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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.



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REV. JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*JULY, 1878.*

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THE CHAUTAUQUA SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY,  
AND THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

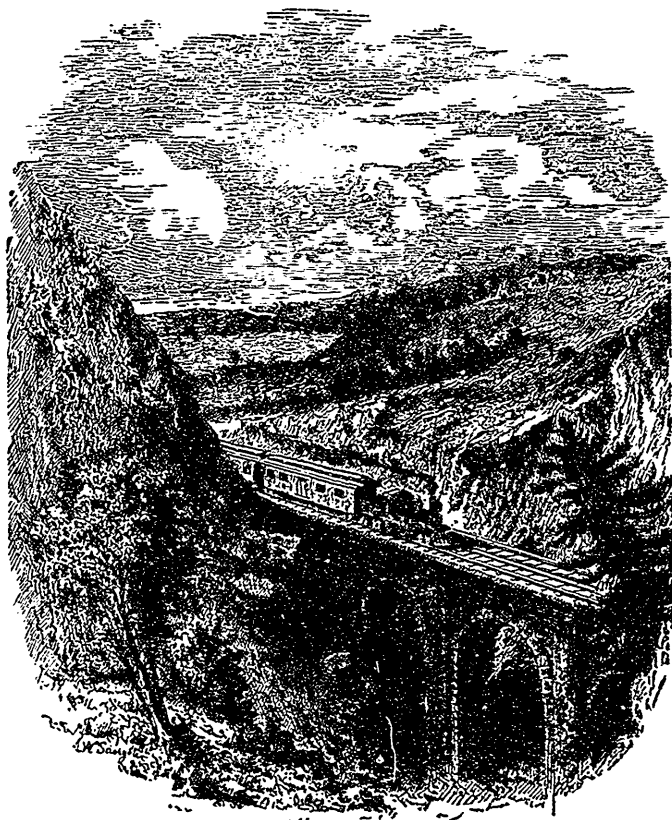
THE most notable Sunday-school gathering in the world unquestionably is that at Chautauqua Lake, in western New York. Its fame has filled both hemispheres, and visitors who have been drawn across the broad Atlantic by the report of its manifold attractions have confessed, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half has not been told them. The inspiring genius of this great institution is the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., whose portrait we herewith present. Dr. Vincent is the honoured Secretary of the Sunday-school Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and editor-in-chief of the Sunday-school literature of his Church. He was born in Alabama in the year 1832, and is therefore in the full vigour of his prime.

Imagine a medium-sized, neat, gentlemanly figure; smooth-shaven, mobile face; bright, quick eyes; well-formed head, whose symmetry is more apparent from partial baldness, and you have Dr. Vincent before your mind's eye. He is alert and sprightly in manner, very fluent in utterance, and has a finely modulated voice, which, however he seldom uses in its full compass. His addresses abound in happy illustration, sometimes humorous or pathetic; and in answering the questions publicly asked him on all manner of Sunday-school topics, he exhibits



PROSPECT.

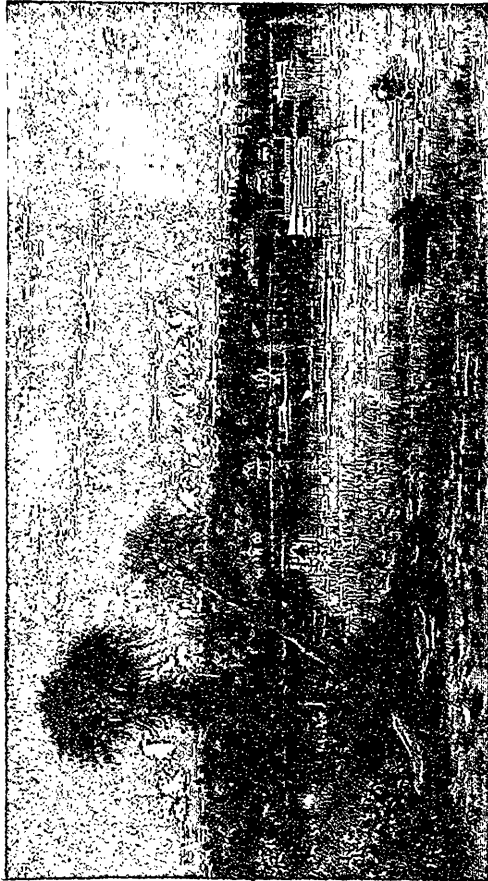
wonderful readiness, shrewdness, and "sanctified common sense," often lit up with rare flashes of spontaneous wit. Intense earnestness, a deep spirituality, profound study of his subject and of human nature, broad sympathies and thorough geniality are the striking characteristics of the man whom Sunday-school workers everywhere delight to honour. On his election to the



OVER THE CHAUTAUQUA HILLS.

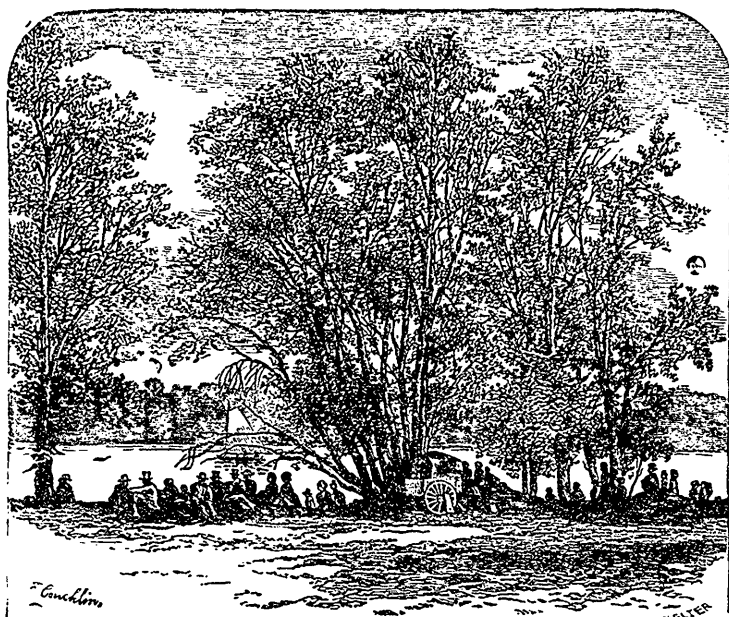
prominent position which he occupies, he travelled extensively in the Holy Land, that he might be the better prepared for the discharge of the duties of his office. He is universally regarded by his brethren as one of the leading, if not the very foremost,

Sunday-school worker in America. He is the originator both of the International Lesson system and of the National Sunday-school Assembly at Chautauqua. This institution owes most of its success to his organizing genius, the evidences of which are stamped upon every department of its operations.



MAXVILLE, CHAUTAUQ DA LAK

Lake Chautauqua is a beautiful sheet of water, twenty-four miles long, varying from two to four miles wide, situated in the extreme south-western portion of New York State. Though only seven miles from the shores of Lake Erie, it is seven hundred feet above that lake and fourteen hundred and fifty feet

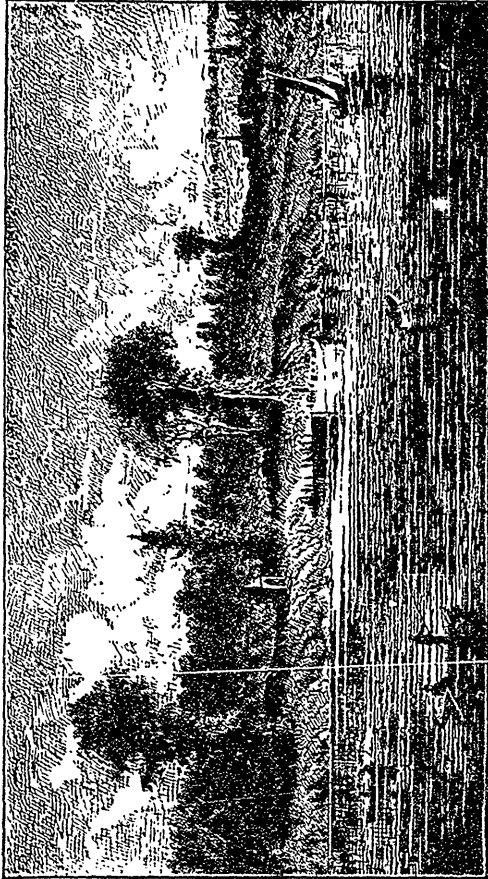


FAIR POINT.

above the sea level. It is the highest navigated water on the continent. The air is peculiarly pure and salubrious, and the scenery of the lake is of unsurpassed loveliness. Wild and picturesque hills, mirrored on the bosom of the calm waters, deep embowered bays, and rich pastoral slopes green or golden with the summer grain, present a panorama of ever-varying beauty. Chautauqua is readily reached by the Lake Shore Railway from Buffalo, skirting the shores of Lake Erie to Brockton, and then by the Alleghany Valley Railway to Mayville, at the head of Lake Chautauqua. As the train climbs the steep grade from Lake Erie, the line of the horizon rises higher and higher, and ever broader fields of vision spread beneath the eye. Undulating hills, fertile valleys, smiling villages, and beyond, the deep blue waters of the lake, present a picture not soon to be forgotten. The train now plunges among the hills, speeding through deep cuttings and over lofty viaducts to Mayville, the pretty village at the head of Lake Chautauqua.

Fairpoint, where the Sunday Assembly is held, is a somewhat

level cape, jutting out into the lake, about three miles from Mayville. The grounds are covered by a magnificent growth of stately forest trees. As one approaches by steamboat from Mayville, the gleaming tents, the picturesque cottages and pavilions, the waving banners, and the background of vivid foliage make a *coup d'œil* of striking beauty. The entrance to the Assembly

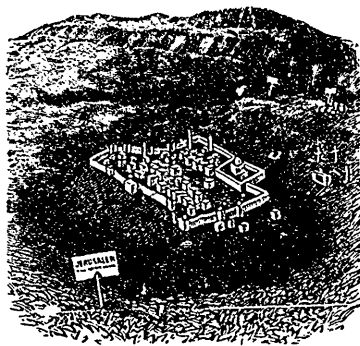


CHAUTAQUA POINT.

grounds from the steamboat landing is through a broad and picturesque gateway, adorned with appropriate mottoes, flags, and other decorations. The grounds are beautifully laid out with paterres of flowers and winding walks, a fountain, and rustic



seats. To the right is situated the model of Jerusalem, constructed, as were the other models, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Wythe, who exhibits great skill in this department. The Jerusalem model is made to the scale of 1-300 of the actual size. All the principal buildings are shown, with the walls and streets of the city and its surroundings. One can get herefrom a very vivid conception of the structure and appearance of the holy city,—the beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth.



JERUSALEM.

To the left may be seen the model of an Oriental house, with its peculiar architecture, furniture, utensils, and upholstery. In the second story is an admirable museum of Oriental costumes, ornaments, household utensils, and numerous other objects of interest. Courteous attendants, dressed in Eastern garb, heighten the illusion that we are in some Syrian home. Somewhat to the south lies the Palestine Park, which is one of the chief attractions of the Assembly ground. This is an accurate model, in high relief, of the Holy Land. Its size is about two hundred and fifty feet from the barren shores of the Dead Sea in the south, to Mount Hermon in the north, and from the Mediterranean, represented by Lake Chautauqua, in the west, to the Syrian desert in the east, will be probably half as great a distance. The contour of the surface has been elevated or depressed as much as necessary in order to show the mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, plains and deserts as they actually appear to the traveller. Hermon is the most conspicuous point, and the snowy summit of that hoary mountain is represented by a white capping of plaster of Paris. The silver windings of the Jordan may be traced in the flowing of a living stream, while the waters of Merom, Gennesaret, and the Dead Sea are shown in their proper relative proportions and attitudes. The sites of the principal towns, rivers, plains, and mountains are all distinctly indicated. As one walks, Bible in

hand, with the Syrian guide through this miniature Palestine, he gets a more vivid conception than by months of reading of

“Those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

Several prominent features of this park are indicated in the accompanying engravings.

In the rear of the auditorium, on a slight elevation, is an admirable model of the Jewish Tabernacle—about half the size of the original as described by Moses. Within is a fair representation of the holy and most holy places, with the ark of the covenant, table of shew bread, seven-branch-



GENNESARET.

ed candlestick, and other sacred contents of the tabernacle.

The grand auditorium will seat comfortably nearly four thousand persons. As viewed from the grand stand this great congregation is an inspiring sight. The singing especially, under trained leadership, seems to lift the soul on billows of sound, like the voice of many waters, to the very gate of heaven.



MOUNT TABOR.

Though only established in the year 1874, the Chautauqua Assembly has already given a great stimulus to the study of the Scriptures and of the best methods of Sunday-school work. Courses of lectures on social, scientific, and Biblical topics have also been organized with great success. So full and varied have these courses been that the Assembly has already won the name of the Summer University of Chautauqua. Where so many distin-

guished lecturers have appeared it is almost invidious to mention any one, but unquestionably the celebrated Joseph Cook was the hero of the rostrum last year, as he promises to be this year also. During the very first year ten thousand persons attended the Assembly, and that number has annually increased. There have been three hundred distinct sessions, forty-eight lectures from the grand platform, twenty-four sessions for the study of Greek and Hebrew, and three hundred and fifty candidates for examination for the honorary Chautauqua diploma. The expense of the lectures alone of last year was over \$6,000. Three tons of philosophical apparatus was brought from New York for the illustration of a series of scientific lectures.

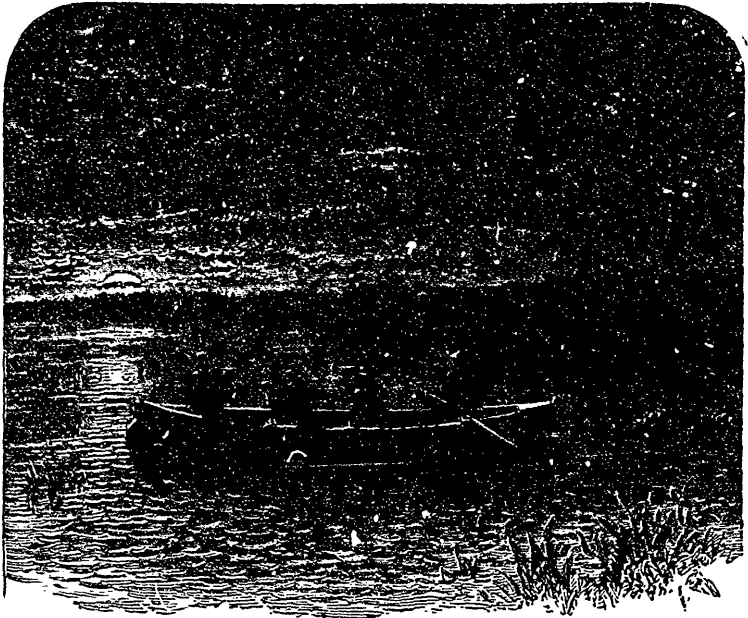
The impression has prevailed in the public mind that Dr. Vincent is interested in the financial success of Chautauqua, and that he is being remunerated for his service there. This is unjust. Dr. Vincent does not receive one cent as salary in any shape or manner for his services there. Nor does he own one cent's worth of property on the grounds. He has



DEAD SEA.

even declined to receive a lot from the trustees, as a present, and lives in a tent. He has no personal financial interest in the Chautauqua meetings whatever. Notwithstanding the fact that he has paid many other men large sums of money for their services as lecturers and workers, yet he has never received a penny for the time and labour he has given to the Church in these meetings.

The chief study at Chautauqua is the Bible and whatever will throw light upon the sacred page. A series of compendious text books have been prepared on Biblical, Sunday-school, and scientific subjects. Whoever will thoroughly master these and pass the examinations thereon will have received no small assistance towards the better comprehension and teaching of the Word of God. Devotional meetings, teachers' institutes, normal classes,



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

mothers' meetings, and the like, furnish a full and varied programme of exercises.

But summer life at Chautauqua is not all work and no play. Quite the reverse. The most ample provision is made for physical and social recreation and innocent amusements. The facilities for boating, bathing, and fishing are extensive, and are made the most of. Concerts on the land and on the water, moonlight sails, fireworks, stereopticon exhibitions, elocutionary readings, Frank Beard's "chalk talks," the familiar use of the telescope, microscope, telephone, phonograph, spectroscope, etc., combine in pleasing union instruction and amusement, profit and delight. The sail around the lake is one of rare enjoyment. The many beautiful water vistas, the richly foliaged shores and curving bays and jutting points, under the golden light of a bright summer day, will furnish a rich treasure of sunny memories for a lifetime.

The Assembly is held for about three weeks, in the latter part

of July and early part of August. Ample provision is made for the entertainment of visitors at a very reasonable expense.

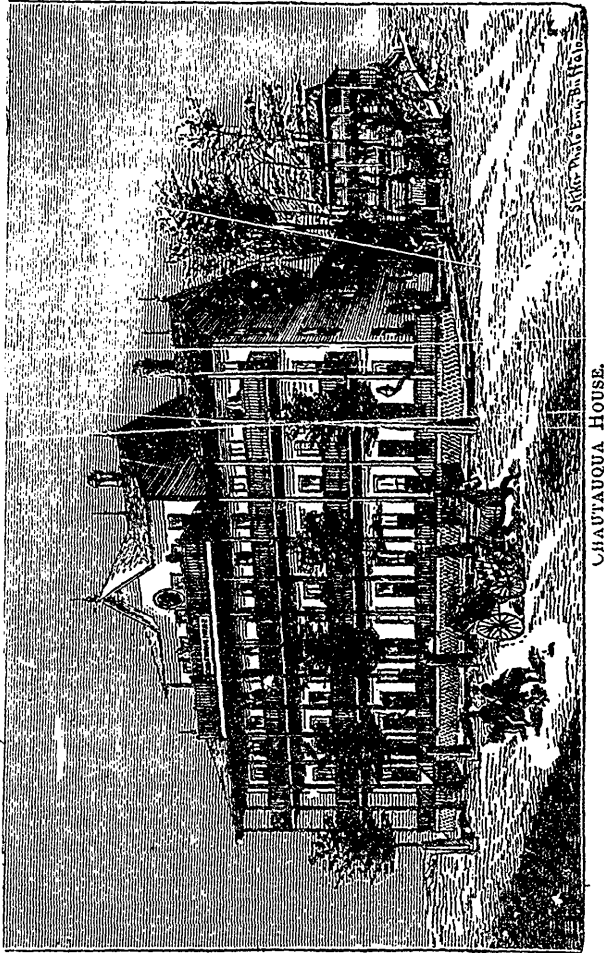
A very delightful excursion trip for Canadian visitors to Chautauqua will be that over the Allegheny Valley Railroad to Pittsburg, a distance of about two hundred miles. It will take them through some of the most picturesque scenery of the United States, and through the very heart of the oil and bituminous coal region of Pennsylvania. It is extraordinary how the river systems of America interlace. The waters of this beautiful lake, within seven miles of Lake Erie, instead of seeking an outlet through that short distance, flow into a tributary of the Allegheny, which at Pittsburg joins the Ohio, and, entering the Mississippi, find rest at length in the distant Gulf of Mexico, after a devious journey of fifteen hundred miles.



BEMUS' POINT.

Titusville, Tedioute, or Oil City will be good points from which to explore the wonders of this "Oildorado." No commercial enterprise ever exhibited such remarkable fluctuations as this oil business, and in none have such vast fortunes been made and lost in so short a time. In 1859 Colonel Drake first "struck oil" in Venango County. Since then 6,000 wells have been sunk in an area of 20,000 acres. In that time the oil trade has grown from infancy to be the rival of the wheat, cotton, and iron trades. For a time, indeed, Oil was king, and his subjects were infected with a perfect craze of speculation. Rock oil is now a commercial necessity of every nation. It is conveyed across

Syrian deserts by caravans of camels. It climbs the mountains of Abyssinia and dispels the darkness of the Tartar's wandering tent, and is the chief illuminator used in Europe. The fluctuations of the trade have been disastrous. In 1864 crude oil sold at \$13 a



barrel at the wells. In 1874 it sold for 65 cents. In 1861 the "Empire Well" flowed 3,000 barrels a day. Much of this ran into the adjacent stream, swelling it into a river of oil, and was completely lost. At present 4,000 wells yield an average of

eight barrels a day. The 6,000 wells have cost \$24,000,000, most of which has been absolutely lost. The oil yielded up to May, 1876, was seventy-nine million barrels. This quantity would fill a canal 1,400 miles long, ten feet wide, and six feet deep. The barrels, closely packed, would cover 10,260 acres. Placed end to end they would extend 40,264 miles. They would require 560,000 cars, or a train 13,000 miles long to convey them. At the present reduced price it would be worth \$300,000,000. More than half of this has been sent to foreign countries.

The traveller in the oil regions will be struck with the network of iron pipes which everywhere meets his eye. These silent agents accomplish what in the early years of the trade was done by a host of profane teamsters, or a stream full of crashing barges. The pipes are of wrought iron, from two to four inches in diameter, and convey the oil from the wells to the immense storage tanks along the line of railway. One of these pipes is forty-eight miles long. Their entire length is over 4,000 miles, and their cost over \$7,000,000. The tanks are huge wrought iron structures, one of which will hold 40,000 barrels.

Much of the oil is conveyed to the sea board or to distant refineries in iron railway tanks, which look like elongated engine boilers. Miles and miles of these can be seen on the great trunk lines. Specially constructed tank vessels have been employed for the ocean carriage of the oil, but is mostly conveyed in stout barrels. In the manufacture of these barrels, which must be of the best character, vast numbers of men are employed.

The landscape of the oleaginous belt is thickly dotted with oil towers—no hill too steep, no hollow too deep for a monument to the glory of petroleum. The huge iron tanks of the pipe lines arrest the eye at intervals, and their conduits branch over the ground to every point of the compass.

