Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
 And a hundred ships are the same as one;
 And backward and forward blows the breeze,
 And what is it all, when all is done?
 A tide with never a shore in sight,
 Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
 And a hundred streams are the same as one;
 And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
 And what is it all when all is done?
 The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
 And always the dreaming the dreamer awakes.

THE PERSON AND WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL DWIGHT RICE, D.D.

No knowledge is comparable to the knowledge of God. All knowledge is desirable, but the knowledge of God, both experimental and theoretical, this is the sum and the essence of all human knowledge. God has not left the world in orphanage. He has sent the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.

As I listen to Christian experience, and conversation, and prayer, I cannot but come to the conclusion that the personality of the Holy Ghost is to a great degree practically denied. He is spoken of as a *thing*, as an *influence*, not as a person. There is, it is true, difficulty in understanding the doctrine of the Trinity. But that difficulty arises from our human ignorance, not from the essential mystery of the subject. It is like a child's non-comprehension of the problems of higher mathematics—the reason is the limitation of its own powers. All mystery is *simply ignorance on the part of the observer*. If we only believe what we thoroughly understand, we will believe nothing at all.

But the doctrine of the Trinity is not, as has been sometimes asserted, contrary to reason. Man has at least a duality of nature—physical and moral or mental. Either matter thinks or men have souls. This is fact, and nothing is contrary to reason that is a fact. Yet these natures are utterly diverse. It is therefore easier to conceive of a Trinity of like natures in the Godhead than to understand a duality of diverse natures in man. But the doctrine of the Trinity is purely a doctrine of revelation. From nature we learn only the power of God. It is revelation which makes known His love, His saving grace. Dr. Channing has objected to the use of the word “persons” with reference to the Godhead as implying three individuals: but, as has been

* This article is the outline of a sermon preached by Dr. Rice at the late reopening of the Yorkville Methodist Church, from the texts, John xiv. 26, “The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost,” and Ephesians iv. 30, “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.” It is printed from notes taken by the editor of this magazine, and much is here greatly condensed which was fully amplified in the discourse.

clearly shown by Stewart, of Andover, the paucity of language compels the use of the word as implying individuality in some sense. There are certain things affirmed of each person of the Godhead which are not affirmed of the others; and yet Deity is ascribed to all of them.

It was expedient that Christ should go away that He might send the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, to dwell with man universally and through the ages, as He, located in the body, could not. The Holy Ghost is therefore personally present wherever two or three are met together in Christ's name. He is present to perform His divine office on the hearts of men. He is there to enlighten the understanding. As He brooded over the primeval waters, and brought order and beauty out of chaos, so He will brood over the dark and sinful soul, and pour light upon the darkness and bring beauty out of confusion. He is in the world to convince the world of sin. And conviction of sin is not merely the knowledge that we are sinners but the feeling of it—the grasp upon the conscience that makes men quiver to the depths of their moral nature and cry out, “Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?”

There is a sentimental religion abroad that dispenses with this deep conscience work and makes conversion a mere intellectual process. But that man is a fool as to his mental philosophy and a heretic as to the Scriptures who teaches this. Men are not moved to radical moral changes by mere intellectual considerations, but by the deep emotions of the soul; by intense desire, springing from a strong sense of utter need. When the mind clearly apprehends the sacred truth of the Gospel, and the heart believingly embraces it, then the Spirit of God bears witness with our spirits that we are born of God.

Men sometimes seek to accomplish salvation by merit or by penance. But a man cannot erect a ladder without a place on which to put it. And we have no moral foundation for this superstructure of good works. It is only the Spirit of God that can take hold of men's fallen nature and lift it from the abyss into which it has fallen. The regeneration of the soul is not a mere *mending* of the old nature, it is a new creation by the power of the Holy Ghost. This is more manifest in some than in others, but in essence it is the same in all.

Can man then live without sin in this renewed nature? is a question of infinite practical importance. If the Holy Ghost can take hold of a fallen, alienated, and traitorous nature, and restore and renew it, is it a harder task to perfect that restored and renewed nature in holiness and to sustain it in purity? Shall we dare thus to limit the Holy One of Israel? Renewed men, through mental imperfection, may judge wrongly and do wrong; but the office of the Spirit is to harmonize the human will with the will of God, so that the man will not consciously and intentionally sin against God. Is it not then a duty of greatest urgency and of infinite moment to decide for God—to shun the sin of grieving the Holy Ghost? All sin, we are assured on the authority of God's Word, shall be forgiven but the sin against the Holy Ghost. And is it not awfully nigh the inexpiable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to resist His office—to drive Him away—to say, "When I have a convenient season I will call for Thee," as though men held the Most High at their beck, and could command Him at their will?

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

BY RICHARD ROLLE, AN AUGUSTINIAN MONK, *circa* 1350 A.D.

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
 And ther is youthe withoute ony elde;
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;
 And ther is rest withoute ony travaille;
 And ther is pees withoute ony strife,
 And ther is alle manner lykonge of lyfe:—
 And ther is bright somer ever to se,
 And ther is nevere wyntere in that countrie:—
 And ther is more worshipe and honour
 Than evere had kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete molodie of aungeles' song.
 And ther is preysing hem amonge.
 And ther is alle maner frendshipe that may be,
 And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
 And ther is wisdom withoute folye,
 And ther is honeste withoute vileneye.
 Al these a man may joyes of hevenc call:
 Ac yeette the most sovereyn joye of alle
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
 In whom resteth alle mannere grace.

“ I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS SUCH A SINNER.”

BY GEORGE BREALEY, EVANGELIST.

IN one of the many narrow valleys that abound among the Blackdown hills, in Yorkshire, whose tops are crowned with dark fir plantations, and whose sides glow in autumn with the varied tints of the sweet-smelling heather, stood a small hut, about four feet high by six feet long, made of pieces of board and mud, covered with grass, and kept together by stones and pieces of brick. There was no light but what entered by the low doorway, which was so low that the wretched inmate had to stoop double to creep inside. Altogether it looked more like a dog-kennel than the habitation of a human being.

One day, when about to pass this wretched hut, I got over the fence, and went up to the door of the delapidated hovel. It was so dark that at first I could not see any one inside, but hearing a movement, I asked if any one was there, and a voice something like a grunt fell on my ears. On looking more closely I saw what appeared to be a man, but his features were so hidden by dirt that it was impossible to tell the colour of his skin. He was sitting on an old box, which was the only sign of furniture in the place, and this served as a bed by night and a couch by day. There was nothing in the shape of clothing save the miserable rags he wore, and which he was sewing together with some pack-thread.

If the outside of this worthless hut gave one the impression of a dog-kennel, the inside did so much more, for the stench was so intolerable that I could not face the man, but had to keep my head turned the other way while I talked with him.

