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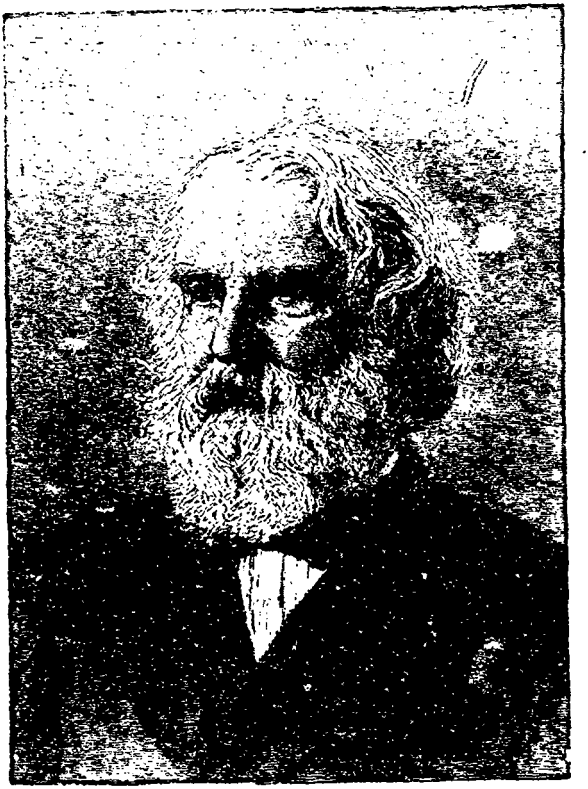


HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
Born February 27, 1807. Died March 24, 1882.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1882.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

IV.

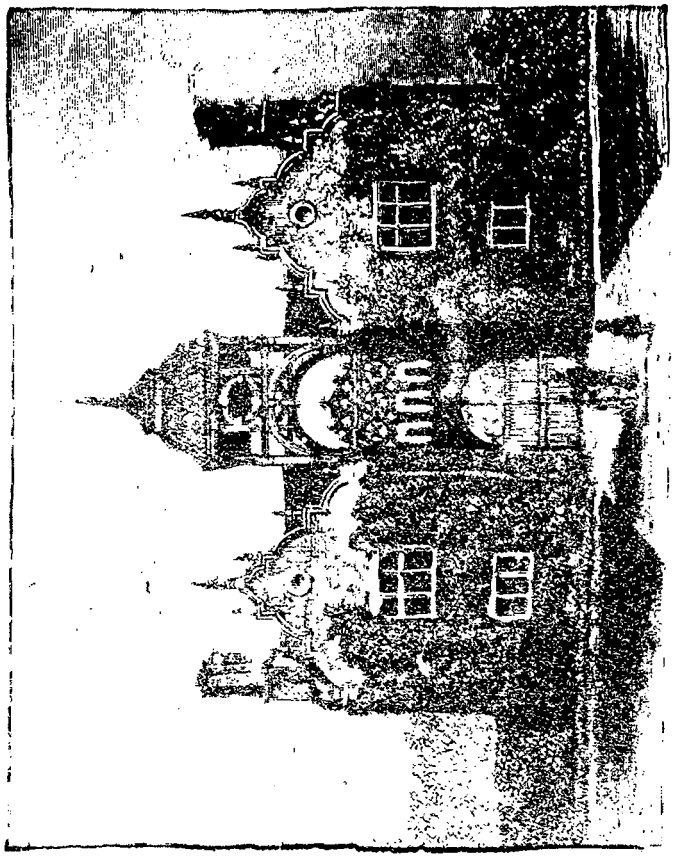
WESTWOOD PARK.

ONE of the most perfect and interesting Elizabethan mansions of England is Westwood, about six miles from the "faithful city" of Worcester. It stands in its own grand old deer park amid its ancestral oaks, some of whose mighty boles are eighteen yards in circumference. They have, doubtless, stood the tempests of a thousand years, and were venerable when the Norman conqueror landed on the English shores. The gate-house, shown in our engraving, is one of the most quaintly picturesque in the kingdom. It consists of twin lodges of red brick, with ornamental gables, and a central open-spired turret covering the floriated iron gates. The embowering ivy, which almost covers the house, gives it a highly venerable aspect.

The plan of the building is quite unique. At the angles, two great wings project, surmounted by a blunt spire—see cuts on pages 389 and 390. The intervening walls are broken by many projecting mullioned windows, and crowned by Elizabethan gables. Decidedly the most picturesque view is that from the north-east angle, where its broken outline can be best seen. Under the bright lights and deep shadows thrown by a full

* *The Stately Homes of England.* By LLEWELLYNN JEWETT, F.S.A., and S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Two vols. in one; pp. 400 and 360, with 380 engravings. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $8.

moon—the hospitable blaze of the many windows conveying suggestions of welcome and good cheer—the effect is very fine. The old house is as magnificent within as without. We give a cut of the grand staircase of dark and polished oak, the ancestral portraits, the trophies of the chase, and the quaint



pillars and balls. The old clock on the stairs, which has chronicled for generations the fortunes of the house, might be the original of that described in Longfellow's noble poem:—

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,

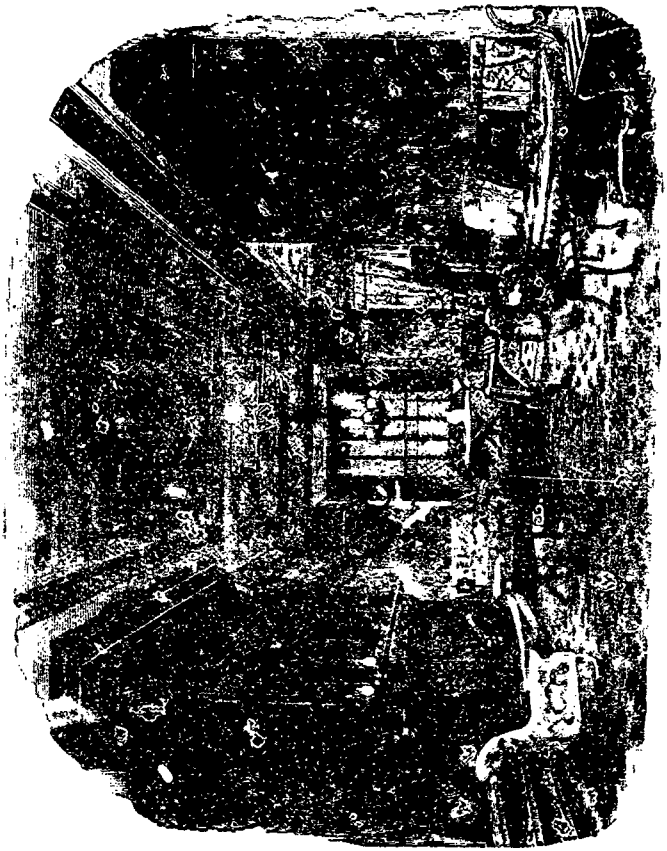
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never, forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall;

GRAND STAIRCASE, WESTWOOD.

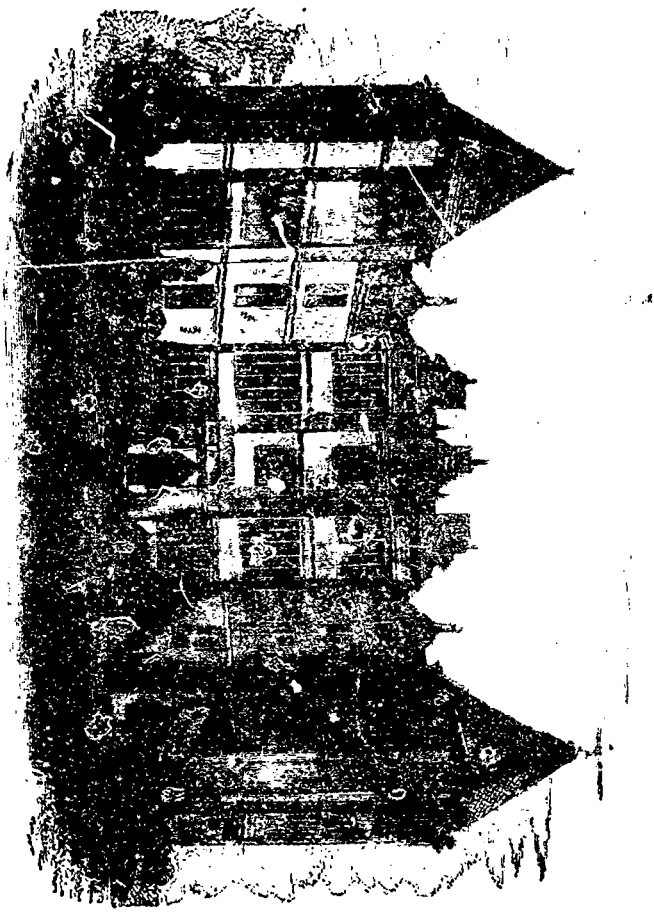
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"



In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

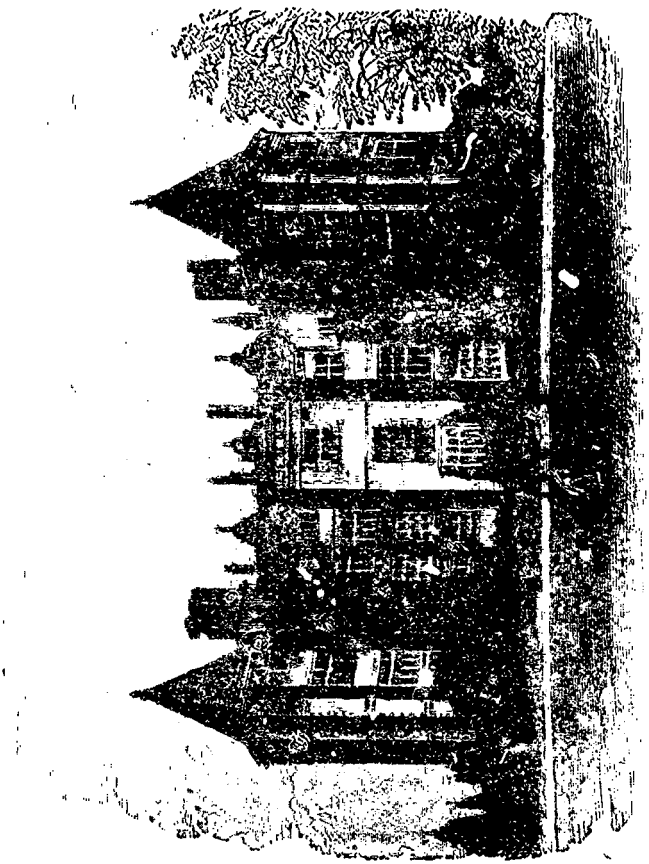
From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"



The grand saloon is hung with noble tapestries—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust—the subjects being the Biblical story of Jacob. The elegant modern furniture seems almost out of keeping with the heirloom arras on the walls.

Sir Thomas Pakington, the lord of Westwood, was a favourite

of Queen Elizabeth. He ruffled it at court with the gallant cavaliers of the time, in such magnificence that he embarrassed his estates and retired to the country, to "live on bread and verjuice," he said, till he should relieve them. The Queen gave him an escheated estate, but when he beheld the distress of the



late possessors he declined to accept it. Having paid his debts, he gave a house-warming at Westwood, when his hospitality was so great that the hundred knights and gentlemen, with their trains, who were his guests, declared that their reception was so kind that "they did not know whether they possessed the place or the place them." During the civil wars the family fought for king and crown, and suffered severely in consequence. Special lustre was cast upon the house by the virtue and piety of Lady

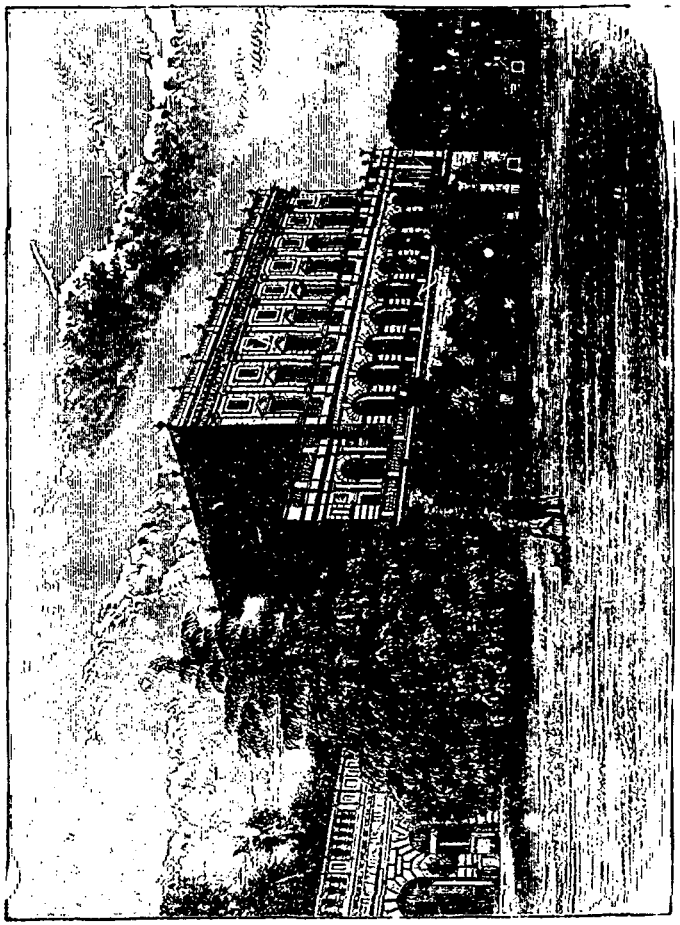
Dorothy Pakington, to whom may, with certainty, be attributed that famous work, "The Whole Duty of Man," described as the most masculine religious book in the English language, which has erroneously been ascribed to three archbishops, two bishops, and other learned divines.

CLIEFDEN.

The silver Thames laves with its limpid stream many a fair demesne, but none more beautiful than "Charming Cliefden." The grey old towers of Windsor, the cloistered walks of Eton, the wooded heights of Richmond, the windings of the storied stream, make up a picture of rural loveliness and historic interest not surpassed even in this lovely and historic land.

The memories of Cliefden are not all, unhappily, as innocent

as these. The mansion was built by the infamously profligate George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, and here he kept his wicked state. But the Nemesis of sin attended him, and he died in wretchedness, poverty, and loneliness. Pope thus points the moral of his fate:—



In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster and the walls of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,

That life of pleasure and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove!

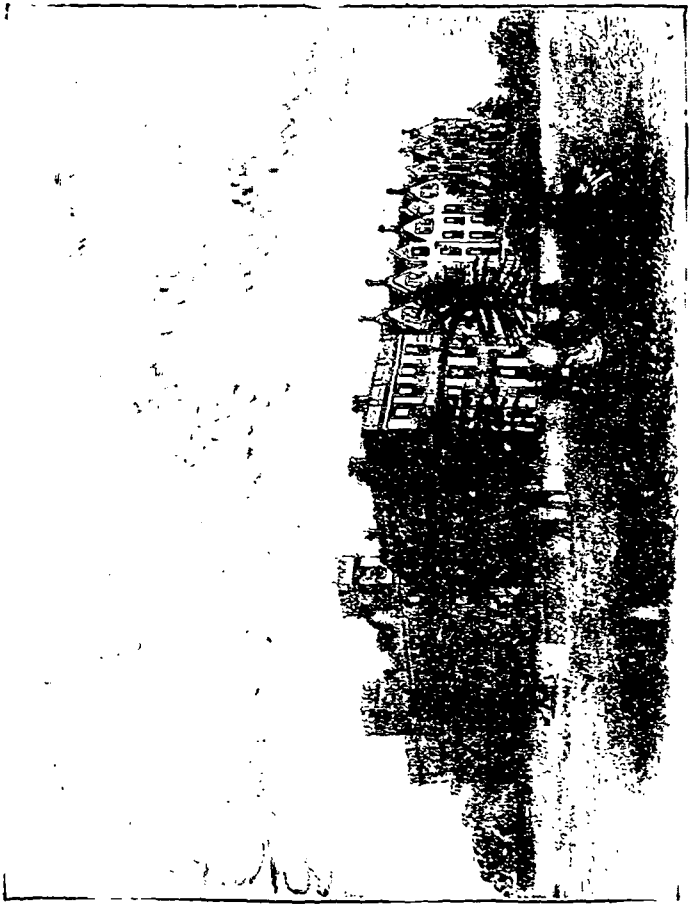
Within these walls was first heard that famous song which has since echoed around the world, "Britannia Rules the Wave." It was written for the anniversary of the accession of George I., 1714, and was soon sung by every English sailor, in every port and on every sea. Cliefden is now the property of the Duke of Westminster, probably the wealthiest nobleman in Great Britain. The great Palladian mansion is raised upon a terrace 440 feet long, commanding, as we have said, one of the grandest prospects in the kingdom.

WALBECK.

Walbeck, it may be safely said, is the most extraordinary dwelling, not merely in England, but in the world. It combines the characteristics of the underground abodes of the pre-historic Troglodytes, with those of the highest civilization of the nineteenth century. Its wealthy and eccentric—some say mad—owner, the late Duke of Portland, had a passion for building like a beaver and burrowing like a badger Perhaps this was inherited from his ancestress, the Countess of Shrewsbury, whom a gipsy fortune-teller assured that she would never die so long as she kept on building—a prediction manifestly true, but nevertheless giving no lease of life. It is recorded that she did die at an old age, during a hard frost, when it was impossible for the workmen to go on with their operations. Perhaps the prophecy led to its own fulfilment.

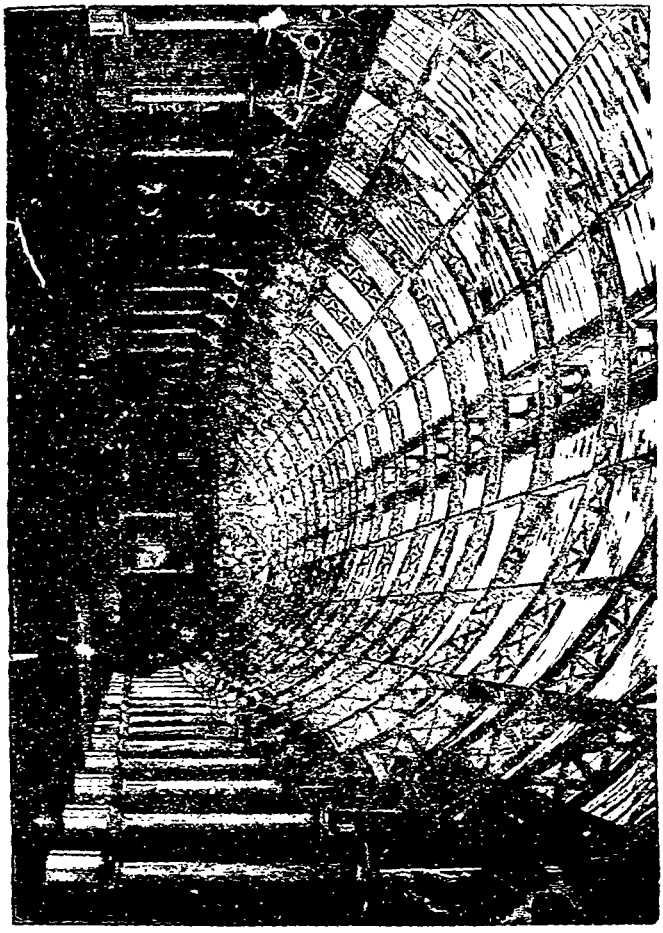
The handsome building shown on page 394 is the work of the ancestors of the late Duke, and calls for no special notice, although an exceedingly sumptuous and magnificent structure. The great riding school, shown on page 395, is of recent construction, and is the finest in existence. It is 379 feet long, 106 wide, and over 50 in height. At night, when lit up by its 8,000 gas-jets, it is a very brilliant spectacle. The chief attractions of Walbeck are underground. Magnificent *suites* of chambers have been constructed, at great cost, beneath the surface of the earth. These are connected by a system of subterranean corridors and tunnels, all well lighted either by gas or by openings to the sky. The libraries and picture galleries alone form a *suite* of magnificent rooms, nearly 300 feet in length, surrounded by a glass-

roofed corridor, and lighted from the top. A great underground ball-room is 158 feet by 63 feet, and lofty in proportion. The flat ceiling is supported by eight iron girders, each weighing twenty-two tons. "The light," we read, "is equal to any to be attained in buildings on the surface, and has an additional softness that is peculiarly grateful; the drainage is thorough and



complete, the ventilation admirable, and the annoyance of wind and draft entirely avoided." But these advantages might surely have been obtained by far less costly and unusual means. Walbeck has recently been brought prominently before the public by the visit thither of the Prince and Princess of Wales,

of which event, and of the oddities of the grotto-like structures, the *Graphic* and *London News* have had copious illustrations. The eccentric earl could afford to indulge his whims, for his income was over £1,000 a day—some £400,000 a year. For years he kept an army of about 2,000 workmen employed, and his great workshops had every sort of machinery and mechanical



appliance for working in wood, stone, and iron, powerful steam engines, extensive gas-works, and six or seven ponderous traction engines. The owner of all this splendour lived a very secluded life, saw scarcely any company, and, it is said, used to dine alone, but had every day several huge beakers of ale placed on the

table as if for some ghostly guests. His successor, the present owner of Walbeck, is much more social in his character, as evinced by the loyal hospitality of his recent entertainment of the heir to the throne. In Walbeck Park are some stately old trees, one of which is so vast that a coach and six have driven through an opening caused by decay in its trunk.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

Most of the "Stately Homes" which we have noticed have been in central or northern England. We now describe one in the extreme south-west—amid the lovely apple orchards of Devon—or rather, we must say, of Cornwall, for an Act of Parliament, as late as 1854, so changed the boundaries of the neighbouring counties that Mount Edgcumbe became transferred from Devon to Cornwall. Right across the bay from the grand old historic seaport of Plymouth, lies this noble country seat. In full view from its lawns and terraces is the famous roadstead, fortified at every point, with the gigantic breakwater a mile in length, and the great three-deckers anchored in the Sound.

