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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

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LITERATURE

& SOCIAL PROGRESS

EDITED

BY
REV. W. M. WITHROW, D.D.

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SPANISH SMUGGLERS.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1885.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

I.



SPANISH WINE SELLER.

It is marvellous, considering the part which Spain has played in the history of the world, that so little comparatively is known of it by the people of other lands. The Pyrenees have apparently as effectually separated it from the rest of Europe as if it belonged to another continent. Though a land of adventure and romance, full of historic and poetic and legendary associations, until recently it was a kind of *terra-incognita*—a mysterious realm untravellered by the crowd, and seldom trodden even by the all-wandering foot of the all-pervading Briton. This, no doubt, was in part explained, so far as Englishmen are concerned, by the remark made by one of themselves, forty years ago: "The beef-

steak and the tea-kettle which infallibly mark the progress of John Bull, and have been introduced even into Greece and the Holy Land, are yet 'unknown in the ventas and pasados of the peninsula.' This state of things is, however, gradually passing away. The tide of travel is beginning to turn toward Spain, and the result is the multiplication of books bearing upon that interesting country. And yet, in comparison with other European countries, the space that it fills in contemporary literature is almost infinitesimal.

The cynical French proverb, which says: "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," finds some degree of justification in the entirely new state of things with which the traveller finds himself confronted so soon as he passes out of France into Spain. Having crossed the mountain range which separates the two countries, everything is so new and strange that he seems to have passed into a new continent rather than a new country. Not only are the dress and manners of the people different from those of the rest of Europe, but the physical peculiarities of the country are different. Geologically, we are told, Spain is an extension of the Sahara, and the broad arid plains, the dried-up river beds, and the sterile and verdureless mountains, impress even the unscientific traveller with the correctness of this view. Then the hedges of cactus and prickly pears, the narrow streets, the flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, all tend to make one feel as if he were in Africa rather than Europe. The creaking of the Moorish water-wheel and the calling of the servants in the hotels, as in the tales of the "Arabian Nights," by the clapping of hands, all tend to heighten the illusion.

As Spain is a sort of connecting link between two continents, so it is between the distant past and the present. From whence or by whom it was originally populated is involved in mystery. Like all other ancient nations its early history is mixed with fable. Its most ancient historians, for example, would have us believe that the aboriginal inhabitants were borne thither by angels. And Castilian pride has placed its settlement so near the creation of the world one finds it difficult to imagine how they could have reached it in any other way. Approaching it from the north, even now it is not very easy to reach it except at two points. It is only at the eastern and western extremities of the Pyrenees, where that mountain range subsides into the

sea, that it can be crossed in wheel-carriages. The traveller who would cross it at any of the intermediate passes must either, staff in hand, perform the journey on foot, or else avail himself of the services of the muleteer. What the camel caravan is to the desert, the mule-train—one of the links which connect the present with the distant past—is to the mountain passes of Spain. These same passes are also the scene of the exploits of the adventurous Spanish smugglers. Where hardly a human foot dare pass these bold outlaws will convey the contraband tobacco and cognac dear to the Spanish taste.



MULE TRAIN IN THE PYRENEES.

The claim of this country to a pretty high antiquity rests upon historical evidence too strong to require the questionable support of either myth or fable. It was well known to the Phœnicians at least a thousand years before the Christian era. And the Basque language, if the results of philological investigation in that field can be relied on, would seem to connect that remnant of the ancient Iberian race with a still more remote antiquity. It is said to have no words for cutting instruments which have not their roots from words signifying stone or rock, all words implying the use of metals being borrowed from other and more modern languages. This fact would seem to identify the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula with pre-historic times. But how much of their blood has descended to the present race of Spaniards it is hard to say, in view of the many conquests to which Spain has been subjected, and the different races by which it has been ruled from time to time. From its position at the south-western angle of Europe, and the most westerly of Mediterranean lands, beyond which lay only the impassable ocean, it must, as one observes, have early become a very eddy of nations where all the tribes and nations which have successively held command of the Mediterranean must necessarily have halted, over which and in which all invaders that have crossed the Pyrenees from Northern Europe, or have passed the Straits of Gibraltar, must have surged in almost ceaseless conflict.

Spain has probably been more frequently conquered and overrun with strangers than any other country of Europe. Even Britain does not seem to have had quite so turbulent a history, or to have had so many masters. And each of these people who have successively gained a foothold in it, and ruled it for any length of time, has left in some form its mark upon it. It is this which gives it one of its chief charms for the intelligent and thoughtful traveller. It abounds with the relics of the past. These exist not only in the products of ancient art but in the characteristics, habits and customs, and even in some instances in the very dress of the people. Time has not, as we have seen, completely obliterated all traces even of



SPANISH LADY WITH MANTILLA.

the ancient Iberians. The successive colonies planted there by the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Greeks have all left behind them some memorials of their occupation. The Romans, in addition to the monuments which they reared in the shape of substantial and enduring public works, have given Spain its magnificent language.

The Arabs and the Moors of Barbary are the last great race that has occupied Spain; and though these people were ruthlessly banished or burned by the Inquisition, they have almost everywhere left their mark behind them. The towns and villages, especially in the southern part of the country, retain much of their Moorish character. And in numberless details of dress and daily life the same influence may be traced. The mantilla, for instance, which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in Spain is simply a relic of the veil worn by the wives and daughters of the Moslem.

But this article of dress is none the less graceful, as will be

seen by the accompanying cut, from the fact that it is traceable to a Moorish origin. Miss E. J. Whately, who sees everything with the eye of an artist, is almost enthusiastic in her admiration of the mantilla. Speaking of the ladies whom she met at San Sebastian, many of them from real Spain, she says: "Slight graceful figures, splendid glossy hair, really like a raven's wing, and exquisitely arranged with the light net fall of the mantilla down over it, and hanging over the face; bright eyes and a general effective look, making them seem prettier than, when studied, they really were, though many were in fact exceedingly handsome." At Pampelona she was not so favourably impressed with the beauty of the women as at San Sebastian, but she was reconciled to their comparative plainness by the charm which they derived from their mantillas. "All are graceful," she says, "and with coloured shawls, under their mantillas, are perfect pictures."

The Pyrenees, though wanting in grandeur when compared with the Alps, have a charm and beauty of their own. The picturesque variety and glowing colour of the Pyrenean scenery afford ample compensation for the lack of Alpine sublimity. Much depends, however, as to the impression which one receives from them, upon the state of the atmosphere and other circumstances in which they are seen. One traveller, entering Spain not long since, caught a glimpse of the Pyrenees in which beauty and sublimity appear to have been combined in an eminent degree.

"The night," he says, "had been wild and stormy. As the day advanced dense thunder-clouds still overspread the sky. But gradually they gathered themselves around the mountains, veiling them in almost pitchy darkness, while the Bay of Biscay, which just then came into view, was radiant in sunshine. The waves seemed to leap into light and to laugh for joy. On the left hand all was gloom and darkness. We could hear the thunder bellowing among the hills, and see the clouds cleft in twain by the 'quick cross lightning.' But on the right all was brightness and joy. The sea bore no traces of the storms of the previous night, and the mountains in their hugeness seemed to set the tempests at defiance. One could not but think of Him who 'by His strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power: which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of the waves, and the tumult of the people.'"

Proceeding from Bayonne to Madrid the frontier is reached at Hendaye soon after passing Biarritz. Here or at Irun the

baggage has to undergo custom-house examination which, owing to the slowness and irritating imperturbability of the Spanish officials, is a pretty severe trial to the traveller's patience. Soon after passing this ordeal, the defiles of the Lower Pyrenees are reached, and one forgets these petty annoyances in the recollection of the thrilling historic associations of the locality. Over this region for more than a thousand years the tide of battle has flowed. Victorious or defeated armies—Gallic, Roman, Goth, Moor, Spanish, French, British—have poured through these narrow valleys, or done desperate battle among these rugged hills. Here, as we learn from the romantic and legendary chronicles of the middle ages—

"Charlemain and all his peerage fell
In Fontarabia."

And here, after the lapse of ten centuries, the Bidassoa was crossed at Fuentarabia, and the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle on the soil of Spain.

Among the foothills of the Pyrenees the traveller is constantly reminded of the lower slopes and spurs of the Jura. The scenery, often rich, is always picturesque. But as we proceed southward the scene changes, and we find ourselves passing through a region as barren and desolate as can be well conceived. Far as the eye can reach it is a wilderness of stone—stones, stones, nothing but stones—of all forms and sizes. Sometimes these are piled together like the ruins of Titanic fortresses, sometimes scattered over the surface of the earth; sometimes perfectly bare, and sometimes with a thin and partial covering of vegetation. With rare intervals of comparative fertility, this stony desert continues till far past Avila, and nearly to Madrid. From Tolosa to Vittoria, a distance of about fifty miles, there are scarcely fifty houses.

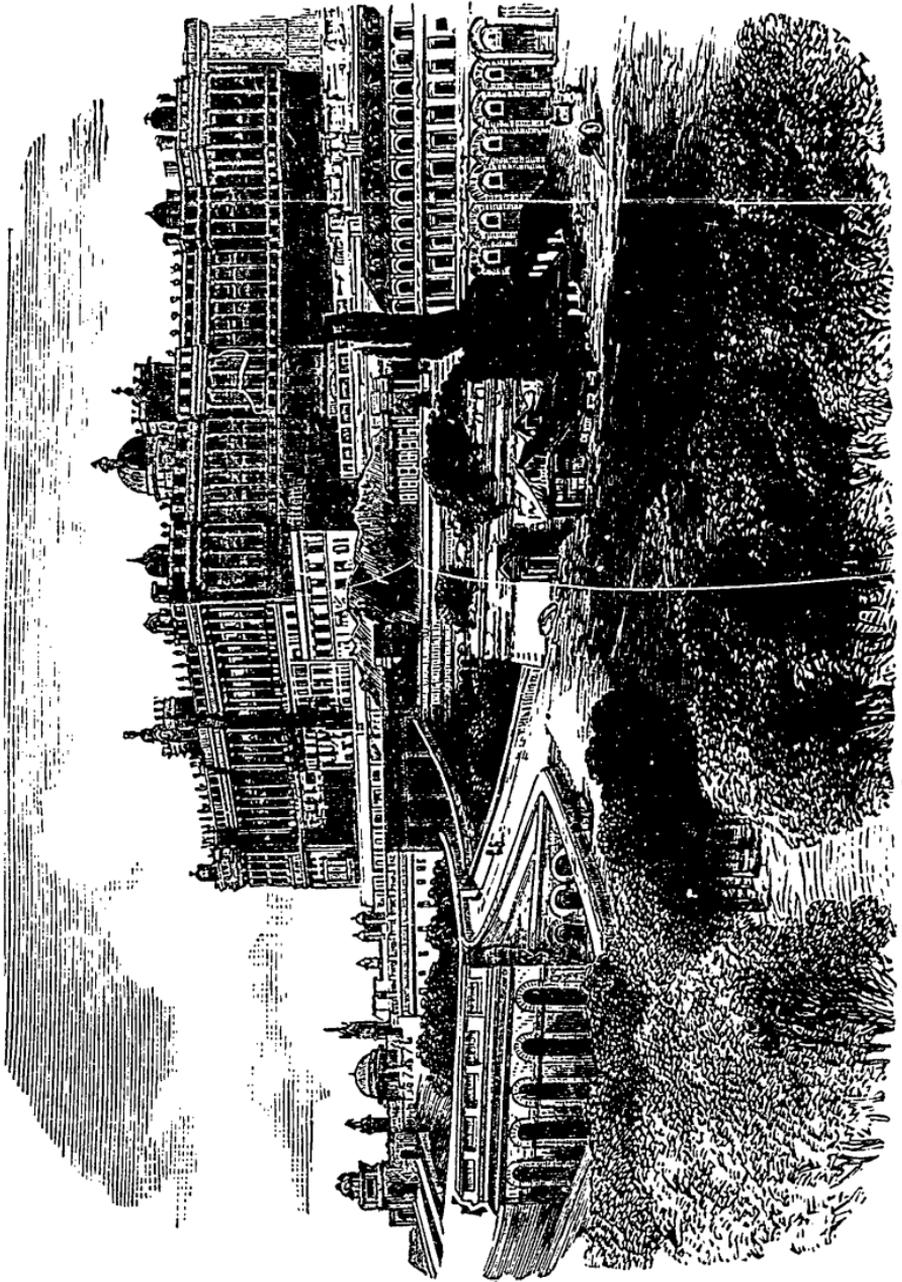
Of course the towns along the route are few, but every one of them has a history which invests it with more or less romantic and thrilling interest. Vittoria is immortalized by the battle of June 21st, 1813, by which Wellington cleared the French out of Spain. Burgos, which is reached some hours after leaving Vittoria, is a city of much greater interest in every way. Its cathedral is one of the finest not only in Spain, but in Europe. From the hill overlooking the town it forms a magnificent pile of

massive towers surmounted by light, airy tracery in which the solid stone has been wrought into the finest lace-work. On entering it one is literally dazzled by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings; the whole interior may be said to present one uninterrupted mass of florid decoration of the most faultless design. Notwithstanding all this elaborate and gorgeous ornamentation, there is nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. "This is due," no doubt, "partly to the massive grandeur and vast size of the edifice, partly to the fact that the brilliancy of the colours has been subdued by age; and partly to the general sombre tone which modifies without impairing the richness of the general effect."

But the poverty and wretchedness of the city of Burgos is in striking and painful contrast with the magnificence of this miracle of architectural beauty and perfection. Under the very shadow of these massive and stately towers there are hundreds of starving hidalgos. All the approaches to the cathedral are crowded with beggars. Indeed this city—dull, dirty, and dilapidated, with its swarms of beggars—is a perfect type of Spanish poverty and retrogression, and, without trade or manufactures of any kind, there seems to be no hope of its becoming more prosperous. And yet this dull and stagnant city was once the centre of the national life of Spain. After the Mohamedan conquest, what remained of the Gothic monarchy was shut up in the north-western corner of the Peninsula; and the fastnesses of the Asturias and the defiles of the Pyrenees held for many generations all that remained of Christian Spain. This inhospitable region, with its mountain fastnesses and strongholds, proved the birthplace and cradle of the Spanish monarchy. The people of the same region which held at bay, nearly a thousand years before, the legions of Imperial Rome, defied all the attacks of the impetuous Moslem. When the Asturian kingdom gradually became united with and merged in Castile and Leon, Burgos became the capital of "Catholic" Spain. Here in the year 1025, when Sancho III. sat on the throne of Navarre, was born Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, who performed such incredible exploits in his day and whose achievements furnish material for perhaps the most romantic chapter in the history of Spain.

We are anxious to hasten on to Madrid and to get a view of its royal palace which, on its own account and on account of the associations connected with it, is worth a pilgrimage to Madrid

to see. But there are so many objects of interest by the way that we cannot hurry. A journey of seventy or eighty miles from Burgos brings us to Valladolid, one of the most ancient capitals of



ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

Spain. In it is still standing the house in which Christopher Columbus died. Here too are the houses in which Cervantes, Calderon, Berruguete and Alonzo Cano lived. It was while he

was living here that Cervantes superintended the publication of "Don Quixote." Its university, famous throughout Spain as a school of law and medicine; its cathedral, of the Corinthian order, massive and grand, though unfinished, bare and somewhat dilapidated; the palace, seldom the abode of royalty since the removal of the capital to Madrid, but occupied for some weeks in 1809 by Bonaparte, at the time that he gutted and stripped the great palace of the Inquisition and turned it into a cavalry barracks; and that building itself which, though in ruins, remains one of the most impressive memorials of the past—all objects of interest, around which cluster thrilling, romantic and often deeply tragic associations. Here was the scene of the first *auto-da-fé* of the Protestants in Spain. Here the weak and superstitious tyrant, Philip II., from a balcony witnessed the dying agonies of men "of whom the world was not worthy." This was the centre of the most intense Protestant activity in the days of the Reformation; and here the fire of the Inquisition raged most fiercely for its suppression.

The road from Valladolid to Avila lies through one of the wildest and most rugged tracts of country in Spain, perhaps in Europe. From a wide waste of wild granite blocks rises the latter of these cities, one of the most perfect relics of mediæval architecture in the world. It is surrounded with granite walls forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with eighty-six towers and gateways, all complete and unbroken. There is a tradition that this city was built by and named after Albula, the mother of Hercules, about two thousand years before Christ; and a recent traveller observes that "the legend seems almost credible when heard on the spot."

But we are drawing near to the capital and must not linger. Passing through a wild and desolate waste in which, during a journey of a few leagues forty-four tunnels and innumerable bridges are passed, at length the Escorial is left behind us, and in about an hour the imperial city burst on our view, and we are in Madrid. And here among the very first objects which force itself upon our attention is the ubiquitous gipsy. We have not time for a minute description of the specimens of this strange vagabond race, which we meet in the suburbs of Madrid, or to indulge in any speculations in respect to the origin of these singular people, who have spread themselves over

every part of Europe, and have within the last few years invaded America; but the accompanying picture, from the original of Gustave Doré, of a Spanish gipsy chief, will no doubt be an object of interest to such of our readers as have not met with it before.



SPANISH GIPSY CHIEF.

The clergy, though still very numerous in Spain, are but a diminished few when compared with what they once were. It seems incredible, but it is affirmed upon what seems to be good authority, that they were once about one-third of the whole population. At the close of the last century the religious orders of all kinds, inquisitors and secular clergy, numbered about 250,000 out of a population of 10,500,000. In 1826 they had decreased to 60,000; 1858 to 44,000, in 1862 to 40,000, and it is thought that their present number is not more than 35,000. In 1764 it was estimated that the clergy possessed one-sixth of the real property and one-third of the movable property of all Spain; and for all

these enormous possessions they appear to have paid no taxes, or next to none. By the legislation of 1812-13 the feudal dues on land, of whatever nature, regal, ecclesiastical or seigniorial were abolished and a series of reforms began by which an altogether different state of things has been brought about. The suppression of the religious orders followed. In 1820 a law was passed forbidding the Church to acquire any more property. In 1836 the possessions of the clergy were declared to be national property, and the sale of them was begun. The result is that the number of the private owners of land has been very greatly increased.

Of the character of the clergy, *en gros*, it would scarcely become any one who has not had long residence in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with this particular class of the population, to speak particularly. Spain has for some hundreds of years given to the Roman Catholic Church some of its greatest scholars, and most eminent defenders of the faith. And among the Spanish clergy, as well as those of all other Catholic countries, there has, no doubt, been a succession of saintly men. The im-



SPANISH PRIEST.

pression, however, which one gets in passing through the country and mingling with the people is that the bulk of them are not remarkable for either scholarship or saintship. It is the doctrines that force is a proper instrument for the propagation of the faith and the suppression of heresy, and that fraud and deception may be innocently resorted to for the purpose of strengthening the faith and stimulating the devotion of the ignorant—doctrines which unhappily are held by the Roman Catholic Church in all lands, but nowhere more firmly

than in Spain—which has given the Spanish clergy such an unenviable position in the history of Latin Christianity. It was the first of these which led to the institution of the Inquisition, the synonyme of horror itself. To the latter, rather than to any exceptional depravity on the part of their authors, are to be traced the numerous forms of so-called “pious” fraud, and the lying wonders, the memorials of which one meets with so frequently in Spain.

For practical and commercial purposes the situation of Madrid could scarcely be worse. All that can be said in its favour is that it stands in the geographical centre of the country. Of all other places in the entire Peninsula it is the most difficult of access. Approached from the south, however, it has a really imposing appearance. Standing on an elevated plateau, the edge of which is lined with noble edifices, few cities in Europe, when first seen, make a more favourable impression upon the tourist. At an altitude of 2,450 feet above the level of the sea, the atmosphere, free from smoke and haze, is clear and full of light. The colours are everywhere bright and cheerful; and the grand snow-capped peaks of the Guadarrama range form a background and frame-work which heightens the effect of the picture. Strangers complain of the want of local colouring and picturesqueness in Madrid. It is said, too, that it lacks individuality and character. Looking from your window you see nothing to remind you that you are in Madrid or even that you are in Spain. These remarks, however, do not apply to the people. You can scarcely find anywhere more picturesque groups, more characteristic costumes, or more unsophisticated Spanish nature. Here is a gipsy chief—the one it may be who sat for our picture—here on business for his tribe; there is a party of muleteers, their mules as gay as scarlet worsted and beads can make them, preparing for their journey; and yonder stands the postilion ready to mount as soon as the *mayoral* of his diligence shall give the signal. In the older part of the city the picturesque balconies, the brilliant costumes, and the coquettish *senoritas* are all characteristically Spanish.

We have already passed the Escorial in our journey to Madrid from the north, but we must retrace our steps and get a better view of it. It is about thirty-five miles from Madrid on the northern line of railway. The situation of this royal palace, though ill-suited for a residence, is very grand as a piece of

natural scenery. The vast sweep of barren moor in front of it stretches into the distance in almost endless undulations. A range of hills of noble height and form, dark and savage in the foreground, but as they recede into the distance melting into tender, delicious blue, lie behind it. The snow-clad peaks of the Sierra de Guadarrama stand like so many mighty sentinels along the northern horizon.

Such are the vast proportions of the Escorial that even in this situation, where everything around it is on such a scale as to necessarily dwarf by comparison the mightiest products of human skill and power, it looks massive and imposing. Then the stern and severe simplicity of its architecture, almost entirely without decoration or ornamentation of any kind, is in harmony with the scene, and adds to its impressiveness.

