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MRS. LYDIA ANN JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN

# METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*FEBRUARY, 1876.*

## EDWARD AND LYDIA ANN JACKSON.

BY PROF. BURWASH, M.A., B.D.

PART II.

THE later years of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were devoted to a series of great Christian enterprises, with which their names will always be identified in the future. In these Mrs. Jackson appears not simply as the partner of her husband's liberality. The inheritance left her by her father, at his death, had been so judiciously managed by her husband that it was now a handsome fortune, yielding her an income of more than a thousand a year, over which he always insisted that she should have absolute control. And when, hereafter, we see her name appearing for a succession of large gifts to the cause of God, they were gifts in her own right.

One of the first works in which we find them engaged was the foundation of the Wesleyan Female College, at Hamilton. In the success of this Institution, even as a commercial enterprise, Mr. Jackson had the strongest faith. He was by far the largest subscriber to the stock, and was the active, interested President of its Directorate till his death. The teachers and pupils of the

school, in its early days of struggle, will also remember how generously the social courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson was extended to them, and how much this contributed to the pleasure of their residence in Hamilton.

For many years Mrs. Jackson had been associated with "The Hamilton Ladies' Orphan Asylum and Benevolent Society." As Treasurer and Directress, by careful management of its funds, by wise distribution of its charities, by personal appeals to the citizens on its behalf, as well as by her weekly visits to the home of the children, and many a pleasant treat provided for the little ones at her own residence, she contributed perhaps as largely as any other individual to the success of the Institution. There was no interest dearer to her heart than that of these destitute children, and it was a touching token of the affection with which she inspired them, to see the little ones with emblems of mourning solemnly and silently following her to the grave.

In the year 1866 Mr. Jackson set his heart upon the erection of a central Methodist church, in Hamilton, worthy of the cause and of the rapidly extending city. Enterprises of this kind were in progress at this time in all the great centres of Methodism in the United States. New York, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, and Boston had just completed or were building magnificent structures, centres of attraction and power and denominational influence. Hamilton was the first to extend this enterprise to our country. We had already, it is true, in Montreal, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto and London, large and, some of them, beautiful churches. But these had grown up in the ordinary extension of the work, and not with a view to providing a denominational landmark in the city. It was no easy matter to inspire others with the enthusiasm which he himself felt for this work. They worshipped in a very comfortable and somewhat commodious church in a central part of the city, and why should they expend an immense sum in building anew. However, he was not to be discouraged by ordinary difficulties. He led the way with a subscription hitherto unexampled in the church-building of Canadian Methodism. He himself canvassed, not the city, but the congregation, for subscriptions, for he was determined that no one should be *asked* to contribute outside of their own congregation. Finally,

by the most active efforts he succeeded in bringing the subscription list to a point at which the trustees considered themselves justified in beginning to build, and the corner-stone was laid by Mrs. Jackson, shortly after Conference, 1866. Meanwhile the ladies under her leadership were equally active, and had accumulated a large sum for the complete furnishing of the church as soon as it passed from the builders' hands. After two years of the most watchful interest and active, effort they had the satisfaction, in May, 1868, of seeing the magnificent sanctuary dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by the Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, immediately on his arrival in this country.

During these same years the Centenary movement, the effort to remove the debt and to provide for the endowment of Victoria College, and the removal of the debt of the Missionary Society, as well as all the ordinary local and general claims of the Church, received the hearty support and co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and drew upon their resources to the extent of thousands of dollars. They were also deeply interested in the movements on behalf of the freedmen of the Southern States, and contributed largely to several societies organized for that good work.

In 1871 an effort was made by our Church for the establishment of a theological department in Victoria College. This was a work in which Mr. Jackson had long felt a deep interest. He had been familiar with the history and had rejoiced in the success of the Garrett Biblical Institute, of the M. E. Church, of the United States. The class of six young men who assembled at his house for instruction in the winter of '65 and '66, had enlisted his hearty sympathy, and he followed each of them in his subsequently successful ministerial career with a kind of paternal pride. Several young men had been assisted at College by his liberality, and by more than ordinary gifts and graces had shown how wisely he discerned men for the work. As soon as a more extensive work in this direction was presented to him he entered into it with all his heart. He did not feel justified in taking upon himself the entire financial burden, but contrived a plan by which the first chair in theology in the institution might be provided for. But this design was scarcely entered upon ere he heard the messenger calling for him. Being fully assured that the end was near, he at once set

about making preparation for it. Few men less needed preparation. For years he had lived in the experience of a Christian joy and peace, simple, fervid, and fresh as that of a converted child. A present, happy faith in Christ, was his constant theme in the class-meeting and love-feast. His worldly affairs were in admirable order and could scarcely be better arranged. It only remained that he should strengthen the heart of his sorrowing companion, and in consultation with her perfect the plans of work for God and the Church which were now beginning to engage his attention. The few weeks which remained were devoted to this work. Lying on his couch, suffering in body but clear in mind and strong in heart, he spent hours in quiet conversation with her. All important points were minutely considered and the difficulties of her future provided for, so that in his departure she felt that she knew all that was in his heart.

At this time his friends were far from anticipating his speedy decease, but he was ready; and ere they were aware the hour had come. It was a beautiful Sabbath evening in July. The hour of worship was over, and the pastors with a few privileged friends had come to join in praise and prayer with the Lord's prisoner. After words of pleasant greeting, he himself led the way to the parlour, showed each one a seat, opened the piano, and asked Bro. Benson to lead in his favourite hymn, "The power of prayer." They then kneeled together and Bro. Hunter lead in prayer. The aged saint was heard responding in fervent "Amens." Mr. Sanford, who was kneeling beside him, looked up, saw his face covered with a radiance of joy, and the next moment caught him in his arms, as the earthly tabernacle fell backwards, and the spirit was gone to the songs of the blest. He rested in Jesus July 14th, 1872, aged 73 years 2 months and 24 days.

The genial, graceful, intelligent countenance of this great and good man is before us still with vivid distinctness. But our language must utterly fail to describe his grand Christian character. Taking him all for all, he was the most perfect man we ever knew.

Pre-eminent in his religious character was his unaffected simplicity. His words were like the words of a child to his father, and his experience was always like the story of one, who, but yesterday had been converted. He never learned to use stale cant,

and few could listen to his admonitions as a class-leader, full of plain practical common sense, without being roused to appreciate the simple reality of the Christian life.

His integrity and veracity were of the highest order. His was the soul of honour and the spirit of truth. Every man who dealt with him knew how safely he might rely on his conscientious regard for the rights of others. He was not the man to speculate, which generally means to make money out of the losses of others. His property was accumulated by prudent foresight, and constant industry and economy. In the social circle he was a man of the most engaging qualities, and a universal favourite with the young. His keen humour and brilliant wit often excited their merriest laughter. But he was always gentlemanly, he used no slang, and condescended to no coarse vulgarity. No one, after his conversion, ever heard from him words of profane levity. He was a man of remarkable quickness of apprehension. His conclusions, which were generally sound, seemed to flash upon him like an intuition. This readiness of discernment gave him great power in directing the efforts of others. Father Carroll tells of sitting down with him at a meeting of church officials where the accounts of the treasurer seemed in inextricable confusion. Mr. Jackson, himself, did not put a pen to paper, but directed Mr. A. to reckon this, and Mr. B. to reckon that, and in a few minutes, with the aid of half-a-dozen heads and pencils, he was able to present a plain and accurate statement of the whole affair. This power of directing others made him acknowledged leader wherever he appeared, and was doubtless one important cause of his success in life.

These strong points of character were directed by a humanity which was universal in its sympathies, tempered by great humility and meekness, and sanctified by entire consecration to God.

Mrs. Jackson had scarcely become accustomed to the first keen sorrows of bereavement ere she addressed herself to the great work which her husband had committed to her. The objects contemplated were three,—first, to enlarge the endowment of the superannuated ministers' fund; second, to give a fresh impetus to the great mission work; third, to provide fully and permanently for the chair of theology in Victoria College. To do for these objects what they desired, required some $50,000. Mr. Jackson had him-

self devised $10,000 to the last-named work, but left the full accomplishment of his wishes to his wife. Her first aim was so to increase the estate left in her hands, as to make it sufficient both to meet the claims of kindred and to complete these great projects for the Church. For two years she devoted herself entirely to this, managing her affairs with the most rigid economy until, by the end of that time, she had added $25,000 to her capital. Her motives were understood by few. Some even insinuated that the spirit of avarice had taken possession of her. But in a quiet conversation with the writer, she explained the convictions of duty and the plans upon which she was acting. At the Conference, held in Hamilton, June, 1874, her end was attained. She then completed the execution of her husband's will, and of his further expressed desire as to the theological chair. She shortly after cancelled the temporary arrangement of her estate, by which she had provided against the contingency of death, and in her last will and testament made full provision for all those noble designs which, two years before, she and her husband had together devised. Immediately this was done she returned to the walks of active usefulness which had so long occupied her, and save that she carried a widow's heart as well as garb, she appeared like herself again. But even this last year of her life was by no means a year of rest from projects of Christian work, and when death so suddenly called her, the plans and funds for a new parsonage for the Centenary Church were engaging her most earnest attention.

The last few months of life were marked by a rich development of religious experience. She shared largely in the refreshing influences which accompanied the labours of Messrs. Inskip and McDonald, in Hamilton, and the sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Inskip in her house was, doubtless, a special pleasure and profit. So greatly was she strengthened that she, who for forty years had never ventured beyond a few words in class in relating her Christian experience, was now seen rising in the public fellowship meeting and love-feast, to declare fully the saving grace of God. She had always been noted for her sympathy with the bereaved and afflicted. Wherever there was sickness or death she was a quiet, useful visitor, and friend. One who had long been associated with Mr. Jackson in business, had been called away. Early

in the morning she started for the house of mourning, saying, as she went, "We know not how soon we may need some one to do this for us." Immediately she joined in making the needful preparations for the funeral; and while engaged in this mournful work of love, her spirit heard the Master's call, and instantly dropping its clay tenement, passed from labour to reward. She entered into rest May 5th, 1875, aged 71 years 1 month and 18 days.

The character of this noble woman was, in many respects, the complement of that of her husband. While so much alike as to be perfectly congenial and harmonious, they seemed necessary to each other to fill out to the full the grand life which they lived. The very last moments of life were a striking illustration of this: the one was praying, the other working, when summoned so quickly to the better life.

She was a woman of great energy and tireless industry. Excellent taste, a keen sense of propriety, and a knowledge of human nature which almost infallibly discerned the motives of those with whom she had to deal, combined to guide her own works to almost invariable success, and to make her the most valuable friend in counsel, we have ever known. Her great administrative ability, whether in the ordering of her domestic affairs or in the management of the various Christian enterprises in which she was engaged, gave her the most perfect command of every part of the work in hand.

She was a woman of the deepest domestic affections, and of the most kindly social disposition. In the exhibition of these she was never demonstrative. With her there was no latent insincerity, no ostentatious show of kindness, no fair speeches which could be suspected of even unconscious hypocrisy, of fine sentiment. From her lips the vulgar incense of flattery was never offered, and few would even dare to have offered it to her. But notwithstanding all this, those who knew her best understood well the deep earnest nature which lay beneath that quiet exterior.

Her treatment of her household servants was one of the finest examples of Christian conduct we have known. A parental solicitude for their temporal and spiritual welfare marked all her dealings with them. Perhaps no one ever ruled a household more

diligently than she, but the very exercise of her authority taught her servants to respect themselves as they respected her. There were no menials in her employ, and we believe the characters of many young persons have been permanently formed for good while in her service.

There was something truly grand in the unwavering strength of her conscientious convictions. When you heard her say, "I don't care what they say, it is not right," you felt at once, that in the light of that clear moral intuition, the sophisms of all worldly wisdom and plausible policy lay exposed. She had inherited all the stern morality of her Puritan ancestors, and to her, duty was inviolable law. Such a nature, so strong, earnest, active, and yet womanly, we seldom find.

To us, the study of the lives and character of these servants of God has been a profit and pleasure. We have ventured to make this brief record, believing it to be a sacred duty to transmit the influence of their example to the coming generation. Theirs was no life severed from the ordinary providential ways of men. It was purely human in all its work and sympathies, human and yet Christian, and for its broad humanity all the more useful as an example to mankind.

COBOURG, *Ont.*

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## THE BIBLE.

WITHIN this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Oh, happiest they of human race,
To whom our God hath given grace,
To hear, to read, to fear to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt or read to scorn.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

# THE EDUCATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANLY.

MULTITUDES of the moral beings of the universe are evil. The name of wicked spirits is legion, for they are many; and the number of wicked men, from the beginning till now, is simply incalculable. The history of the world, both sacred and profane, is largely the history of evil. The world before the flood was too wicked to be spared; and the world, since the flood, is spared only by infinite forbearance and compassion. Is there no clew to the Divine reasons for all this? Why did God create so many beings, whose incorrigible and final wickedness he fully foresaw? Why has he suffered the perpetration of such enormous wickedness throughout past ages? Doubtless the creature, and not the Creator, is the originator of evil. In part at least, sin certainly means sinning; sinning is transgressing the divine law; and sinning must have had a beginning. Whether sin be metaphysically regarded as privative or positive, some one must have been the first sinner; and the beginner of sin is its author or father or cause. We learn from Christ himself, the highest authority, that the devil is the father of lies; and his origination or causation of falsehood involves or implies the origination of all other moral evil. He is not only the author and owner of lies, which are specimens and representatives of all moral evil, but "he was a murderer from the beginning," a ruiner or destroyer of others from the very inception of evil. "He was," says Christ, "a murderer from the beginning, and standeth not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; because he is a liar and the father thereof."* He was the first sinner, or the beginner of sin, and therefore the cause or source of sin. The paternity of evil, the invention or origination of evil, belongs to fallen angels, particularly to their leader; the acceptance only, at the outset, belongs to man.

But the question naturally arises—Why did God create beings whose origination and acceptance of evil he fully foresaw? And

* John viii: 44.—Alford's Revision.

why, in his government of such beings, has he suffered them both to concoct and carry out purposes and schemes of the most atrocious, hideous and appalling wickedness? Just as he might have abstained from creating such foreknown evil workers, so he might have cut down any of them, among men, on the eve of their worst wickedness at least.

There can be nothing wrong in propounding and studying such questions as these, provided we study them in a right spirit and manner, with a due sense of ourselves and our relationship to God, and with thorough regard to the decisions and hints of divine revelation. God has so constituted us that we instinctively inquire for causes and reasons, and cannot be content without endeavouring to ascend to the origin, and to descend, through the process, to the issue. He has not forbidden the study of the origin and final causes of evil; and no man or number of men is competent to interdict it. The past failure of such study is no argument against it. Many a study has failed a thousand times, and succeeded the next. Where is the line, or who can draw it, between the knowable and unknowable, between the practicable and impracticable? Where many generations have been baffled, the next has triumphed; what one man demonstrated (as he thought) to be impossible, another man has achieved. It is better even to fail, with the mental development of study and essay than to be undeveloped in intellectual indolence or stagnancy; it is better to train and mature our energies, in even impracticable tasks, than to be infants or dwarfs, to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," in listlessness and inaction. The use of study is to increase our ability and aptitude for study as well as to get knowledge. There are intellects that nothing will employ and develop but the hardest problems; there are powers that nothing will call forth but the most difficult undertakings. Let no man forbid another, or hinder or despise another, in even his most heroic choice and range of study and activity; but let every man find his proper field, and explore and culture it well, "as in the great Taskmaster's eye."

There can be no doubt that God hates evil, for he avows it in words, and demonstrates it in deeds. He calls moral evil "the abominable thing" that he hates. "Thou hatest all workers of

iniquity." "God is angry with the wicked every day." "The wicked, and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth." "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness." "Unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath. Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile." How can God be otherwise than opposed to evil with the infinite intensity and potency of his nature, seeing evil is direct and absolute hostility to himself? "For the Lord is good." Sin is the transgression of his law; sin is utter enmity and rebellion against himself: and so all the force of his infinite self-love must be directed against sin. He is ceaselessly employed, with his boundless riches and resources, in the counteraction and cure of evil; and his expenditure for this end, among men, is simply infinite He spared not his own Son, his only-begotten Son, but gave him up for us all, to redeem and restore us, that with him also he might freely give us all things. God gave *himself* for us in giving his Son for us, for the Father and the Son are one; and in giving himself he absolutely reserved nothing, but poured forth his infinite wealth for our recovery and blessedness. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The consentaneous import of all the Scriptures is that it is God's purpose and pleasure, his end and effort, his design and work, to destroy evil and promote good. All that he says and does is for this end, for "he is in one mind and none can turn him."

We may be sure that whatever God does is not only wise and good, but, taken in all its connections, the wisest and the best. Infinite wisdom and excellence and power can never choose either inferior ends or inferior means. And therefore among all possible projects and methods, it was best, it was really-and-truly best, it was, on all accounts, assuredly and indubitably best, that God should create the foreknown originators and accepters of evil, along with the foreknown retainers and accepters of good. It was best that God should suffer the Satanic origination of murder and lies, or he would not have suffered it; it was best that he should suffer the wickedness of mankind, or he would not have

borne it. We are sure it is best, since so it is, in the counsels and ways of Him that cannot err; we are sure it is best, whether or not we can discern the grounds and reasons for such procedure, either here or hereafter.

We may be sure, too, that since the creative origination of foreknown evil-doers is best, and since the rectoral sufferance of diabolical and human evil-doing is best, the origination and sufferance are somehow *means of good.* Whatever God creates, it is best that he should create it; whatever he suffers, it is best that he should suffer it; and he creates and suffers, we may be sure, as means and methods, in some way, of good. If he could not overrule evil and make it somehow subservient, we may be sure he would not have originated its authors and actors, and would not rectorally suffer its development and play. Since it is best to suffer evil, it must be best for some purpose. Such a purpose can be only one. Evil must somehow subserve good or it would not be borne. In God's counsels and ways, the one great reason and end of everything is good. Whatever he made is good, as he made it, and is a means of good. Whatever he originates, or tolerates, or suffers, he aims at good; and his origination, tolerance, or sufferance is, somehow, on the whole, best in its place and in its connections, as a means of good. The sufferance of sin along with all proper and possible means of good, must do what nothing else could do, on behalf of what is good, or else God would not suffer sin. To say that sin itself is good is a blasphemous contradiction; to say that sin itself is the means of good is nothing better; but to say that the divine sufferance of sin, to the extent and in the method of such actual sufferance, is a means of good, is what we must say, if we believe that God's wisdom is an infinite wisdom that cannot err,—if we believe that infinite wisdom does always what is best,—and if we believe that God neither does anything nor suffers anything without a purpose, and that purpose the prevalence and perpetuity of God-like good; for, in so saying, we merely predicate of the Divine agency the highest excellence and the greatest usefulness.

God might have created nothing; but as he has created something, it is best that his existence should not be *sole.* He might have created only physical or non-moral beings, without the like-

ness or resemblance of himself; but since he has created higher beings, it is best that he should not be a mere *artificer or master*. Since he has created both angelic and human beings, in his own image and likeness, sons of God, it is best that he should not be *childless*. Everything that he has made is either a child or a servant. All the beings that he has made in his own image and likeness, that is, all moral beings, are his children; all other beings, that is, all physical or non-moral beings, are his servants, and the servants of his children. Such distinction solves the question—"How much is a man better than a sheep?" Children and Servants compose Creation; Father and Children and Servants constitute the Universe. The servants are for the children; the children are for the Father. And since he has created children that are, as he foreknew, in part faithful, and in part fallen, in part recovered and in part irrecoverable, it must be best for him so to have created; and since he rectorally suffers the fallen and incorrigible to do evil—hideously, largely and long—it must be best, somehow, that he should thus rectorally suffer evil.

Since such divine creation and government are best, they must be, somehow, best for the faithful and restored children, to whom the Father says—"All things are yours." As the servants are for the good of the children so the creative production of foreseen prodigals and the rectoral sufferance of their prodigality must be somehow for the good of the faithful and reclaimed children, must somehow be the means of good to loyal and loving children; or, in other words, must somehow be instrumental to their loyalty and love, since in these their highest excellence and real blessedness consist. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Apostate and incorrigible children must somehow (though not in their own purpose) contribute to t' e holiness and happiness of God's steadfast and reinstated offspring; and to ascertain how they do contribute, if that be possible, is to solve the problem of the grounds and reasons of their creation in prescience, and their endurance in power.

