

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



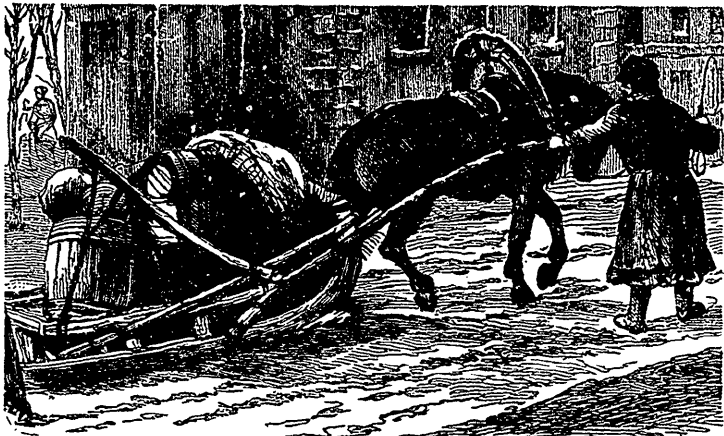
STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

“HOLY RUSSIA.”

II.



WINTER STREET SCENE, MOSCOW.

“PETER the Great,” says the historian Motley, “understood thoroughly the position of his empire the moment he came to the throne. Previous Czars had issued a multiplicity of edicts forbidding their subjects to go out of the empire. Peter saw that the great trouble was that they could not get out. While paddling in his little skiff on the Yausa, he had already determined that this great inland empire of his, whose inhabitants had never seen or heard of the ocean, should become a maritime power. Accordingly, before he had been within five hundred miles of blue water, he made himself a sailor, and at the same time formed the plan, which he pursued with iron per-

tinacity to its completion, of conquering the Baltic from the Swede, and the Euxine from the Turk.



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

“It was not so trifling a task as it may now appear for Russia to conquer Sweden and the Sublime Porte. On the contrary,

Sweden was so vastly superior in the scale of civilization that she looked upon Russia with contempt. The Ottoman Empire, too, was at that time not the rickety, decrepit State which it now is, holding itself up, like the cabman's horse, only by being kept in the shafts, and ready to drop the first moment its foreign master stops whipping. On the contrary, in the very year in which Peter inherited the empire, 200,000 Turks besieged Vienna, and drove the Emperor Leopold in dismay from his capital. The Sultan was then a vastly more powerful potentate than the Czar, and the project to snatch from him the citadel of Azof, the key of the Black Sea, was one of unparalleled audacity.

"The first point was gained, and his foot at last touched the ocean. Moreover, the Tartars of the Crimea, who had been from time immemorial the pest of Russia, who had compelled the Muscovites to pay them an annual tribute, and had inserted in their last articles of peace the ignominious conditions that 'the Czar should hold the stirrup of their Khan, and feed his horse with oats out of his cap, if they should chance at any time to meet'—these savages were humbled at a blow, and scourged into insignificance by the masterhand of Peter.

"Peter then travels privately and with great rapidity to Holland, and never rests till he has established himself as a journeyman in the dockyard of Mynheer Calf. From a seafaring man, named Kist, whom he had known in Archangel, he hires lodgings, consisting of a small room and kitchen, and a garret above them, and immediately commences a laborious and practical devotion to the trade which he had determined to acquire. The Czar soon became a most accomplished shipbuilder. Before his departure, he laid down and built, from his own draught and model, a sixty-gun ship, at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hands, and which was declared by many competent judges to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture. Besides his proficiency, so rapidly acquired, in all maritime matters, he made considerable progress in civil engineering, mathematics, and the science of fortification, besides completely mastering the Dutch language, and acquiring the miscellaneous accomplishments of tooth-drawing, blood-letting, and tapping for the dropsy. He was indefatigable in visiting every public institution, charitable, literary, or scientific, in examining the manufacturing establishments, the corn-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills, oil-factories, all of



WINTER PALACE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG.

M. ROBERTS, SC.

which he studied practically, with the view of immediately introducing these branches of industry into his own dominions. '*Was is dat? Dat wil ik zien,*' was his eternal exclamation to the quiet Hollanders, who looked with profound astonishment at this boisterous prince, in carpenter's disguise, flying round like a harlequin with a restless activity of body and mind which seemed incomprehensible. He devoured every possible morsel of knowledge with unexampled voracity. Having spent about nine months in the Netherlands, he left that country for England. His purpose in visiting England was principally to examine her navy-yards dock-yards, and maritime establishments, and to acquire some practical knowledge of English naval architecture."

"He shunned the public gaze," says Macaulay, "with a haughty shyness which inflamed curiosity. He was desirous to see a sitting of the House of Lords; but, as he was determined not to be seen, he was forced to climb up to the leads, and to peep through a small window.

"The Czar could not be persuaded to exhibit himself at St. Paul's; but he was induced to visit Lambeth Palace. Nothing in England astonished him so much as the archiepiscopal library. It was the first good collection of books that he had seen; and he declared that he had never imagined that there were so many printed volumes in the world.

"The impression which he made on Burnet was not favourable. The good bishop could not understand that a mind which seemed to be chiefly occupied with questions about the best place for a capstan and the best way of rigging a jury-mast might be capable, not merely of ruling an empire, but of creating a nation. He complained that he had gone to see a great prince, and had found only an industrious shipwright. Nor does Evelyn seem to have formed a much more favourable opinion of his august tenant. It was, indeed, not in the character of tenant that the Czar was likely to gain the good word of civilized men. With all the high qualities which were peculiar to himself, he had all the filthy habits which were then common among his countrymen. To the end of his life, while disciplining armies, founding schools, framing codes, organizing tribunals, building cities in deserts, joining distant seas by artificial rivers, he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty; and, when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried

walls and velvet state-beds unequivocal proofs that a savage had been there. Evelyn's house was in such a state that the Treasury quieted his complaints with considerable sums of money."

"During his stay in England," continues Motley, "he went to see the University at Oxford, and visited many of the cathedrals and churches, and had also the curiosity to view the Quakers



RUSSIAN SLEIGH.

and other Dissenters at their meeting-houses in the time of service. 'Are these all lawyers?' said he one day, when visiting the courts at Westminster. 'What can be the use of so many lawyers? I have but two in my empire, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back.' He certainly might as well hang them both; a country without law has very little need of lawyers.

“Right or wrong, Peter was determined to *occidentalize* his empire. The darling wish of his heart was to place himself upon the sea-shore, in order the more easily to Europeanize his country. In the meantime he altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, much to the astonishment of his subjects, who wondered that the Czar could change the course of the sun.

“Both coasts of the Gulf of Finland, together with both banks of the river Neva, up to the lake Ladoga, had been long, and were still, in possession of the Swedes. These frozen morasses were not a tempting site for a metropolis. Still Peter had determined to take possession of that coast, and already in imagination had built his capital upon those dreary solitudes, peopled only by the elk, the wolf and the bear. This man, more than any one, perhaps, that ever lived, was the illustration of the power of volition. He always settled in his own mind exactly what he wanted, and then put up his wishing-cap. With him, to will was to have. Obstacles he took as a matter of course. It never seemed to occur to him to doubt the accomplishment of his purpose. For our own part, we do not admire the capital which he built, nor the place he selected; both are mistakes, in our humble opinion, as time will prove and is proving. But it is impossible not to admire such a masterly effort of human volition as the erection of Petersburg.

“On the 16th of May, 1703, without waiting another moment after having possessed himself of the locality, he begins to build his metropolis. One hundred thousand miserable workmen are consumed in the first twelve months, succumbing to the rigorous climate and the unhealthy position. But ‘*il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette* ;’ in one year’s time there are thirty thousand houses in Petersburg. Never was there such a splendid improvisation. Look for a moment at a map of Russia, and say if Petersburg was not a magnificent piece of volition—a mistake, certainly, and an extensive one; but still a magnificent mistake. Upon a delta, formed by the dividing branches of the Neva—upon a miserable morass half under water, without stones, without clay, without earth, without wood, without building materials of any kind, having behind it the outlet of the lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, and before it the Gulf of Finland contracting itself into a narrow compass, and ready to deluge it

with all the waters of the Baltic, whenever the south-west wind should blow a gale eight-and-forty hours, with a climate of polar severity, and a soil as barren as an iceberg—was not Petersburg a bold *impromptu*? We never could look at this capital, with its imposing though monotonous architecture, its colossal squares, its vast colonnades, its endless vistas, its spires and minarets, sheathed in barbaric gold and flashing in the sun, and remember the magical rapidity with which it was built, and the hundred thousand lives that were sacrificed in building it, without recalling Milton's description of the building of Pandemonium:

“ ‘ Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze; with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors
 Opening their brazen folds discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
 And level pavement.’ ”

“ Still he continued his conquests. ‘ It is not land I want, but water,’ exclaims the Czar, as he snatches the whole southern coast of the Caspian, the original kingdom of Cyprus, from the languid hand of the Persian, without the expenditure of the blood, time, and treasure which it had cost him to wrest the frozen swamp of Finland from the iron grasp of Charles. Peter's conquests are now concluded. The Russian Colossus now stands astride, from the ‘thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice’ on the Baltic, to the ‘fragrant bowers of Asterabad’ on the Caspian, with a foot upon either sea. The man who had begun to gratify his passion for maritime affairs by paddling a little skiff on the Yausa, and who became, on his own accession, only the barbaric sovereign of an inland and unknown country, now finds himself the lord of two seas, with a considerable navy, built almost by his own hand. It was upon his return to Petersburg from his Persian

expedition that he ordered the very skiff in which he commenced navigation to be brought from Moscow, and took occasion to give to his court an entertainment, which was called the 'Consecration of the *Little Grandsire*,' that being the name they had given to the skiff. The little cabin, which was Peter's house while building Petersburg, still stands upon what is now called the



RUSSIAN FARMHOUSE.

Citadel; it is consecrated as a chapel, filled with votive offerings, and enclosed with a brick wall, and the *Little Grandsire* is religiously preserved within the building.

"Very soon after this, having exposed himself when in a feeble state of health, by standing in the water a long time and over-exerting himself in saving the lives of some sailors and soldiers, who were near being wrecked in a storm upon the Gulf of Finland, he was attacked by a painful disorder, and expired with

calmness and resignation, on the 28th of January, 1725. His sufferings during his last illness had been so intense that he was unable to make any intelligible disposition as to the succession ; and, strange to say, the possessor of this mighty empire, of which the only fundamental law was the expressed will of the sovereign, died intestate.

“It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his undertaking, to go into infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man’s power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception ; but we regret to see so much elephantine



BLIND BEGGAR, MOSCOW.

labour thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labour he rises to a demi-god, a Hercules. He felt that he must do everything himself, and he did everything. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral ; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle ; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison ; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties—wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his Church—models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand—regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shopkeepers, teaches his subjects how to behave

themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people, capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous efforts, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their own



RUSSIAN WORKMAN.

image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater if he had thought less of himself and more of the real interest of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labour of his lifetime, and which he could exorcise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder.

“Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt that an important mission had been confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. ‘I wish to reform my empire,’ he exclaimed, upon one occasion, ‘and I cannot reform myself.’ In early life, his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat

of Lefort in a paroxysm of drunken anger, and was habitually caning Prince Menzikoff. But, after all, he did reform himself; and in the latter years of his life, his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labours for his country and fame. He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.



PEASANT WOMAN.

“In the vast square of the Admiralty at St. Petersburg stands the celebrated colossal statue of Peter the Great. Around him are palaces, academies, arsenals, gorgeous temples with their light and starry cupolas floating up like painted balloons, and tall spires sheathed in gold, and flashing like pillars of fire. This place, which is large enough for half the Russian army to encamp in, is bounded upon one side by the Admiralty building, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, the *façades* of the three extending more than a mile: in front of the Winter Palace rises the red, polished granite column of Alexander, the largest monolith in the world; from the side opposite the palace radiate three great streets, lined with stately and imposing buildings, thronged with population, and intersected by canals, which are all bridged with iron; across the square, on the side opposite the statue, stands the Isaac’s Church, built of marble, bronze, granite, and gold, and standing upon a subterranean forest, more than a million large trees having been driven into the earth to form its foundation. The Emperor faces the Neva, which pours its limpid waters through the quays of solid granite, which for twenty-five miles line its length and that of its branches; and beyond the river rise in full view the Bourse, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and other imposing public edifices.

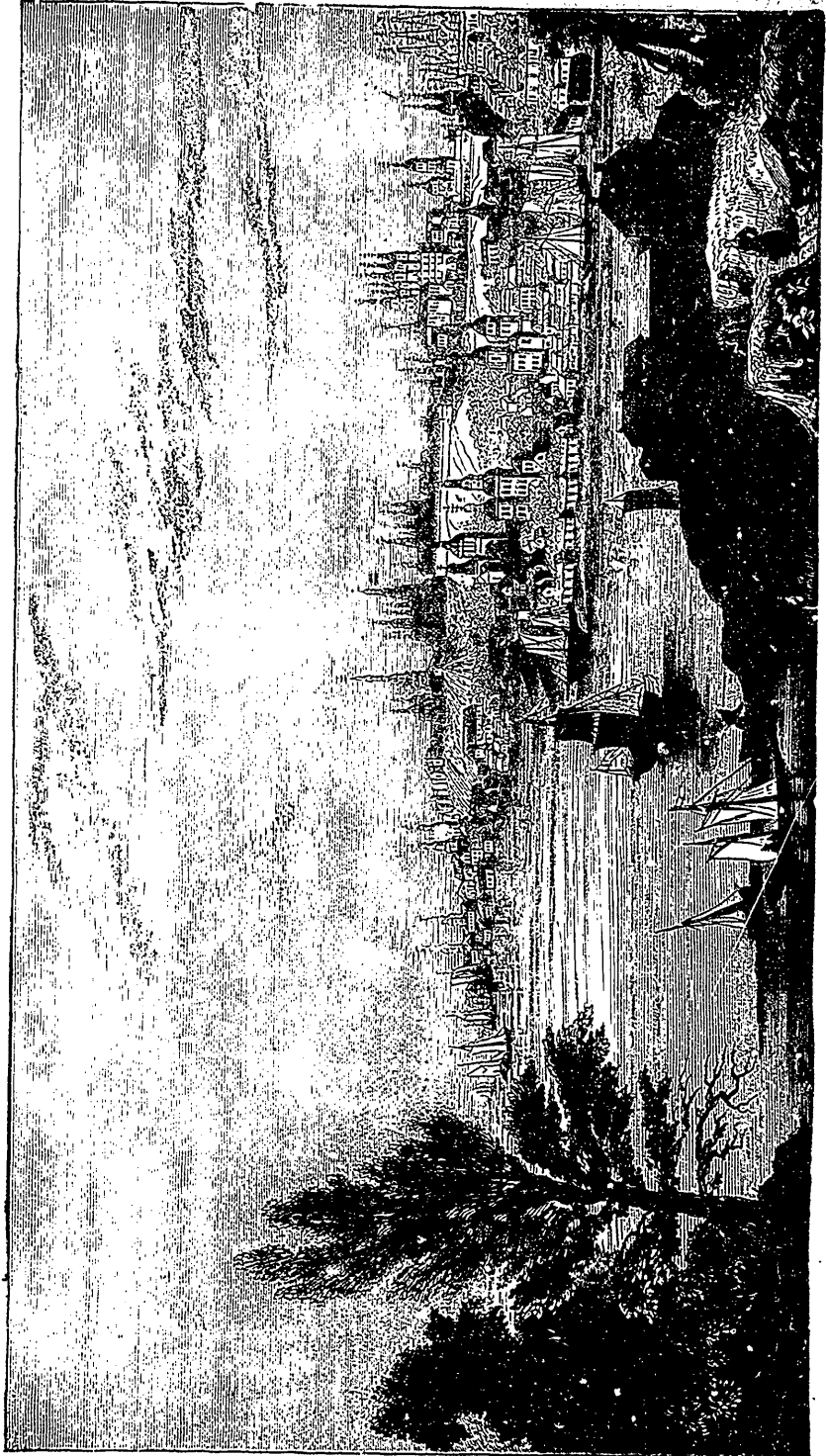


KNIFE GRINDER.

"This equestrian statue has been much admired; we think justly so. The action of the horse is uncommonly spirited and striking, and the position of the Emperor dignified and natural. He waves his hand, as if, like a Scythian wizard as he was, he had just caused this mighty, swarming city, with all its palaces and temples, to rise like a vapour from the frozen morasses of the Neva with one stroke of his wand. In winter, by moonlight, when the whole scene is lighted by the still, cold radiance of a polar midnight, we defy any one to pause and gaze upon that statue without a vague sensation of awe. The Czar seems to be still presiding in sculptured silence over the colossal work of his hands; to be still protecting his capital from the inundations of the ocean, and his empire from the flood of barbarism which he always feared would sweep over it upon his death."

Kazan is an important city of Russia, capital of the Government, and ancient capital of the kingdom of the same name. It is situated on the river Kazanska, four miles from its mouth in the Volga, and four hundred and thirty miles east of Moscow. It was founded in 1257 by a Tartar tribe, and captured in 1552 by the Russians under Ivan the Terrible. It has long been famous for its beautiful churches and educational institutions. It contains no less than seventy churches, nine mosques, a University, Theological Seminary, and many other educational establishments. Its university, founded in 1804, has a large number of professors, upwards of four hundred students, a library of thirty thousand volumes, an observatory, botanic garden, and several museums. Kazan is the see of a Bishop of the Greek Church. The population of the city is about sixty thousand.

The Russian peasants are vigorous and hardy, accustomed to the rigours of a severe and varying climate, and to the hardships of merciless military conscription and of occasional famines. They are of a cheerful temper, fond of song and violin, and addicted to excessive drinking. The use of vapour baths is common, though cleanliness is far from being a national virtue. Their sheepskin coats, like Bryan O'Lynn's, are "mighty conveyneant," but not always clean. The farmhouses are picturesque wooden structures, as shown in our engraving. They abound with painted images of the saints. Their one or three-horse droskies are swift and flying vehicles, the most conspicuous feature of which is the immense bow over the horse's back.



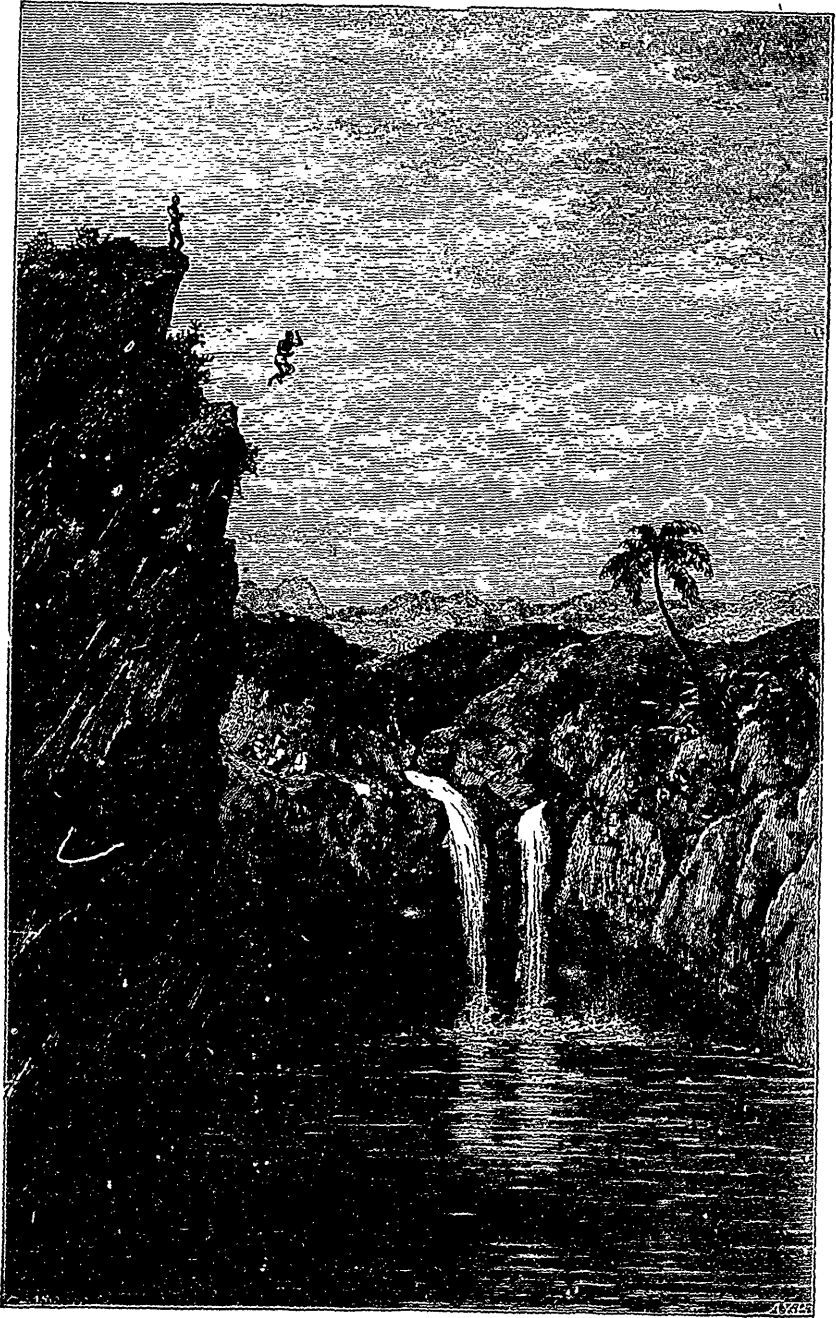
THE CITY OF KAZAN, RUSSIA.

The street scenes of the capital are very picturesque—knife-grinders, blind beggars, mujiks, porters, and other types shown in our woodcuts. Of the peasants, 22,000,000 were serfs, sold with the soil, partly belonging to the Crown, partly to the nobles. By an Imperial manifesto, proclaimed in all the churches, March 3rd, 1861, these were all freed and enfeoffed with from five to five-and-twenty acres of land. But many of them have become the victims of usurious Jews, who have inveigled them out of their land by selling vile brandy, and lending money at exorbitant rates of interest. The rage of the peasants finds vent in terrific outbursts of persecution against these blood-sucking vampires.



