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Canadian Methodist Magazine.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
✓ Alcohol, Is it Food? W. H. Withrow, M.A.	432, 501
Alfred Cookman. H. F. Bland	232
✓ Antiquity of Man, The. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	76
Arctic Exploration. D. G. Sutherland, M.A., LL.B.	42, 116
Armed Peace in Europe, The.	369
Assyrian Discoveries	366
Ayesha	186
Baptist Church, Toronto.	90
✓ Bible and the Temperance Question, The. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	210, 301
Bible Lands.	280, 281, 366
Biography, Religious. George Huestis	452
Boehm, Life of	186
Book Notices	91, 184, 280, 375, 475, 574
Building a Palace. P. LeSueur.	493
× Canada. James Ross, B.A.	344
Characteristics of Early Methodism. James Gray	193
Chariot of Fire, The. P. LeSueur	358
Christianity and Science. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	263
Christian Maiden, The. W. J. Ford.	415
Christian Unity, (Editorial)	458
Coliseum, Martyrs of	376
Consecration	556
Creation, Plan of. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	266
Creeds and their Enforcement.	5 69
Current Topics and Events	81, 176, 270, 367, 407, 507
Daniel Quorm on Winning Souls. M. G. Pearse.	239
Dawn of Life, The.	175
Discovery of the Great West, The. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	462
Earl Russell. W. M'Cullough	247
Easter Meditation, An. (Editorial)	362
Eastern Question; Its Historical Aspect. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	563

Education of the Universe, The. John G. Manly	105
Elder's Death-bed, The. Prof. Wilson	134
Elfrida	188
Envelope System, The	270
Faults and Failings in Pulpit and Pew. James Lawson	439, 552
First Sermon, My. J. G. W.	366
French Missions, Our	368
Great Evangelist, A. B. Sherlock	520
Great Reasoner, The. L. Hooker	256
Holy Grail, The. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	22
How Honest Munchin Saved the Methodists	512
Hugo Grotius. D. Richards, M.A.	481
Hymn Book, The New Wesleyan. John Lathern	289
Indian Empire, Our	567
Is Alcohol Food? W. H. Withrow, M.A.	432, 501
Is it necessary to Sin? James Lawson	163
Italian Pictures from Car Windows. John Cameron	259
Jackson, Edward and Lydia Ann. Prof. Burwash	1, 97
Japan	471
Judson and his Helpers. Mrs. Yule	38
Language, Lessons from. John Carroll	351
Land-of Moab, The. Gervas Holmes	200
Leaves from my Journal. E. R. Young	443, 529
Leafwine	187
Life of Christ, Scenes from. F. W. Farrar, D.D.	149, 223, 316
Macdougall, Rev. George	176, 367, 467
Martyr Missionary, Our	467
Mental vs. Physical Labour, in effects on the System. Dr. Wright	172
Methodism and its Censors	468
Methodism and its Methods	375
Methodism, Characteristics of Early. James Gray	193
Methodist Ministry, The. A. Fletcher, M.A., LL.B.	538
Mission Life in the Turkish Empire. J. C. Seymour	397
Moody. His Illustrations. Eliz. Heywood	448
Moses, The Choice of. Wm. Cooke, D.D.	12
Niagara Falls in Winter. W. H. Withrow, M.A.	144
Norman Macleod, Memoir of	574

CONTENTS.

vii

Norse Mythology.....	281
North Polar Expeditions. D. G. Sutherland, M.A., LL.B.....	116
Notes on Literature, Science, Art, and Music.....95, 190, 382,	479
Oka Outrage, The.....	177
Ouseley, Arthur's Life of.....	475
Passion of Our Lord, The. F. W. Farrar, D.D.....	316
Peabody, George. Stephen Bond.....	323
Recollections of Tholuck. C. S. Eby, B.A.....	54
Religious and Missionary Intelligence.....87, 179, 274, 371, 471,	571
Religious Grumblers. C. Spurgeon.....	158
School of the Prophets. John Carroll.....	543
Separate Schools.....	271
Seventy Years a Methodist. John Carroll.....	464
Sunday School Interests, Our. (Editorial).....	262
Superannuated Ministers' Fund, The. (Editorial).....	74
Sweep's Story, The.....	54
Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.....96, 192, 288, 384, 485,	576
Temperance Movement, The. (Editorial).....	168
Tennison, Some Beauties of. G. D. Platt, B.A.....	534
Theistic Conception of the Universe.....	174
Tholuck, Recollections of. C. S. Eby, B.A.....	64
Wesleyan Hymn Book, The New. John Lathern.....	289
Wesley Memorial Church, Savannah, Ga.....	279
Westminster Confession, The. James Graham.....	385
Year's Retrospect, The. (Editorial).....	559
Yorkshire Farmer, The. J. G. W.....	407

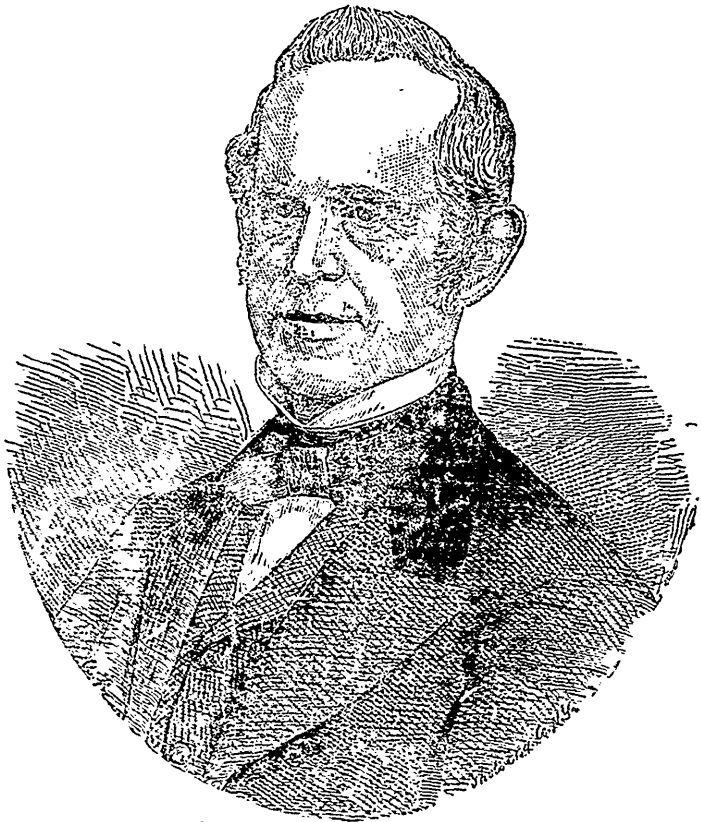
POETRY.

Books. W. H. Withrow, M.A.....	53
British Fame. T. Cleworth.....	327
Buddha's Temptation. W. H. Withrow.....	231
Buoy Bell, The. C. Tennyson.....	306
Catacombs of Rome, The. Miss Wilkins.....	457
Christ is Ri'en. J. Mason Neale, D.D.....	350

Easter Hymns.....	335, 350,	357
Endurance. T. Cleworth.....		406
Franklin. W. H. Withrow, M.A.....		132
Friendless. Rubie.....		209
Heart's-Ease, The		492
Here and There. T. Cleworth.....		157
His Love Will Carry Me		542
Hymnus Responsorius. W. E. Gladstone.....		222
In Memoriam, Rev. Geo. Macdougall. H. S.....		528
Jackson, In Memory of Mrs. Lydia Ann. Miss S. J. White.....		115
Laurel, The. Prof. Wilson.....		32
Lazarus, The Raising of. S. T. Watson.....		246
Legend Beautiful, The. H. W. Longfellow		11
Life's Uncertainties. John Macdonald, M.P.....		162
Ordination Hymn. H. W. Longfellow		519
Rum and Revenue. LeRoy Hooker.....		168
Spring. W. H. Withrow, M.A.....		396
Sun and Shade. John Macdonald, M.P.....		438
The Watcher at the Gate. Dr. Guthrie.....		511
Trust in God. John Macdonald, M.P		63
Wayside Poems.....		447
Wesley's Birthday.....		551

ENGRAVINGS.

Baptist Church, Toronto, to face		90
Jackson, Lydia Ann, "		1
Jackson, Edward, "		97
Wesley Memorial Church, Savannah, Ga., to face.....		279



EDWARD JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1876.

EDWARD AND LYDIA ANN JACKSON.

BY PROF. BURWASH, M.A., B.D.

PART I.

IN the year 1789, Jesse Lee first visited New England, and Methodist zeal came in contact with stern Puritan orthodoxy. Although but twenty-three years had passed since the first Methodist sermon had been preached in America, and the first little society formed in New York, Methodism had already largely possessed itself of the continent. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York were now important centres. The labours of the great missionary bishop, Asbury, extended from the Carolinas to New York; and this very year, pioneers were pushing across the St. Lawrence into Canada, and over the Alleghanies into Kentucky and Tennessee. New England had waited so long for her turn, probably on the principle of John Wesley, "Go to those that need you most." Her people had long been reputed for religion and morality, a reputation which had not been gained by mere externalism. In the first half of the century revivals of wondrous extent and power had blessed the Puritan Churches, and many who had known Jonathan Edwards and George Whitfield were still

living. But since their time there had been considerable spiritual declension, and the rising generation had generally conceived the strongest prejudices against all religious excitement. However, on his first tour around this newly-formed New England circuit, Lee found a chosen few, who, at an earlier day or in other lands, had experienced the joys of a present salvation and were ready to welcome those who preached that blessed doctrine. Foremost among those was Aaron Sanford, the first male member of the Methodist Church in New England. The Sanford family, or families, (for there seem to have been at least two brothers,) appear to have emigrated from England a year or two before, where it is supposed Aaron was converted under the preaching of Wesley himself. The families settled in Redding, Connecticut, and here, on his second Sabbath, Lee found this boy ready to welcome Methodism, and to become the pioneer Methodist layman of New England. He afterwards became a local preacher, and was noted as a man of deep piety and great spiritual power, the instrument in God's hands of the conversion of many souls. Through his influence both branches of the Sanford family became associated with the Methodist Church. The descendants of these early Methodist families have spread widely through the United States and Canada, and to-day are to be found in the pulpit and the college chair, as well as in commercial life, distinguished by great energy and integrity of character and remarkable business ability. The old patriarch himself is also still living to tell the story of that former day. Nearly a century has multiplied the seed sown on the two Sabbaths, the first at Stratford, and the second at Redding. Among the garnered fruits are Nathan and Heman Bangs, Lydia Ann Sanford and Edward Jackson.

The Jackson family were Episcopalians, and had no direct connection with Methodism before the conversion of Edward Jackson. Judging, however, from his subsequent career, he must have been educated after the style of the good old-fashioned churchman, in the fear of God and the practice of virtue. He was born in Redding, on the 20th of April, 1799. His education at school, and as an apprentice, were such as would enable him to earn his livelihood, as his family was without wealth. His brilliant social qualities and engaging person, must have rendered him one of the

Edward and Lydia Ann Jackson.

most agreeable of youthful companions. He did not altogether escape the dangers and temptations to which such qualities expose a young man. But early training and the love of a truly noble and virtuous woman, were influences in the hand of God to restrain and guide him until regenerating grace renewed and established his goings. This woman was Lydia Ann Sanford, of the family we have just described. She was born in Redding, March 17th, 1804, and so was five years his junior. She was nurtured under the influences of Methodism. Her childhood was spent within a stone's-throw of Aaron Sanford's house, where the Methodist meetings were held in those early days. The old house is still standing, with a curious partition hinged to the ceiling and fastened up by a button, a device by which the two principal rooms were thrown into one to accommodate the worshippers on the Sabbath. Her mother was here converted, and, while the daughter was still young, died in the faith, strengthened in her last hours by the prayers and exhortations of her godly relative. The daughter was gifted with more than ordinary talent and beauty, and her family were now rapidly rising to wealth and social position. Her ambitious brothers were therefore not a little disappointed to see their favourite sister disposed to wed a man who, whatever his personal attractions, had only his hands, head, and heart, upon which to depend for his fortune. However, that fine womanly instinct, which in after years rendered her judgment of men and motives so trustworthy, stood her in good stead at this important juncture, and under its influence, in 1826 she united her lot with that of Edward Jackson. It was not many years before the wealth which she discerned in her husband placed her in a position of affluence and social respectability worthy of the sacrifice which she had made for him, and her brothers were foremost to acknowledge the fact and to rejoice in her prosperity.

Leaving friends and native place behind them, they at once turned their faces westward to seek such fortune as God had in store for them. They carried with them only a little household furniture, the implements of his trade, and what money was barely sufficient for the journey. At this time thousands were moving westward; Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Canada, were all presenting their attractions. What conscious influence directed the way

of our young travellers we know not. It scarcely could have been political considerations; for though they became true and loyal citizens of their adopted country, and did not, like many, carry off the wealth there gotten to spend it elsewhere, yet they ever retained a sincere regard for the land of their nativity. Probably it may have been commercial reasons. There was at that time scarcely a single trader in tinware in the western peninsula of Canada, and the rich furs of our northern climate afforded an opportunity for barter not to be obtained elsewhere. If such were the expectations of Mr. Jackson, the results certainly proved the wisdom of his venture. But however this might be, it is certain that the God of their fathers was directing the way of His children's children, though as yet unknown to them. There were great blessings in store for them, and a great work for them to do in this new country, and for these they were hither led.

Towards the end of autumn they landed in Niagara. The sale of some furniture provided the means to purchase a small stock of material, and the young man immediately set to work. His energy and industry soon commanded confidence, and a gentleman loaned him one hundred dollars for the enlargement of his stock. Before fifteen months, this was repaid, a little capital saved, and the foundations of all their future commercial prosperity secured by the economy and industry of the first year of their married life. They then removed to Ancaster, at the head of the lake, as a more convenient centre for a trade which was henceforth to be pushed northward and westward to all the new settlements of the peninsula. On their journey thither they passed through Hamilton. There were then two farm houses with scanty clearing in a magnificent forest stretching from Burlington Bay to the summit of the mountain. But this place, with immediate water communication to all the East, was destined to be the permanent commercial centre, and thither, early in 1832, Mr. Jackson removed, purchased a lot, and finally established his business. Already the extent of his trade was such as to afford employment for five or six young men. The first list included the following names:—William Wheeler, now of Chicago; the late Hiram Piper, of Toronto; Murray Anderson, of London; and Dennis Moore, of Hamilton, the latter but fifteen years of age. These young men

were received into his family and enjoyed all the advantages of his henceforth Christian home. Subsequently they all became active partners of Mr. Jackson in various extensions of his business. The aggregate property accumulated by them has amounted to more than a million dollars. And in almost every instance the foundation of all their future success was laid during this period of intimate relationship, social as well as commercial, with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. Subsequently there were added to this list Aaron Choate, of Perrytown; Cornelius Quinlan, of Port Hope; and John and William McKeough, of Chatham. Probably scarcely another commercial house in the country could produce a similar record.

The year 1832 was no ordinary one in the history of Canadian Methodism. The terrible scourge of cholera which passed over this, in common with other lands, had produced unusual seriousness in the minds of the people. The two branches of Methodism had just succeeded in overcoming the prejudices which had separated them, and the arrangements for the first union were completed. With a deep sense of their responsibility and with renewed courage for their work, the ministers of our Church addressed themselves in the autumn of that year to labour for the salvation of souls. Early in the year, we hear of great revivals all round our narrow frontier country, from Niagara to Rideau. In October there had already been some forty added to the Church in Hamilton, and before the end of the year there were a hundred converts in the village of six hundred inhabitants. The total reported increase of the year was 1217, nearly ten per cent. on the membership of the previous year. The ministers labouring in Hamilton were James Evans and Edwy Ryerson. The meetings were held in the old King St. Church, at that time the only place of worship in the village. Mrs. Jackson, in a strange land, had not forgotten the Methodist associations of her childhood, and with this sanctuary she had connected herself on coming to the place. When the special services commenced Mr. Jackson was absent from home on business. She, however, taking with her Mr. Moore as her escort, found her way regularly over the half mile of swamp between her house and the church. Already God's Spirit was striving powerfully with her, and the convictions of

her own heart she laboured earnestly to impress on the boy who walked with her to and from the house of prayer. Before long she presented herself at the altar as a penitent, and there soon found peace in believing. This was in the beginning of December. The next week, Mr. Jackson returned home. At once his converted wife, true to the instincts of old-fashioned Methodism, set herself to work for his conversion. We shall describe their first interview in his own words, used at a fellowship-meeting a few weeks later.

"My bosom companion met me, when I got home, on her knees, and weeping entreated me to seek religion. I had never prayed in my life. I was a profane man and fond of ungodly associates. I had embraced the principles of Universalism. But five minutes' conviction of the Holy Spirit scattered all these, and I then determined to serve God and seek salvation."

That night he accompanied his wife to the meeting and took his seat in a convenient place, well forward. As soon as the invitation was given he arose, laid off his overcoat, and walked to the prayer-circle. Two or three days later, before he yet found peace, he addressed himself to Mr. Moore, who regularly attended the meetings, and was deeply serious. He elicited from him his convictions, and offered to accompany him to the altar, and that night the two, who were to be so many years associated in business and Christian work, were found bowed together as penitents. The blessing still tarried. But a few days later Mr. Jackson was alone in his shop, walking to and fro behind the counter, meditating upon his position. He was in great perplexity. He felt the responsibility of the profession to which he had engaged himself, and it seemed greater than he was able to bear before his men and his former ungodly associates. The way of faith, too, seemed dark, an impenetrable mystery. Out of this distress he tried to look up to God, when like a flash of light the witness of sonship was given, and his heart was filled with joy and praise. In a short time not only Moore, but Anderson and nearly all the other young men in the shop were converted, and there was indeed a happy Christian household.

At once Mr. Jackson assumed that foremost position in Christian labour and influence for which his talents fitted him. He

learned that there was a debt on the parsonage of \$600, for which the ministers were personally responsible. With some friends he assumed the obligation, and made an effort to raise the needed money. All the inmates of the house presented their contributions, the youngest, Moore, bringing a sovereign, his entire savings from his apprentice wages, and offering it to the cause of God. A thousand-fold return he has since reaped from this first precious investment.

All the enterprises of the Church, her missions, her college then just building, as well as her local interests, now presented their claims to Mr. Jackson, and nobly did he respond to them. But the financial interests of the Church were far from being his sole concern. The great extension of the Church membership had created a necessity for new classes and leaders. The newly organized class to which Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were attached found its place of meeting in their own house. For some weeks the minister himself acted as leader. As the pressing duties of the close of Conference year came on he sought release, and nominated a brother Clement, who declined. Then Mr. Jackson was nominated, and struggling against reluctance and fear he accepted, and nobly filled the office in that class for forty years. The class continued to meet in his own house until the erection of the McNab St. Church, in 1851.

The united career of our friends, for the next twenty-five years, ran in a somewhat even course, without those incidents which make turning points in life. Ability and industry in commerce in that interval accumulated a princely fortune. The talents and early training of both enabled them to fill, with no ordinary grace and dignity, the position in society which they were now called to occupy, and they were honoured and respected as among the excellent of the earth. Meantime their magnificent home was still the home of the humble Methodist preacher. The class-meeting and prayer-meeting were as highly prized and as faithfully attended as in early days. They warmly sympathized with all the interests of the Church, and in some of the most trying emergencies through which Canadian Methodism passed, Edward Jackson with his means, his commercial credit, his counsel, and his influence, was the right-hand supporter of those who were

called to guide the ship. Their domestic life was not without its shadows. The little blossoms of hope, son and daughter, lent by their Father in Heaven, were soon called back, and but one lovely flower was left. Mr. Jackson's health was often feeble, and sometimes he was driven, by our severe climate, to spend the winters in the South. But these shadows were lightened by many blessings. They had the satisfaction of seeing many young men and two young ladies trained up in their home to lives of promise and usefulness. The Church of their choice, and the city of their home, were sharing in the general prosperity of the country. Above all, their home was lightened by the presence of a remaining child, who more than satisfied all their fondest hopes. Gifted by nature with the soundest judgment, and engaging person and manners, she added to the refinement of the highest culture the most tender affections, and the most conscientious piety. Seven years after her decease, when it was our privilege to become a member of this household, we found many a book in the library with marginal notes in her hand-writing, testifying to her intellectual culture and fervid piety. And when, in 1857, her parents saw her happily married to one worthy of her affections, it would seem as if their cup of earthly bliss were full.

But the Master was already saying unto them, "I will show you greater things than these." These greater things were to purify their hearts as gold is tried by fire.

By one sudden stroke child and grandchild were taken from them and laid together in the grave, and their home left empty and desolate. This was indeed the hour of extreme anguish, but they bowed their hearts to it as to a father's chastening. To the outside world they seemed to shut themselves up with their grief for weeks. But they were dwelling with their God, humbly seeking strength to learn the lessons of His rod. Day after day, known only to their household attendants, they spent in the chamber of the departed, now bowed in earnest prayer, now walking to and fro with the Word of God in their hands. And when they came forth from their hours of sorrow, seclusion, and supplication, it was to a higher, grander Christian life than they had experienced ever before. Property, time, talents, influence, all were henceforth to be consecrated to God.

A true estimate of the importance of this period of their religious history can only be formed from the activities of their subsequent life. But the following rules, which appear to have been adopted by Mrs. Jackson at this time, though drawn up probably by herself and her daughter during the preceding year, will show how entire was the consecration which she now made of herself to God.

RULES OF LIFE.

1. That the salvation of my soul shall be my first and great concern.
2. That I will never be ashamed of my religion, but will always avow it, when and where it may be proper so to do.
3. That I will always carefully speak the truth, and will never indulge in the very least equivocation, but always be both verbally and substantially correct, and to this end I will watch the meaning of all I utter.
4. That I will always be ready to confess a fault, or ask forgiveness for it, no matter what the character or position of the person against whom I have offended.
5. That I will do nothing to others which I would object to their doing to me. That I will never do anything which, if I saw committed by another, would cause him or her to fall in my esteem.
6. That as far as in me lies I will never do or be anything upon which I cannot confidently and expectingly ask the blessing of God.
7. That when I have fixed a principle in my mind, I will never abandon it, whatever occurs, unless I am convinced it is a wrong one or would involve me in bad consequences.
8. That in fulfilling a clear duty, or in the pursuit of a good and proper object, I will never allow myself to be overcome by any trials or difficulties whatever.
9. That I will daily study the Scriptures.
10. That I will encourage meditation on death and eternity.
11. That I will live to God with all my might while I do live. That I will strive never to engage in anything which I should shun if assured I was living the last hour of my life.
12. That I will decide nothing which is brought before my judgment until I have thoroughly examined it on every side. That what I have once decided shall be fixed and irrevocable. That I will take nothing for granted, but that I will endeavour to discover what is truth in reference to the smallest principles.
13. That upon all occasions I will discountenance improper levity and conversation, in whatever company I may be.
14. That I will carefully guard my temper and never show the least symptom of impatient emotion, not even by an altered tone of voice, or expression of countenance. That I will do this even if from physical causes I feel fretful and uneasy, as no one else should suffer on my account.
15. That I will never speak crossly to servants, but be gentle and affectionate, which will gain my desires the sooner.