“ How long have you lived here ? ” I commenced.

“ May be many years now,” he replied.

“ Have you no company ? ”

“ Oh 'ees, I got some company ? ” and just then a couple of great rats jumped up on the old box beside him, and to these he gave a crust of bread.

“ Is this your only company ? ”

"'Ees, I got none else."

"But why do you keep them?"

"'Cos I can't get rid of 'em. I gees 'em some crist, or they would eat me by night."

"But why do you live here among such vermin? why not go to some place where you could be taken care of—where you might be kept clean, and have your clothes mended properly?"

"Oh, I likes to live by mysel'."

"How long is it since you took off your clothes to have them washed?"

"Not sin' I put um on, near zeven year ago!"

"What, have you not taken off your clothes for seven years?"

"No."

"Don't you take them off at night?"

"No, I slapes in 'um, 'cos I got nort else."

"Do you ever go to any place to hear the Gospel?"

"What's that?"

"Do you ever go to church?"

"No, I ain't bin to church ever sin' I can mind."

"But do you know you must die?"

"Weel, I don't know, I s'pose I must some time."

"And where will you go after death?"

"No place, shall I?"

"Yes, there is something in you that can't die, that must live forever in a place of happiness or misery."

"Haw! I don't know much about them things."

"But would you like to hear something more about them?"

"Weel, I don't know."

"Will you come to the cottage to-night, to the preaching, at seven o'clock?"

"I don't know, I never was there."

"But come to-night, perhaps you may never hear about the Gospel again. Give me your word that you will come, and I will believe you."

"Well, there, I'll come."

At the appointed time he came, and every one was greatly surprised to see him there. The place was too crowded for him to sit, but he listened as one who had never heard anything of

the sort before, his eyes straining, his mouth wide open, and every muscle of his face fixed in rapt attention.

There was breathless silence, while the condition of ruined man was set forth; and then, as the mercy of God to such guilty ones was manifested in the death of His dear Son, in order that they might be saved, he sobbed out, "I didn't know I was such a sinner I didn't know I was such a sinner. Oh, what will become of me?" His heart seemed breaking; and as he wept the tears coursed each other down his leather-looking face, and told how deep was the wound that had been made by the Word of God applied by the Holy Spirit to the heart of this poor old man.

Weeping bitterly he left the meeting and went to his wretched hut, but could no longer find rest there, and soon returned to a Christian friend to ask permission to sleep in the hay-loft. This was granted, and words of comfort were spoken to him, some warm milk was also offered to him, but he could receive neither. He went to the hay-loft, not to sleep, but to cry all night to God for mercy. Next day he was taken ill and removed to the work-house, where he died the same day, apparently as the result of having his body washed after being for so long a period unaccustomed to the application of water to it!

And now, what about his soul? Dear reader, I expect to meet him in the mansions in the skies; not that I had from him any assurance as to his personal acceptance, for I never saw him after the meeting. My confidence is in what the living God has written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Some cry to the Lord with the lip, who give no sign of turning to Him with the heart; but I have confidence in this man's case from the fact that, unlike most people, he knew not what it was to hear of God. But, reader, how is it with you, who are constantly hearing of God's love to sinners? Do you think that you shall find mercy at last, after living all your days in rejection of it? Do not trifle with the precious offer of salvation in Jesus Christ, but accept it at once.

HOW BOHEMIAN GLASS IS MADE.



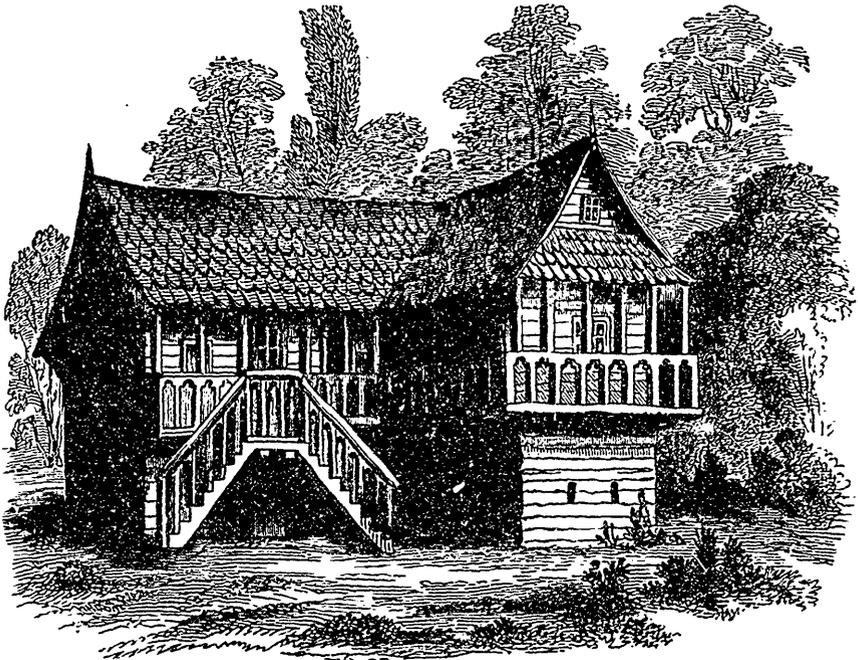
OUR readers, have all, we doubt not, noticed and admired the flagons, goblets, and ornaments of glittering, brilliant-coloured, and delicately-cut glassware known as Bohemian glass. This is made chiefly in the northern part of Austria, in Bavaria, and Bohemia. It derives its peculiar excellence from the purity of the potash, procured from the immense forests of those countries, which is used in its manufacture, and from the skill of the artists by whom the delicate cutting, etching, and polishing is done.

The glass is made of sand, chalk, potash, brimstone, and arsenic, melted together, and mixed with various colours in the form of oxyds. Gold, when used, is of the purest, and is dissolved in strong acid.

The manufactories, or *fabriques*, as they are called, are small and unpretending buildings, mostly of one room, and are scattered about in the various villages. Each fabrique has in the centre a furnace with eight compartments, one for every different colour, with a man and a boy to attend each one. The metal is taken out hot and blown into moulds, and these rough vessels are sent out into the neighbouring houses to be polished and ornamented by the cottagers who live in them. It is here that their wonderful beauty is acquired. These poor people, living in their block houses, are artists of the highest stamp. A wheel for cutting the glass, two or three brushes with which to put on the paints, and an oven to bake them in, are almost the only instruments they use. They draw their own patterns, or cut and paint by the eye without drawing even the outlines. It is very interesting to go from one cottage to another. In one you are amazed by the exquisite paintings in gold, silver, and colours.

In another you see them cutting out all those beautiful leaf work, lily, bell-flower, octagon, and star-shaped vases, which is done not only by men, but by their children, girls and boys.

