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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1883.

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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.\*

BY MRS. M. A. CASTLE.

But search the blazoned records' starry line,  
What halo's radiance fills the page like thine?  
Thou who by some celestial clue could'st find  
The way to all the hearts of all mankind,  
On thee, already canonized, enshrined,  
What more can heaven bestow?

—O. W. Holmes.

AMONG writers who have found the way to the hearts of all mankind stands pre-eminently the name of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Ask the world who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,  
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,  
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,  
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,  
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,  
Arab, Armenian and Manichoo  
Would shout, "We know the lady."

The history of literature has no name more widely known than hers, no book of romance more widely read than the thrilling,

\*For the accompanying fine portrait of Mrs. Stowe we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin, the authorized publishers of her works. The following is a partial list of her books which they issue :

*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* A Story of Slavery. Popular Illus. Ed. 12mo, \$2.00.

*Agnes of Sorrento.* An Italian Romance. 12mo, \$1.50.

*The Pearl of Orr's Island.* A Story of the Coast of Maine. 12mo, \$1.50.

*The Minister's Wooing.* A New England Story. 12mo, \$1.50.

*The May-Flower, and other Sketches.* 12mo, \$1.50.

VOL. XVI.—No. 5.

fascinating story of "Uncle Tom." Its subject, slavery, was akin to all the world; for the monster had in turn defiled well nigh every nation, the most enlightened as well as the most abject. From the continent of Europe it crossed the Atlantic, and nestled its hideous form among the green islands of the West; and with the pioneers of America it came and fixed its terrible talons deep in the virgin soil of the new country. The old world hailed as a new-found bonanza the increasing market for her human traffic. England, Germany, France, and Spain poured their palpitating cargoes upon its ample shores.

" Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,  
For guilty ages roll'd the tide of slaves ;  
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest ;  
Constant as day and night from east to west,  
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course  
With boundless ruin and resistless force."

From the beginning both England and America had their staunch advocates for the abolition of slave trading and slave holding. The undying names of Grenville Sharpe, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Keyrick, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, Jay, and Hamilton are among the first who dared to confront so established and lucrative an institution. For a time their efforts seemed almost futile. Ease, caste, and mammon ruled the sea and land. But as dropping water wears the hardest stone, so steady, determined efforts of pure, unselfish, Christian purpose will undermine the staunchest bulwarks of wrong. Between 1833 and 1843 England unfettered her millions of bondsmen, and vetoed the traffic. The while the same change was going on in the different countries of Europe, humanity was asserting its nobility and power everywhere but in America, where, as the boundaries of slavery narrowed, tighter and tighter grew

*Nina Gordon* (formerly called "Dred"). A Story of Slavery. 12mo, \$1.50.

*Oldtown Folks*. A New England Story. 12mo, \$1.50.

*Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories*. Illustrated. New edition, enlarged. \$1.50.

*House and Home Papers*. 16mo, \$1.50.

*Little Foxes*. Common Household Faults. 16mo, \$1.50.

*Chimney Corner*. 16mo, \$1.50. A series of papers on Woman's Rights and Duties, Health, Amusements, Entertainment of Company, Dress, Fashion, Self-Discipline, and Bereavement.

*Religious Poems*. Illustrated. Gilt, 16mo, \$1.50.

*Palmetto Leaves*. Sketches of Florida. Illustrated. 16mo, \$1.50.

the fetters that bound man in abject servitude to man, and darker and more dire the stultifying influences on both races. Philanthropy worked with unremitting zeal against legislation, indifference, aristocracy and greed. The long and varied struggle fills the most interesting and exciting period of American history, and presents a vivid phenomenon of the mastery of wrong. In a letter, replying to an invitation to a birthday Garden Party given to Mrs. Stowe last year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Oliver Johnson, of New York, epitomizes the state of the abolition cause when she appeared, and the part which she took in it.

"It was in 1852, just after the last desperate effort of the slave power, by the aid of its Northern supporters, to overwhelm and crush the anti-slavery movement, when humanity was shuddering in view of the atrocities of the fugitive slave law, and the fires of persecution were raging furiously around the champions of freedom, that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from the press to kindle fresh sympathy for the bondman throughout the civilized world, and fill the hearts of his enemies with despair. For twenty years the abolitionists had struggled against all the prejudices of caste, the hostility of political parties, and the combined opposition of the great ecclesiastical bodies of the land to create a public sentiment that would destroy slavery; and at the very moment when the prospect of success was eclipsed, and the hearts of multitudes were filled with fear and dread, Mrs. Stowe's great work turned the tide of battle; and from that day forth the hosts of freedom, with constantly augmenting strength, marched with unfaltering step toward their great victory."

It was fire to the fuse. The magazine had been prepared in tears, and prayers and life blood. She "fired the shot heard round the world." The magic of the romance of *Uncle Tom* flashed like a thunderbolt, and every eye saw, and every ear heard. The romance was real, and humanity's heart recognized it.

"She moved the earth; its thunders pealed,  
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,  
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,  
And Moloch sunk to Hades."

"God prepares His own instruments in His own way" and when and where He pleases. The early Puritans of New England, as of Old England, had a severe, determined hatred of

wrong. It was law without the warmth of the gospel. In their conscientiousness there was what Mrs. Stowe calls a "stony grimness," but when it became interfused with divine compassion and love, it was something to be depended upon. Of this stock came Mrs. Stowe. She was born in Lichfield, Conn., to a fortune of mental and physical vigour of the staunchest Puritan sort, and nurtured on a regimen of "plain living and high thinking"—the not unusual regimen of the parsonage. Her father was the Rev. Lyman Beecher, one of the best pulpit orators of his time, and a bold advocate of temperance and orthodoxy, when the foundations of both were in peril. From Lichfield he went to Boston, where it is said he made the city hum like a hive with the power of his preaching. He was eloquent, but the charm of it lay not in inflated, gilded words, and fine sentences, but facts—solid, serious, practical, forged in a glowing philanthropic heart.

Mrs. Beecher possessed a great nature and strong mental qualities. From such a parentage, and, both in Lichfield and Boston, surrounded by the ablest thinkers and most active progressionists, Harriet Beecher grew to womanhood. The rights and wrongs of humanity, truth, and error, were themes which her earnest, active heart absorbed. At the age of twenty she went to Cincinnati, just on the borders of a slave state, where her father took charge of the Lane Theological Seminary. There she married Prof. Calvin Stowe, and set up housekeeping under conditions new and strange enough for a New Englander. The coloured race imagined from afar, and the living, breathing, ignorant, whimsical beings serving in her own house, were strikingly unlike. The real and ideal rarely match, and this was no exception. At her very door slavery groaned and bled. "Its tragedies and comedies were daily enacted before her eyes."

With this actual burned into her very soul she returned to her native state where almost immediately she received a request from the editor of the *Nation's Era* that she should write an anti-slavery story, to run through three or four numbers. That was the beginning of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the very outlet her burning heart needed, and the intention of that Divine Providence which had prepared her for it. But instead of stopping at the prescribed limit, on and on went the story. Readers became greatly excited over it, and the publishers resolved to put it out in book form. They admonished Mrs. Stowe to finish

up as quickly as possible, as an anti-slavery story of more than one volume could never sell. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, says, "I thought so too, and advised her to kill off Uncle Tom immediately and give the world the book in one volume if she expected it to be read. But with a peculiarity which belongs to no other member of my father's family, she had her own way about it." The result of a woman's way is not always futile. In this case the book was finished in two volumes, and it may be supposed that author and publisher were equally surprised when 10,000 copies were sold in a few days, and over 300,000 within the year in America. Abroad the figures were simply fabulous. The London publishers supplied one house with 10,000 copies a day for four weeks, and employed one thousand extra hands. During the year 1852 the sales in England amounted to over a million, and translations were made into no less than twenty-one different languages.

James Parton writes, "That book, we may almost say, went into every household of the civilized world, which contained one person capable of reading it. It was not read from a sense of duty, nor from a desire to get knowledge; it was read with passion; it was devoured; people sat up all night reading it. Who shall say how many soldiers that book added to the Union army? Who shall estimate its influence in hastening emancipation in Brazil, and in preparing the amiable Cubans for a similar measure? But if it is impossible to measure the political effect of this work, we may at least assert that it gave a thrilling pleasure to ten millions of human beings, an innocent pleasure too." Well might the world shout, "We know the lady." It has been asked, "Who reads an American book?" This will answer for at least one from the trading Republic.

But our critic may say, "It was no great book to brag of; great sales do not count for excellence; it had not high literary merit. It could never be considered a standard classic!" Is a production, then, for the heart, of less real value than one for the head? We trow not. If any book can be beyond the cavil of the critic, Mrs. Stowe's certainly should be. It was written for a great purpose, greater than she knew.

"Genius, 'tis said, knows not itself,  
But works unconscious wholly.  
Even so she wrought who built in thought,  
The Cabin of the Lowly."

Hers was the hand—the heart was the heart of the merciful Redeemer of man. Let the free lance find other subjects—the sunshine, clouds, “the season’s glorious show”—rather than the nature-pictures of the earnest, devout Uncle Tom; the contemptible, ignorant, savage Legree; the easy, refined, generous fatalist St. Clare; the fantastic, abject Topsy; the gentle, heavenly Eva; the square-built, conscientious Miss Ophelia; and the crowd of others, who stand as living, breathing portraiture of the most serious and pathetic blunder of humanity—slavery.

Were this Mrs. Stowe’s only book, by right most truly the crown immortal should be hers. But in quick succession followed volume after volume from her facile pen. A Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin, and a brief of it for children were among the first; also, Dred, a story of the Dismal Swamp, and dismal enough it was, and sadly true. This had also an enormous sale. But to her quick eye, life had other bonds than the clanking chains of Afric’s tawny sons. Hearts were fettered in fairest homes. “Little Foxes” were spoiling the domestic vines. Woman’s work, and sphere, and education were too narrow. Daughters, and sons too, of the purest Anglo-Saxon type, were fettered by ineradicable usages.

“We and our Neighbours,” that word  
Grew in the heart of her heart;  
Haunted the life’s feast, and stirred  
Plea for a people apart.

“To let the oppressed go free” seemed to be the inspiration of all her work, whether she wrote an essay, wove a romance or a poem. Of her “Minister’s Wooing,” Whittier says, that in it she

“Revealed the warm heart of the man  
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,  
And taught the kinship of the love  
Of man below and God above.”

Some one may say, Is the sanction of the romance and the romance writer a safe thing in this day of novel dissipation? To which we may answer, The evil of the time is, the abuse of the best standard and didactic novels, and the use of the demoralizing “spawn of the press.” Romance occupies an honourable place in our literature, and a useful one in the *code morale*; like fire it is a benison of joy and usefulness, or besom of wildest destruction.



It is no easy riddle, why, as a rule, the loudest advocates of anti-slavery were anti-christian, but it was true nevertheless. Joseph Cook made the following remarks in a lecture on New England skepticism, "Boston sends Theodore Parker to posterity with his anti-slavery speeches in his right hand,—and no hurricane of criticism shall ever blow them out of his manly grasp. In his left hand, anti-christianity was clutched, loosely, and already the winds have torn the leaves away, and the hand is nearly empty." Mrs. Stowe held with equal grip her faith and her works. "Her philanthropy was the blossom, of which the stalk and root were Christianity." Her books nearly all attest a true, religious fervour. Her very first, "The Mayflower, or Sketches of Early New England Life," racy, quaint, grave and gay as they were, contained a passage called "Four ways of keeping the Sabbath," which was published as a manual both in England and America and widely read. A reproduction might be useful in these days of easy Sabbaths.

While, so far as we know, she has produced but one distinctively religious volume, her religious tracts, "A word to the Sorrowful," "My Expectation," "He is coming To-morrow," and others, are as leaves for the healing of the nations. Her hymns, too, of which she has written a goodly number, are sung in all the Churches.

That Mrs. Stowe was a poet the readers of her prose cannot fail to discern, but the following extracts from a poem entitled, "I have set the Lord always before me," will tell their own story of her mastery of rhythmic verse.

Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,  
When wake the birds, and all the shadows flee,  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;  
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er shading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :  
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought : I am with Thee.

"Summer Studies," is a poem of sixteen stanzas in which she

paints the "season's glorious show," and urges its refreshing pages in exchange for "dusty books of Greek and Hebrew lore," and asks

Hast thou no time for all this wondrous show?  
 No thought to spare? wilt thou forever be  
 With thy last year's dry flower-stalk and dead leaves?  
 And no new shoots to blossom on thy tree?

Cease, cease to think, and be content to be;  
 Swing safe at anchor in fair nature's bay;  
 Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul  
 Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;  
 Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;  
 Sail with the cloud, wave with the dreaming pine,  
 And float with Nature all the livelong day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;  
 Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;  
 It treasures from the brooding of God's wing,  
 Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

The following fine poem, which bears the motto "Abide in me, and I in You," illustrates the deep religious feeling of Mrs. Stowe:—

That mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord,  
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me!  
 Weary with striving and with longing faint,  
 I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee!  
 From this good hour, O leave me never more!  
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,  
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love  
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;  
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,  
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
 Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,  
 So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
 All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,  
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand Divine ;  
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,  
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me : there have been moments pure,  
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;  
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,  
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be :  
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,  
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

We will close this imperfect sketch of our philanthropist, novelist, and poet with an eloquent quotation from a letter we have just received from the accomplished pen of Col. Albert D. Shaw, formerly United States Consul at Toronto, and now at Manchester, England. "What a galaxy of great heroes were enlisted to fight for the slaves! Emerson, with his subtle and matchless invectives and burning thrusts; Whittier, with his touching and brilliant poetic battalions marshalled on many a glowing page; Phillips, the Demosthenes of the circle; Garrison, stern and firm, general in the Legion of Liberty, toiling amid insults and in poverty, but faithful always; Old John Brown, grand old hero and martyr, fierce and iron-hearted, dying for the black race; Oliver Wendall Holmes, sweet as a lute and shrill as a bugle-blast, inspiring millions by his muse; and, in a sense, the greatest of all, the Joan of Arc of the Reformation, Harriet Beecher Stowe focussed the conscience of a liberty-loving North, in one mighty volume of wrath that led to the long agony of war by which the direful wrongs of slavery were buried in one vast sacrifice! Ah, yes! this one woman, inspired of God, wrote out the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in words of living light and power. There is no book in the British Museum which has been translated into so many languages as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with the single exception of *Pilgrim's Progress* and the Bible. What a commentary this fact presents! It disarms criticism, and lifts the author into the narrow circle of immortals! Her great heart has thrown its loving charms around the globe,

and how peaceful has run on the gentle stream of her modest, noble life! She has lived to see the foul crime she cursed go down, and die, before the truths of her story and the bayonets of our heroic soldiers; and both were needed factors in this greatest revolution of the centuries. She has lately been crowned queen among our women,\* peerless among philanthropists, a sweet and powerful evangelist of liberty, equality and equal rights."

TORONTO, April, 1883.

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1 SAVED.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

OH! how shall I abide the day,  
The day of doom and dread,  
When God shall roll the skies away,  
And call the sleeping dead?

When all my sins unveiled shall stand,  
And on His judgment book  
The tribes of men, on every hand,  
With eager eyes shall look :—

Drawn out in lines of living fire,  
Or strokes as black as night,  
By God's divine and righteous ire,  
Arrayed to blast my sight!

Across that page Thy bleeding hand,  
My Lord and Saviour, draw!  
Thy blood is Gilead's sacred balm,  
Thy death fulfills the law.

That flood of anguish and of love  
Shall cover all my shame;  
And all my life in heaven above  
Be glory to Thy name!

\* Garden Party given, June 14, 1882, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in honour of the birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.



FIG. 1. THE GREAT NORTH-BAY. (FROM THE WORKS OF THE WOODMAN IN THE FOREST OF BETHUN).

## THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

## V.

ON the 14th September, 1875, the Emperor of Uganda decided to give battle to his enemies, the Wavuma. A hut of ample size had been erected on the mountain slope overlooking the strait, into which Mtesa retired. When the Emperor was seated, the "prophets of Baal," or the priests and priestesses of the Muzimu, or witchcraft, came up, more than a hundred in number, and offered the charms to Mtesa, one after another, in a most tedious, ceremonious way, and to all of them Mtesa condescended to point his imperial forefinger.

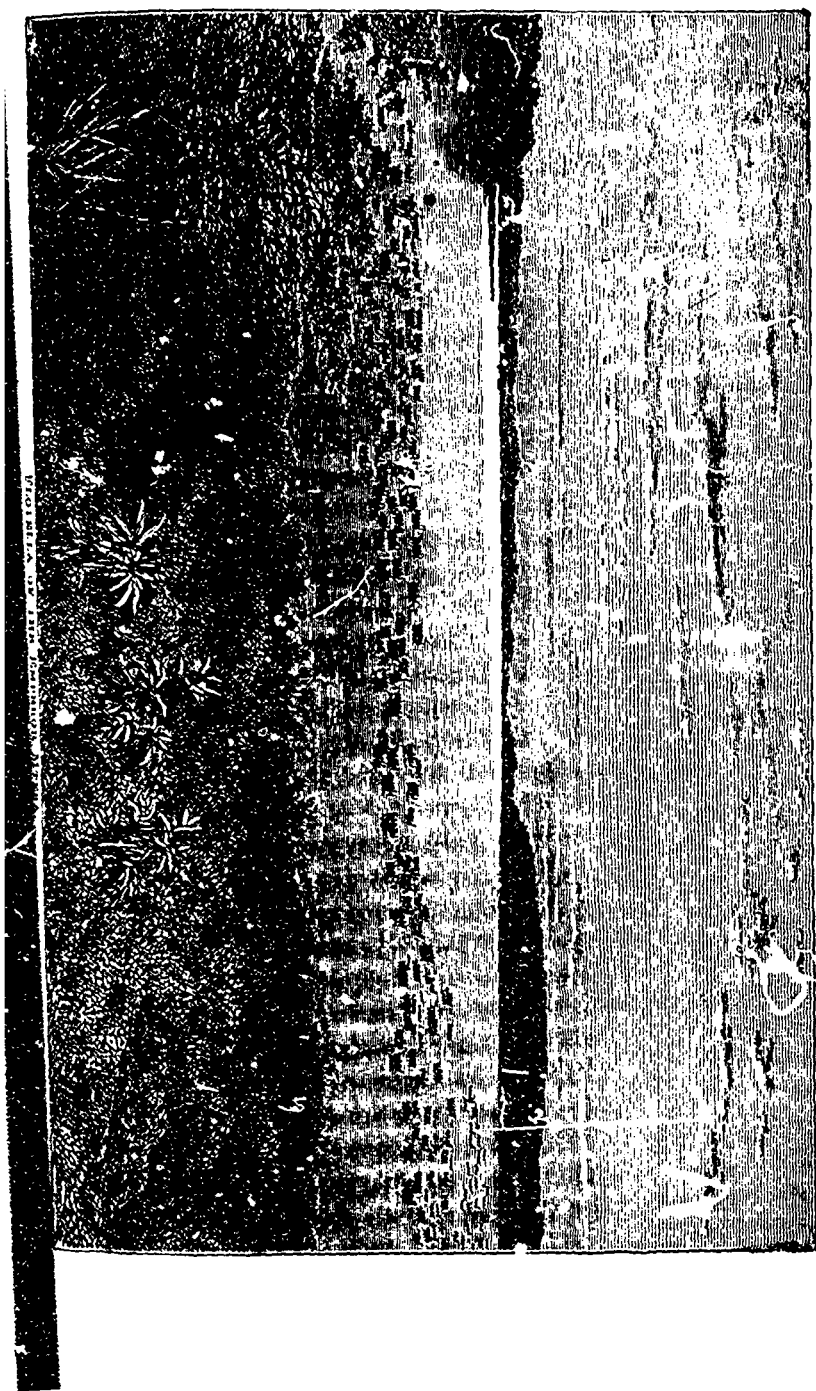
The chief priest was a most fantastically dressed madman. It is customary before commencing a battle to carry all the potent medicines or charms of Uganda (thus propitiating the dreadful Muzimu or evil spirits) to the monarch, that he may touch or point his forefinger at them. They consist of dead lizards, bits of wood, hide, nails of dead people, claws of animals, and beaks of birds, a hideous miscellany, with mysterious compounds of herbs and leaves carefully enclosed in vessels ornamented with varicoloured beads. During the battle these wizards and witches chant their incantations, and exhibit their medicines on high before the foe, while the gourd-and-pebble-bearers sound a hideous alarm, enough to cause the nerves of any man, except an African, to relax at once. The spectators were seated, safe from harm or danger, on the slope of Nakaranga mountain, from the water's edge to the mountain summit, tier above tier, and rank above rank, in thousands upon thousands. At a given signal from their chiefs, forth from the reeds and rushes shot the prows of the Wavuma canoes; and then, giving utterance to most shrill war-cries, the rowers impelled them from all quarters, to the number of 194, with an extraordinary velocity upon the Waganda line, which now began to retire slowly towards the causeway. On the causeway at its farthest extremity were assembled a force of a hundred musketeers and four small boat howitzers under the command of the Katekiro. But owing to

the want of skill of the cannoniers, and the nervousness of the musketeers, very little damage was inflicted on the Wavuma, but the noise and whirring of lead and iron sufficed to check them, and caused them to withdraw with much of the baffled aspect of hungry crocodiles cheated of their prey. This was all the battle—but, short as it was, it had sufficed to prove to me that Mtesa would be unable to take Ingira Island, garrisoned and defended as it was by such a determined foe.

During the afternoon of this day Mtesa held a grand levee, and when all were assembled, he addressed them publicly to the effect that in a few days another battle would be fought, but as he had heard very important news, he intended to wait a while to ascertain if it was true. Suddenly on the 18th September, at early dawn, orders were communicated to the chiefs to prepare for battle. The first intelligence of it that I received was from the huge war-drums which summoned both sailors and warriors to action. But first a burzah, or council, was held. At night, gossipy Sabadu, whose retentive brain I knew I could trust, conveyed to me a faithful report of the proceedings, and I cannot do better than give it to the reader in Sabadu's language.

"Ah! master, you have missed a sight. I never saw Mtesa so angry as he was to-day. Oh, it was awful! His eyes were as large as my fists. They jumped from their sockets, and they were glowing as fire. Didn't the chiefs tremble? They were as children, whimpering and crying for forgiveness. 'I shall see to-day' he said—who will not fight, I will see who will dare to run away from the Wavuma. I will sit down to-day and watch for the coward, and the coward I will burn. I swear it! Instantly the Katekero fell on his face to the ground, and cried, 'Kabaka (emperor), send me to-day to fight, watch my flag, and if I turn my back to the Wavuma, then take and burn me or cut me to little pieces.' The example of the Katekero was followed by the other chiefs, and they all swore to be desperately brave."

