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LUCERNE—MOUNT PILATUS SEEN FROM THE QUAY.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

November, 1891.

THE MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.



ORELL FUSSELL & CO. LONDON

MOUNT PILATUS.

HALF a century ago there were but few persons who would have predicted that the mountains of Switzerland would fall such an easy prey to the combined forces of teeming tourists and daring engineers. Certainly, steam was being used in some places to

push very heavy weights up steep slopes of no despicable grade, and other uses of the steam-engine were gradually surprising an unbelieving world; but a limit, and a narrow one at that, had been set to such possibilities by all but the most enthusiastic engineers. The old-fashioned tourist, in that land of mountain and lake and forest, when the prices were lower and wealthy Americans had not spoiled the unsophisticated inhabitants with their princely "tips," never dared to entertain the hope that these rocky steep slopes, so trying to his muscles, would one day be used as the ballast of a railway that would whirl him to the summit and back in half the time it then took him to climb the first thousand feet. The inhabitants of the country—the peasants, wood-cutters and hunters—would have treated with scorn the idea that soon their wild heights, their impassable forest and foaming torrents were to be conquered, cut through and crossed by a row of black waggons on wheels, drawn by a snorting, screaming steam-engine. But they have lived to see it, and it brings money into their country, and sentiment succumbs to lucre. Streams of people, who could never have witnessed the sublime panoramas that open out from the summits of those wild heights, can now pay their fare at the bottom, and provided they possess a minimum amount of nerve, can be whirled off and comfortably deposited on the top without danger, aching limbs, or any trouble whatsoever. Such is the nineteenth century.

While it is, doubtless, a pleasing reflection that the weak and otherwise incompetent can now enjoy the grandeur of Alpine views with the strongest and most hardy climbers, it must, at the same time, be painful to the true lover of nature, especially of her wilder moods, to see her grandeur marred by the prosaic, the common-place, and the money grabbing spirit of the age. Mountains possess a strong personality that the real climber only thoroughly appreciates, while it is only he who can understand the pleasure of conquering after a hard fight and standing on the summit with the world beneath his feet.

These mountain railways now run everywhere. From the Lake of Lucerne to the well-worn summit of the Rigi; from the vine-clad slopes of the lovely Lugano, the black lines shoot straight as a bee-line up the steep side of Mont Generoso. From the lake of Thun to the mountain valley of St. Beatenberg may be seen the same steel rails; and lastly, even up the grim steep slopes of the great Pilatus there lie the same ugly tracks that traverse the flattest fields of the journey from Calais to Paris. How the wandering spirit of dead Pilate, as, according to the legend, he haunts the caverns and precipices of this dark giant, must have

revolted as he heard the hammers of the Italian workmen drive bolt and nail into the hitherto impregnable sides of his rocky prison.

All who have set eyes on this mountain, from the lovely Lake of the Four Cantons, know what a form of indescribable grandeur it thrusts up into the sky; and those who have resided for any length of time at Lucerne know also how his sheer cliffs give

character to the neighbourhood, and what a protective attitude is assumed by the great rocky shoulders rearing themselves heavenward over the quiet little town.

Mount Pilatus is composed of limestone rocks, and the fact that these are in many places full of remains of marine organisms is evident that it was originally formed layer by layer under the waters of a great ocean. Now the strata have been folded and twisted together in a most inextricable fashion, and worn and weathered by frost, rain and sun, they have crumbled



THE TRACK AND THE TRAIN.

away and assumed their wildest shapes of unearthly desolation for which the mountain is so famous.

It was up this mountain, then, that a railway was to be built, and, in spite of all difficulties, it *was* built, and that in two short summers. It was only to be expected that the engineers would find the gravest difficulties in their path.

“It is probable,” says a writer on the subject, “that a railway has seldom been built under more peculiar circumstances, the steep and rugged

character of the slopes, which in the upper part of the mountain were completely inaccessible, made even the preliminary work of laying out the line extremely difficult. Chamois hunters and the cutters of 'wild hay' among the Alps are not exposed to greater dangers and do not stand in need of greater courage and presence of mind than the engineers and surveyors of the Mount Pilatus Railway."

In our cut "cleaning the rock," may be seen how unfavourable were the positions for working.

"To clamber up to this point, or to have one's self lowered over the precipice by means of ropes, was a daring feat, and here, where it was impossible to find foothold or anything to cling to, the work of railway building was no easy one. The character of the mountain rendered the organization of the labour anything but easy. An arrangement made in the morning frequently had to be changed before noon on account of the weather. The mules proved invaluable on these rugged heights, on difficult paths and in wind and rain. Horses could not by any means have been substituted for them."



CLEANING THE ROCK.

It was a most arduous undertaking, against unusual and overwhelming obstacles, carried out with a brilliance, dash and ingenuity that make it well worth a visit as one of the engineering wonders of the world. The writer quoted above has also something to say about the workmen employed in this great undertaking.

“These,” he tells us, “were for the most part Italians, a cheerful set of fellows who took great interest in their work. The contractors provided them with food and lodging, took care of them in case of sickness, and, in short, did for them everything in their power. One day I questioned a labourer regarding the treatment he received. He was evidently quite satisfied, for he answered: ‘*Purchè la montagna fosse alta il doppio* ;’ ‘If only the mountain were twice as high.’”

Work in the open air had to be stopped early in the autumn; it was then continued only in tunnels. When the sudden and terrific winds that rise without a moment's warning in these high regions swept out of the gulfs and cavern of old Pilatus' inaccessible precipices, it must, indeed, have been hard work for the men to “hang on” and at the same time to continue their work.

“To pass the winter up here at a height of 6,000 feet demanded a robust constitution. Although every care was taken to provide food and shelter, and to keep in communication with the valley, it sometimes happened that intercourse was interrupted, and that for a long period. In view of such a contingency there was a reserve of provisions, such as biscuits, cheese, tinned meats, chocolate, and tea, and some medicine, kept in a securely locked chest, which might only be opened in case of extreme need.”

The railway was completed in 1888, and on August 17th the first passenger train, carrying with it the board of directors, ascended the mountain. As in the Rigi, a cogwheel on the engine fits into cogs in the track and forces the train up the steep ascent. The maximum gradient is 48 in 100.

There is hardly another mountain in the whole of Switzerland, with the exception of the demon-haunted Matterhorn, that is the home and the centre of so many legends, and quaint stories of superstition and imagination. The chief of these is, of course, that which has reference to its name—Mount Pilatus, or Pilate. Shortly told it is this: “Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea, was thrown into prison in Rome by order of the Emperor Tiberius. While lying in the dungeon he committed suicide, and upon his body being flung into the River Tiber a terrible storm broke out which caused ‘dreadful devastations.’ The body was put into the Rhone, and was afterwards taken to Lausanne with the same result. At last, in a secluded dismal spot was a small lake,

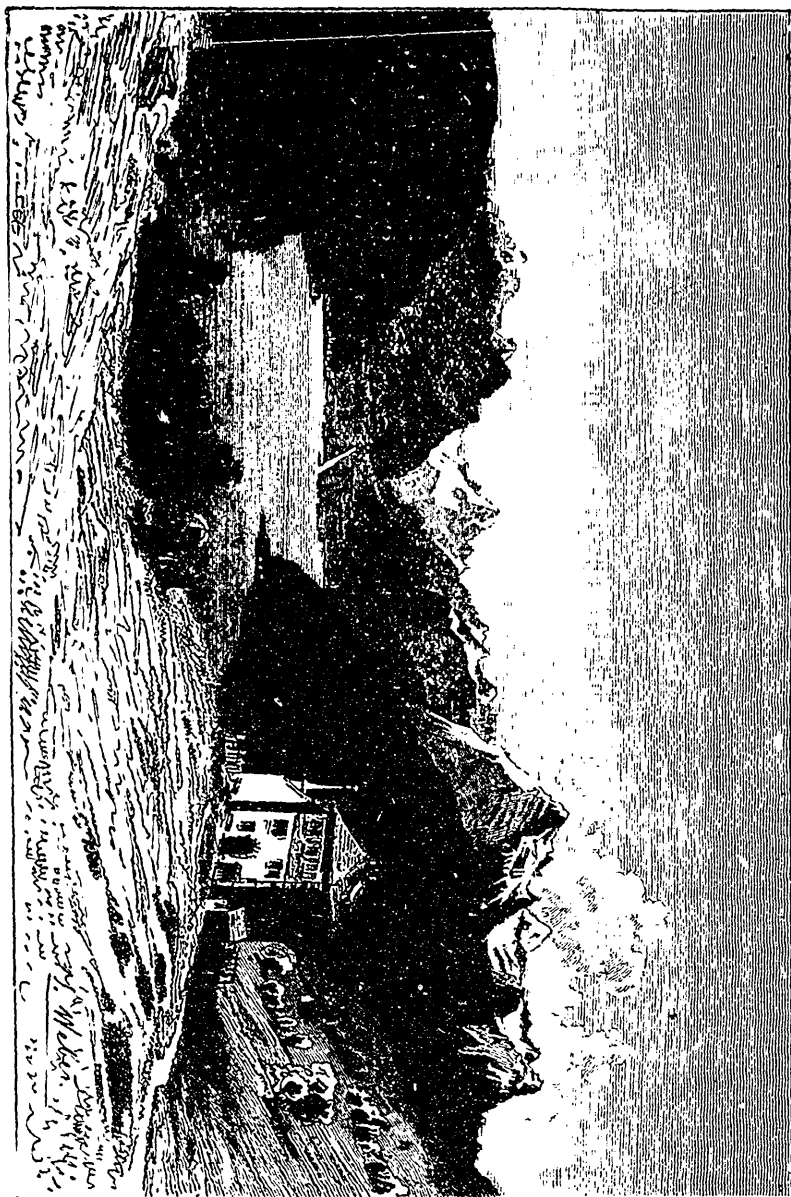
and in this the uncanny burden was deposited. But here the result was worse than ever. The restless spirit took possession of



WOLFORT VIADUCT, MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

the desolate peaks and 'was often seen to fly from one to the other in the shape of a hideous spectre.' This was too much

for the quiet inhabitants of the lake shores, and a learned graduate from the University of Salamanca was called upon to exorcise



BRIGIDINGEN CASTLE, LAKE LUERNEN.

the angry spirit. This was done with great solemnity, and he was doomed to confinement in the little mountain tarn. One permission, however, was granted him; he might set up his

throne once a year in the lake on Good Friday and take his seat thereon in his robes of office. The ascent of the mountain was forbidden under heavy penalties. It was an enchanted and a haunted spot, full of danger to the unwitting traveller. But poor Pilate was by no means at rest, for we read that 'if he was disturbed, if with a view to annoy him something was thrown into the water, he would wax as furious as ever; dark clouds then collected round the mountain, the lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and desolation broke over the land.' The town of Lucerne took every precaution to prevent people from ascending the mountain and severe prohibitions were issued. The herdmen were obliged to take an oath not to permit any one to go up to the lake on Mount Pilatus. Travellers and learned men, desirous of ascending the mountain were obliged to obtain permission from the authorities."

But this weird superstition could not last forever. Its destruction was sudden and decided. This was brought about by the rector of Lucerne—one John Muller. "In 1585, with numerous companions he made his way to the lake on Mount Pilatus, boldly challenged the evil spirit to show himself in his might, threw stones into the water and made some of his people wade about in it—and behold neither storm nor tempest followed, not a wave arose and the skies remained as serene as before." So the legend of Pontius Pilate died an ignominious death, and the council of Lucerne drained off the lake to show that the place was used by the Celts for their religious ceremonies, and that the Christian clergy, to bring disrepute upon a pagan practice, associated the spot with him by whose fault our Lord was crucified. The narrative goes on to say :

"Through the connection thus traced between the mediæval legend of Mount Pilatus and the religious usages of races long passed away, the story loses the character of a preposterous superstition and proves to be an echo from a far distant epoch ; this echo is faint and indistinct, it is true, but it reminds us of those from whom it emanated, the long vanished Celts and Alemanni, the primitive inhabitants of Helvetia."

To really enjoy a visit to Lucerne one should read up the history of this weird and mysterious mountain, so strongly marked with legend and lore, and then he will reveal to us more of his beauty and character seen in the light of ages long gone by.

SHALL we serve Heaven
 With less respect than we do minister
 To our gross selves ?

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

SOME men tower above their fellows like Mont Blanc among the Alps. Not only does this monarch of mountains lift its huge bulk above its fellows and dominate the whole vale of Chamounix—an august and pervading presence—but sixty miles away at Geneva, when the others are low on the horizon, it shines afar like the great white throne of God in the heavens. So not only was Christopher Columbus conspicuous in his own generation, but after an interval of five hundred years he still rises like a mountain peak among the lesser hills, and as long as the world lasts his name will never be forgotten. We do not intend to give a connected history of his wonder-fraught career, but merely to sketch briefly some of the most striking events of his life.

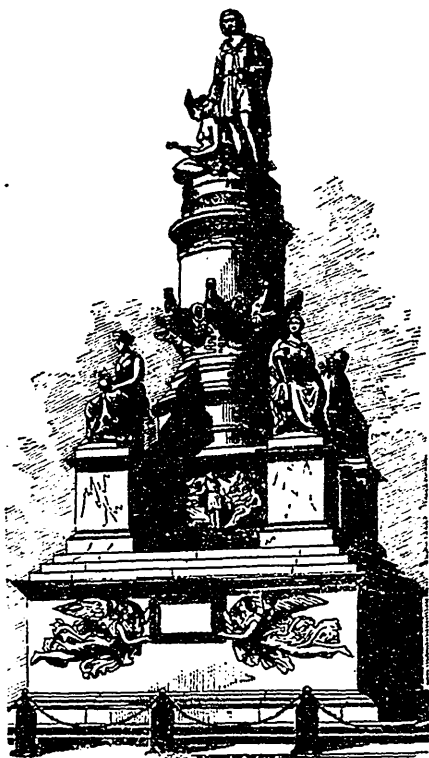
Columbus was born in the city of Genoa, where his father was a carder of wool. The year of his birth is not known. At a very early age he became a student in the University of Pavia, and at



TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN THE CATHEDRAL AT HAVANA.

the age of fourteen he took to the sea, thus preparing himself for the life that was before him. Of his early voyages little is known; but Columbus himself says of them: "Wherever ship has sailed, there have I voyaged."

For many ages no more was known of this western world on which we live than if it were a separate planet—nay, much less, its very existence was not even suspected. Although the Old World was convulsed again and again with direful commotions, not a tremor vibrated across the sea to the vast new world which lay unmolested in the great ocean, as little dreaming of the existence of the other world across the sea. But at the time of Columbus a spirit of discovery began to possess men. In this the



COLUMBUS' MONUMENT AT GENOA.

Portuguese were foremost, and they returned with wonderful stories of new lands found and strange sights seen. Men were no longer satisfied with maps made on the principle "where nothing is known put terrors." Many little incidents had come under the notice of Columbus to confirm him in his theory that the earth was round, and that land could be reached by sailing west. Report was spread abroad of the finding by some sailors of the dead body of a man whose features were neither those of a European or an African, and this body was found in the western seas, and was floating from the west. Some carved wood and a piece of cane had also been seen, but the great diffi-

culties that Columbus had to endure prove that these things had little effect on the minds of the great mass of the people, and they also show the great genius of Columbus which placed him so far in advance of the thought of his age. "When he promised a new hemisphere," writes Voltaire, "people maintained that it could not exist, and when he did discover it, that it had been known a long time."

Columbus, by a study of the globe and of these traditions of the discovery by the Norsemen of some strange western land,

and by a dreamy legend of some far Cathay, where gold was for plentifulness as the stones of the field, and silver as the dust of the earth, conceived the bold idea of reaching, by sailing westward round the world, the treasure-house of Inde, the country of the Grand Khan, who was said to desire to become a Christian; the gorgeous East where

“With richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

Boldly and in the face of all opposition he maintained his heterodox opinion, notwithstanding the fact that a council of learned doctors of Salamanca declared his project to be impossible,



COLUMBUS LEAVING PALOS.

that they would not believe such “a foolish idea as the existence of antipodes; of people who walk opposite to us, with their heels upwards and their heads hanging lown; where everything is topsy turvy; where the trees grow with their tops downwards, and where it rains, hails and snows upwards.” They proved from Scripture that such theories were

impious, and denounced all as heretics who should presume to entertain them.

For more than twenty years Columbus cherished his fond purpose, without assistance and without sympathy, regarded by all except a few enlightened friends as an enthusiast and a dreamer. Still, strong in the assurance of his heart, hoping on, struggling on in his weary endeavour to accomplish his design; now closeted with kings, now arraigned before councils, now receiving the hospitalities of some charitable convent, now begging his way from land to land, from court to court, and now selling maps and charts to obtain a scanty subsistence, yet all the while never wavering in his firm conviction that he was right, and that God had chosen him to make Christians of the nations of the far East.

It was an unpropitious moment for the navigator's fortune when he first applied to Spain for assistance, as the sovereigns of Castile and Leon were engaged in the struggle which ended in

the defeat of the Moors, and neither Ferdinand nor Isabella had time to listen. They were obliged to delay all action so long that Columbus, almost in despair, resolved to take ship to France, to see if better success would there await him. He stopped for a time at Palos, a little town in Andalusia, and this delay meant much for Spain, for going to the monastery of La Rabida to ask for bread and water for his boy Diego, whom he took with him on his wanderings, he got into conversation with Juan Perez de Marchena, the guardian, who treated him very kindly, invited him to remain and introduced him to Garcia Fernandez, an ardent student of geography. To these men Columbus propounded his



COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS THEORIES.

theory and explained his plan. Juan Perez became almost as enthusiastic as Columbus. He resolved to make a desperate effort to prevent Columbus carrying out his plan of going to France, and accordingly wrote to the Queen, whose confessor he had been. He was summoned to her presence, and by his ardent approval of the theory of Columbus, and his intense earnestness in his behalf, he succeeded in inducing the Queen to send for the daring navigator. Columbus once more appeared at the court of Spain, but the conditions he demanded were rejected, and in January, 1492, he set out for France.

Once more his friends interceded with the Queen in his behalf, and so influenced the warm-hearted and generous Isabella that

with characteristic womanly impetuosity she embarked upon the noble undertaking, pledging even the crown jewels to furnish the necessary means and ships. A messenger found Columbus at the Bridge of Pines, about two leagues from Granada. He returned to Santa Fe, and on the 17th of April, 1492, the agreement between him and their Catholic Majesties was drawn up, signed and sealed, granting Columbus his own terms, which were that he should be made admiral at once, should have the viceroyalty of all the lands he should discover, and have one tenth the gain by trade or conquest.

Three small caravels, by no means equal to the undertaking, having at length been obtained and manned, after solemn confession and celebration of the holy sacrament, this great discoverer set sail from the little port of Palos, on the ever-memorable Friday, 3rd August, 1492. As they lost sight of the peak of Teneriffe, that farthest outpost of the Old World, the whole sky was seen to flame with wrathful fires and the sea reflected the hue of blood. To the superstitious minds of the sailors this was an omen of the Almighty's anger, a portent of disaster, and it required all the eloquence of Columbus to arouse them from the prostration of spirit into which they were plunged. Swiftly were they borne westward by the mysterious trade-winds, which seemed with remorseless constancy to waft them onward to some dread unknown. Day after day, on, on they sailed into the unknown, till Columbus alone dared to grasp the thought of the awful distance they had traversed. That was a secret which he locked up in his own firm breast, while he sought to quiet the timorous mariners with a false reckoning of the progress of the fleet. But even this failed to allay their fears, especially when the compass, their only guide in these untraversed wastes, began to waver and prove treacherous, as though nature's self were failing and her laws becoming powerless. Amid the calms of the tropics, when the very winds seemed dead, and they lay

"As silent as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,"

it appeared that the very elements were combined to resent this invasion of their solitary domain, whose surface keel had never ploughed before; and when near the end of their voyage they entered a sea covered with floating weed, what was at first accepted as a joyful indication of land, at length struck terror to their hearts when it became so dense as to impede and almost prevent their progress. Then it seemed as if they had indeed reached the *ultima thule* of creation.

But we must not delay over these incidents of the voyage—the weary weeks of westward sailing amid the immemorial solitudes of hitherto untraversed seas; the awful silence brooding over the wide waste of waters, bounded only by the meeting of the sea and sky; the intolerably monotonous succession of garish day



COLUMBUS EXHIBITING HIS PLANS TO FERDINAND
AND ISABELLA.

and stilly night, unmarked save by the waning of their hopes; the dreary midnight watches; the sinking beneath the wave of familiar constellations—that last seeming link that bound them to their native land; the rising of new, strange stars, and the superstitious dread of their supposed mysterious influence; the portents

dire of wrath-presaging meteors flaming through the sky; the lurid splendour of the fiery southern sunsets; the false mirage upon the treacherous horizon's brim of soft blue mountains and of fertile vales, which ever vanished into air; the sinking of the soul that followed; the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick; the dark conspiracies and turbulent mutinies of the disaffected crews: and the sublime majesty of a great spirit, strong in the consciousness of right and full of faith, overruling weaker minds, and, cut off from human sympathy, still cherishing his noble purpose and keeping in his mind the goal of his hopes—these, with the other associations of the voyage, with all their poetry, their pathos and their grandeur, are, no doubt, familiar to the minds of our readers.

Let us for a moment revert to that solemn night of prayer, forever memorable in the annals of the world, upon which America was discovered. Many were the indications of land, but so often had they been deceived that in every heart but one all hope was well nigh dead. Fear and expectation agitated every mind. The Church's holy prayers were said; her solemn rites performed. In sleepless vigils wore the night away; but shortly after midnight was the cry heard, "Land, land ahead!" With leaden wings the hours drag on; but with the early morning light the long-sought strand revealed itself to their delighted view, and the New World was first seen by European eyes on Friday, 12th of October, 1492.

What tumultuous thoughts rushed upon the mind of Columbus; what deep emotions stirred his soul! Here was the realization of the glorious vision which had sustained his heart during long years of trial and privation; here was the solution of the problem of the age. He had wrested their mystery from the brooding centuries; he had plucked its secret from the bosom of the all-surrounding sea. Doubtless (for he was a devout man) gratitude to God filled his heart. Perhaps he also thought how his name would go sounding down the ages; but he never, even in his loftiest flights of fancy, comprehended half the importance of his discovery, nor the lasting influence it would have upon the destiny of the world.

In the meantime preparations were made for debarking. The joyous cannon shout a glad salvo with their fiery breath, the boats are manned, an exultant "*Te Deum*" is sung, and the New World is taken possession of in the name of God and of Ferdinand and Isabella, and with the sacred rites of religion. It is consecrated with anthem and with prayer; the notes of "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*" awake unwonted echoes in the listening air, and the crucifix is overshadowed by the glorious standard of old Spain.

The scene is changed. One bright sunny morning in the spring of 1493 the quiet port of Palos is thrown into a state of unusual consternation by the appearance in the offing of a strange, lorn, weather-beaten ship, whose tattered sails and half



COLUMBUS PRESENTING HIMSELF TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA
ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

dismantled masts gave it the appearance of a spectral vessel. Columbus and his fleet, by common consent, have long been consigned to the depths of the ocean; so they are not to be thought of. Great then is the astonishment of the authorities when he thus returns. But their astonishment soon gives way to delight when

they find him to be the bearer of such astounding tidings and such priceless treasure. He exhibits spoils "rich and strange"—gold, curious arms, mysterious plants, unknown birds and beasts, and nine Indians whom he brought with him for baptism.

We now behold Columbus elevated to the giddy height of power, made vice-king of a whole hemisphere, with all its seas and lands, yet still manifesting that piety towards heaven, that mildness and forbearance to his fellows, and that consummate prudence in action which had hitherto characterized his life. The title of "Don" was conferred upon himself and his brothers; all honor was accorded him; he was served and saluted as a grandee of Spain.

But soon a cloud obscured the sunshine of his prosperity. Hardly had he departed to assume the government of these new-found regions, when jealousy of his fame and fortunes began to rankle in the minds of certain fawning sycophants of the court. Slander, envy and coward malice began to asperse the fair escutcheon of his fame. A servile underling is sent to supersede the noble-minded admiral. Without opportunity for appeal or for explanation, the venerable old man, for he was now old, was violently dispossessed of his command, heavily loaded with irons, and, in manifest peril of his life, shipped away from the land which he himself had plucked from the bosom of the sea, as though he were the vilest of felons. Such are

"The whips and scorns of time;
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Most keenly did the sensitive spirit of Columbus feel the indignity, and when, touched by pity and remorse, his captors wished to relieve him of his irons, he persistently refused, scorning to be free by sufferance when his will was chained. Deep into his heart sank the memory of that voyage, and to the day of his death he kept suspended in his cabinet those memorials of his country's ingratitude. Intense was the feeling of indignation in the public mind, upon the return of Columbus, against his base calumniators, and deep the sorrow of his royal mistress for his undeserved, unwarranted ill-treatment. The brave old admiral presented himself before the King and Queen, his soul tingling with the sense of wrong and injustice. But when he beheld the sympathetic tear-drop in his sovereign lady's eyes, all resentment vanished, he threw himself at her feet and convulsive sobs shook his frame. Then was his leal-heartedness most fully vindicated, and even the frigid temperament of Ferdinand seemed moved.

We now pass hastily to the close of his life. When almost seventy years of age, such was the restless activity and uncon-



GOVERNOR & HIS CHAINS ON BOARD THE "COLUMBUS"

querable energy of the mind of Columbus that he set sail for a fourth time to explore the New World which he had discovered.

After a prolonged voyage, during which he suffered much chagrin and disappointment, and was even refused permission to shelter his tempest-shattered fleet in the harbour of an island which he himself had revealed to the world, he returned with crushed spirits and a bleeding heart to lay his bones in that ungrateful land upon which he had conferred wealth, honour and renown; but which gave him but a grave. Soon after this his noble-hearted patroness, the gentle *Isabella*, died, and, with the proverbial ingratitude of princes, the politic Ferdinand, permitted to drag out life in obscurity, and to drain the bitter dregs of poverty, him to whom fame has given one of the highest niches in her temple, and who enriched the world forever with his life and labours.

At length, with a body enfeebled by exposure in the service of his country, sick at heart of hollow professions and broken promises, and with a soul sorrowful from indifference and neglect of conscious merit, this great man died, on the 20th of May, 1506.