A visitor says: "In one cottage I was particularly struck by the work of a man, his son, and two daughters, sitting at as many wheels, cutting the most elaborate but delicate figures. They were shaping from merely turned-over bell-vases those beautiful varieties of lily and flower indented lamps for suspension, and vessels for holding bouquets. They traced the scrolls,



BOHEMIAN ARTISAN'S COTTAGE.

stalks, and fibres with the same ease as the barefooted wife and mother prepared their supper in the wooden bowl on the earth floor behind them. There was but one apartment for the fine arts, the nursery, and the kitchen, yet all was neatness, perfect cleanliness, and order."

In one cottage were two young men, one of whom made scroll work, while the other painted flowers and butterflies. The latter

displayed two large cases of beautiful insects, which he had gathered and preserved as copies to assist him in painting, and he imitated them with wonderful fidelity, both in form and colour. Another in a few minutes etched a deer in the act of leaping over some broken palings—a most splendid and spirited animal. The humble artists by whom this excellent work is wrought, adhere tenaciously to the national costume of their country, which is extremely quaint and picturesque. The engraving in the margin will give an idea of the steeple-crowned hat and embroidered jackets and long buskins of the typical Bohemian glass-cutter. Yet beneath their simple exterior lurks a keen sense of beauty, and an artistic skill in its reproduction in the intractable material in which they work that often amounts to genius. Their wonderful art creations owe their beauty to the fidelity with which they are copied from nature. It is indeed the highest aim of man's mechanical skill to copy nature as nearly as possible. And what has he done at his best to compare with nature after all? Man makes some things to look like the creatures that God has made, but suppose we compare them. Man's creatures are but glass and metal and paint after all, and that only on the surface. God's creatures have life, and grace, and action; they are perfect throughout, even to the finest fibre. Then, too, it is plain that man's highest skill lies in the imitation of the works of nature. God is the great Creator.—man is His creature and His humble imitator.



BOHEMIAN ARTIST.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE production of a biography in a series of single volumes would not commonly be a safe experiment on the appetite or patience of the public. But, in the present instance, reliance may be placed upon an interest sustained and stimulated by the reason of the case. The whole career of the prince consort, and the free exhibition of the life of the sovereign and the surroundings of the throne, which it has drawn with it, form a picture which must be interesting, so long as Britons conceive their monarchy to be a valuable possession; and must be edifying, so long as they are capable of deriving benefit from the contemplation of virtue thoroughly "breathed" with activity, guided by intelligence, and uplifted into elevated station as a mark for every eye.

The excellence of the prince's character has become a commonplace, almost a byword, among us. It is easy to run round the circle of his virtues: difficult to find a point at which the line is not continuous. He was without doubt eminently happy in the persons who principally contributed from without to develop his capacities, and determine his mental and moral, as well as his exterior, life; namely, in his uncle, his tutor, and his wife. But how completely did the material answer to every touch that it received: how full, round, and complete it was, as a sculpture; how perseveringly and accurately did the prince apply a standing genial conception of duty and action to the rapid stream, it might be said, the torrent, of the daily details of life; how much of interest—amidst

incessant action, and without the tranquillity necessary for systematic thought—he presents to the class who have no taste for mere action, to the philosophic student; how nearly the life approximates to an ideal; how it seems to lay the foundations for a class and succession of men, if only men could be found good enough, and large enough, to build themselves upon it!

The period of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which entailed upon him arduous and constant labour, was probably the climax of the prince consort's career. This narrative appears to establish his title to the honours of its real origination. When on July 30, 1849, twenty-one months before the opening, the prince propounded at Buckingham Palace his conception of the Great Exhibition, as it might be, to four members of the Society of Art, he established his title to the practical authorship of a no small design. In it were comprised powerful agencies tending to promote the great fourfold benefit of progress in the industrial arts, of increased abundance or diminished stint of the means of living among men, of pacific relations between countries founded on common pursuits, and of what may be termed free trade in general culture.

It was a great work of peace on earth: not of that merely diplomatic peace which is honeycombed with suspicion, which bristles with the apparatus and establishments of war on a scale far beyond what was formerly required for actual belligerence, and which is potentially war, though still on the tiptoe of expectation for an actual outbreak. It was

* We reproduce from the *Church Quarterly Review* the salient paragraphs of this interesting article.—Ed.

a more stable peace, founded on social and mental unison, which the exhibition of 1851 truly, if circuitously, tended to consolidate. And if, in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, counter-influences have proved too strong for the more beneficial agencies, let us recollect that many of the wars which have since occurred have been in truth constructive wars, and have given to Europe the hope of a more firmly knit political organization; and that, even if this had not been so, the influences of theory and practice associated with the Great Exhibition would still have earned their title to stand along with most other good influences in the world, among things valuable but not sufficient.

During the last decade, however, of his years, from 1852 to 1861, wars, as well as rumours of wars, became the engrossing topic of life and thought. This, we think, was a great misfortune to the prince, in regard both to the mental movement which required a congenial atmosphere and exercise, and to the eventual greatness which was its natural result. He was properly, and essentially, a man of peace. The natural attitude of his mind was not that of polemical action, but of tranquil, patient, and deliberate thought. It was as a social philosopher and hero that he was qualified to excel, rather than as a political or military athlete.

The prince's life from day to day was, however, not a life fashioned by haphazard, but one determined by conscientious premeditation. What he said, he had usually written; what he did, he had projected. When an important subject presented itself, his tendency and practice was to throw his thoughts on it into shape, and to harmonize its practical bearings with some abstract principle. Though a short, it was a very full and systematic life. So regarding it, we may say that his marital relation to the sovereign found a development outwards in three principal

respects. First, that of assistance to the queen in her public or political duties. Secondly, in the government of the court and household. Thirdly, in a social activity addressed to the discovery of the wants of the community, and reaching far beyond the scope of Parliamentary interference, as well as to making provision for those wants, by the force of lofty and intelligent example, and of moral authority.

It was a matter of course that the queen's husband should be more or less her political adviser; it would have been nothing less than a violence done to nature if with his great powers and congenial will, any limits had been placed upon the relations of confidence between the two, with respect to any public affairs whatsoever. Had he been an inferior person, his interference would doubtless have been limited by his capacity. But, he being, as he was, qualified to examine, comprehend, and give counsel, the two minds were thrown into common stock, and worked as one.