RUSSIAN PEASANT TRAPPING GAME.

The government from the times of the early Pauls and Peters has been a "despotism tempered by assassination." The social fabric is honeycombed with nihilistic socialism, a stern system of repression casts into prison or deports to the mines of Siberia all political offenders, and refuses the ameliorations of constitutional government or representative institutions. A thin veneer of civilization conceals the inherent barbarism of the race. If you scratch the skin the Tartar appears. Society in St. Petersburg has the pomp, the splendour, the brilliance of the court of Louis XIV. But there slumbers beneath this glittering splendour volcanic forces akin to those which, in the dread Reign of Terror, overturned both throne and altar in the dust and for a generation made France the outlaw of Europe.



LEAP AT HILO, HAWAII. See p. 114.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VIII.

IN wrestling nimble, and in running swift,
 In shooting steady, and in swimming strong,
 Well made to strike, to leap, to throw, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.

Tuesday, December 26th.—Before setting out for Rainbow Falls, we went to see the national sport of surf-swimming, for their skill in which the Hawaiians are so justly famed. Another game, called *parua*, is very like the Canadian sport of "tobogganing," only that it is carried on on the grass instead of on the snow. The performers stand bolt upright on a narrow plank, turned up in front, and steered with a sort of long paddle. They go to the top of a hill or mountain, and rush down the steep, grassy, sunburnt slopes at a tremendous pace, keeping their balance in a wonderful manner. All the kings and chiefs have been special adepts in the invigorating pastime of surf-swimming, and the present king's sisters are considered first-rate hands at it. The performers begin by swimming out into the bay, and diving under the huge Pacific rollers, pushing their surf-boards—flat pieces of wood, about four feet long by two wide, pointed at each end—edgewise before them. For the return journey they select a large wave; and then, either sitting, kneeling, or standing on their boards, rush in shorewards with the speed of a racehorse, on the curling crest of the monster, enveloped in foam and spray, and holding on, as it were, by the milk-white manes of their furious coursers. It looked a most enjoyable amusement, and I should think that, to a powerful swimmer, with plenty of pluck, the feat is not difficult of accomplishment. The natives here are almost amphibious. They played all sorts of tricks in the water, some of the performers being quite tiny boys. Four strong rowers took a whale-boat out into the worst surf, and then, steering her by means of a large oar, brought her safely back to the shore on the top of a huge wave.

After the conclusion of this novel entertainment, we all proceeded on horseback to the Falls, a pretty double waterfall, tumbling over a cliff, about 100 feet high, into a glassy pool of the river beneath. After taking a few photographs we walked across it to the banks of the river. Here we found a large party assembled, watching half the population of Hilo disporting themselves in, upon, and beneath the water. They climbed the almost perpendicular rocks on the opposite side of the stream, took headers, and footers, and siders from any height under five-and-twenty feet. But all this was only a preparation for the special sight we had come to see. Two natives were to jump from a precipice, 100 feet high, into the river below, clearing on their way a rock which projected some twenty feet from the face of the cliff, at about the same distance from the summit. The two men, tall, strong, and sinewy, suddenly appeared against the skyline, far above our heads, their long hair bound back by a wreath of leaves and flowers, while another garland encircled their waists. Having measured their distance with an eagle's glance, they disappeared from our sight, in order to take a run and acquire the necessary impetus. Every breath was held for a moment, till one of the men reappeared, took a bound from the edge of the rock, turned over in mid-air, and disappeared feet foremost into the pool beneath, to emerge almost immediately, and to climb the sunny bank as quietly as if he had done nothing very wonderful. His companion followed, and then the two clambered up to the twenty-foot projection, to clear which they had to take such a run the first time, and once more plunged into the pool below. The feat was of course an easier one than the first; but still a leap of eighty feet is no light matter.

We now moved our position a little higher up the river, to the Falls, over which the men, gliding down the shallow rapids above, in a sitting posture, allowed themselves to be carried. It looked a pleasant and easy feat, and was afterwards performed by many of the natives in all sorts of ways. No description can give you any idea what an animated and extraordinary scene it was altogether. Mamo feathers are generally worth a dollar a piece, and a good *lei* or loose necklace costs about five hundred dollars. On our way off to the yacht we met one of the large double canoes coming in under sail from a neighbouring island. It consisted of two canoes lashed together, with a sort of basket

dropped into the water between them, to enable them to carry their fish alive. They are not very common now, and we were therefore fortunate in meeting with one. In the time of Kamehameha there was a fleet of 10,000 of these canoes, and the king used to send them out in the roughest weather, and make them perform all sorts of manœuvres.

A sad interest attaches to the island of Molokai, which is situated midway between Maui and Oahu. It is the leper settlement, and to it all the victims of this terrible, loathsome, and incurable disease, unhappily so prevalent in the Hawaiian archipelago, are sent, in order to prevent the spread of the contagion. A French priest has nobly devoted himself to the religious and secular instruction of the lepers, and up to the present time has enjoyed complete immunity from the disease; but even if he escapes this danger, he can never return to his country and friends.



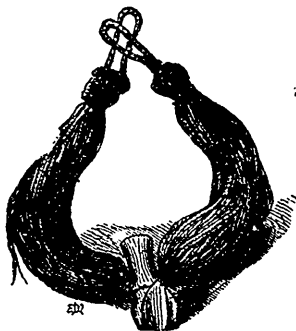
FEATHER NECKLACE.

At two o'clock we saw Diamond Head, the easternmost headland of Oahu, rising from the sea. A coral reef stretches far into the sea, and outside this we lay waiting for a pilot to take us into Honolulu Harbour. It was a long business mooring us by hawsers, from our stem and stern, but we were at last safely secured in a convenient place, a short distance from the shore, and where we should be refreshed by the sea breeze and the land breeze alternately. The town is clean and tidy, being laid out in squares, after the American style. The houses are all of wood, and generally have verandahs overhanging the street. We lunched on shore, and afterwards went to the new Government buildings and museum. There we found an excellent English library, and an interesting collection of books printed in English and Hawaiian, on alternate pages, including alphabets, grammars, the old familiar nursery tales, etc. There were some most interesting, though somewhat horrible, necklaces made of hundreds of braids of human hair cut from the heads of victims slain by the chiefs themselves. The most interesting of all were, perhaps, the old feather war cloaks, like

the ancient *togas* of the Romans. They are made of thousands of yellow, red, and black feathers, of the *oo*, *mamo*, and *eine*, taken singly and fastened into a sort of network of string, so as form a sold fabric, like the richest velvet or plush, that glitters like gold in the sunlight. The helmets are made of the same feathers, but worked on to a frame of perfect Grecian shape.

Friday, December 29th.—The King's two sisters came to call on us in the morning with their respective husbands. Both ladies are married to Englishmen, and live partially in English style.

Saturday, December 30th.—Saturday is a half-holiday in Oahu, and all the plantation and mill hands came galloping into Honolulu on horseback, chattering and laughing, dressed in the brightest colours, and covered with flowers.



WAR NECKLACE OF HUMAN
HAIR.

Fish—raw or cooked—is the staple food of the inhabitants, and almost everybody we saw had half-a-dozen or more brilliant members of the finny tribe, wrapped up in fresh green banana leaves, ready to carry home. In the evening we were entertained at a *poi* supper. The garden was illuminated, the band played and a choir sang alternately, while everybody sat out in the verandah, or strolled about the garden, or did what they liked best. Prince Leleiohoku took me in to supper, which was served in the native fashion, in calabashes and on leaves, laid on mats on the floor, in the same manner as the feast at Tahiti. The walls of the dining-room were made of palm-leaves and bananas, and the roof was composed of the standards of the various members of the royal family, gracefully draped. At one end of the long table, where the Prince and I sat, there was his special royal standard, as heir-apparent, and just behind us were stationed a couple of women, with two large and handsome *kahilis*. *Poi* is generally eaten from a bowl placed between two people, by dipping three fingers into it, giving them a twirl round, and then sucking them. It sounds rather nasty; but, as a matter of fact, it is so glutinous a mixture that you really only touch the particles that stick to your fingers. The

latter you wash after each mouthful, so that there is nothing so very dreadful about it after all.

Sunday, December 31st.—I was on deck at six o'clock, and saw what I had often heard about—a team of twenty oxen, driven by a man in a cart, drawing by means of a rope, about a quarter of a mile in length, a large ship through the opening in the reef, the man and cattle being upon the coral.

We went to eleven o'clock service at the cathedral. It is a pleasant small building, beautifully cool, and well adapted to this climate. The bishop was unfortunately away, but the service was well performed. Later, Tom read the evening service to the men.



ANCIENT WAR MASKS AND COSTUMES FROM THE MUSEUM AT HONOLULU.

We sat in the calm moonlight, thinking and talking over the events of the year, whose end was so swiftly approaching, and wondering what its successor may have in store for us. So ends, with all its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains, its hopes and fears, for us, the now old year, 1876.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Monday, January 1st, 1877.—At midnight we were awakened by our ship's bell, and that of the *Fantôme*, being struck violently sixteen times. For the moment I could not imagine what it meant, and thought it must be an alarm of fire; indeed, it was not until Tom and I reached the deck, where we found

nearly all the ship's company assembled at the top of the companion, and were greeted with wishes for "A happy New Year, and many of them," that we quite realised that nothing serious was the matter. Soon the strains of sweet music, proceeding from the Honolulu choirs, which had come out in boats to serenade us, fell upon our ears. The choristers remained alongside for more than an hour, singing English and American sacred and secular hymns and songs, and then went off to the *Fantôme*, where they repeated the performance. The moon shone brightly; not a ripple disturbed the surface of the water. It was altogether a romantic and delicious scene, and we found it difficult to tear ourselves away from the sweet sounds which came floating over the sea.

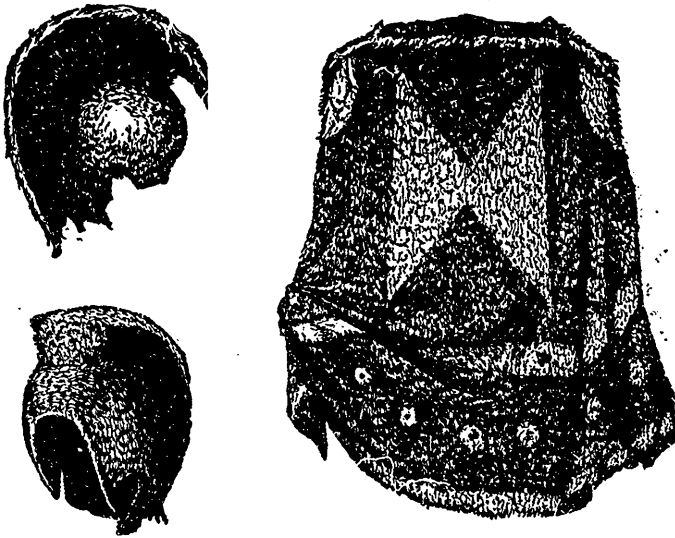
Mabelle and I went at twelve o'clock to the Queen's New Year's reception, held in a wing of the palace. Having driven through the pretty gardens, we were received at the entrance by the Governor, and ushered through two reception rooms into the royal presence. The Queen was dressed in a European court-dress, of blue and white material, with the Hawaiian Order of the Garter across her breast. Two maids of honour were also in court-dress. Of the other ladies, some were in evening, some in morning dress, some with bonnets and some without; but their costumes were all made according to the European fashion, except that of her Highness Ruth, the Governess of Hawaii, who looked wonderfully well in a rich white silk native dress, trimmed with white satin. This native costume is a most becoming style of dress, especially to the chiefs and chiefesses, who are all remarkably tall and handsome, with a stately carriage and dignified manner. The Queen stood in front of the throne, on which were spread the royal robes, a long mantle of golden feathers, without speck or blemish.

The Princess presented Mabelle and me to her Majesty, and we had a short conversation through a lady interpreter. It is always an embarrassing thing to carry on a conversation in this way, especially when you find yourself in the midst of a square formed by a large crowd of ladies, who you fancy are all gazing at you, the one stranger present.

Queen Kapiolani is a nice-looking woman, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. She is the granddaughter of the heroic Princess Kapiolani, who, when the worship and fear of

the goddess Pélé were at their height, walked boldly up to the crater Kilauea, in defiance of the warnings and threats of the high-priestess of the idolatrous rites, proclaiming her confidence in the power of her God, the God of the Christians, to preserve her. This act did much to assist in the establishment of Christianity in the Island of Hawaii, and to shake the belief of the native worshippers of Pélé in the power of the fearful goddess.

The most interesting object in the royal collection was the real feather cloak, cape, and girdle of the Kamehamehas. The cloak, which is now the only one of the kind in existence, is



FEATHERED CLOAK AND HELMETS.

about eleven feet long by five broad, and is composed of the purest yellow, or rather golden, feathers, which, in the sunlight, are perfectly gorgeous, as they have a peculiar kind of metallic lustre, quite independent of their brilliant colour.

At half-past three we all went ashore again, and set out on horseback, a large party, for an excursion to the Pali, the children, servants, and provisions preceding us in a light, two-horse American waggón. We rode through the Nuuanu Avenue, and then up the hills, along a moderately good road, for about seven miles and a half. This brought us into a narrow gorge in the midst of the mountains, from which we emerged on the other side of the

central range of hills, forming the backbone of the island. The ride down, in the light of the almost full moon, was delightful.

Tuesday, January 2nd.—At eleven o'clock the King went on board the *Fontôme*, saw the men at quarters, and witnessed the firing of a couple of shots at a target, and shortly before twelve paid us a visit, accompanied by the Prince Leleiohoku and others. His Majesty is a tall, fine-looking man, with pleasant manners, and speaks English perfectly and fluently. He and the Prince visited and examined every corner of the yacht, and looked, I think, at almost every object on board. The inspection occupied



THE PALI-OAHU.

at least an hour and a half; and when it was over, we had a long chat on deck on various subjects. The Prince of Wales' visit to India, and the Duke of Edinburgh's voyage round the world, were much discussed. I think the King would like to use them as a precedent, and see a little more of the world himself. His voyage to, and stay in America, he thoroughly enjoyed.

It was two o'clock before our visitors left; and a quarter of an hour later the Queen and her sister arrived. Her Majesty and her sister made quite as minute an inspection of the yacht as her royal consort and his brother had done before them. We had arranged to be "at home" to all our kind friends in Honolulu at four o'clock, at which hour precisely the Governor sent the royal band on board to enliven the proceedings.

Wednesday, January 3rd.—This was sure to be a disagreeable day, since it was to be the concluding one of our short stay in this pleasant place. The final preparations for a long voyage had also to be made; stores, water, and live stock to be got on board, bills to be paid, and adieux to be made to kind friends. Before seven the yacht was surrounded by boats, and the deck was quite impassable, so encumbered was it with all sorts of lumber, waiting to be stowed away, until the boats could be hoisted on board and secured for the voyage. It could not, however, be helped; for the departure of a small vessel, with forty people on board, on a voyage of a month's duration, is a matter requiring considerable preparation. At three we were to go to the Royal Mausoleum. The Princess herself met us at the Mausoleum, which is a small but handsome stone Gothic building, situated above the Nuuanu Avenue, on the road to the Pali. There lay the coffins of all the kings of Hawaii, their consorts, and their children, for many generations past. The greater part were of polished *koa* wood, though some were covered with red velvet ornamented with gold. Many of them appeared to be of an enormous size; for, as I have already observed, the chiefs of these islands have almost invariably been men of large and powerful frames. The farewells were at last over, the anchor was weighed, and the yacht began slowly to move ahead. Suddenly we heard shouts from the shore, and saw a boat pursuing us in hot haste. We stopped, and received on board a basket of beautiful ferns and other parcels from different friends. Now we are fairly off. But no! there are farewell signals and hearty cheers yet to come from the officers and men of the *Fantôme*; and, still further out, on the top of the tiny lighthouse at the mouth of the narrow passage through the reef, stand other friends, cheering and waving their handkerchiefs, and till the shades of twilight fell we could see their white handkerchiefs fluttering, and hear their voices borne on the evening breeze, as we meandered slowly through the tortuous channels into deep water.

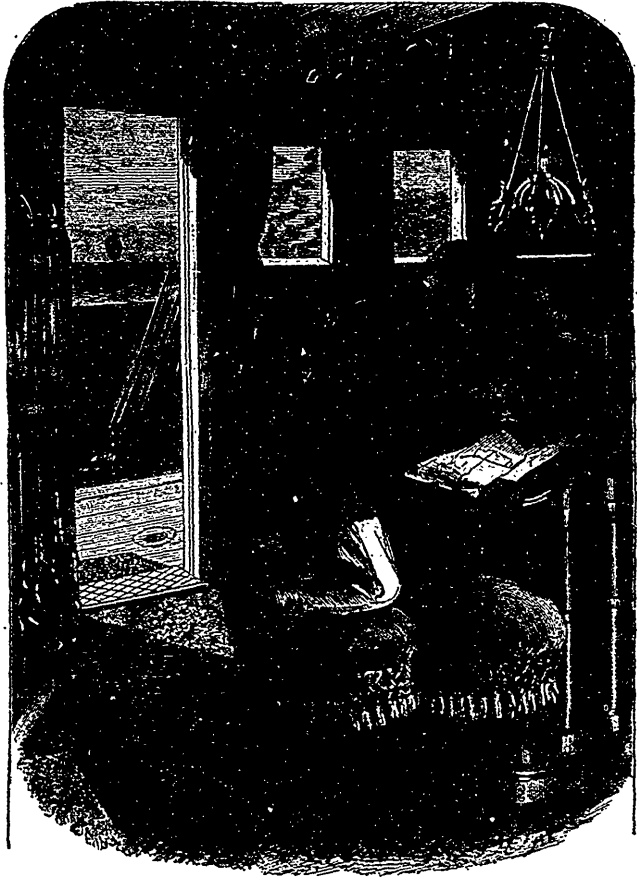
Saturday, January 6th.—The gale increased during the night, and the head-sea became heavier. I hope to get through a good deal of reading and writing between this and Japan.

(*Thursday, January 11th*, had no existence for us, as, in the process of crossing the 180th meridian, we have lost a day.)

Friday, January 12th.—Wednesday morning with us was

Tuesday evening with people in England, and we were thus twelve hours in advance of them. To-day the order of things is reversed, and we are now twelve hours behind our friends at home.

Sunday, January 14th.—I was on deck at 4 a.m. The Southern



AMATEUR NAVIGATION.

Cross, the Great Bear, and the North Star, were shining with a brilliancy that eclipsed all the other stars. During the day the wind freshened to a squally gale. Service was an impossibility; cooking and eating, indeed, were matters of difficulty. Nothing annoys me more than to find that, after having sailed tens and tens of thousands of miles, I cannot cure myself of sea-sickness.

Thursday, January 18th.—During the last five days we have covered 1,221 sea miles.

Saturday, January 27th.—About two o'clock this morning the yacht plunged so heavily into a deep sea, that the jibboom, a beautiful spar, broke short off, and the foretopgallant mast and topgallant yard were carried away almost at the same moment, with a terrible noise. It took about eight hours to clear the wreck, all hands working all night; and a very forlorn appearance the deck presented in the morning, lumbered up with broken spars, ropes, etc. It was frightful to see the men aloft in such weather, swinging on the ends of the broken spars, as the yacht rolled and pitched about.

Sunday, January 28th.—It is finer, but bitterly cold. Several of my tropical birds are already dead. We had the Litany at eleven, and prayer and a sermon at four; after which Tom addressed the men, paying them some well-deserved compliments on their behaviour on Friday night.

The decks were very slippery, and as we kept rolling about a good deal there were some nasty falls among the passengers. We had a splendid though stormy sunset. On deck the night looked brilliant but rather terrible. The full moon made it as light as day, and illuminated the fountains of spray blown from the waves by which we were surrounded. The *Sunbeam* rode through it all, dipping her head into the sea, shivering from stem to stern, and then giving herself a shake, preparatory to a fresh start, just like a playful water-bird emerging from a prolonged dive.

At midnight a tremendous sea struck her, and for a minute you could not see the yacht at all, as she was completely enveloped in spray and foam. Our old engineer, who had been with us so long, made up his mind that we had struck on a rock, and woke up all the servants and told them to go on deck. I never felt anything like it before, and the shock sent half of us out of our beds.

Monday, January 29th.—At four o'clock I was called to go on deck to see the burning mountain. On every side were islands and rocks, among which the sea boiled, and seethed, and swirled, while the roaring breakers dashed against the higher cliffs, casting great columns of spray into the air, and falling back in heavy rollers and surf. Just before us rose the island of Vries, with

its cone-shaped volcano, 2,600 feet high, emitting volumes of smoke and flame. It was overhung by a cloud of white vapour, on the under side of which shone the lurid glare of the fires of the crater. Sometimes this cloud simply floated over the top of the mountain, from which it was quite detached; then there would be a fresh eruption; and after a few moments' quiet, great tongues of flame would shoot up and pierce through the overhanging cloud to the heavens above, while the molten lava rose like a fountain for a short distance, and then ran down the sides



LITTLE REDCAP.

of the mountain. It was wondrously beautiful, and we stayed on deck watching the scene, until the sun rose glorious from the sea, and shone upon the snow-covered sides of Fujiyama, called by the Japanese "the matchless mountain." It is an extinct crater, of the most perfect form, rising abruptly from a chain of very low mountains, so that it stands in unrivalled magnificence. This morning, covered with the fresh-fallen snow, there was not a spot nor a fleck to be seen upon it, from top to bottom. It is said to be

the youngest mountain in the world, the enormous mass having been thrown up in the course of a few days only 862 years B.C.

We reached the entrance of the Gulf of Yeddo about nine o'clock, and passed between its shores through hundreds of junks and fishing boats. I never saw anything like it before. The water was simply covered with them; and at a distance it looked as though it would be impossible to force a passage. As it was, we could not proceed very fast, so constantly were the orders to "slow," "stop," "port," "starboard," given; and I began at last to

fear that it would be impossible to reach Yokohama without running down at least one boat.

