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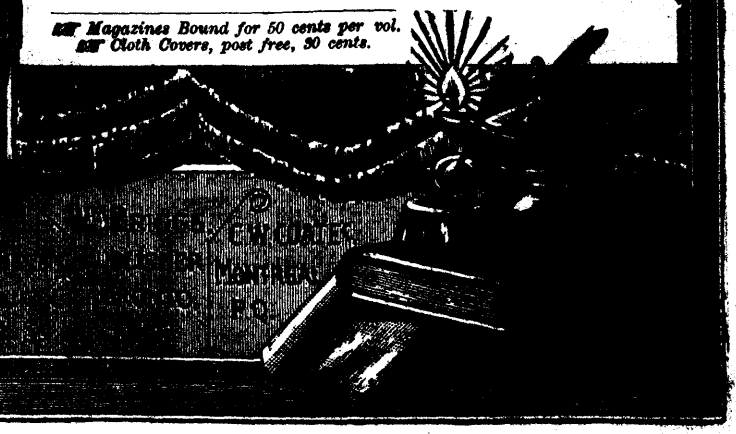

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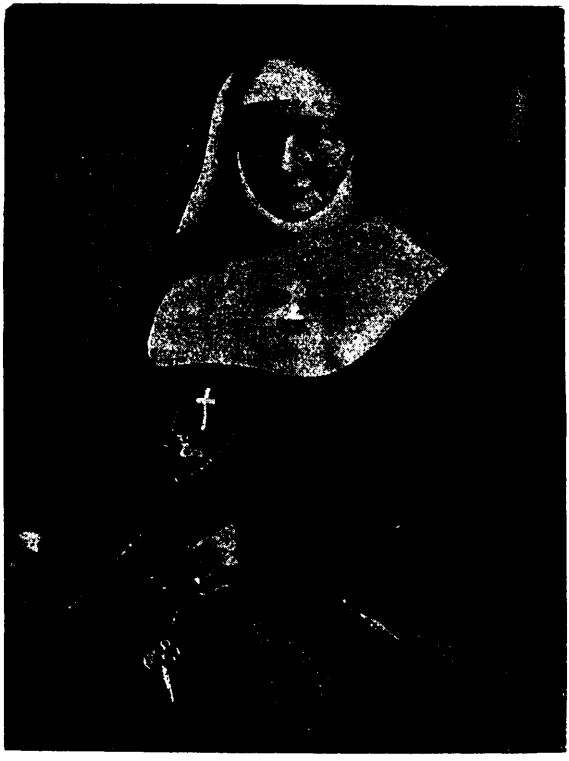

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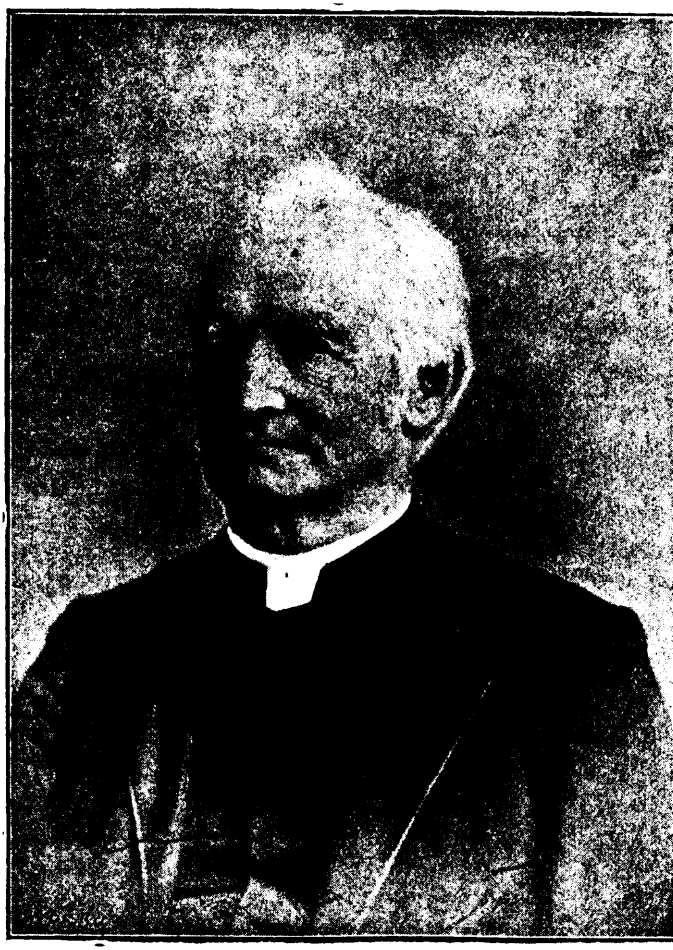


THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

April, 1890.

MEMORIALS OF THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

I.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.

"One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now."

A COMRADE in the march with us this side Jordan, a rear-guard, we rest by the camp-fires in the valley at the close of the day, would revive for a little the sweet memories of our fellow-pilgrim and soldier just passed through the divided floods and up the banks to the plains of light and peace in the heavenly Canaan. Bereft, we call ourselves, and sit in silence, or bow our heads in tears; but we forget we are a militant host sweeping through the gateway of the separated waters into the land of the covenant and the kingdom of the conquerors.

"And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die."

We forget in our sadness that the battle yet rages around us; that enemies gather from all sides; that walls and ramparts lift their horrid front to oppose us, and that high battlements and towers frown upon us as from the very heavens. Perhaps more thoughtful of our own grief and loss than of our companion's bliss and Canaan's gains, we forget for a moment we are the heirs of the promises; that walls and battlements and towers

cannot resist our triumphant course, and that our Joshua shall, by the power of God, lead us on to victory.

"Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar;
By faith they bring it nigh."

It were, perhaps, thinking more of ourselves than of the living presence scarcely yet gone from our midst, the voice not yet hushed upon our ears, the cherished form but just faded from our sight—to linger in the land of sorrows, or abide even for a little in the shades of bereavement and death. There may be a melancholy pleasure in musing in the twilight of our mourning or weeping in the midnight of our grief; but ever with regard to our Lord's followers, faithful and true, as with regard to our Lord Himself have we this sure oracle: "He is not here; He is risen." In calmness and triumph he awaiteth the resurrection of the just. Human affection and kindly remembrances may bend tenderly over the grave; may plead, "Come and see the place where the Lord lay." But Christian courage and hope, divine command and holy brotherhood proclaim, "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen. Behold He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him." With all the definiteness and positiveness of fact, time, place; irrefragable testimony and indubitable identity; by many infallible proofs; what our eyes see, our ears hear, our hands handle, our full and certain knowledge attests and affirms, "He goeth before you, ye shall see Him." It is not death we are to look upon, but life. It is not departure and loss we are to brood over in unavailing sighs and regrets, but it is living example we are to follow, living doctrines we are to heed; like living faith and holy principles to seek, like noble character to gain, like crown of glory to win; even as all they have done who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

The faithful Scriptures of God are sparing of eulogy, especially of the estimate and praises of friends formed and uttered in the eloquence of our grief. Often the life is recorded; the deeds, the words that made and proved the man; they must tell the tale. "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him," is outline enough for a primal saint; an outline that all the ages have not more than filled up. "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations; and Noah walked with God," is enough and good enough for the ancient preacher of righteousness whom God saved in the ark from the deluge of His wrath, and by whom He renewed the human race. "Abraham obeyed My voice, and

kept. My charge, My commandments, and My statutes and My laws," is the testimony of Jehovah to the Father of the Faithful, and the measure of all He requires of men. "The man Moses was very meek, and faithful in all his house," was inspired epitaph enough for a leader of the people after long discipline of hardships, and a burdened, laborious and eventful life. "That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil," was the Holy Ghost's introduction to Job's indescribable sufferings and inexpressible sorrows, to his weary days of pain and wasting nights of watching which strengthened his moral fibre, attested his fidelity to God, enriched his experience and enlarged his eternal reward. "My servant David kept My commandments and followed Me with all his heart to do that only which was right in Mine eye," was the declaration of the Divine mind to keep the memory of David fresh in the political life of the people, and a sharp rebuke of Jeroboam's contrasted and condemned policy in leading the people away from God. "Asa did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, as did David his father, and removed all the idols that his fathers had made. But the high places were not removed; nevertheless Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days," is the sum of the commendation of a godly man of royal estate that defended and maintained, as best he could, his national religion and his spiritual life against the perverse moral and dissolute political forces of his day. Stephen, a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, crushed beneath the cruel stones hurled by malice, bigotry and ecclesiastical assumption and pride, finds monumental record in the dying prayers, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" "And devout men carried him to his burial." Of Barnabas it was enough to say, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith." Of Cornelius, the approved Centurion, that "he was a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house; which gave much alms to the people and prayed to God alway;" and of Dorcas, as in their tears they showed the coats and garments she had made while she was yet with them, that "she was full of good works and almsdeeds." "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," was all the great apostle of the Gentiles dared to claim to encourage and strengthen the responsibility-laden Timothy placed in charge of the multiplying churches of early Christendom. "I have glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do," was our Adorable Lord's sufficient plea, testimonial and joy at the close of His earthly career in the wonderful communion with the Father in His intercessory prayer,

and in His preparation for the darkness of the grave, the brightness of the resurrection and the triumph of the ascension into glory.

God's worthies, those written high and shining out clear in heaven's everlasting scroll of fame are not always the lauded in life, or the paraded and bewailed in death; but to the glory of His infinite grace, they are they that went out not knowing whither they went, became heirs of the righteousness which is by faith, and endured as seeing Him who is invisible. "Through faith they were persuaded of the promises, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims in the earth, looking for the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." "Through faith they chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." "Through faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

That the name of our companion and fellow-soldier, the beloved Williams, passed onward and upward into light, will be registered among the heroes of our Canadian Methodism and the leaders in the Church of God on earth, there can be no doubt. That his life and deeds through the blood of the Lamb have won enrolment with God's worthies, on Scripture warrant we may not question. We know how he obeyed the call Divine in undertaking this holy ministry; how he went out, not knowing whither he went; how in perils, privations and conflicts, he endured as seeing Him who is invisible; how in labour he fainted not, in duty he wavered not, in temptation to worldly ease or honour he yielded not. We know what high conceptions he had of the Christian ministry, not walking in craftiness or handling the word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; as an ambassador for Christ, as though God did beseech us by him, praying us in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. We know what clear views and high appreciation he had of the special doctrines of our Methodism; how fervently he believed them and how faithfully he proclaimed them; setting forth that the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men; that not by works of righteousness which we have done, but

according to His mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost; and that perfect love casteth out fear. We know that he preached Jesus and the resurrection in the demonstration of the Spirit and power, and that through his labours multitudes were added to the Church of such as shall be saved. Fellow soldier, prince, hero, saint; may we follow thee as thou didst follow Christ.

II.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

BY THE REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

THE death of Dr. Williams has come home to me with a deep sense of personal loss. He was one of my oldest and most intimate ministerial friends. Probably with no other minister have I so frequently and so freely discussed all questions relating to our Church interests, to current theological thought, and to public affairs. Anything I could write or say with regard to these times of brotherly fellowship would be only a faint and imperfect echo of realities that words cannot adequately express.

When I came to the Elm Street Church, in this city, in 1865, he was in charge of Adelaide Street; and we met frequently in the "preachers' meeting" and on other occasions. Previous to that time my acquaintance with him was limited to meeting him in our Annual Conferences, where I knew him more as an independent critic of the administration than as an administrator. It seems to be only a few years ago since I remember him speaking on some matter in a half apologetic way, because, as he said, he was "the youngest Chairman in the Conference." In our association in Toronto, he impressed me as more ready to do battle for his views than to conciliate those who opposed him. With the one exception of a common strong interest in the great current questions in theology, there was nothing then that gave promise of the confidential intimacy that has from year to year grown closer and stronger, till death broke the chords of our friendship. As neither he nor I was distinguished for a plastic or yielding disposition, it has always been a surprise to me, and something I could not satisfactorily account for, that there should have been almost unbroken harmony in our views on all living questions, theological, ecclesiastical and political. We almost invariably found ourselves on the same side in our Annual and General Conferences.

Dr. Williams' physical form and appearance in an uncommon degree revealed the character of the man. His erect, stalwart form, frank, open countenance, and keen, honest eyes proclaimed, even to those who met him for the first time, that here was a man who scorned and despised all that was mean, tricky and time-serving.

In the *Methodist Recorder*, published during the General Conference of 1874, I wrote a brief sketch of his life and character. From this sketch the following extract is taken:

"In appearance he is sturdy, resolute-looking, with what, for want of a better word, we call a leonine expression of countenance. He is above middle height, rather stoutly built, and crowned with a massive gray head. There is an outspoken independence about his utterances in Conference debates that seems to indicate that he can do battle alone if need be. And even in arguing a case there is sometimes a defiance in his manner that seems more adapted to vanquish than to win an opponent. As a preacher he is distinguished by freshness and keenness of thought; but there is not unfrequently a depth and range in his line of thought that are a little beyond the grasp of hearers of limited reading and thinking. Hence, some men whose sermons carry far less weight of metal, may be more popular with the unthinking masses than he. But in his best moods, when he is kindled to white heat, till the resources of his thinking and reading become plastic and available, he reaches all classes, and stirs the emotions as well as quickens the intellect. His address at the reception of candidates for the ministry at the London Conference of 1873, will long be remembered as a noble specimen of religious eloquence which stirred all his hearers like a battle-hymn. He wields also a ready and vigorous pen, and is familiar with the discipline and history of our Church, and possesses good administrative abilities. He possesses little of the tact that can flatter men to win them, and to those who only slightly know him, at times appears less conciliating in manner than a careful regard for popular favour would dictate; but beneath his Welsh quickness and apparent combativeness he carries a kindly and tender heart, keenly alive to the finer influences of thought and feeling. We take him to be one of those men who would rather tread a rough path with a good conscience than gain advantages by fawning on men of wealth or power. He has for many years taken a warm interest in Connexional affairs and a prominent part in the discussion of Conference questions."

Though, in its main features, this portrait correctly represents the man, yet since this was written he had laboured in a wider sphere, borne heavier responsibilities, and his religious character had been mellowed into more mature ripeness. He had become more forbearing with those who differed from him, and less positive in the assertion of his own opinions. Yet, to the last, there were touches of the confident and decided manner of the earlier period of his life. But his sharpest conflicts with opponents were followed by no permanent antagonism or ill-feeling.

He was true and loyal in his friendship. This is not a small thing in a world where there are so many who will stand by friends only so long as it costs them no loss of any one's favour which they desire to retain. I might have doubts about the attitude of other men of smoother speech, but I always felt confident that John A. Williams would be as true to me behind my back as before my face.

He was a manly, independent man. This was his most distinguishing characteristic. He had opinions of his own, and was not afraid to express them. He often spoke out where more timid men would be silent. He thought for himself, and, whether his conclusions were popular with others or not, he stood firmly by what he believed to be right and true. Men of this type will not find it as smooth sailing as men who drift with whatever wind happens to blow. Yet in this he was right. Better stand alone and be true to our convictions of what is right, than to gain popular favour by time-serving conformity to what the policy of a shifting expediency may demand.

He was an extensive reader and kept well abreast of the best progressive thought of the day. Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold," and Farrar's "History of Free Thought," were books which, though he did not fully agree with them, enlarged the range of his thinking, and made a permanent impression upon his mind. He did not believe in men substituting their own interpretations of truth for the living word, and counting those who reject their opinions rejectors of the very truth of God. He often expressed the opinion that many put forth teachings about the Bible which the Bible does not claim for itself. He could appreciate what was good in the writings of men from whom he differed widely, such as James Martineau, Dean Stanley and Cardinal Newman; and yet he held with the firm grasp of a sturdy faith the simple truths of the Gospel relating to conversion and sanctification, and preached them explicitly and fervently. He united in an unusual degree a strong sympathy with the catholic and progressive spirit of the age with most of the characteristics of an old-fashioned Methodist preacher.

In this union of liberal thinking, with a steadfast adherence to the great central doctrines of our holy religion, I have never known any one just like him. It is easy to find men of liberal views and sentiments, and men who are zealous for orthodoxy; but rarely are these characteristics united in the same man. Though in strong sympathy with the spirit of the age, he was a man of a devout and godly spirit, who kept the fire burning in his own soul by frequent communion with God. He never outgrew

a readiness to engage in earnest evangelistic efforts to promote the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

The life of Dr. Williams offers another beautiful illustration of the way in which a personal experience of saving grace lifts men and women up into usefulness and honour, to which without this they would never have attained. Here we see an unfriended orphan boy crossing the Atlantic to Canada. He is savingly converted to God. The grace that renewed his heart quickened his intellect and awakened a hunger for knowledge. He became a minister of the Gospel, and in due time became a prince in the Church of God, living a useful life and dying in the triumphs of faith, all as the result of his conversion. The great lesson which this teaches is that nothing but personal godliness can fit us to do the work of life successfully and to triumph in death. The moment must come to all, when all that the world honours and seeks after will seem as nothing in comparison with the character and experience which result from living union with Christ.

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave"

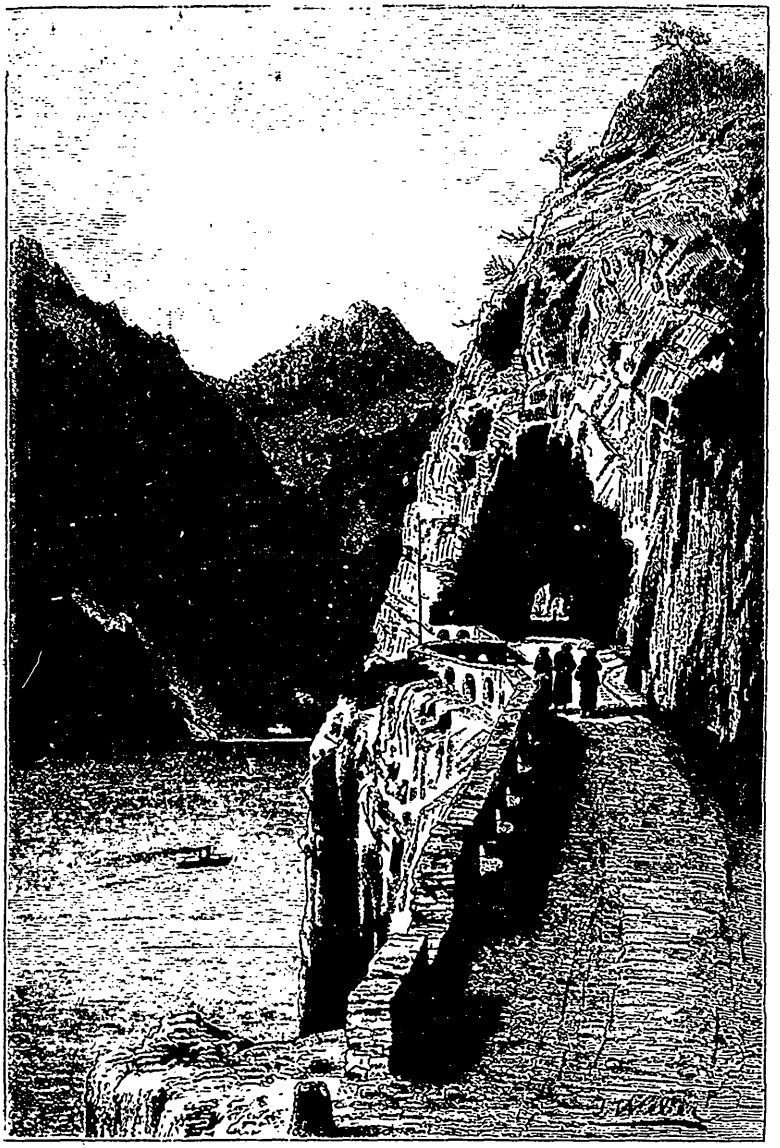
are not worthy to be compared with the life of a brave and godly man, who in all circumstances has been true to himself, his fellowmen and his God.

GOD'S SMILE.

As sunshine o'er the hill-tops
With glory lights the sky,
And clouds of gray are turned to gold
Before the gazer's eye:
Transformed to pillared pearl
And ruby radiance rare,
The sun thus builds a palace,
Of what was cold and bare.

So out of cold gray clouds of sorrow,
And mountain tops of strife,
God's smile can build a palace,
For the pure and noble life:
Not changing back to gray
With the setting of the sun,
But growing in its glory
While the endless ages run.

—*T. R. Earl.*



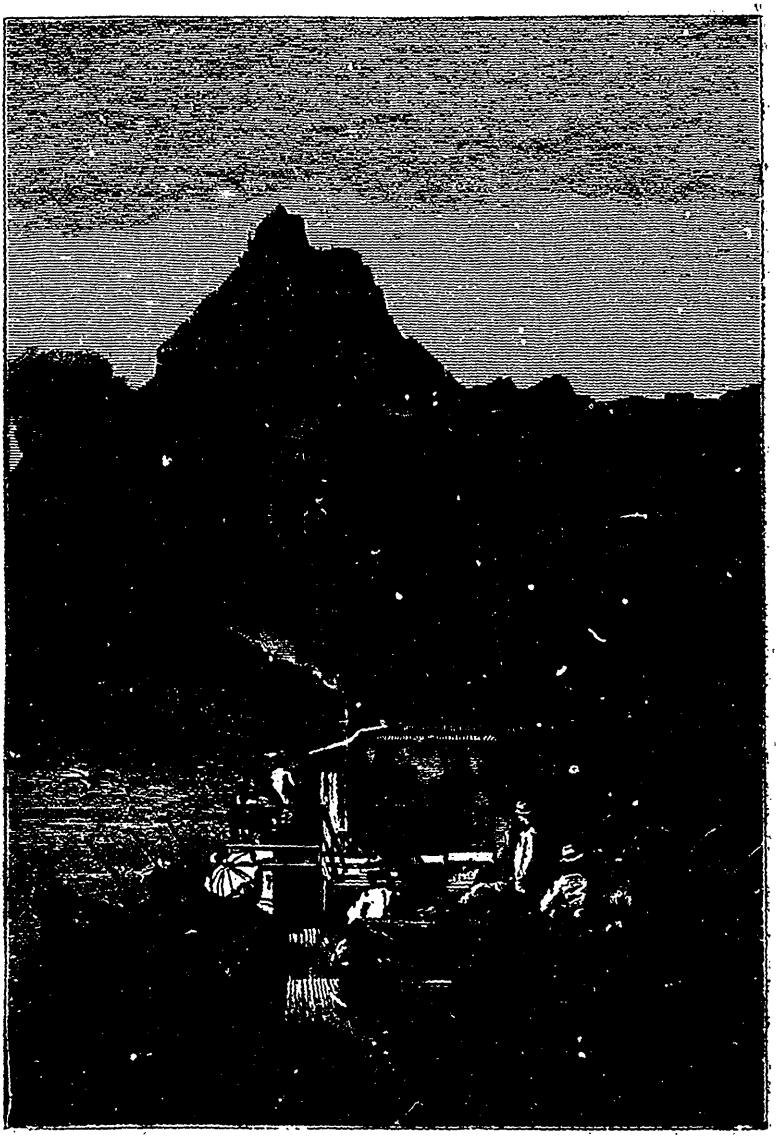
THE AXENSTRASSE—ON THE AXENBERG.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

THE CITY AND LAKE OF LUCERNE, AND THE RIGI.

BURGLEN,
ON THE ROTHE NASE.

LUCERNE is a quaint old town of 15,000 inhabitants. Many of the houses are built of carved timber, with the upper stories projecting, and with broad overhanging eaves. Its ancient walls, and towers, and battlements climbing the slopes of the surrounding hills, and the dark background of Mount Pilatus, are very imposing. Through it rushes with arrowy swiftness the River Reuss. The river is spanned by four bridges, two of which have long covered arcades, the spandrils in the roof being decorated with very strange paintings. One series of 154 represents scenes from the Scriptures and from Swiss history. The other series represents Holbein's celebrated "Dance of Death." The paintings are accompanied by descriptive German verses. Death is represented as a skeleton, masquerading in a variety of characters. He arrests a gaily-dressed gallant going to a festival, while the guests wait in vain; he lays his bony hand on an infant in the cradle, while the mother, filled with trepidation draws near; dressed in plumes and velvet doublet, he confronts a warrior on his horse; he appears as a spectre at a banquet; he holds aloft an hour-glass to a reveller; he tears a banner from the grasp of a mail-clad warrior, and rides victorious through a battle-scene. With a wicked grin he holds the train of a queen walking in a procession, and acts the acolyte to a priest at the altar; he



STEAMER ON LAKE LUCERNE.
GERSAU AND MOUNT HOHFLUH IN THE BACKGROUND.

appears suddenly to a king and his ministers at the council board, to a bride among her tire-women, and plays on a dulcimer to a new-wed man and wife; he snatches his spade and mattock from a gardener, and arrests travellers on the highway; he comes to a

goldsmith among his jewels, to a merchant among his bales; he mixes the colours of an artist; he greets a proud court dame in her state, a magistrate in his robes, a monk in his cell, and a gay pleasure-party in a carriage. He snatches the sceptre from a monarch, and his red hat from a cardinal. With a wicked leer, he puts out the lights upon the altar where a nun is kneeling, while she turns her head to listen to a youth pleading at her side. In cap and bells he dances with a queen, and leads a blind beggar into an open grave. The sketches are full of character and expression, ranging from tragic to grotesque, yet all full of solemn suggestion. Underneath this great picture gallery of Death,

> Among the wooden piles the turbulent river
> Rushes impetuous as the river of life.