It was to be expected that one, whose life was so steadily held under the control of conscience, should deeply feel the responsibilities attending the education of the royal children. In no station of life is there such a command, or such a free application, of all the appliances of instruction. The obstacles, which it places in the way of profound and solid learning, are indeed insurmountable. This disability is perhaps compensated by the tendency of the station itself to confer a large amount of general information, and of social training. Our young princes and princesses have grown up under a sense of social responsibility, far heavier than that which is felt by, or impressed upon, children born and reared at the degree of elevation next to theirs. In a religious point of view, however, their dangers are immense: and they are greatly aggravated by the fact that, after the earliest periods of life are passed, and

anything like manhood is attained, they do not enjoy the benefit of that invaluable check upon thought and conduct, which is afforded by the free communication and mutual correction of equals. They have no equals: the cases, in which a friend can be strong enough and bold enough to tell them the whole truth about themselves, are of necessity exceptional. It is much if the air of courts be not tainted with actual falsehood. The free circulation of truth it hardly can permit: and the central personages in them are hereby deprived in a great degree of one of the readiest and most effective helps for their salvation, while they are set us as a mark to attract all the wiles of the designing and the vile.

It is well known, to the infinite honour of her Majesty and of the prince, how the best provision, which love and wisdom could suggest, was made for the religious training of the royal offspring. In this department, as well as in others, the prince looked for a principle, and a defined scope.

It is not, however, as a model either of theological or of political opinion that any human being can profitably be proposed for exact imitation, or that we think the prince will be longest and best remembered among us. In the speculative man there remained much more of the German, than in the practical. His contemplation and study of the living and working England were alike assiduous and fruitful; and this man, who never sat upon our throne, and who ceased at the early age of forty-two to stand beside it, did more than any of our sovereigns, except very, very few, to brighten its lustre and strengthen its foundations. He did this, by the exhibition in the highest place, jointly with the queen, of a noble and lofty life, which refused to take self for the centre of its action, and sought its pleasure in the unceasing performance of duty. There has been, beyond all doubt, one per-

ceptible and painful change since his death: a depression of the standard of conduct within the very highest circle of society. In proof of this melancholy proposition, we will specify that branch of morality, which may fairly be taken as a testing-branch—namely, conjugal morality. Among the causes of an incipient change so disastrous to our future prospects, we should be inclined to reckon the death of the prince consort, and the disappearance from public view of that majestic and imposing, as well as attractive and instructive, picture of a court which, while he lived, was always before the eyes of the aristocracy and the nation.

Neither this book, nor any book written from a peculiar point of view, can ever supply a standard history of the period, it embraces. It may, nevertheless, supply—and we think it has thus far supplied—a valuable contribution to, and an indispensable part of, such a history. This alone more than justifies the publication. But it has a yet higher title in its faithful care and solid merit as a biography. From the midst of the hottest glow of worldly splendour it has drawn forth to public contemplation a genuine piece of solid, sterling, and unworldly excellence; a pure and lofty life, from which every man, and most of all, every Christian, may learn many an ennobling lesson; on which he may do well to meditate when he communes with his own heart, in his chamber, and is still.

— — —
In the after-time, when great men stand before our thought in the white calm of death, colossal in the marble statues of their immortality, we feel only the glory and the majesty of deathless fame, and forget the sorrow, the struggle, the warfare, all fallen silent now, through which their day of striving and endeavour, of weariness, of disappointment, of toilsome achievement, slowly and often sadly passed. We overlook the contemporary enmity, hatred,

and malice ; the gross misconception, the ungenerous rivalries, the fierce oppositions, and the savage slanders which surrounded and embittered so many years of their warring lives ; we look upon the triumphant war-

riors, and fail to realize the struggles of the time when, though they had all worth and all merit, they had not yet conquered fame or silenced envy. Time, which soothes sorrow, alone renders justice to genius.

THE "RECONCILIATION" OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. D. D. WHEDON, LL.D.

WE are of opinion that the "conflict and reconciliation" business is very much overdone on both sides, and is really a sure mark of hopeless superficiality. In truth, the presented conflict is mainly a conflict of old and new science, and not a religious question at all. It has a religious significance only because our religious sentiments become adjusted to certain conceptions which constitute the reigning science; and when those conceptions change there must be re-adjustment. In the first shock of surprise, and especially where mental ossification has set in, we fancy that religion has been damaged, if not destroyed. In the law this same aversion to re-adjustment produces violent opposition to law reforms. In medicine it sets the schools at war, and makes any startling change an occasion for persecution. In politics it produces conservatism. Whenever and wherever a new order appears it will have to make its way against the old. It is a miracle that the science of the Bible should have been as pure as it is, especially considering the state of scientific knowledge at that time; but the wonder consists mainly in the fact that so little science of any kind found its way into the Bible. The belief in the divine omnipresence was so overpowering that no theory of second causes was needed or allowed. Hence the science of the Bible is seldom anything but pure theism,

with all secondary causes left out. This is the cause of its scientific purity, and the reason why there is so little where the Bible can possibly collide with any form of science which remains theistic. But when Paul in his prayer adopts the threefold division of body, soul and spirit, or when in his vision he speaks of the third heaven, we find no reason for calling these or any similar statements more than the prevailing science upon these points at that time. For ourselves, therefore, we have little respect either for the writers of "conflicts," or for the writers of "reconciliations." The method of the former is to sweep a drag-net through the past, and collect all the horrors which have attended progress, and then charge them all to religion. The latter commonly has no method, except meekly to allow all the slanders and libels of the former, and then cry out, "For any sake, don't!" In this way the notion has got abroad that all scientific people are irreligious, and that all religious people are unscientific.

Along with this goes the notion that any dogmatism may be called science if only it be grossly impious.

Now, in the face of the facts that the bulk of our scientific men have always been Christians, and that atheists and materialists have contributed almost nothing to the advance of knowledge in any department, we submit that it is high time

to abandon this pernicious habit of speaking of science and religion as hostile powers. So far as there is any conflict, it reduces to the question whether certain facts and doctrines are true or false. Such are the doctrines of theism, of the supernatural control of things, of revelation, etc. Has anything been discovered which discredits these beliefs? Here is the knot of the problem; and all fruitful discussion in this field must confine itself to these points. Mere general talk

about the hostility of science and religion is unworthy any rational being, whether scientific or religious. Philosophic discussion of the problems indicated will always be valuable when the work is well done. All other "reconciliations" are worthless at best, and often by their lack of reason they lead the superficial, who are always willing to burn their fingers, if they can, to imagine that nothing can be said.—*Methodist Quarterly Review*.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

IS IT PEACE OR WAR?

WE are a portion of the British Empire, and everything that affects the Empire is of importance to us. The present threatening aspect of affairs in the East of Europe, therefore, cannot but excite our keenest interest. Despite the efforts of many of the wisest and best men of both the great political parties the nation seems, at the time we write these words, to be drifting, with the tremendous tide of events, towards war. Nevertheless in the great middle class, which constitutes the strength of English society, there is a strong feeling of aversion to this last resort. The melancholy Crimean experience of five-and-twenty years ago, whereby so many English homes were darkened, and, at such lavish waste of treasure and blood, a barren glory was won, has not been forgotten.