At 8.30 a.m., while I was at the point of Nakaranga, the sound of drums approached me, and I knew that the council was ended, and that the battle would soon begin. Mtesa appeared anything but a Christian, judging from his looks. Presently other drums sounded from the water-side, and soon the beautiful canoes of Uganda appeared in view. The entire war-fleet of two hundred and thirty vessels rode gracefully on the calm grey waters of the





channel. The fleet, containing some sixteen thousand men, moved to the attack upon Ingira. The centre, defended by the flanks, which were to menace the rear of the Wavuma should they approach near the causeway, resolutely advanced to within thirty yards of Ingira, and poured in a most murderous fire among the slingers of the island. The Wavuma, seeing matters approaching a crisis, and not wishing to die tamely, manned their canoes, and one hundred and ninety-six dashed impetuously from the rushes of Ingira with loud shrill yells, and the Waganda lines moved backward to the centre of the channel, where they bravely and coolly maintained their position. Mtesa went down to the water's edge to express his satisfaction.

"Go at them again," said he, "and show them what fighting is." And the line of battle was again formed, and again the Wavuma darted from the cover of the reeds and water-cane with the swiftness of hungry sharks, beating the water into foam with their paddles, and rending the air with their piercing yells. A fourth battle was fought by two hundred and fourteen Waganda canoes and two hundred and three Wavuma canoes. The Wavuma obtained the victory most signally, chasing the Waganda within forty yards of Nakaranga Cape, and being only driven from their prey by the musketeers and the howitzers on the causeway, which inflicted great execution on them at such close quarters. The Waganda did not attempt another trial, for they were disorganized and dispirited after the signal defeat they had experienced.

I learned that Mtesa's gunpowder was almost exhausted, and that he had scarcely a round left for each musket. This fact alarmed him, and compelled him to request me to lend him my powder in the camp at Dumo, which was refused in such a decided tone that he never repeated the request.

It was now the 5th October, and I had left my camp on the 12th August. It was necessary that I should participate in some manner in the war and end it. Yet I scarce knew how I should act effectively to produce results beneficial to all parties. My energies and thoughts were bent, therefore, upon discovering a solution of the problem how to injure none, yet satisfy all. At length I devised a plan which I thought would succeed; but before I was enabled to perfect my scheme an incident occurred which called for my immediate intervention. Mtesa, by means

of his scouts, had succeeded in capturing one of the principal chiefs of the Wavuma, and the principal strangers had been invited to be present to witness the execution of this chief at the stake. When I arrived at the scene, a large quantity of faggots had already been collected to burn him. By this mode of punishment Mtesa thought he would be able to strike terror into the souls of the Wavuma.

"Now, Stamlee," he said, "you shall see how a chief of Uvuma dies. He is about to be burnt. The Wavuma will tremble when they hear of the manner of his death."

"Ah, Mtesa," I said, "have you forgotten the words of the good book which I have read to you so often? 'If thy brother offend thee, thou shalt forgive him many times.' 'Love thy enemies.' 'Do good to them that hate you.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"But this man is at war with me. Shall this man not die, Stamlee?"

"No, Mtesa! It is time the war was ended. You must stop this wild pagan way of thinking. It is only the pagan Mtesa who speaks now. It is not the man Mtesa whom I saw, and whom I made a friend. It is not 'Mtesa the good,' whom you said your people loved. It is not Mtesa the Christian, it is the savage."

"Stamlee! Stamlee! Wait a short time, and you will see. What are you waiting for?" he said, suddenly turning round to the executioners, who were watching his looks.

Instantly the poor old man was bound; but, suddenly rising, I said to Mtesa, "Listen to one word. The white man speaks but once. Listen to me for the last time. Kill that poor old man, and I shall leave you to-day, unless you kill me too, and from Zanzibar to Cairo I shall tell every Arab I meet what a murderous beast you are, and through all the white man's land I shall tell with a loud voice what wicked act I saw Mtesa do."

Mtesa's face had been a picture wherein the passions of brutish fury and thirsty murder were portrayed most faithfully; the tears now began to well in his eyes, and finally, while they rolled in large drops down his face, he sobbed loudly like a child. An hour afterwards I was summoned by a page to his presence, and Mtesa said:—

"Stamlee will not say Mtesa is bad now, for he has-forgiven the chief, and will not hurt him. Will Stamlee say that Mtesa is good now?"

"Mtesa is very good," and I clasped his hand warmly. "Be patient, all shall come out right. I have something to tell you. I have thought over your trouble here, and I want to finish this war for your good without any more trouble. I will build a structure which shall terrify the Wavuma, and make them glad of a peace, but you must give me plenty of men to help me, and in three days I shall be ready."

"Take everybody, do anything you like; I will give you Sekebobo and all his men."

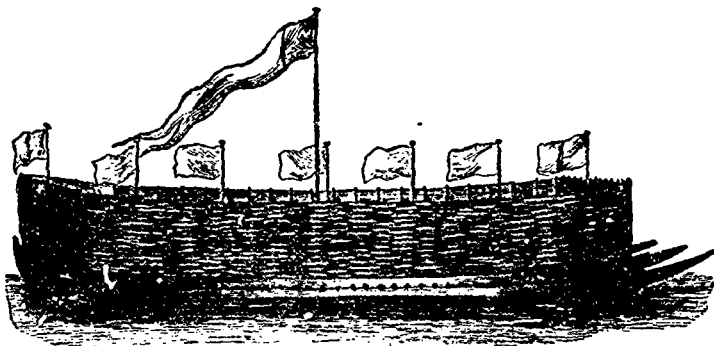
The next morning Sekekobo brought about two thousand men before my quarters, and requested to know my will. I told him to despatch one thousand men to cut long poles one inch thick, and seven feet long, one hundred to cut straight long trees four inches thick, and one hundred to disbark all these, and make bark rope. Himself and five hundred men I wished to assist me at the beach. I selected three of the strongest-built canoes, each seventy feet long and six-and-a-half feet wide, and, after preparing a space of ground near the water's edge, had them drawn up parallel with one another, and four feet apart from each other. With these three canoes I began to construct a floating platform, laying tall trees across the canoes, and lashing them firmly to the thwarts; then seven-foot poles were lashed in an upright position to the thwarts of the outer canoes, and I had other poles twisted in among these uprights, so that when completed, it resembled an oblong stockade, seventy feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, which the spears of the enemy could not penetrate. About one thousand men were then set to work to launch it, and soon it was floating in the water, and when the crew and garrison, two hundred and fourteen souls, were in it, it was evident to all that it rode the waves of the lake easily and safely, and a burst of applause from the army rewarded the inventor. Several long blue and white and red cloths were hoisted above this curious structure, which, when closed up all round, appeared to move of its own accord in a very mysterious manner, and to conceal within its silent and impenetrable walls some dread thing, well calculated to strike terror into the mind of the ignorant savage.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th October, the army

was assembled with unusual display, and it was proclaimed that a terrible thing was approaching which would blow the Wavuma into atoms if they did not make peace at once and acknowledge the power of Mtesa. After this announcement, which was made with all gravity, the awful, mysterious structure appeared, while the drums beat a tremendous sound, and the multitude of horns blew a deafening blast.

It was a moment of anxiety to me, for manifold reasons. The fort, perfectly defensible in itself against the most furious assaults by men armed with spears, steadily approached the point, then steered direct for the island of Ingira, until it was within fifty yards.

"Speak," said a stentorian voice amid a deadly silence within.



THE FLOATING FORTLET MOVING TOWARDS INGIRA.

"What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer."

There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative.

"Speak," repeated the stern voice; "we cannot wait longer."

Immediately, to our relief, a man, evidently a chief, answered, "Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!" At which the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira's bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga.

Three hours afterwards a canoe came from Ingira Island, bearing fifty men, some of whom were chiefs. They brought with them several tusks of ivory, and two young girls, daughters of the two principal chiefs of Uvuma. These were the tribute, and thus the long war terminated on the evening of the 13th October, 1875.

We set out next morning, the 15th October, at three o'clock. We were wakened by the tremendous "Jojussu," the great king of war drums. Instantly we began to pack up, but I was scarcely dressed before my people rushed up to me, crying that the immense camp was fired in a hundred different places. I rushed out of my hut, and was astounded to see that the flames devoured the grass huts so fast that, unless we instantly departed, we should be burnt along with them. Hastily snatching my pistols, I bade the Wangwana shoulder the goods and follow me as they valued their lives.

The great road from Mtesa's quarters, though one hundred feet wide, was rendered impassable by furious, overlapping waves of fire. There was only one way left, which was up to the slope of the mountain, and through the camp of the Wasoga. We were not alone in the attempt to escape by this way, for about sixty thousand human beings had sought the same path, and were wedged into an almost solid mass, so great was the danger and the anxiety to be away from the cruel sea of fire below.

It was a grand scene, but a truly terrible one; and I thought as I looked down on it, that the Waganda were now avenging the dead Wavuma with their own hands, for out of a quarter of a million of human beings there must have been an immense number of sick unable to move. Besides these what numbers of witless women and little ones, having lost presence of mind, must have perished; and how many must have been trampled down by the rush of such a vast number to escape the conflagration! The wide-leaping, far-reaching tongues of flame voraciously eating the dry, tindery material of the huts, and blown by a strong breeze from the lake, almost took my breath away, and several times I felt as if my very vitals were being scorched; but with heads bent low we charged on blindly, knowing no guide save the instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as an opportunity permitted, I looked after the laggards of my party, and by dint of severity kept them together.

but three or four were more than half inclined to give in before we breathed cooler air, and could congratulate ourselves upon our safety.

Indignant at such a murderous course, for I mentally taxed Mtesa with this criminal folly, I marched my party far from the route of the Waganda army, and though repeatedly urged by Mtesa to attach myself to his party, I declined to do so until he should explain to me why he had commanded the camp to be fired without warning to his people or to myself, his guest. His messenger at once acquitted him of such gross recklessness, and declared that he had arrested several persons suspected of having fired the camp, and that he himself had suffered the loss of goods and women in the flames. I thereupon, glad that he was not the author of the catastrophe, sent my salaams, and a promise to rejoin him at Ugungu, on the Uganda side of the Ripon Falls, which I did on the 18th October.

To behold the full perfection of African manhood and beauty, one must visit the regions of Equatorial Africa, where one can view the people under the cool shade of plantains, and amid the luxuriant plenty which those lands produce. Their very features seem to proclaim, "We live in a land of butter, and wine, and fulness, milk and honey, fat meads and valleys." Were it not for one thing, it might be said that the peasant of Uganda realizes the ideal happiness all men aspire after and would be glad to enjoy. He may be indolent if you please, but his gardens are thriving, his plants are budding, and his fields are covered with grain. His house has just been built and needs no repairs, and the fenced courts round it are all in good condition.

Let us step within and judge for ourselves of his mode of life. Within the outer court we come to a small square hut, sacred to the genius of the family. This genius, by the dues paid to him, seems to be no very exacting or avaricious spirit, for the simplest things, such as snail shells, moulded balls of clay, small bits of juniper wood, suffice to propitiate him.

Proceeding from the outer court we enter the inner one by a side entrance, and the tall, conical hut, neatly constructed, with its broad eaves overshadowing the curving doorway. The hut is divided into two apartments, front and rear, by a wall of straight canes, parted in the centre, through which the peasant can sur-

vey—himself being unseen—any person entering. In the rear apartment are bunks arranged round the walls for the use of himself and family. Over the doorway of the hut within may be observed a few charms, into whose care and power the peasant commits the guardianship of his house and effects. A couple of carved stools and a tray for native backgammon; some half-dozen earthenware pots and a few wicker and grass basins, some bark cloth, and a few spears, a shield, a drum, a bill-hook or two, a couple of hoes, some knobsticks and pipe stems, and a trough for the manufacture of banana wine, complete the inventory of the household effects. If the picture is not a faithful one of all his class, it may be attributed to his own indolence, or to some calamity lately befallen him. From it will be seen that the average native of Uganda has an abundance and a variety of good food, and that he is comfortably lodged, as far as his wants require.

The capital of the Emperor Mtesa is situated on a hill covered with tall conical huts, whose tops peep out above the foliage of plantains and bananas, and lofty fences of cane. Up the hill's gradually ascending slopes run broad smooth avenues, flanked by cane palisades, behind which clusters of huts show grey under a blazing sun, amid the verdure of the leafy groves around them. The avenues are thronged by natives, clad in picturesque costumes. White clothes gleam in the sunshine, in strong contrast to red and brown. The people are wending their way to the imperial quarters on the summit of the hill. While no ingress is permitted, they crowd around the gates in social gossip, exchanging morning greetings.

Suddenly the murmur of voices ceases, and the long rumbleroll of the kettle-drum is heard, announcing that the monarch is seated on the burzah. The gates are at once drawn aside, and a multitude of chiefs, soldiers, peasants, strangers, rush up tumultuously, through eight or ten courts, towards the audience hall and in their noisy haste we may see the first symptoms of that fawning servility characteristic of those who serve despots.

The next scene we have is a section of a straw house, with a gable-roof—twenty-five feet high, sixty feet long, and eighteen feet in breadth. See page 405

At the farther end, by the light afforded by the wide entrance, we perceive the figure of a man clad in an embroidered scarlet

H. HAGA. THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND OF NIHOA.





jacket and white skirt, seated on a chair, guarded on either side by a couple of spearmen, and two men bearing muskets. Two long rows of men are seated along the caned walls of the hall of audience, facing towards the centre, which is left vacant for the advent of strangers and claimants, and the transaction of business, justice, etc. Being privileged, we also enter, and take a seat where we can scrutinize the monarch at our leisure.

The features, smooth, polished, and without a wrinkle, are of a young man who might be of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. His head is clean shaven, and covered with a fez, his feet are bare and rest on a leopard-skin, on the edge of which rests a polished white tusk of ivory, and near this are a pair of crimson Turkish slippers. The only natural peculiarities of the face, causing it to differ from other faces round me, are the glowing, restless large eyes, which seem to take in everything at a glance.

But hush! here advance some ten or twelve people along the centre, and prostrate themselves before the Emperor, and begin through a spokesman to tell him of something to which, strangely enough, he does not seem to listen.

By means of an interpreter we are informed that it is an embassy from the lawless bandit Mirambo, who, hearing that Mtesa was likely enough to send fifty thousand sharp spears to hunt him up, has sent three men with propitiating gifts, and a humble declaration that he has no cause to quarrel with Uganda. The gifts are unrolled to view and counted. So many cloths, so much wire, some half-dozen dinner plates, of European make, an ample brass coffee tray, an Arab dagger, silver-hilted, and a scarlet coat.

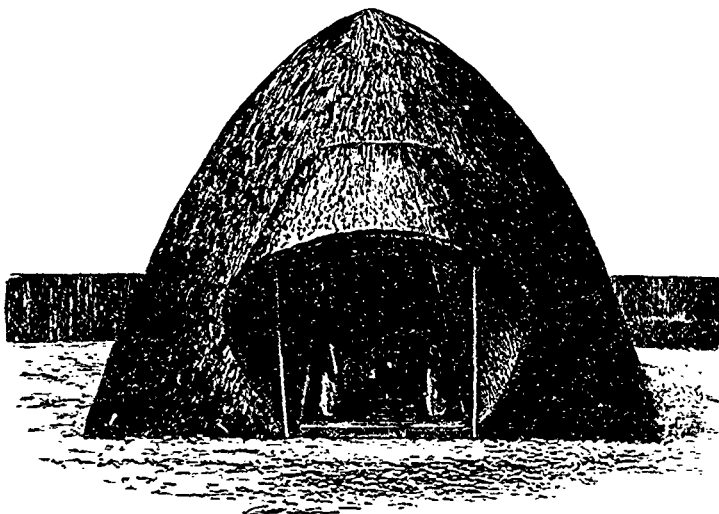
Mtesa has been meanwhile carelessly talking to his chiefs while the embassy addressed him, but suddenly he turns on the embassy his large glowing eyes, and speaks quickly and with decision:—

“Tell Mirambo from me that I do not want his gifts, but I must have the head of his man who slew my chief Singiri a year ago, as he was returning from Zanzibar to Uganda, or I will hunt him up with more Waganda than there are trees in his country. Go!”

The Emperor rises. Tori the drummer beats the long roll on his drum, and all the chiefs, courtiers, pages, claimants, messen-

gers and strangers, start to their feet. The Emperor—without a word more—retires by a side door into the inner departments, and the morning burzah is ended.

On first acquaintance, as I have already said, Mtesa strikes the traveller as a most fascinating and a peculiarly amiable man, and should the traveller ever think of saving this pagan continent from the purgatory of heathendom, the Emperor must occur to him as of all men in Africa the most promising to begin with. Had he been educated in Europe, there can be little doubt but that he would have become a worthy member of society; but



AUDIENCE HALL OF MTESA'S PALACE.

nursed in the lap of paganism, and graduate only in superstition and ignorance, he is to-day no more than an extraordinary African.

Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal, and that, to continue the good work in earnest, a patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary is required. A few months' talk about Christ and His blessed work on earth, though sufficiently attractive to Mtesa, is not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence have stamped on the mind; this, only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion

to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor can effect. And it is because I am conscious of the insufficiency of my work, and his strong evil propensities, that I have not hesitated to describe the real character of my "convert." The grand redeeming feature of Mtesa, though founded only on self-interest, is his admiration for white men.

When the traveller first enters Uganda, his path seems to be strewn with flowers, greetings with welcome gifts follow one another rapidly, pages and courtiers kneel before him, and the least wish is immediately gratified, for to make a request of the Emperor is to honour him with the power of giving. But now approaches the time for him to make return, to fulfil the promise tacitly conveyed by his ready and friendly acceptance of gifts and favours. He is surprised by being asked if he can make gunpowder, manufacture a gun, cast a cannon, build a ship, or construct a stone or a brick house. If a priest ordained, and his garb, and meek, quiet behaviour, prove it, his work is ready cut for him: he has only to teach and preach. But if a soldier, why should he not know how to make guns, cannon, ships, brick houses, etc. ? If he informs the Emperor that he is ignorant of these things, why then he must pay in other coin. He has guns with him, he must "give"; he has watches, "give"; he has various trifles of value, such as a gold pencilcase, or a ring, "give"; he wears good clothes, "give"; he has beads, cloth, wire, "Give, give, give"; and so "give" to his utter beggary and poverty. If he does not give with the liberality of a "Speki" or a "Stamlee," who will henceforth be quoted to his confusion and shame, there will be other ways to rid him of his superfluities. From these exactions only the resident missionary would be exempt, because he will be able to make ample amends for all deficiencies by staying to teach and preach, and he in time would, in reality, be the Emperor. To him Mtesa would bend with all the docility of a submissive child, and look up with reverence and affection. Mtesa is the most interesting man in Africa, and one well worthy of our largest sympathies; and I repeat that through him only can Central Africa be Christianized and civilized.

In person the Waganda are tall and slender. I have seen hundreds of them above six feet two inches in height, while I saw one who measured six feet six inches. It has been mentioned

above that they surpass other African tribes in craft and fraud, but this may at the same time be taken as an indication of their superior intelligence. This is borne out by many other proofs. Their cloths are of finer make; their habitations are better and neater; their spears are the most perfect, I should say, in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge in the use of that deadly weapon; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land, while the canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world.

They frequently have recourse to drawing on the ground to illustrate imperfect oral description, and I have often been surprised by the cleverness and truthfulness of these rough illustrations.

Nearly all the principal attendants at the court can write the Arabic letters. The Emperor and many of the chiefs both read and write that character with facility, and frequently employ it to send messages to one another, or to strangers at a distance. The materials which they use for this are very thin smooth slabs of cottonwood. Mtesa possessed several score of these, on which are written his "books of wisdom," as he styles the results of his interviews with European travellers. Some day a curious traveller may think it worth while to give us translations of these proceedings and interviews.

The power of sight of these natives is extraordinary. Frequently a six-guinea field-glass was excelled by them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute.

After allowing a few days to transpire for rest, I began to recall to the Emperor's mind the original purpose of my visit to him, and of his promise to conform to my request. He consented to my departure, and kindly permitted me to make my own choice out of his chiefs for the leader of the force which was to give its aid to our Expedition for the exploration of the country between Muta Nzigé and Lake Victoria. I selected Sambuzi, a young man of thirty years of age or thereabouts, whose gallantry and personal courage had several times been conspicuously displayed during the war with the Wavuma Mtesa, admitting that Sambuzi was a wise choice, stated that he should have five thousand warriors, and all the chiefs at the levee concurred with him. On my request that he would repeat clearly and within hearing of all, his commands to Sambuzi,

Mtesa called the chief to him, who, while prostrate on the ground, received the following command in a loud and clear voice:—

“Sambuzi, my guest Stamlee is going to Muta Nzigé. He has asked that you should lead the Waganda to the lake, and I have consented. Now go, muster all your men, and I shall send four chiefs with one thousand men each to assist you. Do whatever Stamlee advises or suggests should be done, and by no means return to Uganda until you have absolutely performed my commands. If you do return without Stamlee’s letter authorizing you to abandon the project, you will dare my anger. I have said.”

“Thanks, thanks, thanks, oh, thanks, my lord!” Sambuzi replied, rubbing his face in the dust. Then standing up, he seized his spears, and levelling them, cried out: “I go at the Emperor’s command to take Stamlee to the Muta Nzigé. I shall take Stamlee through the heart of Unyoro to the lake. We shall build a strong boma, and stay there until Stamlee has finished his work.”

The eve of my departure was spent in conversation with the Emperor, who seemed really sorry that the time had arrived for a positive and final leave-taking. The chief subject of conversation was the Christian church, which had just begun to be erected, where the rites of the church were to be performed by Dallington, after the style and manner shown to him by the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, until one more worthy to take his place shall arrive.

We went together over the grounds of the Christian faith, and Mtesa repeated to me at my request as much as he knew of the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the Christian religion, and of its superiority to that of Islam, in which he had first been taught. At night I left him with an earnest adjuration to hold fast to the new faith, and to have recourse to prayer to God to give him strength to withstand all temptations that should tend to violate the commandments written in the Bible.

Early next morning my convert sent me many presents as tokens of his esteem, such as four shields, sixteen spears, twelve knives, ten billhooks, six walking-sticks, twelve finely prepared skins and furs of wild animals, twenty pounds of myrrh, four white monkey-skins, ten beeves, sixteen goats, bananas and beer and wine, and an escort of one hundred warriors to proceed by the lake to Dumo.

## THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—FRANCONIA RANGE.\*



THE GREAT STONE FACE.

THE Franconia Range, though properly belonging to the White Mountain Range, is still so distinct and peculiar in its character as to deserve a lengthened notice. Indeed, by old *habitues* of the region, it is considered the gem of the mountains. There is not the overpowering grandeur which belongs to the White Mountains, while the

greater variety of interesting objects amply compensates for the absence of more stately scenes. Here is rest; here is comfort. Beneath the shadow of these solemn mountains the weary soul finds composure. Selfishness and worldliness are rebuked. The most thoughtless are hushed to reflection, and a better understanding of life grows up in the midst of Nature's grand instructions.

The head-quarters of mountain tourists is the charming village of Bethlehem, N.H., which commands a noble panorama of both the White Mountain and Franconia Ranges, and from which a number of delightful excursions may be made. The present writer had scarce got settled for a few days' rest in this lovely village, when he received a call from the worthy pastor of the Methodist church. A short conversation led to an invitation from him to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons on the approaching Sabbath. "But," said the writer, "you do not know me; I may be some clerical tramp, or expelled preacher, for all that you know to the contrary." "It is a little risky, isn't it?" he replied, with a twinkle of humour in his eye; but he professed

\* These articles are published, not in the interest of any individuals, but for the benefit of the readers of this MAGAZINE. If any of these wish to visit the White Mountains, the present writer will be happy to send an illustrated pamphlet guide-book of mountain travel, giving an account of the principal mountain resorts, and of the expense of entertainment at the principal mountain houses—just the information that summer tourists desire.—ED.

to have found in certain review articles and books, which he attributed to the present writer, a sufficient guarantee as to character. And very pleasant was that quiet Sunday service among the mountains; especially, a beautiful Sunday-school concert anniversary in the evening. Our American friends make much, and very properly, of the Sunday-school, and give it a prominence which it does not always receive among us. To the pleasing acquaintance thus formed we were indebted for sundry pleasant drives over the hills and through the valleys surrounding the village.



THE FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS, FROM THE SOUTH.

Bethlehem itself is most picturesquely situated, and commands a view of wide expanse. Beyond it is a hill tedious to climb. But on reaching the top a magnificent prospect stretches before the tourist in search of the picturesque. Across the Franconia Valley rise the lofty summits of Lafayette, with his seamed and scarred sides, and the kindred mountains standing like sentinels to guard the pass against profane intruders. Their irregularity is most picturesque, while, at the same time, they are most finely grouped. They stand out in august proportions, relieved by the dark blue of the clear summer sky. We rode down the

hill into the little village of Franconia, in a state of mingled admiration and awe. Then entering the forest, we pass beneath its leafy arches to the rest and enjoyment of our temporary home.

In the woods to the north of the hotel, a short distance from the road over which we have just travelled, lies imbosomed Echo Lake. It is a sheet of water of great depth and transparency, and, as it sleeps there in its secure repose, seems the very type of rest. All around rise the green hills of the region, Lafayette lifting his rocky summit high above them all. The setting is appropriate for this exquisite gem. One never wearies of the quiet scene. Here are the centres of the most marvellous echoes.



DISTANT VIEW OF WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The sounds of a tin horn, blown with skill, will be returned in oft-repeated notes like the sweetest music. The human voice, shouting distinctly, will be re-echoed with wonderful effect, as though the invisible inhabitants of the hills were holding a colloquy with "the babbling gossip of the air." The report of a cannon fired on the shore will reverberate like peals of thunder among the fastnesses of the mountains. In the stillness of morning, or in the quiet of the evening at the sunset hour, the lake is the resort of those who best know and can appreciate the wonders of the place. The wind is whist; the waters sleep; the mountains are silent; the purple glow is on all the trees and rocks. Then is the time to wake the slumbering echoes, and



hear the many voices that reply. He who has not visited this lovely spot at this bewitching time, does not understand half the magical, secret beauty which lingers around Echo Lake.

Almost directly overhanging the Profile Notch, on the north, is Eagle Cliff. It is a huge, columnar crag, separated from the crest of the mountain, and rising perpendicularly, with jagged rocks, seemingly ready to topple from its place in wide-spread ruin beneath. This precipitous cliff derives its name from the fact that it was chosen for an eyry by a pair of eagles several



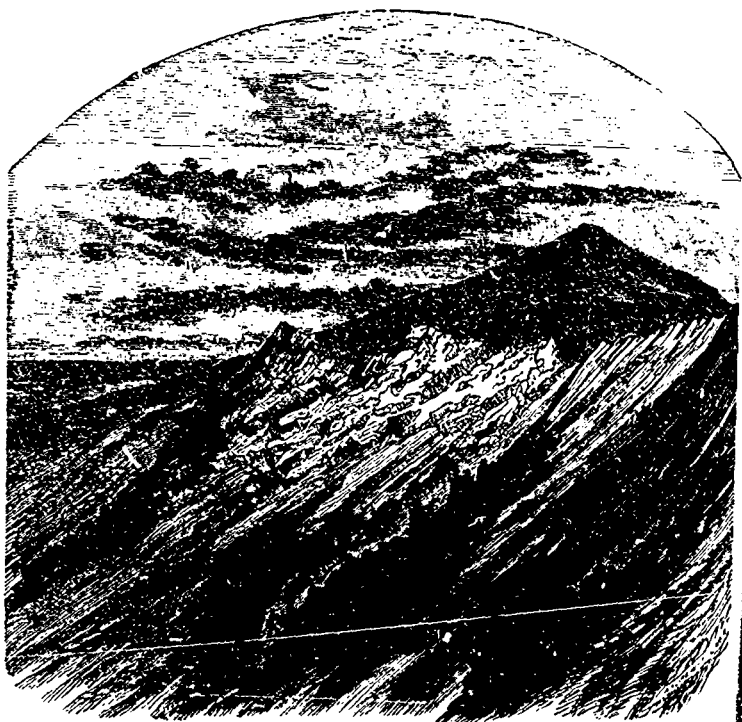
MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

years ago. They were often to be seen circling around its summit, and looking down, as though with disdain, upon the gazing crowds below, who have invaded their solitude. But two or three years ago they were driven away by some over-curious explorers of their nests. No prouder position could be chosen for a habitation by this noble bird.

Directly opposite Eagle Cliff, on the south side of the Notch, rises Profile Mountain. The name appropriately belongs to it, since it bears upon its crest the "Great Stone Face."

The great marvel and pride of this region is the Profile. As we walk down the road to the south of the hotel, we soon come

to a rude bench by the wayside, and, attracted by the guide-board above it, inscribed with the single, simple word, "Profile," as we direct our eyes to the point which it indicates, the huge face, with all its features thoroughly delineated, stands out in bold outline before our sight. There it is, a colossal, completely symmetrical profile, looking down upon the valley from its lofty height, perfectly distinct and clear. The tourist may possibly think that this, like other wonderful stories which veracious



CLIMBING MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

guide-books tell, may be a myth, and that the similarity may exist only in the fancy of the writer. But no! This time, at least, he will acknowledge that there is no delusion. Nature has carved out, with the most accurate chiselling, this astonishing sculpture. Every portion of the face is there upon the solid mountain steep. There is the stern, projecting massive brow, as though stamped with the thought and wisdom of centuries. The nose is straight, finely cut, and sharply outlined. The thin senile

lips are parted, as though about to utter the thunders of majestic speech. The chin is well thrown forward, with exact proportionate length, betokening the hard, obstinate character of the "Old Man" who has faced, with such unmoving steadiness the brunt of ages. The Sphinx of the Desert must acknowledge its inferiority to this marvellous face upon the mountain. When seen in the morning, as the mists float up from the valley beneath and along its ponderous features, it looms into larger



MOUNT GARFIELD

proportions still, and with the heavy gray beard, which sometimes settles upon its chin, and down its breast, it seems like the face of some hoary patriarch of antiquity.

Go and take your first look at the Old Man of the Mountain, when, in the solemn light of evening, the mountain heaves up from the darkening lake its vast wave of luxuriant foliage. Sit on one of those rocks by the roadside, and look, if you can, without awe, at the Granite Face, human in its lineaments, supernatural in its size and position, weird-like in its shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline wearing an expression of mortal

sadness, that gives it the most fascinating interest. The view in the initial cut is the exact representation of the Profile alone, as it appears to the observer. It was doubtless an object of veneration to the aboriginal inhabitants. Various traditionary tales are yet extant respecting the superstitious homage once paid to it by the Indian tribes who frequented the locality. The genius of Hawthorne has embalmed it in literature, and his story of



CAMEL'S HUMP.

"The Great Stone Face" can only be read appreciatively beneath its shadow. We give on page 418 a view of the "Old Man," engraved from a photograph.

The height of the "Old Man" is very nearly twelve hundred feet above the level of the little lake below it, and the length of the face is from thirty to forty feet. In the many conflicts with the elements which it has endured, it has been roughened and scarred. But from the road no such appearance

is presented, and the face appears fair and smooth. One can spend an hour or two no more profitably than by gazing upon its fascinating and wonderful lineaments; and he will return to look upon it once more, that it may be the last remembrance, ere he bids farewell to this delightful spot.

Immediately below the Face, as though Nature would provide an appropriate mirror, nestles the beautiful sheet of water, Profile



MOUNTAIN CASCADE.

Lake. It lies there, surrounded by rich, rolling forests, and above it the precipitous mountain. Its crystal depths reflect the overhanging trees, and its bright expanse smiles joyously in the sunlight.

Mount Lafayette is twelve hundred feet below Mount Washington in height and the view from its summit is thought by many to equal that from its rival's crest. A good foot path leads up its rocky sides; and the persevering lover of Nature, who is

not afraid to make exertion, and is willing to expend his strength, will be most abundantly rewarded for his labours.

On one of the hottest days of last summer, the present writer walked fifteen miles and climbed 4,000 feet—to the top of Mount Lafayette, the highest mountain of the Franconia Range, reaching an altitude of 5,259 feet above the sea. The pathway is so rugged and precipitous that it is only on foot that the mountain top can be reached. One of the grandest features of the ascent is, not the distant view, though it spreads out in ever widening range beneath one; but the rugged sublimity of the mountain itself. The path wanders beneath tremendous cliffs, which



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

threaten to topple over on one's head, and around and over and between huge rocks which have fallen, many of them as large as a two-story house. Sometimes these fallen rocks rest upon each other in the most fantastic confusion, leaving great caves and grottoes, which have doubtless often been tenanted by the wolf or bear.

In climbing the Alps one is always sure of finding plenty of ice-cold water from the melting snows overhead; but on this arid mountain, we found only a single spring between the bottom and top. And oh, how delicious it was! as we sat and ate our lunch, and drank and drank again of the crystal stream. But after

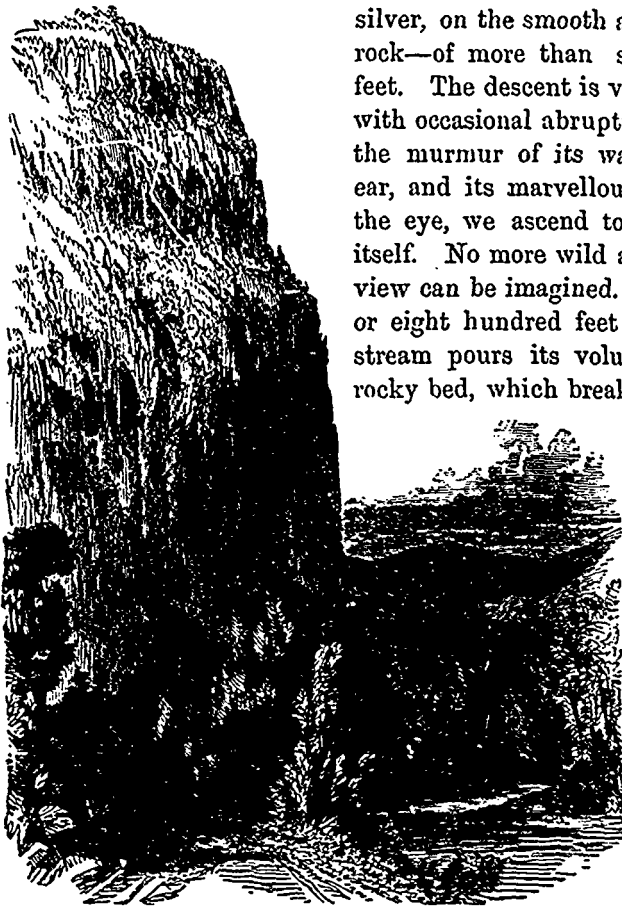
leaving it there was no more water, save some shallow and stagnant pools, till we got back to it again from the summit. And oh, how thirsty we were! although we tried to assuage the thirst by chewing the green leaves of the trees: and how hot it was! although, as we climbed higher and higher, it became cooler and cooler, till at the summit we were glad to put on our overcoat and cower from the wind, behind the huge rocks that lay piled up in cyclopean architecture all around.



THE POOL AND CASCADE.

The view from the summit was well worth the climb, especially the deep ravines and gorges, into which it seemed as if we could leap from the mountain top. We lay down on the rocks and gazed and gazed our fill on the magnificent panorama, a perfect sea of mountains all around, and in the distance the winding streams, the fertile farms, the smiling villages and towns.

Near the foot of the mountain, is the extraordinary gorge known as the Flume. Crossing and recrossing a stream at intervals, and following the bed of the stream itself, one finds at every forward movement something to admire. The Cascade is



IN FRANCONIA NOTCH.

a continuous fall—a sheet of molten silver, on the smooth and polished rock—of more than six hundred feet. The descent is very gradual, with occasional abruptness. With the murmur of its waters in the ear, and its marvellous beauty in the eye, we ascend to the Flume itself. No more wild and striking view can be imagined. For seven or eight hundred feet or more the stream pours its volume along a rocky bed, which breaks it up into

numberless waterfalls, between two mural precipices, that lift themselves on either side, crowned with the abundant foliage of the forest. The height of these walls is from sixty

to seventy feet. The width between them is a general average of twenty feet, except at the upper end. Here the walls approach each other. Suddenly contracting to about ten feet, they hold suspended between them, about midway up their sides, a huge boulder of granite. So nicely is it adjusted, and so slight appears its hold, that one would think the gentlest touch sufficient



to push it from its resting-place into the ravine below. By what process it has fallen into its present position—indeed, in what manner this remarkable fracture of the rock has taken place—is a puzzle for scientific heads. Its presence greatly adds to the wildness of the scene.

The scene most forcibly suggests to one the following lines from Shelley's *Cenci* :—

“ But I remember,  
Two miles on the side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice ;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulf, and with the agony  
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;  
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour  
Clings to the mass of life ; yet, clinging, leans,  
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag,  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair  
Is matted in one sold roof of shade  
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.”

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The changing seasons, ever coming, going  
Like four evangelists, His praise record,  
Nature herself is but a verger, showing  
The silent, glorious temple of the Lord.

And when the heavenly life on earth is ended,  
And Christ shall touch the lingering film away,  
When He shall come, by angel guards attended,  
“ They shall see God ” through one eternal day.

## UNIVERSITY LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.

## II.

In this article I propose to give some personal reminiscences of the Winter *Semester* of 1876-7 in Leipzig.

In order to matriculate at a University a German student must present his certificate of fitness from a recognized gymnasium. Of foreigners, nothing is demanded but a passport, which is returned on their departure. On the 16th October, 1876, I matriculated as a student in Theology. Repairing in the morning to the office of the University Court, I received a card numbered 30, which indicated my turn to be attended to. I had to wait a full hour while earlier arrivals were served. At last my turn came, and I was passed from desk to desk, at one giving up my passport; at another registering my name, age, birthplace, and residence; at a third paying the matriculation fee (\$5.25); and at a fourth receiving a book (*Anmeldungsbuch*) in which the courses of lectures attended are to be entered. At 4 p.m. I returned, and with a number of fellow matriculants entered a large room where at the head of a long table sat the pro-rector. We were ranged around the table to hear a short address of welcome, and then filed past the the pro-rector to be formally recognized as members of the University by the shaking of hands. Finally, in the outer room, as our names were called successively, we each received a certificate of Matriculation and the student's card. This latter the student must always carry with him. If found without it, he is liable to a fine. Its possession identifies him as a student and frees him from municipal jurisdiction.

Once matriculated, one must make choice of professors and lectures. Here he has perfect liberty. He looks over the catalogue (*Verzeichniss*), which gives the names of the professors, hours of their lectures, and the specific topics on which they will lecture (or, as the Germans express it, "read") for the ensuing *Semester*, and selects according to his own judgment. This catalogue is an extensive document. There are four faculties:—I. Theology, in all its departments, with over a dozen

professors; II. Law, with about twenty professors; III. Medicine, with over forty professors. IV. Philosophy, with over ninety professors. Philosophy embraces a multitude of sub-departments: A. Philosophy proper; B. Philology, Classical, Oriental, and Modern; C. History and Geography, including the History of Literature; D. Art; E. Political Economy; F. Mathematics; G. Natural Sciences in all their ramifications. Such minute sub-division enables each professor to exhaust some special subject, to give his students later and fuller information than can be got in any text-book, and in the course of time to add to the literature of his subject a work or works of his own. In the catalogue the various courses of lectures are designated as either "public" or "private." The only difference is, that while the former are free, for the latter you must pay. A course of six lectures a week for the session of five months costs \$5.00, and other courses in proportion. To ascertain in which room any particular professor will read on any particular subject, the student consults the bulletin board in the passage, where each professor announces his topics, hours, and rooms. Different professors use the same room at different hours, and the same professors are not always in the same rooms. To make assurance doubly sure, on the door of each room hangs a bulletin board with a time table for that room, specifying the lecturer and subject for each hour. There are lectures from a quarter before eight in the morning until ten at night.

You need be in no hurry to select your course of lectures. You are welcome to hear any professor freely for a week or two. Then in each room a class list is passed round, on which is stated the price of the course, and those who wish to take the course are expected to sign the paper, and pay the fee to the University *Quæstor* in his office. Each student, having made his choice of lectures, fastens his card, specifying the hours and days and lectures for which he desires the seat, on the desk before him, and so secures his place for the *Semester*. For the best places there is a rush and scramble the first day.

A quarter of an hour's grace is given between lectures; then punctually the students are seated; the professor enters, begins his lecture with the invariable formula, "*Meine Herren*," and dashes into his subject just where he left it the previous day. Most of the three-quarters of an hour is taken up with rapid

discussion of the subject, whether the lecture be extempore or read, and part in dictating an admirable summary which the student takes down in full, not in a note-book but invariably in a small packet of paper (*Heft*), specially prepared for the purpose. If a student comes in late, he is greeted with a storm of disapprobation from his fellows, who express their indignation by scraping with their boots on the floor, and hissing. If the professor reads indistinctly or too rapidly, he is admonished in the same way, and must repeat.

Of all the professors whom I heard, the celebrated commentator, Dr. Delitzsch, although one of the most popular and best beloved, is most frequently hissed, for he speaks in a very low and indistinct tone. Delitzsch is a quick, sharp-featured, clean-shaved, neatly-dressed, little old man, with puckered lips which easily smile, with silver hair streaming behind, with a sweet and pleasant expression of face, and with decidedly more of a clerical appearance in general than most of his theological colleagues. It struck me at first as peculiar, if not foppish, that so reverend a father in Divinity should sport a heavy gold ring on each hand; but I soon found that it is the usual thing for every gentleman to wear on one hand an engagement ring and on the other a wedding ring. As soon as Delitzsch reached his desk, he took out a small MS. from his pocket, laid it on the reading board, and began hesitatingly and indistinctly to talk about Old Testament Biblical Theology. After a while he dictated a summary with such terrific rapidity that even the German students could not keep pace with him, and scraped and hissed and forced him, time and time again, to repeat. I gave up in despair, and determined to hear professors whose address was more intelligible to me. He is a great favourite among the foreign students, and I was frequently assured that I had missed a treat in forsaking his lectures. At the close of the *Semester* he invited his English-speaking students to dine with him at a restaurant, and after a long-to-be-remembered hour of kindly intercourse, he presented each of them with his own photograph. A young Presbyterian minister from Virginia told me that on the copy which he received the dear old professor had written, "*Jesum lieb haben ist besser als Alles wissen*" (to love Jesus is better than to know all).

Dr. Luthardt, whose works in Apologetics are so familiar to the

English public, and who is a leader among the orthodox Lutherans in thought and action, was at that time Dean of the Theological Faculty. I enjoyed a course of six lectures a week from him on Dogmatics. Luthardt is a well-built, active man, with clean-shaved face, with hair beginning to turn gray, and brushed well back, and with nothing very clerical in his appearance, not so much as a white tie. There is a sparkle in his eye when he rouses himself, but during most of his lecture he speaks in quiet, measured tones, with downcast face, and almost a Puritanic solemnity of aspect. He often stands carelessly with his hands in his pockets, but in his stronger passages he raises his arms and gesticulates freely, while a smile steals over his quiet, serious face. His voice is clear and strong, and his articulation slow and distinct, so that a foreigner finds him one of the easiest lecturers to follow. His lectures are full of life, thought, scholarship, growing more intensely interesting as his system is developed. His views are at once evangelical and in harmony with the results of recent investigation in theology and all related sciences. With him the converted man is the presupposition of Dogmatics; the centre of all theological thought is the fellowship of God and man, mediated through Christ; from this redemption centre he sweeps out around the whole circle of evangelical truth, finding the source of this fellowship in the eternal love-will of God, its means in the Lord Jesus Christ, its fruits in the Christian life of the individual and of the Church, and its perfection in heaven. The last paragraph in his last lecture was on eternal life, the happy fulfilment of God's plan of grace. In earnest, glowing words he expressed the hope that the course of lectures might exert some good personal influence over each of us, and that in our future work we might do our part toward that grand consummation when God shall be all in all. During the course, the two passages most heartily applauded were a witty *exposé* of Materialism and a most elaborate and profound discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity. The tastes of the students seemed orthodox enough. From Dr. Luthardt and his accomplished family I received so much kindness in their pleasant home, that I not only cherish high regard for the theologian but warm affection for the man.