And through the long gallery, too, flows unheeding the stream of life—peasants, market women, and school-children, who stood to watch me as I studied the pictures and jotted down the above notes.

The quaintly carved Rath Haus, the arsenal, the Wein Markt, and the walls and towers, with the overhanging houses, and the queer old Schwann Hotel where we lodged, were objects of intense interest.

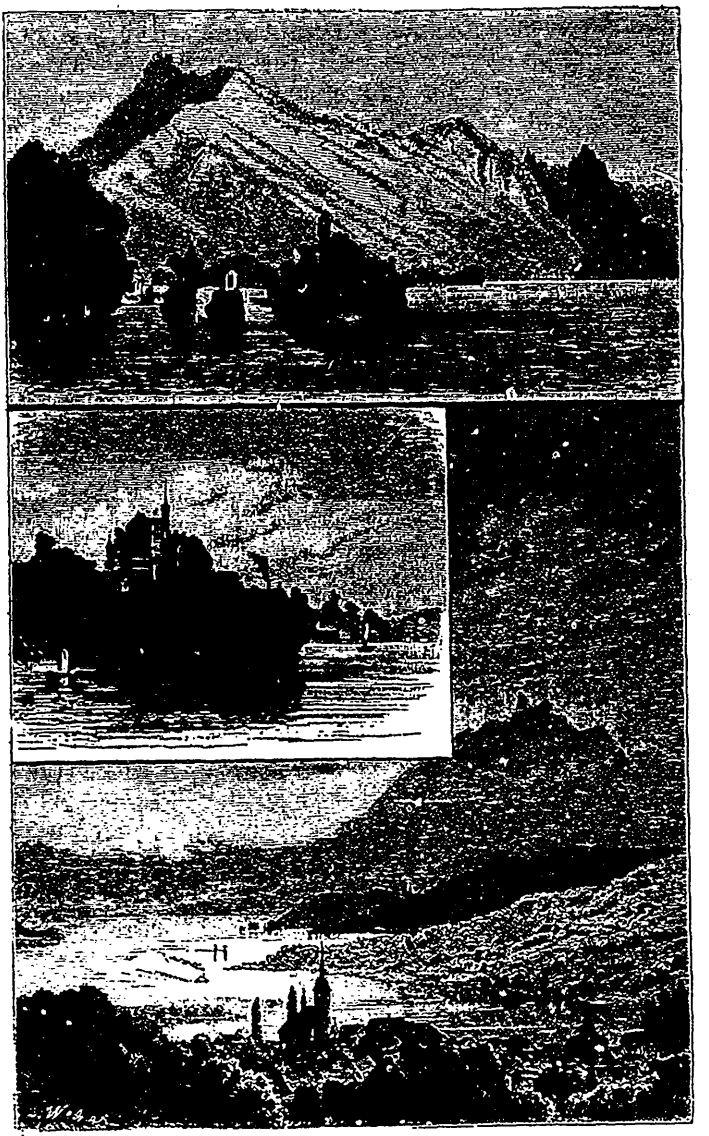
We were greatly impressed by the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, carved by Thorwaldsen, in the face of a high natural cliff, in commemoration of the twenty-six officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who fell in defence of the royal family of France during the Revolution. The dying lion, twenty-eight feet long, transfixed by a broken lance, endeavours, with a look of mournful majesty, to protect the lily-shield of the Bourbons with his paw. The rock is overhung with trees and creeping plants, and a spring which trickles down one side forms a dark pool, surrounded by shrubs, at the base, in which the colossal effigy is reflected. It is sublime in its simplicity, and touching in its tragic pathos.

Of this Carlyle finely says: "Hewn out of living rock, the Figure rests there, by the still Lake-waters, in lullaby of distant-tinkling *rance-des-vaches*, the granite mountains dumbly keeping watch all round; and, though inanimate, speaks."

In the evening a number of us attended an organ recital in the venerable Hofkirche, an ancient building with two tall and slender spires. At the entrance is a rude relief of Christ in the Garden, arrested by black-faced soldiers, who carry real wooden staves and iron cressets.

During the travelling season, the Protestants are allowed the

use of the church for worship after the Romish service is over. The same sacristan, who veils the altar, distributes the Protestant



KUSSNACHT, NEUHABSBURG, MEGGENHORN.

hymn-books, and from the same pulpit the doctrines of the two Churches are preached. The canton which owns the church thus carries toleration to its extremest limit.

The organ performance I liked much better than that which I heard on the great instrument of Freiburg, or, indeed, than any other I heard in Europe. A master-hand was at the keys, and played with exquisite feeling and expression. First, clear flute-like notes cam stealing on the ear, like the chanting of a far-off choir. Then came a burst of sound that shook the solid walls, dying away in the distance in deep tones of human tenderness, then swelling into an exultant pæan of triumph. Then came a pause of silence and another tempest of music, out of which warbled, like a human voice, a sweet air. It was like a dove gliding out of a thunder-storm. Then soft echoes answered, faint and far. Slow and solemn movements followed—stately marches, and infinite cavalcades of sound. A lighter air was taken up and expanded, unfolded and glorified, the organ rolling in thunder, but the sweet air singing on like a bird through it all. The closing performance was a famous storm-piece. The sighing of the wind and the moaning of the pines grew louder and louder, then in a lull was heard the prayer of the peasants, which was soon drowned in the burst of rain and hail, and the crash of the loud-rolling thunder shaking the very ground. Then the storm died away, and a sweet hymn of thanksgiving, like the singing of a choir of angels, stole upon the ear. The twilight deepened into gloom, the vaulted arches receded into darkness, the tapers twinkled upon the altar, the figure of the dead Christ on the cross gleamed spectral through the shadows, and a group of tourists from many lands sat entranced and touched to deep emotion by the spell of that wondrous music.

The walk through the cloisters surrounding the Freidhof, or Court of Peace, with its touching monuments, and storied tombs, and the glorious glimpses of the sunset light on the snow-capped mountains was impressive in the highest degree.

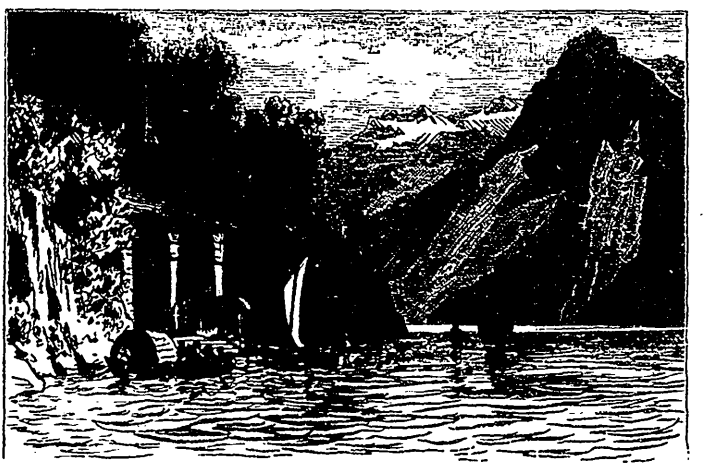
We had a glorious day for the sail on the Lake of Lucerne and the ascent of the Rigi. The lake is most irregular in shape—great mountains jutting out and deep bays receding into deeper ravines. In these bays are many charming villages, embowered amid orchards, each with its red-roofed church and elegant hotels and villas. Three quarters of a million of tourists visit these romantic waters every year. It is amusing to study, on the deck of the little steamer, the natural history of this ubiquitous class—the *blasé*, the cynical, the sentimental, the gushing—the latter chiefly very young ladies—and the other varieties of the tribe of whom one of our cuts presents a usual assortment. It is a rare delight to glide over these storied waters, and along those picturesque shores. On leaving Lucerne we get a magnificent view of

THE BURGENSTOCK FROM THE FOOTPATH BETWEEN VITZNAU AND GERSAU.

old Pilatus, looking like a gigantic face, gazing ever upward to the sky, with calm eternal smile. Soon we touch at Tribschen, long the home of Wagner; at Weggis, where a land slide of the conglomerate rocks pushed thirty houses into the lake; and at

Vitznau, were we ascend the Rigi, 5,906 feet above the sea. A railway leads from the picturesque village to the summit. The engine climbs up by means of a cog-wheel, which catches its teeth on the track. In one place it crosses a skeleton iron bridge. As we climb higher and higher, the view widens, till, as we round a shoulder of the mountain, there bursts upon the sight a wondrous panorama of mountain, lakes, and meadows, studded with châlets, villages and hamlets, and distant towns. The view sweeps a circle of 300 miles, and commands an unrivalled prospect of the whole Bernese Oberland.

Beneath us, like a map, lie Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the



TELL'S CHAPEL.

distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view —now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—is a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint, far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine float softly up, and all the beauty of the "incense-breathing morn," unfolds itself to the sight.

A mighty host of glittering ice-crowned peaks raise their stupendous crests on every side; their cliffs and precipices worn and furrowed by the storms of a thousand ages. In glorious but terrific majesty they stand, the silence of their pathless solitudes unbroken save by the shrill cry of some bird of prey or the dread thunder of the descending avalanche. Those lines in Childe Harc'd recur to us:

THE AXENBERG AND AXENSTRASSE.

". . . Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls

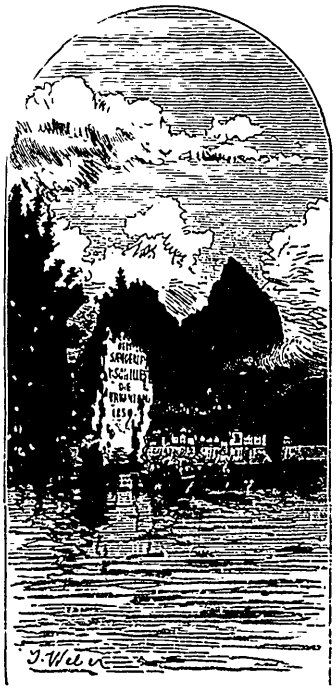
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers round these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

One hundred and thirty mountain peaks are visible; within nearer view is Sempach, where Winkelried gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears i . his arms, then buried them in his bosom, and "death made way for liberty." And there was the wild Morgarten fight in 1315, where 1,300 brave Switzers, herdsmen and peasants, repulsed from their mountain vales 20,000 of the Austrian chivalry; and there is Cappel, where Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer, fell pierced by 150 wounds. His body lay all night upon the field of battle, and next day was tried for heresy, was burned, and the ashes mingled with those of swine and scattered on the wandering winds. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful, and, above all, has not the thrilling historic memories.

On my first ascent of the Rigi I remained all night in a futile attempt to see the sunset and sunrise. As the sun went down, a yellow haze, like gold dust, filled the air and glorified the entire landscape. But just as we reached the summit, we plunged into a dense mist, and groped our way to a huge hotel which loomed vaguely through the fog. Here, a mile high among the clouds, a hundred and sixty guests—English, French, German, Russian, and American, and of every grade of rank—sat down to a sumptuous *table d'hôte* in the highest hotel in Europe, and one of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bedrooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take goode care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant *salons* the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley crowd of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sun-rise. The strangely muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain, bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpet knights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama we caught through the rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever,

who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets, burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might also have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voice of the Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'"



SCHILLER'S MONUMENT.

Taking the steamer again at Vitznau we pass through a narrow strait, and cast a parting glance at the Bürgenstock, which, seen from here, descends almost perpendicularly to the water, and presents a wild and rugged appearance. Gersau, where we next stop, enjoys the singular reputation of having maintained its independence for five hundred years—up to the close of the last century—as the smallest Republic in the world.

Making another turn, just where impassable mountains seem to block the way, we enter on the sublimest section of the lake, the "Sea of Uri."

> That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
> Its depth of water flanked as with a wall,
> Built by the giant race before the flood,
> Each cliff and headland and green promontory
> Graven with the records of the past;
> Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
> Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
> From godlike men.

The whole region is a sanctuary of liberty. Memories of Sempach and Morgarten and Rütli; of Winkelried and Fürst and Tell; of purest patriotism and heroic valour, forever hallow this lovely land.

On either side the cliffs, shagged with ancient woods and crowned with never melting snow, rise abruptly from the deep dark waves, and sweep upwards from eight to ten thousand feet.

RUTLI.

There, to the right, is the meadow of Rütli, where, five hundred years ago, the midnight oath was taken by the men of Uri, which was the first bond of the Swiss Confederacy; and further on the monument of Schiller, the bard of Tell. Do you ask, where is

the "meadow?" The steep slope, shown in our cut, is what they call a meadow in this land of mountains. And higher still is the cave in which sleep the patriot three, to awake in their country's hour of danger, to defend her ancient liberties.

"When the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back the tone
Through their eagle's lonely sky;
When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light—
Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might!"

Near by is the noble Schiller monument, a rocky pillar eighty feet in height, fashioned in the morning of the world by Nature herself for the bard who was to hymn the rise of Helvetian freedom. The rock bears the following simple inscription, in golden letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELL'S
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER
DIE URKANTONE
1859.

"To the Bard of Tell, Frederick Schiller, the Forest Cantons, 1859."

Nearly opposite is the famous "Tell's Chapel," so familiar from pictures, where the hero leaped ashore, and where for four hundred years the simple peasants have worshipped at this tiny shrine in the sublime cathedral of the mountains. The whole region is rife with legends of William Tell. Critics try to make us believe that he never existed, because a similar story is told in the Hindoo mythology. But I am not going to give up my faith in Tell. I was shown the village in which he was born, and his statue, with a crossbow in his hand, erected on the very spot where he is said to have fired the arrow. A hundred and fifty paces distant is a fountain, on the place where his son is said to have stood with the apple on his head. After all this, how can I help believing the grand old story? I crossed the noisy Saachen, in which, when an old man, he was drowned while trying to save the life of a little child—a death worthy of his heroic fame.

High above Tell's Chapel, hewn out like a narrow shelf in the beetling crags, is the famous Axenstrasse,* or public highway, in

*On the occasion of my first visit I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewn in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended

places piercing the solid mountain, and lighted by great arches broken out of its side. The steamer sails close beneath this awe-inspiring cliff, where can be traced for miles this unique road. "Suddenly a low rumbling sound is heard proceeding from the interior of the rocks, a shrill whistle pierces our ears, and a cloud of white smoke rises skyward; a railway train shoots out of the rocks, to disappear again instantly in the mountain-side. It is the St. Gothard train making its way to Italy through the hearts of the mountains."

FLUELEN.

As we sailed over the waters of this storied lake, our little vessel was dwarfed to insignificance by the majesty of the surrounding mountains. The twilight deepened, and the lengthening shadows threw their mysterious veil over wave and strand, from the rustic chapels on hillside and shore rang out the sweet solemn Angelus, the far summit of the Mythen glowed like an evening altar fire, the snow peaks of the Brisenstock, and his Titan brotherhood gleamed rosy red, then paled to faintest pink, and pearly white and ashen gray, and the angel of shadow and silence drew the curtains of darkness over the scene.

> "I heard the trailing garments of the night
> Sweep through her marble halls;
> I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
> From the celestial walls."

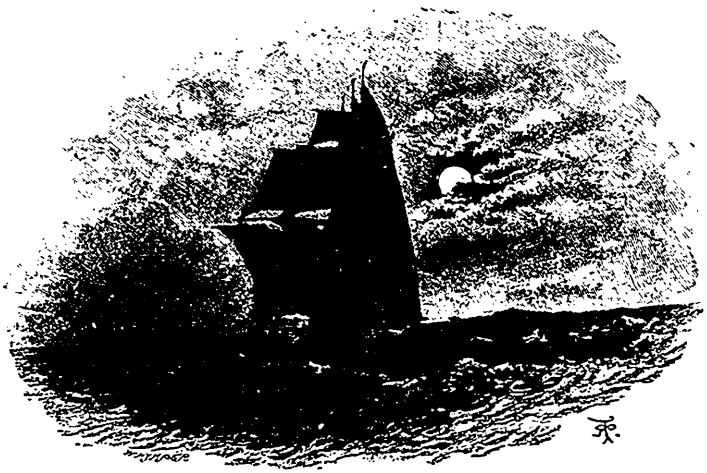
The Canadian tourist party had no experience during their whole journey which left more haunting memories than the adventures of this red-letter day.

beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, so familar in pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left upon another! That great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost sacrilege.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

IV

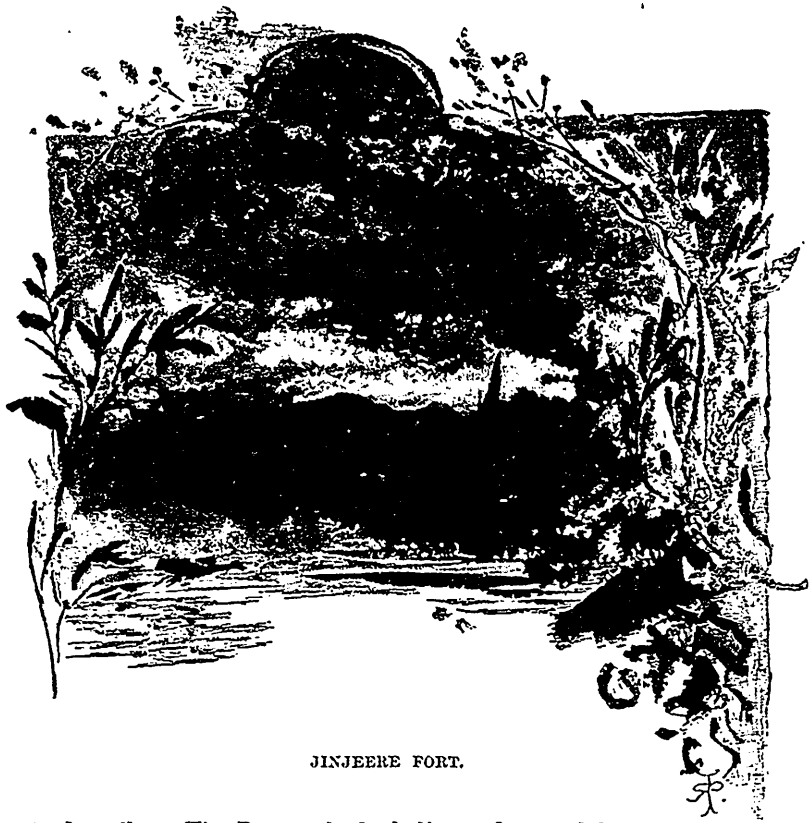


AT SET OF SUN.

Bombay, February 18th. We had another busy morning, making various arrangements for sea. Mabelle and I had only just sufficient time to reach Government House to be present at Lady Reay's *purdah* party, to which only ladies are admitted. The entertainment derives its name from the *purdah*, or curtain, behind which Mahomedan and Hindoo ladies are supposed to live, veiled from the sight of men. Lady Reay's visitors were all dressed in their best, and seemed full of delight at this pleasant incident in their monotonous life; but their ways of showing enjoyment were various and amusing. Some wanted only to look on; others were glad to talk to any English lady who could converse with them, while others again were much taken up with the sweetmeats and ices.

Several of these ladies asked me to allow them to go on board the yacht; and when the others found that I had promised to try to make arrangements to preserve the *purdah* properly, they all wanted to come. I found, therefore, there was nothing for it but to give a large party on the only vacant day left to us before our departure from Bombay.

Some of the dresses were quite gorgeous, and would take long



JINJEERE FORT.

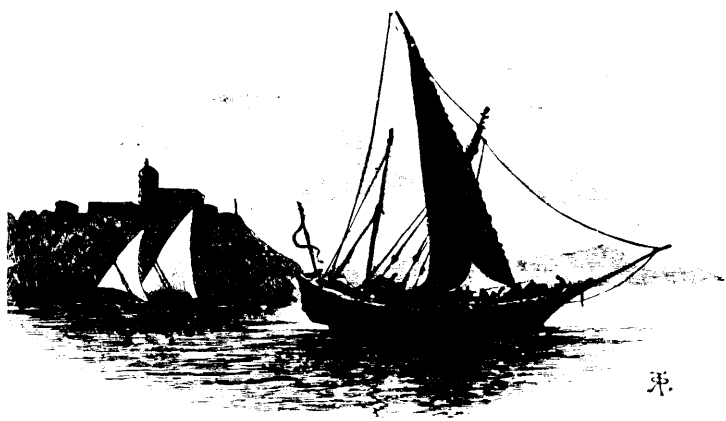
to describe. The Parsees looked slim and graceful as Greek girls. The Hindoo ladies draped their *saris* around them; while the Mahomedans, with their bright-coloured trousers, skirts and yashmaks, made a vivid contrast to the other guests. The skirts of some of the ladies must, I am sure, have had more than a hundred yards of satin in them. When it was time to leave, it was curious to see how closely all the ladies veiled. Some of the attendants were provided with bundles which proved to be immense veils. These they threw over their mistresses, shrouding completely both face and figure.

February 20th.—Attended the beautiful evening service in the cathedral. The crew of the *Sunbeam* accompanied us. The cool drive back to charming Malabar Point was most refreshing, and we enjoyed our quiet dinner and pleasant chat afterwards on the veranda, notwithstanding the sad reflection that it was our last evening with our dear and kind friends.

February 21st.—After breakfast I had to hurry on board to

make the final arrangements for the visit of the *purdah* ladies, and for our start this evening. It was rather a difficult matter to get our visitors on board the big steam-launch and other boats without visible masculine assistance; but all was accomplished safely and satisfactorily, and they mustered in great force. I think they all enjoyed this little expedition, with its novel experiences, greatly.

As soon as the last lady had departed we hurried off to attend the St. John's Ambulance Meeting, at which the Governor kindly presided. I earnestly hope it may be the means of reviving in Bombay some interest in the rather languishing local branch of a very useful institution. Directly after this meeting, Tom, who had intended to go on board with Lord Reay, was carried off by the bishop to see the Sailors' Institute.



CAPE GOA ENTRANCE.

All too soon came the last parting; and, in a long procession of barouches, phaetons, tandems and dog-carts, we drove down to the pier, descending the steps for the last time, with several friends who had come to see us off. It was a sad business.

February 22nd.—We had been told that Jinjeera was seventy miles distance from Bombay. Instead of seventy, it proved to be only thirty-five miles from Bombay; so that we had actually overrun it. Knowing that we were expected, there was nothing to be done but to beat our way back against the wind during the night.

The landing was rather difficult, for, owing to want of space, the boat had to be pushed in stern foremost. Having received the salaams of the Nawab and returned his hearty welcome, we took a long walk all round the curious old fort of Jinjeera, built

five hundred years ago. I found the walk very fatiguing, owing to the heat, and so did many of the others.

The temperature would, indeed, have been unbearable, but for an occasional puff of cooler air which reached us through the embrasures. Some of the guns were of Spanish manufacture, dated 1665, but most of them were lying useless on the ground. In no case would they avail much against modern ordnance; but the fort, owing to its natural advantages, would be difficult to attack.

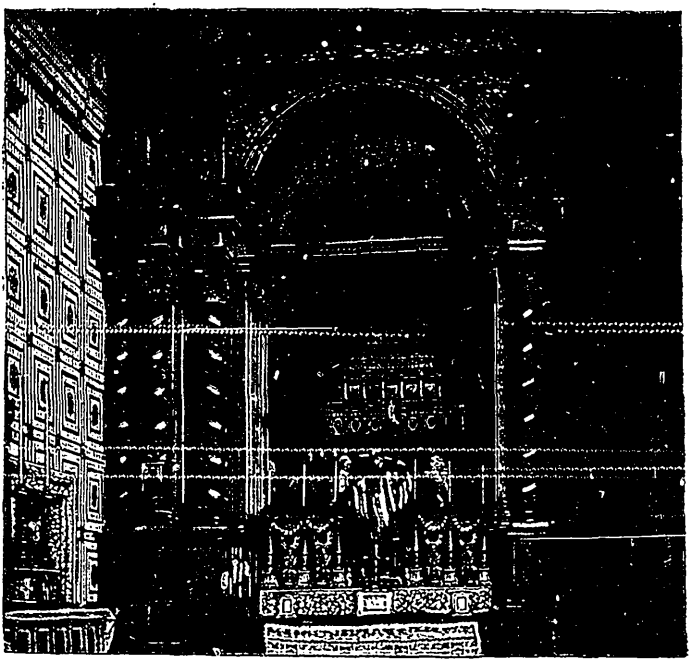
It was delightfully refreshing to be able to rest in a spacious bungalow, after our tour of the fort was over. The Nawab accompanied us on our return to the yacht, and afterwards sent us a most acceptable present, of two huge bunches of bananas, as well as other fruits and vegetables, besides milk and ghee.

The Nawab's second wife, whose mother we had met at Bombay, is a pretty little girl of about thirteen. She came on board to see us, but many precautions to preserve the *purdah* had to be taken. She had never been on board a yacht before, and was naturally much interested in all she saw.

Soon after twelve we resumed our voyage to the southward before a deliciously cool breeze, which lasted for a considerable time. At sunset we were off Ratnagiri, an ancient Mahratta fort connected with the mainland only by a narrow sandy neck. Its southern extremity is nearly 300 feet above the sea level, thus forming a headland, surmounted by a line of fortifications and bastions of great strength. The complete isolation of its position has doubtless caused it to be chosen as the place of detention of King Theebaw, who can have but little chance of escape.

