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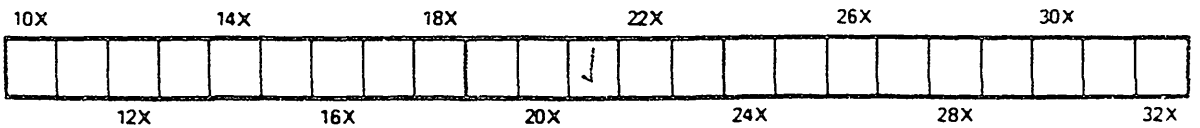

THE REV. JAMES ELLIOTT,

President of the Montreal Conference.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1875.

THE REV. JAMES ELLIOTT

President of the Montreal Annual Conference.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

As far as a picture can go, the accompanying engraving is a very fair representation of our subject; his friends would recognize Mr. Elliott, if they met with the print at the antipodes. It presents the likeness of one who is every inch a man—physically, as he is mentally and morally,—a massive, well-proportioned man, though strongly marked as to features, substantial, dark-complexioned, robust, and one who, to use his own words, "does not know what it is to be tired;" in stature, about five feet ten inches, and of corresponding weight; age, fifty-six. His profile answers the conditions of Grecian statuary, it being about equal lengths from the hair of his head to the brows, and from the brows to the end of his nose, and from the nose to his chin, which is dimpled. The twinkling smile in his eyes and upon the upper part of his face shows that he is not ill-natured and that he possesses a vein of quiet humour, while those full, yet strongly compressed lips indicate that no one need expect him to yield to what involves principle or trenches upon his dignity.

Mr. Elliott is a native of Ireland, born in Drogheda, whence he came to Canada with his father and the rest of the family and

settled in Packingham, in 1832. He was converted at the early age of twelve years, under the soul-saving ministry of the Rev. Fossey Tackaberry. He owed much to godly parentage, his father, especially, being a strong-minded, exemplary man, who exerted a good religious influence among his neighbours, living to a patriarchal age, and being revered as a patriarch. He owes everything to the impulse which religion gave to his robust mind, and to his own force of character and studious diligence under the blessing of Almighty God. He gave indication of gifts for usefulness at an early age, despite a modesty amounting to bashfulness; but he was thrust into the itinerant work sorely against his own convictions of fitness. No sooner, however, did he enter on a circuit, than he gave unbounded satisfaction as a preacher; his good voice, sterling worth, thorough acquaintance with the Bible and Wesleyan theology, and a fruitful, inventive mind, gave his sermons a charm for richness, depth, variety and freshness, which made them very agreeable and profitable to hear.

His first year, 1841-42, was spent on the old Richmond Circuit, in Canada East, as a Chairman's Supply, where he remained the next year. The next seven years were occupied in such good rural circuits as L'Orignal, Matilda, Hull, or Aylmer, and Kemptville. Then came his first station, Prescott; after which he was appointed to Brockville. Up to this point, so great was his modesty, that his powers and capabilities were unknown beyond his own district. Hamilton, just then, needed a strong man as Superintendent, and Mr. Elliott was removed from Brockville, where he had only been one year, against the earnest remonstrance of the people, to that city. Though acutely tried while there by the loss of the wife of his youth, and his daughter, it was the beginning of an uninterrupted onward and upward progress, continued to the present hour. At the close of his three years in Hamilton he was elected Secretary of Conference, removed to the old city of Quebec, and appointed to the Chairmanship of that District, which office he has filled on various districts from that day to this. In 1866 he was nominated by ballot as President of the Canada Conference, and appointed by the British Conference, and took the presidential chair at the Conference in Hamilton the next year, the duties of which he

discharged with remarkable efficiency. Few who heard them will ever forget his manly, straightforward counsels to the ordination class of that year. Since his appointment to Hamilton, in 1854, he has alternated between that city and the following places: Quebec, Toronto, Montreal, London, and Kingston.

Our subject has never, that we are aware, made much use of his pen; he has never tried his hand at lecturing; and obtains no notoriety by experiments in legislation; he owes his standing to the safety of his judgment, the weight of his character, and his efficiency as a preacher. He is not a declaimer nor critically expository, but his preaching is original, sage and satisfying. He is a wise and weighty presiding officer, and faithful in carrying out whatever the majority have determined on, although he himself may have been in the minority when it passed, which he sometimes is when radical changes are concerned, so cautiously conservative is Mr. Elliott.

Our subject is entirely devoid of *finesse*, and never condescends to any device for eliciting popular favour. If there are any circuits that desire smooth things to be prophesied to them, they are not likely to ask for the Rev. James Elliott; but if any circuit should get into complications and require a strong, steady hand to hold the reins, there are a great many chances that our friend may be asked for. He may not be a universal favourite, but he is greatly beloved and respected by those who know him best.

He is still a man of great physical force and vigour, and is likely to serve the Church for a great many years to come; but as he is very retiring, and his greatest excellences are not of the *prima facie* kind, he will, in our new order of things, be quite as likely to remain within the bounds where he has been known for years as to pass over to the newly-acquired territories where he is not known so well. But old, or new, Mr. Elliott is not likely to tarnish his spotless reputation. Our subject has been so quiet and unobtrusive, and his life so slightly eventful, that there are no materials for lengthening this summary. We release him from a notoriety from which, we know, he constitutionally shrinks.

RIGHT WORDS.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

"*How forcible are right words!*"—JOB.

"La science des noms ! nous n'en avons que l'art, et même nous en avons peu l'art, parce que nous n'en avons pas assez la science. Quand on entend parfaitement un mot, il devient comme transparent ; on en voit la couleur, la forme ; on sent son poids ; on apercoit sa dimension, et on sait le placer. Il faut souvent, pour en bien connaitre le sens, la force, la propriété, avoir appris son histoire. La science des mots enseignerait tout l'art du style."—*Joubert.*

IN the dark days when the iron of the old Roman empire was most of it turned to clay, an unfortunate nightingale once formed a fraction, as unsatisfactory as it was minute, of the banquet of an imperial glutton, who pronounced it in disgust, "a voice and nothing else"—*vox et præterea nihil.* The cry of this disappointed materialist finds an echo at the present day in regard to human oratory. The verses of the poet, the well-chosen words of the orator, the sanctified eloquence of the preacher are each and all of them too often treated as if they were very agreeable to listen to—like the "lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument"—but only words after all, a sound, "a voice and nothing else." Of still less esteem are the words of many a carelessly read book, and the daily flow of those which are uttered in the ordinary intercourse of life. They are regarded as "airy nothings," and proverbially set in opposition to deeds, or worse still, as empty sounds used, in conformity with the old French sarcasm, for the purpose of disguising one's thoughts.

It is the purpose of these present words, which aim to be *right,* and therefore convincing, to show that the articulate voices of the world are not without signification, that there is power behind, or rather *in* all of them when rightly used ; and that it is only the abuse or misapplication of words that renders them vain and unmeaning.

Words may be defined as symbols of thought—adumbrations, more or less complete of the mental conceptions of the orator or

writer, and only in proportion to the fidelity and exactness with which they convey those conceptions do they fulfil their purpose. They have therefore a two-fold nature: a thought-soul and a vocally symbolic body. Without the animating thought a word is a dead carcase, a useless and unprofitable encumbrance; while the thought without the vocal or written sign which we call a word is an intangible and incomprehensible thing. It requires some kind of clothing or incorporation to make it visible and apprehensible, and thus capable of transmission from one mind to another.

This duplicate character of words was recognized by the wisdom-seeking Greeks of the olden time, and embodied by them in their grandly comprehensive word λόγος (*logos*), which, as Professor Blackie aptly observes, was "peculiarly the watchword of the Hellenic race." From this word (which in its inner fold represents *reason*,—pure, unexpressed and therefore *uncurrent;* and in its outward aspect, a word, oration, discourse, i. e. *reason current,* or in action,) we derive our word *logic,* the appropriate designation of the science which teaches the laws of thought by "an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning," and aims at harmonizing thought with the truth of all existences in all their multifarious forms and relationships. It is this connection between words and reason which gives to human language its peculiar and inestimable value. It constitutes the one great barrier between the human race and the mere animal creation, which, as Professor Max Muller has well pointed out, "no one has yet ventured to touch." Between the speaking and logical (λογικον) and the speechless and unreasoning animal (ἄλογον ζωον) there is an immense gulf fixed. "Man speaks," to use again the forcible words and unimpeachable authority of Max Muller," and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is our Rubicon, and no brute will ever dare to cross it. . . . Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts."

It is not, however, on the science of language in general, nor yet the general structure of our own mother-tongue, but upon the

study of individual words that we now desire to fasten the attention of the reader. It is a work of primary importance to all who wish to speak with accuracy, but especially to those whose mission, business or desire it is to persuade men either with golden mouth or golden pen. Most happily for the student, the subject is as interesting as it is important, as will readily be admitted by every intelligent reader of Archbishop Trench's "Study of Words" and "The English Language, Past and Present," Dean Hoare's "English Roots" and other kindred works that might be named. Indeed there are few books more interesting and instructive as a companion for a leisure hour than a good dictionary—one which gives the history and traces the ramifications of the meanings of the leading words of the language, and thus reveals their life and power. Of such a revelation Trench has well observed that "for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, are the vesture, yea even the body which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquiring another sense, or like the introduction into a new world."

"Living powers." Yes! that is a true description of words given by one of their great masters—S. T. Coleridge, who on that very ground urged the study of their derivation and history. But their vital force depends mainly on their being used by those who know their value, and by virtue of intimate acquaintance, can choose and marshal them with skill, always putting the right word in the right place. It is then that we see and feel "how forcible are right words."

But how is the right word to be known? What is the true test of verbal rectitude? An attentive regard of the leading idea involved in the word *right* will supply the answer to these queries. In the passage just quoted from the book of Job, a more literal rendering of the original would give "words of straightness" in the place of "right words," the verbal root signifying to be straight, as we find exemplified in the prophetic command to "make straight in the desert a highway for our God" (Isa. xl. 3). The primary idea of our English word right exactly corresponds with this. To be right is to be straight, even. The common phrase,

"keep yourself straight," indicates this. It is also finely illustrated by the mathematical use of the word. A right line is a straight line—the most direct course from one point to another. It matters not whether the direction be perpendicular or horizontal, so that the course be one of undeviating straightness. It is the perfect evenness of the line, its freedom from the slightest bend, wriggle, or curvature of any kind, that constitutes its righteousness or (recurring to the more expressive archaic form) right-wise-ness. It is noteworthy that the true perpendicular line whence we obtain the derivative *up-right*, necessarily coincides at right angles with an equally true horizontal line, a truth beautifully emblematical of justice. It is also suggestive of the moral principle that one duty never interferes with another. The man who steadfastly pursues the upright line of heavenly aspiration, of duty to God, will also pursue with equal inflexibility the horizontal line of duty to his fellow-men. Uprightness necessitates giving to every one his own, to all that which is just and equal. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." The

> "Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,"

is not the less mindful of her "nest upon the dewy ground" because she daily mounts upwards

> "To the last point of vision and beyond.
> . . . . .
> Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of heaven and home!"

The same idea of rectitude is conveyed by the manifest connection of this word right with the Latin *rectus*, past participle of the verb *rego*, to keep or lead straight, to rule. We may also note, in passing, that the French equivalent *droit* is said to be derived from *directus*, past participle of *dirigo*, to set straight, arrange; an offshoot or derivative from *rego*.

On the other hand, those words which do not correspond or run parallel with the thoughts of the speaker, but twist and strain them, are *wrong* words. For observe here, (in further illustration of the verbal studies we are recommending) that wrong is simply the equivalent, and in fact an old form, of wrung,

past participle of the verb to wring, derived from its Anglo-Saxon equivalent *wringan*, the past participle of which was *wrang*. In confirmation of this position J. Horne Tooke, in his curious and interesting etymological work, the "Diversions of Purley," gives the following quotation from the Letters of Roger Ascham, the celebrated tutor of Queen Elizabeth and the gifted but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey:

"These two Princes being neighbors, the one at Milan, the other at Parma, shewed smal frenshyp the one to the other. But Octavio was evermore *wrong* to the worse by many and sundry spites."

An amusing instance of the way in which words are sometimes twisted or "wrong" out of all meaning was given many years ago by William Howitt in his "Rural and Domestic Life in Germany." In that country the grain which is here termed buckwheat is named *buch-weitzen*, or beech-wheat, because the grains are three-cornered, exactly like the nuts of the beech. The translation of only the latter half of the word has spoiled its significance and beauty, and led hundreds to the supposition that there exists a mysterious association between this grain and the male of some species of deer. A kindred example is furnished by Max Muller, who explains the true meaning of walnut as follows: "Walnut is the Anglo-Saxon *wealh-hnut*, in German *Walsche Nuss*. *Walsch* means originally foreigner, barbarian, and was especially applied by the Germans to the Italians. Hence Italy is to the present day called Welsch-land in German, The Saxon invaders gave the same name to the Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles. Hence, the walnut meant originally the foreign nut."

The latter of these two examples differs from the former in the fact that the twist or "wrong" was produced by a gradual corruption of the word, and cannot therefore be laid to the charge of any one in particular. But both of them serve alike to show how much injury may be, and is daily being, wrought by the use of wrong words, or the misconception of right ones.

Right words, then, are those which, like arrows from the bow of a skilful archer, go straight to the point aimed at by those who use them. That point is, or ought to be, to impress the speaker's

own conception of the truth of things—that which he thinks—upon the minds and consciences of his hearers. The only way to do this is by the use of fitly chosen words, gradually unfolding the consecutive process of thought, in all its various windings, until the whole conception, or chain of conceptions, is brought before the understanding. It is evident that in addition to some acquaintance with the laws of thought and of language generally, it is important to secure as extensive a vocabulary as possible, and to have the individual words composing it fully under command, so as to be able to dispose of them to the best advantage. Reading with attention those authors most celebrated for the excellence of their style and the copiousness of their vocabulary will be of excellent service in giving us possession of the bodies of our recruits; but only the diligent study of the genealogy and history of each individual, revealing its various changes of form and signification, as its echo reverberates from century to century, can bestow that intimate knowledge of their characteristic force and value which will give us power over them. Otherwise these "spirits from the vasty deep" of human intelligence may not come when we evoke their presence. For words are not like the rank and file of modern armies, which will do good service under leaders who know nothing of them as individuals, and of whom they know little or nothing. They resemble rather the clansmen of a Highland chieftain in the last century, who, related to him in blood, followed him with a respect, affection, and fidelity that many waters could not quench; while he, on his part, knowing each of them well, many from their birth, and perfectly cognisant of the qualities and abilities, the mutual relationship, likings, antipathies and prejudices of each and all of them, was able to dispose them in the best manner for rendering the most effectual service.

So with words; they need a master who is familiar with them, and such alone will they follow for effectual service. They are living powers which have their own separate abilities and functions; their voices vary in tone and signification with the ages, and with the special manner and occasion of their use; and each has its peculiar power of symphony and of combination in ordered use, beauty and harmony. Of these

elements of knowledge and power, the skilful orator, using the word in the widest sense, holds the master key. In various hidden recesses these vocal agents wait, like the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, until the potent signal of their leader bids them arise fully armed for contest, quickening apparent desolation into lusty life.

In prosecuting this intimate acquaintance with words, it is essential to bear in mind that however numerous and diverse the significations of a word may be, they are all connected with one primary or radical meaning, which is, in most cases, a physical one. To ascertain and remember this is to secure a golden clue to all the ramifications of a word, the pursuit of which in their varied intricacies will abundantly prove the fact so beautifully illustrated by Trench, that the language of our loved Mother-Isle, which is spreading itself so rapidly over the world, is the rich matrix of both "fossil poetry" and "fossil history."

As an illustration of the kind of investigation referred to let us take the word *prevent*, of which the latest and most generally accepted interpretation and meaning is to hinder, oppose, or obstruct; but which is used in several places in the Bible, and Prayer-book of the English Church, in the exactly opposite sense of aid, guidance, etc.: *e.g.*, "Let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us," etc., Psa. lxix. 8, and the prayer, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour," etc., which is to many good people a sore perplexity. A reference to the *primary sense of the word, now completely obsolete*, will solve the difficulty. The word is derived from the Latin verb *præveno*, I go before, or more literally, come before, with the latent idea of doing so for the purpose of helping, assisting, as in the examples just given, and also in the theological phrase, preventing or prevenient grace. The first off-shoot from this sense or the second from the radical, was the signification of anticipation, being beforehand with: *e.g.*, "I prevented the dawning of the morning," Ps. cxix. 147. This sense is also obsolete. The third departure from the original sense is the modern meaning of hindrance, with which every one is familiar. It is derived from the idea of going before with a hostile purpose, stepping before, not to remove obstructions, but to intercept, to stop. We may

add that all the meanings of the word were contemporaneous and in use until about the early part of the present century, when earlier significations became obsolete.

One more instance of this kind of change and out-growing of meaning may be permitted even within the narrow limits of this paper. In a beautiful bit of English landscape described by Milton's glowing pen we find the couplet—

> "And every shepherd *tells his tale*
> Under the hawthorn in the dale."

This is sometimes misunderstood by inapt or careless readers to mean that each shepherd was story-telling, or as sailors say, "spinning a yarn," which is certainly not a usual occupation of English shepherds, especially in the early morning hours, with the dew yet on the grass, and the "silly sheep" their only auditors. The business referred to is the more practical one of counting the number of the sheep as they passed before the shepherd. (Birket Foster has embodied the right conception in his beautiful etching.) The word tale represents the Anglo-Saxon *tael* or *tal*, signifying number, reckoning. The cognate verb has also two forms, *telian* and *tellan* (Bosworth), to number, reckon, relate, recount. Evidently, the primary idea of both verb and substantive is enumeration—telling particulars one by one, the more general sense of narration being of later growth, though it is at least as old as Queen Elizabeth's reign. The word occurs in the primary sense in the fifth chapter of Exodus, where we read, in two different verses, of the "tale of bricks," meaning the appointed number or measure, as the original appears rather to signify. Measuring, would of course be the mode of taking account of a large quantity, as sovereigns in the Bank of England are, when the amount is a large one, not counted but weighed, which is a shorter way of telling the tale. Milton used the word in both senses; and indeed the secondary sense is nearly coeval with the first.

These changes serve to show us that words are subject not only to what Max Muller terms "phonetic decay," but also to such a verbal *metanoia*, or internal transformation, as gradually leads to a complete evaporation of their ancient spirit. Some-

times, indeed, the change is an elevation of the original meaning, but in other cases it is a degradation; and in many instances, as we all know, words become less and less used, and, at last, pass away altogether. Yet it is none the less wise in us to cherish the good old words of the language, keeping up as much as possible their original meaning; for, as a thoughtful French writer has well observed, "to give to words their physical and primitive sense is to furbish them, to purify them, to restore their pristine clearness; it is to re-coin them and send them back with greater lustre into circulation." We have irretrievably lost many beautiful words, such as *wan-hope*, used by Chaucer for despair, one of the most touching expressions, it seems to me, that human language ever provided to echo the cry of the soul. Never did or could words express more finely and vividly the thought—the wearing effect of hope deferred—the long looking for—wishing for the fulfilment of some earnest desire—the end of some long, wearisome night of sorrow—the presence of some beloved friend—the attainment of some good—perhaps the *summum bonum*—the human spirit's utmost need—until the features of both hope and hoper became wan, faded, and lean, as those of Dante in his exile.

John Milton, perhaps the sublimest of the many great figures of the seething seventeenth century, whose noble character is indelibly impressed upon his works, is a striking example of the advantage of the minute and careful study of words, as well as of the great utility of an acquaintance with other languages, more especially with Latin, which forms a very important element in the composition of our own. However the spirit of the age may militate against the study of that stately tongue, one thing may be boldly affirmed, that no one without *some* acquaintance with its grammar and vocabulary can be thoroughly cognizant of the structure of our own grand and flexible mother-tongue. Singularly composite in its character, it is certainly one of the grandest linguistic combinations in the world, giving abundant evidence that union sometimes gives birth to beauty as well as strength. The various elements of the language are nicely adjusted to each other, and so exquisitely combined that no separation could now, by any possibility, be effected. It is equally certain that no man or woman endowed with any degree

of literary taste or culture has the least desire to witness such a catastrophe. Milton himself, though his majestic prose had more of Latin virtue than of Saxon strength, in his verse often poured his full, rich, sweet notes in the purest Saxon. Take, for example, the exquisite description in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso;* and the sixth book of *Paradise Lost,* in which, Professor Hadley tells us, "four-fifths of all the words are Saxon."

On the other hand, some of the most striking pictures of Shakespeare owe their vividness to such "togated words" as

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine,"

where, to use the well-chosen words of Lowell, "the huddling epithet implies the tempest-tossed soul of the speaker, and at the same time pictures the wallowing waste of ocean more vividly than the famous phrase of Æschylus does its rippling sunshine."

It is curious to note that in this fine bit of judicious criticism the Latin beauties of Shakespeare are pointed out in equally expressive Saxon. Mark the word "huddling" and that graphic phrase "wallowing waste of ocean"! Shakespeare himself has nothing finer. The truth is, we cannot afford to dispense with either wing of our rich and expressive tongue; and if Swift's definition of style,—"Proper words in proper places"—is as correct as we believe it to be, we are constantly in need of both; for the fitness of individual words—those which have the greatest illuminating and convincing power—must vary with the order of their collocation, and the particular matter under consideration. Place and occasion have also their influence, for it is obvious that some expressions suitable for the hustings would be very unfit for the pulpit.

Hence we believe it to be a great mistake to cultivate any particular style. A moderate supply of words conjoined with that familiar and intelligent acquaintance with them which we have recommended, will give to every one, who to a clear and full knowledge of his subject unites an earnest desire to impart it to others, full liberty of expression. But the best appointed arms and the ability to use them cannot and will not of themselves give spirit and courage. It is when a man's heart and mind are fully possessed by his subject that an order of expression is

insured which, as Emerson remarks, "is the order of Nature itself, and so the order of greatest force and inimitable by any art."

Space fails us to adduce examples of some of the right words that have moved the world, such as those of Martin Luther at Worms, when he stood up unflinchingly for the supremacy of God's word and liberty of conscience, praying, and not in vain, for the help of God. The value of right, truthful words in the daily intercourse of life is also in our view, but we must pass it by with only the most general but earnest reference to the importance of keeping our minds and consciences clear and translucent, that they may always be in a condition to receive and transmit the rectilinear beams of Truth as they radiate from Him who, as the Wisdom of God, is its Source and Centre. In this way, we may reflect, like clear drops of water, broken bits of that Light, which only the Eternal Word, as the exact and distinct impression and expression of the Glorious Support and Essence of all that exists (Heb. i. 3) can declare in all its Divine and Infinite Fulness.

