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THE REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1875.

THE REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D.,

Of the New Brunswick Conference.

THE REV. DR. PICKARD is a descendant of a race celebrated for their enlightened and Scriptural views of "pure religion;" and firmly attached to liberty and human rights, ready to defend both,—the first by Divine authority, taught and sanctioned by the Word of God, and by that standard alone; and if the sacred precincts of the second were invaded by supposed "Divine rights," they hesitated not to leave all other employments, and battle for "God and liberty."

His home was Fredericton, New Brunswick, where his father, Thomas Pickard, Esq., was for a long time a respected and successful merchant, and a very useful class-leader. His mother was a Burpee from Sheffield, where the late Rev. Wm. Ryerson was born. This community has always been distinguished for the strictest morality, the result of Presbyterian and Methodistic teachings and influences; for laborious industry, and the warmest hospitality; and for Christian unity and Christian effort;—presenting examples worthy of universal imitation. Whoever heard of the Burpees and the Pickards listened to names with which the attributes of virtue and honour were always connected.

After his conversion to God, dissatisfied with his scholastic attainments, and finding no congenial educational facilities in his native Province, under a solemn conviction of his call to the Christian ministry, he repaired to Middletown, U.S., where in addition to other advantages, he enjoyed the inestimable training of the late Dr. Fisk, at that time the distinguished and successful President of the University.

Upon purely natural laws we cannot account for impressions and impulses which some men receive and are governed by. If there be any thing in religious life in which "a stranger intermedleth not," it is this process of reasoning under the guidance of spiritual visitation which to the individual leaves no doubt of what is his duty, although that may be connected with personal sacrifice. Whether we look at Carey hammering the leather upon the lapstone, whilst he was ruminating upon the salvation of the Hindoos; or Dr. Coke beseeching the Wesleyan Conference to give its sanction to his going to India; or St. Paul, bound in spirit to go up to Jerusalem, we discover the same kind of tendency to a certain course of action, of which some have grave doubts, and the more ardent hesitate not to offer strong opposition. The avowed intention of Humphrey Pickard was to qualify himself for more effective future usefulness in the Church, and in doing this, unknown to himself and others, he was preparing to occupy a post of great distinction and responsibility in connection with a Wesleyan Educational Institution, which at that time was hidden in the mysteries of Providence, to be developed in the future, as the fruit of the Spirit's operation upon the soul of one of God's noblest children.

The late C. Allison, Esq., of Sackville, New Brunswick, was prompted by Divine influence to make an offer for the establishment of a Wesleyan Academy, and for this purpose he attended by invitation a meeting of the principal ministers in the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Districts, held in Halifax. Many of that assembly have finished their course, and entered upon the enjoyment of their reward as faithful labourers; but there are some left who remember well the meek and lowly appearance of this estimable brother when stating his sorrow at the absence of any institution in the Provinces, where the children of Meth-

odists could be educated, without the danger of alienating their affections and confidence from the Church of their fathers. After stating that the Lord had put it into his heart to set apart sixteen thousand dollars to begin with, and an endowment of four hundred dollars per year, for ten years, in hopes that the Methodist Church in the Lower Provinces would take hold of the proposition and erect the institution upon land at Sackville, a beautiful and commanding site which he also provided, he observed, "I know the Lord has put this into my heart, for I am naturally fond of money!" Well, the plans were obtained,—the building erected,—superintended and cared for at the cost of much personal labour, in connection with the intelligence and wishes of the generous founder, by some whose names are rarely thought of, and still more rarely mentioned,—and the question looms up, who is to be the Principal? At this juncture, after a long absence, the welcome countenance of our friend presented itself once more as a candidate for labour, with a testimonial from Dr. Fisk of his scholarship and tact for government, and then the announcement was sent forth, that the Wesleyan Academy, Mount Allison, would be opened, the Rev. HUMPHREY PICKARD, M.A., *Principal.* Pshaw! A blue-nose at the head of an educational institution! Why, who ever heard of such a thing? Have we not always sent to Oxford, or Cambridge, or to some of the Scotch Universities for our superior teachers and heads of colleges? So it was wont to be; but the Methodists had sufficient self-reliance to choose a "home-spun" Principal, and the success of future years gave a lustre to their foresight and wisdom.

If Dr. Pickard were now to speak for himself as to the early years of his college life at Sackville he would say, he "had a hard road to travel." The monetary element was not an easy one. In those days gifts were not counted by the same figures which mark the Church offerings of this day. Rev. S. D. Rice was the first College agent of this new enterprise—he was always too busy to keep a diary—but if you could catch him and Dr. Pickard together for a leisure hour, what a tale would they unfold of "fightings without, and fears within!" Altitude and latitude have never prevented the action of these Siamese twins. For years the management of the Mount Allison Wesleyan College

secured such a career of prosperity that stamped the character of its Principal as a man of uncommon sagacity,—of indomitable perseverance,—of fervid piety,—of great administrative ability,—and of ripened scholarship.

It is not in human nature, even supposing that nature to be sanctified by the "word of God, and prayer," to endure the ceaseless cares of such a position without an anxious wish for relief. This was long felt by Dr. Pickard, and often expressed. The time at length came when the emancipation so long desired was to be accomplished. He resigned, and left a position which he had so long and so usefully filled for one which scarcely to him was a relief or an improvement. But it was a change. He was editor of the "Provincial Wesleyan" and "Book Steward." What a pleasure to step on board a sinking ship! And yet, brave hearts have done this, and rescued lives, cargoes, and ships from destruction.

At the General Conference he did good service on the Committee of Discipline, for which his clear and thoughtful mind was well adapted. He has never been "given to change:" firmly attached to Methodism in all its practical, simple, and distinctive features,—an enemy to novelties and aping the usages of other denominations, but always Catholic and broadly liberal in his Christian sentiments and actions. In fact, he is a true Wesleyan Methodist, ardently attached to the Church in Canada, and cherishing, as all true Methodists ever do, wherever they are found, a loving and reverent regard to the grand old mother of us all, in whom we glory as the true "Defender of the Faith," and whom to forget or ignore would be an offence to humanity and gratitude, and a sin against God, who has so greatly honoured her as the means of diffusing the light and knowledge of salvation to tens of thousands of fallen men and women of all races.

Were he again to fall into the rank of a pastor, he would be just what he was when he laboured with William Temple, Enoch Wood, Samuel D. Rice, and Frederick Smallwood, in St. John, New Brunswick,—an instructive preacher,—a kind and sympathetic pastor,—a faithful administrator of our discipline,—a despiser of those who traduce the brotherhood,—a loyal colleague,—and an attached friend. Long life to Dr. Humphrey Pickard.

He began his ministerial career in 1837; has been twice President of the Eastern British American Conference; has been sent on delegations to the Parent and other Conferences, and is now actively employed on behalf of the Endowment Fund of Sackville University. Full of life and vigour, with a rich experience and matured judgment, he may render essential service to the Methodist Church of Canada for many years to come. The missionary deputation to the Eastern Conferences thought they discovered some of the energetic peculiarities of Brother Pickard by receiving intelligence at several important points of his being before them in his canvass for the Endowment Fund. His early business training and long experience would naturally lead us to believe he knew at what time of the harvest to put in his sickle.

TRUE SCIENCE *versus* SPECULATION.

BY WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.

PART II.

IN my former article I observed that those speculations which are now advocated by certain theorists against the truths of Revelation, are for the most part reproductions of the errors of ancient times. They have not the merit of originality, for they are in substance but the revival of old worn-out speculations of antiquity, varnished and dressed up afresh, like so many old effigies pitched out of a lumber room, and passed off under new *cognomina.*

The ETERNITY AND INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE OF MATTER is no new doctrine. Nearly two thousand years before Spinoza advocated this dogma, it had been propagated by Ocellus, Epicurus, and others of note in the Grecian schools of philosophy.* Yet these notions were confessed even then to be mere speculations, and they are no better now; for up to this hour science has afforded no proof of the eternity and self-existence of matter. Indeed the best of ancient philosophers regarded matter as derived from the

* Ocell. Luc. de Fragm. et Lucret. Lib. V. etc.

Deity, and as modified by Him into its various forms of existence; and, so far as true science now speaks on this subject, it declares matter to be devoid of every attribute of independence and self-existence.

"Let me take a piece of matter; I can give it motion, I can retard its motion, I can accelerate its motion, I can arrest its motion altogether; I can change its place, its shape, and alter its combinations at pleasure; I can break it in pieces and pound it to atoms; I can dissolve it when hard, and harden it when soft; I can change the fluid into a solid, and the solid into a fluid; I can separate and compound it, and compel one particle to act against another; I can convert its rudest materials into forms of elegance, utility, and mechanism; or with equal ease I can destroy its forms; I can make it in a thousand ways the servant of my wishes, my necessities, my comfort, or my caprice—the instrument of my welfare or of my destruction. At the same time matter can do nothing for itself. It can originate nothing, change nothing, not even change its own laws. It cannot act even mechanically except by fixed and immutable laws; and it is as much compelled to obey those laws as to be subservient to my will. Are these, then, the properties of a self-existent and eternal Being? If passivity and subordination be proof of independence; if compulsion be a proof of freedom, and change be a demonstration of immutability; then, and only then, are the properties of matter compatible with self-existence and eternity.*"

Thus science itself compels us to fall back upon the grand old truth, which opens the volume of Revelation with the declaration "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" and it is echoed in the utterance of Paul thousands of years after, asserting that "the worlds were framed by the Word of God," so that the "things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

The PANTHEISM of modern times is but a revival of the doctrines of old Pythagoras and the Stoics; and long before their time held by the Buddhists and Brahmins of the East. For two thousand five hundred years before Neckar, Isnard, and Hegel, revived this figment of the imagination in Europe, it had been for-

* Vide "The Deity," by the author.

mally taught in the effusions of oriental philosophy. The Veids, as translated from the Persian by M. Anquetil du Perron, assert: "The whole universe is the Creator, proceeds from the Creator, exists in Him and returns to Him." So another passage of the Yagur Veid, speaking of the Deity, asserts: "Thou art Brahm! Thou art Vishnu! Thou art Kodra! Thou art Prajapat! Thou art Deionta! Thou art air! Thou art Andri! Thou art the moon! Thou art substance! Thou art Djam! Thou art the earth! Thou art the world! O Lord of the world; to Thee humble adoration! O Soul of the world; to Thee humble adoration.*"

In the poem ascribed to Orpheus, and entitled *De Mundo*, Nature and God are made one and the same Being, thus:—

> Jove first exists, whose thunders roll above:
> Jove last, Jove midmost, all proceeds from Jove.
> Female is Jove, immortal Jove is male;
> Jove the broad earth, the heaven's irradiate pale.
> Jove is the boundless spirit, Jove the fire
> That warms the world with feeling and desire.
> The sea is Jove, the sun, and lunar ball;
> Jove king supreme, the sovereign source of all."†

A host of similar quotations might be given from the philosophers of antiquity; and thus it appears that our modern *theorists* have not advanced in their opinions as science has advanced and knowledge grown; but have gone back, like men in their dotage, to the vagaries and phantoms of humanity in its childhood. He who can bring humanity to believe that the helpless, senseless thing called matter is God, is prepared to receive any folly, however egregious; he must indeed believe himself identical with God, and to be consistent must not only worship stocks and stones as parts of the Deity, but pay supreme adoration to himself, as the highest development of the Divine Being!

The SPONTANEOUS EVOLUTION of the universe by the operation of natural law, as maintained by some of our modern scientists, is by no means original with them. We find this baseless theory advocated by the speculators of antiquity. Thus Epicurus

* M. Anquetil du Perron's translation of the Persian, of the Oupnek'-hat or Abrigdment of the Veids. Tom. I. Paris, 1802.

† Mason Good's Book of Nature, Vol. I.

imagines a scheme for the origin of the univese. "The formation of the world," he says, "may be conceived to have *happened* thus—a finite number of that infinite number of atoms, which with infinite space constitutes the universe, falling *fortuitously* into the region of the world, were in consequence of their innate motion collected into one rude and indigested mass. In this chaos, the heaviest and largest atoms, or collections of atoms, first subsided; whilst the smaller, and those which from their form would move most freely, were driven upwards. These latter, after many reverberations, rose into the outer region of the world, and formed the heavens." "Other atoms, larger and heavier," he tells us, "formed the earth."

Was Epicurus a spectator of the scene he describes? or did he dream of it? We must not press him too closely; for he tells us he only *imagines* it! He then goes on to *imagine* more of a similiar kind. He says: "Fossils and plants were formed by the motion of atoms causing continual transposition, accretion or diminution, in individual bodies."* "These," he goes on to say, "have no vital principle, and therefore can only be said analogically to live or die." "Animals also were formed by the *casual* conjunction of atoms." "Yet," he further states, "the parts of animals were not originally formed for the uses to which they are now applied; but having been *accidentally* produced, they were afterwards *accidentally* applied. The eye, for example, was not made for seeing, nor the ear for hearing,"† etc. All this, the reader sees at once, is not logic or science, but mere imagination!

Yet the very same doctrine is taught by Aristotle; for he says in his *Physicæ Auscultationes* "The rain does not fall in order to make the corn grow, any more than it falls to spoil the farmers' corn when threshed out of doors!" This view of the absence of all design he applies also to the organization of animals; for he teaches that "the teeth were not made for masticating food, but their use was the result of accident. And in like manner as to the other parts in which there appears to exist adaptation to an end."‡ Who told the Stagirite that the

* Laert. Lib. X., et Lucret. I. V.

† Lucret. Lib. IV.

‡ Physicæ Auscultationes, Lib. II, chap. 8, sect. 2.

teeth were formed by *accident?* Who assured him their use was *casual;* and that the other parts of the body were organized by *accident,* and came into use by *chance?* If this is philosophy, such also was the raving of the maniac who called upon Jupiter to snuff the moon. Yet will it be believed that Darwin quotes the atheistical sentiment of Aristotle in favor of his theory of "the origin of species," to show that a doctrine similar to his own was taught by that philosopher; as if the dreams of antiquity could support the follies of modern times; or, as if falsehood became truth when hoary with age!

The cosmogony of Epicurus is connected with a piece of geography, about equal to it in accuracy and profundity; for in the same breath in which he asserts that the world was formed by chance, he tells us also that "there is no centre of gravity;" that "the idea of antipodes on the earth is false;" for "the earth is in form a circular plane."

We have here the cosmogony, the geography, and the physiology of Epicurus, and the spontaneity of the great Stagirite, those primitive advocates and apostles of the theories of a self-constructed universe, of spontaneous generation and evolution! And what do they amount to? The cosmogony and geography of Epicurus and his followers have been blown into atoms by the discoveries and mathematical demonstrations of Sir Isaac Newton. The physiology of both Epicurus and Aristotle, with Necessity and Chance for their factors, has been a thousand times refuted by the wonderful manifestations of intelligence and design opened out by modern science.

These vague speculations might be pardonable in an age when science was in its infancy; when the telescope and the microscope were unknown; and when chemical science was the instrument of alchemy and of the black arts; but in the nineteenth century, when facts are proved by mathematical, chemical, and physiological evidence, and when demonstration is acknowledged to be the fundamental principle in science, these vagaries display a perversity, as well as a puerility, which make one blush for the dishonoured name of philosophy! Dreams, fancies, and romantic generalization are substituted for demonstrations, and by some

are pressed with eagerness when they seem to collide with the glorious revelations of the Bible.

With remarkable inconsistency, nearly all the theorizers of antiquity, while philosophizing so as to dispense with the agency of God, mostly admitted the abstract idea of His existence; but it was the existence of a Being so profoundly absorbed in the contemplation of Himself and in the enjoyment of His own blessedness, that the weal or woe if His creatures never engaged His thoughts. This ancient idea pervades modern speculation. For where the existence of God is condescendingly admitted, He is often politely bowed out of all concern in the affairs of His own universe. Hence the denial of miracles, of inspired revelation, and of the utility of prayer! If God exist, say some men, and if He is the Creator of this stupendous universe, He is too great and glorious a Being to concern himself with the petty affairs of men!

Now, this we affirm to be the very lowest species of *anthropomorphism*, which, instead of exalting the Deity, degrades Him, by divesting Him of the attributes of true greatness, and ascribing to Him some of the lowest infirmities of human nature. Is that real dignity which scorns all condescension? Is that true benevolence which concentrates all enjoyment in luxuriating on itself? Is it a proof of wisdom and goodness to create a universe and then retire from its government into seclusion? Is a nature less perfect by possessing and exercising all the moral attributes, or by divesting itself of them? Is the oriental despot more worthy the name of monarch, who secludes himself from the welfare of his subjects that he may revel in the grandeur of his palace, than the Queen of England, who visits the chambers of the sick, and the hospitals of her wounded soldiers, and interests herself in everything affecting the weal or woe of her subjects? Avaunt such cold speculations upon the Divine nature! There is no moral grandeur in them. They are not philosophy, but anthropomorphism of the lowest kind. God is our Father, we are His children; He is our King, we are the subjects of His government and are amenable to His laws. The glorious Revelation of His will, the stupendous miracles which attest it, and the great Redemption accomplished for us by His

Son, Jesus Christ, are proofs of His boundless love! True Theology is the quintessence of true Philosophy!

Even the UNIVERSAL SCEPTICISM which doubts the existence of the material world, and questions the truth of everything, is but the revival of a folly which is as ancient as any digested form of speculative philosophy. For Arcesilaus, a famous teacher, who flourished above two thousand years ago, "asserted as his fundamental axiom, that there was no truth or solidity in anything, and that all genuine philosophy consisted in doubting."* But Pyrrho, another philosopher, held in great repute, founded a school of Doubters or Universal Sceptics, and carried his scepticism to more extravagant lengths; for he professed to disbelieve in the real existence of everything, contending that precipices were nothing, that the points of swords and arrows were nothing, and that the wheel of a carriage which threatened to go over his neck, was nothing. So far did he allow his principles to govern him that, while he was at the head of his sect, he had to be attended by a guard to protect him, when abroad, from falling a victim to his opinions, by the voluntary exposure of his body to fatal results.† He doubted everything, and

> "Would not in presumptuous tone,
> Assert the nose upon his face, his own."

Yet this man was in high repute while he lived, and honoured with a statue after he was dead; and we have seen a resurrection of his opinions in modern times, and defended with great subtlety and acumen. Though these men profess to believe in nothing, yet, with wonderful inconsistency, they manage somehow to believe in themselves; and though everything is doubtful, they write elaborately to persuade others that their opinions are true! Here is the climax of absurdity, the *Ultima Thule* of mental aberration. Men can go no further than to believe in nothing. This, and the other errors we have named, all spring from one source—speculation. Under its influence men refuse to believe in rational evidence; unbelief in rational evidence is followed by disbelief in sensible demonstration; this generates disbelief in every-

* Cicero Acad. Quest. Lib. IV., c. 6, 12, etc.
† Laert. Lib. IX. 58–102.

thing around them, even in the real existence of the material world; and finally this absurdity culminates in the disbelief of their own existence. "Thus professing themselves to be wise they become fools."

The apostles found all these errors prevailing in their day, and they had to encounter them in their ministry, quite as much as we have in the present day. They make frequent allusions to these noxious delusions. There were sceptics in the Jewish Church, who denied the resurrection, and the existence of angel or spirit. In Greece the Epicureans and the Stoics encountered Paul asking, "What will this babbler say?" And everywhere the Gospel messengers had to encounter the Gnostics or some other teachers of error. Truth was in continual conflict with false opinions; and even within the Churches themselves "men arose speaking perverse things." Hence those frequent admonitions to hold fast the form of sound words; and hence the special instruction to Timothy, Titus, and Christian teachers generally to beware of false doctrine, and to abide by the Scriptures as the oracles of God and the only standard of truth.

What, then, is *our* duty? Shall we substitute these theories for the Gospel? That would be to degrade our reason, by discarding the evidence of moral demonstration for mere speculation! Shall we so modify our theology as to make it conform to the opinion of some modern scientists? That would be to wrest the Scriptures and corrupt the Gospel as did the Gnostics, the Manichæans of old! Nearly all the errors which degraded and enfeebled Christianity after apostolic times, arose from attempts to make the Gospel quadrate with the philosophies of the day, and which have since, one after another, passed away. The experience of the ancient Church is loudly admonitory to the Church in the nineteenth century. It gives emphasis to the apostolic admonition, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments (στοιχεια, elements) of the world, and not after Christ." The Gospel was foolishness to philosophers of Greece and Rome in apostolic times; no wonder if it is so to the speculators of the present day. It is a thing to be expected. But our duty is plain. We must buy the truth and sell it not. We must ask for

the good old paths and walk straight therein, without swerving to the right hand or to the left. We must contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; knowing that if men believe not, yet He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself. Systems of philosophy, based on speculation, are always changing; past ages have seen them rise, fall and pass away; so that if a man committed himself to a theory to-day, he might live to see it undermined and displaced by another, and have to change his creed, as the chameleon changes its colours. But the glorious Gospel changes not. Like its immutable Author, it is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away; for the word of the Lord liveth and abideth for ever; and blessed are all they who trust therein."

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

WHAT though this world present to sight,
Confusion, mystery, and gloom,
In the pure world beyond the tomb,
We yet shall see that all was right.

Not all in vain do sorrows here
Pierce with keen arrows every heart;
Lessons divine their lips impart:
There's balm and blessing in a tear.

The storm that sways the forest trees,
Still roots them deeper in the soil;
So sorrow, conflict, care, and toil
Nurture our strength by slow degrees.

Not he who doubts and dreams through life,
But he who toils in faith below,
The mystery of life shall know,
And harmony discern in strife.

ON TWO INSCRIBED STONES OF THE ROMAN PERIOD FOUND IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY THE REV. JOHN McCAUL, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

In the month of June of the year 1872, some labourers who were working at Sea Mills, on the Avon, found a stone lying with its face downwards on the surface of the rock. Mistaking it for a part of the rock they broke it, but fortunately so that all the four pieces can be easily adjusted. For my knowledge of it I am indebted to the Rev. H. M. Scarth, who kindly sent me an accurate drawing that he had himself made of the object soon after it was found. This is reproduced in our engraving, Fig. 1. My learned correspondent in his letter describes it thus:—

"The human head cut on it has earrings attached to the ears, and rays appear to come from the head. Above the head is a curved line, at each extremity of which is, on the right hand a cock, on the left a dog. Above it is a cross. Below the bust is the word SPES, with a leaf-stop on each side; and below the letters C (or O) SENTI. There the stone is broken, or rather, as seems to me, cut."