The traveller obtains glimpses of well-to-do settlements, mayhap located in a bituminous coal field, where the grimy throats of black diamond mines gape from the heights above, with trains of flats or hopper cars loading at the tipples, indications of the activity of the trade in the staple of the region. Or again, the route lays through primitive forests, with benches of lime and sandstone, and ribs of ore and coal veins cropping from

their rugged sides. Here, in the midst of the virgin wilderness, the tourist catches sight of the tall chimney stacks of iron works, and the fiery mouths of blast furnaces, giving evidence of the enterprise of the iron workers.

Once in a while, at a picturesque bend of the river, or in some wild locality in the hills, innumerable derricks and puffing engines mark the site of newly discovered oil territory.

The consolidated city of Pittsburg—the great iron, steel, coal, and glass mart of America—has a population of 170,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, which form the Ohio. It occupies the point of land at the junction of these streams—the site of Fort Du Quesne—around which were waged some of the most desperate conflicts of the struggle between France and Great Britain for the possession of the broad continent. In its name is perpetuated the memory of the great English statesman, who won for England her vast Indian and Colonial Empire, and who plucked victory from a powerful foe on every sea and in every zone. On the banks of the Ganges and on the banks of the Ohio, on the forts of the Gold Coast and on the ramparts of Louisburg, at the pass of Ticonderoga, and on the heights of Quebec, the red cross flag waved triumphantly. In the Indian seas, on the Spanish Main, on the Atlantic, and on the Pacific, Britain's fleets were everywhere victorious. Senegal, Goree, Guadaloupe, Canada,—her fairest colonial possessions were wrested from France. At Lagos, at Quiberon, on the bloody field of Minden, and on the Plains of Abraham, Britain's sailors or soldiers won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is." The name of William Pitt, the Great Commoner, through whose genius these victories were won, is worthily commemorated by this busy city, which guards forevermore the great gateway of the west.

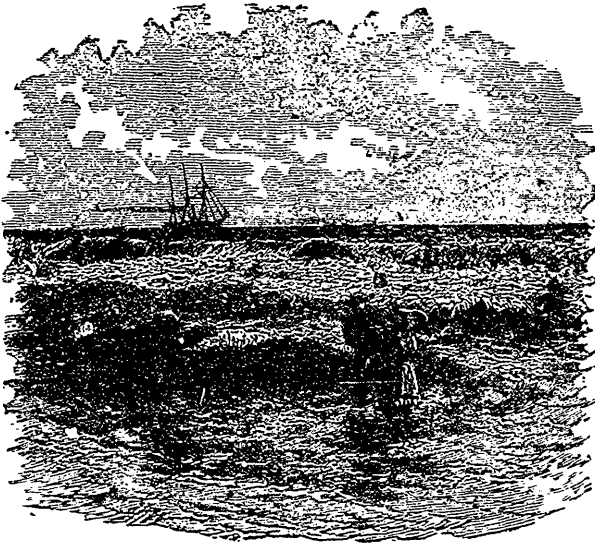
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SUNSET ON THE BEACH, CAPE MAY.

SEA BATHING.



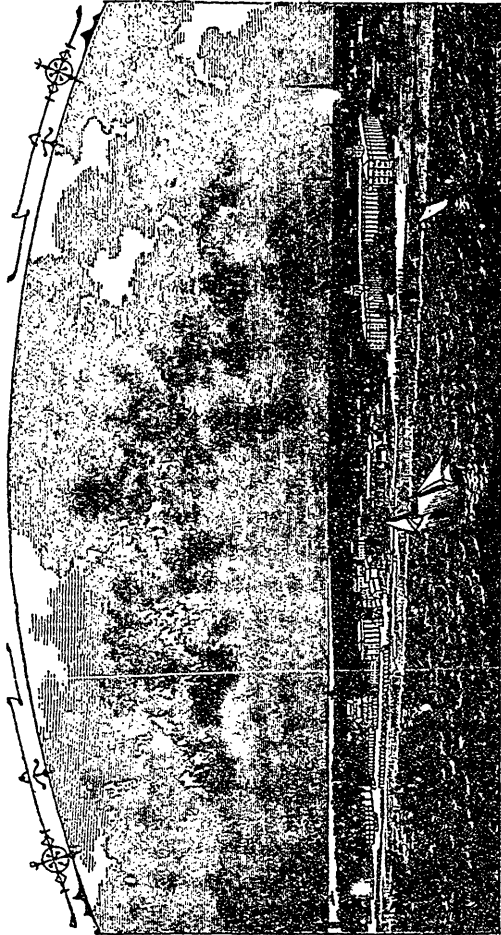
SURF BATHING AT CAPE MAY.

THE first sight of the ocean is an epoch in one's history. New images of power, of grandeur, of sublimity, are born that day in the soul.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests : in all time,  
Calm or convulsed— in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime.

Thenceforth one possesses a new conception of almost infinite vastness, of awful energy, of profoundest mystery. We well remember our first sight of the sea, half a lifetime ago. The swift train sped across the salt tidal marsh. The briny breath of the ocean swept with refreshing coolness through the air, and there, glowing like molten gold in the light of the setting sun, lay the great wide sea, embracing in its arms the vast globe with all its continents and islands. The mighty tide that came

heaving and hurrying landward had swept around the world, like the pulse of a mighty heart whose rhythmic throb thrills every shore. No wonder that the poet sings :



CAPE MAY, FROM THE OCEAN.

Ah ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea,  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams come back to me ;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

And small wonder that the denizens of the hot and crowded city leave its fevered atmosphere, its dusty days and sultry nights for the refreshing breezes of the ocean shore, and the invigorating influence of a daily plunge into its waves.

Doubtless the finest bathing ground in America is at Cape May, the extreme southern point of New Jersey. The proximity of the Gulf Stream gives an elevated temperature and a concentrated saltness to its water scarcely anywhere else possessed along the Atlantic seaboard. At the same time its position, at the extreme point of a long tongue of land, ensure from every quarter but one a cool sea breeze.

Cape May is reached from Philadelphia by a three hours' run over the West Jersey Railroad. Indeed, it might almost be called Philadelphia-on-the-sea, holding about the same relation to the Quaker City as a summer residence as Baiæ and Capri did to Rome in the palmy days of the Empire. The route to the Cape lies through the fertile agricultural region of New Jersey, tilled like a garden for the benefit of the Philadelphia markets. The Cape takes its name from Captain Mey, of the Dutch West India Company, by whom it was settled early in the sixteenth century. The surroundings of the little town are even now of primitive simplicity. One need not go far from the glitter of the fashionable hotel to find such a scene of almost primeval solitude as that shown in the cut on page 18.

The piece of stranded wreck in the foreground gives a hint of the many disasters that have occurred upon this wind-blown New Jersey coast—of many a gallant ship driving on the pitiless lee shore in a wintry storm, "where the cruel rocks, they gored her sides, like the horns of an angry bull"—of the fierce struggle with the treacherous waves that now so gently kiss the strand.

The contrast between the luxurious summer palaces and costly equipage, and the humble fisherman's cottages, is like "cloth of gold matched with cloth of frieze." But during the winter the great hotels are as lifeless as the temples of Palmyra. It is in

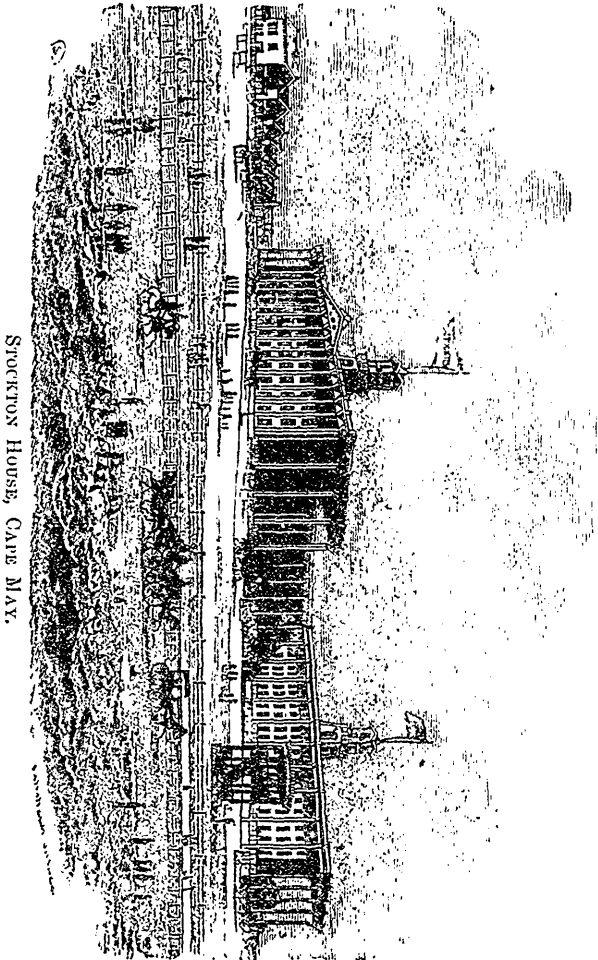
the sultry summertime, when the dog star rages and the city is like an oven, that the amphibious farmer of Cape May prepares



SCENE NEAR CAPE MAY.

for his crops. The rich citizen is his harvest, and many a dollar Jersey thrift adds to its accumulated store. Then the huge

hotels are thronged with fashionable guests, and the humbler cottages overflow with summer boarders of more quiet tastes and scantier purses—for almost every rank in the social scale can find here accommodation suited to their needs and means. The great Stockton House and Congress Hall, with their broad bal-

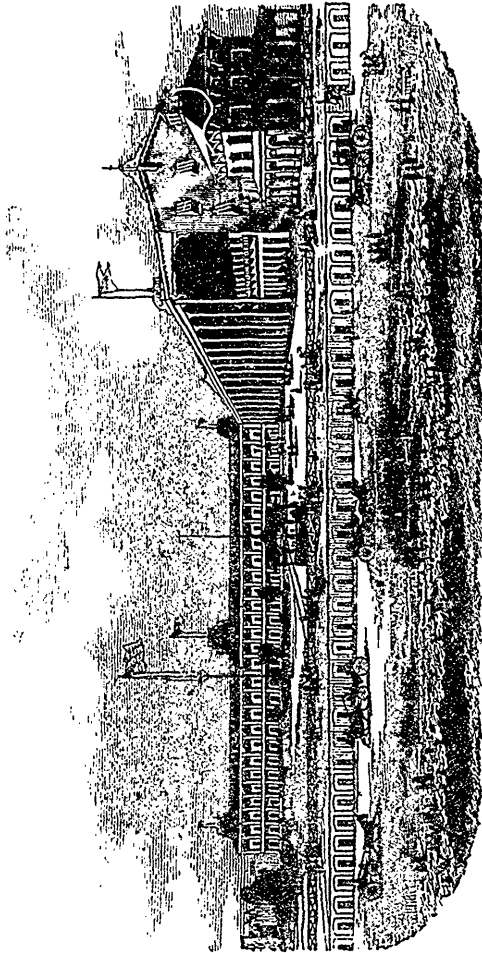


STOCKTON HOUSE, CAPE MAY.

conies, long corridors, vast parlours, and army of waiters, are filled with the *elite* of the American aristocracy of wealth. In the private cottages will be found often equal comfort, with the

addition of that quiet which is so grateful to the jaded nerve and weary brain of the invalid or busy toiler in life's hive.

Sea Grove, two miles from the town, is a religious resort, where soul and body may be alike refreshed and strengthened for the



CONGRESS HALL AND BATHING HOUSES.

'battle of life. Twelve miles distant, across the entrance to Delaware Bay, gleam the snowy sands of Cape Henlopen.

Even at this distance we can see the tides,  
 Upheaving break unheard along its base,  
 A speechless wrath that rises and subsides  
 In the white lip and tremor of the face.

The snowy-pinioned fleets of commerce glide, swan-like, up and down this great waterway of the nation. Out in the offing where the current meets the tide, "like the wings of the sea-birds flash the white caps of the sea."

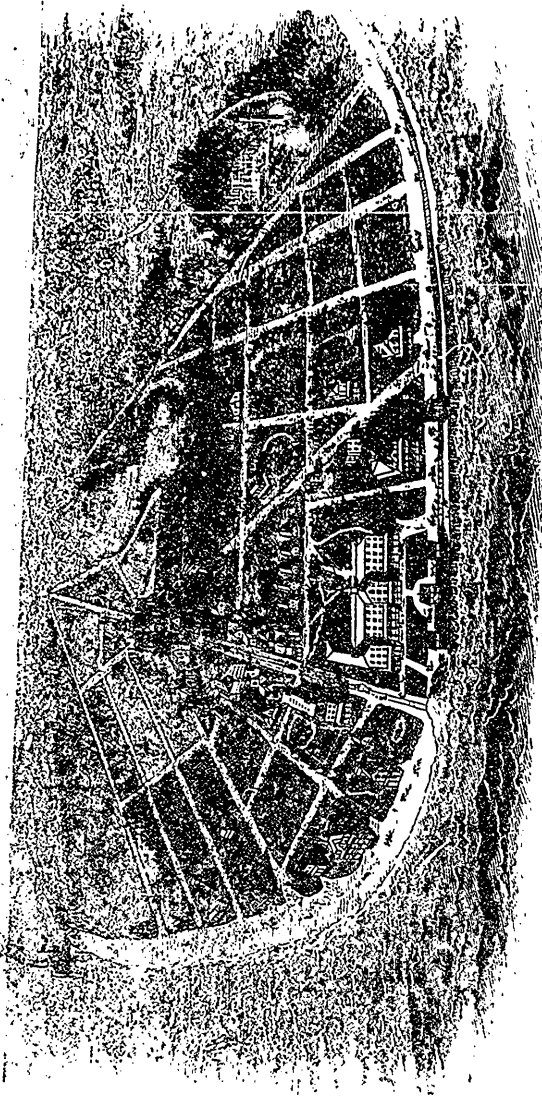
During this bright summer season the wonted air of repose of the wide streets and squares give place to one full of life and colour. Gay equipages dash about, and pleasure-seeking visitors saunter on the beach or lounge in the piazzas.

The great event of the day at Cape May is the sea bath. Bathers are not compelled, as in some places, to suit their convenience to the state of the tide, but can bathe at any hour of the day. The favourite time, however, is at 11 a.m. About this hour a tribe of strangely dressed creatures in flannel emerge from a long range of bath-houses, shown in the cut on page 20, looking, says a cynical critic, like mad people broke loose from an asylum. They advance and plunge fearlessly into the surf like so many mermen and mermaids. The smooth sand slopes gradually into deep water. There is an entire absence of that treacherous undertow, which makes surf-bathing in some places so dangerous. Life-lines stretched from the shore, which are often a necessary precaution, are here unneeded and unknown. The life-boats which ride beyond the surf seem equally unnecessary, but their presence gives a sense of protection to even the most timid surf-bathers. With almost the regularity of clock-work, the great waves, gleaming with a green translucent light, advance shoreward, curve with glassy smoothness, break in snowy foam, and die away in a delicate lacework of spray upon the smooth, hard sand. It reminds one of platoons of soldiers advancing, firing along the line, and retreating with orderly precision. After their amphibious gambols in the waves the dripping, bedraggled-looking bathers disappear into their dressing rooms, and soon emerge transformed into fashionably attired ladies, fair as Aphrodite, new risen from the foam, and polished gentlemen, brave as Neptune, ruler of the waves.

The glory of the day, however, is the golden sunset hour. A mellow light fills the illimitable air. The far-gleaming ocean is like the sea of glass mingled with fire. The clouds gather in a gorgeous group around the couch of the dying day. Strong



lights and deep shadows mark the smooth, white, shining sands. Now the sun, like Moses, smites the waters and they turn to



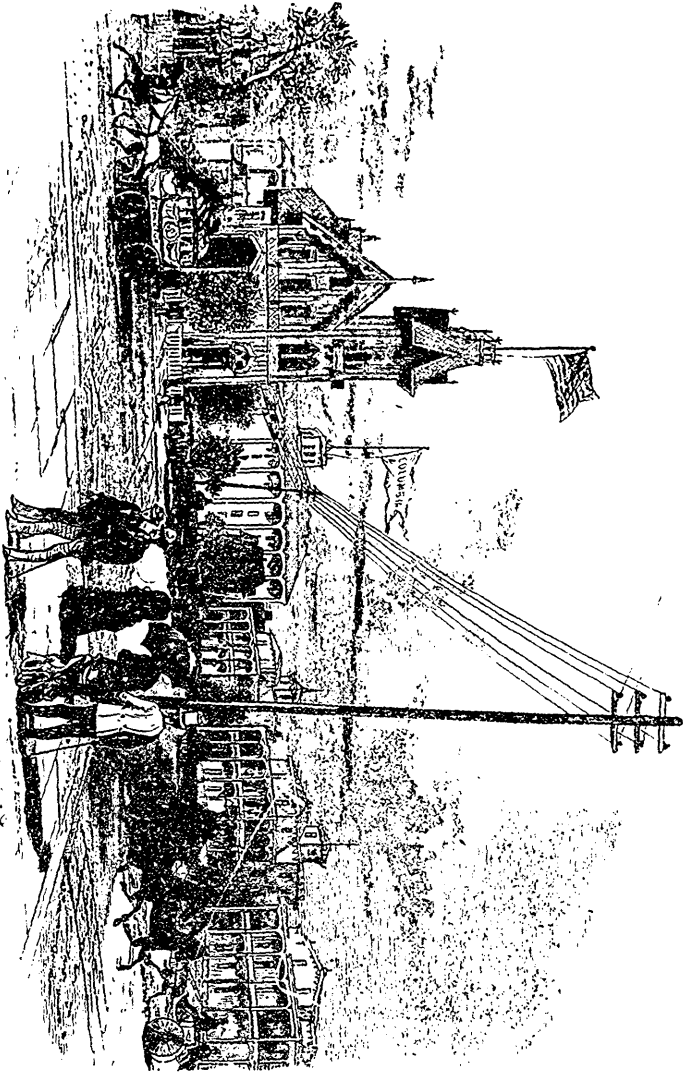
SEA GROVE, BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

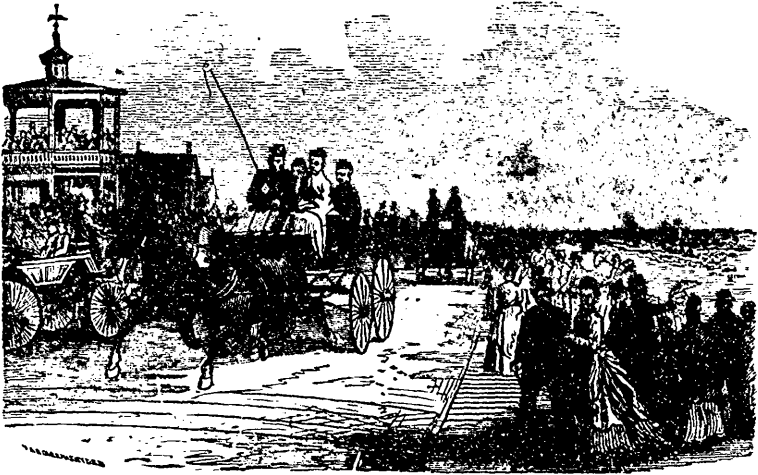
blood, and the solemn night comes down upon the scene. Such is the hour described by Longfellow in the lines :

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

SEMMER SCENE, CAPE MAY.





DRIVE ON THE BEACH. -

One of the most charming features of Cape May is the six-mile drive along the beach—smooth as a floor, hard as a rock, trampled to almost granite firmness by the ceaseless marching and counter-marching of the battalions of the surf. Here, while the fetlocks of the horses are splashed with foam, one may drink health and strength from the salt sea air, and renew one's youth in its exhilarating spell.

As the sun goes down the steadfast lighthouse—a pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day—flings its signal across the waves.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
 Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
 Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
 The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
 Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
 And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
 They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
 Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
 And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
 Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE, CAPE HAY.



Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
 Year after year, through all the silent night  
 Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
 Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
 The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;  
 It sees the wild winds lit it in their grasp,  
 And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
 And steadily against its solid form  
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

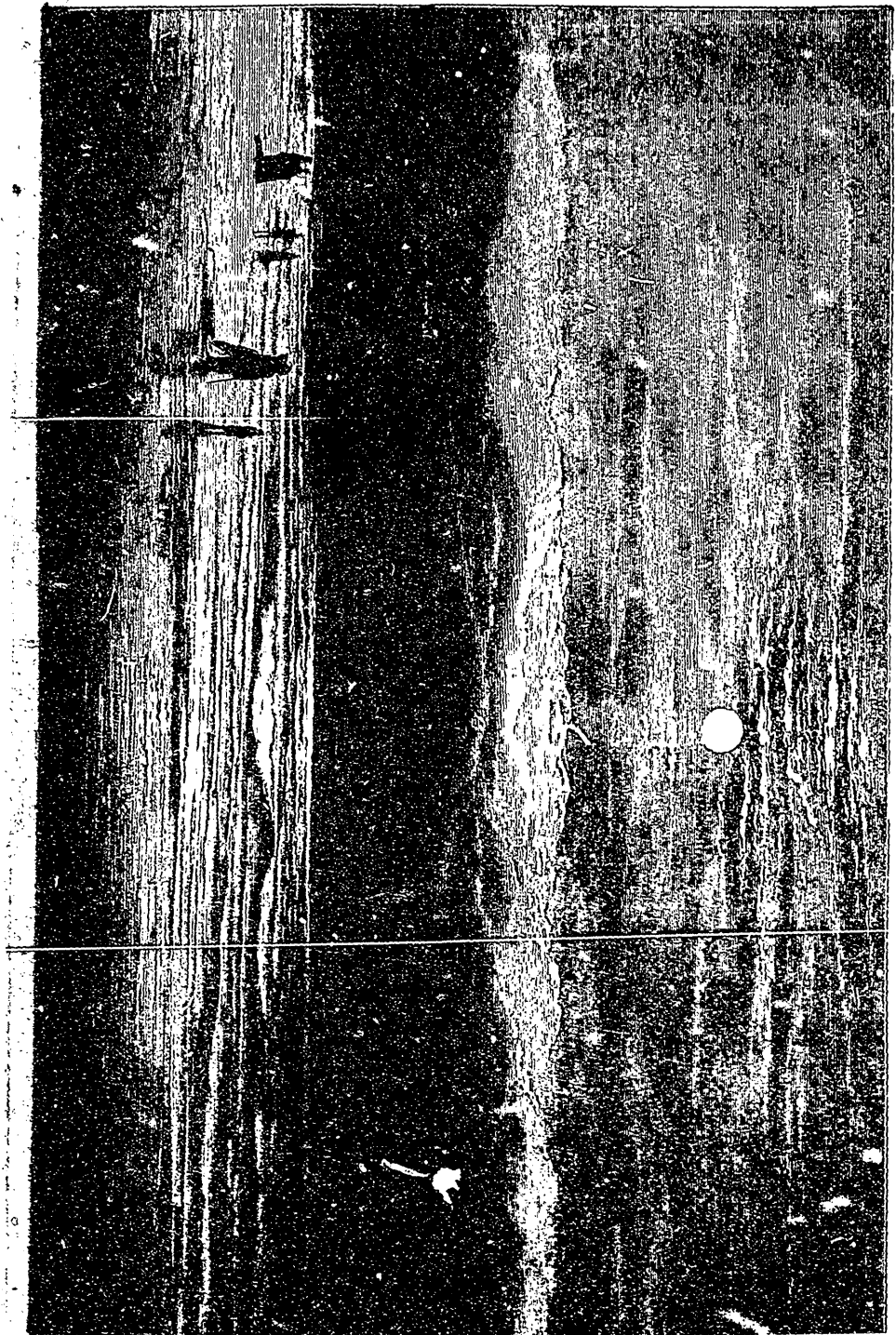
A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on !" it says, "sail on ye stately ships !  
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;  
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !"