From Dr. Kahnis I heard a course of very eloquent and popular lectures on Recent Church History. Crowds of students

thronged his room. He is a big fat man, rolls rather than walks into the room, leans against the wall behind his desk as if too heavy to stand without support, and with his beardless face and glossy hair looks more like an overgrown ungainly country boy than one of the favourite professors of a great University rich in eminent men. When he begins to speak, he opens his mouth very wide, and so, with his fat cheeks, almost closes his eyes, and then, in a very round voice, with certain noticeable solecisms in pronunciation, utters paragraph after paragraph without glancing at his MS., in a style of far more literary finish than is usual in University lectures, and of a piquancy which is not common to German prose, and suggests the sparkling vivacity of the French. The lectures which I heard gave an intensely interesting history of the course of theological thought, philosophical speculation, and Christian activity, especially in Germany, for the last two hundred years. His account of the rise and of the genius of Methodism was accurate, appreciative, and generous. Kannis speaks, and speaks rapidly, up to the last moment, and when the bell rings thrusts his MS. hurriedly into his pocket, and rushes down to the door, with the last word still lingering on his lips, followed by the storm of hearty applause which always rewards his efforts.

I heard Dr. Woldemar Schmidt lecture on the Epistles of St. John. Schmidt is a promising young professor. His work, if not brilliant, is eminently satisfactory. He has the happy faculty of giving the various views on a word or passage succinctly and yet fairly, of stating his own view clearly, and of fortifying his conclusions with brief and pithy arguments. He furnishes exactly what the student wants in order to come to clear conceptions and definite conclusions of his own.

Dr. Lechler, whose works on *Wiclif* and *English Deism* are standard even in England, I did not hear lecture, though I retain very pleasant recollections of the affability and frankness with which the great scholar treated the young Canadian in the occasional private intercourse which was my privilege. Dr. Lechler's son-in-law, Dr. Krömer, one of the ministers of St. Peter's Church, was my kind friend all through my stay. I had a letter of introduction to him, was greeted with the truest Christian fraternity, was welcomed once a week to his happy home, and there enjoyed the society not only of himself and his amiable

wife, but also of many of the ministers of the city. I certainly found warm hearts and hospitable homes in Germany. In a letter which I received from Dr. Krömer only the other day, he assures me that the outlook in Germany is brighter, that men are beginning to perceive how unfruitful and unsatisfactory unbelief is, that a fresh interest is manifest in Church life, and that new courage is coming to Christian workers. For instance, a large and handsome edifice is being erected for St. Peter's Church in Leipzig, which will be an ornament to the city, and possibly mark a new era of Church extension.

Harnack, and some of the other professors, I heard occasionally in the University Church, where every Sunday morning a member of the Faculty preaches. I dropped in one evening to hear Dr. George Curtius, a member of the philosophical Faculty, the great authority on Greek Grammar, as his brother in Berlin is on Greek History. I found a great crowd of students getting down what notes they could as he read right on, with no pause to dictate, through a valuable lecture on the History of Greek Grammar. One admirable feature in his lecture, and it is characteristic of the German University lectures, was the ample and accurate information on the literature of the subject. This enables students the better to read and study for themselves.

During the lecture hours, there is absolutely no intercourse between professors and students. No questions are asked, no "drill" is attempted. The professors lecture without interruption. But each professor has an hour for conversation (*Sprechstunde*), announced in the catalogue, when any student is at liberty to call for information and assistance. Then there are *Seminarien*, little colleges within the University, each conducted by a number of professors appointed thereto by the University, in which professors and students come into closer and more personal relations, and the students are drilled and exercised after the manner of the class work of American colleges. In addition to this, many professors have private societies, *Gesellschaften*, for the same purpose. Membership in these is by mutual and voluntary agreement between professors and students. I occasionally attended Dr. Luthardt's *Dogmatische Gesellschaft*, for an hour and a half on Monday evening, in one of the University rooms, when the Doctor talked over various topics in Dogmatics, and asked questions in order among the twenty or

thirty students who composed the society. I must confess I was amazed at the scholarship of the students, especially at their minute and accurate familiarity with the Scriptures in the original tongues, and the whole ground-work of their education seemed admirably thorough. It is in these *Seminarien* and *Gesellschaften* that eminent professors exert their greatest influence, as their devoted disciples cluster about them and draw inspiration from them. During the winter Semester of 1881-2, Dr. Delitzsch gathered many English-speaking students around him, and discussed with them those views on the Pentateuch which have become so familiar through the teaching of Professor Robertson Smith, and the tenor of the discussion was decidedly hostile to the theories in question. The German Universities are the chief arsenal for weapons both of offence and defence in the modern war of Apologetics in all parts of the Christian world. Apparent originality in an English or American writer is not unfrequently merely the result of familiarity with the best and most recent German authorities.

One day I had the pleasure of witnessing what is a relic of the olden time, a Latin disputation. This is still retained as a requirement in connection with the Theological Faculty at Leipzig, when a candidate appears for the position of *Privat-docent*. The affair took place in a small hall in one of the University buildings, at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasted three hours and a half. The candidate had previously composed and printed in Latin a dissertation on "Jeremiah's Idea of the Covenant," and certain theses. Now before the theological Faculty he was bound to defend his views. He stood through all these three hours and a half in a sort of pulpit, facing eight of the professors, who sat, in all the solemn pomp of gown and bands, along one side of the room, while a considerable audience gathered in front. Every word of the proceedings was in Latin. The candidate began with a speech on a subject which had been assigned him only the day before; and then, turning to Dr. Luthardt, with some complimentary personal allusions, he invited attack upon his dissertation and theses. Dr. Luthardt rose, gave his criticism, and asked some questions; and to both questions and criticism the candidate had to make reply. And so the attack and defence went on, a lively intellectual battle, until each professor had taken his part in the fray. Some of the com-



batants were just as fluent and animated in Latin as they could have been in German; others were slower and more hesitating. The young man stood the test well, and was duly admitted to the position which he sought.

On the 31st of October came the *Reformationsfest*, in memory of that day in 1517 when Luther bravely nailed his theses to the church door in Wittenberg, and so opened the battle of the Reformation. At eight in the morning I went to service in the grim old *Thomas Kirche*. After hymn, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, there came a magnificent rendering by choir, organ, and full orchestra, of a glorious piece by Haydn—such bursts and peals of triumphant, jubilant music as made the old church ring again, and caused one's heart to leap and nerves to tingle. Then from choir and congregation rolled out grandly Luther's master hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*." An excellent sermon followed, which the preacher interrupted midway by calling the people to sing one verse of an appropriate hymn. After prayer and closing hymn and benediction, I hurried off to the University. There my student's card procured me a place in the Convocation Hall (*Aula*), when the great event of the University year was about to take place, viz., the speech of the retiring Rector, and the installation of his successor. On one side of the room was the tribune from which the orations were to be delivered. Fronting this, and ranged in a half-circle, were seats for the professors and invited guests, and beyond them stood the representatives of the various University corps, with pretty caps, immense gauntlets, gay sashes, flashing swords, and bright banners. Out beyond this surged a great crowd of students, while the privileged lady friends of the professors graced the occasion by their presence in a small gallery. In imposing procession, the Rector, pro-rectors, and professors swept in; swords glanced in the air; and the brass band and choir of the *Pauliner* (a students' singing union) pealed forth a German version of the "*Te Deum*." Then the retiring Rector read a carefully prepared address, reviewing the history of the University for the preceding year, after which the Rector elect ascended the tribune, took the oath of office, received from his predecessor the official robe and chain and key, and the book of the statutes of the University, and delivered his oration. Then another hymn was sung, and all was over. In the evening there

was the annual torchlight procession (*Fackelzug*) of the students' societies, and the old and the new Rector were in turn visited and serenaded.

A student promised to introduce me to his *Kneipe*, a weekly re-union of a number of congenial spirits, at which they sit round a long table, smoke long pipes, drink incredible quantities of Bavarian beer, sing their famous students' songs from the collections known as *Commersbücher*, and discuss at learned length all things, both serious and gay; but when he learned that I neither drank beer nor smoked tobacco, he said never a word more about it, and so I saw nothing of this phase of German student life. I suppose he entertained of me somewhat the same opinion as certain people somewhere did of the young preacher who was staying at their house over Sunday. They invited him to drink. He refused. They offered him tobacco, but he declined it. Finally one said, "Do you eat grass?" "No." "Then, young man, you had better go home, for you are not fit company for either man or beast!" However, on a Saturday night near Christmas, I was present at a grand entertainment of one of the two great singing societies of the University, the *Arion*. The entertainment was not public, but only for members and invited guests. Nevertheless, another student and I were most politely welcomed when we applied at the door with the plea that we were from America. The large hall of the *Schützenha* was so densely crowded that we were compelled to stand the whole evening. Long tables ran the length of the room, with passages between them for the waiters, who carried bread, cheese, beer, and other delicacies as ordered by the guests at the tables. At half-past seven o'clock a very handsome young fellow stepped out from behind some stage scenery and read to us a clever, witty Prologue. Then came a performance by students of a burlesque of the old classical story of Jason, Medea, and the Golden Fleece. The thing was prodigiously clever. Satirical blows were struck all round, at the University, the professors, the students, the old buildings, the Church, the late Synod, Dr. Luthardt and his "Dogmaticum," the press, politics, and especially the Social Democrats. The audience were in roars of laughter until eleven o'clock.

After this performance the *Bescheerung*, or distribution of presents to the members from a Christmas tree, with witty personal remarks to accompany the gifts, was to come, and after all

the *Kneipe*, or jollification round the tables with beer and song and jest. I asked a student how long the whole affair would last, and hearing that they wouldn't go home till three or four o'clock on Sunday morning, I retired, rather wearied with standing so long in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of beer and tobacco. The whole affair was a characteristic exhibition of the mingled intellectuality and bibacity of the German students. In their very drinking songs they are brilliant. Snatches from Horace were sung with exquisite effect. Many a noble head appeared in the hall that night, and even the Rector and some grave and reverend professors of Theology sat enjoying the fun and frolic. Next day we had a call at my boarding-place from a student who had spent the whole night in a *Kneipe*, and had himself disposed of twelve of their enormous glasses of beer. When taken to task by Frau Conrad, my worthy hostess, he replied that as he studied so hard all the rest of the time, he must have a spree at least once a week! Even that quantity of beer, moreover, does not intoxicate, it is so weak. There is plenty of sottish drinking, but not much downright drunkenness.

We numbered, that Semester, about eighty English-speaking students at the University, (to say nothing of about an equal number at the Conservatory of Music), of whom the most were Americans, three Canadians, and the rest principally Scotch. Splendid men they were, too, as a rule; the flower of their own Colleges, many of them preparing for posts in College or Seminary at home. American Colleges not seldom appoint a young man professor, and then give him two or three years' leave of absence with at least partial salary, to fit himself thoroughly in Germany for his own department of work. Our pleasant associations at the American chapel, our prayer-meetings, our receptions at the house of the pastor, Dr. Curtiss, now of the Chicago Theological Seminary, are things not soon to be forgotten. We are scattered now to every quarter of the globe, the British Isles, India, Australia, the West Indies, the Northern and the Southern States, and Canada, in all the various Protestant communions, but I doubt not that each one of us looks back with peculiar pleasure upon our happy fellowship both in work and worship, and cherishes an honest pride in our connection, however brief, with the grand old University of the Schlegels, Fichte, Schelling, Klopstock, Goethe, and Jean Paul Richter.

AT LAST ;  
OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.\*

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER IX.

"AND he said, 'I will arise and go to my father.' After all his wanderings and ill-doings, after seeking in vain for happiness where none was to be found, after his rebellion and disobedience, his heart turned to the dear fatherland. Faint and weary, foot-sore and hungry, he yearned with unutterable yearning for his father's love, his father's forgiveness. 'I will arise,' he cried, 'and go to my father!' 'Come unto Me' had gone forth, the loving, tender message, even to the far country where he sat amongst his lowly charge; 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Come, and for husks thou shalt eat the fatted calf. Come, and for thy rags and travel-stained garments thou shalt receive the white robes of purity and righteousness. Only come!' Oh, who shall fathom the depths of that father's love? 'I will arise and go to my father.' " ; when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' There were no reproaches. No, they were not in accordance with that lofty nature. When the father forgives he *forgets*. 'Come unto Me' in the message still sounding from sea to sea, from pole to pole. And what for? That the wanderer may be rewarded according to his doings? Nay, listen: 'Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' No longer an outcast. No longer weary and heavy-laden with longings for the beloved fatherland! No longer crying, with bitter anguish, 'I have erred, and strayed from Thy ways.' No longer this, but clothed with righteousness as with a garment, forgiven and restored to his father's favour; sending amongst the sons of God, a son of God confessed."

So spake the preacher; and in a pew near the door Ericson and James sat and listened. It was evening, and they were alone. Winnie was suffering from a severe cold, and Mildred would not leave her. Philip had called in the morning to keep

his promise, and accompany her to chapel, and she had begged and entreated him to go without her.

So the two young men went, and stayed throughout the whole service. It was a clear starlight night when they left the chapel, and the streets were crowded with the Sabbath-keeping and Sabbath-breaking multitudes. They called at Ericson's rooms, and found a scarcely legible message lying there. "Would the doctor please come at once?" it ran, "some one was ill—dying, they thought—and wanted him."

"Will you come?" asked Ericson, flinging the dirty paper into the fire.

"Let me go instead of you; you are not fit for work," said James, noticing the heavy eyes and weary look.

"A walk will do me good," was the brief reply. "I would rather go."

"How came they to send for you?" asked Daryll, as they entered a most uninviting court. "I must say, your friends do not live in a particularly choice neighbourhood!"

"I'm pretty well known in this quarter; I have had several interesting cases in the court lately. The man we are going to see came under my notice in rather a queer way. I tumbled over him one night when he was lying half-drunk upon the pavement; and he let fly a volley of oaths and curses; some of them so strikingly original, that I, out of sheer curiosity, stopped to question him. A fine fellow he has been in his time, but a total wreck now, through intemperance. Look after your pockets."

"Well, did you leave him on the pavement?"

"No; I felt rather an interest in him. He wasn't too drunk to walk, so I marched him off, to save him from being frozen. It was a bitterly cold night last winter, with the snow lying thick on the ground, and he took it into his head that I had saved his life. His lease has pretty nearly run out now, I expect. Mind where you tread; the stairs are rotten."

They left the court, and ascended a dark, narrow staircase. A door at the top opened, and a woman's voice asked if it were the doctor.

"Yes," answered Ericson; and at the sound of his voice there was a little stir inside the room. A light was brought out and Daryll saw a haggard, scowling woman's face in the doorway.

"Come in," she said, sullenly; "you've been a precious long time a-coming."

Ericson made no reply, but walked in, James following. By the fire sat two ragged women; one with a tiny baby in her arms, the little face shrivelled and pinched out of every infantine grace.

"He's in there," said the woman who had admitted them, pointing to an inner room. "Why don't yer go and see if yer can't do summat for him, now yer have come?"

She flung open the door, and the young men went in. On the wretched bed lay the shrunken form of what had once been a fine stalwart man. He turned his head as they entered, and recognised Ericson. "You've come, then," he said, with strange earnestness. "I knew you would; they said you wouldn't. Who's that?"

"A friend of mine; a medical man like myself. What have you been doing to get yourself like this?"

The man laughed a low, feeble laugh of utter contempt. "You might have known without asking," he whispered, scornfully, "but since you do ask, I'll tell you; it's drink! Do you hear! Drink!"

"Hush," said Ericson, imperatively. "How long have you been in bed?"

"Since Thursday! since the beginning of eternity! What do you mean by asking such questions? Give me something to put some strength into me; that's what I want."

"Why didn't you send for me before?" asked Ericson, seeing with his practised eye that strength had gone for ever, yet scarcely knowing how to tell the dying man.

"I sent for you now sooner than you'd come. I tell you I'm not going to die in this infernal hole! Let me get up!"

The light of delirium shone in his deep-set eyes, and as he tried to rise, Ericson laid his hand upon him, and gently, but firmly, held him down. "Where do you want to go, Roper?" he asked, quietly. "Bed is the best place for all of us when we are ill."

"Could you die here?" was the savage reply. "Just look at it—all dark! Darker than dark! Let me get out into the light."

"It is darker out of doors," said Ericson, soothingly. "I will get you another candle or two."

"Candles! They can't show me how to die! I want the sun—God's sun."

"But it is night now; there is no sun."

"No; it went out long ago! It used to shine when I was a boy. What was it they used to sing at home? 'Oh, the bonny, bonny sunshine!' Yes, that's it."

He was wandering again, and they stood in silence, listening to his babble of green fields and purple moors. He was out in the sunshine, among the heather of his native land. "Isn't that a lark? I tell you it is, Mary! You never know one note from another. What! at heaven's gate? What a pretty fancy! They won't let him in, though. Now he's coming down. What is the use of getting to the gate, you little fool? The gate! 'And while he was a great way off'—what's the rest?—'his father saw him, and said, Depart, ye cursed.' No, no, no, not that! What did his father say?"

The young men looked at each other, but neither spoke. For some few minutes there was silence; and then the man stretched out his hand, with a sudden gesture of fear; "What did he say?"

"Who?" asked Ericson, bending over him.

"His father! What did he say? I forget."

He was perfectly calm and collected, speaking with slow deliberation. Ericson stood immovable, with compressed lips.

"Why don't you tell me?" the dying man asked, with rising anger.

Bending forward, Daryll repeated, mechanically, "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

"He ran, you see! Go on."

There was no answer.

The bloodshot eyes gazed eagerly at them, and the parched lips moved in entreaty: "Won't you tell me? Did he forgive? I forget. Did he forgive him? For God's sake, tell me the rest!"

In a cold, stern voice, as if uttering the words against his will, Ericson repeated, "But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

"He forgave everything!" came the eager, panting words. "He never even reproached him. Will He forgive me?"

Ericson was dumb.

"I've tried to think it out! I have tried to tell Him. I don't know what it means. What does it mean?"

"What?" asked James, gently.

"Lost and found! lost and found! Who is lost?" he cried, wildly. "What does lost mean?" Great drops of perspiration rolled down his face, and his eyes gleamed with a strange light.

Ericson's face grew rigid with intense feeling, but his lips were sealed. Then, with a sudden rush, that evening's sermon came over his memory. And almost involuntarily his lips framed the sentence, "Come unto Me, and I——" but there it stopped. He could say no more. Passing his hand over his damp forehead, he whispered, hoarsely, "I cannot stand this, Daryll! let us go."

There was no longer need for their presence. The man had once more lapsed into unconsciousness, and they left him. At Ericson's door they parted, the warm, lingering hand-clasp alone telling of perfect sympathy. Together they had stood at the end of life's stream, watching its dark waves ebbing into the depths of an unknown ocean. Together they had gazed into eyes from which the veil which hides the future was being slowly withdrawn. Together they had witnessed the eager, despairing craving for something—some firm, reliable hope. And they had been dumb. Science had failed them. After all their searchings into the mysteries of their own immortality, they had listened with sternly closed lips to the questioning of a human soul in its hour of direst need.

In his own room Ericson sat, with his head bowed upon his hands. Within him was raging a fierce and bitter conflict, and the strong man's whole strength went out in one cry: "God! if Thou art God, teach me how to find Thee, or else destroy me!"

He felt at that moment that it would be better to cease to live than to exist in such utter, awful ignorance of the great Beyond. To stand again and again by the side of a soul in its last agony, unable to speak one word of comfort, to shed one ray of light on its gloomy path!

"If through me one soul is lost," he groaned, "it were better that I had never been born!"



## CHAPTER X.

By silent mutual agreement, Ericson and Daryll avoided all mention of that night. Each felt that the other felt, but the time for words had not come.

Spring made its appearance early; February bringing in its train warm, sunshiny days, and lovely promise of later glories. "Here are flowers for you, but they are not all for you," said Errol, laying a bunch of snowdrops mixed with great purple violets, heavy with richest fragrance, on Mildred's easel.

"The first violets I have seen this year! Mr. Errol, how am I to thank you? They are lovely!"

"I do not wish to be thanked for giving myself pleasure."

"What an Errolish speech!" put in James. "I'll remember that, and give it to somebody second-hand. They won't know that it is not original. Say something else, Charlie."

Errol made no reply, but stood silently watching the sunbeams dancing on Mildred's shining hair, lighting on her fingers as they gathered up the purple flowers, and surrounded them with their own dark leaves. "Possible, or impossible?" was his thought. "Can I win her, or not?"

The old, old story again, ever fresh, ever new. How often has that question been asked; "Can I win her?" Errol asked it on that bright, sunny morning, as he stood by Mildred's side, and she little thought, as, in compliance with his request, she fastened the violets in his coat, and looked up with laughing eyes and merry words, that under the gay, careless exterior, a man's strong will was resolving the answer. "I *will* win her!" he thought, gazing upon the sweet, fair face that had already grown so dear. "It shall go very hard with me before I confess myself defeated. Time will prove whether I have the power to take; and once mine, for ever mine."

He went down to the hospital, and all day long the faint, sweet perfume from the purple violets brought before him a vision of sun-lit hair, an uplifted face, and winsome eyes, which touched his life with a golden light.

"To think that a little more than three months ago she was only a name to me!" he murmured, as after several hours' hard work that night he pushed away his books, and leaned back in

his chair. "Only Mildred Daryll—the name suggesting absolutely nothing beyond an ordinary nineteenth-century girl. No more to me than 'Daryll's sister.' I never even saw a decent photograph of her till lately."

Ericson had obtained his appointment at the hospital, and, consequently, was much occupied. On Sunday afternoon he frequently took Winnie out, and sometimes during the week he called for her, but he rarely spent an evening with them. Between him and Mildred had grown up an almost indefinable reserve. With his acute, intuitive perception, he felt that she in her heart associated him and his influence with her brother's religious theories, and in his haughty pride withdrew as much as possible from the unconscious condemnation of her very presence. For it was condemnation; though at that period of his life he would not have acknowledged it as such, even to himself.

His mind was in a state of strange unrest. Day after day his whole nature throbbed with painful doubts, and he was possessed by a ceaseless craving for a certainty of knowledge. It came upon him with overwhelming force one night as he stood on Westminster Bridge, looking down into the muddy tide—such a reaching out towards God; it can be called nothing else.

"What am I to Thee? If I am more than a mere thing, O God, reveal it!"

A strange prayer, but in accordance with the man's strange nature.

One day James called for him at the hospital, and found him waiting by the lift. A man, a most ghastly sight to look upon, was brought up and carried to the operating theatre. Cut and bruised beyond recognition—injured beyond all hope of life—bleeding to death, he lay stretched before them. For one long hour the spirit lingered, whilst from the swollen lips came the murmured groan, "God, have mercy upon me! God, have mercy upon me!"

The two young men passed out into the pleasant spring evening, and James broke into vehement speech.