COBOURG, *Ont.*

TIRED.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

THE Holy Grail thou hast not vainly sought;
Splendours have touched thee from the life divine;
But death between my Father's face and mine
Looms like a swarthy cloud with lightning fraught,
And with no hint from hidden glory caught.
Thine ears have heard the harps of heaven combine;
Thy nostrils smelled the fields of lilies fine;
Faith leads thy feet, and past the bars of thought
Shows Paradise: but I nor hear nor see.
Too tired for rapture, scarce I reach and cling—
To One that standeth by with outstretched hand;
Too tired to hold Him if He hold not me;
Too tired to long but for one heavenly thing
Rest for the weary in the promised land.

MEMORIES OF THE MAYFLOWER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

On the sixth day of September, 1620, a small vessel, only some hundred and eighty tons burden, weighed anchor in Plymouth Sound, spread its sails to the favouring breeze, and fared forth on a perilous voyage across the broad Atlantic. Little note was taken of her departure, and little would the great world have recked had she foundered in the deep; yet that frail bark was freighted with the hopes of humanity—with the germs of a nation. But God was with her, His hand protected her, and after three and sixty days of tossing on the stormy sea he brought her safely to her appointed haven.

Dr. Bacon has traced minutely in his interesting volume* the development of those religious principles which led to the formation of the Separatist Church of Great Britain, its persecution there, its exile in Holland, its prosperity in Amsterdam and Leyden, its resolve to plant in the New World the seeds of civil and religious liberty, and to seek in the Western wilderness, what it found not in the home-land, freedom to worship God. The seed of three kingdoms, said the old chronicler, was sifted for the wheat of that planting. Winnowed by the fan of persecution, of exile, of poverty, of affliction, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true alone remained. Even after leaving the weeping group upon the shore at Delft-Haven, and parting with their English friends at Southampton, the little company of exiles for conscience sake was destined to a still further sifting. Twice was the tiny flotilla driven back to port by storms. One of the two small vessels of which it was composed and a number of the feebler hearted adventurers were left behind, and only a hundred souls remained to essay the mighty enterprise of founding a nation. We can here trace only the later fortunes of the heroic band of Pilgrims—the pioneers of empire—referring our readers for the whole fascinating story to Dr. Bacon's philosophic pages.

* *The Genesis of the New England Churches.* By Leonard Bacon. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers; Toronto: S. Rose.

In the little cabin of the Mayflower were assembled some of the noblest and purest spirits on earth, whose memories are an inspiration and a moral power for ever—the venerable Brewster; Governor Carver; Bradford, his successor; Allerton; Winslow; the burly and impetuous Standish; Alden, the first to leap ashore and the last to survive; and the heroic and true-hearted mothers of the New England commonwealth. Before they reached the land they set their seal to a solemn compact, forming themselves into a body politic for the glory of God, the advancement of the Christian faith, the honour of king and country and their common welfare. "Thus," says Bancroft, "in the cabin of the Mayflower humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good."

On the wild New England shore, at the beginning of an inclement winter, worn and wasted by a stormy voyage, and with a scant supply of the necessaries of life, behind them the boisterous ocean, before them the sombre forests haunted by savage beasts and still more savage men, even stouter hearts than those of the frail women of that little company might have failed for fear. But we read no record of despondency or murmuring; each heart seemed inspired with lofty hope and unfaltering faith.

The first landing was effected on the barren sand dunes of Cape Cod, an arm stretched out into the sea, as if to succour the weary voyagers. In debarking, they were forced to wade through the freezing water to the land, and sowed the seeds of suffering in their weakened frames. "The bitterness of mortal disease was their welcome to the inhospitable shore."

"Being brought thus safely to land," says Governor Bradford's Journal, "they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof."

But they must seek a more favourable site for settlement. Seventeen days of precious time were consumed in refitting the shallop for that purpose. The first exploring expedition was unsuccessful. "It snowed and did blow all the day and night, and froze withal," so that some who died that winter "took the original of their death" in that enterprise. On landing they found a store of Indian corn, some of which they borrowed,

afterwards scrupulously repaying the owners, and an Indian burial place, "but no more corn nor (sad omen) anything else but graves." They skirted around Cape Cod bay to the mainland. Drenched with spray which froze as it fell, their clothes became "like coats of iron." Encamping by the sea, their morning prayers were disturbed by the hurtling of a volley of Indian arrows and the wild ringing of the war-whoop. But they escaped to their boat and skirted thirty miles along a lee coast, finding no place to land. The sea rose, the rudder broke, a storm of snow and rain set in, the mast went by the board, night was falling, and through the gloom the spectral breakers ravined for their prey. But, by the good providence of God, they glided safely into the quiet harbour—since known, in grateful remembrance of the port from which they sailed—as Plymouth Bay. The next day, despite the urgent need of despatch, they sacredly kept the Christian Sabbath in devout exercises on a small island. On Monday they crossed to the mainland, and a grateful posterity has fenced and guarded the rock on which they stepped. Thither, as to a sacred shrine of liberty, many men of many lands have made a reverent pilgrimage. "Plymouth Rock," in the brilliant rhetoric of one of these, the accomplished De Toqueville, "is the corner-stone of a nation." The principles of which it is the symbol are certainly the foundations, broad and deep, on which national greatness is built.

The Mayflower soon anchored in the quiet bay, and on Christmas Day its passengers debarked and began the building of the town of Plymouth. By the second Sunday the "Common House," some twenty feet square, was ready for worship; but the roof caught fire, and they were forced to worship beneath the wintry sky. At length, little by little, in frost and foul weather, between showers of sleet and snow, shelter for nineteen families was erected. But disease, hunger, and death made sad havoc in the little company. "There died," says Bradford, "sometimes two or three in a day." At one time only six or seven were able to attend on the sick or bury the dead. When spring opened, of one hundred persons scarce half remained alive. Carver, the Governor; his gentle wife; and sweet Rose Standish,—

"Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed by the wayside,
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower;"—

with many another of unremembered name were laid to rest in the "God's acre," overlooking the sea, still known as "Burial Hill." In the spring, wheat was sown over their graves "lest the Indian scouts should count them and see how many already had perished."

So the spring came to Plymouth, and "the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly," and doubtless not a few of the Pilgrims, like the fair Puritan maiden of Longfellow's poem, were

"Dreaming all night and thinking all day of the hedge-rows of England,
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
And the village street, and the village church, and the quiet graves in the churchyard."

At length the time arrived for the departure of the Mayflower; and as the signal-gun of departure awoke the echoes of hill and forest—

"Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people,
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun but ended in earnest entreaty.
Then from their homes in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the seas and leaving them there in the desert.
"Meanwhile the master
Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Sprang into his boat and in haste shoved off to his vessel.
Glad to be gone from a land of sand, and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel.
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back with the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing.
"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all as something living and human,
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapped in vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray,' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the field of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of returning."

We make no apology for quoting so fully from Longfellow's truthful account of the Pilgrims. We have carefully compared his poem with Governor Bradford's Journal and other contemporary documents, and have been struck with its marvellous fidelity to historical fact, both in minute details and even in the speeches of its principal characters.*

But their sufferings were not yet ended. At the beginning of the following winter came an arrival of new emigrants, not only unprovided with food, but the very ship that brought them had to be provisioned for her return voyage out of the scanty harvest of the colony. During that cruel winter the entire population was put upon half allowance. "I have seen men," says Winslow, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food." "Tradition declares," says Bancroft, "that at one time the colonists were reduced to a pint of corn, which being parched and distributed, gave to each individual only five kernels; but rumour falls short of reality; for three or four months together they had no corn whatever." They were forced to live on clams, mussels, ground nuts, but for the natural supply of which they must have perished. They found also certain subterranean stores of Indian corn for which there were no claimants. A severe pestilence had shortly before desolated the entire New England seaboard, sweeping away whole tribes. Thus, as the Pilgrims devoutly believed, God had cast out the heathen and planted them, and of the food which they had not planted did they eat. Indeed, had it not thus been providentially exempted from hostile attack, and, as it were, fed by the hand of God in the time of its utter weakness, it is difficult to conceive how the colony could have survived at all.

But it was not altogether free from alarm. Sundry wandering Indians made unwelcome visits to the settlement, and the sachem of the Narragansetts, a still numerous and hostile tribe, sent as a deadly challenge a rattlesnake's skin, filled like a quiver with

* We have been struck with the same feature in Shakespeare. The speech of Queen Catherine in Henry VIII., "I am a most poor woman," etc., and many others, are almost word for word from Hollingshed or some other of the old chroniclers.

Longfellow does not give the full name of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as perhaps unsuited for poetic uses. It was Priscilla Mullins.

arrows. Straightway Bradford, the undaunted Governor, jerked out the arrows, filled the skin to the very jaws with powder and shot, and returned it as a haughty defiance to the savage foe. Meanwhile the village was enclosed with a stockade, a brazen howitzer was mounted on the roof of the church,—

> "A preacher who spoke to the purpose,
> Steady, straightforward and strong, with irresistible logic,
> Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen,"—

and the little garrison kept "watch by night and ward by day on their half rations, no man of them sleeping but with his weapons beside him ready for battle." Miles Standish, the valorous captain of Plymouth, with his somewhat choleric temper and military education in the Spanish wars in Flanders, accorded better with the martial than the spiritual phase of Puritan character. Three books he had, according to Longfellow's poem, —an Artillery Guide, the Wars of Cæsar, and a Bible. And as he read of the wars of the Hebrews or the famous campaigns of the Romans,

> "The thumb marks thick on the margin
> Told like the trampling of feet where the battle was hottest."

With grim humour, too, he could boast—

> "There are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
> Twelve men all equipped, each having his rest and his matchlock,
> Eighteen shillings a month together with diet and pillage;
> And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers."

"The third summer," says our author, "was, not less than the first and second, a time of pinching want." When their corn was planted there was nothing left to eat. They had need, above all people in the world, we are told, to pray that God would give them daily bread, for oftentimes at night they knew not what they would eat next day. "Yet they bore their wants with great patience and alacrity of spirit," says the chronicler, and when they had nothing to eat but the clams which they dug up on the shore at low tide, they gave thanks to God who gave them, as to Zebulon of old, "of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand." (Deut. xxxiii. 19.)

But even the seed entrusted to the ground seemed to have perished. For six weeks there was no rain. The land was consumed with drought. The heavens were brass and the earth

iron. "It seemed as if God had forsaken them." But they feared rather lest they had forsaken Him. They therefore sought Him in solemn fasting and prayer, "in hope," says Winslow, "that God would grant the request of their dejected souls, if their continuance might in any way stand with His glory and their good." They were not troubled with scientific doubts as to the efficacy of prayer. From nine o'clock in the morning, for eight or nine hours, they continued in religious exercise and devout supplication. And lo! while they were yet assembled, the clouds began to gather, and for fourteen days "distilled soft, sweet and moderate showers of rain. It was hard to say," they devoutly add, "whether our withered corn or our drooping affections were most revived, such was the bounty and goodness of our God."

Thus, amid manifold privations and sufferings, amid famine, and fever, and perils, but sustained by a lofty hope and an unfaltering faith, the colonists passed the early years of their sojourning in the wilderness. No matter what befell, they lost not their unshaken confidence in the Shepherd of Israel, who leadeth Joseph like a flock. Around the glowing hearth, or in the Sabbath assembly, sometimes it may be with quivering voice, yet with undaunted hearts they sang, in the words of Ainsworth's rugged verse, the grand old strain:

"Jehovah feedeth me, I shall not lack.
In grassy folds he down doth make me lie;
He gently leads me, quiet waters by.
He doth return my soul: for his name's sake,
In paths of justice leads me quietly.

"Yea, though I walk in dale of deadly shade,
I'll fear none ill: for with me thou wilt be;
Thy rod, thy staff eke, they shall comfort me.
'Fore me a table thou hast ready made
In their presence that my distressers be."

We cannot further follow this noble prose epic. These heroic memories are not the patrimony solely of any race or nation. They are the heritage of all mankind. Let us seek therefore to nourish our souls with these sublime examples, and to preserve as the choicest legacies of the past the records of the brave deeds and noble lives of the great and good of former days.

ADORATION.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

METHINKS I hear, in thrilling cadence deep,
Divinest music bursting from the sod,
As if the pulses of the earth might leap
In mystic measures to salute its God.

Methinks I see the glory beaming through;
The dust grows radiant 'neath His kingly tread,
As if th' imprisoned lightnings rushed to view,
Or diamonds sparkled from their rocky bed.

Nay, every sound doth syllable His name,
And every countenance reflects His light;
His cross makes brighter e'en the noontide beam,
And only sin can wither in His sight.

Now I behold His glory 'mid His foes:
They trample meekness 'neath their crimson feet,
While one vast miracle its halo throws,
From Cana up to wood-crowned Olivet.

His thoughts divine, they are the flaming fount
Whose truth, like lightning, heaven and earth shall fill;
And the deep words He uttered on the mount
Roll through the temple of the ages still.

I shall His glory bear, shall see His face;
Those snowy robes He gave to make me meet;
I hear the rush of wings that fly apace,
And I am waiting, waiting at the gate.

Death hath no shadow near the Crucified.
The Bridegroom comes, and bending angels wait
To strike their harps and take me to His side.
I'm waiting, waiting, waiting at the gate.

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.*

BY W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

If the Creator of the Universe be the Author of the Bible, and immutability and truth be among the attributes of His character, we may confidently expect that when Nature and Revelation are properly understood, the lessons which they severally teach will be found to be in perfect accord with each other. This is as true as that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. If, therefore, we have confidence in this proposition, we cannot but conclude that whatever of apparent conflict there may be between Science and Religion, it is properly attributable to the defectiveness of human knowledge, and not to any real antagonism between the things themselves. And if this conclusion be correct, it is but reasonable to expect that each successive step in the progress of scientific discovery, on the one hand, and of correct Biblical interpretation on the other, will tend to lessen the breach between them, and will thus form a substantial contribution toward the final and complete reconciliation which will certainly be effected in due time, and should, therefore, meet with cordial and hearty acceptance from all really good men.

Before the breach between Science and Religion can be completely healed, and the scientist and theologian be brought to see eye to eye, more of the exact method of Science must be introduced into Biblical exegesis and theological discussion, and more of the devout, reverent, and trusting spirit of true Religion must be infused into the investigations and speculations of Science. Scientific men must not only be met on their own ground, but their fidelity to the truth must be recognized and acknowledged; they must not be treated as enemies, but as friends and fellow-labourers, who, in their own particular sphere, are striving after the same object upon which the hearts of all good men are set, the discovery and enthronement of the truth. In order to this, theologians must devote more attention to the study of Science.

* *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.* By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

They must recognize in nature, a volume written by the finger of God, which it is their duty to endeavour to understand no less than the Bible. And the scientist must learn that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," and that until this principle is, by the agency of the Holy Spirit, implanted in his heart, he can know nothing, at least in its Godward aspect, as it should be known.

Undevout and irreligious scientists have wrought incalulable mischief in the world, and perhaps unscientific religionists, who were so indiscreet as to meddle with what they knew nothing about, have scarcely done less harm. Their criminations and recriminations of each other have not only furnished one of the saddest illustrations of human weakness and folly, but have inflicted most serious injury upon the cause of truth which both parties have been labouring to promote.

Dr. Draper's book on the conflict between Religion and Science, though written with unquestionable ability, and containing a large amount of curious and valuable information, will, we doubt not, be mischievous rather than beneficial in its effects. It belongs to a class of books which are designed to widen rather than narrow the breach between the parties to this conflict, to increase rather than diminish the suspicion and distrust with which religious men and men of Science are but too apt to regard one another. The author lacks the judicial mind, and the spirit of impartiality, which are among the most essential qualifications for the successful accomplishment of the self-imposed task which he has undertaken. To write an impartial and trustworthy history of the conflict between Religion and Science, a man should be the partisan of neither, and yet be in love and sympathy with both. But certainly this is not the character of Dr. Draper, as he stands self-revealed in this volume. That he is both a gentleman and a scholar we find no reason to doubt, but there is nothing in his book to lead us to suspect that he is a Christian, or that he has any sympathy with Christianity. And, while he everywhere displays an enthusiastic devotion to science, and the most unbounded confidence in it as the universal remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," there is not the slightest intimation that he has any real insight into the nature of Religion,

or any appreciation of the part which it has played and is playing in the history of the world. When he speaks of Science, though his descriptions are, we suspect, often somewhat overdrawn and exaggerated, his utterances upon the whole are worthy of respect; but when he speaks of Religion he speaks like one who does not know what he is talking about, and, what is more lamentable still, like one who is too full of supercilious contempt for it to have any desire or capacity to learn.

As a fair specimen of Dr. Draper's mode of dealing with the subject which he has undertaken to discuss, and of the utterly one-sided and untrustworthy character of his book, we need only refer to the contrast which he attempts to draw between the effects of Christianity as seen in the state of Europe at the time of the Reformation, and the effects of Science in the progress of civilization in America from that time to the present. Surely neither the originality nor the audacity of an author will be questioned who essays such a literary exploit as this. It may be safely affirmed that never before did any author of respectability and high literary and scientific pretensions venture to charge Christianity with the entire responsibility of the destruction of the ancient civilization of the Roman empire, which perished from the incursions of the Northern hordes which overran Europe during the middle ages; nor had anybody before the audacity to credit Science with all the marvellous phenomena presented to us in the unparalleled history of civilization and human progress on this continent. It is no part of our duty to attempt a defence of Mediæval Christianity. Every truly enlightened Christian must deplore the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of its clergy, and the unfortunate consequences which this state of things frequently produced. Nor will any such person be disposed to either justify or extenuate the corruptions which crept into the Church during this long night of ages. Against these the Protestant Christianity of the world is an emphatic and standing protest.

But we are not disposed to allow the feeling of indignation which involuntarily rises in our breasts in the contemplation of the corruptions which disfigured and the crimes which stained the Mediæval Church to blind us to the important part which she performed in controlling the anarchic and turbulent elements

which were thrown together by the convulsions of that wild and chaotic period; and which, by that marvellous faculty for organization which continues to be one of the most striking characteristics of the Romish Church to this day, performed the more than herculean task of indoctrinating them with and bringing them under the disciplinary power of those truths and principles which constitute the foundations of a civilization at once the most stable and the most elastic the world has ever seen. So far from Christianity being justly chargeable with the destruction of the ancient civilization of the Roman empire, to its remarkable conservatism we are indebted for whatever of the remnants of it have come down to us. On this point let the truth-loving and judicial-minded Hallam speak. He says:

"If it be demanded by what cause it happened that a few sparks of ancient learning survived through this long winter, we can only ascribe their preservation to the establishment of Christianity. Religion alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization."

To this may be added the testimony of Neander, one of the profoundest historians of modern times. In his introduction to the history of the Church from the time of Gregory the Great to the death of the Emperor Charlemagne, or from the year 595 to the year 814, he says:

"This period opens to us a new theatre for the exhibition of the power of the Gospel to mould and transform the world; and we shall see it revealing itself in a new and peculiar way. For, in the earlier periods we saw Christianity attaching itself to the culture of the ancient world then existing under the forms of the Greek and Roman peculiarities of national character; and where the harmonious culture which could be derived from the elements of human nature, left to itself, had reached the highest point, and degenerating into false refinement had wrought its own destruction, we saw Christianity introducing a new element of *divine* life, whereby the race, already sinking into spiritual death, was quickened and raised to a far higher point of spiritual development than had been reached before; a new creation springing forth out of the new spirit in the ancient form. But a race of people now appear, who are still in the rudeness of barbarism; and on these Christianity bestows, by imparting to them the seeds of a divine life, the germ of all human culture;—not as an outward possession already complete and prepared for their acceptance, but as something which was to unfold itself with entire freshness and originality from within, through the inward pulses of a divine life, and in conformity with the individuality of character belonging to this particular race of men. It is the

distinguishing characteristic of this new work of Christianity, that the new creation does not attach itself to any previously existing form of culture sprung from some entirely different root; but that everything here springs from the root and grows out of the vital sap of Christianity itself. We come to the fountain head whence flowed the whole peculiar character of the middle ages and all modern civilization."

Gibbon will scarcely be charged with undue partiality to Christianity, and yet he bears the following striking testimony to the beneficial effects of the missionary work of the Church during the mediæval period:—

"Christianity, which opened the gate of heaven to the barbarians, introduced an important change in their moral and political condition. They received, at the same time, the use of letters, so essential to a religion whose doctrines are contained in a sacred book, and while they studied the divine truth, their minds were sensibly enlarged by the distant view of history, of nature, of the arts and of society. The version of the Scriptures in their native tongue, which had facilitated their conversion, must excite among their clergy some curiosity to read the original text, to understand the sacred liturgy of the Church, and to examine in the writings of the Fathers the chain of ecclesiastical traditions. These spiritual gifts were preserved in the Greek and Latin languages, which concealed the inestimable monuments of ancient learning. The immortal productions of Virgil, Cicero and Livy, which were accessible to the Christian barbarians, maintained a silent intercourse between the reign of Augustine and the times of Clovis and Charlemagne. The emulation of mankind was encouraged by the remembrance of a more perfect state; the flame of Science was secretly kept alive to warm and enlighten the mature age of the western world. In the most corrupt state of Christianity the barbarians might learn justice from the Law and mercy from the Gospel; and if the knowledge of their duty was insufficient to guide their actions, or to regulate their passions, they were sometimes restrained by conscience, and frequently punished by remorse. But the direct authority of Religion was less effectual than the holy communion which united them with their Christian brethren in spiritual friendship. The influence of these sentiments contributed to secure their fidelity in the service or the alliance of the Romans, to alleviate the horrors of war, to moderate the insolence of conquests, and to preserve, in the downfall of the empire, a permanent respect for the name and institutions of Rome."