The shores of the gulf, on each side, consist of sharp-cut little hills, covered with pines and cryptomerias, and dotted with temples and villages. Every detail of the scene exactly resembled the Japanese pictures one is accustomed to see in England; and it was easy to imagine that we were only gazing upon a slowly-moving panorama, unrolling itself before us.

It was twelve o'clock before we found ourselves among the men-of-war and steamers lying near the port of Yokohama, and two o'clock before the anchor could be dropped. During this interval we were surrounded by small boats, the occupants of which clamoured vociferously to be allowed on board, and in many cases they succeeded in evading the vigilance of the man at the gateway, by going round the other side and climbing over the rail. A second man was put on guard; but it was of no use, for we were invaded from all directions at once. We had a good many visitors also from the men-of-war, Japanese and English, and from the reporters of newspapers, full of curiosity, questions, and astonishment.

Having at last managed to get some lunch, Tom went to bed to rest, after his two hard nights' work, and the rest of us went on shore. Directly we landed at the jetty we were rushed at by a crowd of *jinrikisha* men, each drawing a little vehicle not unlike a Hansom cab, without the seat for the driver—there being no horse to drive. The man runs between the shafts, and is often preceded by a leader, harnessed on in front, tandem fashion. Each of these vehicles holds one person, and they go along at a tremendous pace.

We went first to the Consul's, where we got a few letters, and then to the Post Office, where many more awaited us. We had then to go to various places to order stores, fresh provisions, coals, and water, all of which were urgently needed on board, and to give directions for the repair of boats, spars, etc., with as little delay as possible. The people we met in the streets were a study in themselves. The children said they looked "like fans walking about;" and it was not difficult to understand their meaning. The dress of the lower orders has remained precisely the same for hundreds of years; and before I had been ashore five minutes I realised more fully than I had ever done before the truthful-

ness of the representations of native artists, with which the fans, screens, and vases one sees in England are ornamented.

While we were going about, a letter was brought me, containing the sad news (received here by telegram) of the death of Tom's mother. It was a terrible shock, coming, too, just as we were rejoicing in the good accounts from home which our letters contained. I went on board at once to break the bad news to Tom. This sad intelligence realised a certain vague dread of something, we knew not what, which has seemed to haunt us both on our way hither.

MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. DR. LIPSCOMB.

While He thus spake, there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is My beloved Son: hear ye Him.—St. Luke, ix: 34, 35.

THE evening lamps were shining on the shores of Galilee,
And high above, the azure lights gleamed with them o'er the sea;
Far upward in the silence stood Mount Tabor's dusky height,
Whose forests kept with quiet stars the fellowship of night.

And thither bent the Saviour's steps with growing weight of care,
Each onward step a quicker throb to find repose in prayer;
And thither went the chosen three who shared His private hours,
As senseless things the fragrance share of twilight's dewy flowers.

And bowing there with lonely heart, the saddened Saviour prayed,
While on His friends the weary night with heavy slumbers weighed,
But suddenly the sleepers start beneath celestial light,
To see a morn of glory rise from out that shadowy night.

Then Hermon witnessed from afar the swift-ascending glow,
And quickly caught this midnight morn upon its brow of snow;
Then Pisgah's eye her risen dead with silent wonder greets,
While Carmel's grove Elijah's name once more with joy repeats.

But soon, too soon, the splendour passed, the ecstatic vision fled,
Lo! Tabor's Mount had reared a cross whose shadows o'er it spread;
And 'neath the cloud that veiled the Cross, the three sank down with fear,
Whose hands had grasped the rainbow hues, to build their dwellings here.

Who would transfig'ring glory feel, must feel the fearful cloud,
While silent awe and holy dread his earthly senses shroud;
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrows found the strength to bear His Cross,
'Tis thus the stricken heart of grief finds gain in every loss.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

II.

THE following is a description, by one who heard him, of the appearance and style of Charles H. Spurgeon when he entered upon his work in the Tabernacle in 1857:—

“He is of medium height, at present quite stout, has a round and beardless face, not a high forehead, dark hair, parted in the centre of the head. His appearance in the pulpit may be said to be interesting rather than commanding. He betrays his youth and still wears a boyish countenance. His figure is awkward, his manners are plain, his face (except when illumined by a smile) is admitted to be heavy. His voice seems to be the only personal instrument he possesses, by which he is enabled to acquire such a marvellous power over the minds and hearts of his hearers. His voice is powerful, rich, melodious, and under perfect control. Twelve thousand have distinctly heard every sentence he uttered in the open air, and this powerful instrument carried his burning words to an audience of twenty thousand gathered in the Crystal Palace.”

Reference to the Tabernacle, and to Mr. Spurgeon as the great Metropolitan preacher, may be concluded with the statement that on leaving New Park Street in 1861 the membership of the church was 1,178; in ten years it increased to 3,569, and in 1873 it reached 4,417. Later figures are not at hand as we write. It would be unjust, however, to dismiss the subject of the great Tabernacle without kindly mention of the co-pastor, the Rev. James Archer Spurgeon, whose recent visit to Canada will be in the memory of some who read this sketch, and whose portrait we have more than ordinary pleasure in presenting to our readers.

* For the illustrations which add so much to the interest of this article, the publisher of this MAGAZINE expresses his indebtedness to Mr. D. L. Guernsey, of Boston, publisher of *The Life and Labours of Charles H. Spurgeon*, compiled and edited by Geo. C. Needham, 8vo., pp. 630, price \$4.00, from whose interesting volume Mr. Rose has derived the major part of the facts which this sketch contains.

To most men, the duties which belong to the care of such a flock as that which calls Mr. Spurgeon pastor, would appear sufficient to engage greater energy than even his own. It is

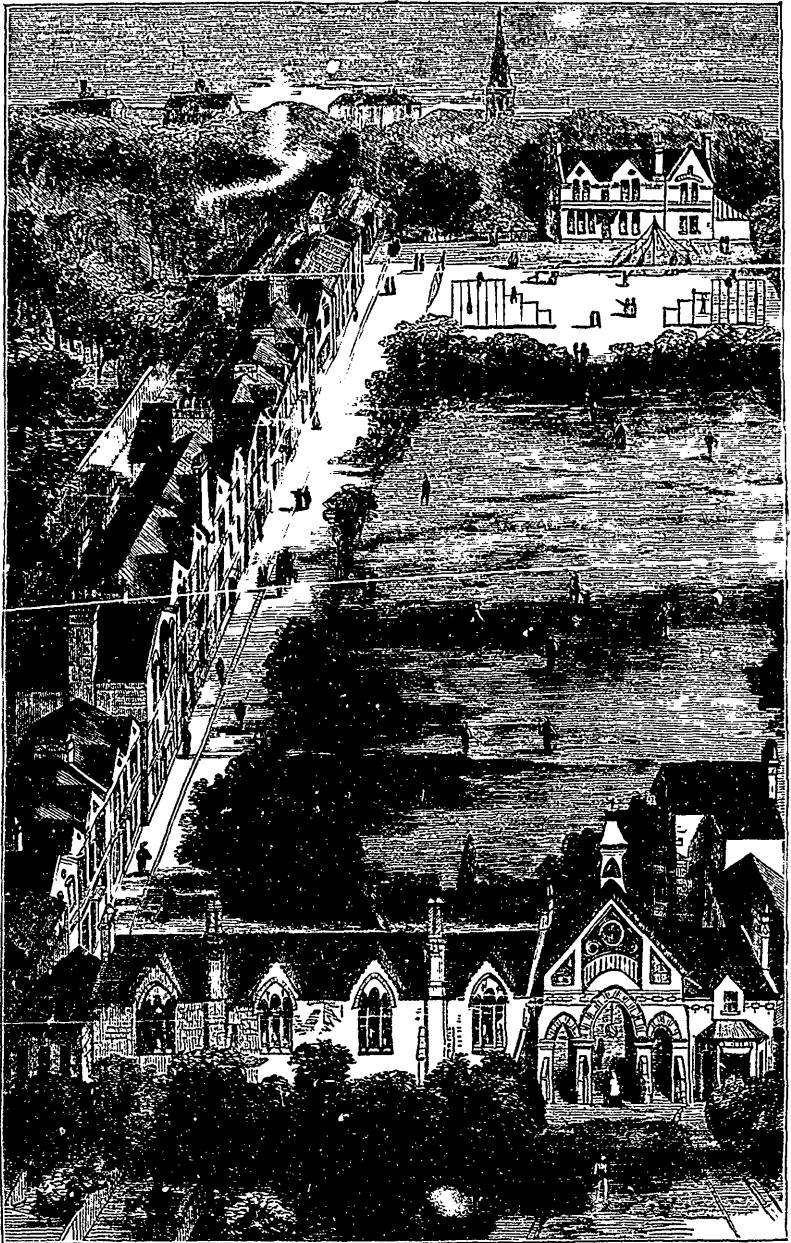


JAMES ARCHER SPURGEON, CO-PASTOR.

evident, however, that he is no ordinary man. He is possessed with a consuming restlessness to do good, and is blessed with a gift, even rarer still, the ability to impart his enthusiasm to

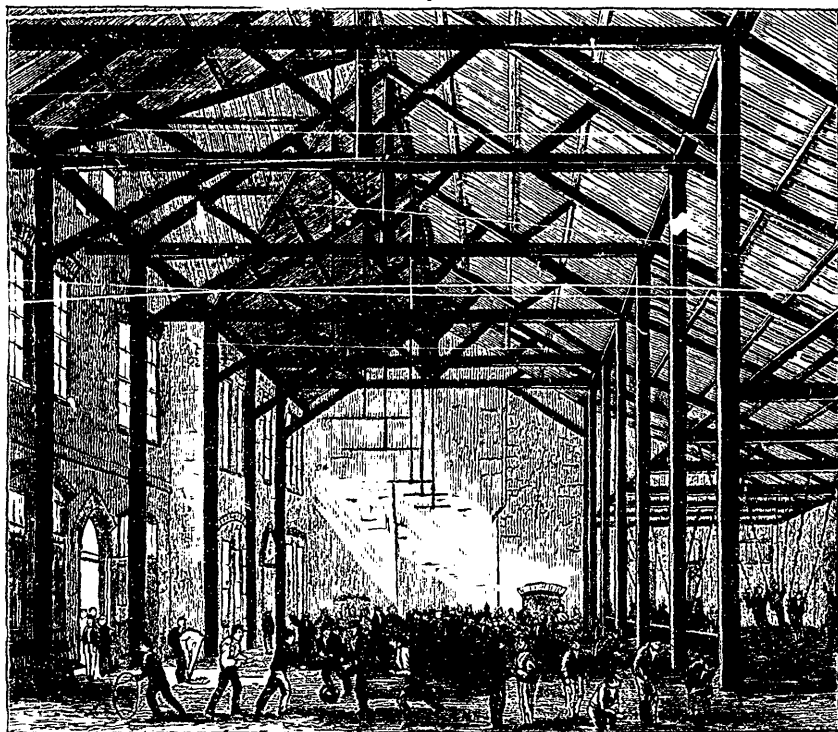
others. An ordinary man can work when the line of work is indicated. A man, something more than ordinary, can devise new methods of labour for himself. He is a great man who can plan and do work himself so that for every stroke he makes ten others are made, for every good deed he does ten more are set in motion. This the famous Baptist preacher does. His is a working congregation. His new methods of labour bring into play the consecrated talents of hundreds, perhaps thousands, who would never have been so great a blessing to the world, but for the guiding hand of the man of whom we write.

Among the important undertakings which, outside of his ministerial duties, have called so largely upon Mr. Spurgeon's sympathies and time, a prominent place should be given to the Stockwell Orphanage. The subject deserves an article in itself. In an early issue of the *Sword and Trowel*, attention was called to various forms of Christian usefulness, the care of orphan children amongst others. The article was good seed in good ground, for soon afterwards a lady (Mrs. Hillyard) wrote to Mr. Spurgeon offering to place \$100,000 at his disposal, for the purpose of founding an orphanage for fatherless boys. Hesitating at first to assume so vast a responsibility, at length, after consulting with friends, in whose judgment he reposed, the fund was invested in the name of twelve trustees, the ground purchased, and the work begun. It was surprising how the money came in and from whom. Friends appeared in all denominations. The work was plainly of the Lord. One who has examined the Orphanage says of it: "The families are large, about thirty boys in each house, but they are under the care of affectionate and diligent matrons, and everything is done to compensate for the loss of parental love and training. There is more of the 'home' than of the 'institution' in the atmosphere. To encourage home ideas, and for the sake of industrial training, the boys in turn assist in domestic work during the morning of the day; each boy's period of service being restricted to one week in six, servants being entirely dispensed with. A working cook superintends the kitchen, aided by the boys. No uniform is suffered. The boys differ in the clothes they wear, in the cut of their hair, and show all the variety of a large family. * * * With all the care of a Christian father, situations are chosen for the lads where their spiritual interests will not be in danger; and when



THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

they have passed into them the master corresponds with them, and gives them counsel as they need." The boys (who are admitted between the ages of six and ten and remain until they are fourteen) are of different religious denominations. In 1873 it was found that 69 were members of the Church of England; 26 were Independents; 19 were Wesleyans; 51 were Baptists; 4 were Presbyterians; 1 was a Roman Catholic; and 35 were



THE ORPHANAGE PLAYGROUND.

connected with no Church. The annual report for 1881 is a most interesting document, revealing a spirit of consecration, liberality and self-sacrifice that are delightful things to read of in these days when the evil that men do is so often thrust into prominent notice.

The Boys' Orphanage is not only a good thing in itself; it has been made a blessing in leading to the establishment of a similar institution for the girls. This is a much more recent work, and

our knowledge of the facts is not sufficient to permit us to do more than express the conviction that it will not be a less benediction than the companion Orphanage has been.

The Pastors' College has made large demands upon Mr. Spurgeon's heart and brain and nerve. We quote his own words: "The College was the first institution commenced by the pastor, and it still remains his first-born and best beloved." It was begun in 1856, two deacons, Mr. Rogers the tutor and himself, being the staff. There was one pupil. The early days of the



SCRIPTURE READER AND CART.

College were spent amid great perplexity and not a few financial straits. Happily, however, the Divine blessing has rested upon it, so that to-day new and commodious buildings are possessed, free of debt, worth about \$75,000, and hundreds of young men are now proclaiming the Gospel, whose training was received from the Pastors' College. Mr. Spurgeon's *Lectures to My Students*, published in large numbers and in cheap form, have enabled many to secure some portion of the advantages of this College who have never entered its walls or seen its founder.

Believing in the statement made in one of his own sermons, that "the printing-press is the mightiest agency on earth for good or evil," Mr. Spurgeon has not only made free use of it in the publication of his sermons and books, but has established a Col-



MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

portage Association, the object being "the increased circulation of religious and healthy literature among all classes." Two methods or classes of agents are employed to carry out this object—paid colporteur., whose duty is to visit "every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and

dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur," and book agents who, for a commission, further the sale of literature of that kind. The association is unsectarian and has done a work of no small value. Seventy-nine colporteurs were in the field in 1880. "They sold," says the report, "105,114 books and 272,698 magazines, besides distributing gratuitously 794,044 tracts, and making 630,993 visits."

This article would be sadly wanting—incomplete it must be—if no record, however brief, were made of Mrs. Spurgeon and her work. A constant sufferer for years, she has sought from her



CHARLES SPURGEON.

quiet chamber to direct a work that doubtless has resulted in blessing to many. The object of her loving solicitude is poor pastors, to whom she sends books — usually, though not always, the "Treasury of David," or some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. These pastors are of other denominations as well as her own. Her own purse has contributed largely to the fund employed for this purpose. Friends

hearing of it have cheered the noble woman's heart by giving towards the good object which so engages her thought. Among the other contributors the name of John B. Gough appears for \$125.

It would be most improper to omit mention of the large-hearted generosity of this noble Christian couple. It is wonderful. They have repeatedly emptied into the Lord's treasury gifts intended for their own use. Their use of their wealth is a living realization of the principle of stewardship which the New Testament sets before us.

Two sons (twin boys) live to crown their joy. Charles is pastor of a congregation at South Street, Greenwich. His sermons are racy, clear and good. He has evidently, if life be spared, a field of wide usefulness before him. Thomas, known somewhat as a writer, is labouring in Australia. He has inherited something of his father's humour and gives promise of a life of successful toil in the Master's vineyard. He displays fair poetic talent.



THOMAS SPURGEON.

In preparing this sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's life-work, the writer has abstained from the *role* of a critic. It would be easy to find fault and call ill-natured grumbling criticism. It would not be difficult, perhaps, to indicate something in Mr. Spurgeon's style, theology and methods of work to which objection might be properly taken. Let us confess, however, that our admiration for the man, his

large-heartedness, his detestation of "cant," his honesty, his loyalty to truth as he understands it, makes criticism an uncongenial task. Mr. Gladstone calls the famous Baptist pastor "the last of the Puritans." On the whole we like the sample, and think his ancestors may be proud of him. Our greatest fear is that he may work himself into his grave too soon, and leave no one to follow in the bright succession. For however modern "culture" may sneer, and however little an Arminian may like their theology, these old Puritans were made of purified clay, and must be ranked among the world's largest creditors.

OLD FEND-OFF.*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

I.

THOUGH my district is usually spoken of as "low," and is, in the bulk, the kind of neighbourhood generally intended to be indicated by the use of the word low, it has still its respectable parts, and inhabitants who, though perhaps hardly coming quite up to the "genteel" standard, would consider themselves wronged were they described as anything less than "highly respectable." There are substantial tradesmen, and a sprinkling of the High Street, with their brigade of shopmen and "young ladies." There are retired tradesmen, too, and a sprinkling of retired captains; small manufacturers, and the managers, foremen, and leading workmen of the larger manufacturing establishments in the vicinity, together with a considerable sprinkling of city clerks and salesmen, who take up their residence in the better part of the district, on the ground of its rents being like their salaries, small.

Now, it is mostly in the parts habitually spoken of as the respectable parts, that the churches and chapels of the district are situated, and from the dwellers in those parts that their congregations are almost exclusively drawn. In the low quarters—to which my peregrinations were, as a rule, confined—I regret to say, that a regular attendant at a place of worship, a really religious person, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, was a rarity—so much of a rarity as to be set down as a "character" on that ground alone. And, in truth, the go-to-meetings, as they were scornfully called, had generally something of marked character about them, a circumstance probably to be accounted for by the fact that a man must have more than ordinary strength and firmness of mind to be a go-to-meeting among such neighbours and surroundings as were to be found in the quarters I am speaking of. A mere go-to-meeting then being regarded as a character, it is easy to understand that a *call-to-meeting* would

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

be looked upon as something approaching the eccentric. It was in the latter light that the neighbours of "Old Fend-Off" viewed him—though it is due to them to state that they spoke of what they conceived to be his eccentricity as of an amiable, even a noble, kind, and while they sometimes laughed at, they always respected him. Not to know Old Fend-Off would, in my district, be to argue yourself unknown, and yet so it fell out that I had made the acquaintance of many of its more commonplace inhabitants, before I even heard of Old Fend-Off; but at length I did come to hear of him, make his acquaintance, and learn his history.

The local Industrial Home for Destitute Boys was mainly supported by local subscriptions; and numbers of the contributors not only gave their money, but also visited it, and by advice and otherwise aided the managers in their work. One of the most valuable of these friends was a master rigger, in a considerable way of business, and one evening when we were going through the Home together, he asked:

"Can any of you boys do rope-work? Mats, and nets, and that kind of thing?"

On inquiry I found that they could not, and answered accordingly.

"Ah, that's a pity," said our friend; "it just occurred to me that if they could do such work I could put a goodish bit in your way."

"In that case we might have them taught," I observed, in a questioning tone.

"Well, I almost think it would be worth your while," was the answer. "Who would you get to teach them?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," I replied; "couldn't you recommend us a person?"

My friend, shrugging his shoulders, replied that he could not; that his own men were union men, and that the union would be horrified at one of its members being employed for such a purpose, that it would cry aloud the trade was being ruined, and "call out" his men. "In fact," he concluded with a laugh, "now I think of it, I would have to give you the work on the quiet, or by the 'kind permission' of the union. However, I would give it to you, and doubt not you'll be able to get some outsider to teach the boys."

"We will try, anyway," I said; and on the following day I commenced to make inquiries, applying in the first instance to a friendly old waterman, Bill Scott, by name, who had lived in the district all his life, and had an extensive acquaintance among its inhabitants. Old Bill, as he was familiarly called, did, perhaps, the best trade of any man plying at the stairs; but steam ferries, and other modern improvements, had seriously interfered with the waterman's calling since his young days, and now even he had a good deal more time on his hands than he would have wished. During his long waits for fares he was generally to be seen perched on the top of a tall make-fast post, and here I found him enjoying a pipe of particularly strong tobacco.

Having explained matters, I asked—

"Can you tell me of any such man?"

"Well, I don't know as how I can, speaking right off," he answered; "but let me think a minute."

His thinking was accompanied by such hard puffing, that he was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Presently dispersing it with his hat, so that we could see each other's faces again, he observed—

"Well, I know of a feller as could teach the rope work, and as would be glad enough to pick up a trifle that way; but you see, wuss luck for himself, he's been misfortunate in his day, in fact it was in prison he learnt the rope work. I think he's had his lesson, and won't want no more, but I know there's them as thinks that a man as'll go wrong once, will again, if he gets a chance; and I suppose you must think of the look of the thing and the 'say so.'"

"Well, yes, both for the 'say so,' and for higher considerations," I answered, "the man, whoever he was, should be of good character. Can't you think of any other?"

"Let me think a minute," he repeated, proceeding to blow another and denser cloud, which, after brief silence, he energetically brushed away, exclaiming as he did so—

"I've got it! Old Fend-Off's your man. You couldn't have a better for the job if you had a man made to order."

He spoke with evident assurance that I *must* know the man, and was quite taken aback when I asked—

"But who is Old Fend-Off?"

"Ain't you come across him, then?" he questioned, looking at me in surprise.

"No," I answered; "at least not by that name."

"Well, I don't suppose you've heard of him by any other," said the old waterman. "Of course he has a proper name like other people, but there ain't one in a hundred as could tell you it was Joe Barber. Everybody calls him Old Fend-Off."

"What is he?" was my next question.