"What has that poor fellow done that he should be sent for in such an awful way? Eric, it is better to have no God, than such a God!"

"Better, but impossible."

It was impossible then. In the days long past they had some-

times almost succeeded in persuading themselves that God was not. Now they were forced to own His existence, but no more. They were beginning at the wrong end. In seeking for Truth they had commenced with the fulfilment of the law, regarding only results, without reference to causes. Daryll's indignation was roused at the thought of the man's miserable end and ultimate punishment; but that man's life-long rebellion against God's righteous laws, and defiance of God's righteous will, were ignored.

"If God really wishes men to be saved, why doesn't he show Himself to them in some unmistakable way?" he went on, impulsively. "Do you think, Eric, that if I were God, I could see men wandering on to ruin without putting out my hand to stop them?"

He had yet to learn that God's hand is always outstretched to save men from themselves; that in the path to ruin they must either pass over or round about it. And if God had revealed Himself to them that evening, if He had worked some miracle to show them His presence, they would have been as far from Him as before.

How was it that Errol and Mildred had accepted so much? That their minds, being of inferior stamp, were more easily satisfied, was sheer nonsense. That Mildred was possessed of a rare, cultivated intellect, little likely to fall a victim to blind superstition, they were well aware; and Errol's keen, subtle brain, had too often come off victor in an argument to be depreciated now.

Perhaps the hardest thing of all to Ericson at that time was the barrier that was rising day by day between him and the friend of his boyhood. Errol saw it plainly. He felt that Philip was passing through an ordeal, and with instinctive delicacy forbore to intrude on its sacredness. It is as often friendship's office to be silent as to speak. This waiting for events was a bond of union between Mildred and himself, none the less strong that it found no expression in words. Once, indeed, he was unable to be silent. James had been in one of his moods—times when nothing was too sacred for the lash of his contemptuous satire. Errol at first answered him, but, finding argument only urged him on, silently withdrew from the field. The coast being thus left clear, James trampled at will on traditions and customs,

systems and creeds, and at last, working himself into a thoroughly bad temper, went off to bed. Errol rose to leave, and as Mildred met his kindly, sympathizing look, she turned hastily away, ashamed of the uncontrollable quivering of her lips.

He could not help himself; the words seemed to come of their own accord. "It is darkest before dawn. Do not distrust God because you cannot see His hand. He is there, Mildred. Wait till James has caught a glimpse of the *love* of God; it will constrain him, even as it has us."

It was a revelation of the whole basis of his religion; the *love* of God had constrained him. It was the first time his lips had uttered such words to any human being; for it is ever with an effort that such natures speak of their relationship to God.

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### UNQUENCHED.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS.

At the Promethean and other festivals, young men ran with torches or lamps lighted from the sacrificial altar. "In this contest, only he was victorious whose lamp remained unextinguished in the race."

I THINK upon the conquering Greek who ran  
(Brave was the racer!) that brave race of old—  
Swifter than hope his feet that did not tire.

Calmer than love the hand which reached that goal;  
A torch it bore, and cherished to the end  
And rescued from the winds the sacred fire.

O life the race! O heart the racer! Hush!  
And listen long enough to learn of him  
Who sleeps beneath the dust with his desire.

Go! shame thy coward weariness, and wail.  
Who doubles contest, doubles victory.  
Go! learn to run the race, and carry fire.

O Friend! The lip is brave, the heart is weak.  
Stay near. The runner faints—the torch falls pale.  
Save me the flame that mounteth ever higher!

Grows it so dark? I lift mine eyes to thine;  
Blazing within them, steadfast, pure, and strong,  
Against the wind there fights the eternal fire.

## SUNDAYS ABROAD: A RAMBLE AMONG SOME OF THE CHURCHES OF EUROPE.

BY THE REV. PROF. SHAW, LL.B.

"THE works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." Sometimes seeking them out, whether they be works of nature or works of grace, involves no little physical effort. In the case of the latter you may have to walk for hours in foreign cities, and with persistent diligence keep seeking for an insight into the prominent movements in the Church, which represents in various degrees "the work of the Lord." I have taken much pleasure the past few months in this exercise of limb and tongue, and Christian faith and catholicity, as in twenty-six towns and cities of Europe I tried to see Christianity in as many organized forms as possible—Anglican, Nonconformist, and "Salvationist," in England; Latin, Greek, Reformed, Lutheran, Anglican, and Methodist, in Europe. In my rambles I saw much else that was inspiring and interesting. But not quite as interesting as religious organizations, at least to a preacher, are either the Alps or the Rhine, or glaciers, *diligences*, peasants, politics, castles, art galleries, historical monuments, battle-fields, (not even Waterloo) museums, factories, palaces, parks, boulevards, colleges, or even libraries—though in these, eleven of the oldest Greek Testament MSS. were sought out and inspected, including, beside some of the best of the Cursives, three of the five leading Uncials, *A* at the British Museum, *C* at Paris, and *D* at Cambridge.

After listening on a Thursday evening in London to a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, which was plain, spiritual, and profitable, I mounted an omnibus and by half-past nine reached a centre of operations of the Salvation Army in Regent's Circus, Oxford Street. This point is in the midst of theatres and gin palaces and every form of vice. The cheaply-constructed building used by the army was well lighted and attractive, and could hold about a thousand people. The gallery, I think, was mostly occupied by critical spectators. I secured a seat right in the middle of the audience below, and soon, by observing my surroundings, concluded that I had got fairly into a heathen mission field. The "captain"

who led the meeting did so with much tact and good feeling, and apt illustration. The whole service was such as I have frequently witnessed in Canada at revivals and camp meetings. There was much in it that delighted my heart, and very little to be condemned. The single approach to extravagance was when the leader, in expounding the favourite topic of the Prodigal Son, recounted one striking instance of conversion and reformation, and added, "Well done, Jesus!" Thereupon the "army," which numbered about one hundred men, women, and children, occupying seats rising from the penitent benches upwards to the end of the building and to about the height of the gallery, burst out with accompaniment of drums, and cymbals, and shouts, in exclamations of "Well done, Jesus," "Hallelujah," and for some moments a perfect storm of contagious enthusiasm swayed the assembly, after which there was sung one of the martial hymns which form so prominent a part of the service.

The captain then continued his exhortation to penitents to come forward. A poor wretched young woman, sitting near me, rose and told how father and mother, who drank, kicked her out of doors, and she wanted to know how in her wicked career she was to be saved. It was the great question which proud and skeptical philosophy could never answer, but the leader of the meeting, with the New Testament in his hand, was able with winning tenderness to say, "Never mind, sister, come to Jesus and He will help you," and they sang another hymn, and some of the sisters gathered around her and told her of Christ and His loving readiness to pardon and save. I could not help but feel that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and pray that this poor wanderer might prove His saving power.

Several weeks subsequently, on the day of my leaving England for home, I had an opportunity of seeing the Liverpool Battalion of the army marching through that city. The ranks were six deep, and all sang, led by five brass bands. Some sections had a profuse display of British and American flags. "General" and Mrs. Booth rode alone in a carriage and stood bowing constantly in acknowledgment of the salutations which greeted them. Another carriage was filled with eight or ten men dressed like Turks. The large square near St. George's Hall, where I saw them from the balcony of the hotel, was densely packed with people, many of them as wretched spectacles of

human wrecks as only Liverpool can produce, and contrasting strongly with the objects of their jeers, the reformed Salvationists in the procession. Fully recognizing all the good done by this strange movement, and the kind words about it uttered by three bishops at the last session of the Convocation of Canterbury and by many other leading men in England, I still think that, situated as it is outside of all the Churches and made up of such crude material as only systematic and long-continued culture can render permanent, it will be strange if sooner or later it does not disintegrate, either by demoralization and scandals and jealousies among its members, or through want of judicious administration when the present executive have passed to their heavenly triumphs. But whatever be its future, it is probably doing more good now for the godless masses of Great Britain than all the Churches put together.

My first Sabbath in Europe was spent in Antwerp. The wooden shoes, dog-carts, women with high white caps, or in many instances with no head-covering whatever, all indicated that I was outside Anglo-Saxon civilization. At ten o'clock I went like a Christian to church, to the magnificent cathedral which is one of the finest Gothic structures in Europe. It was built in 1518 and is 500 by 250 feet in dimensions. It is the only church in the world having six rows of pillars. Its roof is supported by 125 pillars. I saw and heard a few things of direct spiritual benefit; but I confess I had most interest in sitting for some time and admiring two of Rubens' greatest pictures, "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross." I was also much pleased all day in listening to what I long ago read of with interest, the silvery chimes or *carillons* which every fifteen minutes sent out on the air their waves of music from the sixty-five bells high up in the tower of the cathedral. In the afternoon I entered the Church of St. James and saw the tomb of Rubens. I was also attracted into a Jesuit chapel. What drew me there was the earnest singing. On entering I found about three hundred men, for the most part intelligent-looking, engaged in very heartily and effectively singing in unison a hymn printed on slips of paper. The company probably had little sympathy with the recent anti-clerical movements in Belgium. It is not likely Lavaleye was there. On coming out we were each favoured at the door with the offer, in a very

friendly way, of a pinch of snuff by a big, bloated, jolly priest. In the evening I went to the little Anglican Church and heard a faithful, practical sermon, extemporaneously delivered by the earnest, elderly preacher, who, in deprecating the evils that surrounded him, declared he would not live in Antwerp for a thousand pounds a year.

At Brussels I visited the splendid cathedral of St. Gudule which dates from the 12th century, and saw its wonderful pulpit, the master-piece of Verbruggen, with its marvellous devices cut by hand in wood. The following day I reached Cologne, and lost no time in making my way to the cathedral, with whose massiveness of design and beauty of detail I was delighted. The present structure was begun in 1276 and is about 450 feet in length and 200 in breadth, with towers over 400 feet in height. In the Church of St. Ursula I saw the rows of skulls and bones which are supposed to represent 11,000 virgins martyred by the Huns under Attila, about the year 451. If the legend about them were true, certainly the sight would be most inspiring; but presuming I was looking at the bones of some heathen dug up in what scholarly antiquaries say was the burying-place of the Roman *Colonia Agrippina*, I was content and paid the priest my *pfennigs*. One visitor, who claimed to be posted in comparative anatomy, with shocking irreverence was saying something about the shape of the bones of sheep right in the presence of our clerical guide.

In Heidelberg there was the peculiar spectacle of a church occupied for both Catholic and Protestant worship—the Heiliggeist, Holy Ghost Church. A partition wall has been run across the nave, and on one side is Lutheran and sometimes now Church of Scotland service, and on the other either Roman Catholic, or Old Catholic. St. Peter's Church seemed to me an object of special interest, as Jerome of Prague here preached against Romanism in 1460, twenty-three years before the birth of Luther.

A Sunday in the most beautiful town of Baden-Baden was spent in the spirit of broadest catholicity, for in the morning I went to the Greek, in the afternoon to the Lutheran, and in the evening to the Anglican Church. The service at the last was decidedly high and weak, and was thus in marked contrast with the Evangelical spirit of several other Anglican services



I attended in Europe. The Greek Church to which I went in the morning, like one which I visited at Neroberg, near Wiesbaden, was a gem of beauty and costliness in gold and marble, and polished granite, and all manner of precious stones. I escorted there two American ladies, one a Quakeress, the other a Presbyterian, and when we entered at ten o'clock we occupied three of the dozen chairs on the beautiful marble mosaic floor under the dome, and constituted with two others the entire congregation. But all the same, the two acolytes or deacons, whichever they were, persevered in what appeared to be a competition in rapidity of intoning the psalms, gospels, and prayers, in Greek, before the Eucharist. These two appeared in this work of reading, for about forty minutes, in the garb of laymen. They then entered the sacred precincts of the altar and assumed their ecclesiastical vestments. The altar was hid from view by a light neatly decorated partition with three doors, through which the priests and these assistants came out several times during the service. On the panels of this partition there were several pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Apostles. These were once kissed in turn by the celebrants. There are no images admitted in Greek Churches. The most of the service was performed out of sight of the congregation. The effect was peculiar and agreeable as an invisible quartette of well-trained voices, some female, rendered the antiphonies in response to the priest. The singing was very fine. No instrumental music is allowed in "the Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church." The congregation increased until it ultimately reached the number of about twenty-five visitors and six worshippers. The latter stood through the whole service. They never kneel except at Pentecost. The frequency with which they crossed themselves was remarkable. In the most mechanical way possible, as if from mere force of habit, and certainly without any apparent special occasion for it, some of them would cross themselves in succession seven or eight times, at the same time bowing until their heads almost reached the ground. After the consecration and its accompanying liturgy, the venerable old priest came out with his conspicuous stove-pipe hat, and carrying a golden or gilt cross about one foot long. One of the assistants carried on a salver the bread cut in cubes. It was ordinary leavened bread. They passed around among us, and seemed ready to admit us all

to their communion. I would gladly have accepted from them the emblems of the broken body of the world's Saviour only that each communicant was required first to kiss the cross carried by the priest. My Protestantism, and perhaps the priest himself, would not let me do that. The Greek Church administers to the laity the communion under both kinds, *sub utraque specie*, but I saw no sign of any wine in the service. I have understood that in the Greek service there was no elevation of the host, but certainly in this instance there was the elevation before the adoring devotees and it caused a remarkable amount of crossing.

Strasburg Cathedral was comparatively a disappointment, that is, it did not impress me as favourably as either Antwerp or Cologne, especially the latter, perhaps because my expectations were relatively too high. Yet it has a wealth of beauty that probably only Milan could surpass. There is such an immense mass of elaborate detail of work in arches, towers, and abutments, representing almost the whole calendar of saints and a great many mythical beings whose appearance is by no means saintly, that the vast structure stands as a Christian epic in stone. I studied it for more than an hour during the day, and at night returned to enjoy its massive grandeur in clear moonlight. Its single spire is 466 feet high, being thirty-three feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and among human structures only surpassed in height by the pyramids of Cheops and the cathedral at Vienna. Of course I saw the clock, but had much more interest, after waiting for one of its hourly performances, in going to the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, which was built in 1031, and contains a sarcophagus in which are the remains of Bishop Adeloeh, who died 830. It also contains a marvellous piece of sculpture by Pizelle representing Maurice of Saxony with hideous Death opening the tomb for him and beckoning him to descend, and France piteously clinging to him and striving to keep him back as he advances down the black marble steps to the sepulchre.

On entering Switzerland from Germany the first principal city reached is Basle where I visited with very great interest the Munster, built A.D. 1010, a monument of mediæval Christianity, and still more of the wonderful changes of the Reformation. How marvellous these changes are! The bishop's throne

of stone is thrust into a corner, an emblem of Episcopal polity pushed aside by the Presbyterian polity of the Reformed congregation worshipping there. The chancel where once high mass was celebrated, when the Normans were invading England, and two centuries before the Magna Charta was signed, is now filled with seats for a part of this congregation. The very marble altar itself in this cathedral is now a Protestant communion table. I saw with much interest in the church the tomb of Erasmus, and in the adjoining cloisters, connected with what was once the Bishop's palace, the tombs of *Æcolampadius* and of many other Reformers. Before leaving the city I enjoyed a call upon the Methodist Episcopal minister, Rev. Mr. Brunns. My impressions of him and his work were very favourable. He has three appointments, 400 members, thirteen classes and 800 Sabbath-school scholars. I learned from him that half of the six Reformed Churches in the city, including the Munster, are decidedly rationalistic.

There is in Interlaken an old monastery, with convent attached, built in 1130. For the abuses of the place the Pope closed it in 1524, when it became secularized. Now in the choir of this monastery there is Anglican service, in the chapel Roman Catholic service, and in the cloisters Scotch Free and French Reformed. I attended the French service on a Sabbath morning at 9.15 and heard an excellent sermon by an Evangelical Reformed minister on "Let all the earth fear the Lord." At 11 o'clock, immediately after the French service, I heard a doctrinal sermon on the Atonement by Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, and at four p.m. in the Anglican service heard the best sermon of the day, on "Glorify the Lord in the valleys," (Isa. A. V.) It seemed strange that these three important sections of the Church, Latin, Anglican, and Reformed, after all past antagonisms and estrangement, should be found here worshipping under the same roof. The time may come before the end of human history, when they will be ready to do this without any partitions, howeverslight, to divide them.

In Lausanne, so beautifully situated on the southern slope of the Jura Mountains and by the shores of Lake Geneva, I saw the venerable cathedral built in the tenth century, in which, on October 1, 1536, Calvin, Farrel, and Viret, vindicated the principles of the Reformation, and the discussion resulted in separating

the entire canton from the Church of Rome. At St. Maurice I passed the spot where, in A.D. 286, the Theban Legion, composed of 6,000 men who had embraced Christianity, were decimated time after time by order of the Emperor Maximian until the legion was annihilated, because they refused to obey the imperial orders and deny Christ. Such is the legend which, on the 25th of September in each year, is called to mind by the devout Romanist who is posted in the calendar of saints. This legend has probably much truth as its basis. There is authentic history for equal atrocities in connection with other persecutions during the first three centuries of the Church.

On the roadside, in a rural section as you go over the Tete Noir Pass, there is a little church which is an ecclesiastical curiosity. It was built away back in the eleventh century. Its sandstone walls are of very rude but strong architecture, and inside are positively greasy and black, to the height of four or five feet, with the rubbing and reclining against them for centuries of the rustic congregation. The stone floor is quite rough and irregular, like that of many of the cottages of peasants. But what was most peculiar was the tawdry ornamentation with which the walls were profusely covered. Rude paper flowers, pieces of tinsel, and ribbons formed various devices, but all were covered with dust, and were very suggestive of this externalism in the Church, like the cerements of a mummy to conceal its death. There are some sections in the Province of Quebec where one could imagine himself to be living in mediæval Europe, but nothing ever seemed to me so antiquated as this little old church in Switzerland.

The contrast often and fairly instituted between Roman Catholic and Protestant countries in Europe, between Connaught and Ulster in Ireland, between South America and North America, is most strongly marked in Switzerland between the Catholic and Protestant cantons. As I journeyed through these I recalled the substance of what I had read before of the comparative description of them given by Hepworth Dixon, who says, "In the Protestant cantons, though the village may be built of frames, the style is pretty, and the arrangement neat. Near it stand the village church, the council chamber, and the primary school. Each cottage has a garden to itself. A creeper climbs up every stair, and hangs almost from every

roof. The click and whirr of looms are heard from every open window, and the little folk go singing on their way to school. The streets are clean, the markets well supplied, and every one you meet is warmly clad. But in the Catholic cantons things look poor and bare. Few villages are seen. The people dwell in scattered huts, with sties and stables on the ground floor and sleeping-rooms above them. These huts though strongly knit, are rudely planned and roughly built. Each herdsman lives apart from all his fellows, whom he only meets at mass, at wrestling match, and public house. The Protestants grow in wealth and numbers, while the Catholics linger on in poverty and weakness and keep their antique sports and dress, retain their shepherd industries as they existed in the middle ages, keep their feast days and wrestling matches, feed on coarse rye bread and acid curds, and hold in proud contempt the arts by which their neighbours thrive."

I had abundant means of verifying this comparison as I observed that, wherever there were oratories and Calvaries along the roadside, only poverty and ignorance, with goitre and idiocy, were to be seen in the country around; but as we journeyed through Protestant cantons there were signs of thrift that reminded one of England and America. There is this peculiarity about the case of Switzerland, that the Catholic cantons are mostly of the German race and the Protestant of the Latin race; which means that Romanism will degrade any race in which it thrives, and Protestantism will elevate any race in which its active and progressive power are felt.

My seven hours' ride, on a splendid day, on a diligence from Chamonix at Mont Blanc, to Geneva, was to me, as I suppose it is to the thousands of tourists who take it, a perfect and ecstatic delight, and one of my sources of pleasure was the expectation of soon reaching a city to which I think modern progress is indebted more than to any other in the world. I refer on the one hand to principles of political freedom which were transplanted from Geneva to the English Commonwealth, and on the other to a type of Reformation and Protestant Church polity to which, I think, the most successful Churches of to-day are more indebted than either to Lutheranism or Anglicanism. The day after I reached Geneva I made a pilgrimage to what is said to be the place of burial of John Calvin, in the cemetery of

*Plain de Palais*, a spot marked only by a small stone nine inches square and four inches above the ground, and having on it the letters "J. C."

I had rather more interest in going to the "Cathedral" of St. Peter's, if such a thing as a Presbyterian Cathedral can be understood. This massive structure was built in the year 1165 and rises up conspicuously in the centre of the city. How significant the change that this venerable old Roman Catholic cathedral is now used for the worship of the Reformed or Presbyterian Church, and its marble altar is now a Protestant Communion table. Beneath the pulpit is a chair which belonged to Calvin. Of course I sat in it, and did so with a feeling of gratitude for the grand work accomplished by the great Reformer, satisfied withal that the errors he taught are becoming more and more harmless in their diminishing influence. I afterwards saw the house in which Calvin lived and died, No. 11, Rue des Chanoines. My thoughts about him were not quite so agreeable as I subsequently stood on the hill Le Champel, where Servetus was burned.

A Sabbath in Paris suggests Father Hyacinthe, McAll, Gibson, American Chapel, La Madeleine, and the weekly mass for Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides (where the great Bonaparte is buried), and probably some more ecclesiastical curiosities which may occur to others. On my way to the Wesleyan Church I dropped in at 10 o'clock for a few moments at La Madeleine. The "mysteries" were being solemnized in about the usual style in which I have seen them celebrated in Notre Dame, Montreal. The large congregation, I suppose, included some of the most aristocratic elements in Paris. Three minutes were sufficient here as I had examined the building the previous week, so journeying on to No. 4, Rue Roquépine, I found the Wesleyan Chapel with its excellent church premises, in which the first sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Punshon in 1862. The Anglican service of morning prayer, abridged by Wesley, was well rendered. The singing was very fair including the *Te Deum*. An excellent sermon on Christ weeping over Jerusalem was preached by the pastor, a Channel Island man, Rev. Mr. De Moulpiéd, with whom I had the pleasure of dining. I also heard him in the evening. It was my intention to attend one of the Apologetic lectures delivered on Sunday evening in the Boulevard des Capucines, but a couple of American Presbyterian ministers,

hungry for evangelical spiritual food, asked me to guide them to the Wesleyan Chapel so I denied myself and went with them.