16. That my conversation shall be always in love, and as far as possible adapted to the tone of feeling of those with whom I converse. That I will never converse upon trifles, or self, or the failings or defects of others

17. That I will never waste a moment.

18. That I will be temperate in eating and drinking.

19. That I will strictly guard against pride in dress, and every other of its manifestations.

20. That I will live only to serve God, and for the good of others, never seek my own pleasure or satisfaction at the expense of that of any one else, but, as far as possible, forget that there is a self to please.

21. That I will love my dear husband with all my might, and do everything in my power, (no matter what the sacrifice required,) to promote his happiness.

We have no such written record of the exercises of Mr. Jackson's heart at this time, but his subsequent actions as well as remarks, occasionally dropt to most intimate friends, show that they were neither less deep nor permanent. His brethren in the Church have testified to us that henceforth he was a new man. Referring to this period in his life, he once said in our hearing, "I went with my Bible to the upper room, and when I came down I had a new heart, and felt that it was all right." Within the next two years his regular permanent contributions to the cause of God were quadrupled. About this time our missions on the Pacific Coast were founded under the charge of the Rev. E. Evans, D.D. The means at the disposal of the Society were limited, and to lay the foundations of our Church without disparagement by the side of the denomination so munificently endowed by Miss Burdett Coutts, was no easy matter. Dr. Evans built in faith, becoming himself personally responsible for a considerable part of the cost of the church. As his liabilities were maturing he wrote to Mr. Jackson, asking for aid. There was scarcely a day for delay if the answer was to return in time. Meantime the darkness thickened around the missionary. On the morning when his note matured and he expected his name to be dishonoured at the bank, his only son was carried home a corpse. But that very morning came to the crushed man a letter from one whom God had likewise brought through tribulation, with \$1,000 to meet the pressing note. Those thousand dollars, with some six hundred more forwarded immediately afterwards, were the proceeds of the sale of his daughter's jewelry. And this costly and precious gift was afterwards doubled by subscriptions from himself and other friends in Hamilton.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian,
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in Heaven that
reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter:
This poor cell my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came:

All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration.
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with long look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating;
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
See need the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;

What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
" Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me."

Unto me ! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing ?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright

With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said :
" Hadst thou stayed I must have fled !"

MOSES—HIS CHARACTER EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS EXCELLENT CHOICE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.

" By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt : for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—HEBREWS xi. 24-26

IN this chapter we have a long list of ancient worthies, who made noble sacrifices for truth, for conscience, and for God ; and among them Moses stands conspicuous—none more conspicuous than he. You know his history. When an infant he was to be murdered under the decree of the cruel Pharaoh ; but by the providence of God he was rescued, and adopted by the princess royal of Egypt, and brought up as her own son. Endued with high mental powers, and thoroughly educated, he became the first man in the most illustrious kingdom in the world. It was at the very height of his dignity and glory, when his possessions were the greatest and his prospects the brightest, that he made the greatest sacrifices ever made by man, for the sake of truth and religion. We cannot fully appreciate those sacrifices unless we look somewhat extensively at what he voluntarily renounced. What, then, did this eminent man of God renounce ? He re-

nounced the false philosophy of Egypt for the true; the false theology of Egypt for the true; his alliance with royalty, for the despised people of God; his possession of earthly riches and pleasures for the reproach of Christ; and the prospect of an earthly kingdom for the kingdom of heaven. He did all this by faith, and accounted himself an infinite gainer after all the sacrifices he had made.

I. MOSES RENOUNCED THE FALSE PHILOSOPHY OF EGYPT FOR THE TRUE.

Egypt, though now deeply degraded by ignorance, was in its early days universally renowned for its wisdom. Ancient writers, Herodotus, Diodorus, and Strabo, speak frequently of the fame of Egypt for her knowledge of astronomy, geometry, chemistry, and physiology. Philosophers from different and distant nations repaired to Egypt to imbibe knowledge from her fountain. Yet her wisdom was combined with egregious follies; and as an instance we mention her extravagant chronology. To Herodotus her priests boasted of human dynasties extending back to 11,340 years; and these, they said, were preceded by myriads of years during which demi-gods and gods reigned over the land. Such a chronology bears the stamp of falsification and fable upon its face. Moses, however, was learned in all the philosophy of Egypt, the false as well as the true, and his thorough education qualified him to distinguish the one from the other.

But there was another system of chronology held by the Hebrew nation, which had been handed down from Adam to Methuselah; from Methuselah to Shem; from Shem to Abraham; from Abraham to Jacob; and from Jacob to the twelve tribes, the grandchildren of whom were still living in Goshen when Moses was born. This chronology was not like the Egyptian—the fabulous production of national vanity and ambition, for it extended back only to about 2500 years. It was also interwoven with the record of creation, with the regular succession of events within the period stated, and the precious promises of the great Redeemer were essentially blended with its simple and unvarnished history. Moses, as a learned man, knew this system of chrono-

logy; and no man was so competent to understand its claims, and he knew it to be true, and to have the seal of God upon it.

The period came when Moses must openly avow his choice. To adopt the true chronology was to reject the false; and to reject the false was to place himself in antagonism with the literati of Egypt, and the pretended documents of the State; and thereby incur odium and reproach. On the other hand, to adopt the false chronology was to reject the true; and in rejecting that, to reject all his paternal traditions and records, and the glorious revelations and promises which God had given to his ancestors, and which had been handed down to his time as their most sacred inheritance. To reject this, indeed, was to reject the promised Redeemer; and therefore to forfeit his interest in the covenant of grace! Could he do this? Nay; he believed the promises, and accepted them to his personal salvation. He therefore felt bound to act on his convictions, and, as a public man, to reject the lying, contradictory, chronology of Egypt, and every figment fabricated in its support. He did so, and braved the scorn and reproach of priests, senators and philosophers, for the sake of truth and religion. He not only adopted the Hebrew chronology: but, divinely directed and inspired, he wrote it, and made it a permanent record; and here we have it to this day, preserved in this sacred book, with its complete list of patriarchal names in the Messianic line, from the first man, Adam, down to his own times. It is therefore, to the wisdom, the integrity, and pious magnanimity of Moses, and the infallible inspiration which guided his pen, that we owe this wonderful record of successive events from the creation of the world to the epoch in which the holy prophet lived. And it is a remarkable fact that the most profound and earnest inquiries of the best Egyptologists and the most learned of oriental scholars, serve to confirm the chronology of Moses. It is now admitted that no authentic records in Egypt, in Chaldea, Assyria, India and China, (the most ancient nations on the earth) extend back to a period prior to the dispersion of mankind at the confusion of tongues. Before that period, all pretensions to antiquity are based on fable. It is equally remarkable that the beginning of authentic history, in every ancient nation, coincides with the period shortly after

the confusion of tongues at Babel, and the consequent dispersion of mankind into various wandering tribes! Go on, ye oriental scholars, and ye plodding glottologists, in your studies; clear away the rubbish and bring to light the facts long buried in the dark recesses of antiquity, and the truth shall reward your labours. The Church of God hails your researches, assured that in the order of Providence your learned toils shall verify and confirm the records of inspiration, and put the scoffer to the blush.

II. MOSES RENOUNCED THE FALSE THEOLOGY OF EGYPT.

It is probable that Hara and Mitzraim, the founders of the Egyptian kingdom, carried with them the main truths of the patriarchal religion, but soon those primitive truths became distorted and corrupted by the vain imaginations of men and the devices of the evil one. The sublime doctrine of a future state became disfigured and corrupted by the figment of transmigration, which asserted that the souls of men, on leaving the body at death, entered the bodies of various animals, and after numerous transmigrations re-entered the human body, and resumed their human existence on earth. The simple, but glorious, doctrine of one God as creator of all things, was soon perverted by the multiplication of gods many and lords many. Under the name of Osiris the Egyptians worshipped the sun, and under the name of Isis they worshipped the moon, and the country swarmed with inferior deities; the land was studded with magnificent temples, colossal idols, and pictures of their gods. This huge idolatry was the religion of the State, and its worship was celebrated with pomp and splendour; wreaths of incense each morn arose from golden censers, and at stated periods long processions of white-robed priests, with nobles and monarch, moved at the sound of music to the temples of their gods, and threw themselves prostrate before their grim idols, amid the deafening shouts of an excited throng of worshippers.

But in the land of Goshen, the true God was acknowledged by faithful Israelites, and with pure and simple rites His worship was performed. No temple, as yet, was reared in their midst; no priesthood as yet was ordained. There stood the rude altar of

each tribe, and hoary patriarchs presented the appointed victim as an expression of their faith in the promised Messiah, and as an emblem of His atoning sacrifice, in the fulness of time.

Which religion would Moses own? To choose the false was to reject the true; and to avow the true was to disavow the false. Yet this was the religion of the State—king, nobles, priests, and philosophers all owned, revered, and worshipped the gods of the land; and shall not the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, the chief minister of the realm, conform to the national faith and worship; or at least, will he not offer some courtly compromise to the religion of the kingdom that had covered him with honour, and endowed him with princely wealth and power? The day of trial came, when, as a public man, his decision must be openly proclaimed. Perhaps that crisis was a festal day. Will he not then join the gay procession as it slowly moves to the temple of Osiris? There is the royal chariot! Will he not take his seat beside his foster-mother, the princess royal, and allow her to lean on his arm as she bows before her favourite god? Or will he not, at least, cast one grain of incense on the altar, as the odour rises before the nation's idol? Ah no! that would be to compromise the most glorious truth; that would be to sanction idolatry, to insult his Creator, and forfeit all the blessings of the covenant of grace. No influences can move him, no entreaties persuade him, no promises beguile him. He is found faithful in the hour of trial, and resolutely turning his back on all the gods of Egypt as mythological vanities and lies, and all their gorgeous ritual as so much dramatic buffoonery and superstition, he avows himself a believer in the one true God of his fathers, and worships Him alone.

III. MOSES RENOUNCED HIS AFFINITY WITH ROYALTY FOR THE REPROACH OF CHRIST;

For, when he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

This implies that he had been so called from his birth, because adopted by the princess royal. He was so called, by her, in the language of tenderness and genuine affection; so called, probably,

by legal enactment; so acknowledged in the public documents and records of the State; so called and honoured by the priesthood, the senators and magnates of the land; and, as such, he was a mighty prince, standing next the throne, the greatest man in the then greatest kingdom in the world.

Yet he was not the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but the son of the humble Amram, the descendant of Levi, the son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham. He was therefore an Israelite, and, as such, had in his flesh the seal of the covenant of God, and was, with his brethren, an heir of the promises of God.

But there came a day of trial, when he must formally and publicly avow his connection with the royal house of Pharaoh, or forfeit its privileges and honours. That crisis, we infer from the text, was on his birthday, the day when he came of age, and had to act for himself as a public man and a prince of the royal house. Thus the trial was in the very flower of his age, when honours are most tempting, when the passion of ambition is the most intense, and the most easily, as well as the most powerfully excited. How tempting the circumstances of this young man! There were his own people—a degraded and down-trodden race—a nation of slaves—how repellant to an ambitious young prince! And there was the palace with its grandeur, and royalty with its splendour, and its courtly honours thrust upon him; and there were the magnates of Egypt, the officers of State, and a loyal, subservient populace, all waiting to do him homage, so soon as he should avow himself the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Will not that young man yield to the flattering persuasions of ambition, or the entreaties of affection, or to the menaces of reproach and persecution? Will he, indeed, prefer national degradation to national honour, a place among the bond-slaves to a seat of freedom, power, and splendour in the high places of the realm? Yes, he will; he does; he repels all these attractive appeals to his nature; he accepts these menacing conditions. He knows that for him to accept the honour of the son of Pharaoh's daughter, would be to become an Egyptian; and to become an Egyptian would be to renounce his birthright as an Israelite; and to renounce his birthright as an Israelite would be to tear himself away from the patriarchal promises and the covenant of God. He is upright, and cannot com-

promise his conscience; he is a patriot, and cannot disown his oppressed people; above all, he is a saint, and cannot dishonour and deny his God! He has the seal of the covenant upon him, and he cannot violate its sacred obligations. The tears of his foster-mother cannot move him, he tears himself from her embrace; he lays down the regalia of princely dignity; he puts off the bedizening robes of state; he leaves the palace, and goes to his suffering brethren to share their oppressions, and blend his tears with theirs, and to secure with them the blessings of the covenant of God! Flattering it might be to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; but blessed, infinitely blessed, to be called a son of God!

IV. MOSES RENOUNCED THE RICHES AND PLEASURES OF EGYPT FOR THE REPROACH OF CHRIST.

Ancient Egypt was the richest kingdom under heaven. Look at its population. Herodotus says it had 20,000 cities well inhabited, and its records speak of 18,000. Behold the chief cities of that land. Memphis, the capital of the mighty Pharaohs, with its sphinxes, its obelisks, and its pyramids still standing, and rearing their lofty heads to the skies after the sweep of thirty centuries. Look at Thebes with its hundred gates, and its reputed population of four millions. Behold Karnak and Luxor, with their avenues of sphinxes, colonnades, temples, palaces, and royal tombs, extending to a distance which the eye of the spectator fails to reach! Look at the fertility of Egypt's soil, annually enriched by the inundations of the Nile, so as to produce, almost without labour, two, and sometimes three, crops in the year, rendering Egypt the granary of nations. Consider the fact, too, that of the amazing produce of Egypt one-fifth pertained to the King. Here were almost boundless resources for luxury and pleasure. To be the adopted son of the princess royal of such a kingdom, what an appeal to the sensual passions of a young man! He had not wealth to seek; it was here, ready to his hand, inviting his grasp. On the one hand he saw his own people poor, despised, miserable foreigners, living on sufferance in a country that was not theirs, sweating under their burdens, groaning beneath the slave-driver's lash, or despairing in the dungeons of their oppressors, their lives

made bitter unto them! On the other hand, he saw Honour dangling before him her regalia! Wealth pouring her treasures at his feet! and Pleasure, with her wanton eye and fascinating smile, offering him gratification for every sense—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, saying: “All these are thine if thou wilt.” Could that young man resist all these allurements? Yea, he did. With a noble disdain he spurned them all, and in doing so, said, “Welcome poverty, welcome reproach and oppression, if, with these, I can secure peace of conscience, spiritual freedom, and the favour of God!”

V. MOSES RENOUNCED THE PROSPECT OF AN EARTHLY KINGDOM
FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

He was clearly acknowledged as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and might have retained that high title, if he would; his position thus placed him next to the throne, and it seems likely he could have actually ascended the throne as the next successor, if he had desired to do so. We do not read of any rival. There is no intimation in Scripture that Pharaoh had any son by natural issue; we read only of Pharaoh's daughter; and Moses being her adopted son, affectionately cherished, educated and honoured by her as her own offspring, and being, as Stephen informs us, “mighty in words and in deeds,” it seems highly probable that, had he adopted the Egyptians for his people, they would have adopted him as their king—royal favour, courtly influence, and popular will, would have combined to place him on Egypt's throne. Josephus tells us that Pharaoh's daughter intended Moses to succeed her father on the throne, and that when he was but a child she took him to Pharaoh, who caressed him, and removing the crown from his own brow placed it on the child's head; but instead of being pleased therewith, he threw it on the ground and trampled it under his feet! I know not on what foundation this statement rests, but it illustrates the fact substantially realized in the conduct of Moses when he came of years. There was the crown flashing with gems; would he wear it? There was the sceptre, the emblem of royal power; would he grasp it? There was the throne, soon to be vacant; would he ascend it? There was the homage of millions; would he receive their tribute and obedience? On the other

hand there was the kingdom of heaven, real, but spiritual and invisible; eternal, but distant and in another world! Which would he prefer? Both he could not have; they were to him incompatible: his choice of one meant the exclusion of the other. Which would a young man, full of life and vigour, prefer? Would faith or sight conquer? Would the flesh or the spirit triumph? The sequel shows. He renounced all for Christ; the splendour of Egypt's kingdom paled before his spiritual vision; for he endured as seeing Him, who is invisible, and had respect unto the recompense of the reward.

VI. MOSES RECKONED HIMSELF AN INFINITE GAINER IN THE CHOICE HE MADE, AND THIS ESTIMATE WAS THE RESULT OF HIS FAITH.

Moses lived to a good old age, and had large experience, suffering immense inconvenience from the choice he had made in early life, but we never find that he repented thereof. Even those who had been in slavery and misery regretted once and again that they had left the flesh pots of Egypt; Moses never. They would have returned to their bondage; he would not return to a kingdom. The privations of the desert were, to him, supplemented with the favour of God, and the prospect of heaven was to him better than all the treasures of Egypt. What made the difference? The keen vision of faith; that powerful principle which brings eternity into the foreground, which gives as much reality to things invisible as if they were seen, and to things distant a power as great as if they were present; it is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen.

It is remarkable that the text speaks of Moses seeing One who is invisible. Who was He? Christ, says the passage; for it was the reproach of Christ which he preferred to all the treasures of Egypt. This implies that Moses saw Him, as if He were in the midst of His Church. He *was* there, and Moses saw Him. But how? Not by natural vision; but by faith, even as Abraham saw Him five centuries before: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad."

By faith he had respect also unto the recompense of the reward. In the original, "he looked for it," and looked towards it

with a full assurance of its reality, and a confidential expectation of its blessedness. But how could Moses, in that early age, have such a clear believing view of the heavenly reward? I answer, How could Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in their earthly pilgrimage, have, at a far earlier period, such a vivid expectation of heaven as to regard the land of Canaan as its type, and declare plainly that they sought a country that is heavenly? And how could Job, who was a Gentile, and lived before the days of Moses, have such a clear and animating view of heaven and even of the resurrection of the body, as to exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, and mine eyes shall behold Him, though my reins be consumed within me?" How, I ask, could these men have such views of these grand and glorious truths of the future life? I ask, Did they not know of Enoch's translation? And was not that great fact both an evidence and an illustration of the doctrine? Moses knew as much as they, and his faith, like theirs, pierced the veil of time and looked into eternity, and saw the rewards of the blessed in the presence of God. Moreover, faith, vigorously exercised, is often rewarded by special visions, in which the mind becomes so enlightened and strengthened as to have a more piercing view into the grand mysteries of the kingdom of God. Thus it was with Moses; his faith was thus rewarded with a clearer, brighter, keener, and more animating vision of the deep things of God.

Young men! here is an example for you. Like Moses, scorn the pretensions of a vain philosophy that would be wiser than God. After the lapse of three thousand years, science is confirming his chronology and his facts. Spurn, also, the blandishments of a deceitful world, that would dethrone truth and God from your hearts.

Suffering Christians! here is an example for you. Look forward to your glorious inheritance, and bear the hallowed cross in hope of an eternal reward. What are your sufferings? momentary; your reward—eternal! your sufferings—light; your reward—a weight of glory, an exceeding weight, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

It is somewhat remarkable that, while a knowledge of the ancient myths of Greece and Rome is almost universal, an acquaintance with the noble legendary history of our own race is so infrequent and imperfect. Every school-boy is familiar with the adventures of Jason and the Argonauts, of Agamemnon and Achilles, has followed the wanderings of "much-planning Ulysses" and of pious Æneas, and knows by heart the story of the wolf-reared cubs of Rome. Yet comparatively few, even of educated persons, are acquainted with the stirring tales of chivalry recorded in the English tongue by the ancient chroniclers, or have any but the most meagre knowledge of the goodly company of Christian knights at Arthur's Court, whose deeds of valour filled all Christendom with their renown. The publishing of Tennyson's beautiful "Idyls of the King" attracted popular attention to this subject, the interest in which has been revived by the appearance of "The Holy Grail" and other Arthurian poems.

This legendary lore is not only of great interest in itself, but is also an unexhausted treasury of the finest poetical material, and has exercised a striking and important influence on English literature. From it Spenser derived many of the finest features of his wondrous tale of faery; Milton designed making the Arthurian legend the subject of a great national epic; Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, and Sir E. B. Lytton have constructed noble poems on this fruitful theme. It is the basis of Lowell's beautiful "Vision of Sir Launfal," and of several fine poems by Owen Meredith, William Morris, and other recent writers. Nor is the mine whence these have dug such golden nuggets yet exhausted. This legendary literature is very voluminous. I have before me Southey's edition of "Le Morte d'Arthur," reprinted from the Caxton black-letter copy of 1485. It fills two goodly quarto volumes of about five hundred pages each, and contains only a small part of the original material—the interminable chivalrous romances from which it is compiled.

The Arthurian Cycle, as it has been called, has been compared to the classic myths of the labours of Hercules, and the marvellous achievements of the old Homeric heroes. The resemblance, however, is but casual and slight, and the difference of underlying principle is world-wide. A far loftier ethical tone pervades the chivalric romance than that of the classic mythology. The influence of Christian thought elevates it to an entirely different sphere of morality. The worship of ideal purity in the person of the Virgin-mother, the enthusiastic championship of oppressed virtue and innocence, the gentle ruth and chivalrous courtesy of the Christian knight, attest the nobler inspiration of his acts. Even when, by the glamour of Satan or the spell of an enchantress, he falls into sin, the keenness of his remorse, and the ceaseless upbraidings of conscience till his soul be assailed from guilt, assert the superiority of his moral standard to the loftiest conceptions of the classic muse.

The intense realism of the Northern mind gave to its religious views an objective character, which to the more subjective theological opinion of modern times often appears grossly materialistic. The weird mythology of the gray old North received from the savage scenery and rugged mountains, from the desolate fiords and swirling maelstroms, amidst which it was cradled, a sombre and mystic character. Its gods were the incarnation of savage force, and it rendered supreme homage to superhuman strength and bravery. Of this character has its romance—its sagas and its runes—partaken; and even when transferred by the migrations of the Northern nations to the more genial climes of Provence and Bretagne, or to the hills and valleys of Cambria, its legends continued to express their admiration of hardy virtue and romantic valour in man, and of stainless purity and constancy in woman. When to these native qualities was added the influence of Christian ideas, these virtues became idealized and refined beyond our ordinary conceptions of the possibilities of a barbarous age.

With the religious feelings of the Middle Ages was mixed much of mere human emotion. Christ was regarded as a mystical heavenly Spouse, and the Blessed Virgin as a sort of spiritual Bride, absolute fidelity to whom required the abnegation

of all earthly ties. Hence the extravagant praise of celibacy and the prevalence during those so-called Ages of Faith of the monastic and conventual orders. Tennyson finely expresses this sentiment in his poem of "Sir Galahad":

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall!
 For them I battle to the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More beautiful aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill:
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

The British legend bears a much closer resemblance to the fabliaux and romances of Charlemagne, and of the peers and paladins of France, than to the classic mythology. Some have even asserted that the story of Arthur is only another version of the history of the great Cæsar of the West, and that the British prince was a purely mythical personage. But there wants not abundant evidence in the legend, in local allusions and ancient traditions, of the veritable existence of that "flower of kings" in the region of sober fact, as well as in the realm of romance and poesy. The greater prominence of Charlemagne as the champion of Christendom in the conflict with the Saracen, and his more happy fortune in finding such a poet as Ariosto to embalm his illustrious deeds in immortal verse, may explain the clearer identification of his person among the mythic heroes of romance than that of the patriot prince of the ultimate dim Thule of the West. This Arthur, according to the ancient romance, was one of the nine great heroes of the world, the others being Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Maccabeus; Charlemagne and Godfrey de Bouillon. He kept high court at Camelot, and feasted daily at his great Round Table

A glorious company, the flower of men,
 To serve as model for the mighty world.