All his life long Columbus had known little rest, and even after death his body was not allowed a quiet repose. He was buried at Valladolid; his remains were transferred thence to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, Seville. Afterward they were exhumed and taken to Hispaniola (San Domingo), and interred in the cathedral. After the French gained possession of this island, they were removed to Havana, where they now lie.

The Columbian World's Fair at Chicago will be such a noble commemoration of his great achievement as no man has ever received before; and as the ages pass the results of his great discovery will widen and increase with the growth of civilization and the development of the world.

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

THERE are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard,
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a paradise-bird.

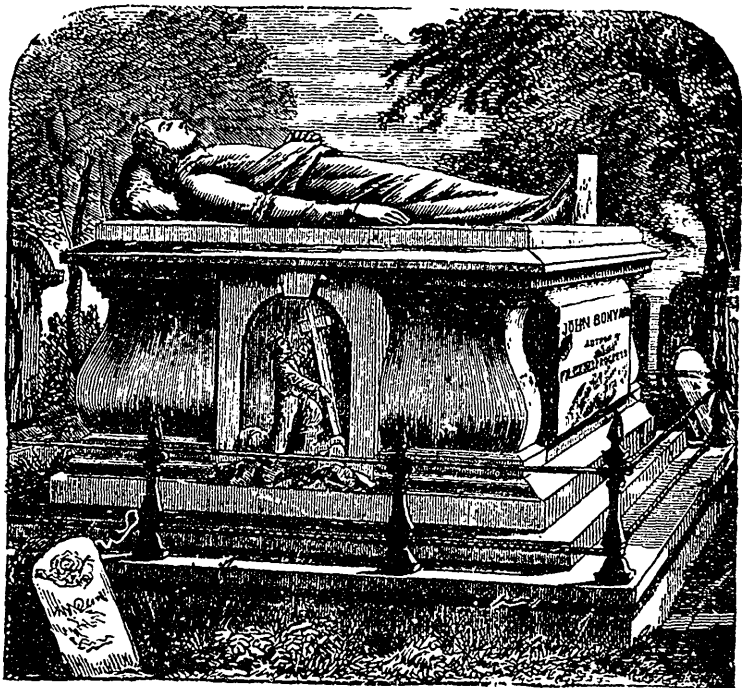
Poems that ripple through loveliest lives,
Poems unnoted and hidden away,
Down in the soul where the beautiful thrives
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold,
Felt, though unseen, by the beings that love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

—*Tennyson.*

BUNHILL FIELDS—GOD'S ACRE.

BY THE REV. D. DAVIES MOORE, A.M.



JOHN BUNYAN'S TOMB.

AMONG the famous spots in the great English capital there is one in which the Dissenter enjoys the sweet sensation of feeling completely at home. In Great Britain there exists so clean-cut a chasm between church and chapel that even in cosmopolitan places, like the vast Abbey and St. Paul's, the environment, with all its fame, peace and subduing sanctity, seems nevertheless to breathe something of a rebuke against the religious alienage of him who is said to "dissent." He is made to feel that at least in one respect the *Campo Santo* is not his own; or, if he can rise sufficiently high to claim all its associations for his inalienable right as an English-speaking man, yet is he not a little chilled, realizing there does exist an arrogant protest?

But, standing at the entrance of the Dissenters' burial ground, there rises the delicious sensation of complete liberty. The Non-conformist is here before his own Mecca—his own without denial

or protest. Nearing the gates opposite City Road Chapel, the visitor stops to read an attractive inscription upon the gray wall :

“GOD’S ACRE, BUNHILL FIELDS BURYING GROUND.”

If he did not already know it, his guide-book would tell him here to lift his hat, for this is most holy ground. It contains the treasured remains of our forefathers, who for righteousness’ sake have borne aloft the standard of liberty of conscience; who fought valiantly for the truth; who “hazarded their lives,” and freely gave them to gain that religious freedom which blesses the nineteenth century.

God’s acre! How full of unction is the expression! What an impression the words make; what thoughts they call forth! The precious dust is all in God’s urn. He is taking care of it. Obliterated not is it by the tread of the centuries. Souls and bodies alike of His saints are held inviolate in the Almighty, all-loving hand. Bunhill Fields was formerly a part of the ample church property of the dean and chapter of St. Paul. The earliest map and traditions represent this spot as bearing a tumulus, which gave to the fields the name of Bon or Bonehill Fields, a place of Saxon burial. But it was not for this reason that the great cemetery became popularly characterized as “God’s acre.” Neither is there any evidence found that it was ever consecrated by church rite. In the seventeenth century there went up and down through England one whom the people loved to call “Bishop Bunyan.” In 1688 the seraphic seer of Bedford passed up into the palace of the Great King. His dust was laid in Bunhill Fields.

Upon entering the grounds the pilgrim sees upon the pillars of the gateway the following inscriptions :

“This burial-ground of the Nonconformists, known anciently as Bunhill in the Fields, was enclosed with a brick wall at the sole charge of the city of London, in the mayoralty of Sir John Lawrence, Knight, Anno Domini 1665, and afterwards the gates hereof were built and finished in the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Bludworth, Knight, Anno Domini 1666.”

“At the time of the closing of this ground in 1852 more than 120,000 bodies had been interred therein. In the year 1867 it was committed by Act of Parliament to the care of the corporation of London, and having by them been planted and restored for public resort, it was opened by the Right Hon. James Clarke Lawrence, Lord Mayor,” etc.

Upon entering the cemetery the visitor is at once subdued by that peculiar gray quiet which is a characteristic of English graveyards. There are a few somewhat broad walks furnished with seats; but everywhere else way must be made through the narrowest of paths among the green mounds and moss-grown ivy-laced monuments. Even this appearance of excessive crowd-

ing gives only a faint idea of the vast army underground. For centuries the busy undertaker Nature has been here, burying mounds and monuments. Many of the oldest and most interesting vaults are lying deeply below. The position of these may be judged by a visit to the graves of Lieutenant-General Charles Fleetwood and Henry Cromwell, which were discovered at a depth of seven feet below the surface. The hand of time is also busy with the slabs and inscriptions that remain. Much of the writing it is now impossible to decipher; but thanks to the memory of one to whom lovingly we may give the name of "Old Mortality," we are able to fill in with our finger the almost erased outlines upon a good number of the monuments. This was Dr. John Rippon, whose tomb is here, who died in 1836. He with reverential purpose chose to live much among these tombs, and was often found "laid down upon his side between two graves, with ink-horn in his button-hole and pen and book, writing out the epitaphs word for word." He left six volumes of Bunhill Fields inscriptions.

In 1688 there came to Bunhill gates the consecrating funeral. Henceforth it was God's acre. A few weeks before William of Orange landed at Torbay, a corpse was carried from under the sign of the "Star," a grocer-shop kept by one named Strudwick, and it was laid in the grocer's family grave. Several names were afterward inscribed upon the "table-tomb." Among them was one that shone with such an increasing radiance that the gloomy spot became more illustrious than any crypt of king, priest, poet or warrior in all the empire. The inscription was this: "Mr. John Bunyan, author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' ob. Augt., 1688, aet. 60."

The engraving in this article is from the last tribute of respect to the memory of the immortal dreamer. During 1862 a new tomb was erected over his resting-place by the subscriptions of Christians of different denominations. On the summit is seen a recumbent figure of Bunyan. On one side is a bas-relief of the pilgrim bending under his burden; on the other side he is represented with his load rolling off at the vision of the shining cross. In connection with the inauguration of this monument a meeting was held in City Road Chapel, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury. How suggestive upon such an occasion these two names—Bunyan, Wesley! Of the one, Cowper referring to him, without naming the allegorist, says:

"Lest so despised a name should move a sneer."

The other

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age."

Beneath yonder massive gray monument lies Dr. John Owen, the mighty Puritan divine, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the Commonwealth. The concluding words of the Latin inscription inform the reader that "he left the world on a day dreadful to the Church by the cruelties of men, but blissful to himself by the plaudits of his God, August 24th, 1683." Sleep in peace, thou Puritan Hercules. Thou dost deserve sweet, long rest, holding aloft a wide-flaming lamp of evangelical truth, till thy stout arm became emaciated with its weary task, and only upon the celestial signal did drop the lamp to grasp thy palm.

Many elect ladies also lie in Bunhill Fields. Susannah Wesley was buried here. She breathed away life at the Foundery, not far from her last resting-place, and was interred on the afternoon of Sunday, the 1st of August, 1742, in the presence of "almost an innumerable company of people," to whom her son John discoursed on the "great white throne and Him that sat on it;" apt subject for the white-souled woman's funeral sermon, and apt spot for her to rest in, the daughter of that Samuel Annesley, D.D., who was ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the rectory of St. Giles. The stone was placed upon her grave by her son John. It informs the visitor that



SUSANNAH WESLEY'S
TOMBSTONE.

"She was the mother of nineteen children, of whom the most eminent were the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was under God the founder of the societies of the people called Methodists.

"In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies;
A Christian here, her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown."

A monument to her memory has been placed in the gardens of the City Road Chapel.

Mark this beautiful inscription over the Rev. John Conder, D.D.:

"I have sinned.	I have repented.
I have trusted.	I have loved.
I rest.	I shall arise.

And through the grace of Christ, however unworthy, I shall reign."

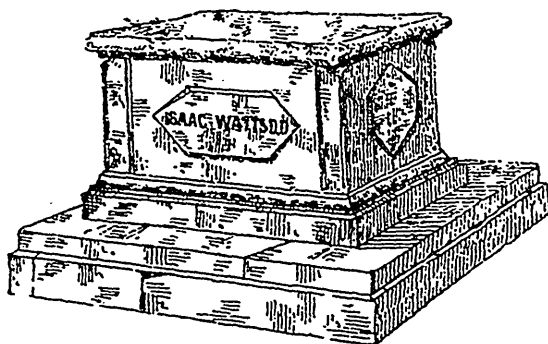
Here we find the grave of the Rev. George Burder, whose

"Village Sermons" occupied a place in the libraries of those of our fathers who were ministers.

The Henry and Richard Cromwell buried here are not the sons of the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell.

The black marble slab of Thomas Goodwin, D.D., is split in twain from a stroke of lightning.

The resting-places of multitudes of glorious men and martyrs remain unknown, and the pilgrim moves about with soft and solemn step, remembering that the dust of God's heroes is beneath his feet; men and women "whose praise is blown by angel trumps in heaven." Here lie the Hughes, the Fleetwoods, the Bradburys, the Eames, the Hardcastles, the Hunters, the Jenkyns, the Mathers, the Powells, the Rowes, with all that great host of confessors, historians, pastors and poets among our Nonconformist



ISAAC WATTS' MONUMENT.

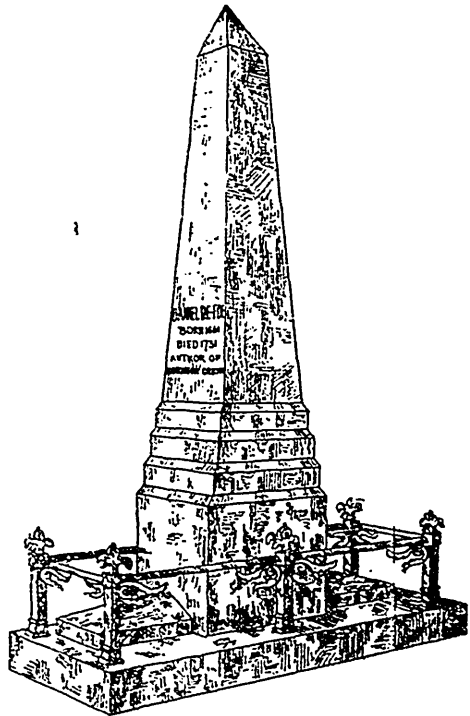
ancestors, who, with all the great words they spoke and deeds they wrought in behalf of the truth, esteemed the simple testimony of Jesus to be the chief business of their lives. Here, surely, is the place to receive a new vocation for one's work, and to make once more our consecration vow to

"Preach Him to all,
And cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb." *

One of our engravings represents the monument of Dr. Isaac Watts. The epitaph is very simple, consisting for the most part of two or three quotations from the epistles, and closing with the words, "*In uno Jesu omnia.*" Dr. Watts is best known to this generation as the great hymnist of the Church catholic. He was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty; but in his own times Watts was a renowned scholar and teacher, logician, philosopher and theologian. The Latin motto above may truly be said to have been the inspiration of his whole thought and life.

A visit to the beautiful tomb of Daniel Defoe will end our musings in Bunhill Fields. How the days of boyhood rush back as one stands before this black railing! Yes, it is good to see the grave of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Reading the inscription, we learn that this monument is the result of an appeal to the boys and girls of England. It represents the united contributions of seventeen hundred persons. Perhaps our boys do not know that Defoe also suffered in the contest of tyranny with freedom, being placed in the pillory and enduring imprisonment and fine. If any of my youthful readers find at some time their way into the British Museum, be sure and look, when in the galleries of ancient weapons, for the gun of Robinson Crusoe. There among the innumerable pieces of arms my eye one day fortunately caught this writing upon a label: "The gun of Alexander Selkirk." It makes the boy's heart come back to the man to see old Crusoe's fowling-piece, with its great lock and fire-pan.

Before leaving this God's acre my friend and I sit down together upon one of the garden benches to meditate a space. I had been privileged to have the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse for my Virgil and guide upon this day. Here he finds a fresh inspiration for his own winning and fearless work for righteousness. In my own mind rises scene after scene. The vast metropolis contracts until it becomes the mere nucleus of the present city—London of the fourteenth century. We two are out upon the great moorland known as Finsbury Fen, standing on Bonehill Field. The moor is crowded with gaily dressed citizens, watch-



MONUMENT OF DANIEL DEFOE—
BUNHILL FIELDS.

ing here the jousts and boisterous games, and there applauding the skilful "archers and bowyers" competing upon the ground where the Cressy bowmen had once been trained.

The scene changes to one most diverse. The Great Plague is raging in London. Night and day crowds of sullen workmen are excavating, until the great pit is dug, and out to Bunhill Fields roll the awful dead carts, carrying forth their noisome loads of the men dying at the rate of ten thousand a week, to be hurled into the pestiferous pit.

Again the scene changes. Bunhill Fields has become the great Nonconformist burial ground, and is held most sacred. On every side it is surrounded by the huge establishments of commerce, whose enterprise now seeks to encroach upon the holy spot and utilize it in a scheme of wealth. But no, this acre is God's, and so jealously do the citizens guard it that the whole city is darkly rising up in arms, and the overshadowing scheme of encroachment is sternly pushed back as an act of sacrilege hateful alike to the right-hearted men of all denominations; and so it came to pass that Bunhill Fields was ours to meditate in that day, declared by British Parliament in 1867 to be God's acre "from henceforth and forever hereafter." Amen.

We take an omnibus and drive straight to St. Paul's Cathedral, where we celebrate, under one of the young clergy of the chapter, the noon service of a week-day, thanking God for liberty to worship here or there, and especially for the "cohort of fathers" sleeping in Bunhill Fields until the resurrection.

RECORDED.

At the close of each day
 If you listen to the sounds
 That are floating on their rounds,
 You will hear a whisper say,
 "Recorded."

It matters not what you do;
 Be it good or be it bad,
 Be you gay or be you sad,
 A whisper will say to you,
 "Recorded."

Let your actions be your best,
 Always try to have them so,
 And you will the happier go
 To quiet and peaceful rest—
 Recorded.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK IN METHODISM.

BY REV. F. W. BOURNE.

WHAT have they done? The only possible answer is, Almost everything that men have done. Most things they can do as well as men, many things they can do better, some things they alone can do. Dr. Charles Stanford says: "Cardinal Manning has spoken with stately eloquence about the primacy of Peter; but I think something might be said for the primacy of Dorcas. . . . The lady of Joppa knew how to make the very needle evangelical, and she did such beautiful kindnesses with it for the women and children, that with grateful delight they fondly lingered on her name, calling her 'Gazelle.' . . . For ourselves we are, I hope, content to take Florence Nightingale's advice—'Keep clear of all jargons about man's work and woman's work, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart,' each one to do what each one can do best."

Women are not required, as a rule, to lead the "sacramental host of God's elect," to launch the lifeboat, or to save the State; and yet they have done each one of these things, and a thousand similar ones, when the necessity has arisen. Women have prophesied, for that the Word of God declares; they have spoken to edification, as the famous Quakeress preacher, Rebecca Collier, did, and thereby removed the prejudices of John Locke, the author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," to a female ministry; they have visited prisons, to the lasting spiritual good of their unhappy inmates, as did Elizabeth Fry. They have proved themselves to be the true friend of the navvy, the soldier, the sailor, the outcast, the drunkard, as the names of Marsh, and Daniell, and Robinson, and Hopkins, and Havergal, and others, "familiar in our mouths as household words," will testify. And yet, speaking for myself, and using again the words of Dr. Stanford, I would say, "Some things that women can do right nobly at a crisis, are not best for them to do when men are to be had. As a rule, I think it is not best for women to man a lifeboat; but we have been told that one black night at Teignmouth last year, when the men were all out of the way, or else were not sharp enough, the women got the lifeboat out. With shrill, quivering cheers they carried it through the battling breakers, dragged a vessel off the sandbar and saved precious life. When we hear that they did all this without any help from the unfair sex, who can help saying, 'Well done?' I go further, and say

that, as a rule, in my private opinion, it is not best for women to preach in public; but where in exceptional cases, and with extraordinary gifts, women like Mary Fletcher and Priscilla Gurney go out of their way, and, all by themselves, publicly launch the lifeboat of the Gospel to snatch souls from the sea of sin, and from the rocks of death; again I say, to the praise of grace, 'Well done!'"

But to speak more particularly of the work of women in Methodism. What is it? What have they done? Dr. Stevens says that "in the household of the Epworth rectory can be traced" the "real origin" of Methodism. "An 'elect lady' there trained the founder and legislator of Methodism, and to no inconsiderable degree, by impressing on him the traits of her own extraordinary character; and under the same nurture grew up by his side its psalmist, whose lyrics were to be heard in less than a century wherever the English language was spoken, and to be 'more devoutly committed to memory,' and 'oftener repeated upon a deathbed' than any other poems." Isaac Taylor employs the stronger expression, "that the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism." Of her Dr. Clark says: "Such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Of pious, devoted, extraordinary women, Susannah Wesley must be placed at the very head, and the most popular of all Methodist historians may well ask, 'Who can doubt that the practical Methodism of the rectory, more than any other human cause, produced the ecclesiastical Methodism which to-day is spreading the Wesleyan name around the world?' It received there also much of its thoroughly spiritual tone. Religion impressed the habitual life of the family. Susannah Wesley was its priestess, and, more than the rector himself, ministered to the spiritual necessities of the household. During his absence she even opened its doors for a sort of public worship, which was conducted by herself."

The conduct of Mrs. Wesley in reading sermons, praying and conversing directly with the people, furnishes the example by which her sagacious and distinguished son appears to have regulated and determined his own. In this, as in so many other instances, he happily and providentially finds the "golden mean," and throughout life his course was prudent and consistent. There was no reason why he should change his position, modify his views, or alter his course. His letter to one of the holy women of Methodism in 1771 contains the essence of all his advice on the subject of women preaching. "I think the strength of the cause rests there—on your having an *extraordinary* call. So, I am

persuaded has every one of our lay preachers; otherwise I could not countenance this preaching at all. It is plain to me that the whole work of God termed Methodism is an extraordinary dispensation of His providence. Therefore I do not wonder if several things occur therein which do not fall under the ordinary rules of discipline. St. Paul's ordinary rule was, 'I permit not a woman to speak in the congregation.' Yet, in extraordinary cases, he made a few exceptions; at Corinth in particular."

At the Wesleyan Conference of 1803 "it was asked, 'Should women be allowed to preach among us?' The answer was that in general they ought not. Two reasons were given; one was that a vast majority of the people were opposed to female preaching; the other, that it was not necessary, there being a sufficiency of preachers, whom God had accredited, to supply all the places in the Connexion. 'But,' added the Minutes, 'if any woman among us thinks she has an extraordinary call from God to speak in public (and we are sure it must be an *extraordinary* call that can authorize it), we are of opinion that she should in general address her own sex, and *those only.*' "

Dr. Stevens, after quoting Mr. Wesley's letter of 1771 on this subject, adds, "The example would seem perilous; but under proper regulations it had assumed, in the 'Society of Friends,' even a graceful beauty, and was not productive of extravagances." And Dr. Whedon observes that no women in modern times present more perfectly the ideal of female modesty than the women of that sect which has always had its female preaching—The Friends; and in the early history of the denomination to which I have the honor to belong a large portion of the good that was effected was unquestionably due to their instrumentality. Delicately-nurtured and in many instances well-educated women, at what they believed to be the call of God, left their comfortable homes to become the pioneers of evangelistic work, and wherever they went God magnified His sovereign grace. And whatever defects have defaced the lives of the public teachers among us belonging to the other sex, I believe not one of the sisters ceased to be a pattern of purity and good works.

And it should not be forgotten that many who object the most strongly to this agency do as strongly object to institutions and usages such as lay-preaching and class-meetings, held by us as essential to our Church work and spiritual life, and as inseparable therefrom, and, in fact, by persons who deny our claim to be a Church at all.

And yet the practice has almost fallen into disuse, and is not likely to be extensively revived unless there be a revival of the

spiritual life, and even then, *as a rule*, the chief work of woman, never unimportant, never without influence, will be found in the home and in the school, in visiting the poor, in conducting mothers' meetings, in aiding the temperance reformation, in leading classes, in nursing the sick, in collecting funds for missionary organizations, and it may be in India, and in some other countries, in direct missionary work among the female part of the population. And women possessing the spirit and character of those we have mentioned and of many others that we might name—Ann Cutler, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell—are always true helpers in the Gospel of Christ.

“It was through the instrumentality of Barbara Heck that Embury and his Methodist associates were led, in 1765, to resume in the New World the Methodistic discipline and labours which they had adopted in Ireland.” And oh! how marvellous the results. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” One kind of work that the women of Methodism have done during the last few years may be specifically mentioned as a stimulus and an incentive to those greater exertions in many directions which are so imperatively required. The Woman's Missionary Societies have collected many thousands of dollars, and sent out hundreds of missionaries, and supports and assists scores of schools, hospitals and dispensaries.

Oh, ye wives and mothers, daughters and sisters in all our Methodist Churches, “Come ye to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!” Ye mothers, especially, our appeal is to you. And in your own homes every one of you may be a “gentle Monica,” and before your children leave the nursery they shall take their “first degree.” You have only to make your explanations of the sacred story as delightful as did the mother and grandmother of Timothy or Mrs. Wesley, and sweeten as well as simplify the sacred truths, and there will be a succession of young Timothys in whom aged Pauls will delight, or of evangelists only less successful than the founder of Methodism, whose memory to-day millions revere. So train your daughters that, should they become the wives of ministers and missionaries, they shall lead classes with the same success as did Mrs. Rogers, and thus fill our sanctuaries and increase our members, or be in our homes what Mary Moffat was in the home of Livingstone, “the best spoke in the wheel;” or if of our merchants, that they may, by their simple tastes and self-denying habits, influence their husbands and consecrate their great wealth unto the work of Christ; or of our senators and statesmen, that they may exhibit a courage and a devotion and a persistent

faith; pray, oh, continually pray, as did Ann Cutler, and even such men as Bramwell shall testify that there is an amazing power of God attending your prayers, and the Lord shall make use of you to promote genuine and extensive revival of His work! Oh, cherish and cultivate such rapt, constant communion with Jesus as did Mrs. Fletcher, and to many a man, eloquent as Apollos, shall you teach the Word of God more perfectly; only speak of the grace of God with Christian simplicity, and other John Bunyans shall be enlightened and saved; and with that sweet, persuasive grace which is all your own, you may improve your opportunities, especially those which are the most private and precious, your influence will be more and more widely felt, and the blessings that come to others shall be your reward.

“For what delights can equal those
Which stir the spirit’s inner deeps,
When one who loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one who loves and knows.”

AT HOME WITH GOD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

“HOME to my God,”—what depths of restful thought
Lie hidden in those four short, simple words;
At home with God, out of all suffering brought
Into the endless rest which heaven affords.

God and His rest,—ah, sweet that rest will be
After long weariness and sorrow here;
And sweet in the full light of love to see
This world’s perplexities made plain and clear.

God and His love,—the love enfolds me now,
And with it is a foretaste of His rest,
As, like a soft touch on a weary brow,
The whisper comes,—He loves, His way is best.

It must be best, so, though my eyes be dim,
And dark the way, if I but hear His “Come,”
I answer to the call, and follow Him,
Sure His unerring voice will guide me home.

“Home to my God,”—earth’s clouds left far behind,
Of all the long steep path the last step trod—
The perfectness of rest and love to find;
Through all eternity, at home with God.

SCOTLAND'S INFLUENCE ON CIVILIZATION.

BY JOHN ELDER, ESQ.

THE land of the thistle and the heather has furnished a history which is an example of what a small population and country can do for themselves and the world. Scottish influence has gone as an important factor into the general advancement of human civilization, and the world is better for it to-day. It is instructive to notice the part which the smaller nationalities of the earth have played in the grand drama of civilization. We hear much of the great nations of Europe marshalling their vast armies, and struggling for supremacy of power, and crushing smaller nations under their heel; but there is something sublime in the influence which has gone forth from the smaller countries. They have done much to make the larger nations what they are, and to make the world what it is.

Palestine gave the world a religion—the first, best and only divine religion. Greece gave it art, literature, philosophy. Switzerland and Holland gave it the earliest practical demonstration of the republican institutions. Scotland—there can be no mistake as to what it has done, both in the development of the individual man and in the development of national character. The sons of Scotland have ever marched with the vanguard in the grand army of human progress. They are a brave and united people, loving liberty as they love life itself. No yoke has ever crushed their spirits. The same glorious race that existed a thousand years ago is still at home upon its soil, only more advanced in all the elements of true national greatness, and the latter glory outshines the earlier, because of all the fiery trials of the past which has had its influence on civilization.

The close of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, with all its military glory, was an age of iron and an age of blood. Century after century went on until war had reddened her fields and filled her land with havoc and ruin. No portion of the earth's surface is perhaps more thickly strewed with the ashes of martyred heroes and the bones of slaughtered champions of truth and right. Was all that gallant blood shed in vain? Assuredly not. The seed was long in sowing, but the harvest has been abundant and glorious. It was the price of independence, of self-government, of civil and religious liberty. When these were won they were not won for Scotland alone, but

for posterity, for mankind, and they will for all time to come have their influence on civilization.