In the afternoon I went a long distance to the "Gallican Catholic Church." The service was well rendered in French, and was largely taken from the Anglican Liturgy. Father Hyacinthe's sermon, which was a semi-political discourse, lasted an hour. It was introductory to a series of sermons on the Decalogue, and was a most fervent and eloquent vindication of the authority of the divine law as the basis of true democracy. He discussed the various forms of modern unbelief, materialism, agnosticism, and positivism, with their destructive effects, highly complimenting England and the United States for their moral tone. Father Hyacinthe's church is in an obscure place on the Rue d'Arras, in a communistic part of the city. The audience, mostly men, seemed to be very intelligent and did not number more than two hundred. The general opinion of this movement struck me as correct—that it lies too near schismatical Protestantism to attract many Romanists and too near traditional Romanism to satisfy Protestants. Catholics think of it as one of the many little heretical sects. Protestants think of it as simply Romanism without a Pope. Father Hyacinthe's wife was pointed out to me with some interest by a little French woman whom I questioned as to which was Madame Loyson. She is a fine-looking American lady, and was dressed in a style a trifle more secular than that of a nun or a Quakeress.

As to Methodism in Paris, it is a significant fact that each week in and about the city fourteen Methodist sermons are preached, the plans for which appointments I obtained and kept with interest. Of more prominence just now is a special effort conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, B.A., (who visited briefly the Montreal General Conference) in which popular and apologetic yet spiritual and practical lectures, are delivered every Sunday evening in a large Salle des Conférences, on the Boulevards des Capucines not far from the Grand Opera House. These lectures are attended by many of the most intelligent people of the city and are said to be exciting a greater influence for pure Christianity than even the Evangelical labours of Mr. McAll. In Mr. Gibson's Conférences Populaires, several leading laymen of other Churches take part, including Réveillaud, whose addresses in Montreal were listened to with so much interest

after the Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, at which he was a delegate from the Reformed Church of France.

I wish here, in conclusion, for one, to express some gratitude to the "Colonial and Continental Church and School Society" of England for the Protestant worship which it supplies in so many towns to the thousands of Anglo-Saxon tourists who every year throng through Europe. In many places they furnish the only Evangelical service which it is possible to attend. Their work, I think, is not quite so extensive on the Continent as that of either the Wesleyan Methodist Church or Methodist Episcopal Church, but it is more conspicuous and more accessible to foreigners; and this suggests the desirability of more advertising on the part of these great Methodist Churches. I was always in search of *les Chapelles Methodistes*, but my search was not always successful. In one town I was directed through most tortuous lanes over very rough cobble stones, and at last, passing through a dark alley I reached a small yard about twenty by twelve feet, enclosed with high buildings, a dark, dingy, damp place, and on what one might otherwise take to be a stable door there was a board newly painted with white letters on a black ground, "Church of Scotland!" My high opinion of the Old Kirk was not diminished, but rather increased, by seeing this evidence of its practical belief in the universality of the Atonement in trying to carry the Gospel everywhere.

The same impressions I carried when going, I carried with me on my way across the Atlantic when returning, relative to the different branches of the Church represented in Western Europe, confirmed by my limited observations. First, in all of them I think there is some measure of spiritual life. Second, notwithstanding the boast of infidelity, Christianity is still the basis of European civilization; and no country in Europe can well afford, in its mere secular interests, to do without the ethics of the New Testament, though it may easily do without the incubus of Romanism. Third, the Reformed Churches of the Continent, notwithstanding their rationalism, are still far in advance of Lutheranism with its Erastian trammels and strange mixture of skepticism and Romanism, as witnessed by the fact that the Protestant Missionary Societies and Bible Societies founded on the Continent are nearly all connected with the Reformed Churches. The Lutherans, basking in imperial favours and political preferment, often look with more



aversion upon the Reformed than they do upon Romanists. The result is that the Reformed Churches, at least where not established, are driven to divine sources of wisdom and power which alone can make any Church efficient. Fourth, to Anglo-Saxon Christendom is given the responsibility of proving that free institutions, such as are found in Britain and America, are perfectly compatible with religious fervour and Christian zeal—that liberty does not mean infidelity, but, on the contrary, the best guarantee of freedom is found in the spirit, doctrines and morals of the religion of Christ.

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## HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

SAINTS of God ! the dawn is brightening,  
Token of our coming Lord ;  
O'er the earth the field is whitening ;  
Louder rings the Master's Word—  
“ Pray for reapers  
In the harvest of the Lord.”

Feebly now they toil in sadness,  
Weeping o'er the waste around,  
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,  
While their echoing cries resound--  
“ Pray that reapers  
In God's harvest may abound.”

Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And with Pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er the land—  
Faithful reapers,  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

Broad the shadow of our nation ;  
Eager millions hither roam ;  
Lo ! they wait for thy salvation ;  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransom'd people home.

Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come,  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal “ Harvest Home ;”  
Saints and angels,  
Shout the world's great “ Harvest Home !”

## THE HISTORICAL AND DOCTRINAL DEVELOPMENT OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.\*

IF we accepted the dictum of some, Methodism has largely fulfilled her mission and should be relegated out of existence by absorption into the great historic Churches which have been evoked through the ages. But we are not willing to accept this dictum, and to be thus relegated. We plant ourselves upon the premises, that Methodism had a great mission in the past, and holds a still greater in the future; and it is for us, this hour, out of our history of the past, to find inspiration and instruction to win grander triumphs in the future.

And here observe what *inspiration* comes to every minister and member of Methodism, from a review of the life-work of our illustrious founder. If we walk the galleries of the past, and stand between those historic niches in which are enshrined the records of those mighty reformatory spirits which God hath given to the ages and the Church, in every instance they are marked by an individuality and those distinctive attributes, which adjusted them to their great work. Thus in Judas Maccabeus, we have the military hero, who repelled to the death those Vandal hordes, who sought to pollute the temple and altar of God. Thus when the Post-Apostolic and Patristic ages declined in their spiritual life, when aqueous baptism was declared to be the condition and instrument of pneumatic baptism, when the genuflects held that posture was attendant to grace, Montanus, mystical, fanatical, but true to the doctrine of Divine Indwelling, rang out over the Orient this truth.—the life of God in the life of man.

When the Church was advancing in power, Pope Innocent III., mistaken though sincere, aspired to subjugate all kingly power and win for her an empire temporal as well as spiritual

\* A Centennial address delivered June 27, 1882, before the Nova Scotia Conference at Windsor, N.S. This address is taken, by permission, from the admirable Centennial Volume on the Methodism of Eastern British America.

over universal humanity. When the decadence of the Papacy had begun, and its brilliant assumptions were defeated, Pope Boniface VIII., of whom it is said that he grasped power like the fox, wielded it like the lion, and resigned it like the defeated dog, held that his commission was to restore the Papacy to the splendour of the times of Hildebrand. All unconscious of the grandeur of their mission, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante climbed, with adventurous step, the mountain heights, that first catch and kiss the morning light, and sighted from afar the coming day of intellectual and spiritual emancipation.

Erasmus, the recluse, organizing the first Greek Testament; Zwingli, the true, witnessing for the simplicities of Christian worship; Melancthon, formulating the consensus of evangelical truth; Luther, the aggressive herald, who flashed upon the age the old truth of justification; Wycliff, loyal to the Scriptures—how the brilliant array pass before us in their lustrous individuality. And what was the commanding power which lifted the power of Methodism to an elevation which finds scarcely a parallel along the Christian ages? Wesley was the scholar, logical and classical, but he was more. Wesley, says Macaulay, had the genius of a Richelieu for government; but he was more. Wesley, observed Southey, could gather and hold the elements of power; but he was more. Wesley, writes Sir Walter Scott, had but few equals in the power of popular address; but he was more. Wesley had the soul of an adventurer, that like Columbus would seek out new continents; but he was more. Wesley had a will-power that would look defiant in the face of difficulty and never beat a retreat; but he was more. What constituted the triumphant power, which lifted Wesley to pre-eminence? *It was his profound, entire, and absolute consecration to God.* Wesley as the Oxford ascetic was impotent, as the adventurer of Georgia a visionary, who returned from his bootless journey with the impress of failure. But from the hour when he became a consecrated man, kindled into enthusiasm by the power and love of an indwelling Christ, every element of his great character opened out and made him one of the most potential factors which the centuries have given to the world. And is there not an inspiration in this thought to every minister and member of Methodism!

What lesson do I read on this Centennial occasion from the history of Methodism? Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and member, and their manhood and womanhood will be lifted to their highest possibilities, by opening up the intellectual powers to nobler conceptions and giving to the emotional nature the enthusiasm of Diviner love, impelling to the better accomplishment of God's great work among men. By this we do not mean that any consecration will give to rustic ignorance the resources of scholarship, or to prosaic dullness the magnetic power of genius in its plenary endowments. But it gives the highest spiritual power "to every man according to his several ability." Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and it will send us back to our circuits with a passion to save men, and baptize all our churches with a new life that will carry us along the coming century to a more pregnant spiritual destiny, that holds within it the assurance and acclaims of ultimate victory.

And then again, what instruction comes to us from our historical development as a Church! Of all epochs in the history of England, one of the most stagnant and utterly hopeless was that which marked the opening of the eighteenth century. Whether you read the charming page of Green, the massive notations of Lecky, or the caustic and searching critiques of Leslie Stephens, all unite in depicting a state of moral degradation and blasphemous impiety well-nigh surpassing belief. With the brilliant Marlborough corrupting the higher life of the nations; with Horace Walpole, reducing all politics to a game of bribes; with Congreve and Wycherly, the dramatists of the Restoration, for a polite literature; with a poetry without exaltation; a philosophy without insight and tribunals without justice; with an insolent infidelity, which, from the days of Stillingsfleet to Bolingbroke, last of the deists, held captive the leading intellects of the nation, while it smote with paralysis an effete clergy; with a universal wassail and riot and profanity, sinking the lower classes into nameless depths of infamy—what pen can adequately picture the repellant features of this repulsive age? Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the ministry of Wesley began to be heard. It gathered to itself the elements of power, it multiplied its forces till with ten thousand tongues it rang out the gospel in every nook and corner of the motherland.

What Johnson the moralist could not do; what Hogarth the caricaturist of vice could not do; what Dean Swift the satirist could not do; what the philosophy of Berkeley, the ethics of Butler, the evidences of Paley could not do; what the men of lawn sleeves and stately ritualisms could not do, in reforming the age, that John Wesley with his grand evangelism; that Charles Wesley, with his hymns, sobbing in penitence, weeping in joy, ringing the battle-cry of advance along the line, springing triumphant on ecstatic wings to the heavens at the thought that Jesus shall reign; that John and Charles Wesley accomplished in the name and by the grace of God.

It has been well said by a recent writer that the unbelief of the eighteenth century was not arrested and overthrown by Butler's Analogy of Religion, the twelve witnesses of Paley or the didactics of the day, but by the power of God authenticating the divinity of that Christianity as expressed by the early preachers of Methodism, which woke with a mighty resurrection the barbaric toilers in coal-pits of the north, ploughing their grimy faces with the tears of penitence; the wasted multitudes in the dens of London, cleansing their foulness; and the Cornish miners, in their deep galleries, where in the intervals of toil they could hear above them the sobbings of the sea. Now, if there is one lesson more impressive than another which the history of our Church reads us, it is to lay hold of every means to ensure success. Wesley, in early life was a churchman, an intolerant and bigoted churchman, but when God led him out he was willing to go into untried paths and to employ the agencies of which the history of the Church supplied no parallel. He invoked the splendour of scholarship and seraphic culture, as in the case of Fletcher, but he did more. He took John Nelson, the mason; Alexander Mather, the baker; Thomas Oliver, the shoemaker; John Haime, the private soldier, and Pawson, the draper, all uncultured, and in the name of God commissioned them to go with homely speech to the perishing masses, justifying the utterance of the historian that as by speech the nation was governed, by speech, freighted with gospel truth, the nation was morally regenerated.

The genius of Methodism not only commissioned man, but it

vindicates the ministry of woman. I have stood before the sepulchres of statesmen, orators, and divines, whose names and fame have filled the world, but I never felt a deeper emotion than when standing by the tomb of Susannah Wesley. In that presence the orator is dumb; poetry has no lines, and music no notes, to tell the grandeur of her womanhood. Conservative, yet radical and aggressive; deferential to authority, yet firm in her God-like purpose; no mystic was she though gifted with a depth of insight seldom surpassed. Graceful in person, her tender eyes looked love; wise in her motherhood, it has been well said that if John Wesley ruled Methodism, his mother ruled John Wesley, and revealed to him the power of womanhood as an agency, gentle and persistent, in building up the spiritual Church of God.

And now, out of this history what lesson do I read? Conservative in essentials, yet radical and aggressive in action, I would have every minister remember that he is ordained for victory and that he should command success. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." I would commission every son and every daughter to prophesy in the name of the Lord. Methodism has no greater danger, than a decorous respectability that resists all innovation. If ordinary appliances fail to draw the people to Christ, I would invoke the very forces of the Salvation Army; I would put trumpets in men's hands to call the people to repentance, anything! anything! The spirit of Methodism, aggressive, it shall live—stagnant, it shall die, dishonoured, an anachronism amongst men.

And then look at the sweep of this Methodism of ours. If we go back one hundred and twenty years we see a man in clerical attire passing under the arch that led into the quadrangle of the old Glasgow University. Above the arch, in a little room, sits a homely toiler, engaged in sketching a design. What prophet of destiny could have predicted that, more than kings, statesmen, and congresses, these two men, John Wesley and James Watt would shape the destinies of this American continent? It was the genius of James Watt which harnessed the forces that slumbered in the water, and gave steamboats to every river and steam cars to every valley and prairie on this

continent, thus giving to it in a single century, a degree of civilization that otherwise would have demanded a thousand years and more. It was the genius of John Wesley to project on this continent his original conception of an itinerant ministry, which would follow the tidal waves of humanity that have diffused themselves from Atlantic to Pacific, and but for this would have sunk into degradation, vandal and destructive as those that followed the train of Alaric and Genseric of old. Before his eyes closed in death he had sent Laurence Coughlin to the misty isle of Newfoundland; Strawbridge to the sunny south; Asbury beyond the Alleghanies; Webb along the valley of the St. Lawrence; and your own William Black to be the standard bearer of Methodism along the valleys and bays of fair Acadia. While the rolling tides of the ocean sing their thunders along your coast and toss their crested spray against the granite cliffs, corruscating into perpetual brilliance, the name of Black shall be held in honour throughout this land.

Men of Nova Scotia, you will stand true to the traditions and spirit of these men, and with your brethren in the West advance with glad endeavour till this Dominion of Canada is possessed by Christian forces, and given as a gem to adorn the crown of the Redeemer.

And then, once again, what *inspiration* comes to us from the *full-orbed theology* which is our heritage and the foundation of our power. In our time of pretentious, speculative and unsettling thought, a damaging impeachment is laid at the door of Dogmatic Theology. It is held by some that he who enters here abandons hope of progressive research, since its dogmas are immutable, and its spirit in antagonism to the life and progress of the ages; but never was impeachment more false. What is the history of religious thought but one of sublimest evolution? Look at the record. The Oriental or Greek Church formulated the doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ, and established them for all time. The early Latin Church revealed this humanity of ours, and formulated at once the doctrine of sin and grace. It was the honour of the Mystics and Port Royalists to unfold the possibilities of communion with the Divine. And was it not the glory of the Reformation age that it educated the conscience and brought out broad

and clear the doctrines of forgiveness and divine acceptance, while the Remonstrants affirmed the universality of the atonement.

Thus, from age to age, the evolution of Christian dogma has gone forward, and the eternities shall never see its consummation. Theology a stagnant science! I affirm it is the most progressive on the face of this earth, for is not the truth of God infinite, and will not the infinite intellect be ascending forevermore in the apprehending of its wondrous harmonies?

And, now, what constituted the central truth which John Wesley published in advance of all others and which has rallied the million? I answer the radical existence of a free spirit as the crown of our humanity. When Wesley appeared, the intuitional philosophy of DesCartes, of Spinoza, and afterward of Kant and Coleridge, had gone into an eclipse; while the materialistic philosophy of Hobbes, and Locke, and Hume, and Berkeley, and Priestly, which asserted that the world without controlled the world within the man, was everywhere triumphant. The vindication of the universality of atonement, and the freedom of will, and spiritual witness by God to man's inner consciousness, smote to the death this philosophy of necessity, that still languishes in Buckle and Tyndall, while it uplifted this intuitional philosophy which stands by the truth that man is a *prima potentia*, an originating will force, while God is no respecter of persons.

And so it comes to pass that the theology of Methodism is on the ascendant all over this earth. I think the sublimest event in the late Œcumenical Conference was the attestation of this truth. There were gathered men who had come from beneath almost every sky. They had come from the fields and steppes of Scandinavia; they had come from the Confederated Empire of Germany; they had come from the vine-clad hills and sunny vales of France and from the mountain passes of Switzerland they had come from the wildering fragrance of Andalusian Spain and from beneath the shadow of the Quirinal, the horse of Praxiteles and the Vatican of Rome; they had come from where Stamboul proudly overlooks the Hellespont, they had come from the death-dealing malarial coasts of Western Africa and the arid plains of Kaffraria, they had come from the shadow of the Himalayas, where the cactus and magnolia fling their frag-



rance at the feet of those colossal heights which bear upon their brow the crystal crown of an eternal winter; they had come from the ancient lands of Northern and Southern China, whose standing wonder is the multiplied millions of men; they had come from the isles of Japan, where nestling flowers adorn the creviced heights of volcanic desolation, and from every colony of great Australia; from Tasmania and the fern valleys of New Zealand; they had come from the isles of the south, that, like emeralds set in cameos of coral whiteness, gem the bosom of the great Pacific; they had come from the cooling shades of the palms that skirt the pampas of South America; they had come from the tropic isles of the West Indies, and from the silver canyons of Mexico, from almost every state in the great Republic, and from most of the provinces of our Dominion. And what was their testimony? It was that the Gospel, which your Black, one hundred years ago, began to sound throughout this land is the Gospel which has brought salvation to uncounted thousands and to which 25,000,000 within the bounds of Ecumenical Methodism, pay homage, while thousands without accept it as their faith.

“When the work at first begun,  
Small and feeble was the day;  
Now the work doth swiftly run,  
Now, it wins its widening way.”

Isles of the South! when my eye was undimmed and the dew of youth was on my brow, standing on their hills I watched the tropic sun as he grandly marched to his seeming rest. Dipping into darkness, refracting his light, like a magic builder, in a moment he threw up a triumphal arch wide as the canopy of heaven, garnished with gold, festooned with brilliant blue, while far along the vista there seemed a glory yonder too great for mortal eye to behold. Symbol of our future! As we bid farewell to the century that is gone, tender in its memories, rich in its inheritance of history, I believe we are marching as through a triumphal arch and into a century of more resplendent triumph upon earth. Be it ours to well perform our work, serve our generation, and then rejoin that blissful company whose eyes once met our glances, whose voices fell upon our ears, but who are now enthroned as victors forever.

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

## HOLINESS, HOW TO OBTAIN AND RETAIN IT.

The condition of the generality of Christians is that, while they desire to do God's will, evil is ever present with them; so that they are continually stumbling—sinning and repenting, confessing unfaithfulness and unrest, deploring their condition and hoping to do better in the future. This condition makes religion hard work, and frequently it is given up in despair and the unfortunate one sinks back into deeper sin than before.

Surely, Jesus' salvation is a failure if there is nothing better than this. But, praise the Lord, it is a free and complete salvation, saving to the uttermost all who will submit their wills to God and *let Him save them*. The failures are always due to ourselves alone. God ever stands ready to save us and keep us fully.

Outside of holiness there can be no safety. In holiness there is absolute security, rest and peace. To have this blessed experience is the privilege of every Christian. We all feel the necessity for it. And it is not only a privilege, but an absolute duty, that we have it—a clean heart, cleansed from all sin and made pure and fit for the Master's use. God commands: "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Jesus says: "The pure in heart shall see God." In the heavenly Jerusalem, "there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth," that is impure. And Paul exhorts: "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." So with these few texts we can plainly see the necessity for heart purity, even to escape the damnation of hell, saying nothing of escaping the unrest and misery in this life.

How shall we obtain it? We can never *attain* it; it is a gift; the same as pardon is a gift: "By *grace* are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." If we undertake to grow up into it, we shall utterly fail. We cannot save ourselves; that is the work of the Holy Spirit. "For *this purpose* the Son of God was manifested, that *He might destroy* the works of the devil." But we, also, have something to do. Our part is a full consecration, of our souls, bodies, minds, wills,

time, talents, money, friends, in short, a complete consecration of everything to God for time and eternity; an entire abandonment to Him, keeping back absolutely nothing, "gladly, thankfully, enthusiastically" submitting ourselves and wills into His hands, like a lump of clay to be moulded and fashioned according to His will. Then, faith is the next thing; absolutely necessary, as in the case of pardon. As you believed that God for Christ's sake pardoned you from the *guilt* of sin, so believe that for Christ's sake God accepts you and is your Saviour from the *power* of sin; that the altar of Christ sanctifies the gift you have laid thereon, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses you from all sin. Only two things for us to do—entire abandonment of self, and absolute faith. Then the work of the Holy Spirit commences. He comes and takes possession of the temple made fit for His indwelling, and works in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure.

And this consecration and faith must be maintained, whether there be feeling or not. Praise God, if you *abide*, you shall have the witness of the Holy Ghost. Here you must rest in perfect confidence. In all trials and temptations, take them to the Lord and leave them there; don't bring them back with you. Let God take care of them, and you shall come away rejoicing. He says: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Oh, blessed rest! We do not have to wait until we cross the river, but we can have it every day—this rest of faith, submitting all things to Him, and believing that he does all things well. See God's hand in everything. In this good soil we shall grow. We shall delight to do His will, and our lives will be crowned with glorious results.

Never admit a doubt to cross your soul, but ever maintain that the blood of Jesus cleanseth you; that Jesus saves you *now*. Keep forever fully consecrated and trusting, and you shall be one with Christ. Then shall you have the life hid with Christ in God. This is holiness!

Dear, weary Christian, will you not cease your wanderings in the wilderness, and enter in and possess the land of corn and wine—this "valley of blessing so sweet?" God help you, seeing the light, that you sin not against it!—A. S. Warren, in "Zion's Herald."

## THE JOY OF PERFECT LOVE.

When love is the master passion of the soul duty rises to delight: "we lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears the stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection. She never thinks of duty while yet she is discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has in infinite condescension used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate Divine truths. And we find Him calling the Church His "bride." What does it mean? On His side it means that He "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He loved human souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But surely, on the bride's part, it implies the perfect love that loves too much to serve from duty. Can it mean less? In every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without scent, a cloud without rain, a well without water, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life.