When Science, unnaturally divorced from Religion, has made for itself such a record as this, it will be time enough for it to insult and triumph over Christianity, after the fashion of some of the pseudo-scientific writers of the present time. But the oddest thing in this pretentious volume, and that which, perhaps, beyond everything else seems to illustrate its untrustworthy character, is the quiet audacity with which the author claims for

Science, and Science, be it remembered, in conflict with Religion —not working in alliance with it, but making headway independently of it, and accomplishing its work in spite of it—the credit of all that marvellous development of civilization, with all its attendant elements of human progress, which has marked the history of this continent during the last two hundred years. It is true, the contrast instituted is between Latin Christianity and Science, but he takes good care to not give the slightest credit to Christianity in any form whatever. He takes advantage of the prejudice which is felt in Protestant communities against Romanism, to make his book acceptable to a class of readers who would have no sympathy with an open attack upon Christianity as such; but the disguise is too thin to deceive any one. If he had any just appreciation of the value and importance of Religion of any kind, he had a fine opportunity of distinguishing between a religion which clings with such inveterate tenacity to the traditions of the past as to render it incapable of adapting itself to the successive stages of human development, and of assimilating the new additions which are made from time to time to the stock of human knowledge, and a religion which, while venerating all that is venerable in the past, lives and acts in the present, looks hopefully to the future, welcomes the light, from whatever quarter it may emanate, and heartily rejoices in whatever tends to improve the temporal condition, or to enlarge, refine and ennoble the mind of man. This, with all its faults and shortcomings, has been, in the main, the character of the Protestant Christianity of this continent, which, whatever may be said to the contrary by writers of the class to which Dr. Draper belongs, has been the most potent factor of its civilization and progress. But there is not the slightest recognition of this in this book, except that the churches which are spread over the country are grouped with the colleges and schools among the happy effects of the ascendancy and triumph of Science over its ancient antagonist—Religion.

The fact is, Dr. Draper appears to have no capacity to see anything that Religion has done in his own country. He can recollect that there were, in its early settlement, some attracted to its shores by cupidity and others by superstition; some by the

hope of catching fish, and others by the hope of finding a spring the waters of which would secure to them perpetual youth; but he seems to have no memory of the fact that there were others drawn to America by their devotion to their faith. If he has ever heard of the Mayflower or of the Pilgrim Fathers, he finds it convenient to forget. He has probably met with something in his reading about one William Penn and a colony which he planted; but possibly he claims the Quakers as the product of Science rather than of Christianity. He has evidently forgotten, if he ever knew, that the primitive colonists of North America, whatever they happened to leave behind them in the lands from whence they came, generally brought with them their religious faith and the sacred book which contained its authoritative record; and that, as a rule, long before the teacher of Science had got at work, the teacher of Religion was plying his vocation among them.

It would be too much, perhaps, to expect Dr. Draper to recognize a thing so inconsiderable as Methodism; and yet it is certain there has been no agency at work which has exerted so potent an influence in promoting the civilization and in forming the character of the widespread and rapidly multiplying population of the great Republic of the United States. Its itinerant evangelists have been at once the pioneers of civilization and of Christianity in the new settlements of the country, performing the double function of recovering the frontier settler from the barbarism into which he was rapidly sinking, and putting him in possession of that divine life which is the germ of all true culture. The enlightened patriotism and Christian zeal and liberality which it has inspired has not only filled the land with churches, but with universities, colleges and seminaries of learning from Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. Its members and adherents constitute perhaps not less than one-seventh of the entire population; and all the larger and more influential Protestant denominations have been more or less inoculated with its spirit and impressed with its characteristics. Wherever it has gone, it has gone the patron and promoter of Science; the schoolmaster and professor have ever followed in the footsteps of its evangelists, not as a mere accident,

but as a part of the policy deliberately adopted by it from the beginning; and there is not a department of learning, perhaps, to which it has not already given some of the ablest men that have hitherto been raised up on this side of the Atlantic.

These are facts, though Dr. Draper and writers of his class may see fit to ignore them; and facts, too, which must be calmly and impartially considered before the relations of Religion and Science can be properly understood, and, especially, before any argument can be drawn from the history of this continent which will be of any value in deciding the question of the relative claims of these two great forces in their relation to human civilization and progress. That Science has performed a magnificent *role* as one of the factors of American civilization and progress is unquestionably true, and no intelligent Christian would be disposed to strip it of any of the laurels which properly belong to it. It has its own appropriate sphere of operation, and its own divinely-appointed work to perform; and so long as it is confined within its own proper limits there is no room for friction or conflict between it and Religion. It is only when taken out of its proper sphere, and set to the performance of a work for which it never was intended, and for which it has no capability or adaptation, that it becomes mischievous.

So far as the civilization and progress of this continent is concerned, right nobly has Science been fulfilling its mission and performing its divinely-allotted task; and most heartily do we rejoice in the results which it has achieved. Whoever looks with jealousy or envy upon its achievements, certainly the representative men of enlightened Protestant Christianity do not; and it is not probable that any amount of intemperate bluster upon the part of the injudicious partisans of Science will be sufficient to cause them to withdraw from it the sympathy and support which they judge to be its due, and which they have heretofore accorded to it.

The author of this book professes to have had Latin Christianity, the Christianity of the Romish Church, chiefly in view in writing it; but his evil animus towards evangelical Protestantism is sufficiently apparent from his brief and contemptuous allusion to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance

which was held in New York in the autumn of 1873. Probably nothing in the whole volume will be read with so much amazement by those who had the privilege of being present at that memorable gathering, or who have carefully perused the volume which contains the record of its proceedings, as the representation which he makes of the attitude which it assumed toward Catholicism on the one hand and Science on the other. He says:

"It averted its eyes from its ancient antagonist—that antagonist which had recently loaded the Reformation with contumely and denunciation—it fastened them, as the Vatican Council had done, upon Science. Under that dreaded name there stood before it what seemed to be a spectre of uncertain form, of hourly-dilating proportions, of threatening aspect. Sometimes the Alliance addressed this stupendous apparition in words of courtesy, sometimes in tones of denunciation."—(P. 353).

How is it possible to reconcile this statement with the facts of the case, or to make anything of it but a malignant caricature? Doubtless hundreds who will read these sentences will say, "It is impossible." Certainly not one disrespectful allusion was made to Science, as that term is ordinarily understood, throughout the whole of the sessions of the Conference, or any other feeling manifested toward it than that of the profoundest respect.

And yet, in the sense in which Dr. Draper uses the word, probably he is not very far from the truth. What does he mean by Science? It is not very easy to get a distinct answer to this question. We have to gather it from hints which we find here and there, and from the general drift of the discussion, rather than from any compendious and explicit statement. If the reader will recollect, however, the various points specified by Dr. Draper in which Science is alleged to have come into conflict with Religion, he will probably have little difficulty in arriving at a sufficiently distinct understanding of his meaning to perceive that, upon the whole, his representation of the attitude of Evangelical Protestantism toward what he calls Science is pretty nearly correct. Science, as he uses the word, evidently means, the supremacy of the deductions of human reason as opposed to the authority of the Holy Scriptures; the Unity, or as S. T. Coleridge would say, the "Unicity" of God as opposed to

the Scriptural doctrine of the Trinity; the impersonal soul of the Universe, "sleeping in the stone, dreaming in the beast, waking in man," as opposed to the Christian notion of a personal God; the soul of man an emanation from the universal intellect, destined to be absorbed into it again, as opposed to the Christian doctrine of a spiritual being destined to an immortality of conscious existence; evolution as opposed to creation; and the mechanical and dynamical as opposed to the intelligent and moral government of the world; materialistic fatalism as opposed to the all-wise and benignant providence of God.

Whether the Christian men who composed the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance regard this "stupendous apparition" with all the apprehension and dread which Dr. Draper ascribes to it or not, there is no use in attempting to conceal the fact that they did regard it with unmitigated detestation; and however deeply they deplored the corruptions of the Mediæval Church, and the strange and unaccountable infatuation with which she clings to those products of the darkness, now that the unhappy state of things which called them into being has passed away, they were not so blind as not to perceive that any form of Christianity, however corrupt, was to be preferred to this blank negation of everything worthy of the name of Religion.

The *Westminster Review* closed a higly sympathetic, appreciative, and even laudatory article some years ago, on another work from the same author, in words which are strictly applicable to this. Speaking of "The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," the reviewer says:

"It is plain that much of the plausibility of the result is due to a happy selection of instances, to the exclusion of all inconsistent and unmanageable occurrences, to the art of a luminous presentation of successive phenomena, and to the dominant force of one idea or theory, reducing all history into harmony with itself. We could hardly drive away the unpleasant feeling that by a trifling readjustment of the magic lens, by shifting ever so slightly the point of view, the whole recorded facts of history might be made to tell a story the direct converse and refutation of the one now told."

NAPANEE, *Ont.*

A TREASURY THEME.

BY JOHN LATHERN, HALIFAX, N. S.

"*More golden than gold.*"

It is not a great distance, in these days of picnics at the Pyramids and of holiday excursions around the globe, to travel to the city of New York; but visits to that great commercial centre including a day spent in Wall Street, in the Stock Exchange, the Gold Room and at the Sub-Treasury, are threaded with varied and very delightful reminiscences. At the Treasury the party was small, but with an influential introduction our reception was exceedingly courteous, and every information was cheerfully afforded by the intelligent and gentlemanly Treasurer, by whom we were conducted to the treasure vaults. A package containing a million of dollars was quietly and gravely placed in the hands of one of the visitors, for the purpose, it was said, of paying car-fare during our stay at the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance. We are told by Dr. Stoughton, of London, that American humour has a quality distinctively and peculiarly its own—not grave and severe like the English, racy and rasping like the Irish, or bright and sparkling like the French. It has a type of its own; like the country, it is colossal. The offer of a million of dollars for car-fare was modestly declined, looked upon only as a rich and characteristic specimen of American humour.

The gold in the Treasury at that time, mostly in bags of half-a-million each, would have formed, if condensed into a solid cube, a block probably of some two yards square, and therefore might have been deposited in a narrow vault. In view of such a glittering pile we might ask, almost in bewilderment, "Is this the mania and the Moloch, the magnet and the main spring of modern life and civilization?"

There is not in these utilitarian days much of poetry in gold; but, even amid the feverish excitement of Wall Street, the lines of Hood would involuntarily recur to the mind:

> "Gold, gold, gold, gold,
> Good or bad, a thousand-fold,
> How widely its agencies vary!"

Upon the principle of finding "tongues in trees, sermons in stones," that treasury-vault's gold may furnish a theme for thought.

In the first ages of the world, gold as a precious metal was valued mainly for ornament. For this purpose, its durability as well as beauty and variety constitute a distinctive value. It does not corrode like iron, nor burn like wood, nor crumble and decay like marble. The fire purifies but does not consume the fine gold, and it is not wasted by time. The old Etruscan king whose grave, after two thousand years, was opened, was found still robed and crowned as his warriors left him. By the touch of air, body and robes were instantly dissolved, and became a thin layer of dust; but not the golden fillet that bound his brow. Upon that Etruscan gold the lapse of two thousand years had put no stamp of decay. Pure and precious, rich in colour and beautiful in decoration, this costly metal came in earliest ages of civilization to have acknowledged symbolical value. In some lands it was devoted to Jupiter and the Sun. In the Zend Avesta, the sacred books of the Persians and of wide-spread Oriental belief, gold is regarded as a consecrated symbol, and golden as a synonym for regal and divine. Silver was looked upon as the "pale and common drudge 'twixt man and man." It might be degraded to secular uses, and, as current money of the merchant, might pass from hand to hand; but gold could only be used for purposes of royal and sacred importance.

The Laureate Tennyson, in his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," gives a rich and full description of "the golden days of the good Alraschid," with wondrous vividness and Oriental wealth of thought and expression. He sets forth the magnificence and splendour of the Sultan's pavilion: its glittering floors and golden balustrades, gold gleaming through the dazzling glare of a thousand lighted lamps, woven, in rich and delicate threadwork, into many an ample fold, and wrought into innumerable forms of massive and fretted palatial decoration. But then, according to Eastern idea and symbolism, the abundance of gold indicates not simply superb taste and the surplus of wealth; it represents a royal and divine greatness. There are things "more golden than gold," and this, doubtless, is the main thought of the poet:

"A rich
Throne of massive ore, from which
Down drooped, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Sole star of that place and time,
I saw him in his golden prime,
The good Haroun Alraschid!"

The best illustration, however, of gold as anciently esteemed throughout the East, of its symbolical significance, we have in the language of the sage Eliphaz:

"Thou shalt lay up gold as the dust,
And the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook;
Yea, the Almighty shall be thy gold,
Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him,
And He shall hear thee."

Traffic in gold must have commenced at an early period in the world's history. In the most ancient of historical records we find allusion to a reign of great mineral wealth. In Havilah, compassed by one of the four streams that flowed through paradise, "there was gold, and the gold of that land was good." The gold of Ophir was the magnet of Hebrew and Phœnician commerce. Thrice in the year ships from opulent Tyre and other Mediterranean ports made voyages to Ophir—possibly some part of the western coast of Africa, or it may have been round the Cape to India's glittering strand,—just as in modern times the treasure ships of Spain made their annual voyages to South America.

In the fabled adventure of the Argonauts, who in early antiquity, before the siege of Troy, embarked in their famous expedition to far-off Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, we have, perhaps, the pioneers of all treasure-fleets. Pope speaks of the Argo as "the first bold vessel" that "dared the sea." A powerful magnetism must have been needed to induce those old Greek heroes, in the infancy of navigation, to traverse the stormy Archipelago and the unexplored waters of the Euxine Sea. The fierce torrents that rushed down the steep side of Mount Caucasus are said to have brought with them grains of golden sand, which were saved by means of thick fleeces of wool

stretched across the bed of the river. Hence, probably, the famed fable of the Golden Fleece of Colchis, which, by the Argonauts, was brought back, after a long and stormy voyage, in triumph to Greece. The treasure expedition had been perilous but successful. Of all Oriental traffickers of gold, the most enterprising and the most successful was the Hebrew monarch who made gold, because of its abundance in his metropolitan city, to be as brass. A noble tribute from his lips, after ample experience, was that paid to the excellence of wisdom: "Its merchandise is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Not only traffic in gold, but gold mining, upon somewhat scientific principles, seems to have been understood centuries before the Christian era. In one of the sacred books which throws a flood of light upon Eastern life, we have a magnificent description of mining operations. Making exception of mills and rollers, erected for quartz-crushing purposes, the processes of gold digging in American and Australian rocks are much the same to-day as, four thousand years ago, they were at Havilah and Ophir.

"Truly there is a mine for the silver
And a place for the pure gold.
The surface pours forth bread,
But the subterranean a fiery region;
Its stones are the sapphire's bed,
And it hides he dust of gold.
The miner thrusts his hand on the sparry ore
And overturns the mountains by their roots;
He cuts a chann l through the rock
And darts a radiance through the gloom."

The value of gold does not depreciate, and thus in modern life and in Western civilization it still constitutes the ideal and the symbol of wellbeing. The main reason why there has been no depreciation in the value of gold, consequent upon the abundant supply from Californian and Australian fields, was the simultaneous inauguration of free trade and the introduction of a new era in commercial enterprise. But for the abundance of ore stored away in rich veins and rifted rocks, ready to yield their unstinted treasures when demanded by the necessities of growing commerce,

there must have been difficulty and dislocation in the traffic of the civilized world. The demand was met by the increased supply, and the business of nations, free and unfettered, has found marvellous expansion:

> "The heavens fill with commerce,
> Argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight
> Dropping down with golden bales."

The standard value of gold is economic, commercial, and utilitarian. Its real practical and ultimate advantage depends upon exchange and expenditure. It is not like paper currency, which only represents the credit of the issuer, an arbitrary sign of value; but value itself, determined ultimately and permanently, like that of other commodities, by the law of demand and supply. But whatever may be the standard or symbolical value of gold, we can still accept the Sapphic phrase, "More golden than gold." An incident recently referred to by the London *Times* furnishes a good illustration of this thought. On her seventeenth or eighteenth birthday, a German princess received from her father, as a special present, a beautiful chateau in which she could live as she desired. Afterwards he asked her if there was anything that she could have been more pleased to possess. A shade of disappointment crossed her countenance, and she said—for she had been taught that rich people do not live unto themselves—"If I may say so, I would rather have a handful of gold that I might make the hearts of my poor people happy." "A handful of gold," answered the king, "how large a handful?" Most exquisite was the reply: "As large as the heart of the kindest of kings." However munificent the king's gift might be, it could not equal in value the noble and generous purpose of the king's daughter, who desired treasure only for the purpose of enriching others. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than thousands of gold and silver."

In one of the storms that have swept around the British coast, by which the stately vessel, and the merchant's treasure, and the precious freight of human lives have sunk together, an Australian ship, in the British channel, on her homeward voyage, was wrecked. Most of those on board found a watery grave.

On the deck of that sinking ship there stood an Australian miner, with countenance swarthy, seamed and scarred. His golden treasure, the result of many years' hard toil and the dependence of declining days, was bound in a belt around his waist. Through surf and sea he hoped to reach the shore. When about to plunge, a little girl, with frail form and tearful eye, put her tiny hand upon his strong muscular arm, and, looking up into his face, timidly but sweetly said, "Oh! do save me, Sir!" He looked at his gold, then at the child; and prompted by a heroic and human impulse, flung the belt into the sea. With "somebody's child" in his arms he made his way through angry waves safely to the rock. That man may go down into an obscure grave, but such a heroism is worthy of recognition. Such a deed deserves monumental memorial in the trophied temple of the nation.

"I might have been successful in business," said a gentleman of high Christian character, conducting most successfully a large and influential Sabbath-school. "A partnership in business, where I had been an employee, was offered to me. The condition of partnership was, as one of the senior members of the firm phrased it, that I should belong to the business—work all my time, and throw all my strength and thought into the concern. The Sunday-school and week-night service, and all that would divide responsibility in life, must be given up. With that condition I could not as a Christian man conscientiously comply. I am not, as I might have been, in that business, possessed to-night of two hundred thousand dollars, but God has given me ample competence in life. My gains, in work for God, are far greater than if the profits in business could have been counted in thousands of gold and silver." No one could doubt in listening to such a statement, modestly but thrillingly told, by one whose work for Christ had won wide recognition, that there are things "more golden than gold" which may well fire an ambition unbounded but not unhallowed.

The treasures of earth will vanish, and the gold of the millionaire, unless used for God, will canker; but "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ONE voice the less to plead with men
For God's down-trodden poor;
One hand the less to wield the pen
With aim so bold and sure;
One heart the less to pity when
The ill was past his cure!

Through Britain's length of island-strand—
From bald Ben Lomond's head
To Devon's reach of silver sand—
The sudden tidings spread,
And there was shadow on the land
Because this man was dead.

How had that active brain been stressed,
That tender heart been wrung!
What eloquence had poured its zest
Through that persuasive tongue,
That hoary wrongs might be redressed,
And Work's true idyl sung!

With life scarce past its equinox,
Its shortening days still fair,
We stagger at the blow that mocks
The deeds he yet might dare.
Who now will bid the "Alton Lockes"
Rise from their grim despair?

What arm will fling the banner high
On which the legend ran:
"*Room in the lists to fight or die!*
Let conquer him who can!"
What lips take up his tilting-cry:
"The Brotherhood of Man"?

Full fairly has he won his prize—
A prize the proud may scorn—
That thousand honest English eyes,
Once hopeless and forlorn,
To-day lift brighter to the skies
Because this man was born.

Too busied with his ends to weigh
The charm or cheat of fame,
While routed wrong maintained the fray—
Unsought the guerdon came:
The wires that coil the world to-day
All vibrate with his name!

—*Independent.*

A PRISONER RELEASED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

PART II.

It was very pleasant to Miss M——, on her next visit, to see the genuine delight with which the prisoner welcomed her; he was now quite at his ease with her, though perfectly respectful in his manner, and he began to tell her very freely all he had been feeling and thinking since the day before. He had had a better night in every way, he said, and he had dreamt of his mother for the first time for many years; she had died when he was quite a youngster, but he thought he saw her standing by his bedside as plain as ever in his life, and she had laid her hand on his head just as Miss M—— had done, and had spoken kindly to him, and he seemed so happy in his dream. Then he went on to speak of his childhood and early years, and how he had learnt to read and write, and had good schooling, only he had made a bad use of it, worse luck! As he rambled on, Miss M—— saw with satisfaction that in trying to bring this man out of the darkness of his evil life, to the light and hope which follows true

repentance, she should not have to combat the almost insurmountable difficulty of that unreasoning scepticism which pervades the lower classes to a much greater extent than is generally supposed. It never seemed to have occurred to John Hill to doubt the truth of that religion which he had learnt in his youth sufficiently well to make him now feel it to be his condemnation. As he spoke of his first lapses into evil doings, and then touched in general terms on the later years of his life, which he described as having been literally steeped in wickedness, it was evident that he looked upon himself as irretrievably lost, and that it needed only the conviction of approaching death, which had not yet fastened itself upon him, to plunge him into ghastly terrors of the retribution awaiting him. It seemed a relief to him to tell out some of the dark thoughts and painful recollections which had been pent up in his own sad heart through the long hours of prison solitude, and as he did so he referred continually, with the utmost expressions of delight, to the fact that in Miss M—— he had now a friend—repeating the word again and again, as if the very sound gave him pleasure, and looking up with grateful eyes when her answers manifested her genuine interest in all his griefs and sufferings. At last, Miss M—— decided on hazarding her first words of direct religious teaching—feeling that the time might now be come when they could be safely spoken.

"If you find it a comfort to have me for your friend, John, what a wonderful happiness it is to think that you have a far better Friend, who loves and cares for you a thousand times beyond what I or any human being can!"

He looked at her in blank astonishment—

"Who might you mean, my dear lady?"

"The best and dearest Friend we can any of us have," she answered in a low tone; "the only one who can help us when our fellow-creatures can do no more for us—the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour of the world."

His face darkened, and he half turned away—

"He is no friend to me, ma'am, such as I am. I know that well enough. He is waiting to send me down to hell."

"Oh, no, John!" she exclaimed earnestly. "He is waiting to save you—longing to bless you. He gave his very life for you,

and was glad to die the very cruelest of cruel deaths that He might win pardon for you, and take you to be in joy and gladness with Himself in heaven. Oh, John, you don't know how He loves you, and how He longs to make you happy and to comfort you."

The man's features worked with agitation under her earnest words.

"But, ma'am," he said, laying his trembling hand on hers, "you don't know how bad I've been. It isn't only that I've done every sort of wickedness, and made it my business, and gained my living by it—but I've delighted in it, I schemed and strove for it, and took my pleasure in it. I believe there isn't a bad thing as I haven't done—excepting murder. I never murdered any one, but it's the best I can say for myself. I've done all the rest."

"But that is all past, John. You repent of it now. You would not go back to it again if you could, I am sure."

"I don't feel as if I should," he said slowly. "I seem to hate it all now, but I don't know how it might be if I were free again and out among my pals; but I'll tell you what, ma'am, such a one as you couldn't guess how desperate bad I've been. If ever Jesus Christ looks on me, it'll be to fling me in the lake of fire. Lord! just to fancy His ever thinking of making me happy in heaven!"