It has been said that a land without ruins is a land without memories, and a land without memories is a land without liberty. We are always proud of referring to one of Scotland's greatest men, who had done so much for his country. John Knox, during the trying times of civil war, was the one pillar of strength upon which Scotland leaned with her whole weight. With a price on his head, with hired assassins waylaying his path, careless of his own life, thinking only of his dear Scotland, he fought the good fight bravely through until peace was proclaimed, and had fully established the glorious heritage of a free Church in a free State, with equal rights of conscience for all classes of men. He contributed largely in moulding the national character of Scotland, and Scotland has ever since been sending that self-same influence around the globe. In the vast populations of the world it has kindled the lights of education, of free thought, of science and liberty—in a word, of Christian civilization. The name of David Livingstone has been written across the centre of the Dark Continent. Robert Moffat, John Wilson, Alexander Duff and many others belong to the noble band of Scotchmen who have contributed to Scotland's influence on civilization.

In the early history of Scotland there are two great names—William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Their names are the very watchwords of liberty. All generations delight to do them honour for their valour and their courage, champions for truth and liberty. If Scotland had done no more than produce those great men she would have gained the gratitude and admiration of the world, and sent down an influence to be felt as long as liberty is loved among men.

THE INFLUENCE OF SCOTTISH SONG.

All around the globe where there are tongues to speak our language there are not wanting hearts to feel the charm of nature, love and beauty in Scottish song. Who has not heard, and hearing, who can ever forget? The songs of Scotland have great historic value; they are truly the history of the people. We seem to sit at the feet of the simple peasant, and from his own lips learn the story of his life. The peaceful and industrial walks of life are beautifully portrayed by our poets. Song seems ever to accompany labour. Every song that Burns wrote bears the stamp of genius upon it. The child of poverty, the child of nature,

Burns is loved and honoured by all Scotchmen at home and abroad. All nations pay a tribute to his memory.

“From scenes like these old Scotia’s grandeur flows,
That makes her loved at home and revered abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

Tannahill, Campbell, Fellock, Hogg and many others could be mentioned who have had great influence upon the world by the magic melody of their songs. Their place in the history of the world is well assured for all time to come.

Sir Walter Scott took a high place in the hearts of the people who became familiar with his writings; but he did not for a long time give that importance to his own writings that the world did. No man, perhaps, has ever done so much by his pen for a country as Scott did for Scotland. He made it known to all the world. His writings have been read around the globe, and are a power in all civilized lands. Some of his writings have become a part of the permanent literature of the age. Travellers from all lands gaze upon the scenes of grandeur and beauty depicted on his pages. He opened Scotland to all the world as it had never been before. He threw a new charm over Scottish scenery and Scottish history.

Thomas Carlyle, Hugh Miller, John Wilson and hundreds more take a rank not excelled by any of the great writers of modern times. Through Scotland’s literature she has presented her opinions before the reading world, and become to a large extent a leader of its thoughts and a teacher of its youth. Scotland has thus been for generations past as a city set on a hill, whose light could not be hid.

In the olden times, as we have seen, the Scotch were great fighters, and dealt hard blows. In more recent times they have been content to fight the higher battles of the mind, and have been deep and hard thinkers. As such they are among the world’s benefactors. Dr. Rabuck planted the first iron-works in Scotland, and the first furnace was set up at Carron, on the first day of January, 1760. Most of the nations of the earth are bound together by iron ties. The surface of every ocean is ploughed by iron steamers, and the ocean beds feel the pressure of electric wires, carrying intelligence from shore to shore. The Clyde still holds its supremacy in shipbuilding. Mr. Cobden says that Scotland’s strength, wealth and commerce have grown out of the skilled labour of the men working in metals. It is said that fifty thousand skilled labourers are on the Clyde, and thousands

of equally skilled artisans are in every part of the land, and are doing their full share of influence on civilization.

Scotland is a small country compared with other lands, nor can it boast of so bright a sky as Italy, nor so salubrious a clime as many others; but it has great natural attractions. On her rugged shores the waves of the Atlantic break in wild confusion, murmuring a requiem around the graves of saint and king. Her heath-clad hills and the cloud-capped mountains give grandeur to the scene and patriotic pride and sentiment to the people. Her glens are studded with the cairns of martyrdom. Her streams still whisper the hymns of the League and Covenant. Scotland to-day is as it has always been—a land of Sabbaths, of Bibles and of education; the home of an intelligent, free, thriving and happy people.

“MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.”

Yes, He answers prayer ;
 He hears the heart-felt sigh which tells,
 E'en more than words could e'er express,
 The anguish of the troubled soul,
 Which cries for strength to bear, and bless
 The One whose wisdom sends the grief.
 He may not heal the anguish sore,
 But sends this balm to soothe the pain :—
 “ Dear one, this grief for thee I bore.”

Yes, the answer came
 Before the prayer had left the lips
 Which trembled as the words were framed.
 He knew the thought within the heart ;
 He answered ere that thought was named.
 He took the upraised hands in His,
 He whispered gently, tenderly,
 “ I cannot answer as thou wilt,
 My grace must now suffice for thee.”

Lord, the sting is gone,
 Although the aching wound remains,
 What Thou in death hast borne for me,
 I surely too can bear. Thy grace
 Sufficient is ; I rest in Thee,
 The sun of Heaven shines so clear,
 The clouds, dispelled before its rays,
 Have rolled away ; and, lo, I see,
 Unhindered now, His loving face.

—*Idalia.*

THE MACHINERY OF THE HEAVENS RUNNING DOWN.

BY ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

LET the earth have frozen; let the bright sun have been extinguished; let the moon and stars "wander darkling in the eternal space." Will this, then, be the end of matter's history? Is this the consummation of which philosophers, and poets, and patriarchs have dreamed and prophesied? From the pinnacle on which we stand we can discern the course of Nature still wending onward. There must be progress even after the funeral of the sun. As that bright luminary shines on after the fall of generations of men—as he shines serenely and undisturbed even in dead men's faces, so will gravitation continue to prosecute its work even among the corpses of planets and suns.

Hark! from the highways of the comets come tidings of friction in the machinery of the heavens. The filmy wanderer encounters resistance in his long journey to the confines of the solar system. He ploughs his way through a resisting medium. The balance of centripetal and centrifugal forces is destroyed; the central attraction preponderates; he falls toward the sun; his orbit is diminished; his motion is accelerated, and he comes back to his starting-point earlier than the time which astronomy had appointed. Here we get the first disclosure of the existence of a subtile material fluid pervading space.

This remarkable retardation was first observed in the successive returns of Encke's comet. This comet has at present a period of about 1,210 days, and it returns each time two hours and forty-five minutes sooner than calculation requires. Since 1789, its period has shortened two days and sixteen hours. Similar retardation—resulting in a similarly accelerated *angular* velocity—has been fully established in the cases of the comets of Brorsen, Faye and D'Arrest.

The only explanation that has ever been offered of these exceptional phenomena is the assumption of the existence of an all-pervading resisting medium commonly called ether. Since the undulatory theory of light became established, the existence of such a medium has been recognized as necessary, and its presence has been assumed throughout all those realms of space to which light has penetrated.

A belief in the existence of an all-pervading ether is much more ancient than the observations which have made it a scientific datum. In the astronomy of the Brahmans, the stars are said to

swim in ether, as fishes in the water. Kepler supposed comets to be native inhabitants of this ethereal medium, like fishes in the sea. The Cartesian doctrine of "vortices" presupposes an all-permeating material fluid. The existence of such a fluid was admitted by Newton; and he demonstrates that its tenuity must be greater than that of our atmosphere at the distance of two hundred miles from the earth. In more recent times this doctrine has been maintained or admitted by Whewell, Sir John Herschel, Thompson, Mayer, Littrow, Helmholtz, Grove, Tyndal, Watson, McCosh, Compte, Rorison, and, in short, by every physicist who has investigated the subject.

We are compelled, then, to assume the position that a resisting fluid permeates space, and that the heavenly bodies do *not* move in a vacuum. The consequences of this admission are stupendous beyond conception. Laplace demonstrated that if the planetary bodies are solid, and if they move *in vacuo*, their mutual perturbations, in long cycles, compensate each other, and the stability of the solar system is perfect. The contingent part of this proposition possesses all the significance. Neither are the planetary bodies solid, nor do they move *in vacuo*. The effect of the terrestrial liquids is apparent in a considerable lengthening of the sidereal day—which, for the time being, is counterpoised by the shrinkage of the earth—while the effect of the resisting medium has been wrought out in the partial arrest of the whole brood of comets.

The retardation of Encke's comet is such that it would lose one half of its present velocity in 23,000 years. A power which can sensibly check the flight of the filmy comet can also retard, however minutely, the motion of the ponderous planet. Jupiter, by far the largest of the planets, would lose one-thousandth of his velocity in seventy millions of years. The length of the period has nothing whatever to do with the result. If the motion be inevitably and perpetually toward precipitation into the sun, the event is as demonstrable as the fall of an aerolite to the earth. Not only are the cloud-like comets slowly approaching the sun in spiral curves, but every revolving planet—every material particle in the solar system—is borne forward by the same unalterable decree. It is the presence of a resisting ether which conditions the precipitation of that meteoric rain which retards the cooling of the sun. The fall of comets and planets to the sun will still farther delay the final refrigeration of that luminary, without averting it.

The proof of the existence of a resisting ether in space has disclosed the decree which records the doom of the solar system.

Whewell says: "Since there is such a retarding force perpetually acting, however slight it be, it must in the end *destroy all the celestial motions*. . . . The moment such a fluid is ascertained to exist, the eternity of the movements of the planets becomes as *impossible as a perpetual motion on the earth*." Helmholtz says: "A time will come when the comet will strike the sun; and a similar end threatens all the planets, although after a time the length of which baffles our imagination to conceive it." Mayer contemplates the precipitation of asteroidal and planetary masses upon the sun. Comte says: "In a future too remote to be assigned, all the bodies of our system must be united to the solar mass, from which it is probable that they proceeded." Forster, defending the Mosaic account of creation, admits, speaking of the earth: "It was once all nebula; it will yet, if left to physical agencies, collapse into an exhausted and extinguished sun." Watson says: "If we grant that the retardation of the comets arises from the existence of an ethereal fluid, the total obliteration of the solar system is to be the final result."

This, then, is the conclusion of science. So far as we have been able to acquaint ourselves with the laws which regulate the movements of the planetary bodies, the duration of the present order of the solar system *is finite*. Nothing but an *infinite miracle* can save it from destruction. That such a miracle will be wrought we have no warrant for assuming. From the very beginning of its career, so far as we can judge, the history of matter has been wrought out in accordance with methods which we style the "laws of Nature." These methods have never been abandoned, and there is not a particle of evidence furnished by science that they ever will be abandoned until they shall have completed their work. Whether the forces of matter be viewed as inherent powers or as "immediate divine agency," the argument from induction, in which the doctrine of a final catastrophe rests, is an argument possessing strength beyond the power of arithmetic to express.

It is true that the final catastrophe is removed to the distance of millions of millions of years. It is true that the sun may have cooled millions of years before the consummation of the final crash. It is true that a million of years before the cooling of the sun the earth may have become desolate and tenantless, as it was a million of years before it received its first inhabitant, or as the moon is to-day, poised in space before our very eyes. It is true that thousands of years may yet elapse before the ordinary powers of geology shall have levelled the continents, or changed their habitable conditions to such an extent that man and other

organic beings will have passed away. But the magnitude of the numbers by which these intervals of time are symbolized does not embarrass the argument. Infinity dwells not alone in years. Are the recitals of astronomy less fanciful than these? Are the data with which she deals less staggering to the human mind? We think ourselves dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, since, perchance, his light comes to us in eight and a half minutes. Yet his distance is such that a traveller, setting out for the sun by railway on the day of his birth, and travelling continually thirty miles an hour, would attain the age of fourscore before having spanned one fourth of the vast interval. Were he and his posterity to complete the journey, and were generations to succeed each other according to the established rule, the twelfth generation would appear before the station should be reached. The great luminary would be pressed by the foot of his great-grandson's great-grandson's great-grandson, and he would be upon the tottering verge of fourscore.

Had Christopher Columbus set sail for the sun instead of a new continent, and travelled continuously at three times the speed of a steamship, he would only have reached his destination in 1870.

This is the distance which light travels over in eight and a half minutes. There is no doubt admissible in regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, or the velocity of light, and yet the nearest of the fixed stars is so remote that its light has consumed ten years in passing to our earth; and there are visible stars so distant that their light has occupied the lifetime of our race in darting over the measureless void. In each second of that interval it has travelled a distance measured by seven times the circumference of the earth. Nay, I may gaze through the telescope on any starlit night, and gather into my eye rays which set out from a distant nebula ages before even the race was called into being whose slowly-developing science has enabled me to make these calculations and gather up this feeble light.

These are values which the positive science of astronomy affords us. Nor are the wonders of physics less overwhelming. The amount of heat sent off from the sun in one minute is, according to Mayer, 12,650 millions of "cubic miles of heat." Now what is a cubic mile of heat? In the conventional language of the physicists, it is the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a cubic mile of water one degree Centigrade. Have we any conception of the amount of heat required to do this work? In order to subdivide the quantity till we reach a limit which our intellects can grasp, let me state that one cubic mile of heat contains 408 billions of units of heat; and a unit of

heat is the quantity of heat required to raise one kilogramme—or about one quart—of water one Centigrade degree, which is one and four-fifths degree of our scale. In other words, then, the sun emits more than five septillions, or five thousand millions of millions of units of heat every minute. In a year the amount is 522,000 times as great; and in the brief duration of our race it has been more than three thousand million times seven septillions of units of heat. These, let the reader remember, are the data of exact science. They are not the millions of years in which the geologist symbolizes the age of the world.

Nature thus, on every side, launches us forth upon the borders of infinity. We flutter about like insects on a flower-bed, and stand awed before the "boundless prairie," the "primeval forest," or the "shoreless ocean." We speak of planetary distances and stellar pathways, but our efforts to compass thoughts like these are as the navigation of the paper nautilus upon the heaving bosom of the broad Pacific.

And yet such quantities are not imaginary. Such intervals as millions of ages *will be passed*; such intervals *have already passed*. To the eye of that all-comprehending Intelligence whose works these are, whose plans these are, millions are but molecules in the constitution of a universe; the lifetime of a planet vanishes as a thought. To a being who is Infinity, the very units of measurement are infinity; one stroke of the hand is infinite space, one step of progress is infinite time.

Where, then, is perpetuity? The untutored savage looks upon the ancient forest as all-enduring. His fathers sat beneath the shade of the self-same tree as stretches its arms above his own squalid hut. The poet sings of the "eternal hills," or fancies that in the ocean he discerns "the image of eternity." The philosopher thought he had demonstrated that at least the solid earth should endure forever, and the coterie of planets should not cease to waltz about their sun. But at length we discover not only that forests appear and disappear—not only that the mountains crumble away from age to age, and Old Ocean himself, has limits set to his duration—but even yonder burning sun is slowly waning, and the very earth is wearily plodding through the mire of ether, and we can foresee the time when, with all her energies wasted, the fire of her youth extinguished, her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves or hurrying toward them, she herself shall plunge into the bosom of her parent sun, whence, unnumbered ages since, she whirled forth with all the gaiety of a youthful bride.

Such is the position to which science conducts us. We feel that

we stand here upon sure foundations: We have no means of measuring accurately the length of eternity's years, but we know they exceed ours a million-fold. We can clearly translate the watchword of the hosts of space. "*Not for perpetuity*" is written upon every lineament of the solar system. We contemplate the matter of the system aggregated into a cold and blackened mass at the centre. No more sun, no more planet, no more satellite, no more comet, or meteorite, or zodiacal luminosity, but winter, and the silence of death, and the darkness of Nature's midnight, penetrated only by starlight, whose maternal source may even then have been blotted out—a solitary grave upon a distant plain, in the midst of the howling desolation of an Arctic winter.

But imagination, indefatigable, with wing unwearied while yet there remains another height to scale, pausing here but an instant, throws her glances still beyond. Into that remoter eternity which stretches still beyond the sepulchre of the solar system her vision penetrates. Shall we venture to delineate the vicissitudes which she sees transpiring in that deeper depth? They are the figures of things but faintly limned against the curtains of infinity. But yet there is no religion which forbids us to reproduce that ethereal vision. Let us exhaust the revelation of Nature, and seize upon knowledge which lies next door to the supernatural world.

Astronomy calls every star a sun, and declares that our solar orb is but one in a firmament of suns. When we gaze at night upon the stellar host we descry the nearest members of a cluster of suns, which, vast as it is, has limits which have been surveyed. Sir William Herschel, with the graduated powers of his great telescope, sounded the depths of the firmament, and determined its extent in every direction. In the midst of this circumscribed cluster of suns our solar luminary holds a position.

Beyond the confines of the outermost zone of stars lies an empty void. Sir William Herschel, with the higher powers of his instrument, looked through the loop-holes of our firmament, and sent his vision across the cold and desert space which spreads out on every side. The cheering starlight that had accompanied every farther stretch across the populated fields of our firmament now forsook him, and he gazed only upon dread emptiness and blackness. For a moment he imagined he had caught a glimpse of infinity; but lo! across that measureless void appears another firmament! And still other firmaments, on every side, beam on us with a blended gleam which fuses their constituent suns into a cloud. These are the nebulae.

To what order of distances are they removed? Are their histories identical with the history of our firmament? Is infinite space occupied by an endless succession of such starry clusters? These are questions which we shall find answered when thought is permitted to penetrate one step farther, and set foot within the bounds of the supernatural world.

These systems of suns, with their probably attendant planets and satellites, all exist *under one constitution*. The spectroscope has demonstrated that the light of the different heavenly bodies is substantially identical. It has demonstrated the identity of the *luminous matter* of sun, and comets, and stars, and nebulae. It has declared the existence of carbon in the comets, of hydrogen, potassium, magnesium, and sundry other bodies in the sun, and of several of the same in the fixed stars and the nebulae. There is little uncertainty about these determinations. Like an expert who identifies the handwriting of a criminal when he who penned it may have fled a thousand miles away, this little instrument, by an analysis of light that has wandered a thousand years away from its source, declares the nature of the luminous body that sent it forth. *One sort of matter* exists throughout all the wide realm which human vision has traversed.

One *ether* extends through all. The conditions under which light is propagated are identical upon Sirius and in the apartment lighted by a jet of gas.

Gravitation reigns over all. The phenomena discerned in the motions and phases of the stars and the nebulae are such as attest the dominance there of the same law as holds the earth in its orbit, or guides an apple to the ground.

The law of *rotation* reigns over all. From the revolving moon to the vicissitudes of the variable stars—winking night and day in regular alternation—and even to the spiral nebulae whose stupendous gyrations have given shape to their flowing vestments—everywhere the equilibrium of celestial bodies, like that of a top or gyroscope, is maintained by rotation.

Our own firmament of stars, which we are not permitted to view as we view the nebulae, from a distance, reveals even to a beholder from within the fact of its rotation, as the progress of a sloop upon a river is revealed by the apparent motions of the trees upon the banks. Mädler has announced the discovery of the astounding fact that the entire firmament is describing a slow and majestic gyration about a centre which, to us, seems located in the Pleiades. In this common whirl of a million suns our sun participates, and, with his retinue of planets, moves forward through space at the rate of one hundred and fifty millions of

miles a year. And yet so vast is the circuit upon which he is launched that 18,200,000 years will have faded away before he shall have completed a single revolution.

If throughout all these boundless intervals of space a resisting ether is present—if it be a fact that a material fluid pervades all the wide realms which light has traversed, what is the conclusion which looms up as a consequence? Are we not compelled to recognize the fact that every sun in our firmament, as it journeys round and round in its circuit of millions of years, is slowly, but surely as Encke's comet, approaching the centre of its orbit? and in that most distant future, the contemplation of which almost paralyzes our powers of thought, is it not certain that all these suns must be piled together in a cold and lifeless mass?

I forbear to say more. With reverence I refrain from the attempt to lift the veil which conceals the destiny of other firmaments. I dare not hazard the inquiry whether an immensity of firmaments may not be executing their grand gyrations on a still larger scale; and whether these, in turn, may not be destined to a grander cosmical conglomeration. It is vain to push our conjectures farther. We have even here entered upon the borderland of infinite space. In the presence of Infinity, what can man do but bow his head and worship?

Reason assures us that somewhere the tendency to central aggregation must be stayed. A universe of worlds can never be gathered together in a single mass. Within the bounds of the visible we see all matter wending its way toward centres of gravity. Within the bounds of our firmament we see all matter tending toward one centre. Let us content ourselves to speak of this. This shall be our universe. This is the universe whose final aggregation into one mass we are compelled to contemplate.

SACRIFICE.

LORD, I have laid my heart upon Thy altar,
 But cannot get the wood to burn,
 It hardly flames ere it begins to falter,
 And to the dark return.

Old sap, or night-fallen dew, has damped the fuel;
 In vain my breath would flames provoke;
 Yet see! at every poor attempt's renewal
 To Thee ascends the smoke.

'Tis all I have—smoke, failure, foiled endeavour,
 Coldness and doubt and palsied lack,
 Such as I have I send Thee, Perfect Giver;
 Send Thou Thy lightning back!

THE LAST YEAR OF WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

BY THE REV. CARL F. ELTZHOLTZ.

ON *Thursday, Dec. 31, 1789*, we find the following entry while at Peckham :

"I preached at the new chapel; but to avoid the cramp, went to bed at ten o'clock. I was well served. I know not that I ever before felt so much of it in one night.

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

"*Sunday, Feb. 14, 1790*.—I preached a sermon to the children at West Street Chapel. They flocked together from every quarter, and truly God was in the midst of them, applying those words: 'Come, ye little children; hearken unto Me; and I will teach you the fear of the Lord!'

"*Tuesday, Feb. 16*.—I retired to Balham for a few days, in order for to finish my sermons, *and put all my little things in order.*

"*Monday, Feb. 22*.—We had a comfortable opportunity at West Street; and another on Tuesday evening at the new chapel, where we had also a solemn meeting of the leaders. *I submitted to importunity, and once more sat for my picture.* I would scarce believe myself the picture of one in his *eighty-seventh year.*

"*Sunday, March 14*, was a comfortable day. In the morning I met the Strangers' Society, instituted wholly for the relief, not of our society, but for poor, sick, friendless strangers. I do not know that I ever heard or read of such an institution till within a few years ago. *So this, also, is one of the fruits of Methodism.*

"*Friday, March 26*.—I finished my sermon on the wedding garment, *perhaps the last that I shall write.* My eyes are now waxed dim, my natural force is abated. *However, while I can, I would fain do a little for God before I drop into the dust.* In the evening I preached to a crowded audience at Salop, on 'Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace.' But I was much ashamed for them. The moment I had done speaking, I

*As I only wish to add very few remarks to the extracts from the Journal, I will put in *italics* the places I desire to call the reader's *special* attention to.

suppose fifty of them were talking all at once; and no wonder they had neither sense nor good manners, for they were gentle folks.

"April 4 (being Easter-day).—I think we had about one thousand six hundred communicants. I preached both morning and evening *without weariness*, and in the evening lay down in peace." (This was in Manchester.)

"Tuesday, May 25, 1790.—We returned to Aberdeen, and I took a solemn farewell of a crowded audience. If I should be permitted to see them again, well; if not, I have delivered my own soul.

"Friday, June 4, 1790.—We reached Newcastle. In this and Kingswood House, *were I to do my own will, I should choose to spend the short remainder of my days. But it cannot be; this is not my rest.*

"Tuesday, June 8.—I wrote a form for settling the preaching houses, without any superfluous words, which shall be used for the time to come, verbatim, for all the houses to which I contribute any thing. I will no more encourage that villanious tautology of lawyers, which is the scandal of our nation. In the evening I preached to *the children of our Sunday-school*, six or seven hundred of whom were present.

"Wednesday, June 9.—Having dispatched all the business I had to do here, in the evening I took a solemn leave of this lovely people, perhaps never to see them more in this life, and set out early in the morning." (As Mr. Wesley felt the time of his departure was drawing near, he went from place to place as a second Elijah to take leave of his spiritual children, to warn them once more, and to put everything in order before the chariot came down from heaven to take him home to the Lord.)

"Monday, June 28, 1790.—*This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For about eighty-six years, I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated; but last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help them. My strength likewise now quite forsook me; and probably will not return in this world, but I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted; and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till 'the weary springs of life stand still at last.'*

"Sunday, July 29, 1790.—I had none to assist in the service, and could not read the prayers myself; so I was obliged to shorten the service, which brought the prayers, sermon, and Lord's Supper within the compass of *three hours*. I preached in the afternoon near King's Square, and the hearts of the people bowed down before the Lord.

"*Sunday, Sept. 5, 1790, at Bath.*—At ten we had a numerous congregation, and more communicants than ever I saw here before. This day I cut off *that vile custom*, I know not when or how it began, of preaching three times a day by the same preacher to the same congregation; enough to weary out the bodies and minds of the speaker as well as his hearers.

"*Bristol, Monday, July 13,* and the three following days I met the classes of the society, which contain nine hundred and forty-four members.

"*Friday, Oct. 1, 1790.*—We purposed to return to Portsmouth (about twenty miles), it being a calm, sunshiny morning, in the wherry we came in; but a friend offering us a kind of hoy (large boat), we willingly accepted his offer. It was well we did, for as soon as we were out of the harbour the wind rose and the sea raged horribly. The wherry would soon have been swallowed up. The waves washed over us on both sides. Having no deck, *we were well soaked from head to foot*, but before noon we got safe to Portsmouth.

"*Wednesday, Oct. 13.*—In the evening I preached at Norwich; but the house would in nowise contain the congregation. How wonderfully is the tide turned! I am become an honourable man at Norwich.

"*Monday, Oct. 18.*—No coach going out for Lynn to-day. I was obliged to take a post-chaise. The wind, with mizzling rain, came full in our faces, and we had nothing to screen us from it, so that *I was thoroughly chilled from head to foot before I came to Lynn*. But I soon forgot *this little inconvenienc*; for which the earnestness of the congregation made me large amends.

"*Sunday, Oct. 24, 1790.*—I explained to a numerous congregation in Spitalfields church 'The whole armour of God.' St. Paul's, Shadwell, was still more crowded in the afternoon, while I enforced that important truth, 'One thing is needful,' and I hope many, even then, resolved to choose the better part."