The purpose of God, in the government of his unfallen children, must be to conserve them; and in the government of the fallen, to cure the curable and to utilize the incurable. His means and method of conservation, cure and utilization, must be consonant

with himself and with his whole creative work. They must agree with his own nature, with his creative purposes, and with his creative productions. He cannot, for instance, conserve his faithful children as if they were mere servants, for they are not. He cannot cure his fallen and disordered children as if they were mere servants, for they are not. He cannot utilize irredeemable prodigals (fallen angels), or incorrigible prodigals (persistently-impenitent men), as if they were mere servants, for they are not. He cannot control and employ servants as if they were children, for they are not. He must preserve or restore, or make use of, any one of his own offspring, according to the filial nature and capabilities, the filial rank and relationship, that he himself has creatively conferred; for with him "is no variableness neither shadow of turning." His curatorship or government of servants can never be that of a father; and his curatorship or government of children can never be that of an artificer or master. What he made as servants, he manages as servants; what he made as children, he manages as children; and we must beware, in all our thinkings and reasonings respecting him, not to carry the peculiarities of servants into the domain of children, or the peculiarities of children into the field of servants. The field of servitude is the field of force; the domain of childhood is the domain of freedom; to the first belong unintelligent and involuntary service, to the second intelligent and loving choice. As God is intelligent, his children are intelligent; as God is free, his moral offspring are free; as God is love, his sons and daughters walk in love. His eldest children, the angels, were sufficient to stand, but free to fall; and some of them chose evil and fell. Adam and Eve were also sufficient to stand, but free to fall. They were made in the image and likeness of God, which means knowledge, righteousness and true holiness, involving freedom, as the New Testament expounds it; and they were therefore able to abstain from the forbidden fruit; but withal, they were free to disobey and eat; and they, too, chose evil and fell. For fallen angels there is no help or remedy; for fallen man there is: "For as we know, it is not angels that he helpeth, but it is the seed of Abraham [the Abrahamic race of faith, or faith's equivalence] that he

helpeth."* And now to ransomed man there is a choice. Adam and Eve had the choice of leaving the forbidden fruit, and so escaping spiritual death, or taking and dying; they and their posterity, in their lifetime, under the *regime* of grace, have the choice of taking the redemptive fruit of life, and so escaping eternal death, or leaving it and dying. Every man has a choice, whatever be the outward means of indicating the thing to be chosen. In the religion of conscience, "from Adam to Moses," there was a choice according to unwritten truth; in the religion of law, from Moses to the Twelve, there was a choice according to the old covenant of law; and now, in the religion of love, from the Twelve to the Judge, there is a choice according to the new covenant of grace. Till the gospel reaches the heathen, they have still the first form of choice; till the gospel is made known to the living Jew, he has the second sort of choice; and as far as the new covenant or gospel is made known, every man has the third and highest variety of choice. Everywhere there is some light for choice, some inward or outward means of indicating the thing to be chosen. There is choice in the starlight of conscience, in the moonlight of law, and in the sunlight of love. Every man is a child, and every child has a choice; and the means of securing the best choice among men is to instruct and persuade them. They cannot be driven, but they may be taught; they cannot be forced, but they may be persuaded.

Suffered evil is a means of instruction. How can we hatingly renounce evil, unless we know it? And how are we to know evil, as evil, unless it is suffered to develop itself, fully, largely, and long? We never know the power of an animal poison till we see it at work, till we witness its effects, till we watch its contortions, paralysis and prostration. And if God had not suffered Sin to rage and reign so largely and long, so hideously and appallingly, how should we know, how should the universe know, the potency of its virus; how should we know its unutterable loathsomeness, its havoc and ruin? Words are impotent, illustrations and pictures are vain, to make us acquainted with the turpitude and malignity of sin. But when we see what it does, in heaven and

* Heb. ii. 16.—Alford's Revision, except within the brackets.

earth; how it ruins the loftiest sons of God, in the very presence-place of their Father; how it pollutes man in paradise and drives him into the wilderness; how it drowns the old world and confuses the new; how it infects every rank and race, every class and condition, every age and place, with its hideous, loathsome leprosy; how it culminates in the murder of the Son of God, and in the perversion of his grace and truth into the very master-piece of murder and lies, all over the world, for a thousand years; we surely learn, as otherwise we could not, how evil and bitter a thing sin is, how hateful to God, how baleful to his offspring, how pregnant with rapine and ruin, with lamentation and mourning and woe, to all that succumb to it.

The whole history of sin is the succession and collection of its terrible proofs and illustrations, its frightful developments, and therefore of evidence and argument against it. If such be the fruit, what must be the tree; if such be the stream, what must be the fountain; if such be the effects, what must be the cause? Sin is revealed to the universe in its doings among angels and men. Every instance, and form, and scale of its development serve as means of its destruction or prevention, by educating those that have not yet renounced it, by more fully educating those that have renounced it, and those that never practised it. What lessons and proofs of the bitterness and malignity of sin the angels had, when they saw their fellows in rebellion against God, and hurled headlong from the heavenly heights! What instruction and demonstration they receive from the history of mankind for six thousand years! "Which things the angels desire to look into." And how are we ourselves educated by all this, for both time and eternity! Paul says—"I had not known sin except through the law; for I had not known coveting, if the law had not said—Thou shalt not covet." By the law we know what is sin; but by sin itself, by its fruits and effects, we know what sin is. Sin can be known only by its own development; and the development of sin is the deeds of sin. "Even a child is known by his doings." It takes a large field and a long time for sin to show itself to the universe in all its poisonous potency, in all its abominable feculence, in all its darkness, deadliness and woe. The whole course and compass of sin are just the volume of its detection and its

self-development; they are the unveiling and unmasking of its mischief and monstrosity. Angels above and men below are continually learning what sin is; but the education will not be completed till the righteous judgment of the last day reveals God's wrath against it, by casting its incorrigible perpetrators into the lake of fire. And even then the education of the universe, in the evil of sin, will not be completed, for only the retributions of heaven and hell, in their mighty progress, can complete the lesson and the evidence that sin is the abominable thing that Jehovah hates.

The more we know of sin the more should we be dissuaded from it; and the more, doubtless, every righteous being is dissuaded. To him sin is "a monster of such frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen." In proportion as we know the evil of sin are our renewed hearts inclined and set against it; till at last we become immovably confirmed in dislike and rejection, and in the habits of holiness. The means of teaching the evil of sin and the means of dissuading from it are partly one; and the great moral education goes on from day to day, from year to year, after death as well as before, among men, without death among angels, for centuries and cycles; and will go on till the great white throne appears; and will go on, when all sin is cast into the lake of fire and all purity is glorified with God; and will go on until every child of God is educated and fortified forever in the conviction of the evil of sin and the determination of his whole free nature against it.

And so sin recoils upon itself and Satan becomes self-destroyed. The multiplication of wickedness is the multiplication of its exposure and of argument and evidence against it. For nothing that occurs is ultimately and really forgotten and lost. It is laid up before God; it is written indelibly in his imperishable records; it is ineffaceably inscribed (though sometimes in invisible ink) on the tablet of the soul. The extension of evil is the extension of the means of defeating it. Infinite wisdom determines how widely and how long this sort of educational means should obtain. Sin is not to have its present play and prevalence forever; nor can it extend itself beyond the divinely-appointed bounds. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The final judgment will close its career. The lake of

fire will confine its forces. For the means of educating the universe in the evil of sin, and antithetically in the beauty of holiness will then be finished and perfected; and the operation of these means will go on, with accumulative momentum, forever.

How else, but thus, could the universe be morally educated? The children of God, in both heaven and earth, are free; and wherever there is freedom, there is possibility of sin. Neither here nor hereafter, neither below nor above, can any moral being be forced into holiness or compelled to avoid sin, for children are free, and morality means free choice. Holiness throughout the universe, forever, is voluntary conformity to the divine will. The means of preventing sin, the guarantee against apostacy, must always be moral, for the morality of childhood can never be regulated by the physics of servitude. Omnipotence can preserve its servants, its physical or non-moral productions, from derangement and decay; but omnipotence has no place in the divine family, among the sons of God, in matters of moral relationship and choice. This is the domain of intelligence and freedom; and only by light and suasion, and ever-strengthening holy habit, can sin be prevented and holiness promoted. And how ample are the light and influence and habitude of God's moral education of the universe that is still in progress, and will be consummated only by the eternal lessons of Gehenna and Heaven! It is not impossible for angels and ransomed men in heaven to sin, but it is absolutely improbable; it is certain they will not sin, since they have had ample moral education and habit to prevent it; and the prescience of God intimates their steadfastness. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall never more go out." "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

TORONTO, *Ont.*

# TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. LYDIA ANN JACKSON.

BY MISS S. J. WHITE.

Is she dead? Is the wheat-ear dead,
Laid low by the reaper's blade?
Is it dead, though the leaves were doomed so soon
To fall and fade?

Is it dead? Thrown into the ground
In silence to decay?
Is it dead, though it lie there buried deep
For many a day?

Is it dead? When the whole earth rings
With the greeting of the spring,
It will rise with joy to obey the call—
A beauteous thing.

When its lovely petals fade,
That the fruit may swell and grow,
Is the flower dead, though its transient bloom
Wither below?

Is this death? and is *she* dead
Whom we lately missed from earth?
Is this the end of a noble life
Of matchless worth?

Ah no! let the wheat decay;
For we see in the future years
Great harvest fields, all covered o'er
With golden ears.

And let the sweet flowers fall
Like flakes of summer snow;
The fruit will be sweeter, richer far
Than we can know.

The Christian knows no death,
Though the earthly life decay.
Death! 'Tis the breaking of a bright
And glorious day.

A holy woman's name
Lives on, and can never die
Wherever her sympathy has dried
A mourner's eye.

She lives where her prayers have raised
A soul to a higher life;
Wherever her gentle loving words
Have banished strife.

She lives in the many souls
By her bright example led,
Who are following close her footsteps now.
She is not dead!

She lives! ah, best of all!
She lives with Christ above;
Where naught can ever mar her peace
Or quench her love.

She lives far, far beyond
The reach of mortal eye.
"Death, where's thy sting?" The saved of God
Can *never* die!

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

## NORTH POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

BY DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, M.A., LL.B.

SINCE the settlement of the question of the North-west passage by the expeditions sent in search of Sir John Franklin, the ambition of northern explorers has aimed chiefly at reaching the Pole, and navigating the waters of the supposed open Polar sea, or archipelago. To this region there are three channels of approach: by way of Behring's Straits, by the wide sea lying between Greenland and Nova Zembla, and by Smith Sound, to the west of Greenland. That by Behring's Straits has never been much in favour, the few feeble attempts in that direction having been rendered abortive by barriers of ice. The favourite route has always been that by Spitzbergen. It is argued that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, flowing in this direction, keep the channels here comparatively free from ice. The mountainous and desolate shores of Spitzbergen extend to the north of lat. 80°, and were, until within a few years, the most northerly known soil on the face of the globe. On account of the comparative mildness of its temperature, and excellence of its whale fishery, it became a great

place of resort, some vessels even wintering there. It was to be expected that some of these would venture beyond the land as far north as ice or prudence would permit. We are not surprised, therefore, at the tradition of old Dutch and English navigators, that five vessels had sailed as high as 86°, two as high as 88°, two as high as 89°, and one as high as half a degree from the Pole. Unfortunately the proper testimony for establishing these statements is wanting.

Among the many attempts to discover a shorter passage to India, was that of the brave but ill-fated Hudson, in 1607, who was sent out by the Muscovite (English) Company, with the simple direction to steer straight for the North Pole. He passed the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, but all further efforts to launch into the unknown ocean were baffled by ice-fields. About one hundred and sixty years afterwards, Capt. Phipps (Lord Mulgrave) made a similar attempt, but also failed. In 1806, Scoresby the elder, (his more celebrated son being at the time on board) in a whaling expedition, sailed as high as 81° 30′, being about 540 miles from the Pole. An open sea still lay before him, and there was a total absence of ice-blink to the north; but faithfulness to the interests of his employers caused him, reluctantly, to turn back. In 1818, Captains Buchan and Franklin attempted the Spitzbergen route, but their vessels were so injured by the ice as to make a speedy return to England advisable. The fourth and last voyage of the devout and distinguished Parry, was in the same direction. Sailing in his old ship, the "Hecla," in 1827, he anchored in a bay at the north of Spitzbergen. Taking provisions for seventy-one days, he started thence with two boats fitted with sledge-runners. After sailing about eighty miles they came to the ice, and then began the toilsome and perilous part of their journey. The ice was in the form of floes, and as the boats had to be loaded and unloaded every time they were launched and hauled up, the labour was immense. At times, heavy showers of rain rendered the ice a bed of slush, and again the travellers had to drag their boats through snow from six to eighteen inches deep. To add to their perplexity, a southward current continually set them back in their course, and at their last observation they found that after having travelled twenty-three miles in five days,

they had gained only one mile. On July 26th, they were not so far north as on the 23rd. The most sanguine spirit gave way before such stern facts, and they had to be content with knowing that they had borne the palm from all predecessors. Their highest point was about 82° 45′. It seems evident from this failure that any expedition with sledges must be made on ice held in its place by contact with the land.

It would be unfair, in this connection, not to mention the four distinct attempts by the Russian explorer Wrangell, in the years 1821-24, to reach the Pole by sledging over the ice from Siberia. For boldness and perseverance, no name deserves more honourable mention than his. He passed through almost incredible perils and hardships, but in every case found his way shut up by rotten ice, lanes of water, or tempestuous seas.

Several Swedish and German expeditions have been sent out of late years, chiefly, however, for scientific research. One of these, that of the "Germania" and "Hansa" in 1869, was full of adventure. The vessels were separated by a storm off the east coast of Greenland, and soon afterwards the "Hansa" was crushed in the ice. Her crew took refuge on an immense floe, about seven miles in circumference. Drifted about by winds and currents, part of the time in the darkness of the Polar night, they beheld, with dismay, their ice-raft gradually breaking up and melting away. Fortunately they had preserved their boats, and having been drifted to more hospitable regions, they were enabled to reach a mission station in the south of Greenland. The "Germania," in the meantime, had sailed as far north as Lat. 75°. By means of sledge-journeys the coast of Greenland was traced as far as 77°, and was there found to trend toward the west.

Among the most successful expeditions of later years, was that of Lieuts. Payer and Wexprecht, of the Austrian Navy. Their first venture was in June, 1871, when in a little trading vessel they passed between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and entered upon a wide and open sea. Unfortunately they were not prepared for an extensive cruise, and so had to return in October. The following year they started again in the screw-steamer "Tegethoff," with a crew of twenty-four men, and with stores and provisions for three years. The season proved to be very different

from the previous one. They fell in with the ice very far to the south, and after having, by much toil, made their way to the north of Nova Zembla, they were completely shut in by the icy barriers. In this prison they remained all that winter and the following summer, drifting at the mercy of wind and tide. Their position was one of much exposure and peril, and many a time they were summoned in the darkness of the Polar night to be ready to betake themselves to the ice in case the vessel should founder. In passing, one notes with pleasure the habit of the crew in gathering together every Sunday to read the Bible, a practice sadly and disastrously neglected in some other expeditions. The next summer they found themselves in a piled-up mass of floes forty feet in thickness. About the end of August they drifted within sight of lofty mountains in an unknown sea. In the latter part of October they came within three miles of the shore. Here they spent another dark and cheerless winter night, comprising 125 ordinary days. To them will apply Thomson's graphic words:

> "Miserable they,
> Who here entangled in the gathering ice,
> Take their last look of the descending sun;
> While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
> The long, long night incumbent o'er their heads,
> Falls horrible."

During the winter the cold was intense, the mercury, at one time, remaining frozen for a week. The snow was very deep. They had many visits from bears, whose flesh proved an efficient remedy against scurvy. In February, as there seemed to be no prospect of the vessel's release, it was determined to abandon her on the approach of summer. In March, a sledging party of six was sent out, which surveyed to a distance of 160 miles from the vessel. The islands were found to be as large as those in the Spitzbergen group. The mountains vary from 2000 to 5000 feet in height, and their intermediate valleys are filled with glaciers which form, on the coast, precipices two hundred feet high. Looking down from a lofty height, Payer describes that distant world as being "sublime in its beauty." They could trace the bold outline of the shore

as high as 83°. On the 20th of May they nailed their flags to the ship's masts, and bade her a sorrowful farewell. By God's blessing they managed, after many perils, to reach home in safety.

The third mode of approach to the Pole to which we referred is that by Smith Sound, to the west of Greenland. This sound was discovered in 1616 by Baffin, who named it after Sir Thos. Smith first chairman of the old East India Company. The first to enter into it to any great distance was Capt. Inglefield, in his search after Sir John Franklin, in 1852. He penetrated it as far as 78° 28′.

After him came the celebrated expedition under Dr. Kane, in 1858. Kane's account of it is one of the most pathetic and powerful tales of Arctic daring and suffering that was ever written. Battling with storms and icebergs and escaping many times from imminent shipwreck, his small vessel was at last anchored in Rensselaer Bay, in lat. 78° 38′, whence she was never to emerge. For two winters the party endured the rigours of a cold that was sometimes as low as —75°; but amid the suffering arising from sickness and scarcity of food, the brave spirit of the leader kept alive the enthusiasm of the men. At one time all but three were down with the scurvy; and these three were not able to do much more than keep up the fires. The supply of fuel ran out, and at length they were forced to begin burning the planks and timbers of the vessel. In the summer of 1855 they abandoned the ship, and with much toil and hazard made their way, for fifty-six days, over the ice to the north water of Baffin's Bay. Thence they sailed to the Danish settlements. Their sufferings had been extreme. Their boat was leaky, their food exhausted, their strength gone. The brave-hearted Kane never recovered from the effects of this exposure upon his previously weak frame. He went south, to Havana, to recruit, but died there in 1857.

Undismayed by the misfortunes of this voyage, Dr. Hayes, one of Kane's party, again set out for the north in 1860. Taking the Smith Sound route he was so driven by ice and storms, that he could only come within twenty miles of the spot where Kane had abandoned his ship. In the following April he set out with sledges and crossed to the western side of the Sound. This occupied thirty-nine days. Then advancing along the edge of Grin-

nell Land, after a toilsome journey he, with a single companion, reached the border of a bay where progress to the north was stopped by cracks and rotten ice. He had reached a point one hundred miles farther north than his predecessors. His vessel not being fit to endure another season's exposure in those icy seas, he was obliged to return home the following summer.

One of the most remarkable expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, was that of Charles Francis Hall, the party being composed of one man, himself. Dwelling in an inland city, Cincinnati, he conceived the idea that the best plan to discover Franklin's fate was for some one to go and live with the Esquimaux, so as to learn their language, to become accustomed to their habits of life, and to carry out his plans of discovery through their instrumentality. After a time he felt that he had a special call to this work. All the capital he possessed was a strong frame and an indomitable will; but his enthusiasm soon won from friends a sufficient sum to cover the expenses of his outfit. He was shipwrecked, however, near of Frobisher's Bay, and was forced to content himself with a two years' sojourn among the Esquimaux in that neighbourhood, learning their language and modes of life.

In a second expedition, in 1864, he landed at Repulse Bay, and remained in that region for more than four years, during which time he was lost to the outside world. He was successful in finding many traces and relics of Franklin's long-lost party.

In 1871 Hall was appointed by the United States Government to the command of a scientific expedition toward the Pole. It was in high spirits and with great confidence as to his success that he set out on this his last journey. His course was up Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel. From Aug. 24, 1871, to April 30, 1873, no tidings of the expedition came through the icy barrier. On the latter day the sealing steamer "Tigress," while sailing down the coast of Labrador in lat. 53° in a dense fog, came upon a patch of ice, about twenty feet square, on which were found nineteen human beings. Two of these were women, and five were children, one of the latter being only eight months old. They were a portion of the crew of the "Polaris," Hall's vessel, with Esquimaux assistants.

It seems that the "Polaris" had sailed through the so-called open Polar Sea, of Kane, and found it to narrow into a channel of from eighteen to thirty miles in width, with high land on either side. To this was given the name Robeson Straits. Following this they reached the latitude of 82° 16'. It was deemed advisable to return a short distance and take up their winter quarters in a small bay in lat. 81° 38', about two hundred miles to the north of Kane's winter-quarters. In October, after a short sledge excursion, Hall was suddenly taken ill and died, not without some suspicion of foul play. The long winter was passed without any suffering from cold or want; but there was a sad lack of peace and harmony on board the vessel. In August of the following year, the "Polaris" was set free and steered to the south. Again beset by ice she drifted up and down for a couple of months. In a violent storm, in October, she was thrown on her beam ends. Some stores and provisions were hastily cast upon the ice, and half of the crew sent to carry them farther away. In the middle of the night, during the raging of the storm, the steamer broke loose, and in a few minutes was out of sight. For one hundred and ninety-five days did that little band, seemingly doomed to destruction, drift at the mercy of wind and wave. How they managed to survive the rigours of an Arctic winter, with the mercury sometimes at 30° below zero, is difficult to conceive. The whole tale is one of the most remarkable in the records of adventure.

The survivors on the "Polaris" were obliged, by her leaky state, to run her ashore. Then having spent the winter in a hut made from her timbers, they tore off part of the lining of her cabins, and with it made two boats, by which they escaped from their icy prison.

The greatest interest of the present day centres in the expedition lately sent out by the British Government, and now wintering in the Arctic seas. The work that lies before it is neither small nor unimportant. Science will undoubtedly be greatly its debtor. Unknown shores are to be explored. The laws by which ocean currents are controlled are to be more fully determined. Observations are to be made on the temperature of the sea at various depths and on the varying pressure of the atmosphere.

