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PANORAMA OF BUDA-PEST.

THE Methodist Magazine.

September, 1891.

THROUGH THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN.

BY JOHN SZIKLAY.

IV.



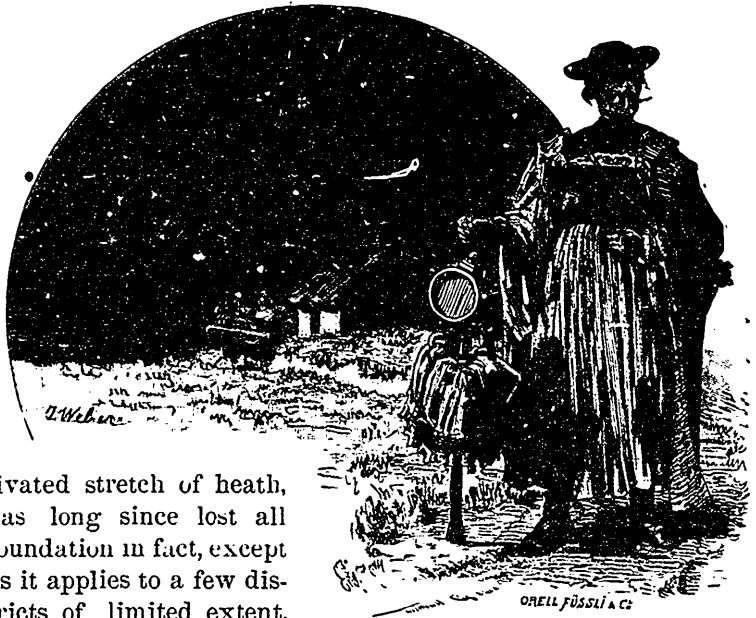
SHEPHERD ON THE BANKS OF THE THEISS.

THE spacious plain which occupies at least a third part of the total area of Hungary, begins in the immediate neighbourhood of the beautiful metropolis of the kingdom, Buda-pest, and extends eastward and southward.

In more than one respect this Plain presents peculiar attractions to the traveller. In spite of the seeming monotony of this apparently endless plain, it is by no means devoid of picturesque-ness and variety. In the first place the great plain of Hungary is not an absolutely flat surface, as is frequently supposed. Geological investigations have furnished proof that the Hungarian Plain is an ancient sea-bottom, and in many places its surface is undulating. Mountains, indeed, must not be looked for here, but in many parts of the plain there are long chains of very small hills or hillocks, as though the ocean billows sweeping onwards

in rapid, endless succession, had suddenly been converted into solid land. Then, too, there are the curiously-shaped conical mounds, known to the peasantry as Turks' or Tartars' graves, though in point of fact they owe their origin, not to human hands but to geological processes. In some districts, it is true, the surface is as flat as a table, so that as far as the eye can reach it is unimpeded by any hill or so much as a slight elevation.

The notion, still to a great extent prevalent in the adjacent countries, that this Plain is an immense treeless, shadeless, uncul-



HERDSMAN OF THE HUNGARIAN
PLAIN.

tivated stretch of heath, has long since lost all foundation in fact, except as it applies to a few districts of limited extent. True, the Hungarian Plain proper can boast of no ancient forests cover-

ing square miles of territory, but it has some fairly extensive modern plantations. Farm-houses which were formerly uninterruptedly exposed to the burning glare of the sun, and from which not a tree could be seen for miles around, are now frequently surrounded by cool and shady groves, and while in former times the shepherd or the reaper could find no shelter from the noonday sun, except the scanty shade afforded by a tent of wheat-sheaves or a hay-rick, they are now frequently able to take their midday rest under the verdant foliage of some stately tree.

Although the charming variety and wealth of outline of mountain scenery is denied to the Plain, the endless waving cornfields,

the tall maize plants, bending and fluttering so gracefully in the wind, and the interminable tracts of lush green meadow-land, form a fascinating and very animated landscape. Then there is that wonderful phenomenon—unknown among the mountains—which fills the heart with such a strange feeling of awe and deceives the eye in so agreeable a manner—the *fata morgana*, that remarkable aerial phenomenon which suddenly conjures up before the astonished eye, that a moment before saw nothing but the illimitable heath, vast lakes, or cities with their lofty spires and towers.

Numerous streams, some of them of considerable breadth, traverse this region; but the little springs, brooks and lakes which lend animation to mountain landscapes and clothe their own banks with perpetual verdure, are sought in vain here.



MAGYAR PEASANTS.

The population of the Hungarian Plain is about 5,000,000. By far the greater number of the inhabitants are of Magyar race, but in the south there are large numbers of Germans and Roumanians. These non-Magyar inhabitants have for the most part immigrated since the expulsion of the Turks, having been introduced by the Imperial Government to colonize desolate and deserted districts.

The Magyars of the Plain are, as a rule, tall, shapely, brown-haired, powerful, active, courageous, and of a certain dignity of mien. As a rule the men are much superior to the women in comeliness. The principal trait of character of these genuine representatives of the Magyar race is a great capacity for enthusiasm, they enter upon new undertakings with a fiery zeal which quickly dissipates itself and often gives place to complete



TRAVELLING IN THE ALFÖLD BEFORE THE ERA OF RAILWAYS.

apathy. In the hottest period of the year, during the harvest, the Magyar peasantry display a wonderful capacity for work and uncommon industry; but no sooner have they received their wages than they give themselves up to absolute indolence or to dissipation. In social intercourse they display many amiable and estimable qualities, the most remarkable of which is their boundless hospitality. Both in the seats of the



HUNGARIAN FARM.

nobles and in the cottages of the peasantry the traveller is generally received with the most winning cordiality, the effect of which is not impaired by a certain openness and bluntness of manner. Another very peculiar characteristic trait of the genuine Magyar is the simple and childlike ingenuousness dis-

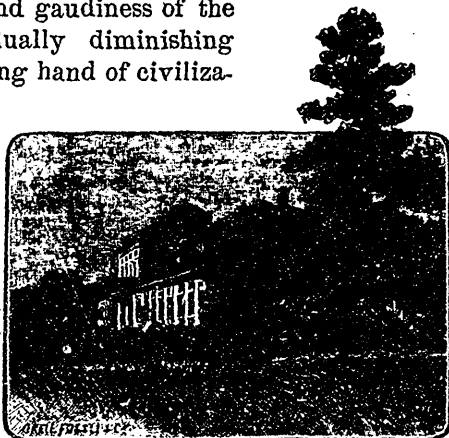
played even by the oldest and most experienced. But at the same time the peasant of the Hungarian Plain possesses considerable native intelligence, and frequently gives striking proofs of his mother-wit. The Plain, too, is the birthplace of most of those popular Magyar songs, which, sung for the first time by some youth at a village festival, are caught up and spread from place to place till the whole land resounds with them. In form and matter these native ballads have little to recommend them; for a foreigner, to whom their often untranslatable words remain unintelligible, they derive their charm from the airs, now melancholy, now wild and spirited, to which they are played with such entrancing skill by the Gypsy musicians of the Puszta.

In the Plain the peasantry still retain to a great extent the free and unrestrained manners of their ancestors, and here, too, the picturesque Magyar costume has held its ground the longest. It is true that the gaiety and gaudiness of the popular costume are gradually diminishing even here before the levelling hand of civilization; the brightly-coloured

flowing garments and the showy ornaments formerly in general vogue are yielding more and more to sober-coloured urban costumes and dark, unobtrusive colours. However, we still frequently meet with men clad in short, coarse linen shirts with wide sleeves, wide, petticoat-like trousers, jack-boots, and round,

broad-brimmed felt hats. Then comes the heavy sheepskin, and the embroidered mantle of a heavy, white, felt-like material, with a large brass clasp. The women wear close-fitting coloured bodices, white undergarments with puff sleeves, short smooth skirts—an incredible number one above the other, a rich display of ribbons in their hair, and high boots, like those worn by men; these boots, however, are gradually being exchanged for the more convenient shoes.

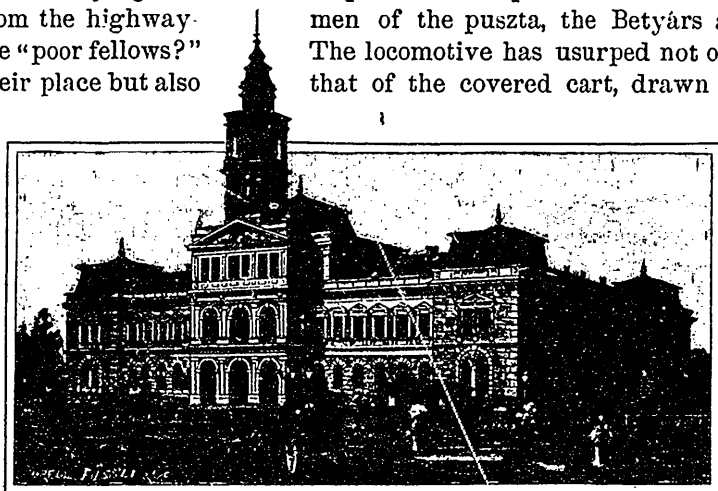
By far the greater number of the inhabitants of the Plain are employed in agriculture and cattle-breeding; trade and manufactures are much neglected, and the former is everywhere in the hands of the Jews. The wonderfully fertile soil well repays the labour bestowed upon it, and the luxuriant grass-lands afford



CHATEAU OF GESZT.

abundant pasturage. The traveller sees vast herds of high-legged, long-horned, white cattle, large flocks of sheep, and herds of swine, feeding by the side of the railway. The horse-herds are still the most daring of riders, the most ardent of lovers, and the most light-hearted of men.