For Mount Edgcumbe art has done little. Indeed, so great are its natural beauties of hill and dale, heights and hollows, wooded uplands, and pasture slopes, that the intrusion of artificial adornment would almost be resented as an impertinence. For five miles one may drive through the noble park, along a road that everywhere skirts the harbour or the sea.

The Edgcumbe family is one of the most ancient in Devon, the present lord being the twentieth in direct descent from the gallant Edgcumbes of the days of the Edwards. One of his ancestors was knighted upon Bosworth field. Another being hotly pursued during the civil wars of the Roses, put a stone in his cap and threw it into the Sound, when his pursuers, thinking him drowned, gave up the chase, and so he escaped. Another pious Edgcumbe is thus commemorated on his tomb:—

> "Lief Tenant to my Queen long Time,
> And often for my shire and knighte;
> My merit did to creddit clime,
> Still bidinge in my callinge righte;
> By Loyalty my faith was tryede,
> Peacefull I liv'd, hopeful I diede."

In the old banquetting-hall are suits of arms and armour, helmets, breastplates, crossbows, battle-axes, pikes, halberts, and swords, which may have been—

"Bathed in gore
On the plains of Azincourt."

The grandeur of the neighbouring Cornish coast, the beauty of the vales of Devon, the historic memories of Drake and Raleigh

and Gilbert, and the ancient sea-kings of Plymouth, and, later, of William of Orange, gives this part of England an interest unsurpassed by that of no other region of the grand old land.

We again commend to our readers the magnificent volume,

with its 380 engravings, of which we have given them but glimpses in these series of papers. In an early number of this Magazine we will give an account of the Royal Homes of England, with engravings of Buckingham Palace, and other residences of Queen Victoria.

A MARTYR'S HYMN.*

JESUS, refuge of the weary,
Object of the Spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Saviour from the world above!

Oh! how oft thine eyes, offended,
Gazed upon the sinner's fall,
Yet Thou on the cross extended
Bore the penalty of all!

For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain,
By Thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through Thee, we reign!

Jesus, would my heart were burning
With more vivid love for Thee!
Would my eyes were ever turning
To Thy cross of agony!

Would that on that cross suspended,
I, the martyr's palm might win,
Where the Lord, the heaven-descended,
Sinless suffered for my sin!

So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Seraphim.

Then in glory parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever,
Be the Cross and Crucified.

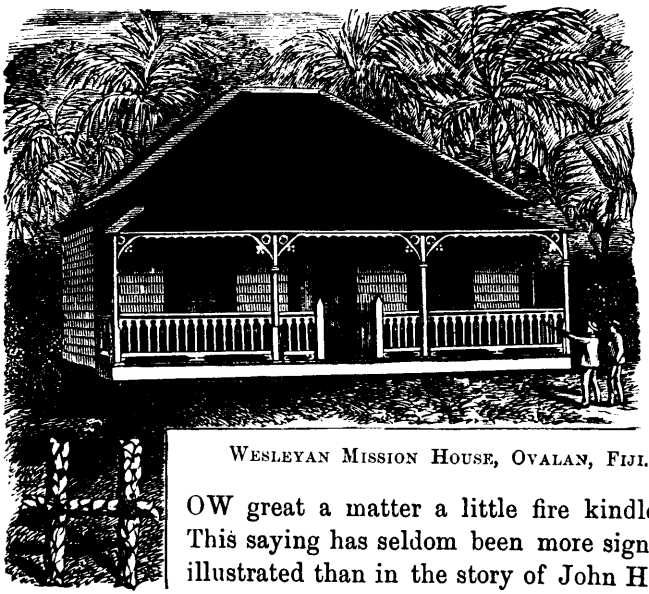
---

* A pathetic interest is given to this hymn by Girolamo Savonarola, by the fact that he breathes in it his aspiration that he "the martyr's palm might win"—a desire that was fulfilled by his being burned at the stake as a witness for Jesus, in Florence, in 1498.

MISSIONARY HEROES.

JOHN HUNT AND THE CONVERSION OF FIJI.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, OVALAN, FIJI.

HOW great a matter a little fire kindleth! This saying has seldom been more signally illustrated than in the story of John Hunt, the Apostle of Fiji. That a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to manhood with no educational advantages, should, before his thirty-sixth year, be the chief instrument in the conversion to Christianity and civilization of one of the most barbarous races of cannibals on the face of the earth, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of Christian missions.

The father of John Hunt had been a soldier, but deserted and entered the navy. He was with Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and, from hearing his fireside stories, his son resolved to be himself a hero. Neither his father nor mother could read. Young

* The principal authorities for this paper are Rowe's "Life of John Hunt," Williams' "Fiji and Fijians," and Calvert's "Missionary Labours Among the Cannibals," 2 vols.; Moister's "History of Wesleyan Missions," Bishop Walsh's "Heroes of the Mission Field," Miss C. F. Gordon Cummings' "At Home in Fiji," and *London Quarterly*, January, 1882, article "Fiji."

Hunt was put, at ten years of age, to the hard work of a ploughboy. At sixteen he fell ill of brain fever, and was brought to the verge of the grave. His soul was filled with dread, and on his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel. As he followed the plough, thoughts of eternity agitated his mind and so engrossed his thoughts, that once being ordered to take a load of corn to market, he set off with an empty waggon. He became soundly converted, and, being full of zeal, was soon asked to address a village congregation. His first attempt was a failure. His thoughts took flight. He sat down overwhelmed with confusion, and went home sad and discouraged. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind, by attending night school and learning to read and write.

In spite of his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue, he became a favourite with the rural congregations which he addressed. He was still a hard-working farm servant. After walking many miles on Sunday, often not reaching home till midnight, he was in the stables grooming his horses at four o'clock next morning. Being asked if he would like to become a preacher, he confessed he would like to go as a servant with a missionary to South Africa, and teach in a Sunday-school—so modest was his ambition. The Mission Secretaries rather laughed at the idea; but he was recommended for the ministry, and at length was sent to the Hoxton training school. He devoted himself with energy to English, Latin, Greek, and Theology —hitherto his only books had been a Bible and Pilgrim's Progress—and during vacation this raw ploughboy was sent to preach—of all places in the world—in the collegiate city of Oxford.

About two years before this, two Wesleyan missionaries had gone as pioneers from Australia to Fiji. Their account of the cannibal orgies of the islands was a revelation of horror to England. The Wesleyan Mission House issued an appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," which stirred the societies throughout the kingdom. Young Hunt, James Calvert, and another were chosen to reënforce that little band among cannibals. A fellow-student condoled with Hunt on the perils which he must encounter. "That's not it," exclaimed the brave-souled man. "There is a poor girl in Lincolnshire who will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent!" He wrote at once a manly letter to his

betrothed, and in a few days burst into his friend's room, saying, "It's all right! she'll go with me anywhere." In a few weeks they were married and on their way to the scene of their future trials and triumphs at the far Antipodes. At Sydney they met John Williams, the destined martyr of Erromanga, and they sailed the same day to their different fields of toil.

On reaching Fiji, December 22, 1838, the young missionary and his wife were appointed to Rewa, a solitary station remote from Christian aid or sympathy. They went undismayed to their arduous post. "They soon found," says Bishop Walsh, "that so far as the butcheries and cruelties of the people were concerned, the half had not been told them. They were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity, a description of which would not be fit for the ears of civilized Christian people."

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust. They care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, which is arrayed in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. We continue to quote as follows from Bishop Walsh's graphic sketch:—

"Infanticide and cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two-thirds of all the infants were killed at birth, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to young children to hack and hew; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture. No marvel if we read that sick and aged parents were put out of the way by the clubs of their own offspring, and that hoary hairs and failing strength excited neither reverence nor compassion. As to cannibalism, it had become an epicurean art. The mother rubbed a reeking portion of the horrible repast on the lips of her own infant, to generate an early taste for human blood. It was no uncommon thing for a man to select his best wife, or his most tender child, for the dreadful festival, and even to invite his friends to the awful banquet. Ra Undreundu kept a register by means of

stones, of the bodies which he had eaten, and they numbered 900! The horrid practice mingled itself with all the acts of life and worship. The building of a canoe, the burial of the dead, the payment of tax, and even the taking down of a mast, were each accompanied with this revolting ceremonial. A chief has been known to kill eight or ten men in order to make rollers for the launching of his canoe, and the ovens were previously ablaze to cook them for his banquet. We must draw the veil over still darker scenes which will not endure recital in Christian ears."

Amid all this savagery, Mr. Hunt writes, "I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of a God whom even the heathen fear, when they hear of Him. The people at Lakemba say that their God has actually left the island, because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore!" Ere long converts were made to the religion of the cross, and with conversion came persecution of the Christian neophytes, who were pillaged of their property by the heathen. Yet the sufferers bore with noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

After seven months, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

"Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them of high rank, should be strangled, and despite of Hunt's entreaties they were put to death, and then burned in front of the mission-house, amidst the blast of conchs and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later, eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window-blinds against the sight of the horrid festival, the infuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were re-opened."

In 1840, Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they

refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

"During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission-house, that the smell from them was sickening; and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives, if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all perils and annoyances, Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always—to use his favourite expression—turning his care into prayer."

Soon the devoted missionary, Mr. Cross, succumbed to sickness, and died at his post a witness for the truth. A native

GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS, FIJI.

house was built over his grave, and beneath the same roof in this land of strangers were interred the remains of two or three little children, who were removed to a better country, while their bereaved and afflicted parents were striving to plant the standard of the cross in this dark benighted land.

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo, Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health, he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honour of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up also his personal studies, reading

Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Commentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on Sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken; and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting, 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst on the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "Oh, if you missionaries would go away!" they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for the missionary: "O Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me! Take ten of us!* But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji, sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji: my heart has

travailed in pain for Fiji!" Then grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save Thy servants, save Thy servants, save Thy people, save the heathen, in Fiji!" Turning to his mourning wife, he said: "If this be dying, praise the Lord!" Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise Him abundantly!" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah," on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies. The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but this:

REV. JOHN HUNT,
Slept in Jesus, October 4th, 1848.
AGED 36 YEARS.

The good work so auspiciously begun by Hunt and his associates, has been carried on with glorious results. The mission band has been reinforced, till, in 1881, there were employed, besides about a score of European missionaries, fifty-four native preachers, 984 catechists, 1,405 local preachers, 2,260 class-leaders, with 106,000 attendants on public worship out of a population of 120,000. The people have erected for themselves 900 chapels, which are out of debt, and 240 other preaching places. Every Sunday there are 1,100 pulpits filled by native Fiji preachers, and during the week 1,400 day-schools are conducted for the instruction of over 57,000 scholars, each village supporting its own schools.

In 1874 the islands became, by petition of their inhabitants, a crown colony of Great Britain, and the following year Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first Governor. There are 250 islands in the group, scattered over an area of 250 miles by 370. Some of the islands are of volcanic origin; others are "atolls," or circular coral reefs, as shown in our cut. One of these islands is larger than Jamaica, another is larger than Cyprus, and all together cover a greater area than the West India group. Fiji abounds in magnificent harbours. In natural beauty, it is a perfect land of the lotus-eaters, with volcanic peaks and lovely vales, covered with richest vegetation. Among its products are cotton, coffee, sugar, sago, cocoa, rice, India rubber, and spices. The revenue of the country has increased from £16,000 in 1875 to £80,000

in 1880. The total value of the produce has increased from £80,000 in 1876, to £176,000 in 1880. It is expected that in 1882 no less than 8,000 tons of sugar will be exported. The value of the imports from British possessions to Fiji has risen from £91,411 in 1876, to £180,452 in 1880. All this is the indirect fruit of missions. And these remarkable results have been accomplished almost within a generation.

Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has three handsome European churches, a Government House, Supreme Court. Masonic, Good

ATOLL, OR CORAL REEF ISLAND.

Templars', and Odd Fellows' halls, Mechanics' Institute, club room, bank, two tri-weekly papers, stores, hotels, and, another sign of civilization—a single cab.

Many are the testimonies given as to the success of the Wesleyan Missions by persons in no wise prejudiced in their favour. One of the most striking of these is the following, by the chaplain of H. M. S. *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji missions —"Never was I so much impressed," he says, "with the power of Divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation at Bau, of over seven hundred; the King, seated in a dignified manner in an arm chair, with his large Bible before him; the Queen, the finest specimen of 'the human face divine'

that I ever saw, in a conspicuous place among the women; and heard the Gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high, like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose of cooking the victims are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

But the fullest testimony is that of Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming,* a lady of considerable celebrity as a traveller and author, who, by invitation, accompanied Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon as a member of their family. Miss Cumming spent two years in Fiji, during which time she explored most of the inhabited islands, mingled freely with the people in their homes and at social and public gatherings, and was a careful observer of their customs, manners, and morals. She vividly describes the wonderful transition which has ensued from the most savage barbarism to Christian civilization by the introduction of the Gospel. "Strange, indeed," she writes, "is the change that has come over these isles since first the Wesleyan missionaries landed here, in the year 1835, resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of the two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these bloodthirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master; and day after day witnessing such scenes as chill one's blood to hear about. Many such have been described to me by eye-witnesses. Slow and disheartening was their labour for many years; yet so well has that little leaven worked, that, with the exception of Kai Tholos, the wild highlanders who still hold out in their mountain fastnesses, the eighty inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have *lotuted* (*i.e.*, embraced Christianity) in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations.

*At Home in Fiji. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 365, with map and illustrations. New York: Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.

"I often wish that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see some of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbour, and the land had no rest from inter-tribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef—the prisoners deliberately fattened for the slaughter, dead bodies dug up that had been buried ten or twelve days, limbs cut off from living men and women, and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to *dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose; and this, not* in time of war, when such atrocity might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or appetite of the moment. Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads, or those who were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to act as rollers, when a chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony; a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbours with fresh meat!

"Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you can pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village, on the lightly inhabited isles, has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are 900 Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

Concerning cannibal practices this book gives much informa-

tion. The cover-picture is that of a cannibal fork. It is a round, four-pronged affair, used exclusively for human flesh, this being the only meat not to be touched by the fingers, because it was supposed to produce skin disease.

Forty native Fijians have gone as missionaries to New Guinea, a land more degraded than even their own had been, and through their labours 2,300 of the inhabitants have become Christians. The Fijians make good missionaries; difficulties do not dishearten, nor perils affright them. Where one falls under the club of a savage—and many have so fallen—others are ready to take up his work, and proclaim to his murderers both the law and the Gospel.

In 1877, Mr. Brown, a Wesleyan missionary, with nine native Fiji preachers, seven of them married and accompanied by their wives, sailed in the mission-brig, *John Wesley*, to carry to the savages of the New Britain the Gospel of Christ. Before they sailed, the British consul remonstrated with them on the peril of the attempt, but they replied, "We know the danger; we are willing to go; if we get killed, well; if we live, well." News was soon received that four of them were killed and eaten, and that their wives and little ones were threatened with a similar fate. "These distressing tidings," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "reached Fiji just as a fresh detachment of teachers was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was in no degree shaken. One of them expressed the determination of all when he said: 'If the people kill and eat my body, I shall go to a place where there is no more pain or death; it is all right.' One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger; she replied: 'I am like the outrigger of a canoe—where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger!' Brave helpmeets these."

We had marked several other passages of this fascinating book for quotation; as, for instance, the author's crushing retort to the "anti-mission howl," her sketches of the native missionary meeting, her account of the death of old Joel Bulu, a grand old native missionary, who commanded the love and admiration of all who knew him—together with many graphic sketches of Fiji manners and customs, but our space is exhausted. We commend the volume to all lovers of Christian missions, as one of solid value and fascinating interest.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

LONG years had I of gladness,
Joy and health.
Sorrow came not by open door, nor
Came by stealth,
To damp one joy, or rudely
Steal away
The bliss which filled my home from
Day to day.
I owned not then, O Lord, as
Now I see,
That all these precious blessings
Came from Thee.

And now, if after all these
Happy years,
In which was so much gladness,
So few tears,
Thine hand arrests me; for the
Daily tread
Of busy life there comes the resting
On my bed;
Should I, while thus Thy prisoner,
Lord, repine,
If chastening for a season and not
Joy be mine?

Nay, Lord, for though I cannot
Understand
Why comes this cup from Thy
Benignant hand,
Yet help me, Lord, to feel, if
Sore distrest,
What is Thy will is ever
For the best;
And teach me always from my
Heart to say,
"*Mould, Lord, Thou art the potter,*
I the clay."

BISHOP JANES.*

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

DR. RIDGAWAY has done his work well in giving us the above life. A truly apostolic man was Bishop Janes. His career is resplendent with a spirit of self-sacrifice, untiring toil, abandon in the prosecution of official duty, lofty purpose, and far-reaching power. Yet withal a self-poised man, modest, humble, and constitutionally retiring. His opportunities as a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, were of course, grand, and by the grace of God Edmund Storer Janes proved himself sufficient for them. His estimate of the possibilities of the magnificent organization of which he was one of the superintendents is thus given when he had completed his seventeenth year of episcopal service: "The Methodist Church is a most wonderful agency. Its adaptation to educate and influence the world religiously is marvellous. There is no such power in the earth. When this organization is properly worked, and energized by the Holy Ghost, its operations are beautiful and sublime, and their spiritual results stupendous. It is of God." To these convictions Bishop Janes was unfalteringly loyal and unselfishly consecrated for over thirty years of an unsullied and untiring official life.

He was born in 1807, in the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, amid surroundings of fine natural scenery, that no doubt made their mark on the impressible nature of the boy. Came of a good stock, too. One William Janes, a man of note among his fellow-colonists, had fled with others from the persecutions of Archbishop Laud to seek religious freedom in the American wilderness. He was the founder of the Janes family on this continent. Brought up in the robust atmosphere of a New England home, with its habits of frugality and industry, Edmund Storer availed himself of the educational facilities of the "district school" of those times, and by his seventeenth or eighteenth year was able to teach one himself. He had a godly mother. Scepti-

* "The Life of Edmund S. Janes, D.D., LL.D." By H. B. Ridgaway, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

cally inclined at first, while preparing for the practice of law, "God's solemn Providence struck down suddenly his intended partner in business." This proved a decisive appeal to young Janes. Thereafter his life flowed in a new channel.

Conversion, call to the ministry, introduction to pastoral work, followed one another in quick succession. Elizabethtown, N. J., was his first appointment. Dr. Thomas B. Sargent says of our subject at this time: "My acquaintance with him began June 13th, 1830, when I preached for him in the old forty-feet square, shingle-boarded church, at Elizabethtown, in which I, as his predecessor, had ministered for two whole years. He and I on Monday made a round of our fold, and I was deeply impressed with the modesty, sweetness, and spirituality of the man and minister, and said, 'Behold, how they love him—both sheep and lambs!'" Hardly anything as this, at times, thrilling memoir, has more impressed us than the adoption by Mr. Janes at the beginning of his ministry of the following rules for the guidance and control of his administration:—1. Never to take offence. 2. Never to ask any explanations. 3. Treat every one as though nothing had happened. Said this truly great man towards the close of his eventful life: "No words outside of inspiration have been of so much real value to me."

