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MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

THERE are three modes of hunting the moose, termed still-hunting, fire-hunting, and calling. There was another mode which, I am happy to say, legislation has in a great measure suppressed. I refer to the wholesale slaughter of the unfortunate animals when the deep-lying snows of a protracted winter had imprisoned them in their yard, and rendered them only a too easy prey to the unprincipled butchers who slew them for their skins.

To be successful in still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, necessitates the aid of a skilful Indian guide; very few, if any, white men ever attain the marvellous precision with which an Indian, to whom the pathless forest is an open book which he reads as he runs, will track to its death an animal so exceedingly sensitive to the approach of man. This gift, or instinct, seems born with the Indian, and is practised from his early childhood.

The finely modulated voice of the Indian is especially adapted to imitate the different calls and cries of the denizens of the forest, and with a trumpet of birch bark, he will imitate to the life the plaintive low of the cow-moose and the responsive bellow of the bull. Early morning, twilight, or moonlight are all favourable to this manner of hunting. The Indian, having selected a favourable position for his purpose, generally on the margin of a lake, heath, or bog, where he can readily conceal himself, puts his birchen trumpet to his mouth, and gives the call of the cow-moose, in a manner so startling and truthful that only the educated ear of an Indian could detect the counterfeit. If the call is successful, presently the responsive bull-moose is.

heard crashing through the forest, uttering his blood-curdling bellow or roar, and rattling his horns against the trees in challenge to all rivals, as he comes to the death which awaits him. Should the imitation be poor, the bull will either not respond at all, or approach in a stealthy manner and retire on discovery of the cheat. Moose-calling is seldom attempted by white men, the gift of calling with success being rare even among the Indians.

Fire-hunting, or hunting by torchlight, is practised by exhibiting a bright light, formed by burning bunches of birch bark, in places known to be frequented by moose. The brilliant light seems to fascinate the animal, and he will readily approach within range of the rifle. The torch placed in the bow of a canoe is also used as a lure on a lake or river, but is attended with considerable danger, as a wounded or enraged moose will not unfrequently upset the canoe.

The mode of hunting which generally prevails is that of still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, which is undoubtedly the most sportsman-like way. Still-hunting can be practised in September, and all through the early winter months, until the snow becomes so deep that it would be a sin to molest the poor animals. The months of September and October are charming months for camping out, and the moose then are in fine condition, and great skill and endurance are called for on the part of the hunter. The moose possesses a vast amount of pluck, and when once started on his long, swinging trot, his legs seem tireless, and he will stride over boulders and wind-falls at a pace which soon distances his pursuers, and, but for the sagacity of the Indian guide in picking out the trail, would almost always escape.

The largest moose that I ever saw measured six feet and nearly five inches at the withers, and from the withers to the top of the skull, twenty-seven inches. The head measured two feet and five inches from the muffle to a point between the ears, and nine inches between the eyes. The horns weighed forty-five pounds, and measured four feet and three inches from tine to tine at their widest part, and at their greatest width the palmated parts measured thirteen inches. The horn, at its junction with the skull, was eight inches in circumference. The great length of its legs and prehensile lip are of much benefit to the moose, and wonderfully adapted to his mode of feeding, which consists in peeling the bark from, and browsing upon, the branches and

tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond his reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters "riding down the tree," by getting astride of it and bearing it down by the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro, intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted bogs and swales, through which he threads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practised Indian hunter.

The fine engraving which accompanies this article gives a graphic view of some of the magnificent moose and caribou deer of the forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. The favourite time of hunting them is in the deep snow of winter, when the hunter on his snow-shoes can skim over the surface while the moose breaks through. The moose has a habit of treading down the snow within a certain area, called a moose-yard, till he has eaten all the tender shoots of the trees, and then he moves on to fresh fields and pastures new.

We do not know whether the picture is intended to give a portrait of our friend A. W. Lauder, Esq., M.P.P.; but if not, the seated figure is enough like him to pass for one. The broad snow-shoes and the toboggan-like sleigh will be observed, also the big ass-like ears, and broad heavy horns of the gigantic moose; and the more slender and branching horns of the caribou deer.

WE rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

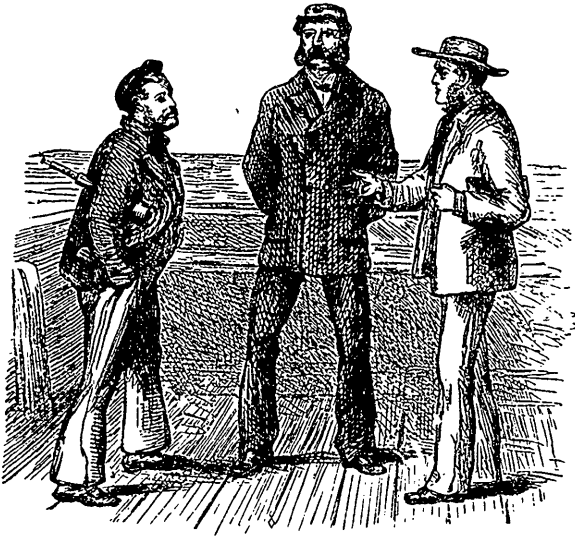
I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

II.



THE THREE NAVIGATORS.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and swelling sail
And bends the gallant mast.

Tuesday, July 25th.—Palma, a large island of the Canary group was still visible when I came on deck at daybreak, though fast fading in the distance. We had a light fair wind in the morning, accompanied by a heavy swell, which caused us to roll so much that I found it difficult to do anything. Several shoals of flying fish skimmed past us along the surface of the water, occasionally rising to a considerable height above it. Their beautiful wings, glittering in the bright sunlight, looked like delicate silver filigree-work. In the night one flew on board, only to be preserved in spirits by Dr. Potter.

Saturday, July 29th.—For the last three days we have been going on quietly with fair, warm weather, but a nice fresh breeze sprang up to-day. At mid-day the sun was so exactly vertical over our heads, that it was literally possible to stand under the shadow of one's own hatbrim, and be sheltered all round. Our navigators experienced considerable difficulty in taking their noon-tide observations, as the sun appeared to dodge about in every direction.



TARAFAL, ST. ANTONIO.

The absence of twilight in these latitudes, both at dawn and sunset, is certainly very remarkable. This morning, at four o'clock, the stars were shining brightly; ten minutes later the day had commenced to break: and at half-past four the sun had risen above the horizon, and was gilding the surrounding mountain tops.

Tuesday, August 1st.—Yesterday we were still under sail, but to-day it has been necessary to steam, for the wind has fallen too

light. In anticipation of the heavy equatorial rains, which Captain Lecky had predicted might commence to-day, we had had the awnings put up; a fortunate piece of foresight, for, before midnight, the rain came down in torrents.



FATHER NEPTUNE.

Friday, August 4th.—We were only 289 miles off Sierra Leone in the morning, and at noon, therefore, Tom decided to put about. Having done so, we found that we went along much more easily and quite as fast on the other tack. In the evening we saw the Southern Cross for the first time, and were much disappointed in its appearance. The fourth star is of smaller magnitude than the others, and the whole group is only for a

very short time in a really upright position, inclining almost always either to one side or the other, as it rises and sets.

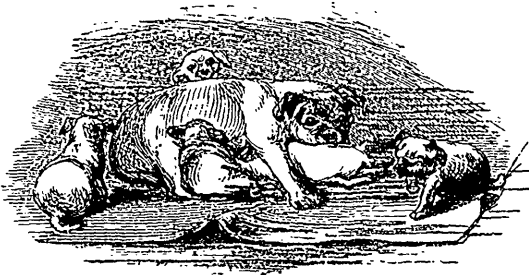
Tuesday, August 8th.—We crossed the line at daylight. This event caused much fun and excitement, both in cabin and fore-castle. The conventional hair was put across the field of the telescope for the unsophisticated really to see the line," and many firmly believed they did see it, and discussed its appearance at some length. Jim Allen, one of our tallest sailors, and coxswain of the gig, dressed in blue, with long oakum wig and beard, gilt paper crown, and trident and fish impaled in one hand, was seated on a gun-carriage, and made a capital Father Neptune.



HIS DOCTOR (CROSSING THE LINE.)

Our somewhat portly engineer, Mr. Rowbotham, with fur-trimmed dressing gown and cap, and bent form, leaning on a stick, his face partially concealed by a long grey beard, and a large handbox of pills, on one arm made an equally good doctor to his Marine Majesty.

Lulu's puppies, born yesterday, have been respectively named



LULU AND HER PUPPIES.

Butterfly, Poseidon, Aphrodite, Amphitrite, and Thetis — names suggested by their birthplace on the ocean close to his Marine Majesty's supposed equatorial palace.

Sunday August 13th.—Sailing in the tropics is really very delightful! When going to the westward, there is almost always, at this season of the year, a favourable breeze, and the weather is generally either quite fair or moderately so.

Whispered to it, westward, westward,
And with speed it darted forward.

We had service at 11.15 a.m., and again at 5.30 p.m. The choir has considerably improved; one of our new men plays the violin very well, and frequently accompanies the children and the nurse in their songs. On a clear calm night, beneath a tropical sky, when the members of this little group assemble on deck, and, by the light of a lantern, sing some of their simple songs, the effect produced is both melodious and picturesque.

Monday August 14th.—This morning we saw a small schooner ahead, and thinking from her manœuvres that she wished to speak us, we made our number and ran towards her. We soon found out, however, that she was a whaler, in chase of two large grampuses. She had two men on the look-out in the cross-trees, in a sort of iron cage; and though she was of much smaller tonnage than the *Sunbeam*, she carried five big boats, one of which, full of men, was ready to be lowered into the water, the

instant they had approached sufficiently near to the whale or grampus.

Wednesday, August 16th.—We had a fine fair breeze all day, and at 5 p.m. there was a cry from the mast-head of "Land ahead!" Great excitement immediately prevailed on board, and Tom and Captain Brown rushed, for about the twelfth time, to the foretop to see if the report was true. They were soon able to announce that Cape Frio was visible on the port bow, about thirty-five miles distant. After even a fortnight at sea, an indescribable sensation is produced by this cry, and by the subsequent sight of the land itself. When we came up on deck this



VESPERS.

evening, after dinner, we all gazed on the lighthouse on the still distant shore as if we had never beheld such a thing in our lives before. Having given special orders that we were to be called early the next morning, we went to bed in the fond hope that we should be able to enter Rio harbour at daybreak.

Thursday, August 17th. — "L'homme

propose; Dieu dispose." Steam was up at midnight, but by that time it was blowing half a gale of wind from the south-west, with such a steep short sea that the screw was scarcely ever properly immersed, but went racing round and round in the air with tremendous velocity, as we pitched and rolled about. Our progress was therefore at the rate of something rather under a mile an hour.

Our course lay between the mainland and the islands of Maya and Payo, where the groves of bananas and other trees looked very miserable in the wind. The tall isolated palm-trees, whose elastic stems bowed readily before the fury of the blast, looked, as they were twisted and whirled hither and thither, liked um-

brellas turned inside out. Passing the false Sugarloaf mountain, as it is called, we next opened out the true one, the Gavia, and the chain of mountains beyond, the outlines of which bear an extraordinary resemblance to the figure of a man lying on his back, the profile of the face being very like that of the late Duke of Wellington. As the sun sank in gorgeous splendour behind these hills, I think I never saw a grander or more beautiful sight; though the sky was so red and stormy-looking that our hopes of a fine day to-morrow were but faint.

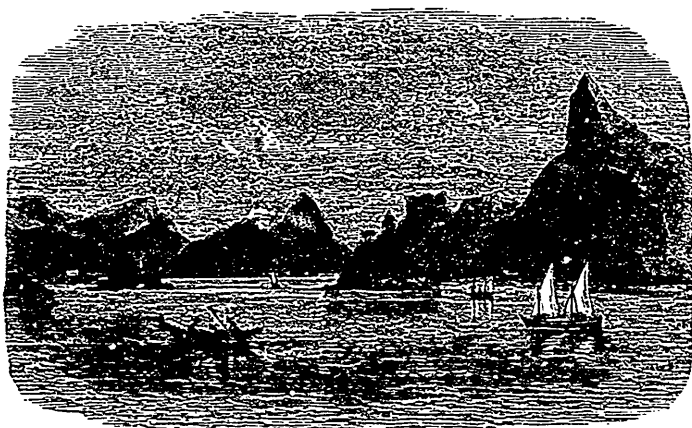
Before entering the harbour, a bar had to be crossed, which is a dangerous operation all the world over. The skylights and hatches were fastened down, and those of our party who did not like being shut up below took their places on the bridge, where, for the first time since we left England, it felt really quite cold. As we advanced, the beautiful harbour, with its long rows of glittering gaslights, extending for miles on either side of the bay, and illuminating the city and suburbs, gradually became visible. On our left lay the two islands, Rodonda and Raza, on the latter of which is situated a lighthouse. The wind was blowing off the land when we reached the bar, so that after all our preparations, there was hardly any sea to encounter, and the moment we were over, the water on the other side was perfectly smooth. A gun and a blue light from Fort Santa Cruz, answered immediately by a similar signal from Fort Santa Lucia, announced our arrival, and we shortly afterwards dropped our anchor in the quarantine ground of Rio close to Botafogo Bay, in the noble harbour of Nietheroy.

Friday, August 18th.—About 9.30 a.m. the health officers came on board, and half an hour later we had a visit from the custom-house official, who required Tom to sign and seal a declaration upon oath that he had no cargo on board, and not more coal than we absolutely required for our own consumption.

About eleven o'clock we put on our mackintoshes and thick boots, and, accompanied by an interpreter, who (together with several washerwomen) had suddenly made his appearance on board, rowed ashore, pushing our way through crowds of boats laden with fruit and vegetables. The quays seemed covered with piles of fruit and vegetables, discharged from the boats, the principal produce being sugar-cane, bananas, and oranges.

Our first visit was to the post-office—"no letters"—then to

the British Consulate—"no letters"—and finally to the Legation, but there was nobody at home there; so we set off for the Hôtel des Etrangers, to breakfast. We next paid a visit to some of the shops in the Rua do Ouvidor, for the sale of imitations of flowers, made from the undyed feathers of birds, and a large number of the more expensive varieties of ordinary artificial flowers, each petal consisting of the entire throat or breast of a humming-bird, the leaves being made from the wings of beetles. They are very rare and beautiful, their manufacture being quite a *spécialité* of this city. The prices asked astonished us greatly; the cost of five sprays, which I had been commissioned to buy,



BOTAFOGO BAY.

was 29l., and the price of all the others was proportionately high. But then they wear for ever. I have had some for nine years, and they are as good now as when they were bought.

Saturday, August 19th.—Along the edge of Botafogo Bay there is a delightful drive, beneath a splendid avenue of imperial palms, extending to the gates of the Botanical Gardens. Each specimen rises straight up like the column of an Egyptian temple, and is crowned with a feathery tuft of large shiny dark green leaves, some thirty feet in length.

We had an agreeable drive back in the cool evening to dinner at the Hôtel de l'Europe. We afterwards went to a pleasant little reception, where we enjoyed the splendid singing of some young Brazilian ladies, and the subsequent row off to the yacht,

in the moonlight, was not the least delightful part of the programme.

Sunday, August 20th.—At last a really fine day. We could now, for the first time, thoroughly appreciate the beauties of the noble bay of Nictheroy, though the distant Organ mountains were still hidden from our view. In the morning, we went to church on board H.M.S. *Volage*.

Monday, August 21st.—After an early breakfast, we started off to have a look at the market. The greatest bustle and animation prevailed, and there were people and things to see in endless variety. Fat, jet-black negroes, wearing turbans on their heads, strings of coloured beads on their necks and arms, and single long white garments, which appeared to be continually slipping off their shoulders, presided over brilliant-looking heaps of oranges, bananas, pineapples, passion-fruit, tomatoes, apples, pears, capsicums and peppers, sugar-cane, cabbage-palms, cherimoyas, and bread-fruit.

At eleven o'clock we started for the Petropolis steamer, which took us alongside a wooden pier, from the end of which the train started, and we were soon wending our way through sugar and coffee plantations, formed in the midst of the forest of palms and other tropical trees. After a journey of twenty minutes in the train, we reached the station, at the foot of a hill, where we found several four-mule carriages awaiting our arrival. The drive up from the station to the town, over a pass in the Organ mountains, was superb. At each turn of the road we had an ever-varying view of the city of Rio and its magnificent bay.

Tuesday, August 22nd.—We were called at half-past five, and after a hasty breakfast, started on horseback by seven o'clock for the Virgin Forest, about six miles from Petropolis. After a ride of an hour and a half, we entered the silence and gloom of a vast forest. On every side extended a tangled mass of wild, luxuriant vegetation: giant-palms, and tree-ferns, and parasites are to be seen in all directions, growing wherever they can find root-hold. Sometimes they kill the tree which they favour with their attentions—one creeper, in particular, being called "Mata-pao" or "Kill-tree;" but, as a rule, they seem to get on very well together, and to depend mutually upon one another for nourishment and support. All colours in Brazil, whether of birds, insects, or flowers, are brilliant in the extreme. Blue, violet, orange, scarlet, and

yellow are found in the richest profusion, and no pale or faint tints are to be seen. Even white seems purer, clearer, and deeper than the white of other countries. We drove past the Emperor's palace—an Italian villa, standing in the middle of a large garden—the new church, and the houses of the principal inhabitants, most of which are shut up just now, as everybody is out of town, but it all looked very green and pleasant.



THE SLAVE VILLAGE, FAZENDA, SANTA ANNA.

Santa Anna is one of the largest coffee fazendas in this part of Brazil. The house occupies three sides of a square, in the middle of which heaps of coffee were spread out to dry in the sun. The centre building is the dwelling-house, with a narrow strip of garden, full of sweet-smelling flowers, in front of it; the right wing is occupied by the slaves' shops and warehouses, and by the chapel; while the

left wing contains the stables, domestic offices, and other slave-rooms.

By law, masters are bound to give their slaves one day's rest in every seven, and any work the slaves may choose to do on that day is paid for at the same rate as free labour. But the day selected for this purpose is not necessarily Sunday; and on adjoining fazendas different days are invariably chosen, in order to prevent the slaves from meeting and getting into mischief. Thursday (to-day) was Sunday on this estate, and we soon saw all

the slaves mustering in holiday attire in the shade of one of the verandahs. They were first inspected, and then ranged in order, the children being placed in front, the young women next, then the old women, the old men, and finally the young men. In this order they marched into the corridor facing the chapel, to hear mass. The priest and his acolyte, in gorgeous robes, performed the usual service, and the slaves chanted the responses in alternate companies, so that sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and basses, contrasted in a striking and effective manner. The singing, indeed, was excellent; far better than in many churches at home. After the conclusion of the mass the master shook hands with everybody, exchanged good wishes with his slaves, and dismissed them.

Returning to the house, we sat down, a party of thirty, to an elaborate breakfast, the table being covered with all sorts of Brazilian delicacies, after which several complimentary speeches were made, and we all started off to walk round the fazenda. Our first visit was to the little school children, thirty-four in number, who sang very nicely. Then to the hospital, a clean airy building, in which there were happily but few patients, and next we inspected the new machinery, worked by water-power, for cleaning the coffee and preparing it for market. The harvest lasts from May to August. The best quality of coffee is picked before it is quite ripe, crushed to free it from the husk, and then dried in the sun, sometimes in heaps, and sometimes raked out flat, in order to gain the full benefit of the heat. It is afterwards gathered up into baskets and carefully picked over, and this being very light work, is generally performed by young married women with babies. There were nineteen tiny piccanninies, in baskets, beside their mothers, in one room we entered, and in another there were twenty just able to run about.

Cassava is an important article of food here, and it was interesting to watch the various processes by which it is turned into flour, tapioca, or starch. As it is largely exported, there seems no reason why it should not be introduced into India, for the ease with which it is cultivated and propagated, the extremes of temperature it will bear, and the abundance of its crops all tend to recommend it. We went on to look at the maize being shelled, crushed, and ground into coarse or fine flour, for cakes and bread, and the process of crushing the sugar-cane, turning its juice into sugar and rum, and its refuse into potash. All the food manu-

factured here and is used on the estate; coffee alone is exported. I felt thoroughly exhausted by the time we returned to the house, only to exchange adieus and step into the carriage on our way to Barra by rail *en route* to Rio de Janeiro.

The daily Brazilian papers are full of advertisements of slaves for sale, and descriptions of men, pigs, children, cows, pianos, women, houses, etc., to be disposed of, are inserted in the most indiscriminate manner. In one short half-column of the "Jornal do Commercio," published within the last day or two, the following announcements, amongst many similar ones, appear side by side:—

VENDE-SE uma escrava, de 22 annos, boa figura, lava, engomma e cose bem; informa-se na rua de S. Pedro n. 97.

VENDE-SE ou aluga-se um rico piano forte do autor Erard, de 3 cordas, por 280\$, garantido; na rua da Quitanna n. 42, 2 andar.

