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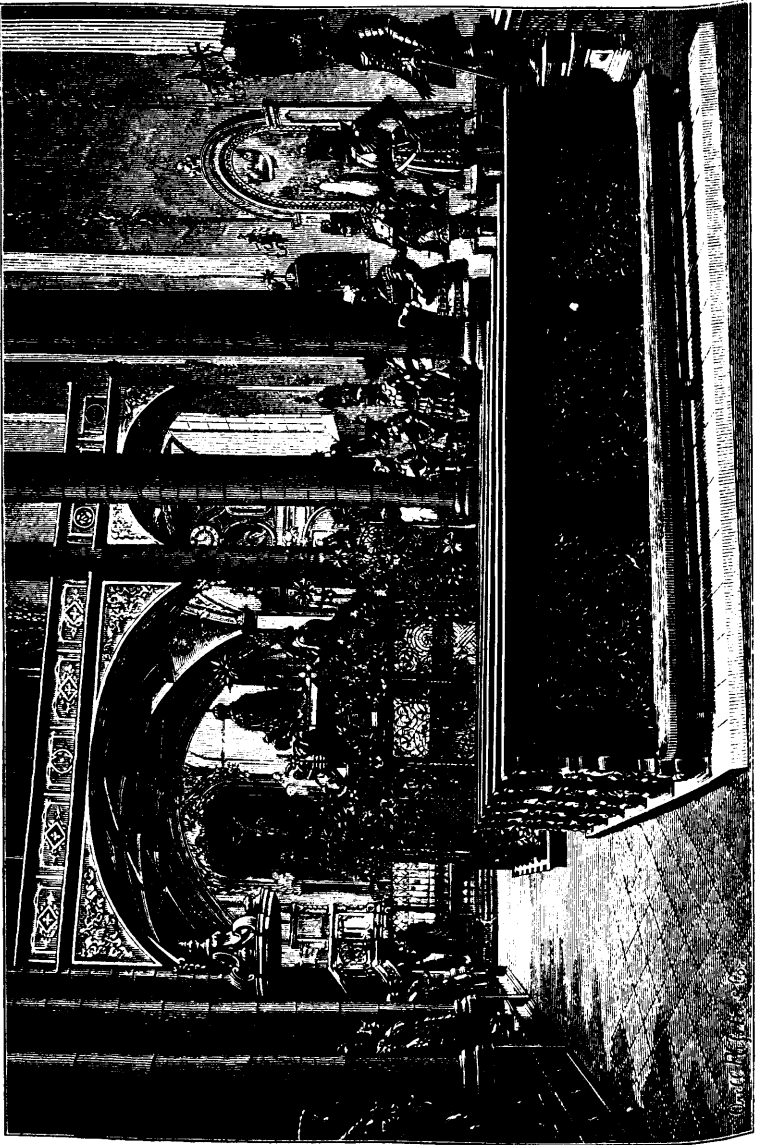
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TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I. HOF KIRCHE, INNSBRUCK.

THE Methodist Magazine.

October, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

BOTZEN TO INNSBRÜCK.

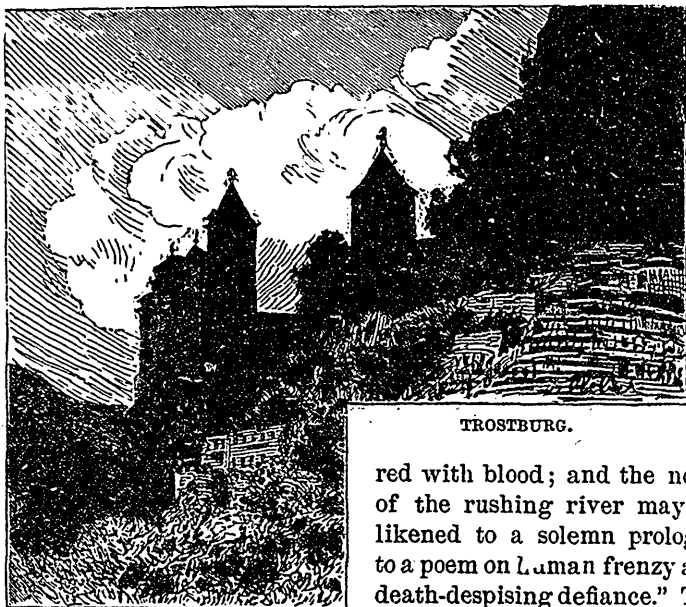


THE FIRE TOWER, INNSBRUCK.

On a blithe summer morning we take train at Botzen—described in our last number—for the ride over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck. Some of us get possession of an observation car with glass sides, giving fine views of the striking scenery. The road traverses first a seemingly boundless garden of vines, fig and other fruit trees. Soon it enters a wild gorge, known as the Devil's Way, the *Via Mala* of southern Tyrol. Red porphyry cliffs rise on either side, crowned by grim castles, now chiefly ruins. One of these, the Trostburg, a tremendous overhanging pile of cliff-like walls and towers, is shewn in our cut, and near Clausen is a vast benedic-

tine nunnery on a crag 800 feet above the narrow valley. It has been successfully a Rhetian fortress, a Roman castle, an episcopal residence, and a baronial hall. A crucifix on a tower marks where a nun, pursued by the French soldiers, in 1809, flung herself over the cliff and was killed.

The pines and birches remind us that we have left the fig and olive behind. We climb a steep ascent, and crossing a lofty iron viaduct get a good view of the modern granite fortifications of Franzensfeste. It commands the entrances to three valleys and provinces, and would form a formidable obstacle to any hostile army. One of these valleys we enter a stern granite ravine. "Here," says Dr. Noé, "Every foot of earth is a battle-field. To the master of these defiles the way lies open to the south, to him the way to the Illyrian east is open. The gloom of the defile seems like a memory of those days when the Alpine stream ran



TROSTBURG.

red with blood; and the noise of the rushing river may be likened to a solemn prologue to a poem on Laman frenzy and death-despising defiance." The Eisack brawls ever louder, the

din of its waves drowns the roar of the train. Near here was found a huge stone carved with the emblems of the god Mithras, probably a relic of the days when the sun god was worshipped on the "high places" of the Alps. In blasting the rock in this ravine in one day two tons of powder were simultaneously exploded. Still more castles—Thurmburg and Rifinsein, Strassburg and Rapenstein, then the decayed old town Sterzing, once a rich mining town, now fallen into decay. The noise of the hammers has died away, the galleries have fallen in, the banks of ore are overgrown with grass. High over all rises the snowy summit of the Schneeberg. At the mountain hamlet of Gossensass, which means not "Goose-sauce," but "Goths' seat." The railway

makes a long loop, climbing the side flanks of the Pflerscher-Thal valley—fine mouth-filling words around here. From here to Gossensass one may walk in ten minutes; to go by train requires 26 minutes. The ride around this loop is magnificent. What most attracts the eye are the azure clefts of the ice-fields, which we approach on the railway within a distance of five miles in a straight line. Nowhere else in Europe does a railroad approach so near to the eternal ice. As we return to the mouth of the valley, lying far below like a toy village, we get our last look at Gossensass.

Now we cross the summit of the pass at an altitude of 4,485 feet, through a narrow cleft, in which lies a lonely mountain tarn,



THE "GOTH'S SEAT," TYROL HIGHLANDS.

the Brennersee. We now rapidly descend through a wild valley, threading many tunnels and passing many places with such pleasant musical names as Kraxentrager Banerkogl, Pflerscherpinkl, Kirhdachspitze, Schönjöchel, Gschnitzalzh and Mieselkopfp. Under the walls of the vast convent of Wilten we glide and into the fine station of Innsbruck—that is, the "bridge of the river Inn."

We are soon comfortably installed in the Tiroler Hof, the best hotel in the Tyrol, and after lunch sally forth to "do" the town. Innsbruck is the capital of the Tyrol and has 30,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 2000 men. It seems to be situated in a cup the sides of which are the engirdling mountains. The

architectural character of the town is well shown by three contiguous streets. If the Herzog-Friedrich-Strasse with the Stadt-platz and the "Goldnen Dachl" show us the Middle Ages, the Maria Theresien-Strasse bears more the character of the seven-teenth and eighteenth centuries, while the Museum-Strasse to the east, with its handsome private houses, reminds us of the prosperity and extension which the town owes to the opening of the great railway. Both customs and costumes are very odd. Fiery little horses dash around with carriages to which they are attached on one side of a central pole in a very lopsided-looking manner. When they stop, the drivers coolly unhitch one trace and thus prevent a runaway. The wide stately modern streets



SUMMIT OF THE BRENNER.

are commonplace enough, but the narrow ancient ones are like a page out of some romance of the Middle Ages. Over the shops are queer signs with elaborate wrought-iron work, representing scarecrow-looking double-headed Austrian eagles with very dishevelled iron wings, and the like. Some of the house-fronts are ornamented with frescoed pictures from top to bottom. Many have great arcades, the sidewalks being under the building (as shown in cut on this page and separated from the street by arches, with huge buttresses. Near our hotel is the beautiful Rudolf's Fountain, commemorating the 500th anniversary of the union of Tyrol with Austria in 1363. The odd-looking structure,

seen in one of the cuts, is the Feuerthurm, or Firetower, with a strange bulbous top. The huge Tyrolese mountain waggons, used for freighting merchandise over the mountains, are of most ponderous build. The wide and beautiful Maria Theresa Street is shown on page 294. The snow-clad mountains seem almost to overhang the town. The monument is surmounted with a statue of the Virgin Mary, erected in honour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, for this is a thoroughly Roman Catholic city. The Golden Dachl is a now faded gilt copper roof, covering a rich Gothic canopy with flamboyant paintings of the Emperor Maximilian and his two wives, whose effigies we shall see in the Hofkirche, is part of a palace erected in 1425. The tomb



MEDALLION ON MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

of the Emperor is one of the most famous monuments in Europe. I have seen nothing anywhere more impressive. In this church, Christina of Sweden, daughter of the Protestant champion Gustavus Adolphus, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, which she disgraced with her infamous life.

In the churches numerous votive offerings—wax figures of arms, legs and feet—add their corroboration to the testimony that “*Maria hat geholfen*”—that Mary had helped the sufferer. Theatrical-looking angels in wretched taste surround the altars, and the architectural details are over-laden and meretricious.

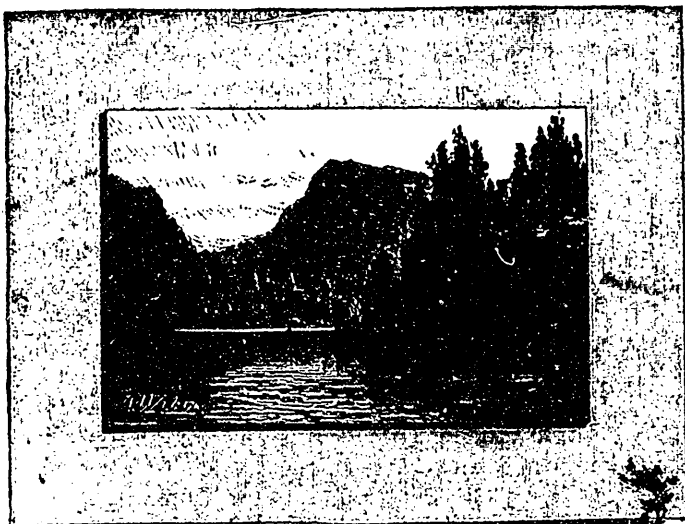
I entered the Hof Kirche, or Court Church, through the cloisters in the rear, and found myself in the chancel separated from the nave by an iron screen. Before I observed, in the half light, that she was at prayer, I asked a peasant woman the way into the

church. She immediately sprang from her knees to show me the way, with an eye keenly expectant of a fee, and then went back to her devotions. The roof of the church is supported by very tall Corinthian columns, and its decoration is in the usual poor taste. But we soon forgot this in the presence of the majestic monument of the dead Emperor Maximilian I. The bronze effigy of the Emperor kneels in prayer on a massive marble sarcophagus, with seated figures of the evangelists at the angles. Ranged on



MARIA THERESA STREET, INNSBRUCK.

either side are twenty-eight statues of his heroic ancestors and kinsfolk, in the guise of mourners and torch-bearers. The grave, austere, homely, realistic figures—all over life-size—were wonderfully impressive—the men long-haired, in heavy armour richly decorated, some with visor sternly down; the women with embroidered robes, tall stately statues, the drapery being very severely and simply arranged. The finest figure, that of King Arthur of England, is attributed to the celebrated Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg. It is a heroic young warrior in chain armour



HICHTSEE.

The two wives, the sister, father and grandfather, and more remote kinsfolk of the Emperor keep for evermore their solemn vigil around his tomb; and kneeling among them the poor peasants and market-women, for over three hundred years, have counted their beads and pattered their prayers.

On the sides of the sarcophagus twenty-four exquisite marble reliefs represent the principal events of the Emperor's life—marriage scenes, state pageants, battle pieces, celebrations of victory over the French, the



THE WILDE KAISER NEAR KUFSTEIN.

Turk, Bohemians and Venetians, battles and sieges, scenes in camp and court, all crowded with figures, among which that of the Emperor may be recognized in the varying aspects of youth, manhood and age. The conception and execution of this noble monument are equally fine.

To this monument Longfellow refers in his poem on the death of Bayard Taylor:

“Dead he lay among his books !
The peace of God was in his looks.
As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.”

Very simple, but scarcely less impressive is the marble effigy of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot and hero, who was captured by the French, tried and acquitted by his judges, yet ordered to be shot by Napoleon himself. Above his monument is the glorious watchword, “Death is swallowed up in victory.”

In the dusk I wandered alone across the Inn and through the quaint suburbs, and back through the deserted streets—they go to bed very early in Tyrol—and again in the morning took a last mental photograph, as well as laid and bought some souvenirs of the old-world town which I shall never see again.

This souvenir business is, as Cowper says of poetry, “a pleasing toil,” especially when, as was the case with most of our party, we had a very limited acquaintance with the language in which we make our purchases. But it is wonderful how far a very little German will go. With “Haben sie?” “Wo ist?” “Gedanke” and a few more words, one can do quite a business on a very small capital.

LIFE.

BY PAMELA VINING YULE.

DAWN, peaceful, fair, with Morn's first tints alight ;
Flutter of bird-wings ; voices, feet astir ;
Toil, girt for effort—Labour's ceaseless whirr—
Sleep, dreamless 'neath the curtain-folds of Night.

A tiny rill, from caverned darkness sprung ;
A stream, aggressive, deepening, wid'ning still—
A river singing to each listening hill—
At home at last, the ocean tides among.

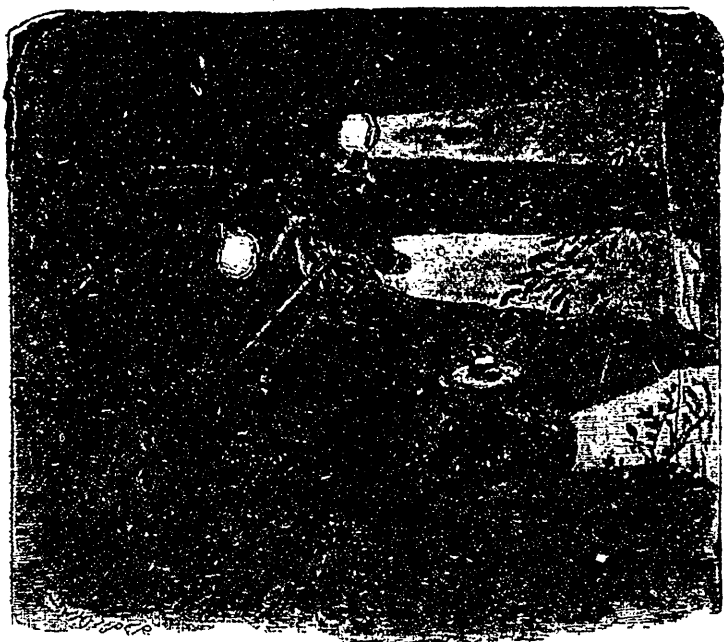
A skiff, afloat upon the treacherous deep,
Breeze-kissed, wave-rocked, now floating, now at rest,
Now storm-tossed, struggling bravely toward the West,
Harbour at last, and winds and waves asleep.
Such that strange something with all myst'ries rife,
Uncomprehended, unexplained, called Life.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

X.

NEW SOUTH WALES.



OFF THE TRACK.

Saturday, July 2nd.—Our train was late, and all were glad when Sydney was at last reached and we found ourselves driving swiftly through crowded streets, to Government House. The afternoon was so fine that I enjoyed a stroll in the gardens—from which there is a lovely view of the harbour—immensely. I had heard so much of it that I had fully expected to be disappointed, but it more than fully realized all my preconceived ideas of its attractions.

After a refreshing night I awoke, and was soon at the window enjoying the lovely view over the harbour. At 10.30 we went on board the steam-launch, and steamed down the harbour towards Watson's Bay. We soon saw the *Sunbeam* lying at anchor in the

little inlet called Watson's Bay. The gig was alongside, and we were speedily on board, and was delighted to see Tom looking so much better.

We returned to the man-of-war steps, close to Government House, where a large crowd had assembled to give us welcome. They formed a little lane for us to pass through, cheering lustily, and smiling and nodding as if they were glad to see us. There was nothing formal or obtrusive about their welcome. It was, in truth, a real, warm, honest greeting from friends across the sea, and it touched both Tom and myself deeply. All such demonstrations invariably give me a choking sensation in my throat, and I was not altogether sorry when we had made our way through the crowd of kindly welcomers and reached the steep pathway leading to Government House.

Monday, July 4th.—I awoke at five, and wrote letters. The doctor would not hear of my going out, as my cold was no better. Lord Carrington, Tom and Mabelle went for a long walk, calling on Cardinal Moran, and paying visits to the picture-gallery, the Anglican cathedral, and other places; and after an early dinner all the party went to the meeting of the Royal Humane Society. I was bitterly disappointed at being unable to attend, and perhaps do something to encourage the friends of the St. John Ambulance Association.

Tuesday, July 5th.—After lunch we started in a carriage-and-four for a long but most delightful drive to the South Head. It was very charming to have the occasional glimpses of the many inlets and creeks of the harbour.

There was a large and pleasant party at dinner, and in the evening an "At home," at which I was interested to meet several Sussex people. The world is very small after all!

Wednesday, July 6th.—I had a busy morning, and at noon went on board the yacht, returning by three o'clock to meet Mr. Montefiore at the large picture-gallery. At eight o'clock I went down to the shore and looked at the Volunteers drilling in the open. They certainly are a splendid body of men, and their drill is quite wonderful. I have never seen such good cutlass drill anywhere, and I have "assisted" at many similar inspections.

Thursday, July 7th.—To-day we called on the Mayor, and were taken all over the fine buildings which are being erected as a memorial of the Centenary of New South Wales. Lord Carrington, Tom, and the remainder of the party went to a shoeblacks' concert, the performers at which had originally been some of the roughest ragamuffins in the city.

Tuesday, July 12th.—At 1.45 some friends came on board the

Sunbeam to lunch, and directly afterwards people began to arrive for an "At home," which lasted until 5 p.m. At five we all went to the Legislative Council and Assembly. We were afterwards shown over the Chambers and their libraries by Sir Henry Parkes. The dining-room was much prettier than that of our own House of Commons. From its balcony there is a magnificent view of Sydney town and harbour. It is the oldest Parliament House south of the Line, having being built early in the century.

Wednesday, July 13th.—I had, as usual, a busy morning, and



SUMMER HILL CREEK.

left at eleven o'clock, with Tom, Mabelle, and Captain Gascoigne, to lunch on board the German man-of-war *Bismarck*. We had to hurry away directly afterwards, to be in time for the meeting which the Governor had kindly convened at Government House in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association. The meeting, held in the drawing-room, was well attended and successful. That over, there was only scant time to rest before an early dinner, after which we went to a meeting of the Geographical Society at the Freemason's Hall, where Mr. Bevan the explorer gave us an interesting account of his fourth and latest voyage to New Guinea.

Thursday, July 14th.—I had a busy morning with Mr. Wright,

working until half-past eleven. Tom had made an appointment to visit the Goodenough's Sailors' Home, but, having a great deal to do on board the *Sunbeam*, he asked me to go on his behalf and meet the manager and the committee of the institution. Mr. Shearston, the manager, seems a perfect enthusiast, and too much cannot be said in praise of his self-denial. He has given up the whole of his private house, except the bedroom and the tiniest little scrap of an office, for the purposes of the Home. They not only take in good characters, but go into the streets at night and pick up sailors, no matter how intoxicated they may be. They put them to bed, and endeavour to send them back to their ships in the morning, so far recovered as to escape reprimand and perhaps dismissal. Captain Hammill and Mr. Bevan lunched with us on board the *Sunbeam*, and later on the yacht was shown to a large number of people. After Lady Carrington's "At home" we had a quiet dinner, after which I did a good deal more work with Mr. Wright.

Friday, July 15th.—An early start had to be made this morning, in order to meet Sir Henry Parkes at the station at nine o'clock. Precisely at nine we left the station in a comfortable saloon carriage, and passing through the suburbs of Sydney, reached Parramatta at 9.30. Conspicuous in the landscape rise the double spires of its handsome church, which is more than a hundred years old. After leaving Parramatta our way still lay through orchards and vineyards, until we reached Seven Hills Grove, commanding a beautiful view. The charm of the landscape was the really Indian blue of the distant hills, from which they derive their name of Blue Mountains. It is not a blue haze, but a vivid blue, with tints varying from darkest indigo to palest cerulean blue; but the colours are everywhere intense, and there are no half-tones. Perhaps one of the most attractive views is that just before reaching Katoomba, nearly 3500 feet above the sea-level. I should have liked to stay for hours.

On our return journey we had to wait nearly half an hour at Blackheath, and as I was not able to walk far, I utilized the time by taking photographs. But no sun-picture can ever give the least idea of this scenery. The noonday had dispersed the mists, and all the delicate details of the more distant landscapes were brought clearly into view. We travelled at a terrible pace, and the sharpness of the curves threatened every moment to send the train off the line. These sudden turns and jerks had the effect of making us all rather uncomfortable. I felt quite sea-sick.

After passing Sir Alfred Stephen's magnificent place we reached Falconberg, and by this time I felt so tired that I was truly glad

of my carrying-chair. I do not think I could have walked even the short distance between the station and the house. Arrived



there, I was obliged to ask leave to lie down, instead of going to see the beautiful fern-guens with the rest of the party. It was a great disappointment. I was able, however, to enjoy the lovely distant view from the veranda, as well as the closer view of the rocky sandstone cliffs and fern-clad gullies; and I could hear the mocking note of the rarely seen lyre-bird, the curious cackling of the laughing jackass, and the occasional distant note of the bell-bird. Even this brief rest amidst these pleasant surroundings refreshed me greatly,

KATOOMBA.

and I felt much better when later on we resumed our journey. The engine-driver was told to go slowly round the sharp curves.

and we were spared a repetition of the unpleasant experience of the morning. We arrived in Sydney a little after six, feeling much indebted to Sir Henry Parkes for his great kindness.

There was no time to think of rest, for I had to dress immediately and go with Tom to the Ambulance meeting at the town hall. It was a very good one, and afterwards the committee of the Williamstown and Port Melbourne Sailors' Home presented me with a testimonial, in order, as they said, to express their gratitude for what we have been able to do for them.

Saturday, July 16th.—I awoke feeling so tired that Dr. Hoffmeister made me remain in bed till the middle of the day in order to keep quiet, though I contrived to get through much work with pen and pencil.

Lunch was ordered early, and a little after two we went on board the yacht to receive the ladies of the Wollahra centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, to whom, according to previous arrangement, I presented certificates. At half-past three the contractors came on board with their wives and lady friends, and were soon followed by the members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club and their friends. The boys' band from the *Vernon* played extremely well during the afternoon, the lively music and brilliant sunshine adding cheerfulness to the proceedings. When the general company had left, the boys had a hearty meal of tea and cake, and were delighted with being shown over the yacht.

Tom and I were obliged to hurry away at half-past four in order to see the Naval Brigade at exercise, under the command of Captain Hixon. Their drilling and marching past were admirable, as were also their volley and file firing; while the rapidity with which they formed into rallying squares to resist cavalry was really marvellous. Towards the close of the proceedings it was growing dusk, and the bright-coloured tongues of flame from the rifles showed sharply against the dark blue sky. Tom presented the medals to the men and made them a speech; and after all was over we returned to Government House.

Sunday, July 17th.—Tom and Mabelle went on board H.M.S. *Nelson* at 10.30 a.m. for church-service. The day turned out so lovely that I was persuaded to go round the Botanical Gardens in a bath-chair. What seemed so puzzling in this climate is the existence of tropical, semi-tropical, and temperate plants side by side.

In the afternoon I had intended to go to the cathedral with Lady Carrington, but felt so unwell that I was obliged to lie down for a time, and then sit in the sun and try to recruit. I had, however, to go to bed at five; but I made an effort and got up

again at seven, in order to appear at our last dinner at this charming house, where we have spent so many happy days and received so much kindness. After dinner we had a long talk over new and old times, and all felt quite sad at the prospect of the inevitable parting which must come to-morrow.