February 26th.—Orders had been given for steam to be ready in the launch by six o'clock, so that we might get ashore soon after daybreak. From the sea, the Portuguese settlement looks like a series of promontories, each crowned by a fort, with the river Mandovi in the centre, running up into the interior between richly wooded banks. Never was any place so totally unlike what I had expected—in fact, it did not in the least correspond to the idea which any of us had formed about it. The palace of the Governor (who was for over three centuries called the Viceroy) stands in the city of New Goa. The distant Ghâts formed a fine background to the picture, which included several white-spired English-looking churches, perched here and there on convenient knolls. The inhabitants whom we saw on the river wore scarcely any clothing, and paddled about in little canoes somewhat similar to those used in the South Sea Islands and Ceylon. These boats are extremely narrow, and are provided with an outrigger in the shape of an enormous rough block of wood, connected with the canoes by bent spars some four feet long.

After a pleasant voyage of about eleven miles in tow of the steam-launch, we were told that we had reached our destination. But where was Goa? We were all expecting to see ruined palaces, churches, and houses; whereas all that was visible was one massive arch and gateway about a hundred yards distant, standing like the Irishman's "main gate," in the centre of a field, with no wall on either side of it. Meaningless as it now looked, this was the celebrated *Arco dos Viceroys*, or Arch of the Viceroys, originally built in 1599, and composed of blocks of black



ST. XAVIER, GOA.

granite. The façade used to be adorned with paintings representing incidents of the Portuguese war in the Indies; but they are now effaced by whitewash.

By this time the heat had become so great that, finding no carriage was forthcoming, I had almost resolved to give up the idea of visiting the wonderful old palaces and churches which we had taken so much trouble to come and see; but Tom and the Doctor encouraged me to make an effort, and improvised a sort of carrying-chair for me. We accordingly proceeded up a steep hot road, through the aforesaid arch, to the Palace of the Viceroys,

for all that now remains of the splendid palace is a small portion of the chief gateway. The palace began to fall into decay when the city was abandoned; and although from time to time there was an idea of repairing it, the work was never seriously undertaken.

The small Church of S. Cajetan was the first place we visited after passing the entrance to the palace. Outside the church, exposed to the full heat of the burning sun, a party of half-clad natives were scrubbing *with soap and water* some fine full-length oil portraits of past viceroys, governors and archbishops, which had been removed from the sacristy for this purpose. Among them were those of Vasco de Gama, and of Affonso Albuquerque, the first European conqueror of Goa. When at last we gained admittance to the church, we much admired its graceful dome and the fine altar-piece in the principal chapel. The windows of the church are made of the small panes of the thin, semi-transparent inner scale of the pearl oyster, used in place of glass—a fashion still followed in many of the private houses of Goa. These shell windows admit a peculiarly soft and tender light.

From S. Cajetan we proceeded to the Cathedral of S. Caterina, one of the oldest buildings of Goa, which took seventy-five years to build, and has been well described as "worthy of one of the principal cities of Europe." We were amazed by the richness of the materials, and the artistic beauty of the elaborate carving which met the eye in every direction.

The site of old Goa is terribly malarious. The Government having abandoned the city, it was deserted by everybody else; the finest houses, after standing empty for years, gradually falling to pieces, so that literally not one stone remains above another. Old Goa was one of the headquarters of the terrible Inquisition, and until comparatively recent days its most cruel decrees were there executed with stern and heartless rigour. The tower of the Cathedral of S. Caterina containing five bells, the largest of which, still in daily use, is the same which was formerly tolled on the occasion of the *auto-da-fé*. It was quite thrilling to listen to its deep knell, and to think that those same tones must have fallen upon the agonized ears of the poor victims of an odious tyranny.

Close to the cathedral once stood the Palace of the Inquisition, a vast and magnificent building, the space occupied by which is now filled with dense jungle. It is the home of venomous snakes, not to be met with in any other part of the island. Probably some special shrub or herb which they like grows there and nowhere else. From the cathedral we passed across an open space

to visit the Church of Bom Jesus, containing the chapel and tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and a fine altar, in the centre of which stands a colossal image of St. Ignatius of Loyola. St. Francis (who died at Sanchan, in Malacca) rests in a crystal and silver coffin within a magnificent sarcophagus. The body, clad in the richest vestments, is said to be still, after the lapse of three centuries, in a wonderful state of preservation—a fact testified to by the chief surgeon of Goa in an official report made in 1859.

INQUISITION STAKE, GOA.

BUDDHIST PRIEST.

Goa is now, in fact, only a forest of palm-trees with patches of jungle here and there, made gay by tropical flowers. From this mass of vegetation the spire of a church rises or the tower of some ancient building occasionally peeps forth.

Pangaum, or Nova Goa, is a nice clean-looking little town, of some 15,000 inhabitants, at the foot of a hill covered with palm-trees. It is of comparatively recent growth. In 1843 it was formally declared to be the capital of Portuguese India, and the Governor, the Archbishop, and other authorities and dignitaries now live there. Only the gentlemen landed. I occupied myself in taking some photographs—under somewhat difficult conditions, for the breeze was stiff and strong, and the steam-launch was by no means steady. The anchor was soon weighed, and the *Sunbeam* once more spread her wings to the favouring breeze. The wind was light all day; but the old *Sunbeam* glided gracefully along, and made good progress through the hot air.

February 28th.—The sun becomes perceptibly more powerful each day. We have now resumed our usual life-at-sea habits. In the morning we go on deck at a very early hour, to enjoy the exquisite freshness of the dawn of the tropical day. Tom and the Doctor help to man the pumps. Then we are most of us *hosed*. An open-air salt-water bath is a luxury not to be appreciated

anywhere so thoroughly as in these tropical climates. After an early breakfast we settle down to our several occupations—the children to lessons, till it is time for sights to be taken and calculations made. I have always plenty to do in the way of writing, reading and general supervision. Often do I look wistfully at

SEYCHELLES PALM.

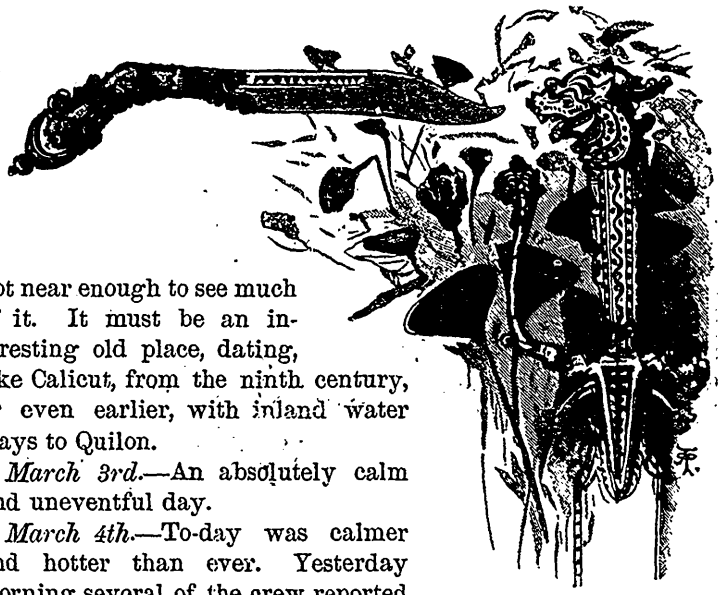
the many books which I long to read, and think regretfully of the letters and journal that ought to be written; but a good deal of time has to be spent in less interesting, and certainly more prosaic, work.

February, 29th.—The air is still occasionally hot and oppressive. The *Sunbeam* sails like a witch in her new suit of light canvas,

and we pass the little native craft as if they were standing still, even in the lightest of breezes, for which they are specially built.

March 1st.—At noon we were off Calicut, a curious old town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants, to which belong many ancient stories and traditions. As we all know, it gives its name to that useful and familiar material—calico. This was the first point of India touched by Vasco de Gama nearly 400 years ago, after his long voyage from Portugal.

March 2nd.—We passed Cochin in the course of the day, but not near enough to see much of it. It must be an interesting old place, dating, like Calicut, from the ninth century, or even earlier, with inland water ways to Quilon.



CINGALESE WEAPONS.

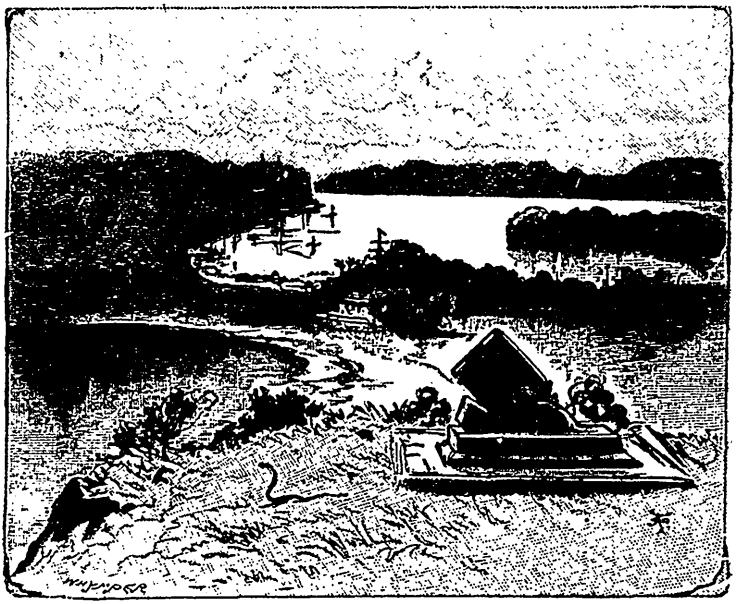
March 3rd.—An absolutely calm and uneventful day.

March 4th.—To-day was calmer and hotter than ever. Yesterday morning several of the crew reported themselves to the doctor as being sick, though, upon examination, he found that they were only suffering from the effects of a too-vivid imagination. Some medicine of a nauseous but otherwise innocent character was accordingly prescribed, with the satisfactory result that all the *malades imaginaires* are "Quite well, thank you, sir," this morning.

March 5th.—At 9.30 a.m. we dropped anchor in the harbour of Colombo. We were soon comfortably established in the new and splendid Oriental Hotel, and busy with letters and newspapers. As soon as the air had become a little cool, we drove along the sea-front, called Galle Face, and enjoyed the delicious sea-breeze.

On our way back we were overtaken by a funeral procession. First came two of the quaint little bullock-carts peculiar to Ceylon, drawn by the small oxen of the country, both carts being

literally crammed full of people, apparently in the highest spirits. Then followed a long, low, open vehicle, rather like a greengrocer's van painted black. In the rear of the procession was another bullock-cart, fuller than ever of joyous mourners, and drawn by such a tiny animal that he seemed to be quite unable to keep up with his larger rivals, though urged to his utmost speed by the cries and shouts of the occupants of the cart. Altogether, anything more cheerful and less like one's ordinary conception of a funeral procession I never saw.



TRINCOMALEE HARBOUR.

March 6th.—We were called at 4.30 a.m., to enable us to start by the seven o'clock train for Kandy. The beauty of the journey in the cool air of the early morning quite compensated us for the inconvenience of so early a start. A comfortable saloon carriage, with luxurious armchairs, had been attached to the train for our use, besides a well-arranged refreshment car, in which civil waiters served an excellently prepared meal.

After leaving Colombo we passed through vast fields of paddy, some covered with the stubble of the recently cut rice, while others were being prepared for a new crop by such profuse irrigation that the buffaloes seemed to be ploughing knee-deep through the thick, oozy soil. After our train had ascended, al-

most imperceptibly, to a considerable height, we came to the Valley of Death, so called because of the enormous mortality among the workmen employed upon this portion of the railway. Thence we passed through scenes of wondrous beauty to Rambukkana, where the train really begins to climb, and has to be drawn and pushed by two engines—one in front and one behind. The Satinwood Bridge at Peradeniya seemed quite a familiar friend. In the afternoon I went to keep my appointment with Dr. Trimen, the present curator of the gardens, and successor to our friend Dr. Thwaites.

We scarcely got back in time to dress for dinner at the Pavilion, as they call the Governor's residence here. Tom, Mabelle and I arrived at eight o'clock. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were of the party, which included a good many interesting people. The effect of the servants' liveries was quaint and decidedly picturesque, and I believe the fashion in which they are made is very old. The smartly cut, long swallow-tail black coat, profusely braided with red and yellow, is worn over a snowy white cloth wrapped round the waist and reaching to the feet, and the smooth hair is kept in its place by a large circular comb at the top of the head. Out of doors, a gracefully carried umbrella is the sole protection from the sun.

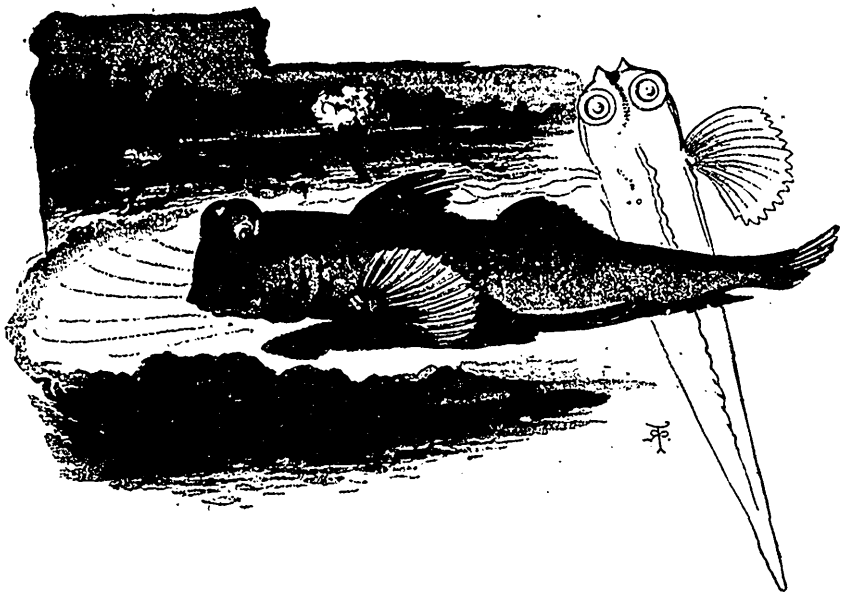
March 7th.—The morning broke misty, foggy, and decidedly cold for our early start back to Colombo. We found this change rather trying after the heat through which we have been voyaging. There was a great deal of business still to be done at Colombo, including the purchase of additional cool clothing for the crew, and the laying in of fresh stores and provisions. It was, therefore, not until the evening that we were able to start upon a little expedition, I in a jinrikisha, Tom on foot. We had a pleasant stroll through the town and outskirts, exploring some lovely little nooks and corners full of tropical foliage.

At last everything and everybody were collected on board; our usual parting gifts of books and newspapers to barracks, hospitals, and schools were sent ashore, and we steamed slowly out of the harbour and round the breakwater. Then "Full speed ahead" was the order given, and once more we left the lights and luxuries of land behind us, and sailed forth into the soft tropic twilight.

Tuesday, March 8th.—It was 1.10 a.m. as we passed the lighthouse. I stayed on deck until the land seemed to be swallowed up in the darkness; but when I came up again at 6 a.m. we were still running along the coast, near enough to see some of its beauties, though not so close as to make it possible to appreciate the exquisite loveliness of the Bay of Galle.

Wednesday, March 9th.—Early in the morning we saw the celebrated rock called "Westminster Abbey," which is curiously like that grand old pile, especially when the two pinnacles are seen from a distance. The sun was sinking fast when we shaped our course for the entrance to the harbour of Trincomalee. I was on the topgallant forecastle with Tom, and most delightful it was in that airy position. I half regretted the departure of the daylight, for I should have liked to have seen more plainly the entrance to this wonderful harbour, pronounced by Nelson to be one of the finest in the world.

After dinner Tom and I went for a row, and explored the har-



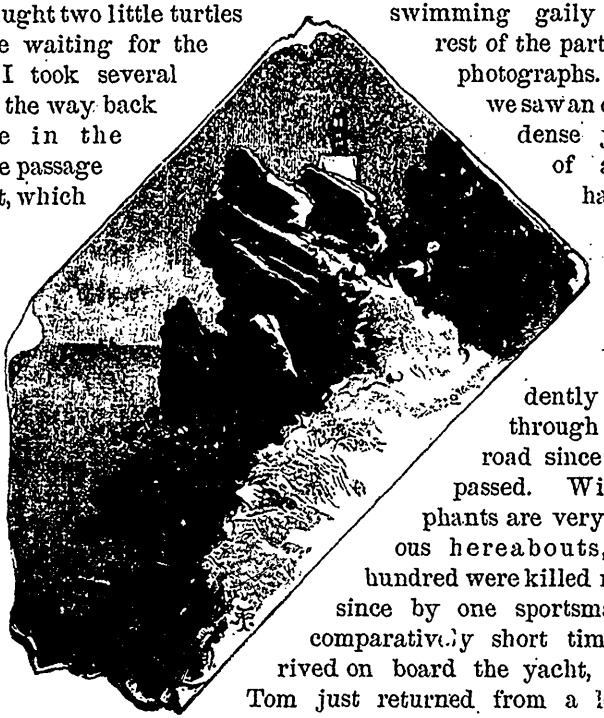
JUMPING FISH.

bour by moonlight. There was a good deal of singing at a row of cottages ashore, where, I suppose, the dockyard labourers live. The night was absolutely perfect; the moonlight on the water, the distant mountains, the near forts, and the white sandy beach, all making up an ideal picture of tropical beauty and repose.

March 10th.—At 6 a.m. we all went on shore. The harbour looked finer in some ways, though perhaps not so poetic as by moonlight. After passing the Admiral's house we drove, through a straggling village embosomed in trees, to the post-office, where we deposited a mail which, to judge from the astonished looks of the officials, must have been much larger than they usually re-

ceive. It would have to be carried some eighty miles by runners to meet the mail-coach, and then travel another hundred miles before being deposited in the train; so that I fear it will give some trouble. The poor letter-carriers are bound to take any parcel weighing eleven pounds.

At last we reached the hot springs, seven in number, where we found a temple and other little buildings close by. The water bubbles up through square and round holes, and was so hot (115°) that it was almost impossible to bear one's hand in it; but we caught two little turtles swimming gaily about. While waiting for the rest of the party to arrive I took several photographs.



SAMI ROCK.

On the way back we saw an opening made in the dense jungle by the passage of an elephant, which had evidently crushed through into the road since we had passed. Wild elephants are very numerous hereabouts, and a hundred were killed not long since by one sportsman in a comparatively short time. Arrived on board the yacht, I found Tom just returned from a long examination of the dockyard and naval establishment. During the morning we had many visitors on board, all profuse in kind offers of hospitality, and desirous of doing everything to make our brief stay agreeable. About five o'clock Major Nash called and took us for a drive on the heights, from which there was a fine view across the bay and harbour beneath us.

We next drove to the Admiral's house—a charmingly-placed dwelling. A well-cared-for garden encircles it, full of valuable plants and flowers; and the view over the bay is wide and lovely. We went through the barracks, and then walked, or rather

climbed, up to the signal station, below which a new fort is being made which will carry heavy guns. The way was long and the road rough; but still we climbed on and on to reach the famous Sami Rock, which rises sheer from the sea, and is a sacred spot for Hindoos, who have come here by thousands to worship for many centuries. Behind the rock stands a small monument, erected in memory of a young Portuguese lady, who, having seen her lover's ship leave the harbour and disappear below the horizon, threw herself in despair from the cliff. The drive to the boats was all too short, and the time for the inevitable farewells came but too quickly. Steam was up when we got on board, and in a few minutes we were leaving this beautiful harbour behind us, exactly twenty-four hours after we had entered it. Trincomalee is certainly a noble harbour, but Tom is strongly of opinion that it would be more valuable in the hands of the Indian Government than under the Admiralty.

Sunday, March 13th.—We had the Litany at 11.30, and evening service later, with most successful Chants, the result of much practising yesterday and on Friday.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Soundings were taken at frequent intervals throughout the morning, for we were uncertain as to the strength of the currents, and could not see far ahead, as the sky was both overcast and misty.

GETHSEMANE.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

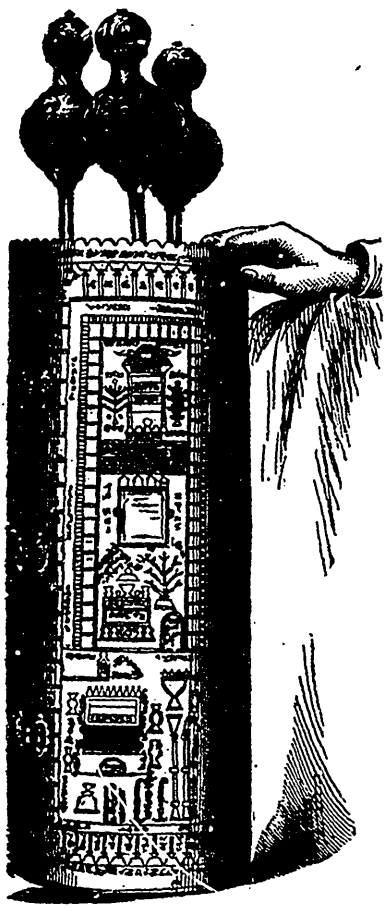
INTO the woods my Master went—
Clean forspent—forspent:
Into the woods my Master came—
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him:
Their little grey leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out the woods my Master went—
And He was well content:
Out of the woods my Master came—
Content with Death and Shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last
From under the trees they drew Him last:
It was on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH PALESTINE—FROM ZION TO HERMON.



SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH.

AFTER breakfast, on Thursday morning, March 31st, 1887, we started from Jerusalem for our ride through Palestine. It was a busy morning, and the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean Hotel presented a curiously animated scene. Valises and trunks were being bundled into great square sacks and suspended, pannier-fashion, across the backs of the pack-horses and mules. Tourists were hurrying hither and thither, doing the last bit of shopping, or curio-selecting, or watching dubiously the violent hands being laid upon the varied *impedimenta*, so dear to the English and American traveller. Horses were neighing, and muleteers shouting in shrill Arabic, as they secured the heavy packs, or apostrophised the impatient animals, tugging at their head-ropes, as they stood ranged in line beside the hotel. Crowds of onlookers—for your Oriental seems always at leisure—were watching the scene, with a sort of dignified laziness, discussing occasionally, in low tones, the *materiel* or *personnel* of the party, glad, apparently, of a break in the monotony of what they know as life. At length all was ready; baggage packed, letters and parcels dispatched home-

wards, the last helmet or riding-whip purchased, and the word was "Off." Outside the Jaffa Gate the start was made, and in a few moments we looked our last at the square strength of the Tower of Hippicus and the lofty portal of the Bab-el-Khalil, and were cantering down the narrow roadway toward the hill of Scopus, and the great highway to the North.

I had exchanged my old horse, Sheikh Backsheesh, for a handsome little horse formerly ridden by a member of our party who had elected to make the rest of the journey in palanquin, and the new horse being very fresh, and I very nervous, I spent something what the French call a *mauvais quart d'heure*, in becoming acquainted with, and adjusted to, my new and decidedly lively mount. When I became better acquainted with him, I named him Saladin, and in grace and gentleness, and "go," he well deserved the chivalric title.

At the highest point, as we crossed Mount Scopus, we turned to look our last upon Jerusalem. It is, perhaps, the finest point from which to see the city as a whole. The view from Olivet, across the Kidron Valley, is much more near and vivid, but that from Scopus being more distant, gives a bird's-eye view of the city and its environs, as it lies to the south of the traveller, with the hills of Bethlehem in the background of the picture and the lovely slope of the mount of Olives to the east, while westward rolls an undulating country rising up to the heights of Bethhoron and Neby Samwil. It was from the summit of Scopus that Titus besieged the city, in that terrible beleaguering which resulted in its overthrow; and it is from the summit that thousands upon thousands of peaceful pilgrims, of all ages and all shades of Christian creed, have looked with awe and veneration upon the Holy City.

After passing the crest of Scopus, the road traverses an arid plateau, around which arise heights still more arid, and, here and there, sites of ancient places, identified with Scripture incident. To the left is Shafat, the ancient Nob, where the Tabernacle and Ark were stationed in the days of Saul; and a little farther Tuliel-el-Ful, the Little Hill of Beans—is said to be unquestionably the Gibeah of Saul—the birthplace of the first Israelitish king, and the seat of his government. Here is the spot where seven descendants of Saul were slain by the Amorites, and here took place that most touching of all instances of motherly devotion, the long watch of Rizpah over her dead sons.

At length, about noon, we came to a ruinous village on an arid ridge, at the nearer foot of which, in a green meadow by a fountain, was a large white tent. It was our lunch-tent, now used for the first time, but hereafter to be the solace and shelter of many

a weary and scorching noontide. It was good to get off the saddle and lie on the rugs spread inside the tent, and good to look and think upon the hillside village just before us, for we were at Bethel. There was not much, truly, in the sight itself to move to admiration or even to passing interest, for the Bethel of to-day is a poor hamlet of squalid huts, sheltering some five hundred inhabitants. A tower rises in the centre of the village, and scattered about are a few fragments of former splendour, but all now is ruin and decay. As with all the sites of Palestine, it is the past that fills the eye.

One thinks of the altar here, erected by Abraham, after receiving, solitary and childless stranger as he was, the promise that to

SHEPHERDS.