VENDE-SE, por 1,500\$, um escravo de 20 annos, para servico de padaria; na rua da Princeza dos Cajueiros n. 97.

VENDE-SE uma machina Singer, para qualquer costura, trabalha perfectamente, por preco muito comodo; trata-se na rua do Sabao n. 95.

VENDEM-SE 20 moleques, de 14 a 20 annos, vindos do Maranhao no ultimo vapor; na rua da Prainha n. 72.

FOR SALE.—A female slave, 22 years of age, a good figure, washes, irons, and sews well; for particulars apply at No. 97 rue de S. Pedro.

FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET on Hire.—A splendid trichord pianoforte by Erard, for \$280, guaranteed; apply at rua da Quitanda No. 42, 2nd floor.

TO BE SOLD FOR \$1,500.—A male slave 20 years of age, fit for a barber's establishment; apply at rua da Princeza dos Cajueiros, No. 97.

FOR SALE.—On very reasonable terms, a Singer's sewing-machine, adapted for any description of work; works splendidly; apply at No. 95 rua do Sabao.

FOR SALE.—20 young blacks from 14 to 20 years of age just arrived from Maranham by the last steamer; No. 72 rua de Prainha.

Friday, September 1st.—At three o'clock this morning, when I awoke, I saw at last a bright, clear sky, and at five, finding that there was every prospect of a beautiful sunrise, we sent for horses, ate an early breakfast, and set off for the peak of Tijuca. It was very beautiful in the hill-side forest, with a new prospect opening out at every step, and set in an ever-varying natural framework of foliage and flowers. Before reaching the top of the peak there are twenty-nine wooden and ninety-six stone steps to be ascended, at the foot of which we tied our horses. An iron chain

is hung to assist you, without which it would be giddy work, for the steps are steep, and there is a sheer precipice on one side of them. Arrived at the top, the scene was glorious; on every side mountains beyond mountains stretched far away into the distance, and one can see as far north as Cape Fric, and southwards as far as Rio Grande do Sul, while beneath lies the bay of Rio, with its innumerable islands, islets, and indentations. All too soon we had to scramble down again, and mount our horses for a hurried return to the hotel, there being barely time for lunch and a scramble to the yacht.

Monday, September 4th.—We were all up very early this morning, superintending the preparations for our eldest boy's departure for England. After breakfast, we went ashore to the market, to get a couple of lion-monkeys, which had been kept for us, and which Tab was to take home with him to present to the Zoological Gardens. Then came many tearful farewells to the crew, and we set off. We knew the parting had to be made, but this did not lessen our grief: for although it is at all times hard to say good-bye for a long period to those nearest and dearest to you, it is especially so in a foreign land, with the prospect of a long voyage on both sides. Over the next half hour I had better draw a veil.

The time had now come when we had to say farewell to the many kind friends whom we have met here, and who have made life so pleasant to us during the last three weeks. The last leave-takings were soon over, with mutually expressed hopes that we might ere long meet some of our friends in England.

A SIMILE.

THIS life to me is like a station
 Wherein, apart, a traveller stands—
 One absent long from home and nation,
 In foreign lands;

And I, like him who stands and listens,
 Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
 To hear approaching in the distance
 The train for home.

—*Longfellow.*



STAR CHAMBER, MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.*

I.



MATT, THE GUIDE.

THE State of Kentucky, more than any other section of the United States, abounds in remarkable caverns. The absence of running streams is one of the striking features of the region, explained by the fact that nearly all the rivulets flow underground, and re-appear as large springs feeding rivers of considerable size. There are also numerous valleys shaped like an inverted cone, along whose sides grow brushes and trees, usually matted into a dense thickets. These valleys are called "sink-holes," and they serve to drain the surface around them. These sink-holes are said to average 100 to the square mile; and, according to Shaler, the State-

Geologist, there are at least 100,000 miles of open caverns beneath the surface of the carboniferous limestone in Kentucky. At Cave City we explored one of those strange "sink-holes," of which there are 4,000 in this single county. It was a large funnel-shaped opening about 100 feet deep. At the bottom was a grotto, through which flowed a good-sized subterranean stream.

Mammoth Cave may be regarded, then, as the noblest specimen of the 500 caves found in Edmondson County, and is certainly the largest known in the world. It is easily reached by

* In the preparation of this article we have availed ourself largely of the admirable monograph on the subject by Prof. Horace C. Hovey, who has studied probably more thoroughly than any man living the various Cave phenomena of the United States. The greater part of his description has been corroborated by our own experience, and we have occasionally added a few observations of our own.—ED.

trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, all of them stopping at Cave City. This cluster of houses amid the cornfields is by rail 85 miles S.S.W. of Louisville, and ten miles from Mammoth Cave Hotel, with which it is connected by McKoy's line of stout Concord coaches drawn by four sturdy horses. It was a glorious ride over hills rising three or four hundred feet, and overlooking the fertile valleys planted with tobacco and corn, with here and there a bold or picturesque bit of scenery, until we gain the high tableland extending to the bluffs of Green River, on which the hotel stands. Our sable driver entertained us with stories of moonlight hunts of the "'possum and de 'coon," and of the exploits of the Jesse James' gang in plundering the stages on this route. It is now as safe as King Street, Toronto.

A bugle flourish heralds the arrival of passengers at the quaint, old-fashioned, but comfortable hotel, and brings around the coach a throng of guests, and plenty of negro servants offering to take care of the luggage. A more airy, delightful place cannot be found in the State of Kentucky! Loitering amid the long colonnade, on the evening of our arrival, we looked out between the tall white pillars, and the night-air floating through the noble grove of aged oaks and across the blue-grass lawn, seemed redolent of romantic associations.

The convenience of visitors is consulted by the establishment of two principal lines of cave exploration, designated as the Long Route and the Short Route, the fees for which are, respectively, three and two dollars, including the services of a competent guide, with lamps, fireworks, and luncheon-basket. Special terms are made for tourists wishing to make a leisurely exploration, and also for large parties.

The guide's appearance is unique as he stands ready for duty. No uniform is worn, but each, white or black, dresses according to his own taste. The lamp used is a simple affair for burning lard-oil, and swings from four wires twisted into a handle, with a tin shield to protect the hand. Each visitor carries one of these lights, but it is not given to him till he enters the cave. The bunch of lamps, sometimes strung on a stick if there are many of them; the flask of oil swung by the side; the oddly-shaped basket carried on the other side, containing an assortment of chemicals for illuminating the larger rooms, together with anything else that may be needed—makes a queer *tout ensemble*. (See initial cut.)

The original guide, whose daring exploits and striking traits made him famous, was a slave, Stephen Bishop. His likeness shows him to have had intelligence and wit, and an excellent knowledge of geology and other sciences, so far as they relate to caverns. He had also a smattering of Latin and Greek, and a fund of miscellaneous information. The remains of this sable son of genius now rest beneath a cedar tree in the tangled graveyard near the garden.

Mammoth Cave has a noble vestibule! Amid tulip trees and grape-vines, maples and butternuts, fringing ferns and green mosses, is the gateway to this underground palace. The fingers of a rippling rill pried the rocks apart, perhaps ages ago, and when the roof fell in, this chasm which we see remained. The rill still runs, and from a frowning ledge above it leaps fifty feet to the rocks below, where it instantly disappears as if its work was done. The arch has a span of seventy feet, and a winding flight of seventy stone steps conducts us around the lovely cascade, into a roomy ante-chamber under the massive rocks.



STEPHEN BISHOP, THE GUIDE.

The passage-way suddenly grows very narrow, at a point about 300 feet within, and here there is an iron gate made of rude bars crossing each other. Each guide carries a key, and the gate is unlocked and locked again for every party that may enter.

The current of air that has already been quite noticeable, increases to a gale as we cross the portal, so strong indeed that our lamps are blown out. This phenomenon is due to the difference of temperature between the air within and that without. The current of air dies down, as we advance, and only a few yards beyond the iron gate we have no difficulty in re-lighting our lamps. Here we catch the last glimpse of daylight shining in

through the entrance, and all that lies beyond is absolute darkness. A strange sensation is usually felt by the visitors at this point, and occasionally one is found who shrinks back from the journey he has undertaken.

Most visitors find a certain romantic charm on entering these



ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

regions of perpetual silence, where the pleasing alternation of day and night is unknown, as is also the change of the seasons, summer and winter being alike, and vernal and autumnal airs the same. Whatever tremendous energies may once have hurled to the floor the loose rocks that now lie scattered around, no convulsion has disturbed the strata for ages, and there is no safer place above ground than is here below. The loudest

thunderstorm may roll across the heavens, but its din does not invade the profound quiet of these deep vaults.

We must here explain a strange economic use in which the cave was long employed. During the war of 1812-15, the United States Government, excluded from foreign supply, had great difficulty in obtaining saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. It therefore used the large deposits of nitrous earth which were found in this cave for that purpose.

The method of manufacture was as follows: The earth was collected from various parts of the cave, by means of ox-carts for which roads were constructed that are in themselves surpris-



SALTPETRE VATS.

ing monuments of industry, and the soil thus gathered was carried to hoppers of simple construction, each having a capacity of from 50 to 100 bushels. Cold water, conveyed by wooden pipes into the cave, was poured on the charge in each hopper, and in a day or two a solution of the salts would run into the vats below, whence it was pumped into a second set of pipes, tilted so as to let the liquor flow out of the cave. After boiling awhile in the open air, it was run through hoppers containing wood ashes, the result being a clear solution of the nitrate of potash, which, having been boiled down sufficiently, was put in troughs for cooling. In about 24 hours the crystals were taken

out ready for transportation. Ordinary "peter dirt," as the miners called it, was expected to yield from three to five pounds of the nitrate of lime to the bushel. It is stated "that the contract for the supply of the fixed alkali alone, for this cave, for the year 1814, was twenty thousand dollars;" from which we may infer the extent to which saltpetre was manufactured at that time.

For perhaps fifty yards, after leaving the Iron Gate, the way lies under a low ceiling, and is walled in by fragments of rock piled up by the miners. Beyond the Narrows, as this passage is called, and where the way grows wider, there is a well-marked cart-road, and places where the oxen were tied up to be fed, corn-cobs also lying scattered around. The carts could not have been driven in through the Narrows, but were brought in piecemeal and put together again inside. The oxen, likewise, were unyoked and led in singly. Here, also, are the wooden vats, pipes and pump-frames used in the manufacture of saltpetre.

Suddenly the roof lifts above our heads, and we are in the Rotunda, located, it is said, directly under the dining-room of the hotel. Looking aloft we are impressed with a sense of the magnitude of the room we have entered. Apply the tape-line to those two arches that open out from the Rotunda. One is found to have a span of 46, and the other of 70 feet! Our path lies through the latter, but let us make a brief digression into the other that trends away to the right.

This is Audubon's Avenue, so named in honour of the famous naturalist. Here myriads of bats take up their winter quarters, congregating for the purpose from all the region around. The highest temperature reached at any time in any part of Mammoth Cave is 56° Fah.; and the lowest $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fah.; the mean for summer being 54° , and for winter 53° . The latter is probably the true temperature of the earth's crust in the region where this cave is located.

Advancing in the Main Cave, we pass under overhanging ledges called Kentucky Cliffs, and about four feet from the floor we examine a cluster of little openings, like pigeon-boxes, that show the peculiar action of the water by which they were eaten out. This is the post-office, where visitors generally leave their cards. There is a strange accumulation of these.

We next come to the Methodist Church, about eighty feet in

diameter and forty feet high, where those ancient miners used to hear the Gospel preached by itinerant ministers, who sought their welfare. The logs that served as benches are still in position, and many a sermon has been delivered from the rocky pulpit since the days of the pioneer worshippers. The writer, says Prof. Hovey, cannot soon forget a religious service he had the privilege of attending in this natural temple, one summer Sabbath. The band did duty as orchestra, the guests and guides were seated around the pulpit in decorous order, the servants



GOthic GALLERIES AND OLD SALT VATS.

from the hotel were a little in the background, the walls were hung with a hundred lamps, and the scene itself was beautiful. Then the psalm arose, led by the instruments, and waves of harmony rolled through those rocky arches till they died away in distant corridors. The text from which the clergyman, himself a visitor, wove his discourse was peculiarly adapted to the place and the occasion: John xiv. 5, "*How can we know the way?*"

For the next 150 yards the old cart ruts run between mountainous heaps of "lixivated earth," and the hoof-prints of the oxen remain as if they had lately drawn loads to the hoppers.

Here are more ruins of nitre-works, eight huge vats, lines of wooden pipes, pump-frames, and other signs of former activity. What a busy set those old fellows must have been! One can almost credit their boast that they could dig saltpetre enough from Mammoth Cave to supply the whole world.

Leaving, for the present, the Gothic Galleries, where these ruins lie, we pursue our way under the Grand Arch, sixty feet wide and fifty feet high, and extending for many hundred feet. New objects of interest meet us at every step as we advance.



GRAND ARCHWAY AND WATER CLOCK, MAIN CAVE.

During a moment's pause we are startled by what seems the loud ticking of a musical timepiece. It is but the measured melody of water dripping into a basin hidden behind the rocks. It is only a small basin, and the drops fall but a few inches, yet such are the acoustic effects of the arch that they can be heard for a long ways, as they monotonously fall, drop by drop, just as, perhaps, they have fallen for a thousand years.

Singular effects are produced by the devices of the guides. At a certain spot we are requested to stand still while he goes

back a little ways and burns a blue light. The result is a splendid view of the Grand Arch, but the guide's pride is in a shadow profile cast by the projecting buttresses. He assures us that it is an exact likeness of George Washington, and points out the familiar features of the Father of his country. In case Englishmen are along, William tells them that he sometimes thinks it looks more like the Duke of Wellington. He was caught one day telling a simple-hearted German that it was the profile of Bismarck.

The incrustations of gypsum stained by the black oxide of manganese, seem to cut gigantic silhouettes from the ceiling of



THE GIANT'S COFFIN.

creamy limestone. At first we ridicule these fancies, but at last they fascinate us. Wild cats, buffaloes, monkeys and ant-eaters—indeed, a whole menagerie is on exhibition, including the old mammoth himself.

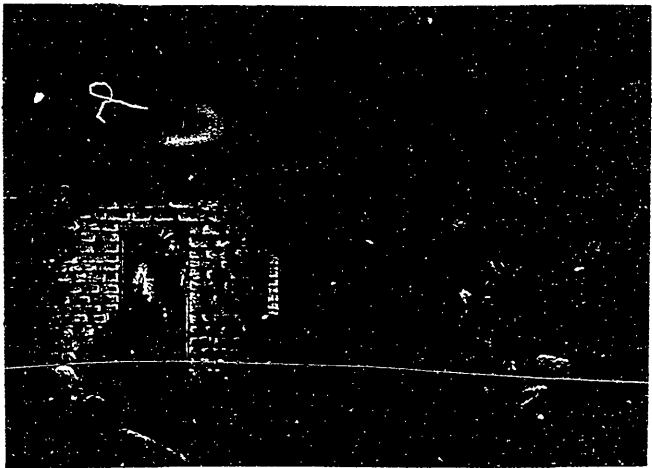
The Giant's Coffin, as it is called, equals in size one of the famous blocks of Baalbek, being forty feet long, twenty wide, and eight or more deep. As one passes it, it is with a feeling as if he had intruded into some solemn mausoleum.

At a point 100 yards beyond the Giant's Coffin, the trend of the Main Cave turns upon itself at an acute angle, on the left, and sweeps around in a magnificent amphitheatre on the right. This enchanting place should not be hastily passed. The effect of

fireworks here is remarkably brilliant, and the sublime scene thus illumined is one to be remembered long.

More than 300 rude piles of stones have been erected in different portions of the cave, in honour of various individuals, literary institutions, and States, each tourist who chooses to do so, adding a stone. An incidental benefit of the custom is that it has helped to clear the paths.

The roofless remains of two stone cottages are next visited, as having a melancholy interest on account of their history. These, and ten frame ones, now torn down, were built in 1843 for the



STONE COTTAGE—FORMER SANITARIUM.

use of fifteen consumptive patients, who here took up their abode, induced to do so by the uniformity of the temperature, and the highly oxygenated air of the cave, which has the purity without the rarity of the air at high altitudes. The second stone house was a dining-room; all the rest were lodging-rooms, and were well furnished. The experiment was an utter failure; as was the pitiful attempt on the part of these poor invalids to make trees and shrubbery grow around their dismal huts. The open sunshine is as essential to rosy health as it is for green leaves. The salubrity of the cave, so far as its effects on the spirits and health of visitors are concerned, is decidedly marked. The air is slightly exhilarating, and sustains one in a ramble of five or ten hours, so that at its end he is hardly sensible of fatigue.

A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall 500 feet long, about 70 feet wide at the floor and narrowing to 40 at the ceiling, which is 60 feet above our heads. The light gray walls are in strong contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with black gypsum; and this, again, is studded with thousands of glittering stars, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. The guide bids us seat ourselves on a log bench by the wall, and then collecting our lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows, flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. The ceiling seems to have been lifted to an immense distance, and one can easily persuade himself that by some magic the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep canyon into the real heavens. (See frontispiece to this article.)

"Good night," says the guide, "I will see you again in the morning!"

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges in a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues one can hear his heart beat. Then we ask each other the meaning of this sudden desertion. But, while thus questioning each other, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like the tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance. Loudly encored, he repeats the transformation again and again—starlight, moonlight, thunder-clouds, midnight and day-dawn, the latter heralded by cock-crowing, the barking of dogs, lowing of cattle, and various other farm-yard sounds; until, weary of an entertainment that long ago lost its novelty for him, he bids us resume our line of march.

As we pass along under a mottled ceiling that changes, from the constellation just described, to a mackerel sky with fleecy masses of floating clouds, many curious objects are pointed out to us. Proctor's Arcade, the next considerable enlargement beyond the Star Chamber, is 100 feet in width, 45 in height, and

three-quarters of a mile in length. Its proportions are very symmetrical throughout, and when illuminated by blue lights, burning at several points, it is the most magnificent natural tunnel in the world.

Wright's Rotunda is 400 feet in its shortest diameter. The ceiling is from 10 to 45 feet in height, and is perfectly level, the apparent difference in height being produced by the irregularity of the floor. It is astonishing that the ceiling has strength to sustain itself. When this immense area is illuminated at the two extremes, simultaneously, it presents a most magnificent appearance. In this part of the cave the path grows extremely rough. We clamber over the big rocks to survey the Black Chambers. The walls and ceilings are completely coated with black gypsum. The funereal darkness defies magnesium, and refuses to be cheered even by red fire.

No creeping nor crawling has to be done in the *Main Cave*, the average width, throughout its entire extent, being about 60 feet, and its height about 40 feet; the length is estimated at nearly four miles. For the sake of variety, let us digress to visit the Solitary Chambers; to reach which we have to pass, for perhaps 20 feet, under a low arch. Pursuing our way across these lonely apartments, we finally, by dint of much crawling, arrive at the Fairy Grotto, once famous for its ten thousand stalactites, as varied in form as the shapes visible in the kaleidoscope.

Entering the *Main Cave* again, we continue our walk, until we find ourselves under the stupendous vault known as the Chief City. Amid its wonders we linger long. Bayard Taylor thus estimates this colossal room, "Length, 800 feet; breadth, 300 feet; height, 125 feet; area, between four and five acres!" But the reader who has never explored this underground realm, will find it tax his mind to realize how large such an area would seem, clothed with eternal night, built in by walls of massive rock, and over-arched by so vast a dome as to make us hold our breath, lest if silence were broken it would fall.

"Why doesn't it fall?" I heard a timid visitor ask the guide.

"I know of no reason why it should not fall at this very moment," said he, solemnly, "and I never come underneath without some degree of fear. Yet the arch appears to be a solid, seamless block of limestone, and it may stand for a thousand years."

The stern features of the scene are best surveyed from the

summit of a rugged ascent, called quite appropriately a mountain. Here we sit, while, again the guide lights red fire and burns Roman candles, and discharges rockets that find ample room to explode before they strike the far-distant walls. The probability is that electric lamps will be placed, at an early day,

in these dim regions, and then every nook and secret recess will be brought into view; but it is doubtful if the picturesque effects could be heightened beyond those now caused by the pyrotechnic glare, as it flashes and dies away, over the long slope of irregular rocks, and athwart the gigantic vault.

The majestic dome appears to follow us, as we retire from it, over-arching us at every step; as is the case with the sky, that bends the same canopy of blue above every



GOthic CHAPEL. MAMMOTH CAVE.

meadow and valley, as the traveller moves from place to place.

On reaching what are called the Pillars of Hercules, the guide collects the lamps and arranges them with fine effect among the arches of the Gothic Chapel, which he then invites us to enter. The roof of this room seems to rest on groups of stalagmitic

columns. Their growth was slow, requiring centuries to develop their present dimensions; but I can hardly accept the conclusion of Dr. A. D. Binkerd that 940,000 years were needed for their completion. Three pillars are so grouped as to form two Gothic arches, and before this unique altar once stood a runaway bride who had promised an anxious mother that she would "never marry any man on the face of the earth." She kept the letter of her promise, but was married after all to the man of her choice in this novel *Gretna Green*. Several romantic marriages have since been celebrated here. This entire avenue is more than a mile long, and abounds in grotesque curiosities. The Old Arm Chair is a stalagmite resembling the object for which it is named.