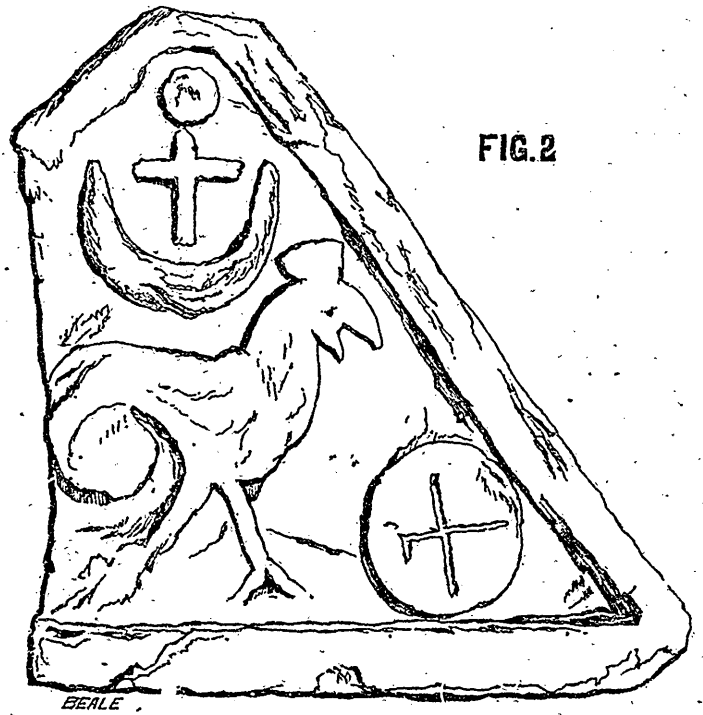
The characteristics of this stone sufficiently prove that it was monumental, in memory of a female named *Spes*. That it was monumental is indicated by the human head cut on it (the curve probably intended to denote the top of a niche in which a figure or bust was sometimes placed), the representation of animals, and by the inscription. In these particulars it resembles many sepulchral stones; the only thing not common is the angular form of the upper part, but of this there are several examples. That it was a memorial of a female named *Spes* is also, I think, certain. It may be assumed from the common practice in ancient Roman monuments that the human head was intended as a likeness of the person in whose memory the grave-stone was set up. The ear-rings and the absence of a beard sufficiently show that the person was a female, and this inference is warranted by the name *Spes* in the inscription.* The rays (for

* The radiated head is as old as the time of Augustus. In the coins struck after his death, bearing the legend *Divus Augustus*, rays are represented as

FIG.1.

INSCRIBED STONE FOUND AT SEA MILLS, ENGLAND

FIG.2



INSCRIBED STONE FOUND AT CHESTERHOLM, ENGLAND.

such they seem to be) cut round the head indicate that the survivor regarded the lost one as entitled to the highest honours after death. We may now proceed to the other characteristics of the stone; and first of all the inscription requires attention. I read it SPES C SENTI=*Spes Caii Sentii*="Hope (the wife) of Caius Sentius," and regard his *cognomen* as lost on that portion of the stone which has been broken or cut off. It is possible, but not, in my judgment, probable that *Spes* may have been a slave of *Caius Sentius.* The other characteristics of this stone are the dog and the bird (probably a cock) to the right and left of the head, and the cross or star above it. Here we enter on a wide field of speculation. Is this memorial Mithraic or Christian, or both? Or is it an ordinary Roman monument? The dog* is commonly found in the familiar group of Mithras slaying a bull, where it leaps up to "catch the blood of the victim," or "to direct that gaze on the dying bull, which was a pledge to him of second birth."

A somewhat similar bird is represented on a broken triangular stone, found at *Vindolana*, Chesterholm in Northumberland. See Fig. 2; Dr. Bruce expresses the opinion that "the carvings on this stone are probably Mithraic emblems." In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1833, p. 596, this stone is also figured, but the bird's tail terminates in a twisted snake that is not observable in the woodcut given by Dr. Bruce. Mr. Hodgson, who wrote the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, regards the bird as a cockatrice, and hazards the expression of some strange speculations of his own, with a visionary identification by Mr. Faber, regarding the other objects represented on that stone. For my part I see in the cock *(gallus)* merely a symbol of the *Galli* or Gauls, and in "the circles with the seasons at the equinoxes and solstices marked upon it" nothing more than a representation of

emanating from his head. They are symbolical of his consecration as a deity, The *corona radiata*, however, was not used by any emperor during his life before Nero. On the *nimbus* and aureole, see Eckhel, viii. 502; Martigny, *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes;* Walcott, *Sacred Archæology.*

* I do not remember any example of a dog separate from a group in a Mithraic scene; and yet this animal was held in such veneration by Mithraists, that its presence on one of their gravestones is probable. See on this subject Mr. King's *Gnostics*, p. 60.

an ordinary loaf of ancient Italian bread divided, as was usual, into four parts* by intersecting lines, and thus standing for "four" or "fourth."

The two objects then, the *gallus* and the *quadræ*, are, according to my view, used as military hieroglyphics for the 4th Cohort of *Galli*, which, as we know from the *Notitia*, and from altars found in this place, was stationed at *Vindolana* or Chesterholm. The other objects represented on the stone seem to be the sun, a cross, and the moon. Now, as we know from coins† of the Roman emperors, the sun and moon were used as attributes of the emperor and empress, indicating their eternity, and thus *Sol* became the representative of the emperor and *Luna* of the empress. Hence the suggestion may be offered that the sun and moon on this stone are symbols of imperial personages. The cross (if it be one) leads us to look for these imperial personages in the time of or after Constantine the Great. If we select his time, the moon may be regarded as the symbol of the Empress *Fausta*, or rather of the mother-empress *Helena*, well known for her attachment to the Christian faith, and the reputed discoverer of the true cross. It may be that we should regard the three objects as symbolising Constantine himself, for he not merely upheld the cross, but had on his coins "*Soli invicto comiti*," and (as Julian reproached him) "*Lunam prorsus deperibat, totusque in eam intuens nihil de victoria laborabat.*" If we adopt the time after Constantine, the symbols may denote any Christian sole emperor and empress in about the century after his death.

But I rather suspect that the object is not a cross. It has occurred to me that it may be a monogram for IT, *iterum*, the tall I being crossed, or the T elongated. The sun and moon may stand for the emperor Postumus, one of the thirty tyrants, as the heads representing them do on a unique coin of his described by Eckhel [vii. p. 441]. IT=*iterum* will refer to his second consul-

* "Et violare manu malisque audacibus orbem
Fatalis crusti, patulis nec parcere quadris."
—*Æneid*, vii. 114, 115.

† *E. gr.*, of Vespasian, of Titus, of Trajan, of Severus. Mr. Grover, in the article already referred to, compares, as to the cross and crescent, similar objects over the epitaph of Lannus, a Christian martyr. See Withrow's *Catacombs*, page 98, where the stone is figured.

ship, on which he entered while he was in Gaul, of which he had been governor before his assumption of the imperial purple. These facts may sufficiently account for his popularity in a regiment of Gauls, and, besides this, there is good reason to believe, as may be inferred from the title *Postumiana* of the first Cohort of Dacians on altars found at Birdoswald in Cumberland, that he was a favourite with the troops in Britain. We find a sufficient reason for the symbolism adopted on this stone in the facts that *Valerian* and *Gallienus* were the emperors in A.D. 259, and *Postumus* but an usurper. The title *Postumiana* was, I suspect, not openly adopted by the first Cohort of Dacians before A.D. 262.

Having considered the dog and the bird, we may now proceed to the object cut in the angle of the stone above the head. Here the first question is, is it a star or a cross? From its position on the stone it may be either a star or a cross, and the assumption that it is a star will suit both the Mithraic and Christian theories, as a single star is found on stones confessedly belonging to each of these cults. But from the drawing of this figure that I have before me, that was made with special attention to this point, it appears to have one line too few for a star, and one too many for a cross.

Hence it seems to me as if it were intended for a Constantinian monogram, *i.e.*, Chi Rho, but left unfinished,* it may be designedly, lest the grave, known to be that of a Christian by this distinguishing mark, might be desecrated by Pagan unbelievers. This opinion that the memorial is Christian may also be supported by the bird, on the assumption that it is a cock, as there is reason for regarding the *gallus* as a Christian symbol. The connection with St. Peter is known to every one, and independently of this it was regarded as the symbol not merely of vigilance but of hope, and thus may have been adopted here as a play on the name of the departed female; somewhat similar examples of *paronomasia*, moreover, being not uncommon in the inscriptions

* See *Christian Epitaphs*, p. 45, where an imperfect Constantinian monogram is noticed. It is scarcely necessary to remark that there are many examples of the monogram placed over the inscription.

of the Catacombs of Rome. Prudentius, *Cathemerinon, Hymn.* 1, with this view of the symbolism of cock-crow, says :—

> "Hoc esse signum præscii
> Norunt repromissæ *spei;*
> Qua nos soporis liberi
> Speramus adventum Dei."

The name,* also, of the female, and the fact that she had but one, countenance this opinion, which is also supported by the absence† of D.M., with which Pagan epitaphs commonly begin.

So far the evidence preponderates in favour of the opinion that the memorial is Christian. But may it not be both Mithraic and Christian ? On this subject I take the liberty of submitting a passage from my "Christian Epitaphs of the first Six Centuries," pp. 56, 57.

"*Percipio* is similarly used in heathen inscriptions, where it is applied to those who had participated in the rites of the *Mater Deum Magna Idæa* or of *Mithras,* known as the *Taurobolium* and *Criobolium.*"[1]

"Another term in which there is a strange agreement is *renatus,* applied by Christians to the baptized, as in De Rossi's n. 270, '*(ca)elesti renatus (aq)ua qui vivit in (ævum),*'—see also n. 36, '*natus est in æternum,*'—and by Pagans to *Tauroboliati.* Thus '*Taurobolio Criobolioque in æternum renatus,*' in Orelli's n. 2352, of the date 376 A.D. ; and '*arcanis perfusionibus in æternum renatus Taurobolium Crioboliumque fecit,*' in Henzen's n. 6040. These mystic rites seem to have been a mixture of the cults of the *Magna Mater* and *Mithras,* with the addition of some Christian principles and terms."

* *Spes* is a name of a female common to both Pagans and Christians. Among the latter it is not very often fonnd. See, however, De Rossi's n. 532, and Perret, xxxii. We have also the Latin forms *Spesina, Sperantia,* and the Greek *Elpis, Elpidius, Elpizusa, Elpidephorus.* The fact that there is but one name is not conclusive that the person was a Christian, but it adds to the probability. See *Christian Epitaphs,* p. xx.

† This also adds to the probability ; but there are a few Pagan gravestones on which this usual commencement is not found, and there are a few Christian on which the letters appear. See *Christian Epitaphs,* p. 60.

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1 "The *Taurobolium* and *Criobolium* were respectively sacrifices of a bull and of a ram on the occasion of initiations. The persons who received them *(qui perceperunt)* descended into a deep pit which was covered over with a wooden platform, composed of pierced planks. On this platform the animal was killed, and the persons beneath presented their bodies to receive the blood as it descended through the holes. The result was believed to be purification that lasted for twenty years, or everlasting regeneration."

On the same subject we find the following remarks in Mr. King's *Gnostics*, p. 48:

"There is very good reason to believe that, as in the East the worship of Serapis was at first combined with Christianity, and gradually merged into it with an entire change of name, not substance, carrying with it many of its ancient notions and rites; so in the West a similar influence was exerted by the Mithraic religion. Seel (*Mith.*, p. 287) is of opinion that 'as long as the Roman dominion lasted in Germany we find also traces of the Mosaic law: as there were single Jewish, so there were also single Christian families existing among the Gentiles. The latter however, for the most part, ostensibly paid worship to the Roman gods in order to escape persecution, holding secretly in their hearts the religion of Christ. It is by no means improbable that under the permitted symbols of Mithras they worshipped the Son of God and the mysteries of Christianity. In this point of view the Mithraic monuments so frequent in Germany are evidences of the secret faith of the early Christian Romans.'"

The objection here is that there is no exclusively Mithraic emblem on the stone.

One other question remains for consideration—"Is it an ordinary Roman monument!" On this theory the figure believed by some to be a cross must be regarded as one of those Pagan decorations that are occasionally found on their sculptured stones. The dog may be taken as the symbol of "affection," and the cock of "industry and vigilance," *i.e.*, *Spes* may have been represented as *amantissima mariti** and *operaria ex gallicinio;* and such symbolism is also consistent with the theory that the memorial is Christian.

The evidence, then, inclines me in favour of this theory, which, if the figure at the top in the angle be, as I suppose, an unfinished Constantinian monogram, is confirmed almost beyond doubt. Even if the missing sixth line in the figure was originally cut, although now no longer apparent, there seems to be as much reason for supposing that it was a Rho, *i.e.*, P, as for conjecturing that it was a ray; and even if the latter conjecture be true, the appearance of a separate star is not inconsistent with the Christian theory.

* See *Christian Epitaphs*, p. 14.

NOTE.—This subject has been treated by the Rev. H. M. SCARTH, in an able article in the Journal of the Archæological Association. Fig. 1, especially, is of great interest, as it represents probably the only Christian epitaph found in Britain of the Roman period. Its age is almost certainly of the third or fourth century, probably of the latter.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

"For there was not a house where there was not one dead."—Ex. xii. 30.

A CRY is heard in Egypt,
A sore and bitter cry;
'Tis not for brave men fallen,
As brave men long to die:
The sounds are those of wailing
And deepest agony.

'Tis not for country taken
By some relentless foe;
'Tis not for honour tarnished
The nation mourneth so:
A wail so full of wildness,
The hopeless only know.

Sore plagues had swept o'er Egypt,
Thunder and fire and hail,
The land was seared and darkened
By locusts' blighted trail;
Yet Pharaoh's heart was hardened,
Nor did these plagues avail.

The fearful plague of darkness
They failed to understand,
Though dark were Egypt's dwellings,
And bright all Goshen's land,
They would not own these warnings
As wonders of God's hand.

To Pharaoh and to Egypt
But one more plague remains,
To monarch and to people
Sadder than former pains;
That stroke that slays their firstborn
Will break off Israel's chains.

The Lord went forth at midnight,
All Egypt's firstborn fell,
From Pharaoh's royal dwelling
To captive's dreary cell:
The land was filled with wailing
For lost ones loved so well.

No pining sickness wasted
Their forms from day to day,
No friendly watchers waited
To see them pass away:
One moment strength and beauty—
The next but lifeless clay.

It was the Lord who smote them,
Even Egypt's hope that night,
The infant in its sweetness,
The strong man in his might;
The Lord whom they rejected,
Who ever doeth right.

And now from the oppressor
Hope's faintest rays are fled,
He hears his people's wailings,
He sees the tears they shed,
And knows that Egypt has no home
Which does not mourn its dead.

Despot and people humbled,
Boasting and pride brought low,
Warnings despised, unheeded,
Judgment at length they know,
And hasten, though at midnight,
To let God's people go.

O mighty God of Jacob!
What God is like to thee?
Who leddest thine own people
Through Egypt's parted sea,

And brought'st them safe to Canaan
With songs of jubilee.

And still, O Lord, thy people
Secure in Thee abide;
No arm upraised can harm them,
Or snatch them from Thy side,
And safely leaning on their Lord
They'll pass through Jordan's tide.

—J. M^cD.

OAKLANDS, *April 6th, 1875.*

METHODIST HYMNODY.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

FOR centuries, during what is called the mediæval age of the Church, when the controlling influence of Christianity was a vast and powerful despotism, there was comparatively little of the spontaneity and fulness of spiritual life which demands expression in songs of praise.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, Dr. Watts, a descendant of the persecuted Huguenots, published a volume of hymns, and he was followed by another eminent Puritan, Dr. Doddridge. Then came the era of Wesleyan hymnody. "With them," according to Isaac Taylor, a competent, but not over-friendly critic, "commenced the existing epoch of lyrical composition."

As the stream of English hymnody may be traced in one direction to the once pure and powerful Church of French Protestantism, and in another, through Doddridge, to the Bohemian Church—honoured as the home of Reformers before the Reformation—so in the Wesleys, ancestrally Puritan, yet educated at Oxford, and belonging to the National Church, the two great currents of English Christianity meet and mingle. By the same channel another fountain of song was opened. Before Coleridge or Carlyle had made us acquainted with German literature, well

represented in its noble hymns, the elevated compositions of Gerhardt and other eminent writers were translated by the Wesleys; and these, while blending with the full current of spiritual life, supplied a new and essential element of lyric song. Since the sacred lyre of Charles Wesley was swept with masterly hand other bards have arisen, to whom we accord high recognition; thousands of devotional poems, some of them of highest excellence, without which no hymn-book can be considered complete, have been composed; but, now that revision is under consideration, it is well for us to bear in mind, that for all demands of worship, quickening the spirit of devotion, affording appropriate utterance to faith and hope, there are none which can possibly take the place of our own most treasured, richly experimental and beautifully Scriptural hymns.

From the fact that our present collection of hymns contains many compositions below the Wesleyan standard, and that it does not include a number of prized and popular modern hymns, we are in some danger of undervaluing our unrivalled hymn-book. My object is to indicate some of the special and distinctive excellences of Wesleyan hymnody.

Regarded from a doctrinal standpoint, as the embodiment of fundamental truth, the exponent of our theology, "in effect, a little book of experiential and practical divinity," the hymn-book is of great and inestimable advantage to the Methodist community. A dignitary of the English Establishment recently complained that, in consequence of having no authorized collection, hymns of every class, from Popery to Arianism, were sung in the Church of England. The question was discussed in Convocation, but without decided result, for there was "no power whatever in the Church of England to enforce the use of any particular hymns."

Our hymn-book, in which doctrinal truth comes to us in undiluted form, has, more perhaps than erudite and elaborate theological and doctrinal standards, moulded our belief and determined our theological views; and while our formulas of worship and manuals of devotion are sound and clear, the doctrines accepted by our fathers and approved by our people will be retained in their purity and integrity.

The great theme of Charles Wesley, to which his lyre was consecrated, was Christ crucified. The dignity, glory, and sufficiency of the person, office, and work of the Redeemer, were the love and passion of his life. In the doctrine of a free, full, and present salvation, the Wesleyan hymns are especially rich and exhaustive. We have not only exposition but appropriation—faith and hope—the power and blessedness of Christian life rooted in the "cross and passion" of the Saviour. In many well-known hymns on the priesthood of Christ assembled worshippers unite

> "To adore the all-atoning Lamb
> And bless the sound of Jesus' name."

Since the royal bard swept his sacred harp to the noblest, sweetest and most enduring of Zion's songs, never, in fulness and force of Scripture truth, has Wesleyan hymnody been surpassed; and in some important elements of doctrinal truth, the sacrificial merits of the Redeemer and His intercessory work, "entered the holy place above," it rises far above the level even of the pure and impassioned strains which, by the worshippers of the ancient Church, were chanted in the presence of the Shekinah.

These hymns, full of Christ, enable us to realize the dignity and grandeur of worship. They bring us into association with the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world in the ascription of praise to the triune Jehovah. They lead us in thought and faith into communion with the rapt and ransomed worshippers before the throne:

> "They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
> And we in hymns below."

The careful reading of hymns in public service is a subject to which, in passing and by way of parenthesis, attention may be turned Between the pulpit and the pew there is a close bond of sympathy. The magnetism and thrill of the preacher in giving out these grand hymns will be felt by the audience, and will give pathos and power and life to congregational song. The effect produced at an ordination service of the British Conference, when with the consummate art and ability of a master in rhetoric, and a felt full appreciation of the grandeur of the theme, Dr. Geo. Osborne read the noble hymn, "Jesus, the name high over all,"

was almost overwhelmingly impressive. Many a heart beat faster and many an eye was wet as he uttered the hymn—

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!"

As, by the holiest of all motives, he charged and challenged his brethren in the ministry to high and hallowed consecration, there was prompt response:

"His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, Behold the Lamb."

Wesleyan hymnody constitutes a beautiful and sufficient standard of worship—a noble liturgy admirably adapted to the requirements of sanctuary service. We may fully appreciate the excellent liturgy of the Established Church of England, to which, in early life, some of us were accustomed, especially the sublime compositions of Gregory, Ambrose and Augustine, and those grand old Latin prayers, which, through the piety and zeal of Cranmer, Ridley, and other honoured men, were, at the Reformation, translated into the English tongue; and which for three centuries has been supplying language of devotion to many millions of English people. Our own hymn-book, however, forms for us a liturgy quite as valuable, and possessing, even in a higher degree, the requisites for universal worship.

A main element of worship is praise. We open the hymn-book, and the first hymn may be taken as a fair and characteristic specimen of Wesleyan hymnody.

"Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

The last hymn is "a song of praise to the blessed Trinity." In this *Te Deum* of Methodist worship we ascribe immortal praise

"To God the Father's love;"

we give glory to the only begotten Son,

"Who bought us with His blood;"

and to the ever blessed Spirit,

"Whose work completes the great design."

In this lofty "song of praise," to which attention is directed only because of its place in the volume, and with the opening hymn grandly representative, we have deep Scriptural truth finding expression in simple language, and therefore suited to congregational worship; but rising to a strain grand and hallowed as ever burst from the lips of St. Ambrose in the early heroic days of the Christian Church.

Prayer is also an important element of worship; and our hymn-book supplies language of petition, penitential confession, earnest supplication, and intercessory pleading. Feeling the need of giving greater prominence to supplicatory exercises in their forms of worship, the question of liturgies has engaged the attention of leading minds in several sections of the Protestant Church. Of this defect we cannot complain. One-half of our hymns are the utterance of desire, prayer and supplication, solemn litanies, earnest pleadings with God. The contrite heart finds comfort and faith is greatly aided in such hymns as that beginning,

"Would Jesus have the sinner die?"

with its tender and impassioned litany:

"Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray
Take all, take all my sins away."

The intense personality of Wesleyan hymnody cannot be overlooked in any estimate of its excellence and adaptation to the purposes of worship. The hymns of Charles Wesley are mainly lyrical—eminently hymns of the heart, of thought and feeling, original, tender, pure, and welling up from the depths of the soul. Even the hymns of Dr. Watts, with all their classic purity and depth of tenderness, of blended strength and sweetness, are often didactic rather than lyrical. The hymns of the Wesleyan bard were woven from the chequered experiences of his own life; and therefore all emotions of the mind, all modes and moods of mental and moral being, all phases of spiritual life, find full and ample expression. "Christian experience," says the accomplished poet and critic of sacred poetry, James Montgomery,

"from the deep of affliction, through all grades of doubt, fear, desire, faith, hope and expectation, to the transports of perfect love in the very beams of the beatific vision, furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes, celebrated with an affluence of diction and splendour of colouring rarely surpassed."

