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HORSE-SHOE CANYON.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1879.

THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

III.

THE following is a description of the Grand Canyon, from the pen of a real geologist, who recognizes a bit of rock as belonging to the Azoic, Silurian, or Devonian Age, as readily as a woman names a piece of lace:

"The canyon-walls are buttressed on a grand scale, with deep alcoves intervening; columned crags crown the cliffs, and the river is rolling below. The sun shines in splendour on vermilion walls, shaded into green and gray where rocks are lichened over; the river fills the channel from wall to wall, and the canyon opens like a beautiful portal to a region of glory. This evening, as I write, the sun is going down, and the shadows are settling in the canyon. The vermilion gleams and roseate hues, blending with the green and gray tints, are slowly changing to sombre brown above, and black shadows are creeping over them below; and now it is a dark portal to a region of gloom, the gate-way through which we are to enter on our voyage of exploration to-morrow."

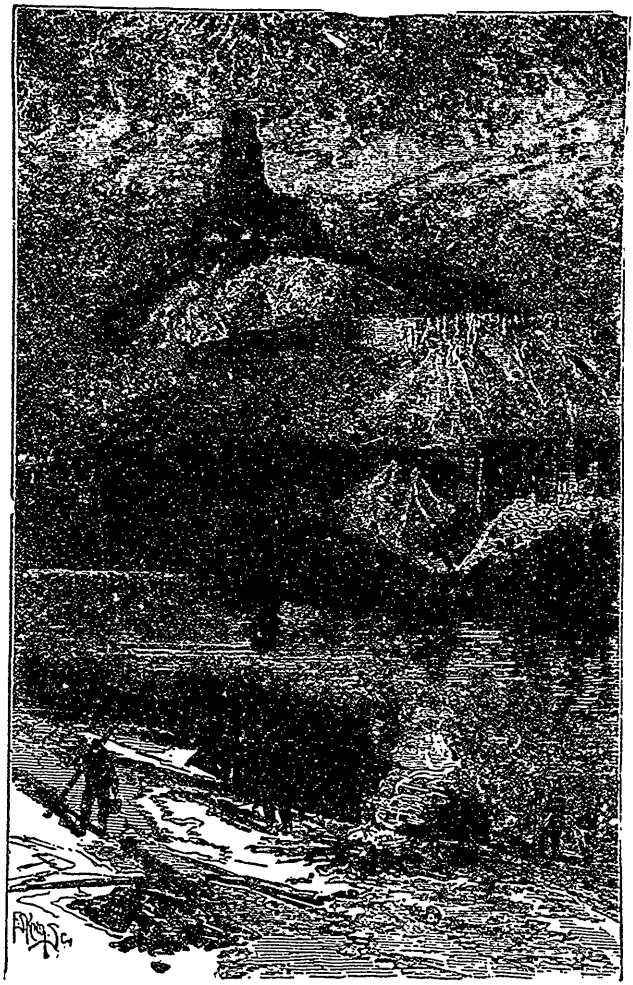
There! Imagine camping for the night in such a place. Where a bench of sand stretches between the water's edge and the perpendicular walls, the boats are drawn up, a little fire is made of such driftwood as can be found, and the weary men sit in the flickering light, drinking hot coffee and telling stories of adventure. The fire dies down to a handful of glowing coals, the men wrap themselves up in their blankets, and, without more ado,

are "in bed." The sound of the rushing water soon soothes the most weary to sleep; but the more imaginative lie awake, looking up thousands of feet at the narrow strip of sky between the ragged edges of the defile,—a mere tracing of deep blue, with parts of constellations peeping down upon them. Presently a bright star trembles on the verge of the cliff. Slowly it seems to float from its resting-place on a rock; will it drop? In fact, it does seem to descend in a gentle curve, as though the sky-curtain in which the stars are set was spread across the canyon, resting on either side, and swaying down by its own weight.

The weeks following were full of adventure and wonderful diversity of scenery; plunging madly through rapids, swept spinning

WINNIE'S GROTTO—A SIDE CANYON.

into eddies, in the confusion losing oars, and, in consequence, stopping off a day to make new ones; and, for the sake of greater variety in the programme, boats capsized completely, while the occupants, in an uncomfortably moist condition, cling



GUNNISON'S BUTTE (2,700 feet high).

to the sides and are dashed and hurled against the rocks besetting the channel. Adding an element of *real* discomfort, boats are irreclaimably lost or disabled; damp and mouldy flour, dried apples, which have received supernumerary washings in

the Colorado, and other like delicacies, suffice for the inner man. Yet, through it all, these scientists, students, and amateurs maintained the degree of interest and enthusiasm with which they

MU-KOON-TU-WEAP CANYON.

left the East; nor were they ever lost to a sense of the grandeur through which they were passing, perhaps with soaked clothes outside and a gnawing hunger inside. In the Canyon of Lodore

a peak was climbed, and found to be two thousand seven hundred feet above the river. On the east side of the canyon a vast ampitheatre has been cut, with massive buttresses and deep, dark alcoves, in which grow delicate ferns, while springs burst out from further recesses, and wind in threads over floors of sand and rock. The lateral canyons sometimes equal in scenic effects the Grand Canyon. At one place a little brook comes down from the distant mountains in a deep gorge. This some of the party explored. Clambering up, a point is reached a thousand feet above the river, and six hundred above the brook. Just there the canyon divides, a little stream coming down from the left, another from the right. They can look away up either of these gorges, through an ascending vista, to cliffs and crags and towers, a mile back, and two thousand feet above them. To the right, a dozen gleaming cascades are seen. Pines and firs stand on the rocks, and aspens overhang the brooks. The rocks below are red and brown, set in deep shadow, while above buff and vermilion strata stand in the sunshine. During this tour of inspection a whirlwind sweeps down the Grand Canyon, scattering the embers of the camp-fire among the dead willows and cedar sprays, and there is a conflagration! Fire-engines failing to put in an appearance, the men who had remained in camp rushed to the boats, leaving all they could not readily seize at the moment, and escaped with burned clothes and singed hair. For sixty-five miles the river runs through Marble Canyon. The limestone walls, which are from two thousand to four thousand five hundred feet in altitude, are often polished to a high degree, and are of many colours,—white, gray, pink, and purple, with saffron tints. At one point there is a flood-plain like a marble pavement, polished and fretted in strange devices, and embossed in a thousand fantastic patterns. Along this are occasional basins of clear water, in marked contrast to the red mud of the river. Although this canyon is cut chiefly through limestone, the adjacent country is of red sandstone. The waters that fall during a rain-storm are gathered at once into the river. As soon as the drops reach the bare rocks of the land above, they run in little rills down the walls of the canyon; they increase in size until great streams are formed; these, loaded with sand, tumble over the cliffs in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. The suddeness with which a

flood of water comes pouring over the walls or down a side canyon is almost incredible. Sometimes, when a storm comes on, the explorers, threading the river below, were obliged to make the utmost haste, in order to escape a copious and a

SIDE CANYON.

dangerous drenching from one of these cascades, which comes plunging down unannounced by even a drop of a forerunner. All the beautiful polish of the limestone has been accomplished by these agencies.

Passing out of Marble Canyon, the river enters Grand Canyon proper. Here the sandstone disappears, and the walls are of granite. The scenery is of a different character, owing to the hardness of the rock. The channel is narrower, the walls set on either side with pinnacles and crags; sharp, angular buttresses, bristling with polished spires, extend far out into the river; island ledges and island towers break the swift course of the stream into chutes and whirlpools. Dashing over great boulders, leaping down cascades, the river at last flows between walls more than a mile high,—a vertical distance difficult to appreciate.

PILLING'S CASCADE.

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then steep slopes and perpendicular cliffs, one above another, to the summit. Below, the gorge is black and narrow, but red and gray and flaring above. Rushing between walls of black slate, more granite, and into limestone again, past beautiful alcoves filled with delicate foliage, the river is at length beset with monuments of lava; low rocks mostly, but some of them more than a hundred feet high. Onward, three or four miles, these

increase in number. Great masses of cooled lava and many cinder-cones are seen on either side. An extinct volcano, with a well-defined crater, stands on the very brink of the canyon. From this floods of lava have been sent into the river below, and streams of molten rock have run for miles up and down the

INDIAN CAMP, ELFIN WATER GROTTO.

channel. One side of the wall, as far as eye can see, is lined with black basalt, and high up on the opposite side are patches of the same material resting on the ledges. What a conflict there must have been! A river of melted rock pouring into a river of melted snow!

From its thousand sources to the ocean the Colorado has no reservoir to accumulate its sediment, and all that its upper waters detach is carried along by the current. The material is reduced to the form of fine sand and mud. At no season of the year is the water free from the red colour of this detritus,

GLEN CANYON.

whence the name "Colorado." The sand and mud, together with that produced by the constant wear of the rocks, was, and is, the chief tool by which the water accomplished the deep and still increasing erosion of the canyons. Hurried on by the swift

current, it gnaws away whatever it touches. Nothing can resist the perpetual impact of these fine siliceous particles. The marvellous canyon of the Colorado itself, together with the innumerable deep canyons of its tributaries, are the wonderful results of this erosion. The most rapid cutting is doubtless done by the coarse sand carried by freshets, while the fine mud, borne by quieter water, produces the perfect polish that everywhere prevails.

In a country well supplied with rains, so that there is an abundance of vegetation, the water slowly penetrates the loose soil, and gradually disintegrates the underlying solid rock. If storms were falling on these arid plains, the channel of the river would be cut but little faster than the adjacent country would be washed away, and the general level would be preserved; but, under the existing aridity of the climate, the river deepens its bed till it rushes at the tremendous depths recorded. After the erosion began, the features of the whole region were greatly diversified by displacement and the volcanic activity which poured floods of lava here and there over the entire area. These volcanic disturbances continued at intervals throughout the Cenozoic time. Indeed, it is the opinion of Dr. Newberry that the latest eruptions of some of the cinder-cones can hardly have taken place more than a hundred years ago. This region is pre-eminently fitted for a school in which to study mountain history; and the canyons have cut down to the very first letter of the geological alphabet. This is the strange story the patient geologist has read on this mighty scroll—the story of change—endless mutation. First—we dare not say *first*, but a little while ago a sea—internal force drives back the waters with awful power; the plateau is left high and dry; into the clouds the mountains slowly rear their majestic forms; down fall the tiny raindrops, and down go the mountains, grain by grain, into the sea again. What next? And what about the "everlasting hills?"

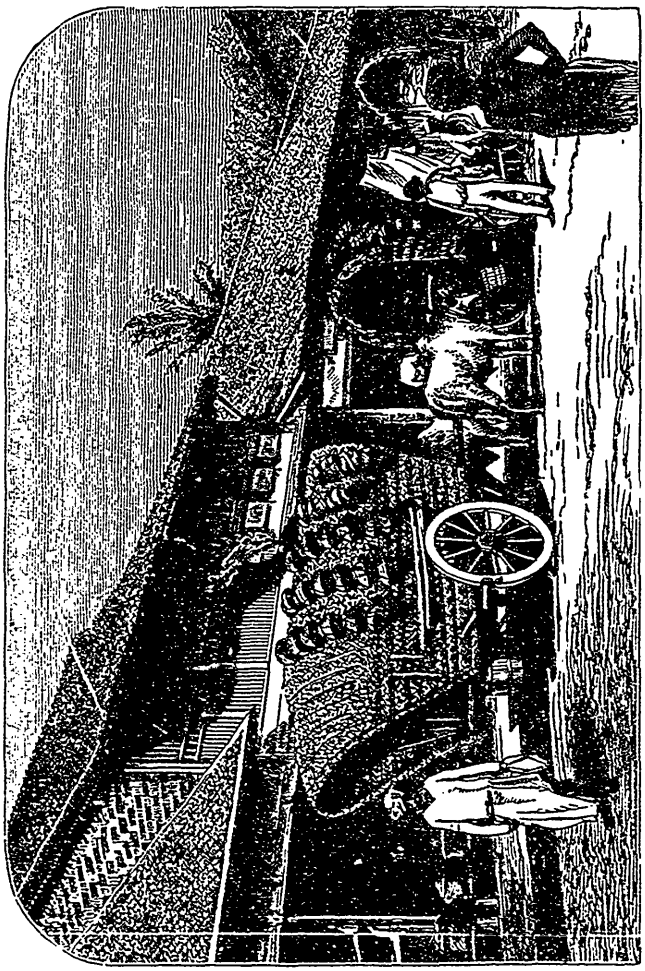
> "The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands."

METHODIST MISSIONS IN CEYLON.

A Road in Ceylon.

Green all through the year to the water's edge and the mountain's brow, the claim of this lovely island to be called Paradise may be allowed without going up to worship the foot-print of our great progenitor on Adam's Peak. The accompanying illustration gives a glimpse of the roads made since 1800; of the primitive and present luggage-van of the country,

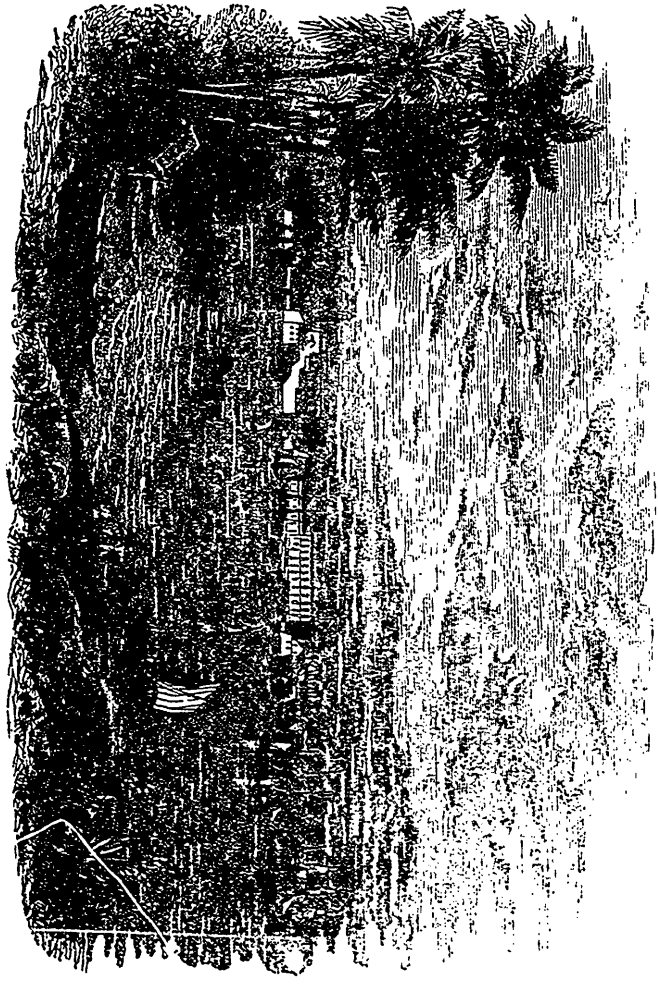
and of the cocoa-nut trees which fringe the island, shade every village, and cover many a broad plantation. Next to the cocoa-nut tree in importance is the equally tall Palmyra, whose leaves are not only useful for thatch and fence, but for the fan and the



A Bullock Bandy, Columbo.

book, and whose tough timber makes the framework of the house and the machinery of the well. Of the pearl-fishery on the west, and the famous Trincomalie harbour on the east; of fruit-groves of various kinds, and cinnamon and coffee gardens; of the railway to Kandy; of Buddha's tooth; of apes and

peacocks, serpents, cheetahs, elephants, and ivory; of satin-wood, teak, and ebony; of the wonderful remains of ancient cities; of costumes, ceremonies, and countless attractive matters, we have no space to write. One of our engravings gives a photographic picture of a native bullock bandy—a large cart

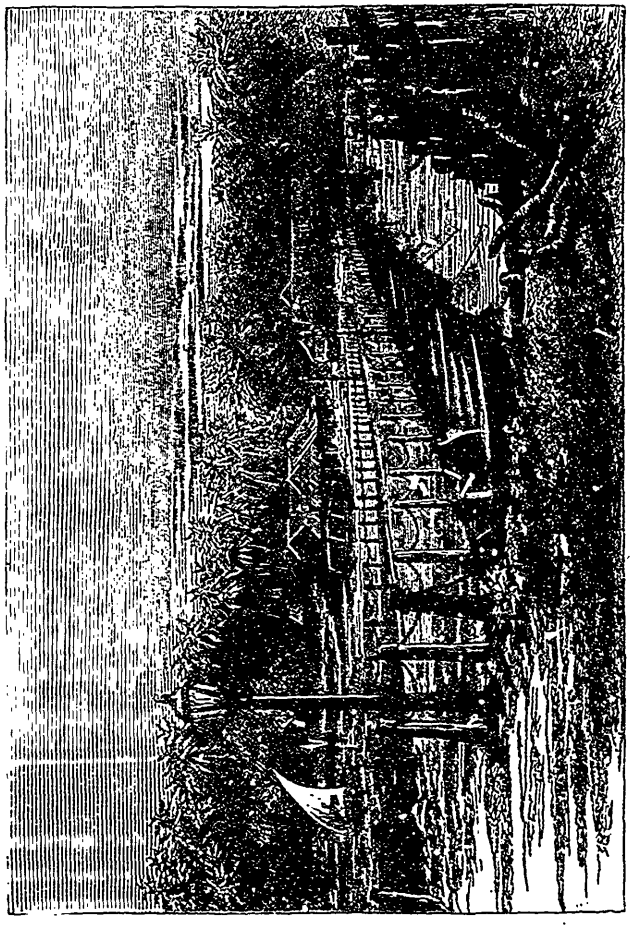


COLUMBO, CEYLON.

covered with plaited cocoa-nut matting. Over this are shown five rows of earthenware bowls, to be peddled through the country by the owner of the cart.

The extreme length of Ceylon is 270 miles, its greatest breadth 145; and it now contains a population of 2,400,000, of whom

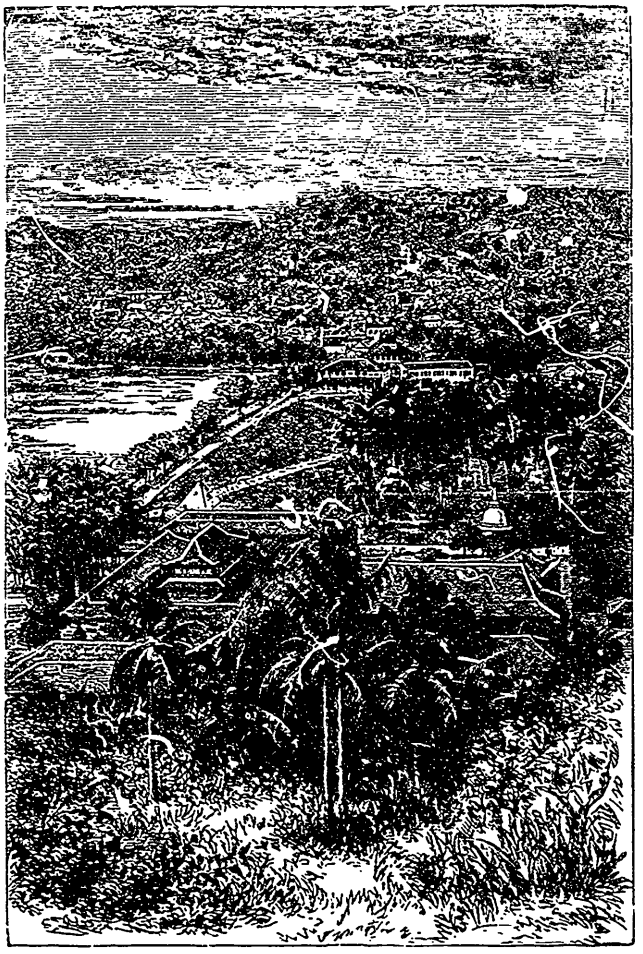
1,670,000 are Singhalese, being Buddhists and devil-worshippers; 534,000 Tamils, votaries of Siva, and kindred deities; 164,000 Moormen or Mohammedans, who speak Tamil and are the chief merchants and bankers of the island; a few Malays, followers of the Arabian prophet, mostly connected with the Ceylon Rifles;



BRIDGE OF BOATS, COLUMBO, CEYLON.

some thousands of Burghers or Dutch descendants, whose dialects are English and Indo-Portuguese; and about 4,000 British.