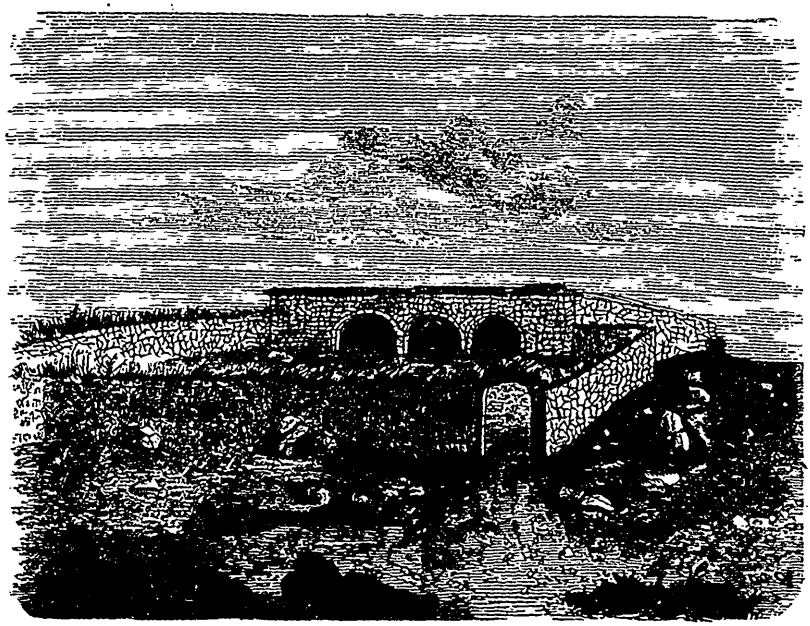
him and his seed this land should be given for an heritage; and hither he came again to worship and repent, after his sojourn and sin in Egypt. Here, too, another solitary stranger, Jacob, fleeing from the home he had lost through his duplicity, laid him down, after his forty miles of weary travel, beneath the starry canopy of the Syrian night. Here he saw the vision of the opened skies and the ladder reaching from heaven to earth, with angel-messengers coming and going thereon; and here in the morning he rose refreshed, repentant, awed, by the thought of the Almighty's presence and regard. "And he called the name of that place, Bethel, the House of God," for he said, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The later memories are as tragic as the earlier are peaceful.

Here Jeroboam set up a golden calf, and the idol altar was cleft by invisible hands, as the warning prophet called on the name of the Lord; Bethel, the House of God, became Beth-Aven, the House of Idols, until at length, Josiah the king of Israel completely destroyed it, and razed to the ground every building it contained, except the sepulchre of the prophet who had been God's messenger to Jeroboam. It stands to-day an unquestionable witness to the truth of the prophecy, "The high places of Aven shall be destroyed, the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars. For thus saith the Lord, seek ye Me, and ye shall live; but seek not Bethel, . . . for Bethel shall be destroyed."

After a couple of hours' halt, we resumed our journey along a road at first rough, but after awhile showing indications of improvement, as we reached the hilly but fertile lands of Ephraim, with vineyards and orchards on the slopes on either hand. By-and-by, our road led through a most picturesque glen, the Wady-el-Haramiyeh, or Glen of the Robbers, a locality of bad repute, as its name indicates, but certainly a most lovely spot, especially at the Robbers' Fountain where the water drips in glittering profusion over a fern-covered cliff.

Towards evening we reached our camp, pitched on a picturesque hill-side overlooking the village of Sinjil, and a wide spread plain below. Here, perhaps, I cannot do better than introduce to my readers my *compagnons de voyage*. We were now a large party, twenty-two in all, our original number having been increased by several additions at Jerusalem. We were of mixed nationality, twelve being English and ten Americans. Nine of us were ministers, one was a lawyer, one a young doctor, three were business men, one was a young man just from college beginning a tour nearly world-wide, and one was American Consul at Jerusalem. Six were ladies, all but one having husband, brother, or son in the party. Two of the ministers were also editors, one of a London religious paper and the other of a paper published in Cincinnati. We represented many shades of religious thought and creed, counting among us Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and one who took to himself the name of Rational Christian. Such, in brief, was the composition of our cavalcade. We were housed when in camp in fourteen tents, having beside a large tent in which we all dined and breakfasted together, and a tent in which our cooks prepared the food. Very admirable certainly were all the arrangements of the camp. The tents were strong and roomy, handsomely lined on the inside and ornamented with arabesques in some red material, and each tourist had a comfortable bed on

an iron bedstead, and was plentifully supplied with washing utensils, towels, etc. The meals were excellent, well-cooked, full of variety, of several courses, and served as regularly and carefully as if in a good hotel, and not in a tourist camp in the wilds of Palestine. On the whole, I was not served as well in any hotel in the East, perhaps, as during that camping out. The admirable arrangements, and the immense amount of material to be transported on horse or mule—tents, luggage, provisions, beds, tables, *cooking stove*, etc., etc.—of course implied a large retinue, and our



SHEEPFOLD.

entire force consisted of forty-two attendants and between eighty and ninety horses, and numbered quite a village when we camped.

We were exceedingly fortunate in having as our dragoman Mr. Bernhard Heilpern, the chief dragoman in the employ of Messrs. Cook & Son. He is a man of remarkable attainments and versatility, speaking several languages with fluency, having the Scriptural history of the various scenes traversed at his fingers' ends, and well-informed upon Palestine matters generally, knowing the country thoroughly, and possessing indomitable courage and marvellous influence over the Arabs by his knowledge of their

language and customs, and his masterful and fearless manner; he at once inspires his parties with confidence, both in camp and on the march; while the admirable discipline he maintains among his motley throng of muleteers and camp attendants, makes person and property perfectly safe while under his care. Mounted upon his mettlesome little Arab mare at the head of the cavalcade, his strong frame set off by a well-fitting riding suit of light cord, and his bronzed face surmounted by a white pith helmit, he formed a very noteworthy and striking figure. I can wish my readers no better fortune, should they visit Palestine, than that they may have Mr. Heilpern for *cicerone* through its memorable scenes.

But to continue. The early morning found us in the saddle, and in a short time we reached the ruins of one of the most celebrated places of Scripture story—Shiloh, so long the capital city of the Israelites, and the scene of so many striking events. The modern Arab name of the place, Seilun, recalls its ancient title pretty plainly; but there is little else, at least above ground, to indicate the fact that a large and important place once occupied this site. Here Joshua divided the land among the tribes and set up the tabernacle. Here dwelt Eli, and here Hannah brought the young Samuel to minister before the Lord in His house. Somewhere here too, sat Eli on that dreadful day when news was brought him that in an engagement with the Philistines there had been a fearful defeat, that his two sons, Hophni and Phineas, were dead, and, worse than all, that the Ark of God was taken.

A great oak tree, shadowing with its branches some ruins, marks mournfully enough the site of Shiloh, and the significant words of the Prophet Jeremiah read strikingly solemn in view of its utter desolation, "Go ye now unto My place which was in Shiloh, where I set My name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."

After leaving Shiloh and its fertile plain, the road leads through the Wady-el-Lubban, and pass the supposed site of the Lebonah, mentioned in the Book of Judges, and then up hill and down dale for an hour or two, till finally, after reaching a plateau commanding a splendid view, it descends to a smooth and grassy level at its foot.

I remember very vividly the transition from the undulating upland country to this broad, comparatively level and grassy plain, bounded in the distance by lofty hills rising sharply outlined against the cloudless sky. At a brisk pace, glad of the smoothness and springiness of the turfy road, our horses advanced across the plain, and our hearts were stirred with more than ordinary interest as we neared the hills, for who could approach

Ebal and Gerizim without thrilling thoughts of the scenes of which they were the theatre? And so, along the lovely plain of Mukhna, we rode on around the base of the nearer hill—Mount Gerizim—and drew up and dismounted at the gate of a low enclosure on a spur of slightly rising ground projecting from the hill. No place in all the land of Palestine is more closely identified with the Christ than this. In the centre of the enclosure, a funnel-shaped hole in a heap of *debris* gives the certain position of

CAMP SCENE.

one of the most sacred and interesting sites existing. It is Jacob's Well, the scene of our Lord's interview with the Samaritan woman and of the wonderful conversation that followed. Wearied with His journey on the same road over which our horses had just travelled, and over which His blessed feet had walked, He "sat thus on the well," and, thirsty wayfarer as He was, begged a draught of cool water from the deep well, whose shaft goes down at our feet. Above us towered the hill to which the woman pointed, saying "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain," propounding the question which led to the declaration of the essen-

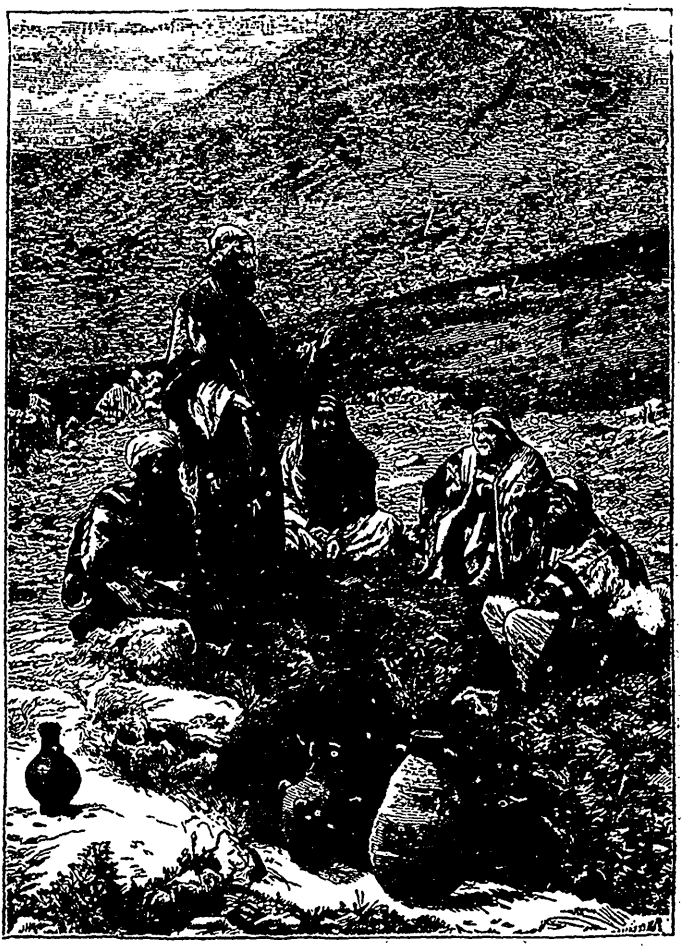
tial spirituality of all true worship and of His own Messiahship and authority. Stretching around us were those same fertile fields of Mukhna to which He directed His disciples' attention, when He bade them think of and be ready for the whitening harvest of the world.

The well itself is by no means what one expects to find. It is not a bubbling spring, it is a shaft cut through the solid rock, some nine feet in diameter and over seventy feet in present depth, though, if the rubbish which has fallen into it were cleared out it would be found, perhaps, to be double that depth. In the Middle Ages, a church was erected over this celebrated site, and it is through the ragged hole in the *debris* of this church that one looks down into Jacob's well.

A curious incident happened to me here. As we approached the well, I remarked to my friend, M—., with a laugh, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible down Jacob's Well, as Dr. Andrew Bonar lost his, long ago," alluding to the pocket Bible which I carried with me, and was marking at the various sites mentioned, as we travelled over them. A few minutes afterwards, I stood reading the fourth chapter of John at the well side as my friend photographed it, and then thrust the Bible in my pocket while M—. lighted a piece of magnesium wire and threw it down the shaft. As I stooped over to look down the well, lit up by the flaming wire, all at once, the Bible slipped out of my pocket and tumbled straight down the shaft, putting out my friend's wire as it fell. I stood like one thunderstruck, startled not only at the incident, but that what I had so recently joked about had really come to pass. I lost my wife's Bible down Jacob's Well.

Now for the sequel. Sitting at dinner one day, some weeks after, in Damascus, I was relating the incident, and a lady of the company, wife of a medical missionary in Nazareth, begged me to allow her to try and have it recovered. I was delighted to do so, of course; and just before I left Syria, word came to me that my Bible had been brought up from the bottom of the well by a man who had been lowered down for the purpose. That Bible is now before me, treasured all the more for this memorable episode in its history. There are not many Bibles in the world that have lain for weeks at the bottom of Jacob's Well. The funny part of the story is to come. Jacob's Well is dry, at least at the season at which I visited it, it was; but my Bible is damaged by water, and the damage occurred in this way. A few days after I lost it down the well, a caravan of Russian pilgrims came along, and the guardian of the well, *poured water into it*, in anticipation of their visit, in order that the devout and simple-minded pilgrims

might drink out of Jacob's Well, and carry away water from it in their bottles to Russia! And so my Bible, with its water-soaked covers and leaves, bears silent witness to the pious fraud practised upon the poor Russian devotees; not the only one, doubtless, of which they were the victims.



JACOB'S WELL AT SHECHEM.

From Jacob's Well we rode a few hundred yards to where, in a small enclosure, was an ordinary Moslem tomb. It is the traditional tomb of Joseph, and very probably occupies the genuine site of the patriarch's grave, where his embalmed body, carried at his dying request from far-off Egypt, was laid to rest in that

promised land which his prophetic soul foresaw as the home of his descendants. Then, turning our horses' heads into the narrow valley between Gerizim and Ebal, we joined those of our party who were climbing up the long and laborious path to the summit of the Mount of Blessing. It was a stiff climb for horse and rider, but the interest of the experience well repaid the trouble. The view was glorious. Below us, brilliantly carpeted with variously tinted verdure, lay the fertile plain of Mukhna; opposite, and at a little distance, rose the twin historic height of Ebal, while, in the lovely valley between, amid a sea of foliage from its plantations of olive and fig and apricot and plum, appeared the white roofs of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, a very paradise of natural beauty.

Far away in the distant west lay the blue line of the Mediterranean, and nearer in every direction was an undulating sea of hill tops, especially to the north, where they culminated in the mountains of Gilboa and Galilee and the far-off height of snowy Hermon.

Gerizim is still the centre of Samaritan worship; a broad, shelving, rocky platform, on its summit is their traditional place of sacrifice, and on it, yearly—for they still "worship in the mountain"—the paschal lamb is slain at the season of the passover. At its base, they have lived distinct from all other peoples of the earth, retaining their own customs and celebrating their own worship through all the changes of the centuries. They are now but a handful, about a hundred and fifty at most, and yet they hold to their isolation of community and creed. In their synagogue at Nablous we saw their high-priest, and had a peep at what was declared to be the celebrated Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, affirmed to be three thousand years old.

But Gerizim and Ebal are interesting, perhaps, mainly because of the drama enacted on their slopes, when the Israelites were assembled, by God's command, in the valley between them, and the Levites pronounced blessings upon the obedient, from the slopes of Gerizim, and, from the slopes of Ebal, cursings upon the rebellious. I remember well our descent of the mountain as the evening drew to its close. The white tents of our camps gleamed a welcome sight through the park-like trees, as we wound down the zig-zag path to the foot of Gerizim, and approached the charming site selected for it on the lowest slope of Ebal and just outside the town of Nablous. And I remember, too, how, when all our fellow-travellers had retired, my friend and I paced up and down in the solemn midnight under the stars, recalling the memories of the past.

It is a pleasant ride from Nablous to Samaria, through a richly fertile region, the country undulating in billowy slopes of vivid and varying verdure, and the road winding through glades whose every turn gave a fresh setting of the exquisite landscape. From a spot where the arch of an ancient viaduct spans the road, one gets a charming feature of a hill in the immediate foreground, whose fair, rounded, symmetrical slopes are crowned with dwellings. It is the site of the royal city of Samaria, the "hill of Samaria" bought by Omri, king of Judah, from Shemer, whose name it perpetuates, and erected into the capital city of the Ten Tribes, which it continued to be until the captivity. Many of the most striking incidents of the Books of Kings had their scene on this spot. It was the very centre of idolatrous worship, the very focus point of rebellion against the Almighty. Here Benhadad, of Damascus, was defeated by a small band of Israelites in the reign of Ahab; and here, beleagured by the Syrian hosts, the city suffered such privation that the awful compact was entered into by two starving women of its inhabitants. "Give thy son that we may eat him to-day and we will eat my son to-morrow." One recalls, too, the incident of the four leprous men by the gate of the besieged city, saying one to another, "Why sit we here till we die?" and then venturing in despair into the Syrian camp, to find that the besieging host had fled.

Samaria, after many vicissitudes, was rebuilt by Herod the Great, to whom it had been given by the Emperor Augustus. He erected a magnificent town on the ruins of the former ones, and called it in honour of giver, Sebaste, the Greek translation of the Latin Augustus. Its modern Arab name, Sebastiyeh, is simply an adaptation of this name. Of its former grandeur hardly a vestige remains. The ruins of a fine old church of crusading times crowns the highest point of the slope; and along the south side of the hill, a succession of columns, some erect and some prostrate on the ground, or built into the rude stone fences, shows the course of a splendid colonnade, or series of colonnades, which once beautiful the city of Herod. But all is ruin—the ancient prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter, "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God."

As cloth is tinged of any dye
In which it long time plunged may lie,
So those with whom he loves to live
To every man his colour give.

—*Hindu Proverb.*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GEORGE STREET AND RICHMOND STREET CHURCHES OF TORONTO, THEIR SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.

BY T. G. MASON.

THE very interesting series of papers recently contributed to the pages of this MAGAZINE by my honoured and revered friend, the late Hon. Senator Macdonald, on "Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto," has not only recalled the names of many worthy citizens, long since passed to their reward, but has rescued from oblivion many events connected with the early religious life of Toronto that should be held in lasting remembrance.

Perhaps no two churches have exerted a wider influence for good throughout the length and breadth of Canada than the above named two, and I venture to say that many thousands, besides myself, read these timely papers of Mr. Macdonald with not only pleasure, but with feelings of thankfulness to him.

There are, doubtless, many other incidents in connection with these historic churches, outside of Mr. Macdonald's "Recollections," that may be recalled with some degree of interest. Let me record a few:—

At the time I was entered as a scholar at the old George St. School the late Mr. Alex. Hamilton was Superintendent, and among his staff of teachers, as far my memory serves me, were Mr. John Macdonald (the late Hon. Senator Macdonald), the late Mr. Wm. Gooderham, and I think his brother, the late Mr. James Gooderham, Messrs. William Edwards, Thomas Keough, Josiah Purkis, and my two brothers, W. T. and J. H. Mason, Mr. William Osborne and his daughter, Miss Osborne, Miss Bilton, Miss Storm, Miss Toye, Miss Barbridge, and many others. The school met regularly every Sunday in the body of the church, at nine o'clock in morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was in a flourishing condition, and this reputation it maintained to the time of its closing and exodus in June, 1845, to the then new Richmond Street Church. In fact, all the Methodist schools in Toronto and Yorkville, in connection with the British Canadian Methodist Church, were aggressive and prosperous, and I think continued to maintain that gratifying condition till the time of the union with the Canadian Methodist Church in 1847, since which time even increased prosperity and expansion have marked their history in Toronto.

In the summer of 1843 a great demonstration and picnic of the various British Canadian Methodist Sunday-schools in the city

took place. This was a notable event at the time, nearly the whole city appeared interested in its success, and on the day it took place many of the principal streets presented quite a gala appearance. The spot chosen for the picnic was on Mr. Jarvis' farm, the gate entrance to which was near to the present corner of Jarvis and Queen Streets, Jarvis Street below Queen Street being then known as New Street. For several weeks previously earnest workers had been busy making preparations, and when the day arrived, waggon after waggon came filled with appetizing loads of good things. As they passed along the streets and the different schools joined in the march, the procession presented a very imposing sight, and received the greetings and cheers of the many thousands of spectators who lined the sidewalks.

The procession entered the farm gate on Queen Street and passed up the farm road, on either side of which fields of golden grain or perfumed clover were waving in the breeze and made the march most delightful. That farm road is now the present Jarvis Street, with its fine private residences, asphalt pavement and broad boulevards.

At that time the pastorate of the George Street Chapel (no one would presume to call a Methodist Meeting House a Church in those days) was filled by the Rev. John P. Hetherington (father of our esteemed Mrs. C. C. Taylor) and the Rev. Dr. Selley. Mr. Hetherington was a Christian gentleman in the highest sense, and was not only esteemed for his pulpit ministrations, but was beloved for his excellences as a man and as a spiritual adviser and counsellor.

My youth did not enable me to form opinions as to the literary character or logical force of his sermons, but I know that my parents and others deemed them almost beyond criticism. But my youth did not prevent me from valuing the brevity of his discourses; seldom did they did exceed thirty minutes in delivery, oftentimes less, consequently his memory has been cherished by me with profound and loving reverence. He knew when he was through with his theme to stop, without reference to the clock or other orthodox regulators of pulpit occupants.

The choir of the chapel numbered about twenty voices, under the leadership of Mr. William Booth, who, with his three daughters, led the musical services. They were supported by a few instruments, among which a violoncello and a flute were prominent, the latter instrument played by Mr. William Edwards. In those days organs were looked upon by Methodists with considerable jealousy and suspicion, savouring strongly, as they thought, of High Church tendencies. Not till the Richmond Street Chapel was opened (we

could not even then say church) were organs in any Methodist Chapel, at least I am not aware of the introduction or use of any. Among others who then belonged to the choir was Mr. Thomas Clarke, who afterwards left a valuable legacy to the Richmond Street Church, a tablet to whose memory was a prominent feature on the walls of the church up to the time of its conversion to business purposes.

Mr. William Edwards, Mr. George Simpson, and Mr. Joseph Stephens were also faithful members of the choir. As my good father had an idea that I could sing alto, he entered me as a member of the choir shortly after we came to the city. I was quite a child in pinafores, and I well remember that the first night of practice, after I joined, the proceedings were so interwoven with prosy discussions that I fell asleep and was only aroused by some good angel shaking me vigorously by the arm, and telling me it was time to go home, an intimation which I welcomed with becoming gratitude.

If the purchase of the McGill Square property and the building of the Metropolitan Church in 1868 was considered a bold undertaking then, assuredly the purchase of the Richmond Street property in June, 1844, and the erection of the Richmond Street Church was indeed a bold and aggressive undertaking. Let me record the names of the originators of that eventful enterprise: The Revs. Messrs. Hetherington, and Richey; Messrs. Samuel Shaw, Richard Woodsworth, Alex. Hamilton, Charles and William Walker, John Sterling, William Osborne, John G. Bowes, Thomas Storm, George Bilton, Thomas Wheeler, and Joseph Wilson. Well do I remember the interest awakened when the first announcement of the purchase and decision to build a new church was made, and well do I recall the delight of all who, on that memorable afternoon, August the 20th, 1844, witnessed the laying of the corner-stone, and again the increased interest taken at the opening services, Sunday, June 29th, 1845. In fact, where was the Methodist in Toronto, or, for that matter, where was the Protestant in or around the city, who was not more or less interested in those opening services? Certainly not a Methodist but whose cheek glowed with honest pride when the event was consummated and the chapel dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Crowds flocked to its doors, and every seat in the body of the church and capacious galleries was occupied. While in the light of the present day we may not admire the architectural features of the building, yet the sight of that vast congregation rising to sing, was most impressive, as Rev. Mr. Richey gave out the opening hymn:

"And will the Great Eternal God
On earth establish His abode,
And will He from His heavenly throne
Avow our temple as His own?"

Fortunately I possess a copy of the opening programme, and so can authoritatively give the above stanza as correct, although many are under the impression that he used the 540th hymn in our old hymn-book:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

These opening services were of extraordinary interest not only to the citizens of Toronto but to people living within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Consequently, on the morning of Sunday, June 29th, 1845, crowds drove into the city from all quarters. The fact that the Rev. Matthew Richey was to be the preacher was alone sufficient to rouse expectation to the highest pitch, and, need I say, they were not disappointed. Few heralds of the Cross had a more extended reputation or were more eloquent, polished, and impressive, than Mr. Richey, and few had a wider reputation for high-toned spiritual life. The text on this occasion was, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God; and not of us." (1 Cor. iv. 7.)

By general consent it was deemed that for the new chapel important changes in the musical services would have to be inaugurated. In the first place, it was decided that an organ should be introduced. Negotiations were opened with a Mr. Coates of Oakville, which terminated in the trustees buying one from him for the magnificent sum of £125 ($500); and for this amount the Church's worthy old friend, Mr. Deens, very kindly gave his note. For some time the question of choir management was a perplexing one, but finally the trustees settled it by appointing Mr. Robert Wilson (a son of one of the trustees) to the position of organist and choir-leader.

Then came the enthusiasm; practice meetings were held two or three evenings per week at Mr. Wilson's house, corner of Yonge and Temperance Streets, in the building at present occupied by the Army and Navy Clothing Store. It is not necessary to recall incidents which occurred during months of preparation prior to the opening, but some of the titles and words of the anthems selected struck me, as a boy, as very comical. One in particular, in which the words "O happy, happy Solyma" were iterated and reiterated till the brain reeled with "O happy, happy Solyma," and singers and listeners breathed peace only when the last note of the final amen was reached.

The Baron de Fleur, a local musical celebrity, was I believe the composer of this wonderful composition, his genius appeared to bristle in every bar; but although I have waded through piles of music, since I have grown up, I have never been able to get one glimpse of that immortal composition. It is not among the classics; doubtless it lies buried in the darkness of Pompeian obscurity. There let it lie.*

Mr. Robert Wilson continued to officiate as organist until his removal from the city, possibly for two or three years, and was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Townsend, an Englishman, who, in spite of a besetting sin, was generally well liked by his choir members.