There is indeed a section of the nation which would cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war—belligerent editors in their easy chairs, plutocrat manufacturers, whose shoddy factories and gun foundries are idle in these piping times of peace, and fiery Hotspurs, eager to snatch the bubble, reputation, at the cannon's mouth—will, untaught by the disas-

trous lessons of the past, clamour for armed intervention on behalf of the Turk. But the nation, let us hope, will not be plunged into the horrible vortex of war, by mistaken patriotism or organized selfishness. The following verses from the last number of *Punch*, referring to Lord Beaconsfield's well-known *penchant* for intervention, express, we think, the feeling of the sober-minded portion of the community:

There's war on Bulgarian mountains,
And war on Armenian plains,
But to England that watches the
battles,
Thank God! blessed peace yet
remains:
And ere she takes hand from the
ploughshare
And loom to lay hand to the
sword,
Be assured she will well weigh the
reason,
With due faith in her Queen and
my Lord.

We give below some recent expressions of opinion of the leading English and foreign journals and statesmen on this subject:

There are, says the *Economist*, light hearts among us who are ready

to fight Germany and Italy, as well as Russia; but happily they are not found among those who have to shape the national policy.

A war for Egypt, remarks the *Spectator*, is a war we could comprehend, but to replace one of the most hopeful of Christian races inhabiting a province on the Black Sea under the most oppressive of all existing despotisms, at a cost of some hundreds of millions sterling and half the British army, seems to us the most villainous as well as the most childishly sentimental piece of quixotry ever seriously suggested.

The *Morning Post*, on the contrary, breathes a stern war spirit. The hour has struck, it says, when, for the faith of treaties, for British interests, and for English honour, we must be ready to take part in the great conflict which is to determine the future of our Empire.

The *Times* predicts the collapse of the Turkish Empire, and says the Turks refused to accept the conditions on which Europe, including ourselves, offered to continue our full recognition of their empire, and they must be left to take the consequences.

Mr. W. H. Smith, the First Lord of the Admiralty, at a banquet recently given in his honour, spoke in a strain of the highest humanity. "Day by day I receive suggestions of a most murderous character, the sole object of which is to dispose in the most rapid and conclusive manner of the bodies of my fellow-men. Many of those inventions show a wonderful fertility of resource. Some of them are awful to contemplate. I feel—I am sure you must feel—that any man who, by hasty words, spoken or written, tends in the slightest degree to fan the flames of hatred and malice and wretchedness which exist, would be guilty of a crime which no repentance afterwards could expiate. England has no selfish interest to follow, no end to attain, which is in the slightest degree unconnected with the prosperity, ad-

vancement, and interest of every other nation in Europe—no territory to regain. We have in no shape or way to seek for advantages, but we do ask, as the highest British interest, that there should be peace and prosperity in Europe and to the world. God grant that the nations that are now engaged in a deadly conflict may be led to stay their hands before further misery and further wretchedness is inflicted!"

"For my own part," said Lord Derby, in reply to a deputation urging intervention on behalf of the Turks, "believing that unless war is a necessity it is a crime, I think we ought to be most careful to do and to say nothing which would tend unnecessarily to bring it on."

At a recent borough dinner Lord Carnarvon thus expressed himself: "We are in a powder magazine. There is a great deal of powder lying about, and the sparks are flying on all sides. But if, securing honour and duty, her Majesty's Government can avert an explosion,—they shall not have consulted ill for the best interests of this country." But he did not believe, he said, that the credit or the honour of England was suffering, or had suffered in any way. He was sure that it was no loss of power at certain times and seasons to remain quiet. He thought it was a long time ago that it was written, "In quietness shall be your strength." He was sure of this, that when the real time for action might arise in a just and right cause—and he trusted that in nothing but a just and right cause would England ever again draw her sword—her Majesty's Government would not find either the country backward to support them or any difficulty in maintaining our fair position amongst nations.

Mr. Gladstone in a late address on the situation at Hawarden, said: "The Prime Minister tells us he remains in conditional neutrality, and we therefore remain in conditional quietude. But we have got to watch a large portion of his press and of

his friends, who are labouring hard to drive the nation into war on the side of tyranny and of wrong. If yielding to this pressure the Government desist from neutrality, we too, I think and hope, shall desist from quietude, and shall take care not to be responsible for national disgrace and crime. We shall show fight like Englishmen, and the nation shall decide."

England's position of neutrality is, of course, pleasing to neither belligerent. As in the American and Franco-Prussian war, each party seeks her active sympathy. But if neutrality is maintained, as we trust it will be, we doubt not, that as in those cases it will prove to have been the wise and safe course. Notwithstanding the English succour generously given her wounded, Turkey denounces her abandonment, as she calls it, by England. On the other hand the *St. Petersburg Gazette* wonders that Englishmen cannot make up their minds as to whether they ought to take the side of barbarism or of civilization; and the *Moscow Gazette* believes that "the time will come when those who now applaud Lord Beaconsfield will regard the period of his administration as the most disgraceful epoch of English history. England cannot expect to please either party. Let her, therefore, "do right and fear not."

Amid the commotions of the times, let us hold fast our faith in God and in the power of prayer. Let us beseech the loving Father of all to stay the scourge of war or to overrule it for His glory and the welfare of men. Let us adopt the following Christian sentiments of Mr. W. S. Allen, Wesleyan, M. P. for the borough of Newcastle:—"Though I hear of wars and rumours of wars," he said, "and though I hear of the bloody horrors of the battlefield; and though still more, I hear of the awful agony and pain of tens of thousands of wounded and dying men, languishing for days and weeks in suffering and misery, beyond the power of language to

describe; I still have firm and unshaken faith in the future of mankind, because I believe in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in whose hands are the destinies of nations and the issues of life. And believing that the Great Ruler of the Universe is a God of infinite justice and love, I know that we, creatures of a day, are safe in His hands, and that He, the Great, the Holy, and the Infinite, by whom the stars are guided in their silent march through infinite space, and without whose will not a little fluttering bird can fall to the ground, is our Father, and that He careth for us."

THE OKA VICTORY.

The persecution of the poor Oka Indians by the gentlemen of the Seminary has culminated only in the defeat of the persecutors. The jury, made up largely of French-speaking Roman Catholics, were unable to agree on a verdict. Unintimidated by the tremendous and far-reaching influence of the Seminary, a number of the jurors, after careful hearing of the evidence, stoutly maintained the innocence of the accused. The Seminary applies for a change of *venue* for another trial. We trust it will not be granted. It is a perfect outrage for this wealthy corporation to harrass and worry these poor Indians, and to put them and their friends to further legal expenses. We congratulate Mr. McLaren, the able and eloquent counsel for the Indians, the Rev. Mr. Parent, their faithful missionary, and the rest of their friends, on the failure of the attempt to defame and incriminate an inoffensive and persecuted people.

