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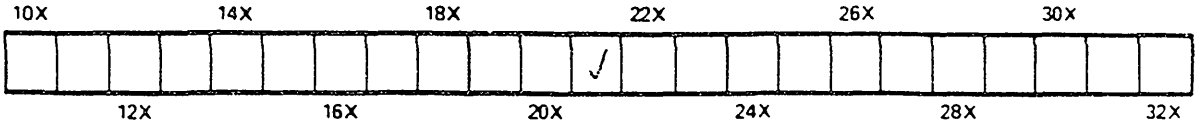
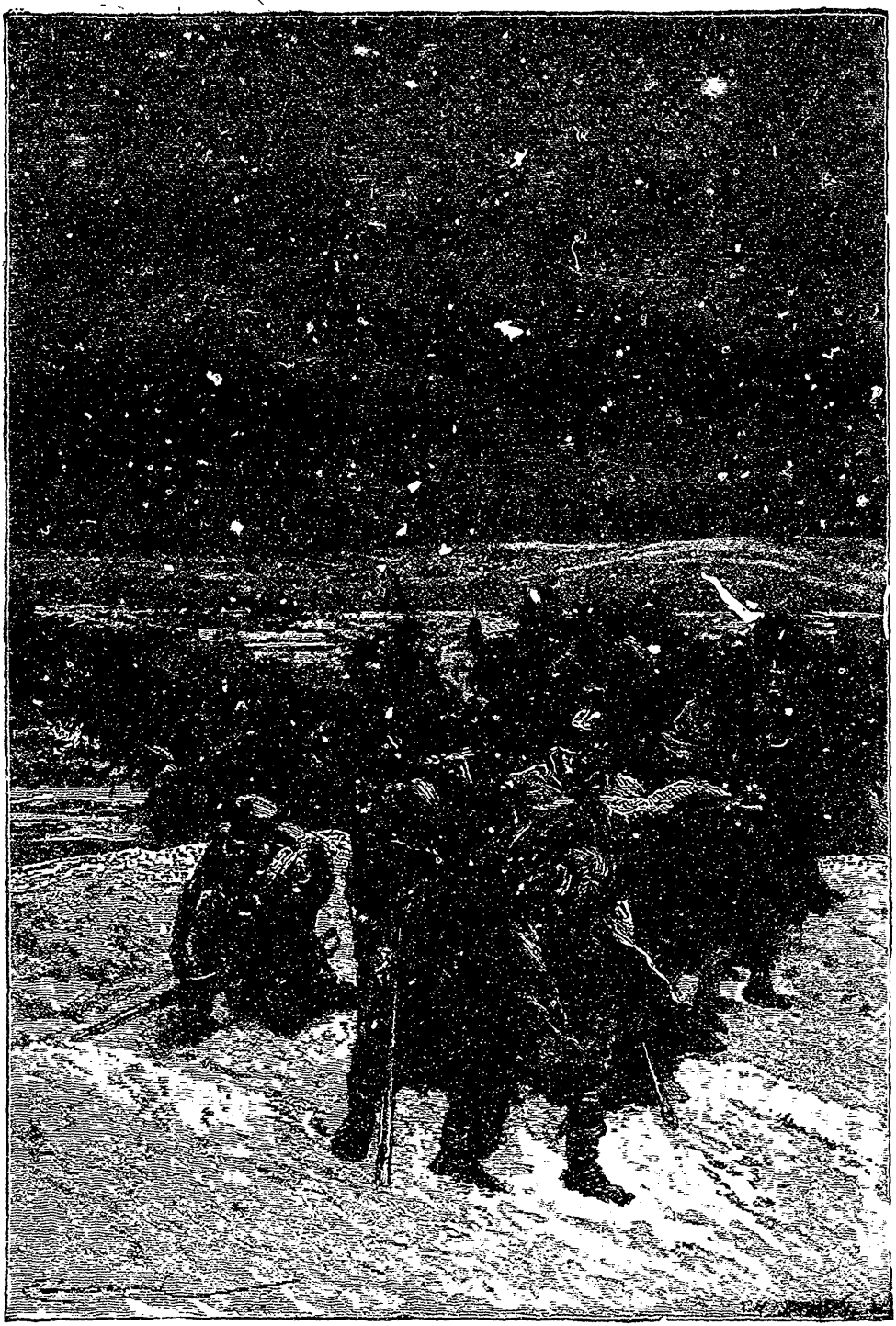




CROSSING THE BERESINA—AFTER E. BAYARD.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
OCTOBER, 1888.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

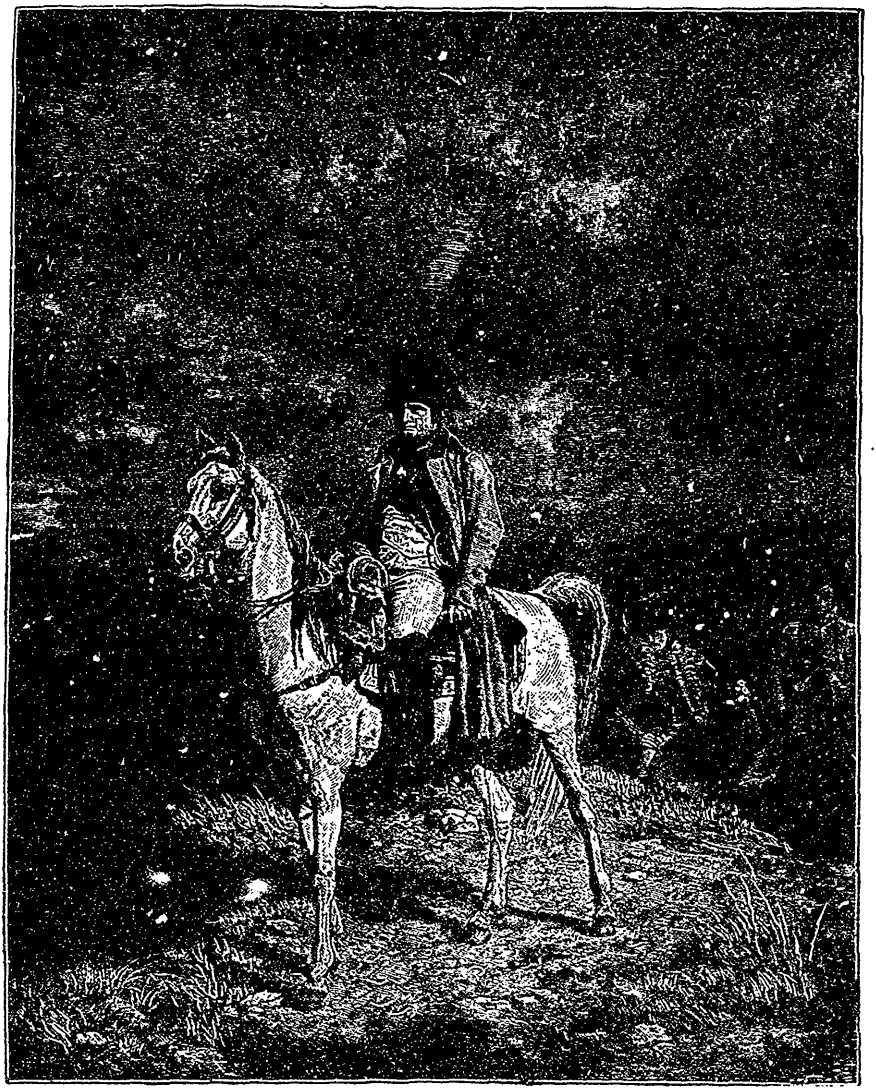
BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

THE new Republic which followed the overthrow of the Monarchy in France was a political Ishmaelite. It raised the red flag and made war on all the powers of Europe; and the powers of Europe combined against the Republic. At this juncture appeared a man who was to cause oceans of blood to flow, and myriads of men, through cruel deaths, to fill untimely graves. The city of Toulon had revolted from the Republic, and was held for the Bourbons by the English and Spanish. A young captain of artillery pointed out the weakness of the defence and recaptured the city. It was Napoleon Bonaparte —a name destined to blaze like a star of evil omen over all Europe, presaging wrath to the nations, and suffering and slaughter to men. He was soon called to Paris to suppress the insurrection of the people. He did it with a merciless hand. He was at once recognized as the genius of power who could bring order out of chaos.

He became in rapid succession a member of the Directory, Consul, First Consul, Consul for life, and Emperor. His military genius and audacity made him at first everywhere victorious. In Italy, in Austria, in Egypt, conquest followed his

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History:* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Prof. of History in DePauw University; author of A History of the United States, The Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati



NAPOLEON—(*After Meissonier*).

eagles. With the instinct of genius he appealed to the French innate love of glory. "From yonder pyramids," he exclaimed to his officers, "four thousand years look down upon you;" and they snatched victory from the very jaws of death. But England's sailor hero, Nelson, countervailed his victories on land by greater victories at sea. The great battles of the Nile,

Aboukir and Trafalgar—the last dearly bought by the great sailor's death—saved Europe from the arch despot's domination. Nevertheless, an almost unbroken series of victories raised Napoleon's star of empire to its very zenith. The names of Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, of Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, mark successive steps of his advance to almost complete supremacy in Europe. He blotted out ancient kingdoms and overturned historic dynasties. He partitioned some of the oldest thrones of Europe among his own family. He made his brothers, kings; his sisters, princesses; his marshals, grand dukes and sovereigns. But, as with many another usurper, his "vaulting ambition overleaped itself and fell on the other side."

His attempt to conquer the Spanish throne, with its historic memories of the Emperor Charles V., for his brother Joseph Bonaparte, was the beginning of the near approaching end. In the Peninsular War he first met his match in military genius, in fertility of resource, in dauntless audacity. In England's Iron Duke, Napoleon found himself face to face with his destiny. By the hard-won battles of Talavera, Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, of Fuentes de Onor, of Badajos and Salamanca, and finally by the glorious victories of Sebastian, Pampeluna and Vittoria, the power and prestige of Napoleon were broken and the name and fame of England's soldiers and generals were established forever.

Meanwhile, Napoleon when at the height of his power exhibited the baseness of his soul by his divorce from his faithful and devoted wife, Josephine. For thirteen years she had exerted an influence which no one else possessed "to soften his morose disposition, calm his asperity and moderate the movements of his perturbed spirit." The blow fell with crushing weight and inexorable force. She knew too well the relentless, unbending spirit of the man to attempt unavailing resistance. "Of course," says Dr. Ridpath, "he did what could be done to palliate the fall of her whom he had loved with a certain tyrannical fondness." In his relations with women, Napoleon uniformly showed himself the vulgar tyrant. He returned with upstart haughtiness and cruel insult the tears and supplications of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Louisa of Prussia, mother of the late Kaiser Wilhelm. He insulted with insolent familiarity the ladies of honour of the palace.

He followed with unkingly and with even unmanly persecution the brilliant Madame de Staël, whom he hated with all

the malignity of his spiteful nature, for her caustic criticism of his tyranny in her immortal "L'Allemagne," in which she had the audacity to perfer Goethe to Racine. He sentenced her to perpetual exile. He even wreaked his rage upon her

MADAME DE STAËL.

obnoxious book by cutting to pieces the whole edition of ten thousand copies. But the manuscript fortunately escaped. It was carried about Europe, through Poland, Hungary and Russia on the person of the intrepid writer, and was finally smuggled over to London, and endowed with the immortality which the printing press alone can give. When the memory of the

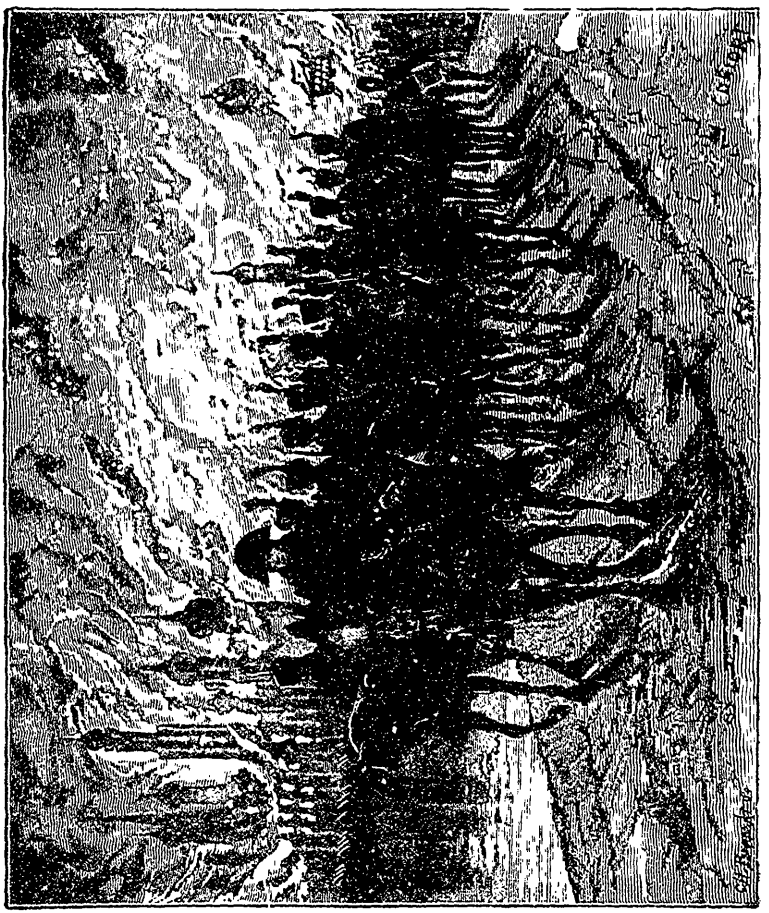
ANDREAS HOFER, LED FORTH TO EXECUTION.

tyrant shall rot it shall shine on, a star of unfading brilliance in the galaxy of literature. She lived to return to Paris on the downfall of Napoleon. While her persecutor died an exile on the rock of St. Helena, his victim, the greatest writer of her age, the intellectual empress of Europe, became the idol of his lost capital.

Though Napoleon proclaimed himself the champion of liberty, he yet relentlessly crushed the aspirations after freedom of all subject peoples. When the negroes of St. Domingo, under Tuissant l'Ouverture attempted to establish their independence, their heroic leader was dragged to Paris, thrown into prison and well-nigh starved to death. When the Tyrolese, under the leadership of Andreas Hofer, attempted to reassert the immemorial liberty of their mountain fastnesses, the arch despot crushed their aspirations with a ruthless hand. The Tell of Tyrol, less happy than his illustrious predecessor, was betrayed, captured and arraigned for treason. Though a majority of his judges would have saved his life, his condemnation was secured under orders from Napoleon. On being led to his execution Hofer refused to have a bandage placed over his eyes, and himself gave the order to fire. He died as he had lived, a stranger to fear, and without a stain of reproach.

In 1810 Napoleon was approaching the crisis of his fate. The great duel between France and Russia was imminent. The earth trembled beneath the tremendous armies which marched to their doom. The tyrant of Europe determined to thunder his decrees from Moscow as he had from Berlin, Vienna and Milan. Before leaving Dresden he gave a series of magnificent *fêtes*—a gay prelude to a grim tragedy. With half a million men he crossed the frontier. But he had a new enemy to encounter—the blind, resistless forces of Nature. Storms and tempests, mud and mire, and chilling blasts impeded the progress of his gigantic army. The Russian veteran, Kutusoff, fell backward wasting the country. The hungry hordes of France soon felt the pinchings of famine. At length in the village of Borodino Kutusoff made his stand. Here was fought, on September 7th, 1812, one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. All day long a thousand cannon hurled their fiery death. At night nearly 80,000 men lay dead or dying on the gory field. Kutusoff with his shattered army fell back on Moscow and caused its evacuation—the people carrying what valuables they could and leaving all else behind.

When Napoleon rode into the ancient capital he found it deserted and the streets as silent as a cemetery. With the heroism of despair, the Russians resolved that their holy city should become a sacrifice to the flames rather than a prey to the enemy. The weary, war-worn French hoped to spend a



LEAVING MOSCOW IN FLAMES.

winter of rest and comfort in these luxurious quarters. They were destined to a rude awakening. Napoleon had been but a few hours in the Kremlin when volumes of smoke were seen rolling up from an adjacent bazaar. An equinoctial gale drove the flames with violence throughout the city. For five days the conflagration raged, and the grand army of Napoleon began its famous retreat from Moscow, leaving behind it the ruins of the burning city.

NAPOLEON RETURNING FROM RUSSIA.

Now the opportunity of the Russians had come. Winter was at hand. Snow was falling. The terrible Cossacks swarmed by thousands on the flanks and rear of the retreating army. Soon an enemy more terrible still burst upon them. Out of the frozen North came howling storms, "and smote with darts of ice, more terrible than bayonets, the shuddering soldiers of France. By day and night the cruel Cossacks swooped down upon the staggering columns. Carcasses of men and

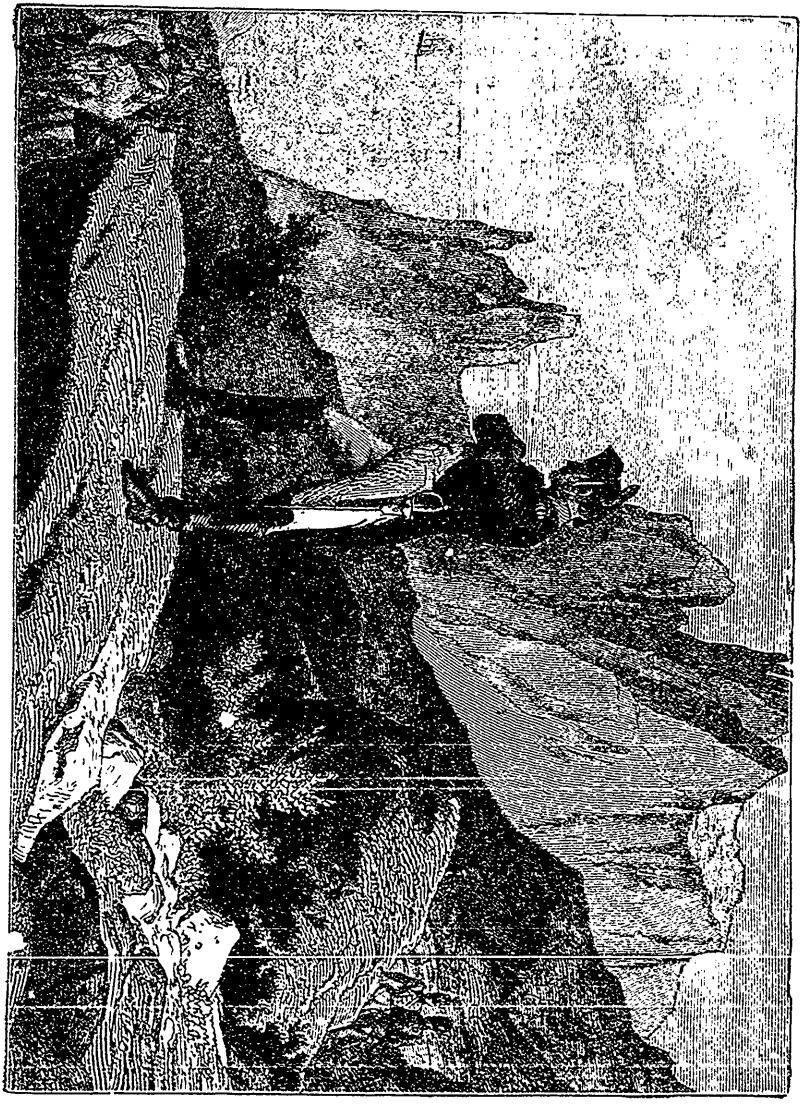
horses strewed the line of march. Thousands were frozen to death in a single night."

The most terrible ordeal was the crossing the swollen Beresina, harassed by a pitiless foe. The Russians held the bridge and two new ones had to be constructed under a heavy fire. Before all his sick and wounded and stragglers could cross, Napoleon ordered the bridge to be burned to cut off pursuit. "Still the tide of fugitives rushed upon the burning timbers till at last the whole went down with a crash into the merciless waters." Next spring the bodies of twelve thousand Frenchmen were washed up from beneath the ice. While the daily lessening remnant of the "Grand Army" crept slowly homeward, Napoleon posted across Europe to find Paris on the very verge of revolt. This his strong hand repressed, and as if by magic he called from the earth another army—but his veterans were beneath the snows of Russia.

Meanwhile, history must ever record that the great soldier quailed not as fate rose up against him. The more desperate his fortunes, the more fertile his resources and the greater his audacity. At Lutzen, where the great Gustavus fell in 1632, and at Bautzen, he won a signal victory in the very hour of seeming defeat. But at Leipsic he suffered a crushing disaster. Soon, like the hunters around a wounded lion, the allied sovereigns closed in upon this Soldier of Fortune, captured Paris and compelled his abdication and confinement upon the island of St. Elba.

For ten months Napoleon remained in Elba while the allied powers were trying to prop up the old Bourbon throne, whose very foundations had been undermined by the Revolution a score of years before. Suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, rang the astounding intelligence: "Napoleon is again on French soil and at the head of an army." Everywhere his old soldiers swarmed around him. His magnetic presence made men spring from the ground as by the waving of an enchanter's wand. The last call to arms was made. Old age and fiery youth alike rallied for the defence of the Empire. For a hundred days the tide of success swept onward. From north and east and west gathered the allies to crush this new menace of the peace of Europe. The Prussians and English attempted a junction at Waterloo. With his usual tactics Napoleon tried to prevent this conjunction, and flung his army on the English, June 18th, 1815. All day the battle waged with desperate slaughter. "O,

that night or Blucher would come!" exclaimed the Iron Duke. Not a moment too soon the Prussian bugles were heard and the Prussian banners shot up from the horizon. In a last effort



NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

against fate, Napoleon hurled his veteran battalions—the famous Old Guard which had won victory on a hundred battle-fields—against the British squares. Like the shock of an

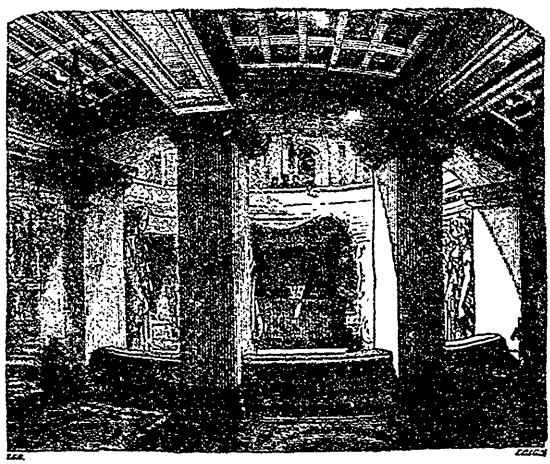
avalanche they broke against those serried ranks. For a moment the solid squares yield, they stagger on the bloody earth, they close ranks and firm as adamant resist the shock. "All is lost!" cried the sullen Napoleon, as he fled to Paris. Again he signs an unconditional abdication. He attempts to escape to the United States, but is foiled. He is exiled to the lonely rock of St. Helena—a rock so small that

"Men have gone
And sought it and returned and said it was not."

NAPOLEON.

Here, like a new Prometheus chained to a barren crag, the vultures of remorse and of a foiled ambition gnawed his heart for five long years. At last, in a wild, stormy night, similar to that on which Cromwell died, the spirit that so long had vexed the peace of Europe was stilled. In his last hours he seemed to live over again the fiery drama of his life. "Tête d'armee," he exclaimed as if again on the field of battle; then the voice that had shaken the nations sank into silence forever. After twenty years his ashes were returned to the nation of which he was at once the idol and the bane, and amid pageantry, such as never monarch before received, were conveyed to their final resting-place beneath the vast dome of the Church des Invalides—the noblest mausoleum the world ever saw. In the centre of a

large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor lies the huge sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Finland granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart, now stilled forever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contribute greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.



Tomb of Napoleon I.

Mrs. Browning, in her fine poem on Napoleon, thus apostrophizes the great warrior, with, it seems to me, a needless recrimination of her native land:

Napoleon ! 'twas a high name lifted high !
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere
And open a clear sight beyond the sky
Of supreme empire ; this of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

O wild St. Helen ! very still she kept him,
With a green willow for all pyramid,—
Which stirred a little if the low wind did,
A little more, if pilgrims overwept him,
Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay
Which seemed to cover his for Judgment-day.

Nay, not so long !—France kept her old affection
As deeply as the sepulchre the corse

Until, dilated by such love's remorse
To a new angel of the resurrection,
She cried, "Behold, thou England! I would have
The dead whereof thou wottest, from that grave."

And England answered in the courtesy
Which, ancient foes turned lovers, may befit,—
"Take back thy dead! and when thou buriest it,
Throw in all former strifes 'twixt thee and me."
Amen, mine England! 'tis a courteous claim—
But ask a little room too . . . for thy shame!

Because it was not well, it was not well,
Nor tuneful with thy lofty-chanted part
Among the Oceanides,—that Heart
To bind and bare and vex with vulture fell.
I would, my noble England! men might seek
All crimson stains upon thy breast—not cheek!

But since it *was* done,—in sepulchral dust
We fain would pay back something of our debt
To France, if not to honour, and forget
How through much fear we falsified the trust
Of a fallen foe and exile.—We return
Orestes to Electra . . . in his urn.