A fitter field for Missionary operations could not have been selected. Not only was the country intrusted by Divine Providence to the British sceptre, it was a centre of influence for our



KANDY, CEYLON.

millions of fellow-subjects in Hindustan, and for the outside multitudes of Burmah and China. The Baptists began their mission in Ceylon in 1812, the Wesleyans in 1814, the American Board in 1817, the Church Missionary Society in 1818, and the Gospel Propagation Society in 1840. In our life of Dr. Coke, December number of this Magazine, 1878, we described the introduction of Methodism into Ceylon by the Rev. William Harvard, afterward Superintendent of Wesleyan Missions in Canada. High advice and patronage distributed the little band

of Wesleyans, to minister in the old churches in important towns to otherwise shepherdless Burghers. While thus engaged, the separated Englishmen remembered that they were travelling preachers, and attended also to pastoral, educational, and literary duties. When their services as free colonial chaplains were no

CINGHALESE GROUP (from a Photograph).

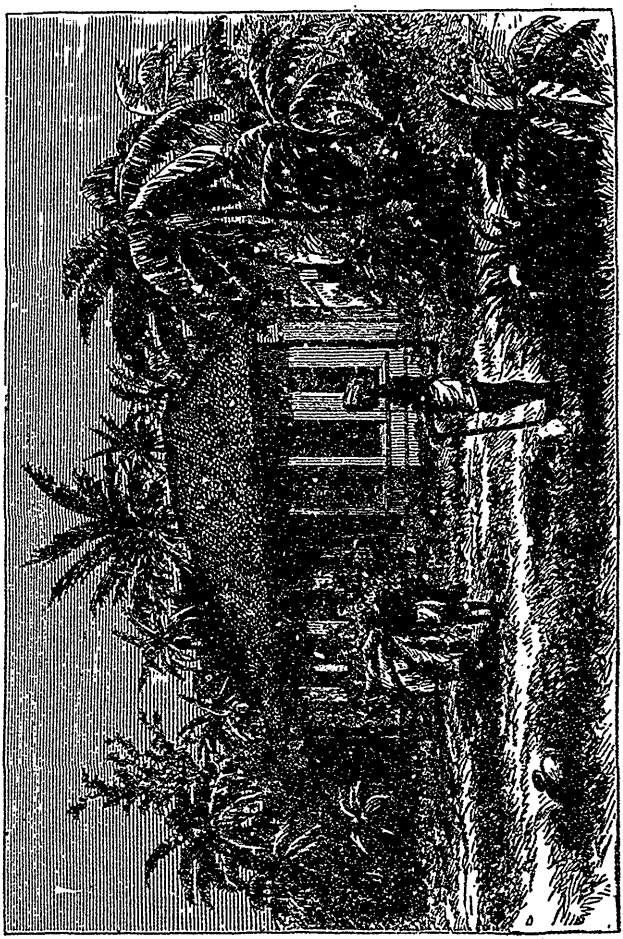
longer wanted, they were apt, on entering as itinerants into one another's labours, to improve too much and often on one another's plans. Experience and observation, failure and success, at last made every society many-handed, like a Hindu god; and the

time arrived when the missionaries, whether they were grouped or scattered, could keep all departments fairly and harmoniously going by the agency of converted natives. Columbo, the maritime capital of the country, is an important mission station. It has much the appearance of a European town. The fort, shown in the cut, is the strongest in Eastern waters. The town is entered by a bridge of boats, whose picturesque appearance strikes the attention of the traveller. Kandy, another important town, has a railway station, hospital, barracks, banks, and Government offices. In this far-off place are two regular subscribers to this Magazine.

The importance was early perceived of attempting to educate the children of the country. Except as a relief to parents and a lesson to the missionaries, the first vernacular schools were not of much use, from a Christian standpoint. The abridgment and expurgation of Tamil authors was a vain precaution, whetting the appetite of teacher and taught for the fruit forbidden. The boy, by his father's command, and not hindered by the mercenary schoolmaster, brought his own ola containing the rejected passages. These institutions have since improved, and have done much missionary service, the masters employed in them being at length not of necessity double-faced heathens, but persons trained under a deepening and broadening Christian influence.

Yet secular knowledge alone may be enough to undermine and explode their heathenism. A single illustration will suffice to show this. Vesuvenathar, an aged Brahmin of Batticotta, in North Ceylon, was the most learned native astronomer. In the calculations published in his almanac respecting an eclipse of the moon, to take place on the 20th of March, 1829, three errors were discovered by the accomplished American missionaries. The true reckoning showed that the eclipse would commence a quarter of an hour sooner than he had said, that it would continue twenty-four minutes longer, and that it would cover three digits more of the moon's disc. After having repeatedly, with the assistance of brother-astronomers, reviewed his calculations, and confirmed himself in their accuracy, Vesuvenathar rejoiced in an opportunity to discomfit and expose the strangers. The country watched, and wondered which party would be triumphant. A trusty pandaram applied himself to ascertain precisely the

questions in dispute, and learned to use a watch and compare our mode of reckoning time with that of the natives; and he openly testified that in all the three points the missionaries had won the day. The failure of the great professor was regarded as a heavy blow to the religion of North Ceylon. Not that



METHODIST MISSION SCHOOL AT JAFFNA, CEYLON.

religion could be true or false because of the truth or error of the predictions of its upholders; but so it was regarded by the people, and their conclusion was sound, whatever may be said of the reason for it.

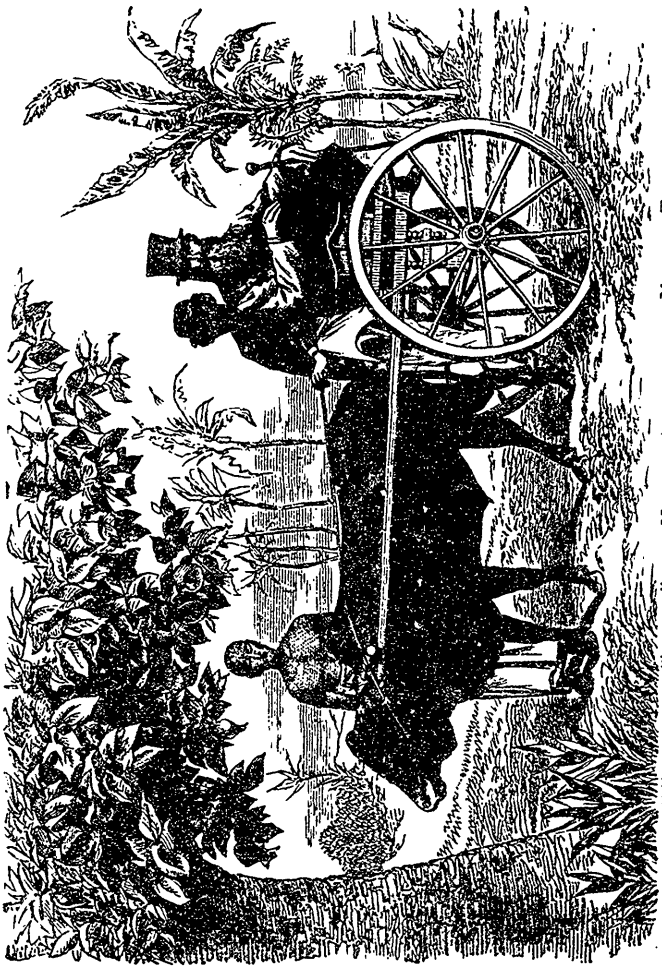
If it had been enough to convey secular instruction, it might

have been difficult to find better teachers than the missionaries; but they had higher aims, and did their utmost to impart a Christian education. Nothing but such an aim would have reconciled them to spend many hours every day among urchins, some of whom were only interesting as children of God, and destined to immortality. By means, in part, of the word of God, the missionaries learned the native language and taught their own, gave lessons in history and geography, and preached the way to heaven. Natives have followed their example. There are Tamil pastors who testify that the beginning of their training for the ministry was in the school use of the Holy Bible. Catechisms are daily taught in the chief schools.

The missionaries went on to establish boarding schools, chiefly houses of residence and discipline in connection with large central academies, to which day scholars were admitted. Under different names and auspices, the most important of them sprang up at Colombo, Jaffna, and Batticotta, for boys, and at Oodooville, Jaffna, and Nellore, for girls. Attendance at pagan temples was impossible to the inmates of these institutions; they were required to dispense with sectarial marks and religious badges, and kept from heathen society; and they were obliged to join in morning and evening prayer at the family altar, to go to the Sunday-school, to attend the public services in church or chapel, and to observe other rules and duties of which the direct and undisguised aim was to win them to the Saviour. Of course no one was forced into these institutions; admission was voluntary, but these were the well-known conditions under which admission was obtained. Many difficulties had to be overcome before these Church nurseries were of service. The people entertained the wildest fancies as to the designs of the missionaries. Were the poor children wanted to be reared for slaves, trained for soldiers, sent into the interior of the island, or transported to some foreign country? It was incredible that, from mere motives of benevolence, men and women of another race had travelled thousands of miles to receive, support, and educate children of persons they had never seen. To the astonishment of the public, six little boys were at length confided by their parents to the persuasive foreigners; but some time elapsed before other heads of families followed the example. After the people were satisfied that the children were taken good care of, the mission-

aries still considered it expedient to yield for a time to certain prejudices.

When the missionaries from America opened the Batticotta seminary, to become one of the most efficient and popular educational establishments in the East, no boys could be discovered



"CALIFORNIA TAYLOR" AND NATIVE ASSISTANT ON MISSION TOUR.

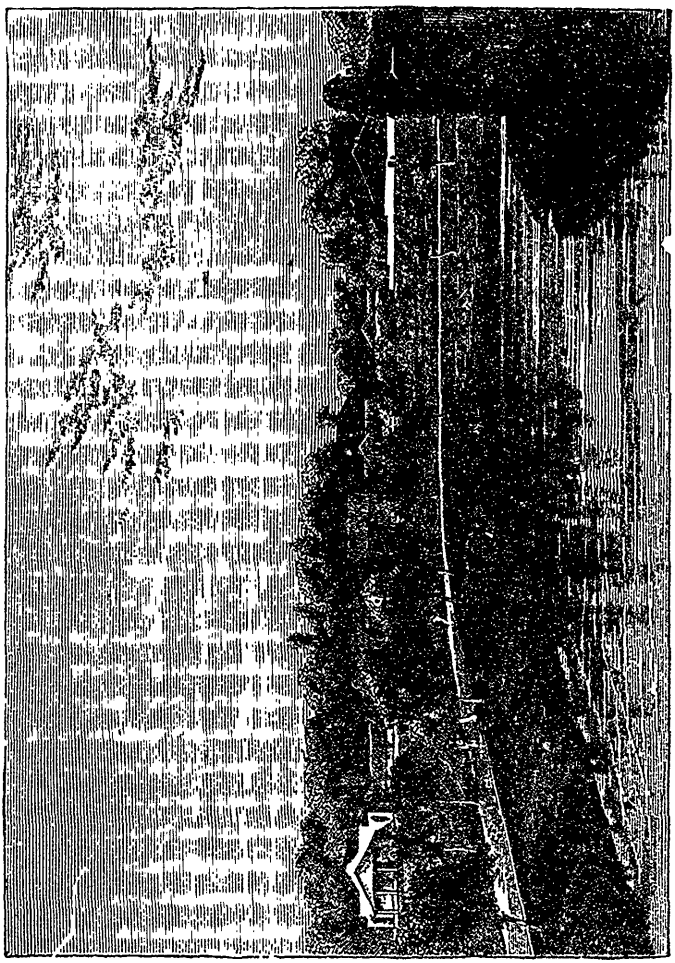
who would consent, or whose friends would permit them, to take their food within the mission premises. A cooking and eating house was, therefore, erected on an adjoining piece of land belonging to a heathen; and more than a year passed before the missionaries ventured on transferring the kitchen establishment

to their own enclosure. When the removal was effected, several of the youths, rather than endanger character and caste, "took up their beds and walked," most of them to return thankfully after their friends had found time for consultation.

Another difficulty in the same school was with the three or four wells, abundantly sufficient for all demands, within the mission boundary. The hopeful pupils agreed that, since these excellent wells had all been used by persons connected with the mission family, the water they contained could not be pure enough for Tamils, and that every drop should be drawn out of one of them, and the well undergo a thorough cleansing. It being the rainy season, they found it more easy to exhaust themselves than the well, which was nearly as full as ever after they had toiled with the water-baskets a whole day. The time had come for them to bring their minds, if possible, to their circumstances; and sure that at least as much water had been drawn as the well contained when they commenced their efforts, there could be no doubt, they reasoned, that the spring now issued purely. Such are samples of the minor, yet by no means insignificant, obstacles to his work which the missionary has to bear with and overcome. These institutions, however, are now eagerly sought, and candidates for admission are more numerous than can be accommodated in them.

In the beginning of the century, the prejudice against female education was strong. A few girls might be seen among the boys in the native schools; but every one knew that they were intended to be temple-women. To propose that other girls should be taught to read and write was to lay the axe to the root of all authority and virtue. They would be refusing the husbands chosen for them, and conducting correspondence on their own account. Nevertheless the Wesleyans opened small day-schools for girls in 1817. Under their auspices, in 1846, Mary J. Swamanadar, daughter of a pious native, originated an excellent school in Puliantivo, over which she continues to preside. In 1821 the Americans established at Oodooville the first girls' boarding-school in Ceylon. The Methodists started one at Jaffna in 1838, shown in the cut on page 306. The first scholars were baited with pieces of cloth, and the promise of small marriage portions. Dreaded at the outset, these boarding-schools won so good a reputation that admission into them was

soon sought with the greatest eagerness. They have led to the formation of many a home deservedly so called. The wife, a servant formerly, may in this day be a companion. To be seen in a public assembly was a disgrace; now women are present, amply veiled, in front of the congregation, and communicate in



WESLEYAN MISSION AND TANK, CEYLON. (The building to the left is the Chapel.)

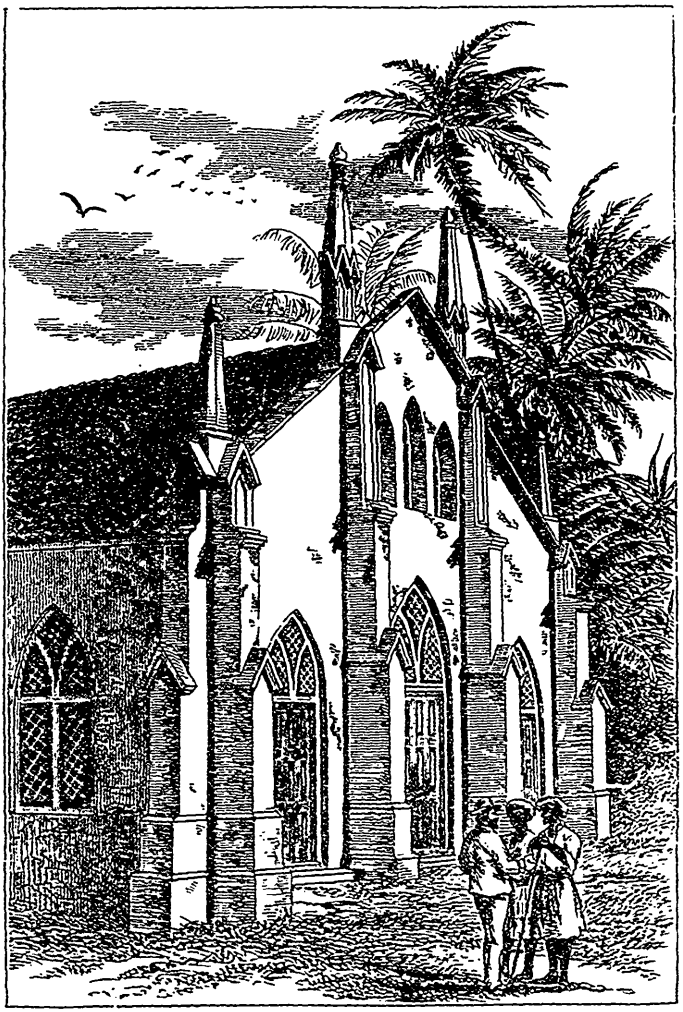
the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There are female Scripture-readers and class-leaders. It is perceived by the natives that women educated by the missionaries and their wives are the most virtuous and domestic, and the most respectable.

In the year 1851, of the 1,425 children then in the 32 Wesleyan schools in the Tamil District, 3 were Singhalese, 4 English, 23 Malays, 37 children of Moormen, 104 Portuguese and Dutch descendants, and 1,254 Tamil children. In religious profession, 1 of them was a Buddhist, 60 were Mohammedans, 90 Mary-worshippers, 192 Protestants, and 1,082 worshippers of Siva and the kindred deities. Returns from South Ceylon would have been similar, the relative proportions of the Singhalese and Tamils being changed. Three permanent scholarships have been founded in connection with the Wesleyan central schools in the Tamil district, which are affiliated to the Calcutta University. There are now maintained by the various Protestant societies in Ceylon, not in all cases without Government aid, about 390 schools, containing 18,000 children.

All the societies have, with great success, worked printing establishments. Hundreds of natives have been taught the arts of printing and binding; and the style and ola are everywhere giving place to pen and type and paper. The large and ceaseless production of copies of the Bible, Prayer Books, hymn-books, treatises, tracts, lexicons, translations, school-books, and periodicals has diffused knowledge through thousands of families. With the help of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the entire Scriptures have been published in Tamil and Singhalese, the Pentateuch, Psalms, and New Testament in Indo-Portuguese, and the books of the New Testament in Pali.

In conducting services in their churches and chapels, the missionaries of all the societies have, of course, been diligent. It is their custom to start off to the villages for miles around their homes, accompanied by native preachers and catechists. One of our engravings shows the Rev. W. Taylor, well known to many in Canada, with a native assistant, on a mission tour. In the course of these journeys many conversations are held in the name of Christ with villagers at their doors; and in every place where they halt they get as many of the people together as they can, and preach the Saviour to them, in connection with singing, prayer, tract distribution, and Bible-hawking. They are not too particular as to where they plant their standard, but lift up their voices wherever there are ears to hear. Their charity beginning at home, the first meeting is held in a place of Christian worship. The second is in a school-bungalow, open at the sides and ends,

a shed thatched with palmyra leaves, such as an English farmer might like to stack his hay under. The third is in the shadow of a spreading tree, outside a bazaar, the next in the large compound of a friendly native, the next in a field belonging to a



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, COLPETTY, CEYLON.

European planter. Suppose the meeting to be out of doors after sunset, some of the people sit on mats spread on the ground, and others stand about, lights and shadows flitting curiously over

them from a lamp, screened by an upright mat from the evening wind.

A famous beater of bushes was the Rev. Ralph Stott. He would go into a village and get into conversation with some one on the way. Another would join them, and another; and as the company increased he would gradually raise his voice till he found himself preaching the gospel to a large congregation. When he excited angry opposition, as, of course, he did sometimes, he had his own way of meeting it. In a Batticaloe village, when a furious native came up with the thick hard stalk of a cocoa-frond in his hand, and threatened to stop his eloquence, he disarmed him by kneeling down then and there among the people, and praying aloud for his assailant's salvation. He was distinguished for his practice, strange in the East, of visiting from door to door. If a heathen repelled him from his compound, he would fall upon his knees, clasp his hands, close his eyes, and, with unaffected simplicity, in the hearing of all around, pray for the man and his family.

There was considerable iconoclasm in Batticaloe in Mr. Stott's days. Several converts gave up their idols, and the sheds that had accommodated them, to destruction. When he first lifted the axe, the people looked on with a degree of awe, thinking it possible for the gods to take care of themselves. He was more successful than a workman who tried to cut down a demon-haunted tree at Cattavelly, in the north, and was hurled to the ground by the resisting spirit, that is to say, fell from the ladder. Mr. Stott's operations brought no disaster to himself or his agents. In 1844 he broke thirteen stone pilleyars, and pulled down five thatched tabernacles in which they had been kept for worship. The huts were most of them too small for Christian uses; but some have been used for Methodist worship. Many elegant chapels have been erected. Of that at Colpetty we give an engraving. It will seat 400 persons. Instead of pews, cane-bottomed chairs are used.

The total number in Ceylon, for all the Protestant missions, were very recently 38 English ministers, 92 native pastors, 591 lay agents, 4,800 church members, and 19,000 regular hearers. About one-third of the baptisms last year were of adult persons, and there were many inquirers in catechumen classes. The first Hindoo ordained in the Church of England, the Rev. Christian

David, was a Ceylonese. The Methodists alone have now twelve native ministers among the Tamils of the island, and thirty-four among the Singhalese, not counting catechists and others. And the success of the Rev. John Kilner, and his able lieutenant, the Rev. Edmund Rigg, in organizing these young churches and teaching them self-support, is a matter of surprise and joy.

AN OPAL.

BY MISS ADELAIDE STOUT.

It is a legend that the opal will
  Change hue and lose its light
When love is lost, or when the wearer's heart
  Is touched with secret blight.

We only smile, but in our heart of hearts
  We lean toward the thought
That as we cease to love in something fair to us
  A subtle change is wrought.