A fuller examination is to be made of the laws of magnetism, and the mystery of the Aurora Borealis is yet to be developed. Valuable discoveries may be expected in the fields of zoology, botany, and geology. It is now known that the Arctic Ocean teems with life, and that of the more minute organisms the multitude of kinds is prodigious. The laws governing the migration of birds have to be more fully studied, as also the habits of the animals that roam through the snowy fastnesses of the North. Not only are the character and extent of the flora to be determined, but also the question is to be answered, why the plants of Greenland are European rather than American in their affinities. In geology it is yet to be settled if there are any valuable minerals to be found. Moreover, it is evident that these treeless and frozen wastes were at a comparatively recent date covered with verdure. The tree-stems of Banks' Island, the vast deposits of timber on the Parry Islands, and the coal-beds of West Greenland, all indicate this. What has caused the change? Moreover, what power is it, that even within the memory of man has caused the northern part of Greenland to be elevated, while at the same time the southern part has been equally depressed?

In ethnology, too, light may be thrown upon the mysterious wanderings of those northern tribes which once occupied all these wastes, but are now so rapidly disappearing. Their traces are to be found in every bay and on every cape in the Parry group, and on Smith Sound as far as search has been made. What is their origin, what their tribal character, their intellectual and moral state, their religion, superstitions, and habits? But above the desire to solve these and similar questions rises the ambition to be the first to reach the Pole. When so many others are striving to conquer the difficulties in the way, it is felt that the nation "whose home is on the deep" cannot afford to be a laggard in the contest. The "mother of nations" must gain this crown or suffer loss of her fair renown.

The expedition consists of two vessels, the "Alert" under Capt. Nares, and the "Discovery" under Capt. Stephenson, who commanded the gun-boat "Heron" on the Canadian Lakes in 1866. Capt. Nares is a man of much skill and judgment, and had

experience in the Arctic regions under Sir E. Belcher. The crew of each ship consists of about sixty officers and men.

The ships carry provisions and coal for at least three years. Prudent housekeepers may think with wonder of the stores on the "Alert:"—ten tons of bread, eighty-five tons of beef, pork, coffee, sugar, flour and preserved meats, and ten tons of purser's stores. Every attention has been paid to the comfort and welfare of those on board. Felt, duffle and extra planking are used to keep out the cold, while the plans for economizing space are many and ingenious. The darkness of the long night is to be made as much as possible like day by large railway reflectors.

The vessels have been strengthened in every known way, so that their bows have become like solid blocks of wood. The screw propeller is made to be readily taken out of the water, when there is any indication of a "nip" in the ice. These nips are of no gentle nature. Ice-fields covering many square miles, and from five to forty feet thick, (as Scoresby says he saw them), however slowly and calmly they may move, come together with tremendous momentum. A crash is heard like resounding thunder, and ridges of broken ice rise high in the air. As many as twenty-three whalers have been destroyed in a single season by these nips in the Spitzbergen seas, and the tale of vessels lifted out of the water by them, and placed in most unaccountable positions, is a familiar one. Fortunately, in that event, the crews have time to escape upon the adjacent packs. Thus equipped and provided, there need be but little doubt as to the safety of the expedition. In thirteen years, during the search for Sir John Franklin, no less than fourteen expeditions were sent out. Some of the vessels, it is true, had to be abandoned; but so far as the crews were concerned, they all returned in safety. Moreover, the proportion of deaths from climate and disease was considerably less than the average death-rate of naval seamen on any other service, and this in spite of the severe labour and exposure in sledge-travelling. Among 1878 persons spending the winter the death-rate was only 1·7 per cent.

The general plan of the expedition is as follows. Both ships are to make their way in company to about 82° N. lat., in the neighbourhood of which Kane and Hayes wintered. There, or a

little farther north, the "Discovery" is to go into winter quarters. The "Alert" is to push on to the north as much farther as possible before the winter sets in, say two hundred miles. One reason for this separation is, that if the vessel running the greater risk be lost or frozen in, the other vessel may prove a refuge. For a similar reason depots of provisions are to be established every sixty miles, so that if both ships have to be abandoned, a retreating party may find supplies by the way. Had either of these plans been adopted by Sir John Franklin, possibly both his crews might have been saved. If the expedition does not return in 1876, an additional precaution is to be taken by sending out a relief ship early in 1877, to be stationed at the entrance to Smith Sound.

In the early spring of 1876, a sledging-party is to set out from the "Alert" for the Pole, a distance of, let us say, four hundred miles, if the voyage of the previous year has been prosperous. Similar parties are to set out from the "Discovery," to determine, if possible, the northern boundary of Greenland. If these expeditions are successful, the "Alert" is to rejoin her consort in 1876, and both are to try to make their way home that season. In 1877 the leader will be at liberty to abandon his ship, if, in his opinion, the explorations of the previous year have been final, or if the vessel's escape from the ice in 1877 is doubtful.

The vessels of the expedition parted company with the store-ship, "Valorous," at Disco Island, July 17th. Letters have since been received from them, dated July 26th, which were deposited in a cairn, at Carey Island, not far from the mouth of Smith Sound, and were brought to England by the exploring-ship "Pandora." So far, their voyage had been one of unusual prosperity. The great obstacle to vessels in this region is what is called "the middle pack." This is an accumulation of ice in the centre of Baffin's Bay, caused by a current coming round Cape Farewell from the east and meeting other currents from the west and north. Sir. E. Belcher was five weeks in dodging and beating through it. Capt. McClintock was caught in it in August, 1857, and did not get free from it until the following April, having, in the meantime, drifted 1385 statute miles to the south. The usual plan for overcoming the difficulty is to creep along the shore of Melville Bay; but sometimes the safer course is to strike boldly through

the pack. The latter plan was adopted by Captain Nares, and as a result he was in the ice only thirty-four hours. The sea was smooth, the ice was only twelve inches in thickness, and the leads of open water were numerous. All on board were delighted at their unwonted success, and, as the way seemed so remarkably clear, many were confident that they would soon reach as high as 85°. In this region of sudden change, however, no plans of man can be depended upon. The course, so open to-day, may be closed as by a granite wall to-morrow. The brightness of one hour may be closely followed by the cloud, the fog, the storm of another. The dense and frequent fogs are an especial cause of trouble and perplexity. Another fruitful source of danger is, as already remarked, the proximity of ice-bergs; but for this there is some degree of compensation in their matchless beauty and grandeur. One loses the sense of fear in presence of such a scene as Dr. Hayes describes:—"Midnight—I have just come below lost in the wondrous beauty of the night. The sea is smooth as glass; not a ripple breaks its surface, not a breath of air stirring. The sun hangs close upon the northern horizon; the fog has broken up into light clouds; the ice-bergs lie thick about us; the dark headlands stand boldly out against the sky; and the clouds, and sea, bergs and mountains are bathed in an atmosphere of crimson, purple and gold, most singularly beautiful." So Dr. Kane describes the midnight sun as coming over a great berg, kindling variously coloured fires on every part of the surface, and making the ice around the ship one great resplendency of gem-work, blazing carbuncles and rubies, and molten gold. The bewitching character of the scene is heightened by a thousand little cascades leaping into the sea from the floating masses. Moreover, pieces of ice, weighing perhaps tons, are ever falling from the top, plunging into the water with a deafening noise, while the slow-moving swell of the ocean is ever resounding through the broken arch-ways of the bergs.

Having received from the voyagers their last message for the present, we must now be content to accompany them in imagination. Let us join the expedition and see with our own eyes. We are now approaching the sterner aspects of nature. The little Greenland valleys, with the thick turf of moss and grass, plenti-

fully besprinkled with golden-petaled poppies and saxifrages, purple, white, and yellow, are left far behind us. The cliffs and snows of crimson hue are out of sight. A few hours' sailing brings us to Capes Alexander and Isabella, mighty buttresses, thirty-five miles apart, guarding the entrance to Smith Sound. On either hand are lofty crags from whose tops the snow is blown in gauze-like drifts; rugged ravines down which the wind rages in tremendous gusts; mighty glaciers sloping upward for miles to the distant heights where they were born. It is not a pleasant channel to navigate; Inglefield and Hayes felt that, when the tempest howled in their teeth and drove them back in their course. Steam, however, is mighty, and even the little "Polaris" was able to triumph over all opposition in this quarter. In five days she sailed from this point to her highest northing, two hundred and fifty miles away.

Soon the Sound widens into something like a sea, as the Greenland shore trends to the north-east. Here to the right is the little bay where Kane had to abandon his ship to its fate. The scenery is of the grandest. The cliffs rise abruptly from the shore line to the height of a thousand feet, and assume every fantastic form. From this lofty castle rise the triple towers, called the "Three Brothers Turrets." On this pedestal of two hundred and eighty feet in height stands a solitary shaft of greenstone, higher still by four hundred and eighty feet, so dreamy and picturesque that it well deserves the honoured name of Tennyson. Then comes the great Humboldt Glacier, a river of ice, whose height at the sea is three hundred feet, and whose width is sixty miles.

The sea soon narrows again into Kennedy Channel, of about twenty-five miles in width, by about forty in length. Then after crossing Hall's Basin we enter Robeson's Straits, about eighteen miles wide. Mt. Parry lifts its lofty and rugged form to the left. We pass the farthest points reached by Hayes and Hall. We are at the entrance to the Lincoln Sea, whose eastern shores are lost to view, except where two points loom up in the far-off horizon. To the north is dimly seen an unknown land. If the way is open we will gladly venture farther; but at the best we must soon seek for winter quarters.

The sun is getting nearer to the horizon; the birds are flocking

to the south; the air takes a keener edge; the fog and rain deck the rigging in cobwebs of ice; the snow drifts more fiercely from the mountain-tops; the storm-clouds loom more darkly in the dull gray sky. Let us find some snug little cove, sheltered from the heavy seas, and not opening to the north, lest the drifting ice block us in and cover us up, as it did Kane's unfortunate ship.

We are not much too soon. The new ice soon forms about us in the little bay. All are busy making ready for the bitter cold of the long and dreary night. A store-house is built on the shore and is soon well filled. An observatory is also set up. The deck is housed in with canvas and boards. Ice-banks and snow-banks are cast up around the vessel for shelter. In the meantime hunting parties are on the tramp. Hall says that the country abounds in seals, sea-lions, musk-oxen, reindeer, bears, rabbits, geese, ducks and partridge. Hayes at a colder spot was well supplied with game all through the winter. There is no need to dread the scurvy. So soon as it appears, barrel up the salt pork, and take to the fresh meat and the canned vegetables.

Soon the Polar night comes down with its thick pall. There is something weird and solemn in this period of darkness. Occasionally it is lit up by the bright moon, shining for eight or ten days in succession; occasionally by the shifting lights of the aurora to the west and south; but at other times the darkness, even at mid-day, is heavy and oppressive. And then the silence! More often than not the wind comes howling from the mountains and whistling through the shrouds, but occasionally we may step forth and find an utter calm. Then it is that the spirit is overwhelmed within us. Says Hayes, "I have seen no expression on the face of nature so filled with terror as the silence of the Arctic night."

It is the trying time to men's health. Above all things their minds must be kept active and cheerful. For two or three hours every day exercise must be taken in the open air. When on ship-board there must be steady and pleasant employment for all. The school is opened for the instruction of those who desire to learn. Readings, magic-lantern shows, and amusements of various kinds are got up to vary the monotony. The festive season of Christmas is kept with a hilarity elsewhere unknown. The

storm-fiend may rage without; but within are warmth and merriment, as we cast a backward glance to "Merrie England," where so many yearning and tearful eyes are turned to the far-off wanderers. Above all must be cherished a simple spirit of trust in God, without whom man's strength and wisdom are naught. It was a matter of no small importance that, in answer to the expressed desire of many, chaplains were appointed to the ships, who it is hoped will prove safe pilots in the way to heaven.

In spite of all our efforts and resources the long winter night begins to drag heavily. We shall long remember that day in the latter part of the bleak February, when the sun first gilds the ice-hills, and when from some lofty summit a little band of eager adventurers gaze with rapture upon his well-known face. Strangely enlarged and distorted he seems in the looming of the horizon; and a strange-looking set of half-bloodless beings, bleached in this long night of nearly one hundred and thirty days, he in turn beholds. Rapidly the days begin to lengthen, although under the fierce March gales the cold perhaps becomes for a time keener than ever. It will soon be time to start for the north, and active preparations are being made.

Formerly, exploration was entirely by means of ships. Now the sledge is fully as much relied upon. It was introduced by Parry, and perfected during the searches for Sir John Franklin. The chief honour of establishing it as a means of travel belongs to McClintock, who largely improved upon Parry's cumbrous contrivances, and in this way was able to pass over a large extent of territory. In 1852 he was able to remain away from his ship one hundred and five days, and to travel fourteen hundred miles under very unfavourable circumstances. He now says, "Truly may we Arctic explorers say, 'Knowledge is power.'" It is now a comparatively easy matter to start with six or eight men, and a sledge laden with six or seven weeks' provisions, and to traverse six hundred miles across desert wastes and frozen seas, from which no sustenance can be obtained. There is now no known position, however remote, that a well-equipped crew could not effect their escape from by their own unaided efforts.

There are thirty-five sledges on the two ships, of various sizes. The largest is a twelve-man sledge to carry provisions for seven

weeks; the smallest is a four-man sledge. There are also small dog-sledges. The dogs are a great help, two of them being equal in pulling power to a man, while they do not eat half so much, and require no shelter from the cold. A most important auxiliary is the sledge-sail, for by its aid, with a fair wind, the men are greatly relieved.

About the first of April six or eight sledges start in company. Our men are in high spirits, eager for the fray. Only those who remain behind look glum. Each sledge has attached to it an officer and seven men. At least one of these sledges, if not more, is to be absent from fifty to sixty days. After the end of, say, a week, one sledge transfers its stock to the rest and returns to the ship. After a short time another does the same. And so the process is continued until perhaps only one is left to pursue its journey. This one can be absent over a hundred days, and can travel over five hundred miles and back again. The returned sledges are in the meantime re-provisioned and sent out to establish depots on the line of march, and to meet, and, if necessary, help the returning parties.

It is usual to travel by night, when, the light being somewhat dimmed, the glare from the snow and ice is less trying to the eyes. At the same time by sleeping in the day there is less suffering from the cold. If the cold is very intense snow huts are built, a task which four men can accomplish in half-an-hour. But generally only the tent is used. Inside of this the waterproof floor is spread. Over this is laid another floor-cloth of canvas. The heating-lamp is lighted. The men, weary with their day's work, creep into their duffle sleeping-bags, drink their tea, enjoy their chat, and lie down to rest. That men can be inured to this kind of work is well known. It is related of Scharostin, a Russian, who died in 1826, that he spent thirty-two winters in Spitzbergen. Kane says of one of his men, Riley, that on sledge-journeys, when the temperature outside was at —30°, he constantly slept without any other covering than his walking-suit. Kane says, "I have myself slept in an ordinary canvas tent without discomfort, though without a fire, at a temperature of —52°."

A difficulty sometimes arises from sheets and lanes of open water. It was this that put a limit to the researches of Kane, Hayes, and

Hall. To meet this difficulty some of the boats are furnished with runners, but the ice may prove too rough for dragging these. Therefore light folding boats are provided, each of which will bear the weight of four men, but when folded, may be carried by a man under his arm.

The chief difficulty will, perhaps, be from hummocks of ice. If new ice can be found strong enough to bear, or if there is a plateau of edge-ice along the shore, the travelling will be easy enough. But it is likely that a large portion of the sea will be covered with mounds, ridges, and crags—jagged masses rising to a height of from ten to a hundred feet, with the spaces between filled in to some extent with drifted snow. The party has to wind in and out among these ridges and crags, occasionally breaking a track with shovel and handspike, and again retreating to look for a better path. Every now and then the load has to be taken off, and two or three trips have to be made before the difficulty is surmounted. Sometimes the snow between the hummocks is found to be a mere bridge, and when any weight comes upon it, the whole plunges down in such a way as to involve the labour of hours in setting matters right again. It is toilsome and disheartening work. Hayes was thirty-one days in travelling a distance of eighty miles in a direct line.

So we come back from our imaginary trip better prepared, we trust, to sympathize with our adventurous countrymen in the arduous toils and difficulties that lie before them. If success crown their efforts we shall rejoice in their triumph. But none the less heartily will our meed of praise be given them even though they should not reach the coveted goal. It cannot be called failure where men have so nobly dared and striven.

GALT, *Ont.*

## OLD AGE.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

—*Golden Legend.*

# FRANKLIN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

With bold hearts went they forth, that gallant band,
To brave the perils of the wintry sea,
To beard the Ice-King in his frozen lair,
To pluck their ghastly secret from the wilds,
Where broods Eternal Solitude around
The Boreal Pole—to solve the mystery which
So long had kept the world in trembling awe.
Forth went they, armed with good intent, their brave
Souls girt with firm resolve. The hearts of all
The world went with them on their perilous way.
The wife's fond, faithful prayers attended them.
For long years in her widowed heart the flame
Of hope burned bright and clear, and fond eyes, dim
With weeping, watched for their loved lord's return.
But, ah! in vain they wept! in vain they watched!
O faithful, fond, Penelope! no more
Will thy Ulysses home return! He sleeps
His last, long, peaceful sleep, surrounded by
The faithful few, who bravely rallied round
Him in that dark and drear eclipse of woe.
Above them shone the patient stars—the calm,
Mysterious stars—the only watchers of
His burial place. The fiery streamers of
The North his funeral torches bore, and waved
Their bannerets of flame in honour of
The noble dead.
There, 'neath the sky's black arch,
Amid the awful silence of the long,
Drear Arctic night, when Darkness, jewelled like
A bride, leaned over them, and shed from her
Wide outstretched wings bright dreams and visions fond
Of happy homes, and joyous household fires,
And faithful eyes that gaze so wistfully
Into the future's night, and hearts that yearn
Across the icy sea, with pulsing tides
Of love, and oft besiege heaven's pearly gates
With tearful, tremulous prayers—'twas thus and then
They calmly laid them down to die! And 'mid
The darkness came Death's stealthy, silent tread.
He breathed upon them, and their limbs grew cold;
He laid his hand upon their anxious hearts,
That yearned so hungeringly across the sea,

And stilled their restless pulsings evermore.
And looking tenderly upon them, with
His deep, dark, melancholy eyes, Death said:
"Not yet!" and pointed to the silent stars
That, clad in silver mail, kept watch and ward
Upon heaven's crystal walls; and whispered low:
"Beyond the veil! beyond the veil!" And then
He folded them within his icy arms,
And bore them one by one away into
The dark Inane—into the Silent Land;
With his weird mesmerism lulled their frames
To dreamless sleep. He laid their bodies in
Their last long resting-place, where dearest kin
May never shed the bitter tear; but where
Fond Nature maketh desolate herself,
And mourns in sackcloth their untimely fate.
The spotless snow became their shroud; the sad
Winds sobbed their requiem. No stoled priest
Was there, with measured pomp, to render back
To earth its brother earth, and dust to dust;
But not less calmly sleep the sailors' bones,
Than if beneath cathedral's vaulted aisle,
Or abbey's fretted roof, they lay, be-mourned
By costly marble's counterfeited woe.
And ye, O brave! O dauntless few! who left
Your homes and firesides on your sacred task,
Your mission merciful, of succour to
The succourless, alas! too late were ye
To rescue from their fate that noble band,
Who bravely perished with their armour on,
Than whom their country had no truer sons!
Yet from the mystery of their fate ye tore
The pall; ye rolled the burden from our hearts
Of dire suspense. Ye gave us certainty
For nameless terror and for boding fear.
Ye raised a tablet to the dead. Ye paid
The last sad rites unto their honoured dust;
Ye dropped the tribute of the kindly tear;
Ye heaved the heart-felt sigh above their bones;
Ye gathered up the sacred relics of
The lost, and left them there—alone—with God!

## THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON, (EDIN. UNIV.)

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths far and wide over the melancholy expanse; and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. Sometimes the wind stopped of a sudden, and then the air was as silent as the snow; not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream—now all frozen up over those high moorlands. As the momentary cessations of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there, up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog, attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother making "auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new"—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover

undeterred by snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks; but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk, before me the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipped it with fire, and I felt at that moment an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd who had for fifty years abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me, on horseback, an old man, with his long white hair beaten against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father, of whom I had been thinking—for my father had I called him for many years, and for many years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor on such a day was but momentary; for I knew that he was a shepherd who cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long-expected visitor, the wind fell calm, the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness, like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary head of fourscore; and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

"I am going," said he, "to visit a man at the point of death—a man whom you cannot have forgotten, whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath by all my congregation—a

devout man, who feared God all his days, and whom, in this awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I am going, my son, to the Hazel Glen."

I knew well in childhood that lonely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills, and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I now met the pastor going to pray by his death-bed, and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation, and death.

And now for the first time I observed walking close to the feet of his horse a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair made almost pale cheeks that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty; and I recognized in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood a resemblance to the aged man who we understood was now lying on his death bed.

"They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the minister to me, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold, and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

I again looked on the fearless child, with his rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, so unlike grief or sorrow, yet now sobbing aloud as if his heart would break—

"I do not fear but that my grandfather will yet recover, soon as the minister has said one single prayer by his bedside. Oh, if God suffers my grandfather to recover, I will lie awake all the long winter nights blessing Him for His mercy. I will rise up in the middle of the darkness, and pray to Him in the cold on my naked knees!" and here his voice was choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, on the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind-hearted, pious old man.

We soon left the main road, and struck off through scenery that, covered as it was with the bewildering snow, I sometimes dimly and sometimes vividly remembered, our little guide keeping ever a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct showing us our course, of which no trace was visible, save

occasionally his own little footprints as he had been hurrying to the manse.