Yes, to perfect love obedience is joy. And it is a thousand-fold more exalted and Christ-like to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience, than to have to fight an "enemy within," in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight to, than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the works" which God has given me to fulfil, because "the love of Christ constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*The Rev G W. L. Christien.*

I am richer for the union  
 With the loved ones gone before;  
 Longing more for the communion,  
 Fuller life shall yet restore.

## RECENT PHASES OF POSITIVISM.\*

Positivists exult in the atheistic funeral of Gambetta as a sign that the triumph of the religion without a God is at hand. "Three persons and no God," was Carlyle's epigram on the Church of Comte. The first part of it is no longer true, for the Church of Comte now numbers thrice three hundred persons, including men of high mark; and its remarkable growth is a fact to be studied by any one who wishes to understand this wonder-teeming age. Comte's brain gave birth to two things, a philosophy and a religion. As he himself expressed it, in the first part of his career, he was only a second Aristotle, but his love of Clotilde de Vaux made him also a St. Paul. This self-apotheosis, and the exaggerated estimate which he continually betrays of his own position, talking of the whole line of great thinkers as precursors who had prepared the world for his appearance, naturally suggest that the insanity which clouded a certain period of his life was like most of the insanity which does not arise from physical injury or malformation, the consequence of egotism indulged without control, and untempered by a practical belief in a higher power. The main hypothesis of Comte's philosophy, his grand discovery, as he deemed it, is well known. It supposes the course of human society to have been governed by man's different modes of regarding the phenomena of the universe in the successive periods of his existence. In his first, or Theological period, he regards phenomena as caused by the arbitrary action of Gods, or, ultimately by that of a single God, Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism being the ascending stages of theological belief. In the second period he regards the phenomena as caused by the action

of metaphysical entities such as Nature. In the third and final period he renounces altogether the inquiry into causes and confines himself to the study of phenomena, with the purpose of modifying them in his own interest so far as they are susceptible of modification. All the Sciences have been evolved by a corresponding process, the simpler such as mathematics, emerging first, the more complex following, and Sociology coming last of all. The final period is that of Positivism, and Positivism means nothing more than Science, which again, it is well to remember, is merely the Latin for knowledge, though some sort of intellectual divinity having a paramount demand on our allegiance is commonly supposed to lurk in the term. An obvious objection to the Comtean hypothesis is that the terms of the supposed series are not mutually exclusive or necessarily successive, a scientific view and study of the phenomena of the universe being perfectly compatible with the belief that the whole was created and is sustained by God. Another objection is the impossibility of historically identifying the metaphysical era, even if Nature were ever conceived of as a distinct entity, and were not merely a phrase either for the aggregate of material forces or for God. With the philosophy of Comte a section of his followers rested content, refusing to embrace the religion. These are Scientific Positivists; their chief exponent is Littré, and with them, it may be presumed, that Miss Martineau, the authoress of an abridged translation of Comte's insufferably prolix volumes, would have cast in her lot, as she had distinctly emerged from her theological stage of existence, though a trace of the grub lingered on the

\*We have pleasure in reprinting from the April Number of *The Bystander*, this admirable characterization of some recent phases of Positivism.—ED.

wings of the butterfly in the shape of mesmeric superstition and reverence for one of its hierophants who had bewitched her soul. The religion of Comte, like the community which professes it, has been the subject of an epigram: it has been called Roman Catholicism without Christianity. For God it substitutes as the object of worship the Great Being Humanity, whose servants Comte says, are to take the place of the slaves of God, while the Heavens will henceforth declare the glories not of God, but of Kepler and Newton; a sentiment which by the way both Kepler and Newton would have rejected with abhorrence. Humanity is to be symbolized by the figure of a woman with a child in her arms. There is to be a priesthood with a high priest at its head. There are to be regular services with a liturgy and sermons. There are to be sacraments connected with all the chief epochs of life. There is to be a calendar, the saints of which are to be the benefactors of mankind. Whence all this is taken, is not doubtful. No Utopian, however visionary, ever really soars beyond experience. The Republic of Plato is only an idealized Sparta, and the Church of Comte is an imitation of the Church of Rome. It has proved an imitation not less faithful than that of the British ship by the Chinese ship-builders who reproduced the model given them, dry-rot and all: for already it has a schism and an Anti-Pope, a rupture having taken place between M. Lafitte, the High Priest of Humanity, and Dr. Congreve, the English Head of the Comtist Church. M. Lafitte is accused by the Anti-Pope of straying from the Founder's path, making too much of mere science, and appealing too little to the hearts of the proletariat and the women. He has now given himself over to a worse heresy by turning Chauvinist, or to use the English phrase Jingo; while Comte, though he was thoroughly French

as well as Catholic in grain, and claimed for France the primacy of his regenerated world, was nobly strict in his international morality and opposed to aggrandizement and war. What is Humanity? the Christian must ask when he is invited to accept it and its embodiments as substitutes for God manifested in Christ. Is it really a Great Being, or being at all? Is it anything more than an abstraction, such as might be formed by speaking of equine nature as equinity and canine nature as caninity, if we may be allowed to coin those terms? If it is an abstraction, will not the worship of it be more absurd than even that of a stone idol, which at all events has a real existence? If, on the other hand, it means the aggregate of human beings, and is another name for mankind, it must comprehend the wicked and can hardly be a fit object of worship. A religion without a God as it is the last, is about the strangest, birth of time. Yet nothing can be more distinct or earnest than the claim put forward by the Comtist community to a religious character. The language of its preachers—and it has preachers of the highest eloquence—is not only spiritual but full of pious unction. Against Materialism, such as represented by Mr. Huxley and the extreme physicists, Mr. Harrison wages a vigorous war. The inference which those who are still in the theological state of existence take leave to draw is that the religious sentiment is ineradicable, and that the disturbance of the Evidences is not the extinction of faith. In truth, the Positivist Church though it prefers to call the Christian Ideal Humanity can hardly be said to be outside Christendom the real bounds of which, as the world is beginning gradually to perceive, are wider than its dogmatic or ecclesiastical circumscription. Between Gambetta and Mr. Harrison, after all, the difference is wide.

## THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHRIST.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

*Gesta Christi*—*The Achievements of Christ*—such is the striking title that Mr. Brace has given to his admirable history of the development of Christian civilization. He recognizes the fact that the great element of human progress in the world is the spirit of Christianity; that the triumph of truth over error, of peace over war, of liberty over slavery, is the achievement of Christ. This is the great victory, celebrated in the Saga of King Olaf, recounting the conflict of the god Thor with Christ:

Cross against corselet,  
Love against hatred,  
Peace-cry, for war-cry !  
Patience is powerful ;  
He that o'ercometh  
Hath power o'er the nations !

Stronger than steel  
Is the sword of the Spirit ;  
Swifter than arrows  
The life of the truth is ;  
Greater than anger  
Is love, and subdueth !

Mr. Brace's book is a philosophical and comprehensive discussion of the influence of Christianity on the practices, customs, laws and morals: first, of the Roman period; second, of the Middle Ages; third, of the Modern Period. "There are," he says, "certain practices, principles, and ideas—now the richest inheritance of the race—that have been either implanted or stimulated or supported by Christianity. They are such as these:—Regard for the personality of the weakest and the poorest; respect for woman; the absolute duty of each member of the fortunate classes to raise up the unfortunate; humanity to the child, the prisoner, the stranger, the needy, and even the brute;

unceasing opposition to all sorts of cruelty, oppression and slavery; the duty of personal purity, and the sacredness of marriage; the necessity of temperance; the obligation of a more equitable division of the profits of labour, and of greater co-operation between employers and employed; the right of every human being to have the utmost opportunity of developing his faculties; and of all persons to enjoy equal political and social privileges; the principle that the injury of one nation is the injury of all; and the expediency and duty of unrestricted trade and intercourse between all countries; and finally and principally, a profound opposition to war, a determination to limit its evils when existing, and to prevent its arising by means of international arbitration. Ideals, principles, and practices, such as these are among the best achievements of Christianity. . . .

"For the first time the stern and noble features of Roman law took on an unwonted expression of gentle humanity and sweet compassion, under the power of Him who was the brother of the unfortunate and the sinful. The great followers of the Teacher of Galilee became known as the 'brothers of the slave,' and the Christian religion began its struggles of many centuries with—those greatest of human evils—slavery and serfdom."

The thesis here propounded is maintained by a very wide induction of facts, and illustrated with a lofty eloquence which claim for this book a foremost rank in historical literature. It is also a contribution of great value to the science of Christian Apologetics. We can only briefly indicate in this paper some of the

\**Gesta Christi: A History of Human Progress under Christianity.* By CHARLES LOUIS BRACE. Second edition, 8vo. pp. 486. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$8.

positions sustained with much learning and fulness of detail in the first part of the book.

Among the more striking results of Christian influence, during the Roman period, are the elevation of woman, the purifying of society, the mitigation of slavery, and gradual emancipation of slaves.

Long before the recognition of Christianity as the religion of the empire its influence had been felt permeating the entire community. Amid the disintegration of society it was the sole conservative element—the salt which preserved it from corruption. In the midst of anarchy and confusion a community was being organized on a principle previously unknown in the heathen world, ruling not by terror but by love; by moral power, not by physical force; inspired by lofty faith, amid a world of unbelief, and cultivating moral purity, amid the reeking abominations of a sensual age.

We should do scant justice, to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians if we forgot the thoroughly effete and corrupt society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with the surrounding pollutions. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death of their foul environment.

It is difficult to imagine, and impossible to portray, the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotting, aimless chaos of sensuality." Only those who have visited the secret museum of Naples, or that house which no woman may enter at Pompeii, and whose paintings no pen may describe; or who are familiar with the scathing denunciations of popular vices by the Roman satirists and moralists and by the Christian

Fathers, can conceive the appalling depravity of the age and nation.

Christianity was to be the new Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean pollution. The pure morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity, and a living proof of the regenerating power and transforming grace of God. For they themselves, as one of their apologists assert, "had been reclaimed from ten thousand vices." And the Apostle, describing some of the vilest charactersexclaims, "such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." They recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the pollutions of the age, and became indeed "the salt of the earth," the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Thus, amid idolatrous usages and unspeakable moral degradation the Christians lived, a holy nation, a peculiar people. "We alone are without crime," says Tertullian; "no Christian suffers but for his religion." "Your prisons are full," says Minutius Felix, "but they contain not one Christian." And these holy lives were an argument which even the heathen could not gainsay. The ethics of paganism were the speculations of the cultivated few who aspired to the character of philosophers. The ethics of Christianity were a system of practical duty affecting the daily life of the most lowly and unlettered. "Philosophy," says Lecky, "may dignify, but is impotent to regenerate man; it may cultivate virtue, but cannot restrain vice." But Christianity introduced a new sense of sin and of holiness, of everlasting reward, and of endless condemnation. It planted a sublime, impassioned love of Christ in the heart, inflaming all its affections. It transformed the character from icy stoicism or epicurean selfishness to a boundless and uncalculating self-abnegation and devotion.

This divine principle developed a new instinct of philanthropy in the soul. A feeling of common brotherhood knit the hearts of the believers together. To love a slave,



to love an enemy! was accounted the impossible among the heathen; yet this incredible virtue they beheld every day among the Christians. "This surprised them beyond measure," says Tertullian, "that one man should die for another."

One of the most striking results of the new spirit of philanthropy which Christianity introduced is seen in the copious charity of the primitive Church. Amid the ruins of ancient palaces and temples, theatres and baths, there are none of any house of mercy. Charity among the pagans was at best a fitful and capricious fancy. Among the Christians it was a vast and vigorous organization and was cultivated with noble enthusiasm. The great and wicked city of Rome, with fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion, for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And doubtless the religion of mercy won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly chanties and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief.

In the primitive Church voluntary collections were regularly made for the poor, the aged, the sick, the brethren in bonds, and for the burial of the dead. All fraud and deceit was abhorred, and all usury forbidden. Many gave all their goods to

feed the poor. "Our charity dispenses more in the streets," says Tertullian to the heathen, "than your religion in all the temples." The Church at Antioch, maintained three thousand widows and virgins, besides the sick and poor. Under the persecuting Decius the widows and infirm under the care of the Church at Rome were fifteen hundred. "Behold the treasures of the Church," said St. Lawrence, pointing to the aged and poor, when the heathen prefect came to confiscate its wealth. The Christian traveller was hospitably entertained by the faithful; and before the close of the fourth century asylums were provided for the sick, aged, and infirm. During the Decian persecution, when the streets of Carthage were strewn with the dying and the dead, the Christians, with the scars of recent torture and imprisonment upon them, exhibited the nobility of a gospel revenge in their care for their fever-smitten persecutors, and seemed to seek the martyrdom of Christian charity, even more glorious than that they had escaped.

Christianity also gave a new sanctity to human life. The exposure of infants was a fearfully prevalent pagan practice, which even Plato and Aristotle permitted. We have evidences of the tender charity of the Christians in rescuing these foundlings from death, or from a fate more dreadful still—a life of infamy. Christianity also emphatically affirmed the Almighty's "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," which crime the pagans had even exalted into a virtue. It taught that a patient endurance of suffering, like Job's, exhibited a loftier courage than Cato's renunciation of life.

In nothing, however, is the superiority of Christianity over paganism so apparent as in the vast difference in the position and treatment of woman in the respective systems. It is difficult to conceive the depth of degradation into which woman had fallen when Christianity came to rescue her from infamy; to clothe her with the domestic virtues, to enshrine her amid the sanctities of home, and to employ her in the

gentle ministrations of charity. "The Greek courtesan," says Lecky, "was the finest type of Greek life—the one free woman of Athens." But how world-wide was the difference between the Greek *hetaira*—a Phryne or an Aspasia, though honoured by Socrates and Pericles — and the Christian matrons Monica, Marcella or Fabiola. So much does woman owe to Christianity! In Rome her condition was still worse. The heathen satirists paint in strongest colours the prevailing corruptions, and the historians of the times reveal abounding wickedness that shames humanity. The vast wealth, the multiplication of slaves, the influx of orientalism with its debasing vices, had thoroughly corrupted society. The relations of the sexes seemed entirely dislocated. The early Roman ideas of marriage were forgotten; it had no moral, only a legal character. Woman, reckless of her "good name," had lost "the most immediate jewel of her soul." The Lucretias and Virginias of the old heroic days were beings of tradition. A chaste woman, says Juvenal, was a *rara avis in terra*. The Julias and Messalinas flaunted their wickedness in the high places of the earth, and to be Cæsar's wife was *not* to be above suspicion. Even the loftiest pagan moralists and philosophers recklessly disregarded the most sacred social obligation at their mere caprice. Cicero, who discoursed so nobly concerning the nature of the gods, divorced his wife Terentia, that he might mend his broken fortunes by marrying Publilia, his wealthy ward. Cato ceded his wife, with the consent of her father, to his friend Hortensius, taking her back after his death. Woman was not a *person*, but a *thing*, says Gibbon. Her rights and interests were lost in those of her husband. She

should have no friends nor gods but his, says Plutarch. It was the age of reckless divorce. In the early days of the Commonwealth there had been no divorce in Rome in five hundred and forty years. In the reign of Nero, says Seneca, the women measured their years by their husbands, and not by the consuls. Juvenal speaks of a woman with eight husbands in five years; and Martial, in extravagant hyperbole, of another who married ten husbands in a month. We must also regard as an exaggeration the account given by Jerome of a woman married to her twenty-third husband, being his twenty-first wife.

Christianity first taught the sanctity of the marriage relation, as a type of the mystical union between Christ and his church; and enforced the reciprocal obligation of conjugal fidelity, which was previously regarded as binding on woman alone. In their recoil from the abominable licentiousness of the heathen, the Christians regarded modesty as the crown of all the virtues, and against its violation the heaviest ecclesiastical penalties were threatened. This regard was at length intensified into a superstitious reverence for celibacy.

The absolute sinfulness of divorce was maintained by the early Councils. The Fathers admit but one cause, that which Christ Himself assigns, as rendering it lawful. They also denounced second marriage, or bigamy, as it was called, which excluded from the clerical order, and from a share in the charities of the church. The marriage relation was regarded as the union of two souls for time and for eternity.\*

We thus see the immense superiority, in all the elements of true dignity and excellence, of primitive Christianity to the corrupt civiliza-

\* The beauty and dignity of Christian wedlock are nobly expressed by Tertullian in the following passage, addressed to his own wife: "How can I paint the happiness," he exclaims, "of a marriage which the Church ratifies, the sacrament confirms, the benediction seals, angels announce, and our heavenly Father declares valid! What a union of two believers—one hope, one vow, one discipline, one worship! They are brother and sister, two fellow-servants, one spirit and one flesh. They pray together, fast together, exhort and support one another. They go together to the house of God, and to the table of the Lord. They share each

tion by which it was surrounded. It ennobled the character, and purified the morals of mankind. It raised society from the ineffable slough into which it had fallen, imparted tenderness and fidelity to the domestic relations of life, and enshrined marriage in a sanctity before unknown. Notwithstanding the corruptions by which it became infected in the days of its power and pride, even the worst form of Christianity was infinitely preferable to the abominations of paganism. It gave a sacredness before unperceived to human life. It averted the sword from the throat of the gladiator, and, plucking helpless infancy from exposure to untimely death, nourished it in Christian homes. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example and had formed no conception. It was a holy Vestal, ministering at the altar of humanity, witnessing ever of the Divine, and keeping the sacred fire burning, not for Rome, but for the world. Its winsome gladness and purity, in an era of unspeakable pollution and sadness, revived the sinking heart of mankind, and made possible a Golden Age in the future transcending far that which poets pictured in the past. It blotted out cruel laws, like those of Draco, written in blood, and led back Justice, long banished, to the judgment seat. It ameliorated the rigours of the penal code, and, as experience has shown, lessened the amount of crime. It created an art purer and loftier

than that of paganism; and a literature rivaling in elegance of form, and surpassing in nobleness of spirit, the sublimest productions of the classic muse. Instead of the sensual conceptions of heathenism polluting the soul, it supplied images of purity, tenderness, and pathos, which fascinated the imagination and hallowed the heart. It taught the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth.

In summarizing these results our author eloquently remarks: "With Christianity began the organized and individual charity of modern Europe, which for these eighteen centuries has wiped away so many tears, softened so much suffering, saved so many young lives from misery and sin, ministered at so many deathbeds, made the solitary evening of life sweet to so many forsaken ones, and the morning glad to so many who would have been born to sorrow and shame; which in so many countries has cared for the sick, the blind, the deaf, the crippled, the outcast and the tempted; the young, the orphan, the foundling, and the aged. Surely, if anything is a foregleam of that kingdom of heaven which is yet to shine over the earth, it is the brotherhood of spirit, shown in the charity of the modern world. This is most distinctly the fruit of Christ's teachings. All human beings of whatever rank, or under whatever disabilities of misfortune, became of equal value in the eyes of His followers, as being those for whom He lived and in behalf of whom He felt it not unworthy to die."

In another paper we will trace our author's treatment of the influence of Christianity during the mediæval and modern periods.

other's trials, persecutions and joys. Neither avoids nor hides anything from the other. They delight to visit the sick, succour the needy, and daily to lay their offerings before the altar without scruple or constraint. They do not need to keep the sign of the cross hidden, nor to express secretly their Christian joys, nor receive by stealth the eucharist. They join in psalms and hymns, and strive who best can praise God. Christ rejoices at the sight, and sends His peace upon them. Where two are in His name He also is; and where He is, there evil cannot come." *Ad Uxorem* 11. 8

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## METHODIST UNION.

At the present important crisis in this great movement we shall venture on no personal remarks, but content ourself with quoting the published opinions of two of the most thoughtful and judicial minds of our Church.

The Rev. Dr. Nelles, President of Victoria University, writing before the Basis was submitted to the Quarterly Meetings remarks:—

“After reading and weighing what has been said for and against the scheme which is about to be submitted to the people of the Methodist Church of Canada, I am of opinion that our Church will make a serious mistake if she should reject the proposed ‘Basis.’ It is possible that a better Basis might be devised (although I am very doubtful of that), but the way does not appear to be now open to the reconsideration or modification of the scheme adopted by the Union Committee, except in so far as such modification may be subsequently agreed upon by the action of the United Church. Should the present ‘Basis,’ therefore, be rejected, this rejection would seem to involve the indefinite postponement, if not, indeed, the final abandonment, of Methodistic Unity. And, yet, the almost universal expression of opinion in our late General Conference, including that of most of the leading opponents of the Basis now proposed, was in favour of Union, and such expression is only one of many indications of what has been of late years throbbing in the great heart of the Church universal. I, for my part, believe this deep and widespread yearning to be of God, although I do not regard this as a reason for accepting objectionable schemes if better ones can be devised. Of this, however, we may feel assured that no plan can be sug-

gested against which some objections will not exist, and be strongly urged, especially by men who look on little questions of official precedence as of more moment than a United Methodism. . . I had the privilege of listening carefully to the full and thorough discussions of the large and variously composed Union Committee, and I think the best was done that could have been done under all the circumstances. I see, therefore, no wisdom in blocking up the way, or in beating a retreat. . . . As the case now stands I am for Union and for the adoption of the proposed ‘Basis,’ and, in adopting it, the more unanimously we do so the better in every way.”

His Honour, Judge Jones, of Brantford, in a published letter expresses the following weighty sentiments which we doubt not in the present grave crisis at which we have arrived will receive serious consideration:—

“As a layman of the Methodist Church of Canada, and one of the Joint Committee on Union, I desire, without discussing the merits or defects of the Basis, to consider what would be the natural results of adopting or rejecting it. . . I believe that the strong sense of the laity will be shown in adopting the Basis. They are the ones on whom the financial burdens of the Church will largely rest in the future as they have in the past. They cannot afford the cost and expense of keeping up rival religious establishments to do the same work, and to perpetuate, not only in older Canada, but in the grand North-West, the jealousies and bitteresses of the past. The past record of the Methodist Church of Canada has been strongly in favour of Union. The other churches are now willing to unite with us on a Basis that has been approved of by a very large

Committee of our own Church, selected by the highest court of our Church, and representing all its interests. Should this Basis be now rejected, we will stultify our past show action in favour of union, and that our former professions have not been sincere. . . . and our Church would lose the moral support and sympathy of the entire Christian community. That sympathy would naturally and properly be transferred to the Churches that would unite with us, but whose offer we rejected. . . . We could not, by rejecting Union, go back and occupy the position we held before we entered into these negotiations. In the future we would have a divided and weakened Church, and a more powerful and energetic rival."