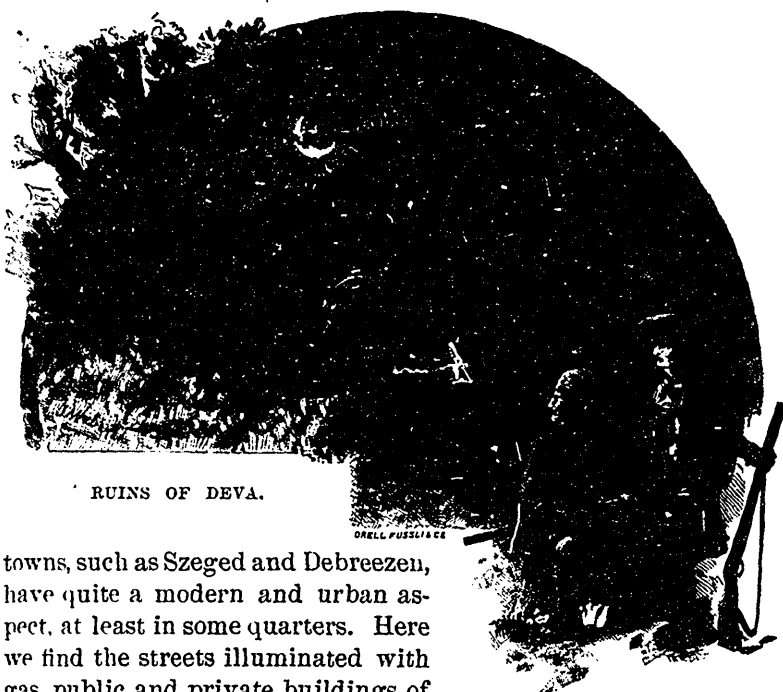
Comparing the Plain as we see it to-day with that sung by Petöfi, Lenau, Beck, and so many other Hungarian bards, we cannot help recognizing the fact that here as elsewhere the progress of culture and civilization has taken place at the expense of the romance and poetry that lent such a charm to the untrammelled life of former times. Where now are the post-chaises, which, drawn by three fleet horses, flew over the steppes, surrounded by a guard of pandours to protect the traveller from the highway-men of the puszta, the Betyárs and the "poor fellows?" The locomotive has usurped not only their place but also that of the covered cart, drawn by



TOWN-HALL, ARAD.

a mixed team of horses and oxen, which was substituted for them in places where the road was too bad to be passable in any other way.

While formerly entire districts might be found in which not a soul understood the noble arts of reading and writing, numerous schools are now engaged in spreading knowledge and enlightenment among the people, though much still remains to be done in this respect. The towns, which were formerly little else than large villages, are becoming more and more the seats of intelligence and centres of an increasing traffic, and their outward appearance is also undergoing a gradual transformation. The houses are for the most part of one story, often thatched with straw, and the streets broad and sandy. Several of the larger



RUINS OF DEVA.

OAKL. PUSZTACE

towns, such as Szeged and Debreezen, have quite a modern and urban aspect, at least in some quarters. Here we find the streets illuminated with gas, public and private buildings of several stories. In the larger towns the tall chimney-shafts of the steam flour mills and other industrial establishments are conspicuous from afar, betokening the growth of manufactures and commerce. The tramways, with cars drawn by horses or impelled by steam, in many of the towns, indicate the increase of traffic. The taste for literature and art is constantly spreading; the numerous newspapers published in the country towns transmit the thoughts of the more intellectual to the great masses of the people.

The royal free city of Arad contains 36,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the county of the same name, the seat of a royal court of justice and of a Greek Oriental bishop. Arad possesses important trade and manufactures, no less than twenty-three factories and eight banks being established here; the annual volume of trade is over 60,000,000 florins.

The village of Paulis marks the end of the plain; here the railway enters the valley which the Maros has cut in its course from Transylvania. The double village of old and New Paulis derives its name from a Pauline convent which once existed in the neighbourhood, at the mouth of the defile of Kladova. Beyond Paulis station there is scarcely room between the steep cliffs and the river for the railway and the road running parallel with it.

At a point where the valley contracts till it is completely shut in by the rocks rising on either side of the river lie the sister towns of Radna and Lippa. The former is situated on the right bank of the Maros, in the county of Arad. Its 2,100 inhabitants are Roumanians, and its only remarkable feature is its pilgrimage chapel with a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary, which attracts between fifty and sixty thousand pilgrims year by year. Lippa is situated in the county of Temes, and has 7,000 inhabitants—Germans, Magyars, and Roumanians. The Roman and Greek Catholic churches are worth viewing.

Deva is a town of 7,000 Magyar and Roumanian inhabitants. At the western end of the town, on the summit of a wooded cone of trachyte, the ruins of the old castle of Deva are visible. In Roman times a Dacian town of some importance—Decidava—is said to have stood here.



RAKÓCZY'S CASTLE,
BOROSJENŐ.

IN HEAVEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

OH, the feet that faltered and failed on earth
 Shall walk the golden street,
 And the voice which trembled and ceased below
 Shall sing heaven's music sweet.

The hands that grew weary and laid aside
 Earth's lightest works of love,
 Shall be busy and strong to do His will,
 In the Father's house above.

The eyes that so often are clouded now
 The King's dear face shall see ;
 And the heart which longs to be more His own
 Shall love Him perfectly.

TORONTO.

LOCARNO AND ITS VALLEYS.

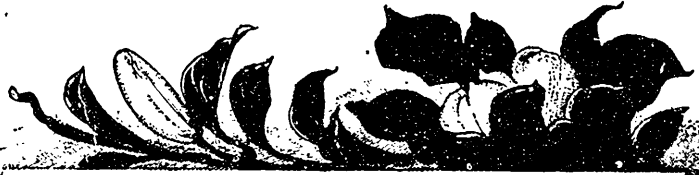
BY J. HARDMEYER.



MARKET-PLACE, LOCARNO.

LAKE MAGGIORE! Whose heart does not quicken at a name suggesting so much that is beautiful? Lofty mountains rising from the very brink of the waters, a cloudless sky of deepest azure, gardens adorned with noble shrubs and starred with myriads of blossoms, quiet villages breaking the monotony of the shores and mountain-slopes, picturesque churches and chapels, and verdant islands floating on the bosom of its pellucid waters! Thou glorious lake, not without cause is the world full of thy renown, for even as we choose the fairest flowers of the garden and bind them together in one posy the better to admire their beauty, so Nature seems to have taken from a boundless store the choicest of her manifold treasures and to have showered them for our delight and gratification over these southern slopes of the ever sublime and glorious Alps.

The district I am about to describe lies to the north of Lake Maggiore. Its valleys extend almost up to the St. Gothard. The traveller approaching Locarno from the north experiences a singular surprise on his entry into "the Nice of Switzerland," which he has heard described as adorned with all the charms of a southern vegetation. The cliffs rising so abruptly from the lake are dotted with pretty villas, surrounded by gardens which at almost every season of the year are resplendent with the glossy



SAN VITTORE, MURALTO. MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS.

foliage and rich-hued blossoms of the South, while pretty villages salute us from various points of vantage on the neighbouring heights, and a merry peal of bells from more than one church-tower sounds like a pæan of rejoicing over such a marvellously beautiful situation and prospect.

The situation of Locarno is exceedingly picturesque and the climate mild. As though seeking shelter from the north wind, it nestles close to the mountain which rises precipitously above it, and basks in the sunshine of a south-easterly aspect. This portion of the shore, indeed, may be compared to a fruit-tree planted



CAFE, LOCARNO.

against the sunny side of a house, where its produce will reach perfection; for though cold winds whistle over the roof, and frosts nip the plants growing behind the house, in front the sun shines, and his light and warmth make all things flourish.

The brief winter—almost free from snow—during which Locarno and its environs form a green oasis in the snowy landscape of the mountains, is followed by an early spring. In March the apricot, peach and almond-trees blossom, and a few weeks later, in April, the camellias adorning every garden unfold their magnificent wax-like red and white flowers. The orange and lemon trees, which are protected during the winter by only a light roof, are uncovered, the oleanders and pomegranates expand

their buds, and the large white blossoms of the magnolia burst from amidst their evergreen foliage, diffusing their fragrance not from stunted bushes, but from noble trees of thirty feet or more in height. Throughout the summer every garden is a mass of sweet-scented blossom, and on the steep slopes, in the shady gorges, on the isolated rocks which rise here and there from among the foliage—even in the crevices of the walls—everywhere we find shrubs and flowers growing wild, which to the north of the Alps are carefully tended as ornaments of the garden.