Another article will describe the still more remarkable aspects of other parts of this Cave of Wonders.

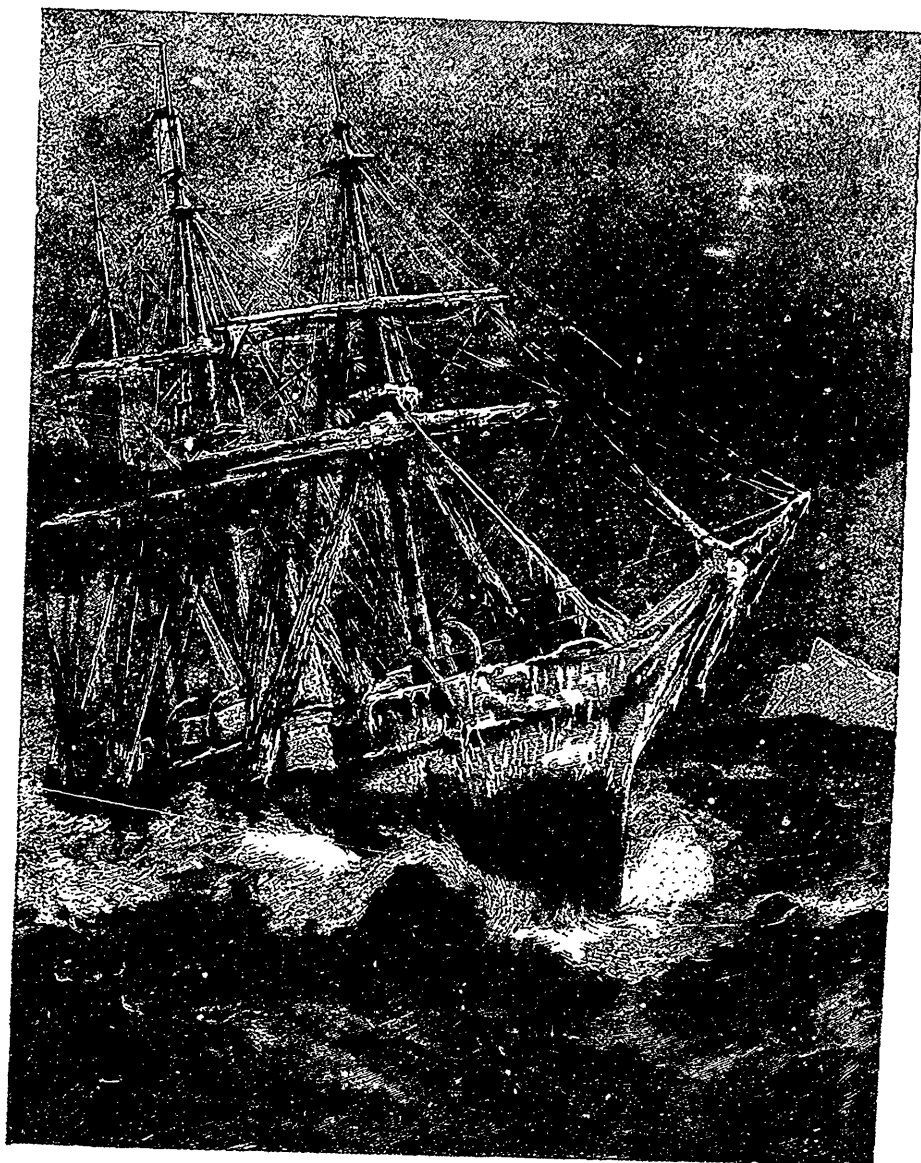
THE HELPING PRAYER.

THE monk was preaching : strong his earnest word,
 From the abundance of his heart he spoke ;
 And the flame spread—in every soul that heard
 Sorrow, and love, and good resolve awoke—
 The poor lay brother, ignorant and old,
 Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

' Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone,"
 So prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in praise :
 " Thine be the glory : if my hands have sown,
 The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,
 It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word
 Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

" O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength
 Has been so blest ; that sinful hearts and cold
 Were melted at my pleading—knew at length
 How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold,
 While souls that love Thee saw before them rise
 Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the monk : when suddenly he heard
 An angel speaking thus : " Know, O my son,
 Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,
 And saints were edified, and sinners won,
 By his, the poor lay brother's humble aid,
 Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."



SEAL HUNTER IN SNOW STORM.

THE SEAL-FISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.*

NEXT to the cod-fishery, the most valuable of the Newfoundland fisheries is that of the seal. The average annual value at present of seal-fishery is about \$1,100,000 being about an eighth part of the entire exports. The number of men employed is from 8,000 to 10,000.

Beginning with a few nets, there followed the sealing-boats and the little schooners carrying each a dozen men, until the industry was prosecuted with vessels of 200 or 250 tons, and crews of forty or fifty men. At length, all-conquering steam entered the field, and in 1863 the first steamer took part in this fishery. Since then the number of steamers has rapidly increased, and the number of sailing vessels has still more rapidly diminished. The day is not very distant when this industry will be carried on solely by powerful steamers. They are strongly built, to stand the pressure of ice and cleave their way through the ice-fields, being stoutly timbered, sheathed with iron-wood, and having iron-plated stems. They carry from 150 to 300 men.

There is always great excitement connected with the seal-fisheries. The perils and hardships to be encountered, the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-giants, and the possible rich prizes to be won, throw a romantic interest around this adventure. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population, from the richest to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home. In this case the enemies to be encountered are the icebergs, the tempest, and the blinding snow-storm. A steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, laden to the gunwale, occasionally bringing home as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, each worth two and a half or three dollars. The successful hunters are welcomed with thundering cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes

* The text and illustrations of this interesting article are taken from Messrs. Hatton and Harvey's admirable work on Newfoundland, historical and descriptive; 8vo., pp. 431, copiously illustrated. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. For sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$2.50.



SEALERS AT WORK

of the hour. No wonder the young Newfoundlander pants for the day when he will get "a berth for the ice," and a share in the wild joys and excitement of the hunt.

According to law, no sailing vessel can be cleared for the ice before the 1st of March, and no steamer before the 10th of March; a start in advance of ten days being thus accorded to the vessels which depend on wind alone. As the time for starting approaches, the streets and wharves of the capital assume an appearance of bustle which contrasts pleasantly with the previous stagnation. The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their repairs. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers; bags of biscuit, barrels of pork, and other necessaries are stowed away; water, fuel, and ballast are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which has to stand the grinding of the heavy Arctic ice, is carefully inspected. A crowd of eager applicants surrounds the shipping offices, powerful-looking men in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. The great object is to secure a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board the sailing vessels. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews with picked men. Each steamer has on board from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, and it would be difficult to find a more stalwart lot of fellows in the royal navy itself. The steamers have an immense advantage over the sailing vessels. They can cleave their way through the heavy ice-packs against the wind: they can double and beat about in search of the "seal patches;" and when the prey is found they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and if beset with ice are often powerless to escape. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal-fishery. They can make two and even three trips to the ice-field during the season, and thus leave behind the antiquated sealer dependent on the winds.

Before the introduction of steamers one hundred and twenty sailing-vessels, of from forty to two hundred tons, used to leave the port of St. John's alone for the seal-fishery. Now they are reduced to some half-dozen, but from the more distant "out-

posts" numbers of small sailing vessels still engage in this special industry.

The young seals are all born on the ice from the 10th to the 25th of February, and as they grow rapidly, and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mothers' milk, and while they are powerless to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk that by the 28th of March they are in perfect condition. By the 1st of April they begin to take to the water, and can no longer be captured in the ordinary way. The great Arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland and from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice, which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Somewhere amid these floating masses the seals have brought forth their young, which remain on the ice during the first period of their growth for five or six weeks. The great aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of "white-coats," as the young harp seals are called, during this period. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time, steering northward till they come in sight of those terrible icy wildernesses which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic, threaten destruction of all rash invaders. These hardy seal-hunters, however, who are accustomed to battle with the floes, are quite at home among the bergs and crushing ice-masses; and where other mariners would shrink away in terror, they fearlessly dash into the ice wherever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.

In the ice-fields the surface of the ocean is covered with a glittering expanse of ice dotted with towering bergs of every shape and size, having gleaming turrets, domes, and spires. The surface of the ice-field is rugged and broken, rushing frequently into steep hillocks and ridges. The scene in which "The Ancient Mariner" found himself is fully realized:

" And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold ;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around ;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

When a storm arises amid these icy solitudes the scene is grand and awful beyond all powers of description.

Considering all the perils, it is surprising how few fatal disasters occur. During the seal hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel called the *Huntsman*, on the coast of Labrador. In the same year, two steamers, the *Bloodhound* and *Retriever*, were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbour, in Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships.

Happily these terrible storms are not frequent. For the most part the sea is at rest, and then the ice-fields present a strange beauty of their own, which has a wonderful fascination. When the sun is shining brightly it is too dazzling, and its monotony is wearisome. The moon, the stars, and the flickering Aurora are needed to reveal all its beauty.*

We shall now look into the equipment of a sealing steamer, and then in imagination accompany her to the ice-fields, in order to form some idea of the hunt.

In the last week of February the roads leading from the various outposts of St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or, as they are called in the vernacular, "silers," their enterprise being designated "swile huntin'." Each of them carries a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulder, swinging at the extremity of a pole six or seven feet in length, which is called a "gaff," and which serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is most vulnerable. The same weapon serves as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," and is also used for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice to the side of the vessel. To answer these various purposes the "gaff" is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long scaling-gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or

* Mr. Harvey gives in his book a graphic engraving of a night scene among the icebergs, with the bright curtains of the northern Aurora waving overhead.

"after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot old seals or others that cannot be reached by the "gaff." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Sealskin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or mother in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing; sealskin caps and tweed or moleskin trousers, with thick woollen mits, complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome.

In the forecastle, or other parts of each ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like herrings in a barrel, and as a rule they never undress during the voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor, without removing the latter—a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth. The owner of the vessel supplies the provisions. In sailing vessels half the proceeds of the voyage are divided as wages among the men, but in steamers only a third is thus distributed. The captain gets a certain number of cents per seal.

The food of the men is none of the daintiest, and no one who is at all squeamish about what he "eats, drinks, and avoids" need attempt to go "swile huntin'." The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea, sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week dinner consists of pork and "duff," the latter item consisting of flour and water, with a little fatty substance intermixed "to lighten it." When boiled it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. On the other four days of the week all the meals consist of tea, sweetened with molasses, and biscuit. Such is the rough fare on which these hardy fellows go through their trying and laborious work. When, however, they fall in with seals, their diet is improved. They cook the heart, liver, flippers, and other parts, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and generally come ashore in excellent condition, though the odour that attends them does not suggest the "spicy breezes which blow soft from Ceylon's Isle." The use of fresh seal meat is highly conducive to health, and the best preventive of scurvy. Very little sickness occurs among the men while leading this rough life. They are often out for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and endur-

ing the hardest toils. When seals are taken in large quantities, the hold of the vessel is first filled, and then the men willingly surrender their berths, which are packed full of "white-coats." In fact, every nook and corner is crammed with the precious fat; and the sealers sleep where they can—in barrels on deck, on a layer of seals, or in the coal bunks. It is marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such life, leap ashore hearty and vigorous. Their outer garments are polished with seal fat, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have procured a change of clothing.

The experiences of a sealing voyage are various, being influenced by the ever-shifting condition of the ice and the direction of the winds. The grand aim of the sealers is to reach that portion of the ice which is the "whelping-grounds" of the seals, while yet the young are in their plump oleaginous babyhood. The position of this icy cradle is utterly uncertain, being dependent on the movements of the ice and the force of the winds and waves. It has to be sought for amid vast ice-fields. At times, in endeavouring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in the heavy ice, and then the ice-saws are called into requisition to cut an opening to the nearest "lead" of clear water, that she may work her way north. But the heavy Arctic ice may close in under the pressure of a nor'-easter, and then no amount of steam-power can drive her through. Howling night closes in; bergs and floes are crashing all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction; the wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as needles, which only men of iron can stand. Thus, locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles, till a favourable wind loosens the icy prison walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some crushed to atoms, and the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are carried into the great northern bays, or borne in the heavy "pack" up and down on the ocean for weeks, returning to port "clean"—that is, without a single seal. There are seasons when the boldest and most skilful captains fail. At other times, by a turn of good fortune, a vessel "strikes the seals" a day or two after leaving port, and finds herself in the middle of a "seal patch" sufficient

to load the *Great Eastern*. The whole ice for miles around is covered thick with the young "white-coats," and in a fortnight from the time of the departure, she returns to port loaded to the gunwale, her very decks being piled with the skins and fat of seals.

When approaching such an El Dorado as this, the excitement on board may be imagined as the welcome whimpering of the young harp seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach. Young hunters, who now apply their gaffs for the first time are often almost overcome by their baby lamentations. Compassion, however, is soon gulped down. The vessel is "laid to," the men eagerly bound on the ice, and the work of destruction begins. A blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the sculping-knife is at work, the skin with the fat adhering is detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, no doubt, of scalping. The skin or pelt is generally about three feet long and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. Five or six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough or broken ice sometimes for one or two miles. If the ice is loose and open the hunter has to leap from pan to pan.

Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this work. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool previous to stowage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young.

So soon as the sailing vessel reaches port with her fat cargo, the skimmers go to work and separate skin and fat. The former are at once salted and stored for export to England, to be converted into boots and shoes, harness, portmanteaus, etc. The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, in which the pressure of its own weight and the heat of the sun extracted the oil, which was drawn off and barrelled for exportation. This was a tedious process. Latterly

steam has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut up by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground finer in a sort of gigantic sausage-machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, which rapidly extracts the oil; and finally, before being barrelled, it is exposed for a time in glass-covered tanks to the action of the sun's rays. By this process the work of manufacturing, which formerly occupied two months, is completed in two weeks. Not only so, but by the steam process the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased.

The refuse is sold to the farmers, who mix it with bog and earth, which converts it into a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a tun of seal-oil is about a hundred and forty dollars. The skin of a young harp seal is worth from ninety to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses and mines, and for lubricating machinery. It is also used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap.

The maternal instinct appears to be peculiarly strong in the female seal, and the tenderness with which the mothers watch over their young offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cubbed on the ice the mothers remain in the neighbourhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that the old seals manage to keep holes in the ice open, and to prevent them freezing over in order that they may reach the water. On returning from a fishing excursion, extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure, and to discover her own snow-white cub, which she proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice-field. During the absence of the mother the field of ice has shifted its position, perhaps many miles, being borne on the current. Yet each mother seal is able to find her own hole, and to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return and find only a skinless carcass, instead of their whimpering little ones.

Just as the eagle "stirs up her young," and encourages them to use their wings, so it is said the mother seals tumble their babies into the water and give them swimming lessons. When they are in danger from "rafting" ice, or fragments of floes dashed about by the wind and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore-flippers and swimming with them or pushing them forward with their noses.

At the end of six weeks the young shed their white woolly robe, which has a yellowish or golden lustre, and a smooth, spotted skin appears, having a rough, darkish fur. They have now ceased to be "white-coats," and become "ragged-jackets." The milk on which they are sustained is of a thick, creamy consistency, very rich and nutritious. While the mothers are thus guarding and suckling their young, the males take the opportunity of enjoying themselves, and are seen sporting about in the open pools of water. The old male harps appear to be indifferent about their young. The male hood seal, on the other hand, assists his mate in her maternal guardianship, and will fight courageously in defence of her and the young.

In the seas around Newfoundland and Labrador there are four species of seals—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The bay seal is local in its habits, does not migrate, but frequents the mouths of rivers and harbours around the coast, and is never found on the ice. It is frequently taken in nets, but commercially is of small importance. The harp seal—*par excellence* the seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creature when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward

you; and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull.

The square flipper seal is the fourth kind, and is believed to be identical with the great Greenland seal. It is from twelve to sixteen feet in length. By far the greatest "catch" is made among the young harps, though some seasons great numbers of young hoods are also taken.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

NOTE—The seal-fishery, writes the Rev. Mr. Percival, Methodist minister at St. John's, Newfoundland, furnishes us with not a few illustrations of that firm adhesion to Christian principle which it is impossible for even the worldly to gaze upon without wrapt admiration. Many of these stalwart and grim-looking "swilers" have in our churches sat at the blessed feet of the "Master," and learnt lessons from Him. These Christian principles are often severely tested. For instance, I knew of a case this spring (and not a few such cases occur every spring) when a Christian captain was out at the ice after seals. On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, he struck one of these El Dorados; hundreds of thousands of seals surrounded his ship. Other crews about him were busily engaged in taking them, and his men were impatient also to begin the work of death. Before the close of day he might have loaded his ship with some \$60,000 worth of seals, but he was firm to his Christian principles, *and not one seal was taken by him or any of his crew on the Sabbath-day.* During the following night a strong breeze sprang up, and when Monday morning dawned there was not a seal to be seen anywhere. That same captain returned to port with eighty seals, and yet, the *brave* man said, "I would do the same thing again next year, sir!" Such illustrations of moral heroism the ice-fields oft present, and every one of them is a sermon of greater eloquence and power than ever came from the lips of John the *golden-mouthed*.

The heart is not satisfied ;
For more than the world can give it pleads ;
It has infinite wants and infinite needs ;
And its every beat is an awful cry
For love that never can change nor die.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. F. B. FULLER, D.D., D.C.L.,
BISHOP OF NIAGARA.

II.

THE next point for our consideration is, whether our blessed Lord, or His inspired apostles, have left us any directions regarding "Christian unity," or not. For if they have been silent on this most important subject, their silence would certainly tend to weaken not a little the force of the arguments we have drawn above in favour of it, from the many and great evils that the acknowledged fruits of the divisions existing among Christians produce. It would authorize, at least, in some degree, the idea of many kind-hearted people, destitute of consideration and judgment, that "emulation" amongst Christians is *a good thing*, and the cognate idea, that by having many different denominations to choose from, a person is sure to be able to find, at least, one to suit his *taste*. This unscriptural idea was once broached by a kind-hearted lady of my acquaintance still alive. For my part, finding that St. Paul, an inspired apostle, enumerates "emulations" amongst "the works of the flesh," I cannot look upon it as a principle to be cultivated amongst Christian people. That "Christian unity" is one of those things Christians should do their utmost to promote must be manifest to all reflecting and clear-minded Christians.

Another point, which I think none will deny is, that amongst those, who "profess and call themselves Christians," there is a sad state of strife and division, most contrary to the spirit of unity, and therefore most offensive to that gracious God, who declares Himself to be "the author of peace, and the lover of concord." But what "Christian unity" really is, and what are the best steps to secure it, are questions, in regard to which Christians are much divided. To those questions I desire to call attention.

The question, What has the All-wise God said in regard to this subject? is one of the most important that can engage the mind of men. In answering this question, we must not consider what

our fancies, or our prejudices, or own ideas are, for these depend much on previous training and associations; but what the Bible tells us. We must not decide this important question by the rules of policy. We must not think it enough to inquire what will conduce to the good of society, or promote the general happiness of mankind; but simply ask: What has *God* said in regard thereto? No doubt, what God has commanded, will, in the end, turn out to be the best for men; but that is not to be the reason why we should thus act. In the first place, this inquiry should be instituted in the true spirit of Christian seriousness and humility. We must all feel that the strifes and enmities, which have hitherto prevailed amongst us, have exhibited too much of the spirit of the world, and too little of that of the Gospel of love.

In treating of this "Christian unity," one of the first false ideas to overcome is that prevalent idea, that it is *necessary*, nay *desirable*, that there should be various sects or denominations amongst Christians. On this ground, it is generally thought that "Christian unity" does not absolutely require that men should all be of one and the same *outward visible Church*, but that only, while they are still divided into many differing sects, they should carefully guard against unchristian tempers; that they should cultivate a kindly spirit towards those who differ from them; should always speak well of them, and gladly unite with them in all acts of charity and benevolence, in which disagreeing bodies can unite. Thus, for instance they think, that all who have these objects at heart, should unite in furthering the Bible and temperance causes, saying nothing (for the time) of the questions of doctrine and the usages which separate them. This is the idea of many, and this is, perhaps, the extent to which they think this unity should be carried. But is this enough? To me it seems to come very far short of that "unity," at which Christians should aim, and as I read Holy Scriptures and the writings of the primitive Church, I am convinced that the writers of those works recognized the existence of *one Church only*, outward and visible, having the same house of prayer, the same laws, the same rules, pretty much the same form of worship, and the same rites in the main. When, therefore, our blessed Lord commanded "Christian unity" amongst His followers, He excluded all ideas of differing sects or denomina-

tions amongst them. That this is the case is quite clear from what our blessed Lord said and what His apostles wrote. In His beautiful prayer, which He offered up to His Father for that Church, just before being taken from it, He offered up these petitions, which ought ever to be borne in mind by His devout followers: "Neither pray I for these alone (*i.e.* His apostles), but for them who shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are one: I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."