"Yet, John, it was the lost whom He came to seek and to save, when He left the glory and the joys of heaven to come down into this sinful world, because He would not see us perish. It is not our own good deeds that could ever save us, but the love of Jesus, who bore our punishment and took all our wickedness upon Himself. It is the only hope that any of us have, John. I should be as full of despair as you if I could not trust that my sins may be forgiven for the dear Lord's sake."

"You, ma'am! You haven't any sins, I am very sure. I couldn't believe as ever you did the least thing as was wrong."

"Indeed you are much mistaken," she said, smiling sadly; "but now I want you to listen while I try to show you the hope that even the worst of sinners may have, if only he will come repentant to the feet of Christ." And with all the earnestness

which her intense desire to bring comfort to that forlorn soul inspired her with, she spoke to the prisoner of the infinite love which conquered death and hell upon the cross of Calvary, and was even then brooding over him with yearning compassion, tender as that of a mother for her child, boundless and mighty as that of God for His creature. The prisoner listened with eager pleasure, as if it were a strain of lovely music which laid his very soul to rest; but when at last she ceased, and asked him if he could not fling himself with all his guilt upon that wonderful love of Christ, and trust its unquenchable pity to save him even yet, he looked up into her face with almost an agony of mingled longing and despair, and said—

"Oh! ma'am, it's beautiful to think how good He is; and there's many a sinful soul He'll save, I know; but I—I have been too bad—I have been too bad!"

It was almost the hour when she had to leave him. She could hear the turnkey coming along the corridor, locking the men into their cells, and she knew that in a few minutes he would reach Hill's door.

"John," she said, "I will tell you some words out of the Scriptures which you can easily remember, and you must say them over often to yourself to-night when you are lying awake, and try to understand really what they mean, and I think they will help you to believe what I have told you. Now listen," and speaking very distinctly, she slowly pronounced the words, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" She made him repeat them after her several times, and then as she heard the turnkey's step at the door she rose and said, "Now, remember, John, that Blood cleanses from *all* sin—ALL—there is nothing too great for its cleansing power in all that any one of us has done amiss, if only we are penitent."

Hill opened his lips as if to speak, but Perry came in, and he could only thank her gratefully and turn his face to the wall, as the grating sound in the lock told him he was again alone. But the last words she had spoken abode with him He heard them repeated to him again and again through the long dark watches of the night by the Voice that one day shall awake the dead, but that now, soft and low as the whisper of a mother to

her dying child, breathed into his soul the ineffable sweetness of that truth—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He struggled long against conviction, as the dark tide of memory swept over his shrinking spirit and brought back in blackest hues the deadly evils of the life now ebbing to its close. It was a mortal agony through which the prisoner passed that night; but there was One standing by his side who had carried up all human sympathies even to the throne of God—One who had counted the beatings of that poor erring heart through all the sinful years that had so nearly wrecked him on the shores of death—seen the first wanderings of his steps on paths of evil—noted each temptation—watched the widening circles of growing wickedness—and finally in merciful severity brought pain and anguish over him, till now forlorn and helpless he lay at the blessed Feet, too hopeless even to ask for mercy. But the pierced Hand is laid upon him, the Voice ever murmuring the same divine sweet words, the promise of cleansing for all sin, penetrates into the most secret depths of that remorseful longing spirit, and when the earliest streak of day glimmers through the narrow window of the cell, there is another dawn within the prisoner's soul, the first faint trembling ray of that sun of eternity which shall one day burst upon the redeemed in everlasting glory.

As Miss M—— bent over him in some anxiety next morning, he raised his beseeching eyes to her face and said—"Oh! ma'am, if His blood cleanses from *all* sin, then mine—even mine——" his voice became choked, and he could say no more.

From that day the dogged, sullen prisoner became the most humble and gentle of penitents. He listened greedily to every word that was spoken to him of the Divine Redeemer, for whom his whole soul was gasping now, and day by day, though never confident, never presumptuous, and often full of agonizing fears, he grew more and more in the trembling hope that the love of Christ might conquer even his great guilt.

Side by side with this growth of his spirit, however, his bodily strength was decaying, and ever as life grew feebler in his frame, the mere human longing to be released from his captivity grew stronger in his heart and more intolerable. With the usual deceitfulness of his malady, he was always fancying he was better,

and would not believe he was so near death as those around him knew to be the case; the pining for the fresh air, and the sight of the blue sky and the green fields, seemed to be an absolute physical sensation which he had no power to overcome. He had become most anxious to submit himself to the will of God in all things, and constantly said that he knew no suffering could be too great for his deserts, but he would look up pitifully at Miss M——, and say—

"I don't want to be spared any of my punishment, ma'am. I would not ask, if I could, to be let out before my time; but oh, when the day of my release does come, don't let them keep me here a minute longer. I'm very weak and ill, I know, and I can't sit up in bed very well, but I shall be able to walk out of prison, you may be sure of that."

Miss M—— felt certain he could not stand up if he tried, but she thought it might be possible to remove him, and as she found that in talking over his arrangements with the doctor and chaplain, he always said he did not care where he went, provided only she came to see him every day, she set his mind at rest by promising that she would place him in a house where she could take the entire charge of him herself.

The time was drawing very near when his term of imprisonment would expire, and the spiritual change in the once-despairing man became very remarkable. He was gentle and childlike in his intercourse with those around him, full of humble gratitude for any kindness shown to him; and though at times he had paroxysms of remorse for his evil life, yet he never lost sight of the unutterable Love, to which he clung with the hope that it would shelter even him. So satisfied was the chaplain of the truth and depth of his repentance, that he offered to give him the Holy Sacrament before he left the prison—as there was reason to fear that his death might be hastened by his removal in his excessively weak state.

It was a long time before the poor prisoner could believe that he might dare to receive so great a blessing, but when it had been fully explained to him, he became extremely anxious for it, and looked forward eagerly to the holy service. It was decided that it should take place on the morning of the day of his release

He had been growing rapidly worse, and on the previous evening, when Miss M—— left him, it was with great misgivings as to the possibility of carrying out his ardent wish for removal from the gaol. She had told him the arrangements she had made for his reception in a house where she would watch over him herself, so that his mind was quite at rest on the subject; and in the full assurance that he would be set at liberty next day, he gave himself up to the comfort of hearing, quietly and happily, all that she could tell him on the one subject that filled his whole soul—the hope of pardon and eternal peace.

"To-morrow will be the grandest day of all my life," he said to Miss M——, as she was leaving him. "It seems too good to be true, that I can be going to take the Sacrament—a poor, sinful wretch like me: and then'll come my release!"

When Miss M—— reached the gaol next morning, at the hour fixed for the service, she was told that the doctor had just left Hill, and that he pronounced him to be so seriously worse, that all thought of his leaving the gaol must be given up, although the term to which he had been sentenced was now at an end. He was unmistakably dying; he might linger some few days where he was, but the attempt to move him would be fatal at once.

It was evident that some suspicion as to the doctor's opinion had found its way into Hill's mind, though the turnkey assured Miss M—— that nothing had been said to him on the subject The first words with which he greeted her were an earnest entreaty that she would see he was removed from the gaol as soon as the service was over. He was propped up in the bed, his eyes brilliant with fever, his whole frame quivering with excitement.

"Miss M——, you'll see that they let me have my release to-day, won't you? I'm free by the law now. I might have gone out at seven this morning, if I hadn't wanted to stay for the Sacrament, but you won't let them keep me here after the chaplain's gone? You'll see as I get's my release. My dear lady, promise me as you will."

She would not deceive him, yet she could not bear to disappoint the hope of so many dreary months, particularly at a

moment when she specially wished his mind to be calm for the service in which he was going to be engaged.

"John, you may be sure no one would wish to keep you here if you were able to be moved, and you must trust me that I will do the best I can for you. You do trust me, do you not?"

"Indeed I well may, ma'am, for you've done me nothing but good since the first day you told me I had found a friend—such a friend as you've been, to be sure!" and his voice faltered.

"Then, dear John, trust me now, and put all thoughts out of your mind except the holy service in which you are going to join. I will read to you till the chaplain comes."

He instantly laid his hands together with a childlike movement of meekness and submission, and remained intensely interested in the solemn words she was reading till the minister came, followed by one of the turnkeys, who had wished to join in the communion.

They knelt down on the cold floor, while the prisoner lay on his bed with folded hands and deathlike face, weeping quiet tears of penitence and thankful hope, while in the cold dark cell the holy rite was celebrated which breathes such wondrous promise of eternal light and life.

The chaplain's voice died away in the last blessing, and after a few minutes of perfect silence they rose and stood by the prisoner's bedside. Miss M—— was greatly struck by the intense calm of his expression; all excitement seemed to have passed away, he lay perfectly still, and his eyes were fixed on the window at which he had gazed so long, but with a deep and solemn look which showed that his longing now was for the free airs of eternity, and for the light of that land whose sunshine is love. He said not a word of his release as his friend bent over him and softly whispered that she would leave him quiet now, but would come to him again in a few hours—he merely pressed her hand and murmured some low words of thanks.

It was a lovely day in the early summer, and as Miss M—— felt the odorous breeze sweeping past her, and saw the glorious beauty of the cloudless heaven, she seemed to sympathize as she had never done before with the poor prisoner's longing to exchange the dark walls and cold damp air of the cell for the blessed sight

of this summer radiance. Her heart was full of pitying thoughts for him, and a faint hope that she might be able to remove him even yet, as she once more stood, late in the afternoon, at the gate of the gaol.

As soon as it was opened she learned that the order of release had come indeed.

"He's taken for death, ma'am," said the turnkey, "and we were just going to send for you; the doctor thinks he won't live the day out."

She went up at once to his cell; a great change had taken place—the gray shadow, which once seen is never forgotten, lay on his calm, solemn face—the dark eyes, which were partially covered by the heavy lids, seemed to see nothing earthly, and his whole attitude appeared to imply the repose of perfect submission.

"The chaplain has read the last prayers, ma'am," said the turnkey, "and he told us there was nothing more to be done, but to let him lie quiet till the end comes; perhaps you would like to stay with him?"

"I should," she said, and he left her alone with the dying man. Miss M—— sat down beside him, and took his cold hand in hers. Slowly he turned his eyes and fixed them full upon her, continuing to gaze steadily at her for some minutes. It was a strange look, so full of meaning, of intense feeling, and yet of a solemn awe, which seemed to say that he had passed already to a state of being where the sympathies of earth could touch him no more. She spoke a few quiet words, but he did not seem to hear her, and when he had looked at her thus intently for a little time, he as slowly withdrew his gaze, and a sort of impenetrable calm passed over him from which no sound or movement had power to rouse him. Thus for some hours he lay—at times a smile such as none had ever seen upon his lips within the prison walls, would gleam on his wan face. He would seem to listen to words which none but himself could hear, and his lips would move as if in reply, and then he relapsed into perfect calm. Sometimes Miss M—— wiped the death dews from his forehead, or tried to give him a little wine, but he seemed perfectly unconscious of her attempts, and at last she desisted, and simply watched him in silence. So he lay while the early night of the prison cell

gathered round him, and on through the dark hours, when all the earth was steeped in rest, and then at last, when the starry beauty of the summer night was kindled in the vault of heaven, the hour of liberty arrived—his soul was brought out of prison—the long-desired release was his; but even as the merciful Father gives fruition a thousand fold beyond our hopes to even our most feeble prayers, it was not only release from earthly captivity and dungeon gloom, but from the tyranny of a life which had been all darkness but for the sunset glow of hope which brightened its sad close—from the fierce struggle with evil, the torture of temptation, the cruelty of oppression and contempt, the anguish of homelessness and want. The prisoner was released, and far beyond the stars the enfranchised spirit flew to look on the Divine face of Him who is the one true Friend—the Lamb of God whose blood alone cleanses from all sin.

THE DIGGER INDIANS.*

BY W. W. ROSS, WELLINGTON SQUARE, ONT.

CALIFORNIA contains about 25,000 Indians, scattered over the state from the Pacific coast to the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. They are divided into two great classes—the Mountain and Mission Indians. The latter are converts of the old Spanish Padres. The Jesuits planted a mission at San Diego as early as 1697. Though the material was of the most unpromising kind, yet with their accustomed energy they entered upon the work. The Indians were turned from a nomad life to settled and peaceful pursuits. Many attained to very considerable skill in the cultivation of the soil and other industries. Trained somewhat after the traditions of men and the rudiments of the world, still they learned enough of Christ to be gathered into Churches, and conformed to Christian modes of worship.

* From a forthcoming volume entitled *Ten Thousand Miles through and around the Land we Live in*, by the Rev. W. W. Ross.

The missions soon became self-sustaining. But the Jesuits, ambitious for political as well as religious rule, were speedily suppressed. Their work passed into the hands of the Franciscans and Dominicans, under whose labours the converts increased to 30,000. Then came a revolution. Mexico wrested the land from Spain, broke up the missions, and suffered their works to fall into decay. Their ruins are objects of interest to the tourist of to-day. In ten years under Mexican rule the Christian Indians dwindled down to 5,000. The remnants are distributed chiefly along the coast of Southern California. Some are independent, living on their own lands; others are employed on ranches; the rest are gathered on reservation lands, housed and fed by the Government. Those who work for themselves are the best off; those who work for others come next; those who work neither for themselves nor anybody else are vagabonds. They are all given to drunkenness; the latter are seldom sober; the former are sober from Monday morning until Saturday night, but always drunk on Sunday. The ranchero encourages this Sabbath drinking, and freely sells them liquor, excusing himself by saying it is the only way he can retain their services. Whatever their prosperity in the past, at present they are sadly demoralized—their religion a mixture of pagan and popish superstitions. Their priests are not unfrequently the lowest fallen of the flock. Twenty-five years ago, through purchase and conquest, the country was ceded to the United States. But absorbed by the greed of gold, and taxed for the conversion of the white savage on these shores, comparatively little has been done as yet by either Protestant or Roman Catholic towards the resuscitation of the old, or the planting of new missions among the aborigines.

The Mountain Indians, composed of various tribes, are pagan. The name Digger is given to those tribes which dig into the ground for their dwellings. Having thrown out the soil to the depth of three or four feet, they cover the hole with poles, thatching them with boughs and earth. They crawl into this den and live like so many beasts. Dirt and depravity are distinguishing characteristics. I met them first at Clark's Ranche, among the mountains, near the Mariposa grove of big trees; and again, a larger encampment, in the Yo-semite. They are no longer

dwellers in this valley—only visitors. A few are always to be found here in summer and autumn. It is a favourite resort for fishing and laying in the winter's store of food. The men are of average height, lank, and low-browed. The women are undersized, quiet, soft-voiced, ever wearing the unimpassioned, aimless look of a drudge—a nobody. Their dress is a mixture of the savage and civilized—chiefly the cast-off clothing of the whites, worn without any regard to the fitness of things. Children and half-starved curs, in about equal number, are trotting round or rolling together in the dirt. The lord and master is usually away fishing and hunting, whilst the squaw-slave, if not sick or sleeping, is at work gathering and grinding acorns. These, with the pignon, a nut taken from the core of the nut-pine, constitute their chief bread food. Large sacks filled with acorns are piled on the tops of boulders or scaffolding, to keep them from unprincipled pigs and donkeys. One of the women is grinding at the mill—a huge piece of granite fallen from the walls about us. The surface is flat, with several cavities capable of holding from a quart to a gallon. The acorns are first roasted, then peeled, and ground in these holes by pounding with a stone pestle. Though not a tread-mill, the bare feet are employed to keep the meal in the mortar.

The stomach of an Indian, like the gizzard of an ostrich, is proverbially tough; yet, there is one thing they cannot digest—the tannin of oak. This is removed by pouring hot water on the meal, after which it is put into a wire-grass basket, and mixed with water. How can it be cooked?—the basket, though water-tight, is not fire-proof. Cobble stones are heated, and dropped hissing hot into the mess. When cooled they are taken out, put into the fire again, and, without brushing off the dirt and ashes, returned to the basket. This is repeated till the mess is cooked. It has an ashen look, not unlike oatmeal porridge, but is less palatable, and productive of inferior men. What shall they do for sauce? Far away over the mountains, within the crater of an extinct volcano, is one of the marvels of nature—Lake Mono. On its shores gathers a heavy froth, in which a certain fly lays its eggs; when hatched the Indians gather it up, wash away the

froth, and dry the larvæ in the sun. This is called *Ke-cha-ve.* It is sprinkled on the mush!

The Diggers also make bread of their acorn meal. The oven is a hole in the ground, eighteen inches deep. First, red-hot stones are placed at the bottom: over these a sprinkling of sand, followed by a layer of dry leaves; on these the paste is poured two or three inches deep. This is covered by a second layer of leaves, more sand, hot stones, and lastly earth. In a few hours the oven has cooled down, and the bread is taken out—a shapeless loaf, liberally mixed with leaves and dirt. Clover is a great luxury. They pull it up in handfuls, eating leaves and stalks, as well as blossoms. They fatten on it. When the whites were fighting the Indians of the Yo-semite, in 1851, they captured the old chief Ten-ie-ya. He soon tired of the white man's food. "It was," he said, "the season for grass and clover." To be in sight of such abundance, and not suffered to taste it, greatly distressed this Tantalus. He pined away. Captain Boling, in command, good-humouredly said he should have a ton if he wanted it. So a rope was tied round the old man's body, and he was led out to grass. He fell to grazing with the gusto of long-stabled kine. An immediate improvement took place in his condition,—in a few days he was a new man. These Indians also relish dried bugs, grubs, and caterpillars, and are very fond of snakes and lizards.

Some of the tribes poison their arrows. They procure a live rattle-snake, and a fresh deer's liver. Having irritated the snake, they hold towards it the liver, which is bitten until charged with poison. It is then buried and left to putrefy, when it is dug up and the arrow-heads dipped into it. Well dried, it is a lasting and deadly poison. A man or beast wounded with one, ever so slightly, will die within twenty-four hours. It is said, however, that one may eat with safety the flesh of an animal killed by one of these arrows—the poison of the rattle-snake being harmless when taken into a sound stomach; but poisonous, received into the blood.

Their belief, like their language, is not unlike that of the Chinese. Some ethnologists claim that they came from the land of the celestials, by way of Behring's Straits. They believe in

two Great Spirits—the Evil and the Good. They do not fear the Good; therefore pay him no attention. But fearing the Evil, they have for him a very great regard. If he can be propitiated or outwitted, the soul may escape to a happy hereafter. If they bury their dead, however, the chances of their escape are greatly lessened. Hence, they do not bury, but always burn the body. The nearest of kin has the privilege of applying the torch to the funeral pyre. Surrounding the blazing pile in large numbers, making all manner of hideous noises, giving way to the wildest antics—a very pandemonium let loose—they hope so to distract the attention of the Evil One that the soul shall get safely away. When the body is consumed they gather up the ashes and charred remains, grind them to a powder, and mix it with the pitch of the pine. Then, having first cut their coarse black hair within an inch of the scalp, this horrible mixture is rubbed over the head, neck and breast. It is the token of their grief. When worn away their mourning is ended. Filthy and disgusting at any time, they are doubly so when mourning for their dead. Do I turn away with loathing? "God hath made of *one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Do I despair of flesh that has so corrupted its way? Jesus comes "travelling in the *greatness* of his strength, MIGHTY TO SAVE."

"THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA."

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

EVERY school-boy is familiar with the mythical adventures of the Greeks around the walls of Troy, and knows by heart the story of the wolf-reared founders of Rome. Yet very many among us are comparatively unacquainted with the storied memories of our own land, and with the splendid achievements, the heroic endurance, and the dauntless daring which have made so many of its scenes classic ground. The first step towards an intelligent patriotism is a knowledge of our country's history. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to those students of the past who have

preserved from oblivion the beginnings of our Canadian national life. And to no one are we more indebted for this service than to Francis Parkman. In his series of fascinating volumes on the early settlement of our country, he has bequeathed to us a legacy of imperishable interest. It is somewhat remarkable that to three American writers, Bancroft, Parkman and Schoolcraft, are we indebted for the best popular account of the early history of Canada and of its aboriginal races. This is an international reciprocity which the most zealous protectionist would not interdict.

Parkman's voluminous writings are also a monument of his indefatigable industry, working under difficulties that to many would prove insuperable. Like his distinguished countryman and fellow-historian, Prescott, he has suffered for years from an affection of the eyes which made him almost entirely dependent on the aid of others for his literary investigations.

But to come to the volume before us.* The means of knowing the Canada of the past are unusually ample. For a long series of years a number of sagacious and acute observers of the drama of the time, or bold actors in its varied scenes,—soldiers, civilians, officials, ecclesiastics,—sent yearly to the mother country voluminous accounts of the passing events in the colony. In the archives of France these are still preserved. From this mass of crude materials Parkman has painted for us a picture of that dim and shadowy past, which holds us with a fascinating spell. In his pages we may thread again the quaint old streets of the fortress capital of New France, we may be present at the high festivals or solemn councils of the palace castle of St. Louis, we may traverse long reaches of almost pathless forest with the black-robed Jesuit missionary, or glide down the arrowy rivers with Indian war parties in their frail canoes. We may trace the struggles of the infant colony, beleaguered alike by hostile Iroquois and by hostile English, and its final conquest by the latter, the most fortunate event that ever befell it. The Jesuit priests, the most prominent and heroic figures of the historic canvas, are painted in their brightest lights and deepest

* *The Old Régime in Canada.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1874. 8vo. pp. 448, with maps.

shades with rigid fidelity. Subtle, keen, unscrupulous, as much wily politicians as Christian missionaries, they met the cunning of their savage foes with a dissimulation even deeper than their own. They exhibited the spirit of a Torquemada or a St. Dominic in inflicting suffering on the bodies of recusants from the faith, for the presumed good of their souls. They even consented to the death, by torture, after baptism, of their Iroquois foes, as sealing thus their eternal salvation. "A chief," writes Le Mercier, "was taken prisoner by our Indians, instructed by our Fathers and baptized, and on the same day being put to death, he ascended to heaven. I doubt not," he adds, "that he thanked the Virgin for his misfortune and for the blessing that followed." They would stop at no fraud nor guile in order to baptize a sick babe, and thereby, as they thought, snatch it from eternal perdition, from the jaws of the infernal wolf—*le Loup infernal.*

But though their faults were many and great, as our author admits, the grandeur of their self-devotion towered above them all. At the call of duty they counted not their lives dear unto them. They braved the most appalling hardships and encountered the most deadly peril. Inspired by their zeal for souls, they traversed nine hundred miles of trackless wilderness, even now almost a solitude, to carry the Gospel to tribes who repaid their solicitude by inhuman tortures and a cruel martyrdom. Footsore and weary, gnawed by the pangs of hunger and chilled to their marrow by the piercing cold, they went through the wintry woods from plague-smitten town to town, to minister their healing simples to the victims of the loathsome small-pox. The wail of a sick child in an infected wigwam was an appeal they could not resist, and at the risk of their lives they bestowed the saving ordinance which, they believed, transformed the heir of perdition into a candidate for glory. Many of these heroic men died as martyrs for their faith; and one at least, Guillaume de Vignal, was devoured by the cannibal wretches to whom he was conveying the Gospel, as he possessed it. They lived in an atmosphere of miracle. They walked under the continual protection of Christ, his virgin mother, and the saints. Powers supernal and infernal warred for or against their souls. They recognized the interposition of Providence in a thousand ways.