A rounded cheek is our fair ring, where once
  The warm tints went and came;
What meaneth it that in that circle fair
  There glows no tongue of flame—

No faintest tints! the opaline hath lost
  Its power to glow and change,
And Nature knows no sadder loss than this
  In all her mystic range.

O, rounded cheek, we watched the warm tints fade
  Out slowly day by day,—
As in the opal pales the shifting tints
  That die out ray on ray.

Thou art not fair to us, O, rounded cheek!
  We mourn in tender ruth.
O, friend, thine eye that seemed an opal clear
  Hath lost the light of truth.

Buffalo, N. Y.

HEALTH RESORTS IN THE OLD DOMINION.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

SUMMER health resorts have become a recognized necessity of modern society. The keen competition in business and consequent intensity of occupation, and feverish excitement of those engaged in it—the incessant activity of professional men—and the artificial life led by all classes and both sexes in our cities, call for a period of rest, relaxation, and recreation.

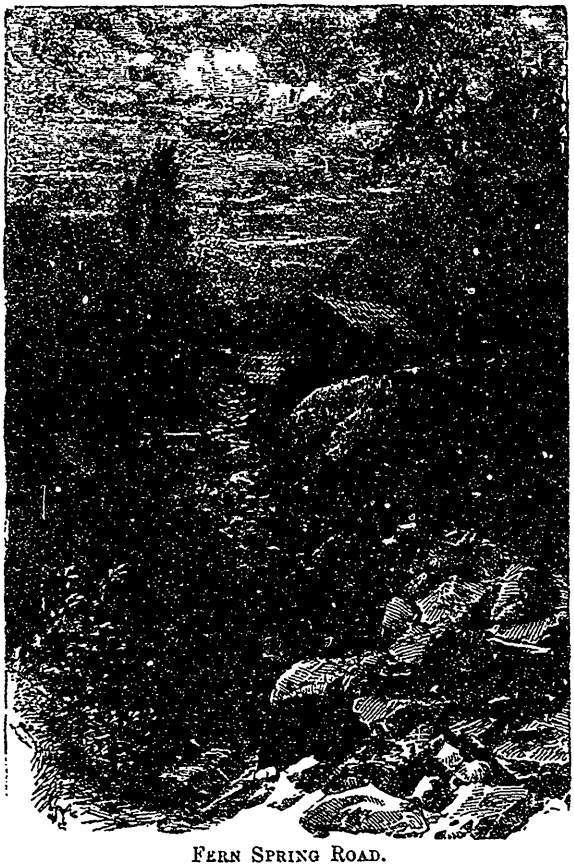
According to the fable of antiquity, Hercules could not, at first, conquer Antæus (who was the son of Earth and Sea) because each time the giant was thrown to the ground he gained new strength from mother earth. The parallel is easily drawn: the fable needs no laboured interpretation. As the human mind and body need sleep—as they should have one day in seven for rest—so do they require, each year, a period during which they may escape from the toils and complications of business, the hot breath of the cities, and—out of seeming evil educing good—gain new vigour for the battle of life by simple contact with mother earth—breathing the air, using the diet, seeing the sights, and hearing the sounds of the country.

The health resorts on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as will be seen, comprise every variety, from the famous "Mecca," where fashion's votaries make their yearly pilgrimage, to the quiet retreat where families find summer homes. Waters

FALLING SPRING FALLS.

which possess healing efficacy for every infirmity to which the human frame is subject, are found at the far-famed Virginia Springs.

Last, and not least, for invalid and pleasure-seeker at every



FERN SPRING ROAD.

watering-place and every quiet retreat, scenery of rare beauty and air unsurpassed for healthfulness are found by those who, guided by these pages, visit the places described.

The most celebrated of all these "Fountains of Health" is the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. Nestling down in the bosom of the Alleghanies, and overshadowed by blue mountains, the little valley in which the famous White Sulphur fountain bubbles up is a jewel of natural loveliness, and even without the attraction of its remarkable waters would charm by its freshness, beauty, and repose. In this quiet nook, one stands face to face with nature, and nature in her aspect of greatest picturesqueness, her most wooing attraction. The spot has the first and most important elements of a summer resort—

remoteness from cities, landscape beauty, and a delicious atmosphere. Add to these, for the pleasure-seeker, the presence here, for many months yearly, of the most agreeable society, and, for the invalid, mineral waters unequalled for their efficacy in many of the most distressing ailments that flesh is heir to, and the

BRIDAL VEIL FALL.

fame of the place will be explained. The "White" has indeed become one of the most celebrated watering-places of the world, and this celebrity, great as it is, is probably only in its infancy. Many hundreds of miles from the Atlantic cities, and perched in its fastnesses two thousand feet above the sea, it was long

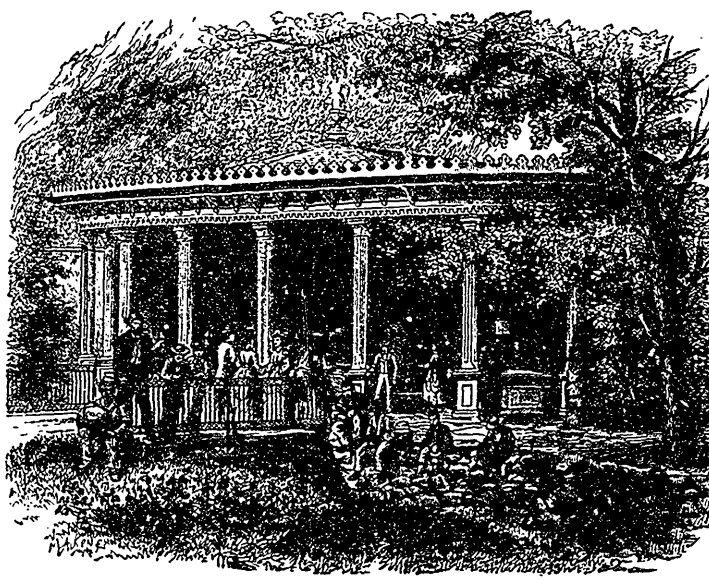
inaccessible almost, beyond its mountain barrier, which no railway had pierced; but this obstacle is now overcome; a continuous line of railway connects it with the East and the West; and with the ever-growing facilities of travel, it promises to become the resort of thousands. Other circumstances have combined with rapid transit to make the place popular. It has all at once lost, in a great measure, its sectional character, and become cosmopolitan. In former years the company consisted almost wholly of Southerners—planters especially, from the Gulf States and Tide-water Virginia, flying from malaria or seeking social enjoyment. Now the West and the North send their yearly delegations. The war, first embittering, has ended by, in a measure, unifying the sections; and in the near future the White Sulphur is almost certain to become the great watering-place of the continent.

The "Old White," as the Southerners affectionately style it, is in the centre of a remarkable district of country known as the "Springs Region." This district contains more numerous and valuable mineral waters than any other, as far as we now know, on the globe.

Nothing could be more charming than the landscape as it first salutes the eyes of the visitor, weary of the glare and turmoil of cities. Before him lies a little valley embowered in foliage, with nothing to mar its peaceful beauty. All around are mountains —mountains—mountains; the near slopes clothed in deep green pines, oaks, maples, laurels, and rhododendrons; the distant ranges rolling away like (there is no other comparison) blue waves of the ocean. Over all trail in summer days the great cloud shadows, concealing, then revealing, from moment to moment, some enchanting detail of the scene, and the murmur of the mountain wind in the pines lulls the mind to reverie and dreams.

The grounds at the "White" embrace about forty acres, and are laid out with great taste. In the centre stands the main hotel, a plain building 400 feet in length, with a dining-room 300 feet long and 140 wide, which seats at its round tables about 1,200 guests. The lodging capacity of the watering-place may be set down at about 2,000. On terraces all around the grounds are long rows of cottages, with their neat façades and their plain but comfortable rustic furniture.

All mere descriptions of landscapes must be humdrum and disappointing, and at best are but catalogues, so to say, of a gallery of pictures. This is especially the case when one attempts to describe the scenery of the Virginia mountains with their affluent glories; but the brief outline here given may convey a general idea of the valley of the "White." The whole locality, as we have said, is a gem of natural loveliness, with which art has had little or nothing to do—a tract of emerald meadow and foliage, encircled and embraced, as it were, by the loving arms of blue mountains, stretching far off to the blue



SPRING HOUSE, ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VA.

horizon, into which they melt imperceptibly and are lost. There is no doubt that this landscape beauty enlivens the spirits and freshens the faculties of enjoyment. Nothing is more noticeable than the effect of a sojourn at the "White" on the animal spirits. At other watering-places the visitor finds diversion in the fine equipages, the music, the dressing, dissipation, and headlong rush; at the "White" the origin of the influence exercised by the spot is entirely different. This is largely attributable to the delicious airs and the freshness and beauty of every object. Life becomes an enjoyment all at once; the water may, and

does, eradicate the germs of disease from the sluggish blood. The White Sulphur water is entirely colourless, but powerfully sulphurous in taste and odor, and issues from the spring in a bold stream, at the rate of thirty gallons per minute. It is a remarkable fact that this quantity never varies. It is the same in the wettest and the driest spells of weather, and the temperature, sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, never rises or falls in the hottest days of summer or the coldest of winter. It is certain the impression generally prevails that to derive the full effect from the water it must be drunk as it issues from the spring, before the gas escapes; but the ablest physicians maintain that this is an error, the escape of the gas not changing the *alterative* character of the water. If this be true, the fact is important, as persons unable to visit the spring would be able to avail themselves of this remarkable water in any part of the world.

Every mineral spring is a cure-all, if we listen to its proprietors. In the case of the White Sulphur, however, we have other data to go upon, the experience of a century having shown precisely what diseases are benefited by the use of the water, what are unaffected by it, and in what cases it is positively injurious and even dangerous. A powerful medical agent, which this sulphur water unquestionably *is*, must, from its very efficiency in certain diseases, prove positively detrimental in others, on the principle that the stimulant used by the physician in one case is carefully avoided by him in another. The White Sulphur water, it is now well established, should not be used in cases of tubercular consumption, cancer, (or where the system is threatened with it), hypertrophy, or enlargement of the heart, and inflammation of the brain. In these diseases it is not only injurious, but dangerous. The diseases in which it is most beneficial, and often works surprising results, are dyspepsia, irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, jaundice, neuralgia, paralysis, rheumatism, gout, and scrofula. The effects of the water is especially notable in that obstinate and often terrible ailment, rheumatism. Its efficacy in this disease first gave it its high reputation, and from the earliest years of its history it has been the resort of rheumatics. A last feature is the effect of the water on persons given to inebriation and the use of opium. On this interesting point Dr. Moorman says:—"During the whole period of my residence at the springs, I have

been interested with the marked power I have seen manifested by the waters in overcoming the desire for the use of ardent spirits." In reference to opium-eating, the same writer adduces an instance in which one of his patients, who had long been in the habit of using no less than six grains of opium daily, was entirely cured of the habit. In these cases the effect is attributed to the alterative and nervine stimulant properties of the water, which remove the cerebral and nervous irritation leading to the use of stimulants, and by strengthening the body, strengthen the volition against the temptation. This alterative character of the White Sulphur water is the great element of its action on the system.

Beaver Dam Falls.

A very marked feature of the watering-place is the devout respect paid to the Sabbath. Throughout the day a profound quiet pervades the grounds, and the hotel and various places of worship are filled with attentive auditors. Clergymen of every denomination visit the springs, where they are warmly welcomed by the cordial and liberal proprietor, and religious services constitute a regular part of the programme on every Sunday.

Half-way between Goshen and Lexington, and on the banks of the North River, are beautifully located the "Rockbridge Baths," which affords many attractions as a summer resort for either invalids or pleasure-seekers. The hotel, spacious and comfortable, is in a large and shady lawn, and within a few yards of the "bath," the luxury of which can only be appreciated by those who have bathed in its health-restoring crystal waters. The water is very beneficial for all cutaneous diseases, and is highly

strengthening and invigorating in cases of general debility; rheumatism and affections of the liver also receive much relief from its use.

Fourteen miles beyond Lexington is the famous Natural Bridge, thirty-six miles from Goshen, which, crossing Cedar Creek with

RAILWAY TUNNELING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

a bold span of ninety-three feet, is perhaps the most celebrated natural curiosity of Virginia. Its height, 215 feet, is greater than that of the Falls of Niagara, and for sublimity, grace, and beauty, it is well worthy of being visited by all who appreciate

the rarest wonders of nature. It is too well known by description to attempt such repetition here, but no description can prepare the visitor for the revelation of its awe-inspiring and majestic beauty.

One of the most striking charms of the scenery in these mountain resorts is the number of cascades with which the entire region abounds. Conspicuous for its beauty is Falling Springs, shown in one of our engravings. Another is Beaver Dam Falls, which precipitates itself over the cliffs with a noise and pother far exceeding that of the famous cascade of Lodore, and with such a picturesqueness of dark green in the foliage, and brilliant refractions and reflections of broken sunlight in the descending drops, that were 'Beaver Dam' in the Adirondacks we should have had pictures of it by the score. The falls derives its name from the fact that here the beavers built a barrier across the stream, of which the net-work may still be seen in petrifaction.

JUNCTION OF GREENBRIER AND NEW RIVER.

Another element of beauty is its picturesque river system—especially the valleys of the Greenbrier and New Rivers, whose unction is shown in the accompanying cut.

HEDGE round thy life with prayer,
Knowing this truth,
That sin in youth
Is seed which, sown in unknown fields,
A crown of thorns in manhood yields,
Which he who sows must wear.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

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

CHAPTER XIX.—THE TRAGEDY OF WAR.

WITH the early dawn, Zenas rode off to join his militia company; which was summoned to repel the invasion. Loker and McKay were already in the field. They were all in the severe action at Chippewa. Captain Villiers distinguished himself by his heroic daring, and while heading a gallant charge, whereby he covered the retreat of the British, received a rather severe bayonet thrust in his leg. Binding his military scarf around the wound, he remained in his saddle till night, performing the arduous duties of commander of the rear-guard.

The three weeks following were weeks of toilsome marching and counter-marching beneath the burning July sun. More than once Zenas was within an hour's ride of home; but the pressing exigencies of a soldier's life prevented his making even a passing call on those whom he so much loved. He was forced to content himself with messages sent through Neville Trueman, whose sacred calling made him free of the lines of both armies. These messages were full of praise and admiration of the gallant Captain Villiers; and, accompanied by no stinted praise of his own, they were faithfully delivered by the young preacher.

"He will be Colonel before the war is over, I expect," said Neville, "and I am sure no man deserves it better. He is as gentle as he is brave. His treatment of the prisoners is kindness itself."

The Captain, although once at Fort George, commanding a re-enforcement of the garrison, was prevented by his military duties from riding the short three miles that lay between it and The Holms.

One day toward the latter part of July,—it was the twenty-fifth of the month, a day for ever memorable in the annals of Canada,—early in the morning a convoy of schooners and barges, filled with armed men, was seen by Katharine gliding up the Niagara River, their snowy sails gleaming beyond the fringe of chestnuts that

bordered the stream. The Union Jack floating gaily at the peak, and the inspiring strains of "Britannia Rules the Waves" swelling on the breeze as the fleet approached, gave the assurance of welcome re-enforcements to the struggling army in the field. Running down to the bank, Katharine exultantly waved her handkerchief in welcome. The red-coats, who thronged the bulwarks, gave a rousing cheer in reply; and an officer in gold lace, with a white plume in his General's hat—who was no other than Sir George Gordon Drummond himself—gaily waved his handkerchief in return.

And right welcome those re-enforcements were that day. Disembarking at Queenston landing, and climbing the steep hill, they marched through smiling orchards and green country roads to the bloody field of Lundy's Lane, where many of them ended life's march for ever.

We shall depend for the further record of that eventful day on the narrative of Zenas, as subsequently reported, with all the vivid touches of personal experience and eye-witness. With bandaged head and one arm in a sling he sat at the kitchen table at The Holms, explaining to his father and some neighbours the fortunes of the fight. His story, disentangled from the interruptions of his auditors, was as follows: "You see," he said, making a rude diagram of the battle on the supper-table with the knives and forks, "General Riall took up a strong position on Lundy's Lane early in the day, with the regulars and the Glengary militia; and Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson* commanded the sedentary militia. The enemy lay on the other side of Chippewa Creek, and didn't move till late in the afternoon. If they had come on in the morning, they could have crushed us like an eggshell," and he suited the action to the word, by crushing into fragments one that lay upon the table.

"But we got it hard enough as it was. General Winfield Scott,† began pounding away at us with his artillery just before sundown. We expected to be re-enforced before long, so we determined to hold the hill where our own battery was planted at any cost. The sun went down; it got darker and darker; still the cannon flashed their tongues of flame, and the deadly rattle of the

* Subsequently better known as Sir John Beverly Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

† Afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies.

musketry went on without a minute's pause for three mortal hours. The Yankee sharp-shooters crept up in the darkness behind a screen of barberry bushes growing in the panels of a rail fence, and at a volley picked off all the gunners of our battery but three. Then, with a cheer, they rushed forward with the bayonet, and wrestled in fierce hand-to-hand fight with our infantry for the guns, which were alternately taken and re-taken on either side, till the hill-slope was slippery with blood.

"Our troop of dragoons was ordered to charge up the hill and re-capture the guns. I had only time to lift up my heart in prayer, and say 'Lord have mercy upon us,' when a round shot struck my horse. He reared straight up and fell backward, partly falling upon me. All at once everything got black, and I heard not a sound of the din of battle that was raging around me. After a while, I don't know how long, it seemed like hours, I became aware of a deep thunderous sound that seemed to fill the air and cause the very earth to tremble, and I knew it was the roar of the Falls. Then I felt an intolerable aching, as if every bone in my body was broken. I opened my eyes and saw the moon shining through the drifting clouds. I was parched with thirst and raging with fever, and felt a sharp pain piercing my temple. Raising my arm to my head, I found my hair all clotted with blood from a scalp wound.

"Just then I heard a rattle and a cheer, and galloping down hill full in the moonlight, right toward the spot where I lay, a brass field-gun fully horsed, the drivers lashing the horses with all their might. I was afraid they would gallop over me and raised my arm to warn them aside. But they either didn't see or couldn't heed, and on came the heavy cannon, lurching from side to side, the polished brass gleaming in the moonlight like gold. I heard a deep shuddering groan as the heavy wheels rolled over a wounded man beside me, crushing the bones of his legs like pipe stems. As the plunging horses galloped past, one iron-shod hoof struck fire against a stone just beside my head. In the momentary flash I could see the hoof poised just above my face. I remember I noticed that it had been badly shod, and one of the nails was bent over the edge of the shoe. By a merciful Providence, instead of dashing my brains out he stepped on one side, and I received no further hurt. After the roar of the battle had ceased, while the solemn stars looked down like eyes

of pitying angels on the field of slaughter, I managed to crawl to the roadside and wet my parched lips with some muddy water that lay in a cattle track. In the morning Trueman found me and brought me off the field, and here I am laid up for one while. I pray God I may never see another battle. It is a sight to make angels weep and devils rejoice, to see men thus mangling each other like beasts of prey."

"Amen!" said his father. "Even when it is just, war is the greatest of calamities; and when unjust, it is the greatest of crimes."

Sadder still was the story told by Neville Trueman to Katharine Drayton, as he conveyed to her the dying message of Captain Villiers. The Captain was gallantly cheering on his company, when a bullet pierced his lungs. He fell from his horse and was bore to the rear, and carried into the little Methodist Church, which had been turned into a temporary hospital. Here Neville Trueman was busily engaged in far different ministrations from those which were the wont of that consecrated spot. The seats had been removed, and beds of unthrashed wheat sheaves from the neighbouring harvest-fields were strewn upon the floor.

As the bleeding form of Captain Villiers was brought in, Neville saw by his deathly pallor and his laboured breathing that he had not many hours to live. He sat down beside him on the floor and took the hand of the dying man, which he softly caressed as it lay passive in his grasp. Opening his eyes a wan smile of recognition flickered over the pallid countenance. He tried to speak, but in vain. Then he pointed to his breast pocket, and made signs which Neville interpreted as a wish that he should take something out. He obeyed the suggestion, and found the copy of Wesley's Hymns given him by Katharine Drayton, but now, alas! dyed with the life-blood of a loyal heart.

"Tell her," said the dying man, but he faltered in his speech. Then, with difficulty opening the book, he turned to a passage where the leaf was turned down and a hymn was marked with the letters "H. V.," the initials of Herbert Villiers. The hymn was that sublime one beginning—

> "Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
> The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
> Before the world's foundation slain;

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

The dying eyes looked eagerly at Neville as the latter read the words; but when he replied, "Yes, I will tell her, and give her back her book enriched with such a sacred recollection," a look of infinite content rested on the pallid face.