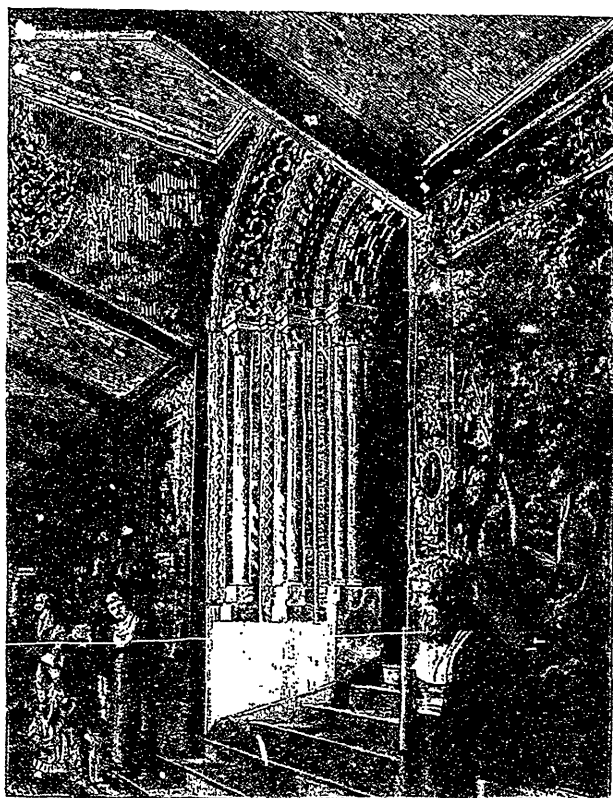
A little urn—a little dust inside,
Which once outbalanced the large earth, albeit
To-day a four-years' child might carry it
Sleek-browed and smiling, "Let the burden 'bide!"
Orestes to Electra!—O fair town
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down. . . .

I do not praise this man: the man was flawed
For Adam—much more, Christ!—his knee unbent,
His hand unclean, his aspiration pent
With a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The justice to be honoured in his grave.

I think this nation's tears thus poured together,
Better than shouts. I think this funeral
Grander than crownings, though a Pope bless all.
I think this grave stronger than thrones. But whether
The crowned Napoleon or the buried clay
Be worthier, I discern not. Angels may.

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.*

IV.

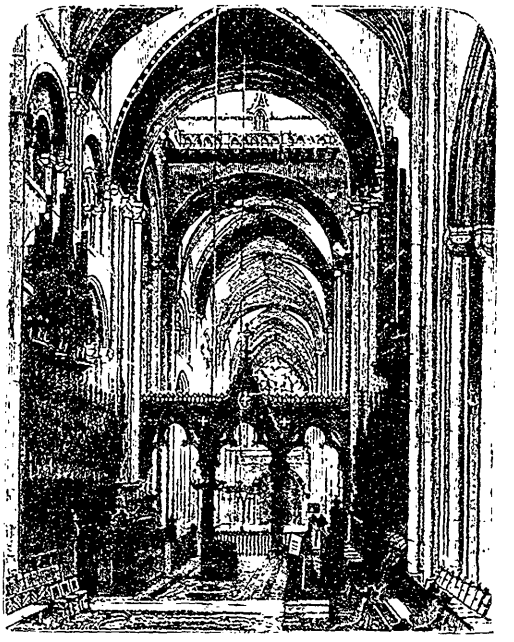


NORMAN DOORWAY, DURHAM CASTLE.

FROM Scotland came the great patron saint of Durham—Cuthbert. An evangelist who preached far and wide in a savage and desolate country, a hermit who lived for nine years in a rude cell on the island of Farne, and then in his turn became bishop of Bernicia, Cuthbert shares with Oswald and Aidan the honour of the final christianizing of the great north-eastern land.

*The first part of this article is abridged from a paper, on Durham Cathedral, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rennselaer, in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1887.

To Northumbria, as well as to the fen-lands, the Danes in the ninth century brought their swords and torches. The monks of Lindisfarne fled before them, carrying the holy coffin of St. Cuthbert. For eight years they wandered until, in 883, they settled at an old Roman station—Chester-le-Street—which was given them by a christianized Danish king. Thence they removed again and again, for fear of the rovers, about a century later. First they sat at Ripon for a few months, and then they turned back northward, doubtless encouraged to think once more of Chester-le-Street. But when they reached a spot a little to the eastward of Durham, St. Cuthbert, according to the legend, caused his coffin to remain immovable for three days, and then made known his wish to be sepultured where the cathedral now stands.

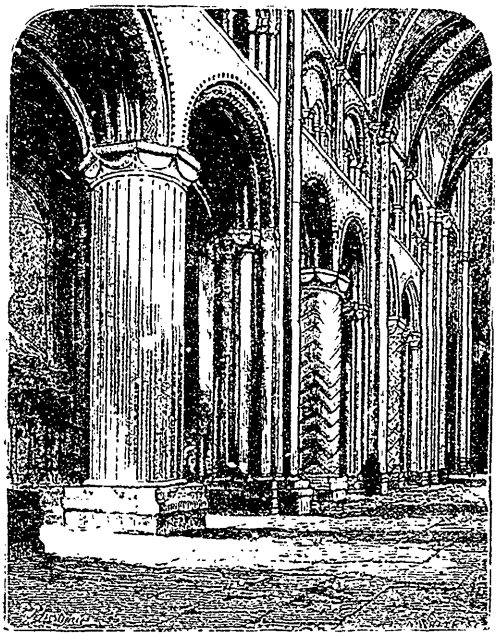


THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Where the cliff is steepest towards the west rises the front of the cathedral, close above the thick clambering trees. To the south its long side overlooks the monastic buildings and the shady gardens which touch the Wear. To the northward, at some distance, but still on the same plateau, springs sheer with the face of the rock a great castle, founded by the Conqueror. Castle and church together form a group and hold a station which we sometimes find paralleled on the Continent, but nowhere in England.

We are somewhat tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric in its grandeur as compared either with Egyptian

work or with much other Romanesque work. But in reality it is not barbaric. If its vigour, audacity, and immensity seem to speak of the likings and darings of some primitive race, its fine proportioning and the reticent dignity of its decorations speak very clearly of cultivated, practised builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. It is so splendid, so triumphantly impressive, solemn, awful, and yet beautiful, that when possessed by the spell of its presence we feel as though it had no peer in all the world. An impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" is what Dr. Johnson said he received at Durham when starting on his Scottish tour; but all his most sesquipedalian adjectives could not have translated the impression it really produces. It is wonderful to see what extraordinary decorative emphasis is given by so simple a device as the incising of the circular piers —what an accent of richness and vivacity it brings to the seriousness of the immense design. *The minimum of means with the maximum of effect* is always a sentence of praise, and I have rarely seen it quite so well deserved as by these decorations at Durham.



THE NAVE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The most famous tomb in this chapel is that of the Venerable Bede. Few saints or sinners so far away in time as Bede are of so vital an interest and value to modern men; and with regard to few have we such good reason to believe that their bones really rest in their reputed sepulchre. Bede was a monk at Jarrow, and his bones reposed there from the eighth to the

early eleventh century, when they were most piously stolen by the sacrist of Durham and placed in Cuthbert's hospitable coffin. "HAC SUNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA." These words are of high traditional antiquity, as the epitaph of the saint, and, of course, not of a mere man's inditing. When the early sculptor paused to search for a fitting adjective, an angel, says the legend, supplied the one which is now invariably coupled with the historian's name.

THE GALILEE AND TOMB OF BEDE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

It is a singular and beautiful chapel beneath which he sleeps. Built in the Transitional period, it has round-arched arcades, which divide it into five aisles of almost equal height. The arches are elaborately moulded and carved with many rows of zigzags, and they rested at first upon coupled columns of dark marble, the bases and capitals of which were joined, but not the shafts. So tall and slender are the forms, so fragile and airy-looking, so graceful and charming, that despite the round arches and the zigzags, their effect is not truly Romanesque. Nor is it truly Gothic. It is an effect nowhere exactly matched in English or any Northern work—an effect which by a scarcely strained comparison more than one writer has called "almost Saracenic."

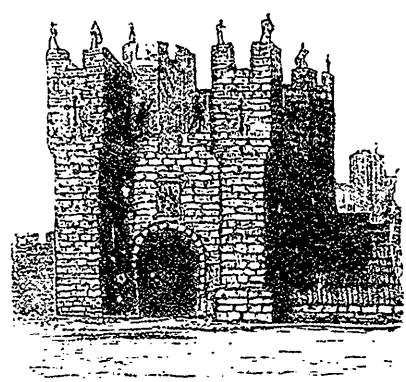
Durham's site is something more than the grandest and most beautiful in England; it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with spiritual might and dignity which was unique in the kingdom of England. In Norman days the bishops of

Durham were made palatine-princes as well—were allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. Thenceforward for four hundred years they were the judicial and military as well as the spiritual lords of their people. They owed the king feudal service, but they owed him little else. Those who did wrong within her borders were said to have broken, not the peace of the king, but the peace of the bishop; and with the bishop rested the power of life and death, even when murder or when treason itself was in question.

NORMAN GATEWAY.

For a parallel to the *rôle* it played in history we must look abroad—to the great episcopal fortress-towns of France, or the great electoral bishoprics of Germany. Thus, I repeat, its marvellously beautiful position—set on its truculent rock and supported by its frowning castle—has an even greater historic than pictorial value.

Proceeding northward through the rugged county of Northumberland we reach the renowned stronghold of the Percys, Alnwick Castle. This great fortress was built as a guardian of the border against the raids of the Scots; it is a cluster of bastions and towers connected by lofty walls enclosing a space of five acres. The entrance is



BARBICAN GATE, ALNWICK CASTLE.

through a grim and massive barbican gate of gigantic strength. The quaint stone effigies on the battlements suggest the grim warders who were wont to keep watch and ward, and who witnessed from this coign of vantage many a bloody encounter.

FLODDEN, FROM THE KING'S CHAMBER, FORD CASTLE.

In its pride of strength this great border stronghold was garrisoned by a force of two thousand men, retainers of the Percys. It was from these battlements that the fair countess watched "the stout earl of Northumberland" set forth, "his pleasure in the Scottish woods three summer days to take"—an expedition from which he never returned. Alnwick Castle

is said to be probably the most perfect specimen now existing n the world of the feudal stronghold of mediæval days.

THE CRYPT, FORD CASTLE.

These Northumberland marches are haunted with stirring memories of border raids and forays, and furnish many a theme for romance and ballad literature. Near Ford Castle was fought the terrible border battle of Flodden, in 1513. Despite supernatural warnings, so says the legend, King James IV. crossed the border with the finest army ever brought into the field by any Scottish monarch. He laid siege to the castle of Ford, and in the absence of her husband captured its fair châtelaine, Lady Heron. She was as false as fair, and while holding the King in fascinated dalliance was in constant communication with the English. All the while King James lived in a fool's paradise.

> "The monarch o'er the siren hung
> And beat the measure as she sung,
> And, pressing closer and more near,
> He whispered praises in her ear."

Meanwhile Earl Surrey was marching northward with a force of twenty-six thousand men. The two armies met upon the fatal field of Flodden. The reckless valour of King James availed not to retrieve the fortunes of the fight. The King himself and the flower of the Scottish chivalry were slain and the shattered remnant driven over the border.

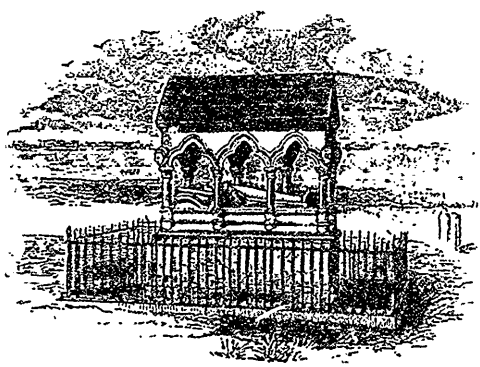
Our larger engraving shows the King's chamber in the grim old castle, from whose window he looked forth on the scene of his unanticipated defeat. The smaller cut shows one of the gloomy crypts, which seems more in keeping with its stern and warlike character.

The two kingdoms, so long engaged in deadly strife, are now united by a majestic bridge across the Tweed, and by a thousand ties of which this is but a symbol. It is an inspiring ride

along the stormy coast with its stirring memories, and in full view of the far rolling Cheviot Hills, St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle, the storm-swept Lindisfarne, the grim prison of the Covenanters—Bass Rock—forever lashed by the melancholy main, and, not far off, the scenes of the hard-fought battles—Flodden, Dunbar and Prestonpans—every foot is historic ground.

We turn from these storied memories to one of gentler, but no less heroic character. At the border haven of Bamborough was born, the gentle heroine, Grace Darling. In its lonely churchyard is her touching monument—a reclining effigy holding an oar. She was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of a lighthouse on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands. On the morning of September 7th, 1838, the ship *Forfarshire* was wrecked among the Farne Islands with sixty-three persons on board. The vessel was seen by her father in the morning lying broken among the rocks. At her earnest solicitation he put off to the rescue of the survivors in a small boat, with the noble girl who prompted the act. By strength and skill they rescued nine survivors from a watery grave. At once the country became filled with the fame of the noble deed. People flocked to visit the lighthouse heaping many presents and testimonials upon the brave heroine. But she did not long enjoy her well-won laurels. She died October 20th, 1842.

GRACE DARLING.



GRACE DARLING'S TOMB.

THE JEWS.

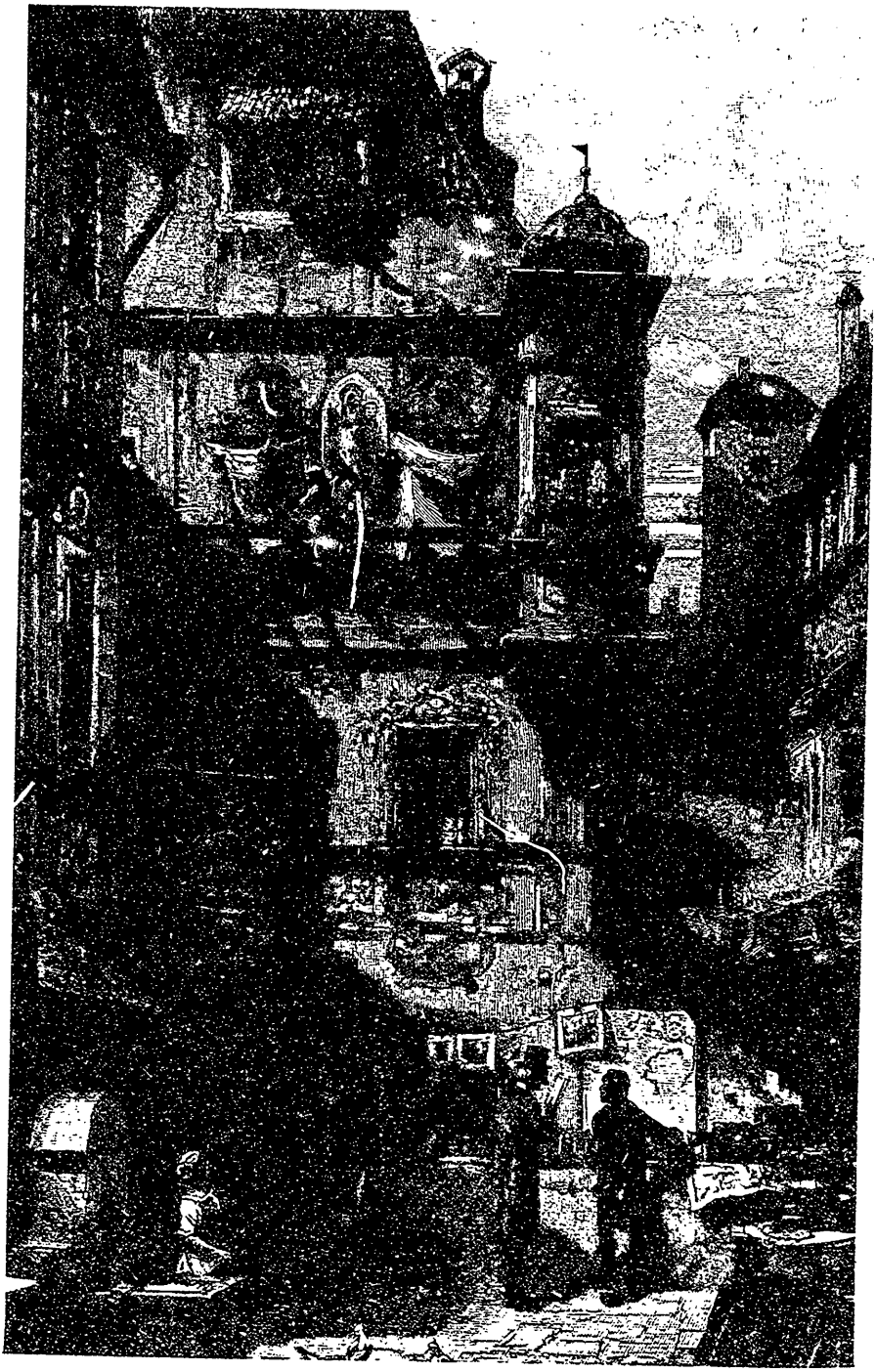
A VERY powerful oriental influence exerted upon Europe was that of the Jewish race. That race, everywhere proscribed and persecuted, everywhere obtained a footing, and by the advancement of science and commerce, repaid with benefits the injuries it received. The tale of their persecution by fire and faggot, by rack and dungeon, is one of the darkest pages in European history. Pillaged and plundered, scattered and peeled, branded and mutilated, smitten by every hand and execrated by every lip, they seemed to bear, in all its bitterness of woe, the terrible curse invoked by their fathers, "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be upon us and on our children." Trampled and beaten to the earth, decimated and slaughtered, they have yet, like the trodden grass that ranker grows, increased and multiplied in spite of their persecution. Those "Ishmaels and Hagars of makind," exiled from the home of their fathers, and harried from land to land, have verily eaten the unleavened bread and bitter herbs of bondage, and drunken the waters of Marah. In many foreign lands they have sat beside strange streams and wept as they remembered Zion.*

For centuries the Jews in Rome were driven at the spear point annually on Holy Cross day to church, and compelled to listen to a Christian sermon. A pious priest, in 1600, writes thus: "And a moving sight in truth, this, of so many of the besotted, blind, restif and ready-to-perish Hebrews! now maternally brought, nay (for He saith, 'Compel them to come in,') haled, as it were, by the head and hair, and against their obstinate hearts, to partake of the heavenly grace."

"What the Jews really said," writes Robert Browning, "on thus being driven to church, was rather to this effect":—

> "Groan all together now, whee-hee-hee!
> It's a-work, it's a-work, an, woe is me!

*One of the most picturesque of the streets of Frankfort is the Judengasse, or Jews' Quarter. Though much improved of late, it is still very crowded and squalid. Hebrew signs abound—I saw that of A. Rothschild, the father of the house—and keen-eyed, hook-nosed Shylocks were seen in the narrow shops. Till the year 1806 this street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might



In the Jewish Quarter, Frankfort.

It began, when a herd of us, picked and placed,
Were spurred through the Corso, stripped to the waist;
Jew brutes, with sweat and blood well spent,
To usher in worthily Christian Lent. . . . .

"We withstood Christ then! Be mindful how,
At least we withstand Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared,
To have called these Christians, had we dared;
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of Thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

"By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons of Christian fellowship."

The toleration which they found nowhere among the disciples of the Galilean, the Jews received from the followers of the False Prophet. They were advanced to the highest positions of trust and honour at the courts of the Saracen conquerors of Spain. They became the treasurers and confidential advisers of the Emirs. They were frequently the chancellors and professors of the Moorish universities. They were generally the favourite physicians of the rulers, an office not less influential than that of the confessors of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe.

There was, indeed, a mutual bond of sympathy between the

leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognised. In the Römerberg, an ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

I tried to get into the old Jewish cemetery, a wilderness of crumbling mounds and mouldering tombstones, but after crossing a swine market and wandering through narrow lanes around its walls, I could not find the entrance, and could not comprehend the directions given me in voluble German gutturals. There are now 7,000 Jews, many of them of great wealth, in the city, and the new synagogue is very magnificent.

In Rome, a drive through the Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter, reveals the squalor and degradation in which these long suffering and bitterly persecuted people still dwell. Whenever the carriage stopped, they swarmed out of the crowded shops in which they hive, and almost insisted in rigging me out from top to toe, in a suit of clothing, most probably second-hand. I visited one of the synagogues, on which, instead of their homes, they seem to lavish their wealth. A dark-eyed daughter of Israel did the honours, but kept a keen eye meanwhile for the expected fee.—Ed.

children of Ishmael and those of Isaac. Besides their common descent from the Father of the faithful, and their kindred languages, customs, and traditions, their similar creeds concerning the unity of the Godhead, and their aversion to the Trinitarian theology of the Christians, drew them more closely together. In Alexandria the Jews had acquired all the learning of the East. Indeed, it was from them and the Nestorians, doubtless, that the Saracens acquired those germs of science and philosophy which they afterward developed to such munificent results, alike on the banks of the Euphrates and of the Guadalquivir. Thus a mighty but intangible influence accompanied their invasion of Europe that the iron hammer of Charles Martel could not beat back. Great numbers of Jews came to Spain with the Saracens. They became the first and, for a long time, almost the only physicians of Europe. They enriched the *materia medica* with discoveries of chemistry, in which they were expert. The healing art was previously obscured and debased by magic, sorcery, and empiricism. These

YOUNG JEWESS.

hags of darkness, to use the figure of Professor Draper, vanished at the crowing of the Æsculapian cock, announcing that the intellectual dawn of Europe had arrived. The system of supernaturalism, which universally obtained, was first assailed by the practical science of the Jews. Their rationalistic diagnosis relieved disease of its spiritual terrors, and sapped the foundation of superstition in Europe, as Christian science is at present doing in India. This, and their great wealth, made them the frequent victims of the Inquisition. Notwithstanding, some of them became the private physicians even of the Popes who persecuted their race. They taught in the Rabbinical schools of Italy, Sicily, and France, as well as in Spain. Persecution and travel sharpened their naturally acute intellects, so that they early got control of the greater part of the commerce of Europe. It has been truly said, They were our factors and bankers before we knew how to read. The Spanish religious wars drove many from that country and dispersed them through Europe, to which they gave an intellectual impulse which it feels to this day.

Jewish influence also contributed to mediæval thought a tinge of Oriental mysticism. The turbid stream of cabalistic philosophy intoxicated some of the noblest minds of Europe. The wild and fantastic theories of Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians, of Cornelius Agrippa and Jacob Behmen, concerning the various orders of elementary spirits, emanations from the deity—a mixture of fanaticism and imposture—were also founded upon the reveries of the cabala. That theophanic system, in its turn, was linked with the venerable Oriental lore of ancient sages on the banks of the Ganges and the Oxus.

The influence of Hebrew thought and of the Eastern imagery and language of the Sacred Scriptures upon the Christian system of theology opens up a vast and varied field of investigation which we must leave to some abler pen than ours. It might be found that many of our common and controlling thoughts have their roots far back in remote Oriental antiquity. Assuredly it would appear that the Syrian faith, which began first to be preached at Jerusalem, has been more potent in its influence on the heart and mind of Christendom than all the lore of Greece or Rome, or than all the combined wisdom of the Orient and Occident besides. It has been the great seminal principle from which has sprung all that is best in all the literatures and philosophies, in all the systems of ethics and juris-

prudence, in all the political and social economies of the world since its promulgation. It has ennobled, dignified, and elevated them all. It is the hope, and the only hope, for the regeneration of the race.

The following sketch of that most wonderful people, the Jews, is abridged from a recent number of the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*:—

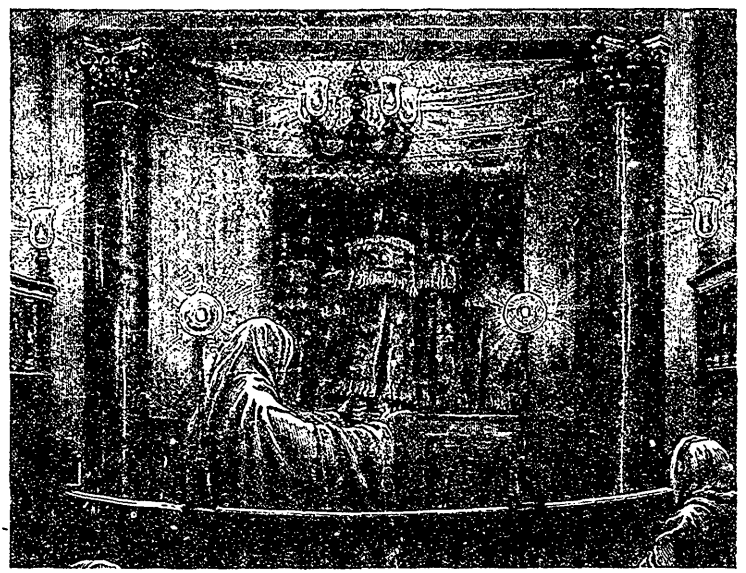
The Jews are no longer a nation; but they have not lost their nationality. They still preserve the distinctive characteristics of their race, and, in whatever country or station, exhibit the same deep, earnest love of their old home. While all that remains of other nations are a few lettered pages or some moulded stones—while their greatness and glory have been swallowed up, so that wolves howl where monarchs banqueted, and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces arose—the Jew preserves his identity, and is a living memento of a splendid yet varied past.

Encounter one of the Hebrew race in any of the crowded thoroughfares of London; meet him in a Parisian square, on the Unter den Linden of Berlin, on the Venetian Rialto, or in one of the quarters of the Eternal City; or on the sunburnt coast of Africa, or amid the toil and traffic of New York: in Asia or in Australasia—his remarkable countenance, his sharp, piercing glance, tell unmistakably his origin, and you know him for a Jew as certainly as though you saw him mourning over the relics of his people's bygone glory, or weeping amidst the ruins of ancient Zion.