After crossing for several miles morass, and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, with here and there the top of a stone-wall peeping through the snow, or the more visible circle of a sheep-bught, we descended into the Hazel Glen, and saw before us the solitary house of the dying elder.

As we now slowly approached the cottage through a deep snow-drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing, by her raised eyes and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see at last the pastor beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

Soon as the venerable old man dismounted from his horse, our active little guide led it away into the humble stable, and we entered the cottage. Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had silently welcomed us at the door, led us, with suppressed sighs and a face stained with weeping, into her father's sick-room, which, even in that time of sore distress, was as orderly as if health had blessed the house.

With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed; and there, supported by pillows as white as the snow that lay without, reposed the dying elder. It was plain that the hand of God was upon him, and that his days on earth were numbered.

He greeted his minister with a faint smile and a slight inclination of the head,—for his daughter had so raised him on the pillows that he was almost sitting up in his bed. It was easy to see that he knew himself to be dying; and that his soul was prepared for the great change; yet, along with the solemn resignation of a Christian who had made his peace with God and his Saviour, there was blended on his white and sunken countenance an expression of habitual reverence for the minister of his faith; and I saw that he could not have died in peace without that comforter to pray by his death-bed.

The pastor sat down near his head; and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law—a figure that would have graced and sainted a higher dwelling,

and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief. But religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put into practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning, and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not been only irreproachable, but lofty, with hope and fear fighting desperately, but silently, in the core of her pure and pious heart.

While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy who, at the risk of his life, had brought the minister of religion to the bedside of his beloved grandfather, softly and cautiously opened the door, and with the hoar-frost yet unmelted on his bright glistening ringlets, walked up to the pillow, evidently no stranger there. He no longer sobbed, he no longer wept, for hope had risen strongly within his innocent heart, from the consciousness of love so fearlessly exerted, and from the presence of the holy man in whose prayers he trusted as in the intercession of some superior and heavenly nature. There he stood still as an image in his grandfather's eyes, that, in their dimness, fell upon him with delight. As he crossed the dreary and dismal moors, he had thought of a corpse, a shroud, and a grave; he had been in terror lest death should strike, in his absence, the old man with whose gray hairs he had so often played; but now he *saw* him alive, and felt that death was not able to tear him away from the clasps, and links, and fetters of his grandchild's embracing love.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirkyard." This sudden approach to the grave struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy; and with a long, deep sigh he fell down, with his face like ashes, on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength to lay itself upon his head.

"Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for His own name's sake who died for us on the tree!"

The mother, without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her loving-hearted boy, now in a dead fainting-fit, and carried him into an adjoining room, where he soon revived; but that child and that old man were not to be separated. In vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters. Pale, breathless, and

shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face, but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart, but his were now the only dry eyes in the room; and the pastor himself wept, albeit the grief of fourscore is seldom vented in tears.

"God has been gracious to me a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an elder in your kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me—it was on a Tuesday she died, and on Saturday she was buried—we stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God: she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng. Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there; so was my heart. But thou whom, through the blood of Christ, I hope to see this night in paradise, knowest that from that hour to this day never have I forgotten thee!"

The old man ceased speaking; and his grandchild, now able to endure the scene—for strong passion is its own support—glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small, soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "Come closer to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thine own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child, at last sobbing on his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom.

His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hands. "Oh, if my husband knew but of this," she said, "he

would never, never, desert his dying father!" and I now knew that the elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time the minister took the family Bible on his knee, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses—

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?
The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express."

The small congregation sung the noble hymn of the psalmist to "plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name." The dying man himself ever and anon joined in the holy music; and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with the motion of his withered hand, and eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to heaven. Nor was the sweet voice of his loving grandchild unheard; as if the strong fit of deadly passion had dissolved in the music, he sung with a sweet and silvery voice, that to a passer-by had seemed that of perfect happiness—a hymn sung in joy, upon its knees, by gladsome childhood, before it flew out among the green hills, to quiet labour or gleesome play. As that sweetest voice came from the bosom of the old man where the singer lay in affection, and blended with his own, so tremulous, never had I felt so affectingly brought before me the beginning and the end of life—the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed.

When the psalm ceased, the elder said with a solemn voice, "My son, thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing.

May the remembrance of what will happen in this room before the morning again shine over the Hazel Glen, win thee from the error of thy ways. Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William, for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder may tremble at the still, small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners."

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature, and I hurried home as soon as I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; but though I do not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father, I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come nearer to me, William; kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son, for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the churchyard beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul—ay, too much the pride—for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood: but this the Son of God has done for thee, who hast denied him! I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom, for thee, my son, my son!"

A long, deep groan was the only reply, but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair.

The pastor said with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying

on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"

"Oh, press him not so hardly," said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had tried to conceal herself, in grief, fear, and shame; "spare, oh spare my husband; he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck.

"Go thou likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yea-ning prayer."

The child did as that solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John."

The pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scripture better than couldst thou; can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?"

He had not forgotten them; there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bedside. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!"

"I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven."

The elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled, his pale cheeks glowed, his palsied hands seemed to wax strong, and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit." And so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long, deep silence, and the father, and mother, and child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

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## AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences:
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain,

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

—*Longfellow.*

# NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

It was on a bright, sunny day in January, that I had my first winter view of the Falls of Niagara. I had often seen them before, gleaming like a sapphire in the emerald setting of the spring, or relieved by the rich luxuriance of the leafy summer-tide. I had beheld their beauty crowned with the golden glory of the autumn, each peak and crag and islet flaming like an altar-pyre with the brilliant foliage of the trees, more beautiful in death than in life, vari-coloured as the iris that spanned the falling flood. I had seen them flashing snowy white in the fervid light of noon; glowing rosy red when the descending sun, like the Hebrew, smote their waters and turned them into blood; glancing in silvery sheen in the moon's mild light and gleaming spectral and ghastly, like a sheeted ghost, in the moonless midnight. But, as now seen, with their winter bravery on, richly robed with ermine, tiaraed with their crystal crown, and bediamonded with millions of flashing gems, the view seemed the fairest and most beautiful of all.

Niagara has as many varying moods and graces as a lovely woman, and ever the aspect in which we see her seemeth best. Hence, we always approach with new zest, and study her separate beauties with fresh enjoyment. She does not reveal her true sublimity, nor impart the secret of her witchery at once, but only on prolonged acquaintance. There is a majestic reticence about nature in this theatre of her most wonderful manifestations. There is, sometimes, even a feeling of disappointment at first sight. This is owing to the vast sweep of the Falls, over half a mile in breadth, which diminishes their apparent height. It is only when we have constructed a scale of comparative admeasurement, and especially when we have descended the cliff over which the mighty river hurls itself, and, standing close to its foot, look up and see the hoary front of the vast flood, falling out of the very sky, as it seems,

"Poured from the hollow of God's hand,"

that an adequate sense of its immensity bursts upon us. Then its spell of power asserts itself, and takes possession of our souls.

Being shod with a pair of sharp iron "creepers," to prevent slipping on the icy crags, I descended the successive flights of steps in the face of the cliff, which lead down to the foot of the Canadian Fall. These steps, constantly drenched with spray, were thickly incrusted with ice, as was also the surface of the rock, which flashed like silver in the sun. A couple of negroes, however, were cutting foot-holds in the slippery pathway; so that there was no difficulty in making the descent. Every tree and bush and spray, the dead mullein-stalks by the path, the trailing arbutus hanging from the cliff, the leafless maples and beeches cresting its height, were all encased in icy mail. Through the crystal armour could be distinctly traced the outline of the imprisoned dryad, bowed to earth by the often fatal weight of splendour which she bore. Like the diamond forest of the Arabian tale, the grove above the Fall flashed and glittered in the sunlight, an object of incomparable beauty.

The rocky wall towered far overhead, and overhung the pathway many feet, creating a feeling of indefinable dread. Indeed, one vast overhanging ledge, part of Table Rock, fell, with a horrid crash, in 1863; and other portions have since been removed by the Government engineers—one mass of two thousand tons at a single blast. Amid the *debris* and giant fragments of these Titanic rocks, now covered many feet deep beneath mounds of ice, and fringed with icicles, looking like stranded icebergs in an Arctic sea, runs the pathway to the edge of the great Fall.

The overarching rock was thickly hung with thousands of glittering pendants, where the water percolated through the strata, or fell over the cliff. Nearer the Fall, these became larger and longer, till, meeting the icy stalagmites rising from the ground, they formed crystal columns, often several feet in diameter, sometimes having the appearance of a pillared colonnade. The ice is generally translucent, or of a pearly white, but is sometimes stained of a yellowish tinge by the impurities of the soil. These stalagmitic formations assume the most grotesque and varied forms. One I observed, which strongly resembled a huge organ, the burnished pipes shining in the sun, while posterior

rows of icy columns completed the internal analogy. Others were strikingly suggestive of marble statuary. One recalled the beautiful figure of Bailey's "Eve," but as if covered with a snowy mantle, half-concealing and half-revealing the form. In others a slight exercise of the fancy could recognize veiled vestals and naiads of the stream, with bowed-down heads, in attitudes of meditation or of grief. Here a "lovely Sabrina" was rising from the wave; there a weeping Niobe, smitten into stone, in speechless sorrow mourned her children's hapless fate. Here writhed Laocoon in agonies of torture; there Lot's wife, in attitude of flight, yet in fatal fascination, looking back, was congealed in death forever.

Other ice-formations were arched like a diamond grotto, built by frost-fairies in the night, begemmed with glittering topaz, beryl, and amethyst, and fretted with arabesque device, more lovely, a thousand-fold, than the most exquisite handiwork of man.

As we approach the edge of the great Horse-shoe Fall, the ice-mounds become more massive, the path more rugged, and gusts of icy spray forbid further progress. We stand before a mighty arch, forty feet in width, and one hundred and fifty feet high, one side composed of the overhanging cliff, the other of the unbroken sheet of falling water. It is well-named the Cave of Thunders. The deafening roar fills the shuddering air like an all-pervading presence, and shakes the solid rock. With its voice of many waters, Niagara chants its mighty and eternal psalm, deep to deep loud calling.

Great quantities of ice, of course, are carried down the river from Lake Erie, and go over the Falls. I beheld several huge cakes thus descend. So great is the height that they seem to fall quite slowly, and at first to hang almost poised in air. When the river below is running full of ice, sometimes a "jam" occurs at the narrowest part; and when the cold is intense, it speedily "takes," or becomes firmly frozen. Sometimes, however, several winters pass without the formation of an ice-bridge. When it does occur, as was the case the winter of my visit, the accumulation of ice fills up the river to near the Falls, where the strength of the current forces the floating ice under and over the previously

formed barrier, till the latter attains a thickness, it is said, of as much as a hundred feet. The ice is piled up in huge dykes, ridges, mounds, and barriers, in the wildest confusion. Where a "shove" has taken place, a long, smooth wall remains on the side next the shore. Where a "jam" has happened, a long ridge or towering mound of fractured ice (sometimes great tables tilted up at all angles) is formed. Frequently deep crevasses or radiating cracks are formed by the upward pressure of the ice forced underneath the great sheet. The appearance of the surface is like that of a stormy sea suddenly congealed at the moment of its wildest rage.

It was very hard work clambering over the rugged ice-blocks, sometimes disappearing from the sight of a less courageous friend who watched me from the shore, as a boat disappears in the trough of the sea; but the view from the middle of the river well repaid the trouble. In front stretched the whole sweep of the Horse-shoe Fall, whose mighty flood is so deep where it pours over the precipice, that it retains its glassy greenness for some distance down the abyss. Nearer at hand, to the left, was the American Fall, of greater height, but of vastly less volume. The glistening sheen of its sun-illumined front, broken immediately to dazzling spray, recalled the inspired description of those glorious garments, "exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." Almost directly overhead, that wire-spun, gauze-like structure, the new suspension bridge, 1268 feet long, the longest in the world, seems almost to float in air at the dizzy height of two hundred and fifty feet above the seething flood. Below stretched the gloomy gorge through which rushes the rapid torrent, betraying its resistless energy in the foam-wreaths forming on its chafing tide, like

> "The speechless wrath which rises and subsides
> In the white lip and tremor of the face."

At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway suspension bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of

nations. Unhappily a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!"

While I was musing on this theme the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long withstood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is deftly woven now, in that firm gage
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true alway:
Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

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A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.
—*Frederich von Logau.*

# SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST.*

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

## I.

It has been asserted that there are but two spots in Palestine where we may feel an absolute moral certainty that the feet of Christ have trod, namely—the well-side at Shechem, and the turning of that road from Bethany over the Mount of Olives from which Jerusalem first bursts upon the view. But to these I would add at least another—the summit of the hill on which Nazareth is built. That summit is now unhappily marked, not by any Christian monument, but by the wretched, ruinous, crumbling *wely* of some obscure Mohammedan saint. Certainly there is no child of ten years old in Nazareth now, however dull and unimpressionable he may be, who has not often wandered up to it; and certainly there could have been no boy at Nazareth in olden days who had not followed the common instinct of humanity by climbing up those thymy hill slopes to the lovely and easily accessible spot which gives a view of the world beyond. The hill rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Four or five hundred feet below lies the happy valley. The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our belief that here, with His feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from His temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as He heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at spring-time on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all

* From Farrar's "Life of Christ." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

amongst the square flat-roofed houses would His eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter. . . .

The calm, untroubled seclusion of the happy valley, with its green fields and glorious scenery, was eminently conducive to a life of spiritual communion; and we know how from its every incident—the games of its innocent children, the buying and selling in its little market-place, the springing of its perennial fountain, the glory of its mountain lilies in their transitory loveliness, the hoarse cry in their wind-rocked nest of the raven's callow brood—Jesus drew food for moral illustration and spiritual thought. . . .

His mere presence in that home of His childhood must have made it a happy one. In *any* family circle the gentle influence of one loving soul is sufficient to breathe around it an unspeakable calm; it has a soothing power like the shining of the sunlight, or the voice of doves heard at evening;—

> "It droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven,
> Upon the place beneath."

Nothing vulgar, nothing tyrannous, nothing restless can permanently resist its beneficent sorcery; no jangling discord can long break in upon its harmonizing spell. But the home of Jesus was no ordinary home. With Joseph to guide and support, with Mary to hallow and sweeten it, with the youthful Jesus to illuminate it with the very light of heaven, we may well believe that it was a home of trustful piety, of angelic purity, of almost perfect peace; a home for the sake of which all the earth would be dearer and more awful to the watchers and holy ones, and where, if the fancy be permitted us, they would love to stay their waving wings. The legends of early Christianity tell us that night and day, where Jesus moved and Jesus slept, the cloud of light shone round about Him. And so it was; but that light was no visible Shechinah; it was the beauty of holiness; it was the peace of God. . . .

The early Church, accustomed to the exquisite perfection of form in which the genius of heathen sculpture had clothed its conceptions of the younger gods of Olympus—aware, too, of the fatal corruptions of a sensual imagination—seemed to find a

pleasure in breaking loose from the adoration of personal endowments, and in taking as their ideal of the bodily aspect of our Lord, Isaiah's picture of a patient and afflicted sufferer, or David's pathetic description of a smitten and wasted outcast.*

Shocked, on the other hand, by these revolting fancies, there were many who held that Jesus, in His earthly features, reflected the charm and beauty of David, His great ancestor; and St. Jerome and St. Augustine preferred to apply to Him the words of Psalm xlv. 2, 3, "Thou art fairer than the children of men."

* "This opinion was founded upon an erroneous interpretation of certain passages of Scripture, expressive of Christ's voluntary humiliation and abasement. Thus Justin Martyr speaks of his appearance as ignoble and uncomely. Tertullian, with his usual vehemence, asserts Christ to have been devoid, not only of divine majesty, but even of human beauty, to have lacked grace and dignity beyond all men. 'But however mean his aspect, however vulgar and dishonoured,' he exclaims, 'he shall still be *my* Christ, whom I adore.' Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and Basil, agree in this opinion as to the outward appearance of our Lord; and Cyril of Alexandria audaciously declares that he was the most ugly of the sons of men.

"But a juster interpretation of Scripture, and a more worthy conception of the person of Christ, at length prevailed. The glowing imagery of the Song of Songs, and of the prophetic Psalms was applied by several of the Fathers of the fourth century to the person, as well as to the character of our Lord. Jerome conjectures that there must have been something celestial in his countenance and look, or the apostles would not immediately have followed him; and the effulgence and majesty of the divinity within, which shone forth even in the human countenance, could not but attract at first sight all beholders. Chrysostom and Gregory of Nyssa, in the East, adopted this nobler conception, as also did Ambrose and Augustine in the West. The latter exclaims, 'He was beautiful on his mother's bosom, beautiful in the arms of his parents, beautiful on the cross, and beautiful in the sepulchre;' although he admits that the countenance of Christ was entirely unknown, and was painted with innumerable diversities of expression.

"The silence of early tradition, as well as of Scripture, concerning this outward form of the Saviour of mankind, seems providentially designed to turn the mind from a sensuous regard for his person to a spiritual apprehension of his saving grace. The spurious epistle of Publius Lentulus, an imaginary contemporary of Christ, which is of uncertain and probably late date, contains the first written portraiture of our Lord, which already indicates a departure from the generally youthful type of the Catacombs. 'His countenance,' says this account, 'is severe and expressive, so as to inspire beholders at once with love and fear. . . . In reproving or censuring he is awe-inspiring; in exhorting and teaching his speech is gentle and caressing. His expression is of wonderful sweetness and gravity. No one ever saw him laugh, though he has been often seen to weep.'" —*Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome,"* pp. 343-5.

It was natural that, in the absence of positive indications, this view should command a deeper sympathy, and it gave rise both to the current descriptions of Christ, and also to those ideals, so full of mingled majesty and tenderness in—

> "That face
> How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
> Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self,"

which we see in the great pictures of Fra. Angelico, of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Raphael, and of Titian. . . .

The days of delightful seclusion in the happy valley of Nazareth were past; a life of incessant toil, of deep anxiety, of trouble, and wandering, and opposition, of preaching, healing, and doing good, was now to begin. Christ came not to revolutionize, but to ennoble and to sanctify. He came to reveal that the Eternal was not the *Future*, but only the *Unseen;* that Eternity was no ocean whither men were being swept by the river of Time, but was around them now, and that their lives were only real in so far as they felt its reality and its presence. He came to teach that God was no dim abstraction, infinitely separated from them in the far-off blue, but that He was the Father in whom they lived, and moved, and had their being; and that the service which He loved was not ritual and sacrifice, not pompous scrupulosity and censorious orthodoxy, but mercy and justice, humility and love. He came, not to hush the natural music of men's lives, nor to fill it with storm and agitation, but to re-tune every silver chord in that "harp of a thousand strings," and to make it echo with the harmonies of heaven. . . .

The teaching of the Scribes was narrow, dogmatical, material; it was cold in manner, frivolous in matter, second-hand, and iterative in its very essence; with no freshness in it, no force, no fire; servile to all authority, opposed to all independence; at once erudite and foolish, at once contemptuous and mean; never passing a hair's breadth beyond the carefully-watched boundary line of commentary and precedent; full of balanced inference, and orthodox hesitancy, and impossible literalism; intricate with legal pettiness and labyrinthine system; elevating mere memory above genius, and repetition above originality; concerned only

about Priests and Pharisees, in Temple and synagogue, or school, or Sanhedrim, and mostly occupied with things infinitely little. It was not indeed wholly devoid of moral significance, nor is it impossible to find here and there, among the *debris* of it, a noble thought; but it was occupied a thousandfold more with Levitical minutiæ about mint, and anise, and cummin, and the length of fringes, and the breadth of phylacteries, and the washing of cups and platters, and the particular quarter of a second when new moons and Sabbath days began. But this teaching of Jesus was wholly different in its character, and as much grander as the temple of the morning sky under which it was uttered was grander than stifling synagogue or crowded school. It was preached, as each occasion rose, on the hill-side, or by the lake, or on the roads, or in the house of the Pharisee, or at the banquet of the publican; nor was it any sweeter or loftier when it was addressed in the Royal Portico to the Masters of Israel, than when its only hearers were the ignorant people whom the haughty Pharisees held to be accursed. And there was no reserve in its administration. It flowed forth as sweetly and as lavishly to single listeners as to enraptured crowds; and some of its very richest revelations were vouchsafed, neither to rulers nor to multitudes, but to the persecuted outcast of the Jewish synagogue, to the timid inquirer in the lonely midnight, and the frail woman by the noonday well. And it dealt, not with scrupulous tithes and ceremonial cleansings, but with the human soul, and human destiny, and human life—with Hope and Charity, and Faith. There were no definitions in it, or explanations, or "scholastic systems," or philosophic theorising, or implicated mazes of difficult and dubious discussion, but a swift intuitive insight into the very depths of the human heart—even a supreme and daring paradox that, without being fenced round with exceptions or limitations, appealed to the conscience with its irresistible simplicity, and with an absolute mastery stirred and dominated over the heart. Springing from the depths of holy emotions, it thrilled the being of every listener as with electric flame. In a word, its authority was the authority of the Divine Incarnate; it was a voice of God, speaking in the utterance of man; its austere purity was yet pervaded with tenderest sympathy, and its awful

severity with an unutterable love. It is, to borrow the image of the wisest of the Latin Fathers, a great sea, whose smiling surface breaks into refreshing ripples at the feet of our little ones, but into whose unfathomable depths the wisest may gaze with the shudder of amazement and the thrill of love. . . . .