The grand simplicity of Wesleyan hymnody is in harmony with its intense personality. In words of the utmost plainness and simplicity, strains of thought and feeling, rapt and elevated, find fitting expression—words so plain that a child in the Sunday-school can intelligently use them, and thoughts so lofty and comprehensive that an archangel might speak them—compositions which in private devotion the humblest Christian can profitably use, and which in the great congregation moves the soul like the "singing of a cathedral choir."

Comparison has been instituted with but little of critical acumen between Charles Wesley, as "the poet of sensuous feeling," taking the place in the sanctuary "that Byron takes amongst those who are not of the Christian Church," and John Keble, who, as representing the highest culture, is, to the Church, what Tennyson is to all of this age—whether of Christ or not—the poet of lofty spirituality. We read the poems of the "Christian Year" as meditations of great sweetness and beauty—with all the charm of consecrated genius, cultured thought and classic purity of expression, but not as the language of public worship. We do not and cannot use them as hymns of praise. They are for closet meditation rather than sanctuary service. The compositions of Charles Wesley are eminently suitable for the closet; and yet, in style of thought and expression, they meet all the requirements of public service.

The only poem, perhaps, of Wesley which, from its structure, would fairly admit of comparison with the best productions of the author of the "Christian Year," is that designated "Wrestling Jacob." Unlike John Keble, who often bases his lines upon some solitary expression, and weaves his poem from some mere suggestion of the sacred writer, Charles Wesley grasps all the fulness and gathers up all the detail of the inspired narrative, dramatizes and spiritualizes the whole, and through all turns and transitions of the history makes the application to Christian life; and in that

mysterious conflict by the brook Jabbok we find the type of spiritual conflict in every age of the Church. The soul in mysterious conflict with the Angel of the Covenant can still say,

"Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I thy name and nature know."

Wesleyan hymnody is distinguished by great and varied metrical excellence. The popularity of many of the most valued hymns of the Christian Church is largely due to their metrical structure. Such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee," and Oliver's fine stanzas in "The God of Abraham praise," could not on this account, without irreparable injury, be altered in form. In all such compositions there is an exquisite adaptation of cadence to thought. Charles Wesley had an ear for melody as well as poetic fire, and his musical genius was consecrated to the cause of sacred song. Thought of the most elevated kind, and language of terseness and strength are poured forth in strains of sweetest melody and in sounds of choicest harmony.

Variety of metre is a marked feature of Wesley's hymns. A comparison with the compositions of any other hymn-writer will make this clear at a glance. The critical and practical value of this variety is in the harmony subsisting between thought and expression. They fully exemplify the acknowledged canon of lyrical literature; "each stanza should be a poetical tune played down to the last note." They have pre-eminently the excellence which Isaac Taylor deemed essential to good hymns, "rhythm, rhyme and music." In measures solemn and subdued,

"O thou to whose all-searching sight;"

buoyant and exhilarating,

"How happy are we who in Jesus agree;"

brave and strong as the march of battle,

"Come on, my partners in distress;"

how perfect the correspondence and how clear the chime between sound and sense, and between music and theme

The correspondence between metrical expression and the subject—between chime and cadence and thought and mental

impression—is finely exhibited in that magnificent lyric, said by a writer in "Blackwood," to be the finest in the language,

> "Stand the omnipotent decree,
> Jehovah's will be done."

This noble hymn was written at a time of great agitation. London had been shaken by an earthquake. Many feared that nature's end was fast approaching; but, as expressive of the security of the righteous man, Wesley wrote in a strain of exulting confidence, grand and solemn as the trump of God:

> "Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
> Like flame o'er nature's funeral pyre,
> Triumphs in immortal powers,
> And claps his wings of fire."

In the section "describing heaven" we have hymns of almost unrivalled excellence, which furnish good illustration of the adaptation of cadence and harmony to theme and thought. In the exquisite lyric, "Away with our sorrow and fear," there is a beautiful transition from "sorrow and fear," with which the first stanza commences, to the vision of golden splendour upon which the eye rests at its close:

> "The house of our Father above,
> The palace of angels and God."

In many of these incomparable hymns the last line of each stanza forms a climax; and, as in the line just given, sweetly lingers upon the ear as if some musical voice murmured, "The palace of angels and God."

"The holy to the holiest leads;" and never does the Christian bard reveal more of that sacred fire which touched his lips and brightened his vision of faith than when, in anticipation of beatific blessedness, he reverently looked within the veil. Three of the hymns "on a future state," which could be more appropriately connected with those "describing heaven"—"How happy every child of grace," "And let this feeble body fail," and "Come let us join our friends above," are absolutely unrivalled in elevation of thought and felicity of expression. At one point "the world of spirits bright" seems open, the harpers harp upon their harps; and as if in rapt communion with glorified saints,

strains of celestial minstrelsy fall upon the ear, and the soul dwells amid the splendours of another apocalypse:

> "At once they strike the harmonious wire,
> And hymn the great Three-One;
> He hears, He smiles, and all the choir
> Fall down before the throne."

It might be expected that, even in a brief paper upon Wesleyan hymnody, under present circumstances, questions of revision would be introduced. The subject has, however, been entrusted, by General Conference, to a large and widely representative committee; and until its report shall have been submitted, or at least until proposed changes shall have been in some way indicated, discussion is not perhaps desirable.

It has been thought sufficient to express an opinion of the distinguishing excellences of the peerless, priceless hymns bequeathed to "the people called Methodists." Feeble hymns ought not to be retained. From the compositions of Charles Wesley, not yet included in our hymn-book, and from hymns used by every section of the Christian Church, we can add to the treasured and invaluable Wesleyan hymnody, which must make up and constitute the chief part and the distinctive feature of any hymn-book accepted and approved by "the Methodist Church of Canada."

It may be perfectly legitimate to direct attention to a most important aspect of unity in Methodist worship. It is to be regretted exceedingly that while the three great branches of Methodism—Anglican, Republican, and Canadian—are all engaged in, or looking toward revision, considerations of finance could not in some way be arranged and made subordinate to the grand idea of an Œcumenical hymn-book for the Methodist Church. The present time is most opportune. Could not some influential and magnanimous member of the British Committee initiate a movement which, by Methodist people of every nation and kindred and tongue, would be hailed with great joy?

HALIFAX, N.S.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

BY THE REV. W. W. ROSS.

THE traveller need no longer go to "high latitudes" to see boiling springs of thrilling interest. California, surpassing all other States of the Union in variety, as well as sublimity of scenery, contains a large number, discovered by a hunter in 1847. They are situated ninety miles north-east of San Francisco, in the County of Sonoma, among the mountains of the Coast Range. Starting from "Frisco"—the name by which the city is familiarly called—we take steamer across San Pablo bay for Vallego, connecting here with cars for Calistoga, running through the beautiful Napa valley. Calistoga—the Saratoga of the State—is charmingly situated at the head of the valley, within the shadow of evergreen-clad mountains. The town itself, owing to the carelessness or closeness of one man to whom it mostly belongs, wears a starved, shabby look, in striking contrast to the exuberant generosity of nature. Still, it is the resort of many, drawn hither by the its healing waters.

Five miles to the south-east of the Springs is the Petrified Forest, in which large trees have been turned to stone; having been entombed, it is supposed, some time in the far past, by volcanic eruptions. At Calistoga we connect with stage for the Geysers. Foss, the proprietor, and for many years driver, is famous, far and near, for furious, but skilful driving over the most perilous places down the mountains. Since a serious accident last season he has grown nervous with the reins. On the mountains, where danger is imminent, he escaped; in the valley, where it is not thought of, he ran against a stone, upsetting the stage, killing one person and maiming others. He seldom drives now, but is devoting himself to fitting up his home for tourists —a lovely spot in Knight's valley, five miles on our way.

Having passed through the valley we begin the eight miles ascent of the mountains. Our progress is slow, but not tedious. The driver is intelligent and communicative; on every hand are the "burrowing toilers of the mine;" every step broadens and diversifies the view; whilst the manzanita, the mountain

mahogany, the flowering mandrona, the fragrant laurel, and the wide-spreading chapparal are to us "companionship." Off to the right, in the rear, is Mount St. Helena, if not the loftiest, the loveliest in California. Tradition says that on its summit is buried a copper plate, bearing an inscription in commemoration of some event in the history of its discoverers, the Spaniards. At last we halt on the "divide," and look back. The sight is well worth all the climber's toil. Spread out before us, well watered "even as the garden of the Lord," beautified with carefully cultivated farms and charming villas, are the Russian River and the Santa Rosa valleys. Embosoming them on three sides, sheltering them from north-easterly and ocean winds, is the Coast Range with its soft and purple summits. Away, beyond, seventy miles to the south-west, is the beautiful bay of San Francisco and the farther waters of the Pacific.

We may not longer linger over a landscape such as one rarely sees in any land. The crack of the driver's whip and the whirl of wheels down the mountain break the spell, and excite very different feelings. The road is good, but alarmingly narrow—a few inches further, and we are over—dashed, it seems, to certain death. At first, it takes the breath away. With half-closed eyes and quivering lids, half on and half off the seat, in a very unsettled, uncertain state, not knowing where this Jehu, in his zeal, is going to land us, we nervously catch at something, perhaps the reins or the hands that hold them; but we swing safely round each successive spur; there is always a safe margin between the wheel and the precipice, and nothing gives way. A persuasion of safety gradually possesses us. We fix ourselves more easily in the seat. The eyes are slowly opened in admiration of the manner in which the "knight of the whip" handles the "ribbons." We begin to enjoy it. The spirit of the steeds thrills through the passengers. Soon we are in full sympathy with the rush, and, all but impatient with the *slowness* of our pace, are ready to shout, like the madman in the balloon—"faster! faster!"

Half way down we pass the small Geysers, near at hand, but out of sight. The water is abundant and very hot, but contains no unusual element save a small trace of iron. They

are seldom visited. Continuing our way at the same dashing rate, we catch a glimpse, through the evergreens, of the white gable end of a house. Sweeping round a bend, the steaming horses are reined up opposite the Geyser Hotel. Facing the hotel, and running up a quarter of a mile, at right angles to the canyon down which we have come, is the Geyser Gulch. Its springs number three hundred, and are spread over an area of two hundred acres; they are seventeen hundred feet above the sea, and surrounded by mountains from three to four thousand feet high. In the early morning the steam rises hundreds of feet, and covers the canyon; but in the later hours of the day it has mostly disappeared, dissipated by the sun. A Babel of sounds can be heard at all hours, and some of them at long distances.

We lunch, change our clothes for coarse ones, shoes for Wellington boots, then, staff in hand, start for the Springs, a guide leading the way. A few rods' descent brings us to Pluton river, running across the foot of the Geyser canyon. When this stream first strikes the waters of the Geysers it is cold, and abounds in trout; by the time it has passed them it has risen to 140°. Having crossed the Pluton, after a few steps to the left down the stream, we turn and strike boldly up the mountains, directly into what is called the "Devil's Dominions." Whether the name is in good or bad taste is debatable; but this desolate region seems to have been dedicated to Satan, and by many is believed *to be* of that wicked one. In mythology it might easily be the mouth of Tartarus.

Before proceeding further we turn aside, according to custom, to clear our vision at the Eye-Water Spring. Its waters are covered with an oxide of iron, their other chief ingredients being alum and saltpetre. They have proved a pool of Siloam to some sore eyes. We are next introduced to Prosperine's Grotto; and, as far as I am acquainted with Pluto's wife, it seemed a suitable retreat.

A few steps further takes us into "Beelzebub's Laboratory." Satan is a scientist, and no idler in his studies. Class day is always, and a strange medley of experiments is ever going on. Noise and fumes fill the air. Some of the odours are pleasant, and others not so pleasant; the latter are the same as those

issuing from city sewers and aged eggs. Water holding iron in solution comes in contact with other water containing sulphuretted hydrogen, forming a new compound, setting the sulphuretted hydrogen free; this gas gives forth the abominable smell alluded to. These waters boiled an egg in four minutes. Convenient to the Laboratory is "Satan's Inkstand." Its contents, sometimes used in the hotel register, are inky black, and never run dry.

Within a short distance of this spot is a pure Alum Spring. Five feet further is another spring of Tartaric Acid, which makes an excellent glass of lemonade. Near by, if unfortunately given to strong drink, the visitor can be satisfied with a draught from "Mephistopheles' Punch Bowl." Next the Bowl is what is known as the "Devil's Kitchen." All is culinary confusion; every pot and pan is in use; the furnace is in full blast; issuing from it are the usual sounds—boiling, frying, simmering, steaming, sputtering, hissing. I boiled a second egg in its water in four minutes. A few feet above the Kitchen is the Safety Valve, letting off steam with great power. Climbing as near the spot as the heat will suffer me, I fling dirt and stones into the opening, which instantly spits them out with wrathful vehemence. Unless a hasty retreat is beaten, one may receive the rejected stuff back into his face, dripping with hot water and acids.

Now, in the wildest, hottest part, we come to the greatest wonder of the place—commonly called the "Witch's Cauldron." It is seven feet across, and of unknown depth. The water, black and wrathful, rises three or four feet. At times, you are enveloped in steam, unable to see anything. A small cool stream is ever patiently pouring into it its troubled waters, as if to soothe and quiet them. In 1861 this cauldron, from some unknown cause, was emptied of water and filled with steam. The hotel-keeper, fearing to lose one of the greatest attractions to tourists, caused a stream of cold water to be led into it. The instant it came in contact with the lower cavity of the cauldron a wild commotion ensued. The ground, for several rods around, shook violently. In a few minutes after, the cold water was thrown out with stunning reports to the height of a hundred feet. In about three hours after, the cold water was shut off, the hot water

returned, filled the bowl, and has continued to boil ever since. Its temperature is 200° Fahrenheit.

We now turn to a familiar sound, issuing from the top of a cone, up in the side of the canyon; it proceeds from the Steamboat Geyser. Through the opening, about two feet in diameter, a body of steam is constantly ejected, sufficient, if it could be controlled, to drive a large amount of machinery. The noise has been likened to a "high pressure seven boiler boat blowing off steam." I climbed to the top, and managed to get a hurried look into the fiery mouth, as the wind blew the steam from me; but, without a moment's warning, it tacked right round and blew a suffocating blast fair in my face. I staggered down; "distance lending enchantment to the view." The steam rises to a height of three hundred feet, but is so hot on escaping as to be invisible for five or six feet above the opening. A few steps bring us to the head of the canyon. Rising above us to a considerable height is an imposing cone called the "Devil's Pulpit." We will not ascend it now, but retracing our steps, return to it by another route.

Reaching again the bridge over the Pluton, and facing round as at the first towards the Springs, we turn to the right up the stream. After a few rods we begin a second time the ascent of the "mountain of fire." We pass on our right, by the river's edge, the Geyser Baths; these, as well as some other parts of the premises, are somewhat shabby, owing to the property being in a state of litigation. By means of metal pipes connecting with the Springs, the Baths are supplied with water, hot and cold, pure and medicated. A variety of baths are at your command—shower and sponge, sitz and sheet, douche and duck, pack and plunge.

Whilst yet in the stage, descending the mountains, a clear and continuous whistle reached us; echoing through the canyon. Just before us is its source, "Pluto's Tea Kettle." Some genius, enjoying a whistle, but not wishing to pay too dear for it, inserted in the mouth of the Geyser a leaden pipe, fitting to it a second in the shape of a whistle. The rushing steam produces a prolonged, shrill sound, heard high over every other. Removing the whistle, and placing the tip of my staff against the spout, I

involuntarily sprang back with a cry; it was instantly and fiercely blown away. A few feet further on is a similar spring, called "Pluto's Signal." Leaving this and circling to the left, towards the head of the canyon, reached before by the other route, we come to what is supposed to be the crater of this extinct volcano. In its upper side is a noted spring—the Indian Steam Bath. Lying around are the rude remains of the red man's bath-house. The Indians were wont to bring to it their sick, sometimes long distances over the mountains. Many and marvellous cures are said to have been wrought, which we can easily believe; if not killed, the patient was likely to be cured. The temperature is 180°.

A few rods further bring us to a point, projecting over a deep, steaming chasm, called the "Lover's Leap." Bad enough are the pangs of unrequited love, without adding a leap like that; in classic phrase, it would be—"out of the frying pan into the fire." Happily, it is not known that any one was ever yet driven to *this* verge of despair. Proceeding on our way, we next pass through the "Lover's Retreat." A knot-hole in the trunk of a low bent tree on which the happy swain and sweetheart are supposed to swing, is labelled "Post Office;" it is a well-filled museum of curious cards and amusing sentiments. The Retreat, according to the novelist, is, of course, a sheltered spot, with a cosy corner, by a laughing brook; in fine, highly romantic, a perfect elysium for lovers. The fact is, like another Eden, it harbours the serpent; it is the resort of rattlesnakes! I brought away the rattle of one, twelve years old, killed in the vicinity by a man who, struck at, only escaped being bitten by the agility of his movements. These reptiles are plentiful in some parts of the State. In another section, the guide pointed out to me a spot where a party of tourists found a family of them at home in a hollow tree. Setting fire to the tree, dry as tinder in the rainless season, they soon heard a horrible hissing mingling with the crackling of the flames; a few glided through the fire and escaped, but more, it is believed, perished within their castle.

Continuing our way, a few steps further complete the circle, —we have come again to the head of the canyon. Beautiful type! a brook is flowing at our feet. Springing from a fountain

higher up, swift to undo the destroyer's work, striking the evil at its very source, and following it step by step all the way down its destructive career, is a stream of pure cold water! Even such is the River of Life: "Every thing shall live whither the river cometh."

We now ascend the cone, obtaining from its top an all-commanding view of the canyon, the hotel opposite with its beautiful back-ground of mountains sloping to the south, covered to their very summits with a variety of evergreens. Seated on the cinders of the cone we may, at our leisure, dwell on points of interest as yet untouched. The steam is rising around us. The marl is warm under our feet. I run my staff into it, up to the handle; then, drawing it out, thoughtless, thrust my finger into the hole; thoughtful, I jerk it out; it is scalding hot. We are sitting over subterranean fires; and fires that are neither far off nor slumbering. Are we safe? On first entering this fiery region a stranger hesitates. The spot is more suspicious, seemingly, than the slime pits of Sodom. The flush of fire and the smell of brimstone are disagreeably suggestive. But led by our Virgil we wander through the *Inferno*. After a while, excited by the strange, wild scenes, and listening to the story of the guide, one grows thoughtless of self, scarce considering his ways—hardened as through the deceitfulness of sin—until with intrepid daring the explorer boldly mounts the "Devil's Pulpit" But there *is* danger. Earthquakes are frequent. Almost anywhere you may run your staff into the soil and steam will issue forth. In all directions hot water is bubbling up, and angry underground rumblings are heard. The surface is strewn with rocky cinders, burnt light as cork. Persons living here since the discovery of the Geysers in '47 say, the ground has sunk forty feet in twenty-five years. Heated waters and acids dissolve the solid rock below. As decomposition goes on the crust goes down. Occasional eruptions throw the cinders to the surface, open up new vents, and give the whole region a disordered, desolate look. In one place are hot and cold waters issuing from springs but a few feet apart. In other places waters issue from the same orifice, and seemingly from the same source, but essentially differing in taste, colour, smell and chemical composition. Different springs

hold different salts in solution; when they flow together there are violent chemical reactions; emitting various gases, depositing a variety of salts, vividly colouring, and, sometimes, consuming the rocks. The rocks are chiefly sandstone and silicious slate. The silica of the slate is thoroughly bleached out by hot alkaline solutions, and forms large deposits. There are deposits of alum, saltpetre, magnesia, ammonia, epsom salts, tartaric acid, sulphate of iron, and sulphur, red, white, black, and blue. Some of these can be gathered by waggon loads; sulphur, especially, abounds, and may, in time to come, be of considerable value in commerce.

Singular coincidence! whilst I am sitting in the Pulpit taking notes, a moving shadow falls across the canyon; it is a scavenger bird. Bird of evil, it hovers over the spot on worn and ragged wing, peering down into the horrible pit, passing through the smoke of torment again and again in search of prey. This filthiest of birds seemed certain of finding fitting food in so foul a place. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

Can life be sustained in such a spot? Can any green thing grow in such a soil? Yes; these boiling springs are fringed with foliage and flowers, flourishing luxuriantly the year round. It is said, I think in the State Survey, that in the waters of some springs, 200° Fahrenheit, and in others where the waters are sufficiently acid to burn leather to tinder, a species of water plant takes root and grows abundantly. I, myself, found a healthy tuft of green, growing on the very verge of that horrible hole, the "Witches' Cauldron." "Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward." God renews the failing trust of the traveller over the desert by showing him a bunch of living moss springing from burning sands. The seed, wafted by His winds or borne by the fowls of the air, is lodged in the smallest seams of the rocky wall; nourished—one hardly knows how—it sprouts and spreads until a generous foliage beautifies the barrenness. The ivy clings to crumbling ruins. Flinty rocks gush with living waters. Aaron's rod, dry and dead, buds and blossoms into beauty. Life feeds upon death. "O grave, where is thy victory?" Paul sings

praises in prison. Daniel lives among the lions. The saints are unscorched in seven-fold fire.

"To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire."

WELLINGTON SQUARE.

WHAT a wonderful and beautiful law is that of Association! How it multiplies our pleasures and reproduces past enjoyments. How it makes the chords of memory vibrate, and awakens sweetest echoes in the fancy-peopled chambers of the brain. We inhale a violet's fragrance, and are wafted away over years of time and leagues of space to some sunny glade where, in childhood, we played among the flowers. We taste a fruit of peculiar flavour, and are carried back to the country homestead, the breezy orchard, the old barn and the joyous sports of boyhood. We hear a strain of music, and instantly tears start in their briny bed, as we think of a voice that we shall hear on earth no more. But while our joys are reduplicated and often intensified by the magic spell of association, by a beneficient providence, our sorrows become but a sweet, sad memory, less painful than pleasurable, from which we would not be dissevered if we could; while memory has the peculiar power of garnering the sunshine of hours of gladness to brighten the days of sorrow and disappointment.

THE MERCHANT-MISSIONARY.

BY JAMES M. RUSSELL.

"WILL you kindly accept of this, sir?"

The speaker was a well-dressed and rather fashionable-looking young gentleman. He held out a tract to another well-dressed and very fashionable-looking young gentleman—one of the "swell" *genus*. The scene was the deck of a New Brighton steamer on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in September.