To-day is market day, and from the mountains and from around



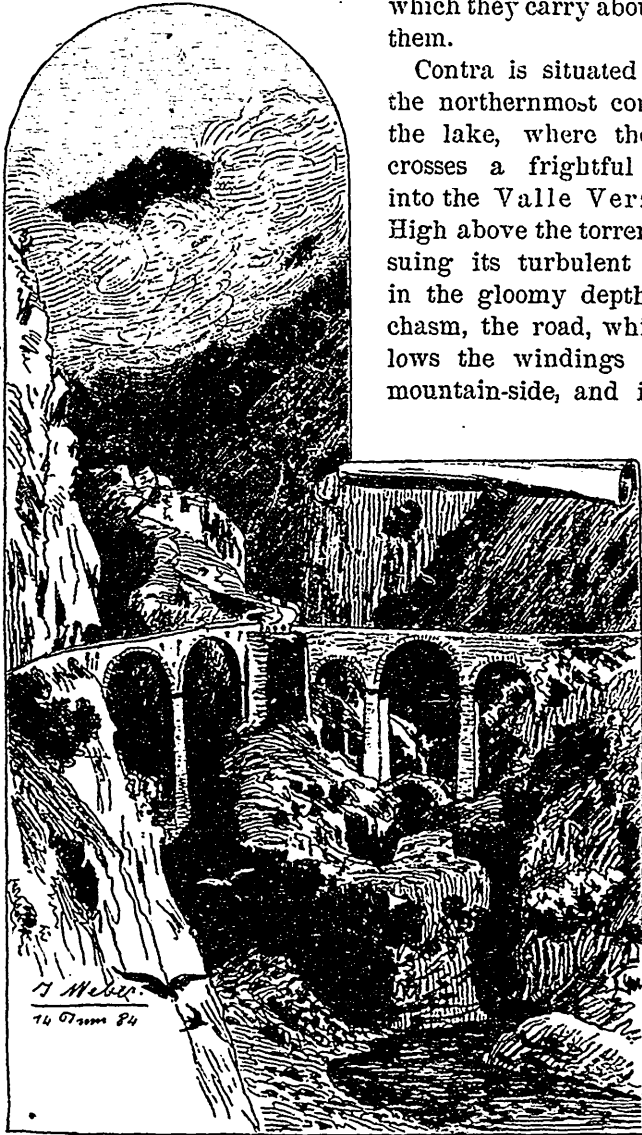
CANPO-VALLEMAGGIA, LOCARNO.

the borders of the lake the peasants are flocking hither with their wares. A scene like this, shown in our initial cut, in which the dealings, manners and costumes of so many valleys are displayed in such an original manner, and where so much that is primitive and untouched by the hand of modern progress meets our eyes, might be sought for in vain elsewhere in Switzerland.

The costumes of all the valleys near Locarno are here seen mingled in a gay and many-coloured throng, and among them wander in their black soutanes and birettas the clergy. In the villages, which cling like eagles' eyries to steep rocks high up the mountain-side, the women are recognizable by the circum-

stance that whether walking, standing or sitting—even here in the midst of the market—their industrious fingers are continually busy with the straw-plait which they carry about with them.

Contra is situated above the northernmost corner of the lake, where the road crosses a frightful abyss into the Valle Verzasca. High above the torrent, pursuing its turbulent course in the gloomy depths of a chasm, the road, which follows the windings of the mountain-side, and is here



PONTE OSCURO, ONSERNONE.

and there protected by timber roofing against falling stones, leads along the face of perpendicular rocks and across boldly planned bridges, until, dwindling to a mere mountain-path, it reaches the

village of Mergoscia. Ticino is not deficient in wild rocky scenes, but the gorge between Contra and Mergoscia exceeds in grandeur all the rest, and claims notice as a specimen of the most romantic scenery to be found among the Alps, the view presented is perfectly overwhelming in its sublime grandeur.

The village of Mergoscia extends in scattered groups over the steep mountain-side, which is covered with a dense growth of chestnut-trees. The village church stands like a watch-tower at a dizzy height, and its slender spire commands the whole of the steep declivity, which in some places sinks to the depths in a sheer precipice. During the day numerous columns of smoke are seen constantly ascending in the surrounding district, and at night the traveller journeying southwards espies from the shore of the lake, near Magadino, countless fires glowing on the slopes of Mergoscia. They are the kilns of the charcoal-burners, who form the bulk of the inhabitants of the mountain village.

In spite of the magnificent climate, the soil of the valleys in the interior of Ticino was always sterile, and in course of time the gradual destruction of the forests and the resulting deficiency of water have rendered it even poorer than formerly. The stubborn soil has produced a race of people who, though penurious, are hard-working

and inured to toil, and admirably fitted to make their way in the workaday world. When first these mountaineers ventured from their homes they sought employment in the neighbouring towns as tinkers, chimney-sweeps, masons, and porters, and returned home at intervals of six months, or perhaps only after long years.

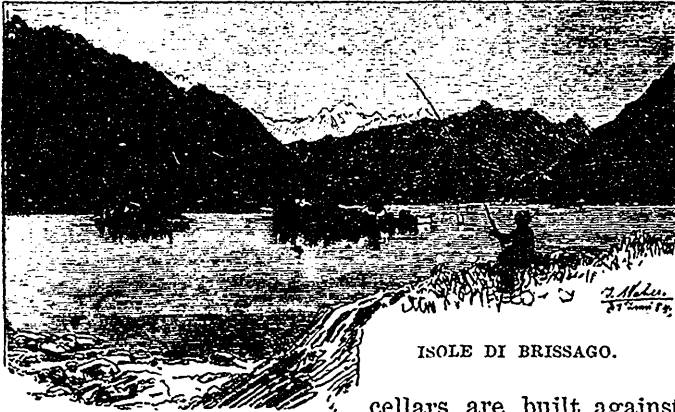
As we ascend the mountain-slopes at last the valley of Fusio opens. Midway up a steep slope nestles the village, its closely-packed houses gathered around the little church. All the



BRIDGE OVER THE
VERZASCA,
NEAR TENERO.

diversities of scenery that have met our view in the course of our long drive through the valley are here exhibited to us once more, compressed as in a comprehensive panorama; lofty mountains, cottages scattered among the rocks, a dark rocky ravine, a thundering waterfall of never-diminishing volume, a bridge boldly spanning the chasm, and a picturesque little church near by; and instead of the oppressive vapours of the lower valley, we here feel the refreshing breeze descending from the ice-capped peaks in the background, the delicious, bracing air of the Alps.

The Valle di Campo opens above the wonderful rocky gorge from which the foaming Rovana bursts tumultuously. Picturesquely grouped on the right side of the valley, which is reached by means of a fine bridge, are the wine cellars or *crotti* of Cevio; here, as elsewhere on the rugged mountain-slopes of Ticino, the

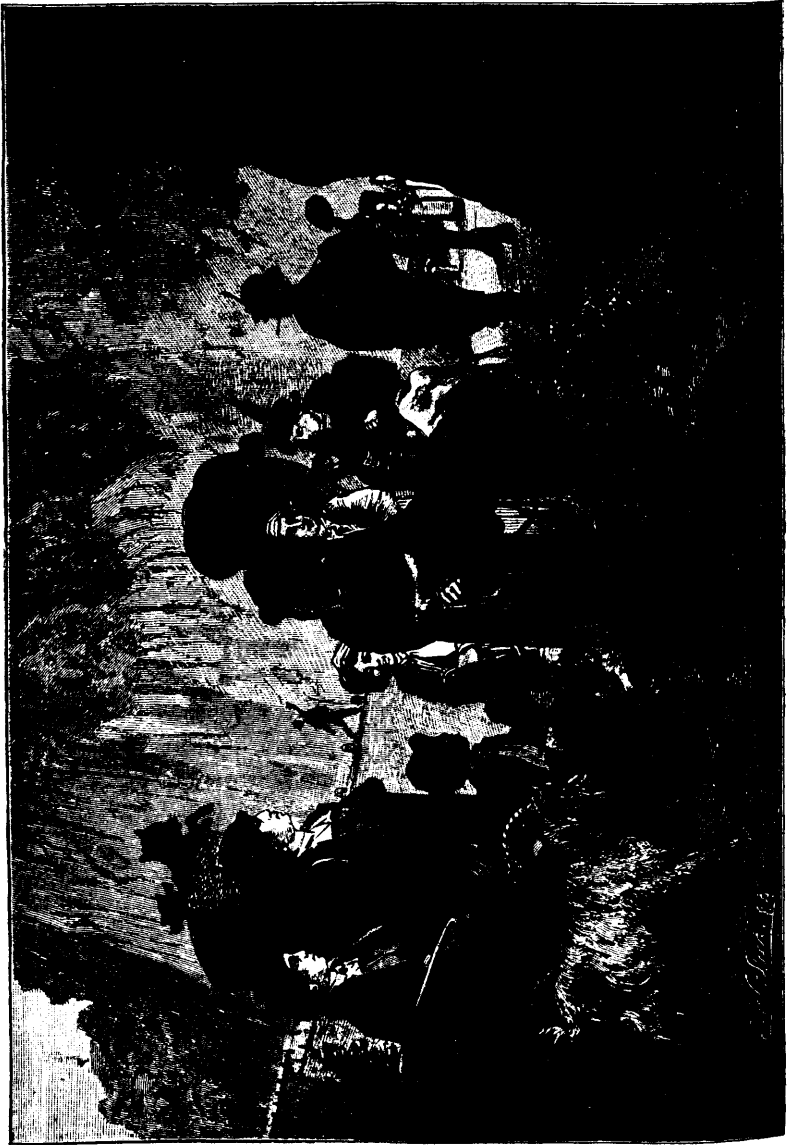


SOLE DI BRISSAGO.

cellars are built against air-fissures, from which an icy current issues. Pleasant it is to sit here on a hot summer day under the trees in the shadow of the lofty rock, and to refresh ourselves with deliciously cool wine, handed to us in earthenware cups by the hospitable owner of one of the cellars. Beyond the brook the road to Campo winds laboriously up the slope, past terraced gardens, vineyards, and picturesquely-placed houses. The little hamlet in our cut seems almost overwhelmed by the presence of the mighty mountains behind it. On one side inaccessible precipices rise to such a dizzy height that in winter no ray of sunshine reaches the valley for three long months.