His magic sword, Excalibur, became the property, we are assured,

of England's lion-hearted king, Richard I., who bequeathed it to Tancred, king of Sicily. His body rests at holy Glastonbury, or, according to the legend, "was borne in a mystic barge to the island valley of Avilion, whence in the hour of his country's need he shall come again, and win the holy cross." For his marvellous exploits he has taken his place, like the old demi-gods, in the firmament, and his name is perpetuated in

The seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round,

or, as they are called in Shakespeare, "Arthur's Wain," and by us the "Great Bear."

He dwelt in the mystic border-land between reality and faery, and seems allied to both. The stately figures of the old romance stalk before us in the shadowy eld—the dim gray dawn of history—like the unsubstantial ghosts of Ossian's vision, or like the spectres summoned by the necromantic art of some potent Eastern magician.

The favourite exploit of the knights of the Round Table was the quest for the Holy Grail, the story of which illustrates in a striking manner the moral and religious sentiment of the times. The Holy Grail, or San Greal, as it was also called, was originally (so runs the legend) the marvellous cup wherewith Pharaoh used to divine—the cup that Joseph put into the mouth of Benjamin's sack. It became also, by what process of transmission we are not informed, the property of King Solomon. It was by gazing into this mystical cup that he became endowed with that profound wisdom which was his distinguishing attribute. In course of time this sacred vessel came into possession of our Blessed Lord, and, it was said, was the very cup out of which he partook of the Last Supper; and thence it derived its name, San Greal, *i. e.* *sanguis realis*—the real blood. This mysterious chalice was next inherited by Joseph of Arimathea, who, according to medieval legend, colonized the country of Wales, and carried thither the Holy Grail.

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
 Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
 This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
 After the day of darkness, when the dead
 Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,

Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
 To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
 Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
 And there a while it bode ; and if a man
 Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
 By faith, of all his ills ; but then the times
 Grew to such evil that the ho y cup
 Was caught away to Heaven and disappear'd.

For this hallowed vessel could be retained in the possession of those only who lived pure and holy lives, and was thus at once the test and the reward of virtue.

Its reappearance on earth is thus described by the nun in Ten-nyson's poem :

Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail :
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
 Blown . . . and the slender sound
 As from a distance beyond distance grew
 Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,
 Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
 Was like that music as it came ; and then
 Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,
 And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
 Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
 With rosy colours leaping on the wall :
 And then the music faded, and the Grail
 Passed, and the beam decay'd, and from the walls
 The rosy quiverings died into the night.
 So now the Holy Thing is here again
 Among us. Brother, fast thou too and pray,
 And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,
 That so perchance the vision may be seen
 By thee and those, and all the world be heal'd.

In the old legend its apparition at King Arthur's court is narrated in this wise :

“As they were all together a sunbeam entered clearer by seven times than they ever saw day, and all they were illumined by the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold the other fairer than ever they saw before. Then no man spake a word for a great while. Then entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite ; but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. Then was all the hall filled with

goodly odours, and the holy vessel suddenly departed, and they knew not whither it went."

Tennyson's beautiful paraphrase of this passage will be at once recalled.

It was thenceforth the sacred duty of each knight to seek through all lands for the Holy Grail, and to ride for at least a twelvemonth and a day on the solemn quest; but only those could hope to win it whose lives were spotless and pure. So Sir Lancelot, though for knightly *devoir*, for valour, and for courtesy the perfect flower of Christian chivalry, yet for "the great and guilty love he bore the queen," was unworthy of this lofty guerdon. Only Sir Galahad, of all King Arthur's knights, had grace to see the Holy Grail. His quest is thus described in one of Tennyson's earlier poems:

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here:—
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

In mystic armour clad, and bearing "Arimathæan Joseph's" invulnerable shield, he fights the seven deadly sins, resists the most terrible temptations, and overcomes all his foes, both ghostly and bodily. At length, in answer to his fervent prayers, Christ appears, bleeding yet glorified, bearing in his hands the Holy Grail. A mystical light, like that of Tabor, envelops the prostrate knight, divine odours regale his senses, heavenly music is heard, and he receives with awe the sacred vessel in his hands. He trembles with holy ecstasy, and dies, like Moses, of the kisses of God's lips, and is taken up bodily to heaven.

Very beautiful, and of deep spiritual significance is this pious legend, existing in an age of rapine and of blood. It seems to have been a personification of religious faith; and its influence on a rude and barbarous community must have been most salutary. Doubtless many a stern old knight was moved to tender ruth and gentleness by its sweet and solemn spell, and many a sad recluse was thrilled with holy joy by its beatific vision.

The Holy Grail is now deposited, it is said, in the Cathedral of Genoa; but more truthfully, according to Professor Lowell's beautiful interpretation of the olden myth, whoso gives a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord Jesus, finds thereby the Holy Grail.

He parted in twain his single crust
 And gave the leper to eat and drink;
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.
 The leper no longer crouched by his side,
 But stood before him glorified,
 And a voice that was calmer than silence said,
 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes without avail
 Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
 Behold it is here—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,
 This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need."*

A prominent characteristic of the chivalric legend is its absurd extravagance of action and exaggeration of sentiment, and its strange blending of love and religion. The adventures of the knights outrage, with the naivete of a fairy tale, all the possibilities of fact. These ancient warriors were of such astonishing prowess and such dauntless valour—the difficulties they met were so portentous—the giants they fought were so terrific, and dwelt in forests of such supernatural gloom, or in castles of such baleful enchantment—their magic armour was of such unearthly proof, and their swords of such ethereal temper—the ladies were

* The Vision of Sir Launfal.

of such wondrous loveliness, yet of such rigorous austerity—and the magicians weave such potent spells, that we feel ourselves treading the unsubstantial ground of fantasy, and breathing its enchanted air. Yet there are wonderfully realistic passages as well. The tilt and tourney, the battle and banquet, the hunt with horn and hound, with kestrel and falcon, are described with marvellous vigour and fidelity.

Concerning the general characteristics of this romantic literature, Addison, in his pleasant vein of badinage, remarks: "In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and to avoid scandal must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man till some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert before her virgin heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks everything he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after seven years' rambling returns to his mistress, whose chastity has been attacked in the meantime by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour."

Those tales were great favourites with our medieval ancestors, who found in them a relief from the tedium of the intervals of the chase, and war, or its mimic counterpart, the tournament. They beguiled many a long winter's evening, as knight and page, fair ladye and sweet damozel, gathered round the blazing fire in oaken hall, in the merry Yule-tide,

While without the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

Their narration would cultivate high thoughts of gentle courtesy, and inspire an enthusiastic love for noble deeds, and a scorn of wrong and hate of all that was low or mean. The old romance was not so easily exhausted as the modern sensation story, with its breathless plot and headlong incident, with its mystery and its horrors, but held its stately course through perhaps a thou-

sand quarto pages. To its simple auditors the marvellous achievements of its heroes seemed no whit less probable than to the readers of to-day the events of modern story. The belief in magic, in the power of gems and talismans, in the wondrous properties of holy wells, of relics, charms, and sacred spells, brought the strangest events within the range of probability. The astonishing travellers' tales of Sir John Mandeville, and of the wandering pilgrims and palmers returned from that mysterious wonder-land—the East—made the accounts of dwarfs and giants,

Of antres vast and deserts idle,
Of Cannibals that do each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,

seem quite commonplace.

Throughout the entire legend personal purity, knightly honour, and religious faith are set forth as the attributes of truest chivalry, and the essentials for deeds of mightiest emprise. The following noble words, which Tennyson has put in the mouth of Arthur, faithfully represent the ideal character of knighthood as portrayed in the old romance :

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her ; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

But the fair design of Arthur in the institution of this order of knighthood was doomed to disappointment. Like every great reformer, he was destined to see his lofty ideal marred and defaced by the faults and follies of others. Like the close of some

dark and dreadful tragedy, like the fall of the direful and inexorable fate that overhung the house of Atreus, are the last scenes in the history of King Arthur's court. The golden circlet of brave knights is broken and scattered by this phantom quest. Queen Guenevere, the flower of love and pearl of beauty, for her deadly sin with Lancelot—most trusted of her husband's friends—falls from her lofty place, like the sun from the sky at mid-day, and brings a dire eclipse on all the land. False, recreant knights forget their solemn vows of chastity and honour, and call down, like an avenging deity or awful Nemesis, a fearful retribution on themselves, a curse upon their country. The revolt of Mordred, the intestine wars that convulse the land, the ruin of the kingdom, and the death of Arthur and the queen in swift succession follow.

The garrulous chronicler in "Le Morte d'Arthur," makes Lancelot, as he stands beside the graves of the king and queen, thus moralize, in tautologic phrase, on the ruin he himself had wrought :

"When I remember and call to mind her beauty, bounty, and nobleness, that was as well with her king, my Lord Arthur, as with her; and also when I see the corpses of that noble king and noble queen so lie together in that cold grave made of earth that sometime were so highly set in most honourable places, truly mine heart would not serve me to sustain my wretched body. Also when I remember how by my default, my orguility, and my pride that they were both laid full low, wot ye well that this remembrance of their kindness and of my unkindness sank and impressed so into my heart that all my natural strength failed me, so that I might not sustain my life."

In solemn valediction the pious chronicler exclaims :

"O ye mighty and pompous lords, shining in the transitory glory of this unstable life; ye also, ye fierce and mighty chevaliers, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, also his noble queen, Guenevere, that sometime sat in her chair of state, adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure fosse, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Lancelot, peerless of knight hood, see

how now he lieth groveling in the cold mould, now being so feeble and faint that sometime was so terrible, now in what manner ought ye to be so desirous of the mundane honour that is so dangerous?"

THE LAUREL.

BY PROF. DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

"God be with thee," I did say,
 But he gently answered, "Rather
 I would be with God my Father;
 Bleakly dawns earth's brightest day,
 Oh, I long to win my manumission, and to be away.

"From this earth to be away,
 How my weary spirit panteth!
 Fleshly tenure spirit daunteth;
 Soul to dust doth answer, nay!
 Oh, to be unclothed from this clammy robe of clay!"

"But thy battle field's before thee,
 Thou art only yet in training;
 Armèd now go forth for gaining
 In some fair field victory;
 Laurels thou shalt win and wear triumphantly!"

On the wreath he turned to gaze;
 Passed a finger o'er each leaf,
 Then said "Its losing costs small grief;
 The amaranth, methinks, its worth outweighs;
 It feeleth me but cold, this earthly meed of praise!"

"Besides, it seemeth me scarce meet,
 Each soldier wrangling for some crown;
 Sufficeth it, one Captain of renown,
 Treading our foemen beneath conquering feet,
 Hath won for us the wreath, and for ourselves doth wait."

JUDSON AND HIS HELPERS.*

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

As in a calm summer evening, with the cloudless heavens in view, there will be here and there a star or a constellation upon which we gaze with peculiar delight, so, among the precious names spread before us in religious biography, there are some over which we linger with deeper and tenderer interest than over others. Such are the names of Judson and the three gentle and gifted women who shared his labours on earth, and now share his reward in heaven—names, around which cluster almost more that is tender and heroic, self-sacrificing and devoted, than around any other group of names found in the records of modern Christianity.

Judson's was a youth of no mean promise. Graduated with distinction before he had reached the age of twenty, he was fitted by his clear intellect, his high culture, and winning address, to make his mark either for good or evil upon his country and the age. Self-willed, resolute, and impatient of restraint, quick in forming opinions and energetic in enforcing them, he was a young man from whom much was to be hoped, and almost more to be feared. Such was he, when, shortly after completing his college studies, in the presence of his stern Puritan father and his gentle Christian mother, he could stand boldly up, and avow himself a freethinker—a Deist. What wonder that such a disclosure met, on the part of his father, "the severity natural to a masculine mind that had never doubted;" or that his mother wept, and prayed, and expostulated! But they could not see that God was leading their son through all these mazes, possibly to fit him, in after years, the more successfully to meet and overturn those same infidel theories when they should be thrust upon him by the acute and skeptical Burman. Proudly confronted with his father, young Judson could meet argument with argument; but to the tears and warnings of his mother he had nothing to oppose; and when, at last, by a most singular providence, he was brought to

* A Missionary of the Apostolic School. By Horatius Bonar. London: James Nisbet & Co. A Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D. By Francis Wayland. Boston: Philips, Sampson, & Co.

see the fallacy of his infidel reasonings, and bow a meek disciple at the feet of Jesus, he could then acknowledge that *they* had followed him wherever he went.

Judson was converted to God when in his twenty-first year, and from that time the great revolution in his life and aims was thorough and complete;—thenceforth for him to live was Christ—was labour; and the world, particularly the heathen world, was his field. Dreams of literary and political ambition faded from his mind, and to plant the cross of Jesus upon the dark shores of heathenism became the great aim of his life—the one all-absorbing purpose which made his whole after career so glorious. A little more than a year after Judson professed religion, he received the degree of Master of Arts from Brown University, and the same month completed his course of education at the Theological Seminary at Andover. Shortly before this, and when his plans for Missionary work were being matured, he first met Ann Hasseltine, afterwards his wife, and the sharer with him of dangers and sufferings such as few have been permitted to endure for Christ's sake. To this beautiful and gifted lady belongs the high honour of being the first American woman who resolved to become a missionary to the heathen in foreign lands. Yet it was no easy matter to make this resolve. No woman had as yet left the American shores on such a mission;—in the face of weighty discouragements, and with only a few to advise in favour of her going, the decision must be made; and, after long and earnest prayer and heart-searching, it was made—how wisely and how well, results have shown. Following her faith-illuminated path, scores of self-sacrificing women have since gone forth on the same great mission—to toil, to die, and to be buried in the dark lands of idolatry.

On the 6th of February, 1812, Mr. Judson and Miss Hasseltine were married, on the following day he was ordained, and on the 19th of the same month they set sail, under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in connection with the Congregational Church. During their passage, Mr. and Mrs. Judson experienced a change of views in reference to baptism, which led to their separation from their Congregational brethren, and ultimately to their connection with the Baptists, and

to the formation of the American Baptist Union, under whose direction this "apostolic missionary," Judson, ever afterwards laboured.

Mr. Judson for some time contemplated a mission to one of the Eastern Islands; but by a series of peculiar providences he was, almost against his will, directed to Rangoon, a seaport of Burmah, the land of his future labours, sufferings, and success. In this dark land, where as yet not a single native had embraced the religion of Jesus, these two began their work—and what a work!—a difficult language to acquire, no interpreter, no dictionary, no books, except a very imperfect grammar, and a scarcely less imperfect translation of the Gospel of Matthew, made by those who had previously attempted the establishment of a mission at Rangoon. Yet, with all these difficulties to overcome, by the end of four years he had succeeded so well that a Burmese Governor, who had received one of his books, utterly refused to credit its having been written by a foreigner so short a time in the country. But with all his yearning over the perishing heathen, it was almost four years ere a single native inquirer presented himself before the toiling missionary,—about two years more before one was converted to Christ,—at the end of seven years only ten Burmese converts had received baptism.

But changes were approaching. The impaired health of Mrs. Judson made it advisable for her to leave the country for a time. She accordingly spent the next two and a half years in England and America, enjoying a brief, bright season of home-comfort and Christian fellowship, the last that should gladden her heart until it should find its perfect rest in Heaven. Immediately after her return to Burmah she accompanied her husband to their new home in Ava, where, for a few weeks, they were allowed peacefully to prosecute their labours, and then the storm, which had for some time been gathering, broke forth. War, with all its horrors, burst upon them; and, for a time, threatened to blot out the infant mission, and sweep its "teachers" from the earth. Imprisonment, spoliation and sickness followed each other in swift succession. For more than a year and a half Mrs. Judson, who was mercifully allowed her liberty, moved like an angel of mercy among fiendish, stony-hearted heathens, pleading for her

manacled husband and his fellow-prisoners, hovering about their dungeon, bearing them such comforts as she could procure, averting their doom of death, mitigating their tortures, and bringing hope when hope was ready to fail; and, though often herself prostrated by sickness, still rallying, and gathering up her strength for fresh efforts, until at length British arms triumphed, and the missionaries were once more free.

But alas! the feet that had rested not during those terrible months had almost reached their goal; and half-a-year after the close of the war the heroic wife, the tender mother, and devoted missionary entered into rest. A few months after, her infant daughter was laid beside her

“‘Neath the cool branches of the Hopia tree,”

and the stricken missionary was alone. But the strong arm of his Infinite Helper sustained him; and with bleeding yet submissive heart he turned from the graves of his loved ones to his arduous toil among the heathen.

A number of new missionaries were by this time in the field, inquirers were increasing, facilities for usefulness multiplying, and there was no time to rest. The work of translating the Scriptures went rapidly on; books, tracts, and portions of Scripture were printed; converts were added to the Church; and seven years after Mrs. Judson's death, the number of native Christians had increased to five hundred and sixteen, and the translation of the Scriptures into Burmese was completed. Not long afterwards Mr. Judson was married to Sarah Hall, widow of the Rev. G. D. Boardman, founder of the Karen Mission at Tavoy. This was an eminently happy marriage. Mrs. Boardman's long experience in missionary work, her piety, matured and devoted by the long discipline of sorrow, her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, eminently fitted her to be the wife of such a man as Judson.

From the time of his second marriage Dr. Judson's labours were severe and unremitting. To the care of a rapidly increasing family were added an extensive correspondence, the general care and supervision of the churches, attention to educational matters connected with the mission, frequent preaching, and, most important of all, the careful and thorough revision of his translation of

the Scriptures, finished in 1840. Of this great work one has said:—"We honour Wickliffe and Luther for their labours in their respective mother-tongues, but what meed of praise is due to Judson for a translation of the Bible, perfect as a literary work, in a language so foreign to him as the Burmese? The best judges pronounce it to be all that he aimed at making it; and also, what with him was never an object, an imperishable monument of his genius."

Twenty-seven years before, when Judson landed at Rangoon, and looked abroad over the spiritual desolation of that vast empire, the two great objects he placed before him were, the founding of a Church and the translating of the Scriptures. Now, both were accomplished; and yet, with unflagging zeal though impaired health, he could, without hesitation or pause, look eagerly around for fresh work to do for God. Nor was he long in finding it. Partially disabled from preaching by disease of the throat, which threatened his lungs, he began—what indeed he had been often urged to undertake, but had steadily refused—the preparation of a dictionary of the Burmese language. As might be supposed, in work so "unmissionary" he had very little pleasure; but God's purpose and man's choice are often widely at variance, and Judson, though shrinking from such uncongenial work, seems to have been the chosen instrument of God for its accomplishment.

But those labours were frequently interrupted. Sickness and death visited his family; then came a few years of comparative health and prosperity; but, at length, there came the utter prostration of Mrs. Judson's health; and her immediate return to America became imperative. On this voyage, destined to be her last, Dr. Judson accompanied her—not from choice, but because her great weakness made it a necessity. But the faint hope of her recovery entertained in the early part of the voyage, proved delusive; and Mrs. Judson breathed her last in the port of St. Helena, and was buried on that lone, rocky island. For a few days, in his lonely cabin, and surrounded by his weeping children, Dr. Judson abandoned himself to heart-breaking sorrow; but love to Christ and the great work before him soon lifted him above his grief, and enabled him to say:—"While her prostrate

form reposes on the rock of the ocean, and her sanctified spirit enjoys sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on all my appointed time until my change, too, shall come."

After an absence of thirty-four years, Dr. Judson again stood upon the soil of his native land, and exchanged greetings with dear friends and supporters of his mission never seen before. Of his own family, father, mother, brother, and all but one sister, had passed away; yet everywhere warm welcomes and enthusiastic ovations awaited him. But this enthusiasm oppressed, almost, amazed him; and weary of parade and adulation his heart went out longingly for Burmah and her perishing ones; and, after only nine months' stay, he turned away from it all, and sought again his far-off home among the heathen.

But he went not alone. Another woman as devoted and tender as her predecessors, and perhaps even more richly endowed with intellectual gifts, stood beside him. Widely known, admired, and almost idolized in literary circles, the young poetess flung aside the garlands of her fame, turned away from the gilded baits of fortune, and, placing her hand in that of the missionary of the Cross, set her face resolutely towards the dark shores of heathendom. Long years after, when, in the season of bitter bereavement, Mrs. Judson reviewed this great consecration, in her exquisite poem, "My Angel Guide," she could sing of it thus:—

" I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

" And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

" So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,—
My angel love and I,—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky;
Strange, my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!"

There were found plenty to criticise and to sneer, but the world has seen few instances of a more beautiful devotion, more lofty self-sacrifice, or more hallowed consecration. Her name is now a household word; and pleasant as was the ring of her well-known *nom de plume*, it is not as "Fanny Forrester" she will be known to future ages, but as Emily C. Judson, third of the gifted three whose sweet names are clustered around that of Judson, God's first missionary to Burmah.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained for a time after they reached Burmah at Maulmain, and then went to Rangoon, desiring ultimately to reach Ava, where Dr. Judson hoped yet to see the Gospel standard planted, and where he expected to obtain greater facilities for prosecuting his labours on the dictionary than could be found elsewhere. But their stay at Rangoon was unpleasant. Sickness, intolerance, and persecution rendered it almost insupportable; and finally, disappointed in the hope of reaching Ava, they returned to Maulmain. Two years of severe labour upon his dictionary—years of quiet, home-happiness, yet marred somewhat by his own failing health, and by anxiety for that of his wife, passed away. These were, in some respects, the happiest years of Dr. Judson's life. During this period the Burmese dictionary was brought almost to completion, of which he says:—"The work will make two volumes quarto, containing almost a thousand pages. None can tell what toil it has cost me; but I trust it will be a valuable and standard work for a long time. It sweetens all toil to be conscious we are doing it for the King of kings and Lord of lords."

But Judson's work was almost done. With a singular ripeness for glory, and with a soul still burning for usefulness on earth, the Master's call found him ready to go, yet more than willing to stay. The closing months of his life were rich in hallowed converse, beautifully illustrative of his humility, his tenderness of spirit, and his intense desire to do yet more in the Master's work, yet, withal, of his perfect submission to the will of God, and his meetness for the glory he was nearing. At length, after acute bodily suffering, he passed away without a struggle or groan, on board a French barque bound for the Mauritius, whither he had been sent in the faint hope of being benefited; and the next day

his body was committed to the deep, nine days after leaving Maulmain, and scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah.

Four months of agonizing suspense elapsed before Mrs. Judson received tidings of her crushing bereavement. What those four months of anguish cost her, we may feebly gather from her writings penned during that period. A few extracts from her poem entitled "Sweet Mother," the long, pitiful wail of a breaking heart, will convey to us all we need to know of the agony of that terrible suspense.

"The wild south-west monsoon has risen
On broad, grey wings of gloom,
While here from out my dreary prison
I look as from a tomb,—alas!
My heart, another tomb.

"Upon the low, thatched roof the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choicest treasures bear its stain,
Mould gathers on the walls,—would Heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

"Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain,—ah me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

"They bore him from me to the ship,
As bearers bear the dead;
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed,—alas,
It seemed a coffin bed!

"With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more,—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

"All fearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling,—O Christ,
To Thy dear Cross I cling!"

Mrs. Judson afterwards returned to the United States, where she lived to write several of her sweetest poems, among which is the one quoted from above, "My Angel Guide." The last two stanzas will be felt to possess peculiar interest in view of her great sorrow and her own approaching end.

"Again, down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown,—

"Yet firm of foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far ;
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star ;
For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar."