OUR PROGRESS.

We are happy to announce that the recent marked improvement in this Magazine has met with a very wide and generous recognition. From the number of subscriptions already received at the time we write,—in the middle of January,—we

anticipate an increase of at least one thousand in our circulation. At the estimate of five readers for each copy this increase enlarges by five thousand the circle of friends for whose religious edification and intellectual instruction and entertainment our best energies and those of our valued contributors shall be employed. We thank most heartily the kind friends, ministerial and lay, whose efforts have contributed to this happy result. But there are some of our readers who could do something more than they have yet done to still further increase the circulation of this Magazine. Will not such kindly speak to some neighbour or friend, exhibit to them the present and the January number, commend their merits so far as they honestly can, and solicit their subscription for at least half a year, for the small sum of one dollar?

Our recent improvements have incurred a considerably increased expense, and we wish not only to maintain our present standard, but to make still further advances. The larger our subscription list the more fully can we accomplish this result, and thus make our Magazine better worth possessing by each of our readers. If any copies fail to reach their destination through postal irregularities, we shall be glad to be promptly informed, and we shall use our best endeavours for the correction of the mistake. In some cases there may have been delay in mailing the January number arising from the heavy pressure of work in the office at this time of the year, all hands often working till late at night. It may be that in the endeavour to mail as promptly as possible, two copies have been sent to some subscribers. If so, they will confer a favour by returning one of them as we are likely to require every one that has been printed. Even copies that have been used in canvassing may be of service to us in making up sets for binding. Looking, under God's blessing, for a prosperous year and for much pleasant intercourse

through the printed page with our increased circle of readers, we give them all a cordial greeting and God-speed.

We have a number of last year's magazines left over, and we will send them, post free, bound in blue cloth, for \$2.50, or in three vols., boards, with 70 engravings, for \$2. This will be an opportunity for completing sets that may not occur again.

Our friends who have kindly assisted us in canvassing, and are thereby entitled to the premiums announced, will please write to the editor and we will personally see that their claims are met at the earliest possible date.

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY."

We have been able to make arrangements whereby the subscribers to this Magazine may receive *Scribner's Monthly*, edited by Dr. Holland, at half price, viz., \$2, instead of \$4 a-year. *Scribner's* is a high class Magazine, considered by many the best of the American monthlies. Its engravings are numerous and are executed in the best style of the art. Its serial stories are by the Rev. Dr. Eggleston, formerly a Methodist minister, now pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavour, Brooklyn, and by Miss Adelaide Trafton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Trafton, a distinguished Methodist minister. We assume, however, no responsibility for its contents, over which we have no control, further than that we believe that they will be pure and unobjectionable in character. The year begins in November, at which date also Dr. Eggleston's story commences, but subscriptions may begin with any number. Most persons, however, prefer beginning with the volume. A considerable number of our subscribers have taken advantage of our liberal offer. Orders for *Scribner's* should be accompanied by the money as we have to remit \$2 in each case to New York. Correspondence on this subject should be personally addressed to the editor—Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

JAPAN.

There are about 30,000 elementary schools in Japan, containing two millions of pupils; fifty or sixty normal schools, having over five thousand students; nearly one hundred foreign language schools, with over five thousand scholars, and a university with twenty foreign and fourteen Japanese professors, and three hundred and forty-nine students. This is the work of ten years.

Bishop Peck has recently received from Japan a recommendation for admission on trial by the Annual Conferences in this country of eleven Japanese preachers

From our own missionaries in that country there continues to be received most delightful intelligence. A number of young men are under a course of instruction preparatory to their being received on trial as native preachers. This is a department of missionary labour that cannot be too vigorously maintained. The English Missionary Notices for January, contain the Journal of Brother Eby which was published in one of the recent *Canadian Notices*.

CANADA.

New Methodist churches are still being erected in various parts of the Dominion. Yorkville and Elm Street churches, Toronto, have been rebuilt, and are now capable of holding nearly two thousand persons each. Hamilton and St. Catharines have each dedicated a church since our last issue. The twenty-fifth anniversary of Fredericton church, New Brunswick, was recently held, when more

than two thousand dollars were raised to liquidate the debt. Other praiseworthy deeds have taken place at other places, which give abundant proofs that the Methodist people still have a mind to work.

As the President of Mount Allison University, Dr Allison, has been promoted to the office of Chief Superintendent of Education for the Province of New Brunswick, Rev. Howard Sprague, M.A., one of the first graduates of that institution, has been asked to become his successor, but it is doubtful if his health will permit his doing so.

THE UNITED STATES.

The following are the statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past year: Conferences, 91; itinerant preachers, 11,256, increase, 184; local preachers, 12,583; members, 1,473,006, increase 48,012. Baptisms, 132,832, of which 76,540 were children; church edifices, 16,099, increase, 283; value of church edifices, \$70,133,673 Sunday-schools, 19,775, increase, 84; scholars, 1,490,283, increase, 37,200. During the year 119 preachers and 19,724 members died.

Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church.—This church was organized since the war. It has now four bishops, 600 travelling preachers, 582 local preachers, and nearly 90,000 members. One of the bishops was a slave before the war, and never had the opportunity of attending school a day in his life. Despite the lack of early education, he is said to be a very capable administrative officer, and a superior preacher.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—Notwithstanding the troublous times in Turkey, the Spirit of God is still manifest in power there. More has been accomplished during the past year in Bulgaria than in any previous year since the work was begun. Messrs. Baird and Jenny have witnessed a gracious revival in Western Bulgaria.

—In April last, was held at Pieter-nartzburg, Natal, the first Missionary Conference in South Africa. Three missionaries of the American Board, eight Wesleyan missionaries, and seven others were present. Vital questions were considered in written papers read before the Conference.

—In May last missionaries from various parts of China met at Shanghai, for a General Conference, more than one hundred and twenty missionaries—men and women—being present during the session.

—Dr. Nast states that there are now in Germany over 150 Methodist preachers, 11,000 members, sixty-two churches, with 623 stations or preaching places, a theological school, and a book concern which issues thousands of volumes and millions of tracts every year. He thanked God for the good effect the Methodist Church had over the other Protestant churches of Germany.

—Dr. Schaff's arrangements for the next meeting of the Evangelical Alliance are completed. It will be held at Basle, Switzerland, in 1879, and be composed of delegates from all parts of Christendom.

—The bust of Dr. Duff has been unveiled at the Free Church Institution, Nymtola, India, which institution was founded by the Doctor, and was the scene of the greater portion of upwards of thirty years of his labours in that country.