The original design of Philip II., by whom it was built, was that it might be a magnificent burial-place for the Spanish sovereigns. His plan was, however, after-

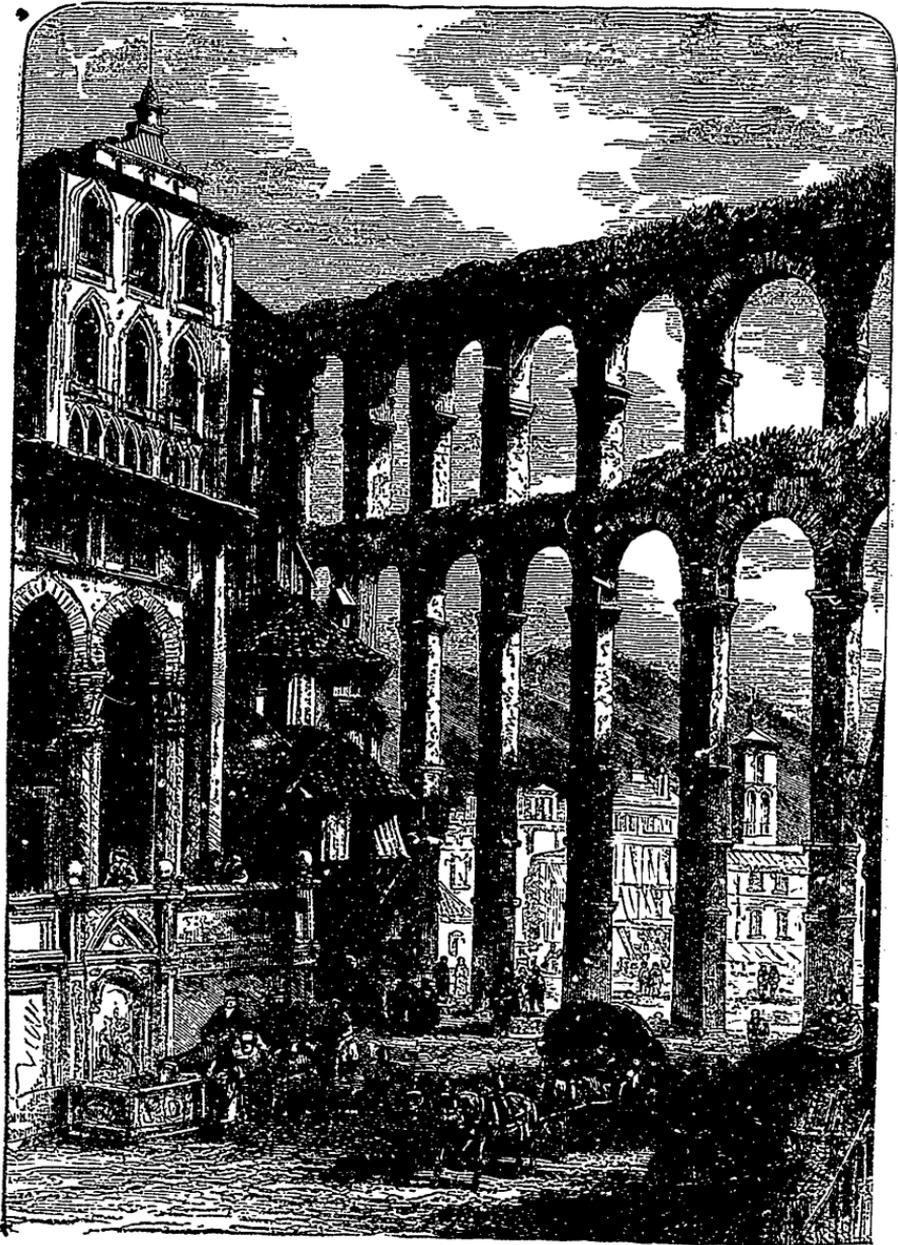


THE ESCORIAL.

ward so enlarged as to combine the two ideas of a mausoleum and a palace—a residence for the monarchs while living, and a resting-place for them when dead. Nor was the Church forgotten; this magnificent architectural pile embraced a monastery capable of receiving a number of monks. Of the chapel, one writes as follows :

“ Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As we emerge from it and stand at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced by its simple majesty. After a while we begin to wonder what it is that has produced this startling impression. There is no ornament of any kind—nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty; there is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is solemn and imposing; everything trifling seems banished. One can hardly understand how a Roman Catholic chapel can have preserved such severe simplicity in everything belonging to it.

Truly the architect of the chapel was a master in his profession. There are none of those puerile, trifling decorations which in

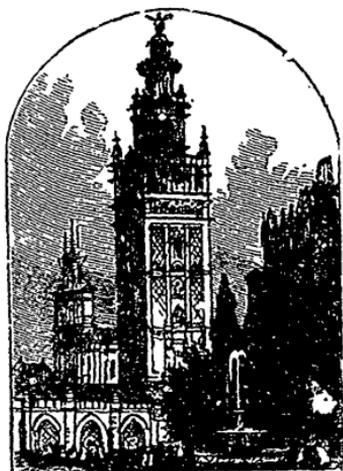


ROMAN AQUADUCT, SEGOVIA.

Spain so often mar the beauty of the churches; but all is in severe taste, from the sombre black-and-white to the beautiful screens of bronze and jasper."

The Escorial, like all the other edifices in Spain that are not in actual occupation, is falling out of repair. The traces of dilapidation are everywhere visible. Only recently it narrowly escaped destruction by fire; and in the deplorable state of the finances of the country there is little hope of the damage being repaired. In common with many other of the magnificent monuments of the past, the probability is that the Escorial is doomed. In its present impoverished condition the country lacks ability to keep this and other great buildings, the products of a more prosperous era, in repair.

Segovia is to the archæologist and the antiquary one of the most interesting cities even in Spain. Without accepting the Spanish tradition, which carries it back to the days of Tubal and Hercules, we must accord to it a very high antiquity. Its monumental remains attest and illustrate its pre-Roman, Roman, Gothic, and Moorish occupation. Its lofty situation on a rocky ridge at a considerable elevation above the plain, its picturesque old walls, the Alcazar, the curious round towers, the quaint balconied houses, the Cathedral, and, above all, the magnificent aqueduct—a section of which is represented by the accompanying cut—form a spectacle of rare interest and beauty. Once this city was the centre of a vast industry, and enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. But in this respect the glory has departed from it. It is only a wreck of what it formerly was. In the seventeenth century thirty thousand of its population were engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloth; now there are not more than ten thousand people in it, all told.



THE GIRALDA.

The aqueduct, supposed to have been built by the Emperor Vespasian, was constructed for the purpose of conveying water over a ravine seven hundred and fifty feet wide and ninety feet deep. It consists of two ranges of arches thrown across, one

above the other, the upper one being on a level with the high land on either side. It had when it was complete one hundred and fifty arches. The aqueduct is ninety-four feet from the ground, yet the bases of the abutments are not more than eight feet wide—a fact which will give those who have not seen it some idea of the lightness, grace, and beauty of the structure. It is constructed of granite blocks about two feet square, hewn and fitted with such admirable accuracy that they are put together without mortar or cement of any kind. And yet though the edges and corners are rounded and weather-beaten, few of the blocks have been displaced.

TOO LATE.

WHAT silence we keep year after year,
 With those who are most near to us and dear ;
 We live beside each other day by day,
 And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
 The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
 Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
 These close familiar friends, who loved us so ;
 And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
 Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
 We think with vain regret of some fond word
 That once we might have said and they have heard.

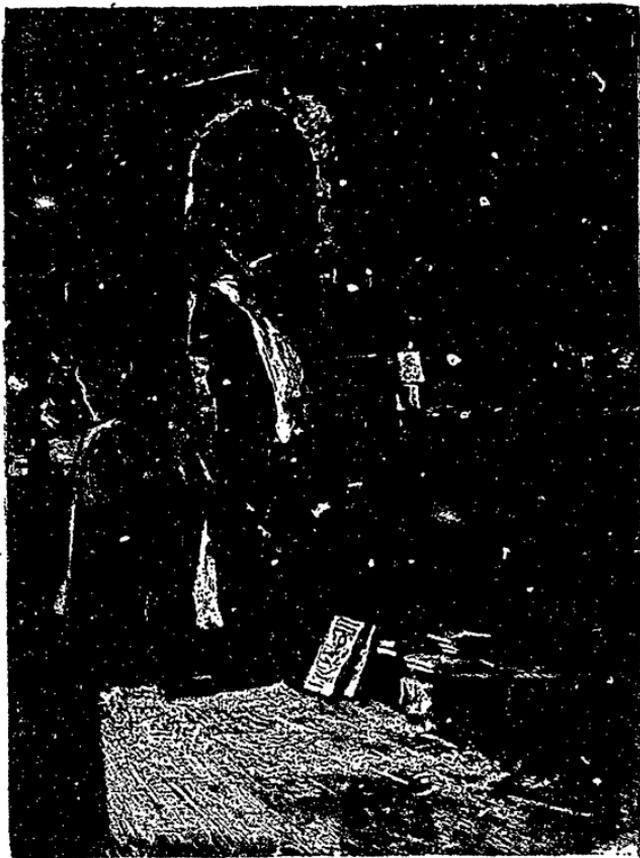
For weak and poor the love that we expressed
 Now seems beside the vast, sweet *unexpressed*,
 And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
 And small the service spent, to treasure won,
 And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
 That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
 Full visioned only when the ministry
 Of death has been fulfilled and in the place
 Of some dear presence is but empty space.
 What recollected services can then
 Give consolation for the *might have been* ?

—Independent.

HOW TILES ARE MADE.*

BY F. D. MILLETT.



CHARGING THE KILNS.

THE manufacture of artistic tiles in the United States dates from so recent a beginning that few persons who are not especially interested in ceramics are aware of the existence of tile-works on this side of the ocean. The tiles of English manufacture, representing many years of costly experiment and

*“ Illustrated Catalogue of Art Tiles made by J. G. & J. F. Low, Chelsea, Mass.” 4to, with 30 chromo-lithographic plates.

This catalogue is the most expensive in production and most beautiful in results that we have ever seen issued to illustrate any branch of manufacture. The designs are of a unique and exquisite beauty. They are chiefly imitations from nature, sometimes slightly conventionalized, some

enormous expense of production, have hitherto filled the markets of the world. The very perfection of these tiles has discouraged serious attempts at imitation, and they have covered the field of decoration so well that it has seemed hopeless to attempt to compete with them in design or invention. Nevertheless several manufactories have been started in this country during the past few years, with the intention of making an article similar to the imported one. The chief of these is the one now in operation in Chelsea, Massachusetts.

The Low Art-Tile Works in Chelsea is the direct outgrowth of the influence on the artistic mind of the increasing public demand for decoration. The tiles which are there drawn from the kiln are not only excellent as specimens of mechanical workmanship, but they discover much originality of design in form, colour, and construction. Mr. Low put aside his palette only three years ago, and the tiles which bear his name to-day are the result of study, experiment, and practice since that time. From 1858 until 1861 he had studied in the *ateliers* of Couture and Troyon in Paris, and since that time had been engaged in decorative and scenic painting. Remembering what a great part of the success of an artist depends on the drudgery of elementary work, he began at the beginning, and spent a year in a pottery, designing shapes and reproducing some of the Etruscan pieces from the Englefield collection in England. Accustomed to work on his own responsibility, he could not long be content to imitate, and after his apprenticeship of a year he decided to make an attempt to produce tiles which should not simply be decorative, but should have a special artistic value, an individual character of their own. The Hon. John Low joined his son in partnership, and a manufactory with materials, machinery, and kiln was soon ready. The experiments began at once, and continued for months, interrupted only by the delays caused by constant failures. The history of these months of

times exact reproductions. The hand-modelled flights of birds, the medallion busts, the trailing vines and branches are of unsurpassed beauty. We have pleasure in reproducing, in an abridged form, an article by F. D. Millet, from the *Century Magazine*, giving an account of the interesting process by which these tiles are produced. The engravings, however, do not give the effect of the delicacy and beauty of the designs by any means as adequately as the lithographic catalogue.—ED.

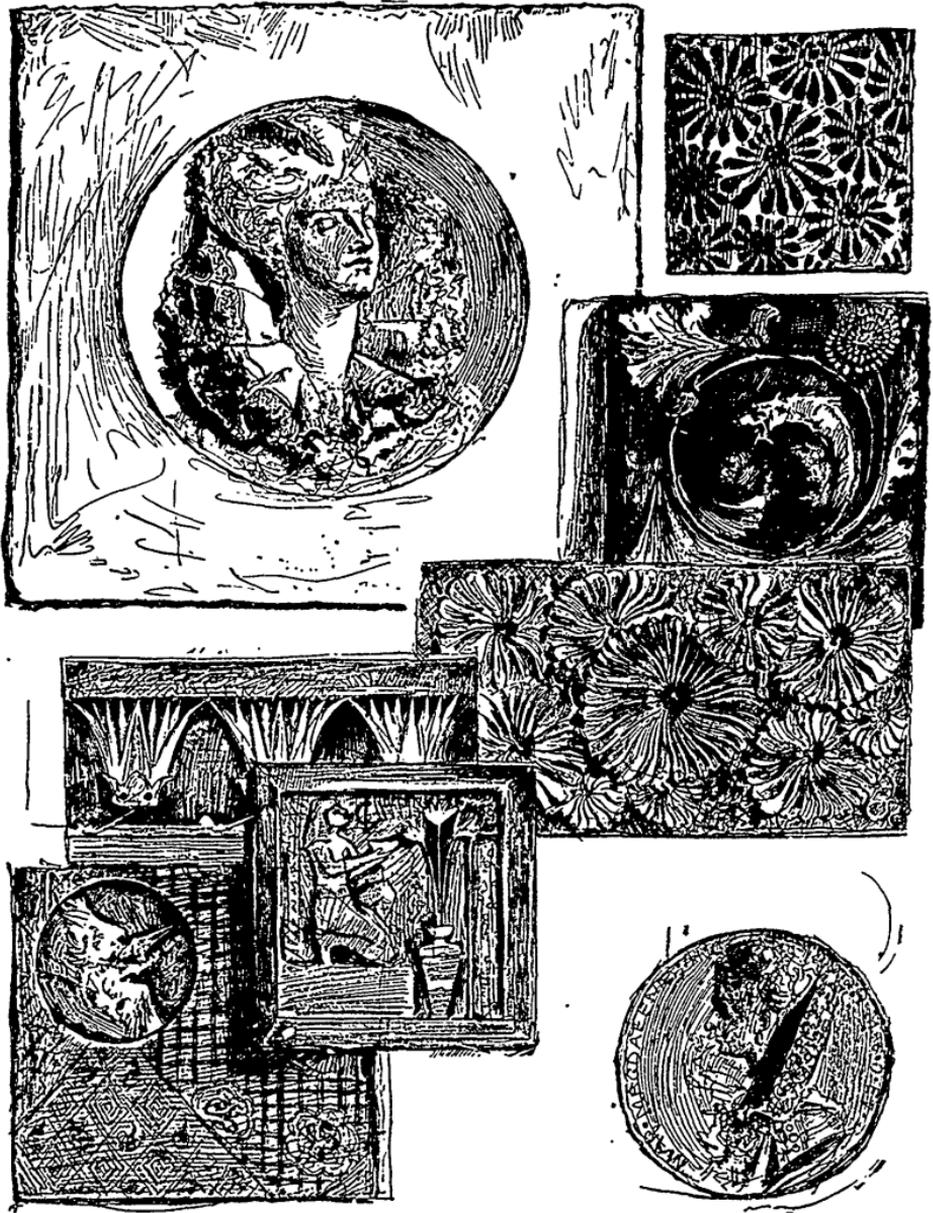
experiment counts few or no bright days. Different kinds of clay were tried, often with the loss of an entire firing. Most of the best clay-beds in the country were drawn upon before the proper material was found. Then followed countless trials of mixtures, for the stock of which tiles are made, although called clay by everybody, even by the ceramist himself, is a mixture of various materials—flint, quartz, spar, clay, and ground tiles.

It is impossible to give a complete idea of the difficulties of experimenting with the manufacture of "biscuit," as the tiles are called before they are glazed, without going fully into the details of the accidents to which the tile-maker is liable, and recounting the perplexing and annoying failures which stop his progress at every step. This is a subject requiring too voluminous treatment to be undertaken here. Enough to say that Mr. Low did at last succeed in producing flat, square, and true tiles, free from cracks or distortion, pure white in colour, and in every way as perfect as those of foreign make.

After the perfection of the biscuit came the glazes, and these in their turn were quite as difficult to manage. Different compositions of biscuits take different glazes, and there is always open to the ceramist an enticing opportunity to discover new colours or refine those already in use. Here again Mr. Low's training as a painter proved of great value to him. He produced many original glazes, exceedingly strong in tone, rich and brilliant in colour. As a result of all this experimenting, he was able at last to put into permanent form some of the ideas which had given him the courage and patience to carry on his work from the beginning. One of the earliest forms of tile made was the so-called dust-tile. His first ambition was to make this with a pattern in relief, so that, when glazed, it would have both the charm of form and the beauty of colour. The inventor's own words will give a good idea of the process:

"How did I think of that first? Why, I was bothering over a dust-tile,—and this process is a half-century old, and ought not to bother any one,—when suddenly it occurred to me that it might be possible to stamp a figure, or a letter, or indeed, any form whatever, upon the face of a tile just as the manufacturer's name is stamped upon the back. Since this could easily be done, of course it would be possible to take the imprint of any natural object that had little enough relief to permit it to be readily

lifted from the clay. I naturally thought of leaves as the material nearest at hand, and rushing out of the shop, down behind there, towards that brick-yard, I found a mullein-leaf. I hurried back,



GROUP OF TILES.

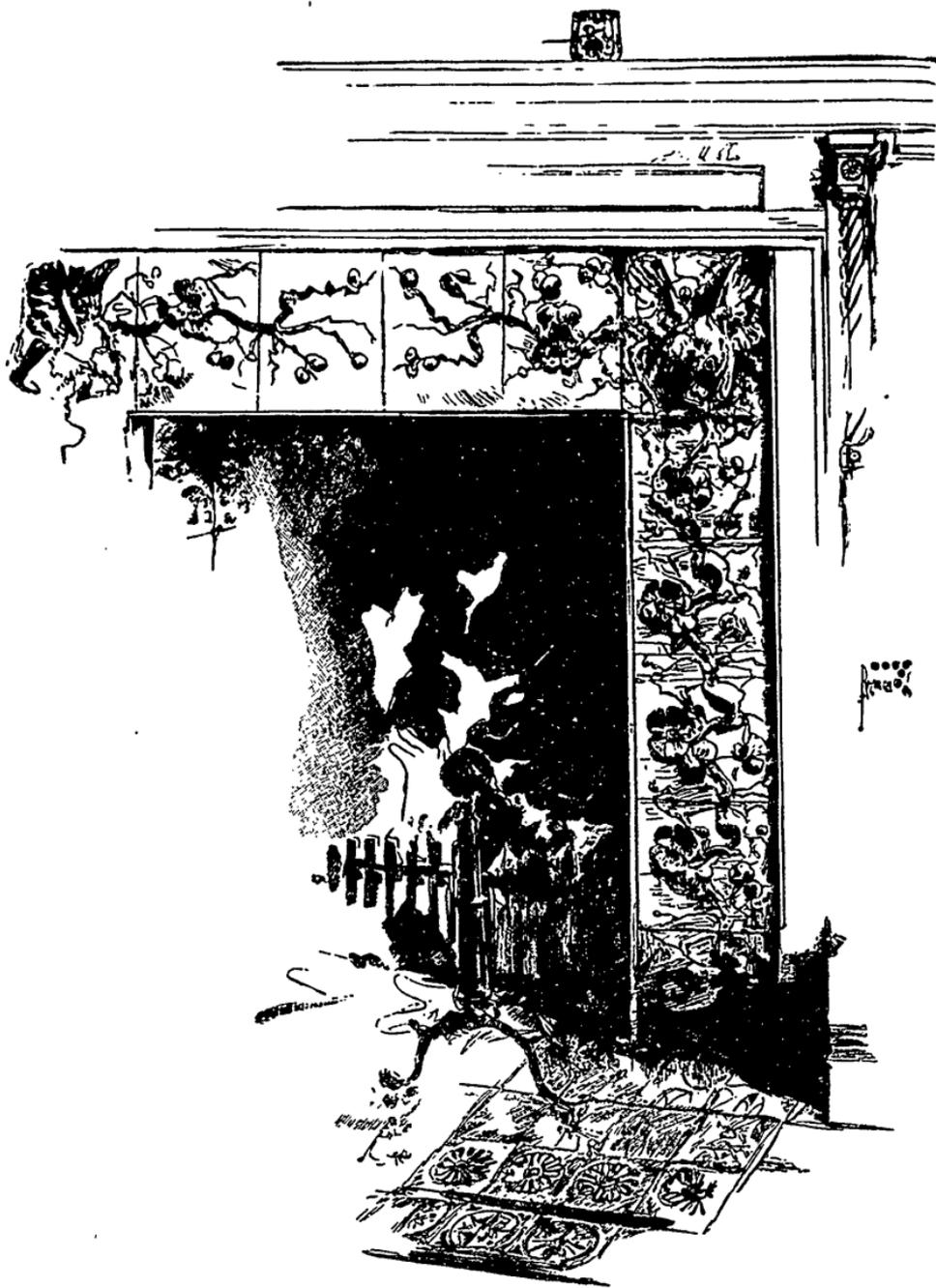
put the dust into the press, flattened it down by a light pressure of the screw, then laying on the leaf, gave the screw a hard turn. I pressed the juice all out of the leaf, but I got my imprint per-

fectly, ribs and all, even to the downy texture of the surface. This was not such a startling success, but I was in a fever of excitement and anxiety over my experiments, and at the sight of the imprint of the mullein-leaf, went fairly out of my head with delight. I kept at the work all night long, trying many sorts of leaves, grass, and various combinations. The next day I went on with the experiments, and the day after, and the day after that, and at last made perfect patterns of leaves and grass. Having made the matrix, it was now the problem to make the die from it, for the tile ought to bear the pattern in relief. Fresh dust pressed upon the matrix adhered to it, and the two became one solid tile. I tried everything I could think of, and arrived at the best results by first drying the matrix, covering it with a thin coating of shellac, and pressing the dust upon that as a mold. This process was effective but far too long to be practicable, and I tried again. First I spread a thin sheet of rubber over the damp matrix, and was successful with that. This method, however, would materially increase the expense of manufacture. Next I tried fine Japanese paper, and finally came to use thin tissue-paper, as you see.

"I call these natural tiles," continued the inventor, "and the process is patented. The beauty of it is that we never make two originals exactly alike in composition, although we can glaze them with identical colours or reproduce them by mechanical means."

The name "dust-tile" is somewhat of a misnomer, for the clay used, though not in the form of paste, is not by any means as dry as dust, but has the consistency of damp sugar. After preliminary grinding, the different materials used in its composition are mixed with water and stirred by machinery into a homogeneous mass of the consistency of thick cream. This slip, as it is called, is then dried by artificial heat and afterward is ground into an impalpable powder. In this state it is, of course, only very slightly adhesive, and must be moistened to be worked. There is no way of mixing water with it without making it lumpy or sticky, and an ingenious process of dampening is made use of, which is not only effectual but extremely simple. A great bed of solid plaster, two or three yards square and nearly a yard deep, is sunk in the floor and surrounded by a board a foot or more in height. Upon this bed are thrown barrels of water by the bucketful until it is thoroughly wetted. The dust from

the mills is then spread upon this bed in a layer three or four inches deep, and absorbs the moisture with considerable rapidity.