Mrs. Judson's labours for the completion of her husband's memoirs, her affectionate letters to Dr. Judson's children, her unwearied efforts to do everything needful for their education and support, added to an extensive and varied correspondence, filled up with almost superhuman labour the brief remnant of her life.

She died at home, surrounded by her loved ones, in her own favourite month of June, and one day previous to the anniversary of her marriage. Her hope of Heaven was unclouded, and she passed sweetly away to join the sainted ones, with whose cherished names her own will evermore be linked.

Woodstock, Ont.

JANUARY.

THEN came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nayles to wain them if he may ;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled the wood
And from the trees did lop the needless spray :
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

SPENCER—*Faerie Queene.*

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, M.A., LL.B.

FAR off to the north lies a region that seems to fascinate all who take heed to its existence. To its other attractions it adds that most potent of all, the spell of mystery. Its natural features are outlined on the largest scale. Mountain heights, rugged ravines, and beetling crags, contrast with its widespread wastes of snow. Cold, stern and implacable, it is in many parts awful in its beauty and overwhelming in its desolation. Battlements of ice jut boldly out from its lofty hills; tumultuous masses of ice fill up its frozen seas; rivers of ice,—“motionless torrents! silent cataracts!”—possess its winding valleys. Part of the year unceasing day sets forth its varied aspects; part of the year unceasing night conceals its charms. The heavens themselves possess a beauty all their own. Glancing and shimmering across the open vault, ray plays upon ray, and colour pursues colour, until, as nowhere else, “The heavens declare the glory of God.”

It is a region of silence and mystery. No sound breaks upon the stillness, save when the storm sweeps over its plains and wails amid its lofty crags, or when lofty bergs, like contending squadrons, crash with shattering force against each other, or when the heaving sea beats against the iron rocks and churns its floating fragments of ice.

It is a region of riddles and anomalies. No sphinx in the desert of forgotten civilizations could await with greater majesty the inquisition of men. In its deep recesses earth's magnetism sets up its throne. In its hands are the clues to problems that have long puzzled the scientific world. At its centre philosophy will yet establish its firmest seat and make some of its surest revelations.

It is a region that challenges the attention of men. It flings out its banners in the northern sky—auroral, purple, and red, and gold barred upon an azure field. It sends forth its heralds to other climes—“ships of state,” floating calmly into the open sea, with sails resplendent in rainbow tints, more royal than an Eastern embassy—mountains of ice sculptured into forms of chaste and

fantastic beauty bewildering as a poet's dream. Too often it invites only to betray, challenges only to destroy. For this abode of mystery guards well its treasured secrets. It hides and defends its approaches with barriers of ice that with difficulty open to the importunities of men. And even when open, fogs obscure the way, storms howl across the path, colliding hummocks threaten to crush in the vessel's side, gaunt famine revels in the hungry air, fierce cold hurl's its sharpest darts at the intruder, while scurvy, with death in every look, lurks amid the gloom. Grand amid all its terrors, it both challenges and defies.

"Wouldst thou
Learn the secret of this sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery."

This unknown region covers an area of upwards of two millions of square miles. It is estimated that from the time of the Cabots, at the end of the fifteenth century, to the present, there have been about one hundred and seventy expeditions to penetrate its mysteries; and their story has been published to the world in over three hundred books and printed documents. Up to the present century, however, it might be said that men's knowledge of all within the Arctic circle was a complete blank. Except in a few of the more approachable parts, all the discoveries between 70° and 80° north latitude have been made since the year 1818. Various nations have shared in the honour of exploring this belt of ten degrees. The record of their varied successes and disasters is one of the most memorable in the story of human daring and endurance. All to the north of 80° is still unknown, except where Parry, Scoresby, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Payer, Weyprecht and a few others, have slightly broken into its outer circumference.

The great impelling motive to such expeditions was at first, and for many years, the hope of finding another and perhaps shorter course to the commerce of China and India. Attempts to accomplish this were first made to the north of Europe and across the Polar Sea; but these having failed, men directed their efforts to the discovery of a north-west passage. Thenceforward the regions to the north of our continent became the scene of some of the world's grandest naval enterprises. In those earlier days the

immense breadth of North America at its northern limit was not known. It was supposed to terminate in a cape, after rounding which the navigator would find himself in a strait leading at once into the Pacific Ocean.

There is ample proof that long before the memorable voyage of Columbus in 1492, the Scandinavians had already found their way to North America. Indeed, Greenland was partially colonized by them in the year 985, and thence their discoveries extended down the coast from Labrador to Rhode Island. Soon after the re-discovery of America by Columbus, the Cabots, father and son, were sent out by Henry VIII, and explored from Labrador to Virginia; and it is tolerably certain that Sebastian Cabot sailed as far north as the straits, now called after Hudson and Davis. For many years no advantage was taken of the Cabot discoveries in the north. At length, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the question of the north-west passage was once more freely agitated. For fifteen years sturdy Martin Frobisher went from city to court soliciting from merchant and politician the means to undertake what he styled, "the only great thing left undone in the world." At length, in 1576, he was enabled to set sail with three vessels of thirty-five, thirty, and ten tons, respectively. They were like mere cockle-shells to withstand the storms and icy hummocks of the northern seas; but they reached what is now called Frobisher's Bay, in safety. On their return to England they brought with them some glittering stones, which were soon declared to be rich in gold. Fired by this report, a second party went forth; and returned with about two hundred tons of the tempting rubbish. Frobisher's fame was at its highest. It was not difficult for him to induce adventurers, crazy with the prospect of sudden wealth, to fit out a third expedition of fifteen vessels, with the object of establishing a gold-hunting colony on those desolate shores. As a matter of course, the enterprise ended in failure; and it having been found, in the meantime, that the yellow stones were utterly worthless, Frobisher could no longer interest the people in his Arctic El Dorado, and so betook himself to sunnier climes, in search of adventure.

Seven years afterwards some London merchants sent out John Davis with the "Sunshine" and "Moonshine," of fifty and thirty-

five tons, respectively, to search for the north-west passage. In his third voyage he managed to push forward on the west coast of Greenland as high as 70° north. His vessel being small and ill-conditioned, he was unable to advance farther, and so sailed to the west and south, and thus, on his homeward track, traced the opposite shores of the straits which bear his name.

In 1610 Henry Hudson, already celebrated for his voyages to the north and north-east, as also for a third trip in which he discovered the river to which he gave his name, at whose mouth was to rise the greatest city of America, set sail on his last voyage. The preparation was miserably inadequate for the greatness of the work. The vessel was of only fifty-five tons, was provisioned for only six months, and was manned by a crew utterly unworthy of their leader. He penetrated through the straits that bear his name, and then, in spite of the cowardice and opposition of his crew, coasted for three months along the shore of this magnificent northern sea. His mind was fired with the thought that already he was breasting the waters of the Pacific, and he pressed on, vainly hoping to reach a milder southern clime. Winter surprised them, without any stores laid in for its dreary months. For a time they obtained rich supplies of partridge, ducks, geese and swans, but these soon failed. When spring came they were glad to gather moss from the rocks and to catch frogs in the swamps for food. While pursuing their course the following summer, the dastardly crew broke out in mutiny, and putting Hudson, the carpenter, who nobly refused to desert him, and six invalids in an open boat, set them adrift. Nothing was afterwards ever heard of the cast-aways; and as for the deserters, they soon paid the penalty of their misdeeds. Some fell in a fight with the Esquimaux; others, after suffering terribly from famine, perished during the homeward voyage; and only a few reached England to tell the tale of their woes.

It is well that the great inland sea they discovered (600 miles wide by 850 miles in length) should bear the name of the brave, but ill-fated, Hudson. Other expeditions were afterwards sent out to trace this new path to India, but their efforts only determined the shape and size of the bay.

In 1616 Baffin made his noted voyage. Proceeding through

Davis' Straits he discovered and traced out Baffin's Bay, sister-sea to Hudson's, passing by in his course and naming Smith, Jones, and Lancaster Sounds, all of which have since become memorable in the annals of Arctic discovery. Baffin, however, expressed the conviction that this great sea afforded no opening into any ocean to the westward. For this reason the public spirit became for a long time alien to the work.

The Danish expedition under Jens Munk, in 1619, was remarkable chiefly for its terrible misfortunes. Wintering at the mouth of Chesterfield Inlet, which it was at one time thought might lead from Hudson's Bay to the western sea, the crew were smitten with that dreadful scourge of the north, the scurvy. Upon one occasion the commander was left for four days without food; and then crawling from his tent he found that of his fifty-two followers, only two were alive. Digging through the snow they found some herbs and grass, which revived them so that they could hunt and fish until their strength was fully restored. Then the three, fitting out one of their ships, reached their distant home in safety, after a stormy and perilous voyage.

It was not till 1631 that another expedition left England. In that year Fox explored to the east and west of Southampton Island at the northern extremity of Hudson's Bay; while James sailed to the south and became entangled in the bay that bears his name.

For upwards of 180 years (1631-1818) very little was done in the way of Arctic discovery. In the latter year began the series of explorations that have brought such lustre to this century and enriched our literature with some of its noblest records of human boldness and heroism. The knowledge of these northern waters was at that time very meagre. In a map attached to Barrington's work on the North Pole, published in 1818, and now lying before the writer, the entire coast line of the continent is left untraced from Icy Cape on the west (reached by Capt. Cook in his third voyage) to Hudson's Bay on the east, except two small spots at the mouth of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. Other parts are ludicrously distorted, as, for instance, to the west of Davis' Strait and parallel with it, is drawn a wide strait, called after Baffin, both opening in Baffin's Bay. That bay is

represented as having its larger diameter from east to west, while the coast of Greenland tends to the west and then to the south as though connected with the mainland. Amid such ignorance and confusion had the mariners, even of this century, to grope their way.

In the year 1818 two expeditions were fitted out, one under Buchan and Franklin, to go by way of Behring's Straits; the other under John Ross and Parry, to sail through Baffin's Straits. Both returned without having accomplished much. The following year Parry started again in the "Fury" and the "Griper" on what was to be one of the most successful of all voyages. Taking the northerly course through Baffin's Bay, they sailed west up Lancaster Sound, discovered, and passed through, Barrow Straits, explored Prince Regent Inlet to the south, discovered Wellington Channel to the north, and at last the captain announced to the delighted crew that having crossed 110° west longitude they were entitled to the prize of £5,000 offered by Order in Council. They continued the voyage somewhat farther, tracing out the south shore of Melville Island, until overtaken by winter. After a ten months' blockade, finding their course to the west still barred by the ice, they set sail for England, where they met with a most enthusiastic reception. They deserved it; for they had sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond any previous navigator, had discovered many new islands, bays, and channels; had established the fact of the existence of a Polar Sea north of America, and had shown the feasibility of spending a winter in those far-off regions without any very great peril to life.

At the same time Lieut. Franklin and Dr. Richardson were prosecuting, amid almost incredible hardships, the work of discovery in another part. Starting from Fort York, Hudson's Bay, Aug. 30, 1819, they travelled up the Saskatchewan and made their way 700 miles to Fort Cumberland, before settling down for the winter. The next winter found them 700 miles farther on their journey. During the summer months of 1821 they accomplished the remaining 334 miles to the mouth of the Coppermine River. Then embarking, in two canoes, they skirted the desolate coast to the east as far as Point Turnagain, 555 miles, when, their pro-

visions falling short, they were compelled to return. Their home journey was one of extreme danger and suffering. Several perished from hunger and exhaustion, while others managed barely to subsist on lichens, pieces of buffalo robe, bones of deer left by wolves, and occasionally a piece of old shoe to add spice to the repast.

In 1825 these heroes set out again to continue their survey. Sailing down Mackenzie River, Franklin traced the coast to the west, while Dr. Richardson did the same to the east. After a narrow escape from massacre by the Esquimaux, Franklin's party explored 374 miles, when he deemed it prudent to return, although had he gone 160 miles further he would have found, awaiting him at Point Barrows, the exploring party sent round through Behring's Straits under Capt. Beechy. Dr. Richardson had, in the meantime, surveyed to the east as far as the Coppermine River, thus connecting Franklin's two surveys. This was a voyage of about 500 miles, or 902 by the coast line.

In 1819 Commander James Ross sailed in the "Victory," and turning to the south, through Prince Regent Inlet, added about 300 miles to the map of the Northern regions. In a sledge journey the following spring, he, at great risk, discovered King William's Sound and King William's Land, to the west of Melville Peninsula, reaching the neighbourhood in which Sir John Franklin's expedition subsequently perished. He also planted the British flag on the site of the Magnetic Pole, the dipping needle assuming here an almost vertical position.

This voyage is also remarkable for its duration. During the next two years the "Victory" was beset by ice, in one year making a distance of only three miles, and in the other four miles. There being no prospect of extricating themselves, they determined to abandon her. So, on April 23rd, 1832, they set out, dragging their provisions and boats over a vast expanse of rugged ice. They had to encounter dreadful tempests of snow and drift, and were forced to make long detours to avoid impassable barriers. In this way they travelled 329 miles, and gained only thirty miles in a direct line, expending a month in the task. The next winter they spent at Fury Beach, where, nearly seven years before, Parry had abandoned the "Fury," and there they subsisted on her

abandoned stores. The next summer they betook themselves to the boats again, and after much labour to make their way through Barrow Straits, found refuge on board the whaler, "Isabella." "Unshaven, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts, starved to the very bones," they were received as men alive from the dead.

During Ross's five years' absence, an overland expedition had been sent out under Capt. Back, "that noble Paladin of Arctic research," to look for him. While in the wilds of America, Back heard of Capt. Ross's return, but determined to press forward for exploring purposes. Toiling through the desert northern wilds, he ran down the Great Fish River, (since named Back's River), then unexplored, till he reached the Polar Sea. He pushed on to the west as far as he could, but the obstacles proving insurmountable, he reluctantly turned back upon his course. The tale of the hardships and adventures of his party would fill a volume, and give a graphic view of the privations and perils endured by the few lingering remnants of Sir John Franklin's party in their vain struggles for life in these same parts at a later period.

1837-9 Messrs. Dease and Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, set out on an exploring expedition which was eminently successful. Descending the Mackenzie to the sea, they surveyed that portion of the coast left unexplored by Franklin to the west. In the second season, descending the Coppermine River, they traced the coast to the East 140 miles beyond Cape Turnagain, Franklin's farthest point in 1821. In a third season (1839) they mapped the whole coast to the east as far as the eastern arm of the sea which receives the waters of Back's River. Simpson, on his return, traced out 60 miles of the shore of King William's Land, and also a considerable part of the bold, lofty shores of Victoria Land. These two explorers, though not often mentioned, deserve to be ranked high among the heroes of the north.

There now remained only one link to complete the full survey of the northern coast of the continent, and that link was partly supplied by Dr. Rae in 1846-7. In his expedition to Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay, by way of Repulse Bay, he traced the shores between Melville and Boothia peninsulas. The remaining space of about 120 miles to the west of Boothia, was filled in on the

chart in 1869 by brave McClintock, in one of his sledge expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Thus the survey of the northern coast was completed. Many years had elapsed since the work was begun; much toil and hardship had been endured in its accomplishment; suffering, danger and death had been bravely dared; and, at length, human persistence triumphed over disasters, and conquered nature in her stronghold.

We now come to a time when these northern wilds were to be the scene of most intense interest and most active investigation. In 1845 there sailed, never to return, an expedition which was to be the source of more thrilling sympathy and active enthusiasm than any of modern times. Its commander was the veteran Franklin, then in his sixtieth year. His vessels, the "Erebus" and "Terror," were of the staunchest kind; his crews were able and well-trained; and every provision that human foresight could devise for their safety and success was freely furnished. The last seen of them was in July, 1845, in Baffin's Bay. Not returning in 1847, as expected, expeditions were sent to search for them, and for years afterwards these efforts were kept up. If ever the nobility of England and America were made manifest, it was in these persevering efforts to discover traces of the long-lost voyagers. Eagerness and enthusiasm filled the minds of the people. Honour to the brave crews who forsook all, and endured hardship and danger to succour those whose fate was swallowed up in mystery! Honour, above all, to the noble-hearted woman, who devoted her life and resources, even after the certainty of her husband's death was known, to the rescue of his followers or to the discovery of some relic that would throw light upon their fate; and who desisted not from her efforts until death put its seal upon her untiring spirit! There is something very touching to the writer in the little map lying before him, which once belonged to Lady Franklin, and which in the colouring of the different seas provided with search parties, and in the memoranda in her handwriting, indicates the interest with which this devoted woman followed up the plan of research. It remains an affecting reminder of an undying love, a hope that triumphed over all difficulties, a faith that knew no surrender. Expeditions were sent out in three directions; by the west through Behring's

Straits; by the east through Baffin's Bay and Lancaster sound; and overland to search between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. Twelve vessels sailed in 1850, and others subsequently. Into the particulars of these various expeditions the scope of our article will not permit us to enter. It is only the discoveries they made that we may at present notice.

The northern shores of the Parry Islands were explored. Capt. Inglefield made valuable discoveries in Smith Sound, a channel which has ever since been a chief object of interest, being the most promising gateway to the North Pole. Kennedy and Bellot (chivalrous sons of France!) explored North Somerset and Prince of Wales Islands. McClintock determined the most northerly point of the continent, and, as we have seen, explored to some extent King William's Land, the region of Franklin's death. The most interesting event, however, in the way of exploration was the accomplishment of the north-west passage by McClure. Sailing in the "Investigator" in 1850 through Behring's Straits, he boldly plunged into the depths of the unknown sea. He reached the southern shore of Bank's Land, discovered and sailed up Prince of Wales Strait until checked by the ice. The following summer, his way being still blocked up, he returned, sailed to the west of Bank's Land, rounded its northern shore, and pushed on until frozen in at Mercy Bay. Here he remained for two winters, not many miles from the spot reached by Parry in his memorable voyage from the east in 1819, and not many miles from the spot where, in the second winter, Sir. E. Belcher's expedition from the east was looking for him. Abandoning his vessel to its fate, McClure found refuge with those who had heard of his proximity and were anxiously awaiting his coming. Thence he made his way homeward, the first to pass completely round the north of the continent.

No less important still was the voyage made by his companion, Capt. Collinson, who coasted along the shore of the mainland far to the east through Dease's Straits to Cambridge Bay at the south-east of Victoria Land. Here he was not far from where traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition might have been found, but unfortunately he was not at the time aware of it. Had his fuel not been nearly exhausted, he possibly might have carried

his vessel through in another year, and returned to England by Baffin's Bay. There is no doubt that this is the most practicable channel yet discovered; and now that the way has been mapped out, its terrors have largely disappeared. It was this passage that Sir John Franklin was making for, and it is possible that had he sailed to the east of King William's Land instead of to the west, where the ice is found to lodge, his party would have found open water and sailed in triumph to the Pacific. As it was, they may truly be said to have been the first to discover the north-west passage. In the expressive words on the monument to their memory in Waterloo Place, London, "They forged the last link with their lives." It was this passage the "Pandora" attempted during the last summer, but only to find the way still blocked up. As, however, the ice was in motion from the South it is very likely that had it been earlier in the season, she would have been able to force her way through.

So the reluctant north has been forced to give up one of its cherished secrets. The question whether or not it is a sufficient compensation for the lives and resources expended in the conflict we may not now consider. It is not without its answer, even when that answer has to be given to one whose only estimate of advantage must be expressed in dollars and cents. The profits derived from having new whaling grounds opened up would far more than cover the amount expended upon these expeditions. We dwell not upon this; nor upon the accumulated stores of scientific knowledge that have added in many ways to the wealth of the nation and have been instrumental in saving far more human lives than have been lost in these northern seas. There have been nobler gains than these. Is it nothing to have had such examples of heroism and devotion to duty presented to us? Is it no gain to a nation to have its sons enrolled among the great men of the earth, and to have the national heart stirred by pure and lofty motives? Are we not happier and better to be lifted out of a selfish and mercenary spirit by lives that are full of bravery and self-sacrifice? There can be but one reply. It is worth "thousands of gold and silver" to keep alive principles of honour, and devotion to duty, and boldness in the face of danger, and perseverance—call it pluck if you will—in the midst of hardships

and difficulties, and above all, the spirit of self-reliance and humble trust in God. When Britons cease to brave peril for the welfare of others, when they flee from danger rather than encounter death, the time of Britain's degeneracy shall have come. The heroes we have named, have not risked their all in vain. Their deeds are written largely in the record of the victories of peace, and their lives will continue to thrill and stimulate until the Divine behest to subdue the earth has been fulfilled by man.

GALT, Ont.

B O O K S .

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

‘ If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches
 “and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote
 “regions in the participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be
 “magnified, which, as ships, pass through vast seas of time, and make ages so
 “distant participate in the wisdom, illumination, and inventions, the one
 “of the other.”—BACON;—*Instauratio Scientiarum*.

As richly-freighted ships sail o'er the seas,
 Bearing the products of remotest lands,
 And link by strongest ties most distant strands,
 In spite of stormy waves and blustering breeze ;
 So sail wise books across the deeps of Time,
 Freight with precious pearls of human thought—
 Such priceless treasure riches never bought,—
 The garnered wealth of ancient lore sublime.
 Many, alas, have sunk beneath the deep,
 Dark waters of oblivion ; but some
 Their treasures on the Present's strand do heap :
 Across the boisterous centuries they come
 Upon the swell and dash of troubled ages,
 And bless the world with wisdom from their pages.

THE SWEEP'S STORY.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

UNLESS you are selfish enough to feel your own comfort heightened by others' suffering, it is like a draught of icy wind rushing into the warm bed to be awake at five o'clock on a winter's morning by a ponderous single knock, followed by a hoarsely shrill shout of "swee-weep." The stars shine with a cold, steel-like brilliance between the snow-furred chimney-pots over the way. You hear the black familiar in waiting tramping up and down on the ice-glazed, snow-caked pavement, coughing, clapping his hands on his breast, blowing on his fingers, and ever and anon repeating his knock and cry to hurry the sleepy, miserable maiden who has to let him in. She huddles on her clothes, a blink of candle-light glances into your bedroom as she slips past on her way to the drear, chill under-regions. The sound of the undoing of a door is heard, and presently a rumbling in the chimney; and listening, you wonder, just before you drop off to sleep again, which feels the more wretched—the working sweep, or the watching servant.

It chanced one winter morning that the maiden commissioned to let the sweep into my humble establishment proved deaf to knockings and shouts, and my staff of servants being as modest as my house, there was no fellow-servant to rouse her. Accordingly I had to go down to let the man in. Kicking the snow off his boots, he clumped up the steps, when I opened the door.

"Hoverslep' yourself, eh, Mary?" he said in a cheery tone, as he came in. "I don't wonder at it. I should ha' liked to sleep a bit longer such a mornin' as this. Law, sir, I beg your pardon, I'd no notion it was you. You'll ketch your death o' cold standin' shiverin' there without your stockings. You go up to bed agin. I'll bang the door arter me when I've done. I shan't steal nothin'," he added with a smile. "I see you every Sunday at church, sir; but I've got a cleaner face then than I have now."

There was such an honest ring in the old man's voice, that even if I had possessed anything within his reach worth stealing.