They felt themselves invulnerable till their work was done, and they courted death and danger as the meed of highest honour. Their mission was a spiritual knight errantry, akin to that of the crusaders of old. They bore the name of Jesus emblazoned on a silken banner. They invoked divine aid on their undertakings in the *Veni Creator,* and celebrated their success in a glad *Te Deum,* and they took possession of the whole country in the name of Christ.

Our author possesses in a remarkable degree that vivid historical imagination and power of picturesque description that, as by the spell of an enchanter's wand, makes the dead past live again. That witchery of style which characterized his former volumes is no less marked in this; and although the present work may contain less of dramatic incident, it is their equal in depth of careful and scholarly research, and their superior in breadth of philosophical survey and generalization.

As an example of his keen poetic sympathy with nature, and felicitous word painting, take the following description of one of our Canadian primeval forests.—

"Deep recesses where, veiled in foliage, some wild sly rivulet steals with timid music through breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered crags rise like castle walls, where the noon-day sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wavering shadows on the illumined foam; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sun-lit waters dances in the quivering light; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin; or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern, columned with innumerable trunks each like an Atlas, upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channelled rind; some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepid old age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres; roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in the agony of contorted strife; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks, turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like mouldering reptiles of the primeval world,

while around, and on and through them, the young growth springs that battens on their decay—the forest devouring its dead."

That which most impresses the reader is the imminent peril of extermination in which the infant colony constantly stood. A few hundred inhabitants were gathered chiefly behind the stockades of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. The forests swarmed with ferocious Iroquois, thirsting for their blood. They even entered the settlements and killed the hapless colonists on the threshold of their own houses. Every man carried his life in his hand. From 1650 to 1660 a perfect reign of terror prevailed. The colony was preserved from extinction by an act of valour and devotion as heroic as any recorded on the page of history. Not the leap of Curtius into the yawning Forum, the stand of Horatius on the Sublician bridge, nor the struggle of the Swiss patriots with the Austrian phalanx at Morgarten, better deserves to be held in grateful remembrance. Dulac des Ormeaux, a youth of twenty-five, with sixteen others youthful like himself, all of Montreal, resolved to save their country though they perished in the effort. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacrament, and bade a solemn farewell to their friends, like men about to march to death. And so they were. Not one returned alive. Reinforced by forty-two friendly Indians, they proceeded up the Ottawa to a wooden redoubt some distance above Carillon, at a rapid known as the Long Saut. Here they took their stand to intercept an expected horde of Iroquois. Soon the savage van appeared. They were boldly attacked. For five long days and nights they swarmed around the frail redoubt, repulsed again and again by its brave defenders, who fought and prayed and watched in turns, though worn by hunger, thirst, and want of sleep. Iroquois reinforcements arrived, and seven hundred ferocious savages beleaguered the crumbling redoubt, garrisoned only by two and twenty worn-out men, for their red allies, all but five, had abandoned the French. For three days longer the unequal conflict waged, and only with the death of the last Frenchman was the dear-bought victory won. But the colony was saved.

The pass of the Long Saut was the Thermopylæ of Canada. The Iroquois retreated, dejected and amazed, "to howl over their losses and nurse their dashed courage for a day of revenge."

But the little Colony was rent by faction within as well as bleeding with wounds received from without. The mutual jealousies of Montreal and Quebec, of Jesuit and Sulpician, of Governor and Intendant, reproduced on Canadian soil all the acrimony of Old World strifes. A vicious commercial policy dried up the springs of colonial prosperity; and the pillage of the hapless *habitants* became the reward of the vile favourites of the most corrupt court of Europe. Official leeches drained its life-blood dry. The fur trade, eagerly followed as the highway to wealth, proved its ruin. The brave, the hardy, the adventurous *coureurs de bois*, disdained the dull routine of labour, roamed the forest like savage nomads, became lawless and reckless, and glutted the market with furs—three-fourths of the stock at Montreal was burned in 1700 to make the rest worth exportation. Meanwhile the fields languished for lack of tillage; poverty and famine stalked through the land.

The French colonial system was calculated to enfeeble rather than to strengthen the national fibre. All Canadian enterprise was extinguished by the constant tutelage and fostering of the mother country. Hardy New England, left to itself, throve amain; but New France, tied to Old France's apron-strings, hung in childish dependence on the decrepitude of the falling monarchy, tottering to the doom of the approaching Revolution. The towering schemes of France, comprehending the dominion of India, West Africa, the Antilles and adjacent mainland of South America, and all of North America save the narrow English seaboard, collapsed like a house of cards, before the sturdy British pluck of her hereditary foe, and scarce a vestige of her once vast domain remained.

Some of our author's colonial sketches are dashed with considerable grotesque humour. Wives, as may be supposed, were in active demand in New France. So the king sent a yearly ship-load of peasant girls to meet this want. On their arrival a bazaar was held, and the awkward Canadian *habitant* or rough soldier was required to make his matrimonial choice

within a fortnight after the arrival of the fair cargo. A fine was imposed on celibacy, and young couples, we are told, were married "by thirties at a time."

The Canadians, we are also informed, were somewhat litigious; but the jurisdiction of the seigneurs was restricted to cases involving not more than sixty sous, and to fines of ten sous. The laws were of inquisitorial minuteness, having reference to such matters as pew rents, stray hogs, mad dogs, fast driving, matrimonial quarrels, Sabbath observance, and profane swearing. The penalty for this last varied from fine up to branding, the pillory, and in obstinate cases the excision of the offending tongue. Some of the severest laws were those against the liquor traffic with the Indians, which was rigidly prohibited and denounced as a mortal sin. Probably the first temperance meeting on the continent was held at Sillery, near Quebec, in 1648.

The land rent under the seignorial tenure was ridiculously low. At Montreal, in the seventeenth century, a common annual charge was half a sou and half a pint of wheat per acre.

Some remarkable illustrations of religious fanaticism are cited. Mademoiselle Le Ber was the daughter of the chief merchant of Montreal, a man ennobled on account of his wealth. At the call of heaven, as she thought, she renounced her suitors, and immured herself for ten years in her chamber. For twenty years longer she dwelt in a narrow cell excavated behind the altar of the church. She lay upon a bed of straw (never moved lest it should become too soft), so that her head could touch the partition that alone separated it from the Host upon the altar. She received her food through a narrow opening, wore an undergarment of haircloth, a robe of coarse serge, tattered and unwashed, and inflicted on her person frequent flagellation and daily penance. "The angels," writes a pious nun, "assisted her in her embroidery, and repaired her broken spinning-wheel; and in answer to her prayers the British fleet suffered a disastrous shipwreck,"—"the greatest miracle," exclaims a Sulpician Father, "since the days of Moses." More beautiful in their ministrations to the sick and suffering, were the lives of the gentle and often high-born nuns of the hospitals. In the absence of physicians,

the care of the wounded from the Indian wars, and the fever-smitten from the infected ships fell to them. And nobly they fulfilled their mission, often falling victims to their devotion. "The nuns died," says our author, "but they never complained."

He that would understand the condition of Canada under the Old Regime must study it in the pages of Parkman, which will be a delightful task, or of his original authorities, which for most of us is impossible. We hope, however, that before long a Canadian book, which we have had the pleasure of reading in manuscript, will present a more vivid picture of that quaint old past than any which has yet appeared, not even excepting Francis Parkman's.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,
"Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying:
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of labour
Hardens into gold.

"'Where is God, that we should fear Him?'
Thus the earth-born Titans say;
'God! if thou art living, hear us!'
Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"
Spake a solemn voice within;
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin?

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged by turns.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

METHODIST BIOGRAPHY.

THE REV. GEORGE PECK, D.D.

BY W. I. SHAW, B.A., LL.B., MONTREAL, QUE.

THERE is a prejudice in many minds against autobiographies. It may accidentally arise from their being marked by literary inferiority. Or it may come from the very common dislike there is to hear men talking about themselves, especially if what they say is characterized by what Dr. Whedon has recently termed "empyrean professions." But with neither of these defects is the work before us* chargeable. The author in his narrative has faithfully observed the direction of Wesley concerning the relation of experience, "Let modesty and self-diffidence appear in all your

* *The Life and Times of the Rev. George Peck, D.D.* New York: Nelson and Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

words." Like Achilles he has a noble tale of heroism to relate, but the tale is told unmarred by Achilles' pride. We have notes from the battle fields of more than half a century, telling of trials borne and triumphs won by a brave soldier of Christ. As regards the style of the narrative, the succinctness and raciness are such as we might expect from a man who has been so prominent in the editorial and controversial literature of American Methodism.

Dr. Peck was born in 1797, in Otsego County, New York, a place at that time considered the frontier of civilization, anything beyond being regarded as the "Far West." Early in life he derived instruction from three sources: Nature, inferior schoolmasters, and Methodist itinerants. The first, in its own lyceum of the wilderness, could teach to great advantage. The attainments of the second were limited to reading, writing, and "doing sums." Of one of these pedagogues, however, it is stated, that his reputation was greatly enhanced by a "rumour that he was studying grammar." By the third class of instructors, probably, his mind was most guided and his character formed. It was when the successors of Losee were organizing Societies in Canada that one of the pioneers of American Methodism, Father White, carried to the frontier settlements of Western New York, in 1812, the glad tidings of salvation, that led young Peck to Christ in the fifteenth year of his age. Through the intervening sixty-two years he has, with unfaltering faith and great spiritual power, been serving the cause of Christ and of Methodism. In 1816 he entered the itinerancy, in connection with the Genesee Conference, and he remarks, "thus in the nineteenth year of my age I began a journey which continued fifty-seven years." Like the "Father of the faithful," and like ten thousand Methodist itinerants, "by faith he went out, not knowing whither he went." Like Francois Xavier on his way to China, unwilling to salute his friends lest they should dissuade him from his purpose, he tore himself away from all family ties to carry the divine evangel to perishing men. In the course of his ministry he passed through such conflicts with false doctrines, and fanaticism, and infidelity, and vice, as only an aggressive minister knows, and through such privations and hardships as render so thrilling the history of the Methodist Revival. Certainly no hope of worldly gain inspired those

faithful toilers of the good old times, as may be inferred from the following conversation, which once occurred between Bishop Hedding and Dr. Peck.

"Brother Peck, how small a salary did you ever receive in any one year of your ministry?"

He says, he thought of the year 1819, and answered, "Fifty-eight dollars. What was your smallest, Bishop?"

"Four dollars," was the reply.

At the early age of twenty-seven he was appointed Presiding Elder, and the same year a delegate to the General Conference of 1824. He has enjoyed the remarkable honour of being elected a delegate to every session of the General Conference, from 1824 to the last, held in Brooklyn, in 1872. For eight years he wielded the powerful sceptre of the New York *Methodist Quarterly Review;* and from 1848 to 1852, was editor of the New York *Christian Advocate.* In 1846 he was appointed a representative to the Evangelical Alliance, in London, England; and in 1865, a delegate, along with Dr. Elliott, to the Wesleyan Conference of Canada, which met in London, Ontario.

In studying the times in which Dr. Peck lived and toiled, we are struck with the associations common to early American and Canadian Methodism. These direct associations have, for political and patriotic considerations, very properly terminated, but they have left a bond of sympathy which traverses all national boundaries, and which is felt, we believe, by the ten hundred ministers of our Canadian Methodism, whatever may have been our personal antecedents. Our interest in the narrative before us is enhanced by our being led in paths in which we meet with men whose names we reverence as the earliest apostles of Methodism in our own land. It was in Canada, then a part of the Genesee Conference, that Dr. Peck was ordained Elder by Bishop George, who, exactly fifty years ago, presided at the first Canadian Methodist Conference, held in the town of Picton, then Hallowell. Among the strong men who figure prominently in the debates of those times, we find our own Nestor, William Case, and the able and impulsive Ryan. It was in the place of the former, who was required in Canada, that Dr. Peck was appointed, in 1824, Presiding Elder of the Susquehanna District. He was

present at the General Conference in 1828, when the Canada Conference was allowed to become an independent Church. It is not strange that he observed the contrast when visiting us in 1865, between the small band numbering forty-five, to whom the American Church in 1828 bade "God-speed," and the accumulative strength of Canadian and British Methodism in these Provinces, as represented by the six hundred ministers of the London Conference of 1865.

The autobiography of Dr. Peck is of value to the student of American history, both ecclesiastical and political, as furnishing a detailed account of the unfortunate separation of Southern Methodism, in 1844. As a member of the Committee of Nine, from which emanated what has been termed the "Plan of Separation," and as chairman of a large committee having subsequently to deal with Southern affairs, Dr. Peck is certainly qualified, from his acquaintance with the facts, to give us a history of those troublous times. He portrays for us the men who were foremost in that movement, such as Bascom, Capers, Bishop Andrew Longstreet and Pierce, and the limner doubtless thinks he does them justice when describing their conspicuous virtues and their more conspicuous failings. In the passion-clouds and anger-flashes of those times, we see the omens of the terrific storm of 1861, and we feel sad that Methodism has had so much to do with the defence of slavery, on the floors of Conference and in fields of battle. One item of information affecting us which we glean from this controversy, is, that in 1828, when the Canada Conference, just set off, applied for its share in the Book Concern, New York, the application was rejected on account of the united opposition, in the General Conference, of the Southern vote. Yet the same party, in 1844, not set off by mutual consent but by actual secession, pleaded the Canadian claim of 1828 as a precedent, when demanding their share in the interests of the Book and Publishing Concerns. "Such is the influence of self-interest upon the reasoning processes of poor frail humanity."

Dr. Peck, through all that unfortunate controversy and in the subsequent American struggle, but shows an amount of earnestness which is natural to a man who contends for the integrity of his church and country. That this spirit has been carried too

far by some of his countrymen he admits, when he says that in the recent crisis "even silence could not be tolerated." For any man in the United States, or in Canada, or in England, or living anywhere on earth, to be without demonstrative sympathy with the Federal cause, was unfortunately taken as a certain proof that he was a foe.

What strikes one most forcibly in the character of Dr. Peck is that he is what is termed a self-made man. He is a graduate of the best university in the world for requiring a man to pursue a varied course of study, and to develop what talent there is in him—the Methodist itinerancy. Through a long course of years he continued his studies with such diligence that he ultimately became an efficient instructor in Hebrew, Greek, Metaphysics and Theology. He is one of a large class, found especially in American Methodism, whose success warrants the statement that the most effective men, and perhaps the men as well of greatest mental power, have not been of university training, but such as without these privileges have toiled hard to reach the desired goal, and have understood Horace's meaning, if not his words:

> "Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit fecitque, . . sudavit et alsit."

At the same time, is it not significant that the most worthy of such men have been the foremost in advocating the interests of educational institutions? We find that Dr. Peck in this respect was ahead of his times in moving for the establishment of theological schools when such a proposal was regarded with general disfavour. They who can excel without such advantages are very likely to be wise enough properly to value them. When Dr. Peck became an itinerant, fifty-eight years ago, the M. E. Church, he says, did not possess a single college, seminary or school of any kind. To-day it has (according to the Methodist Almanac for 1875) 27 Universities, 69 Seminaries, and 5 Theological Schools, including one in Germany and one in India.

In some way with the reading of this book before us there have been associated thoughts of the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, suggested, however, by way of contrast. In the one

case we have the experience of the great thinker and sceptic, who tells the story of the progress of doubt in his inner life, until he declares that he finds in the universe no evidence of God or of controlling wisdom, benevolence, and power. In the other case we have the story of the progress of Christian faith, of a faith the effect of which was a grand succession of victories for truth and holiness, and which, at the close of life's campaign, enables the old veteran thus triumphantly to look into the past and future: "With what emotions I began the long journey on that, to me, memorable first day of April, 1816, when I left my father's house to go to my first Circuit. How great and holy seemed the work in which I was about to engage. How unprepared for it, how unworthy of it I felt. How sadly I looked back and saw tearful faces lingering at the door watching me as I rode slowly away. There was the beginning, here is the end. The eyes which then gazed after me have long been closed in their last sleep. The lips which then breathed benedictions on me have long been silent in the dust. The rapid years have fled. The swift morning of life long since gave place to noon; noon has come and gone, and the shadows of the evening are lengthening about me. But there is no gloom in their depths. Beyond the gathering darkness lies the brightness of eternal day. With humble gratitude to God for all his loving kindness to me and mine through all these years, I bless Him for the past and with unfaltering trust look forward to the future." Peck has found religion a source of nobleness and moral power. Mill says "I have deliberately come to the conclusion that religion is a great moral evil." Which is the wiser? The one has found Christianity to supply the spiritual want of the world. The other says "I have no more to do with Christianity than with the religion of the men spoken of by Herodotus." Which is the fool? Which has the better prospect for the mysterious hereafter? Scripture answers: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." May the Head of the Church give us more men like George Peck, vigorous in mind, earnest in toil, and successful in winning souls.

PERFECT LOVE.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THIS is a Scripture phrase, and is warranted by that passage in the First Epistle of John chapter 4, verse 18, where it is said that "perfect love casteth out fear." The fear and love placed in opposition to each other, in this verse, have God for their object; that is, this fear is a certain fear of God; and the love referred to, is the love of God. But the fear of God and the love of God, here intended, are of such a character as to be incompatible. The one excludes or "casts out" the other. At least, the love (that is, when perfect) casts out the fear; and tormenting fear is incompatible with love, at least with "perfect" love. They may exist in the same heart alternately; or they may exist in the same heart at the one time, if in imperfect quantities; in which latter case, they are in perpetual conflict.

Let it, however, be remarked, there is a kind of fear towards God which is not incompatible with love, yea, is promoted by love. A child, who perfectly loves his parent, will be afraid of doing anything to grieve him, or to lose, in any measure, his approbation. So, in like manner, there is a filial, cautionary fear towards God which springs from filial love, or, at least, coincides with it. Such a fear of God is to be desired and cultivated. An apostle exhorts, "Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear." Hence it is said, "Happy is the man that feareth always." This passage, moreover, proves that such a fear is compatible with happiness as well as love.

The fear, therefore, referred to in the text, is a fear which proceeds from, and awakens hate. He who is in antagonism to God has a feeling of distrust, which amounts to dread. He cannot love a being whom he regards as dreadful, and his fear is "tormenting." Now it is this kind of fear which it is the legitimate tendency of the love of God—at least when that love is "made perfect"—to cast out.

Love is the essence of religion. It is said to be the "end of the commandment" and "the fulfilling of the law." How

extremely desirable, therefore, to possess this love, and to have it made perfect.

To illustrate this important subject still further, we make four observations concerning tormenting fear and the love of God:—

First, there is a state in which there is neither fear nor love to God. The worldly, irreligious, habitually wicked man certainly cannot love God; and some of these, as the psalmist has it, seem to "have no fear of God before their eyes." There may not be many who remain long in this state at any one time, but there do seem to be some so absorbed in worldly affairs, so hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, and so enthralled by sensuality and vice, that they never give one thought to God, whether of hope or fear, to say nothing of love.

He who is in this deplorable state is "nigh unto cursing, whose end," (if he awake not out of sleep) "is to be burned."

Secondly, no wonder if, when he is awakened, he should, for a time at least, be in a state which is all fear and no love. This is, at least, the first stage of the awakened sinner's state: his state, certainly, while he remains unwilling to submit to God and receive mercy on the terms of the Gospel. If they believe in a future retribution and endless punishment for sin, (and we never heard of a person, truly awakened, who did not), as their hearts are estranged from God, they can feel no sentiment towards him but dread. There seems nothing for them, therefore, but "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."

Still, we must not forget to state, that whenever a sinner begins to relent, he almost instantly begins to hope in God's mercy. This conducts him to the next stage of experience, namely:—

Thirdly, a state in which love and fear are intermixed. Those in this state love, but their love is not made perfect. It may be perfect in kind, but not in quantity; just as a gill of water may be as perfect water as a gallon, but it is not such a perfect supply as to fill the vessel and exclude the air. This is the state—at least, ever and anon—of the newly-converted or the nearly-justified, or more precisely still, of the one who is justified but not

entirely sanctified. This person's faith is infantile and variable, and consequently his love is weak and partial, or imperfect. His corruptions sometimes bring him into bondage; but, if faithful, his love increases and fear diminishes till he attains the last stage of Christian attainment we have to consider, in which,

Fourthly, "perfect love casteth out fear." This is the state of the fully sanctified. Such have perfect confidence or boldness; hence, the absence of fear. And this perfect persuasion of God's goodness and mercy begets a perfect return of love to Him. It involves the maturity of all other graces as well. "The full assurance of faith" is accompanied by "the full assurance of hope unto the end." And "perfect love" is the only thing which can ensure our "patience having its perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." No man is perfect as a Christian, unless he can "bear, believe, hope, and endure all things;" and it is love which enables us to do this. (See 1 Cor. xiii.) We can endure anything for whomsoever we love with a perfect love.

How, then, shall we become possessed of this perfect love? We answer, pray earnestly for the fullest disclosure of His love "who first loved us;" and that the love of God may be "shed abroad, in all its plenitude, in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us."

"Were half our breath, that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would often be,—
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'"

THINK—SPEAK—LIVE TRULY.

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Rev. H. Bonar.*

EDITORIAL.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THERE is a deep significance in the old Homeric legend of the sorceress Circe, whose fell enchantments changed men into the form of swine, and whose wily fascinations got the better even of the reason of the much-planning Ulysses, making him forget name, and fame, and duty, his long-left home and faithful wife, in her vile embrace. The ancient myth reads like an allegory in which are strikingly represented the fatal fascinations of the modern sorceress, Intemperance, by which men are degraded and embruted into the very likeness of beasts, and made to wallow, like swine, in the sty of sensuality. Her poisoned cup makes them forget the claims of God and duty, of the Church and of their homes, of wife and child, of all that heart should hold most dear.