"I bless God I ever met her," faltered the failing voice. "Tell her," it continued with a final effort, "Tell her—we shall meet again—where they neither marry—nor are given in marriage—but are as the angels of God in heaven!" And with a smile of ineffable peace the happy spirit departed from the carnage of earth's battles to the everlasting peace of the skies.

Tears of pity fell fast from the eyes of the tender-hearted Katharine as she listened to the touching narration. As soon as she could sufficiently command her feelings she wrote a sympathetic letter to the now doubly-bereaved widow of the stately Melton Hall, amid the broad ancestral acres of Berkshire. She enclosed therewith the jewelled cross, which had been committed to her keeping; but the blood-stained hymn-book she placed in her little cabinet, beside the Prayer-Book with its leaves of rosemary for remembrance and pansies for thoughts.

The fellow-officers of Captain Villiers erected over the grave in which their comrade was buried, beneath the walls of the humble Methodist Church, a marble slab commemorating his valour and his heroic death. With the lapse of five-and-sixty years, however, its brief inscription has become well nigh illegible through the weathering of the elements, and the grave has become indistinguishable from the mouldering mounds on every side around it. But beneath the funeral hatchment of his father, on the chancel walls of Melton-Mowbray Church, is a marble shield charged with a cross enguled and a wyvern volant; and a record of the untimely death of the hope and last scion of the house on the banks of the far-off Niagara.

CHAPTER XX.—CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR.

WE return now to retrace the fortunes of the war of which the culminating acts, at least in Upper Canada, had now taken place. After the fatal fight of Lundy's Lane, as we have seen, the American force retreated precipitately on Fort Erie, of which they retained possession, and, working night and day, formed an entrenched camp for their protection, strengthening a line of abattis along the front. The victorious British columns closely followed, and for three weeks the camp and fort occupied by the American army were closely besieged by a force only two-thirds as numerous. Two American armed vessels, which supported the fort on the lake side, were very cleverly captured in a night attack by Captain Dobbs, of the Royal Navy, by means of boats conveyed by sheer force of human muscles twenty miles across the country in the rear of the American lines, from the Niagara to Lake Erie.

The British forces also threw up strong entrenchments and planted batteries; and the two armies lay watching each other like couchant lions, waiting the opportunity to make the fatal spring. The guns on the batteries were kept double shotted, and through the long nights dark lanterns were kept burning, and linstocks ready for firing lay beside every gun. Ever and anon a live shell screamed through the air, one of which penetrating an American magazine, caused it to explode with fearful violence.

On the 14th of August, after a vigorous bombardment, a night attack, in three columns, was made upon the fort. At two o'clock in the morning, the columns moved out of the trenches, with the utmost silence, bearing scaling ladders, and crept stealthily over the plain toward the apparently slumbering fort. Dark clouds hung low, and the only sounds heard were the melancholy cry of the loon and the measured dash of the waves upon the shore. At length the American picket discovered the approach of the British columns and gave the alarm. The bugles rang shrill in the ear of night. Every embrasure of the seemingly sleeping fort flashed forth its tongue of flame, revealing the position of the assailants, and the gloom settled heavier than ever, deepened still further by the sulphureous clouds of smoke from the cannon. The British van hacked with their swords at

the abattis, and tried, by wading through a marsh, to enter the curtain of the fort by a flank movement. Rent and torn by a fire of canister and grape, five times the assailing columns were hurled back, and five times, undaunted, they returned to the charge.

At length the wall was reached, the ladders were planted, and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, with a hundred men of the Royal Artillery, gained a footing in a bastion. The parole by which they recognized each other in the dark was "steel" —an omen of the desperate means used to insure their victory. With pike and bayonet they rushed upon the garrison. Their comrades swarmed up the scaling ladders and filled the bastion. Suddenly the ground heaved and trembled as with the throes of an earthquake. There came a burst of thunder sound; a volcano of fire and timber; stones and living men ware hurled two hundred feet in the air; and the night settled down on the scene of chaos. The British columns, utterly demoralized by this appalling disaster, fell back precipitately on their entrenchments, leaving the mangled bodies of two hundred of their comrades, among them the gallant leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, in the fatal fosse and bastion.

The Americans, being strongly re-enforced, a month later made a vigorous sally from the fort, but were driven back with a loss on the part of both assailants and assailed of about four hundred men. Shortly after, General Izzard blew up the works and re-crossed the river to United States territory. The fortress, constructed at such a cost, and assailed and defended with such valour, soon fell to utter ruin. Where earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid lake kiss the deserted strand, and a few grass-grown and mouldering ruin-mounds alone mark the grave of so much military pomp, power, and unavailing valour.*

Nor were the ravages of the war confined alone to the Niagara frontier. Far otherwise. They extended from the upper waters of the Mississippi to the Atlantic seaboard, and to the Gulf of Mexico. In the West, Michilimackinac was re-enforced, and Prairie du Chien, a fort on the Mississippi, was captured by a body of six hundred and fifty Canadians and Indians, without

* Engravings of these are given in Lossing's "Field Book of the War."

the loss of a single man. An American attempt to recapture Michilimackinac, by a force of a thousand men, was a total failure, the only exploit of the expedition being the inglorious pillage and destruction of the undefended trading-port of Ste. Marie.

Meanwhile, Sir John Sherbrooke, the Governor of Nova Scotia, despatched several hostile expeditions from Halifax against the coast of Maine. Eastport, Castine, Bangor, Machias, and the whole region from the Penobscot to the St. Croix, surrendered to the British, and were held by them to the close of the war.

The arrival, in August, of sixteen thousand of Wellington's Peninsular troops, the heroes of so many Spanish victories, placed at the command of Sir George Prevost the means of vigorously undertaking offensive operations. A well-appointed force of eleven thousand men advanced from Canada to Lake Champlain. Captain Downie, with a fleet on which the ship-carpenters were still at work as he went into action, was to co-operate with the army in an attack on Plattsburg, which was defended by five well-armed vessels and by fifteen hundred regulars and as many militia, under General Macomb. The British fleet gallantly attacked the enemy, but after a desperate battle, in which Captain Downie was slain, and nine of the ill-manned gunboats fled, it was compelled to surrender to a superior force. Prevost, notwithstanding that his strength was ten times greater than that of the enemy, had awaited the assistance of the fleet. As he tardily advanced his storming columns, the cheers from the fort announced its capture. Although on the verge of an easy victory, Prevost, fearing the fate of Burgoyne, and humanely averse to the shedding of blood, to the intense chagrin of his soldiers gave the signal to retreat. Many of his officers for very shame broke their swords, and vowed that they would never serve again. While an able civil governor, Prevost was an incompetent military commander. He was summoned home by the Horse Guards to stand a court-martial, but he died the following year, before the court sat.

The launch at Kingston of the "St. Lawrence," an "oak leviathan" of a hundred guns, gave the British complete naval supremacy of Lake Ontario, and enabled them strongly to re-enforce General Drummond with troo s and stores.

We will now trace very briefly the further events of the war, which lay altogether outside of Canada. Along the Atlantic seaboard the British maintained a harassing blockade. The close of the Continental war enabled Great Britain to throw more vigour into the conflict with the United States. Her giant navy was, therefore, free from service in European waters, and Admiral Cockburn, with a fleet of fifty vessels, about the middle of August, arrived in Chesapeake Bay with troops destined for the attack on the American capital. Tangier Island was seized and fortified, and fifteen hundred negroes of the neighbouring plantations were armed and drilled for military service. They proved useful but very costly allies, as, at the conclusion of the war, the Emperor of Russia, who was the referee in the matter, awarded their owners an indemnity of a million and a quarter of dollars, or over eight hundred dollars each for raw recruits for a six weeks' campaign.

There are two rivers by which Washington may be approached —the Potomac, on which it is situated, and the Patuxent, which flows in its rear. The British commander chose the latter, both on account of the facility of access, and for the purpose of destroying the powerful fleet of gunboats which had taken refuge in its creeks. This object was successfully accomplished on the 20th of August—thirteen of the gunboats being destroyed and one captured, together with fourteen merchant vessels. The army, under the command of General Ross, on the following day disembarked. It numbered, including some marines, three thousand five hundred men, with two hundred sailors to drag the guns—two small three-pounders.

For the defence of Washington, General Winder had been assigned a force of sixteen thousand six hundred regulars, and a levy of ninety-three thousand militia had been ordered. Of the latter, not one appeared; of the former, only about one-half mustered. The Americans had, however, twenty-six guns against two small pieces possessed by the British. General Winder took post at Bladensburg, a few miles from Washington. His batteries commanded the only bridge across the East Potomac. Ross determined to storm the bridge in two columns. Not for a moment did the war-bronzed veterans of the Peninsular war hesitate. Amid a storm of shot and shell, they dashed across the bridge, carried a fortified house, and charged on the

batteries before the second column could come to their aid. Ten guns were captured. The American army was utterly routed, and fled through and beyond the city it was to defend. The lack of cavalry and the intense heat of the day prevented the pursuit by the British. The brilliant action was saddened to the victors by the loss of sixty-one gallant men slain and one hundred and eighty-five wounded.

Towards evening the victorious army occupied the city. The destruction of the public buildings had been decreed, in retaliation for the pillage of Toronto and the wanton burning of Niagara. An offer was made to the American authorities to accept a money payment by way of ransom, but it was refused. The next day, the torch was ruthlessly applied to the Capitol, with its valuable library, the President's house, treasury, war office, arsenal, dockyard, and the long bridge across the Potomac. The enemy had already destroyed a fine frigate, a twenty-gun sloop, twenty thousand stand of arms, and immense magazines of powder. Even if justifiable as a military retaliation, this act was unworthy of a great and generous nation. The town of Alexandria was saved from destruction only by the surrender of twenty-one vessels, sixteen hundred barrels of flour, and a thousand hogsheads of tobacco.

The city of Baltimore redeemed itself more bravely. Against that place General Ross now proceeded with his army and the fleet. In attacking the enemy's outposts, General Ross was slain, and the command devolved on Colonel Brooke. Six thousand infantry, four hundred horse, and four guns, protected by a wooden palisade, disputed the passage of the British. With a shout and a cheer Wellington's veterans attacked the obstructions, and, in fifteen minutes, were masters of the field. The American army fled, leaving behind them six hundred killed or wounded, and three hundred prisoners, September 13. The next morning, the British were within a mile and a half of Baltimore, but they found fifteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery, in possession of the heights commanding the city. Colonel Brooke, not willing to incur the risk of attacking in daylight, with three thousand men, a fivefold number, resolved on attempting a surprise by night. He learned, however, that the enemy, by sinking twenty vessels in the river, had prevented all naval co-operation. The inevitable loss of life in an

assault far counter-balancing any prospective advantage, Brooke wisely abandoned the design, and withdrew unmolested to his ships.

The fleet and army which had been baffled at Baltimore sailed for New Orleans, with the object of capturing the chief cotton port of the United States, then a city of seventeen thousand inhabitants. The fleet arrived off the mouth of the Mississippi on the 8th of December. It was opposed by a flotilla of gun-boats, but they were all soon captured and destroyed. Amid very great difficulties and hardships, resulting from the severity of the weather and the wretched condition of the roads, the army under General Packenham advanced to within six miles of New Orleans. Here General Jackson, the American commander, had constructed a deep ditch and an entrenchment of earthworks, strengthened by sand-bags and cotton-bales, a thousand yards long, stretching from the Mississippi to an impassable swamp in the rear. Flanking batteries enfiladed the front. Behind these formidable works was posted an army of twelve thousand men.

Packenham resolved to send Colonel Thornton, with fourteen hundred men, across the river by night, to storm a battery which swept the front of the earthworks, and to menace the city of New Orleans. At the same time, the main attack was to be made on Jackson's lines, in two columns, under Generals Gibbs and Keane. Packenham had only six thousand men, including seamen and marines, "to attack twice the number, entrenched to the teeth in works bristling with bayonets and loaded with heavy artillery."* The rapid fall of the river retarded the crossing of the troops, and prevented a simultaneous attack on the right and left banks.

Impatient at the delay, Packenham ordered the assault on Jackson's lines, January 6, 1815; the columns moved steadily forward, but the dawn of day revealed their approach, and they were met by a concentrated and murderous fire from the batteries. Without flinching, they advanced to the ditch, when it was found that the fascines and scaling-ladders had been forgotten. The head of the column, thus brought to a halt under the enemy's guns, was crushed by the tremendous fire. Packenham now fell

* Allison's "History of Europe," Chap. lxxvi., American ed., vol. iv., p. 480.

mortally wounded, and Generals Gibbs and Keane were shortly after struck down.

The gallant Ninety-third Highlanders, however, undaunted by the carnage, rushed forward, and many of them fairly climbed their way into the works, mounting on each other's shoulders. But their rash valour brought upon them the concentrated fire of grape, by which the successful assailants were cut down to a man. General Lambert, on whom the command now devolved, finding it impossible to carry the works, and the slaughter being appalling, drew off his troops. In this sanguinary repulse, the British lost two thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Americans claim that their loss was only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

Meanwhile, Colonel Thornton, on the left bank of the river, had achieved a brilliant success. With only one-third of his command, or less than five hundred men, he had stormed a redoubt of twenty guns, defended by seventeen hundred men. The defeat of the main body, however, rendered the position untenable. Lambert successfully retreated to his ships, bringing off all his stores, ammunition, and field artillery. On the 27th the army re-embarked, and found a partial consolation for its defeat in the capture of Fort Boyer, a strong fortification at the mouth of the river.

Peace had already been concluded at Ghent on the 24th of December, and was hailed with delight by the kindred peoples, wearied with mutual and unavailing slaughter. The calm verdict of history finds much ground of extenuation for the revolt of 1776; but for the American declaration of war in 1812, little or none. A reckless Democratic majority wantonly invaded the country of an unoffending neighbouring people, to seduce them from their lawful allegiance and annex their territory. The long and costly conflict was alike bloody and barren. The Americans annexed not a single foot of territory. They gained not a single permanent advantage. Their seaboard was insulted, their capitol destroyed. Their annual exports were reduced from £22,000,000 to £1,500,000. Three thousand of their vessels were captured. Two-thirds of their commercial class became insolvent. A vast war-tax was incurred, and the very existence of the Union imperilled by the menaced secession of the New England States. The "right of search" and the rights of neutrals—the ostensible

but not the real causes of the war—were not even mentioned in the treaty of peace. The adjustment of unsettled boundaries was referred to a commission, and an agreement was made for a combined effort for the suppression of the slave-trade. The United States, however, continued its internal slave-traffic, of a character even more obnoxious than that which it engaged to suppress.

On Canada, too, the burden of the war fell heavily. Great Britain, exhausted by nearly twenty years of conflict, and still engaged in a strenuous struggle against the European despot, Napoleon, could only, till near the close of the war, furnish scanty military aid. It was Canadian militia, with little help from British regulars, who won the brilliant victories of Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay; and throughout the entire conflict they were the principal defence of their country. In many a Canadian home, bitter tears were shed for son or sire left cold and stark upon the bloody plain at Queenston Heights, or Chippewa, or Lundy's Lane, or other hard-fought field of battle.

The lavish expenditure of the Imperial authorities, for ship-building, transport service, and army supplies, and the free circulation of the paper money issued by the Canadian Government,* greatly stimulated the material prosperity of the country. Its peaceful industries, agriculture, and the legitimate development of its natural resources, however, were very much interrupted, and vast amounts of public and private property were relentlessly confiscated or destroyed by the enemy.†

PRAY: though the gift you ask
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But choicer, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait, and pray.

* The paper money of the United States was not redeemed till it had greatly depreciated in value, to the often ruinous loss of the holders.

† See Withrow's "History of Canada;" 8vo. ed., pp., 334-340.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

JOHN KNOX.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

KNOX at length was cited before Queen Mary on the accusation of treason. As she took her seat, she burst into laughter. "That man," she exclaimed, "had made her weep, and shed never a tear himself. She would now see if she could make him weep." But Knox was not made of such "penetrable stuff" as to be moved by fear.

The impracticable man was a thorn in the side of both Queen and courtiers. He could neither be overawed by authority, nor bribed by personal interest, nor cajoled by flattery. The ill-starred Darnley marriage was consummated. Knox publicly protested against it, although he kept clear of Murray's insurrection against the Queen. The Protestant lords being driven into exile in consequence of the disastrous failure of their revolt, the Catholic faction rapidly gained the ascendant. But the bloody scene of Rizzio's murder, and the consequent political convulsions, frustrated their hopes of supremacy.

Knox, though innocent of all complicity with that foul deed, by which some of Scotland's noblest names were stained, was yet compelled to retire from Edinburgh to Kyle, and subsequently visited the English Court. He was absent from the realm when the dark tragedy of Kirk-a-Field was enacted, rendered still more horrible by the infamous marriage of the Queen with her husband's murderer. Craig, the colleague of Knox at St. Giles, commanded to publish the banns of these fatal nuptials—vile as those of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus—publicly took heaven and earth to witness that he abhorred and detested the marriage as scandalous and hateful in the eyes of God and men.

The heart of the nation was stirred to its depths. The Protestants, almost to a man, believed Mary guilty of the death of Darnley. Broadsides of verse invoked a bloody vengeance on the perfidious wife and Queen, as in the following example:

"Her dolesome death be worse than Jezebel,
Whom through a window surely men did thraw;
Whose blood did lap the cruel hundys fell,
And doggis could her wicked bainis gnaw."

"Bothwell was no his lane in his sin," said the people, "and he suldna be his lane in the punishment." With this rhadamanthine judgment the stern spirit of Knox, and of most of the ministers, concurred. The nation rose in its majesty, and deposed the Queen who brought a stain upon the Scottish name.

Romance and poetry, and even the pages of sober history, have cast a glamour around the fair and fascinating Queen, who, by her witcheries, beguiled all who came within her influence—all save our stern Reformer. Her beauty and her misfortunes, her long imprisonment and the tragic pathos of her death, have softened the rigour of historical judgment concerning her life. But the relentless literary iconoclasm of Froude has broken the idol of romance, and exposed her faults and vices, which were neither few nor light.

Knox's profound conviction of Mary Stuart's guilt must be his justification for what has been regarded as his harsh and almost vindictive treatment of his fallen sovereign. He felt that her crimes might not be condoned without becoming a partaker in her iniquity. They were not merely political offences, but sins against high Heaven, which called aloud for retribution. "The Queen had no more right,' he said, "to commit murder and adultery than the poorest peasant." And to the criminal lenity of the nation he attributed the civil war, which reddened mountain gorse and moor-land heather, and made many a rippling burn run ruddy to the sea with stains of Scotland's noblest blood.

In the confusion and anarchy which followed Murray's murder, was fulfilled the saying, "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" The malice of Knox's enemies—and no man ever had more virulent ones—took advantage of the death of his poweful protector to hound down the aged and enfeebled minister of God. His life even was threatened by the Marian forces in possession of the city, and an arquebuse was fired into his room, the ball failing to take effect only in consequence of a change of his accustomed seat. The spiteful tribe of slander-

mongers also distilled their venom, and strove to poison the public mind against him. His friends counselled his withdrawal from the reach of the turbulent Edinburgh mob. But the sturdy veteran refused, till they told him that they would defend him with their lives, but that if blood was shed the blame would be his. Upon this, "sore against his will," he retreated to St. Andrews, the scene of his earliest labours and of some of his greatest triumphs.

Yet he was once more to be restored to his beloved flock at St. Giles. The Queen's party being driven from the city, Knox returned thither to die. Yet once more, like a lamp which a blast of wind fans into intenser flame only to flicker sooner to extinction, so the fiery soul was again to blaze forth in righteous indignation, and the clarion voice was again to fill the hollow arches of St. Giles before it became silent forever.

The blood-curdling story of St. Bartholomew's dread massacre might well wake the dead or cause the stones to cry out. As post after post brought tidings of fresh atrocities to the tingling ears of the Scottish Protestants, a thrill of horror convulsed the heart of the nation. It seemed as if the mystical angel of the Apocalypse poured his vial of wrath upon the earth, and it became as blood. The direst crime since the Crucifixion, at which the sun was darkened and the earth trembled, cried to Heaven for vengeance.

In the gay French capital, as the midnight tocsin rang its knell of doom, human hyænas raged from house to house, from street to street, howling, "Kill! Kill!" Maids and matrons, aged men and little children, were offered in bloody holocaust to the papal Moloch. Infants were snatched from their mothers' arms and tossed on spear points through the streets; and high-born ladies were dragged in death by hooks through the gutters, reeking with gore. The sign of peace, the holy cross, was made the assassin's badge of recognition. The noblest head in France, the brave Coligny's, was borne by a ruffian on a pike, its hoary hairs bedabbled with blood. The craven King, from his palace windows, glutted his cruel eyes with the murder of his people. Nay, such was his fanatic zeal, that, snatching an arquebuse from an attendant, he himself shot down the wretched supplicants who fled for refuge to his merciless gates. For a week

the carnival of slaughter continued. In the capital and the provinces seventy thousand persons perished.

