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MOUNT EDGCUMBE—LOOKING OVER DRAKE'S ISLAND,
PLYMOUTH SOUND.

(From "*In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties.*")

THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

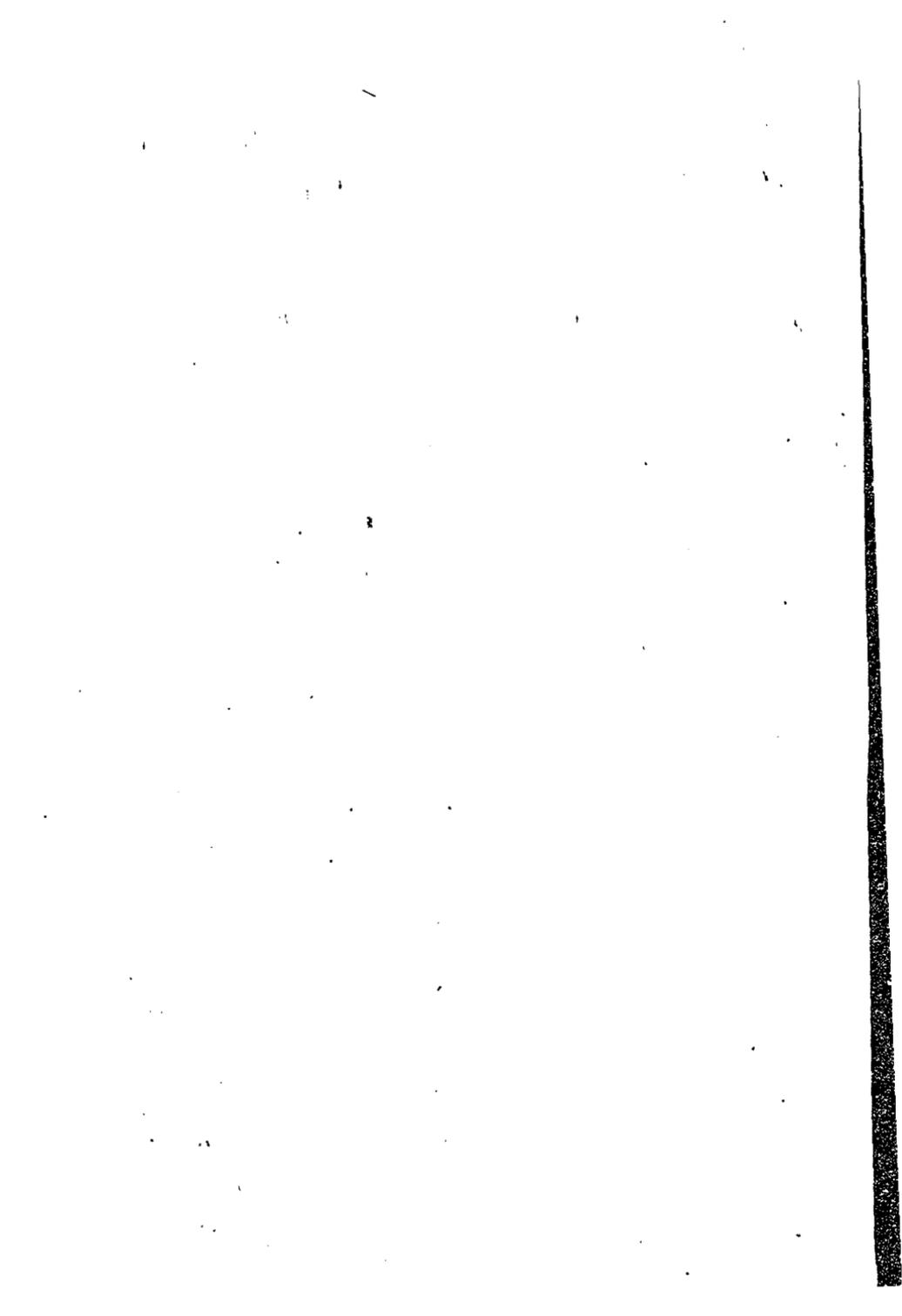
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VOL. XXV.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1887.

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

HALIFAX:
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THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1887.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING
FORTIES.*

BY LADY BRASSEY.



LADY BRASSEY.

DEDICATION.

*THIS WORK is dedicated,
as a tribute of admiration
and gratitude, to the noble
band of Navigators and Ex-
plorers, of all ages and of
every nation, who have de-
voted their lives to Scientific
Research, for the good of their
fellow-men and the glory of
their country.*

I.

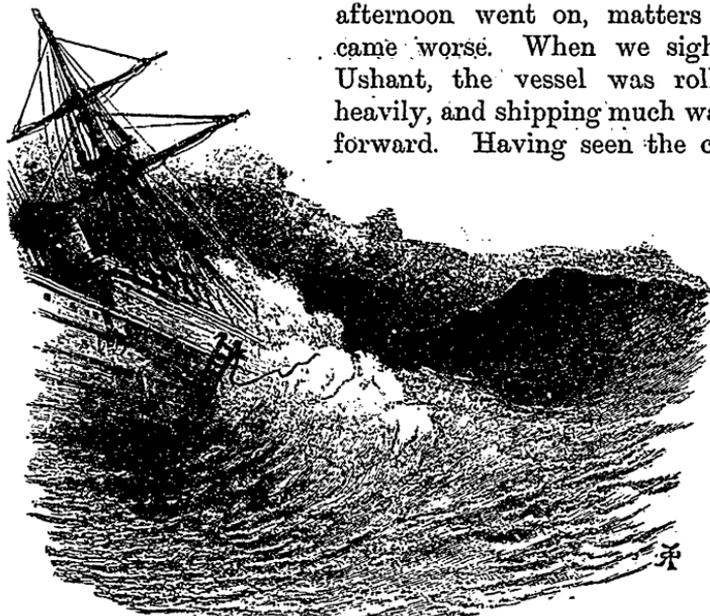
Men were made to roam.

My meaning is—it hath been always thus :
They are athirst for mountains and sea foam.
Heirs of this world, what wonder if perchance
They long to see their grand inheritance !

WE arrived at Dartmouth late on the evening of September 27th, 1883, and proceeded straight on board the *Norham Castle*, in the *Britannia's* steam-launch, kindly lent us by Captain Bowden-Smith.

* We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the distinguished courtesy of Lady Brassey in connection with this series of chapters on the remark-
VOL. XXV. NO. 1.

At length the hawser was slipped from the big buoy; the engines began to move almost imperceptibly ahead; and our last link with Old England was severed. Heaven grant us all a safe voyage and a happy return! We had scarcely got outside Dartmouth, when the *Norham Castle* began to pitch and roll most unpleasantly. As the afternoon went on, matters became worse. When we sighted Ushant, the vessel was rolling heavily, and shipping much water forward. Having seen the chil-



LADDER WASHED AWAY.

dren safely secured in their berths, I lay down on the sofa in their cabin, where, holding on tightly to the side, I slumbered

able voyage herein described. She has not only, with characteristic generosity, placed at our service the literary matter of these chapters, relinquishing all monetary advantage of authorship therein, but she has also enabled us to illustrate this fascinating narrative with ninety of the best engravings prepared for the high-priced English Edition, by the great house of Longmans, London. She has thus laid the readers of this MAGAZINE under a debt of gratitude for the many hours of pleasure they will enjoy in reading these pages and for the fund of information they will derive from them.—ED.

NOTE.—There were forty-three persons on board the *Sunbeam*—Sir Thomas Brassey M.P. (owner), Lady Brassey, Thomas Allnut Brassey, Miss Muriel Agnes Brassey, Miss Marie Adelaide Brassey, Miss Rhoda Liddell, Miss Violet Liddell, Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., Seymour Haden, Esq., R. A. Boissier, Esq., R. T. Pritchett, Esq., H. E. Hudson, Esq., and thirty-one mariners, engineers, stewards and servants.

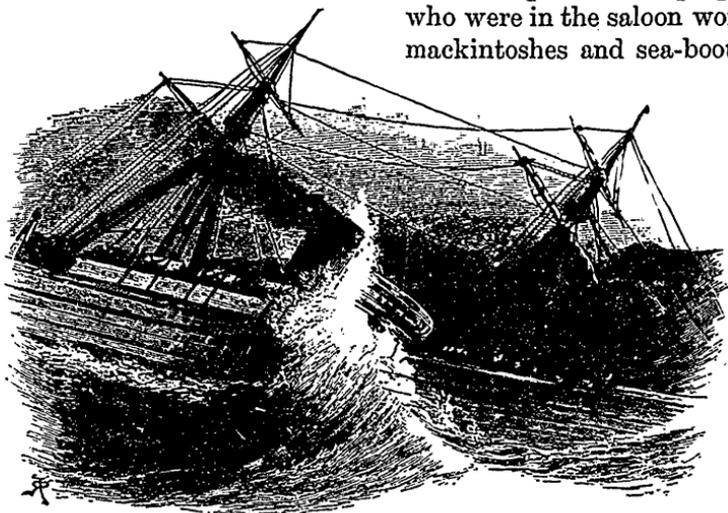
in the semi-conscious condition one falls into at sea in rough weather until I was suddenly awakened by piercing cries for help. On rising I found that the water was washing all about the cabin, and that my big boxes, little boxes, bags, baskets, etc., were floating backwards and forwards across the floor. Outside the cabin the water was pouring like a cataract down the companion; while the deck above leaked like a sieve, producing the effect of a continuous shower bath. Some accident seemed also to have happened to a steam-pipe, judging from the clouds of steam which were escaping, and from the cries of two men who complained that they had been scalded by the boiling water. Struggling along the passage between the first and second class saloons, I found the water sufficiently deep to fill my high sea-boots.

I soon met the poor creature whose shrieks had first roused me—a missionary's wife on her way to South Africa, who was attired in the scantiest of garments, and trying feebly to come aft and get on deck. She implored me most earnestly to tell her if I thought we were going to the bottom "at once," in reply to which appeal I assured her that I did not think there was any immediate danger. It was now evident that a very heavy gale was blowing; for the ship was not only rolling at an angle which made it almost impossible to stand, but was labouring in a way I did not at all like and shipping large masses of water, a vast quantity of which streamed below.

After my midnight excursion I returned to my cabin; propped myself in a corner; and proceeded to pass the night as best I could. Our berth was close to the pantry, the noises proceeding from which department were really appalling. First came vast crashes of crockery, the fragments of which appeared to get gradually broken up into smaller pieces as the ship rolled backwards and forwards, producing a sound like the breaking of waves on a rocky shore.

As day broke, matters began to mend and the gale to moderate. The chief steward took pity on the children and me and moved us to his own cabin, which was dry though small; and there we lay in a little heap, sea-sick and wretched, all day. From my travelling bag, containing all my little needments, more than a gallon of water was poured; while my favourite despatch bag, in which, among other things, were numerous letters of introduction, was reduced to a pulp. The contents of a bank-note case were so saturated and mixed together, that it was with difficulty the numbers of the notes could be read.

The ship continued to roll and labour heavily, and the seas to wash over her fore and aft, making everything above and below wet and miserable. One sea broke thirty feet over the heads of those on the bridge. This state of things continued without interruption throughout the night, until early on Sunday morning, when things began to look a little brighter. About noon a few passengers might be seen to creep out of their berths and to compare notes on the experiences and miseries of the last forty-eight hours. The saloon was dark and airless, owing to the canvas covers on the skylights. There too the water was swashing backwards and forwards, three or four inches deep. The few people who were in the saloon wore mackintoshes and sea-boots.



A HEAVY SEA.

Of course it was useless to think of having the usual church service; but the weather continued to improve, and towards the afternoon many of the passengers came up to enjoy the bright sunshine on the few dry spots on deck, and the next morning (Monday, October 1), at 4 a.m., we found ourselves rolling about at the mouth of the Tagus, waiting for daylight, and for a pilot to take us over the bar.

Cascaes Bay looked bright and pretty in the early dawn, the little fort of St. Julien just catching the light between the passing showers; and as the sun rose, its rays produced the most beautiful rainbow effect on the mountains of Cintra, and the wooded heights, crowned by the Castle of Penha.

You may be sure we lost no time after the anchor was dropped in going ashore in the steam-tug. The carriages we had sent for having at last arrived, some of our party went on an excursion to Belem; while others, as I did, felt that having already conscientiously "done" the sights of the neighbourhood, we might be allowed to amuse ourselves by strolling up and down the streets and looking about us.

At two o'clock we had to be on board the tug, in which we returned to the steamer laden with fresh fruit, vegetables, butter, etc. The *Norham Castle* was still surrounded by boats—for although the operation of coaling was finished, she was still taking in cargo; and the decks were crowded with people



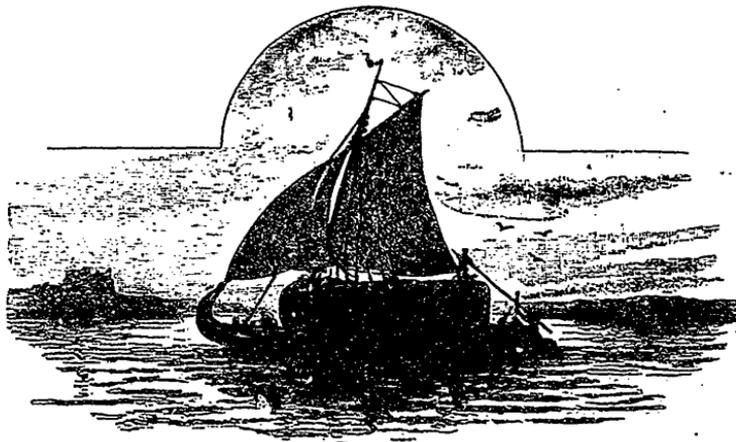
CASCAES BAY.

who had come to see their friends, and with vendors of every imaginable article of Lisbon manufacture. They were quickly got rid of, however, and we were soon steaming down the river again. We met all the fishing boats returning from their day's work. We also passed several hay-boats, which, except for the shape of the bows, differed little in appearance from the familiar Thames hay-flat.

Directly we got outside the ship began to roll horribly again, which made dinner a most uncomfortable meal. How I have longed for the dear old *Sunbeam* during the last few days, and how glad I shall be to get on board her once more!

The next morning was mainly spent in the not very lively amusement of sorting the *débris* from the Captain's cabin, throwing overboard what was utterly spoilt, packing for England what it was possible to repair, and putting the slight valid

remnant into my boxes for Madeira. In the afternoon the first officer took us all over the ship, and even into the chart-room, where we were allowed to look at the log and see the official description of the occurrences of the last few days. We were also shown the clinometer which, having registered a roll of 50° to port and 40° to starboard on the night of the storm, judiciously declined to register any more. We went all through the engine-room, down into the stoke-hole, and even along the screw-alley—in fact wherever the chief engineer was good enough to take us. He showed us the machinery for producing the electric light and for working the refrigerator to preserve provisions;



HAY-BOATS, OFF PAMALA.

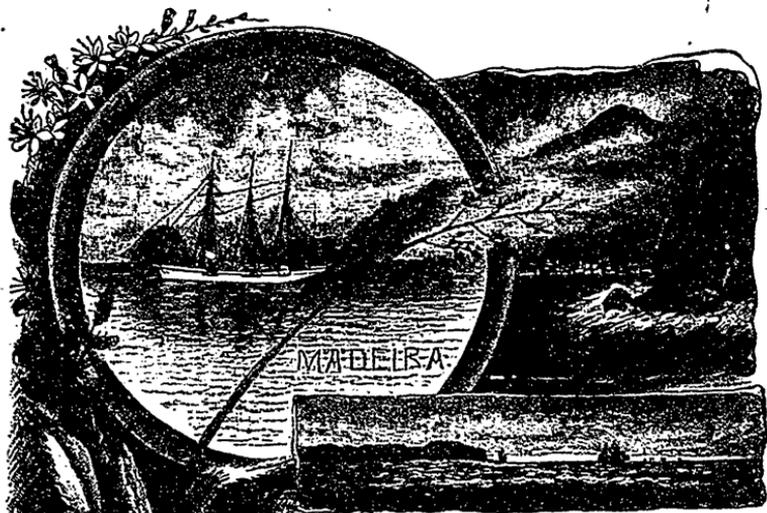
both perfect in their way. In fact, nothing could be better arranged than all the appointments of this magnificent ship.

Our last night on board. How delicious to think we shall arrive at Funchal quite early in the morning and see Tom and the *Sunbeam* again.

Waking at 3.30 on Wednesday, October 3, I could just see the *Desertas* in the distance, through my cabin window, and knowing that the Captain was anxious not to remain longer than was necessary at Madeira, I made haste to get up and collect the miserable remains, of what one short week ago had been such a nice little outfit, in readiness to land.

Soon all these misfortunes were forgotten, as we saw Funchal, not very far distant, with the *Sunbeam*, looking more beautiful than ever to my eyes, in a coat of new white paint, lying at anchor in the bay, near several other ships. The engines were

slowed; the anchor dropped; and we saw the *Sunbeam's* gig lowered and advancing towards us, with Tom steering. He



was soon under the stern; and we were able to hold a conversation and compare notes as to our respective experiences during the past month. It seems that he has had charming weather throughout, and that he has thoroughly enjoyed his lonely cruise from Malta and Gibraltar. At 8 a.m. the *Sunbeam* dressed ship in honour of our arrival, and fired (with considerable difficulty, as I afterwards heard) a salute from our two little brass carronades. One large heterogeneous mass of luggage was transferred to the various *Sunbeam* and shore boats; and after an early breakfast Tom went the round of the ship with Captain Winchester, while we said good-bye to all our kind friends on board.

In a brief space of time we found ourselves once more on the deck of the yacht, greeting many old friends and making acquaintance with the new hands, whom we hope to know better before many weeks are over. Soon afterwards we heard the farewell bell ring, and

then the anchor being weighed, on board the steamer. As she left the roadstead, she passed close under the stern, the band on the poop playing, and every soul on board, judging by the number, cheering and waving hats, caps, and handkerchiefs. It was a kind-thought and a graceful compliment: a pretty way of bidding a farewell which was much appreciated by us all. I suppose that the weather had kept most of the passengers below during the voyage, for I had never seen a twentieth part of them before, close companions as we must have been for a week.

We lost no time, you may be sure, in making a general inspection of the *Sunbeam*, which we found in the most perfect order, looking delightfully bright, fresh, and home-like after our recent voyage.

It was quite a hard pull to the shore, for the North-east Trades were blowing hard, and there was quite a heavy little "lump" of a sea on. Half-way we had all to be transferred to two of the island boats, in which to go through the surf. The natives managed the landing very cleverly: turning the boat round with her bow outwards, and keeping her steady till a large wave comes, on the very crest of which they run her ashore stern foremost. On the beach rollers are placed to receive her, and many willing hands are ready to pull her up the steep, shelving shore, high and dry, before the next wave can beat over her. Once landed, we were surrounded by people and carried off along the stony beach, and put into one of the quaint bullock carts, which are the only kind of—I cannot say *wheeled* carriage, inasmuch as they move on runners—but the only kind of vehicle at all approaching our idea of a carriage to be met with in the island. There are, however, many other conveyances of all kinds, of which more hereafter. The long-horned, large-eyed, patient-looking oxen, with two men going in front, carrying oiled cloths or cactus leaves, which they put under the runners to make the stones more slippery, dragged us up the fine shady old avenue of plane trees leading to the Grand Place, or Praça, where everybody walks and talks and gossips, and where the band plays two or three times a week.

The distance from the shore to the Santa Clara Hotel is about half a mile. The hotel, which had been specially recommended to us, on account of its high and cool situation (an all-important consideration at this time of the year), is charmingly situated in the midst of a pretty garden, and contains many

cool, airy, clean rooms of all kinds. How trim they did look, to be sure, after that uncomfortably moist steamer! The table is excellent, the charges not extravagant, and altogether we had every reason to be satisfied and pleased during our stay.

In the afternoon we made our first expedition: some of the party walking, some in hammocks, the latter carried by bearers in the usual costume of white shirts and trousers, sailors' hats with gay ribbons, and neck-handkerchiefs, to see our old friend, Dr. Graham, the one English physician here, a most accomplished man, brimful of information on every possible subject. His garden contains an interesting collection of plants and trees, all of which he showed us, and some of which par-



THE LOO ROCK.

ticularly attracted my attention. Not by any means the least among the attractions of this delightful garden are the glorious views that it commands over the bay beneath, in which we could now see the *Duntrune*, *Red Jacket*, and other ships lying at anchor, as though in a picture, framed by the branches of the splendid old tulip tree, planted by Captain Cook.

But it was now growing rapidly dark; so we had to tear ourselves reluctantly away and descend to the hotel, where, after a delicious evening on the verandah, we were glad to enjoy the luxury of a steady bed that does not pitch its occupant out unexpectedly, and the still greater comfort of not being obliged to wear sea boots, or to run the risk of stepping into a gentle "wash" of six or eight inches of sea water.

A land of streams ! Some like a downward smoke,
 Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
 And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.



Thursday, October
 4th.—We were to have
 started for Cabo Girão
 at ten o'clock this morn-

ing; but the delay in passing our saddles through the Custom House made it much later before we got away; and our eleven impatient steeds were pawing the ground for a long time in front of the hotel while we waited within. Such a clatter and caracoling they made on the hard paved streets, as we at last set forth on our expedition, each with an attendant *burriquiero*, or groom! It was not long before we were clear of the town and got on to a capital soft road, under shady trees, where we enjoyed a good gallop. The sea was close on our left, and the views across it were splendid, especially in the direction of Gorgulho and Praya Formosa.

The good road was on far too grand a scale to last long. It came to an ignominious termination at a bridge over the Ribiero dos Soccoridos, shown in our cut. The river rises

in the mountains of the Grand Curral; and the view upwards from the bridge is strikingly fine. Dana says that "one of the greatest peculiarities of the mountain scenery of Madeira consists in the jagged outlines of the ridges, the rude towers and needles of rock that characterise the higher peaks as well as the lower elevations, and the deep precipitous gorges which intersect the mountains almost to their bases."

At this point our "grand road" having come to an end, by very precipitous paved mountain-paths, sometimes ascending



PIC-NIC AT CAPE GÍRAO.

and sometimes descending, we reached the little fishing-village of Camara do Lobos (or "place of seals"). We rested in the shady market-place for a short time to enable men, horses, and dogs to recruit their strength before making the long steep ascent that lay before them. It was, indeed, a fearful gradient, and how the eleven plucky little horses managed to take us all up, puzzles me; for the weight of some members of the party was considerable. There was an end for a time to their caracoling. As we rose higher and higher, the character of the vegetation began to change entirely and to lose its tropical character. Not far from a spot where the narrowness of the

path compelled us to dismount, we overtook two men who were carrying our lunch on their heads in the picturesque flat-shaped baskets of the country. It looked a fearfully heavy load to be conveyed up these steep hills in such a manner; but the bearers assured us in answer to our sympathising inquiries that it was quite light, and that they were accustomed to carry 250 or even as much as 300 pounds weight each in a similar manner. At the tiny hamlet where we left our horses the scenery completely changed, and became quite Scotch in character, but with little Fijian-looking huts perched among furze, broom, fir-trees, and pines. From these primitive dwelling-places issued a horde of pertinacious beggars, who greatly interfered with the pleasure of our long but delightful walk round one headland, through the pine forests, to the threshing-floor at Cabo Girão, where we rested and lunched, with a view on either side such as no words could describe. An odd place, you will think, for a threshing-floor; but corn only grows on the tops of the hills in Madeira, and the fields were therefore close at hand.

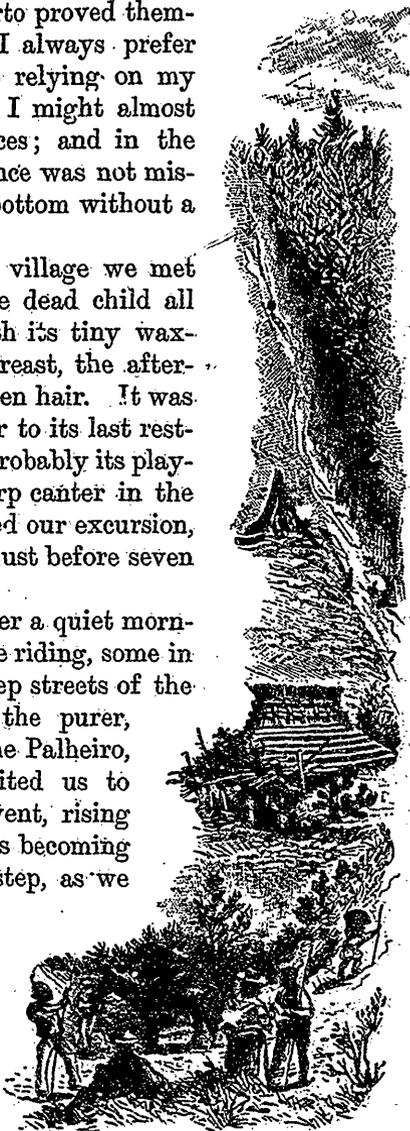
A few yards further, and we found ourselves at the verge of what some have described as "the most magnificent headland in the world," a straight basaltic wall rising a sheer 2,000 feet from the sea. For most people, the only way really to enjoy the glorious prospect and to realize its stupendous character as seen from this dizzy height is to lie down flat and put their heads over the edge of the cliff, and there luxuriate to their heart's content in wonder and amazement. A stone thrown down from the top seems to take ages, so to speak, to reach the bottom; large fishing-boats on the sea beneath look like flies, and everything else is dwarfed and diminished in similar proportion. On such a spot Shakespeare's samphire-gatherer recurs naturally to the mind, and we feel the life-like truthfulness of his description of Dover cliffs.