This fearful spell is upon many of our fellow-creatures. Those fatal enchantments beset them on every side. The youthful and the unwary are continually falling under their power. We fear that the pulpit and the religious press have not been sufficiently pronounced in their warnings against this evil. The drinking usages of society, even of religious society, have been too frequently condoned by those guardians of the public morals and creators of the Christian opinion of the age.

We are glad to know that the Church of Christ, and more prominently, we think, than any other section of that Church, the Methodist denomination, is awaking to its duty to promote, by every means in its power, the great Temperance Reform. We are pleased to hear the clear, ringing, and unfaltering tones of many of our ministers upon this important subject, and to see their laborious efforts to promote the temperance cause—one of the grandest forms which Christian philanthropy has assumed in modern times—and to know that, both by precept and example, they strive to abate the dreadful evil of intemperance.

One of our Rules of Society prohibits the "buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless as a case of extreme necessity." Every one, therefore, that joins the Methodist Church becomes, by that act, a pledged abstainer. We would that this obligation were universally felt. The Methodist Church is, we think, the only Church which embodies such a principle in its constitution. If the entire Methodist body in the Dominion were only true to its avowed principles, if it would give them, not merely a passive adhesion, but an active support, what an influence might it exert on this question throughout the country! How much it could do to educate the public conscience, on the duty of repressing this monster evil, and of prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors! How much it could do to stay the dreadful tide of intemperance that is deluging the land and bearing away on its billows so many precious lives, and destroying with its curse so many immortal souls! Nothing so retards the Gospel as intemperance, and nothing so frequently mars its work when begun, dragging its victims even from the house of God and the sacred desk. Temperance is not the Gospel, as its advocates have been accused of making it, but it is its necessary forerunner; and the Christian minister is called of God to preach temperance, as well as righteousness, and a judgment to come, even in the presence of an opposing public opinion, as boldly as Paul reasoned on these lofty themes before the bar of Felix. Let us, therefore, as a people, re-assert our position and relationship to this great cause, and let us make good our claim of being found ever in the van of every good work.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

In the days of His flesh the Lord Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of the disciples, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." So He still sets little children in our households to teach us the same blessed lesson, and when they have lived long enough to accomplish their ministry of love, the Good Shepherd often takes them to His arms again. These little lives, cut off thus untimely, seem strangely, sadly frag-

mentary; but they have often a glorious completeness in the fulfilment of a blessed mission. They come to unseal founts of feeling in the soul, the purest and the tenderest that earth may know, feelings that interpret to us the love of the All-Father for the human creatures he hath made. In a world where iniquity abounds and our hearts are often saddened by its malignant spell, what a potent counter-charm is the existence in our households of the guileless innocence of little children.

"Trailing clouds of glory do they come,"

breathing around us a sunny atmosphere of hope and joy, brightening the often sombre hours of human experience. Their trustful confidence in our affection, what a reproach is it to our own lack of faith in the infinite love of God. Our ministration to their wants, what an unwearying delight to a parent's heart. How can we ever doubt that "like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." And when sickness comes and the little frame is racked with pain, in the intense and undying affection that quivers with sympathy at every pang, and fain would bear it in our own person if we could, we catch a glimpse,—faint and feeble, yet interpreting to our souls its blessed meaning,—of the infinite compassion and everlasting love of the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep.

When the little being that nestled for a time in our embrace has taken its flight to a happier clime, and left our hearts like a deserted nest, empty, cold, and desolate, the memory of its sojourn with us becomes a spell of blessed power to wean our souls from earth and draw them toward the skies. Heaven is no longer a vague, far-off, and shadowy dream, but a glorious reality—"a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." For we know of whom the Saviour said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and who they are who always behold the face of our Heavenly Father there—as if nearest to His throne and dwelling ever in the light of His smile. And while we toil along life's thorny pathway they walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and stand beside the jasper sea, and wander happy evermore amid the delights of paradise. No more for them

earth's weary pain, its restless, unsatisfied longings, its dissapointments and its dirges. They reach out hands of loving greeting to bid us, as they cannot come to us, to come to them. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." Their last sigh is heaved, their last tear has fallen, their last pain is felt. Unsaddened by sorrow, unstained by sin's pollution, unassailed by temptation's power, they live for ever safe from possibility of ill. By the green pastures and to the living fountains of waters the Good Shepherd leads them, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." As the winter night winds moan above our darlings' lonely graves, our hearts ache at the thought of the loved forms consigned to the cold and silent tomb. But more truly to their beatified spirits will *we* appear as exiles from the everlasting home of the soul, exposed to life's wintry storms and chilling blasts. Painful as the parting pang may be, would we, could we wish them back again to buffet with earth's storms and battle with its sins, perhaps to fall before their blighting power? When the loving Saviour says "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and folds them in His kind embrace, shall we forbid them? Safe sheltered in the Father's house on high they bide our coming thither. Shall we not therefore walk very softly before God, very circumspectly in His sight.

> "Shall we grieve the holy angels,
> Shall we cloud their blessed skies?"

Though their sojourn may have been brief, yet a rich legacy of love is left,—a thousand tender recollections, sweet though pensive, that we would not for the world exchange for blank forgetfulness of our great loss. Those loving memories will be a spell to keep our spirits free from earth-taint amid life's indurating cares, and the unseen presence of a little child may lead us in paths of gentleness and ruth. Therefore out of the shadow of a great sorrow we may stretch forth hands of faith, and, laying hold upon the promises of divine comfort, be enabled, though it may be with quivering voice, to sing in the sweet words of resignation of Charles Wesley:

"Wherefore should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to rest is early gone,
He to Paradise is fled!
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

"Faith cries out, 'It is the Lord!
Let Him do what seems Him good:
Be Thy holy name adored,
Take the gift a while bestowed;
Take the child, no longer mine;
Thine he is, for ever Thine!'"

ENCOURAGED by the very favourable reception of this Magazine, and anxious to make it *still* more worthy the patronage of the public, important changes are made in this number which will greatly enhance its value. It is estimated that the increase in the amount of reading matter resulting from this change will be equivalent to about fifteen pages of the large sized type, in each number, or to about two entire numbers in the course of the year. Although considerable additional cost is thus incurred, no change is made in the price of the Magazine. The publishers expect to be recouped by a large increase in the circulation.

The next number will be embellished by an excellent steel engraving of the late Rev. Charles Freshman, D.D., together with biographical sketch by the Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D. It will also contain valuable articles from the Rev. William Cooke, D.D., the distinguished author and divine, of London, England, and other able contributors. In succeeding numbers, portraits of the presidents of all Annual Conferences will be given, together with other valuable illustrations.

A perspective view and two plans of the new Mount Zion Tabernacle, at Hamilton, is in the engraver's hands, but is not completed in time for insertion in this number.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

WHETHER the country is agitated by any great party political question or not, the opening of the Dominion Parliament is a matter of commanding interest and importance. After the intense excitement attendant upon the elections, it is a relief to know that our representatives are in Ottawa, and doubtless it is a still greater relief to them. The Speech from the Throne has been very much like all previous speeches—made up of promises and congratulations. No one, we apprehend, will be disposed to dispute the statement that "notwithstanding the general and widespread commercial depression which has prevailed over the country, the trade of Canada is sound." The public works in the shape of railways, canals, etc., some of them commenced, others contemplated, are vast, but there is no insuperable barrier to their accomplishment. Year by year the country is becoming more attractive to the immigrant, and all who come with brave hearts and willing hands may achieve success. There is no country that offers so good a prospect to the overcrowded populations of the old world, as this, and at no former period were there so many circumstances conspiring to our well-being and prosperity. It becomes us at this juncture to watch our legislators, not with the eye of the choleric partisan, but with that of the honest patriot, who accords praise and confidence to whomsoever due, and uncompromisingly condemns wrong wherever it exists. One of our crying evils is a factious partyism, that asserts itself too frequently to the detriment of the country's weal. We need more magnanimity infused into our political life and into our great leading public journals.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE Imperial Parliament reassembled on the 5th of February. The Queen's Speech does not indicate any great question likely to excite special debate. It represents the country as in a generally prosperous condition, and in friendly relations with all foreign powers. England is determined to maintain her peace policy, which, though explained by some to be a confession of felt weakness and lessening influence amongst the nations, is really an indication of the development of principles which constitute truest greatness. One of the items which mark the present Parliament with peculiar interest is the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Liberal Party, and the appointment of Lord Hartington as his successor. After a brilliant record of service—one of the most brilliant and useful in the annals of the Empire—he retires from the heat of conflict to spend the evening of his life in comparative quiet and the prosecution of those literary labours and studies to which he is so ardently attached. In the distant future, when men shall look at matters calmly and thoughtfully, and not through the blurring mists of excited partisanship, they will associate the name of Gladstone with manly independence and unswerving integrity and honesty—a man who, though sometimes mistaken, in his very mistakes aimed at the country's good rather than at personal aggrandizement.

Amongst the questions which no very remote Parliament will have to deal with, and which is now adverted to in almost every political address, is the disestablishment of the English Church. The masterly oration recently delivered by John Bright at Birmingham will do much in the way

of calling attention to this great question. Justice, the interests of religion and common sense, demand disestablisment. Doubtless, it involves a struggle the like of which England has rarely seen, but the struggle will culminate in success, and bring with it not only justice to Noncomformists, but untold benefits to the Church itself. As Mr. Bright observed in his eloquent peroration, "it will be a great day for freedom, for Protestantism and Christianity, which shall witness the full enfranchisement of the Church within the realm of England."

The Caraquet Disturbance.

Ever since the new School Law came into operation in New Brunswick, that Province has been more or less in a disturbed and dissatisfied state on the question of free and separate schools, a circumstance largely due to priestly interference, seconded by political demagogues who have sought to make capital out of it for the furtherance of their own selfish or party interests. The matter has been bandied from court to court, and in every instance has been decided against the Separatists. It was hoped that at last the agitation had subsided, a hope which has been rudely and suddenly shattered by a serious riot at Caraquet, in which at least two lives have been lost and a vast amount of social, political and religious animosity has been engendered.

It is noteworthy that the chief actors in the scene of blood were ignorant French Roman Catholic fishermen, a class whose baser passions are easily inflamed. It is exceedingly painful to see how certain prominent journals extenuate the crime of these infatuated people, virtually teaching the legitimacy of bloodshed in resistance of fancied wrongs. Verily guilty are they who, instead of attempting to calm frenzied feeling, would fan it to a greater flame, if haply they may coerce men and Governments to grant them all they claim. While the outbreak is serious enough to demand, and will doubtless receive all due attention from the proper authorities, we need not apprehend any permanent difficulty, nor may we regard it as an index of the feeling amongst the intelligent Roman Catholics of New Brunswick.

Manitoba Troubles.

The affairs of the Province of Manitoba have been, and are, so intimately associated with sharply defined party issues that it is difficult to speak of them at all without being accused of undue sympathy with one or other of the potitical shibboleths of the day. When, after a long and searching investigation, Lepine was convicted of the murder of Thomas Scott and sentenced to the gallows, it was felt that the integrity of law was righteously maintained and vindicated. That Reil, as well as his confrere in crime, merited the same sentence, was admitted by all who had the interests of good government at heart.

Still it was a question whether, in view of the almost endless complications of the case, the future peace and consolidation of the new Province would be best conserved by the execution of the extreme penalty of the law. There are cases in which the exercise of mercy will do far more in the way of healing political and religious feuds than anything else; and, when the country calmly considers the action of Parliament relative to this case, in the light of all its far-reaching bearings, we are persuaded the majority will see and admit that what has been done is, upon the whole, the best that could have been done.

Doubtless if the whole of the Red River insurrection could have been severed from religious questions and bids for the political support of Roman Catholics it would have been greatly simplified. At the bottom of the trouble lies the artful, sleepless interference of the priesthood, which,

unfortunately for the country, is not always dealt with as justice and honesty demand, lest its hostility should be provoked. It always has followed, and it always will follow, that to needlessly go out of the way to secure support from Rome, is to court trouble and disaster. Now that disturbing questions have been, we hope, permanently settled, we may expect, for one of the most promising provinces of the Dominion, a degree of prosperity heretofore impossible.

The Troubled South.

The public journals for months past have been filled with the records of outrages committed in the Southern States, and even now the whole country seems to be in a state of unrest because of them, and the end is not yet. At a meeting in the city of Memphis, Jefferson Davis gave utterance to sentiments which lie at the very bottom of the troubles. "The only feeling of indignation I have is against the white men who have disturbed the natural relation which God intended us to occupy to the negro." In other words, the "natural relation" of the negro is that of a servant, that of the white man of a master. Hence the negro shall not vote, shall not hold office, shall not be a man, but a thing—so say the White Leaguers of Louisiana and other brutal murderous combinations. The issues of the war are not accepted as settling the future status of the coloured man. It conquered but it did not allay—nay, it rather increased, the feeling of intense hatred to the North. To both North and South slavery has left a terrible legacy. Fostered by the American eagle, its viper brood of evils now insert their fangs into her body, and drink her blood. "He that breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him."

China.

The recent death of the Emperor of China, leaving as his successor a boy five years of age, naturally attracts attention to that country and its government. It is generally understood that "the power behind the throne" will be Prince Kung, uncle of the late Emperor, a man of considerable mental culture, liberal in his policy, friendly to foreigners, disposed to open the gates of the Celestial Empire to modern science and literature, and withal much more favourable to Christianity than the majority of the Chinese royalty or nobility. The present is a time of hope for China. Year by year, new forces are coming into existence and pressing favourably on the social and political fabric of the Empire. The old exclusiveness is slowly but surely melting away, and all the indications at present point towards the speedy breaking down of the barriers which prevent free travelling and free settlement.

All this will have an effect highly favourable to Christianity. The vast masses of the people who have formed an opinion at all of the Christian religion, have done so, not from its missionaries and their families, but from European traders, whose example has been almost wholly adverse in the extreme. If Governmental restrictions are relaxed, and the Gospel is allowed to go openly amongst the people, it will command their assent and good will.

The thousands who visit our Western shores for the purposes of gain, many of whom are brought under the influence of the truth and return to their native home in the possession of the pearl of price, are preparing the way among their brethren for the missionary and his message. Let the Church at this particular juncture make special prayer for this deeply interesting, but superstitious, nation.

Anglican Church Difficulties.

It is evident that the Anglican Church is seriously deficient in power to deal with irregularities or to declare authoritatively what doctrines and practices shall or shall not obtain within its pale. Both in the Old

Country and here, this is observable. All shades of belief, from the most stringent orthodoxy down to the baldest rationalism, may be found. Extreme Ritualists, who differ from Rome chiefly in name, base their tawdry sacerdotalism on the Prayer Book, while their most ardent opponents appeal to the same authority to show their want of harmony with the teachings of the Church. Bishop Colenso's sermon, which he was to have preached in Westminster Abbey, and which was read from his pulpit by Dean Stanley, as it appears in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, is skeptical throughout, especially on the vital questions of prayer, miracles, and inspiration; and yet he holds his See as securely as the most evangelical bishop of the realm.

That all this is not due to the mere union of the Church with the State is seen in the fact that in the United States and Canada, it is equally difficult to checkmate error or to decide what error is, in the light of the rubrics of the Church. Indeed, the Episcopal Church in this country is in a disastrously unsettled state. The publications of the Church Association of Toronto, which includes, amongst its members, ministers and laymen of undoubted piety and integrity, reveal the existence, in our midst, of guilds, fraternities, and sisterhoods which we are wont to associate only with the Papacy. They point to well-known clergymen who disclaim the name of Protestant, and accuse the chief instructors of the rising clergy with flagrant departures from those great principles which have been and are the bulwarks of the truth.

On the other hand, the sacramentarian party brand their opponents as "traducers of the brethren," and undertake, of course, to prove that all the teachings and practices complained of are in full accord with the provisions of the Prayer Book. Meanwhile, they in whom authority is supposed to be vested will not, or cannot, most likely the latter, remove the obstacles and heal the breach. Obviously the entire discipline of the Church needs reconstruction. In the meantime, the Reformed Church flourishes and fattens on the spoils and divisions every day occurring.

We profoundly regret that a body, having such a hold upon the country and capable of wielding mighty influences for good, should be thus rent and torn, and that so many of its clergy should, under the guise of the name they bear, scatter the seeds of Romanism, observe forms and preach doctrines utterly subversive of the Gospel of our blessed Lord.

Presbyterian Union.

It is to be regretted that the Bills respecting the union of the Presbyterian Churches have been rejected by the Private Bills Committee of the Legislative Council of Quebec, after having passed the Legislature of that Province. Similar Bills had been passed by the Ontario Parliament, and no fears entertained about their passing in the Legislatures of the Maritime Provinces. Doubtless minorities have their rights, which in this case, it seems to us, were fully recognized and provided for, so that ministers and congregations not wishing to come into the union should in no wise suffer. Indeed, those who are outside the Presbyterian denomination cannot but greatly admire this feature of the scheme of union. If the minority were so large as to endanger the success of the scheme, if the majority were not so overwhelming as it is, we could readily account for the proceedings instituted to quash the union. But, as the matter stands, we can only deplore the steps that have been taken, and we trust that we may yet see the minority taking a more Christian view of the question. In these days, when Christians of all denominations are drawing closer to each other, it is particularly desirable in the interests of our common religion that those bearing the same family name should bury minor differences and be one in every respect.

We are glad to learn, since this was

written, that after a very animated discussion the Bills have passed the Council, and we may hope to see the union accomplished before long.

Moody and Sankey.

It is impossible for us, who live at such a distance from the scene, properly to estimate the character and results of the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. After making all due allowance for any over-colouring on the part of enthusiastic writers and admirers, it is evident that these brethren are the leaders of one of the most remarkable religious movements of modern times. Not the least good accomplished by it, is the way in which it has drawn the Churches into closer union and deeper sympathy with each other. Ministers and people of all evangelical denominations have been f(d side by side, forgetful of sectional differences and anxious only to promote God's glory. A marked effect, it is said, is observable in many pulpits, both in the manner and matter of preaching. Cold, formal presentation of the history and doctrine of the Gospel has given place to earnest entreaty, loving invitation, and the direct offer of Christ as a personal Saviour. Men see that the simple words of a comparatively uneducated layman, full of the love of Christ, are mightier than the well turned periods and flowing sentences of the scholar, destitute of that divine enthusiasm so needful in order to a forceful and successful presentation of Christ to the ungodly.

Another result of the movement is seen in the desire awakened in the hearts of believers to labour in the Lord's vineyard. There was a time in the Church's history when her life seemed to go out chiefly in the direction of religious enjoyment, and when her songs—which are a good index of her experience—sparkled with allusions to the bliss of the future, its crowns and thrones, its river and tree of life. But this, however good in itself, is giving way, and the present revival is greatly influencing the change to a present salvation in Christ, not simply as a preparation for heaven but for Christian work. "Hold the fort" is the battle cry, rather than "Over there."

The part that Christian song may be made to take in leading men to Christ is finely illustrated by Mr. Sankey. Strong men, hardened sinners, melt under his tender tones as he sing' the Gospel. The present revival is a grand attestation of the power of Bible truth. Its chief promoters, on the human side, are simple, earnest, unlearned Christian men, men who believe in prayer, in the supernatural, in the nearness of the living personal God, to every man to transform and save all who call upon Him in truth. May we see in this land a work equal in extent and power to that which has visited the Mother country.

Evangelistic Agency.

"He gave so'-e evangelists." We do not propose to discuss the question suggested by these words, but simply express our conviction that, as a Church, we lack one very important element of strength, in not having certain men—possessed of the required qualifications—especially set apart for Evangelistic labour amongst us. The most of those who have laboured in that capacity in this country have been so tinctured with Plymouthism and other heresies, sometimes avowed, and sometimes disguised under orthodox names, that a strong prejudice exists amongst our people against this class of workers, which, however, would not obtain with respect to any having the sanction of our own Church.

During the last few weeks two brethren from the United States have been holding special services in Toronto and Hamilton, who are not, in the strict sense of the term, evangelists, and yet they partake somewhat of that character. We refer to the Rev. J. S. Inskip, of New York, and the Rev. Wm. McDonald, of Boston—both accredited minis-

ters of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States—occupying supernumerary relations to the Conferences of which they are members. They have felt called upon to devote themselves wholly to the one work of promoting in the Churches that distinctive doctrine of Methodism—Christian Perfection. In both the cities just mentioned their labours have been signally owned by God. Hundreds have professed to enter in the perfect rest of faith, and a general quickening of the Church has been observable, that will, we trust, lead to still greater results.

Whatever the teaching of these brethren may have been in earlier years, and in other places, we were glad to recognize, a plain, earnest presentation of the doctrine of holiness as taught by our Wesleyan standards. Again it has been demonstrated that the faithful preaching of this doctrine is accompanied with a power that reaches the unconverted as scarcely anything else will, and, by consequence, that remissness here has a paralyzing effect upon the influence of the Church. When the tribes of Israel are sanctified they go forth to battle invested with a power that is irresistible for the propagation of religious truth and feeling.

BOOK NOTICES.

Remains of Lost Empires. By P. V. N. MYERS, M.A. 8vo. pp. 530. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: S. Rose.

The Messrs. Harper are celebrated for the number and excellence of their illustrated books of travel. We do not remember any, however, that in mechanical execution and literary merit surpasses this. The thick, smooth, hot-pressed paper, the large sized, double-leaded type, and the artistic beauty of the numerous illustrations, make the volume indeed an *edition de luxe*. The theme is a fascinating one. It is an acccount of a journey through the old historic cradle lands of the race, where every step is o'er a nation's grave and every footfall wakes an echo of the past. This is not, however, a mere journal of travel, but the philosophy of history illustrated by the critical study of its noblest monuments. And this is really the best way to study history. These gray old ruins, "speaking of the past unto the present," make the dead and buried ages live again. In standing beside the fallen obelisk, or crumbling architrave, or shattered fane, the sole remains of some extinct religion, or in the presence of the empty mausoleum of a vanished line of kings, they become more real to us than they have ever been before. For stay-at-home travellers, who cannot do this in person, the next best thing is to follow the guidance of such accomplished scholars and intelligent observers as the brothers Myers. These gentlemen enjoyed the advantage of special scientific training, than which nothing will so cultivate the powers of observation and of careful and correct induction from what one has observed.

A pathetic interest attaches to the volume from the fact that one of these brothers, after a two years' journey over the sites of ancient empire, was striken down with fever in India, and hastening to the balm-breathing island of Ceylon, died at sea, and, "forbidden the earthly harbour, entered the haven of eternal rest." The book is therefore a monument of fraternal affection, as well as a valuable contribution to historical and philosophical literature.