God blessed His servant with a wife wonderfully fitted for his companionship, in toil, in counsel, in care, in suffering, in success. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not long divided." Their children rise up and call them blessed. One of the beauties of Bishop Janes' life is its sweet domestic attachments. How heavy a cross it was to him to be so little with his family, hurrying ever from point to point, over a vast continent, his correspondence painfully shows. *Diocesan* Episcopacy puts much less strain on its agents than the itinerant General Superintendency of American Methodism. How faithful a servant of this exacting system, how scrupulously conscientious in meeting its severe requirements was our subject, his heroic life everywhere attests. In 1854, writing from Baltimore to Mrs. Janes, he says: "I am very anxious to be at home. I know my family interests are suffering, but the Church first. This must be my maxim. My conviction is that the best way for me to take care of my family is faithfully to fulfil the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus Christ. If I meet my obligations to

God and His Church, I believe God will fulfil His promises to me and my family. This is my faith, I think it is Scriptural. God bless you all! I cannot write more now."

Once he said to his wife, as with a sharp cry of pain under their long and frequent separations: "I know of but one way to relieve the affliction, namely, to resign my office. This I have strongly desired to do ever since I became acquainted with its duties and the losses sustained by my family. . . . I have on this point, several times advised confidentially with some of the wisest men in the Church, and they have uniformly assured me that my resignation would be extensively harmful to the interests of the Church. This only has restrained me. The office has no charms for me. I do not love power. I never use any more than I am obliged to. Public life has for me no attractions. Quiet domestic life interests me much more." Twenty years after this, when he had left his beloved wife at home ill, with her last illness, he wrote her: "I am at my post of duty. You have never prevented me from going to my work. Whether sick or well you have always told me to go—sometimes when I knew it subjected you to cares and discomforts of a serious character. I can also testify that in all possible ways you have aided me in my public duties, and added much to my efficiency as a minister and Bishop of the Church. God knows it all; will understand whom to recompense. I hope and pray that you may have a comfortable day." These self-sacrifices on the part of both husband and wife have been crowned with their fitting reward.

In the earlier years of his ministry—while a pastor in Philadelphia—Mr. Janes studied medicine, and subsequently received from Vermont University the degree of Doctor of Medicine. This, with his previous knowledge of law, gave him a breadth of culture which appeared in his general intercourse with society, as well as in the discharge of his public and official duties. He was soon singled out for conspicuous service, receiving in 1840 the Secretaryship of the American Bible Society. Released from pastoral engagements, in the interest of this appointment, he threw himself heartily into the advocacy of its great claims. Of his power in speech and marked success as an agent of this influential organization we make room for two instances. Says his biographer: "In the summer and autumn of 1842, he visited the Western Conferences. His advocacy of the Bible cause was here

equally effective as in the South. Some of the older preachers of the Ohio Conference still refer in warm terms to an address which he delivered before that Conference, at its session in Hamilton, Ohio, in September of this year. There were present such men as William H. Raper, James B. Finley, L. L. Hamline, William Nast, and others whose names for pulpit power have become familiar through the State of Ohio. These men who were accustomed to move the masses as the storm bends the forest, found themselves entirely at the will of the youthful secretary. At first instructed and entertained, they were at length captured, and amid tears and shouts his address was concluded, and by a unanimous vote they stood ready to sustain his cause." No wonder, if his method, or even his spirit in the one case were akin to that described by an eye witness when he was addressing on a like behalf, a Western New York Conference: "He was arguing the necessity of personal consecration in order to liberal and acceptable offerings unto God, and as he proceeded with fervid and impassioned eloquence he threw himself upon his knees, and in prayer led the body of the Conference, before they were aware, in the very act of consecration. The effect was most thrilling, and was one of those life-time acts, the memory of which endures through generations."

On May 1st, 1844, the ninth delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in New York. This Conference will ever be memorable in the annals of American ecclesiastical history, as leading by its action on the question of slavery to the division of the Church, the Southern sections thereafter withdrawing and constituting itself a separate organization. It was at this Conference, when only thirty-seven years of age, that Mr. Janes received his election and introduction to the Episcopate. In connection with so important an event, it is interesting to have the following from Dr. Thomas B. Sargent: "When the Baltimore delegation met to confer in regard to men to strengthen the Episcopacy, each one was called on to name a man. When my turn came I nominated Edmund Storer Janes with a remark touching his fitness for the office. They laughed me to scorn. Fifteen or twenty years afterwards, when he had shown himself to be *primus inter pares*, and I had been associated with him for ten years as a presiding elder—and more than once spent the live-long night, and in one case, two consecutive nights in the

cabinet work—I ventured in our confidential talk, to tell this incident, without designating any one but our two selves. His observation was like himself: "Considering who your nominee was, I do not wonder they laughed you to scorn."

Says his biographer: "There were some tears shed at the home on Lispenard Street on the announcement of his election. But the devout wife on whom the care of the little children was more than ever to devolve, bravely accepted the situation. Henceforth for thirty-two years he was to be a wanderer over the earth, travelling longer distances, enduring longer absences from home, and performing more official work than had then fallen to the lot of any one of his calling since the apostolic age." As to the proclivities of his supporters at the above Conference in his favour, Dr. Ridgaway says—additional to the fact that, "he had impressed the whole Church with his eloquence, piety, and wisdom." —"Mr. Janes simply shared moderate views in common with most of the leading men of the North, and many of the foremost men of the South. There is no evidence that his convictions were not unequivocally with the Methodist Discipline and traditions on the subject of slavery."

Here is an inside view of the new Bishop's introduction to his work. It is taken from a diary which he began at the time. "1844, July 24th. This morning commenced the duties of a presiding Bishop, by opening the session of the New England Conference. My feelings can be better imagined than expressed. The Conference received me with great courtesy and marked affection. The morning session was a pleasant one. In the afternoon in meeting the Council of Elders, I found my duties even more solemn and difficult. The business of changing the pastoral relations of Christian ministers is truly serious and responsible. If an itinerant ministry is kept up, however, some one must be entrusted with this prerogative. I am so sensible of the immense superiority of an itinerant over a settled ministry, that I am willing to do the very best I can in the capacity of a General Superintendent to save such a ministry." Soon after this comes a painful good-bye to sick wife and sobbing children for a six months' absence in the attendances on Conferences in the South and South-west. Springless waggons over rough roads, and swollen streams were among the travelling "facilities" of the period. At one time we have our subject making a stretch

of forty miles on horseback without seeing a house, giving an Indian on the way a piece of silver for a slice of roast venison, which he rolled in white ashes as a substitute for salt, hunger making it taste very good. Interesting experinces of travel, grave and gay, crop out continually in the Bishop's tours of "visitation," references to which enrich his free and loving domestic correspondence. Everywhere the new Superintendent was welcomed and valued. His dignity and suavity as a presiding officer in the chair of the Conference, his intellectual and spiritual power as a preacher, his tact and firmness in general administration, his high conscientiousness, his fervid zeal, his generous sympathies, all which soon come to be known, commanded for him profound respect and loving admiration alike from ministers and people.

His first quadrennium was a very trying one in the history of the Church, over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. The great Southern Secession with all the local and legal complications which this unhappy movement involved, particularly in the border States, together with the wide-spread excitement and irritation which so violent a rupture caused, made the times perilous and full of portent for the interests of religion. Never before had the chief pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church been found under so terrible a strain of care and responsibility. Never had it been more necessary that they should be men filled with "the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." How Bishop Janes deported himself at so critical a time, the pressure of the difficulty being particularly felt in the legislation of the subsequent General Conference, our biographer tells us in words of warmest commendation.

An incident which occured towards the close of his career no doubt gives us the secret of his strength and sufficiency in meeting the exigencies of these and all other times. As late as 1874, it came within the scope of Bishop Janes' administration to visit Austen, to preside at the Texas Conference. Both going and returning, Dr. Rust, and Chaplain McCabe were his travelling companions. One night while in the State of Mississippi, the three clergymen had to lodge in the same room. "Dr. Rust and the Chaplain had retired, leaving the Bishop on his knees. They both fell asleep. After some time they chanced to awake, how long they had slept they did not know, but looking towards the

Bishop's bed, which was near a window, there he was still on his knees, his face uplifted towards the open window, and the moonlight gleaming in upon it. Says the Chaplain, 'we could hear his groans, and his face shone as the face of an angel.'"

In fitting company with their disclosure of Bishop Janes' inner life may be given the following extract from a letter to his wife. It was written in 1853, while attending the Sessions of the New England Conference: "Yesterday was my forty-sixth birthday. In the midst of my many and urgent duties I had some profitable reflections. I endeavoured to obtain a few minutes to write you a line, but the incessant duties of the first day of Conference prevented until the adjournment of my Council, at one o'clock at night, when my lamp burned so dim and my eyes were so tired, I could not write, and so *I spent an hour in meditation and prayer* and retired to rest." We are not surprised to learn that in the Conference Session of the morning following this vigil, as the Bishop was addressing the ministers on the claims of their calling, the Holy Spirit gave him utterance, and "much feeling was manifest at the time."

The Rev. Wm. Day, of the Newark Conference, whose pastorate included for three years the family of Bishop Janes, speaking of the indomitable spirit of work which distinguished this remarkable man, sustained as it was by an indomitable spirit of prayer, says: "In these three years of almost constant observation, I am confident there were not three days of real rest—I doubt if one—while many of the nights were consumed in episcopal duties. More time, indeed, he spent in prayer than any man of whose private and home life it has been my pleasure to be acquainted." Blessed man!

> "Immortal fragrance filled his circuit wide,
> That tells us whence his treasures were supplied."

In 1851, almost the entire supervision of the Church was in the hands of just three bishops—Waugh, Morris, and Janes. Says the biographer: "The work thus devolved upon the three efficient bishops was prodigious. Besides the Conferences at which Bishop Janes assisted, he held from April 2nd to September 17th, in about twenty-four weeks, twelve Conferences, making a session for every consecutive two weeks, and constituting with the travel involved an amount of labour never exceeded, I believe, in the

annals of the Church. These Conferences were mostly the older and larger ones of the connexion. They embraced not less than 1,500 effective ministers, many of whom were of high standing, and an equal number of churches, a large proportion of which were of great social importance; these considerations required the utmost painstaking and correctness of administration. It was a year of anxious days, and of many, very many, sleepless nights. Yet his spirit never faltered, but rose with the occasion, and bore him on with a steady and sublime energy which overcame all difficulties. 'What ought to be done, can and must be done,' seemed to be his motto, and he swept through the land a moral hero. The wonder is that his physical nature could have endured such a strain; but he had a single mind and God was with him."

About this time Dr. Durbin was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and was kindling throughout the land a warm and practical sympathy for this great cause. The fervid and impassioned appeals of the Missionary Secretary were effectively sustained and strengthened by the co-operation with which the junior bishop in some way managed to supplement his already "herculean tasks of immediate episcopal oversight." From Columbus, Ohio, he says: "Saturday was laboriously employed writing letters to missionaries and others. On Sunday I preached twice to crowded audiences and made a missionary speech of forty minutes. The Lord was with me and blessed me in my labours, but the work was too hard. I went to bed exhausted and restless. Next day felt as if I had had a fit of old age. Yet early in the morning took stage for this place."

Of Bishop Janes' aptitude of head, and heart, and tongue for services of exceptional delicacy and difficulty, both in social and professional life, his memoir furnishes some striking ensamples. When Dr. Olin—the great Olin—was stricken down in death, Bishop Janes was summoned to Middletown, Conn., to take part in the funeral services. A correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, years afterwards referring to this event, wrote: "What a funeral was that! On the altar before the pulpit the fallen monarch lay, and we sat in the pews crushed, stifled with the vastness of our loss, too bewildered to weep. Eminent ministers ascended the pulpit, and spoke and read and prayed; but who they were or what they said I do not remember now. I only remember that

their speech was paralyzed—they seemed embarrassed by Olin in his coffin! Then Bishop Janes arose, and as he cast one look on the face of the dead, then glanced upward, then looked steadily into our dry eyes, I saw the man for the hour had come, and I trembled for joy—that the Moses who could smite the rock which lay on our hearts, and make waters gush forth had come at last. He lifted his rod and we wept together."

Under very different and most trying circumstances, some years later, the tact and firmness of the Bishop were proven while presiding over the Arkansas Conference then assembled in Bonham, Texas. The local slave power had organized to bully and—if need be by brute force—to disband the Conference. A committee of fifty persons, with Judge (!) Roberts, as chairman, was appointed to wait on the Conference and notify them of their purpose. They chose Sunday for the outrage. Dr. Elliott in his *Southwestern Methodism*, thus describes the scene: "The Conference as usual had their Love-feast on Sunday, and at the conclusion of it, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At eleven o'clock Bishop Janes commenced the public service, the house being very full. While he was reading the Scripture lessons the committee were advancing towards the house, with their associates, amounting to some two hundred, on horseback, marching in order, and armed with revolvers and bowie-knives. During prayer they gathered around the house. While the congregation was singing the second hymn, as many as could, crowded into the house. When the Bishop began to give out his text, the spokesman of the mob, Judge Roberts, standing half way up the isle, said, 'Do I address the Bishop?' The Bishop continued giving out his text. He repeated, 'Do I address the Bishop?' The Bishop replied, 'I am a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.' The Judge then said I have an unpleasant duty to perform and I presume it will be equally unpleasant to you.' He then described the meeting which sent him, looked around and referred to the committee, his associates, and called on one of them to read the proceedings of the meeting." There is no space to pursue the narrative, except to state in the words of Dr. Ridgaway, that "greater self-possession, a better temper, and more firmness and discrimination in a presiding and responsible officer could not have been displayed, than he showed in so trying an emergency. There was no scare, no precipitate feeling, no rashness of any

kind. The sermon and the ordinations of the hour were properly attended to, and the next day—not on the Sabbath, but the next day—the business of the Conference was regularly finished, and the Conference adjourned *sine die*, as is the custom. Here upon our own soil was as heroic a spectacle as can be found in the annals of Huguenots, Puritans, or Covenanters."

Of Bishop Janes' official visits to Europe representing his Church at the Conference Sessions of British Methodism, speaking in 1865, at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, and preaching the annual sermon on the first Sunday after the Conference of that year at Birmingham; of his tours of inspection among the missions of his Church on the Continent of Europe; of his labours in his own land, in prosecuting the work of the Christian Commission during the terrible struggle between the North and the South; of this and much more that is memorable in the life of this great man there is no space to speak.

Felicities of thought and style abound in the correspondence and reported addresses and sermons of the Bishop. Just an example or two, almost at random. To his daughter Lizzie. "Every member of my family is most accurately daguerreotyped upon my mind. I have a very beautiful picture gallery in one of the chambers of my soul. I have several beautiful likenesses there. The eye of affection, the hand of love, and the skill of nature were employed in drawing them. I admire them enthusiastically. I look at them very often. Even in the midnight darkness my waking vision is greatly delighted in looking at them."

Of *bon mots* indicating the intense practicalness, as well as the intense devoutness of the man we snatch a few. To a young appointee suddenly introduced to a responsible ministerial charge, "*Be prudent*, be humble, be modest, be prayerful, be holy. *Let no man despise thy youth.* Jesus—holiness—usefulness,—heaven." Unexpectedly called to preside at an Annual Conference, under circumstances of exceptional difficulty and embarrassment, he writes to Mrs Janes: "The lot again falls on Jonah; the greatest cross I ever took up. . . . God can carry me through. No other power can. The Church is His. He bought it with His blood. I am His. The work is His. I have no confidence in myself—I have confidence in God. His wisdom and power are

adequate. My heart is sending up to the mercy-seat its strong desires." Later, under somewhat similar circumstances, he says: "I have had very little sleep for three days and nights—all the time under great mental anxiety. . . . My mind is peaceful. I feel that God has taken me to His heart. It is marvellous how He could do it, but it is done through grace in Christ. I am cleaving to him with full purpose of heart. My aching body allows no more." Again, to Mrs. Janes, he writes: "It ought to be very easy to repose on a heart of Infinite Love." In reply to a letter congratulating him on the effect of a camp-meeting sermon: "I pay no attention to literary criticisms. I have always preached to save souls. . . . I love to preach. It is an unspeakable delight to me to hold up Jesus to my sinful fellowmen." As late as 1872, addressing a class of ministerial candidates at an Annual Conference he said—repeating and emphasizing the words: "I would rather it be said I was a poor preacher than a poor pastor." Closing the Vermont Conference in 1872, an eye and ear-witness says: "It was just before dinner, and the train which was to take the Bishop and most of the members away was to leave at an early hour after noon. Some one respectfully suggested to the Bishop that there was little time for unnecessary delay, and moreover, that he, the brother, wished sufficient time to get some dinner before starting for home. 'Yes, yes, brother,' said the Bishop, in his peculiar voice, 'yes, but let us get a little bread from heaven first.' Then he turned to the Bible and then to prayer; and all felt they would rather be thus fed than to have the bread that perisheth."

On Sunday evening, August 13th, 1876, the spirit of his saintly wife, after a protracted and severe illness, passed away to rest. "The spell of his earthly life was broken," and on September 18th following, the husband rejoined his wife in the Paradise of God. Of the remarkable testimonies borne at the memorial service—held at St. Paul's Church, New York—to the value of Bishop Janes' character, and the wealth of benefaction with which his noble life had enriched the Church at large we may not now speak. St. Paul's that day was thronged with a multitude of weeping people. Among the distinguished men who took a prominent part in the obsequies were Drs. Foss, Chapman, Dashiell, with Bishops Scott and Simpson.

"A prince and a great man had fallen in Israel."

A VISIT TO AYR.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, ESQ.

SOON after leaving Glasgow, we pass through Paisley, noted for shawls and other manufactures, and for an old abbey founded by Walter Stuart in 1163, ancestor of the royal family of Scotland. There are but few places of interest on the route. Now and then the ruins of an old castle, or a quiet village meet the eye, but no cloud-capped mountains: these we have left behind. We pass the small Loch of Kilbirnie and strike the Firth of Clyde at Irvine, a considerable town, and then skirt its shore for the rest of the way.

Immediately on my arrival at Ayr, I engaged a cab and proceeded to Burns' old house, about two miles and a half from the town. Fortunately the morning was fine, an event that does not happen every day in these quarters, I believe. I had reason, therefore, to congratulate myself on the prospect of visiting the scene of the poet's birth-place under the most favourable circumstances. Passing the toll-bar, we enter upon the same road which Tam O'Shanter is supposed to have taken in that eventful night when—

> "Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
> Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
> Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
> Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet;
> Whyles glow'ring round with prudent cares,
> Lest bogles catch him unwares."

After passing the farm steading of Slaphouse, we cross Slaphouse Bridge, a few yards from which is—

> "The ford
> Whar in the snaw the Chapman *smoor'd*,"

a little further on is the game-keeper's cottage of Rozelle, and behind it the

> "Muckle stane
> Whar drunken Charlie brack's neck bane."

The fine mansion of Rozelle, with its handsome shrubbery and well kept grounds is next passed, and before we get done looking at

it, our driver has pulled up his nag before the door of a lowly, aged cottage on the road-side. There was no mistaking it; the many pictures we had seen of it, far away in Canada, enabled us to recognize at once the humble cot. I alighted before the door which had been pushed to and fro by the youthful bard, long before his fancy had plumed its wing for an immortal flight. On the right a solitary window looked on the street, so small that the round face of the boy must have nearly filled it whenever inclination led him to look out. The heavy thatch came down to the top of the low door, so that when I raised my hand to press the thumb latch, which had often yielded to the touch of the poet, I had to bow my head in order to pass in—a fitting act in entering the precincts of such a place. The room is small and low, but its walls are white and clean. There is the bed press in the wall; in another corner a plain cupboard contains a few old dishes, and by its side are hung several mugs of different sizes and shapes. A rude fire-place fills nearly one side of the room; a small table, an old clock, and three or four chairs, occupying different positions on the stone floor, makes up the picture of the humble apartment, abou as it appeared on the 25th of January, 1759, when a son was born to a poor peasant here, who by the force of his genius, was in due course of time to take rank with the proudest sons of Fame; who was to shed a never-fading lustre on the literary glories of his country, and raise the obscure parish of his birth to a proud equality with the most renowned lands of classical antiquity; to render the scenes of his childhood sacred ground for the worshippers of genius throughout the civilized world; and by his immortal works to render the comparatively unknown *patois* of a remote country district, a classic language, and a study for the learned of Christendom.