The choir was from the first a compact, well-organized body, but it had its ups and downs, as most choirs do, and passed through many vicissitudes, (and may I say it in undertones and in a parenthesis) they had many differences with the trustees and several resignations. In July, 1851, Mr. Townsend was succeeded as organist, by Miss Higginbottom (the late Mrs. James Aikenhead), who very generously gave her services gratuitously. She was supported by Mr. Jeremiah Lea and Alderman Baxter as choir-leaders. In 1852, the original organ was replaced by a larger one. If I mistake not, Alderman Baxter selected it in Montreal. It was, indeed, a great improvement on the old one, and as it contained a Tremolo stop many of the congregation thought it was one of the greatest triumphs of the age. It was perfectly heavenly, and they never seemed to tire listening to its "tremolous" notes. Miss Higginbottom was succeeded, as organist, by Mr. Edward Hastings (son of another trustee). One of the lady singers in the choir (Miss Hancock), possessed a brilliant and powerful soprano voice, and was very popular thoughout the city. She afterwards became Mrs. Hastings, and for a number of years continued the leading soprano of the church. In 1857 or 1858 I withdrew to the Terauley Street Mission—which afterwards developed into the Elm Street Church, so my connection with the old Richmond Street choir ceased.

During the number of years I was a member of the choir there was rarely a difference among them. Most were members of the Church, and those who were not members were either in the Sabbath-school (like myself), or were in other ways interested in church work. Every year they held what was termed their "choir feast;" this usually occurred at one of the private residences of the members, and was an event all looked forward to

*The reader will, of course, not confound this production with Handel's fine chorus, "Happy, happy, Solomon," in his less known Oratorio of "Solomon."

with lively interest. More enjoyable evenings I have seldom experienced in my life—social intercourse, singing, readings, discussions on musical subjects, wit, repartee, dominated the atmosphere—and when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" overtook us it was the only unpleasant feature of the evening. We broke up, regretting that the hours were not longer.

I continued a scholar in the Sabbath-school until I was appointed assistant librarian—Mr. Robert Brown being librarian.

It has been my privilege to listen in the grand old Richmond Street Church to the sermons and addresses of some of the most eminent men, not only of the Methodist, but of other Churches; but none do I recall with more lively interest than our good old friend, and Indian Chief, the late Rev. John Sunday. So exceedingly popular was he that any announcement that he was to speak or preach was sufficient to crowd the largest building to its utmost capacity. He was exceedingly original, and his illustrations were always striking, amusing and to the point. I recall one—it was, I think, at a missionary meeting in the church during the time of the discussion on Union with the Canadian Methodist Church in 1847. Many British Canadian Methodists, of whom John Sunday was one, looked upon the scheme with disfavour. John Sunday was doubtful and fearful, he would not oppose, yet he could not approve. At this meeting he used this illustration: "Mr. Chairman, I don't know what to think about this Union business; I am like de dog, I am not like de duck. De dog, when you throw him a bone or some meat, he go first and smell all round it, den he thinks about it before he eat it; but de duck, when you throw him anything, he go quick and gobble it right up, and after he eat it den he begin to think about it." And then, after a pause, as he turned to the chairman, he said, with a comical expression, "Mr. Chairman, I ain't like de duck." The effect was tremendous, the very building shook with the applause that followed.

I feel that I am trespassing upon the time and patience of my readers too much, and therefore would prefer to close this sketch without another word; but a little incident occurred one evening in a small room in the basement of the Richmond Street Church which I think I ought to refer to.

One Sunday morning, I think it was in 1860, the Elm Street Church was burned down, and although it was a wretched old structure—damp, cold and uncomfortable, yet after viewing the ruins on that Sunday morning it was very difficult to restrain the silent tear. We felt—at least I did—that we were bereft of our spiritual home, that we were cast upon the world

with no house of God to go to. However, after the first feelings of sorrow had passed, some of the principal members began to consider what was the most practical thing to do under the circumstances. They could not brook the idea of abandoning the spot and allowing the congregation to scatter. That part of the city was not then populous, as it is now, and, furthermore, we were confronted with the fact that the entire country was passing through a prolonged financial crisis, and what prospect was there of raising money from the mechanics who mainly composed the congregation? However, relying on God's blessing, and acting on the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," a move was made to secure another church. During the week following a meeting was called to consider the situation, and, if possible, to suggest ways and means for erecting a new edifice. Through the kindness of the trustees of the Richmond Street Church a room to meet in was generously placed at the disposal of the Elm Street people. About forty of the congregation attended. Scarcely any one indulged the hope that anything would come out of it, or at most that not more than a couple of hundred pounds could be raised out of such material; but before that meeting closed nearly a thousand pounds had been subscribed toward the erection of a new church. Almost every one at that meeting pledged himself to do something. Two men alone remained silent. At last, while some were adding up the figures, one of the two arose, and addressing the chair, said: "Dr. Elliot, I am sorry that I cannot contribute as much money to the new enterprise as I should like to, but I promise you I will send as many children to the Sunday-school as any man present."

This little sally of humour changed the serious character of the meeting as by magic. The enumerators finished their work, announcing that over £900 were promised, and that meeting, which commenced in almost fear and trembling, broke up in joy, every one going home delighted at the unlooked for results.

May all church meetings terminate as happily as this one, is the prayer and wish of the narrator. Thus one of the most successful church enterprises ever started in Toronto was inaugurated. The Elm Street Church has had a unique and triumphant record, and to-day it still stands as one of the most prosperous, aggressive churches in the city of Toronto.

Returning to the Richmond Street Church, let me record the fact that it has been the scene of many glorious revivals. Scores of ministers and hundreds of laymen, and "elect ladies" not a few, throughout Canada look back to it as their spiritual birthplace.

To such the very walls (which are still retained) are eloquent with salvation, and whilst many may mourn that it no longer exists as a church, they, doubtless, rejoice that the messages of salvation goes forth from its precincts now daily, and that "the glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former." If so, and I believe their hopes and prayers will be abundantly realized, no one will rejoice with them more sincerely than the young George Street Sabbath-school scholar who has lovingly penned these records.

WHAT THEME, O SINGER?

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

WHY is it that the poet's theme
Is drawn from earth alone?
If things that perish fill his dream,
Oblivion must atone.

Beauty will fade, and love will die,
If all of earth it be;
And still will be the hearts that sigh,
And dark the eyes that see.

Fame which the busy years have built
Will all have passed away;
Only the heart's own load of guilt,
Or dower of peace will stay.

If on things transitory all
His soul and song be spent,
In them his star shall find its fall,
His sun its occident.

Nor let thy muse, O singer, mate
With error and with wrong;
The poet's fame must share the fate
Of what inspires his song.

The poet with his theme must go:
He who would live for aye,
Must on some worthier theme bestow
The music of his lay.

Sing of the soul, O singer; sing
Of Truth, and God, and Heaven;
And guerdon of eternal spring
Will to thy muse be given.

BENTON, N.B.

ESTRANGEMENT OF THE MASSES FROM THE CHURCH.*

BY BISHOP J. F. HURST, D.D., LL.D.

THE disproportion between the few who are attendants at Christian churches and the multitudes who never cross the threshold of one, is a terrible reality. The churches are a unit in admitting the unwelcome fact. No optimist, with the chimes from a dozen bells in his ears at once, dares to deny that throughout Christendom, where one individual pauses and enters the sanctuary on the Sabbath day, at least two others pass by, and go upon errands of indifference, work, or downright sin.

Should all the people in the Protestant world desire to hear the Gospel just once, and approach the churches for a single service, they would pack the very streets which run past the sacred edifices. The Protestant world builds its churches as if it expected only our most worthy selves, and our well-behaved and highly respected neighbours, and advantageous commercial friends, to worship in them. In the parable of the Great Supper our Lord portrayed the generous invitations, the forceful liberality of the feast, and the many who accepted the invitations. But there is no intimation that the host had a scanty table or a limited supply of seats. His only anxiety, as He Himself declared, was "that My house may be filled." Every word which our Lord spoke, in clear statement or in picturesque parable, leads to the conclusion that His Church is guilty, if its provision for hearing the Word is not as ample as the number of invitations which it extends.

The causes of the alarming gulf between the Christian units and the unreached tens and hundreds are manifold. The root of all is, the spiritual condition of the masses is not in harmony with the truth of God, or with the sanctuaries where it is proclaimed, or with the universal brotherhood of believers. Those who hold themselves aloof from the ministrations of the Gospel are attracted by the secular forces about them. They stay at home, if they have one, a part of the day, because the house of God has no charm for them. Others, far from being able to say, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand," were they compelled to make a choice, would, unfortunately, prefer to dwell in the tents of wickedness, rather than serve as doorkeepers in God's house. The great majority of people who never see the interior of a church are poor,

* Abridged from a paper read at the Christian Conference, Washington, D.C.

lodge in basements and garrets, are ragged, and, if they have a friend, are never successful in learning his address. For them the stroll on the street, or in the parks, or out on the country road, must take the place of any attendance upon the worship of God. When once the Divine Spirit reaches these multitudes, the house of God will be an attraction which they cannot resist.

The British Reformers halted over a century before they would accept the Reformation without the Sabbath. They only took it at last, by great and bloody struggles, with the Christian Sabbath, in all its firmness and beauty. They will never surrender it. By a stricter legislation, by a stronger police oversight, by a surer punishment of offenders, our Sabbath can be, and ought to be, as beautiful a possession as it was to the founders of James River Colony, in 1607, and more especially to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony, in 1620, when they forgot the bleakness of their first Sabbath on the American shore, in the loud volume of praise and adoration to the God who had delivered them from the tempest of foreign despotism and ceaseless storms of their voyage across the seas.

The sale and use of intoxicating beverages is also a most potent force in separating the masses from sympathy with the Gospel. No man who habitually uses the cup of intoxication can be a sympathetic and devout worshipper in a Christian sanctuary. The wine-glass is an opaque affair, and God cannot be seen through it. With the demon of the appetite within a man, he loves the saloon, and such company as frequent it, better than he loves the Church. His argument runs thus: "In the saloon there is more freedom of a certain kind. The speech, such as it is, is plainer. The society is hilarious. One man does not do all the talking. No church debt is to be paid. Possibly the saloon will eventually be closed on the Sabbath. But in any event, there will be a side door yet awhile. When that is closed, there will be a back door. When that is gone, who knows but there will be a subterranean passage to the wine-cup and the decanter?" The day is sure to come—we see the twilight now—when the saloon will be so deep that no pick and spade, of even a Schliemann, shall be able to exhume it. The saloon—that venerable structure of alcoholic style of architecture—is already taking on the look of a useless antique of the palæolithic age.

Take away from the indifferent and sinful masses all the poor whom the intoxicating cup has made poor, all the children whom it has orphaned, all the sorrowing women whom it has converted into "Niobes, all tears," all the vagrants whom it has stripped of home and bread and bed, all the anarchists whose brain it has set

seething and spinning with pictures of the glory of owning nothing and obeying no man, and you will need the lamp of Diogenes to find the few individuals who will be left in alienation from the Christian Church. Let the saloon once take its departure from the American soil, and there will be such a destruction of the separating forces of our population, such a clearing up of the misty atmosphere which leads the employer and the wage-earner to believe that each is the other's foe, such an appreciation by the unevangelized of the beauty and force of Christianity, such a flowing of the multitude into the Christian Churches, that the treasury of every church in the land will be overstrained, to provide even temporary places of worship for the millions who are controlled and absorbed by a new affection. In due time, when once the saloon is gone, and the new currents of beneficence are in full flow, there will be enough gold and vital energy released from bondage to the worm of the still to establish enough churches for all our population, to plant missions on the farthest shores of the farthest seas, and to put the Bible into every hand, in the language of the place, from the rising to the setting sun.

But that happy day of deliverance is not yet here. Perhaps the bright dawn will be upon us by the time the bells ring out the nineteenth century and ring in the twentieth. Meanwhile, we must confront the fact of the disproportion between those who worship with us, and pray and labour for the enlargement of our Lord's kingdom on earth, and the vast multitude who never enter our churches or care for their larger usefulness.

The drift of the city churches is always toward the cleaner, less packed, and the less commercial parts of the city. When the strong church moves away, a weak one is left behind. It seems to need but little care. A scanty allowance is left for it. So much is needed for the new church elsewhere, and it must be so fine, that the old church soon becomes a mere skeleton. Little the people think that for the power to build the new the obligation is due to the old!

In Rome it is never thought of, that because St. Peter's has to be reached by a bridge, and to reach the bridge one must go through dark and filthy streets, therefore St. Peter's must not be thought of as a sanctuary. The mere fact that it is St. Peter's makes it an attraction. In Vienna, St. Stephen's is in the midst of darker and more repellant streets; yet it is never urged against it that it is too far down town, and not in the West End. In Berlin and in Paris the same rule applies. St. Paul's, in London, is surrounded still, as centuries ago, by small shops, while the city stages and cabs run around it, and make a perpetual din on

every side, yet people go from palace and noble residence far away to get to that beautiful temple. St. Margaret's and Westminster are by no means in the midst of fine residences. Yet all these places are visited by the people of every class. Why should we cry that the Churches must follow the people? Who are the people? They do not consist merely of a few. They are also to be found in cellars and garrets, and in the midst of the busiest marts of our cities. Wherever the people are, in our close-packed cities. Let no score or hundred be forgotten, but let God's house be built for all alike, and let the poor man feel that this is his home, and his children's home.

These are the days of doing all things—or pretending to do them—by the omnipotent committee. The links, and not the impersonal chain, hold the anchor. True, there must be an organization, compact, broad of scope, wise as to methods and men. But that is the most efficient organization which makes most effective use of the individual force. The only way to melt the wall of ice between the masses and the Church is for every individual Christian to kindle a fire at its base. Our Lord's example furnishes a practical lesson on the way to deal with the masses. He always fed the hungry multitudes by individual servitors. The most of His parables and precious words were spoken in connection with the casual interlocutor. If the Christian Church observed as much system in its evangelistic methods, in reaching the one house and the one person, as our shrewd politicians do in their methods of reaching the one voter, there would not be a stratum of society which would not soon be reached by the message of the truth.

The whole Christian world now admits that, for work among heathen, women are absolutely necessary. Take the Zenana work from the missionary forces of Protestantism, and a most potent factor is at once cut off. Women are needed at this day and in this land, to aid in the solution of every evil which is upon us. Protestantism has yet to learn from Romanism the full lesson of woman's worth and force in the Church. The Italian masses are learning the Gospel through her as a reader. The ministry of McAll would have lacked one of its greatest charms and most forceful agencies had Mrs. McAll not given her aid. Hundreds of Christian women came to her assistance in trying to rescue the homes of the Parisian *ouvriers*.

Where would the great temperance movement in this land be to-day, but for the might and faith and tears and eloquence of women? If we would reach the masses, we must invoke the aid of women such as Sister Dora or Florence Nightingale, or Octavia

Hill, the angel of the world's improved lodging-house. If we want teaching in the home, tender care of the suffering, wise measures for brightening every slum into a Tabor of the Divine Presence, for searching for the unreached and the unknown, let us say to the multitude of Christian women in our land: "We have kept you back too long from this white harvest-field. In God's name, go; nay, come with us, and help us save the wandering millions."

The general understanding is, that the pastor of a church is the provider of the spiritual food for the entire church. But few pastors are sufficient for the great needs of a large parish. While the Rev. Henry Fairbanks has shown that even in the country not one-half the people attend any church, the great disproportion, after all, is in the cities. Lying off, too remote to touch the hem of the robe of the city church, are the helpless thousands. No pastor can reach them. His pulpit demands nearly all his time, and only in the most general way can he reach the outlying multitudes. Now, there are Christian laymen who can take part of their time—and some can be found to take all their time—in visiting every neglected precinct and home, and in bringing the Gospel to every heart. Our forces are too scattered. Many a city pastor needs twenty men and women to make his ministry effectual to any people whom God has placed in dependence on him.

Were every large city church to utilize the stagnant and dormant forces which it could command, every wilderness would blossom as the rose.

It must be remembered that the outstanding masses, with suspicion toward the Church, if not hostility to it, present no new phenomenon. The Church of Christ, in its most exalted hours, has never been afraid to be in the minority. At no time has it felt the force of the sympathy and strength of the most of the people. It seems a threatening evil now; but that is only because we have turned our eyes toward it, and see, as never before, the overwhelming danger. In the time of the Reformation, it was always the few against the many. In all seasons of revival, after the great ingatherings, it was still only the units against the thousands. There is no ground for present discouragement. They that be for us are more than can be against us. What is the Church for? Is it to drift along gently, and land in a welcoming harbour without struggle with tide and tempest? Christianity, like every great historical movement, has won its way to triumph, security and beneficence, by passing through terrible ordeals. The Church of Christ must develop by slow and severe process. It reaches its rest by sweat of brow and twelve long hours of burn-

ing toil. Nothing strong in truth or magnificent in possession has ever come to the Church by falling, as ripe fruit, into its open hand. All the treasures of God's kingdom on earth have been won like pearls from the depths of the ocean, and gold from the white-heated furnace. The birthplace of the Church was at the foot of a cross. It gained its useful fibre and muscle by the strain of three centuries of flame and torture. Since then, few have been the years when some new burden has not been placed upon it. If the great multitudes swarm on every side of it, without entering it, some speaking foreign tongues, and all without sympathy with the holy institutions of the Church, let us remember that this is no novel picture. We must recognize the divine factor. God is always on the side of His kingdom and the men who love it.

The Church is getting into the firm conviction that the heathen world will be won to Christ. But when shall we be convinced that the Christian world will be won to Christ? We must close God's Word, and lay it aside, or else, with its open pages before us, we must labour on in the full faith that the Church of Christ will conquer in the end. Many of the parables of Christ reveal the fact that with the few who believe and work lies the certain victory. The woman's leaven was small indeed, but it had power to leaven the whole mass. The grain of mustard seed was infinitesimal, but it grew to be the largest of all trees. All the antagonistic forces had no power to resist its growth and spreading branches. The sower let fall his seeds in unfavourable places, but there were some which produced a harvest of thirty, sixty and a hundred fold. The glory of the weak is that before them God has placed His greatest promises. The handful of corn on the top of the mountain produced a forest which shook like Lebanon. The stone which the builders rejected became the chief corner-stone. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." Shall the presence of vast unevangelized multitudes alarm us? Shall their hostility to our holy faith cause us to tremble with dread? No. The whole world was against Paul when, standing before Felix, he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. Yet it was not the prisoner Paul, standing in the minority, but Felix the ruler, who stood with the majority, who was alarmed, and trembled in every fold of his purple robe.

Our spiritual adversaries, who endeavour to hold the multitudes in bondage, are not equal to the spiritual forces of Him who holds the nations in His palm, and who has been saying, and to-day still says, of all His heroic servants, "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

SING, EASTER HERALDS!

THE Lord of life is risen!
Sing, Easter heralds, sing!
He burst His rocky prison,
Wide let the triumph ring.
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking;
Sing, heralds: Jesus lives!

We hear, in Thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won!
O Head of all believing!
O joy of all the grieving!
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

Oh, publish this salvation,
Ye heralds through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail! our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren, sing;
Through Death's dark gloomy prison
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions!
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' kingdom live.

—*Translated from the German of Dr. J. P. Lange.*

EASTER REFLECTIONS.

"HE is not here!" He has left the prison,
That had not a fetter to hold Him fast:
Life of our life, the Lord hath risen;
The night of our bondage is gone at last.
Sing of the love that was strong to save!
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

But think, oh! think, on the Easter morn,
Of the price that the Lord to the utmost paid,
When His cry, "'Tis finished!" afar was borne
To the heavenly heights and the hades' shade;
And swift and glad let thy worship be,
O soul of mine, for He died for thee.

He died for thee, and for thee arose,
With the thorn-prints plain on the kingly brow;
For thee he conquered the last of foes,
And the scars of the battle he weareth now.
Oh! sing of the love that was strong to save!
Sing of the glory beyond the grave!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

VII.—THINGS THAT TROUBLE.

FROM his conversation with Martha Thrale, Joe rode home in a thoughtful and despondent mood, for when warning or doubtful speeches hit us hard it is generally because there is some similar doubt or warning in our own breasts. And Joe did feel dissatisfied as to his position and uncertain as to his movements.

At Edith's request he had closed his office in Leeds before their marriage; and though nothing had been said on the subject, he naturally expected to have the charge of the Bradley Manor estate. Also, very naturally, Perkins had no desire to relinquish so profitable a part of his business. So something very like the conversation which Martha Thrale had anticipated had really taken place that morning.

With words of praise for Joe's generous, gay disposition, he had, nevertheless, managed to make Edith feel that this very gaiety and generosity were in opposition to the steady, solid qualities necessary for the welfare of her farms and investments. She was strongly conservative by nature. She preferred the same people and the same methods; she distrusted change of every kind, and she had, perhaps, too high an opinion of her own business tact, and too low an estimate of her husband's. It was Perkins's interest to strengthen both these views, and he did not scruple to administer the amount of flattery and distrust suitable to his policy.

"I hev hed t' entire charge o' Bradley Manor for more years than you hev been in t' world, Mrs. Braithwaite," he said, "and my father hed it before me. There isn't a rood of land I don't know t' full value of; and as for t' leases that are running, and falling in, it is summut like an education to be up wi' them. Mr. Braithwaite is the best o' good men, kind-hearted and generous beyond iverything; but it isn't kindness and generosity that will make Bradley pay. A landlord, or lady, hes to be a bit hard these times to get their money back; and you hev some tenants, ma'am, as would just tak' their awn way wi' Mr Braithwaite, that is, unless you make out to do the business yourself; for I will say that there are varry few lawyers in Yorkshire that could do it better than you, or be a bit more prompt and even-handed in a' their ways."

"If you think Mr. Braithwaite is not able to manage Bradley yet, Perkins, why, then, I shall not try to do what you fear unadvisable for him to attempt. It would be placing my husband in a very peculiar position."

"Naturally."

"So you had better retain your charge for this year at any

rate. During the interval Mr. Braithwaite will have time to become familiar with the tenants and the land."

This appeared to be a fair and thoughtful arrangement both for the estate and the master of it; and Edith explained it to her husband in her very sweetest way. But Joe did not receive the explanation with the gay indifference of a man whose sole business in life was to get rid of trouble and enjoy himself. He grew white with anger. He said very plainly that he thought his wishes in the matter ought to have been consulted, and he added, with some sense of injury, that he did not like his wife taking his business aptitudes at the valuation Joshua Perkins chose to put upon them.

They had had little disagreements before, but when a disagreement includes serious money considerations, as well as a personal slight, it has in it elements of heart-burning not easily soothed. Joe did not again allude to Perkins, and Edith endeavoured to make her interviews with him as unobtrusive as possible, yet both were conscious of the perpetual wrong inflicted by this want of mutual confidence and interest.

However, Joe had naturally a hopeful heart, and his gay temper and fine health combined with it made him turn with readiness, in the main, to the brighter side of his position. He was soon an immense favourite with the gentlemen in his neighbourhood. If there were a county ball, or hunt, or public dinner, or political meeting, Mr. Braithwaite, of Bradley Court, was sure to have the management of the many troublesome details necessary to its success.

And for a little while Edith was pleased and flattered by this social *eclat* and favour. It was a kind of popular endorsement of the wisdom of her marriage. For in her deepest consciousness she was often uneasy on this point.

For a few months, then, she was pleased and flattered by her husband's popularity. It was something to see noblemen ask his advice, and noble ladies defer to his wishes, even on such trivial matters as a hunt dinner or a masquerade. In time, it became the habit of her mind to consider the real source of Joe's honour was that he was the nominal lord of Bradley Manor. She preferred to think Joe drew all from her love, rather than from the approbation of Sir Thomas Wilson or Lady Charlton.

For some weeks Joe had perceived her dissatisfaction. Lady Charlton's notes were tossed aside with contempt, and when the Baron called for Joe's opinion or Joe's company she did not, as at first, array herself splendidly and charm the nobleman with her delicate hospitality and gracious kindness. But in the middle of the winter festivities she spoke to Joe very plainly on the subject. They were sitting at breakfast, and he handed her a note from Charlton Castle. Sir William was going to dine at the Coursing Club, and of course the dinner would be incomplete without Mr. Braithwaite, and Lady Charlton besought his advice in reference to the ball which was to close the entertainment, etc. There was

also a charming note to Edith, but this morning it was received with even more than her late indifference.

"You will go, Edith?"

"No, I shall not go. They simply ask me in order to secure your services. Lady Charlton was barely civil to me at their last dinner party."

"Really, Edith, I thought it was you who were barely civil."

"Joe, let us understand each other on this subject. I think you have been an unpaid steward for every one's entertainments quite long enough. If our acceptance in county society depends upon your being a kind of lackey to Lady Wilson and Lady Charlton, I think we had better retire from so humiliating a position."

"Certainly, if that is the way you look at it, retire at once. But I want you to know, Edith, that nothing could induce me to lackey any lady in the sense you seem to infer."

His cup was in his hand; he set it down with a little temper, and rose from the table, though the meal was not finished. Edith glanced into his white, angry face, and added in her most deliberate way: "There is great need of our economizing. There are two leases out, and Perkins says the farms will have to be re-let for a much smaller sum. The stables require at least £100 spent upon them, and all the fencing on Croftlands needs painting, as you have probably noticed."