The people around could not tell what to make of "a gentleman like him goin' about with tracts."

"Did you ever see the like?" whispered a knot of bewildered young ladies, who were in a state of mental contortion owing to the attraction of a well-cut coat and the repulsion of religious singularity.

The "swell" was of the prevailing type of unmitigated languor; so, after a desperate effort to gather up his wits, he replied,—

"Aw—I-aw—aw—I—a-w——"

But this was only the helpless articulation of fashionable amazement. So the other, with a bow, put the tract into his half-open hand.

If the winds, in a fit of spleen, had thrown the salt spray over his unimpeachable shirt front, the "swell" could hardly have shown greater consternation. He certainly received the tract, but mechanically.

"Excuse me, sir," whispered the stranger, "but we have each a soul to save. Christ is the Saviour. He saves all that believe."

With these words the stranger strode away to give tracts to the other passengers as he saw opportunity. No one resisted or even slighted him. Everyone saw he was a gentleman exclusive of tailoring.

Before the boat arrived at New Brighton pier he had disposed of some thirty or forty tracts, and, in many cases, accompanied the gift with a suitable word of warning or encouragement.

The reader will probably be echoing the general question

which so many have asked concerning this active Christian worker: "Who is he?"

At the time of which we write he was a Liverpool merchant in a very prosperous way of business. But, unlike the majority of his brethren, he did not allow business to consume the greater part of his time and attention. There was another business—the business on which all the world's grand characters have come—a business in which there are no sleeping partners, and, probably, no incarnations of respectable greed.

For the sake of distinction we will call this gentleman the Merchant-Missionary. It is not a title that many will claim; more's the pity.

He had a burning zeal for the spread of the gospel. His life-work was to extend the kingdom of his Master. Love for souls pulsed in his very blood.

The conventionalities of the upper portion of middle-class life are a strong barrier to the progress of religious earnestness. Many a true lover of Christ has discovered this, and thousands of professors have sunk into consequent listlessness, and allowed their divine impressions to float loosely away on a stream of vague generalities. The cross of Christ may, in some senses, be borne, but its "offence" is intolerable.

The Merchant-Missionary had what, alas! must be called the unusual idea that he was sent into the world to do something for God, and that something was to be done at all times and in all places. He had money and thought it a talent, but not after the manner of those who figure at the top of a charity-report for a sum, the loss of which they don't feel, and then flatter themselves they are "using their one talent!"

His tract-giving and other religious exercises were to be viewed as exploits, for so daring and successful were they that no less a term can properly characterise them. His greatest triumphs were over the strongholds of "swelldom," and especially those under the dominion of clerical exquisites—beings who become pillars of usefulness when young ladies want spiritual support.

Our Merchant-Missionary considered that railway stations with their ceaseless ebbing and flowing of multitudes were no mean places to fish in. It was no uncommon thing to see him

beside such favourable waters with the rod of endeavour and the line of enterprise baited with pictorial tracts.

One day he spotted out a fine plump specimen of the Ritualist Parson. It was in a railway waiting-room. Out went the line with its wonderful bait. There came a curious bite.

"What is this, sir?" asked the Rev. gentleman in a somewhat imperious manner.

"Just a tract, sir; it tells about Jesus."

"A tract! You shouldn't give tracts to me, sir. I— I—. It's not—not the thing to give tracts to clergymen!"

The Merchant-Missionary was bold as a lion. His fine large blue eye became lit with calm heroic fire, for he was firmly conscious that his God was with him. He knew that no courageous true-hearted minister of the cross would be offended in the slightest at the offer of a tract; and besides, there was in him, greatly owing to the holy life he led, an intuitive perception of the state of a man's soul.

Like all true gentlemen he showed perfect ease in his earnestness.

"I hope, sir, you'll not object to a word on practical Christianity?"

The astonished clergyman did not immediately reply. The Merchant-Missionary went on:

"Do you feel and know you are a child of God?"

"I can't consider such questions now," said the other in a proud peremptory tone.

And he walked away.

The Merchant-Missionary offered up a silent prayer that God would exert his power,

> "And let the Priests themselves believe
> And put salvation on."

He did not know what it was to be daunted. Nervous fears were more clearly described in the dictionary than in his heart.

He went into the midst of a crowd of people who were making their way to the Southport train that would start in five minutes, and, with surprising promptness, gave away nearly one hundred tracts.

In the most natural manner imaginable he proceeded with his work as an evangelist. Not a trace of "I don't love it but it's my duty" was observable.

By the way, what a deal of mischief is done in the world by those rigid and frigid specimens of sanctimonious humanity who, with long doleful faces and measured tones, exhort young people to nothing but a hard conception of duty. As if religious life was a series of sapless asceticisms! Duty is too divine, too great, too beautiful to be comprehended by these narrow teachers. Let our young friends know and feel that Religion is a synonym for all that is charitable, pure, grand and true; that Jesus Christ is our Brother, Friend, Saviour, and that heaven is our home.

There are some well-meaning men who are always talking about "living to God," in such a way as to lead us to conclude that our faculties are given to tantalize us, and that to make any one of them a source of enjoyment is a sin.

Why have so many of our young people come to regard the idea of duty as only introducing the stern, the harsh, and the forbidding?

The denunciations of Love are to-day uttered against our modern Pharisees. And to-day it is asked, as it was asked of old: ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?

The Merchant-Missionary's creed was a short one:—I BELIEVE IN LOVE.

This was the enchanter's wand; the influence that made him irresistible.

He never resorted to any other force, because he believed with George MacDonald that "nothing is inexorable but love." Even Justice will receive one sacrifice in lieu of another, but Love accepts no substitute.

He delighted to go into the parks on Sundays and preach to the idle and the dissolute, the weary and the worn.

Here he is, standing on a seat that encircles a spreading oak. There seems a tossed and driven sea of human beings surging and seething here and there in various currents. Many look as if they were wondering when there really would be any enjoyment. A few women look as if they would like to have a soul above ribbons.

The crowd gathers round the Merchant-Missionary who has started a hymn, the chorus of which is beginning to be sustained by a few of the bolder spirits that have been attracted.

There is no balm, after all, that is so widely useful as that which comes in the gentle form of poetic influences. What would early Methodism have been without its hymns? Poetry is the natural language of divine life. It is evermore the highest and choicest indication of the presence of God's image.

The Merchant-Missionary had a powerful and rich baritone voice. And he knew how to use it to advantage. He sung with a heart and a will, and every one in the crowd saw that he did. When the hymn was over he said:

"Now, my dear friends, we've been singing a beautiful hymn, you know. I cannot tell you how happy I felt while we were at it."

And he told them, in a few short and simple words, the story of his own conversion to God:

"I was in a crowded chapel where a very earnest preacher had been exhorting the people to come to God. But I did not go out. I was confused. Ashamed to stir and ashamed to stay. The Spirit of the Lord was striving with me; that was it. I was as one awakened out of a fond delusive dream to a set of loathsome realities. All this passed in my mind while they were at prayer;—I suppose it was prayer, for the people knelt, and I knelt because they did.

"At last they stopped praying, and the preacher—I fancy I see him now—gave us an invitation to make our peace with God. 'Peace with God,' thought I; 'that's something new. How can we have peace with God?' I was greatly wrought upon. My heart was in a state of siege, worse than any city with gates closed and people perishing. O how I longed to be at peace. I grew more miserable. I could not help, could not comfort myself.

"'If anyone feels his need of a Saviour, let him come up here, and we'll pray with him. Don't be ashamed of acknowledging Christ,' said the preacher, who stood at the far end of the body of the chapel.

"When I heard that, I had a desire to go up, but the tempter

whispered, 'No, you'll be laughed at if you do. You'll be called a Ranter!'

"My desire began to waver. And my misery became more settled.

"Something said to my heart that I was excited, only excited, and it would soon be over.

"The preacher repeated his invitation with great kindness and solemnity. He seemed to feel an interest in everybody. He was all aglow with the fires of self-sacrifice and devotion.

"Again I thought I would go, and it seemed as if a multitude of voices out of heaven cried, 'Yes, do!'

"I thought I saw the spirit of my sainted mother appearing before the golden gates," said the Merchant-Missionary, pointing upwards, "and she lifted up her sweet voice, and said, 'Yes, my son, go and seek your Saviour. I found Him once, and am therefore here now.'

"Now we're all on the look-out for pleasure, aren't we?" he continued. "We think that is a proper object. We are after it to-day. You have come into this park for it, and so have I. Yet I do not think we sail in the same boat, for all that. I feel as if I was calling to you out of another boat that is not going the way of yours."

The Merchant-Missionary was all along feeling the pulse of his audience. Like a skilful physician he gave his doses according to requirement.

The people were subdued. He had them with him. He carried them at will into regions of feeling and enquiry.

With such sentences as have just been given did he continue to pour fourth his affecting accounts and passionate appeals. And it seemed so much a genuine work of love. If the people had been his own kin he could not have shown more affectionate earnestness.

People will not be surprised to learn that conversions often took place while he was preaching the Word. He simply held up the crucified Lord and men were attracted, as they ever will be under such influences. He knew the drawing power of the Cross. There was no other secret for success in preaching.

And O how earnest he was,—setting an example to many a

pulpit orator of greater pretensions. As one of his poorer hearers once remarked, whose drunken husband he had been the means of reclaiming, "It really does one's heart good, now, to see a gentleman like him goin' about a'-preachin' so powerful."

Let us hear what this woman has to say about her husband's reformation. It will, perhaps, present the Merchant-Missionary in another light, and bring out a few more of his "eccentricities," as his foppish detractors used to call his charitable efforts.

"Well now," said the woman to an acquaintance, one Sunday afternoon after hearing him preach in the Park, "you know'd what Bowdler was afore he heard that gentleman. Nobody could do nothink with him, which I didn't think as anybody liked for to try, seein' as 'ow he wos so nater'd. He couldn't be got to work more'n four days a week, an' then he spent best part of 'is wages, he did; and often came ome a swearin' an' cussin' awful, an' it wos much if he didn't strike us. Those wos 'ard times, those wos. Nobody knows what poor folks suffers, save them as is with 'em. But the Lord wos with us, as He's with everybody, whether they knows it or not. He took care on us, He did; bless Him!

"Well, one mornin' Bowdler was workin' for that gentleman, an' he went late, and walked into the yard with his 'ead 'angin' down, as if he'd been took up for stealin', which he 'ad been stealin' his master's time, when somebody comes up an' taps him on the shoulder. Bowdler looks up, an' who should it be but the same gentleman as we've heard preachin'—his master, you know. Poor fellow, he'd a' run away, if he could, just then. Bowdler couldn't do nothin' but stand still and look soft, like. He wos fear'd of wot might be comin'. But the master tuk an' spoke a kind word to him, sayin' as 'ow he wasn't a usin' of hisself right.

"'Now, my man,' says he to Bowdler, 'don't you know this isn't the way? I'm afraid you're too fond of your enemies. Don't you think drink's one of 'em? Drink'll never do no good to you. Come now, let me say a friendly word. Give up the drink, like a good fellow. I've give it up myself and never feel the loss on it. Think of your wife an' children at home,' says he; 'home, wot a beautiful word. Come, my man, you can be a good fellow if you try.'

"That's the way as he talked to Bowdler, an' he hadn't been

long at it afore Bowdler gives in, an' says as he'll sign teetotal. 'An' you're quite sure you mean to keep it?' says his master Yes, Bowdler wos sure; as well he might be, seein' as 'ow he must a' been tired o' drinkin' 'an cussin', an' throwin' away all his comfort an' everybody else's. So when he heard as Bowdler wos sure, wot does he do but brings out a Pledge-book. Fancy, a gentleman, like him, a-carryin' a lot o' Pledges as if he wos a Town-Mission, or somethin' o' that! 'An' so,' says he to Bowdler, 'We might as well strike the iron while it's hot; you'd better sign it now. There's no time like the present.' So Bowdler signed, an' his master wos as pleased as Punch, as if he felt tremendious for Bowdler's good, which I believe as he does.

"But that isn't all: for he said to Bowdler just after he'd signed, he said, 'Now you'll want some grace to keep that Pledge, and you might as well try to be upright in everythin' else as well as that. You know what to do and where to go, don't you? Bowdler said as he supposed prayin' and bein' good would do it. 'But 'ow are you to be good?' says his master. Bowdler said, by prayin.' So then the master said, did he ever hear about Jesus Christ bein' his Saviour—his very own Saviour? Bowdler didn't say nothin' just then, an' so the master went on tellin' him the plain truth for sinners, just like wot we've been hearin.' 'All you've got to do,' says he, 'is to give up all sin and believe in Jesus Christ—believe in Him as He *does* save you now.' Bowdler said he tried, but couldn't come it just then. However he'd got enough to make hisself miserable with—not the same kind o' misery as he'd had so often before, though.

"But war there any peace for him after his master'd give up speakin' and walked away, leavin' him to his own thoughts? No, that there wosn't.

"He said to me that night, 'Polly,' says he, 'my sins is on me like a thousand o' bricks. Can't sleep a-wink.'

"'Wot's up?' I says.

"'Everythin',' says he, 'everythin' barrin' my own soul. O Polly, I'm a bad 'un!'

"'Why, wot in the world's to do?' I says.

"So he begins a tellin' me about himself an' master, and the

Pledge an' sins an' Jesus Christ, same as wot I've told you. An' then he says,

"'The master wanted me just to believe; he said as all wos done, an' I had only to trust in my Saviour; so I tried, like, but couldn't come it.'

"Ah, but he com'd it soon, did Bowdler. He got up an' prayed. My sakes alive! he made the house ring again with his cryin' for mercy!

"Suddenly he changes his tune. He went very quiet.

"Wot's up now?' I thought.

"He wosn't silent long, however.

"'Polly,' says he, in such a joyful tone.—'Polly, the bricks is all gone! I'm not a sinner now. I'm saved by grace. Glory be to God!'"

Such was the poor woman's evidence of the Christian zeal of this Merchant-Missionary. A tear or two started from her eyes as she drew near the end of her tale. And they were such bright and holy effusions of happiness as God might gather and transform into imperishable gems for the Merchant-Missionary's crown.

Many other such instances had he of the willingness of God to work through human instrumentality. On one occasion he stepped into a round-house at one of the Liverpool Docks and asked the gate-man sitting therein if he would accept a tract. He met with a prompt and pleasing reply, for the gate-man immediately rose up and said,

"Aye, sir; with pleasure. Come in and rest a moment, sir."

The gate-man fumbled about in his waistcoat pockets a little, and then, with a smile, brought out a soiled piece of paper. It seemed one that had long been treasured.

Holding it out to his guest, he said, "You see that, sir? A gentleman came in ten years ago, just as you did, and left it with me. I read it for something to do, and it led to my seeking a Saviour."

On another occasion the Merchant fell in with a "big swell" at one of the Liverpool Railway Stations. As usual he politely offered a tract, and sought to open up a channel of religious con-

versation of the most practical kind. The "swell" took the tract as a matter of course, and was about to put it carelessly aside, when he could not help marking the unusually earnest and affectionate expression of the stranger, who began to say a few words about salvation.

The "swell" was inclined, at first, to be cool and distant. But, observing the persevering yet gentlemanly manner of his new acquaintance, gradually gave an interested hearing.

It is wonderful what great effects are produced by courteous earnestness in religious matters. It is the fire of devotional feeling which rarely fails to burn the outward indifference and melt the sympathies beneath.

"You don't know what a grand thing this religion is, sir. Its merits are by no means generally appreciated," said the Merchant.

"Perhaps not," replied the other, "perhaps not."

"Just the very thing for putting a fellow all right;—screws one up to the proper pitch for business or anything else. Going in for pleasure, eh? then I say Religion's the ticket; first-class, and all your luggage looked after.—Book for the Terminus, and no change of carriages."

"I wish there were more parsons like you; such a confounded lot of dry knotty old sticks they are. Never hear a sermon I like, scarcely; and then, you know, I'm told I haven't a spiritual appetite!"

"I quite agree with you that there are many sermons that must pall upon any appetite, one would think, whether spiritual or not. But there's one preacher who'd just suit you," said the Merchant.

"Who's that?"

"The Lord Jesus," replied the Merchant, with great earnestness.

His companion was taken short at first by this, but, on recovering himself, was about to put the matter aside by some such vague generality as "Yes, of course," when, an increased interest being shown by the Merchant, he was constrained to yield to what almost seemed the inevitable.

"Yes, He's the preacher; and, what's more, He makes Him-

self the subject of His sermons. He's the only one who knows how to talk about himself."

The "swell" became now seriously attentive. Clearly there was something else to care for besides the "latest cut,"—something in the world more fragrant even than scent.

He stroked his exquisite whiskers, played with his gold Albert, swayed his silver-headed cane, arranged his eye-glass, and went through many other performances which usually denote that a "swell's" mind is intently fixed upon some inquiry or in a high state of nervous impressionableness.

The Merchant made the most of the opportunity, and very soon there was quite a free and amicable interchange of feeling on the subject of vital religion.

When time caused them to part, the "swell" shook the Merchant's hand with great earnestness, and said, as the tears stood in his eyes, "Thank you, Sir, for your words of advice. I never was so spoken to before. I will never forget this meeting."

Is it any wonder that such examples of Christian earnestness were abundantly fruitful?

There are many men who, from their peculiar circumstances and modes of thought, are well-nigh inaccessible to ministers The fact that the ministers are set apart to a spiritual work, and are not supposed to enter into the business of life, with all its vexatious cares, makes a great and impassable gulf between them and these men of the world,—at least, so it is felt by the latter. The consequence is that, however faithful a minister may be with such, his words often fall powerless. Slang arguments are used with great effect against listening to a professional sermon: "He only talks that way because he can't well talk any other; it's his trade."

Now, admitting for a moment the validity of their reasoning, such men are deprived of all excuse by the lay-preacher, and particularly by those of the Merchant-Missionary kind. A special type of preacher is eminently suited to this class. Closely-studied sermons are not wanted by them. A minister cannot help being professional, and this professionalness is repugnant and pretentious in the eyes of the men in question. Of course they are narrow and shallow, but then their narrowness and shallowness must be

met by competent power if their souls are to be saved. The value of lay-preachers viewed from this point alone is inestimable. No Church should be without them, and none will be that recognises her mission aright.

As an illustration of what is required in this particular, our Merchant-Missionary one day accosted a gentleman on the George's Landing Stage, at Liverpool, in his admirable manner, and soon put the question, "if he knew the Lord Jesus?"

The gentleman turned upon him, stared full in his face, and suddenly asked,

"Are you paid for this?"

"No."

"Well, I am glad! You are just the man I want to talk to. *But you're sure you're not paid?*"

Being satisfied by the Merchant on this point, he took his arm, and a long earnest conversation ensued on experimental Christianity.

And so this active worker went on, counting it his greatest joy to do his Master's will. He was a friend to all. Like his Lord, "he went about doing good." He was instant in season, out of season; preaching the Word; reproving, rebuking, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine. He showed in the most simple and impressive manner the love of God in Christ for a perishing world. He was the comforter of the mourner, and the lifter-up of the depressed. He delighted to be of service to anyone. He treated his gifts and position as portions of a sacred trust committed to him by God, and which he was bound to lay out to the greatest advantage.

It was a fine sight to see him going down to business of a morning with his tracts, fly-leaves and pamphlets, ready to distribute and speak a word as he saw opportunity. He always seemed to go forth with the sunshine of life in his soul so fully that it beamed in every look and movement—such sunshine, indeed, as drowns care and sorrow in its depths of light. "The world needs more sun," he would sometimes say, "and the man Christ Jesus is the only one who can give it."

It was a fine sight to see him among the princes of "Swelldom," how he gradually made a way into their affections, and

brought them into the knowledge of a better way than could be discovered in the domain of "fancy cuts" for body and soul. How deftly he used to put the tract into their fine-gloved hands while they were yet beginning to "aw—aw." How they thought he must somehow be a "swell" himself and yet not a "swell." How they took the tracts, as being under the invincible necessity of paying homage to one who, like themselves, owed nearly everything to the tailor—the term "everything" being understood in a "swell" sense, and not including money. How some of them walked away, unable to endure the offence of the cross, and how others, unable to endure the offence of their sins, clung to that cross, and thanked their new friend with tears in their eyes.

It was a fine sight to see him scattering the good seed by the wayside, so that the outcast and weary and forlorn might have their chance of receiving the blessings of the Gospel. And many a poor man blesses him to-day for more than one lift heavenwards. He was a great lender to the Lord. It will be something to see his Credit Account at last, when every ledger but one shall have been destroyed.

It was a fine sight to see him on Race-days at the railway station giving his tracts away by hundreds to the godless hordes that infested the platforms and carriages; and how perseveringly, in the name of the Lord, he went on with his work amid jibes and jeers and threats. He passed from carriage to carriage full of fashionable scoundrels without heeding the infamous opposition they displayed, proving how sincere was his belief that the Gospel was intended for the vilest.

It was a fine sight to see him on Sunday evenings in the Parks, preaching to the idle throngs who will not even "watch for one hour." He drew some of them around him, though; and the services were not without visible signs of good.

It was a fine sight to see him taking the stand he did in reference to worldly business, that it should not possess and absorb him and consume his time and talents as it does so very many of his class. He was an exceptional Merchant. He thought that the acquisition of spiritual was at least as valuable as that of material property. The former is ours for ever. He did

not think it right either, as many do, if indeed they think at all, to compel his clerks to expend all their energies and nearly all their time at the desk, so that they have neither opportunity nor disposition for any improvement at night.

But the finest sight of all was the image of God which daily shone more clearly in everything that was characteristic of the Merchant-Missionary. That image was what his and the world's Saviour died to purchase. It was the gold of his life kept burnished by the steady friction of religious activity. It was never tarnished by the accumulated dust of idle days.

He believed that men were divided into two great classes: those who rub and those who rust. "Better rub than rust."

He was a man of prayer. Communion with God was his constant delight.

He lived by faith. Earth was not satisfactory. His spirit often rose "within the veil."

A fellow-worker, one who knew him well, bears testimony to the above, and says further, in an interesting letter on the subject to the writer:—"You will remember the various ways in which people received his tracts and remarks; some in high dudgeon, some with contempt, some indifferently, some with undisguised pleasure. He has given away tens of thousands of tracts and pamphlets, and spoken boldly in all conceivable places to thousands of people, from the Bishop to the dog-stealer, and he is convinced that in human nature, in all positions, there is a strong instinctive belief in a God and judgment, and a longing for something on which the soul can rest and feel secure."

Such men are the salt of the earth; lights of the world. They cause this moral wilderness to blossom as the rose. But alas! they are "few and far between."