Then the pale moon climbs the sky, cresting with silver the far-rolling lines of surf—bathing with beauty every familiar object till it seems margined with translucent pearl. And through the hushed and solemn watches of the night old Ocean chants his mighty psalm like the voice of many waters, deep to deep loud calling, wave to wave.

Oh Sea of Life !  
 All solemnly  
 I stand by thee  
 And listen to the strife  
 Of thy wild waves which moan afar,  
 And everlastingly  
 Break on the shores of dread eternity.  
 I hear a wail  
 Borne on the gale,  
 As of souls that sail  
 'Mid the 'wilderer dark.  
 I hear a moan  
 Like the dying groan  
 Of souls that sink  
 'Neath the hungry wave.  
 I shudder, I shrink

On the awful brink  
 Of this dread, mysterious sea.  
 Upon the shore  
 I hear a roar  
 As fate's dark billows break ;  
 And evermore  
 Each spectral bark  
 Flies 'mid the dark  
 To that awful and mysterious shore,  
 Whence they return no more, no more.  
 Ah, who will be our guide  
 Across this ocean wild and wide ?  
 Oh, who  
 Will be the Charon of this swelling tide,  
 And land us safe upon the other side ?



## THE KING'S MESSENGER;

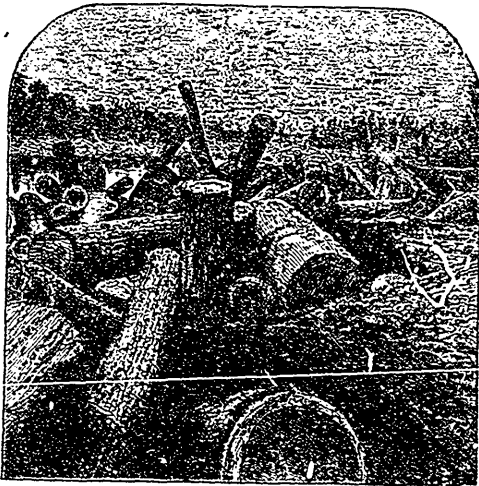
OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

*A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.*

## CHAPTER XV.—THE "TIMBER JAM."

Now suddenly the waters boil and leap,  
 On either side the foamy spray is cast,  
 Hoarse Genii through the shouting rapid sweep,  
 And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep.

Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge,  
 And howling billows sweep the waters dark,  
 Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,  
 That loudens as they strike the rock's resisting verge.

SANGSTER—*The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.*

A LOG JAM.

At last the Spring came to the lumber-camp. The days grew long and bright and warm. The ice on the river became sodden and water-logged, or broke up into great cakes beneath the rising water. The snow on the upland rapidly melted away, and the utmost energy was employed in getting down the logs to the river before it entirely dis-

appeared. The harsh voice of the blue jay was heard screaming in the forest, and its bright form was seen flitting about in the sunlight. The blithe note of the robin rang through the air. A green flush crept over the trees, and then suddenly they burgeoned out into tender leafage. The catkins of the birch and

maple showered down upon the ground. A warm south wind blew, bringing on its wings a copious rain. The river rose several feet in a single night. One timber boom above the camp broke with the strain upon it, and thousands of logs went racing and rushing, like maddened herds of sea-horses, down the stream. Happily the heavy boom below held firm, and they were all retained.

About a mile above the camp was a steep and heavy rapid of many rods in length. Above it a large "drive" of logs had been collected. It was a grand and exciting sight to see them shooting the rapids. As they glided out of the placid water above, they were drawn gradually into the swifter rush of the river. They approached a ledge where, in unbroken glassy current, the stream poured over the rock. In they rushed, and, tilting quickly up on end, made a plunge like a diver into the seething gulf below. After what seemed to the spectator several minutes submergence, they rose with a bound partially above the surges, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony" with the stormy waves. Now they rush full tilt against an iron rock that, mid-stream, challenges their right to pass, and are hurled aside, shuddering, bruised, and shattered from the encounter. Some are broken in twain. Others are shivered into splinters. Others glide by unscathed.

Now one lodges in a narrow channel. Another strikes and throws it athwart the stream. Another and another, and still others in quick succession, lodge, and a formidable "jam" is formed. Now a huge log careers along like a bolt from a catapult. It will surely sweep away the obstacle. With a tremendous thud, like the blow of a battering-ram, it strikes the mass, which quivers, grinds, groans, and apparently yields a moment, but is faster jammed than ever. The water rapidly rises and boils and eddies with tenfold rage.

The "drivers" above have managed to throw a log across the entrance to the rapid to prevent a further run, and now set deliberately about loosening the "jam." With cant-hooks, pike-poles, levers, axes, and ropes, they try to roll, pry, chop, or haul out of the way the logs which are jammed together in a seemingly inextricable mass. The work has a terribly perilous look



The jam may at any moment give way, carrying everything before it with resistless force. Yet these men, who appear almost like midgets as compared with its immense mass, swarm over it, pulling, tugging, shoving, and shouting with the utmost coolness



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

From "The Wooden Age," in *Scribner's Monthly*.

and daring. Like amphibious animals, they wade into the rushing, ice-cold water, and clamber over the slippery logs.

Now an obstructive "stick," as these huge logs are called, is set free. The jam creaks and groans and gives a shove, and the

men scamper to the shore. But no; it again lodges apparently as fast as ever. At work the men go again, when, lo! a single well-directed blow of an axe relieves the whole jam, exerting a pressure of hundreds of tons. It is *sauve qui peut*. Each man springs to escape. The whole mass goes crashing, grinding, groaning over the ledge.

Is everybody safe? No, Evans has almost got to the shore when he is caught, by the heel of his iron-studded boot, between two grinding logs. Another moment and he will be swept or dragged down to destruction. Lawrence, not without imminent personal risk, springs forward and catches hold of his outstretched hands. Dowler throws his arms around Lawrence's body, and bracing himself against a rock they all give a simultaneous pull and the imprisoned foot is freed. And well it is so, for at that moment the whole wrack goes rushing by. The entire occurrence has taken only a few seconds. These lumbermen need to have a quick eye, firm nerves, and strong thews and sinews, for their lives seem often to hang on a hair.

But what is that lithe and active figure dancing down the rapids on a single log, at the tail of the jam? It is surely no one else than Baptiste la Tour. How he got there no one knows. He hardly knows himself. But there he is, gliding down with arrowy swiftness on a log that is spinning round under his feet with extraordinary rapidity. With the skill of an acrobat or rope dancer he preserves his balance, by keeping his feet, arms, legs, and whole body in constant motion, the spikes in his boots preventing his slipping. So long as the log is in deep water and keeps clear of rocks and other logs, he is comparatively safe.

But see! he will surely run upon that jutting crag! Nearer and nearer he approaches; now for a crash and a dangerous leap! But no! he veers off, the strong back-wash of the water preventing the collision. Now the log plunges partly beneath the waves, but by vigorous struggles he keeps his place on its slippery surface. Now his log runs full tilt against another. The shock of the collision shakes him from his feet; he staggers and slips in to the water, but in a moment he is out and on his unmanageable steed again.

As he glides out into the smooth water below the rapids, a

ringing cheer goes up from his comrades, who had been watching with eager eyes his 'perilous ride. They had not cheered when the jam gave way, ending their two hours strenuous effort. But at Baptiste's safety, irrepressibly their shouts burst forth. With the characteristic grace of his countrymen, he returned the cheer by a polite bow, and seizing a floating handspike that had been carried down with the wrack, he paddled toward the shore. As he neared it, he sprang from log to log till he stood on solid ground. Shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, he strode up the bank to receive the congratulations of his comrades.

"That's wuss than breakin' in the breachiest hoss I ever see," was the comment of Jim Dowler, who spoke from experience of the latter performance.

"I'd as soon go sailin' on a broom-stick wid a witch, through the air," said Dennis O'Neal, who spoke as if he had tried that mode of travelling,

"It's better than being caught like an otter in a trap, as I was," said Evans. "I'm like Apollo," he went on, recalling the classic lore he learned at Brasenose, "vulnerable in my heel. But there, I'm sorry to say, the resemblance ends, so far as I can see," and he laughed a hard, bitter, scornful laugh against himself.

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#### CHAPTER XV.—"THE WORM OF NILUS STINGS NOT SO."

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—PROVERBS.

This is an aspic's trail.—SHAKESPEARE—*Ant. and Cleop.*

Death's harbingers lie latent in the draught,  
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl  
Fell adders hiss and poisonous serpents roll.—PRIOR.

LAWRENCE pitied from the bottom of his heart this solitary, cynical, broken-spirited man, who had made shipwreck of such fair prospects, and wasted such golden opportunities, and had sown such a crop of bitter memories, whose melancholy harvest he must now reap. He therefore took an opportunity of quietly conversing with him and endeavouring to inspire hope in his hopeless heart. He referred especially to the good Providence,

by which he had been rescued from imminent peril, as a reason why he should endeavour to live a nobler life, and devote his gifts and attainments to the service of God.

"It is very kind of you to care for a poor forlorn wretch whom nobody else cares for; but it's no use, I tell you," said Evans. "I know all you would say, and I know it's all true; but it's too late—too late," and he gave a heavy sigh. "I've had to make shipwreck of all that a man should hold dear to be what I am. There was a noble woman loved me once and I hoped to call her wife, but even her holy influence had not power to keep me from the wine cup." And his features twitched convulsively, and his eyes, though tearless, wore a look of hopeless agony.

"Do you see that log?" he asked, pointing to a bruised and battered trunk drifting helplessly down the rapids. "Well, I am that log, battered and bruised with knocking about in the world, drifting without hope on the stream of chance. Nothing on earth can stop me or help me. It's too late, I tell you," he repeated, with an impatient and almost angry gesture.

"It is never too late, my brother," said Lawrence, laying his hand affectionately on his arm. "It is never too late, if you will but put your trust in God and look to Him for help."

"It is, for me," said Evans, dejectedly. "Young man, you don't know the overmastering appetite that drives me to drink, as the devil drove the swine into the sea. Here I can't get it, so I keep pretty straight, though an unsatiable craving gnaws at my vitals all the time. But when I go down to Quebec with the raft we are building, I can no more withstand the temptations of the scores of taverns in Champlain Street and *Rue des Matelots* than that log can help going over those falls," and as he pointed it disappeared with a plunge in the foam.

"Why, the very smell of the liquor coming out of those low shebeens," he went on, "burns up all my resolutions, as flax is shrivelled in the flames, and I go to my fate like an ox to the slaughter. Even while I think of it the thirst kindles like a tiger's that has tasted blood. You see those boiling rapids? Well, if there was liquor on the other side, I'd go through them to get it."

"Oh! don't talk so dreadfully," exclaimed Lawrence, with a

shudder. "It is wicked. Try to give it up. Ask God to help you."

"Do you suppose I haven't tried, and vowed, and prayed?" asked Evans, bitterly. "God only knows how I've tried. But

The limed soul that struggles to get free  
Is but the more engaged,

as the immortal Shakespeare has it, and liquor is the devil's bird-lime, by which he catches more souls than by anything else. Young man!" he said, solemnly, grasping Lawrence by the hand, "I'm on my way to hell, and I can't stop; but for God's sake, for your friends' sake, for your soul's sake, I adjure you, never touch the first glass. Would to God I never had," and he buried his face in his hands.

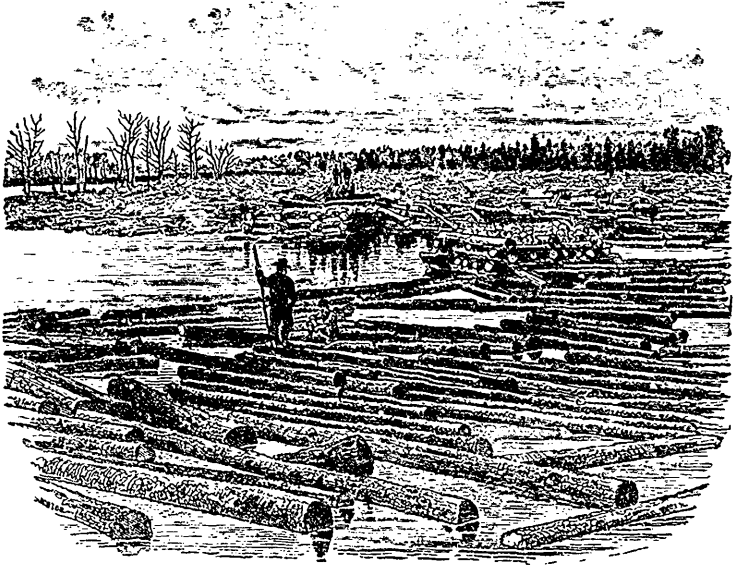
"I never have, I never will," said Lawrence. "My father taught me when a boy to vow eternal hatred to it, as Hannibal did against the enemies of his country."

"Your father was a wise man," said Evans, raising his head, "and my father was a ——, but I'll not upbraid his memory. Yet, when I was a child, he used to have me brought in after dinner, and set me on his knee, and let me sip his wine, and showed me off to his guests, he was so proud of me. He lived to be ashamed enough of me," he added, bitterly.

"And my mother—one of the kindest of mothers, but what mistaken kindness!—when I was studying, used to bring me up wine and cake, and kiss me good-night. I think I see her yet! And, O God! I broke her heart, and brought down my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." And he shuddered through all his frame with a convulsive groan, as he again buried his face in his hands.

Lawrence wept tears of sympathy for this unhappy man, but in the presence of this bitter sorrow, this appalling past and hopeless future, he was dumb.

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DOWN AT THE BOOM.

(From "The Wooden Age," in *Scribner's Monthly*.)

CHAPTER XVI.—RAFTING.

The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss  
Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll,  
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,  
Lashing the tortured crags with wild demoniac bliss.

—SANGSTER.

THE glorious summertide had come. The leafy luxuriance of June robed all the forest in richest verdure. Triliums and sweet wild violets filled the woods with beauty and fragrance. The river had fallen to its normal height, and most of the logs had been run down to join thousands of others on the mighty flood of the Ottawa. Each bore the brand of its owner, and they floated on together, to be arrested by the huge boom, and there sorted out to their several owners. The long spars and square timber intended for exportation were made up into "drams," as they are called. These consist of a number of "sticks" of pine, oak, elm, or ash, lashed side by side. They are kept together by

means of "traverses" or cross pieces, to which the "sticks" are bound by stout withes of ironwood or hickory, made supple by being first soaked in water and then twisted in a machine and wound around an axle, by which means the fibres are crushed and rendered pliable. The "drams" are made just wide enough to run through the timber slides. On the long, smooth reaches of the river they are fastened together so as to make a large raft, which is impelled on its way by the force of the current, assisted by huge oars, and, when the wind is favourable, by sails. In running the rapids, or going through the slides, the raft is again separated into its constituent "drams."

By the end of June all was ready for the final breaking up of the camp. Many of the men had already gone, some to take up land; others to drive the teams through the forest trail. The last meal was prepared, the personal kit of each man was packed and piled on a raised platform on the raft, and the whole covered with a tarpaulin. On the "Cabin Dram" was built the cook's shanty, with its stores of pork, bread, and biscuit. The raft was loosed from its moorings, and, with a cheer from the men, glided down the stream and out into the Ottawa. It was steered by huge "sweeps" or oars, about twelve yards long. Baptiste and the Indians assumed command of the oars and piloted the raft.

The crew, with but one exception, seemed delighted at the prospect of returning to the precincts of civilization, though to many of them that meant squandering their hard-earned wages in prodigal dissipation and riot. That exception was Matt Evans, who wore the air of a doomed man going to his death.

"I know," he said to Lawrence, "that in a week after we reach Quebec I shall be a drunken vagabond, and not draw a sober breath while my money lasts. I think I'll ship on a two years' whaling voyage. I won't be waylaid by taverns at every turn among the icebergs."

Lawrence was full of eager longing to reach home. He was to leave the raft at Ottawa. Most of the others were to accompany it to Quebec.

The voyage down the river was uneventful but not monotonous. The weather was glorious. The bright sunlight and pure air

seemed to exhilarate like wine. The raftsmen danced and capered and sang "En roulant ma boule," and

"Ah ! qui l'hiver est long !  
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !"

Baptiste meanwhile furnishing the music with his violin.

Lawrence enjoyed running the rapids exceedingly, although it was not devoid of a spice of danger. With the increasing swiftness of the current the water assumes a glazed or oily appearance. Objects on the shore fly backward more rapidly. The oars at bow and stern are more heavily manned. Right ahead are seen the white seething "boilers" of the rapids. With a rush the dram springs forward and plunges into the breakers, which roars like sea monsters for their prey. The waves break over in snowy foam. The shock knocks half the men off their feet. They catch hold of the traverse to avoid being washed overboard. The dram shudders throughout all its timbers, and the withes groan and creak as if they would burst asunder under the strain. The brown rocks gleam through the waves as they flash past. Soon the dram glides out into smooth water. The white-crested billows race behind like horrid monsters of Scylla, gnashing their teeth in rage at the escape of their prey.

The great caldron of the Chaudiere, in which the strongest dram would be broken like match-wood, was passed by means of the government timber slides—long sloping canals, with timber sides and bottoms, down which the drams glide with immense rapidity. Sometimes they jam with a fearful collision. But such accidents are rare.

This is the way in which Canada's great timber harvest seeks the sea. At Quebec the rafts are broken up and the "sticks" are hauled through timber ports in the bows of the vessels that shall bear it to the markets of the Old World.

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WORDS are like leaves ; and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

—*Pope.*



## THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

*THE MARTYRS OF CANADA.\**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## I.

THAT subtle and sinister system which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries belted the world with its missions and won renown and execration in almost every land, gained some of its grandest triumphs and exhibited its most heroic spirit in the wilderness of Canada. The Jesuits had numbered as converts hundreds of thousands of baptized pagans in India and the Moluccas, in China and Japan, in Brazil and Paraguay. They almost entirely controlled the religious education of youth in Europe and kept the consciences of kings, nobles, and great ladies, who sought at their feet spiritual guidance and counsel. They had won well-merited fame for their attainments in ancient learning, for modern science, for pulpit eloquence, and for subtle state craft. Under the disguise of a Brahmin, a mauderin, an astrologer, a peasant, a scholar, they had compassed the world to make proselytes to Rome. Deciphering ancient manuscripts or inscriptions, sweeping the heavens with the telescope or digging the earth with a mattock, editing the classics or ancient Fathers, or teaching naked savages the *Ave* or *Credo*, they were alike the obedient and zealous servants of their Order, to whose advancement their whole being was devoted. They were at once among the greatest friends of human learning and the most deadly enemies of civil liberty.

But nowhere did the Jesuit missionaries exhibit grander moral heroism or sublimer self-sacrifice, nowhere did they encounter greater sufferings with more pious fortitude, or meet with a more

\* This article forms part of a chapter on the Wilderness Missions of Canada, in a forthcoming History of the Dominion, by W. H. Withrow, M.A. It is now passing through the press at Boston, and will shortly appear in one large 8vo. volume of 500 pages, with about one hundred engravings. Price, \$3 50 to \$4 50. E. E. Russell, 55 Cornhill, Boston, Publisher.

tragedy than in the wilderness missions of New France. They were the pioneers of civilization, the path-finders of empire on this continent. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over the vast country stretching from the rocky shores of Nova Scotia to the distant prairies of the Far West, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi River. Paddling all day in their bark canoes, sleeping at night on the naked rock; toiling over rugged portages or through pathless forests; pinched by hunger; gnawed to the bone by cold; often dependent for subsistence on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their names;\* lodging in Indian wigwams whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; braving peril and persecution and death itself, they persevered in their path of self-sacrifice, for the glory of God,† the salvation of souls, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," writes Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

As early as 1626, Jean de Brebeuf established a mission among the Hurons on the shores of the Georgian Bay. In 1641, Peres Jogues and Raymbault told the story of the Cross to a wondering assembly of two thousand redmen beside the rushing rapids of the Ste. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, five years before Eliot had preached the gospel to the Indians within gunshot of Boston town.

The story of Jogues' subsequent adventures is one of tragic interest. The following summer (1642), returning from Quebec with supplies for the Huron Mission, his party were surprised by the Iroquois on Lake St. Peter and carried prisoners to the Mohawk towns. Every indignity and torture that the human frame can endure was wreaked upon the wretched priest,—a man of gentle birth, delicate culture, and scholarly training—and upon his companions. With mangled hands and bruised and bleeding body, he was dragged in savage triumph from town to town—the sport of

\* "Jesuits' moss"—*tripe de roche*—a coarse edible lichen which abounds in the northern wastes.