"I have not noticed Croftlands at all."

"You might have done so, I think."

"But why? It is not my place. You pay Perkins to use his eyes."

"You could use yours also; the best paid service will bear looking after."

"Edith, if I am not able to manage your property I will not be spy upon a man whom you affect to trust. If I were in Perkins's place, would you set Perkins to look after my work? But it is not Perkins, but Lady Charlton, that I am interested in at present. Will you go to Charlton on the 18th or not?"

"Since you put it in that form, I say most decidedly I shall not go."

"Then, of course, I also shall refuse."

"Your refusal can be no real loss to you. Chasing a poor trembling hare to its death, or making a complimentary speech at a dinner, or even ordering a cotillon, are very poor pleasures, I should think, when they become a kind of steady business."

"You never spoke any truer words, Edith," and he walked to the window and looked gloomily into the white park, with its sombre beauty of leafless trees and unbroken snow. Will it be believed that he was remembering at that moment, with a genuine regret, the great mill at Market Bevin, and longing for the stir of its traffic and the stimulating tumult of its looms and hands?

"Chasing a hare, making a speech, ordering a cotillon," the words left an echo in his ear and in his heart which would not die. He felt a shame that stung him like a whip, and he wanted to bear it in solitude.

"I am going to drive over to Leeds," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"What are you going to Leeds for?"

"I want to go. I really have no other motive."

"You want to see that old woman who lives there."

"If you mean Aunt Martha, I suppose I do want to see her. I have not called upon her since Christmas."

"Then you need do nothing for me. I shall not mix my affairs up with her in any way. By all means make her paramount.

It was not a very pleasant concession to his desire, but that morning Joe did not mind it much. A sudden disgust for his aimless, useless life had fallen upon him. When he found himself in Martha Thrale's home the feeling deepened. Her house was full of boarders. The comfort of a great many people was in busy hands. But she was very cheerful amid her pleasant cares, and quite proud of the handsome profit she was making. Perhaps her life interests were not great, but they sufficed her, and she really looked happier than the fortunate bridegroom of twelve months ago.

She spread Joe a little lunch, and then sat watching as he trifled with his knife and fork. "Why, Joe, thou doesn't eat. What's t' matter wi' thee? And thou doesn't look well. Try and eat a bit, my lad."

"I am not hungry, Aunt Martha; and I'm a bit worried beside."

"Now then, Joe, if t' worry is about Edith Braithwaite don't tell me. I hevn't a word to say between a man and his wife."

"It is not about Edith. It is about work."

"Work! Now thou caps me! Whativer hes thou to do?"

"That is the trouble. I have nothing to do. I am wearied to death for want of work. Going to hunts and dinners and balls isn't work. I don't know how men manage to spend all their seventy-five years amusing themselves."

"Ay, lad; and at t' end they'll hev to account for t' time. God isn't going to take this for a good bill o' reckoning—*Item*: 'Spent upon my awn pleasures a' my life long.'"

"I am tired of living for amusement, Aunt Martha: I am ashamed of it."

"Well, then, it is t' best news I hev heard o' thee for a long time. What is ta going to do? Thinking isn't much use. What is ta going to *do?*"

"I do not know."

"Then try and find out. Isn't thy awn business good enough for thee?"

"I spoke once about it, but Edith will not hear tell of such a thing. I should have to begin in Leeds again; there is no nearer place. I did not succeed before, what hope is there for me now? Every one would say, his own wife does not trust him with her affairs, how can we trust him?"

"Isn't ta going to manage Bradley Manor, next year?"

"I shall not ask for it; and Perkins has succeeded in making Edith believe it will be ruin for any one but himself to manage it. You see, Perkins's father had it in his hands before Bradley bought the place. And Edith dreads change. If Bradley were in my care I should have a hard time, I think. She would be fearful of all I did, and perhaps going quietly to Perkins for advice. You can see how it would be likely to make trouble between us. That is the reason I do not urge my right to control it. Edith has a very poor opinion of my business ability; perhaps she is right, aunt. I am a bit of a failure so far, I think."

"Thou art nowt of t' sort. Thou hes been in t' wrong road, and doing t' wrong work, and nobody can mak' wrong come out right. Thou hesn't either t' head or t' heart fit for one. Can ta talk out o' both sides o' thy mouth like Tom Halifax can? Can ta bamboozle folks as Perkins can, till they aren't sure whether they can add two and two together unless he shows 'em t' way to do it?"

"Very well; if I am not a lawyer, what am I?"

"I suppose thou art what folks call a gentleman at present. But I don't think that is what thou hes a taste for. Thou wer' meant to be a man, and do a man's work. Thy brains are spinning brains, and thy hands are spinning hands, and thou sud be in Bevin Mill this varry minute. Why-a! when thou was but ten years old thou tried to mak' a loom, and as for dyeing yarns, thou kept me in a mortal fright wi' thy experiments when ta was learning chemistry."

"Yet you wanted me to be preacher?"

"Ay, but that's a different thing, Each man hes a talent for one special kind o' handy work; but ivery man ought to hev a talent for serving God."

"And when I said I would not go to the mill, you said I was right, and stood by me."

"For sure I did; and I'm not t' first woman that iver set her temper above her reason. I sud hev hed sense enough to put things on their right footing. I sud hev reasoned t' matter out like this: Amos Braithwaite is aggravatingly masterful, and Joe is going against him just because he is determined to show he'll hev some o' his awn way. Going to t' mill was t' biggest thing thou could cross thy father in, and young men of twenty-two like to feel their liberty to mak' or mar their life as it pleases them. And I wer' a bit tired mysen o' thy father's hectoring, and when ta said thou wouldn't go to t' mill, I wer' bound to stand by thee, right or wrong."

"But you thought I was right?"

"Sometimes I thought thou was right, sometimes I feared thou was wrong. And a few months ago I met Tony Warps and John Thomas Mason, thy old companions, and they told me that thou hed allays said to them thou wert going into Bevin Mill; and they reckoned it took t' breath from them with surprise when they

heard o' thee taking up wi' the law business. So ta sees I hev been putting this and that together, and I hev come to t' conclusion that t' law wer' just a suggestion of t' devil's that night when thee and thy father were quarrelling."

"Well, it is past remedy now."

"I don't think so at all. At t' last end a man can allays go in for politics and parliament. I sud think law and politics be finger and thumb. But I'll tell thee what, Joe, thou isn't made for running wi' dogs, nor dawdling after ladies; no, nor even for carrying Mrs. Braithwaite's purse and looking after her fences. Thou hes thy awn work to do. And now that thou art sick o' playing t' fine gentleman, I think thou will do it."

"If I only knew what my work was!"

"Look about thee. Don't tak' t' first thought that comes into thy head. First thoughts are mostly foolish ones. If thy temper would hev let thee hold thy tongue that night thou said thou would be a lawyer, thy second thought wouldn't hev made a fool of thee."

"But every day is of importance to me now."

"Ay, thou art right in a general way. Every day is a little life, my lad. Old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses asked God to teach him t' same kind of arithmetic to number, not his years, but his days. Joe, thou will do well yet. I hev heart trust in thee. But don't thee forget among bigger things to eat thy meat and tak' thy sleep. Grandest plans that were iver made hang a good deal on eating and sleeping. Thou hasn't eat any thing worth speaking of."

I was not hungry, Aunt Martha; and I sleep well enough. I am not one to let day's worry drive away night's sleep."

"Thou would be a fool if ta did. Any man lives miserable that lies down at night like a camel under his burden. Is ta going? Well, God bless thee! And after all, Joe, t' varry best advice I hev for thee is, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' and if He directs thy path, then, my dear lad, thou will be well provided for both worlds."

VIII.—LIFE AT BRADLEY COURT.

Joe's aspirations were yet vague and unformed. Only one point was determinate in his mind—his independence.

He foresaw, even thus early, that if he continued a passive sharer of Edith's wealth she would learn to regard him with something very like contempt. He did not blame her much. He felt that in their case the natural order of reliance had been reversed. When they were lovers this condition had been invested with a certain glamour. Edith was then in a royal mood. 'All she had was too little for Joe's deserts; besides, for there is generally a weak spot in our grandest resignations, she did not think it likely that Joe's father would be long at variance

with his only child. And she had heard of the wealth of Amos Braithwaite. At the end, she felt assured, she would have done very well for herself.

The attitude Amos took at their marriage was a disappointment to her; but in the honeymoon days it was a circumstance to be treated lightly, and even hopefully. She still expected some wonder of forgiveness and generosity from her husband's father. She thought any reasonable man would look over the offence of a son who had brought him so desirable a daughter-in-law.

But as week after week went by, her feeling toward Amos became an actively angry one. She considered herself insulted by his attitude. She began to fear that the threat of Joe's disinheritance was one the old man meant to carry out. And whenever she had any small losses, or was fretted about money matters, she made little speeches of spite and disappointment about him.

Joe would not listen to them. In spite of their foolish quarrel, he had a strong affection for his father. Also he looked at the quarrel from a man's standpoint. Women threaten the greatest extremities, and forget every threat in the concession they want. But Joe expected his father to do precisely as he had declared he would do. He would have been quite as much astonished as pleased if Amos had "backed out" of the position he had taken. And Edith had frequently been told so, only a woman's desire is her conviction. So, in spite of Joe's assurances, she persisted in believing that the dispute between father and son was a passing affair. She urged him to try and meet his father, and to give him an opportunity to see and to speak to him.

"You could pass him between here and Leeds any market day, and you ought to try to do so, Joe," she urged. "I am sure all that is needed for a reconciliation is an interview."

"I don't think so, Edith. If I happened to meet father when he was in a certain temper, he would pass me without a look; and if he did it once, he would never retreat from that attitude. I don't want to bring things to such a plight between us. It is better not to force events. And I could not deceive father. He would know it was not an accidental meeting, and if he spoke at all it would probably be to ask me what I was dogging him round for."

"He must be a brute."

"No, he is not a brute. He is a stubborn man who thinks a deal of his word. He would stand to it though it meant ruin to him. There are plenty of men like him. I don't know but in his place I should do the same. And it's a capital thing to feel certain where you have a man, even though he is dead set against you."

The tendency of such conversations was to gradually increase the plainness and the temper of their remarks; and Joe felt all the bitterness of a wrangle which touched lives so close to him, and which, unfortunately, seemed to spring from his peculiar attitude to both.

Yet his situation was so fenced in by social bonds and obligations, by uncertainties of various kinds, by restricted outlets, and want of ready money, that the way into life's larger lists was hard to find.

The summer months passed away, and he could do nothing. Edith was in ill-health; she went to Moffat and Matlock, and she would go nowhere without Joe. But even amid the idlers and pleasure-seekers around him, a steady purpose was hourly growing in the young husband's heart. Vague as the first sprouts of some unknown plant it might be; but there was life in it, and the intent of perfect growth.

In this position the avenues leading to independence were not very many; but the most impracticable of them found a calm, favourable welcome in Joe's consciousness. There was, as Martha Thrale had suggested, politics. He could, doubtless, make a good run for parliament, but even in that effort he would be between the horns of a dilemma. Edith was an intense Conservative. Amos was an intense Radical. He could not employ his wife's money against her own party and prejudices. And, though Perkins made him understand that money would be forthcoming if he took the Radical side, Joe did not like the idea of an election quarrel on his own hearthstone.

He thought of a commission in the army. He thought of borrowing money and building a mill. He thought, in a furtive and frightened way, of California, Australia, Canada, India. Edith would have been shocked if she could have divined what sombre speculations made her husband so quiet among the crowds at Moffat or in his own rooms at Bradley.

The next winter was a wretchedly dull one to him. He had withdrawn from the hunts and clubs and dinner parties of the previous season. Edith had counted up their cost with ugly knittings of her black, handsome brows, and Joe had no mind for festivities which she would neither share nor approve, and which were likely to be preceded and followed by domestic disputes.

But as Nature sets herself instantly to repair any wounded part of the body, so some higher Power, if we would but notice it, speedily turns our mistakes this side and that side, until good can be wrought from some of their phases. The days were interminable to Joe, so he took to study. Chemistry had always fascinated him; he fitted up a small laboratory, and soon forgot everything in the charm of his experiments and hoped-for discoveries. It is true, they were usually futile and disappointing, as well as expensive, but hope sprang from every failure, and Edith had sense enough to understand that these things were far more economical than any other sources of recreation open to bored and wearied men.

As for herself, she felt no *ennui*. Independent of the charge which she shared with Perkins, she had her house and her conservatory, her toilet and her visitors, her embroidery, and her stated charities, besides a very large family of pet animals and

birds. Her days were too short for all the small cares that filled them. And these she would gladly have shared with Joe, but to him they were insignificant and uninteresting. How could a man on the verge of discovering a new colour feel an ardent pleasure in the curls of a pup or the right shades of green for a worsted parrot?

The early part of the third year of their marriage was brightened by an event which for a time merged all interests in itself. Edith had a son, and it seemed as if the whole neighbourhood was delighted to rejoice with Bradley Court. The young mother and the beautiful boy enjoyed for a few weeks a prominence very pleasant to Edith, and for the time she considered herself an exceptionally happy woman.

But however proud and fond Joe was of his firstborn son, the babe could not fill his life in the same way as it filled the mother's life. Its advent had softened his heart, and made him think a great deal of his own father, but in few weeks he went back with a fresh delight to his books and retorts. Even for the child's sake he did not wish to be a mere idler and looker-on among the world's workers.

Fully to his own heart, and partly to Martha Thrale, he had admitted the mistake made upon that unhappy night when he flung away his father's love and his fine inheritance for the gratification of his personal pride and self-will. But the fit of inaction and despair which usually follows such awakenings was a short one in Joe's case. He was not disposed to look upon his mistake as an irrevocable one. He had been twice on the verge of a discovery which promised him at least the foundation of a fortune; and he was one of those men who can dog after an idea with a patience that is almost genius.

Now and then there were days in which Edith expressed a little interest in his studies and efforts, and then he was full of enthusiasm; but more often she was scornful at his failures or fretted by their waste and inutility.

The neighbours with whom Joe had been such a favourite talked over the change in him with a tolerant contempt. "He is a born tradesman, with mechanical aptitudes," they said. "He has gone naturally to the dyeing vats, and will eventually go back to the looms."

One morning, when the child was four months old, Edith said, "The bishop is to be here in a month; suppose we christen the baby at this invitation."

"I think it would be a very good thing to do. The little chap ought to be made a Christian as soon as possible."

"I shall send to London for a robe for him. And we must have a dinner to honour the event. About the name now."

"Yes, about the name."

"I think he ought to be called after my father."

"Why so?"

"Well, he will be heir to all father made."

"I hope I may also be able to make something for him."

"Out of jars and retorts?"

"Don't be scornful, Edith. Many a retort has left a fine residuum of gold at the bottom."

"I say he ought to be called Luke."

"I would rather you chose any other name."

"Why?"

"A man who bore that name did my father a great many wrongs. I am sure he would regard our giving it to the child as an insult to himself."

"Ridiculous! Do you wish him called Amos?"

"It might be a good thing to call him Amos, but I will not ask such a favour as that of you. I only stipulate not to call the boy Luke. Any other name will do."

"I have made up my mind to call him Luke."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Edith, but I will not allow my son to bear that name."

He spoke with a decision that made Edith look with wonder at him, and the set calmness of his face irritated her. She reiterated her resolve with much warmth, "I shall certainly call him Luke."

"Then I shall certainly contradict, even at the altar, any godfather who gives him that name. I hope you will spare yourself, and me, such a scene in church; and also consider what an unpleasant event it would be to remember against the child."

"You durst not do such a thing."

"Do not trust to that opinion, Edith. I solemnly assure you that I will contradict the sponsor, whoever he may be, that calls my son Luke."

"If he is not to be called Luke, I will not have him christened at all."

"As you please. There are scores of good English names. Why need you select the only one that will give pain and offence?"

"Luke was my dear dead father's name."

"By calling our son Luke you can not please his dead grandfather, and you will surely trouble and anger his living grandfather. Choose any other name and I will agree to it."

"He shall be Luke, christened or unchristened."

"He shall at least not be christened Luke. That I can and will prevent."

Then he turned to his books, and Edith left the room with a determination to carry her point. But a little reflection convinced her that Joe in this case was not to be trifled with. She had seen him in the same mood several times, and she had never known him to recede a letter from the text of his threat. She did not wish to bring their private quarrel to an issue before the clergy and the congregation, so the christening of the child was indefinitely put off.

But this dispute saddened Joe beyond all former ones. It was evident to him that the mistake made in his life had the power to project itself throughout it, and blight all his sweetest and most personal joys. He suddenly felt an invincible distaste for his study and his work. He saw that there was no redeeming power in it.

For three weeks he was very miserable—miserable because he felt so hopeless. And three weeks looks a dreary time to a soul without hope or purpose, though he who shapes the destinies of men for eternity makes these painful pauses in life no longer, doubtless, than is absolutely necessary to enable the dead hopes to bury their dead, and animate the living ones to some newer and better purpose.

At any rate, at the end of three weeks a reaction came. He was sitting in his laboratory, but he was not working. He had not kindled a light for many days. He was telling himself that he was still stumbling on a wrong road. "At the best I have but blundered upon a few facts that are useless without the connecting links; well, then, Joe Braithwaite, try again! You must go back to your father, sir, rather than be beat."

When he had reached this resolution Edith entered. She had an open letter in her hand, and she looked so handsome and had such a grand way with her that Joe could not help noticing and admiring her beauty. "How much I could have loved her," he thought, "if I had been the owner of Bradley Manor, and she had had nothing but her love and her beauty to give me."

Her first words, however, had in them that unfortunate pleasantry which always irritated Joe.

"I am come as a client, Mr. Braithwaite, if you have not forgotten your law, and have time to attend to my case."

"Don't chaff me, Edith, you know I have plenty of time. I have nothing else but time. Sit down. I shall be glad if I can do you any real service."

They sat down together with a dreary politeness. Edith thought she had been snubbed. Joe had an equally unpleasant feeling. Then Edith touched the letter, and said, "It is from Sykes, of Manchester. He offers to buy the house I own there. He says he will give me £10,000 for it. What do you think of the offer?"

"If the house is worth £10,000 to him it is very probably worth more to you. Have you asked Perkins?"

"Perkins is in London. Sykes urges an immediate answer. Will you go to Manchester and see about it?" I don't like trifling with Sykes at a distance. When he is on the spot he has us at an unfair disadvantage."

"Yes, I will go, if you wish it."

"You will get all the papers relating to the property at Perkins's office; and if you want any advice—"

"I don't want any advice. I know my business as well as most lawyers do."

"Of course. Then you will go to-morrow morning?"

"I will get the papers, and leave for Manchester to-morrow morning."

HOW HONEST MUNCHIN SAVED THE METHODISTS.

JOHN WESLEY AT WEDNESBURY.

A CENTURY ago there stood in a retired spot, within a stone's-throw of the High Bullen, at Wednesbury, an antiquated hostelry, known as the "Cockfighters' Arms," a great resort of the "cocking" fraternity, for whose exploits Wednesbury was so famous in the days of auld lang syne. Here, after the excitement of the cock-pit, gamesters resorted to discuss the merits of their favourite birds, and to adjust the stakes they had severally lost or won. Here, too, were settled, amidst plentiful potations of spiced ale, programmes of future encounters. The exterior of the house was dingy enough. The windows were dark and heavy, the low, old-fashioned porch was rapidly dissolving partnership with the main building, and the overhanging signboard—on which a brace of fighting birds in grievous art had long since melted into love, and become ethereal as to colour—creaked dismally in response to every gust of wind. Few sober-minded folk cared to cross the threshold of the "Arms;" for Nancy Neale, the hostess, was an Amazon whose salutation only the initiated had the courage to encounter.

On a dull autumn evening, about the middle of the last century, a group of topers, well-known members of the "fraternity," sat around Nancy's broad oaken table, discussing the prospects of their favourite pastime.

"I'll tell thee what, lads," observed a corpulent, bull-necked fellow, pet-named the "Game Chicken," out of compliment to his prowess, "if we don't put a stop to these ranting Methodys, as goes about preachin' and prayin', there'll be no sportsmen left us by-and-by."

"That's well said, Chicken," chimed in another inveterate cocker, "Hosey" by name, as he lifted a huge pewter pot to his lips.

"Why," resumed Chicken, "just look what they've done for Honest Munchin! Whoever could ha' thought it? As game a chap was Munchin as ever handled a bird, an' a pluckier cove to bet I never see."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the company, in a chorus of assent.

"But, la!" continued the first speaker, "jist behold him now, as funky as a turtle-dove, an' I b'lieve if he wor to see a cock die he'd want his pocket-handkercher to wipe his eyes."

A roar of laughter, which greeted this sarcastic hit, encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"Well, I was agoin' to say, lads, as this John Wesley, as they calls him, is a-comin' to-morrow to preach agin Francis Ward's house, and we oughter show him what sort o' blood there is in Wedgebury. What say you, Mr. Moseley?"

The person thus appealed to, although of superior mental training to any of his pot companions, was an inveterate gamester, and his air of shabby gentility intimated a luckless career. He had, indeed, had such a run of misfortune that a fine estate, which he had inherited on the borders of Wednesfield, was so hopelessly encumbered, and so stricken with poverty, as to be popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of "Fighting Cock's Hall."

"Here," said the gamester, raising his fishy eyes and leering like an ogre, "here is a crown-piece, the last I have left, to buy a basket of stale eggs. Chicken 'll know what to do with 'em."

"Aye, aye!" chimed in Nancy, who stood with folded arms against the door, "an' I'll give another, for these Methodys is for closing every tavern in Wedgebury, according to Munchin's talk; but we'll show um what stuff we're made on, won't we, Chicken?"

At this unexampled sacrifice for the cause of cocking and tippling the applause became uproarious, and by general consent Mr. Wesley was to have such a reception on the morrow as would convince him that 'Wedgebury blood was game." So inspiriting became this lively theme that the morning sky was flushed with the red streaks of dawn before the revellers brought their orgies to a close.

On the afternoon following, the alley leading to the "Arms" was filled by a crowd of roysterers, headed by the Chicken and his *confrères* of the night before. The enthusiasm of the mob in their denunciation of the Methodists was heightened by sundry jugs of ale, liberally dispensed by Nancy. The multitude was

composed of the lowest class of labourers, not a few of them being armed with sticks and staves. As the starting-time drew near, such eggs of the required antiquity as had been procured were distributed among the noisy multitude, the excitement rose yet higher, and at length vented itself in a song, common at that period, of which the refrain was—

"Mr. Wesley's come to town
To try and pull the churches down."

The preliminaries being now all settled, the throng, at a given signal from the Game Chicken who led them, started on their evil errand. Marching through the High Bullen, on which the gory evidence of a recent bull-bait was still visible, they approached the modest-looking homestead of Francis Ward. As they neared the spot they found a vast assemblage of men, women and children gathered round a venerable-looking man who was preaching to them in the open air. The preacher was John Wesley. His silver locks were waving in the breeze; his eye glanced kindly on all around him; and his voice, distinct and clear, was pleading, as for dear life, firmly yet tenderly, with the assembled crowd, not a few of whom were melted into tears. On either side of the great evangelist stood Honest Munchin and Francis Ward. The former drew Wesley's attention to the advancing mob, and the preacher, suddenly raising his voice, and gazing earnestly at his assailants, said, "My good friends, why is it that you wish to raise a rout and a riot? If I have injured any man, tell me. If I have spoken ill of any, I am here to answer. I am come on an errand of peace, and not of warfare. Lay 'down your weapons. I am all unarmed. I want to tell you something worth the hearing. Will you listen?"

All eyes were turned to the Chicken, who for a moment seemed abashed, and hesitated to give the word of command, but urged on by the jeers of his comrades, he gave the signal, and in a moment the frantic mob sent a volley of unfragrant missiles at the preacher and his supporters; and breaking through the ranks of the worshippers they rushed toward the temporary platform, overturned it, smashed the tables and chairs, hurling the fragments in all directions, and pursued Mr. Wesley (who had found refuge at Ward's house) with such violence as to endanger the safety of that domicile, and it was not until the preacher had quietly surrendered himself that they were in any degree restored to peace.

Making his appearance, with Ward and Munchin, at the door, Mr. Wesley asked what it was they wanted with him.

"You maun come along to the justice," roared the rabble in reply; and the echo was taken up again and again: "The justice! the justice!" Such few of Mr. Wesley's adherents as had the courage to stand by him in this peril now flocked round him, and after a short conference with Ward, the preacher expressed his readiness to accompany the mob.