These words of the blessed Saviour are so portentous, that I do not feel authorized to enlarge on them. All sincere Christians, who have duly considered this momentous question, must feel that when the Divine Redeemer thus spoke of "Christian unity," He meant a great deal more than that "unity" which exists among the members of many divided sects. *Surely* all must feel that this latter "unity" is not so close, intimate, and complete as that which existed between God the Father and Christ Jesus His incarnate Son. And if there could possibly be any doubt about the matter, it would be our duty to go to the writings of His inspired apostles; those to whom, when He appointed them to preach, to teach and guide His Church, after He should be taken from them, He said, "He that heareth you, heareth Me." Those inspired apostles have told us both by their actions and their words how they understood our blessed Lord. By their actions, for when by the exercise of their ministry they planted this Church upon the earth, His prayer was literally fulfilled; for we find it declared "the multitude of them that believed were together;" were members of one visible body, and each member entitled to claim his privileges wherever he might travel. None that were *outside* of that visible Church had any claim on such privileges. Now, this act was one performed by the inspired apostles acting under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit; for they laid down rules for the Church of Christ, as seen in their directions for the choice of the seven deacons. By their conduct in this and other acts connected with the organization of the Church of Christ, they showed how *they* understood their gracious Master's words. They showed the same thing in various other respects. For instance, in the

use of water baptism. It might have been argued in those days, (it probably was) Could not the Lord Jesus, in His command to baptize in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, have meant baptism of the Holy Spirit only, as His was emphatically a spiritual kingdom? By the course, however, adopted by His inspired apostles, we are satisfied that what our Lord said on this subject, He said literally; *because* His apostles employed water in the administration of that holy ordinance, sprinkling or pouring on, or immersing in water, those whom they thus initiated into the Church of God.

It must not be thought that in the apostle's age there were no temptations, as there have been in subsequent ages, to divide the Church of Christ into various parties. We have many proofs to the contrary thereof in the New Testament. These writings show that these attempts at division were made at a very *early* day, even before persecution against Christians began. In the sixth chapter of the Acts we read, that there was "a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration;" and we all know that such heart-burnings have caused many sad divisions in many instances. But in the apostle's time no division was made in the Church of Christ. The seven deacons were ordained by the apostles to attend to this very matter; and the Grecians and Hebrews both remained within the Church.

Subsequently much more serious questions arose. Amongst others this very serious one. whether converts from Judaism should be required to observe the ceremonial laws of Moses, after their being baptized into the Church? In regard to this vexed question we find a great deal in St. Paul's Epistles. This was then considered a very important question; much more so than many, which have caused Christians to form sects in modern times, for those, who contended for this requirement, held that those who believed and acted on the contrary views could not be saved. Now, although this controversy raged long and bitterly yet the apostles would not allow their converts for one moment to be divided into two or more separate or distinct Churches; for, if they had done so, they would have allowed a schism to be created in the Church of Christ, which would be at variance with all their teaching and conduct. For example, St. Paul laid great stress on this in the beginning of his first Epistle

to the Corinthians. His language is very strong and should be very impressive: "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions amongst you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and the same judgment. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Cloe, that there are contentions among you. Now, this I say, that every one of you saith, I am Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were you baptized in the name of Paul?" And again, "Ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul, and another I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal?" And in the twelfth chapter of this epistle he lays down many rules regarding this matter, and shows the *nature* of the unity, namely, that it is not a unity of spirit only, but of body also: "*By one spirit are we all baptized into one body.*" Again in the epistle to the Ephesians: "*There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all,*" etc. And in his epistle to the Colossians he speaks of "The peace of God, to the which also ye are called *in one body.*"

To every earnest Christian I would say, can we expect the gracious promises of Holy Writ to be fulfilled, so long as these sad divisions be not uprooted in the Christian Church? Supposing that the members of every different denomination should banish, in entire honesty and sincerity, all rivalry, and learn to live as brethren, to pray for and to strive for each other's good, and to co-operate in all plans of beneficence, not involving any compromise of principle—how are the words of Scripture to be fulfilled? We should, doubtless, have many praying with one spirit; but we are commanded to be not only of "one spirit but also of *one body.*" Again, St. Paul appears to me to condemn that evil spirit which has produced so many sects, when he condemned the Christians of his day for declaring the one that he was the follower of Paul, another that he followed Apollos, and a third that his master was Cephas.

Surely this spirit of division and this readiness to separate from the brethren for the slightest cause are not in accord with those awful words of our gracious Lord, that "they may all be one, even

as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us," and again, "that they may be one even as we are one." When I consider the great force of these words of our blessed Lord and their full import I am amazed that so many, apparently good men, are content to live separate from their brethren—to have no common rules, and no common religious services; but who profess themselves quite satisfied with meeting their brethren once a year on the anniversary of some religious or benevolent society, and then on the morrow live as much apart as ever. And it is still more amazing that these good men should enjoy the evening of the anniversary (or at least profess to do so), when they must be aware of the fierce contests that have been raging between them and of the almost certainty of their recurring in a very short time. This reminds me of what sometimes occurs between contending armies, who have pitched their tents on the margin of some impassable stream and for the time close their warfare to renew it on the morrow, instead of acting like the friends of Job, who sat down and wondered in silence at the misery and sinfulness of their divisions.

This state of things may be attributed to the evil effects of habit. Persons have lived so long in the practice of divisions amongst Christians that division seems to be the *normal* state amongst them. This leads them to misinterpret the plain commands of our Divine Redeemer and His inspired apostles, influenced by this condition of the Christian world around them. Men too often make up their minds, that notwithstanding what Christ and His apostles have said on the duty of all men to join in one outward visible Church, that the case is a hopeless one; and that, therefore, men are excusable when they cease to pray for and to do all they can to promote it. Having thus made up their minds on this important point, they turn to the Scriptures, not to be guided by them in reference thereto, but to obtain what support they can adduce from them in favour of the interpretation they have put thereon; but which to an unprejudiced mind (comparing Scripture with Scripture), must appear a plain perversion of the words of the Divine Redeemer and His inspired apostles. In this way error propagates itself. Erroneous, unscriptural practices are adopted by well-meaning persons, because they promise to do good. Then they go to the Bible to support these erroneous opinions.

And their erroneous practices and their corruption of Scripture are handed down to future generations, who are quite astonished that any one should call in question their practices, and their interpretation of the words of our Divine Redeemer and His inspired apostles regarding them. Their interpretation of the Scripture is received by them, because it agrees with the existing erroneous practice of the Christian world; and that erroneous practice is, in like manner, upheld by their misinterpretation of Holy Writ.

Christians *should know* that there was a time in the history of the Church when there were no geographical divisions; when the Church of Britain, of Gaul, of Spain, of Italy, of Germany, of Russia, and of the East, was all one. Of that time St. Paul tells us (Ephesians fourth chapter and 4th-6th verses), "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." There was a time, before Satan had succeeded in causing divisions; there was a time when Christians were all *one body*. Wherever they went and wherever they dwelt everywhere they found themselves welcomed and acknowledged as *brethren in Christ Jesus*. A Christian might go into foreign lands where a strange language was spoken, but if properly accredited, whether he was bishop, presbyter, deacon, or layman, he was always welcomed. The Church which now lies shivered and reflects only here and there some fragment of herself, as part of the Divine glory, was then reflecting, as in an unbroken mirror, the very image of her Father. If in the providence of God our lot had been cast in those days and in those countries would we not have been amazed to have heard it openly and unblushingly said by good Christians around us, that divisions amongst Christians were quite allowable and under certain circumstances quite commendable, when we *knew* that they had been clearly condemned by our blessed Lord and His inspired apostles. I doubt not that we should have rejected with righteous indignation such an idea, as utterly contradictory to the commands of those by whose direction we are bound to be guided in such matters.

Many men, who held these Scriptural views of Christian unity, died by the fagot and at the stake, or were thrown to wild beasts, or were crucified, for the cause of Christ. These holy men of old received Christ's words in their literal sense; and is it not awful to think of so many millions of Christians during

the last three centuries differing from their interpretation of Holy Scripture and from the practices of the early Christians, because such interpretation of God's words, and such corrupt practices prevailed so generally in the Christian world in their day? But we surely have a right to ask, Is the power of God's word lessened through lapse of time, or because men receiving it have grown into the habit of disobeying it? What God's words meant 1850 years ago, they mean now, and will mean til heaven and earth has passed away. "He that rejecteth Me (saith the Lord) and receiveth not My words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day." In that great day of account we shall be judged, not by the ideas of any age, or by the practice of men, whenever and wherever they have lived; but by *the Word of the living God*. It little becomes us to make His Word to conform to the ideas of our age or the practices of our country.

The celebrated and "judicious Hooker," (as he has been generally called), lays down this sound principle, which I am privileged to follow: "I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of Scripture, that, when a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst." Therefore do I believe, with the greatest of saints for more than fifteen hundred years, that all Christian men are bound to be joined in *one visible Church*, and that the existence of many sects, or denominations "is a work of the flesh," which Christians are bound to cast aside.

I know that in making this candid statement I expose myself to be stigmatized as a "bigot," and as doing what I can to destroy that little unity now existing among Christians, and that they should strive after something that is visionary and utterly unattainable. I acknowledge that there appears a good deal of force in these objections; but I trust to be able to show that these objections have less force than they appear to have. And in doing so, I would ask; what is the obstacle to Christians being united in one visible society? The answer commonly given to this question is, that God has so constituted men's minds, that they *cannot* agree to live together as members of one visible body, the Church, without sacrificing views and principles that they ought not to be called to sacrifice. But here the ob-

jector takes for granted much more than he is justified in taking. I am not prepared to say, that men cannot live in the same visible Church and yet have different *opinions* on some important subject. If this were the case, we should indeed be calling upon them to do more than in justice we are called upon to do. But the great difficulty consists in the assumption that men cannot remain in the same visible body if they profess any difference of opinion. This would, indeed, be to tax them far beyond endurance. But it is not what we require. It is true, that there are subjects so very momentous, that any one who openly professes false doctrine, such, for instance, as the denial of the Divinity of Christ, justly severs himself from the communion of the faithful. Such articles of the Apostles' Creed, too, are included in this category regarding which our blessed Lord said, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and in regard to which St. John says: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God-speed: for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds." It is a fact, that he, who does not hold these fundamental doctrines, has *cut himself* off from the Church of Christ. He is not a Christian at all. But, then, there are other questions, and some of them questions of considerable importance in, regard to which men may hold different opinions, yet be consistent members of the same visible Church. We must expect such differences of *opinion* to exist whilst men are fallible beings. But mere differences of opinion should never separate those for whom Christ died—those of whom He said that they should "be one."

Allow me to give an example of what I mean. There can be little doubt that the apostles of our blessed Lord baptized infants and that such have been admitted into the Church from the apostolic age to the present time. But supposing a man should have embraced this idea, that none were fit subjects for that holy ordinance, except those who were capable of judging and acting for themselves; and in consequence kept back his children from infant baptism. Is this a valid reason, why I should separate myself from him, that I should treat him as "an heathen man or a publican?" I have a right to consider him in error. My reading of the Bible and of the writings of Christians since the Bible was closed, force me to do this; and this is not to be regarded as a trivial error, because so

much of the future training of a young immortal depends on it. Nor must we look upon this as one of those errors which God will allow to exist to the end of time. No doubt, such a man is in error; but there is not sufficient in this error to authorize such a man to cut himself off from the visible body of Christ, and thus cause division in that "body." We should do all in our power by our prayers and our arguments with him, to convince him of his error. But we should love and treat him as an erring brother in Christ Jesus; we should walk with him to the house of God as friends, and take counsel with him on those sweet doctrines of grace which we hold in common.

It is indeed sad to think of men, whom we are bound to consider good men being so willing to rend the body of Christ for mere differences of opinion on non-essential points. Such conduct did not meet with any countenance from the inspired apostles of our blessed Lord. There can hardly be a more important difference of opinion than that which threatened to divide the primitive Church asunder, in reference to the question, whether those, who had come out of Judaism, should observe the ceremonial law of Moses, or not. A considerable portion of the Christian Church held that, if these who had come out of Judaism did not observe the law of Moses, they *could* not be *saved*; that they *must continue* the observance of the sacrificial rites; that they must continue to keep the seventh day as the Christian Sabbath; that they must observe the Passover, and continue the observance of the rite of circumcision of male infants on the eighth day. These must have felt hurt when they heard those preachers, who held St. Paul's view of this important question, declaring the very contrary; that these rites and ceremonies had all been done away in Christ Jesus; that circumcision had been superseded by baptism, the solemn rite of the Passover by the Lord's Supper, and the other rites and sacrifices of the Levitical law of Moses by faith in Christ Jesus, bringing forth good works.

Now, supposing that such different opinions had been held strongly by different Christians in this century, would not their differences of opinion have caused many good people to feel it their *duty* to separate themselves from those, who held such diametrically opposite opinions on such an important question? But having still upon earth the great Apostle of the Gentiles, the early Christians submitted to his direction on this matter. And

what were those directions? (1) He directed them that they should not judge one another hastily; (2) that they should treat one another as brethren; (3) that both parties should remain in the Church. But he did not fail to lay down his own opinion on this most important point and to give them such clear and convincing arguments in his epistles, as tended greatly to remove those differences.

No doubt, that, if one of these two parties had broken off from the Church of Christ on account of their differences of opinion and had formed a sect from the Church, the apostle would have condemned them most severely; but happily, for them and for him too, there was no occasion for such a course. They did not attempt any schism. Here then, we have a very clear and unquestionable case, where there was a very strong temptation to set up a sect in the Church of Christ. Here too, is an example, how men under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit acted. And here, too, we have the results of such action. And if the leading men in the Church of Christ in modern times had followed the example of St. Paul in this respect, we should have been saved the divisions by which the Church has been rent.

But after all that can be said on the subject, the reason for defending divisions in the Church of Christ is, because in their short-sightedness men believe it to be *expedient* to do so, as if any thing *could* be expedient which God, through His Son, and His inspired apostles, so strongly condemn, as I have endeavoured to show above; and they very naturally condemn such writers as I, because they think that we are urging the people to aim at what they consider *impossibilities* in this world. But have such men reason on their side? At the very beginning of this paper I laid down the proposition that this whole matter at which we are aiming *depended on God*; that unless *He* should be for us, to bless our writings, to convince those who may read them, to remove all objections from their minds and hearts, to cause them to promote by every means this blessed unity, all our efforts must be in vain. We have seen several bodies of Presbyterians and of Methodists, who had long been separated become each one body, in spite of the differences, which had kept them long apart. And we could not help exclaiming, "See what God has wrought!" These marvellous facts should lead us to believe that *He* will yet cause the blessed Saviour's prayer to be fulfilled; "That they all may be one!"

It is our duty to pray for this blessed consummation; to talk for it; to write for it; to discuss it privately and publicly; to do everything we can, everywhere, to bring it to pass. It is an old saying that "Rome was not built in a day." We earnestly feel that the ameliorations in the social positions of many nations and peoples have been the results of much thought, anxiety and exertion. And we are bound to do our utmost, "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear." If, on the contrary, for peace sake—which often means an unwillingness to take pain or trouble, though our conscience tells us, at times, that we should not spare ourselves—we should connive at that which God has forbidden, how are we to answer for such neglect of plain duty on the great day of judgment? God's truth requires us to maintain it at any cost of ease and comfort. What God has seen well to lay down for our guidance should be followed by us.

Speak not of *impossibilities*! "Nothing is impossible to God." Faith knows nothing of impossibilities. In matters where God is concerned, satisfy Faith that God has required a thing to be done, and she instantly obeys. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!" When these words of God were spoken, the children of Israel were encompassed on every side. High mountains stood on their right hand and on their left. Before them lay the Red Sea. And behind them were the infuriated armies of the Egyptians. What mattered it to them that the depths of the sea were before them? *God* had commanded them to enter those depths! and they felt it their *duty* to obey that command; they did so: "and the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." Faith accounted that God was able to make a way even through those heavy waves for the redeemed of the Lord to pass through them.

Again, God had promised the kingdom to Jeroboam. But instead of strictly obeying the words of the Lord he set up golden calves in Bethel and Dan, to make more secure to him the possession of the kingdom. He was persuaded that this course could not fail to be pleasing to the people, that (as people say in our day) it would be *popular*; but he was soon taught a very different lesson; for doubting God's simple promises, and for having recourse to worldly expedients, destruction and

ruin were brought upon the kingdom of Israel, and upon its presumptuous king. Jeroboam might have learned a good lesson from the case of Saul, who, though strictly commanded by the Almighty to destroy the whole of the Agagites, he kept back some of the spoils, so that (as he said) the people might sacrifice to the Lord their God. This *seemed* to worldly men excusable, nay, even commendable. They argued that, no one could blame them for thus acting. But God *could* and *did*; for His command was, that none of the sinners, the Agagites, should be spared; and Saul and his people had *broken* that command. Accordingly Samuel, the prophet, said to Saul, the king: "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft and stubbornness as is iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." In both these cases the policy seemed good; but not being in accordance with God's expressed will, could not be otherwise than evil.

Now, let us apply these cases to that before us! I suppose that all will acknowledge that God has commanded unity among His followers. Whom then shall we regard in this matter? Shall we obey God? or shall we be allured from the narrow way of obedience into the broad and apparently commendable ways of Saul and of Jeroboam? Let us not for a moment entertain this idea, that by following such examples, our plans can end in anything but confusion! *Without His blessing on our endeavours Christian unity would be an impossibility*; and if we would secure God's blessing *there is only one way*, in which it can be made ours; *by doing as He would have us to do!* God has *required*, not only unity of spirit, but also outward unity in "ONE BODY;" His visible Church. Men may fancy they can attain the former, whilst abandoning the latter. But, surely we may apply the words of the inspired apostle to the case before us: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

NOTE.—A concluding article will indicate the steps which Bishop Fuller suggests should be taken to bring about the union of all Christian Churches.—E.D.

FRATERNAL GREETING ON METHODIST UNION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.,

Ex-President of the New Connexion Conference, England.

WILL you grant me a little space in your valuable MAGAZINE to offer my congratulations on the Methodist union now happily consummated. Christians of all denominations in this country, so far as my knowledge of their sentiments on this subject extends, rejoice to know that now all the Methodist bodies in Canada are one. We observed with unmingled pleasure the wisdom displayed by the combined committee in formulating the Basis of Union embodying mutual concessions; and we admire the freedom and candour, the good temper and eloquence, so evident in the discussions on union; and finally the remarkable unanimity with which the important question was decided. It would, indeed, have been grievous disappointment—yea a sad disaster—if the projected union had failed; but the good work was begun in prayer and faith, and therefore it had the guidance of God's providence and His blessing crowning the anxious and laborious efforts of His servants with success. Its influence will be powerful for good upon other Methodist bodies in various parts of the world.

We see in it another advance towards that blessed state anticipated and prayed for by our blessed Lord Himself, when the love and union of His people shall once more be represented by the intimate union of the persons in the Godhead, and the world shall see in it a convincing evidence of the divinity of His own mission and of the power and excellence of the Christian religion.

It strikes me as a remarkable fact that the age distinguished as memorable for the union of the Churches is contemporaneous with the revival of missions, and of the various benevolent institutions organized for the enlightenment and conversion of the world. Sunday-schools arose little more than a century ago, and they sprang from the glorious revival under the Wesleys and Whitefield; the Religious Tract Society arose from the same influence in 1799; Modern Missions to the heathen started about

the same time; the Bible Society was originated in 1805;* the "Evangelical Alliance" arose in 1843, reminding all evangelical Churches of their essential relation to each other, and summoning them to holy fellowship and united prayer. Thence followed the union of Churches in rapid succession—the union of the several Secession Churches and of the Relief Church, forming together "The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland," in 1847; the Wesleyan Association, and the Churches of the Methodist Reformers, forming "The United Methodist Free Church," in 1856; the Methodist New Connexion Church in Canada, with the Wesleyan denomination in that country in the year 1874; the four Presbyterian bodies in Canada becoming united in one denomination in 1875; the Primitive Wesleyans in Ireland, after a separation of about seventy years, returning to the parent body in 1878; all the four Methodist denominations in Canada—the Primitive Methodists, the Bible Christians, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the large body of the Canadian Methodists—now amalgamated into one "Methodist Church." And here I call to mind the zealous efforts of my dearly beloved son-in-law, Mr. Robert Wilkes, in the cause of union; and think of the joy it would have afforded him to witness the union of all the Methodists in Canada, now so happily consummated. While I am penning these lines, the *Methodist Chronicle* of Melbourne comes into my hand, informing me that four Methodist bodies on the opposite side of the world—the Wesleyan, the United Methodist Free Church, the Bible Christians, and the Primitive Methodists—in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, incited and encouraged by your example in Canada, have by their representatives in Committee, formulated a Basis of Union to be laid before their respective Conferences for confirmation. God grant that their counsels for union may be as successful as yours in Canada.