Does not this Merchant speak to us all? And shall we not all be Missionaries?

"THE GREAT LONE LAND."

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

In the year 1670, the vast regions surrounding Hudson's Bay were granted by the prodigal Charles II. to a company of merchant-adventurers under the patronage of Prince Rupert, after whom the immense territory was named. This was the origin of the Hudson's Bay Company, one of the most gigantic commercial monopolies the world has seen. By substantial extensions of its charter, the Company at length acquired control over more than half a continent, stretching 3000 miles from Labrador to Mount St. Elias, and from the mouth of the Mackenzie to the mouth of the Frazer river, a distance half as great—a region vaster than the whole of Europe. Throughout this immense territory the officers of the Company were lords paramount, and from its dingy counting-house in Leadenhall Street went forth decrees as unquestioned as those issued from the Golden House of Nero, and obeyed throughout well-nigh as wide a region.

But that far-extended rule was in great part a barren sway. With the exception of the forts and factories of the Company, and the infrequent settlements of adventurous pioneers, it is emphatically, to use the phrase of Captain Butler, "the Great Lone Land." "There is no other portion of the globe," says that intrepid traveller, "where loneliness can be said to dwell so thoroughly. One may wander five hundred miles in a direct line without seeing a human being or an animal larger than a wolf!"

But this appalling solitude results not from the unkindliness of nature, nor from inhospitality of climate. The soil is not parched with drought nor blasted with barrenness, like the great American desert which stretches southward to the Colorado and the Sierra Nevada. This lonely region consists largely of the great Fertile Belt of the North-West. Its soil is rich, its climate salubrious. It possesses one of the noblest lake and river systems in the world. Its mineral resources are varied and exhaustless, its fauna numerous in species and valuable in character. This last fact is the secret of its isolation from the invasion of Anglo-Saxon

immigration which is everywhere filling up and subduing the waste places of the earth. The great Monopoly sought to retain these regions as a preserve for the fur-bearing animals from which it derived its dividends. Therefore it discouraged the intrusion of settlers, except where they could be made subservient to the commercial objects of the Company, by furnishing supplies of food for its factors and employes. These exceptions were chiefly in the immediate vicinity of the principal forts and factories, and especially the remarkable settlement on Red River, the history of which has been a perfect Iliad of disaster from its inception almost to the present time.

A formidable rival to the Hudson's Bay Company was the old French Association of Fur-Traders. After the conquest of Canada, this was reinforced by British capital and energy, and in 1783 was reorganized as the North-West Company, its head-quarters being at Montreal. The French had already left their footprints on a vast portion of the continent, from Cape Breton to the head-waters of the Missouri, and thence southward to the mouth of the Mississippi, in the names of a thousand lakes, rivers, mountains and other great features of nature. Led by the Jesuit missionaries, they were the first explorers of these vast regions. Whatever we may think of their creed, we cannot deny the apostolic zeal of these first envoys from Christendom. With a sort of religious knight-errantry, they penetrated the primeval solitudes, to carry a knowledge of the gospel, as they professed it, to the wandering tribes of the forest, and often sealed their testimony with a bloody martyrdom. No more heroic and saintly deeds are related in the "Acta Sanctorum," than those recorded in the plain, unvarnished "Relations des Jesuites." Before Eliot had preached to the Indians within gunshot of Boston town, these French priests had missions from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the shores of Lake Superior. Sixty years before Lewis and Clark explored the Missouri and La Platte, the Jesuit Fathers planted the cross and carved the lilies under the very shadow of the Rocky Mountains. "Not a cape was turned nor a river entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way." And they were closely followed by the hardy *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois*, who seemed

as native to the rapid streams and pathless woods as the red men themselves. Thus the French won a sort of pre-emption right to much of this wide domain and of its lucrative trade. This right was claimed as an inheritance by the North-West Fur Company.

Long and bitter was the feud between the rival Companies, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. This feud was at its height at the beginning of the present century. At this time Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was a man of indomitable energy and of dauntless intrepidity With the skill of an experienced general he prepared for the strenuous conflict which he felt to be inevitable. He perceived that by obtaining control of the Red River he would have a strong base for future operations, and possess great advantages over his antagonists. For this purpose he resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen at that important strategic position, the key of the mid-continent. The offer of free grants of a hundred acres of land, and of sundry special privileges, induced a large number of hardy Highlanders—chiefly Gaelic-speaking Presbyterians from Sutherlandshire—to seek their fortunes in the Far West.

In the year 1812 the first brigade of colonists reached Red River. A stern welcome awaited them. Hardly had they arrived, when an armed band of North-Westers, plumed and painted in the Indian style, appeared, and commanded the colonists to depart. The latter, overpowered by numbers, were compelled not only to submit, but to purchase, by the sacrifice of their arms and trinkets, the services of the conquerors as guides to the village of Pembina, within the territory of the United States.

Undaunted by this failure, they returned in the spring of 1813 to the site of the proposed settlement, built log houses, and sowed their seed. They were undisturbed till the following year. By this time the decree had gone forth from the councils of the North-West Company, *Delenda est Carthago*—the colony must be exterminated. It was done, but not without shedding of blood. The flourishing settlement became a heap of ashes, its inhabitants exiles in the wilderness.

Reinforced by a new brigade from Scotland, and by a hundred veteran Canadians, the banished settlers returned to their ruined homes. Many hardships ensued. Desertions became so numerous that the very existence of the colony was imperiled. But in 1816 there fell upon it a more crushing blow than any it had yet received. A body of three hundred mounted North-Westers, armed to the teeth and begrimed with war-paint, attacked the settlement. A little band of twenty-eight men went out to parley. By a treacherous volley of the enemy, twenty-one of them were slain. The town was sacked and burned, and the wretched inhabitants hunted like wolves from the blackened embers of their devastated homes.

Hereupon Lord Selkirk assumed the offensive. The blood of the Douglases was stirred in his veins. With a battalion of Swiss mercenaries he marched against the headquarters of the rival Company at Fort William, on Lake Superior, a distance of four hundred miles, over a wild and rocky country. By the aid of European cannon, conveyed through a thousand miles of wilderness, he captured that stronghold, and demolished its defences. Then, nothing daunted, he led the exiles back to the thrice-forsaken settlement, furnishing them with agricultural implements, seed-grain, and stock. But the summer was already half gone. The harvest was scanty, famine was impending, and the hapless colonists were again compelled to take refuge at Pembina on the approach of winter. Their hardships were incredible. They were forced to subsist upon the precarious products of the chase. They suffered everything but death, and were reduced to the utmost extremity.

"O The long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow on all the landscape.
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them;
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves, glared at them."

But even such a winter as this must pass, and in the spring the colonists returned the fifth time to their abandoned habitations. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon their efforts. The crops were ripening around the little settlement; hope beat high in every heart. But an unforeseen catastrophe awaited them. A cloud of grasshoppers—more terrible than a destroying army, like the Egyptian plague of locusts—darkened the air, covered the ground, and in a single night devoured every green thing! The land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. It was a piteous sight. Strong men bowed themselves. The sturdy Highlanders, who had gazed on death unblanched, burst into tears as they thought of the famine pangs that menaced their wives and little ones. Another weary march and a miserable winter at Pembina was their fate.

Again in the spring that forlorn hope returned to their devastated fields. But agriculture was impossible. The grasshoppers of the previous season had left a terrible legacy behind them. Their larvæ multiplied a thousandfold. They covered the ground, they filled the air, polluted the water, put out the fires kindled in fields as a barrier against them, and the stench of their dead bodies infected the atmosphere. Pembina must succour the hapless colonists yet another winter.

The story of such uniform disaster becomes wearisome. Any one less determined, less dogged, it may perhaps be said, than Lord Selkirk, would have abandoned the colony. Not so he. His resolution rose with the difficulties of the occasion, and surmounted every obstacle. He led back his little company—the advance-skirmishers of the great army of civilization destined yet to fill the land so bravely won—to the scene of their blasted hopes. At a cost of 5000 dollars, he brought two hundred and fifty bushels of seed-wheat from Missouri, a distance of twelve hundred miles. It was sown, and by the divine blessing, after eight years of failure, the harvest was happily reaped!

The colony now struck its roots deep into the soil. It grew and flourished. Recruits came from Scotland, Germany, Switzerland. They suffered many privations, and encountered some disasters, but none worse than those of the winter 1825-26. It was a season of unprecedented severity. Thirty-three persons

perished of hunger and cold, and many cattle died. With the spring thaw the river rose nine feet in a single day. In three days every house had to be abandoned. The inhabitants fled to the hills. They beheld their houses, barns, crops, fences, everything they possessed, swept on the rushing torrent to Lake Winnipeg. The waters continued to rise for nineteen days. The disheartened colonists proposed abandoning forever the luckless settlement. At this crisis, tidings of the abatement of the flood was brought. They rushed *en masse* to the water-side. It was indeed so. They accepted the deliverance as from God. They resolved to remain where they were. A new beginning had again to be made. Every trace of the settlement had disappeared.

In a visionary attempt to manufacture cloth from buffalos' wool, Lord Selkirk at great cost introduced machinery and workmen from England. This failing, fifteen thousand sheep were purchased in Kentucky, two thousand miles distant. Only two hundred and fifty survived the journey, and these soon died of exhaustion. Flax manufacture and tallow exportation were also tried without success. In these ill-advised schemes Lord Selkirk sunk half a million of dollars.

But to return to the fur trade. Few of the dainty dames of London or Paris, or even of Toronto or Montreal, have any conception of the vicissitudes of peril and hardship encountered in procuring the costly ermines and sables in which they defy the winter's cold. About the month of August the Indians of the great North-West procure a supply of pork, flour, and ammunition, generally on trust, at the Hudson's Bay posts, and thread their way up the lonely rivers and over many a portage far into the interior. There they build their bark lodges, generally each family by itself, or sometimes a single individual alone, scores of miles from his nearest neighbour. They carry a supply of steel traps, which they carefully set and bait, concealing all appearance of design. The hunter makes the round of his traps, often many miles apart, returning to the camp as by an unerring instinct through the pathless wilderness. The skins, which are generally those of the otter, beaver, martin, mink, and sable, and occasionally of an arctic fox or bear, are stretched and dried in the smoke of the wigwam. The trappers live chiefly on rabbits, musk-rats,

fish, and sometimes on cariboo, which they hunt on snow-shoes. The loneliness of such a life is appalling. On every side stretches for hundreds of leagues the forest primeval.

> "The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

Yet to many there is a fascination in these solitudes. Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle spent the winter of 1863-4 in a trapper's camp with great apparent enjoyment. Their provisions being exhausted, they had to send six hundred miles to Fort Garry, by a dog team, for four bags of flour and a few pounds of tea. The lonely trapper, however, must depend on his own resources. In the spring he returns to the trading-posts, shooting the rapids of the swollen streams, frequently with bales of furs worth several hundreds of dollars. A sable-skin which may be held in the folded hand is worth in the markets of Europe six or seven pounds, or if of the finest quality fifteen pounds. The Indians of the interior are models of honesty. They will not trespass on each other's streams or hunting grounds, and always punctually repay the debt they have incurred at the trading-post. A Hudson's Bay store contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and cheap jewellery, canned fruit and blankets, gunpowder and tobacco, fish-hooks and scalping-knives, vermilion for war-paint and beads for embroidery. Thither come the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their peltries for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham, the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and other luxuries of savage life, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. Many thousand pounds' worth of valuable furs are often collected at these posts. They are generally deposited in a huge log storehouse, and defended by a stockade loopholed for musketry, or mounting a few small cannon. Such posts are sparcely scattered over this vast territory. They are like oases in the wilderness, generally having a patch of cultivated ground, a garden of European plants and flowers, and all the material comforts of civilization. Their social isolation is the most objectionable feature. At one which I visited the chief factor had just

sent one hundred and thirty miles in an open boat for the nearest physician. In sailing three hundred miles along the iron coast of Lake Superior, I only twice saw signs of human habitation. Yet many of the factors are well educated men, who have exchanged the busy din of Glasgow or Edinburgh for the solitude of these far-off posts. And for love's sweet sake, refined and well-born women will abandon the luxuries of civilization to share the loneliness of the wilderness with their bosom's lord. One of the Hudson's Bay factors on Rupert's River wooed and won a fair Canadian girl, and took her back in triumph to his home. She was carried like an Indian princess over the portages and through the forests in a canoe, supported by cushions, wrapped in richest furs, and attended ever by a love that would not—

"Suffer the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

There, in the heart of the wilderness, she kept her state and wore her jewels as if a queen of society.

In the far interior, where the Indians are removed from the baleful influence of the white man's fire-water, a finer type exists than those who hang upon the outskirts of civilization. The Hudson's Bay Company has always sedulously excluded that bane of the red race wherever their jurisdiction extends. Among the proteges of the Company, therefore, Christian missions have had the greatest successes, although their nomade life almost negatives every attempt to civilize them. Near many of the posts is a Jesuit mission, frequently a heritage from the times of French supremacy. There are also a few Church of England missions, generally near the settlements, and some very successful Presbyterian missions. The Indian missions of the Canada Methodist Church are, however, more numerous than those of any other body, and have been attended with very great success. They have in the Dominion, chiefly in Hudson's Bay Territory, forty Indian missions, 2,253 communicants, and probably 10,000 members of congregation. An interesting missionary conference was held at Red River in 1872, presided over by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, and attended by missionaries from the wide region stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of Hudson's Bay.

The great natural features of this magnificent territory are often of surpassing beauty, and sometimes of grand sublimity. The prairies spreading like a shoreless ocean, and starred with vari-coloured flowers—flashing dew-crowned in the rosy light of dawn, sleeping beneath the fervid blaze of noon, or crimson-dyed in the ruddy glow of sunset—are exquisitely beautiful. At night, when the rolling waves of grass gleam in the pallid moonlight, like foam crests on the sea, or when the far horizon flares with lurid flames, and dun-rolling smoke-clouds mount the sky, they become sublime. So pure and dry and bracing is the atmosphere, that the range of vision is vastly increased, all the senses seem exalted, and new life is poured through every vein. For eight hundred miles, from Red River to the Rocky Mountains, stretches this vast expanse—the celebrated Fertile Belt of the North-West—as rich a soil as any on the earth; and through it rolls the mighty flood of the Saskatchewan to the inland sea of Winnipeg.

Eastward of this prairie region stretches for four hundred miles a rough, broken country, dotted with lakes, and intersected by narrow streams, which are often fretted into foaming cascades, and clothed with luxuriant forests of pine, spruce, poplar, and mountain-birch.

The scenery of Lake Superior is generally of a stern and savage character, and everything is on too vast a scale to be called beautiful. For days one may sail out of sight of land upon its surface, as if on the sea; and its heaving billows do not lessen the illusion. The whole of Ireland might be buried in its depths. The fifteen hundred miles of shore presents almost everywhere a bold and rocky front. Thunder Cape, a palisaded cliff eight hundred feet high, guards, like a mighty warder rising from the sullen deep, the entrance to the magnificent Thunder Bay. At the foot of Mackay's Mountain, which rises to the height of one thousand feet, nestles Fort William, like a babe in its mother's lap. At the mouth of the river Nipigon, the outlet of a vast lake in the interior, the mountains gather round on every side in a great amphitheatre, like ancient Titans sitting in solemn conclave on their solitary thrones. A sense of utter loneliness is felt in traversing these almost unknown waters. One may sail a hundred miles along the shore and not behold a single form of life.

When the sun goes down in golden glory, and the deepening shadows of the mountains, in the long, purple twilight, creep across the glowing waves, a tender pensiveness falls upon the spirit. The charm of solitude is over all, and the coyness of primeval Nature is felt. It seems, as Milton remarks, like treason against her gentle sovereignty not to seek out these lovely scenes.

I cannot close this paper without casting a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what echoes they return. I behold, in imagination, a great confederation of provinces, each larger than a kingdom, stretching from ocean to ocean, traversed by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august Lady, who to-day graces the most stable throne on earth.

> "I hear the tread of pioneers
> Of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of waves where yet
> Shall roll the human sea."

At the present rate of increase, within a century a hundred millions of inhabitants shall occupy these lands. The Canadian Pacific Railway, now under contract, will open a passage from Europe to "gorgeous Inde and far Cathay," seven hundred miles shorter than any other route. A ceaseless stream of traffic shall soon throb along this iron artery of commerce, enriching with its life-blood all the land. Great cities, famed as marts of trade throughout the world, shall stand thick along this highway of the nations; and the names of their merchant-princes shall be "familiar as household words" in the bazaars of Yokohama and Yeddo. A new England, built up by British enterprise and industry, a worthy offspring of that great mother of nations whose colonies girdle the globe, shall hold the keys of the Pacific Sea, and rejuvenate the effete old nations of China and Japan. And across the broad continent a great, free, and happy people shall dwell beneath the broad banner of Britain, perpetuating Christian institutions and British laws and liberties to the end of time.

Amid this material prosperity I discern the truer elements of national greatness. Schools and colleges stand thick through all the land. Graceful spires point evermore toward heaven, and seem to intercede for the cities at their feet. And not least among

the thousands of Israel, I behold our beloved Methodism, equally adapted to the most advanced civilization and the highest degree of refinement as to the humble backwoodsman, or the lowly miners or fishermen among whom its earliest trophies were won. I behold it utilizing the increased facilities for good, sanctifying a national literature, consecrating wealth and power to the glory of God, writing upon every enterprise and industry of the age, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

Is this bright future to be the inheritance of our children? If so, out of the present it must grow. We may add to its glory or mar the beauty of the coming years. The fathers who planted the goodly tree of Methodism in these lands have fallen asleep. "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Their graves green and holy around us are lying. Reverently let us mention their names; lightly let us tread upon their ashes. May their mantles rest on children worthy of such sires! Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and essay the duties of the present. Be it ours to claim this great country, this good land and large, for God. "Let us go up and possess it in the name of the Lord."

And now that this magnificent region, the heritage of our children and our children's children, is thrown open to settlement and will be so rapidly occupied, it will tax to the uttermost the resources of the Church, both in men and money, to keep pace with the imperious demand for missionary labour. We need not fear a surplus of men as a result of Methodist union. By the banks of the Red River, on the prairies through which roll the waters of the vast Saskatchewan, and on the far Pacific Coast, the fields wave white unto the harvest. The voice of God, of destiny and of duty, bid us to thrust in our sickles and reap, for the harvest is fully ripe.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime ?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time ;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are ?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good ?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

You have heard these tales: shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all ?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes ?
O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine !

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True ?

He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew,
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

WHY IS THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS NOT MENTIONED BY MATTHEW, MARK, OR LUKE?

BY PROF. JOHN WILSON, LL.D.

THE question in the heading of this article has been put by the leading representatives of the infidelity of the day, with a persistency which seems to indicate a confident, if not triumphant denial of any possible answer. It may be useful to consider the question. Controversies often lead to valuable results, by stirring up the mind to investigate facts, and by leading it, through the very process of investigation, to new perceptions of Divine truth.

It is admitted on all sides, that the fourth Gospel was not written until a considerable time after the publication of the synoptic Gospels. If, then, a probable reason can be assigned for delay in recording this culminating work of our Lord, may not this difficulty become an additional proof of the wondrous

divinity of the whole history, an illustration of the goodness and wisdom of Him who prompted the historians, and a potent means of confirming the faith of the Church in the certainty of the things which it has believed?

Let us dispose first of some answers which have been given. One answer is to the effect that the life of Lazarus would have been put in jeopardy, even more than it was actually* put by the local circulation of the facts. This may have some force, but hardly seems sufficient; because the documents of the Christian history were, probably, not widely read except in Christian communities; and it was not by these written records, but by the *viva voce* publication of a crucified but exalted Messiah,—accompanied by miraculous demonstration,—that the heavy hand of persecution was brought down upon the prominent members of the early Church.

Another answer is given by Dr. Whedon in these words:—"It does not in fact seem that the other evangelists viewed the raising of the dead as so pre-eminent a miracle as esteemed by modern thinkers or by the Jewish populace. The raising of the widow's son is narrated by Luke alone, and in as brief and ordinary a way as any other miracle. And pictorially as John spreads out this narrative" (the one in question), "it fills no wider space than that of the restoration of the blind-born, in chap. ix. The evangelists, doubtless, presuppose that either of these miracles requires a whole Omnipotence, and neither requires more. To the popular view, and to the eye of modern science, the raising of the dead appears the greatest of miracles; but to a true spiritual view the casting out and controlling of demons may be far greater. The former is a mastery of passive or willing human nature; the latter is a mastery of hostile powers." This answer suggests some useful thoughts, but hardly meets the objection; especially as, according to Dr. Whedon's own statement, "the raising of Lazarus was the summit of the climax of our Lord's divine works." The fact is, that death is such a finality that it makes an impression exceeding all comparison; and He who masters death assumes, to the conviction of every intelligent and truthful mind, the majesty of the Creator Himself. Exorcists

* John xii. 10.

might cast out demons; demons themselves might capriciously or collusively vacate their abodes, and anon re-enter them; medical skill may sometimes restore particular organs of the senses to their normal state; but death—the king of terrors with his solemn outriders and forerunners; with his pains and faintings; followed by his horrid train of decomposition, corruption, and all unmentionable horrors;—*death* yields only to One. This we feel, we divine, we know by a faculty which defies special pleading; and inspiration would not weaken the impression.

The question, then, only recurs with greater force: why did the earlier writers omit the grand finale of the Saviour's public works? The answers appear to be contained in two particulars: the singular connection of this miracle with His own death, and the tenderness of our Lord for family feelings.

I. There was a close connection between the raising of Lazarus and the crucifixion of the Raiser. There had been some indecision in the counsels of the Sanhedrim; at one time they seem to have come to the conclusion, "severely to let him alone," hoping that He would somehow undermine His own popularity, and work His own downfall; but when they saw that that popularity was increasing in volume; that it was fearfully substantial; and that belief in His Messiahship was taking a fast hold of the thousands congregated in and about the metropolis: then the subtle leader of the Council argues the folly of the let-alone policy, recommends immediate action, and —marvel of marvels!—utters a Divine sentiment with a diabolical meaning: "Away with your scruples, you weak-minded brethren; you are afraid that you may be tampering with the rights of man, in agreeing to a capital sentence upon this man; but you must see that it is the choice of evils. Either he must perish, or we must go down. If he would act reasonably, if he were a man of the world, a religious man of course, but one of us, you know; why, we could come to terms with him; we could, and would, meet him on some common basis. But there he is, denouncing the most carefully compiled traditions; the regulations of your rabbis are as cobwebs to him; he has dared to tax us, even us, with ungodliness; even our Pharisaic brethren are

denounced as hypocrites, and compared to wolves and vipers and what not; our free-thinking brethren are informed that they are profoundly ignorant of the Scriptures; whilst our highly respectable friends, who use their influence with the Government for the good of our common cause, may judge of the esteem in which they are held by the name bestowed upon their illustrious patron. Besides, the public excitement is reaching such a height that the Romans are becoming jealous; and, if things go much further, they will take the first opportunity of calling us to a severe account, and we cannot be responsible for the consequences. It is *expedient* that *one* man should *die for* the *people*."