Monday, July 18th.—Lovely sunrise—the last we shall see, alas! in this beautiful place. Very busy; rather a worrying morning; so much to settle and arrange. Went off to the *Sunbeam*, feeling quite sad that the moment of departure had at last arrived. The Admiral came on board the *Sunbeam* at the last moment, bringing some violets as a farewell offering. Sailed slowly away, and gradually lost sight of the Heads in the darkness.



COOK'S MONUMENT, BOTANY BAY.

Tuesday, July 19th.—At half-past twelve Tom came below to announce our arrival off the port of Newcastle. Our head was then put off the land, and we hove to, to wait for the tug. It was a change from pleasantly gliding along through the water at a speed of nine or ten knots an hour to a nasty pitching motion which made us all very wretched. Everything began to roll and tumble about in a most tiresome manner; doors commenced to bang, glasses to smash, books to tumble out of their shelves, and there was a general upset of the usually peaceful equilibrium of the yacht. So unpleasant was this, that I suggested to Tom that, instead of waiting outside for the reception tug, that we should get up steam and go into harbour at daylight so as to have a few hours' rest. This we did, and glided into the harbour precisely

at 5.30 a.m., anchoring just off the railway pier, and quite taking the good people of Newcastle by surprise.

Everybody was most kindly anxious to show us everything there was to be seen, but Tom thought the lengthy programme would be too much for my strength. At half-past ten the Mayor and Corporation came on board to give us a cordial welcome and present an address. At 11.15 we embarked in two steam launches and went up the harbour, which looked gay and beautiful, the port being crowded with shipping.

Our first visit was to the hydraulic cranes, by which a ship can take in a thousand tons of coal in ten hours. From the cranes we went a little farther up the harbour, to the landing-place, where a dense crowd eagerly awaited us. Carriages were in readiness, but Tom rather upset the plans by his usual wish to walk instead of going in state in a coach. I fear he severely tried the lungs and legs of his entertainers by taking them at a brisk pace up a steep hill to the high-level reservoir. As soon as I got into the carriage a basket of fragrant violets was given to me by the school children of Lampton, one of the collier townships in the neighbourhood. We drove past the reserve and up to the reservoir, from which there is a fine view of the town and surrounding country.

After leaving the reservoir we drove through another quarter of the town. Every house had at its door a smiling group of people, who greeted us warmly. Leaving the town, we went on to Nobby Head. The position is fortified and garrisoned with a company of the Permanent force. Though it was comparatively calm to-day, the waves rolled in with great force; and it is said that in bad weather the sea is perfectly frightful. Just inside the Heads, not thirty yards from the shore, a small black buoy marks the spot where a steamer went down with every soul on board, not only in sight of land, but actually in port.

On leaving the fort we drove to Mr. Black's wool-shed, where the various processes of dumping and preparing the wool for shipment were explained to us. It is wonderful to see how the bulk of a bale can be reduced by hydraulic pressure. Having partaken of their hospitable entertainment, we were conducted by our kind hosts into a train which was waiting, literally, at the door of the shed, and were taken off to the Newcastle Colliery Company's Works.

As soon as we cleared the suburbs the country became very pretty, and the place where we left the train, to descend the coal-mine, was really quite romantic, and entirely different to what one sees in the Black Country at home. There were several

charmingly designed triumphal arches for us to pass under, all made of semi-tropical flowers and palms. Some of the party got into the cage, and descended 400 or 500 feet into the bowels of the earth. A few of the ladies declared they felt nervous; but there was really nothing to make them so except the total darkness. Arrived at the bottom, we found many miners with candles stuck in the front of their hats, and carrying lamps of the simplest construction—a piece of waste stuck into the spout of an ordinary can filled with what is called China oil (a decoction of mutton fat)—waiting to light us on our darksome path. Several trucks were



CATTLE CROSSING THE DARLING RIVER.

ready prepared, into one of which I got with the children, and we started, a large and merry party. On our way in we met all the miners coming out, for they leave of work at 3.30 in order to be at the pit's mouth at four, only working eight hours a day.

All mines bear a greater or less resemblance to each other, whether they contain black diamonds, like the one in which we then found ourselves, white diamonds, gold, silver, tin, copper, gypsum, or any other mineral. There is the same descent in a cage, the same walk through workings—higher or lower, as the case may be—or ride in a trolley or truck along lightly-laid rails, and the same universal darkness, griminess, and sloppiness about

the whole affair, which render a visit, however interesting, somewhat of an undertaking. Thousands, not to say millions, of cockroaches of portentous size enlivened if they did not add to the pleasure of the walk. We passed a great many horses, in good condition, going back to their stables for the night. They are, it is said, very happy down in the pit; so much so, that when during the Jubilee they were taken up for three days' holiday, there was the greatest difficulty in preventing them from returning to the pit's mouth, at which men had to be stationed to drive them back, for fear they might try to put themselves into the cage and so tumble down the shaft. Horses very quickly adapt themselves to circumstances; and I dare say the garish light of day was painful to their eyes, and that they were anxious to return from the cold on the surface of the ground to the even temperature of 80° in the pit.

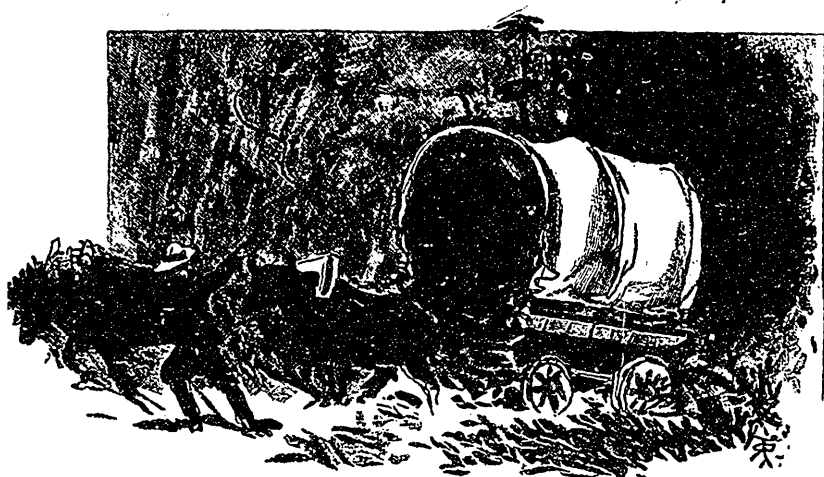
Our walk was a long and weary one, and I felt thankful when we approached the pit's mouth and could breathe cooler and purer air. Our hosts were anxious that I should go a little farther; but I could not do so, and sank down in a chair to rest. At the pit's mouth crowds of women and children had assembled to see us, and a little farther off a train was drawn up, filled by ladies and gentlemen who had preferred to wander about park-like glades, while their more energetic friends had made the descent into the coal-mine. The united party—numbering, I should think, nearly one hundred—next proceeded on board the *Sunbeam*, for a very late five o'clock tea and a hasty inspection of the vessel. At an early hour I retired to rest, utterly worn out.

Wednesday, July 20th.—Contrary to my usual habit of awaking between four and five o'clock, I was sound asleep when tea was brought at five a.m.; and I should dearly have liked to have slept for two or three hours longer, so completely was I exhausted by yesterday's hard work. But it could not be; and after a cup of tea, and a little chat over future plans, I set to work sorting papers, and putting names in books, to be given to our kind hosts of yesterday, in remembrance of our visit. At 7.15 we entered the boat which was waiting alongside, and proceeded to the shore, Tom, as usual, pulling an oar. The line from Armadale to Tenterfield is the highest in Australia, and is considered a good piece of engineering work.

Thursday, July 21st.—The train reached Tenterfield about one o'clock this morning, and we drove straight to the Commercial Hotel, where we found comfortable rooms and blazing fires. Soon after eleven came Mr. Walker, of Tenterfield, who had kindly called to show us everything worth seeing in the township near

his station. His is a large holding, even for Australia, 300 square miles in extent, and stretching fourteen miles in one direction and eighteen in another.

The township of Tenterfield, like all new Australian towns, is laid out in square blocks, with corrugated iron houses, and various places of worship for different denominations. Mr. Walker has about 70,000 head of cattle usually, and from 50,000 to 100,000 sheep, but his stock is somewhat reduced this year on account of the long drought. We took a few photographs, and should have taken more had not the focussing-glass of the camera got broken. Then we drove back into the town; and, I think, round almost every street, and saw all the public buildings, which are indeed creditable to such a new and rising township.



GERMAN WAGGON.

Friday, July 22nd.—In spite of the strict injunctions we had received to be punctual at seven o'clock, it was 7.15 before the train started. We passed through a pretty but barren country, and reached Warrangarra, on the frontier, in about three quarters of an hour. There I saw the most extraordinary-looking coaches, dating, I should think, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, with enormous reflecting-lamps, which produced a curious effect in the day, but doubtless are useful for bush-travelling at night. No sooner had we alighted from the train than—I cannot say to my surprise, for familiar faces are always turning up in unexpected places—the grandson of an old wheelwright at Catsfield came to speak to me, inquiring first after our family and then after his own belongings at home. I was able to give him good news, and

to tell him of the alterations going on at Normanhurst, where he had worked for a long time. He had been out here four years, and did very well until last year, when times became so bad. He consulted me about taking the advice of his relations and going home. I told him I thought it would be a great pity to do so at present. Working-men in the colonies have a good time if they can only keep sober and are honest and industrious. Indeed, those in the Old Country can scarcely form an idea of how superior the working-man's condition is out here. Of course, there are quite as many ne'er-do-weels here as in the Old Country, and I fear that the policy of the Government rather encourages this class, and that there is trouble in store in the near future. The so-called unemployed are mostly utter loafers, who will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. They refuse to work for less than eight shillings a day, and many of them if offered work at that price only dawdle about for a few hours and do really nothing.

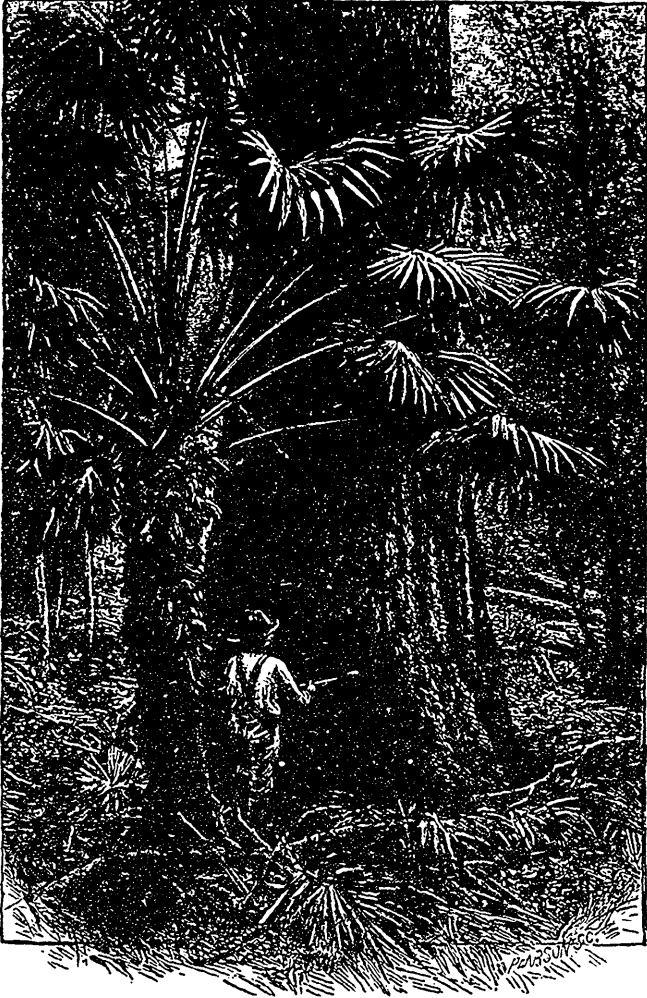
At Warrangarra Station we left the train and stepped through the rail fence which divides New South Wales from Queensland. A walk of about two hundred yards brought us to the Queensland train, where we found a comfortable carriage prepared for our reception. We went on climbing up till we reached Thulunbah, upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. This extensive table-land looks something like the prairies of South America, only with more trees and fewer undulations. The occasional fires we met with on our way heightened the resemblance.

From Tawoomba the railway rapidly descends, dropping as much as 1300 feet in ten miles. The scenery somewhat resembles that of the Blue Mountains, and is even more beautiful. The exquisite effects produced by the waning daylight lent a peculiar charm to this landscape. I caught a severe cold on my arrival at Brisbane, and have been in bed for three days. I have, therefore, nothing to chronicle.

Monday, July 25th.—In the afternoon drove to "One-tree Hill," a richly-wooded height, commanding a splendid view of Brisbane, and of the far-extending range of mountains running parallel with the coast. On our return to Government House the horses bolted, the carriage was smashed to pieces, one of the horses was fearfully injured, and we had a narrow escape from a fatal accident.

Wednesday, July 27th.—We all rose early and started by the 9.30 train through a pretty country for about an hour, to Ipswich, an important town. On reaching the station we were received by a number of school children, who sang "God save the Queen,"

and then presented Mabelle and me each with a lovely bouquet. Marburg is an interesting German settlement, formed in the last twenty years. The settlers have, by the most laborious efforts, cut down the dense scrub with which this part of the country



TURPENTINE TREE.

was covered. Their frugality, their patience under many privations, and their industry have been rewarded. They grow maize, sugar, tobacco, and vegetables, but their cattle seem to be the most thriving and successful part of their business. On the whole, it

may be said that Queensland is far more adapted to be a pastoral than an agricultural country.

But our adventures were not over for the day. In going down a steep hill our driver did not allow quite enough room, and caught the back of one of the long low German waggons which are used in this district. The hind wheels came off, and a woman and child who were seated in the waggon were thrown into the road, shrieking and screaming. Fortunately they proved to be more frightened than hurt, and the waggon having been repaired, and the child and its mother comforted with pictures and sugar-plums which I happened to have with me, they went on their way.

Saturday, July 30th.—At 5 a.m. we dropped anchor in Keppel Bay, but had to wait for the tide to rise. We landed in the course of the morning and made quite a large party. We found a convenient little landing-place, and looked over the telegraph station and post office, which are mainly managed by the wife of the signalman, Aird, an honest Scotchman, who knew me from my books, and was very anxious to give us a real hearty welcome to his comfortable little house. In the afternoon, all the inhabitants of the station came on board to see the yacht of which they had read and heard so much, and which they were glad to see, as they said, "with their own eyes."

LOSS AND GAIN.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
 Its light no more the country-side adorning;
 But whilst I grieved, behold! the east grew red
 With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
 And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
 But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!
 'Twas summer.

Half broken-hearted, I bewailed the end
 Of friendships, than which none had once seemed nearer;
 But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
 And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
 Only that something better may be given,
 Until at last we find this earth exchanged
 For heaven.



ARAB CHIEF.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

AT HOME IN DAMASCUS.

AT home in Damascus! How strange it seems to-day, amid the common-place and familiar circumstances of my every-day work in this prosaic west, to think that I was ever, in veritable fact at home, in the far-off and famous Oriental city. How curiously, sometimes, as I thread the monotonous throngs in the streets of my own little busy town, the thought comes sharply to my mind of far other scenes, of crowds brilliant in all the variegated vestures of the picturesque East; of architecture, quaint and unfamiliar, of mosque or khan; of narrow streets, and darker archways, and crooked bye-lanes, and of all the strange delightful medley of sight and sound which gives to eastern travel its peculiar charm. What wonder-working magicians, after all, are the steamship and the railway, making good the boast of fairy Puck, and girdling this round earth with a cincture which annihilates space, and is going far to steal a march on time. Like a dream, indeed, but yet a dream that was once a delightful reality, is that sojourn of a week in the home of my dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, in the very heart of the old city; giving me at once the opportunity of seeing its many-sided life as ordinary tourists never could have, and of studying from close and personal observation the influence and value of missionary work, and especially of the work of a medical missionary—for the doctor belongs to the Edinburgh Medical Mission—among, perhaps, the most fanatical of Mohammedan populations.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of a glorious day that my friend M. and I drove up to the terminus of the French Diligence Company at Damascus, after the long, hot and dusty journey from Beyrout, whither, a week before, we had gone with our party. From four in the morning we had been travelling, with just a halt for lunch at noon, first up the long, winding road to the summit pass of Lebanon; then down the slope to the valley of Buk'a'a, and across its fertile level to the foothills of Anti-Lebanon; then up through the romantic passes, till we finally emerged from them to see before us the wide-spread plain of Damascus, and shortly to reach the end of our toilsome journey, just within its walls. It had been a weary day, for the road was very dusty, the sun excessively hot, and the wind high, and my friend ter-

ribly weak and nerveless from a bad attack of the *mal du pays*. Fortunately for us both, by a rare good chance, or more fittingly, good Providence, we had made the journey, not as we had expected in the close *coupe* of the lumbering diligence, but in the pleasant-covered waggon of some one of the road officials, which was being forwarded to Damascus.

Arrived at the terminus, we were not long in transferring ourselves and our belongings to a carriage, and in a few minutes were rattling through the crowded and crooked thoroughfares of the city toward our host's hospitable home. Across the open square, down the dusk-arched passages of the *Derb-el-Muskatim*, and by many a sharp turn and devious lane, we arrived at length at our friend's house. House, did I say? How little that brings home to English minds the blank windowless wall, with its narrow door, at which the carriage finally halted. I had better, perhaps, describe the place *en detail*, for one Damascus house described, will, in its generalities at least, accurately describe every other.¹

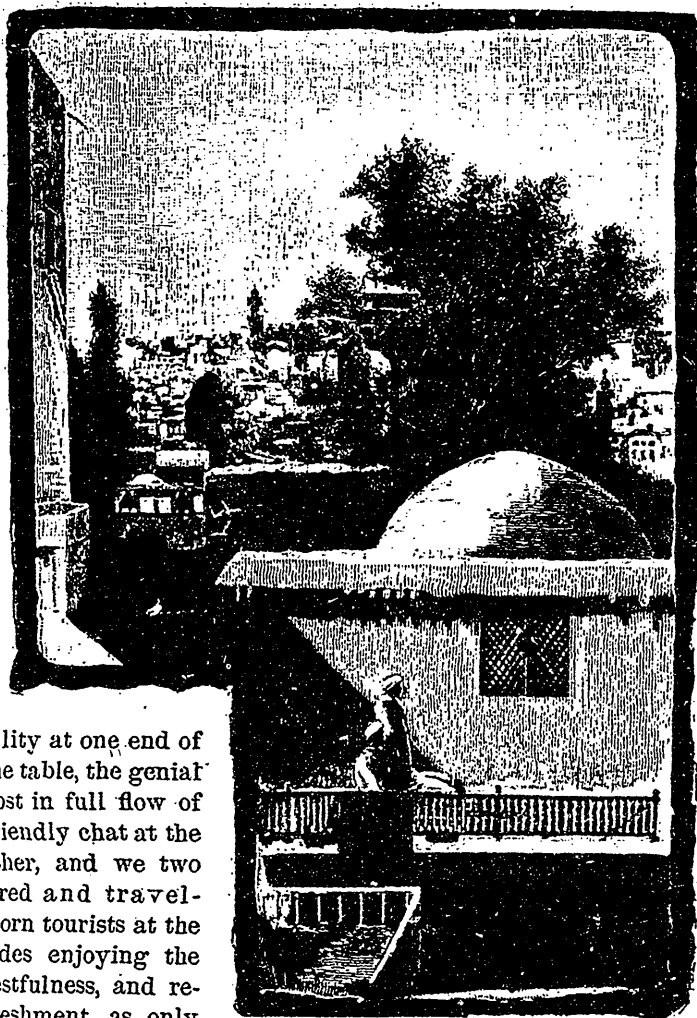
The door in the blank wall which faces the street opens into a narrow passage leading into a square enclosure, around which the house is built. This square, in the centre of which is a large fountain, its basin constantly full of water, is bright with sunlight, and fresh with the vivid green of pot-plants around the fountain, and of trees growing here and there in the angles of the square. This open square is the breathing apparatus—the lungs of the house. On it the doors and windows open, and the arched *lewan*, or alcove, which is always formed at one side, makes a delightfully cool and shady retreat. These features, the dull, inhospitable outer wall, the narrow passage-way, the central open court, the fountain, and the *lewan* are common to every Damascene house of the better class; and nothing can be more marked than the abrupt transition from the forbidding barrenness of the outside, to the cheery brightness of the court, and the comfort and elegance, and in some instances, splendour of the interior appointments. I remember one house which we visited, in the Jewish quarter, shabby and ugly *en* on the outside, where we were ushered into a room adorned with elaborate decorations in white marble, marble paved, and with a fountain in its centre held up by marble lions, bizarre, perhaps to western taste in some of its details, but evincing a most lavish outlay of art and wealth. It was said to have cost £10,000 sterling, that one room!

What a real English welcome greeted M. and I as we entered the court of our friend's house that evening. How thoroughly English and home-like, the tea-table with its delicate china and



ORIENTAL STREET.

silver, its spotless damask, its fragrant and cheering infusion, its dainty slices of bread and butter, and crystal dish of preserves! What an oasis in the desert of Orientalism, this exquisite bit of Western home-life, the fair hostess dispensing charming hospi-



ROOF OF AN EASTERN HOUSE.

tality at one end of the table, the genial host in full flow of friendly chat at the other, and we two tired and travel-worn tourists at the sides enjoying the restfulness, and refreshment, as only tired travellers far from home could

ever do. True, Yuseef the smiling, silent Armenian servant-of-all-work, gliding about in his flowery *kumbaz* and bright red *tarboosh* was thoroughly Oriental, but he was at least evenly balanced by Skye, the Scotch pointer-dog, whose gentlemanly

demcanour, and evident good standing with host and hostess, proclaimed his western birth in as unmistakable English, as did his wistful eye and his wagging tail.

We can never forget that wonderful week, M. and I, when we roamed at large the labyrinthine streets, under the doctor's guidance, introduced to many a strange phase of Oriental life and character; when we bought at the bazaars, secure from the rapacity of the venerable-looking merchants, and peeped into the homes where we saw the realities of eastern life as these realities are. Our visits to the dispensary, too, where the good doctor places his skill day after day at the disposal of the poor diseased creatures of every sect, with patient, gentle, Christian skill and pains, examining, operating, advising and prescribing as occasion requires. Scores and scores of poor sufferers of both sexes and all ages flock to receive treatment from the good Christian *hakim*. I have photographed large groups of these strangely picturesque and pathetic groups indeed, as they waited in the dispensary court for their turn to see the doctor. What a Christ-like work is this medical mission work, how strongly must it recommend the Great Physician and His followers to those who have such evident and tangible proof of the kindness and unselfishness which the Christian religion evokes, and how telling the contrast between the gratuitous kindness of the Christian missionary and the harsh indifference of their compatriots and co-religionists and the grinding rapacity of their Turkish masters. Very touching was it to hear that one of the names given to the doctor as he paid his kindly visits was *Abou Fakhra*, the Father of the Poor.

But remember, my gentle reader, that all this work, gratuitous and unspeakably appreciated by the people as it is, is done sorely against the will, and, indeed, in direct resistance to incessant opposition from the Turkish authorities. Every stone they can place in the way, they put there, every petty annoyance and worrying hindrance they can devise they industriously apply, every check they can give the work they eagerly watch for and use. The work is widespread and beneficent in spite of them, but only because the doctor maintains his rights as an English subject, and refuses to obey orders except from the highest quarters and officially made known to him.

It is the same in Syria generally, and I presume throughout all Turkdom, schools are closed, churches hampered, medical missionaries prohibited from doing their work, and preachers silenced, if the authorities can do it by any possible means, or with even the flimsiest excuse. But, thank God, the light shines; and in Damascus, certainly, it shines in a very dark place. Nevertheless, the



AN ORIENTAL CAFE.

old fanatical city is quite a centre of missionary operations. The great Presbyterian Church has long had a cause there—one of its missionaries died a martyr's death in the outbreak of 1860—and a native church and a flourishing school under their management attest the practical value and success of their work. All honour to the noble men and women who have given their lives and their life's labour to the mission-work of the East. 'Tis but a little leaven now, and it is "hidden" indeed, in the midst of its difficult and resisting surroundings; but it is working, and its work is telling and must tell more and more upon the insensate and fanatical peoples among whom the hand of God has placed it.

The time would fail me to tell of all the varied interests and employments of that most eventful week, and of our pleasant intercourse with the missionary circle at Damascus. One evening—and a scene comes up very vividly as I write—the doctor had received a lamb from a grateful Bedouin chief as an acknowledgment of medical service rendered him or his, and this lamb our host decided to "sacrifice on the shrine of hospitality," and have a feast in true Oriental fashion. Behold us, then, in the *lewan* on the last evening of our stay, a merry party, partly English, partly native, seated *a l'Arabe* around a *skimleh* on which smoked the aforesaid lamb roasted whole, and garnished with the *entremets* appropriate. A merry party truly, and withal a typical one, made up from diverse lands, and clad in diverse garbs.