Straw plaiting is the chief occupation of the inhabitants of this extraordinary valley. Here every one plaits straw; everywhere and at all times—old and young, men and women, at home and abroad, at the market and in the meadow, from early morn

till late at night. In winter the villagers assemble for night work in large rooms, each person contributing something towards the cost of fire and lighting.



PEOPLE FROM VERZASCA.

The bridges spanning the numerous ravines are masterpieces of technical skill. The art of bridge-making as practised in Ticino culminates in the magnificent structure known as the

Ponte Oscuro near Russo, where the road branches off to Vergetto. This is, properly speaking, a combination of two bridges meeting at an obtuse angle. Although, perhaps, the little bridge low down in the dark ravine deserved to be called *oscuro*—for down yonder it is dark enough—the present structure might, on the contrary, with better reason claim the designation of *il ponte sereno*, so nobly, so securely does it stand, so much does it animate and enliven the whole of the dreary ravine.

Near Tenero, the village at the head of the lake, a magnificent prospect is presented by the ravine of the Verzasca, at the mouth of which a boldly-constructed bridge crosses the emerald-green river, which lashes itself into snow-white foam against each obstacle that impedes its course.

THE SAFE RETREAT.

BY EMILY J. BUGBEE.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”—Psa. lvi. 3.

I LOOK upon life's troubled sea
 And hear its maddened billows roar;
 But creep into thy sheltering arms,
 And chilling fear and doubt are o'er.

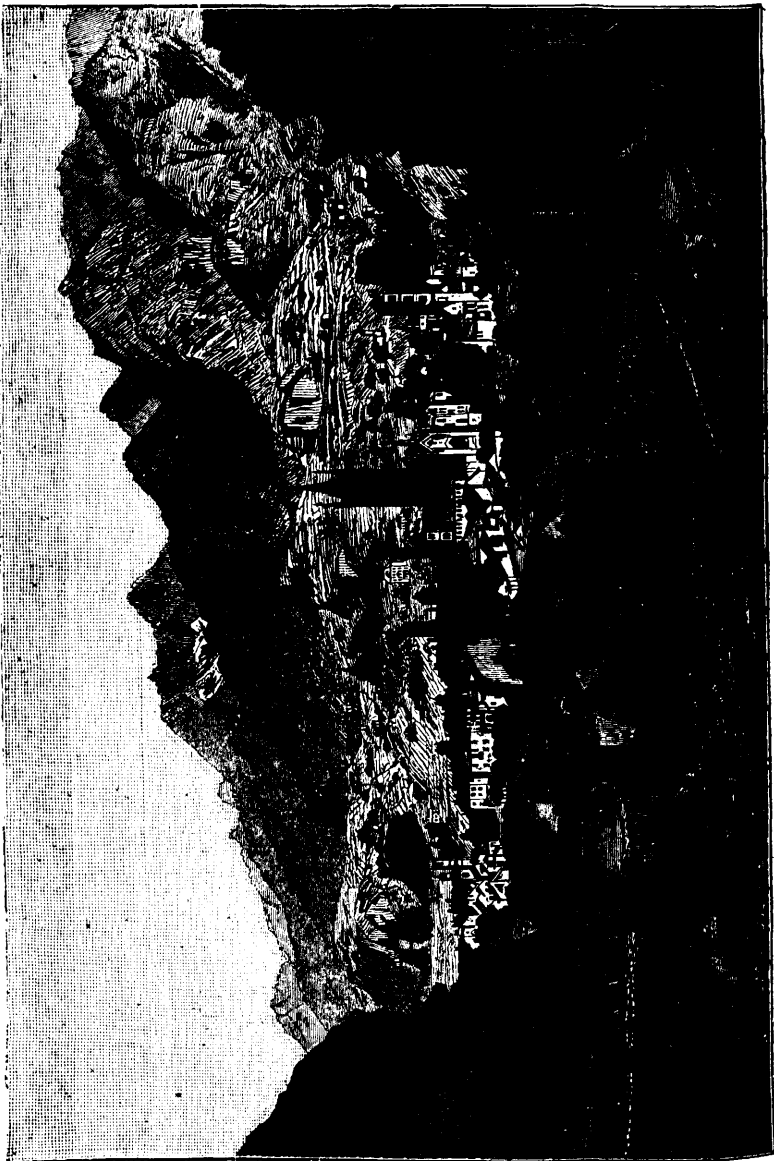
Moored by the islands of Thy love,
 My trembling bark may safely lie,
 Though dark the cloud-racks drift above,
 And wild the tempest passing by.

The clasp I feel is sure and strong,
 The voice is low, and sweet, and still,
 That holds amid the strife and wrong,
 And comforts in the direst ill.

“What time I am afraid,” O Lord,
 I come with trembling haste to Thee,
 And the sweet echoes of Thy word
 Bid all the dreadful shadows flee.

Sweet ring the bells of joy and peace
 From towers beyond the troubled sea,
 Where sounds of war and tumult cease
 In God's own calm eternity.

Oh, harbour safe, oh, blessed retreat,
 Oh, love that spreads its sheltering wing
 Above the frightened, trembling soul,
 When loud the notes of danger ring.



SUSA, MONT CENIS.

OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MOUNT CENIS ROUTE.

BY V. BARBIER.

III.



COSTUME OF NOVALESA.

THE Abbey of Novalesa is certainly one of the most ancient establishments of the kind. According to Rochaix, it dates from the year 67 of our era, having been founded by SS. Elie and Millet, noble Romans who accompanied Priscilla, a Roman lady of rank who had fled, together with a great number of fellow Christians, from the persecutions of Nero. The library of the Abbey was of great value, both on account of the beauty and importance of the works and of their number, amounting to 7,700. Afterwards converted into an hospital, it is now let out in private apartments to visitors who come to admire the scenery of the valley and to recruit their health in the

pure mountain air. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Susa is built in great part on the right bank of the Dora Riparia, and is shut in on all sides, except on the east, by outlying members of the majestic Alpine chain. Owing to its position, this town, formed during the first ten centuries of the Christian era, a centre of strife for the armed nations who were in perpetual contention at the foot of the Alps, of which it was to some extent one of the keys. Romans, Goths, Greeks, and Lombards fought for it and ravaged it by turns, up to the time when Charlemagne included it in the province of Turin. Among the most interesting features of Susa is the triumphal arch of green marble erected by Cottius, in honour of Octavius Augustus, in the year 7 B.C. It is forty-four feet in height, thirty-nine feet in breadth, and twenty-four feet in depth.

The costumes of the people are very picturesque. From time to time there passes us a skirt of scarlet cloth with bodice and sleeves adorned with green facings, coloured silk neckerchief, flowered chintz apron, and lace head-dress. This attractive costume is that of the women of Meana. The men still sometimes wear a blue coat with gilt buttons, red waistcoat, knee breeches and cocked hat. Scarcely half a century ago no respectable man would be married in any other costume.

We have been describing the old diligence route over the summit of the pass. Most travellers, however, now adopt the much less interesting route through the tunnel, of which we give a brief account.



CHURCH OF ST. JUST, SUSA
COSTUMES.

On October 25th, 1870, a notable event took place, which, however, passed unnoticed by the greater part of France, owing to the recent military reverses, and to the fact that the invading armies were laying siege to the metropolis itself. The event in question was the piercing of Mont Fréjus. At twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, the marvellous machines which had been at work uninterruptedly for more than twelve years in the bowels of the earth, nearly 5,000 feet beneath the most elevated point, penetrated through the interposing wall of rock, and the

following day the last barrier separating the two sections of the tunnel was removed by blasting.

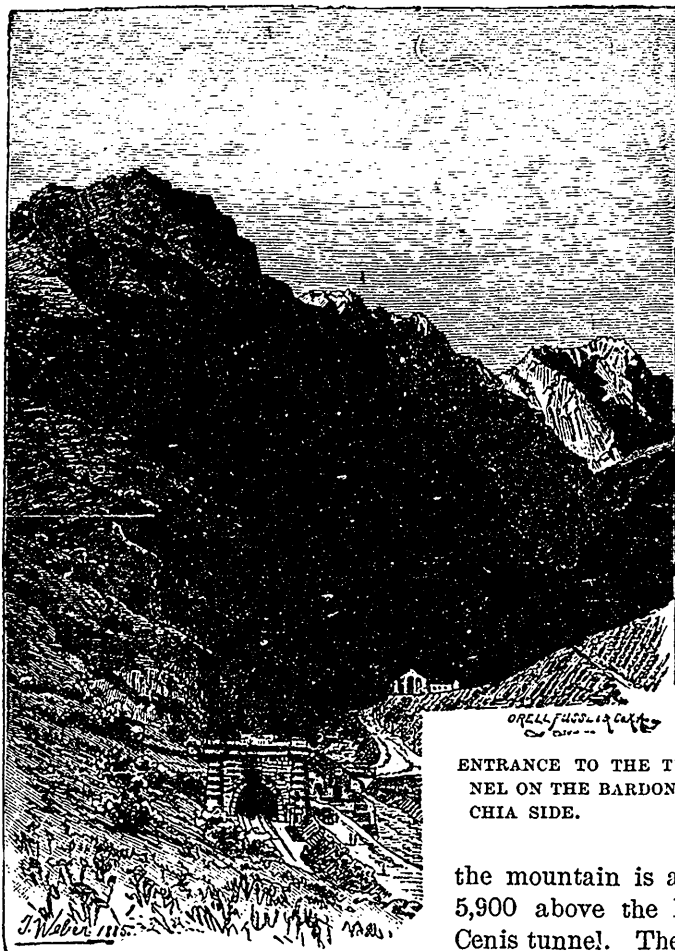
MONT GENIS LAKE, WITH MONT ARABIEEN SEEN FROM THE COMBA.