I should have trusted him. I was glad enough to jump into my warm bed again, but as I did so, I felt ashamed of myself. A younger man somehow feels *little* when he sees an old man cheerfully doing work and bearing hardships—whatever they may be—that he would shrink from. And besides that, I felt ashamed that the sweep should know me well as his clergyman, whilst I knew nothing of him as a parishioner beyond what his red-tape-bound card hung-up in the kitchen told me. From that I had learnt that he beat carpets as well as swept chimneys, and in both capacities, I believed, my maiden had employed him to her satisfaction; but I had never thought of the chimney-sweeper and carpet-beater as a fellow Christian, and large as was the parish in which I then laboured, I felt that I could not excuse myself. He had been often in my house, he came regularly to church; and yet, until I happened to have to let him into my house, I had taken as much or as little human interest in his brush as I had in its wielder.

After this I soon made his acquaintance. His little house certainly was not free from the stifling scent of soot, but his wife who let me in, the little passage into which I stepped, and the little parlour into which I was shown, were all startlingly clean. There being no fire in the prim little parlour, I asked leave to sit in the kitchen; and that, too, though a good deal more comfortable, was almost as clean.

"Sam'l will be in directly, sir, he's cleanin' hisself. An' p'r'aps you'll be so good as to hexcuse me, sir, I was jest a-goin' out when you knocked." I'll tell Sam'l to 'urry hisself." So spake the sweep's wife as she left the room, and presently "Sam'l" entered in decent clean clothes, and with a face that shone from yellow soap and friction, although a fringe of black cloud still lingered, so to speak, on its horizon.

"Your house is very different, Mr. Craske, from what I had fancied," I said with a laugh. "I had got a notion that I should be ankle-deep in soot."

"You'd be a good bit over that, sir, if you was to step across into the outhouse, but I like to have my own place tidy, and so does my old woman. It ain't that I was brought up to such ways, for a sut-bag was the only bed I had when I was 'prentice.

There's sweep's houses still, too, where you might find a lot o' sut hinside—whole nests of sweeps and sweeps' women that scarce give theirselves a wash from year's hend to year's hend. There they huddles together and squabbles together, jest likè pigs aboard a Hírish packet, till the walls is as black as the chimbley."

"How do *you* manage to keep your place so clean?"

"Well, you see, sir, I've got a side-way to my backyard, and that's a 'elp. And then I've got a good wife, instid o' keepin' a drunken woman, an' gettin' drunk along wi' her, an' pitchin' into her, and her pitchin' into me. We respect each other, and that 'elps us to respect ourselves. And we've both got right notions, I 'ope, about things in your line, sir, and that's another 'elp. Cleanliness is next to godliness, they say, but in my way o' life it's the t'other way, I think. It wasn't till I took a serious turn that I cared about cleanin' myself. Of a Saturday night I takes a warm bath over there in Vitechap'l, and I takes my Sunday things with me, and when I've got my clean shirt on, I feels as if Sunday was begun."

"You don't look much like a chimney-sweep *now*, Mr. Craske."

"Oh, I allus gives myself a good sluice every night when my work is done, and changes my clothes. But that ain't like Saturday's wash. I enjoy my meals twice as much a-Sundays as other days. If I could manage it, I'd put off my grubbin' till I'd cleaned myself at night, but I'm too sharp-set for that."

"And how do you spend your evenings?"

"Oh, my old gal's good company. We talks, and I spell her a bit out o' the paper, and reads her a chapter, or a good book, and so on. And then——"

Mr. Craske stopped suddenly.

"Well, Mr Craske, and then?"

"Why, you see, sir, I don't like to talk as if I was braggin', but I'm a bit of a public character of an evenin'," he answered with a grin.

"In what way?"

"Why, you see, sir, I'm a Total Abstainer, and so's my old gal. Not that I'd want her to be, if she didn't like it, for she never took enough to 'urt her, but I used to be an hawful lushington. There's lots of sweeps is still, and a missionary that goes about

amongst 'em, and is a teetotaller hisself, says to me one day, 'I can't do anythin' with them—they won't listen to me, or if they do, it's only to chaff me afterwards; but if *you* were to speak to 'em, Craske, p'r'aps they might mind you more. You know what a good thing Total Abstinence has been to you,' says he, 'and it's your duty to try to make your fellow-tradesmen see the benefit of it.' Well, sir, he borrered a room, and he got me to let him give out amongst 'em that a sweep was goin' to talk to sweeps in it. 'A Talk with Sweeps *by* a Sweep' was what he put on the little bills he got printed. A lot of 'em came for the fun of the thing, and rare game they made of me at first, for I was wery shame-faced at startin'. But I got my pluck an' my voice as I went on, and before I'd finished they was quiet enough, and most of 'em looked friendly when I'd done. Some of 'em came up to thank me, and I'd another talk with *them*. Since then, when I've time, I've gone about of an evenin' among 'em, trying to git 'em to give up their lushing and save their money, and live decenter, and remember there's a world where there's no sut, and another place where there must be a dreadful lot on it; 'an' *that* chimbley never gits swep,' I says to them, 'becos they never lets the fire out there.' Some of 'em cuts up rough, and offers to fight me for a pot, an' the women is offen wery himpident, poor creaturs. I can't say I've done much good, but I've done some, thank God. It seems presumsheous in the likes of me settin' up for a sort o' parson, but it worn't my own thought at startin', and now you see, sir—knowin' the ways of the trade and so on—I've found out that I can git along with some of 'em, p'r'aps, better than a reg'lar parson could. He'd know a million times more than me, but then he wouldn't jest know the ways o' sweeps; and so I 'ope you'll excuse me, sir."

"I ought rather to ask you to excuse me, Mr. Craske. I ought to have known you long ago, and the people you visit too. You may be sure, though, that I shall not interfere with you—even if I had the power or the right, I should not have the will. From what you tell me, I should say that you were just the man to do them good."

"Oh, sir, I 'ope you don't think I've been crackin' myself up that way. It's jest this. If I hadn't gone amongst 'em, there

was no one they could 'ear a good word from. They were like sheep without a shepherd—and precious black sheep, too, hinside as well as out."

"Just the kind *our* Shepherd came to seek and to save. Try to talk to them as much like Him as you can, Mr. Craske. I mean, don't trust only to *scaring* them. I've no doubt that they need a good deal of scaring. When a man is lying dead drunk in a house on fire, it's a kindness to give him a good shaking. But I have not much faith in mere frightening. If a man only gives up his sins because he is afraid of hell-fire, he is very apt to fall into them again. You know, we don't think much of a man's honesty when it is only the fear of being taken up that keeps him from stealing. Talk to them about the holiness and love of God. I don't mean as if you were preaching them a sermon; but tell them bits out of Jesus' life, just as if you were telling them stories. They will be fresh enough to them, poor fellows, and when they hear them, they will understand what you *mean* by God's holiness and love. Leading is generally better than driving."

"I partly see what *you* mean, sir. You think I've too much bark, like a young drover's dog, and so I do more 'arm than good—only drive 'em up into a muddle like."

"Indeed, I mean no such thing."

"Well, sir, whether you do or whether you don't, I can see there's sense in it, and I'll bear your words in mind."

In the course of our conversation, I learnt the history of this brother of the cloth.

He thought that Craske was not his right name. His first master's name was Craske, and he was sure that *he* was not his father. He had no idea who his parents were, or where he was born; but he fancied that it must have been in the country, from a few little things he remembered, and because the first time his master took him into the country, it didn't seem strange to him.

"I rec'lect there was an old finger-post in the middle of a bit of green, with a bit of the board broken off, and a moke standin' under it, and a sow rubbin' herself agin it, and it all seemed as I'd seen the wery same thing the week before, though I know I'd ne'ver been out o' London before, since master had had me. What I remember of the country when I was a kid was what

I've told you, sir, and a lane with the 'edges meetin' almost atop, and a big woman with a red face and a black eye; but I'm sure *she* worn't my mother, from the way I think of her. And then I remember blubberin' and gittin' a hidin' in a little room full of smoke, and a crack in the wall above the mantle-shelf. It worn't the woman that hided me—I can remember that; but who it was, I *don't* remember. And then I rec'lect nothin' till I was lyin' atop of the sut-sacks in my master's shed, feelin' hawful scared and cold, and blubbering becous I'd had another hidin' an' hadn't had nothin' to eat. The tramps used to kidnap country children in them days—boys and gals both—and sell 'em to the sweeps, and I've no doubt that's how it was with me. My master was a Tartar, but I expec' he worn't much worse than the rest. He didn't grudge me my grub when I came to be of use, but he was very fond of hidin' me, with or without a cause. The missis was a bit kinder, but it was heasy to be that, and when she was on the lush, she'd hit out at me with the poker or rollin'-pin, or anythin' else that came to 'and first—sometimes it was the fender—she was nowadays partic'lar, poor old woman.

“I remember the first time I ever climbed. I must ha' been goin' on for six then, I s'pose; but some was put at it as young as four—yes, sir, little gals as well as boys. My master had two boys as well as me—older than me—and they used to wallop me, too, and tell me all sorts o' flesh-creepin' stories about the chimbleys—lads stickin' in 'em, and bein' dug out with the flesh all burnt off their bones, and so on. It wasn't pleasant to 'ear sich tales of a night, lyin' there in that shed that was as black as pitch. And there was *truth* in them stories, too; though, of course, the t'other boys made 'em out as bad as they could. Anyways, I was hawful scared when master first told me to go up a chimbley. He leathered me, but I caught 'old of his legs, and begged and prayed of him not to force me. But up he shoves me, and when I didn't go on, he set some-stor alight in the grate, and that druv me up sharp enough. And then another of the lads was sent up arter me, to give me a prod with a pin when I turned faint-hearted. In the sole of my fut he druv it in, or the fleshy part of my leg—though my legs hadn't much flesh on them in them days. I was three-parts naked, and my-

knees and elbers were sore for months arterwards—the sut, you see, got in, and the sores wouldn't 'eal, but I'd to go up all the same. Yes, sometimes the servants pitied me like, but if they give me a penny, my master or his men allus took it.

“The masters and the journeyman, too, took best part of what we got on May Day. The masters said it was for our clothes, but I don't think my clothing could ha' cost *my* master much. Whenever we'd got any coppers, if the journeyman couldn't bounce us out of 'em, they'd chisel us out of 'em—at gambling, sir. And then it was the servants who was most set again the machines. They *would* have the boys. The machines were inwented, bless you, sir, years and years before climbing was put down by Hact o' Parliament, and there were climbing boys long arter they was supposed to be put down. The servants said the new things didn't sweep the flues half as well as the boys did—and there's some truth in that. You see, sir, our scramblin' up an' down rubbed off more sut than a machine will, and then we could git our brushes into 'oles and corners a machine can't reach. But it was a 'orrid life to set a child to.

“Some folks says that the world's as bad as ever it was, but I can't believe that, or where would ha' been the use of Christ a-comin' to it, and sufferin' what He did for nothin'? I've no doubt there's improvements, and puttin' down the climbin' was one of 'em. Let alone the boys being brought up like little 'eathens, and the life they led, there was all kind of illnesses they ran the risk on. Pr'aps you may have 'eard, sir, that there's a cancer next to nobody ever had but chimbley-sweepers. It was a 'orrid life. You can git used to most things, and I got used to that, but I never felt jolly like, 'cept when I was out of a May Day; and there was a dinner use to be given becos a swell kid had been stole for a chimbley sweep, and his mother found him out becos he'd been sent to a swell place, and crawled into bed, brush and all, jest as if he was used to it. I used to like the tuck-in, but *didn't* I wish sometimes that a swell lady would come along and say, 'That's *my* kid—you come 'ome with me, Sam'l.'

“Arter I got too big for climbin', I did odd jobs here and there, now for this master and now for that. It was a poor life, and a

wicked one too. I'd learnt to drink, and swear, and fight, and gamble, and do all kinds of wickedness, jést as if I'd been a man. I couldn't read then, and I s'pose I'd never been inside a church or chapel in my life. I think, though, that I must ha' been taught to say my prayers, becos, when I was quite a little kid, I used to kneel down by the sut-sacks, and say a bit of 'Our Father'—I didn't know all on it. I'd no clear notion what it meant, but somehow I didn't feel so lonely when I said it. It's wery lonesome for a little kid not to have nobody as belongs to him. I've got a notion that p'r'aps them as was brought up like me, when they gets to know they've a Father in heaven, valties Him more than them that has had fathers and mothers to look arter 'em. But I was soon laughed out o' sayin' my prayers, when the t'other lads saw what I was up to, and a real bad boy I turned out.

"When I got a bit older, I'd journeyman's wages. They wasn't much, but then I'd my bed and my board and my perkisits—but it all went the same way. Wuss and wuss I got. A man *must* ha' been a blackguard for sweeps to think him bad in them days—and I'm afraid things isn't much altered now, so far as that goes—but even amongst my mates I'd a name for bein' an out-and-outer. *Perkisits*. Oh, that's the money you git for measurin' the sut for your master, and puttin out chimneys a-fire, and the beer money the servants give you, and such like, sir. It's astonishin' what things people will pride themselves on. I'd got to be wery wentursome as well as wicked, and I don't know which I was the prouder on. But my pride was to have a fall. I fell into an airey, and a lucky fall 'it was for me. Instid of tumbling straight into hell, as I expected I should as I shot down, I tumbled into the kingdom of heaven. I'd been carryin' on on a roof, as usual, half drunk, as usual. I was runnin' along a ridge like a rope-dancer when I overbalanced myself, and down I come clatterin' over the tiles. There worn't no parripet to bring me up, so over I went, as I was tellin' ye. I was a bag of broken bones when they picked me up, and months and months I laid in horsespittle. But I was cured at last, and I'd had somebody to see me that had done me more good than all the doctors even.

"There was a kind old lady come to see me, sometimes twice a week. She lived opposite the house I fell off, and she'd seen me tumble. It was her that got me to give up drink, and taught me about Jesus. And she looked arter me, too, when I came out, to see that I didn't fall back into bad ways. The kind old lady had me to her house in the evenin', and larnt me my letters. It was then, you see, sir, I got into the 'abit of givin' myself a sluice. When I'd saved up a bit of my earnin's, the old lady lent me a little money, and recommended me to her friends; so I bought a machine and a few sticks, and started for myself. As soon's ever I'd saved up the money the old lady had lent me, I took it back to her. I 'oped she'd take it back, but I was 'alf afraid she wouldn't. But she did, and writ me out a receipt for it, though she'd never axed for one. 'Quite right, my good man,' says she, when she'd counted it out. 'It would not be a kindness to give you this money, because now you can earn money for yourself, and so I can lend this to some one else to help him to do the same.'

"Soon arter that I married my old woman—she was kitchen maid in one of the houses I went to—and neither on us, I 'ope, has had reason to repent it. Sometimes I can keep a man, and sometimes I can't, but we've allus had a livin'.

"Cripps was the name of the lady who give me my start for the next world and this too. I got a suit o' black, and went to church when she was buried, dear good soul. If I'd ever had a babby—boy or gal—I should ha' called it Cripps, though Cripps Craske might ha' had a rummy sort o' sound. She worn't only so good, she was so sensible. Says she to me one day, 'What do you do with your soot, Mr. Craske?' (*Soot, she called it, so, I s'pose, that's right, but in the trade we mostly calls it sut*). 'Well, ma'am,' says I, 'I sells it to them as sells it agin, but I believe at last the farmers gits it for their corn.' 'There, Mr. Craske,' says she, 'think of that! The black soot helps to make the beautiful green corn grow, that gives us the sweet white bread. Think of that!' She meant it for a kind of parable, like them in the Testament, but I didn't twig what she meant at first, so I axed her. 'Why,' says she, 'you mustn't think because you're a

chimney-sweep that you can't do any more good to other people than sweeping their chimneys, and paying your debts with the money you get for doing it.' Well, sir, I *did* think, often and often, of what Mrs. Cripps had said to me, and that made me the readier to try to do my best when the missionary spoke to me about goin' about among the sweeps."

TRUST IN GOD.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

CALL it not faith to trust in God,
 When ample is your store,
 And when to barns already filled,
 The Lord is adding more.

Call it not faith to give your tenth,
 While yet nine-tenths remain,
 And while your offering to the Lord
 Is felt not from your gain.

'Tis when the fig tree blossoms not,
 Nor fruit is in the vine,
 The labour of the olive fails,
 Nor corn is there nor wine;

'Tis when the flock fails from the field,
 Nor herd is in the stall,
 To trust in God *then*, that is faith!
 The strongest faith of all.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. THOLUCK.

BY C. S. EBY, B.A.

News comes from over the waters that Dr. Tholuck is failing in health. His pilgrimage cannot last much longer. His long work-day must be almost closed, and he will exchange a time-worn, and wrinkled, almost decrep'd body, for one glorified and immortal. With him Germany will lose one of her oldest and best Theologians, and Halle its greatest attraction to English-speaking students. Dr. Tholuck has been an invalid all his life, and yet, in spite of all that, with care and perseverance he has, for more than half a century, wielded a mighty influence in the world of mind as a peerless linguist and Christian philosopher and in the domain of theology as an authority in exegesis, while his "Meditations" and smaller works have furnished the balm of consolation and golden instruction for the wounded hearts and fainting faith of two generations.

As soon as possible after my arrival in Halle, I presented myself with a letter of introduction to the Professor. After being led through a maze of stairway and halls in his old-fashioned house, I was left in a small private room into which his study opened. Shortly the door opened, and a small-sized, stoop-shouldered man, with small eyes blinking under a very old wig, evidently made for a younger man, and clad in an antiquated and seedy-looking dressing gown, came in and bade me a quiet welcome. Our conversation at that time was not very lengthy nor animated. He wanted to know who and what I was, where I came from, etc., while he seemed to take in the whole situation at a single glance of those little half-blind eyes. He asked me to meet some young friends the next day, Sunday, at tea, and I left, rather glad, I think, that it was over.

Sunday evening we had tea in the same little room, and here I met his wife, one of the sweetest little women that ever blessed a man with her love, and she did seem to love the Professor with all the simple devotion of a noble heart. They say that her youthful life, and her marriage, were somewhat romantic. She is

from a branch of Roman Catholic nobility, which, in her girlhood, cast off the superstitions of their fathers, and in embracing Protestantism suffered considerably in what this world calls fortune. Tholuck's fame as a learned and powerful defender of an evangelical faith, in the midst of surging rationalism, filled the land, and his writings appear to have had their influence on this family. The young lady was travelling with some friends, and near them was the then personally unknown Dr. Tholuck. The subject of conversation, as sometimes does occur between ladies was marriage, when she exclaimed loud enough for the Professor to hear, "There is only one man I would ever marry, and that is Professor Dr. Tholuck." The result was, that the astonished Professor took her eventually to wife. They have never had any children, and the dear woman says, perhaps the good Lord didn't wish even a child to come between her and the good man, so as to lessen her necessary cherishing care of his frail body. She is untiring in quiet works of charity among the poor of the city, everywhere her name and deeds are as ointment poured forth, and she is as much esteemed and beloved by the city as her husband is honoured and revered. She sat at the table after tea, stitching some plain article of wear. She must have noticed something of surprise in my looks, for she thought it necessary to say that in Germany they were not so strict about the Sabbath as in England and America; but then she said this was a work of mercy; she sewed only for the poor on Sunday.

Besides myself there were two guests, Oscar Berthling, who afterwards became my Christmas friend, and a bright young missionary who was labouring in Italy, and had come to pass his final examinations. I wish my pen could describe the rich treat of this, and similar gatherings around the good Professor's tea-table. The learned Doctor and the dignified Professor were lost in the genial and inexhaustible fatherly friend, whose mouth overflowed with wisdom, and whose words were "apples of gold in pictures of silver." I never saw him eat anything. He spent his time in slowly mixing, in water, some sort of a grey powder, while he talked and guided the conversation of the company. He seems to have had these gatherings very frequently. My turn used to come every two or three weeks, when I would find

a company of from six to a dozen students, who, with the Professor and his wife, would discuss a very plain meal, and sometimes very knotty and tough theology. There was never anything silly or anything stiff about these meetings. Everyone seemed to be made perfectly at home, and the intercourse perfectly natural. Theology, with kindred subjects, was the staple of our talks, and everybody was free to ask questions or make remarks; and if anyone seemed diffident the Doctor would be sure to call him out by means of some quiet, kindly put question.

The Professor was always spiritual, lamented the beer drinking and other follies of the German students, and often dwelt on what he considered the advantages and excellences of English and American student life. One evening we seemed to have almost got into a tangle while discussing some subject; in order to give the matter a change, he asked me if the young ministers in Canada spent much time in discussing points of theology. I replied that I thought they spent more time in making practical use of their theology in saving souls, than in mere discussion.

"We learn in order to use," I said, "and not to quibble."

"Ah," said he, "that's just what we most need here."

I look back now to those evenings as a precious means of grace that at that juncture were of no small moment to me.

One part of a German Professor's duties is to register in each student's little book the particular course of lectures which he chooses to hear. Thus a popular Professor is rather bestorried in his private study during the first few weeks of the *semester*. Dr. Tholuck always had a moment to spare for English-speaking students, after hastily getting through with a crowd of Germans. He says he always knows when an Englishman comes to his study door, for he raps invariably with the back of the hand turned towards the door, while a German turns the palm to the panel.

But business was business with the Doctor; and that reminds me of a memorable visit I paid him in order to get a recommendation from him as teacher of English. I was anxious to obtain some pupils, and they told me to get Dr. Tholuck's good will and testimonial, and I should not want them long. As he had been so very kind to me, I thought I should have no difficulty on that score, especially since I had such excellent testimonials

along with me from learned men in Canada. But after I presented the case he hesitated:—"Well, he didn't know; hadn't had opportunity to find out how much I knew about English."

I felt a kind of a prickling sensation all over my face, as though I were getting excited, and enquired as quickly as I could, whether he thought I hadn't learned the language of my childhood, and of the schools I had attended.

"Well," said he, "why do you speak of Church as in the feminine gender?"

I hadn't thought of that fact at all, much less of the reason at the time. I suppose I might have told him, because she was the Lamb's wife, but I was so taken aback that I didn't say anything very coherent. At last, however, he took pity on me, and thought he could recommend me as a "conversational teacher," as he thought I spoke correctly; but further he would not go. So he turned to his desk, and with eyes, nose, hand, and quill, all brought down together on the paper, he wrote out a strange little note. This I advertised, and pupils came then in plenty. Doctors of philosophy, and of philology, etc., came to have "conversational lessons," and I soon found out that the old man was about right after all, for some of my pupils seemed to have dipped deeper in the English language than I had. The first question of one of them was, What was the derivation of the word YARD? But I told them I was a "conversational teacher," and they must get that sort of thing from books, just as I had to do.

The old Professor was nearly blind when I knew him, kept an amanuensis to do his reading and writing for him, and had to be led to any place or room with which long use had not made him familiar. And yet, he invariably spent two hours daily walking in the open air, either outside the city, or back and forth on a covered brick walk in his garden, which the students used to call his "race course." In these walks he always had one or two, never more, students or friends with him; generally one on either hand, and along with the evening gatherings, these walks were the richest treats of my life in Halle. Here he would unbend himself even more than at the tea-table, and he could be as witty and jolly as a capital story-teller. He used to delight in telling me about the only other Canadian student that had been in the

University, and that was some years before. He had forgotten his name, but he was from Montreal, and came with his father's family to travel in Europe. He seems to have been seized with the desire to study theology, and on making enquiries he was directed to Halle. On arriving in the old city, he asked where they taught theology, and was directed to Dr. Tholuck. Ushered into his presence, hat in hand, he exclaimed,

"Dr. Tholuck, I presume."