A TILE FIRE-PLACE—FROM A DESIGN IN USE.

The exact degree of dampness required can be easily regulated by withdrawing the dust at the proper time. When moistened it is ready for the press.

The natural tiles just described form only an unimportant part of the manufacture at the Low Tile Works. Relief-tiles are the specialty there, and they are quite as unique in their way as the natural tiles are. The original designs are made in modeller's clay or wax, reproduced in plaster, and then the dies are made from these in any metal desired and finished to fit the press. When the pattern is in prominent relief, like a head, the workman has only to pile up the dust in the bed to correspond roughly with the deepest depression in the die, so as to insure the complete filling of all the parts, and then the tile can be struck with perfect ease.

The tile, when it comes from the press, is solid and heavy but exceedingly brittle, and the edges may be easily rounded by passing the thumb along them. The drying process which prepares the tiles for the kiln is an important part of the manufacture, and necessitate the exposure of the tiles on drying racks, first to ordinary temperature for several days, and then to a high heat in a closed room. The greatest care is re-



NIGHT, PLASTIC SKETCH.

quired in handling them before they are fired, and it is an operation of considerable delicacy to place them in the fire-clay boxes in which they are placed in the kiln.

The first firing which converts the fragile, dry clay into hard, imperishable biscuit, occupies about three days. The cooling takes from five days to a week. The proper management of the kiln is, like every other part of the manufacture, the result of much experiment, and it requires a workman of long experience and good judgment to superintend the firing. The kiln itself is a conical structure, twenty feet or more in height and one-third this distance in diameter. The furnaces are built in the base of the kiln, and the flues are so arranged that, at a certain time during the firing, the smoke and gas may be turned out of the interior of the kiln, so that only the heat of the flame shall play among the "seggars" as the fire-clay boxes are called. The kiln is constructed of fire-brick laid up in concentric courses, forming a wall of sufficient thickness to confine the heat to the interior. It is entered by a small door, which is walled up after the kiln is packed. The seggars are stacked in the kiln in such a way that the fire plays among them freely, and heats every portion of their contents to the same degree.

After the biscuit has cooled, the glaze, which is a thick liquid, is applied with a brush, or the tiles are dipped into it. In firing the glaze, the heat is kept up only from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The glaze is a mixture of various materials, so combined as to fuse together to form glass, and is coloured by the addition of oxides of various metals. One of the peculiarities of the Low tiles is the strength and purity of the glazes. The colours range from pale yellows and delicate grays, through the entire scale to intense, lustrous browns and vigorous tones of green and even black.

It will be readily understood, from the description of the process of making dust-tiles, that the range of design is naturally somewhat limited. Only that kind of relief can be struck which will separate from the die; that is any portion of the relief which overhangs or is under-cut must be carved by hand after the tile comes from the press. The great value of the mechanical process is the rapidity of manufacture and the consequent cheapness of production. The hand process of making relief-tiles consists in pressing stock or clay into moulds previously prepared for that purpose, and then glazing and baking the forms in the usual way.

This is the process by which the Low plastic sketches are made. Among scores of different designs in the plastic sketches, one of the best pieces is sheep in pasture, with a delicately moulded landscape in the distance. An owl tearing a bat is the design of one of the largest pieces, made in high relief; it measures eight and a half by twenty-four and a half inches.

In the tiles a pattern of hawthorn, one of the quince-blossoms, and another of apple-blossoms, are favourite examples. The designs do not stop with animals and foliage, for heads, groups of figures, and even architectural compositions are produced. A group of monks, a figure in sixteenth-century costume, and a number of ideal heads are among the latest designs successfully fired. In the plastic sketches, as well as in the tiles, the glazes are used to modify the effect of the design. By this means the most charming effects are produced. In a landscape the foreground is strongly accented, and the sky made to appear soft and deep, as if modelled with a brush. Mr. Low has fired some beautiful ex-



A CHELSEA TILE, BY THE MESSRS. LOW.

amples of jugs and vases with ornaments in relief, which have all the artistic qualities of the tiles and sketches.

The measurement of tiles above given are not to be considered the limit of the size to be produced in the Low Tile Works,

although they are among the largest dimensions ever reached in tile manufacture. New kilns have been built at Chelsea, and a monster press has been set up. The discouraging conditions of experimental production are no longer in the path of progress, and the expense of the costly first step has been met. The results are before the public, and form one of the most significant features of the present artistic movement in the United States.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The drearest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
Yet one word more : they only miss
The winning of that final bliss.

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego—

Despite of all that seems at strife,
With blessing, all with curses rife—
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

III.



NATIVES OF SANTIAGO, CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS.

ON the morning of June the 12th we proceeded from Bermuda to make another section across the Atlantic to the Azores. Seventeen stations were decided on, and during the passage we had most favourable weather for carrying out the proposed programme. The soundings showed that almost a level plateau existed, with a bottom of grey ooze, and an average depth of 2,600 fathoms.

The islands known as the Azores lie in the midst of the

Atlantic, occupying a line of about 300 miles from N.N.W. to E.S.E., and are peculiarly remarkable for the incessant gales to which they are subject throughout the year, and on this account, joined to that of being destitute of any port that can offer a safe retreat and shelter to vessels, they have hitherto been held somewhat in dread and avoided by the trader.

The whole range, it is evident, is of submarine volcanic formation, symptoms of which are manifest to the geologist at almost every step. Their general aspect is very picturesque, presenting a series of scattered conical hills, which are in most cases extinct volcanoes, the sides of which are now beautifully clothed with verdant heaths and shrubs. In the private gardens in the immediate vicinity of the town are to be seen all the rare productions of flowers and shrubs that usually constitute our European conservatories, mingled with ornamental trees and plants of the tropics.

During our stay, exploring parties visited many places of interest some few miles inland, especially the Lake of the Seven Cities, on their way passing through gullies, chasms, and long deep ravines, that evidently have been formed by torrents rushing from the mountains to the sea, all of which are now, by the bounteous aid of Nature, covered with luxuriant foliage and charming shrubs. The public buildings are of but little interest. The streets are narrow, as in most southern climates, principally for the purpose of excluding the rays of the sun. Every house, of high or low degree, appears to have its latticed windows and balconies, behind which the ladies of the household seem to pass a large proportion of the day, gazing out on the passers-by.

On the evening of July 9th we left the anchorage under steam, and a course was shaped for Madeira, which was reached on the 15th. Here we were informed by the health officer that small-pox was very prevalent; it was therefore decided to have no communication with the shore. The scenery, as viewed from the ship, is certainly very charming, and one cannot help enjoying the beautiful prospect stretching out before us. On the morning of the 18th July, we left and commenced to make a section along the west coast of Africa. Palma, one of the Canary Islands, was sighted on the 19th, and sounding and dredging carried on in its vicinity.

What a contrast in the scenery between this place and Maderia!

Here are barren rocks, and not the faintest indication of vegetation to be seen in any direction. The town, if it can be so named, consists of a few straggling houses, while, stretching away behind, are several high, rough, and jagged peaks and mountains, affording a fine background for the barren and uninteresting coast scenery. At Santiago, a fair supply of fruit and vegetables was obtained.

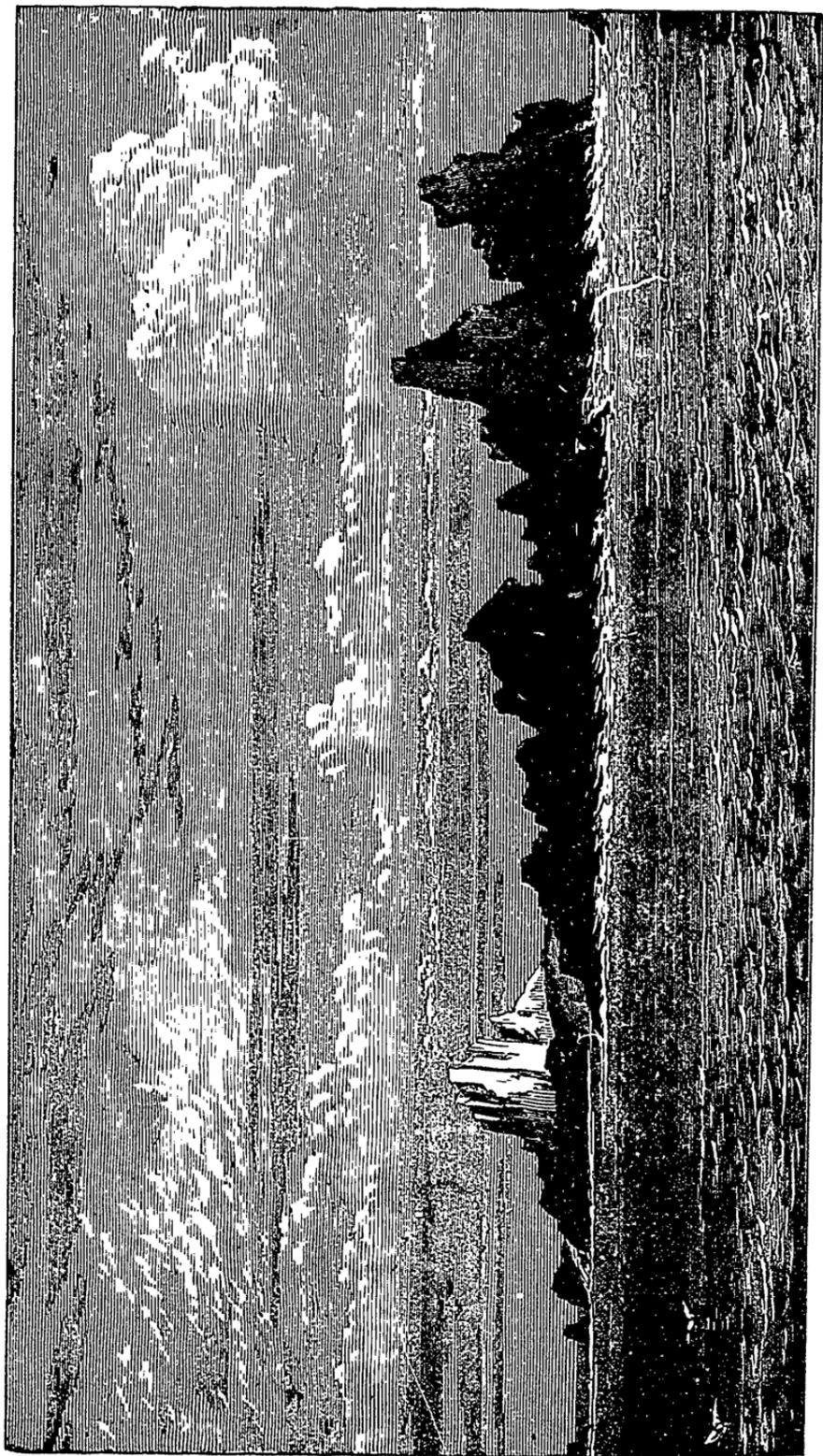
The houses, with but few exceptions, are poor specimens of habitations, usually built of stone, one storey high. The interiors present only a few articles of absolute necessity; of home comfort or cleanliness, in our sense of the word, they seem to have no idea.

After three days, we started on the 9th of August, and continued our section towards the coast of Africa. The dredgings obtained were particularly rich and interesting, and the frequent soundings showed we had been sailing over an average depth of 2,200 fathoms.

On the 27th August land was reported, and as we neared St. Paul's Rocks, the little pinnacles in the midst of the ocean became clearer and clearer. There was deep water close to; so we secured to the lee-side by means of a large hawser. The rocks are 540 miles from the coast of South America. The highest point is only about 60 feet above the level of the sea. In moderately fine weather a landing can usually be effected. Hundreds of sea-birds frequent them; but there was not a single plant or moss to be found, nor any fresh water to be obtained.

During the two days of our stay the rocks were alive with surveyors, naturalists, and others. Fish was to be obtained in abundance. A thorough geological examination was made, with a view to test the practicability of erecting a lighthouse, as a monument to the memory of the late Captain Maury, United States Navy, who was the father of deep-sea exploration, and who has rendered such important aid to navigation. However, from our observations, the decision was altogether unfavourable.

On the morning of 29th August hawsers were cast off, and on the next day crossed the equator. The disagreeable practice of shaving, etc., those who for the first time "cross the line" was not permitted, although there were many who were anxious to join in the usual sport. This old-fashion custom, which the present age seems inclined to get rid of, is gradually falling into-



MR. PABE'S ROOM, FROM THE EAST.

disuse, and but few ships' companies now pay homage on entering Neptune's dominions as they were wont to. So the invisible belt was crossed; and as the night advanced the more striking became the aspect of the southern constellations. The sparkling light of the North Star had for some time past been growing fainter, and at length disappeared altogether. On the other hand, the Southern Cross, and other stars with which we were not so familiar, had taken their places; and each night, as we moved farther south, for a time we felt a difficulty in recognizing our new acquaintances.

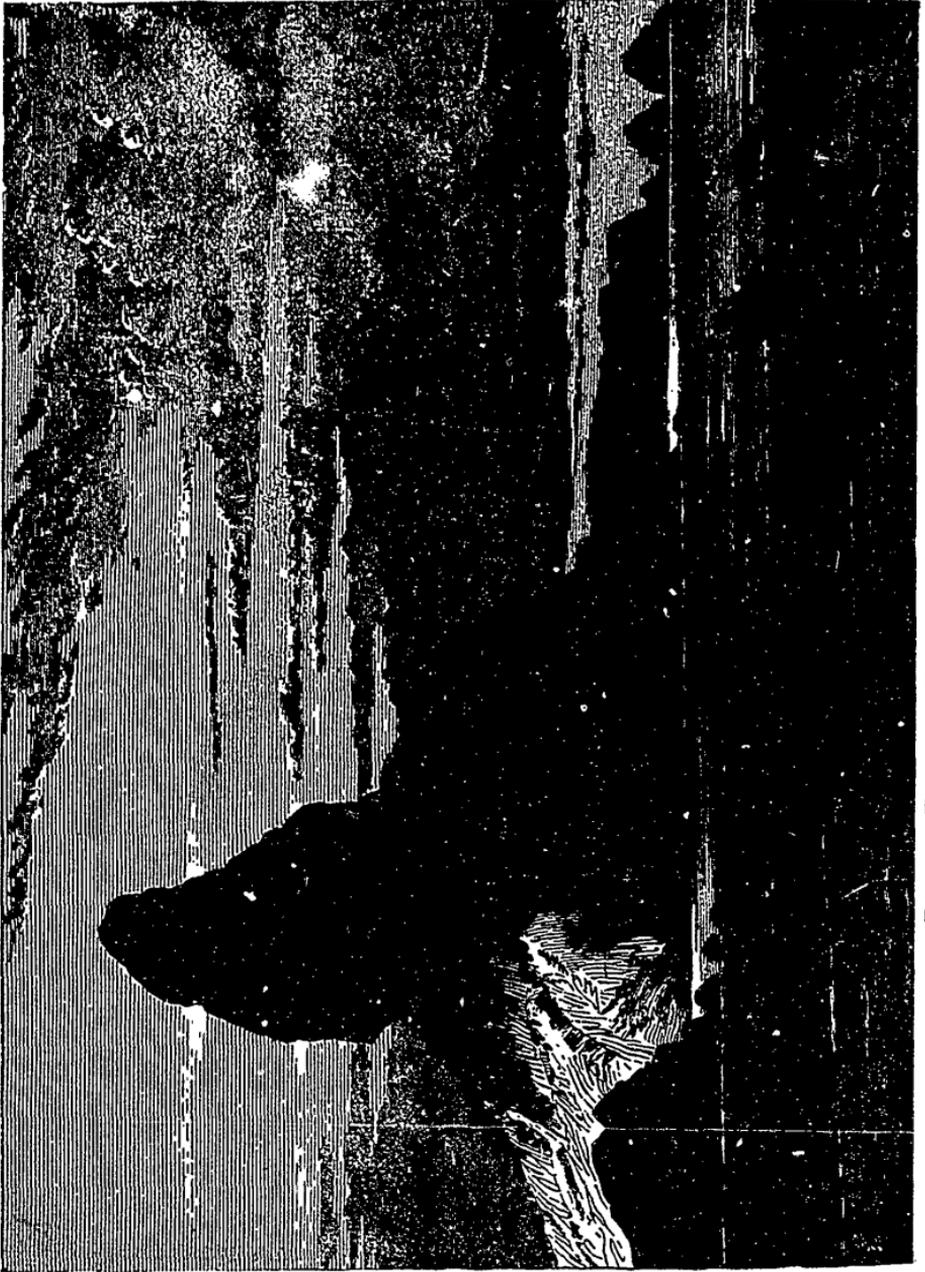
Though the line had been crossed at a more westerly point than usual, on the 1st September we were enabled to sight the island of Fernando Noronha; and later in the day came to anchor in 35 fathoms. The central peak is named the Pyramid, and is about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, the upper part of which seems to overhang the base. The islands appear to be well wooded. At the present time it is used as a penal settlement by the Brazilian Government, giving shelter to some 1,500 to 2,000 prisoners. A fort, strong in appearance, is garrisoned by a company of soldiers.

On the morning of the 14th September, Cape Antonio was in sight. On rounding the cape, the entrance to Bahia de Todos Santos lies immediately in front, with the fine town stretching away on its eastern side. Later in the day we anchored off the Public Gardens, from which point a capital view of the city is to be had. It consists of a higher and lower town. The higher portion* has several fine streets and stately houses, where the officials and principal merchants reside. The lower portion is devoted to commerce, and contains shops and warehouses for the sale of inland produce and foreign goods. The public buildings are of no importance, except the cathedral, which is built of marble, and is said to be the handsomest of its kind in Brazil.

During our fourteen days' stay here, numerous excursions were made both by rail and river. A short distance beyond the city the land for miles appears to be covered with forests of charming trees, of all shapes, sizes, and unknown names; while nestling around their green borders are plantations and little farms, giving the scene a most picturesque effect.

The botanist, or naturalist, who for the first time wanders through a Brazilian forest, cannot fail to realize sensations of the

utmost delight at the lavish beauty met with ; all this Providence has bestowed, in an extraordinary degree, attesting the illimitable



PEAK OF FERNANDO NORONHA, SOUTH ATLANTIC.

power and beneficence of the Creator. The beauty of the trees, enhanced by innumerable vine-creepers, parasites, and orchids, shrouding every trunk and festooning every path, the luxuriance

of vegetation, the elegance of the ferns, grasses, and flowers, tend to awaken in the observer a sense of his own littleness, and to force him, even in spite of himself, to acknowledge the Power that formed them.

The number of vegetable products found here is almost beyond belief. Coffee, cocoa, tea, all sorts of fruit, scents and spices, sarsaparilla, quinine, tonquin beans, indigo, indiarubber, bread-fruit, the beautiful cashew-nut, gay-coloured apples and plants, gums, seeds, and leaves, of infinite value, everywhere abound.

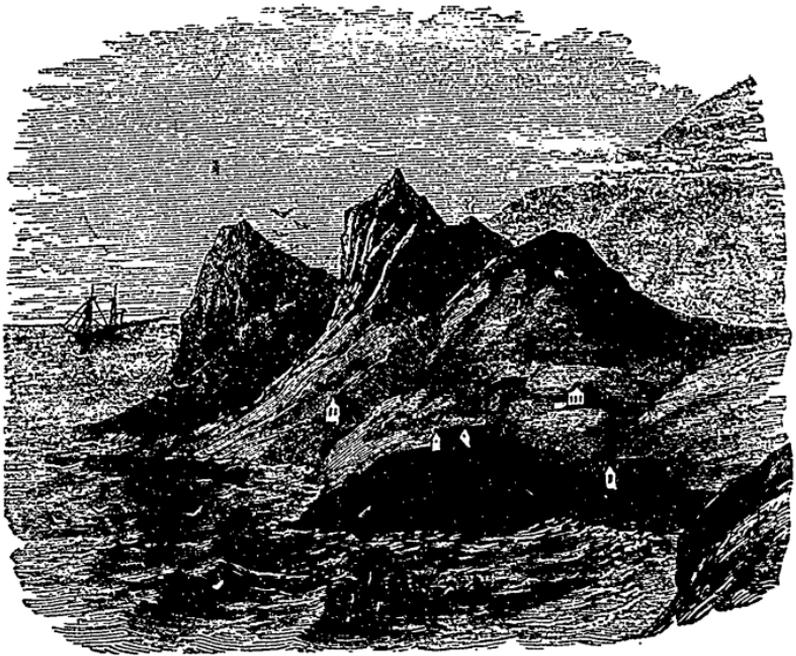
A section was now commenced across the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope. When clear of the land, sail was made, and with a pleasant breeze we raced on into cooler and healthier latitudes. During the passage the usual programme of sounding and trawling was carried out when opportunities offered. The ocean seems teeming with animated organisms. The drift nets, which are always trailing behind us, get filled in a short time with immense numbers of little living creature, pretty-looking red and blue cockles, sea-nettle, and various other inhabitants of the deep, many of the most minute size and delicate form and tint. In the work-room was disclosed, by aid of the microscope, to the observer, an entirely new world in the economy of nature as displayed in animal life from the surface of the sea.

What seemed to impart an extra interest to our every-day life, when clear of the tropics, was the vast number of sea-birds constantly accompanying us, probably attracted by the numerous fragments of provisions thrown overboard. These birds appear to possess a remarkable capacity for remembering the exact time when they are likely to get a feed, for day after day, soon after noon, the vicinity of the vessel was usually animated with their shrill shrieking and fighting with each other for the dainty morsels thrown overboard.

On the morning of the 15th October, Tristan d'Acunha was in sight, a little speck at first, rising up dark and rugged out of the sea, growing larger and larger as we neared, terminating at length in a huge conical peak some 8,000 feet in height covered with snow. It seems surprising that people can be found to leave associations and friends, and isolate themselves in such an out-of-the-way place as this, more remote from other inhabited places than any other settlement on the face of the globe. At the time of our visit the population consisted of some twenty families,

numbering eighty-four in all. Soon after our anchoring a boat came off with seventeen of the islanders. Among them was Peter Green, their Governor, from whom it was ascertained that they had plenty of cattle and vegetables for sale. This was welcome news, for fresh provisions are always acceptable after being a long time at sea.

We approached the land as near as safety permitted; the weather promising to be fine, opportunities were taken to land.