Now let us keep in mind that the Council was called *under the pressure of this tremendous miracle.* This made it utterly impossible to pursue any longer a snubbing, ignoring, would-be contemptuous policy. They must either let His name sweep over the land,—ay, and over the world, in uncontrollable majesty; or He must be got rid of at once, and for ever. But one thing stood in the way: the multitude of country people, and especially of Galileans, in the city. "Let us wait until this week of convocation is past; and then, with all decorum, and with as little fuss as possible, let us have him tried, condemned, and executed." But here comes in the unconscious action of the sister of him who was raised from the dead. The demonstration of her gratitude, and the unqualified encomium pronounced upon her act, exasperated one of the twelve to such a degree that he leaves the company, and hastens to the Council, or its executive, with the astounding offer to effect, for a consideration, the speedy and undisturbed arrest of the great Object of their dread and hatred. They were glad, and agreed to give the betrayer a sum of money. Yet they drove a hard bargain with him. A goodly price! said the prophet: looking at it in the dawn-light of prophecy; a price which burned in the hand of the recipient; which rang on the floor of the chamber in which these grave men met to consider the result of their action; and which at last found fitting investment in the field of blood.

Now let us once more connect this whole concurrence of events. Because Lazarus was raised, the Council becomes all but unanimous; and, because a sister was felicitous in her gratitude,

the measures of that Council are precipitated, and the eternal purpose of God is wrought out; and a goodly price, not of silver or gold, but of *life*, is paid for the redemption of a world of sinners. All the evangelists relate the death; but three suppress the *immediate occasion*. In the suppression, or rather postponement of all mention of that great act and its relation to the central facts of Christianity, we shall see a consistency with the exquisite, the Divine, the human goodness of the altogether lovable Saviour whom our hearts adore.

II. The family is sacred—in the eye of man—in the eye of God. Our Lord had received special marks of confidence, esteem, love, and now, of gratitude, from a family with which the crisis of His own sacred life was so closely connected. Now we find that even in a case in which no such tie existed, the delicate respect in which He held the privacy of the family relation showed itself in declining to let any except three chosen, prudent men come from without into the chamber of death; not to mention His disapproval of the hired mourners; and if family privacy was respected in such a case, how much more was it natural that He should guard it in the case of a highly favoured family!

Let us imagine the opposite course. Immediately after the organization of the Christian Church, a full record is made and published, and read in every believer's house; setting forth the fact that a kindness, done to a family living in a suburban village, had been the occasion of the deadly action of the authorities; and that the gratitude of one member of that family had actually led to the dreadful scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. Such a publication would have overwhelmed, for the rest of their respective lives, the tender-hearted offerer of the most acceptable tribute that was presented to the Man of Sorrows; her decorous, frank, sensitive sister; and the undemonstrative, but not the less susceptible brother, whose sickness and death had furnished material for the tragedy of earth and heaven.

At the distance from which *we* behold these events we may realise the *honour* which was shown to that family. Wherever the Gospel is preached that family is held in memory and esteem; but distance of time and space exercises an almost magical power

in softening, in toning down, in mollifying painful impressions, and in allowing the moral joyfulness of what was grievous at the time, to take its proper place.

In the generation then living, the position of that amiable family would have been one of a notoriety exceedingly thrilling; a bitter-sweet experience, to which no person of ordinary sensibility would like to be unnecessarily exposed.

Of course, the facts could not be wholly unknown, even before the record was made; but the mere communication from one to another in conversation, probably not apprehended in a thousandth degree by the parties concerned, would be at an indefinitely long distance from a written record, read publicly in all congregations of Christians.

But the facts were of inconceivable value to the Church. Hence, when time had softened painful impressions; when even those who had known the Christ after the flesh knew Him thus no more; when the light of the eternal glories of the world in which there is no death had shone upon the spirits of the brother and the two sisters, and placed them in the point of view most suitable for commanding a view of the events of this life;—then came the order to the long-lived, retentive, autoptic Apostle, to record the wondrous act which proves the unlimited power of our Saviour over death and corruption; which emblematizes His equal authority to raise those who were dead in trespasses and sins to newness of life; and which predicts, not in word, but in act, the grandeur of the day in which they that sleep in Jesus shall come at His bidding: some from rocky sepulchres, some from grass-grown graves, some from the depths of the ocean; but all with bodies fit to appear before the august presence of the Creator and Redeemer of their bodies and spirits. To Him be glory in the Church, now and for ever. Amen.

EDITORIAL.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SCHEME.

THE Educational interests of the Methodist Church are among her most important interests. Upon them the efficiency and success of her future operations largely depend. The age is pre-eminently an intellectual age, a critical age, a fastidious age. The world stands, saying like Pilate, "What is truth?" or like an older than he, saying, "Who will show us any good?" Beneath the skeptical spirit of the age is one of religious inquiry. The press never teemed with religious and theological literature as it does to-day. Religion is leavening literature as it never did before. Religious questions are discussed in popular novels, in current poetry, in the daily secular press; and religious intelligence is flashed beneath the sea, from continent to continent. Even an avowedly rationalistic writer, Professor Draper, who, we are sorry to say, is the son of an English Wesleyan preacher, but who seems to have become alienated from the religion of his fathers and the land of his nativity, in his recent work on the "Conflict between Religion and Science," says: "We have come to the brink of a great intellectual change. Much of the frivolous reading of the present will be supplanted by a thoughtful and austere literature, vivified by endangered interests, and made fervid by intellectual passion."

While dissenting from very much which Professor Draper affirms, we agree with him that the paramount questions of the age are religious questions. The Church must gird herself up to the task of answering these. It is her great work to feed this soul-hunger of mankind, by breaking to men the bread of life. The Church cannot afford to neglect this intellectual quickening of the times. Never did she require men of broader and more

liberal culture, of more profound and solid learning; men more thoroughly furnished for the work to which they are called—the expounding of the oracles of God.

Some good, old-fashioned people tell us that God does not require the aid of human learning to defend His cause or carry on His work. If that be so, He certainly does not require the aid of human ignorance.

It is true, that the early teachers of the Christian faith were unlearned and ignorant men; but as for three years they listened to the words of Him who spake as no man ever spake, they enjoyed instructions in the mysteries of the Gospel such as no men ever had. And before they were permitted to go forth on their evangelistic work, they were all baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and did all speak in tongues unknown before—the tongues in which they were to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. The great Apostle of the Gentiles was brought up in all the learning of the age at the feet of Gamaliel, in order that he might carry the Gospel to the philosophers of Athens and Ephesus, as well as to the pleasure-seekers of Corinth and Rome. The early apologists and defenders of the faith were men who had themselves abandoned the schools of Pagan philosophy for the wisdom of Christ. The great Reformers and Christian teachers of the ages—Savonarola, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Bucer, Grotius, Arminius, the Wesleys and their coadjutors—have been their noblest intellects and most cultured minds. It would ill become Methodists to depreciate sound scholarship, when the Church of their choice had its birth in the first university of Europe, and its first founders were some of the most learned men of the times in which they lived.

Methodism has ever been true to its early traditions; and, however witlings may sneer, the Church that has given to the world such scholars as a Clarke, a Benson, a Watson, a George Smith, an Etheridge, and a Whedon—to say nothing of the learned Faculties of her fifty colleges and universities, in the Old World and the New—need not shrink from comparison with even the chiefest of the Churches of Christendom.

The present is no time to lesson her efforts for the diffusion

of learning, nor to lower her standard of ministerial training. She owes it to her intelligent, reading laymen, abreast of all the controversies of the age, and surrounded by a babbling strife of tongues upon subjects of most vital and fundamental importance; and to the quick-witted, inquisitive youth of her families and congregations, keen to detect discrepancies between the teaching of the pulpits and the teachings of the college and the school; to have men in the sacred desk who are thoroughly furnished with armour for the defence of truth and the attack of error; men whose intellectual endowments and attainments will command the respect of the honest doubter, and confute and confound the caviller and gainsayer.

Napoleon used to say that Providence is always on the side of the heaviest battalions. It is only partially true. The nation with most brain, and that most highly cultured, will be the foremost nation of the world. Austria and France were conquered in the Prussian Common Schools, rather than at Sadowa, Gravelotte, or Sedan. The power of the sword and the power of the purse are both yielding largely to the power of the pen. The great moral conflicts of the age are to be fought, not by the marshalling of armies on the bloody field of battle, but by the marshalling of convincing arguments, of soul-stirring thoughts, of close wrought reasonings in the daily paper, in printed books, in the pulpit, on the platform, in the legislative halls. Gladstone's pen has wounded the Papacy more sorely than all the battalions of Victor Immanuel. The ballot, not the bullet, is the true arbiter of nations to-day.

And so shall it be in our own land. The Church with the best educated ministry, will be the most influential Church; will most fully gain the ear and command the respect of the community; providing always that the great essentials of heart holiness be present. Without this all human learning is vain and profitless. And though her preachers spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, and understood all mysteries and all knowledge—without this they are but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

Our readers can have no conception of the benefits conferred on the Methodism of this country by its Educational Institutions

unless they have been up and down the land, and have seen the influential position their graduates occupy—in the pulpit, at the bar, in the medical profession, in the journalistic chair, and in halls of legislature. And this is the case in spite of the sometimes lukewarm support of these institutions by friends, their depreciation by foes, and the rivalry of institutions lavishly endowed by public money. The time has come when a comprehensive movement must be made for putting these institutions on a liberal, permanent, and substantial basis. This will be the best guarantee of the prosperity of our Church, and of the moral advancement of our country.

We commend to the sympathy and support of every loyal Methodist the wise and comprehensive Educational Scheme, inaugurated by the late General Conference. We are persuaded that nothing will so promote the efficiency and increase the influence for good of the Methodist Church in this Dominion, as the carrying out, in its entirety, of that well-digested Scheme.

We have, as a Church, a great Educational mission to accomplish in these lands. We have, already, our Institutions of learning, from the mid-Atlantic colony of Newfoundland to the mid-continent colony of Manitoba. We must still further enlarge our operations. We need a high class Educational Institution on the shores of the Pacific; and as our great country increases in population and develops in resources, we must dot this whole broad Dominion with centres of intellectual and religious light and knowledge. The time has passed, if there ever was such a time, when ignorance was the mother of devotion. It may, indeed, be the hand-maid of a grovelling superstition, but not of an intelligent piety. The Church of Rome may shrink, in dazed antipathy, from the light of modern free inquiry; but the Protestant Churches of Christendom, and less than none the Methodist Church, hail its brightest illumination as the harbinger of a glorious day. They covet with a godly avarice, next to those spiritual gifts which are precious above all price, those intellectual endowments which may be the potent adjuncts of the most exalted piety.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Prohibitory Liquor Law.

One of the most important questions before the country at this moment is that of Prohibition. Certainly it never was more fully discussed, and never commanded the attention of parliament, pulpit, and press, more thoroughly than now. Multitudes of the people have given their verdict in its favour—by way of petitioning the parliaments—and doubtless if an effective method were devised for gaining the wish of the country in relation to this matter now, it would be found that a large majority would ask for it at once. It is most true that "the legal prohibition of the manufacture and use of liquors will only be effective when overwhelming and earnest public opinion endorses and enforces the law;" but are we to wait until every fraction of public opinion is in its favour? When would slavery have been abolished in British dependencies where it obtained, if that rule had been insisted upon? The law now upon the statute book bearing upon this question is so beset with entanglements, and the means for evading it are so numerous, that for great practical benefit it is almost a dead letter. Unless we mistake the tone of the press, and the voice of the people, and the whole character of circumstances and events transpiring around us, we incline to the idea that a prohibitory law, if passed in 1875, would receive all that support that would ensure its complete success, and secure to this country deliverance from that which is its direst curse and most constant source of weakness. Those who take the deepest interest in this matter have every reason to be encouraged, and at the same time to redouble their efforts in this humane and beneficent cause.

Racing.

We have admired the tone of many of our leading journals in discussing the question of horse-racing, which has occupied no inconsiderable portion of their columns recently. "Divest it," says one, in a trenchant article, "of its gambling associations, and yet the object for which vast assemblages collect at the race-course, the means by which the object is attained, the dispositions and feelings necessarily engendered, can scarcely be considered morally wholesome. On the whole, we scarcely think society so hard pressed for innocent, unobjectionable amusements, that it cannot afford to forego the questionable excitements of horse-racing. Surely our zeal for the improvement of the man should be more ardent than our zeal for the improvement of the horse." It is a fact well known that in England this sport is demoralizing to the last degree, and that some of the representatives of the noblest houses have through it lost both property and character. The little seen of its effects and surroundings in this country stamp it as a most cruel, reprehensible amusement, whose only tendency is to lead young men astray from virtue, and brutalize every finer feeling of the nature. Nor can we look with entire approbation upon the boat race, that has become so popular amongst us of late years. Hundreds who discountenance the turf, look with favour upon the boat race; and yet temptations to vice—particularly the vice of gambling—throng around the one almost as much as the other. Could it be separated from these evil associations, it might be indulged in with some show of reason. Whether that can be done or not, one thing is certain, it is not done. We are per-

suaded that incalculable injury is done to the morals of many by this very thing, while it is altogether a question whether any real good has ever emanated from it.

Repatriation in Quebec.

For years past every season has witnessed a large emigration of French Canadians from the Province of Quebec to the United States —the reason of which is to be found in great part in the oppressions of the papacy, and the vigorous manner in which the tithe system is maintained—a system in itself most iniquitous and unjust. The results of the policy pursued have been most disastrous to the Province. Hundreds of young men, the bone and sinew of the land, have gone, with their strength and energy, to build up and enrich another land. In many cases this has been owing to a social and religious ostracism which is sure to be inflicted upon the hapless *habitan* who manifests dissatisfaction with Rome. The ban of excommunication cuts him off from all association with his neighbours, and leaves him shunned, despised and persecuted, by the most intimate companions of former years. We are glad to observe that the Government of Quebec has wisely empowered parliament to correct this growing evil, by enabling it to select portions of unsettled townships, divide them into farms of one hundred acres each, clear four acres and build small houses, to be given to selected immigrants, and to be paid for by them in instalments extending over a long term of years. Already, it is said, large numbers of French Canadians in the States have heard of this arrangement, and it is expected will embrace the opportunity of returning and settling in their native land. This will be a great advantage to Quebec, not only materially, but religiously. It is a fact that large numbers of the French who go to the neighbouring Republic lose that faith in the priesthood which kept them, while at home, from cultivating sound notions of truth and liberty; and, doubtless, not a few of these returning will disseminate amongst their friends their new opinions; while many who left the Province because they could not peaceably worship God according to the dictates of conscience, will come back to be in the midst of their brethren, witnesses for their Lord.

The Arctic Expedition.

A peculiar interest gathers round the contemplated British expedition to the Arctic regions, and the hope —not without reason—is indulged that its results will far exceed those of any former expedition. Taught by the failures of the past, gathering information from every available source, and fitting and provisioning the vessels in the most perfect manner possible, there is ground to believe that whether the Union Jack shall be placed at the earth's northern pole or not, rich contributions to science will be made. Certainly if this should be as successful as the expedition of Her Majesty's ship Challenger to the Antarctic regions was, as described in his own masterly style, by Mr. Huxley, in the *Contemporary Review* for March, it will be worth all the immense cost incurred, even though the more immediate object of the cruise shall not be realized—namely, the discovery of the veritable pole. With what intense interest men have longed to know what the nature of that high northern region is; whether it is land or water; or whether, if water, it is open or frozen. Doubtless many will say, "Why this waste?"—but it is impossible to duly estimate the benefits to science generally that have been derived from the expeditions of the past, and this one will, in all probability, far surpass in that regard all the rest.

Ireland and Home Rule.

Everybody is familiar with the terms "Home Rule" and "Repeal

of the Union," as applied to Ireland. According to Mr. Bright "there are about one million of home rulers in Ireland, of whom but one-half have any knowledge of political affairs." With these are to be classed a few sympathizers in England willing to ally with any one who will complain about the present state of affairs, and threaten hard things if their views are not adopted. Doubtless there have been grievances in Ireland—prominently the Church and Land grievances—which demanded correction, and these have been removed; but the very man who did the most to remove them, the Papal party turned against—because he was not willing to outrage every principle of wise and honest government by granting them all that they desired. Separated from Great Britain, Ireland would only have to wait a few years to sink into utter ruin—not from attacks from without, but by collapse from within—for, after all, her troubles are born of the religion which oppresses and demoralizes such a vast proportion of her people. British connection preserves to her the liberty she has. Give her to-morrow all that the most enthusiastic Repealer demands, but leave her under the tyranny of Roman ecclesiasticism, and you heal not a single sore. Constitutions cannot emancipate. Free consciences, and free schools, free Bibles and free worship, must go before all constitutions. Let the faith of the North become the faith of the South and West, and at once Ireland would be lifted as if by miracle to a position among the most prosperous, contented, happy countries of the world.

The Papal Cardinals.

THE appointment of the six new Cardinals in the Church of Rome clearly indicates that she is fully committed to an ultramontane policy, and foreshadows the character of the next occupant of the Pontifical chair, as the election to that office rests with the cardinals. Prominent amongst the names stand Archbishop Ledochowski, whose determined hostility to the Prussian Government is quite notorious; Dr. Manning, the English pervert, whose recommendation for the office lay in his unswerving adherence to the Pope and his zeal in condemning everything anti-Popish; and Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, another devout admirer of the principles enunciated at the late Council with regard to the relation of his Holiness to Church and State. Rome is as fully committed as ever to a line of procedure inimical alike to the growth of religious toleration and political freedom. Pope Innocent IV. ordained that cardinals should wear red hats, because they ought ever to be willing to shed their blood in the defence of the Church. In the past they have scrupulously avoided whatever was calculated to interfere with ease and luxury, in the way of open exposure to danger, but they have never hesitated to persecute, even to the shedding of blood, others who opposed the accomplishment of their schemes. Cardinal Manning has had some predecessors in Britain—Beaufort, who presided over the tribunal that condemned the Maid of Orleans to the stake; Bourchier, who disgraced himself by deliberate falsehood to please the bloodthirsty Richard; Wolsey, whose life was an almost unbroken record of intrigue and duplicity; Beaton, instigator of the murder of George Wishart one of Scotland's most evangelical ministers; Pole, who prostituted his fine talents to the work of sedition and rebellion; and Wiseman, who though much better than his brethren, was the slave of bigotry and the strong advocate of priestly impeccability; while of Cardinal Cullen, of Ireland, it may be said he is amongst the most ultramontane of the Ultramontanes. Drs. Manning and McCloskey have surely succeeded to an unenviable heritage. Outward persecution we know they will

not attempt—the times are too advanced for that; but artful intrigue, cunning and unresting machination, are weapons they will deftly wield.

Church and State in Germany.

The contest between Church and State in Germany seems to be constantly increasing in interest and importance. The Pope, in his late Encyclical, upholds the German Bishops in their opposition to the Falck laws, declaring that "these laws are null and void because they are entirely contrary to the divine constitution of the Church;" and yet with strange inconsistency he gives the Austrian bishops full liberty to submit to similar laws, compliance with which in Germany is worthy of excommunication. Clearly the Pope hates the Emperor William, and Antonelli is bound, if possible, to outdo Bismarck. It is now proposed to deprive every bishop and clergyman of State support who refuses submission to the ecclesiastical laws. There are many things in this contest which at first sight appear to be simply tyrannical on the part of the German Government, and utterly opposed to our ideas of religious equality. It is to be borne in mind, however, as Bismarck expressed it, that he wars not with Catholicism as a religion, but with the Papacy as a political power. The suppression of all religious orders in Prussia, except those devoted to the nursing of the sick, is likely to call down upon Prince Bismarck much ill-will even amongst Protestants. The right of establishing such orders, as a general thing, must be conceded. But if it be found that they become centres of conspiracy and political wrong; if their chief object turn out to be to bolster up a system that aims at the overthrow of the leading principles of a government, that government has a right to protect itself by their suppression. Jesuit societies—even sisterhoods of various names, organized professedly for the most laudable purposes—have before now been only the resorts of artful plotters against liberty. Bismarck has been forced into the attitude he at present maintains. The German struggle merits the sympathy of the world, and we hope the Prime Minister will live to see his country delivered from the machinations of the Papal power.

The Spanish Situation.

When Alfonso XII. took the throne of Spain it seemed as if the fratricidal war that had desolated the country would cease at once; that the Carlists would pledge fealty to the new *regime*, and that the unhappy country would settle into much needed peace and rest. All such hopes and predictions have failed. Don Carlos has proved himself stronger than was anticipated. Advantages gained by government troops have been dissipated by subsequent repulses, and altogether the young King's prospects are not the most hopeful and reassuring. He does not seem to command the goodwill of the people; nor is he able to repose entire confidence in them. The press is rigorously kept down—journals are suppressed on the slightest pretexts, the Papacy is treated with exceptional favour, and foreign telegrams are sometimes detained for hours at the Ministry of the Interior. As an indication of the effect of the war, it is stated that there is a falling off in the country's exports of eight millions sterling. General Cabrera has issued an appeal to Spaniards "to effect the grandest conquest a people can accomplish, that of triumphing over its own weakness." It is surely noteworthy how steadily the once mighty Catholic countries have declined in prestige, adding to the many other fulfilments of the sure word of prophecy, "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." The proud nation of the Invincible

Armada lies to-day lower than any other civilized nation in the world. Spain is reaping now the harvest of the thumbscrew, the rack, and the inquisition. She is humbled among the nations. Neither Don Carlos nor Alfonso can save her while she madly refuses to throw open her doors to the Bible and that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

The Acapulco Massacre.