The good man was amused as well as surprised at the well-meant, but to his ears abrupt salutation, as he of course was always approached with a great deal of deference, and a certain circumlocution of titles. It was comical to hear him sometimes addressed as "Herr Consistorial-Rath-Professor-Doctor Tholuck," and his wife as "Frau Consistorial-Raethin." Our young Canadian wasn't posted in that matter, and the Doctor was rather pleased.

"Yes," says he, "Tholuck is my name."

"Well, do you teach theology here?"

"Yes, that's our business."

"How long does it take to study theology?"

"That depends on circumstances."

"What might the circumstances be?"

"Well, previous acquirement, ability, and application."

"Then, suppose with previous knowledge of English branches, Cæsar, Virgil, Zenophon and Homer; as to ability moderate, and application *immense*?"

By this time the readiness and evident spirit of the young man had captivated the Professor, and he took him in hand, procured for him teachers, books, etc., and set him on the way of learning theology. And as long as he was there the Professor looked after him, and was delighted to find that he gave all his teachers wonderful satisfaction with his progress. But some casualty in his family, while they were in Egypt, I think, called him away, and that was the last that was heard of him. I suppose the old man forgot to have told me the story several times before, but every once in a while he would tell me all about "that other Canadian."

His jokes were always worth laughing at, the more because

usually unexpected. One is recorded of him which will serve to illustrate the whole chapter of his jokes.

"What resemblance," said he to a group of students, "do you perceive between the Prophet Habbakuk and myself?"

One thought there was a similarity in style, another in spirit, another in special calling, and so on.

"Well," he dryly replied, "the most striking resemblance I see is, that both his name and mine end with an *uk*."

After answering his friendly greeting, and his "Wie befinden sie sich," a little more extended form of "How d'ye do," he would add, "And now does that answer refer to the *πνευμα, ψυχη* or the *σωμα*?" and would go into a short dissertation about the folly of men, always thinking most of the least important of the human trinity of body, soul, and spirit. I soon learned to satisfy him by describing the state of health of all three individually.

"Do you have many rationalistic people in Canada?" said he to me during one of our walks. One of his great works is on Rationalism, and he looks upon that as his most legitimate foe, so that his mind often ran upon that subject.

"Well, no," I replied. "As far as I can judge, I think the Canadians are vastly too *rational* to become *rationalistic*."

That pleased the old man amazingly. Another time he was marching up and down the "race course," myself on one side, the other supported by a prim young student of philosophy who was just now all-glorious in the first feathers of his *doctorandum* wings.

"Herr Eby," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "have you any philosophers in Canada?"

"That depends," I replied, "on what you mean by a philosopher."

"Now, then," he said, turning to our companion, "Herr Philander, what is a philosopher?"

He, thus accosted, stood still, looked for a moment at the brick flag at his feet, and then drawing his mouth into the concentrated pucker of an examination victim, replied, "A philosopher is one who deals with the causes and reason of things."

"Now, then," asked the Doctor again, "have you any philosophers in Canada?"

"Oh, yes, I think we have that kind of philosophers," I answered.
 "What are their names?" he continued.

I began to get cornered, but I told him that I thought "Der Herr President Doctor S. S. Nelles," was a good specimen of a philosopher.

"Oh," said he, "has he published many works?"

I told him I thought he hadn't published very many, but he seemed only half satisfied, to think that there was a philosopher living whose works he had not read.

Christmas is always a memorable time at Dr. Tholuck's. In lieu of children of his own, he gathers in all foreign students, and those that are too poor to go home, or have no home to go to, and prepares for them a splendid Christmas tree, a good Christmas meal, and after affording them a happy Christmas eve, he gives each one a remembrancer in the shape of a Christmas present.

Dr. Tholuck was to me the very *beau idéal* of a successful and wise trainer of fishers of men,—grand and clear in the lecturer's desk, simple and evangelical as the University preacher, faultless in his example, loving in his disposition, genial in all his social relations, sternly strict in his devotion to principle and truth, and magnetic in his influence over men. The memory of his acquaintance and friendship will abide with me, fragrant with all the sweetness of benediction. One of the relics in my library that I shall ever dearly prize, is a copy of his Commentary on his favorite gospel, that of John, on the fly-leaf of which the legend, written in the strangest of scrawling crow tracks, reads thus,

"Mit herzlichem Segenswunsche seinem biedern jungen
 Freunde Eby.*

"A. THOLUCK.

"JUNE 27th, 1869."

THE DYING YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.—*Tennyson.*

*"With heartfelt well-wishing, to his brave young friend Eby."

EDITORIAL.

THE LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

JANUARY, we are told, takes its name from the two-faced god, Janus, because it looks both toward the old year and the new. So our thoughts, at this season, look wistfully into the past as well as hopefully into the future. From many, the buried years in the dark sepulchre of the dead past have taken away that which the future, however glad and golden, can nevermore restore. How many hearts there are, like last year's nests, empty, cold and desolate, or filled with snow, where twelve short months ago warm hopes nestled and bright prospects were cherished. But they have vanished now and fled, and they return no more. To many, the spring-time of the heart can nevermore come back. As they gaze upon the sorrowful and faded years that have forever flown, what pallid corpses of dead hopes they behold, what a wilderness of graves stretches behind them as thought returns on the well-known track. Such a retrospect in a world like ours must often be mingled with more of sorrow than of joy. The memory of the household voices hushed for ever, of the vanished faces that we shall not see again, of the fireside places vacant evermore, of the lonely graves beneath the deepening snow—to the thoughts of the bereaved ones,—and who has never been bereaved?—give a tinge of tender melancholy at these anniversary seasons.

But the memories of the past are bright with mercy as well as saddened by sorrow. God crowneth the year with His goodness. Our dear departed may

Have folded life's white tents
For the pale army of the grave,

while we, as faithful sentinels, may not desert our post

Till death's sharp challenge and relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

But while life's battle rages around us, they, who have died in Jesus, enter into rest.

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They, *live* whom we call dead.

Their storm-tossed barks have reached the eternal haven and the heavenly shores to which we look wistfully from Time's tempestuous sea.

The circling years are God's great hours, and at these seasons He turneth Time's great hour-glass and meteth out another year to man. Another cycle of golden opportunities is ours, to retrieve the errors of the past, to build more fair and stately the structure of the future.

The buried years are but the roots of which the present is the leafy bloom, of which the future promises the certain fruit. The past still lives, and it shall live. Its influence goes on for aye. Our actions are eternal in their scope; our voice may die, its echo lives; our lives may sink beneath Time's stream, the wave they caused shall still go on, and ever widen as it goes. The future grows out of the present. "Our life-tree," says Carlyle, "though it has its roots deep down in the death-kingdoms, its branches, wide-waving, many-toned, reach evermore beyond the stars." It may grow in stately grandeur, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," or it may become gnarled and knotted, hideous and deformed, by the pernicious influence exerted here.

How important, therefore, is the right use of time! How should we hoard it; or rather, for to hoard it is impossible, how should we best improve it as it flies! How should we wrestle with each moment, as Jacob wrestled with the angel, nor let it go until it bless us. What rigid economy of the hours should we practise. How swiftly do they fly, and yet how some insanely lash the flying moments into swifter speed. They talk of "killing time," that dies, alas, so soon, and never comes to life again. How many golden moments do they squander in mere "pastime" —in the strenuous effort to while away its tedium, it hangs so heavy on their hands. Oh, if time hang heavy on their hands, how will they spend eternity?

But if we may not waste our own time, still less may we waste that of others. "He takes my life," says one, "who takes that

which my life is made of—time.” Therefore in all our social intercourse let us be careful that we defraud not one another of that which we never can restore. Money lost may be recovered, health impaired may be restored, fortune ruined may be retrieved, friends estranged may be won again; but who, who shall bring us back our vanished hours?

The old year shall soon be gone for ever, the new year ushered in—a child born pure and stainless as the snowy garniture earth putteth on to welcome his approach. Oh, let him live, then, undefiled by sin of thine. Walk, henceforth, in newness of life. Soon thou, too, shalt be where time is not measured by days and years, but where “eternity is one long now.” Live wisely, then, and well, so mayest thou bid defiance to time’s flight, and as the circling seasons fly and leave the number less, so mayest thou sing,—

“Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel, to act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
Then speed your courses as ye will.”

And as they pass, and haste the advent of time’s golden year, and bells are rung in every town, let us join in the chant sublime,—

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

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

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

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

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

THE SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS' FUND.

THERE is none of the numerous interests of our Church which is sustained with greater good-will than the Superannuated Ministers' Fund; and there is none which has stronger claim on the hearty support and warmest sympathy of our people. The principles of common gratitude, nay, of common justice, demand that the venerable pioneers of Methodism in this land—the faithful men who by their toil and travail, amid hardships, perils, and want, laid the foundations, broad and deep, of the goodly Church which so widely fills the land to-day—shall not in their old age suffer chilling neglect from those who have entered into their labours, and, it may be, owe to them, under God, the conversion of their souls. Our generous-hearted people need only to have presented to them, we are persuaded, the necessities of these veteran warriors of the Christian chivalry, to amply supply them with a filial gratitude. The claims on this fund are this year more pressing than they ever were before. There are, in the three Western Conferences, forty-six new claimants—thirty-one superannuated ministers, and fifteen ministers' widows, whose claims, even at the small scale of allowance, amount to \$11,381. The entire income of the fund for the last year was \$29,638, which, however, left a deficit of \$1,055. The amount required to meet all the claims of the current year will be \$42,738, or \$13,100 more than the income of last year. We have not at hand the statistics of the corresponding fund for the Maritime Conferences, but are persuaded that its claims are no less exigent.

We commend these facts and figures to the consideration of our readers, and urge a largely increased liberality toward this fund. The ministers voluntarily tax themselves, out of their narrow incomes, \$10 a year for its support. An average subscription of one-twentieth that amount from the lay membership would amply meet all its demands. Many of our wealthy lay friends give munificently towards it; but many altogether overlook it; hence the average is very low,—less than 35 cents per member. Our friends, we are confident, have only to be reminded of the press-

ing necessity of the fund for this year, to raise this average to 50 cents. It would be a grievous pity, we had almost written a grievous shame, if the scanty allowance of these Superannuates—only twelve dollars for each year of active service—should be cut down on account of a deficiency in the fund.

The energy, and assiduity, and toil, that these men have bestowed upon the work of God and of His Church would in any worldly avocation, in most instances, have led to competence, or even to affluence. But, as has been well remarked, "While many of those who have benefited by their labours have grown rich, they have not, at least not in gold and silver, houses and lands." Their salaries have been generally based upon their current expenditure, with no surplus to lay by for old age—and often there were serious deficiencies in those meagre "allowances." Now that they have grown old, often prematurely old from excess of labours in the Church's work, let the Church make liberal provision for their declining years. As life's sunset shadows gather, and the infirmities of old age assail them, let at least the filial care and loving ministrations of those whom they have served so well gladden the remaining days of those veteran servants of God.

The condition of our country would be to-day very different from what it is, were it not for the self-denying labours of these godly men. They were the pioneers of civilization as well as religion. They helped to lay the foundations of Empire as well as of the Christian Church in this land. They were daunted by no dangers, discouraged by no privations. Threading a blazed path through the wilderness, they followed the ring of the woodman's axe and the crack of the hunter's rifle, to break the bread of life to those who were perishing from hunger of the soul. May the mantle of those heroic sires fall on worthy sons; and under more favourable conditions may their successors exhibit a zeal and valour for the cause of God not less than theirs.

May we not urge, as an additional reason for the patronage of this Magazine, and the other periodicals of our Church, that their profits are devoted to the aid of the Superannuated Ministers' Fund?

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

OF late years the theory of the immense antiquity of man has gained wide currency. "Nearly all the scientific men of Europe and of this country," says the writer of the book we are about to review,* "have embraced this opinion, while perhaps a majority have reached the conclusion of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Huxley, that we are descended from apes." They find evidence, they think, of a Palæolithic or Early Stone Period, reaching back 100,000 or 200,000 years; of a Neolithic or Later Stone Period, and of a Bronze and Iron Period of intermediate ages, down to historic times. It is to the refutation of these theories that Mr. Southall deliberately sets himself, and in which, we judge, he has been signally successful. He takes up consecutively the strongest evidences of man's alleged antiquity adduced by Lyell, Lubbock, Evans, Geikie, Nilsson, Worsæ, Vogt, and the most eminent advocates of the theory, and points out the fallacies of their argument and their errors of observation, and exhibits proofs of the recent origin of all those relics of man or his works which have hitherto been found.

We purpose to give a brief *resume* of the argument of this bulky book of 600 pages, which offers the most exhaustive treatment of the subject, from what may be called the conservative point of view, that it has yet received.

**The Recent Origin of Man, as illustrated by Geology and the Modern Science of Pre-Historic Archaeology.* By JAMES SOUTHALL, with numerous illustrations. 8vo. 600 pp. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co. \$5 00.

The most ancient monuments of Egypt, Babylon and Nineveh, attest the existence in the early dawn of historic time of a civilization which astonishes modern explorers, doubtless derived by tradition from the grey fathers of the world before the flood. In these lands, therefore, we find no palæolithic remains. In Holy Writ the names of Cain, Jabel, Jubel, and Tubal-Cain are handed down to us as builders of cities, artificers in brass and iron, and fathers of the arts and sciences. The "prehistoric" relics from which the great antiquity of man is assumed, are found chiefly in those lands which emerged into the light of history only since the dawn of the Christian era, or shortly before it; and are those of tribes that wandered far from the cradle lands of the race to the unpeopled wilds of earth. The common character throughout the world of the dolmens, tumuli and megalithic monuments; the analogies of language, of custom, of superstitions, and of implements; the recent origin of cereals and of domestic animals and their uniform association with the remains of man, prove the kinship of the different races and the unity of the human family. The uniform traditions of mankind carry us back, not to a primitive age of stone and savagism, but to a golden age in a happy clime, situated in the cradle lands of empire, in the birth-place of the race.

The astronomical tables of the Hindoos and Chinese were quoted long since as proving the immense

antiquity of man; but they have been shown to be calculated backwards and not to be contemporary observations of eclipses and the like recorded phenomena. So also, the Zodiacs of Dendera, and Esne, claimed to be 9000 years old, bear the names of the Roman emperors. The Rock Temples of India, vaunted as the work a prehistoric "Cushite" race, have proved to be of Buddhist origin, and probably about 1200 years old.

The huge megaliths like those of Stonehenge and Avebury, have been assigned an immense antiquity—"older than the pyramids." They are found as prehistoric monuments in almost every part of the world. Where hewn, or mortised for joining, as they frequently are, they give evidence of the use of iron, which has sometimes been found beneath the stones. They are certainly not the work of the rude implements of the "Stone Age." The British megaliths above mentioned, have been described by early English chronicles, as monuments of Saxon and British victories in the fourth and fifth centuries, and Roman pottery and coins have been found in association with them. Other experts consider them of as late date as A.D. 1000, and it is almost certain that none are earlier than the Christian era.

The dolmens and tumuli, or stone and earthen sepulchral monuments, are equally wide-spread. Many of them contain stone implements or weapons, and are forthwith ascribed to a vastly remote "Stone Age." Others contain (together with the stone implements,) iron and bronze weapons and armour, Roman pottery, tiles and coins, gold and silver ornaments, and sometimes woollen garments in good preservation, and the tombs are often built of hewn stones. In France there are 140,000 of these tumuli, and metal has been found in all of them yet explored, together with stone weapons. Of these monuments neither Cæsar or

Tacitus, those keen observers, speak. They were therefore probably post-Roman. Sometimes keys, horse-shoes, spurs, etc., have been found, bringing them down to mediæval times. On what ground, therefore, are those containing only stone implements thrust back into hoar antiquity, when precisely the same sort of implements are elsewhere found associated with the metals? It is evident that in the one case the stone and iron ages were contemporaneous, not successive; why not also in the other? In a rude age the metals were probably too precious to be buried with the dead.

The *Pfahlbauten*, or Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and elsewhere, are also supposed to represent the three successive ages, reaching back at least 7000 years. Some of them contain, besides stone implements, those of metal, coral and amber from distant countries, grains of wheat and barley undecayed, and carbonized bread and dried fruits, flax and cloth unchanged in texture, and the bones of domestic animals. The piles on which these structures were built frequently exhibit the marks of the axe as plainly as if only recently made, and bracelets and bronze ornaments have been found lying on the bottom of the lake in full view from the surface. Similar structures were described by Herodotus and Hippocrates, and they are analagous to many now in existence in different parts of the world. Those in which metal was rare or wanting were generally remote from the lines of trade and commerce, where it would naturally be absent, as it is among many of the Esquimaux to-day. There is in the *Pfahlbauten* of the secluded Swiss Lakes no evidence of antiquity greater than the Christian era. In Italy and the East they may be a few centuries older.

The *Kjokken-moddings*, or "Kitchen refuse heaps," are immense banks of shells of edible molusks, first observed on the coast of Denmark, and since found on many sea coasts. They

are the natural relics of rude fishing tribes, and are now accumulating along the coast of Patagonia and elsewhere. The stone implements are generally rude, as we might expect among humble fishermen so remote from Roman civilization, but some of them are well wrought, and have occurred in association with Roman pottery, glass, bronze, and iron. In a Scotch Kjekken-modding a bronze pin, ascribed by experts to *circ.* A.D. 800 or 900, has been found. There is no proof that the shell heaps of Denmark are much older than that date.

The contents of bone-caves in different parts of the world are another fertile source of evidence of the alleged antiquity of man. They contain the bones of the cave-bear, cave-hyena, cave-lion, reindeer, hippopotamus, elephant, and other animals now extinct or no longer found in the vicinity. They are frequently associated with the bones or work of man. But the juxtaposition of bones does not prove contemporaneity of date. There is evidence that these bones were often swept into the caves by floods, and they may, therefore, have been of different ages. But human bones have been found beneath a thick coating of bone-breccia and stalagmite. Now, stalactites three feet long have been known to form in three years, (p. 223). A sword and leather scabbard have been found beneath stalagmite of considerable depth, (p. 219), and under eighteen inches of stalagmite, a copper plate of "Limoges" work, of about A.D. 1400, has also been found. The deepest embedded human relics may be of comparatively recent origin. The cave-bear is identical with the not yet extinct brown bear of Europe; the cave-lion and cave-hyena with those of Africa, recently connected with Europe at Gibraltar, where the African monkey still swarms. Herodotus mentions the existence of lions in Europe, B.C. 480, and Cæsar mentions the reindeer in

Gaul in B.C. 50. It existed in Scotland in the twelfth century. There is no wonder, therefore, that it was found drawn and carved on the cave bones; but the vigour and artistic elegance of the drawing, far beyond the capabilities of the modern Esquimaux, are surprising.

The cave men also had well formed pottery, well wrought bone needles, and whistles or flutes, and elegant flint implements and weapons. They built stone walls ten feet thick defended by a ditch, (p. 212). In one cave were more than twenty mill-stones, and some carbonized wheat; and in another, a lamp and copper bracelets. The skull of the fossil man of Mentone, found under ten feet of breccia, was "extremely well formed and of extraordinary size." The Engis skull, found with extinct animal remains, "has no marks," says Huxley, "of degradation. . . is a fair average skull." The Neanderthal skull, claimed to be 300,000 years old, is the most ape-like, Huxley remarks, that he ever beheld. But its capacity is seventy-five cubic inches; that of the average European is eighty or eighty-five; that of the largest gorilla is under thirty-five. Thus the most ape-like human skull has twice the capacity of the gorilla, nearly that of the European, and more than that of the Malay. Its age cannot be determined. Other fossil skulls resemble the Celtic type.

At Solutre, in France, were found the remains of a prehistoric camp or village, containing stone implements, evidently one of the earliest yet discovered. Yet the camp was surrounded by the remains of over 40,000 horses. The dead were carefully covered with stone slabs, the skulls were of a Mongoloid or Finnish type, the bones contained considerable of their gelatine, the deer's horn yielded a fresh odour. This was evidently an organized society, probably one of the earliest tribes that came into Europe from the Asiatic plateau.

The remains of man in the river gravel of the Somme, in France, 100

feet above the valley, which is a mile wide, and also beneath beds of peat in the valley, 26 feet deep, are adduced as among the strongest evidences of his vast antiquity. It is assumed that this shallow stream has excavated the valley, at its present rate of erosion, during some 100,000 years, leaving its gravel on the hill-tops. But sandstone boulders a ton weight, brought from far up the stream, attest the former violence of ice and freshet action; and a Roman barge laden with brick beneath the peat, proves that the Somme, at Abbeville, now many miles from the sea, was within historic times a navigable estuary or arm of the sea. There is also irrefutable evidence of great changes of level and violent floods and cataclysms which are quite adequate to have produced the phenomena in question.

The growth of the peat in the Somme valley and elsewhere, has been vastly more rapid than is estimated. Now every tree has disappeared for miles around, and the peat grows only by thin annual accretions of moss. In its lower levels, however, stumps of trees three feet high, were buried before they had time to decay, and are still found undecayed. By M. Perthes' estimate that would take 2000 years. We have mentioned the discovery, in the lowest level, of a Roman barge; there were also found at different depths in descending order Roman amphoræ, a Roman causeway, Roman pottery, Greek and Gaulish coins, an iron spade (?) or ploughshare (?) a pile dwelling (another proof of deep water and change of level), and flints and urns. The peat is certainly post-Roman, and the gravel flints probably not 1000 years older.

Our author gives evidence of a Pluvial Period, or one of immense rain-fall, following the Glacial Period, producing floods which caused enormous erosion of the river valleys, as well as of contemporary vertical oscillation of the land.

Great stress has been laid upon the concurrence of human remains

with those of the mammoth and other extinct animals. But our author shows that many animals have become extinct during the historic period; as the lion and great Irish elk, the beaver and bustard in Europe; and the moa and dodo elsewhere. Others are rapidly becoming extinct, as the bear and wolf, the urus and aurochs in Europe, and the buffalo, which 200 years ago roamed the Connecticut valley, in America. There are, moreover, traditions of the existence of the mammoth within the memory of the human race, both in Asia and America; their bones are found in a comparatively fresh condition, with undigested food in the abdominal cavity, in the most superficial deposits, and in Siberia the frozen flesh has been so fresh that dogs have eaten it. The sudden refrigeration of the climate by which their carcasses were entombed in the Siberian tundras, is attributed to the recent draining of a vast central Asiatic sea, of which the Caspian was a part. Of this, there is not only striking geological evidence, but also the testimony of Tartar tradition and the descriptions of Strabo, Ptolemy and other ancient geographers, (pp. 511-512.)

The remarkable change of climate since, as contemporaries of man, the reindeer roamed in Central France, the hippopotamus wallowed in the bed of the Thames, and the cave-lion prowled on the Yorkshire wolds, is cited in proof of the vast remoteness of the period. But classic testimony is adduced as to the very different climate of Europe at the beginning of the present era, and recent geological evidence attests the remarkable fluctuations it has undergone, chiefly from the successive elevation and subsidence of the land (such as is still going on all over the world), and the consequent advance or recession of glacial action. The earthquakes of the historic period are alone a key to the explanation of the phenomena in question.