This is the end of Mr. Wesley's Journal. We have followed him during the year 1790, until October 24. Who can read these *few extracts* from his Journal without admiring the holy zeal and the self-denying love that urged this aged patriarch forward to suffer and to labour for God and humanity until he at last, as a golden ripe fruit, dropped down in the loving hand of his divine Master, to be carried home to the mansions prepared, shouting, "The best of all is, God is with us." "I'll praise, I'll praise!" "Farewell!"

When Mr. Wesley died one hundred years ago he left in connection with his societies in Europe, America and West India

80,000 members and 312 preachers. *Ninety-nine* years after his death *world-wide Methodism* has 41,056 itinerant ministers, 92,353 local preachers, 6,290,665 lay members—a total lay and ministerial membership of 6,331,112, and a total Methodist population throughout the world of about 30,000,000; that is, *about one-fourth of Protestantism*. [Later statistics show that these figures should be considerably enlarged.] We have in that comparatively short time become so numerous that *one* Methodist is ushered through the gates of eternity every *ten* minutes the year round. “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

BY ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: “Be not afraid!”

“Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know,
Restore again to life,” I said,
“This one who died an hour ago.”
He smiled: “She is not dead!”

“Asleep then, as Thyself didst say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!”
He smiled: “She doth not sleep!”

“Nay, then, tho’ haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!”
He smiled: “She is not gone!”

“Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross.”
He smiled: “There is no such!”

“Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are.”
He smiled: “And I am here!”

“Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?”
He smiled: “Abide in Me!”

REX MACARTHY.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

"It isn't in your belt a' the keys o' the country-side hang, Jim Banks. And may be, stranger, if yo'd feel to stop and ask the overman it's a different answer yo'd get."

The speaker was one of a group of yawning, pale-faced pitmen standing at the Lowther Shaft, and the "stranger" was a tall, good-looking fellow in collier's clothes, who had just asked Jim Banks if he "could get a job in the mine," and been curtly told, "No, he couldn't."

Just then a gaunt, sinewy form, with a grisly aspect, came stalking toward them. He had a candle stuck in his cap and a miner's appearance.

"That's John Bowles, stranger; it's a civil word he'll give you anyway."

The stranger nodded and smiled, and, with the light of the smile still on his face, turned to the overman.

"John Bowles," he said, "I want a job; can you give me one?"

"What's yo're name, friend?"

"Rex Macarthy."

"What can yo' do?"

"I could be a hewer."

"In high seams?"

"Yes, in high seams."

"In course. Yo'd niver bend them long legs and yo're long back enough for some o' our lile seams; but we've one or two'll hold yo're inches, and there's other wark beside. I'll gie yo' a pound a week."

"Done."

"Are yo' ready now, man?"

"Now."

"Then down yo' go."

And in the swinging, banging, bounding basket down Rex went—down through a thousand feet of darkness. Bowles' practised eye watched his descent. "Yon chap's no pitman. The basket were as new to him as it were to me forty years ago."

All the more, however, he admired the pluck and address with which Rex had taken his turn; and, if "no pitman," he wielded the pick-axe like a giant. Before night Bowles was well aware that he had made a good bargain. Just before the hour for "loosing" he sought out the little fellow whose friendly words had encouraged Rex to speak to him in the morning. He found him in a corner full of floating coal-dust, barely lit by three or four candles stuck in bits of clay. He was lying on his back, nearly naked, and with a small pick working away at the seam a couple of feet above him.

"Will Hewitt!"

The man turned his glimmering eyes toward the overman.

"There's a chap int' pit to-day, a raw hand, I'm thinking; m'appen yo' could do for him. Phœbe's a tidy wench, and a kind one, too. I'd be loth for him to come to ill folk."

"Ift' misses likes, I'm none again' it."

Just then a long, shrill, resonant cry came from the top of the shaft, "Loose! l-o-o-s-e! l-o-o-s-e!" It was taken up by the men below, and rung from gallery to gallery and from mouth to mouth, until the men and boys in the remotest recesses had heard the welcome sound.

Bowles' suspicions were strengthened by the fact that Rex did not understand this mode of dismissal. He had to go to him and say:

"There's no clocks nor bells here, my lad; yon's the 'loosening' cry. Up yo' go!"

When he got to the top of the shaft he found Will Hewitt waiting for him, and after a few words together the two went toward the pit-village. No village could have been uglier or more depressing than these long rows of brick cabins in their desolate dirtiness. The black ground, the black gutters, the patches of blackened grass, the black, weary men, and the still blacker and wearier children traipsing homeward, oppressed him frightfully. A vision that would not be put away intensified, by contrast, this dreadful picture—a vision of a great white house set in sweet old garden-ways, and guarded by steadfast hills lifting bare heads to the blue skies above them.

He was so occupied with this vision that he scarcely heard the occasional sentences with which Hewitt tried to interest him. Yet they cost Hewitt some effort of courtesy and self-denial, for men who have been hewing coal all day in desolate, cramped corners are usually silent men until their bath and dinner have restored them to themselves.

Still, amid all his preoccupation and weariness, Rex was glad to see that Hewitt left the most squalid cottages behind them, and approached one of the very cleanest and most inviting of a row of larger and more respectable dwellings. It had even a little garden-plot in front, where, in spite of the coally atmosphere, some primroses and pansies were blooming. The door-stone was pipe-clayed, and a white muslin curtain hung behind a brilliant show of geraniums in the window.

Hewitt may be excused the pride with which he opened his door and ushered the stranger into his home. Colliers all have large fires, but Will's glowed over a hearth as white as snow. Colliers generally indulge in furniture far above their station, but Will's mahogany bedstead and chest of drawers and eight-day clock were spotlessly bright and clean. Strips of gay carpet made the scoured floor look picturesque. Showy china, bright tins and brasses, patched quilt and cushions, and a perfect luxury of spotless pillows, gave to the small apartments a kind of bright and homely beauty to which no heart could be insensible.

Not the least pleasant feature in this picture was a little rosy, smiling dumpling of a woman setting a round table before the cosy hearthstone. It was not lawful or usual for Will to enter by the front door when he came from the pit, and any wife might have justly got a little cross at two such dirty intruders. But Phœbe only made them stand still while she ran for a strip of sacking for them to walk on.

"It's to the back kitchen an' the wash-tubs you'll go first, my lads!" she said; but she shook her head at Will, and nodded and smiled at Rex, in a way that made both men feel as if life might be a possibility—nay, even a kind of good thing in spite of all. An hour afterward, when they had become white men again, when they had drunk a pot of strong tea, and eaten between them a joint of meat and a pan of browned potatoes, Will was quite sure of it. He drew his arm-chair to the chimney-corner, lighted his pipe, and watched Phœbe "tidying up," with a full sense of content. Life can be complete in very small measures, and Will's cup was full.

Happily, Rex and he had a hobby in common: both were fond of music. Will got out his violin, played a few dolorous tunes, and then, with an air of intense satisfaction, handed it to Rex. Rex took it at first reluctantly, but, after a few bars, the mighty passion mastered him, and he played and played until, in his own enthusiasm, he did not notice that Phœbe was crying softly to herself, and Will, with a hand on each knee, was watching him with the same soft, charmed expression that a baby sung to sleep wears.

After that Rex did as he pleased with Phœbe and Will Hewitt.

"He's no' just a common lad," said Phœbe, a few weeks later, to one of her cronies. "He'll niver let me lift a heavy weight or do a hard job if he's round; an', as for music and flowers, he just extraor'nar'! If he'd nobbut go to chapel he'd be a lad in a thousand."

Perhaps among the pitmen he was scarcely so well understood; yet a good deal of what they called his "quality ways" were forgiven for the sake of his unfailing kindness to the "lile lads," who spent their wretched youth harnessed with ropes and cut by cords, dragging heavy coal-baskets out of seams so low that horses could not be used. No one struck the weary children if they fell asleep or gave out in Rex's presence; for he had a habit of striking back for the children, and people who felt Rex's hand once never cared about feeling it again. He had days of sulking, too, when he ate his hunk of bread and bacon at noon in the great coal-hall where the men gathered without a word or smile. But, then, when he did choose to join in a game of bowls or quoits, or to fiddle to their rude and noisy dancing, he was the very king of good fellows.

One evening, when he had been working several months in the Lowther Pit, he came home in unusually low spirits. It was harvest time, and all day long in the dreary darkness he had

been unable to forget the windy wheat and the happy labourers in the yellow meadow-lands. He heard Phœbe laughing and talking in the front room, and, supposing there was company, he almost mechanically took more than usual pains with his appearance. Very glad was he of it when he "went forward," for at the sunny window beside the white muslin and the scarlet geranium sat a very pretty girl.

"This is Bessie—my little Bessie," said the proud mother; and Rex looked and wondered, and wondered and looked. For Bessie was like none of the collier's daughters he had ever seen. She was prettily clad in blue muslin, and the dress, folded carefully back, showed a snowy petticoat and stockings, and neat little low shoes tied with bows of black ribbon. There were a real lace ruffle and a pretty pink ribbon at her throat; her hands were white and soft; her skin fresh and fair; her whole appearance sweet, modest and refined.

Rex knew something of Bessie. Over and over again he had heard of the "well-to-do aunt, under-housekeeper of Lowther Castle," through whose influence Bessie had been taken into my lady's nursery. How it was he could not tell, but the moment Bessie looked into his face a new daybreak shone over his life. That moment he loved her.

Bessie had brought good news: she had been promoted, and would have a day "off" every two weeks. Rex could scarcely hold his cup when he heard it. Such a tea-table as that was can only be found in Loveland. Then, after tea, he walked with Bessie and Will over the fields to Lowther Castle. The harvest-moon was in the sky; they had lost sight of the slag, and cinders, and coal dust; they had come from a land like the mouth of hell into one fragrant with ripe wheat and dropping apples, and by-and-by they were among the beeches and lawns of Lowther Park.

Then Will kissed Bessie, and bade her "be a good lass and read her Bible;" and Rex held the soft little hand for a moment in his. If he had kissed her, too, it would have been nothing out of the way. Collier customs would have quite permitted the freedom, but it never entered Rex's mind to take it.

Next morning Rex was in one of his darkest moods. The weather had suddenly changed; it was cold and wet, and Will declared he was too sick to go to work. Rex went alone to the pit-mouth, and stood for shelter under the blackened sheds till the banksman was ready to send them down. Every one seemed cross, and many were complaining to the wasteman of "bad air" in the pit. Suddenly a pompous little man in the dress of a constable appeared among them, and in an authoritative voice asked for one David Hartly. A rapid movement of the men put Dave in the background, and his fellows, with anything but a civil remark, said, "Dave was down pit." Nothing daunted, the man of law demanded to be let down in search of him.

"Put him down, an' be hanged to him!" said several men, in tones which might have alarmed any prudent man.

Rex approached the officer. "You'll be a wise man to stay above-ground, sir."

"I'm no coward, by George!" It's my duty to secure David Hartly, and I'll do it if I go to——"

"I've warned you. Do as you like."

The banksman expressed perfect willingness to "put him down," and perfect ignorance of Dave's whereabouts in the pit—though't m'appen the *viewers* knew; it was none of his business."

"I'll go down with the gentleman," said Rex, seizing the rope, and down they went together. When they got to the bottom of the shaft, Rex said: "If you've had enough of this, sir, I'll see you to the top again. You'd better go back."

"No, I'll have my man."

"Very well; yonder is one of the viewers. I must go to my seam."

Rex thought no more of the constable until noon. Then, in the great hall where the men gathered, he heard them flavouring their bread and bacon with rude jokes about him. Dave Hartly was merriest of all; whatever trouble there had been was evidently settled. Rex was thinking of very different things. When he went home Will was worse; he had a high fever, and Phoebe said she "felt raytherly baddish." Before midnight Rex was walking rapidly into Whitehaven for a doctor; Will was delirious and Phoebe very ill.

Next day he did not leave Will. Just before five o'clock the man in his delirium said something about the pit and a constable. It was as if some one had struck Rex.

"What do you say, Will?" he asked; and the sick man muttered in a kind of horror: "The rats! The rats! He'll no fight 'em much longer!"

Rex seized his leather cap and ran to the pit. The men were just "loosed."

"What time, banksman, did yon constable come up yesterday?" he asked.

"I dunnot know."

Rex got the same answer from every pitman he saw, sometimes joined with anything but kindly sentiments. He went back to the banksman.

"Where is John Bowles?"

"Gone home for his dinner."

Rex followed him. It was not easy to alarm Bowles:

"The constable," he said, "was sure to come up first chance; half an hour would show him he'd lose himself a heap quicker'n he'd find Dave Hartly—special' if Dave didn't want to be found."

"But no one saw him come up, and Will Hewitt said some grewsome words about him."

"Will Hewitt's out o' his head; but if yo' really think the fellow is down-pit all this time I'll go down wi' yo'! John Bowles isn't t' chap to see his worst enemy die i' a coal-pit!"

The overman's questioning received more attention. A few

minutes sufficed to alarm Bowles. He saw his Davy lamps were in perfect order, and, examining thoroughly his map of the mine, went down with Rex.

They went first to the great hall, and Bowles left there a light and a map.

"Every twenty minutes, Rex, yo'll come back here. All the seams run fro' this place. Yo'll take that side, I'll take this; if t' chap's in t' pit we'll find him 'fore long."

They came back once and separated again; then, before Rex had finished his second exploration, Bowles heard his voice calling frantically for help. In a few moments they ran against each other.

"Bowles! Bowles! Your brandy-flask!—the man is on his face in Patrick's old seam—and Will is right; there are more rats around and over him than you can count!"

Bowles pushed Rex aside and ran first. He knew every turn of the pit as a policeman knows his beat; and when Rex arrived he had raised the man and was trying to pour brandy down his throat. From every cranny and dim recess gleamed the half-sagacious eyes of the cruel pit-rat, bold with hunger and numbers, and scarcely to be driven away, even by blows.

"He's gotten' his death, I'm feared."

They carried him quickly to the hall and laid him down as tenderly as if he had been a sick child. Then Rex uttered a cry of horror. It was evident that the last act of the unfortunate creature had been to turn on his face, in order to protect it, when he had no longer the strength to fight his accumulating foes.

"See here, Bowles!—and here!—and here! What brutes men must be to do such a cruel deed!"

"Easy, my chap—easy; he's much to blame himself. Anybody living near coal-pits knows that it's a dangerous road to tak' yo'r own way in a mine. I was all o' two years learning th' old an' new seams; why, there's nigh on forty miles of passages if you'll put 'em all together."

It was nearly dark when Rex solemnly took his way home. The thought of what he had left under the sheds made him not only sorrowful but angry, and the groups of pit-boys playing in the black streets, or fighting out with knotty fists some underground quarrel, added to his anger. He soon came to the village ale-house. Upon the patch of blackened grass in front of it a group of colliers sat, each one with his favorite bull-dog between his legs. They were bragging of their prowess, and taking bets upon the next Saturday's fights.

Rex strode in among them like an accusing spirit. "Dave Hartly, yon man that came to seek you yesterday morn is dead. John Bowles and I found him in Patrick's old corner."

The news made small impression on the group. "Twere only a constable." Constables were the natural enemies of colliers. If the man would go down-pit it was none of their business to hinder him; none of them had orders to leave their work and

conduct him about the dangerous underground city. They had no fear of punishment until the law could define not only the guilty party, but also the fault; and the coroner's verdict of "accidental death" made their consciences quite comfortable. Dave Hartly, indeed, said it was "far too mild," and that they ought to have decided that he "died by his own daftness."

But when Saturday came most of the men had something else to think of than their bull-dogs and bets. The fever had spread like a plague. Scarcely a cottage had escaped. Strange hands were working the pit, and Rex and those still well had enough to do to give the barest attention to the dead and dying. Rex seemed to know neither fatigue nor end of resources. He went from house to house, controlling the raving men, helping the women, nursing the children. By some persuasion he got doctors, and induced bakers to bring bread to within a little distance of the infected village. In short, he was the human arm on which two hundred families leaned.

This did not seem a good time for the growth of love, and yet in the short, solemn meetings he and Bessie had at Lowther stile—when he took her news of her parents, dried her tears, and comforted her with growing hopes—love found all the food it needed. Bessie became very dear to Rex, and Rex to Bessie; and, though no promise had been asked or given, they knew very well that they belonged to each other forever.

But time and the hour run through the hardest days. The fever died at last, and those who had escaped from its clutches were beginning to creep into the winter sunshine again. Will Hewitt was talking of going to work. How he had lived for nearly three months without it he could not tell, and Rex would not suffer him to ask. One evening Phœbe was slowly "tidying up," and Will and Rex sat looking into the fire; all of them were silent and thoughtful. Presently Will took a queer-looking white paper out of the Bible. It was divided into little squares, each square containing a figure, and was a "plan" of the Methodist services in the Whitehaven Circuit.

"Mr. Huddleston's going to preach to-night, wife. I'd fain go."

"Thou can't go, Will."

Will looked at the paper longingly, and folded it back with a sigh.

"I'll go with you, Will."

"But, Rex, thou dunnot like the Methodys."

"No, but I like thee, Will; and if thy heart is set on going, I'll see thee safe there and home."

So Will and Rex walked to the little ugly brick room called a "chapel;" and then, after all, Rex went in, too—for he wanted to think, and the congregation would likely trouble him less than Phœbe. He heard the singing, and felt a kind of pang in contrasting the weak notes with the hearty shouts at which he had often laughed three months ago. But, beyond this fact he noticed nothing until the preacher said:

"Friends! You have all heard of Billy Dawson?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" "Yes!" from voices in all parts of the room.

"What of him?"

"He can throw any wrestler in Cumberland!"

"He's got the best bull-dogs in the county!"

"And the gamest cocks!"

"He's coming to preach to you next Sunday night; he is one of yourselves; treat him fairly, lads, an' hear what he has got to tell you. It is true that he has no 'call' from the Conference, but that he has one from heaven I think none of you will deny."

To Will this news was wonderful; he could think of nothing else, and was in his weakness as impatient as a child for Sunday to come. Rex, too, was not devoid of curiosity. Billy Dawson, as a boxer, wrestler and sporting-man, had been, he knew, a kind of authority on such subjects, even with men far above him in station. So, when Sunday came, he went willingly enough with Will to chapel.

The preacher's face struck him in a peculiar manner; he had a remembrance of it, and yet he was quite sure he had never before seen Billy Dawson. He thought over all the sporting haunts he knew, and failed to place him. Twenty years later he would have dismissed the subject with the assurance "that he had seen his likeness in some sporting paper," but then illustrated papers were hardly in existence.

He heard but little of the sermon, though the sobs and ejaculations around him testified as to its power, until the preacher, in telling the story of his conversion, said:

"Just beyond Workington I met a young chap as seemed inclined to be friendly like. The road were lonely, an' I'd naught again' a crack, special' as he knew a' about dogs, an' game birds, and wrestling. He was a handsome, free-spoken lad, an' when we came to Martha Dian's public he said: 'We've all o' three miles to walk yet; let us have a warm bite an' I'll pay the lawing.'"

Here Rex looked intently at the preacher and then dropped his head again.

"Well, lads, we had some steak and brandy. The steak did me good, the brandy put the devil in me. When we went on again I were full o' my brag, an' soon shifted talk from games to game. I boasted o' my poaching, and told wi' many a jeer o' the quality I 'took my rights from.' I noticed the lad got silent, an' when he did speak he said: 'Yo're a ripe rascal. If we hadn't eat out of the same dish I'd thrash yo' well, an' then send yo' to Botany Bay.'"

Again Rex looked queerly up, and became very excited and restless.

"Then I were mad as mad, an' I said, 'I'll gie yo' a throw as 'ull settle yo', my lad, an' then I'm going straight to Levens' Woods. That silly young squire an' his vixen o' a mother have kept me pretty well in hares an' pheasants for three years.'

"Then I knew naught more—the lad must have felled me at

once. Three weeks afterward I comed back to my senses in th' Methody preacher's house. I were in his bed, an' his wife an' he were nursing me. I'd had a fever, an' been to the gates o' death an' hell. Well, I'd better company coming back from them than I had going there, an' so I'm a saved man; thanks be to God, an' the preacher, and the lad who felled me, whoever he be."

Rex stood up and sat down and then stood up again.

"Billy Dawson," he said, "I'm the lad that felled you. I am Squire Wrexham Levens, of Levens Park; and by your mouth to-night the heaviest burden has been lifted from me that ever man bore. I thought I had killed you, and I went home and told my mother what I had done, and she said: "Rex, go to the Lowther Pit; if the man were dead and you were recognized as his last companion, I shall— Nonsense! you are in France, and no one will look for Levens of Levens in a pitman's village and dress.' There I have waited ever since, partly because it was too soon to show myself, and partly because I hoped I was in some degree atoning for the knock-down I gave you by the help I have been able to render these poor souls in their great calamity."

"Well, Levens, I forgive you wi' all my heart for the knock-down I gotton fro' you. It raised me up, an' made a man of me."

Rex walked up to him and with a frank smile offered his hand, which was promptly and cordially shaken, amid the outspoken sympathy of all present.

"Pit-boys are no fools," said Jim Banks, as he walked home amid a crowd of them, "an' yo'll all mind, now, that at the very first we nicknamed him 'Gentleman Rex.'"

The next day Madame Levens, sitting thinking of her son, and devising means to bring home her banished, was amazed to see him walk into the house in his proper clothing and his old jovial spirits.

"It has turned out better than I expected, Rex," she said, when he had told her all; "now let us hear no more about it."

But that was just the thing impossible for Rex. That nine months in the Lowther Pit was intended to colour and form his future life, and he was far too conscientious to avoid it. In the first place, Will and Phœbe were removed to a lovely country cottage, where Will grew pansies and played dolorous tunes, and led a class-meeting to the end of his innocent life. There Bessie had teachers and dressmakers, and when, at the end of two years, Rex took her home as his wife, every one confessed that there had never been a fairer Lady of Levens.

But the advantages did not stop with Rex, or Rex's wife or kindred; they have touched with blessing every pitman and every pitman's wife and children in England. For by his pen and purse, and more than all by his powerful pleading in Parliament, Rex has abolished so many of the pitmen's wrongs, and procured them so many advantages, that the great coal lords nickname him with polite scorn, "Our Great Coal Commoner."

FARMER HOLROYD'S HARVEST SUPPER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.*

BY J. JACKSON WRAY.



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

THERE was no small stir at Gaythorpe Grange, for farmer Holroyd's harvest was all reaped and gathered and stacked; and the annual harvest supper, with which the happy event was to be celebrated, was just about to come off. For some weeks past all had been business and bustle at the Grange Farm: stalwart men, sturdy women, strong lads and buxom lasses had been working with such a will, that all the broad acres of golden wheat, bearded barley, and trembling oats were stripped of their glory, and barns and stack-yard were crowded with the autumn treasures resulting from a year of toil. Not only had the grain been safely gathered, but the yield was far above the average. No wonder, therefore, that Farmer Holroyd's face, always round and cheery, was rounder and cheerier than ever; no wonder that

*This is one of a series of admirable penny tracts, published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

this harvest supper, in point of bulk and bounty, was intended to put all its predecessors into the shade.

The burly farmer's satisfaction was all the greater because the weather, which had been exceptionally fine, "broke" almost directly after the "last load" had been brought home. It was now making up for past forbearance by bringing such storms of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that Geordie Meggit, a gray-headed old servitor, whose seventy odd years had been chiefly spent upon the farm, declared that he had "niver seen nowt like it, since Gaythrup brig was wshed away mair than fifty year ago." For farmer Holroyd, however, the weather seemed to have a special favour, for on the all-important day which was to be crowned with the best of harvest suppers, the wind contented itself with blowing a gentle breeze, and the heat, as everybody said, was "like midsummer." No rain had fallen for full four-and-twenty hours, and the deep blue sky was lightly flecked with little fleecy clouds, whose whiteness only served to give a deeper, richer hue to the azure depths beyond. Old Geordie Meggit, however, whose weather-wisdom was unchallenged, shook his head when congratulations were offered on the fineness of the day.

"Niver prayse a feyn day till neet," said the old veteran to Joe Harland, the foreman. "Ah neeather like t' leek on't nor t' feel on't. It's ower feyn, an' its ower warm te be relied on, an' it's cum ower sudden te last. Leek yonder i' t' soo-west, wheear t' sky leeaks as though it wer paynted leek-culler! Ah tell tha' 'at it 'll bloa greeat guns wi' thunner te 'elp it, an' rain hard aneef te hoaf swilled sta' garth away, afoore Garrowby clock strikes ten;" and so saying, Geordie Meggit turned away as one whose *ipse dixit* left no doubt behind.

The festive party, consisting of the labourers and their wives, local tradesmen who were at times engaged on the farm in their respective callings, a few favoured neighbours, and the entire family of Farmer Holroyd, gathered round the spacious tables in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, prepared to do abundant justice to the feast. When the work of carving and serving out the first supplies was over, the farmer laid down his huge carving knife, and, with the view of opening up a general conversation, said:

"Well, Huddleston! What's the news? Anything fresh stirring in the neighbourhood?"

Huddleston was the village saddler, and as his shop was a resort for gossipers, and he himself was regarded as something of a wag, the farmer naturally thought that something might be expected from him.

"Nay," said the saddler, "the only thing fresh that I know of is yeast. That's generally going in for a rise."

The wit was neither striking nor original; but when people gather together on purpose to be pleased, a very little will effect the object, and so the venture was received with loud laughter. Emboldened by the success of his first essay, the saddler tried again.

"Why, yes. There's something else that's fresh. They say that the Methodist Parson's comin' to Gaythorpe to preach on t' green. So, most likely, when you come our way next time, we shall all be 'convarted,' as they call it. That'll be fresh, surely, for we're a set o' thumpin' sinners!"

Again the saddier was successful, and another roar of laughter greeted his "news." James Johnson, the carpenter, however, and Leonard Gordon, the shepherd, not only neglected to join in the laugh, but both of them wore a sort of self-conscious look which betrayed some knowledge of, and sympathy with, the intention of the Methodist parson referred to. It was pretty generally known that both these men had gone repeatedly to the distant market town of Garrowby on a Sunday to hear him, and that the shepherd, at any rate, had become one of the despised people called Methodists. The usual cheery look went off Farmer Holroyd's face, and was replaced by a scowl, as he said:

"They're a pack of vermin! If any of 'em were to set foot on the Grange Farm, I'd give 'em a horse-whipping that would make 'em sore for a twelvemonth. A hypocritical set of canting humbugs. That's what they are! Let him come this way, and give *us* a sermon! Eh, lads?" said he, looking round on his farm servants. "There's the horsepond on one side, an' there's t' gravel-pit on t'other, and he should have his choice."