VIEW OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

Soon after leaving the vessel, an extensive belt of sea-weed was found encircling the island, forming a natural breakwater, and so preventing the violence of the heavy Atlantic surf breaking, as it otherwise would, along the shore. Before reaching the land all, more or less, got a wetting, as the rollers break along the beach, but after a scramble all landed right enough, and made a tour of the settlement, which is named Edinburgh, in compliment to Prince Alfred, who visited here in 1867, when in command of the *Galatea*.

About fifteen houses are seen scattered over an open space and on the north side of the island. There are several enclosures where potatoes and other vegetables are grown, and the islanders

possess, in common, some four or five hundred head of cattle and a plentiful supply of poultry and pigs. We remained during the day off the island, sounding, dredging, and completing a running survey, leaving on the 19th October.

On the 28th October the land was reported, and soon the famous Table Mountain of the Cape was visible from the deck. As we near the African shore, with its outline of peculiar shape, our hopes and thoughts fly back to other lands, on the one hand thankful for success so far, and on the other full of hope for the future. It was late in the day before we were fairly in for sounding; serials and current observations had to be taken off the Cape of Storms. Therefore it was about 4 p.m. when we anchored in Simon's Bay, within half a mile of the shore, where Simon's Town is situated.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

NOT as I will, because I do not see
The path before my feet, but, trusting Thee,
Walk on to meet the goal that Thou hast set,
Near or afar, all veiled or hidden yet.

Not as I will, lest I must go alone
Guideless through paths with thorns and brambles strewn;
No light for tearful eyes, no balm for pain,
No heaven-sent hope to light the darkened plain.

But as Thou wilt! Enfold my hand in Thine,
And by Thy side, in hope and trust divine,
I will move on, content to be with Thee,
However close the gathering shades may be!

E'en as Thou wilt, only be Thou my strength,
That I may reach the blissful goal at length,
And hear Thee say, "Well done!" that so my feet
May walk unchallenged through the heavenly street.

Not as I will but leaning on Thy love,
I fain would grow to what Thou dost approve;
Then, amid gloom and storm and withering blight,
My soul shall know no fear, distrust, nor night.

—*Christian Register.*

BIBLE BRAIDY.*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

I HAD not been very long in my district before I began to hear in various incidental ways of Bible Braidy, and to gather that he was an institution in the neighbourhood. In the language of the district—a very slangy language—he was a “proper old bloke;” as good an old sort as ever stepped, and as “mum as a mute” in respect to criminal secrets entrusted to him under confessional-like circumstances. Further I was told that he was “no end of a scollard,” and could “talk like a book about almost anything; while as, to reading the Bible—” and a snap of the finger, or shrug of the shoulders, generally intimated that the rest upon that point was a thing to be imagined, not described.

“Why, bless you, sir!” exclaimed the only person who went into anything like details upon the subject—a gentleman who in his day had undergone sundry terms of imprisonment,—“why, bless you, sir!” exclaimed this worthy, with a real enthusiasm, “the regular patters as is paid for it, and as comes messing about when they ain’t wanted, ain’t a patch on old Bible, who wouldn’t take a penny for it though he’s as poor as a church mouse, as the sayen is. And as to doing good, why, there ain’t one of the regular hands fit to be mentioned in the same week with him. Not as I go for to say that the regulars, as I call ’em, don’t want to do good, or for to deny that they sometimes do do a good turn, or that they are plucky in going where fevers are and the like. All the same, there ain’t any one of ’em as you can name as comes within a long chalk of old Braidy, in doing good—in the Bible way I mean, you know. And cos why? Why, cos he’s got our measure. He knows us. He don’t come potterin’ about when he ain’t wanted; but when he *is* wanted he’s always up to time. Early or late, fair weather or foul, send for him, and there he is, and no questions asked. No matter who the man may be; if he was the worst fellow as ever died in his shoes, he’d read to him, and pray for him, and stick to him. There’s many a poor ‘cross’

*Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

cove about here, sir, I can tell you, as has died happy, but as would have died hard, awful hard, sir—I mean in the way of being troubled in their minds—if Bible Braidy hadn't been with them at the last. 'Strike me!' exclaimed my informant, in conclusion, 'if old Bible shouldn't be the head of all the parsons if I had the making of them! If things was managed as they ought to be, the old man *would* be a lot better off than he is—a bishop, or a schoolmaster, or something of that sort."

"Seeing that he can do so much good in it, Mr. Braidy would perhaps rather remain in his present position," I observed.

"Well, I was only saying what I would do for him, if I had my way," rejoined my friend. "As far as he's concerned, I dare say he would rather be where he is than in a better sort of place, and, as you say, on account of the good he can do. I'll back him to be as square an old party as any breathing, bar none: so that it's only from choice that he needs to live in a cross quarter, and above all in such a h—ll hole as Barker's Buildings, for that's about what it is, though I live in it."

What I heard of Bible Braidy made me anxious to form acquaintance with him, and at length an opportunity occurred of doing so under circumstances so impressive and so characteristic of the spot in which Braidy lived, and the good work done by him in it, that I will venture to relate them.

One day I had occasion to call upon an odd-job labourer. I accordingly ascended to the third-floor back room, which served him and his wife and three children as living, eating, and sleeping room. There were only two chairs in the room. When I had said that which I had come to say, I chanced to glance out of the window, and beheld a scene that would certainly have been strange and striking to eyes that, unlike my own, had not become familiar with such districts as that in which I was. I could see right down a narrow street, which a single glance was sufficient to show was a "hot" quarter—a quarter given up to the worst description of the habitual criminal classes. The houses were lean-to and dilapidated to an alarming extent. Broken, rag-stuffed, curtainless windows were in the ascendant; numbers of the street-doors had panels stove in, and in two or three instances the doors were gone altogether.

On the shady side of the street numbers of fearsome-looking men, with foreheads villainous-low, were seated upon window-sills,

or stretched at full length upon the pavement, while frowzy, slatternly-looking women stood in groups around door-ways or kept up loud-voiced conversation from opposite windows. Beer-cans were circulating freely, and the whole scene was such a one as Dante might have imagined. The air that rose from the street was fetid, and such scraps of language as distinctly reached the ear were tainted by foul ideas, and harsh with strange oaths. After a moment's mental comparison of localities, I knew that I was looking upon the blackest spot of my whole district—that Barker's Buildings which was but too characteristically described by the predatory gentleman who had spoken so enthusiastically of Bible Braidry.

"This must be Barker's Buildings, then," I said, turning from the window.

"Which it *are*, sir, and no mistake," answered the tenant of the room. "It isn't often you'd find *two* such spots as that, even in such neighbourhoods as this. One of 'em's too many, for if you'll excuse me saying so, sir, if ever there was a devil's own quarter, Barker's Buildings is it. We're most of us a rough lot hereabout, and a good many ain't particular to a trifle how they knock out a living. We don't draw things very fine, but all of us out of it are quite agreed that Barker's Buildings are something awful. You ask any of the police whether any of them would venture into it single-handed. It would be about as much as their life was worth if they did. There ain't a worsen lot out than the Buildings' gang. They say themselves that they are good for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, and from robbing a church to killing a man; and, there's no mistake about it, they are."

At this point there arose a great hubbub in the street, and looking out of the window, to which the labourer also limped, I saw that the carousal of the band of worthies outside the public-house had been rudely broken in upon. A stalwart woman was brandishing her clenched fist in the face of one of the men. In her excitement she had pulled the fastenings from her hair, which floated about her in grim disorder. Her face was heavily flushed, her eyes flashing, and her voice, trembling with passion, rose loud and harsh, as she exclaimed—

"You rounded on my Bill, you know you did, you cowardly, treacherous cur!"

"Look here, my lady; if I have any more of your jaw, I'll come down on you like a thousand of bricks," said the man, standing up in a threatening attitude. "Just step it while you've got whole bones to carry away."

"Sugar-bag is in for it now," said the labourer at our elbow.

"Sugar-bag!" I echoed.

"Sugar-bag is her nickname," he explained; "she works at the sugar-bag making, and is one of the very few of the Buildings' lot that does do anything in a honest way. She's very quiet and inoffensive as a general thing, but her husband was sentenced to two years for a wharf-robbery, and she thinks, and as far as that goes, so do others, that it was through 'Fly' Palmer that he was taken; but she had better leave him alone."

The woman did *not* leave him alone. For a moment she seemed cowed by his manner, but only for a moment. Merely stepping back just so far as to be out of the reach of his arm, she began to rail again. Amid a volley of abuse she repeated her accusation of his having "rounded" on her Bill, and insinuated that she knew what would send him to the gallows.

This insinuation seemed to sting "Fly" Palmer, for the last words had scarcely left her lips before he was on his feet again. This time he followed her up as she retreated. She became terrified, and turned and ran. Still he followed, and she had got but a short distance down the street, when he overtook her, and hit her such a heavy blow on the head that she fell, stunned. For a few seconds the fallen woman lay; then she rose hastily to her feet. She stood looking round her in a dazed kind of way for a moment, with her right hand pressed to her side; then with a passionate rapidity she swept back the hair from her face, and dashing forward, struck Palmer on the breast. A loud shivering cry, half sob, half groan, burst from his lips, and the next instant he sank to his knees, and after swaying twice to and fro, fell helplessly forward with his face to the ground. The whole street was instantly in an uproar. Some men came forward and gently raised him in their arms, and as they turned his face upwards, I could see that it was drawn with pain and ghastly pale.

"This is horrible," I exclaimed, impulsively rising, and putting on my hat; but the labourer, laying a restraining hand upon my shoulder, said in a tone of friendly remonstrance—

“Excuse me being so bold, but if I was you, sir, I wouldn’t go near; their quarrels are like man and wife’s—best settled among themselves. Any one that goes between them is only likely to offend both. Beside that sort of thing ain’t so partic’lar out of the way in the Buildings, as it would be in any decent sort of neighbourhood. The bag-making hands carry a knife for cutting their twine, and having it handy, she’s let him have it. It’s the way with the women among ’em when they’re roused. Whatever comes handy they’ll use. They often smash a jug or a bottle over one another’s faces; and as to a clout over the head, why, they think nothing of that. I dare say Mr. Palmer ain’t very much hurt, and any way, sir, what could you do if you went round; they’re all in an uproar, and would only think you in the way.”

This last consideration had already occurred to myself, and yielding to its cogency, I sat down again. In the meantime the wounded man had been carried into the house in which he lived, and a few minutes later a doctor arrived. He soon left, and, immediately after, a woman wringing her hands and moaning aloud came hastily out of it and up the street.

“Is he much hurt, Poll?” asked another woman in a tone of sympathy, as she approached the window at which I was placed.

“Done for! done for!” she exclaimed in a voice made shrill by agony. “He says he knows he’s going, and the doctor won’t contradict him, won’t say a word, only shakes his head. But there; I can’t stop, I’m going for Bible Braidy. Joe’s that troubled in his mind, they can scarcely keep him down in bed, and all his cry is for old Bible.”

She rushed off as she finished speaking, but presently came slowly back, and seeing the woman who had spoken to her still standing in the roadway, she broke out:

“Oh dear! oh dear! Whatever shall I do! Braidy’s out, and face Joe again without him I daren’t. Do you know, does any one know, where the old man is?”

And as she asked the question she turned from side to side with a look of wild appeal in her eyes. Acting upon my impulse this time, before my labourer friend could do anything to prevent it, I leaned from the window, and having attracted the woman’s attention, asked, “Is the man really dying?”

“Oh yes, sir, I’m afraid he is,” she sobbed; “and he knows it, and he knows he ain’t fit to go, and it’s come on him so sudden. He’s past the law doing anythink to him; so it don’t matter who knows it now. He’s got a deal to answer for—as much as a man can have, and he’s taking on dreadful. He wants some good man to come to him—some one as’ll read to him and say a prayer for him. Will you come, sir?” and she raised her eyes to mine with a beseeching look.

I answered that I would come round at once; and, putting on my hat, I set out with all speed possible.

On getting round to the nearest corner of Barker’s Buildings, I found the woman waiting for me. She led the way towards the house, which I had nearly reached when I was brought to a standstill by the announcement that old Bible had been found, and was hastening to the spot. Even among the “dangerous” classes there is a feeling of kindness to one another, and it had now been at work. Unbidden and unsolicited, a number of men on hearing the woman’s exclamations of disappointment, had hurried away in different directions in search of Bible Braidy; and one of them now returned in breathless haste to say that he had found him, and that he was “a-coming along as fast as ever his game leg would let him.”

A look of relief came over the woman’s troubled countenance, immediately followed by a look of embarrassment. I understood the meaning of the latter, and hastened to observe, “You had better wait for Mr. Braidy; he will be of greater service than I can hope to be.”

“Well, he’s used to the ways of such as Joe,” she said, and turned her gaze anxiously towards the end of the street by which the messenger had intimated that Braidy would enter it. In a moment or two he came in sight, and impulsively I started forward to meet him. He was a man of middle height, stoutly built, large headed, heavy featured, with cleanly shaven face, and his grizzled iron-gray hair closely cropped. He walked lame with one leg, and on that side leaned heavily upon a walking-stick; he was attired in a long, loose, rusty-looking coat, dark trousers patched at the knees with some material a shade lighter, and a low-buttoning, double-breasted waistcoat, which freely displayed his blue check shirt, and high, old-fashioned stock. A poor-looking man enough, and, at a distance, a commonplace-looking

man ; but, face to face with him, a glance was sufficient to show that he was *not* commonplace. The broad, high forehead, the great brown eyes, soft and liquid as a woman's, but still bright, unwavering, and straight-glancing, eyes to "look the whole world in the face,"—these, and the generally thoughtful, and modestly self-assured expression, gave the beholder assurance of a man with "something in him."

This was the impression instantaneously made upon me as he looked up at me as I confronted him on the pavement of Barker's Buildings. Turning and walking with him, so as not to delay by a moment his mission of grace, I as briefly as possible explained to him how I came to be there, and that I was now going to withdraw.

"No, don't go," he said. "This is no time to bandy compliments ; I believe that I *will* be the fitter instrument here, but you may be able to say a word in season ; and any way you may take my word for it, that this poor dying sinner would sooner see a man like you at his bedside than any of his companions."

I felt that it was no time to bandy compliment, and simply answered—

"In that case I'll come, then."

The crowd round the door of the house in which "Fly" Palmer was lying silently parted to let Braidy through, and we entered together. The wounded man lay on a wretched bed, one end of which was supported by bricks, the legs having at some time been knocked off. He was lying back, panting after a struggle with the two men who stood one on either side, ready to restrain him should he again "take on wild," while his wife sat at the head of the bed, rocking herself to and fro, with her hands over her face. It was evident at a glance that Palmer was dying. The face was pinched and deadly pale ; around the mouth it was already growing livid and clammy, and *the* rattle could be distinguished mingling with his laboured breathing. Gradually the breathing grew calmer, and he sank into a dozing state ; but the troubled spirit would not be at rest. "Don't be a fool," he muttered ; "pawning's a risky game—awkward questions asked, stuff stuck to, and all that. Sell to the regular melters," he muttered on, after a pause ; "their price is small, but they're safe, and saftey's a thing we must pay for."

He was silent for a brief space, and then with a shudder and start he awoke, and the women eagerly seized the opportunity to say, "Here's old Bible and another good gentleman come now, Joe."

"Thank God for that!" he murmured earnestly, giving a quick glance round him. As his eye rested upon me he muttered some expression of thanks, then, turning to Braidy, he motioned him to his bedside; and, obeying the signal, the old man advanced, and kneeling by the bed allowed Palmer to take his hand in both his.

After lying still for a few seconds to gain breath, Palmer slightly raising himself on his elbow, exclaimed, "O Bible, old man, I'm thankful you've come. I was beginning to think that I should be left to die without any one to say a good word for me, and I ain't fit to say one for myself; I've been trying to pray and I can't."

"Oh, Braidy!" he went on, looking into the other's face with a haggard anxiety painful to behold, "it's domino with me; I knew it as soon as I was hit. I shall go out with the tide, and it'll ebb in an hour. Is there any hope for me, Braidy?—any at all?"

"You're in the hands of God, Palmer," he answered, softly and solemnly, "and He is a merciful, a loving God, a God whose greatest desire and happiness is to forgive even the worst sinners, if they will ask Him; to save them if they will only let Him."

"Then there is hope?" he said, questioningly, as he sank back on the bed.

"Yes, there is hope and salvation for all who repent and believe," answered Braidy, in the same solemn tone; "who repent of their sins, and believe that—" and briefly, but clearly, kindly, and in language suitable to the understanding of the dying man, he explained the essentials of the Christian belief. "Believe in this all-merciful God," he concluded, "and seek His mercy through the Son, who He gave to suffer for our, for *your*, transgressions. Do this and there is hope for you. The promise of the Lord is that, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and Christ Himself has told us that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents."

From sheer weakness, Palmer closed his eyes while Braidy was

speaking; but, watching the expression of his face from where I stood, I could see that it grew calmer, that hope was *dawning* upon his sorely troubled spirit. Still there were signs of doubt and terror, and presently, when there had been silence for about a minute's space, he suddenly raised himself in the bed again, and gazing into Braidy's countenance with the painfully beseeching look already spoken of, broke out—

“But I've been *such* a bad lot, Bible—such an awful bad lot, I'm afraid there can't be any hope for *me*. Don't go for to deceive me now, Braidy; is there really any chance for me?”

“The mercy and goodness of the Lord is boundless, Joe,” answered the old man gravely, “none can be bad enough to be beyond His forgiveness, if they only sincerely believe and repent; therefore there *is* hope for you. You heard” (Braidy had already partly told him, partly read to him, the story of the crucifixion), “when the dying thief on the cross prayed our Saviour to remember him when He came into His kingdom, Jesus answered him, ‘To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.’ And that is the answer which, in His holy Word, the blessed Bible, God gives to all who sincerely pray to be taken into His kingdom. ‘Knock,’ He says, ‘and it shall be opened:’ and it is by prayer, Joe, that you must knock at the gates of the kingdom of heaven. Pray!”

“But I can't pray!” the other exclaimed in a voice of agonized despair. “I told you I tried and I couldn't. I had a notion I used to know ‘Our Father’ when I was a kid, but I couldn't think of a word of it; you will say it for me?”

Reverently bowing his head and clasping his hands, Braidy, in a low fervent tone, repeated the Lord's Prayer, Palmer lying back with closed eyes, occasionally repeating the words after him.

After the prayer there was again a brief silence, which was broken by Palmer's speaking as if in continuation of thought, and in a voice that had grown palpably weaker, he said—

“Oh yes, I see! Forgive them that trespass against us. Braidy, I *do* forgive poor Sugar-bags from the bottom of my heart, and I 'ope as they won't do anything to her for this business.”

“I'll tell her what you say,” Braidy answered, and then Palmer, who was evidently sinking, fell back once more too exhausted for further speech. Braidy, who all this time had been

kneeling by the bedside, now rose to his feet, and holding in his right hand the well-worn Bible that he had taken out of his pocket, stood beside me. Silently we both watched the countenance of the dying man, over which there began to creep the expression of terror and doubt that had rested upon it when we first entered. Gradually it intensified until the agony of mind that it indicated giving what was, under the circumstances, an almost supernatural strength, Palmer once more raised himself on his elbow, and convulsively grasping Braidy by the arm, on his stepping to the bedside again, he hoarsely exclaimed—

“It’s no use, Bible; I can’t believe that there can be hope for such an out-and-out bad lot as I’ve been. The Bible only spoke of a thief; but I’ve been worse.” As he spoke a shudder ran through his weakened frame, and for a space his utterance was choked by sobs.

“I can guess what you mean, Joe,” said Braidy soothingly; “but even that would not place you beyond hope. As I told you just now, the mercy and goodness and forgiveness of the Lord is *boundless*. He will forgive even *blood-guiltiness* where the repentance for it is sincere. To despair is to doubt His mercy. However bad you may have been, there is hope for you in that mercy.”

“O Bible, old man, you have taken a load off me,” exclaimed Palmer, sobbing again, but now rather joyously than despairingly, “and Braidy,” he went on, in a tone of fervent assurance, “though I was never took for it, I have suffered—no tongue could tell how much.”

He paused for a moment to gain breath, and then getting his mouth close to Braidy’s ear, he resumed in a hoarse whisper—

“I knifed him, and he turned his eyes on me as he fell, and the look in them has haunted me ever since. Hundreds and hundreds of nights I’ve seen him glarin’ at me out of the dark, till it druv me mad a’most, and I’d put an end to myself only I hadn’t the pluck. But I thank God that I hadn’t. I wouldn’t have had this chance then, and I *do* begin to feel happier, Bible, now that I am getting this off my mind and you still say there is hope.”

“There is hope,” said Braidy, “but, Joe, my poor fellow, remember the end is near.”

“I know, Bible,” he answered, his voice now barely audible “but I must make a clean breast of this now I have begun it.

He was a sailor, a darkie. We had cleaned him out, and he cut up rough, and talked about bringing the police. That was what did it; we had a lot of stuff in the house at the time as would have transported us if it had been found, and when he tried to break his way out, swearing that he would bring the Blues, I let him have it, and he scarcely lived two minutes after he was hit."

As the other sank back exhausted, a shudder shook old Braidy's frame, and for a few moments he stood incapable of speech, but, controlling his feelings, he took the dying sinner's hand, and in a gentle voice said—

"It was a foul crime, Joe, but remember, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' There is a place in heaven for *all* sinners, who seek it by true penitence and prayer—pray, Joe, pray, for the end is very near with you."

"Pray for me, I can't pray," he moaned.

"I will pray for you," answered Braidy; "but you too can pray; the blessed book here has provided a prayer for you—'God be merciful to me a sinner.' That is your prayer, Joe; a prayer that, sincerely uttered or thought, is never turned a deaf ear to."

With a last effort of strength the dying man clasped his hands together, and fervently uttered the grandly simple prayer thus taught him. He tried to repeat it, but his arms fell helplessly by his side, and the words died in his throat. Seeing this, Braidy knelt by the bedside again, and in homely language earnestly prayed that the soul then passing might be saved alive.

When he had finished his prayer, no sound was heard in the room save the half-stifled sobs of Palmer's wife. Once or twice he seemed to be bracing himself for some last effort, and at length there came from his lips in a barely audible whisper: "Braidy, you've helped to save my soul. Good-bye. God be mer——." The last word died away uncompleted, and in a few minutes the great change took place.