"Ah, that's a bit of a puzzle!" answered the old waterman reflectively; "he's a lot of things. He's Jack of a good many trades, but he *is* master of one. His fends-off are more run upon than any other small maker's, and making them is his leading job—that's why he's called by that name.* But, beside that, he's a regular handy man; he can repair a clock or a sewing machine, frame a pictur', make a table, paper a house, do a bit o' tailoring or shoe-making, and I don't know what beside. And then he's a Methody and a preacher. None of your high-flying sort as talks over your head, mind you, nor yet one of those as is always making out to be miserable themselves, and wanting every one else to be the same. He smokes his pipe and he'll laugh at a joke, and he won't turn his eyes up as if he was going to faint, even if he's chaff'd a bit—for one thing, he can generally turn the tables upon any one that does chaff him. He is a ranter, but he *ain't* a canter—he practices as he preaches, which is more than can be said of a good many. He's as kind-hearted an old chap as ever walked; why his house is a regular menagerie, as you may say."

Bill had spoken with sincere enthusiasm, and I had listened until the conclusion of the speech, which certainly struck me as being in the nature of an anti-climax. To have a house like a menagerie was not after all, I thought, the highest proof of kind-heartedness that might have been adduced, and I was conscious of a coldness in my tone as I observed—

"Is he very fond of animals, then?"

"Animals!" exclaimed Bill Scott, pausing in the act of carrying his pipe to his mouth, and looking confused. "Ah—drat it, that's wot comes of being wi'out book-larning. Of course a menagerie *is* for animals, now I thinks of it. I should have said the other thing; you know a place for people as hasn't a place of

* A fend-off is the technical term for the rope-encased oakum-stuffed buffers which are put over the sides of steamers and other craft when there is danger of their being brought too sharply against a pier or another boat.

their own, and as are too broke down to be able to make a home for themselves."

"A refuge," I suggested.

"That's it!" he exclaimed; "his house is a regular refuge for the destitute. He's got neither chick nor child of his own, but he's always got a lot of misfortunate beings about him as no one else would harbour. The chap that helps him to stuff the fends-off has been crazy these nine years, and a lot of trouble to manage. 'Poor Dick,' says he, 'I knew him before his calamity—he was driv off his head by a sudden fright'—as if plenty of those who would make game of his foolish ways, if they weren't afraid of Old Fend-Off, hadn't know'n him before too. Then there's a younger fellow as helps him, as he's kep' and edicated ever since he was a boy, just because he was by when his mother was drowned; and as to the old woman as he lets call herself his housekeeper, he's a great deal more a nurse to her than she is a housekeeper to him, and it must cost him a little fortin a-paying doctors' bills for her, for she's mor'n half blind, and a'most always laid up with the rheumatics."

I felt decidedly interested at hearing this, but knowing that with Bill Scott "old age was garrulous," I made no attempt to draw him out, merely observing—

"Well, from what you say of him, I should think he's just the sort of man we want; where does he live?"

Bill gave the required information, and within the hour I was at Old Fend-Off's place. It was a good-sized, old-fashioned house, abutting on the river-bank, one of a row mostly let out in rooms to watermen, lightermen, coalheavers, and dock-labourers.

I had knocked for the second time, and was still waiting for some one to answer the door, when a boy who, to judge from his rolled-up trousers and a little basket of coal slung at his back, was just returning from a 'long-shore range, asked—

"Does yer want Old Fend-Off?"

I replied that I did.

"You'll have to go through, then," said the boy; "he works in a shed at the back."

"Ah, but how am I to go through?"

"Easy; look here!" and as he spoke he advanced, and taking hold of a string that I had not noticed hanging through the door below the handle, pulled up a latch, and let the door swing back.

I could see straight through the passage into the yard, and, waiving ceremony, went forward. On reaching the end of the passage, I could see right into the work-shed, the occupants of which were too busy to notice me. They were five in number, three men and two boys, and I had no hesitation in singling out Old Fend-Off himself. He was a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, ruddy-faced old fellow, with long, iron-grey hair and beard; and, though he was seated, it was easy to see that he was long as well as large of limb—at least a six-foot man. He was plaiting the outer casing of rope round the body of a fend-off, and as he worked he was singing in a good bass voice,—

“ O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.”

At the side of him nearest to us, another man, whom I set down as being the one Bill Scott had spoken of as crazed, was busy ramming down the stuffing into fend-off cases. He was a stout-built man, somewhere between forty and fifty, and had nothing specially striking in his appearance. The third man was sewing up the canvas cases that were already stuffed. He seemed to be about five-and-twenty. The two boys were seated in a corner of the shed “teazing” the oakum for stuffing, or rather they were supposed to be “teazing,” for they were playing at “odds or evens,” a game which consists in the one player trying to guess whether the number of marbles held in the other one’s hand is odd or even. Old Fend-Off happening to lift his head, however, they made a sudden dash at their work, but not before the old man had seen how things were.

“ Ah boys!” he exclaimed, “that’s bad. Don’t learn to be eye-servants; an eye-servant is always a bad servant, and will never get on in this world, to say nothing of the next. There’s always One Eye that sees you, remember. Open skulking is bad enough, but eye-service is worse. It ain’t for the sake of the bit of work you’re shirking now I’m jawing you; it’s for your own sake: I want to make honest men of you. Don’t you see what mean skunks they must be as’ll only work when their gaffer’s eye is on ’em? There now! there’s no occasion to be breaking your neck over it; work away steadily and be good boys, that’s all that’s wanted.”

Just as he finished speaking I stepped from the shadow of the passage, and the elder of the adult helpers being first to catch sight of me, he plucked the old man by the sleeve, and in a startled tone exclaimed—

“Cap’en, look there!”

Laying down his work, he came forward to meet me with a smile upon his face.

I found that he knew who I was, and I had, therefore, only to explain the object of my visit. Having done so, I asked—

“Would you be willing to undertake it?”

“Well, as far as I see, I think I would,” he answered; “but there’s a many things go to everything; would you mind just stepping inside and talking it over a bit, before I say the word.”

I replied that I would be very happy to do so; whereupon the old man led the way into a cosy little parlour, in the furnishing and ornamentation of which his genius as a “handy” man was conspicuously displayed. The apartment was fitted up neatly, compactly, and with as much ingenious economization of space as a state cabin, of which, indeed, it strongly reminded me.

“Of course,” I observed, by way of commencing the conversation when we were seated—“of course we couldn’t give much pay.”

“Would it be a case of reg’lar hours and must come?” Fend-Off questioned.

“No,” I answered; “we thought the boys might be taught at odd times, as might best suit the convenience of the teacher.”

“Then I’m with you!” he said.

“At such pay as we can give?” I put in.

“Without pay at all, brother,” he answered gravely; “as I can do it in my own time, I see it as Lord’s work. Don’t I know the poor little chaps? Don’t I know that they are as lambs that are being brought within the fold? And shall I sell ’em my bit of spare labour, and yet look upon myself as a worker in the vineyard, however humble? God bless ’em, and prosper the work with ’em, I would think I was robbing ’em if I did.”

“Well,” I said, “we thought it right to make the proposal on a business footing, in the first instance, at any rate.”

“That’s right enough,” he answered; “many would take it as business, and no blame to ’em; it’s accordin’ as the light is given. I preach sometimes as you may have heard, and I may say for myself that I am a prayerful man in season; but I’m not one of those that look upon preaching and praying as the

only Lord's work. We can serve him with our hands as well as on our knees."

To this I assented; and having accepted and sincerely thanked him for his offer of gratuitous service, I observed—

"You belong to the Methodist body, don't you?"

"To the Primitives," he answered; "they brought me in, and my call is to them in many ways. At the same time I'm no wrangler over creeds; Christians may be many flocks, but they're one fold, and one Shepherd's care. Don't let us say that ours is the best sect or anybody else's the worst; let us suppose that each one feels called to his own, and remember that in our Father's house are many mansions."

I said that was the proper spirit in which to regard the matter; Christians should be united, seeing the enormous amount of work in common that lies waiting to be done.

"Right you are, sir!" he exclaimed. "Pull together is as good an all-round motto for Christians as ever it was for a boat's crew. But speaking of work reminds me of your youngsters—when shall I start with them?"

"Whenever it suits you," was my reply.

"Well, let me see; this is Wednesday," he observed, reflecting for a moment; "shall we say next Monday evening at seven?"

I nodded assent, and then he asked—

"How do you think of doing?"

"Well," I said, "the boys who have been longest in the Home are already broken to certain kinds of work; and our idea was that some five or six boys who had just been admitted should be taught the rope work."

To this Old Fend-Off was quite agreeable, and accordingly entered upon his labour of love—for a labour of love it was to him—on the following Monday evening. A little outhouse, which from that time was dignified by the name of "The Ropery," was set apart for him, and here he assembled the boys, two of whom he immediately recognized. Placing them in line, he opened proceedings by a characteristic address.

"Now look here, boys," he commenced, "you're in luck. You know how you were living before you came here, lurking about 'long-shore living how you could, and where you could, and making a precious hard life of it."

"It worn't our faults, Fend," interrupted one of the boys to whom he had spoken.

"I ain't sayen as how it was," replied the old man, deftly coming down to the boy's style of language; "not," he added, with a slight smile, "but what it might a been, just a little bit, you know. However, taking things altogether, I know it was a lot more your misfortunes than your faults; but, all the same, it was you as had to smart, worn't it? Wasn't it you as had to go hungry-bellied, and ragged-backed, and had to sleep in all sorts of holes and corners, and put up with all sorts of knockin' about—wasn't it, eh?"

"I should just think it was," answered the boy; "rather."

"Well, that's just what I was going to say," resumed Old Fend-Off; you know what hard lines you had of it then, and you see how comfortable you are here. Boys," he added, his manner suddenly becoming solemn, "God has been very good to you, and you should thank Him night and day for bringing you into the hands of your kind friends here. Only think," he went on, after a pause, "how many poor little fellows still have to lead the hard life that you have been taken from. Speaking of that, what has become of Humpy Crockett that used to pal with you?"

He put the question to the boy who had already spoken, and the latter answered—

"Oh, he's been dead nigh this whole year. I were away at the hoppin' at the time. Some people found him in an empty house dreful bad, and took him to the wukhouse, but it warn't no use; he turned his toes up the same night."

"Ah, poor little chap, see there!" exclaimed the old man, "he had no such shelter as this. However," he went on, changing his tone, "that ain't exactly the thing I've come to talk to you about. Your friends here mean to make men of you, if you'll only let 'em. They're going to put a good trade into your fingers; you've been told off to be taught the rope work, and I'm the man as has come to put you through your facings, and you may depend that I shall do my best to teach you, if you will only do your best to learn—will you, now?"

"Yes," they answered in chorus.

"That's all right, then," he said, and without further delay he set the boys to work. He was very successful in teaching them his art; nor was that all that he taught them. We had prayers before the boys went to bed, and after having stayed to these several times, he remarked with a serious air—

"You don't teach 'em singing, I see."

"Well, no," I answered; "none of those directly connected with the Home could teach it; and moreover," I added, "we were afraid both subscribers and the public might think it was going a little too far to add music to the things taught at such an establishment."

"Oh, I don't mean teaching 'em accomplishments, as they call 'em," he exclaimed; "not piano playing or Sol-Fa-in', or demi-semi-quavering, or anything of that kind. I only mean plain singing by ear, as the saying is; lifting up their voices tunelessly in a few simple hymns. To my thinkin' music is a chosen means of grace. I fully believe that souls can be reached through the ear—and have been. I know some of these boys were quick enough at picking up street songs, and would soon learn songs and hymns of praise, and come to have delight in them. I would teach them if there was no objection."

On consultation I found that others, like myself, were pleased with the idea, and accordingly Old Fend-Off, like the ancient mariner, "had his way." In the course of a few months he had trained the boys into a really tolerable choir, and as he had predicted would be the case, they came to take great delight in their singing. Before long, one of their proudest privileges was to be allowed to sing their hymns before visitors; while in working hours there was generally to be heard in some part of the building the humming of the burden of "A Day's March nearer Home," "Jerusalem the Golden," "I'm a Pilgrim," or some other of the hymns their old friend had taught them. That he was their true and loving friend the boys speedily came to recognize. He told them stories, he built a model ship for them to rig, he made a set of cricketing implements, and fitted up a large swing for them. He was as kind with them as any man could be, but withal firm when occasion required; and while in a becoming way he made himself a companion, he never forgot that he was a mentor to them. Altogether, both by moral influence and material service, he proved himself a benefactor to the Home and its inmates.

LIFE STORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

BY THE REV. J. H. POTTS, M.A.,

Associate Editor of *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

ON the 20th day of June, 1811, there was born of humble parents in Cadiz, Ohio, a comely child who received the New Testament name of Matthew. His father, James Simpson, was of Irish-Scotch nationality. He came to America in 1793, and died in Pittsburgh, Pa., when Matthew was one year old. Matthew's mother, Sarah Tingley Simpson, was of French descent, though born and reared in New Jersey. She was a pious woman, a devoted Baptist, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and conscientiously devoted to the care and training of her only son. She secretly cherished the hope that he might be called to preach, but never once whispered it to him, persuaded that, if it were God's will, the call would come in God's own time and way. And it did. The youth heard it. It rang in his soul like a trumpet peal. But what could he do? He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, dependent upon him. "It seemed impossible to leave her," he afterwards wrote, "and I feared that it might almost break her heart to propose it." Little did he imagine that that proposal was just what his mother was longing for. "Come here, Matthew!" she exclaimed, "kneel right down! Let us thank God together. I have been praying for this hour ever since you were born." Then she told him how his dying father had also prayed that his boy might become a minister, and hence that in this newly-expressed conviction of his duty the life-long dream of his parents was being fulfilled. Matthew never forgot this scene, nor ceased to cherish the warmest gratitude for parental care. Often in his sermons he paid the most glowing tribute to his mother. "I am so glad," he would say, "that God gave me a praying mother and father. I don't know what would have become of me if I had not had a praying mother. I might never have been consecrated to His service."

But young Simson had no little struggle with his convictions that he ought to preach. He was strongly endowed intellectually, had enjoyed good educational advantages, and had seen enough of the world to know that life has many avenues more charming

to the eye of sense than the humble pathway of a Christian minister. When only eighteen years of age, he was already a tutor in Madison College, where he had been educated. The profession of law had some attraction for him, but that of medicine enlisted his sympathies more. "I have no tongue to argue," he reasoned, "to make a lawyer. I could never undertake a plea, and must choose a profession in which I may succeed without it." This erroneous impression was not without cause. His voice was thin and unmusical, and his natural timidity so great that he fairly stammered when he tried to talk. And so he must be a doctor. He entered heartily upon his medical studies, and began to practise at the age of twenty-two. Four years prior to this time, however, he was soundly converted to God, and became active as a class-leader and religious teacher in the church, so that when prepared to devote his life to the cure of the physical man, he had reached the conclusion that it was rather his duty to point sinners to the great Healer for a moral cure. He was immediately licensed to preach and joined the Pittsburgh Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained deacon by Bishop R. R. Roberts, at Pittsburgh, in 1835, and elder by the same bishop at Steubenville, Ohio. But his fears on being authorized to preach were by no means allayed. In his "Yale Lectures on Preaching" he tells us of some of his trials. "I had no gift of speech," he says; "my voice was poor. I firmly believed that I could never make a speaker. . . . Moreover, I was exceedingly timid, often crossing the street and walking around a square to avoid meeting some men and many women." It seems hardly possible to us now that this man, whose eloquence is the theme of the world, and whose flashing eyes for fifty years bravely confronted audiences of many thousands at a time, was once so weak and hopeless. But the pulpit is one of the places where the truly humble are exalted, where the oppressed are made free, and where stammering lips are made triumphantly to utter the thrilling messages of God.

His career as a pastor was brief but brilliant. After three successful pastorates of two years each his rapid promotion to other positions began. First, he was made Vice-President and Professor in Alleghany College for two years; then President of Indiana Asbury University for nine years; then Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, serving for four years. His fame

now filled the land. Trustees of great universities tendered him the highest office in their gift, and there was scarcely a position which was not open to him. But the General Conference had yet better things in store for him. The session of 1852 opened, and prophetic eyes saw in Simpson exactly the material suited to the episcopal office. He was elected and ordained, and entered upon the longest episcopal career of any American Methodist bishop. In discharge of his official duties as bishop, he visited and held Conference in all of the States and most of the territories, as well as in many foreign countries, and became the best known of any bishop in the country. In 1857, he was sent by the General Conference as a delegate to the Irish and English Conferences, and in the same year as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin. He extended his travels through Turkey, the Holy Land, Egypt, and Greece, returning home the following year.

Bishop Simpson early developed wonderful pulpit power. He was not only now and then great as a preacher, but uniformly superior. So stable was his reputation as a sacred orator, that none distrusted him, or ever thought of substituting another for him on the most important public occasions in Church or State. Many are the memorable events upon which he spoke, and it is safe to say that he never disappointed his audiences, however great their expectation of something unusual. His address at the grave of President Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill., was a masterpiece of fitting eulogy. His prayers at the National Republican Convention, in Chicago in 1868, and at the Centennial Exhibition openings, in Philadelphia, in 1876, were among the finest specimens of earnest invocation in the English language. His sermon before the English Wesleyan Conference in 1870, from the text, "None of these things move me," stirred the heads and hearts of those cultured Englishmen, as perhaps never before by any foreigner. His introductory discourse at the Ecumenical Conference, in City Road Chapel, London, in 1881, on the "Spirit and Life of Methodism," was eminently appropriate and powerful. And then at the close of that Conference, when he finished his masterly address, praying that Methodism might triumph gloriously in England and throughout the world, he thrilled all hearts with these eloquent words: "Let us look for that greater power, that holier baptism, and that power which shall subdue

the world unto Christ. We may live to see greater outpourings of the Spirit of God upon earth; but whether we live to see it or not here, I trust we shall see it from above, and that God will let us look down from those windows of glory, and behold the time coming when the Saviour shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

But the happiest effort yet remained. The Americans in London had gathered with their English friends in Exeter Hall to make public expression of sorrow at the untimely death of President James A. Garfield. The United States Minister, James Russell Lowell, was the principal speaker, and he had delivered a classical address of rare merit, paying a touching tribute to the character and virtue of their fallen chieftain. Around him were seated the great men of the English nation, and distinguished representatives from abroad. The audience filled the spacious hall to the very doors, and seemed clamorous for some spontaneous and direct expression of their sympathies. At length some eye rested on Bishop Simpson, and a ringing voice called out his name. He stepped to the front of the platform and began to talk simply and plainly to the people. He made them feel that he was one who, with themselves, had suffered personal loss in Garfield's death. The hearts of Englishmen were touched, and when he reached that memorable allusion to their noble Queen, "God bless Queen Victoria for womanly sympathy and queenly courtesy!" there arose an outburst of sympathetic applause as the audience sprang to their feet and cheered to the echo both the words and the speaker

His services to the Union during the late rebellion were great beyond estimate. He was the intimate friend and a counsellor of the martyr-President, Abraham Lincoln, and his patriotic speeches in various localities thrilled the loyal heart. At the close of the contest he was asked by the Secretary of War to undertake the organization of the freedmen at the establishment of the Bureau, but he declined, preferring his regular ministerial duties. He was also asked by General Grant to go to San Domingo as a commissioner when the question of annexation was being agitated, and this honour, too, he declined. He was contented, when abroad, as he often was to be simply a representative of the Methodist Church in the United States.

His services to Protestant Christianity in general, and to

Methodism in particular, can never be estimated. He was one of the great gifts of a century to the Church of God. We shall never see his like again. We shall never have another Simpson, any more than another Paul, or Wesley, or Summerfield. As Byron said of Sheridan, "Nature broke her mould in moulding him."

His preaching was not only immensely powerful, but broadly evangelical and intensely earnest. All denominations were equally well pleased with his efforts. At the General Conference in Buffalo he preached from one of his favourite texts: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The sermon awakened devout responses, and tears flowed freely throughout the congregation. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, heard him. He was profoundly affected, and said to one near him, "There has been no such preacher in the Church since the days of Whitefield." All alike felt the force of the bishop's eloquence. It was true eloquence. He never preached for mere effect, but to win sinners to Christ, to renew the faith of believers, and comfort all good people. His sermons were not only highly intellectual, and remarkably logical, but deeply spiritual. They were truth on fire.

Bishop Simpson cherished a warm regard for good people of every estate. Though flattered and favoured himself, he was not exalted above measure or forgetful of his obligations to those of low degree. The freedmen of the South, after the war, had in him a friend true enough to visit and labour among them, and brave enough to plead their cause when absent. The coloured people were very appreciative of his attentions, and ardent admirers of his eloquence. While preaching to them during the session of a Conference, held in Charleston, S. C., the expressions of approval in the congregation, increasing in depth and power like a tidal-wave as the fervent discourse proceeded, became at length so tumultuous that the bishop was compelled to hold himself in check lest the service should be literally broken up amid the loud shoutings and hallelujahs of the people.

In person Bishop Simpson was tall, with broad shoulders and a slight stoop. "Stand erect; not as I do!" was one of his trite counsels to candidates for the ministry. His forehead was massive, his eyebrows heavy and overhanging, his eye quick and clear, his nose prominent, his lips thin, his face cleanly shaven, show-

ing his fine features to good advantage. He was always busy and never triflingly employed. He was successful as an author. His "Cyclopedia of Methodism" was well conceived and has been widely circulated. His "Hundred Years of Methodism" is a good book, and his "Yale Lectures on Preaching" have been very favourably received. Many of his sermons have been printed, but none of his written work, or reported utterances, are equal to the original oral efforts.

The bishop was married in Pittsburgh, November 3rd, 1835, to Miss Ellen H. Vernor, an estimable Christian lady, who has a fame of her own as an efficient worker in the Church. She was devotedly attached to her husband, and never ceased either to admire his genius or to minister to his encouragement and comfort.