The farmer's look of inquiry was answered by a general response to the effect that the horsepond first, and then the gravel-pit should be at his disposal.

It may be well to explain here, that the early Methodist Preachers had, for some time past, paid infrequent visits to the town of Garrowby, with those startling results of rude persecution and remarkable conversions which generally attended those mighty men of valour, the "helpers of John Wesley" and their immediate successors. Owing to some local influence, of which, probably, the carpenter and the shepherd were aware, it had been announced that the village of Gaythorpe was to be invaded by the men who were turning "the world upside down."

Farmer Holroyd's antipathy to the wandering "Gospellers" was common enough in his day, and was, moreover, intensified by two facts. He had been seriously defrauded by a Garrowby miller who was openly identified with the new sect; and he was also the Vicar's churchwarden, and so regarded himself as the official defender of Mother Church from the raids and encroachments of unauthorized pretenders. Farmer Holroyd hated the new-fangled meddlers, and we may take it for granted that he would have regarded neither the horsepond nor the gravel-pit as at all an unfit location for the "pestilent fellows" who were proclaiming the new crusade.

"Ah deean't knoa what t' Methodies want to cum oor way for," quoth old Geordie Meggit. "We've deean without 'em up te noo, an' ah knoa'n't what for we can't deea without 'em yit. They tell me 'at they gau groanin' an' 'owlin' aboot as though they were laid skin-bare in a whin-bush. T' chotch hcz deean weel aneef for me an'——"

"Why, Geordie!" said James Johnson, "hoo offen d'ye gooa te chotch? Hae yo' ivver been sin' yo' were wed? Ah reckon that's about fifty years sin'."

"Hod thi' din!" quoth Geordie, who had no desire to be catechised on that subject. "Thoo's a bit ov a Methody thi'sen."

"Ay?" said Farmer Holroyd. "I hope not, or he shall never swing his axe at Gaythorpe Grange again. I won't have 'em, either in house or garden, field or barn, as long as my name's Jabez Holroyd. Let's change the subject, it's enough to turn the bear as sour as thunder could."

Just at that moment a mighty peal of thunder came crashing over the heads of the startled company, and in the hush of silence that succeeded they heard the dash of the rain, which was being driven like charges of shot against the window-panes. The wind howled in the angles and whistled in the crannies, amid peals of thunder, and flashes of lightning so bright as to pale the lamps and candles, and temporarily to blind the eyes of the guests, who leaped from their seats in wonder and alarm.

"My word!" said Farmer Holroyd, "but this *is* a storm! It's awful, and——"

Before he could finish the sentence, another and even louder crash, booming and rattling like a park of artillery, cut short his words, and a fierce blaze of red lightning lit up features that were deadly pale with affright. The women shrieked, and Mrs. Holroyd's cap, with its wealth of bright-hued ribbon, was sore maltreated as she bent her head in her hands and buried both in the lap of her eldest daughter, who was evidently as stout of heart as she was buxom in shape and size.

Whether Johnson, the carpenter, spoke in sarcasm or solemn earnest may not be said for certain, but he remarked:

"Ah sudn't wunder if some o' yo' ain't been rayther ower hard on t' Methodist Parsons. They tell me 'at they're awk'ard chaps to meddle wi', an' their prayers 'ez deean wonderful things afoore te-day. It wad mebbe be as weel to be a bit cautious like."

"Methodist Parsons be hanged!" said the irate farmer, and straightway a scorching glare blazed round, and a thunder-clap, beneath the force of which the very house reeled, made the frightened guests cower in spasmodic fear.

"Jabez! Jabez! don't say it any more," said Mrs. Holroyd; for she, at any rate, was not anxious to anger the spirits who might be supposed to make the Methodists their special charge. Then followed the sound of a new and heavier down-pour of rain and the mighty rush of the waters in the swollen beck a little distance from the house.

"My word!" said old Meggit, "but them 'at's oot to-neet 'll get a sooakin'. Ah wop t' brig's all right, or——"

A vigorous knock at the front door, three or four times repeated, checked the old man's words, and was followed by the sound of a horse's hoofs, pawing either in terror or impatience.

Farmer Holroyd himself responded to the call, and opening the

door, perceived a tall form enveloped in a long cloak. One hand held the bridle of his horse, the other held on his head the dripping hat, which otherwise would have made swift sport for the wind that swept by in one continuous roar, and almost beat back the breath of farmer Holroyd as he stood grasping the pillar of the porch.

"Shelter, if you please, for the love of God! Either in house, or barn, or stable; for surely never mortal man was out in a wilder storm than this!"

"Come in, come in!" said the farmer. "Here, Bill! take the horse; rub him well down with a wisp of straw and give him some fodder. Come in, Sir! Come in! you're very welcome."

Once fairly in the glow of fire, lamp, and candle, it was seen that the new-comer was a tall and noble-looking man, a little over middle age, with white hair cut very short, and standing off from brow and temple as if under the influence of electricity. Beneath a pair of dark eyebrows, in which there was scarcely one white hair, there twinkled a pair of bright blue eyes. A somewhat prominent nose, a broad, intellectual brow, a well-shapen mouth and chin, the latter closely shaven, completed a picture both attractive and imposing.

"I'm sincerely sorry," said he, bowing low before Mrs. Holroyd and glancing at the festive display, "to intrude with such scant ceremony. I'm afraid, Madam, that just now I am a very wet blanket and likely to cast a damp upon your merriment." The witty remark was accompanied by a full, open smile, and so rich a twinkle from the blue eyes, that he won that good lady's heart at once.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said she, warmly. "We are very glad, I'm sure, to give you shelter. Don't say another word."

"Thank you, Madam; as I'm literally dropping with excuses, I will drop them, and thankfully accept your kindness."

While the farmer's daughters were absent foraging for some dry linen for their unexpected guest, the worthy farmer was aiding him to get rid of his outer habiliments.

The unknown visitor was speedily on the best of terms with the whole company, and it was clear that they regarded him as a very welcome accession.

"Now, then," said the farmer, when the girls returned, "come and change your clothes. You and I are much of a build, though I don't know how you'll look in mine."

During the stranger's brief absence, the supper, which had been all but suspended by the episode of the thunderstorm and the new arrival, was resumed, and conversation was again at full swing. James Johnson was carrying on pantomimic converse with Gordon, the shepherd, who was seated at the opposite table. It was evident that wonder, amusement, and secrecy were all telegraphed to and fro. When the stranger reappeared, he cut a very different figure from the limp and dripping mortal who, all wind-battered and wet, had come in out of the tempestuous night.

He had donned the farmer's corduroy breeches and drab gaiters, his yellow waistcoat with deep flaps over the pockets, his brown velveteen shooting jacket with brass buttons, and around his neck was a voluminous red-and-white neckerchief, such as the farmer used to wear at Garrowby market and Gaythorpe church. The carpenter and the shepherd exchanged glances, and had to make swift use of their pocket-handkerchiefs and an impromptu cough to smother a burst of laughter that would have startled all the company. Inserting his thumbs in each pocket of his waistcoat, the stranger approached the hospitable landlord, who wore a broad grin on his face, and said:

"If you'll kindly prick me with a pin, farmer, it'll settle the question as to whether it's you or I, when one of us shouts 'O!'"

And amid another chorus of merriment the stranger took the seat provided for him by the side of his genial hostess and her daughters. His pleasant talk, and clear, attractive voice soon gave him a monopoly of the conversation; and while he evidently laid himself out, successfully, to interest his auditors, it soon became equally evident that a soberizing influence began to pervade the assembly, though the pleasantness grew none the less.

"Isn't he nice?" whispered Sally Holroyd to her eldest sister, and the question was answered with an emphatic nod.

Taking advantage of a brief lull in the conversation, old Geordie Meggit, unwilling to be longer ignored, said:

"It's a waint rough neet, Sor."

"It *is* a rough night," said the unknown, looking benignly on the speaker. "I say, you've seen a great many rough nights in your time, I know. Why, you must have seen fourscore Christmas-days, if not more."

"Nay, nut queyat, bud ah isn't far off. Ah's gannin' o' seventy-nine, an' ah've been on 't Grange Farm ivver sin' ah wer' eight year aud, when ah com' te be a bod-tenter."

"A bod-tenter! What's that, I wonder?"

"Why, flayin' bods (birds) off o' t' corn, yo' knoa, wiv a rattle. Ah've been here ivver sin'. Ah reckon it's nigh seventy year sin'."

"Dear me!" said the stranger, kindly. "It's a great honour to see you, old friend, and to make your acquaintance;" and so, rising, he shook the old man warmly by the hand and gained his heart for evermore.

"Farmer, I have just had an introduction to your old servant here, who tells me he has been on the farm for the full Bible space of threescore years and ten."

"Yes," said the farmer, 'old Geordie belongs to the Grange; I'm free to say that he's an old servant and a good one.'

"God bless you, old man!" quoth the guest. "What a grand thing it would be if we were all as good servants to our Heavenly Master! Then we should all hear Him say, when the time comes to go up yonder (looking reverently upward): 'Well done, good and faithful servant, . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' God help us! We should all like to hear Him say that."

"Hey," said the carpenter, glad to help now that he saw how things were moving; "that'll be a grand harvest-supper te sit doon at, an' t' harvest 'll last for ivver."

"Prayse God!" said Leonard Gordon, whose heart always lay near his lips when religion was the topic, and eager to lend, as he hoped, a helping hand. "The Lord pays good wayges while t' work's bein' deean, bud it'll be glorious when it *is* deean, an' heaven's won."

"Ah say, shippard," said Wetherill, the blacksmith, "isn't that a bit o' Methody talk 'at tho' 'ears when tho' gaus to Garrowby?"

Bob Wetherill was an ungainly and cross-tempered fellow, whose peculiar talents lay in drinking and fighting, and whose antipathy to Methodism was a savage hate. Farmer Holroyd pricked up his ears at the mention of Methodists, and bringing his hand down upon the table with a force that made the crockery clatter, he said:

"I'll have no Methodism here! Good religious talk, such as we've had," said he, looking at his guest, "is good anywhere; but the Methodists are all canters. Hey! and I'll have no Methodist sheep either, they're sure to have the scab. So let them that has care of 'em look out."

There was no misunderstanding this pointed reference; and it was felt that the shepherd's days of service were numbered as far as the Grange Farm was concerned.

"Hadn't we better change the subject?" said the stranger, quietly, as one who would sprinkle oil on troubled waters.

"Hey," said the farmer, recovering his good temper. "But I never can hear the name of the hateful Methodists——"

A blinding flash! a chorus of screams! and the awful crash of a thunder-boom cut the farmer's speech short, and James Johnson couldn't help saying:

"Mebbe it wad be as weel to say nowt aboot t' Methodies here. Ah deean't feel comfortable;" and again the awful terrors of the sky shook the house to its very foundations. And now flash followed flash with scarce a moment between, and a real awe and a dead silence fell upon the stricken company. The stranger stood upon his feet, lifted a rapt gaze heavenward, and solemnly repeated the word's of the Psalmist:

"The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: Thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook. Say unto God, How terrible art Thou in Thy works! through the greatness of Thy power shall Thine enemies submit themselves unto Thee!"

"O God!" he prayed, "we will submit; be not angry with us forever." Turning a commanding countenance upon the still and softened audience, he stretched forth his hand, and said:

"Hark! God speaks to you!" He paused, until a deep hoarse boom of retiring thunder passed away. "He who sent the gentle

breeze, the soft dew, the precious rain, the warm sunshine; Who nourished the fields, ripened the harvests, and filled your barns; Who brought you here to feed on His goodness, has heard no word of praise, no song of thanks, no sound of prayer. So now He sends His thunders to speak in a louder voice, His lightnings to show you Himself, and if ye will not hear—" And again the wrathful horror crashed into the midst of them, and literally caused them to cower to the ground. "Down upon your knees!" he shouted, and on the instant the stranger prayed as one who speaks face to face with God. In tremulous and pleading tones he made confession of sin. Then with marvellous power and pathos he pleaded for mercy in Jesus Christ. He drew every bended soul under the shadow of the Cross, and in his prayer "preached Jesus" and a full salvation. Sighs and tears broke in upon the mighty pleader's voice, and it seemed as though, like the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, the whole company were pricked to the heart. Checking his petitions, but remaining on his knees, he sang, in a clear, pathetic voice,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly," etc.

Farmer Holroyd himself leaped to his feet and came round to the kneeling singer.

"Stranger," said he, "I'm the biggest and the worst sinner of all! Is there mercy for me?" and kneeling by his side, he buried his head in his hands, and in a voice broken with sobs, prayed, "God be merciful to me!"

Laying one hand on his shoulder and another on that of his weeping wife, the stranger said:

"My Lord hath sent me through the storm to tell you that He wants to save you. O! my friends, He died for you; surely that's enough! He's *your* Saviour, farmer, He's *yours* too; tell Him so; call Him by His name."

"My Saviour! He is! He is! He is!" said Mrs. Holroyd, over and over and over again. Leonard Gordon, the shepherd, who had been speaking to some who knelt near him, jumped to his feet, unable to restrain himself, and kneeling by his master's side, said: "O maister, He's yours an' all; ah knoa He is!"

A look of wonder, and then a gleam of joy passed over the farmer's lifted features; jumping to his feet he seized the two hands of his serving-man, saying, "He is, shepherd! He is!" and passing over to his rejoicing wife, they too mingled their praises to their common Lord.

By this time some of the assembled guests were seated, looking on in silent wonder. Several professed to have found the Saviour. The grim blacksmith and the gossiping saddler were standing in a corner of the room, dumfounded and distraught. The stranger was kneeling by the side of old Geordie Meggit, and as his white hair touched the sparse and snowy locks of the old labourer, he pointed him to the Saviour.

"My dear old friend," said he, "I must have you, too, for my Saviour. He bare *your* sins. He'll be *your* Saviour!"

"Nay, ah's frettened 'at ah's ower aud. Ah've had nowt te deea wiv' 'im for fower scoore year, an' noo He'll hae nowt te deea wi' me." With a sigh of despair, he thrust his poor shrunken and trembling hand among his scanty hair, and one solitary tear from a fount all but dry trickled down his tanned and wrinkled cheek.

"No, no; you listen to me!" and in simple words he repeated the parable of the vineyard labourers. When he came to the place where the Master went out again at the eleventh hour, the old man stopped him:

"What did He gau out then for? There was nobbut an 'oor left. It wan't worth hev'in'."

"That's just it, you see, dear old man; the Master wanted the men more than their work, so he hired them, and he gave them as much wages as the rest got."

"What *diz* it mean?" said poor Georúie.

"It just means that Jesus wants you, however old you are. Though eleven hours of your life-day's gone, He wants you; He wants to save you; He died for you; He loves you; He's sent me to tell you so. And it means that the wages of pardon and joy and heaven shall be given to you, just as well as if you had come first thing in the morning of life. Ask Him for yourself."

The old man prayed in the most touching simplicity, "O God A'mighty, ah's a poor aud sinner. Ah's shammd te ax Yo' noo 'at ah've nowt but tops an' tengs te gie Yo'." (By "tops an' tengs," Georgie, referring to the tops and the roots of turnips which are cut off that the bulb itself may be stored for food, meant the worthlessness of his failing life.) "But ah deea want te be seeaved. Ah've allus heca'd 'at Jesus Christ dee'd fo' ma', but ah nivver thowt aboot it an' ah nivver cared. It's t' alevent' 'oor wi' me, an' dizn't want aboon two or three minnites te twelve. Ah's flaid it's ower leat. Lord, hev massy! an' seeave me poor aud sowl, for Jesus Christ's seek."

"Let us sing," said his instructor. "You all know 'Auld Lang Syne.'—'He breaks the power of cancelled sin,' etc." And while they sang, the old man stood upright, as erect as though no weight of years had ever bowed him. He lifted his hands and shouted:

"Ah's hired! Ah's hired! At t' alevent' 'oor! O ma' blessed Sayviour! What a fecal ah've been! Maister! Missis! Lord luv yo'. Ah's seeaved this minnit! Subsequently he took the stranger by the hand and said! "Wheca yo' are, an' what yo' are, ah decan't knoa, but if yo' were a Methodist Preacher, you've cum' through thunner an' lectnin' to seeave mah sowl!"

The stranger spoke a few earnest words to the entire company, and then engaged in prayer. That prayer was never forgotten by those who heard it, as that night, through all eternity, will not be forgotten by those heirs of glory who were born then. When

they rose to their feet, there was the hush of a great calm. "I wonder what sort of weather it is," said their mysterious guest; and going to the door he let in a flood of light. The clouds were gone, the full moon in brightest glory hung nearly in mid heaven, and the autumn landscape lay bathed in quiet beauty.

"I can now continue my journey, farmer," said the stranger, "if you will kindly allow me to change my clothes and get my horse."

"No, never!" said the farmer, as the party began to prepare for their homeward journey through the early morning. "Your clothes aren't dry. It is night yet, though late, and as long as I have shelter, bed, and board for me and mine, so long will you be the most welcome guest that can darken my door or cross my threshold."

"God bless you and yours, farmer, for your kindly words. God *will* bless you; God *has* blessed you for giving willing shelter to a poor belated Methodist Preacher!"

"What!" thundered the farmer in amazement. "Then God forgive me for hating the servants of the living God!"

Old Geordie Meggit looked at the stranger from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Ah said we'd deean without Methody Parsons all ower lives," he said, "but God A'mighty be prayed for ivver and ivver, 'at t' Methody Parsons hezn't deean without uz!"

Mr. Hugill, as the guest was called, abode there some days; Methodism was introduced into Gaythorpe; and to this day the Garrowby Circuit finds liberal and hearty supporters in the descendants of Farmer Holroyd, who was long a pillar of the Methodist Church, and whose name lingers with a pleasant fragrance round the now evangelized district in which Gaythorpe Grange is situated, the scene of "Farmer Holroyd's Harvest Supper."

THE AUTUMN WINDS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now ;
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners ; the first sea wave is upcurled :
 The clouds come : the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go ;
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billows' loftier roll.

"GOD'S ENGLISHMEN."

[The following vigorous paraphrās are part of Mr. Stead's announcement of his social and political creed in *The Review of Reviews*—a creed with which he seeks to inspire the English-speaking race. The sentences referring to civic and political duties and obligations have a special significance for us in Canada at the present time.]—ED.

THE revelation of the Divine Will did not cease when St. John wrote the last page of the Apocalypse, or when Malachi finished his prophecy. "God is not dumb, that He should speak no more," and we have to seek for the gradual unfolding of His message to His creatures in the highest and ripest thought of our time. Reason may be a faulty instrument, but it is the medium through which the divine thought enters the mind of man. Hence the man who can interpret the best thought of his day in such a manner as to render it accessible to the general intelligence of his age is the true prophet of his time.

Among all the agencies for the shaping of the future of the human race, none seem so potent now, and still more hereafter, as the English-speaking man. Already he begins to dominate the world. The Empire and the Republic comprise within their limits almost all the territory that remains empty for the overflow of the world. Their citizens, with all their faults, are leading the van of civilization, and if any great improvements are to be made in the condition of mankind, they will necessarily be leading instruments in the work. Hence our first starting-point will be a deep and almost awe-struck regard for the destinies of the English-speaking man. To use Milton's famous phrase, faith in "God's Englishmen" will be our inspiring principle.

It follows from this fundamental conception of the magnitude and importance of the work of the English-speaking race in the world, that a resolute endeavour should be made to equip the individual citizen more adequately for his share in that work. For the ordinary common Briton, country yokel, or child of the slums is the seed of empire. That red-haired hobbledehoy, smoking his short pipe at the corner of Seven Dials, may two years hence be the red-coated representative of the might and majesty of Britain in the midst of a myriad of Africans or Asiatics. That village girl, larking with the lads on her way to the well, will in a few years be the mother of citizens of new commonwealths; the founders of cities in the Far West, whose future destiny may be as famous as that of ancient Rome. No one is too insignificant to be overlooked. We send abroad our best and our worst: all alike are seed-corn of the race. Hence the importance of resolute endeavour to improve the condition, moral and material, in which the ordinary English-speaking man is bred and reared. To do this is a work as worthy of national expenditure as the defence of our shores from hostile fleets. The amelioration of the conditions of life, the levelling up of social inequalities, the securing for each individual the possibility of a human life, and the development to the uttermost by religious, moral and intellectual agencies of the better side of our country-

men—these objects follow as necessary corollaries from the recognition of the providential sphere occupied by English-speaking men in the history of the world.

Another corollary is that we can no longer afford to exclude one section of the English-speaking race from all share in the education and moralizing influences which result from the direct exercise of responsible functions in the State. The enfranchisement of women will not revolutionize the world, but it will at least give those who rock our cradles a deeper sense of the reality of the sceptre which their babies' hands may grasp than would otherwise be possible. If at present we have to deplore a widespread lack of civic virtue among our men, the cause may be found in the fact that the mothers from whom men acquire whatever virtue they possess have hitherto been studiously excluded from the only school where civic virtue can be learned—that of the actual exercise of civic functions, the practical discharge of civic responsibilities.

However much we may place the English-speaking world before us as the chief object of our attention, no self-denying ordinance on the part of our statesmen can prevent us having an influence on European affairs. The shrinkage of the world and the development of the colonial policy of Germany, France and Italy render a policy of non-intervention impossible, even if it were desirable. But it is not desirable. The pressure, pacific but constant, of a great federation of English-speaking commonwealths would be very strong in favour of the development of a similar federal system in Europe.

With regard to the dark-skinned races and the yet unoccupied regions of the world, our duty depends upon our opportunities and our responsibilities. We have no business to breed rowdies and filibusters, and let them loose with firearms and fire-water upon the half-civilized or wholly savage races on our borders. We must follow the rowdy by the policemen, and endeavour to secure that the dispassionate voice of impartial justice should be heard and obeyed on the frontiers of the empire. Nor must we ignore the still weightier duty of the just government of our great Indian dependency, with its three hundred millions of human beings of every shade of colour, creed, rank and culture.

We believe in God, in Humanity, and in the English-speaking race as one of the chief of God's chosen agents for executing coming improvements in the lot of mankind. If all those who see that could be brought into hearty union to help all that tends to make that race more fit to fulfil its providential mission, and to combat all that hinders or impairs that work, such an association or secular order would constitute a nucleus or rallying point for all that is most vital in the English-speaking world, the ultimate influence of which it would be difficult to overrate.

Who is there among the people who has truth in him, who is no self-seeker, who is no coward, and who is capable of honest, painstaking effort to help his country? For such men we would search as for hid treasures. They are the salt of the earth and the light of the world, and it is the duty and the privilege of the wise man to see that they are like cities set on the hill, which cannot be hid.

The great word which has now to be spoken in the ears of the world is that the time has come when men and women must work for the salvation

of the State with as much zeal and self-sacrifice as they now work for the salvation of the individual. For the saving of the soul of Hodge Joskins, what energy, what devotion, is not possible to all of us! There is not a street in London, nor a village in the country, which is not capable of producing, often at short notice and under slight pressure, a man or woman who will spend a couple of hours a week every week in the year, in more or less irksome voluntary exertions, in order to snatch the soul of Hodge Joskins from everlasting burning. But to save the country from the grasp of demons innumerable, to prevent this empire becoming an incarnate demon of lawless ambition and cruel love of gold, how many men and women are willing to spend even one hour a month or a year? For Hodge Joskins innumerable are the multitude of workers; for the English-speaking race, for the embodiment of many millions of Hodges, how few are those who will exert themselves at all! The religious side of politics has not yet entered the minds of men.

What is wanted is a revival of civic faith, a quickening of spiritual life in the political sphere, the inspiring of men and women with the conception of what may be done towards the salvation of the world, if they will but bring to bear upon public affairs the same spirit of self-sacrificing labour that so many thousands manifest in the ordinary drudgery of parochial and evangelistic work. It may, no doubt, seem an impossible dream.

Can those dry bones live? Those who ask that question little know the infinite possibilities latent in the heart of man. The faith of Loyola, what an unsuspected mine of enthusiasm did it not spring upon mankind! "The Old World," as Macaulay remarks, "was not wide enough for that strange activity. In the depths of the Peruvian mines, in the heart of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the spice Islands, in the observatories of China, the Jesuits were to be found. They made converts in regions which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter, and, preached and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the West understood a word."

How was this miracle effected? By the preaching of a man who energized the activity of the Church by the ideals of chivalry and the strength of military discipline. What we have now to do is to energize and elevate the politics of our time by the enthusiasm and the system of the religious bodies. Those who say that it is impossible to raise up men and women ready to sacrifice all they possess, and, if need be, to lay down their lives in any great cause that appeals to their higher nature, should spare a little time to watch the recruiting of the Salvation Army for the Indian mission-field. The delicate dressmaker and the sturdy puddler, the young people raised in the densest layer of English commonplace, under the stimulus of an appeal to the instincts of self-sacrifice, and of their duty to their brethren, abandon home, friends, kindred, and go forth to walk barefoot through India at a beggar's pittance until they can pick up sufficient words of the unfamiliar tongue to deliver to these dusky strangers the message of their Gospel. Certain disease awaits them, cruel privations, and probably an early death. But they shrink not. A race whose members are capable of such devotion cannot be regarded as hopeless from the point of those who seek to rouse among the most enlightened a consuming passion for their country's good.

But how can it be done? As everything else of a like nature has been done since the world began—by the foolishness of preaching.

We must look for the revival of civic faith which will save the English-speaking race; for other hope of salvation from untutored democracy, weighted with the burdens of Empire and distracted by its own claimant wants and needs, it is difficult to see.

That which we really wish to found among our readers, is in very truth a Civic Church, every member of which should zealously, as much as it lies within him, preach the true faith, and endeavour to make it operative in the hearts and heads of his neighbours. Were such a Church founded it would be as a great voice sounding out over sea and land the summons to all men to think seriously and soberly of the public life in which they are called to fill a part. Visible in many ways is the decadence of the Press. All the more need, then, that there should be a voice which, like that of the muezzin from the Eastern minaret, would summon the faithful to the duties imposed by their belief.