† *Ad majorem gloriam Dei*, is the motto of the Order of Jesus.

wanton boys and cruel squaws. His companions having been murdered or burned at the stake, Jogues wandered through the wintry woods, carved the cross and the name of Jesus on the trees, and lifted his voice in a litany of sorrow. But his soul was sustained by visions of his Divine Master and by the holy joy of being enabled to baptize by stealth no less than seventy Mohawk children, and thus, as he fondly believed, to snatch their souls from eternal perdition.

After a series of hair-breadth escapes, he was rescued by the Dutch at Fort Orange and was restored to France. Feted and caressed by the Queen of Louis XIII. and by the ladies of the court, he longed to engage once more in his self-sacrificing missionary toils, and with the early spring, took ship again for Canada. Undaunted by the agonies he had endured, he returned to the scene of his sufferings, to establish among the Mohawks the Mission of the Martyrs, as it was prophetically named. "*Ibo et non redibo*—I shall go, but I shall not return," he said, with a just presentiment of his fate, as he parted from his friends. He was soon barbarously murdered, and thus received the martyr's starry and unwithering crown, A.D. 1644.

Similar was the fate of Bressani, an Italian Jesuit. Taken prisoner, like Jogues, while on his way to the Huron Mission; scarred, scourged, beaten, mangled, burned, and tortured, with hungry dogs fed off his naked body,—he still continued to live. "I could not have believed," he wrote, "that a man was so hard to kill."

"I do not know," he says in his letter to the General of the Order at Rome, "if your Paternity will recognize the writing of one whom you once knew very well. The letter is soiled and ill written, because the writer has only one finger of his right hand left entire, and cannot prevent the blood from his wounds, which are still open, from staining the paper. His ink is gunpowder mixed with water, and his table is the ground." He, too, was rescued by the Dutch at Fort Orange, returned to France, but eagerly hastened, as if in love with death, back to the scene of his sufferings and his toils.\*

\* Of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada, not a few earned the honoured title of martyrs and confessors of the faith. Among these were Pères Daniel, Brébeuf,

The shores of the Georgian Bay present to the voyager upon its waters a picturesque variety of bold headlands, rocky islands of every size and shape, and quiet inlets bordered by the columned forest or the smiling clearing and thriving town or village. The region between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe, which is now a rich agricultural district, was, two centuries and a half ago, the home of the numerous and powerful Huron nation of Indians. Much of this region is still covered with what seems to be a virgin forest, yet the plough and the axe of the pioneer often bring to light the relics of a former population concerning whom local tradition is silent, and of whom the lingering red men of the present know nothing. Yet in the pages of history live the records of this lost race, written with a fidelity and vigour that rehabilitate the past and bring us face to face with the extinct nation. The three large volumes of *Relations des Jesuites*\* contain a minute and graphic account by men of scholastic training, keen insight and cultivated powers of observation, of the daily life, the wars and conflicts, the social, and especially the religious, condition of this strange people. As we read these quaint old pages, we are present at the firesides and the festivals of the Huron nation; we witness their superstitious rites and usages, their war and medicine dances, and their funeral customs; and, at length, as the result of the pious zeal of the Jesuit missionaries, their general adoption of Christianity and their celebration of Christian worship.

In the region between the Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe, and the River Severn, in the year 1639, were no less than thirty-two Huron villages, and about thirty thousand inhabitants. These villages were not mere squalid collections of wigwams, but consisted of well-built dwellings, about thirty or thirty-five feet high, as many wide, and sometimes thirty and even a hundred yards

Lalemant, Garnier, Garreau, Jogues, Buteux and Chabanet; and Goupil, Brulé and Lalande, lay labourers, who died by violence in the service of the mission. De Nune was frozen to death in the snow, and Bressani, Châtelaine, Chaumonot, Couture, and others, endured tortures far worse than death.

\* For forty years, 1632-1672, these *Relations* were annually sent to the Provincial of the Order at Paris. They were collected and published in three large 8vo. volumes by the Canadian Government in 1858. I have closely followed these *Relations* in the text.

long. They were generally well fortified by a ditch, rampart, and three or four rows of palisades; and sometimes had flanking bastions which covered the front with a cross-fire. The inhabitants were not mere hunting nomads, but an agricultural people, who laid up ample stores of provisions, chiefly Indian corn, for their maintenance during the winter.

It is not within the scope of this paper to describe the planting of the Huron mission, but rather to depict the closing scenes of the forest tragedy.

As early as 1626, Jean de Brebeuf, the apostle of the Hurons, had visited, and for three years remained among, these savage tribes. On Kirk's conquest of Quebec, he was recalled, but in 1634, accompanied by Peres Daniel and Davost, he returned under a savage escort to the temporarily abandoned mission. By a tortuous route of nine hundred miles up the Ottawa, and through Lake Nipissing, French River, and the Georgian Bay, they reached the Bay of Penetanguishene. Over four-and-thirty portages, sometimes several miles long, often steep and rugged, through tangled forests and over sharp rocks that lacerated their naked feet, the missionary pioneers helped to bear their bark canoes and their contents. Fifty times they had to plunge into rapids and, wading or stumbling over boulders in the rocky channel, to drag the laden boats against an arrowy stream. With drenched and tattered garments, with weary and fasting frames, with bruised and mangled feet, stung by mosquitoes and venomous insects, they had to sleep on the damp earth or naked rock. "But amid it all," writes Brebeuf, "my soul enjoyed a sublime contentment, knowing that all I suffered was for God."\* Separated from his companions and abandoned by his perfidious escort, Brebeuf offered himself and all his labours to God for the salvation of these poor savages,† and pressed through the woods to the scene of his former toil. He found that Brule, a fellow-countryman, had been cruelly murdered in his absence; and, with prophetic instinct, anticipated the same fate for himself, but desired

\* "Mon âme ressentoit de très-grands contentmens, considérant que ie suffrois pour Dieu. Brébeuf, *Relation des Hurons*, 1635, p. 26.

† "M'offris a nostre Seigneur, avec tous nos petits travaux, pour le salut de ces pauvres peuples."—*Ib.* 25.

only that it might be in advancing the glory of God. Davost and Daniel soon after arrived, a mission house and chapel were built, and the latter decorated with a few pictures, images, and sacred vessels, brought with much trouble over the long and difficult route from Quebec. Here the Christian altar was reared, surpliced priests chanted the ancient litanies of the Church, whose unwonted sounds awoke strange echoes in the forest aisles, and savage tribes were besought by the death of Christ and the love of Mary to seek the salvation of the Cross.

But by weary years of hope deferred the missionaries' faith was sorely tried. They toiled and preached and prayed and fasted, without any apparent reward of their labour. The ramparts of error seemed impregnable. The hosts of hell seemed leagued against them. The Indian "sorcerers," as the Jesuits called the medicine-men, whom they believed to be the imps of Satan, if not, indeed his human impersonation, stirred up the passions of their tribe against the mystic medicine-men of the pale-faces. These were the cause, they alleged, of the fearful drought that parched the land, of the dread pestilence that consumed the people; the malign spell of their presence neutralized the skill of the hunter and the valour of the bravest warrior. The chanting of their sacred litanies was mistaken for a magic incantation, and the mysterious ceremonies of the mass for a malignant conjury. The cross was a charm of evil potency, blasting the crops and affrighting the thunder-bird that brought the refreshing rain.

The missionaries walked in the shadow of a perpetual peril. Often the tomahawk gleamed above their heads or a deadly ambush lurked for their lives. But beneath the protection of St. Mary and St. Joseph, as they unfalteringly believed, they walked unhurt. The murderous hand was restrained, the death-winged arrow was turned aside; undismayed by their danger, undeterred by lowering looks and muttered curse, they calmly went on their message of mercy. In winter storms and summer heat, from plague-smitten town to town, they journeyed through the dreary forest, to administer their homely simples to the victims of the loathsome small-pox, to exhort the dying, to absolve the penitent, and, where possible, to hallow with Christian rites the burial of the dead. The wail of a sick child, faintly heard through the

bark walls of an infected cabin, was an irresistible appeal to the missionaries' heart. Heedless of the scowling glance or rude insult, they would enter the dwelling and, by stealth or guile, they would administer the sacred rite which, as they thought, snatched an infant soul from endless perdition,—from the jaws of the "Infernal Wolf."\* They shared the privations and discomforts of savage life; they endured the torments of filth and vermin; of stifling, acrid smoke parching the throat and inflaming the eyes till the letters of the breviary seemed written in blood. Often they had no privacy for devotion save in the dim crypts of the forest, where, carving a cross upon a tree, they chanted their solemn litanies till, gnawed to the bone by the piercing cold, they returned to the reeking hut and foul orgies of pagan superstition.

Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not; they were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The gentle Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack in time that dread baptism. The pious Fathers believed that powers supernal and infernal fought for them or against them in their assault upon the Kingdom of Satan. On the side of Christ, His Virgin Mother, and the blessed Gospel were legions of angels and the sworded seraphim. Opposed to them were all the powers of darkness, aided by those imps of the pit, the dreaded "sorcerers," whom Satan clothed with vicarious skill to baffle the efforts of the missionaries and the prayers of the holy Saints. Foul fiends haunted the air, and their demoniac shrieks or blood-curdling laughter could be heard in the wailing of the night wind, or in the howling of the wolves down the dim forest aisles. More dreadful still, assuming lovely siren forms, they assailed the missionary on the side of his human weakness; but at the holy sign of the cross the baneful spell was broken—the tempting presence melted into air.†

\* "Ce loup infernal." Thus, as they phrased it, the dying infants were changed "from little savages to little angels." Of a thousand baptisms in 1639—all but twenty were baptized in immediate danger of death. Two hundred and sixty were infants and many more quite young.

† Raguereau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 24. One chapter of the *Relations* is headed *Du règne de Satan en ces contrées*, which the simple Fathers designated

Yet with these intensely realistic conceptions of their ghostly foes, the Jesuits shrank not from the conflict with Hell itself. Emparadised in beatific vision, they beheld the glorious palace of the skies prepared, a heavenly voice assured them, for those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God on earth. Angelic visitants cheered their lonely vigils, and even the Blessed Mother of Christ, surrounded by a choir of holy virgins, by her smile of heavenly approbation enbraved their souls for living martyrdom.\* Nor were they without previsions of their future sufferings and of the manner in which they should glorify God.

Many years before his martyrdom, Christ crowned with thorns appeared in a vision to Brebeuf, and revealed to him that he also should tread the thorny way of the holy Cross. Again, the Saviour, with an infinite compassion, folded him in a loving embrace, pardoned all his sins, and, with the assurance that he was a chosen vessel to bear his name unto the Gentiles, showed him how great things he must suffer for His name's sake. In a transport of devotion the willing victim exclaimed—"Naught shall separate me from the love of Christ, nor tribulation, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword."† His ardour for martyrdom rising into a passion, he writes, "I feel myself vehemently impelled to die for Christ." "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "though all the torments that captives in these lands can undergo in their cruel sufferings should fall on me alone, I offer, with all my heart, to endure them in my own person."‡

Indeed he sought by his rigorous penances to make his life a continuous martyrdom. Beneath his hair-shirt he wore an iron girdle, studded with sharp points. Daily, or more often still, he inflicted upon himself unsparing flagellation. His fasts were frequent and austere, and often, in pious vigils, he wore the night away.

the very fortress and donjon-keep of demons—une des principales fortresses et comme un donjon des Démons.

\* *Relation*, 1649, 24.

† Ragneneau, *Relation des Hurons*, 1649, 23.

‡ Ouy, mon Dieu, si tous les tourmens que les captifs peuvent endurer en ces pays, dans la cruauté des supplices, devoient tomber sur moy, ie m'y offre de tout mon cœur, et moy seul ie les souffriray. *Ib.* 23.



## CHRIST'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION.\*

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

THE other world is very near us though we cannot penetrate its secrets, nor hold intercourse with those who have passed from us into its experience. We are apt to imagine, sometimes, that a voice from beyond the grave, were it but permitted to speak, would be the most effectual restraint upon the profligacy the ungodly, and the most cogent argument to constrain the waverer to decision. But besides that the emotions which the supernatural would excite would be mainly those of fright and fear, and that the terror which gendereth to bondage has a tendency to become defiance when the source of its apprehension has departed—we know that God doth not ordinarily supersede His own perfected revelation—and the Scripture assures us, that, even if the secrets of the prison-house were unveiled by a dweller in the flame, there would be no ampler nor more convincing teaching than men have already. Still, to minds that are convinced and enlightened, there must always be a solemnity and a power, if bright-winged messengers were to hover round with words of heavenly tidings, or if God Himself should speak, as to the seers of old, from His curtains of darkness or of flame. Brethren, look upon this Teacher, and listen reverently to His words. There is nothing to pale the cheek, or curdle the blood, or stir the hair, and send a strange creeping through the frame, and yet you are in the presence of one who has known the mystery of Death. Upon that eye which now sparkles benignly with affection, there gathered lately the film of dying, that hand was pierced with nails, and clenched in the latest agony. That great heart was still, that frame which moves in loving majesty was shrouded and silent in the tomb. You gaze upon the risen

\* "Then opened he their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. And ye are witnesses of these things.—Luke xxiv. 45-48.

Saviour. He has died; but He dieth now no more. This is, so to speak, one of his posthumous utterances, a living epistle, sealed with the signet of the broken sepulchre. Already has He cheered the way-farers on their Emmaus-travel, and in some secret and gentle manifestation spoken to the bruised heart of Peter, and now He stands revealed before the eleven, for the betrayer's chair is vacant, in all the reality of His second incarnation. At once banishing their fright, and composing themselves to the recognition of the familiar tones, how eagerly would they listen. What a preciousness and what a power would attach to every incident of the forty-days. He had prepared them for His speedy departure, and though they were slow to believe it, they had all a presentiment they could not have Him long, and jealously, during the interval, would they watch for every sign of the chariot that would sever them forever in this world from the Master whom they loved so well.

Those of us who have had friends, who with the full consciousness that they were nearing heaven, have lingered in the Beulah-country, and enriched us with a whole treasury of dying sayings, will understand from the fond tenacity of our own memories how each word of the Saviour would linger with those faithful disciples, stored in their heart's secret chambers, a peculiar treasure of remembrance which they would never suffer willingly to die. He assures them that His purposes remain as they were before His death upon the cross, that His agony has not changed His design, but accomplished it; that His death was to be considered as a sort of central link, binding the two dispensations in one chain of continuity for ever. "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." Luke xxiv. 44, 45. When He joined the two disciples He opened to them the Scriptures; now that the eleven are before Him He opened their understanding, and said unto them, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise again the third day." Luke xxiv. 46. The appeal in the first words of this passage is to the Scriptures as an acknow-

ledged revelation, whose lightest word had greater surety than the everlasting hills. "Thus it is written," as if that took away all suspicion of contingency or misgiving of fulfilment. Nothing is more remarkable than the reverence paid in the Scriptures to the Scriptures. The Bible always speaks of itself like a monarch, conscious of his own royalty. "It is written" is the Saviour's standard of appeal, and the Saviour's weapon of triumph. With this He routed the enemy in the battle of fierce temptation. "It is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." And reverence for this restrained Him, when legions of angels would gladly have swept down to His rescue, and launched their avenging lightnings at His feet.

It is especially noteworthy that the announcement in the text of the vital doctrines of His atonement and resurrection is connected with the fulfilment of prophecy, as if they had been declared in such earnestness of repetition, not only for their own sake, but to vindicate the majesty of the Word, and to prove for the encouragement of timid faith, that sooner shall the pillars of the heaven fall, and the foundations of the earth be out of course, than that there should be a derogation from the perfectness and fidelity of the imperial Scripture, or that any one of its promises should fail. There are massive truths contained in this passage which we cannot hope to overtake in their sublimity, and yet upon whose skirts we can hardly tread without receiving some salutary counsel, or inheriting some result of blessing. There is,—

- I. *The necessity for Christ's death and resurrection.*
- II. *The purposes which they were intended to accomplish.*
- III. *The office to which Christians were appointed in their behalf.*

I, "It behoved Christ to suffer." This reminds us that there was nothing arbitrary nor contingent about the great events of the Redeemer's passion; everything happened in pursuance of an arranged and definite plan, and according to the terms of an unforgotten covenant. No fierceness of the anger, no bitterness of the cup of trembling took the Saviour by surprise. The shame and the spitting, the mocking crowds, the palsied followers, Gethsemane's dread agony, the unfathomable sorrow of

the Father's hidden face, all were present to Him when His self-devotion spoke, "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God." He seems to have regarded His sacrifice, not only as a service voluntarily undertaken, but as a duty sacredly binding, and He, inherently above all law, recognizes the position in which He had placed Himself as having created a moral necessity. That everything concerning the great suffering, thus foreknown to the Sufferer, was foretold in the Word, I need scarcely affirm. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. Visions of Him gleamed upon the death-couch of expiring seers, and for the while unglazed the darkening eye, and made the blood that was already curdling about the heart flow forth as with youth's highest and most passionate tides. Wherever the loyal Psalmist wandered, his ready harp had always Christ's songs to sing. The coming Saviour was the burden of most of the minor twelve of the prophetic canon, and of the four kings of vision. David realized alike the Messiah in His vicarious offering, and the Son of man in His mediatorial glory. The stern Ezekiel finds a place in his long roll of curses for the tender shepherd, and for the plant of renown. Jeremiah, the plaintive mourner, exchanges his tears for triumph as he sees the Lord our Righteousness; while Isaiah, like a bold guide in the heart of a catacomb, takes us by the hand, rehearses for us in detail and precision all the circumstances of the suffering, till we ask wondering, "Whence hath this man this knowledge?" for it is rather like a narrative of the past than a prediction of the future, and our minds kindle into indignation against a completed wrong, instead of being awed by the remembrance that the fulfilment will slumber for the long space of seven hundred years.

Although the main necessity seems, in the connection in which the words stand, to result from the inviolability of Scripture, there were other causes of solemn and eternal importance on account of which "it behoved Christ to suffer." God sat upon His throne, and it was a throne of equity, in holy contrast to all the gods of the nations, who were in power vacillating, in character cruel. He announced His personal abhorrence of evil, and His inability even to look upon sin with allowance. His law, righteous in its protection of the innocent, was righteous

in the penalties which it denounced against the guilty. These denunciations had committed the Divine character to the maintenance of right, and pledged His justice to the punishment of sin. But sin existed, not in solitary places, nor in occasional outbreaks, but in all hearts, and in uninterrupted reign. The entire race was tainted, the whole man had fallen. Either, therefore, the law must take its course, and the whole world of the transgressors perish, or there must be devised some scheme of reconciliation, which should at once exalt the law, and save the sinner. Hence there sprang, from the counsels of the Father's loving heart that great expedient of mercy by which satisfaction was rendered to insulted Justice, and the law was magnified and made honourable. We have had instances in human history in which men have submitted to privation and torture; yea, moreover, to bonds and death, rather than betray a confided trust, or perjure a plighted word. They could part with life, but not with honour. And should not the Divine Word be considered by its author of equal sacredness, and upheld with authentications as solemn? Therefore, in the majesty of His justice, and in the majesty of His love, "He spared not His own Son."

And in this great crisis of the world's fate there could rise up no other Redeemer. All men were powerless, because all men had sinned, and if any innocent one could have escaped the contagion, and could have continued spotless from the first struggling breath of infancy to the last difficult gasp of age, that life of piety was his simple duty, and he could have no merit nor virtue to spare. All angels were powerless, because the obedience of the highest seraph, like the devotion of the humblest child is mortgaged to God before it comes; and moreover, it were injustice, by the sacrifice of an angel to have branded a nature which had never sinned. We must perish, therefore, the whole race of us must perish by the way, when the wrath is kindled but a little, if there be no resource which depends not for its redemption upon human skill, or upon angelic sympathy. The strongest of our fellows, the tenderest of the white-robed freemen of the sky, we dare not accept them as our champions, we dare not trust our destiny in their incompe-

tent hands. Our sin is great, we must have a great Saviour. Our danger is imminent, we must have a deliverer equal to the occasion. Our enemy is mighty, and he is cased in armour which repels all mortal steel. We must throw ourselves at the feet of our Captain, and imploring, cry,—“Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty.”

Yes, it behoved Christ to suffer because in Him alone extremes of nature meet, and all conceivable qualifications combine, because there slumbers in His arm the omnipotence of power, and there issues from His heart the omnipotence of love; because an emergency has arisen in the universe with which He alone can grapple, an emergency so great that it swoons away the heart out of all of mortal kindred; an emergency which droops the wing, and masters the energy of the weary and baffled archangel. How terrible the revelation to us of the infinite evil of sin. Sinner! I beseech thee, think of it, that guilt of thine, which thou art perpetrating without scruple, which hangs about thee at this moment, which thou art cherishing now, is a thing so foul and so damning, that thou canst only be snatched from its penalty by the bloodshedding of the Son of God. There are various developments of the essential evil of sin. You can trace it in the hunger of penury, and in the scourge of battle; in the track of the pestilence, and in the rank and fattening sepulchre; you can see its bitterness in the drunkard's palsied limbs; in the profligate, as he crawls out among his fellows, a shunned and living leprosy; in the man who locks a dark secret in his bosom, and who quakes at every footfall; in the scared wicked who flee when no man pursueth; in the multitudes who realize in fact the fable of the old hunter, Actæon, and in the terrors of an avenging conscience, are literally torn to pieces by their own dogs. In all these cases sin bears its natural fruit, and like a purse-proud master, is ostentatious in dealing out the full tale of its wages.