The succession of pine, oak, and

beach forests in the Danish peat, interspersed with human remains, is no proof of great antiquity, for such successions often occur rapidly. But these forests might have been contemporary, as similar ones are at present in Scotland, and may have been embedded in the order of their decay and fall, as is the case in our Canadian peats. Peat will grow at the rate of two inches a year, instead of an inch a century, as has been estimated. Beneath deep beds have been found Roman relics, coins, (one of Gordian, A. D. 237, at a depth of 30 feet), woollen clothes, leather shoes, and brass spurs, coins of Edward IV., (at a depth of 15 feet,) and a keg of Irish butter, changed to adipocere, at a depth of 18 feet.

Lyell and Lubbock assign to the Indian skeleton, found sixteen feet deep at New Orleans, an age of 57,000 years. The U. S. Engineers' Survey attributes to the whole alluvial stratum, forty feet thick, an age of 4,400 years, and to the Indian skeleton an age of 1000 or 2000 years. A piece of wrought wood found some twenty feet deep was assigned an age of 57,600 years. The New Orleans "Academy of Sciences" decided that it was the *Gunwale of a Kentucky flatboat!* So sudden are the changes of bed in the Mississippi that objects have been buried 50 feet deep in four years.

Mr. Horner found, 39 feet deep in the bed of the Nile, a fragment of pottery, to which the archæologists assigned an age of 13,000 years, and other objects were carried back 60,000 years. At a greater depth than any of these was found a brick bearing the stamp of *Mohammed Ali!*

The cone of the Tiniere, a Swiss mountain torrent, has had assigned to its formation 10,000 years. But this is on the assumption that the present annual film of gravel, spread over the whole cone, is the measure of its growth when the same or a greater amount fell within a narrow radius. The true measure would be the annual *mass* divided into the *mass*

of the cone, which gives about 4,500 years for its formation, and an age of less than 3000 years to its contained human relics.

Our author conclusively shows, we think, the recent date of the Glacial Age, by the erosion and successive beaches of Lakes Huron and Michigan, citing in corroboration the observations of our own Rev. Thos. Hurlburt, and others. This erosion immediately succeeded the Glacial Period, and occupied about 6000 years. The glacial action seems to have been the final preparation of the earth for habitation by man. In northern Europe there are no palæolithic remains, like those of France, because the glacial action had not yet retreated toward the Arctic regions where it is still active.

In our paper on the Mound-Builders we indicated the probable recent Asiatic origin of the American aborigines.

The theory of the great antiquity of man depends upon the assumption of the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages, as successive chronological epochs, rather than as different contemporary stages of civilization. It has been abundantly shown that they have been thus contemporary, and that they are so still in different parts of the world. On the site of Troy, two "Stone Ages" succeed the splendid civilization exhumed by Schliemann. The use of stone predominated on the outskirts of ancient Greek and Roman civilization, just as it does on the outskirts of modern civilization. But even at that early period, Mediterranean merchants brought to Swiss valleys, and Gallic and British forests, Etruscan and Phœnician beads, bronzes, and even iron; just as Stanley takes beads, knives and fish-hooks, to the stone-using savages on the Victoria Nyanza, to-day. Small wonder that bronze, which was a much more tractable material than iron, was largely used for ornament, (though not for weapons), as indeed it is still so used.

The pre-historic "cave-men" of Europe, were probably, as cranio-logical and other evidence indicates, a Tauranian race from Central Asia (allied with the Turcomans and Tusci or Etruscans), of which the Basques and Finns are vestiges. These were driven west and north by the Indo-Germanic or Aryan race, in which has culminated the flower of the world's civilization.

It is incredible, as Dr. Cooke well remarks in his admirable book on this subject, that the human race, which in 2000 years has advanced from the condition of naked savages to Christian civilization, should have remained for 100,000 years before in a state of unprogressive barbarism. Moreover, if man *had* existed for that

length of time, instead of a few thousand flint implements, we ought, in consequence of their soon losing their cutting edge and becoming useless, yet being almost indestructible, to find unnumbered millions of them among the *debris* of ancient life.

The whole theory of man's immense antiquity is a pyramid poised on its apex, a vast system based on a hasty and unscientific generalization from a misinterpretation of facts. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Southall for his masterly refutation of this erroneous speculation. For minute details and ample verification of the conclusions which we have briefly summarized, we would refer the reader to his admirable volume.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE MISSIONARY REPORT.

THE issuing of the Fifty-First Annual Report of our Missionary Society marks a new epoch in the history of our Church. It has not only entered on a new half-century, but it has entered on a new career of progress in a wider field of operations. This bulky book of three hundred and thirty pages will be studied with intense interest over a vast extent of country. Many names with which the readers of former Reports have not been familiar, appear in its pages. It cannot fail to prove a bond of unity and sympathy between the widely severed sections of our Church, as a visible evidence of our integral oneness. It is enough to fire the dullest imagination, to read the list of our widespread mission stations, all over this vast continent from Gaspe to Fort Simpson, and beyond it from the sunny Bermudas to the far off Shidzuoka.

It is gratifying to find that the entire income, as compared with that of the previous year, exhibits a decrease of only \$229.16. When it is remembered that the increase of that year was nearly \$10,000, and that the legacies to the Society this year are only \$456.50 as against \$2,326.30 of the previous year, it will be seen that notwithstanding the extreme scarcity of money, the Society has not only nearly equalled the special effort of last year, but in actual subscriptions, not counting the legacies of either year, always an uncertain element of income, exhibits an increase of nearly \$2000.

We are glad to find that in the Maritime Conferences, where, instead of the two series of Missionary meetings and two collections as heretofore, there has been only one series of meetings and one collection this year, there was an increase of income of \$2116.12, instead of a decrease, as, through an inadvertent mistake which we greatly regret, arising from

a misapprehension of an oral address, we stated in the November number of this Magazine.

Although, therefore, the indebtedness of the Society is heavy, it is not such as to cause serious apprehension. A considerable amount of it was incurred from exceptional causes, in taking up new work and re-organizing the operations of the united Church to meet its altered conditions. The domestic missions, whose grants, from the inexorable necessities of the case, have had to be cut down, will, no doubt, loyally endeavour by extra exertions to make up the deficiency, that no part of it may fall upon the Missionaries, whose claims, even when paid in full, are only too meagre and insufficient.

With a return of financial prosperity to our country and increased ability to sustain these important interests on the part of our generous-minded people, and a resolute effort of the domestic missions to become independent circuits or to lessen their demand on the Mission fund, together with the diminished expenditure resulting from the consolidation of the mission work on ground previously common to the late Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches, we may anticipate a speedy liquidation of the debt and a future of greatly increased prosperity in the history of our Church.

DR. TAYLOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WE observe from the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph*, that our old friend, Dr. Lachlin Taylor, has been taking an active part in the late Social Science Convention at Brighton, England. In the discussion of the liquor traffic, he strongly condemned the practice of opening public houses on Sunday, and protested against the employment of young women as bar maids. He cited the advanced state of public opinion in Canada on this subject, as illustrated by the fact that the four highest Church courts in the Domin-

ion had passed resolutions in favour of prohibition. In opposition to his views, a sapient Mr. Smith did not believe, he said, in a protected morality. The liquor traffic, he affirmed, did not cause drunkenness, because the liquor did not come to the man but the man went to the liquor. This is about on an intellectual level with the reasoning of the clown in Hamlet on Ophelia's suicide. The same gentleman further remarked that the more public houses there were, the less drunkenness there would be, as people would go into the houses and, finding very few there, would come away again without stopping. But we need not go to the Brighton Congress for examples of such idiotic arguments. A well-known police magistrate in Canada recommends free trade in whiskey as the surest means of procuring prohibition.

In the discussion of the military system of Great Britain, and of the importance of her being prepared for all possible contingencies, the eloquent Doctor's patriotism was exuberant. He referred to the militia system of the Dominion, and to the fact that Canada was in the position of an affectionate son watching with filial regard the fortunes of a beloved and venerable parent, and eager, in the time of her trial, to come again to her assistance, as he had done in the past. The address made a very strong impression upon the audience.

The Doctor is rendering invaluable service to our country by his eloquent lectures on its magnificent capabilities. From Brighton to the Shetland Islands is a "far cry," yet, when last heard from, he was in that *ultima Thule* of Christendom, enlightening the hardy islanders on the superior attractions of our boundless acres as a home for the honest toiler. We have ample room for the hardy Gael—among the very best class of our settlers; and if we only catch them early, they make first-rate Methodists—*ecce signum*, the good

Doctor himself. We have before us a vigorous pamphlet on emigration, partly in Gaelic, in which language the Doctor also lectures. Of this part, however, our linguistic attainments do not enable us to form any opinion.

TURKEY.

THE dying sands of the long moribund "sick man" of the Bosphorus seem rudely shaken by recent events. Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania, have already practically thrown off his yoke; and now Bosnia and Hertzegovina are in defiant revolt. Garibaldi, from his island home, has issued a stirring appeal to the historic races of south-eastern Europe, with their heroic names and memories, to strike a valiant blow for liberty and throw off the incubus of ages. The Sultan's reckless borrowing and squandering on seraglios and barbaric pomp, and the speculation and misgovernment of venal officials, have culminated in financial repudiation that effectually prevents a new army loan, and practically neutralizes the military power of Turkey. Outraged public opinion will never again tolerate the lavish expenditure of English blood and English gold to bolster up an effete, corrupt, and tottering dynasty.

Russia and Austria bide their time, to part among them the sick man's possessions; while Germany jealously looks on, perhaps to claim by right of might, in the final struggle, the lion's share. England will insist that her right of way to her Indian possessions through the Suez Canal shall not be imperilled, and perhaps may be led to assume the troublesome task of an armed protectorate of Egypt, which is even now restive under the sovereignty of Turkey. Even while we write comes the announcement that she has purchased \$20,000,000 of shares in the Canal, and that a British fleet is on its way to Mediterranean waters. A grave crisis may be at hand. The issue, we may

confidently trust, will be divinely overruled for the glory of God, the welfare of man, and the free course of the Gospel. The scenes of the early triumphs of the Faith may be again illumined by the light of the truth. St. Paul's epistles to the Churches of Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi and Thessalonica, may again be read in Christian fanes on the sacred sites so long usurped by the superstitions of the Moslem; and the homage of the son of Abdalah soon give place to the worship of the Son of Mary.

THE FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE.

THE Address of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., Minister of Education in Her Majesty's late Liberal Government, at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, on the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, made a profound impression. So far as we are aware, it is the most pronounced and striking opinion in favour of Imperial Federation that has yet been uttered by a leading statesman. While not advocating any immediate change of relation, he strongly deprecates the disintegration of the Empire, and urges the moral and material advantages of a federal union of its parts. He corrects the misapprehension as to the actual or probable cost of the Colonies to the Mother Country, which is very trivial, and points out the strength that they would confer, as the home of the surplus population of Great Britain, and a market for her commerce in time of peace, and as faithful allies in time of war.

As a measure preparatory to this pan-federation, he recommends the federal union of groups of Colonies among themselves; as that of the Dominion of Canada, the confederation of the Colonies of South Africa and of Australia. As the ultimate result of this trans-oceanic federation, he anticipates the possibility of a grand alliance of all the English-speaking race, including the great confederacy of the American Re-

public, with which Great Britain is linked by so many ties of blood, language, literature, history and religion; and with which she is more allied in sympathy and affinity than with any other nation. This grand Protestant and Anglo-Saxon alliance could stand against the world,—would be a guarantee of universal peace,—would facilitate the disarmament of the war-burdened nations, and would hasten incalculably the civilization and Christianization of mankind. This seems almost the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer,—

“When the war drum throbs no longer, and
the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world.”

Mr. Forster does not suggest any scheme for the accomplishment, wholly or in part, of this desirable consummation; but a townsman of our own, Mr. Jehu Matthews, in a very able volume on Imperial Federation,* has suggested in very full detail a plan which seems eminently feasible. Of this plan we shall give a condensed statement.

Mr. Matthews points out the great advantage to both Great Britain and her Colonies of the relations hitherto subsisting: The Colonial commerce is twenty times greater per head than that with foreign countries, and it is growing twice as fast. He shows that Canada is not, as has been alleged, a standing *casus belli*, as regards the United States, but that should war arise she would be an invaluable ally and *point d'appui*. Her naval supremacy is the very life of England. Even the independence of the Colonies would not justify a reduction of her fleets, and what would they be without the harbours of Halifax, Bermuda, Cape Town, Sidney and Melbourne? England must keep open the highway of the seas, or her manufactures are ruined and her artisans in starvation. The abandon-

ment of the Colonies would be an infamy to Britain, and they would probably fall under the influence of rivals or become rivals themselves. It would certainly greatly depreciate the value of English Colonial investments, amounting to 500 millions of dollars.

Nevertheless, the rapid growth of the Colonies renders the permanence of their present dependent position impossible. They will inevitably demand greater weight in Imperial councils by which their interests are often greatly affected, as for instance in the Fishery Question and the like. The solution of the problem Mr. Matthews finds in Imperial Federation with Federal and Local Legislatures.* He meets the objections of John Stuart Mill and Prof. Goldwin Smith to such a scheme, and shows, we think, that it is eminently practicable. The physical obstacles to federation have been greatly exaggerated, and are rapidly disappearing before the increased facilities of steam transit and ocean telegraphy. Melbourne and British Columbia are almost as near London as Oregon or California were to Washington a few years ago, or as Donegal or Inverness were to London in the last century. But *Soluitur ambulando*. The Colonies have virtually been governed from Downing Street for generations under less favourable conditions. There would surely be nothing impossible in it now with direct representation. In case of special emergency vote by proxy might be allowed, though this we consider unnecessary and undesirable.

The British Legislature, of course, would have to be re-organized. Mr. Matthews suggests by the creation of Local Parliaments in England, Scotland and Ireland, and a bi-cameral Federal Legislature for the Empire. This would meet the demand of the Irish Home-Rulers, give greater opportunity for wise local legislation on

* *Imperial Federation. A Colonel on the Colonial Question.* By JEHU MATTHEWS. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

* The proposed constitution of these bodies, and other phases of the question are indicated on pp. 271, vol. II, of this Magazine.

social and economical subjects, as the poor law, education, and many needed reforms which now get scant consideration in the over-worked House of Commons, and the Federal Parliament would be relieved of petty details and enabled to discuss fully subjects of Imperial interest.

The almost romantic regard of Colonists for the Fatherland would be a bond of indissoluble loyalty. The universal Colonial sentiment is, "For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness, in health, till death do us part, will we stand by Old England."

"Not aliens or estranged, but sons are we
Of the dear Fatherland across the sea."

Or as a Colonial minister has expressed it, "Though she slay us, yet will we trust her." When a Colonist visits England, its memory-haunted historic scenes to him are almost holy ground. His intellectual and spiritual nurture are drawn from those "wells of English undefiled" that are the common heritage of the whole English-speaking race. The Colonies cling with filial tenacity to the skirts of Mother England and refuse to accept independence. The Colonial Empire is one nation, with a common loyalty to the Sovereign, more fully than were England and Scotland in the days of the early Stuarts, or than England and Ireland are to-day. The Colonies would form at once too large a proportion of the Federation to fear oppression by the Mother Country, which proportion would yearly become greater, while the local self-government of the parts would be a safeguard of their local interests. Taxation under Federation would be far less than as Independent States, while the national prestige and dignity would be vastly greater. What a splendid career it would open to genius; what a grand Christian civilization would it develop; what a magnificent heritage does it offer the British race—almost a fifth of the habitable earth; what grand historic memories would it perpetuate from the days of Alfred to the

end of time; what a rich development of Colonial resources by the influx of British immigration and British capital, not diverted to build up foreign and rival nations, but employed to create a "Greater Britain" as a home for the over-crowded populations of the Mother land. "In twenty years," says our author, "the British Empire would be the mightiest State on the face of the earth, without whose permission not a gun should be fired in anger in the world." If the Colonies drift off as rival or alien nations, the Mother land, shorn of her greatness, must from their enormous growth sink into relative insignificance and weakness.

The achievement of this grand consummation will tax the highest statesmanship of the age. It will be the result of no party triumph. It will demand the efforts of all true lovers of their country, irrespective of party ties. It may well furnish a rallying ground for all who desire the highest welfare of their race—the good of all mankind.

For interesting details and illustrations of his scheme we commend our readers to Mr. Matthews' admirable book.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON,

ON the 22nd of November, at his official residence at Washington, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, died the Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States. His career was an honourable one. Like the late Ex-President Johnson, he rose from the shoemaker's bench to the high places of the nation. Reared in the rugged school of adversity amid the stern New Hampshire hills, he developed a sturdy strength of character that enabled him to serve his generation well. An unflinching antagonism to slavery, even in the days when to cherish such was to run the risk of martyrdom, was the guiding principle of his life. By his moral persistency he greatly assisted in the overthrow of the vile system which so long trailed his country's

honour in the dust. He has contributed largely to the literature of the Anti-Slavery struggle, his chief work being the "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." His noblest monument, however, is in the enfranchised lives of the millions of his fellow-beings whom he helped to raise from the condition of chattels to the dignity of freedom.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

Now that the long winter evenings are upon us, we conceive that they might very profitably be employed in the conducting of Mutual Improvement Societies in connection with many of our churches. We would suggest, as part of the exercises, the preparing of essays on important themes and subsequent discussion of the subjects, select readings and recitations, interspersed sometimes with singing. Perhaps some member would even venture on a lecture. Where possible, the minister could do good by being president, or patron, and the older people by looking in at open meetings. Our young people might thus cultivate their intellectual powers and moral faculties, and at the same time indulge their social instincts, which are all equally the gifts of God. Religion in its social aspects might become a far greater power than it is, hallowing even the secular relations and amusements of life, by doing all to the glory of God. A reading club might also form one of the features of the society. For a comparatively small sum an ample supply of the best current literature, illustrated papers, magazines—the *London News* or *Graphic*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's* Magazines, and the like—could be had, which would prove vastly interesting and instructive. Our young people will be no less apt to attend prayer meeting and Sunday-school because they meet thus to improve the minds that God has given them; but they will make much more intelligent and useful Christians and members of society.

We conceive that such Societies will be much more pleasant and profitable by furnishing the opportunity for the mutual influence of the sexes than by their separation. God designed that the sexes should refine and ennoble each the other, and such reflex influence is an important part of our social and moral education. Such is the deep philosophy of Tennyson's verse,—

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free.
Yet in the long years must they liker grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
world;
She mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

We hope that all Methodist voters will regard the exercise of the elective franchise as a duty, as well as a privilege. Upon the municipal elections, held early in the year, very largely depends the moral well-being of society. The municipal corporations could very easily suppress or greatly restrict the liquor traffic which so demoralizes the community, if the pressure of public opinion were brought to bear upon them. The liquor sellers, from their thorough organization and selfish zeal, often completely control the elections, and place their own tools in seats of public trust. These men, whose unholy traffic, as John Bright recently remarked, "produces crime, disorder, and madness," often have our municipal institutions completely at their mercy. We hope, therefore, that to use the words of an English contemporary, "not a single Methodist vote will be given to the liquor interest." As responsible to God for the discharge of their duty in this matter, let the thousands of Methodist voters endeavour to purify our country from this stain and protect their own dearest social interests—the moral welfare of their own flesh and blood.

BISHOP BOURGET.

ON the sixteenth of November was witnessed, in the city of Montreal, the strange spectacle of a thousand volunteer troops under arms to protect from assault the bones of Joseph Guibord, six years dead, on their way to their last, long, resting place. Bishop Bourget "in virtue of the Divine power," which he blasphemously assumes, fulminates his harmless anathema against the grave which contains those remains. A more undignified spectacle it is hard to conceive than the mitred ecclesi-

astic wreaking his petty spite upon the bones of his helpless victim, whose spirit had long since appeared before the Judge of all the earth, and as far as he dared setting at defiance the legal mandates of the highest court in the realm. Such is the spirit of Rome, *semper et ubique* the same. One would think that even in the minds of devout Romanists would arise the question, Can the Church which curses, alike, the living and the dead, be the Church of Him who said, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you?"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

THE Ministers and members of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England are alive to the importance of what is going on around them, and as we stated in our last number, they have held various conventions of Christian workers. Probably the most important of these was held at City Road Chapel, where, for three days, that time-honoured edifice was crowded at three different services, which consisted of devotion, expositions of Scripture, relations of experience, and whatever tended to promote the object of the meeting, viz., the increase of holiness. Revival Missions also have been held with great success, so that the entire Methodist Connexion seems to be renewing the vigour of its youth to spread Scriptural holiness through the land. The Rev. Charles Garrétt, well known for his temperance advocacy and revival zeal, was set apart last Conference as a Missionary in Liverpool. So far he has laboured very much among those employed about the docks, which are ten miles in extent. He has organized a com-

pany to establish British Workman public-houses, or cocoa-rooms, to compete with the gin-palaces in every branch save the drink. One such house has been opened, and consists of a kitchen, dining-room, reading-room, &c. A cup of cocoa is sold for one half-penny, and all other refreshments are sold at the smallest price. Mr. Garrétt hopes that by thus caring for the men's physical comfort, that he may also succeed in getting them to care for their souls.

The Fund for the extension of Methodism has been fairly inaugurated. Applications for assistance in the erection of churches have been made from one hundred and twenty villages. It is contemplated to build 1,000 churches in ten years. At one village, Lofthouse, a memorial church and school are being erected in memory of Revs. R. Newton, D.D., and W. Toase, both of whom were formerly members of Society there. At another village, Willington, near Bedford, the Duke of Bedford is erecting a Wesleyan Church at his own expense.

Several missionaries have lately

been sent abroad to publish among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. One young missionary thus set apart was the son of the late Rev. M. T. Male, and grandson of Rev. W. B. Fox, both of whom were missionaries in India, whither the young missionary was going. Another was the son of Rev. Thornley Smith, formerly a missionary in Africa.

Methodism in France, in past years has laboured under great disadvantages, and but for the aid of the Wesleyan Missionary Society it could not well have maintained an existence. The membership does not exceed 2,000. In seventeen years the increase has been 500. Several meetings for the promotion of holiness have been held by Pastor Cook and others which have done great good. An earnest appeal is now being made for additional labourers and means to erect churches in Switzerland.

Good news have also been received from the missionary in Vienna, Austria, where he has had to contend with almost insurmountable difficulties: but a better place of worship has been secured, which is crowded with eager listeners who have been bigoted Papists, and some who had lapsed into infidelity.

EVANGELISM.

"AND he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists." This is surely the time of the latter, for almost everywhere we hear of the labours and success of such Christian workers. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have left Brooklyn, where thousands flocked to hear them daily, for Philadelphia. Various cities of the United States are eager to avail themselves of the aid of these servants of God. They have also had applications from Australia and India, to extend their labours to those countries. The royalty on the sale of the hymns used at their meetings while in London exceeded \$28,000, which sum

has been remitted to Mr. G. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, to be given to the rebuilding of Mr. Moody's Church, at Chicago. The expenses of the London meetings exceeded \$140,000, not one cent of which was given to Moody & Sankey.

Messrs. A. B. Earle, Whittle, Bliss, E. P. Hammond and others, are labouring as evangelists chiefly among the Baptists and Presbyterians of the United States. Great good is reported as the result of their labours.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, U. S.

THE month of November was a busy month for the Bishops, and members of various Committees which held their annual meetings at New York and Philadelphia. The first was the Missionary Committee which has the burden of a large debt to carry. Consequently, but little increase could be made to the appropriations for 1876. Instead of \$821,000, as last year, only \$679,133.20 were appropriated.