It is indeed a remarkable coincidence that all these unions should be contemporaneous with the revival of missions to the heathen, and the origin of those other great benevolent institutions I have named, as promotive of the conversion of the world. The connection of one with the other is an obvious historic fact;

* Sunday-schools were formed by pious Methodists, a Tract Society by Mr. Wesley himself, and a Bible Society by two pious men, all before the present organization.

it stands out before our eyes. What is their relation to each other? Is their connection fortuitous or providential and Divine? Do they not spring from the same source? Are they not evidently effects of the same Divine cause, the quickening, transforming, and hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit firing the Churches with His own benevolent energy? Can we for a moment doubt this? Are we not forced to believe it? And if so, does it follow that it is equally our duty to promote them to the utmost extent of our power? Moreover, it is remarkable that our Lord's intercessory prayer for the union of His people is connected with His own prescient anticipation of the world's conviction of the truth of His own mission, "that they may be one even as we are one. I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me."

Here, then, are the agencies and institutions raised up in these modern times for the conversion of the world. And here, at the same time, are the Churches spontaneously uniting with each other to remove the occasions of unbelief and convince the world of the truth of our Lord's mission. Both are of God, both have the same beneficent influence, and both are now in operation. We bless God for it. We bless God that we live in the favoured age when both are so happily and powerfully combined. You Methodist Churches in Canada have done your part as peace-makers, as obeying the Redeemer's supreme command, and fulfilling His own earnest intercessory prayer for the perfect union of the Church, offered just before His agony in Gethsemene. I honour you, my dear brethren, in the good and great work you have done. Make it perfect now, by the sweetest and most endearing interchanging of kind offices towards each other, and the most devoted consecration of all your influence and property and labours for the conversion of sinners and the evangelization of the world, and the richest blessing of the Triune Jehovah will rest upon you. May the other sections of Methodism in England soon follow your example.

Our English Methodists, though generally foremost in other great movements, have been more tardy than our brethren in the colonies in their movements towards union. But the Primitive Methodists are just now taking an initiatory step, by proclaiming in the prospectus for their next year's *Quarterly Review*, that

each issue for 1884 will contain a special article on Union, namely, the first one from a minister of the New Connexion; the second from a minister of the Wesleyans; the third from a minister of the United Methodist Free Church; the fourth from a minister of the Primitive Methodists; and a closing article, to be supplied by the writer of the first. In these articles the question of union will be thoroughly discussed. Many prayers will be offered for Divine guidance, and we leave the issue with God. If it were in my power, I would sound with a clarion voice in the ears of all the Methodist Churches in the world the glowing appeal of Richard Baxter in his "True Catholic Church Described:" "Brother, if indeed thou love the Church of Christ, join with me in thy heartiest daily prayers and in thy faithful endeavours for the destroying of divisions, and the repairing of decayed charity, and restoring of catholic principles and affections of all the members of the Church."

EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears.
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
 Into still air they seem to fleet;
 We count them ever past,
 But they shall last:
 In the dread judgment they
 And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,
 Keep, then, the one true way
 In work and play,
 Lest in that world they cry
 Of woe thou hear,

UNION, IN THE INTERESTS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM, THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. JAMES MITCHELL, D.D.

Secretary of Georgia Board of Education, Methodist Episcopal Church.

A MOTTO running somewhat as follows : " Union in the interests of Christ's kingdom, the duty of the twentieth century," would suit many much better, the class who would put off till to-morrow the duties of to-day—especially the men of convictions and well-pronounced opinion who claim to be "on the record" against the union of forces. They put the halcyon age of Christ's Church far away in the distant future, at that point and plane in the wheeling cycles when angels and men come together and heaven comes down to earth ; but as to the duties of to-day, they are men of war, and the warlike tempers and policy must be cherished. They affect to regard union as an impossibility in this century, and hold it wise to allow seventeen years to pass before announcing the opening words of this article.

We cannot agree with them, and are disposed to discount time seventeen years, and take as our watchword, " Union the duty of to-day."

This fragment of the nineteenth century will soon pass ; yet not without first entombing from thirty-five to forty millions of earth's inhabitants each year. Of that number the writer and many of our readers may constitute a part of the shrouded multitude who will enter the city of the dead, whilst our spirits will pass before Christ the Judge, to display the tempers begotten of grace, the beneficent imprint of God's Holy Spirit, or the passions and tempers akin to hell. This test will have passed on half a generation before the twentieth century sets in, so that what some of us do for the final triumph of Christ's kingdom we must do now or not at all.

Happy will be the leader of men who in the Judgment can point to the clear record of duties performed, in strict harmony with the subject of Christ's last and greatest prayers for the Church, whilst the agony of death was in His soul and the dark shadow of the cross upon Him.

Happy will be the man who can point to acts promotive of Christian union and fraternal regard, to the acts which show the

full and glorious realization of God the Father's answer to the prayer of His Son, "that they may be one even as we are one."

In the dawn of the Reformation, Melancthon was much troubled in spirit by the forebodings of a divided Church, and the hydra-headed monster of sectarianism through the ambition of many leaders, each one disposed to make himself a Pope. Nor was Luther free from this fear, for he confessed that "there is a Pope in every man."

This personal ambition and spirit of dictation has been sadly illustrated in Methodism. The first-born of the family is not one hundred years old, and we can count some thirty distinct organizations, one to every three or four years of the century.

Sub-division of governments, whether civil or ecclesiastical, multiplies expense and increases taxation. Allow me to bring out this thought in regard to States, and follow the analogy in Church life.

Europe is groaning to-day under a load of ten million armed men, on duty or in reserve, with a population, say, of 300,000,000, of which we will suppose one-third subject to military duty; this makes every tenth full-grown man an active soldier, makes him a consumer, and imposes his support and that of his officers on the remaining nine, who in the case of a war are themselves liable to military duty. Why is this? The answer is direct in point. The multitude of small States and their conflicting interests require numerous armies.

This is a state of things that needs a remedy, and there is but one safe remedy, the reduction of the number of conflicting States. Possibly, somewhat after the style of the European Confederacy proposed by Henry IV. of France, the founder of the house of Bourbon, very justly called Henry the Great, to which Queen Elizabeth was willing to agree—or, what may suit this age better, a gathering of all the European States into some three or four great Confederacies, either imperial or otherwise, as the people and their rulers may select, for a federal empire is as much a possibility as a federal republic.

Fortunately we have an example that Sully, Henry's great Minister, never had in the advocacy of his European Confederation. We can point to the United States, many States in one, yet each integer in the sum total, an independent State in its legislative being, the whole illustrative of the economical effect

of large nations subsisting under one government, not for war but for peace.

A reduction of the number of conflicting States would be followed by disarmament and a reduction of much expense caused by military establishments, etc., provided always that the several States entered cordially into the adjustment.

The United States has but a handful of soldiers because of the unity of her territorial organism under one federal government. What would have been the contrary effect if the division of our federal union had been a success? Large, expensive, and hostile armies all along the border, and fortress upon fortress frowning all along the line of division, as can be found now all over the old world. The wisdom and economy of territorial unity is here established.

I use not this for political effect, though the friend of a *federal empire* for Great Britain, with an imperial representative parliament, or *reichstag* and *bundesrath*, as found in Germany—or, if English pride declines to follow Germany, then let her accept the perfected experience of her own children in this land—the ripe fruit of her own institutions—which she can do without sacrifice of national pride, if that be a virtue, and place in London a new body—a grand imperial federal Senate and House of Commons, representative men, gathered under just and equal laws from all her kingdoms, dominions, and provinces, and to distinguish it from all existing parliaments, or new parliaments in Oriental or Western lands, let it be called “THE IMPERIAL CONGRESS.” This may be the best solution of the troubles of England’s dependent States, Ireland included.

I learn with pleasure that your late Governor-General, of whom the people of the United States thought so well, has been writing on the advantages of federation; but whether his scheme takes in as wide a field as I have ventured to sketch in this, and in other papers written years ago, I cannot tell, as I have not seen his article in the *Contemporary*. But should the statesmen of England seriously begin to think and plan for such a result, as indicated by many outgivings in London, it will be a long step in the direction of universal peace and the golden age for which all men pray.

What is true of large States is true of large Churches. They can be worked more effectually and with less relative expense, whilst the moral influence will be wider and more potential,

other things being equal (*i.e.*, true piety and sound faith), than when cut up into small masses, poorly equipped for the work of government and evangelism.

The disunion of any great Church is a world disaster beyond computation; nothing can justify it but deadly corruptions of the faith, or the abnormal growth of an oppressive hierarchy. No one can now tell the mischief the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church produced in the United States in 1844. I can estimate it possibly as well as most men, for my ministerial life began before it took place, and I have been hedging in against its effects from that day to this, but I cannot compute the sorrow and loss that sprang largely from it. I can only tell my experience, Methodist style, and say, How feeble are the hands of conservative men when the waters of revolution break forth and the deluge comes: it is well if, as boats swept from their moorings, we are allowed to float on the billows, and not submerged in the deep dark flood as many thousands have been.

It is now time to undo that fearful blunder in the United States. We should follow your wise example in Canada, and at least unite the two great divisions of Methodism. Your work is a wonderful one—the union of the Episcopal side of Methodism with the Presbyterian side, in one harmonious whole, on a scheme honourable to both. The more I look at it the more I wonder, and ask, Is not the Lord at hand? Is not this the eastern ray that gilds the dawn? Can bishops thus lay down their honours at the feet of presbyters, to receive them in a reduced form back again; and can presbyters surrender their independence and place themselves under episcopal supervision? Surely a wonder of the ages has come to pass; no ecclesiastical change in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America will surprise me after that. “The Lord is at hand.” May the Lord our God baptize the united body with the Holy Ghost.

As a majority of your readers cannot be interested in our local differences in the United States, I have confined the discussion of the subject to its general bearings and international influence, and will close this article by pledging further reasons of a local nature if it is found that I have touched a responsive chord in the American mind on this great question—a union of forces for Christ's sake.

ATLANTA, Georgia.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO FOXES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

CHAPTER V.—MASTER WILCOX FALLS IN LOVE.

OCCASIONALLY business took Master Wilcox to Snug Harbour. The change was congenial and beneficial, because in Foxes there was no one who cared to converse about anything but fish, flour, and molasses, and “yarn” about storms, shipwrecks, and ghosts. At Snug Harbour there were a few folk above the average fishermen, who read books and newspapers. These visits were anticipated with much pleasure, and Mr. Ridout, the merchant, who supplied the schoolmaster with the few goods he sold at Foxes, was one of those men who can appreciate a willing listener while he related the contents of the newest novel or latest newspaper. It was at the merchant's house that Master Wilcox always stayed, and from him got newspapers and borrowed books. It happened, at the time of our story, that he paid one of his visits to Snug Harbour, and it also happened that a young lady was there to tea that evening. She was introduced to the visitor by Mrs. Ridout as Miss Emily Cook.

The Cook family had recently come to Snug Harbour. Mr. Cook was a Methodist, and had lately been appointed Stipendiary magistrate for the district. His family was grown up; besides Mrs. Cook, who was a consistent member of the Methodist Church, they had three daughters, Sarah, Emily, and Kate; also a son, named Willie.

The evening passed away pleasantly enough. Mrs. Ridout, who had some sly thoughts concerning the young couple, watched them with interest. It was evident that they found each other's company very congenial, and somehow or other Master Wilcox caught himself, unconsciously, admiring Emily. He could not help it. It was seldom he found himself in company with such a young lady, but he never felt so much at home in the presence of one as he did that evening, and yet he never felt so embarrassed as when he caught himself stealing furtive glances at the object of his admiration. Before the evening was spent, Emily

realized that there was something about Master Wilcox which made her like him, yet she shunned the idea of falling into love. But once a couple get into the current, likes and dislikes are unceremoniously dashed to pieces, and the most convenient way for any two in such a predicament as that in which these young people found themselves, is to quietly let events take their own course—and be careful.

The time came, sooner than expected, when the pleasant evening should end. Mrs. Ridout kindly helped Master Wilcox over a difficulty by declaring that Mr. Ridout should not see Emily home that evening when a young man was there who would do it so well. It ended in Master Wilcox and Emily leaving the house together; all too soon the pleasant walk and talk were over, and Master Wilcox returned to his host's to meet a series of jokes and pleasant allusions to Emily.

The next morning the fates, or something else, seemed to favour the schoolmaster. At Mr. Ridout's office he met Mr. Cook; the latter was anxious to learn all he could about Foxes, as it was in his jurisdiction, so he asks the young man to his house, little dreaming of the acquaintance of the night preceding. It may be guessed what fun the Cook girls had when they saw Master Wilcox coming through the garden gate with their father; they had often heard of him through the Ridouts and others, but Emily, only, had met with him. The conversation that morning was mainly concerning Foxes—upon which matter Master Wilcox was quite an authority.

Mr. Cook pressed the young man to dinner, but, having a previous engagement with Mr. Flip to dine at the parsonage, he was forced to decline. However, Mrs. Cook made him promise to take tea with them the next time he came to Snug Harbour. The girls took him to see the garden, and to show him the various improvements their father had made or was going to make about the premises. Emily, being better acquainted with him, had most to say, and somehow she and Master Wilcox got away among some flower beds, and Emily kindly offered a nice flower for the schoolmaster's button-hole, and just as the others came up she was pinning it on.

"I expect you and Mr. Wilcox are in love, Emily," said Sarah, when the girls were alone in their room.

"Oh, yes; don't you know that if a young girl speaks to a

young man nowadays, they are engaged," replied Emily with a tone of reproof in her voice.

"Well, I don't say it's come to that," said Kate; "but I expect it is not far off."

"Why don't you say we will soon be married?" said Emily, rather tartly this time.

"But the trouble is he's a Churchman, and I suppose Emily's too great a Methodist for such a match," said Kate.

"Well, you do talk nonsense; I suppose you are jealous now because he does not propose to you," said Sarah to Kate, but meaning it for Emily.

"Well, he can only propose to one sister at a time, anyway. I would not expect him to do more," replied Kate.

Dinner was ready and saved Emily from any more banter for a day or two, when the arrival of a letter from Foxes renewed the matter.

It was not long before Master Wilcox found it necessary to visit Snug Harbour concerning school matters. He took tea with the Cooks, and Emily and the schoolmaster went for a walk that evening. Soon all Snug Harbour, knew that there was some truth in the rumour which was afloat before. Foxes soon heard the news, and the entire place wondered how Master Wilcox "could go a-courting a Methodist girl."

"I 'spects it's all fudge," said Uncle Peter; "folk nowadays make a yarn out of nothing. The people of Israel made bricks without straw in Egypt, but found the job too hard, but the people on this shore, I guess, would be a match for old Pharaoh hisself. But there's no telling how things will take a turn. I heerd about one of our preachers once that fell in love with a girl that used to dance and read novels, and would have been married too, only she took sick and died."

Master Wilcox was at the mercy of a strong feeling that kept Emily before his mind day and night; she was the only girl he had ever seen fit to make him a wife. Emily found herself deeply attached to him; the very jeering of her sisters confirmed her in the course she had taken. Mrs. Ridout was satisfied and gratified with the outcome of that evening's introduction, and did much, on the quiet, to reconcile Mrs. Cook to the match. There are people everywhere who seem to think that a part of their calling is to make such "matches," Mrs. Ridout was one of them, and seemed to be successful in the art.

CHAPTER VI.—SOMEBODY ELSE GOES COURTING, AND GETS INTO TROUBLE.

The prayer-meetings at Uncle Peter's continued to retain their popularity, and the reading of a sermon now and again made them more like the regular services held by the lay-reader at Snug Harbour. Uncle Peter had been publicly denounced by Parson Flip, as threatened, but that only magnified the importance of these "conventicles," as they were termed by the Parson.

One night, however, an unexpected person came to "meetin'." Mark Delaney, a Roman Catholic youth, who was servant to one of the owners of Foxes, appeared in the little assembly of Methodists.

"Well, I never thought he would come," said John Simms the next morning when he met Uncle Peter.

"I 'spects he came 'to view the nakedness of the land,'" said Peter.

"If he did he can tell the folk that we beant dead, and if he didn't feel under that sermon you read he must be made of flint; that set me a-thinking all night."

"I wish it would set some of them praying over their sins," replied Uncle Peter.

The secret of Mark Delaney's presence was soon found out. When Uncle Peter married Jane, she was a young widow; her first husband was lost in a brig seal-hunting; and a little girl, Caroline, by her first marriage, was the only child she had. At this time she was as fine a young woman as the shores of Newfoundland could produce, and that is saying a great deal. Mark had "an eye to business" when he resolved to attend "meetin'." There was a difficulty to overcome, and Mark hardly knew how to avoid it. The course of events of late had thrown Uncle Peter and John Simms' families much into each other's company. Jim Simms was a fine young fellow, in every respect worthy of Caroline. The old people were quite satisfied when it was witnessed that Caroline and Jim "were a-courting." His rival caused Jim some uneasiness, and the more because Caroline seemed to encourage Mark's attentions. Before things had gone far enough to make it necessary for parental interference, events took an unexpected turn.

It so happened that Jim and Mark both went to Snug Harbour. Mark met some of his old comrades of his own creed, and celebrated the occasion by giving and standing treat at a liquor-shop. Coming out of a warm room into the cold air made Mark feel a little "fresh," and going down the harbour road with two or three others he met Jim Simms.

"I say, Jim," shouted Mark, "don't yer let me see you after Caroline again."

Jim looked at his rival with astonishment, while the bystanders laughed heartily.

"What odds to you if I do?" replied Jim, somewhat slowly, and more for the sake of saying something.

"Well, if I catch yer, I'll spoil yer face," said Mark.

"Perhaps so and perhaps not," replied Jim.

Before anyone had time to think, Mark made a straight blow at Jim's face, and sent him reeling and bleeding. A crowd soon gathered, but Mark was not taken away; Jim recovered himself and went to get his face both washed and plastered.

The news flew around Snug Harbour like wildfire, ran down the shore and reached Foxes at such speed that telegraphy itself would almost blush at the rapid transit. When the rivals reached home they found that the episode at Snug Harbour was the subject of gossip and somewhat magnified in details. Anyway Caroline, true to her sex, was indignant at the way "that brute of a Catholic fellow abused Jim." Jim found that Caroline was more disposed after that event to court his company. Mark was startled afterwards to find how he had made a mess of it, and blamed the fellows he was with who made him drink the liquor and then set him upon Jim. But Caroline was not to be talked over in that style. Mark, however, still held out hopes to himself that he could win over Caroline by a few presents, but the current had set against him too strongly; yet his mind was set upon having the choice of his heart, and he planned accordingly.

That fall Jim and Caroline were made man and wife, and that settled the matter for ever. Mark was the butt of the young people in Foxes; his actions at Snug Harbour had made him unpopular; and now his ignominious defeat in the matter of courtship gave them ample opportunity to vent their ill-feeling. The whole affair was suddenly brought to a close by a very un-

foreseen and unfortunate event. Mark was sent by his master a few days previous to Christmas to hunt some partridges and hares; he started early in the day and rambled until nearly nightfall. The snow that had been falling during the day increased and the wind blew furiously, so that when Mark reached a house three or four miles from Foxes it was impossible to venture further. He resolved to spend the night there, and the poor man urged him to do it for safety's sake. As there was no spare bed, Mark had a "shake-down" near the stove, which was well supplied with wood. All was well until a little before daylight, when a gun went off. The owner of the house at once came out of his bedroom to see what it meant. There was Mark gasping his last breath. The only explanation found was the fact that Mark's gun was standing in the corner towards which his feet lay, and that he must have kicked in his sleep, and that the gun fell, the charge entering the poor fellow's head at the right ear. The event cast a gloom upon Foxes that Christmas, and had a wholesome effect upon many.

"Well, what I've got to say," said Uncle Peter one night at meeting, "is this: it's a voice warning us to be also ready—seemin' to me it is a special call to you young people to forsake the giddy ways of sin and prepare to meet your God. When I heard about the poor fellow meeting such an end it made me think how when John was beheaded in prison they took up his body and went and told Jesus. Well, you might say that this poor young man died in prison—the prison of his sins I means—and we can go to Jesus and tell the Master that we feels our need of getting ready for eternity. The message comes mighty sudden to many like it did with the sleeping and foolish virgins. Well, I hope we all will take a warning and not loiter around the streets of Sodom, but hasten to escape to the mountains of salvation."

There were several "amens" to that, and in a few moments Uncle Peter's comments upon the sad event were repeated in many of the homes in Foxes, not without ridicule in some and not without benefit in others.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SEED SOWN TAKES ROOT.