But, to understand fully the bitterness of sin, you must not limit your illustrations to cases such as these, you must look into the history of Jesus, you must think of His humbling incarnation, and of His life of sorrow; you must see Him scathed with slander, and defiled with spitting, mocked in the judgment hall, wrung with convulsive agony in the garden, racked upon the

cross, dishonoured by the tomb, tossing through a surging sea of evil, whose every wave was, as it touched Him, like the contact between flesh and fire; and above all, bowing to go blindly into a dense darkness for a moment that was itself an eternity, because the Father's countenance was hidden. And then, surely, as you think of this unparalleled trouble, and see sin there, inflicting all that, striking another soul for yours, necessitating a life for a life in strictest, heaviest measure, compelling the innocent thus to suffer for the guilty, and the Divine thus to compassionate the human, you will be constrained to admit, with an anguish of penitential sorrow, which you never felt before, that it is indeed an evil and a bitter thing to sin, and that the illustration that is at once saddest and strongest of the foulness of the fall, is to be gathered from the Cross of Christ. Sinner, canst thou bear the thought, thou art wounding the Saviour daily, every fresh act of thy transgression brings back, so to speak, a renewal of His ancient agony. Thou abhorrest the cruelty and perfidy of the men of Jerusalem; thine eyes have perhaps filled with weeping, and thy sensitive heart has been sad as thou hast read the tale, and with the Frankish chieftain, thou hast been moved into indignation and hast thirsted for revenge. Ah, cease thy mocking sympathy, thy affected anger, thy hypocritical tears! Thou art thyself an accomplice of His murderers. Not only did He die for thee, not only did thy guiltiness point the nail, and fix the thorn; but, by thy perseverance in evil, thou art rearing Him upon another cross, and stabbing Him with a sharper spear. Thou, sinner, may God bring it home to thee, that with quivering lip and ashen paleness thou mayest think of it and tremble. Thou sinner, may God of His infinite mercy assoil thee of the guilt of blood, at every moment of thy continuance in thine evil ways, "crucifying the Son of God afresh." Oh! God be praised that beside the herb of poison grows ever the herb of healing! and that the very blood which was so cruelly shed is the application which cleanses and saves.

There was an equal necessity, in order to the perfecting of the scheme of redemption, that Christ should "rise from the dead." It behoved Him to accomplish His resurrection, as well as to

consummate His death. His triumph over the grave, and subsequent exaltation to glory were written aforetime, as well as His incarnation and death. The testimony of David on this matter given in the 16th Psalm, and quoted with such convincing force by St. Peter in his pentecostal sermon, is of itself conclusive that the veracity of Scripture required that Messiah should be cut off, but not for Himself, it required also that "His soul should not be left in Hades." Indeed, it is almost impossible to limit the number, or to overrate the importance of those considerations which make necessary the resurrection of the Saviour. It was necessary to accredit the acceptance of His sacrifice, for if He had remained, silent and dishonoured, in the tomb, death had conquered Him, and then, alas! for us, ours would have been eternal slumber, we should have lain down under an undying curse of shame, and death would have reigned supremely over all, instead of being, as now, a beaten monarch with only a titular sovereignty, playing with the fragment of his former sceptre or with the scattered jewels of his ancient crown. It was necessary that Christ should rise that the new and living way might be opened into the kingdom of heaven, which else had been barred eternally from the tread of earth's pilgrim feet.

By the resurrection the Redeemer was invested with mediatorial, as He had formerly possessed essential omnipotence. He was for all purposes of efficacy, government, intercession, headship, "declared to be the Son of God with power." That resurrection was the chief of those grand and forceful evidences which were to authenticate the Gospel. It was to sustain the hearts and fire the words of the apostolic heralds, to redeem their preaching from vanity, and the faith of their hearers from foolishness. "If Christ be not raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain." He must needs rise, moreover, because of His official perfection, as our prophet, priest and king. In the tomb He had been unable to discharge His duties. There would have been a king discrowned, a sacrifice without a priesthood, a prophet teaching only from the sepulchre. His glory would have been obscured, our own Easter rendered a precarious and uncertain thing. Oh, we cannot part with this glorious



truth of the resurrection of Christ, our faith clings to it with a trembling earnestness, our affections are kindled into warmer ardour, and our hopes soar on more invigorated pinions, as we gaze into that empty sepulchre, and upon that baffled vanity of stone, and watch, and seal, and with all our hearts we shout the Christians triumph-song,—“It is Christ that died, yea, *rather*,”—every desire swells the emphasis, every tongue adds tribute to swell the magnificence of that princely *rather*,—“Yea, rather, that is risen again.”

Brethren, what is the resurrection of the Lord Jesus to you? A wondrous miracle? An interesting study? Or a power influential upon your being? Are you planted in the likeness of His resurrection? Have you felt His resurrection's power? He was raised again for your justification. Are you justified? Rising from your carnal nature, that tomb of all that is lovely, are you now “dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God?” Have a care, I pray you, lest this most glorious triumph of the Saviour be to you greater condemnation. See to it that ye be risen with Christ, for it is those only who have a part in this first resurrection upon whom the second death hath no power. Happy are you if it is a living comfort to you to-day, if in the triumphal Easter of Christ the first-fruits, you can exult in the great harvest of immortal humanity. Close to Christ, all-reliant upon His atoning death and victory over the boasting grave, you, in the mortal agony, shall triumph too; like the swan, your last song shall be your sweetest, and the strings of your spirit-harp shall snap with the very rapture of their own music, as you sing in dying:—

“Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.”

II. The Saviour next tells us that the purpose for which His death and resurrection were designed, was that they might be proclaimed as saving truths unto mankind, “and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations.” The words mark a time of strong transition, an emergence from the conservative respectabilities of established system, to a period of missionary effort and world-converting

toil. The Jewish religion for long years did its work nobly and well; but it was a work of testimony only, not of proselytism. Through all storm and change, amid national degeneracy, the strife of intestine factions, trial of all forms of government, crippled political power, it witnessed faithfully of the unity and spirituality of Jehovah, and of the Messiah whom their blind prejudices forbade them to receive. The voice of their witness-bearing never faltered, but came sounding on, ever clear and full, through all the ages of their church history. Still, there was nothing catholic about their system. The fountain sent out its bright jets of living water; but it stood on the lawn of a mansion, and was a fountain sealed. Their ritual was a portion for the Hebrew, and the Gentile was an uncovenanted stranger; it was the treasured parchment of a family, not the world-wide charter, which made the hearts of all rebound beneath its life and freedom.

But, now the dispensation of universality had come, statelier than the temple of Solomon, or than Herod's costly pile, God was about to build a spiritual house in the earth, and the death and resurrection of Jesus were its Jachin and Boaz, its two sustaining pillars. There must be cramping and narrowness no longer. Truth must be no longer a secret for the hierophant, or a veiled mystery of the temple; but a winsome presence cheering every home, and a glad evangel comforting every heart. There must be no longer priests but preachers; not hierarchs, in the cell and in the cloister, but evangelists on the slope and in the synagogue. The new dispensation will not be content, like the old one, simply to hold its own; the isles have been long waiting for it,—it must "go on conquering and to conquer." It was therefore accordant with the purpose of God, and compassionate to the necessities of man that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name."

There is the grand Gospel commission, repeated in many varieties of utterance during the forty days. Witnesses of the great salvation which had been purchased by the Gospel, the apostles were to proclaim it, according to the recognized course of all charity, first at home then in their own country, subsequently to the parts adjacent, and then "to the uttermost parts

of the earth." "Beginning at Jerusalem;" the great heart of love required that nobility and revenge. It was not merely the formula of a prescribed order of working, it was a satisfaction in which the Redeemer's perfect nature delighted above measure. "Beginning at Jerusalem;" if haply the blood might save the murderers who shed it; if the voices that had jeered in mockery might be the voices that should supplicate in prayer; if the eye which aimed the spear should glisten with contrition as it looked upon Him whom it had pierced, and mourn for its offences with the penitence of godly sorrow. "Beginning at Jerusalem;" there is the great home charter; "among all nations;" there are the hiving multitudes of every clime, and age, and colour, and language, who are embraced in its provisions, and manumitted by its seal.

Brethren, we are all included in this covenant, and to unfold its message is your minister's life-work, and his business in the midst of you to-day. I preach repentance and remission of sins, repentance in order to remission of sins. I preach repentance, because the guilt which you inherit and which you have personally contracted is so foul and damning, that "except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." I preach remission of sins, without distinction even the most numerous and aggravated, because Christ hath died, and hath burst for you the barriers of the enchaining tomb. I preach both the one and the other only "in His name," because the magic of that powerful talisman only can charm away your stubbornness, and secure for you the Holy Spirit which is striving with you now. "In His name," I preach of pardon, for His death hath purchased it, and the shedding of His blood has fully given to you the forgiveness which a life of self-denial could not merit, which no ascetic tortures nor long moralities can win, which Peruvian mines and argosies costly with all Tyrian treasure, were too poor to buy.

My hearers, you have listened often to invitations like these; but it is a solemn matter after all. I adjure you, do not trifle with it. The name of Jesus must and will have pre-eminence. To it of right belong all lordship and royalty. You may treat it lightly, be indifferent to its honour, or, blaspheming, curse it in your heart; but in that name only can you be saved, and by that

name only will you be judged. You cannot hinder the progress of His cause any more than the worm can stay the chariot, or the moth obscure the light. The chariot rolls on in triumph, but the worm is crushed ; the light shines steadily, but,—

“ When the fond moth came,  
To the taper's flame,  
Burnt were his wings of gold.”

Oh, tempt not upon yourselves, I pray you, the crushing and the fire. Christ speaks through His messenger to the meanest, and to the wealthiest equally, for you are all sufferers by one common fall, and ransomed by one common redemption ; and will make you if you like, witnesses of these things. Many are so, and can testify it to the praise of His glory. You may have similar experience, if you choose. God will not force you into heaven, any more than into hell. He will reign over a willing people, not serfs who curse their bondage but freemen who rejoice in the liberty of the exalted Son. He proclaims that He wills the destruction of none of you, that heaven shall be yours on certain understood and easy terms ; and now, if after all you perish, don't charge God foolishly with your death ; but go, branded as miserable suicides, who have struck the dagger into their own souls.

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## THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE.

A SONNET, BY R. EVANS.

EARTH hath no desert waste so parched with drought,  
No soil so scant above the granite rock,  
But there the shepherd soon shall lead his flock,  
The living waters there shall seek their route,  
And through the soil the tender blade shall shoot.  
Is there a land that joy herself doth shock ?  
Where her lone echoes linger but to mock ?  
A solitary place that seems from heaven shut out ?  
This shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.  
The hour of fear, of famine's dismal wail,  
They shall forget in life's supreme repose.  
The voice of song shall warble through each vale,  
And every evening's sun with smiling face  
Shall soothe the gentle twilight into peace.

## ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

*"BUCKLE-TO AND PARTNER."*

## I.

ONE Christmas week I had occasion to call in at the relieving office just at the time when the outdoor paupers were receiving their weekly allowance of money and bread. I noticed that some of them who were passing out as I went in were looking unwontedly joyous, and on reaching the inner office I descried the cause of these happy looks in the shape of a goodly pile of currant loaves, and packages of tea and sugar, which were being distributed along with the ordinary relief. I knew enough of such matters to be aware that these extras would be given by private benevolence, and taking advantage of a pause in the work of distribution, I asked,—

"Whose gifts are these?"

"Well, they are given through this channel because the party doesn't want his name known," answered the relieving officer; "however, I don't suppose there would be any objection to your knowing—the giver is Buckle-to and Partner."

"Buckle-to and Partner," I echoed, trying for the moment to bethink me of some charitable firm known by that title, "Buckle-to and Partner."

"Yes, old P——, the ex-showman, you know," answered the relieving officer, who seemed surprised that I should be in any doubt as to whom he meant.

The name struck me as one that I had heard before, and, after a little, I remembered it was that of the gentleman who had been such a benefactor to some poor in my district. I therefore answered that I knew him by name, and to a certain extent by reputation, but that I had never met him.

"Well, he doesn't go about much, certainly," said the relieving officer; "and he is generally more anxious to keep in the background than put himself forward. He is as kind-hearted a

man as any breathing, and he is what every kind-hearted man is not—thoughtful and clear-headed. He is a large giver; he puts aside a tenth, or some other fixed portion of his income, for charity, and doesn't hesitate about adding to that if occasion requires; he is a cheerful giver, and he is what I call a genuine giver. He doesn't give just to see his name advertised in a subscription list. But, at the same time, he isn't one of the uninquiring, all-believing sort of givers who help the first that asks, and are generally imposed upon in consequence. He likes to know who or what he is giving to, and that is how I come to know him, for he often calls on me to inquire about some one who has been applying to him for help. I daresay he has been imposed upon in his time, but it would take a pretty sharp customer to get over him now. If he's kind-hearted, he is shrewd with it, and he has seen a good deal of the world and its ways."

"Well, there can be no doubt as to his kind-heartedness, whatever there may be about his shrewdness," I said, looking at the diminishing pile of good things, and the gratified looks of those who, one by one, were bearing away their share of it. "This gift alone must have cost him something considerable."

"Well, all that he does in this way at the Christmas season must cost him something considerable. Besides what you see, he is in for gifts of meat, gifts of coals, gifts of blankets and clothes, treats for children, and an entertainment for the inmates of the workhouse."

"He believes that with Christmas should come 'good cheer then?'"

"Well, as far as that goes, I suppose he does; but I believe his chief reason for giving so largely at the Christmas season, is because a favourite child of his died about that time of year."

"To keep his memory green, I suppose?"

"Yes, something of that kind; and even when he gives subscriptions at other times, it is generally under the signature of 'Little Mat'—Matthew having been the name of the child."

I had been so interested in what the relieving officer had been telling me concerning the man, that for the moment I had quite forgotten the strange title by which he had first mentioned him,

but remembering it again at this point, I asked, "Why is he called Buckle-to and Partner?"

"Well, strictly speaking," answered the officer, smiling, "he is only Buckle-to, his wife being the Partner. There is nothing much in it; he has got a habit of saying 'Buckle-to, buckle-to,' when there is anything to be done, or any one that he knows is inclined to sit down under trouble, and he always calls, and speaks of, his wife as 'Partner,' so the name came to be fastened on him. I'm surprised to find that you don't know him; however, I daresay you'll be coming across him some of these odd days."

"Very likely," I said; but it was not till late in the following summer that I did "come across him." I was passing by a row of detached villas in the "swell" part of my district, one sultry Saturday afternoon, when I saw, leaning over the ornamental gate that shut in the short carriage drive to one of the most stylish of the villas, a tall and most decidedly portly man, whose appearance was markedly out of keeping with that gentility and deference to Mrs. Grundy which were the characteristics of the neighbourhood. He was in his shirt-sleeves, had a highly and many coloured silk handkerchief twisted loosely round his neck, while another such handkerchief overflowed the pocket of his waistcoat, which was worn unbuttoned and thrown back. An old straw hat was thrown carelessly upon his head, and—grand climax of the ungenteel—he was vigorously puffing at a common clay "churchwarden" pipe. That any servant of the house should take such a liberty as thus to appear in sight of the highway, was too wild an idea to be entertained for a moment. That so ungenteel a personage could be master of the establishment, seemed scarcely a less wild supposition, though he certainly had the easy, unconcerned air of a man taking his ease under his own vine and fig-tree.

I passed close to him, and, with my curiosity excited as it was at the moment, could not help turning my head to get a fair look at him. He caught my eye as I did so, and gave me an easy, good-humoured smile, as though he were amused at the astonishment depicted in my looks.

"This is a character now," was my reflection, as I walked on, and the next day the little incident was forgotten. On the

following Monday, I accompanied a school trip which that year took the shape of an excursion by water to Richmond. Two steamers were employed to carry the children and their friends, and all went merrily until we were close to our destination, when, it being low water, both steamers got aground in trying to effect a landing. Some of the younger and more timid among the children were afraid to trust themselves along the narrow gangway over by the water. This caused a short delay in the work of landing, during which I had turned to speak to someone; but my attention was called by a half-laughing, half-approving murmur, which arose among those around me. The sound was evoked by the sight of a man coming along the gangway with a child under each arm, another clinging round his neck, and a fourth walking behind him, holding on to his coat-tails. He was a big burly man, and thus encumbered certainly presented a somewhat comical appearance. "Gulliver among the Lilliputians!" exclaimed one of the by-standers, laughing, and it was an apt conceit. As he neared the shore, I recognized in him the man I had seen smoking his pipe on the Saturday, and at the same instant I became aware, from a remark uttered at my elbow, that this individual was none other than the shrewd, kind-hearted, God-fearing ex-showman, Buckle-to—the liberal benefactor of our out-door pauper poor, the cheerful donor to our local charities, the ready labourer in any good work. In the work of this day, as I saw for myself, he, in his own phrase, buckled-to with a will, to the immense delight and satisfaction of the children. He made some half-dozen journeys to the ship, returning each time laden as on the first occasion; and when all were landed he organized their games with a gusto scarcely inferior to their own. He got up foot-races, giving the prizes out of his own pocket, and acted not only as starter and judge, but as winning-post also, the course being from himself to some fixed point and back, the first that touched him being prize-taker. He paid for donkey-rides, officiated as umpire in games, and at tea-time he distinguished himself above us all by his activity as a waiter, while throughout the day his hearty laugh and cheery voice were heard on all sides with pleasant effect. So busy was he in the work of entertaining the children, that, though I watched closely



for an opportunity to enter into discourse with him, I found none till we were returning home. He was sitting a little apart on deck, looking as if, like the children, he was pretty well tired out. I seated myself beside him, and by way of opening a conversation observed,—

“I think the children have thoroughly enjoyed themselves to-day.”

“Well, let’s hope so, bless their little hearts,” he answered, in a hearty tone; “and as far as that goes I should hope as how us older ones have enjoyed ourselves too; I can answer for myself that I have. I guess some of you must have thought to yourselves, ‘What a great fool that P—— is making of himself!’ but, bless you, I feel quite young again, as the song says, when I get amongst the youngsters; and there is nothing as puts me in such spirits as to see a lot of town children kicking up their heels for a day in the country. If folks could only be got to come and see a school of poor children having their day in the country, there wouldn’t be the trouble there often is to raise the money to give ’em the day. I should be sorry for the sort of man, and especially for the sort of woman, as didn’t think the sight of their enjoyment an enjoyment worth paying for. I ain’t been where I have been without knowing a thing or two about the sort o’ sights that are paid for; and to my mind there ain’t one on ’em as half comes up to the sight o’ a children’s day in the country; and I’m sure there isn’t one of ’em as is anything like so pleasant to think on afterwards.”

“Their happy faces certainly make a pleasant picture either to look on or to remember,” I said.

“And some pretty country spot, such as we’ve been at to-day, is the best framework for such a picture,” he remarked. “I dearly love the country myself,” he went on, “and in my travelling days never felt happier than when on the road in the summer months. You know, sir, I’m not a Londoner?”

I might have said that I could tell that by his tongue; but, conceiving that it would better serve my purpose of striking an acquaintance with him, I answered,—

“So I have been given to understand: I knew some friends of yours”—and I mentioned those he had befriended.

"I've heard of you, as you have heard of me," he said. "I dare say, now, you thought I was a rum customer when you saw me a-blowing my 'bacca at my place on Saturday?"

"I'm afraid your neighbours would have thought you a rum customer if they had seen you," I said, smiling.

"I expect most of 'em *do* think me a rum customer," he said, laughingly, "but we ain't bad neighbours for all that; there ain't one on 'em as don't pass thei: friendly 'good-day' or 'how-do' if we meet; and, after all, mind you, I know I must seem a bit of a curiosity. Not as I go in purposely for being different from my neighbours; but, don't you see, it's second nature with me. I've been so used to a free-and-easy shirt-sleevy sort of life, that I can't shake it off. If there was only myself to please in the matter, I shouldn't live in quite such a swell quarter, but the women folk, you know, has more uppish notions than us about those sort of things, and so it was with my partner. She had worked hard to help to make our money, and so I thought she had a right to have her say as to how we should live on it when we retired from business. So when she says, 'Why shouldn't we live in a good style of house?' I says, 'As you like, partner;' and she liked to have the place where we hang out now. It's a cut above what I would a picked, but when she told me she had settled on it, I says, 'Agreed, partner, I only bargains for having one room to do as I likes in;' and that room I've got fitted up like our old living-van, for the sake of old times when the van was our home—which happy times they were, as the world goes, for though things prospered with us, we had our trials and sorrows the same as other people."

At this point I was called away to speak to one of the managers of the schools, and I did not see Buckle-to again till we were landing, when he sought me out, and in his warm, simple fashion invited me to name a day when I would go and have a cup of tea with him and his partner.

I did so; and when, on the day arranged, I arrived at his dwelling, I met with a thoroughly cordial, and—as I knew when I had become better acquainted with the pair—a characteristic reception. It was evident at a glance that Mrs. P— *had* "uppish notions." Both husband and wife met me on the

threshold, but, while he was in *deshabille*, she was in state array, and while he welcomed me with a laughing, "Here you are, then, sir. Come alone in," her welcome, though not less sincere than his, was couched in set and somewhat formal phrase. It was in the matter of dress, however, that she stood out more strongly in contrast to her husband. "The partner dresses enough for two," Buckle-to laughingly remarked, when, later in the day, he was making a sort of half apology for his own careless attire; and I think most people would have agreed with him could they have seen her as she stepped forth to receive me. She was robed in a long-skirted, showily-trimmed costume of bright blue velvet—a costume which, as I afterwards became aware, had been originally purchased for exhibition purposes, but greatly taking the fancy of Mrs. P—— had by her been adopted as a ceremonial attire for herself. Loud, heavy, and theatrical as this dress undoubtedly was, she carried it off tolerably well, for she had a tall, stout, rather stately, figure, with a countenance comely to look upon, and an expression the kindness of which even the attempt to look the grand lady could not cloud.

For a little time at first, while the conversation was confined to general topics, she maintained her "company" manners, but presently the genuine woman shone out, and she was as genial a companion as Buckle-to himself, and showed herself to be indeed a worthy partner for such a man—a woman not without her womanly weaknesses in respect to small matters, but a true Christian in all essentials. Sincerely and cheerfully religious, of a loving, pitiful, charitable nature, thinking and hoping the best of all, prompt to help and sympathize with the poor or fallen, and doing her good works, not to be seen of men, but for their own sake, as being at once a duty and a pleasure.