In whatever light we view the Jewish people, we cannot fail to be penetrated with feelings of intense interest on their behalf. They have ever stood forth conspicuously in the very centre of the world—a *pharos*, the light of which was reflected on the gloom of surrounding polytheism, superstition, and idolatry. While the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Romans, the Carthaginians, the Egyptians, the Hittites, the Greeks, and the Goths, have each in their turn played their part in the world's drama, and then disappeared, the Jews still remain a people, dwelling alone among the nations. For more than 1800 years they have been in exile, suffering much oppression in the lands of their dispersion, and, in numerous instances, the objects of execration and scorn.

A wondrous history is that of the Jews. Far away in the past you recognise the father of the nation in that majestic

figure, the patriarch Abraham. The nomadic condition of the people at that time is briefly told in their sacred manuscripts. It is more the history of a family than the history of a nation. Those men who are so busy in rearing massive Egyptian structures, and are held in cruel serfdom by their taskmasters, are the Jewish people. The marvellous incidents of that stirring age, the vast host that marched out of the land of bondage to found a great nation on another shore, are recorded with an eloquence almost as wondrous as the theme—wandering



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

after wandering, journey after journey, miracle after miracle, battle after battle, now defeat and then victory, until at length they reach the land of promise, and Palestine becomes their home. The land henceforth was "the Holy Land," for the government was a Theocracy. But they grew weary of this government, and sought to have a king, like the other nations. The people became weak before their enemies. Sorrowful times fell to their lot, and in the Babylonian captivity they hung their harps upon the willows of Chebar, for how could they "sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

We need not tell the story of the Captivity. Every Bible reader knows it. But the grief which the people then expe-

rienced was only a specimen of what was to come. We read of the wanderer's return; of the ruined temple rebuilt. Then follows the thrilling story of the Maccabees and Antiochus Epiphanes; of the marvels which stirred the hearts of the people when Christianity appeared among them; of the revolt against the Romans; the terrible siege of Jerusalem; the fierce struggle without and within; the final overthrow of the city and the State. Again outspread the dark melancholy cloud like the pall of death. And Zion's song is finally hushed, except that here and there a plaintive strain arises from some Jewish home in the lands where God's chosen people are scattered far and wide.

A story of glory and of shame, of joy and of sorrow, of sunshine and of shadow, is that of ancient Judaism. But all glory and joy and sunshine are absent from their modern history. There is still at Rome a triumphal arch, erected when the captive Jews were brought thither by Titus—an arch on which are sculptured the Roman soldiers carrying the golden candlestick, the table of the shewbread, and other spoils from the Temple. The Jews were the builders of the Colosseum, and the first victims slain within its walls. Held in detestation by all the nations, persecuted on groundless charges, victims of popular fury as well as of legal injustice, hanged, burned, and tortured to death—the history of the Jews is a martyrology, and their preservation a miracle.

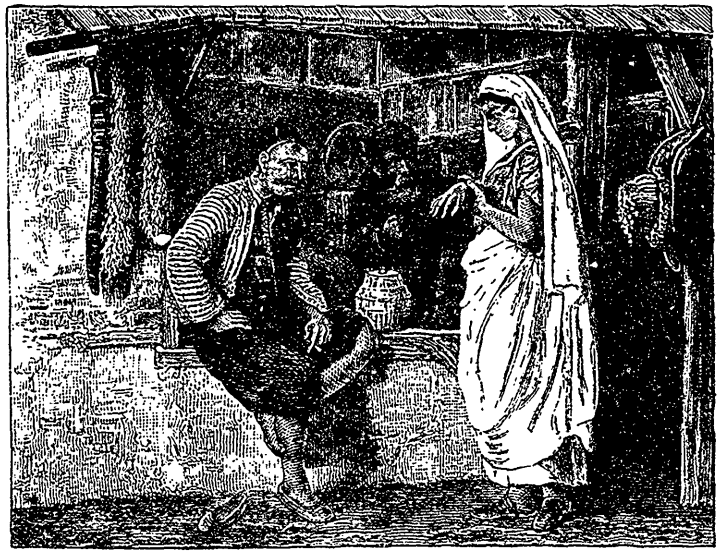
In England, but a few centuries ago, the most extraordinary notions were entertained respecting the practices of the Jews. Students of Chaucer will remember that he ascribes all manner of cruelties to the Jews. He only represented in this matter the popular opinion. In his time it was thought a good Christian thing to spit on a Jewish gaberdine. In the "Canterbury Tales," he makes the prioress relate that in an Asiatic city where there was a "Jewerie" (a place where Jews dwelt), a child having to pass this place on his way to school, gave high offence by singing—

"O Alma Mater redemptoris;"

for which they fell upon him and put him to death; but, *mirabile dictu*, the words of the song were continued from the pit where his mangled body was hidden.

When the flower of European chivalry left their own lands and started forth to do battle with the Turk, the Crusaders

swords grew red with Jewish blood. The knights commenced their labours for the Cross by massacring the Jews in every city through which they passed. Conversion or death were the alternatives proposed. Cologne, Worms, Treves, saw the fearful work begun. A band of Jewish women at Treves went to the banks of the blue Moselle, and having loaded their clothes with stones, threw themselves into the river and perished. While the crusading mania lasted, many similar scenes occurred. This cruelty to the Jews takes away much of the glamour of the story of the Crusaders. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*



JEWISH WOMAN BARGAINING IN BAZAAR.

At the coronation of Richard I., orders had been given that none of the Jewish race should approach his palace. Ignorant of the order, some of the leading men went to the spot with presents for the king. A riot ensued. A rumour spread that the king had sanctioned a massacre of the Jews throughout his dominions. The supposed order was acted upon. From city to city the blood-news travelled swiftly. The most deplorable scene of all took place at York. There the Jews shut themselves up in a tower, and were besieged by the populace. Finding no means of escape, they resolved to fall by their own hands. Each head of a family took a razor, with which he

slew first his wife and children, then his domestics, and finally himself. Either in this fearful manner, or by the hands of the populace, every Jew in York perished.

Still later, seven hundred Jews were slain in London because a certain Jew had demanded exorbitant interest. In 1274 every Jew who lent money on usury was compelled to wear a plate upon his breast signifying that he was a usurer, or to quit the realm. In 1277 two hundred and sixty-seven Jews were hanged and quartered on a charge of clipping the coin. The same year, on a pretence that a Christian child had been crucified at Norwich, fifty Jews were hanged, and every synagogue destroyed. In 1287 all the Jews in England were apprehended in one day, their goods and chattels confiscated to the king, and they, to the number of fifteen thousand six hundred and sixty, banished the realm. They remained in exile three hundred and sixty-four years. England in this matter is a fair sample of other countries. In 1394 they were driven out of France; in 1492 out of Spain; in fact, against them the Inquisition was first established. Very recent years have seen the grossest cruelties practised against them in the face of all reason and justice. The old prejudice, though almost died out in England, still to a large extent influences the public mind in Eastern Europe, and leads to fearful outrages there.

A byword among the nations, the Jewish people have been preserved amidst all the agitation and tumult of the world. There is something very striking and impressive in the fact. Hebraism is the burning bush unconsumed through all the ages, for God is in it. The legend of "The Wandering Jew" seems but a type of the nation:—

> "And eighteen centuries now have sped
> On the dark wrecks of Rome and Greece;
> They have seen the ashes scattered
> Of thousand shifting dynasties;
> Seen good, unfruitful good, and ill
> Prolific, while the tempest rolled;
> Seen two new worlds the circle fill,
> Which one world occupied of old,
> Ever, ever
> Earth revolves—they rest them never."

Jews have been compelled to turn their attention to the accumulation of money. In every age they have been celebrated for their wealth. "Rich as a Jew" has become a

proverb. Their supposed hoards of gold have brought upon them cruelty and persecution. Their real wealth is a well-known fact. The very name of Rothschild is sufficient confirmation. They hold the purse-strings of Europe, and great nations cannot go to war without their concurrence.

But modern Jews can do something more than make money. The melting music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the pathetic strains of the "Elijah;" the solemn music of "Paul," owe their origin to the creative genius of Felix Mendelssohn, a Jew. Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fiction of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies of

JEWS DEDICATING THE FIRST-BORN.

Heine? The pictures of Bendemann, the Jew, are described by connoisseurs as worthy of all praise. Liberty has found a freespoken apostle in the Jew, Boerne. Rossini was a Jew, and so was Meyerbeer. There is an earnestness and a spirit of poetry and melody in the outcast people that will still do greater and mightier things.

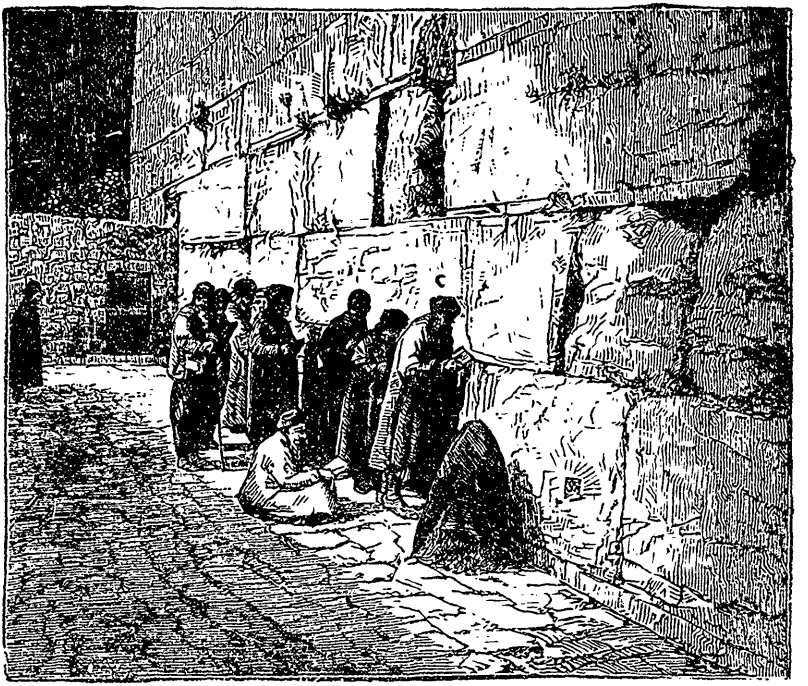
The world owes much to the Jews. They were the librarians of its sacred revelation. In their Mosaic code we find the grand outline of moral obligation; in their poetry we find the highest excellence; and in their sententious proverbs and aphorisms a body of the soundest practical wisdom. Indeed, we are under yet deeper obligations to the Jews. Christianity

was originally founded, professed, and propagated by them. Christ and His apostles were of the Hebrew race. "Salvation is of the Jews!" There are high glories yet in store for that people. Their history in the future will be as eventful, and invested with a higher moral grandeur, than the records of the past. There is a bright light resting on their destiny—a haven across the melancholy seas—in the glorious realization of all that inspired prophets have predicted. "At eventide there shall be light."

The Jew of modern Jerusalem, although he may lack the proud bearing of the ancient Jew, still has the same general inward and outward characteristics. He has dark skin, hair and beard, keen eyes, especially sharp for a bargain, nose more or less eagle-beaked, forehead prominent, if sometimes rather narrow, features firm and well marked, but rarely large or coarse, and body supple. Brought up to industry, he possesses endurance and frequently has long life. He is able, if not always scrupulous; keen of mind, and much given to hair-splitting distinctions in argument, and driving sharp bargains in trade. Clad in his linen, not always too "white and clean," however, he may be seen in places of business, plying his trade, selling, exchanging, or buying, among various other races represented in the city, from which the Jew was formerly excluded. Some of his people may mourn about the walls, the fallen grandeur of their country and nation; but in general he seems inclined to make the best of it, and to take every advantage which is left open if he cannot bear rule. Though his people are not comparatively a great proportion of all, they are increasing in Syria, tending thitherward from neighbouring countries, like Russia and Roumania, where they are oppressed, and disliked for their money-getting, though probably quite as much out of envy at their superior sharpness.

The Jews' Wailing Place, at Jerusalem, says that genial tourist, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., is a little quadrangular area, about one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, an exposed part of the outer western wall of the Haram, between the gates of the Chain and of the Strangers. It is a fragment of the old wall of the Temple, as shown by the five courses of large bevelled stones, and here on Friday afternoons the Jews gather together to weep over the ruins of the Holy City, and mourn for their "holy and beautiful house" defiled by infidels. There are old Jews with black caps and dingy dress, sitting on

the ground, reading out of old, greasy books; and Jewesses, draped in their white izars, sitting in sorrow, their cheeks bathed in tears, or kissing passionately the stones which formed part of the foundations of the holy house. Unhappy ones, they can get no nearer the place of their fallen temple, for to cross the threshold of the sacred inclosure, on Mount Moriah, is instant death to the Jew. There they are, engaged in their devotions; some standing, some sitting, some kneeling, others



JEWS PLACE OF WAILING, IN JERUSALEM.

lying prostrate on the ground. They read lamentation after lamentation; "Be not wrath very sore, O Lord; neither remember iniquity forever; behold, see, we beseech Thee, we are all Thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness; Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."—Isa. lxiv. 9, 11. "O God, the heathen are come unto Thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem in heaps. We are

become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are around about us."—Ps. lxxix. 1–4.

One of their wailing chants is in words like these:—

"Because of the palace which is deserted,
We sit alone and weep;
Because of the temple which is destroyed,
We sit alone and weep;
Because of the Walls that are broken down,
We sit alone and weep;
Because of our greatness which is departed,
We sit alone and weep;
Because of the precious stones of the temple
ground to powder,
We sit alone and weep."

The common belief among the Jews is like that of the Pharisees, though there is a good deal of unbelief. There are a great many burdensome details imposed on the Israelite who would be devout and keep the whole law. Mohammedan buildings have taken the place of all the ancient ones, and the great Mosque of Omar stands where the Jews worshipped in the temple, yet the Jew has many a reminder of the times of his forefathers. The pools built by the kings of Judah; Mount Moriah and Zion; the valley of Jehoshaphat on the east and Hinnom on the south of the city, associated by the prophets with judgment-day and the fate of evil-doers; and the Mount of Olives, farther out, all present a charm for the Israelite, even though it be a melancholy charm. Yet he seems gifted with an immortal hope that some day this scenery shall be his own again, and the ancient glory of Israel be revived.

Where the Jews live in numbers they have their synagogue, which they attend on their Sabbath for prayer, praise, and reading from the Old Testament in Hebrew, with commentaries. They have their reader, appointed by the chief ruler of the synagogue, and the attendant or "minister" who hands him the roll or book of the law, and takes care of the synagogue.

Entering a synagogue, you would notice at the east end, where in our churches would be the altar-piece, or chancel window, a curtain of silk against the wall. You would know that this must be an especially sacred spot, by the semi-circular spot railed in in front of it.

If you should wait until the time of service this curtain would be drawn aside, and you would see, within, a great chest

set into the wall; at least, that is the usual arrangement. This chest is called the ark, in rememberance of the Ark of the Covenant in the tabernacle, and afterwards in the temple at Jerusalem; and the curtain or veil which hangs before it may put the worshippers in mind of the veil which separated the Holy of Holies from the Holy Place. It contains the sacred books of the Law

According to the most recent and exact statistics, the Jews now number about one million more than when they left Egypt under Moses. They have used every dialect, have wandered on the banks of the Nile, by the waters of Babylon, the Jordan, the Tiber, the Thames, the St. Lawrence, the Ganges, the Mississippi, and the Amazon. They have mingled, but never united, with other nations. Arms, climate, genius, politics cannot explain it. We turn to their own records to find the cause. Their history is prospective as well as retrospective. It points us to a time when their wanderings shall be o'er, and they shall recognize in Him—the holy Nazarene—whom they now reject, the brightness, the hope, and the glory of their race. Their history is supernatural. It is not a chapter of accidents, but the gradual and wonderful development of a great and glorious plan. They are "beloved for the fathers' sakes," and the "gifts and calling of God are without repentance." "And so," says St. Paul—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—"all Israel shall be saved."

This article may appropriately close with Longfellow's poem on the Jewish Cemetery at Newport, R. I.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for He created Death!"
The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace;"
Then added in a certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue,
In the grand dialect the Prophets spoke.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected: for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Mara of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

"PRINCETONIANA."*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR WALLACE,

Victoria University.

THIS is a book to put in your grip-sack and read on the train; a book easy to read, chatty, breezy, interesting, and profitable: printed on good paper and with beautifully clear type, and furnished with excellent engravings of Hodge, the Elder and the Younger, of McCosh, and of the old Princeton Seminary Building. The book is in two parts. The first gives a sketch of the two Hodges, their life and work; the second consists of extracts from a note-book of a careful student and an ardent admirer of Hodge the Younger. The book, as a whole, presents an admirable popular view of the best modern School of Calvinism.

The writing of this book has evidently been a labour of love. The writer, Rev. C. A. Salmond, M.A., after enjoying the advantages of both Scotch and German training, was drawn, in 1877, to Princeton by the fame of the Hodges, and he bears emphatic testimony to the benefits, both in scholarship and in practical religion, which he derived from his American experience. The position of Princeton in the Presbyterian world, in the Hodges' time, may be estimated from the answer of the late Dr. Cunningham, Principal of the New College, Edinburgh, to a student who asked whether a year at Princeton would count for a session in Edinburgh: "Count! undoubtedly; the only question is, ought it not count *for two?*" A book written by a student who came with such prepossession in favour of his teachers, and who found them all that he anticipated, will naturally be characterized by the enthusiasm which their greatness inspired, rather than by specially careful and critical estimates of the men and their work.

The beautiful little Jersey town of Princeton, overlooking from the slope and brow of a hill a wide expanse of country to the south and east, is very emphatically a college town.

Canadian readers, perhaps, need to be reminded that, in this

* *Princetoniana.* Charles & A. A. Hodge: With Class and Table Talk of Hodge the Younger. By a Scottish Princetonian (REV. P. A. SALMOND, M.A.) Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

college town, and often confounded under the one word "Princeton," there are two entirely independent and yet closely allied institutions of learning, the University and the Theological Seminary. The most of the students of the Theological Seminary are graduates of the University. When shall our Canadian Methodism rise to the point of at least encouraging a large proportion of her candidates for the ministry to take such a course—first general and then special, first arts and then divinity—instead of practically forcing them to so amalgamate the two as not to derive the highest benefit from either?

In the founding of Princeton University Methodists must ever feel a special interest, for Whitefield was in deep sympathy with its founders, members of the Presbytery of New York, and was in return honoured by it with the degree of A.M., and English Methodists contributed to its funds. What a change since Whitefield's time—from the log-house, which was the earliest home of the University, to the numerous, spacious, and costly buildings which now cover the College grounds! The University was planted first at Elizabeth, was moved to Newark, and was finally settled in Nassau Hall (named after William III.), at Princeton. Colleges, like trees, *may* survive transplanting! Doubtless, however, the operation is a delicate one. Princeton University numbers among its many faithful Presidents the illustrious names of Witherspoon, Jonathan Edwards, and James McCosh. And now with a hearty "God speed" every Canadian University-man must hail the accession of our own Francis Patton to that honourable position.

The interest, however, of the little book which has suggested this article centres in the Princeton Theological Seminary, which was founded in 1812, which has kept pace with its neighbouring University, in buildings, endowments and equipments; and which is made famous among American Seminaries, by the labours of Archibald and Joseph Alexander, Charles and A. A. Hodge, in the past, and of W. H. Green and Caspar Wistar Hodge, in the present.

The Hodges are among the many munificent gifts of Irish to American Presbyterianism. In 1730, three brothers of the name of Hodge, from the north of Ireland, settled in Philadelphia. Andrew Hodge became a successful merchant. Among his fifteen children was Hugh, who became a physician, married "the beautiful Mary Blanchard of Boston," a lady of Huguenot extraction, and died six months after the birth of his fifth child,

the illustrious Charles Hodge. The widowed mother, left inadequately provided for, struggled hard to educate her two surviving children, and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing one of them a successful physician in Philadelphia, and the other a Professor of Divinity in Princeton, before her death in 1832.

It is not surprising that under such hereditary influences Charles Hodge went out from his mother's home already deeply religious, and that during his college life he made a public profession of faith in Christ, and that his whole life was bound together in the blessed continuity of an uninterrupted piety.

When Charles Hodge entered Princeton College, in 1812, "his opportunities in some branches," says Mr. Salmond, "cannot have been first-rate, judging by what he tells of one professor who had a favourite idea that civilization had reached its highest stage before the deluge, and who had a pleasant way of enforcing duty, by telling his pupils that one of the best preparations for death was a thorough knowledge of the Greek grammar." Certainly, whatever defects may have existed in the then Princeton curriculum, the "thorough knowledge of the Greek grammar" was a good thing, and *is* a good thing for a theologian. Hodge graduated from the University in 1816 and from the Seminary in 1819.

His ability was immediately recognized, and from 1820 to 1822 he was assistant in the Seminary to Professors Alexander and Miller. In 1822 he was made full professor, and appointed to the chair of Oriental and Biblical Literature. In the same year he was married, and in 1825 settled down in the house which he occupied continuously, except two years spent in Europe, until his death, fifty-three years later. No itinerant he! Conservative to the back-bone! For forty-five years, we are told, he went on reclining and sitting, reading, writing, praying, and talking in one spot of one room. A few years before he died he said, "This chair and I for forty years have been growing to each other very closely;" he always had his clothes made at the same old shop, for "there was no element of his nature inclined to new measures any more than to new doctrines." The dear old Doctor said, at his jubilee in 1872, "I am not afraid to say that a new idea never originated in this Seminary." This extreme devotion to the old and tried was not the result of seclusion from the thought of the age. Few men knew better than Charles Hodge the innumerable theories and speculations of his time and of all times. But his

mind was satisfied with the theology of his ancestors, and his immense learning and great powers were consecrated to its lucid exposition and strong defence.

The two years from 1826 to 1828 he spent in Paris, Halle and Berlin, under the tuition, and enjoying the friendship, of such masters as De Sacy, Gesenius, Krummacher, Schleiermacher, and especially Tholuck and Neander. His profiting is manifest to all men in his books, which bristle with the sayings and the systems of these men. He returned home by way of England. "With a swelling heart," he says, "I trod upon the soil of the Mother Country, which with all her faults, is the most wonderful and admirable the world has ever seen." This generous spirit toward the old land breathes through all the references of both the Hodges throughout life, and testifies to that sentiment of race-unity which is becoming stronger wherever the English language is spoken.

In opening his lectures on his return to Princeton, he gave this as his experience among the theologians of Europe: "Wherever you find vital piety—that is, penitence and a devotional spirit—there you find the doctrines of the fall, of depravity, of regeneration, of atonement, and of the Deity of Christ; I never saw or heard of a single individual, exhibiting a spirit of piety, who rejected any one of these doctrines."

In 1840 Dr. Hodge was transferred to the chair of Exegetical and Didactic Theology, and so all through his career closely combined exegetical and dogmatic study. His theology was thus based not upon philosophy but upon Scripture, and is thus honourably differentiated from some American works on dogmatics, which are rather philosophical treatises than systematic statements and expositions of the doctrines of revelation. To this period, from 1840 to 1878, belong Dr. Hodge's Commentaries and his *opus magnum*, the "Systematic Theology." This work has come to be regarded by Presbyterians the world over as the best statement of Calvinistic theology, and even those who as Methodists find themselves unable to agree with all its arguments and conclusions, find vastly more to admire than to condemn. He who would know modern Calvinism must know Hodge's "Systematic Theology." Rich in learning, clear in statement, courteous in polemic, and eminently evangelical in tone, it stands a monument of a good and great man, and it should be in every Methodist minister's library—fit companion to his copy of our Methodist standard, Pope's "Christian Theology."

To have an intelligent view of any system of thought one must read its own literature. We must not gather our conception of Calvinism from the views refuted in Fletcher's inimitable Checks, nor should Calvinists gather their conception of Methodist theology from the formulas of the later Arminians of Holland. It were well that Methodists should read Hodge, and that Presbyterians should read Pope.

For over fifty years Dr. Hodge was professor in the one Seminary, and about three thousand students came under his tuition. Through all those years his influence over them was unbounded, due partly to his ability and partly to his sweet piety. His home life, as depicted by his son, A. A. Hodge, was of the sunniest kind: "He loved his children and tenderly attached them to him. He prayed for us all at family prayers, and singly, and with such soul-felt tenderness taught us to pray at his knees, that, however bad we were, our hearts all melted to his touch. During later years he always caused his family to repeat after him at morning worship the Apostles' Creed, and a formula of his own composition, professing personal consecration to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. But that which makes those days sacred in the retrospect of his children is the person and character of the father himself, as discovered in the privacy of his home, all radiant as that was with love, with unwavering faith, and with unclouded hope."* Mr. Salmond says of him, as seen by his students: "Steadfast in behalf of the truth, he was, in the view of his students, so meek, and gentle, and blameless in life, as almost to seem to belie the doctrine of universal depravity, which was a fundamental tenet in his creed."

It was the privilege of the present writer, when a student at Drew Seminary, to spend a few days at Princeton, in the spring of 1875, and to be present at some of the oral examinations of the Seminary. Old Dr. Hodge, with sweet and sunny face and patriarchal mien, sat questioning a class on the Epistle to the Ephesians. The attitude of every student to him seemed that of loving reverence. His favourite questions were, "What is the Romish view of this passage? What the Calvinistic? What the Arminian?" And then, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Which is the true view?" The whole air of Princeton Seminary seemed fragrant with the genial piety of the great theologian.

*"Life of Charles Hodge, D.D., LL.D.," by his son, A. A. Hodge, (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,) quoted by Salmond, p. 67.