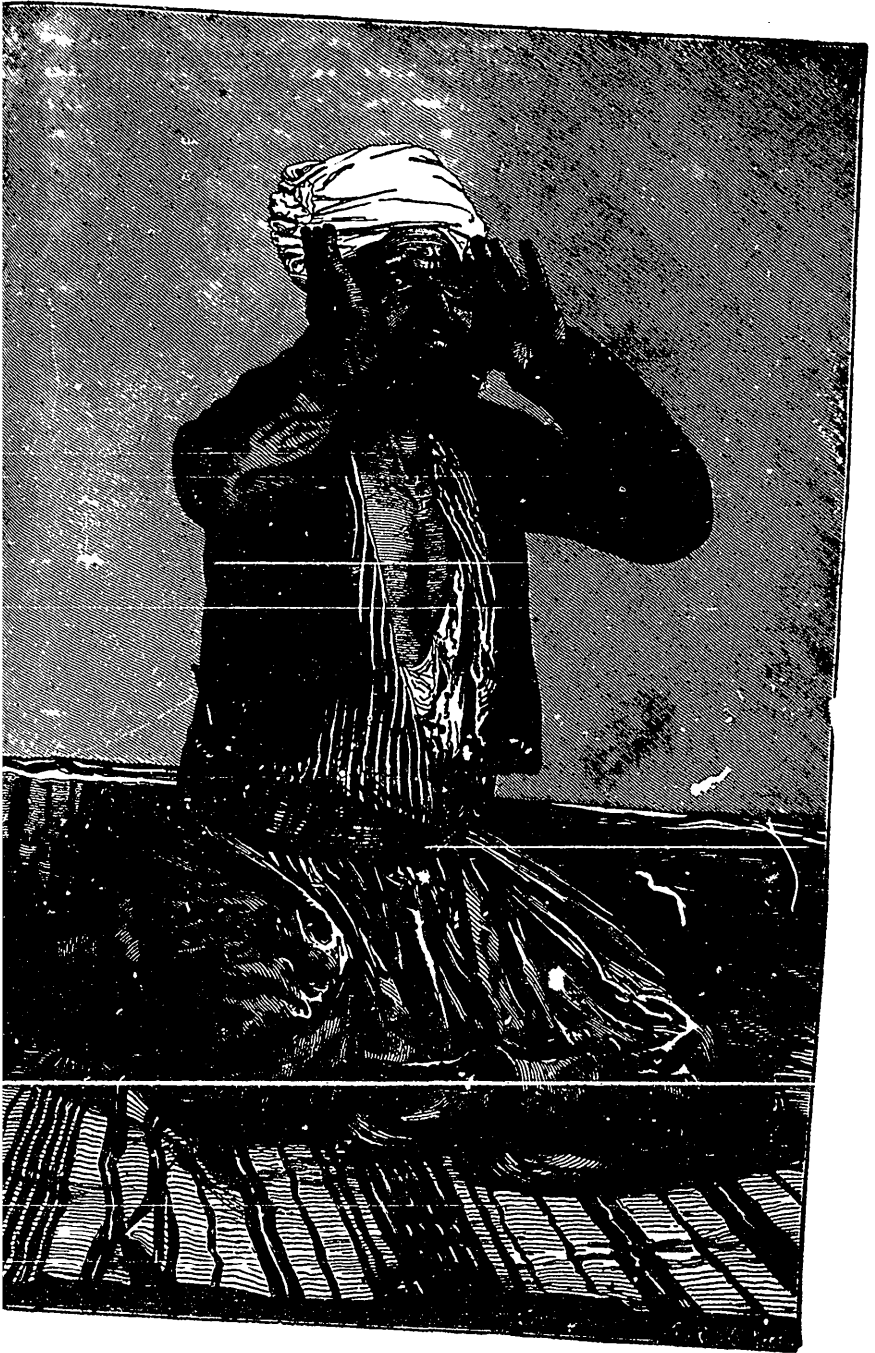
One of the number, and one of the brightest, was Dr. Selim, a young Syrian gentleman, educated in Edinburgh, handsome, skilful, brilliant, a noble man and Christian, the hope of his race, full of promise of years and usefulness and honour. Alas, within two years he was no more, drowned while bathing in the Sea of Galilee, and once more was manifested the inscrutable providence of God, who "buries His workmen but carries on His work."

While we were at Damascus, a famous and extraordinary religious festival took place at Katana, a large village some miles from the city. This festival is called the Doseh, and consists of a great procession, in the course of which devotees throw themselves upon the ground, that a high ecclesiastical dignitary, a religious sheikh, may walk or ride over their prostrate forms. It does not often take place, and, indeed, has been attended with such danger that the riding has been prohibited by Government. It is a very popular festival and very largely attended, and great enthusiasm and excitement prevails whenever it has been decided to hold one. To see a Doseh is, therefore, something that falls to the lot

of few travellers, and we were proportionately delighted when we found that an opportunity of seeing and possibly of photographing this unique spectacle would be extended to us.

There lives in Damascus an English officer in the Turkish army, a surgeon-in-chief, holding the rank of colonel and the title of Bey. He is a gentleman of good family, a nephew of the present Bishop of London, and having spent most of his life in the Turkish service and for many years as surgeon in attendance upon the harem of the Sultan at Constantinople, has a vast knowledge of the inner life of the court and the country, and a good deal of personal and official influence, Christian though he is, among his Moslem fellow-citizens. He is also married to a Syrian lady, and more closely identified with the people and country on that account. Our host and hostess had been invited to Katana for the Doseh, by this gentleman, and when he learned that we were in Damascus, the invitation was most kindly made to include us.

It was a glorious afternoon in the end of April—but, indeed, they are all glorious days out there at that season of the year—that we drove out to Katana. The Bey, our host, drove with us in the landau, the doctor and Rev. Mr. Phillips were riding. The large village of Katana, our destination, lies some ten miles from Damascus, and the drive out over the rich plain, with Hermon in full view before us, was most enjoyable. Arrived, we were shown our quarters for the night in a native house, and then escorted to the home of a friend of our host for supper. Such a strange “going out to tea” I had never before experienced. We were seated somewhat tailor-fashion, around a *skimleh*, or native table, on which a huge round tray was placed. The *piece de resistance* was a kid seethed in milk, which proved most excellent eating, and the accompanying dishes of farinaceous compounds and sweetmeats were mysterious in composition, but very pleasant to the taste. Fingers were largely used, and every one was welcome to help himself from the common dish. Our entertainer did not sit with us, but vied with the servants in giving us attention. At the close of the meal a servant, with basins and towel, made a circuit of the table, pouring water on our hands from a brazen ewer, as we washed them over the basin. Afterwards we reclined on the divans in the other apartment, and narghilehs and coffee were passed round. We were in the house of the treasurer of the village, an important official, seeing that some £30,000 sterling of taxes annually passed through his hands. A visitor was announced, a little dapper, dark-visaged Turk, as Rhiza Effendi, the secretary of the village, and a very pressing invitation to dine with him on



MOSLEM AT PRAYER.

the morrow was tendered to us, though our friend the Bey seemed, in true English fashion, to stand upon his official dignity and keep the little Turk at arm's length. In a half-hour or so, after conversation in Arabic and Turkish, in which we were anything but intelligent listeners, we made our salaams and took our leave. I must not stop to tell how we were lodged for the night, the doctor and his good lady having a room with a bedstead in it, and we three, the missionary, M. and myself in another room with rugs and quilts spread upon the floor. We were not by any means, however, the only occupants of the room, and it needed the liberal sprinkling of a quantity of Keating's insect powder to ensure us the hope of a night's rest. We did sleep though, and sleep well, till the entrance of the owner of the house in the early morning awoke us to the light of what was to prove a most eventful day.

In order to assure us liberty and protection to photograph, as we were most anxious to do, the great religious procession, the Bey concluded to come down a little in condescension to local officialdom, and pay a formal visit, with his English friends, to the District Governor, the *Kaima Kam*. Up a narrow and rickety stairway we were accordingly ushered into that magnate's reception room, a very bare and dingy apartment, furnished with a shabby couch, and at one end an old arm chair. In a few moments the Governor made his appearance. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a not unpleasing, though inscrutable countenance, and was clad in a long coat of black cloth, reaching nearly to his heels and trimmed with fur. After the usual salutations and courtesies, he conversed very affably with the Bey and the doctor, and willingly accorded permission for us to photograph the procession, provided he was presented with copies of the pictures. Coffee having been served, we took our leave, the Governor with great respect, descending the stairs with us and inviting us to go and see his garden, where we found a group of Turkish officials gambling at some native game under the trees.

We next paid a visit to Rhiza Effendi, with whom we were invited to dine, and here, in compliment to the lady of our party, the wife of our host came into the room. Closely veiled, and paying no more attention to us than if we were not there, she came in and seated herself, with her back toward us, close to the lady with whom she exchanged a few words. We, of course, equally ignored her presence, as it would have been the greatest possible insult to her and to her husband to address her or evince the smallest token of interest in her existence.

Thence we passed on to take up our position with our cameras on the flat roof of a house on the outskirts of the village over-

looking a wide, open space, along which the procession would pass. I shall never forget that morning, as we stood for, I suppose, nearly two hours on the roof in that burning sun, afraid to leave it for a moment, lest in that moment we should miss our opportunity, and withal, somewhat nervous as to the effect our appearance and our instruments would have upon the mob of fanatics we were expecting to photograph, yet keenly anxious for them to make their appearance. Beside us were the Bey in his Turkish uniform, the owner of the house, and two or three other natives.



EASTERN HOME LIFE.

Before us, knots of people were gathering, waiting, like ourselves, for the first sound of the advancing procession. At length we heard them, the beating of drums, the wild chorus of song, the hum and tramp of the crowd, and a few moments more they came in sight around an angle. What a sight it was. Great green silken banners headed the procession, then came ranks of dervishes half naked, panting with frenzy, pressing drawn swords against their bare breasts, tossing up nails in the air and catching them in their mouths; then a lot of wild musicians with drums and cymbals, and all about and around, a vast crowd of all ages, dressed in holiday attire in the many hues and fashions of Eastern

garb—an everchanging kaleidoscopic picture impossible of adequate description.

On they came, and close beneath the house they marched, the drums beating, the dervishes panting and posturing, the people shouting in great excitement. A thousand eyes were fixed upon us, a thousand faces were upturned to where we stood at our instruments. The wild multitude made a halt of a moment or two right in front of us, and then passed on a few yards more into the open, so that their backs were towards us. Here the Doseh, the culmination of the interest of the day, took place. Numbers of devotees threw themselves flat upon their faces, and over them the religious skeikh began to walk. Then in a few minutes more the procession wound around a corner and dispersed, and the strange scene was over. But memory, aided by the pictures my friend was fortunate enough to secure (my own were unsuccessful, through a defect in my camera), retains most vividly that extraordinary experience, and makes it easy to live over again its unique excitement and interest. Never can I forget that sunny morning, with Hermon strangely near in the brilliant atmosphere, with the storied plains of Damascus for a landscape, and with that wonderful panorama of wild, frenzied processionists, and its attendant crowds of onlookers and participants, so varied of feature and garb, so essentially oriental of character and creed.

It was getting to be pretty near time for Rhiza Effendi's dinner to be ready, and we somewhat impatiently waited for tidings from the little secretary. At length, we were invited to come to where, in a pleasant garden, shaded from the hot sun, the feast had been spread. A lamb, roasted whole and filled with savoury dressing, was the principal dish, and the portions were served out by the Bey, who presided at the meal, and received upon the thin flat cakes of native bread which served well enough for plates. Rice and other farinaceous compounds served as side dishes, and the usual sweetmeats followed. The food was excellent and the meal most enjoyable, our little Moslem host entering into the duties of hospitality with amazing gusto and eagerly doing everything he could think of for the pleasure and satisfaction of his guests.

It was near sunset as we drove away from Katana, the Bey and his good wife remaining behind, and giving us a hearty good-bye. Passing through the fields, as we drove toward Damascus, I saw a Moslem kneeling alone in the sunset, at prayer—all alone, without thought of other eye or ear but God's—and who shall say that that Eye did not watch him lovingly, and that that Ear did not hear with tender pity the prayer of His ignorant but earnest child? And so, on to Damascus we drove, in the fast-gathering darkness, with the blaze of Eastern starlight in the sky, and the

twinkling lights from distant villages showing here and there over the plain, chatting of the day's wonderful experience, and glad of the anticipated rest and quiet of our Christian home in the midst of the famous and fanatical city. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two of the most peculiar notabilities of Damascus. One of these was the Bedouin Sheikh Miguel, or as they call it, Mijuel, for many years the chief guide and head escort of travellers to Palmyra. Interest in him centres in the fact that, Bedouin as he is, he won the heart and hand of an English lady of position and wealth. It seems that in his palmy days, as a handsome, daring, chivalrous young chieftain, this lady, whom he was escorting on her journey, fell grievously ill, and Mijuel nursed her through her illness with such kindness, courtesy and success, that she fell in love with him and married him. For a considerable time they lived together in an elaborately decorated house in Damascus. She has now been dead for some years, and the sheikh has married again, this time one of his own country-women, a great contrast, doubtless, to his English wife.

We called on the old man, and were received, of course, with great courtesy and hospitality. He is a tall, spare man, with strongly-marked keen Arab face, and nothing, at least, to a casual observer, to mark him out as ever having been prepossessing enough to have won the affections of an English woman. I tried hard to get his photograph, but the old man was evidently afraid of our cameras, and remarked that it was not necessary.

The other notable was a man of entirely different type—an example of the keen and crafty Damascene business man. He is well known to travellers, as a dealer in antiquities, and indeed the name by which he commonly goes in the city is Abou Antika, the Father of Antiques. He is an old man, short, stout, rubicund of face and very irascible in temper. We went through his establishment with the doctor, who knew well how to bring out his peculiarities. Such an establishment it was—room after room bare, dusty and dirty, with floor and tables piled with an indescribable profusion and confusion of articles of every description, some of priceless rarity and value, others of comparatively little worth. But such a mixture—fine old armour, swords and guns richly damascened and inlaid, exquisite bits of china and rare old tiles, bits of noble statuary from Palmyra, quaint lamps from the old mosques, hammered brass trays of delicate design and finish, a thousand things to tempt the purse and delight the eye of a lover of the antique and the curious. Old Abou Antika with his red, cross face and wheezy breath, moved with us among his treasures. "Now," said the doctor to us, "I'll tease him a bit." Then to him, "How much are these, Abou Antika?"

"Four Napoleons." "Too dear, Abou Atika, I'll give you one Napoleon for them." The little old man's eyes fairly glare, his face swells and reddens, till it almost threatens apoplexy, he tries to speak, but in his rage and amazement he can scarcely articulate, and the doctor drops the articles and passes on. In five minutes or less the doctor has the articles at his own price. It is so with everything purchased, the old man asking an exorbitant price, getting furious when offered less, and finally accepting with a grunt, a sum very much less than half or quarter of what he at



EASTERN TOMBS.

first demanded. Poor old Abou Antika, many a traveller has he fleeced, and many an article now gracing the cabinets of western *virtuosi* or guarded carefully and proudly in some western museum, once lay on the dusty floors of that old den of his in Damascus.

One of our last excursions was a carriage drive to the Salihiyeh, the suburban hill from which the finest view of the city is obtained. It was a glorious afternoon, and we were not the only party driving to get the lovely view. As our landau toiled up

the hill through the gardens, a carriage in front, with three or four ladies laughing and chatting in English, gave one the idea of a drive amid far other scenes. One of the ladies, I remember, was an American lady doctor of considerable avoirdupois and immense spirit, whom my friend, the doctor, delighted to chaff, and whom he used to call, half in sarcasm, I think the doctora. Whether it was the doctora's weight or not I do not know, but somehow their horse balked and halted at the hill, and we passed them almost at a standstill, and drove on to the point of view. As we reached it and turned, we had a glorious panorama. Before us lay the city embosomed deep in its miles of surrounding gardens, the fast westering sun lighting up brilliantly its domes and minarets. It lay, indeed, as its citizens love to say, "like a pearl set in emeralds," and one could understand something of the feeling of Mohammed when gazing upon its distant beauty he forbore to enter it saying, "Allah only allowed the faithful to enter one paradise," and he preferred to have his in the other world.

Far away to the right were the peaks of Hermon, and then coming nearer the point between two hillocks, where Paul's conversion is said to have taken place. Nearer still to the city swept the green meadow-like expanse of the Merj, with the wandering waters of the Abana—like silver threads among the green. Then the long suburb of the Meidan, with its gardens, an outstretching arm of the long wide sea of green on which the city lay. There was scarcely a sound, for the hum of the city was too distant to be heard, and all the landscape lay below us bathed in the solemn stillness of the evening, and glowing in the level beams of the setting sun. The old city, the oldest of cities, after all her strange vicissitudes and changes of fortune and of faith, still the head of Syria, as in Isaiah's day, and still the merchant of a vast merchandise and wealth, the Eye of the East still clear and undimmed, though she has shed so many tears. The great mosque towered above the white houses, its graceful minarets pointing their slender shafts up to the blue sky—the minaret of the Bride, the minaret of Jesus.

They say that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will descend first on that lofty minaret, and then entering the mosque summon all the world before Him. But He comes in mercy ere He comes in judgment, and who could look at the fair city in the soft light of the evening, without praying from his deepest heart, for the full shining upon her and upon her benighted thousands of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His beams, for all their sick, their sorrow and their sin. "The morning cometh," aye, and the noontide glory, for the dawn of light of a better day hath broken already upon her.

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR-PREACHER.*

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

GENIUS is a thing not easily described. It is as real as the lightning's flash or the thunder's roar, or the deep moan of the resounding sea. But it is often as hard to portray as they.

The subject of this sketch is a specially difficult case. It is probably not too much to say that a complete description of him and his work has never been given to the world, and never will. A friend remarked to him one day, "You are a strange mortal." "Well," said he, "I have made up my mind there never was but one E. T. Taylor, and so far as I have anything to do with it, there never shall be another."

It was in Richmond, Virginia, December 25, 1793, he first saw the light. Of his parents he scarce remembered anything. One recollection of his early childhood he never forgot. He used to preach funeral sermons over dead chickens. He would gather the Negro boys and girls about him, and discourse pathetically on the life and death of the departed. If he could not bring them to tears by his oratory, he would lash them to appropriate grief over his chickens and sermons.

One day, when he was about seven years old, he was picking up chips for his foster-mother, when a sea-captain passed by, and asked him if he did not want to be a sailor. Off he went without ever finishing his chips, or returning to the house to say "Good-bye."

For ten years he led the rough life of a sailor boy. At seventeen his ship entered the port of Boston. He was a bronzed, tough, wiry lad,

"Known to every star and every wind that blows."

He left his craft and strolled through the streets on a pleasant Sabbath evening in the autumn of 1811. The sound of a church-bell caught his ear. "Going to the door," to use his own description, "I saw the port was full. I up helm, unfurled topsail and made for the gallery, doffed cap, and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text, 'But he lied unto him.' As he went on, and stated how the devil

* "Incidents and Anecdotes of Rev. E. T. Taylor. By REV. GILBERT HAVEN and HON. T. RUSSELL. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

lied to men, and how his imps led them into sin, I said a hearty 'Amen!' for I knew all about it. Pretty soon the salt spray flew in every direction, and more especially did it run down my cheeks."

It was, however, under the preaching of Elijah Hedding he was at length converted. While listening outside of the church where the great preacher was pouring "common sense on fire" on his immense audience, the young sailor climbed in through the window and walked straight up the aisle. He stood till he found himself "all riddled through and through," to use his own words, and then fell weeping to the floor. An earnest young Christian, named Tucker, went to him and pointed him to the Saviour, while the preacher and many others offered fervent prayer on his behalf. Before the meeting closed he was brought into the liberty of God's children.

He never failed to recount with joy the glorious event of that night. "I was dragged through the lubber-hole (window)," he would say, "brought down by a broadside from the *seventy-four* (Hedding), and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker."

After a month of joyous association with these shouting Methodists of Boston, which he ever after called "his honeymoon," he again went to sea, embarking this time in a privateer, the *Black Hawk*. This vessel was soon afterwards captured by a British frigate, and Taylor himself was captured for a work of which he had little dreamed. His fellow-prisoners had noticed the fervency of the young sailor in his private devotions, and not liking the read-prayers of the English chaplain, they asked Taylor to lead them in their devotions. He timidly consented. He had such "liberty" that they soon said to the boy that prayed so well, "You must preach also." "Preach!" he replied, "I cannot read, how can I preach?" But they declared he could talk on his feet as well as on his knees. They got leave to have an extempore service. Taylor asked a sailor to read to him passages in the Bible. He read from Ecclesiastes until he reached the words, "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king." "Stop," he cried, "read that again. That will do, give me the chapter and verse." He sat over his text until the hour arrived.

He began blundering and tangled, but soon broke out into a river of speech. Wit and sarcasm and burning words fell from his lips, which seemed all directed to the King of England. His auditors began to tremble for themselves and their youthful preacher. At last he cried, "You think I mean King George. I don't; I mean the devil!" He was instantly voted their chaplain, and the Captain kindly granted their request.

After his release, he returned to Boston and gave up the sea. He was licensed as a local preacher. In Saugus, a village not far from Boston, he earned his living as a tin peddler, and here his preaching career began, about the year 1814. He soon became a veritable rustic Whitfield. For several years his fame grew steadily over a large stretch of country. His peddling not amounting to much, he tried farming with as little success, and then shoemaking, but he never advanced far enough in the latter to bristle a shoemaker's thread.

Amos Binney, a shrewd and large-hearted Methodist layman, heard young Taylor, and saw that he had great capacities, but that they sorely needed training. He sent him, in the spring of 1817, to Newmarket Seminary, the only Methodist School in America at that time. The fiery lad was too old to endure the mortification of entering the juvenile classes, and too ignorant for the more advanced. He attempted the latter, however. With characteristic courage and zeal he applied himself to the higher branches of English study. He was unwearied and unresting, but he found the task burdensome. His student-passion was offset by his pulpit-passion. He made his way into the neighboring school-houses and dwellings, and they resounded with his strong bugle notes as if a whirlwind were driving across the landscape. His college life lasted just six weeks, yet in that time he made his mark.

The presiding elders were greatly pressed for men, and he was sent to Marblehead—a place of rough sailors, with a feeble, distracted church. Here he met a fate which men of genius have not always met—a good wife. And no better or fitter wife could he have found the world over.

A characteristic incident in connection with his marriage is not recorded in his journal. One charming autumn day he climbed a hill that overlooked the sea, and throwing himself on the ground, sighed his soul away to the far-off bluffs of Marblehead just visible some twenty miles across Massachusetts Bay. As he was thus pining for the sight of his beloved Deborah whose home was away over there, and as he longed for that wedding-day to come when she should be all his own, he suddenly bethought him that *this was the very day!* He had utterly forgotten it. It was a new version of John Gilpin's experience:

“It is my wedding day,
And all the world will stare
If wife should dine at Edmouton
And I should dine at Ware.”

For nine years he laboured in circuit work. His fields were

poor, his salary meagre, but he and his wife gloried in the work. He was the sailor-preacher all along. His prayers and sermons were full of the salt, salt sea. His circuits had hugged the beach. Only once had he got stationed so far inland that he could not in an hour

"Travel thither
And see the children play upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

But a wider sphere was opening. Boston was then, even more than now, one of the chief ports of the United States. The Methodists longed to establish a Bethel for the sailors who crowded its wharves. But they were not strong enough financially to do this alone. The other denominations, chiefly the Unitarians, united with them in the work. The result was the establishment of the "Seamen's Bethel," first in a small church, then in a large and fine one, over which Taylor presided from 1829 to 1871.

It was here the full powers of this extraordinary man found full scope. Here he prayed,

"His thoughts commercing with the skies,"

and preached

"Rich words every one,
Like the gold nails in temples, to hang trophies on."

No sermon of Taylor's was ever published. It could not be. The deep lines in that wondrous physiognomy, the play of dramatic and often comic power, the unique gesticulation, the mellifluous voice, and sometimes the eloquent silence; the sudden, sharp, and unpremeditated stroke; the electric flashes of wit and sarcasm; the overpowering pathos which filled and thrilled the audience; the medley-stream of poetry, philosophy and new-coined apothegm, made up a discourse and a scene which could not be reproduced in print.

A time came when the fame of the Boston sailor-preacher had become so cosmopolitan that distinguished literati, travellers and others never failed to visit the Bethel as one of the greatest attractions of Boston and, indeed, of America. Harriet Martineau, J. Silk Buckingham, Charles Dickens, Miss Bremer, John Ross Dix, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Sedgwick, all have left us portraits of this wonderful man; but their pictures are about as successful as that of a certain artist *would have been* had he got his chance. The said gentleman, Taylor had noticed one Sunday as an uncommonly attentive hearer, and he was enflamed to new ardour by the steadiness of his gaze. He sat down trusting that one soul had

been won that day to Christ. The next morning the bell rang, and the same auditor was ushered into his presence. "He has come for conversation on the great subject," thought Taylor. "I heard you yesterday," says the stranger. "Yes, I saw you." "I was much interested." "I am glad to hear it." "I am a daguerrian. I wish to take your portrait. I want you to sit for it, and I especially wish you would look as animated and brilliant as you appeared yesterday in the most eloquent passages of your sermon."

The pen of a Unitarian minister has given us some of the finest descriptive strokes of Taylor ever written. We quote a sentence or two:

"It was said of Prince Esterhazy, he was so gorgeously dressed he could not move but a pearl or a diamond fell. Taylor's words gleamed as they dropped, because a love, like Shakspeare's for all humanity, was at the bottom of his impersonations. His mountain stood on fire; it was a volcano. His distinction from other superior men was, there seemed nothing calculated or elaborate in his most wonderful display. His was not their slowly crystallized thought; it was a meteor and aerolite—a flash and a bolt. I heard Dr. Channing and him preach the same day; it was the difference between reflection and spontaneity. He preached as the birds sing; he could not help it. He was an actor, who enacted not only law or truth, but the beauty of God. He was a Methodist, but Methodism was neither his goal nor goal. He was superior to sect, belonged to no party; but like the Indian on the prairie, said he *walked larger*, no man ever larger."