—A World's Missionary Convention is to be held in London during the autumn of 1878.

—Rev. E. R. Young has been in the

Maritime Provinces as a missionary deputation. His visit was greatly appreciated, and greatly aided the funds of the Missionary Society.

—The members of the "McClintock Association" are engaged in raising \$40,000 to endow a professorship in Drew Seminary, in memory of the late Rev. John McClintock, D.D., the first President of the Seminary.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Several great men have lately fallen in Israel. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has suffered extensively. Bishop Marvin, Drs. Duncan and Bledsoe, have all been called from labour to reward. Rev. James Parsons, long known as one of the princes among English ministers, has entered into rest. In our own land, the well-known Canon Bancroft, of Montreal, and the Revs. John Howes and William McCarty of our own Church, have ceased their labours in the Church militant. Some distinguished laymen have also ceased at once to work and live. Benjamin Gough, Esq., well known as a prominent Wesleyan layman and the writer of several beautiful hymns, has recently departed. Mr. Edward Jost, well known in Methodist and other circles, in Nova Scotia, as an active temperance man, and a generous contributor to the funds of the Church, as well as to various benevolent objects, died in the harness.

RITUALISTIC MILLINERY.

The last number of *Punch* fires this shot at this fashionable ecclesiastical folly: "Wanted at Mme. Cunegonde's millinery establishment, Regent Street, two or three tall, ge .cel-looking young men for the trying-on department." Accompanying this is a picture of a lank vinegar-faced individual arrayed in gorgeous cope, chasuble, &c., on the beauty of which two of the attendant *modistes* are expatiating to an admiring curate

of ritualistic proclivities, while his wife and daughters, with the air of experienced *connoisseurs* are critically surveying the strange attire. The whole thing is supremely ridiculous.

—We are glad to observe that a committee has been appointed by the Ontario Legislature to prepare a form of prayer for the use of the House. It is surely extremely befitting that the Divine Wisdom be invoked to guide the counsels of the nation. This is a procedure we conceive the members of both political

parties can, without a moment's hesitancy, agree.

—We have received from the Rev. Geo. Cochran, our successful missionary in Japan, a copy of the translation of the first three chapters of Genesis into that language. It is the symbol of a glorious event, soon we trust to be completely realized, the infallible Word, in his own mother tongue, within the reach of every native Japanese. We congratulate our brethren on this all-important auxiliary to their evangelistic labour.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Deity: An argument on the existence, attributes, and Personal Distinctions of the Godhead, by WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. Third edition, revised and enlarged, cr. 8vo., pp. 556. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This admirable book has won for itself a permanent place as one of the most masterly arguments on the subject of which it treats, that is extant in our language. We are not surprised to learn that two large editions have been exhausted, and that an urgent demand has been made for a third. The learned author has responded to this demand by a thorough revision of the entire work, bringing it abreast with the most recent discoveries of science. The revival of the ancient error of evolutionism has also received more special and extended notice. The author grapples with the profoundest problems of Ontology and demonstrates the existence and formulates the evidence of the attributes, not of a great Unknown and Unknowable, but of a personal God who is the loving Father of all the creatures of His hand. On the subject of the

Holy Trinity, evidence is adduced showing that this doctrine, derived from revelation, is in harmony with the decisions of reason, and not, as Dr. Channing has called it, "an outrage on our rational nature." In endeavouring to establish the first principles of Christian theism, the author has availed himself of such scientific discoveries as the nature of the argument required and as the scope of his work would admit. The additional matter included in this edition has made the volume more than a hundred pages larger than the former edition. Ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and thoughtful readers generally, will find its study intellectually quickening and spiritually profitable.

The Political History of Canada between 1840 and 1855, by the Hon. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, P.G., K.C. M.G., C.B. 8vo., pp. 88. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

In this pamphlet Sir Francis Hincks reprints, with copious additions, his lecture delivered at the request of the St. Patrick's National Association. It covers one of the most important periods of constitutional struggle in the history of our country. The distinguished writer had unsurpassed

opportunities of knowing the facts of that history, in which he bore so active and so prominent a part—"all which he saw and part of which he was." These he has narrated with great candour and fairness in this pamphlet.

Sir Francis Hincks does us the honour of referring frequently to *Withrow's History of Canada*, and quoting largely therefrom. His intimate acquaintance with Cabinet secrets and inside views of the politics of the day enable him to correct some impressions which an outsider, dependent upon public documents and recorded testimony, would be likely to receive. Some of these impressions, however, were so generally current, that as a leading journal, which highly commends this lecture, remarks, they were recorded by several historians, and were even shared by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Governor-General of Canada. Another statement in our history described by Sir Francis as to him entirely new, can nevertheless be shown by contemporary testimony to be entirely true. The distinguished writer, after a critical examination, bears testimony to the absence of all political bias in our book. "I desire to state," he says, "that I have not discovered any tendency to partiality in his (*Withrow's*) history." Sir Francis has also done us the courtesy of pointing out, both in his pamphlet and by private correspondence, a few minor inaccuracies into which the authorities which we followed had led us, although he states that they are "of trifling importance,"—"one of any great consequence." For this kindness we beg to offer our hearty acknowledgments.

The Worthies of Early Methodism,
by the Rev. W. H. WITHROW,
M.A. 12mo. pp. 180. Toronto:
S. Rose, and Methodist Book
Rooms, Montreal and Halifax.

Encouraged by the favourable reception which these sketches met as they appeared during the past year

in the pages of this Magazine, they have been reproduced in a compendious form for circulation in Sunday-school libraries and for general reading. The purpose sought in their original preparation and in their reproduction is thus expressed in the preface:

"No grander or more heroic characters ever existed than many of those developed by the great religious revival of the last century. The records of their lives have been for many years among the choicest classics of Methodism. Amid the multiplicity of modern books, however, the younger generation of readers is far less familiar with their grand life-story than is desirable. These condensed narrative sketches of some of the more conspicuous of those early worthies have therefore been prepared that their saintly character may become better known, especially among the young. By the study of these noble lives may they catch the inspiration of their moral heroism and emulate their holy zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun.

So may they, too, become followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

The characters sketched are the following:—John Nelson, the Yorkshire Mason; Silas Told, the Prisoner's Friend; Susannah Wesley; The Countess of Huntingdon; Mary Bosanquet Fletcher; Barbara Heck, the Mother of American Methodism; Francis Asbury, the Pioneer Bishop of America. The book is dedicated to the Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D., as one who has illustrated in his life those moral principles which inspired the worthies of early Methodism therein commemorated. We have no financial interest in the sales of this book. All its profits are devoted to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. We can, therefore,

without selfish egotism commend it for general circulation. It contains the substance of nearly half a score of volumes, the cost of which is many times that of this one.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by WILLIAM BLACK. Canadian copy-right edition, 8vo., pp. 145. Price, 50c. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The Captain's Cabin: A Christmas Yarn, by EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., 12mo., pp. 253. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price, 75c.