From Hodge, the elder, who passed to his reward in 1878, Mr. Salmond turns to his eminent son, Archibald Alexander Hodge. Born in 1823, he grew up in the fear of God, and never could look back upon a time of conscious estrangement from Him. In 1841 he graduated in Princeton University. For two years he served his *Alma Mater* as tutor in Mathematics and Natural Science. From 1843 to 1846 he studied in the Theological Seminary. From 1847 to 1850 he was a missionary in India. His after influence in Princeton Seminary did much to arouse that sacred enthusiasm for Christian missions which has been characteristic in later years. The students' prayer-meeting, which I had the pleasure of attending there in 1875, was all aglow with the spirit of consecration to foreign work. From 1854 to 1864 A. A. Hodge was a pastor, first in Lower West Nottingham, Maryland (salary $600), then in Fredericksburg, Va., and finally in Wilkesbarre, Pa. During these years he lectured to his people on the whole round of theology, and prepared his widely-known and widely-used "Outlines of Theology." He was quick to see the adaptations of doctrine to men and circumstances, and so held his audiences interested in profound theological questions, because he made them feel that those questions were of primary importance for them and for their practical life. Such preaching makes strong Christians. Less of the husks of oratorical platitudes, rhetorically developed and dramatically delivered; more of the truth of God to prick the conscience, bend the will, subdue the affection, and nourish the whole spiritual life—this is what the Church needs to-day.

In 1864 A. A. Hodge became professor of Didactic Theology in Alleghany Seminary, and in 1877 associate of his father at Princeton in Didactic and Polemic Theology. It was a satisfaction to Dr. Charles Hodge to leave behind him at his death two sons upon whom his work might devolve; A. A. Hodge in Dogmatic Theology, and Caspar Wistar Hodge in New Testament Exegesis. The latter still lives and works; but all too soon did Dr. A. A. Hodge follow his father, dying in November, 1886.

The few short years of his work in Princeton showed him to be a man fully equal to the great task of filling his father's place. Singularly honest in his thinking; fearless in expression; tender, gentle, sympathetic; fully informed; with great power both of analysis and of illustration, he died all too soon for the students who loved him and the Church which trusted

him. His best epitaph is in the words of Dr. Patton, which Mr. Salmond prefixes to one of his chapters: "Some men serve God through their ambitions. His ambition was to serve God."

The "Brevia Theologica," under which title Mr. Salmond groups numerous extracts from his note-book, serve to show us Dr. A. A. Hodge in the class-room, responding to the questions of his students, flashing out clear definitions, correcting erroneous opinions, and laying a wide range of thought and reading under contribution for the illustration of the truth. Some of these extracts are rather crude in expression and would hardly have been sent out in their present form by Dr. Hodge himself. But as a whole they are singularly interesting and valuable. They remind one of the yet more interesting and valuable "Colloquia Peripatetica" of that distinguished Edinburgh divine, familiarly known as Rabbi Duncan, whose opinions on many subjects were noted and published with rare tact and taste by Mr. Knight some years ago.

Take a few sample bunches of the ripe grapes of Dr. Hodge's vine.

Here is a keen thrust. "'I have never seen any providence,' sneers Stuart Mill. But this is nothing wonderful. I have never seen the world revolve, though I have lived upon it more than fifty years. The broad current carries the ship with it, though you do not mark the track. And the providence of God encircles you, and your vessel, and your ocean too; and while you may take your own little path upon that ocean, the ocean, ship, and passenger are being made subservient to a Higher Will."

The following may be commended to some Church polemics: "These old patristic fellows were, in one aspect of the case, the babies of the Church."

The stern Calvinistic theologian could be humorous as well as gentle: "Russian priests are allowed to marry once, but only once; and it is observed that no women live so long as the wives of Russian priests."

But the theologian is here in proper character: "Inspiration is the architectonic principle which guided and directed the action of the writers without interfering with its spontaneity; just as one at the tiller of a boat may steer in spite of current influence, while the rowers are free to put forth their full activities."

"No ray of light ever speaks of itself, but of its source. So

the Holy Spirit reveals to us the things of Christ, and speaks to us of Him."

Here is the ring of true metal: "A true man must stand up against crowds in America, as they have had in Europe to resist kings and popes."

Here is an extract of special interest to us: "Whoever emphasizes God tends to Calvinism; whoever emphasizes man tends to Arminianism.. Just as in looking at the moon we see the stars in the background, we see, in looking at the Arminian, Deism behind; and he, looking at us Calvinists, sees, or thinks he sees, Fatalism behind us."

May we all see more of Christ in one another and so tend more and more toward one another and toward that "sweet and blessed country" where Luther and Calvin, Knox and Wesley, Hodge and Pope shall be at one. We all need more, if not of the theology, at least of the Christian spirit of the Hodges.

MY HIGH PRIEST.

I NEED no priest save Him who is above,
No altar but the heavenly mercy-seat;
Through these there flows to me the pardoning love,
And thus in holy peace my God I meet.

I need no blood but that of Golgotha,
No sacrifice save that which, on the tree,
Was offered once, without defect or flaw,
And which, unchanged, availeth still for me.

I need no vestments save the linen white
With which my High Priest clothes my filthy soul;
He shares with me His seamless raiment bright,
And I in Him am thus complete and whole.

I leave to those who love the gay parade,
The gold, the purple, and the scarlet dye;
Mine be the robe which cannot rend or fade,
For ever fair in the Eternal eye.

I need no pardon save of Him who says—
"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace;"
My Counsellor, Confessor, Guide He is,
My joy in grief, in bondage my release.

Forgiven through Him who died nd rose on high,
My conscience from dead works thus purged and clean,
I serve the service of true love and joy,
And live by faith upon a Christ unseen.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

ACCEPTING a hearty invitation from the Manitoba Conference to visit their territory, I left Ontario on Dominion Day, taking the magnificent line of C. P. R. steamers from Port Arthur to Owen Sound. Sea-sick and home-sick I touched the dock to learn that my first objective point for work was Calgary, 1,200 miles beyond! So on through the intervening wilderness to Winnipeg, the wonders of which city I will not stay to describe: then through spaces more wonderful, stretch on stretch, as each divisional railway point is reached and passed. Prairie, prairie, almost interminable prairie! Land and sky meeting where the sweep of horizon wearies your eye to follow it. All is new to me. Gophers sit on their haunches to get a look at us, and then dive into their burrows; a bewilderment of flowers—marigold, cactus, wild lupin, bluebells, buttercups, sage, golden-rod, pea-vine, lilies, roses—bloom almost to the wheels of our train; wild-duck fly or swim away from us on the "slews;" foxes scamper off at our approach; skeletons of buffalo, appear at one point stacked broad and high; Indian "teepees" dot the plain; "braves" are galloping their ponies—the veritable aborigines, copper-coloured, bareheaded, feathered, beaded, painted, mocassined and blanketed; a string of Red River carts in charge of "freighters" winds along the trail; and the bright scarlet uniform of a mounted policeman here and there flashes gaily in the sun. The very railway nomenclature seems changed: "Meadows," "Poplar Point," "Oak Lake," "Elkhorn," "Moosomin," "Whitewood," "Broadview," "Indian Head," "Summerberry," "Moosejaw," "Swift Current," "Medicine Hat," "Crowfoot"—such are the significant and appropriate names of the stations we touch.

On the afternoon of the second day from Winnipeg the Cypress Hills are sighted, and after midnight our train draws up at the platform of Calgary station, with more than 800 miles of prairie country behind us. A tired traveller soon finds hospitable entertainment at the cozy Methodist parsonage, of which the Rev. J. F. Betts is occupant. Calgary is a bright town of more than two thousand inhabitants, full of the western spirit of push and spread. Five years ago there was not a house on its present site; now its main street lined with brick or freestone buildings and handsome shop fronts, its

broad substantial side-walks, its fine private residences, its electric lights, telephones, etc., fill an Easterner with wonder. For even yet within its corporation limits you can pick up the buffalo bones which everywhere strew the prairie. Two weeks of steady evangelistic work here yield encouraging results, by God's blessing on the faithful co-operation of pastor and people.

Then a hearty invitation came for a few days of service at the now famed watering-place of Banff. So I left Calgary at one a.m. By sunrise our train had reached the gateway of the Rockies, where the celebrated Bow River finds its outflow to the plains. That sunrise I shall never forget. The rosy touch of the morning light, tempered with a haze or struggling through bridal wreaths of mist to kiss the brow and flush the face of these majestic mystic mountains, all this was a picture which, if reproduced on canvas, would be challenged as unreal. I write these "North-West Notes" sitting on the upper veranda of the Banff "Sanitarium," a handsome three-storied building not yet two years old. The lumber used in its construction was the first that came into this valley—or this part of the valley. Now, by a touch as of magic, a village is rising and spreading under the shadow of the mountains. Just over the trees I catch glimpses of the roofing, with its turrets and dormer-windows, of the palatial hotel opened this season by the C. P. R. Seventy guests are at present housed there, while luxurious provision is made for two hundred more, at rates which reach up to the "society" figure of five dollars a day. At the foot of the terrace where stands the Sanitarium rushes the Bow River, spanned by a substantial iron bridge of some four hundred feet. Its waters are clear, cold, and tinted with the loveliest shade of green, sometimes approaching a bird's egg blue. This flow is fullest when the weather is hottest, for the melting snow of the mountains feeds this river of the Rockies. A steamer now cleaves its current in an upward trip of twelve miles, made two or three times a day. Just over the river and fronting me is Cascade Mountain. Its perpendicular height is about a mile, and this valley from which it rises is more than 5,000 feet above sea-level! To my right are the Twin Peaks, nearly if not quite as high. Midway is Tunnel Mountain, through which it was at one time thought the C. P. R. must assert its right of way, but engineering skill has managed to skirt this mighty eminence. Behind me is Castle Mount. It is rather an abrupt mountainous range. Castellated masses crown its ridge, cyclopean in their dimensions yet elegant and finished in their out-

line and body. At the foot of what may be called the "finial" of this range spreads out a spacious amphitheatre, thousands of feet above the valley. Its bed is a vast field of snow flashing in the sunlight. Its galleried sides rise tier on tier to heights immeasurable. I cannot describe the scenery; to do so faithfully would seem exaggeration. Near me is a wooded slope passing up and up and still up, till the wooded belt gives place to thunder-scarred promontories of rock towering skyward pile on pile. At another angle the whitey-gray cliffs stand out against the deep blue of the sky with a sharpness of profile no words can set forth. How near that wall of rock seems to us. Its veins and seams and colouring in shades of red and brown and blue and soft-dove gray and creamy-white are seen with a distinctness such as only an atmosphere of this rarity can give. Gorges, dark in the shadow, intervene. Valleys radiate, always opening out through the masses of gneiss and granite vistas of brightness and beauty and grandeur. "Great and marvellous are Thy works Lord God Almighty. . . . . Who would not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name?"

This is the Dominion "National Park," a reservation twenty-six miles long by ten wide. It is claimed that the landscape scenery of this park has a fascination in its variety and loveliness and boldness combined equal to anything even Switzerland with its Alpine glories can offer within the same area of measurement. About half a mile below the steel bridge you reach a spot where the lovely river Spray empties into the Bow. Over against their point of confluence both eye and ear are arrested and charmed by the sight and sound of a rushing, roaring "Sault," a broad sheet of pure, white foam which in its excitement of travel seems to be laughing and clapping its hands for joy at the "meeting of the waters" in front of it. Among other features of interest and attraction included within the limits of the National Park may be named Cascade River and Lake Minnewanta—Devil's Lake—which is some twelve miles from the village of Banff. Good roads in this reservation.

By one of these roads, a broad, smooth, solid carriage-way which turns the shoulder of one of the "everlasting hills" of this valley, I reached, within three miles of an easy grade, the famous "Hot Springs." Their site is eight hundred feet above the level of the Sanitarium. Hot indeed they are, reaching a temperature of 118° at their point of issue from the rock. As I stepped into one of the "Government" bathing rooms the rush of steam from the body of hot water in the large reser-

voir, which seems to be always in course of renewal from its rocky matrix, nearly mastered me. I thought the vapour bath might very well serve the place of a body bath. But I faced the heroic treatment, parboiling though it meant. Those who wish their skin to look like the shell of a cooked lobster can do likewise. Of the medicinal and curative properties of these waters much is said. A suspended crutch in front of one of the bathing-houses avers that its former owner has no further need of its use. The deposit from the waters as it passes down the side of the mountain indicates marked sulphuric, chalybeate and perhaps other mineral qualities. In another direction are springs of a lower temperature, but still quite warm. Their situation is most picturesque. A fairy-like grotto or cave encloses one. This spring was at first reached by a perforation in the large dome-roof of the cave, a ladder being lowered to its bed. Now a tunnel conducts visitors to its level. Those who find its gloom of overhanging rock too weird for their fancy, can be accommodated to an open basin near by. Bathing-houses of tasteful architecture, in Swiss chalet style, are in course of construction, and all that taste and skill and money can command to add embellishment and convenience to the charms and good offices of which nature is so lavish in this favoured spot, is being done without delay and without stint. Miles of piping are already laid to convey the waters of the Hot Springs to the Sanitarium and the C. P. R. Hotel. An enterprising livery establishment, comprising a stud of some fifty horses for wheel or saddle use, with conveyances of all sizes and sorts from the strong, roomy, lumbering "bus" to the lightest and airiest of "rigs," is among the institutions of the place. The streams and lakes and forests and mountain fastnesses offer tempting inducements to the sportsman, and sometimes yield a wealth of return. Trout-fishing, particularly at Lake Minnewanta, is said to be one of the best. Wild sheep and goats can be reached by the adventurous foot and gun on the rocky heights. Antelopes do not leave the plains. And a bear's growl was heard the other day. I fear poor Bruin's doom is sealed.

The touch of dissipation upon a watering-place community is not favourable to evangelistic work. But I do not regret my run to Banff, nor forget its kindnesses and courtesies. I held four services in the new Methodist Church, which an enterprising spirit has brought almost to completion under the leadership of its popular pastor, the Rev. Clement Williams.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER X.—THE SECRET OF THE PICTURE.

ONLY that soul-love which nothing can weary could have been faithful through the contradictions and uncertainties of Gloria's conduct during the summer ensuing upon the events. But John saw that he was gradually gaining a great influence over her, and he was content to bear, for the end which he had set before himself. In the beginning of July she closed her house, and went to a fashionable watering-place; and for a time plunged into all its excesses, and seemed to take a perverse delight in provoking John's disapproval.

He did not suffer her any more to run into sin without a distinct warning.

"You spoil all my pleasure, John," she said, fretfully, one night; "how am I to enjoy a dance when you say such dreadful things about dancing?"

Still, it was not all dispute and disappointment; John had many delightful hours with Gloria—long strolls on the beach in twilight; charming sails on the moonlit sea, when they sat, hand in hand, and almost let the boat rock them back to shore on the incoming tide; and quiet chats about home, and home affairs, on the shady lawn in the cool mornings. Gloria knew, in her own heart, that John Preston was very dear to her; but the more positively this fact asserted itself, the more provoking and contradictious was her behaviour—at one time, gentle, lovable, relinquishing; again, imperious, adverse, and indifferent. But John took all her moods with an equal calmness; he saw below the surface, and knew that the one was, perhaps, as hopeful as the other—the rebellion, as well as the submission, indicated a captive heart.

One Sabbath evening in October, after her return to New York, she was very tender and gracious. They had been to church together, they had sung out of the same hymn book, and often, during the powerful and persuasive sermon, Gloria's hand had voluntarily sought the strengthening clasp of John's hand. They walked slowly and silently home, and John knew the hour for which he had prayed and longed had come. He sat by her side, and pleaded as men plead with one who is dearer than life to them. He spoke to her of the restless, profitless existence she was leading, of the love which God had for her, of the love which he had for her, of the sweet ties of home and kindred, of the fair fresh land where their home would be. His

strong, handsome face was alight with love and hope, he held her small hands captive; his eyes, his words, were irresistible. She smiled on him though a mist of tender tears: she whispered on his breast:

"Dear John, I love you. I will give up everything for you. I will go back to Texas when you wish me to."

For a few hours they were rapturously happy, and John felt that for all his prayers and patience he had an over payment of delight.

But the perversity of the woman's nature was not conquered. When morning dawned she looked at everything in a different light. She could not bear to relinquish her independence; to go back and acknowledge to madam and Ray and Cassia that her self-sufficiency was in the end a failure. If John really loved her so entirely, why might he not leave Texas, and come and live in New York? She wondered she had not thought of that alternative on the previous evening. She was sure it was the proper thing to do.

But when she proposed it, John's face set itself as stern and inflexible as marble.

"You must come with me, C[illegible]" he said; "you must come willingly. I am going back to Texas. If you will keep your word, and return as my wife with me, I will wait any reasonable time until you are ready. If you will not go back with me, I am going at once—this afternoon."

She pouted, she pleaded, she brought out all her enchantments; but from this position John would not move. Then she wept passionately, and John also wept.

"Good-bye, darling," he said; "some day you will understand the love you are sending from you—then we may be happy."

So he left her, but she did not believe he would leave New York. He would stay away, as he had done before, one, perhaps two days, but in the end she would find him, as usual, in her dining-room at six o'clock. Three days she waited in restless anxiety and anguish, and then she sent a message to his hotel.

"Mr. Preston left on the fourteenth," was the reply.

It was a blow which took all the joy and light out of her life. She tried to persuade herself that she was angry, and only suffering from the mortification of his hurried departure, and the annoyance incident to the breaking up of his company. But O, how heart-sick, how heart-hungry she was! How her ear ached for the sound of his step! How her eyes longed for the sight of the bright, honest face which her folly and her pride had banished!

As for John, he was also unhappy and disappointed, but he felt that he had done right. He was sure of the influence he had gained over the wilful, rebellious woman, and he believed

that when she was left to solitude she would learn how completely she had surrendered her affections. The moment before he decided to leave her, the thought had been far away from him; it was one of those sudden, imperative decisions which are, in a measure, inspirations. There was no reasoning about it; his soul gave the order, and it came with the invincible conviction of wisdom. Yet he suffered; though he knew he had acted wisely, he suffered. All the space between himself and Gloria was filled with love and longing and pity. The pain he had thought it wise to give her was a double pain to him.

He had been more than a year away from Texas, and it had been a very eventful year at Briffault. In the first place, Raymund had not found the payment of the seven hundred dollars, nor even the restoration of John's friendship, a sufficing balm for a wounded conscience. He was in comparatively easy circumstances, but never in all his life had he been so restless and wretched. He had a lonely pain which drove him to the solitude of the swamp and the sea-shore. "The Almighty troubled him." The thought of his turbulent years—of their sin and misery—their weary, watchful days and nights—of how hardly he had made a little money—of the danger of death, in which he had lived and toiled, and that terrible question, "What profit?" waited constantly for its answer.

At this period he spent a great deal of time with madam, and though they did not speak of their sorrow, a subtle spiritual sympathy made them understand each other. She was now very anxious for him to remain at home, and she looked eagerly for some reliable promise from him to this effect. His own inclinations were toward the same course, and Cassia's entreaties finally induced him to decide on relinquishing his roving life. One more journey, for the purpose of some sales and settlements, he would have to make; but it was to be the last, and with this assurance he bid his family a hopeful "good-bye."

He had to go to San Antonio first, and he was walking through its busiest street, one morning, full of calculating thoughts. The place was crowded with rangers and drovers; with Jews and Spanish Americans; with Indians and Negroes; with prancing horses and great waggons and long yokes of oxen. Ray was mentally adding up the profit and loss of an offer that had been made him, and his mind was fully occupied. Suddenly some one touched him on the shoulder:

"Captain!"

"Leff! is that you?"

"It's me, and it isn't me. I've found out the meanin' of them thar questions, cap. I've found far more than the whole world. I've found the Lord Jesus Christ; and O, cap! thar's nothin' to be taken in exchange for the joy He's given me."

Ray looked at him in astonishment. The man's countenance was changed. He had been a silent, dull, heavy man, with a despondent look, and scarcely a word to say. His eyes were now bright, his face joyful; it flushed and broke into smiles as he spoke.

"I am very glad, Leff. They were two bothering questions; they have worried me a good deal at times."

"You told me, cap, to go to a minister, and God sent the minister to me—down at Bear Spring. I went over thar for Bill Burlage one night, and he was a-preachin' to the boys. Cap," he said, dropping his voice, while his eyes shone with tears, "I heard that night about Calvary. I was all broke up; and the preacher, he gave me the points afterward; he talked with me and prayed with me, and the glory and the peace came. I don't know how, but there it was in my heart, and I went back happy, and I've been happy ever since. No, sir-r! not twenty worlds in exchange for the love of Jesus and the hope of heaven!"

This meeting affected Ray beyond measure; he could not forget Leff's look. After they had parted he wished he had detained the man and talked more with him. But then, as he told himself, he knew all about Calvary. It was no new story to Ray Briffault. During the next few weeks he was at once perfectly miserable about his sins, and yet perfectly reckless about his conduct. He had, too, spells of hard drinking and hours of defiance, when, with the cards in hands, he strove hard to put away from his conscience the questions God had asked him.

One night he was on the St. Leon River with a large, noisy camp. For three days he had been almost reckless. Temptations to sin had come constantly, and he had very willingly yielded to them. They were settled for the night, the horses "sidelined," the oxen "hoppled," and the tall, sallow, fiercely-whiskered men stalking up and down among them, or else standing around the fires, where coffee was boiling and bacon frying. As they were sitting down to supper a stranger joined them—"a lone traveller." He was a tall, large man, with prominent features and a solemn thoughtfulness like a veil over them. His clothing was an ordinary frontier suit, and he carried his rifle as easily and naturally as if it was a third hand and arm.

After supper the camp settled down to playing poker. The stranger leaned against a tree, and, with a gloomy face, watched the game in which Ray had a hand. At the first pause Ray said:

"Join the game, sir?"

"No."

"Perhaps you don't know it. We will change to suit you."

"I know it. I know every game that has ever been played between here and lower Natchez. If I wished I could clean out this camp, and let every man choose the game he plays best."

There was an instant, almost an angry, denial, and a chorus of bets against his statement. Ray said politely:

"Sit down, sir, and make your boast good."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, ten years ago, I promised the Eternal I would never touch a card again. If a man makes a promise like that, what would you think of him if he broke it?"

He looked at Ray, and Ray answered, gravely:

"Well, sir, there are circumstances to consider. He might not be able to keep it. Play is a kind of second nature to a man. If he has played long he *can't* give it up. I know, for I've tried the thing often."

"Yes, he can. My father took me to the gambling table when I was three years old. When I was ten, he could match me against any rough in Natchez—and you know what a set they were more than thirty years ago. I had cleaned out Natchez four times before I was nineteen. In New Orleans I filled any room with spectators I chose to play in. In Brownsville I once sat forty hours and won thirty thousand dollars."

"Then you are Mad Blake, or the devil," said one of the listening men.

"Yes; I am Madison Blake. Now you know if a man can give up gambling or not. Put down your cards and listen to me, and I'll tell you how it can be done."

His face was all aglow, his arms stretched upward, and there, in the lonely camp, he preached Christ crucified; not Christ, the great Teacher, the great Prophet, dying for us on the horizon of some remote age, but Christ *that night* standing before the throne as a Lamb newly slain, and making intercession for them. The daylight faded, the moon came marching upward to the zenith, the camp-fires burned red and low, but through the solemn space rang out "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." When it ceased, the cards lay scattered upon the turf, and no one liked to touch them. The men lit their pipes in silence, and went to their rest or their duty, and Raymund Briffault stole away into the thick woods at the back of the camp.

Standing bareheaded under the gigantic trees, he looked of small account; but the Holy One put into his heart the great cry of contrition, "Lamb of God, have mercy upon me!" and the ineffable prayer traversed the infinite spaces and sank into the heart of God. He bent to the sorrowful soul; he raised it up; he claimed it by a single glance of love. O wonderful communing! O moment of heavenly assurance! What be-

comes of all the arguments of materialism in the presence of a personal conviction so invincible that neither life nor death can shake it?

From that hour Raymund Briffault was a changed man. Old desires and hopes passed away from him; he looked at life through eyes from which the veil had been rent, and which, indeed, soon became impenetrated with the light and peace that his soul dwelt in. Before he reached home there were other marked physical changes in him. His gloom and restlessness were gone, and the serenity of his still handsome face and the gentleness and repose of his manners was the first thing that struck Cassia on his return. And O, how sweet were the few whispered words which, in the moment of their meeting, made her the partner of his new life!

He very soon remembered madam. He loved her dearly, far more dearly now than ever before. He longed to share with her the marvellous peace that had come to him. She had been ailing a little, and was asleep, Cassia said; but in the afternoon, when told of Ray's arrival, she roused herself, and met him with much of her old animation. Indeed, she was standing, leaning upon her ivory staff, watching for him, when he entered her room. She had shrunken so much that her figure looked almost child-like in its white garments; but O, the sorrowful story, written upon her face by more than fourscore years of mortal life!

"Ray! At last!" she cried, a little pink flush suffusing her white cheeks. "I am so glad to see you, Ray!"

He put his arm round her and kissed her fondly.

"I shall not leave you again," he said. "I have often given you sorrow, but I will never grieve you more. Forgive me, dear!"

She looked up at him in amazement.

"What is this Ray? What has happened?"

And as he stood there telling her, with kindling eyes, of the joyful change Christ Jesus had wrought in him, she trembled and grew white as death. With a great effort she reached the sofa, and there she sat speechless, listening to his words and watching him keenly. Her first decided feeling was the strange one of a great respect for her grandson—a respect mingled with a new confidence in him. At last she could lean upon his strength and rely upon his care and judgment; and she had the sensation of one who drops a burden because too weak and tired to carry it longer.

Very solemnly she spoke when Ray ceased.

"I am glad; glad for you and for myself, and for all we both love. I see that I can trust you now. Ray, I have been waiting many years for this hour. It has come none too soon, for I am growing very weak, and there is so much to do."