We were particularly pleased, in reading this volume, with its devout spirit. The author does not find it necessary, like some other modern travellers, to sneer at missions and religion generally. Some of his important testimony as to the marvellous regenerative efficacy of mission labour on Oriental society we shall take occasion to cite hereafter, as also the remarkable corroborations of Holy Writ from a minute exploration of the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. The tourists also, inspired with an enthusiasm in the subject, with the best historical and archæological guides, and amply prepared by previous study, carefully examined the remains of Palmyra, Apamea, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Persepolis, Cashmere and numerous places in India, and also the still existing cities of Aleppo, Bagdad, Bushire, Shiraz, and many others. The hopeful philosophy of our author, his faith in the social regeneration of those Eastern peoples through the agencies of Christian institutions, is really quite inspiring. The volume is the best possible commentary on many of the political and historical parts of Scripture, assists in the solution of some difficulties of interpretation, and confirms our faith by its illustrations of the hand of God in history.

While not an exclusively personal narrative the volume has enough of personal adventure to make it highly interesting reading. The night ride on a runaway raft on the Tigris is quite sensational, as are also sundry encounters with brigands and Bedouin. We are not, however, bored with an account of all the bad dinners and bad lodgings the tourists met with, as in some books of travel. The author is master of an elegant and, when the occasion warrants, an eloquent diction, and in his descriptive passages manifests an artist's eye and poet' feeling. We would suggest that in a future edition, which is sure to be soon called for, an index be added, together with a map of the somewhat unfamiliar region traversed.

David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., 12mo, pp. 443. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: S. Rose.

The life of David, with its strange perils and signal deliverances, its deep shadows and its bright lights, its blended gloom and glory, is a grand theme. The treatment it receives in this volume is not unworthy of its grandeur. Trite, nay, hackneyed as it is, Dr. Taylor has given it a fresh interest. He has endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to give vividness and reality to the far off past. While not learnedly critical, in form at least, the difficulties of text and interpretation have not been avoided; but we think, upon the whole, successfully met. The different sections, we judge, have been Sabbath sermons or lectures, the success of which called for their presentation in a more permanent form to a wider circle. They are admirable specimens of that expository and consecutive treatment of Holy Scripture which is at once so interesting and instructive to an intelligent congregation.

The incidental illustrations of the Davidic psalms, derived from a careful study of the life of their author, are often very striking, illuminating with brilliant side lights many important passages. The book will be found suggestive to the preacher, but its especial adaptation, we judge, will be to the family circle or for private perusal. The chapter on David's bereavement and its lessons, read under the interpreting influences of a similar sorrow, has proved a message of consolation in an hour of sore affliction.

The Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear-Admiral of United States Navy. By Professor JAMES MASON HOPPIN, Yale College. With steel portrait and illustrations. 8vo. pp. 411. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: S. Rose.

This is a model biography. Professor Hoppin wields a facile, and,

when occasion permits, an eloquent pen. His subject, moreover, is every way worthy of his literary skill. Admiral Foote was not only a brave sailor; he was also an accomplished gentleman, a great commander, an able writer, a true patriot, and a Christian man. His life was full of adventure. Entering the navy at sixteen, his first service was in suppressing the pirates of the Spanish Main. He next circumnavigated the world as Lieutenant of an American sloop-of-war. As Commander of the brig *Perry* he cruised for two years off the West African coast, co-operating with the British squadron in suppressing the slave trade. In 1856, with only two hundred and eighty-seven men, he captured, in a brilliant action, the "Barrier Forts" of Canton, garrisoned by 5,000 Chinese. On the outbreak of the civil war he organized the "Western Flotilla;" doing brave service for his country on the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Mississippi rivers. With the gallant Farragut he shared the honour of those brilliant river fights which helped to retrieve the military disasters on land. His name and fame are forever linked with the actions of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Fort Columbus, Island Number Ten, Fort Pillow, and other events of stirring memory in his country's history.

It is, however, in the religious and philanthropic character of the man that the readers of this magazine will be most interested. While yet a midshipman upon the Spanish Main, through the influence of a pious Lieutenant, he sought and found the forgiveness of sins, and ever after exemplified a staunch and sterling Christian character. His boyish longing for war gave place to scruples as to the lawfulnesss of his profession. Concluding that Christian men were wanted in the navy if anywhere, he devoted himself with characteristic energy to religious effort. He waged implacable war on that bane of sailor life, intoxicating drink, banished it from the vessels under his command, and laboured unceasingly to promote the spiritual welfare of both officers and men. His religious life is beautifully portrayed in his letters and journals. The first Sunday after his brilliant capture of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee, in the absence of the expected minister he preached impromptu to a large congregation at Cairo, from the text "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." He was a life-long enthusiast in promoting moral and social naval reform. He died as he lived, a true Christian sailor, leaving an example which is an inspiration to duty to all who read its record in these pages. We hope hereafter, in a separate paper, to set forth more fully the lessons of this noble life, illustrating the, alas, unusual wedlock of humble Christian character with high naval command, and fidelity to God amid more than ordinary difficulties of circumstance. A fine steel portrait and numerous artistic full-page engravings in the Harpers' unsurpassed style embellish the volume.

Greek and Latin Christian Writers. Vol. I: Latin Hymns. Vol. II: The Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. By F. A. MARCH, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is somewhat remarkable that throughout Christendom almost the entire instruction of youth in the Greek and Latin languages is confined to a few pagan authors. And this is not from the poverty of Christian literature, which is even more voluminous than pagan literature, is instinct with an infinitely nobler ethical spirit, and exhibits literary excellences not inferior to the masterpieces of the classic muse. In our judgment, the eloquence of Chrysostom surpasses that of Demosthenes, and the hymns of Prudentius, for sublimity of thought and beauty of language, are superior to the best of the Odes of Horace. Certainly the praises of God, the triumphs of faith, the patience and heroism of

the noble army of martyrs, are more inspiring themes than the sensual frivolities of the heathen poets or the mythic adventures of their fabled gods.

Influenced by these considerations, Mr. Douglass, a liberal patron of Lafayette College in the United States, has endowed a chair for the study of Greek and Latin Christian writers, and the volumes above mentioned are the first fruits of that endowment.

In view of the revived study of Christian hymnody, nothing could be more opportune than this collection of ancient and mediæval Latin hymns. We are often unmindful of our indebtedness to the piety of the early Church. The sublime *Te Deum* sung in all our choirs has come down the ages for fifteen hundred years, being attributed to Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, A.D. 374. The *Veni Creator*, sung in our ordination service, was written by Gregory the Great, about the year 573. Many other sublime hymns which have voiced the feelings of God's people through the centuries still fulfil their ministry of comfort and inspiration, and shall go singing down the ages to the end of time.

In this collection we have such old and universal favourites as Bernard of Clugny's "Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea," familiarly known as "Jerusalem the Golden," "O Lux beata Trinitas," "Paraclitus increatus," "Urbs beata Jerusalem," "Stabat Mater dolorosa," the grand old "Dies Iræ, dies illæ," and many others with which we are perhaps, through the medium of translations, better acquainted than we are aware. The warmth of religious emotion and the general othodoxy of belief manifested even in the darkness of mediæval times, are pleasing features of this lyric liturgy of the Church.

As a specimen of the beautiful rhyme and rhythm of these Latin hymns, we quote the following lines by Thomas Aquinas, whose lyric cadence charms the ear like a shepherd's pipe:

"Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere;
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium."

The mechanical execution of these volumes are in the unsurpassed excellence of the Harpers' well known manner. The Greek type of Eusebius, especially, is in the bold, clear Oxford style, far superior, we may be sure, to that in which he was read by his contemporaries. The critical notes are everything that could be desired. The students of our theological institutes, especially, and, indeed, those in the arts course generally, should have at least some acquaintance with these grand old Christian Fathers. In their pages we get an insight into the spirit of early Christian life, an acquaintance with the development and the corruption of doctrine, and with the conflicts of Christianity with paganism and heresy, such as we can get nowhere else.

The volumes already issued will shortly be followed by selections from Tertullian and Athenagoras, and, should the series meet sufficient patronage, by volumes of Augustine, Cyprian, Lactantius, Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, and other illustrious Christian Fathers.

A History of Germany from the Earliest Times. By CHARLTON F. LEWIS. With maps and illustrations. 12mo. pp. 799. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The recent unification of the German empire has stimulated an intelligent interest in the historic past of the German people. Descended from the same old Tuetonic stock, this interest should be especially felt by the English-speaking race. To meet a felt want Mr. Lewis has prepared this volume. It is founded chiefly on Dr. Muller's "History of the German People," one of the most popular text books of the Fatherland. It is especially valuable for several reasons. It is not a mere chronicle of the doings of kings and conquerors, of camps and courts.

It is a record of the progress of humanity, of the development of civilization from age to age.

The following, for instance, are some of the subjects treated, apart from the mere political history of the times, viz., The Influence and Power of the Church; Heresy and the Inquisition; Monastic Orders; the Crusaders and their Influence; Knighthood and Chivalry; Growth of Cities; Development of Trade; Minstrelsy; Condition of the Peasants, Burghers, and Nobles; Dress and fashion; Manners and Customs; Food and Drink; Sanitary Condition; the Black Death; Corruptions of Doctrine and Worship; Superstitions; Witchcraft; Progress of Religious Truth; Theology; Science; Art; Printing; Gunpowder; the Art of War; Constitution and handling of Armies; Mercenary Troops; Growth of Universities; Culture of Learning; Progress of Commerce, etc., etc.

The account of the Lutheran Reformation is particularly good—concise, graphic and marked by philosophic insight into the causes and tendencies of great events. The portrait of Luther is very different from that recently sketched by Archbishop Lynch's sinister pen, and is the more trustworthy from the unpolemical character of the book. The rapid progress of Protestantism is briefly traced, and its unhappy dissensions and the religious wars resulting clearly indicated. The appalling desolations, moral and material, of the Thirty Years' War, form one of the most tragical episodes in the history of the race. The story of the siege and sack of the Protestant city of Madgeburg is like a hideous nightmare.

The rapid growth of Prussia under Frederick the Great, and the national conflict with the Napoleonic dynasty, are graphically described. But, in the light of recent events, the most important part of the book is its last hundred pages, that tracing the growing ascendancy of Germany from the battle of Sadowa to the battle of Sedan and the subsequent organization of the new German Empire. The Schleswig-Holstein question, the Luxemburg affair, the Franco-Prussian war, the siege and capitulation of Paris, the Commune, the Republic, and the Empire, receive concise but satisfactory treatment. The irrepressible conflict between Church and State, between Old Catholics and Ultramontanes, between Bismarck and the Jesuits, between the Syllabus and Falk laws, are disentangled from the perplexing newspaper history and set forth in a lucid and consecutive manner, and the story brought down to the middle of 1873.

The author is master of a perspicuous historical style, and the publishers have seconded his efforts in preparing a model popular text book. Two excellent maps, one steel and fifty-one wood portraits of German sovereigns, embellish the work, and genealogical tables and a copious index enhance its practical value.

Ismailia; a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Supression of the Slave Trade, organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc., etc. 8vo. pp. 542., with maps, portraits, and numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1875.

From the time of Herodotus to the present the strange mystery of the Nile has been the problem which successive generations of travellers and explorers have vainly sought to solve. With a perfect fascination adventurous spirits have threaded the course of the mighty river to discover, if possible, the hidden fountain of its sweet waters. It is a matter for national pride, that foremost in this eager quest have been the brave explorers of the Fatherland. English pluck, and Irish enthusiasm, and Scottish perseverance have returned again and again to the task though often baffled and defeated. The plodding Teuton and impulsive

Gaul have also contributed their important quota to African discovery. As a consequence, the vast area of unexplored territory marked on our school geographies has year by year been narrowed, till before long no place will be left an unfortunate generation of travellers to explore.

That strange mysterious region, the subject of so many travellers' tales,

> "Of antres vast and deserts idle,
> And of the cannibals that do each other eat,
> The Anthropagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

is becoming quite commonplace, with railroads in the desert, steamboats on the Upper Nile, and electric nerves thrilling throughout the whole land of Egypt.

The Messrs. Harpers' library of African travel comprises a complete record of discovery in that land. It contains the valuable works of Park, Bruce, Barth, Bartlett, Cumming, Landor, Burton, Speke, Grant, Du Chaillu, Livingstone, Stanley, Schweinfurth, and the previous works of Sir Samuel Baker; and they have now added this sumptuous volume describing his recent visit to Masindi, in the very heart of Africa.

This is not, however, the story of the solitary explorations of a lonely traveller, like Livingstone, but the account of an important military expedition. It is somewhat remarkable that a faithful son of Islam should commit an important command to an unbelieving Giaour, raise him to the dignity of Pasha, and clothe him with "absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro;" but it is all the greater compliment to the ability and trustworthy character of the gallant Englishman. The threefold object of the expedition was to suppress the atrocious slave trade on the White Nile, to introduce a system of regular commerce, and to establish a series of military posts for the protection of trade throughout Central Africa. Although the whole of this comprehensive programme was not acomplished, enough was done to vindicate the gallant Commander's claim to the double distinction of being a great explorer and a skilful general. He earnestly sought, he assures us, the guidance of the Almighty in the use of the great power committed to him, and trusts that he has been permitted to lay a firm foundation for a good work hereafter.

The difficulties to be overcome were very great, but Sir Samuel Baker proceeded at once in the spring of 1869 to organize the expedition in a thoroughly efficient manner. He ordered three steel steamers in sections from England—one of two hundred and fifty tons burden—together with two steel life-boats, steam saw-mills, iron magazines, and an immense amount of cotton goods, tools, trinkets, arms, amunition and clothing, and stores for 2,000 troops for four years, all of which would have to be "transported by camels for several hundred miles across the Nubian desert, and by boats and camels alternately from Alexandria to Gondokoro, a distance of about 3,000 miles."

On the 29th of August, 1870, three months after they should have started, six steamers and thirty vessels left Cairo, for Khartoum, some 1,100 miles up the Nile, where they were to be joined by three more steamers and twenty-four additional vessels. But the officials of Upper Egypt, and indeed those of Cairo as well, were in league with the slave dealers, and did everything possible to frustrate the object of the expedition. Disappointed of his reinforcements, the energetic commander pressed on in the spring of 1871. The difficulties of navigation were almost incredible. The fleet entered the Bahr Giraffe, a lateral stream reported as less obstructed than the White Nile. But the channel became more and more choked with dense vegetation till it disappeared in a vast marsh—a perfect Slough of Despond. Through this a channel had to be cut with swords and knives,

and the vessels dragged by main force. In thirteen days a thousand men only made twelve miles—on one of them only two hundred and fifty yards. At length, after forty-three days of useless effort, with one hundred and fifty men on the sick list, orders were given for a retreat to the main river, where the force encamped for the rest of the season.

Here a saw-mill was set up, timber cut, and hundreds of neat huts for the troops erected. The command did good service in intercepting the river slave trade. In one vessel overhauled were found one hundred and fifty slaves, packed like herrings in a barrel, and concealed beneath a heap of corn. A steel ramrod, thrust through the grain, elicited a sharp cry and led to the discovery of the hapless victims of human cruelty.

Early in 1872 the Bahr Giraffe was again attempted. One of the largest vessels sank in deep water and had to be raised with vast toil. The labour of the previous season was renewed and redoubled. The entire fleet of fifty-eight vessels got hard aground, was left high and dry by the retiring stream, and had to be unloaded and literally dug out and the river dammed by the united efforts of 1,600 troops before they could be got afloat.

At Gondokoro, 1,400 miles from Khartoum, a new encampment was formed, and the surrounding region officially annexed, with blare of bugles, salvos of artillery, and unlimited feasting. It was the only holiday the men enjoyed during the expedition. Some Austrian missionaries had established a mission station here, but had been compelled to abandon it after several of them had died. "The country," says Sir Samuel Baker, "is sadly changed; formerly pretty native villages in great numbers were scattered over the landscape, beneath shady clumps of trees, and the land was thickly populated. Now all is desolate, not a village exists on the mainland; they have all been destroyed, and the inhabitants have been driven for refuge to the low islands of the river. . . . I walked up to the old mission station; not one brick remained upon another; all is totally destroyed. The few fruit trees planted by the pious hands of the Austrian missionaries remain in a tangled wilderness by the river's bank. They had abandoned the Baris as hopeless, after many efforts and a great expenditure of time and energy. The natives had pulled down their neat mission house, and had pounded and ground the red bricks into the finest powder, which, mixed with grease, formed a paint to smear their naked bodies."

Soon the supply of corn began to run short. The natives were intensely hostile to the expedition, and to the extension of the authority of the Khedive among them, with his threatened interference with the slave trade, in which they were thoroughly complicated. They therefore refused to furnish supplies and grievously harassed foraging parties that went out to procure them. Frequent armed conflicts ensued, in which the immense advantage of disciplined force over savage valour was strikingly evinced.

At this juncture the very existence of the expedition seemed imperilled. While absent with a foraging party, Sir Samuel Baker had sent word to his Egyptian subaltern to ship off the invalid troops to Khartoum. That worthy, eager to frustrate the plans of his commander, sent off 1,100 men, many of whom were in perfect health. Sir Samuel, however, was not to be daunted. Instead of abandoning his purpose he resolved to press on toward the equator with two hundred and fifty men, leaving as many at Gondokoro. The river was unnavigable for one hundred and fifty miles on account of rapids. Beyond this was uninterrupted communication to the great lakes of the interior. Baker had purposed transporting his steamers in sections by land, but his camel trains were left behind at Khartoum,

1,500 miles away. He resolved, therefore, to pack his steamers on carts, which his soldiers and native allies were to drag overland. But the troops refused to become beasts of burden. There was nothing to be done but to leave a strong detachment with the stores, and to push on with only one hundred men for the conquest of Central Africa! He was afterwards joined by reinforcements of about the same number, and advanced to Masindi, a large town of 1,000 houses, within a degree and three-quarters of the equator, or thirty miles from the great Albert Nyanza. On the route he had frequent conflicts with the natives, and witnessed the fearful spoliation of large portions of a fertile country through the slave trade. Villages were abandoned, the population captured or fled, a garden turned into a wilderness. He everywhere liberated the slaves which he found in possession of the traders, and was overwhelmed with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude.

At Masindi, the indefatigable Commander immediately formed an encampment, raised the flag of the Khedive, assumed the protectorate of the country, commenced to build a "Government House" and to cultivate the wonderfully fertile soil, which was utterly neglected by the natives. In a few weeks a brisk and lucrative barter of English goods, toys and trinkets for ivory sprang up, and the goodwill of the natives was being rapidly conciliated. Strict discipline was observed, arrangements were made to establish a school and introduce the elements of European civilization

The young King, a compound of treachery, drunkenness and cunning, became jealous of this interference. On the 31st of May, 1872, a tumultuous crowd of five or six thousand armed warriors surrounded a little company of eighty Egyptian soldiers, who promptly rallied into square, and so cowed the natives that they were able to retire in good order to their encampment. Sir Samuel straightway built a strong fort for the protection of his troops and stores. A few days after, the King sent the little garrison a present of plantain cider, which proved to be heavily poisoned. Soon all who drank of it were in mortal agony. Strong emetics being administered saved their lives.

Early in the morning, when the poisoned men were prostrated with weakness, a volley of bullets and darts was poured into the fort, killing two men, and with a savage yell, a simultaneous attack was made by thousands of naked warriors. Instantly the troops fell in, and poured a deadly fire into the skulking cowards in the tall and tangled grass around the fort. A sallying party rushed out and fired the natives' straw-thatched huts. The troops scoured the town, the savages falling like partridges before the deadly fire of the Snider rifles. "In about an hour and a quarter the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of he lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes, with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro." Four valuable lives, however, were lost. There was nothing to be done but to retreat at once. Burning all the stores and baggage except what could be easily carried, the little company in silence and fear, in a drizzling rain, took up their line of march through tangled grass nine feet high. The whole country was organized against them. Again and again they were attacked with showers of darts spears and poisoned arrows, by strong ambuscades. Abandoning everything, for fourteen days they fought their way through legions of foes to Foweera, on the Victoria Nile. Fortunately the natives never attacked at at night. Nevertheless, in this deadly march of eighty miles, they lost ten men killed and eleven wounded, reducing their number to one hundred and fifty-nine persons, three of whom

were European, and fifty-one native women.

Sir Samuel Baker soon joined a detachment of troops left at Fatiko. Here the joint party of one hundred and forty-six men were attacked by six hundred armed slave traders, but punished them with the destruction of half their number. "From this date," the intrepid commander writes, "the victory was gained, and I could only thank God for the great success that had attended my efforts. The slave hunting was now at an end throughout an immense district, as the slave hunters had ceased to exist south of Gondokoro. Excepting Unyoro, the days of bloodshed were past. My task was now full of pleasure and gratification. I had established perfect confidence throughout the large country of Shooli, and we had friends upon all sides." While here Sir Samuel received his first mail from Europe for two years and a half, containing, besides other matter, seven hundred copies of the *Times*.

His term of service being expired, he left Khartoum about the middle of July, 1873, reached Cairo on the 24th of August, and on the following day resigned his command into the hands of the Khedive. He thus sums up the result of his labours: "The foundation of a great future has been laid; a remote portion of the African race, hitherto excluded from the world's history, has been brought into direct communication with the superior and more cultivated races; legitimate trade has been opened; fortified posts extend to within two degrees of the equator. . . . In the end every opposition was overcome: hatred and insubordination yielded to discipline and order. A paternal government extended its protection through lands hitherto a field for anarchy and slavery. The territory within my rule was purged from the slave-trade. The White Nile, for a distance of 1,600 miles from Khartoum to Central Africa, was cleansed from the abomination of a traffic that had hitherto sullied its waters."

We have deferred to this time to mention the fact that Lady Baker accompanied her husband through all the perils and fatigues of the expedition. In spite of his remonstrance and representation of its dangers she felt that her place of duty was at the side of her gallant husband, who gratefully acknowledges her valuable services in his later adventures as well as during former travels. "In moments of doubt and anxiety," he says, "she was always a thoughtful and wise counsellor, and much of my success through nine long years passed in Africa is due to my devoted companion." She trained the native girls to household duties, exerted a refining influence over the camp, and inspired an enthusiasm of bravery in times of greatest danger. In the attack on the troops at Masindi, she took command of the fort during her husband's absence, and doubtless saved it from capture. "On her cool judgment," says her husband, "I could always depend. She was always ready for any emergency."

Only on the dreary retreat from Masindi did she break down. Wading through marsh, or stream, or tangled jungle, or deep sand which filled her shoes, sharing the perils of attack when the spears of the savages sometimes almost grazed her person, beholding her faithful servants slain before her eyes, terribly footsore and weary, it was with the utmost difficulty that the heroic woman reached the haven of Foweera. It was she who for three years kept the daily meteorological record and prepared the superb botanical collection, which, although three hundred specimens were burned at Masindi, were sent by command of the Khedive to the Vienna Exposition. In the illustrations, the lady's mushroom hat and European dress strikingly contrast with the savage surroundings of the scene.