To carry out his views on these lines, Mr. Stead has organized an association of helpers to whom he issues a card of membership. Its members are volunteers, pledged to brotherhood and self-sacrifice. The motto on the card of membership is: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me." "He that would be first among you, let him be the servant of all." Among the chief objects sought are to secure the penny postage with all English-speaking countries; the establishment of a permanent tribunal of international arbitration; the consolidation and maintenance of the British Colonial Empire; the promotion of woman suffrage—making the law "quite colour-blind as to sex;" poor law reform; free education, and free dinners for starving scholars; the extension of higher education to the lower classes; limitation of the hours of labour; "the six days' work a week" bill; preservation of open spaces for the people; establishment of free libraries, museums, baths, wash-houses, and social clubs, as a substitute for the public-house; the cheapening of transit by rail and tram, so that the poor may live in the suburbs; enforcing the laws against unsanitary buildings; prevention of "sweating," etc.; securing country resorts for town children, and securing wholesome literature for workhouse inmates.

These objects are promoted by the use of the press and platform, by public discussion and private influence, by securing pledges from candidates for Parliament and municipal councils. The whole spirit of the movement is one of practical Christian fellowship. The purpose is to remember the forgotten, to seek out the neglected, to uplift the fallen, to benefit and bless all men. Of this sacred charity and mercy it is true that it blesses him that gives as well as him that takes. Mr. Stead is rallying from all parts of the empire earnest souls burning with this enthusiasm for humanity. Without doubt, this organization of effort for the bringing of the Christian conscience to bear on great national questions is destined to accomplish much for the welfare of the race.

THE more thou frequentest thy closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereto, the more thou wilt loathe it.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

ALLEGED PROGRESS IN THEOLOGY.*

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

I.

Higher Criticism.

THE first phase we have is what is known as the Higher Criticism, especially as applied to the Pentateuch, or the five books of Moses. I do not claim to be an expert in dealing with this question, or to have given it prolonged attention and study. It has occasionally arrested my thoughts; and what I have thought and still think I shall try to state in the fewest words possible.

As the chief alleged discovery of this Higher Criticism it is asserted that very considerable portions of the Pentateuch, relating alike to the religion, the political organization and the civil jurisprudence of the Jewish people, are not Mosaic in their authorship, but belong to a later age than that of Moses, and are the fruit of natural evolution and growth in Jewish life, or the production of some other author or authors who lived after Moses was dead, and consequently that the written documents in question, as Moses left them, were not what they subsequently became, and not what we find them in the Pentateuch as we now have it. The authorship of Moses is not wholly excluded by this Higher Criticism; yet large and important additions to his work in the composition of the Pentateuch, relating to the religion and polity of the Jews, were made after he left the world; so that, what we have been accustomed to regard as the writings of Moses, are in part Mosaic, and in part not such. Such I understand to be the alleged *discovery* claimed by those who belong to the school of the Higher Criticism; and I am not at all surprised that the claim should excite the attention of the Christian public.

This Higher Criticism, considered as a *process*, and as distinguished from a Lower Criticism, sets itself before the world as a critical study of the Pentateuch itself in its contents, taken in connection with the history of the Jewish people after the time of Moses and before that of Christ and His apostles. The study is not one about manuscripts, as to their age and authenticity; but about *contents* in themselves and in the light of Jewish history. The conclusion from this study is that a part of the Pentateuch as we now have it, and as the Jews had it in the days of Christ, does not belong to the age or authorship of Moses.

Such I understand to be this Higher Criticism regarded in the two-fold light of a discovery and a process. Shall we accept it or reject it? I have not a moment's hesitation in saying that the conclusion of this Higher Criticism should be rejected by the Christian Church. My reasons for this opinion, stated without expansion, are the following:

* "Alleged Progress in Theology" was recently the subject of discussion at two successive meetings of the resident and visiting clergymen of Saratoga Springs. At one of these meetings Dr. Spear made this speech, which we publish. The publication of the speech in the *Independent*, from which we reprint it, was unanimously requested by the meeting.

1. This alleged discovery is simply a *speculative* conclusion, based on materials lying far back in time, which materials at the best are difficult of complete access, even to the most diligent scholarship, and are, as to their quantity and significance, still more difficult of full and exact measurement; and hence the conclusion is very far from being an established certainty. The history of the Jews after the time of Moses is an indispensable factor in Higher Criticism; and every one knows that this history, as given in the Bible, is exceedingly fragmentary, furnishing but a small part of the whole. There is no difficulty in supposing that if we could, as we cannot, get access to the whole, most if not all the premises from which these Higher Criticism critics reason would vanish into thin air. The best that can be soberly said of their conclusion upon their own showing is that it is an hypothesis or conjecture; and in respect to it, the Scotch verdict of "not proven" is the proper one to be rendered. It will be time enough to accept the conclusion when it is reasonably shown to be true.

2. The *animus* of the great mass of these critics—not all of them by any means, and especially not all of them in this country—is one of antagonism to the doctrine of supernaturalism as attached to the Bible, including the Pentateuch. Taken as a class, with some exceptions, they represent the school of German rationalism, and would, if they could, eliminate the supernatural from the whole Biblical system. Their sort of higher criticism is one of the means to this end. I do not wish to do them any injustice, and especially I would not confound with them those critics who have no sympathy with the end, while they substantially agree with them in the general conclusion reached. It does not necessarily follow that these critics are wrong; and yet it is well to bear in mind that the general attitude of higher criticism, as developed in the majority of the scholars who have been engaged in this work, is one of alliance with naturalism and of opposition to supernaturalism, and that this criticism is one of the forms of this alliance. I say that it is well to keep this in mind, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing.

3. These critics are at war among themselves as to what portions of the Pentateuch are not Mosaic in their authorship, and what portions are such, and also as to when and by whom the non-Mosaic portions were originally produced and placed in the Pentateuchal record; and hence, taking them as a whole upon their own showing in this respect, we have not only the element of great uncertainty as to the final conclusion, but also that of self-contradiction and self-refutation. I read with some care the article of Professor Briggs on the history of Higher Criticism, recently published in the *Presbyterian Review*; and while I was much impressed with his eminent learning on the subject, I was equally impressed with the fact that these critics, as to details, were in fearful antagonism toward each other, and concluded, not only that there were grave difficulties with their premises, but also that one who does not belong to their school, and is not an expert in such matters, had better wait awhile before he reconstructs his faith at their call. I do not certainly know that Higher Criticism will not prove an ultimate success; yet I am of opinion that such success will not be realized until the critics themselves get much nearer to the point or points of a common unity.

4. The conclusion reached by these critics is contradicted by Jewish

and Christian tradition, which has uniformly affirmed the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. There is no doubt of this fact. Philo, who lived in Alexandria at the time of Christ, and Josephus, who lived in Palestine just after Christ, repeatedly speak of Moses as the author of the Pentateuch, and do not give the remotest hint of any other authorship. Such was the unquestioned Jewish faith of the respective ages in which they lived and wrote, and such it had been before they lived, and such it continued to be after they were dead. The same tradition, starting and descending from the time of Christ and His apostles, has existed in the bosom of the Christian Church. As there is no doubt of this fact, I will not detain you with more words in regard to its existence.

Let it then be observed that this fact, especially as existing in the Jewish mind, has evidential value. We find a whole nation, long anterior to the time of Christ and down to that age, transmitting from generation to generation a current and uniform belief as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, and assigning it to Moses and to no other person. This tradition, as well said by Professor Patton, is not "a floating rumour," but is a species of history, and has the force of history in regard to the fact to which it testifies. The rational solution of it is that it dates back for its commencement to the age that knew Moses, and knew him to be the author of the Pentateuch, and from that age descended to the Christian age. The "Book," the "Law," the "Torah," by which the Jews meant the Pentateuch, was by them understood to be of Mosaic origin and authority, and was so accepted; and this fact, spread over all the ages of Jewish life, certainly has evidential value. It is best explained by assuming the truth of that to which it certifies. I am aware that tradition is not always reliable, and equally aware that it is not always untrue. It is to be accepted as of some weight on questions of fact, in the absence of good reasons for rejecting it. No inconsiderable part of the knowledge of this world passes from age to age in this way.

5. The Pentateuch purports to be a history, and in four of the books which compose it, a history of transactions which occurred in the lifetime of Moses, and with which he was directly connected. Starting with the third chapter of Exodus, we find that he figures as the leader of Israel and the agent of God. He appears on the face of the history as the human author of all the Pentateuchal codes, and as claiming to give them to the people by the direction and sanction of God. The proper inference due to this fact is that these codes came into existence in connection with him, and were by him reduced to the written form. To say that a part of these codes had no existence at all, as some of these critics do say, until long after the death of Moses, is to contradict the history in its plain and obvious meaning. It puts another author or authors just where all the appearances of the history put Moses. Moses, in the thirty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, is referred to as writing "this law," as "writing the words of this law in a book," and as directing the Levites to "take this book of the law and put it in the side of the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God." This looks very much as if Moses wrote that which was known among the Jews as the "Law," the "Torah," "the Book of this Law," and as if the contents of the Pentateuch received their written shape in his age and by his hands. Such, certainly, is the *prima facie* appearance of the

narrative, which, after we reach the book of Exodus, details the journey through the wilderness and the Mosaic legislation that was given during that journey. There is no appearance on the face of this narrative of any other authorship than that of Moses, or of any later age when a part of the law was given as a supplement to that which came by Moses.

6. The most formidable objection to the conclusion of this Higher Criticism consists in the fact that it is contradicted by the New Testament. This fact, to those who believe in the infallible knowledge and purity of Christ, and in the inspiration of His apostles, is and ought to be the end of the question. It would be an unwarrantable trespass upon your patience were I to develop this particular point in full. Indeed, to do so would be to write a volume.

I assume your acceptance of these three propositions: (1) That the Jews, in the time of Christ and His apostles, had in their possession sacred writings known as the "Holy Scriptures" when spoken of collectively, and known as "the law, the prophets, and the Psalms," when spoken of distributively. (2) That we have the same writings in the manuscriptal and printed form, now known as the Old Testament. (3) That the Jews in the time of Christ and His apostles regarded Moses as the author of the Pentateuchal portion of these Scriptures.

Christ and His apostles came in contact with these Scriptures, including the Pentateuch, and were constantly referring to them. And how did they deal with them and with the Jewish faith which assigned the Pentateuch to Moses? The answer to this question lies on the very face of the New Testament, and it needs no critical skill to find it. You know that Christ and His apostles treated the Jewish Scriptures as of divine authority, and that they referred to the Pentateuch as a whole, and often to particular portions of it, in a way clearly to imply, and sometimes positively to assert, its Mosaic authority, and that they thereby accepted and indorsed the well-known Jewish faith on this subject, and in effect committed their authority to its correctness. You take "Cruden's Concordance," and gather together all the passages of the New Testament which contain the words "Christ," "Moses," "the law" and "the Scriptures," and then select those passages that relate to the question under consideration, and I am confident that you will feel yourselves logically compelled to adopt the two following conclusions: (1) That these passages establish the existence of a Jewish faith in the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. (2) That Christ spake to the Jews as if He fully believed and adopted that faith, and that the apostles spake and wrote in the same manner. This is the matter of fact if there be any truth in the New Testament record; and did the time permit, I could fully verify this statement by a detailed reference to the contents of this record.

Please, then, to observe that the conclusion reached by Higher Criticism supposes that Christ and His apostles were mistaken as to the authorship of the Pentateuch, or, if not, that they accepted and indorsed as true what they knew to be false. This supposition involves no difficulty to the mere naturalist, who looks upon Christ as he does upon Socrates; but to the supernaturalist, who believes in the divinity and sinless purity of Christ and in the inspiration of His apostles, the difficulty is insuperable. The conflict between the school of Higher Criticism and Christ and His

apostles presents to him the question whether he shall follow this school or follow Christ and His apostles. The conflict is real and fundamental, and there is no dodging the question which it raises.

Speaking for myself, I say most emphatically that I shall follow Christ and His apostles, no matter what Higher Criticism may say. I must do this or most radically change my religious faith. I cannot escape the necessity of doing it by the dodge-game of attempting to minimize and explain away the testimony of the New Testament to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. That testimony to me is overwhelming, unless I resort to the trick of forcing out of its language its natural meaning and forcing into it a meaning which it does not naturally bear; and this I do not propose to do in order to find room for Higher Criticism, and at the same time retain my faith in Christ and in the inspiration of His apostles.

Inspiration of the Bible.

The second phase of "advanced thought" relates to the inspiration of the Bible, which is one of the questions of the age, though not really a new question.

Modern infidelity, as you are aware, claims that modern science has made discoveries in the kingdom of matter, organic and inorganic, which contradict the Bible and prove it to be false on certain questions of fact, particularly in reference to some Bible statements in the Book of Genesis. The statements in question relate to the antiquity and organization of this globe and the creation of man. This infidelity says that these statements are false, and that modern science has proved them to be so. You see at once that this is a pretty large subject to be handled in a single speech, and then only as one item in four.

What shall we do with this modern science that is battering down the truth of the Bible? I begin my answer to this question by saying that I observe in a portion of the Christian ministry a tendency to assume as already settled and established, and therefore indisputable, the truth of these alleged scientific discoveries, and then, in order to obviate their apparent destructive relation to the Bible, to look around for some method of apologetic defence. So far as I have observed, two methods of such defence have been resorted to. One is to change the interpretation of the Bible and give to its language another meaning, so as to avoid the apparent conflict. The other method is to reconstruct the theory of Bible inspiration as to its statements on questions of fact, so as, on the one hand, to admit the alleged discoveries of science as corrections of the mistakes of the Bible on these questions; and, on the other hand, to save the credibility of the Bible in respect to certain other questions of a moral and spiritual nature in regard to which science has nothing to say. Both of these methods agree in assuming that the so-called science is all right, not only in respect to the facts alleged, but also in respect to the conclusions drawn therefrom. Both make a very respectful obeisance to science, and simply inquire how they can rescue the Bible from its verdict of condemnation.

You have an example of the first method in the attempt to make the word "day," as occurring in the first chapter of Genesis, mean an age or a

geological period. This overlooks the fact that the "day" here mentioned is described as the first, the second, the third day, and so on, and also the fact that it is described in its parts as having a morning and an evening, and in the still further fact that in the Fourth Commandment this same "day" is spoken of as a day in a week consisting of seven days, each of which was twenty-four hours in length; and the still further fact that the Jews, for whom the record in Genesis and Exodus was originally made, not being geologists, would understand the term "day," as thus described, to mean a natural day of twenty-four hours. They could give to it no other meaning; and no man would give to it any other meaning unless led to do so in order to meet a supposed difficulty. The fact that the term is sometimes used for an indefinite period, does not make it in this use, with this description and in these connections, anything but a natural day of twenty-four hours. To force another meaning into it is to give it a meaning which it does not bear; and, moreover, when this meaning is forced into it, the supposed difficulty created by geology is by no means removed. I have a way of disposing of this difficulty that satisfies my mind, but which I cannot pause to detail; yet that way does not consist in placing a new, unnatural and false meaning upon the term "day," as it occurs in the first chapter of Genesis and in the Fourth Commandment.

The other method of dealing with scientific infidelity involves a change of view in respect to the inspiration of the Bible, in effect giving up this doctrine when and where science says or claims to say that the Bible is wrong on questions of fact, and holding on to it where science says nothing, because the field lies beyond its province. It is in respect to this phase of the question of inspiration that I submit for your consideration the following remarks:

We know nothing *a priori* on the subject of inspiration. Whether God would inspire all men or only some men, and in what way and to what extent, if at all, are matters which, except as we may be informed by Him, lie above and beyond the range of our faculties. The first thing to be done is to confess our natural ignorance on this subject.

If we accept the Bible as of divine authority at all, we must accept it as of such authority in relation to the subject of inspiration, provided it contains any statements bearing upon the point. The main question, then, is this: What does the Bible say on this subject? Does it assert its own inspiration? And in answer to this question I will cite a few passages as examples of what the Bible does say.

Take the first and second verses of the first chapter of Hebrews. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." God, as here stated, is the speaker. He does the speaking. He puts Himself in real communication. He did so "in time past," and continued to do so "in these last days." He did so in the first instance "unto the fathers by the prophets," and he continued to do so in the second instance "by His Son." The point that I want you to observe is that God spake in both instances, and in the way mentioned. I care not what you call it, if you get this fact into your minds.

Take another passage: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. i. 21.) Here "holy men of God," evidently alluding to

the Jewish prophets, are said to do the speaking, not from their intuitions or from their experience, but "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." That is to say, the Holy Ghost moved them to speak, and they spake as He moved them.

Take still another passage. Paul, in the third chapter of his second Epistle to Timothy, reminds him of the fact that from a child he had "known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make men wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus," and then proceeds to say in respect to these Scriptures that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," etc. Here Paul affirms the divine authority of the Jewish Scriptures as a fact, in the sense that they were "given by inspiration of God."

Take a fourth passage. Paul, in first Corinthians, chapter second and verses twelfth and thirteenth, alludes to the things "freely given to us of God," and then proceeds to say, "which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." That is to say, the Holy Ghost teacheth the words, as Christ promised to His chosen apostles that He would, and under this instruction we do the speaking.

I might multiply such passages indefinitely ; but these will suffice to give you the Bible idea of inspiration. "Thus said the Lord" is the one great idea of this Book. It treats itself and speaks of itself as "the Word of God." It commits God's authority to the truth and reality of what it declares to be true and real, so that we are to believe on this authority and for this reason. It does so without any limitations, qualifications or discriminations as to the matter contained, whether it be a duty taught, a doctrine revealed or a fact stated. God Himself is behind the words and in the words ; and what they mean He means. This is the Bible idea of the inspiration of the men who originally wrote it. They did so under the direction of the Holy Ghost. You, of course, understand that this applies only to the original Scriptures. Whether these Scriptures have been preserved and correctly translated into other languages is another question, with which in this discussion I have nothing to do.

COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet ;
 And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

RELIGIOUS DOUBT AND MODERN POETRY.*

BY THE REV W. -J. DAWSON.

I.

MR. W. E. H. LECKY, in his learned "History of European Morals," has commented, in a striking foot-note, upon the immense growth and influence of the newspaper press, and on the fact that it is chiefly directed by lawyers and barristers. Mr. Lecky's inference from the last-named circumstance is that a "judicial" tone is thus introduced into the daily press, and a "judicial" method of thought consequently imparted to the public mind. From this inference we totally disagree; for the lawyer-barrister mind is essentially forensic, not judicial; and one very general issue of newspaper-press influence upon the public mind is political and social partisanship. A far more important result of the enormous growth of the press is the great impetus given to the taste for reading among the classes to whom at one time literature of any kind was a sealed and sworded Paradise whose trees of good and evil were jealously guarded against the encroachments of the multitude and the curiosity of the vulgar. At the present moment it may almost be said that the flaming swords wherewith intolerant and exclusive legislation used to guard the garden have burned themselves out; and the great domain, with its crowded and accumulated growth, lies open, without toll or hindrance, to the poorest. Therein are to be found trees of knowledge as stately as Milton's, and founts of song as pure and deep as Wordsworth's; but the face of Rabelais leers in the shadows, and the pestilent obscenity of Congreve, Sterne and Swift has left many a livid pool of poison on the verges of the greenest lawns, and at the roots of the mightiest forest growths of genius. In a word, such freedom brings its natural peril, and the wayfarer finds the serpent close beside the tree of knowledge still.

Not merely has the reading public increased, but, as a natural consequence, the writing public has also steadily grown. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" was never so large as in the present day. There is a vast number of minds endowed with a mimetic gift which passes for a literary instinct, and education and opportunity conspire to kindle a literary ardour which finds its vent in books that benefit the trunk-maker, and between whose birth and oblivion there is but a step. The mass of so-called poetry which is published, and which actually commands attention, and numbers its editions, is what Dominic Sampson might well call "prodigious." Much of this successful verse is the product of fine and cultured minds who find in verse-making one of the many pleasant and most easily acquired arts of literature; much of it succeeds by following the reigning fashion, or by modelling its "silvery see-saw of sibilants" upon the method of the latest favourite; much more is simply the ludicrous contortion of ambitious mediocrity, and its whole vocation is endless and very indifferent imitation; and therefore it is a question of the highest

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importance Who and what manner of models are the poets thus set up as examples? Voltaire's barber hastened to assure his master that he did not believe in God any more than the gentleman did; and it is certain, in poetry as in everything else, that the master-mind finds itself mimicked and echoed in every particular by the inferior. If the master sing of Chloe and Phyllis, straightway the chorus will sing in hundredfold laudation of Daphne and Sylvander; if of blessed damosels and anguished lilies, the chorus multiplies its dirges of faded sunflowers, and its raptures at the moving vision of blue china; and if the master degrade his genius to chant the blasphemies of atheism and the swinish revels of carnality, the chorus will sing in yet grosser fashion the democratic upheaval and the apotheosis of the brute.

Moreover, it must be remembered that the chief ministry of poetry is a ministry of suggestion. The poet is the interpreter, but not the less the leader of his age. His words may not become the street-song of the multitude or the solace of the poor man's hearth, but often a higher and more strenuous fate is theirs; they become the inspiration of the thinker. The influence of a great poet on the best minds of his generation is like the action of the sunlight; silently it gathers force and spreads itself abroad and marks the fulness of its power by the ripened bloom upon the fruit, and the depth of tint and colour in the flower. In like manner the highest prose-genius of a time often takes its colour from the highest poetry of the period. Often the poet is content to leave his exposition in the hands of the few whom he can trust, knowing well that through the influence of those few his words will not fail of reaching the widest audience of his time.

Therefore, if it be said that the great bulk of the people do not read poetry, we can only retort that every writer for the press in this country does; that the leaders of opinion on every great social and religious question do; that the poet first moulds the fervid mind of youth in our public schools, and overshadows our universities with his presence, and meets us in Protean fashion in every avenue of our common literature. Civilization has advanced, but as yet we have not seen any sign of the fulfilment of Macaulay's prophecy in the decline of poetry. At the crest of the far-rolling wave of civilization will always be found the highest outcome of the poet's "vision and faculty divine." Civilization, so far from destroying poetry, has really done very much to intensify it; it has simply changed its methods; it has robbed poetry of the old freshness and simplicity of its utterance, the ancient force and directness of its form, and has surcharged it instead with the feverishness and satiety of a complex modern life, full of many aims, throbbing with the pulse of *la vie* and eager purpose, and saddened by the vain pursuit of a perfect culture, which more and more proves itself an unattainable and mocking dream. So long as the human heart remains, poetry will not die, nor the poet's mandate be withdrawn. Man never yet has lived alone upon the bread which the wealthiest civilizations have kneaded for his use; nor will any "ethics of the dust," any applications of a marvellous science that merely multiplies the conveniences of social life, or claims his curious wonder at the price of the denial of his religious instincts, suffice him now any better than heretofore. Pascal long since reminded us of the majestic and undying truth that "the heart has reasons which reason does not know," and poetry

may be described as the reason of the heart. And it is, because we feel that our higher culture will rather endorse and widen the poet's mandate than abridge it, that we think there can be no more serious problem presented to the investigation of the Christian thinker, in the interests of the Church and society of the future, than the problem which seeks to measure and define the influence of our modern poetry.

It cannot escape the most casual student that the great French Revolution marked a new birth in literature, as well as among nations, and is the great dividing chasm in the history of modern letters. It mixed a leaven of new inspirations and emotions with the decaying forces of our former literature, the earliest outcome of which was the daring misery of Byron, and the revolutionary defiance and denial of Shelley. Even the sedate spirit of Wordsworth became fired with the new ardours of that portentous day, and he could write :

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

The Revolution meant far more than a destruction of political ideals ; it practically brought with it new doctrines and a new intellectual life. But every wave spends itself at last, every movement reaches somewhere its high-water mark, and must henceforth inevitably recede. It often happens, however, that there is a second tide, which arrests the first in the process of its ebb, and transforms it once more into a victorious force. This is eminently the case in the history of modern poetry. The large original force of the earlier poets of the century has ebbed ; but a second tide has set in, which is practically the consummation of the first. No Tennyson or Browning were possible without a Byron, a Keats, a Wordsworth and a Shelley ; the later poets, though in very different form, and by entirely new methods, simply fulfil the inspirations of their forerunners. But not the less is it true that a distinct new note, or rather series of new notes, has been struck in our English literature. The second tide has brought with it many new forces which would have been wholly foreign to the first.

We have grown too familiar with revolutions to expect any swift or bright millennium from the noblest of conspirators or the most magnanimous of patriots. Mr. Swinburne still leaps upon the altar which he has made, and when he can withdraw himself from singing in the Lesbian orgies, chants before the face of Baal in revolutionary odes and vituperative sonnets. But the latter movement has scarcely heart enough, for the most part, to join in any song so strenuous ; it is saddened with its disillusion, it is satiated with its gains, it is emasculated in its energies, and what offensive power it has left is mainly spent in small sneers against the tyranny of creeds and the decay of ancient faiths and pieties.

It would be worse than folly, however, to deny the vast influence which modern doubt has exercised upon modern poetry. The supreme question of the present day is the attitude of the age toward religion, and that question finds a hundred reflexes and vain solutions in our poetic art. Of course, it may be said the century opened with the fierce strife of religious doubt and denial in the poetry of Byron and Shelley, and that, therefore this is no distinctly new feature of our latter-day poets. But there are many respects in which Byron and Shelley differ wholly in their

attitude towards religion from their lineal descendants in poetic art. It was said of Byron by Shelley that unfortunately he could not help believing in a hell; and this statement admirably illustrates his habitual conduct in dealing with matters of faith and piety. His libertinism was engrained, his infidelity was an affectation. When he is throwing his wildest doubts into the air he never loses self-consciousness; he has his eye upon the gallery, and waits for its applause. He is so ill an actor that whenever he strikes an attitude he pauses to measure its effect. Whatever he *says* he cannot help believing; and one cannot help feeling that he writes profanity in much the same spirit in which he talked of his desire to know the sensations of a murderer, merely that he might enjoy the childish pleasure of watching the horror he was certain to excite. Shelley, on the contrary, came of a race of free-thinkers, and his atheism is undoubtedly sincere enough. But it is rather the frenzied scream of an excited boy than the iconoclastic fury of a full-grown man. It is not merely rebellion against orthodox faiths, it is wild and unmeasured revolt against every form of use and order which tradition sanctions. And how different this is from the sad wail of our modern agnostic poetry must appear in the hastiest comparison. The key-note, the very ground-tone of such poetry, is poignant and unavailing regret. It touches its deepest and most pathetic chords in dirges and lamentings, in farewells to the dying faiths, and requiems for the dead. The air is full of such notes of sorrow, the tremblings of unmistakable distress, the vague and wild vibrations of a woe too deep for words. Its very sadness is its fascination, for to many minds the holding of a doubt seems a vastly finer thing than the holding of a creed. And although it must be distinctly acknowledged that doubt, like other things, may become a fashion, and poetic doubt may be the mere affectation of an affectation, yet it may be admitted that the bulk of our agnostic poetry is too evidently sincere:

“A fever in the pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.”