She rose and walked to the hearth-stone, and for a moment

cast her eyes up to the pictured face above it. Then she withdrew a little slat in the bottom of the frame, and a silk loop dropped down.

"Draw it out," she said to Ray; and with a slight effort a large leather portfolio was taken from behind the picture. "You may replace the slat, Ray. I shall need it no more. I am going to trust you now with the secret of nearly sixty years."

"As Ray did so she walked back to her chair and sat down, erect and alert. For a long time he had not seen her look so keen and purposeful.

"Open the book, Ray, and you will understand why Matthew Jarvey visits me at regular periods."

Ray did so, and looked almost stupidly at the papers it contained.

"They were the vouchers for nearly two hundred thousand dollars, Ray. I began to save them when your grandfather began to gamble. In those days I dreaded poverty, and as the Briffaults were lazy and self-indulgent men, I gradually got the management of the estate in my own hands. Every year I put more or less away from it, and, as I did not think it safe to have coin in the house, I intrusted my accumulations, first to Matthew Jarvey's father, afterward to himself. They invested them well; some of them, as you will see, singularly well. I put myself in their hands, and they have been ever faithful, wise, and secret. The papers relating to our earliest transactions I hid behind my father-in-law's picture; and when the necessity for any secrecy had passed away, I was so used to my 'safe,' that I preferred it to any other. When you father died, Ray, you were only six years old; Briffault was at its best then; I made the most of every dollar from it, for I was determined you should have money enough to gild over the faults of your forefathers. I intended to tell you everything when you came of age, but Jarvey said, 'Be patient; there is going to be a great war. Briffault is full of enthusiasms; he will waste it all on them.' I was patient; and when you came home and married Cassia, I was more than ever inclined to patience. Never, indeed, until this hour have I felt, Ray, that I could trust you with so large a sum of money. Often your embarrassments troubled me, but I always told myself, 'What he had is sufficient to throw away.'"

"You were quite right. I should only have sinned the more, and wasted the more. Have you any plans for the use of so much money?"

"Surely I have. Much of it belongs to Briffault. You say the land is worn out. No! There is land for generations unborn. The swamp is a great fortune. I want you to clear it, and cultivate it. Souda knows the old hands. See them and ask them to come home. Make the cabins clean, comfortable

homes for them. The work will be hard and dangerous; tell them so, and pay them in accordance. When that great tangle of trees is cut down, with its rotting underwood and mildewed grasses, we shall have sunshine, and we shall have no fever. The refuse of its rich vegetation will renew your old corn and cotton land. The lumber alone will doubly pay for the clearing. I know, for Jarvey says it is so; and besides, I think it will be a good work, a great work, to make a noisome, pestilential swamp wave with corn and blossom with cotton."

Ray caught the idea with all the warmth of madam's enthusiasm on it.

"I think so, too," he cried, with animation; and he discussed the scheme with all his heart in it. As for madam, her face kindled as she talked, and she looked almost like a young woman. When the swamp had been fully discussed, she turned to Ray, with a fresh and tender look on her face.

"Then something must be done at once to please Cassia. I want Briffault to be made beautiful for her. Open the top drawer in my secretary, and you will find a large envelope, marked 'Briffault.' That is it. Now look at the design. It is drawn by an excellent architect—the young man who accompanied Jarvey on his last visit. This little drawing-room and conservatory, with the rooms above, I intended for Mary's own use; this wing for the boys. Cassia will not like to change now, but there is a sitting-room added to her suite, and a veranda at the west side. And, Ray, all that painters and upholsterers can do to make the home fair must be done. I spoiled the pretty things you bought her at your marriage. I will gladly give her, in atonement for the wrong, a hundredfold. The house is for Cassia. Spend generously upon it. O, Ray, what a good woman she is! No dwelling-place can be too beautiful for her."

A few days after this conversation the Briffault premises were full of mechanics—bricklayers, carpenters, plasterers, whitewashers, etc.—and the long row of cabins were put in comfortable order. They stood face to face, and were deeply shaded by a row of large live oaks, from which hung, in long-untrimmed luxuriance, waving banners of gray moss. Madam sat at her window, and watched the repairs going on, until the little dwellings glinted white as snow through their green awnings of leaves and moss.

In the meantime Souda had communicated with all the Briffault servants within her reach, and Ray met them at her house. He stood again upon her hearth and watched them enter—middle-aged men, whom he had known in their youth; young men with whom he had played in their boyhood. They looked in Ray's face as children look in a face; and their instincts said to them, "Trust in him."

He told them what he wished done; he offered them the wages suitable. He said:

"You ought to live near your work; your old cabins have been put in good order: they are clean and comfortable. Bring your wives and your children and come home. Boys, you'll be more than welcome! Madam wished me to tell you so."

His pale, handsome face was flushed with emotion, his eyes shone with genuine interest and regard; there was a true magnetism about Ray; he touched souls with every man there. They were at a loss to express their love and satisfaction, but it was well enough shown in the eagerness with which the offer was accepted, and in the pleasant anxiety of the question:

"How soon kin we come home, Mass' Ray?"

"It is Thursday, come to-morrow, then you will be ready to attack the swamp on Monday morning."

So all the next day there was a constant succession of arrivals at Briffault—little broken-down waggons, full of beds, and chairs, and tables, and black babies. And madam sat long at her window that Friday night, watching the gradual lighting up of a once-familiar spectacle—the blaze of the cedar-logs from the big kitchen's open door answered by the same cheerful light from all the open doors on the Quarters' Avenue; the men and women sitting on the steps, chatting and laughing together; the boys and girls joining their hands in happy rings, and playing and singing under the big trees.

MUTABILITY.

THE king hath power for a day!
  What then the monarch's smile or frown?
Glory and honour, what are they?
  Sceptre and signet, sword and crown?

A narrow grave hath Timour, him
  Before whom nations bowed them down.
And Himalayas, rising dim,
  With austere irony look on.

See Becket mount his steed, the King
  Holding the stirrup for his Grace;
But later see the Bishop's brains
  Dashed redly on the altar place.

See Cromwell from a gibbet swung!
  A man of poor dismembered bones—
Who wrought a nation's fortune, hung
  For London mobs to pelt with stones!

Power! an airy, baseless dream!
  Glories! they vanish at a breath!
Only the soul hath rule supreme
  And triumphs over fate and death!

FISHIN' JIMMY.*

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

It was on the margin of Pond Brook, just back of Uncle Eben's, that I first saw Fishin' Jimmy. It was early June, and we were again at Franconia, that peaceful little village among the northern hills. He was a spare, wiry man of middle height, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, a thin brown face, and scanty gray hair. He carried a fishing-rod, and had some small trout strung on a forked stick in one hand. A simple, homely figure, yet he stands out in memory just as I saw him then, no more to be forgotten than the granite hills, the rushing streams, the cascades of that north country I love so well.

Fishin' Jimmy's real name was James Whitcher. He was born in the Franconia Valley, and his whole life had been passed there. He had always fished; he could not remember when or how he learned the art. He had not cared for books, or school, and all efforts to tie him down to study were unavailing. But he knew well the books of running brooks. No dry botanical text-book or manual could have taught him all he now knew of plants and flowers and trees.

But it was of another kind of knowledge he oftenest spoke, and of which I shall try to tell you, in his own words as nearly as possible.

First, let me say that if there should seem to be the faintest tinge of irreverence in aught I write, I tell my story badly. There was no irreverence in Fishin' Jimmy. He possessed a deep and profound veneration for all things spiritual and heavenly; but it was the veneration of a little child, mingled, as is that child's, with perfect confidence and utter frankness. And he used the dialect of the country in which he lived.

"As I was tellin' ye," he said, "I allers loved fishin' an' knowed 'twas the best thing in the hull airth; I knowed it larnt ye more about creeters an' yarbs an' stuns an' water than books could tell ye; I knowed it made folks patienter an' commonsenser an' weather-wiser, an' cuter gen'ally; gin 'em more fac'lty than all the school larnin' in creation. I knowed it was more fillin' than vittles, more rousin' than whiskey, more soothin' than lodlum; I knowed it cooled ye off when ye was het, an' het ye when ye was cold; I knowed all that o' course—any fool knows it. But—will ye b'l'eve it?—I was more'n twenty-one year old, a man growed, 'fore I found out why 'twas that away. Father an' mother was Christian folks, good out-an'-out

*This touching story we abridge from the *New Princeton Review*.—ED.

Calv'nist Baptists from over east'n way. They fetched me up right, made me go to meetin' an' read a chapter every Sunday, an' say a hymn Sat'day night after washin'; an' I useter say my prayers mos' nights. I wa'n't a bad boy as boys go. But nobody thought o' tellin' me the one thing, jest the one single thing that'd ha' made all the diffunce. I knowed about God, an' how He made me an' made the airth, an' everything, an' once I got thinkin' about that, an' I asked my father if God made the fishes. He said, 'course He did, the sea an' all that in 'em is; but somehow that didn't seem to mean nothin' much to me, an' I lost my int'rist agin. An' I read the Scripter account o' Jonah an' the big fish, an' all that in Job about pullin' out levi'thing with a hook an' stickin' fish spears in his head, an' some parts in them queer books nigh the end o' the ole Test'ment about fish ponds an' fish gates an' fish pools, an' how the fishers shall l'ment—everything that I could pick out about fishin' an' sech; but it didn't come home to me: 'twa'n't my kind o' fishin' an' I didn't seem ter sense it.

"But one day—it's more'n forty year ago now, but I rec'lect it same's 'twas yest'day, an' I shall rec'lect it forty thousand year from now if I'm round, an' I guess I shall be, I heerd—suthin'—diffunt. I was down in the village one Sunday; it wa'n't very good fishin'—the streams was too full; an' I thought I'd jest look into the meetin'-house 's I went by. 'Twas the ole union meetin'-house, ye know, an' they hadn't got no reg'lar s'ply, an' ye never knowed what kind ye'd hear, so 'twas kind o' excitin'.

"'Twas late, most 'leven o'clock, an' the sarm'n had begun. There was a strange man a-preachin', some one from over to the hotel. I never heerd his name, I never seed him from that day to this; but I knowed his face. Queer enough I'd seed him a-fishin'. I never knowed he was a min'ster, he didn't look like one. He went about like a real fisherman, with ole clo'es, an' ole hat with hooks stuck in it, an' big rubber boots, an' he fished, reely fished, I mean—ketched 'em. I guess 'twas that made me liss'n a leetle sharper 'n us'al, for I never seed a fishin' min'ster afore. Elder Jacks'n, he said 'twas a sinf'l waste o' time, an' ole Parson Loomis he' an idee it was cruel an' onmarciful; so I'd thought I'd jest see what this man 'd preach about, an' I settled down to liss'n to the sarm'n.

"But there wa'n't no sarmin, not what I'd been raised to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no fustlys nor sec'ndlys, nor fin'ly bruthrins, but the fust thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. 'Twas about Some One—I hadn't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—Some One that was dreffle fond o' fishin' and fishermen, Some One that sot everythin' by the water, an' useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on

'em, an' talk with the men that was fishin'. An how the fishermen all liked Him, an' asked His 'dvice, an' done jest 's He telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish ; an' how they allers ketched more fer mindin' Him ; an' how when He was a-preachin' He wouldn't go into a big meetin'-house an' talk to rich folks all slicked up, but He'd jest go out in a fishin' boat an' ask the men to shove out a mite, an' He'd talk to the folks on shore, the fishin' folks, an' their wives, an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore. An' then, best of everythin', He telled how when He was a-choosin' the men to go about with Him an' help Him, an' larn His ways so's to come a'ter Him, He fust o' all picked out the men He'd seen every day fishin' ; an' mebbe fished with Hisself, for He knowed 'em, an' knowed He could trust 'em.

"An' then He telled us about the day when this preacher come along by the lake—a dreffle sightly place, this min'ster said ; He'd seed it hisself when he was trav'lin' in them countries—an' come acrost two men He knowed well ; they was brothers, an' they was a-fishin'. An' He jest asked 'em in His pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way—there wa'n't never sech a drawin', takin', lovin' way with any one afore as this man had, the min'ster said—He jest asked 'em to come along with Him ; an' they lay down their poles an' their lines an' everythin', an' jined Him. An' then He come along a spell further, an' He see two boys out with their ole father, an' they was settin' in a boat an' fixin' up their tackle, an He asked 'em if they'd jine Him too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish an' the bait, an' follered the Preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sence that ; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind o' talk, without any come-to-passes an' whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible narr'tive.

"An' so fust thing I knowed I says to myself, 'That's the kind o' teacher I want. If I could come acrost a man like that I'd jest foller Him too, through thick an' thin.' Well, I can't put the rest on it into talk very good ; 'tain jest the kind o' thing to speak on 'fore folks, even sech good friends as you. I ain't the sort to go back on my word—fishermen aint, ye know —an' what I'd said to myself 'fore I knowed who I was bindin' myself to, I stuck to a'terwards when I knowed all about Him. For 'taint for me to tell ye, who've got so much more larnin' than me, that there was a dreffle lot more to that story than the fishin' part. That lovin', givin' up, suff'rin', dyin' part, ye know it all yerself, an' I can't kinder say much on it, 'cept when I'm jest all by myself, or—'long o' Him.

"That a'ternoon I took my ole Bible that I hadn't read much sence I growed up, an' I went out into the woods 'long the river, an' 'stid o' fishin' I jest sot down an' read that hull story. Now ye know it yerself by heart, an' ye've knowed it all yer born days, so ye can't begin to tell how new an' 'stonishin' 'twas to me, an' how findin' so much fishin' in it kinder helped me to unnerstan' an' b'l'eve it every mite, an' take it right hum to me to foller an' live up to 's long 's I live an' breathe. Did j'ever think on it, reely? I tell ye, His r'ligin's a fishin' r'ligin' all through. His friends was fishin' folks; His pulpit was a fishin' boat, or the shore o' the lake; He loved the ponds an' streams; an' when His d'sciples went out fishin', if He didn't go Hisself with 'em, He'd go a'ter 'em, walkin' on the water, to cheer 'em up an' comfort 'em.

"An' He was allers 'round the water; for the story'll say, 'He come to the sea-shore,' or 'He begun to teach by the sea-side,' or agin, 'He entered into a boat,' an' 'He was in the stern o' the boat, asleep.'

"An' He used fish in His mir'cles. He fed the crowd o' folks on fish when they was hungry, bought 'em from a little chap on the shore. I've oft'n thought how tickled that boy must 'a' been to have Him take them fish. Mebbe they wa'n't nothin' but shiners, but the fust the little feller'd ever ketched, an' boys sot a heap on their fust ketch. He was dreffle good to child'en, ye know. An' who'd He come to a'ter He'd died an' ris agin? Why, He come down to the shore 'fore daylight, an' looked off over the pond to where his ole frien's was a-fishin'. Ye see they'd gone out jest to quiet their minds an' keep up their sperrits; ther's nothin' like fishin' for that, ye know, an' they'd been in a heap o' trubble. When they was settin' up the night afore, worryin' an' wond'rin' an' s'misin' what was goin' ter become on 'em without their Master, Peter got kinder desprit, an' he up an' says in his quick way, says he, 'Anyway, *I'm* goin' a-fishin'.' An' they all see the sense on it—any fisherman would—an' they says, says they, 'We'll go 'long too.' But they didn't ketch anythin'. I suppose they couldn't fix their minds on it, an' everythin' went wrong like. But when mornin' came creepin' up over the mountings, fust thin' they knowed they see Him on the bank, an' He called out to 'em to know if they'd ketched anythin'. The water jest run down my cheeks when I heerd the min'ster tell that, an' it kinder make my eyes wet every time I think on't. For 't seems 's if it might 'a' been me in that boat, who heerin' that v'ice I loved so dreffle well, speak up agin so that nat'ral from the bank there. An' He eat some o' their fish! O' course He done it to sot their minds easy, to show 'em He wa'n't quite a sperrit yit, but jest their own ole frien' who'd been out in the boat with 'em so many, many times. But seems to me, jest the fac' He done it kinder makes

fish an' fishin' diffunt from any other thing in the hull airth. I tell ye them four books that gin His story is chock full o' things that go right to the heart o' fishermen. Nets, an' hooks, an' boats, an' the shores, an' the sea, an' the mountings, Peter's fishin'-coat, lilies, an' sparrers, an' grass o' the fields, an' all about the evenin' sky bein' red or lowerin', an' fair or foul weather.

"It's an out-doors, woodsy, country story, 'sides bein' the heav'nliest one that was ever telled. I read the hull Bible, as a duty ye know. I read the epis'les, but somehow they don't come home to me. Paul was a great man, a dreffle smart scholar, but he was raised in the city, I guess, an' when I go from the gospils into Paul's writin's it's like going from the woods an' hills an' streams o' Francony into the streets of a big city like Concord or Manch'ster."

The old man did not say much of his after life and the fruits of this strange conversion, but his neighbours told us a great deal. They spoke of his unselfishness, his charity, his kindly deeds; told of his visiting the poor and unhappy, nursing the sick. They said the little children loved him, and every one in the village and for miles around trusted and leaned upon Fishin' Jimmy. He taught the boys to fish, sometimes the girls too; and while learning to cast and strike, to whip the stream, they drank in knowledge of higher things, and came to know and love Jimmy's "fishin' r'ligin'." I remember they told me of a little French Canadian girl, a poor, wretched waif, whose mother, an unknown tramp, had fallen dead in the road near the village. The child, an untamed little heathen, was found clinging to her mother's body in an agony of grief and rage, and fought like a tiger when they tried to take her away. A boy in the little group attracted to the spot ran away, with a child's faith in his old friend, to summon Fishin' Jimmy. He came quickly, lifted the little savage tenderly, and carried her away.

No one witnessed the taming process, but in a day or two the pair were seen together on the margin of Black Brook, each with a fish-pole. Her dark face was bright with interest and excitement as she took her first lesson in the art of angling. She jabbered and chattered in her odd patois, he answered in broadest New England dialect, but the two quite understood each other, and though Jimmy said afterward that it was "dreffle to hear her call the fish pois'n'," they were soon great friends and comrades. For weeks he kept and cared for the child, and when she left him for a good home in Bethlehem, one would scarcely have recognized in the gentle, affectionate girl the wild creature of the past. Though often questioned as to the means used to effect this change, Jimmy's explanation seemed rather vague and unsatisfactory. "'Twas fishin' done it," he said; "on'y fishin'; it allers works. The Christian r'ligin' itself had to begin with fishin', ye know."

But one thing troubled Fishin' Jimmy. He wanted to be a "fisher of men." That was what the Great Teacher had promised He would make the fishermen who left their boats to follow Him. "I allers tried to think," he said, "that 'twas me in that boat when He come along. I make b'l'eve that it was out out on Streeter's Pond, an' I was settin' in the boat, fixin' my lan'ing' net, when I see Him on the shore. I think mebbe I'm that James—for that's my given name, ye know, though they allers call me Jimmy—an' then I hear Him callin' me 'James, James.' I can hear Him jest 's plain sometimes, when the wind's 's blowin' in the trees, an' I jest ache to up an' foller Him. But says He, 'I'll make ye a fisher o' men,' an' He 'aint done it. I'm waitin'; mebbe He'll larn me some day."

He was fond of all living creatures, merciful to all. But his love for our dog Dash became a passion, for Dash was an angler. Who that ever saw him sitting in the boat beside his master, watching with eager eye, and whole body trembling with excitement, the line as it was cast, the flies as they touched the surface—who can forget old Dash? "I never knowed afore they could be Christians," he said, looking, with tears in his soft, keen eyes, at the every-day scene, and with no faintest thought of irreverence. "I never knowed it, but I'd give a stiffikit o' membership in the orthodoxest church goin' to that dog there."

It is almost needless to say that as years went on Jimmy came to know many "fishin' min'sters," for there are many of that ilk who love our mountain country, and seek it yearly. All these knew and loved the old man. And there were others who had wandered by that sea of Galilee, and fished in the waters of the Holy Land, and with them Fishin' Jimmy dearly loved to talk. But his wonder was never-ending that in the scheme of evangelizing the world more use was not made of the "fishin' side" of the story. "Haint they ever tried it on them poor heathen?" he would ask earnestly of some clerical angler casting a fly upon the clear water of pond or brook. "I should think 'twould 'a' ben the fust thing they'd done. Fishin' fust, an' r'ligin's sure to foller. An' it's so easy; fur heath'n mostly r'sides on islands, don't they? So ther's plenty o' water, an' o' course there's fishin'; and onc't gin 'em poles an' git 'em to work, an' they're out o' mischief fur that day. They'd like it the better'n cannib'lin', or cuttin' out idols, or scratchin' picters all over theirselves, an' bimeby—not too suddent, ye know, to scare 'em—ye could begin on that story, an' they couldn't stan' that, not a heath'n on 'em. Won't ye speak to the 'Merican Board about it, an' sen' out a few fishin' mishneries, with poles an' lines an' tackle gen'ally? I've tried it on dreffle bad folks, an' it allers done 'em good. But"—so almost all his simple talk ended—"I wish I could begin to be a fisher o' men. I'm gettin' on now, I'm nigh seventy, an' I aint got much time, ye see."

One afternoon in July there came over Franconia Notch one of those strangely sudden tempests which sometimes visit that mountain country. It had been warm that day, unusually warm for that refreshingly cool spot; but suddenly the sky grew dark and darker, almost to blackness, there was roll of thunder and flash of lighning, and then poured down the rain —rain at first, but soon hail in large frozen bullets, which fiercely pelted any who ventured out-doors, rattled against the windows of the Profile House with sharp cracks like sounds of musketry, and lay upon the piazza in heaps like snow. And in the midst of the wild storm it was remembered that two boys, guests at our hotel, had gone up Mount Lafayette alone that day. They were young boys, unused to mountain climbing, and their friends were anxious. It was found that Dash had followed them; and just as some one was to be sent in search of them, a boy from the stables brought the information that Fishin' Jimmy had started up the mountain after them as the storm broke. "Said if he couldn't be a fisher o' men, mebbe he knowed 'nuff to ketch boys," went on our informant, seeing nothing more in the speech, full of pathetic meaning to us who knew him, than the idle talk of one whom many considered "lackin'." Jimmy was old now, and had of late grown very feeble, and we did not like to think of him out in that wild storm. And now suddenly the lost boys themselves appeared through the opening in the woods opposite the house, and ran in through the hail, now falling more quietly. They were wet, but no worse apparently for their adventure, though full of contrition and distress at having lost sight of the dog. He had rushed off into the woods some hours before, after a rabbit or hedgehog, and had never returned. Nor had they seen Fishin' Jimmy.

As hours went by and the old man did not return, a search party was sent out, and guides familiar with all the mountain paths went up Lafayette to seek for him. It was nearly night when they at last found him, and the grand old mountains had put on those robes of royal purple which they sometimes assume at eventide. At the foot of a mass of rock, which looked like amethyst or wine-red agate in that marvellous evening light, the old man was lying, and Dash was with him. From the few faint words Jimmy could then gasp out, the truth was gathered. He had missed the boys, leaving the path by which they had returned, and while stumbling along in search of them, feeble and weary, he had heard far below a sound of distress. Looking down over a steep, rocky ledge, he had seen his friend and fishing comrade, old Dash in sore trouble. Jimmy saw him holding up one paw helplessly and looking at him with wistful, imploring brown eyes; heard his pitiful, whimpering cry for aid, and never doubted his great distress and peril. Was

Dash not a fisherman? And fishermen, in Fishin' Jimmy's category, were always true and trusty. So the old man without a second's hesitation started down the steep, smooth decline to the rescue of his friend.

We do not know just how or where in that terrible descent he fell. To us who afterward saw the spot, and thought of the weak old man, chilled by the storm, exhausted by his exertions, and yet clambering down that precipitous cliff, made more slippery and treacherous by the sleet and hail still falling, it seemed impossible that he could have kept a foothold for an instant. Nor am I sure that he expected to save himself, and Dash too. But he tried. He was sadly hurt. I will not tell you of that.

Looking out from the hotel windows through the gathering darkness, we who loved him—it was not a small group—saw a sorrowful sight. Flickering lights thrown by the lanterns of the guides came through the woods. Across the road, slowly, carefully, came strong men, bearing on a rough, hastily made litter of boughs the dear old man. All that could have been done for the most distinguished guest, for the dearest, best-beloved friend, was done for the gentle fisherman. We, his friends, and proud to style ourselves thus, were of different, widely separated lands, greatly varying creeds. Some were nearly as old as the dying man, some in the prime of manhood. There were youths, and maidens, and little children. But through the night we watched together. The old Roman bishop, the Churchman, ascetic in faith, but with the kindest heart when one finds it; the gentle old Quakeress; Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—we were all one that night. The old angler did not suffer—we were so glad of that! But he did not appear to know us, and his talk seemed strange. It rambled on quietly, softly, like one of his own mountain brooks, babbling of green fields, of sunny summer days, of his favourite sport, and ah, of other things. But he was not speaking to us. A sudden, awed hush and thrill came over us as, bending to catch the low words, we all at once understood what only the bishop put into words as he said, half to himself, in a sudden, quickly broken whisper, "God bless the man, he's talking to his Master!"

"Yes, Sir, that's so," went on the quiet voice; "'twas on'y a dog sure 'nough; 'twa'n't even a boy, as ye say, an' ye ask me to be a fisher o' men. But I haint had no chance for that, somehow; mebbe I wa'n't fit for't. I'm on'y jest a poor old fisherman, Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, Sir. Ye useter call me James—no one else ever done it. On'y a dog? But he wa'n't a common dog, sir; he was a fishin' dog. I never seed a man love fishin' mor'n Dash." The voice faltered an instant, then went on: "Yes, Sir, I'm comin'—I'm glad, dreffle glad to come. Don't mind 'bout my leavin' my fishin'; do ye think I care 'bout

that? I'll jest lay down my pole ahin' the alders here, an' put my lan'in' net on the stuns, with my flies, an' tackle—the boys 'll like 'em, ye know—an' I'll be right along.