In the name of religion one of the most brutal massacres has been perpetrated in Acapulco, a Mexican city on the Pacific coast, in which a Protestant congregation was rudely disturbed by Roman Catholics, prompted and urged to their work of blood by the parish priest. Six were killed and terribly mutilated, while nine were dangerously wounded. As yet the Church has not visited the priest and his confreres in crime with its maledictions—or even with a reproof. And indeed how could it? when Pius IX., in 1872, commended and approved the Jesuits, Gury and Liberatore, who teach in the most unblushing manner a code of morals that sanctions the murder of heretics and authorizes every crime committed against Protestants. The Acapulco outrages are only in accordance with the principles of the church. It is a relief to know, however, that the power of Catholicism in Mexico is rapidly waning. In an interesting article in the current number of the *Methodist Quarterly*, of New York, the points are noted and sustained that all the Papal churches are two centuries old and that no new ones are being erected; that the priests who minister at the altars are generally advanced in years, and that young men manifest but little desire to enter their order; and that education—before which Catholicism cannot stand—is spreading amongst the people. Protestant missions have already garnered some golden sheaves in that land so long given over to heathenism and to a perverted form of Christianity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Wesleyan Methodists.

Chapel Fund Report.—There is a Chapel Fund Committee in connection with the English Conference, to whom all applications must be made respecting the erection, or alteration, or otherwise disposing of church property. The Committee also makes grants or loans in needy cases. The labours of the Committee are very great, and keep two ministers constantly employed as secretaries.

We make the following quotations from the report of 1874, which has just been published:—The Committee gave its sanction to the erection of 130 churches, 30 parsonages and schools, 186 enlargements and alterations of churches, and 40 new organs, the total cost of which was estimated to be $1,642,065 00, being $304,715 00 more than any previous year. The amount raised by voluntary subscriptions was $1,355,430 00, to supplement which grants from the Committee were made to the amount of $54,330 00, leaving $277,415 00 to be provided within a limited period. A legacy has been left to the Fund of $100,000 00. Several additional churches, schools, and organs were also erected at the cost of private individuals. The number of sittings provided by these erections and enlargements is 22,745. During the past twenty years, the entire outlay in erections and enlargements has been $16,183,265 00, and debts to the

amount of $500,107,775 have also been liquidated. In the first decade 709 churches were built, and in the second 1,214. The total number of Wesleyan churches in Great Britain is 7,485, and the number of sittings provided 1,723,495. These interesting facts furnish splendid proofs of the liberality of the people, and the vitality of Methodism.

Sustentation Fund.—This Fund is of comparatively recent date, and is designed to equalize the income of ministers. Each district manages its own department of the Fund, and so far it has been productive of the most satisfactory results. Our most recent accounts are from Bristol district, where there are twenty-seven circuits, and some time ago, only four of these paid the minimum salary of $750 00 to married ministers, with the usual additions for children, house-rent, taxes, &c., and $400 00 to the unmarried ministers. To reach this standard it required $5,660 00 to be contributed. Now twenty-three circuits pay the above minimum salary to both classes of ministers, and the other four circuits have made a considerable advance. This year $4,535 00 will be paid in allowances in the district, through this Fund, more than was paid last year, or equal to an advance on the average of $112 00 to each minister. Such a noble example might be emulated in Canada, to the advantage of many ministers who do not receive such allowances as those mentioned. It will be observed that the minimum salary is what some wanted to be fixed at the General Conference, but the motion did not *prevail.*

The Wesleyan Missions have always excited the admiration of the Christian Church, and not content with what has been accomplished, it appears that new missions are about be to established by the Australasian Wesleyan Missionary Society, in New Britain, and New Ireland. These are large islands near New Guinea, and until recently were supposed to be part of Guinea itself. They contain a large population, and have never been visited by a missionary.

South Central Africa.—Sir Bartle Frere's favourable account of this country has awakened special interest for opening a mission there by the Wesleyans, where there are six millions of people easily accessible to Christian influence.

Fiji.—Before Sir Arthur Gordon, the newly appointed Governor of Fiji, left England, an address was presented to him, commending the mission to his attention, which he was pleased to accept, and made a suitable reply. A new stone church is being erected at Bau, the seat of Government, which will be ninety-six feet long and forty-six feet wide. At this place a missionary meeting was recently held, when the collection amounted to $335 55, which was thus made up: five threepenny pieces, ninety-six sixpences, three hundred and sixty-five shillings, four eighteenpenny pieces, one hundred and seventy-eight half-dollars, eighty half-crowns, seven three, and forty-nine four-shilling dollars, and sixteen sovereigns. Thakomban, King of Fiji, recently visited Sydney, New South Wales, where he took part at a missionary meeting. The Rev. James Watkins, who is regarded as the father of missions in Fiji, was present. Mr. W. wrote the soul-stirring tract, "Pity poor Fiji," which aroused the Methodist world forty years ago. An address was presented to the King, who replied through the Rev. Mr. Moore, who acted as interpreter. The King held up his right hand to show that a finger had been cut off as an offering to the heathen gods. Every sentence that he uttered was listened to with intense interest, and no one could help admiring the grand old man thus testifying to the power of the Gospel, and his faith in God.

Church Missionary Society (English.)

The seventy-fifth report of this society has been published. The income for the past year, including

some gifts which are to be invested, amounts to the unprecedented sum of $1,306,105 00. The number of stations is one hundred and fifty-seven. The number of labourers, including two hundred and seven European ordained ministers, is two thousand six hundred and thirty-two. There are twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-five native communicants, and one hundred and seven thousand two hundred and sixty-eight native Christians. The Society has recently sent out a company of eight missionaries, clerical and lay, to east Africa, to commence new operations, with three special ends in view. (1.) To make arrangements for receiving, and instructing in the Gospel, and in useful arts, such Africans as may be liberated from slave-ships by British cruisers. (2.) To develop the settlement at Kisuldini, as the abode of a Christian community, where there may be educational institutions, etc., as an example before the natives of that portion of Africa. (3.) To establish one strong station, with a view to a chain of stations toward the interior. The hope is to do much, ultimately, to break up the terrible East African slave trade.

Jerusalem.—A new church has been built under the auspices of this Society, for the Protestant Arab congregation in the holy city. It was opened lately, when Bishop Gobat ordained a native minister, Khalil Djamal, who has for some time been his assistant, to be pastor of the church. Seventy or eighty native Christians in Jerusalem form the nucleus of a congregation likely now to increase rapidly. The church will be attended also by others from neighbouring villages, and by the eighty boys of the Syrian orphanage, and ninety girls under the care of the Prussian Deaconesses.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been holding confirmations in Spain and Portugal, where he found some Protestant congregations desirous of placing themselves under Episcopal government.

There will soon be sixty-three bishoprics in the colonies and abroad. It is proposed to found new sees for Heligoland, North Europe; Lahore, India; Rockhampton, Australia; Ningpo, China; Georgetown, Africa; Burmah, India; and Singapore, India.

A Negro Missionary Bishop.—The Rev. James T. Holly, D.D., a coloured minister of the Episcopal Church, was lately consecrated Bishop for the island of Hayti, at Grace church, New York. Bishop Coxe preached the sermon, in which he said that the new prelate was about to go among six hundred thousand people, of whom only one hundred thousand were even nominal Christians.

The Baptist Missionary Society.

The Baptists, like the Methodists, are divided into several denominations, but they have had, and still have, many noble missionaries. Who has not heard of Carey and Ward, and Marshman, and Judson, and Knibb, and a host of others. The English Baptist Missionary Society was founded in 1792, and employs six hundred missionaries in Foreign lands, one-third of whom are Europeans. Its income last year was $201,279 00, being the largest ever enjoyed. The mission stations are in India, Ceylon, China, Europe, Africa, and the West Indies. In the United States there are the Baptist Missionary Union, Baptist Free Missionary Society, and Southern Baptist Convention, with an aggregate income of about $261,100 00. A returned missionary has published a tract, full of startling facts. Among others take the following: Among the forty millions of professing Christians in the United States, there are labouring no less than twelve thousand Baptist ministers. Among the one thousand millions of the world's unevangelized population, there are labouring only sixty foreign missionaries, sustained by American Baptists. In other words, the Baptists

of America, knowing that God intended his Gospel to be preached in all the world, and even to every creature in it, give about one preacher to every three thousand people who already know that Gospel by heart, and only one to every sixteen millions of those who never heard it. The average for home work was only seven baptisms to each ordained minister. In pagan and papal lands the average was seventy-one to each labourer. The cost to the Baptist Missionary Union for each convert baptized in foreign lands is about fifty-five dollars; the cost in the United States is eight times as much! The Asiatic mission, that baptized the largest number, cost twenty-four dollars per convert baptized. To the Church in Brooklyn, that baptized the largest number, the cost was one hundred and fifty-four dollars, and to the Church in New York one hundred and ten dollars.

About thirty years ago, a young Baptist minister from North Carolina, landed at Shanghai, China. Ardent and devoted to his work, he began with great energy the acquirement of the language. Soon his eyes, by the overstrain, gave way, and for years were useless for study. Undaunted he continued the study of the language by the use of the ear alone. In ten years, by depending upon the ear and conversation, he became one of the most fluent speakers of the Chinese language. He has spent several years of noble self-sacrifice and devotion, and now that his voice has failed him and he can no longer preach, he is determined to help young men preparing for the ministry, and has recently given fifty dollars for the benefit of a young man in another denomination, who intends to embark in the mission work.

It is stated that the Baptists in Toronto have doubled in five years.

Baptist Church in Rome. — The dedication took place March 21st. Mr. Cook, the celebrated excursionist, organized a tour for a month, of friends of the Baptist Mission in Rome, who were present on that auspicious occasion, which was truly a red letter day in the history of the mission in the Papal city.

The Chief of the Delaware Indians is a Baptist minister, and of one housand persons composing the tribe two hundred and thirty are members of his church.

The Baptists of South Carolina have pledged during the past two years $160,000 00 of $200,000 00 for the endowment of Furman University, and their contributions to foreign missions were larger last year than the great majority of southern states.

A gentleman, a member of the Baptist church, Manchester, England, lately printed one hundred thousand copies of the New Testament in the Italian language, and sent them to Rome, to be distributed by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Baptist missionary.

In a series of tables analysing the contributions made in Great Britain for foreign missions, during 1873, Canon Robertson foots up a total of $5,160,880 00, not including income from investments, balances, or foreign reciepts. Of this sum $1,595,000 00 was contributed to Church of England societies of an evangelical type, $1,542,585 00 to Nonconformist societies, $628,170 00 to those supported by High Church and Low Church, and $661,320 00 to societies in which Nonconformists are united with Episcopalians. The Scotch and Irish societies supplied $566,605 00, while the amount raised by the Roman Catholics was $58,930 00.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.—The annual meeting in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's college was recently held.—During the year the work has been successfully carried on in the new building. Forty-seven students had

left the college during the year, and settled in pastoral charges, making three hundred and eighty-three students who had entered the ministry from the college, besides evangelists, colporteurs and others. Mr. Spurgeon stated that he could at once find places for thirty or forty qualified men, if he had them. The amount collected for the year exceeded $8,370 00. Twenty thousand persons have been baptized in nine years by ministers trained at this college.

We conclude our Monthly summary with an incident in the career of the celebrated Father Ignatius, who just before preaching his sermon, gave out the well-known hymn of Dr. Watts, "When I survey the wondrous cross," the last verse of which is very expressive:

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all."

When the hymn was ended the preacher arose, and slowly repeated the last line, "Demands my soul, my life, my all." Then looking round, he added, "Well, I am surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you have only put fifteen shillings (three dollars) into the bag this morning." The effect of such a comment on such a fact may be well imagined.

BOOK NOTICES.

Around the Tea Table. By the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co; Toronto: S. Rose.

THE conception of Dr. Talmage's book is a very good one. A group of persons are supposed to meet around a social board, to quaff the "fragrant lymph" and discuss the affairs of the universe. There is the genial Dr. Butterfield, the pugnacious Mr. Givemfits, the pleasant Miss Smiley, the acerb Miss Stinger, the obtuse Dr. Heavyasbricks, the oracular Mr. Wiseman, and inquisitive young Quizzle; with Dr. and Mrs. Talmage as host and hostess. With such a range of characters and unlimited variety of topics one might expect quite vivacious table-talk. We are sorry, however, to say that we found it rather dull. The author seems to lack the dramatic faculty. The guests seem to be all Dr. Talmages, with different names. There are occasional explosions of fun, but chiefly of the fire-cracker sort—abundance of noise, without much "sweetness and light." Perhaps, however, a more vivid imagination may perceive the humour that has eluded our detection. The book is, in fact, a collection of newspaper articles in the author's peculiar vien, introduced and concluded with a short conversation. There are occasional flashes of wit and gleams of poetry, with some rather galvanic jokes, exaggerated metaphors, and what may be called, we suppose, a sort of religious slang. We believe Dr. Talmage is an excellent man, and that he is doing a noble work in Brooklyn—and few places apparently need it more—but as a model of a good English style we cannot commend him. His book suggests unfavourable contrast with the wit and wisdom of a series of breakfast-table sederunts with a gifted poet and professor, unfortunately not as orthodox as witty; and with the "Star Papers" of another Brooklyn pastor. This English edition is a marvel of cheapness—364 pages, with a picture of the tea-table—Dr. Talmage and all, a capital likeness, for sixty cents. We can only explain this

on the theory of the man who, when asked how he could sell his brooms so much cheaper than one who stole his broom corn, replied, that he stole his ready-made. It is to be hoped that an international copyright will soon put an end to this disreputable international literary piracy. For an English book, the proof-reading is very carelessly done.

The King's Daughters: or Words on Work by Educated Women. By ANNIE HARWOOD. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Studious Women. By MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans. London: Strahan & Co.

The first of these books is a very practical and useful treatise on a very important theme. Miss Harwood has shown to what good account educated women may turn their talents, by her admirable translations of Presense's works, and also by translations from the German. She here gives evidence of no less skill as an original writer. She discusses with eminent and judicious ability such themes as, Higher Education for Women, Education and Home Life, Education and the Work of Women in the Churches, the Harmony and Full Development of the Individual Life, and Sisterhoods as contrasted with Individual Christian Effort. She urges upon Christian women of education the duty of employing their intellectual gifts, not in mere selfish indulgence, or even in social gratification, but in endeavouring to diffuse an atmosphere of hope and joy among the lowly by the exhibition of personal sympathy, and in bridging the wide gulf which, especially in a country of strongly marked class distinctions like Great Britain, yawns between the toiling multitude of poverty and the favoured few of affluence. With reference to this object, Church work in the form of Sunday-school teaching, district visitation, and works of love and charity are wisely discussed; and the real joys of doing good for the Master's sake urged with the earnestness of conscious experience. No thoughtful girl can read these pages without aspirations after a noble ideal of womanhood.

Bishop Dupanloup's is much less successful in his treatment of the subject of Higher Female Education, which he regards chiefly from its intellectual, apart from its religious aspect. He quotes the opinion of M. de. Maistre that "it is allowable for woman to know that Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not ask for the hand of the niece of Louis XIV.;" but that in wishing to become learned like a man she transforms herself into a monkey; and vindicates her claim to a participation in the intellectual legacies of bygone ages to the present time. He discusses the question of Woman's Sphere, and shows that Moliere in his *Femmes Savantes* satirizes, not female education, but female pedantry, quoting his excellent line—

"Et je veux qu' une femme ait des clartes *de tout*,"

which may be freely paraphrased "Let woman know all about every thing." He enumerates illustrious examples of studious women from Paula and Marcella, Melania and Eustochium, to Madame de Sevigne and Madame de Lafayette. He enforces the duty of woman to cultivate the intellect, points out the danger of repression and the fatal consequences of ignorance and frivolity, as well as the advantages of intellectual labour. While many of the worthy bishop's remarks are more pertinent to French than to English society, many are of universal application, and may be usefully pondered by the young ladies of our own land.

The Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic. An autobiographical sketch by LOUIS N. BEAUDRY. New York: Nelson & Phillips. 12mo., pp. 275.

The Rev. Mr. Beaudry, a devoted and useful minister of the Methodist

Episcopal Church of the United States, in this volume describes the manner in which he was providentially led from the errors of Romanism to the truth of Evangelical Christianity. The book possesses additional interest to Canadian readers from the fact that the author's parents were French Canadians, and that he himself long resided in Lower Canada. It gives us an instructive inside view of the workings of the Romish system in that part of our own country. He explains the secret of that Church's strength—the thorough religious instruction of the children in the doctrines and mummeries of her worship; her method of symbolic teaching and constant appeal to the senses, and, above all, the appalling power of the confessional. The extravagant assumptions of the priest are illustrated by the following extract from a recent sermon by a German priest. "We priests," he says, "are above the governments, above the emperor, kings and princes, as much as the heavens are above the earth. The angels and archangels are much below priests; for we can in the face of God, pardon sins, which they have never been able to do. We are above the Mother of God, for Mary gave birth to Christ but once, while we priests create and produce Him every day. Again, to a certain degree, the priests are above God Himself; for God must be, at any time, and in every place, at our disposal; He must, on being ordered, descend from heaven at the consecration of the mass. God, it is true, has created the world by using these words: 'Be it!' but we, with these words, create God Himself." Such is the blasphemy to which the doctrine of transubstantiation leads.

The political and social influence of the confessional are shown to be in the highest degree inimical to the well-being of the State and of the individual. It virtually places the control of the destinies of the country in the power of a priesthood acknowledging supreme allegiance to a foreign power, and, coming between the individual soul and God, places the power of absolution in human hands, and lessens the sense of awful responsibility to the Judge of quick and dead.

The spirit of this book is admirable. The author brings no railing accusation. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, and on controversial points cites the authority of recognized Romish manuals of religion. He points out many excellences in the Romish system, and some things worthy of Protestant imitation, especially the sedulous religious training of the young in the tenets of the Church. It is this that makes it so difficult to overcome the influence of these teachings, which have become enfibred in the very soul. The religious struggles of those who do break through these influences, and assert their unshackled liberty of conscience and responsibility to God alone, are oftentimes exceedingly severe. All the mechanical religious exercises that the author underwent brought no peace to his awakened conscience. The wearing of scapulars, performing of pennances, frequent confession and frequent communion did not heal the rankling wound he felt in his soul. It was only the application of the balm of Gilead and of the blood that cleanseth, that made him whole.

The book contains a deal of curious information, giving a view of many Roman usages and beliefs that is highly interesting and instructive. The following is a characteristic example: "My mother used to spend hours in telling us that Luther, a learned but depraved monk, intending to invent a new religion suited to his lusts, wrote a book, caused it to be hidden under a tombstone in a cemetery, and then reported that in a vision of the night, angels had revealed to him where lay the true book of God. Hence our Bible and the Protestant religion. She further told us that this same monk was torment-

ed with the fires of hell before his death so that his friends were compelled to immerse him in a tub of cold water, which, however, would in a few minute boil around his burning frame, necessitating frequent changes of the bath." And this poor woman was perfectly sincere in this belief. Is it any wonder that it is difficult to eradicate such inwrought prejudices?

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. London: MacMillan & Co.; Toronto: Adam & Stevenson. 12mo., pp. xxxix, 847. $2.00.

This is a history written on a new principle. It is not a mere chronicle of camps and courts, of kings and conquests. It is no mere "drum and trumpet history" engrossed with deeds of blood and butchery of human beings, with the pomp and circumstance of war, and the blare of victory or defeat. It traces rather the constitutional, intellectual, religious, industrial and social advance of the nation; the progress of the arts and sciences, and literature, and the general development of civilization.

There have been histories of England written in which the memory was burdened with court gossip and petty intrigues, and well nigh forgotten military adventures: in which, nevertheless, no mention is made of such real kings of thought and rulers of mind as Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; as Bacon and Newton; as Hooker, Baxter, and Wesley. The present is designed to supply that lack. "It is with this purpose," says the author, "that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the Young Pretender. War plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any. The only war which has profoundly affected English society and English government is the Hundred Years' War with France, and of that war the results were simply evil. If some of the conventional figures of military and political history occupy less space than is usually given them, it is to make room for figures little heeded in common history — the figures of the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, or the philosopher."

It must not, however, be imagined that the political or military history of the nation is neglected. It is clearly and succinctly told, and will be the better remembered for not being overladen with minute details.

The author's account of Wesley and Methodism is, we think, impartial and judicious. After speaking of the marvellous effects of Wesley's labours, he adds: "But the Methodists themselves were the least result of the Methodist revival. In the nation at large appeared a new moral enthusiasm, which, rigid and pedantic as it often seemed, was still healthy in its social tone, and whose power was seen in the disappearance of the profligacy which had disgraced the upper classes, and the foulness which had infested literature since the Restoration. But the noblest result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. It was not till the Wesleyan movement had done its work that the philanthropic movement began. The passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen, supported Burke in his plea for the Hindoo, and Clarkson and

Wilberforce in their crusade against the iniquity of the slave trade. (pp. 718719.)

Indeed no history of England in the eighteenth century is true which does not recognize this remarkable movement. Yet we do not remember a single reference to it in the voluminous work of Smollett and his continuators. A juster spirit, however, animates Lord Stanhope, who in his ample and philosophic History of England under George II. and George III., devotes a large space to the impartial treatment of this movement.

As will be seen from our extracts, the style of this work is lucid and elegant. Full chronological and genealogical tables; clear and correct maps; marginal dates and references, and a full index, enhance its usefulness. We are informed that eight thousand copies were sold in New York within a short time after its appearance. It is so low priced that our American friends find it cheaper to purchase it honestly than to pirate it.

The Works of the Rev. John Angell James. Thirteen volumes, including his Autobiography, with additions by his son. 12mo. cloth. Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Many admirers of the late Rev. J. A. James will be glad to see this uniform series of his works, for though they all had an extensive circulation during his life, yet the issue in this elegant form is a meet tribute to departed worth, and is a fine token of affection from a surviving son, who has thus erected a monument to perpetuate the memory of one of the best of fathers, who, though dead, yet speaketh. These volumes are got up in such a neat style that they are worthy of a place on the table of the most elegant drawing-room in the land.

One of the volumes comprises the life of the gifted author. To many this will be the most attractive of the series, as it is for the most part an autobiography written in Mr. James' own easy, colloquial style. When a biographer was giving the last sheets of the memoir of a beloved friend to the printer, he is reported to have said, "And let me beg that you will be quick about it, sir, for ministers are soon forgotten." This is too true. If we are not mistaken, the eminent man whose name stands at the head of this paper, will be one of the exceptions to this rule. His works will praise him in the gate.

John Angell James was a Congregational minister in Birmingham, England, and was never pastor of any other church than that situated in Carr's Lane in that busy town. He was nineteen years of age when he entered the ministry, and had only been favoured with a limited term at college. He would not be considered at all adequate for such an important charge at the present day; but the success with which his labours were crowned, proves that he was a Heaven-appointed minister —one who became "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." His church was only capable of holding eight hundred persons, and had to be enlarged and rebuilt, until it held three thousand. Yet it was always crowded, though he occupied the pulpit nearly sixty years. When called to the pastorate there were only forty members in the church, and when he died there were more than a thousand, though other congregations had been formed which had gone out from his, not as divisionists and schismatics, but as the nuclea of congregations which became self-sustaining churches.