About half an hour after my arrival tea was announced, and just as we were about to sit down to it, a lady-like girl of sixteen or seventeen came in, and was introduced to me as "Our Carrie." The meal was of the most substantial kind, and while both the showman and his wife did ample justice, they were unceasing in their attentions to me, the burden of their song being, "Make

yourself at home, sir," an entreaty with which their evident sincerity made it easy to comply.

After tea we adjourned to the drawing-room again, and at the request of Buckle-to, "Carrie," whose manner and conversation indicated that she had enjoyed considerable educational advantages, sat down to the piano and played a number of well-selected sacred—or as Buckle-to called them "Scripter"—pieces. When she had done playing she left the room, and the showman following her with an admiring glance, said, as soon as she was out of hearing,—

"Fine girl that, sir; clever as to her edication, good and true in all her ways, and loves us—as we love her—as though she were really our own flesh and blood."

"Is not she your daughter then?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, not really," said the wife, joining in the conversation, "though she is as good as; it's as I sometimes say, she isn't our daughter-in-law, but she is our daughter in love."

"Is she no relation to you?" I asked.

"Well, no, she ain't any relation," answered Buckle-to, slowly, as though somewhat reluctant to make the admission, "but neither is she a stranger, as you may say. It was as her father's child that we come to take to her, and he was more with us than any relation. It's quite a story to tell, sir; but if you don't mind hearing it, I don't mind telling it to you.

## DUTY.

WE need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell;  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

—Kemble.

## SOME INDUSTRIES OF INDIA.

BY JESSIE CAMERON.

IN India, according to the author of "Rural Bengal," "fifty millions of our tellow creatures pass their lives in a chronic risk of starvation." The rice crop, which furnishes the chief, almost the only food of the 212,000,000 inhabitants of India, depends almost wholly on abundant and timely watering; it is generally left to the tender mercies of uncertain monsoons and raging rivers. If the rice-fields are flooded too long (and, in lower Bengal, "to see many miles of land turned into a sea nine feet deep for thirty days is so much a matter of course that most of the houses have boats tied to them in readiness to escape"), the paddy, or young rice, is drowned; if not flooded early enough, or long enough, the young roots are scorched and ruined by the fierce heat of the tropical sun. Good canals, improved river embankments, complete drainage, increased rainfall, and cultivation of other and better grain than rice are sorely needed to save this unhappy country from its perpetually recurring famines, of which the one now abating is the fourth in fourteen years.

In natural temperament the East Indian is indolent and submissive; in religion he is a fatalist. When adversity comes he says, "It is the will of God, who can resist His will?" and quietly accepts evil, even to starvation and death. But the Briton, who now rules the Indian, is of a different mind and heart. He accepts the inevitable, but nothing else. Adversity is but a trial of his strength. His trust is in God, who gives him patience and skill to endure and to overcome. In this spirit he sets himself to conquer all difficulties; he will not only relieve, so far as he may, the distress occasioned by famine, but he will, if it be possible, so govern and improve the country that famine shall eventually be a thing unknown.

For the accomplishment of this purpose, two things are necessary. First, by means natural and artificial, the country must be guarded and provided against drought. Second, new industries must be opened and old ones better sustained, in order to furnish

employment to an immense population that cannot, under any circumstances, live much longer in the from-hand-to-mouth fashion that has hitherto prevailed. Accordingly, in every direction the British Government of India is endeavouring to improve the country and to give employment to its inhabitants.

The great rivers that everywhere traverse India are, in most instances, left to rush in forceful and tumultuous torrents from the hilly countries to the sea, inundating and destroying the land during the rainy monsoon, and in the dry season watering the merest proportion of the country through which they pass. But, in some parts of Bengal, fine canals convey over the country the waters from the overflowing rivers, making lovely and fertile lands that have lain barren and almost uninhabited since the great famine of 1799, in which ten million souls perished. On these canals, and in the construction of others, thousands of natives are now happily employed at regular wages, and plenty abounds in the land.

In some parts of India, where lawless destruction by fire, careless cutting for railway fuel, and clearance for coffee plantations have completely denuded the land of trees; and in regions where mountain ranges divert the course of the south-west monsoon, the rainfall is very uncertain, and sometimes completely fails, when drought destroys the crops, as do floods in other districts. This has been the case in Southern India, where famine has recently desolated the country. The British Government, in those states where its rule is established, is trying to remedy these evils; in the first case, by a wise enforcement of certain regulations calculated to restore, conserve, and promote the growth of forests; in the second place, by making artificial irrigation do the work of the rain. A company of foresters now looks after the safety of forest reserves, the planting of waste lands, prevention and reduction of fires, judicious cutting, and the formation of new plantations after clearance, so that the forests that so kindly temper the extremes of climate, softening fiery tropical heats and lessening the rigours of the north winds, will soon again, with their leafy hands, unlock the treasures of the clouds, and call down on thirsty India the blessings of the rain.

And forests are no less needed in those districts where the rainy monsoons, unaffected by local influences, sweep along in all their violence.\* In many places the hill-slopes, uncovered by forests (which, by their ramifying roots and rootlets, at once bind and loosen the soil, so that only the necessary quantity of water is retained, the rest trickling off by a million tiny rills), offer no resistance to the overflowing torrents, which, quickly penetrating and loosening the unbound soil, cause great land-slides to occur that destroy the country. Miles and miles of costly roads and railway embankments are, by this means, annually destroyed, and will continue to be until firm forests render impossible these "ravine-ments" in the hills, and force into manageable currents the now lawless rivers. Then, too, the lowlands, freed from the annual heaping of *débris*, and no longer inundated and soaked for weeks at a time, will cease to give off those malarious vapours that now infect the country, rendering most unhealthy those very districts where health and plenty should prevail. In British states, replanting of these hill-slopes is proceeding rapidly, to the great improvement of the country in every way agricultural, commercial, and sanitary. But there are many districts where the fiercest and stupidest opposition still hinders every movement made for the common good, and, until the inhabitants of these regions learn a little common sense, India will continue to be a land of famines. The Hindoos will stick to their rice and their religion until they are simply starved into accepting guidance and assistance in the matter of cultivating, not only rice, but better and more profitable grain.

Writers in every age have celebrated the "gorgeous East" that

"With richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold."

But her treasures have always been gathered for others: Persian and Affghan conquerors have carried away her gold and gems, and despoiled her lovely shrines; adventurers of every nation have heaped up for themselves riches wrung from her meek and

\* The annual rainfall in the Himalayas is no less than 220 metres, five inches sometimes falling in a single hour. In times of heavy rain, the Ganges has been known to rise thirty feet above its ordinary level.

helpless people. Now, for the first time since the reign of the fierce but wise Aurengzebe, the returns of India's immense trade benefit her own people. The cruel and bigoted Mahommedan power, that loved to keep the natives in ignorance and poverty, has been overthrown, and, under a wise and beneficent British Government, the Hindoo sees his country at last fairly on the high road to prosperity and civilization. Her resources are being developed, her native manufactures encouraged and assisted, and new industries furnish employment for thousands who have hitherto depended almost wholly on an always uncertain rice harvest.

First let us look at the trade of India. To England alone she sends annually 2,000,000 bales of cotton, worth £27,000,000, thus giving occupation to a large proportion of the operatives who daily flock to the English factories,—which, by the way, number no less than 2,650, and run 36,000,000 spindles and 475,000 power-looms. Besides the cotton, India exports opium (worth \$50,000,000, annually), wool (30,000,000 lbs.), and varying quantities of rice, coffee, tea, sugar, jute, saltpetre, lac, oils, seeds, spices, hemp, indigo, ivory, silks, and beautiful shawls and muslins. In return she receives only manufactured cottons, silks, and wools, hardware, machinery, and the necessities of civilized life required by the handful of resident Europeans.—100,000 is but a handful in a country of 212,000,000 inhabitants. The annual trade of India now represents \$580,000,000. A large percentage of this returns in gold, the balance of trade being greatly in her favour. So that Indian coffers are constantly overflowing with the gold of other lands.

Some of the exports of India represent immemorial industries but the greater part are comparatively new, and promise in time to increase greatly her revenues. Tea, for instance, promises to become a staple product. According to recent information in "Chambers' Journal," in 1823, Mr. Robert Bruce found that superior tea grew in Assam, a fertile but malarious province east of the Brahmapootra. Specimens of the plant were sent to Calcutta, and attempts were made to introduce its culture, but it was not until 1834 that any definite action was taken, and not until 1839 that the Assam Tea Company was formed. Since



then, great numbers of the 1,800,000 natives of Assam have found constant employment on the tea plantations that now abound in their beautiful valley. Major Lees, who travelled in Eastern Bengal in 1864-65, believes the tea plant not to be a native of China, but to have been carried thither from Assam. Accounts of the shrub, in its wild state in China, are both indefinite and scanty, but we know that under cultivation it there remains a shrub, and improves in size and quality when transplanted to Assam. In Assam, too, forests abound in tea-trees from forty to sixty feet in height, which grow more rapidly, and yield more abundantly, tea of a finer quality than the Chinese article. Tea-growing has spread through Northern India, and promises to become a national industry. Even native Rajahs now own large tea-plantations, and, as well as the foreigners, make large profits on their gardens, which "allow of eight or nine gatherings being made in a year, and yield four hundred pounds of leaves per acre." Anyone with a capital of £3,000, and patience to wait six years for his plants to attain maturity, can make a fortune in Indian tea-growing, as its superior flavour and strength command for it a higher price than the Chinese article, which is frequently, almost constantly, used for its adulteration. In 1851 the whole amount of Indian tea exported was 262,839 pounds; in 1876 no less than 28,126,100 pounds, being one-third of the quantity sent from all sources to England, were imported by that country.

Nor is this "best of herbs," which, according to Waller, "keeps the palace of the soul serene," the only vegetable product of India whose cultivation has become a matter of importance. The coffee plantations which exist on the eastern coasts, in Ceylon, and in the islands in the Bay of Bengal, are now, to a great extent, under systematic management, and yield larger returns than ever before. In the islands used as penal settlements, the convicts have been happily employed for the last three years in setting out 70,000 young fruit trees, of fifty different varieties, all foreign, and all promising to grow well. In Bharno, in Further India, large forests of the caoutchouc tree have been found, from which considerable quantities of rubber are yearly produced. At proper seasons the trees are tapped and

their sap is collected, care being taken to preserve them from injury in the process. So the forests only increase in value as time progresses, and always stand ready to supply trade with one of its most important and reliable staples. In India proper the cinchona tree has been successfully cultivated, and already yields 150,000 pounds of bark annually. The ipecacuanha plant, propagated from cuttings sent from the Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh in 1872, promises, in its abundant yield, to furnish the Hindoos with emetics to their hearts' content.

The fibrous plants of India, which are very numerous, have lately been made a subject of investigation by Government. Specimens have been obtained of the different kinds producing from stem, leaf, bark, or root, fibres suitable to the manufacture of paper, cloth, or cordage, and samples of native cloths manufactured from these fibres have been found to number no less than 700 distinct varieties, many of them very fine and elegant. Materials known as wild silks, made from native spinners (in particular the Terssare Moth), have also been examined, and steps taken to ascertain whether their production can become a profitable industry. The accomplishment of this project becomes all the more important as the introduction of the Japanese silkworm has proved a comparative failure, and fears are entertained of a collapse of the Indian silk trade unless a fresh and true breed of the silkworm can be obtained from China.

"Villanous saltpetre," that has for some time ranked among the exports of India, is not now the only mineral that is there

"Digged

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,"

for coal, that great commercial and industrial resource of a progressive country, has been found to exist in great abundance. In Damuda, coal-beds forty feet in thickness, and lying only seventy-seven feet below the surface, extend over an area of one hundred and forty-nine square miles, and in Berar, seams thirty-seven feet thick are found everywhere. In the Residency of Bengal alone, forty-four coal mines are in operation, nineteen of which produce each 10,000 tons of coal yearly. All the steamers now floating on the Ganges, and all the railways running to

Calcutta, now burn coal from native mines. Beds of iron, in seams from nine to seventeen feet thick, and of excellent quality, are also being mined. Other metals and minerals are being produced in large quantities, but space forbids their special mention here.

Of the three hundred and seventy-four states into which India is divided, one hundred and fifty-three are still feudatory, and the two hundred and twenty-one under British rule are so infested with kings, princes, and nabobs, that their government is no easy matter. These childish barbarians, as many of them are, insist on absurd rights that are really abominable wrongs, and continually endeavour to frustrate the designs of those who wish only to benefit the country and relieve the generally mendicant condition of its inhabitants. The revenue of India is about \$250,000,000, so that the "oppressed Hindoo," under a "grasping and arbitrary British rule," actually pays only \$1.18 *per capita* for all the benefits of a wise and beneficent civilized government, that has freed him from Mahommedan tyranny, repressed crime and redressed abuses, opened up fine roads and 15,000 miles of railroad, spanned his large and once impassable rivers by fine bridges, cut canals that deplete his overflowing rivers and carry fertilization to the broad plains, connected his country with the civilized world by 15,000 miles of telegraph, set afloat lines of ocean steamers that transport Indian products to all parts of the world and bring back gold in galore, instituted courts of justice and an efficient police service, provided for education that has hitherto been withheld from three-fourths of the population, and now in every way looks wisely and well to the development and advancement of the country. Compare India to-day with Persia or China, and determine whether the effects of "arbitrary British rule," so bitterly deplored by envious nations, are worse than the effects of undisturbed savage tyranny, cruelty, and ignorance. In reference to its benefits, Baboo Chunder, a learned and travelled Hindoo, has declared that "Under security against an enemy from abroad, population has increased, cultivation has been extended, the country has become a great garden, and landed property has risen in value more than

forty-fold in one province, nineteen-fold in another, and more than ten-fold through all lower Bengal."

The education of thoughtful labour in India is gradually awakening the lower class Hindoo from the stupefying effects of a sternly restrictive caste. In the mining and manufacturing industries of Europeans his astonished eyes for the first time behold the power of man over the forces of nature. The vaunted power of the Brahmin, whom the Vedas assert to be lord even of the lightning, but whose superhuman abilities appear to our practical eyes to be confined to keeping himself miraculously fat and comfortable, fades into insignificance and a suspicion of empty boasting before the actual might of the blue-eyed "Feringhee" who, with a thimbleful of dynamite, shatters tremendous rocks, the abodes of gods, and sacrilegiously and quickly discovers hid treasures that by native methods could be reached only by patient and back-breaking toil. Steam-engines that, fed only with a little coal or wood and water, almost conquer distance, put to shame the asserted but improved abilities of the Brahmin to ride on the wings of the wind if he choose; and the mysterious telegraph, so innocent and unimportant looking, flouts in its annihilation of time, the pretence of the Holy Teacher of the Vedas to converse with the gods in their remote dwellings. Before the actual march of mind, pretentious mystical learning fails. Unless the Brahmins do really before long demonstrate their power to work miracles, their followers will probably transfer their allegiance from the elephant-faced, the four-handed, and otherwise highly-finished Brahma, Hindoo god of the universe, to the wonder-working European,—and, if he worthily live, to his God, who has given him wisdom and light.

TRURO, *Nova Scotia.*

Nought that is right think little; well aware  
What reason bids, God bids; by His command  
How aggrandized the smallest thing we do.

—*Young.*

BUILDING FOR TIME.

BY P. LESUEUR, OTTAWA.

“ He builds too low who builds below the skies.”

I.

*Uncle.* WELL, George, now that you have finished your education, what do you propose to do next ?

*George.* I mean to go into a commercial house to learn business.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* I'll go into business for myself.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* I mean to be successful, for I shall work hard and spend as little as I can, until I have the upper hand.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* I shall get married and have a nice cheerful home ; but I mean to be very careful until I am rich.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* I shall retire into the country, where I hope to build a handsome house and live generously.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* I shall take an active part in public matters, and, perhaps, I may get into Parliament.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* Having attained that position I shall be satisfied.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* Well !—I suppose—after awhile—I shall die—like everybody else.

*Uncle.* And then ?

*George.* And then,—and then—well—what do you mean ?

*Uncle.* Well, and then, you shall come to judgment, with, so far as I can see, no provision or preparation for the after state. Your plans being confined to earth, will have had their usufruct there, but in the beyond you shall go into everlasting bankruptcy.

“ The wicked shall be turned into hell, *with all . . . that forget God.*”

## II.

THE subject of this sketch became known to the writer, in another country, forty-five years ago, when he himself was about fifteen years of age and the former about forty. He was a practising physician and surgeon, and the son of a Methodist minister. A finer man, physically, it would have been difficult to find; and yet, fine as was his physique, it was inferior to his mental nature, for his intellect was of a very high class indeed. A liberal education, further improved by much reading of the English classics, history, general science, and works on art, had given him fulness of knowledge, elegance of diction, and great readiness of utterance.

Add to this that he was naturally kind and benevolent, urbane and communicative, liberal in principle and generous in act, and you will not often find his superior. He was eminently successful in his profession, and deserved to be, for he was painstaking, indefatigable, and, in the highest degree, competent. At this time he was religiously impressible, sympathizing, and tender-hearted as a woman. To the poor he was particularly affable, and every benevolent enterprise profited by his generous impulses. But he was getting rich fast, and the care of his means began to occupy much of his attention.

By almost imperceptible degrees he became fond of money, and in a few years was found employing it at highly usurious rates. Indeed, the measure of his ever-increasing accumulations might be taken as the ratio of his moral shrinkage, and as he verged towards the eventide of life he became a hard, exacting, avaricious, and even cruel man. He had been a widower for some years, but married again, apparently for powerful metallic reasons, the lady being possessed of considerable wealth, but the union was not fruitful of love or happiness. In his old age he used to exhibit hoards of literal gold to his more familiar acquaintances, and the handling of the lucre seemed to afford him the greatest delight. It was absolutely pitiful to see this once grandly majestic soul so shrivelled up and besotted, but it was always a wonder to his friends (who deplored the awful change) that so noble a nature could ever have become so ignobly debased.

Better a thousand times that his riches "had made themselves wings and flown away," than by remaining prove so blighting a curse.

### III.

AND then I fell a dreaming, and behold, I saw a youth vigorously at work. By-and-by he received his reward, and he had twopence over and above his immediate needs. "What shall I do with it?" said he. "This will I do: I will commence building," and forthwith he marked out a circular space on the ground, and laid down the copper coins on the line. On the next day he added two more, and day by day thereafter two, three, four, or more, as he saved them, until he had covered the rim. Then he went on adding an inner circle of copper coins, a second, a third, a fourth, and so on, until he had twelve, when he thought the base was broad enough to serve for a foundation. In this way he fenced himself off from his fellow-creatures, though only by a well-defined money mark, and began to feel that he was so far ahead of the people of his class who could not show such a surrounding. But the mere money line was no barrier to human intercourse, and he went in and out among his fellows as before.

He continued, however, to build in the same way, but occasionally with silver coin, until his edifice reached up to his knees. People saw what he was doing, and the fact gained him credit among his wealthier neighbours, so that his name came to be worth money, and without displacing a single piece from his wall he could "buy and sell and get gain." Thenceforward he used chiefly gold, though here and there he bound the structure with bank notes, bonds, debentures, and mortgages, and felt he was doing solid work. It required an effort, though, to step over the fast rising pile, and it was only when persons of substance, or matters of more than ordinary importance required it, that he stepped across.

In this way he isolated himself from his old friends, and, indeed, hardly ever recognized them when they passed by his golden tower. Still, he could shake hands with men of his own stamp, and, on special occasions, could and did impart of his

substance for benevolent purposes ; but, shut up as he was, he could not see and did not wish to see, or even to hear, of suffering and misery. His revenues went on increasing very fast, and his agents brought them obsequiously to his house. He had now to reach up in order to continue his hive, and as it overtopped his head he ceased to see the outer world, and heaven itself became almost invisible, for it could only be discerned through the small opening at the top, and he was not prone to look that way. To figure up the value of his hoard and worship it, was enough for him. Grown old in the occupation, he hardly realized that he was getting feeble and shaky, and that the higher courses of his building had become very insecure, but he persevered, and purposed to roof himself in and enjoy the consciousness that, whichever way he looked, around or above, he would see gold, and only gold, and he had almost succeeded. The building was nearly finished, when, in attempting to add a new course to the converging top, the whole thing caved in and crushed out his life ! Alas for the poor rich man !

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## THE SICK BED SOWER.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

“WHAT seed have I to sow ?” said one—“ I lie  
In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low ;  
The silent days and silent nights pass by  
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw  
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,  
It would be life again, a blessed life indeed !”

And so she lay through lingering month and year,  
No word for Him to speak, no work to do ;  
Only to suffer and be still, and hear  
That yet the Golden Gate was not in view ;  
While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,  
Must leave the whitening plain, where others now would reap.



## TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA is the most uncomfortable of countries to travel in. Such railways as there are run mostly in straight lines from terminus to terminus, without taking any account of the towns on their road.

If you want to alight at a town half way down the line you find that the station which bears its name is some twenty miles distant from the town itself. You climb into a *paracladnoi*, the three-horse truck without springs, and ask that your luggage may be put in with you. The station porter, clad in a *tsouloupa* reaching to his feet, smiles kindly, but cannot give you your luggage without the permission of some official who is absent. It takes money to find this official. When he has consented to inspect the luggage, he proceeds to examine every article as if it were a new and curious invention. More money is required to stop him; then you scramble into the truck again, and off it goes like wildfire, the Kalmuck driver yelling all the way, and thwacking the shafts with the stump of his whip to make you fancy that he is dragging the vehicle by himself.