The Alps had always been a serious obstacle to the commercial relations between France and Italy, even when they no longer formed an impassable barrier. Up to the commencement of this

century there was no carriage road over the mountains, and all merchandise had to be transported by means of mules.

The length of the Mont Cenis tunnel in a straight line is a little over eight miles. Its altitude, at the highest point, is 4,245 feet. The total length of the St. Gothard tunnel is a little over nine miles and a quarter, its highest point 3,789 feet. The summit of

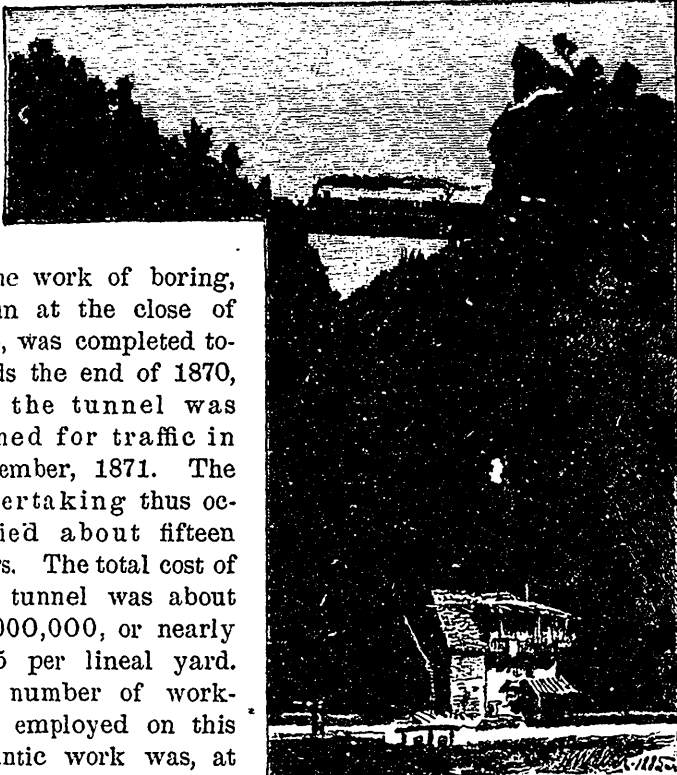


ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL ON THE BARDONECCHIA SIDE.

the mountain is about 5,900 above the Mont Cenis tunnel. There is a double line of rails through the tunnel, with a footpath on either side. The height of the tunnel interiorly is 19.6 feet, its breadth 26.2 feet at the spring of the arch. The stone lining of the tunnel has a thickness of from 1.7 to 3.2 feet, according to the pressure of the earth.

The rock was removed by blasting with gunpowder, but the augers which pierced the holes to receive the charges were put

in motion by perforators, which were themselves worked by compressed air furnished by compressors, set up at each end of the tunnel and receiving their motive power from a watercourse. The compressed air in the reservoirs was conducted as required to the spot where work was going on by a cast-iron pipe seven inches in diameter. It was then distributed by means of india-rubber pipes to the perforators and to the water-cylinders, serving to inject water into the holes for the charges.



BRIDGE OF COMBESCURA.

The work of boring, begun at the close of 1855, was completed towards the end of 1870, and the tunnel was opened for traffic in September, 1871. The undertaking thus occupied about fifteen years. The total cost of this tunnel was about £3,000,000, or nearly £225 per lineal yard. The number of workmen employed on this gigantic work was, at each end, 1,500 during the winter, and 2,000 during the summer.

is making such rapid progress that mountain railways have become quite familiar to us, and they have even been constructed in corkscrew shape, as at the St. Gothard. But in 1871 the traveller was little accustomed to being whirled around in this fashion.

At the entrance of the tunnel the architect endeavoured to produce a certain cyclopean effect by leaving large rough projections on the stones of the arch and the piers. The cornice is

supported by huge brackets, between which are the armorial bearings, in cast iron, of various cities and states: Rome, Paris, Savoy, Berne, Uri, etc.

Thirty minutes passed within the bowels of the earth may sometimes appear a very long time to persons of nervous temperament, but there is no cause for apprehension, and the train soon emerges into daylight. We are on Italian territory, and the sonorous cry of Bardonecchia! resounds in our ears.



FORT EXILLES.

Passing from midnight darkness to the glare of snow-clad mountains, the train glides rapidly down the wild valley of the Dora, giving views of a dizzy gorge up which winds, in many folds, like a huge serpent, the old post road over the mountain pass. The surroundings on the Italian side are wilder and more fantastic, and the scenery, which changes with every revolution of the wheels, has a weird and almost unearthly air. The artificial structures, bridges, and viaducts, are also more numerous here than on the French side. At certain points there is barely room for the river and the road to run side by side, overlooked

by the railway, while in other places the valley expands to a width of not less than 450 yards. In the higher parts of the valley the only crops are rye, barley, oats, and a little wheat. In the lower districts, where the climate is less rigorous, hay, potatoes, maize, chestnuts, grapes, apples, etc., are produced. The abundance and the good quality of the pasturage render it possible to keep large numbers of cattle, chiefly oxen and sheep.



COSTUME OF SANT'AMBROGIO.

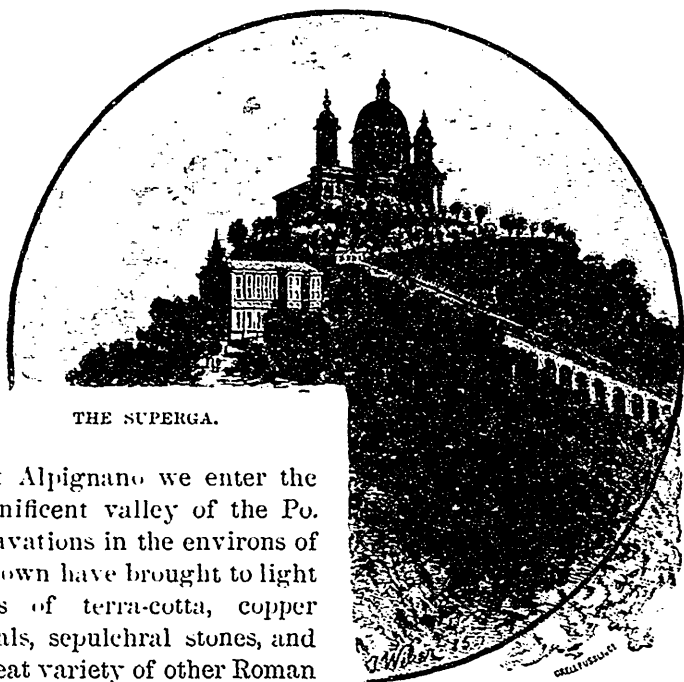
After having threaded the tunnels of Gran-Comba and Combetta, we reach the bridge of Combescura, a superb iron structure of 183 feet span, at a height of 147 feet above the ravine. The traveller sees beneath his feet an immense chasm; in the depths of which abyss flows the boisterous torrent, its bed strewn with vast boulders that have fallen from the mountain-side. The train moves quickly, but we are able nevertheless to distinguish on the side of the mountain which faces the gorge a white line resembling a thread of silver—the waters of the Clarea, a torrent which falls from a height of 6,500 feet down the

steep side of Mont Ambin; it issues from the Trou de la Thouille, an admirable work executed by one man, Colomban Roméan, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.*

*The Trou de la Thouille is "a tunnel 500 yards in length, cut in the rock which traverses a spur of the Quatre Dents, and conducting the water of the Clarea, a torrent fed by the glaciers of Ambin, to Exilles, the fields around which it irrigates. This long conduit, which is about three feet in breadth by five and a half feet in height, is the work of one man, Colomban Roméan, a native of St. Gilles, in the diocese of Nîmes, France, who lived in the sixteenth century. After working at it with his chisel for seven years in succession he abandoned the undertaking, in consequence of coming upon a vein of crystal which he despaired of being able to pierce. But two years later he resumed the task, and finished it the same year."

The little town of Exilles, at an altitude of 2,870 feet, has a population of 2,170. It is strongly fortified, and in the wars waged against France by the house of Savoy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it played an important part. Of interest to visitors are the fortifications, perched on a lofty rock, as shown in our cut.