At Campanario, about an hour's ride from Cabo Girão, is a beautiful chestnut-grove belonging to Count Carvalhal, one of the trees of which is the giant of the forest, its girth being more than thirty-five feet. There is a door in the trunk; and the hollow within is fitted up as a room, with chairs, tables, and other furniture. By a much more precipitous but less circuitous route, through more groves of Spanish chestnuts, we reached the spot where we had left the horses, and quickly remounted. It had been cool on the heights; but as we rapidly descended we felt the heat again. The paths, which had seemed

steep enough to ascend, now assumed the aspect of house-walls; so alarmingly precipitous in fact were they that several of the party declined to ride down, trustworthy as the little horses had hitherto proved themselves to be. Personally, I always prefer being on a horse's back to relying on my own legs under similar, or, I might almost say, under any circumstances; and in the present instance my confidence was not misplaced, for I reached the bottom without a single stumble.

As we were leaving the village we met the funeral of a poor little dead child all shrouded in white lace, with its tiny wax-like hands clasped on its breast, the afternoon sun shining on its golden hair. It was being carried on a little bier to its last resting-place by four children, probably its play-mates of yesterday. A sharp canter in the now cool sea-breeze completed our excursion, and we re-entered Funchal just before seven o'clock.

Friday, October 5th.—After a quiet morning, we started at noon, some riding, some in hammocks, through the steep streets of the town, mounting fast into the purer, cooler air on our way to the Palheiro, where Mr. Elwes had invited us to lunch. On and on we went, rising higher and higher, the views becoming more enchanting at every step, as we looked back upon the bay below over the picturesque train of hammock-men marching cheerily up the steep ascent. Gradually we reached the region of pines and fir-trees, like those we had seen yesterday. The Palheiro itself boasts the most splendid grove of stone-pines in the island; besides Portugal laurels over forty feet high, and camellia-trees of equally gigantic proportions.



MOUNTAIN HUTS.

From the Palheiro we went across to the Little Curral or Curral dos Romeiros, a replica, on a somewhat smaller scale, of the Grand Curral, or Curral das Freiras. The scenery is splendid, consisting of abrupt precipices, richly wooded hills and crags, rushing waters, and a paradise of ferns and mosses.

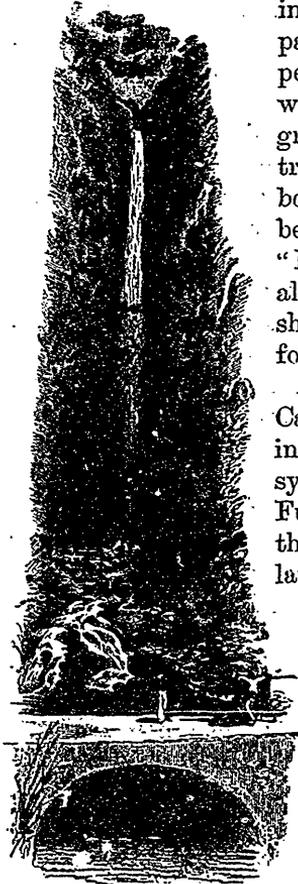
From the Mount we descended into Funchal in another variety of Madeira conveyance—the *carro*, or running-sledges. In these sledges, made of basket-work, fixed on runners, and skilfully guided by one or two men, you glide down the steep paved hill into Funchal in a very short time. I was anxious that our friends' first experience of this mode of conveyance should be gained in the dark; for the sensation of rushing through the balmy evening air, apparently down a steep place into the sea, is to me enchanting; though people afflicted with "nerves" might not altogether appreciate the enchantment. You cannot see whither you are going; and it seems to be a vast abyss of obscurity into which you are plunging. Sometimes the road so completely overhangs the town of Funchal that it quite disappears from view, and you only see beneath you the bay, with the twinkling lights of the ships at anchor. By day, or in fact at any time, a *carro* ride is full of enjoyment; but, if possible, by all means let your first expedition be made in the dark.

Tom, as usual, went off after dinner to sleep on board the yacht, in case anything should go wrong in the night. I and the children accompany him to-night, so as to be ready for our early start for Rabaçal in the morning. There are no real harbours in Madeira—only open roadsteads; so that if a gale springs up there is nothing for it but to up anchor and put to sea. The unpleasant possibility that the wind might change, and that the yacht might have to make a run for it suddenly at any time, was therefore always present to our minds during our stay in the island.

Forty hammock-men with twelve hammocks arrived on board at 3 a.m. to a moment, creeping about the deck like mice, for fear they should disturb us. Soon after five, with commendable punctuality, our party of friends from the shore arrived; and immediately after they had embarked we got up steam and proceeded along the beautiful coast, past Camara do Lobos and Cabo Girão, to Calheta.

As soon as we were fairly under way I caused to be served out from the fore-castle to each of the hammock-bearers a large

cup of hot coffee and two or three biscuits. This unexpected meal was a pleasant surprise to them; and one which they much appreciated. Even more were they delighted by being taken all round the yacht and shown the various cabins and the objects of interest brought from all parts of the world. I did my best to explain all about them in bad Spanish, which I hoped might pass muster as inferior Portuguese, especially as I managed to introduce a few words of the latter language. Their gratitude for the very small amount of trouble which I had taken was unbounded: their thanks in some cases being quite touchingly expressed: That "Nossa Senhora may bless the lady and all belonging to her!" that "all the lady's shadow falls on may prosper!" and so forth.



THE TWENTY-FIVE
FOUNTAINS.

We reached the pretty little Bay of Calheta at seven, and at once embarked in native boats for the shore. The same system of landing is used here as at Funchal; but the beach being steeper, the boulders bigger, and the breakers larger, more care and caution have to be exercised; and the operation takes more time. A man swam out with a rope in his teeth; and I got hold of it, while he propped himself against the side of the boat, fastened the rope, and after waiting what appeared to be a considerable interval for a suitable opportunity, towed us gently in on the crest of a very big wave, to the wooden rollers on the beach, just as the beachmen had done at Funchal.

It was very hot; but we at once got into our hammocks and were carried gaily by the trotting bearers, upwards, always upwards, into a cooler air. A little way further on the sea began to disappear, and we got into a region of clouds, which speedily turned to rain and threatened to drench us

completely, in spite of the fair promise of the morning. Soon afterwards another change of scene awaited us. The exquisitely fern-fringed mouth of what looked like a dark cavern in front of us, was really the entrance to the tunnel which pierces the central mountain range, and through which the greater part of the water-supply is conveyed in *levadas*, or stone water-courses, from the north side of the island, where it is almost always raining, to the south, where comparatively little rain falls. Our progress through the tunnel was curiously interesting. Arrived at the other end, what a change met our astonished gaze! The passage through the tunnel had been like the touch of a magician's wand. From the barren moor, we had emerged into a sort of semi-tropical Killarney, rain and all, with abrupt precipices and tree-clothed crags on all sides, and ferns and mosses everywhere. One forgot all sense of danger gazing on the varied loveliness of the scene. The path along the *levada*, picturesque though it otherwise was, was narrow and slippery, having only a width of one brick for the men to walk on, with often a sheer precipice on one side, hundreds of feet deep, over which the hammock hung perilously when the bearers turned a sharp corner.

The Twenty-five Fountains (which quite realize the idea which we had formed of them from description) consist in reality of one high waterfall, tumbling over a perpendicular precipice, and in places almost hidden by the luxuriant growth of tree and other ferns, amid which little water-spouts spurt and jet out in every direction. I felt almost as though the scene were too enchanting to be real. We made a start downwards by another route and through a different tunnel in the rock. Our bearers descended at a tremendous pace; and in an hour and twenty-five minutes from the time of leaving the refuge at Rabaçal we were on board the boat on our way to the yacht, and were soon after steaming away towards Funchal. The hammock-men had served out to them the good tea which they thoroughly deserved, and certainly appreciated; and when they left the ship, directly we arrived at our destination, they invoked many blessings on our heads, in the most charming old-fashioned-sounding phraseology.

Sunday, October 7th.—My birthday. Arriving at the hotel, I found a table covered with letters and slips of papers bearing good wishes, and with a charming little selection of offerings, principally of native manufacture, and mostly purchased in the market the same morning.

We went to the English church, where Mr. Addison officiates a curious building, Ionic in style, and on the whole not ugly; but rather more like a theatre than a church: a resemblance no doubt due to the fact that in 1810, when the edifice was begun, the Portuguese Government would not allow any building of ecclesiastical form to be erected in the king's dominions, except for the purpose of Roman Catholic worship. The church cost £10,000, which seems an almost incredibly large sum for such an edifice. The service was well conducted; the organ good; but the congregation scanty. From the church we went to the cemetery. Some of the graves were simply covered with wreaths and shoots and twining tendrils of stephanotis, with its bright shining leaves and clusters of pure white fragrant flowers.

BEYOND.

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

Around the bend

With idle oar and flapping sheet I float
And, hopeful, o'er the shining vista gloat,
As current-borne creeps slowly on my boat

Around the bend.

The water's surface will be smoother there,
The arching boughs will frame wide views more fair,
My white-bleached sail will bathe in purer air,

Around the bend.

No rudder will I need my skiff to guide,
No tempests o'er my sky will wildly ride,
No rival keel will graze my vessel's side,

Around the bend.

Down Time's broad stream I feel my life-bark swing—
The future will but care-free laughter bring,
And all my ways with songs of praise will ring,

Around the bend.

Around the bend

My boat goes on with jarrings much the same,
Here beat the storms that up the river came,
The view is changed in naught except in name,

Around the bend.

My life is still the same unrest for me,
My course is not more bright, nor quick, nor free,
The joy I fondly hoped I cannot see,

Around the bend.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
 " This is my own, my native land !"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand !

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

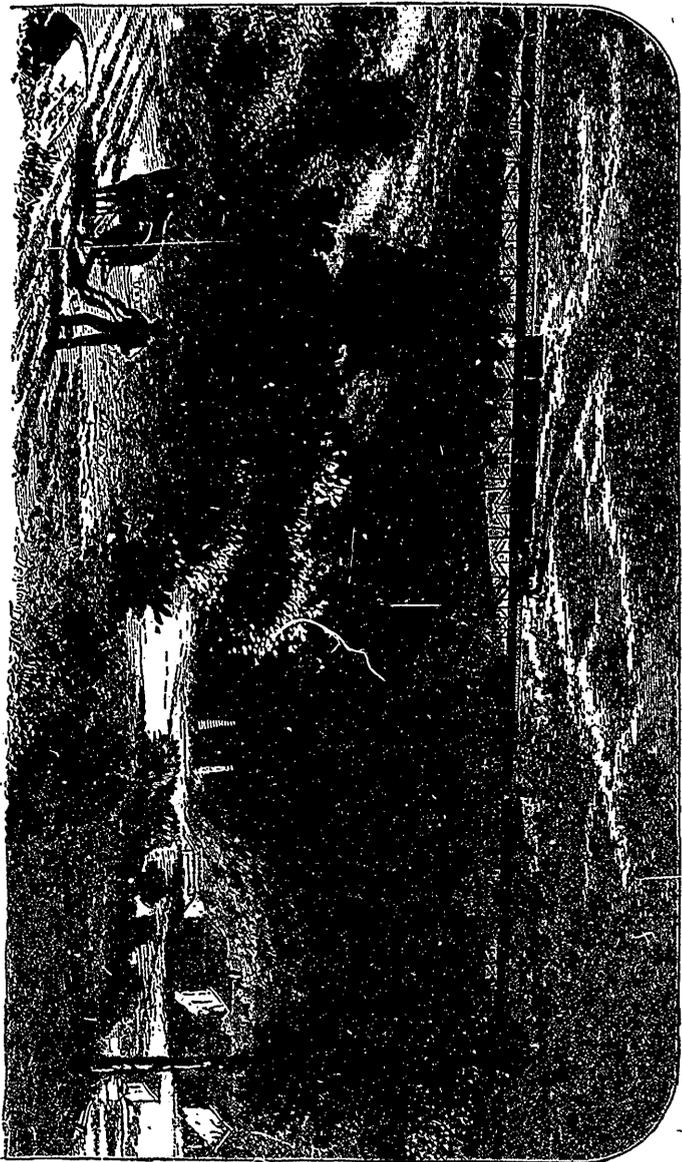
BY THE EDITOR.

I.

I PURPOSE in a few papers to give an account of a recent trip across the continent by our new national highway, the Canadian Pacific Railway. I obtained permission from the General Conference to leave its sessions a day before its close. I did this that I might enjoy the company of that genial travelling companion, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., fraternal delegate from the British to the Canadian Conference, who was also on a journey to the Pacific Coast. Dr. Stephenson has been quite a "globe-trotter," and I think enjoys the distinction of having seen more of Methodism throughout the world than probably any man living. His charming papers on his visit to the Antipodes, begun in this number of this MAGAZINE, will give an account of the recent aspects of Methodism in the great island-continent of Australia and in Tasmania. He has also visited, I think, every considerable town and city in the Dominion, from Halifax to Victoria, B.C. In his journey round the world he has found no place offering the conditions of prosperity to the young people trained in the various branches of "the Children's Home" in England, like our beloved Canada.

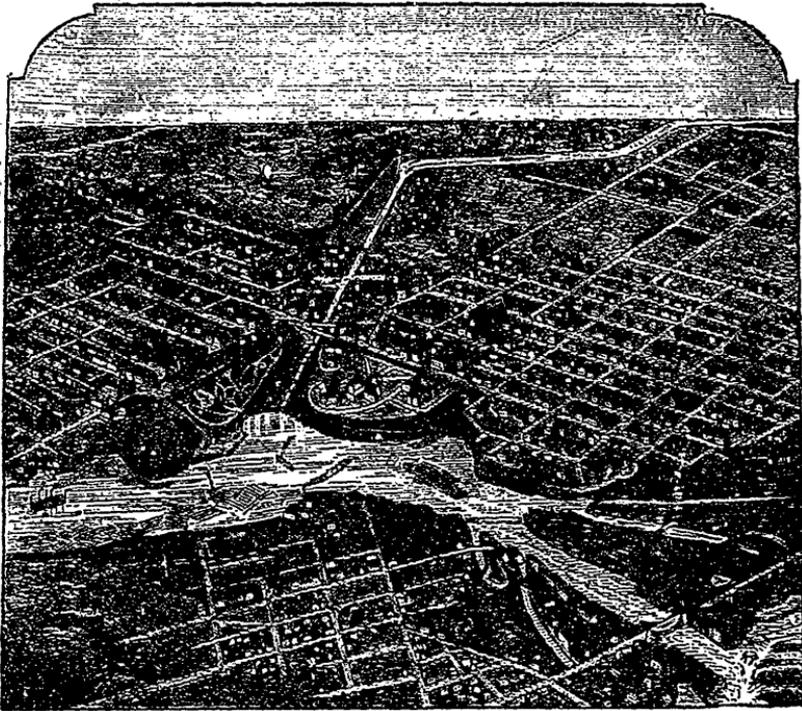
We left the Union Station, Toronto, at five p.m. on September 22nd. As we skirted the northern front of the city, fine views were obtained of its many towers and spires and of the elegant villas on the neighbouring heights. In the deepening twilight brief glimpses were caught of the picturesque valley of the Don from the graceful bridge, combining both strength and beauty, shown in large engraving. Turning from the darkness

C. P. R. BRIDGE, OVER DON VALLEY, NEAR TORONTO,



without to the warmth and cheer within, we devoted ourselves to tea and talk—for on the modern railway one may carry with him all the comforts of home.

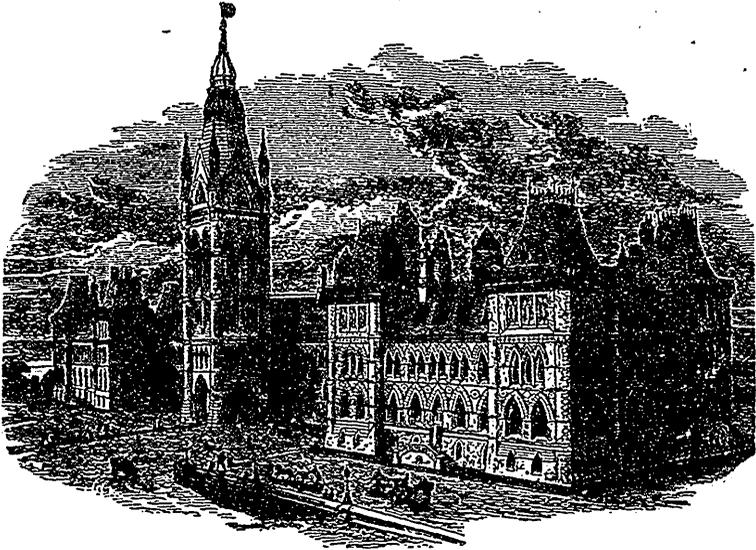
The Canadian Pacific Railway is, I believe, the longest railway under one management in the world. From Quebec to Vancouver City is 3,090 miles, and extensions are projected to Louisburg, Cape Breton, nearly a thousand miles more. Canada is the only country in the world, except Russia, in Europe and



CITY OF OTTAWA.

in Asia combined, in which a continuous road of four thousand miles through a territory under one government is possible. The main line begins at Montreal, from which place the through trains for the Pacific Coast start. Persons making the trip for the first time should not fail to stop over a day or two at the capital of the Dominion. As seen from the railway the Parliament Buildings on the lofty cliff form one of the most magnificent groups I ever saw. The buildings taken individually are very stately and imposing, as will be seen from our engravings, but taken as a whole they are especially effective. They “com-

pose" wonderfully well, as an artist would say. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a sight never to be forgotten. The bird's-eye view, on page 19, shows their arrangement on the ground. The view is taken from the side of the river opposite the city. To the extreme right are the Falls of the Chaudière and the Suspension Bridge, with the vast acreage of lumber piles and mills from which float down the rafts shown in the river. Midway across the picture is the bold bluff on which the Parliament Buildings stand. Running up through the picture is the Rideau Canal, with its

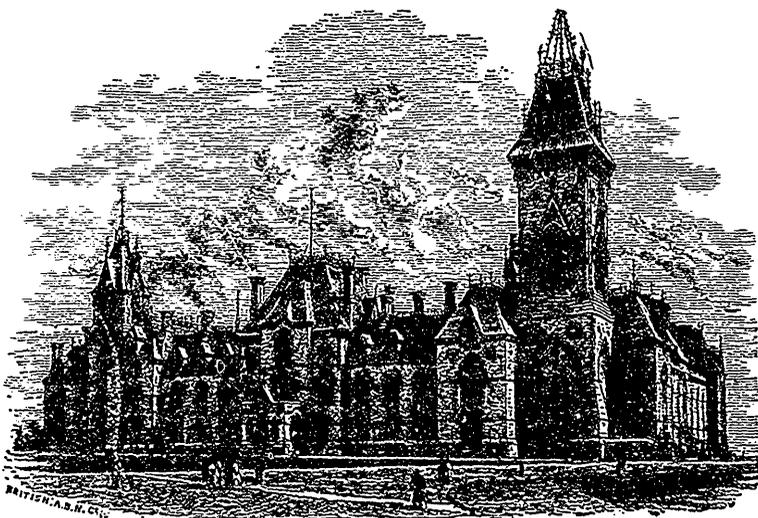


PARLIAMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

many locks, rising like steps in a gigantic stair. Across the canal is the beautiful park, commanding full views of the river, of the opposite hill, and of the far-stretching Laurentian range.

It is an interesting study to go round about the buildings and to examine the details of structure. Every capital, finial, crocket, corbel, and gargoyle, is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange twi-formed creatures crouch as in the act to spring or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and flowers, and chaplets of maple, oaks, and ferns, form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots, and familiar birds.

The train on which I left Toronto, however, did not run through to Ottawa City, but switched off in the night, at Carleton Junction, upon the main line to the West. When I awoke early in the morning we were gliding up the valley of the Ottawa River. The train swept along on a high bench above the winding stream—here dimpled with smiles, there seeming almost black by contrast with the snowy foam of the frequent rapids. Across the stream great uplands sweep to the sky-line. We passed many large saw-mills and lumber villages with their great rafts of timber—many of these with a rustic Roman Catholic log church, surmounted by a huge wooden cross, for

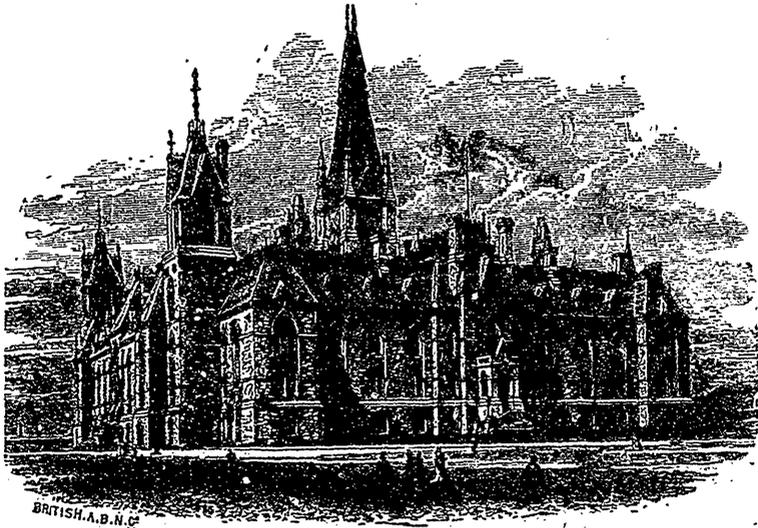


DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—EAST BLOCK.

many of the settlers, perhaps a majority, are French habitants. The dense forests of pine climbed the steep slopes and stood in serried ranks at the tops like sentinels against the sky. The sombre blues and purples were relieved by the brighter tints of the yellow larches and white-skinned birches and shivering aspens. The uptilted strata of the ancient Laurentian rock attested the volcanic energy of long by-past ages, and the huge travelled boulders illustrated the phenomena of the drift period, when great glaciers ploughed and ground and moulded the whole northern part of the continent.

At nine o'clock in the morning we reach North Bay, on Lake Nipissing. So calm and bright and beautiful is the outlook

that it might be taken for Biloxi Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, two thousand miles south, if one could substitute the feathery palmettoes for the white-barked birches. Through this very lake, two hundred and fifty years ago, the first Jesuit missionaries made their way, having toiled up the Ottawa and Mattawa and made five and thirty portages around the rapids of these rivers. From Lake Nipissing they glided down the French River—whose name still commemorates their exploit—to Lake Huron, and then through Lake Superior to the far west. "Not a river was entered, not a cape was turned," says



DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—WEST BLOCK.

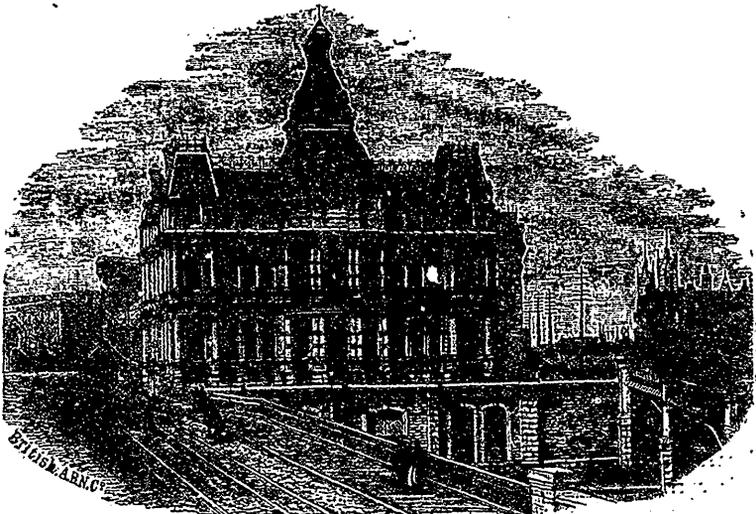
Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way." They have left their footprints, in the names of lake, and stream, and mountains, all over the west and north-west of the continent.

Trains from Toronto now come directly north to Lake Nipissing, through Barrie, Orillia, and Bracebridge, thus saving the long *détour* round by Carleton Junction.

We are here transferred to the magnificent sleeping-car "Yokohama," running through from Montreal to the Pacific Coast. It is the most sumptuous car in which I ever rode. Its easy cushions and upholstery and bath-room seem to warrant the reported remarks of a Royal Prince and a Duke: "I'm not used to such luxury," said the Prince to the Duke; "No more am I," said the Duke to the Prince. One has need

of every comfort he can procure during the week-long journey in which the car becomes his travelling home. Through most of the route an elegant dining-car is attached to the train, where one can have all the luxuries of a hotel—soup, fish, three or four courses, entrees and dessert—for seventy-five cents.