During the winter in which the events of the last chapter took place, Methodism had been making inroads upon the parishioners under Parson Flip's care. At Snug Harbour things were developing very fast. An extensive revival had taken hold of the entire community, and the little cause that before had struggled for an existence was growing in strength. Snug Harbour Methodism was blest with a man of undoubted piety, who acted as lay-reader and class-leader. Week after week, year after year, he had sown the seed beside all waters, seeing but little results and much opposition. But the "set time to favour Zion" in Snug Harbour had come. The prayers of many years were answered, and great was the harvest. Methodism in Newfoundland owes much to such men; there are scores of them settled in the various harbours and coves who unfurl the banner of the cross, where the name of Jesus would be seldom heard if they were silent. These God-fearing men, not knowing much of this world's wisdom, but having learning enough to read a chapter in the Bible and find the page in the hymn-book, have taken the Gospel into many a home where the Missionary would scarcely find admission. Their business as fishermen taking them into various creeks and coves along the rugged coast, they embrace every chance "to speak a word for Jesus." I have known many of them who, taking a sermon-book with them, the Sabbath would find them as diligent in some cottage leading service as the week-day found them tending their nets and lines. Thus Wesley's and Burder's sermons are well known among the fishermen; Talmage and Moody have been made familiar in this manner; and Spurgeon has been preaching in the harbours and coves of Newfoundland by means of these lay-readers for many years. Eternity alone will reveal the results of their earnest, faithful and loving labours for Jesus. Uncle Peter at Foxes was fast developing into a useful lay-reader; his ability to read was nothing to boast of, but he improved, and however deficient he was in that respect, his earnest and faithful prayers and his quaint expositions and explanations of Scriptures and passing events made up for all. The need of a stationed minister was felt at Snug Harbour and other places, and steps were taken by Mr. Cook and others to secure one.

One morning Uncle Peter was startled when a document reached him, and it was said to have come from the Stipendiary magistrate; the old man was half afraid to open it.

"I 'spects he's going to send me to the penitentiary," said he, half-joking.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder; you praying people have been disturbing the peace of some folk around here," replied John Simms, who knew something about the petition.

"Well, I suppose they won't bar up the way of prayer; anyway, they will never stop me praying."

Eventually, after some ceremony in opening and some difficulty in reading, it was discovered to be a petition for the next district meeting that a minister might be sent. The reasons were given, and each name had figures opposite stating the amount every one would give towards the supporting of their pastor.

"Well, that is just what I call business, and I hopes to live to see the day when the preacher will be sent for us poor neglected people," said Peter.

"I hear you Methodists are going to have a preacher," remarked "Master" Wilcox, when he met Uncle Peter next day.

"So we be," said Peter.

"Whose going to send you folk a preacher?"

"The Lord God Almighty."

"I guess he'll starve on this shore."

"Not while the God lives that feeds the young ravens when they cry."

"The best thing the preacher can do is to stop until he's wanted by decent folk."

"That's just what they said when Paul went to Philippi; but, you see, some people make a mistake often."

"Well, I would not give much for the man who would come to preach to such a set of Ranters."

"Well, Master Wilcox, you may despise us, but the Lord owns our cause, and that revival up to Snug Harbour shows that even Parson Flip and all the sinners in the place could never hinder the work," said Uncle Peter, rather firmly.

"Those revivals are all a humbug," replied Master Wilcox, sneering as he spoke.

"We're bound to have the preacher, and neither you nor the Parson can stop that," replied Uncle Peter.

The subject was talked over after the next prayer-meeting was closed, and Peter thus delivered himself :

“ Seemin’ to me the Methodist cause is like Queen Esther, who was sent upon a special time to save her own people, and though she was despised, by others, she made a desperate effort to save all she could. And I ’spects we will have to go through fire and water to save Foxes. That revival in Snug Harbour ought to shut the mouths of all the bigots and sinners in creation. But then, the world is no wiser now nor it was in the days of Moses. Pharaoh hardened his heart in spite of the miracles he saw, and the Jews persecuted the apostles even on the very day of Pentecost.”

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

BY THE REV. W. M. BAKER, D.D.

<p>FAST flies the gloom, while gladness Breaks radiant from the skies, Before whose spear points sadness With broken phalanx flies. I see what loyal legions Ate pressing downward fast, I know what royal regions Have hurled hell out at last ! Behind those serried lances, Behind those seraph lines, I know what King advances, I know whose coming shines ; To meet Him love made purer Within the soul is born ; Assurance made yet surer ; It is the Sabbath morn.</p> <p>I hail your swift arrival, Ye allies of my strife, Ye rouse in me survival Of latencies of life. With hungry hands I reach me To grasp your down-stretched palms, From your high vantage teach me— In hushes of your psalms—</p>	<p>That in this glorious brightness On earth and sea and sky, In ample folds of whiteness God’s flag of truce doth fly. From foes to Father turning, I smite them but with scorn, My soul takes wings with yearning ; It is the Sabbath morn.</p> <p>I know how very nearly I draw unto those realms. I know that it is merely A film which overwhelms These eyes from rapturous seeing, These ears from rapturous sound, This self from God-like being, This life from broken bound. Melt, oh, thou film-flake, faster, Rend, thou thin gauze, in two, Eternal heaven o’ermaster, Break in effulgence through ! Oh, sacred day o’erflow thee ! Rush Sabbaths into one, That earth and heaven may know the Eternal rest begun !</p>
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BIBLE INSTRUCTION IN OUR SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. JOHN LAING, D.D.

SHOULD our children receive instruction in Christian morality and in the facts on which our Christian religion rests? None but a man who rejects the Christ of God will answer, no. Should that instruction be given in our schools, established by the State for all creeds and classes and by teachers paid from public funds? Here there is difference of opinion. One party says, if not given there and by the ordinary teacher, it will not be given efficiently or generally. Another party says, no; the State and its officials have nothing to do with religion; religious instruction should be given by parents and church officials; and the instruction given in public schools should¹ be purely secular. With the reasons given by either party I am not now dealing. I simply wish to state clearly the question at issue, and it is this: Should Christian morality and history be taught in our Public Schools? Yes or no. Are our schools to confine their teaching to purely secular subjects and exclude Christianity? Yes or no. Let us decide this question, and the practical issue will be comparatively an easy matter.

If there is such a thing as morality, and even agnostics admit this after a sort, it is important that children be taught the principles and practices of morality. If there is such a thing as religion, and all men, except atheists, admit the existence of a religion of some kind, it is important that children be taught the principles and practice of religion. If Christianity is true, and there is a future state of existence, the bliss or misery of which depends on the faith and conduct of men in this present life, and this sixty-nine out of seventy of the people of Ontario profess to believe, it is important that children be taught what to believe and how to live. Is it not, then, common sense to assert that instruction in morals and Christianity should be given to our children in school? They must receive "Religious Instruction," as the school law phrases it, in order to moral and religious *training*. Instruction is an indispensable means to the formation of the moral and religious character of the child. Nor can a Christian State rest satisfied with a one-sided education which trains

and develops the physical, intellectual, and æsthetic faculties, but ignores and leaves uncared for the moral and spiritual faculties of the child. The State requires men to be moral and punishes immorality. It takes cognizance of morality—of Christian morality—and surely it is proper for it to teach morality or duty.

The education of the youth of this Province has by the people been entrusted to the Government. The Act of our Legislature by which parents, through their representatives in Parliament, committed this high and holy trust to the Government, secures for our children such "religious instruction" as the parents desire. Any regulations, therefore, which deprive the children of such religious instruction are a violation of the trust committed to the Government. I do not feel called upon to go back of the Act in order to make good my contention. The schools of Ontario are "institutions of a religious people." Our Province is a part of a Christian nation. "Christianity is the basis of our system of education," as the founder of that system declared nearly forty years ago. Never at any time has the people of Ontario, through its representatives in Parliament, or in any other way, declared that the schools were intended to give only secular instruction. To exclude religious instruction and make secular knowledge the only object, and intellectual training the only end of our school system, is at once to violate the law and to wrong our children. The Government is certainly bound by law to give "religious instruction" in our schools.

Experience has shown that morality is best taught in connection with Christianity. Free education for every child is an idea grand as benevolent, and it is the offspring of Evangelical Protestant Christianity. Civil and religious liberty is bound up with intelligent Christianity, and with the knowledge of God as Supreme Ruler and Judge, and of His revealed will. The experience of three hundred years is not to be cast aside at the command of an arrogant hierarchy or of a revolutionary theory of atheistic evolutionism. In no book but the Bible (or books which have drawn their morality directly or indirectly from the Bible) can duty be found fully stated and based on the only effective principle of love. To love God supremely and our fellow-man as ourselves is a doctrine of Divine revelation to be found in God's Book alone. There, in its proper light, and upheld

with the highest, purest, noblest, mightiest sanctions, we find duty to self, to family, to rulers, to Church, to State clearly set forth. Other reasons may be urged for the use of the Bible as a text-book in our schools, such as its high literary excellence, its peerless sublimity and grandeur, its rich but chaste imagination; but its chief recommendation is its moral and spiritual might, elevating, purifying, ennobling, as it does, all who come under its influence; affecting alike the individual believer and the society which is pervaded by the knowledge of its truths. Inhuman wrongs wither beneath its genial warmth; political corruption and social abominations seek to hide themselves from its light. In proportion as Bible morality (not its counterfeit) has power, governments are stable and peoples are free and prosperous. All experience shows that, in the interests of the State, Christianity should be taught to the children.

How comes it, then, that in Ontario not only has religious instruction disappeared from our schools and from our national university, but the claim is boldly put forth that the teaching in State-supported institutions should be "colourless," so far as the knowledge of God and Christianity is concerned, and should be confined strictly to secular subjects? To answer this historically would take more space than can now be given to the subject. Still we may notice some reasons which are given for continuing this agnostic, secular character of teaching.

1. Sectarian jealousy prevents the impartation of Bible truth. In answer to this I avail myself of an extract from the very able paper on Moral Education, read by A. Millar, Esq., of St. Thomas, last year before the Teachers' Association. Speaking of the use of the Bible, he says :

"Little comment would be necessary, but even with comment on the teacher's part the danger of touching on doctrinal disputes is more visionary than probable. We have happily got beyond the age of constant war between the sects. Those who imagine difficulty picture to themselves not the teacher of to-day, but one of forty or fifty years ago. We may dismiss from our minds any apprehension of difficulties arising between different denominations by having the Bible read in a section where the people are generally in favour of it."

The opinion of one of our best and most experienced teachers ought to have much weight even with those who think that they know more about such matters than any man who has the pre-

judices of a minister. I agree fully with Mr. Millar. The objection is founded on wilful ignorance of the kindly feeling which now prevails among the several denominations. Intolerance is confined to two portions of our community, viz., to the Roman Catholic hierarchy (not the laity), who insist upon the Church having the control of education, and condemn any non-sectarian system as godless, because churchless; and to the atheistic portion whose demand may be stated by quoting from a free-thinking journal. "We protest against the PERMISSION of the use of the Bible in the Public Schools on the pretence of its being a non-sectarian book," etc. "We also assert that the Public School system cannot be sustained in equal justice to all by confining it to strictly secular instruction; that *all religious exercises should be prohibited* in the Public Schools." With this intolerance there can be no truce. The weakest must go to the wall.

Now as to the Roman Catholic claim. Roman Catholics have their Separate Schools and religious institutions as they desire. Surely a Government that grants them their "RIGHT" in this matter (for the Act in its preamble declares it to be such), cannot refuse a similar right to Protestants. And as for the seventieth man in the community who is an intolerant free-thinker, I would ask: Are the conscientious convictions of sixty-nine to be overridden by the Government in order to help on the irreligious assault of that one man on the faith of the majority of the nation? If ever the majority of the Province shall become Roman Catholic or atheistic, we know what to expect. Meanwhile, Protestant Christianity has the vast majority, and it is a manifest injustice to withhold from the Protestant community the privilege and RIGHT of religious instruction for their children because the Roman Catholic hierarchy and a handful of free-thinkers are pleased to object, in both cases with the view of crippling or undermining Protestant Christianity.

One other consideration may be added which alone should silence this objection based on alleged sectarian jealousy and bigotry. In the Board Schools of London, England, and generally in that country, the Bible is taught and "instruction is given therefrom in the principles of morality and religion, suited to the capacity of the children," without complaint or interference with the particular opinions or creed of any sect or Church. And

Mr. Mundella is responsible for the statement that practically "the whole school children of England, numbering 4,700,000 are receiving religious instruction." In light of that fact the objection certainly vanishes.

2. A second objection is sometimes made under the spurious guise of even-handed justice, and somewhat to this effect. It is unfair to require an agnostic or unbeliever to teach what he does not believe. But who asks him to do so? Who would knowingly employ such an one as a teacher and commit their children to him for instruction on religion or Christian morality? I cannot here do better than again quote from Mr. Millar's paper:

"Occasionally one may be found to maintain that even the atheist should not be debarred from teaching school. The law is quite clear upon this point, and it is satisfactory to have a decisive opinion on the question from the Minister in his last Annual Report. The teacher who regards his position in the school as one of indifference respecting religion, has failed to comprehend the spirit and even the letter of the law. To teach morality on any other basis than that which accords with Christian doctrine, would be a violation of the school regulations, as much as to neglect the teaching of English grammar or arithmetic. *The infidel in charge of a school is an intruder and a dishonest person*, as much as the clergyman who preaches a doctrine he does not believe. . . . Our school system is the result of a compact by which the parent delegates a portion of his duty to the teacher, who as a public officer performs his work in harmony with the terms of agreement entered into between the parent and the State. The candidate for the position of teacher should be aware of what the State demands. It is not sufficient for him to keep his views to himself. Christianity admits no neutral position. He that is not *for* Christ is *against* Him. To abstain from ventilating His opinions will not do. Unless he plays the part of a hypocrite, his views will become known. It is impossible to give colourless teaching," etc.

No comment on these noble sentiments is needed. They have the true ring. And when I know that when they were heartily endorsed by the Teachers' Association I am sure that teachers as a class have no sympathy with that spurious charity which would banish God from the schools to save the alleged conscientious scruples of mere utilitarians.

3. It is alleged that giving religious instruction and instruction in Christian morality is inconsistent with the genius of our non-denominational system of education. I will not waste time in discussing the ideal—the genius—of our system; enough to know what our system really requires. When denominations

merged their schools in a public system, it was to be a Christian system, which was to secure religious instruction. The Christians of Ontario did not then dream of putting the Bible out of the schools, or Christian evidences, natural theology, Christian ethics, and the Greek and Latin Scriptures out of our State college. In so far as these results have come about in the last thirty years, there has been a violation of the compact made by the State with Christians of all denominations forty years ago. And herein lies the greatest danger to our public non-sectarian system. The learned President of Toronto University felt the necessity of emphasizing the religious character of University College in his last address; for well do the best friends of non-sectarian education know that while non-denominational our educational institutions must be not "colourless," but avowedly and distinctly Christian, and the want of any decided teaching of Christian principles is the weak point against which denominational colleges are directing their criticism against the State University and College.

Much more is this true of our schools. The *raison d'être* for Separate Schools for Roman Catholics was the cry of the priesthood that our Public Schools are godless, and they were able by a Lower Canadian majority to force this Province to allow that Church, that is the priesthood, to educate their children. The Church of England in part once made a similar demand, and if religious instruction is not given in the Public School may agitate for Separate Anglican Schools, or establish them where they can alongside of the State Schools. So far the Presbyterians and Methodists, and the Congregationalists and Baptists have supported and wish to support a non-denominational but Christian system. If, however, our schools are to be made purely secular, and the Bible is to be kept out (no matter how many impracticable concessions may be made to ministers and what options may be given to trustees, all to mock us), and is not to form a part of the regular work of our schools, things cannot rest. Christianity has before turned the world upside down, and it will sooner or later overturn every atheistic system of human government. God's people will have their children taught the fear of God and their duty to man. If they have sufficient influence in the State to secure that this is done in the State-supported schools, good and well; if not, at all hazards they will have Christian schools.

So far, then, from being hostile to our non-denominational system of education, we who are agitating for religious instruction, and instruction in Christian morality, are the true friends of that system. As we look at it, the only way to preserve the blessing we have is to insist on effect to be given to the law, and religious instruction being afforded our children.

My limits are exceeded, so I must leave the subject with my readers, and I do so by simply mentioning two other considerations. We have courts of justice, and every citizen is bound to honour and submit to them. Now, when a man is called into court as a witness a book is put by the State into his hand and he is required to kiss it, and then to say, "So help me God." Surely that State is *bound* to teach the man what book it is that he kissed, what the Gospels are on which he swears, and that there is a God by whom he is adjured? But where shall the citizen be taught this *by the State* if not in the Public School? The State must either dispense with the oath or teach its citizens the nature and obligation of the oath. If the State is to remain Christian it must teach Christianity in the schools.

Again, our laws recognize marriage and require monogamy, making bigamy a crime. They recognize the Sabbath and secure the right of "the Lord's day" of rest. But where shall our children find the foundation of these marriage and Sabbath laws if the Bible is withheld from them? As it is, many of our youth who grow up untaught in the Christian religion and Christian morality are sent by the State as criminals to reformatories and penitentiaries. *There* the State acknowledges its duty, and does not hesitate to teach the Bible by State-paid officials to law-breakers. How can it be inconsistent for that same State to teach the children the blessed Book before they become criminals? Prevention is certainly better than cure. Wisdom says, put the Bible in the Public School as well as in the jail school and the reformatory.

"PHARAOH'S HORSES."

AFAR speeds the wild horse with swift Death behind,
 Black lower the storm-clouds, oh, list to the wind,
 How it shrieks on his path! while the surge glitters green
 Oh, soul of man, still no rest dost thou find,
 And black Care still presses, ah, presses how keenly!

—T. C. Jeffers.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

WE need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Not strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful men beneath the sky.

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

Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comforts, ease,
As heaven shall bid them come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
Help us this day, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS OF SOLITUDE.

BY MRS. MARIE ELISE LAUDER.

Matt. 14. 23. "And when He had sent the multitudes away, He went into the mountain apart to pray ; and when the evening was come, He was there alone."

Luke 5. 16. "And He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Psa. 62. 1. "Truly my soul waiteth upon God : from Him cometh my salvation."

1. Thess. 4. 11. "And that ye study to be quiet."

It is only when the soul withdraws within herself in retirement and solitude that she is able to enjoy perfect and uninterrupted communion with God, and a full consciousness of His sublime and holy presence. How still it becomes in the soul, when I turn in devotion to Thee, my God and Father ! What

deep rest sinks into my troubled heart, when it feels Thy presence! What blissful joy pervades the mind and heart when filled with Thy Holy Spirit! Only with Thee is peace; only in Thee have we life and satisfaction! In such inner retirement, what holy and blissful thoughts fill the breast, what love to Thee my Saviour and Redeemer!

If Christ, whose holy soul stood in essential and constant communion with God, retired from the multitude for devotion; if He who was the "Life" and Truth withdrew, that He might hear more clearly the voice of the Holy Spirit, how much more must such retirement be healthful and life-giving to us. Life in our time become daily more unsettled and disturbed by the rush of business and pleasure. Hence, amid the dissipations of the outer world, amid the unrestful pursuits of the excited multitude, our danger of losing sight of the soul's sublime destiny increases, if we do not frequently enter into the depths of our own nature, and hold communion with our own soul. Surrounded by the outer world, with its constantly changing scenes and attractions we do not wholly belong to ourselves. Gradually we lose the stamp of our own individuality; we think often with the minds of others: we cease to be only ourselves.

A thousand objects work upon the senses and emotions; a thousand vicissitudes fill our souls with anxiety. All this is antagonistic to the still inner life. In the presence of this changing scene, our fancies and thoughts chase each other; our desires are carried from one object to another; under the powerful influence of the world, the soul is, like the ocean, in constant ebb and flow. Hence, how necessary that we collect the forces of the mind, that we may find strength to resist this pressure from without, and hold ourselves *independent* of the things of time. We must lock our senses, as it were, shutting out this varied hum of life, and give our thoughts and feelings a nobler and loftier direction and aim.

There is something in the deepest depths of the soul that unceasingly speaks for God and eternal truth, something that sighs and worships, something that knows itself to be related to the Invisible and Eternal, something that harmonizes with the Gospel. When the outer world is silent, the voice of this inner something is heard; that tender, "still, small voice," that is nevertheless more penetrating than the roar of thunder.

The scales fall from our eyes as once from Saul's; we are amazed at the dreams and chimeras we have been so tenderly rocking in the cradle of self; we blush in the remotest corners of the soul at our false views, our foolish fears, our desires. Hence it is that so many studiously shun solitude, and live, as it were, in a constant flight from themselves, and can nowhere find rest from the enemy in their own breast. They would avoid all thinking that could remind them of themselves. Oh, how gladly would many quite forget the past and seek to drown reflection in Lethe. They flee thought and solitude, and seek relief and the dissipation of their uncomfortable fears in intercourse with the world, in change of scene, in art and science, in investigation and research; all only to forget and smother the unrest of their inner self.