And yet how exquisitely and freshly simple is the actual language of Christ compared with all other teaching that has ever gained the ear of the world! There is no science in it, no art, no pomp of demonstration, no carefulness of toil, no trick of rhetoricians, no wisdom of the schools. Straight as an arrow to the mark His precepts pierce to the very depths of the soul and spirit. All is short, clear, precise, full of holiness, full of the common images of daily life. There is scarcely a scene or object familiar to the Galilee of that day, which Jesus did not use as a moral illustration of some glorious promise or moral law. He spoke of green fields, and springing flowers, and the budding of the vernal trees; of the red or lowering sky; of sunrise and sunset; of wind and rain; of night and storm; of clouds and lightning; of stream and river; of stars and lamps; of honey and salt; of quivering bulrushes and burning weeds; of rent garments and bursting wine-skins; of eggs and serpents; of pearls and pieces of money; of nets and fish. Wine and wheat, corn and oil, stewards and gardeners, labourers and employers, kings and shepherds, travellers and fathers of families, courtiers in soft clothing and brides in nuptial robes—all these are found in His discourses. He knew all life, and had gazed on it with a kindly as well as a kingly glance. He could sympathise with its joys no less than He could heal its sorrows, and the eyes that were so often suffused with tears as they saw the sufferings of earth's mourners beside the bed of death, had shone also with a kindlier glow as they watched the games of earth's happy little ones in the green fields and busy streets. . . . .

Even before Jesus had come forth in the fulness of His ministry, the power and influence of John the Baptist had paled like a star before the sunrise. John must have felt very soon—and that is a very bitter thing for any human heart to feel—that his mission for this life was over; that nothing appreciable remained for him to do. Similar moments of intense and heart-breaking

despondency had already occurred in the lives of his very greatest predecessors—in the lives of even a Moses and an Elijah. But the case was far worse with John the Baptist than with them. For though his Friend and his Saviour was living, was at no great distance from him, was in the full tide of His influence, and was daily working the miracles of love which attested His mission, yet John saw that Friend and Saviour on earth no more.

We know enough of solitary castles and Eastern dungeons to realize what horrors must have been involved for any man in such an imprisonment as that of John; what possibilities of agonising torture, what daily risk of a violent and unknown death. How often in the world's history have even the most generous and dauntless spirits been crushed and effeminated by such hopeless captivity! When the first noble rage, or heroic resignation is over—when the iron-hearted endurance is corroded by forced inactivity and maddening solitude—when the great heart is cowed by the physical lassitude and despair of a life left to rot away in the lonely darkness—who can be answerable for the level of depression to which he may sink? Savonarola, and Jerome of Prague, and Luther were men whose courage, like that of the Baptist, had enabled them to stand unquailing before angry councils and threatening kings: will any one, in forming an estimate of their goodness and their greatness, add one shade of condemnation because of the wavering of the first and of the second in the prison-cells of Florence and Constance, or the phantasies of incipient madness which agitated, in the castle of Wartburg, the ardent spirit of the third? And yet to St. John Baptist imprisonment must have been a deadlier thing than even to Luther; for in the free wild life of the hermit he had lived in constant communion with the sights and sounds of nature, had breathed with delight and liberty the free winds of the wilderness, and gazed with a sense of companionship on the large stars which beam from the clear vault of the Eastern night. To a child of freedom and of passion, to a rugged, passionate, untamed spirit like that of John, a prison was worse than death. For the palms of Jericho and the balsams of Engedi, for the springing of the beautiful gazelles amid the mountain solitudes,

and the reflection of the moonlight on the mysterious waves of the Salt Lake, he had nothing now but the chilly damps and cramping fetters of a dungeon, and the brutalities of such a jailer as a tetrarch like Antipas would have kept in a fortress like Makor. In that black prison, among its lava streams and basaltic rocks, which was tenanted in reality by far worse demons of human brutality and human vice than the "goats" and "satyrs" and doleful creatures believed by Jewish legend to haunt its whole environment, we cannot wonder if the eye of the caged eagle began to film.

Not once or twice alone in the world's history has God seemed to make His very best and greatest servants drink to the very dregs the cup of apparent failure—called them suddenly away by the sharp stroke of martyrdom, or down the long declivities of a lingering disease, before even a distant view of their work has been vouchsafed to them; flung them, as it were, aside like broken instruments, useless for their destined purpose, ere He crowned with an immortality of success and blessing the lives which fools regarded as madness, and the end that has been without human honour. It is but a part of that merciful fire in which He is purging away the dross from the seven-times-refined gold of a spirit which shall be worthy of eternal bliss. But to none could this disciplinary tenderness have come in more terrible disguise than to St. John. For he seemed to be neglected not only by God above, but by the living Son of God on earth. John was pining in Herod's prison while Jesus, in the glad simplicity of His early Galilæan ministry, was preaching to rejoicing multitudes among the mountain lilies or from the waves of the pleasant lake. Oh, why did his Father in heaven and his Friend on earth suffer him to languish in this soul-clouding misery? Had not his life been innocent? had not his ministry been faithful? had not his testimony been true? Oh, why did not He, to whom he had borne witness beyond Jordan, call down fire from heaven to shatter these foul and guilty towers? Among so many miracles might not *one* be spared to the unhappy kinsman who had gone before His face to prepare his way before Him? Among so many words of mercy and tenderness might not *some* be vouchsafed to him who had uttered that Voice in the

wilderness? Why should not the young Son of David rock with earthquake the foundations of these Idumæan prisons, where many a noble captive had been unjustly slain, or send but one of His twelve legions of angels to liberate His fore-runner and His friend, were it but to restore him to his desert solitude once more—content there to end his life among the wild beasts, so it were far from man's tyrannous infamy, and under God's open sky? What wonder, we say again, if the eye of the caged eagle began to film!

## HERE AND THERE.

BY THE REV. T. CLEWORTH.

Here the fairest flowers are fading,
  There they blossom evermore;
Here comes Death our home invading,
  There he cometh nevermore.

Here the bounding heart must quiver
  As we yield the parting soul,
But across the final river
  Floods of rapture ever roll.

Here the hand of age is marking
  Furrows on the fairest brow;
There immortal youth is sparkling
  Where the shining seraphs bow.

Earth is but the tomb of ages,
  Heaven is full of light and life;
Home of saints and raptured sages,
  Crown of all our toil and strife.

THORNBURY, *Ont.*

## ON RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.

BY JOHN PLOUGHMAN.*

WHEN a man has a particularly empty head, he generally sets up for a great judge, especially in religion. None so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence, and the nurse of his obstinacy, and he settles matters as if all wisdom were at his fingers' ends—the Pope himself is not more infallible. Hear him talk after he has been at meeting and heard a sermon, and you will know how to pull a good man to pieces if you never knew it before. He sees faults where there are none, and if there be a few things amiss, he makes every mouse into an elephant. Although you might put all his wit into an egg-shell, he weighs the sermon in the balance of his conceit with all the airs of a bred-and-born Solomon, and if it be up to his standard, he lays on his praise with a trowel; but if it be not to his taste, he growls and barks and snaps at it like a dog at a hedgehog. Nothing comes out of a sack but what was in it, and when the bag is empty you can shake nothing but wind out of it. It is very likely that neither ministers nor their sermons are perfect—the best garden may have a few weeds in it, the cleanest corn may have some chaff—but cavillers cavil at anything or nothing, and find fault for the sake of showing off their deep knowledge; sooner than let their tongues have a holiday, they would complain that the grass is not a nice shade of blue, and say that the sky would have looked neater if it had been white-washed.

One tribe of these Ishmaelites is made up of those who are very mighty about the doctrine of a sermon—here they are as decisive as sledge-hammers and as certain as death. Every clock, and even the sun-dial, must be set according to their watches; and the slightest difference from their opinion, proves a man to be rotten at heart. Venture to argue with them, and their little pot boils over in quick style; ask them for reason, and you might as well go to a sand-pit for sugar. They have

* Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

bottled up the sea of truth, and carry it in their waistcoat pockets; they have measured heaven's line of grace, and have tied a knot in a string at the exact length of electing love; and as for the things which angels long to know, they have seen them all as boys see sights in a peepshow at our fair. Having sold their modesty and become wiser than their teachers, they ride a very high horse, and jump over all five-barred gates of Bible-texts which teach doctrines contrary to their notions. When this mischief happens to good men, it is a great pity for such sweet pots of ointment to be spoiled by flies, yet one learns to bear with them just as I do with old Violet, for he is a rare horse, though he does set his ears back and throw out his leg at times. But there is a black bragging lot about, who are all sting and no honey; all whip and no hay; all grunt and no bacon. These do nothing but rail from morning to night at all who cannot see through their spectacles. If they would but mix up a handful of good living with all their bushels of bounce, it would be more bearable; but no, they don't care for such legality; men so sound as they are, can't be expected to be good at anything else; they are the heavenly watch-dogs to guard the house of the Lord from those thieves and robbers who don't preach sound doctrine, and if they do worry the sheep, or steal a rabbit or two by the sly, who would have the heart to blame them? These are the moles that want catching in many of our pastures, not for their own sakes, for there is not a sweet mouthful in them, but for the sake of the meadows which they spoil. I would not find half a fault with their doctrine, if it were not for their spirit, but vinegar is sweet to it, and crabs are figs in comparison. It must be very high doctrine that is too high for me, but I must have high experience and high practice with it or it turns my stomach.

Sometimes it is the way the preacher speaks which is hauled over the coals, and here again is a fine field for fault-hunting, for every bean has its black, and every man has his failing. I never knew a good horse which had not some odd habit or other, and I never yet saw a minister worth his salt who had not some crotchet or oddity; now, these are the bits of cheese which cavillers smell out and nibble at; this man is too slow and another too fast, the first is too flowery, and the second is too

dull. Dear me, if all God's creatures were judged in this way, we should wring the dove's neck for being too tame, shoot the robins for eating spiders, kill the cows for swinging their tails, and the hens for not giving us milk. When a man wants to beat a dog, he can soon find a stick; and at this rate any fool may have something to say against the best minister in England. As to a preacher's manner, if there be but plain speaking, none should cavil at it because it wants polish, for if a thing is good and earnestly spoken, it cannot sound much amiss. No man should use bad language in the pulpit—and all language is bad which common people cannot make head or tail of—but godly, sober, decent, plain words, none should carp at. A countryman is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet, and a truth is as comfortable in homely words as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook, only let the meat be sweet and substantial. If hearers were better, sermons would be better. When men say they can't hear, I recommend them to buy a horn, and remember the old saying, "There's none so deaf as those who will not hear." When young speakers get down-hearted, because of hard, unkind remarks, I generally tell them of the old man and his boy and his ass, and what came of trying to please everybody. No piper ever suited all ears. Where whims and fancies sit in the seat of judgment, a man's opinion is only so much wind, therefore take no more notice of it than of the wind whistling through a key-hole.

I have heard men find fault with a discourse for what was not in it; no matter how well the subject in hand was brought out, there was another subject about which nothing was said, and so all was wrong; which is as reasonable as finding fault with my ploughing because it does not dibble the holes for the beans, or abusing a good corn field because there are no turnips in it. Does any man look for every truth in one sermon? As well look for every dish at one meal, and rail at a joint of beef because there are neither bacon, nor veal, nor green peas, nor parsnips on the table. Suppose a sermon is not full of comfort to the saint, yet if it warn the sinner, shall we despise it? A handsaw would be a poor tool to shave with, shall we therefore throw it away? Where is the use of always trying to hunt out faults? I hate to

see a man with a fine nose smelling about for things to rail at like a rat-catcher's dog sniffing at rat holes. By all means let us down with error, root and branch, but do let us save our billhooks till there are brambles to chop, and not fall foul of our own mercies.

Judging preachers is a poor trade, for it pays neither party concerned in it. At a ploughing match they do give a prize to the best of us; but these judges of preaching are precious slow to give anything even to those whom they profess to think so much of. They pay in praise, but give no pudding. They get the gospel for nothing, and if they do not grumble, think that they have made an abundant return.

Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that at bottom, most people think it an uncommonly easy thing to preach, and that they could do it amazingly well themselves. Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she could keep house better than her mother; but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought itself a herring, but the fisherman knew better. I dare say those who can whistle, fancy that they can plough; but there's more than whistling in a good ploughman, and so let me tell you there's more in good preaching, than taking a text, and saying, firstly, secondly, and thirdly. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my poor way I find it no very easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing; and if the fine critics, who reckon us up on their thumbs, would but try their own hands at it, they might be a little more quiet. Dogs, however, always will bark, and what is worse some of them will bite too; but let decent people do all they can, if not to muzzle them, yet to prevent them doing any great mischief. It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative fault-finders, and all about nothing, or less than nothing. Small is the edge of the wedge, but when the devil handles the beetle, churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wheel of the cart creaks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at ease with a good and faithful minister, who would have been a lasting blessing to

them if they had not chased away their best friend. Those who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but, like sparrows, fight over corn which is not their own, and, like jackdaws, pull to pieces what they never helped to build. From mad dogs, and grumbling professors, may we all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them.

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## LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

How often has the brightest morn
A cloudy, stormy, dreary noon;
And often voyage well begun
In storm and shipwreck endeth soon!

Few years at most suffice to stamp
On boyhood's brow the lines of care;
To bend his form and tinge with gray
The clusters of his yellow hair.

And what is life but one brief day
Where storm and sunshine strangely blend;
A voyage where so many find
Nothing but shipwreck in the end—

A school-boy's dream of days to come,
Yet all concealed its hopes and fears;
Its days which promised so much joy,
And so oft yielded nought but tears!

How happy he who trusts in God,
Whether the day be dark or bright,
Cheerful alike in calm or storm,
Who knows his Father doeth right;

Who leaves the future all to God,—
The present only seeks to fill;
Whose dreams are not of wealth or place,
Who lives to do his Father's will.

OAKLANDS, *Dec. 31st, 1875.*

# IS IT NECESSARY TO SIN?

BY JAMES LAWSON.

To MANY this question, though grave and important, will appear so easy of solution as to be unworthy of any answer, addition to that or those given in the Scriptures. But plain as it may be to some, and unnecessary as the question may appear, it is very evident to my own mind that a few remarks on the subject are loudly called for, in consideration of the vast numbers of professed Christians, as well as others, who not only doubt the possibility of living without sinning, but actually deny its possibility, pretending to establish their belief by Scriptural proofs.

To the question, "Is it necessary to sin?" I emphatically answer No! My authority is the Bible. The Scriptures are very plain on the point; so plain, in fact, that it seems strange there should be any diversity of opinion on the subject. They ought to be sufficient for all.

But those who deny the possibility of living without committing actual sin, endeavour to maintain their position by quotations from the Scriptures, chiefly from the first epistle of John, generally making very incorrect quotations, (as they must needs do,) and they will scarcely submit to corrections, even when the texts are produced. The eighth and tenth verses of the first chapter are the chief texts upon which they imagine their theory is based. Sometimes the Word of God is mutilated thus: "Whosoever saith that he sinneth not, is a liar, and the truth is not in him!" Startling as the new version may be, I have frequently heard this rendering. That is the way in which this and many other errors are propagated. People take it for granted that the Bible says so and so, without taking the trouble to examine it for themselves; and when once the doctrine, however false, becomes fixed in the mind, it becomes no easy matter to dislodge it. However, when the texts are produced and read as follows: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us"... "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him

a liar, and His word is not in us"—we find nothing whatever in support of the unreasonable and unscriptural doctrine that all do and must continue to sin. What a dishonouring reflection on the power of God's grace!

To a candid, intelligent mind, how evident is the meaning of the foregoing verses. Neither of them teaches that we do and must sin, though they both teach that we *all have sinned.* This the Scriptures plainly teach; for example: "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. iii. 23. But when the objectors to the doctrine of holiness are driven to St. John's writings for argument, they are setting their own snare and walking into it, for nowhere is this blessed and Scriptural doctrine more clearly taught than in his first epistle.

Let the whole passage be read, from which these objectors quote. Why do they quote the eighth and tenth verses only, overlooking the ninth? Either on purpose to support their theory, in spite of the Word of God to the contrary, or because they are ignorant of the Bible teaching, and have received their anti-Scriptural notions from others, "unlearned and unstable," who "wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction." For while the eighth and tenth verses teach us that we all are born in sin, and that all have been actual sinners, the ninth verse just as clearly teaches that we may have our past sins forgiven, and also have our naturally sinful hearts cleansed from all sin. See also Rom. iii. 25; Psa. li. 2, 10; Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-29, etc. Nowhere do the Scriptures teach that all must and consequently do habitually and continually commit sin, much less do they teach that its daily and hourly commission is necessary and inevitable!

Let us take these advocates of habitual sin a little further into the epistle, from the former part of which they attempt to quote. In the third chapter and third verse we read: "And every man that hath this hope in himself purifieth himself, even as He is pure." In verses five, six, seven, eight, and nine we learn that, "He was manifested to take away our sin," that "whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not;" that "he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous;" that "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil;" and that "whosoever is born of God doth not commit

sin; for His seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God."

Now, if the foregoing passages—to which might be added many more—do not unequivocally and unmistakably teach the doctrine of "Holiness," of entire freedom from sin in this life, then we have no controversy or difference of opinion on the subject. No one has a right to charge us with teaching the doctrine; if the Bible does not teach it, we do not, for no Methodist Minister or layman, nor any one else, ever declared this blessed, heaven-revealed doctrine in language more decisive and plain than it is declared in the words of the Holy Ghost, penned by the beloved disciple John.

But will these teachers of every-day-sin tell us how often in a day a man must sin? Is there a certain number of times which he must necessarily transgress? If the Grace of God is sufficient to save him from the commission of sin at all, is it not sufficient to keep him twice as long, or that time doubled again and again, or every hour and moment as long as he remains a faithful child of God, through the precious blood of Christ? Who dare limit the power of God's grace? Who will say to the Almighty, "Thy Grace is not sufficient for me?" Begone such blasphemous thoughts! they savour too much of that wily old serpent who first charged an untruth on the blessed Jehovah!

The designed limit of this brief paper forbids any extension of the few thoughts suggested, and renders it impossible even to notice every phase of this important and exhaustive subject. One thought more, however.

How can it be necessary to sin? Is there not a direct contradiction in the expression? Does not sin imply wilful disobedience? If so, then there can be no sin without the free use of will power. Therefore to argue that no man can possibly live entirely free from sin, is virtually saying that our blessed Creator has so constituted us that we must, in spite of our efforts to the contrary, together with the assisting grace of God, habitually and continuously do what is contrary to the Divine will, and be condemned for that which it was not in our power to avoid, and which the power of God's grace was inadequate to prevent us from committing. Such a dishonouring reflection on the goodness of

God and the power of His grace, must necessarily result from the unscriptural, unreasonable and unholy theory, that no man, as long as he lives, can be entirely free from sin. Oh! for more prayerful study of the holy Book of God! Holy living would be the result, and the blessed doctrine of Holiness would be illustrated and exemplified.

MALLORYTOWN, *Ont.*

## RUM AND REVENUE.

BY THE REV. LE ROY HOOKER.

I.

Good citizens, pray ne'er forget
This land is broad—its people great,
And strict must be the excise law
To make ends meet in Ottawa.
What with our Public Works, and things,
Our upper——, and our underlings,
There's every year a great ado
To raise sufficient revenue.

II.

Don't tell us that the time has come
When we can spare the tax on rum.
True, some of us will drink and pay
The fated price; and, in the day
Of God's Eternal Judgment, go
Down to the drunkard's dreadful woe,
But then—why make so much ado?
We must keep up the revenue.

III.

True, hunger, cold, rags, guilt and gloom,
Will be sweet childhood's certain doom;
True, many mother-hearts will break,
And wifely love, for love's dear sake,
Will love, in worse than widowed woe,
The wreck of the sweet long ago;
But why this troublesome ado?
We must sustain the revenue.

IV.

True, maiden modesty will yet
The blush of innocence forget,
And, rum-betrayed, prove traitoress
In holy virtue's holiest place—
Yet say not that the time has come
When we can spare the tax on rum;
And cease this troublesome ado;
We must keep up the revenue.

V.

But stay, men of the revenue!
I have a warning word for you.
I climbed, one night, an eminence,
To see midnight's magnificence;
And, as I stood, a sound came forth
From West, and East, and South, and North,
That told me, as I tell to you,
Strange things about this revenue.

VI.

In dismal discord mixed there came
The shout and jeer from haunts of shame,
The starving children's cry for food,
The mother's moan, "O God! O God!"
The maiden's cry for help—in vain,
The stifled groans of murdered men,
The maniac's howl and curse before
His fatal plunge—to rise no more.

VII.

Yet stay, men of the revenue!
For I have more to say to you.
Plaintive upon the midnight air
I heard heart-broken woman's prayer,
Winged on by many a sigh and sob
That made my startled pulses throb.
That prayer was born of woe and wrong;
It cried, "How long! O Lord, how long!"

VIII.