The church was far from prosperous at the time of Mr. James' assumption of the pastorate. A rent had been made, and a rival congregation had been established in close proximity to Carr's Lane. The locality, too, was the abode of poverty, which provoked the remark, "If the place itself is the road to heaven,

the stranger would imagine that the road to it led to something worse."

The youthful ambassador entered upon the arduous duties of office with earnestness.

Pastoral visitation, no doubt, is an element of great usefulness to a minister, but there is a very mistaken notion among people generally, as to what amount of time a minister should devote to this duty. There is evidently a great lack of consideration among many on the subject, but, after viewing it carefully, we think the plan adopted by Mr. James was the most judicious, and saved him an immense amount of time for his studies.

In the early part of his ministry he adopted a style of preaching very different from what distinguished him in his later years, and to which his usefulness was no doubt to be attributed. He seemed then to be anxious to cultivate the ornate, and, as far as possible, to dazzle his auditors with fine sentences, such as Jeremy Taylor calls "the gay tulips and useless daffodils, which are more sought after than the medicinal plants springing from the margins of the fountain of salvation." Happily, Mr. James soon resolved above all things to be useful, and became one of the most practical preachers of the age. Not that he gave his people dry undigested matter. His sermons were always diligently studied, even the last sermon which he prepared, and which he intended to preach on the following Sabbath, was carefully written from beginning to end. Such was his familiarity with his subject, that it was only on some rare occasions that he hampered himself with notes when preaching. He made it a rule always to be done with his pulpit preparation by noon on Saturday, or, at latest, by four o'clock in the afternoon, and then he would spend the evening either in walking in some solitary field, or else in his closet with some good devotional book. This was a practice he always took care to inculcate upon young ministers. The books that he especially read on such occasions were Baxter's Reformed Pastor, Payson's Life, Brainerd's Life, Howe's Blessedness of the Righteous, Owen's Spiritual Mindedness and Archbishop Lieghton's Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul.

Though Mr. James from the first was a popular preacher and soon became a prominent man in the denomination to which he belonged, he was always easy of access by those who might be considered beneath him in social position. He took deep interest in the welfare of young ministers, and for several years was accustomed to have the young men by turns, who were studying at Spring Hill College, to dine with him on Saturdays, and after dinner they would retire to his study and hold intercourse for some hours on spiritual matters relating to the ministry. In this way not a few of the young Nonconformist ministers learned to imbibe his spirit, and formed attachments to him which only terminated in death.

As might be supposed, while the pastor of Carr's Lane Church felt himself under special obligations to look well after the interests of his own flock, yet he was always ready, as far as circumstances would allow, to co-operate with the friends of the various benevolent institutions which have become so numerous in this nineteenth century. At the May meetings in London, he was for many years a constant attendant, and the announcement of his name in Exeter Hall, which he would sometimes facetiously say, "comprised an angel between two apostles," always called forth loud cheers, indicating his popularity in that far-famed place.

In one of the sermons which Mr. James preached on behalf of the London Missionary Society, he said, "If, one hundred years hence, Christianity shall have found a lodgement in the city of Canton, we shall have

reaped an immense prize for the conflicts of a century." Scarcely the third of a century had rolled away before the whole of China was accessible to the heralds of salvation. None were more alive to the importance of the situation than was Mr. James. He was full of holy enthusiasm about the matter, and at last he got up a scheme for printing a million copies of the New Testament in the strange language of the people of that vast empire, which for ages had been shut out from the rest of mankind. To accomplish this noble work he travelled thousands of miles, and in its advocacy he wrote hundreds of letters.

As an author we might pronounce Mr. James voluminous, and though his works had an immense sale, there are none of his books by which he will be so long known and extensively remembered as the "Anxious Inquirer," two hundred thousand copies of which were sold in four years. Several persons owe their conversion to God to the reading of this remarkable book. Among others may be named the Rev. R. W. Dale, his co-pastor, and now successor. One evening twenty-seven persons assembled in a private house, and by reading the "Anxious Inquirer" eight or nine of them were converted. In Holland twelve ministers attributed their conversion to its reading. It was translated into Gaelic, Welsh, German, French, Swedish, Malagasy, Dutch, Singalese and one of the East India dialects.

As a proof of the usefulness of Mr. James, even beyond his own nation, the following incident may be given :—"At the annual meeting of the Congregational Union, of England, in 1847, the Rev. Dr. Beets, a clergyman of the Established Church of Holland, was present, and said 'that a principal object of his visit to England was to obtain an interview with the Rev. J. A. James, as the writings of that servant of Christ had been of great benefit to himself and many of his countrymen.' He then addressed Mr. James with deep emotion, stating that he had given away a dozen copies of the "Anxious Inquirer," to as many young men, his fellow-students, to each of whom it had proved the instrument of conversion, and five or six of them are now zealous evangelical ministers. Dr. B. further stated that, being anxious to extend the usefulness of Mr. James' writings, he had translated two others of his works, and begged to present him copies of them in the language and typography of Holland. These statements excited emotions of sympathy and joy in all present, and the episode was felt to be most edifying and blessed.

Mr. James, in replying to his friend from Holland, turned to his young brethren in the ministry, many of whom he supposed envied him just then. He assured them that he could attribute the honour now conferred upon him as having sprung from the desire to be useful, a desire which he had ever cherished from his first entering the ministry.

Young men have been pronounced to be the hope of the Church. Associations for their special benefit are now formed in great variety. Various plans are being adopted to bring this important class to the side of truth. For the benefit of young people Mr. James preached scores of sermons. He also wrote books specially for them, as will be seen in the list of his works, which comprise, "The Young Man from Home," "The Young Woman's Guide," "The Young Man's Guide," all of which show the intense interest he felt in this important class of the community. If our young people would read those books and follow their practical suggestions, we are sure they would grow up to be respected and useful in their day and generation.

Some of the most useful of Mr. James' volumes are entitled, "Pastoral Addresses," which were written specially for his own people, but their fame became such that they were soon circulated far beyond the

bounds of his own congregation, for at the close of the year 1859, one million, forty-nine thousand, three hundred and nineteen copies of these Pastorals had been sold.

The volumes entitled, "An Earnest Ministry," deserves special mention. It commanded an extensive sale, and has been of great service to many ministers of different denominations. A gentleman in Yorkshire presented more than one hundred ministers with a copy of this remarkable book.

The Sunday School institution, which has become such a powerful organization for good, had not attained such a state of perfection in Mr. James' day, though even then it was of great utility in the churches. He took great interest in all that pertained to the growth and development of this institution, hence his pen was more than once employed in writing on behalf of those who labour to bring children to Christ. His "Sunday School Teacher," which is in the volume of his "Miscellaneous Works," gives evidence of his anxious solicitude, that these helpers of the Missionary should be qualified for their important vocation.

Much as our remarks have been extended, we must not lay down our pen without referring to the catholic spirit of Mr. James. He took part in the formation of the Evangelical Alliance, and attended its meetings as long as he was able. In Methodist pulpits he was no stranger, while in those of the Baptists and Presbyterians, he was wont to publish the gospel of salvation, and rigid dissenter though he was, he was on terms of intimacy with many of the evangelical clergymen of the Church of England. The last production of his pen was an evidence of the catholicity of his spirit; it was an introduction to the Life of Rev. R. Knill, an esteemed Baptist Missionary.

One of the volumes which bears his honoured name, contains his "Controversional Works." Perhaps this volumne contains a few sentences to which some would take exception; but it must be borne in mind that Mr. James was, from conviction and choice, a dissenter. He could not therefore have any sympathy with State Churches. Not only would he shrink from such fetters, but he regarded it as unjust that any Church should be placed in such a position as would seem to indicate, that other denominations, if Churches at all, were in a subordinate position. Mr. James, when duty called, could speak strongly against all intolerance, let it come from what source it might. And yet he was not blind to the good qualities that were to be found in the Established Church, and did not fail, as we have already seen, to speak in terms of commendation of all its clergy whom he believed to be earnest ministers of the New Testament.

In respect to the comforts of life Mr. James fared much better than many of his brethren. His people were liberal in anticipating his wants. The income from the sale of his books must have been considerable, while by his two marriages he was much enriched, so that he knew nothing of those distressing anxieties which harass many ministers. He was liberal in his gifts to the poor, and at one time he gave two thousand five hundred dollars to a fund in aid of aged ministers.

John Angell James was a good man, and by reason of his great spirituality and intense attachment to the leading doctrines of the gospel, he was sometimes led to speak rather strongly against some of the movements of the age. He did not like some of the tendencis of our day, as he considered them to be diametrically opposed to spiritual religion. In his ordination addresses he denounced Rationalism in every form, and exhorted his young brethren never to forget the grand doctrines of the cross.

This man of God died full of age and of honours. Amongst his last

utterances were these words, "My condition just now is very low—not my spirits. I am peaceful, I may say happy, quietly and contentedly waiting to see how it will go with me. How delightful it is, notwithstanding the humbling and sorrowful consciousness of defects and sins, to look back upon a life spent for Christ. I thank a sovereign God I am not without some degree of this."

EDWARD BARRASS.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

—The first volume of the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britanica" is now to hand in Toronto.

—Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" have just been translated into Swedish under the title "Konung Arthur och hans riddare" (King Arthur and his Knights.)

—Dr. Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, is engaged upon a new work to be entitled "A History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne."

—It is stated that the new work upon which Mr. Gladstone is engaged is an essay on marriage, with special reference to the alleged sacramental character of that institution.

—Mr. Swinburne is working at his long projected essay on the several stages of Shakespeare's work, based on a study of the progress and development of his style and metre.

—Mr. Froude has returned to England from the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Anthony Trollope intends leaving England on the 5th prox., for Melbourne, remaining at Ceylon, a fortnight *en route*.

—The Emperor William has forwarded to Miss C. G. Hudson, of London, the authoress of "The Life and Times of Queen Louisa of Prussia," a valuable bracelet, with a portrait of his mother.

—Prof. Henry Morley, the author of the excellent "First Sketch of English Literature," is engaged in the preparation of a work, the object of which will be to illustrate English literature throughout its gradual development. The book will be published in serial form.

—Dr. Richard Morris's excellent little shilling Primer on "English Grammar" has been selling in London at the rate of two thousand copies a month since it was published. The author is now engaged on a companion volume, a shilling Primer of the "History of the English Language," a book which is much needed.

—It is stated that Mr. Moncure D. Conway has been specially engaged by the London *Daily News* to proceed to Africa and explore the interior. Mr. Conway is the well-known author of "The Earthward Pilgrimage," and "Sacred Anthology," and is the London correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*.

—Messrs. Harper's American edition of "Livingstone's Last Journals" has had a large sale. Like the English edition, it was published for the benefit of Dr. Livingstone's children, and the Messrs. Harper's have already forwarded $5,000 to England for the family. The work is being translated into French and German.

—The poetical works of the late Mr. Sydney Dobell (Sidney Yendys) will be published in London about the end of this month. The work will be in two volumes, with a portrait, and an *in memoriam* notice. Mr. Dobell has left a mass of papers, chiefly on philosophical and political subjects, which will before long be arranged for publication.

—Cornelia Knight was closely con-

nected with the Princess Charlotte, and Thomas Raikes was a London merchant, a crony of Greville's, and had an acquaintance with the most noted politicians of England and France during the period between 1831 and 1847. The seventh volume of the "Bric-a-Brac" series will contain their personal reminiscences.

—Among important works recently published in London are the English edition of Dr. Schliemann's long-expected work giving an account of his discoveries on the supposed site of Troy, which bears the title "Troy and its Remains;" the second volume of Mr. G. H. Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind;" and the first volume of Auguste Comte's "System of Positive Philosophy."

It is gratifying to learn that English works are being somewhat extensively adopted as text-books in continental Universities. Gibbon's great work on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals" are now used at Bonn; and M. Michel Chevalier has announced his intention of using Mr. Macleod's "Principles of Economical Philosophy" for his lectures in the College de France.

—Macmillan & Co. are about to publish two works of somewhat diverse tendencies. A. R. Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals" will doubtless present the latest phases of the Darwinian theory on this subject, and the author's established reputation will ensure it a wide reception. Two eminent English physicists, whose names will not be made public, have undertaken a modern "Butler's Analogy," under the title of "The Unseen Universe." It is another attempt to establish the immortality of the soul from the analogy of physical phenomena, and will come out at a time when a large class of readers will be eager to peruse it.

—Those who desire to see women employed in other occupations than those that are now open to them, will be interested in learning that the handsome edition of Poe's works, just issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh, is printed from types set up by the young women whom Messrs. Clark have, since the strike of the Edinburgh printers, been training as compositors.

—Mr. Thomas Carlyle continues a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. It is impossible to mistake the authorship of the first article in the April number, which is an examination into the authenticity of the several extant portraits of John Knox, extending to thirty-three pages, and illustrated with six xylographic fac-similes. The article is to be re-published with the "Early Kings of Norway."

—The sale of Guizot's library has brought to light some curious facts respecting the literary proclivities of the distinguished scholar and historian. He did not possess one work of Æschylus, Ariosto, Villon, Marot, Amyot, Regnier, Moliere, Regnard, Marivaux, Victor Hugo, Balsac, or Alfred de Musset. His Vapereau's "Contemporary Biography" was of the year 1858, and his collection of the "Moniteur" extends down only to 1859. His books show that he cared nothing for luxurious editions or artistic bindings. That portion of his library only will be sold which relates to the fine arts, "Belles Lettres," and history.

SCIENCE.

—The President of the Franklin Institute reports the discovery of mica in considerable quantities, and of good quality, on the coast of Labrador.

—Professor Alleyne Nicholson, formerly of the Toronto University, has been offered, and has accepted the chair of Natural History, in the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

—The French Academy has elected Edward Sabine, English General and author, formerly director of the Toronto observatory, corresponding member for the class of geography

and navigation, in the place of Antoine Chazallon, deceased.

—*A New Copper Region.*—Copper has been discovered in great abundance and of a very rich character near the White Mountain Indian Reservation in New Mexico and Arizona. Large veins have been found, one a wall of solid ore several hundred feet in length, some fifteen feet in height, and of enormous width, yielding seventy per cent. of pure copper. It is said that there are still larger veins in the vicinity.

-*Encke's Comet.*—Encke's comet, which was first seen in 1786, and discovered to be a periodical comet by Encke in 1818, was found on the second of February by the great telescope of the United States National Observatory. Its orbit is entirely within the Solar System, and its period is about thirty-three years. As it is said to be gradually nearing the sun, its re-discovery will probably give fresh zest to a controversy that has been going on for some years, as to whether there is a resisting medium in space.

-*Discovery of a Submarine Mountain in the Pacific.*—Captain Erben, of the Tuscarora, in his soundings for a cable route just completed, has discovered a mountain—a single peak rising from the ocean bed to the height of 13,200 feet, with a base circumference of five miles. It is situated in latitude 32° 58', longitude 132.° The water at the bottom is cold, but a few degrees above the freezing point. The mud brought up indicated a submarine volcano. The Pacific affords a wide and interesting field for exploration, of which this discovery is only a foretaste.

-*The Planet Mercury.*-This planet has been made the subject of much inquiry among astronomers. There is a disturbing influence at work that has baffled the skill of the most eminent. Leverrier himself, the prince in the department of planetary knowledge, and the discoverer of the planet Neptune, has failed in coming to any satisfactory conclusions with regard to Mercury. The existence of another body between that planet and the sun is probable, and plans have been taken to observe the obscure wanderer, but thus far he has eluded all search. A prize is now offered by a scientific society at Leipsic for a thorough investigation of the subject based upon the researches of the most eminent astronomers.

--The death is announced, on February 17th, of Professor Argelander, the celebrated Prussian astronomer, at the age of seventy-five years. His labours were principally in the observation of fixed stars. In this, says the *Athenæum*, they may be described as herculean, his survey of the northern heavens including the observation in zones of more than three hundred thousand stars, the charting of which has been of the greatest service in many astronomical enquiries. While in Finland, he made a determination of the motion of the solar system in space, with a result nearly the same as that of Sir W. Herschell, viz., that the motion of the sun and its attendant system is towards the Constellation Hercules.

There is considerable interest manifested in the explorations of Lieutenant-Colonel Long, an American, now in the service of the Khedive of Egypt. It is asserted that he traced the source of the Nile continuously farther than was ever known before, and that it resulted in the discovery of the true source of the great river of Egypt--a vast basin, one and a half degrees south of the equator. There is, therefore, no end to the interest which this celebrated "Unexplored Region" of our school geographies excites. That there should be an upland of such great extent, elevated in the tropics, so as to assume the climate of temperate regions, with a soil fertile and well watered, rivers strung with lakes, the common staple productions of the earth native or naturalized, *fauna* and *flora* of the richest all this is truly astonishing, especially in being

brought to light, as it were but yesterday, and even while we are writing.

ART.

—A monument to the memory of Thomas Campbell, the poet, is to be erected in Glasgow. Subscriptions exceeding £1,000 have been received for that purpose.

—Dean Stanley is to be invited to deliver the inaugural address at the unveiling of a statue of Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Rest" at Kidderminster. The statue has been the result of a subscription by Churchmen and Nonconformists, and the Bishop of Worcester has been a liberal contributor.

—The stolen St. Anthony of Murillo, has been restored to its own special chapel in the cathedral at Seville, where its re-installation was commemorated by solemn processions and religious observances. The feet and hands of the Saint have escaped mutilation, but the face and portions of the robe have sustained considerable damage.

—A letter from Brussels says that a marvellous exhibition is taking place at present at the Cercle Artistique Litteraire in that city. Some months ago Frederick van de Herkhove, the son of a corn merchant at Bruges, died at the age of ten-and-a-half years. He had always been sickly, and was, therefore, not sent to school, but allowed to roam about. His chief amusement was to paint with such rough painting materials as he could procure. The paintings left by him, of which about a hundred are now exhibited at the Cercle, were discovered since his death to be productions which the best landscape painters of the age would not disown. Large sums have already been offered for the collection, but refused.

—The casting of the statue of the late Prince Consort (to be placed under the dome of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park) has been completed, at the foundry of Messrs. Prince & Co., Ewer Street, Southwark. The figure is seated in a chair of state, and is of colossal size, being fifteen feet in height from the base to the crown of the head. The artist, the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., fortunately for the nation, completed the model before his death. The casting was most successful. The statue would have been completed some months since but for an unfortunate accident. The workmen were removing a portion of the mould, weighing some twenty tons, from one part to another of the foundry, when a chain broke, and the vast mass fell to the ground, thus destroying the labour of months, and at a loss to the founders of nearly £400. Fortunately no injury was done to the men. The statue now only requires the final cleansing, and the public will soon be able to see it fixed in its final resting place.

MUSIC.

—Miss Kellogg can write as well as warble, translate as well as trill. The translation of the libretto of *Mignon*, as sung by her company, is her own work, and the critics pronounce it good.

—Four important books on music will shortly be published in New York—*Wagner's Autobiography and Essays*, edited and translated by Mr. Burlingame, and *Berlioz's Autobiography*, translated by Mr. Althorp, will be published by Henry Holt & Co. D. Appleton & Co. will publish Sedley Taylor's *Science of Music*, and an essay by I. L. Rice, in answer to the question "What is Music?"

—The Zither, a charming drawing-room instrument (a sort of small table harp), is likely to become popular. We are informed that Mdlle. de Gromer, of Vienna, professor of music, whose exquisite performance on the zither has been noticed with favour by the Empress of Austria and the Imperial Princess of Germany, is now giving lessons in London.

—At the recent sale by auction, in

London, of the stock of music plates and copyrights, some remarkably high prices were obtained. Coote's "Prince Imperial Galop" sold for £990, which is believed to be the highest price ever paid for the copyright of a single piece of music. The same composer's "Snowdrift Galop" was bought by Mr. Coote himself for £561. Among the vocal pieces sold, Blamphin's "Dreaming of Angels" realized £63 16s.; the same composer's "Just Touch the Harp Gently," £113 15s.; Signor Campana's "Speak to Me," £110; and "The Scout," by the same composer, a song rendered famous by the singing of Mr. Santley, sold for £312. The total amount realized was nearly £12,000.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
George Loveless	.....	London, South	76	May 8, 1874
Guielma M. Knowlton	Knowlton, P.Q.	Knowlton	26	Nov. 10, 1874
Margaret Lowrey	Milton	Milton, O.	27	Feb. 19, 1875
John Bell	Smith.....	Lakefield, O. ..	56	July 10. 1874
Joseph Thomas	Caistor	Smithville, O...	48	Sep. 15, 1874
Marie Beatty	South Lake ..	Pittsburgh, O...	40	Dec. 6, 1874
James Aylward	Queensville ..	Mt. Albert, O...	78	Feb. 17, 1875
Mrs. John Piercy	Napanee	Napanee, O. ..	..	Oct. 29, 1872
Catherine Hambly ..	Nobleton	Klineburgh, O.	64	Dec. 14, 1874
Nancy Roblin	Roblin's Mills	Ameliasb'rgh, O.	64	Dec. 13, 1874
Mrs. Elliott	Arnprior	Arnprior	90	Mar. 7, 1875
Thomas A. Anderson	Halifax	Halifax	77	Jan. 26, 1875
Sarah Haycock	Yorkville	Yorkville	70	April 5, 1875
John P. Bridgman....	Smithville	Smithville	70	Jan. 12, 1875
Timothy Allen	Odessa	Odessa, O.	80	Dec. 26, 1874
Lydia Allen	Odessa	Odessa, O.	74	Feb. 2, 1875
Phebe Sacrider	Norwich	Norwich, O. ..	47	Jan. 25, 1875
Cynthia Abraham	Hamilton	.....	37	Feb. 6, 1875
Margaret McLean....	.....	Lynn, O.	30	Jan. 1875
William Baxter	.....	Ridgeway, O. ..	69	Feb. 1875
John Tyner.....	Toronto	Toronto	78	Feb. 1875
Margaret Hartley Dewart..... ..	Toronto	Toronto	74	Oct. 27, 1874
Mary Jane Baxter....	.....	.....	21	Nov. 16, 184
Rachel Neville	Port Robinson	Port Robinson	78	Oct. 11, 1874
William Emberson ..	Monahan	Monahan	92	Dec. 16, 1874
Annie Long	Gwillimsbury	.....	..	Dec. 1874

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