Thus in the solemn presence of death, by such a death-bed as that of "Fly" Palmer's, I first made the acquaintance of "Bible Braidy." I had seen him engaged in the mission to which for years he had devoted himself, and in which I could now unhesitatingly believe he had done great good. What I had seen made me anxious to cultivate the friendship thus com-

menced, but it will easily be believed that on passing out of the house of death neither of us felt much disposed to "chat." Scarcely a sentence had passed between us when we reached his own threshold, and there with a warm grasp of the hand I left, having simply arranged that I was to give him a call in some more cheerful time—and I did give him a call, and, as the time passed on, many calls.

ABIDE IN ME.

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

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

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

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

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

Abide in me ! There have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passive, hush'd,
Own'd the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
Fulfilled at once Thy precept and my prayer—
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee !

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

W O R R Y.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

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WORRY in business or any other annoyances, whose name is legion, cause loss of appetite, want of sleep, restlessness, nervousness, general physical prostration, low spirits and all the brood of human ills which flow from them. One member of a family being in this condition, and who carries evidence of it in his face and conduct, will unsettle the comfort and peace of mind of all with whom he may come in contact. He is like a piece of yeast in dough, and sets up fermentation or at least disturbance in a household. It need scarcely be said that the probability is, children of such a parent, born under such untoward conditions, may inherit in a fixed and permanent form a like organization, and thus by natural law spread the evil tendency in one form or another.

These depressors of vital energy may drive the possessors of the active and malign agents into insanity, even in the first instance, or, what is more often the case, the children of such parents inherit an insane tendency. The excitement of fretfulness, vicious habits, intemperance, or fast living become in such only a burning match cast into a magazine in which the explosive powder needs only this condition of excitation to rouse latent power into activity and spread wreck and ruin by its resistless energy. This cause of insanity is much greater than is generally supposed. It is often not difficult to trace the first fruits of this terrible malady through the conditions brought about from our high pressure civilization. The hot race of life throughout the more advanced countries of Christendom in the periodic business upheavals; the sacrifices of necessary comforts for show and parade; the hot-house growth in forcing unduly our brains; the exciting trade and professional rivalries; the periodic political excitement; the domestic troubles; the vitiating public and private offences against physical law, and the countless artificial modes of every-day life, drive multitudes of the best as well as the worst citizens into insanity. Many might have avoided this sad result by the ordinary exercise of prudence, discretion, and

judgment; but others have an ever-present struggle against the budding of that fatal seed of constitutional tendency, which only needs such favourable conditions to fructify in the system, bringing disaster to themselves and entailing the like proneness to the innocents who may come after them, even to the third and fourth generation.

The causes of worry are many in a civilized community, with its conventional usages, its high pressure, its trotting through life and its galloping into the grave. These are only in operation to a small degree in savage or semi-barbarous life, hence the immunity of such a people from our nervous diseases. Their wants are few and they are easily satisfied with creature comforts. These children of nature know little of the carking cares and pressing demands which artificial, superficial, and modern usages claim of their votaries. Their worries are evanescent and easily overcome, as is the case in all simple natures. It is different with us and ours. A man is wealthy and his family is surrounded by all the display and comforts which money can give. Business reverses overtake him and his riches are swept away in a day. The shock to wounded vanity from the deprivation of wonted luxuries and from the loss of social caste topples the reason over in some mentally weak members of the family. The exquisites of the Lord Dundreary style, or the empty-headed belles of fashionable circles find their source of revenue for frivolities suddenly cut off, and thus unexpectedly become deprived of their only heaven upon earth. The light brain is staggered at the unpleasant possibilities of poverty and its train of cold experiences. These butterflies of the sunshine cower before the storm, and having in too many instances no reserve force of mental stability to withstand disaster, such become morose, gloomy, cynical, melancholy, or finally maniacal under such trials. The bold speculator risks his all on an unexpected rise in stocks or in a commercial venture, and as a result possibly loses both fortune and reason. The miser hoards up his wealth throughout life's best years, being wifeless, childless, friendless, and often in the last stage of his cheerless history becomes suddenly changed to a reckless squanderer, to the ruin of his treasure and his wits. The monomania of useless saving is followed by the senseless expenditure of what was once treasured up for the love of it. The man of powerful physique

and active brain, who never knows what it is to feel tired, keeps all his energies in full pressure throughout the best days of his manhood, suddenly feels languor, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and low-spiritedness come over him. He is startled at the change, and may halt in the midst of his feverish haste to reach the goal of his ambition, thereby saving himself from an impending doom of mental alienation, or he may make spasmodic efforts to only bring ruin on himself by the vain attempt, when rest is the only remedy for nerve starvation.

There is a pregnant source of mental and physical deterioration, which, in a secondary way, seriously affects the youth of our land as well as the adult population. It is the senseless mental overstrain to which the school children are subjected. Any one can perceive how this is brought about. An examination of the list of studies required of children and youths up to the age of eighteen years, in our schools and colleges, shows that no young and growing brain can overtake the work laid out for it without great and permanent injury to this delicate and complex organ. Children are put into the worst ventilated houses which can be found in the country, and these are too often literally crammed with pupils of all ages and sizes. All day the mind is on the rack and memory is tried to its utmost tension. Evening brings no relaxation to such pupils, because a task needing several hours' study must be done before bedtime, or early in the morning, and this becomes a dreary uninviting round "from weary chime to chime." Besides the four elementary studies, a smattering of almost every other branch of learning is needed of mere children. They successfully or vainly endeavour, according to their strength, to overcome these daily burdens and obstacles to health by a constant effort which produces mental strain beyond what is healthy. The result is, many never recover from the struggle during the remainder of even a lengthy life. Night and day, except a few hours of sleep, from the age of seven up to manhood or womanhood, the susceptible and tender brain is on the rack, and the strain is at a time when only moderate exercise is healthy to the impressive organ.

In its early days the brain must, like the rest of the body, gather fibre, tone and capacity to enable it to perform its normal functions for the great struggles of life. The young are not permitted to do hard manual labour, because of the tenderness of

the body, until maturity is almost reached, but the most important organ of our physical system is urged onward to the utmost extent of its powers from babyhood upwards. The weary head is filled with all kinds of knowledge which, in former times, were wisely judged to belong to students of colleges. The hill of science has become a veritable Andes, over which all young scholars must wearily plod, in order to reach the point of certified proficiency. Not only so, but the bias, diversities and natural aptitudes of individuals are not provided for in the education of youth. The same programme of studies is laid down for all. One may have a facility in and a liking for mathematics, another for classics, a third for natural philosophy, and a fourth for mechanics only. Yet no provision is made for these differences of mental constitution. A practical solution is attempted in our colleges by a system of options, but this plan to meet this problem does not exist in the lower grades of learning. It needs no prophet to see that this hot-house growth and these attempts to train diverse minds in a uniform direction by a system of forced development bring with the effort a sad brood of evils. These, with long hours of study and too little relaxation, mean sleeplessness, nervousness, lassitude, periodic headaches and a lax, prostrated physical and mental system. A tendency to and an invasion of insanity may end the chapter of blunders, especially if hereditary predisposition should exist. The flabby muscles, bleached faces, weak and fluctuating pulses, languid movements, premature tiredness even with the excitement of the playground, and the weary attempts to learn lessons, are not like the buoyant impulses of nature in healthy children.

Such are the recuperative powers of the body that it will in a majority of cases come off victorious against a legion of such foes. Yet an alarming section of the rising generation thus educated carry into after life, in some form of nervous or brain disorder, the effects of the prevailing ignorance of the limit to human capacity and the persistent efforts to produce a precocious race by high pressure or by a short cut to proficiency. As a rule, the children who carry off the most prizes and are pointed to as models by admiring friends are too often taxing with compound interest the present at the expense of the future. In this age of widespread and ever-increasing knowledge it is

vain for any one to attempt to overtake even the outlines during an ordinary lifetime. It is far better for ordinary mortals to seek excellency in a few things of a radical and necessary nature, than to injure health by a vain attempt to acquire universal knowledge. Where there are opportunities genius will assert itself, and the fool's cap of the school-room has been often succeeded by that of the philosopher in maturer years.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that want of moderate mental exercise is as deleterious to the brain, as is want of physical exertion to the other parts of the body. Slothfulness may not be as productive of nervous or brain disease as overwork is, yet it will lead to many complications conducive to ill-health, and this weakening condition of habitual inertia is always followed by a brood of ailments and troubles. Laziness and constant ease are not that unmixed good so commonly supposed and which so many long to enjoy. It is far better to wear out than rust out. Moderate work leads to health, but idleness will bring the same ills that worry and overwork are so prone to produce. Danger always lies in the extremes of everything. The old Latin adage is true: "It is most safe to go in the middle." Osgood has truthfully sung:

"Labour is life : 'tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the darkness assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon,
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune."

It is the harmony of man in his whole being keeping time in accordance with natural law which brings health. The pendulum of life must ever swing, but it is for us to see that it will vibrate neither too fast, too far, nor too slow. Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection." Many of us drive this timepiece faster than the Master intended, and long before our possible years have passed over our heads our own follies and vices have put to "silence the clicking of the terrible escapement of thought we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads." We run a twenty-horse power engine at a thirty-horse power rate, and then wonder why the strain and

friction wear it out so soon. We go at a trot in our business and soon become weary, forgetting that to run a mile is more fatiguing than to walk ten miles at a reasonable gait. The railway locomotive which runs fifty miles a hour for three hundred miles has sustained more tear and wear than if it ran five hundred miles at twenty-five miles an hour.

This is a law of nature everywhere. There is a maximum rate of motion mechanical, physical and mental beyond which comes an increased ratio of friction and decay out of proportion to the normal conditions of existence. The clergyman who studies, writes, speculates, and puzzles his head day by day over theological or metaphysical dogmas without relaxation or recreation, becomes a flabby, bleached, dyspeptic, nervous invalid. He exists within the four walls of a gloomy, badly-ventilated and overheated library, incased by books, and without fresh air and proper exercise. Unless such a man has a constitution of iron he is an unconscious suicide before middle age, or at least a confirmed hypochondriac, to whom life is a burden. His shattered frame is said to have become so by a dispensation of Providence, when its proper name would be self-destruction. It is natural law asserting itself and its prerogative by punishing the violators of its mandates. Thus worry and weariness are intensified. The lawyer burns his midnight oil over law books in a musty office, and puts his brain on the rack in burrowing for arguments to sustain a client's cause; the bank clerk turns himself into a calculating machine, and for a lifetime concentrates his daily thoughts on columns of figures, until his work becomes almost automatic; the medical man is at all hours, night and day, throughout a laborious life of practice anxious about some critical case on his hands; the merchant watches his sales and the markets every day with feverish anxiety; and the stockbroker on 'Change is in a state of delirium from year to year. These are samples of mental strain and worry in legitimate occupations. No wonder that nervous diseases of all kinds are fearfully on the increase. All classes in the hurry-scurry of life are shortening the lifetime by hastening the clock's movements. A candle which is burning at both ends is soon consumed. Periodic rest is the cure. Reasonable exercise of body and mind is healthy, but it is the overstrain which brings premature physical deterioration and mental decay.

AMERICAN METHODISM.*

IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

II.

WHEN the former article on this subject was commenced it was my intention to compress the whole of my impressions and recollections into a single paper. This, however, was found to be impracticable. After filling more than the space originally intended I find that some of the most important facts connected with the meeting of the Centennial Conference, and some of the most interesting subjects brought into prominence in the discussions which took place during its sessions, have not been touched in what has been written. With the kind permission of the Editor, I therefore return to the subject again.

The dignified attitude of the Conference toward the skepticism, or so-called free-thought, which has made so much noise in the world in our time, was specially noteworthy and significant. No attempt was made to either ignore it or belittle it, but the very little attention given to it showed that it was looked upon as being, at most, of but secondary importance. So far as it is an incident of the progress of knowledge, either in the domain of natural science or of critical research, its presence was welcomed rather than deprecated. The most highly cultured and scholarly men present—editors, authors, and men of letters—many of whom had made it, in all its aspects and phases, matter of special study,

* When my former article on this subject was written I was under the impression that the division in the Methodist Episcopal Church took place at the Baltimore General Conference of 1840. In this I was in error. That lamentable transaction did not take place until four years afterward. It will be in order for the next great representative gathering of American Methodism to be held in New York. The celebration of the organic union of the Episcopal Methodism in that city, say four years hence, would be a consummation to devoutly be wished. Thousands of good people all over this continent will, I am sure, earnestly pray that this fondly cherished dream of some of the very best people both at the North and at the South may be realized.

regarded it with the utmost degree of composure. It is evident that whoever looks for such a total eclipse of the faith of Christendom in the near future, as shall produce a "moral interregnum," these men do not, even in the slightest degree, share their gloomy anticipations. Indeed, so little danger did they apprehend from this quarter, they seemed to think it a question of far greater importance how to retain the youth of the Church, or how Methodism was to so adapt itself to the changing phases of society as to retain its hold upon the masses, than to know how to answer infidels, atheists, and scoffers.

Bishop Foster, in his opening sermon sounded the key-note to all that was said on this subject. He admitted that ancient and time-honoured theories had been exploded, and that institutions, sacred and secular, were being put to the strain of new tests. He affirmed that we were in the grip of a great combat—the hand-to-hand conflict of opposing forces for the dominion of the world; that the decree had gone forth, never to be revoked, that dooms to extinction the false, the artificial, the unsound. And he asked and answered the question, "Will the Church be able to bear the strain?" His answer is sufficiently remarkable to warrant its being reproduced.

"We answer," said he, "if the time shall ever come when it is unable to vindicate its right to live, it will perish. If it is of man it will come to nought. If it be of God no devices against it shall prosper. It will not survive simply because it has gained a foothold; but because it will prove itself able to maintain it—because God has use for it in working out His great plans—wholly and solely because it has in it the substance of truth and assurance. Increasing knowledge, which dooms to extinction all the false, ordains to permanence the true, and, therefore, the needful. It is simply the great mental as well as material law of the survival of the fittest, which is but another name for the survival of whatever moves in the trend or order of the Divine thought."

Bishop Foster did not close his eyes to the fact, neither did he seek to conceal it from his hearers, that the wreckers were never so many, never so mighty, never so exultingly busy as they are to-day, and that the world stands by with approving and rejoicing consent as the ruin progresses. He did not ignore the fact that the moral elements are in a state of unwonted commotion, and that the sea is strewn with wrecks and crafts displaying signals of distress. But he sees nothing in all this that should excite the astonishment or dismay of Christian men.

"Shall we forget," said he, "that the tempest was born at our own altars, that it is but the breath of our own Bible, the commotion and desolation which follow the triumphant march of our conquering King. 'Tis we that have taught humanity to know its rights, that have gone forth snapping chains of superstition, disenthraling mind, casting down thrones and dynasties, and overturning custom, and temples, and religions. We have taught men the art of enquiry, the right of doubt, the duty of revolution. 'Tis we that have proclaimed relentless warfare against error, that have set the sappers and miners at work and have furnished them their implements of destruction. The storm we now behold raging over the world is but the going forth of liberated thought—the conflict, the struggle of ideas. The crash which makes the nations tremble is but the shout of the combatants and the noise of the tumbling of the fortress of lies which has so long held the world in slavery. The Hercules begotten of Christian loins comes home now to search us also. The tools we put into his hands he now plies upon our own foundations. What shall we do now ?

"Shall we quake and quail? Shall we turn round and seek to hide ourselves from the tempest and the fury? Shall we lift up imploring hands and pray his merciless minions to desist? When did we desist? Shall we plead exemption? When did we grant immunity? Shall we plead the sacredness and venerableness of our faith? When did we withhold the hand from the sacred, the ancient, the revered? What temples have we not cast down? Who was it that hoisted the black flag; who has been relentless; who has blazoned on his banners no compromise, no quarter; who has sent forth armies of missionaries to turn and overturn all systems and creeds; whose emissaries are abroad in all the earth to-day with a roving commission to raven and destroy?

"What shall we do now that the looters are upon us? Bid them welcome, throw wide open our doors and invite them to go through our temple from foundation to pinnacle; bid the materialist come with his force centres and bio-plasmic cells and cosmic laws; the geologist with his blast and hammer, and cataclisms and cycles; the astronomer with his telescope and calculus; the biologist with his microscope and spontaneous generation; the philologist with his lexical apparatus and critical appliances; the historian with his antiquarian researches, and archæological discoveries; the philosopher with his logic and laws of thought; the evolutionist with his theories of origin and developments; the comparative religionist with his Vedas, his Shastras and archaic traditions; the infidel with his cavil and doubt—bid them all come, and we will go with them with lighted torch, and aid them with hearty and generous service, to search every stone and to pry into every corner and crevice of our citadel. We demand it as our right that they do not spare us; that they bring out their most mighty caissons, and roll out their great guns of logic and science, and pour their shot and shell of fact and argument upon our bulwarks and towers, and try their dynamite of rage and reason upon our granite foundations. Their impotence will furnish the measure of our strength."

These are not the words of a novice, the ignorant vauntings of one who knows little of the subject on which he essays to speak; they express the deliberate judgment of a man of wide reading and extensive knowledge, of massive intellect, of large experience, who has given the thought of a lifetime to this and kindred themes. Neither are they the utterances of one who imagines that either his own or any other of the theological or ecclesiastical systems has reached such perfection as to place it forever beyond the possible necessity for restatement or readjustment in order to bring it into harmony with the advance of knowledge. He sees that the great thinkers who are, in special and independent fields of investigation, engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, may, and very probably will, achieve such results as will make such restatement and readjustment indispensable. His view is that "they will find flaws that we have not discovered." But for this he thinks they will deserve the thanks of the Christian Church.

"They will demolish," he says, "some of the waste works of our human scaffolding and the stucco of our inventions. The service will be friendly. More than once we have been driven from the booths and tents of our construction into the towers and bulwarks God built. We shall be again. Let the work go on. They can take nothing from us that will not leave us richer for the losing. When the tempest, and the noise, and the smoke clear away, and when the sappers and miners have dropped the tools from the nerveless hands, and the doughty warriors have wearied of the siege and slunk away in the despair of repeated and hopeless defeat, the citadels of our Zion, her towers, and bulwarks, and palaces, will be found standing with no rent in their foundations, and no breach in their walls, and the inhabitants thereof will sing, and the dwellers shout for the glory of God that is in the midst of her."

Such is the attitude of this great denomination toward the various forms of skepticism; it may be interesting to observe the light in which Christian dogma is regarded by it. This has been anticipated in part so far as Bishop Foster is concerned. From the quotations from his Centennial sermon which have been made already, it is obvious that he entertains pretty broad and liberal views on this subject. And there is good reason to believe that these views are fully shared by his brethren. It must not, however, be supposed for a moment that because they foresee that restatement and readjustment of the creed of the Church may be, and in all probability will be found necessary, in order to bring it into harmony with the advanced state of know-

ledge from time to time, that therefore they set little value on a clearly defined doctrinal system. Nothing could be farther from the truth than this. There was not a syllable uttered during the eight days that the Conference was in session which betrayed the least sympathy with that jellyfish form of Christianity which is made up of gush and sentiment, without the backbone of definite doctrinal teaching. From first to last, in all the discussion there was the ring of thorough loyalty to the truth.

The great preacher from whom I have already quoted so largely held that "absolute condition of permanence to any Church is a substantially true creed;" that "the Church has no treasure that it must so sacredly guard as its creed;" that "the final creed to which all will come when, one by one, false systems and inadequate interpretations have been displaced, will be 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'" He held that as around this point—the question what is true?—had been the battle of the ages, it is the focus of the conflict to-day; and that so far from mankind having grown weary of doctrine there is nothing else in which they take so deep an interest. "They are determined in nothing so absolutely, so doggedly, as that they will have doctrines that are true. They care nothing what you believe, or what the fathers believed; they have lost all reverence for names or authority; but they were never so determined to accept nothing but the truth."

The Rev. A. S. Hunt, D.D., of New York, in a thoughtful paper on "The Aims and Character of Methodist Preaching," made an incidental and passing reference to this subject. He said, "Let us not embrace the fearful fallacy that the Bible teaches duty and not doctrine. It teaches both, and each in living fellowship with the other." He then went on to point out the subtle form in which this mistaken and dangerous notion of what religious teaching ought to be, is often, in our day, presented to devout minds. "The enquiry is sometimes propounded whether, in these days of sensitiveness concerning the authority of creeds, when the air is full of clamorous demands for the rejection or the reconstruction of the most venerable Christian symbols, we may not be excused from formulating our belief, if we will simply 'preach Christ.' There is a charm in the question. Its tone is so reverent and loyal to the Master that many have said this will we do—only this—we will preach Christ." But he adds, "*No*

greater danger threatens the power of our ministry at the opening of our second century than those which lurk under this sincere and devout purpose."

The Rev. Anson West, D.D., of the Northern Alabama Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, made what was on the whole the fullest and most thorough deliverance on this important subject of any of the members of the Conference. In a carefully prepared and specially able paper on "The Doctrinal Unity of Methodism," among other things, he said :

"Doctrines is of primary importance. Sound doctrine is the deposit committed to the Church of the Lord Jesus—a deposit more precious than the treasures stored in the ark of God carried by the children of Israel. The commission to teach presupposes the essential doctrine to be conserved and inculcated. God has called and sent forth men to labour 'in word and in doctrine,' to be teachers 'in faith and verity.' The men who are called of God to preach and teach are to be nourished up in the word of faith and good doctrine. It is essentially important to 'know the true doctrine,' that form of doctrine received from God. . . . The Church of God had its beginning in doctrine, and has never known declension while sound speech has been adhered to ; and while the efforts to 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour' has been maintained in 'good fidelity.' The Church has never known apostasy while she has been careful to 'teach sound doctrine,' while she has been careful to abstain from fables and endless genealogies which minister to doubting. All the apostasies which have troubled and blighted the Church from the time of Christ, beginning with the rise of Gnosticism, on through all the centuries have come in on the introduction of heresies. Perilous times come to the Church from 'men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith,' and 'who resist the truth.' The Spirit speaks in prophecy and in warning : 'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears ; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.' 'In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils ; speaking lies in hypocrisy.' Whatever ecclesiastical history may show, it will justify the assertion that, for the success of the Church, purity of doctrine is indispensable. To maintain the Christian religion it is absolutely necessary to maintain her doctrines pure and unsullied. The defence and dissemination of Christianity is the defence and dissemination of her doctrines. Her doctrines must be stated, formulated, propagated, perpetuated. Nothing but the truth, Gospel truth, can make men free and keep them so."