The extreme poverty of the family and the dire struggle of the father to gain a subsistence and educate his children are well known to every reader of the poet's life. It requires no great stretch of the imagination, to group the first occupants of this rude tenement round the "clean hearthstane." The humble fare, the weary sire's return after a week of toil and moil to keep the wolf from the door—the cheerful and frugal mother, the prattling infant who chases away for a little all "carking cares," seem to have traced the painful story of their life-long buffetings

with the ills of adversity on the very walls, in characters so plain that all who enter here may read. And how a youth so circumstanced, whose days were spent from a very early age in hard and anxious labour, managed to acquire a tolerable education, or had the slightest inclination to seize the scanty chances that were afforded, and turn them to good account, is not the least remarkable feature in the poet's life. Burns, unhappily, was not the first of the sons of genius whose productions were the offspring of a soul in travail; from whom the world withheld its favours when most needed, and when too late, sought to atone its neglect by scattering flowers on his grave, and sounding his praise.

The picture drawn by the bard himself in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," of the condition of the family is a most vivid one With a few strokes of the pen the whole story is told—

"But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her wal-hain'd kibbuck, fill
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How, 'twas a towmond auld, sin lint was i' the bell

The cheerfu' supper done, wi serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
The big ha Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffits wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air."

After purchasing a few mementoes of the place to which a good-looking Scotch lassie called my attention, I entered the hall which had been erected behind the cottage, for celebrations in honour of the poet's memory. It is a fine room, tastefully fitted up and adorned with several interesting pictures and relics of the Ayrshire bard.

Having followed Tam O'Shanter up to this point, let us go out and finish it. At a little distance from the cottage, on the opposite

side of the road, there stands a single tree, enclosed by a paling, the last survivor of a group that once covered—

> "The cairn
> Whare hunters faund the murder'd bairn."

Beyond this is "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," to which we bend our way, and pass through the gate into the yard which surrounds it. There is but little in the "auld kirk" itself to interest one It is roofless and its rough stone walls are entirely destitute of architectural adornment. Its only claim to attention is derived from the poet, whose genius has immortalized it. Every particle of wood has been stripped away, and converted into snuff boxes and like useful articles years ago; and though you could not for the last quarter of a century have found a splinter sufficiently large to make a toothpick out of in any part of it, yet the snuff-box trade has flourished, and even to-day the Scotch lass induced me to buy sundry articles, all made from wood got at Alloway Kirk.

The old ruin has a weird appearance, but this may proceed from association. We think of "warlocks and witches," but see none, the ivy spreads its rich foliage over the rough walls; and even the graves where—

> "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"

look green and peaceful. The famous orgies enacted here were only permitted to the eyes of Tam and the poet.

Near the gate of the churchyard is the grave of Burns' father. It is marked by a plain monumental stone, erected by the poet, and bears this tender and touching epitaph—

> "O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
> Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
> Here lies the loving husband's dear remains,
> The tender father, and the generous friend.
>
> The pitying heart that felt for human woes;
> The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride,
> The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
> For even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

A little further on is the "Auld Brig O'Doon" at which the story of Tam O'Shanter terminates.

We have gained the "keystane" of the "auld brig," too,

but quite free from any apprehension of being disturbed by witches. We linger over its crumbling parapets, and watch the clear waters of the "bonnie Doon" flow by on its way to the sea, and we look along the flowery banks that had so often delighted the eye of the poet—

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

The bridge has but one arch, is strong and massive, and like most of those old bridges, is barely wide enough for a single cart to pass over. It is evidently of great antiquity, and is but little used.

Beyond the picturesque bridge profusely overgrown with ivy and other parasitical plants, rises the Garrick Hill, from which there is a pleasant view. The spires and towers and flower-fringed villas of Ayr, fill the eye and gratify the mind by their pleasing combinations. To the westward Alloway Kirk, and the cottage of Burns form interesting foreground objects, while the distance is filled up by the wide expanse of the Firth of Clyde. On the extreme west there is a boundless extent of ocean, except only where the abrupt Craig of Ailsa raises his lofty precipices from the great deep. Slightly to the right of this, the peaks of Cantyre meet the eye, which in turn are relieved by the serrated summits of Goatfell and the Hills of Arran.

Descending the hill, and crossing the new bridge, we enter the grounds which contain the monument of Burns. The grounds are tastefully laid out with walks, and adorned with flowers and shrubs. The monument is a circular temple, in the basement of which is a room lighted from the cupola with stained glass. In the chamber is a case containing many relics of the poet. Among these are copies of all the best editions of his works, the Bible which he presented to "Highland Mary" on the occasion of their last meeting and final separation—

> "When by the winding Ayr we met,
> To live one day of parting love."

This small Bible, after years of wandering, was found in Canada by a gentleman who purchased it and sent it here. The walls are adorned with sketches of scenes from his poems, a portrait, and a bust of the poet. From the monument the river is seen below,

flowing majestically among its richly-wooded banks. We descend to a small cottage on the border of the river. It is a picturesque little cot covered with sea-shells inside and out, and contains the celebrated statues of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny."

Turning away from these scenes with reluctance, we mount our cart and drive back to Ayr, reaching the Queen's Arms in time for dinner. After which we hurry out to have a look at "auld Ayr" which the poet tell us—

> "Ne'er a town surpasses
> For honest men an' bonnie lasses."

Taking the principal street and proceeding past the new bridge we come to the "auld brig" on the left. It crosses the river between the new bridge and the viaduct of the British Railway. Burns has made the bridges famous by his poem entitled "The Brigs of Ayr." I walked across the old one and enjoyed the prospect it affords up and down the river, whose current at this point has become deep and strong. Leaning against the parapet and looking towards the new bridge, I recalled the imaginary dialogue between the "Twa Brigs." The "auld brig" addresses the new, which by the way is not a very juvenile structure, thus—

> "I doubt na' frien, ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank,
> Ance ye were struket o'er frae bank to bank!
> But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
> Though, faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see;
> There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
> Some fewer wigmilaries in your noddle."

To which the new brig replies—

> "Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense
> Just much about it wi' your scanty sense:
> Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street,
> Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
> Your ruined, formless bulk, o' stane an' lime,
> Compare with bonnie brigs o' modern time?
> There's men o' taste would tak' the Ducal stream,
> Though they should caste the very sark and swim,
> Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
> Of sic an' ugly Gothic hulk as you."

The old bridge was built more than six hundred years ago, and

near it is the "auld kirk o' Ayr," erected from money contributed by Cromwell. The new bridge is not quite a century old.

From this we proceeded to Wellington Square, in which there is a collossal statue erected to the memory of General Neil, who was a native of Ayr, and was killed at Lucknow. Finding my way back to High Street, I pause to look at the Wallace Tower, a Gothic structure, built on the site of an old building in which the hero is said to have been confined. The tower contains a statue of Wallace, and the "Dungeon clock" mentioned in the Brigs of Ayr—

> "The drowsy Dungeon clock had numbered one
> And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact was true."

Leaving the town and proceeding along High Street we came to an antique looking public-house, which we are informed by a conspicuous sign-board over the door, is the tavern "where Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny used to meet." We enter the homely hotel, and are shown to the room, which is reached by a cramped winding stairway, where the auld wife assures us Tam and Johnny used to sit and have their crack over John Barleycorn, and where Burns, too, did sometimes come. The veritable chair in which Tam used to sit was presented, and we occupy it.

Calling for the landlady I settle my score, and take my departure from the scene of Tam's revels. Walking briskly now to the outskirts of the town in the dirction of the once famous "Barns of Ayr," I reach a spot from whence a good view is had of the abrupt cliff at the foot of the Garrick Hill, upon which are the remains of Greenan Castle and Dunoon Castle, a tall and empty tower, the remains of an old strong-hold of the Kennidies, where Allan Stuart was roasted before a slow fire by Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassiles, to extort the surrender of certain lands.

Close by the quay is the old Fort of Ayr, built by Cromwell. A few fragments of the ramparts still remain, together with the old tower which formed a part of St. John's Church. Cromwell enclosed the church within the walls of his citadel and converted it into an armoury.

Steaming out of the harbour and leaving the auld tower o' Ayr and Ayr Heads behind, we run across to the Island of Arran, and enter Lamlash Bay, around the south end of Holy Island. The

isle is an irregular cone, nine hundred feet high, and was once the site of an ancient church, founded by a disciple of St. Columba. The cave where the saint resided is still to be seen on the sea shore, with the shelf of rock which formed his bed. On the left as we enter the bay is the King's Cross Point, whence Bruce and his followers embarked for the Coast of Carrick. A plain monolith marks the site. From Lamlash we pass on to Brodick, the principal port of the island. On entering the bay we get a splendid view of Goatfell, which lifts its proud crest 3,000 feet above the sea, and at its base the battlements of Brodick Castle are seen rising from among the trees. The castle is the principal residence on the island, of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom it belongs. From this we steer across the Firth to Millport, and as we leave Arran behind, its rugged mountain scenery stands out in bold relief against the sky. From Largs a good view is had of Cumbra Island and the rugged peaks of Arran. Re-crossing the Firth we come to Rothesay, the capital of Bute. In the centre of the town are the ruins of Rothesay Castle, once a royal residence. The castle was burned by the Earl of Argyle in 1685 and has since been a ruin. Our next port is Dunoon, another of the fashionable watering-places on the Clyde. On a conical hill close by the pier stand the fragments of Dunoon Castle, the hereditary keepership of which was conferred by Robert Bruce on the family of Sir Colin Campbell, of Loch Awe.

And now we steam up alongside the pier at Greenock. The delightful and most interesting sail up the Clyde had come to an end, as all pleasures must. The clouds which had been lowering above and around us for some time began to drop their moisture. They say it always rains at Greenock. Be this as it may, it did so while I was there, and vigorously too. But notwithstanding this, there was one spot in it I felt a strong desire to visit, and set off in the drenching rain to find it. After many turns and twists, and by dint of enquiry, I succeeded in finding the old West Kirk, but alas the gate was locked. I could not think of departing now with the object of my desire so near at hand. I accosted a couple of sailors who were passing, and asked them if they could tell me where I might find the keeper of the Kirk. One of them fortunately knew the man, he said, and would bring him to me. He did not succeed in finding the man, but brought his wife. The woman opened the gate, and

led me through the old churchyard, between rows of silent graves, and at last brought me to the tomb of Highland Mary. Bending over the quiet grave, I repeated the verses—

"And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

"O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed so fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly,
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

The grave is marked by a large monumental slab, and is adorned with a well-executed carved group in low relief representing the parting of the lovers, surmounted by a figure of Grief. The monument bears the name of "Mary" and under the figures are the two lines—

"Oh, Mary, dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

Gathering a few flowers from the well-kept grave, and rewarding the woman, who had been standing uncovered in the pouring rain, I hurried back to the dock, and went on board the steamer that was to carry me across the Channel.

TORONTO, *Ont.*

'TIS weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

—*Gerald Massey.*

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XIII.—AS A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me who caused His pain,
For me who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me.

—*Charles Wesley.*

THE Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. The dew-drops hung like sparkling jewels on every leaf and shrub and blade of grass. The lake and islands and the surrounding forest lay fair as Eden on the first Sabbath which dawned upon the world. And not unlike the voice that breathed o'er Eden was the sound of prayer and praise from many an Indian wigwam, from many a rustic tent. It was a day of high religious festival, and from near and far multitudes early began to gather for the public services. Shortly before the preaching was to commence, Lawrence Temple came to a tent where a prayer-meeting was being held, and beckoned to his wife to come out.

"Bob Crowle wants to see you," he said; "come and see if you can help him. He is in deep distress."

"Poor fellow," Edith replied; "he is like the man in the Gospel out of whom the evil spirit would not depart."

"'This kind,'" said Lawrence, "'goeth not out but by prayer and fasting,' and yet I am sure he has tried both."

On a little knoll overlooking the lake, sat Crowle, looking haggard in the morning light. He gazed with fixed stare into space, as though he saw naught. He heaved a deep and heavy sigh as Edith took his hand and asked him in sympathetic tones how he was.

"It's good o' you to come and see a poor wretch like me," he said, "but I'm afeard it's too late. I'm afeard I've sinned away my day of grace. I'm afeard I've committed the sin for which there's no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to

come. I know what the Scriptur' says about it, for though I've been a drunken vagabond for years, I was brought up in the Sunday-school. But I hardened my heart like Pharaoh, and resisted the Spirit of God, and made a mock of religion. Perhaps you've heard how at the revival last winter I did the Devil's work, tryin' to break up the meetin' by puttin' pepper on the stove. Since then I took to drink worse than ever, and got kinder past feelin', I 'low," and he gazed with stony stare on the dimpling waters of the lake, but evidently saw them not.

"But you're not past feeling, my brother," said Edith. "You feel deeply concerned about your soul. The very fear that you have committed this sin is a proof that you have not; for if God's spirit had indeed left you, you would be perfectly indifferent about it."*

"No, thank God," he said, "I'm not indifferent, I'm in dead earnest, and if I perish, I will perish at the foot of the cross;" and a look of fixed resolve lighted up his face.

"None ever perished there," said Edith. And she began to sing softly the sweet refrain—

> "There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
> There is life at this moment for thee.
> Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
> Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

"I see it! I see it!" exclaimed the penitent soul, after some further counsel from Lawrence and his wife. "I've been doubting and mistrusting the blessed Lord, though He died on the cross to save me; and bless the Lord, He saves me now! I do trust Him! I'll never doubt Him more! Let me go and tell my brother Phin. We wuz companions in sin. We ought to be companions in salvation as well."

"Go," said Edith, "like Andrew of old, and bring your brother to Jesus;" and she placed her soft hand in his brown and horny palm, with a gentle pressure of sympathy and congratulation.

Bob Crowle soon found his brother Phineas loitering on the outskirts of the camp-ground with a number of boon companions, among whom was Jim Larkins, the landlord of the Dog and Gun.

"Come with me, Phin," said Bob, "I want you."

* Whedon on Matt. xii. 32.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked his brother, as they walked through the forest aisles. "Larkins was telling the boys the preacher's wife carried you off by the ear last night just as a colley dog would a sheep."

"She's been my good angel, Phin, and she'll be your's if you'll let her. I've led you into wickedness many a time. I want now to lead you away from it."

Well, I don't want no women running after me, I'm feart o' them. I know I'm as awkward as an ox, an' if such a fine lady as the preacher's wife was to tackle me, I'd be sure to act like a fool. I know I should."

"She's just an angel, Jim. Why, she laid her hand on my arm and called me Brother—me! a poor drunken wretch—just as if I were her own brother for certain. An' I thought if this woman that knows nothin' about me but what's bad, is so much concerned about my soul, the good Lord that bought me will not cast me off."

Happy the one whose human love and sympathy is the first revelation to a fallen sinner of the infinite goodness of the merciful All-father, and of the loving Elder Brother of our souls!

"Why, Phin, the very world seems changed," exclaimed the new convert after a pause. "The sky seems higher, the sunlight brighter, the forest a fresher green, and the lake a deeper blue. It seems as if I had just come out of a dungeon into a bright and beautiful garden. My heart is as light as a bird's, and I can't help but sing." And he burst forth into a glad carol of joy.

"Oh, Phin," he went on, "won't you come to the blessed Lord yourself?"

"I wish to goodness I could," said Phin, with a great sigh. "I feel that mean and ashamed of myself, and mad at myself after coming off a spree, that I have often wished I wuz a dog that had no soul to lose."

"But you've one to save, Phin, and the blessed Lord that saved mine will save yours, too. Let it be this very day."

"I've often thought I'd try, Bob; but then the Devil 'ud get his hooks into me, and temptation 'ud get the better o' me, and when the liquor's in the sense is out, and I care for neither God nor man."

"Dear Phin," said Bob, "stay away from Larkins and the

rest, and come with me to the meeting. Oh! Phin, the text o' that preacher last night just makes me shudder, 'One shall be taken and t'other left.' God forbid it should be one of us."

"Amen to that, Bob. I'll try, dear old fellow;" and for a time the brothers parted.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TRANCE.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

THE afternoon service was attended by an immense assemblage of persons. A powerful sermon was preached by Elder Metcalf, and after that a fervent exhortation was given by another of the ministers. The presence of so vast a multitude seemed to cause a tide of magnetic sympathy to roll over the congregation, and on the invitation being given for penitents to approach the "mourner's bench," a large number went forward spontaneously. The exhorter was a man of intensely emotional temperament, and communicated his own emotions to many of his hearers, especially to those of more sympathetic sensibilities. Tears fell freely, sobs and cries were heard, and impassioned prayers and shouts of praise to God. At length one of the kneelers at the bench, a young girl who seemed deeply affected, fell prostrate on the ground, apparently as if stricken dead. The old camp-meeting generals seemed not at all alarmed by the occurrence. One of them burst into a hymn, the refrain of which was—

"Send the power, send the power,
Just now!"

in which the whole assembly joined with thrilling effect. Two others conveyed the apparently lifeless form of the young girl to the tent occupied by Lawrence Temple and his wife. Edith had hastened at once to prepare a couch, and having never before witnessed anything of the sort, was much alarmed at the condition of her young friend, Carrie Mason, for she it was.

"Go and get Dr. Norton," she said, hurriedly, to Lawrence; "I saw him on the grounds."

"She needs no doctor, sister," said good Elder Metcalf. "I've seen a-many just as she is. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes. She'll come out all right."

Dr. Norton was at hand in a moment. He found Edith fanning the face of her friend, who seemed to be in a sweet and placid sleep. Her hands were pressed together as in prayer, like the hands of the marble effigies on the tombs of an old cathedral —indeed, she looked herself like a marble effigy. A sweet smile rested on her face. Her breathing was so gentle and low as to be almost imperceptible, and when the Doctor felt her pulse it was soft and gentle, and very slow. He tried to part her hands, but they remained rigid and fixed.

"This beats me," he candidly avowed; "I never saw a similar case. It is like what the books describe as catalepsy, or trance —an obscure psychical condition which makes us feel the limitations of science. I can do nothing for her, nor needs there that I should. She is in no danger."

Edith sat in a sort of strange spell by the side of her fair friend, whose face seemed transfigured and glorified by a light from heaven, as if she were in converse with the spirit world—like an alabaster vase, through whose translucency shone the light of a lamp within. Hour after hour passed by without change or motion. The evening congregation assembled, the singing of the great multitude, like the sound of many waters, awoke her not from her peaceful trance. A deep mysterious awe fell upon the congregation under the influence of this strange manifestation of Divine power. The preacher for the evening deepened the impression by his sermon on the nearness and the mysteries of the spirit-world, and the terrors of the Judgment Day. The preachers at the camp-meeting did not hesitate to declare the whole counsel of God concerning the perdition of ungodly men, and their hearers had no skeptical creed to serve as a lightning-rod to convey away from them the thunderbolts of God's wrath. Deep convictions seized upon strong men. Scoffers were silenced, and desperate and hardened sinners were smitten down before the power of God. One old reprobate fairly roared for mercy as he realized the terrors of an angry Judge. Many souls struggled into the liberty of the children of God; but some, among them Phin Crowle, resisted the strivings of the Spirit, and plunged the more madly into sin, to stifle and drown the upbraidings of conscience.

"Let us get out of this," said Jim Larkins, to a group of his cronies and patrons of his bar. "Let us get out of this. These

people are all going crazed, and if you don't look out they will make you as crazy as themselves. Come along! There's free drinks at the Dog and Gun for all hands. Let's make a night of it;" and a band of them broke away, as if under the guidance of an evil spirit, from that place of sacred influence. As they reeled through the shadowy forest—for some of them had brought liquor, and were already under its influence—they tried to keep their courage up by roaring, drinking and hunting songs. At length, when they had got away from the camp, certain strange forest voices—the snarl of a wild cat, the yelp of a fox, and the melancholy cry of a loon on the lake, smote upon their ears, mingled with a strange hooting more unearthly still.

"The saints preserve us! what is that?" exclaimed Phin Crowle, as almost directly above his head a strange cry, as of a soul in mortal fear, burst forth. Then he caught sight of a pair of large and fiery eyes glaring at him, and a great horned and snowy owl, perched on a mossy branch, uttered again its weird "to-whit, to-whoo," and sailed on muffled and silent pinion directly across his path.