Bishop Simpson's style as a preacher was the true one. He was a close student, preparing his sermons with much care, but he studied his themes more than his words, fixing his thoughts in his mind and leaving phraseology to take care of itself. This he could afford to do, as his flow of language in the warmth of delivery was unquestionably clearer and of greater force than it possibly could have been in the retirement of his study. Dr. Buckley, who heard him deliver one of his famous sermons on several different occasions—a sermon, as he testifies, worthy to be compared with any since the age of miraculous inspiration—says he never repeated himself. "There were great and many likenesses in all cases, but neither the language nor the order of thought in any two instances was the same. The differences were those of an orator in different moods. The most noted feature in his oratory was the fact that his pathos and unction, though overwhelming and entirely absorbing him, did not break the discourse into interjections, but his speech flowed on in a stream of love and light."

The bishop was very open and approachable in official life, and very genial and companionable as a friend. Those who were privileged with his personal acquaintance loved him quite as much as a man as they admired him as an orator. Substantial, indeed, were the tokens of regard he received at the hands of those who had access to his inner life and came to know him best. The Philadelphia home, in which he lived for so many years, was the gift of friends. A single Michigan acquaintance made him the

executor of his will and a legatee for forty thousand dollars. His official position, ripe culture, and spotless reputation, brought him in contact with the wisest, wealthiest, and most prominent people of his country, and these gladly did him honour while he lived and when he died. All through his last days notable messages of condolence poured in upon him.

Bishop Simpson's personality was very marked, both in his public efforts and in his private ways. He was eminently himself at all times, and he was something that nobody else could be. It was this personality thrown into his sermons—this original, earnest, consistent, and pure self-hood—that made him such a power. The hearer felt the force back of the words that reached his ear of a redeemed man of God, a soul imbued with the life and love of the Gospel he was preaching.

The bishop was a leader. He was always in the forefront of every aggressive movement of his Church to advance the kingdom of Christ. As long as he could be active he was personally present, and assisted by his counsels and suggestions in shaping the regulations which had in view the prosperity of the Church and the redemption of the race. When he could no longer bear a part in this way, he was still an interested observer, ready to commend what he thought good in the plans of his brethren.

At the close of the General Conference, hopes were rife that he would recover, and live for many years as the experienced adviser and fitting representative of the John Wesley order of men. His improvement was marked, and all hearts beat high with expectation until Saturday, June 6th, when the gastric trouble, from which he had suffered, returned with increased violence. His collapse was immediate and beyond remedy. Eminent physicians were summoned. They did their best, but that best was in vain. After eight days of suffering and great weakness, the dying bishop became unconscious, and lingering thus for two days more "he fell on sleep" about noon of Wednesday, June 18th. Whether he knew in the final moment that life was ebbing away could not be determined. His wife, his son, and three of his four daughters were at his bedside, but he gave no clear signs of recognition. No doubt, amid the shadows that were too deep for the discernment of earthly forms, his eye caught glimpses of the heavenly radiance, and while his ear was deaf to the familiar voices of his home, his soul was responsive to the whispers of angels amid the greetings of his Lord.

Happily, the affectionate and tender conversations which are always so much prized by friends, were in this case not postponed until the last moment. The Rev James Morrow, an intimate friend of the family, communicates to the *Western Christian Advocate* some of the Bishop's utterances, generally given in answer to questions, and at intervals between Wednesday, June 11th and Sunday the 15th. When asked by a member of his family as to his hope, he answered, "I am a sinner saved by grace," and added, "Jesus! O, to be like Him." At another time he said, "To you that believe he is precious." Then with stronger voice he broke forth into holy rapture, and exclaimed, "Precious, precious, more than precious!" There were occasions when, without being questioned, his fervent exclamations indicated that his thoughts and his love were with the Lord. "My Saviour! my Saviour!" again and again repeated, indicated that the words welled up from a great fount of feeling and delight. When the familiar verse was quoted:—

"O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek!
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity."

He repeated the last line, "Through all eternity," and his fine eye kindled with "the light that was never on sea or shore."

On Sabbath morning, about 3 a.m., Mrs. Simpson quoted that grand stanza, by Charles Wesley :

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Once more he repeated the last line :

"O receive my soul at last."

In these closing hours the great bishop embraced and kissed

his beloved companion and said, again and again: "My dearest, my dearest," and thus tried to comfort her, and prepare her for the inevitable parting. Then, after a brief interval, he returned to the thought, of all others the most consolatory to a dying saint, and repeated once more:

"O receive my soul at last."

Shortly after this his last conscious words were spoken:

"Yes! yes! My Saviour! my Saviour! Glory be to Jesus!"

Bishop Simpson's *last words!* They deserve to be embalmed with his memory in the hearts of all Methodists, and in the hearts of all that love their Lord.

But are there no shadings? Had he no defects? I suppose so. There are spots upon the sun, but his glory abideth still. I do not know what Bishop Simpson's failings may have been. I never heard criticisms upon his life or character. Perhaps no man of his generation, so prominent as he, gave less occasion for disparaging remarks. In his home life and in society his deportment seems to have been just as becoming to his profession and standing as that which the public saw. Not that he was always a bishop presiding, but as a husband, a father, a member of the social circle, a personal companion, his speech and ways were fitting and pure. All unseemliness of word and act was utterly foreign to his nature. His conversation was in heaven. He lived for eternity.

In 1872, while preaching a sermon in Jefferson St. Methodist Church, Philadelphia, his subject being "Likeness to Christ," he said:—

To be like Christ is to be thinking Christ's thoughts and doing Christ's work. The whole nature is to be yearning after the establishment of Christ's kingdom. And if it be so on earth, the best people always being the most active for good, ready for every benevolent enterprise, and ready for every plan that can make the world better and raise it higher, when "we shall see Him as He is," when we shall understand fully what can be done, and how it can be done, how we shall bear the image of our blessed Saviour! "We shall be like Him." And when I think of His being on His throne, and we being near Him; when I think of His great plans for the government of the universe, and we entering into those plans, it seems to me that an eternity shall be a period of active enjoyment, active ministrations in some part of the universe for Christ. Oh! as Christ was always engaged, as there was always on earth a burden on His heart, and

a work in His hands, so even in yon spirit-world I fancy we shall have something to do, we shall be able to do more, to accomplish more, and we shall be as the blessed Saviour.

He now understands it all. He is "near to Christ." He is studying His plans. He is entering into them. He has the whole eternity of which he spoke for, comprehending and enjoying them. I know not in what part of the universe his active ministrations are, but somewhere he has taken his place as a crowned heir to the golden inheritance, and a king and priest unto God.

The funeral service of Bishop Simpson took place at Philadelphia, June 26th. Brief services were first held at the residence, at which none but the family, a guard of honour, and intimate friends were present. The body was then borne from the house by Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, ex-Governor Evans of Colorado, ex-Secretary of the Interior Harlan, General Clinton B. Fiske, and other eminent men. The sermon was preached by Bishop Foster and was followed by Bishops Fowler and Bowman in brief addresses eulogistic of the dead. The body was interred in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. *Requiescat in pace.*

BISHOP SIMPSON.

In Memoriam.

BY THE REV. W. S. STUDLEY, D.D.

THOU of the silver tongue and loving heart,
So filled with zeal thy three-score years and ten,
Thou wilt be missed in all those haunts of men
Where thou so long didst bear a faithful part
In pointing sinners to the Lamb of God,
And smiting rocks in deserts with thy rod,
For thirsty souls to make the waters flow,
And quench the fever of distress and woe
In hearts unknowing that th' Infinite Love
Has depths below and heights that reach above
Our weak conjecture. To the land of rest
Thy spirit flies to mingle with the blest
And holy multitude before the throne,
And call some mansion in the Father's house thine own.

In that sweet land thy soul will surely find
 Fruition of the thoughts it cherished here ;
 Reclaiming fellowship with kindred dear,
 And coming nearer to the heart and mind
 Of Him thou didst so love to magnify,
 Who died the world to save and sanctify,
 And chose thee for His servant to inspire
 The hearts of men with faith and pure desire.
 Thy lips will there be eloquent as here,
 Enhancing glories of the heavenly sphere,
 And cheering multitudes to press their way
 Nearer to Him whose life is endless day ;
 No hour content but as thou canst incline
 And make some human spirit more like the Divine.

SOME CURIOUS KINSHIPS.*

BY JOHN READE, ESQ.

I.

GENEALOGY sometimes brings out unexpected relationships. A sadler and a butcher, with no thought of any higher destiny, are among the known descendants of the Plantagenet kings, and have, if they care for it, the right (which the Queen has not) of quartering the royal arms of the Plantagenets. Not less strange has been the history of some of our English words ; not less marked the contrast between their form and use and those of their kindred and ancestry than is the social gulf that separates Messrs. Penny and Smart from the Kings that reigned and the Queen that reigns.

It is almost as surprising as to learn that a butcher is of royal descent to be assured that "sceptre" and "shambles" can be traced to the same ancestor. Yet such seems to be the fact. "Sceptre" is derived from the Greek *σκήπτειν* (to prop). In the case of "shambles," we do not reach the goal quite so easily, for it has had a devious journey before it reached its present standpoint. It was used in its present sense as a butcher's bench or shop in

* A Paper read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal, November 13th, 1883.

Shakspeare's time, as in "Othello" we find it in Act IV. Sc. 2, line 65 :

"Des.—I hope my lord esteems me honest.

Oth.—O ! ay ; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing."

The Middle English form was "schamel," a "bench" or "stool," "fot-schamel," a "foot-stool," which brings us to the Latin *scamellum*, a diminutive of *scamnum*, a shop or bench, and the other diminutive *scabellum*, allied to *scapus*, a "shaft, stem or stock," from the Greek *σκήπτειν*.

There is another "shamble," meaning "to walk awkwardly." We would scarcely connect the notion of a shambling fellow with that of a champion. Yet they appear to have started from the same point to reach goals so far apart. The English word was, we are told, borrowed from the Dutch "schampelen" (to stumble or trip), a frequentative of the Old Dutch "schampen," which, again, came from the Old French "escamper," "s'escamper," or the Italian *scampare*, which brings us to the Latin *ex campo*, the primitive notion being flight from the battle-field, just the opposite of what we would associate with the cognate *champion*.

It is important in these days when so many are seeking to reconcile science and theology, to know that "bishop" and "sceptic," when traced up to their far-off Aryan home, are members of the same household. The progeny of "episcopos," scattered throughout Christendom, is a curious instance of the treatment to which even a stately Greek word may be subjected when a crowd of claimants try to appropriate it and dress it in their own livery. Professor Whitney, in his "Life and Growth of Language," has selected it as a conspicuous instance of linguistic change. The Germans made it look as German as possible in their *bischof*, the Spanish turned it into *obispo*, the Portuguese into *bispo*, the Danes abbreviated it still further into *bisp*, while the French transformed it into *évêque*. Well, *ἐπίσκοπος* is composed of two words, *ἐπί*, upon or over, and *σκοπέω*, to look, meaning, therefore, an overseer. The verb *σκοπέω*, again, is from a root *σκεπ* which by metathesis becomes *σπεκ*, and in that form is the root of the Latin *specio*, whence "inspector," the synonym of *episcopos*. But *σκεπ* is also the root of "sceptic"—Q.E.D. From the Latin form of the root, again, we have the word

"species," the origin of which is, therefore, alike the origin of "bishop" and "sceptic." In English, "species" has for homonym the word "spice," spices being simply *kinds* of aromatic or other drugs. From the French form of it is derived *épicier*, a grocer, while the Italian specialist, *speziale*, is a druggist.

We sometimes hear of a "bull in a China shop" as the climax of incongruity, but one would hardly dream of connecting the notion of a pig with chinaware. The word "porcelain," nevertheless, has been traced back to the Latin, "porcus," a pig, through "porcellana," the Venus-shell, so-called, we are told, from the resemblance of the curved shape of its upper surface to the raised back of a little hog, "porcella," a diminutive of *porcus*. "Purslain," the plant, is from "porcillaca," a variant of "portulaca."

On this continent few words have had such a run of popular use as the upstart "shin-plaster." It is worth remembering that the term *piastre*, Italian and Spanish *piastra*, is simply a Romance modification of the Latin *plastrum* (which is *emplastrum* beheaded), in the sense of a thin plate of metal. Galen, Skeat informs us, used *ἐμπλαστρον* instead of the usual word, *ἐμπλαστον*, neut. of *ἐμπλαστος*, daubed over. These words, "piastre" and "plaster," though thus differing in meaning, have preserved enough of their original shape to be recognized for what they are.*

But who (without the aid of philological research) would dream of "wig" being akin to "plush?" And yet they can be followed up to the same source in the Latin "pilus," a hair. "Wig" is, of course, a contraction of *periwig*, and the latter, by a process of which there are several examples in English, is merely an extension of *peruke*, which, again, comes through the French, from the Italian *peruca*, or the Spanish and Sardinian *pilucca*. Then, by the contrary process of shortening, the French *peluche* is transformed into the English *plush*, and the connection between that word and *wig* in the three final letters (*wig* being "ush," "uque" or "ucca" of the English and foreign forms) is manifest.

* According to Bartlett, the use of "shin-plaster" for a bank-note originated in an old soldier of the Revolutionary period having used a quantity of worthless paper currency as plasters for a wounded leg.—*Annandale's Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary."*

There does not seem, at first sight, to be much kinship between "tawdriness" and "saintliness," and yet it may be accepted as proven that they are related. "Tawdry lace" was centuries ago the name given to a kind of rustic necklace bought at St. Awdry's fair, which was held in the isle of Ely on St. Awdry's or St. Etheldrida's Day, that is, the 17th of October. It thus came to pass that the word "saint" was, in the course of time, incorporated with a name which itself originally meant "noble troop" or "body-guard," to express an idea in which there is neither nobility nor saintliness.

Other instances of the all but disappearance of "Saint" in proper names are the surnames "Seymour," for "Saint Maur" (the Santa Maura of Kingsley's poem), Tobin for St. Aubin, (St. Albin), Semple for St. Paul, Sinclair for St. Clair, Sydney for St. Denis, Toly for St. Olave (the same name occurring in "Macaulay," as is noted in Lord Macaulay's "Life and Letters") while in St. John and St. Leger, though the spelling is retained, it is disregarded in pronouncing.

"Germander" and "chameleon" would hardly be taken for sisters. Yet they both come from the same Greek word—the one meaning originally "ground-oak" and the other "ground-lion." Bacon, in his Essay of Gardens, mentions "germander" among "such things as are green all winter," and the glossary in Wright's edition explains it as the botanical *Teucrium chamædrys* (the speedwell). "Chamædrys" became the Italian *calamandrea*, which the French further corrupted into "germandrée," and from it the English made the Latin or Greek-looking "germander." Whatever opinion we might have of an "embezzler" we would hardly call him an "imbecile," and yet they are really the same word, the idea of "imbeciling" or weakening an opponent's case or argument gradually giving rise to its other bad meanings.

A "barouche," in order to proceed must undergo rotation, but ordinarily we do not assume that this very idea is implied in the word itself. It has come to us through the Italian, but by some obscure, intermediate channel. The French have the kindred form *brouette*, though with another meaning. It helps us, however, to find the origin of our own word in the Latin *rota*. The German for it is *barutsche*, which was borrowed from the Italian *ba*—or, more properly, *bi-roccio*, and this, again, came from the Latin *bi-rotus*, two-wheeled. The termination *occio*, Skeat thinks, was adopted through a sort of sympathy with *carroccio*.

This kind of sympathy is common enough in English, and has given us such forms as "crayfish," from *écrevisse* and several other such impostors. "Beef-eater" and "dormouse" used to be quoted as examples of these Anglified adaptations, but fuller inquiry seems to have shown that they are really true English words, "beef-eater" being of similar construction to "breadwinner." "Loaf-eater" was once in use in the sense of servant or dependent, the correlative terms being lord and, perhaps, lady. At any rate the word "hlaf" is a constituent in them both. The origin of the American "loafer" has never been made out, but it is used in the sense of one who does not win his bread, but tries to get it by sponging. Leland traces it to a Gipsy root (meaning to steal), and thinks it was influenced by the German "land-läufer" (a vagabond) as well as the Mexican "gallofar" (roving about). He recollects when it began to be popular in 1834 and 1835. The almost equivalent word *sponge* and *spunk* are only different forms of the same word, yet surely we would say that a sponge (in that sense) was far from being *spunky*.*

Some of the transformations which foreign names have undergone in England are funny enough. "Tallboys," for instance, instead of "Taille-bois," to escape the absurdity of which an Oxford publisher used to print a significant emblem on the title-pages of his books.

"Couch," like "barouche," is of Latin origin, through the French, the two "c's" being all that is left of the original *colloco*. In this case we can trace the process of change easily enough through the old French *colcher*, which was, according to the genius of the language, softened into *coucher*. In *surgeon*, we just see enough of *ἰππων* to show its relationship to *energetic*, but, if we were not sure of it, it would not be easy to discern in *pilgrim* the cousin-german of *agriculture* ("ager"—"peregrinus"). "Tansy" and the Greek *ἀθανασία* stand in the relation of mother and child, though few associate the notion of deathlessness with the simple plant. Prior (as Skeat mentions), in his "Popular Names of British Plants," thinks there is a reference to the passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Zeus tells Hermes to take Ganymede away, and, when he has drunk of *athanasia*, to bring him to serve as cup-bearer to the gods. It also occurs in the dialogue between

* *Spunk* (tinder, touchwood), so called from its spongy nature. In the Eastern Townships it is called "punk."

Zeus, Asklepios, and Herakles. In that case* it would have been misunderstood as referring to some special plant, and have been applied to the one in question at a time when it happened to be in more than usual favour as a medicine.

The term "dry-goods," which is now exclusively applied to one branch of merchandise, more properly refers to that of the apothecary—the word *drogue* or *drug* meaning something dried, as Diez suggests and Skeat agrees. The term reaches us in some unknown way from the Dutch, who certainly have always had a good deal to do with the regions most famed for that class of wares. The term "bodega" has also come to have a peculiar sense which is different both from that of the allied French *boutique* and the corresponding personal English substantive "apothecary"—all these words coming from the Greek ἀποθήκη.

The words "vamp" and "pedestrian" do not look very like relations, and yet they both come, the one indirectly, the other directly, from the Latin *pes*, "vamp" being the French "avant-pied," pronounced rapidly and with head and tail elided. Still less would one be tempted to see in "worm" any kinship with "crimson," yet they turn out to be distant relatives. The connection of the former with the Latin *vermis* will be easily recognized. The Low Latin *carmesinus* or *cramoisinus* comes from the *kermes*, or cochineal, which, again, is from the Persian *qirmisi*, the Sanscrit *krimija*, "produced by a worm or insect" (from *krimi* and *jan*, the Greek γένν, to produce), which, again, is related to the Latin *vermis*, the English worm. "Vermilion" has a similar origin.

Equally unlikely, to all appearance, is any relationship between the word "imp" and "physical," yet equally certain is it that "imp" meant originally a graft, the low Latin *impotus*, from the Greek ἐμψυτος, compounded of ἐν and ψύω.

Few ideas are less cognate than those of slavery and glory, yet etymologically these words are akin. A slave was originally a Sklav, one of the Sklavonic race, who had been subjected to bondage by his German conquerors. But the Slaves, in assuming their national name, had evidently never dreamed of such degradation for themselves and it, the Sklavonic word *slava* meaning *glory*, and being, as Skeat points out, akin, in its distant source, to the English word.

* "Is it because Zeus struck thee with his thunderbolt, doing things not lawful, but now again, through compassion, thou hast partaken of *athanasia*?"

One of our commonest words, "talk," has a history equally strange. It is not English, nor even Teutonic, but Lithuanian, in which tongue "tulkas" means an interpreter—*tulkanti*, *tulkoti*, to interpret. It points back to a time when communications were carried on between Scandinavians and Lithuanians by an interpreter, and has the peculiar position of being the only Lithuanian word in English.

Another common word has an even stranger history—the word "sack." It is found in Hebrew, and supposed to have been carried by the Israelites, along with other borrowed spoils, from that house of bondage. It is still found in Coptic, and in all the Aryan tongues of Europe, its extraordinary peregrinations being accounted for by the story of Joseph in Genesis, with which it is thought to have travelled round the world. It had the honour of giving a surname to the philosopher Ammonius Saccas, the friend of Origen, Plotinus and Longinus.

Another word has had a still more wonderful history, the word "Amen." In its original form it was employed milleniums ago by Accadian scribes on the banks of the Euphrates. It was adopted by the Semites and acquired a peculiar significance among the people of Israel. From them it passed to the Greeks, and there is some ground to believe that it was uttered by our Saviour's lips. Mohammed said it had been communicated to him by the Angel Gabriel, and now it is familiar to every Christian and Mohametan child from Japan westward to San Francisco. Through successive ages it has been associated with all that is most holy, most hopeful, most consoling, by the followers of Moses, of Christ and of the Arabian prophet, and, whatever be the fate of creeds, it seems destined to live while the human race exists upon the earth.

To return to my instances of unexpected kinship, what is there in the word "drake" that would imply even a remote affinity to the Latin "anas?" We find it in the first letter of the word, the "d" of "drake" being the remnant of a syllable with which that word formerly began, and to which the German *enterich* furnishes the key. The word for duck, of which "anat" is the Latin root, is found in all the Teutonic branches of Aryan speech, and the Greek *νῆσσα* or *νήσσα* is probably of the same little family. The Early English form, "ened," gradually changed into the Middle English "ende" and by adding the Teutonic "rak" or "rake" (the same ending that occurs in the German *ente-rich*

—meaning “chief” or “king”), we have *end-raki* or *end-rake*, which by a process common in our language, and which the poor bird himself often experiences (that of beheading), was ultimately shortened into “drake.” This termination, “rich,” implying authority or headship, is allied with the Latin “*rex*,” with the English “*ric*” in bishopric, with the Celtic “*righ*,” and appears in the German as distinctive of the masculine in “*gänse-rich*” (gander), “*taube-rich*” (male dove) and, in another sense, in several well-known proper names.

There is another word, meaning “ruler” or “king,” which has been adopted by nearly every language in Europe. It is the “*sas-in-sas*” of Ammianus Marcellinus, the *Shah* or *Schach* of the Persians, which from a cry in the game of chess, intimating that the player was to look out for his imperilled king, has become, under various modifications, the name of the game itself throughout Western civilization. It has also given birth to a number of familiar words and expressions, one of which, “to check,” in the sense of “to restrain,” still conveys the idea of authority, royal or otherwise, real or assumed. In that sense it is an abbreviation of “checkmate,” which is said to mean the king is dead, “*mat*” being evidently akin to a whole cluster of Aryan words meaning or relating to death and, perhaps, even to the Hebrew.