At Sudbury Junction a branch road diverges to Algoma, on Lake Huron, and is under construction to Sault Ste. Marie and on to St. Paul, thus providing the American Great West with an almost air line to the Atlantic seaboard. This must divert a large amount of traffic which now goes *via* Chicago and



POST OFFICE, OTTAWA.

south of the lakes. At Sudbury much business activity was exhibited, on account of the copper mines in its vicinity, said to be unusually rich and easy of access. It is well that there is some wealth beneath the surface, for there is not much above: The country has a dreadfully sterile and stony look. Old earth is out at elbows, with not soil enough to cover its nakedness; the bones are sticking through the skin. Even the telegraph poles have to be built around with stones to support them. All along the road are abandoned construction-camps, roofless, windowless log-houses, not long since occupied by the brigades of railway navvies who built this highway of civilization through the wilderness. The corduroy construction-roads are in many places still used for local travel.

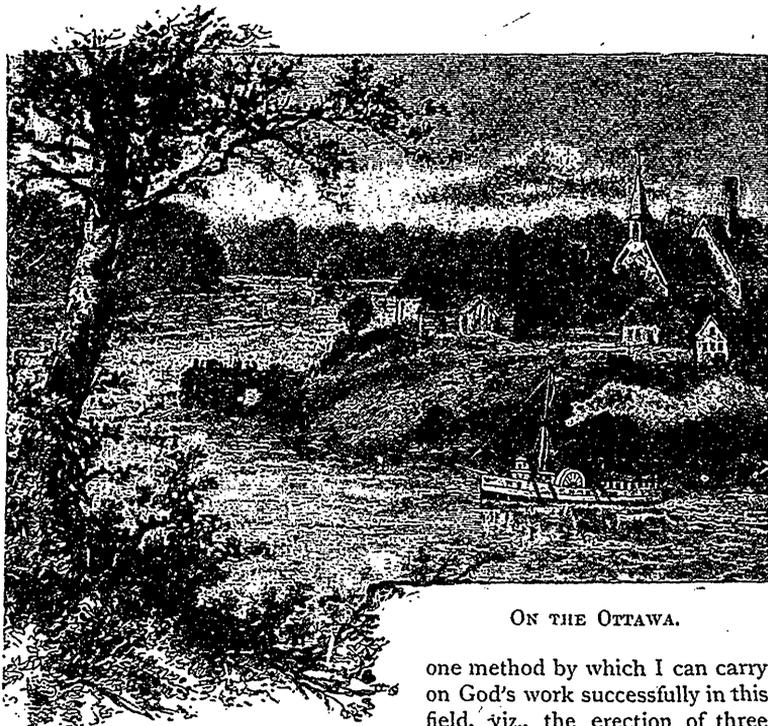
Yet there are frequent arable tracts in this long sterile stretch, where quite a population is gathering, as also at the divisional stations of the C. P. R., where there must of necessity be a round-house, repairing-shops, and a considerable number of railway employees. To the Methodist oversight of a region extending 234 miles west of Sturgeon River, the Rev. Silas Huntington has been appointed by the Montreal Conference. The following extracts from an appeal recently made to the Methodist Church by Brother Huntington, for assistance in prosecuting his mission, will be read with interest, and I trust will lead to some practical aid in his arduous work.

"The new field, which is to me an object of great solicitude, embraces a narrow strip of territory lying along the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Sturgeon to the Capasaesing¹ Rivers—a distance of 234 miles. It is occupied by a mixed adult population, numbering between 2,500 and 3,000 souls, who are variously distributed over its entire length, but mainly, located in groups around the chief centres of traffic. Some are employed as miners, mill men and timber-makers, and some of them are connected with the railway as officers, artisans and labourers. Protestants and Roman Catholics are about equal in number. During the time that the railway was under construction, thousands of every nationality and religious persuasion, however piously they may have been taught and trained, cast off all religious restraint and became wholly demoralized. A few godly men and women remained faithful to God and to their own souls, and these still compose the van in the work of evangelism. At Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury, Cartier, and Chapleau, they have formed the nuclei of living churches.

"Sturgeon Falls is a thriving village of 400 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Sturgeon River, quite near to Lake Nipissing. It is surrounded by excellent farming lands and pine forests. Sudbury possesses, at the present time, 400 inhabitants, with the prospect of a very numerous population in the near future, owing to the extensive mining industries which are being developed in its vicinity. Cartier is a divisional station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, forty miles west of Sudbury. It possesses only a small resident population of railway officers and employees. Chapleau is a village of 500 inhabitants, situated 125 miles west of Cartier. The hospital of the Eastern Division, with its staff of medical men and surgeons, is likewise located here, as is also the head-quarters of the Company's staff of engineers and surveyors. The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post established at this point, in connection with which I have found a band of Indians, numbering seventy-two souls, who were converted from paganism at Michipicoton, over twenty years ago, under the labours of the late Rev. George McDougall. They claim to be Methodists, and through all these years, although separated from the body of their tribe, they have kept their faith and maintained their religious worship without the aid of a missionary.

"After leaving Sturgeon Falls, you may journey through the entire length and breadth of the mission which I have described, and you will not discover a place of worship belonging to any Protestant denomination, and

only one belonging to the Roman Catholics. I have preached in private houses—or, more properly speaking, 'shanties'—in railway stations, in boarding-houses, in cars, in the jail, and in the open air, but such places are not suitable for our evangelistic work, and often they are not available owing to the crowded state of all habitable buildings. I have tried to supply the want arising from the absence of suitable places of worship, by providing a portable tent large enough to contain eighty or one hundred persons. This has done good service, but it can no longer be used on account of the severity of the weather. There now remains, therefore, only



ON THE OTTAWA.

one method by which I can carry on God's work successfully in this field, viz., the erection of three places of worship—one at Sturgeon Falls, one at Sudbury, and one at Chapleau.

"These buildings will cost \$500 each. Who will supply the funds to erect them? I reply: the people on this mission will raise one-third of the amount required; and for the balance I must look, under God, to those whom He has honoured by entrusting them with the distribution of the gold and silver necessary to carry on His work. Can our Church, which God has so abundantly blessed, retain her honour and her innocence if she should fail to recognize her duty in reference to this Northern Ontario, which, since the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is being rapidly filled with a numerous and industrious population who come hither from almost every part of Europe and America, and who are destined to perform no insignificant part in the future political and religious history of

this province. Can she, without guilt, neglect the sons and daughters of her own people, so near her doors. I affirm that she has not, in the wide range of her missionary enterprises, a field more inviting than this; nor congregations receiving her ministrations whose condition is better calculated to awaken her sympathy or kindle her enthusiasm; and if I may judge from the spiritual and substantial results attained among them during the past four years, she has none who will give speedier or more satisfactory returns for the labour and money expended upon them."*

I was greatly impressed with the need and the opportunity presented by these new places as set forth in Bro. Huntington's appeal. The Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund of our Church will help to the utmost every effort to plant and foster schools in these new settlements; and already such help has been placed at his service.

Early in the morning we strike Lake Superior at Heron Bay. For 200 miles we skirt its shores. Great promontories run out from the mountain background into the lake, which forms striking indentations in the land. At one of these, Jackfish Bay, the opposite sides are within a quarter of a mile, yet the road has to run three miles round to make that distance. So sinuous is it that it runs seven miles to make a mile and a quarter. In marching across the snow and slush of this and other gaps in the road, during the late North-West rebellion, our volunteer troops suffered extreme hardships. The broad views over the steel blue lake remind me of those over the Gulf of Genoa from the famous *Corniche* road. One gets an almost bird's-eye view of the winding shore and many islands of the lake. These are chiefly of basaltic origin, and rise at their western ends in steep escarpments from the water. So close are some of these cliffs that their columnar structure, like gigantic castle walls built by Titan hands, painted with bright lichen, and stained and weathered with the storms of ten thousand winters, is clearly discernible. The grandest example of this structure is Thunder Cape, rising 1,830 feet above the lake.

The entire north shore of Lake Superior gives evidence of energetic geological convulsions. The convulsions seem to have been greatest in the neighbourhood of Nipigon and Thunder Bays. Here the scenery, therefore, is of the most magnificent description, and of a stern and savage grandeur not elsewhere

*The address of the writer of this appeal is Rev. Silas Huntington, North Bay, Ont.

found. Nipigon Bay extends for nearly a hundred miles between a high barrier of rocky islands and the mainland. I was a passenger, nearly twenty years ago, on the first Canadian steamer—the old *Algoma*—that ever entered the river Nipigon. A sense of utter loneliness brooded over these then solitary waters. In all these hundred miles I saw not a single human habitation nor a human being save three squalid Indians in a bark canoe. At the western entrance, of the channel rises Fluor Island, to the height of a thousand feet, like the Genius of the rocky pass arising from the sullen deep. At the mouth of the Nipigon River the mountains gather around on every side in a vast amphitheatre, like ancient Titans sitting in solemn conclave on their solitary thrones.

As we sailed on, steep escarpments of columnar basalt rock, like the Palisades of the Hudson, swept away in vast perspective into the distance,—here covered with a serried phalanx of mountain pine, there a few dwarf birches crept along the heights and peered timidly over the precipice; yonder the spiry spruce seemed to troop like a dark-robed procession or to climb hand in hand up the steeps, wherever they could find foothold. The rocks where bare are frequently scratched with glacial grooves, and in some places “pot holes” are worn by travelled boulders in the softer rock by the action of the waves. Far out in the lake the island of La Grange rises like a Titan barn, whence its name, tree-covered to its very summit; and near it Isle Vert, clad with the dark green foliage of the spruce, relieved by the brighter hues of the mountain poplars.

The captain of the steamer determined to give us a good view of the famous Red Rock near its mouth, and therefore sailed close beneath it. But we sailed so close that we ran hard upon a sand-bar, and we had ample opportunity all day long to study its lichen-painted front. The sailors made strenuous efforts to float the steamer by shifting the cargo and using long spars to pry her off the bar, but all in vain. Towards evening the wind veered round and blew up the river, raising the level of its waters sufficiently to float the steamer, and we went on our way rejoicing. The soundings are now well known and no such danger need be feared.

At Thunder Bay we reach the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and great docks and breakwater, both destined doubtless to become part of one great city. On the occasion of my first visit there was not even

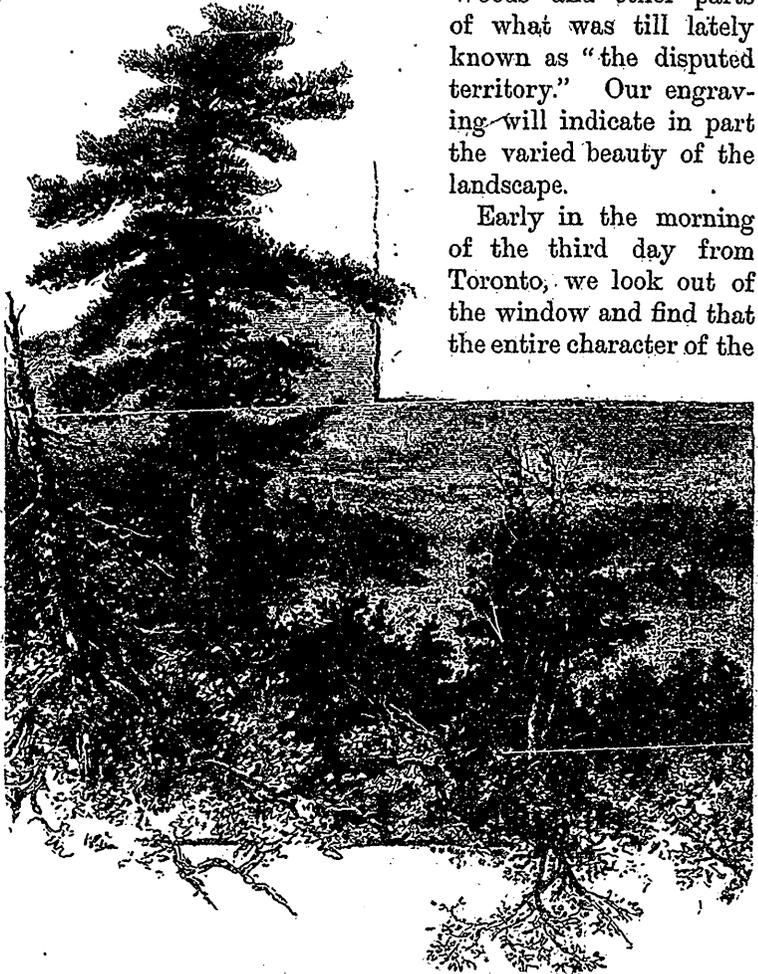
a wharf, and passengers had to get ashore in boats and the freight on rafts. Now there are streets of good stores and handsome houses and the auguries of great growth and prosperity.

Fort William, at the time that I first saw it, was about as unmilitary looking a place as it is possible to conceive. Instead of bristling with ramparts and cannon, and frowning defiance at the world, it quietly nestled, like a child in its mother's lap, at the foot of McKay's mountain, which loomed up grandly behind it. A picket fence surrounded eight or ten acres of land, within which were a large stone store-house, the residence of the chief factor, and several dwelling-houses for the employees. At a little distance was the Indian mission of the Jesuit Fathers. A couple of rusty cannon were the only warlike indications visible. Yet the aspect of the place was not always so peaceful. A strong stockade once surrounded the post, and stone block-houses furnished protection to its defenders. It was long the stronghold of the North-West Company, whence they waged vigorous war against the rival Hudson's Bay Company. In its grand banquet chamber the annual feasts and councils of the chief factors were held, and alliances formed with the Indian tribes. Thence were issued the decrees of the giant monopoly which exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty from Labrador to Charlotte's Sound, from the United States boundary to Russian-America. Thither came the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their furs for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham and the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. Those days have passed away. Paint and plumes are seen only in the far interior, and the furs are mostly collected far from the forts by agents of the Company. A Hudson's Bay store-house contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and crinolines, blankets and cheap jewellery, canned fruits and beaver skins. The squaws about the settlements are exceedingly fond of fancy hats, gay ribbons and civilized finery.

About thirty miles up the Kamanistiquia are the Kakabeka Falls. The river, here 150 yards wide, plunges down 130 feet, but the falls cannot be seen from the train. The 430 miles' journey between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg lies chiefly through a very broken country, full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks and

tumbling waters and quaking "muskeg." There are, explorers say, much good land and valuable timber limits and rich mineral deposits. At Rat Portage the scenery is of remarkable beauty, as it is said to be all through the region of the Lake of the Woods and other parts of what was till lately known as "the disputed territory." Our engraving will indicate in part the varied beauty of the landscape.

Early in the morning of the third day from Toronto, we look out of the window and find that the entire character of the



ON LAKE OF THE WOODS.

country has changed. On every side extends the broad, level prairie, not the treeless plain I had been expecting—that is to come further on—but beautifully diversified with clumps of poplar trees, all aflame with autumnal fires. The name of the station which we pass, "Beau Sejour," reminds us that we

are passing an old French settlement, to which the happy-tempered *courier du bois* gave its pleasant designation in the early dawn of the North-West exploration. Soon we cross the turbid current of the appropriately named Red River, on the picturesque Princess Louise Bridge, and, prompt to the minute, the train draws up at the large and handsome station—worthy of a metropolitan city—of Winnipeg.

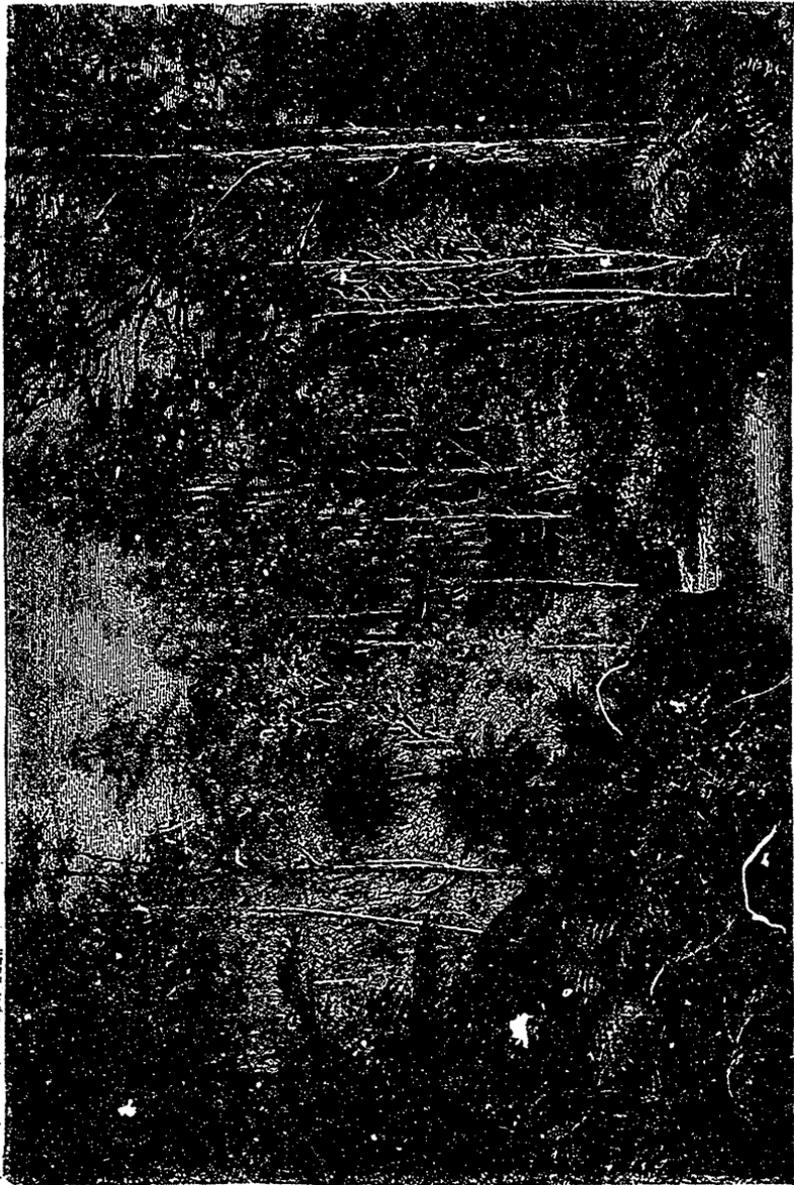
HEAVEN IS NEARER.

OH heaven is nearer than mortals think
 When they look with trembling dread
 At the misty future that stretches on
 From the silent homes of the dead.
 'Tis no lone isle in the brilliant main,
 No distant but brilliant shore,
 Where the loved ones when called away
 Must go to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us; the mighty veil
 Of the earthly blinds the eye,
 That we see not the hovering band
 On the shores of eternity.
 Yet oft in the hour of holy thought
 To the thirsty soul is given
 The power to pierce through the veil of sense,
 To the beautiful scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem the pearly gates,
 And sweetly its harpings fall;
 The soul is restless to soar away,
 And longs for the angel's call.
 I know when the silver cord is loosed,
 And the veil is rent away,
 Not long nor dark will the passing be
 To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
 Will open in endless bliss;
 The welcome will sound in a heavenly world
 Ere the farewell is hushed in this.
 We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
 To the arms of the loved and lost;
 And the smiling face will greet us there
 Which on earth we valued most.



GUM TREES IN AUSTRALIAN FOREST.—(See note at end of article.)

AT THE ANTIPODES.

BY THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

I. MELBOURNE.

MELBOURNE, the capital of Victoria, claims to be virtually the capital of the southern world. Such a claim is indignantly repudiated by Sydney, and acknowledged only in a very qualified sense by the other colonies. Yet none can deny that there is something to be said in its favour. In acreage Victoria is the least save one of the Australasian colonies, and enormous as the yield of gold has been, it may be doubted whether the mineral wealth of at least three others of the colonies is not greater than that of Victoria. But Melbourne holds a central position, which gives it a great advantage over its competitor cities. If ever the much-discussed federation should take place, Melbourne would be the most convenient location for a Federal Parliament; and the force of circumstances would almost certainly give it this distinction, unless the extension of the railway system should render more eligible for the Federal capital some inland town otherwise insignificant. The fact is, that the abnormal prosperity maintained through many years by means of the gold discoveries, enabled Melbourne to advance by leaps and bounds, whilst its more sober, and perhaps more solid, competitors were compelled to be satisfied with a gentler pace. The population of the city and suburbs is nearly three hundred thousand, and its enthusiastic citizens declare with pride that it is already the ninth city in Her Majesty's dominions. The enterprise, the dash, the "go" of its inhabitants, and their achievements hitherto, undoubtedly entitle Melbourne to be called one of the notable cities of the world.

I do not think that Melbourne deserves everything that is said about its beauty. It has some very wide and imposing streets, bordered with shops and stores of great size and splendour. Some of the public buildings, too, are very handsome. The Town Hall is a spacious and dignified erection; the Post Office is a fine building; the Public Library is a really noble edifice. Two of the largest churches (one Presbyterian and one Methodist) are very fine architectural productions, and the Wilson Hall and Ormond College of the University would be

notable erections anywhere. But after all that one hears of the wonders of Melbourne, the visitor will certainly be disappointed unless he keeps constantly before his mind the youth of the city. There is nothing in Melbourne so fine as that portion of Liverpool of which St. George's Hall is the centre.



YARA YARA, AT ST. HUBERT, AUSTRALIA.

The Town Hall is not comparable for beauty to that of Manchester, or even that of Rochdale. Burke Street and Collins Street are noble thoroughfares, but they will not bear comparison with any one of half a dozen Parisian streets or New York avenues, to say nothing of Regent Street. It would, in fact, be a handsome second-rate European town, if it were not

for two drawbacks: the approach to it is by a serpentine river, the Yarra Yarra, which combines in equal proportions the beauty and the fragrance of a ditch and a sewer. Then the open drains of the city run on both sides of the streets, spanned by small foot-bridges, and sometimes so flooded as to be almost impassable. Occasionally somebody gets drowned in one of them. Ordinarily, after heavy rains, the sidewalks are invaded by the water. A man is stationed at the door of each shop, fighting back the flood, after the fashion of Mrs. Partington and the "Atlantic," though happily with more success than that good lady could boast. When the fray is over, a deposit of slime is left on the pavement by the retreating water. Such splendid enterprise and perseverance have been displayed by the citizens of Melbourne in making their town what it is, that they may be expected before many years to get rid of these unpleasant and unsightly blots on their civic picture.

The true glory of Melbourne is its suburbs. You may drive for miles round the city proper, passing all the time through a succession of charming pictures of prosperity and comfort. The houses vary in size, from the mansion, which would content an English nobleman, to the verandahed cottage of the clerk or the artisan, but for the most part each stands in its own plot of ground. Almost invariably there is a pleasant bit of green-sward, and a luxuriant creeper festoons the verandah. The larger residences stand in the midst of gardens, which, under Australian skies, are like visions of various beauty. These suburbs occupy a rich and undulating region, which offers an endless succession of charming sites; and altogether they present a picture of domestic comfort and prosperity such as it would be hard to equal.

Melbourne is six times as large as any other city in Victoria. But Ballarat and Sandhurst are of considerable size. Geelong is a pleasant and respectable town, which at one time promised to rival Melbourne; but is now amongst her sister-towns, rather like a middle-aged spinster, who, retaining something of her good looks, and a great deal of kindly unselfishness, which makes her beloved by all her nephews and nieces, yet dwells in a sort of dignified reserve, and perhaps occasionally thinks, with a sigh, on what might have been.

The gold towns claim, not without good reason, that they have made Victoria. Wool was the basis, and is still a great element, of her prosperity; but it is undoubtedly the enor-

mous yield of gold which, in attracting population to her shores, has made her achievements possible. It is declared that one-third of the area of the colony is occupied by gold-bearing rocks. Up to the end of 1880 gold had been raised to the amount of forty-nine and a-half millions of ounces: represent-



VINEYARD OF ST. HUBERT, ON YARA YARA RIVER, AUSTRALIA.

ing in value very nearly two hundred million pounds; whilst other metals had yielded nearly another million. It is argued, indeed, with much show of reason, that on the average every ounce of gold costs more in the getting than it fetches in the market; but this does not alter the fact that the opportunity of winning the gold attracts population as nothing else will, and that the process of getting it puts in circulation great sums

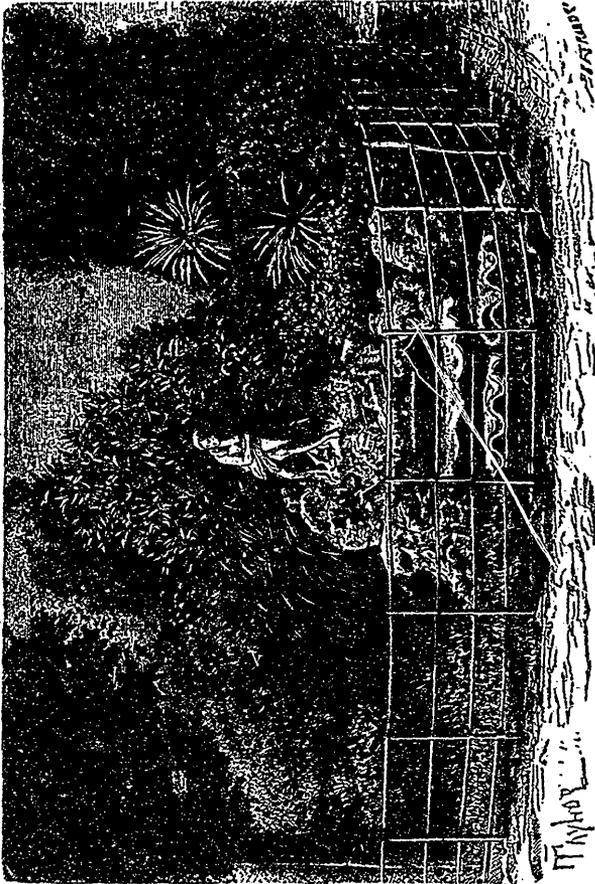
of money, and gives an enormous impetus to every branch of commerce. Indeed, the fortunes derived from gold-digging are seldom made by the diggers. Even in the earlier and simpler forms of gold-mining, it is very seldom the digger that makes the fortune; but the trader does, who supplies the digger's wants, and takes in exchange the digger's money, at a rate of profit which would make the mouth of a Jew money-lender water, and which yet, in the circumstances, is probably fair enough.