These are two copy-right books which will possess considerable interest to Canadian readers. They both deal largely with Canadian subjects—the first with Canadian scenery, the second with Canadian character. But here, we are sorry to say, the resemblance ends. Mr. Black always writes with the instincts of a gentleman, and the skill of an artist, and his descriptions are of photographic fidelity. Mr. Jenkins' book is a coarse and vulgar travesty of Canadian character, as devoid of artistic merit as it is of truthfulness. The honourable member for Dundee has not added to whatever literary reputation he may have possessed by this book. Like one who slanders the mother that bore him is the writer who maligns the social character of the land that nourished and brought him up to man's estate. From one example judge of all: Sir Benjamin Peckman, described as an ex-Prime Minister of Canada, is portrayed as a vulgar snob, and his wife as an intriguing adventuress and bigamist, the former wife of a ruffian, assassin, and suicide. Two Toronto and Montreal merchants and an Ottawa editor are almost equally unfavourable representatives of their respective classes. The book has no excuse for its existence. It is not even amusing, although there are some coarse attempts at humour. This caricature of his foster-country is the more reprehensible because Mr. Jenkins held for several years the position of salaried Agent-General of

Canada in Great Britain, its official representative in the Old World. We hope that it is not his personal pique at the loss of office that has led to this coarse misrepresentation of the land of his kindred and of his own early days.

The Protestant Queen of Navarre, the Mother of the Bourbons, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. 12mo., pp. 329, illustrated. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

The story of the Life of Jeanne d'Albret, with its remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, its high-souled heroism, its adversities and triumphs, has all the fascination of romance. "The history of the fifteenth century," the author well remarks, "would be incomplete without that slight heroic figure in the foreground stronger in its simplicity and integrity than the crowned monarchs, the mailed warriors, the mighty statesmen who surround it. But neither her lofty gifts, her noble character, her beauty and grace, renowned at every court in Europe, could save her from the cruelest wrongs and griefs which ever fell to the lot of woman." Mrs. Townsend has told this tragic story with charming grace and skill. Such reading as this handsome volume will be vastly more profitable for young girls, and we judge also of keener interest, than the vapid stories over which they often waste their time.

Revivals of Religion, by JAMES PORTER, D.D. pp. 285. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a previous work on this important subject. Dr. Porter treats in a practical and highly suggestive manner the theory, means, obstructions, and perversions of revivals, with the duty of Christians in regard to them. He discusses preaching, prayer, pastoral and other duties as means of promoting revivals. No Christian minister, class-leader or

religious worker can read this book thoughtfully without receiving valuable suggestions as to the most effective modes of carrying on the work of God.

The Popular Science Monthly and Supplement for January. D. Appleton & Co. \$5 and \$3; with this Magazine \$6 and \$4.00.

These numbers maintain the character of these high class periodicals. Among the notable contents of the *Supplement* are an inter-sely partisan incentive against Russian Aggression, by Louis Kossuth; a thoughtful paper on the Education of After-life, by Dean Stanley; an Epigraphic Study of the Greek mind in the presence of death; Stuart Mills' Philosophy Tested, by Prof. Jevons; a Comparison of the German and English University System; and a paper by Sir T. Watson on Rabies and Hydrophobia, in which he maintains that both might be extirpated by a rigid quarantine of all dogs. The leading article is by Prof. Goldwin Smith, on The Ninety Years Agony of France. He sketches a rational constitution for France on this wise: A single chamber Assembly, renewed, without the violent crises of dissolution and general election, by annually elected instalments; and an Executive Council elected by the Assembly, renewed by a proper rotation, the President, as in the Swiss Republic, to be merely chairman of the Council. The elucidation and defence of this scheme is a fine piece of political discourse.

New Volume of "Little's Living Age."

The first two numbers of the new volume of *The Living Age*, bearing date January 5th and 12th, respectively, have the following noteworthy contents: Russian Aggression as specially affecting Austria-Hungary and Turkey, by Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, *Contemporary Review*; Erica, a fine German serial, by von Ingersleben, translated for

The Living Age; Humming Birds, by Alfred Russel Wallace, *Fortnightly Review*; On the Hygienic Value of Plant in Rooms and the Open Air, by Prof Max von Pattenkofer, *Contemporary*; Within the Precincts, a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; Florence and the Medici, by J. A. Symonds, *Fortnightly*; Charlotte Bronte, *Cornhill*; Heligoland, *Macmillan*; &c., together with the usual choice poetry, and miscellany. In the next weekly number a new serial by William Black will be begun, from advance sheets, which promises to be his best work.

To new subscribers for 1878, the last seven number of 1877, containing the first parts of the German serial, and a story by Miss Thackeray, with other valuable matter, are sent gratis. Price, \$8 a-year, or with this Magazine, \$9.

The Methodist Quarterly Review, January, 1878. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose. pp. 196, \$2.62 a-year.

This veteran Quarterly, now over half a century old, gathers strength and vigour with its age. The first article is a stern indictment of Mohammed, the daring imposter who blasphemously "forged the name of God." Article 2 discusses City vs. Rural Methodism in the United States, showing the relatively superior success of the latter. Article 3 shows the remarkable progress of education among the freedmen of the South. Article 4 exposes the Blue Law forgeries of Rev. S. Peters. Article 5 maintains that Wesley was ordained a bishop by Erasmus, which opinion Dr. Whedon confutes. Article 6 is a sympathetic life-sketch of Bishop Baker, and Article 7 is a brilliant paper on Philo, the Jew, and his influence on Jewish and Christian thought. The book notices by the editor, who handles a keen, critical scalpel, are as trenchant as usual. On page 177 we give a characteristic extract.

"PEACE, BE STILL."

T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

Andantino.



1 When my sor - rows' waves run
2 Sa - viour, when my heart is



high, torn, Hiding ev - 'ry glimpse of heav'n, And the
Should I



short - lived pleasures fly, wan - der all for - lorn, Which but, yes - terday were my
Friendless, save for Thee,

"PEACE, BE STILL."—Concluded.

Stringendo.

pp *rit.*

given; Why, my soul these flutt'ring fears? Why so quick - ly start thy
God? When I stand before the throne, Answ'ring for the deeds I've

ten. dim. *pp* *a tempo.*

tears? Hark! what whis - pers through thee
done, May this whis - per through me

cres......

thrill, "Je - sus loves thee; peace, be still."

pp

"Je - sus loves thee; peace, be still"

Repeat Symph.