The German word for boot is “*stiefel*,” which has also come to have a variety of other meanings, just like our own “boot.” Let us see if between this word “*stiefel*” and the French *été* (summer) there is any possible relationship. It seems that there really is. If we go to the Italian language, we find a word *stivale*, which is evidently akin to the German word. It does not seem quite unreasonable, having got thus far and knowing the habit that Italian has for eliding some initial vowels, to compare *stivale* with the Latin *æstivus*, belonging to or suitable for the summer season. *Stivale*, in fact, was at first a boot for summer wear, and is, therefore, of the same stock as the French *été*, which is simply the Latin *æstas*, deprived of its superfluous consonants and dressed in French fashion. How the Germans came to have this particular word, and to make it look so Teutonic, is not now very clear.

Some very common words in our own language, which look as if they had never been out of England, can be traced (as we have already seen) to far-off primæval homes, and the same is true of

some French words that used long ago to be thought the remnants of old Gallic speech. *Coup* is used as frequently, perhaps, as any word in the French language, and, without examination, one might be inclined to say that if anything remained of the tongue spoken in Gaul in Cæsar's time, it must be *coup*. Nevertheless, diligent philologists have followed it through many wanderings till, at last, they found themselves with Socrates beneath the plane-trees of Ilissus. Some centuries ago *coup* was *colpe*, the Latin *colaphus*, the Greek *κόλαφος*. Perhaps the Phocæan traders of old Massilia helped to circulate it inland before Julius Cæsar and his legions had gone there to conquer. Our very ordinary word "bottle" is also traced through the French and Low Latin to the Greek *βούτις*, a flask.

The word scullion has a curious derivation assigned to it. Its starting-point is found in the Latin *scopa*, a broom, whence the Spanish *escobillon*, from a supposed Latin diminutive *scopilla*, and this, softened, made *scovillon*, *scouillon*, and our English "scullion." There is, according to Skeat, no possible connection between it and scullery, which, he insists, supporting his argument by quotations, is allied to "swill," through the process "swillery," "squillery," "scullery." He instances "squaine" for "swain," "squaltry" or "squeltry" for "sultry," and "squirrel," otherwise *scorel*, from the Greek *σκίονρος*. In the forms "esquire" and "écuyer" (formerly "escuyer"), from the Latin *scutiger*, or *scutarius*, we have a like example of such interchange.

Various origins have been assigned to the uncomely and ungracious "curmudgeon." But, as the old spelling was "cornemudgin," and as it was even translated by the Latin *frumentarius*, there is some reason for regarding it as a corruption of some word expressive of dealing in or with corn. Skeat rejects "merchant" for the second part of the word, as "mudgin" would be too violent a change from so common a noun. Besides, he thinks that "corn-merchant" could hardly have become a term of reproach, but, as there is a word "mudge," signifying "to hoard," or "to withhold selfishly," it seems reasonable to regard "cormudgeon," as implying a corn-hoarder. Those who have ever had any experience of the popular feeling towards such men during times of scarcity, can easily imagine how the "cormudgeon" or corn-hoarder became a synonym for all that is grasping and miserly.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.*

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

IN the present article, I will discuss a practical subject of the present day; a subject on which, till recently, few people in England have felt more than a languid interest; a problem which we have allowed to pass by as not concerning us, which we have left to take its chance and work out its own solution.

Yet it cannot really be a matter of indifference to us on what terms our colonial fellow-subjects, men of our own blood, our own nearest kindred, are to remain related to us. There are ten millions of them now. By the end of this century there will be thirty or forty millions. They are in possession of territories larger than Europe, with every variety of soil and climate. There is no limit to their possible expansion. Are they to continue under the British flag? Are they to become independent nations? That is the question, and a more important question can hardly be asked.

The history of English colonization is profoundly interesting. It was in the sixteenth century; it was in connection with the mighty intellectual movement of which the Reformation was only a symptom, that the English race burst through the barriers of their island home and spread over the world, founding new settlements, establishing trading companies, and developing a system of universal commerce. In the time of Edward VI. there were at most but five million souls of us in this island, and the largest merchantman which sailed out of the Thames was but two hundred and fifty tons burden. Before the sixteenth century closed, we had stations in Russia and in the Levant, in Persia, in India, and in China; we had rooted ourselves in the New World; we had a fleet, thanks to Elizabeth's ministers and the energy of the people, which hunted

* We have pleasure in re-printing from the *Princeton Review*, in condensed form, this eloquent article by one of the foremost of living writers. We do not agree with all his suggestions, but as a contribution to a plan for a grand British Federation throughout the world, we think it has claims upon our serious consideration.—ED.

through the Channel the mightiest armament which ever floated on the seas ; and we had carried terror among the far-off Spanish settlements on the western shores of South America. So much had been accomplished in fifty years. To-day the Queen rules peaceably over two hundred millions of subjects in India. We are thirty-three millions at home. Ten millions more of us are scattered in communities over the fairest portions of the globe. Across the Atlantic are forty-five millions more, sprung from the same stock, with the same laws, the same language, the same literature. A seed carried away from Britain has grown into a great state, which rivals in power and resources the proudest monarchies of the Old World. If I were asked to say what England had done to command the admiration of future ages, it would be enough if I were to point out to America.

As to our colonies, Lord Palmerston was once at a loss for a colonial secretary. He consulted my friend Sir Arthur Helps about it, and not being able to hit on any one exactly to his mind, he said, "I think I will take the office myself. Come upstairs with me, and we will look at the maps, and see where these places are."

I do not say that we have no interest on the Continent of Europe ; but Europe is not the only continent. Our first duty is to our own people at home and in our colonies. Abroad, our first and most natural ally ought to be America. Whatever may have once been the importance of our connection with Europe, that importance has ceased. The Channel cuts us off, and science can make our shores impregnable. We have as little to fear from the great military powers as America has to fear, and as little to gain by meddling in their concerns. We are no longer a European power. The politicians by their interference have brought us glory and have brought us a national debt, and little else that I know of. The English people, by their own enterprise, have brought us a new and more real dominion—an empire on which the sun never sets ; and this is our true sphere, large enough, one would think, for the most greedy ambition.

Yet here, too, one fears to see our politicians meddle. America was once ours, and they contrived to lose it. They regarded the Americans in the last century as "poor relations," whom they might use at their pleasure. The Americans

claimed to be represented if they were to pay taxes. We refused and appealed to force, and America was lost. The English people have repaired that act of stupendous folly. They have formed a second group of colonies, which may in time be as magnificent as the first. Will the politicians lose these for us also? There are signs that look that way. We have not repeated the first mistake in the same form, but we have made another in the same spirit. We misgoverned the colonies, and they complained; and instead of trying to govern them better, we told them in a tone of impatient contempt that they might govern themselves, and that if they did not like to remain connected with us they were at liberty to go. I suppose that under the circumstances it was necessary to grant them self-government. Franklin and Washington, before the Revolutionary War, would have been contented with representation in the British Parliament. They were not alarmed by the then tedious ocean passage; they were proud of the name of Britons, and proud of the reality which the name implied. Had George III. and his ministers consented, the American colonies, and all colonies which we might afterwards have formed, would have glided into their places in our representative system. The unity of the commonwealth would have been assumed as a matter of course, and the separation of a colony would have been as little thought of as the separation of Wales or Scotland. I do not know that it would have been better for America in the long-run. The Providence which watches over the affairs of men works out of their mistakes at times a healthier issue than would have been accomplished by their wisest forethought. But the attachment of all people of English blood to home and to one another is so instinctive, that I do not believe the bond would have been ever broken, had we not broken it by injustice. The chance was lost; America went her way, and other colonies, when they grow impatient, look naturally to America for their example. They have not asked again to be represented at home. They know, perhaps, that they would still ask in vain. They have demanded free constitutions and they have got them, with all which free constitutions may involve.

What follows, then? Australia, Canada, New Zealand, are free. They are still nominally under the crown, but they add

no strength to the crown ; their country, their wealth, their resources, are their own. We have no more power over them than we had over France when it was counted in the list of George III.'s kingdom. We cannot take back what we have given. If any colony shall desire hereafter a closer union with us, it may abandon some portion of its liberties, as Scotland did, and Ireland. But the resignation must be its own act ; and is it likely that any colony will volunteer it ?

When a child grows into a man and earns his own living, his father ceases to interfere with him, and their relations thenceforward are of affectionate equality. The analogy is supposed to hold in the relations between a grown-up colony and the mother country. But there is this difference, that the son comes into complete independence ; the colony is still in tutelage. In the eyes of foreign nations it has no existence, and is only known to them as part of the state to which it belongs. Thus it is liable for the consequences of a public policy in which it has had no voice. Its towns may be bombarded, its shores invaded, its commerce paralyzed, in a quarrel for which it cares nothing and in which it has not a single interest at stake. Naturally enough, the colonies think this arrangement a hard one for them. The mother country is bound to protect them, but they are far scattered, and the English fleet cannot be omnipresent. At the moment of need the protection may not be forthcoming.

If the great colonies continue attached to us on the existing terms, an evil will show itself by and by, when they grow larger, of a precisely opposite kind. In times of excitement, when great principles are at stake, the colonies will be affected as we are. Parties will form on the same lines in combination with parties at home, but they will not go in and out of office together. The Liberals may be in power in the colonies, and the Conservatives at home. Great questions will again be battled over, in which the colonies will be as much interested as ourselves ; and it is easy to foresee what embarrassments will follow if the Cabinet of England finds itself in collision with the cabinets of half a dozen powerful communities calling themselves British subjects, in close correspondence with the minority at home. Such a danger may seem far off, but it may be upon us before this waning century is ended, and the inevitable consequence will be the immediate dissolution of the empire.

Lastly, and perhaps this is the most important matter of all, in a colony, however free be its government, no real training for independence is possible. Colonies have no foreign policy. They cannot quarrel with their neighbours, and can have no war. They are like boys at school who are not allowed to fight, and in these ominous times no country can keep its liberties long which is unable or unprepared to defend itself.

And yet the child learns to walk by falling down. All that we learn that is worth learning, we learn by our own efforts and by our own mistakes. We value nothing which is freely given to us. Hardihood and perseverance, the stubborn virtue which prefers death to failure, the qualities which have made illustrious the consecrated name of history—these are the only foundation on which national life can be built up, and they are learnt only in the severe school of experience. A people who are to hold an important place in the world must be hardened in the fire, and the fire cannot approach where the British flag is flying. An individual who has never had to struggle, never grows to be a man. A nation which is forced forward in a political conservatory may shoot rapidly into imposing luxuriance of flowers and fruit, but it will not stand the frost or the storm. The oak does not grow under glass, nor nations which have the oak's fibre.

Such, then, are the difficulties in the way of maintaining a union between Great Britain and her magnificent dependencies. If we keep them under the crown, we mismanage them; if we give them self-government, they tend to drift away from us; and the intermediate is so inconvenient, and produces so many serious evils, that for the sake of the colonies themselves we ought not to desire it to be continued. We may go on as we are for some time longer, but the existing arrangement is only temporary. In some form or other they must be drawn closer to us, or the connection will come to an end. And I think that, if we persevere much further with the "poor relation" principle, the second alternative is the more likely of the two. The question is what we desire and what they desire, and how earnest that desire is. If we have merely a vague wish and do not care to exert ourselves, events will take their natural course. If we are serious, if we are really convinced on both sides that the union of the empire is worth struggling for, then this nation would not be what

it is, and where it is, if we had not encountered more arduous problems and grappled with them successfully. No great thing was ever accomplished without effort. The union of the British Empire is not a matter which can be completed by legislative arrangements. No such arrangement is at present possible. Forethought, deliberation, a steady purpose that a way may be found, and patience to wait till the right way is found—this will do it, and this only. Political experimenting will end in certain failure. Of course there are obstacles; of course there must be sacrifices; something must be risked if much is to be gained. The small Italian states lost something when they parted with their independence to form an Italian kingdom. Hanover and Wurtemberg, Saxony and Bavaria, the great Prussia itself, gave up powers and privileges which they would gladly have retained, to make possible the German Empire. Yet there is not an Italian and there is not a German who does not feel himself five times the man that he was since those great confederacies have become realized facts.

Well, then, is it the interest of those two parties in this British colonial marriage that I am speaking of, to come together? I have spoken of the objections; let me now speak of the advantages. First, is it the interest of Great Britain? These are not the days of small states. Every day we see small states combining into large. The great powers grow greater; the lesser powers confederate for protection. All but ourselves have room within their own boundaries to increase their numbers. These small islands of ours are already as full as it is convenient that they should be. Ireland thirty years ago held nine millions of people. But the potato crisis came, and more than a third of them have been driven to find a home elsewhere. We cannot by taking thought ever so earnestly add an acre to our area. The expanding powers of our race are not diminished. But we require room in which to grow, and we have territory in the colonies as large again as Europe if we choose to use it. When I hear men talking of annexing Egypt, annexing Asia Minor, annexing this or that, I think of the schoolboys who were invited to a breakfast in a garden, where the table was ready spread with the choicest fruits which it produced, and they would touch none of them: they preferred to climb the trees to gather sour apples for themselves. Great Britain is

strong now; but if her flag floats over no land beyond her own shores, she must stand still while her rivals increase. Absolutely she may not decline, but relatively she must. The Americans count that by the end of the century they will be a nation of eighty millions. Why are we to lag behind the Americans? You have families to provide for, what will you do with your sons? When I see the swarms of children running about our streets, I ask myself whether these precious bits of English life are to be lost to the English commonwealth.

Turn to the other side—to the effect in England on English trade. The whole world, we are told, is the English market. But is it a sure market? It is held subject to a perpetual challenge, and foreign competition comes up fast behind us. But if we look to the colonies we find that trade follows the flag. The colonies, in proportion to their population, buy more than twice as much of us as strangers buy, because the colonial merchants are Englishmen who have emigrated thither, and are in close connection with the great firms at home. In another fifty years there will probably be four times as many people in the colonies as there are to-day; the whole vast number of them producing corn and wine and wool and silk and gold and diamonds, and crying out for all that we can supply them with from our workshops and factories. Let them remain under our flag, and be it interest or be it sentiment which prompts them, to us they will come and buy and sell. England has no customers so constant as her own people. I cannot listen patiently when I am told that it matters nothing to us whether they leave us or stay with us. To me it seems that on whether they remain with us or not, the whole alternative depends whether we are to continue the greatest people in the world, or to decline into a second Holland.

So much for our own interest. Now for the interest of the colonies. I have said that they will lose in becoming more closely attached to us. They will lose the inviting prospect of future independence; they will lose the pride of developing a separate national character—they will be Englishmen and not Australians or Canadians. But they will have the same liberties which we have; neither more nor less. They will not be petty states, small in purpose, counting for nothing in the coun-

cils of the world—a prey, it may be, of factions, and with a problematic destiny. They will be incorporated in a great historic commonwealth, the freest that exists, with a splendid past behind it, and with powers stretching round the globe. They will lose less than Scotland lost; they will gain all that Scotland gained; and even the loss to Scotland at the union was more in imagination than reality. Scotch patriotism believed that it had sold its birthright; does Scotch patriotism complain now? Is Scotland sacrificed to England? Has the national spirit of Scotland grown tame? Scotland is all that she was, and more than all she was; free as ever, in the essential meaning of freedom, and strong with twice her old strength, for she has the strength of England added to her own.

The union with Scotland was brought about because our hearts were set upon it. If our hearts had been set as warmly on our colonies we should not have lost America a hundred years ago—we should not now be talking of the disintegration of our present dominion.

No political union with the mother country is to be looked for now. Perhaps it can never be. It depends, in my opinion, on whether the mother country can change its front and come to regard the colonies as the foremost of all its interests. Let the colonists see that we are in earnest; that we wish to share with them in all that we have and are; that we will pour our spare population and capital into them, as if their territories were so much new soil added to our own islands; that their able men shall have free access to all avenues of honour and power among us: then it may be that the iron will heat up to the welding point. Till that time comes, I shall make no suggestions as to how the union is to be. I do not believe that there is any “*how*” just now which it would not be worse than useless to try. Much may be done meanwhile. Confidence may be recovered, and good feeling cultivated; we may emancipate our policy from European traditions; we may do many things, which I will point out presently in detail. No one colonial policy is applicable to communities so entirely different from one another.

I come now to the general question, What can be done towards drawing closer to our self-governed colonies?

First, we can show that we regard the colonists as Englishmen and not as strangers, and that we wish to give them a voice, so

far as their and our constitutions allow, in the administration of public affairs. We cannot now admit their representatives to the House of Commons. But there is a second house to which the objection does not apply. Why should we not have colonial peers? The colonies produce very eminent men—men of large fortune, distinguished politicians, the equals socially and intellectually of many of those whom we select at home for political canonization. Why should we not have the help of these persons in the House of Lords? Questions often rise in Parliament affecting colonial interests, and the jurisdictions of the Imperial and Colonial Parliaments come occasionally into collision. It would be very useful if we had Australians and Canadians present among us when we were touching on their interests. In matters, moreover, of imperial policy the colonies would not be so completely unrepresented as they are at present.

Again, there is the Privy Council. The Privy Council has many functions in which the colonists might have a share; and it might have many more. The mere title of Right Honourable is something as a public recognition that a man has deserved well of his country. People like these feathers in their caps, and so do their friends for them.

Again, there are the various departments of the civil service. What could be more desirable than that we should have colonists as the immediate servants of the queen? It may be said that they can offer themselves now for the competitive examinations on the same terms as Englishmen or Scots or Irish. But the examinations follow the line of our home education. The education in the colonies is not identical with ours, and cannot be; and young men of equal or superior ability educated at colonial colleges would have no chance in a competition with opponents specially trained in England. They know this, and therefore do not come forward. Why should not a certain number of vacancies be allotted to each of the great colonies? The colonists would have at once an immediate interest in the active life of the empire. In fifty years, when Australia has thirty million inhabitants, how would our grasp on India be tightened if the Australians felt that it belonged as much to them as to us!

The English professions cannot create special facilities for colonial competition. We have Irish lawyers and doctors,

Scotch lawyers and doctors, even American lawyers, in distinguished practice among us; we would gladly see Australians and Canadians added to the list. Lord Lyndhurst was colonial born. They must make their own places, however, and if they succeed they will be warmly welcome. But there are the universities, which ought to be the centres of education for the elect of the British race from all parts of the world. Let Oxford and Cambridge invite the colonies to unite with them in founding scholarships and fellowships bearing the colonial names. And let the colonial schools be allowed to nominate their best students to such scholarships, to take rank on the foundations, where they may qualify themselves for higher advancement. The distinctions which such students may acquire will reflect credit on the land they come from. They will form home friendships. We shall learn what the colonists are, and they will learn what we are; and insensible links will form, more strong a thousandfold than the most ingenious political contrivances.

So, again, with the army and navy. There are young men in every country unsuited for the tamer walks of life, and made by nature to be soldiers and sailors. Might not a few commissions be granted to the colonies with advantage? a few nominations to our naval training-ships? The Canadian Dominion has seventy thousand seamen and a militia of nearly half a million. During these last few months Canadian battalions have volunteered for service with us should a war break out. Let us devoutly hope that a war will not break out, and that we shall not need their help. But they have shown that, so far as they are concerned, the interests of the empire are their interests, and they claim a place at our side in defence of it.

Lastly, what the colonies most need from us is a supply of British immigrants. Tens of thousands of our people annually leave our shores for other lands. The British Government refuses to interest itself in their destination, and professes the most entire indifference whether they remain subjects of the crown or prefer to change their allegiance. The Americans know their value. Of all foreigners who land on their shores the English are the most welcome, and the Americans spare no pains to secure English. They attract not only four-fifths of the numbers who go away from us, but they attract the pick

and flower of them. I go to one of our new national schools; I see long rows of bright little boys and girls gathered up out of the streets, and given a chance of growing into serviceable men and women. I ask myself as I look at them, what is to be the future of these little creatures, whose intelligent faces promise so much. How many of them *may* be orphans? How many of them *must* be children of parents who ill know how to feed and clothe them! The school does much, but it does not teach any bread-winning trade. Tens of thousands of children will be annually turned adrift in this country, after three or four years of training, with no outlook but a dreary one. Why might not arrangements be made with well-conditioned colonial settlers, to take some of these boys and girls as apprentices, and bring them up under their own eye to colonial business?

I have thus mentioned a few things which might be done to attach the colonies to us without touching the existing constitutions, and I might mention several more; but I pass to the most important change of all, without which all else will avail nothing.

Washington left it as a legacy to his countrymen a warning never to entangle themselves in European complications. The Americans have remembered the lesson and have acted upon it. Inevitably and properly the English colonies will desire to imitate America's example. To them, as to their great model, the politics of Europe are a game in which they have only a spectator's interest. And though they may be moved, as Canada has been, into momentary sympathy with the mother country at an exciting crisis, they will tend always into an attitude of neutrality. Therefore it is quite certain that if it be England's intention to adhere to her old pretensions, if England persists that she will be the arbiter of Europe (although on the European continent she owns not an acre, save Gibraltar Rock, and never can acquire an acre), the colonists will wisely decline a nearer union with us. If the English people are so enamoured of their European position that they mean to cling to it, they are masters of their own destiny. But let them understand that, in choosing this course they will part company with the rest of their kindred. The empire of the New World, the empire of peace and prosperity, they abandon forever. Now in this our

own generation we stand at the parting of the ways. Choose whom you will serve—whether the old spirit which you call honour, and which another age may call madness and dishonour; or the spirit which in the fire and cloud led these millions of our brothers out of the Egypt of vain ambition, into the promised land of industry and self-respect—

Choose, and your choice shall be
Brief, and yet endless :

briefly made, and endless in its consequences.