Readers who are fond of hunting adventures will find ample gratification in this volume, in which accounts of encounters with lions, rhi-

noceroses, hippopotami, crocodiles, and other savage beasts *quantum suf.* Upwards of fifty full-page engravings, a steel portrait, two maps of the route, a valuable appendix and index, make the book exceedingly attractive and very useful for reference.

We cannot agree with Sir Samuel's plan for carrying on missionary operations. The missionary, he says, should be a good shot and sportsman, a clever conjurer, supplied with magic lantern, magnetic battery, etc., etc., a good surgeon and physician, with a large stock of drugs, and able to play on the bag-pipes in full Highland dress! He should have a never-failing supply of beads, rings, mirrors, toys, trinkets, cotton goods, hoes, axes, and common tools, which he should distribute gratuitously, and should avoid theological instruction till he had gained an ascendancy over the minds of the natives. We have more faith, for our part, in the power of the Gospel as an evangelistic agency than in all the beads of Birmingham. Not by the divorce of religious teaching from secular instruction have missionary triumphs been achieved elsewhere, but by their bold, prominent, uncompromising and persistent presentation; and thus may it be at Gondokoro and Masindi. We hope to see both of these fields vigorously cultivated as Christian missions. The salubrious and fertile equatorial highlands of Africa, we believe, will be the seat of a great Christian civilization, when "Princes shall come out of Egypt," and "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Growth of Methodism.

The spread of Methodism is simply marvellous. At the close of his life Wesley recognized 120,000 members of society, 216 circuits, 500 preachers, and a vast army of lay agents. Nathaniel Gilbert heard Wesley preach on Kensington Common, and on returning to Antigua, began preaching to his slaves. Now there are 45,056 members (hearers many times more numerous) in the Western Archipelago. Wm. Black emigrated from Huddersfield to Nova Scotia, and now the Conferences of Nova Scotia New Brunswick and Newfoundland contain 17,580 members. Some half dozen Methodists went to the dockyards of Lake Ontario, and the result is seen in the Toronto, London and Montreal Conferences, with their 73,701 members. Sergeant Kendrick began to preach at Cape Town, and now there are 15,888 members in South Africa. Some Methodists formed a settlement in New South Wales, and now, under the Australasian Conference, there are 59,694 members. In 1814 Dr. Coke sailed for Ceylon, and now there are 2,633 members in that island and India. Sergeant Ross, a Methodist soldier, began to preach in China, and already there are two districts with one hundred and forty-seven members. A German tradesman visited England, and now there are 1,807 members in Germany, exclusive of a large number of belonging to the M. E. Church. There are in France, Switzerland and Corsica above 2,000 members, and 9,000 attendants upon public worship. In 1769 Boardman and Pilmor were sent to America, now the Methodist preachers in the United States are counted by thousands and the adherents by millions. Our latest statistics are those of 1873, of the Methodist Church North and South, in which there are 12,705 ministers and 2,123,-

704 members; if we multiply the latter by five, we have no less than 10,618,520 adherents.

METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Methodists have always held a foremost position in regard to education. The parent body in England has three colleges for the education of ministers, four schools specially for ministers' children, and two other colleges in which young men are fitted for commercial and professional life. A new school has been projected at Cambridge for the Methodists who may attend the University of that city. There are also two normal schools for the training of teachers, and the college at Belfast, Ireland. These are all vigorously sustained, besides several colleges and native institutions which are established in the foreign fields.

The various branches of the Methodist family have always sought to emulate their fathers in this respect. The Primitives and the New Connexion both have colleges in England.

The Methodists of the United States excel in educational institutions, as the M. E. Church has no less than twenty-seven universities and colleges; also sixty-nine academies and seminaries, and 19,190 students, male and female. The amount invested by the Church in these institutions is nearly $7,000,000. Besides the above, which are purely literary institutions, there are the Boston Theological Seminary, the Drew Theological Seminary, and the Garrett Biblical Institute. The estimated value of the first is not given, but the buildings of the two latter are valued at $370,000, with an endowment of $700,000. In all, there are twenty professors, and more than twenty special lecturers. The libraries contain 46,000 volumes, and there are two hundred and seventy-seven students preparing for the ministry.

There is an institute in Germany, and another at Bareilly, India, for the training of missionaries for these respective countries. The latter has an endowment of $55,000.

The M. E. Church South has sixty-one colleges of various kinds in several of the Southern States. It is difficult to arrive at the correct figures, as the returns of several are imperfectly given. There are 5,065 students in forty-one of the colleges; twenty-five have libraries containing 70,000 volumes. Only six report endowments, the largest of which is $82,000. In forty-one of the colleges there are two hundred and forty professors and teachers. The estimated value, as reported from forty-nine, is more than $900,000.

We have great pleasure in recording the fact, that since these statistics were published, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., has devoted more than $500,000 towards the erection and endowment of a University, under the control of the M. E. Church South, which will be a noble monument in honour of its founder, who will thus be a benefactor of his race for many generations.

The Methodist Church in Canada owns Victoria College and University at Cobourg; Mount Allison Wesleyan College and Academies; a theological college at Montreal, and the Wesleyan Institution at Winnepeg. Besides these, there are Female Colleges at Hamilton and Whitby, a college for both sexes at Stanstead, and a Collegiate Institute at Dundas, over both of which the Conferences within whose bounds they are situated take a general oversight.

To maintain these institutions of learning, large sums are required; but, it is believed, that no educational institutions are more economically conducted. An Educational Society is being formed in all the Annual Conferences, specially to provide for their maintenance. At present, about $7,000 will be annually required, besides the income from endowments and fees.

The Rev. J. H. Johnson, M.A.,

has been especially successful in raising the endowment for Victoria College. At the time we write, he has raised more than $50,000. Other agents who were in the field previously, have probably secured an equal amount, but of course great expense is incurred in conducting the canvass; however, the success which has attended the labors of Mr. Johnson warrants the belief that the endowment will soon be completed.

The Rev. J. C. Ash, another of the agents, recently visited England, and by the aid of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, and Professor Reynar, obtained copies of all the publications of the Wesleyan Conference office. The late Rev. Dr. Hoole also presented a complete set of the Anti-Nicene Fathers, so that valuable accessions have thus been made tc the college library.

Dr. Eugene Haanel, the distinguished Professor of Natural Science, has also purchased a complete set of philosophical apparatus, so that it is believed that no University in the country is better equipped than Victoria College, which is one of the oldest institutions of learning in Canada.

The late Edward Jackson, Esq., of Hamilton, took great interest in the prosperity of Victoria College, and often contributed to its support. Before his death, he arranged that $10,000 should be given from his estate, towards a Theological Chair in the College. Mrs. Jackson, widow of this munificent gentleman, also gave a similar amount for the same purpose. Could not other wealthy friends go and do likewise?

In this connection we are glad to state that the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada are succeeding admirably in liquidating the debt which has long oppressed their college at Belleville, and they are now engaged in raising an endowment, which already exceeds $20,000.

We commend the following to whom it may concern. Father Hockwell has given $25,000 to the endowment fund of Asbury University, Indiana, which makes $77,000 which he has contributed to this seat of learning in four years.

The Alumni Association of Chicago University has undertaken to establish an endowment fund of at least $25,000 by July, 1876. Already $10,100 have been promised.

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Under the care of the Board there are nineteen missions, with seventy-two stations, and four hundred and ninety-six out stations. The Board employs three hundred and seventy-seven missionaries, two hundred and thirteen being women, and one hundred and sixty-four men, including five ordained and eight unordained physicians. In its various missions, there are as native pastors, teachers, catechists, and "other helpers," 1,018 persons—in all 1,395 labourers. "The Board does a large educational work—expending as an educational society not less than $90,000 a year." There are twelve training and theological schools, twenty-one boarding schools for girls, five hundred and fifty common schools, and in all these missionary schools 22,031 pupils. The receipts of the Board during its last year were nearly half a million dollars—during its first year, only $999.52. Several Mission Churches have native pastors, and the number which are self-sustaining is increasing every year. Last year the increase of such churches was twenty-seven, and one thousand persons were added to the membership. The Gospel is preached by the agents of the Board, in twenty-one different languages, in five hundred and sixty-eight towns, cities and islands, in various parts of the world.

Our space forbids us to enumerate all the places where the Board has planted the Gospel standard. Successful missions are established in the following places, in Tulu, South Africa, European Turkey, Western Turkey, Central Turkey, Eastern

Turkey, Western India, Southern India, Ceylon, Foochow and Shanghai in China, also in Japan, where two Churches have been formed with more than twenty members each, more than half of whom wish to preach the Gospel to their countrymen. Missions have also been established in Spain, in several parts of the Austrian empire and in Mexico, where the devoted Stephens was martyred, but his place has been supplied by Mr. Morgan, a former classmate. A Church has been formed in Mexico, and even where Stephens fell several persons have expressed a wish to become members. Thus again, "the blood of the martyrs becomes the seed of the Church."

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

—Juarez, the late President of Mexico, has left in MS. an interesting autobiography, which is to be shortly published.

—A translation of Prof. F. A. Lange's *History of Materialism* (a work to which Prof. Tyndall expressed his obligations in his recent Belfast address,)is in preparation by Mr. Ernest C. Thomas, of Trinity College, Oxford, and the first volume may be expected shortly.

—The last volume of Prof. Max Muller's edition of the *Rig-Veda* has just appeared in London. The whole work consists of six volumes, and Prof. Muller has been occupied some twenty years in its completion.

—A new poet has just appeared in England, by name Alfred Austin. His work is entitled "The Tower of Babel : A poetical drama." Respecting it *John Bull* says it is a work which places its author "in the front rank of contemporary poets."

—The Astor Library, New York, contains 150,306 volumes, which are insured for $200,000. One hundred and twenty-seven thousand five hundred and seventy-nine books were consulted during the past year, and the original endowment of $400,000 has been increased to $773,336 55.

—Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, died at London, on the 22nd ult., aged seventy-eight years.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons announce the plan of a series of biographical works to be edited by Col. T. W. Higginson. They are intended to meet the wants of libraries and general readers, by giving information as to the current statesmanship and politics of England. The first volume will probably include sketches of Gladstone, Disraeli, Forster, Bright, and Derby ; the second, half a dozen or more "English Radical Leaders ; and others will sketch the politics of Spain, France, Russia, etc.

—The Rev. Mr. Holland, of the English Wesleyan Conference, is preparing for publication a work on "Thieves and Thieving," being a revised and enlarged edition of articles on that subject written by him in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse's "Daniel Quorm and his Opinions" is a decided literary success. It is very favourably reviewed by the English journals.

—Appleton's Encyclopædia, for which an active canvass is being made in Canada, is circulating in an unprecedented manner. Upwards of thirty thousand copies have been sold, representing thirty thousand subscribers, and a receipt of $2,000,000. This sale is said to be unprecedented.

—The "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General Robert E. Lee, by the Rev. J. William

Jones, formerly Chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia," has been issued in New York. The work is illustrated with steel portraits of the great Southern General and his wife, and of "Stonewall" Jackson; also with engravings of Lee's house at Lexington, and of many other scenes.

—Over 1,200 copies of the "Greville Memoirs" were sold in New York at the importers' prices of $12 to $18 a set before the book was re-published in this country.

—M. Odysse Barot, the author of an excellent little manual of the History of English Contemporary Literature, is now engaged in translating into French verse Lord Lytton's "Fables in Song." The book was to be issued in February.

—Madame Van de Weyer, widow of the Belgian minister to England, has ordered that the pension granted to her on her widowhood by the Belgian government shall be paid annually to the widow of some Belgian literary man.

—The original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy in a country Churchyard" will shortly be sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. It is inscribed "Stanzas wrote in a Country Churchyard," and contains more verses than appeared in the printed poem, and several valuable emendations. It was preserved in the Penn collection at Stoke Pogis, and passed, for the sum of £1,311, into the hands of the present owner at the sale of those literary treasures, in 1854, under the hammer of the same auctioneers as are again to sell it.

—Mr. William Morris is engaged on a metrical translation of the Æneid.

—The death is announced of M. Armand Audiganne, a well-known French writer on politico-economical subjects.

—A new monthly magazine is about to be started in England, to be called *All the World Over*, and will be edited by Mr. Edwin Hodder. The first number was to appear on the 1st of March.

—Lord Winchelsea has a poem in the press, commenting in rather strong terms upon the late Mr. Charles Greville's Memoirs. It is to be called "Greville be-Reeved; or, New Wax (Whacks) for Old Cobblers."

—During the past year there were published in France as many as 11,917 French works, these including new editions as well as works wholly new, but not journals, reviews, or periodicals of any kind. The number of engravings, including maps, amounted during the past year to as many as 2,196, and the number of pieces of music, vocal or instrumental, to 3,831.

ART.

—Jean Baptiste Camille Carot, the French painter, died on the 22nd ult.

—Dore was paid sixty guineas each for the drawings made as illustrations of Tennyson's "Idyls," or 1,080 guineas for the whole. Recently the originals were all sold at auction and brought £134.

—Frederic Van de Kerkhove, a boy painter of marvellous precocity, died recently in Belgium. He was in his eleventh year, but had executed no less than 350 pictures, many of which possessed extraordinary merit.

—An archæological discovery of some importance has recently been made at Herculaneum. It is a silver bust, of life size, and in an excellent state of preservation. It has not yet been ascertained whether it is cast or worked with the chisel, or whom it is intended to represent. It is said to be the first discovery of the kind either in Pompeii or Herculaneum.

—The cast-iron statue of Stonewall Jackson for the city of Charleston, S.C., by Foley, the English sculptor, is nearly completed.

—The Honolulu *Gazette* says that Mr. Lischman, of that city, Superintendent of Public Works, is now preparing material for a monument to the memory of Captain James Cook, the discoverer of the Hawaiian Islands. The monument will be built of concrete stone, on the spot

where the celebrated navigator fell at Kaawaloa, Realakekna Bay, Hawaii. It will be a square obelisk, twenty-four feet in height, and four feet across the base, tapering to eighteen inches at the top. On the pedestal will be engraved a suitable inscription to his memory.

—The Secretary of the United States Navy has signed the contract awarded some time since to Miss Vinnie Ream by Gen. Sherman and Mrs. Farragut, a majority of the Commissioners appointed by Congress to select an artist for the execution of a Bronze statue of the late Admiral Farragut. Miss Ream has signed the contract with the Secretary of the Navy to execute the statue.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have completed arrangements for issuing an American edition of the London *Art Journal*, which will from time to time contain the work of some of the most distinguished American artists.

—On the 18th ult., Hogarth's well-known picture, *Strolling Actors in a Barn*, was destroyed in a fire at Littleton House, near Staines, England. The painter's receipt for the purchase money attached to it showed that it was painted for Mr. Wood, of Littleton, in 1741, for twenty-five guineas. The picture was covered by an insurance of £1,000.

—According to Parliamentary returns, the South Kensington Museum has cost the English more than $5,000,000. Of this sum there have been expended for articles bought expressly for the Museum, over 1,400,000; the remainder was spent for sculpture, wood and metal work, jewelry and goldsmiths' work, earthenware, stoneware, etc.

Music.

—Aristoxenus, of Tarentum, a philosopher and musician who lived about 350 years before Christ, is said to have written 453 volumes, entitled "Harmonic Elements." There are only now extant three volumes, which is the oldest work at present known.

—Beyer, a German, invented at Paris a new kind of piano-forte, with glass instead of strings. Franklin called it the "Glass Chord." It was publicly exhibited at Paris in 1785.

—Ardalus, according to Pausanius, was the inventor of the flute, and of flute accompaniment to the voice.

—Arichondas, a musician of ancient Greece, is said to have invented the trumpet.

—Bernhard, a German organist, in the year 1470, invented pedals for the organ, at Venice.

—D'Avaux, an amateur violinist, at Paris, was the original inventor of the metronome. He wrote, in 1784, a letter on a newly-invented pendulum to measure time and music—which takes away the merit of originality from the metronome of Maelzel.

—A prize of 1,000 thalers was offered some time ago by a committee at Dortmund, for a musical setting of a hymn in honour of Bismarck. One hundred and fifty composers have sent in works in competition, among which are over one hundred for soli, chorus, and full orchestra; 25 songs with piano-forte accompaniment; 4 large instrumental works; 8 marches; and 1 sonata for piano. The successful competitor is not yet announced.

—William Sterndale Bennett, the English composer and pianist, is dead.

—Archbishop Manning is said to be endeavouring to abolish all music in his churches except the pure Gregorian chants.

—A Neapolitan has invented a new instrument, which he calls the pianografo. It is so arranged that, as the player strikes the keys, the notes inscribe themselves on a piece of paper—an invaluable invention for the composer, who has no longer to depend on his memory to record his compositions.

Science.

—By a new application of photography, which has lately appeared in England, any lace design can be

transferred to silk, so that the latter material appears to be covered with delicate lace.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, of Louisiana, has recently been elected a member of the New Orleans Academy of Science, an honour never before bestowed upon a woman.

—Only 1,923 miles of new railway have been opened in the United States during the past year. This is less than half the mileage of 1873, and but little more than a quarter of the mileage of 1872.

– The astronomical clock used by the English party which took observations of the transit of Venus at Cairo, will, it is said, be presented to the Egyptian Government as a mark of appreciation for the kind offices rendered.

—A series of experiments have lately been made by the Russian Government with reference to the use of electricity for the head lights of locomotives, a battery of forty-eight elements making everything distinct on the railway track to a distance of more than thirteen hundred feet.

—It is proposed to erect a new bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal for the accommodation of the Northern Colonization Railway. Sir Hugh Allan is the moving spirit of the enterprise, which it is estimated will require three years for its completion. The new bridge takes its name from St. Helen's Island, which will be utilized as a part of the crossing from shore to shore. Starting from the high level of Sherbrooke Street, in the eastern part of the city, a viaduct supported by piers and pillars will cross the streets near the river at the height of one hundred feet above them. Between St. Helen's Island and the north shore there is a little flat island called Isle Ronde, which will also be made part of the crossing. The north channel, between St. Helen's Island and the north shore, will be crossed by a suspension bridge at a height of one hundred and sixty feet above the water, allowing the tallest masts to pass under it. The suspension bridge will have three floors; the upper one carrying a double railway track, the middle floor being for ordinary road vehicles and pedestrians, and the lower floor for street cars, which will keep up cheap transportation for passengers between the city and south shore. From the island to the south shore the bridge will be flat, supported by piers. St. Helen's Island itself is to be made a public park, and from its airy situation and the fine view all around it ought to be capable of being easily made a very pleasant summer resort.

—Garments may be rendered waterproof, at least so says the English *Mechanic*, by immersing them for twenty-four hours in a solution made by dissolving one ounce of alum and two ounces of sugar of lead in a gallon of pure rain water.

—The English and French Governments are taking steps toward securing observations of the total eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in the East Indies on the 6th of April. Disraeli's Government has granted $5,000 toward the enterprise. The calculations of the astronomers show that no eclipse of the sun will equal this in interest until 1893, when it will be seen in Central and South America.

—The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, in a public speech at Bradford, alluding to the United States, suggested that the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia would afford a good opportunity for discussing the patent laws. He did not think the withdrawal of the proposed Reciprocity Treaty would greatly injure Canadian trade with the United States.

—"As brittle as glass" is henceforth to be as obsolete a simile as "As safe as a bank" has unfortunately become; for glass is no longer to be fragile, but tough, and this singular property is imparted by the simplest process, the discovery of which was accidentally made by a French farmer. Red-hot glass by being cooled or annealed in oil, has its toughness increased to such a degree that, supposing in its original state the pane

would break when a weight fell on it from the height of two feet, the same pane would resist the same weight falling from six or eight feet. Mr. Siemens, F.R.S., pronounces the process to be certain and unquestionable.

—The leading English scientific journal, *Nature*, pays this handsome compliment to the American expeditions for observing the transit of Venus: "The United States leads all other nations in respect both to the amount of money which her Government has contributed and to the discomfort, not to say dangers, of the station she has chosen in the Southern seas. Posts of importance, which were given up as too hopelessly miserable even for enthusiastic English astronomers, have been occupied by Americans."

—The German Government, last spring, sent Drs. Prutz and Sepp to conduct excavations at Tyre. These gentlemen have returned to Germany, having fully achieved their object. They discovered, and partially unearthed an ancient cathedral, dating from the time of the Crusades, and containing numerous interesting inscriptions, many of which they have successfully deciphered.

—Not less than 8,000,000 acres of wood are said to be annually cleared in the United States, while not more than 10,000 acres are planted every year. A Western paper estimates that Chicago alone consumes the produce of 10,000 acres every year, and in Wisconsin the yield of 50,000 acres is required to supply the wants of Nebraska and Kansas.

—M. Martin is superintending the work of polishing the lens of the mirror of the great telescope in the French National Observatory. The diameter of the lens is one hundred and twenty centimetres, and the polisher, which is a disc of forty centimetres, is so heavy that the six men engaged in using it have to cease working frequently.

—A movement has been set on foot in Germany to send out another expedition to the east coast of Greenland. It is to consist of two steam vessels, of three hundred tons burden, each manned by thirty men; one to explore Greenland, while the other advances to the North Pole. The expense will reach about $950,000, and the date of the expedition's departure will be determined by the rapidity with which this amount can be collected. Up to the latest accounts the Government had made no offers of assistance to the enterprise.

—The Quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund contains an account of the very interesting identification, by M. Clermont-Gauneau, of the ancient Levitical city of Gezer, in the territory of the tribe of Ephraim, with a place now called Abu-Shusheh. The discovery is important, as, in connection with accompanying inscriptions in Greek and Hebrew, it is expected to throw light on the vexed question of the length of the Jewish cubit. The discovery will also have the effect of materially modifying the form and extent of the territory of Ephraim, as laid down in our maps of ancient Palestine, of which territory Gezer marks one of the limits.

—Prof. H. Fritz, of Zurich, has published a paper in which all available observations of the aurora borealis are discussed. It is accompanied by a map showing the curve of equal frequency. This curve passes along the north shores of Siberia and Lapland, thence south of Iceland and Greenland, through the middle of Hudson Bay, where it turns northward, forming an irregular oval, of which the southernmost point is in the meridian of Greenland. This region includes both magnetic poles, and within it the aurora is seen in the south instead of in the north, as is the case outside the region. The frequency of the aurora decreases as the centre of the region is approached.

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