"I mos' knowed ye was on'y a-tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. 'Twas a—fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dreffle good to fishermen—dreffle good to—everybody;—died—for—'em; didn't ye?——

"Please wait—on—the—bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'crost. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can—do it—don't ye mind—'bout—me, Sir. I'll—get—acrost." Once more the voice ceased, and we thought we should not hear it again this side that stream.

But suddenly a strange light came over the thin face, the soft gray eyes opened wide, and he cried out with a strong voice we had so often heard come ringing out to us across the mountain streams, above the sound of their rushing: "Here I be, Sir! It's Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, from Francony way; him ye useter call James when ye come 'long the shore o' the pond an' I was a-fishin'. I heern ye agin, jest now—an' I—straightway—f'sook—n.y—nets—an'—follered——"

Had the voice ceased utterly? No, we could catch faint, low murmurs, and the lips still moved. But the words were not for us; and we did not know when he reached the other bank.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore,
And as He passed by me I knelt to adore.

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath,
And, lo, on Thy face is the paleness of death!

O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
Such grievous affliction hath fallen on Thee?
Oh, then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to morn.

THE VOW OF THE NAZARITE.*

BY THE REV. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

"And I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites. Is it not even thus, O ye children of Israel? saith the Lord. But ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink; and commanded the prophets, saying, Prophesy not."—Amos ii. 11, 12.

AMOS was called from very lowly toils to preach God's word to the children of Israel at a time when, in spite of one last gleam of delusive splendour under Jeroboam II., it was fast sinking into that condition of degradation and decrepitude which ended—as end the crimes of all impenitent nations—in its total and irremediable extinction. Poor he was, and ignorant, as were the Apostles after him; and, as a cure for false scorn and fastidious intellectualism, it is well for us to remember that such have many of God's grandest champions been. But though Amos was neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, but a rough herdsman and unlettered gatherer of sycamore leaves, he was one of those masculine, indignant natures, which burst, like imprisoned flame through the white ashes of social hypocrisy. Prepared like the Maccabees of old to die in his simplicity, he was not afraid to roll God's message of thunder over apostate nations, and hurl the flash of His threatenings against guilty kings. Like Samuel before Saul, like Elijah before Ahab, like John the Baptist before Herod, like Paul before Felix, like John Huss before Sigismund, like Luther before Charles V., like John Knox before Mary Stuart, like the saints of God in all ages, whose characteristics has ever been the battle-brunt, which—

> Though a cloud,
> Not of war only, but detractions rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
> To peace and truth its glorious way hath flowed;
> And, on the neck of crowned fortune proud,
> Hath reared God's trophies, and His work pursued—

so Amos testified undaunted before the idolatry of courts and priests. Now, one crime of that bad period—the crime of *all* bad periods, and the type of a hundred other crimes to which, alike in its origin and its developments, it is allied—was luxury and intemperance. And in this verse the prophet confronts Israel with the high appeal of God, whether He had not put the fire of His Spirit into the hearts of some of their sons, and they had quenched that fire by their blandishments and conventionalities; and whether He had not inspired some of their youths to take the vow of abstinence, and they, with the deliberate cynicism of worldlings, had tempted

* This powerful sermon, by the eloquent Archdeacon of Westminster, will be found scarce less appropriate to the people of Canada, than to those to whom it was originally addressed.—ED.

them to scorn and break that vow? Translated into strictly modern language, the verse would run: "To protest against the effeminacies of self-indulgence I gave you preachers, to rouse you from the surfeit of intemperance, I enrolled your sons as abstainers. My preachers you silenced by your godless sophisms, my young abstainers are seduced by your ensnaring wiles."

That this is a strict paraphrase you my judge for yourselves by reading in the sixth chapter of Numbers the vow of the Nazarite. You will see there that the very essence of it was self-dedication. The young Nazarite consecrated himself to God; he offered himself—his soul and body—a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice. His long hair, on which razor never passed, was a symbol of his royal service. In sign of spotless purity he was never to touch a dead body, were it even his father's corpse. As a mark of the tranquil sovereignty of his will over the lower appetites and passions of his nature, he was to separate himself so absolutely from all wine or strong drink, nay, from all semblance of fermented liquor—which, though men are specially fond of calling it a good creature of God, is a product not of life, but of death, not of nature, but of corruption, not of composition, but of decomposition—that he was to taste nothing made from the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husks. And from this passage of Amos, as well as from the taunt of the Pharisees against John the Baptist that "he had a devil," we see that the Nazarite was a marked man; and that, because his vow was regarded as a tactit condemnation of the popular self-indulgence, he was exposed to the snares of the worldly and the temptations of the base. Nevertheless, Wisdom was justified of her children.

Let him who will, spread and shift the silken sail of cowardice to woo every veering breeze of applause and popularity; but may every young man among you who hears me—every youth who wishes to be worth his salt—make up his mind that insolent detraction is very often in this world the noblest testimonial of worth, and the coarse dispraise of corrupted worldlings and professional slanderers is the very loftiest of eulogies. The best men, the bravest men, and the least conventional men in the world have been ever the most loudly and the most scornfully abused; and, while the world gives to its pestilent and trailing brambles the sovereignty over its forest trees, gladly and proudly may the braver souls leave the bespatterment of profuse approval to the shrinking caution that loves to trudge on the sunny side, along the beaten tract of selfishness, over the dull, dead levels of conventionality and comfort. Little recked the true Nazarite of muttered sarcasm, of bitter hate—little, as recks the sea of the foolish wild birds that scream above it. Health, strength, physical beauty, wholesomeness of life, tranquillity of soul, serene dominion over evil passions, followed in the path of early and life-long abstinence. Not theirs to wail, *Vino forma perit, vino consumitur aetas*, as wailed the young Roman poet, who, like better men than he, have degraded themselves into premature decrepitude; but, as Jeremiah sang about the days of Zion in her glory, "Her Nazarites were purer than snow; they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies; their polishings was of sapphires." Not theirs the tottering gait of the drunkard, or the shaking hand of the debauchee; not theirs the brazen impudence of the shameless,

or the hangdog misery of the remorseful; but theirs the strength which is the child of temperance, and the beauty which is the sacrament of goodness.

Such was Joseph, twice in the Hebrew called a Nazarite, who, to strengthen forever the high purpose of the young and tempted, uttered the glowing protest of youthful innocence: "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Such was Samuel, for a nation's deliverance consecrated from childhood to hallowed service. Such was Elijah, the "lord of hair," the wild Bedawy prophet, who made Jezebel quail before him, for all her painted face and bloody hands. Such was John the Baptist, emerging from the wilderness, where his soul had caught a touch of flame, to make the Pharisee blush under his broad phylactery, and shake the pulses of the tyrant on his throne. Such was James the first bishop of Jerusalem, with his robe of fine white linen, and knees hard with kneeling, and prayers which seemed to the people to open and shut the doors of heaven. Such, in varying degrees, was Anthony, Boniface, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Milton, Wesley, Lacordaire. There seems to be a special strength, a special blessing, above all a special power of swaying the souls of others for their good, which is imparted to wise and voluntary abstinence. The hands of invisible consecration overshadow, the fire of a spiritual unction crowns the head of him—and, above all, the head of him who in early youth has learned to say with his whole heart: "In strong warfare, in holy self-denial, I dedicate my youth to God."

And such we want; we want them amongst the youth of England; and, in proportion as we get them, will England sink or rise. We want, very specially just now, this almost scornful rejection of self-indulgence; this deliberate determination to plain living and high thinking in the young. We do not want those whom they call the "gilded youth"—the fluttering butterflies of the season—the dandies and the gossipers, and the pleasure-seekers, who make their lives deservedly wretched because they make them deliberately base, and to whom we might say, in the words of the poet:

> "Ah, what avails to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt,
> A dapper boot, a little hand,
> If half the little soul be dirt?"

Nor do we want those beardless atheists who, with the crude smattering of a second-hand scepticism, can not only demolish with one flash of their splendid intellect, and set aside with one wave of their contemptuous hands the truth which, till yesterday, a Faraday and a Whewell preached, but who, wiser than than the aged in their own conceit, even revel in the airs of disdain with which they can insult as dupes or hypocrites the saints of God, the very latchet of whose shoes they are not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

Nor, again, do we want the youth of coarse fibre and vacant heart who, in the first treasons of a spurious liberty, court the temptations which they should shun like the pestilence, and, knowing well God's doom on drunkenness and lust, yet go as an ox to the slaughter, and as a fool to the correction of the stocks. Nor do we want any, be they men or be they women, who do but take their license to the fields of time, heedless of the degradation that follows them, heedless that they are but adding blackness to

earth's darkness by their wasted lives. But we do want—the world wants, this age wants, England wants, the Church of Christ wants, God wants—those who self-dedicated like the ideal Nazarite to noble ends, have not lost the natural grace and bloom of youthful modesty. We do want natures strong, and sweet, and simple, to whom life is no poor collection of fragments, its first volume an obscene and noisy jest-book, its last a grim tragedy or a despicable farce, but those to whom, however small the stage, life is a regal drama, played out before the eyes of God and men. We do want souls, fresh and virginal, dowered with the hate of hate and scorn of scorn against oppression and selfishness, and the love of love for all that is pure, and generous, and true; souls that shall say—seeing that life is short, and the fame of virtue immortal—I choose, God helping me, the narrow, the uphillward path, up which before me my Saviour bore the cross; and not wishing to exchange for one of earth's cankered roses its hallowed thorns, let false friends discountenance, let the worldly persecute, let fools deride, but *mutare aut timere sperno*—I scorn either to change or fear.

2. Well, then, in one word, we want the spirit of willing Nazarites; and since total abstinence was the central conception of the vow of the Nazarite—while I am not at all astonished that selfish Sadducees or corrupted Hellenists should hate and scoff at it—is is to me amazing and portentous that even some good and true men should represent such self-denial (if it can be called self-denial) as Manichæan, as unscriptural, as a mark of inferiority, as I know not what. I have no time, and in this pulpit it should be surely needless to shatter each of these sophisms to atoms, and dash it indignantly aside as one more instance in which—as in order to defend polygamy, and the Inquisition, and pauperism, and the slave-trade, and the suppression of science, and the obstacles to discovery, and the deification of ignorance and "the right divine of kings to govern wrong"—the Devil, substituting the fetish worship of the dead letter for the fire of the living spirit—has, as though a man should use a medicine as a poison, and the light of the Pharos for a wrecker's reef, quoted Scripture for his purpose, and made it the cloak of superstition and the shield of wrong.

Yet, let me say at once, that I am not going to be guilty of the dictatorial Pharisaism which says to any man, you are committing a sin if you do not take to total abstinence. That I do not say; even in this age of bronze lacquer and impudent personalities in which nothing is more common than wilful calumny, let no one attribute to me that language. But what I do say to every one of you—and if the subject be entirely new to this pulpit I say it all the more, and most of all, I say it if it shall shock in any that epicurean self-satisfaction which is utterly fatal to all noble life—I do say to every one of you, and I say it fearlessly and downrightly in God's name, that you are bound in the best way you can—bound in the sight of God—bound as a Christian—bound as a patriot—bound as an ordinarily good man—to go up, every one of you, before the tribunal of your own consciences, and, whether you be familiar with them or unfamiliar, to lay very solemnly to heart the stern facts which I shall try to brand upon your memories to-day.

The Universities, thank God, have awaked from the dead, sensual sleep of the eighteenth century; the old type of College Fellows, vegetating for

life in vapid and useless luxury, is utterly extinct. It was but the other day (a thing which even ten years ago would have been utterly impossible), that at Oxford, the Sheldonian Theatre was used, and the Vice-Chancellor presided at a thing once deemed so vulgar and plebeian as a temperance meeting, at which some of the leading professors spoke; and Cambridge is taking her part, and taking it right nobly, in the great battle between Ebal and Gerizim, light and darkness, heaven and hell; and hundreds, I hope and I believe, of her manly youths are daily learning more and more in the light of shining examples, to scorn delights and love labours, in the high endeavour "to make earth like heaven and every man like God." And if there be but one here who cares only to sleep and feed, and steep himself in the gross mud-honey of a sensual life; if there be but one who does not care to do God's work, or to help his children, or to make better His sin-devastated world—to him I speak not; but to all you the rest I say that, acknowledging as you do the law of charity, it is not charity merely to toss to human suffering the crumbs of your superfluity, but to probe its causes to anticipate, to avert them.

It is a characteristic—a very fine and redeeming characteristic—of this age, that all who dare to call themselves Christians are thoroughly in earnest; thoroughly, and more wisely, and more systematically, and less despairingly in earnest than of old, in the work of social amelioration; but yet, mainly because there is here, there is at our doors, there is in the very midst of us, an evil colossal and horrible—an evil with which, to its utter shame, the State has not yet dared to grapple—the evil I mean, of universal drinking and universal drunkenness—not only has much of all this vast charitable effort been wholly insignificant for good, but some of it has been absolutely powerful for harm, increasing the evils which it wished to alleviate, and perpetuating the miseries which it desired to relieve. And, in the hearing of some of you in whose hands shall be the future of England, who will live to fill her pulpits, to write her literature, to make her laws, and who will, I hope, be eager in helping to tear away this poisoned robe which has been maddening the blood of our country—I say, with all the emphasis of a conviction not hastily or rashly formed, that not only are our best agencies of mercy neutralized by this one vice of intemperance, but that all these agencies, concentrated into their most effective vigour, would do less—infinitely less—good than could be done by the expulsion of this one preventable cause of vice and misery.

Called by the providence of God from the brightness of a life spent at one of our great public schools to face the repellant squalor of London pauperism, *that* has been brought home to me by vivid personal experience. But I do not ask you—you, in your learned culture and cloistered calm—I, who am but a London clergyman, with no leisure whatever to be a student, do not ask you for one moment to accept on my poor authority a *dictum*, for which, if time permitted, I could simply overwhelm you with irresistible evidence—evidence which, in spite of disdain, and in spite of struggle, should arrest your attention, and fetter and rivet to the rock of conviction even him among you to whom this topic is most distasteful. "Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in the opinion that the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform." Those are not mine, but the weighty words of the calm, wise statesman,

Richard Cobden. "Every benevolent institution utters the same complaint. A monster obstacle is in our way. Strong dring—by whatever name the demon is styled, in whatsoever way it presents itself—this, this prevents our success. Remove this one obstacle and our cause will be onward, and our labours will be blessed." Those words are not mine, they are the massive eloquence of John Bright. "We are convinced that, if a statesman who desired to do the utmost for his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserves the most intense force of his attention, the true reply—the reply which would be exacted by due deliberation—would be that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues should be stayed." Those are the words of the late thoughtful and lamented Charles Buxton. "Profligacy, vice, and immorality are not thundering at our gates like a besieging army, but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand." Those words, so deep in their pathos, are yet the utterance of the genial and beloved Lord Palmerston. "Let us crush these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their country to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted." In such stern words spoke, more than one hundred years ago, the worldly and polished Chesterfield.

Are not such statements from such men—undeniable, uncontradicted, nay, even unchallenged as they are—at least enough to waken the deep slumber of a decided opinion, even if they be not enough to break down the clenched antagonism of an invincible prejudice, or to dispel the stupid selfishness of an incurable frivolity? They are not the words of men at whom you can sneer as crochety politicians or temperance fanatics, or whom the very best of you all in his own estimation can set aside with a disparagement or demolish with a gibe. The very cleverest of youthful graduates, or even of undergraduates, can not quite stab these men with an epigram, or refute them—as fops refuted Berkeley—with a grin. To sneer at these would be to condemn yourselves as incapable; these not to know would argue yourselves unknown. And yet these are but a few of many such warnings uttered by some of the best, greatest, wisest in the land; and you ought not, you must not, you surely dare not, to ignore them.

3. But, if these be not enough, I will add something more. Taking alcohol as a convenient generic name for the specific element in all kinds of intoxicating drinks, I will ask you to look with me for a moment at what it is not, and at what it is, and at what it costs. It used to be believed that alcohol was a *food*. It is now conclusively demonstrated—and when I say "conclusively demonstrated," I ask you to believe that I mean, in the most literal sense, conclusively demonstrated—that it is not food; that it contains not one single element—whether nitrogenous or hydro-carbonic—of food; and that, as one of the first modern chemists has said, there is, in nine quarts of alcohol, less food than can be spread on the end of a table knife. Nor is it a source of *strength*. For, alike in Africa and India, in the Arctic and Antarctic, and by great labour employers in the temperate zones, and by distinct experiments with navvies in gangs and soldiers on the march, it is matter of proof that those can labour best, both physically and mentally, in whom the cold is not intensified by the weakening reaction from artificial stimulant, and in whom the sun's fierceness has "no

alcoholic ally within the brain." Nor is it a source of *health;* for the lives of total abstainers are now known to be more valuable in an insurance than other lives, and not a few very eminent living physicians have testified that the daily use of it, even in quantities conventionally deemed moderate, not only "causes some of the most fearful and dangerous maladies," but even "injures the body and diminishes the mental powers, to an extent of which few people are aware." Least of all, then, is it a *necessity*, seeing that it has been happily unknown to whole races and prohibited by immense religions, and in England alone, 3,000,000 of total abstainers, of whom not one has ever repented, can testify that since they abandoned it, they, like the Nazarites of old, have been clearer of brain and more strong of limb, more vigorous in health, and more calm in happiness. I might go on to any extent with such evidence; and on the faith of it, and on the yet stronger faith of daily experience, I again assert, not as a dubious theory, but as an established fact, that to men in ordinary health alcohol is not a food, nor a necessity, nor a source of health, nor of warmth, nor of physical strength, least of all of mental power, but that, when it is not a potent medicine, it is a mere luxury—a luxury which is at the best harmless, but which is frequently dangerous; sometimes fatal: always quite superfluous; never particularly noble.

4. Let us understand, then, well, my brethren, alcohol is a luxury, and nothing but a luxury; and if being healthy, we indulge in it at all, it is not because we need it, but because we like it. Well, and this being so, what does this luxury cost? At what expense does the nation, as a nation, gratify its liking? I will tell you. It costs us in tillage the waste of millions of acres of soil; in food, the destruction of millions of tons of grain; in hard cash, the deleterious absorption of millions of pounds of money. It is beyond all question, the one main, if not the sole cause of the squalid, degrading, and dangerous pauperism against which some of you will have to struggle hereafter in the streets of London and other great cities; and in the middle classes who have often to strive so hard, you would be surprised if I could show you how much they might yearly save by this abstinence alone. And though that is something—though it is a consideration not to be despised by youths who will soon have to make their way, with daily increasing difficulty, amid the hard competition of an overcrowded population—and though it will help them very materially in the stern battle of life to have acquired simple and self-denying habits, yet all this saving to individuals, all this saving to the nation of yearly increasing millions of pounds, which would make it not only more wealthy, but also more prosperous by incalculable advantages, is the least important point.

"*Tanto opere tanto labore et impendio constat quod hominis mentem mutet ac fororem gignat, millibus huic sceleri deditis*," said the elder Pliny, nearly two thousand years ago; and it is now more true a thousand times. In any other connection you would think this vast expenditure, this colossal waste, a consideration of overwhelming importance, yet in this it is the very smallest element in the question. Of far deeper, of far more awful significance, is what it costs in disease, what it costs in crime, what it costs in misery, what it costs to the glory of England now, and the hopes of England's generations for years to come. I have no time, I have no heart to tell you all that could be told under this head. I entreat you not to turn impatiently from it; nay, I tell you plainly you have no right to turn im-

patiently from it. For the drinking of some means inevitably, as things are, the drunkenness of many ; and these who sin, these who suffer, these who die, are our own flesh and blood. I believe that there is scarcely one family in England which has not suffered from this hideous plague ; scarce a house in England where there is not one dead. And, oh ! "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" You have heard what drink costs to this nation in *money;* what does it cost in disease and accident? Ask the dreary pages of statistics, and you will read that in so-called accident, but accident perfectly preventable, it costs us broken limbs and shipwrecked vessels, and burned houses, and shattered railway trains, and the deaths of children overlain by drunken mothers or beaten savagely by drunken fathers ; and to tell you what it costs in *disease*, I should have to take you, not in fancy, but in hard fact, to what the poet saw as the results of intemperance in meats and drinks :

> "A lazarhouse it seemed, wherein were laid
> Numbers of all diseases—all maladies,
> Of ghastly spasm and racking torture : qualms
> Of heartsick agony ; all feverous kinds—
> Dropsies, and asthmas, and heart-racking rheum.
> Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; despair
> Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,
> And over them, triumphant, Death his dart
> Shook—but delayed to strike."

This is what those who claim to speak with authority tell us it costs in sheer disease ; and which of you is so ignorant of English history, of English literature, of English life, as not to know further of noblest reputations stained, of glorious intellects ruined, of great souls embittered, of invaluable lives cut short? And what does it cost in *crime?* I will tell you, not as a surmise of my own, but on the recorded testimony, on the emphatic evidence of almost every judge and magistrate and recorder on the English bench. Remember that those arrested for drunkenness do not furnish one tithe of the drunkards, then shudder to hear that, in a single year, 203,989 were arrested for crimes in which drunkenness was entered as a part of the charge ; and that last year 5,131 women—only think of that, and of all the hideous degradation, all the unspeakable horror which it implies !—were arrested for drunkenness in Middlesex alone.

In every province, in every county, in every great city of the United Kingdom, it has been stated from the seat of justice again and again that, but for drunkenness, there would not be in England one-tenth of the existing crime. It is getting a hideous commonplace of judges. Only a short time ago Lord Coleridge said at Durham that, but for drink, we might shut up nine-tenths of our gaols. Recently there was brought up before Mr. Justice Manisty, at Manchester, a wretched creature in man's semblance, who, as though he were worse than a natural brute beast made to be taken and destroyed, had brutally kicked to death a wife far advanced in pregnancy ; and the judge in sentencing him to the gallows said : "You have been found guilty of the crime of wilful murder, your victim being your own wife. You are a sad, sad instance of the consequences of indulging in drink, which has brought you to this fearful condition. It is only

owing to God's mercy that this has not brought many, many more into a similar case. I am afraid that if this vice continues to be indulged in as it now is, many more will stand in a like position to you. Oh that we could, by administering the law, put an end to it!"

Ah, he might well say that! But dare you blink at such testimony? Do you think that they say such things rashly?

And if you will not listen to the reiterated warnings of the judges in their ermine, will you listen to the noble-hearted missionaries who tell us what drink costs to the glory of England in the execration of her name over whole continents, and the ruin of her efforts among whole populations? Could I summon the Maories of New Zealand, once so healthy that you might smite a man with a broad-axe and in a few days he would be well, now, in the language of a high government official, "almost as bad as the English, polluted and contaminated by their drink"—what would they say? If I could summon the Indians of North America, once not unhappy, now degraded, maddened, exterminated by our accursed fire-water, what would they say? They have said that because of it they spit at the name of Christian. If we ask the Mohammedans, what do they say? Is there a Christian in England with conscience so dead, with heart so rough, with cheek so brazen, as not to blush when he hears that, if they see one of their number drunk they have been heard to say, "He has left Mohamet and gone to Jesus." If we ask the Hindoos, what do they say? They have said by the lips of their eloquent representative, Keshub Chunder Sen, that all the splendid benefits of our English rule in India have been nullified and counterbalanced by our teaching them the use of beer and brandy; that the wailing of widows rends the air of India with curses against the British Government for having introduced this thing. And again, from the Southern Sea, the voice of yet another missionary says to us: "If you love missions, work, help—help to dethrone this demon of intemperance, our reproof before the heathen, the blight of our infant churches." And oh, sirs, when you hear such things, are we not—we, the sons of free, proud, glorious England—are we not, to our burning infamy, what one has called us, the drunken Helots of the world?

So much, then, for money and disease and crime and colonization; and what does drink cost in human misery? Have you hearts? if you have, I might say—

> "Sit you down,
> And I will wring your heart, for so I shall
> If it be made of penetrable stuff:
> If damnèd custom hath not brazed it so,
> That it is proof and bulwark against sense."

But, ah! I have no tongue to utter, no imagination to conceive, no calculus to measure the immensity of this national curse, this national calamity. It would require the vision of the Angels of Record, if they can gaze on it with eyes unblinded by such tears as angels weep, to tell of those miseries of millions for centuries; "to pass as it were from chamber to chamber of the prophet's vision of abomination, and to mark the crime in every form, the vice in every shape, the disease in every aspect that can make disease horrible," that has been caused by the corrupted fruit of this Tree of the

Knowledge of Evil. He alone whose ears are open to the lion's roar and the raven's cry, can catch the numberless accents of that wail of incurable anguish and uncontrollable despair which has streamed upwards for generations, till the vaulted heaven has becor "one vast whispering gallery to prolong and reverberate the groans o(those who have slain their own peace by this voluntary empoisonment." He alone, by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered, can count the widows who are widows because of drink ; the madmen who are mad because of it ; the gray heads that it has made gray ; the sad hearts that it has crushed with sadness ; the ruined families that it has ruined ; the brilliant minds which it has quenched ; the unfolding promise which it has cankered ; the bright and happy boys and girls whom it has blasted into shame and misery ; the young and the gifted which it has hurried along into dishonoured and nameless graves.