I have said much of the Americans. They are sprung like us, from the loins of our fathers. They claim an equal share with us in the traditions of English history; and their great men trace their descent with as much pride from historical English families. Theirs, as well as ours, are the Plantagenet and Tudor princes. Theirs are Drake and Raleigh, Burghley and Cromwell. Theirs are Chaucer and Shakespeare and Bunyan. In our modern poets and men of science, in Scott and Byron, in Burns and Tennyson, in Macaulay and Carlyle, in Tyndall, in Huxley, in Darwin, in John Mill, they will allow us no exclusive right of possession. Let any Englishman, whom the Americans have learnt to respect, go over among them and see if he is received as a stranger. Their voluntary and instinctive sympathies prove that between the American and the English people there are bonds uniting them closer than those which unite any nations on the globe, and only the action of what are called the governing classes among us prevents the political relations from becoming as intimate as the spiritual. An American alliance is worth all French, Austrian, German, Italian, Greek, Turk—all European alliances together. We two nations standing back to back, with our separate governments, but one in heart and one in policy, they with their enormous continent, we with a no less vast colonial union, may then spread into an innumerable company of English, Scotch, and Irish born freemen; and secure in our own deserved prosperity, we may leave Europe to work out its own destiny. Can imagination picture a fairer prospect for us? There would be no risk of war then, for who would have a motive to quarrel with . . . Who would dare to quarrel with us? There would be no danger of colonial disintegration, for what colony would dream of leaving so splendid an association?

Little need should we then have to boast of the army corps that we can move, or the number of campaigns that we can bear, or to start in alarm when fools talk of England's prestige being in danger. From the sure and serene heights of power and confidence we could smile at the envy which sneered at England's decadence.

In a change of policy, in a disregard forever of a past which is out of date, in the hearty embracing of a new future, when all English-speaking races will have one interest, and English and Americans, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, shall rank side by side for the common good of mankind—there, and nowhere else, lies the true solution of the colonial problem. Give us that and we need look no further. The British Empire will be held together by a magnetism which no local or selfish ambition can then decompose. All difficulties will vanish then. No province of such an empire will be denuded of its wealth, denuded of its genius, denuded of its self-dependence, where the life-blood of the heart will flow freely to the furthest extremities. I saw in Natal a colossal fig-tree. It had a central stem, but I knew not where the centre was, for the branches bent to the ground and struck root there; and at each point a fresh trunk shot up erect, and threw out branches in turn, which again arched and planted themselves, till the single tree had become a forest, and overhead was spread a vast dome of leaves and fruit, which was supported on innumerable columns, like the roof of some vast cathedral. I saw an image, as I looked at it, of the future of England and her colonies, if the English people can read the signs of the times.

“I AM with thee !” He hath said it,
In His truth and tender grace !
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness !

“I am with thee !” With thee always,
All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Turning all thy life to praise.

SONNET.

To James M. LeMoine, Esq., Spencer Grange, Quebec.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

I LOVE Quebec for three good reasons. One—
Her matchless beauty both of earth and sky;
Her famous story of the years gone by;
And last, for sake of him, her worthy son,
Bone of her bone, whose facile pen has run
Through tomes of legendary lore, which vie
With what the world loves best. And so love I
Quebec for these good reasons ; and upon
The plinth of Wolfe and Montcalm lay my hand,
And call to witness all the varied land
Seen from the lofty Cape's embattled coigne,
Mountain and vale and city, isle and stream,
Resplendent with the memories that beam
Upon them from the pages of Lemoine.

June, 1884.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL, BELFAST,
IRELAND.

BY THE REV. A. HARDIE, M.A.

IN the above city on Tuesday forenoon, June 24, 1884, met "the Third General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance." The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. Robert Watts, D.D., of Belfast. In the evening the delegates were accorded a reception by the Mayor, Sir David Taylor, J.P., in the Exhibition Hall.

On Wednesday morning, Rev. Principal Cairns, of the U. P. College, Edinburgh, opened the proceedings of the Council by reading a "Report on the Consensus," rather a difficult subject for our Calvinistic brethren just now. There followed papers on "The Authority of Holy Scripture," "Biblical Criticism," "The Theory of Evolution," etc. In the evening addresses were delivered with special reference to Presbyterianism.

But Thursday was a day of far more than ordinary interest. There is in the United States of America a branch of the Presbyterian family which has quite broken away from Calvinism. Indeed, I think it may be said that they have given up every distinctive feature of the Westminster Confession of Faith except the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. This Cumberland Presbyterian Church, as it is called, has for some time been seeking admission to the Alliance; but the *decrees* closed the doors against them. On this occasion, however, while many declared that these heterodox brethren could not be admitted, some influential voices were raised in favour of a more liberal policy. Dr. John Hall, of New York; Dr. R. H. Story, of the

Established Church of Scotland; Principal Cairns, Rev. Prof. H. Calderwood, of Edinburgh University, and others, made statements which must have appeared like new revelations to some, and which showed that the speaker was actuated by a large degree of Christian charity and enjoyed a good measure of normal intellectual freedom. At length after much consideration, after a debate of vast importance in the history of doctrine, the Cumberland Presbyterian delegates were welcomed into the Alliance.

On the evening of this same day, the divine blessing was bestowed in a most gracious manner during the consideration of missionary work. The immense audience was greatly moved as the triumphs of Christianity were described by witnesses that had been in foreign lands. It was heart-cheering and soul-inspiring as Rev. Dr. W. F. Stevenson, of Dublin; Rev. K. S. McDonald, of Calcutta; Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of Madras; Rev. W. S. Swanson, of China; Rev. H. Faulds, M.D., of Japan; Rev. J. G. Paton, of New Hebrides; Rev. Dr. Robert Laws, of Africa; Rev. Dr. Martin, of Syria—a converted Jew of, I think, Constantinople—and others, told of the wonderful works of God.

The Council passed a resolution recommending the missionaries of the various Presbyterian Churches to unite with each other for a more efficient and economic management of their work in foreign countries. This resolution is a noteworthy event in the history of missions. Evidently this "Sacramental Host of God's elect" is arranging the line of battle in a more solid form for a mighty move on Paganism and Romanism.

Sabbath was a high day for Belfast congregations. It was my privilege to hear Rev. Prof. A. A. Hodge, LL.D., of Princeton Seminary. His sermon was on the Trinity—text, Matt. xxviii. 19—and for simplicity and accuracy of expression, for range and majesty of thought, and for sweet persuasive unction was a rare treat, and was delivered extempore.

On Sabbath afternoon there was a

sacramental service in St. Enoch's Church, where the Council held its sessions. It gave me great pleasure to join our beloved brethren at the table of the Lord. Many countries were represented on that memorable occasion. The service was simple but impressive, and one thought of the great gathering time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." An affecting closing address was delivered by Rev. Principal David Brown, of Aberdeen, the author of an exceedingly valuable work on the "Second Advent."

Monday was another special day. In the forenoon "The Christian Ministry" was the subject of various papers. In the evening Ireland, Romanism, and Ritualism, engaged most serious attention. Some of the essayists evidently had only an ordinary range of vision. But the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Pomeroy, of Cleveland, Ohio, read a remarkable production on "Romanism in the United States." As the priesthood of America passed under the searching light of his luminous and apostolic eloquence, they stood out most vividly in their utterly unscrupulous character. This paper, however, did not distress or disturb the mind by thus presenting the dreaded enemy in the repulsiveness of his moral deformity, for by an exquisitely beautiful announcement of the abundant grace of God which melts the hearts of men, the audience was mightily animated with joyous and inspiring hopes that the glorious principles of the Reformation would yet triumphantly prevail over the broad continent of America. There followed a paper by Rev. Dr. R. F. Burns, of Halifax, N.S., on "Romanism in Canada," showing the tremendous and appalling power of Papal wealth and influence in the Province of Quebec.

On Wednesday evening there was a great Evangelistic meeting in the Botanic Gardens, and it was addressed by Rev. Drs. Harp, Wells, Warden, Sprecher, Roberts, and McLeod, all of America. The addresses were after the pattern of the Primi-

tive Methodist American camp-meeting exhortation.

On Thursday evening, July 3, this gathering of illustrious Christian men came to a close.

It must be said that the Council provided a programme of a high order. The tone of the meeting was excellent. Sometimes one was reminded of a love-feast. Occasionally most telling and practical exhortations were given, urging to diligence and consecration in the work of saving souls. The venerable Dr. McCosh, of Princeton Seminary, visited the Council, and his fatherly, farewell words will never be forgotten.

On several occasions during the discussions Methodism received honourable mention. One clerical representative from Queensland said that our Church in his country advanced by "leaps and bounds," and he attributed much of this success to the gratuitous and efficient labours of local preachers. Indeed, more than once was this arm of our service spoken of with appreciation. Our social means of grace received com-

mendation. A good Welsh brother, of the Calvinistic Methodists, eulogized our modes and advised their adoption. The Rev. Dr. King, Principal of the Presbyterian College, Winnipeg, commended our plan of dealing with candidates for the ministry.

We Methodists should thank God and take courage. Our simple and direct modes, and especially our Scriptural and easily-understood system of theology, give us immense advantages.

Probably not without an agitation will our beloved Presbyterian brethren obtain the same liberty in practice and doctrine. But Methodism having been born free, having enjoyed from the beginning the goodly inheritance of a full salvation from all sin and for all sinners, should do a grand work for humanity.

Let us hope and pray that before long a Pan-Christian Conference, representing as far as possible the Church universal, may be assembled to take "sweet counsel together" as to the best means for advancing the kingdom of our adorable Redeemer.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

AFTER the close of the International Sunday-school Convention, at Louisville, Ky., the present writer took a run over the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the leading trunk line of the South, through the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Louisiana, to New Orleans, returning by way of Mississippi. The trip was an exceedingly interesting and instructive one. We conversed freely with all sorts and conditions of men: preachers, teachers, Sunday-school agents and organizers, railway men, professional men, planters, merchants, and especially with "our brother in black," of every grade. The latter everywhere abounds. The land seems

darkened by reason of his presence. In the rural districts he far out-numbers the whites. Even in cities like Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, he constitutes considerably over half of the population. And a very picturesque object he is. For "loop-holed, windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the lazzaroni of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in statuesque attitude, motionless, in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. When he looks at you, there is an air of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eye, which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which he

never does unless first addressed, it is in a rich velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous *patois*. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black. Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite merriment, and you feel that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ears of him that heareth it."

The country traversed by the Louisville and Nashville Railway, while not marked by any striking scenic attractions, is characterised by much that is very interesting. Its best region is the rolling hills and fertile valleys of Kentucky, rich in wheat and maize and tobacco. Then come the wilder hills and more rugged mineral regions of Tennessee and Northern Alabama, rich in coal and iron. These are being largely developed by Northern capital, and at Birmingham, in the latter State, great iron industries are springing into operation, which give it quite the appearance of the "Black Country" around its English namesake. Then come the interminable fields of cotton, just now looking like a bean plant, from two to six or eight inches high; and everywhere ~~is~~ corn, corn, much of it already in bloom, and frequent fields of reaped and stacked wheat or oats.

In southern Alabama are vast regions of poor thin soil covered with "turpentine orchards" of pine. Each tree is scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes, through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected, and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine and resin, which are shipped in vast quantities at Mobile.

In Louisiana one approaches a more tropical region. The glossy-leaved magnolia, with its large snow-white fragrant blossom, which has heretofore occurred sporadically, now occurs in groves. The myrtle and catalpa, the button-wood and palmetto, and the prickly Spanish yucca-grass appear. The Spanish moss hangs in greyish festoons from the live oak

trees. Sometimes it seems to kill the tree, and then the funereal plumes are melancholy in the extreme. Great rivers—the Alabama, the Tombigby, the Pascagoula—flow through a thicket of dense glossy-leaved vegetation; the cane-brake borders the still black waters of the bayou or lagoon, the home of the alligator and haunt of the heron. Everything speaks of rank, luxuriant sub-tropical life. The everywhere abounding water must be kept out by dikes or levees when the land matures in richest luxuriance sugar-cane and rice, the mango and orange, and many strange plants and fruits unfamiliar to Northern eyes and tastes.

In this region the coloured man is a necessity. He is here to stay. He is increasing faster than the whites. The toilsome field work under the hot sun could not be done by white labour. The negroes since emancipation, we were assured, were often thriftless and unprogressive. But so they were before, and their habits are a heritage from slavery days. Yet they are steadily improving. In the city of Montgomery a coloured man at the Methodist church told me that his people paid taxes on half a million worth of property, and that he himself paid taxes on \$20,000. Yet he had begun, he said, "without a nickel." The blacks are docile, not self-assertive or "bumptious," and are eager to learn. Schools are largely provided, but it is only in the intervals between the pressing field work of the successive crops—corn, cotton, tobacco—that the young folk can go to school—about four months in the year, we were told. That they have improved so much is greatly to their credit, and is an augury of still greater improvement in the future.

Their religious life is a subject of deep interest. We studied it as fully as possible. The Sunday-school is supplementing the deficiencies of the day-school. The printed lesson-leaves are a great help in moral teaching. The children of a large Baptist school which we visited responded to questions as well as I ever heard white children. The religious exercises of the adults I could not so highly approve. They were very noisy and

emotional—a constant chorus of ejaculations, in a plaintive minor key, accompanied the preacher, rising into a monotonous strain, like the drone of a bagpipe. The preacher fanned the excitement. His voice fell into a regular cadence, a mournful minor strain, impossible to describe. The responsive cries became louder and louder, first one, then another—all women—sprang to their feet shouting and dancing till a dozen or more were on the floor. Yet the preacher kept on his weird incantation till in the excitement a marbled-topped table was upset and the confusion seemed to me to have no more religious character than the gyrations of the dancing dervishes. The intelligent blacks disapproved of it, and said it was only the ignorant who indulged in it. Four Methodist services which we attended, however, were quite decorous.

The singing was beautiful—the plaintive strains with which the Jubilees have made us familiar. At our request one congregation sang one of their “spiritual songs,” as the pastor called it. An old negro began a monotonous chant about “passing over Jordan,” in the refrain of which every one took part with swaying of the body; then jumping up, they all began shaking hands with everybody else. We never shook hands with so many coloured people in our life.

Taking the collection was quite an exciting process. Tables were set out and the people were asked forward to present their donations, and they responded with the utmost liberality. In one congregation over a hundred dollars was thus raised. In another, a very poor one, nearly twenty dollars. It was pathetic to notice in their poverty the attempt to respect the memory of a deceased member of the Methodist Church at Mont-

gomery—the pitiful whisps of crape and mourning which draped the church.

A negro graveyard here exhibited the most extraordinary mementoes we ever saw. Some graves are surrounded by a row of black bottles stuck in the ground—it is to be hoped not as a symbol of the cause of the death of the deceased. Others were covered with all manner of broken crockery, household utensils, toilet ornaments, broken lamps, vases and statuettes, dinner castors, shells, toys and trinkets—a sort of Vaudoism or relic of pagan superstition, I suspect.

Yet their condition is improving every day. They are not yet models of honesty, thrift, and morality; but their vices are a heritage of the dark days when no man could call ought that he had his own, and when even the sanctity of his home and the purity of his family were not protected. Everybody is glad that slavery is dead. Not one in a thousand would have it restored again. The South is richer than it ever was. Capital, machinery, enterprize and organized industry are coming in as never before. Everybody is hopeful. Everybody seems patriotic and loyal to the Federal Government—even those who fought against it. The bitterness of the conflict is fast dying out. The new generation will know nothing about it. The resources of the country—in coal, in iron, in timber, in naval stores, in cotton, rice, sugar, corn and fruits—are very great. Very much of the land is still untilled. What is wanted above all is education—secular and religious—capital, immigration, energy and enterprize; and these being forthcoming no part of the Union can surpass it in prosperity and progress.

Louisville, Ky.

THOU layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart,
 And sayest “Be still!”
 The silence and shadow are only a part
 Of Thy sweet will.
 Thy presence is with me and where Thou art,
 I fear no ill.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

From the utterances at the recent Conferences and in the public press, it is evident that there is far from being unanimity of opinion on this important subject. Some of the old and tried and true friends of Victoria University, favour its continued maintenance as an independent institution. Others, no less tried and true in their attachment to "Old Vic" and in their fidelity to what they conceive to be the best interests of higher education, favour some plan of federation of all the institutions of higher learning in the Province of Ontario. To the latter view the present writer does not hesitate to affirm his adhesion. When Dr. Sutherland submitted his able paper, published in the last number of this MAGAZINE, we frankly said that we did not agree with many of his views. But we publish many articles with which we do not personally agree, and are in favour of the fullest and freest discussion of this and of every other question affecting the welfare of society. As long ago as last January we thus expressed our own views on this subject:—

"It seems to us—we can, of course, express only our personal convictions—that it ought not to be difficult, if the question be approached in a spirit of large-minded and statesman-like fairness on both sides, to find a satisfactory solution of the problem. Could not a method somewhat like this be devised? Let there be one University for the whole Province called, say, the University of Ontario. Let all the outlying colleges, medical schools, and law faculties be represented in due proportion on the Senate of that University. Let no appointment of professor be made without the nomination, suggestion, or concurrence of such Senate. As Dr. Caven truly remarks: 'No considerable number of people in this

country prefer a system free from the presiding influence of religion.' And a Senate so constituted might safely, we think, be intrusted with the duty of preventing the intrusion of skeptical or agnostic professors, and of nominating only such as would be acceptable to the Christian Churches of the community. Christianity is a recognized institution of the country. Sixty-nine men out of every seventy give it practical adhesion. It is neither reasonable nor right that no guarantees should be given against the possible usurpation by Infidelity of the teaching faculties of even State institutions, and its pernicious influence upon the rising youth of the Province."

If the Government of the Province will submit a plan of University Federation which, while doing justice to the historic character and interests of the several universities, shall promote the efficiency of these universities and the general interests of higher education, we consider it to be the right, the wise, the patriotic course for the educational leaders of our Church to join heartily in such a scheme and help to make it an assured and magnificent success. The able argument in the *Guardian* of the 2nd ult., on this important subject, is one the cogency of which cannot be gainsaid.

CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

Few things in connection with the recent Conferences were more gratifying than the spirit of Christian fraternity which was manifested. Brethren who have cherished for years the intensest feelings of denominational attachment and loyalty, consented to merge these feelings into a larger loyalty and broader sympathy. So far as we can learn in this meeting and blending of diverse interests not a jar took place, not an unkindly word was uttered.

Equally gratifying were the kind congratulations and fraternal greetings received from other Churches. With our Presbyterian friends Methodism has long been in kindly accord, and very pleasing was it to hear from such a staunch defender of Calvinistic doctrine as Dr. McLaren, the statement that the points of agreement between us were more important, more vital and essential than the points of difference. Still more gratifying were the visits of the Anglican deputations to the London and Toronto Conferences. With the Anglican Church, through no fault of ours, our intercourse has been less intimate than with the other Churches. As our Anglican friends have now made these fraternal advances, we hope that they will be reciprocated at our next Conferences by the appointments of deputations to visit their Synods.

Whereto, in the good providence of God, this "trend" of the times towards Christian fraternity and denominational integration may grow, no man can tell. May we not regard it, as was expressed in words of greeting from the Anglican Synod, as "an auspicious harbinger of that closer union amongst the members of Christ's flock everywhere for which the Church universal has so long and so earnestly prayed?" May we not, in the presence of the common enemy, to use the figure of Dr. Dewart, "shake hands and be reconciled," and unite our efforts against the abounding wickedness and infidelity and rampant evils of the time, and, like "ancient armies," to use the striking words of Dr. Sutherland, "march with locked shields in solid phalanx against the forces opposed to us to-day?"

Everywhere the signs of an increased fraternity are manifest. At a recent Church of England temperance meeting in St. John several Methodist ministers were courteously invited to take part in the proceedings. In the *Evangelical Churchman* for July 17, the Rev. Dyson Hague, of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, says: "Since the Nonconformist bodies of the present day hold substantially the same doc-

trines as the Reformed Churches of France, Geneva, and the Puritan body in the Church of England, the only position that can be consistently adopted, we will not say by the true Christian, but even by the *true Churchman*, is that of entire cordiality, and confessed unanimity with all the members of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist, and Baptist Churches. He who stands proudly by, refusing the warm hand of fellowship to his Protestant brethren, while he yearns for companionship with the false Church of Rome, is at once incredibly inconsistent, and lamentably degraded from the lofty Christian standing of his ecclesiastical ancestors."

In Pittsfield, Mass., an inter-ecclesiastical congress was held the other day in which the Church of England and Methodist, Congregationalist and Baptist ministers took part for the purpose of "promoting Christian union and advancing the kingdom of God." In the city of Florence, in Italy, a similar convention was recently held in which the Waldensians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Episcopal Methodists, and Baptists were represented. The leading questions there discussed, writes Prof. William Wells, were as follows: 1. Is a union of our Churches desirable? 2. Is it practicable? 3. Is it wise and useful to convene a Protestant Italian Congress composed of members of the different Churches according to their relative numbers? After a very lively debate these fundamental propositions were all adopted. The main line of difference of opinion appeared in the question as to whether the tendency in the congress should be towards a simple confederation or a compact union of the Churches. The Waldensian professor declared it to be his choice that the denominations should disappear and from them should arise one Protestant Church. The secretary of the committee, Prochet, and others with him, favoured the idea of confederation. The wisdom of some such unifying measure in the presence of the vaunting unity of Rome, and of the objections of Catholics to the divisions of the

sects, will be apparent. Some such Christian federation in Canada, we believe, would enable us to grapple more successfully with the problem of how to best commend Protestant Christianity to the favour of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen.

Methodism has especial advantages in becoming the leader and intermediary in this good work. She is now, at the beginning of her present century, one of the strongest of the Churches, and therefore could lead such a movement without suspicion of self-seeking or self-aggrandisement. Methodism, almost alone of the Churches of Christendom, originated, as Goldwin Smith has remarked, not in strife and conflict, but as an organized revival. She has such flexibility and vitality of constitution that she can better adapt herself than most other Churches to the changing conditions and necessities of the times. Let, her therefore, lead the van in the great crusade of the universal Church of God against the powers of evil, in the impending battle of Armageddon—the great conflict between Satan and his hosts and the army of the living God.