The justice to whom it was decided to convey Mr. Wesley was the Squire of Bentley, Lane by name, and a descendant of the famous Colonel Lane who concealed and otherwise befriended the luckless King Charles II., during his romantic game of "hide and seek" with the Roundheads. It was quite dusk when the evangelist and his persecutors left Wednesbury on this strange pilgrimage. Munchin, Ward, and about a dozen other staunch Methodists, including three or four women in Quaker-like bonnets, were all the body-guard Mr. Wesley had against the menacing mob of ruffians numbering threescore. Resistance was perfectly useless, and Munchin's remonstrances with his former companions, though often urged, were received with scoffs and jeers. In this extremity, without consulting Mr. Wesley, and confiding his secret only to one or two confederates, Munchin devised a scheme to dampen the courage of the ringleaders of the fierce and insolent mob. During a short pause at Darlaston, ordered by Chicken, that he might quench his burning thirst for alcohol, Munchin was enabled to arrange the preliminaries of his ingenious device. After the lapse of a few minutes, the Chicken, who had evidently made the most of his time, came staggering down the steps of the White Lion, and the march was resumed. The night grew darker, a drizzling rain began to fall, and not a few of the mob, whose spirits had been damped, here turned back, but the rest quickened their pace toward Bentley.*

In due time the pretty little village of Bentley was reached, and the crowd paced expectantly up the long avenue leading to the hall. Mr. Lane and his family, who kept good hours, had retired to rest, and were annoyed not a little at such an intrusion

* The idea of going to the "justice" was a very natural one to the mob, since several summonses had already been issued against Mr. Wesley in various parts of the country, and divers rewards were offered to any one who could procure his conviction. The following is the text of one of the "justices' papers" issued about this period:—

"STAFFORDSHIRE.

"To all high constables, petty constables, and others of His Majesty's peace officers within the said county.

"Whereas we, His Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, go about raising routs and riots to the

on their repose. Appearing at the window in undress, Mr. Lane shouted—

"What means all this—eh? get about your business."

"An' please your worship," answered the Chicken, "we've got Mr. Wesley here, wot's bin a prayin' an' a psalm singing at Wedgebury yonder, an' makin' a disturbance on the king's highway, an' please your worship, what would you advise us to do?"

"To go home quietly," rejoined the justice, "an' get to bed," with which judicial advice he fastened the window, and put an end to the conference.

At this unexpected rebuff the crowd grew clamorous, and were only silenced by the voice of Chicken, which bade them proceed with Mr. Wesley to Walsall, where a justice of late hours might be found, adding that he and his lieutenants would be with them presently. The crowd, on hearing this, began slowly to retrace their steps down the gravel path, while Chicken, with two or three confidential comrades, sought to obtain another interview with the justice, thinking that when the mob had departed he might plead with his worship more successfully. Munchin, who was an attentive witness to this arrangement, withdrew unseen from Mr. Wesley's side, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the dark beeches which skirted the hall. The Chicken tried in vain to rouse the somniferous justice a second time, and after trying the strength of his lungs and his patience until the case was hopeless, he went cursing and muttering away. Arm in arm, he and his three companions pursued the path taken by their confederates on before, with as quick a step as their previous libations would allow. The night was dark and still. Only the distant murmur of the onward mob disturbed the prevailing calm, save a faint breeze from westward which bore the silvery chimes of a distant church tower.

"That's ten by Will'nall clock, Chicken," remarked one of the group.

Chicken made no answer, but was felt to be trembling from

great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our lord the King;

"These are in His Majesty's name to command you, and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us, His Majesty's justices of the peace, to be examined according to their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of October, 1743.

"(Signed) J. LANE.

"W. PERSHOUSE."

head to foot. At length he said with a spasmodic effort, pointing to the beeches—

"O gracious heavens! what's that?"

The other three turned their eyes in a moment to the spot, and saw in the dark shadow of the trees a tall figure clothed in white, slowly advancing toward them. The four men then fell instinctively on their knees, and probably for the first time in their lives stammered out a prayer.

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" gasped the Chicken, and the others repeated the cry.

Still the figure slowly advanced, and their terror increased a thousandfold. They grew speechless and motionless. When within a few yards of them, the spectre paused, and lifting an arm beneath its snow-white shroud, it said, in a voice sepulchral, calling the Chicken by his real name—

"Dan Richards, is that you who art become a persecutor of God's saints?"

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" again groaned the Chicken with a violent effort, and fell back in a swoon.

"Amen!" gasped his terrified comrades, in convulsive chorus.

The vision slowly disappeared without further parley, and the three men managed as well as they were able to restore their helpless leader. When he was at length able to walk, the four started as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow in the direction of Wednesbury, resolved on leaving the mob to fare as best they may.

"What a fearsome sight we've seen!" groaned the Chicken at intervals. "It will haunt me to my dying day."

"Cheer up, comrade; doant turn coward," urged his companions, who in truth were as fearful as their leader, starting at every object that they met along their dark and silent way.

Meanwhile, the mob had conveyed Mr. Wesley to Walsall, and as they were just ascending the hill leading into the town, Honest Munchin, to the glad surprise of his friends, who had not seen him since they left Bentley, again joined them. But Munchin kept the ghost affair a secret, save to the two or three already initiated; and carried the white sheet unperceived beneath his arm, rejoicing that his knowledge of the superstitious fear of the Chicken and his companions had supplied him with an effectual means of victory over them.

On arriving at Walsall, no justice was to be found at home, and the mob, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, seemed half resolved to let their captives free; but urged on by a boisterous company just emerging from the cock-pit, who came flocking round, they commenced an uproar, a picture of which shall be given in Mr. Wesley's own words:—"Many endeavoured to throw

me down, well judging that if once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more, but I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, until I was entirely out of their hands. Although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all; only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was but half torn off. A lusty man struck at me several times with a large oaken stick, with which one blow at the back of my head would have saved him all further trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how. Another raised his hand to strike, but let it drop, only stroking my head, exclaiming, 'What soft hair he has!' A poor woman of Darlaston, who had sworn that none should touch me, was knocked down and beaten, and would have been further ill-treated, had not a man called to them, 'Hold, Tom, hold!' 'Who's there?' asked Tom. 'What, Honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go.'"

The crowd now grew more furious, and stones and sticks were brought into such plentiful use that Wesley and his few brave followers were in the utmost peril, when suddenly the Chicken and his three companions, who had retraced their steps, being conscience-stricken, appeared upon the scene once more.

"Hold! I say," roared the Chicken. "No more o' this, hold there!"

The voice was at once recognized, and produced an instant truce to battle.

Advancing to Mr. Wesley's side, the Chicken, who was deadly pale, shouted to his bewildered followers, "Now, lads, look ye here! the first as lays a finger on this gen'leman an' his friend, shall feel the weight o' this staff, I promise yer. We've all been a-doin' the devil's work this day." Then turning to Mr. Wesley, he shook hands with him, and begged his forgiveness, and also grasped Munchin's fist with all the ardour of bygone years, little dreaming, however, that he was thus paying court to the veritable ghost he had seen at Bentley.

The influence of the Chicken's determined action was all powerful. The uproar ceased. The mob, dispersing, wended homewards, and Mr. Wesley was conducted to a place of refuge. Never after were the Methodists troubled by the Chicken or his friends; but Munchin kept the ghostly stratagem almost wholly to himself, as a weapon of defence to be used whenever future occasion might require it. It never was required, and never will be now, and so I have not scrupled to disclose the secret of a hundred years, and to make known how Honest Munchin saved the Methodists.—*Methodist Recorder.*

EASTER READINGS.

NATURE'S EASTER.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Master rose;
Seeds so long in darkness sleeping
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Vales and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted—
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of finger, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE RISEN LORD.

"He is risen as He said," was the announcement of the angels to the women who came "very early in the morning" to the sepulchre. This being so, the Lord's divinity is established. It is only a divine being who can raise himself from the grave. We have then a divine Saviour. Jesus Christ is God. And it is a divine Saviour whom we need. No merely human Saviour, though the highest and best of human kind, will suffice. So one thing secured to us by our Lord's resurrection is the proof of His divinity, and hence of His sufficiency as a Saviour. As the season with emphasis turns our thought to this fact, our faith is reconfirmed. We join the chorus of gladness that shouts around the world—"The Lord is risen!"—and our faith reposes with new confidence in the thought that our Saviour is divine.

Further, we have anew called to our attention the fact that there is to be for us a resurrection. "Because He lives we shall live also." Death is not to end our being. The tomb in the garden standing open and empty is to us a foretokening of other graves with their long-mouldering dust that by-and-by shall be empty—our own among them. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Even our bodies, the mortal swallowed up of life, shall be raised from the darkness and the corruption of death into a glorious and beautiful immortality.

So our Lord's resurrection brings to us, for ourselves and for those our hearts hold dear, the assurance that, sleeping in Him, He will bring us with Him in triumph and joy when He comes,

"with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God," on the great resurrection morning. Trusting in the Lord, while there may be then the natural shrinking from death almost inseparable from our humanity, there need be, there will be, no overmastering fear. Nay, rather, there may be triumph. Instead of shrinking from death, we may welcome him as the messenger who is sent to take us to the presence of the King. Instead of hopeless mourning over friends who go from us, we may rejoice that they go into immortal blessedness, and that by-and-by we shall join them where partings never come.

These things we know, but it is the privilege of the time to refresh our minds with the renewed assurance of them. May we receive comfort, hope, courage, as we meditate upon the risen Lord!

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Our sainted dead are alive evermore! Death is swallowed up in victory—the grave is conquered—and heaven comes to our thought with friendlier familiarity. This is more than sentiment; it is inspiration. It is strength that can carry the load of life; it is enthusiasm that makes sorrow itself a sacrament. The sainted dead come to us in many a holy vision—

> Not to dwarf us by their stature
> But to show
> To what bigness we may grow.

"I heard a great voice from heaven, saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." We know that such a voice can be heard from heaven only, for such music slumbers not in the harps of earth. We need resurrection to complete birth. The resurrection is an instinct as well as a doctrine. Birth without resurrection is most palpable cruelty. Then should we say—this God began to build and was not able to finish! We need not argue immortality—it is enough to feel it. Death itself is the best teacher of immortality. It makes immortality possible; it makes immortality necessary.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

POWER OF THE ATONEMENT.

"We have the blood of Christ," said the dying Schleiermacher, as, in his last moments, he began to count up the grounds of his confidence on the brink of the invisible world. Here was a mind unusually contemplative and profound, that had made the spiritual world its home, as it were, for many long years of theological study and reflection; that in its tone and temper

seemed to be prepared to pass over into the supernatural realm without any misgivings or apprehensions; that had mused long and speculated subtly upon the nature of moral evil; that had sounded the depths of reason and revelation with no short plummet line—here was a man who, now that death had actually come, and the responsible human will must now encounter holy justice face to face, found that nothing but the blood, the atonement of Jesus Christ, could calm the perturbations of his planet-like spirit. The errors and inadequate statements of his theological system, which cluster mostly about this very doctrine of expiation, are tacitly renounced in the implied confession of guiltiness and need of atonement contained in these few simple words: "We have the blood of Christ."

It is related that Bishop Butler, in his last days, drawing nearer to that dread tribunal where the highest and the lowest must alike stand in judgment, trembled in spirit, and turned this way and that for tranquillity of conscience. One of his clergy, among other texts, quoted to him the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." A flush of peace and joy passed, like the bland west wind, through his fevered conscience as he made answer: "I have read those words a thousand times, but I never felt their meaning as now."—*Rev. Dr. W. G. F. Shedd.*

"I AM THE RESURRECTION."

Not only did Christ gain the victory over death for Himself, but for all those also who believe in Him. He clearly declared to His apostles that He had the power to raise Himself and others. He said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." He makes it clear that He is the power of our resurrection. We are comforted, therefore, to know that our faith in Christ secures us the power over death and the grave. How disconsolate we would be were this fact not so clearly revealed. The religion of our Saviour brings us this sweet consolation—that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming." Here the Christian has the promise of future glory and a triumph over the greatest of all enemies, for He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." What a gain by putting our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is able to raise us up to a newness of life and to the glory of His eternal home!

THE SEPULCHRE.

On Friday our Lord entered the sepulchre. On Sunday He left it. Between the two days intervened one long, hopeless Sabbath-day. Did the disciples go into the temple that day? Did they meet in some upper chamber to pray? They hardly had heart for prayer. Their faith had suffered shipwreck. That day when their Lord was in the power of the grave was all gloom. It was a day not to be recorded; a day to blot out of the calendar of history. So none of the four evangelists tell us anything of that ever-to-be-forgotten day. Through death into the tomb—that is the record of what we call Good Friday. But there was no blessedness in the day for the disciples. It was the overthrow of hope, the record of utter, final defeat. Satan had conquered. Nay, was this Jesus what we thought Him? We had hoped He would redeem Israel; have we been silly enthusiasts, the dupes of a mistaken teacher? There is no hope, for He is dead, dead!

Out of the tomb into life and triumph. That is the story of what we call Easter Sunday. Jesus *is* the Christ! He is arisen! He has triumphed gloriously! Even death and the grave cannot hold Him! Every hope is justified, and every enemy overthrown!

Ah! that was a glad day, worthy to be the first of a new line of Sabbaths. The story of that day is told with triumph. All the four evangelists tell it. The book of Acts tells it again, and every Epistle repeats it. Now every Sunday commemorates it, but chiefly this Sunday, which we honour with music and flowers.

So near stand grief and joy, despair and triumph. Between them lies the sepulchre. On the earthward side of the sepulchre is death: What has the world to give but death! Only a few years, a generation of longing and effort, and then the end, the hopeless end of death. But on the heavenward side is life. Our friends are not in the grave; they have passed beyond it; they have entered into the only true life. Christ was the first-fruits, and after him came the harvest. On Easter Sunday the Lord rose, and doubt all fled. Now life and immortality are brought to light. Now we know in whom we have believed.—*The Independent.*

Our hearts, that waited at the door
Of Joseph's guarded tomb,
Exalted are in wondrous joy
Above the grief and gloom—

For oft as Easter's morning light
Along the sky is poured,
We hail the Prince of endless life—
Our mighty risen Lord.

THE REV. DR. PICKARD.

Died February 28th, 1890.

THE REV. DR. PICKARD.

IN the death of the Rev. Dr. H. Pickard, another of the faithful veterans of Methodism in this Dominion has fallen. While his life has been chiefly spent in the Maritime Provinces, his influence has been strongly felt in the councils of the whole Church. He took an active part in both unions. His address at the union meeting, held in Carlton Street Church, in this city, was a very powerful one, and did much in promoting the happy consummation which God so signally has blessed. We have not full particulars of his death, but abridge from the Halifax *Wesleyan* the following tribute to his memory :—

"The sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Pickard, one of the most distinguished men in Canadian Methodism, has been reported. So closely and conspicuously was this veteran and honoured minister identified with all the leading interests of the Methodist Church of the Lower Provinces, that his death will cause a keen sense as of personal bereavement throughout all the territory of our Eastern Conference. His funeral was solemnized on Monday, March 3rd. Representative ministers and laymen were present from near and far to pay a last tribute to the departed dead. Followed by an impressive cortege, the mortal remains were committed to the ground in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. 'He is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.'

"'Nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here.'"

Rev. Dr. Pickard was born in Fredericton, in 1813; his father, Thomas Pickard, Esq., being an influential business man of that city, and an honoured official of the Methodist Church. In 1835 he offered for the Methodist ministry. Not satisfied with such scholastic advantages as the provinces then afforded, he went to Middleton University, then under the presidency of the illustrious Dr. Fisk. We find his name on the list of graduates in 1839. On that occasion he delivered a philosophical oration on "Nature and Revelation Harmonious," and won his degree with distinction. Unconsciously, as it proved, he had sought the right qualifications for destined life-work. At the opening of Sackville Academy, January, 1843, he took charge as Principal. The college was founded mainly through his indomitable will and unfaltering energy, and he became its first President. For nearly three decades, comprising the golden years of his life, Dr. Pickard was the moving and controlling spirit of our educational enterprise. An incessant and assiduous application to tutorial and professional duties for nearly thirty years, added to the responsibilities of management, compelled him to re-resign his onerous position; but he remained identified with the government of the institution to the last. He needs no monument of stone while Mount Allison endures. He was Editor of the *Wesleyan*, and Book Room Steward from 1869 to 1872; and was elected Book Steward 1878–1882. After a year of occupancy of office he resigned, and was succeeded by Rev. S. F. Huestis. At the same time Rev. T. Watson Smith became the Editor. The College Endowment Fund in former years and the Supernumerary Fund to the last he worked up and administered with supreme ability and signal success. He was twice President of the Conference of East British America, and twice a delegate to the English Conference. From his Alma Mater he obtained the degree of D.D. in 1857. His firm facial line, dark eye and penetrating glance, gave evidence of high intellectual distinction. There was the stamp of a Puritan descent. He had, as we all know, an indomitable will and an immense capacity for work. There was the strength and a little of the ruggedness of granite in his mental composition, but hidden beneath outward expression springs of tenderness were readily unsealed. He was positive in speech and irresistible in debate; especially on all constitutional questions, and matters pertaining to the economy, discipline, or policy of the Church. No matter how inextricably involved a matter might have become through the course and complications of Conference debate, he rarely spoke without resolving the difficulty. For long years to come the presence of Dr. Humphrey Pickard will be missed from our council fires, and we shall feel the loss of one always foremost in the field of action. His brethren honoured him by sending him on three different occasions as their representative to the English Conference. He also took an active part in bringing about Methodist union in Canada, and was a member of most of the General Conferences that have been held. He possessed great executive ability, and has been a faithful servant of Methodism.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

'Tis the day of Resurrection;
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal;
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

CANADA IN LITERATURE.*

The romantic early history of Canada offers great attractions to the historian and novelist. Principal Grant has well said in his graceful introduction to the last of the above-named books: "The seventeenth century may be called the heroic age of Canada. The infant colony had to struggle for existence against pitiless enemies and forces of nature strange and well nigh insurmountable. The struggle brought out a race of heroes whose names no one in the Old or New World would willingly let die. Champlain, Maisonneuve, Dulac, La Salle, remind us of Arthur's knights of the Round Table. Le Jeune, Jogues, Brèbeuf, Lallemant, consecrated the colony by lives of noblest endeavours and heroic death. Their memories belong to the Church universal. Their names are worthy of a place in any martyrology."

It is a wonder that this picturesque past has not been more largely the theme of song or story. It is true that Mr. Kirby has made the tragic legend of the "Golden Dog" the subject of the finest romance of Canadian literature and one of the finest ever written; and Mr. Lesperance in his graphic story of "The Bastonais" has given a vivid picture of the last siege of Quebec. Mr. Parkman's noble twelve volumes have recorded more fully and with greater literary taste and skill and absorbing interest the fascinating story of those old colonial days than any author has yet done for any other country. In the last of the above-named books Miss Machar, long and favourably known under the *nom de plume* of *Fidelis* as a charming and patriotic writer, recounts in graceful style some of the more stirring episodes and dramatic events of those early days, as the story of Jacques Cartier, the story of Marguerite de Roberval, of the Marquis de la Roche and his "Forty Thieves," the tragic story of St. Croix and Port Royal, the stories of Champlain and Le Jeune, and of the Martyrs of Huron Mission and the story of La Salle. Mr. Thomas C. Marquis, a young Canadian who wins his spurs in the field of literature in these stories of his native land, recounts such important historic events as the "Canadian Thermopylæ," the Exile of the Acadians, the first and the great siege of Quebec. For the many who have not time for the large volumes of Parkham we cordially commend this excellent book. It has a number of neat illustrations.

Mrs. Catherwood's stories are more purely in the realm of the imaginative. While adhering to the main facts of history, she clothes its dry bones with breathing flesh and makes the old heroes live again. Francis Parkman in introducing the book vouches for the accuracy of the delineation of the principal characters. It recounts one of the most heroic tragedies that ever took place in the history of Canada or of any other country.

In 1660, the confederate Iroquois menaced with a fatal blow the very existence of the colony. Twelve hundred plumed and painted warriors were on the way to attack successively the three military posts of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec. Behind their loop-holed palisades the trembling inhabitants gathered, their hearts failing them for fear. The colony was saved from extermination by an act of valour and devotion, as heroic as any recorded on the page of history. Dulac des

* "The Romance of Dollard," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: Century Co. Price $1.25.

"The Story of Tonty," same author. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.00.

"Stories of New France, being Tales of Adventure and Heroism from the Early History of Canada," by Agnes Maule Machar and Thomas H. Marquis. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.50.

Ormeaux, a youth of twenty-two, with sixteen others, youthful like himself—all of Montreal—resolved to save their country, though they perished in the act. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacrament and bade a solemn farewell to their friends, like men about to march to death. And so they were. Not one returned alive. Stemming the swift current of Ste. Anne, they crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and took their stand at the Long Sault rapid, near Carillon, on the Ottawa. Here they were joined by forty Christian Hurons and four Algonquins. They took possession of an old redoubt, a mere breastwork of logs, and awaited the approach of the Iroquois. A force of two hundred soon appeared. The French and their red allies strengthened their scanty defence with sod and earth, leaving twenty loop-holes through which to fire, and prepared for a death-struggle with their foe. For five long days and nights the Iroquois swarmed around that frail redoubt, repulsed again and again by its brave defenders, who, though worn by hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, fought, and prayed, and watched by turns. Iroquois reinforcements now arrived. The Hurons, dismayed at the inevitable result of the unequal contest, deserted to the enemy.

For three days longer seven hundred ferocious savages beleaguered the crumbling redoubt, defied by the score of brave men who, reeling with weariness, kept their lone post with the courage of despair. The Iroquois, having made huge wooden shields, rushed at the palisades, and, crouching below the fire of the loop-holes, hacked furiously at the posts to cut their way through. They fired through the loop-holes on their penned-up victims, tore open a breach in the walls, and swarmed within the redoubt. The French fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as possible. Four men alone were found alive. Three of these were mortally wounded, and were burned upon the spot. The other was reserved to glut the rage of his captors with future torture. The renegade Hurons paid the penalty of their treachery by their death, except five, who escaped to tell the tale of horror. But these brave men died not in vain. The colony was saved. The baffled Iroquois retired to their forests to nurse their wrath for a future day of slaughter. The pass of the Long Sault was the Thermopylæ of Canada.

Mrs. Catherwood adds the gentle spell of woman's faithful love and heroic sacrifice to heighten the pathos of the story. Mr. Sandham has entered into the very spirit of the period in his graceful illustrations.

Mrs. Catherwood's second story has for its *motif* certain episodes in the checkered career of La Salle, the dauntless explorer of the Far West, and discoverer of the Lower Mississippi. We are introduced in the story to the daring pathfinder of Empire, La Salle, to his faithful follower, Tonty, to Father Hennepin, who has left such graphic pictures with pen and pencil of Niagara Falls, which he, first of white men, beheld. In view of his disappointments and disasters, La Salle well named his fort at Peoria "Crève Cœur"—"Heartbreak." The whole story of his life and of his untimely death, barbarously murdered on the Texan plains, is one Iliad of disaster. Mrs. Catherwood gives us only glimpses of it, in a rather too elliptical a manner to enable us to judge of it as a whole. This book, too, is admirably illustrated.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left-hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by *forever*, 'twixt the darkness and the light.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Rev. Owen Watkins has applied for two additional men for native work in the Transvaal, and they are to be sent forthwith. The rapid movements occasioned by the development of mining operations bring together large numbers of native workmen, and for these provision must be made.

Seven missionaries recently left England to reinforce the missionaries in India.

By a vote of 401 to 299 the New Zealand Wesleyans have to separate from the General Conference of Australia.

A mission extending over two Sabbaths was recently held in Leeds. The Conference evangelists were aided by well known ministers, who excel in this department of labour. Meetings were held simultaneously in all the large churches, twelve in number. Great interest was awakened among all classes. The various neighbourhoods were thoroughly canvassed by tract distributors, who thus invited people to the services. Short services were held at several factories during the dinner hour, at which earnest, practical addresses were delivered. On Sunday afternoons services for "men only" were held in all the chief centres. Midday services for "women only" were held daily. All were well attended. The aid of the press was largely invoked, and thousands of hand-bills and invitation cards were circulated. The prominent themes of discourse were holiness for God's people and immediate decision for the unconverted. The mission was a complete success, about 2,000 conversions were reported. On some evenings there were as many as 300 penitents. The total cost of the mission was about $875.

The Leysian Mission in Whitecross Street, London, does much valuable medical work among the poor. While ministering to the wants of the body Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths give spiritual advice, and wherever practicable they hold short religious services.

The Rev. Thomas Champness of the *Joyful News* Mission, does good work in connection with his Book Room. He has lately issued John Nelson's life, under the title of "The Heroic Stonemason," which he sells at one penny. More than two millions of leaflets have been sold. One book, "True Tales," has had a sale of 150,000 copies. He not only supports himself and family out of the profits of his Book Room, but since last Conference he has given $500 from the profits to the *Joyful News* Mission.

Mrs. Wiseman, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Wiseman, has been holding very successful meetings, chiefly among her own sex, in various towns of England, the object of which is to promote greater interest in the Zenana work.

The Rev. H. P. Hughes has lately experienced a remarkable answer to prayer. He wanted $2,500, and made the announcement from the pulpit one Sabbath. The next Sabbath he was ill, and by the following Saturday the money had to be paid. Mr. Hughes experienced great anxiety, but at eight o'clock that evening, Mr. Nix, his assistant, walked into his study, and gave him the money, which he said had come from some mysterious sources. Tennyson's words are correct:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

A copy of the hymn-book of John Wesley, published in Charleston,

S.C., in 1737, sold recently for over $100, the largest price ever paid for any English hymn-book.

Methodist New Connexion.

The joint committee appointed by the Conferences of the New Connexion and the United Free Church have met, and have been able to so far complete their work, that they have good reason to believe that their report will be acceptable to their respective Conferences. Should this be the case the union of the two branches of Methodism will soon be an accomplished fact. Some hope it will be in 1891, and if so, how memorable will the year be, as it is the centenary of John Wesley's death, and the centenary of Methodism in Canada. The New Connexion contains 200 ministers and 36,000 members, and the United Methodist Free Church over 400 ministers and 85,000 members. The two bodies have one college each.