My dear friend, do not flee the still hours of retirement, even if voices are there heard that give thee anguish. They are the voices of thy best Friend—thy God and Father, calling thee to Himself. Listen to these tender, beseeching, reproving and encouraging voices. Solitude is the benevolent nurse of our higher nature. The heart opens to a better world, and eternity comes near. Pure joys and holy thoughts fill the soul with a foretaste of the happiness of heaven.

The thinker seeks solitude to pursue his investigations, to penetrate the hidden mysteries of science; in the deep silence, the poet soars on the wings of song above the plain of everyday life into the pure ether, and creates for himself new worlds, and peoples them with the creations of his fancy.

The Bachs and Beethovens flee the haunts of men, and listen to the voices heard only in solitude, and pour forth symphonies and glorious strains that fill the listener with rapture and make him think of the harpings of the redeemed before the throne. And has not the Christian a nobler study than these; does he not find a delight beyond all human expression in a contemplation of the Divine? What are art and science, poetry and music, and all the glories of earth combined in one, when compared to the purity, inexpressible grandeur and sublimity of the eternal God? "They are altogether lighter than vanity."

In solitude the artist sees and designs with chisel and brush his high ideals; the philosopher drinks from the fountain of wisdom; the hero gains courage to face death; and in the solemn silence the Christian soul drinks from the golden goblet of infi-

nite love unspeakable felicity. When we are with God, naught comes between us and Him to hide Him from the eye of faith; we gain from the Pisgah of solitude broader and clearer views of the Promised Land. It lies spread out before and beneath us like a landscape seen from the Alps. If cares and doubts torment us, if things around trouble us, if losses and painful experiences weigh us down, and a dark future terrify us; moved, taught, governed and strengthened by God's Spirit, we acquire the glad courage that overcometh the world and the fear of death. We can almost hear David sweep the strings of his harp, while he sings: "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

God is a God of peace; therefore, in prayer a peace beyond all human comprehension comes over the soul. The world cannot give this peace, because it has none to give. "Love not the world," cries the faithful Apostle. It will be a more resistless force than the whirlpool of Niagara, to drag the soul down to hopeless ruin. Only "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

From the sacred silence of communion with God, the soul goes forth as from a plunge into the river of the Water of Life, strengthened, refreshed and ready to give the enemy battle. Every duty seems a joy of love. The soul's whole prayer, and relations and attitude toward God resolve themselves into "Thy will be done"—the sum and substance of all desire and prayer of the soul consecrated entirely to God.

It is only in this sacred retirement with God that the soul sees clearly; only in the quiet wave are the pure blue of the heavens, the moon and stars reflected: in the mad storm, when the billows dash and rave against the rocks, all looks gray and desolate; no picture of beauty, no reflection can be seen. These precious hours of solitude are as a holiday to the soul, as a rest after a weary journey, as the return of a long-absent friend!

As a strain of music heard long ago, and under circumstances of paramount importance in our lives, has power to awaken many a memory, so these hours of inner recollections call into life all that is best and noblest in us, and fire us with ardent enthusiasm to mount higher. Then the child rests the head on the Father's heart, and hears the songs of the redeemed.

PRESIDENT NELLES ON THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

[Since our own editorial remarks on this subject were in type, the printed report of Dr. Nelles' able address at the Memorial Service in memory of the Rev. Dr. Richey, first Principal of Upper Canada Academy, at its opening in 1836, has come to hand. After an eloquent tribute to the memory of Dr. Richey and to that of Dr. Ryerson, the first President of Victoria College in 1841, Dr. Nelles proceeded as follows to discuss the broad question of University Education.—E.D.]

Both Upper Canada Academy and Victoria University were established as institutions of general education for the youth of both sexes, and were always open to all classes without distinction of creed, and along with Queen's College, at Kingston, were the only institutions then conducted on such liberal principles. It has lately been said that they were a proof of the desire of the Methodist Church for an educated ministry. They were more than that, they were a proof of a desire for the wide diffusion of general learning among the people at large. So far from being schools for the training of ministers, they were rather defective in that particular. Theology, instead of being systematically taught here at that time, might rather be said to have been systematically neglected. Not until the year 1871 was there a theological chair in the university. Our fathers, not being able to do all things at once, recognized the sound principle that ministerial education should begin in a broad and liberal culture. The establishing of these higher seminaries was a proof that the Methodist people of that day had no sympathy with the very narrow view now expressed in some quarters in this Province by those who speak slightingly of universities, and seem to regard the elementary schools as the only schools

of any value to the people. They forget that elementary schools must derive their guidance from the colleges, both as regards the method of teaching and the matter taught.

All higher learning and scientific discoveries will sooner or later reach the homes of the common people, and add in countless ways to their comfort and refinement. The streams which water the plains have their origin in the mountains, and are fed unceasingly by the showers of heaven. Never should the words of Bacon, that all learning is "a relief to man's estate," be forgotten. To plead for science and higher culture is to plead for the people. He who endows a university endows the homes of the whole population. There is a cry in behalf of the workshop; we re-echo the cry, but of all workshops the greatest and best is that college workshop which we call the laboratory. The scientist carries all the working men in his bosom, and will bring them ere long into regions of good of which they have not yet even dreamed. Let, therefore, our fellow-citizens of the shop and the farm not be jealous of money given to colleges. They might as well be jealous of the sunlight of morning, which first gilds the mountain peaks, forgetting that it will soon flood the valleys and the plains. As well be jealous of the clouds which go floating darkly and coldly in the sky, forgetting how soon they will fall upon the earth, bringing "the splendour of the grass and the glory of the flower." As of the college professor, so we may speak of the physician, the lawyer, the minister. If any persons are disposed to regard these professional men as a superfluity, then we may at least say this, that the greatest superfluity is an ignorant doctor or an ignorant lawyer.

I make these remarks because of

tendencies traceable in some of our public papers, and I may add further that many persons seem to forget the great changes introduced in college courses of study during the last few years. We can hardly complain now of too much time being spent upon Greek, for a man may graduate in many universities without so much as knowing a particle of Greek, or even a Greek particle. What we called modern and progressive studies have largely displaced classical studies, and, as some persons think, have unduly displaced them. Let us remember that man does not live by bread alone, and to adopt the words of our Governor-General in his beautiful speech at Toronto, let us seek to "diffuse that liberal culture without which material prosperity becomes a calamity rather than a blessing."

Before closing these remarks I must make a brief reference to this university question now exciting so much controversy, and first of all let me correct some misapprehension as to our position. We have been represented pretty extensively as raising an agitation for legislative aid to the denominational colleges. There is no truth in that. We did not raise the agitation. The first intimation of a reopening of this question in the Legislature came from the University of Toronto in the annual Convocation address by Vice-Chancellor Mulock, that the friends of that university were about making application to the Legislature for the increase of their endowment. The next step was the appearance of sundry communications and editorials in the press, and more particularly in the Toronto papers. Some were in favour of Mr. Mulock's contention, but among those on the opposition side was the President of University College, Dr. Wilson, who expressed doubts of the reasonableness of the measure. There was some indication here of a house divided against itself. It was after this that the denominational colleges entered upon the discussion, and their position has been and is now that no further legislative aid shall be given for higher

education, or else be given alike to all chartered universities, according to work done or amount of private endowment, or upon some other equitable and permanent system. We of the denominational universities were quietly and successfully pursuing our own work, upon the voluntary principle solely, and had no intention of applying at this time, nor probably at any future time, for legislative aid. But if the question was to be reopened in the Legislature that is quite another matter, and gives us good reason to urge our claims as compared with those of the one favored university. Let me, however, say here definitely, that we would not be prepared to accept money in the form of an annual special grant, after the manner which formerly prevailed, nor in any similar way. The authorities of Victoria University have often expressed disapproval of that mode of giving assistance to colleges. Our contention in 1860 was not for annual subsidies, doled out by the Government of the day, but for a faithful administration of the University Act of 1853. We are quite satisfied to stand on the principle of self-support, if others are left to do the same, but in any case we contend for a plurality of colleges. We believe in some degree of competition among those higher seminaries of learning, and in respecting existing rights and interests. But though we are for maintaining several colleges with suitable freedom and diversity in their internal economy, we are not opposed to the union or federation of those colleges in one common university, or even to the centralization in one place of such colleges as may be able to accept this feature. This is the very system for which we so earnestly contended in 1860, nor have we ever repudiated the plan during the intervening years. Such a scheme has its advantages, and also its disadvantages. Much must, of course, depend on the details of the scheme, and this is a case in which the details may be important. One form of federation may be good, and another bad, but in the present condition of

things in Ontario the easiest and most satisfactory adjustment of conflicting views and interests would seem to lie in the line of such an affiliation of colleges. It would give unity with variety to our collegiate system, and might be so shaped as to conserve all the great principles for which the secularists have contended, on the one hand, and the denominational colleges on the other. I am aware that it is a very favourite ideal with the people of Ontario, and it is possible that the time has now come for its happy realization. The scheme of 1861, after passing the Senate, subsequently failed on financial grounds, and any fresh measure might possibly fail again on the same account, but there is now no surplus to contend about, and if the adherents of the different universities could be brought to a friendly interchange of views, a good result might be expected. The only difficulty is in getting a few reasonable men to come together in a dispassionate manner. Whether any such thing as a federation will

come about is not for me to say. I do not commit myself to any particular scheme of federation. One may be good and another bad, one sort of affiliation of colleges might work well and another not work at all. Everything depends on the details, but in some direction or other a solution will be found. Come what may, we have no particular fears or doubts about the future of Victoria University. She will stand in the future even more strongly and go on more prosperously than she has done in the past. This is not the time for us to urge timid counsels, when the union of the different Methodist bodies is being consummated. It is not the time for us to grow faint-hearted or weary in well-doing, for this we do know, that this institution will be cherished and maintained as a part of a general scheme, if a reasonable one be proposed; or, if not, then, as a university, sustained in its present independent form by the liberality of her graduates and friends.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

The university discussion has been continued vigorously through the press. Much irrelevant matter has been dragged in, but the question is now being brought to its proper issue, namely, the relations of the State to the subject of higher education as a whole. One result of the discussion is, at least, patent. The claim of a single and already largely endowed institution to indefinite aid from the public chest cannot possibly be entertained. The rights of the other colleges, which are doing the greater part of the higher educational work of the country, must also be recognized.

Principal Caven, in his courteous correspondence on this subject, by far the ablest which has appeared

on the side of Toronto University, makes several important concessions which, it seems to us, open the way for the dispassionate discussion of the whole wide question of the relation of the State to higher education. "I am not unwilling," he says, "fairly to look at that question with appreciation of the history and work of the other colleges, and of their legitimate aspirations. It was injustice and bad policy which forced two of them at least into being, and on this account we are the more bound to be ready for conference. I would not decline the challenge to attempt the solution of this problem, and to consider what is best for collegiate education in view of the state of things actually existing. There are certain conditions of receiving public

money which must be peremptory. One is, that direct denominational control shall cease, and another, that nothing shall be expended on any theological department." He further remarks:—"I cheerfully recognize the fact that several colleges besides are doing work from which the country derives essential benefit; and could they offer themselves to the State free from denominational control and restrictions, I would willingly, as the solution of a practical difficulty, see the Province recognize those of them whose equipment might really qualify them to advance the work of University education."

Now, it seems to us—we can, of course, express only our personal convictions—that it ought not to be difficult, if the question be approached in a spirit of large-minded and statesman-like fairness on both sides, to find a satisfactory solution of the problem. No one, for a moment, thinks of asking any State aid for any theological department. But could not the State endow two or three secular chairs, say in classics, mathematics, and science, in the outlying colleges, and submit those departments to State inspection, and the test of uniform examinations for all the colleges of the country? But here comes in the question, What is meant by *direct* denominational control? At present, as we understand, the Professors of University College are appointed by the Minister of Education as representing the Government. Such autocratic mode of appointment gives no guarantee that an agnostic minister, if there should be such, would not appoint agnostic, or worse than agnostic, professors. To such a mode of appointment of even professors of science we feel sure that the authorities of the denominational colleges would never consent.

But could not a method somewhat like this be devised? Let there be one University for the whole Province called, say, the University of Ontario. Let all the outlying colleges, medical schools, and law faculties be represented in due proportion on the Senate of that University. Let no appoint-

ment of professor be made without the nomination, suggestion, or concurrence of such Senate. As Dr. Caven truly remarks: "No considerable number of people in this country prefer a system free from the presiding influence of religion." And a Senate so constituted might safely, we think, be intrusted with the duty of preventing the intrusion of skeptical or agnostic professors, and of nominating only such as would be acceptable to the Christian Churches of the community. Christianity is a recognized institution of the country. Sixty-nine men out of every seventy give it practical adhesion. It is neither reasonable nor right that no guarantees should be given against the possible usurpation by Infidelity of the teaching faculties of even State institutions, and its pernicious influence upon the rising youth of the Province. Dr. Laing's argument on that subject on another page of this MAGAZINE is irrefutable.

DEATH OF MRS. RYERSON.

Just twenty-three months after the death of Dr. Ryerson followed that of the devoted woman who was his faithful wife and companion for half a century. Mrs. Ryerson was present at the Covenant Service in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the first Sunday of the new year. The following Sunday she was taken ill, and the third Sunday of the year, just as the church bells were about to toll, she passed quietly away in the arms of her devoted son. In her illness she conversed with her pastor, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of her simple and implicit trust in her Redeemer; and thus full of years, like a ripe sheaf she was garnered home. Mrs. Ryerson was a worthy helpmeet to him whom it was her privilege to cheer, sustain, and encourage during long years of public controversy and manifold labours. In the sanctuary of home he ever found sympathy and support. In the old Adelaide Street Church Mrs. Ryerson was ever foremost in Woman's Work for the promotion of all the interests of the cause of God. She rests from her labours and her works do follow her.

THE MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO DR. RICHEY.

Just as we go to press comes to hand the report of this exceedingly interesting service. The Rev. Richard Jones, the Bursar of the University, who was present at the laying of the corner stone of the Upper Canada Academy over half a century ago, occupied the chair and paid a touching tribute to the memory of its first Principal. Professor Workman gave an exceedingly interesting *resume* of the history of that institution and of Victoria University. Prof. Coleman read an admirable paper by Dr. Hodgins, the oldest graduate of the University, giving reminiscences of early college days in Canada. Of Dr. Nelles' able address we give a condensed report on another page. The University has graduated 1,600 alumni—nearly a hundred of them in the past year. It began the current college year with the largest number of matriculants it ever enrolled, and has now a more brilliant promise for the future than it ever had before.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

No more striking musical event has occurred in Western Canada than the recent rendering in Toronto and Hamilton of this masterpiece of the great German composer, to which he devoted the nine best years of his life. Not before, we think, has such sublime music been so adequately rendered among us. The theme was intensely dramatic. The lonely prophet raising the widow's son, challenging the priests of Baal, defying Ahab and Jezebel, in the solitudes of Cherith, amid the earthquakes on Mount Horeb, and sweeping through the gates of heaven in a chariot of fire,—what can be more sublime! The effects of some of the choruses was almost overpowering, as the "Baal, we come to thee," "Thanks be to God," "Behold! God the Lord passed by," and "Then did Elijah break forth like fire." The ineffable sweetness and beauty of the quartettes, trios and airs, "For He shall give His angels charge over thee," "Cast thy burden on the Lord,"

"Lift up thine eyes," "Above Him stood the Seraphim," "O come every one that thirsteth," and "O rest in the Lord," haurt the memory with a lingering spell.

Mr. Torrington has rendered the cause of musical culture among us great service by the masterly manner in which, with the aid of the Philharmonic Societies of the sister cities, he has produced this great oratorio.

A GHOST REVIVED.

Under this heading, the Rev. S. B. Dunn, of Truro, Nova Scotia, furnished the following interesting note to the Halifax *Wesleyan*, with reference to the, as we supposed, novel rendering of the passage in Ephesians, *tas methodicis tou diabolou*, by the phrase "the diabolical Methodists," given in the December number of this Magazine:

Now, the above rendering, however ingenious, is not new; nor is it the first time that this scripture has been made to do duty as a "soft impeachment" of our beloved Methodism. In the days of the early Methodists, some budding Biblical critics discovered that the term—*methodicis*—occurs twice in the New Testament, viz., Ephesians 4: 14 and 6: 11, and in both places denoting "cunning craftiness whereby evil men and evil spirits lie in wait to deceive." And possibly these same critics in their reading of the Fathers, had stumbled upon the passage in Chrysostom—*methodensai de esti to apatesai*—"to be a methodist is to be beguiled." In any case the opportunity was too tempting to be despised, and so the reproach of this Bible term was cast upon the poor Methodists! But notwithstanding, "the diabolical Methodists" to-day are like the locusts that infested the land of Egypt—they are everywhere. This form of "organized enthusiasm" belts our planet with its influence and fires the mind of millions with its flame.

PRACTICAL UNITY.

A striking illustration of Christian brotherhood and sympathy has just

come under our notice. On Sunday afternoon, January 20th., the large and beautiful structure, known as Erskine Presbyterian Church, Toronto, was destroyed by fire. In a few hours—almost before the ashes were cold—seven of the city churches—three of them Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Reformed Episcopal, one Unitarian, and one Congregational—were offered to the burned-out congregation for use on part of the Sundays for their religious services, and one of these offers was accepted. Our Father in heaven is bringing His children on earth in all the Churches nearer together, in the true spirit of Christianity.

WE have peculiar pleasure in presenting in this number Dr. Laing's admirable article, on the Bible in our Public Schools, because the accomplished writer was himself the instructor, guide, philosopher and friend, of our own youth. Our obligation to his moulding influence we can never forget. We have a lively remembrance, too, of certain

chastisement received at his hand which we considered at the time not joyous, but grievous; but which was, doubtless, very salutary on the whole. One privilege we enjoyed at the old Toronto Academy, which is wanting in many of our modern schools, the systematic teaching of the Word of God—a privilege more important than all other teaching combined.

OUR Friend, Mr. J. T. Moore, an alderman of this city and member of our last General Conference, is about to visit the Old Country in the interests of emigration to the North-West. He will spend the remainder of the winter in visiting the great centres of population in England, and by lectures and other means diffusing information as to the exhaustless resources of our almost limitless territory. His extensive personal acquaintance with the region will enable him to give every information on the subject. We wish for him great success in his work and a prosperous return.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Of the \$25,865 remitted by the Missionary treasurers from Ireland to the Mission House last year \$12,515, or nearly one-half, was raised by the Juvenile Christmas offerings. The Parent Society grants \$22,500 for missions in Ireland.

Rev. H. P. Hughes, who was set apart by the last Conference as an Evangelist, has visited several towns in England, spending a week or ten days in each, during which time he usually holds two or more meetings daily, and three or four on the Sabbath. Great good has resulted from his labours. Mr. Hughes recently visited Dublin, where his labours

were greatly owned of God. A Convention was held for several days, during which the chair was held successively by such distinguished laymen as Lord James Butler, Major Sanderson, Captain Barton, J. H. Drummond and others. During one evening it was calculated that not less than 5,000 people were present. A Roman Catholic priest attended a whole day's services.

The Metropolitan Chapel Fund is receiving a fresh impetus by the munificence of Sir William McArthur who has contributed \$50,000 towards church erections. His brother, Alexander McArthur, M.P., has also subscribed \$25,000. Since the Fund was formed in 1861, 64 new churches, to

hold 1,000 hearers each, have been built, and about 100 smaller edifices have also been erected.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

At the recent meeting of the Missionary Committee, in the discussion of the Scandinavian Missions, the interesting fact was brought out that in several New England towns the Swedes are crowding the Irish out of the factories, and supplanting a Roman Catholic with a Protestant population. The discussion on the German work brought into view the great tendency of the German youth to go into American churches, giving their preference to worship in the English language. The Missionary Committee also voted \$1,000 toward the support of the missions among French Canadians in Illinois.

The Methodists of Texas report from May 1st to October 13th, 7,373 conversions and 7,608 additions to the Church.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has laboured six weeks in Danville, Ill. More than 1,000 persons have bowed at the altar for prayer.

Mrs. Neilson, of Norway, for 25 years a successful actress, was converted through the influence of Methodist preachers in that land. She retired from her profession, began to read Moody's sermons in public, and soon attracted crowds. The Lutheran ministers opened their churches for her use. She began to add words of her own, which gradually grew into discourses. The Lutheran pastors, finding she had fully identified herself with Methodism, excluded her from their churches, and she resorted to halls and over-crowded chapels. She is very modest, intensely in earnest, and has gained the universal approval of the preachers of the Conference. Another lady, a teacher in a Lutheran College, has turned her attention to the same work.

Hon. P. Pettibone and family, a few months ago, presented the Methodist Episcopal Church at Wyoming, Pa., with a new sanctuary costing \$25,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
SOUTH.

With possibly one exception, all the bishops of this Church were converted under twenty years of age.

The Board of Church Extension has built between fifty and seventy-five churches during the first year of its existence.