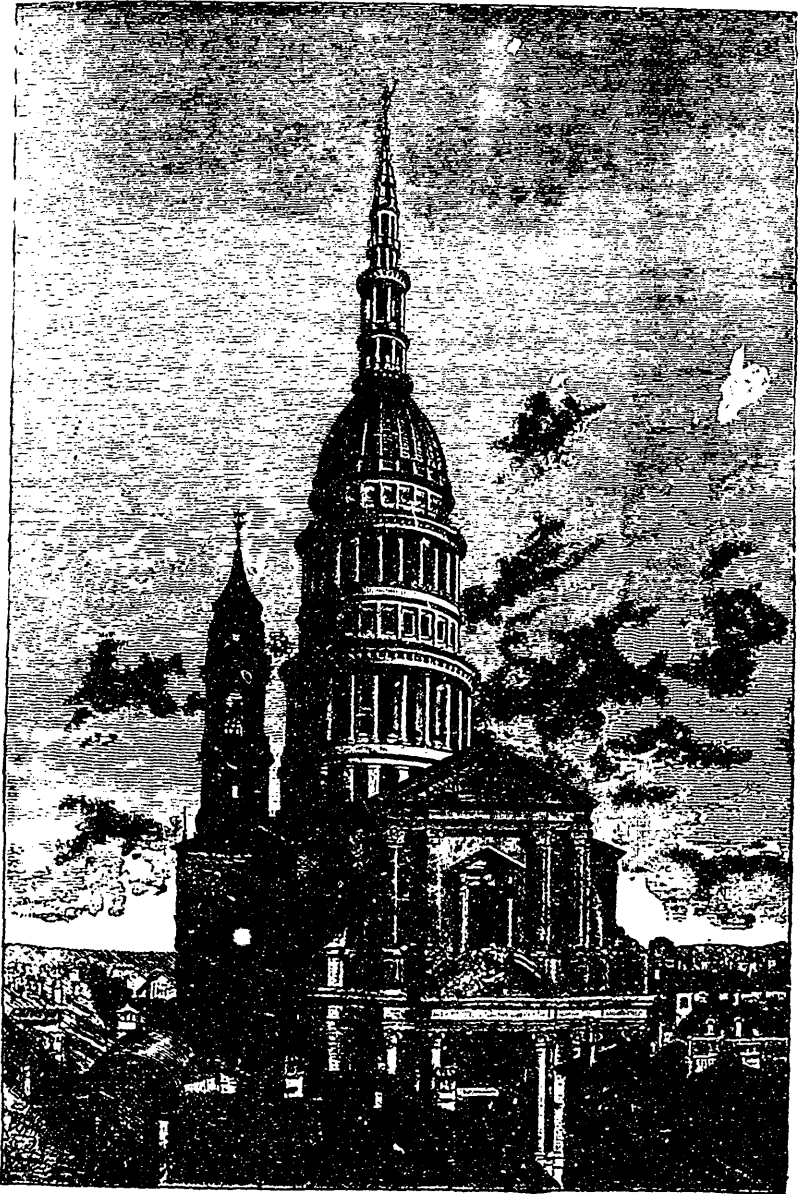
The extraordinary head gear of the women of the mountain villages is shown in the engraving on page 235.



THE SUPERGA.

At Alpignano we enter the magnificent valley of the Po. Excavations in the environs of the town have brought to light vases of terra-cotta, copper medals, sepulchral stones, and a great variety of other Roman antiquities.

Continuing to descend the beautiful chestnut-covered slopes, and traversing a broad and fertile plain, we reach at length the ancient capital of Piedmont, the fair city of Turin, formerly the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. Turin was for a short period the metropolis of united Italy, but ceded its priority in favour, first of Florence, and afterwards of Rome. The elegant edifice which is so conspicuous at Turin, and which bears the name of Superga, owes its origin to a vow made by Victor Amadeus II., that if the fortune of war should be favourable to him, he would build a splendid temple to the Virgin on that site. The exterior is extremely imposing. The building is circular in shape, and is surmounted by a lofty, but at the same time, graceful cupola, flanked by two elegant towers. The lantern at the summit of



SAN GAUPENZIO NOVARA.

the dome commands an incomparable panorama, the prospect extending on all sides, and embracing, not only the plain of Piedmont, but commanding a superb panorama of snowy Alps, dazzling in their brightness, with Mont Viso rising like a giant in the midst of a ring of lesser peaks.

On leaving Turin we bid adieu to the picturesque districts already traversed, and enter the beautiful and fertile, but very different looking plains of Piedmont, which precede the still more monotonous ones of Lombardy. Large and well built homesteads, cultivated fields, and meadows extending far and near have taken the place of the mountains and valleys, the forests and torrents, we were admiring only a few moments ago, and which have now fled to the horizon. Here and there a village or a town of more or less importance breaks the uniformity of the landscape. Conspicuous among these is the ancient town of Navarro, with its church of San Gaudenzio, crowned with a most extraordinary structure with row above row of columns terminating in a lofty dome and still more columns at the top, a strange mixture of Gothic motive and renaissance execution.

Farther to Magenta, the scene of a sanguinary battle, on the right we see a monument in the form of a pyramid, erected by grateful Italy to the French soldiers who fell at Magenta. After traversing a spacious plain covered with rice fields, we soon enter the large and noble railway station of Milan, the termination of our journey.

SILENCE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Psalm xxxvii. 7, margin.

BE silent to the Lord—this thou canst do
 Though working days be past, and though at times
 The power for speech itself may be withdrawn.
 Be silent, not with lips alone, but in
 Thy heart keep silence; let no thought arise
 Of murmuring within it, nor one wish
 For hopes laid down. Enough for thee to know
 'Tis of His will that thou hast put aside
 The thought of earthly joys and usefulness
 To wait for those beyond. Thou art His child,
 And He thy loving Father, who will choose
 The best for all His children. Keep thyself
 In restful quiet, listening for His voice,
 And through the silence He will speak to thee
 Words of direction and of cheer, until,
 In His good time, He grant thee glad release
 From silent waiting. Then, to ready tongue,
 From happy heart such songs of joy shall rise—
 Taught by Himself—that God will bend His ear
 And listen to them.

TORONTO.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.*



“A LION? NO; . . . ONLY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.”

(From a sketch by Bishop Hannington.)†

It is not always, perhaps it is not often, that the foremost places either in the Church or in the world are taken by those whose early life was of the greatest promise. Some eccentricity of thought or peculiarity of habit often prevents a man from at once taking his right place in the estimation of his fellows. More frequently his own want of judgment or slowness to recognize the importance of life delays his opportunities of service and influence. Such at least was the case with the man whose heroic labours and tragic death have recently touched all hearts with sympathy and admiration—James Hannington, first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

*“James Hannington, First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa.” A History of His Life and Work. By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. Seeley & Co. This review is reprinted from *The Christian Miscellany*, Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England.

†“I had my wet bed and blankets carried up a little way from the swamp-belt of the lake. The boys and men were afraid to remain with me so far from the canoe, so I laid my weary frame to rest under my umbrella, for it was raining; and, unmindful of natives or beasts of prey, I commended myself to the care of the Almighty, and fell asleep. Soon a tremendous roar close to my head caused me to start wide awake. What could it be—a lion? No, lions are not so noisy. It was only a hippopotamus. He had, no doubt, come up to feed, and stumbled nearly on top of this strange object, a sleeping white man with an umbrella over his head; so, bellowing out his surprise, he made off for the lake.”

He was born on the 3rd of September, 1847, at Hurstpierpoint, where his father, who was in business in the neighbouring town of Brighton, had recently purchased an estate. The family were Independents, and it was not till James was twenty that his father and family forsook Nonconformity and joined the Established Church—transferring at the same time the private chapel of St. George's, which Mr. Hannington, senior, had built in his own grounds, to the Episcopalians. The possession of this newly—"consecrated" building seems to have suggested to the family that James should enter the Church. His dislike to a business life was intense, and he rejoiced at this prospect of escape. Yet he was too honest a man to accept the idea of entering the sacred profession of a minister of the Gospel without much heart-searching, and many doubts both as to his fitness for it and his motives in entering it.

His career at Oxford was distinguished rather by the vigour with which he threw himself into the amusements than into the studies of the place. He was more at home on the river, and even amidst the reckless excitement of a "town-and-gown row," than in the lecture-room. His first attempt to pass his "smalls" was a failure, but at length he succeeded in taking his B.A. degree.

The Bishop of Exeter, who does not seem to have formed a favourable impression of the young candidate, had declined to ordain him before he had taken his degree, and at his first examination for deacon's orders afterwards had considered the meagreness of one of his papers a sufficient ground for "plucking" him. Hannington was overwhelmed with shame and anger, especially as the Bishop's manner had seemed to him unkind. However, he tried again a few months later, and was accepted under certain conditions. The interview with his episcopal examiner concluded by the Bishop's observing: "You've got fine legs, I see; mind that you run about your parish."

As he left the cathedral after ordination, he said to himself: "So I am ordained, and the world has to be crucified in me. Oh, for God's Holy Spirit!"

The next day he met the Principal in the Quadrangle of St. Mary's Hall. "He, having known me in my wildest and noisiest times, said, in his dry way: 'I am not certain whether you are to be congratulated or not.'"

Such was the unpromising reception into the ministry of the Church of England of the man who in so short a time was to be called to one of its highest offices, and to win a place in "the noble army of martyrs."

But the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls had the young

deacon in His own gracious keeping, and was fitting him for the work upon which he had with scant spiritual preparation entered.

Very interesting and instructive is the story of his conversion. One of his Oxford friends who had known and loved "Jim" Hannington in his wildest days, had recently entered the Church and had been led into the light of God's countenance. His thoughts turned to his old college chum, and, taking advantage of a trivial circumstance, he reopened communication with him. The second letter from this friend—we presume the author of the memoir—went straight to the point. The letter was preceded and followed by much earnest prayer, but for thirteen months not a word of reply was received.