But it was to the sailors he felt himself sent. He loved them as a man might love his children or his wife. No matter who came to his church, the sailors always had the front central seats; and when there was no more room he seated them on the steps of his pulpit and on his own sofa behind him. God marvellously blessed his labours. Thousands, tens of thousands, of sailors heard him and multitudes of them were saved. It was no uncommon thing, for a hundred of these men to bear witness to Christ's power to save on a Sabbath evening service at the Bethel. They carried his fame, and the love of him and of his wife, into every port in the world. Two sailors were seeking the Pethel one Sabbath-day. One spied the flag, and spelled out the letters, BET HEL—"Beat Hell," he cried, "that's Father Taylor's," and in they went.

One day, some half-tipsy sailors were "cruising" around Boston in search of mischief. One cried out, "Let's have a lark with Father Taylor!" To this they all agreed. So we bore away for the sailor-preacher's," as one of them relates. "I rang the bell, and as he came down we were taken all aback. 'Bless you, boys, bless you!' came with such power and sweetness. He seemed so glad to see us, that he captured us all. He run slap into the fleet of us seven. We began to sweat and long for deliverance. At last I plucked

up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. 'A Bible; yes every one of you shall have one.' 'Now,' said he, addressing me, Bob, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray!' Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It brought peace to my mind, and salvation to my heart."

Once, after a watch-night service in the Bethel, Taylor sat down with his family to enjoy a supper on fricasseed chicken. Just then, a neighbour called and whispered that Brother Cooper, who had taken a prominent part in the meeting was in actual want of food, having had nothing for himself and family since morning. Father Taylor seized the dish, "Take it quick," he cried, "don't stop for compliments—run—Lord bless Brother Cooper, and all Thy saints, and feed all the hungry now and evermore"

The largeness of his heart was constantly manifesting itself. On one occasion, when Jenny Lind attended service at the Bethel, Father Taylor (who did not know that she was present), was requested to preach on 'Amusements.' The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music! The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetest of all singers "now lighted on these shores." Jenny Lind was leaning forward and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person arose on the pulpit steps, and inquired whether any one who died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face as he glanced at the interloper, and said, "A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—if he is even on the steps of the pulpit."

In the camp-meeting, the Bethel prayer-meeting, the preacher's meeting, the annual Conference, he found special and most congenial lines where his extraordinary genius, and his more extraordinary Christian love, delighted to revel.

Once he made a European tour, extending his travels as far as Palestine. On quitting the barque that had carried him up the Mediterranean, the sailors were so captivated with their passenger that they manned the rigging and gave him three cheers.

On another occasion, he went as chaplain in the *Macedonian*, which was sent over to Ireland with supplies for the starving peasants. On his return home he came up to the house-door on the top of a stage-coach, holding two shaggy terrier dogs with a chain in one hand and a bundle of canes in the other, and that constituted his baggage; for, seeing so much misery and suffering, he had

given away everything but the clothes he had on. But the days of his vigour passed away.

“It was time to be old
To take in sail ;
The God of bounds
Who sets to seas a shore
Came to him in his fated rounds
And said, ‘No more !’ ”

The old man feeling that his day was nearly done exclaimed on one occasion, “O God! what will become of my children? (the sailors), my life has been spent with and for them. I have stood in my boyhood with them at the guns. My manhood has been devoted to their interests and welfare. And now, I am old and must soon depart. O God, preserve my children.”

But he fought hard for life. “How pleasant it must be,” said a good woman to him, “for you to leave this worn-out tabernacle and go to a better home!” “I’ll stay while there’s a bit left,” was his reply; and he kept his word. He was a hard case to manage. A few nights before his death, Mr. Bridgett, who waited on him with the greatest attention and affection, was going to give him some medicine. He refused to take it. Mr. Bridgett was compelled to use a little gentle force and had to open his mouth, when down went the dose. His eyes full of fiery indignation, and his feeble fists doubling up, he exclaimed, “You rascal, I had hopes of you all along; but you’ll be lost, I know you will.”

One day, as he walked over the room and passed the looking-glass his eye caught the figure of a tottering old man. He instantly stopped, turned, and made the aged stranger his very best bow, and began to preach to him. “My dear sir,” said he, “you are old; you are infirm. But Christ will save you. Come now, my dear sir, come now. He will, He will save you now.” Exhausted by his talk and long standing, he sank on the sofa and lost sight of the figure. He called Sally to him. “Sally, come here, that old man don’t know enough to be saved. He didn’t stir a peg while I was talking to him!”

He was fast nearing the port. His last words in reply to the question, Don’t you know Jesus? were, “Yes, yes I know Jesus.” Is He precious? “Certainly, certainly.”

It was a noticeable event to the sailors especially, that the man they loved above all men, should have gone out with the tide. Just at the turn of the tide in the dark of that midnight morning, April 6, 1871, his spirit floated off “this bank and shoal of time,” and made the happy harbour for which he had so long and faithfully sailed.

RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE CAPITAL AND LABOUR QUESTION.

BY THE REV. JAMES M'COSE, D.D., LL.D.

THE Church has a message to deliver from God. She must see that she delivers it. It is to all classes. It is to the poor. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," is one of the grand characteristics of gospel times; one of the aims which Christ had in coming into the world. If the Church loses the poor, she loses one of the elements of her strength; she loses the favour of her Head, she loses the favour even of the world, which will insist on her acting, as her Master did, in caring for the poor, and will have no respect for a Church which ministers merely to the rich. The minister of religion, then, is the minister of the poor. Yes, but he is the minister of the rich also. They, too, need to hear the glad tidings of salvation. All their wealth cannot satisfy their immortal souls. Riches may bring pleasure, but they bring care; likewise they bring temptations. The heart that is clothed over with purple, underneath which all is supposed to be filled with comfort, may ache as keenly as that which is seen throbbing under rage. You bestow your gifts on the poor; "have you nothing from Him that sent you to me, to give me peace," is the cry of many a man and woman who has every earthly good. When they are visited with disease, the rich and poor are very much alike, though the one class may have a little more comfortable couch than the other. But all are labouring under spiritual disease—the disease of the soul, which is far more fearful than the disease of the body. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God." Christians, you have the universal remedy; to your care it has been committed, and woe be unto you if you keep back the medicine from any who are ready to perish.

It has sometimes been charged against the Church, or certain branches of it, that it neglects the poor. I am prepared to show that the accusation is unjust. There may have been exceptions, but the Church has been the best friend of the poor in all ages since Christ gave the poor to the Church as its special charge. The Gospel minister is the minister of the poor, but he has a message to the rich also, who may be rich in this world's goods, but poor in the true riches. I have often found that the young minister who will not wait upon the rich to win them to Christ is influenced by nothing else than a vulgar pride, which is fond of the flattery

of those beneath him, but will not for Christ's sake wait on those who are their superior. Among other learning our theological students should study to acquire manners which are not offensive to any, and which will make them welcome in the dwellings of those above them as well as those beneath them in station. The Churches as a whole, with many imperfections, have been trying to do their duty to the extremes of society, the rich and the helpless poor.

There is an intermediate class, which has more influence than either of the others. It is the great middle class, including our professional men, our bankers, merchants, storekeepers, farmers, higher artisans. This supplies the great body of the members of the Churches. Upon this class, or rather classes, the Church depends for its sustenance, and the means of extending its usefulness at home and abroad. They constitute the bone and sinew of our Churches, as they do of our country. It is well that we have them at present. We must seek to retain them by all the means which Christ hath put in our power, especially by maintaining a high standard of doctrine and of duty, and of activity in benevolent and missionary work. But we must beware of turning our churches into mere middle class institutions, depending and looking solely to those who can pay pew rents, who have good dresses for the Sabbath, who can visit with the minister and the minister's family, and maintain among themselves a genteel society.

Perhaps there is a temptation here to our Churches. For there is another great class, of whom I am to speak in the remainder of this paper. I am not to take up the labour question but the position which the labouring men have in the nations of the world. It is not what it ought to be, and not what I hope it is to become. They earn by the toil of their hands most of the wealth which we possess. They know this, and they complain that their share of it is too small. I rejoice in every lawful attempt that is made to improve the condition of the sons of toil. I rejoice to hear of the master, aided it may be by his wife and his sons and daughters, seeking to improve the workmen in his employment. The Queen of England has set the example in her dealings with those under her, and is followed by vast numbers of ladies in the old country. There are ladies married and unmarried, with their families all over this country, who are doing a like work in a like spirit.

The ministers of religion should encourage and aid them, organize and wisely direct them, and this as part of their ministrations in the service of their Master. All this alleviates the evil, but does not remove it or dry up its sources. I maintain that if the working classes are elevated in comfort or character, it must be by themselves.

The attempts of the working people will not always be wise. The leaders whom they follow will not always be their best friends. Measures will be adopted which, so far from benefiting them, will greatly injure them. Mobbing, boycotting, even wounds and massacres, will be resorted to. Oppression drives wise men mad, and they will do deeds of madness. Some will become fanatical, and persuade themselves that there can be no God ruling over this world, where such evil is allowed to exist. But, it was to a world with such scenes in it that the son of God came. It is in such a world that the Church has a place, and an office assigned to it. It sees the evil around it, and it must use all the means placed at its disposal to lessen and remove it. It has to address itself to both sides in the quarrel. It has fearlessly to denounce the crimes committed by tyranny on the one hand, by lawlessness on the other. But its special duty is to proclaim what is right to both parties. It has a special commission to elevate those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, the class to which the God-Man belonged, and in whom it may be supposed to take a sympathetic interest.

Your artisan is often a difficult man to win to the Church. He is well educated, intelligent; he toils from morning to night; "he owes not any man;" he argues that he and his fellow-workmen have made the wealth of the country, and get a very little share of it; and he and his children have to live sparingly, while they see abundance of possessions around them. He becomes jealous of those who fare sumptuously every day, who have fine clothing, live in their elegant dwellings, who roll in carriages with prancing horses that threaten to run over him as he trudges along wearily on foot. It is difficult to win such a man to Christ and His Church. But that man has an immortal soul. The command laid on you and me is to "preach the Gospel to every creature." You who sit in these cushioned pews put money in the plate to send the Gospel to Timbuctoo. Do you send it to that man who lives next door to you and combs your horses and works your garden? The command is laid on you, comfortable Christian, sitting comfortably there at your fireside in your house of cedar: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." We ministers preach the Gospel to them that come to us, but even as Christ was sent to those who were not seeking Him, so we will have to go to those who will not come to us.

I still ask, What place have the working-men in our churches? I think I see that the churches and the working-men have not the confidence in each other which they ought. I know it is difficult for ministers to win the hearts of our labouring classes, who are

often independent to the extent of being proud. They tell us that every man's house is his castle. And certainly you should not attempt to enter that castle by force. But you may knock at the gate, and find that you are invited to enter. You are to be looking and waiting for opportunities of getting access to them, not for personal ends, but for their good. They must be approached respectfully, according to the command, "Honour all men." Above all things they hate "condescension," as it makes them feel their inferiority. But there are ways of reaching them.

The churches must return to the old method, which has been from the beginning, to that of pastoral visitation first, and along with that, of evangelistic visitation. Paul reminds the elders of the Church at Ephesus, when he returned to visit them, "after what manner I have been with you at all seasons," and have taught you "publicly, and from house to house." (Acts xx. 18-21.)

The great Teacher mingled freely with the people, and was found giving instruction in the dwellings of the rich and the poor. Paul, in sending salutations to this one and that one, speaks of the churches which they had in their houses. It can be shown that from the days of Christ and His apostles such visitations have been kept up in all living churches.

A minister will not be able to reach the hearts of his people unless he visits among them. I remember that when I began to preach I had about twenty carefully prepared sermons. But some fifteen of them I would not preach; they were not fitted to move men and women, and I burned them. I never learned to preach till I visited among my people; they encouraged the young man with a ruddy countenance, and they opened their hearts to me. The working-man spoke of his difficulties in making the ends meet, and the dying man committed his children to me, and grandmother thanked me for my kindness in teaching her grandson in my Bible-class. No part of a minister's life is so rich in memories as these pastoral visitations. I had sometimes difficulties in winning certain self-sufficient and sulky men, but I waited for opportunities. Sometimes I gained the husband by the wife more frequently the father by the children. I remember one tradesman of skill and character, who shied all my attempts to bring him to church. But I kept my eyes upon him, and the fit time came. He and his family were prostrated by malignant and infectious fever. I was with him and his family daily, and, thanks to God, when he recovered he was won to Christ and His Church.

I am moved when I recall these family scenes. I think I shall be able to recognize some of these people in heaven, and that possibly they will welcome me there.

THE NEW MARTYR OF THE DESERT.*

It is a too common belief that the romantic and the heroic have been crowded out of our modern life before the increasing utilitarianism, and the universal levelling, of this practical and prosaic age. This is only a belief; and, happily, it is a belief not corresponding with the facts, but one which owes its origin to the popular tendency to despise the present, and to invest the past with a haze of supernatural light. No page of the past can show more splendid deeds of self-forgetfulness, of willing suffering and daring for Christ's sake, for science's sake, or for country's sake, than can be read on the yet unturned pages of the present. Old England—plodding, practical, conservative Old England—whose chief energies are popularly supposed to be directed towards creating a market for her goods, and extending her territorial possessions in Asia, Africa, and America, can point to many a career of her sons, within this century, which was as knightly and as true as that of any belted chevalier of mediæval times. The lives of men like Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, both faithful unto death in far-off missionary fields, show examples of chivalrous devotion to the cause of Christ, rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, in the centuries before. And now, but recently, a life has closed which shows how the old romantic spirit, which scorned beaten paths, still survives in modern England. The life was that of Professor Edward Henry Palmer, who lived as one who loved to meet strange men and see strange sights, and who died as one would die who loved his country.

Professor Palmer has been fortunate in his biographer. It is Mr. Walter Besant, his friend and associate, who commits the story of Professor Palmer's life to the printed page. Of Mr Besant's pre-eminent fitness for this task little need be said. As the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and as an enthusiastic worker in the field of Biblical research, Mr. Besant has the knowlege, and the sympathy which comes of knowledge, which enable him to appreciate Professor Palmer's work, and to

**The Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer, late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Fellow of St John's College.* By WALTER BESANT, M.A. 12mo, portrait, pp. xii. 430. London: John Murray.

The above Review of Mr. Besant's book is reprinted from the *Sunday-school Times*.

speak of it intelligently to others. And as the popular novelist, Mr. Besant has that large gift of imaginativeness without which no biography can be a living thing; and that beauty and ease of diction which would go far to make any book worth reading which was distinguished by their presence.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the main facts of the closing scenes in the life of Professor Palmer. They know him as the author of "The Desert of the Exodus," and as one of the searchers after the fountain of Qadis, the supposed site of Kadesh-Barnea. And they recall his murder by the Arabs of the Sinaitic desert, to whom he was the bearer of proposals from the British Government, in relation to the safety of the Suez Canal during the Egyptian war, which had then but begun. From this standpoint of knowledge, they will be better able to follow understandingly the story of his life as told by Mr. Besant.

Like many another man whose later life brought him into prominence, Edward Henry Palmer began his career in what seemed then to be inauspicious circumstances. It was only in the seeming, however, that this beginning was inauspicious; for, as Mr. Besant truthfully and reverently says in the opening sentence of the first chapter of his book, his life "by a happy accident—or by Providence—was directed into an unexpected way of great and exceptional honour, and, at last, found an ending as tragic as any recorded by poet or historian, after an exploit without a parallel in the heroic deeds of all the ages. To one who considers at the outset this achievement alone, it seems as if the whole of the previous life may be regarded as the preparation for it. So much, indeed, may always be said of any great and noble deed." Edward Henry Palmer, born in 1840 in the old university town of Cambridge, with an inherited tendency to consumption, had little thought as, while yet a mere lad, he scraped acquaintance with English gipsies, and other strange people, that he was preparing in the surest way for the great work of his life, and for a romantic and heroic death. But a wiser Mind than theirs who grieved at his lack of interest in ordinary school studies, was shaping young Palmer's life to unseen ends.

As a boy, Palmer had a passion for linguistics, but not for linguistics as they are taught in the schools. It was not the delicate and copious Greek or the strong and stately Latin, with their formal grammars, and their suggestions of confining school-room walls, which first attracted the lad, but the free grammarless Romany, the language of the gipsies, who were here to-day and to-morrow went no one knew whither. When his school life was over, and his life as a clerk in London had begun, he attempted

to learn Italian by rule and rote; but at last he flung aside his books in disgust, and instead, went to the coffee-houses and the docks—anywhere where he might hear Italians talk, and where he might join, as well as he could, in their conversation. So he learned French. So—in a measure—he learned Arabic, to the study and teaching of which his life was later to be devoted.

It was a strange life, that London life, with its mingling of drudgery and pleasure—of Philistine ledgers and journals, and Bohemian adventures; but it was a life which had its share in the making of the man. "It is always safest," says Mr. Besant, when he sums up this chapter on "The Day of Small Things"—"it is always safest to follow the beaten track; those men know least anxiety who tramp along the broad high-roads; but how much more interest is crowded into the narrow span of life by those who journey—in the same direction, it is true—through the by-paths and the winding lanes, where you may easily miss your way, or even fall into a quag or into a pit, or down a hill, or among robbers, but which are full of beauty, which catch the sunrise and the sunset, the falling lights and shadows, and are set with dainty flowers, and lie between leafy hedges, and are very, very much fresher than the dusty road, and which abound, at every step, with Arabs, gipsies, tramps, Hindoos, authors, Persians, patriots, actors, showmen, poets, jugglers, acrobats, tinkers, and all kinds of curious, disreputable, and interesting people."

It was when Syed Abdullah came to Cambridge, in 1860, as a candidate for a readership in Indian languages at the University, that Palmer, whom ill-health had forced back to his native town, came first into contact with the Oriental languages. Stimulated into curiosity by the mysterious-looking Arabic letters, and encouraged and helped by free conversation with Syed Abdullah, Palmer gave himself with enthusiasiam to this new study. It was not long before he began dimly to perceive that this was to be his life-work; and with a true instinct he turned away from what would clash with that, and announced himself at Cambridge as a student of oriental languages. It was hard work—harder than the picking up of French and Italian at London docks. "Arabic and Persian did not, as old women say, 'come natural' to him. Nothing comes natural to any man," remarks Mr. Besant quietly.

The college to which Palmer had attached himself at Cambridge was St. John's College. It was not long before the work of the young orientalist attracted attention; and he soon had gathered around a small but select circle of friends and helpers. Not

many years elapsed before his graduation, and his election to a fellowship in St. John's College, which helped afterwards to his appointment as the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic for the University of Cambridge.

It was almost immediately after his appointment to a fellowship of his college, that Palmer had his first opportunity to become acquainted with Oriental life—he went to the East as a member of the Sinai Survey party, which was sent out about sixteen years ago by the English Palestine Exploration Fund. Mr. Besant follows in detail the story of Palmer's work in the peninsula of Sinai, and especially in the wilderness of Et-Tih,—the wilderness of the wandering of the Children of Israel. To the student of Biblical geography this is the most interesting period of Palmer's life, for it led to the publication of his book on "The Desert of the Exodus"—a work which occupies a unique place in the literature of its subject.

The ten years' work as Professor of Arabic at Cambridge—Palmer was appointed to the Lord Almoner's chair in 1871—are sketched by Mr. Besant with brevity and yet with fulness. Many knew Professor Palmer as a student of Arabic; few knew him as a writer of gipsy songs, and the translator of Finnish poems; but in these and in a hundred other ways Professor Palmer was exercising his talents. Even in his recreations he was faithful to his chosen way of life. The chapter in Mr. Besant's book, entitled "The Recreations of a Pundit," give sufficient examples of these.

Three years after Professor Palmer left the University of Cambridge, years which were employed in general journalistic work, the war-cloud burst over the East. Here Professor Palmer's knowledge of the spoken Arabic marked him out as a man likely to be of service to his country, and so he went to the Desert as an unofficial envoy to the Arabs, with the object of securing the safety of the Suez Canal. "The Great Ride of the Sheikh Abdullah"—the name by which Professor Palmer was known among the Bedawin—is narrated by Mr. Besant with vigour and eloquence. It was a perilous mission which Professor Palmer had undertaken. It placed him—an Englishman and a Christian—at the mercy of the Bedawin at a time when the excitement over the pretensions of Arabi Pasha and the doings of England in Egypt, was not likely to increase the tolerance of the wandering tribes towards either Englishmen or Christians. Nevertheless, it seemed at first as if his work would be accomplished in safety. The promises of the Arabs, Professor Palmer's credence of them, the deceit by which he was suddenly brought face to face with death, are narrated with fulness and vividness. Mr. Besant here draws.

largely upon the letters which Professor Palmer had written just before his murder—letters which are pathetic in their buoyant and boyish hopefulness, and in their lack of foresight of the fate which was overhanging him.

Mr. Besant's description of the closing scene in the life of Palmer, and the burial in Westminster Abbey of the remains of his body, which were recovered after the war, is worth inserting here in full:

It was reported very soon after the murder, and among the first rumours which reached Cairo—another indication that the murder was ordered—that the Sheikh Abdullah, before being killed, solemnly cursed his murderers. Some of his friends have been pained to think that his last moments should have been spent in cursing his enemies. It must, however, be understood that cursing in the hands of an Oriental who understands how to curse is a most powerful weapon of defence. Palmer knew every form of Arab cursing. He was driven to this as his last resource. If he could not deter them by cursing he could do no more. And, again, to understand an Oriental curse, one must go to the Old Testament, and not to a gathering of English or American roughs. Such a curse is a solemn and an awful thing. It falls upon a man and weighs him down and crushes him; it brings with it a fearful foreboding of judgment; it lies like lead upon a guilty heart; it helps to bring the crime to light, and the criminal to justice.

It makes no doubt—no doubt whatever—that the denunciations of woe, ruin, desolation, and death—Palmer's last words—which fell upon the ears of those wild desert men, and were echoed back from the rocks around them, became to them a prophecy, sure and certain, as is the vengeance of the Lord.

"O my God!"—it is the voice of Asaph the singer, "make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind; fill their faces with shame; let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish." The curse has fallen upon the murderers already; they are confounded; they are put to shame; they have perished.

Thus died the Sheikh Abdullah.

Eight months later we stood in the crypt where England buries her heroes, to pay the last honours to the three who fell in the Wady Sudr. While the words of our magnificent service for the dead resounded among the shadows of that ghostly place, while the voices of the choristers echoed among the tombs, there were some who wept, and some who thanked Heaven for English hearts, as true and loyal now as in the brave days of old, and some who thought of Palmer's strange destiny, and how a brave boy should win his way from obscurity to honour by indomitable courage and persistence, and how the mortal remains of a quiet scholar and a man of books should find a place beside the bones of Wellington and Nelson.

THE Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

THE "JOYFUL NEWS" MISSION.

BY REV. H. T. SMART.

It may be serviceable to give the readers of this MAGAZINE a brief history of a movement which has already deeply affected Methodism.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Champness was stationed in the London (City Road) Circuit, the idea occurred to him that, as there were numbers of young men in Methodism who were pining for evangelistic work, and many circuits in want of workers, it would be rendering a service to the Connexion if some means could be devised whereby the willing worker and the needy circuit could be joined together. In those days it was his "hap" to light on a young evangelist who was wistful to leave his business, and devote himself entirely to Christian work. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Champness invited the youth to share his home until some door of evangelistic usefulness should open for him. Shortly after making this arrangement, Mr. Champness happened to preach in a village where the "harvest" was plenteous, and the labourers few. He introduced the young evangelist to this circuit, with the happiest results. After earning for himself a good degree as a lay agent, the young man entered our ministry, and during several years has served Methodism well as an itinerant preacher. Encouraged by the success of this venture, Mr. Champness now became possessed of a fixed idea which has governed his action ever since.

In 1883, the Rev. Charles Garrett, the President of the Conference, conceived the idea of establishing a weekly half-penny newspaper, to record and spread the glad tidings of salvation. The suggestion found favour in influential quarters; and it was decided to ask Mr. Champness to edit the new journal. A slip, however, occurred "betwixt the cup and the lip," and the proposal was abandoned by its original promoters. Mr. Champness then determined to proceed at his own risk, and he launched the little paper, to which he gave the happy title of *Joyful News*, retaining the control of it in his own hands. From the first the paper met with troops of friends. It soon found its way into every part of the Connexion, while in the remoter and feeble circuits it received a specially warm welcome, and appeared to meet a real want.

The result was that the editor was brought into communication.

with a large number of country circuits, and soon obtained a wide knowledge of the state of village Methodism. And as neither editor nor contributors received any remuneration for their work done for *Joyful News*, the profits of the paper in a short time became considerable. At first the profits were given to the Auxiliary Fund, and to such cases of need as came under Mr. Champness' notice. But eventually it occurred to him that, as he was now in possession of a good annual income, the time had come for him to commence a movement by which might be tested certain theories which he had long held. Hence *The Joyful News Mission*. Mr. Champness' original idea was to prepare young men for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. He hoped to gather together a number of young men who otherwise might have been overlooked, and to give them some preliminary training, both in study and service; and thus enable them to enter our ministry. At that time he urged the General Committee of the Theological Institution to sanction the setting apart of one of the four colleges for this purpose. The suggestion was considered by that committee, and declined, on the ground that the trust deeds of the college provided that only accepted candidates for the Wesleyan Ministry should be trained in them.