"Mercy on us!" he cried, "I thought it was a ghost."

His companions burst forth in scurrile mockery at Phin, for being afraid of an owl; and their ribald laughter and wicked oaths rose on the still air of night, and fell back from the patient skies, like the laughter of evil spirits.

From the tent where she sat, keeping her solitary vigil beside her entranced and unconscious friend, for every one else had gone to the service, Edith Temple could hear on the one side the unhallowed sounds of the blasphemies, and on the other the singing and praying of the camp-meeting. One solemn refrain, which was sung over and over in a sad minor key, mingled weirdly with the sighing of the night-wind among the trees—a refrain like the awful *Dies Iræ*—

> "Oh! there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning;
> Oh! there'll be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ."

The thought of the tremendous issues of life and time, and of death and eternity and the Judgment Day, almost overwhelmed her, and she sought refuge and strength in prayer to God—prayer for the prayerless and the careless who spurned His proffered grace, and continued to madly lay up wrath against the day of wrath.

While thus engaged, she heard a soft whisper, and looking at the alabaster form before her, she saw the lips move. Bending over the trance-like sleeper, she caught the gently-whispered words, "Glory! glory! glory!" softly and slowly repeated over and over again. At length the eyes slowly opened, but gazed with fixed vision as if on the, to us unseen, realities of the eternal world. The pupils were dilated, but beaming with a holy light, as if, like Paul, the fair sleeper had been caught up to the third heaven, and had seen things which it is not lawful for man to utter.

Edith sat awed and breathless, but presently her friend observed her. A sweet smile broke over the long-impassive features, and the awakening girl reached forth her hand in loving greeting. The rigidness passed away from her limbs. She sat quietly up but with a somewhat dazed expression, as if aroused from a strange dream. She scarce, for a time, knew where she was, and did not at first remember the surroundings of her last moments of consciousness before her prostration. On resuming again the connected thread of her every-day experience, that of her hours of trance seemed to fade out of her mind, for she spoke not of it, and when questioned about it, wore an abstracted and distraught air, as of one who half recollects and half forgets some strange vision of the night. She seemed, however, more saintly in character, more angelic in speech, than ever, as if her eyes had indeed seen the King in His beauty, and beheld the land that is very far off.

Shortly after her awaking, Lawrence and Dr. Norton had come into the "tent," or room. The latter carefully noted with scientific observation the condition of his patient, as he professionally called her. Beckoning to Lawrence, he walked forth beneath the trees. The services were now all over, the worshippers had departed, and the auditorium lay deserted in the moonlight.

"This is beyond my depth," said the Doctor. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I've been sometimes half inclined to be a skeptic. Our profession has a tendency to make men materialists. But this staggers me. Call it ecstacy, catalepsy, trance—what you please—that does not explain the strange phenomenon. I am inclined to accept the theory of your old camp-meeting general, that it is a manifestation of the almighty power of God."

"We live on the border-land," said Lawrence, "between time and eternity. What marvel that the penumbra of the latter should sometimes be projected across our life-pathway."*

CHAPTER XV.—THE CLOSE OF THE CAMP-MEETING.

Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part.

—*Charles Wesley.*

THE last day of the camp-meeting had come. It had been a time of great spiritual power. Many souls had been converted; but, as always happens through the rejection of religious opportunity, some, alas, had become the more confirmed and hardened in their wickedness.

This last day was devoted to the strengthening and encouragement and counselling of believers, especially of the recent converts. First, a love-feast or fellowship meeting was held. It was an occasion of intensest interest. Many testimonies were given, from that of the old camp-meeting veteran, the hero of a score of such triumphs, exulting like an ancient warrior—a Gideon or Barak—over the victories of Israel, to that of the timid girl who had just given her heart to the Saviour. Joyous were the bursts of song, and thrilling were the words of glad thanksgiving, as parents rejoiced over children, and wives over husbands brought to God.

"Our home's been just like heaven below," said Mary Saunders, with streaming tears, "since my William gave up the drink and gave his heart to God. I'd been a-prayin' for him for years, and hopin' against hope; and now the Lord has answered all my prayers. My cup runneth over."

"God bless the little woman for it!" said Saunders, the blacksmith, as he rose to his feet. "I've know'd she was a-prayin' for me this many a year. An' sometimes it made me mad enough to kill her. I believe the Lord stayed my hand many a time, or

* In the above account the author but describes—*nomine mutato*—what he has witnessed with his own eyes.

See Dr. Ryerson's Essay on "Phenomena and Philosophy of Early Methodist Revivals of Religion," in METHODIST MAGAZINE, Vol. XI, p. 303, *et seq.*

I'd 'a' done it. But, bless the Lord, He've answered her prayers, and God help me to make up in the futur' for my wicked, wasted past."

A thrill of sympathy ran through the entire assembly, and a chorus of hearty "Amens" went up to God.

In broken words Bob Crowle told what the Lord had done for him, and tears streamed down his face as he besought the prayers of the people for his still prodigal and impenitent brother.

Then after a sermon of wise counsels, and admonitions, and encouragement, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Rude were the surroundings. No canopy but the blue sky was overhead. No stately altar with gold or silver chalice or paten bore the sacred emblems. No surpliced priest broke the bread and poured the wine. On a rude board table, covered with a fair white cloth, were placed the consecrated elements in earthen platters and plain glass vessels. The participants of the sacred feast knelt in the straw before a wooden railing, and received in horny palms, worn with toil, the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of their crucified Redeemer. Coarse frequently was the garb, and uncouth the forms it covered, but they were the sons and daughters of the Almighty, and the heirs of an immortal destiny; and as the Master revealed Himself to His disciples in the breaking of bread at Emmaus, so He again manifested Himself to His humble followers in the wilderness, no less than if beneath cathedral fretted vaults they knelt upon mosaic marble floor. The simplicity of the rite passed into the sublime. It brought to mind the sacramental celebration of the saints of God amid the mountain muirlands of Scotland, of the persecuted Huguenots in the Desert of the Cevennes, and of the primitive believers in the dim crypts of the Catacombs.

At the close of the solemn service, the interesting ceremony of leave-taking and "breaking up the camp" followed. Every person on the grounds, except the few who were detained in the tents by domestic duties, joined in a procession, and walked, two and two, headed by the preachers, round and round the inside of the encampment, singing such hymns and marching songs as—

> Come ye that love the Lord
> And let your joys be known,

with its grand refrain, in which every voice pealed forth in ringing chorus—

Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Another favourite hymn on these occasions was the following—

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.
We'll march around Jerusalem!
We'll march around Jerusalem!
When we arrive at home.

But though they might sing heartily, "Let every tear be dry," there were few that succeeded in fulfilling the pledge. Their hearts, filled and thrilled with deep emotion, were like a beaker brimming with water, which the slightest jar causes to overflow. Often the most joyous songs were sung with tears in the voice, and frequently with tears flowing from the eyes. Beyond the parting here, they looked to the great gathering in the Father's house on high, and sang with deepest feeling—

And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know
When round His throne we meet!

Another hymn of kindred spirit ran thus—

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In Heaven we part no more.
What! never part again?
No, never part again!
For there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again!
Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
To meet to part no more.

Yes, Methodism *is* an emotional religion, and thank God for such hallowed emotions as stir the soul to its deepest depths—as break up the life-long habit of sin—as lead to intense conviction and sound conversion—and as fill the heart with joy

unspeakable and very full of glory. It may well bear the reproach of being "emotional," if these emotions lead to such blessed and enduring results.

Some of these hymns were of a quaint, admonitory sort, more valuable for their religious teaching than for their poetic form. One of these ran thus—

> Oh! don't turn back, brothers, don't turn back,
> There's a starry crown in heaven for you, if you don't turn back.
>
> Oh! don't turn back, sisters, don't turn back,
> There's a golden harp in heaven for you, if you don't turn back.

and so with indefinite repetition.

At length the preachers all took their place in front of the pulpit or preacher's stand, and shook hands with every member of the procession as they passed by. After this the procession continued to melt away, as it were, those walking at the head falling out of rank and forming in single line around the encampment, still shaking hands in succession with those marching, till every person on the ground had shaken hands with everybody else—an evolution difficult to describe intelligently to one who has never witnessed it; yet one that is very easily and very rapidly performed. The greeting was a mutual pledge of brotherhood and Christian fellowship. Warm and fervent were the hand-clasps, and touching and tender the farewells. Then the doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the Burg-Royal District Camp-meeting of 18— was over.

All this had taken place by noon, or shortly after. Soon a great change passed over the scene. It was like coming down from a Mount of Transfiguration to the every-day duties of life. The last meal in camp was hastily prepared and eaten. Somewhat, as we may imagine, was the last meal of the Israelites before the Exodus. The afternoon was full of bustle and activity, breaking up the encampment, loading up teams, and the driving away to their respective homes of the people who, for over a week, had held this Feast of Tabernacles to the Lord.

Several of the preachers, the light cavalry of Methodism, were early on the march, astride their sturdy nags, with their little leathern portmanteaus, containing a few changes of linen, their Bible, and hymn-books. Before night they were far on their way to their several circuits, carrying the holy fire of revival all

over the land—like the bearers of Scotland's cross of fire, but summoning the people, not to violence and blood, but to holiness and life.

The Indians struck camp with the utmost celerity. Their wig wams were soon dismantled. Their canoes were soon loaded, and, gliding over the water, vanished in the distance. Soon only the blackened embers of their camp-fires told of their occupancy of the shore.

At length the last waggon had gone, the last loiterer had departed, and the silent camp, but late the scene of so much life, was left to the blue birds and the squirrels. But in many a distant home, and in many a human heart, the germs of a new life had been planted, to bring forth fruit unto life eternal.

WATER OF LIFE.

REV. XXI. 26.

FLOW down, thou stream of life divine.
Thy quickening truths deliver;
Oh! flow throughout this soul of mine,
Forever and forever.

Flow down and cause this heart to glow
With love to God the Giver;
That love in which all virtues grow,
Forever and forever.

Flow down as flows the ray and rain,
In vital work together,
Refreshing roots and quickening grain,
Forever and forever.

Flow down as flows the living sun
Upon the sparkling river,
Which chanting to the boundless run
Forever and forever.

Flow down, revive this famished soul,
And bear away all error,
And I will praise Thee, God of all,
Forever and forever.

—*David Thomas, D.D.*

THE LATE REV. HENRY WILKINSON.

BY JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

HENRY WILKINSON is almost a household word in central Canadian Methodism, even to this day, though now deceased for twenty years. No man ever did more for the Church of his choice and for his country during the thirty years of his public life, than he, through the earnest religion, and the wholesome temperance which he promoted. Beginning without a collegiate education, and prosecuting his ministry under the formidable difficulties incident to his times, he nevertheless became the attracting, powerful, soul-saving preacher, the able theologian, the discerning, safe, and resolute disciplinarian, the kind, sympathizing, tireless, and judicious pastor, and the successful revivalist, always pushing protracted and camp-meetings to the utmost extent of their capabilities for usefulness.

A man he was who won the respect of the community at large, and the confidence of his brethren in particular, to such a degree that immediately upon his ordination he was sent as stationed preacher to an important town, then upon the eve of a crisis, through which he conducted the Church triumphantly. At the conclusion of that three years' term (the first preacher in Upper Canada who remained that length of time at once in the same place) he was appointed a travelling chairman over a large and important district, then requiring particular skill and energy to conduct it, an office this, which he held in four other districts, covering in all seven years. Such cities and towns as Belleville, Kingston, Toronto, London, and Hamilton, claimed his services for sixteen years in all. Besides all this, he was honoured with the offices of financial secretary, and successively secretary, vice-president and president of the Conference, offices which he filled to the satisfaction and with the thanks of the brethren. By a blameless life and character he sustained a spotless reputation, and won thousands to Christ and His Church, building them up with a tireless fidelity which few have evinced, yet dying at the comparatively early age of *fifty-eight*.

The task of presenting such a man before the religious community involves some responsibility. To discharge this obliga-

tion aright it will be needful first to satisfy a lawful curiosity about his history and the secret of his power and success; as also to present the example of his course to the ministry of our Church, a pattern at this time not wholly unrequired.

He was the son of English Methodist parents, born himself in Bolton-lee-Moors, Lancashire, England, 1804. He inherited qualities from both parents, the worse attempered by the better, in such combination as to produce a person every inch man.

The father, says a descendant, was "hasty, impetuous, violent, and, I rather think, tyrannical;" while the mother was meekness itself, and profoundly and enduringly pious from her girlhood onward to the end. After the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, I do not know that I could modify without injury the portrait I gave of him in the "Conference Crayons," which some may have thought was overdrawn. I reproduce it somewhat abridged. Using the present tense, I say—

He stands some five feet six inches in stature, with barely width to correspond, very dark, and nearly as hard as an Egyptian mummy, being little but a case of bones and sinews. His hair seems to have a decided objection to becoming grey; for though he is now on the shady side of fifty, its raven gloss is not much impaired. I believe his eyes are black also, but I will not be sure. [I have not settled with the question yet]; they are such a restless pair of little fiery orbs, that it is pretty hard to tell. To make some use of another man's figure, concerning another little man of talent (Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens) he may be imagined to be composed of some of Canada's largest 'blue clay beat up with lightning.' Then such an organization phrenologically! The disproportionate largeness of his combativness, not to mention destructiveness, would render him dangerous were it not for the very large amount of the grace of God which all give him the credit of possessing. But with this controlling influence, those mental peculiarities only add to his executive energy. Energetic he undoubtedly is.

"He entered the itinerant field a married man, under many disadvantages, yet he sprang into notice at once. The testimony of Father Prindle, an early colleague, was, 'that he never knew a man who had so much preach in him.' * * * He is a wonder of mental ability, seeing he is almost wholly self-educated. His sermons are studied with great diligence, and every argument and phrase carefully elaborated, and some of them rewritten a dozen times; yet the matter comes out as liquid as lava from a volcano and nearly as hot. When he is thoroughly excited with his theme we can think of nothing else but a man shovelling red-hot coals. His is, however, not a creative genius; but an acquiring, adapting, appropriating assimilating one. To use his own account, playfully given, he, begs, borrows, and steals from the living and the dead.' But then, it is all fused over again, and run into one homogeneous mass."

But I must resume the thread of history. His father brought his family from England to the United States in 1811, Henry then being a child of seven years. After some time spent in New York City, they removed to Philadelphia, where they were detained through the war of 1812-15; and the father commenced a tailoring establishment and purchased some property. He remained there, perforce, some years after the war, although his British blood was often made to boil by the constant vituperation of our amiable cousins against the Mother Country, then much more indulged in than now; albeit some in the Republic would still admit of improvement in that particular. This kind of irritation, at length became so unbearable to the elder Wilkinson, that in 1819, in a fit of disgust, he left for King George's dominions, leaving his property unsold, and not even waiting to collect his outstanding accounts, a course of action more resentful than wise.

The frontier town of Niagara received the family for a time; but as the newly-opening canal was developing an incipient village, twelve miles in the interior, they removed to St. Catharines, where the family took up its permanent abode, resuming the business they had always followed. I might pause here to say, that although I often conversed with Henry Wilkinson on every conceivable subject during our long and intimate acquaintance, I never heard him make any reference to his boy-experience in the States, from seven years old to fifteen; nor could I discover anything in mind, or manners to show that he had received any American impress during that plastic period. I had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with his brother John, two years older than himself, who was in the States from nine to seventeen, but I suspect that the broad and almost farcical humour said to be natural to him, to be more of the American type than any other. Henry often referred to their boyhood in St. Kitt's, and well he might, for it was the place of their second birth.

Both lads were brought up to their father's business, and carried it on conjointly for a time after his death. Henry for a period was in the employ of the elder Varey in Niagara, one of the same craft, whether as apprentice or journeyman, I do not know; but that good old Methodist thought, as he told me long after, that the young man's thoughts ran too much on a higher vocation, to

allow of his making a good working tailor. A school-fellow and playmate, S. S. Junkin, Esq., in St. Catharines remembered Henry when pitted against other boys, as "full of grit," or "clear grit."

The religious element in St. Catharines during the early life of the young Wilkinsons, were somewhat crude and multiform. There was no regular preaching and no society formed till sometime after the war. The awakening sermons of a gifted Freewill Baptist, followed by the organizing skill of the Methodists, first a local preacher, Mr. Bull, there on business, and then the itinerants on the Niagara Circuit, led to the formation of a Society Class, that wonderful conservator of the good produced by preaching, and at last a little meeting-house of which Mr. Wilkinson, sen. was one of the first trustees, was erected, and when he died in 1823, his place was more than supplied by his sons, who learned to labour for the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church. The most effectual instrumentality, however, in leading them to Christ was the consistent example, loving admonitions, and piteous prayers of their saintly mother—prayers offered over them for hours while they were in the pangs of second birth. John found the peace of God in his father's stable. Where Henry received the grace of conversion I am unable to say, but it is most certain that he did receive it; for he displayed its fruits for nearly forty years. They were taken into the Church by the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, at least Henry was I know, February, 1824; so I learned from the minister himself.

The lads were naturally gifted, and soon began to speak in public. But, so far as Henry was concerned, not in a way that looked at first very promisingly towards the public ministry of the Gospel. He had married a Miss Moore, cultivated for her day, and very pious, and gifted, the daughter of a physician, and had settled down to business, which he was successfully prosecuting and making money and property very fast. He was performing the functions of leader, and Sunday-school superintendent. It was the unusual ability and energy with which he conducted this last-named office, (far beyond what was usual at the time) that first directed the Church's expectation to him as a coming teacher in Israel. The care and ability he evinced in expounding the lessons and in addressing the schools, foreshadowed the ability and painstaking which has of

late years been largely associated with the superintendent's office—an office second in importance to none, except the full ministry of the Word. The school prospered unprecedentedly in his hands; and he displayed such marked expository and speaking ability, that he was licensed first to exhort, and then to preach, but still he had no thoughts of the itinerancy. It was brought about unintentionally.

Early in 1831, Dr. Moore passed away from earth, leaving a property at Colborne, Long Point; but there being none save daughters to manage it, it was thought best for Mr. Wilkinson to move there and act as agent in winding up the estate. During the year 1831-32, the health of the senior circuit preacher, Father Gatchell, partially failed; and as the newly-arrived local preacher had already made an unusual impression on the community, he was called out to assist the Rev. Ashael Hurlburt, Mr. Gatchell's appointed colleague, for the balance of the year. At the Conference of 1832, Mr. Wilkinson was received on trial, and was stationed at Long Point and placed in charge of the circuit over another. Having the reins in his hands, his characteristic energy began to display itself in camp-meetings, revivals, and most encouraging reports in the *Guardian*, doings which he kept up all the rest of his life. In 1833 he was put in charge of Ancaster, won golden opinions, and was received into full connexion, and received ministerial ordination at the end of the year, according to the new Wesleyan usage.

Belleville had the strongest Methodist Society of any town in the province, and one year before had been made a station; but through the agitation of certain local preachers, it was then in a ferment. The last year's preacher had to be removed, and Wilkinson was sent to stem the tide. He safely conducted the partition of a seceding body from the old one, promoted a grand revival, and by his tact and painstaking, secured evidence which influenced the courts of law to decide that the chapel property belonged legally to the *Wesleyan Church*. The details may be learned from my Biographical History and from the "Exposition Expounded." My space will not allow me to follow him through all his circuits, stations, districts, and offices in detail, but I will present some of his habits and characteristics, with, perhaps, instances to confirm or illustrate as the case may be.

His labours and successes were the offspring of his sincere, *deep, and unflagging devotion to God,* grafted on to a nature singularly majestic and impassioned. His piety was not of the pretentious, or ascetic kind, but modest and genial. He preached and promoted holiness, and far on in life made very distinct professions on that subject, which he was chary to make at an early day. He walked with God and was blameless in life and conversation.

He was ungrudging of labour and performed every part of a Methodist minister's duty as laid down in the "Discipline." Every class was met by him at least once a quarter, and every member received his token of membership from his own hand. Absentees and delinquents were always visited and laboured with, and if possible recovered out of the snare of the devil. The sick and poor were never forgotten. The membership he left on the class and church books, every one of which was revised with his own hand, was a real one. The class-meeting was made much of, and preserved in its integrity; and had all ministers been like him, there never would have been any complaint of the inefficiency of that institution, or any demand for its abrogation or modification.