Dr. West then went on to show that in Methodism there had been a practical recognition of these Scriptural principles from the beginning. In a masterly manner he refuted the assertion

which has sometimes been made, either directly or by implication, that Wesley attached little or no importance to doctrine, and that there never has been, even to this day, a distinctively Methodist creed constructed. He maintained, on the contrary, that Methodists had ever held, and do now hold, a system of doctrines well and truly defined—a system of doctrine formulated, expounded and defended by the founder of Methodism. The ground taken by him, and successfully defended, was that “Methodism, as an entity, as an organization, is the outcome, is the result of that system of doctrine so strongly defined, so clearly interpreted, so powerfully emphasized, so ably defended, and so persistently preached by Mr. Wesley.” The impression which one received from Dr. West’s profound study of this important subject—a subject in which one of the most vital questions of the age, and indeed of all time, is involved—is that Methodism, in order to be true to itself, true to its past traditions, true to the souls of men and to the dearest interests of humanity, must look well to its creed. It must not only tenaciously hold fast the incomparable system of dogmatic truth providentially committed to it, but its doctrines must be clearly and explicitly stated, jealously guarded, vigorously and fearlessly defended, and persistently preached. And this I judge to be the sentiment of the bulk of the representative men of Methodism in the United States.

But this statement is not to be understood in any narrow, illiberal sense. There was not a word said during the sessions of the Centennial Conference to indicate that any of its members supposed that in the statement and illustration of the doctrines held by this great denomination absolute perfection had been reached. The doctrine is one thing, the interpretation of the doctrine is another. The one is Divine, the other is human. The doctrine is perfect from the beginning, and cannot be subject to either subtraction or addition. But this cannot be truthfully affirmed of the apprehension of it by any man or set of men that are now living or that have ever lived. In this respect there is room for indefinite progress. It is quite possible that doctrines which in the present defective state of our knowledge, and consequent dulness of our perception, appear to be in conflict with one another, may in the clearer light of the future be found to be in complete harmony, and in fact complementary of one another. A living creed, like everything else that has vitality in it, must

be a growing one; not because new doctrines are necessarily to be added to it, but because the old ones are to be better understood both in their individuality and in their relation to one another.

It is the perception of this truth which causes the representative men of American Methodism to deprecate ultra-conservatism on one hand as much as they do intemperate radicalism on the other. But what the most thoughtful of them evidently dread more than either of these is, the indifferentism which cares for none of these things, or thinks so of them as not give itself the trouble to either carefully investigate or earnestly discuss them. In this doubtless they are right. What is needed by all the Churches is not less theology, but more. It is the men of positive views and intense conviction who are the strength of any system or any cause. The weakness of the modern pulpit lies largely in the absence of these. It is the sharply-defined, clear-cut truths which make the deepest impression; and the strength of a man's own conviction is, as a rule, the measure of his ability to produce conviction in the minds of those who hear him. Many of the early Methodist ministers had no great breadth of knowledge. Their lives spent largely in the saddle, and in exhausting evangelistic services, was not favourable to very extensive reading and study, though we know a good many of them, in spite of these disabilities, actually succeeded in acquiring considerable scholarship. But they knew the doctrines contained in Mr. Wesley's fifty-three sermons and his notes on the New Testament. They had diligently compared them with the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, and they had tested them by common sense, and a profound religious experience. They believed them thoroughly—so thoroughly that they were not only prepared to do battle for them against all comers, but if need be to die for them. And if the Methodist preachers of this second century of the denomination are to repeat the history of their fathers and of their magnificent achievements on a wider field and a more extensive scale, they must resemble them in this particular.

Methodism, in common with all other forms of Christianity in the United States, is beset with dangers which have awakened feelings of deep solicitude in the breasts of its most thoughtful representative men. The number of its young people, especially of its young men, who are drifting away from under its

influence, is creating a feeling of uneasiness. And the most hopeful fact concerning it is the degree of earnest attention which is being given to it, and the efforts which are being made to ascertain, and if possible remove, the causes of the evil. No question was more earnestly discussed in the Centennial Conference than this. It was felt on all hands to be of the very greatest importance. I can only indicate in a sentence or two the conclusions arrived at. The conviction seemed to be universal, that more attention to family religion, and especially to the matter of religious instruction in the home, is urgently called for. Another thought which is forcing itself more and more upon thoughtful Methodists in the United States, is that the pulpit and the ordinance of public worship should be more distinctly recognized as occupying a chief place among the Divinely-ordained instrumentalities for the religious education of the young, and the formation of the character of those who are to compose the Church of the future. The children must be brought to the public services of the Church, and not only be instructed by God's ministers in the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, but also trained in habits of attention, reverence, and worship. The idea that the Sabbath-school is the children's church, and that they should not be required to attend any other so long as they attend it, is felt to be a mistake. Even so enthusiastic a Sabbath-school man as Dr. J. H. Vincent does not hesitate to say that where children can only attend one service, either the Sunday-school or public worship, let them attend the public worship by all means. If one must be neglected, let it be the Sunday-school.

While the Sunday-school is receiving greater attention than ever before, and greater possibilities of usefulness are discerned in it than at any former period, the fact that at best it is only subsidiary to the family and the Church, is more clearly apprehended. Steps were also taken at the Centennial Conference for the formation of a great mutual improvement society, to be known as "The Oxford League" (a full account of which is to be found in the *Sunday-school Banner* of this month), as a means to the same end, which appears to have in it the possibilities of great usefulness. But of it the space at my disposal will not permit me to say more at present.

Another subject, and the last that I shall mention, that engaged the attention of this great denominational gathering, was what in

the title of several of the papers read was called "The Mission of Methodism to the Extremes of Society." Our modern civilization tends to the concentration, rather than the distribution of wealth. Under its operation the rich become very rich, the poor, at least relatively, very poor. The chasm which separates the extremes of society is becoming wider and deeper every day. They are not only kept apart by their material surroundings and modes of life, but by their mental tastes and their habits of thought and feeling. The tendency is to lead the rich to despise the poor, and the poor to envy and hate the rich. There is nothing but the Church of God that can bridge the yawning chasm, that can heal this appalling breach. And whether even the Church will be able to do it, in time to avert threatened disaster, is a question which begins to be earnestly debated in the minds of thoughtful men who have profoundly studied the facts of the times.

It must be confessed the history of the Protestant Churches of America is not assuring on this point. The tendency is for the churches located in the poorer parts of the great cities to sell out and move up town, and the up-town churches, it is said, in not a few instances become aristocratic and fashionable clubs in which the poor are not wanted. The character of these Churches, and the conditions of membership in them, are such as to practically exclude the poor. Methodism has not drifted as far in this evil direction as some other of the Churches, but even it has not been able to resist this mischievous and dangerous tendency. So long as the circuit system was maintained, and a number of churches were grouped together in a single organization, the same ministers preaching to the rich and the poor, the united pastorate constituted a living bond of union between the two extremes. But Methodism, especially in the great centres of population, the crowded cities, has become essentially congregational. There are not only rich churches and poor churches, but there are two classes of ministers corresponding with these. There are ministers who go the round of the wealthy and aristocratic churches, but never minister to the poor; and there are those who minister to the poor, but never to the rich. Thus the very ministers themselves, instead of being a bond of union between the extremes of society as formerly, are unintentionally the means of putting them at a greater distance

from each other. The city mission and the city missionary only very imperfectly recompense the poor for the loss of the labours of the circuit preachers who regularly preached to them in their turn, and were their pastors as well as the pastors of the wealthy brethren who worshipped in the more costly churches.

On this as on some other subjects Bishop Foster uttered some plain, and possibly not altogether palatable truths. While affirming that the Church needs to keep close to the people—close in sympathy and contact—close to the poor and neglected, he did not close his eyes to the fact that there are signs that Protestant Christianity is drifting away from the “masses”—a word which in itself he regarded as of evil omen—in plain words, that they were drifting away from humanity, and Christians becoming aliens to their fellow-men. The special danger of Protestantism, according to his view, lies in its tendency to become the religion of the respectable. “It lifts its adherents and in lifting them segregates them.” In this respect, Bishop Foster thinks we have something to learn from the Roman Catholic Church. “Our fellow-Christians” of that communion, he says, “do better than we do.” “They do succeed in holding the sympathies of their people. No matter how degraded and debased, they do not let go of the Church, and the Church does not let go of them. The Church is their pride. Be they ever so wicked, still they cling to the Church. It loads them with absurdities, burdens them with taxation; it represses their liberty, it subjects them to surveillance, and imposes other inconveniences and oppressions from which men naturally recoil, but their devotion does not flag. It is easy to assign reasons, but there is one reason not often discerned by Protestant critics, which is more potent than priestly chains, it is this—the Church keeps with the people.” “Let others revile as they may, they believe the Church is their best friend. Makes men poor! yes, but it does not withdraw itself from them. In its cathedrals and churches, as a rule, it welcomes the poor and rich alike, and makes no distinction between them.”

Over against this he puts the case of the Protestant poor, cut off from the sympathy of the rich, by whom they are repulsed and oppressed. One of these turns to the Church of God. “Here at least, he says, I shall find refuge. It is my Father’s house with whom there is no respect of persons. These are my

brothers. They will not add to the bitterness of my poverty, by frowning upon me, or turning away with disdain, as we kneel before our common Father. He approaches its door and finds it closed—finds that even his Father's house has no place for him, that he is an intruder, that even heaven appears to have discriminated against him. Is it any marvel that he does not return—that the masses do not attend the churches—that they grow savage to what to them, in their hard lot, seems the hollow name of priest and temple.”

Surely there is food for solemn thought in these statements coming from such a man as the venerable senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is not exactly the sort of truth we like, but unpalatable truth is often wholesome. And one of the most encouraging signs of the times, so far as the future of American Methodism is concerned, is the fact that its representative men are disposed to look these things fairly in the face. They see this widening gulf between the rich and the poor, between the Church and the masses, and they are earnestly asking, how is it to be bridged? They do not doubt that the answer will be found—that God will yet have a Church that will solve the question. Will Methodism contribute effectively toward the solution? Its early history, and the marvellous flexibility and elasticity which it has manifested from the beginning in meeting the responsibilities which have devolved upon it from time to time, afford ground for hope. But one thing is certain, that upon its ability to fulfil its mission to the extremes of society, and become the bond of union between them, depends its maintenance of the leading position which it has taken among the Protestant Churches of Christendom.

THE WORK AND REWARD.

To rise in strength and cast the evils out
That stay the Christ-life in the human soul--
This the work. And the reward is this :
To see on human faces, stained and scarred,
The dawning light that says the Lord is risen ;
That they have seen, like Mary, face to face,
The majesty of kingliness and power,
The tenderness of wondrous love and grace
By which all wrong shall measure its brief hour,
And one by one before the matchless sight
Slink, Judas-like, each to its own dark place.

ON READING THE LIFE OF GEORGE MOORE,
MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST, LONDON, ENGLAND.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

WHEN good men die
Are they forgotten?
From noble lives
Is nought begotten?

To make men good and brave and strong,
Champions of right and foes of wrong;
To give men higher aims than self,
To make them think and work for others;
To make them feel that men are brothers,
That deeds are better far than pelf.

When good men die
Are they forgotten?
From noble lives
Is nought begotten?

Nothing to break wrong's grievous fetter;
Nothing to make this "wide world" better;
Nothing to arm men for life's fight;
Nothing to make the warfare sure;
Nothing to help strong men endure
When battling bravely for the right?

When good men die
They're not forgotten!
For from their lives
There is begotten

The noble purpose, brave and true,
To aim at what they dared to do;
To find one's work in others' good;
To spend the life which God has given,
In waging war for God and heaven,
'Gainst vice and all its hateful brood.

When good men die
They're not forgotten!
For all of good
Which they've begotten

Is graven as with iron pen
To help and glad desponding men.
The record, this, of race well run,
More lasting far than granite pile,
Or storied urn in abbey's aisle;
And then the Master's glad "well done."

THE REVEREND MATTHEW RICHEY, D.D.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

THE closing years in the life of the beloved and honoured minister, to whose name and memory this paper is designed as a brief but affectionate tribute, in consequence of painful affliction were spent mostly in silent seclusion; but it cannot soon be forgotten that for nearly half a century he fulfilled a ministry of commanding power and brilliancy, or that by common consent he was placed in the front rank of great living preachers.

Matthew Richey was born at Ramelton, North of Ireland, in 1803. In his native town, intended for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he received an excellent early education. An unusual aptitude for linguistic studies enabled him to read with ease the Greek and Latin epics, and to peruse the pages of Thucydides and Euripides. Scarcely less remarkable was the discrimination of thought brought to the consideration of profound doctrinal questions, then of immediate interest.

It is said that the first influence to reach young Richey in the direction of Methodism was from attendance at a prayer-meeting, proposed by a fellow-student. A second visit was resolved upon. The fervent power of faithful prayer arrested his attention. In more formal services of public worship, to which he had been accustomed, the Divine Being had seemed distant, eluding spiritual vision, too vast and inexplicable for propitiation or prayer. But here the simple worshipper seemed to hold converse and communice with God. The consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity was a revelation to his soul. A sense of spiritual need came to be keenly realized. Every false refuge was swept away.

At this crisis a copy of Fletcher's Appeal was put into his hand. A memorable passage, which in after years he delighted to recall, became the medium through which light streamed into his soul. His conversion was of that clear and evangelical character which would have satisfied St. Paul or St. John. New aspects of God's infinite love and mercy, of the Redeemer's blood and righteousness dawned upon his mind. As he grasped clearly the idea of an unconditional atonement, the freeness and fulness of

grace in Christ Jesus, he could exult in the sense of spiritual freedom beyond what once would have seemed a possible experience. Deliverance from doctrinal views of the limited efficacy of the Saviour's atonement, in a subsequent account of conversion, was compared to the dissolving and dropping from his limbs of fetters with which he had been bound.

The first impulse of a new-born soul is to make known the blessed fact of redeeming grace, to lead others to a pardoning God. A new and eloquent voice began now to be heard in the rough district of Donegal, making known the glad message of salvation. An aged woman, who died a few years ago in New Brunswick, according to the historian of Methodism, Rev. T. Watson Smith, dated her conversion from one of the earlier efforts of this youthful evangelist. Ireland, however, was not destined to be the ultimate sphere of his evangelical ministry.

Under the thrill and power and blessedness of a new spiritual life, constrained also by the force of intellectual conviction, Matthew Richey had severed denominational ties, and sought union with a lowly but devoted band of worshippers. To wrench himself from former religious associations, and to abandon the idea of a ministry in the Church of his fathers, could not but have involved great sacrifice of feeling. Such a step would be a source of disappointment to relatives and friends. It may have been a relief at such a crisis to seek a home in a new land. A gracious Providence doubtless watched over his life, as he embarked for this western continent, and directed his course to a scene of usefulness and distinction.

On arriving in the city of St. John, toward the close of the second decade of this century, Mr. Richey was fortunate in his introduction to colonial life. There was about him something of marked manner and cultured speech not ordinarily looked for in an immigrant to these shores. Employment was at once obtained in a leading law office. The Attorney-General, Hon. Mr. Peters, found him one day deep in the Greek of Homer. Absorbed interest was arrested by a pointed question: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" Elegant and accurate translation, precision and purity of accent and quantity, elicited an expression of surprise. Some better position than that office afforded, it was thought, might be secured. An appointment to the teaching staff of the St. John Grammar School, then of good academical repute, imme-

diately followed. But his course of life was destined to be determined by another meridian.

From St. John, in 1820, when not more than seventeen years of age, Matthew Richey was recommended as a candidate for the ministry of the Methodist Church, and accompanied Joshua Priestly to the Liverpool District Meeting. The ordeal of theological examination was passed to the eminent satisfaction of the assembled brethren. He was sent at once to labour at St. Stephen, Charlotte County, N.B., in association with Duncan McColl; though his name does not appear on the Minutes of the Conference until the following year, 1821.

Mr. Richey, subject to itinerant law, was soon after removed to Nova Scotia. At Windsor, 1825, he was married to Louisa Matilda Nichols, niece of Mrs. Isaac Praul, and granddaughter of Rev. Henry Redston, an early Methodist preacher.

About the year 1830, when stationed at Charlotte Town, in consequence of his wife's health, Mr. Richey spent a winter in Charleston, South Carolina. A new and magnificent type of pulpit oratory produced a susceptible and sympathetic audience with which he was now brought into contact.

"The name of your father," said a Luthern gentleman to his son, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, "will never be forgotten in the South." An announcement of Dr. Richey's death, in the *Christian Advocate*, awoke the memories, and called forth a communication over the signature of Whiteford Smith. "Had this event taken place forty-two years ago," says the writer, "every newspaper in Charleston would have had an extended notice of the man who in a few weeks had carried the whole city captive by his sacred eloquence, and attained a popularity which has probably never been equalled in this city by the sea. There are some yet living who can remember the flaxen-haired preacher, with his curly locks, who appeared in Charleston in the spring of 1831; whose gentle and persuasive eloquence attracted such crowds to his ministry that no church in the city could contain them; whose preaching was equally admired by the most cultivated and intelligent, and by the simple and unlettered."

Mr. Richey was at that time the guest of Major Laval, a prominent Methodist of the city. The preacher's advent had been heralded by no public notice. But soon crowds thronged to his ministry. "It was no uncommon thing for persons to go in the afternoon to the church in which he was to preach at night, and to remain supperless for the evening service." Admiration was

not confined to any one class of the community. He was invited to occupy the pulpits of other Churches than those of his own denomination, and wherever he preached the building was crowded to its utmost capacity. One of his sermons, in behalf of a benevolent society, from the text, "Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good," was published and preserved as a memento of his ministry. Effort was not wanting to induce him to accept the permanent pastorate of one of the Charleston churches. A minister of his eminence and rare oratorical gifts could not but have inducement of emolument and exalted position, far beyond what his own denomination, at that time, could afford. Indeed, it is known that more than one metropolitan pulpit was within his reach; but with unswerving loyalty, through shadow and sunshine, he adhered to the Church of his early choice.

Returning to Nova Scotia, Mr. Richey found his name put down by the Mission House authorities for the West Indies, an appointment which, for sufficient reason, was changed to Halifax, where he remained from 1832 to 1835. It was during this incumbency that the noble Brunswick Street Church, which has just now celebrated its jubilee, was opened for public worship. His ministry at this period was not only magnificent and commanding to an extraordinary degree, but exceedingly energetic and fruitful of the best spiritual results. In addition to Sabbath service, as an open air preacher, he did the work of an evangelist. Early in the morning, full of burning zeal for the salvation of souls, on some street or square, the preacher, whose ministry would have done honour to any pulpit in Christendom, proclaimed the message of life to such motley crowds as might come within the range of his voice.

From Halifax Mr. Richey was removed to Montreal, where he remained for one year. The Upper Canada Academy, now Victoria University, for which an Imperial Charter and a Royal grant of four thousand pounds sterling had been obtained, was being founded at Cobourg, and he accepted an appointment as the first Principal. Under his administration, for three years, until 1839, the Cobourg Institution made for itself a reputation which has grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. "His memory," says the Rev. Dr. Nelles, "will be fondly cherished by all who knew him, and will go down identified with the work and fame of this seminary of learning."

But academic seclusion, however congenial, had to be abandoned. The exigencies of a troubled period threw leading men to the front. From 1839 to 1843, critical and crucial years in the history of Canadian Methodism, Mr. Richey was stationed in the city of Toronto. In 1840 occurred the second separation between British and Canadian Methodism. It is not easy for us to understand the inevitable alienations and dissensions of ecclesiastical conflict, as then exhibited, but, for the sake of a right sequence, we may glance along the line of eventful years.

After the war of 1812-13 application was made to the English Conference, from several influential Canadian Methodists, for missionaries to be sent out to Canada. There was an idea that ministers from the United States could not fail to sympathize with republican institutions, and that Wesleyan missionaries would promote loyalty to Crown and Constitution. The result was an unseemly rivalry, especially in the principal towns, and along the frontier lines. The strongest men of each party were selected for strategic positions, and made to feel that they had other business besides that of saving souls. But in 1821, for the sake of harmony, by special agreement between the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose agents were first in the field, and the Wesleyan Conference or Committee, the territory was divided. Upper Canada was reserved for the American preachers, and the English missionaries were restricted to the Province of Quebec.

This amicable and satisfactory adjustment, however, in 1832 was suddenly and rudely disturbed. A burning question of "Clergy Reserves" kindled fierce party political feuds. New and exciting issues were raised. The Government of the day, manipulated by the old compact, sought strenuously to establish and endow a State Church. As a counterpoise to the large vested rights of Roman Catholicism in Lower Canada, *one-seventh* of the Crown lands of Upper Canada had been reserved for the Protestant Church. A monopoly of these valuable grants was claimed by the Church of England, which in 1818 had only four settled ministers in Upper Canada, and never more than a small minority of the people, whilst Methodism, dating back to 1790, had congregations in every district, and counted by far the largest number of adherents. To enrich one denomination, and that the smallest, at the public expense, was manifestly unfair to the other religious bodies; and yet a movement organized in opposition to

the monopoly was denounced as a revolutionary one, and its leaders taunted with the charge of disloyalty. In pursuance of a hastily adopted policy, the Rev. Robert Alder was sent out to Canada, accompanied by several missionaries. But a renewal of strife and sectional rivalry was deeply deprecated by many members of the Canadian Conference. A plan of pacification was proposed to Mr. Alder on his arrival, which found a measure of acceptance. As the result of friendly communication, in furtherance of conciliation, the Rev. Egerton Ryerson was deputed to attend the British Conference, and the Rev. George Marsden was sent out to Canada. A satisfactory basis of union was found, and the Rev. Edmund Grindrod was appointed to preside over the united Conference of 1834. That settlement remained in force until 1840.

An insurrectionary movement in 1837, the Mackenzie Rebellion, which seemed for a time to implicate the Reform party, who were especially the advocates of equal rights in the distribution of "Clergy Reserves," afforded fresh pretext for appeal to the English Conference. Dr. Alder was sent out again to Canada, charged with a weighty mission. He was to arrest the movement, believed to be on the down grade of democracy, but failed to secure the concurrence of the Canadian Conference to his views. There remained but the alternative of separation :

" They stood aloof, the scars remained."