As this way appeared to Mr. Champness to be blocked, and as the fixed idea still held him fast in its grip, he decided to convert his own house into a training home for evangelists. No sooner was his purpose made known than encouragement was given him to proceed. To Mr. J. T. Taylor, of Holmfirth, the honour belongs of having given the first contribution to a movement which during the last few years has received many thousands of pounds. Mahomet to the close of life felt deeply grateful to Kadijah, because, as he said, "she believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and that was she." Mr. Taylor rendered a similar service to Mr. Champness. "It is certain," says Novalis, "my conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul believes in it."

Mr. Champness' conviction being thus strengthened, he immediately commenced operations. He was then living in Bolton, as the missionary of that district, and there he began what he regards as his life-work by receiving two evangelists into his own house; one of whom soon began to labour at a mission-room in Bolton, where his work came under the notice of the late Mr. James Barlow, and that generous and shrewd philanthropist became the second believer in Mr. Champness' mission, and gave him one hundred and fifty pounds with which to extend it. He consequently hired a larger house, and received several more

young men; and when the time came for him to relinquish his appointment as the Bolton district missionary, his two evangelists had multiplied into twenty-six, eight of whom lived in his house, while eighteen were out in the work. From Bolton Mr. Champness removed to Rochdale, where he has now lived for upwards of three years, and in which town he hopes to finish the work God has given him to do. His twenty-six evangelists have now increased to ninety, a considerable number for one man to provide for.

Mr. Champness, having now ceased to be the Superintendent minister of the Wesley Circuit, Rochdale, has vacated the house which he occupied until Conference, and taken possession of a large, old-fashioned residence, known as Castleton Hall, which appears to be admirably adapted for his purpose.

Since the mission commenced, about ninety men have received more or less training from Mr. Champness, who are no longer connected with him. Several of these have been received into our ministry; two or three are in the Colonies; some have returned to their trades; some have resigned through ill-health; a few were dismissed as incompetent; and some are now employed by circuits as lay missionaries. Mr. Champness hopes that many of his men will enter the ministry or receive appointments from circuits as lay agents; whilst others, after spending a few years in his service, may return to their trades, as some of Mr. Wesley's early preachers did. In this way he believes the difficulty of providing for the men in sickness and old age will be greatly reduced. And as all the evangelists who are eligible are members of the Local-Preachers' Mutual Aid Association, he is of opinion that this difficulty, which has exercised some of his friends a good deal, will never become a source of serious embarrassment.

Usually there are from five-and-twenty to thirty men in the training-home. All of these are, of course, unmarried; although there are two or three married men in the work; one of whom is abroad, another is a self-supporting colporteur, as well as useful evangelist, at home.

All the men are of slender attainments, having come direct to the Home from the plough, the loom, or the joiner's shop. But they all enjoy two great advantages; they are young, and "to be young is very heaven;" and they have a passion for souls. General Booth has lately said that he has eight hundred cadets in training, most of them being under twenty-five years of age. This statement shows the use which that astute General is making of young people. We are glad that our Church, also, has a considerable number of young men in our colleges, and in this training Home, who have "left all" to "follow Jesus."

The Rev. J. Todhunter, a Wesleyan Methodist Supernumerary, acts as tutor to the evangelists four mornings a week; and gives the men, in classes, lessons in English history, grammar, Bible history and theology. Mr. Champness spends one hour a day with them, instructing them in the homiletics and the art of public speaking.

In the large room of the Home which the men occupy during the greater part of the day the *Twelve Rules of a Helper* are pointed out in a conspicuous place on a wall. In addition to the definite daily instruction, Mr. Champness gives the men a good deal of indirect help during the day; at meal times, family prayer, and in the Society-class. The men hold a daily prayer-meeting, and on Fridays Mr. Champness joins them in this meeting. To the men in the work Mr. Champness sends a weekly letter, in which he puts all his strength, and to which he attaches much importance. The men also send him a letter once a week.

Since the mission commenced about twelve thousand pounds have been received by the Founder, including what has been paid in acknowledgment of the services of the evangelists. As Mr. Champness has given the profits of his paper to the Mission, as well as the proceeds of the sale of a house which belonged to Mrs. Champness, he is himself the largest contributor so far; Mr. Mewburn, of Banbury, being the next. That gentleman has given fifteen hundred pounds in all to the Mission, including five hundred pounds given this year to furnish the new Home. A gentleman from Australia has recently promised a donation of six hundred pounds, to be paid at the rate of fifty pounds a month, and has already paid several instalments. The names of the donors are published every week in *Joyful News*, and the lists show that nearly all the best known men and women in Methodism are amongst the contributors. Nothing, however, is more touching than the way in which the movement is supported by the poorer section of the Methodist people. Sixpences and shillings come in by nearly every post, and gifts in kind arrive many times during the week. Some good women appear to keep their needles always plying for the benefit of the Home.

Mr. Champness does not now receive any allowance either from a circuit or from any of the Connexional funds. He intends to make his own hand minister to his necessities. Already he has published a series of *True Tales*, which have brought no little grist to the mill; and these he will increase as opportunity offers. He is resolved neither to starve nor to be dependent on others for his daily bread.

Of course, the *Joyful News* is the soul of the movement. From

the fact that this little paper has a circulation of between forty and fifty thousand copies a week, may be gathered the extent of the interest taken in the work.

Perhaps this is the place to recognize the invaluable help which Mr. Champness has received from his devoted wife. Dr. Parker has said that he could do nothing without his wife, although for disciplinary reasons he does not admit this to her. Certainly Mr. Champness could not edit *Joyful News* and manage this Mission without Mrs. Champness. For "disciplinary," or other reasons, Mr. Champness appears as editor of *Joyful News*, but we believe that the greater part of the burden and the honour belong to Mrs. Champness. In every new advance Mr. Champness has taken counsel with his wife.

There are four *Joyful News* evangelists now in Ceylon, six in India, two in China, four in South Africa, one in Western Africa, and another designated for the same place. The Rev. David Hill has written in warm terms of the work of the men in China, and has appealed for more agents; and has also forwarded a donation of fifty pounds, in order to make it easier for his request to be granted. The men in the foreign field are showing great facility in acquiring the language of the people to whom they have been sent. Incredible as it may appear, it is true that one of the evangelists in China addressed a Chinese audience in the Chinese language when he had only been in the country about six months. It would seem that even uneducated men can easily learn a foreign language if their hearts are set on doing it, and if they live in the midst of the natives.

Whereunto this mission will grow we cannot say. Like Methodism itself the *Joyful News* Mission has "sprung up and grown," the Founder "knowing not how." The "pillar of cloud" is guiding the movement; and "according to this time it shall be said. . . . What hath God wrought!"—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

THE ETERNAL SEA.

I KNOW the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

—J. G. Whittier.

GEOGRAPHICAL ADVANTAGES OF BRITAIN.

THE Poet Laureate in his famous "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," bids us

"Thank Him, who isled us here, and roughly set,
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers."

The great advantages which result from our rough setting are well put by Dr. Archibald Geikie in the capital little "Elementary Geography of the British Isles," lately published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., from which we subjoin a few extracts.

"Placing the globe in such a position that the British Isles appear in the centre, you can see by far the largest part of the land of the globe—the whole of Europe and Africa, nearly the whole of Asia, and the whole of the New World except the southern end of South America. Now turning the globe round so that the part exactly opposite to Britain, or its *Antipodes*, comes into the centre, you will look upon the largest area of water, all the land that is visible being the southern part of South America, the terrestrial parts about the South Pole, Australia, New Zealand (which lies near the centre of what you see), the islands to the south-east of Asia, and the groups of islets scattered across the vast Pacific Ocean. You thus learn that the British Isles are situated in the very midst of the habitable part of our planet.

"But notice further that, although placed so centrally, Britain does not lie in the heart of a wide continent. Had such been its position, its people might have been so uncivilized and unprogressive as the tribes which inhabit the interior of Africa or of Asia. It stands, on the contrary, at the outer margin of a continent and on the edge of an ocean. Observe, however, that this ocean is the narrowest of all the oceans. Its borders are, for the most part, inhabited by civilized communities; for the people of Europe have taken possession of the whole of the west side of the Atlantic, and have planted colonies on the east side all along the coast of Africa.

"Now think how remarkably advantageous must such a geographical position have been in enabling an active people to take a leading place among the nations. So central a situation in the midst of the habitable parts of the earth, has allowed and encouraged the inhabitants of Britain to come into relations with other countries, and more particularly to hold easy intercourse with all the maritime parts of Europe. It has further prompted them to sail forth as discoverers and conquerors. A few hundred years

ago the whole of the New World, and a large part of the Old World, were unknown. In the voyages and circumnavigations by which the surface of the planet has since then been mapped out and made known, the islanders of Britain have had a large share. They have taken possession of a great proportion of the territories which have been discovered. They have planted their colonies in all parts of the world, and have carried with them their laws, their language, and their institutions. They have done more than any other nation to extend the commerce of the world, and thus to draw the various peoples of the earth together by bonds of peaceful intercourse. From the British Isles, as a centre, ships bear to every corner of the globe the manufactures of this country, and to the same centre they return laden with the produce of every clime.

“Now turn to the map of Europe, and take note of some of the more obvious geographical relations of Britain to the Continent. Observe that the British isles lie in the middle of the western margin of Europe, and are thus within easy reach of the Continent by sea. In old days, when there were no other modes of land conveyance than pack-horses and waggons, communication between the countries in Central Europe was difficult and tedious. But those countries which possessed a sea-board had a much easier and more rapid means of transit in boats and sailing vessels. The people of Britain, however, had this advantage over all the surrounding nations, in that the whole margin of their country being a sea-board, they could sail from any side of it away to the North Sea and the Baltic on the one hand, and to the far shores of the Mediterranean Sea on the other.

“There is still another feature in the position of Britain with reference to the Continent that deserves to be considered. It is only at its south-eastern end that this country approaches the mainland, and there the two opposite coasts of England and France come so near—only twenty-one miles apart—that on a clear day the cliffs of each side can be quite well seen from the opposite shore. The narrow intervening strip of sea which is now crossed every day by steam-boats in little more than an hour, is not so wide as to interpose a great barrier between the countries on either side of it. And so it has been made use of from the earliest times of history as the main line of communication, both for war-like conquest and for peaceful commerce. The civilization of the rest of Europe has passed readily and rapidly into Britain across this little breadth of sea. But, on the other hand, these twenty-one miles of salt water have served as an effectual protection against frequent invasion by hostile armies. Where one country

comes in immediate contact with another, as France and Germany do, there is a risk of occasional war, and of the marching of military forces across the frontiers. Hence the enormous standing armies and the chains of border fortresses all over the mainland of Europe. But no foreign foe can enter Britain except by sea, and this country has consequently for many centuries been free from serious invasion and panics of war.

“We thus understand how true is the assertion that some of the more striking features in the history of the British people can be traced to the influence of the geographical position of the country. Living on islands, and therefore near the sea, the inhabitants naturally grew into a nation of sailors. Their love of the sea led them to become navigators and discoverers of new lands in many parts of the globe. The small size of their island-home, and the crowding of their population, compelled them to roam abroad and found colonies elsewhere. Their command of the sea, and their central position on the habitable part of the earth, made them traders also, and led to the establishment of their world-wide commerce. And so we perceive that from the little mother-country of the British Isles there has sprung the greatest maritime empire which the world has yet seen.”—*Christian Miscellany.*

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

LAUNCH out into the deep,

The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,

Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.

But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
“Let down your nets for a draught” for Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.

His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.

Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
“Let down your nets for a draught” for Me!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

GEOFFREY HALLAM'S QUANDARY.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

"WHO was Geoffrey Hallam?" quoth the reader. Well, be patient. You cannot expect to know everything at once. The one who waits is the one who wins. You can't expect to have a cable until you have twisted a thread.

Who was Geoffrey Hallam? Those who ask that question don't live in the township of Wemborough, evidently, or in any place from which the slender spire of its little church can be seen. That's saying a good deal, mind you, for Wemborough is set on a hill, and its spire is so tall that it is a landmark to the crews of coasting vessels which sail along the north-east shores of England, a landmark as familiar as Flamborough lighthouse or Roseberry Toppin. Now, Geoffrey Hallam was almost as well known as "Wemborough Broach;" and therefore, I say, that not to know Geoffrey Hallam, argues yourself unknown in Wemborough and the region about.

Wemborough itself is a good-sized village, but there is nothing remarkable either in its inhabitants, its architecture, or its history, except that Geoffrey Hallam lived in it, and if that does not give it a notable place in history, it ought to do?"

"But who was Geoffrey Hallam?"

Don't be in a hurry. "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Geoffrey Hallam was a cobbler; "his father before him" was a farm labourer, who worked hard and fared harder on a North Yorkshire farm, in "the good old days" before Mr. Joseph Arch was heard of, when Farm Labourers' Unions had not given pecks of trouble to the farmers, and when the Corn Laws were yet unrepealed. Those were halcyon days for Farmer Rapeseed and his co-renters of the soil; but as to the condition of Hodge and John Ploughman, why that was quite another thing.

Geoffrey Hallam would doubtless have followed his father's calling and his master's plough, but that a fall from a waggon laden with harvest spoil, when he was a lad in his teens, put his hip out of joint. This mishap was never properly remedied, and so Geoffrey was doomed for life to an awkward limp, which made his progress over field and furrow, among growing turnips or tiresome stubble, so painful to him as to prevent his engaging in any such toilsome work. So by the aid of the parish—the agricultural labourer's sole resource in the good old times—Geoffrey was apprenticed to the village shoemaker; and when that knight of the lapstone was gathered to his fathers, he came to be the village shoemaker himself, or, as the Wemborough peasantry called him, the "cobbler." At the time of which I write, he had held this honourable position for nearly twenty years, and many a hundred pair of hobnailed boots had trod the chalky soil of Wem-

borough parish which had been made, from "tongue" to toe-plate, by Geoffrey Hallam.

"Well, but what about Geoffrey Hallam? Surely he was something other or more than a cobbler, or—"

Don't be in a hurry. Geoffrey Hallam married a very energetic, bustling little woman, who had been dairymaid at Parson Hodgson's farm, for the good vicar of the parish farmed his own glebe land, and it was said that if he had been as good at preaching as he was at farming, he might have been a bishop. But he was not; no, not by any means, and that is putting it mildly, as you would know if you had ever heard him. Now, the odd thing about Geoffrey Hallam's wife was that she too was lame, and that her limp was on the opposite side to her husband's, a circumstance not of importance in itself, but when it came to an effort for the honest couple to walk arm in arm, it was an effort; walking over a ploughed field was nothing to it; indeed, it couldn't be done. My hero was a short, stout-set man, with swarthy features, stubbly black hair, and a pair of small black whiskers, not much unlike a capital I on either cheek. There was a humour gleaming in his twinkling little eye and in the comical arch of his eyebrows, and Geoffrey Hallam's repartees were often a peculiar combination of razor blade and cudgel, which made people very chary of coming within reach of either back or edge. Geoffrey's predecessor had been for years the parish clerk, and when the old man's strength began to fail, Geoffrey set to work, with the pluck of a true Briton, to learn to read, so as to act as deputy for his disabled master. His diligence and kindness brought their due reward; for when the old man was laid beneath the old yew trees in Wemborough churchyard, Geoffrey Hallam was elevated to the dignity of parish clerk, sexton, tithe-gatherer, and general factotum to Parson Hodgson, and fulfilled his various duties to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. I have still one other revelation to make concerning Geoffrey Hallam, and this now-to-unfolded secret was unquestionably one cause of the local popularity to which he had attained, Geoffrey Hallam was a poet, and there was not a churchyard within twenty miles round which did not contain, "engraved upon enduring stone," some elegiac effusion from his rhyming pen. As for Wemborough churchyard, it fairly blossomed with the flowers of poesy from the fertile garden of Geoffrey's fancy. Nor was his pen confined to the sombre domain of sepulchral song. Weddings, christenings, and other noteworthy events, were chronicled, if not always in "measures, stately, smooth, and sweet," yet still, at any rate, to the high wonderment and satisfaction of those on whose behalf the muses were invoked, who did not hesitate to crown the brows of Geoffrey with meed of metaphoric bay.

The way in which Geoffrey Hallam rolled out the responses in turn with the quiet old clergyman who did duty beneath the Wemborough spire was something worth hearing. Parson Hodgson was as easy-going an old shepherd as ever tended a flock, or

rather, left a flock untended; and between him and his flock there was one hearty bond of agreement, namely, that he had left them alone with an assiduous harmony that left nothing to be desired. He called his scanty and sleepy congregation, "Dearly beloved brethren," on Sunday mornings, and then profoundly ignored their existence until Sunday morning again brought the unvarying formula from his lips. Those who went to church, as Tennyson writes, heard him say—

"What a' owt to hev said, and then they 'com'd away."

So things continued for some years; Geoffrey Hallam tolled the bell, took the dues, and said the responses, dug the graves, hammered his leather, waxed his ends, mended his shoes and made his verses in the day-time, and slept the sleep of the diligent at night; until an event happened which startled him out of the even tenor of his way and startled the village out of its propriety.

One day a Methodist preacher came, all undesired and uninvited, and began to preach the Gospel to the Wemboroughites on the village green. He soon stirred the stagnant minds of the villagers to such a degree, that in the end a small preaching-room was erected, and Parson Hodgson's scanty congregation grew scantier still; small by degrees and beautifully less, until Geoffrey was often almost the only one who joined the vicar in his Sabbatic devotions; while the queer little conventicle was crowded "inside and out" with an eager throng of villagers, who evidently preferred their spiritual provision "hot off the bak' stone," as they expressively put it, and as the early Methodist preachers most emphatically gave it.

Geoffrey Hallam was a good deal exercised in mind concerning this rude invasion of vested rights, and his soul was aglow with indignation at the dishonour with which he and his clerical superior were treated by the unfaithful villagers. He denounced the "Methodies," as they were contemptuously called, with unbounded vigour, and scrupled not to use that sarcastic pen of his in inditing poetical lampoons, which he hurled at their heads with a cruel severity that "sware a long farewell to mercy, and bid the sword to smite and not to spare."

At length even Parson Hodgson's indifference was exchanged for a little mild anxiety as to whereunto these things would grow. One morning, after the liturgy had been duly gone through for the behoof of an obese farmer and his almost equally rotund family, together with three old women who chronically "asked an alms," the good vicar opened his mind to his factotum:

"Well, Geoffrey, where are all the people gone to who used to come to church; we haven't buried 'em all, have we?"

"No, sir," said Geoffrey, "we haven't buried 'em; but t' Methody parson has 'livened 'em up amazing, an' they never needed a coffin less than they do now." Here Geoffrey sighed as if in disappointment that he had not the privilege of tolling their funeral knell before they had come to such a pass. "They sing and holloa

so that one can hear 'em a mile off; and not content with keeping up this hubbub on Sundays, they get together on week-nights, and kick up a bobbery, like hens in a farmyard when there is a fox about."

"Indeed! well, I'm afraid there is a fox about, as you say. What right has the Methodist parson to come here? I'm sure we don't want him; and I must give him to understand that, like other foxes, if he doesn't take himself off, he will either get trapped or hunted down."

Geoffrey shook his head sadly, as he replied in "hopeless tones: "I'm afraid it is not so easy to trap 'em, sir; these Methody parsons are as slippery as eels, and has as many lives as a cat. Like wasps in fruit time, if you get rid of one of 'em, there are twenty others who come to see what's the matter."

"Well, good morning, Geoffrey; I dare say it is only a sort of nine days' wonder; and when the excitement goes off, the folks will come to church as they did before."

"Good morning, sir," said Geoffrey, as he limped away. After a while he lifted his hat, ran his fingers through his stubbly hair, as if to help his thoughts, and said to himself, "I've got a notion that this sort of excitement does not go off; an' if the Methody parson doesn't, it's my opinion that we may shut up the church altogether, and let him have the village to himself."

That day, somehow, Geoffrey Hallam could not enjoy his dinner. The honour of the vicar, the credit of the church, the dignity of his own important office, were all sadly in peril; were so greatly compromised already, that the thought quite took his appetite away, and his breath into the bargain. Matters were not mended by the fact that his good wife Susan had already developed a certain liking for the Methodist preaching; indeed, almost as regularly as he limped off to the church in the morning, Susan would limp off to the chapel in the evening, leaving her grieved and objecting spouse to chew the bitter cud of reflection concerning her disloyalty to the one true religion "as by law established." He sat with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, while his gray-black eyebrows were lifted and lowered as he pondered on the melancholy state of things.

It was a warm day, the cottage window was open to admit the grateful breeze, which, as Geoffrey sat, brought in the strains of sacred song coming from a band of Methodists who were just commencing an out-door service on the village green. Geoffrey fidgeted at the sound, and then suddenly resolved to go, as he said, "to hear what the fellow's got to say," intending to keep a sharp look-out for whatsoever would afford him material for poetical lampoon.

The "fellow" was a little white-haired man of sixty, but sound in wind and limb, and of a ruddy countenance withal. Just as Geoffrey Hallam reached the outside of the congregation, the preacher began to pray. The parish clerk was astonished! The man had no book! He stood with uplifted hands and closed

eyes, and really and truly "talked with God." Geoffrey soon lost all consciousness of time and place; standing with open mouth and eyes, gazing at the preacher, and wondering what Parson Hodgson would say to hear a man pray straight off without a prayer-book, and to go about the business so earnestly as that. Then the solemnity, the fervour, the fitness of the prayer, revealed themselves to him, and half unconsciously he doffed his hat and bowed his head even as others. By-and-by the prayer was concluded with the usual all-prevailing plea, "for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord," and Geoffrey, out of sheer habit, followed with a loud, high-pitched and sonorous "Amen!" All the congregation turned to look at him, and Geoffrey felt uncomfortably warm beneath their gaze. He had not hesitated to speak strongly of "the Methody parson, and the fools who went to hear him," and there he stood himself, before them all, a fool confessed. Still, Geoffrey would not run away now, but stood his ground like a man.

The preacher proceeded to give out his text, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Geoffrey soon discovered that the preacher's subject was Jesus, and that the good man was showing that the glorious works that Jesus did were proof positive that He was the Christ of God, and the very Saviour for poor sinners. Geoffrey was touched, interested, carried away with the fervid force of the preacher's words of truth. Then the evangelist spoke of the Methodists, and their new mission from God: "Perhaps," said he, "some in this village may ask, 'Why should the Methodists come here? What right have they to introduce something new?'" Now that was just what Parson Hodgson had asked his parish clerk that very morning. "Well," said the preacher, tapping at his little Testament, "go tell that somebody what ye have seen and heard. 'The poor have the Gospel preached to them;' hardened sinners have been softened, condemned sinners have been saved, miserable sinners have been made happy, wicked sinners have been made good; and in this village, poaching and drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking have all grown less because of the Word of the Lord which we have preached unto you."

Now, Geoffrey Hallam felt in his conscience that none of this could be denied. Parson Hodgson himself had said that he had not half the trouble with poachers that he used to have, and that he could not understand it. Only last week, old George Gordon, the keeper of the village alehouse, had said that he never knew trade so bad as it had been since the "beggarly Methodists" came. Right under Geoffrey's nose stood Bill Brigham, who nine months ago came out of jail; and he was bound to own, as the man stood there with his hat off and his eyes earnestly fixed upon the preacher, that he was altogether a different character from the loafing vagabond that stood before the magistrate twelve months ago. By-and-by the preacher, who was a veritable Boanerges, waxed even more in earnest, and fixing his keen little eye upon

Geoffrey, he said, "I have a message from God unto thee;" and straightway gave his message, until Geoffrey was bewildered, frightened, melted and did not know what ailed him.

Then came the hymn, and as the verses were read and sung, every line went home to the stricken cobbler's heart:

"O Love Divine! what hast Thou done?
The immortal God hath died for me!"

Every sentiment was a sermon, every verse was vivid with the light of truth; and so it came to pass, that when the white-haired preacher commenced his concluding prayer, Geoffrey's heart went with him, till again he lost all sense of the fitness of things. Quoth the preacher, "But for Thy mercy, Lord, we must perish in our sin! Lord have mercy upon us!" Hereupon, in his usual high-pitched, clerkly tone, but with a new inflection in his voice, born of deep feeling, Geoffrey said, "Christ, have mercy upon us!" Joe Hardwick, the village carpenter, a good, honest soul whom Geoffrey liked, despite his Methodism, couldn't help chiming in with "Amen! Geoffrey, Amen! Ah think you meant it that tahme!" Geoffrey certainly did mean it. Hardly aware what was the matter with him, and seized with a sudden fit of shame, Geoffrey withdrew before the prayer was over, and sought the shelter of his cottage. At tea-time he had scarcely a word to say to Susan. He kept turning over in his mind the lines he had just heard, and the more he thought of them the deeper was the impression they made:

"Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love is crucified."