Men of the revenue! still hear;
That cry went up; it reached God's ear;
It bore its witness, stern and true,
Against this foul rum-revenue.
It charged that every rum-tax dime
Is coined of human woe and crime,
Is stamped with shame, is red with blood,
Is Judas-money,—cursed of God.

IX.

Men of the revenue! yet hear;
My heart stood still with sudden fear,
For, hushing every other sound,
A great voice spoke, above, around,—
"The Powers that be I have ordained
That evil works might be restrained.
What have ye done—men whom I sent
My majesty to represent?

X.

"Have ye, like me, proclaimed a ban
Upon the wine-cup, and the man
Who putteth to his neighbour's lips
That cup, wherein destruction sleeps?
From your high places ye have sold
My people's life for paltry gold.
My shamed sceptre in your hand
Blushes to break my own command.

COATICOOKE, *Quebec.*

XI.

"But hear, ye men whom I have sent
My majesty to represent!
Make haste to remedy this wrong,
This cry has filled my ear too long.
I am come down. My strong right hand
Shall stay not till I purge this land."
The great voice ceased; then rose anew
The cry against the revenue.

XII.

O men of Canada! that cry
Shall never cease, nor night nor day,
While wreck of manhood's nobler part,
And wreck of woman's tender heart,
And wreck of childhood's joy that never
Blooms but once—then dies forever,
And wreck of man's dear hope of heaven
Are items in the sum that's given
Each year anew, this country through,
To feed the rum-tax revenue.

XIII.

Canadians! rally, e'er ye die;
Ring out a nation's battle-cry.
It is for home, and love, and life;
It is for mother, sister, wife;
'Tis that your country's wound may heal;
'Tis for your unborn children's weal.
God leads you. Stand before His throne
And swear, by Him that sits thereon,
Your country's life no more shall go
To feed the rum-tax revenue.

# EDITORIAL.

## THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

ONE of the most significant incidents in the history of Canadian legislation was the presentation to the Parliament of Ontario of petitions from over twenty-two thousand women of the Province, praying for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Our friend, Dr. Clarke, of Norfolk, never occupied a nobler position than when acting as the mouthpiece of those thousands of petitioners, and of the six hundred and seventy ladies who filled the galleries of the House. These petitions represent the deep desire, the heart-felt prayer, of tens of thousands of the wives and mothers of our land. Many of them have had bitterest experience of the woes of intemperance. Many of them have borne in their own bodies the marks of the blows received under its frenzying influence, from those who have vowed to cherish and protect them until death. Into their own souls the iron has entered. The liquor traffic has struck at their tenderest affections through the nearest and dearest objects of their love. They have seen father, husband, brother, son, snatched from virtue and happiness and consigned to wretchedness and vice through strong drink. Small wonder that they invoke the aid of the law, the formal expression of that justice which hath her home in the bosom of God himself, to remove from the pathway of their loved ones the fatal temptation that they have not power to resist. And small wonder that their sister women, who may not themselves suffer directly from the ravages of intemperance, should in yearning sympathy join with them in praying for the suppression of the man-traps that spread their lures at almost every corner of our streets. These petitions are sustained by the public sentiment, with scarce an exception, of the moral and religious portion of the community. Whatever

question there may be about prohibition, or about total abstainance in the abstract, there is none about the appalling evils of intemperance and of the allurements thereto that beset the feet of the youthful and unwary, of the weak and wavering, on every side. It is unquestionable that out of all proportion to the legitimate needs of the community, taverns have multiplied, and, more pernicious still, gilded saloons flaunt their meretricious attractions, to the present and eternal ruin of thousands.

Dr. Clarke's proposed Bill provides that from and after the first day of July next, all saloon and retail shop or any other retail license shall then absolutely cease and determine; and that the traffic and sale of all intoxicating liquors shall be confined to three classes of persons: (1) Wholesale dealers; (2) Licensed hotel keepers; (3) And agents on behalf of the Government to sell by retail ales, wines, and liquors.

By the great restriction of the number of licenses, and by removing from the Government agent, whose salary is fixed, the inducement to promote drinking for his own advantage, a very great incentive to drunkenness would be abolished. An enactment of this nature has of late years been enforced in Sweden with the most salutary consequences. The amount of drinking, and the crime and pauperism consequent thereon, were greatly reduced, and the thrift and morality of the community greatly increased.

It is notorious that the multiplication of drunkards keeps pace with the multiplication of drinking places. The indulgence in strong drink so enfeebles the will and destroys all power of moral resistance, that many unfortunate victims of intemperance find it almost impossible, notwithstanding their most earnest efforts, to pass the scenes of temptation that stud our highways. "I can get my husband past *seven* places of drink, but not past *fifteen*," said an unhappy wife, who on Saturday night used to endeavour to bring home to his famishing family their bread-winner with at least a portion of his hard-earned wages. Is it not atrocious, that under the protection of the law, the drink-selling cormorants that swarm in the community are permitted to plunder and pillage their victims by pandering to their basest lusts, and to impoverish and drive to starvation or crime their wretched families? Have those crushed and beaten wives and

children no claim on its protection? God speed the true-hearted women of our land, moved by their saintly pity and yearning sympathy, in invoking the interposition of the strong arm of the law and the ægis of its protection on their behalf. God grant that these new Deborahs, true mothers in Israel, may arise on every side to deliver our land from a far worse foe than the Philistines of old.

There is in our midst a powerful and wide-spread organization of liquor dealers that will resist to the uttermost every effort made to restrict their unhallowed gains. With them no considerations of patriotism, of virtue, of religion, of common humanity have any weight. They are banded together to defend and increase their ill-gotten gains, though every coin be stained with gouts of blood. They exert a powerful political influence, and practically control the votes of the greater part of the miserable victims of the traffic. All who know anything of municipal elections, know that the weight of the liquor interest almost invariably turns the scale in its own favour. This baneful power, which is at war with the best interests of society, is organizing for an anticipated conflict, is nominating its candidates and exacting pledges of their support. The friends of temperance, of order, of morality, should also make this a test question at the polls. It is a question that is outside of party politics, and above them. It is one of a purely patriotic and moral character, and good men of all parties should join in endeavouring to suppress and, if possible, remove the greatest evil that curses our country.

This traffic is at war with humanity, and the conflict against it should be *a l'outrance*. Our towns and cities, unfortunately, are almost entirely given up to the control of the whiskey ring. Aspirants for the highest civic honours too often seek to outbid each other for the support of the rum-sellers, by pandering to their nefarious designs. In one of our chief cities a large and influential deputation of ministers and leading philanthropists, waiting upon the License Commissioners to urge the reduction of tave. licenses, were insolently snubbed by the appointed guardians of public morality, who perverted their high office to the patronage of the hot-beds of vice. More recently, a deputation of ladies received from the vulgar champion of the liquor interest

similar treatment. If the women of our land were invested with the franchise, in this matter affecting their dearest interests, their votes would soon compel a change in the administration or constitution of the license law.

Our Church owes a duty to this great moral movement of the times—to sustain by its countenance and support those noble women who exhibit in this holy war a zeal that should provoke the Christian community to increased effort for the suppression of intemperance. We are glad to know that in some of our largest and most influential churches that moral support is being grandly given. Such action should be exhibited by every church and congregation in the Dominion.—a united testimony of the Christian community against the giant evil that more than anything else retards the cause of God in the world. Then would the bulwarks of intemperance speedily fall, like the walls of Jericho before the hosts of Israel, and the Promised Land of our country's future would be delivered from a worse than Canaanitish foe.

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We return hearty thanks to the numerous kind friends and patrons of our Connexional Magazine who have so promptly renewed their subscriptions. We regard it as a token of their appreciation of the honest endeavour to furnish a religious Monthly that shall not be unworthy of the Church of which it is an organ. We hope, by the assistance of able and valued contributors, and by unwearied editorial assiduity, not only to maintain the standard already reached, but to advance upon it. We urgently request the loyal co-operation of every minister of the Methodist Church of Canada—for on that co operation the success of this Magazine largely depends—to sustain by their personal influence what is on all hands admitted to be an important enterprise of our Church, established under the authority of the General Conference. See liberal offer of special prizes in our advertising pages.

# POPULAR SCIENCE.

## MENTAL AS COMPARED WITH PHYSICAL LABOUR IN ITS EFFECTS UPON THE SYSTEM.

BY GEORGE WRIGHT, M.D.

IN the consideration of this subject it is necessary to look at mental labour in all its varied phases in comparison with physical labour under like conditions. The fact will scarcely be questioned that moderation in either sphere of effort and with the most favourable possible surroundings, so far from exerting a damaging influence upon the system, must, on the contrary, be healthful. Inactivity, either mental or physical, being an unnatural condition, cannot necessarily be promotive of our well-being in any sense. But, as the man of mental tastes and aptitudes is often led into situations more trying in their effects upon his physical health than the actual labour which he performs, so the man devoted to purely physical pursuits no less frequently is obliged to submit to circumstances really more exhausting to the system than his actual work. For instance, mental labour must often be pursued under circumstances of very considerable restraint, not only as regards personal comfort, but also as regards the facilities and appliances so important for the preservation of health. The time for work may of necessity be so arranged as to result in great irregularity with reference both to rest and food. The place of work may also present many surroundings calculated to inflict not only serious inconvenience, but personal discomfort. In like manner, the situation of those engaged in physical pursuits is frequently of such a nature as to render them much more damaging to physical health than they might otherwise be. Many of the mechanical industries are pursued under circumstances and with surroundings most pernicious in their influence upon the system, and this condition obtains to such an extent at times as to leave no choice to those engaged in mechanical pursuits between abandoning them altogether and running a certain amount of risk. Putting the two kinds of human effort, therefore, with all the favourable and unfavourable features attaching to both, into comparison with each other, it would be found that there would not be so great a difference in their effects upon the system as might appear at a cursory glance. There is one feature of the situation of those engaged in mental pursuits which renders it vastly more favourable than it would otherwise be. Generally speaking, mental labourers, if they are at all provident, enjoy home comforts such as in many instances do not fall to the lot of the purely physical labourer. Their houses, with all their surroundings, are comfortable. The means at their disposal for securing a sufficiency of proper nourishment are, as a rule, quite commensurate with their requirements. With those engaged in physical labour, it is often very different. The returns from their exertions are frequently so slender as to render it imperative for them to live in habitations ill-adapted,

both as regards general surroundings and amplitude of accommodation, to the preservation of vigorous health. In addition to this, their food is very often indifferent in quality and insuffcient in quantity, to meet the wear and tear going on in their systems. In this particular, therefore, mental will be found to possess vastly the advantage over physical pursuits.

With regard to mental, labour, pure and simple, as compared with physical, scientific investigation, which has been tolerably extensive, shows pretty conclusively that the former is more exhausting to the system. It has been pretty satisfactorily settled that more *vital force* is expended in mental than in physical pursuits. A little reflection will render this fact more apparent. In mental labour the most impressible part of our physical organization, the nervous system, is often taxed to the utmost limit of its endurance. In physical labour, on the contrary, only muscular energy is demanded to any considerable extent. It is a physiological fact, moreover, that very much more *vital force* is requisite to restore exhausted nervous energy, than is required for the restoration of muscular energy. Viewing the subject, therefore, from this standpoint, there can be no question that mental labour is much more trying is its effects upon the system than physical labour.

A word, in conclusion, upon the mode of living best adapted to the preservation of vigorous health in these two spheres of human activity, may not be without some practical value. Men of mental tastes often commit great errors in this particular. While fully sensible of the fact that mental labour under the most favourable circumstances incurs a serious expenditure of vital energy, if pursued with any degree of vigour, they seem to lose sight altogether of those precautionary measures so essential to the preservation of health. Very often their hours are irregular beyond what is absolutely necessary. Rest, regularly secured, is just as indispensable for the restoration of exhausted mental energies as food; and hence the man of mental tastes must not expect to be equal to long-sustained and vigorous mental effort, with a mere apology for rest, in the shape of four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four.

Comfortable, well-ventilated rooms are also most important for the comfort and well-being of those engaged in mental pursuits, as well as for those engaged physically, whose labour necessitates confinement indoors. In many instances this most important disideratum is entirely overlooked, especially among the artizan classes of labourers. Often, of course, such accommodation as could be desired, is not possible, and in such cases the mental or physical labourer can only avail himself of such means as are at his disposal. But there is no doubt that in many instances, much discomfort, if not actual suffering, is caused, either by a want of proper appreciation of the necessity for the due exercise of care, or by absolute indifference in the matter. If, therefore, we can so present the necessity for the observance of all such precautions as *may* be used for the prevention of physical or mental damage, such as we may sustain through inadvertency or thoughtlessness, we will have accomplished, at least in part, the object set before us.

TORONTO, *Ont.*

## "THE THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD."*

DR. COCKER, who had already won a distinguished reputation by his previous work on "Christianity and Greek Philosophy," more than sustains it in the present timely volume. It is a masterly treatise, one of the few calculated to teach the world's teachers, and one of the most important recent issues of the press. It treats of those grave problems which, through the ages, but of late more than ever, have occupied the world's best thought; and establishes broad, and firm, and deep, the foundations of a Christian philosophy of the universe, which not all the deductions of skeptical science can successfully assail.

The Nature and Origin of Matter and of Force; Their Conservation; The Relation of God to the World and to Humanity; The Providence of God in Human History; Special Providence and Prayer; The Moral Government of God; Its Grounds, Nature, Method, and End—are the august themes treated in this book. One knows not which most to admire, the strength of its logic, the subtlety of its metaphysics, the lucidity of its science, or the beauty of its style. The author exhibits alike in the chemical constitution of an atom and in the rhythmical motions of the universe, evidence of wise design and disproofs of a fortuitous evolution. The first chapter of Genesis is a "sublime hymn, composed probably by Adam, and chanted in the tents of the patriarchs for two thousand years to keep alive the faith that the world is the work of a triune God." All phenomena are shown to be the manifestation of ce, of which matter is but the ucle, while the ultimate origin of all Force, chemical, magnetic, and even that of gravitation, is philosophically proved to be the direct action of the Divine Will, which is the great First Cause, behind every chain of secondary causes in the universe. But this makes God the author of suffering, it is urged, as in the result of storms, disease, and human parasites; and it is "indecorous" to make Him perform the drudgery of the universe. But to Him there is no great nor small. He needs no help in the government of all worlds—no satraps around His throne. What to us is seeming evil may be but another form of good. God's ways are perfect, though His paths are often past finding out. The universe is not automatic; its forces are not the result of an initial impulse. God is the Ever-Near, ever acting in and through all nature. And this is not Pantheism, because God infinitely *transcends* nature and is not merely conterminous with it.

But if nature forces on our hearts a Creator, history proves a Providence. The object of God's dealings with the race is the highest perfection of humanity. This is seen in the geographical distribution of mankind, and in the different epochs of civilization,—Oriental, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Christian,—through which the world has passed, corresponding to what may be called the patriarchial, theocratic, æsthetic, military, and philanthropic phases of human culture. This last, as Europe shares too largely the martial spirit of Rome, is to reach its grandest development in this New World.

The chapter on Special Providence and Prayer is the most philosophical refutation of the skeptical objections to prayer that we have read. It shows that the assumed canon of the fixed and invariable uniformity

* *The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to certain Tendencies of Modern Thought.* By D. F. COCKER, D.D., LL.D. 8vo., 426 pp. Harper and Brothers, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

of the universe—the great objection to the efficacy of Prayer—is only an inference from a limited induction of facts, and is contradicted by a wider induction and even by the principles of the Evolutionists—"The Instability of the Homogeneous" and Darwin's "Law of Variation." In nature and in grace God is the Sovereign and Personal Ruler of the world. With Him we have moral and spiritual relations and affinities. He is at once our God, our Father, and our Friend.

This book is worthy to take its place beside Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and the works of the very foremost apologists and defenders of the doctrines of Christianity. We expect a full review of it from a practised pen.

## "THE DAWN OF LIFE."*

IN this book Dr. Dawson discusses one of the most profound and important subjects of scientific speculation — the dawn of life on the planet. Canada, if in one respect the newest of countries, is in another the very oldest—the first heaved above the tepid waters of the old Azoic sea. Its ancient Laurentian rocks have longest endured the battle with the elements and the gnawing tooth of time, and in them are found the relics of the first known creature into which God breathed the breath of life. Dr. Dawson has had the good fortune to discover and name this patriarch of the animal kingdom. In this volume he tells, in his own charming style, the story of its discovery, and gives a minute description of *Eozoon Canadense*,—the first of all the Canadians—of his habits, affinities, mode of preservation, etc.

This discovery was not a mere lucky accident, but was the result of intelligent scientific research. The Laurentian rocks contain immense beds of carbon as graphite and plumbago, and of oxide of iron, for the production of which no other agency is known than the growth and decay of vegetable matter. They contain also vast masses of limestone, which is always, so far as is known, the result of animal organisms. Dr. Dawson was therefore prepared to submit to the patient questioning of the microscope thin slices of these ancient rocks, and to recognize in their exceedingly metamorphosed and obscured conditions the evidences of animal life. *Eozoon Canadense* had an august set of god-fathers—Drs. Dawson, Hunt, Carpenter, and Sir William Logan, who all assisted in determining its character and stood sponsors at its naming.

This lowly animal seems to have been a gelatinous film of protoplasm which had the power of secreting a calcareous skeleton. It formed great ridges and reefs in the Eozoic seas, somewhat like the corals of the present period. Its systemic place is in Class *Rhizopoda*; Order, *Reticularia*, of which the foraminifera, dredged up from deep sea bottoms, are examples.

This tiny animal carries us millions of ages back into the abyss of the past, and marks the footprints of the Creator in that early dawn of time, ever working by the same wise methods as we see around us to-day. Before the Alps or Andes were upheaved from ocean's bed it lived, and in its modern congeners it seems to

* *The Dawn of Life; being the History of the Oldest known Fossil Remains and their Relations to Geological Time and to the Development of the Animal Kingdom.* By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., etc. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

be still perpetuated. Compared with it, the most ancient dynasties of man and of the highest orders of animals are but of yesterday.

This ancient witness, however, gives no testimony in favour of the spontaneous origin of life, nor of the transmutation and evolution of species. On the contrary, its persistence of type is directly opposed to the assumption. It offers no connecting link with vegetable organism. The origin of life is still left the direct creative act of God.

Forty-nine woodcuts and eight full-page plates illustrate this elegant volume—one of the most valuable contributions to Canadian scientific literature.

# CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## REVIVALS.

SELDOM has such cheering intelligence of the revival of the work of God in many parts of the Connexion come to hand as during the past month. God is abundantly crowning the labours of his servants with success. These showers of spiritual blessing seem like the seal of the Divine approval upon the recent union, and the pledge of still richer bestowments in the future. Amid the monetary depression of the country, amid the financial embarrasment of many of our people, amid the straitened circumstances of many of our ministerial and missionary brethren, the best of all is—and it is a compensation that a thousand-fold outweighs all material loss—the best of all is, God is with us. Without this unspeakable gift, though as a community, or as individuals, we were rich and increased with good, yet were we wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; but with it we are rich indeed.

## THE OUTLOOK.

THE financial pressure upon the general community is also severely felt by many of the brethren, both on the less wealthy circuits and on the domestic missions, intensified in the latter case by the serious curtailment of the missionary grant. The suffering, though severe, will doubtless be productive of ultimate good in eliciting more fully the sympathy of our liberal-minded laity, and in developing in many of the circuits and missions, hitherto depending to some degree upon auxiliary funds, a spirit of self-reliance, and a sturdy resolve to become altogether independent of such aid.

Notwithstanding the prevailing monetary stringency, the results of the missionary meetings already held, warrant the conclusion that there will be a large increase on the income of last year. With the reduction or total liquidation of the Society's debt, and the most economical administration of its affairs, the outlook for the future will be full of encouragement.

## MR. MACDOUGALL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

OUR able and indefatigable missionary in the North-West, the Rev. George Macdougall, has been able to render important service to the Dominion Government, on account of his intimate acquaintance with the Indian tribes, and their implicit confidence in his word and character. He has allayed the fears of the wandering plain-tribes, lest their rights should be disregarded in the proposed treaty, when, such was the state of feeling, that a single

rash act might have precipitated the horrors of an Indian war. When the Queen's promise of justice to the red man was conveyed and explained by Mr. Macdougall, "That is all we wanted," said the Indians, trusting implicitly to that royal word which has never been broken. Justice toward the Indians is by far the cheaper as well as nobler policy. By its neglect the American Government have incurred a heritage of hate, and a cruel Indian war in which every Indian scalp has cost $100-000, besides the loss of many valuable lives. Our national record in this respect is a cause of patriotic pride and thanksgiving.