To the Missionary Committee concerned in this conflict, Mr. Richey sustained close and confidential relations, and stood out strongly in the Wesleyan interest, though in a minority, and in the arena of discussion having for an opponent one of the ablest debaters that Canadian public life has ever produced. He became editor of the *Toronto Wesleyan*—the organ of the party adhering to the British Conference—a kind of rivalry which, we trust, the now venerable *Guardian* is not destined again to know. As an exponent of Canadian affairs, he attended the British Conference of 1840, held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The visit of Mr. Richey to England brought him into greater prominence as a man of commanding ability. In a great representative assembly he was perhaps at his best. Extensive erudition and special knowledge of ecclesiastical history enabled him to illustrate, amplify, and enrich his themes; while calm

self-possession, dignified courtesy, and a high order of eloquence, secured for him a conspicuous advantage. On the other hand, the wisdom, gravity, and transparent purpose of the leading men of the Wesleyan Conference made an abiding impression on his own mind; and in later months of his life, when it was my privilege to have frequent intercourse with him, reminiscences of that visit were enthusiastically revived.

Mr. Richey's biography of Rev. William Black, the apostle of Methodism in these Eastern Provinces, prepared at Cobourg, is a production of sterling excellence, and well deserved republication during the Centennial year. This was followed in Toronto by a volume of sermons. These discourses, mostly preached on special occasions, would scarcely suffer by a comparison with the immortal efforts of Watson, Hall, or Chalmers. They are not only distinguished for splendour of diction and rhetorical beauty, but for evangelical sentiment, clearness of Bible exposition, full presentation of Christian privilege, and faithful enforcement of spiritual truth. The divine personality of the Son of God, the nature and efficacy of the atonement for sin, the office and work of the Holy Spirit, justification by faith, the witness of the Spirit, salvation to the uttermost, and cognate themes of vital Christianity, were ever brought prominently into view, and forcibly enunciated. The testimony of some who sat beneath his ministry is to the effect that the most heart-searching appeals they ever listened to from the pulpit were from his lips.

Were it permissible to institute comparison with living preachers, I should say there was a good deal in Matthew Richey's impressive *contour*, and in the order and attributes of his oratory, to remind one of Henry Cooke, of Belfast. Still more, perhaps, his pulpit manner, exquisite chasteness and balance of style, a polished beauty as of the finest sculpture, would suggest a resemblance to Henry Melville, of London, whose chosen words fell from his lips "like flakes of feathered snow." In one respect the Canadian preacher could not be surpassed. Even his impromptu utterances might at any time without verbal alteration have been transmitted to the press. The silver-tongued Charles Dewolfe was once heard to express a wish that, for the comfort of his brethren, he would perpetrate some inaccuracy of speech.

For three years, 1843-6, Mr. Richey was stationed at Kingston,

then the seat of government. In questions of national policy he took a profound interest, and, in his official capacity, must have had abundant opportunity of gauging the popular feeling. Sir Charles Metcalfe was Governor-General of Canada. An ardent upholder of what he understood to be the prerogatives of the Crown, he was brought into conflict with the advocates of responsible government; and, if my information be correct, he was disposed to consult the Wesleyan minister in reference to the bearing of grave constitutional measures, and the perplexities of a difficult administration. While resident at Kingston, as Chairman of the District, Mr. Richey made an extensive tour through the vast Province of Upper Canada. As the result of observation, there was a sense of almost limitless territory:

“Where scenes, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

Exposed to the rigours and fluctuations of a Canadian winter, often greatly exhausted, without modern facilities for travel, he compassed a circuit of one thousand four hundred miles. Student habits, though deep and strong, were not permitted to interfere with the exigencies and abundant demands of pastoral and official work.

Montreal, in 1846, was his next appointment. During this incumbency he received the honorary degree of D.D. from the Middleton Wesleyan University—a literary distinction on which his learning and eminent abilities reflected great lustre. As a scholar, Dr. Richey took high rank. In early life he had exhibited an extraordinary capacity for the acquisition of classical knowledge. This facility enabled him to amass great stores of learning. There could scarcely be a greater pleasure than to accompany him into his library. Around you, piled in all directions, are thousands of volumes, mostly of a class that might claim the respect of even a Bodleian reader. Here may be seen superb copies of the great classics of Greece and Rome, and an abundant apparatus for mastering Hebrew and cognate languages. The standards of theology, of every age and school, stand side by side in goodly array. Many a rare book can be seen on these shelves that could not be readily found elsewhere. Such a collection of books ought to enrich some of our colleges. To put it to the hammer would be a species of Vandalism.

The ministry of Dr. Richey seems to have culminated in Montreal. A natural dignity and urbanity of person and demeanour were in keeping with the pulpit and surroundings of a spacious and noble sanctuary. Luminous thought, exact exegesis, purity of diction, and rhythm of sentence, had a strong fascination for persons of cultivated taste. But a preacher of righteousness exults only in the moral grandeur of his mission, and determines to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

“ There stands
The legate of the skies ! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.”

To official responsibilities of the Montreal District were added—if I mistake not, at the special solicitation of Sir George Simpson—the superintendency of missions in the Hudson Bay Territory.

In 1846 Dr. Richey was a Canadian delegate to the London Evangelical Alliance; and the following year he crossed the Atlantic again for the purpose of attending the British Conference. A better understanding was being arrived at between the two sections of Methodism in Canada. As the result of friendly correspondence, Articles of Union were agreed upon in 1847. Thus the way was prepared for that complete unification of Canadian Methodism which has been recently consummated; an event which Dr. Richey—now on the borderland, far removed from the din and dust of ecclesiastical warfare—hailed with unmingled satisfaction.

In 1848 he was associated with Dr. James Dixon at the Pittsburg General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and also at the Canadian Conference, held at Belleville. “ Truth and justice demand that I should say,” wrote that gifted minister in his personal narrative, “ that Dr. Richey is one of the most perfect Christian gentlemen I ever came in contact with. Politeness founded upon gentle, warm and genuine affection is the very element of his nature.” The same year he removed to Toronto, and the following year, 1849, was appointed to the Presidency of the Canada Conference. While in pursuance of official duties, he was thrown from his carriage and severely injured. For a time his life was in a great peril, and the effects were of a nature to follow him to his grave.

Greatly impaired in health, as the result of this distressing accident, Dr. Richey returned to Nova Scotia in 1850. For one year he took a supernumerary position, and then followed an appointment to the Halifax Circuit, and to the chair of the Western District. In 1855 was organized the Conference of Eastern British America, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda. Dr. John Beecham, of London, under whose direction the organization was effected, was the first President; and, following him, for five successive years, 1856-60, Dr. Richey occupied the chair of the Conference. Again he was compelled on grounds of health to retire for a time from the active work; and though subsequently he fulfilled an able ministry in several important circuits, and once again, 1867, was elected to the honourable office of President, he continued to suffer seriously from the effect of injuries received in Toronto. He was finally laid aside in 1868.

During the last few months of his life there were evident indications of approaching dissolution. But in age and feebleness extreme God was felt to be the strength of his heart, an abiding portion. As physical strength failed, there was the serene brightness of an unclouded intellect. He rested "in the infinite atonement of the Son of God;" for a sense of its sufficiency and power grew upon his vision of love and reverence, and filled all things with its great glory. A few minutes before his departure, when death was rapidly prevailing over nature, and the power of language had failed, an allusion of mine to the Saviour's presence was responded to by a slight motion of the head, and a light came back once more to the death-filmed eye.

Dr. Richey died October 30th, 1883, at the Government House, Halifax, the official residence of his eldest son, the Hon. M. H. Richey, D.C.L., Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

"I know the hand that is guiding me through the shadows to the light;
 And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright.
 I know that the thorny path I tread is ruled by a golden line;
 And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer the deep
 design."

—*British Evangelist.*

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;
A STORY OF OUT-POST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER II.—THE MAN.

Nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whaur sailors gang to fish for cod.
 —*The Two Dogs.*
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.
 —*A Man's a Man.*

SUCH was the story which George Netman told his minister as they stood, one bright March night in 187—, looking out over the moonlit waters of the bay of Notre Dame. A startling story, truly, and so the Rev. Mr. Fairbairn thought, as he looked at the quiet, strong face of the narrator and thanked him for the telling. There were tears in both men's eyes as they gripped each other's hands at the close, and parted for the night. It was no time for words, the feelings stirred were too deep and tender for that; and as the one turned down the hill to his cottage, and the other went along the ridge to where the lights of the tiny mission-house shone out their welcome, the stillness of the glorious night seemed full of the presence of the unseen God, and its very silence spake of Him.

George Netman was a Newfoundland fisherman. In mercantile phrase he was a planter—a word which is of peculiar application in Newfoundland, meaning as it does, a fisherman who is a householder and boatowner; and which is evidently of the nature of a survival, dating from those old times when, in legal parlance, the island was a “plantation” of England, and its sparse settlers “planters.” Skipper George Netman, his neighbours called him in virtue of his position and respectability as master and owner of a fine schooner and possessor of a house and fishing-room.

He was a fine specimen of his class, tall and strong, with broad shoulders and chest; close-knit and sinewy, yet lithe and full of

spring and boy-like activity; with a noble head well set and crowned with iron-grey hair, and an open, cheery, weather-beaten face, lighted up by a pair of bright, straightforward-looking blue eyes. He was a goodly man to look at—a man you would instinctively turn to look at the second time, if you passed him in the street, even in his homely fisherman's "rig." Then, indeed, he looked his best, his fine figure set off to advantage in the tight-fitting blue guernsey, with the appropriate accompaniment of heavy sea-boots, and yellow oil-cloth sou'-wester—every inch a fisherman, and every inch a man. No man was better known in all the bight than Skipper George, no man better liked or more looked up to, not from his position alone, for the little settlement boasted wealthier men than he, but from general force of character and kindness of disposition; and, above all, from that indescribable weight which accompanies always and everywhere a genuinely independent and decided Christian life. By all odds, he was the "leadin' man" of the harbour—a first authority on all matters connected with his calling, an umpire in all cases of dispute, a justice of the peace without commission and without pay or pickings. That Skipper George Netman said so was a sufficient guarantee of any piece of news that was current, and that it was his opinion was, in itself, antecedently a proof of the rightness of any proposition or course of procedure. And rightly so, the people would tell you, if you asked the reason. Hadn't he been one of the first "liviers" in the bight? Hadn't he been goin' to sea, man and boy, for well on to fifty years? Didn't he know every rock and shoal around the shore as well as he knew the path from his "thrastle" to his stage? Wasn't he the greatest sile killer on the shore? And then, if you had time to listen, you would hear of brave deeds of help and rescue unostentatiously done, and kindly deeds of beneficence and self-denial, watching by the sick and dying, quiet liberalities to the poor and suffering, done as it were by stealth. "Ah, he's a good man, Skipper George," your informant would end with, in emphasis that was silencing, in fact convincing.

Skipper George was a Methodist; in fact, he was the leading spirit in the Methodism of the settlement as he was in its general life; a liberal supporter of the cause, a true friend to the ministers, an earnest and honest worker in those fields of Christian usefulness which his Church so freely opens to her laymen.

Fifteen years before, when he had come with his wife and children to the harbour, he had brought his religion with him, and erected the family altar from the very beginning in his new home. Then he had gathered a class around him and welcomed to his house the heroic minister who had all the great bay of Notre Dame for his circuit, and whose visits were, of necessity, like those of angels, few and far between. Largely from his own means, and, in good measure, with his own hands, he had built the little church, and every one knew it was owing to his influence that four years ago a young man had been sent by the Conference to Caplin Bight Circuit, and this year a married man.

CHAPTER III.—HIS SURROUNDINGS.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
 And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
 Beyond red roofs about a narrow wharf,
 In cluster . . .

—*Enoch Arden.*

. On this beach
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn.

—*Ibid.*

Caplin Bight lies on the shore of the broad and beautiful bay of Notre Dame. It is a picturesque little place, embosomed in wooded hills which sweep protectingly around it, sheltering it from nearly every wind that blows. Rugged and stern, a huge rocky bluff stands, like a fortress, at each side of the narrow entrance, outside of which great breakers dash and roar in stormy weather ; but once inside the Tickle, as it is called, you may bid defiance to the winds and waves, and rejoice in deep water and good anchorage.

At one side of the harbour the hills descend almost sheer to the water's edge, at the other they slope away gradually, leaving a long, broad, curving beach—a famous resort for caplin in the season, when these bright and beautiful little fish, in countless myriads, pay their annual visit to the coasts of Newfoundland. To this beach the settlement owes its existence and its name. For many a year before a house was built on the slope above, Caplin Bight had been famed all along the bay as a place where

these fish not only "struck in" the earliest, but where they held out the longest, and during all the "caplin school" were most plentiful, and year after year vast numbers had been caught in sieves and cast-nets for bait, and myriads more tossed up by the surf to die and rot upon the pebbles.

By and by, a lone fisherman had built his rough cottage on the inviting sward above the sands, to be followed, in course of time, by another and another, until the houses now cluster thickly under the hill and around its sides. Great spider-legged "flakes" (raised platforms for drying fish on) cover a large area of the beach, and long, low-roofed "stages," and a "fishing-room," built on posts, project at every few yards into the water. Here in summer time, in a perpetual odour of fish, the processes of curing that staple of the country go busily on, and here in winter, scarcely less busily, the punts and skiffs are modelled and built for the summer's voyage.

The place has the straggling and unfinished look common to most out-harbours, and due to the temporary nature of the buildings and other erections used for fish-curing, as well as to their peculiarity of structure, but when you left the chaos of flake and stage, and walked up towards the dwellings of the people, you would not fail to be impressed, in the trimness of the little garden enclosures, the neatness of the white-painted houses, with a more favourable idea of the stability and respectability of the place. Nor would you fail to be struck with the kindly good nature of the people you chanced to accost, with their anxious courtesy in answering your queries, and with their general air of intelligence and sprightliness. Were you to avail yourself of the invitation, sure to be given to come and sit down, the good wife would at once put the tea-kettle on the stove, and rake and replenish the fire; then Jane or Mary would be hurried off to get a drop of milk, the carefully-kept glass bowl of white sugar is taken from some secret recess, and a new loaf cut and buttered liberally.

"Make yourself at home, sir; you're kindly welcome to it, such as it is," would be your warrant to refresh yourself with the homely fare, with injunctions to "make a long arm," and help yourself, and not wait for compliments. The hospitality of Newfoundland is proverbial, and Caplin Bight people are no exception to the rule. You will notice now the peculiar dialect of the people. There is a good deal that smacks of the West of Eng-

land about it, you think as you listen, in the depth of tone and prolonging of the final syllables as well as in the quaint pronunciation. You are right. There is good West of England blood in many of these Green Bay folk—blood that flowed clear and clean in generations of honest yeomen of Dorset or Somerset or Devon. They trace descent from sire or grandsire, or yet remoter ancestor, who came out a “youngster” to some large planter, years and years ago—came out a lad from Poole or Bridport or Dartmouth, and never saw the dear old land again. Perhaps you will meet one or two—there are more than that in the place—who are English and have come out as described, though of late years the practice of importing “youngsters” has been largely discontinued.

A fine sturdy race these Green Bay people, fertile in resources, ingenious in the handicrafts connected with their calling, fond of books where they have the ability to use them—a people educated, however, far more by observation than by reading, in whom necessity has developed handiness and self-reliance in a remarkable degree. Primarily and chiefly fishermen, they can yet turn their hands to many another work, and be shoemakers, gunsmiths, house-joiners or ship-builders, as need may require. A hardy race they are, too, used to roughing it from early youth, taking to the boat, and the exposure, and unrest of a fisherman’s life as naturally as the fish itself does to its native element. A serious, thoughtful people in the main, disposed to earnest views of life and duty, strongly susceptible to religious influence. Such, then, in general, are the characteristics of the people of whom this story tells. Human nature is much the same all the world over, and the problem of life has to be ciphered out by each man and woman in much the same terms after all. Responsibility equal exactly to privilege, that is the essential equation running through the sum, and though many factors on both sides enter into the question, and appear to affect its nature, it is reducible for all to that very simple equation.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care :
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

—Burns.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

III.—THE SCION OF A NOBLE STOCK.

“WERE I to write my own life,” remarks John Wesley, “I should begin it before I was born.” It will be found expedient in the present instance to go back to the stock whence our scion sprang. And the fact will soon discover itself, that just as the Nile reaches the Delta, red with Ethiopian soil, so the character and genius of our bard are deeply coloured by that wonderful lineage from which they were descended.

The Wesley family is certainly a remarkable one. “Such a family,” writes Dr. Adam Clarke, “I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, Joseph and Mary, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.” Its pedigree, for instance, can be traced back for more than nine centuries—far into Saxon times and to the middle of the Christian era; and among the remoter branches of this stately genealogical tree were men of high renown and heroic chivalry. And how prolific, especially its later shoots! “How many children has Dr. Annesley?” was once asked concerning the father of Susanna Wesley. “I believe it is two dozen or a quarter of a hundred.” was the significant reply. The good Rector of Epworth was accustomed to pride himself in “a numerous offspring.” Our poet was one of nineteen children, and was himself the father of nine. But his chief honour lies, not in a patrician origin or a heraldic pedigree, but in an ancestry eminent for their piety and their parts. Four Wesleys in succession for nearly two centuries were preachers of the Gospel continuously. And just as the prophetic spirit runs through this long and illustrious line, so also does the poetic afflatus, as we shall have occasion to observe later on. Meanwhile to omit particular mention of the mother of the Wesleys were unpardonable; for, “mind,” says Isaac Taylor, speaking of this noble woman, “mind is from the mother.” It certainly is so here. His mother is the holy mount in which Charles Wesley receives the pattern of his mind.

“The history of great men,” remarks one, “is the history of great mothers.” There is scarcely a great character in history but owes his eminence largely to his mother. “It was my mother,” said Napoleon, “who first inspired me with a desire to be great.” “I owe all that I am to my mother,” once remarked John Quincy Adams. “A kiss from my mother made me a painter,” said Benjamin West. “The mother makes us most,” sings Tennyson.

“All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.”

It is this fact that awakens in one the wish to know more about the mothers of antiquity—Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus; Aurelia, the mother of Julius Cæsar; Agrippina, the mother of Nero; Olympias, the mother of Alexander; Helena, the mother of Constantine; Anthusa, the mother of Chrysostom; Monica, the mother of Augustine; and many more. What a bevy of eminent mothers! More interesting still would be a minute account of the mothers of the Bible—Eve, the mother of us all; Rachel, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin; Rebecca, the mother of Jacob and Esau; Hannah, the mother of Samuel; Eunice the mother of Timothy; and, above all, Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Susanna Wesley, that queen of mothers, will be best remembered as the mother of the Wesleys, just as Cornelia, that greatest of Roman matrons, is best known as the mother of the Gracchi. She lived for her children. Their care and culture were her vocation. In 1709, when our poet was yet an infant, she wrote: “There is nothing I now desire to live for but to do some small service to my children; that as I have brought them into the world, I may, if it please God, be an instrument of doing good to their souls.” In the spirit of this desire, and by efforts directed by rule, she trained her children well in habits of piety and virtue. Her son John gives us a glimpse of this noble woman where he speaks of “the calm serenity with which she transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed surrounded by her thirteen children,” swinging round her chosen orbit like a star “unhasting and unresting.” How much Charles felt the

sway of her influence is indicated in a passage in one of his letters to his brother John. It was in the year 1729, and some ten years before his evangelical conversion, but conscious of an inward awakening, he wrote: "It is owing in great measure to somebody's prayers, my mother's most probably, that I am come to think as I do."

In thus recognizing his mother's imperial influence in swaying and moulding his mind, it is not meant, however, that he owed nothing to his father; for one who could write to him in his twenty-second year, on the occasion of his graduating as Bachelor of Arts in Christ Church, Oxford: "You are now launched fairly, Charles; hold up your head and swim like a man, . . . always keep your eye upon the pole-star," must have helped fan the fires of a worthy ambition, and have given new impulse to noble effort on the part of a young man just starting in life. Still there was more of moulding power in the mother than in the father. He was dreamy, poetical, and unpractical; she was independent, self-reliant and positive, having, as Napoleon used to say of his mother, "the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman."

In Bunhill-fields burying-ground, that great Puritan Necropolis, the *Campo Santo* of Dissenters, mingling with the honoured dust of Dr. Watts and John Bunyan, and many more whose names are in the Book of Life, lie the ashes of Susanna Wesley; and on a plain tombstone, overhung by a neighbouring elm, are the lines written by her poet-son:

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

In the death of this "great woman" a remarkable binary is broken, only, however, to be succeeded by another which is already in process of formation. We lose sight of Charles Wesley and his mother, and another duality looms into view in the persons of the now historic brothers John and Charles Wesley, the co-founders of Methodism. It is easy to perceive in these two eminent men a certain twinness, the one being the converse and complement of the other. This is seen, for instance, in their mental constitution. John is a master of intellect, laying every-

thing to the line and plummet of logic ; Charles is a child of emotion, all aglow with poetic fire, and, seldom waiting to weigh and analyze minutely, is carried away by a tide of feeling. So with their moral character: if Charles is sometimes an acid, sharp, tart and biting, John is always an alkali, neutralizing and soluble. But with all this diversity the two brothers are one—one in sympathy and one in purpose. Unlike the chameleon of which it is said that there is no sympathy between the two lobes of its brain, the united head of Methodism were, in the main, in full accord,—

“ Yoked in all exercise of noble end,”

each one contributing his moiety to the common work. If John was the sun to Methodism, governing it by his imperial rule, Charles was its moon, commanding the tidal swell of its emotions. John the preacher scooped out the channel of a revised religious life ; Charles the poet filled that channel with the limpid, laughing stream of flowing song. While the former was reopening old wells of doctrinal truths, the latter was preparing pitchers to put them in. And thus the two toil in unison—the Elijah and Elisha, the Luther and Melancthon, the Moody and Sankey of the eighteenth century. In a word, they are one. In personality they are as identic as Juno’s swans, or as the Roman twins ; in friendship, as allied as David and Jonathan, or the fabled Damon and Pythias :—

“ Like to a double cherry seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition ;
Two lovely berries moulded in one stem.”

or,

“ Like two dew-drops, which on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all fragrant into one.”

It is this fusion of heart and life that lends a peculiar pathos to a hymn written by our bard for himself and his brother, in which the following lines occur :—

“ Our friendship sanctify and guide :
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim !

* * * *

“ Whate’er Thou dost on one bestow,
 Let each the double blessing know ;
 Let each the common burden bear ;
 In comforts and in griefs agree ;
 And wrestle for his friends with Thee,
 In all the omnipotence of prayer.

* * *

“ True yoke-fellows, by love compelled,
 To labour in the gospel-field,
 Our all let us delight to spend
 In gathering in Thy lambs and sheep ;
 Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.”

We can understand now why it was that John, surviving his brother, felt his loss so keenly, so much so that he could never repeat without tears the intensely touching couplet in Charles’ “ Wrestling Jacob :”

“ My company before is gone
 And I am left alone with Thee.”