I was his immediate successor to the sole charge of a large society in a rising city. Everything spiritual and temporal was acccurate and ship-shape. No worthless, non-attending members were left on the roll; and there was clear and intelligible information where every member and hearer might be found, with a column of "remarks," in which hints were given for managing any particular case, whether "near," "distant," "sick," "peculiar," or otherwise. If the rising ministers of the Church, who begin with a liberal education—an education they owe largely to the Church's contributions—instead of concentrating. as is sometimes the case all their efforts in a few declamatory sermons, were to copy his example of pastoral industry and disciplinary care, it would greatly redound to their honour here and reward in heaven; and thousands upon thousands of souls would be converted, preserved in the way, and "presented faultless and blameless before the throne of God with exceeding joy."

But some will excuse themselves by saying, "The times we live in require more study." There is not a single minister of *this*

day who studies more than Henry Wilkinson did. He was constant and tireless therein, and there was a unity in his studies, which were all directed to one noble end. He kept himself fairly abreast the stream of current events and thought, for he never had to hang his head in silence in whatever company he was; and as time and opportunity allowed, he endeavoured to deepen and widen the foundation of his curriculum of attainment. But his studies and researches were principally directed to qualify him for the great work to which he was committed, and to provide materials for enriching his sermons, addresses, and speeches, upon the occasions when he must appear in public. He looked into every book he thought could help him, and made a memorandum of every thought worth recording, whether gained from reading, listening, or intercourse with others. These as soon as possible were embodied in the sermon, or oration it was adapted to enrich. Then whenever that sermon, or address was required again, it was re-written and improved. Though he wisely used a useful theme more than once, it was no heartless repetition of an old song. All his addresses to the society, in the lovefeast and upon all other occasions, were previously studied, and their delivery prompted by brief notes, as were his sermons in particular.

I do not by any means commend the use of notes; but I must say in justice to our subject, that his were impregnated with the fire of heaven. His style was smooth, his expression fluent, and his strong points brought out with great force of diction, great logical cogency, and much rhetorical skill, nay, with an unction of spirit, a passion of soul, and a power of voice that was truly thrilling. When he wanted to impress some alarming idea, he would sometimes at the proper moment, drop a large hymn-book to the floor with startling effect. And though carefully prepared for each occasion, he was ready in and out of season without previous preparation. Once, when I was responsible myself for the religious services at a Conference, a minister who was gazetted to preach the first sermon on Sunday morning, refused his work. At the last moment, Wilkinson stepped into the pulpit, and without the least hesitancy began, uttering no word of apology, preached a thundering sermon from "Gallio cared for none of these things."

He could adjust himself to town or country, to station, circuit,

or district. He was faithful and successful in ordinary, or extra meetings. A revival absorbed all his soul. He would weep, pray, and agonize over penitents by the hour, far on, if required, into the night, till he was often quite exhausted. Though naturally possessing a strong and elastic constitution, his wide wearisome districts, where his travelling was mostly performed on horse-back in all weathers, and the endless calls of a city pastorate literally consumed him. His first indication of failing health was in 1856, twenty-five years after starting, when he took a year's rest, and provided himself a home on Yonge Street, out of the little remnant of the property gained by marriage, and by the energy of his efforts when in secular life.

This is a fitting occasion to say, that he never received enough from the Church to keep his family and educate his children, but was forced annually to draw on the capital of his private property. Taking one year with another, I am sure he never received more for his support than *single* ministers now receive for theirs. Yet who ever heard him complain of the smallness of his receipts? Still less, who ever heard him, when spoken of for a station ask, "What do they pay?" Nor was this the first question when he arrived at his appointed place; but, "What is the state of religion," and "What can be done to advance it?" How great must have been his straits in such places of limited resources as Brockville and Prescott were in his time! Still the God whose cause he served never suffered him and his family to want. And I believe, especially in this time of better resources and more liberal views of giving, his course of procedure, in looking after the religious interests of the place and people, would pay better than the nervous concern sometimes evinced about money.

There is one circumstance relating to Mr. Wilkinson and a fraternal relation a little difficult to handle, which cannot be wholly ignored, but which I think that simple justice obliges me to bring into view. His brother John appears at first as an active official, as well as himself in the old body, but afterwards, as far as the records of Central Methodism are concerned, wholly drops out of view, although he also spent his life in the Christian ministry, and for a greater number of years than Henry himself. But want of space will oblige me to condense this account to the fewest number of lines that I can use, consistent with clearness.

An agitation had existed in the old Church, in the United States, say from 1820, or thereabouts, up to 1828 and 1830, on the subject of lay-delegation and kindred questions, which issued in the formation of the Protestant Methodist Church. John Wilkinson, I have heard, was within the Republic during a part of this ferment, and he adopted the views and principles of the reformers, from which he never swerved. Our first secession in Canada resulted in the formation of the Canadian Wesleyan Church in 1829, which was afterwards merged in the New Connexion. J. Wilkinson, as I always understood it, returning from the States, after the secession was an accomplished fact, cast his lot in with the new and smaller body and entered their ministry, not from any attachment to the personality, but to the principle, of the new church. Henry clung to the old body, being naturally conservative in his constitution of mind, which inclined him always, rather "to keep his own rules than to try and mend theirs." He, therefore, opened a correspondence with his brother, and in a succession of letters, endeavoured to dissuade him from his chosen course. But it was a matter of principle with John, and he clung to the smaller body, though it involved poverty and hardship, going into the New Connexion with the majority and continuing there till his death.

On the contrary, Henry never originated any new legislation, though very influential in the Conference, and proved himself an unyielding executor of the Discipline of his Church against all innovators, even to severity, which once in a while seemed to be exercised unduly. Thus, under the original names of Methodist Episcopal, and Wesleyan Churches, (both in its several unions with the British Conference, and its seven-year independent operation under that name), Henry Wilkinson was the reliable, if not rigorous, defender of her position and measures. The above occurrences and early rivalry of these two Churches kept the brothers almost wholly apart for about twenty-five long years; but when at the end of that time more frequent intercourse was restored they found much in each other to esteem and love. They held more in common than they disagreed about. Henry did not live to witness the movement for union, which issued in the consolidation of their two Churches in 1874; but John, though he did not quite live to see the union consummated, "saw it not very far off, and rejoiced." In view of the liberalizing

measures of the older sections of Methodism of late years, may we not now agree to say, that the early reformers were over eager and denunciatory, and that the conservatives were two slow and repellant? And may not those who still set themselves to repel and denounce every proposal to popularize the Church think it possible that progressionists may not be such heretics as they suspect?

I come now to the last sickness and death of the revered subject of our sketch. Mr. Wilkinson spent the year of his retirement and rest (1856-57) in his own house, at what is now called Eglington, on Yonge Street. It so happened that he never removed from that earthly residence, but for one year, until he removed to "the house not made with hands," although he was in the itinerancy nearly six years longer. The old Yonge Street Circuit remained intact for two years longer, making a heavy and laborious charge for a healthy man, and the valetudinarian was left in its superintendency, with the Financial Secretaryship of the District besides upon his shoulders. In 1859, it was divided into two circuits, and he was restricted to the south half of the old ground; but along with the superintendency of this important circuit he was weighted with the charge of the Toronto District. For one year (1860-61), he was in the East Toronto City Circuit, but found city work too much for his enfeebled constitution; and, thinking that the variety, pure air, and carriage drives of a country charge would agree better with him, he went back to his own residence.

During the August of the first summer he ceased, almost at once, "to work and live." After he became noticeably ill and weak, he complied with a request to preach a funeral sermon and bury a very pious old friend. The day proved to be rainy, and he read the service at the grave amid a pouring rain, and returned wet and chilled, with his complaint very much aggravated. His habit of work, and his "ruling passion" was so strong upon him, that he cherished the expectation of officiating at the approaching Quarterly Meeting.

His Conference obituary informs us, that "the second Sabbath previous to his death he preached three times, renewed tickets in two classes, and conducted a fellowship meeting, though unable all day to take any food." The Rev. James (now Dr.) Elliott says:—

"I saw him on the afternoon of the day previous to his death. He said, 'I suppose it is all over with me now, but it is all right.' Being greatly exhausted he said, 'Poor humanity!' And then, as if passing suddenly in thought from the present to the glorious future, he exclaimed, 'Glorious humanity!' He repeated with deep feeling the hymn commencing, 'Let not the wise his wisdom boast, etc.' But his soul especially delighted to realize the great truth expressed in the second verse:

'One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God,
When Jesus doth His blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.'

"He asked me to pray with him, and respond with energy to every petition, and though suffering continually from agonizing pain, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He lingered till the next morning, and then peacefully passed away, dying on the 14th of August, in the 58th year of his age, and the 31st of his ministry."

At first sight it might seem to be a subject of regret, that a man so adapted to serve the Church by his preaching and administrative ability, and his ripe experience, should be suddenly removed in the midst of his days. But upon second thought, I myself am inclined to conclude that our brother was "taken from the evil to come." It would have been pitiful to have seen the pushing and heroic Wilkinson laid by in feebleness and decrepitude; and it would have been still more pitiful to have had him live long enough to have had his rich and ripe ministry refused, on the ground that he was "too old-fashioned," and that though, "we members would revel in his ministry, yet he is a little too plain and pointed for the young people, and the outsiders, you know." Yes, refused on the ground of objections from superficial people, devoid of grace, who would never be adherents of Methodism at all; if such men as he had not worked and made the Church so rich and strong, that it becomes a source of social and business advancement to hang on to her skirts! I hope the Editor of the MAGAZINE will give me space to say, that in these times, when every truth is honeycombed with skeptical thought, and every wholesome restraint is sought to be scattered to the winds, by conformists to the world, the majority of the Church's ministers must copy the fidelity of Wilkinson, or there will soon be no Methodist Church worth conserving.

WILLIAM BEATTY, ESQ.

BY THE REV. W. R. PARKER, M.A.

WILLIAM BEATTY, ESQ.

IT is not always all the truth to say, that "circumstances make men." It is true, however, that circumstances, big with the elements and forces of a grand destiny for the race, covet and command the ministry and moulding power of men of mark. In nothing is the providence of God more distinctly seen, than in ripening into a fulness of time grand historic events, and then furnishing for the emergency of the epoch a Moses, a Paul, a Luther, or a Wesley. Such noted leaders attract a following of persons, relatively as much men for the times as themselves, and

quite as essential, in their respective spheres, for the success of the mission inaugurated.

These general principles were strikingly embodied and illustrated in that evangelical revival of the last century called Methodism;—that grand soul-saving system of pure, vital Christianity, worthy to rank as the most fundamental and complete of the Reformations; if not, indeed, a revised and improved edition of the Primitive Church itself. There we see not only the men who were prominent upon the high places of the field, distinguished, as John Wesley, to lead, to legislate, to organize; as Charles Wesley, to furnish the songs that rouse to battle and celebrate the victory; as George Whitefield, matchless to preach the Gospel with a sanctified eloquence that set the kingdoms in a blaze; and as Clarke, Watson, and Fletcher, mighty in the Scriptures and gifted to shame and to silence the modern Sanballats and Tobiahs, but also the subalterns, that marshalled the conquering hosts, and that constituted the nuclei of the societies destined soon to become ubiquitous throughout the world. Nor is it to be thought for a moment, that these allies were merely adventitious to the organization, instead of chosen elements essential to its efficiency Did the apostles record the value, the necessity of such helpers in the centres where they laboured as Aristarchus, at Thessalonica, Cornelius at Cæsarea, Sergius Paulus, at Cyprus, Timothy, at Derbe; Phœbe, at Cenchrea, Lydia, at Philippi, and Aquila and Priscilla, at Corinth? So did the Methodist minister select and employ representative men and devout women, for systematic co-operation with them in founding the Church, maintaining her ordinances, and extending her conquests.

It is auxiliary to our purpose to note, moreover, the determinate connection between the type and character of the early settlers in the Colonies of the British Empire, and the execution in them, of that most sacred trust committed to Methodism by the Head of the Church.

Already history recognizes the marked providential co-incidence between the rise of Methodism and the settlement of the "Island World," Australasia, and, the "New World," now the American Republic, and the Dominion of Canada. Then, too, it is an admitted historical principle, that the pioneer fathers of

a new country must largely modify and determine the intellectual, social, and moral, as well as the physical character of that country for ages, if not forever. Then it may be argued, that the men who colonize are not the indifferent or inferior class which an over-populated land instinctively flings off its shores, and which the tide of emigration floats whither it lists. This claim is not based on mere inference, as far as Canada is concerned, for accredited witnesses, whose name is legion, attest the truth of the course. The men of the best bone and brain and muscle came; and the Lord who called Abraham from Ur, as surely called them hither. Tidings of the opportunity to conquer an independency, and, perchance, to amass actual wealth along the banks of our great rivers, on the shores of our ocean lakes, or in the vast interior of our fertile country, inspired the enterprising and intrepid with a heroic resolve to risk the perils and brave the privations incident to the early settler, if they might hew out of the giant forests unencumbered and enviable homsteads for themselves and families. But before they embarked, the principles of the Gospel of the grace of God had largely possessed them, eminently fitting them to become a power for good in the land of their adoption, and, in due time, it certainly shall be chronicled by the candid historian that in the rural and urban centres of our great country, the men who most moulded Canadian society, and gave the chief direction to her religious thought and formula, were those who came from the Mother Country, and, in no small proportion, from Ireland, leavened with the saving truths of an *experimental* Christianity, as sown broadcast by the Methodist itinerants.

A notable instance of this typical class, and a distinguished example of the practical embodiment of the principles enunciated, and an eminent child of the over-ruling Providence specified, was furnished in the person and life of William Beatty, Esq., late of Thorold. Take him *all in all*—physically, intellectually, socially, and morally—he stood in the front rank of the early settlers of this banner Province of "this Canada of ours." In the important formative period of his adopted country the elements of his personal and religious character rendered him worthy the eulogy pronounced upon the sons of Issacher. "Who were men that had understanding

of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." The Lord found him in Ireland and set His mark upon him, and then sent him out here to set his mark upon this country. This he continued to do for nearly half a century. Mr. Beatty's native county was Monaghan: but he was resident in other places as well, during his student and business life. He evinced in his early days the superior quality of his mental faculties, and displayed a corresponding power of application to the pursuit of the studies that were calculated to train and develop them. Indeed, he was in youth quite a recluse; for so absorbing was his thirst for knowledge that he forsook all youthful companionships and amusements that he might not be diverted from his aim. Hence it will not be matter of surprise to find that he ranked among the *honour*-students at the schools he attended in Bedo-bay, Dundalk, and Dublin. He completed the curriculum of a Civil Engineer and Land Surveyor, pursuant to a purpose to emigrate to Canada and follow this profession. After his marriage to an estimable lady, Miss Frances Hughes, he settled in Stoneyford, county of Kilkenny, and spent his time principally in school teaching.

The foundation of his religious character was laid in childhood, when he was taught the Holy Scriptures; and he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. He was not, indeed, early familiarized with a clear testimony for the "new birth," for just then, Nonconformists retained little beyond the *form* of godliness; while the Clergy of the Establishment were arrayed rather in the glaring uniform of the professional fox-hunter, than in the garments of salvation. All the religious force and form of the times centred in doctrinal controversy. Mr. Beatty caught the polemical contagion. He thoroughly investigated the merits of the fundamental question of Arminianism *versus* Calvinism, and he showed himself an apt disciple, preparatory to his becoming a teacher of the Methodist version of the Gospel of free grace and life for all, by growing into a pronounced Arminian. This will appear the more noteworthy and evidential of the candour and independence of his mind, when it is known that his father was a Calvinistic Presbyterian, and his mother an Arminian Episcopalian, and, besides, that his education was principally conducted under Presbyterian auspices. Having the courage of

strong convictions, he forsook the Church of his father, and clung to that of his mother.

Having been thus made ready by reason and by grace, to practically sympathize with their eminently Apostolic doctrines and spirit, it will not occasion surprise to learn, that he was won to Christ almost immediately upon hearing the Gospel preached by the Methodist itinerants. His conversion was, indeed, sudden, but yet—if not *therefore*—genuine and thorough. He became "in Christ a new creature." He did not allow himself to rest in uncertainty. As he had at first searched the Scriptures to know their doctrines, so now he searched his own heart to be satisfied as to the assurance of salvation. Nor was he disappointed, for he found that God had sent forth the Spirit of His Son into his heart, crying: "Abba Father." Of Jesus Christ, he could humbly, but triumphantly affirm: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Mr. Beatty was years in advance of his times in a wholesome abhorrence, and a righteous exposure of the myriad evils wrought in society by the hydra-headed monster, intemperance. He found even clergymen, if not erring through strong drink, yet so intolerant of "the hated sect," as to prefer to see the masses of their countrymen frequent the "ale house," rather than the "Methodist conventicle." No wonder, therefore, that with such watchmen the figment of baptismal regeneration was substituted for the "Cross of Christ" by which the first Apostles were crucified unto the world. An eye-witness testifies to the confusion and discomfiture of one of these clerical advocates with whom Mr. Beatty successfully maintained the Scripture theory and experience of the "new birth," with the coolness of conviction and the boldness of the truth; while the defeat of this blind leader of the blind was revealed by the phrenzy of excitement through which he literally frothed at the mouth in vengeful rage.

A noble tribute to his courteous Christian character, must be seen in the profound respect and confidence with which he was uniformly treated by his Roman Catholic neighbours. Though this people, so largely in the majority in that part of Ireland, had been in sympathy with, if not indeed accessory to, the

memorable Irish Rebellion, in whose evils the Methodists had so largely shared—yet now, even the priests were wont to visit him, join pleasantly in conversation, and listen with deference to his clear and cogent reasonings on points of Christian doctrine and practice. He not only dwelt in safety amid the prevalent disturbances during which many others were visited with terrible atrocities, but was held in a sort of patriarchal veneration; and whenever a place of trust was to be filled, Mr. Beatty was their choice. During the prevalence of a sore famine, when so many sufferers had to be relieved, and so many conflicting claims adjusted, he was chosen distributor of the timely and charitable supplies.

He was, however, distinguished for more than the passive graces. What the vision at Joppa was to Peter, what the lightning shaft that dealt death to his travelling companion, was to Luther, and what the rousing appeal of Barbara Heck was to Philip Embury, when his tongue was silent, the cholera proved to be to this unassuming young Irishman. When he saw multitudes mowed down by this pestilence, as it walked in the darkness and wasted at the noonday, the solemn question that stirred his conscience to compunction, was whether he had done all in his power to secure the salvation of their souls. From that day there surrounded his life the glow of a hallowed activity. At once his house was opened for preaching; a class was formed of which he became leader. Then he himself was was called and appointed to preach. He began by reading one of Mr. Wesley's sermons; but soon this was given up, for the preach was in him, as a fire in his bones, and he was weary with forbearing and could not stay. Many were won to Christ through his instrumentality among whom were Mrs. Beatty's sisters, who continued steadfast in the faith. One of these, Mrs. Armstrong, of McKellar, recently entered into rest, and another, Mrs. McClelland, now on the bright side of seventy, continues where she has wrought for some thirty years, with that winsome cheerfulness and that consecrated ability which secures, as they deserve, success—the teacher of the infant class in the Methodist Sunday-school of this town.

Of those who regularly preached in "the church in his house," were the Revds. Messrs. Bruce, and James Tobias. He also enjoyed the friendship of the Rev. Daniel McAfee, and of

the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, that most eminent of Irish evangelist. Ouseley was Ireland's true St. Patrick. He thoroughly realized the anomalous condition of his native land, largely attributable to its rejection of the Reformation, and to its pertinacious adherence to the Church of Rome. He was alive to the consequent degradation, wretchedness, and rebellion, on the one hand, and to the abuses in its political administration, on the other, that justify the verdict that Wesley recorded in his Journal: "That it was no wonder that those born Papists generally live and die such; when the Protestants can find no better way to convert them, than Penal Laws and Acts of Parliament." To no one man is the Protestanism of Ireland so much indebted as to Mr. Ouseley, for the infusion of that vital energy that conserved and augmented its efficiency—virtually saving it from extinction; and that actually raised up and sent forth equipped, into the great American and Australian Colonies, a people by the thousand, whose ardent, sympathetic nature, sanctified by grace, so fully fitted them to be "fellow-helpers" to the faith.