There is much force in the following remarks of the Rev. Dr. W. Taylor, of the Reformed Dutch Church, on the future mission of Methodism:—

“Now, at the beginning of its second century, Methodism has attained an irenic position, which may be one of the most potent factors of its future. The old controversial habit has lost its virus. Its ministers and members pass readily, and in great numbers, into other pulpits and pews. Shoulder to shoulder its preachers and leaders stand up together against the common foe. In foreign lands its missionaries are leagued with those of other Churches, sinking minor differences in the unity of the common faith and in the work of evangelizing the nations. If Calvinism and Arminianism are philosophically and theologically opposed, they are essentially one in the fundamental doctrines of salvation by the vicarious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the necessity and

power of the Holy Spirit in the work of grace. Despite theoretical differences, Calvinists and Arminians cannot resist the divine agencies and the supreme motives which are forcing them, by common impulses, to the front in the great conflict of these latter days which are to bring on the millennium. The entire Church of God is in transition to a period of unity, service, and power, which will oblige Christians to stop fighting each other in their struggles with the powers of darkness.”

FATHER CARROLL'S MISSION.

With the consummation of Methodist union our dear old friend, Dr. Carroll, is almost ready to sing, with Simeon, his *Nunc Demittis!* But he desires to do some further work for the Master before he goes hence. Those who were at the Belleville General Conference will remember how, with all the vivacity of youth, he declared that he wished he could be restored to the “active work” once more, just “to show the boys how to do it.” Well, he has in a sense been so restored, and is now engaged in the pioneer work of planting a church in a central country neighbourhood, several miles from any regular preaching place.

The erection of the new G. T. R. round-house and shunting-yard has developed the place—now known as York Station—into a suburb of Toronto with indefinite prospects. Dr. Carroll, who has been appointed missionary to the place, writes thus:

“Our first and most urgent necessity is some place to worship in. This we are resolved to provide for without delay. Will my Christian friends, all over the land, send forward what they can afford: first, the means of erecting the wooden part of Hope Tabernacle, a building 40 ft. by 30 ft., with proportionate height? This, as soon as roofed, floored, and ‘sided-up’ for veneering, we can worship in. Then we shall want the means of veneering it with a coating of brick before the winter sets in.”

We bespeak for this appeal a generous response. Despite his five-

and-seventy years, Father Carroll has thrown himself, with all the hope and energy of youth, into this work. We trust that he shall be promptly and liberally aided in this effort to plant a Methodist church in this promising neighbourhood. Dr. Carroll is as busy with his pen as in the pulpit. He has just issued an admirable tract on the Assumption and Preservation of Church Membership, an exposition of our admirable rules, which, if more generally observed, would greatly conduce to the Church's prosperity. Price 20 cents per dozen.

VERACITY VINDICATED.

A few months ago the Rev. Dr. Buckley reprinted in the New York *Christian Advocate* from this MAGAZINE an article by the Rev. W. Harrison, of the New Brunswick Conference, on "Agnosticism at the Grave." In that article Mr. Harrison quotes the statement that "of

twenty infidel lecturers and writers, sixteen have abandoned their infidelity and openly professed their faith in Christ and their joy in His salvation." The editor of an infidel paper wrote Dr. Buckley denying the truthfulness of that statement. With his characteristic thoroughness Dr. Buckley examined the record of the sixteen men referred to, and also the alleged infidel refutations of that record. These he prints side by side in a three-and-a-half column article in the *Advocate*. In the case of fourteen men out of the sixteen the statement of the essayist is abundantly sustained. In the case of the other two the presumption is that he was also correct. Dr. Buckley thus concludes:—

"We never have seen a series of sixteen statements of this character traversed and attacked with less damage to the original statements than appears to have been done in this case."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

IN our last issue we gave brief notices of the Annual Conferences of the various branches of the Methodist Church as far as they had then been held. We now give notices of the remainder. The Toronto Conference met in Richmond Street Church, Toronto, and was a pleasant gathering; only it was evident that some felt sad, as this was its final session. Rev. Dr. Dewart was elected President and the Rev. H. S. Mathews, Secretary. The business was conducted with great despatch, and was concluded in the afternoon of the fourth day. Six brethren had finished their course,

one of whom was a native of Japan, four others were in the list of superannuates, and another, the Rev. J. E. Betts, was in "the active work." The memorial service held in connection with those honoured men was of a solemn and affectionate character.

The Primitive Methodist Conference met in Brampton. The first Conference ever held by the Primitive brethren in Canada met in this town. The Bible Christian Conference assembled in Bowmanville, which has long been a stronghold of the denomination. The three Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church were held at Stirling, Strathroy, and Farmersville. All were attended with

a deep religious feeling. Not a few wept when they said "good-bye."

The first in order of the Annual Conferences of "The Methodist Church" was Montreal, which was held in Brockville, and was opened by the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent. He delivered a lengthy opening address which captivated all hearts. The Rev. W. Galbraith, LL.B., was elected President, and the Rev. W. Blair, Secretary. Great harmony prevailed in all the sessions. The debates, particularly relating to the French Missions, were animated. This Conference comprises the Province of Quebec and the Province of Ontario as far west as Kingston. Two of the uniting bodies were very strong in the territory, but a third had only a few stations. All the ministers received appointments and a few places were left to be supplied.

Bay of Quinte Conference, which met in Napanee, was the next in order. Here again the Rev. Dr. Carman was greeted by a full attendance of ministers and laymen. All the uniting bodies are represented in this Conference. The same remark will apply to all the other Conferences in Ontario, but the spirit of harmony was so prevalent that there was no jarring element; all were brethren and treated each other as such. The Rev. J. Curtis was elected President, and the Rev. J. Bredin, D.D., Secretary. The secret had just been divulged that the worthy Secretary had received the degree of D.D., so that if he escaped the Presidency, he was the recipient of a double honour, and no doubt "there's more to follow." A few brethren in this Conference retired, but all who were willing to take appointments were stationed, so that there was no surplus men, as some anticipated there would be.

While Dr. Carman was busy in the Eastern part of Ontario, the Rev. Dr. Rice, the other General Superintendent, was at work in the West, first at Clinton, the seat of the Guelph Conference, then at London, which was the place of meeting for that Conference. His appearance excited great sympathy, but all were

delighted to see him in attendance, as many fears had been entertained that he would not be able to leave his bed of sickness, but God in mercy permitted him to visit his brethren, though only for a short season. Dr. Carman opened the Niagara Conference in the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, and delivered an earnest, practical address. Rev. W. C. Henderson, M.A.; Rev. E. B. Ryckman, D.D., and the Rev. J. E. Williams, D.D., were elected Presidents of the Conferences in the order named, and the Rev. G. Cornish, W. Pascoe, and A. Langford, were elected Secretaries of the respective Conferences.

Rev. Dr. Douglas visited those Conferences and preached at two of them. At the London Conference a number of clergymen in connection with the Anglican Church were present and tendered their cordial greetings. The Conference, not to be outdone in Christian courtesy, appointed a deputation to visit the London Synod of the said Church.

Again, all were agreeably disappointed that there was no surplus ministers in the three Western Conferences. Of course, a few saw fit to tender their resignations, which were accepted; a few others asked to be left without appointments for one year; but all the others received appointments. This was the more gratifying, inasmuch as the opinion had become exceedingly prevalent that there was sure to be a very large surplus in those Conferences.

The Toronto Conference was next in order. This is the largest Conference in the Dominion, and there were more than four hundred ministers and laymen present at some of the sessions. Elm Street Church, Toronto, was the place of meeting, and, again, to the delight of all, Dr. Rice was able to be in attendance and conduct the opening exercises. The Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., was elected President, and the Rev. T. Griffith, M.A., Secretary.

There were a few incidents in connection with this Conference which are deserving of permanent record. First, the deputation from the Presbyterian Assembly, consisting of the

Rev. Dr. McLaren, Moderator, Dr. Reid, and Dr. Laing, and J. K. McDonald, J. McLennan, Q.C., Esqs., who presented a congratulatory address from the Assembly, briefly addressed the Conference, expressing their admiration of the Methodist union movement, and prayed that the unification of Methodism might be attended with great success, as, the deputation assured the Conference, had been the result of the unification of Presbyterianism in the Dominion.

The following members of Conference replied to the congratulatory address of the deputation: the President, Dr. Dewart; and W. Kennedy, and D. McLean, Esqrs.

The day following a deputation visited the Conference from the Anglican Synod of the Diocese of Toronto, consisting of the venerable Archdeacon Boddy, the Revs. Septimus Jones, John Pearson, J. D. Cayley, and Dr. J. G. Hodgkin, and Senator Allen. An address was first read from the Synod, and then brief addresses were delivered by some of the deputation, all of which breathed a most Christian and fraternal spirit.

The Rev. H. Johnston, M.A., Mr. Justice Rose, and John Macdonald, Esq., and the President, Dr. Sutherland, replied to the deputation. On the suggestion of Dr. Rose, the visits of both deputations were brought to a close by the Conference singing the doxology. Both visits were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment and led many to express the hope that such visits might be repeated.

The result no doubt will be, that the denominations thus represented will be drawn closer together, and will co-operate in works of common interest, such as the introduction of the Bible into the Public Schools, etc.

Rev. Dr. Cochran and Dr. Meacham, members of this Conference, being about to return to Japan, were assured by a resolution of the sympathy of their brethren, and a pledge that they would not be forgotten when far away in their field of missionary toil.

Telegrams of greeting were received from the Conferences that

were then in session, to which suitable answers were sent in response. The telegram from Manitoba Conference excited a delightful surprise, inasmuch as it requested a supply of fourteen ministers, married and single, for places within the bounds of that Conference. Considerable difficulty was experienced in providing suitable appointments for all the ministers and preachers, but happily none were left without stations, except some who desired to rest for one year.

The Manitoba Conference was held at Brandon without a General Superintendent. The Rev. E. A. Stafford, LL.B., was elected President, and the Rev. T. Argue, Secretary. This young and vigorous Conference, a good portion of which comprises the mission fields of Manitoba and the North-west, is prosecuting its labours with great energy, and resolved to establish a Theological College at Winnipeg, towards which the sum of \$800 was subscribed at the Conference. Among others received on trial was Mr. E. R. Steinhaur, son of the worthy Indian missionary who for so many years has laboured among the Indians in the North-west.

The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland have experienced but little change by reason of the union of the various branches which now constitute "The Methodist Church." There was one district of Bible Christians in Prince Edward Island, which, of course, now falls into line with the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, which met in the Centenary Church, St. John, N.B. The Rev. John Read was elected President and the Rev. R. Wilson, Secretary. None of the Conferences in the East were favoured with a visit from either of the General Superintendents.

The Nova Scotia Conference assembled in Halifax, N.S., when the Rev. J. A. Rogers was elected President, and the Rev. E. Jost, Secretary. As soon as the Conference was organized and the President and Secretary were elected, business was suspended that all the members of

Conference might partake of the Lord's Supper. This might be regarded as a new departure, but one which might be followed with advantage to all concerned.

There are no surplus men in the Eastern Conferences, but, rather the contrary. There is a great scarcity of men, so much so that several places are left without ministers, and a committee was appointed at this Conference to secure additional ministers.

The great debate in the two Conferences now named was on the Children's Fund. In one Conference the fund was virtually abolished, as it was resolved that for this year the allowance per child should only be \$5.

We have not received any particu-

lars respecting the Newfoundland Conference, but a recent communication from the Rev. Jas. Dove, President, published in the *Wesleyan*, contains gratifying intelligence respecting revivals in several circuits. Many, young and old, have professed saving faith in Christ. A good increase, therefore, is anticipated when the returns are completed at Conference. The grandest success of the year is the addition of probably not less than 10,000 to the Conferences now composing the Methodist Church. This addition, after making up for the loss by deaths, removals, and disciplinary action, makes this year indeed a "year of grace." May the full consummation of the union result in a still more glorious harvest of souls.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Religious Encyclopedia; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Based on the Real Encyclopædie of HERZOG, PLITT and HAUCK. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Theological Union Seminary, New York. Associate Editors: Rev. Samuel M. JACKSON, M.A., and REV. D. S. SCHAFF. Three volumes, imp. 8vo, pp. 2,631. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. William Briggs sole agent for Canada. Sold only by subscription, or by correspondence with Publisher or Agent. Price, cloth, \$6 per vol.; sheep, \$7.50 per volume.

A good cyclopedia is almost an absolute necessity for the preacher, Biblical student, or teacher, who would be abreast of the religious thought and criticism of the times. It gives him, in the most available form, the substance of a whole library of books. A great cyclopedia, like the *Britannica*, is of course invaluable, but the revised

edition is very expensive, is slow of issue and contains much matter that had better be treated in separate volumes. What the average reader wants is a convenient book of reference, of moderate price, in which he can readily find condensed information on every subject, with bibliographic indications of the great authorities in which, should he need to study them further, the different subjects are exhaustively treated.

For this purpose we know no work of a moderate price that so completely meets the wants of the student as the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia. No name in America is better known in connection with Biblical scholarship and ecclesiastical and religious literature than that of Dr. Schaff—one of the most prominent members of the Bible Revision Committee. He has had associated with him in the preparation of this Encyclopedia many of the most distinguished living scholars and specialists in their several departments.

This work is based on the great German Encyclopedia of Herzog

Plitt and Hauck, the first edition of which was begun in 1854 and completed in 1868, the whole comprising twenty-two volumes. A second edition of that work, for some years in process of publication, has about reached completion, many of its articles being wholly re-written so as to bring its scope down fully to the present time. Upon this latter edition the "Religious Encyclopedia" of Dr. Schaff is based. It is not, however, in any sense a translation, but rather a condensed reproduction of that work, with the addition of a large number of articles of special interest to English readers, and specially prepared for this work. Such articles as relate to the numerous religious denominations are generally written by representative men of the denominations to which they relate and are brought down to the latest dates. Among the German contributors are found such distinguished names as those of Drs. Dorner, Tholuck, Delitzsch, Ohler, Ebrard, Lange, Tischendorf, Godet, Uhlhorn, Christlieb, and others; while among the English and American names are those of Professor Blackie, Dr. Cairns, Professor Geo. Crooks, the late Ezra Abbot, Prof. Fisher, Prof. Flint, President Hitchcock, Dr. John Hall, Dr. McCosh, Prof. Hodge, Dr. Stoughton, Dr. Vincent, President Woolsey, and many others. The editor's own contributions are very many and very valuable. Dr. Ormiston contributes, among other articles, an excellent sketch of the late Dr. Ryerson. The late Rev. J. Nott, of Bowmanville, contributes an account of the Bible Christian Church. The articles, so far as we can judge, are impartial, catholic and sufficiently full for all practical purposes. The words Bible, Bible Text, and other cognant subjects, for instance, occupy thirty-three closely printed double column pages; besides seven pages on the Canon of the Old and New Testament. Methodism has ten pages, the Wesleys six. The leading articles bear the names of their writers, which we think of much advantage. The bibliographic references to the literature of the leading subjects are

very full. In all, four hundred and thirty-eight names are found in the list of contributors for the work, and over 7,000 subjects are treated. Theological and cognate subjects are treated from the latest standpoints of criticism, but in a spirit thoroughly evangelical. We fully concur in the following estimate of a judicious reviewer;—"All in all, the 'Religious Encyclopedia' presents in condensed form a vast and extensive library bearing on every subject that can properly come within the scope of such a work, and to the minister, the student, the Sunday-school teacher, and to the intelligent private layman, it must prove valuable above all estimate. What Appleton's or the *Britannica* are in the general field, this is in the special field to which it is devoted, and the treatment of the subjects embraced in this particular field has been conducted with greater painstaking and scholarly care."

England and Canada. A Summer Tour Between Old and New Westminster, with Historical Notes. By SANDFORD FLEMING, C.E., C.M.G., etc. Pp. 449. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

No man living is better qualified to write of our great North-west and of our Canada Pacific Railway than Sandford Fleming. As a railway pathfinder and explorer he has accomplished more for Canada than any other man, and his labours have been surpassed by those of no other in the inception and promotion of our great national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The present narrative is an account of a double journey across the Atlantic, and one by rail, pack-horse and on foot across the continent, by the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. He was accompanied, as he was on a similar trip eleven years ago, by the Rev. Principal Grant, who, in his "Ocean to Ocean," has given a graphic account of the former journey. Very different were the conditions under which the present one was made. From Winnipeg to Cal-

gary occupied only fifty-four hours. Eleven years ago it took thirty-six days. Mr. Fleming bears testimony so the surpassing excellence of the toil of the greater part of the North-west. For grandeur of scenery he considers that it surpasses even Switzerland. He recommends that a national park—or two of them—should be reserved and developed amid the most attractive regions of the North-west. In crossing the Selkirk Range, and traversing the mountain passes, our tourists had some particularly tough climbing. But the grandeur of the scenery was a perpetual inspiration. An excellent map accompanies the book, which gives a large amount of information about one of the most important and interesting parts of Canada.

John Wicklif. By the REV. W. L. WATKINSON. London: T. Woolmer, Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

The celebration this year of the five-hundredth anniversary of Wicklif's death, which occurred Dec. 31st, 1384, makes this an exceedingly timely volume. It is well in these times, to some degree, of Papal reaction to study the heroic life of the Morning Star of the English Reformation. Mr. Watkinson has brought here into brief space and in an interesting form the material for such study. He discusses in successive chapters the English Church prior to Wicklif—Wicklif as a patriot, as a preacher, as a reformer, and especially in his relations to the English Bible. It will ever be his chief glory that he first gave to his countrymen the Word of God in their own mother tongue. The copious Wicklif literature has been thoroughly studied, but the principal authorities used are Vaughan's and Lechler's masterly works. A fine steel portrait and numerous illustrations embellish the book, which, like all the recent issues of the Wesleyan Conference Office, is elegantly gotten up. We would like to see this book in all our Sunday-schools.

The Surgeon's Stories. Sixth Cycle. Times of Alchemy. By Z. TOPELIUS, Professor of History, University of Abo, Finland. Pp. 331. Chicago: Janssen, McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.

We have had frequent occasion to commend, as the successive volumes appeared, this remarkable series of Swedish historical tales. They give a vivid picture of the most important periods in the history of the Scandinavian peninsula, from the times of the great Gustavus Adolphus. Professor Topelius has amply vindicated his right to the title of the Scott of the North. The present volume gives a striking picture of the superstition that prevailed amongst all classes of Swedish society within a comparatively recent period, *i.e.*, within the last century. This superstition is exemplified in the person of a mysterious alchemist and in his experiments in search of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. Many of the characters of the preceding volumes appear in this, and the threads of all the stories are here united and brought to a fitting close. The six volumes of the "Surgeon's Stories" (now complete) are as follows: "Times of Gustaf Adolf," "Times of Battle and Rest," "Times of Charles XII." "Times of Frederick I." "Times of Linnæus," "Times of Alchemy." Price, per volume, \$1.25.

Clytia; a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By GEORGE TAYLOR. From the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. Pp. 364. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price 90 cents.

We had occasion, some time since, to write in terms of high commendation of the story of Antinous, by the author of *Clytia*. The realistic drawing of character in that work, and its close study of historical detail of the classical period find their parallel in this study of the post-Lutheran Reformation in the German Palatinate. The book gives a remarkable insight into the policy and methods of the new order of Jesuits, who were making desperate

efforts to recover the territory wrested from Rome by the Protestant reform. The hero, Paul Laurenzano, is the proselyte of the Jesuits, and endeavours, as their emissary, in the disguise of a Protestant clergyman, to recover to the faith of Rome a community not fully detached from the old religion. The complications arising from this effort furnish the theme of a narrative of remarkable interest.

Golden Wedding Day; or, Semi-Centennial Pulpit and Pew of Richmond St. Methodist Church. By the REV. ISAAC TOVELL. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cts.

In this clever poetical retrospect, Brother Tovell gives a graphic characterization of each of the pastors and of several of the members of this venerable mother-church of Methodism in Toronto. The many sons and daughters of this beloved *Alma Mater* will be glad to have this souvenir of those whose names will for ever be associated with its history.

Biographies of Musicians: Life of Liszt. By LOUIS NOBLE. Translated from the German. By GEO. UPTON. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.

Of the admirable series of biographies of musicians issued by this enterprising house, none, we think, will be read with deeper interest than that of the greatest living composer, Franz Liszt. Like Mozart, he was an infant prodigy, and he seems to have caught the fire and fervour of technique from the Hungarian Gipsies, with whom much of his life was spent. His early triumphs are duly recorded, and an analysis of his majestic oratorio "Christus," and of his single opera, are given, with many sketches and anecdotes of musical life and study in Germany.

Devotional Manuals: Select Letters of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford: The Soul's Communion with her Saviour. Self-Employment in Secret. London: T. Woolmer, Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

Amid the hurry and worry of modern life there is the tendency to neglect the habit of devotional meditation, although never was the need for it greater. The Wesleyan Conference Office issues as aids to devotion these neat little manuals, which will do much to cultivate the life and power of godliness in the soul. They illustrate, too, the unity of the faith through the ages and in the various Churches. The letters of Rutherford, the pious Presbyterian, are a heritage to all the Churches to all time. The other little manuals are reprints from the seventeenth century, which speak to our hearts across the chasm of two hundred years in words of living power.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have repeatedly commended the *Atlantic Monthly* as the foremost literary Magazine published in America. With the July number it begins, with unabated vigour, its fifty-fourth volume. The first instalment of a remarkable story of Mormon and Pacific Coast Life, by W. H. Bishop is given. It succeeds as the leading serial, F. Marion Crawford's masterly story, "A Roman Singer," a study of Italian life of marvellous vigour. Whoever would read the best higher literature of the day must read the *Atlantic*. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$4 a year; clubbed with METHODIST MAGAZINE, \$3.20 a year.

Our friend, the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., contributes to the *Southern Quarterly Review* for July an able paper on *Pope's Theology*. The same *Review* also reprints copious extracts from Dr. Carman's and Dr. Sutherland's articles in the last number of this MAGAZINE. Mr. Barrass has also in the July number of Dr. Talmage's *Sunday Magazine* a handsomely illustrated article on Fiji and its Missions. We observe also in the August number of the *English Wesleyan Magazine* an able paper from the same indefatigable *litterateur* on Bishop Andrew, of the M. E. Church.