Victoria is not a great agricultural colony. Its yield of corn is comparatively small; but it produces great quantities of wool and meat. Yet in these respects, owing to its limited area, Victoria must yield the palm to New South Wales and Queensland. Some notice of these industries will be more appropriate under another head.

Everybody said to me before I reached the colony, "You will find Melbourne very American." When I got there I could not see any reason for the remark. There is nothing in the appearance of the people or their intonation which recalls the Yankee. There is indeed a vast amount of push and enterprise in business; but, happily, these qualities are not the exclusive possession of our American cousins. I have seen in Glasgow and in London much that has savoured of America far more than anything I saw in Australia. The Americans almost monopolize the reputation for smartness and push—much as the early Methodists did for religion—so that if these qualities are very noticeable in any enterprise, people call it "quite American." I venture to suggest that nearer home there are to be found samples of enterprise and push quite as remarkable as anything in the States. Throughout the Australian colonies the thoroughly English character of the people continually impressed me. Even in Melbourne, the difficulty was, not to feel at home, but to feel away from home; for all-around resembled so much the sights and sounds of the dear old land, that one had to rub one's eyes and assure oneself that it was not a dream, but that fourteen thousand miles did really stretch between us and home.

It must be confessed, however, that at some points Victorian life is not quite a reproduction of English. Sometimes the difference indicates an improvement, in some a deterioration. In the matter of education, for example, there is much that is very admirable, yet some things very deplorable.

The importance of instruction for children is recognized on all hands, and very liberal provision is made for it at the public cost. A magnificent expanse in the centre of the city was long ago allotted to university purposes. A part of this is devoted to the university proper, and a noble site is granted to each of



FITZROY GARDEN, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

the four principal denominations for an affiliated college. The Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches have already built theirs; the Methodists are now engaged in raising funds for theirs, in the hope that it will serve not only as a hall of residence for Methodist students in the faculties of arts and medicine, but also a theological hall for students in divinity. The Roman Catholics have not yet made any move towards using their

site. A wealthy colonist, Sir Samuel Wilson, has recently erected a noble hall for examination and other purposes, at a cost of about forty thousand pounds. The curriculum is said to equal that of London, and there need be no doubt that in future the Melbourne University will be a great and honourable institution.

Secondary education is, to a large extent, provided by the several denominations. The Scotsmen, true to their national traditions, set an excellent example in this; and the Methodists, with their long-established Wesley College and their recent Ladies' College, are not behind. But the primary schools are the most remarkable features of the educational system of Victoria. The "State Schools" occupy buildings some of which are palatial, all of them amongst the best of the public edifices. The teachers, who are all certificated, receive respectable salaries, and the course of instruction proceeds considerably beyond that attained in the primary schools at home. Admission to the schools is free; and as the cost is not far short of four pounds per head, the working-man who has four or five children in attendance gets in this form a considerable rebate from the amount of the taxes he pays.

The worst feature of the Victorian system of education is its offensive secularism. It is not only irreligious, it is anti-religious, at least so far as the influence of the Ministry of Education can make it so. No religious services are permitted in the schools, and the Bible is strictly excluded. And more still, at the bidding of Jewish or infidel parties in the electorate, all passages which in any sense recognize Christ Jesus as worthy of reverence are expunged from the reading-books. Nelson's *Royal Readers* are used in the schools, but only in the form of an edition specially prepared to the order of the Victorian Government, in which all passages that could be supposed to be Christian in their implications are cast out. Some of our finest poetry has been murdered at the bidding of this worse than heathen Vandalism, in order that such words as "Christ" and "Christian" may not be heard within the State School walls. I have no doubt that, in spite of the regulations of the department, many Christian men and women amongst the teachers exercise an admirable influence upon their scholars, but they do it in spite of the system, not in pursuance of it. So far as the Government is concerned, all is done to secure that a child shall be able to pass through the whole of its school course

without suspecting any such thing as Christianity ever existed on the planet.

The slavery of the Government to the Roman Catholic electors leads them to treat history as their slavery to the infidel and Jewish electors leads them to treat religion. English history is tabooed, for obvious reasons, and so the youth of Victoria are being brought up in entire ignorance of the history of the nation from which they have sprung. The landing at Botany Bay is the dawn of history to them, and their legislators seem to think that an intelligent and self-respecting English community can be reared to whom Hastings, Runnymede, Crecy, Naseby, the Boyne, and Waterloo, have no meaning whatever! Happy indeed, far happier than their truest friends can hope, will the Victorian people be, if they do not find this policy one day bearing bitter fruit. It is right to say that this state of things is by no means universally approved. A vigorous and organized effort is being made to remove the bar on the Bible, and if this succeeds, it may perhaps be hoped that in other respects the system may be redeemed from some of its present narrowness and bigotry.

“At Gillaby forests of gum trees, or eucalypti, may be seen towering as high as 200 feet, and of as much as 15 feet diameter, without a branch for 50 or 60 feet. The turpentine trees are equally remarkable in appearance, as it would be difficult to find a crooked trunk within hundreds of yards of any point. The latter trees have not yet been sufficiently appreciated, though several years ago the late Captain Shoobert announced the fact that it is the only indigenous timber New South Wales has possessing the merit of being impervious to the attacks of the *Teredo navalis*. This he proved most conclusively, and latterly almost every new wharf constructed in and about Sydney stands upon turpentine piles. In South Australia there is some splendid timber, though not of so great a size as that growing in Gippsland, Victoria, and in various parts of New South Wales. The white gum grows to a height of from 70 to 140 feet. In West Australia the jarrah reaches 200 feet in height.”

O TIME! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

—Byron—Childe Harold.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL AS A CENTRE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

FOR a lesson let us look up into the heavens, whence good things come. The sun is the centre about which the earth revolves, while the earth is itself the centre to the attendant moon. And all this is very easy; for moon and earth equally and jointly pay their obeisance and nutations to the central sun. Like the figures of the apostles passing before that of the Saviour on one of the platforms of the Strasburg clock, they move on in their course, nodding in the slightest degree, it may be, to each other, but rendering courtliest compliments to the power enthroned. There in the depths of space are combined the ancient and eternal loyalties, veneration and security; greatest force, greatest freedom of action, grandest safeguards and greatest reverence of demeanour. Potent, glorious earth bows to the more potent, glorious sun in the processional courtesies of the equinoxes and the mild obeisances of the poles. And silvery moon in milder light exercises herself in more agile civilities, proving at once the strong bands in which she is held and the persuasive influences to which she yields. The wondrous process, postures and librations of this mystic attendance fill air and sea and ground with prolific energies, and penetrate the sky and cover the earth with radiance and warmth. Of these vitalizing forces the juices start, the grasses spring, the buds burst, the flowers bloom, the grains mature, the fruits purple and ripen; the waters flow, the forests thicken and spread, the birds sing in the branches, the lambs rejoice in the pasture, and the cattle cover the hills. On these steady movements, these quiet nutations and stately obeisances, even regnant man is entirely dependent for the continuance of life and life's joys. For he wouldn't and couldn't move much unless a greater power gave him the primitive motions to start with. Indeed he had not been here but for these mighty motions and a mightier will before and through-out these motions whirling into orbits the ponderous spheres, tying them fast to the centres, and making them in turn the producing and controlling centres of subservient orbs, till through orb on orb, being and boundless bliss, power and

productiveness, are multiplied beyond conception in expanding universes and accumulated worlds. This is the law; the potent energy at the centre moves outward in well-balanced variations, in self-propagating exertions, till earth and sea and sky teem with life and triumph in its exuberance and joy.

Our old books of astronomy used to say, of moons the planet Jupiter has four; Saturn, seven; Herschel, six. The farther we go from the sun and the more attenuated the light for reflection, the more reflectors has the Great Creator hung aloft in the vault of heaven. And what could better prove and show a Creator's mind and act. If satellites were merely thrown off from planets by centrifugal force, why more satellites where greater bulk and less force? Why no moon for swift-footed Mercury, or fierce-sweeping Mars, or rapid whirling Venus, under the sun's direct collective ray, or when the prodigious velocity of these bodies might the better throw them off; and abounding celestial attendants for the scattered light, and long nights of the remoter and greater planets when motions and magnitudes might the better be expected to keep all the bodies to one centre? Here is one of God's compensations, a direct act under law, contrary to the ordinary law, like the floating of ice on water, when one device makes up for the lack inseparable from the execution of another, and where the interference and superiority of mind, of intelligent Person, are clearly demonstrated.

What has been said of the great centres in the physical universe, and of their productive and controlling power, will, on examination, be found true and applicable in the social and political realm; and especially in that mighty Divine social organization, the Church of God. In all the kingdoms of nature and of grace, power gathered into centres and there established works outward, enlarging embryo centres and establishing new bases of supply, and thence new lines of advancement and growth. He takes a strange view of the Church of God who would make it a stark stump for a tree, or a bare bone for a body; who would confine its work solely to the ministrations of the pulpit, mighty as they are. He would find in a little while that as in the tree with its leaves and tendrils continually eaten off there is little or no fruit, so merely strict preaching of the Gospel would soon become screaming at the Gospel. The Church of God is a centre. Its great aim is to preach the Gospel and evangelize the nations.

But to do that well and successfully it must do some other things that grow out of the preaching of the Gospel and develop and apply its power. It must form some other centres into which it will pour its force, and from which it will in turn receive light and vigour. It must have its literary centres, the magazine and periodical; its educational centres, the college and the school; its beneficent centres, the hospital and the dispensary. As soon as the genuine life of Christ throbs mightily in the Church it must form its appliances and use them. It must make new centres and do more work or die; as the tree must put out buds and leaves and bear fruit or die. It is bad enough when it can justly be said, "Nothing but leaves!" It is perhaps worse when it can be said, "Never any leaves."

Other illustrations will perhaps lead us further into the main thought of this paper. Some centres are destructive, and some are productive, propagative, corrective, and even creative. The maelstrom of the ocean, and the cancer in the body are places where terrible forces riot and devour. From far around they draw in with ever-increasing voracity till all bloom and strength and safety and peace are gone and every treasure is buried. What good they can seize they destroy; what wreck, desolation and death they can scatter abroad, they hurl forth with a demon's fury. They rejoice in nothing but ruin, and triumph only in spoil. Are there not such centres in the body politic, in the body social, and even in the body ecclesiastic—raging fires of hell, that draw in the unwary by their glare and devour them in the flame? Seething currents of the fathomless abyss, that imperceptibly drift inward those carelessly floating on the waters, till, caught in the irresistible whirl, they are plunged into the vortex, and swallowed up forever?

The miasmatic district is a centre; the plague or fever-stricken community is a centre. From them gaunt diseases go out for feasting; and relentless death, seeking victims for his iron hand. Are there not such infected districts and smitten communities in the moral and spiritual realm all around us? What of gambling and drunkenness; of political debauchery and social vice on every hand? Is there no cure for these things? Can no remedy be found and these evils removed? How shall the whirlpool be quieted? You cannot dam up Niagara. You must bring in counter currents from other sources till the waters are quieter and the equipoised sea holds itself in rest. How

shall the cancer be healed? You may succeed in a few instances in cutting it out, or drawing it out, or burning it out; but in any case you must get the vital and healing forces at work from other centres, and lift back to life the very juices that the cancer would precipitate to death. How purge away the miasma or the fever? You may drain the swamp or cleanse out the cesspool, to be sure; but from other centres disinfectants must correct the poisoned air and living winds and waters, sweep away the seeds of disease and pour in the elements of health and vigour. And these living winds and waters, and these purgations and disinfectants, used in time, and all the time, would have anticipated the poison, averted disaster, and converted its very material into strength and comfort.

This is another law: that rest, quiet, is not nonentity, vacuity; but is the balance of opposing forces. There is disease, there is moral evil; but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Better not let disease corrupt the life forces and accumulate to an irresistible fatality. Better not let sin corrupt the moral and spiritual forces, heap up wrath against the day of wrath, and accumulate to present sorrow and shame and to eternal death. The antidote is to open the sources and centres of saving and quickening power and play upon it with the forces of eternal life.

It will be observed, further, that a centre, in the sense in which we are using the word, is a place of intense activities to which things tend, in which something is done with them and to them, and from which energies and agencies proceed. Our centre has its own inherent vigour, its own temper, constitution and nature, that modify relations, regulate and direct forces, and affect substances in a way to determine its own character, tendency and utility. It draws something to itself; it changes it, and sends it out good or bad. To the cancer go the life-juices, and they are converted into agony and death. To the whirlpool go the priceless treasures, and they are lost forever. To cholera-plagued lands go the healthful airs, and they are changed to dire infection and black death. So the centre itself has something to do with results. To the stomach goes the food, and it is made nutritious chyle. To the heart goes the chyle, and it is made warm, glowing blood. To the lung goes exhausted blood, and it is oxygenized and invigorated. To the mill goes the grain, and it comes out flour and bread to sustain life and increase wealth, comfort and peace. To the

distillery goes the grain, and it comes out alcoholic drink to destroy life and character, increase poverty and wretchedness and foster crime. The nature of operations in the centre has something to do with the product. The boy goes to the street, to the company of the idle and vicious; and he grows up a worthless vagabond, a reproach and a burden to society; the boy goes to the school and the church, and he grows up a useful citizen, and to society an ornament, a pillar and a defence.

No one will pretend that the Sabbath-school is the centre about which the Church should revolve. And no one will pretend in this age of advancing Church enterprise that the Church, moving in its orbit about the Son of God, the Son of man, is filling the allotted sphere of its usefulness and power unless it have the attendant Sabbath-school moving in common with it about the Cross; and yet itself a centre to which, in which and from which many things tend, operate and emanate that belong not to the Church in the sense in which that word has been understood during centuries of this world's history. Enlarging life forms new and productive centres—centres without which the life could not be further enlarged. The majestic tree in its growth puts forth branches and leaves that are at once the cause and means of growth, and which had never been put forth had the tree ceased growing at an earlier stage. The vine to which Christ likens His Church, His people, puts forth new branches and tendrils and clusters as it climbs farther and farther along its wall. In the human body, to which again Christ likens His Church, new organs, functions and powers come into exercise, which had never come into exercise had the years been cut off in infancy or childhood. The Church has childhood days and manhood days; and the manhood days are coming more and more upon the Church of God. In the expansion of states one centre of population plants another. New parliaments create new courts with new jurisdictions, and new offices with new authorities. This then is the evident, universal law. And the true Church of God, whose centre and life is Christ, itself the centre of life to the world, "the pillar and the ground of the Truth," is no exception. It must throw out from itself resplendent and forceful centres, that, moving in unison with itself about Christ, shall reflect His light upon it, and carry its activities and energies into realms which in its solitude and solidarity it could not have entered. Thereby the Church itself shall have sweeping tides of divine energy and

irresistible ocean currents of spiritual power that keep many a vessel off the reefs, that otherwise would have stranded, and bear many a priceless cargo into safe haven that otherwise would have been lost. A satellite to the Church the Sunday-school may be; but as the moon pours back the light of the sun upon our planet and lifts high the towering wave in ocean and in air, so the Sunday-school pours back Christ's light upon the Church and among the people of God, lifts high the tidal wave of sympathy, benevolent resolve and noble endeavour to the multiplication of believers and the spread of the truth to the ends of the earth. If then the Sabbath-school be a centre, what does it draw to itself? How does it affect what it so draws? What does it send forth?

To the Sabbath-school as a centre there go, first, our children. When that is said enough is said to show its importance. All men pass through childhood, and childhood is the most impressive period of life, for weal or for woe. Then there go, and ought to go more than they do, the sympathies, affections, interest, efforts and contributions of parents, sanctifying the school in the eyes of the children, and surrounding and filling it with childhood's most sacred law and spell and charm—a father's sanction and care and a mother's prayer and love.

Again, there go to the school the voluntary labours of some of the best people of the community, and all the inspiration that cometh of their self-sacrifice and devotion to their work. A large share of the unsalaried, heaven-rewarded beneficence is in the Sabbath-school. There go also to this centre the Word of God, the Book of Life, the doctrines divine for the instruction and salvation of the people. Hither also comes the Spirit of God to aid prayerful teachers in their blessed work, and guide the ready heart of childhood in ways of wisdom and peace. In this living fountain of hope and strength to the people of God, the Church of God also sendeth out her refreshing waters, not yet as she ought, but still streams of refreshing that gladden the youth of the land and are quickening all the children to sing.

With such wealth and such forces moving to this centre, great power, right energy, sound principle, good and safe action are required in it. Not what goeth into the man defileth the man, but what cometh forth from the man. And not what goeth into the man saveth the man, but the use the man maketh of it. Mother of vinegar converts sweetest sugar into sharpest acid. The cancer or the fever takes the food of life and changes

it into the poison of death. Evil creates or perpetuates nothing. It only lives by corrupting and destroying the good. Its eternity is the eternity of the good on which it feeds. It is the staff of life that becomes the dart of death. This is well enough proven and plainly enough seen in the perversions of doctrine that have swept over the Church and darkened and ruined multitudes of souls. This is too evident to-day where a false Christianity plunges men into a deeper degradation and more terrible perdition than even heathenism itself.

It is not enough to gather many good things into a centre. They must, as well, be kept in a right relation to each other and a right action one upon the other. Great piles of golden grain mould and heat and rot. Heaps of cotton beget a spontaneous combustion and splendid storehouses with boundless wealth are laid in ashes. Treasure-houses and treasures all go together. The activities of the Sabbath-school must be kept safe, healthful, pure and well directed. Fashion may go to this centre, and folly and pride and love of display. Spiritual indifference and self-conceited controversy and curiosity may gather in with the spirits that are zealous for a better work. Sound instruction and love of souls must here abide. Faith in the Word of God, and deep conviction of the possibility, reality, and grandeur of the conversion of the children, must possess the hearts of the workers and inspire the self-sacrificing toilers in so noble and fruitful a field. The Christ that loveth children and hath redeemed them must be allowed to preside and direct in the school. Under His skilful touch it is a laboratory of power. Juices that would putrefy to corruption He quickeneth to salubrity and life. Heats that would burst out in sin He tempereth to a holy flame of love and devotion. Roots of bitterness He plucketh, and planteth seeds of sweetness and hope. Master-Workman in all arts and fields; Master-Builder in all fabrics, temperaments and characters, He and He alone can keep living and right the divine energies of the Sabbath-school; He and He alone can keep sweet and pure and productive the mighty forces of that Holy Place.

Under such a guidance and care, with such affluent resources, one may well see what would come forth from such a centre. Thither went the children; thence come forth holy, earnest well-informed Christian men and women; multitudes better equipped for the great struggle than their fathers; better furnished in a godly understanding and instructed mind. Thither-

went the parents' sympathies and affections; and thence go forth those sympathies and affections, redoubled and multiplied for a new generation, to be by them intensified to the strength and joy of the succeeding race. Thither went the parents' contributions; and thence go forth an educated liberality and organized and enlarged benevolence to our mission work, to the support of our colleges and all connexional and spiritual enterprises. Thither went voluntary instruction, teaching for Christ's sake, after His example, and in His spirit; thence go forth a great army of willing teachers counting it a joy if they may but lead the young to the Saviour; an ever-increasing, glorious army as the years roll on. Thither went the doctrines of the Word, a goodly seed; and now the shaking is like Lebanon. Thither went the Spirit of God and the blood of Christ; and now without number, in many lands and fast spreading to the ends of the earth, the children are rising up to magnify the work of the Spirit and glorify the Christ of their salvation. It is better understood, because it is earlier understood and experienced, that religion is of God—that it is a work, a possession, a pledge accepted into the heart; that it may be accepted to the fulness of its purity and joy. And that thereby an indwelling Christ, an enshrined Holy Spirit, are most honoured and best achieve the Father's commission to a fallen world.

Bright characters and bright crowns come out of the Sabbath-school. By it multitudes are saved to eternal life who would not have been saved without it; and many of the saved are better saved because of it; they are saved to a richer reward. Here is a field for the discipline of consecrated talent. Here is a school in which are trained some of Christ's best workers on His broad field, the world. The Sabbath-school reflects a clear, holy light upon the Church, and sends its rays to the ends of the earth. It creates a literature peculiarly its own, the best preventive of the pernicious literature of our age. Its brightness enters homes that otherwise were all darkness. It moulds a form and infuses a spirit and genius of society of its own; rich and poor meeting together, recognizing the common Lord the Master of all. It raises millions of dead souls to a new life, opens to them a new world; rouses millions of slumbering spirits to higher and holier aspirations, awakes them to the possibilities and responsibilities of being and living, at a period of life when something can be done and great advancement made after one is awaked. It makes the social power of our religion

felt, when it ought to be felt, and links in sweet and lasting associations the toilers of earth and candidates for glory. It catches the youthful ear with rapturous song, captivates the youthful eye with entrancing scenes, and gladdens and establishes the youthful heart with pure and mutual spiritual and heavenly delights, before the soul is darkened by worldliness, and the spirit clouded and quenched by selfishness and sin. It transmutes time, money, influence, affection, labour, literature, teaching and governing talent, benevolent purpose and pious resolve, into the gold and precious stones, the imperishable treasure of the kingdom of heaven. A capacious centre to demand and receive, it is a mighty and safe centre to work, and a prolific, inexhaustible centre to produce, energize, perpetuate and establish to the honour of God and the salvation of men.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER-WILCOX.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining;
Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for the next:
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder their lining;
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.
For look! how the light of the new year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

WHY AM I A METHODIST?

BY REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.*

I CANNOT better begin this article than in the words of Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover Seminary, an eminent representative of orthodox Congregationalism :

"The rise of Methodism was the birth of a spiritual reform of which all the Christian denominations in Great Britain and America were in desperate need. The Established Churches of England and Scotland were dying of spiritual *anæmia*. Dr. Blair at Edinburgh and Bishop Porteous at London were droning moral platitudes in the pulpits, while the masses of the people, especially in England, never heard of them nor of the Gospel they professed to preach. Never before, nor since, has the phenomenon been so signally developed, of Christianity gasping in the struggle to live on the religion of nature. Among the ruling classes religious convictions had no intensity, and religious life no reality. The chief power in saving to the future the old Church of Cranmer and Ridley was the Methodist revival. It broke upon the kingdom in tongues of flame. Then was the golden age of field preaching. In the venerable cathedrals of England the magnates of the Church on the Lord's day preached to a dozen hearers ; sometimes to less ; occasionally to nobody but the sexton and the choir. An audience of two hundred was a crowd. At the same time Wesley and Whitefield were haranguing ten and twenty thousands at a time in the open air. The Church of England could no more withstand it than it could have withstood the day of judgment. To her it was the day of judgment. English Christianity has never lost the elements of spiritual life which Methodism, by direct reproof and by the power of contrast, then put into it. Methodism saved the Anglican Church from extinction. It was a re-enforcement of apostolic Christianity, also, in every other Christian denomination in the English-speaking nations and colonies. We have all felt the throb of its pulsations. It has been what new blood is to falling dynasties and decadent races."

These are stronger terms than a Methodist could use with propriety, in giving the reasons why he adheres to the faith and practice of John Wesley. Much is of course due to the conditions of birth and education in determining one's Christian associations. These conditions will at the least create a predisposition to accept for life one's hereditary faith. But no hereditary faith can permanently retain its hold upon a thoughtful man, unless it contains sufficient elements of truth to create

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positive convictions. It is a peculiarity of Methodists that they are what they are in religion *ex animo*; they are largely recruits to Christianity from the unchurched masses of the world. In the earlier days they were drawn also in great numbers from the other Protestant bodies. There has not been as yet, among Methodists, a sufficiency of time for the operation of the laws of hereditary influence to the extent which is common to other communions, whether Protestant or Catholic.