Our brethren of the New Connexion are wonderfully successful in holding bazaars for the liquidation of church debts. The February number of the excellent monthly magazine contains an account of bazaars, the receipts of which exceeded $11,475.

Primitive Methodist.

One of the Manchester quarterly meetings has decided that "no recitation of a theatrical or unseemly character" shall be given in any of the social or public gatherings in the circuit, and all programmes intended for entertainments must be submitted to the respective Church courts for approval."

Great efforts are being made to secure a large increase in the Foreign Missionary funds. The cost of the new central enterprise in Africa has entailed heavy expense, but the circuits are showing a determination to raise whatever is needed to push the work to a successful issue.

Special services have been held in the Hull circuits, which have resulted in the conversion of 265 souls.

A public meeting was lately held in Surrey Chapel on behalf of the new enterprise in London, when one of the speakers gave the following figures, illustrating the progress of Primitive Methodism in London: "In 1864 the societies in London constituted about one-forty-ninth of the entire denomination, now they were one-twenty-eighth. The Connexion at large had increased 30 per cent. in the last quarter of a century; in London their membership had increased 150 per cent. in the same period. It was evident, therefore, that the work in this great city was more productive, although almost infinitely more difficult than in the provinces.

Bible Christian.

A successful mission was conducted by Miss North at Zion Chapel, Plymouth, twenty-four professed conversion.

Miss Howe has laboured very successfully in revival services in Holsworthy circuit. More than fifty persons were converted at one place.

A new church has been erected at Penewan, in the Mevagissey circuit, which cost $2,250.

In connection with the University Extension examinations in Cornwall, Mr. Vivian, local preacher, won the valuable prize offered locally to the person, earning his livelihood by manual labour, who takes the first place in the examination. Another Bible Christian local preacher, Mr. W. H. May, took the same prize last year, and a Wesleyan local preacher the year before. The local preachers in England are a noble class of men, to whom Methodism is largely indebted.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst is endeavouring to secure a site for a university at Washington with good prospect of success. He has made a selection, and if means can be secured the enterprise will be a success. It will be a grand achievement.

The speeches delivered at the opening of the Book Concern and Mission Buildings at New York were of an unusually superior kind. The following statistics exhibit the marvellous progress of the denomination.

In 1790 the number of inhabitants in the United State was about 4,000,000. The number of members in the Methodist Episcopal Church was 58,000. The increase in the nation has been fifteen-fold, the increase in the membership of the different branches of Methodism has been at least sixty-fold, or four times that of the population.

In 1848 the membership was 644,220. The sales of the Book Concern during the quadrennium were $612,625.19, or a little less than one dollar per member. During the last quadrennium, closing with 1888, the membership was 2,093,395. The sales of the Book Concern, East and West, during this period were $6,930,743.17 over three dollars a member.

In 1850, 514,429 persons were connected with the Sunday-schools. The entire number of papers published for these Sunday-schools was 77,363, or about one for every seven scholars. In 1889 there were 2,000,000 in the Sunday-schools, but 3,000,000 of papers were published, or one and a half for each scholar. The increase in the Sunday-schools was four-fold, the increase in the papers was forty-fold. Dr. Dorchester estimates that the entire value of the religious literature published in the United States by the different religious denominations up to this time at $144,000,000. Of this the Methodist Episcopal Church has issued $50,000,000, or over one-third of the whole, and over one-half of this amount during the past sixteen years.

The past year was one of gratifying progress, closing with an increase of net assets of $99,762. There are six *Advocates* published by the Concern, with a total circulation of 139,386. Two of them yield no profits. The *Advocate* published at New York alone yields a profit of $27,662,07. *The Methodist Review* does not pay its way, and *Our Youth* since its commencement to June, 1889, has been published at a loss of $41,993. The total profits on books last year were $274,000, $110,000 of this amount has been appropriated to the relief of superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans, for the the current year. Such intelligence will fill the hearts of the veterans with joy.

The Methodist Church.

The Hon. J. C. Aikens has been appointed Treasurer of the Missionary Society, as successor to the late Hon. John Macdonald. Our readers will regard this a wise appointment.

Good news from the North-West, "a deep spiritual work is progressing among the Indians of Battle River Mission."

The Indians at Morley, "are not one-tenth the trouble they were ten years ago." Class-meetings are well attended, and the week-night prayer-meetings are full of power. Pleasing tidings of spiritual good come also from Saddle Lake. The Missionary at Victoria writes of suffering among the people in consequence of the drouth of last season. "Winter wolves are becoming bold, some of them coming within twenty yards of the house."

Rev. E. Eves, Norway House, went thither about a year and a half ago and has made such progress in learning the language of the people, that he "recently gave them a little speech in their own tongue." They gave proof of their joy by "clapping their hands." He hopes soon to be able to do away with the interpreter.

The Methodist *Monthly Greeting*, published in Newfoundland, contains much interesting Methodist news respecting that old mission field. The missionaries are real heroes, and perform their duties with much personal suffering and self-denial.

The staff of teachers in the college at St. John's, Newfoundland, has been strengthened by the addition of J. West, Esq., from Durham University, and Miss Sharpe, from Cambridge. They will fill the offices of Vice-Principal and Preceptress respectively. A Bible-class is held on Sunday afternoons at the college, at which the attendance is sometimes six hundred.

A new Conservatory of Music is about to be erected in connection with Mount Allison College.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Enos Langford died at Winnipeg, February 22nd, 1890. Brother Langford spent most of his life in the mission field, first in Muskoka District, and latterly in the North-West among the Indians, except the last three years, during which he was pastor of McDougall Church, Winnipeg. He was a faithful and devoted minister. His death was preceded by typhoid fever.

The Rev. Fletcher A. Weldon, Supernumerary minister, finished his course since our last issue. For twenty-five years he laboured earnestly to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth. Some of the fields to which he was appointed were of the most laborious kind. He was never married. During his last illness he was an inmate of the hospital at St. John, N.B., and when he died, devout men carried him to the place of sepultre.

Robert Evans died at the residence of his son at Windsor, Ont., February 7. He was born in Ireland, August 19, 1822, but came to Canada in 1847. Most of his Canadian life was spent in Hamilton, where he was well known as a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus. His death was triumphant. Our brother had much poetic ability, and published a volume of "Tabor Melodies" of much merit.

Items.

A college is to be erected in Kansas city. A million dollars worth of property has been acquired, and the Educational Committee are making arrangements for the construction of the building.

The Methodists in Finland amount at present to nearly 500. The increase in the number of members the past year was 140. The number of Sunday-school children is 733.

The Boston Deaconess Home is in the most eligible part of the city, and contains seventeen rooms. Miss Isabella Thoburn has been placed in charge of its management.

Harper's Weekly states that plans for fifty new church edifices (Methodist and others) have been drawn within the past two years. Instead of Gothic style, most are of the Romanesque and Renaissance school of architecture.

The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church South has been marvellous. In 1866 the membership was 400,000. In less than a quarter of a century the number has increased to 1,200,000.

Fierce assaults have been made against Christian missions during the past two years, but in despite of these attacks, the various missionary societies in Great Britain have given more than $500,000 than they contributed the previous year.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has during the eighty-one years of its existence issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 of complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 of New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible, a total of 72,500,000 books.

In ten years the number of churches in connection with the Southern Presbyterian Assembly has increased from 1,892 to 2,321. This is at the rate of one church for every eight days during that time. The number of members has increased from 116,755 to $161,742.

According to the statistics of the United Presbyterian Church the average salary of its ministers is $998. The highest average attained was in 1875, when it was $1.012.

A powerful testimony to the value of missionary efforts is given in the following incident. Miss Carter, of Japan, tells of a kind Christian Japanese woman who came to her with a girl baby which she had found in a ditch, where it had been left by its father, as thousands of others have been thrown, because it was "only a girl." In begging the Christian lady to take and care for the naked child, covered with mud, the poor woman said, "Please do take little baby; your God is the only God that teaches to be good to little children."

Book Notices.

A History of Art, for Classes, Art Students, and Tourists in Europe. By WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR, B.A. Royal 8vo. 314 illustrations. Pp. 377. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $3.50.

A knowledge of architecture, sculpture and painting is a very important part of a liberal education. Our best colleges and universities give these subjects special prominence. Art schools are springing up in all our large cities. The Chautauqua Circles do much to cultivate an acquaintance with this delightful subject. For tourists in Europe, or visitors to art galleries, some acquaintance with it is necessary, unless they are content to forego some of the greatest advantages of travel. Heretofore Mrs. Clement's excellent hand-book on art and Lübke's large volumes were the best accessible works on the subject. But they are both somewhat expensive, and the illustrations, though numerous, are not up to the latest developments in colour-printing. In this respect we have seen nothing so good as the book above mentioned. Of the 314 illustrations, 272 are printed in tint on heavy ivory-surface paper. Many of them are the most exquisite tint-printing we have yet seen. They represent the master-pieces of architecture, sculpture and painting of all the great historic schools. The great works of architecture—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance and modern—are fully illustrated and described and critically discriminated. So also the *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture of every age, with over 100 reproductions, the matchless work of the Grecian chisel receiving, of course, due prominence. We wish that we could reproduce in these pages some of these exquisite examples. The third section of the book is devoted to the different schools of painting, including Egpytian, Greco-Roman, Byzantine mosaics, early Christian art, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, French, and English art. The brief biographies, characterizations of artists and schools, and principles of art criticism are just what those who wish to gain an insight into the world of art require. Special rates will be given to art schools. We commend the book to our Ladies' Colleges and private readers.

The Permanent Elements of Religion: Eight Lectures preached before the University at Oxford in the year 1887. By W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Ripon, etc. Pp. lxiv.–423. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $2.

The title "Bampton Lecture" is a guarantee of profound Christian scholarship and sterling Christian orthodoxy. The lecturers are set for the defence of the truth and the refutation of error. Many valuable books have been the result of this now venerable foundation. One of the most valuable of these is the volume just issued. It deals with one of the most important of subjects. Many of the institutions and religions of the world have waxed old and are ready to vanish away, but one of the few things that cannot be shaken and abides forever is the Christian religion. Those who had the good fortune to hear Bishop Newman lecture in the Metropolitan Church recently on the "Seven Bibles of the World," will remember how strikingly he demonstrated the superiority of Christianity to all the other religions of the world. In this book, Bishop Carpenter renders the same service to the Christian religion in an ampler degree and on a broader canvas. He compares especially Islamism, Buddhism and

Christianity, showing the elements of weakness and instability in the former, and of ever-growing energy and permanence of the latter. Especially is this illustrated by the lofty morality and pure and spiritual character of the Christian religion. While changes of form may be expected, yet its essential elements shall abide forever. The following extract will show the author's conception of what that essential character is:

"We maintain, then, that Christianity is in the highest degree an ethical religion. Its morality goes deep; it sinks beneath the surface and asks for the heart; it claims man's conduct; it demands that his sentiments should be pure and his actions truthful. Its morality is deep and strong. Its orthodoxy is its highest morality; for its orthodoxy is a desire to be like God, and to realize that the aim of our life is to grow like unto our Father which is in heaven."

Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of American Methodism. By J. B. WAKELEY, D.D., with a Memoir of the Author. 8vo, pp. 635. New York: William B. Ketcham. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.

This is a new and handsome edition of a very popular and useful book. The author with infinite zeal and patience has explored the very beginnings of Methodism in the New World. He gives extracts from old letters, chapel accounts and records, anecdotes, and incidents often thought beneath the dignity of history, but which nevertheless lend to history its life and colour. The vignettes of scenes memorable in connection with early Methodism are very interesting. Fine steel plates are given of Dr. Wakeley, Captain Webb, the doughty British officer who threw in his lot with the New York Methodists, and old John Street Church, and wood cuts of Embury's house, the old rigging loft, where the little society assembled, and other places of interest.

There is one curious error perpetuated in this book. It is claimed that "Barbara Hick," as the name is spelled, died in New York, and was buried in the old Trinity churchyard, but the exact spot is not known. This misspelling is the less wonderful, as the name is so spelled on a marble slab in old John Street Church. But nothing is more certain than that the remains of Barbara Heck, surrounded by many of her kin, sleep in the old Blue Churchyard, Maitland, near the banks of the St. Lawrence. The present writer dined a few years ago with three of her grandchildren, one of them a venerable man of over eighty, and was shown many interesting souvenirs of the family, including the old German Bible, which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died in her chair in the orchard by the riverside, and the discharge from the army of Paul Heck, signed by Governor Haldimand.

Apart from this curious slip, the book furnishes much interesting information about Embury, Strawbridge, Boardman, Pilmoor, Asbury, and other pioneer heroes of early Methodism.

Life Inside the Church of Rome. By M. FRANCES CLARE CUSACK, "The Nun of Kenmare." Cr. 8vo, pp. xxii.-408. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.50.

The writer of this book has had ample opportunity of knowing whereof she affirms. She was for many years a devout daughter of the Church of Rome, and attained distinguished eminence in that Church as a religious and philanthropic worker. Emancipated at length from the errors of Rome, she seeks the emancipation of others, and in these pages presents ample evidence of the unscriptural character of that old historic Church. We have no great sympathy with controversial writing, as it generally presents itself, but this book, while marked with much plainness of speech, is marked also by an absence of bitterness and by a recognition of the personal virtues and even piety of many of the ad-

herents of the Church of Rome. The principal subjects treated are: Celibacy, Infallibility, Convent Life, the Confessional, Roman Catholic Education and Literature. Of Convent Life she says: "There are Roman Catholics who will not trust their children to Convent teaching, but Protestants supply the deficiency. . . . In one Sisters' School in Toronto, Canada, there are sixty Protestant pupils against forty Roman Catholics, and it is much the same everywhere." If this be true, the Protestant parents of these children are sowing to the wind to reap the whirlwind. The book is very handsomely printed, and, we doubt not, will have a very large sale.

The Ride Through Palestine. By the Rev. JOHN W. DULLES, D.D. Illustrated with 184 engravings and maps. Second edition. 12mo, pp. 528. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Education. Toronto: N. T. Wilson, 31 King Street West. Price $2.

There is a perennial interest in stories of travel in Palestine, of which the world never grows tired. The Land itself is the best commentary on the Book, and the millions who cannot themselves visit those holy fields, made sacred evermore by the footsteps of our Lord, are dependent on the written accounts of those who have trodden in those footprints. Dr. Dulles is a careful observer, and a vivid describer of what he has seen. He traversed the Holy Land to and fro, back and forth, from Dan to Beersheba, carefully studying the sacred sites, and going as far north as Damascus and Baalbec. One of the most attractive features of the book is its copious illustration, a single engraving often conveying a more correct and vivid conception than pages of description. The book will be very valuable for Sunday-school libraries and for family use. The account of Jerusalem and its surroundings is especially full and interesting. The careful reading of this book, Bible and map in hand, will do much to make the sacred narrative more real to our minds.

Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. By JEREMIAH CURTIN. With etched frontispiece, gilt top. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The literary centre of the world is certainly changing. A scholarly writer from what was recently the almost unexplored wilderness of Washington Territory, makes a special study in Ireland of its ancient language and literature, and collects from the lips of aged peasants the fast-fading legends, traditions, strange tales and folk-lore of the "Isle of Saints." Our Irish friends will especially enjoy these quaint old stories, many of which have come down from time immemorial. Some of them are extravagant, some of them strangely poetical, and all of them share the characteristics of the primitive literatures of mankind. As our author points out, they have much greater definiteness than the Magyar and Russian Tales, to which they have a certain resemblance. He identifies the early Irish with the Kelts and Gaels who in ancient times occupied Scotland, Wales and Brittany. The tales and myths were taken down directly from narrators who spoke only the old Irish tongue, and are not blurred, like ancient coins that have become worn by long handling by successive generations. The book is very handsomely printed and bound.

Famous Women of the New Testament. A series of popular lectures delivered in the First Baptist Church, Montgomery, Alabama. By MORTON BRYAN WHARTON, D.D., Pastor, late United States Consul to Germany, Author of "Famous Women of the Old Testament," "What I Saw in the Old World," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 340. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York. Price $1.50.

This book is a companion volume to "The Famous Women of the Old Testament" by the same author. In some respects it is an advance upon that work. Dr. Wharton has thoroughly studied each personage, the

environments of each, all that conduced to the formation of each character, the native and acquired characteristics of each, and the lessons taught by each to the women of all succeeding ages. The analytical power of the author is keen and just; his ability in describing picturesque scenes is of the highest rank, and his shrewd demonstration of how old wicked devices are reproduced in modern fashionable sins, shows that he is not only a close observer of human nature, but a plain, faithful preacher of the truth, and a rebuker of iniquity wherever and by whomsoever displayed. The language is chaste, popular and flowing, and in perfect keeping with the subjects of which he treats.

Sacred Idyls: A Metrical Version of Solomon's Song, with Appropriate Explanations. By Prof. JAMES STRONG. Small 4to, pp. 74. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The beautiful Song of Songs has been ever a favourite with the Church. Amid its earthly imagery devout minds have discerned the sweetest and tenderest revelations of the Divine lover of the soul. Dr. Strong is amply qualified by scholarship for the task of rendering into English verse this beautiful Hebrew idyl. Explanatory notes and comments, several illustrations from Egyptian art, and a large folding panoramic picture of Jerusalem, and ornamental binding enhance the value of the book.

Wilbur Fisk. By GEORGE PRENTICE, D.D., Professor in Wesleyan University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is the second volume of a series of American religious leaders issued by this House. The first is on Jonathan Edwards, the embodiment of the stern, old New England Calvinism. A prominent characteristic of Wilbur Fisk's life was his intense controversial opposition to Calvinism. His was a more polemical age than ours, and adherents of these diverse theories can now agree to differ, if indeed they do not find that their differences are more apparent than real, and may be harmonized in a higher unity. Fisk was a very scholarly man, and more noted as a college president at Wilbraham and Wesleyan University, than as a preacher or theologian. The book does not come up to our ideal as a biography, and we think that certain references to the married life of the Fisks are injudicious and unnecessary.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, the well-known authorty on physico-psychological problems, issues an ably written pamphlet on "Faith Cure," "Christian Science," and the like, which we strongly commend as a very philosophical treatment of the subject. It is reprinted from *Knox College Monthly*, Toronto. D. T. McAinsh, Presbyterian News Co. Price 5 cents.

Dr. Poole's "Anglo-Israel" is attracting much attention and is winning high praise, as the following extract from the Michigan *Christian Advocate* will show:

"'Anglo-Israel; or, The Saxon Race proved to be the Lost Tribes of Israel.' In nine lectures. By the Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D. Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

"This splendidly printed volume of 685 8vo pages is a monument to the industry and research of its distinguished author. The theme itself is one of growing interest, and the treatment of it here is ingenious and thorough. The archæological arguments, interspersed with the Scripture citations and proofs, are of much value both to the student and to the general reader. We have pored over the pages of the book with more than ordinary pleasure, and we believe the author makes out his case. There is a vast fund of fact and statement supporting the theory embodied in these pages."

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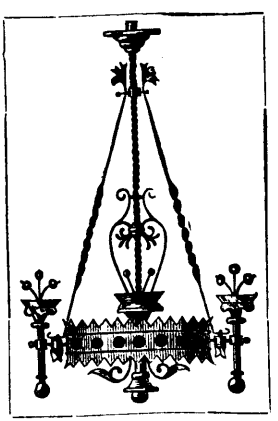

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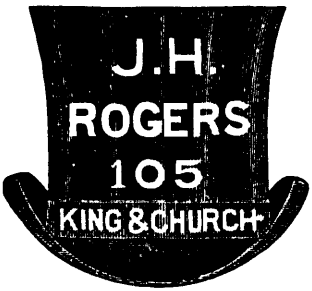

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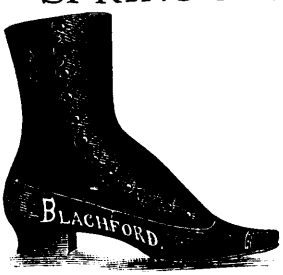

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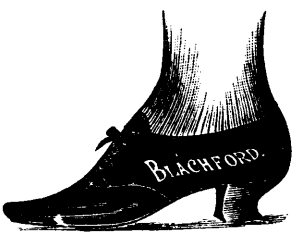

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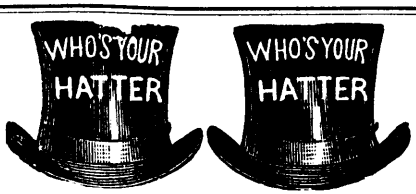

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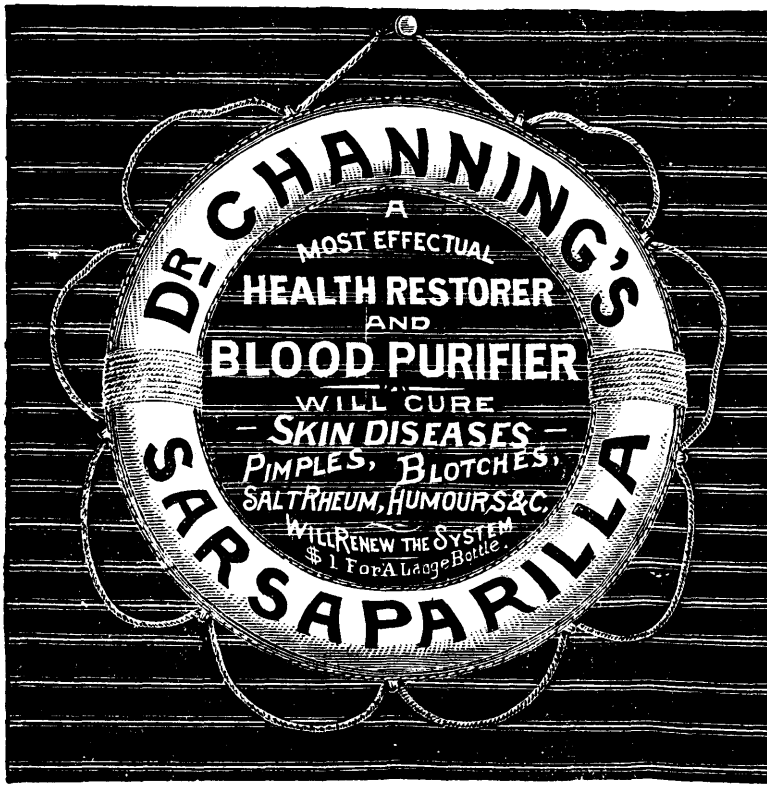

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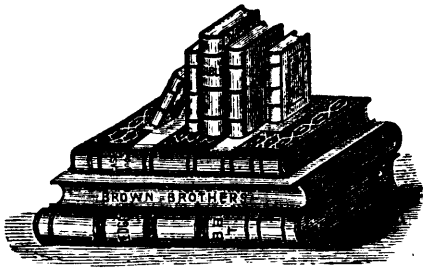

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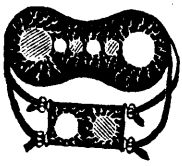

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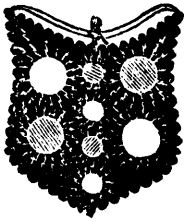

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Run between MONTREAL, QUEBEC and LIVERPOOL in Summer, and PORTLAND, HALIFAX and LIVERPOOL in Winter. Calling at Moville to Embark and Land Mails and passengers. The Steamers of this Line are all First Class, Full Powered, Iron and Clyde built, in water-tight compartments, and carry Stewards, Stewardesses, and Surgeons

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.—SAILING DATES.

	From Portland.	From Halifax.
*VANCOUVER, -	Thursday, Mar. 13th ..	Saturday, - Mar. 15th.
*OREGON, -	Thursday, Apr. 10th ..	Saturday, - Apr. 12th.
*VANCOUVER, -	Thursday, " 24th ..	Saturday, - " 26th.

BRISTOL SERVICE FOR AVONMOUTH DOCK.

ONTARIO, - - from Portland, - about March 15th.
TEXAS, - - " " " April 3rd.

☞ REDUCED RATES. ☜

CABIN, Portland or Halifax to Liverpool, $50 to $60; Return, $100 to $110. INTERMEDIATE to Liverpool or Glasgow, $25. STEERAGE to Liverpool, Queenstown, Londonderry, Belfast, London or Glasgow, $20.

Cabin, Portland to Bristol (direct Steamer), $40; Return, $80.

* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music-room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry neither Cattle nor Sheep.

☞ The Liverpool Steamers call at Moville on their passage from and to Liverpool, to embark and land Mails and Passengers.

The Steamers will be despatched from Portland on arrival of the Mail Train leaving Toronto at 8.55 a.m. and Montreal at 10.15 p.m. on Wednesdays, and due at Portland at 12.15 p.m. on Thursdays, and from Halifax on *Saturdays*, immediately after the arrival of the Mail Train leaving Toronto at 8.30 p.m. on Thursdays, Montreal at 8 a.m., Point Levi at 2.30 p.m. on Fridays, and due at Halifax at 1.55 p.m. on Saturdays.

A Pullman car will go through from Toronto to connect with these steamers at Portland.

☞ **SPECIAL RATES FOR MINISTERS AND THEIR WIVES.**

For urther particulars apply in TORONTO, to

GEO. W. TORRANCE, 18 FRONT STREET WEST;
C. S. GZOWSKI, Jr. 24 KING STREET EAST;

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
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