The brothers have long since met and embraced in that land of unbroken friendship, of which our poet sings so sweetly :

“ Where all the ship’s company meet
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o’er trouble and death.
 The voyage of life’s at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 Forever and ever shall last.”

But in nothing does our scion show its parent stock more than in its poetic blossoms. The gift of poetry is shared by almost every member of the Epworth branch of the Wesley family.

The father of the Wesleys was a poet of no mean power, as his “ Eupolis’ Hymn to the Creator ” abundantly proves. In 1705 he published a poem on “ The Battle of Blenheim,” with which the Duke of Marlborough was so well pleased that he conferred upon its author a chaplaincy in a regiment. His first work was a collection of boyish rhymes which he strangely en-

titled, "Maggots, or Poems on several subjects never before Handled." There certainly is a novelty about many of these "subjects," including as they do the "Maggot," "The Grunting of a Hog," "A Cow's Tail," etc. This curious volume opens with a portrait of the author who is represented sitting at a table writing, crowned with a laurel, and having a maggot on his forehead at the parting of the hair; and underneath this portrait are the lines:

" In his own defence the author writes,
Because when this foul maggot bites
He ne'er can rest in quiet."

This "foul maggot" would seem to have bitten the pious Rector very often, for he became, as he says, "a dabbler in rhyme." However, he is best known to the world as a poet by that imperishable composition:

" Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to that shameful tree,"

The original manuscript of which was blown off the study table and out of the window of the Epworth parsonage on the night of the fire when little John Wesley, then a child of six years, was "plucked as a brand from the burning," and this hymn was almost the only thing saved from the flames.

It is strange that the poet Pope did not appreciate the merit of Samuel Wesley. In an early edition of the "Dunciad" occur the satirical lines (since altered):

" Now all the suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jokes and fire;
A Gothic library of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Wesley, Watts and Blome."

Passing by other members of this remarkable family,—“the most prolific of hymnists the world ever knew,”—particular mention must be made of Samuel Wesley, jun. He it was who wrote the lines, "On the setting up of Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey":—

" While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death and turned to dust,

Presented with a monumental bust !
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
 He asked for bread and he received a stone."

To the same pen we are indebted for that exquisite hymn :

"The morning flowers display their sweets
 And gay their silken leaves unfold ;"

being a paraphrase of Isaiah xl. 6, 7, and written on the occasion of the death of a young lady. Southey gives this accomplished poet a place in his "Specimens of the Later English Poets." Johnson, too, in his Grammar prefixed to his Dictionary, honours him by quoting the following little gem :

"AN EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

"Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
 To earth whose ashes lent
 More glorious shall hereafter rise,
 Though not more innocent.
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,
 And souls to bodies join,
 What crowds will wish their lives below
 Had been as short as thine."

That the Minstrel of Methodism is no unworthy member of this family of hymnists it will be our endeavour now to show.

VIRTUE VICTORIOUS.

I WATCH the circle of the eternal years,
 And read forever in the storied page
 One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong and tears,
 One onward step of truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed ; the tyrants link their chain,
 The poet sighs through narrow dungeon grates ;
 Man's hope lies quenched—but, lo ! with steadfast gain
 Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets ; fagot, rack and cross
 Make up the groaning record of the past ;
 But evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
 And sovereign beauty wins the soul at last.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.



CHARLES G. GORDON, R.E., C.B.

DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.

Among the events which have transpired during the last month, the one which has produced the most wide-spread and painful sensation throughout the British Empire is the fall of Khartoum; and the most distressing incident connected with that lamentable disaster was the death of General Gordon. He was an unique figure in the military

world, and his death is the termination of an exceptionally brilliant career. His gallant and heroic defence of Khartoum during the last few months, in the face of the most formidable difficulties, and against fearful odds, would have been enough, if he had done nothing else in his lifetime, to have demonstrated his heroic qualities and military genius. The probability now is that the story

of the part performed by this remarkable man during the past year will never be told ; but should the record be recovered, it will no doubt prove to be one of the most remarkable chapters of modern military history. But this last passage in the history of General Gordon is only of a piece with all that had preceded it, forming a fitting sequel to the part he had played in previous years.

Charles G. Gordon, better known in recent years as "Chinese" Gordon, was born in Woolwich, January 28th, 1833, and was therefore within a day or two of fifty-two years of age at the time of his lamented decease. He appears to have inherited his soldierly and heroic qualities from a long line of ancestors, more or less distinguished, who had devoted themselves to the profession of arms. He belonged to a family of soldiers. His grandfather was a distinguished actor in the American war, who served under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham ; and his father, Henry W. Gordon, was a Lieutenant-General in the Royal Army. His mother, though not descended from a family which had been distinguished for its military qualities, was a remarkable woman, possessing all the elements of moral heroism in a remarkable degree. Her perfect temper, her complete self-control, her hopefulness under the most trying and threatening circumstances, and her genius for making the best of things made her worthy to be the mother of such a son.

Of the boyhood and youth of Gordon but little apparently has been preserved. He was educated at Taunton, and at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and though we have no proof that he was a specially brilliant student, his after life proved that he was complete master of every branch of a thorough military education. As an officer of engineers he was detailed to duty on the fortifications of his own country before he was permitted to see service abroad. His really military career began in the Crimea, in 1855, where he worked steadily in the trenches before Sebastopol, beside the present Lord Wolseley, his companion-in-

arms, and where he distinguished himself by his skill in detecting the movements of the enemy. His capacity as an officer of engineers secured for him an appointment on the commission for settling the boundaries of Russia and Turkey until the year 1858.

It was in 1860 that Gordon was ordered to China, which was destined to become the scene of some of his most memorable exploits. He was present during the attack of the Tai-Ping rebels on Peking, and witnessed the sack of the Summer Palace. It was not, however, until 1863 that he was appointed to the command of the Chinese Imperialist forces, and entered upon what proved to be the most brilliant part of his remarkable career. He entered upon his work with a distinct conviction that he was in the path of duty, and to this, and the fact that he had unbounded confidence in the protection of Divine Providence until his work was done, may be attributed the extraordinary bravery which characterized him during the whole of this memorable campaign. The army under his command consisted at the first of only 4,000, but it soon became formidable, and with superior discipline, and the enthusiasm which he succeeded in infusing into it, was enabled to attack much larger forces with unvarying success. The swiftness of Gordon's movements, and the force of his unexpected blows, soon produced a panic among the rebels. Many of his assaults must have appeared to less adventurous spirits than himself to partake of the nature of a forlorn hope. But under the stimulating influence of his personal gallantry, and the magnetism of his dauntless and heroic spirit, they were always successful. The campaign throughout was a succession of splendid victories, and at the close of it Gordon had the satisfaction of knowing that the work which he had undertaken was accomplished, and that the rebellion was quite at an end.

After the collapse of the Tai-Ping rebellion Gordon returned home, and spent the next six years, from 1865 to 1871, in the construction of

the Thames defences. Refusing to be honoured or *flêted*, or to have public attention in any way directed toward him, he preferred to bury himself in obscurity, and to find enjoyment in the quiet and unostentatious discharge of duty. His engineering work afforded him full scope for the exercise of his military genius; and in generous and self-denying efforts to do good, especially to improve the condition of the boys employed upon the boats upon the Thames, he found opportunity for the display of those moral and religious qualities which formed such conspicuous elements in his character. The interest which he took in his "kings," as he called the lads which he gathered around him, and the enthusiasm with which he laboured for their intellectual, moral, and material improvement, furnish a striking illustration of the essential goodness of his heart. He rescued many of them from the gutter; cleansed and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his own house. He established evening classes for their benefit, over which he presided himself; reading to them, and teaching them, as one of his biographers observes, "with as much enthusiasm as if he were leading them to victory."

After a year or two spent in the scene of his former labours, as English Commissioner on the Danube, he was asked to undertake the administration of the Soudan, in 1873. The story of his march from Suakim to Berber with a small staff is interesting and amusing. The journey took two weeks, and three days more brought him to Khartoum. Thence he went to Gondokoro. He quieted and garrisoned the Soudan stations, and sent to Cairo enough money to pay the cost of his expedition. He had to fight not only the tribes but the slave dealers and the hopelessly corrupt officials. "I am neither a Napoleon nor a Colbert," he said, "but I can say this—I have cut off the slave dealers in their strongholds, and I have made the people love me." It was this confidence in the love he had gained in the administration of the Soudan, probably, which induced him to accept his last

mission to that country. But though the history of the last few months, if the whole truth were known, would probably show that that confidence was not entirely misplaced; the love of the people, in which he confided, was not sufficient to stand the strain which was imposed upon it by the unaccountable delay of the British Government sending relief to the garrison at Khartoum. Besides the fact that, professedly, the object of the expedition at present on foot is merely to bring away the garrison and to leave the place and its inhabitants in the hands of the rebels, may have something to do in bringing about the tragic event of the 26th or 27th of January in which the hero miserably perished.

Touching the wisdom of the Government in sending General Gordon to the Soudan twelve months ago, and of his wisdom in undertaking such a commission, of course there will be considerable difference of opinion. It would, undoubtedly, have been a foolhardy undertaking in any ordinary man; and the only justification of the transaction lay in the fact that, as Mr. Gladstone remarked at the time, that General Gordon was not an ordinary man. No doubt the whole situation of affairs in the Soudan was beset with difficulties; and if Gordon had succeeded in his mission it would have prevented an enormous waste of blood and treasure. It is scarcely surprising, considering all things, especially in view of what he had accomplished in the same field in other years, that he was sent. Nor is it wonderful, considering the success which had crowned his labours during the five years which he formerly spent in that country, that his indomitable spirit did not allow him to shrink from what must have appeared to him to be very much like a forlorn hope. The sequel, however, shows that his mission was a mistake.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

In the announcement of the *MAGAZINE* for the current year, it was stated that arrangements for a serial story were not quite complete, but that it

would *probably* be a tale of colonial life in New England, illustrating the witchcraft delusion of two hundred years ago. The tale to which we referred appeared in the English *Sunday Magazine* a few years ago and strongly impressed us at the time. We therefore tried to procure a copy of the book in Toronto, New York, and Philadelphia, and finally had to send to England for it. After a careful re-examination of the story, we were forced to come to the conclusion that, although it had appeared in a high class *Sunday Magazine* in England, and had been reprinted in Dr. Talmage's *Sunday Magazine* in America, it nevertheless did not, in moral and religious tone, come up to the high standard demanded by the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. We were therefore compelled after the expenditure of much time and trouble, to substitute for this story something more in harmony with the religious character of this MAGAZINE. We are fortunate in being able to find such a substitute in the graphic sketches of mission work among the lowly, by the "Riverside Visitor," of which

a chapter is given in this number, and by Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose stories of Jerry McAulay's Water Street Mission in New York; were read with such interest. These stories are as graphic as anything that Dickens ever wrote, and are instinct with the noblest religious teachings.

One of our principal editorial difficulties is the procuring of a high class, distinctively religious serial story, which is for many of our readers a special *desideratum*. We are glad therefore to be able to present from the pen of one of the ministers of our own Church a story of such marked religious character, and of such high literary merit, and of such narrative interest as the Tale of Out-post Methodism in Newfoundland, by the Rev. George Bond, B.A., of St. Johns.

The Editor of this MAGAZINE has gone to Florida for a few weeks, to recuperate after his serious illness. He hopes soon to return with renewed strength, and will doubtless contribute some notes of travel in the South to these pages.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O SOLEMN portal veiled in mist and cloud,
 Where all who have lived throng in, an endless line,
 Forbid to tell by backward look or sign
 What destiny awaits the advancing crowd.
 Bourne crossed but once with no return allowed ;
 Dumb spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,
 Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,
 Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.
 Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch
 Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering light ;
 Through circling whirls of thought intent to snatch
 A drifting hope—a faith that grows to sight :
 And yet assured, whatever may befall,
 That must be somehow best that comes to all.

—C. P. Cranch.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of Methodism : Comprising a View of the Rise of the Revival of Spiritual Religion in the First half of the Eighteenth Century, and of the Principal agents by whom it was promoted in Europe and America ; with some account of the Doctrines and Polity of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, and the Means and Manner of its Extension down to 1884. By HOLLAND N. MCTYEIRE, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Nashville, Tenn. : Southern Methodist Publishing House. 8vo. Pp. 688.

It is seldom that literary work undertaken by request is so well done as that of Bishop McTyeire in this able and interesting volume. He informs us, in the preface, that it was begun at the request of the Centenary Committee, but evidently it has been a labour of love, though in the earlier part of the volume there is, necessarily, but little matter that is really new, especially to such as have read all the Methodist histories heretofore written including Tyerman's work ; but there is a freshness and vigour in the style of the book which invests even the stories of the Epworth Parsonage, Oxford University, the conversions of the Wesleys and the various steps by which they were led into that career of usefulness which has, under God, been productive of so much good, are invested with such a charm that the reader who commences the narrative is not likely to leave it until he has reached the end.

The interest of the volume increases, however, as it proceeds. Its delineation of the character, and record of the labours of the pioneers of Methodism in America is intensely interesting. It is written, as the author tells us, from the Southern standpoint, which necessarily gives to the narrative at a few particular

points a slightly controversial aspect, and it is possible that on some questions which have been raised the last word has not yet been spoken. Bishop McTyeire is quite confident, for example, that the opening of the ministry of Strawbridge preceded that of Embury, and that Sam Creek in Maryland, not New York, was the place where the first Methodist society in America was formed. And he evidently is of the opinion, too, that of the two apostles of Methodism on this Continent, Strawbridge was much the higher style of man, and that his ministry was much more fruitful than that of Embury. In favour of the latter of these contentions, the superior fruitfulness of Strawbridge's ministry, he appears to have made out a pretty strong case, but on the other points there will probably still be some difference of opinion. Bishop McTyeire writes with ample fulness of information on all these points, so far as data for forming a correct judgment concerning them has been preserved, and he has laid other Methodists besides those of the Southern States under obligation to him by the clearness and force with which he has presented the Southern view.

Of course the Southern side of the controversy which led to the split in the Methodist Episcopal Church is presented in this volume. Indeed it may be supposed that one principal reason why this history was written was that this matter might be set before the world in the light in which it is seen and understood by our brethren at the South, though it has very great value apart entirely from this. Southern Methodists have always felt that their position in relation to slavery and slave-holding was not properly understood ; that that position had been unintentionally misrepresented, even by the most honest and candid outside historians of the controversy

which rent the Church, simply because they did not rightly apprehend it. The older men among them have, therefore, felt that it was due to themselves, and due to the memory of those who are no longer here to speak for themselves, but whose reputation had suffered, that a calm and dignified statement of their case should in some form be placed on permanent record. This has been the aim of Bishop McTycire in this interesting and valuable book.

This part of the work will no doubt be read with interest by the Methodists of their country, who, notwithstanding their inveterate antipathy to slavery, have always taken an affectionate and lively interest in the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the great work which, under God, it has been enabled to accomplish. We rejoice, however, that this question has ceased to be a living issue in the Methodism of the United States, and that the breach occasioned by it has been so far healed; and we earnestly pray that the fraternity now so happily existing may speedily ripen into a closer union, and that before the last of the fathers who were present at the General Conference of 1844 have departed this life Episcopal Methodism in the United States may again be organically one.

We heartily commend this history of Methodism to our readers. The price in cloth, plain, \$2.00; in cloth, illustrated with several very fine steel engravings, \$2.50. On receipt of the price the publishers will send it by mail to any part of this country. Send for it.

Hymn Studies: An Illustrated and annotated Edition of the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By the REV. CHARLES S. NUTTER. 8vo., pp. 475. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$2.50.

It has been well said that the hymn-book is the Methodist liturgy. It is also to millions a manual of devotion, second only to the Holy Scriptures themselves. Like our

own hymn-book, the hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church is a rich depository of the choicest devotional poetry of all the ages. It lends much additional interest to these familiar and favourite hymns, to trace their record, often going back to the early ages of the Church, and to learn who were their authors and what may be known concerning them, the circumstances under which the hymn was written, the changes which it may have undergone and the historic associations with which it is often connected. The author of these hymn studies has rendered important service to all lovers of hymnology, of which we hope that they will largely avail themselves. He has given, with as great accuracy as is probably attainable, all that can be learned about the 1,117 hymns of this collection. It is a work of no small labour. Over three hundred authors or translators are sketched and hundreds of books have been examined in the preparation of these studies.

It will be noted that most of the changes in the hymns which have been generally adopted are marked improvements. And when a hymn is adopted into the liturgy of the Church, and used to express the devotional fulness of a great congregation, such changes, notwithstanding the objections sometimes made, and even despite the protest of John Wesley himself, we deem perfectly legitimate and right. The number of these changes is sometimes remarkable. It is also of interest to read the whole of the compositions of which part are selected for use as hymns. Thus, for instance, the noble hymn, "O for a thousand tongues," etc., is part of a poem of eighteen stanzas, the whole of which is given. Many of the originals of other favourite hymns are also of great interest.

Outlines of Psychology Succinctly Presented, with Illustrations and a Chart. Together with an allegorical illustration of the whole Chautauqua Assembly. 1884.

The name of the author of this

volume is not given, but the fact that it bears the imprint of the Chautauqua Assembly is a sufficient guarantee for its character. It is the presentation of an abstruse subject in a popular form. Those who have the time and the mental discipline necessary to study the works of Sir William Hamilton, and other standard writers on metaphysics, will not require this book. But to thousands who have not these advantages it will be a real boon. Foolish and ignorant people often show their ignorance and folly by the contempt with which they speak of metaphysical or psychological studies; but if "the proper study of mankind is man," and if the intellectual and moral being is the essential thing in him, it is not creditable for anyone making any pretensions to education to neglect this field of investigation. A book which brings the elements of this important branch of knowledge within the reach of the ordinary English scholar deserves a hearty welcome.

Geological Excursions; or, the Rudiments of Geology, for Young Learners. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Palæontology in the University of Michigan. Formerly Director of the Geological Survey of Michigan. Author of "Sketches of Creation," "World Life," etc., etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company.

This belongs to a class of books which, happily, is constantly growing larger in our day, designed to smooth the path to knowledge. The title is accurately descriptive of its character. It is a geological primer designed to assist teachers who have not had any previous special preparation, to impart to their pupils a knowledge of the elements of a science which the author believes to be too generally overlooked in elementary education. Professor Winchell is specially well qualified for the work he has undertaken, on account of his accurate knowledge of the science of which

he treats, and his mastery of a vigorous and perspicuous style of writing. The book seems to be well calculated to meet what many, doubtless, have felt to be a real want, and it will most likely prove a favorite with the classes for whose benefit it is intended. The plan of the work is to take the student on a number of imaginary excursions—which, of course, the teacher may make real—and explain to him the elements of the science, as they are illustrated by rocks, the pebbles, the boulders, the sand and the clay, with the organic remains with which they are mixed—all the constituents of the earth's crust that lie scattered around him.

East-End Pictures: Being more Leaves from my Log of Twenty-five Years' Christian Work among Sailors and others. By THOMAS C. GARLAND. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

No Christian heroism is greater than that which goes down among the lowly and the erring, and seeks to raise them to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. Of such heroism the volume before is a record. The triumphs of grace among the outcast and the fallen are among the most striking of the "Evidences of Christianity"—evidences that the infidel can neither gain, say, nor deny. Those true tales of London life are an incentive to faith and hope, and to toil for the Master in even the most unpromising fields.

The Philosophy of Ralph Cudworth. A Study of the Intellectual System of the Universe. By CHARLES LOWREY. New York: Phillip & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs, Methodist Book Room.

We have not time at present for a very critical examination of this book, but the attention which we have been able to give to it convinces us that its publication is specially opportune at present, and that its circulation among scholarly and thoughtful readers will do good. The works of a profound thinker,

who deliberately set himself : 1. To refute Atheism, or the material necessity of all things ; 2. To maintain for man an innate criterion of justice and morality ; and 3. To demonstrate in rational creatures a liberty from necessity ; and who appears to have devoted many years of his life to the accomplishment of his task, are specially worthy of the careful study of men engaged in the investigation and defence of truth at a time like the present. Such was the threefold design of Cudworth's great work, the pith of which it is the aim of Mr. Lowrey to present in this volume.

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The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the REV. CANON H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the REV. JOSEPH S. EXELL. *Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther*. 8vo., pp. 500. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.25.

This popular Commentary continues to maintain its reputation for scholarly criticism and practical utility. The books treated in the volume present some features of special interest. The exposition of the text is by that accomplished scholar, Prof. Geo. Rawlinson. The introductions to the several books and the critical notes are such as we might expect from their learned author. The Book of Esther is unique among the books of the Bible in that it makes no mention of the name of God, and indeed presents no definite religious teaching. It is, in fact, a bit of purely secular history, highly important and instructive, it is true, included among the sacred books. For some time it was not admitted to the canon, but its canonicity is fully vindicated by Prof. Rawlinson. We are glad to see that this Commentary has reached a fifth edition. It is issued by the American publishers from duplicate plates of the English edition, and at about one-half the price.

LITERARY NOTE.

We have been unable heretofore to notice the new series of the *Methodist Review*. (New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$2.50 a year.) This veteran review, which won such a high reputation under Dr. Whedon and other able editors, makes a new departure in coming out bi-monthly and giving a largely increased amount of reading during the year. The strongly marked individuality of the editor is apparent in his special departments which in extent and scope and ability promise to be the most valued department of this periodical. We commend it heartily to all Methodist preachers and thoughtful laymen.

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- Chautauqua Text Book, No. 5.** Greek History. By Dr. Vincent. (Not to be used by the Classes of 1885, 1886, 1887.) 10 cents.
- Cyrus and Alexander.** By Jacob Abbott. 80 cents.
- The Art of Speech.** Vol. I. By Dr. Townsend. 60 cents.
- The Character of Jesus.** By Dr. Bushnell. Cloth, 70 cents; Paper, 50 cents.
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- History of the Reformation.** By Bishop Hurst. 50 cents.

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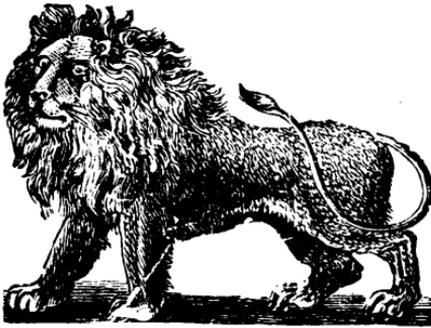
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