### The Oka Outrage.

The intolerance, and bigotry, and persecution of their sometime Indian wards, by the clerical gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at Montreal, has awakened a feeling of intense indignation throughout the country. Having endeavoured by relentless persecution to despoil them of the inheritance secured to them and their children by a solemn pledge of the French crown, having denied them the right to gather a fagot of fuel to mitigate the rigours of an almost arctic winter, and having enclosed the waste land to which the usage of seventy years had given the Indians the right of use, their intolerance culminates in the destruction by violence of the humble structure which they had erected for the worship of God, according to the dictates of their own consciences. But the poor Oka Indians are not to be persecuted by the rich and insolent Seminary with impunity. The Protestant heart of Canada is touched to the quick, and resents with indignation these ultramontane aggressions on the civil and religious liberties of British subjects. Enthusiastic meetings have been held in which the representative Protestants of the several Churches of Montreal, among them Dr. Douglass, Dr. Dawson, Dr. McVicar, Father Chiniquy, and leading Protestant laymen have recorded their solemn protest against this infringement of ancient treaties, and trampling on guaranteed rights. The ablest professional advice in the Province has been retained to contest the legality of those high-handed priestly aggressions, and the gentlemen of the Seminary may find that they have awakened a spirit of opposition the strength of which they little suspected. Protestant patience may suffer long, but there is a limit to even its forbearance, and while charity to all shall be its motto, justice *for* all shall be its resolute and unconquerable demand. While the amplest religious toleration is conceded to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, the most untrammeled religious liberty shall also be inviolably maintained for all who desire to throw off the yoke of Papal superstition.

It is a matter of congratulation that the poor outraged Indians, instead of being cowed by the persecutions which they have undergone, into submission to the priestly fathers, maintain their integrity of conscience and their loyalty to the Protestant faith which they have embraced.

A Protestant Association has been organized for the defence of the rights and liberties of Her Majesty's lieges, against priestly aggression. In this it will have the sympathy and moral support of Protestantism throughout the world. The Aborigines' Protection Society of Great Britain has already made its voice heard with reference to this affair, and received, we think, scant courtesy from the Government. But other and more powerful voices will also be heard demanding the strict and impartial administration of justice, in accordance with the law, irrespective of creed or colour, class or condition. We are glad to observe that an Order in Council for the protection from pillage of the Indian lands has been issued. Even

if it shall be found that the ecclesiastical authorities of the Seminary possess the technical legal right to harry as they have done the poor Indians committed to their guardianship, it will avail them little before the tribunal of history and of impartial judgment. Their offer of $20,000 to induce the Indians to leave the Seigniory indicates a sense of the invalidity of their defence, and an anxiety to escape the consequences. They have shown themselves unworthy to be invested with the prerogative which they have so tyrannously used, and have given pretty clear indication of the persecuting spirit in which they would wield their power were the sphere of its influence greatly enlarged.

### STANLEY.

FURTHER intelligence comes from the gallant Stanley, announcing his exploration of the magnificent Victoria Niyanza. The tidings, however, is purchased with the price of blood. The armed force in whose custody the letters were was attacked, and thirty-seven of them were massacred. The letters were stained with their bood. Four men only escaped to forward them to their destination. King Mtesa, the sovereign of 2,000,000 subjects, befriended the brave explorer, and may become an efficien. ally of civilization in the heart of Africa.

Stanley seems sanguine that in King Mtesa he has found the Augustus by whose means the light of the Gospel will be brought to benighted Middle Africa. Indeed the king seems already very favourably disposed towards Christianity. He had adopted the Christian Sabbath, and caused the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Golden Rule to be written in Arabic for his daily perusal. He earnestly invites Christian teachers to settle among his people, offering them a hearty welcome, safe protection, ample support. His kingdom extends three hundred and sixty miles in length by fifty in breadth, along the magnificent Victoria Niyanza, soon unquestionably to be opened to British commerce. He has a naval force of 2,500 men and a considerable army. Truly, Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God, and upon the Churches of Christendom devolves the task of making known to those dark children of Ham, so long the prey of the Christian spoiler and slave trader, the glad tidings of the Gospel of liberty.

### RECENT DEATHS.

ANOTHER of the early trophies of Methodism among the aboriginal tribes has passed away. Forty-three years ago John Sunday was sent as an Indian missionary to his kinsmen, and ever since, till superannuated on account of age and infirmity, laboured zealously in this field. Like another able native missionary, the late Peter Jones, he pleaded the cause of Indian Missions with great success on the Methodist platforms of Great Britain, and had the honour of being presented to the "Great Mother" Queen Victoria, toward whom the red race cherish such an enthusiastic and affectionate loyalty. John Sunday died among his own people on the Alnwick mission, December 14th, at the advanced age of about eighty years. Amid physical weakness and pain, his end was one of peace and triumph.

ON the tenth of December, the wife of the Rev. John Shuttleworth, one of the most esteemed of our late New Connexion brethren, fell asleep in Jesus. The deceased was a lady of great culture and refinement, and gifted with a high degree of literary ability. But, what is better, her character was one adorned with the Christian graces and by a ripened religious experience. While health was vouchsafed she discharged with diligence the often arduous duties of a faithful Methodist minister's wife, and on the various circuits on which

she lived, left a name fragrant with pleasant memories. A lingering and painful illness was borne with exemplary Christian patience, and in deep, calm trust in the atonement of her Redeemer.

As we go to press we learn the death of the Rev. W. W. Graham, of the London Conference, a young brother, who was compelled by ill-health to retire last year from the active work. He died at Cavanville, January 15th. His end was peace.

THE ungenerous and unjust attempt on the part of a small and disaffected remnant of the late New Connexion Church, who have since the Union joined another denomination, to procure the passage of an Act by the Ontario Legislature, that should enable them to carry with them the property of the Church which they have abandoned, is likely to be checkmated. The clear exposition in the *Guardian* of the strictly constitutional measures by which the union was effected, and the explanations of the influential deputation that waited upon the Attorney-General, we are persuaded, placed the matter in such a light that the flagrant injustice sought to be perpetrated against the United Church, amounting to a confiscation of its property, will no longer be possible.

Since the above was written this expectation has been realized by the throwing out of the questionable Bill, in the Private Bill Committee. The preamble was declared not proven by a vote of seventeen to six.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

DR. PUNSHON has recently compiled statistics, showing the progress by decades of the Society of which he is now one of the Secretaries. First, as to income. In 1820, this amounted to $168,475; in 1830, $256,485; 1840, $450,910; 1850, $523,305; 1860, $703,390; 1870, $748 835; and 1875, half the decade, $920,195. Second, as to missionaries and members, it will be seen, that the operations of the society have extended as money has flowed into the treasury. In 1820, there were 148 missionaries; 1830, 220; 1840, 367; 1850, 432; 1860, 816; 1870, 1,029; 1875, half the decade, 1,228. In 1820, the number of members was 27,442; 1830, 41,186; 1840, 78,504; 1850, 97,861; 1860, 159,496; 1870, 202,356.

The Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., who is visiting the missions in South Africa, recently addressed a public meeting at Capetown, and said, "Our Bangalore press is supplying India with sound Christian literature. There is a mighty power in pure literature. Priests ignore it, and despots dread it. When I was in Rome some years ago, I purchased a copy of the Index of prohibited books. I could select from that Index a whole library of British classics. Such miserable attempts to suppress freedom of thought, help on the cause of liberty. We do not forget Ireland; it is a beautiful country, and the Irish are a strong race. The bane of the land is Popery. It was once the isle of saints. St. Patrick, Columba, Columbanus, and Aidan belong more to Protestantism than to Popery. They would be heartily ashamed of the Modern Church of Rome. It was a dark day for Ireland when Henry II. handed it over to Adrian

IV. If Ireland is ever to rise, she must throw off the Papal incubus and return to her ancient faith. The schoolmaster and missionary are abroad, and by God's blessing Ireland will yet become 'great, glorious and free.' In Italy we are carrying on an evangelical reformation. We commenced in the valleys of the Waldenses, and have obtained a entrance into most of the Italian cities. We have an excellent staff of faithful labourers, all of whom, with the exception of two, are natives. Some of them have been priests, and some of them professors. I know most of them personally, and can speak with the utmost confidence of their piety, ability, and thorough devotedness. We have just completed the erection of a splendid edifice in Naples, in which there are a church, school-rooms and two residences for the pastors. We have also purchased a palace in the centre of the city of Rome, and are adapting it for the purposes of worship, education, and pastors' residences. By these agents, and in these buildings, we shall preach the old doctrine of salvation by faith, till from nearly five millions of enlightened and sanctified Italians, the shout shall be heard, 'Babylon is fallen.'"

The following excerpt illustrates the progress of missions among the Kafirs: Thirty-five years ago, Kafirland was indeed a land of unmitigated heathenism, overrun with cattle and native savages. Where Port Elizabeth now stands the Rev. Mr. Hepburn founded the first native Church with forty members. Now the same congregation of Kafir people supports its own minister, defrays all the expenses of worship, and last year contributed nearly $400 to the missionary society.

News from Fiji has of late been of the most distressing kind, on account of the ravages of small pox, but the latest intelligence is that the epidemic has been brought under subjection. It is gratifying to all the friends of missions to hear the following disinterested testimony from that eminent Christian, Commodore Goodenough. Shortly before he died, he said that he deeply regretted that a peer of the realm should have written such a book as that of the Earl of Pembroke, in which were statements that the earl and doctor might easily have known were not true. He did not hesit at to say, in regard to the Wesleyan missionaries and their work at Fiji, that they had accomplished surprising and satisfactory results, that the effects of Christianity upon the natives were seen everywhere, and could be witnessed in the very faces of the people. For himself, he could say that he had personally derived very great and lasting spiritual advantage from his intercourse with the missionaries.

*Conference of Christian Workers.*—News from the father-land respecting these, is of the most cheering kind. In some instances the officers and members of a circuit confer together as to how they can best spread scriptural holiness. In others, the meetings are not confined merely to Methodists. Ministers and members of various Churches happily for the time being forgetting all their differences, ponder the questions how can we be more holy? how can we be more useful? These conferences have been held in various places, both in Great Britain and Ireland, as well as some continental cities. One has been held at King William's Town in South Africa, which was numerously attended by representatives from various religious denominations. Some came very long distances to be present. Two French Protestant missionaries travelled fourteen days that they might enjoy the privilege of holding Christian fellowship with their brethren, and were obliged several times to sleep in the open air. Such conferences have been the means of doing great

good, not only in the Wesleyan Church, but also in all the churches which have taken part therein.

*The Metropolitan Lay Mission* is an important auxiliary of Methodism. The persons employed are devoted men and women, who enter the narrow lanes and closely packed courts of the metropolis, where they visit from house to house, distribute tracts, read the Scriptures, and by every other means possible endeavour to bring the people into the way of salvation. The annual meeting which has recently been held in City Road Chapel was one of a very gratifying kind. During the year 85,800 visits were paid; 3,352 meetings were held in halls, attended by 112,095 persons; 150 open air meetings were held, at which 17,000 persons were present; 150,000 tracts were given away; and 1,540 persons induced to attend public worship.

*The Children's Home.*—This important institution, of which the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B.A., is the Principal, has been of great service during its short career. Hundreds of poor children have been saved from a vicious life, and have been trained for usefulness. The home consists of four branches, one of which is at Hamilton, Ont., and 329 children are at present being cared for, besides the hundreds who have been sent to the colonies. The latest accounts state, that there are applications for the admission of 100 poor children, but the state of the funds renders it impossible to receive them. Mr. Stephenson and his fellow-labourers are very desirous to receive speedy supplies, so that they may admit the poor waifs who have none to be their helper.

THE METHODIST FREE CHURCH,

Like all the offshoots from the parent body, is doing its part in spreading "scriptural holiness" in Eastern Africa. A station of great importance has been established at Rihe. The Missionary, Rev. J. W. Brown, has a practical knowledge of farming, and has written home for several articles useful for agricultural purposes. Another missionary is to be sent out who has an adequate knowledge of gardening, and by their combined skill and effort it is to be hoped that the desert will soon rejoice and blossom as the rose. The mission has applied for thirty negroes who may have been liberated from slavery through Her Majesty's cruisers, and is prepared to take sixty in the course of twelve months. Mr. Wakefield, another missionary, is busy in the work of translation, and strongly presses for the appointment of a schoolmaster.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

This branch of the great Methodist family has always been remarkable for its evangelizing spirit. Since its Jubilee year, considerable attention has been paid to education. A school for ministers' and laymen's sons is established at York; the Theological Institute at Sunderland has sent 100 young men into the ministry; a girls' school has also been established at London, and more recently a college, bearing the honoured name of Hugh Bourne, has been started at Birmingham. A Sunday-school union has also been formed with an energetic, popular young minister as its secretary. It is now in contemplation to establish another theological institute at Manchester. Some are opposed to this, and want to have training classes, consisting of twelve young men formed in large towns, to be presided over by a senior minister, who shall send them out in the afternoon, two together, to hold meetings in destitute parts of the town. A correspondent in the *Primitive Methodist*, is desirous that the young men should attend their systematic studies at some of the colleges already estab-

lished in various towns, and at the same time be trained for evangelistic labours. He would have them all live in the house of the minister with whom they are in charge, and thinks that his plan would be both economical and useful.

### American Board of Foreign Missions.

About seventy years ago, six young men at Andover felt a call to preach the Gospel in foreign lands; but how could they go unless they were sent? They made known their desire, and a society was formed which now bears the above designation, whose central office is at Boston, United States. The annual meeting of this body has lately been held at Chicago. The outlook is encouraging in all directions. Work among the Mahrattas of India has been extended, with excellent results. The Chinese missions are prosperous. In Turkey the prospects are better than ever, partly on account of the newly granted permission to print the Scriptures in the Turkish tongue, and partly because the course of the Missionaries during the famine in Asia Minor was such as to draw the natives closer to them. Among the Tulus in South Africa, churches and schools are being established by the natives at their own expense. The Treasurer reported a debt of nearly $50,000; this was reduced by collections until the last meeting, when it was found that $20,000 still remained uncancelled. Appeals were made to remove this incumbrance, when such was the enthusiasm, that those who had not money contributed rings, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery. Most, if not all the debt, was thus extinguished. The debt of the Methodist Missionary Society would soon disappear, if but a small portion of the jeweller, worn in the churches was thus appropriated.'

A farewell meeting of rare interest was recently held in the rooms of the American Board, in Boston, when twenty-seven missionaries were present with a number of their children, representing thirteen different mission fields. Those honoured persons have mostly returned to the posts assigned them in heathen lands. In the last ten years 272 new labourers have been sent abroad, forty-four of whom were the children of missionaries, following the steps of their parents. The secretary says, that as a rule women endure the fatigues of missionary work better than men. The additions to the mission churches have been 12,820, over 100 to each ordained minister. Several of the converts have professed their faith with a loss of houses and lands, family, friends and social position, and even at the peril of their lives.

A goodly number of Churches abroad have become self-sustaining, and others are rapidly becoming so, and with a view to raise up a native Ministry, Collegiate institutions have been established at Constantinople, Beirut in Syria, Jaffna in Ceylon, Aintal in Central Turkey, with an aggregate of about 400 students. Similar institutions are wanted in East Turkey and Japan. The contributions from some native Churches compare favourably with many in Christian lands.

### Methodist Church of Canada.

The Editor of the "Missionary Advocate," of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U. S., in noticing our last "Missionary Report," says, "No one during the year has given $1,000, and in this respect we greatly exceed them, but their average per member is four times as much as with us." Our friend is slightly in error. John Macdonald, Esq., M.P., and family have contributed $1,320, and a friend in Quebec gave $1,400, so that there are certainly $1,000 subscribers. Doubtless there should be more, but perhaps our people distribute their subscriptions among their families more than our American friends do

and thus our average is so much larger than theirs, so that though we do not make such a great show, still the amount is creditable, though it needs to be vastly increased.

The cry of hard times is heard all over the Dominion. We are glad, however, that the receipts at some of the Missionary Meetings which have been held, are far in advance of last year. New-year's day is always a red-letter day to the Methodist Sunday-school children in Montreal. On that day they make their Missionary returns in Great St. James-street Church, which is invariably crowded to its utmost capacity by the juveniles and their friends. This year, the meeting was not in the least inferior to those of former years. Nearly $4,000 were brought in by the various schools of that noble city. Cannot the Sabbath-schools in other places go and do likewise? Were all to do so, we feel sure that the "juvenile offerings" would show a much larger aggregate than at present.

The new church at Peterborough has been dedicated, and the basement of the Dominion Church at Ottawa has also been opened for public worship. The friends of both places are worthy of praise for the zeal and liberality they have displayed. The *Guardian* and *Wesleyan* contain accounts of several other dedications in various circuits, which are evidences of the desire of the people for better houses of worship.

The Missionary Deputation, Rev. W. Williams and W. H. Gibbs, Esq., have returned from their six weeks tour in the Maritime Provinces, and are well pleased with their visit. Communications have reached us which state that the Churches have been greatly profited by the labours of these honoured brethren.

We are sorry to learn from the *Wesleyan*, that six ministers in the Eastern Conferences are laid aside by affliction. We hope that our brethren will soon be convalescent, but the reaper is in our midst. Rev. W. Herkimer, one of our Indian missionaries, has gone home. A few weeks afterwards, John Sunday followed him thither. Both these brethren were the fruits of Missionary labour among the aborigines of Canada. Bro. Sunday was well known, and was deservedly esteemed. During the last forty years he travelled extensively. We have also just heard that Rev. John Scott, a superannuated minister in Montreal, has finished his course. How admonitory! He was comparatively young.

These afflictions and deaths should remind our readers of their duty to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. Now is the time to aid, as the Treasurer has pressing demands from the annuitants, some of whom, we fear, are really suffering.

We are glad to learn that strenuous efforts are being made to render the deficiencies of ministers on depending circuits as small as possible. We are glad to see that many of the circuits have been kindly remembering their pastors by generous Christmas donations. We trust the liberality of those who possess the means will be commensurate with the situation.

We believe that in many parts of the Methodist world, there are those who are looking towards Canada to see how Methodist union progresses. It was a great achievement to bring together two bodies which had so long stood aloof. There were those who foretold failure, and certainly the success of the movement has not been accomplished without much opposition from quarters where the reverse might have been expected. It is a pity that any minister should take advantage of a difficulty in any community, for the purpose of enriching his own denomination. Such occurrences have often taken place in the past, when turbulent spirits have disturbed the peace of the Wesleyan Church in England, but we had hoped that such occurrences

were things of the past. We are glad to say to our friends everywhere that we regard Methodist Union in Canada as a decided success.

Revival intelligence of great variety fills the columns of our connexional weeklies, which leads us to hope that the time of refreshing thus experienced will produce a favourable effect on the statistics of the various Conferences next June.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Commentary on the New Testament, Intended for Popular Use.* By D. D. WHEDON, LL.D. Vol. IV., 1 Corinthians-2 Timothy. 12mo. pp. 461. Maps and engravings. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

BY his invaluable Commentary on the New Testament Dr. Whedon worthily crowns the labours of a useful life. He brings to his task a ripe scholarship, a cultured critical faculty, and a keen insight into the meaning of the sacred text. The present volume is every way worthy of its predecessors which have already achieved so distinguished a reputation both in the Old World and the New. This is perhaps the most important of the series, embracing as it does the greater part of the Pauline Epistles which more than any other portion of Holy Writ have moulded the formal theology of the Christian Church through the ages.

The exposition of the doctrine of the resurrection in the notes on 1 Cor. xv., and 1 Thess. iv., is the most luminous we have seen. Among the other topics of special interest are the discussion of the woman question, in 1 Cor. xi. and xiv.; the ideal of universal reconciliation, in Eph. i. and Col. i.; the third heaven, of 2 Cor. xii., and the moral condition of infants, in Eph. 2. The learned commentator does us the honour to quote several early Christian epitaphs from our work on the Roman Catacombs in illustration of primitive belief and also quotes it in several places in illustration of the contrast between Christian and Pagan society, and of kindred topics. Among the most valuable features of this work are the introductions to the Epistles and the analyses of their contents. They exhibit the plan or outline of the argument in a very lucid form. The coloured maps are very clear and are indispensable to an intelligent study of the text. This Commentary is adapted not only for occasional reference, but for devotional reading and especially for the consecutive study of the Word of God. We shall await with eagerness the closing volume treating the important Epistle to the Hebrews, the Petrine and Johannine Epistles, and the Apocalypse. We trust that the life and health of the venerable author may be spared to complete this monumental contribution to Christian literature—*monumentum ære perennius*—and to bring to a conclusion the whole Commentary with which his name will be for ever identified.

*Ten Thousand Miles by Land and Sea.* By the Rev. W. W. ROSS. Crown 8vo. pp. 284. James Campbell & Son, Toronto; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

OUR readers have already had an opportunity of perusing in our pages two or three chapters of this charm-

ing book of travel, and we doubt not will be anxious to read the rest of it. The easy and graceful style is what we would expect from Mr. Ross's fine taste and culture. The subject is one of great interest, and its treatment is suffused with a glow of devotional feeling that makes the book religiously profitable, as well as intellectually instructive. No more genial guide could stay-at-home travellers have than the author as he discourses of the vastness of our great lakes, the beauty of the prairies, the sublimity of the Rocky Mountains and Sierras, the weird *diablerie* of the Geyser Valley, the blended grandeur and loveliness of the Yosemite, the fertility and beauty of the Golden State, and the tropical luxuriance of the Isthmus of Panama.

Much valuable information is given of the grand achievement of spanning the Continent with the iron way, and of the mining and agriculture of California. Graphic sketches familiarize us with the strange life of Mormondom, of the Chinese of San Francisco, of the Digger Indians, and of the Panamese. An unsuspected vein of humour appears in the Children's Chapter, in which children of a larger growth will be as much interested as any. We congratulate both author and publisher on the intrinsic excellence and external elegance of this book; the toned paper, leaded type, handsome vignettes and initial letters, and tasteful cover make it one of the best specimens of Canadian book manufacture that we have seen. We hope that its appreciation by the public, especially by the Methodist community as the work of one of their own ministers, will prove a substantial encouragement to such a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

*Christians and the Theatre.* By J. M. BUCKLEY. 12mo. 156 pp. Nelson & Phillips, New York.