Some further remarks, he also makes, which on account of their very strength we do not wish to repeat, deeming it unnecessary to do more than quote the above sentiments, to show the need of the most wise, calm, and prayerful spirit in the next important step to be taken in this great movement.

#### PAPAL PRISONS.

The incarceration in a Romish convent, in Lower Canada, of a young Canadian girl, despite her own impassioned entreaties and the

efforts of her father to procure her liberation, is almost like a chapter from the history of the Inquisition. It seems incredible that in a British province, the liberties of any individual, however humble, should be thus restrained. For no crime, real or alleged, a young lady, "just past her twenty-first year," is imprisoned in a papal Bastille, from which escape seems impossible. "Her relatives," we are told "are now reduced to despair, as the health of the young lady has been shattered, and the life she has been forced to lead has worked havoc on a highly nervous organization." The girl had rashly taken the vows of a nun, but soon evinced an utter distaste for the life she was compelled to lead, and passionately implored her father to procure her release. But this he has been so far unable to do. We suppose that the intervention of the law might be invoked, and a writ of *habeas corpus* procure her appearance in a civil court; but the spiritual terrors of excommunication paralyse every effort to escape from this cruel imprisonment. If such a thing occurred in the dungeons of Austria, or of Spain, we would be filled with indignation. Is it not intolerable, that beneath the protection of the British flag such atrocious tyranny should be permitted!

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

#### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Methodist Union is still very much talked about in all our churches. So far as our own Church is concerned, taking all the Conferences into the account, it appears that 627 Quarterly Boards have voted in favour of the Basis, 87 Boards have voted *nay*, 10 others were a tie, and about 50 Boards have not reported,

so that it will be seen that the majority is largely in favour of the Union. As it respects the other Churches, both the Primitive Methodists' and Bible Christians' executive authorities have declared that the number of members who have voted *yea* are more than sufficient to justify them in making the necessary arrangements to enter the United Church in September next.

The Quarterly Boards of the Methodist Episcopal Church will not report until August; but, it is confidently expected that they will not vote *nay*, and, whatever may be the result of the vote, the question of Union seems now to be practically settled; details, of course, will be matter for future consideration.

It is very gratifying to see the preparation that is being made in some places to carry out the plan of Union. At Bowmanville, union meetings have been held for some time, by three of the Churches uniting. At Exeter, the Methodist and Bible Christians held union revival services for six weeks, during which more than 60 professed to find peace with God. Services have also been held jointly between the Methodist and Methodist Episcopal Churches in Napanee. At Stirling united revival services have been held, with the Methodists and Methodist Episcopal Churches, with very gratifying results. At Montreal, Bishop Carman, Methodist Episcopal, and the Rev. T. C. Antliff, of the Primitive Methodist, preached with great acceptance in the Great Saint James and Dominion Square Churches. The same is true of some other places. We pray that nothing may transpire to mar the good feeling which so extensively prevails.

The first annual report of the *Womans' Missionary Society* contains many items of interest. The ladies have appropriated the following sums: Crosby Girls' Home, \$800; McDougall Orphanage, \$415; French Missions, \$400; Japan, \$1,300. Miss Cartmell, the first lady missionary, has arrived in Japan and will be supported by the *Woman's Missionary Society*. Mr. J. Wesley Smith, of Halifax, has engaged to provide for the maintenance of one pupil at the Crosby Girl's Home. May the number of such donors become greatly augmented.

An effort is being made to establish a fund in aid of erecting churches and parsonages in the North-West which deserves liberal patronage. A few generous subscriptions have been promised on

condition that the total amount guaranteed shall reach \$150,000. The Methodist Church should raise double this amount without the least difficulty.

A very interesting incident is communicated from Japan, by the Rev. G. M. Meacham, M.A. A meeting was recently held at a village called Mishima, which was addressed by various friends, led by Mr. Ito, of the Dutch Reformed Church. At the close of the meeting an elderly man, worth \$15,000, asked permission to speak. He said: "I have never spoken to more than three people at a time in my life; but, I feel constrained to say what I believe regarding this new religion. I have been reading, and I am sure it is the true religion. If I were one of them (the Christians) you would not mind what I say. But I belong to the Iodo sect of Buddhists. This is my testimony, here it is. Mr. Ito has many copies of the Scriptures. If any one has no copy and would like to have one, let him go to Mr. Ito and get one. If he cannot pay, I will pay the bill, and so on, to the extent of 1,000 copies. I give myself to this new religion, and my fortune to the work of spreading it." The effect was very great, many were deeply moved. One man said, "I can't stand this much longer; I am getting weak in the knees."

The Rev. Thomas Crosby sends an interesting letter, describing a visit he had made to Kit-amaat. He spent a happy Sabbath and held a series of services, at one of which 26 persons came forward for prayers. Miss Lawrence, the teacher, has gone to reside among these poor people. Mr. Crosby will rejoice when he secures his steamer for navigating in those dangerous waters, in which he now travels by canoe and is often in great peril.

The Rev. C. M. Tate writes from Bella-Bella, and gives a delightful account of the progress of some of the young Indians in knowledge. One of them, named Louis Brown, was about to be sent to a heathen village, 40 miles distant, to teach school and preach Christ to a people who know nothing of Christianity.

The missionary describes part of his labours among the people as consisting of administering medicine to as many as 40 persons in one day, when he always takes the opportunity of pointing his patients to the Physician of souls.

The Rev. O. German writes from Norway House, Keewatin, respecting his visit to Poplar River, where he found a band of Indians in a sad state of degradation; still they promised something to the support of a teacher if one could be sent, and also agreed to get out timber for building a school-house. Mr. Stout, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's post, holds service among the people on the Sabbath.

The Rev. A. E. Green writes from Naas River, respecting a grand work of grace among the Indians there. For weeks the people could scarcely sleep, day and night praying and praising. At a love-feast 75 spoke in 45 minutes. At one village every child over five years' of age has been converted. The people formed themselves into a Salvation Army; 20 of them went on snow shoes 40 miles up the river, singing and preaching in all the villages and in every house. They procured this course for three weeks, and great good was done. Two native teachers went 200 miles into the interior to tell to the distant tribes what the Lord had done at Grenville Mission. For three months the revival has been in progress, and shows no sign of abatement. Mr. Green has been ill. No doubt his labours have been exhaustive. May he be restored.

The Rev. John McLean, of Fort McLeod, wants a Student's Missionary Society to be organized in connection with Victoria College. The idea is a good one. Several who are now in the mission-field hail from that seat of learning.

From various places in the several Conferences tidings of revivals reach us. Dr. Hunter, in Queen Street, Toronto, has had an extraordinary work in progress for several weeks, during which about 200 have been seeking peace with God. From

Bermuda there comes joyful news of showers of blessings having descended on that part of our work. The visit of the Rev. E. P. Hammond has been productive of great good. In Prince Edward Island we are told that 100 persons have been inquiring their way to Zion. Picton and Belmont, in Ontario, have had seasons of refreshing. May the work of revival spread.

The Rev. George R. Jackson and some other coloured Baptists, of Georgia, propose to establish a new denomination with Baptist principles and the Methodist system. It is to be called the "African Baptist Missionary Episcopal Church." The founder of the new Church says' independency may do very well for white Baptists, but among coloured Baptists it leads to divisions and fightings from which Episcopal Methodism is free. It is proposed to have bishops and presiding elders, an itinerancy, the limit being two years. The third principle reads, There shall be bishops, and they shall be esteemed the head.

#### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The watchword of the President of the Wesleyan Conference: "A revival in every circuit," has never been lost sight of, and it is probably not exceeding the truth to say, that during no former year has there been such universal evangelistic movements in the Wesleyan Circuits of England and Wales. We may specify one as a specimen of a great number of others. Southport was the place, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was the minister in charge. Special services were held at 7.30 a.m., at noon, and at 7.30 p.m. Inquirers were invited to enter a private vestry, and more than 600 persons responded to the invitation. It is believed that such a work of grace has never before been witnessed in the town of Southport.

President Garrett has always been characterized with practical skill, and has shewed great tact in the manner in which he has generally enlisted the services of young men in various departments of church work. Dur-

ing the past year, both the President and other leading ministers have been paying special attention to young men. Conventions have been held to which they have been assigned such spheres of labour as their peculiar talents fitted them. That time-honoured sanctuary, City Road Chapel, London, has been occupied with more than one convention of an evangelistic character; the last which we have noticed was specially for class-leaders, who are an important auxiliary in Methodism. Such special gatherings cannot fail to accomplish great good.

#### EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

The work of evangelization is hopefully going forward in France. Bible Societies, Tract Societies, the mission work of the Rev. R. W. McAll, and W. Gibson, M.A., together with various other forms of Christian endeavour, assure us that the Gospel is still powerful in the presence of the most pronounced opposition.

It is stated that the best results have followed the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Oxford and Cambridge. Over 20 young men are now engaged in Church and Sunday-school work in Cambridge, and many more at Oxford. Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, gives it as the result of eight years' experience, that 70 per cent. of the converts of Moody and Sankey continue to stand firm in the faith. That is enough to answer all the sneers of the skeptic and scoffer.

The evangelistic efforts of Mr. Von Schluembach, in Berlin, and Er Zieman, in Westphalia, Germany, have met with unparalleled success.

Lay missions are being organized by the Bishop of Litchfield, the object being to influence the masses of the labouring classes in large towns of England, who at present cannot be induced to enter a church.

The *Central Cristian Advocate*, in a recent issue reports 1,556 conversions, and 1,449 accessions. This does not look very much like as though the old Methodist Episcopal Church was declining, as asserted frequently by some.

A memorial church to David Livingstone has been erected in Blantyre, Scotland, where he was brought up.

The Church Missionary Society is about to establish a mission in Bagdad, on the Tigris, and to resume the abandoned mission in Cairo, Egypt.

#### VICTORIA AND TASMANIA CONFERENCE, AUSTRALIA.

This annual Convocation was held in Wesley Church, Melbourne, January 16th, and following days. The Rev. E. T. Watkins was elected President. He is a native of New South Wales. His father had also been President of Conference, and a missionary in Fiji, and was the author of the celebrated missionary paper *Pity Fiji*, which was circulated broadcast throughout England 40 years ago, and produced a wonderful effect. From accounts furnished, the church appears to be in a prosperous condition. The increase in the membership is 1,175, being the largest increase in the number of full members that has been received for many years.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

The Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe, a superannuated Minister in Nova Scotia Conference, died at Halifax in April. He entered the Methodist ministry in 1831, being sent from England by the Missionary Committee. He laboured a few years in "Little York" and Montreal, then for ten years he was a missionary in Newfoundland, then for 27 years his labours were spent in the Maritime Provinces. Since 1873, he has lived in retirement, only preaching as his strength would allow.

As these notes are being prepared news has reached us of the death of the Hon. T. N. Gibbs, at his residence in Oshawa. During the years we have known him we have esteemed him for his patriotism, his ability as a statesman, and his loyalty to the Methodist Church. How rapidly men of distinction are passing away! Surely the living should lay these things to heart.



## BOOK NOTICES.

*Famous Women: George Eliot.* By MATHILDE BLIND. Pp. 290. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

George Eliot, as a personality, was little known to the million readers who admired her works. She had an aversion to public notice which made her shrink from portraiture by either pen or pencil. Even since her death the sketches of her life have been, till now, very meagre and unsatisfying. Miss Blind, from local studies and private sources, has presented the only adequate account of the life-story of this greatest woman-writer of the age or of any age. It is not a morbid curiosity which makes us wish to know the personal character and trace the mental development of the great souls who mould the thought of the time. It adds fresh interest to George Eliot's fine descriptions of nature to know that she was often moved to tears by its sublime aspects, and sometimes to uncontrollable emotion.

We do not think that the author of this biographical study has given full credit to the Methodist influences of her father and especially of her aunt Elizabeth Evans, a zealous local preacher, portrayed as Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede" on the young mind of Marian—or as she is here called Mary Ann—Evans. It was her misfortune that in her opening womanhood she passed from evangelical to skeptical influences and wasted three years of her life in translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu*—a book which is now as dead as an Egyptian mummy. For this three years' work, by the way, she received only £20.

For her relations to George Henry Lewes while his wife was yet alive—however unworthy that wife may have been—no language of extenuation can avail. But to the credit of the English writer be it said, she did not, like the great French woman George Sand, attempt in her books

to impair the most rigid code of morality. It is strange that a lady who so boldly defied the conventions of society, should be so morbidly sensitive to literary criticism as is indicated on page 201 and elsewhere in this volume. Doubtless her female admirers could forgive her anything rather than her marriage, in her sixty-first year, with Mr. Cross, a gentleman much younger than herself. Seven months afterwards she died—the foremost writer of her time. If not a thorough disciple of Comte, she was more Positivist than anything else. Had she remained true to her early Methodist training, her life would have been happier, she would have been saved from grave mistakes, and she might have accomplished far more for the world than she did by her brilliant novels. Of these the present volume furnishes much intelligent criticism. The noblest of them all we think is "Romola." With the great preacher of Florence, Giralamo Savonarola, she had much akin. She possessed in large degree the same strength of character, the same mental austerity, the same lofty eloquence, and even the same facial expression. This study of her life is a valuable contribution to literature.

*The Little Pilgrim.* Reprinted from "Macmillan's Magazine." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Pp. 120; price, 75 cents.

This is a tender and reverent little allegory which has attracted much attention on both sides of the sea. It has been attributed, we know not on what grounds unless it be its resemblance to her "Beleagured City," recently reviewed in these pages, to Mrs. Oliphant. But it is much superior to that book and also to Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar," which it also somewhat resembles. There is a craving in the soul of man to realize to the imagination the unseen world

and the joys of heaven. It were well, if more and more the thought were present to our minds that we are pilgrims here who seek a city out of sight, and if more and more our conversation were in heaven—our thoughts, our aspirations, and our hopes—whence also we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

The "Little Pilgrim" was a philanthropic little lady who had spent her life in care for the suffering and the sorrowing, uncaring for herself. She died in her sleep and woke up in heaven. The strange surroundings and meetings and greetings of the spirit-world are described with deep religious feeling and reverence; but not always in harmony with "orthodox" interpretation of Scripture. The doctrine of "Eternal Hope," and something more—of the certainty of the final restoration of all souls to the favour of God and joys of heaven—is strongly taught. Art, architecture, literature, and music, are prominent features in the imagined "City of the Great King." The spirit of love, of sympathy, of helpfulness, is very beautiful, and the most sacred feelings of the soul are touched with reverent thought. But each soul will have his own ideal of heaven. Of that here pictured we may say in the words of Mrs. Browning—

"Thus? oh, not thus. No type of earth  
can image that awaking,  
In which he scarcely heard the chant  
of seraphs round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of  
soul from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—  
'My Saviour' not deserted!"

*The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss, Author of "Steppin' Heavenward."* 8vo., pp. 573. N. York: Anson D. F. Randolph. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 2.50.

We all like to know something of the living personality of those whose books have delighted us and done us good. Few recent writers, not of the first literary rank, have had so many readers as the author of "Steppin' Heavenward." Of that book above 67,000 were sold in the United

States alone; in England six or eight houses produced rival editions, and it was translated into French and German, and reached in the aggregate an enormous sale. She was also the author of over a score of other books, many of which had a very large sale. No one could read her books without learning to love the writer. They were the transcript of her deeply religious and sympathetic nature. Her life was a comparatively uneventful one—as the lives of authors are apt to be. From her father, the Rev. Ed. Payson, of Portland, Me., she inherited her intellectual character, and doubtless in large degree her religious sensibilities. She was herself the subject of profound spiritual experience. As the wife of a devoted and successful minister she lived a busy life of personal usefulness. Yet, though an almost life-long invalid, and burdened with the charge of a family and with many cares, she found time to write her four and twenty books which have made her name a loved household word in many lands. Compelled to live abroad two years, she saw little of Europe on account of ill-health. These pages are mostly taken up with her letters to familiar friends, in which her very heart is unveiled, and with pleasant literary gossip. A fine steel portrait reveals a delicate dark-eyed lady, and several engravings depict her Swiss home, and the surroundings of her summer residence among the mountains of Vermont. While she cannot take literary rank with the illustrious lady treated in another page, hers was the more beautiful life; and her books will woo the soul to piety and holiness, while the writings of George Eliot but charm the intellect without warming the heart.

*Poems.* By EDWIN ARNOLD. Pp. 246. Boston: Roberts' Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1.00.

We have previously reviewed in these pages Arnold's "Light of Asia," and "Names of Allah." The principal poem in this volume completes the Trilogy of religious poems of

India which he has given to the English-speaking world. The "Gita Govinda," or Indian "Song of Songs," bears a not remote resemblance to the Hebrew Song of Songs of which it was probably a contemporary. It is a Sanskrit idyl or pastoral drama, in which Krishna, an incarnation of the god Vishnoo—at once human and divine—is first seen attracted by the pleasures of the senses, but is at last irresistibly attracted by Radha, the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty. Such at least is the interpretation given by Arnold, Sir William Jones, Dr. Adam Clarke, and others. Dr. Clarke has given a translation of these ancient Indian Canticles, which, however, is far inferior in poetic beauty to the honied sweetness of Arnold's verse. The volume contains another striking Indian poem—"The Rajpoot Wife," and several miscellaneous poems—including fine memorial verses to Miss Proctor and Florence Nightingale, a legend of "King Saladin," and several exquisite translations from the Greek poets. The original poems in this volume make one wish, notwithstanding the felicity of his translations, that the author would more frequently favour us with the "native wood notes wild," of which he has shown himself so capable. We cannot but regard him as a sweeter singer than even his famous namesake Matthew Arnold.

*Plantation Melodies.* By MARSHALL W. TAYLOR, D.D. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

Dr. Taylor, a coloured presiding elder of the Lexington Conference, has done much the same service to the Plantation Revival Melodies of the South, as Scott and Motherwell did for the minstrelsy of the Scottish border. He has gathered into this volume many of the quaint yet fervid and deeply religious hymns and choruses of that old slave life now passed away. His wife and another lady, both born slaves, have caught those floating melodies, and have embodied them in musical notation. Those who have heard the Jubilee

Singers know the fascination of those weird wild melodies and pathetic cadences. As our author remarks, every line reveals the pathetic moan of the slave, or the exultant jubilee of the freedman. Those melodies have sweetened the bitter pang of cruel mockings and lashings, and turned the gall into honey for the praying, singing slave. Ofttimes in the field, amid the cane, the corn, the cotton, the rice, the hemp, or the tobacco, has God owned and blessed them. In slave pen, barn, jungle, and palace they have thrilled the souls of all who have heard. Those slave songs have belted the world: Arab minstrels sing them by the Nile, and in the bazaars of Bagdad and Delhi, they linger on the listening ear. This collection is remarkably free from the grotesque, and contains some hundred and fifty of the best and sweetest of those old slave refrains.

*At Home in Fiji.* By Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING. 8vo., pp. 365. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The success of this book has been so marked as to warrant the issuing of a second edition in one volume with map, illustrations, and appendix, the same as the original edition. Miss Gordon Cumming is an accomplished traveller and writer, and as a relative of the first British Governor of the new British dependency had amplest opportunity, by lengthened residence and minute observation, for studying the problem of Fiji. The record of the conversion of the Islanders through the labours of the Wesleyan Missionaries from savage cannibals to Christian subjects of Queen Victoria is, we think, the most remarkable in the annals of any heathen race. Both Sir Arthur Gordon and Miss Cumming have borne striking testimony to the wonderful results of those missionary labours. For picturesque narrative, dramatic interest and solid worth we know few recent books of travel to compare with this.

*The Life of Adoniram Judson.* By his Son, EDWARD JUDSON. 8vo, pp. 601. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

The literature of missions is especially rich in heroic biography. And few figures in the recent missionary annals are of more heroic mould than that of Adoniram Judson. About his life story there is an atmosphere of romance which is absent from the history of even such pioneers as Carey, Marshman or Morrison. Few men have ever suffered such persecution as he, and fewer still have ever endured it with such heroic fortitude and such saintly patience. No man that we ever heard of has had three such holy and gifted women as wives and helpmeets as he. And like the apostolic Coke, his body was committed to the keeping of the Indian Sea till the deep gives up its dead.

This ample biography by his son, is prepared from copious material, and is not only a life-record of Dr. Judson, but a history of the early evangelization of Burmah. It is embellished with steel portraits and wood engravings, and is enriched with copious extracts, from the journals of Judson and from the writings of his accomplished wives. A volume of such deep interest deserves more than a passing notice. We shall, therefore, in an early number of this Magazine, make it the subject of a special article.

*The Last Forty Years — Canada since the Union of 1841.* By JOHN CHARLES DENT. Geo. Virtue, publisher, Toronto. Parts XIX & XX. Fifty cents per part.

These numbers complete Mr. Dent's admirable history. They fully sustain the character of the work, the earlier numbers of which have called forth repeated encomiums in these pages. It is a task of peculiar delicacy to treat in a historical work recent political events and living political characters. Mr. Dent has endeavoured throughout to be studiously impartial, and we have failed to discover any instance where he has not been so. He is master

of an admirable historical style, and has made good use of the copious but widely scattered materials upon which any history of recent times must be based. The closing chapter, one of forty pages on literature and journalism in Canada, is the best treatment of the subject that we know—much better, both for comprehensiveness and critical spirit, than the rather pretentious book of Mr. J. G. Bourinot on a kindred topic. One invaluable feature of the book is an index of over 50 pages—a feature which, though often omitted, in a work like this of over 1000 pages is quite indispensable. We congratulate the author on the completion of such a valuable contribution to our national literature.

*Claribel and Other Poems.* By WALTER MALONE. 12mo, pp. 297. Louisville, Ky: John P. Morton & Co. 1882.

This book is one of the curiosities of literature, a volume of poems of nearly 300 pages, written by a boy under sixteen years of age. Not even in the case of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," had so much and such good poetry been written at so young an age. The first poem, "Inez, a Tragedy of old Spanish Life," was written before he was fourteen. The next is a poem in *Speserian stanza* of sixty pages. "The Story of a Wizard Age;" is "a tale of love and hate and weary wars," in the England of Cœur de Lion, seven hundred years ago. "Claribel, a Florentine Tragedy," was written in the space of four weeks. But that would be slight merit unless it had real value, which it has. We learn from the modest preface that the author was a farmer-boy, with few educational advantages. We are glad to learn that the merit of these poems has procured him the advantages of a university course, which he is now pursuing. We augur for him, if he continue to exhibit the same diligence and energy, a brilliant future. Of course his poems cannot but be immature and in places defective in harmony. But the boy who has done so well so young, we are sure will do better when older.