The bumping is something to remember; the roads are left to mend themselves, and in winter some of the ruts are big enough to hold coffins. In some districts a chance of being chevied by a pack of dinnerless wolves adds to the interest of the journey; but if it be night a lantern with a strong reflector hung at the back of the carriage will be enough to keep them from approaching. At length the town of your destination is reached, and, pounding along the unpaved streets with a last flourish of howls, the *isvostchik* gallops into the courtyard of the place that calls itself an hotel. Out tumbles a flat-nosed ostler, whom the driver begins to thump, just to show a zeal in your service. Then comes the landlord, generally a German who talks broken French, and whose accommodation for travellers consists in two or three rooms without beds and some hot water.

It is expected that a traveller should bring his own provisions; if he have not done so, he must pay for food at famine prices—

and what food ! It is no use asking for a chop or a steak, for the last gridiron seen in Russia (except in private houses) was the one which Ivan the Terrible used for the broiling of refractory courtiers. A chunk of beef stewed in sugar and vinegar and served with a saucerful of salted cucumbers and pickled cherries will be about the extent of the bill of fare ; though if there happen to be a wedding going on in the town, the landlord will run off to beg some choicer dainties, and return in triumph with the leg of a goose stuffed with cloves, or a piece of pork braised with nutmegs and marsh-mallows.

As to beds, they are a modern innovation in Russia. and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the top of their ovens, middle-class people and servants curl themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near the stoves ; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last ten years that the students in state schools have been allowed beds. A traveller must therefore roll himself up in rugs and furs, and spend his night on the floor of his inn-room. Russians see no hardship in this, even if they be rich and accustomed to luxuries. They rather prefer boards to mattresses, and are first-rate travellers, for they make shift to sleep anywhere.

A man had better not fall ill while in a Russian country town, for all the doctors outside the large cities are believers in phlebotomy and violent purgatives. They prescribe tea, but drug it without telling you, and the effects are felt for days afterwards. Their fee is anything you like to give ; but whatever you may offer they will be sure to ask more, and must therefore be dealt with as bluntly as tradesmen.

The prices of goods in Russian shops are assessed according to the apparent wealth of the customer. A stranger must first choose the article he wants, then offer what he thinks reasonable, and turn on his heel if the tender be declined. Should the tradesman burry after him into the street, he may be sure that he has offered too much ; should he be allowed to go, his bid has really been too low ; and of course this is liable to happen with persons accustomed to Western prices, for the cost of everything in Russia is exorbitant.

The first-class railway carriages, on the line from St. Petersburg

to Moscow, are luxurious. If a stranger confined his travels to a journey on this line he would go away with a fine idea of Russian comfort, for all the latest American improvements in the way of sleeping and dining cars, dressing-rooms, and attendance are available. Nor on this one line are there any vexatious formalities about luggage and passports. Everywhere else a passport is in constant request, and the only way to avoid exhibiting it a dozen times a day is to produce a twenty-kopeck piece in its stead. The traveller who forgets the coin is liable to be invited to step into the police-office, where he will have to prove, by showing other papers, that the passport is really his and not one that he has stolen.

There is one good side to travelling in Russia, and it is this:-- If a stranger be not faring for commercial purposes, he will be made a welcome guest at the houses of the authorities in any town where he may wish to spend more than a day. The civil governor will despatch a secretary to his hotel, and be glad to have him to dinner for the sake of hearing what news he has to bring.

This is pleasant enough, and the hospitality is the more gracious as the passing stranger cannot make any return for it beyond thanks. On the other hand, a stranger who settles for any term exceeding a week in a country town will have to be careful of the company into which he falls; for Russian friendship soon turns to familiarity, and one of the first manifestations of familiarity is to ask the stranger to take a hand at *ecarte*. Then it becomes a question of refusing and being deemed a boor, or accepting and being promptly cleaned out.

It should be mentioned that there is no colloquial equivalent in Russia to "Sir" or "Madam," and this puts social relations on a very friendly footing. *Tschinovniks* and their wives are addressed by their inferiors as "Your High Origin" or "High Nobility," as the case may be, but amongst equals the usual formula is to address a person by his Christian name coupled to that of his father—as thus, Paul Petrowitch, *i.e.*, Paul son of Peter; and the same in regard to women, "Maria-Nicolaievna," Mary, daughter of Nicholas. Needless to remark that the guest-chamber in a Russian country house is as devoid of beds as a country hotel. At most a foreigner will be accommodated with an ottoman spread with catskins.

## ACADIA.\*

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEN D'OR."

"FORTY years ago, it used to be said that no one would ever write the history of Canada, because there was nothing in it worth recording. But now that that history is written, it is found to be the most attractive of all Colonial histories, and conveys a lasting rebuke to those who so undervalued it."

The above remark was made not long since, by M. Sulte, himself one of the most brilliant of Canadian writers, who in the French language have demonstrated the fact, that this Dominion has a historical record of which it may justly be proud. The history of Canada so far from being unworthy of record, is romantic, picturesque, and captivating beyond that of any other in North America. The materials for it are abundant, although they have not yet been thoroughly explored. The richness of the vein has, however, been proved by the copious literature it has already produced; chiefly in the French language, and by our French Canadian fellow-subjects, who so far as that history relates to New France, have taken the lead of both English and American writers, who have done little more than borrow from the pile of ingots amassed by the Fari-baults, Lemoines, Sultes, Garneaus, and Ferlands, of the Province of Quebec.

The Abbe Ferland, whose death a few years since, was a grievous loss to Canadian literature, has left a history of Canada down to the conquest, which if it were translated into English—and we wonder it has not been before this time—would

assuredly become the great Canadian classic for all that period of our country's history. It is a masterly work, replete with every good quality that a history ought to possess: fulness, accuracy, clearness, and impartiality, and as free as Herodotus of that sort of philosophizing which makes so many of our modern histories, not histories, in fact, but a record of what the writers of them think about the history they profess to write.

The indefatigable labours of Mr. J. M. Lemoine in the collection and illustration of historical memoranda relating to the Province of Quebec, are well known, as most of his works have been published in English. If Mr. Lemoine has not chosen to write a consecutive history of our country, it is not for want either of ability or matter. The future historians of Canada will never weary of examining and drawing from the mass of historical materials which he has collected for them. At this moment, he is adding to their obligations by a new work, at present in course of publication, entitled "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," which promises to be as charming and instructive as anything he has written.

M. Sulte, like Southey, is at once a poet and historian, a man of great originality, force, and charm of expression. His poems and songs, some of them equal to anything of Beranger's, fill a goodly volume. His history of Three Rivers is an exhaustive work, written in a lucid and charming manner. It will, when finished, be the standard for the history of that great central region of Quebec.

It is a remarkable fact, however,

\*Une Colonie Feodale en Amerique. L'Acadie 1604-1710. Par M. Ramcau. Paris: Didier et Cie, 1877.

while so many and such able French works have been written in Canada, that France herself, overflowing with literary activities on every subject under the sun, but this, should have totally ignored Canada, its history, and the million of French-speaking people it contains,—ignored it as completely as if it had been some nameless region in Africa, instead of a country once belonging to herself, with a French literature of its own, worthy of taking high rank wherever the French language is known.

Many plausible reasons might be given for this singular neglect. But we simply note the fact, recording one distinguished exception, however, in that very clever French author, M. Rameau, who published in 1859 an interesting work called: "France in the Colonies," and who has just issued in Paris, another volume of 367 pages, entitled "Une Colonie Feodale en Amerique," being a history of the settlement, progress and, destruction of Acadia. M. Rameau has made some amends for the cold shoulders turned to Canada, by the whole class of modern French authors.

"A Feudal Colony in America" is a creditable instalment of the literary debt owing by France to this country. It reminds the English reader somewhat of the valuable works of Parkman, who from an American point of view, has so ably surveyed Canadian history. That the work of M. Rameau is written just as a clever, well informed and patriotic Frenchman would write our history, detracts in nothing from its real merits and interest, rather enhances them; for it is only when every side of our history has been calmly and judiciously heard that we shall arrive at a judgment which will be irrefragable.

Two centuries ago France was one of the most colonizing of nations. The bold, adventurous spirits she sent out to the New World, have left their traces in every part of North America. Before the English

colonists had pushed their advance settlements a hundred miles from the seaboard, the Champlains, the La Salles, her missionaries, and her fur-traders had explored the great lakes and the vast regions of the interior of North America with a courage and enterprise that is only paralleled in our day by the searches of Livingstone, Cameron and Stanley in the wilds of Africa. France, to-day, is the least colonizing nation in Europe. She has lost almost all the colonies she once possessed. Even the desire of emigrating seems to be practically dead among her people. Much speculation might be indulged in over this modern French characteristic, but we have no time for it. It was not so at the close of the great wars of religion in the sixteenth century. The accession of Henry of Navarre to the throne found France filled with adventurous gentlemen, men of the sword, members of a numerous and impoverished feudal aristocracy, who were eager to go to the ends of the earth to extend the dominions of France and restore their own broken fortunes.

M. Rameau shows, with much force of reason, that it was this feudal element, which finding their military occupation gone, and being at once ambitious and impecunious, turned their eager aspirations towards America, as offering them a new career, with rank and fortune—a New France, where they could establish seigneuries, fiefs, and manors, with vassals and retainers governed by those feudal laws, which were the only laws of land tenure known in France at that period.

The feudal tenures of New France were in practice, if not in law, free from personal vassalage, partaking more of the relation of landlord and tenant, than of lord and vassal. The lands of the seigneurs were conceded to *censitaires* on payment of drifting quit-rents, and fines on sales—with a few other dues of obligation, by no means onerous. The feudal

tenures of New France resembled more the common law of copy hold as it existed in England. They conveyed a continuous and indefeasible possession to the tenant so long as the light feudal dues were paid according to law. The advantages of the system, its suitability to the state of society in New France, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that feudalism in Lower Canada survived a hundred years, the conquest of the colony by the English—and it was only abolished a quarter of a century ago, and then not because it was onerous, or vexatious; but because it was old-fashioned, and out of harmony with the rapidly-changing ownerships of land in a growing commercial community.

The seigneurs of New France and Acadia were a rural aristocracy, greatly respected by the people, being their natural advisers and protectors in peace, their leaders in war, and as it was the misfortune of the French colonists to be almost perpetually at war either with the English or the Iroquois, or with both, this semi-feudal relationship gave organization and strength to the colony in resisting the attacks of a people ten times more numerous than themselves.

The weakness of the system was in its arbitrary principles of government—the people had no voice whatever in choosing their rulers, or in making their laws. They were governed by prerogatives, not by parliaments. Edicts and Royal proclamations, administered by governors and Intendants irresponsible to the people, led, during the infamous reign of Louis XV., to the vilest abuse, corruption and waste of the national wealth. Odious monopolies grasped the trade of the country. The people were powerless. It was that mal-administration which brought ruin both upon New France and Old. The former fell under the arms of England. Old France plunged into the Revolution with all its horrors.

The leading features of French colonization in America were agricultural, military, and religious. Those of New England, agricultural, commercial, and religious. Both were intensely devoted to their respective creeds, which, Puritan and Roman Catholic alike, made part of their state policy. Both were exclusive and intolerant to the last degree. The intolerance of the Puritans, however, led to active persecution of Quakers, Baptists, and witches. The intolerance of New France persecuted no one, because there was no dissent from the State religion; no one to disturb the settled religious opinions of the colony—which were exclusively Roman Catholic.

Intolerance in New France, negative as it was, had one fatal result. The policy of France respecting the Huguenots was ruinous to her colonies. Had the high-spirited, intelligent, and courageous Huguenots and Reformers, when banished from France, been permitted to settle in Canada instead of enriching her enemies with their enterprise, skill, and industry, Canada would have been little behind New England in population. Her conquest would have been impossible. The destinies of America would to-day, in all probability, have been changed. The *roles* of the English and French in North America would very conceivably have been reversed.

The present volume of M. Rameau confines itself to Acadia, which was a sort of New France in miniature—older than Canada, however, for it was settled by De Monts and Poutrincourt in 1604, sixteen years before their future enemies, the Puritans, landed at Plymouth, five years before Henry Hudson explored the great river that perpetuates his name. The landing and settlement of the "Pilgrims," at Plymouth, was luxury compared with the trials of the little band of Frenchmen at Port Royal,—“clinging,” as Parkman expresses it, “as if it were for life, to

the fringe of the vast and savage continent," when no other white man was to be found anywhere from Florida to the Pole. Acadia was the nursery and seed plot for the greater colony of New France. With De Monts and Poutrincourt, the founders of Acadia, came Champlain, the founder of Quebec; Pontgrave, the founder of Three Rivers; Hebert, the first actual settler and cultivator of the soil of Canada. These memorable personages learned their first lessons in colonization at Port Royal.

The colonizers of New France and Acadia were, however, like generals without an army. They lacked men in sufficient numbers to follow them to occupy the country they had explored. Emigration to New France came in only by fives and tens, compared with the hundreds of English, German, Huguenot, and other emigrants who passed into the English Colonies, where this voluntary emigration was also supplemented by the transportation of thousands of convicts under penal sentences, as if the greatest desire of Britain was to fill the land with people, the more and faster the better, irrespective of creed, country, or morals, white or black, bond or free.

This vast and growing disparity of population soon began to tell upon the relations of the French and English colonies to each other. Still, France made no effort to people her colony more rapidly. New France waxed slowly, with but a dribble of immigration. Acadia after the first few shiploads, received no emigrants at all, beyond a few straggling Frenchmen, who from time to time, landed and remained in the country. The result was a development of a small home-grown population in Acadia, unique in its character, hardy, industrious, and religious, but too weak and too poor to hold their own, unaided by France, against the numbers and wealth of New England. But France

did very little to assist them: she left them almost alone to fight their battles with their numerous and vindictive neighbours.

The Abbe Raynal in his philosophical history, paints the character, life, and manners of the Acadians in the most glowing colours of a poetic imagination, a strain which Longfellow caught up, and immortalized in that greatest of his poems; "Evangeline." The colder and clearer atmosphere of history shows them to have been not Arcadians, but Acadians with plenty of human imperfections. A community of simple farmers and fishers, who were rather looked down upon by the Canadians of Quebec, for their rusticity of speech and manner, yet living a happy and even a gay life among themselves, with two very conspicuous traits in their character: fidelity to their religion, and loyalty to France. The feudal relation between them and their seigneurs was for the most part a pleasing one. The Sieur d'Aulnay is described as daily riding out of his great rough Manor House at Port Royal, to visit the settlers in the upland valleys and on the coast, taking the greatest interest in their farming, praising one, reproving another, encouraging all in their work and social duties. He knew every man, woman, and child, everything about every man's land, flocks, and herds, took great interest in the comfort and welfare of the families of the colonists, helping with generous hand wherever help was needed.

We had in Upper Canada, in the recollection of men yet living, a similar founder of a settlement on the shores of Lake Erie, Colonel Talbot, who without being a seigneur, founded a prosperous settlement and devoted his life to the happiness of his people. The life and career of that noble gentleman has yet to be written.

The colony of Port Royal, like a busy hive, swarmed more than once, throwing off new settlers for the

distant and wild country that lay at the head of the Bay of Fundy. M. Rameau devotes an interesting chapter to the settlement of Beaubassin and the Bay of Minas, by emigrants from Port Royal in 1700. He makes quite an idyllic picture of the stout old miller—Seigneur Thibeaudeau, who established himself and family at Chipody, at that early day, where he built a Manor House, surrounded himself with censitaires, and acted the Seigneur very creditably. On the Bay of Minas was built the village of Grand Pre, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." It formed part of the plebeian Seigneurie of the hardy, shrewd old miller, whose descendants at the present day are said by M. Rameau to number fifteen hundred heads of families, all bearing his name. Thibeaudeauville, in Louisiana, was founded by some of them at the time of the dispersion of the Acadians.

The geographical position of Acadia, and the perfect accord that always existed between its colonists and the warlike Abenakis and Micmacs, enabled it to strike with effect the flank of Massachusetts in the frequent wars with the English Colonies. The harbour of Port Royal was also a favourite rendezvous for French privateers, who harassed sorely the commerce of Boston. Acadia was therefore a sharp thorn in the flesh, which New England for a whole century, strove hard to pull out. The history of the several military and naval expeditions, fitted out from Boston, against Port Royal, their temporary successes and defeats, form no inconsiderable portion of the history of New England and Acadia. It is briefly but well described by M. Rameau in the volume before us.

The little colony had a hot time of it. It bravely held its own, however, until the whole strength of New England, aided by English ships of war, in 1710 assailed Port Royal with a force larger than the whole population of Acadia, men, women, and

children. The colony was conquered at last. By the peace of Utrecht in 1713, Acadia was finally ceded to England: Cape Breton, however, still remained French for fifty years longer.

The triumph of the New Englanders was immense. The fall of Acadia in "Queen Anne's war," used to be the great epoch for the popular counting of years, throughout New England, up to the conquest of Canada, which furnished a fresh epoch for popular parlance, as the Revolution has done since.

The Acadians, notwithstanding their subjugation, remained the sole inhabitants and possessors of the country until the English settlement of Halifax in 1749. They never abandoned their hopes of being eventually reunited to France. They stubbornly refused to take the oaths of allegiance to England unless qualified with the proviso of not being compelled to take up arms against France. Upon the commencement of English settlement among them, this question of the oath of allegiance was brought into the foremost place, and on the breaking out of the war with France in 1754, it formed the excuse for the terrible measures which resulted in the total ruin of the colony in 1755.

The violent dispersion of the Acadian people and the wanton destruction of all their settlements, forms a dark and indelible stain upon the English and American name. The latter more truly, deeper in the guilt of it than the former. English history passes on tiptoe over this blot as fearing to soil its skirts with mention of the foul deed. America has given the world its grandest poem, "Evangeline," as a penitential psalm, from the depths of its self-consciousness of an evil act that cannot be forgotten. But even Longfellow is unjust in his poem towards the mother country, by leaving it to be inferred, that Old and not New England was the actual contriver and



perpetrator of the joint national crime, which was in fact carried out in all its cruel features by the militia of New England, under the command of the Massachusetts colonel Winslow, the ships for the deportation of the wretched Acadians being furnished by Boston.

England was at that moment in a gloomy political eclipse. The baleful Newcastle administration had ruined everything it touched. At home and abroad, that administration was everywhere unsuccessful and despised. The great Pitt had not yet stepped over them to power, as he did with the acclaims of the nation little more than a year afterwards. We can imagine the "Great Commoner" stamping his foot in noble indignation, had such a project as the destruction of Acadia been mooted to him. But indeed, it seems questionable whether the scheme in all its fulness, had ever been communicated even to Newcastle's Government. The communications between the Governor of Massachusetts and General Braddock, upon the arrival of the latter in America, seem only to have referred to the forts and garrisons of the French and the Acadians in the military service of France. The seizure and transportation of that people wholesale, was an after-thought, an inspiration of panic fear that seized America in the disastrous summer of 1755.

The only possible palliation that can be alleged for this atrocity, was the terrible state of the public mind throughout the English colonies at that particular time. Braddock's fine army had on the 9th of July, 1755 been destroyed in Virginia. The whole back countries of Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia were exposed to the inroads of the French and Indians. In the East, a newly arrived French commander-in-chief, with a great military reputation, the Baron Dieskau, was assembling on the shores of Lake Champlain a French army, that threatened to fall upon

New York and New England. Upon the defeat of Braddock, Massachusetts had her ancient fears renewed of an attack in the flank from the Acadians and their Indian allies. Although there is not the slightest grounds to be found in history for this last apprehension, the fear of it was, however, enough. It prompted the idea of a sudden and forcible removal of the Acadians from their country, and their dispersion among the other colonies to prevent their attacking New England, threatened as she was by Dieskau's army, assembled on Lake Champlain.

The fears of the moment were too active for delay, or for humane considerations. The powers held by Governor Lawrence of Nova Scotia were made active for the occasion. The militia of New England were ordered secretly up to Acadia, ships to transport the unhappy people were made ready, and sent to the places fixed upon for their embarkation. It resembled a sudden slave raid upon an African tribe, more than the action of civilized people against their own fellow-subjects. Dieskau was gathering his forces from June to September preparatory for invasion. It was not until the 9th of September that the fears of America were relieved, by the unexpected and welcome tidings, that Dieskau had rashly attacked the entrenched camp of the English under General (afterwards Sir William) Johnson, and been defeated and mortally wounded. This engagement took place seven days after the seizure of the Acadians had been carried into effect.

The confidence of the English colonies was restored by the defeat of Dieskau, and it is possible, nay probable, that had the news of that important defeat reached Boston in time, the order to remove the Acadians might have been countermanded.

At Grand Pre, in the Bay of Minas, on the 2nd September, 1755,

the people were summoned to meet Colonel Winslow in the great church. The troops were at hand and under arms. When all the male inhabitants were assembled, the doors were shut and guarded. Standing by the altar, Winslow read the doom of the Acadians, which came upon them like a clap of thunder. In the King's name, their lands, homes, flocks, and herds, all but their household effects and money, were declared confiscated, and themselves prisoners! They were ordered at once to proceed to the shore to embark in the ships, lying there prepared to transport them from their country to other English colonies, under terrible penalties if they returned to their native land! The torch was applied to their houses and barns. Those great old homesteads "such as the peasants of Normandy built in the days of the Henries," were ruthlessly destroyed. The people were paralyzed, offering no resistance. Only at Port Royal, when the troops fired their church, the Acadians rushed out of the woods and killed and wounded twenty-nine of them. Otherwise, they submitted to their fate as if it had been a judgment of God, and not the evil act of men.

The shocking sentence upon a whole people was carried out to the letter, nay, with a recklessness and heartlessness far beyond what even its contrivers had contemplated. No care was taken in the embarkation to keep the unhappy families together. That last solace in their affliction was denied them. Husbands, unmarried men, women, and children were separated, and compelled to embark in separate ships, and sent to different ports, where the confused and disintegrated mass were recklessly thrown ashore at every point from Boston to Savannah. No provision had been anywhere made for their reception. At Philadelphia, it was coolly proposed to sell them as slaves!

This was a proposition that for

the sake of poetic justice should have deterred Longfellow from making Evangeline, after all her weary wanderings in search of her affianced lover, go to Philadelphia, as he says:

"Finding among the children of Penn, a home  
and a country."