What, then, are the features of the great evangelical revival which endear it to all who have been brought by its power into the fellowship of the various Methodist churches? I think I may put in the forefront the fact that it draws so clear distinction between opinion and religion. When Edward Everett Hale writes: "A simple and probable theology is a very good thing; just as a simple doctrine of attraction, or of electricity, or of evolution, is a very good thing; but religion, the life of man with God, or his infinite and immortal life, is a greater reality, and is the only reality for which our churches care," he almost repeats John Wesley himself. Wesley's expressions on this point are so habitual that they may be accepted as representing the substance of his thinking. Some of them are memorable. "I make," he says, "no opinion the term of union with any man. I think and let think. What I want is holiness of heart and life. They who have this are my brother, sister, and mother." And, rising to a height which the Christian world has not yet reached, he exclaims: "I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ." To another correspondent he writes: "Orthodoxy, or right opinion, is at best a very slender part of religion, if it can be allowed to be any part at all." His impatience of the substitution of doctrine for piety comes to an extreme statement in his declaration often quoted: "I am sick of opinions." He showed his catholicity in the publication of a biography of Thomas Firmin, one of the early propagators of Unitarianism in England, saying, as he did so, that he could not accept Firmin's doctrinal beliefs, but that he saw in him an example of Christian excellence worthy of imitation. And it was in harmony with this large-hearted charity that he received, as his guest at his orphan house in Newcastle, a Roman Catholic priest, when Roman Catholic priests were, on political grounds, objects of suspicion. Not satisfied with this, he subsequently became a priest's guest, delivered a discourse in his chapel (part of an old Franciscan convent), and

lived in friendship with him ever after. This habit of looking beyond opinion to the image of Christ in men was not only characteristic of Wesley himself, but became also one of the traits of the Methodist people. I cannot say, however, that they have always, in catholicity, quite equalled their founder.

Clearly, then, Wesley did not set out to found a church. If he had, he would have laid stress on opinions. He might then have defined and refined, until the substance of Christian truth had disappeared from ordinary human vision. Wesley's war was with practical ungodliness, and the simplest truths of the Gospel were the weapons of his warfare. And what an England it was, into the midst of which he threw himself! One has only to read his journals to obtain a clearer impression of it than can be had from any historian of our day. Lecky tell us:

"The passion for gin-drinking appears to have infected the masses of the population, and it spread with the rapidity and the violence of an epidemic. Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country. The fatal passion for drink was at once and irrevocably planted in the nation. The grand jury of Middlesex, in a powerful presentment, declared that much the greater part of the poverty, the murders, the robberies of London, might be traced to this single cause. Retailers of gin were accustomed to hang out painted boards announcing that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, and dead-drunk for two-pence, and should have straw for nothing; and cellars strewn with straw were accordingly provided, into which those who had become insensible were dragged, and where they remained till they had sufficiently recovered to renew their orgies. The evil acquired such frightful dimensions that even the unreforming Parliament of Walpole perceived the necessity of taking strong measures to arrest it."

Thousands of the baptized members of the Church of England were no better. Wesley himself calls them as he saw them: "Drunken Christians, cursing and swearing Christians, lying Christians, cheating Christians," and adds, "If these are Christians at all, they are devil Christians, as the poor Malabarians term them."

Having found persons who sought his aid in escaping from the contagion of this wickedness, he appointed one evening of the week for meeting with them. From this small beginning the Methodist churches arose. It soon became necessary to frame terms of union by which these associated seekers after Christian truth and Christian life could be held together. The

terms of union are known as the "General Rules of the United Societies." They are doctrinal by implication, but very little so by any express statement. As the basis of a church, they would be pronounced by any theologian wholly inadequate, and yet they are the basis of Methodism. And they suggest the thought, that, perhaps, the best way to found a church is to found it more than we do on practical Christianity.

As most probably many of the readers of the *North American Review* have not met with John Wesley's General Rules, they are given here entire. The life-blood of Methodism is in them.

"There is one only condition previously required in those who desire admission into these societies : a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins. But, wherever this is really fixed in the soul, it will be seen by its fruits. It is therefore expected of all who continue therein, that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation :

First, by doing no harm, by avoiding evil in every kind ; especially that which is most generally practiced : such is, the taking of the name of God in vain ; the profaning the day of the Lord, either by doing ordinary work thereon, or by buying or selling ; drunkenness, buying or sell spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity ; fighting, quarrelling, brawling, brother going to law with brother, returning evil for evil, or railing for railing ; the using many words in buying or selling ; the buying or selling uncustomed goods ; the giving or taking things on usury, that is, unlawful interest ; uncharitable or unprofitable conversation, particularly speaking evil of magistrates or ministers ; doing to others as we would not they should unto us ; doing what we know is not for the glory of God, as the 'putting on of gold and costly apparel' ; the taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus ; the singing those songs, or reading those books, which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God ; softness, and needless self-indulgence ; laying up treasures upon earth ; borrowing without a probability of paying ; or taking up goods without a probability of paying for them.

"Secondly, by doing good, by being, in every kind, merciful after their power ; as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and as far as is possible, to all men ; to their bodies, of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or that are in prison ; to their souls, by instructing, reproving, or exhorting all they have any intercourse with ; trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine of devils, that 'we are not to do good unless our heart be free to it' ; by doing good especially to them that are of the household of faith, or groaning so to be ; employing them preferably to others ; buying one of another ; helping each other in business ; and so much the more, because the world will love its own, and them only ; by all possible diligence and frugality, that the Gospel be not blamed ; by running with patience the race that is set before them, 'denying themselves, and taking up their cross daily' ; submitting to bear the reproach of Christ, to be as the filth and offscouring of the world ; and looking that all men should 'say all manner of evil of them falsely for the Lord's sake.'

"Thirdly, by attending upon all the ordinances of God. Such are, the public worship of God; the ministry of the word, either read or expounded; the supper of the Lord; family and private prayer; searching the Scriptures; and fasting or abstinence."

Men before Wesley have counselled their fellows to be good and have provided forms of discipline for making them better, and have conspicuously failed. Wesley was not so unschooled in the knowledge of human nature as to attempt to work without means. A decided Christian, he relied upon Christian truth as the animating energy of his reform of the people. How, then, did he conceive Christian truth? After depreciating so energetically mere opinion in religion, what were his opinions? To say that he was without positive theological convictions would impeach his intelligence. A more positive man in thought and act never lived in England. To answer our question, we must look for a few minutes at the theology and the preaching of the English clergy in the eighteenth century. The gospel of the English divines of that period was the gospel of moderation; the preaching was the inculcation of morals. The prevalent theory of Christianity was that it was a republication of natural religion, accredited by the historic evidence of miracles. Paley said, that the only purpose of Christianity was to afford men a more certain assurance of a future life. The Deists attacked the theologians by affirming that natural religion was enough, and pressed them very hard. As to the essence of religion, Deist and Christian were on the same ground; if the Deist did not care for the added evidence which Christianity was supposed to bring, he had no use for Christianity. As to the inner contents of religion he was as well off as priest, deacon, or bishop. Lecky, who is no evangelical, says that the theologians, who were contemporary with Wesley, "beyond a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity and a general acknowledgment of the Gospel narratives, taught little that might not have been taught by the disciples of Socrates or Confucius."

Then, again, the struggles between Churchmen and Dissenters had ended in weariness of all theological strife. The theological passions, which had displaced true religious fervour, had worn themselves out. The Puritans had been terribly in earnest, and had overthrown the monarchy; therefore the Churchmen studied all the more assiduously to maintain the golden mean. Moderation, the avoidance of over-much righteous-

ness, the danger of religious enthusiasm, were the stock phrases of the clergy. John Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," exactly suited the temper of his generation. And the clergy were moderate, very moderate indeed, in every sense of that epithet. The Church was dying of inanition, and the people were going from bad to worse. As there was nothing left of Christianity to preach but its morality, morality was the staple of all its sermons. Be moral, be moral, sounded from all its pulpits of England on Sundays, and the answer came in the drunkenness and ferocity of the lower classes, and the gambling and fast living of the higher ranks of society. Bishop Butler's preface to the Analogy is one of the most melancholy passages in all the eighteenth century literature:

"It is come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is now at length discovered to be fictitious; and, accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

And all he will undertake to show is that "it is not so clear a case that there is nothing in it." And yet Butler distrusted Wesley and Wesley's work, and believed his zealous contemporary to be a propagator of dangerous religious enthusiasm.

To this listlessness of the pulpit and ungodliness of the people, Wesley opposed three truths which he believed to be drawn directly from the New Testament: (1) Man is lost. (2) Man may be saved if he will. (3) He may be saved now, with a tremendous emphasis on the now. All this implies the mediation of Christ, and the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, applying and giving efficacy to the truths contained in the Gospel. In other words, Wesley held that Christianity is a supernatural administration running through all ages, and that the administrator is the Holy Spirit. On this point he took issue with the theologians of England. He succeeded in indoctrinating his people with this thought, so that it has become and remains one of their deepest convictions, and as such is a vital force of Methodism. A Methodist is a supernaturalist of the most pronounced type. As it was said of the old Roman, *quod vult, valde vult*; so it may be said of every Methodist who is true to the teachings of his Church, that what he believes he believes with all his soul.

I must not, however, stray too far into the realm of technical theology. This much, however, needed to be said, in order to show the difference between Methodism and the theology of the eighteenth century. The marking of this distinction helps also to make the inner life of Methodism clear to those who are not familiar with its principles. In showing how directly Wesley's teaching antagonized the opinions of the leading theologians of the eighteenth century, I prefer to cite other than Methodist testimony. I apprehend that Methodists are thought by many candid persons to claim too much for the revolution wrought by their fathers in the religious life and thought of the English-speaking race, and that, therefore, their assertions on this point are usually accepted with a good many grains of disbelief. I will, therefore, take Hunt, whose "History of Religious Thought in England" is eminently fair to all parties. Hunt makes the point that the English scholars having, with great difficulty, beaten back the Deists on the grounds of argument which they chose, found that "Wesley and Whitefield were attracting to the churches crowds of people who professed to realize in themselves the truth of that religion which the Deists were said to have assailed. Dr. Waterland was the first to see the danger of the rising sect. He did not condescend to name them, but wrote against them as the 'New Enthusiasts.' The Methodists really told the people that they must be born again before they could enter the kingdom of God, and Dr. Waterland proved that they had all been born again in baptism, and were already members of Christ and inheritors of His kingdom."

Of course, the Methodist preaching was a scandal and offense to all refined England. The claim of the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the soul seemed to men, who were undoubtedly sincere, to open the door to all possibilities of extravagance. "That the Spirit of God," adds Hunt, "had virtually departed from the world was a doctrine universally received both by Churchmen and Dissenters. The theory was that in the first ages of Christianity the Spirit had gone with the Apostles working miracles, and that in virtue of these miracles Christianity was believed. After a time the Spirit withdrew from the Church and miracles ceased. The Bible, or according to another theory, the Church, took the place of the Spirit." As this was the feature of Methodism which most aroused the opposition of English clergymen of the last century, it is well to accumulate evidences of their opposition. The doctrine of the

direct action of the Spirit on man is connected in evangelical theology with the kindred doctrine of immediate justification by faith. The immediacy of pardon carries with it (according to this theology) the comforting assurance of peace through the gift of the same Spirit. Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, denied, as against Wesley and Whitefield, that men are justified by faith alone. "When our Church," says the bishop, "affirms our being justified or saved by faith alone, as distinguished from the works of the law, or mere moral righteousness, it means such a faith that worketh by love; faith including good works, or in conjunction with them." Thus we have an English bishop who does not know better than to define justification in the terms of the Council of Trent. "For 'faith,'" says the Council, "unless hope and love are added thereto, neither unites man perfectly with Christ nor makes him a living member of His body."

A critic of Methodism, in the London *Examiner* of that period, bears testimony to the prevalence of this opinion among theologians. "It is not easy," says this writer, "to discern what any of the Methodists mean by the salvation of faith without works. The most learned theologians, in their explanation of the word faith, are generally agreed that there is no such salvation." And Warburton, scandalized by some alleged instances of conversion, says of them in his coarse fashion: "The devil was here only in the office of man-midwife to the new birth." This will do very well for "the book-laden Warburton," the most wooden of Shakespearean critics, who could twist the theology of Pope's "Essay on Man" into some sort of conformity with Christianity, but who certainly never comprehended his New Testament. And last of all, the *Examiner* critic, already named, lights up his censure of Methodism with a slight gleam of humor when he describes the Methodists as "the refuse of society, claiming familiarity with all the persons of the Trinity, and talking of going to heaven as they would of the one-shilling gallery."

Enough has been said, perhaps more than enough, to make it clear: (1) That original Methodism was in direct conflict with the theology dominant in England at the time. (2) That it was a restatement of the early Reformation doctrine of justification by faith alone, and its effect upon the human soul, peace with God. Mr. Wesley persistently declared that these doctrines are contained in the articles of the Church of England, as they certainly were; but they had been obscured, by the glosses of the theologians, till their meaning was lost. We can

see, too, in what sense Wesley said that he was "sick of opinions." He was sick of opinions which were offered as substitutes for character, which were not used as means of carrying a new and divine life to men: His clear and logical mind could not be satisfied with less than precisely defined opinions. He first, however, submitted all his thoughts to the authority of the Bible; and next he laid stress on those doctrines only which in his view ministered to life. "Life is more than dogma" is the triumphing and triumphant assertion of Methodism. And in that, Methodists believe, is the beginning of the renovation of modern theology. Dogma is of importance chiefly as it ministers to life; beyond the sphere of life it is important mainly as opinion. As opinion, it may be inexpressibly precious to the thinking mind, but as such it ought not to be forced upon the consciences of all and sundry, at the peril of their salvation if refused. Methodism has a distinctly defined theology, but it is chiefly concerned with that part of theology which mediates salvation to the human soul. Yet in all its thinking, it submits every opinion, as Wesley did, to the authority of the revealed Word. It does not make the Christian consciousness the judge of what is divine and what not divine in Scripture; contrarily, it makes Scripture the test of the purity and reality of the Christian consciousness.

It remains now to speak briefly of the effects of Methodism upon modern society, as reason, in addition to its spirit, why one is a Methodist. It is not necessary here to recount statistically its successes. For myself, I have a disrelish for the parade of statistics, which tell us of so many churches, so many ministers and members, so much of this and that, to the end of the chapter. Great aggregates are not incompatible with decay, as the condition of the Church of England at the time of the rise of Methodism shows. I will, therefore, turn aside from Methodist eulogy, of which we have an abundance in these days, and let others speak for us. Lecky makes for Methodism two claims: first, that it saved England from convulsion during the time of the French Revolution, and again that, in these days of vast aggregations of capital, it stands between the rich and the poor. These are important statements, if true; but let us hear our witness. After an eloquent description of the intoxicating power of French revolutionary ideas upon the masses of the English people, Lecky says:—

"England on the whole escaped the contagion. Many causes conspired

to save her, but among them a prominent place must, I believe, be given to the new and vehement religious enthusiasm which was at that very time passing through the middle and lower classes of the people, which had enlisted in its service a large proportion of the wilder and more impetuous reformers, and which recoiled with horror from the anti-Christian tenets that were associated with revolution in France."

And his testimony on the next point, the widening chasm between the rich and the poor, is most apposite to our own times :

"Any change of conditions which widens the chasm and impairs the sympathy between rich and poor cannot fail, however beneficial may be its other effects, to bring with it grave dangers to the State. It is incontestable that the immense increase of manufacturing industry and of the manufacturing population has had this tendency ; and it is, therefore, particularly fortunate that it should have been preceded by a religious revival which opened a new spring of moral and religious energy among the poor, and at the same time gave a powerful impulse to the philanthropy of the rich."

I wish I could claim for Methodism in America all that Lecky here asserts of it, as a mediator between the rich and the poor. This much, however, may be confidently asserted, that should the supreme trial of our institutions ever come, it will be found that Methodism has done its full share towards preparing the people to meet the shock of the trial with the firmness of Christian men. It will be seen then, that the plain gospellers—Methodist and other—who have performed their work in obscurity, have trained the masses of the nation in moral thoughtfulness, in reverence for law, in the courage which counts no sacrifice too great for the maintenance of civil and social order. A church of the common people, Methodism will be found invaluable to the State here. I am a Methodist because I believe Methodism to be the recovery of the original spirit of the Protestant Reformation. The feuds between Lutheran and Reformed on the Continent, and between Churchman and Dissenter in England, had changed the revival of religion, which Luther brought in, into a revival of theological polemics. The head usurped the place of the heart, the rage for orthodoxy drove out zeal for piety, and faith in the creed was made the substitute for personal faith in Christ. Methodism, as I believe, has brought the Protestant Reformation to its true path again. I am a Methodist because I conceive that the true test of a Christian Church is its power with the common people ; and Methodism bears this test. As the reformation of the individual proceeds from within outward, so the reformation of

society proceeds from beneath upward. I am a Methodist, therefore, because I think that, in this regard, Methodism is in the right line of progress, and follows the procedure of original Christianity. The uncommon people in this world are a small minority; what is needed is a faith that can sit down as a friend at the humblest fireside, that can be the companion of the lowly in their struggles with want and sin, that can bring cheer to souls that have little else to cheer them: and such a faith Methodism has been. I hope it will preserve this most precious trait of character; for it is a strong reason why, passing by other Churches in which I see so much to love, I am yet a Methodist.

NOT AS I WILL.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
 With unknown thresholds on each hand,
 The darkness deepens as I grope,
 Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,—
 That doors are opened, ways are made,
 Burdens are lifted or are laid,
 By some great law unseen and still,
 Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
 "Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
 Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
 Too heavy burdens in the load,
 And too few helpers on the road;
 And joy is weak and grief is strong,
 And years and days so long, so long.
 Yet this one thing I learn to know
 Each day more surely as I go,—
 That I am glad the good and ill
 By changeless law are ordered still
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will!"—the sound grows sweet
 Each time my lips the words repeat,
 "Not as I will!" the darkness feels
 More safe than light when this thought steals
 Like whispered voice to calm and bless
 All unrest and all loneliness.
 "Not as I will," because the One
 Who loved us first and best has gone
 Before us on the road and still
 For us must all His love fulfil,—
 "Not as we will."

THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.*

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

I.

FIFTY years ago Garsby-Langside was one of the fairest spots in England; a valley of green meadows and waving corn, musical with the sound of leaping water and the songs of robins and nightingales. But with the advent of power-loom weaving, men began to estimate the value of its water force; and the hillsides were very soon blotched with mills, and the sparkling cascades forced into service and made to toil and to spin.

When John Denby built his cotton factory there Garsby was a milltown, with cranks and wheels and greasy piston-rods plunging and groaning at every window of its dreary streets. Bales of raw material crowded the passengers off the narrow footpaths, and even the hedges outside the town were ragged with flakes of cotton. Denby Mill was partly to blame for this, for it was built a little outside Garsby, up the fell, close to the rush of water known as Garsby Force. Higher up was Garsby Grange, an old farm-house which was John's home. In older times it had been a fine place, with a terraced garden full of wallflowers and stocks and lavender, and all kinds of berries and sweet herbs. John Denby had done much to restore the house, and the garden was his delight. On summer mornings he was very busy in it before the mill whistles shrieked their reveille of labour.

Very early one day toward the end of August he was standing among the pink and silver asters, which were just beginning to blossom. He had a thought of strolling into the larch wood behind the house, where the robins were trying to repeat their spring song, but a clear voice called him ere he could do so.

"John! John Denby!"

"Why, Mary, I'm sure it isn't breakfast time yet."

"No, it isn't John. We are a bit early this morning. But thou knows our new preacher comes to-day, and we would be a poor lot of Wesleyans if we did not make some kind of a doo-ment. There is to be as nice a tea as ever was; and all the class-leaders and their wives will be there; and I should think that thou, being a trustee, would try and meet them at the railway station."

"What time, then?"

"Six o'clock."

"Then I can't do it, Mary. The mill won't be out, and I have

as much right to attend to the mill on week-days as to the chapel on Sunday."

"But smarten thyself up a bit, and come along later. They say the preacher is bringing a very bonny daughter with him."

"Bonny women are nothing in my line, Mary."

"Don't talk in that way about women, John. It lets a man down to do it. It is time that thou had a good wife."

"I have not a word to say different. Just reach me the *Yorkshire Post*, will thou?"

"Hey, John! I wonder however thou can bear to read so many newspapers. They would worry me to death if I took any notice of them."

"But I have to know the price of cotton, Mary; and thou sees I'm bound to go for news where news is."

After a short silence he ejaculated: "Well, I never! It is Mr. Fletcher that is coming to our circuit. When I was a lad in Preston Bible-class he used to talk to me. There are some things he said to me then I have never forgot, and never will forget. Hey! but I'll be glad to see him again."

This intelligence was full of interest to Mary Denby, and it gave a little sense of triumph to all her preparations. About four o'clock she dressed in her best black silk, and went to the preacher's house. She was accompanied by a maid carrying a Yorkshire pie daintily wrapped up in white damask and sprigs of fresh parsley. There was a number of matrons already there, busily employed in setting a couple of tables for the welcoming feast. How merry they were! How every contribution of cake or chicken or fruit or flowers delighted them! It would have been easy to travel many a mile and not see a pleasanter sight than these comely women, with their white caps and fluttering ribbons, and their silk dresses carefully pinned back under aprons of white muslin.

When John Denby joined them it was after seven o'clock, and he was the last of the expected party. John knew Mr. Fletcher at once, though his hair had whitened since the days of the Preston Bible-class. He was a little man, with an air of great refinement, and the introspective eyes of one who communes more with the unseen than the visible; and his unworld-like air was made more remarkable by the frailness and delicacy of the earthly tabernacle which held the treasure of the immortal part.

John did not notice at that time any of these peculiarities. He was only sensible of a grave pleasure in seeing his old pastor, and of a singular feeling of embarrassment in the meeting, for at Mr. Fletcher's side stood his daughter Salome, and John felt her large gray eyes raining the sweetest and most perplexing influence upon him. She was plainly, even poorly, dressed in a grey merino, and wore no ornaments but a knot of

blue ribbons at her neck; but Banker Booth's bride, in rich satin and a gold chain and brooch of Babylonish length and value, did not look half so distinguished and attractive.

Before John's arrival Salome Fletcher had been silent and drait; after it she brightened the whole room with her smiles and words and pretty attitudes. She had either heard, or had divined, that John Denby was unmarried, and was a man worth winning. Had she known it, there was no "winning" in the case. John had found the woman he could love; he had not known her ten minutes when he acknowledged it to himself.

In a dimmer degree Salome also had been touched, although she was not so conscious of it. She had too long accustomed herself to try all feeling by the test of money to be aware of an attraction so defined. Yet from the first she took into her estimate of John some unusual considerations. "He looks really good," she said to her mother the next morning, "and I have heard men called handsome who were not as fine looking, and there was a great deal of dignity in his manner. I heard several people speaking of 'Denby's mill.' I suppose he is rich, and I know he's not married, for that woman in red silk began to tease me about him. I suppose I shall never be able to do better, mother?"

"Salome! that is not the way in which to look at marriage. Do not be so mercenary and selfish."

"I am obliged to be mercenary and selfish. I hate poverty, and I have had enough of it."

"You have never wanted any good thing."

"Indeed I have. A handsome house, rich clothing, plenty of money, are good things; and I have wanted them ever since I can remember."

"They will not make you happy unless—"

"There never was a girl with more discouraging parents. Father wants me to marry a preacher, with ninety pounds a year; and you will not take a particle of interest in any plan I make."

"Because you cannot 'plan' your own way, Salome; God has laid it out, and in vain you will seek a nearer road than He has ordered. Until the right man comes, you will not be married; when he does come nothing can prevent it."

Salome did not answer. She saw John Denby tying his horse at the garden gate, and she lifted her sewing, and sat silent until he entered the room. He had brought some grapes and flowers, and, being their landlord, had come to see if there was anything Mrs. Fletcher would like done to the house. He even spoke of the paper and paint. "Perhaps Miss Fletcher would prefer something brighter?"

Miss Fletcher glanced at the sombre walls, and shook her pretty head. "You see, Mr. Denby, Wesleyan preachers have

no homes. We only lodge a year or two within these walls, and then we must move on, and some one else will sit in the chairs, and eat at the tables, and work a little in the garden. Why should we want a pretty home? It would only be the harder to leave it. Our lot is to be homeless! I must say I feel it hard sometimes."

John looked with pitying admiration at the beautiful girl, and then at Mrs. Fletcher. That lady smiled faintly, and answered: "Salome speaks for herself only, Mr. Denby. Wesleyan preachers and their wives know that they have 'no continuing city;' they are satisfied with the promise of that one which is to come."

"But their daughters do not always inherit their resignation, dear mother, and then it is hard on the daughters. I, for instance, should like to live in the same house always, and every year I should make it more beautiful, and love it better. Home is the most delightful word in the language."

John heartily indorsed Salome's opinions. He thought with her, that it needed a special grace to give up the idea of home, and be content with the passing shelter of changing circuits; and he was not ill pleased that she had not this special grace—for every moment he spent in her presence increased his admiration, and made him more ardently long to see her mistress of his own home.