Rome held high jubilee over this deed of Ate. Cannon thundered, organs pealed, and sacred choirs sang glory to the Lord of Hosts for this signal favour vouchsafed His holy Church; and on consecrated medals was perpetuated a memorial of the damning infamy forever. In the Sixtine-chapel may still be seen Vesuri's picture of the tragedy, with the inscription—"*Pontifex Colignii necem probat*—The holy Pontiff approves the slaughter of Coligny." In the gloomy cloisters of the Escurial, the dark browed Philip on the reception of the tidings, laughed—for the first time in his life, men said—a sardonic, exulting, fiendish laugh.

But throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about men's hearts. They looked at their wives and babes, then clasped them closer to their hearts and swore eternal enmity to Rome. For once the cold language of diplomacy caught fire and glowed with the white heat of indignation. At London, Elizabeth, robed in deepest mourning, and in a chamber draped with black, received the French ambassador, and sternly rebuked this outrage on humanity. Her minister at Paris, in the very focus of guilt and danger, fearlessly denounced the crime.

In Edinburgh, John Knox was borne to the great Kirk, and lifted up into the pulpit, "with a face wan and weary as of one risen from the dead." Over the upturned sea of faces—the women's pale with tearful passion, the men's knit as in a gorgon frown—gleamed his kindling eyes. The weak voice quavered with emotion, now melting their souls with sympathy, now firing their indignation at the deed of blood. Gathering up his expiring energies, like a prophet of the Lord, he hurled forth words of doom, and denounced God's wrath against the traitor King. He declared that his name should be a curse and a hissing to the end of time, and that none of his seed should ever sit upon his throne.

And ere long a dreadful Nemesis overtook the guilty monarch. Within twenty months he lay tossing upon his death couch at Paris. His midnight slumbers were haunted by hideous dreams. "The darkness"—we quote from Froude—"was peopled with ghosts, which were mocking and mowing at him, and he would

start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—blood—ever blood." The night he died, his nurse, a Huguenot, heard his self-accusations, "I am lost," he muttered; "I know it but too well; I am lost." He sighed, blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and infamy, and passed to the great tribunal of the skies.

But Huguenoterie was not buried in the gory grave dug on St. Bartholomew. From the martyrs' blood, more prolific than the fabled dragon's teeth, new hosts of Christian heroes sprang, contending for the martyr's starry and unwithering crown. Like the rosemary and thyme, which the more they are bruised give out the richer perfume, Protestantism in France breathed forth those odours in sanctity, which shall never lose their fragrance till the end of time

Knox's work was now well-nigh done. A few days after the scene above described, he tottered home from the pulpit which he should occupy no more, followed by a sympathetic multitude of his "bairns," as he affectionately called his children in the Gospel, till he entered his house, which he never left again alive. With a prescience of his near approaching end, he calmly set his house in order, paying his servants and settling his worldly affairs. He gave also his dying charge and last farewell to the elders and deacons of his Church, and to his fellow-ministers in the Gospel.

The Earl of Morton he solemnly charged to maintain the true evangel, the cause of Christ and His Kirk, the welfare of his sovereign and of the realm. "If you shall do so," he said, "God will bless and honour you; but if you do it not," he continued in solemn menace, "God shall spoil you of these benefits, and your end shall be ignominy and shame."

Though his right-hand had forgot its cunning, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, yet did he not forget Jerusalem, but remembered her above his chief joy. His continual prayer was, "Be merciful, O Lord, to thy Church, which thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted Commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors, who will take the charge of Thy Church."

The reading of the Scriptures and of "Calvin's Sermons" cheered almost every hour of his sickness. The day before his death, Sunday, November 23, he was in holy ecstasy. "If any be present, let them come and see the work of the Lord," he

exclaimed; and as the by-standers approached his bed, the veteran confessor, having fought the fight and kept the faith, exulted, like another Paul, in his approaching deliverance, and beheld in holy vision the triumph of the true Church, "the spouse of Christ, despised of the world, but precious in the sight of God." "I have been in heaven," he continued, "and have possession. I have tasted of the heavenly joys, where presently I am."

The last day of his life, being in physical anguish, a friend expressed sympathy for his suffering. "It is no painful pain," he said, "but such as shall, I trust, put an end to the battle." He was willing to be thus for years, he said, if God so pleased, and if He continued to shine upon his soul through Jesus Christ.

Exulting in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, he requested his wife to read the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. "O, what sweet and salutary consolation," he exclaimed, "the Lord hath afforded me from that chapter!"

"Read where I first cast my anchor," he added, a little later; when she repeated Christ's pleading, pathetic intercession for His disciples in John xvii.—a passage which, with Isaiah liii. and a chapter from the Ephesians, he had read to him every day.

"Now, for the last time," said the dying saint, "I commend my body, spirit, soul, into Thy hands, O Lord. . . . Within a short time I shall exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ. . . . Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

After evening worship, said a friend, "Sir, heard ye the prayers?" "Would to God," he replied, "that you and all men had heard them as I have heard them! I praise God for that heavenly sound."

After an interval of quiet, he exclaimed, "Now it is come;" and ere midnight tolled from the Tolbooth tower, the weary wheels of life stood still, and, without a struggle, he expired. The eloquent tongue was now silent forever. The noble heart throbbed no more. The face that never blanched before man, became pale at the icy touch of death. His long toil and travail were ended. The Christian athlete laid his arms forever down, and entered into his eternal rest.

> "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
> . . . He hates him,
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

In two days his body was laid beside the walls of St. Giles, the scene of his apostolic ministrations. The regent, the principal nobility, the neighbouring ministers, and a great concourse of people, paid their last homage, not without sighs and tears, to one of Scotland's noblest sons. As he was laid in the grave, the Earl of Morton pronounced his eulogy in the memorable words, "Here lies he who never feared the face of man."

Rarely did so strong a soul tabernacle in so frail a body. He was of low stature, slight frame, and, as age, care, and sickness did their work, of worn and rugged features, which were, however, kindled by piercing dark eyes. His gray hair and long gray beard gave him a venerable and dignified mien.

Knox's chief power was in the pulpit. There he reigned without a rival. Indeed we must go back to the golden-mouthed preacher of Antioch and Constantinople before we can find his equal in eloquence and in influence on contemporary political events.

The afterward celebrated James Melville thus describes Knox's preaching at St. Andrews: "In the opening up of his text, he was moderate the space of an half-houre; but ere he had done with his sermone, he was sa active and vigorous that he was lyk to ding the pulpit in blads, and flie out of it."

His words rang like anvil-strokes where swords are forged for battle. He was not a man clothed with soft raiment, and speaking smooth things; but a stern prophet of the truth, rebuking sin when flaunting in velvet as well as when cowering in rags. He was ungraced with that fine complacency which speaks only in flowery phrase and courtly compliment in the presence of the great. He felt that he stood ever in His presence before whom all earthly distinctions vanish, and the meanest and the mightiest are alike the objects of His love and the subjects of His law. He walked "as ever in his great Task-master's eye." Yet his nature was not naturally stern. "I know," he said, as he lay upon his death-bed, "that many have frequently and loudly complained, and do yet complain, of my too great severity; but God knows that my mind was always void of hatred to the persons of those against whom I thundered the severest judgments."

In refutation of the charge of seditious railing against his sovereign, he said that he had not railed against her, unless Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other inspired writers were also railers. He had learned plainly and boldly to call wickedness by its own terms. "I let them understand," he proudly said, "that I am not a man of the law that has my tongue to sell for silver or favours of the world."

To the last, Knox was a devoted student of Holy Scripture. Every month the Book of Psalms was read in course; and the sayings of our Lord and teachings of St. Paul were ever on his lips and in his heart.

Knox was twice married; first to Miss Bowes, of Berwick, a lady of good family, who for seven years made him a faithful helpmeet during his frequent exiles and journeyings. After her death, he remained a widower for upwards of three years, when he married Miss Margaret Stewart, a daughter of Lord Ochiltree.

Knox was a voluminous writer, as well as an eloquent preacher, and a man active in public affairs. His literary style is marked by the characteristics of the age. It is somewhat involved, sometimes harsh, always strong, and often picturesque and animated, although devoid of ornament, for he utterly despised the graces of rhetoric.

No man was ever more bitterly maligned and traduced during his life, or persecuted in the grave with posthumous malice. Even his very bones have been flung out of their resting-place, and no man knoweth where they are laid. Political partizanship and religious rancour have combined in aspersing his character, his motives, and his conduct. "A romantic sympathy with the Stuarts," says Froude, "and a shallow liberalism, which calls itself historical philosophy, has painted over the true Knox with the figure of a maniac." Nor even after a controversy of three centuries above his slumbering dust, has he been relieved of the odium which was heaped upon his memory. Like his distinguished contemporary, Lord Bacon, who, overwhelmed with obloquy and reproach, committed his reputation to after ages and to foreign lands, so the maligned and persecuted Father of the Scottish Reformation, conscious of the approval of his Maker, appealed from the passions and prejudices of his enemies to the judgment of posterity. "What I have been to my

country," he declares, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the ages to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. For, to me," he plaintively continues, "it seems a thing most unreasonable that in my decrepid age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and houlets, that dare not abide the light."

"The full measure of Knox's greatness," say the philosophic Froude, "no man could then estimate. It is, as we look back over that stormy time, and weigh the actors in it one against the other, that he stands out in his full proportions. No grander figure can be found in the entire history of the Reformation in this island than that of Knox. He was no narrow fanatic, who could see truth and goodness nowhere but in his own formula. He was a large, noble, generous man, with a shrewd perception of actual fact, who found himself face to face with a system of hideous iniquity. . . . His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive. He it was that raised the poor Commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who, nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny. The spirit which Knox created saved Scotland."*

But to-day he belongs not to Scotland, but to the world. While men love virtue and revere piety and admire heroism, so long will the memory of Knox be a legacy of richest blessing and an inspiration to highest courage and to noblest effort for the glory of God and for the welfare of man.

WHATE'ER is sown in love—the lowliest deed
Shall bloom and be a flower in Paradise,
Yet springs not often from that precious seed,
Harvest so prompt as this before our eyes.

—*French.*

* "History of England," x. 457.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"BARRER" LANGFORD.

II.

WHEN old Salt O was gone, the conversation naturally enough turned upon the subject of barrow-lending and its risks, Langford illustrating the matter by some curious anecdotes gathered in the course of his own experience. We were still discussing the topic when again there was a knock at the street door. As before, Langford's adopted son answered it, and on coming back into the room exclaimed in an excited undertone,—

"Dad, your kindness to old Bob, has brought you luck. Here's a lad wanting to sell a barrow, and it strikes me he will find he has come to the wrong shop, or, I should say, to the right one for us, for I can see it's one of your make; and I do believe it is the very one that was stolen from old Salt O. He looks a regular little sharper, and may smell a rat and be off if I'm too long going back, so I'll bring him in." And suiting the action to the word, he stepped out again, and immediately returned accompanied by the boy who had brought the barrow. The latter was a true child of the street, wretchedly clad in "cast-off" garments that "fitted him too much," unwashed, unkempt, haggard, and hungry-looking, and with the restless, furtive, downcast glance that stamps the young "snatcher," and tells alike of his predatory practices, and of his being a chased and hunted creature. It would have been hard to have said to a year or two what his age was; his stature was that of a boy of ten, his face looked old enough for that of a boy of fourteen, and his actual years were probably something between those ages. He seemed taken aback for a moment at finding himself introduced into the midst of such a numerous circle; but quickly recovered the "cheekiness" which is the characteristic badge of all his tribe. After a rapid glance around he turned to Langford, and asked,—

"Are you the genilm'n as deals in the barrers?"

Langford nodded, and the boy went on.

"Well, is yer open to buy one cheap to-night?"

"Have you one to sell?" asked Langford, looking hard at him.

"Yes," he answered, evidently beginning to get uneasy under the glance fixed upon him; "leastways I've been sent to sell it, for poor father he can't get out, which that is why he has to part with it."

"I'll speak to you in a minute," said Langford, stepping to the door, to look at the barrow. "Now, look here, my boy," he continued on returning to the room, "you are a sharp customer, I can see, but you have put your foot into it this time—that barrow is mine, and has been stolen within the last few hours."

"Hilloa! the Philistines are upon thee, my young Samson," exclaimed the blind man; "you had better make a clean breast of it."

"Yes, that will be your best chance," said Langford. "You either stole the barrow yourself, or you know who did; and you had better tell me the truth. I don't want to be hard on you if you do."

In his perverted way this young Arab was a brave little fellow, and now showed a courage and self-command worthy of a better cause. He knew he was trapped, and would probably have tried to dash through the toils, but the furtive glance that he cast at the doorway showed him that retreat was cut off. I could see even through the engrimed coating of dirt on his face that he flushed deeply, but mastering all other signs of emotion, he looked up with a well-assumed expression of mingled knowingness and defiance, having evidently resolved to "bounce" himself out of the scrape.

"Yer ain't a goin' to 'have' me that way," he said; "I'm up to that dodge o' cheapenin'. It's werry easy to say the barrer is your'n, but provin' it's the thing. It ain't no different shape from other barrers, and there ain't no name on it; either yours or any one else's—take it out o' that."

"You are a clever boy," said Langford, shaking his head, "but I am sorry you should be such a dishonest and untruthful one. However, you may take my word for it that there is no 'get-out' for you over this job, at the least, not in the way of lying or bouncing. The barrow has no name on it, but it has a mark on it that is quite as good; and I could bring a score of customers who could swear to it. You had better tell me how you

came by it. I don't say I will let you go if you tell me the truth, but if you do tell me it may do you more good than you think."

Again his glance wandered to the door; again the flush came over his face, and again, after a brief pause, he raised his eyes to our faces, but this time with the fevered despairing look of a baited animal. He tried to speak, but the words died on his lips; and seeing this, Langford, muttering "Poor little chap, I dare say he is more sinned against than sinning," stepped up to him, and, placing his hand upon his head in a kindly fashion, said, "Come now, tell me all about it; I'll be your friend, if I can, and if you'll let me."

The touch and tone seemed to melt the unfortunate little Arab, for in a low voice he answered, "Well I did collar it, sir."

"And who put you up to it?" asked Langford.

"No one," he answered; and now there was that in his look and voice that carried conviction that he was speaking the truth; "it come into my head all of a sudden, and because I was druv to it."

"But what drove you to it?"

"I was so 'ofle 'ungry," answered the boy readily and emphatically. "I hadn't had not a mouthful of grub since the morning of the day afore, and then on'y half shares of a penny buster and a overnight faggot, which Curley Bray and me put a brown each to get 'em. I'd been out all day, but hadn't picked up a copper, and so going along feeling reg'lar down in the mouth, and being werry cold and the 'unger a knawin' at my inside, I see the barrer a-standing with no one a-watchin' of it, and it comes to me a'most as if some one was a-speaking to me, 'If you could get that away and sell it, there'd be a week or two's feed for you.' So I just give a look round, and seeing there was no one about walked off with it. I hid it in a yard as I knowed of till I could get to know where to sell it, and being told of here, I brought it; and now that's the real truth, whether yer locks me up or let's me go."

"Have you ever been locked up before?" Langford asked.

"No, never!" answered the boy emphatically, "and never done nothing before to be locked up for; strike me—"

"No, no!" interrupted Langford quickly, "you musn't say strike you dead, or anything of that sort; it is very wicked to do

so; and if you are not believed without saying such things, you won't be believed with."

"I'm werry sorry" said the boy vaguely, and evidently not comprehending the point, "but I never have been lagged, whether you believe me or not."

At this stage of the scene Langford whispered something to his housekeeper, who thereupon turned to leave the room. Seeing this, the boy who had been keenly watching his movements, rushed to his side, and falling on his knees at his feet, exclaimed, with an agonized earnestness of tone,—

"Oh, call her back, master! do call her back! Don't lock me up this time, please, and I'll never steal again; I won't indeed; I'll drop down dead with the hunger first."

"Lock you up now, my poor little fellow!" said Langford, taking him by the hand and raising him to his feet. "God forbid that I should so play with your hopes and fears. I've not sent her for a policeman, but for something for you to eat, for your hungry looks bear out your words. I can see you are starving, let who will be to blame for it. Here it comes, see."

This last remark was elicited by the re-entry of the old woman bearing a tray, on which was set a plentiful supply of bread and meat. As the food was placed before him, the boy's eyes, as Langford subsequently expressed it to me, fairly struck fire, and before his host's good-humoured "Now, fall to," had been completely spoken, he was already devouring the eatables with a wolf-like rapidity and voracity that told but too plainly of the bitter hunger he had been suffering. Langford's exclamations of "Gently does it there!" "Take your time," "Mind you don't choke yourself," and the like, had but little effect in checking the speed with which he bolted the food, and in an astonishingly short space of time he had dispatched a meal of which it is putting it very mildly indeed to say that it would have served a ploughman. When he had finished he sank into a chair with a sigh of pleasure, and there was a brief interval of silence, which was broken by Langford smilingly saying in a tone of friendly confidence,—

"Come now, you can see I mean no harm by you; just tell me the real truth as to how you came to be starving about like this. Is it that you are a bad boy, or that you have no one to look after you?"

"Well, I ain't got no one to look arter me," he answered; "I 'as to look arter myself as well as I knows 'ow."

"Are your father and mother dead then?"

"Well, not as I knows on," answered the boy; "but they have both gone away, a-leaving me to scrat for myself. It were all along o' mother arter she took to the drink, for father he were a good sort till she aggrawated him into being a bad 'un. When he'd give her money to pay the rent or buy us clothes or grub with, she'd go off to the public and melt it in gin, and then when he'd come 'ome from work and find her drunk, and nothing for him to eat, he'd whack her; and, at last, one night he thumped her till he pretty nigh killed her, and being 'wanted' over the job he bolted; and we heered arter as how he had done a stow-away and got to America. Mother, she got over the hiding all right, but she took to the drink again, and arter awhile she goes to live with another feller, and arter another while the pair o' 'em steps it together so as to be rid of me, and I was left to do as well as I could, which I ain't done very well as yet, cos, yer see, I ain't been able to pull any stock money together to go into any reg'lar line."

"Were you ever at school?"

"No."

"Sunday-school."

"No."

"Did you ever learn to say your prayers?"

"No."

"Ah, poor little mortal, you are at least as much martyr as sinner," said Langford in a pitying undertone, and then, resuming his questioning, he asked,—

"What is your name?"

"Well, Jim Adams is my proper name," he answered, "but they call me Five-over-five, cos, yer see, my toes turn in a bit one over t'other in walking."

"Well, we won't call you Five-over-five; we'll call you Jim. And now, Jim, wouldn't you like to learn to read, and pray, and to be good?"

"In course I'd like to," said the boy, "but how can I?"

"Well, I daresay, it seems hard to you, my poor fellow," said Langford, "but harder things are done every day, and I dare say I can work it for you. See here now, if you like, I'll give

you a shake-down and a bit of something to eat till I can find some place for you where you will be taken in altogether and properly cared for; what do you say?"

"Yer ain't a-chaffing of me?" said the boy, dubiously, as if unable to realize the possibility of such kindness coming from one whose property he had just confessed to stealing.

"No, I mean what I say, though you did take the barrow," answered Langford with a slight smile; "but what do you say; do you really wish to be taken away from the life you are leading now?"

"Oh, don't I just!" exclaimed the forlorn little waif, with an ecstasy and energy of look and tone that expressed volumes. It was all that he could say. He was not used to kindness, and this display of it had overcome him; and seeing that his heart was full, Langford motioned to his adopted son to lead him into the adjoining room.

Barrer was as good as his promise; he maintained the boy at his own cost until he was able to get him into an institution in which such stray lambs of the human flock were cared for—were educated, taught to work, and taught that they had precious souls, and how those souls might be saved in the great eternity. From this institution "Five-over-five" was apprenticed, and in due time he became a clever young mechanic, and what was more gratifying still, a well-living and God-fearing one. For him good had come out of evil, and the seeds of kindness and grace had in his heart fallen upon a good soil, bearing fruit in a Christian life and a grateful mind, for he never forgot that, under God's good providence, he owed his rescue to the forgiving kindness of Barrer Langford.

"His share in the episode of the stolen barrow will, I think, give my readers a clear idea of the sort of man Barrer was. He was one of the few whose daily life and example of neighbourly, self-denying kindness gave a Christian and Christianizing leaven to the mass of those among whom they lived—a mass that unfortunately, stood but too much in need of such a leaven. He was one to whom those engaged in the up-hill work of carrying morality and religion into the district could point as a living and emphatic contradiction of the doctrine so often heard in such districts, that a religious life may be all very fine for the well-to-do, but cannot be practised by the poor.