Is it not Shakespeare himself who says by the mouth of his disgraced and ruined Cassio, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!" What does drink cost in human misery? Ah! how can I tell you? Can I count the leaves of the forest or the sands upon the shore? And the sounds of this misery are like the sighing of the leaves of illimitable forests, and the plashing on the shores of unfathomable seas. He alone whose ear is ever open to the cry of the poor and destitute can hear the wailing of that multitude of miserable, miserable women who, taking in despair to the drink which their husbands have taught them, get degradingly content with the starving squalor, which they call their homes—can hear the poor wretch who has vainly followed her drunken tyrant to the public-house moan in agonies of entreaty, "Come home! come home!" or see her watching and waiting in that foul mockery of a home, till the sot rolls back at midnight, and with his brains all on fire with that vitriol madness, lifts against her unprotected womanhood his cowardly and brutal hand, "till the filthy by-lane rings to the yells of the trampled wife"—ah! I cannot go on, and you—you cannot bear to hear of these things.

Yet these things are, and worse—if there be worse—than these ; and though you may, if you please, lay a flattering unction to your consciences, and call this rhetoric or call it exaggeration, it is just the plain, bare, hideous truth ; and while you shrink from these things in words, are your sympathies so slothful that you do not shrink from them in reality? Oh that I could harrow up into a little manliness those delicate sensibilities! Oh that I could thrill that horror into action, those tastes which, like those of an insect, "feel the shaking of the table and do not feel the thunder!" For it is the horrible fact that the drink which we as a nation are drinking, not from the necessities of thirst, but from the mere luxuries of appetite, drink often adulterated with the vilest and most maddening ingredients —yes, this rubied and Circean cup which we sip, and smile while it is converting thousands of our brethren into swine – this subtle, serpentine, insidious thing which we cherish in our bosoms, and laugh and play with its brightness while it is stinging thousands of our brothers into raging madness—costs us, as I have shown, millions of money, myriads of criminals, thousands of paupers, thousands of ruined women, hundreds of thousands of men and women goaded by misery into suicide or madness, with every blossom in what might have been the garland of their lives

blighted as by a Fury's breath. And again I say: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Is it nothing to you, young men, who, if you be worth anything at all, better than to cumber the barren ground of wasted and useless lives, will be called upon a year or two hence to take up your cross, and the mirth and brightness of youth being ended, to take your happy and holy part when God shall place you in the ranks of the great battle against sin and death; shall it be nothing to you that your brothers and sisters in this great family of God is being daily poured upon the altars of this deadlier Moloch of a Tophet more awful than that of Hinnom's Vale; while disavowing that you are your brother's keeper, you become his Cain?

Ay, and are we to go on for another generation with our 8,500 public-houses in London only, and see another generation of our country's children grow up amid the same dangers and the same temptations, exposed like a defenceless prey to these evil spirits, nay, even transmitting that awful hereditary craving which shall leave to yet another generation for all their lives the reality of intense temptation, the possibilities of terrible catastrophe? Even if every one of you be individually safe—whereas what I feel sure of is, that, without the grace of God sought in earnest prayer, not one of us is safe at any time, not one of us is safe from anything—but even if you be quite sure that you will never fall unawares in love with this tamed viper, which may seem a bright and harmless creature of God, until, as, alas! too many of the strong and the gifted and the noble who have been wounded by it can testify, at some moment of deep misery or crushing disappointment it slides into the soul with tempting whisper or fixes in the heart its envenomed fang; even if you be personally safe from this destroyer of all health and virtue, this breeder of all sickness and sin, will you do nothing for—will you think nothing of—those myriads and multitudes to whom this drink means brutality and degradation, disease and death? If so—if you hear with callous indifference—nay, with contemptuous dislike—nay, with angry repugnance—what you have heard to-day—as though, forsooth, some rude, untutored voice broke in upon your balanced serenity—then, by all means, as far as I am concerned, insult the speaker to your heart's content; eat, drink, and be merry; go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper.

But if, indeed, you do not care to do anything—not even to lift one finger to save this our England from this living death—then stand aside from among us, and do not call youself a philanthropist, do not call yourself a Christian. It may not be your duty—I *have* not said, I *do* not say that it is—to take any pledge of total abstinence as the amulet of a hallowed purpose, or the safeguard of a strengthened youth, or the outward sign that you, too, will take your part, now and hereafter, in this great struggle between heaven and hell; but if you do not feel called upon to do this, at least respect and honour the motives of those who, in special positions, and because of special duties, think that in doing it they have obeyed their country's and their Saviour's call; and that, in the strength of heaven, and for the sake of Christ and Christ's perishing little ones, they have been called upon to act in the spirit of the high language of St. Paul: "I will neither eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything whereby my brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

ROBERT ELSMERE.

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

THE above name is the title of a recent English novel.* This MAGAZINE does not often deal with fictitious literature. The excuse in the present case is the exceptional character of this work. A review of it in the *Nineteenth Century*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, at once made it famous. Since then scarcely any work has received more numerous and more lengthy notices and reviews. It has been ranked with the strongest work by George Eliot. The latter author is generally regarded as not in harmony with Christian teaching. In this particular there is a parallel between her and the author now under review, but in deep philosophical analysis, in subtle comparison, and in the art of striking out in one line a thought which will live with the reader forever, the latter is immeasurably inferior.

But this story is intensely interesting from the first chapter to the end, its love-making is true to life, its narrative and descriptions are natural, and it will be widely read. It is necessary, therefore, to give a warning against the impression it is calculated to leave upon a certain numerous class of inquiring minds, who read in the hurry of life's active duties and have not time to become fully informed. To such the book is full of suggestions and insinuations dangerous to the Christian faith. There can be no better evidence of this than the hearty welcome it has received from all classes disaffected toward so-called orthodox Christianity. The influence of the book will be silent and secret, arising not from argument or assertion, but from a deep undercurrent of suggestiveness and the general aim of the work. In the matter of argument, indeed, it is so neutral, that sometimes the reader is uncertain whether the author means to exalt or to ridicule the new religious methods she describes. But any doubt on this point is settled by the last few lines of the book, if it has lingered on so long. This last impression is confirmed by the haste of many not friendly to Christianity to declare that this work can do no harm to the Church.

It is, therefore, of some consequence that its suggestions be translated into plain language, and then turned aside from their mark.

All of the story that concerns this paper can be presented in a few words. Robert Elsmere inherits a competency, enters Oxford, is only a second-rate student in Arts, but recovers himself in his course in Divinity, and wins a Fellowship. At Oxford he is remarkable as attracting to himself the friendship of some strong men among the lecturers who are wholly adrift from the Church. Their teaching very strangely turns him in just the opposite direction to which it had led themselves. It develops his religious nature, with the result that, against some prejudices in his own and in his mother's mind, he chooses the Church for his vocation, with the deepest conviction and sincerity, and enters upon his work in a country parish.

* *Robert Elsmere*, by MRS. HUMPHREY WARD. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: William Bryce.

If we were viewing this book from the artistic point of view, which we are not, we would here note one defect. This man does more work in his parish than any man living could do if he did nothing else. He attends to every detail, even sitting through the nights with the sick poor, nursing them with his own hand. But he has also daily, hours for smoking and talk, can give whole afternoons to fishing, and yet has time to be a great student; so great, indeed, that this second-class Oxford graduate, in addition to regular preaching and the necessary preparation therefor, is a specialist wholly outside theology, and in about two years has developed such wealth of knowledge and intellectual force, and by the minutest study of history, such critical acumen, that he falls through the floor of the New Testament entirely, and discovers that it is full of errors, is unreliable for history or doctrine, and that faith cannot possibly hold to more than a human Christ, and a human Christianity.

One powerful agency leading him on to this end is his intimacy with the Squire of the parish. Like some of the Oxford lecturers who became Elsmere's fast friends, this Squire is an impossible man, never met in life, rarely in art. He is an agnostic, and yet he sees ghosts; a recluse, yet pining for human friendship; shut up wholly to his books, yet giving frequent dinner parties; a wide traveller, and the intimate friend of the most eminent of living thinkers—a strange combination of austerity and gentleness, of taciturnity and sociability. In short, with inherited insanity in his blood, and a good deal of insanity in his life, at the same time a master of literary style, and of the world of knowledge, wiser than the wisest of living men. The friendly contact of these two men quite overthrows the younger man's faith in the Gospels. Beginning with the declaration that whatever else is true or not true, Christianity is true for him, he suffers himself to fall without a word in reply to the Squire's arguments.

One piece of authorship by the Squire contains an essay on the resurrection of Christ. This essay opens with an analysis of the evidence upon which this miracle has been received, and, having disposed of this, it proceeds to reconstruct the conditions under which, without any basis of fact, the belief in the resurrection became general. In passing, it may be said that this feat has been attempted again and again in actual theological discussion, but with no success so far as the verdict of independent minds were concerned. But as wrought out here, not in fact but in imagination, Elsmere reads the article, and is completely carried off his feet by it. He is in a kind of wild nightmare for weeks after from the effect of it.

But the final blow to his faith comes from the Squire's great work on the "History of Testimony." This is his life work, embracing the results of thirty years' exhaustive study, and our author has the art to prevent its publication. Elsmere sees only the proof-sheets. It is an attempt to determine the conditions which govern the greater or lesser correspondence between human witness and the fact which it reports, by an examination of human records, aided by modern physiological and mental science. Of course, in the hands of our author, this work on testimony convinced Elsmere that the testimony on which the words and works and miracles of Jesus have received general credence is utterly unreliable, and he is now satisfied that Christianity is only human and local. This mere youth, only

two years since his ordination, takes no time for a reaction, or to balance himself by further study, but at once withdraws from the Church, gives up his parish, and for some time drifts about London where, by-and-by, he falls in with some Unitarians—though the author makes him deny that he is a Unitarian—and with these he labours among the working-classes until his death, which occurs soon after, or about two years after leaving his parish in the Church of England.

Now, where lie the dangerous elements of such a story? Evidently in what is constantly suggested. The idea is ever pressing to the surface that in the Christian Church there is room only for dogmatism,—that it is full of contradictions and antique absurdities, which it cannot shake off,—that it cannot possiby reach the labouring classes,—that the miracles upon which the Deity of Christ rests for proof never occurred,—that they who witnessed the life of Jesus were not capable of reporting it correctly, and, therefore, the records of the Gospels are not reliable, and that the Church will be emancipated when it casts off entirely its belief in miracles, in the Deity of Christ, and in the truth of, we know not how much, of the Gospels. For example, "Miracle is to our time what the Law was to the early Christians." . . . "If we decide to throw it over, as Paul threw over the Law, we must fight as he did." It is seldom that we find in this book any statement as clear as this in its antagonism to settled and generally accepted beliefs. But this is the constant insinuation of its pages—the meaning which throbs under every paragraph that partakes at all of the nature of discussion.

Now, after reading the last page of this stirring story, the first question which arises is, Suppose that these views of Christ and His Gospels are correct, what is gained? What have we lost by not knowing it before? His new views certainly reduced Elsmere's own life to conditions of ghastliness that repel as the breath of the North. They threw him into relations which he soon came, with all his advanced notions, to regard with the deepest abhorrence. For all this, of course, his saintly wife will be held to blame; but up to this point in the story the artist's pen has made her only a loving and true woman, with, indeed, somewhat strained and rigid ideas of duty. But while yet she was a narrow Puritan, as she is described before knowing her husband, she learned all that she ever knew of loving charity. She was an angel of mercy to the poor and afflicted, far and near, and the English labourer did not spurn her ministries for this world and the next, because she was dogmatic in her faith in Christ and the Gospels. Elsmere himself, while yet a clergyman of the Church of England, learned all about the ministry of love and helpfulness, which alone made his after work in London as much a success as it was. And with miracles thrown aside, and only a human Christ to preach without any dogma, he was in the way, when he died, of accomplishing no more than his friend Newcombe, a ritualistic clergyman of the Church Elsmere had abandoned had done. To say nothing of Non-Conformity, and the Salvation Army, and various influential centres of mission work in London, the High Church and the Evangelicals are both doing as much for the London labourer as Elsmere is pictured here as doing by his new "Brotherhood." And to-day, in London, and the world over, nine-tenths of all that is given and done for the relief of suffering and poverty comes through the hands of orthodox Christians.

The Church has not yet accomplished all that can be done. A wide field awaits its skill and energies. But if its homes, and hospitals, and schools, and free libraries were abolished, it would be long before Agnosticicism, and the emasculated Christianity extolled in this book would replace them. It is not Comteism but Christianity which is actually the religion of humanity. The former has nothing but a slight reflection it has received from the latter.

Why, then, should a book be written to show in contrast the ineffectiveness of the Church, and the effectiveness of a philosophical Deism, and a secular Unitarianism? The picture drawn here by the hand of the advocate of the latter does not hold out any advantage to be gained by adopting it.

But, now, in the next place it is to be noted that these views are not correct. There are, in fact, no reasons in existence for such a conversion as Elsmere's from the orthodox faith to Unitarianism. This is not a dogmatic statement for those who are in possession of sufficient knowledge to judge for themselves, but is an assurance to those who read the book, and feel that they have not time to examine all the facts bearing upon the questions discussed. Elsmere had, indeed, been engaged in the minute study of history. But it is not possible that any new revelations from history will burst suddenly upon mankind. All known records, except in hieroglyphics, monuments, and bricks of buried cities, have been read long ago. Yet if one did not know better, he would gather here that an Elsmere is all that is wanting to pour upon the world such a fund of historic facts as to completely revolutionize all old faiths. The suggestion is absurd.

But may there not be some weight in the other suggestion, that the minute study of history would so reveal the value of facts already known that we would be compelled to reconstruct all our views of truth depending upon them? Elsmere's critical faculty is represented as having so developed by his special studies that all things looked different to his enlarged vision. To this it may be said that every record of the past has been correctly estimated, and in the heat of earnest discussion its value has been so fixed and settled, that there is no room for any addition by an Elsmere.

And now let us notice the Squire's books, which are the chief influence in the perversion of this young clergyman. Those who do not know better may be led to suppose that there are just such books—though they have not seen them, and do not know of them. Let any such idea be dismissed. There are no such books. There never were. Their existence, like the Squire's character, and like Elsmere's scholarship, is a day dream. Indeed, such books are not possible, except to those whose minds are already satisfied, without any reasons but their own idiosyncrasies, that miracles were never wrought. Certainly, attempts have been made again and again to show that the evidence of the resurrection is unsatisfactory, and to explain how a belief in this miracle could become general without any foundation in fact. The German criticism, early in the present century, bent all its strength upon this point, and against John's Gospel. Such works show great ingenuity, and creative genius of a high order. They satisfy those who are determined to follow them any way, they amuse all who read them by the cunning inventiveness of their authors, but they

do not convince any unprejudiced minds. Twelve years ago Prof. Fisher, of Yale College, declared that after all these bitter assaults upon it, the Gospel by John stands unimpeached in its authorship, and its credibility. "The Cradle of Christianity" was the title of one of these works published a few years ago. Like others, with the same end in view, it endeavoured to show that Christianity was simply the natural outgrowth of Greek philosophy. But at the beginning of our era the Greek philosophy was neither at its best, nor was its influence potent in the formation of Christian ideas. It never created a Jesus. The efforts to credit it with the world's Redeemer only show to what desperate resorts men's reason will go in order to serve their desires.

But there was the great work which the learned Squire is represented as having spent the strength of his life upon. The mere story-reader will not notice as he hurries through, that the Squire dies, committing the sheets of this work to Elsmere, to publish or not as he may deem best, and Elsmere dies soon after, and so this unparalleled work is never to see the light; but its purpose is wrought by making a strong impression upon the careless reader's imagination, and allowing him to go away believing that it is an established fact with learned men that in the time of Christ men were physiologically and mentally incapable of telling just what the facts they witnessed were.

Now the idea suggested is, that the ability to give correct testimony to events witnessed has been a gradual development in the race through the ages. In early times it was low. Though men wanted as much as we to convey correct impressions they were incapable. Standing at a far advanced point in a long process of evolution, the men of our time are not only well qualified to tell correctly what they witness, but to discover by how much the testimony of former ages was imperfect. Hence, according to the insinuation of our author, we have to-day the saddening exposure that no miracles ever were wrought by Jesus. Therefore, He was only a man. The English labourer, strangely enough, without any highly developed critical faculty through the minute study of history, has found out the imposition in the dogma of the Deity of Christ, and has, therefore, all along resented the Church's efforts, waiting in the meantime for some teacher who should throw dogma aside, and then he is ready for all moralities and humanities. This is the end, divested of all the lights and shades of story-telling, to which this author would lead the unsuspecting reader.

Now, nothing in the whole wide realm of assumption could be more completely without foundation than this evolution in the race of the ability to give correct testimony. It is not a fact that the race as a whole, or any people, or any considerable portion of any people, have by any process of evolution become perfectly reliable in their testimony as to what they may have witnessed. On the contrary, in every age there have been, as there are certainly in the present, vast multitudes who mean to be perfectly truthful, and yet they are utterly unreliable in their testimony. It is due to them to admit that they mean to tell the truth, and then it is due to yourself to pay no heed whatever to what they have told you. It is this weakness which gives quacks and humbugs of every kind such a tremendous advantage over the race. A designing man can get any number to believe that he has healed them of some deadly malady, and not only to pay him liberally of their money, but also to give him testimonials to that

effect, when nothing of any consequence was the matter with them at all. These persons will then go about telling with the utmost confidence that this pretender has saved their life, when the only thing he thinks of is to make an easy living by his cunning. On other subjects as well there is great uncertainty as to the correctness of what many describe. They unconsciously exaggerate, or their prejudices prevent their seeing things as they are.

But, on the other hand, many are capable of giving perfectly reliable testimony as to what they have witnessed. And the same has been true in every previous age. Max Müller bears testimony to the truthfulness in their relations with each other of the people of India—a trait which has been transmitted through many generations. Rawlinson, in his Great Monarchies, discusses with vast knowledge and critical skill, the relative value of various authorities in respect to their testimony of current events, and he places Herodotus before Ctesius. From any knowledge at command it appears that in this respect former times were not greatly different from the present. The reliable and competent, and the false and ignorant, witnesses always existed.

As to the testimony upon which the miracles of Christ have ever been received, to begin with, the time of His advent—the Augustan age—was one of the most intellectual periods of history. It was a critical age. The Roman law, which penetrated all European systems of jurisprudence, had educated a large class of men in every part of the Empire to discern the truth under all the various forms of testimony. There are not to-day shrewder and more exact men than there were then.

No reader of this book needs to take for granted that there are great works of which he is ignorant, but which if he knew, he would be compelled in consistency to modify his faith. All the deductions from this Squire's so called "History of Testimony" are mythical, as the work itself is a myth.

In pursuing its plan, this book accounts for the easy belief in the miracles of Jesus because it is stated that it was an age of miracles. Miracles, it says, were everywhere. As a fact, pretended miracles were not as common as both before and since that particular period; but aside from this, there were special circumstances attending the miracles of Jesus which space will not allow of enumeration here, but which gave to the works of Jesus a credence to which none others have a claim. These circumstances have been set forth again and again, and are accessible to almost every reader.

This story concludes with a great flourish over the success in dealing with the English labourer, and therefore with all the poorer classes, through a style of religion without any Christ, except a great man who suffered much, and of whom therefore pathetic stories may be told. The example set up is Elsmere's "Brotherhood." We are told it survived the loss of its author's magnetic and great personality. But allusions to Gladstone and the Irish question fix the time of the story in the immediate present. Therefore any regard to the dramatic unities will compel us to take the statement of the continued success of his work as prophetic and not historic.

The subject of the type of Christianty which will succeed with the masses is worthy of very special consideration; but one thing may be said in dismissing this book. The poor labourer will easily become a Christian when

Christianity has succeeded in so dividing the products of the earth that there is a more nearly equitable distribution of the comforts of life than at present. Do not divide the wealth of the world evenly, but give by some process to every family the comfort which is represented by say, $800 or $1,000 per annum in the city of Toronto. Let this distribution prevail the world over, and the masses will be Christian in a year. We will hear no more about the English labourer resenting dogma, and remaining away from the Church because he is shrewd enough to see the absurdity of miracles. The evangelization of the masses is not a difficulty of dogmatic theology, but it is a practical question as to the proper distribution of the necessities, not to say comf ..s, of life.

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

BY KATHLEEN WRIGHT.

BENEATH the green, unfolding leaves,
In rosy dawning day,
I stood and looked to east and west
To find which way would suit me best,
And north and south, and east and west,
I looked to find the way.

The bells rang through the sunny air,
The May-buds opened fresh and fair,
The birds were singing everywhere,
And I was young and gay.
I saw around on every side
The many winding paths divide,
And wrapt in wonder, grand and wide
The earth before me lay.

I clapped my hands and laughed and cried
To all the birds and butterflies.
"Now who will be my friend and guide
And always with me stay?"
Then from the green, unfolding leaves
Love's eyes upon me shone.
His voice with spring-time's promise swelled,
And all the sweet May morning held;
His voice with spring-time's promise swelled
In rippling crystal tone.

"'Tis I will be thy constant friend,
From first to last, from end to end,
Be with thee all the way.
I'll sing for thee when birds are fled,
I'll bloom for thee when flowers are dead;
My radiant warmth around thee shed
Shall make December May.
My voice divine shall still thy fears,

My sunbeams shine in all thy tears,
My blessings night and day
Make good to thee the cold world's scorn,
And set a rose on every thorn,
And from thy pathway rough and long
Roll every stone away."

This Love did say—did say to me,
When I was young and gay.

. . . . . .

Beneath the brown and falling leaves
I watch the fading day.
I've wandered far through east and west,
Whichever way did seem the best;
And north and south, and east and west.
In many a winding way.
Dull clouds obscure the autumn skies,
Gone are the birds and butterflies,
Forlorn and bare the wide earth lies,
And I am old and gray.

The song is out, the race is run,
And dark the night is drawing on:
From lonesome plains the north wind's moan
Is sounding in my ear.
But constant friend from first to last,
Though every star be overcast,
Love stands beside me firm and fast,
And nought have I to fear.

He wraps me in his mantle warm,
He keeps away the cold and storm,
His kind cares never cease.
His gentle, soothing fingers spread
A pillow 'neath my weary head,
He fills my age with peace.
He sang for me when birds were flown,
He bloomed for me when flowers were gone,
He made December May.
And let my griefs be what they might,
Each tear still held his sunbeam's light;
His blessings night and day
Made good to me the cold world's scorn,
And set a rose on every thorn,
And from my pathway rough and long
Rolled every stone away.

This Love did do—did do to me,
And I am old and gray.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Current Topics and Events.

SENATOR MACDONALD ON NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Hon. Senator Macdonald has been spending part of the summer on the Island of Newfoundland, and has contributed to the Toronto *Globe* a series of valuable and instructive articles on Britain's oldest colony. These admirably written papers, characterized as they are by keen observation and statesman-like breadth of view, cannot fail to be of great service to the island. He pays a justly deserved tribute to the fidelity and moral heroism of the Methodist missionaries, who amid manifold privations and difficulties proclaim the Word of Life to the scattered population of the outposts and fishing villages.

On the subject of Methodist Union and Confederation he writes thus:

"In the year 1874 the Methodists of Newfoundland entered into confederation with the Methodist Church of Canada of that day. It was a compact formed after due and thoughtful consideration. How has it worked? Never in the history of Methodism in the Island (I think I am speaking carefully) has its development in a like period been so remarkable The Methodism of Newfoundland has been regularly represented by its ministers in the great annual gatherings of the Church which review the work from Newfoundland to Japan. They have taken part in the discussion of all the great subjects which annually come up for consideration; they have been members of all the principal committees—the Missionary, the Educational and other important committees; they have presented the claims of their own destitute missions; they have awakened the interest in their people never felt before; and they will be ready to state that they have never presented an appeal which has not been met by a favourable response; they had their views broadened in reference to the great work to which the Church is committed, in a way which would have been simply impossible if confined to their duty in the Island. They have gone to their duty feeling that they stood associated with a Church whose work extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and beyond it, while their enthusiasm and devotion have been made helpful to their Canadian brethren.

"I ventured to make this reference upon the only occasion that I allowed myself to be drawn into anything like a conversation upon the subject of the confederation of Newfoundland with the Dominion, and I did so with one of the most prominent men in the Island, who was also a member of the General Conference, but who is opposed to political Confederation.

"'Ah,' said he, 'If I were certain of the same results, and if I had the same men to deal with, I would go for Confederation to-morrow.' Why should a political Confederation not be as wisely conceived and as happily consummated, and why should it not work as well?

"Let Newfoundland present her case, not in the form of unreasonable demands. Let Canada not lay herself open to the charge of proposing exacting conditions. Let Canada and Newfoundland alike remember that the safety and permanence of every contract depends upon the spirit of fairness with which it is considered and spirit of good faith in which it is executed. Let the contracting parties come to the consideration of this great question in the manifestation of such a spirit, and the result will be the union of Newfoundland with the Dominion of Canada on principles which will command the confidence of the people of both countries in a union which will be not only successful but abiding."

RETALIATION.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the cheap war talk indulged in just now by a good many American politicians has much real significance. It has a hollow ring about it that shows its insincerity. It is evidently mere political claptrap uttered for party purposes, to meet as has been said the exigencies of the party game of chess. The great heart of the nation recoils from the very thought of war. They have had too bitter an experience of it, both in the North and South, to be willing lightly to undergo its atrocities again. The religious and non-partizan press strongly protest against this incendiary talk. The *Christian Union* writes on this subject in the following temperate manner:

"It is gratifying to note that the bellicose spirit of some of the Senators finds no response throughout the country; American rights will be protected, but there is no disposition on the part of the people at large to create international difficulties as a matter of patriotism. The Senators who indulged in references to the possibility of war will be left to conduct the campaign on their own account. The country has become too great and too strong to find either delight or profit in that sort of braggadocio. Sooner or later the question at issue will be settled in an amicable spirit and by the methods of peace; *war between this country and Great Britain would be a crime of the first magnitude.* The *Christian Union* protests against the un-Christian and utterly unstatesman-like declaration of some of the opponents of the treaty that the matters which it sought to settle are not proper matters for negotiation. Such a doctrine recalls the narrowness and unselfishness of the diplomacy of past times; it is unworthy of American statesmanship and American Christianity."