After this first visit John was very frequently at the preacher's house. It was so easy to find excuses; something happened almost every day. And as winter advanced, there were the tea meetings in the chapel, and the Dorcas meetings at various houses. Mary Denby was an important woman in such affairs; she never missed one; and John always dropped in at the close, in order to escort his sister home. Then he saw Salome for half an hour, and every half-hour confirmed and strengthened her power over him. The girl knew it; she was so sure of her ground that she appointed, in her own mind, the very day on which John Denby should ask her to be his wife. "The Dorcas Society meets at Mary Denby's on the 6th of January," she thought, "and the affair might as well be settled then." When the day came she was quite prepared to have it settled. John also had looked forward to the event. Often he pleased himself with the idea of the beloved girl sitting at his fireside, and brightening his table, and making the old rooms forever beautiful in his memory. And in the pleasant confusion immediately after tea, all happened as Salome intended it, and John asked the question which he had been longing to ask.

There was something almost pitiful in the intensity of his feeling, compared with her shy and measured satisfaction. But John's was not an exacting nature; he was willing to believe that

reference to her father was all that he could expect, and he walked about among the gathering cotton-spinners with such an inward sense of pride and happiness that more than one of them commented on his appearance.

"He's been making some good bargain, I see warrant," said Jonathan Green; "he carries himself as if he had looked at the Cotton Exchange and concluded to buy it out."

"Nay, nay; there is no bounce about John Denby. By what I've heard, he has gotten a lass in his head, and I don't say he is wrong either. He has made things very comfortable about him. I don't know as I ever sat down to a nicer supper."

"It will be for Salome Fletcher, I'll be bound."

"For sure anybody can see that. Why, the very sunshine comes to his heart through her eyes!"

Others noticed that John went home with the Fletchers, and that Salome leaned upon his arm. At the garden gate the preacher stood waiting for his daughter, and he bid John "good-night." But John answered, "Nay, Mr. Fletcher, I want to speak to you; give me a few minutes to-night."

Without a word the preacher led the way into a small room which served for his study. As he entered, a servant placed a candle on the table, and he began in a nervous manner to gather together the loose sheets of a manuscript sermon. The gift of utterance does not always accompany the gift of feeling, and John could not immediately command the words he wanted.

"What do you wish to say to me, Mr. Denby?"

"I wish to tell you, sir, that I love your daughter, and that with your consent, Salome has promised to be my wife."

"Are you sure you love Salome? She has many faults. You must not think that in marrying her you would marry a perfect woman?"

"I am full of faults myself. It is not likely I would expect to marry a woman without them. I love Salome as she is. I have not seen anything in her I want to change."

"Yes, yes; that is natural. Her faults are womanly faults, that men do not understand; but they can cause misery, a great deal of misery. Poverty has been unlovely and hard to Salome; if God fills her cup, perhaps she will walk more cheerfully before Him. I am quite satisfied with you, John Denby."

"Then, that is all at present, sir. I will stay no longer to-night."

"Stop a moment—there is something else I must say. Few flocks are without their black sheep, few families without their prodigal. I have a son who is a shame and a heartbreak to me. If you come into my household, you must see its skeleton."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Fletcher; but Salome's brother cannot in any way alter my feelings for Salome."

"She is very much attached to him. You must understand this. She will not hear him-blamed. She will stand by him under any circumstances. I must confess to you that only towards her brother has she ever shown herself capable of a devoted and unselfish affection."

"It would be a very queer thing if I didn't understand what sisters and brothers are to each other. Why, whatever should I have done without Mary? Where is Salome's brother?"

"Somewhere in the great wilderness of London. We never name him except to God. Of course you will talk to Salome, and to your sister Mary, on the subject. I wish you to do that; but I should be sorry if it was any further known. There are so many ready to point to the children of preachers, and ask how it is they are so often so wild and disobedient. And, to tell the truth, John, I have often wondered myself why good men have so frequently very bad sons."

"Well, sir, when men are bad who have had good fathers and mothers, and pure homes, whatever would they be if they had bad bringings up? Maybe, now, the very best thing God can do for a bad soul is to put it under a good father."

"Thank you, John. We will say good night now."

John went up the fell not less happy than he had come down it with Salome upon his arm, but certainly less exultant. A tender thoughtfulness veiled the first rapture of accepted love. In his own way he could not help noticing how closely the extremes of life touched each other; for no sooner did his love and joy stand confessed, than grief, born of an equal love, came and stood beside it. Nor was the bewitching beauty of Salome exempt from the same antithesis; it would not be separated from the pale, spiritual father, with his tender conscience, and his nervous hands turning so restlessly the leaves of his sermon.

In the meantime Mary Denby had fully understood her brother's delay. It had given her a little pang, for the grace of cheerful renunciation is one of the last the Christian learns. And John was all in all to his sister. In the great sorrow of her life he had stood by her side and comforted her. She could hardly bear to think of giving up her sweet cares for his comfort and happiness, and her own dependence upon him for company or pleasure. But the selfish thoughts were the short thoughts; in a little space she had put John first, anticipated his household bliss, and comforted herself with the assurance of a love "closer than a brother's."

When John passed the parlour window, he saw her moving about in the pleasant fire and candle-light, setting a table with a "bit of late supper" for him. He stood a moment and watched her. She was a very handsome woman, about forty years old, rosy, and good to look at. As she walked to and fro she was singing—singing gladly and confidently, as if from a heart running over with assurance—

"There is a land of love
Where every wind breathes soft and free,
And every silver stream exhales
Heart-joyous melody.

"No burning sorrows there ;
No broken hearts can there abide ;
No silent, unrequited love—
All, all, are satisfied."

At the word "satisfied" John entered, and she turned to meet him with the contentment of it in her smile. "Hey, John, but I am glad to see thee! Thou has been a bit longer than I thought for."

"I had a talk with Mr. Fletcher. It is all right, Mary."

"I am very glad to hear it. Now then, I will get the house made sweet and nice enough for any bride to come to. Thou must spare a bit of money, John, for a bonny bird deserves a bonny nest, and Salome has a hankering after pretty things—most girls have, and why not? When will thou be married?"

"I hope in the beginning of May."

"That will give me plenty of time. It was real lucky Dixon left my little house last month. It is the very best place to suit me—so near to chapel and all else."

"Whatever art thou talking about? Thou wilt never leave this house. Nobody ever thought of such a thing. Why, it is as much thine as mine; so don't talk nonsense."

"Yes, I will go to my own house. It is the best thing all round. Young married people have to work out their happiness alone. The third person is just the one thing not needful. Besides, the change will be good for me. I have been working for my own pleasure, and thine, many a year; it is about time I did something for others, John. Come and have a mouthful of supper now. I'll warrant thou is hungry after thy walk."

"Nay, I can't eat anything."

Mary laughed merrily. "Thou must be very bad in love, John, when thou says 'no' to a bit of good eating." But she had that fine instinct which refrains from urging man against his will, and put cheerfully away the appreciated dainties.

It was only a housecleaning to common eyes; only the supervision of painters and plasterers, and women inclined to pass an inch of wood carelessly; but it included much love and self-denial, and much forgiveness of little thoughtless words and deeds, not like John's usual considerate way in regard to her. For all lovers are selfish; the world for them revolves in Paradise, and they are the only inhabitants. John fell at times into this delusion. But the days and weeks went by, and the rooms, one by one, were made beautiful, and shut up in shadow and scent, with all their empty drawers and vases holding dried rose leaves or sweet lavender.

In May Salome came to them, a lovely and happy bride. There had been a short trip to London, but John was not able to leave the mill long, and Salome expected more happiness in the *éclat* and power her position gave her in Garsby than in making one of the unnoticed millions drifting about a big city. She walked through her large handsome rooms, all so dainty and spotless, and felt proud of being mistress of so fair a home. The shadow that had so often darkened her beautiful face lifted; for a little she was really a happy and grateful woman.

As for John's happiness, it was a wonder to him. It made him a wonder to others. When his wife had watched him away in the morning with smiles, or waited with a kiss his return at night, or when he took her on his arm to chapel on Sundays, he had a joy in his heart that mere words could not interpret. Every one noticed how bright his face was. If he had been a bit "close" with his "hands" before his marriage, he very soon after it got the reputation of being "a rare good master." At this time of his life all the grapes in the garden of God were sweet to John.

As for Salome, she seemed to expand like a flower in the sunshine. She was loving to her parents, and open-handed in all matters of charity and good-will. It delighted her to be appealed to, to contribute, to take the chair of women's meetings, to be spoken of as "the rich and benevolent Mrs. John Denby." To a woman who had always lived in small houses, who had always wanted the little luxuries of adornment and the changes of apparel she longed for, it was a wonderful thing to have drawers full of dresses and laces, and a house with bedrooms enough to lodge half a dozen preachers when the District Meeting needed her hospitality. Nothing had marred her pleasure in her new estate. Mary Denby had not only gone to her own home, but she had tried to make Salome feel as if she had done some particular favour to the house of Denby. "John is looking that happy and well," she would say, "how ever can I thank thee enough, Salome!"

But to the selfish and the small in soul, blessings only please while they are fresh. As the novelty of her position wore off, Salome began to find many things disagreeable in it. One morning in the September following her marriage she came down stairs in a mood which was a surprise to John. He saw a cloud upon her brow, the shadow in her eyes, the careless indifference of her manner, as soon as she entered the breakfast room.

"Art thou sick, Salome? Has anything vexed thee, dearie?" he asked, anxiously.

"No."

"Can I do anything for thee?"

"Nothing."

"Whatever is the matter, then?"

"Oh, life is the same thing every day. I am tired of it!"

"Don't ye be foolish, my lass. Life hes to be t' same ivvery day. If we kept on changing weer work, we'd do nowt worth looking at."

"'Nowt'—can't you say 'nothing'?"

"For sure I can. I can speak as fine English as any one; but Yorkshire is more homelike, I have heard thee say so often."

"I have said many things I did not mean."

"And that is one of them, Salome. Come, little woman, don't be unreasonable."

There was no answer but the dark face and the lowered eyes and the petulant movement of the spoon in her coffee cup. John looked at her lovingly. She would not see the look. When he arose to go to the mill, she did not go with him to the steps and watch him down the road, and kiss her fingers at the last corner. The door was shut when he turned, and he felt as stunned as if he had been struck by it.

Of course it was only a woman's unreasonable ill-temper, and many men would not have made a heartache out of it. But John had no experience of a woman like Salome. His sister had been cross not unfrequently, but she had always either a real or fancied reason for the mood, and she had always stated it frankly. It was possible to understand and redress a grievance of that kind. But Salome's vague, indifferent manner made him miserable; and as he had some very important business to decide upon that day, it irritated him not to be able to fix his mind upon it.

In an hour every one in the mill knew that "Master Denby wer'n't like himsen at all;" and at dinner hour the overlookers, in some depth below, discussed the circumstance while enjoying their pipes.

"T' warp ends o' his temper are all brokken down this morn'ing," said one; "I hev tried him by t' rule o' three, and I can't make him oot at all."

"Try him by t' rule o' two, lad. It's him and t' wife, I'll lay thee a shilling on it."

"If a man is middling comfortable with his wife, he ought to be varry weel satisfied. I doan't mind saying that t' master wer' too much set up wi' his."

"Thou says right. My Sarah Ann wer' hired at t' preacher's when t' match wer' made up. She says that the lass went up five stories in a day. She looks very sweet and smiling like; but Sarah Ann says she's none without a tongue, and noways backward in lettin' folks hev it."

"Women learn nowt by experience. Here's a poor preacher's lass got a right good husband, and she's that blind and ignorant she doesn't know she's happy and well off."

"I hev seen lots o' her sort. What's t' use o' fratchin wi' them? If my wife says, 'Joshua, five is an even number,' I answer,

'for sure it is, Molly, my lass.' If you know owt o' women, you'll know that they are past finding out."

Certainly Salome was past John's finding out. How could he understand that she had been in some measure playing a part, and had suddenly become disgusted with it? She did not know just why herself. "There had been many days and weeks when she had thought she was quite happy, and honestly devoted to her husband. Even in her perverse mood she knew she was wicked and foolish, but she could not bring herself to be less. "John has found me out at last," she thought, "and it is just as well. I can be as cross now as I want to be. I am tired to death of smiles and sweet words." And she actually looked forward to the indulgence of her temper with something of the wickedly pleasant anticipation of a man who determines to break the promises made to his better self, and return to the wine-cup and his debauchery.

John went home determined to make peace if it was possible; but it was not possible. His wife preserved a dogged, nonchalant silence. Who shall say that demoniacal possession does not yet exist? Whence came the dumb, mocking spirit that looked from Salome's eyes, and scorned away all the tender and manly advances John tried to make? Even at the end of the second day, when she perceived that his patience was exhausted, and his anger slowly rising, she looked at him with the same mute superciliousness, and to all direct questions opposed the unsurmountable and unattackable "yes" and "no."

On the evening of the third day she met her husband with the faint, patient smile of a woman who had made up her mind to forgive; and John consented to take the pardon which he should have given, and to put aside his own wrong. For love which has given all can forgive all, and the woman was dearer to him than life.

Next morning, when he got to the mill, Mr. Fletcher was waiting for him in the office. He seemed to be in great sorrow, and his sorrow ran into motion, as most sorrow does. He was walking up and down, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

John closed the door and said, "Good morning, father. Is there something wrong?"

"I have been robbed, John—robbed of sixteen pounds. It is the chapel money. I have not five pounds in the world, and it is quarterly meeting next week."

"I have money, and it is all the same, father. When were you robbed?"

"Yesterday afternoon. The money was in my desk when I locked it at one o'clock. At seven last night Samuel Knowles brought me some class money, and I unlocked it, to put his money with the rest. The drawer was empty."

"Where were you in the afternoon?"

"I went out at two o'clock to visit the sick in the Long Lane. I did not get home until half-past five. Then I had my tea, and was sitting talking to mother when Samuel Knowles called."

"Where was mother all afternoon?"

"With your sister Mary. I met her at Mary's gate, and she came home with me.

"Was any one in the house?"

"The servant maid, Martha Sykes."

"Any callers?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

There was a moment's pause, then one word, in a painful whisper—"Salome."

John leaped to his feet; he felt as if he was suffocating; and he asked, almost rudely. "What does thou mean? Thou should not speak in that way. It might be Martha."

"No, I am sure it was not Martha."

The silence that followed was intense. It smote upon both hearts with a force and certainty that needed no speech. The young man, pale as death, and trembling through all his soul, staggered to the window, and stood there, looking blankly into the mill yard. The elder one sat still, but on his face there was that look of stern reproach which reflects the just anger of a wronged soul. John was the first to speak. He turned heavily round, as if in his sore heart-struggle he felt flesh and blood to weary him, and he said, slowly:

"God help us both, father, if this be true! The money is the least of the sorrow; but it must be replaced. I will not ask the cashier for it now; he might connect it with your visit. I will bring it to-night, father." He had drawn near while speaking, and at the word "father" he put his brown, strong hand upon the frail, nervous one, which lay with such a pathetic air of helpless sorrow upon the table.

"Thank you, John, for all. As for help and comfort, we both know where to go for that. This morning the Accuser said to me, 'Now you are come into a strait, and there is no promise for it.' But when I opened my Bible I opened on these words—'For the son dishonoureth the father, the daughter the mother; a man's enemies are the men of his own house.' Well, John, that verse told me my trouble; the very next one its cure: 'Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation. My God will hear me.'"

From the mill Mr. Fletcher went straight to his daughter. As he mounted the fell his soul rose with every step—for it was one of those finely tempered ones which reveal all their strength and sweetness in the hour of conflict.

"E'en as the falcon when the wind is fair
Close to the earth on lagging pinion goes ;-

But when against her beats the adverse air,
She breasts the gale, and rises as it blows."

Salome was in the garden. She saw him coming, and went to the gate to meet him. She knew her power over her father, and she intended to exert it; but the moment they stood face to face she saw that something about him against which she knew all her professions and caresses were useless. It was not, therefore, worth while to offer them, and she did not attempt the part. On the contrary, she said, coldly, "You are early up the fell this morning, father."

"I have a reason for it, Salome; I am sure that you know it. Shall we go into the house, or do you wish me to speak here?"

It was an autumn day, fine and still, with a breath of wind shivering through the air. She drew her pink, knitted wraps more closely around her, and said: "I know what you have come to tell me. Here will do."

"Then you took the money from my desk."

"Yes, I took it."

"Why?"

"Not for myself. You know that. You know also that there is only one living creature for whom I would take money. I stole the money for Richard. He wrote to you for help—for help to get away from temptations and bad companions, for help to get away and lead a new life, and you would not give it to him. Then he wrote to me. I could not go to John again, for I got fifty pounds from him last month, so I went to see you and mother yesterday afternoon about the matter. Both of you were out attending to the wants of a lot of strange people who were in trouble, so I took what I could find for my brother. I think Richard has some rights, and I am not going to see him ruined for the sake of a few sovereigns. I have heard something about a soul being worth more than the whole world."

"Stop, Salome! You are quoting God's word as the devil quotes it for wicked ends. You know well all that I have done for Richard."

"Yes, I have heard it often enough."

"I will tell you it again. Not even a father is to bear everything and utter no complaint and make no remonstrance. Remember that for twelve years his mother and I gave up everything for his education. She went bare and shabby; I did without the comforts and books I sorely needed."

"I suppose I did without things also."

"No, you did not. I did not rob one child for another. You had all things needful and proper to your station in life. Your mother and I bore the deprivations alone. True, they were common ones. It is not romantic to say that year after year

we gave up butter to our bread, and sugar in our tea, warm and fresh clothing, books and newspapers, or that I walked hundreds of miles to spare the hire of a horse, or that these small acts of self-denial brought in their train, as you well know, many others smaller and more humiliating. All this, continued year after year, was never romantic, and even grew to be contemptible, in your eyes. But good deeds are great deeds, Salome. Yes, even though they fail they are great deeds. How has Richard repaid us?"

"Poor, dear Richard! He is young, and surrounded by temptation; you should think of that."

"He deceived us continually. He ran up shameful debts, some of which I am still paying. He joined himself to companions who have taken him to the very gates of hell. The last time he was at home he spoke irreverently of holy things, set some philosopher whom he called Comte before Christ, wounded me through my Saviour a hundred times a day. Let him come to the foot of the cross, and I will believe in his reformation. When Jesus Christ is his surety for future good conduct, he may have the last penny I possess."

"That is, Richard must be good in your way, or you will not help him. I call that bigotry."

"It is not my way; it is God's way—it is the only way. Now listen to me, Salome. Many times, through many years, I have been robbed, as far as the picking of God's lock upon my right is concerned; but this is the first time you have dared to pick the lock of the law. The next time you do it you shall settle with the law."

"You need not preach at me, father; I—"

"I can never preach to a more ungrateful sinner. Oh, Salome! go humble yourself before God, and confess your sin to your husband. If you do not, then when your iniquity has played her part, the day of reckoning will come. Thought will call to Fear, and Fear to Horror, and Horror to Despair, and all your lights shall be put out at once."

With these words he turned away from her, and went slowly down the fell side. She could not bear to watch him, and she stood with dropped arms among the asters and the late autumn flowers—stood till she shivered slightly and instinctively drew the pink, fleecy wrap about her more closely. She had been in a whirl of angry, rebellious passions, and it suddenly seemed to her as if the stillness of the lovely place was stirred by a rush of evil things. A nameless terror—even there in the broad sunlight—came over her. She hurried into the house, half conscious of a fancy that some evil presence climbed the steps behind her.

SOMETHING WORTH HEARING.

BY THE REV. J. H. NORTON.

ONE Christmas-day, when the snow was lying deep on the ground, the writer attended a meeting of working men who had met together to state what religion had done for them.

After several had spoken, one got up and said: "Well, friends, I am full up of joy. I have been a bad man, as bad a man as ever lived. I was a bad son to my parents, a bad husband to my wife, and a bad father to my children. I was a drunkard and a swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, a cock-fighter, a wife-beater, and everything that is bad that you can think on. But the Lord found me out, and I will tell you how.

"One day I was walking along the street, and I saw a bill stuck up on the wall, and it stated that there would be a Temperance meeting at such a time and in such a place; and thinks I to myself: 'I will go;' and when the time came I did go, for which I have been very thankful ever since.

"One little fellow got up and spoke about the evils of drunkenness; and I said to myself: 'Thou art right, lad; I know it is all true by experience.' Then another talked about the advantages of sobriety. I thought: "I know nothing about that except by way of contrast." And after some more had spoken, another said: 'All you that will join the Temperance Society come and sign the book.' I thought: 'I can be no worse than I am, and perhaps I may be a little better;' so I went and I signed the book.

"It was getting very late, and when I went into the house, I said to my missis: 'Well, lass, I have joined the Temperance Society;' when she said: 'Ah, lad! thy temperance won't last long; thou art too fond of beer and company for that.' I said nothing, but thought: 'We shall see.'

"I went to bed, but soon had to get up again; for at our place some of us go to work at one or two in the morning, and leave at one or two in the day-time.

"When the time came for leaving, I did not know what to do with myself, for I had always been accustomed to go to the public-house, and get drunk or half-drunk; but I felt: if it cost me a struggle (and it did) I must keep out of harm's way. So I went to the blacksmith's shop, and the shoemaker's shop,

and the barber's shop, and gossiped a bit here and there, and went home; and to the surprise of my family I went to bed early. So I got that day over.

"The next day I thought I would call and see two or three old friends, and that would while away my time. I did so; but at night as I was going home, I heard singing, and I stood to listen, and I found it was a Methody chapel, and a man of the name of Hodgson Casson* was preaching; so I made up my mind to go in; and when I got inside, I never heard anything like it. I could not keep my eyes off him: he seemed to know all about me, just if some one had been telling him. I thought it very strange. When he had done his sarmont, he said: 'All you that want salvation, *stop*: there will be a prayer-meeting.' So I made up my mind to see the finish of it; and I remained to the end.

"Some of the people went out, and others at the top end of the place began to cry and to groan as if they were in great trouble; then some began to sing, and said God had pardoned all their sins; and they did look so happy. *I wished I was like them.*

"They asked me to go up; and as I walked up the aisle, all my sins stared me in the face, and I felt such a load at my heart. I thought I should have died, and I fell flat upon my face, and bellowed like a bull. And they said to me: 'Believe! believe!' But I did not know what I was to believe, and how should I? I remained until all was over, feeling as bad as any man could do on this side hell. It was getting very late, and I did not know what my wife would think; so as I opened the house-door, I said: 'My lass, I have been to the Methody chapel;' when she replied: 'Nay, lad, thou hast been to the ale-house again.' I said: 'I have not: I have been there too often, and I do not mean to go again.' We soon went up-stairs to bed, when I turned to her and said: 'My lass, we have been tied together many a long year, but thou never saw me kneel down, and I never saw thee; let us begin to-night.' So she knelt down, and I knelt down, and I said: 'Pray, lass;' and she said: 'Pray thyself, lad.' I tried a few words, for I did not know what to say; but what I did say came from my heart: I meant it.

"The next morning, when I went to work, one of the men came to me and said: 'Thou art concerned about thy soul, lad?'

* Father of the Rev. Wesley Casson, of the Toronto Conference.—ED.

I said: 'I am.' He talked to me, but I found no comfort. When I went home to breakfast, I could not eat, for I had no appetite; for I felt afraid lest I should lose my soul. When I returned to work he came again, and asked me how I felt? I told him: 'Worse and worse;' and I was afraid I should be lost. He then said: 'I will tell thee how God pardoned my sins, and perhaps He will pardon thine.' I said: 'Do, lad; I shall be glad to hear anything that will do me good.' And while he was talking, I felt and saw that God loved me, and gave His Son to die for sinners; and I was sure I was a sinner, so He died for me; and that finding mercy was like the hand of the beggar receiving what another gave him. So I prayed: 'Lord, save me now, for the sake of Jesus Christ Thy Son, and help me to believe;' and He did. And then my burden was taken away; I felt as light as a feather, and I was so full of joy that I could not keep it in. I praised God until they heard me all over the place; and some of them said: 'I was off my head;' but I knew better.

"When the time came for leaving, I made haste home. I hardly felt the ground I walked over; and as soon as I got indoors, I said: "Bless thee, lass, God has pardoned all my sins! and He will pardon yours, too, if you will only let Him; and I hope you will, and then we shall be *as happy as the day is long.*"

"I then said: 'I have one thing to say to thee, lass: thou knows we are a good deal in debt. We owe ten pounds to Billy the grocer, and I owe a shot at nearly every public-house in the town. How much can you do with a-week? will a pound do? For you know when I have a mind to work I can earn three pounds.' And, poor thing, she said: 'I can do as well with ten shillings as we often have done; for when I have asked thee for money to buy the poor bairns victuals, thou hast given me two black eyes and knocked me down.'

"I said: 'Poor thing, that is true; but I will never do it again; and I hope thou wilt forgive me; and bless thee, thou shalt have a pound to begin with; and after I have had something to eat and cleaned myself, I will go round and tell them I will pay my debts.'

"So I went, and saw Billy, and said: 'I have come to tell thee, lad, that God has converted my soul.' And Billy said: 'What of that, lad?' 'Why, I will pay thee all I owe thee, and interest, too: how wilt thou take it? half-a-crown or a crown a-week?' Billy replied: 'I shall be glad to take it any-

how, if I can but get it; and I shall be satisfied with the principal without the interest; for I have given it up for a bad debt long since.'