I have left myself no space to speak of other good deeds of Langford's, of which I was from time to time a witness—deeds that made him popular and beloved, and that would have made him one of the marked men of the district, apart from the character of mystery with which some of the more imaginative among his neighbours had seen fit to endow him.

The real story of Barrer Langford's life—as I learned it from him at a later stage of our acquaintance—was a story of man's inhumanity to man. He had always a strong predilection for mechanical pursuits, and his parents being too poor to apprentice him to any trade, he had, on arriving at manhood, gone into a mechanical workshop, as one of the unskilled labourers employed to assist the artisans. He knew that it was a union shop, and that the unionists regarded it as a most heinous sin for any labourer to attempt to "pick up the trade," but, nevertheless, he could not altogether repress his mechanical inclinings. He closely examined the machines, and on one or two occasions even seized opportunities for doing a little in the way of working them. For this the skilled hands were, with one exception, "down" upon him, subjecting him to a variety of petty persecutions, and to threats of persecutions that were more than petty. The exception to this rule of persecution was Langford's companion, Blind Dixon, at that time a hale young fellow. Having himself a strong natural taste for mechanics, and being of a more enlarged mind than the bulk of his fellow-workmen, he sympathized with the young labourer, and recognising in him a kindred spirit, struck up a friendship with him. He did not dare to attempt to teach him the trade in the shop, but, in an out-building attached to the house in which he lodged, he had a little workshop of his own; and here, in the evening, the two young men would meet and exchange ideas, discuss plans, and work at models. As young men will, too, they had their bright dreams of the future—dreams, in their case, of lucky patents that would bring them in money enough to start in business on their own account, and thus enable them in time to make for themselves a name in the mechanical world. To these happy evenings there was soon, however, to be an end; from these bright dreams a rude and sorrowful awakening. News of their proceedings reached the ears of the unionists, and aroused their wrath. Threats were used against Dixon, as a recreant who wished to spoil the trade by introducing "knob-

sticks" into it; and the threats this time were followed by a dastardly outrage. Some one got into Dixon's little workshop, and placed a quantity of gunpowder in a lathe which was his chief tool, in such a manner that the friction that would necessarily ensue, on the lathe being worked, would be certain to cause an explosion. The explosion *did* take place, and the effect of it was to destroy Dixon's sight for life. The crime could not be legally proved against any one, but there could be no moral doubt that the guilt of it lay with the unionists. Langford was greatly shocked, for he felt that it was in a certain sense through him that this calamity had fallen upon his friend.

The loss of his sight, of course, incapacitated Dixon from earning a living, and he had no relatives to support him. Under these circumstances, Langford held it to be plainly his duty to take upon himself the task of maintaining and consoling his friend from that moment. Even at that time he was a praying man, and in prayer he devoted himself to the work, and asked that health and strength to accomplish it might be given to him; and his prayer had been answered, for though they had never known riches, neither had they ever known want. As soon as Dixon was fit to travel, they left the town in which they had suffered so much, and had designedly lost themselves—so to speak—in the crowd of London; starting life afresh, and telling none their story. After various ups and downs, they had at length made a final pitch in the quarter in which I found them. There, humble as they were, they had wrought much good among their neighbours; and made troops of friends, for though they would have "done their alms in secret," the gratitude of those who benefited by their kindly deeds could not be kept dumb; and there was not a voice among those who knew them but would have said, "God bless them:" for though Barrer was the active man in all matters, his neighbours following his own example, regarded Blind Dixon as his second self, and coupled them in their thanks and good wishes.

ONLY the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

—*Shirley.*

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ITALY.

Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
E'en in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes fertility,
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be effaced.
—*Childe Harold.*

It is a railway ride of five hundred miles from Paris to Turin, the first city at which I stopped in Italy. The journey through South-eastern France is rather monotonous, till we reach the valley of the Rhone, and soon after the foot-hills of the Julian Alps. Long processions of tall Lombardy poplars march in close files, like plumed grenadiers, on either side of the road, and picturesque villages nestle amid their orchards and their vines. Many a city of old renown also lifts its embattled towers above the far-extending plain—Melun, Fontainebleau, Sens, Dijon, Chalons, and others of lesser note.

Soon after crossing the swift and turbid Rhone, the train begins to climb the broad slopes of the foot-hills. It was with a great leap of the heart that I first beheld the snowy range of the Alps of Savoy, with their sharp serrated outline, cut like a cameo against the deep blue sky. Higher and higher wound the train by many a zig-zag, giving broader, grander views over a sea of mountains at every turn. The pinnacled crags reveal in their tortured strata the energy of the primeval forces, by which they were heaved high in air. The mountain villages cling like eagles' nests to the sides of the cliffs. At length the train plunges into the heart of the mountain, four thousand feet beneath its summit,—through the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The tunnel is eight miles long, and four thousand men were employed for ten years in its construction. Emerging from midnight darkness to the glare of snow-clad mountains, the train glides rapidly down the wild valley of the Dora, giving views of a dizzy gorge up which winds, in many folds, like a huge serpent, the old post

road over the mountain pass. At Susa, an ancient town, is an old Roman triumphal arch, dating from the year 8 A.D. Descending the beautiful chestnut-covered slopes, and traversing a broad and fertile plain, we reach at length the ancient capital of Piedmont, the beautiful city of Turin.

Turin is a stately city of 200,000 inhabitants. From 1859 to 1865 it was the capital of United Italy and the residence of the King. It was somewhat of a surprise to find that the royal palace, although inferior in extent to that of Versailles, was much more sumptuous in its internal decoration. Here I obtained my first view of full-blown Mariolatry. It was at the church of La Consolata, a huge structure, which contains a miracle-working image of the Madonna. The vast church, with every approach to it, was thronged with worshippers, and mass was being celebrated at several altars at once. The street without was thronged like a fair, with booths for the sale of sacred pictures, medals, tapers, rosaries; and boys and women were hawking printed accounts of the latest miracle of the Saint. In the corridors of the church were hundreds of votive offerings and pictures, commemorating her wonder-working power. The pictures were, for the most part, wretched daubs representing miraculous escapes from accidents and violent deaths of every conceivable character. The whole scene was coarse, mercenary, and degrading in the highest degree.

In the afternoon I walked out to visit the ancient Capuchin monastery—*Il Monte*. It is situated on a lofty hill, commanding a magnificent view of the city, of the "wandering Po," and of the snowy-peaked Alps in the background. The rule of the Order is very austere. Their garb is a coarse brown tunic, fastened with a girdle. Their only head-covering is an ample hood, and on their naked feet they wear coarse sandals. The cells, which open on gloomy cloisters, are narrow vaults, scarce larger than a grave, and here the monks are buried alive—for their lives of poverty and indolence are little better than a living death. One venerable looking old fellow kindly drew from a deep well, with an old-fashioned wheel, water to quench my thirst.

A ride of a hundred miles, for the most part through grand mountain scenery, brings one to the ancient city of Genoa. With its noble terraces of frescoed palaces rising tier above tier

from the sea, it sits like a queen on the slopes of the lovely Gulf, and well deserves the proud name of *La Superba.* No city in Italy contains so many old ducal palaces as Genoa. These are, for the most part, built in hollow squares, with magnificent marble stairways leading to the stately halls and apartments of the upper stories. The outer walls bear elaborate frescoes, which still preserve much of their original brightness. The lower windows are heavily barred with iron, which gives the narrow streets a gloomy and prison-like appearance. At the entry to the great houses stands the *concierge,* magnificent in gold-laced livery, silk stockings, and gold-headed staff of office. The palaces, with their priceless art treasures, are, for the most part, freely thrown open to the inspection of tourists, and though now exhibiting "a faded splendour wan," they recall its golden prime, when Genoa vied with Venice for the mastery of the Mediterranean. Some of the most interesting memories of Genoa are connected with that intrepid genius who first unveiled the western world to European eyes. A noble marble monument of the great discoverer, with reliefs of the principal scenes of his life, graces one of the squares; and in the Municipal Palace are preserved two of his autograph letters, the signature being a sort of play upon his name—XPOFERENS.

Genoa has a thoroughly foreign aspect—the narrow streets, some are not more than five feet wide; the trains of laden mules, with jingling bells on their necks; the gloomy arcades under many of the buildings; the black-lace veils, worn as the only head-dress of ladies in the streets, and other peculiarities, remind us that we are in Italy. It was the *festa* of St. John the Baptist, and the churches were gay with floral decorations. The cathedral of San Lorenzo, especially, was festooned with wreaths, and at night illuminated with countless lamps. I stood in the square and listened to the sweet-toned clangour of the joyous *festa* bells. In this same old church is preserved, with great veneration, the so-called "Holy Grail," or vessel out of which our Lord partook, it is said, the Last Supper with His disciples.

The most sumptuous church in Genoa is that of S. Annunziata,—an ugly brick structure without, but within a perfect blaze of gold and marble, lapis lazuli, and precious stones. The city is wonderfully irregular in surface. The Ponte Carignano

is a bridge leaping across a densely-peopled valley, a hundred feet deep—some of the houses are nine stories high—while the still higher grounds are crowned with villas and gardens. From these an enchanting view is obtained of the far-shimmering surface of the blue Mediterranean, the majestic sweep of the coast-line, and the noble and fortress-crowned heights that girdle the city. As an illustration of Italian courtesy, I may mention that I made the casual acquaintance, in the public gardens, of M. Rossi, a leading merchant of the city, who showed me much attention, gave me valuable information, and invited me to share the hospitality of his own house.

The ride from Genoa to Pisa, about a hundred miles, is one of the most magnificent in Italy. The railway skirts the wild and romantic sea coast, with its bold and rocky promontories. In that short distance it traverses no less than eighty tunnels—an indication of the rugged character of the country. On one side stretches the deep blue surface of the Mediterranean, and on the other the vine-and-olive-clad slopes of the Appenines, dotted with villas, orange and lemon plantations, with clumps of cypress, palms, and stone pines.

Pisa presents probably the most wonderful group of buildings in the world—the Cathedral, Leaning Tower, Baptistery, and Campo Santo. The Cathedral is a vast structure, dating, except its restorations, from the eleventh century. Its alternate bands of black and white marble, with its magnificent façade of columned arcades, gives it a unique and striking appearance. The effect of the interior is of unusual solemnity and awe. From the vast and shadowy dome looks down, in act of benediction, a mosaic effigy of Christ, by Cimabue, in the austere Byzantine style, of date A.D. 1302. The gilded roof is supported by sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman monolithic marble or porphyry columns, captured by the Pisans in war. No two of these columns are quite alike in height or thickness; but a sort of symmetry is given by adding capitals and bases of different heights. The effect of the whole is far from unpleasing. In the nave hangs the large bronze lamp, whose swaying to and fro is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. I visited, in an obscure back street, the house in which the great astronomer was born.

The Baptistery is a circular marble building, a hundred feet

in diameter, surrounded by columned arcades, and surmounted by a lofty dome. The pulpit and large octagonal font are marvels of marble fretwork—like exquisite lace hardened into stone. That which, to me at least, gave its chief interest to the building, was its exquisite echo. My guide sang over and over again a series of notes, and the softened sounds fell back from the lofty dome, faint and far, yet clear and distinct, and with an unearthly sweetness, like elfin notes in fairy land.

More famous than any other building of the group is the Leaning Tower—a structure of remarkable beauty. It consists of eight stories of marble colonades, rising one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and leaning thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It causes a strange sensation of fancied insecurity to look down from the overhanging edge of the airy structure. Yet for five hundred years and more, this lovely "leaning miracle" has reared its form of beauty to the wondering gaze of successive generations.

The Campo Santo is a large quadrangle surrounded by spacious arcades, with gothic tracery of exquisite beauty. The sacred enclosure contains fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mount Calvary, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. The walls are covered with frescoes by Orcagna and other early Tuscan artists. Among the more striking of these are representations of the Triumph of Death and the Last Judgment. In the former a group of gay and gallant horsemen come suddenly upon three open coffins, from which even the horses shrink with shuddering horror. In the latter the crude and dreadful representations of the regions of eternal gloom, which Dante afterwards set forth in undying verse, are here portrayed with a repulsive vividness in fading fresco. The Italians seem fond of multiplying such morbid mementoes of death and of the under world. At the very door of the cathedral on that bright and sunny morning, I was confronted by a hideous figure, dressed in a long robe of black, with a black hood over his head, through the ghastly eye-holes of which his dark eyes looked out on the world without. With a hollow voice he asked alms for the burial of the dead—for to that sad office the brethren of the *Misericordia* devote their lives. A striking contrast to this dismal apparition was a brilliant procession of ecclesiastics in scarlet and purple and gold, proceeding from the church to the

Baptistery; but it was but another illustration of the manner in which Rome employs outward pomp and pageantry to impress the imagination of her devotees.

On the top of an omnibus in Paris I made the acquaintance of a young gentleman from New York State, who became my companion in travel during a month's wandering in Italy. We shared, accordingly, all the adventures herein described, till I crossed the Alps to Switzerland.

From Pisa to Rome, by way of the sea coast, is a journey of over two hundred miles. The route is a rather monotonous and uninteresting one, leading through the low and marshy Maremme—a region almost abandoned by its inhabitants during the summer, on account of the much dreaded malaria. Those who remain, by their hollow eyes and cadaverous features, bear witness to the insalubrity of the climate. Here I first saw the long-horned, mouse-coloured buffalo of the Roman marshes. The gaunt and hungry-looking Italian swine looked more like grey-hounds than like their obese and rounded congeners of a Canadian farm-yard. The lithe lizards gliding in the sun, the noisy cicada, sung by Sappho two thousand years ago, and the crimson poppies flaunting in the meadows, all give evidence of our Southern latitude. Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of Rome, is at length reached, and traversing a dreary tract of the Campagna, with the Alban and Sabine Mountains in the background, right and left, we arrive late at night at the city of Rome.

Rome at last! The goal of a thousand hopes—"the city of the soul"—"the Mecca of the mind."

> The Niobe of nations! there she stands
> Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
> An empty urn within her withered hands,
> Whose holy dust was scattered long ago. . . .
>
> The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
> Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
> She saw her glories star by star expire,
> And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
> Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
> Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

Nothing so struck me in my first drive through Rome—through the Forum to the Colosseum and the Palatine Hill—as the appal-

ling desolation of those once proud abodes of imperial splendour. The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half-buried chaos of broken arch and column. Here stood the rostrum where Tully fulmined against Cataline, and where, after death, his eloquent tongue was pierced through and through by the bodkin of a revengeful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statua," the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra*, through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

More utterly desolate than aught else were the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of Heaven on the guilty piles. All are now mere mounds of splendid desolation, amid whose broken arches I saw fair English girls sketching the crumbling corridors where ruled and revelled the lords of the world.

> Cyprus and ivy, wind and wallflower grown
> Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
> On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
> In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
> In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
> Deeming it midnight.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Ten thousand Jewish captives were employed in its construction, and at its inauguration five thousand wild beasts were slain in bloody conflicts with human antagonists. The dens in which the lions were confined, the gates through which the leopards leaped upon their victims may still be seen; and before us stretches the broad arena where even Rome's proud dames, unsexed and slain in gladitorial conflict, lay trampled in the sand.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered or but clear'd?

Beneath the walls of the Colosseum rises one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome—the Arch of Titus, erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. On the crumbling frieze is carved a relief of the triumphal procession bearing the spoils of the Temple, with the table of shew-bread, the seven-branched candlestick, and a group of captive Jews. To this day, it is said, the Jews of Rome refuse to pass beneath this monument of their national degradation. A drive through the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, reveals the squalour and degradation in which these long-suffering and bitterly persecuted people still dwell. I visited one of the synagogues, on which, instead of on their homes, they seem to lavish their wealth.

Nothing, perhaps, gives a more vivid conception of the boundless wealth and pomp and luxury of the Roman emperors than the vast public Baths of which the very ruins are stupendous. The most notable of these are the Baths of Caracalla, covering several acres of ground. They contained not only hot, cold, and tepid chambers, large enough to accommodate 1,600 bathers at once, but also vast *palestræ* or gymnasia, a racecourse, and the like. Solid towers of masonry crowned with trees and matted foliage rise high in air; vast chambers once cased with marbles or mosaic, with hypocausis for hot and caleducts in the walls for cold air, bear witness to the Sybaritic luxury of the later days of the empire.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas. The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

> Enter: the grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? it is not lessened, but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over *six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163* square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and varicoloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view from the summit of the dome of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs and instrumental orches-

tra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer. "Well," said my companion in travel, as we turned away, "this is the sublimest fraud in Christendom," an opinion in which I heartily concurred.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred of the emperor Charlemagne, a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

It was a very notable day in my experience that I drove out to the Abbey of the Three Fountains, the Catacombs, and the Appian Way. On the route I stopped to visit the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of many pilgrims from a foreign land, for whose return their loved ones wait in vain. Overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, I found the grave of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words "cor cordium"—only his heart is buried there. His body was burned in the Bay of Spezzia, where it was washed ashore. I plucked a rose from his grave, heaved a sigh to his memory, and turned away.

The church of St. Paul's without the walls is a restoration of an early Basilica built by Constantine. According to tradition, it covers the crypt in which the body of St. Paul was buried. It is now a vast and sumptuous structure, supported on eighty monolithic columns, and paved and walled with costliest marbles —in striking contrast to the lowliness of the humble tent-maker whose name it bears. Of still greater interest is the Church of the Three Fountains, on the alleged scene of the Apostle's martyrdom. According to the legend, the martyr's head made three leaps on the ground after his decapitation, and at each spot where it touched the earth a fountain gushed forth. These are now walled with marble, and covered by a stately church. A Trappist monk recounts the story, and offers the faithful water from the fountain, which is supposed to possess great spiritual

efficacy. My guide showed me the cells of the monks, bare, bleak apartments. The brotherhood long occupied the position as a sort of forlorn hope, so unhealthy was the site on account of the malaria; but its sanitary condition has been greatly improved by planting the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree. Some which I saw had attained a large growth and diffused an aromatic odour through the air.

A drive across the Campagna soon brings one to the church of St. Sebastian—the only entrance to the Catacombs which remained open during the middle ages. In an adjacent crypt is shown the very vault in which tradition affirms that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul lay for forty years, till stolen away. Unbolting a side door of the church, a serge-clad monk, giving us each a taper, led the way down a long steep stairway to the dark and gloomy corridors of the Catacombs. Through the winding labyrinth we advanced, our dim tapers shedding a feeble glimmer as we passed, upon the open graves that yawned wierdly on either side. Deep shadows crouched around, and the unfleshed skeletons lay upon their stony beds to which they had been consigned by loving hands in the early centuries so long ago. Much more interesting, however, on account of its greater extent and better preservation, is the adjacent Catacomb of Callixtus, of which I made a more thorough inspection. Here are large and lofty chambers, containing the tombs of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, and of several of the persecuted bishops of the early Church. The fading frescoes, pious inscriptions, and sacred symbols on the walls all bring vividly before us, as nothing else on earth can do, the faith and courage and moral nobleness of the primitive Church of the Catacombs. I found, as the result of careful examination, nothing to add, nothing to change of what I have elsewhere written at large upon this interesting theme.

Great was the contrast between the cold, damp crypts of the Catacombs and the hot glare of the Italian sunshine, as we rode along the Appian Way. But greater still was the contrast between the lowly tombs of the early Christians and the massy monuments of pagan pride that lined that street of tombs. Most striking of all is the stately mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella, wife of the triumvir Crassus.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:
What was this tower of strength? within its cave,
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.

I entered and explored several of these proud patrician tombs, but found naught but crumbling arch and column and shattered marble effigies of their former tenants. Over this lava pavement once thundered the legions that conquered the world, and by this very way St. Paul and his companions entered the great Imperial City. Now the gardens and villas which studded the Campagna are a desolation, and only ruins rise, like stranded wrecks, above the tomb-abounding plain. The most conspicuous and beneficent monuments of the power of ancient Rome are the vast aqueducts which bestride, with their long series of arches the undulating Campagna. Most of these are now broken and crumbling ruins, but some of them, restored in modern times, still supply the city with streams of the coolest and most limpid water from the far-off Albian hills. Here I may remark that no city I have seen has such an abundant supply of pure water as Rome. It leaps and flashes in the great fountains of the public squares, and ripples and gurgles in its mossy channels in almost every court-yard and quadrangle. In several of these I observed ancient sarcophagi, which once perhaps held the body of a prince, converted into a horse-trough.