About six o'clock there was a tap at the cobbler's door, and in walked Joe Hardwick, with a genial smile on his face and a cheery word on his tongue. Joe wasn't the man to let slip a chance of doing good, and his observation of Geoffrey's proceedings that afternoon had convinced him that the parish clerk was being led Christward by the gracious God, Who willeth that all men should be saved and come to "the knowledge of the truth."

"Good evening, neighbour Hallam! good evening, Susan!" said the genial carpenter. "I thought I'd just come and ask you if you and your wife will go with me and my wife to chapel to-night. Mr. Horncastle is worth hearing, I can tell you. There's plenty of room in our pew, and we shall be very glad of your company."

Now, this was more than Geoffrey had bargained for, but it was a very neighbourly act of Joe's; besides, he was a man whom the clerk held in great respect, and Susan, who was, I'm afraid, in the habit of speaking disloyally of the mental ailment provided in Wemborough church, exhibited an eager compliance with the invitation. Geoffrey sat still and said nothing. He was in a quandary. It was bad enough to go and hear the Methodies on the

village green; but to go inside their conventicle! he, the parish clerk, sexton, tithe-collector, and general factotum to the Reverend Henry Hodgson! That was a deeper depth into which he scarcely felt prepared to plunge. But there were three potent forces at work which he could not resist: First, the persuasive kindness of the carpenter; second, the warm entreaties of his coaxing wife; and third, the operation of the Spirit of God through the lines which were running in his mind in spite of himself:

“Then let us sit beneath His cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.”

At last, half in desperation, he started up, seized his hat, and making for the door, said, “Come on, then!”

“Nay, nay; give me time to put my bonnet on,” said Susan; “I can’t sit bare-headed, I suppose, though you may.”

Behold the parish clerk and his wife seated in the highest of the sloping pews in Wemborough chapel—for Joe Hardwick was somebody in the ranks of chapel goers, I can tell you—and in the pulpit the white-haired man who had given Geoffrey such a shaking in the afternoon! Again the service proceeded; and in the hymns, the prayers, the Scriptures, the sermon, and all—the story and the influence of the glad evangel fell on Geoffrey’s ear and heart. Not once, however, did he display his clerkly habit of responding, until the prayer came which succeeded the sermon. Therein the preacher said, with hearty zeal, “Have mercy on us!” “Miserable sinners!” shouted the penitent cobbler; and straightway fell down upon his knees, fairly vanquished; and repeated the “Confession” in tones that came straight from the heart, and went to the hearts of all his fellow-worshippers. “Amen,” said the congregation, led by the white-haired preacher, whose face was bright with the joy of those who take much spoil. Making his way to Geoffrey, he laid apostolic hands on him, and led the willing penitent to a form beneath the pulpit, and murmured in his ear of “Jesus and His love.” Others soon joined them; among the rest, Susan Hallam, with that good little woman, Mrs. Hardwick, kneeling by her side; and in a little while Geoffrey Hallam and his wife were rejoicing in the happy consciousness of sin forgiven.

Next morning Geoffrey Hallam was up with the lark; and like the lark his rejoicing spirit hymned its praises heavenward. Still, I am bound to say Geoffrey Hallam’s quandary returned with redoubled force. What would Parson Hodgson say to such an outrage on all propriety; such an unheard-of enormity as that the parish clerk should not only go to the Methodists, but be a Methodist!

Quoth Geoffrey to Susan, “What ever shall I do?”

"Do?" said his wife, "why, tell the Parson all about it; and if he doesn't like it, tell him to get another clerk."

Twice during the week Geoffrey braced up his loins and repaired to the vicarage to have out the dreaded interview with his clerical master; but the vicar and his family were from home and would not return until late on Saturday evening.

The quandary troubled our new convert a good deal. He felt that the vicar ought to know; and on Saturday evening again he set off to get the matter off his mind. On his way, the thought struck him that it would be a very awkward thing if there was no parish clerk to take part in the service next morning. He felt as though it would be leaving the vicar in the lurch; and whatever could they do? He felt in his conscience that he should do his work better, and put more soul into it than he had ever done in his life. So he stood in a quandary; and at last made up his mind, limped off home again, and resolved to say nothing about it until Monday morning.

Sabbath came, and Geoffrey Hallam, "clothed, and in his right mind," posted off to the vestry to robe his master for duty. He was thoroughly happy; and the gracious Sabbath influences had enabled him to dismiss his quandary from his mind.

"Praise the Lord," quoth he, as he went along the churchyard path with a buoyancy that almost hid his limping gait, "Jesus is my Saviour, this blessed Sunday morning. Glory be to God!"

As soon as the vicar entered the vestry, Geoffrey took down the white surplice from its accustomed peg. He held it up with his hands and stood with a beaming smile on his face, waiting for Parson Hodgson to turn his shoulders ready for its reception. The vicar looked him full in the face, and a conscious blush mounted to Geoffrey's cheeks; for a moment his hands trembled so that the uplifted garment seemed half instinct with life, but the smile never left his face.

"Geoffrey Hallam," said the vicar, "you seem to be remarkably happy this morning?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir! so I am," said Geoffrey. "Praise the Lord, I'm the happiest man in Wemborough parish! Glory be to God! Happy as I can live, sir! Bless the Lord!"

"Why what on earth has come to the man?" said the wondering clergyman. "Have you come into a fortune?"

"I believe you, sir," said Geoffrey, limping round the vestry with the surplice held up before him, and joyously laughing at the apt inquiry. "Yes, sir! I am rich as a Jew!" Hallelujah! Christ is mine!"

The vicar looked solemnly angry. "I don't believe you are sober! Can you do your work?"

"Try me, sir! You just try me! I shall mean it, every word."

The parson suffered his factotum to invest him with the sacred robe, and as Geoffrey prudently said no more, the clergyman followed him to his desk; the clerk limped into his; and matters took their ordinary course. The congregation, however, was

extraordinary, for the villagers were a good deal curious to see how the new convert would comport himself in his old office; and a few of the more thoughtful Methodists had come to show that their welcome of Geoffrey to their ranks was none the less because of his official position in the parish church. In a pew just before the clerk's desk sat Joe Hardwick and his wife, and with them Susan Hallam, looking bright enough, and as if she had good cause to praise the Lord and meant to do it. Geoffrey smiled and nodded, and there was quite an unfamiliar glow upon his face. Things went on smoothly enough, however, until the vicar began the Psalms for the day:

Priest.—"I will magnify Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast set me up; and not made my foes to triumph over me."

Clerk.—"O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee and Thou hast healed me."

Just at this moment Susan lifted a beaming eye and met that of her happy spouse. Geoffrey couldn't help it. "Praise the Lord, He has," said he, "Glory be to God!"

The parson looked daggers at him; the parson's lady peered at him over her spectacles and her high-backed pew; the obese farmer and his chubby flock began to share the parson's doubts as to the clerk's sobriety; and Joe Hardwick and his fellow schismatics looked as if they would have liked to sing, "O happy day that fixed my choice!"

Altogether our good Geoffrey made quite a sensation that morning.

After the service, while Geoffrey was divesting his chief of his black gown and bands, Mr. Hodgson said,

"Now, sir! What have you to say in excuse for your very singular behaviour?"

"Why, sir," said Geoffrey, "I am sorry, but the words really slipped out before I knew." Then, plucking up courage, he said, "The truth is, sir, that I am so happy in the love of Jesus, and the words 'Thou hast healed me,' came so pat, that I couldn't help saying, 'Praise the Lord!'"

"Why, you must have turned Methodist?" said the wondering parson.

"That's just it, sir, and I'm very^d sorry—I mean, I'm very glad—I mean—"

"Mean! you mean that you are a born fool!"

"No, sir," said Geoffrey; "'born again.' That's how it is, sir; praise the Lord!"

"Stuff and nonsense! Come up to the vicarage to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," said Geoffrey, humbly; "I was afraid I should have to give it up; I'm very sorry."

"Oh, well, if you'll give it up, it will be all right. What made you take it up?"

"You, sir," said Geoffrey, in innocent surprise.

"Me!" said Parson Hodgson, blushing hot at the daring imputation, "how dare you say so? Why, almost the last words I said to you were that the Methodists had no business here."

"Oh!" said Geoffrey, "I meant giving up being clerk, and I said I was sorry because I could do it and would do it better than ever. But I can't give up going to chapel, sir, come what may," and Geoffrey began to limp around the vestry again at the very idea of such a thing.

"Humph!" ejaculated the clergyman, and seizing his hat, away he went in high dudgeon, without so much as his customary "Good morning."

Geoffrey Hallam trudged off to his cottage, thankful that the ordeal was over and that he was out of his quandary. The loss of twenty pounds a year, besides fees, would make a very considerable hole in his earnings. He knew that he should have to ply his awl very diligently indeed to make ends meet; but if he was a little hardly put to it, why, he had that in his heart and home which would more than compensate for poverty or even hunger. So Geoffrey limped along with a light heart, prepared for either fortune, and happy in the Lord.

When Parson Hodgson reached home, his household soon discovered that he was a good deal ruffled. During the dinner hour the erratic parish clerk was the subject of conversation, and the object of universal condemnation, and the verdict was unanimous that the deluded Geoffrey must be instantly discharged. Now, however, Parson Hodgson was in a quandary. Where he should pick up another clerk he did not know; as for getting Geoffrey Hallam's equal, of that he had no hope. The anti-Methodist population of the village couldn't produce, at any rate hadn't produced the article. Geoffrey had always done his work diligently and with the utmost propriety, while all the tithes and dues and offerings were ready to their full amount, whenever the parson's hands were extended to receive them. Mrs. Hodgson was taken into consultation, and by the wise advice of that prudent and political counsellor, it was finally decided to wait awhile and see how Geoffrey behaved.

The decision was briefly and even curtly announced to the happy cobbler, accompanied by the expression of hope that he would not indulge in any interpolations in the Liturgy, and that he would look a little less absurdly happy while engaged in his professional duties. So Geoffrey Hallam was reinstated; and, as might be expected, proved a more effective clerk than ever. He became a class leader, and indeed the factotum at the chapel as well as the church.

After many years of youthful service, Geoffrey Hallam died, full of years and honour. On his tombstone was engraven a laudatory mention of his double office of parish clerk and Methodist class-leader. In all probability that inscription has been rubbed out by wind and weather, but the name and fame of Geoffrey Hallam endure in Wemborough to this day.

JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

FEW people who have travelled will deny that of all cities Glasgow is apparently the least romantic. Steeped in wet, white mist, or wrapped in yellow fog vapour, all gray stone and gray sky, dirty streets, and sloppy people, it presents none of the features of a show town. Yet it has great merits; it is enterprising, persevering, intensely national, and practically religious; and people who do not mind being damp have every chance to make a good living there. Even the sombre appearance of the dark gray granite of which it is built is not unsuitable to the sterling character of its people; for though this stone may be dull and ugly, there is a natural nobility about it, and it never can be mean.

I have said that, as a city, Glasgow is practically religious, and certainly this was the case something less than half a century ago. The number of its churches was not more remarkable than the piety and learning of its clergy; and the "skailing" of their congregations on a Sabbath afternoon was one of the most impressive sights, of its kind, in the world.

My true little story opens with the skailing of the Ramshorn Kirk, a very favourite place of worship with the well-to-do burghers of the east end of the city, and it was a peculiarly douce, decent, solemn looking crowd that slowly and reverently passed out of its gates into the absolutely silent streets. For no vehicles of any kind disturbed the Sabbath stillness, and not until the people had gone some distance from the house of God did they begin to think their own thoughts, and with a certain grave reserve put them into words.

Among the groups who proceeded still farther east, towards the pleasant houses facing the "Green," one alone was remarkable enough to have elicited special notice from an observing stranger. It consisted of an old man and a young girl, evidently his daughter. Both were strikingly handsome, and the girl was much better dressed than the majority of women who took the same road. Long before they reached the Green they were joined by a younger man, whom the elder at once addressed in a reproofing voice.

"Ye didna pay as much attention to the sermon as it behooved ye to do, James Blackie; and what for did ye speak to Robert Laird a'most within 'the Gates?'"

"I only asked if he had heard of the *Bonnie Bess*; she is overdue five days, and eight good men in her, not to speak of the cargo."

"It's no cannie to be aye asking questions. Sit still and the news will come to ye: forbye, I'm no sure if yon was a lawfu' question; the Sabbath sun hasna set yet."

James Blackie mechanically turned to the west, and then slowly let his glance fall on the lovely face at his side.

"Christine," he asked softly, "how is all with you?"

"All is well, James."

Not another word was spoken until they reached David Cameron's home. He was carefully reconsidering the sermon—going over every point on his finger ends, lest he should drop any link of the argument; and James and Christine were listening to his criticisms and remarks. They all stopped before a shop over the windows of which was painted, "David Cameron, Dealer in Fine Teas;" and David, taking a large key from his pocket, opened the door, and said,

"Come in and eat wi' us, James; ye ken ye're welcome."

"Our friendship, Mr. Cameron, is a kind of Montgomery division—all on one side, nothing on the other; but I am 'so by myself' that I thank you heartily."

So David, followed by Christine and James, passed slowly through the darkened store, with its faint smells of Eastern spices and fragrant teas, into the little parlour beyond. The early winter night had now fallen, and the room, having only an outlet into a small court, would have been dark also but for the red glow of the "covered" fire. David took the poker and struck the great block of coal, and instantly the cheerful blaze threw an air of cosy and almost picturesque comfort over the homelike room.

The two men sat down beside the fire, spreading their hands to its warmth, and apparently finding their own thoughts excellent company, for neither of them spoke or moved until Christine reappeared. She had divested herself of the handsome black satin and velvet which formed her kirk suit, but in her long, plain dress of gray winsey, with a snowy lawn kerchief and cuffs, she looked still more fair and lovable.

James watched her as she spread the cloth and produced from various cupboards cold meats and pastries, bread and cakes, and many kinds of delicate preserves and sweetmeats. Her large, shapely hands among the gold-and-white china fascinated him, while her calm, noiseless, unhurried movements induced a feeling of passive repose that it required an effort to dispel, when she said in a low, even voice,

"Father, the food is waiting for the blessing."

It was a silent but by no means an unhappy meal. David was a good man, and he ate his food graciously and gratefully, dropping now and then a word of praise or thanks; and James felt it delightful enough to watch Christine. For James, though he had not yet admitted the fact to his own heart, loved Christine Cameron as men love only once, with that deep, pure affection that has perchance a nearer kindred than this life has hinted of.

He thought her also exquisitely beautiful, though this opinion

would not have been indorsed by a majority of men. For Christine had one of those pale, statuesque faces apt to be solemn in repose; its beauty was tender and twilight, its expression serious and steadfast, and her clear, spiritual eyes held in them no light of earthly passion. She had grown up in that little back parlour amid the din and tumult of the city, under the gray, rainy skies, and surrounded by care and sin, as a white lily grows out of the dark, damp soil, drawing from the elements around only sweetness and purity.

She was very silent this afternoon, but apparently very happy. Indeed, there was an expression on her face which attracted her father's attention, and he said,

"The sermon has pleased thee well, I see, Christine."

"The sermon was good, but the text was enough, father. I think it over in my heart, and it leaves a light on all the common things of life. And she repeated it softly, "O Thou preserver of men, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

David lifted his bonnet reverently, and James, who was learned in what the Scotch pleasantly call "the humanities," added slowly,

" 'But I, the mortal,
Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
I sorrow no longer.' "

When people have such subjects of conversation, they talk moderately—for words are but poor interpreters of emotions whose sources lie in the depths of eternity. But they were none the less happy, and James felt as if he had been sitting at one of those tables which the Lord "prepareth in the wilderness," where the "cup runneth over" with joy and content.

Such moments rarely last long; and it is doubtful if we could bear to keep the soul always to its highest bent. When Christine had sided away the dishes and put in order the little room, David laid down his pipe, and said, "The Lord's day being now over, I may speak anent my ain matters. I had a letter, Christine, on Saturday, from my brother-in-law, McFarlane. He says young Donald will be in Glasgow next week."

"Will he stay here, father?"

"Na, na; he'll bide wi' the McFarlanes. They are rich folk; but siller is na sin—an' it be clean-won siller."

"Then why did Uncle McFarlane write to you, father?"

"He wrote concerning the lad's pecuniary matters, Christine. Young Donald will need gude guiding; and he is my sister Jessie's only bairn—blood is thicker than water, ye'll allow that—and Donald is o' gentle blood. I'm no saying that's everything; but it is gude to come o' a gude kind."

"The McFarlanes have aye been for the Pope and the Stuarts," said James, a little scornfully. "They were 'out' in the '79; and they would pin the white cockade on to-morrow, if there was ever a Stuart to bid them do it."

"May be they would, James. Highlandmen hae a way o' sticking

to auld friends. There's Camerons I wadna go bail for, if Prince Charlie could come again; but let that flea stick to the wa'. And the McFarlanes arena exactly papist noo; the twa last generations hae been 'Piscopals—that's ane step ony way towards the truth. Luther mayna be John Knox, but they'll win up to him some time, dootless they will."

"How old is young McFarlane?" asked James.

"He is turned twenty—a braw lad, his father says. I hae ne'er seen him, but he's Jessie's bairn, and my heart gaes out to meet him."

"Why did you not tell me on Saturday, father? I could have spoken for Maggie Maclean to help me to put the house in order."

"I didna get the letter till the evening post. It was most as good as Sabbath then. House-cleaning is an unco temptation to women-folk, so I keepit the news till the Sabbath sun was weel set."

During this conversation James Blackie's heart had become heavy with some sad presentiment of trouble, such as arise very naturally in similar circumstances.

He listened to David Cameron's reminiscences of his bonnie sister Jessie, and of the love match she had made with the great Highland chieftain, with an ill-disguised impatience. He had a Lowlander's scorn for the thriftless, fighting, freebooting traditions of the Northern clans and a Calvinist's dislike to the Stuarts and the Stuarts' faith; so that David's unusual emotion was exceedingly and, perhaps, unreasonably irritating to him. He could not bear to hear him speak with trembling voice and gleaming eyes of the grand mountains and the silent corries around Ben-Nevis, the red deer trooping over the misty steeps, and the brown hinds lying among the green plumes of fern, and the wren and the thrush liting in song together.

"Oh, the bonnie, bonnie Hielands!" cried David with a passionate affection; "it is always Sabbath up i' the mountains, Christine. I maun see them once again ere I lay by my pilgrim-staff and shoon for ever."

"Then you are not Glasgow born, Mr. Cameron," said James, with the air of one who finds out something to another's disadvantage.

"Me! Glasgo' born! Na, na, man! I was born among the mou..tains o' Argyle. It was a sair downcome fra them to the Glasgo' pavements. But I'm saying naething against Glasgo'. I was but thinking o' the days when I wore the tartan and climbed the hills in the white dawns, and, kneeling on the top o' Ben Na Keen, saw the sun sink down wi' a smile. It's little ane sees o' sun-rising or sunsetting here, James," and David sighed heavily and wiped away the tender mist from his sight.

James looked at the old man with some contempt; he himself had been born and reared in one or other of the closest and darkest streets of the city. The memories of his loveless, hard-childhood were bitter to him, and he knew no' ing of the joy of a boyhood spent in the hills and woods.

Life is the same everywhere, Mr. Cameron. I dare say there is as much sin and as much worry and care among the mountains as on the Glasgow pavements."

"You may 'daur say' it, James, but that winna mak it true. Even in this world our Father's house has many mansions. Gang your way up and up through thae grand solitudes and ye'll blush to be caught worrying among them."

And then in a clear, jubilant voice he broke into the old Scotch version of the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes from whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made."

And he sang it to that loveliest of all psalm tunes, Rathiell's "St. Mary's." It was impossible to resist the faith, the enthusiasm, the melody. At the second bar Christine's clear, sweet voice joined in, and at the second line James was making a happy third.

"Henceforth thy goings out and in
God keep for ever will."

"Thae twa lines will do for a 'Gude-night,'" said David in the pause at the end of the psalm, and James rose with a sigh and wrapped his plaid around him.

CHAPTER II.

James had gone into the house so happy and hopeful, he left it so anxious and angry—yes, angry. He knew well that he had no just cause for anger, but that knowledge only irritated him the more. Souls, as well as bodies, are subject to malignant diseases, and to-night envy and jealousy were causing James Blackie more acute suffering than any attack of fever or contagion. A feeling of dislike towards young Donald McFarlane had taken possession of his heart; he lay awake to make a mental picture of the youth, and then he hated the picture he had made.

Feverish and miserable, he went next morning to the bank in which he was employed, and endeavoured amid the perplexities of compound interest to forget the anxieties he had invented for himself. But it was beyond his power, and he did not pray about them; for the burdens we bind on our own shoulders we rarely dare to go to God with, and James might have known from this circumstance alone that his trouble was no lawful one. He nursed it carefully all day and took it to bed with him again at night. The next day he had begun to understand how envy grew to hatred, and hatred to murder. Still he did not go to God for help, and still he kept ever before his eyes the image of the youth that he had determined was to be his enemy.

On Thursday night he could no longer bear his uncertainties. He dressed himself carefully and went to David Cameron's. David

was in his shop tasting and buying teas, and apparently absorbed in business. He merely nodded to James, and bid him "walk through." He had no intention of being less kindly than usual, but James was in such a suspicious temper that he took his pre-occupation for coolness, and so it was almost with a resentful feeling he opened the half-glass door dividing the shop from the parlour.

As his heart had foretold him, there sat the youth whom he had determined to hate, but his imaginations had greatly deceived him with regard to his appearance. He had thought of Donald only as a "fair, false Highlander" in tartan, kilt, and philibeg. He found him a tall, dark youth, richly dressed in the prevailing Southern fashion, and retaining no badge of his country's costume but the little Glengary cap with its chieftain's token of an eagle's feather. His manners were not rude and haughty, as James had decided they would be; they were singularly frank and pleasant. Gracious and graceful, exceedingly handsome and light hearted, he was likely to prove a far more dangerous rival than even James' jealous heart had anticipated.

He rose at Christine's introduction, and offered his hand with a pleasant smile to James. The latter received the courtesy with such marked aversion that Donald slightly raised his eyebrows ere he resumed his interrupted conversation with Christine. And now that James sat down with a determination to look for offences he found plenty. James very quickly decided that Donald presumed in a very offensive manner on his relationship to Christine.

A little after nine o'clock David, having closed his shop, joined them in the parlour. He immediately began to question James about the loss of the *Bonnie Bess*, and from that subject they drifted easily into others of a local business interest. It was very natural that Donald, being a stranger both to the city and its business, should take no part in this discourse, and that he should, in consequence, devote himself to Christine. But James felt it an offence and rose much earlier than was his wont to depart. David stayed him, almost authoritatively:

"Ye maun stop, baith o' ye lads, and join in my meat and worship. They are ill visitors that canna sit at ane board and kneel at ane altar."

For David had seen through all their drifting talk of ships and cargoes, the tumult in James' heart, and he did not wish him to go away in an ungenerous and unjust temper. So both Donald and James partook of the homely supper of pease brose and butter, oatmeal cakes and fresh milk, and then read aloud with David and Christine the verses of the evening Psalm that came to each in turn. James was much softened by the exercise; so much so that when Donald asked permission to walk with him as far as their way lay together, he very pleasantly acceded to the request. And Donald was so bright and unpretentious it was almost impossible to resist the infectious good temper which seemed to be his characteristic.

Still James was very little happier or more restful. He lay awake again, but this night it was not to fret and fume, but to calmly think over his position and determine what was best and right to do. For James still thought of "right," and would have been shocked indeed if any angel of conscience had revealed to him the lowest depths of his desires and intentions. In the first place, he saw that David would tolerate no element of quarrelling and bitterness in his peaceful home, and that if he would continue to visit there he must preserve the semblance of friendship for Donald McFarlane. In the second, he saw that Donald had already made so good his lien upon his uncle's and cousin's affections that it would be very hard to make them believe wrong of the lad, even if he should do wrong, though of this James told himself there would soon be abundance.

"For the things David will think sinful beyond all measure," he argued, "will seem but Puritanical severity to him; forbye, he is rich, gay, handsome, and has little to do with his time, he'll get well on to Satan's ground before he knows it;" and then some whisper dim and low in his soul made him blush and pause and defer the following out of a course which was to begin in such a way.

So Donald and he fell into the habit of meeting at David's two or three nights every week, and apparent friendship sprang up between them. It was only apparent, however. On Donald's side was that good-natured indifference that finds it easy enough to say smooth words, and is not ready to think evil or to take offence; on James' part a wary watchfulness, assuming the rôle of superior wisdom, half admiring and half condemning Donald's youthful spirits and ways.

David was quite deceived; he dropped at once the authoritative manner which had marked his displeasure when he perceived James' disposition to envy and anger; he fell again into his usual pleasant familiar talks with the young man, for David thought highly of James as of one likely to do his duty to God and himself.

In these conversations Donald soon began to take a little share, and when he chose to do so, evinced a thought and shrewdness which greatly pleased his uncle; more generally, however, he was at Christine's side, reading her some poem he had copied, or telling her about some grand party he had been at. Sometimes James could catch a few words of reproof addressed in a gentle voice to Donald by Christine; more often he heard only the murmur of earnest conversation, or Christine's low laugh at some amusing incident.