And it is this very sincerity which makes it so formidable and forceful an influence in moulding the age. Sincerity and sadness welded together in high poetic achievement, must in any age of the world win hearing and allegiance; for is it not too common a characteristic of the race itself, full of unsatisfied desires and instincts as it is, to listen rather to “the still, sad music of humanity,” than to the voice that sings good cheer?

The culmination of this spirit of sincere and saddened doubt is found in the poetry of Matthew Arnold, and a very brief analysis of a very small portion of his writings is sufficient to indicate its scope and character. He has described himself as

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,”

as an exiled Greek on some far northern strand, thinking of his own gods,

“In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone,
For both were faiths, and both are gone.”

It must be a matter of sombre gratification to the poet to know that the critical public has generally consented to accept him at his own estimate, and that he is described as a modern Greek oftener than by any other phrase; just as Goethe is rightly described as a modern Pagan. But between the Hellenism of Goethe and that of Matthew Arnold there are wide differences. A great critic has described Goethe's Hellenism as "the completeness and serenity of a watchful, exigent intellectualism;" and Matthew Arnold's expressed admiration for the "wide and luminous view of Goethe," leads us to infer that there might be no description he would more earnestly covet or endeavour to deserve. But Goethe's Paganism is simply indifferent to all forms of modern faith, and is without moral predilection, while Arnold's is full of wistfulness and yearning. The mission which Arnold has to proclaim is that with the best desires and intentions toward belief, unfortunately he cannot believe. So far from being a modern Pagan, he has described in lines of great strength and beauty precisely where the cardinal failure and corruption of ancient Paganism lay:

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"Stout was its arm; each thigh and bone
Seemed puissant and alive,
But ah! its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive."

He looks with wistful rapture backward to the hour of the first victories of the Christian faith, and cries,

"Oh, had I lived in that great day,
How had its glory new
Filled earth and heaven, and caught away
My ravished spirit too!"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that he who will not believe "Moses and the prophets," is not likely to believe even if "one rose from the dead." The poet who sings agnosticism in the nineteenth century, would probably have sung anything but *Te Deum* in the first. Still, it is of painful interest to note how faith, so long repressed, bursts forth into momentary triumphant assertion, and cleaves to the Crucified when the Cross is removed to the second century. What cannot be done in a modern England, corrupted by "beer-shops" and "dissent;"* what it is impossible to accomplish with the eyes of Strauss upon us, and agnostic reviews around us, might perhaps have been attempted in that dim beginning of years, when at least the great delusion was new and beautiful:

"No thoughts that to the world belong
Had stood against the wave
Of love which set so deep and strong
From Christ's then open grave.

*In his eloquent article on "Isaiah of Jerusalem," in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in enumerating "the hindrances with which religion in this country has to contend," places at the head of the list, "beer-shops and Dissent"!

“No lonely life had passed too slow,
 When I could hourly scan
 Upon His cross, with head sunk low,
 That nailed, thorn-crownéd man.”

Yet in the poetry of Matthew Arnold, faith is but an artistic freak. The voice of modern denial speedily re-affirms :

“Now He is dead ! Far hence He lies
 In the lone Syrian town ;
 And on His grave, with shining eyes,
 The Syrian stars look down.”

There is nothing left for it but to toil on in a waste and weary world full of “forts of folly” manned by coarse Philistines ; or to “let the long contention cease,” and, like the kings of modern thought, be dumb : “silent—the best are silent now.” Some vague and visionary religion of humanity may still be possible :

“He only lives in the world’s life
 Who hath renounced his own.”

Some vaguer Pantheism may, perchance, explain the future ; in the last hour let not needless priest nor friend be near ; but rather let the poet look forth from the open window on “the wide aerial landscape bathed in the sacred dews of morn,” and rejoice to know he will speedily be absorbed in “the pure, eternal course of life,” and be one with that he gazes on. For his father he shall sing the noblest of dirges, for he was one of the strong souls who led the wavering lines of humanity

“On to the bound of the waste,
 On to the city of God,”

and stood in the end of the day like a good shepherd with his flock in his hand. But the son is one of those who comes at last to the inn of death alone, and is barely saved out of the peril in which so many comrades have fallen. Surely there can be no more desolate intellectual outlook than this, and it is not surprising that it is the source of the most mournful poetry.

This is by no means the place to discuss the actual condition of the Christian faith, and did we dare to dissent from the verdict which Matthew Arnold and his school have returned against it, we should, no doubt, be immediately catechized as Philistines who are blind to facts, and as optimists, who are what they are because they are ignorant. But we may, at least, be permitted to remark that religious doubt and modern poetry appear to have united themselves in a most unhappy marriage, and are in their most fascinating guise but an ill-assorted couple. The greatest treasures of our English poetry are the product of an age of faith, and were scarcely possible without some wise and deep belief. It was in an age when religion was the paramount subject in English politics and national thought that Spenser and Shakespeare flourished ; it was at the conclusion of the greatest war for conscience’ sake which any nation has known, and by the pen of a man who more than any other embodied in his own person the stern and holy ardours of the period, that our greatest epic poem was produced ; and amid all the loud thunder of the revolution time Wordsworth’s spirit caught the first rising music of the new age of faith, and that new age of faith fitly inspired his serene and pious strain. The fact is,

religious faith is inextricably interwoven with our English poetry; it has given it fulness and serenity, and it will secure it permanence. We have never yet written "Crush the Infamous," upon the banners of our literature; we have never clothed a harlot in the garb of Reason and called her goddess; we have never yet consented, and never shall consent, to the monstrous modern theory that art can know no morals. We have been spared the demoralization of many alternate tyrannies and revolutions; and so surely has our ordered freedom grown out of our religious life, that we may well believe there is some force in hereditary ideas which must ever make a faithless poetry foreign to the English mind. Folk-lore tells us how it is an ancient superstition that mandrakes when torn from the ground shriek in their every root and fibre, like dumb living things driven into sudden speech by anguish. May we not apply the fable, and declare that poetry, dragged from its immemorial rooting in the soil of faith, shrieks aloud, and becomes a thing of anguish and despair? It is a fatal experiment; it will not, it can not, come to good. It is too late to try to turn the tide of English literature; it has set too long upon the sunny shores of faith to ebb at last towards the icy solitudes of agnostic indifference and despair. The English mind will never yield a wide attention to any modern Lucretius in the person of a Matthew Arnold, singing his despairing ode concerning "The Nature of Things;" and still less will it "dance to the piping of an educated satyr" in the person of Mr. Swinburne.

Indeed, the more the matter is considered, the more evident does it become that religious doubt has exercised nothing but a destructive influence on English poetry. Edgar Allan Poe, in one of the most weird and wonderful of his extraordinary stories, pictures a perplexed and noble genius in the act of suicide. As the clock strikes, and the clear day shines into the perfumed and splendid chamber, the suicide lifts a costly crystal goblet to his lips, and pledges his last hour in the fatal draught. When the drained chalice is set down again, behold it is cracked and blackened. In like manner our modern genius sits in garish misery, and fills the crystal cup of poesy, which should be for the healing of the nations, with its poison-draught of doubt; but when it is set down again it is cracked and blackened. It is not wholly destroyed; but it is hopelessly disfigured by the base uses to which the unworthy put it. To use a choice and beautiful Venetian goblet to hold the black draught of acrid poison, is no greater prostitution than to make poetry, which is the handmaiden of faith, minister to denial. If the light that is within the poet be darkness, "how great is that darkness!" The very spring of thought is broken, the very light of song is quenched; the poet is like a pianist who plays with one hand, and on few notes; more than half the chords are dumb, and the full compass of the instrument he can never reach.

Let any student rise from the perusal of such poetry as that which A. H. Clough has written, and say whether this be not the real impression made upon his mind. Here is undoubted faculty for song; but this note may not be struck, for it is too high; nor this, for it is too divinely deep; and so the poet veils his face, and his voice is heard only in faint whispers and warring thoughts and wailings of an infinite distress. The poet "can only soar in one direction," it has been said; but if the blue heavens be closed and unattainable, what else can he do other than limp along the common earth, with trailing wings and wounded heart, pouring out the sad wild notes of an irremediable woe?

BY JACOB'S WELL-SIDE.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

High noon, by Jacob's well-side, and the sun's red gleamings glisten
 From Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, rising shadowless and bare,
 While within the sultry Sychar, on the plain, the people listen
 To the locust's drowsy drumming in the air ;
 All the morning joys are waning ;
 All the dusky slaves complaining ;
 The languid air is vapid in the heat's oppressive spell ;
 Slowly o'er the parchèd common,
 From the gateway, wends a woman—
 A swarthy, eastern woman—with her pitcher to the well.

Alone, within the well-curb, where the covering stones ens'leter,
 Sat a stranger—silent, Jewish—yet she, somehow, did not shrink
 Nor refuse the courteous greeting or the kindly glance he dealt her,
 Though she wondered at his asking for a drink.
 In our torpid mental-blindness
 How we check the pulse of kindness !
 The sordid way our fathers went we indolently choose.
 By the perfect law of living,
 Self hath gain alone in giving,
 But sin makes neighbours partisans : “ *Samaritans and Jews.* ”

Sore thirst by Jacob's well-side : human lips are dry and burning,
 Though the Earth—a royal Mother—bears within her freighted breast
 Cooling, rock-brewed, crystal nectar for each fevered palate's yearning,
 Yet it satisfies but transiently at best ;
 For this water, whoso drinketh
 Will be thirsty ere he thinketh.
 When she saw the living water which He pictured, pure and cool,
 All her nature's parched volition
 Trembled in her lip's petition.
 All the while the Stranger thirsted for the solace of her soul.

Strange words within that well-curb,—though but one had cord to draw
 with,
 Yet, that one became a suppliant for the gift her lips denied ;
 While, along the light's unsealing to the bondaged eyes she saw with,
 Came a vision of the good He glorified ;
 Then she questioned—“ Art Thou greater
 Than our father,” the creator
 Of this fountain? For she doubted if a better could be had :
 Down through all the arid ages,
 Serfs and cattle, sons and sages,
 By its sweet, refreshing waters had been sated and made glad.

Hope dawns by Jacob's well-side. Once that dying seer had spoken
 Of a Shiloh, who would come to teach the truth and make it plain,
 But the centuries, rolling onward, each had left nor trace nor token
 Of His coming or the pureness of His reign ;
 All the early hopes had vanished ;
 Mailed Might the Right had banished ;
 But this Stranger is a Prophet, for He knows her life, within—
 So, with eager heart, she questions—
 Quivering under thought's suggestions—
 She would know the place to worship,—find the God who pardons sin.

Light breaks within that well-curb, not the baleful lust-light gleaming
 Where the sensual priests of Baalim or of Moloch bow and nod,
 But the wondrous, bright outflashing of celestial wisdom, streaming—
 In the spirit, all, in truth, may worship God.
 Brightly breaks the beams of morning
 O'er the fettered lands, adorning
 All the hill-tops and the valleys, in the radiance drawing near ;
 She beholds the mists arising,
 And with faith and hope surprising,
 Cries : " I know Messias cometh ; " He who maketh " all things " clear.

High noon, by Jacob's well-side, but the sunlight gleams with glory,
 And Ebal's bald brow blesseth, while Gerizim seals the word ;
 That well-curb, to the ages, has become an oratory ;
 The Common blooms with " Harvest " for the Lord ;
 For the weary man who waited,
 Sore with thirst—her coming sated,
 In His tenderness and mercy did all her doubts dispel,
 And she found the Christ she sought not
 All so strangely, for she wot not
 It was Jesus, till He told her in the shadow of the well.
 " THE ELMS," Toronto.

 TEARS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
 That is light grieving ! lighter, none befel,
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
 Tears ! What are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
 The mother singing,—at her marriage bell
 The bride weeps,—and before the oracle
 Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
 Ye who weep only ; if, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
 And touch but tombs ;—Look up ! those tears will run
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

MISSION WORK IN LONDON.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE unpretentious little volume mentioned above is a really valuable contribution to the evangelistic and pastoral literature of Methodism. It shows how a Methodist church in the centre of the English metropolis, which had been going down for many years, until it was virtually dead, has been quickened into new life and energy, and made an efficient centre of missionary influence and power; and this, too, has been done without the least approach to sensationalism, or any of the clap-trap which unhappily marks and mars a good deal of modern evangelism. Some of the questions debated in his own mind by Mr. Smith, when entering upon this work, are of sufficient interest to be given in his own words.

He asked himself: "Is it possible to gather together, little by little, a sinewy, aggressive church in whose life and labours reason and emotion shall be wisely and delicately combined? Is it possible to constitute a Church which shall provide a home for nearly all sorts of natures, and shall furnish in this way a multitude of affirmative answers to the query, 'Can the individual rise, though the race sink down in disgrace?'"

The serious examination of these propositions in the light of holy Scripture and reason and common-sense, under the special guidance, as we may believe, of the Holy Spirit, led Mr. Smith to the conclusion that the one chief duty of the Christian pastor is to care for individual souls; or, to express it in the language of another, that "we must be content to speak not to the thousands, but to the ones." Happily he had already learned the sad fact that souls are not easily won from a life of sin, and the knowledge of this

fact prevented him from having any confidence in the "squib-and-rocket evangelism" which draws its inspiration from the supposal that there is nothing easier than to induce a sinner to turn his back upon his past course and to come to Christ. These views naturally led him to concentrate his energies on the salvation of individual men and women.

Mr. Smith made the necessities of the working class the subject of affectionate and earnest thought; he did not, however, come to the conclusion that a Church composed of such exclusively was desirable. He wisely recognized the fact that the ideal Church, even in the humblest neighbourhood, must rest on a wider base and have a more comprehensive character. There are lessons that the well-to-do and cultured class can learn from their humbler brethren. The former are valuable in performing functions which the latter cannot manage. The methods adopted in carrying on the work must be such as to commend itself to both classes; such as would be influential with and secure the co-operation of both. "A slum church," as Mr. Smith justly remarks, "no denomination can build up, though it has frequently been tried, but there are natures in the slums that will crystallize around toilers of a stamp better than their own."

Of course, the acceptance of such views, while it did not check earnestness, made sobriety imperative. It rendered the "fire-works policy," which was hankered after by some of his zealous supporters, impossible. This was one of his greatest dangers, and with a less steady head or a less conservative mind he must have failed. But while he was determined at any risk to proceed on the old and approved gospel lines, which had

* *Three Years in Central London.* A record of Principles, Methods and Successes. By EDWARD SMITH, Wesleyan minister. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road. 16mo, pp. 94.

been tested in such a variety of circumstances and with such remarkable results in his own denomination, his conservatism did not lead him to overlook the principle of adaptation, or to refuse to adopt methods commended by common-sense simply because they were novel.

The press seems to have been laid under weighty contribution, and among other advantages which it conferred, the distribution of the printed matter afforded employment for many who would not have otherwise had any part in carrying on the work. And it was rightly judged to be desirable that all whose hearts God had touched should have a part in it. This was an important point gained. Then, not only the wealthy and educated, and the sons and daughters of such, but persons of the humbler classes, were variously employed in carrying on the work in its several departments. The result is that the mission has earned for itself the distinction of being called, as it is in fact, "The St. John's Square Wesleyan Co-oper-

ative Society." The recast of the morning service evidently cost Mr. Smith a pang, but "the liturgy and chants had to depart without notice given." He lost members, of course, for London Methodists of the upper class are ardently attached to "the prayer;" but he estimates that his gain was twenty times as much as his loss. But the main instrument in this soul-saving work, to which all else was but subsidiary, has been the preaching of the Word, in which the aim of the preacher "is to help the Divine Spirit to produce conviction of sin among the ungodly." This we can well believe is done tenderly; but it is done faithfully and thoroughly, insisting no less earnestly upon repentance toward God than faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. In a word, Mr. Smith has faith in the old-fashioned Gospel as preached by our fathers, and he has demonstrated abundantly by his experience during these three years in Centre London, that it is the power of salvation to every one that believeth.

THE MESSENGER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

PROVERBS VIII.

"HEEDLESS and blind, ye sons of men,"

Still doth Celestial Wisdom cry,

"Why will ye slight my call again,

And pass your heavenly portion by?"

"Here, at the gates of Gain and Power,

The servitor of Love, I stand;

Repeat my counsel o'er and o'er,

And sound my warning through the land.

The wise Instructress, then, receive,

With truth and grace—a rich supply;

Her's are the words by which ye live,

And they alone who slight them die.

Silver and gold are shining dust,

And lustrous gems invite decay;

But who in wisdom puts his trust

Hath that which cannot fade away.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1892.

WE have pleasure in submitting the announcement of this MAGAZINE for the forthcoming year. We are glad to report that the MAGAZINE is growing year by year in circulation, in influence, in the importance of its articles, and in variety and beauty of illustration. The design of both the Editor and Publisher is to make it thoroughly abreast of the times in the discussion of the important subjects to which it is specially devoted, namely, religion, literature and social progress. First of all and most of all, the great subject of religion will receive attention; and religion in its broadest sense, as embracing not only man's relation to God, but also his relation to his fellow-men. Space will be given to the discussion of those social questions which are more and more asserting themselves as among the great questions of the day—the social and economic problems, to the solution of which the Church must address itself more fully than ever before. "No subject, next to finding the way of life," said Cardinal Manning the other day, "is more vital than the welfare of the world's labour; and nothing," he further asserted, "will more help international peace and universal brotherhood." The Pope receiving a deputation in the Vatican from 20,000 French working-men, and the strike of the French-Canadian lumbermen on the Ottawa, alike show how wide-spread and intense is the interest in these questions. Among the contributions to the discussion of this subject will be a series of papers by men who have made the subject a profound and earnest study.

First of these will be an important article by Prof. W. A. Ashley, Professor of Political Economy in Toronto University, in the January number of this MAGAZINE, on the "Organization of Labour." P. H. Burton, Esq., of Toronto, will write on "Co-operative Industry." There will also be two articles on "Press-

ing Social Reforms," by Prof. Richard S. Ely and Prof. William Clark; a paper on "The British Labour Commission," also by Prof. Clark, and "The New Political Economy," by Prof. K. Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin. "Profit-Sharing as Illustrated in France," "Social Christianity," "Christ and the Masses," by Hugh Price Hughes, and other important contributions on the same subject, will also appear.

Special prominence will also be given to the discussions of the Methodist Ecumenical Council, and judiciously condensed reports on "The Church and Scientific Thought," "The Church and the Religious and Secular Press," "The Church and Methodist Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods," "Woman's Work in the Church," "The Church and Education," "The Church and Social Reforms"—as temperance, missions, public morality, and the like, will be printed for permanent preservation.

Other articles of religious interest will be "Gladness and Triumph Through the Works of God," by Rev. Dr. Douglas; "Reconstruction of Methodist Theology," by Rev. Dr. Mendenhall; "God in the Victorian Age," by Rev. William Williams, D.D.; "Methodism and its Growth During the Last Century," by Bishop Warren; "Christ in History," by Archdeacon Farrar; "Destiny of the English-Speaking Race," by Joseph Cook. Many other subjects of vital interest will also be presented.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Through the kindness of the Hon. W. S. Caine, member of the Imperial Parliament, we shall present the most comprehensive series of papers ever published in Canada, on "Picturesque India, its Temples, its Palaces and its People, with special reference to Christian Missions." Through the kindness of Mr. Caine and of Messrs. George Routledge

and Sons, his English publishers, these articles, which will run through the year, will be illustrated with nearly two hundred fine engravings from Mr. Caine's magnificent book on India, just published. This will give our readers such a conception of the extent, resources, grandeur and responsibilities of our Indian Empire as few of them have had the opportunity of forming before.

Another series of illustrated papers of much importance will be "The Land of the Pharaohs; Egypt and its Monuments." It will report the personal experiences of the Editor during a month of travel from Alexandria to the first cataract of the Nile, and will be illustrated by a large number of engravings selected from the great book on Egypt by Professor Georg Ebers, the distinguished German Egyptologist, a work the cost of which (\$25) places it beyond the reach of most busy readers. This series of papers will be based upon the exhaustive studies of Ebers' "Mariette Bey," and other distinguished Egyptologists.

"The City of the Sultan" will be a copiously illustrated series of papers embodying the personal observation and prolonged study of the Editor of that exceedingly interesting and important political centre—Constantinople. "Modern Greece" will embody his studies of Athens, and such other portions of the Attic peninsula as he may be able to visit.

"Picturesque China," its customs, institutions, religions and mission life and labour, a series of illustrated papers with contributions by Dr. Hart, the superintendent of Methodist missions in Japan, and others, will be of special interest as showing the environment and condition of our new Chinese mission.

Other illustrated articles will be "Paris Revisited," with copious illustrations; "Magyar Land," by Rev. R. Burrows; "The Mutineers of the Bounty," by Miss Mary S. Daniels, M.A.; "A Thousand Miles by Narrow Gauge Railway in Colorado, among its Mountains and

Canyons," "Among the Mormons," and "Southern California and its Scenic Attractions," by the Editor; "Mountains, Loch and Fiord in Norway," by Rev. W. J. Dawson; "Yachting in High Latitudes," an abridgment of Lord Dufferin's famous book on this subject; "Among the Lapps," "Mission Life and Adventure in the Great Lone Land of the Canadian Northwest," by Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young; "The Ascent of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn," by Bishop Warren; "The Columbian Fair at Chicago," with numerous striking illustrations; "Ticonderoga and its Memories;" "Karlsbad and its Fountains of Health;" "Augsburgh and Erfurt and their Memories;" more "Round About England" papers, etc.

SCIENCE PAPERS.

The important papers on science, which have formed such an interesting department of the MAGAZINE during the year, will be continued, with increased variety of subject. Among the important papers will be judicious condensations from Bishop Warren's fascinating series of studies on Astronomy, also papers on recent scientific progress and discovery, "The Newer Parts of Canada;" Sir W. J. Dawson on "The Origin of Man;" "Signalling to the Planets," by Sir Robert S. Hall, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, etc.

PAPERS FOR BOTH PREACHER AND PEOPLE.

Among these will be some very wise and witty "Colloquies on Preaching," by Henry Twells, M.A., Canon of Peterborough Cathedral; "Talks to the Pulpit and the Pew," by the greatest preacher living—Charles H. Spurgeon; and "The Science of Preaching," by Arch-deacon Farrar.

Other papers of importance will be: "The First Hundred Years of Modern Missions," by Rev. James Ross, M.A.; "Carey, the Pioneer of Modern Missions." These will be papers of special interest, as this will be the centennial year of the

establishment of Christian missions. "Present Aspects of Methodism in Great Britain," by Warring Kennedy, Esq.; "The Story of the Dominion," by Dr. J. J. Maclaren, D.D., LL.D., a patriotic study. "Mission Triumphs in Tahiti," by a native born missionary; "University Extension," by Prof. W. G. Randall, M.A.; "Cromwell," a brilliant historical study, by W. A. Quayle, D.D., President of Baker University, Kansas.

The serials for the year will be a Temperance story of great power and pathos, by Julia McNair Wright: "A Woman's Fight with the Monster." A shorter serial of similar character will be "The Mantrap," by the author of "Lost in London;" also a strongly written story by the ever-popular Mrs. Amelia E. Barr: "Crawford's Sair Strait: or, A Conflict with Conscience." Short stories by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Mrs. E. Stuart Phelps Ward, Olive Thanet and other

able writers, will also be presented; also character studies and sketches by Canadian and other writers, as follows: "Aud Gwordie," a Cumberland sketch, by the Rev. J. V. Smith; "A Character Study," by Rev. Dr. Stafford; "Mester Grant's Widdy," a sketch of city mission life; life sketch of "Prof. Stanley Jevons"; "Jean Andrè Godin;" "Prof. Henry Drummond," and other sketches of permanent value.

Important symposia by leaders of thought on social, religious and economic subjects will be presented.

Our patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly; they will also greatly subserve its interest by calling attention to its prospectus, and soliciting the patronage of their friends to this *MAGAZINE*.

The important department of "Religious Intelligence" will be furnished by the Rev. Dr. Barrass; and the Reviews of recent books will be furnished by competent pens.

Current Topics and Events.

ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

The meeting of this representative body of the leading minds of Methodism will give, we doubt not, a marked impetus to that great religious movement which has belted the world with its missions, and organized the most numerous church in Christendom. With few exceptions, Methodism has ever been the foremost of the great Churches in adapting itself to the varying conditions of the times. We do not mean that it has altered its principles to suit the times, for few Churches have changed so little from their theological standpoint of one hundred years ago as the Methodist Church. The chief reason, we think, for this is that Methodism is an experience and not a mere creed. Another reason is the large and liberal view taken by Wesley in religious matters, and the "sweet reasonableness" of his Ar-

minian theology. A third reason is the unique influence of Charles Wesley's hymns in all branches of Methodism throughout the world. The intense spirituality and fervour of these hymns have kept the Methodist people from drifting from those old, gladsome doctrines and that genial piety in which their Church was cradled.

In the old land of its birth Methodism has exhibited the tendency of every human institution to stiffness, not to say rigidity and ossification, and has been divided into many sections; but even this has been made a blessing. The grand old mother has nourished and brought up daughters which have gone forth to plant new aggressive churches throughout the world, and now she is, to use the words of Milton, "mewing her mighty youth," and rousing herself for greater conquests.

The Forward Movement is an adaptation of John Wesley's evangelistic principles, and is the outcome and expression of the democratization of society. It goes to the highways and byways, and by a divine compulsion brings the multitude to the marriage supper of the king. In the spirit of John Wesley and of the Christ whom he followed, it yearns over the multitudes who go astray like sheep having no shepherd. With passionate love it seeks after those lost sheep. It remembers the forgotten, it follows the forsaken, it succours the suffering and neglected. This new spirit, or re-baptism with the old spirit, will be, we think, the most conspicuous note of the Methodism of the future. Throughout this great continent, in the island continent of Australia, in Britain's vast South African territories, and in her forty colonies throughout the world, Methodism is largely moulding and will more fully mould in the future the destiny of the English speaking race. And the power that moulds the future of the English speaking race will mould the future of the world. It is not a matter of mere denominational pride or vain glory, but of devout thankfulness to God that the youngest of all the Churches is proving its adaptation to the great task of bringing the world to the feet of Jesus, of lifting it nearer to the heart of God. It is largely influencing, too, the old historic Churches which were old and honoured before Methodism was born. It is, in the true Christian sense, provoking them to love good works. Its liberal Arminian theology, its glad experience, its practical methods, have already wrought a great change in the rigid and austere systems which largely dominated Christendom a century ago.