In the meantime Hannington had been ordained, and was acting as curate in the parishes of Martinhoe and Trentishoe, Devon. The attempt to minister the Word of Life without having himself received it soon proved a failure; and weary and disappointed he turned for counsel to the friend whose letter had been so long neglected. Who does not understand the joy of that friend when his long-unanswered prayers bore their precious fruit? Being unable to visit him, he opened an earnest religious correspondence with the seeker after God, and sent him a copy of Dr. W. P. Mackay's "Grace and Truth." That little volume, despised at first, was blessed to his conversion. He says: "At Petherwyn I took the book out and read the first chapter. I disliked it so much that I determined never to touch it again. I don't know that I didn't fling it across the room. I rather think I did. So back into my portmanteau it went, and remained until my visit to Hurst, when I again saw it, and thought I might as well read it, so as to be able to tell my friend about it. So once more I took the 'old thing,' and read straight on for three chapters or so, until at last I came to that called: 'Do you feel your sins forgiven?' By means of this my eyes were opened. . . . I was in bed at the time, reading; I sprang out of bed, and leaped about the room rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His, and He is mine."

The next six years were spent in earnest work in various spheres, but of this the brief limits of our space make it impossible to speak in detail. He gave himself to preaching the Gospel in the simplest style, to plodding work in the class-room, cottage or mission-room, and his labours were abundantly blessed. In February, 1877, he married, and in May, 1882, in answer to what he felt to be an irresistible call, went forth as the leader of

a band of missionaries to Central Africa—leaving wife and children, house and lands, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. On the outward voyage Mr. Hannington had as travelling-companions, not only the members of his own party, but several agents of the London Missionary Society and Major Smith, of our own Mission House.

From the story of his first African journey we can only make a few extracts: "After dinner, just as we had opened the books for prayers, in came the chief, and asked what we were about. When we told him we were going to pray to God, he replied: 'Go on; let me hear you.' Then, when we had finished: 'You **must** teach me.'" This seemed to come to us as an immense comfort when we were all depressed; for although we were generally asked to remain permanently and form a station, yet nobody had yet directly requested us to teach him to pray."

Elsewhere he writes: "I do not place too much stress on this, and yet it seemed an earnest from heaven; and it set my heart praising, and filled me with assurance that our most loving Father has not forgotten us."

"Gordon and I were quite alone last night in the heart of the forest. Three or four tarantulas were dashing wildly about the tent. Mosquitoes swarmed, lions roared close to us during the greater part of the night, four different kinds of ants made themselves at home with us, and in the morning a whole stream of Chunqu (bitter) ants, the largest and fiercest ants there are, advanced as an army into our tent. There was nothing to be done but light a fire and regularly fight them; and even then we had great difficulty in getting rid of the enemy. In spite of these trifling drawbacks, we congratulated ourselves upon having pitched upon an exceedingly pleasant spot, and determined, as soon as possible, to hedge ourselves in with a fence of thorns, to prevent a buffalo or stray rhinoceros from charging the tent, or a lion from slipping his paw under the curtain and clawing one of us out of bed.

"At about a mile from camp he saw some animal moving through the dense mimosa scrub, and firing, killed it. His prey proved to be a large lion's cub. The gun-bearer, seeing this, fled with every sign of terror, and shouted to him to do the same. It was time, indeed, to do so. The cries of 'Run, bwana, run!' were accentuated by a double roar; and looking round, Hannington saw the bereaved parents, a fine lion and lioness, coming towards him with long, bounding leaps over the scrub. An ordinary man encountering lions face to face in the open, for almost the first time, would probably have lost all presence of mind, and turning

to run, have been inevitably destroyed. He deliberately faced round upon his enemy. The enraged lions were distant but a few paces, but they suddenly checked, and both stood, as though transfixed, glaring upon him. So they remained for some time, till Hannington, placing one foot behind the other, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon the yellow orbs before him, gradually increased his distance, and having placed about a hundred yards between himself and the monsters, quietly walked away.

"But the indomitable nature of the man comes out more strongly in what followed. Most men would have concluded that they had had enough of such an adventure, and have accepted their escape from the jaws of death, or at least would not have renewed the contest without assistance. Hannington was formed of quite another metal. Though the light was waning, he determined that he would return and secure the skin of the cub he had killed, so he retraced his steps. When near enough to observe their motions, he could see that the lion and lioness were walking round about their cub, licking its body and filling the air with low growlings. At this moment an unknown flower caught his eye. He plucked it, took out his note-book, pressed it between the leaves, and classified it as far as he was able; then, with coolness perfectly restored, he ran forward a few paces, threw up his arms and shouted! Was it that the lions had never encountered so strange an antagonist before? At all events, they looked up, then turned tail and bounded away. He dragged the cub for some distance, till, having left the dangerous vicinity, shouldered it and brought it into camp.

"*Christmas Day, 1882.*—Gordon very ill in bed. Ashe and Wise tottering out of fever beds; I myself just about to totter in again. In spite of our poor condition, we determined to have our Christmas cheer. We had a happy celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and thought much of the dear ones at home praying for us and wishing us true Christmas joy. . . .

"In spite of our poor plight, we determined to celebrate the day; so I killed a kid, and Ashe undertook the pudding. I am sure that many a cottager had a better one, but I doubt if any enjoyed theirs much more than we did ours. Its drawbacks were certainly not few. The flour was both musty and full of beetles and their larvæ; the raisins had fermented; the pudding was underboiled, and yet boiled enough to have stuck to the bottom of the saucepan, whereby its lower vitals had suffered considerably; and yet a musty, fermented, underdone and burnt mass of dough was such a real treat that day, that I cannot remember ever to have enjoyed a Christmas pudding half so much. We

felt quite cruel in denying a slice to Gordon, who was not in a fit condition for such delicacies."

Thus cheerfully the discomforts and the perils of the long journey were borne, but the party were insufficiently provided, having been unwisely anxious to limit their baggage to the smallest amount possible, and at length even Hannington's iron will and strong constitution gave way, and he was reluctantly compelled to return to the coast, leaving his companions to journey on without him.

"Racked with fever, torn by dysentery, scarcely able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver—the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his or who had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect,

“ ‘His beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind,’

was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man.”

It was a terrible blow to him. “So,” he writes, “with a heart bowed with disappointment, I consented to leave those brave men to bear the burden and heat of the day by themselves. Yet, though deeply thankful for a spared life, I have never ceased to regret that in a weak moment I looked back.”

In truth, however, he only returned just in time, and the homeward journey was accomplished in great suffering and weakness. Indeed, he was more than once left for dead by his bearers.

He reached England in June, 1883.

On June 24th, 1884, Mr. Hannington was consecrated first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, and in the following January arrived at Free Town, the cathedral city of his diocese. He thus describes his reception; “A thousand people came to the shore; guns fired, horns blew, women shrieked, I laughed and cried. Altogether, there was a grand welcome, and the moment we could get a little quiet we knelt down and thanked God.”

The next six months were filled with hard work—organizing and reorganizing the new diocese. In July he set out on his last journey, with the hope that he would find a new road to Uganda more healthful and shorter than that in which he had suffered so much and escaped so narrowly. It does not seem that any blame can be attached to him for this effort, which had so tragical an ending. His only fault was ignorance of what he was not in a position to know. The country towards which he was journeying was already hallowed ground. Mr. Mackay, the missionary

for whose preservation so many prayers have been lately offered, and whose fate is still unknown as we write, gives the following pathetic account of the boy-martyrs of Uganda:

"They were taken, with Kakumba and Mr. Ashe's boy, and also Serwanga, a tall, fine fellow who had been baptized. These three were then tortured, their arms were cut off, and they were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made, and so they were slowly burned to death. As they hung in their protracted agony over the flames, Mujasi and his men stood around jeering, and told them to pray *now* to Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) if they thought that He could do anything to help them. The spirit of the martyrs at once entered into these lads, and together they raised their voices and praised Jesus in the fire, singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound, *Killa siku tunsifu*:

" 'Daily, daily, sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due ;
All He does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion too :
For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below ;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe.'

"Little wonder that Mr. Mackay should write: '*Our hearts are breaking.*' Yet what a triumph! One of the executioners, struck by the extraordinary fortitude of the lads, and their evident faith in another life, came and asked that he also might be taught to pray. This martyrdom did not daunt the other Christians. Though Mwanga threatened to burn alive any who frequented the mission premises or adopted the Christian faith, they continued to come, and the lads at the Court kept their teachers constantly informed of everything that was going on. Indeed, when the Katikiro began to make investigation, he found the place so honey-combed by Christianity that he had to cease his inquisition for fear of implicating chiefs and upsetting society generally."

Of the long, sad journey and its tragic ending we have many touching details from the Bishop's own diary, and the testimony of natives who witnessed his martyrdom. Here is a brief extract which shows how fully the heroic Bishop had learnt to be joyful in tribulation:

" 'We are a little poor,' as Jones says. 'My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp oil were forgotten and left behind, so that the camp fire has to serve instead. My donkey has died,

so that I must walk every step of the way. Well, having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do; for many marches depend upon my saying: 'We will stop here and rest, or sleep.'"

As he neared the capital of King Mwanga perils increased, and at length the Bishop was taken prisoner.

"I asked my head man, Brahim, to come with me to the point close at hand whence I had seen the Nile, as our men had begun to doubt its existence; several followed up, and one, pretending to show me another view, led me farther away, when suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said: 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other; and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang: 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed, wet through with being dragged along the ground, strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered. As they released one hand, I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly, No. We then made out that I had been seized by order of the Sultan. Then arose a new agony. Were all my men murdered? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept bound, and shivering with cold, when to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook) and a boy were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the Sultan meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga, which means, I fear, a week or more's delay. Nor can I tell whether they are speaking the truth. I am in God's hands.