In like manner *The Independent* speaks of the retaliation message as "the President's manœuvre." "The audacity of his fisheries message," it says "is rather adapted to excite disgust than admiration. It is not a *coup de maitre* but a *coup de theatre.* . . . It is not necessary to assume a bellicose attitude toward Canada. It would be unnecessary and unwise to do what the President seems to propose; for Canada is a neighbour and we ought to have neighbourly relations with her."

The Chicago *Interior* says: "The spectacle of a Democratic President and a Republican Senate dragging the fame and dignity of the American Government through the mire of politics is a humiliating one, though it is gratifying to note that their unstatemanlike conduct has found little favour throughout the country."

The New York *Observer* says: "The condition to which affairs have now been brought is humiliating and disheartening to every unprejudiced and self-respecting American citizen. We are free to say that the retaliatory policy seems to us a crude, harsh and barbarous resort. It is a policy unworthy of an enlightened and Christian nation. Its enforcement can only result in arousing a feeling of bitterness and enmity between us and our Canadian neighbours. It is a movement of unfriendly and hostile intent, and it carries danger with it. We hope that Congress will at the last rise above the plane of narrow and petty partisanship, and devise some wiser and more dignified method for the settlement of this difficulty."

Such temperate utterances ought to go far to neutralize the wanton and wicked war talk of certain fire-eating editors and politicians. Like one who scatters fire-brands, arrows and death, are the men who for selfish or party purposes seek to fan into a flame the animosities which slumber in the minds of a section of the foreign population whose votes they hope to capture thereby. Perish the hand and palsied be the tongue that would stir up strife and ill-will between these two kindred people. We in Canada can afford to possess our souls in patience in the confidence that so soon as the present political exigency shall have

passed, our American neighbours will return to their usual good sense and goodwill. In the meantime we can all heartily concur in the wise words of Lord Stanley, recently uttered at Toronto:

"It is a source of great satisfaction to see the confident strength with which the Dominion, firmly relying on the goodness of her own motives and the goodness of her own cause, is able to maintain an attitude of quiet and dignified observation, and is able to feel certain that the volume of her trade, increasing as it does from day to day, if it is denied one channel must find others; and that nothing, please God, which can be done by man will stop the advancing prosperity of this great Dominion."

The Itinerancy.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the solidarity of Methodism, of its true connexional spirit, is seen in the frictionless ease with which, for the most part, its machinery runs. Year by year the "great iron wheel" of the itinerancy revolves, displacing thousands of ministers and removing them to new and untried fields of labour, with a regularity and a quietness which, had it not become so common, would excite the amazement of mankind. No body of men in the world, save the military profession and the Roman priesthood, so utterly surrender the control of their temporal interests as does the Methodist minister. And the soldier seldom, and the priest never, has such social and domestic ties and responsibilities to be affected by his peremptory removal. Probably no class of men in the world more completely solve by their life of labour the Virgilian riddle:

"Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

It is only by maintaining the most cordial relations between the ministers and the laity that this harmony is secured. It is by recognizing the fact that their interests are one and indivisible, that the Church of Christ is one body and that we all are members one of another. One false note mars the harmony of the most exquisitely concerted piece of music. One jar of a piece of machinery attracts more attention than many days of smooth running. So an infrequent jar or friction in the running of the machinery of our itinerancy cause more criticism than many years of unjarring operation. We think it safe to assume that, with the exercise of a reasonable amount of brotherly kindness and charity, the slight friction which has been recently noted in some departments of our ecclesiastical machinery will not again become apparent.

Extending our Circulation.

With characteristic and commendable energy the Book Steward is endeavouring to extend the circulation of our Connexional literature—the *Christian Guardian*, *Methodist Magazine* and other periodicals of our Church. The great agency for this is the kind co-operation of the ministers. It is found by lengthened experience that there is only one effective method of conducting a canvass for these periodicals, viz.: By personal visits made for that purpose. It is this which, even when partially carried out, has made these periodicals so successful in the past. It is this which, if more fully observed will make them a still greater success in the future. A mere appeal from the pulpit or a week-night service will not accomplish the purpose.

We know that many of our ministers have their time too fully occupied with their pastoral duties to spare the time necessary to make a proper canvass for the periodicals. When this is the case they are kindly requested to appoint some one to do the work for them. There is no one who can do the work as well as the minister, but if he cannot devote the necessary time and to do justice to the periodicals, he is urged to select one or more good, live men or women, on whom dependence can be placed to do the work thoroughly, send their names and post office addresses to the Book Steward who will co-operate heartily with them in facilitating the renewal of old sub-

scriptions and procuring of new ones. As lists of Subscribers are now being prepared, the prompt attention of the Ministers to the above request is urgently solicited.

We kr w of no Church which is so well supplied with denominational literature as our own. The more widely this literature is circulated the more effective will it be in its work of promoting all the interests of the Church, and the more abundant will be the resources for improving the quality and scope of these periodicals. Comprehensive plans are being devised for improving the character, and increasing the capacity of this MAGAZINE, which will be fully announced in our next number. We bespeak for it, in still fuller measure, the hearty co-operation which it has to so large a degree hitherto enjoyed, from both the ministry and laity of our Church. We hope to largely improve its quality, increase its quantity and extend its circulation.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The 155th Wesleyan Methodist Conference was held at Camborne in July and August. It is fourteen years since the Conference met in Camborne, and during that time there has been an increase of 128,000 in the membership of the Church. The Rev. Joseph Bush was elected President and the Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary. There was an unusual number of fraternal delegates from other Conferences, including the Irish, Australasian and Canadian Churches, so that the open session of Conference was one of more than ordinary interest. No address was more attentively listened to than that of the Canadian representative, the Rev. Dr. Stewart. In about twenty minutes he crowded statistics and incidents relating to Methodism in the Dominion which filled the people with surprise. The Methodist press greatly eulogized the Doctor.

The missionary affairs called for grave consideration. Two of the Secretaries, the Revs. Messrs. Jenkins and Kilner, retired from the Mission House, and the Revs. John Walton and Marshall Hartley were elected to fill their places. There is a deficiency in the funds of more than $80,000, and pressing demands are made for additional labourers in all parts of the mission field, more especially in India and Africa.

The Rev. H. J. Piggot, B.A., who has long laboured in Italy, thinks the time has come to establish a Book Room in Rome, which will be a centre of supply of Wesleyan Methodist literature.

The Rev. Walford Green made a statement in Conference which caused great regret, viz., that unless there was a speedy augmentation of funds, the allowances to worn-out ministers and widows would have to be reduced. In answer to letters which he had published he had received about $3,500, but more was needed. A minister died during the sessions of Conference, the Rev. Sampson Reynolds.

The session at which the obituaries of deceased ministers were read was deeply affecting. Many kind words were spoken respecting the fallen comrades, of whom there were more than twenty.

The Rev. Thomas Champness has offered two "Joyful News" evangelists to labour in China; two others have been sent to India and

also two to South Africa. As the latter experienced some delay in being sent to their inland destination, they were resolved not to be chargeable to any man, and therefore, in apostolical fashion, they began to work with their own hands.

Great good has resulted from the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, which has given $1,000,000 to church building in London; sixty large, elegant places of worship have thus been erected, most of which are well attended. But for this fund, Methodism in London would have been much feebler than it is.

Intelligence was received that the revival in Jamaica, under the Rev. A. Macauley and Mr. Sampson was the most marvellous that had occurred in that island for many years. At one place people walked twenty miles to attend the services. One Sabbath morning 210 horses were counted in the chapel yard. At one meeting hundreds went into the inquiry room, 180 of whom professed conversion.

A motion was adopted to exchange official representatives with other English Methodist communities.

A reception was given to a deputation of Nonconformist ministers, which had created much interest and was heightened by the speech of the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., who retires this year to the superannuation.

An incident recently occurred which proves that the spirit of intolerance is not yet dead. A Methodist place of worship was needed at Hatfield, and the Marquis of Salisbury refused to sell a site which was deemed suitable, but offered another in a filthy situation, which the people refused, and purchased one at great expense from another owner.

It is proposed to commemorate the centenary of Charles Wesley's death by the erection of a tabernacle in London.

Bible Christian Church.

The seventieth Conference of this Church, was held at Forest Hill, London. A reception service was held on the evening preceding the opening of the Conference at which several fraternal addresses were delivered. Rev. Mr. Wray, Primitive Methodist, expressed the wish that there might be two Methodist denominations only in England. There were sixty-eight ministers and forty-nine lay-delegates present. The Rev. Dr. Keen was elected President, and the Rev. M. Brokenshire was elected Secretary. The Rev. F. W. Bourne has been Book Steward and Editor nineteen years, and the Conference presented him with an illuminated address and £100 sterling in acknowledgment of his services. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, the Canadian delegate, received a cordial vote of thanks. The Rev. S. H. Rice, from New Brunswick, and Rev. F. W. Baller, from China, were also present.

The Bible Christian Church contains 253 ministers, 1,815 local preachers, 816 churches, 124 other preaching places, 29,909 members, 836 on trial, 513 juvenile members, 9,189 Sunday-school teachers, 49,586 scholars. Last year the members increased by 819, and the juvenile members 344.

The Methodist Church.

It is gratifying that notwithstanding the complaints of hard times, the income of the Missionary Society is nearly $220,000, an advance of $18,000 over last year.

Gratifying intelligence has been received from various quarters. Dr. Eby states that "in Japan 500 souls have been won to Christ." The Rev. Thomas Crosby, British Columbia reports 200 pagans brought into the glorious liberty of God's dear children. The Rev. J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent in Manitoba and the North-West, reports an increase in missionary money of $1,100. By the time these notes are in the hands of the printer, the Missionary Board will have held its annual meeting in Winnipeg, which will indeed be an event of unusual interest to the people of the prairie

city, in which Wesley College, under the presidency of the Rev. J. W. Sparling, M.A., B.D., will soon be opened.

Two additional teachers have been appointed to the Academy in Tokio, Japan.

A request has been made for a missionary physician to be appointed to Fort Simpson, British Columbia. A native Chinese missionary has been secured to labour among the Chinese in Victoria, British Columbia.

The annual meeting of the Superannuation Board has been held. The amount required for the current year is slightly in excess of last year. There are 190 ministers, 148 widows and 112 children receiving aid, which is three ministers and ten widows more than were claimants last year.

The Central Church in Stratford was re-opened, August 26, when the Revs. Drs. Griffin and Burns preached, collections $875 and previously contributed $1,200. The improvements cost $2,200.

Agnes Street congregation, Toronto, observed Dominion Day by holding a series of services in the beautiful grounds of Mr. R. I. Walker. After the service of the afternoon, tea was served on the grounds. At the evening service fifty persons were received as members of the Church.

A gentleman named Agar, of Chatham, some time ago gave the Rev. S. Huntingdon a valuable farm, and with the proceeds four churches have been built along the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Agar, in addition to giving the property, is also labouring as a missionary in the same region. The Rev. James Whiting, one of Mr. Agar's former pastors, had the honour of dedicating the said churches.

It is a cause of gratitude that Toronto, which is still increasing its population at a marvellous rate, is being cared for by the various churches. Of course, we are most concerned that Methodism should maintain its proper position among the city churches, and we think it is doing this. A new church is in course of erection for the congregation recently worshipping in Richmond Street. A new church is also being built in the west part of the city. Spadina Avenue Church is being rebuilt and greatly enlarged. A new church was recently dedicated at West Toronto. Yonge Street and Dundas Street Wesley Churches have both been enlarged very considerably, and the re-opening services were very successful.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

During the month of September thirty-nine annual Conferences were appointed to be held, some of which were in India, others in China and Japan, a few in Europe, and the balance in the United States.

Clark Street Church in Chicago has a remarkable history. It is in the second story of a business block owned by trustees, and the income from rentals amounts to $50,000 per year. A certain sum is taken from this amount for keeping the building in repair and for church purposes, and the rest is devoted to the extension of Methodism in the city. During the past five years $40,000 have thus been spent annually. Persons are always on the look out for suitable church sites, where there is not sufficient church accommodation, and help is afforded to such needy places. Clark Street Church is really a Chicago Church Extension Society, whose influence is felt not only in the city, but many Methodist institutions outside are recipients of its bounty.

The revivalist, the Rev. Thomas Harrison, is proving that revivals are possible during the summer in New York city. During the first two weeks that he laboured in Old John Street 500 conversions were reported. After a few more weeks a grand jubilee service was held, to rejoice over the conversion of 2,500 souls converted in Jane Street and Old John Street Churches.

In Des Moines Conference a new state of things has been inaugurated. Several of the districts have purchased large tents, which are taken

from town to town, and ten days' meetings are held under charge of the pastors, with most excellent results. It is contended that all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of camp-meetings are thus secured.

Bishop Thoburn has purchased property at Pakour, India, for a Memorial Orphanage. The English government, from whom the property was purchased, sold it for $6,000, though it was estimated to be worth $25,000. It is believed that the Orphanage will be a valuable auxiliary to mission work. The Bishop is collecting funds among his American friends to defray the cost of the building.

Bishop Newman has received more applications to dedicate churches than he can fill for the next twelve months.

Bishop Taylor is performing herculean labour in visiting camp-meetings and summer resorts, where he preaches and states the claims of Africa to dense crowds who respond liberally on behalf of self-sustaining missions.

A writer in *Zion's Herald* says: "We have not seen a more imposing sight in Boston, nor one which has more of promise for our Methodism, than the faces of the students in the School of Theology of Boston University—115 in all, a generous number, especially when compared with the older theological schools in New England. But there is a mature, intelligent, devout, earnest look that bespeaks a great future for the Church in such young men.

The General Conference of Protestant missionaries in Mexico was held in a Methodist Episcopal Church made out of the court of the oldest Catholic convent on this continent.

ITEMS.

Toronto's first coloured missionary, in the person of Miss Frances A. Davis, was recently designated to Africa in connection with Bishop Taylor. Miss Davis is the grandchild of a refugee from Southern slavery. She was born in Toronto, and with her father and mother has been for many years connected with Woodgreen Methodist Church.

The visit of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor to various Canadian towns and cities has awakened great interest on behalf of missions in China. Some have offered to join Mr. Taylor's self-supporting missions.

The Rev. J. Gough, an energetic missionary of the Episcopalian Church, left Toronto some weeks ago for his mission in the Upper Peace River District. Should he meet with no impediments he would reach his destination in five weeks. He took with him a portable grist mill, harvester and mower, fanning mill, threshing-machine, and a complete set of all kinds of farm implements and other valuable stock and poultry, besides groceries dry-goods and stock, which cost 140 per cent. over their value in freight.

Our Baptist friends at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, have been celebrating the jubilee of Acadia College. Two thousand representatives were present, and the affair was a real red-letter day.

Miss Fanny Stovel of the Baptist Church, Mount Forest, has gone to Telegu District, India, to labour as a missionary.

An interesting episode occurred on Christmas Day at the Bible Christian Church, Sheerness, the Rev. W. Luke was assisted in conducting the services by his four sons. The eldest preached an eloquent sermon in the morning and the second son preached in the evening, on which occasion the third son sang "Nazareth" as a solo, and the youngest played the harmonium.

In response to the appeal for Christian workers in Japan, Matthew Richey Tuttle, of Pugwash, N.S., has gone out to that field. He bears an honoured name. His father was a minister, and always wore the white flower of a blameless life.

Of the 345,000,000 population of China, it is estimated that 75,000,000 are children, and only ten per cent. of the men, and one per cent. of the women can read, making about 13,000,000 able to read.

Book Notices.

Library of Theological and Biblical Literature, edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D., vol. I. *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, by HENRY M. HARMAN, D.D., royal 8vo., pp. 798. Fourth Edition. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to sneer at Methodism as unfavourable to the cultivation of learning. That sneer finds its best refutation in the writings of Clarke, Benson, Watson, Pope, Rigg, Arthur and George Smith, in the Old World, and in the New, in the magnificent Theological Encyclopædia of Drs. Strong and McClintock—the best in the language—and in the comprehensive Biblical and Theological Library of which Dr. Harman's grand work is the initial volume, and a right worthy volume it is—both in the importance of the subject, in the judiciousness of treatment, and in its mechanical excellence—to lead off the important series projected by the enterprise of the Methodist Book Concern at New York, and now far on the way to completion.

In this age of re-examination of the historical evidences of Christianity, and too often of negative and destructive criticism, it is very befitting that the highest critical skill available should examine those evidences in the interests of Christian orthodoxy. Dr. Harman, by a long professoriate of ancient languages and literature in Dickenson College, and by a broad range of studies in Biblical literature, has eminently qualified himself for the successful treatment of his subject. The latest critical works, both evangelical and rationalistic, have been employed in the preparation of the book.

A clear and exact account is first given in the ancient MSS. and versions of the Old and New Testaments, and then consecutive historical examination is given of their several books. All the light that secular history, contemporary arts and sciences, internal evidences and undesigned coincidences can yield, is employed to render luminous and clear this important subject. An account of the apocryphal books of the Old and New Testaments is also given.

When the first edition of this work was published the "new criticism" of the authorship of the Pentateuch did not seem of sufficient importance to demand a separate refutation. But the recent theories of Graf, Kayser, Wellhausen, Kuenen and W. Robertson Smith, have since come prominently into notice. These critics, though differing in many things, endeavour to show that large sections of the Pentateuch were not recorded until the period of the Babylonish Captivity, and although not agreeing as to the time of their recension, attribute to them a comparatively late date. Dr. Harman gives with great candour these differing views, for the most part in the language of their supporters, and then devotes ample space to their refutation. He has re-examined the whole of the Hebrew Bible with special reference to these theories. "As a result," he says, "it seems to me perfectly clear that the entire Pentateuch is older than any other part of the Old Testament; I have, therefore, no change of view to announce and no concessions to make to the new critical school."

Dr. Harman does not ask us to accept his *ipse dixit* on this important subject. He amply vindicates the views which he maintains. He shows that in the very nature of things the Hebrew language must have undergone important changes of vocabulary and syntax in the nine or ten centuries from the time of Moses to the Babylonish Captivity.

Of this he gives abundant evidence. He points out numerous archaisms in the very parts of the Pentateuch claimed to be of comparatively late origin, which never occur in Hebrew writings known to be of this period. It is as impossible to conceive that these fossil words, as they may be called, were deliberately inserted in a MS. of the later period as to conceive that old Palæozoic fossils are *post facto* inserted in the texture of a kainozoic rock. The very existence of the ancient fossils is an evidence of the ancient character of the rock.

Conversely, Dr. Harman shows conclusively that there are a large number of words in common use in the later books of the Old Testament Canon which never occur in the Pentateuch, which is a most inexplicable circumstance if the Pentateuch is contemporaneous with the later books.

The internal evidence of the Pentateuch also proves the familiar acquaintance of its author with the customs and institutions of ancient Egypt in a manner that would be impossible to a writer living a thousand years later than the time of Moses.

The "new criticism," indeed, admits that a part of the Pentateuch, viz., Exodus xxi--xxiii., dated from a very early period. But our author shows that the very meagre legislation therein contained was quite inadequate for the religious life and ritual service of the Hebrew people; and the contemporary Book of Deuteronomy bears witness to a much more extensive legislation than Exodus xxi--xxiii. He also shows that the theory of the new critical school concerning the Jewish priesthood is refuted by facts; and demonstrates that the sacrificial system of the middle books of the Pentateuch is a part of the legal system of Moses.

We consider that Dr. Harman has rendered invaluable service to the cause of sound Biblical criticism by this masterly work, and especially by the additions made to this fourth edition.

Every Christian minister, Sunday-school teacher, or Bible student will find a complete treasury of most important information upon the Book of books in this scholarly yet popularly interesting work. Dr. Harman has laid the Christian Church under great obligation by his learned labours in elucidating the history, authenticity, integrity, Divine inspiration, and indubitable veracity of the sacred Scriptures. Two copious indexes, tabular analysis, and marginal notes greatly facilitate the labour of consultation and study. These 800 closely-printed pages furnish the best introduction to the critical examination of the Scriptures with which we are acquainted.

Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society. Edited by J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

This is one of the cheapest, as well as one of the most attractive, books we ever saw—230 large octavo pages with 112 illustrations for 25 cents. It shows what the Humane Society seeks to prevent, viz., all kinds of cruelty to animals; and what it seeks to promote, viz., the care of the waifs and strays of our cities, lessons of kindness to animals and birds, the humane education of children and the like. The book ought to have a very large circulation and do a great deal of good. Many of the engravings are very attractive, and the text, with its anecdotes, incidents and poetry, will prove very interesting reading. Nothing is more indicative of a low state of civilization than cruelty to children, to dependents and to dumb animals. At the Centennial Exhibition at Cincinnati is a department of the Ohio Humane Society, showing a number of cruel weapons and instruments used in the abuse of children by drunken parents, and in the cruel punishment of horses, mules, etc. It is a great satisfaction to know that the strong arm of the law has interposed for the protection of those unable to protect themselves. To a Canadian, it was especially gratifying to find a fine portrait of our good Queen, for fifty-three years a mem-

ber of the Royal Humane Society, with the following noble sentiment from her hand, "No civilization is complete that does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creation within the spirit of Christianity."

The Life of Dr. McFerrin. By the REV. DR. FITZGERALD. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.00.

This is one of the cheapest books that has been issued in modern times. It is 12mo., respectably got up, and consists of 448 pages. Many books of the same kind have been sold at two dollars; it ought to sell by thousands. We are not surprised that the first edition was sold in a few weeks. Dr. McFerrin was a Methodist minister more than sixty years, and attended every General Conference in the Southern Church, and was a member of the memorable General Conference of 1844. He also was a member of the Ecumenical and the Centennial Conferences. His life was an eventful one, and he filled every position in the Church except Bishop. He was a Methodist of the Methodists. His life was so crowded with thrilling scenes that it would have been a great loss had no biography been published. Such books are the best educators of the rising generation of Methodists.

Dr. Fitzgerald has proved himself in the past to be a biographer worthy of the position which he fills. His Cameos and life-study of Dr. Summers had given him a name among such a class of authors; but, in our judgment he has now produced by far the best book he has ever written. He has been singularly faithful. Some would even charge him with being too critical, like Professor Macdonald in the biography of Dr. Punshon. Dr. Fitzgerald presents his friend as he knew him, and in dealing with those events in his life on which there would be a diversity of opinion, he does not write a word with which the most fastidious can justly complain. We admire this feature of the author, and recommend all our readers to buy the book.—E. B.

Forty Witnesses, Covering the Whole Range of Christian Experience. By the REV. S. OLIN GARRISON, M.A., Editor. Pp. 309. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses, we are told, shall every word be established. But not two or three, but a mighty cloud of witnesses attest the eternal verities of the Christian life and Divine bestowments. In this volume is summoned testimony from almost every branch of the Christian Church—Methodist, Episcopalian, Friend, Congregationalist—to a personal experience of the deep things of God. One thing is apparent, that the higher Christian life is not the privilege of any Church, but in all the Churches God has multiplied witnesses of the sanctifying power of that grace that saves unto the uttermost. Bishop Foss contributes a beautiful and appropriate introduction to this religious symposium.

Temple Themes and Sacred Songs. By CHARLES H. YATMAN. Pp. 96-162. Philadelphia: John J. Hood. Price 50 cents.

In the first part of this book is given a series of seventy-five prayer-meeting themes, with suggestive seed thoughts, quotations, Scripture readings, and appropriate hymns. The second part contains a choice anthology of hymns with music. The book is likely to be very useful in imparting a new life and interest to the prayer services of the Church.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Pastor's Private Marriage Record is a very convenient method of keeping a permanent account of these important events. Arranged and copyrighted by George Van Alstyne, D.D.

The New Princeton Review for July and September contains some notable articles. Among these are a striking study of the Eigthteenth Century Literature, by Edmund Gosse; Egyptian Souls and their Worlds by G. Maspero, the distinguished French Egyptologist; two valuable papers on recent Bulgarian complications by the Hon. Eugene C. Schuyler; Literary Anodynes, by Andrew Lang; the New Psychology, by J. R. Hyslop; Irish Home Rule and its Analogies, by Edward A. Freeman; the Knights of Labour, by Francis A. Walker and several other scarce less important articles. The current criticisms of this Review are of great value. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price $5.00 a year.

The proof sheets of Dr. Douglass' admirable sermon in the last of this MAGAZINE containing the author's final revision did not come to hand in time for correction. Some few typographical errors were thus overlooked, most of which would be apparent to the intelligent reader. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to call attention to the substitution of the word "vestitude" for "beatitude" on page 240, and to others of minor importance.

We are to observe that the degree of Ph.D. from the Bloomington, Ill., University, has been conferred upon our valued contributor, the Rev. John McLean, M.A., of the Blood Reserve Indian Mission, he having recently completed the required course of study and passed the necessary examinations.

We are glad to observe that the Rev. William Harrison, of the New Brunswick Conference, is a frequent contributor to the *Southern Methodist Review* of papers on philosophical subjects. His article on the Difficulties of Modern Unbelief attracted much attention. In a recent number of the Review we observe another able article on the Mechanical Conception of the World. Mr. Harrison's contributions to higher literature have procured for him election to a Fellowship in the Victoria Institute, one of the foremost philosophical societies in the world.

The *Magazine of Art* for September is a splendid number, the frontispiece alone is worth the price of the magazine. It is a photogravure of Gustave Courtois's painting, "A Sword shall Pierce through thine own Soul also." Cassell & Co., 35 cents a number, $3.50 a year in advance.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
  Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
  Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
  In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bends him down
  The most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.