Mr. Beatty frequently accompanied Mr. Ouseley to Kilkenny and other places, where he witnessed his unwearied and marvellously successful efforts to rouse and renew the Irish heart, through the skillful presentation of the Gospel truth, with the pathos of the Irish tongue. And this companionship was not without its marked and abiding effect. The melting fervour of the prayer, and the unction of the sermon, transfused the devout listener with a rare Apostolic zeal and a martyr heroism. In this grand training school, at the feet of this Gamaliel, Mr. Beatty graduated for the work awaiting him on this side the Atlantic; and then joined in the march of the grand emigration army, that, while sorely depleting through long years, Irish Methodism has so largely contributed to establish, build up, and extend the Methodism of Canada, as well as many other lands.

Great was the grief of his kindred and attached neighbours, when he made public his intention to come to Canada, and touching were the hearty farewell scenes when their trusted counseller and guide went out from them forever. Pursuant to his purpose, he with Mrs. Beatty and five children, sailed in the *Huskison*, of Bristol, from the City of Waterford, on the 20th of June, 1835, and after a voyage of six weeks, landed safely in Quebec on the 4th of August.

Change of country and of climate changed not, in the slightest degree, his intelligent estimate of the Church of his early choice. He never exchanged it—deserted it for another. The men whom he first sought out for information and advice after landing were the Methodist preachers. In Montreal he obtained much timely and valuable counsel from the Rev. Matthew, afterwards Dr. Richey. In the month of November, in the same year, he arrived in Thorold, which became the place of his permanent residence.

He did not follow, as he had proposed to himself, the profession of Provincial Land Surveyor, but engaged in the lumber business, in which, principally, he spent most of his active life. In the service of God and of his generation, in the land of his adoption, he but displayed the counterpart and sequel of that begun in his native land.

He fairly shared in the honour of that Irish Methodism, whose "Providential mission it was to *originate* Methodism in Canada, in the United States, in the West India Islands, and in Australasia;" but others had preceded him and founded it in the old Niagara Peninsula. He found, however, ample scope for the employment of his versatile gifts in building up and consolidating the superstructure.

Among his initial efforts for the spiritual good of the community, was the organization of the first Sunday-school established in Thorold. He was eminently Wesleyan in his practical estimate of those "nurseries for Christians." He saw in them for Canada, what was revealed to Mr. Wesley concerning them for the Old World, as indicated by his estimate expressed at the time of Raikes' first published account of them: "This is one of the best institutions which has been seen in Europe for some centuries. It seems that Sunday-schools will be one great means of reviving religion throughout the nation." In this grateful work Mr. Beatty cheerfully took part with some excellent ladies, when more public duties did not call him from home on the Lord's day. This call, however, came early and often. The Methodist itinerants—schooled to understand human nature, quick to detect the gifts and graces that fit men for duty in that hive where they are to be "all at it," and skilled to work by wisely setting others to work—soon realized that the loss so sorely mourned at Stoneyford would prove the decided

gain of Thorold. In William Beatty they found a leader and local preacher of the first order. The class of which he was given the care, grew to be an institution, whose members might well be congratulated, for, with the happy blending of his force of intellect with his fervour of soul, and with his judicious drafts on rich stores of knowledge and experience, it is patent how largely he possessed the qualities so essential to counsel and edify believers.

But it was in preaching, especially, that his talents were laid under contribution. Those were the days when the fields were not too small, and the labourers were not too plentiful; the days when ministers were circuit-riders, and local preachers were circuit-workers. This work they did not in a desultory manner, but by the systematic regulation of a printed "plan,"—not barely tolerated, much less despised, but scarcely a whit behind the chief apostles in native vigour of intellect, extensive acquaintance with Methodist theology and general Biblical literature, and capable with a freshness and fidelity worthy of all praise to preach the Gospel. In this order Mr. Beatty was the peer of any of his noble brethren. After his wearing labours through the week he was wont to travel thirty or forty miles and preach three or four times on the Sabbath, thus passing over an area now divided into ten or twelve circuits. His edifying, soul-saving ministrations were enjoyed in the pulpits of Niagara, Lundy's Lane, Bertie, Welland, Brown's Bridge, Beaver Dams, Thorold, and St. Catharines.

He was more than "at home" in a revival service. He took an active and helpful part in several of those grand campaigns, in which the Spirit swept in refreshing and renewing power throughout this district. His marked efficiency in this department of legitimate Church work—so essential to Methodism, if she will accomplish her mission to man—is an instance and an illustration of the theory, laying claim to be the orthodox one, that the best evangelism is promoted by the wise and combined efforts of the laymen and ministers of each respective circuit. Grant this and the following inference must be granted:—That to countenance and call in professional evangelists must, to say the least, be open to serious question, inasmuch as it virtually transfers the responsibility from the ordained agency within

the Church, and a vital permanent part of it, to an outside, irresponsible, isolated itinerant.

He was a thorough believer in the religion of *giving*. His was no qualified service. He was far from endorsing that *other* Gospel that trades on the credulity and cupidity of modern society with the catch-cry: "Free seats and no collection." And what he preached he practiced. It is well and widely known, how freely and liberally he habitually contributed to church erection and improvement, and, indeed, to all circuit and connexional funds. He did this in life, and in his will he remembered specially the Missionary and Superannuation Funds. In passing, I need but mention the fact, that this noble trait, historical in the honoured father, is also hereditary in his sons.

The temperance principles he adopted in Ireland, he lived out here. He was not disturbed by strong temperance sermons, nor did he withhold his sympathy from any wise measures, tending to secure the abolition of this ruinous traffic, by *moral* and by *legal suasion*. He was ever ready to expound and enforce the duty of total abstinence, as binding upon all, and especially upon Methodists as per their Discipline and their Bible.

He took a leading part in the popular agitation, and by petitioning the Government, in that humane and Christian crusade, which resulted in the closing of the Welland Canal against traffic on the Sabbath. And now, as for some thirty years past, there is no driving of the "tow" horses, no screaming of the tugs to disturb the quiet and violate the sanctity of the Lord's day. All along this artificial artery of commerce, connecting Lakes Ontario and Erie, the hundreds of sturdy seamen, that annually pass through, can enjoy the rest and some of the privileges of the sanctuary; in addition to the visits of the Canal Missionary during the other days of the week.

As might have been expected from his own early calling, he took a special active interest in the question of local and general education. He actively promoted the erection of the superior school-houses, with which this town is favoured; and he was for many years the Chairman of the Board of Common and Grammar Schools. This was the only public trust he would consent to fill. He was frequently urged to accept of office, civil or political, but he persistently declined.

His children secured the boon of a liberal education. He

enabled his three sons to share the superior advantages of the University of Victoria College; and one of them is an honoured graduate in Arts and Law.

He lived to see all his family members of the Methodist Church; and he had no desire to see them leave it for any other communion, though he was proverbially fraternal with all. They themselves never imbibed a disrelish for their own, nor cultivated a pitiable hankering after some other church because of some fancied social or other superiority. And has not God put honour upon them in the Church of their father? John D. Beatty occupies an official place in Sarnia; Wm. Beatty is distinguished as the founder of the Temperance Colony of Parry Sound, and as the chief support of the church in that village; and James H. Beatty was the choice of the London Conference, as its Lay Representative to the late Œcumenical Conference in the City Road Chapel, London, England.

For many years, owing to enfeebled health, Mr. Beatty was prevented attending the sanctuary he loved; but he cherished an unabated interest in every department of the Church, and kept familiarized with all its enterprises and requirements. To visit him in his home, a prisoner of hope, was a rare privilege. Venerable, serene, rich in maturity of thought and intelligence, and ripe in the golden experiences of the grace of God, he dwelt on the border land of heaven and but awaited his translation. At "eventide there was light," and it was the light of the city where "there is no night." His last illness was short and severe; but the messenger found him ready for rest and reward. On the 28th of January, 1881, Father Beatty, "was not, for God took him."

His widow, a most estimable Christian lady, lonely and an invalid, enjoys the valued companionship of her youngest daughter, the widow of the late N. Wakefield, Esq., and the sister-in-law of the Rev. John Wakefield. Mrs. Switzer, the eldest daughter, resides on the Glanford Circuit. She and her husband and family are all members of the Methodist Church.

A large concourse of people of all denominations assembled to do honour to the memory of Mr. Beatty at his interment; and it is believed the judgment of all would endorse the choice of the text for the occasion: "And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour."

THE APPROACHING GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

ERE long the General Conference will meet in the City of Hamilton. Grave matters will be brought before it for its consideration. Eight years will have passed since its formation by our Church as its highest court. Have the expectations of the Church been realized as to the results which have been reached under the new order of things implied in its formation? Have the latter days been equal to the former in spiritual power?—in aggressive effort against the world and sin in our own land?—in missionary effort in the heathen world?—in the oneness which has ever distinguished Methodism from all other branches of the Christian Church, and which is essential to its very existence, if its peculiar form of Church government is to be maintained and perpetuated?—in the existence of an authority which has been acknowledged and respected by the entire Church—an authority whose findings have been accepted as the settlement of issues beyond which any attempt to go would be regarded as mischievous and disloyal?

Upon these points there will be, of course, differences of opinion, and, perhaps, it is well there should be. My own opinion is, that while there are exceptional instances, where all that is peculiar to Methodism has been loyally and zealously upheld, this can not be maintained as applicable to the whole Church. Many believe that the latter days have not been equal to the former. There have been more costly churches with large church debts; less of the old-fashioned preaching, and, as a result, fewer conversions; less difference in outward appearance and in daily life between Methodists and people of the world; less interest in the observance of the great command of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Localization is threatening to take the place of unification. Authority which is either acknowledged or respected, I fear I must be compelled to say is wanting.

It has been said that it would be a bold statement to make that we are a Church without a head. Yet where is that head? Not, certainly, the President of the General Conference. He is

a presiding officer only. And if not the President of the General Conference, then surely not the Presidents of the Annual Conferences, nor any of them. Nothing could more clearly manifest the feeling which recognized this want on the part of the Church, than its appointment of a Court of Appeal. The history of that Court is known, but as my object is not controversy, I will not further refer to it

Reference has been made to the British Conference, and to its immense work in all parts of the world. But a moment's reflection will show that there is no analogy between its work and ours, nor in the machinery by which each is carried on. It has one Conference; we, six, and a General Conference. It has a Legal Hundred, the vacancies in which are annually filled up—one-half by seniority and one-half by election. It has a powerful and influential Missionary Committee, which has faith enough to believe as Wesley did, "That the world is its parish," and zeal enough to reach out its hands to the perishing heathen, believing that the Church will sustain it in its plans and purposes—a Committee whose deeds have excited the admiration of the Christian Church throughout the world, and stimulated all the Churches to imitate its example. Where is there such a body in the Methodist Church of Canada?

Again, in the British Conference the older ministers hold the place which their years, their labours, and their devotion to the interests of Methodism entitle them to hold. Their counsels are sought, their opinions respected, and their judgments accepted. It is hardly necessary to observe that there is little analogy here between their practice and ours. I confess, then, that I am unable to come to any other conclusion than that we are now, and have been since the formation of the General Conference, a Church without any directing or governing power—a Church which has no machinery by which questions, however grave, affecting the entire Church, can be taken up and settled between one General Conference and another. If such a power does exist, where is it?

Supposing, then, for the sake of argument, that I am right—that we have no such power—is such a power needed? What, let me ask, would be the result, if in the army or navy, in the bank, the factory, or the merchant's office, in short, in any organization where work has to be done, if grave questions

needing immediate attention, had to lie over for four years, or four weeks, or four days? The question is one not difficult to answer—disorganization and ruin would very speedily follow such a state of things. And if order, power, rightly constituted and rightly administered, are essential to the success of every secular undertaking, are they less needful in the Church? Can the Church rightly fulfil its great mission without them?

Look for one moment at one department only of our Church work under the old system and under the present system. Under the old system our mission to British Columbia was originated, our mission to the Red River, our mission to Japan. The establishment of these missions by the Methodist Church gave an immense impetus to missionary effort, not only in our own Church, but it also stimulated other Churches to follow our example, some of which have long since surpassed us in the zeal and energy with which they have thrown themselves into the work of evangelizing the heathen. Then there was a committee ever ready to respond to the call of Providence to take possession of fields urgently needing labourers. Now our Committee of Finance and Consultation, if new work is proposed, decides to wait until the Central Board shall meet. The Central Board waits until the General Conference meets, and thus, what has been the crowning glory of the Methodist Church, (viz., her missionary character) bids fair to be only a thing of the past, and all because the men are not, in the majority, ready to declare the Church's duty, and earnest enough even with prayers and tears to plead for those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. A spirit of faith has given place to a calculating spirit in the great work of carrying on the world's evangelization. The decision has been, We cannot undertake this because we have no money, This, to me, is a most unscriptural argument, and I never hear it without thinking of Uzzah's zeal for the ark. God could protect the ark, and He can find means for the carrying on of His work. He does not ask the Church to work in doubt, or speculate about where the means are to come from. His command to-day is, in reference to this work, as it was to Moses, "Say unto the people that they go forward." As a result of this hesitating policy, what mission work (as the word is understood) has been undertaken by the Church since the formation of the General Conference? I think I am justified in saying not one.

God has given to the Methodist Church of Canada an opening in Japan, as wonderful, in many respects, as has marked the history of most missions. Other Churches are labouring there side by side with our own beloved and honoured brethren. Yet I think it safe to say that the measure of prayerful, generous support which this most interesting mission has received from our Church since the formation of the General Conference, compared with that which any one who chooses to read will find has been generously and constantly afforded by other Churches to their labourers in that field, has been discreditable to us as a Church, and most unfair to the noble men and to their noble wives who so fitly represent us in that important field.

What our people know about Japan, and what our people do for Japan, they know and do, not by reason of having it prominently and earnestly and intelligently brought before them, its claims lovingly urged, and our missionaries prayerfully sustained, but in despite of all this. It is an easy thing for men to labour in distant fields when earnest reference is made to what they do—when some sympathy is expressed for what they are attempting—when the whole Church is found to have a deep interest in their work, and are earnestly praying and cheerfully and liberally contributing for the carrying of it on. But it requires a more than ordinary man to labour when his work is unnoticed—when he is tolerated rather than encouraged—when apathy takes the place of earnestness—when but rarely words of encouragement find their way over the five thousand miles of watery waste which separate them from their brethren—when there are no assurances that manifold prayers are going up for them. Then, indeed, a man requires to be a hero, strong in the conviction that he is where God would have him be; that he is doing the work God would have him do, and that while the assurances of his brethren's interest in the work in which he is engaged would be comforting, yet the consciousness that the work is of God, and that God is owning and blessing it, will sustain such a *man* under circumstances in other respects discouraging.

Nothing has impressed me so much with the noble, self-denying character of our brethren on the Japan Mission, as the patient, trustful, unwearied manner in which they follow their work, in view of the marked inattention which the work receives, as compared with that which is bestowed upon the Japan work

by other Churches. We find this reference recently to the Japan Mission of the M. E. Church:—

"The work of our own mission in Japan is moving forward with *highly gratifying success.* The preaching of the Word by consecrated missionaries and evangelists is vindicating, by splendid results, its claim to divine appointment as the grand agency for the propagation of the ever-blessed Gospel." And then, after a fitting reference to the Church's new educational enterprise, the article closes, heartily commending the institution to the prayers and liberal contributions of all interested in the success of modern missions, and with this prayer, "God bless our Japan Mission."

How has our Japan Mission fared since the formation of the General Conference? Over and over again the discussions which have taken place concerning it have been such as would have weakened the faith of ordinary men, and led them to say, "Brethren, if this is your opinion of our work, relieve us from it." But not so. They have gone on labouring, and God has continued to bless their labours. Once, if not oftener, a resolution has been moved as to whether or not the mission should be given up. Once, if not oftener, a resolution has been moved to arrange, if possible, with the M. E. Church to take the mission, while the whole manner of sustaining the mission is unworthy of a Church which God has so wondrously acknowledged in the conversion of the heathen, and so wondrously blessed in furnishing able ministers to preach the Word, and people with means, and hearts leading them to contribute of them freely for this object.

And yet in the face of all these discouragements, what have been the results in our Japan work? Take last year alone, and our chairman reports an increase of fifty-seven members. How vastly greater than that shown when applied to our entire work in the Dominion! when applied to any one of our Conferences! to any one of our districts! nay, is there any one circuit throughout our entire work which can show such results in proportion to numbers? with this additional consideration, which ought to repay, and does repay one thousand fold every dollar spent on Japan—*every one of these fifty-seven have been converts from paganism!*

Would the indifference which we claim has been shown to

this important mission have been possible either under our former system or under a system such as we now feel is absolutely necessary? The liberal, trustful policy of the old Missionary Committee, under which our missionary system originated and grew, was reviewed and strengthened from year to year, and the efficient state of the missions of the M. E. Church, with which we have contrasted our own, are, perhaps, the best answers we could give to these questions.

Two things will, I think, readily be conceded by any who will take the trouble to read and think. 1st. God gives to thousands of men the power to preach the Gospel to whom He does not vouchsafe administrative ability. 2nd. When God eminently qualifies His servants with wisdom to direct and guide, the ability is bestowed in order that it may be employed for His glory and for the good of men. I am sure I need not refer to the diversity of gifts to which reference is made in God's Word, or to the history of our own and other Churches, to prove my position. Woe betide that Church, which has not within it honoured servants of God in whose piety it has confidence, upon whose counsels it can rely, with whose judgments it can be satisfied. Holy men, unselfish men, men of one purpose, God-commissioned men, whose aim is to promote God's glory only. Are there such men in our own Church? I believe there are. Would their appointment to the office of Superintendent or Bishop be to the advantage of the work in all its interests? I believe it would. Our present system of election to most offices is a vicious system, is too often the result of electioneering and bargain; and when these elements enter into the securing of office, even to a limited extent, they do so to that extent to the loss of a man's freedom and independence of action. Men, to be useful in any position, must be selected for their fitness for it, not by reason of any strong desire of their own to fill it, not by any seeking after it, but by a strong conviction on the part of their brethren that they possess the qualities which eminently fit them for the discharge of the duties with which they will be entrusted—that they possess the firmness which will enable them to act in God's fear and for His glory.

My own judgment is that for our great and growing work we require at least three, if not four, such men—men who would hold office for life. Every one cannot be elected, and because

every one cannot be, should there not be a readiness (if this is deemed a solution to the present weakness of our system) to unite in placing in such important positions the very best men in the Church?

But what, it might be asked, are such men likely to secure for the Church?

1st. We believe they would furnish a bond of union throughout the entire Church such as does not at present exist. They would awaken a deeper interest in our missionary and publishing interests. They would create a new interest in our educational institutions, and, by their advocacy, aid in securing for them the material help at present so urgently needed. They would, in one word, by their counsel and judgment, give a new impetus to all the schemes of our Church—each one in all things showing himself a pattern of good works; "in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of them."

In this very hastily-written article, there are many points which, necessarily, have not been touched. Nothing, for example, has been said of the method of sustaining men filling such positions. That is a matter of detail, and, if the principle were admitted, this would be found to be easily accomplished. A life appointment has been spoken of—anything short of this would bring about, periodically, the system of electioneering, with all its undesirable features, and remove men from work for which they were eminently fitted, and because of which fitness they were elected. Nothing has been said about the abuse of power in the hands of unsuitable and untrustworthy men. None lacking the needed qualifications should be appointed, and those possessing the qualities which have been so briefly alluded to need not be dreaded, and may be safely trusted. I have, perhaps, said enough to beget for the question some consideration, and to call forth suggestions from others vastly better fitted to deal with this subject than I am—suggestions which may commend themselves to the judgments of a larger circle than my own are likely to influence, and which will have the effect of securing a greater oneness, and consequently a greater efficiency, in that work which is so dear to us all.

It would not be right to close this article without a brief

reference to the effort on the part of the Church, from Newfoundland to British Columbia, to extinguish the missionary debt and provide for extension in the North-West. Of that effort, in which ministers and laymen willingly offered of their means (notably the former) for the accomplishment of these great objects, too much cannot be said. In this effort there was a oneness which could not be surpassed, a zeal which other Churches might profitably imitate, and it is but fair to notice, while calling attention to what has been the defects in our system, this wondrous effort, which has been the one feature which has compensated for so much that has been lacking.

OAKLANDS, *April 11, 1882.*

PROPITIATION.

NOTHING I have ever done,
Nothing I can do;
Nothing finished or begun
Can my soul renew.
But the Lamb's vicarious task
Crowns the work for me;
Gives the blessing that I ask—
Sets my spirit free.