The little room meanwhile had gradually become a far brighter place. Donald kept it sweet and bright with his daily offerings of fresh flowers; the pet canary he had given Christine twittered and sang to her all the day through. Over Christine herself had come the same bright change; her still, calm face often dimpled into smiles, her pale-gold hair was snooded with a pretty ribbon, and her dress a little richer. Yet, after all, the change was so

slight that none but a lover would have noticed it. But there was not a smile or a shade of brighter colour that James did not see; and he bore it with an equanimity which used often to astonish himself, though it would not have done so if he had dared just once to look down into his heart; he bore it because he knew that Donald was living two lives—one that Christine saw, and one that she could not even have imagined.

It was, alas, too true that this gay, good-natured young man, who had entered the fashionable world without one bad habit, was fast becoming proficient in all its follies and vices. That kind of negative goodness which belonged naturally to him, unfortified by strict habits and strong principles, had been able to repel the seductions and temptations that assail young men, rich, handsome, and well-born. There was an evil triumph in James' heart one night when Donald said to him, as they walked home after an evening at David's,

"Mr. Blackie, I wish you could lend me £20. I am in a little trouble, and I cannot ask Uncle David for more, as I have already overdrawn my father's allowance."

James loaned it with an eager willingness, though he was usually very cautious and careful of every bawbee of his hard-earned money. He knew it was but the beginning of confidence, and so it proved; in a very little while Donald had fallen into the habit of going to James in every emergency, and of making him the confidant of all his youthful hopes and follies.

James even schooled himself to listen patiently to Donald's praises of his cousin Christine. "She is just the wife I shall need when I settle down in three or four years," Donald would say complacently, "and I think she loves me. Of course, no man is worthy of such a woman, but when I have seen life a little I mean to try and be so."

"Umph!" answered James scornfully, "do you suppose, Mr. McFarlane, that ye'll be fit for a pure lassie like Christine Cameron when you have played the prodigal and consorted with fools and wasted your substance with riotous living?"

And Donald said with an honest blush, "By the memory of my mother, no, I do not, James. And I am ashamed when I think of Christine's white soul and the stained love I have to offer it. But women forgive! Oh, what mothers and wives and sisters there are in this world!"

"Well, don't try Christine too far, Donald. She is of an old Covenanting stock; her conscience feels sin afar off. I do not believe she would marry a bad, worldly man, though it broke her heart to say 'No.' I have known her far longer than you have."

"Tut, man, I love her! I know her better in an hour than you could in a lifetime;" and Donald looked rather contemptuously on the plain man who was watching him with eyes that might have warned any one more suspicious or less confident and self-satisfied.

The Christian Life.

O THOU, SO WEARY!

O THOU, so weary of thy self-denials,
 And so impatient of thy little cross,
 Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
 To count all earthly things a gainful loss?
 Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
 Some easier way, as all have sought before,
 To silence the reproachful inward speaking,
 Some landward path unto an island shore.
 The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
 The way too narrow for thy inward pride;
 Thou canst not lay thy intellectual treasure
 At the low footstool of the Crucified.
 In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
 Thy weary soul can only find its peace;
 Seeking no aid from any human creature,
 Looking to God alone for his release.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of England, who is the originator of the "Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism," says: "The great defect in Christians is not in their personal faith or in their creed, but in that they have never *worked out* their Christianity—have never applied it practically to daily life. Business, pleasure, politics, must all be Christianized. It is not enough for a man to trust in Christ, and go to prayer-meetings, and sing hymns; he must carry out the teachings of Jesus Christ in Oxford Street and Regent Street, and to do that is often a higher achievement of Divine grace than to sing at the top of your voice at prayer-meetings."

We believe in a practical Christianity—a "Scriptural holiness" that is illustrated by holy deeds; and that not only by the few who are eminent for piety, or by the acknowledged leaders in Christian work, but by the rank and file of the followers of Christ. Let all who bear His name, sweetly yet fearlessly, in their daily lives, interpret the law of love.

Deep snows covered the ground, and the wind whistled cold and shrill through the trees, as a farmer, driving a spirited horse, dashed into the yard. It took but a few moments to put the animal away, and as the gentleman entered the house, his wife, lifting a sweet, earnest face, inquired, "How did you find Stephen to-day?"

"Very comfortable, but he is evidently failing."

After becoming thoroughly warm, the gentleman threw himself

carelessly upon the couch, but he was restless. Drawing a paper over his face, he tried to compose himself, but frequently he drew a deep, audible sigh, while his restlessness increased.

After a little his wife gently said, "What is it, Frank? Is neighbour Stephen much worse?"

"Oh, it is not that," he said, as he arose and paced the floor. "It is not that; I know he must die, but I did not do my duty. I felt I ought to pray with him, but there were so many around, I did not. I fear he is not ready to die."

"If I felt that way," said his wife, softly, "I would harness quickly and go right back."

His face brightened. "I believe I will." A few moments later, his wife saw him drive out of the yard and down the road at quick speed.

"Why, Neighbour N——, did you leave anything?" they asked as the door of his friend's house was opened to him.

"No," he replied, "but I want to see Stephen again."

"All right, walk right in."

More than an ordinary friendship existed between the two neighbours, and as Mr. N. stepped quickly into the sick-room, the dying man looked up with a smile, "Why, Frank, back so soon?"

"Yes, Stephen," and taking the fevered hand in his, while tears ran down his cheeks, he said, "I came back, because I want to pray with you—for your soul, Stephen."

The blood mantled the pale, sick face, but still clinging to the strong hand of his friend, he said, "All right, Frank." And there close by the bedside, holding in his great strong hands the thin, emaciated one of the sick brother, that stalwart, manly man, fell on his knees and pleaded with tears and sobs and tender words for the soul of his friend.

Rising, he brushed away the tears, laid his hand for a moment on the burning brow, and with a hushed "Good-bye, I'll come again," went out as quickly as he came.

O Christ of Galilee! how mighty is Thy love! How strong Thou art in the souls of Thy children if we only *let Thee have Thy way!*

This Christian gentleman was constitutionally timid and reserved. He held no office in Church or State, but he had a great loving heart, and he believed in Jesus. His wife might have said, "I would not worry, the minister will probably call."

Could the minister do Mr. N——'s duty? Could he have come as near to the needy soul, or lifted as strongly as the beloved friend and neighbour?

It is said of Jesus, "And He laid His hand upon him." If we

would lift a soul, we must touch it with our love and sympathy. You, Christian man, who art standing closest to that unsaved soul, you are the one to lay your hand upon him, and prove your faith in the Christ of the Gospel, by your loving works and words of entreaty.—*By Mrs. M. N. Van Benschoten.*

CONSECRATION OF THE BODY.

There is a sufficient reason while Paul urges the Roman Christians to present their bodies "holy, acceptable to God." A consecration which does not include the body is an imperfect consecration. While a religion that is wholly spiritual may be better than one that is wholly physical and formal, a religion that begins in the inner life, and, working from within, shapes the outer life, and finds its clear expression there, is far better than either. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father not only keeps unspotted from the world, but it visits the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. It not only prays for them, it *visits* them. It sends the Christian to them in his own proper person, to speak kind words to them, and minister to their necessities. A religion which is all spirit is not good for much in this world. We want a religion that finds expression in a cheery presence, a hearty word, a warm grasp of the hand—nay, we want a religion that knows how to express itself in bread, and potatoes, and shoes, and coal; and this is a kind of religion for the propagation of which the body seems indispensable.

There is a good deal of Christian work that cannot be done without the assistance of the body. The public services of religion really seem to require as much as this. A congregation of disembodied spirits would not be very inspiring to the preacher. People talk about being present in spirit in the prayer-meeting, but if everybody was present in that way there would be no prayer-meeting. The same principle applies to our profession of faith in Christ. In our proper persons, in shapes that men can see, we are to stand up and avouch the Lord to be our God. If there is a visible Church in the world, the members of that Church must make themselves visible. The nation cannot depend upon invisible voters or invisible soldiers; neither is the kingdom of God in this world very effectually served by invisible Christians.

And, therefore, it is only reasonable that men should present themselves to God in their bodies. We have had too much of a religion which is pure abstraction; let us understand, though flesh and blood may not inherit the kingdom of God, that kingdom does inherit flesh and blood; inhabits them, to make itself known through them, and can make itself visible in no other way

HINTS ON PASTORAL WORK.*

How to turn pastoral work to educational account, and be a better student and preacher because one is a better pastor, is a problem worth considering; for "the people" our young minister serves are all glad to have him "call" and "visit;" the oftener and the longer the better. So they think and so they say, and this gives to our brother several hints which he is not slow to adopt.

He will not call or visit in the morning, unless in cases of extreme necessity, and these cases rarely occur. His private memorandum is, "A. M. in L.," which being interpreted is, "morning in library." He has underscored it with a crooked, saw-like line, expressive of his energy of purpose. He has said it in tones of energy both in private and pulpit until everybody knows that he will not be interrupted. Even old "Father —," the oldest and most influential and (be it said respectfully), in these latter days the most garrulous of all the stewards, who bored the last pastor by his frequent and protracted calls; even he has found out that the new man cannot be seen before one o'clock p.m. He tried and was foiled, and having failed utterly gave up the quest. The whole church soon knew that the pastor was inaccessible every morning. And the church liked it. They liked to tell it. It reflected credit on themselves and on their minister. And it told on the sermons preached on Sabbath days. The *verve* and the aroma of the morning hours were in them. The outsiders were attracted. The insiders were instructed.

But he did "call." He had a way of "calling" on the street. He had the art of saying more and of getting more out of the people he talked to, even when they chanced to meet, than most men who went and sat and stayed in professional form. He put his earnest life into smile and hand-grasp. He asked questions, gave information, canvassed some item of church business, found out about "wife and children," where they were, how they were, and what their plans for the near future. Somehow when that evening the head of the house reported to the heart of the house that casual conversation, and the children heard how the pastor had asked for them all by name, and had sent a motto to them to be repeated every day, they all felt that the pastor had called on them that day. They were the more sure to be at church the next Sunday.

Frequently when this pastoral pastor met men on the street or in the shop, there would come a word, a bow, a shake, a smile, a question, a hint, a proverb, a sally of wit, an answer to some echo of doubt, a bit of raillery more in earnest than in fun, and a sceptical fellow, leaving the friendly pastor, promised himself to "go to hear that man preach;" and somehow, as a casual question which had been asked in the brief conversation would recur, the sceptic had a feeling at the heart as if his mother had called to him out of the unseen, or as if he had heard an exhortation at a revival.

* Abridged from "The Itinerant's Club," in the *Methodist Review*. This is an unsigned article, but if its internal evidence does not indicate Bishop Vincent as its author, we are greatly mistaken.—ED.

It was the power of manhood touching manhood ; a man at peace with God influencing a man who needed peace.

In the regular calls our pastor was as wise as he was agreeable. He didn't seem the professional pastor at all. His tone was natural. It rung with genuineness. He fringed every topic he touched with a charming religiousness. And to make a religious impression he was not compelled to lug in the set themes of church and pulpit. Indeed, with consummate art he appeared to avoid, and now and then intentionally to evade them. But after his "little prayer," as the children called it, and his cheery good-bye, every body felt as if an alabaster-box of precious ointment had been broken in the house, and its fragrance reached the very attic. And lumbering Ned, the twelve-year-old who never took to preachers, wondered when that "jolly one was a comin' agin'." Mother wondered how she came to tell him so freely about her experiences and her doubts, and she was almost sorry for it until one Sunday, soon after, while he was preaching, she found her problems solved, and her eyes wet and her heart glad. She said to her husband, "He must have made up that sermon in our parlour." For this "uneducated" minister had a way of reading people as he read books. And when a man puts the contents of folks in his sermon, folks take his preaching to heart, because it certainly reaches their heads, and with every-day people head and heart are not very widely separated.

As for places of sorrow, the pastor sought them out and went often. And there he was at his best, if one can say that of a man who seemed always and everywhere at his best. What good cheer he brought ! He filled the place with spiritual ozone. He was himself a tonic. Once or twice the old infidel doctor, who had a difficult case on hand, sent for that parson to call. "He is a sort of a mind-cure," said the old doctor ; "but he has no nonsense, and makes a trace of religious talk go further and do more than all my medicines." The doctor didn't know the secret. The Lord Jesus and His faithful minister did. It was interesting to notice how much the minister found out, in his calls on sick people, about their past lives, their views of religion, their ground of hope for the future (often so pitifully weak and worthless), their regrets at unfaithfulness, and the humiliating reasons for their regrets. It was plain to see when he preached on the Sabbath that whatever he may have done with the last volume of sermons by Canon This, or Archbishop That, or the latest series of Bampton Lectures, he had read closely and with throbbing heart the red pages of living experience in the chambers of sorrow.

Our student-pastor did not refuse a feast when the chance offered. He was thankful for his invitation. The "R. S. V. P." elicited a genial acceptance. And he was on hand. But he was on hand as a man, a gentleman who never forgot and never obtrusively reminded anybody that he was a minister. His self-mastery gave him mastership of men. His transparent purity made him a king among maidens. His manliness and wisdom put him into easy relations with motherhood. And the children "made for him" to hear a story or learn of a good thing to play. He was a gentleman among society ladies, a man of practical sense among men and women of affairs, a friend among children and youth, but everywhere and always he was the dignified, refined, spiritually-minded pastor whose presence was a benediction.

As a pastor our young minister had a good chance to find books in large numbers and great variety, for he studied every shelf and table in all the homes of his people, and he made out a complete list of the volumes he found. He classified them, and could tell by turning to his pocket catalogue where in his parish he could find all the available books on any special subject. Keeping in his memorandum-book a list of topics he wished to investigate, he would call here and there, and turn to good account the various libraries of his parish. He was surprised to find how many strong and standard volumes were scattered among his people. By a little planning he was enabled to make pastoral visiting any opportunity for reading and study. His habit lost him no friends, and his example set older folks and younger at work consulting and reading books which, although in their own libraries, they had hitherto accounted of little or no value. After his pocket list was complete the pastor found that he had in his "charge," scattered among the homes of his people, more than two thousand books, and some of them exceedingly valuable.

Our minister, in a really scientific way, although unobtrusively, studied the people he visited. He studied the social problems, not so much in books as in "folks." He met the problems in the concrete—the sewing-women, the factory-girls, the miners, the apprentices, the servants, the employers, the manufacturers, the politicians, the stable-boys—every class and everybody. He talked to them. He thought about them. He questioned them. He preached to them. He counselled and reproved and comforted, as circumstances demanded. And when in a parlour some distinguished author, college professor, or popular lecturer on political and social economy conversed with our young clergyman, the latter could give facts and theories and suggest practical measures of real value to these professional and lecture-room students of problems in the work-a-day world.

Thus our young "uneducated" minister made his pastoral office and work a school of theological and social training. He studied men individually and collectively. He found books in houses and knowledge in people. The plain and "ignorant" old folks, who had never even seen the city, and knew nothing about the conventional ways of society, had stores of experience in real life to report, wise old maxims and proverbs to quote, quaint criticisms on life to offer; and the student of these old "living epistles" of human and of divine wisdom found many a sharp point with which to prick the folly of the times or draw the tear of sympathy from eyes unused to weep. What an education is possible everywhere for the man who has brains and eyes and heart and will and tact!

Getting a hint somewhere the young preacher resolved to give up the "getting up" of sermons. He resolved to *master subjects and let sermons grow*. It is wonderful how the idea took hold of him. He began to work on one great doctrine or department of theology as if he had suddenly become a specialist on it and must prepare a course of lectures or write a book on it. But where are "the sermons for next Sunday?" He asked himself that a score of times, and kept working away on his "subject." Before Saturday morning came he had incidentally found ten or fifteen texts on which he intends "some time to preach." On a slip of paper he had put down eight distinct topics that he hoped "some day to take up." He had a list of twenty questions bearing on his "subject," which he is

sure somebody will ask. Here are five serious objections which *must* be answered. These texts, topics, questions, and objections are not all immediately connected with the ruling subject of his week's study, but they are collateral or are suggested by this study. He could not in five hours discuss all the lines opened up by his researches of the week. He is embarrassed by the wealth of thought that comes to him. And out of this radical work there grows two vigorous, practical, earnest "talks" for the Sunday. And they are so full of vigour and dash, and come out so like the stream at the faucet, that people involuntarily think of the great reservoir among the distant hills—all the water of which they cannot drink, but the pressure of which fills full with sparkle and freshness the goblet which they draw.

On this plan our young minister will study with some degree of carefulness about six or eight "great subjects" a year. And he will "grow" sermons by the score and hundred. In fact, he is full of sermons. And his sermons are full. And such fulness gives force. Happy the people whose pastor, having common sense, tact, sympathy, and the abundant grace of God, is a regular student of "stupendous themes," and who, out of what he is and knows, grows sermons for the comfort and edification of the people!

LOCAL CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

BY JOSEPH PULLMAN.

THE Church of the future will exhibit two characteristics—genuine piety and effective organization. The absence of either of these qualities will prove sufficient to damage, and finally, in the increasing competition of the future, to destroy any Church, whether local or connexional, that fails to possess it.

A few years ago the Rev. Mr. Frothingham closed up his ministry, confessing it to have been a failure, and declaring in his last sermon that the future of the world was in the grip of organization. We are living in a practical age when the supreme test of truth is life. What are we doing to make men better, to make purer homes, a nobler society, a higher civilization? Methodism as a connexional institution is thoroughly organized. Rome herself does not surpass it. But Methodism in the local church is a survival of a past age, when all efforts were purely missionary and evangelical, and the energies of the Church were directed almost exclusively to the conversion of adults. In those days we had few members to care for, few children to train for God, and no constituency in the world that gave us recognition. To-day we are face to face with new conditions. We have a vast constituency. The splendid successes of the past have brought the people close to us, while the proper care of our members and children entails new obligations and duties. Besides, we must recognize a change in the temper of the times which makes the old-fashioned contagious revival a rare occurrence among us. There are revivals still, but they are associated with the most elaborate organization. The Rev. B. Fay Mills, in the late revival in Newark, N.J., caused the city to be districted and

visited by committees of all the churches, and sixty thousand invitations were distributed before the first meeting was held. We cannot conceive the possibility of the Chautauqua movement originating among our Methodist fathers three generations ago. The Oxford League, with its articulated intellectualism and benevolent work, is another symptom of our times; nor can we conceive of its existence in the days when Jacob Gruber and Benjamin Abbott went up and down the land like angels of the Apocalypse and scores were slain by the power of God under single sermons. Every age has its own work and must do it in its own way. And we have little occasion for tears because forms and methods, the incidents of the spiritual life, change or pass away, so long as the Church is advancing toward "the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God."

What, then, is the organization of the average Methodist church to-day? This may be learned from our services. Our Sabbath services of worship are generally effective, and our preaching may compare with the best in the land. Our Sunday-schools may also be commended, though there is great room for improvement. Our class-meetings are, for the most part, a feeble survival of a once mighty institution, while the prayer-meeting still brings comfort and benediction to the elect minority who, week after week, wonder why the others never come. The energies of the local church begin and end with itself, and these energies are directed almost exclusively to spiritual ends. But should not every church be a centre of philanthropy to the community? Should it not be a centre of intellectual inspiration to its own congregation and to those without? Should it not be organized for missionary work in the neighbourhood? If there are Dorcases among our members there must be widows and orphans on the church-rolls, for whom efficient work may be done. The duties of the Church may be gathered from the life of her Lord, for she is more than his witness—she stands to the world in "Christ's stead." Nay, she is He—His body. He went about doing good. Jesus was a superlative humanitarian, and the Church of the future will be that Church which most completely manifests His spirit and continues His work.

"Her litanies sweet offices of love and gratitude,
Her sacramental liturgies the joy of doing good."

There is work, then, for our legislators in the organization of the local church. And this organization should put work and responsibility more upon the people and less upon the minister, whose stay is limited.

I. Every church should be organized, perhaps some society established, for the Christian nurture of every infant born into the parish. At certain fixed ages these children should have public recognition before the Church, such as the presentation of a Bible on Children's Day, when they are five or seven years old. Our present system does not go far enough, and is too dependent on the pastor.

II. Every church should be organized for perpetual home mission work. Why not a board of deaconesses in every church to do the work for which Paul commended the women at Philippi?

III. Every church should be organized to represent Jesus in pure philanthropy, such as caring for the sick and the orphan and the poor, and this

with little care for parish boundaries. The ideal church will have an effective centre of missionary inspiration to kindle sympathy with the kingdom of God in the world. It will have provision for mental culture and fostering the talents of its youth.—*Methodist Review*.

AFTER HARVEST.

BY ANELIA E. BARR.

THE days of harvest are past again ;
 We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves ;
 And gathered the apples, green and gold,
 'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
 With a flowery promise the spring-time came,
 With the building birds and blossoms sweet ;
 But oh ! the honey, the fruit and wine !
 And oh ! the joy of corn and wheat !
 What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
 And what the flower to the honey-comb ?
 What was the song that sped the plow,
 To the joyful song of Harvest Home ?

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth ;
 So full of promise, so gay with song ;
 To the lilt of joy and the dream of love
 Right merrily go the hours along.
 But yet in the harvest time of life
 We never wish for its storing again ;
 We have tried our strength and proved our heart ;
 Our hands have gathered their golden gain ;
 We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
 And love has fed us with honey-comb ;
 Sweet youth, we never can weep for thee,
 When life has come to its Harvest Home.

When the apples are red to the topmost bough,
 We do not think of their blossoming hour ;
 When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
 We do not long for its pale green flower.
 So then, when hopes for our spring at last
 Are found in fruit of the busy brain,
 In the heart's sweet love, in the hands' brave toil,
 We shall not wish for our youth again.
 Ah, no ! We shall say, with a glad content :
 " After the years of our hard unrest,
 Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil !
 Thank God, the harvest of life is best ! "

Current Topics and Events.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE death of Cardinal Newman removes one of the most conspicuous figures of the times from public view. He was, probably, the most distinguished pervert made in this century from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church. And by his great moral and intellectual influence he drew many after him in his path of apostasy from the Protestant faith. The judgment of posterity will be, we think, that he was characterized rather by subtlety, refinement and delicacy of mind, than by strength or depth of original thought. He will be remembered chiefly by millions as the author of some of the most exquisite hymns in the language, especially the "Lead, Kindly Light," which is in the hymnaries of almost all the Churches. In his "Apologia pro Sua Vita" he lays bare his very heart, and gives evidence of intense sincerity. Yet from the strange effect on even an ingenuous mind of the moral teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, he seems to have given some ground for the accusation of Charles Kingsley of lack of the transparent candour we would like to see in a man of so saintly a spirit and blameless a life in so many other respects. We have seen also charges of casuistical dealing with other perverses made through his influence that are the result rather, we judge, of the religious environment and atmosphere in which he lived than of any conscious lack of rectitude in the man. His exquisite literary style gives his writings and, especially his sermons, an undying charm. But his mind was reactionary and mediæval in cast. In his fine poem, the "Dream of Gerontius," are some grim images of purgatory worthy of the pen of Dante.

In the following sentences the *Methodist Times* draws a striking comparison between John Newman and John Wesley :

"John Newman was the most influential religious leader of the nineteenth century, as John Wesley was the most influential leader of the eighteenth century. Both men began their careers as Oxford clergymen, but one ended as a prince of the Roman Church and the other as the founder of the most numerous and widespread Protestant community in the world. It is very instructive to note their point of agreement and their points of difference. They agreed in the fundamental conviction that Christianity consists essentially in a living personal fellowship with a living personal God. This is the main point of the most profound theological work Cardinal Newman ever penned, the 'Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.' The same vital truth appears everywhere in Wesley's 'Notes on the New Testament.' Newman, as he states in his 'Apologia,' was soundly 'converted' in the Methodist sense of that much-misunderstood theological word, when he was a mere boy, and he never lost his sense of peace with God. That genuine 'conversion' coloured all his thought, and was the real, though often unacknowledged, charm of his life and preaching. A similar 'conversion' was the strength of Wesley's ministry, and, as Rev. Richard Green stated in his recent Fernley Lecture on Methodism, is the condition and explanation of our success. But how is it that the two great English religious leaders, who agreed in their definition of essential Christianity, found themselves ultimately as far apart as the poles? How is it that their successors form at this moment the two most powerful, and at the same time antagonistic, religious forces in the British Empire? The answer to that momentous question is obvious to every one who institutes a careful comparison between Newman's 'Apologia pro Vita Sua' and Wesley's

'Journals,' of which latter work we are glad to understand that Mr. Kelly is about to issue a popular and illustrated edition. A study of these two characteristic autobiographical works will show that Newman never went to the Bible for his convictions. He never quotes the Bible in the 'Apologia' as the reason for any change in his convictions, although he was much influenced by 'The Fathers.' On the other hand, Wesley declared himself *homo unius libri*, and at every turn found light and guidance in the Word of God. It is further evident that the main original motive of Newman was, as he says over and over again, 'to resist Liberalism'—that is to say, modern thought in theology and politics. In other words, Newman's movement was essentially ecclesiastical. On the other hand, Wesley's was purely religious. Wesley and his colleagues had no theological or ecclesiastical quarrel with anybody. The only thing of which they complained was the state of their own hearts. Once more Newman's teaching was essentially abstract, speculative, academic. He never mixed with the great world outside the exclusive little Oxford of his day. He confessed that he did not even know his own parishioners. He lived in his study, and communed with books. Wesley, on the other hand, lived like Jesus Christ in the crowd, and had 'compassion on the multitude.' He was in living touch with all sorts and conditions of men. His narrow and academic creed was knocked to pieces by the great facts of real life. He was obliged to reconstruct his 'paper religion,' his speculative opinions, in order to bring them into harmony with fact. He accepted the principle of modern science, and insisted that theological dogmas must be submitted to the Baconian test of verification. Newman lived all his days in a dreamland of mediæval romance, and was therefore able to hug to his heart a definition of 'the Church' so narrow and so defective, that it could find no proper place for such Christians as Faraday and Bright and Brown- ing. Wesley, on the other hand, spent his whole life in enlarging and

humanizing his creed, until it had a place and a genial recognition for every kind of genuine goodness everywhere."