"I hardly liked to go to the public-houses, but I knew I owed them the money, for I had had the drink; and they all said very much the same thing as Billy. And now, thank God, I am out of debt; except half-a-crown I owe a poor old woman on the moor, and when I can send it she shall have it.

"When I went home that night, I felt very different to what I had ever done before. The children seemed amazed, and did not know what to make of it; and before we went to bed, I said to my wife: 'I have been told that all right-living folks have or ought to have family prayer in their houses.' She said: 'What is that?' I replied: 'Why, the father and the mother and the children hear a chapter read out of the Bible and then kneel down and pray to God, and we will try it.' We had not a Bible then, but I found a bit of an old Testament. I read a few verses, and asked the Lord to forgive all our sins, and cause us to love Him, and to love one another, and to take care of us that night. And when we got off our knees, I felt that trying to do right makes one feel so much better.

"Then before I got religion, ours was a miserable home; it was not fit for a man to put his head into; and it was all my fault. What is a poor woman to do when she has neither food, fuel, nor money, and a brute of a husband expects her to do the same as if he gave her all his wages? But now, thank God! we have got a few things in at a time, as we could pay for them, and the rooms are nicely furnished; and I sometimes think I should like our master just to come in and look at us—it is good enough for any working man. And instead of being clothed in rags and tatters, I have got a new suit of clothes, and one for week-nights, and a suit to work in, and they *are all paid for*. And here is my wife, as bright a little woman as ever lived; she has got a new gown on, and the children have got new frocks and other things; and we are as happy as the day is long.

"And instead of taking my money to the public-house, I have joined a benefit society, and have insured the children's lives, and altogether it does not cost half so much as the drink did. And we meet in the school-room, so we have nothing to pay for "the good-will of the house." I have often thought if it was for *the good-will* of the landlord, it was for *the ill-will* of those who went there.

"Now, friends, when God converted my soul, I did not want to go to heaven in a new-fashioned way, but in the way that prophets, 'postles, and all right-going people have gone: the heart to God, and the hand to His people; Satan suggested: 'Keep your religion to yourself;' but I thought if I tried I should soon have no religion to keep.

"So I went to the Methodists, and said: 'If you please will you take me into your Society, for I want to "flee from the wrath to come."' And they said they would: 'be very pleased to do so.' So I went to what they call a class-meeting; and they talked just as I felt, and seemed to be able to prove all they said from the Bible; so I knew I was right. The leader was a very wise and godly man, and seemed to know just what to say to everybody; and the longer I have gone the better I have liked it. I did not get saved in the class-meeting; but by going I have been instructed, and comforted, and kept from falling.

"And, friends, when I joined the Society they gave me 'the Rules,' which say:—except you are very poor—you are to give 'one penny weekly, and one shilling quarterly;' that is, two shillings and a penny in thirteen weeks. I thought: 'Why, I have spent more than that many a time on a Sunday between church hours.' So, bless the Lord, He has helped me to break the Rules ever since I have been in Society! and I hope I shall continue to do so: for I give three-pence a-week, and half-a-crown when I take my Ticket of Membership; and the Lord blesses us all together."—*Christian Miscellany.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

DECEMBER'S sun is low; the year is old;
Through fallen leaves and flying flakes of snow
The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain cold,
But look! the summit's in the afterglow!

The fierce winds hold their breath: the rocks give way:
The stars look down to guide her up the height;
And all around her lonely footsteps play
Auroral waves of spiritual light.

Nothing before her but the peak, the sky!
Nothing? Ah, look! beyond is everything!
Over these mountains greener valleys lie:
A happier New Year, an eternal Spring!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Higher Life.

AT AN OPEN GATE.

THE New Year stands at an open gate,
 And the eyes of my soul are blind ;
 Oh ! just for a moment let me wait,
 For the old road lies behind !

Let me remember, while I can trace
 The steps on the wandering track :
 Let me say "Farewell !" for a moment's space,
 I shall never, never go back.

Let me look forward and humbly pray,
 Ere the gate shall be closed behind ;
 How can I tell on the unknown way
 What sorrow or joy I may find ?

There's the New Year's chime ! Be glad and bold,
 There is light on the other side.
 Go through, remember the promise old ;
 Go through, for the portal is wide.

—*Independent.*

THE FLYING YEARS.

ANOTHER has gone. "How swift the torrent rolls that bears us to the sea!" Some of our readers could hear the breakers if they would stop to listen. Some of us will reach the sea before the new year becomes the old year. It seems a yesterday to us that we were young; it will be but a to-morrow when we know we are old. At the beginning the years revolve but lazily—a year seems endless; as they increase in numbers they gather headway. When the years become as months and weeks to us, they teach the lessons of eternity with commanding eloquence, if we have ears to hear. The flying years tell us to make haste, make ready, make sure, to finish what we can; to prepare for our returnless journey; to secure our titles to future possessions—these are the tasks that age has to achieve. Long ago we thought it would be easy to do all these things when life had lost its flush, and the heart its passion; we put off to a calm evening many a holy task. The sun hastens to his rest and we to ours, but somehow it is not easy to make ready and make sure. Life hurries us and breaks the

calm we had hoped to find in this valley of the sunset. We and time have changed places; once it would not go as fast as we wished; now it hurries and we lag wearily behind, and the speed of its flight exaggerates the cares of existence. It is night too soon; it is morning too soon. The years are too short for our earthly ambitions, and these have strongly grown. And yet the bells toll the years of our friends and our beloved who are passing on, and renderings of associations and of embraces warn us to make haste and make sure.

“O life descending unto death,
Our waking eyes behold
Parents and friends thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.”

We have many readers who ought to use a part of the first day of the year for meditation upon those unfinished tasks, duties, plans which concern their religious interests. They have lived too much to themselves and a narrow circle. They ought to enlarge the circle. They have put off plans for doing good and leaving behind them some good work which will work when they have passed on. Many a man has still time to build a working monument which shall toil on and on for generations. Others can join hands with others in building the monument which toils when its builders sleep in dust. The stranger thing is that so few good men see these opportunities and take stock in the Christian and philanthropic enterprises of their time. Think of these opportunities—and make haste. For your days will soon be cut off, and you fly away. Do something for God and man this year.

The years are swifter than eagles and never pause. They fly. We do not hear the rustle of their wings. Time moves as noiselessly as this vast heavenly movement of the sun and his satellites through space and around a centre which no astronomer can find. They fly. In a little while the noiseless wings will have borne us out of these earthly spaces into far-off scenery and surroundings. In vain we fix our eyes on the earthly lights. They are flashing now in full brilliancy. Presently they will fade and pass. Make haste! Make ready! Death is at the door. A new year, yes, but perhaps the last year. You are enticed to gaiety; but are you not also warned to solemnity? Glad thoughts invite you; but are there no cogent thoughts of the near to-morrow? You are flying; are

not content not to ask whither. Nay, take an hour for sadness. Make your closet a house of mourning—for sins, for neglected duties, for unfinished tasks, for dishonoured promises, for bankrupt intentions. Take an hour for resolution—to make haste, to complete yourself, your work, your life, according to that divine ideal which has come to you. Mark the first day of the new year with a generous action. Do something to prove to yourself that you are a new man for the new year. All the things you love are flying from you. Your estate has wings. Why not begin a consecration of it to God and his work? Your friends are flying away. Love them more; treat them better; labour to save them, ere the swift wing carries them beyond probation.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

HOW THE REVIVAL CAME.

The Christian dispensation began with a great revival that was at once the promise, the prophecy and the pattern of succeeding revivals. How did this initial revival of the new dispensation come?

1. The people wanted it. They were in dead earnest. They came together in one place, with the one desire and one purpose. They all wanted it. Revivals do not come where they are not wanted. Strong desire goes before revival fires. So strong was the desire of the people that for the time being it absorbed everything else. Such desires of many hearts united are themselves a mighty power. Something must give way before them.

2. The people asked for it. They went to God in prayer. No preaching preceded it. Only prayer took hold of God. Oh, how the people prayed! They asked God on the basis of His promise. They asked with the conviction that He could give them their desire. We get no revival without asking God for it. No revival was ever unaccompanied by prayer. A "worked up" revival is of no account. It must come from God. It must be asked for.

3. The people waited for it. They prayed and waited day after day. They deemed it worth waiting for. Desire was intense enough to hold them to perseverance and prayer. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

4. The people expected it. They asked and waited in faith. They knelt upon the "promise of the Father." Expectation grew stronger as desire waxed hotter. They had made no pro-

visions for disappointment. They had not left any bridges behind them for possible retreat. So must we hold on to God's promise, confidently expecting the descent of the Spirit in revival power. Then shall the answer come. The Word of God will burn like fire, strike like a hammer, and heal like the finger of Christ.

5. The people persevered in desire, in work, in prayer, in waiting, in expectation, in faith, until the "promise of the Father" was fulfilled. Perseverance is essential to success. To stop short of success is defeat. God's people need not fail. God takes no pleasure in failure and defeat. He wills the salvation of all men and the success of His people in the work He has given them to do. Let us heed His command, and go forward in His name and strength, and to conquer.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

HOPE.

Did it ever occur to you what a world of thought is wrapped up in that little word "hope"? Its very pronunciation makes every bosom bound and burn. It is music to the ear of the young, health to the sick, and life rejuvenated to the old. Poetry makes hope a formation, grief makes it a solace, and, desolation makes it the brightest flower that adorns earthly creation, while even disappointment and delusion whisper darkness out of the sky of to-day into sunshine of to-morrow. Sobbing sorrow may crush and cripple the soul, but hope gives it new elasticity. Nay, it may be humiliation in the dust, but hope will raise it up again. Hope is man's birthright, which, after all his blandishments, delusions, and mockeries, never maketh him ashamed to hope on, hope ever. Airy fancies may allure him, and smiling faces beguile him into treachery, but hope fits eternal around the human head and breast, and hangs the rainbow on the blackest cloud in all the chaste sparklings of an angel from immortal life. Thunder-bolts may leap from the fair bow in the clouds, and hope may vanish as a fair scorner from that bright spot, but the fascinating form soon appears elsewhere in fairer robes than ever, and with a wreath of flowers to crown the child of endless disappointments. Now, when you connect the word "hope" with "salvation," then what a wonderful word it becomes! At once it comes to measure man's most delightful Christian attainment. Indeed, so intimately is it associated with practical godliness, that religion

itself is called "a good hope through grace." More than this, our God is called the God of hope, our Saviour is called Christ our hope, and His finished work is known as "the hope set before us in the Gospel," while those who accept Him are said "to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."—*The Rev. Dr. Armitage.*

A PERSONAL CHRIST.

The living soul is not content to be spoken to by a book alone, but by a Person. The Word is mighty when it is "made flesh." The necessities underlying the incarnation are imperative as ever. We can have no sympathy with the "stream of tendency" that would distribute Christ as a pale presence pervading all things, or bury His personality in the tomb of the universe. We cannot afford to ignore the teaching of sacred history. We remember that the strength of Judaism was bent on incarnation. The bush, the pillar of fire, the temple, were, as far as the nature of things would allow, a vesture of personality for God. Then came Christ into the world chanting, "A body hast thou prepared Me." And the sceptre will never depart from the pulpit while it stands between personality and personality, between the heart of Christ on the one hand and the soul of man on the other.—*James Stirling.*

Nothing of the coming year, everything of the past year, is ours. We have bound its record into the book of life. We could not rewrite it any more than we could change the orbit of the earth. We are makers of history, and history is as unchangeable as God. We—not statesmen, *litterati*, philosophers; but we, carpenters, farmers and blacksmiths—are scribes of eternity, and cannot erase. With the close of the year we have sent another volume to the press of God.

Some of the beginnings of 1887 will lack completion. Looking down the misty avenues of the coming year, we see wasted faces, transparent hands, the nurse, the doctor, large bright eyes looking at us with the hungry eagerness of death, as if they would look through us into the eternity beyond. We see crape on door-bells, and carriages waiting in the street. Let mothers prepare to give up their children. Let children be ready to part with their parents. Let pictures be taken and sacred locks be clipped from the head; for before the new year is old, the pictures and the ringlets will be all that is left of those whom the Destroyer has wasted.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION.*

BY REV. PROF. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Victoria University.

As the title would indicate, this work consists of a series of essays discussing some of the highest problems which present themselves to the educator. It differs altogether from the works which discuss the best methods of teaching particular subjects. It treats of such questions as the nature of the being to be educated; the final results to be reached by the process of education; the possibility of education from books as distinguished from actual things; the relative educational values of different subjects of study; and a number of problems suggested by the history of education, among which we notice especially the question of the secularization of the school. It would be impossible within the limits of a mere book notice to discuss the conclusions of the author on even a fraction of the important questions touched in the seventeen chapters of the work. We must therefore confine ourselves to two or three.

In the second chapter the author opens up the field of educational science, beginning with the conception of the typical man, the being to be educated. Here he recognizes a threefold nature, "the body" as the physical "substratum," "the mind, as the seat of the intellectual activities," and the spirit as the seat of the moral activities. This subdivision brings his science into contact with three fundamental sciences, a knowledge of which must precede and prepare the way for the study of the science of education, viz., physiology, psychology, and ethics. We are pleased to see this clear recognition of the physical, and still more

of the moral, nature at the very foundation of educational science. But our author seems to overlook the fact that there is quite as much difference between the science of ethics and the study of man's moral nature (which is usually treated as a department of psychology), as there is between gymnastics and physiology, or between the various branches of knowledge and psychology.

Again, the view taken of man's moral nature seems to be extremely limited. How much does it include? If we are not entirely mistaken, no true educational estimate of man's moral nature can be taken which does not begin at the lowest motive powers, the instincts and appetites, and through the passions, affections, desires, emotions, the sense of beauty, and the sense of propriety, pass up to conscience, and even to the religious affections, faith, reverence, and love for God. The relation of all these again to the will and to responsibility, as based upon this moral nature on the one side, and upon the intelligence on the other, must be taken into account if moral education is to be conducted upon scientific principles.

In the discussion of results to be reached by the process of education, we find the same narrowing of the field of view. His final analysis seems to give us three results: (1) acquisition of knowledge for practical purposes; (2) discipline; (3) culture. But these three terms, as used in our modern civilization, are all confined to the intellectual side of education. And our author evidently uses them in this limited

* Contributions to the Science of Education. By W. H. Payne, A.M., Professor of Pedagogics, in the University of Michigan, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

sense, as appears very clearly in his discussion of educational values. Practical knowledge is the knowledge required in the arts of life—what Hamilton calls bread-and-butter science, as distinguished from the power to discern duty, obligation, propriety, or beauty. It is merely the knowledge of useful facts or processes. Discipline again is either specific, the cultivation of the memory, the power of observation, the power of induction or of deduction; or it is general, "tonic," the strengthening of the various powers.

For a definition of "culture" our author seems to be quite at a loss. He finally seems to find it in that "serenity, poise, and contemplative delight," which arises from thorough discipline associated with rich stores of varied knowledge. All this indicates that he has confined himself too exclusively to the intellectual point of view. In fact, no complete or even adequate view can be taken of the process of discipline, or of that of culture, which does not include a careful and varied attention on the part of the educator to the moral nature. Take, for instance, the memory. The power of memory is developed by ten minutes' thoroughly awakened *interest* more fully than by ten hours of mechanical intellectual effort. In fact, without moral interest memory is almost an impossibility. Again, one most important element in culture, in fact almost the very essence of culture, lies not in poise or self-satisfaction, but in a well furnished, chastened imagination. But here the moral nature comes in. The imagination

is filled with ideals and images of beauty only as the sense of true beauty is developed. The power to create new forms of beauty may still be lacking, but the power to enjoy them in their highest forms is there, and there is the store of material on which that sense of enjoyment feeds.

But does culture include only the beautiful in form and colour, or even the sublime and grand in the material world? Must we not include in it high ideals of right, of honour, of beautiful sympathies and affections? If so, where can we pause in the work of culture until we have planted in the intellect, especially in memory and imagination, abundant stores of material to respond to and call into full activity every element of man's moral nature, including the profoundest moral and religious emotions? In the same way we may say in regard to discipline, that the specific strengthening of any one power or set of powers is injurious unless care be taken to preserve the balance; and the balance between the intellectual and the moral must be preserved. Strength of conscience must balance strength of imagination, and strength of faith must stand over against strength of reasoning power, or education has only deformed the ideal man. We have not space to discuss the question of the secularization of education. If our fundamental positions taken above are correct then complete secularization is a dream. Especially in the element of culture, the moral and religious must be recognized.

GOD'S WILL.

I KNOW not how this languid life
 May life's vast ends fulfil;
 He knows—and that life is not lost
 That answers best His will.

No service in itself is small,
 None great though earth it fill;
 But that is small that seeks its own,
 And great that seeks God's will.

"FIRST PRINCIPLES OF FAITH."*

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

This book fills a nice little sector of the circle of Christian philosophic thought. It is written in a clear and easy style, without effort at display of learning in a sphere in which there is considerable temptation to pedantry and bookishness; a temptation that many learned men have not resisted, and therefore have befogged their whole subject. Its succinct statement of metaphysical theories and philosophical objections, disburdened of nomenclature and technicality, enables the ordinary mind to see what the metaphysicians have been driving at; to catch their sound positions and detect their errors. For this reason it will help many people to understand the books of the learned better than those books themselves.

Very likely nothing is more needed in our day, when there is so strong assertion of the antagonism of learning and religion, the opposition of science and faith, the unphilosophicalness of piety and virtue and of humble trust in an unseen Creator and Ruler of the world, than a calm and popular exposition of the oneness of the fundamental principles of science and religion, the identity of their substratum and interior essence; and a demonstration in the language of the people that they stand or fall together.

It is sometimes thought the big book, the many volumes, the lofty diction, the obscure style, the novel and prodigious nomenclature, are proof of metaphysical acumen and deep and broad knowledge of philosophy. But very likely he has better mastered his subject who has pierced to the centre and first principles of things and can put profoundest thought and remotest fact in daily speech and enable common minds to see how grand and solid and good is the world in which they

are achieving with common things and the common principles of all things the glorious destiny of immortality and eternal goodness. And what is this but religion? In this noble conception this little book will be a great help.

Its scope is a debated and debatable question in philosophy, for religion has a philosophy, a scientific basis, if anything in the world has. The very title of the book strikes to the core of the question and, so far as the author is concerned, cuts any Gordian knots that may bind it round. Whether faith is ultimate in itself and the source of immediate knowledge of God, as some have held, or whether reason supplies the first principles and intuitive processes by which by the quickest and directest argument universal humanity leaps to a knowledge that there is a First and Final Cause, is no alternative to our author. In the calm, clear light of reason in the undisturbed depths of the soul, on the first touch of the outer world, the first movement, the earliest vibration of the inner ray, immediate knowledge of Cause—intelligent, self-existent, eternal—flashes upon the mind by its very constitution and nature, and so is common to men of every age and clime. This aitiological argument, the central pillar of the book, is well sustained by many firm buttresses of theistic evidence, so far as to make the fabric solid and enduring. There can be no doubt that for answering objections, explaining difficulties, establishing doctrines, and disclosing principles, we have in hand a most valuable work. It will clear up the fogs on many puzzled thinkers' horizon, and show to all the unity and consistency of the operations of mind in both science and religion.

* *First Principles of Faith.* By MARSHALL RANGLES, author of "Forever," and "Substitution." New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

THROUGH THE HIDDEN PATH.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A.

How strange and wonderful God's way!
 A plan unfolding day by day,—
 A single step at once is seen,
 A darkened wilderness between
 The opening gates from whence we came
 And life's last goal, our highest aim!

As mother's hand her trembling child
 Now held, and now his eye beguiled,
 Till, boldly confident and strong,
 He leaping, sped like winds along,
 So God's supporting arms are spread
 Beneath, about us, o'er our head,
 And humbler helps are kindly given,
 To stay our wavering steps to heaven,
 And human love and human care
 Are ministers to guide us there!

Made strong by discipline at last,
 Our step assured, our childhood passed,
 Our faith confirmed, our eye unsealed,
 To higher sense the end revealed,
 His gentle hand each earthly stay
 And vain dependence tears away!

When weeping eyes have seen them all,
 Like withered leaves in Autumn, fall,
 The bleeding heart from earth will turn,
 Its wealth in brighter worlds discern,
 And seek its joys, supremely blest,
 Where saints redeemed with seraphs rest!
 And fervour, into passion stirred,
 Will list, to catch each guiding word,
 Till every thought has heavenward flown,
 And God has made made us all His own!

But oh! the bitter gall and pain,
 Before our earth-born spirits gain
 The will resigned, the sweet content,
 Our loss repaid, from heaven sent!
 Or heart, bereft of all beside,
 Will rest in Christ, a trusting bride,
 Nor care to move but toward His Throne,
 Upheld by hands unseen—alone!

What patient sympathy He gives,
 While yet complaining nature lives!

He bears our weakness, knows us dust,
 And counts our tears, when weep we must,
 Nor chides impatient thoughts that stray,
 Or longings toward that coming day,
 When, parted long, glad spirits meet,
 And heaven's high rapture swells complete!

Would we no more ourselves would chide,
 When nature turns our hearts aside,
 Or tears of anguish sore complain,
 In heated forge our present pain!

Current Topics and Events.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE close of the old year and the beginning of the new is a most fitting time for retrospection and reflection. Then, if ever, should even the most frivolous bestow a moment's earnest thought upon the past, and seek Divine aid to essay the duties of the future. Standing, as we do, in "the centre of immensities, the conflux of eternities," all things conspire to make us feel that our lives are rapidly gliding away, that they shall soon have passed forever. The successive New Years are milestones, as it were, by which we measure our progress through time.

As travellers who cross the Alps, climbing the hoary mountains' sides gain broader, clearer vision, and a wider horizon; as they look back upon the path by which they have ascended and perceive that its devious turnings were necessary to avoid some crevasse, or overcome some difficulty; and as, gaining the summit of the pass, they behold the fertile plains of Lombardy and the far-shining city of their pilgrimage; so, to us, the New Years are hill-tops, as it were, whence we may look back on all the way by which the Lord our God has led us, and

from which, looking forward as the pilgrims from the Delectable Mountains, we may get clearer views of the end of our journey, of the goal of all our hopes.

Our life's pathway may often seem rugged and devious, but from the vantage ground of added years we gain wider horizons, and, at last, from the supreme vantage ground of heaven we may discern that all life's devious ways have been part of God's great plan; that we have been led by a way that we knew not, by a way that we might not have chosen for ourselves, but by a way that has been wise and good and true.

At these memorial seasons we are especially reminded of the shortness of life and the flight of time. In Holy Scripture the most fragile and ephemeral things are chosen to represent the duration of human existence. Man's days are a handbreadth, and his years are as nothing in the sight of God. He is like grass that in the morning flourisheth and groweth up fresh and fair and gemmed with dew, but which in the evening, dry and dead, cut down and withered, strews the ground. Like the flight of an arrow through the

yielding air, or the gliding of a keel through the returning waves, that leaves no trace behind—like anything most evanescent—such, in the sight of God, is the life of man.

But, though life be short, it is of infinite importance. Though time be fleeting, on it most momentous issues hang. It is the seed time of eternity. It is the probation for an endless future. We may sow the good seed from which shall spring a harvest of everlasting joy, or the balful seeds of sin from which shall grow a bitter crop of unending remorse and shame.

O 'tis solemn living,
When we know each hour is giving
Radiance bright, or darkness, to the
soul's eternal years.

How important, therefore, is the right use of time! How earnestly should we pray, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!" What rigid economy of time should we practice! How should we endeavour to redeem the time, to make the best use of it as it passes! The wise rule of John Wesley, if faithfully followed, will be of great value to us all: "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed." And grandly did he illustrate his own rule. What a record of well-spent time is the story of his active life! What a monument—more lasting than marble—of consecrated zeal is the work that he accomplished for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

The wise employment of the spare moments of even the busiest life, will achieve great results, and often make all the difference between glorious success and disastrous failure. Dr. Barnes' voluminous commentary was all written in the precious moments which many waste in the morning before breakfast. So frugal was Macaulay of his time, that he kept a book before him while partaking of his solitary meals. The men who have accomplished the grandest work in literature, science, art, or religious achievement, have not been the men of ample leisure, but men who had learned to redeem

the spare moments of a busy life. And some of the most important works that shall bless the world for ages, were written amid the pressure and hurry of manifold engagements, in odds and ends of time that most people would think not worth saving.

But it will be of no advantage to be constantly employed, unless we are wisely employed. So varied are the relations and duties of life, that no rules for general application, in this respect, can be given; but no one that realizes the importance of time, and his responsibility to God for its wise improvement, need be long without suggestions. While there are such stores of knowledge within our reach, while such fascinating studies invite our application, while there is such grand work to be done in God's world, while there is so much suffering to be relieved, and sorrow to be assuaged, one need never be without the means of redeeming the time.