Four young Indian girls have matriculated in the Wesleyan Female College, Georgia.

The General Conference of 1882 marked out a plan for the observance of the Centenary, appointing days and months for specified exercises. According to this plan the first Sunday in January was to be observed "as a day of devout prayer for the Divine blessing upon the Centenary services of the year, and for a general revival of religion." (The day was very generally so observed.) The General Conference also resolved to raise \$2,000,000 during 1884, and apply this sum equally to education, church extension, and foreign missions, save where donors shall give special direction to their gifts.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

A very interesting series of revival services are now in progress in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. A spirit of deep spiritual earnestness and religious consecration pervades the congregation from which the most blessed results are anticipated.

More fruits of Methodist Union: The congregations of Methodist, Bible Christian and Primitive Methodists in Scott were united with the understanding that the united congregation should be supplied by the Primitive and Bible Christian ministers, and that the Methodist Church should retain their members and hold the regular missionary meeting, the other branches also keeping their separate financial interests and membership. A united love-feast of the three Churches was held recently at Uxbridge, in which all the pastors took part. The season was one of great spiritual enjoyment.

December 9th was the temperance field-day among the Methodists of St. John's, Newfoundland. Sermons on temperance were preached in all the churches, and in the afternoon in Gower Street Church almost every available seat was filled by an immense gathering of children, representing the Bands of Hope in connection with Cochrane, George, and Gower Streets Churches. Several ministers and laymen addressed the meeting. The singing was glorious, and altogether it was one of the best conducted and most enthusiastic temperance meetings ever held in St. John's.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society has been in existence but a short time. The second Annual Report is now before us, from which we learn that there are 17 Auxiliaries in London Conference, 6 in Toronto, 3 in Montreal, 3 in Nova Scotia, 1 in New Brunswick, and 2 in Newfoundland, being a total of 32. It is to be hoped that as the object of the Society becomes better known, and the simplicity of the machinery is better understood, the number of Auxiliaries will be largely augmented. The payment of one dollar per annum is the membership fee; and the payment of \$25 at one time by one person constitutes a life-membership. Each Conference has its own Branch, with which the various Auxiliaries in that Conference are connected. The Auxiliary meetings are held weekly or monthly as may be deemed best, when the members receive information respecting the workings of the Society, and devise such means as they may approve to increase the funds of the Society, such as bazaars, concerts, etc., or preparing garments or articles of clothing for the missions.

There are at present four objects to which the Society renders assistance. The Crosby Girls' Home in British Columbia, the Macdougall Orphanage in the North-West, the Female Mission in Japan, and French Evangelization in Montreal; all of which are deserving of liberal patronage. The first saves poor Indian girls from a life worse than death, the

second prepares Indian orphan children for lives of usefulness; the two latter need no explanation.

The Society supports one Female Missionary and a Bible-woman in Japan, another Missionary is about to be sent to that empire, and, as the income of the Society increases, the number of agents will be augmented. One young lady has signified her wish to enter the Woman's Medical College that she may become qualified for the work of a Missionary-physician, a most important sphere of labour—one which has already been greatly owned of God. Ladies can gain access to those of their own sex where male missionaries are excluded.

The income of the Society for the past year exceeds \$6,000, which was expended for the purposes before named. It may be proper to observe that the Woman's Society is in no way antagonistic to the Missionary Society, but is rather auxiliary to it. While the ladies make themselves responsible for the support of the Female Missionaries, they do not employ any but such as are approved by the Board of the Missionary Society.

We would be glad if this brief notice would beget in the minds of our lady friends a desire to aid in the good work in which the Woman's Missionary Society is engaged. Should there not be one Auxiliary in every circuit? It is to be hoped that the women of Methodism throughout the Dominion will emulate the noble example of those who have already formed Auxiliaries, and so increase the means of this Society for future usefulness.

ITEMS.

The venerable George Muller, now in the 79th year of his age, has gone to India on an evangelistic tour.

It is stated that, of the 500 religious newspapers in the United States, 66 are Methodist.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church has taken steps to raise \$1,200 annually, to constitute a fund for the education and training of young men and women to serve as missionaries and teachers upon the continent of Africa.

BOOK NOTICES.

World-Life; or, Comparative Geology. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., University of Michigan. Cr. 8vo. Pp. xxiv. 642. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

By Comparative Geology, or Astro-Geology, as he calls it, Prof. Winchell means a study of the processes of world formation, world growth, and world decay; not on the earth alone, but in all worlds, from our nearest neighbour, the dead moon, to the nascent world-life of the remotest nebula. He is a firm believer in the nebular hypothesis, and is probably its most brilliant living exponent. He begins with the "World Stuff," the material of which all worlds are made. He collates all the evidence that has been wrested by telescope, spectroscope and blow-pipe from nebulae meteorites and cosmical dust. With a brilliant use of the scientific imagination, so necessary, as Tyndall says, to scientific investigation, he traces the phenomena of nebular evolution, the origin of the solar system, and the cosmogonic conditions of the planetary system. He describes the processes of planetary decay in other worlds, and by analogy the destiny of the earth, the home and mother of us all. He discusses the habitability of other worlds and the possibility of the revivification of a dead universe. The argument leads up to some of the sublimest deductions and generalizations of which the human mind is capable. Dr. Winchell invests these lofty speculations with a vivid interest, and makes lucid some of the profoundest investigations. He fairly meets and frankly discusses the objections alleged against the nebular theory. While a scientific evolutionist, he is a devout Christian Theist. He impresses upon the reader a profound conviction of the omnipotence

and supremacy throughout the universe of One ruling Intelligence, of One beneficent Will.

We know not, elsewhere, any book which brings within the same compass such an intelligible view of the latest results of science in the discussion of these absorbingly interesting themes. We are glad to notice a high tribute to some of the original investigations of Professor Eugene Haanel, Ph.D., of our own Victoria University. The book is illustrated with a large number of engravings, which make more plain its sometimes abstruse discussions.

An Outline History of Painting for Young People and Students. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. 8vo., pp. 320. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.

Mrs. Clement has achieved a distinguished reputation by her valuable works on art. In this handsome volume she furnishes a very excellent brief history of painting from the very dawn of the art to the present time. We trace its development from the strange frescoes of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon, to the rich achievements of Greek and Roman skill, though of these little remain but the mosaics, vases and mural tablets of Pompeii and other exhumed cities, palaces, or villas.

Christian art may be said to spring from the Catacombs, though inheriting many classic traditions. Through the mosaics of Ravenna and St. Marks, the illuminations of missals, the marvellous stained glass of the middle ages, and the paintings of Cimabue, Giotto and Orcagna, it struggles through the dark ages. Then comes the glorious outburst of the Renaissance, which is vividly sketched, with brief biographies and art criticisms of Fra Angelico, Fra Lippi, Ghirlandajo,

Perugino, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Dominichino, Guido Reni, and the other great artists of the different Italian schools.

The contemporary development of painting in Flanders, Holland and Germany, France, Spain and Britain, is then traced. The great names of Van Eyck, Matsys, Rubens, Vanduyck, Rembrandt, Holbein and Durer, of Valasquez and Murillo, of Poussin and Claude, of Kneller and Reynolds, pass in review. Well engraved examples of the *chefs d'œuvre* of most of these are given, as well as several Turner's, a fine Landseer, and many others. Indeed, one who studies this book will have an intelligent idea of the great masterpieces of the world. The engravings of the Sistine Madonna, the St. Cecilia, the portraits of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the Beatrice of Guido, the Assumption by Murillo, the Slave Ship of Turner, are as faithful reproductions as black and white can give of those world-famous paintings.

Familiar Talks on English Literature. By ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON. Cr. 8vo., pp. 454. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

This book is not designed as a substitute for literature, but as a stimulus and guide to the acquaintance of the best literature. It is cast in a colloquial style that will attract young people. It is not, like too many similar books, a sort of graveyard containing only the brief epitaphs of the mighty dead. It is a vivacious talk about their life-work. It describes the conditions under which English literature came into being and the influences by which it was modified. The great names of Caedmon, Bede, Langland, and Chaucer, which to many are names and nothing more, will become to the students of this book instinct with life and interest. So also the grand choir of later singers and sages, who are more talked about than read. We like the following sentiment of the author:

"Writing as I do for American readers, I have endeavored to impress on them a pride in the works written in their language. I want them to feel that they have as much share and as much pride in the glorious names of Shakespeare and Milton as if their grandfathers had not crossed the ocean. Let us lay hold of and claim this grand inheritance." Such a spirit will be a bond of international friendship that shall knit in ties of loving brotherhood the English-speaking race on both sides of the sea. We would like to see this book adopted by the C.L.S.C.

The New Sunday-school Teacher's Biblical Dictionary. With an introduction by the Rev. J. F. KITTO, M. A., Rector of St. Mary's, White-chapel. 8vo., pp. 1,220, illustrated. London: Elliot Stock. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$3.50.

This book is a remarkable illustration of the valuable literature created by the Sunday-school movement. It is a marvel of full and accurate treatment of the wide range of subjects referred to in the Holy Scriptures. Lesson Notes, we fear, are often aids to idleness instead of helps to study. A Bible Dictionary enables a student to help himself, and cultivates a habit of investigation that will often pour a flood of light upon the sacred page. To teach the Word one must know its meaning, and for the adequate comprehension of a book from 1,800 to 3,300 years old, written in languages long since dead, and describing unfamiliar ancient oriental usages and institutions, such a book as this is absolutely essential.

Another advantage of a good Bible Dictionary is this: It does not do one's thinking for him. It supplies the facts, and lets one think out conclusions and opinions for himself. It cultivates the intellectual, the reasoning faculties. The book under review, wherever we have examined it, we have found exceedingly well edited. The word "cross," for instance, in its historical,

not theological meaning, occupies twelve closely-printed, two-column pages, with seventeen engraved examples, showing how the simple symbolical cross of the Catacombs became the Romish crucifix. The engravings are very numerous, and are not mere embellishments—they are pertinent illustrations of the text. For preachers, teachers, and indeed all Bible students, we know nothing so compendious, yet full, so good and so cheap as this book.

Memories of Canada and Scotland, Speeches and Verses. By the Right Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., etc. Pp. 360. Montreal: Dawson Bros., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.50.

Both during his sojourn among us and since his departure, the Marquis of Lorne has shown himself a true friend and well-wisher of Canada. O. this we have a pleasing testimony in the graceful verses on Canadian subjects contained in this volume. The fine poem on Quebec—noble theme for poetic muse—we have already given in full. Others embalm in verse the quaint and often pathetic Indian legends which are fast fading out of the memory of man. It is well, therefore, to rescue them from oblivion before it is too late. Over a hundred pages are given chiefly to Highland stories of patriotism or woman's love. The rest of the volume contains a selection from the many graceful and judicious public addresses, in English and French, given by the versatile Governor-General during his popular administration, of which this volume—with the blended maple leaf and thistle on the cover—is a pleasing *souvenir*. The following is the opening stanza of a noble national hymn:

From our Dominion never
Take Thy protecting hand,
United, Lord, for ever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

Aye one with her whose thunder
Keeps world-watch with the
hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
This "Canada of Ours."

Missionary Life among the Cannibals: being the Life of the Rev. John Geddie, D.D., first Missionary to the New Hebrides. By the Rev. GEORGE PATTERSON, D.D. Pp. 512. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and James Bain & Son.

John Geddie, though born in Scotland, came to Nova Scotia in his first or second year, was educated at Picou, where he began his Christian ministry, and for some years laboured as a faithful evangelist in that Province and Prince Edward Island. But the cause of missions lay like a burden on his soul, and amid many discouragements he urged the duty of evangelizing the heathen. At length, in 1846, he set sail for the New Hebrides, where he was to labour amid many trials and disasters and ultimate triumphs for over a score of years. This book gives a graphic account of those labours. It is an admirable contribution to missionary literature. It will stimulate the zeal and inspire the faith of every reader. We are proud that a Canadian missionary, though of a sister Church, was the pioneer in the glorious work of bringing these Cannibal Islands to the knowledge of Jesus. Dr. Patterson has done his work well. It is fitting that the biographer of this heroic Canadian missionary should be the winner of the hundred guinea prize for the best essay on Christian missions. We anticipate for that prize essay, when it shall appear, a wide circulation and a great success as an incentive to missionary zeal.

Queen Victoria: Her Girlhood and Womanhood. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Pp. 401. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.00.

All loyal subjects are glad to get glimpses, even through the printed page, of the person and home-life of

a sovereign than whom none was ever more beloved. In this book the graceful pen of Mrs. Lippincott gives us, not a stately or very formal history, but a light, sketchy, gossiping account, interspersed with many anecdotes, of the public and, so far as is seemly, of the private life of Queen Victoria. "I have long felt," she says, "that the wonderful story of the life of the Queen of England—of her example as daughter, wife, and mother, and as the honoured head of English society, could but have, if told simply, yet sympathetically, a happy and ennobling influence on the hearts and minds of my young countrywomen." It is a beautiful picture of domestic happiness, of a depth and tenderness and purity not often seen in palaces, that is revealed to us. The story of the death of Prince Albert, and of the Queen's lonely, grieving widowhood, is touchingly told. Its pathos affects every heart, and makes the Empire join, as with one impulse, in the prayer:

May all love,
His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow
thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass
thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish
thee,
The love of all thy people comfort
thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side
again.

Sketches and Anecdotes of American Methodists. By DANIEL WISE, D.D. Pp. 352. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$1.25.

This is a very timely volume for the centenary of American and Canadian Methodism. It sketches chiefly the founders of that early Methodism which was common to both countries. The first of these, Barbara Heck, may be called the mother of Methodism in the New World. Francis Asbury, Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garretson McKendree, George Hedding, belonged scarce less to Canada than to the United States. The name of Daniel Wise

on the title-page is a guarantee that the sketches will be well written and instructive. This book, with its companion volume, "Heroic Methodists," should be in all our Sunday-school libraries. Our young people should be brought into loving sympathy with the noble and devoted men and women whose memory is here embalmed. The book gives a picture of good, motherly Barbara Heck, and several other portraits.

The Life of Paul. By D. H. TAYLOR. Teachers' Edition. Cr. Svo. Pp. 367. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

No biography in the world, we think, is of such absorbing interest as that of the great apostle of the Gentiles. This heroic character will largely engage, during the current year, the attention of 12,000,000 of Sunday-school scholars. The great works of Conybeare and Howson, of Lewin and Farrar, of course deal exhaustively with the subject. But their magnitude prevents many from attempting their study. We have here the very book for busy teachers and Bible students. It is written in vivacious and interesting style, and gives the result of the latest studies on the subject. It has a good map and several illustrations. The one entitled "A Roman Soldier," represents, however, one of the Pope's Swiss Guard, not of a soldier of Paul's day; and that marked "Entrance to Rome" is a view of the Arch of Titus from the Colosseum.

Italian Rambles, Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. Pp. 446. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Mr. Jarves, who has resided several years in Florence and other parts of Italy, has given us in this book an inside view, such as the passing tourist does not obtain, of life and character in that romantic and storied land. He takes us to places off the regular route of travel

—the mountain regions, the dwindling cities, the rural solitudes. His sketches of Ravenna, of old and new Venice, of Murano, Ancona, Cremona, etc., are full of interest. One of the most amusing chapters is that on the pursuit of bric-a-brac. He contrasts Italian with American training and manners, not always to the advantage of his countrymen.

A Popular History of the Dominion of Canada, from the Discovery of America to the Present Time. By W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Royal 8vo., pp. 652. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, \$3.

Of this book it becomes the author to say no more than that it is the enlarged, revised, and improved edition of a work which has elicited the commendation of such competent critics as Lord Dufferin, Lossing the historian, Sir Francis Hincks, the late Dr. Ryerson, and others. It brings the history of the Dominion and of all its provinces, and of the Island of Newfoundland, from the earliest period down to the viceroyalty of Lord Lansdowne. It is illustrated by eight steel portraits and over a hundred wood engravings. It has six coloured folding maps, engraved in Edinburgh, and is printed on heavy paper and bound in the best style of the Methodist Book and Publishing House.

The Table-Talk of Dr. Martin Luther. Fourth Centenary Ed. T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng.

This is a quaint little vellum-bound book, in imitation, in antique title-page, head and tail pieces, of the first edition of this book, which contains some of the most notable sayings of the monk who shook the world—whose words were half battles. It is a pleasing *souvenir* of the Luther Quarter-centenary.

Mottoes of Methodism. From the Prose Writings of the Rev. John Wesley, and the Poetical Writings of the Rev. Charles Wesley, with Scripture Texts for Every Day in the Year. Selected and arranged by the Rev. JESSE T. WHITLEY.

New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

The title of this book describes its character. It gives us a new view of John Wesley's ability to put a thought into terse, axiomatic expression. It will be found helpful to devotion and fruitful of mental suggestion to all Christian readers.

An Essay on Professional Ethics. By Hon. GEORGE SHARSWOOD, LL.D. Fourth Ed. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.

To our legal friends this book will be of special interest. It discusses, first, the duties which a lawyer owes to the public or commonwealth; second, those which he owes to the court, his professional brethren, and his client. The ethics of the noble profession of law are expounded from the lofty principle that, as Milton says, "Justice hath her home in the bosom of God Himself," and the learned lecturer holds up the dignity of his profession to the height of this noble eaidl.

LITERARY NOTES.

In a note to the writer, the Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., of Tokio, Japan, speaks thus of the series of popular lectures on the relations of Science and Religion, which he edited, and most of which he gave himself:

"The Japanese session is giving me a great deal of work, but it will be off my hands in a week or two. The style of Japanese for book and platform is so entirely different that they had to be all re-written, corrected, copied, etc., before being put to the press. I am having them stereotyped and prepared, so as to be sold cheaply and widely. Sir Harry S. Parkes (British Minister to Japan, and appointed this summer to Peking, China), before he went away, left me nearly \$300, to get them out cheaply for the purpose. They will probably sell by the thousand, but will not bring me any profit." Our readers can do themselves a service by remitting \$2 to the Book Room for the English version of this book, which will be ordered from Japan.

The Christmas number of the *American Book Seller* (American News Co., New York) is a handsome 4to. of 232 pp., full of choice engravings from the most sumptuous of the holiday books. It is an admirable guide to the book buyer; and to those who can't afford to buy those high-priced *éditions de luxe*, it gives copious examples of the remarkable progress of modern engraving. It is marvellous that mere black and white should so interpret textures, values, and almost colour.

The Manhattan Magazine (Temple Court, New York, \$3 a year), though the youngest of the illustrated family, rivals the oldest in the excellence of its engravings. The December number has several good pictures of St. John, N.B., and its vicinity. The January number has the best illustrated account of the famous Luther Monument at Worms we have ever seen. Better engravings of bronze statuary, we believe, were never made. To subscribers to the METHODIST MAGAZINE we will club the *Manhattan* for \$2.50, instead of \$3 full price.

Lippincott's Magazine (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, price \$3) is another of the monthlies that is rivaling in the excellence of its engravings the higher-priced periodicals. The illustrations of the new City Hall, Philadelphia—which when completed will be the highest and one of the finest buildings in the world—are of unsurpassed excellence. The engravings of Hawaiian Life are more sketchy, but they are very graphic.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for February contains an excellent article by the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., on Methodism in Canada. It gives fourteen portraits of leaders of Canadian Methodism, and a number of other engravings. It is the best popular presentation in brief that has been given of our new united Church. This excellent Magazine (edited by Rev. Dr. Talmage, price \$2.50 a year) will be given to subscribers of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$2.

The Christmas Folio, a collection of standard and popular music (R. A. Saalfield, 12 Bible House, New York), is a marvel of combined cheapness and excellence. It contains 200 pages of Christmas and other pieces, vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular. Chiefly by the great composers (German and English), with several engraved portraits, all for the small price of 50c. By mail, 64c.

In *The Exodus and other Poems*, by the Rev. J. C. Reade (Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe, price 75c.), the leading poem describes the emigration of a soul from this world, in which it is only a sojourner, to a country where it expects to gain a perpetual citizenship. The stately measure of *In Memoriam* lends itself well to this thoughtful, introspective, faith-inspired poem.

Evolution, a Summary of Evidence, is a lecture delivered in Montreal by Robt. C. Adams (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 25c.) It is as succinct and clear a statement of the theory as we have seen. But it leaves too many gaps in the evidence and assumes too many hypotheses to carry conviction to our mind. Dr. Winchell's limitation of the Zoic period, or life history of the earth, to 3,000,000 years is fatal to it.

The Rev. James Shaw, author of "The Roman Conflict," a work which has had a very large sale, issues, as Editor and Publisher, the initial number of the *American Methodist Magazine*. 8vo., pp. 64. \$2 a year. It is well illustrated and well edited. We wish this new venture every success.

The fine cuts illustrating our article on Oil Wells in Canada in our last number, we omitted to say are from the *Century Magazine*, and are examples of the magnificent style of engraving employed in that periodical. We will send the *Century* to any subscriber to the METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$3 a year, instead of \$4, the regular price.