Longfellow does not exaggerate. Poetry and imagination could not outdo fact and prose in describing the sufferings of that unhappy and unoffending people. The population of Acadia at the time of its dispersion was about 17,000, of these, 7,000 were actually seized and transported as described. The remaining 10,000 escaped,—some of them to Canada, others to the Indian settlements. Many roamed in the forests until the storm blew over, - when the broken and dispersed people after an exile of several years, began to make their way back to their ancient homes, now, however, no longer theirs. Still, they courageously settled down, and began life anew in the woods and on the wild fishing coasts, as their fathers had done before them.

The English Government, conscience-stricken for the great wrong that had been done, protected them and encouraged their return. The Acadians, industrious, frugal, and peaceable, increased and multiplied once more. In the census of our Dominion taken in 1871, the Acadians of genuine descent numbered near 86,000 souls, and at the present time, not less than 100,000 of them, quiet, industrious and loyal subjects of Her Majesty, are to be found in the Dominion of Canada. Therefore, it is pleasing to us, English Canadians, to reflect that the mournful ending of the poem of Evangeline is no longer true to fact, beautiful as it is in poetry

"Still stands the forest primeval, but under the  
shade of its branches,  
Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic,

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers  
from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.  
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom  
 are still busy :  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
 kirtles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fires repeat Evangeline's  
story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced  
neighbouring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
 wail of the forest."

We almost lose sight of the clever work of M. Rameau, in descanting upon the cruel conduct of our own

nation towards that interesting little colony. We feel that both Old and New England deserve the severe censures which M. Rameau pronounces upon them. We honour our French Canadian fellow-subjects, but a feeling of remorse and tenderness touches the heart when we think of the Acadians, and the unjust treatment they once received at the hands of our forefathers, treatment which they have forgiven, but which we cannot and never ought to forget.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

### THE CONFERENCES.

At the time at which we write, two of our Annual Conferences have been held, both of which we had the pleasure of attending. The London Conference was held in the beautiful and thriving town of St. Thomas. In a few years St. Thomas has grown from a small country village to be one of the most important railway centres of the western peninsula.

The Rev. E. B. Ryckman, M.A., occupied the chair of the Conference, and presided with great ability and courtesy over its deliberations. The Rev. John Wakefield discharged the duties of Secretary. The Conference nearly filled the body of the large and handsome church, and gave evidence of the wonderful growth it had undergone since its formation, four years ago. The public services were of great interest, and were very numerously attended. The presentation of the various aspects of our connexional work—educational, missionary, and Sunday-school—were an inspiration to renewed zeal and energy to the multitudes who attended them. These gatherings, and the public services connected with them, are a great educational and religious influence to

the churches and neighbourhoods where they are held. The public reception of the young men to be ordained was an occasion of spiritual power, not soon to be forgotten. The religious experiences of the young brethren, the clear definition of their relation to the Church by the President, the soul-stirring exhortations of the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, the wise and weighty counsels of Rev. Dr. Rice, and the sententious admonitions, spiced with Attic wit, of the Rev. Alexander Sutherland, made this important service one of rare profit and delight.

The ordination sermon was preached by the venerable President of the General Conference, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. It was a plain and simple, yet strong and cogent exposition and defence of the Scripturalness and spirituality of the doctrines and discipline, polity and usages of Methodism. The veteran preacher exhibited his wonted energy, and contrasted with devout gratitude the wonderful religious progress of the country at the present time with the small beginnings of his early days.

In the evening the Rev. E. H. Dewart, the able editor of the *Christian Guardian*, preached a sermon of great power and eloquence, in

which he pointed out the fallacies and failures of several forms of modern religious error, and showed their true antidote to be the emancipating power of that divine truth which alone maketh free. There was a gratifying increase reported in every department of the Church's work—in membership, in missionary income, in Sunday-schools.

The report of the Book Steward and editors was one of the most encouraging ever presented, there being a large increase in the circulation of each of the periodicals.

The Toronto Conference met in the old Richmond Street Church, Toronto, a mother church of Methodism in that city. The Rev. E. B. Harper, M.A., received the honours of the Presidency, and Rev. J. G. Laird that of the Secretaryship. The Conference missionary meeting, held in the Metropolitan church, was an occasion of unique and absorbing interest. Never before had we the presence of returned missionaries from Manitoba, British Columbia, and Japan. The Rev. J. F. German, M.A., gave a graphic account of the manner in which our great inheritance in the North-west is being taken up by settlers and occupied by the mission stations of our Church. The Rev. A. Russ, M.A., of Victoria, B.C., brought before us the progress of our work in that country, especially the wonderful progress of Indian missions at Fort Simpson and the Nass River. A noble tribute was paid to our heroic Crosby and his devoted wife. The Rev. Dr. Macdonald brought vividly, and by means of Japanese curiosities, visibly before the audience, several of the singular usages of that strange country. His home and preaching place were in an idol temple, and the edicts of a former persecuting government against Christianity call to mind the powerless rescripts of Diocletian against the primitive Christians.

One of the most interesting features of the Conference was the

reception, on the recommendation of the Tokio District Meeting, of five Japanese converts for the ministry of our Church. The raising up of a native ministry will be the solution of the problem of the evangelization of Japan; and it is cause for devout gratitude to God that so soon He is furnishing the means for achieving this result.

Our personal enjoyment of the Conference was brought suddenly to a close by an attack of illness which confined us to a sick bed, from which these notes are written. The reception and ordination services, we learn, were of great interest. We hope to present Dr. Nelles's sermon in these pages. The addresses of Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Jeffers, and Rev. E. B. Ryckman are spoken of as of great appropriateness, power, and beauty.

The numerical increase reported for the year is encouraging.

A pleasant episode of the Conference week was the garden party given to the ministers and their hosts by Dr. Whittier, at Yorkville.

#### THE MOUNT ELGIN INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION.

Comparatively few of our readers have any conception of the character and importance of the work that is being done at this valuable institution of our Church. We confess we had not, till we had ocular demonstration of it during a recent visit. The Institution is situated on the reserve of the Muncey Indians, about twelve miles west of St. Thomas by rail, on the picturesque banks of the winding Thames. It comprises a splendid farm, in fine condition, of two hundred acres; a large brick dwelling, with accommodation for fifty inmates, the number now in residence; school, carpenter and shoemaker shops, workrooms, and an extensive range of barns and farm buildings. The object of the Institution is the religious, intellectual, and industrial training of Indian boys and girls from the different

reserves throughout the country. There are now twenty-four boys and twelve girls in attendance. They spend several hours in school every day, and the boys do most of the work on the farm, and the girls that of the house and most of the clothes-making. A number of the boys also learn the art and mystery of St. Crispin's gentle craft and carpentry—and very good boots and shoes, doors, sashes, bureaus, and coffins, with which they supply the country far and wide, they make.

It speaks volumes for the enlightened interest of our Church, in the moral and social elevation of the Indian tribes of Canada, that thirty years ago such an institution should have been created. Some of the best executive officers of the Connexion have been appointed to its oversight, among whom we may mention the Revs. S. Rose, Peter Jones, Dr. Rice, James Musgrove, Dr. Evans, and Thos. Cosford. We believe that under none have its

operations been more successful than under its present superintendent, Rev. Mr. Cosford. Indeed, this gentleman is a sort of patriarchal sheik, like Abraham, with his flocks and herds, his barns filled with plenty, and a household almost as numerous as that which pursued the five kings of the plain who captured Lot.

The policy which brings these young men and young women under enlightened Christian influence, and which educates them, religiously, intellectually, industrially, is an eminently wise one. These youths are the *elite* of their tribes, and on their return home will raise the standard of intelligence, and become centres of educative influence among their own race. No better investment can be made of the small missionary grant given to this object, and we doubt not that, under the careful management of Mr. Cosford, this important institution may become almost, or entirely, self-sustaining.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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BY E. BARRASS, M.A.

### MAY MEETINGS.

Every day in the lovely month of May is occupied with the anniversary meetings of the various benevolent societies whose head quarters are established in London, England. The famous Exeter Hall is usually filled to its utmost capacity during the day as well as in the evenings when these grand gatherings take place.

At the annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society, the pleasant but startling statement was made, that during the year not fewer than fifty-two millions of tracts and other kinds of religious literature had been

disseminated in connection with that great enterprise, and ten millions more had been issued from the foreign depots. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been expended.

*London City Mission.*—The operation of this admirable institution have been carried on amongst public-houses, cab and omnibus men, letter-carriers and telegraph-boys, Billingsgate fish-wives and men-folk, factories and work-rooms, policemen, canal boatmen, railway servants, etc., as well as in numberless homes of the sick and poor. The income was nearly thirty-five thousand dollars in

advance of the previous year. Nearly three million visits had been paid, more than a million of persons had attended its religious services, and nearly four million of tracts had been distributed.

*Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary.*—The total income exceeds seven hundred thousand dollars. The expenditure exceeds the income by sixty-five thousand dollars. Dr. Punshon asks for an annual increase of one hundred thousand dollars, and says the income must increase or the society must recede.

The openings for an increase of missionaries are numerous, particularly in India and South Africa. The increase of members on the mission stations exceeds two thousand besides ten thousand on trial. More than seventy thousand dollars were contributed through the Mission House on behalf of the Indian Famine A Zenana Mission is about to be inaugurated in Calcutta, and the committee have granted one thousand dollars for three years to this work. The speaking at the meeting was of a high order. Returned missionaries, clergymen of the Church of England, ministers from different parts of the United Kingdom advocated the claims of the Society with great eloquence. One of the London weeklies estimated the congregation at three thousand. The collection amounted to eleven hundred and forty-two dollars.

Rev. Mr. Moulton, Tonga, is in England, engaged in translating and carrying through the press the Holy Scriptures in the Tongan language. He is accompanied by a native minister. These gentlemen have been sent over, and are supported by the Church in Tonga, for the great work of Bible translation. Such a noteworthy fact should make all friends of missions rejoice.

*The Home Missionary Meeting.*—This was held in City Road Chapel, and was numerously attended. The und aids in sustaining the ministry

in two hundred and fifty circuits and sends three thousand dollars annually to aid poor circuits in Ireland. Fifteen ministers are devoted to the Methodists who are in the Army and Navy. About one hundred home missionary ministers are maintained wholly or in part by this fund.

*The Metropolitan Building Fund.*—The sixteenth annual meeting was held in City Road Chapel. This cathedral of Methodism was crowded. Dr. Gervase Smith, the Secretary, is at present visiting the Methodist Church in the Southern World, and in a letter home he writes that the "converted heathens of the Friendly Islands, with King George at their head, have promised to send one hundred guineas to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund as a mark of their love to the London Methodists." It appears that during the last seven years, twenty-one new Methodist chapels had been built in London, but it is thought that at least seven should be built every year, and even then the increasing population would not be overtaken.

*The London Missionary Society.*—This Society held its forty-fourth annual meeting in Exeter Hall. The income for general purposes exceeded all former years, being nearly three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The Missions in China and Madagascar have been greatly strengthened, and a Moffat Institution has been erected at the Kuruman, Africa. The society has lost eighty of its missionaries in ten years, and during the same period has sent out not less than seventy English missionaries. Madagascar is one of the most interesting missions.

A mission has been commenced on Lake Ngami, discovered by Livingston and Oswell in 1869, where two native missionaries trained at the Moffat Institution volunteered to go. They met with a favourable reception by the young chief of the tribe.

### THE MAY ANNIVERSARIES AT NEW YORK.

*The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* completed its sixty-eighth year May 12. Five hundred and thirty ordained missionaries have been sent out to different parts of the world, and are now preaching in forty-six different languages. They have organized three hundred and fifty churches, with a membership of eighty-three thousand. Nearly two thousand were added last year.

The annual meeting of the American Bible Society was held at the Bible House, May 9th. The receipts were four hundred and forty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty-four dollars, which is a decrease of ninety-three thousand dollars.

One of the most remarkable of recent achievements in bookmaking, is the latest issue of this society. It has just published a neat, handy edition of the New Testament at the low price of five cents. The paper is thin but good, the type though small, is clear, and the press-work has been well done.

### MAY MEETINGS IN TORONTO.

*Upper Canada Tract Society* Annual meeting was held in Elm Street Church. Dean Grassett presided. The issues for the past year showed a decrease, but the receipts were slightly in advance. The society employs an agent on the Welland Canal and likewise employs colporteurs who visit the lumber shanties. Rev. E. H. Dewart and Vice-Chancellor Blake, Revs. J. Donovan and S. Lyle addressed the meeting in a very earnest and practical manner.

*The Bible Society* held its annual meeting in St. Andrew's Church. Rev. Dr. Reid occupied the chair. The attendance was large. The income was seven hundred and eight dollars less than last year but the bequests have more than made up for the deficiency. The issues of the Scrip-

tures are nearly six hundred more than the previous year. The colporteurs are doing a good work in selling the Scriptures among the new settlers in various parts of Ontario. Dr. Dawson from Montreal, Revs. Dr. Castle, W. W. Ross, and J. M. Cameron and others moved and seconded the various resolutions.

*The Young Men's Christian Association* held its fourteenth annual meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, which was crowded to the doors. Young men who have no homes in Toronto find pleasant rooms and good society at this hall, where they are free from the dangerous associations which exist elsewhere. Evidence is furnished of the good that has been done by the prayer-meetings and other religious services which have been held during the year.

### METHODIST CONFERENCES.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was held in the City of Atlanta, Georgia. The membership of the Church amounts to 715,951 white, 2,083 coloured and 4,315 Indian, making a total of 722,349. The travelling preachers amount to nearly 3,500, while the Sunday-schoolers amount to 346,759. There were representatives from other Methodist bodies. Dr. Douglas represented our Church. Judge Wilmot had also been appointed, but just about the time he should have been at Atlanta, he was called to enter the joy of his Lord. The proceedings of the Conference excited great interest. The laymen were not deficient in debating ability, and it was quite clear, that they equally with the ministers are resolved to conserve the best interests of the Church.

—The Annual Conferences of the Episcopal Methodist Church in Canada have been held. Bishop Carman is zealously prosecuting his labours in itinerating in all the Conferences. The corner-stone of a Ladies' College was recently laid at St. Thomas.

—The Primitive Methodists held their Conference at London. A large number of the members are evidently in favour of a union of the Methodist forces, but, their connection with the Parent body in England, from whom much valuable aid is rendered prevents them from taking further steps in this important matter. It must be evident to the most casual observer, that a great amount of money and labour is unnecessarily expended by the needless divisions which exist in Methodism in Canada.

#### ITEMS.

What hath God Wrought ! When Dr. Cary, at a meeting of ministers, urged the discussion of the duty of Christians to spread the Gospel among the heathen, Dr. Ryland, the president, indignantly said, "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." But,

now thirty-three Protestant societies in Europe, and fifteen in America, are sending out more than eighteen hundred foreign missionaries, sustaining fourteen thousand Christian labourers in foreign fields, and contributing to their support more than five millions of dollars per year, and the whole Christian Church is thrilled and kindled in a large degree with the purpose to evangelize the world.

There are now in different parts of the world more than fifteen thousand Bible Societies, all of which have been organized since 1804. These societies have issued, within the last seventy years, more than one hundred and thirty-five millions of copies of the sacred Word. In Madagascar alone, a nation of five millions of people, there has been wrought, in the last fifty years, as complete a revolution as was found in the Roman empire down to the time of Constantine.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*Chips from many Blocks.* By ELIHU BURRITT. pp. 294. Rose-Belford Company, Toronto.

For a long generation the "learned blacksmith" has been a zealous worker in philanthropic reforms. Temperance, Peace, Brotherhood, Penny Postage, Free Labour, Emancipation, have all in turn engaged his head and heart. In the present volume he gathers up his ripest thoughts upon a number of most important topics and presents them to the Canadian reader, for whom this volume is specially prepared. Of his many books, he informs us, he thinks this will be the most useful and interesting.

It discusses from the standpoint

of an enlightened Christian philosophy, important national and international, economical and industrial, religious and moral, educational and social questions. The papers on the Eastern Question are full of political wisdom, and are a necessary antidote to the illusions and delusions which are so prevalent upon that subject. We are in hearty sympathy with his, as some will consider, extreme peace sentiments. But surely, with the promise of the millennium before us, for which we are taught to pray, they are in harmony with the teachings of Scripture, and of intelligent common sense.

Can any thing be more irrational



than the warlike craze into which nations so often rush? The armed peace of Europe is almost as disastrous as open war, and violates every principle of sound political and social economy.

The author's fireside talk with school children on the growth of alphabets and words, explain, from the rich resources of his many-languaged head, the wonders of philology. In the closing chapter on the law of kindness are shown the genial impulses of his large loving heart.

*Pogonuc People.* By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. pp. 375. Toronto: Rose-Belford Company; Methodist Book Room.

This charming story of New England life has stood the test of wide circulation in the columns of the *Christian Union*. It is pure and wholesome as the breath of the spring violets. The delineation of child life, and the story of Dolly's early conversion, will touch to sympathetic tears many a heart. The story is enlivened by not a few glimpses of that peculiar New England humour which the writer, "to the manner born," knows so well how to present. A New England parsonage, notwithstanding its often straitened circumstances, or perhaps in consequence of them, was a grand school for developing true manhood and womanhood—a strong sense of the ever present verities of the unseen, and of responsibility to God. Out of such homes have come the teachers and the preachers and thinkers of the nation.

*The Phonograph and Auriphone and their Future, and Huxley on Animals as Automata.* Toronto: Rose-Belfords.

In this pamphlet, Mr. Edison, the inventor, who, by the way, is a Canadian, gives an account, with prognostications, of their future use, of the phonograph and auriphone. He predicts that these curious instru-

ments will revolutionize the book-trade, telegraphy, music-teaching, and many educational processes. The auriphone so intensifies the sound that Mr. Edison affirms "a maiden's sigh may be given in the magnitude of an earthquake." Mr. Huxley's essay is an admirable discussion of the automatic theory of animal-action.

*A Vision of the Future* By Revs. Prof. PLUMPIRE, Dr. ALLON, Dr. RIGG, Prof. GRACEY, S. COX, and Canon BIRKS. Rose-Belfords, pp. 90.

In a sort of religious symposium the above named learned divines express their judgments on the weighty topic discussed in Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope." The contributions of Dr. Allon and Dr. Rigg will be found able vindications of the orthodox doctrine of the Church.

*The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. LE MOINE, Author of "Maple Leaves," "Quebec, Past and Present." 8vo. pp. 380. Dawson & Co., Montreal and Quebec.

No river in the world better deserves to be celebrated in song and story and historic chronicle than our own noble St. Lawrence. For sublimity of scenery, for romantic memories, for historic associations of grand-erect inspiration, with what other river shall it be compared? To Mr. Le Moine the writing of these chronicles has been an eminently congenial task. Probably no man living is so thoroughly versed in the ancient lore of French Canada, or is so instinct with enthusiastic love of her heroic past. The old legends which haunt the quaint villages of Lower St. Lawrence and their varied associations of romance or war, are carefully woven into the texture of these chronicles. No tourist amid its picturesque scenery, no student of its heroic history, should be without this interesting and instructive volume.

*Melanges d'Histoire et de Littérature, par* BENJAMIN SULTE. pp. 499. Ottawa: Joseph Bureau.

This series of native French volumes contains a number of interesting sketches, many of them on Canadian subjects. They will be found easy and instructive reading for young French scholars, and, indeed, for all who are familiar with the French language. Among the contents are notes of Pontgrave, of Jean Nicolet, and other historical articles, together with bright and sparkling sketches of Canadian life and adventure. We commend this series as an admirable introduction to the noble native literature of our French Canadian fellow-subjects.

*Moody's Talks, with Incidents of the Tabernacle Work in Boston.* pp. 158. Toronto: Rose-Belford Co.

One of the most remarkable features of Mr. Moody's work is the number of converts made from the ranks of habitual drunkards. This book narrates many such incidents, and suggests methods for the reclamation of the fallen. Many of these incidents are of a very touching character, and most of them are remarkable evidences of the power of fervent effectual prayer.

*Future Punishment*, a series of papers on Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope." Rose-Belford Co.

This pamphlet contains a series of short criticisms on Canon Farrar's now famous sermon, by such men as Principal Tulloch, Prof. Jellett, Rev. Wm. Arthur, Rev.

Baldwin Brown, Dr. Littledale, and other leading writers representing different schools of thought. Mr. Arthur's contribution is an incisive criticism of the Canon's Protestant purgatory.

*The Doctrine of the Human Soul. A Trinity in Man, Body, Soul, and Spirit.* By the REV. CONRAD VANDUSEN.

This is a compendious little treatise on a very important subject. It is written with Mr. Vandusen's practical sagacity and force. There will probably be some difference of opinion as to the validity of his arguments. The book will be found very suggestive to thoughtful readers.

We are glad to learn that our indefatigable and accurate Connexional statistician, the Rev. George Cornish, is preparing for the press a Cyclopædia of Canadian Methodism. It will be brought down to latest dates and will contain a complete connexional record of each minister in our six annual conferences, never before presented in one conspectus, or, indeed, in any form, together with much other valuable information. Those who have made experience, as we have, of the great usefulness of Brother Cornish's former "Handbook of Canadian Methodism," will not need to be assured of the value of this one. We trust that our ministers and laymen will largely avail themselves of his painstaking and trustworthy labours.

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

# OVER THE RIVER.

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GEO. F. ROOT.

Grazioso.

1 Over the riv-er ! Oh, what is there ? O-ver the riv-er, the riv - er ? Hearts ev - er hap - py and

## CHORUS.

souls ev - er fair, Basking in glory for - ev - er. O-ver the riv-er, the riv - er wide, O - ver the

beau - ti - ful riv - er, Angels and blessed immortals a - bide. Sinless and happy for - ev - er.

3 Over the river, Oh, wonderful land,  
Over the river, the river!  
Happy and holy each radiant band,  
May we be with them forever.

2 Over the river ! Oh, who is there—  
Over the river, the river ?  
Friends who have gone from our earth-life to share,  
Life from the Bountiful Giver.