It may seem to the idle pleasure-seeker a hard saying, but the wise economist of time will appreciate it: Never let *mere amusement* occupy your hours—that is, if you have outgrown the days of childhood, and at all profess to have put away childish things. We do not say that one should eschew recreation. Far from it. It is often absolutely necessary, but it may always be combined with some pleasant and profitable employment. A mere change of work is often the best rest. And we may find one of the purest and richest pleasures of life—a never-failing source of enjoyment in getting or in doing good—in the culture either of the head, or heart, or body—in the improvement of the intellectual, moral, or physical being. The mere pursuit of pleasure, for its own sake, is one of the dreariest, most melancholy things in the world. And the pleasure thus sought, like a phantom, eludes the grasp; or, like a bubble, bursts in the hand; or, like a fragile flower, is crushed and withered in the heated palm; or, like the apples of Sodom, turns to ashes in the mouth. So true is it that she who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth, and knows no real, deep,

soul-satisfying joy. All our readings, thinkings, pleasures, and employments should be made subservient to our soul's growth in grace, and to the glory of God. Thus shall we find the grandest and noblest development of our immortal nature in serving God here and, at last, enjoying Him forever.

But let us not look back mournfully into the past. Let us rather look forward hopefully into the future. If we have wasted time, let us waste it no longer. The past is irrevocable; the future yet is ours. Let us endeavour, with the New Year, to serve God in newness of life. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, let us press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

THE FEDERATION MOVEMENT.

This great movement has met with an amount of favour which we did not anticipate. We do not remember any event in the history of Canadian Methodism, with the exception of the recent union movement, which has been the occasion of such numerous and cordial congratulations from the public press—religious and secular, Canadian and foreign—as has this. The appointment of the Rev. Dr. Potts to the important position of Educational Secretary has also been most emphatically approved, and great expectations are entertained that under his energetic administration our entire educational policy shall receive a great impulse and be prosecuted with greater success than ever before. Already he has received much encouragement in his canvass for funds. And wherever he has attended educational meetings the income has been greatly increased—in many cases more than doubled.

We have had the privilege of seeing the competitive designs for the new college buildings. They are all of superior architectural merit, some of them of combined magnificence and elegance. Whichever design is selected, we shall have

collegiate buildings of which any Church ought be proud. The prudence and foresight of the Committee entrusted with selection of the design is shown in the fact that, actual tenders have been received of the amounts for which responsible contractors will complete the several contracts. The whole cost can therefore be determined not merely approximately but exactly. The Government has shown its good faith by setting aside five acres of the most eligible portion of University Park—the north-east corner—for the erection of these buildings, a site not to be surpassed—not, we think, to be equalled in the city. It will, we doubt not, be deemed of the utmost importance, in the interest of Victoria College, that no unnecessary time be lost in proceeding with the erection of the new buildings. The canvass for funds should be pressed immediately, and we have no doubt it will be, with all the energy and success by which the Educational Secretary is characterized. Victoria College should not be permitted to suffer in any degree through needless delay in carrying out the decision of the General Conference. All true friends of Victoria, no matter what their previous views may have been, we believe will heartily co-operate in making this new and comprehensive Educational policy of our Church in the highest possible sense a great success.

OUR NEW COVER.

THE appearance of our new cover last month did not by any means please us after it was printed. We think it will be much improved this month. Our purpose is to "go on to perfection" as fast as possible. It will be observed that our narrower spacing of the lines and increased number of pages of small type and of insets increases by about 10 or 12 per cent. the contents of each number. As to Magazine covers, we clip the following from a well-informed contemporary:—"The cover of *Scribner's Magazine*, although it is simplicity itself, containing only plain

lettering, surrounded by a narrow leaf border, was obtained only after fifteen sketches had been made at heavy cost. The present covering of *St. Nicholas* was made after about \$1,000 had been spent in experimenting, and the designs for the *Century* cover have cost even more."

The Halifax *Wesleyan* comes to us in a new dress throughout, and bearing other evidence of energy and enterprise. Its price has been lowered from \$2 to \$1.50 a year. We

wish for it great success. We trust that many friends in the West will give it their patronage. We have long found it, under the excellent editorship of Rev. A. W. Nicolson, Rev. T. Watson Smith and Rev. Dr. McMurray, one of the most readable exchanges that comes to our table. The new editor, Dr. Lathern, brings to his task great natural aptitudes, a fine literary taste, and distinguished success in authorship. May his bow abide in strength and may great success attend his labours.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

For many years the missionary anniversary held in Leeds in October has been designated the key-note anniversary of the season. This year the President of the Conference, the Rev. Dr. Young, asked two questions of special note, viz., Why should not the missionary income be raised to £200,000?—equal to one million of dollars. Why should not Methodism, for Christ's sake, have a year of self-denial?

A new mission, of which the Rev. W. R. Winston is placed in charge, has been inaugurated at Upper Burma; he will be assisted by a native minister. He will also have another assistant who will give special attention to military work in connection with the Burmese expedition.

A "Wesley Home" has been established at Cairo by the Rev. W. Jackson, mainly on his own responsibility. He intends it for the special benefit of sailors and soldiers. It will be a centre of all kinds of evangelistic work.

An orphanage was established at Karen some ten years ago when the terrible famine raged in India during which it is believed that five millions perished. There were hundreds of destitute children for whose special benefit the orphanage was estab-

lished. It has since become a home for orphans where children of both sexes are educated and taught useful branches of industry. A Christian settlement has been formed a few miles away, where some of the young people who have married from the orphanage have made themselves homes.

The Rev. Owen Watkins is on furlough from South Africa and is raising a fund for a native institution on the mission with which he is connected. His graphic narratives of missionary work are producing a thrilling effect on English audiences. He tells of a native minister called Daniel, who has literally left all to follow Christ. He was a man of wealth, but divided his property among his family and went into the wilderness to work upon a remote and lonely station at a stipend of \$250 per annum. He is about the only man whom the Boers will go to hear speak on any subject whatever. Crowds flock to hear him preach, and the testimony constantly heard is, "Daniel's a good man." Such native converts are epistles indeed.

The Children's Sunday is now a recognized institution in British Methodism. The day is devoted to "harvesting" among the children of the Sabbath-schools, and every

year hundreds are brought to decision for Christ in connection with the services of the day. The "junior classes" organized a few years ago are largely recruited from the ranks of the Sunday-school at this season of the year, and from them on attaining a suitable age and experience the members are drafted into the adult society classes. [We might with advantage adopt this method in Canada.—ED.]

Increased attention is being paid to the villages of England. Our readers will see that there is great need of this when they are told that there is one district in which there are four hundred towns and villages in which there are no Methodist services.

In a recent address delivered by the Rev. B. Brown, we read that the Methodist community from the commencement has been more or less an educating community. John Wesley was a man of letters, and so eminent a Greek scholar that he gave to his generation a Revised New Testament. And those who compared it with the revised version would see how far ahead he was of his times, and how well he understood both the original and his own tongue. In the course of his ministry he founded the Orphan institution at Newcastle, and also that very important school at New Kingswood, Bath. It became famous as a school at which the sons of their ministers had for successive generations been instructed. At a recent mathematical examination in connection with the Cambridge University, two Kingswood scholars carried off the great prizes of Senior Wrangler and Second Wrangler. Such a thing had scarcely ever been known in the history of any one English school.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The success of this Church during the past year in respect to missions has been perfectly marvellous. Three years ago the society was struggling under a heavy debt of more than \$250,000; this debt is now paid, and on November

1st, 1886, there was a balance of more than \$50,000 in the treasury. This so encouraged the Missionary Committee that though the income for the past year was not quite a million of dollars, they nevertheless appropriated \$50,000 more than the million as the expenditure for 1887. But this does not include all that is to be raised for missions. The Women's Boards of Home and Foreign Missions raise over \$200,000. Nearly 5,000 workers receive their support in whole or part from the missionary treasury. These labourers are to be found among both the whites and coloured people in the South, also among the Indians. About 40,000 Germans in the United States have been brought into the Church by this agency. Missions are established in India, China, Japan, Corea, Singapore, Bulgaria, Turkey, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Africa, Mexico and South America. The field is wide and requires large resources to supply it with labourers.

The Rev. Dr. Thoburn is on furlough in the United States, and calls for twenty-five young men to enter the missionary ranks in India. He has had no less than seventy responses.

Bishop Wm. Taylor is asking for a steam vessel to do missionary work in South-Central Africa. The cost will be \$15,000. On December 2, six missionaries embarked at New York to join this intrepid man. When they arrive they will make sixty-four missionaries in that region who have gone thither during the last two years on the self-supporting method.

The Church Extension Society recently held its 21st anniversary. Its total income was \$227,486, being an increase of more than \$11,000. More than five hundred churches were erected during the past year, in whole or in part, by the society. Applications were on file for assistance on behalf of forty-six other churches.

THE FREE METHODISTS.

The seventh General Conference

of this denomination was held in October in Coopersville, Michigan. The Conference meets once in four years. There were sixty-two delegates in attendance, besides numerous visitors. The organization dates back to 1860, and comprises about 18,000 members. Several missionaries labour in the foreign field, especially in Africa. The Church pays their expenses to the field, after which the missionaries maintain themselves on the "faith-plan." Henceforth women are to take part in the government of the Church. One minister who disapproved of this regulation resigned his position. Three General Superintendents were appointed and a new Conference was organized in Colorado. A publishing department, with headquarters at Chicago, was resolved upon, and the Church organ known as the *Free Methodist* will be published in that city. The ministerial term was lengthened to three years under certain conditions.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

This Church has 3,885 effective travelling preachers, 177 on the supernumerary list, 344 superannuated, total 4,406. Local preachers, 5,043; white members, 975,260; coloured members, 527; Indian members, 4,858; total preachers and members, 990,994. Increase during the year, 52,507. Sunday-schools, 10,622; scholars, 561,746. The total increase for the past four years has been 130,277. It raised for missions nearly \$250,000.

The Woman's Missionary Society supports missionaries and schools in China, Mexican Border, Brazil, and Indian Territory, and has an income of \$3,735,21.

Rev. Alonzo Monk, of the M. E. Church South, is conducting a successful revival in Tuscaloosa, Ala. A correspondent to the *St. Louis Advocate* says the whole city, regardless of Church denomination, is moved from centre to circumference. At the hour appointed for services business houses, including the leading saloon, closed doors. There

have been nearly two hundred conversions. One hundred and fifty have joined the Church.

RECENT DEATHS.

Since the issue of the MAGAZINE for December there have been several deaths of more than ordinary significance. Chester A. Arthur, ex-President of the United States; Charles Francis Adams, for many years United States' Minister in England, have both gone to their long home.

The Rev. Dr. Wilkes died in Montreal. He was styled the patriarch of Protestantism in the Province of Quebec. He was the foremost minister in the Congregational body. His funeral was attended by a large number of clergymen of all denominations and by all classes of citizens.

The London Missionary Society has lost a noble native missionary, the Rev. C. Sundram, ordained evangelist, of Tripatore. He died of pulmonary hemorrhage. His last words were, "Yesu Iratchipar! Yesu Iratchipar!" "Jesus will save! Jesus will save!" The very month he died he had completed a tour on foot of 300 miles.

Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge, of Princeton, died recently very suddenly. He preached the Sabbath previous to his death. He was the son of Dr. Hodge, founder of *Princeton Review* and author of a work on Systematic Theology. He was formerly a missionary in India and latterly Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary, where he died.

Bishop Maclean, of the Saskatchewan Diocese, is now numbered with the honoured dead. He served his generation faithfully. For several years he was stationed in London, Ontario, where he was greatly beloved by all classes. Several years ago he was removed to the North-West, where, as Archdeacon and then Bishop, he was abundant in labours, often sleeping on the ground when night overtook him as he was performing his missionary tours. He died in the harness and his works follow him.

Book Notices.

The Dragon, Image and Demon; or, the Three Religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. By the REV. HAMPDEN C. DU BOISE. Pp. 468. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The writer of this book was, fourteen years a missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church at Soochow, China, and therefore writes with a fulness of knowledge of the subjects which he treats. An old Chinese missionary declares that, "If there is a better book for common use on the three religions of China—Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism—than this, he is not aware of its existence." The style is peculiarly lucid and the writer invests the subject with a fascinating charm. His treatment of the problem of these three religions, which together dominate about one-half of the human race, is very philosophical, and his analysis of their elements and characteristics enables one to understand their distinctive features as does no other book that we know. Much of the romance is stripped off Arnold's "Light of Asia," whom our author more appropriately calls the "Night of Asia." The work contains 187 illustrations of the mythology of the strange religions of China. The author computes that during sixty generations these religions have directly influenced twenty-five thousand millions of human beings. This fact lends profoundest significance to the study of their nature. He also appeals for 3,000 ordained men to go "two and two" to the 1,600 walled cities of that great empire.

A Budget of Letters from Japan: Reminiscences of Work and Travel. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B. Pp. 391. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

The readers of this MAGAZINE are

much interested in the Empire of Japan. There the only foreign mission of our Church has achieved a remarkable success. There a number of the sons and daughters of Canadian Methodism are courageously holding up the banner of the Cross amid surrounding heathenism. We therefore specially commend to our readers this attractive volume as giving a very racy and readable account of life and labour in that country. The writer is a son of the Rev. Dr. Maclay, missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan. He has spent four years as a teacher in various parts of the Empire. He writes in an interesting and graphic style and gives a vivid account of the impressions made by intimate acquaintance with the people and country. He pays a due meed of praise to the missionary operations of the several Churches, including our own. He gives a brief account of the recent rebellion, discusses the social problems of the country, and describes his extensive journeys. The engravings (twenty-five in number) are very sharp and clear, and the book is attractively bound.

The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Volume IV. Numbers XXVII. Deuteronomy. 8vo., pp. 412. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.75.

Dr. Parker is one of the most popular of living preachers and writers. He has made the City Temple a Mecca to which almost every religious tourist who visits London finds his way. These sermons are the most notable examples that we know of continuous expository preaching. He takes a comprehensive text, from five to fifty verses, and brings out the fulness of its meaning both in itself and in its

relations to context,—a much better method, we judge, for exhibiting the full scope of the Scripture than selecting brief isolated passages. We have spoken in strong commendation of the previous volumes of this series. This volume is marked by the same terse, vigorous, incisive style; the same keen, religious insight; the same lucid and luminous exposition. Out of these old Hebrew institutions described in Numbers and Deuteronomy he brings the very marrow and fatness of God's revelation to man, with its abounding lessons for our nineteenth century life.

The Clerical Library: Anecdotes illustrative of Old Testament Texts. 8vo, pp. 332. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Much of the success of the most famous living preachers arises from their happy art of illustration. An apposite anecdote or a striking simile will arrest the attention and impress the mind when an elaborate argument will be forgotten. This explains in part the success of such preachers as Sam Jones, Talmage, Moody, and many others. Of the Great Preacher it is said that without a parable spake He not unto the people, which is perhaps one reason why the common people heard Him gladly. One should draw his illustrations from the whole range of his reading and observation. But often one can find in his personal *repertoire* nothing appropriate to the subject under discussion. Hence the value of collections like the present of striking anecdotes illustrating numerous passages of Scripture and for the most part those frequently preached from. Many of these short stories are very striking and furnish interesting reading. But when they can be used to enforce some holy lesson we may well say, "A word fitly spoken, how good it is. It is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Famous Women Series: Susanna Wesley. By ELIZA CLARKE. Pp. 301. Boston: Roberts' Brothers, and Methodist Book Rooms, To-

ronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.25.

The projectors of this series of character studies of the most famous women of the century did well to include one of Susanna Wesley. In all the elements of real greatness she will not fall behind any of those distinguished women, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Fry, Madame Roland, or any others previously included in the series. Hitherto, studies of her character have been regarded chiefly or solely her connection with Methodism. Here she is regarded from an independent, though sympathetic, point of view. The writer claims that in her veins runs Wesley blood, and she has had the assistance of a Mr. John Wesley, a later kinsman of his illustrious namesake. She has also had access to original Wesley papers. We get charming glimpses into that Epworth Rectory. Little Charles Wesley, we learn, was a plucky boy and remarkably ready with his fists. The letters of Mrs. Wesley to her son, "Dear Jacky," are very interesting. A remarkable account of the Epworth midnight knocking and apparition of Old Jeffery is given.

Living Words; or, Sam P. Jones' Own Book. Sermons and sayings of the noted Evangelist, delivered in Toronto and elsewhere; with a full account of his life, written by himself. 8vo, pp. 595. Sole authorized edition. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Sold only by agents.

No preacher has ever visited Canada who in so short a time has captured so many hearts as the Rev. Sam P. Jones. Thousands who hung upon his lips at those wonderful services will be glad to have these memorials of the preacher—these *verbatim* reports of his pungent utterances, of his pithy proverbs and aphorisms, which pierce the conscience like barbed arrows that will not be shaken out. This book is enriched by an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Potts, Chairman of the Sam Jones Meetings in Toronto, and by a striking autobiography of the evangelist. His has been a strangely

checkered life. Probably no one since the days of Whitefield has preached the gospel to so many souls. Mechanically the book is very handsomely manufactured. It is printed on fine toned paper, clear type, and handsomely bound. It is illustrated by a steel engraving of Sam P. Jones, and good engravings of Sam W. Small; Metropolitan Church—interior and exterior; Sam P. Jones' Cottage Home and Tabernacle, Cartersville, Georgia; Caledonian Rink, Toronto, and other illustrations.

Three sermons by Sam Small, including the thrilling account of his deliverance from the bondage of drink, and a biographical sketch, add to the value of the volume.

Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labour. Six Essays. By SEDLEY TAYLOR, M.A. New York: J. Fitzgerald. (Humboldt Library). Price 15 cents.

This is a small book on a great subject. Mr. Taylor conceives that the solution of the labour problem will be found in "profit-sharing," and adduces many striking examples of its success in support of his views. He cites over a hundred such examples, chiefly in France and Germany; and there are many others besides. He shows that profit-sharing, or giving to wage-earners a certain percentage of the profits of the business in which they are engaged, pays well from a practical and economic point of view. By giving employees a personal interest in the business, greater industry, carefulness and avoidance of waste are promoted. Thus the output of labour is increased, its quality is improved, and greater economy in its production is obtained. The cost of oversight is reduced because each man, as a profit-sharer, is eager for the success of the business. The increased profit thus secured, he shows, more than equals the share given to the employee. The system, moreover, exchanges the often-strained relations of capital and labour for relations of most cordial good-will and mutual helpfulness.

The most successful method of profit-sharing is one something like the following:—A certain amount of the net profits, say ten per cent., or more or less, according to the nature of the business, is reserved to the capitalist before any sharing of profits takes place. After that, the profits are divided, say, equally between employer and the body of employees. The employee's share is divided as follows:—One-third is paid in annual cash bonuses, one-third is paid into a provident or pension fund, to be used in case of sickness or disability, and one-third is paid into an insurance fund to be available only on the death of the employee, or his attaining the age of sixty, or being twenty years in the service. On these last reserves the employer pays interest at bank rates. These benefit societies are popular with the men, cultivate thrift, and tend toward the permanence of employment in the same house. The system of profit-sharing has been applied to many kinds of manufacturing—to coal mining, agriculture, printing and store-keeping. The latter is signally successful at the *Bon Marché* at Paris, which employs 700 persons, and does a business of about £1,000,000 sterling per annum. We commend the study of these essays to all interested in the capital and labour problem.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, Preacher, Author, and Philanthropist, with Anecdotal Reminiscences. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. Pp. 312. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

It is a curious coincidence that three of the greatest preachers living come under review in this number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE; and, taken all in all, this great Baptist is the most remarkable of the group. He is one of the most potent moral forces of the greatest city in the world. He has overcome contumely ridicule and caricature, and is honoured and beloved wherever the English language is spoken. Our author has made a special study of his life and work and gives a gossip account, largely anecdotal, of

both. The wit and humour of the man is one of his most striking characteristics, and of both there are abundant examples in this book. The Methodist preacher under whose sermon the great Baptist was converted rendered grand service to the Church universal in leading into the way of life this distinct leader of souls.

D. L. Moody at Home; his Home and his Home Work. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Pp. 288. Price \$1.00.

One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. D. L. Moody is his shrewd, consecrated common sense. This is strongly shown in the business-like way in which he has organized and is carrying on, at Northfield, Mass., extensive educational institutions for young people of both sexes; and in the summer, conventions for training in Christian work. The growth of these institutions is marvellous. Half a dozen capacious buildings have been erected, and here these notable conventions, described in this book, have been held. With many of the ideas broached as to the second coming of our Lord we do not agree; but Mr. Moody is too good a Christian to impose his personal opinions as of divine authority, a claim which the editor of this book seems in the preface almost to make for him.

Future Probation; a Symposium on the Question, "Is Salvation Possible after Death." London: James Nisbet & Co. Toronto: S. R. Briggs. Pp. 324. Price \$1.50.

The thirteen papers which make up this volume attracted much attention as they appeared from time to time in the pages of that able monthly, *The Homiletic Magazine*. They discuss one of the most important eschatological topics, and exhibit the consensus of thought of representative divines of the various religious communions. The writers are the Rev. Prebendary Stanley Leathes, Principal J. Cairns, the Rev. Edward White, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, the Rev. Richard Littledale, the Rev. David Macewan,

the Rev. W. Landels, the Roman Catholic Bishop the Rev. J. Page Hopps, Rabbi Simeon Singer, and others.

We hope to present a more adequate notice of this important book from an amply competent pen in an early number.

The Pulpit the Age Needs. By the REV. GEORGE WEBBER. 12mo, pp. 197. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 50 cents.

The leading paper in this volume is a lecture delivered before the Theological Union of the Toronto Conference, June 1886, and published by request. It discusses ably one of the great problems of the age. Notwithstanding the growing influence of the press, the world has not outgrown and, we believe, never will outgrow, the influence of the pulpit. The pulpit must meet in our age the great questions that will not down but demand rational and convincing answer. Our author well handles this important topic. Then follow about a score of terse, cogent, and vigorous sermons—three on the Prodigal Son; four on great Biblical characters: Noah, Moses, Daniel, etc.; several on the cardinal doctrines: Repentance, Justification, Sanctification, etc. We are glad to learn that one who can wield his pen so well as Brother Webber purposes to give a revised and enlarged edition of his admirable volume of lectures on great historic characters, which have had a large sale both in Great Britain and in Canada.

Special Report by the Bureau of Education at the World's Industrial Exposition, New Orleans, 1884-5. Parts II. and III., 8vo, pp. 724. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Few departments in New Orleans World's Fair equalled in interest the educational exhibit. In this exhibit no country, we think, surpassed Canada; unless indeed it was France, in the department of art education. In connection with the World's Fair there was a great educational

congress, of which this bulky volume contains a full report. Here again Canada comes to the front, contributing no less than nineteen distinct papers. This result is chiefly due to the energy of our distinguished citizen, J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education, the Honorary Secretary of the International Congress. He contributes no less than three important papers himself, and secured the preparation of the other papers. Among those who assisted him are Rev. Dr. Burns, D. C. McHenry, J. H. Smith, and J. L. Hughes of our own Church, Dr. Carlyle, and others. The book is a perfect mine of information on all educational topics.

LITERARY NOTES. 1

A notable feature in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is the supplement of twenty-six pages containing the masterly oration by James Russell Lowell and the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered at Cambridge on the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard University. Both of these have attracted much attention and not without good cause. They constitute a literary event worthy of the occasion that called them forth. In this number Miss Murfree concludes her story of Tennessee Life, "In the Clouds." In this her genius has reached high water mark. She has done nothing so good before. A strong announcement is made for the coming year, including a Serial by Mrs. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich; one by F. Marion Crawford; and contributions by Dr. Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Warner, Stedman, Miss Jewett, Miss Murfree, Celia Thaxter, John Burroughs, and a whole galaxy of brilliant writers. Relying entirely upon its literary merit, without illustrations, no Magazine that we know reaches so high and sustained a degree of excellence. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price \$4 a

year. To subscribers to the METH-
ODIST MAGAZINE it will be furnished for \$3.25.

The Chicago house of Charles H. Kerr & Co. issue a volume of eight sermons on Burden-Bearing and Burden-Sharing, four of them by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and four by William C. Gannett. The initial sermon of the book, "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, has reached a circulation of 16,000 in pamphlet form.

The November and December numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* make a new departure in giving a complete story of about 70 pages in addition to the regular full amount of reading. John Habberton and Mrs. Burnett have thus contributed; and stories by Fawcett, Julian Hawthorn and other leading writers are announced. In this busy age this will be more attractive than the long-winded serials running for a year and a half. The price of this Magazine is only \$3 a year.

For lovers of pure and noble art we know no periodical, at a moderate price, so instructive and so interesting as the *Magazine of Art*, (Cassell & Co., New York, 35 cents per number, \$3.50 a year). It is a splendidly printed and illustrated quarto, containing about 500 high-class engravings in the year, and each number is to have some special photogravure, etching, or tint print. The engravings are of the high-class type for which this house is famous throughout the world.

The elegant Christmas card presented by the pastor of the Central Methodist Church of this city is one of the handsomest we have seen. It gives a view in gold and colours of the interior and exterior of the Church, with graceful lettering and an appropriate motto for the year. This pleasant custom Brother Benson has observed for several years.