A striking contrast to the pomp of the tombs on the Appian Way are the columbaria in which the ashes of the slaves are deposited. I visited several of these; a description of one will suffice. Steep steps lead down into a square vault, supported by a central pier which, like the walls, contains a number of niches. Each niche contains two or more cinerary urns, with covers. Removing several of these I found within the ashes and charred bones of the dependants of great Roman houses, whose bodies had undergone cremation. The brief epitaphs of the deceased were often inscribed above the niche. These structures take their names from their resemblance to a dove-cote—*columbaria*. A comparatively small one will afford space for six hundred urns.

One of the most ancient structures of Rome is the Mamertine prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other. The lower was originally accessible only through a hole in the ceiling. In this dismal dungeon Jugurtha, the British king Vercingetorix, and other conquered enemies of Rome perished. Here also tradition affirms St. Peter was imprisoned, in confirmation whereof is shown the fountain averred to have sprung up miraculously that the Apostle might baptize his jailers. It being the anniversary of the Saint, a constant stream of devotees passed through, to whom a priest in much-soiled vestments was giving drafts of water from the sacred fountain.

Of still greater sanctity are the so-called *Scala Santa* or Holy Stairs. These consist of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been those of Pilate's house, which were ascended by our Lord. They were brought from Jerusalem, so runs the legend, by the Empress Helena, A.D. 326. No one may ascend them except on his knees. It was while Luther was painfully toiling up their long incline, just like a bare-footed monk whom I saw repeating, with many prayers, the same act, devoutly kissing each step, that there flashed through his mind the emancipating message, "The just shall live by faith." "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus,*" says a marble legend,—"There is on earth no holier spot than this." I came upon another relic of Luther in the Augustinian monastery in which he resided during his sojourn in Rome. Here I witnessed a Roman funeral, rendered as ghastly as possible by the sable velvet pall embroidered with skulls and cross-bones and skeletons. A procession of bare-footed friars bore the body on a bier to the church, where, surrounded by burning tapers, it kept its solemn state while darkness filled the shadowy vault.

The subject of fine art in Rome is too large to treat, however cursorily, in these brief notes. As I lingered for hours in the corridors of the Vatican and Museum of the Capitol, entranced with the treasures rescued from the *debris* of the Old Roman World, and, wondered, in mute amazement how great was the glory of its mighty prime, I felt that ancient sculpture had never been equalled by the work of the modern chisel. The achievements of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, and other masters, however, almost rival in my humble judgment the finest works of antiquity. With painting it is otherwise. I cannot feel the

enthusiasm that many express concerning the great Italian masters. Even the celebrated "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, failed to impress me as other than a grand *tour de force,* whose chief object seemed to be the display of the master's skill in the foreshortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. These dimly-lighted pictures, blackened with the smoke of centuries are, however, an unfavourable exhibition of his powers. I liked much better the works of Raphael in the Stanze and Loggie, which bear his name; although my untutored taste cannot subscribe to the dictum which pronounces them "unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in existence." I have seen many pictures that impressed me more.

The Vatican itself, in which these much-prized art treasures are housed, is the most extensive and magnificent palace in the world. It is said to contain eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons, and private apartments, besides extensive courts and gardens. Here the Papal power is supreme. The successor of the humble fisherman of Galilee is attended by a guard of armed soldiers, accoutred in a singularly bizarre-looking uniform of yellow and red, like one of earths's proudest monarchs. Yet we read of "the prisoner of the Vatican," and Peter's pence are collected from the poor throughout Catholic Christendom for the maintenance of this unapostolic state.

No public resorts furnish so good an opportunity for the study of Roman life and character as the gardens of the Pincian Hill and those of the Villa Borghese. The former is on the site of the famed gardens of Lucullus, where the Empress Messalina afterward celebrated her orgies. It is now the fashionable evening drive of Rome, where the gay and pleasure-loving aristocracy pay and receive visits in their open carriages. The long arcades are adorned with busts and statues; a curious clypsydra or water-clock marks the hours, and a moving multitude of promenaders give life and variety to the scene. The sunset view from the terrace is magnificent—St. Peter's dome, the round castle of St. Angelo, and many a stately campanile are defined like a silhouette against the glowing western sky. A long range of the engirdling wall of the city, rising in places sixty or seventy feet, is also brought into view.

The gardens of the Villa Borghese are without the walls.

They have a strangely antique appearance. In the grounds is a ruined temple, its pillared portico half broken down, and the statue of an unworshipped goddess standing on her deserted shrine. Marble seats, fountains, and statues—chipped, moss-grown, and time-stained—are seen beneath the vistas of venerable trees. The stately villa itself, the property of one of the noblest families of Rome, contains a superb art gallery and museum. I saw several times the King and Queen of Italy driving through the gardens and streets without escort, and graciously returning the loyal greetings that they received from all ranks of the people.

I was somewhat surprised at the absence of the picturesque national costume. I saw, however, some very good examples in a family of artists' models, who took the evening air at an antique fountain near my hotel. The family consisted of a venerable-looking old peasant woman, her son, and two daughters. I found the young man, who spoke French very well, quite intelligent and communicative. They came, he said, from Tivoli, and made their living by sitting for their portraits in the picturesque costume of the country. The daughters had an air of modest refinement one would hardly expect in the peasant class. Their portraits would make admirable Madonnas of the type which so abounds in Italian religious art.

One other church in Rome I must mention on account of the unique and extraordinary character of its burial crypts. This is the church of the Capuchins. Its vaults are filled with sacred soil, from Jerusalem, in which the monks were buried. After several years' interment the skeletons were exhumed and arranged in architectural devices—columns, niches, and arches—a figure of Justice with her scales, a clock-face, and the like, all in human bones. In several of the niches stood the unfleshed skeletons, wearing the coarse serge gown and hood the living monk had worn, with his name, Brother Bartholomeo, or Brother Jiacomo, written on his skull—a ghastly mockery of life. In all, the remains of 6,000 monks are contained in these vaults. The Government has forbidden the continuance of this revolting custom.

At the church of St. Clement—the oldest in Rome—I met with the only instance I encountered in Italy of discourtesy from an ecclesiastic; they are, generally, exceedingly polite. The

monk in charge, I am sorry to say, was so much under the influence of wine that he was quite incapable of carrying the taper and exhibiting the relics—a task which he had to delegate to a boy. Beneath the upper church have recently been discovered, and in part excavated, two earlier churches—one reaching back to the third century. The frescoes and mosaics on the walls are many of them quite like those of the Catacombs, a proof of their early date. The various collections of sarcophagi, inscriptions, lamps, vases, and other objects from those repositories of the early Christian dead in the various museums, were studied with profound interest. I was fortunate in obtaining a few specimens of these antiquities, both Christian and pagan, as *souvenirs* of ancient Rome. Conditions of time and space forbid further account of the innumerable objects of antiquarian interest in the City of the Seven Hills, "that was eternal named." New Rome, under the vigorous administration of its constitutional government, is fast asserting its place and influence as the political centre of United Italy. But its chief and imperishable interest to the pilgrims from many lands who visit its storied scenes, consists of the memories of its mighty past, and while time endures these memories shall never lose their power.

"MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN"

After Thomas A'Kempis.

BY W. E. LITTLEWOOD, M.A.

Many crowd the Saviour's kingdom,
Few receive His cross;
Many seek His consolation,
Few can suffer loss—
For the dear sake of the Master,
Counting all but dross.

Many sit at Jesus' table,
Few will fast with Him;
When the passion-cup of sorrow
Trembles to the brim,
Few watch with Him in the garden
Who have sung the hymn.

Many will confess His wisdom,
Few embrace His shame;
Many, should He smile upon them,
Will His praise proclaim;
Then, if for awhile He leave them,
They desert His name.

But the souls who love Him truly,
Whether for woe or bliss,
These will count their truest heart-blood
Not their own, but His:
Saviour, Thou who thus hast loved me,
Give me love like this.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SANCTIFICATION.

BY E. O. HAVEN., LL.D.

MEN'S views of Christianity are largely modified by their experience. A Mohammedan, or a materialist, or any other non-believer in Christ as what he claimed to be, must be preternaturally acute and impartial to be able to describe even the history, and what may be called the external teachings, of Christ fairly. Observe the caricatures of Jesus given by such writers as Voltaire and Renan. Much more difficult—nay, plainly impossible—is it for such a man to describe the spirit, the thoughts, and hopes of Christ and his disciples.

This principle applies to many who attempt to describe the early Methodist doctrine of Christian Perfection.

According to some, this doctrine was from the beginning altogether a delusion. It was simply and purely fanaticism. There were many who took this position in the time of Wesley; but they were mostly outside of the Methodist societies.

Others suppose that those who profess to enjoy "perfect love" are honest, but really have no experience distinct from what is common to all genuine Christians. They may be faithful and zealous and peaceful, but so are all true disciples of Christ. They are not delivered from temptation; they are not universally preserved from lapses into sin; they betray many infirmities of temper; they are as sensitive to praise and censure or neglect as others; they are no more charitable, no more liberal, no more self-denying, and, indeed, excel only in the distinctness and abundance of their professions.

This objection, too, was frequent from the beginning, and a similar objection has also been urged against all who profess to have been regenerated by faith in Christ.

There are others who claim to be Methodists, and to accept even the teachings of Wesley and Fletcher, who still maintain that Christian perfection is simply the condition received at the time of conversion, maintained in its integrity and without loss. It is "justification *plus* the power" to keep what always accompanies justification. Still others urge that it is something higher

than "justification and what always accompanies it;" it is a pressing forward gradually into, or forever towards, a grandly higher condition; and this very pressing forward, or progress, may itself be called, in a modified sense, perfection.

But there have been from the very beginning of Methodism at least some who would not accept any of the above statements as descriptive either of their views or of their experience. Had there not been, controversy on this subject would have been unknown. Conceive of Wesley being compelled to turn aside from his daily toil to write a "Plain Account" of any doctrine expressed in the above statements, or in any of the diluted forms now presented to the public! Conceive of Fletcher, or Bramwell, or Carvosso razeeing down their professions so as to correspond with these theories! They would have been like Samson shorn of his locks, or like Moses before Pharoah, without his rod!

There was something in these early days of zealous life and work—there has been something ever since—characteristic of at least some of the most devoted Christians, that led them to speak in glowing terms of an experience obtained, which seemed to them independent of, and superior to, the grace received in justification, and which they felt it to be their duty to profess and to recommend. Now, were they deluded? If not, what was their experience? And what is the privilege of the children of God?

Men seldom obtain by prayer spiritual blessings in advance of what they distinctly apprehend and ask for. As a usual thing, condemned and penitent sinners seek principally for forgiveness and the withdrawal of condemnation. This, to the repenting and believing sinner, is granted. It is, undoubtedly, accompanied by regeneration, or by the strengthening of the higher energies of the soul, and the direct assistance of the Holy Spirit to resist temptations or inclinations to sin. Whether conversion is absolutely the same work in the sight of God, or not, in all instances, we shall not pause to endeavour to settle; it certainly does not appear to be absolutely the same work in all instances, as interpreted to the consciousness of the persons converted. It has its minimum effect, and often rises much higher. For the want of previous correct instruction some may be converted without distinctly knowing it. Some seek principally freedom from a

sense of condemnation, and receive that; some have quiet peace; some, overwhelming joy; some, extraordinary missionary zeal. "There are diversities of operations, but the same Spirit."

Now, we cannot settle questions of fact by theoretical reasoning; and if the Scriptures do not pronounce authoritatively upon a subject, it becomes us not to be dogmatic.

There may be individual instances in which the sinner, before obtaining forgiveness, has so clear and distinct views both of the need of pardon and regeneration, and a thorough revolution of his very nature—all, in fact, that it is the design of God to bestow upon man in this life, through Christ—that he seeks all that when he seeks first forgiveness. If so, we are not prepared to pronounce, from a theoretical standpoint alone, that such a person may not receive at once, and in justification, all that can properly be included in such terms as "entire sanctification" or "perfect love." But certainly the observation and experience of the Church do not pronounce this to be the general fact.

Christians usually, not long after a distinct consciousness of a surrender to Christ and the evidence of forgiveness, with the accompanying peace, and assurance, even, of salvation, amounting often to more than a lively hope—a decided conviction that they are saved—still feel a want of something more. Now, here comes in the demand of a quiet, unprejudiced interrogating of the consciousness; here, also, the propriety of consulting judicious Christians with reference to their own experience.

Mr. Wesley, who was an accurate logician and a clear-headed man, in many respects in advance of the current opinions of his time, just here consulted many Christians whom he, doubtless, selected for their apparent ingenuousness and blamelessness of life, and came to three conclusions, aided, we doubt not, by his own experience, which he afterwards so earnestly advocated in his sermons and writings on Christian perfection.

All error is undoubtedly dangerous, but probably too low views of what Christ is able and willing to accomplish for his disciples are more pernicious than too exalted views—if the latter are possible. It may be true that freedom from temptation is impossible in the present life, freedom from liability to transgression of the law of God, freedom from many errors, freedom from what God sees to be wrong while the actor at present does not see it. Whoever entertains such a conviction

will not with faith ask to be delivered from what he knows he must endure. No man ever, with faith, asked for what he thought God could not give him. If, then, a Christian entertains too low views of the possible; if he imagines that a certain amount of actual and known sin is inevitable, and that an assurance of being "sanctified wholly," and being filled with perfect love, is a delusion—and these opinions are not true—his very errors stand in the way his advancement. Even some heathen may be saved through Christ, without having heard of Christ, and without knowing why or how they are saved—nay, without knowing that they are saved till the Judge reveals it to them, in the Great Day; so Christians, from too low views of what Christ has prepared for them, may voluntarily doom themselves to loss, and never in this life reach their highest and best. We would not discriminate between errors, but it would seem to be safer to entertain too high than too low views of the power of Christ.

One thing is sure. Conversion does not change the constitution of a soul. It takes away no faculty; it creates no new one. It may arouse some that were formerly torpid; it may suppress some almost out of sight that were formerly conspicuous. It affects the outward character and actions of some more than others. It is compatible with an endless variety of temperament and occupation.

That, usually, conversion, embracing forgiveness and regeneration, is impressed upon the consciousness of the person at the time, or soon thereafter, is a doctrine of Methodists, though all acknowledge there may be individual exceptions.

That also many become conscious of a definite work wrought subsequent to conversion, whereby they obtain both a more perfect mastery over themselves, and vastly higher and deeper views of Christ and the Holy Spirit—greater delight in Christian work—has been affirmed by many hundreds and thousands. It is a precious testimony. It is a delightful faith. Let it be investigated with the spirit and the faith of a Wesley and a Fletcher, and it will continue to bear only good and abundant fruit.

EVOLUTION—WHAT IS IT?

BY H. A. M. HENDERSON, D.D., LL.D.

EVOLUTION is defined by Herbert Spencer as "consisting in a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the general to the special, from the simple to the complex; and this process is considered to be traceable in the formation of the worlds in space, in the multiplication of the types and species of plants and animals on the globe, in the origination and diversity of languages, literature, arts and sciences, and in all the changes of human institutions and society."

Evolution is also called "The theory of development."

The idea is that from some rudimental cell or vital principle by an "immense series of changes"—the development from a lower to a higher form—all vegetable and animal life have been progressively produced.

No one making the least pretension to an elementary knowledge of the earth, its fauna and flora, will pretend to deny that there has been a gradual progress in nature. The chosen method of God has been to perform His work by successive steps. No one will doubt that God, by a single creative fiat, could have called all being into existence. But the most literal reading of the first chapter of Genesis will admit that God took six days to do what He could have done in a second of time. If Omnipotence would thus patiently and progressively work, it certainly could and might work slowly and steadily through indefinite ages. Geology and philology certainly favour the geologic reading of the first chapter of Genesis.

Instead of this statement being skeptical, it is, if demonstrated, a mighty proof of the truth of the Scriptures. For unless Moses was inspired how could he have known, before any science was formulated, the facts which it has taken mankind nearly six thousand years to generalize? It is a most remarkable thing that the oldest book can be reconciled with the most recent discoveries in natural science. No other book can. That the Bible is exceptional, in this respect, furnishes a reasonable presumption that it is inspired.

While admitting *progress* it is not necessary to accept evolution. The steam engine was orginally a conception in the mind of Hiero, of Alexandria, and from his germ-thought through a progressive series of observations reached its present perfection. These successive steps constituted a *progress*, but in no sense, and at no stage of the development, were the result of evolution. The great engine of Corliss is not an evolution from the tea-kettle of Watt. Though vegetable life began with a seaweed and ended with an oak, though animal life began with a mollusk and ended with man, it is not necessary to say that seaweeds evolved into ferns, and these into gymno-sperms, and these finally into palms and angio-sperms; nor, that a mollusk expanded into fins, and fins into wings, and wings into arms, and that man is but a beast standing on his hind legs. We think *the fact* is better stated by Dana: "There were higher and lower species created through all the ages, but the successive populations were still, in their general range, of higher and higher grade." "With every new fauna and flora in the passing periods there was a fuller and higher exhibition of the kingdoms of life."

While Agassiz admitted that a wonderful correspondence prevails amongst animals and plants in "the orders of relative succession," he steadily opposed the theory of evolution by transmutation. He always

contended for the introduction of species by the direct, creative act of God. Says his biographer, "More than any other leader in modern science, Agassiz has insisted upon a theistic view of creation, as opposed to the idea of the self-evolution of uncreated nature." In an autographic letter to the author he indignantly denied any antagonism to the first chapter of Genesis, but thought it a remarkable and evidential fact that the order of creations therein detailed was in exact correspondence with the geologic programme. Mr. Darwin, perplexed with the fact he could not evade that certain types vary very little through long periods, was compelled to confess: "I believe in no law of *necessary development.*" If it be granted that development is not a *necessity*, then several processes are taken from the backbone of the evolution theory. These "persistent types" are stubborn things, as are the chasms or "missing links" in the chain of development. The Zenglochum and Pterodactyl had no progenitors, and left no progeny. If two of the greatest of extinct species appear and disappear in a single geologic period, having no ancestral prototype, and leaving no successor, why may not all species have been created and annihilated by the same intervention of a resistless Divine power? If a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, what are we to think of a chain with missing links? It is certain that the current of truth cannot run from man to the radiata—when the connection is thus broken by these "missing links."

There are several theories of evolution, essentially different from that of Mr. Darwin, who presents the most plausible one. Mr. Darwin's own statement of his theory is as follows: "The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of vertebrata at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes as lowly organized as the lancelet; and from these the ganoids, and other fishes like the lepidosiren, must have been developed. From such a fish a very small advance would carry us on to the amphibians. We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately connected together; and the Menotremata now, in a slight degree, connect mammals with reptiles. *But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely mammals, birds and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrata classes, namely, amphibians and fishes.* In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient menotremata to the ancient marsupials, and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the Lemuridæ; and the interval is not wide from these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter man—the wonder and glory of the universe—proceeded."

The reader is enjoined to observe the concession italicized in the foregoing creed of evolution, as formulated by Dr. Darwin himself. Thus we have the Darwinian genesis.

Wallace has shown "that in several important respects the advances from the *simian* to the *human* type of organization are such as cannot be accounted for by any possible fitness for success in the struggle for existence; namely, the superiority of the human larynx for voice and musical expression; of man's foot for progression in the erect posture, of his hand for delicate touch and varied prehension; the greatly increased size and capacity of his brain, and the entire absence of hairy covering from his back and shoulders." And Huxley has conceded that "between the mind of the highest anthropoid apes and that of man there is an *enormous* gap—a distance *practically infinite.*"

It seems to be an admitted fact that the introduction of new species

stopped with the advent of man. Says Dana: "It is not known that any new species of plants or animals have appeared on the earth since the creation of man." There is no *positive* evidence of evolution by natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Evolution is an hypothesis. No eye ever witnessed an evolution. We find an oyster, to-day, always producing an oyster, and so with every species of life, from the zoophyte up. Why should evolution have stopped? The rudimental cell of every form of vegetable or animal life always produces after its kind. Why should evolution end with man? He has appetencies, but they do not produce other organs or senses; he has desires, but they do not work out higher forms of being. If Huxley could show us a protoplasm, or Darwin an evolution, they might rationally appeal to our belief; but until they can, their hypothesis must remain a conjecture of vain philosophy, which appeals merely to our credulity. While no man ever saw one animal species pass into another by progression or evolution, we see hybrids produced by cross-breeding and plants change character by grafting and budding. But this is under the intelligent direction of man, and in the case of hybrids procreation ends—the mule and the hinny for instance.

Go to South America, and what progress are those vast communities of monkeys making? Why are not monkeys now evolving into men? Though we see some men devolving into monkeys, we never see the ape rising to manhood. There is devolution but no evolution.