Another effect of the Ecumenical will doubtless be the application of practical Christianity to the exigent problems of the times—the social problems, the economic problems, the political problems and international problems of the age. It will also, we believe, bring more closely together the several branches of the great Methodist family. This will greatly

promote the solidarity of Methodism throughout the world. It will knit the mother country and the great Republic by a thousand strong, tender ties, and make more difficult, if not impossible, a rupture of the strong bonds of love and friendship between the mother and the daughter land. If only the English speaking people throughout the world were united in a grand alliance, under the inspiration of Christian principles and bound by the ties of a Christian brotherhood, how they might influence, if not dominate, all the other powers in the world! How might they bring peace to our war-wearied world, promote universal disarmament and relieve the burdened nations of the incubus of vast armies and navies, which, by their very existence, are a perpetual menace of war! It would be the longest stride towards the millenium that the world has ever seen.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

This is strikingly illustrated by the slow growth of the churches which have been agitated by internal factions, or which have been rent asunder by strife. During some periods in the history of Methodism, notwithstanding all the zeal of its ministers and members, and all the efforts for its extension, it has remained almost stationary. It is recorded that in one decade in this country, when it was torn by strife, it increased only about half as fast as the general population. In contrast to that it is, we believe, a fact that during the last decade, which has been marked by the pacifying of these strifes and the healing of the breaches which they caused, that the growth of Methodism in Canada has been nearly four times as great as the growth of the population, or about forty-three per cent., against about eleven per cent. What a glorious commentary on that Scripture, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"DIED AS A FOOL DIETH."

The world has had some striking

examples recently of the fulfilment of this Scripture, and of that other declaration of Holy Writ, "The wages of sin is death." Cruel, tyrannical and selfish Balmaceda, hurled from his dictatorship of war-racked Chili, and the chagrined, disappointed and selfish Boulanger, could find no issue from the troubles of this life but by a rash act of suicide. Less recently the unhappy Crown Prince of Austria, born in the purple, heir of one of the most ancient thrones of Europe, ended his useless life by self-slaughter. The unhappy Marie White found no enjoyment in the million francs she had here accumulated, nor the rash and reckless chorus singer of London in her diamond bracelets, but must both rush unbidden, "unhouselled, unaneled," into the presence of their Maker. It is not the busy toilers in this world who ask the question, Is life worth living? but those who seek in sordid selfishness to live only in their own gratification. "Oh, God," says Augustine, "Thou makest man for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." Nothing less than God can satisfy the hunger and thirst of the immortal soul; and having found him it has no other need. Thenceforth, in sublime altruism, it finds its chiefest joy in making Him known to others. Filled with this holy rapture even drudgery becomes divine. There is no high, there is no low, and pre-eminence of office means only pre-eminence of toil. "He that will be chief among you let him be the servant of all." As the Master came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, so His followers find

life best worth living in toiling for His glory and for the uplifting and welfare of their fellows.

THE WAR CLOUD.

It seems a strange time, when the peasants of Russia are starving for lack of the coarse rye bread that is their staple means of existence, and when the empire has to go borrowing money to furnish a partial supply of food, that a dark cloud, lurid with its menaces of war, should hover over south-eastern Europe. Yet we read of the vast concentration of Russian troops on the Pruth, of the erection of barracks and accumulation of material of war and food supplies. This, coupled with a violation of the agreement forbidding the passage of armed Russian ships through the Dardanelles, have a sinister signification. It may be amid the perils arising from an outbreak of Nihilism and an uprising of the starving peasantry that this may be a resort to the old trick of tyrants to engage in a foreign war to divert attention from troubles at home. We trust, however, that such a dire horror as a winter campaign in the Caucasus, with an European war which would be like the outpouring of the seven last vials, may, in the good providence of God, be averted. From the best information within our reach, we judge that England has little to fear from Russian aggressions in the East. The scientific frontier on the north-west of India, with its walls of mountains and border country of tributary tribes, render India safe from any forces which Russia could bring to bear.

O LORD and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name and sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;
 And naked to Thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of Thy pure countenance.

—Whittier.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Minutes of the late Conference make a volume of nearly six hundred pages. The oldest member of the Conference is the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A., whose "Tongue of Fire" is well known, and has made many hearts burn. Methodism is increasing in London, and also in many provincial towns; but in some of the large centres of population which were formerly its strongholds, there is a decrease in numbers. There are, however, more than half a million of members under the pastoral care of nearly three thousand ministers.

The growth of Methodism in the British army and navy has of late been remarkable. There are now twenty thousand declared Wesleyans in the two branches of the service, and the sum of \$25,000 is paid to officiating ministers in the form of capitation grant.

Rev. Dr. Stephenson, President of the Conference, has issued a circular appointing the week of special prayer to commence on Sunday, November 15th. The President sends a special circular to all the local preachers, class-leaders and members of the Church, with a view to secure their hearty co-operation in the effort to promote a revival of spiritual religion. Dr. Stephenson believes in Methodist union, hence he has sent a fraternal letter to the Presidents of the other Methodist Churches in England desiring that the Churches over which they preside should observe the same week of prayer. The Presidents have all agreed to the proposal, and have sent out a united circular to their respective Churches, desiring that the week before mentioned shall be observed as a week of prayer for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Surely the time to favour Zion must be come.

The debt of the Foreign Missionary Society acts as a great barrier to the prosperity of the missions. The Financial District Meetings were requested to give special attention to the question, and devise a more systematic method of securing subscriptions. Special subscriptions have also been made to reduce the debt. A correspondent suggests that the week of prayer should also be a week of self-denial, during which \$100,000 could easily be raised to pay off the missionary debt.

Rev. Dr. Moulton and his son, Rev. J. H. Moulton, are preparing a commentary on the New Testament specially for the use of local preachers and others who are not cognizant with the original Greek.

Rev. T. Champness has also published a devotional book, entitled, "New Every Morning," similar to Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury."

Additional agents are being called for from every part of the mission field. Recently two ladies were sent to Ceylon, one of whom is the daughter of an Irish Methodist minister.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The total increase in the various mission fields is 142 members. There are 91 churches, 33 missionaries, one lady helper, two medical missionaries, 45 Chinese agents, 3,668 members and 989 candidates. In the fifty-one mission schools there are 912 teachers and 3,911 scholars. The Training Institution in China is doing its important work in preparing a native ministry. The Girls' Training College is opening the way to the future influence of women in the spreading of the Gospel; and the Medical Mission, with its 6,000 cases during the year, is not only a centre of good influence at the hospital, but

is extending its beneficent attraction by means of healing tours in the country districts in connection with evangelistic work.

The total mission income is \$31,005, an increase of \$401. There is a debt of \$22,765.

An *in memoriam* tablet in honor of Dr. Stacey's noble life and character has been placed in Broomhill Chapel, Sheffield.

The Sunday-school scholars are examined annually respecting the success of their studies, not only in Scripture, but also as to their knowledge of the connexional history, polity and doctrines. This is an arrangement which other branches of Methodism might profitably imitate.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The foundation stones of a new church were recently laid at Sheffield. The Mayor and Mayoress of the town, Sir Frederick Mappin, M.P., and Mr. Adams, laid the stones. These distinguished personages represented the Church of England, the Wesleyan and Congregational denominations, who jointly contributed \$3,775 in connection with the service.

New Sunday-schools and an Assembly Hall have been opened at Southport, under the superintendence of the Rev. Thos. Guttery, formerly of Toronto. The new buildings form the handsomest ecclesiastical structures in this fashionable watering-place. The opening collections amounted to \$1,400.

The news from the Africa. missions is most cheering. At Fernando Po and at Aliwal North many additions are being made to the churches. Congregations are crowded, and school work is making great progress.

A down-town church in Bradford has been converted into mission premises, to consist of, a large room to be used for public services.

The subject of holiness is attracting great attention. Conventions are being held in various central places, for which special arrangements were made. Revs. Drs. Watson, Mac-

donald and Hill, from Boston, U.S., are taking part in the services.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A vicar in South London recently manifested some kindness to a society of Bible Christians, and the *Church Times* cannot understand how any person in holy orders could thus fraternize with "a body of sectaries, who certainly stand in need of such influence as the vicar of the parish at his admission to priest's orders promised to exert."

During the recent Conference at Plymouth the subject of the China Mission was introduced, when several friends were present, and in a short time the sum of \$2,025 was contributed.

The centenary of Rev. Jas. Thorne, one of the founders of the denomination, takes place in 1895, which the Conference intends to celebrate. The Hon. S. J. Way, of South Australia, will pay the expense of the son and daughter of Mr. Thorne, now in Australia, to visit England to attend the Centenary services of their father. An additional missionary is to be sent to New Zealand.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The increase in the number of Sunday-schools for the past year is 74; the net increase in the number of scholars is 6,997. The General Conference statistician entreats that both at District Meetings and Annual Conferences greater care should be bestowed in preparing the various schedules, without which it is impossible to secure even approximate accuracy. The amount of missionary money raised by the juveniles is \$26,212.98.

The meeting of the Central Board of Missions was held at St. John, N.B., and is reported to have been a very harmonious and successful meeting. The pulpits of the city and adjacent places are occupied by strangers from the West. Several missionary meetings were held. The amount raised last year was \$243,000, an increase of \$23,000 over the previous year.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid in Toronto. The Rev. A. B. Chambers created considerable interest by exhibiting a nail which he had extracted from the first Methodist church built in Canada ninety-nine years ago, and had silver-plated and gold-tipped and attached to his watch-chain. There are to-day nearly 4,000 churches in Canada, worth at least \$4,000,000. Ten Methodist churches are built daily on the American continent.

ITEMS.

The second Methodist Ecumenical Conference is being held as these notes are being printed. The gathering will be one of unusual interest, and we trust will give an impetus to Methodism in various parts of the world.

The Mission Board of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church has invited the Sunday-schools to co-operate in paying for the new missionary ship by contributing \$2,500 in 10,000 shares at one shilling each.

A distinguished politician who is not a Methodist declares that the labours of Methodist preachers "have added five dollars per acre to every acre of land in the West." If the Church had a fair rate of interest on the aggregate sum produced by that five dollars per acre she would not need a collection to help take care of her supernuantes.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that \$75,000,000 is annually contributed in the United States for the support of the churches, and that \$31,000,000 more are contributed for purely religious objects. Although this is far less than the people spend for liquor, it is enough to show that interest in religion is on the increase. Twenty times more Bibles have been printed and put into circulation during the century now drawing to a close than had been produced altogether before the beginning of the century. This does not indicate a decline of interest in Christianity.

A medical missionary in China recently treated fourteen men in one day, who represented eleven of the eighteen provinces of the empire.

At a Roman Catholic Conference in Wigan, Father Power declared that "never since Elizabeth's reign had the prospects of the Catholic Church been darker in England. In most parts of the country it was not only losing members relatively, but absolutely. Liverpool was the only diocese which had showed an increase of Catholics, and that was not in proportion to the increase of the population. Emigration to America, apostasy and the aversion of young men to matrimony were the reasons.

The Queen of Madagascar, with 200,000 of her subjects, is ranged on the side of Christianity.

Recently a Chinese convert, who refused to reveal his name to Dr. Masters, of San Francisco, handed him a package containing \$100 in gold, nearly all his earthly possessions, directing him to expend the amount in securing a native Chinaman to preach the Gospel in China.

RECENT DEATHS.

We regret to learn the death of the Rev. Wm. Scott, the venerable and venerated minister of our Church. The full particulars we have not heard, but understand that he was injured by collision with a bicycle near his own house, and in a few days passed away from labour to reward. The life of the Rev. William Scott goes back to the early years of the century, he being in the eighty-first year of his age. Cornish's "Hand-Book" records his reception on trial at the New York Conference in 1836, and his subsequent labours at Brockville, Yonge Street, Amherstburg, St. Clair, St. Armand, Melbourne, Montreal, Odelltown, Peterboro', Toronto, Ottawa, Prescott, Matilda, Napanee, Oshawa, Smith's Falls, Stanstead, Dunham and Waterloo; he was twice Secretary of the Conference, twice delegate to the General Conference, six years chairman of district, President of his Conference, governor of Stanstead College, and was a man of marked literary ability, a ready and racy writer, and an enthusiastic advocate of the temperance reform. We expect a more adequate notice of his life and labours.

Rev. W. Moister, of the English Conference, died in August last, at the great age of 83. He spent thirty years in the mission fields of the West Indies and Africa. The late Rev. John Gemley was converted under his ministry in the West Indies. Mr. Moister was the author of several valuable works on Missions.

Rev. G. H. Davis, of Montreal Conference, was removed to the Church triumphant in September. He was a native of England, and had the advantage of being trained in the first Theological Institution. In 1842 he was sent to Canada by the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and laboured first in Montreal, and for more than forty years was stationed in several important places, both in Quebec and Ontario. For at least nine years he was Chairman of Districts. He was a man greatly beloved, a real Christian gentleman, and was very useful in building up the Church. For several years he sustained a superannuated relation, but labored as much as his strength would allow, and was always ready to render help to the minister of the church where he worshipped.

As we go to press we regret to hear of the death in this city, at the residence of his son, Mr. J. E. Hansford, on Sunday, October 11th, of the Rev. Dr. Hansford. He died of paralysis. He was beloved and honoured wherever known—a man of deep piety, of wide and varied reading, of pure and beautiful character. The *Mail* gives the following facts concerning his life:—"The Rev. Dr. Hansford was connected with the Montreal Conference, of which he was at one time president, and was also missionary treasurer for a number of years.

He was born at Longbredy, Dorsetshire, England, on July 14th, 1830, and at the age of twenty-five came to this country, settling in Quebec city, where he assumed his first pastoral charge. He was subsequently stationed at Three Rivers, Montreal, Ottawa, Napanee, Barrie, Pembroke, Perth, and other places. For three years (1873-76) he was principal of Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Quebec. The deceased was married to a daughter of Mr. James Reynar, sister of Professor Reynar, of Victoria University, and leaves a family of two sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him. Dr. Hansford retired more than a year ago from active work in the Church and was placed on the superannuated list."

Rev. D. E. Brownell, of the London Conference, finished his course also in September, 1891. For thirty-two years he did good service in various circuits in the Conference of which he was a member. Some of his first appointments were hard fields of toil, but he laboured with great zeal to do the work of an evangelist, and he did not labour in vain, as his labours were often crowned with success.

Rev. Thomas Williams, of the new South Australian Conference, entered into rest a few weeks ago. He was a native of Lincolnshire, and was one of the first missionaries in Fiji, in 1839. He was often in peril, but lived to see thousands of cannibals brought into the Church. He was well acquainted with King Thakombau, who became a Christian and lived an exemplary life. He wrote several books on Fiji. He was a noble man, and did valiant service for his Master.

COULD I for a moment dream
 God is not in all I see,
 Oh! how dreadful were the dream
 Of a world devoid of Thee!
 But since Thou art ever near,
 Ruling all that falls to me,
 I can smile at pain or care,
 Since it comes in love from Thee.

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Book Notices.

Report of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario, 1891. 8vo, pp. 799. Toronto: Warwick & Sons.

We are indebted to the courtesy of our friend Dr. Rosebrugh, who was himself a very active member of the commission, and to whom, probably, more than to any other man, it owed its existence, for a copy of this able and exhaustive report on a very important subject. It will long be a treasury of information and classified facts and figures on all penological subjects. It is very gratifying to find that the moral status of Canada ranks so high as it does. The population of Massachusetts is almost identical in number with that of Ontario, yet the commitments to prison in the former in 1890 were 38,603, as compared with 11,893 in the same year in Ontario, or more than three to one. The criminal percentage in 1889 in England and Wales was 2.45; in Scotland, 2.5; in Ireland, 3.77; in Massachusetts, 3.07; in Ontario, 1.00.

The evidence given in favour of prison reform and of the mitigation of the penal code is most striking. "At the time when England bristled with gibbets," says Charles Dudley Warner, "and the tree which bore most fruit in that damp climate was the gallows," it did not decrease crime, but was believed by many to have increased it. Among the causes of crime cited by the commission are the following: "The want of proper parental control; the lack of good home training and the baneful influence of bad homes, largely due to the culpable neglect and indifference of parents and the evil effects of drunkenness." It is also stated "that intemperance, directly and indirectly, is unquestionably one of the most fruitful causes of crime, and its effects are wholly evil."

In one respect this book is a very saddening one; it is like the pro-

phet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. It is the study of morbid moral pathology; of the corrupting diseases of the body politic. But such a study is necessary to diagnose the causes of these evils, and, if possible, to discover the cure.

A most important section of the book is the *verbatim* reports of the examination of wardens, jailers, reformatory chaplains and other experts on prison topics, who gave evidence before the commission throughout the country and in the United States. It is shown that prison labour forms such a small portion of the industrial output of the country, and so affects only in a very minute degree the labouring classes. Mrs. Bradley gave very strong evidence that the use of tobacco had a morally deleterious effect, not merely upon those who practise it, but also upon their children.

The testimony of ex-Mayor Howland as to the condition of the waifs of society in the city of Toronto, of whose "goodness" we so pride ourselves, is very saddening. He demonstrates the vast advantages of preventing, by means of industrial schools and moral agency, boys from becoming criminals, rather than punishing them after they become such. He cites the instance of a family the total time spent by whose members in jail since 1879 has been twenty-two years, at a cost to the country of at least \$5,000. These would have been trained to earn honest livelihoods for about \$1,000. But who shall estimate the value of rescuing their souls from degradation and ruin, and training them up in virtue and religion? He claims that fifty children a year have been reclaimed by a little truant school in the city maintained by voluntary support. Some of the testimonies are very touching. "I have known a boy," he says, "sleep in his best

clothes to keep his mother from stealing them for drink." And other cases infinitely sadder than this are recorded.

It is evident from the testimony here given that the Reformatory at Penetanguishene itself needs reforming. In that institution, under the protection of the law, boys are allowed to play on Sunday afternoon at baseball and lacrosse, for which they would be punished by law if the same things were done by them outside the Reformatory. The assignment of indeterminate sentence with the possibility of shortening the term by good behaviour, and of progressive or cumulative sentence for the severer punishment of hardened offenders on their repeated commitment, is strongly recommended by the commission; also in all reformatories for young people the adoption of the cottage system, as opposed to housing in great institutional barracks. God sets man in families like a flock, and as near an approach as possible to a Christian family life is the best preventive and cure of criminality.

It is evident, too, that Catholics and Protestants ought to be kept asunder, and not allowed to flout and jeer at each other's religious principles or scruples. Above all, the early training of the young in the home and Sunday-school, and their industrial training as they grow up, are of vast importance in preparing them for useful life. A practical suggestion is made that the public school-grounds should be open all day as playgrounds for boys and girls. Too often the janitor locks the gates as soon as school is out, and the young folks find no vent for their nervous energy, or chance for physical exercise, except in the crowded dusty streets, or in small and often unwholesome back yards. We should think that a respectful remonstrance from the commission to the school boards of Toronto and other cities would procure a prompt reform in this maladministration. We understand that a convention is shortly to be held to give effect to several of the recommendations of

this commission. We bespeak for it the sympathy and co-operation of as many of our readers as may be able to give it their assistance.

Dr. S. G. Howe, Philanthropist. By F. B. SANBORN. Pp. 370. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Price \$1.50.

This is the record of a very remarkable man, and is well deserving of a place in Funk and Wagnalls' library of American Reformers. The life of Dr. Howe was full of adventure. On completing his medical studies he threw himself with zeal into the struggle of the Greeks for their independence, and had in Greece some very remarkable adventures. He then went to aid the Poles, and was imprisoned for his pains in Berlin. His chief glory, however, is his philanthropic labour on behalf of the blind, the deaf and dumb, idiots and insane. Indeed, he threw himself into every form of philanthropy. "More than any other man," says his biographer, "since John Howard," he had, like that reformer of prisons, trod in Howard's "open but unfrequented path to immortality." He stood by Father Taylor in his Bethel labours for the salvation of seamen; and by Horace Mann in his efforts as an educational reformer; and by Sumner and John Brown and the Abolitionists in their war against that "sum of all villainies," American slavery. The great achievement of his life, however, was not his military services in Greece or Poland, nor even his part in the American anti-slavery war, but in his breaking the fetters which bound the intellect of Laura Bridgman, a young girl who, deaf, dumb, blind, almost without sense of taste or smell, was yet led forth into communion with her kind and into intellectual development, by the unwearied patience and enthusiasm of humanity which inspired the soul of Dr. Howe. The story of his life reads like a romance, and is of such absorbing interest that we have asked our friend, Rev. A. C. Courtice, B.D., to make it the subject of a special article for this *MAGAZINE*.

The Fate of Republics. By PROF. L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D. Pp. 303. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book has already passed through several editions, and is revised and its historical part brought down to date by its accomplished author. Anything written by Prof. Townsend will well repay reading, and his historical summaries are remarkable for their brilliance and condensation. He shows by a wide induction of facts that the republics of antiquity and of the Middle Ages fell through their own corruption, and he prognosticates a similar fate for that of the United States, under the menace of the perils arising from social and political evils, and from aggressive Romanism. "The facts presented," he says, "appear already as black and portentous clouds along our country's horizon, and day by day the gloom thickens." One of the perils he specially refers to is that from illiteracy, not merely among the newly emancipated slaves in the South, but in the border States, where one of the school commissioners states that the people as a whole are making greater efforts to raise pigs than to educate their children.

The greatest peril seems to us to be the rôle played by the saloon in politics. But we are far from sharing Professor Townsend's pessimistic views as to the future of the American Union. There is patriotism and religion enough to triumph over all these menacing ills. The so-called republics of Greece and Rome were not republics at all, but an oligarchy of tyrants. The stablest empire on earth to-day, that of Great Britain, is more really a republic, through the democratisation of society and of the Churches, than any the world ever saw before. The United States has done marvels in absorbing and assimilating into its political life many millions of the worst classes of Europe. Now that that influx is likely to be checked, the power of the Churches and of the schools will be the great moral antiseptic that will save the nation from corruption.

We quite agree with Dr. Townsend that "the only thing that can save the United States from the fatality of historic republics is practical Christianity among the masses of the people." But we think that the million of Sunday-school teachers, the ten millions of Sunday-school scholars, and the nearly two millions of young people pledged to Christian work and Christian consecration in the Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavour Societies and King's Sons and Daughters, are a pledge and portent of the preservation of the Republic from the destruction that has overtaken the selfish oligarchies of antiquity. We prefer, instead of Dr. Townsend's jeremiad, Brown-ing's exultant prophecy, "God is in His heaven; all's right with the world."

Picturesque India. By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: Geo. Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.65.

This is the best book on India, within reasonable size and cost, that we know. Mr. Caine, who is the well-known energetic Member of Parliament for Borough-in-Furness, an active worker in political and social reforms, and an ardent friend of missions, has rendered great service to all who would form some idea of Britain's great Indian empire, by collecting so much valuable information as is found in this book, and by presenting it in such attractive form. Mr. Caine is at once an acute observer and vivid recorder of what he has seen.

In looking over these sumptuous pages we have brought before us graphic pictures by pen and pencil of the teeming populations of the great cities, those humming hives of industry; the many-coloured processions, pomp and pageantry of barbarous kings and princes; the strange architecture of palaces and mausoleums; the ghats and tanks and tombs. These are all reproduced in vivid description and in accurate portraiture. Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of the book is its ample and admirable

illustration. There are about two hundred and fifty excellent engravings, many of them full page, which add much to the interest and value of the volume. Special attention has been given in this book to the subject of missions, in which the author takes a profound interest. Through the distinguished kindness of Mr. Caine and of the Messrs. Routledge, his publishers, we are enabled to present in the forthcoming volumes of this MAGAZINE a very large number of these admirable engravings, accompanied by ample citations from the descriptive text.

The Doctrine of the Future Life, from a Scriptural, Philosophical and Scientific Point of View, including especially a Discussion on Immortality, the Intermediate State, the Resurrection and Final Retribution. By JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

The name of the venerable author of this book is a sufficient guarantee as to the conspicuous ability with which this important doctrine is treated, and the soundness and scriptural orthodoxy of the views which are maintained. It is one of those precious little books which may truly be said to be *multum in parvo*. It is very compendious and inexpensive, but leaves nothing to be desired in the treatment of this vast theme. An excellent feature is an appendix containing a bibliography, with brief criticisms of the chief books on the subject.

The Homes, Haunts and Friends of John Wesley. Being the Centenary number of the *Methodist Recorder*, revised and enlarged, with illustrations. Small 4to, pp 154. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

One of the best, if not the very best, of the illustrated issues called forth by the Centennial of the death of Wesley, was the memorial num-

ber of the *Methodist Recorder*. It was well worthy of being reproduced in more permanent form, and with more careful printing of the numerous engravings than was possible in the paper in which they first appeared. In this revised and enlarged form it presents one of the best souvenirs of the life and labours of that great man than we have anywhere seen. It has nearly one hundred illustrations, many of them of unique interest and importance. It should be in every Methodist household and Sunday-school.

What Rome Teaches. By M. F. CUSACK (The Nun of Kenmare). 12mo, cloth. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

Since the author's conversion to Protestantism she has observed with regret how few Protestants are really well informed as to the actual teachings of Catholicism and its attitude toward politics and the press. This has led her to prepare this book, with the view of giving information where it is needed, and will be of value. Her intimate knowledge of Catholic doctrine and instruction, her long experience in Romanist work and association with Romanist workers, and her command of a vigorous style, admirably fit her to prepare a work of value and interest.

How to Read the English Bible. A Canadian Chautauqua Lecture. By the REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D.

This is an admirable discussion of an important theme. Mr. Burton always writes judiciously, and never more so than in this excellent pamphlet. We commend it to the study of all Bible readers.

The Expository Times, is a high class monthly, published by the famous house of T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. It is devoted to condensed reviews of new books and fuller treatment of expository topics. Mr. T. D. McAinsh, Toronto, is the Canadian agent. Price \$1 a year.