The Board of Church Extension presented a very encouraging report. Six hundred and thirty-four new edifices had been erected, more than two for each secular day in the year. The addition to the membership of the Churches, including deaths, is 58,654, an average of 1,128 for each Sabbath. The number of infant baptisms exceeds that of any previous year of the Church's history. In ten years the membership of the Church has been more than doubled. The Church Extension Committee have appropriated \$144,020 for church erections next year.

Bishop Janes, in his address at one of the Annual Conferences recently said, that out of about ten thousand preachers stationed during the past year by the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, only three declined to accept their appointments; not a single church rejected its preacher.

Dr. Wentworth suggests that the

Methodists of the United States all contribute to the setting up a statue of Wesley, Asbury, or some other Methodist worthy, in the Centennial Art Gallery, at Philadelphia. The Methodist Centenary Memorial Picture, which was commenced in the centenary year of the Church and is now nearly completed, will be placed in the Mission Rooms.

The Methodist and Methodist Protestant Churches in the United States have agreed on a basis of Union. The name is to be "The Methodist Protestant Church." Ministers are not to be stationed for a longer term than five years, and the ratio of representation to the General Conference is to be one minister and one layman for every one thousand members. The number of members at the General Conference is never to exceed one hundred. A convention is to be held in May, 1877, to consummate the Union, and it is recommended that the two Churches shall hold a National Union Camp Meeting early next summer.

The National Camp Meeting Association for the promotion of holiness, are now holding series of meetings with remarkable success.

The Methodist Ministers, of New York, have held a meeting of consultation, and the presiding elders sent a circular to all the churches, various tracts and hand-bills were distributed, and a day of fasting and prayer was observed, followed by special services in all the churches. Surely the time to favour Zion must be come, when the servants of God take such pleasure in her stones.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

THERE are two large Methodist churches in St. Johns. One, just completed, is a fine stone structure, the handsomest in the island. Methodism is advancing with rapid strides. Its Conference numbers over 50 members. In a population of not quite 150,000 there are over

35,000 Methodists the remainder being Catholics and Churchmen; but in the last four years the Methodists have increased at the rate of twenty-one per cent., the Churchmen seven per cent., and the Catholics have about held their own. There is a great work before Methodism in this island, and she is girding herself to accomplish it. The temporal interests of the people look dark just now, for the cod fishery, on which so much depends, is almost a failure; that means next to starvation for thousands. May He who chose fishermen for His apostles, and filled their nets when they were in need, grant a similar blessing to these hardy toilers of the sea.

BEREN'S RIVER.

FROM the Rev. E. R. Young, our devoted Missionary at Berens River, we received in a private letter the following interesting intelligence:—
 "We have had a pleasant, prosperous summer. Large numbers of Indians have been here to meet His Excellency, Governor Morris, of Manitoba. They all accepted of our invitations to attend the religious services, and great was the attention they paid to what was uttered. For generations past, this spot has been noted as one of the sacred places, where, from various distant places, noted conjurers and medicine men were wont to assemble for the purpose of holding some of their high religious carnivals; prominent among which were feasting on white dogs, and worshipping the devil. Marvellous is the change that has taken place. Our beautiful church bell has silenced every drum; our humble little school-house, in which we also hold our religious services, has overthrown every magician's tent. Dagon has fallen before the Ark, never, we trust, to rise again. The Governor had no trouble in making a treaty with our people. A fine reserve of twelve miles square has been allotted to them. Our new

mission premises are in the centre. Over a hundred and fifty families are to come here to settle down. The surplus population of Norway House Mission are invited to make

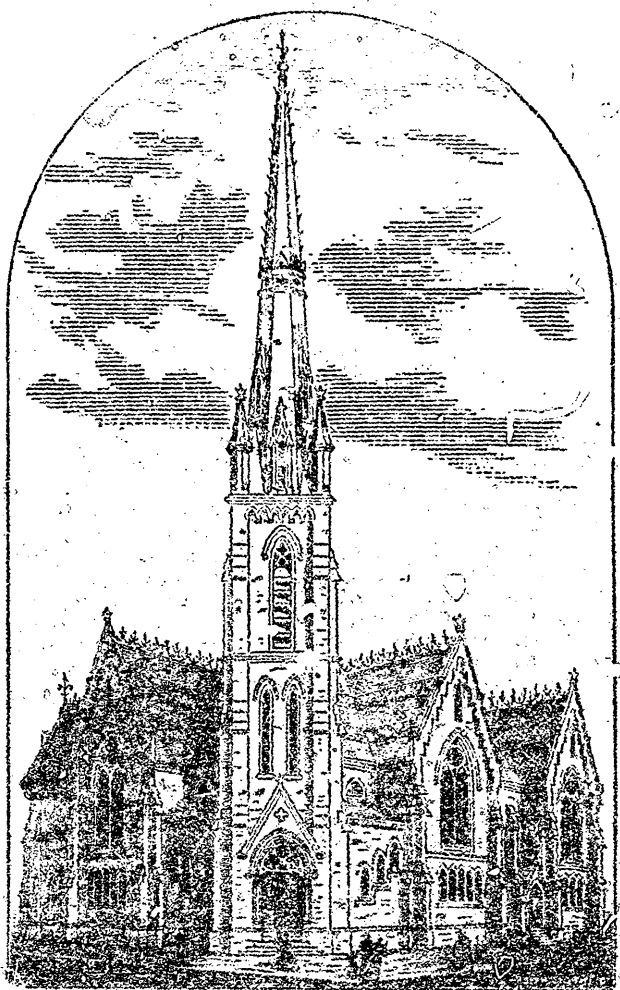
this place their home. For these things we have been working for years, and I assure you that we now rejoice at the consummation of our plans."

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

(See Frontispiece.)

WE have pleasure in presenting an engraving of this new and beautiful Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Castle is pastor, dedicated to the worship of God on December 2nd, 1875. An unusually imposing aspect is given to the structure by including both church and school-house under one roof. The style is Gothic, and the building is faced with a brown stone, obtained from the vicinity of Queenston. The dressings, copings, etc., are of Ohio stone, and the columns at the doorways are of granite of excellent quality, obtained from St. George, New Brunswick. The roof is covered with Canadian slate, relieved by ornamental bands in green and red. A handsome iron cresting surmounts the ridge. On the south-west corner, facing Gerrard and Jarvis streets, is the tower, 77 feet high, with spire, 78 feet in height, and vane, 10 feet, giving a total altitude of 165 feet; on the north-west corner is situated a porch, in which, as well as in the tower, are the principal entrances and the staircases to the gallery. The interior of the church is of amphitheatrical form, with radiating aisles or passages, and the area on the ground-floor is 86 feet by 72 feet, exclusive of projections. The floor for a distance of 22 feet from the walls slopes toward the centre portion, which is level. At the eastern end is the pulpit platform, with the baptistry, and organ immediately behind. The pulpit desk is of polished brass, very light, and open,

the pulpit chairs, two in number, are of carved and polished oak. The organ is a splendid instrument of imposing appearance, great power and sweetness, containing 2,240 pipes and over 50 stops, including mechanical. The case is of black walnut, and the front pipes are richly decorated in flock and gold. Immediately in front of the pulpit is the platform for the communion table, raised two steps above the floor of the church. In front of the communion platform is situated the key-desk of the organ, the trackers connecting with the instrument extending beneath the platforins and baptistry. The choir is placed behind and at either side of the organist. In the tower porches before mentioned are four staircases to the gallery, which, with two others situated at the east end of the church, furnish ample means of egress. The gallery is of crescent form, five seats in depth, and is supported by handsome iron columns which also extend upwards to support the ceiling and roof. The front of the gallery is of iron, painted green and bronzed. The pews in both gallery and ground floor are of walnut and chestnut, finished in oil. The seats are cushioned with damask. The floors throughout are covered with a handsome carpet, harmonizing with the fittings. The ceiling is richly groined in plaster, the numerous ribs of which spring from the capitals of the iron columns. Between the church and school is a commodious hall with



Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

entrances from Gerrard-street and from the north side. This hall gives access to both church and school. On the ground floor of the school building is situated a large church parlour 27 x 44 ft., handsomely furnished, also two large class-rooms, pastor's vestry, library, lavatories, etc. In the basement are situated the kitchen—with lift to rooms above—the furnaces and conveniences. A large room has here been provided, in which on festival occasions tea will be served. The lecture or school-room is situated on the first floor, at the gallery level, and is reached by easy flights of stairs. This room is 48 feet x 59 feet, with a ceiling 23 feet in height; the walls and ceilings are tinted, and the windows and

gaseliers are of the same design as those in the church. Opening off the school-room with folding doors are four commodious class-rooms; over these rooms are galleries for visitors or the infant classes on special occasions. The accommodation of the church is 1,258 sittings, while on crowded occasions as many as 1,700 may be accommodated, and the lecture-room has a sitting capacity of about 600. Instead of the usual fence, the building will be simply encircled with posts and chains, which will increase the apparent size of the lot. Messrs. Langley, Langley and Burke are the architects. The entire cost of the building is \$97,000, which has already been provided for.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains. By the EARL of SOUTHESK, K.T., F.R.G.S. 8vo. xxx-448 pp. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglass. Toronto: S. Rose. Price \$5.00.

OUR great North-west has long been a favourite hunting ground for British sportsmen, who think themselves well repaid for a 5,000 miles journey, and months of toil and privation, by the pleasure of "knocking over" a few buffaloes. Of this class is the gallant Earl, who records his sporting adventures in this book. As we have not fired off a gun for years, and not often in our life, we cannot get up much enthusiasm over the hurting exploits of this modern Nimrod. The book is of greater value as recording original explorations in some previously unvisited valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

The testimony borne to the success of our missions in the North-

west, as exemplified in the character and conduct of the Plain Indians, is very gratifying. Some of these, who first received the Gospel from the apostolic Rundle, retained it long after he left the country. The Earl mentions one tribe that he met, that every night around their camp-fire sang a devotional hymn; and pays a well-merited tribute to the missionary zeal of our own Rev. Thos. Wolsey, a letter from whom he prints in his book. The noble lord himself, with pious solicitude, wrote out passages of Scripture for translation into the language of a native tribe which he met—an agreeable contrast this to the conduct of another "Earl," who makes his book a vehicle of slander against the Missionaries of the South Seas. Our author's accounts of his Buffalo hunts are strangely blended with critical and moral reflections on Shakespeare's plays, (which were his *vade mecum* of travel,) Wilhelm Meister and Bun-

sen's Hippolytus, theological arguments, notes on art and science, and the like. Several pages of the syllabic writing, invented by the Rev. James Evans, are given with explanations.

The "get-up" of the book is superb; engravings by Whympier, folded maps printed on glazed cloth,—a great improvement on paper—and splendid typography. But then an Earl can do things more magnificently than poor untitled authors.

America not Discovered by Columbus.

A Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Norsemen, in the tenth century. By R. B. ANDERSON, A.M., of the University of Wisconsin. 12mo., pp. 104. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trubner & Co.

THE conclusions of this book are somewhat startling, but we do not think that they can be successfully controverted. Passing over the Phœnician, Greek, and Welsh traditions and legends of American discovery, our author comes to the claims of the Norsemen to this honour. He shows that Iceland, which is 850 miles from Norway, was colonized from that country a thousand years ago—in fact, its millennial anniversary has just been celebrated. From Iceland to Greenland is only 450 miles, and the latter was early settled and became a Romish diocese for nearly 400 years. From Greenland to Labrador is 500 miles, or across Davis' Straits less than half that distance. The daring navigators who kept up constant intercourse in their strong-built ships with Iceland could easily accomplish the remainder of the task.

But we are not left to conjecture upon the subject. The Icelandic sagas, whose credibility is fully acknowledged by Humboldt and Malte-Brun, minutely record that in A.D. 986 Bjarne Herjulfson discovered the American continent; that in the year 1000 Leif Erikson wintered about the latitude of Boston,

which he named Vinland from the abundance of wild grapes; that two years after, his brother lost his life in conflict with the natives and was buried under the sign of the cross; and that in 1007 Thorfinn Karlsefne with Gudrid his wife, 151 men and seven women, with cattle and sheep, formed a colony in Vinland. Here, in 1008, was born Snorre Thorfinnson, a lineal ancestor of Thorwaldsen the Danish sculptor, and here the colony remained three years, when it was expelled by the natives. In corroboration of this migration, Prof. Anderson cites the following inscription in Roman characters on a rock near the Taunton river, Mass.,—

ORFIN CXXXI. N [a boat] M NAM.

which he translates,—“Thorfinn with 151* Norsemen took possession of this land.”

The round tower at Newport and the “Skeleton in Armour,” commemorated in Longfellow's fine ballad, are also identified as Icelandic. Our author further shows, that Columbus in 1477 visited Iceland and probably heard of these discoveries; that Gudrid, on her return, made a pilgrimage to Rome; that in 1112, Pope Paschal appointed a Bishop to Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland,—who went to Vinland in 1121; that the Pinzons, friends of Columbus, procured from the Vatican a map of Vinland; and that Adam of Bremen had described this country before 1076. The awful pestilence of the Black Death, which in the 14th century more than decimated Europe, caused this discovery, for the most part, to fall out of mind.

Columbus himself based his conviction of the existence of land in the west on the testimony of learned writers, and computed its distance at 700 leagues, and two days before sighting land offered to return if within three days it was not discovered. The awakened maritime spirit of the age, and the superiority

* With the Icelanders twelve decades go to a hundred.

over the natives given by the use of firearms, and above all the discovery of gold, caused the fame of Columbus to quite eclipse that of the previous Norse explorers.

The publishers of this book are doing good service to letters by their important issues of works on Scandinavian languages and literature.

The Recent Origin of Man, as Illustrated by Geology and the Modern Science of Pre-historic Archaeology. By JAMES C. SOUTHALL, 8vo., pp. 606, illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$6.00.

THIS is just the sort of book for which we have been long waiting. It is easy enough to denounce the anti-Scriptural theory of the immense antiquity of man, but this author does what is better, he confutes it. Mr. Southall, who is a thorough master of the literature of the subject, as well as a practised original observer, takes up the arguments of Lyell, Lubbock, Worsae, Vogt, and the advocates of the vast duration of man upon the planet, and from their own statement of facts, successfully, as we judge, confutes their conclusions. He contends, and having followed his exhaustive argument through nearly 600 closely printed 8vo. pages we are disposed heartily to agree with him, that the historic period indicated in Scripture is amply sufficient for all the social development indicated by the numerous relics of pre-historic man, and that the theories of his brute origin, primitive savagism, and immense antiquity are unscientific and erroneous. In another part of this number we give a condensed *resume* of this important argument.

The Unseen Universe; or Physical Speculations on a Future State. M'Millan & Co., New York: Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THIS is rather an unsatisfactory book of the physico-metaphysical

type. The author's theory is that the constant waste of material from the visible universe by radiation into space must accumulate in the outer void to form the "unseen universe" which is to be the future home of the soul. Concurrent with this theory is a powerful argument for the immortality of the soul, based on the doctrine of the persistence of force. The book has attracted much attention and has been made the subject of a special article in the *London Quarterly Review* (Methodist). It is a much less satisfactory book, in our judgment, than Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of a Future Life*.

Brentford Parsonage. By the author of the "Win and Wear" Series. 12 mo., pp. 450. Robert Carter and Brothers, New York: Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

THIS book should be read before "Coulyng Castle," noticed in our last number, for it is like coming from poetry down to prose to read it afterward; and this not from any absolute defect, but from the extraordinary merit of the other. While, however, this book cannot lay claim to the literary skill, the poetic insight, the dramatic vivacity of the above mentioned story, it is a simple account of life in a New England parsonage, and the beneficent social and religious results it exercised in a rude manufacturing village. The story is neither better nor worse than, perhaps, the average of Sunday-school books; but its publishers have given us so many excellent works, that we expect something of a very high class in anything bearing their imprint.

The Odd One. By A. M. MITCHELL PAYNE. 12mo., pp. 350. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

THIS is a better story than the one last noticed—simpler in plot, more skilfully written, and plainer in purpose. It records the transforma-

tion of character of a neglected household drudge under the subtle influence of appreciation and kindness. It illustrates, also, the dangers of spiritual pride, and the truth that the duty that lieth nearest to us is the most important for us—that the lowliest tasks done to the glory of God become sublime, or as the saintly Herbert expresses it :

“ A service with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy cause
Makes that and the action fine.”

There is, however, an air of unreality about most Sunday-school fiction. The same lessons, we think, could be better conveyed by well-written sketches from life. Truth is often stranger, grander, nobler, more thrilling and inspiring than the best of fiction. We greatly err in thinking

“ God’s truth unexcelling
The poor tales of our telling.”

The Convent : A Narrative Founded on Fact. By R. MCCRINDELL, 12mo. pp. 317. Robt. Carter & Brothers, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

THIS is a very well written story of convent life in Sicily. It exhibits the seemingly inevitable duplicity, petty tyranny and discontent that pervade these supposed peaceful seclusions. Their abject superstitions, “pious frauds,” and deeds of darker dye are described or suggested. The illuminating power of the Word of God amid the densest spiritual darkness is strikingly illustrated. The interest culminates in the rescue of two young novices, who are about to be bound for ever in unwilling vows, by the British Admiral, on whose protection they throw themselves. The book is thoroughly unexceptionable in tone, which is more than can be said of some others professing to give revelations of convent life. It is a faithful warning to Protestant parents who from false economy or

from silly vanity would expose their daughters to its perils.

Lectures to my Students. By C. H. SPURGEON. 8vo., pp. 210. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 75 cents.

THIS is a book which every preacher should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. It abounds in words of wit and weight and wisdom, addressed by one of the greatest of living preachers to the students of the Pastors’ College of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, but applicable to a much wider auditory. Their shrewd practical common-sense, racy idiomatic English, and devout spirit, will make them of great interest and value to every reader, clerical or lay. Among the subjects treated are the following: The Call to the Ministry; Private and Public Prayer. Sermons—their Matter; Choice of Text; On Spiritualizing; On the Voice; Attention; Impromptu Speech; The Minister out of the Pulpit, etc.

WE have received from the publisher, F. E. Longley, Warwick Lane, London, “An Account of the Ten Days’ Convention for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness, held at Brighton, May 29th to June 7th, 1875.” It is a narrative of very great interest. Two thousand persons met day after day beneath the dome of the gay Pavilion whose erection is associated with such shameful memories of the profligacy of one of England’s kings. But now the scenes of revelry were consecrated to prayer and praise, and Holiness to the Lord was written upon the shrine of worldly pleasure. The gathering of so many earnest seekers after holiness, from all parts of the kingdom, was significant of the growing interest in this all-important phase of religious experience.

A REMARKABLE book has been published by James Croll, of the Scottish Geological Survey. He be-

lieves that the glacial eras of the earth are due to the eccentricity of its orbit. At their maximum divergence the difference between the summer of the northern and that of the southern hemisphere would be thirty-six days. This would allow an immense accumulation of ice alternately at either pole, sufficient to account for all the alternations of climate and other glacial phenomena. The periodical oscillation of the earth's centre of gravity would cause a corresponding elevation or depres-

sion of the sea level through a range of 1000 feet. This would explain many of the submergences and elevations of the land in geologic times. The present summer of the southern hemisphere is eight days shorter than that of the north, and the southern pole is covered by an ice cap of immense thickness. The climatic difference between the hemispheres will increase till they reach their maximum of divergence and then librate in the opposite direction.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

—A new book by Thomas Hughes, on "The Economy of Thought and Thinking," is promised.

—A new work by W. W. Story, the author of "Roba di Roma" has just been published in New York. It is entitled *Nero: An Historical Play*.

—Among the forthcoming volumes of the International Scientific Series will be one on "The Five Senses of Man," by Prof. Bernstein, of Halle.

—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new volume, on America in 1875, just announced in London, will bear the title, "White Conquest."

—Rev. Dr. Farrar, author of "The Life of Christ," is preparing "Studies on the Dawn of Christianity." He is now in Italy, at work.

—A new evening paper is being talked of in London, to be edited by Mr. Arthur Arnold, assisted by Mr. G. A. Sala and Miss F. P. Cobbe.

—A collection of Canon Kingsley's letters is being made, and Mrs. Kingsley, who writes from Byfleet, Weybridge, Surrey, asks the holders of such letters to communicate with her.

—Senor Castelar's new volume, in advanced preparation in New York, will include, besides "The Life of Lord Byron," which gives its title,

papers on Hugo, Dumas, Girardin, Daniel Manin, and Thiers.

—Mr. R. A. Proctor's new work, or one of them, is announced under the title of "Our Place among Infinities: A Series of Essays contrasting our little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities around us."

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

—A "Concordance to the Poetical Works of Pope" is announced by the Messrs. Appleton, New York. It will be a great convenience, as everybody quotes Pope, or would if he knew exactly where to turn for the line he wishes to use. The book contains 40,000 references.

—An American reprint of Spurgeon's new book, "Lectures to my Students," has just been issued in New York. It is said that over 400,000 volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's various works have been sold in America, by the firm of Sheldon & Co., New York.

—An American edition of Mr. W. R.

Greg's "Rocks Ahead: or the Warnings of Cassandra," has just been published in Boston. The book is a reprint of some essays which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and is intended as a note of warning to England that her industrial, commercial, and social future is very cloudy.

—Mr. G. Smith has been directed by the Trustees of the British Museum to resume his excavations at Nineveh, and he expects to start for the East early next month. His new book on the "Chaldean Account of Genesis," which contains his recent discoveries, is now in the press, and will shortly be published.

—The smallest Bible in the world, just produced by the Oxford University Press, is printed on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; and weighs, bound in limp morocco, less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and can be sent through the post for a penny.

—Mrs. Alexander Ross, one of our most successful Canadian authors, has written another Scottish-Canadian story, "A Legend of the Grand Gor-

don," which is very highly commended. It is beautifully illustrated. Readers of "Violet Keith" and "The Wreck of the White Bear," her former stories, will be glad to procure this one.

—Mrs. Herschel, wife of Captain Herschel, F.R.S. (grandson of the celebrated Sir William Herschel), is now engaged on a memoir of Miss Caroline Herschel, the accomplished sister and assistant of Sir William, compiled from her own journals. Several letters of the great astronomer, hitherto unpublished, will be included in the volume.

—Principal Dawson's new work, "The Dawn of Life," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London. It is a history of the oldest known fossil remains, and their relations to geological time, and to the development of the animal kingdom. The work is enriched with numerous full-page illustrations, about fifty woodcuts, besides a map of the Laurentian region on the River Ottawa, prepared by the late Sir W. Logan.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE.	DATE.
Mary Ann Roberts ..	Three Rivers ..	Three Rivers, Q.	57	Oct. 12, 1875
Amelia A. Rammage..	Windham	Strathroy, O.	22	" 15, "
Robert Wiles	Vaughan	Kleinburg, O.	59	" 16, "
John D. Slater	Pembroke.	Strathroy, O.	23	" 23, "
George Flewelling....	Oak Point	Greenwich, N.B.	49	" 20, "
Mary Naft	Preston	Preston, O.	52	" 26, "
Amie J. Devlin	Stayner	Stayner, O.	21	" 28, "
Maria Webster	London City ..	O.	Nov. 7, "
Lottie M. Buckley....	Guysborough..	Guysboro', N. S.	24	" 8, "
Edward Ward	Bridgetown ...	P.E.I.	32	" , "
Caroline H. Douglas..	Brantford	O.	82	" 21, "

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