MR. BUCKLEY, in this book, has brought a heavy indictment against the modern theatre. It is all the more telling from its calm dispassionate, argumentative style, so much more convincing than the perfervid rhetoric of Talmage's denunciation. The author examines the theatre historically and philosophically, and gives analyses of the principal plays presented in New York during the last three years, having read for that purpose seventy plays in the acting edition. As a result he gives ample reason for the unequivocal condemnation of the theatre by every Christian man. In these days of laxness of view on the subject of worldly conformity and amusements, the book is a timely and faithful warning. Two important chapters are devoted to suggestions for the development of a healthy and happy Christian life by æsthetic, social, and intellectual employments and amusements. Mr. Buckley is no sour ascetic, but the advocate of a generous and liberal Christian culture.

*The Revised Compendium of Methodism, embracing the History and Present Condition of its various branches in all countries; with a Defence of its Doctrinal, Governmental, and Prudential Peculiarities.* By the Rev. JAMES PORTER, D.D. 12mo. 506 pp. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THE comprehensive title of this book fully indicates its scope. It should be the *vade mecum* of every Methodist preacher and of all our laymen who feel interested in the history and polity of that wonderful institution called Methodism. We learn from the table of statistics brought down to 1874 that the number of Methodists in the world is as follows: itinerant ministers, 24,866; local preachers, 63,131; lay members, 3,923,512. A great army of nearly 4,000,000 sprung from the seed sown in those Oxford cloisters less than a century and a half ago—besides the millions who through the influence of

Methodism have gone home in triumph to the skies.

Our people should be thoroughly informed as to the Scriptural character of our doctrines and the providential origin of our Church organization. They would thus be better able to defend it against unfriendly cavils. This book is designed to assist them in this respect. The first part gives a very full and readable historical sketch of Methodism from its rise to the present time. The second exhibits the several points of doctrinal agreement and disagreement between Methodism and other denominations. The third part treats of Church government, particularly that of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The fourth discusses the prudential arrangements peculiar to different branches of Methodism.

*The Patriarch of One Hundred Years, or Reminiscences of the Rev. Henry Boehm* 12mo. pp. 587. Portrait. Nelson & Phillips, New York. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THIS book has a unique interest. Father Boehm, at the time of his death, was the oldest Methodist preacher in the world. His life was coeval with that of the American Republic. He was a fellow-labourer with Bishop Asbury, Jesse Lee, and other pioneers of Methodism in America. He began his itinerancy seventy-five years ago. He preached in Canada sixty-six years ago. He preached his centennial sermon in the old John-street church, New York, on the 27th of last June. The book is largely autobiographical and gives vivid pictures of the heroic days of Methodism in this and the neighbouring land. "The Presiding Elder of Upper Canada" strikes one as a comprehensive title. As we contrast the present with the days when it correctly described the pioneer Methodist missionary, we can but devoutly exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" We owe a debt to American Methodism which we can only repay by filial gratitude to the pioneers of the past, and fraternal affection for our brethren of the present. This venerable patriarch has just passed away from his life of toil to his everlasting reward.

*Summer Days on the Hudson. The Story of a Pleasure Tour from Sandy Hook to the Saranac Lakes.* By DANIEL WISE, D.D. 12mo. 288 pp. 109 engravings. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $2.

THIS is one of the most charming presentation books of the season. It is like a gleam of summer in these wintry days to open this sumptuous volume and pass in panoramic review through the varied scenery of this American Rhine. The stately Palisades, the dreamy beauty of the Tappan Zee and Sleepy Hollow, the sublimity of the Donderberg, the Storm King and the Katzbergs, and the fairy loveliness of many a river vista are delineated in the highest style of the engraver's art. Under the genial guidance of Dr. Wise we travel with a pleasant party from the sea to the wilderness. With the deftness of the veteran literateur, the good Doctor interweaves the quaint and sometimes weird old legends of the days of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the historic memories of the stormy revolutionary times, and the delightful literary associations of Sunnyside and Idlewild, which conspire to make all this region classic ground, into a charming story with just a sufficient spice of sentiment to give it a human interest. The publishers are to be congratulated on the artistic excellence of this elegant volume.

*Ayesha: A Tale of the Times of Mohammed.* By EMMA LESLIE. 4 illustrations. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

IN this volume of Miss Leslie's admirable Church History series the

curtain rises upon another Act of the great drama of the ages. The actors on the scene are Mohammed and his contemporaries in the East and West, and the subject the origin and development of that wonderful religious movement which in a single century spread its triumphs from Delhi to Cordova, from Samarcand to the Cataracts of the Nile. This strange phenomenon is skilfully sketched. Justice is done to the early sincerity of the father of Islamism, and the corruption of his nature through the abuse of power is faithfully traced. The errors of Islamism are truthfully ascribed in large degree to the corruptions and idolatrous superstitions which had already dimmed the light of Christianity.

The crumbling of the old Roman Empire, the rise of the new spiritual despotism of Rome under the hand of Gregory the Great, and the growth of relic worship, of the dogma of purgatory, and of the papal supremacy are seen as amid the gathering gloom of the long dark night of the middle ages the curtain falls upon the scene. We get brief glimpses of life in Mecca, Medina, Damascus, the Desert, Rome, Pavia, and Constantinople; and, beside the Arab characters, of Gregory, Heraclius, Augustine, and Theodelinda the beautiful and pious Lombard queen. Without wishing to be hypercritical we would call attention to the substitution of i for e, in her name. On page 99 and elsewhere "Gracchi" should be "Gracchus." The introduction of the crucifix in the first illustration is a slight anachronism into which artists often fall. The earliest known example is on an ivory diptych of date 888, (See Withrow's "Catacombs," p. 279).

In this admirable series of books we behold successive generations in many lands stretching out hands of prayer and groping eagerly after God, "if haply they may find Him." We see the race, child-like handling the apple of life and striving to solve the mystery of the universe—the more than Œdipæan riddle of the Sphinx, which meets each new generation and except they solve which threatens to devour them. But God fulfills Himself in many ways, and through the ages all true seekers after Him have found the light.

*Leofwine the Saxon; a Story of Hopes and Struggles.* By EMMA LESLIE. Three illustrations. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

IN this volume of the Church History series, the interest is all the greater because it describes the struggles for civil and religious liberty of our sturdy Anglo-Saxon forefathers. We follow the adventures of Leofwine, the Saxon monk, as he wanders from the old Abbey of Croyland, to Milan, to Pavia, to Holy Rome, to Jerusalem itself, in the vain search for truth, for peace of mind, for the forgiveness of sins. In bitterness of soul he finds the Church of his idolatry honeycombed with fraud and wickedness and lies, and finds at last among the simple Vaudois of the Alpine Valleys, the knowledge of the truth that maketh wise unto salvation.

The springs of English history are unveiled in this story. Odin's men but gradually gave up the gods of the North to follow the White Christ. In the fall of the beloved Harold, the Last of the Saxons, and the victory of the Norman conqueror, the land of our fathers was swept into the onward current of mediæval progress and civilization. The Saxon Church long retained her autonomy and resisted the encroachments of Rome and the fiery Hildebrand. The Saxon monks were no ultramontanes, but free-born Englishmen.

As a picture of the times, and of the old Saxon life, its joys and sorrows, conflicts, hopes and fears, now all dead and well nigh forgotten, this book is admirable and evinces careful historical study. The gifted au-

thor improves also in the constructive skill of her stories as this very useful series of books progresses.

*John Winthrop and the Great Colony; or, Sketches of the Settlement of Boston, and the More Prominent Persons Connected with the Massachusetts Colony.* By CHAS. K. TRUE, D.D. Two illustrations. 16mo., pp. 207. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

DR. TRUE has here compiled from original standard authorities an interesting and instructive account of early colonization in New England. The grand historic characters of Winthrop, Vane, Roger Williams, Cotton and Eliot are depicted. It is largely illustrated by contemporary diaries, documents, and anecdotes, which make it more life-like and familiar than most histories. It is interesting to notice the contemporary colonial opinions of the Great Rebellion in England, in 1648. The thrilling memories of those heroic days, both in the Old World and the New, can never lose their power, and ought be made familiar, as the inspiration of some of the noblest aspects of modern civilization, to successive generations of readers.

*Elfreda; a Sequel to Leofwine.* By EMMA LESLIE. 311 pp. 12mo. 5 illustrations. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THIS we consider the best of the Church History series thus far. It records how the "Curse of the Ericsons," the dread heresy of Leofwine, becomes in successive generations the blessing of eternal life. The family heirloom of the old Saxon Bible becomes a well-spring of salvation from age to age. The spiritual struggles through which Guy de Valery—the stern Knight Hospitaller—the fanatical Crusader, first against the Saracens, then against the godly Albigenses, in beautiful Provence—is brought to embrace the faith he persecuted, is a fine psychological study. The antipathy of Saxon to Norman, of both to the Jews, and of all toward the heretic, is vividly portrayed; and yet humanity and religion assert themselves supreme, and show that all are one in Christ. The darkening shadow of purgatory, the dread of witchcraft, the trust in the saints and distrust of Christ, the fierce strifes, cruel wrongs, and hopeless evils of the time, make the story of the twelfth century a sad page in our country's annals. Yet, the stirring events in which Henry II, King John, Cœur de Lion, Count Raymond, de Montfort, Dominic, Innocent III, and the brave English ecclesiastics, Langton and Grostete, pass before us, are of thrilling interest, and a bright gleam of light shines across the page, from the assembly of barons at Runnymede, and the granting of the glorious palladium of English liberty—MAGNA CHARTA.

*The Wesleyan Demosthenes; comprising Select Sermons of the Rev. Joseph Beaumont, M.D., with a sketch of his Character.* By the Rev. J. B. WAKELEY, D.D. 16mo. pp. 444. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

IN this book Dr. Beaumont is for the most part permitted to speak for himself—360 pages of it being occupied with fifteen of his best sermons. Even shorn of the marvellous spell of elocution by which they were originally accompanied, they are remarkable productions, and stir the soul with the impulse of a master spirit. The biographical sketch gives a clear insight into his character. He was the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was educated and converted at Kingswood School. His father opposed his entering the ministry on account of his stammering, his feeble health, and mediocre abilities, all which impediments by

his indomitable energy he happily overcame. One of the early converts of his ministry became the celebrated Dr. Moffat, the African missionary. After a career of distinguished usefulness he suddenly died, like a king on his throne, in the pulpit, where he had swayed so potent a sceptre over the hearts of men. This volume is a beautiful memorial of his life and labours.

*Mehetabel; A Story of the Revolution.* By Mrs. H. C. GARDNER, 16mo. pp. 372. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

THIS is a vivacious story, illustrating life in New England, in the stormy Revolutionary times, whose centennial our American friends are now celebrating. It is overflowing with patriotism, the character drawing is admirable, the humour very racy. Although it has its religious side, to our sober Canadian taste it is in a rather secular vein for Sunday-school libraries. As a story, however, from a literary standpoint, it is a piece of excellent work, and is sound and wholesome to the core.

*Gems of India: or Sketches of Distinguished Hindoo and Mohammedan Women.* By MRS. E. J. HUMPHREY. Four engravings. Nelson & Phillips, New York.

MRS. HUMPHREY, for some years a missionary in India, gives in this volume sketches of twelve distinguished women of India. The chief interest centres about the lovely Noor-Mahal "The Light of the Harem" of Moore's Lalla Rookh. It is a romantic story, and illustrates the ennobling influence of woman's love on even a rude nature in a coarse age. Mumtaz Mahal, the beautiful consort of Shah Jahan, is commemorated by the most exquisite mausoleum on the face of the earth—the fairy-like Taj Mahal, which is the embodiment of the most gorgeous oriental magnificence. Engravings of this palace of death and of its once lovely occupant are given.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Secretary of the Wesleyan Tract Committee, we have received a package of admirable tracts issued by the Parent Society. The series numbers considerably over a thousand, they are well printed and illustrated, and in large orders are sold for less than half of retail price. Fly leaves, left blank on one side for local notices, are supplied at very little over the cost of the paper. Envelope tracts on tinted paper, some of which have reached their forty-fifth thousand, and elegant penny books written in attractive style are also published. The gifted author of "Daniel Quorm" is especially happy in the preparation of these tracts.

## FEBRUARY.

And after came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did swiftly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So pass the months along, and their due places found.

EDMUND SPENCER—*Fairie Queen.*

# NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

## LITERATURE.

—Mr. Bright is reported to be engaged in writing his autobiography.

—Mr. Martin Tupper has written a drama in five acts. The subject is Washington.

—Mrs. Black, Byron's "Maid of Athens," has recently died at the age of seventy-six.

—Mr. Trevelyn's "Life of Lord Macaulay" will be much more social than political.

—The King of Bavaria has bestowed the knighthood of the Order of Maximilian on Prof. Max Mullër.

—A Greek translation of three of Shakespeare's tradgedies will be published at Athens next year.

—M. H. Taine is Lecturing in Geneva, on the "Ancien Regime," the subject of his forthcoming volume.

—The Russian Senate has granted to women the right of becoming barristers-at-law, after due examination.

—Viscount Amberley's long expected work, "An Analysis of Religious Belief," will be published at London at an early day.

—A new edition of the late Sir G. C. Lewis' "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," which has long been out of print, is in the press.

—England exported £646,443 worth of books the past nine months, as against £627,951 of last year. That is at the rate of £862,000 the year.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor is making elaborate studies for a combined biography of Goethe and Schiller, which will occupy several volumes.

—It is said that Mr. Gladstone's new book on Homer will be an expansion of what he has already written on the subject in the *Contemporary Review*.

—It is whispered, in spite of assertions to the contrary, that Sir Arthur Helps has left behind him a diary which, though not "official," contains many singular political revelations.

—Darwin is to follow his "Insectivorous Plants" with another record of his researches into the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom, "On the Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants."

—Mr. Emerson's new volume, "Social Aims," includes essays on "Poetry and Imagination," "Eloquence," "Quotation and Originality," "Progress of Culture," "Persian Poetry," "Inspiration," and other articles never before collected.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold has published a review of objections to "Literature and Dogma," under the title of "God and the Bible." The series of papers which constituted the work appeared in the *Contemporary Review*.

—The title of the new poem by Swinburne, just published in London, is "Erectheus." It is a play on the Greek model, of a little over 1,700 lines. It is more regular in construction than "Atalanta in Calydon."

—The Rev. W. D. Killen, D.D., President of the General Assembly, Theological College, Belfast, has compiled and placed in the hands of a London Publisher for publication, an "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" from the earliest date to the present time.

—A New York publishing firm have in press "Spiritualism and other Allied Causes of Nervous Derangement in their Medical and Medico-Legal Relations," by Dr. William A. Hammond. Dr. Hammond has made a specialty of this subject, and his book will be awaited with much interest.

—In the United States there are 400 religious periodicals of various kinds at present in existence. The Methodists claim 47, the Roman Catholics, 41, the Baptists, 35, th

Presbyterians, 29, the Episcopalians, 21, the Lutherans, 14, the German Reformed Church, 14, the Jews, 9, and the Congregationalists, 8.

—The success of Messrs. Appletons' "International Scientific Series," has stimulated another venture in the same field. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, of New York, in connection with Messrs. Reinwald & Co., of Paris, and houses in London and Leipsic, are about to commence the publication of a new scientific series under the title "Library of Contemporary Science." The volumes so far announced are on "Linguistics," by A. Hovelacque; "Biology," by Prof. Letourneau; and "Anthropology," by Dr. Paul Tapinard.

## ART.

—The subscriptions to the proposed memorial of Lord Byron in London amount to £2,000. Further help is required.

—Miss Thompson, (painter of the "Roll-Call,") is engaged upon a picture representing the return from the "Valley of Death."

—M. Dore is engaged upon a large painting representing "Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem," on a canvas measuring 30ft by 20ft.

—Among the statues left unfinished by the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., and which are being completed by Mr. Brock, are those of Lord Gough and Lord Canning.

—The South Kensington Museum has received a valuable collection of Persian porcelain, consisting of water bottles, bowls, vases, etc., from Teheran, Persia, and a still larger collection is now on its way to England.

—Mr. Ernest Longfellow, the eldest son of the American poet, is an artist by profession. He is about to publish, we understand, a number of etchings of remarkable American scenes, and his father contributes to the volume verses descriptive of each.

—Dean Stanley lately promised to welcome a tablet of John Wesley in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Adams, the sculptor, at once made a cast. It contained not only John Wesley's portrait, but figures of every President of the Conference. It would have been ready shortly, but Mr. Adams was commandedby the Prince of Wales to go with him to India, and the tablet must wait until he returns.

## MUSIC.

—The New Organ of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, was opened by a grand musical performance, by the organist, Mr. F. H. Torrington, on January 13th. It contains, with the Glockenspiel (or Bell Stop), 3,315 pipes and notes, namely:— 1,218 pipes in the great organ, 1,160 pipes in the swell organ, 568 pipes in the choir organ, 330 pipes in the pedal organ, 39, glockenspiel notes in the choir organ, and has three manuals and pedals, namely, great, swell, choir, and pedal organs, the whole embracing 84 registers, pistons and pedals, of which 53 are speaking stops, 9 pneumatic composition pistons, and 22 mechanical registers and pedals. The total cost, including water engine and blowing apparatus, is about $15,000.

—Herr Rubinstein has finished a new oratorio, "Paradise Lost," which will be produced at Leipsic, during the present season.

—Signora Ristori was very successful in her farewell performance at Sydney, Australia, and at its close was escorted through the streets with a torchlight procession.

—Herr Rubinstein's Biblical drama, "The Macabees" (Judas Maccabæus) was produced, on October 10th, at Prague, conducted by the composer, with signal success.

—The German Emperor has forwarded a donation of 500 marks towards the cost of erecting a monument to Karl Wilhelm, the composer of the now historical "Wacht am Rhein."

—Mrs. Osgood, the Boston singer who appeared here last season, un-

der the auspices of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, recently sang at a concert at the Crystal Palace, London. The other soloists were Sims Reeves and Mdme Norman-Neruda, the violinist.

SCIENCE.

—The number of Prof. Huxley's students in Edinburgh University now amounts to upwards of 350.

—An American man-of-war is about to proceed through Behring Straits, with a view to the further exploration of Kellett or Wrangell Land. This expedition will be accompanied by Dr. Emil Bessels, of Polaris fame.

—They are trying to introduce humble-bees into New Zealand, for the purpose of aiding in the fertilization of the common clover. This office the common bee is unable to discharge, its proboscis being too short to reach down to the pollen of the flower.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

*"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.*

| NAME. | RESIDENCE. | CIRCUIT. | AGE | DATE. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daniel Peers | Middleboro' | Pugwash, N. S. | 75 | Nov. 4, 1875 |
| Mary Peers | Doherty Creek | " " | 63 | " 4, " |
| Mrs. Lightbourne | St. David's Is'd | Bermuda, " | 77 | " 5, " |
| Harriet E. Bath | Granville | Granville, " | 20 | " 5, " |
| Thomas Treen | Moncton | | 53 | " 8, " |
| Geo. B. Ferguson, Esq. | Gagetown | Gagetown N.B. | 28 | " 14, " |
| Florence Jury | Charlottetown | Charlottetown | 21 | " 16, " |
| Jane Mitchell | Mono Mills | Orangeville | 58 | " 20, " |
| Julia McElhenney | Sheffield | Sheffield, N. B. | 22 | " 25, " |
| Jane Esnouf | Grand Grove | Gaspe, Q. | 26 | " 26, " |
| Charles Shire | Medonte | Orillia, O. | 75 | " 29, " |
| Miriam Hopkins | Barrington | Barrington, N.S | 47 | " 30, " |
| Mary E. Morehouse | Bear River, Digby Co | " " | 19 | Dec. 1, " |
| Emma Armstrong | French Lake | " " | 20 | " 2, " |
| Hugh McAfee | Hampton | Hampton, N.B. | 30 | " 4, " |
| James Ibbetson | Shimimicas | Amherst, N. S. | 34 | " 4, " |
| George Varner | Lakeville | Sheffield, N. B. | 70 | " 4, " |
| Charles Hanselpecker | Scotch Town | | 24 | " 5, " |
| George Beaty | Albion | Albion West, O. | 81 | " 8, " |
| Sarah Jane Clarke | Wallace | Wallace, N. S. | 47 | " 10, " |
| Mrs. E. Shuttleworth | Aurora | Aurora, O. | 54 | " 11, " |
| Samuel Skelton | Toronto | Toronto 2nd, O. | 74 | " 12, " |
| Janet Turnbull | West Essa | Alliston, O. | 75 | " 20. " |
| Sarah Davis | Lakeville | N.B. | 34 | " 22, " |
| Frances L. Barnes | Sussex | Sussex, " | 39 | " 24, " |
| Rev. John Scott | Montreal | Montreal, 4th, Q | | " 30, " |
| Owen Clarke | Lindsay | Lindsay, O. | 74 | " 30, " |

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