LIQUOR PERMITS IN THE NORTH- WEST.

At the indignation meeting of the Dominion Alliance held in Shaftesbury Hall, on September 4, an appalling abuse of the liquor permit system in the North-West was laid bare. That country is ostensibly under a prohibitory law, but the system of granting permits to introduce liquor has been frightfully abused, with the effect of greatly increasing the record of crime and drunkenness. Dr. Potts, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Senator Aikens, Rev. Leroy Hooker, Mr. Spence and others, made vigorous speeches on the subject, and a strong resolution was unanimously passed. We trust that Methodists everywhere will use their influence to prevent the virgin soil of the Canadian North-West being cursed with the liquor traffic which has wrought such havoc in the older provinces. The following is the resolution:

"That this meeting vi. vs with apprehension and alarm the startling increase in the consumption of strong drink, and also the alarming increase of drunkenness and crime in the North-West Territories, as shown in the official reports laid before the Dominion Parliament. That we believe this increase in drunkenness and crime is almost wholly attributable to the abuse of the power granted to Lieutenant-Governors of the North-West Territories to issue permits authorizing the bringing of liquor into the said Territories, this power having been exercised by the present Lieutenant-Governor to such an extent as to virtually replace the North-West prohibitory law by a license system of the very worst character, under which immense quantities of strong drink are being openly imported and freely sold in defiance of the manifest intention of the prohibitory clause of the North-West Territories Act, which was passed by the Dominion Parliament for the purpose

of preventing the indiscriminate liquor traffic which the present Lieutenant-Governor authorizes and encourages.

"That this abuse and the fearful immorality attendant upon it have grown to such appalling dimensions as to constitute an imperative demand for the immediate interference of the Dominion Government and Parliament, in the interests of morality and justice, with any measures that may be found necessary to prevent the further continuance of a policy unmistakably contrary to the method of suppressing the liquor traffic which our Dominion Parliament deemed should be carried out in the North-West Territories."

THE PRISON REFORM COMMISSION.

We trust, that very important results may flow from the Prison Reform Commission which is now taking evidence on this important subject at the principal penal institutions of this country and the United States. We utterly dissent from the opinion expressed by certain so-called experts, that crime is almost solely the result of ativism or heredity, that criminals are such by force of their inherited instincts and are scarcely responsible for their criminality. While heredity has, of course, much to do with depraved dispositions, yet removing the viciously inclined from their vicious environment, especially the young, and surrounding them with wholesome moral and religious influences, will often rescue them from their viler selves and lift them up to the dignity of men and to the fellowship of saints. The record of such a degraded felon as Jerry Macaulay, who became a very apostle of righteousness to the criminal classes of New York, and won scores of trophies of divine grace, confutes and confounds the materialistic pessimism of the scientific experts in ativism and heredity. If the Gospel of Christ can transform in a generation a race of cruel cannibals like the Fiji islanders into a Christian community, it can pluck as a brand from the burning souls on which the fires of hell has already kindled.

The Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthian Christians, enumerating some of the vilest of characters, adds "such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." The Gospel of Christ is still the power of God to salvation to the uttermost. It can still pluck the vilest of the vile from the jaws of perdition. Even in the worst there is a spark of the divine which the purpose of prison discipline should be to kindle to a flame. It should try to wake up the dead or dormant better nature of the criminal, and by some reflection of the mercy of Heaven lead the prisoner to hope for the forgiveness of God.

THE FEDERATION INJUNCTION.

THE important decision of Judge McMahan on this subject does much to clear the way for the carrying out of the policy of University Federation. It may be confidently expected that very soon every legal barrier will be removed, and that, with the hearty concurrence of all concerned, that result may be attained. It will doubtless be shown that there is no disposition to evade or deny any just claims of the town of Cobourg, or of the subscribers to Faraday Hall.

We cannot afford to go into this new educational movement as a divided church. Nor is there any likelihood that we shall. Those who have hitherto been opposed to Federation, and those who have been in favour of it—when once it is understood that no legal barriers exist and that amplest justice shall be done to all vested interests, and that the policy of Federation is, to use the language of Judge McMahan, "largely in the ascendancy," both as indicated by the successive votes taken on the subject and by the subscriptions received in its behalf—will, we trust, unite in carrying out that policy with the utmost vigour and to the most successful issues.

It will tax the ability of even a united church to place our federated university on such a high plane that it shall command the respect not only of our Church, but of the entire public. With such united efforts we look for the beginning of a new era

in our educational work. The theological department of our university will receive such a development and equipment as it has never had before. The arts department available to our students will present a broader range and ampler facilities for study than ever offered by any Canadian university before.

The presence of so many students in both arts and theology in the largest city of the Province will be a source of increased strength to the city churches, and will give the probationers for the ministry an opportunity of exercising their gifts and graces in religious work, especially in city mission work, such as they have not had heretofore, and such as

will be invaluable to them in their future ministerial career.

This has been conspicuously the result in the association of the divinity students of our college in Montreal with the church-life and church-work of that city. And such we are persuaded will be the result of the same policy carried out on a larger scale in the sister city of the West. We anticipate that Victoria University, with its learned faculty and numerous *clientele* of students will form a very important factor in the intellectual and religious life of Toronto, and confer and receive very great benefits from its relations to the religious, social and literary life of the city.

ACROSTIC—SONNET.

BY L. A. DES BRISAY.

“For God and Home, and Native Land,” she stands,
 Rallying her sisters, over land and sea ;
 Amazed we are at her great energy ;
 Ne'er cease her labours over all these bands,
 Combined to route King Alcohol from all lands ;
 Entered the lists, to pluck the smoking brands,
 Swift from their peril of eternity !

With loving hearts, and consecrated hands,
 In the success that crowns a righteous cause,
 Let us rejoice, and praise to God be given ;
 Let us still rally, till the foe be driven
 Away to his own place ; and may just laws,
 Redeem mankind, for which she long hath striven,
 Doomed by the tyrant—help them up to heaven.

TO FRANCES WILLARD.

Acrostic.

White-ribbon gem'd, and with the Rose of Purity,
 Called from above, wave still thy sapient wands,
 Till up to heaven no more the cry shall be
 “Undo the heavy burdens, break these bonds !”

THRICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers—
 Whose loves in higher loves endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The onehundred and forty-seventh annual Conference of the parent body was held at Bristol—a memorable city in the annals of Methodism. It was here that the penny-a-week system originated which contributed largely to the institution of the class-meeting. The last Conference at which John Wesley presided was held here, a few months before his death.

The Conference of 1890 will for many reasons be regarded as memorable. The Rev. Dr Moulton was elected President. He is said to be the most learned man in Methodism, and was a member of the Bible Revision Committee. At present he is Principal of Leys School at Cambridge, a most valuable educational institution. His father and grandfather were Wesleyan ministers, and some of his sons were ordained at this Conference, so that for four generations the Moulton family has been represented in the Wesleyan ministry. Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary. Mr. Waller had just returned from America, where he had attended the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Bishop Warren, Revs. Dr. Little, from the Methodist Episcopal Church; Edward King, Australia; Dr. Lelievre, France; and J. D. Lamont from Ireland, delivered stirring addresses respecting Methodism in their respective countries. Bishop Petty, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church (Zion), was also present. The net increase in the membership is 2,633, which was thought to be very small in comparison with the agencies at work.

Forty-two probationers were received into full connexion with the Conference and ordained.

A large number of ministers had

died during the year. The roll of the dead contained the names of Geo. Kilner, D.D., Geo. Osborne Bate, Thos. Akroyd, Geo. Dickenson and John Thomas, all of whom had been ministers of prominence.

Of the number of candidates recommended for the ministry, seventy were accepted. Some thought this number was too large, as there were between forty and fifty on the President's list of reserve.

Various appointments were made a year in advance. Rev. George Fletcher was appointed Governor and Tutor in Pastoral Theology and Church Organization, to the Richmond Branch; Rev. S. Whitehead, Missionary, Rev. Geo. A. Bennetts, B.A., Temperance Secretary; forty-one ministers were appointed to the Ecumenical Conference of 1891. Rev. Wallace M. Fullen was appointed delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church.

Great anxiety was felt respecting the result of the missionary controversy which had been going on for more than a year. A searching investigation had been made respecting the charges of extravagance that had been preferred. The Conference reviewed the entire proceedings, and it is hoped that peace will now be restored. Dr. Lunn has severed his connection with the West London Mission, of which Rev. H. P. Hughes will retain the superintendency.

The report of the Book Steward awakened great interest. The amount of business done amounted to \$315,000, being an increase of \$5,000 upon the sales of the previous year. The grants made were to the Annuitant and Auxiliary Funds (superannuation) \$18,000; Home Mission Fund, \$25,000; Ireland, \$1,500. The Allan Library cost \$30,000.

Rev. Owen Watkins, the well-known African missionary, hopes

soon to have fifty native students preparing for the work of the ministry in the Transvaal, Africa.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by the Rev. Richard Green, Professor at Didsbury, on "The Mission of Methodism."

In 1835, two Wesleyan missionaries landed in Fiji, literally taking their lives in their hands, in the midst of those blood-thirsty hordes, against the protests of all who knew anything about these islands. Today, with the exception of one tribe of wild highlanders, who hold out in their own mountain fastnesses, the eighty inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have embraced Christianity in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. There are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations, the schools are well attended, and the first sound which greets the ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer.

Mr. Baker, the ex-Wesleyan missionary, who was premier of Tonga Friendly Islands, had to leave that island under threats of being killed by the natives.

On the last day of the Mixed Conference Rev. J. E. Moulton, from Tonga, was introduced. He has been in charge of the Educational Institution in the Friendly Islands for many years, and has been a great sufferer during the persecution which unhappily prevailed under George Tabru. Mr. Moulton had not visited his native land in twenty years.

A House of Rest for the benefit of the ministers was presented to the Conference, by a gentleman at Rock Ferry.

The Wesleyan Trust Assurance Company, in which a great deal of the Church property is insured, presented £500 to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund and also £100 to the Irish

Worn-out Ministers' Fund. The *Methodist Recorder* Company also presented £200 to the first-named fund. A handsome donation was also given from the *Methodist Times* Company.

As March 2, 1891, will be the centenary of John Wesley's death, some wish the Sabbath previous to be observed in all the Methodist places of worship by suitable sermons and collections for the Worn-out Ministers' Fund.

The last Sunday in November is Temperance Sunday with the Wesleyans in England. The Conference recommends that all the ministers and preachers will on that day, both in the pulpits and the Sunday-schools, refer to the appalling extent and dire results of intemperance in Great Britain.

It was agreed that at next Conference reporters for the daily press shall be admitted to report the proceedings.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

The seventy-second Annual Conference assembled at Penzance, the Rev. W. Higman was elected President. He has been forty years in the ministry. Rev. F. W. Bourne, who visited Canada a few years ago, was elected Secretary. He is a well-known minister and is the author of that useful book, the "Life of Billy Bray."

Respectful mention was made of Rev. Paul Robins, who died in Bowmanville a few months ago. He was well known to thousands in England and to many in the Conference. Ten candidates were received on trial for the ministry.

Two young men, both ministers' sons, F. Dymond and S. Pollard, are missionaries in Western China. Two other young men have been sent to their assistance during the past year. Three others have been sent to New Zealand and one to Queensland, so that it will be seen that the denomination is alive to the importance of Christian missions.

The increase in the membership of the Church is 183. Four ministers and four laymen were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The *Independent* of New York has lately been publishing some valuable religious statistics respecting the United States. The growth of Protestant membership during the past year was 668,000; 256,000 of which was gained by the Methodists. The Baptists come next, with 213,000; then the Lutherans, with 98,000; the Congregationalists 16,000, and the Episcopalians, 9,500.

During the last one hundred years the American Methodist Church has grown five times as fast as the nation, and its literature three times as fast as the Church. The corner-stone of the Utah University was laid at Ogden in August. The landed and moneyed endowments, are large and the series of buildings, costing upwards of \$500,000, will be pushed rapidly to completion. Bishop Vincent laid the corner-stone; Governor Thomas took part in the service. Rev. Samuel Small has been appointed President of the University.

Bishop Mallalieu has purchased a building on the corner of Canal and Robinson Streets, New Orleans, worth about \$20,000, for a medical school, which is to be a department of the New Orleans University.

The seventy-fifth Annual Missionary report contains this significant statement, "The total increase of members and probationers in the Foreign Missions is 5,553, which is an increase of nearly nine per cent. on the membership of the previous year; while the advance of the whole membership of the Church is a little less than eight per cent."

Dr. J. O. Peck tells of a young minister in Arkansas Conference who gave up a fine business position that he might enter the ministry. When last year he told his employers of his intention, they offered him a salary of \$4,000 a year to remain with them. This he refused. His salary now is \$600.

The Directors of the Board of Publication of *Michigan Christian Advocate* at its late annual meeting appropriated \$2,500 to the superannuated preachers of Michigan and Detroit Conferences.

Rev. L. N. Beaudry, well known to many in Canada, has charge of the work among the French Catholics of Worcester, stated at the closing service of Father Chiniquy's recent mission in that city, that a French Church of one hundred members had been organized.

For several years past the Church has built on an average two church buildings a day.

Bishop Taylor wants \$25,000 for Africa within the next six or eight months.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
SOUTH.

This Church has built on an average one church each day during the past year.

The last General Conference cost the Church \$27,000, an average of about two cents per member.

Dr. D. C. Kelly, who attended the General Conference in Montreal twelve years ago, is the prohibition candidate for the Governorship of Tennessee.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A local journal says, "Methodism is a great power in the city of Toronto. There are over thirty churches, valued at \$1,042,815. The seating capacity is 27,675; fifteen of them will seat from one to two thousand, and eight will seat over 500 each. The Presbyterian Church comes next to the Methodist, the seating capacity of their churches, however, falls below the Methodist by 10,000.

The Rev. C. H. Paisley, in the Conference at Fredericton, stated that the Methodist Church in New Brunswick had one minister for every 473 adherents; the Presbyterian Church one for every 1,100; the Episcopal Church one for every 575, and the Baptists one for every 439.

A sad disaster has befallen the mission in Japan, viz., the destruction by fire of the Tabernacle Church, upon which Dr. Eby had expended so much zealous labour. It is, however, being rebuilt, and a call is made for \$3,000, which it is hoped may soon be forthcoming.

The Minutes of the Japan Conference came to hand as these Notes were being prepared. It is a pleasure to receive intelligence from such a distant country. Dr. Davidson Macdonald was elected President for the second time. Rev. F. A. Cassidy, M.A., and Rev. M. Kobayashi, Secretaries. Fourteen ministers and thirteen laymen were present at the first roll-call. Rev. Y. Hiraiwa and Dr. Eby were the Japanese and English interpreters respectively.

The work in Japan is divided into three districts, to one of which a Japanese minister is appointed chairman. There are no financial secretaries, but this does not imply that no attention is ever paid to finances. A scale of contribution is provided to be observed by all Church members. Contributions are made by the churches for the ministers' salaries, missions and all other expenses for church purposes including Sabbath-schools, the poor, etc., amounting to 6,491.35 yen, which is an increase of 2,390.83 yen. The present membership is 1,716 an increase of 211. A yen is about 90 cents. There is also a Japanese Home Missionary Society, which raised 784.27 yen. One evangelist who received 150 yen per annum, laboured amidst great persecution and received twenty-one converts into society, some of whom returned a portion of the money paid to the evangelist on their behalf.

The report of the Educational Institution, of which Dr. Cochrane is Principal, is especially interesting. Seven students have attended the Theological Department during the past year. The Academic Department, under the Rev. R. Whittington, M.A., has a principal and seven teachers. The curriculum extends over six years, and includes a thorough training in the Japanese and English language and literature, in science and mathematics. Religious exercises are kept up, and there can be no doubt that the educational institutions are accomplishing much good.

Rev. Dr. Grant once visited Victoria Mission in the North-West, and said, "We have seen enough to-day

to convince us more than all the arguments in the world, that missionary labour among the Indians is a reality, and that the positive language on the other side is a language of ignorance, self-interest or downright opposition to the Gospel. A mission without schools is a mistake, almost a crime. And the Methodists deserve the praise of having seen and vigorously acted upon this, and they can point to visible proofs of success in their Indian Missions."

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CANADA.

The following statistics show the rapid progress of this Church during the last half century. Fifty years ago there were only 130 ordained ministers, now there are 900 and 300 students. Then there were only 200,000 Presbyterians, now there are 800,000, of whom 158,000 are in full communion, besides 158,000 children in the Sabbath-schools. In Manitoba alone there are 28,000 Presbyterians, and 32 per cent. of whole population claimed the same Church. The above statistics are taken from a speech delivered by the Rev. W. Frizzell at Belfast, Ireland, in July.

RECENT DEATHS.

Since our last issue, three of our ministers have finished their course. In the month of August Rev. Wm. M. Pattyson, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, died at his post, Hall's Bridge. He was in the ministry forty-four years, and did a great amount of hard labour on poor circuits. His son, W. A. V. E. Pattyson, is stationed at Penetanguishene.

Rev. W. E. Norman died in the same month. He was a veteran, having lived until he was ninety-six years of age, and was able to preach on his ninety-fifth birth-day. He entered the ministry in 1836. His active labours were in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

As these Notes are being prepared, news comes to hand that Rev. James Broley, Fergus, has been called home. He was thirty-three years in the ministry.

Book Notices.

From Manger to Throne, Embracing a Life of Jesus the Christ, including a description of Dr. Talmage's Journey To, Through, and From the Christ Land, and a History of Palestine and its People from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. With 400 illustrations. Sold only by subscription. Philadelphia: Historical Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book has been waited for with keen expectation. We believe it will be one of the most popular and most useful works on the life of our Lord and the lands of the Bible ever written. It does not profess to be as learned as some of the great commentaries on the Gospels. It purposely avoids all pedantic exposition. It is eminently popular in its style. It is written for the masses—to bring vividly home to the hearts and minds of busy men and women the scenes and lessons of the memorable life of our blessed Lord. It gives the results rather than the processes of learning. The author has, as he says, “ransacked the world of literature, sacred and secular,” which treats of the subject. But he has also fused the ore in the furnace of his own thought, and stamped it with the impress of his own mind. Dr. Talmage is one of the most vivid and picturesque of living writers. His rhetoric and imagery are sometimes a little exuberant, but they are at least intensely alive. It is impossible for him to write a dull page, and he is on all the great essentials of religion soundly orthodox.

This is not a dry-as-dust treatise prepared by poring over learned books in a library. Much of it was written amid the scenes described—amid the august environment in which the grandest events in the world's history were enacted. The following is the author's own account of the conditions under which he prepared this work :

“In my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's back, on horseback, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams, and the angels of the ladder landed ; at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath ; in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted ; on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles ; amid the shattered masonry of Jericho ; in Jerusalem that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence ; at Cana, where plain water became festal beverage ; on Calvary, whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue ; and with my hand mitted from the storm or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written.”

The publishers have spared no expense to make it mechanically and artistically worthy of the theme. It is illustrated with more than four hundred superb engravings of the people, places and scenery of the Holy Land, by distinguished artists, forming a beautiful and complete picturesque Bible Land. Among the other illustrations are accurate photographic copies of nearly two hundred of the famous paintings of the old masters, which were never before published in America. Also a grand panorama of the crucifixion, in eight colours, and ten feet in length, showing the city of Jerusalem, the surrounding country, and the people and their costumes as they were on the day of the world's great tragedy. We commend this book as eminently

calculated to throw new light upon the pages of Scripture, to remove doubt and inspire faith, and lead to a better understanding and love of the truths of the Gospel.

An Outline History of England. By JAMES RICHARD JOY. New York: Chautauqua Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This book is one of the Chautauqua text-books for 1890-91. It gives a concise account of what it designates "the marvellous history of England, and her rise from weakness and poverty to surpassing wealth and power." It is not a dry-as-dust chronicle of battles and sieges. It aims to give an account of the English people, and of the growth of the principles of constitutional liberty. It has several excellent coloured maps and genealogical tables. It is quite free, so far as we have been able to examine, from that Anglo-phobist spirit which sometimes characterizes American books. It cannot fail to inspire, in the fifty or sixty thousand Chautauqua readers in the United States, a sense of the dependence of the higher civilization and liberties of their country upon the institutions of the old parent land in which they had their root.

The True Historic Episcopate, as Seen in the Original Constitution of the Church of Alexandria, etc., etc. By REV. MASON GALLAGHER. 12mo, 342 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.

The design of this volume is to show, by an appeal to sound historical documents, that the ancient Church of Alexandria, while Episcopal in government for two hundred years, had no Episcopal succession in the modern sense.

The settlement of this question concerning the existence of an unbroken, exclusively valid Episcopal succession in the negative, is shown to remove a formidable obstacle to Christian union. A catena of English churchman on the Apostolical succession from the Reformation is given.

The book presents abundant evidence that the view that the laying on of hands of a third order in the ministry is essential to a valid ordination was unknown to the Primitive Church, is repudiated by all Protestant churches, including the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose early and better writings and articles are shown to be opposed to such exclusive claims.

The author, formerly a High Church Episcopal clergyman, was constrained by an earnest inquiry to renounce his former opinions, and took part with Bishop Cummins in establishing the Reformed Episcopal Church. As the question of the "Historical Episcopate" is now widely discussed, the book is timely, and sheds important light upon the subject.

Epworth League Workers. By JACOB EMBURY PRICE. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

The new social and religious movement, known as the Epworth League, is already producing a body of literature. Its courses of reading and books, of hints and helps will be found a valuable aid in the guiding and moulding of all our young people's societies. The successful management of such societies has become a very practical problem in modern Church life. The writer of this book has had large experience in such management, and gives the benefit of his experience in these pages. He treats first the demand for such societies, meets objections to them and shows their benefits. He points out the advantages of denominational societies, yet urges co-operation with such sister societies as the King's Daughters and Christian Endeavour. He gives important suggestions as to Bible Study, and Studies in Methodism, on Social Culture and Christian Work, the Devotional Meeting, Literary Programmes, Entertainments, Courses of Readings, etc. We strongly commend the book as eminently practical and helpful.

James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language.
By JOHN McLEAN, M.A., PH.D.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price
50 cents.

The life-story of the inventor of the syllabic character reads like a romance, and a very heroic romance at that. Lord Dufferin justly said that there were men who had a tomb in Westminster Abbey who had not done as much for their race as the humble Methodist missionary of the far North-West. It is fitting, that in the modern development of the great country in which he was a path-finder of empire, the memory of James Evans should not be forgotten. And it is particularly fitting that one who shares so much of his missionary enthusiasm and literary spirit should be the one to lay this loving tribute of respect upon the grave of the pioneer missionary. The work is a labour of love, and possesses the fascinating interest that only such a work can.

The Summerville Prize; A Story for Girls. By MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a well-written story of school-girl life, and of the life-lessons that might be learned on that microcosm of the great world, a girl's school. It is sweet and wholesome in its character and tendency.

LITERARY NOTES.

Diana or Christ.—This picture, which is one of the premiums offered with the METHODIST MAGAZINE (see advertisement), is one of the most impressive we ever saw. It represents the decision on which depends the destiny of a soul. A beautiful Christian maiden has to choose between the service of Christ, with the persecution and martyr's death which it involves, and all the joys that earth can offer—the love of home and kindred and friends, and the love of a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all other. She stands before the altar of Diana, behind her is the stern accuser with the deadly scroll of accusation in his hand, her

lover with an impassioned look and clasp of her arm offers her the incense, if she will but cast a grain of which upon the altar she shall be saved. With eyes raised to heaven and filled with the light of faith which sees, like Stephen, heaven opened and Jesus at the right hand of God, she spurns the alluring temptation. The Roman judge on one side of the altar and the aged priest on the other look on with intense and amazed interest. The white-robed vestal virgins gaze with wide-eyed astonishment at a sacrifice, the inspiration of which they cannot conceive. The grim Roman soldiers, ready to be her executioners, and a burly African slave, stand by in stolid indifference. In the background are the circling seats of the amphitheatre, crowded with spectators waiting the signal when the Christian martyr shall be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The whole gives an insight which we cannot get from books into the moral heroism of those brave-souled martyrs and confessors whose blood poured out upon the sand of the arena was in very deed "the seed of the Church."

The Literary Digest gives a weekly Summary of the Current Literature of the World, presenting the cream from all departments; also Book Digests and Critiques; select Indexes of Current Literature—Books and Periodicals scientifically arranged; a monthly Cosmopolitan Chronicle of Current Events, the world over, and other valuable features, prepared, edited and arranged by men able and proficient in the several lines.

Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, writes: "There is room and a place for *The Literary Digest*. No one can read all that is published. How convenient and useful to have a compend of what is good in the journals and general literature prepared by writers who favour morality and religion." Subscription, \$3 per year; per copy, 10 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.