Evolution strikes dead at one fell blow the spirituality of man. No one can be silly enough to contend that matter—no difference how long protracted the eras of transmutation, or how refined the processes—can result in conferring the endowment of immortality. As Liefchild suggests, "The assertion that 'No-will has evolved will,' is absurd as *Ex nihilo aliquid.*" If man originated an insensate atom, and this inflated into a zoophyte, and the ascidia developed into ganoids, and these into winged vertebrata, and these wings became arms and hands, and these prehensile claws became limbs and feet, at what stage of the process did *matter spiritualize*, and who can assert as the final postulate of such a theory the immortality of man? Human brotherhood—on what does it rest—origin in an oyster, or in a fraternity of souls whose Father is God? Evolution makes us but the last product of a cunning mechanism in Nature. Strange that the machine in its highest state of development is not able to produce anything higher—while the appetencies of an oyster could produce a fish, and those of an ape a man! And man cannot produce a polyp?

No marvel that Wallace was compelled to write: "The inference I would draw from this class of phenomena (that differentiating man from a monkey) is, that *a superior intelligence has guided the development of man in a different direction* and for a special purpose."

Dr. Darwin, struggling for the theoretical harmony, traces back conscience "to a germinal appearance in the higher animals, originated by conflicts between permanent social instincts and propensities and more transitory individual instincts and propensities."

Now what "social instincts" have monkeys? All will admit the "enormous gap" between the monkey and man. Will Dr. Darwin's theory bridge this gap? Who thinks so?

Now, if it be admitted that man was the consummation toward which all the changes in organic life worked—and his soul, at last, is a traduction from God—then, the theory of evolution might be accepted as a hypothesis, and revealed religion suffer no shock. Such a view would hold on to the idea of design and of an evolver intelligently conducting the development of life. If this was God's elected plan—to begin with a germ and through countless ages to develop His work—it does not mitigate any ideas we may cherish of His

power. His infinite wisdom and power is made more apparent by His present procreative plan than they would be if every man were the direct product of His creative omnipotence. All who have read Paley's Natural Theology will remember his admirable illustration of contrivance by a watch found upon the ground. After various applications of the illustion to the purposes of his argument, he says: "Suppose that in addition to all the other properties which he had hitherto observed in it, it possessed the unexpected property of producing in the course of its movement another watch like itself, that it contained within it a mechanism—evidently and separately calculated for this purpose—the effect would be to increase his admiration of the contrivance, and of the skill of the contriver, and that though the watch before him were in *some sense* the maker of the watch which was fabricated in the course of its movements, yet it was in a very different sense from that in which a carpenter is the maker of a chair," etc "Nor is anything gained by running the difficulty farther back, that is, by supposing the watch before us to have been produced from another watch, that from a former, so on indefinitely."

And we may add, suppose that a very simple tool produced a wheel, and this wheel so revolved as to work out and combine with its own action other wheels, and these so worked out as to produce other and higher combinations, until the final result was a chronometer that accurately kept the time, and possibly the day of the month and week and year—being a calendar as well as hour and minute indicator—our admiring apprehension of the wisdom of him who originally put in operation this progressive mechanical principle would be intensified rather than diminished." "There is no difference as to the point in question, between a series which is finite and a series which is infinite." "A chain composed of an infinite number of links can no more support itself, than a chain composed of a finite number of links."

Dr. Carpenter says: "The perpetual occurrence of obvious design in nature is most suggestive of the intentions of a loving father. The notion of the constancy and invariability of the Creator's plan, amid a variety of methods, by referring all those provisions for man's benefit which He has placed before him, either in possession or prospect, to the period when the present system of things had a beginning—simply antedates the exercise of His discerning love, and so far from our idea of its nature losing any of its force on this account, it ought to be strengthened and enlarged, in precisely the same ratio as our ideas of His power and wisdom are extended by the elevation of the point from which we view His operations."

Now, according to the literal history of the origin of man God first made him a physical being, and from the *dust* of the earth. He then performed the second act—he breathed upon him and man became a living soul. No matter whether one minute of time intervened these two man-making acts or a million of years—the fact that remains that man was first a mere animal and was made a moral and immortal being by the breath of the Almighty. If it was God's plan to originate man in a monad and when he was developed and made immortal to rest from His labours, then we can conceive of a sense in which we may admit evolution and do no violence to revelation. To show that that there is no necessary conflict between the ideas of creation and evolution was the effort of the Duke of Argyle (Mivart) whose theory has, not inaptly, been designated "creative evolution." Hartshorn states the controversy as follows: "Whether a right interpretation of the facts should lead us to conclude that creative power was exerted only at the beginning, all afterward being only the manifold progressive results of natural laws, acting without traceable design; or that, instead, the immanence of Divine Power is everywhere shown by nature in forms and processes specially exhibiting design."

While the writer holds, with

Agassiz, as to the origin of all species by direct creative energy, he is able to conceive of a hypothesis which, while admitting evolution, in no wise compromises faith in the Mosaic account of the introduction of man. As a new reading harmonizes the Mosaic cosmogony with the geologic so a new reading may harmonize the Bible account of the origin of man, at least, with the creative evolution theory of Mivart. It is *possible* that the Psalmist had reference to this when he said : "My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substances, yet being unperfect ; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, *when as yet there was none of them.*" We do not well, at any rate, when we cry "Atheist ! Infidel !" at the Scientist. Let us examine his facts, and should we find his generalization logical, instead of throwing away our Bibles seek for that interpretation of the sacred text which will make truth in Nature and truth in the Bible like the twin pictures of the stereoscope—one beautiful view, blending on the eye of faith and the eye of reason ; or like the binary stars, shining in entrancing vision and mingled splendour upon the reverent beholder. We would do well to heed the words of Dr. Carpenter :

"The theologian should accept as a fellow-worker with himself every truth-seeker who uses the understanding given him by the breath of the Almighty in tracing out the Divine order of the Universe ; and admit into Christian communion every one who desires to be accounted a disciple of Christ and humbly endeavours to follow in the steps of his Divine Master"

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

Of the sixteen hundred ministers in the active work in Great Britain, about six hundred have to change their stations every year. In a great many of these cases correspondence has been carried on between the ministers and the stewards, and a mutual understanding has been come to which the Conference seldom disturbs

The whole number of members is given at three hundred and eighty thousand eight hundred and seventy-six. Only in nine districts has there been an increase of members, while in twenty-five there has been a decrease. The number reported on trial is twenty-three thousand, nine hundred and sixty-six The net decrease exceeds three thousand. Notwithstanding the decrease of membership, it is claimed that the Connexion is in excellent condition, and through the medium of the Thanksgiving Fund has shown a remarkable degree of vitality. The total amount now promised on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund is eight hundred thousand dollars. The decrease in the membership is supposed to be largely owing to the depression in business, and the consequent emigration of large numbers to other countries.

Thirty ministers died during the year. There were seven applications of ministers from other churches for admittance into the Conference, all of which were declined except three from Ireland. The number of candidates for the ministry was much greater than was needed. More

than fifty had been on the President's list of reserve since 1878, and the number would not be diminished this year, consequently only few new candidates were received.

The Book-Room reported a successful year. More than a quarter million of hymn-books and many thousands of tune-books had been issued. Three and a half millions of tracts had been issued during the year. One new tract had been published every week. The profits of the Book-Room were thus divided: —Three thousand pounds to the Annuitant Society, five hundred pounds to the Home Mission Fund, the same amount to the Auxiliary Fund, and three hundred pounds to Ireland. As a token of esteem to Rev. John Rattenbury, who has raised in a few years the magnificent sum of one hundred thousand pounds for the Auxiliary Fund for superannuated ministers, the ministers have subscribed nine hundred pounds for an additional annuity on his behalf.

Revs. W. Arthur, M.A., and F. A. Macdonald were appointed representatives to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The conversation on the work of God both in the Ministerial and Mixed Conference was of the most spiritual character. The laymen equally with the ministers spoke earnestly in favour of the peculiar institutions of Methodism, especially the love-feast and class-meeting. A great deal was said on the importance of personal holiness and the need of increased pastoral visitation. Such conversations cannot fail to produce a salutary effect.

The District Sustentation Fund has been in operation about five years. Its object is to make grants to circuits until every circuit pays its married minister a minimum salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars. The number of circuits that are not able to do this has been reduced more than one hundred per cent.

Our fathers in England, with few exceptions, call their churches by the name of chapels. In twenty-five years, more than five thousand erections costing more than twenty millions of dollars have been built. Sanction has been given for the erection of fifty-one chapels where no Wesleyan place of worship had been in existence before, and sixty-three are to supersede previous churches. During the past year, three hundred and fifteen erections were completed at a cost of nearly two millions of dollars; contributions for the new erections and enlargements were made amounting to one million and a half of dollars.

Forty years ago there were only seven circuits in London, now there are thirty-six. Previous to 1861 there did not exist in that city accommodation for forty thousand persons, but the places of worship belonging to the Wesleyan body can now accommodate one hundred thousand people. Nine more churches will be erected during the present year. It is stipulated, that the churches erected by aid from the Metropolitan Fund must contain sittings for one thousand persons.

The number of Wesleyan Sunday-schools reported is six thousand two hundred and fifty-five, being an increase of eighty-six. Scholars, seven hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven; one hundred and fifty-six thousand six hundred and five are over fifteen years of age. More than sixty thousand of the scholars are members of the Church. One hundred and thirty-six thousand children are members of Bands of Hope. So much is the Conference alive to the wide-spreading evils of intemperance that it was resolved, that on a given Sunday, special reference should be given to the subject in all the places of worship.

The success which has attended the Children's Home must be very gratifying to the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., the Principal, inasmuch as there are now four main branches in which nine hundred and six children have been received, about one-half of whom have gone forth into the world, and the majority of them have done well. A new orphanage is about

to be established at Birmingham, mainly through the princely generosity of one gentleman, who has agreed to give nine thousand pounds to the object. The new institution will be known as "The Princess Alice Orphanage for the Children of Christian Parents, founded by the Wesleyan Conference in connection with the Thanksgiving Fund of 1879."

For some time past the Wesleyan Missionary Society has been spending at the rate of one thousand pounds per month more than the receipts. It is impossible to go on much longer at such a rate, and therefore a course of retrenchment has been agreed upon, to the extent of ten per cent. in some portions of the field, and of five per cent. in others. It is hoped that such retrenchment will not long be necessary. As soon as the funds will allow, the Committee have resolved to extend their operations in Africa and India, and a new mission in Japan is contemplated.

A young man who has become acquainted with the Persian language has offered himself for mission work among the Mohammedans, and is to be sent to Fyzsabad, India, and ultimately to Persia.

The third report of the Liverpool Mission, of which the Rev. Charles Garrett is Superintendent, was very cordially received by the Conference. Two ministers and six laymen have been engaged during the year, and all kinds of Home Mission work had been attempted. More than fifteen thousand visits had been paid; two thousand of which were to the abodes of sickness; thirty-seven thousand tracts had been distributed; six hundred and forty-two cottage meetings had been held; one hundred and sixty-three open-air services had been conducted; six Bible-classes are held weekly, with two hundred and fifty-five members; three hundred and five are meeting in the Missionary Society classes. The income, which exceeds six thousand dollars, has met the expenditure, so that no debt was reported.

Bible Christian Conference.

The sixty-first annual Conference assembled in Truro. Sixty ministers and forty lay representatives were present. Five young men were ordained. The membership amounts to thirty thousand six hundred and eighty-eight, being a decrease of five hundred and twenty-three. The decrease is chiefly in Cornwall, the main cause of which is emigration. The profits of the Book Room amount to five hundred and eight pounds. The College at Shebbear has been enlarged at a cost of four thousand pounds. The number of students has increased to one hundred and fifty. The missionary income is reported one thousand five hundred dollars in advance.

United Methodist Free Church Assembly.

The twenty-third annual Assembly was held at Sunderland. The number of representatives was 215, of whom 85 were laymen. Fourteen young men completed their probation, and were ordained to the full work of the ministry. An effort was made to elect a layman to the office of President, but the majority of votes was in favour of the Rev. T. W. Townend, who, accordingly, took the chair. The statistical report was not so favourable as some of previous years, inasmuch as there was a decrease of members amounting to four hundred and five.

Revs. J. C. Watts and W. Cooke, D.D., were received as fraternal delegates from the Methodist New Connexion, and Revs. W. Antliff, D.D., and W. Graham from the Primitive Methodist Conference. The deputations addressed the Assembly, and responses were delivered by members of the Assembly, on the call of the President. These fraternal visitations are hailed as a good omen, and hopes are entertained that, eventually, they may lead to an amalgamation of some of the smaller sections of Methodism.

The denomination sustains a Theological College at Manchester, and a school at Harrogate, for the

education of ministers' sons and the sons of laymen.

The profits of the Book-Room amounted to one thousand pounds. The Mission Treasurer reported a decrease of more than a thousand pounds in the receipts. Rev. J. Wakefield who has been a missionary in East Africa, was present, and gave interesting details respecting his mission among the Gallas, of which tribe there are eight millions. He stated that he had become more familiar with the African languages than he was with his native tongue, and hence he could speak more easily in the former. In prosecuting his mission he had been exposed to great perils; as, for instance, on one occasion a number of Gallas took a vow that they would kill him, and on another he was poisoned by a treacherous Mohammedan. On his going to Africa, the Gallas country was sealed against all strangers. So dangerous was it to enter the territory that even traders dare not attempt to go in. The Arabs prejudiced the people against him, saying, "If you allow the white man to come into your country, your grass will wither and die, and your cows will cease to give milk." Mr. Wakefield considered the Gallas to be a fine race of people, and believed that now was the time to propagate Christianity among them, inasmuch as the Mohammedans are making vigorous efforts against missionaries.

PRIMITIVE WESLEYANS, IRELAND.

A small minority objected to the union which was effected with the Wesleyan body. Their sympathies carry them in the direction of the Irish Church. They have now designated themselves the Primitive Church Methodist Missionary Society. The society has been adopted by the Bishop of Kilmore, who has been appointed President. Its agents will be called lay missionaries, in connection with the Episcopal Church. Eight missionaries are now employed to itinerate among their countrymen.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Preparations are now being made for holding the meetings on behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund. It is to be hoped that the expectations of the Committee will be realized, and seeing that the country has been favoured with a most bountiful harvest, surely the people will not forget to acknowledge the hand from which they have been supplied. The debt resting on the Missionary Society renders it impossible for any further extension to be made while such an incubus crushes it. The people are flocking to Manitoba and the North-west by thousands, so that the heralds of the cross should be increased in that prairie province. For some years past the superannuated ministers and widows in the western Conferences have not received their full allowance, so that justice demands that there should be an increase of contributions made on their behalf. The ministers in the various Conferences have set a noble example, and from the extreme East—Newfoundland—news has reached the Mission Rooms that, at one meeting held at St. John's, which was addressed by Rev. Dr. Douglas and others, the sum of sixteen hundred dollars was contributed. Horning's Mills Circuit, which only recently became self-sustaining, and having little more than 300 members, and two married ministers to sustain, has already raised more than $400, so that should all the circuits contribute in a similar manner, the amount required will be forthcoming.

The scheme of raising District scholarships on behalf of Victoria University, bids fair for being a success. At the time of writing these notes, the result of all the District meetings has not come to hand, but some districts have gone beyond the minimum amount required. The scheme, when completed, will give the Connexional seat of learning better facilities for the spread of higher education than it has hitherto possessed.

The camp-meeting season has

been greatly enjoyed by many of our people. A few of them were real old-fashioned "feasts of tabernacles." Some of our Indian missions have been favoured with these peculiar services. Grimsby and Thousand Island Park have been visited by such as could spare the time and means to enable them to enjoy a few days sojourn in those healthy retreats. Complaints are freely made that those summer resorts tend greatly to promote Sabbath desecration, but, we are glad to learn, that Chautauqua, Cazenovia, Round Lake, Ocean Grove, and the above mentioned places, closed their gates against Sabbath excursionists. Camp-meetings cannot be pronounced a universal good where they lead to Sabbath desecration.

The *Wesleyan* informs us that the Methodist Sunday-school at Charlottetown has undertaken the support of a native teacher in Japan. How many more schools in the Dominion will go and do likewise?

The Death Roll.

Among the honoured dead are now to be found Rev. T. B. Sargent, D.D., who died at his residence in Baltimore, United States. He was a well-known Methodist minister, and might be pronounced a cyclopedia on Methodist hymnology. Though a native of America, he was a true friend of England, which he visited many years ago in company with the late Bishop Soule, as the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Wesleyan Conference. He loved Canada, and visited both the General Conferences of the Methodist Church. Few men could quote Scripture more aptly.

Rev. W. F. Schneider, agent of the Publishing House of the Evangelical Association, went the way of all the earth on the 22nd of August. He was only sick about two weeks. The denomination suffered great loss in the death of Mr. S., who was a man of mark among his brethren.

The London Missionary Society has sustained a severe bereavement in the sudden death of Dr. Mullens, who was for many years Foreign Secretary of the Society. Few men at the present day were better acquainted with the missionary subject than Dr. Mullens, who was a missionary in India. Then, as an official of the Society in whose service he died, he had travelled extensively in various parts of the mission field, and at the time of his death he was endeavouring to establish a mission on Lake Tongary, in East Africa. Thus he died at his post. Such deaths as we now record are profound mysteries; but what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

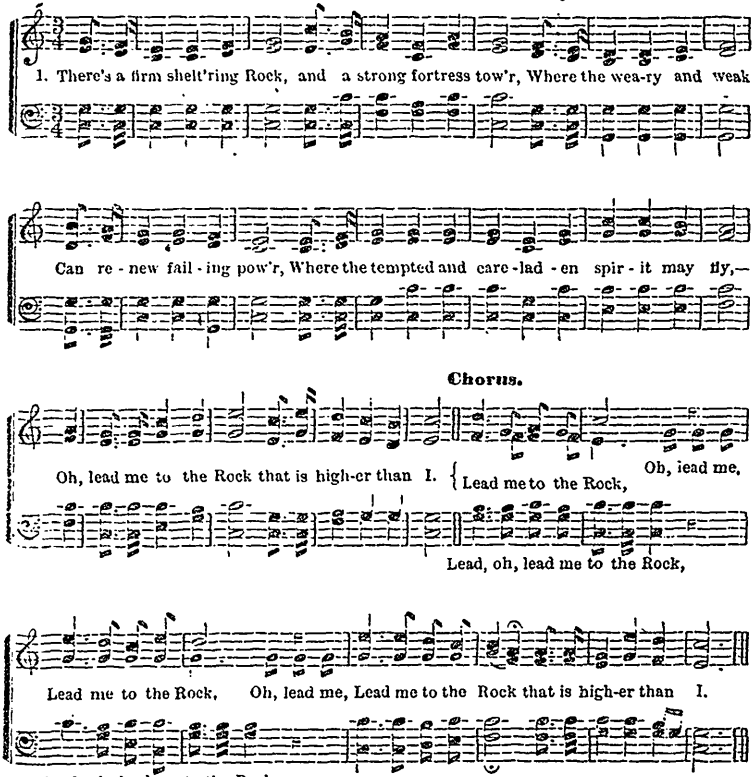
Note to Article on John Knox.—Three weeks ago I stood in the room in which John Knox died. I sat in his time-worn chair—at his desk in the study where he wrote his History of the Scottish Reformation. I stood at the window from which he preached to the multitude thronging the High Street, and through which passed the bullet of the would-be assassin who sought his life. I visited the old church of St. Giles, and saw in the Museum Knox's pulpit, which, in his impassioned eloquence, he "was lyk to ding in blads and flee out of it." In the palace of Holyrood I stood in the chamber, not far from that still crimsoned with the blood of murdered Rizzio, in which Knox braved the anger of the vindictive Queen and wrung unwilling tears from her eyes. In the stone pavement of the street, near St. Giles, is a brass plate, with the inscription, "J. K., 1572." This is all the memorial of Knox's grave, and even it is only placed by conjecture, near the spot where he was buried. The old church-yard is now a part of the busy street, and the roar of traffic thunders over the bones of one of Scotland's truest heroes and best friends.

W. H. W.

Errata.—During the Editor's absence, the following *errata* escaped correction:—On page 126, line 1, for 1860 read 1680; on page 170, line 3 from the bottom, read "tone of refinement;" page 171, line 7 from the bottom, read "to the reign of good Queen Anne and further. I had," etc, page 226, line 6 from bottom, for "mampulation" read "manifestation;" page 261, line 13 from the bottom, for "soul" read "sont."

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



2 'Tis a refuge and rest through the conflicts of life,
'Tis a balm to the soul, when dismayed in the strife;
'Tis a spring of salvation, a stream never dry,
A never-failing Rock that is higher than I.

3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliverer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that annoy;
When the fierce sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away
Like the soft fading light at the closing of day,
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.