Nothing I have ever given—
Nothing I bequeath—
Can entitle me to heaven,
Or the winner's wreath.
But the Lamb's vicarious gift
Certifies my claim;
Gives a right the law may sift—
Faultless in His name.

Nothing in my sufferings strong,
Nothing I endure—
Speechless sorrow, causeless wrong,
Can my plague-spot cure.
But the Lamb's vicarious woe
Opens mercy's door;
Makes me "whiter than the snow"—
Bids me "sin no more."

Works and gifts and sufferings all
Crumble into dust—
Mock me most when most I call—
Falsify my trust.
But the Lamb's vicarious death
Triumphs in the strife;
Gives the victory to Faith—
Gives eternal life.

W. S.

THE FALLEN PRINCE.

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

HIS harp is soft and mute. The master hand
No more will sweep its strings of harmony.
Could he, so gifted, lay him down to die?
Alas! what sorrow weighs throughout the land!
For none could on a level with him stand,
Sublime upon an eminence so high.
The sister "States" all grieve in sympathy—
Where is the one to sing their poet, grand?
AMERICA in sackcloth veils her head—
Her flag hangs drooping, all its "stars" are dim;
And all the world is mourning sore for him—
The Bard of Maine, now numbered with the dead;
While he who once Columbia's poets led,
Strikes a new lyre amid the seraphim!

GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NEVER has the death of any poet been mourned by so many millions as that of the sweet singer who has just passed away. He was emphatically the people's poet. He sang not for a cultured few, but for the toiling millions, who by his songs were lifted up and strengthened. No poet had so many contemporary readers, or so many editions of his works, from the sumptuous illustrated folios to the dainty pocket volume.* From their frequent repetition in school reading-books, scarcely a boy or a girl of the English-speaking race is not familiar with at least some of his poems.

He is not, it is true, one of the "grand old masters," one of—

"The bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,"

the Dantes, Shakespeares, Miltons of the Valhalla of literature. He is, as he himself expresses it, one of the—

"Simpler poets,
Whose songs gush from the heart,
As rain from the clouds of summer
Or as tears to the eyelids start."

And, therefore, is he dear to the uni-

*We give below a list with prices of some of the editions most suitable for general use, issued by Houghton, Mifflen & Co., his authorized publishers. The same House announces over thirty other editions of his works, complete or in part. Any of these will be furnished by the publisher of this Magazine.

To the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we are also indebted for the admirable portrait of Longfellow which accompanies this number.

versal heart of humanity, to the lofty and lowly alike. There is in him such a wealth of human sympathy with the highest joys and deepest sorrows of mankind that he voices for all of us the hopes, desires, and aspirations, the thoughts too deep for tears, the feelings that we have longed to express. There is a tender pensiveness about his poems that tells of a soul that has known sorrow and a humble trustfulness that tells of the Christian's hope. To many a stricken heart the tender strains of such poems as "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Resignation," have brought comfort and solace. The pensiveness of his verse at times deepens into the melancholy, as in "The Fire of Drift-wood," "The Rainy Day," and "Afternoon in February." The utmost poignancy of grief is expressed in the following lines—

"The bell is pealing
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell.

"Shadows are trailing,
My heart bewailing,
And tolling within,
Like a funeral bell."

But there is nothing of the morbid melancholy of Poe's "Ulalume" or "Raven." But for the most part Longfellow's is a sunnier theme. His "Village Blacksmith" sings the joys of noble toil—

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

There is, too, a strength of purpose often manifested that braces one for duty like a call to arms.

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Where is the young man who has not been enbraved in soul by the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," and "The Goblet of Life?"

Longfellow is no dilletante poet, singing only of rose leaves and moonbeams. At a time when sympathy with the slave meant social ostracism and contempt, he wrote "The Warning," "The Slave's Dream," "The Witnesses." He yielded not to the glamour of war, but branded it as the great curse of the universe.

"The warrior's name should be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Should wear forevermore the brand of Cain:"

The deep religious feeling of the poet is seen in his "God's Acre," "The Flowers," the "Hymn," for his brother's ordination, "The Legend

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Longfellow's poems. *Complete Cambridge Edition.* With fine Portrait. 4 vols., crown 8vo, $9.00.

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The same. With Portrait. *Blue and Gold Editions.* 2 vols. 32mo, $2.50.

The same. With Portrait. *Cabinet Edition.* 2 vols. 16mo, $3.00.

Beautiful," and "Sandalphon." The last we think his grandest poem.

One peculiarity of much of Longfellow's poetry that we have not seen noticed, is the remarkable parallelism that charaterizes many of his poems. Take for instance, his "Beleaguered City," "Sea Weed," and "The Witnesses." Each consists of two parts, every verse, if not every line of the one being in antithesis to a corresponding verse or line of the other. See also in "The Building of the Ship" the two-fold comparison with the new-made wife and the "Ship of State." Observe also the exquisite appropriateness of his metaphors, their admirable keeping with the character of the poem. In "The Light of the Stars," we have only martial figures. "The *first watch* of the Night," "From that *blue tent* above, a *hero's armour gleams*," "The *shield* of that red star," "Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand," etc. In "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," the figures are all Biblical: "The *Exodus* of Death." The tombstones are like the "*broken tablets of the Law*;" "These *Ishmaels* and *Hagars* of mankind."

"All their lives long with the *unleavened bread*,
And *bitter herbs of exile* and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with *Marah* of their tears.

Anathema, Maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town from street to street,
At every gate the accursed *Mordecai*
Was mocked, and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet."

Note also the Biblical imagery in the "Ballad of the French Fleet, 1740."

"The Fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van,
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Median."

"Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line,
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine."

In his later poem "*Keramos*," one of the most exquisite in the language, is a series of fine images derived from the potter's wheel in the Song of the Potter, which runs like the base note of a fugue through the whole poem.

It was somewhat remarkable that so many American authors as Irving, Prescott, Motley, Hawthorne, and Lowell, have such strong affinities for European and mediæval or more recent studies. But in Longfellow this tendency was stronger than in any of them. The fascinations of mediævalism are seen in his "Belfry of Bruges," "Carillon," "Nuremburg," in the "Golden Legend," in the interlude of "Martyn Luther," in many of the "Tales at a Wayside Inn," and in many of his translations, especially in his magnificent translation of Dante, by far the best in language. He is like a pilgrim wandering in many lands and bringing home precious relics from many shrines.

Yet as the authors above noted have all given proof of their patriotism by their writings on national themes, so also Longfellow even more than they. "The Song of Hiawatha," is the grandest treatment the red man has ever received in literature. His "Miles Standish," and "New England Tragedies," "The Baron of St. Castine" and others are distinctly national, and so also, in parts, the most touching of all his poems, "Evangeline." His "Divine Tragedy," published in 1871, is far less familiar than it ought to be to Bible students. It recounts in exquisite verse the Story of the Life of our Lord; The Baptism; Temptation; The Miracle at Cana; In the Cornfields; The Demoniac of Gadera; The Death of John the Baptist; Scenes at Bethany; The Legend of Helen of Tyre; and the Tragic Story of the Crucifixion; and this poem is enriched, like the Golden Legend, by much curious

lore from the Talmud and Rabbinical books, and from the Apocryphal Gospels. The five "Flights" of his "Birds of Passage," and the three series of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," contain many of his finest poems.

Another characteristic of Longfellow is the infinite variety, and exquisite appropriateness of his figures, though some at first sight seem farfetched, and by the surprise they create have all the effect of art. Take a few at random. See for instance his "*footprints* on the *sands of time;*" the description of the dewy flowers which—

"Their blue eyes with tears overflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn."

In the wreck of the *Hesperus*—

"The cruel rocks they gored her sides,
Like the *horns of an angry bull.*"

In the "Slave's Dream"—

"His lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away."

In "The Arsenal at Springfield"—

"*Like a huge organ* rise the burnished pipes."

In the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year"—

"The *hooded clouds like friars*,
Tell their beads in drops of rain."

In the sweet poem, "Evangeline," the church bell "sprinkles with holy sounds the air," and the setting sun, *like the Hebrew, smites with his rod* the streams and turn them into blood. At the burning of Grand Pre, the flames were thrust through the folds of smoke and withdrawn "*like the quivering hands* of a martyr." The face of Evangeline's father was "without either thought or emotion, *as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.*" In "The Building of the Ship," the rudder, "*like a thought*," controls the whole; the anchors great hand reaches down and *grapples* with the land. The wild winds seize the sea in their stronggrasp and "lift it up and shake it like a fleece." In Miles Standish's Cæsar, "the thumb-marks thick on the margin, tell *like the trampling of feet where the battle was hottest.*" The white sails of the departing ships gleamed—

"Like a *marble slab* in a churchyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping."

Not merely the literary grace of Longfellow's poems is their claim upon us, but their moral elevation, their perfect purity. He wrote not "one line which dying, he could wish to blot," but thousands that linger like music in the ear, that sink like balm into the heart, that are a perpetual inspiration to the soul.

Longfellow was the first book of poems the present writer ever owned; for thirty years none has been so frequently in our hands, no poems so often on our lips and in our heart. They have been solace in solitude, joy in gladness, and have supplied some of the most exquisite pleasures, and often the luxury of tears, in a busy life. More than once, when in Cambridge, we longed to call and pay our homage as a scholar to a beloved and honoured master, to the great poet, but we felt that we had no claim more than thousands of others to intrude upon his time. But had we done so we should have pleaded as our justification his own words—

"If any one thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have paid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation."

BOOK NOTICES.

Heroes of Christian History. Thos. Chalmers. By DONALD FRASER, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

This book loses none of its interest to Canadians from the fact of the relations of its author and the subject to Canada. Dr. Fraser was for several years a popular pastor in Montreal. Dr. Chalmers was invited, by Governor Simcoe, over eighty years ago, to organize a College or University at York (Toronto). He declined the invitation which was accepted by a humble Scotch school-master, John Strachan, to wit, who became a considerable figure in colonial history. One cannot help thinking what might have been the result had Canada obtained Chalmers instead of Strachan. Probably no High Church party, no Family Compact, no Rebellion. But we would have lost the Ryerson Controversy, which gained us such ample liberties, and Scotland would have lost the great champion of Spiritual Independence, and the leader of the Disruption, and first moderator of the Free Church. It evidently for the good of both countries that Providence arranged things as they fell out. Dr. Fraser calls Chalmers the greatest Scotchman for at least two hundred years; greater in his sphere than Burns, Scott, or Carlyle. The study of such a life cannot fail to be instructive. Not till years after entering the ministry was he converted through reading Wilberforce and Pascal. He read his famous sermons, but it was "*fell* reading" that entranced the most brilliant audiences of the age. One day nine bishops, the Queen's uncle, and peers and peeresses by the score were present. Some good stories are told,—one about the Doctor's presentations to King William, and Queen Victoria. Another of his sight-seeing,—climbing a hill he sat down, saying in broad Fifeshire dialect: "Let us abandon oorsels to miscellawneous emotions." We are glad to say that Dr. Ryckman, of Brantford, will shortly give a life sketch of the greatest Scotchman of his age.

Heroes of Christian History: Robert Hall. By the Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents

This admirable series of Popular Biographies has received one of its most valuable additions in this Life of the great Baptist Preacher. It was a noble life—one long martyrdom of pain, borne with heroic patience. "I have not complained, have I, sir?" he asked after a paroxysm of agony, "and I won't complain."

"What is your idea of heaven?" he asked Wilberforce once. "Love," said the great philanthrophist, "what is yours?" "Rest," said the sufferer, who often spent whole nights of agony on the floor, and who used to say that "he was greatly in need of the resurrection."

The saddest feature in his life was the successive periods of insanity, that for a time clouded his imperial mind.

Paxton Hood has found in this life a congenial theme. He tells his story well, including the singular episode of Hall's marriage to a servant maid, and of his chivalrously courting her in the kitchen rather than the parlour. Specimens of his striking eloquence which Pitt declared the greatest since the time of Demosthenes are given. We are happy to announce that the Rev. W. W. Ross, of Hamilton, has kindly consented to prepare for this Magazine a monograph on the life of Robert Hall.

William Carey. By JAMES CULROSS, D.D. Same Series and Publishers, and same price.

Carey may almost be called the Father of Modern Missions.

Schwartz, indeed, was in India before him, but Carey first roused the Church to its duty in this field. As we have recently given in this Magazine, the story of this "consecrated cobbler," as Sidney Smith called him, we need only call attention to this detailed account of a man whose evangelical labours shall be remembered with gratitude by millions, when the scoffing wit of the Edinburgh reviewer shall be forgotten.

Lovell's Business and Professional Directory of the Province of Ontario, Alphabetically Arranged as to Places, Names, Business, and Professions, with a Business Directory of Montreal. 8vo. pp. 1,441. JOHN LOVELL & SON, Montreal. Price $6.

This is, we judge, the most bulky book ever published in Canada, and is a remarkable illustration of the rapid development of the country. Lovell's first directory of this Province contained 830 places. This one includes 1,733 places. In 1871, the number of newspapers and periodicals published in Ontario, was 255, the number in 1881 was 385, with certainly a much larger circulation than those of 1871. At that time the number of papers in Quebec was only 96, against 255 in Ontario. The number of papers printed in Toronto in 1881, was much greater than the whole number sold in Great Britain and Ireland in 1821. In 1855, the entire circulation of the London dailies was 78,916. In 1877, that of the *Telegraph* alone was 267,189. The largest daily circulation in the world is that of *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris—over half a million at one cent.

This bulky book is much more than a mere Directory. It gives a 40 page historical sketch of the Dominion; 40 pages of Postal Guide; 114 pages Routes of Travel, showing the most convenient way of reaching any place in the Dominion. Customs Tariff, History of the Press, Bank Directory, Trade Returns, etc., etc.

The Business Directory of Ontario gives a brief description, with statistics of population and names of the business men of every city, town, and village in the Province; also a separate Classified Directory of all the lawyers, doctors, merchants, manufacturers, etc. in the Province. A striking feature in the book is its advertisments. These flow in a narrow stream along the top and bottom, and down the middle of each page; overflow on the cover, are emblazoned on the back, and are even printed on the edges of the leaves.

The Last Forty Years. Canada Since the Union of 1841. By JOHN CHARLES DENT. Geo. Virtue, Toronto. Parts xi and xii.

This standard work maintains its high character for candid, impartial and able treatment of its theme. It is like walking on eggs to discuss the great political events which agitated the country at such a recent date; but we have not discovered that the author has *broken through*. We do not think that any candid man of either political party could take exception to his treatment of his subject. The numbers have good portraits of the Hons. Luc Letellier de St. Just, Thomas Talbot, Wilfred Laurier, and A. G. Jones, and a couple of clever North-West sketches, by Lord Dufferin.

The Elstow Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, with Memoir of John Bunyan, and Bibliographical Notes. London: John Walker & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. $3.50.

The old Elstow Church, whose bells John Bunyan loved to ring, in 1880 was in a state of dangerous delapidation. It was found necessary to replace the roof which had been in position for three hundred and fifty years. A suggestion was made to the vicar and the churchwardens, and they disposed of the whole of the old material at a price which went a long way towards supplying new. Messrs. John Walker & Co., became the purchasers, and they determined to use the sound portions of the wood in a manner which would commend itself to most. They have printed an edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in a style which, for correctness of

text, and for beauty of typography, makes the "Elstow" edition a coveted book; and every copy of the book has both of its covers made of the veritable Elstow oak, and the work will thus form a lasting memento of the immortal dreamer. The engravings are numerous, and in the highest style of the art. On the cover is a unique portrait, photograped from a contemporary pencil sketch in the British Museum, which is undoubtedly the most authentic likeness in existence. In an early number of this Magazine we will, through the courtesy of the publishers, illustrate an article on the Footprints of Bunyan by engravings from this book.

Country Pleasures. The Chronicle of a year, chiefly in a garden. By GEORGE MILNER. pp. 345 Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. $1.65.

We miss many of the joys of life by closing our eyes to the simple pleasures which God strews in our pathway every day. The cloudscape is often grand as any Alpine Mountains. The beauties of tree and flower often defy the painter's skill. This book of sympathetic love of nature, shows how the seeing eye finds—

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It records the stately pageant of the season's march, and the varying beauty of the months in English rural life. It shows that—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege to lead,
Through all the years of this our life,
From joy to joy."

European Breezes. By MARIE J. PITMAN (Margery Deane). Boston: Lee & Shepherd. pp. 318. Gilt top. Price $1.50.

It is the fashion for critics to sneer at the literature of travel; yet scarcely any class of books is more widely read, or is more educative in its influence The book before us is one of the best of its class. It is the production of a clever woman, with a woman's keen powers of observation, with exceptional opportunities of observing, and with a practiced literary skill in recording what she has seen. It is not a mere guide book record of the beaten path of travel. The writer gives us an inside view of the social life of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Swiss, such as can only be obtained by one, who, like herself, had the *entree* into the innermost household circles of those lands. She is a genial critic, with an unfailing amount of vivacity, good-humour, and a kindly appreciation of the quaint places, odd customs, and funny adventures she saw and shared. The sketches of life in Vienna and Buda-Pesth are especially piquant. A closing chapter of much practical value gives the routes and cost of several European tours, with suggestions which will be found of much value to tourists.

How to Make Pictures: Easy Lessons for the Amateur Photographer. By HENRY CLAY PRICE. New York: Scovill Manufacturing Co. Illustrated. Cloth 75 cents, paper 50 cents.

Amateur photography is becoming quite a popular amusement for both ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Brassey's elegant books of travel are illustrated by numerous views taken by herself. Tourists by means of this charming art can bring home exquisite *souvenirs* of travel, and even stay-at-home folks may find charming bits of scenery in their own neighbourhoods. The book above mentioned tells all about the art, and describes Scovill's new apparatus, which weighs but 3¼ pounds —camera, tripod, and all—and costs but ten dollars. It gives a specimen photo of the Tip Top House on Mount Washington, taken with this cheap outfit. It would be just the thing for C. L. S. C. Circles and many ladies would find health, and pleasure, and profit, in the practice of this delightful art.

Indian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. W. URWICK, M.A. 4to, illustrated. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.75.

There are many subjects of Queen Victoria who know comparatively little about her great Indian Empire, whose population numbers eight times that of Great Britain, and whose extent is equal to all Europe, except Russia. We know of no way in which so much interesting information will be so pleasantly communicated as in this handsome volume. The writer traversed the length and breadth of India, from Ceylon and Cape Comorin to the Himalayas and Kashmir, and from the Ganges to the Indus. He gives a concise account of its races, with incidental illustrations of its history and missions, and a graphic description of its strange architecture and noble scenery. The book contains about 140 engravings, many of them full-page, of the stately temples, mosques, and palaces, and other features of this remarkable country. The author gave much attention to Christian missions—of all the Churches—and mentions the success of that of the Baptist Church of Canada.

METHODISM AND CULTURE.

METHODISM has been accused of a neglect of literature and culture. We do not think that this accusation can be sustained. There lie before us Three Methodist Reviews—The *London Quarterly*, *Methodist Quarterley*, New York, and the *Southern Quarterly*, Nashville, Tenn. They are high-class reviews, dealing with profound questions in philosophy, philology, theology, and criticism, and would be a credit to any church. Beside them lies the old *Wesleyan Magazine*, fresh and vigorous, after the long lifetime of over a century. Besides these there are 157 other periodicals, published in the several branches of Methodism. Several of these are of great weight and influence, as the *Watchman*, *Recorder*, and *Methodist*, in England; the great family of *Advocates*, in the United States; the *Guardian*, in Canada. In bound volumes, the New York Book Concern alone has published over six and a half million volumes, and over 19,000,000 tracts in the last twelve years. The average number of pages issued every day is 500,000.

The Educational Institutions of Methodism show corresponding enterprise and energy. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States alone has forty-nine Colleges, and nine Universities, eight Theological Schools, and thirty-three Classical Seminaries.

In Canada, our Church is endeavouring to do her part in the educational work of the country, with its two Universities, three Theological Colleges, and three other Educational Institutions. We rejoice to learn that the income of our Educational Society this year will probably reach $12,000, instead of $6,000 last year. This itself is equivalent to an endowment fund of $200,000, and in some respects is better, as it calls forth more generally the sympathy, not merely of the wealthy few, but of the great body of our people, and will lead to a more intelligent interest in our educational work. But this is not enough. The Presbyterian Church, with fewer ministerial candidates than ourselves, besides its far larger endowments, raises $20,000 a year for her Theological Institutes. We cannot afford to be second to any Church in the country in our educational efforts.