"Oct. 22nd, Thursday.—Towards evening I was allowed to sit outside for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again; and as I fell exhausted on my bed, I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged-lion frame of mind, and yet so strained and shattered that it is with the utmost difficulty I can stand; yet I ought to be praising His Holy Name, and I do.

Oct. 28th, Wednesday.—(Seventh day's prison). A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me! I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

"Oct. 29th, Thursday.—(Eighth day's prison). I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

This is the last entry in the little pocket diary.

To the last Bishop Hannington had not expected that Mwanga would really order his execution at the hands of the minor chief, Lubwa, whose captive he was. It was, probably, on Thursday, October 29th, that his death occurred. Mr. Dawson says: "When he was conducted to an open space without the village, and found himself surrounded once more by his own men, we can well imagine that he concluded that the worst was now over, and even began to turn his thoughts towards the recovery of the valuable goods which he had brought so far for the use of the brethren in Uganda.

"He was not, however, long left in doubt as to the fate which was in store for him. With a wild shout, the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan-men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers, told-off to murder him, had closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up he looked around, and as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard.

"He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun,

which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

We close these short glimpses of this most inspiring biography of one of God's saints and heroes, with the touching story related by his biographer of a visit paid by him to the Bishop's orphan children :

"When I visited Hurst last spring, and he heard that I was an old friend of his father's he waited till we chanced to be alone, then crept up and laid his elbows upon my knee. 'Tell me something about father,' said he. 'Your father,' I said, 'was a very brave man, and a good man. Will you, too, try to be both brave and good?' So he listened, with large eyes wide-opened and awe-struck, as to the tale of some martyr-hero of the holy past. When I had finished, still with his elbows on my knee, and his upturned face resting upon his hands, he said, with a plaintive quiver in his baby voice: 'Tell me *more* about father.' The memory of that father, and the record of the splendid self-sacrifice of his devoted life, will be to his children a priceless legacy, in the possession of which they, though orphaned, are most richly dowered."

FAITH.

Down all the mystic valley of my life
 I hear the chimes that echo of God's love ;
 'Mid all the toil and turmoil of earth's strife,
 My heart is fixed above.

My heart is hid with God. Oh, wondrous thought !
 I am an heir of glory and of grace ;
 My very sorrows are with blessings fraught ;
 My Lord in all I trace.

Then what have I to fear from woes or pains,
 Sicknes or sorrow, or the world's alarms ?
 My soul, redeemed from sin-polluting stains,
 Views Heaven and its charms.

Her walls and palaces by faith I see,
 I walk with seraphs through her golden streets ;
 Then what are earth or earthly things to me,
 Its triumphs or defeats ?

Content, while thus a stranger here below,
 Bloom flowers or thorns upon my earthly road,
 In my appointed course I'll gladly go,
 Strong in the strength of God.

METHODIST DEACONESSSES AT WORK.

BY MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

“Tell us a little of what they are doing and how they do it.”

It was late one afternoon a few weeks ago, when two ladies entered a street-car running north from King Street to one of the residential portions of Toronto. The car was already filled, and it so chanced that all its occupants were women. A bright-eyed school-girl at the end of the car promptly and gracefully gave her seat to the elder of the new-comers; the other, after a glance along the closely packed rows, quietly adjusted herself to the discomfort of standing; and as the car moved on they resumed the thread of a conversation which, apparently, had been interrupted by the episode of getting on the car, and in which both appeared to be deeply interested.

Who does not know how difficult it is, even if it be possible, to avoid overhearing fragments of talk in a crowded street-car? Probably no one in this car cared to listen to words not addressed to her, and these ladies were speaking in the low, modulated tones characteristic of gentlewomen, yet the most of what they said was distinctly audible to the persons nearest them. One, the elder, was giving an account of some work being done among the poor and degraded population of the East End by a person whom she sometimes mentioned by name, sometimes called simply “our Bible-woman.” The bearing of the speaker was distinguished, dignified, almost proud, yet in her clear eyes there was a world of gentleness and sympathy as she told of the labours of one well-known and deeply loved in our city for her unselfish ministrations to the needy.

The younger of the two listened with evident interest, though she said little. Presently she remarked:

“I think the work of your Bible-woman must be very like that which the Deaconesses do in our cities.” There was something in that “our cities” which, faint and indefinable as it was, indicated that this lady was an American.

“Ah! yes,” said the other; “I have heard of Deaconesses. Tell me something of them.”

At these words a light of sympathetic interest shone in the eyes of a thoughtful-looking woman near. It looked as if she, at least, were about to deliberately listen to this conversation in which she was not a participant. But it was not much that she was destined to hear.

"Unfortunately, I know very little to tell you," came the reply. "They are a Methodist sisterhood, I think, and, as we are Episcopalians, we do not come into actual contact with them. But we see them here and there, and occasionally hear touching stories of their heroism and self-sacrifice."

"I wish I could learn more of them and their methods," said the elder lady. "It is a wonderful work—this of Christian women among the city poor."

The thoughtful-faced woman, who had so nearly been guilty of listening, turned to an acquaintance, and expressing the thought uppermost in her mind, asked:

"Why do we not hear more about Deaconesses? Did not our Church at the last General Conference provide for the organization of the office or order?" This lady was plainly a Methodist. "I was exceedingly interested in the subject some time ago."

And the acquaintance replied:

"It is time something was being done if it is to be undertaken at all. I wish some one would tell us a little about the Methodist Deaconesses in the States—what they do and how they do it."

This, too, was overheard. It caught ear of one just leaving the car, one who had been asked by the editor of a magazine for "something more about deaconesses," and who had that very day been anxiously pondering what she could best say on the subject. Here was her answer. As she stepped to the door of the car she heard the school-girl, who had given her seat to the elderly lady, whisper to a friend,

"What is a Deaconess? Is it a Sister of Charity?"

The Methodist Deaconesses are at work to-day in nearly all the large cities of the United States. The action of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when in 1888 it constituted the order of Deaconesses as a part of its ecclesiastical organization, was quickly fruitful in results. One Deaconess Home had already been in existence a year as an independent establishment. It at once placed itself under the care and authority of the Church. Many others have since sprung up in different parts of the country, and their number and efficiency are being rapidly increased.

In many particulars the work of a Deaconess bears a resemblance to that of a city missionary, differing from it chiefly in the fact that the Deaconess has the advantage of special training for her duties, and that her qualifications have been tested before work is assigned to her. In addition to this, she is acting under the authority and protection of the Church, to which she is responsible as long as she continues to hold her office.

The Deaconess work in America is, as yet, far less elaborate

and complex than in the older institutions in Germany and England. There are, thus far, two classes of workers, visiting Deaconesses and nurse Deaconesses, the names indicating the special forms of service to which they are set apart. The devotion of both is in the very spirit of the Master whom they serve.

The most of the Deaconesses on this continent, as well as in Europe, are connected with the Homes in the various cities, and are working under their superintendence. Yet there are in many places Deaconesses working singly, or possibly by twos or threes, under the direction of pastors of churches. When thus employed their duties are very similar to those of the sisters in the Home.

The aid of these Christian women in carrying on the work of large parishes is proving invaluable to many hard-working pastors. It is not that they do the work which the pastor should do. Rather they supplement his efforts, and often accomplish results which one man, in the pressure of cares and duties incident to a city pastorate, could not, in the nature of things, compass. Having relinquished all other pursuits, the Deaconesses are able to seek out non-church-going people, go from house to house among the poor, make known to the proper persons cases of sickness, misfortune and special need, offer sympathy, advice and suggestion where these are needed; carry the messages of Christ's Gospel to those who will receive them; hold cottage prayer-meetings, mothers' meetings, and girls' classes—in short, give themselves up wholly to Christian labour in entering into and elevating, so far as they can, the lives of those to whom they are sent.

In the Homes also this house-to-house visitation has always been a distinctive feature of Deaconess work. The sisters commonly go in pairs, and hold themselves ready to do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do. A few extracts from the records of the Chicago Home will show something of the nature of this department of the work. One writes:

"We visited twenty-one families to-day, and met with German, Bohemians, Jews and Canadians, many of them backslidden Christians. One woman was a fortune-teller. She talked incessantly for fifteen minutes. We watched our chance, said what we could, and left her in God's hands. We gained admission into three houses by asking to look at the pretty babies. We met one woman who had been sick for weeks. We prayed with her, she thanked us, and we left her sobbing."

Another writes:

"In one instance the woman came to the door of the inner hall and

stood and talked with us, though she would not let us in. We asked her if we might come in and pray. After much hesitation, she allowed us to do so. Before we left she seemed under deep conviction, and promised she would read a certain chapter of the Bible for herself, and let us know if ever she needed help in religious things."

In these visits the Deaconesses find opportunities to give much more than spiritual counsel and help. Sometimes their work is to offer bread to the hungry, and sometimes to suggest means of bettering the squalid condition of wretched tenements, not seldom to speak a few words of good cheer and encouragement to some who are baffled and bewildered in the struggle for existence. Often they are called to give comfort in sorrow and bereavement, and occasionally even to care for the dead as well as the living. Many and truly touching are the stories of their devoted ministrations to the suffering.

Frequently in the pursuit of their vocation the Deaconesses are brought into contact with Roman Catholics, but even here, where it is most natural to expect hostility and opposition, they have found much to gladden their hearts. For the Methodist Deaconess is free from bigotry and intolerance, and can esteem what is good wherever she may find it. Miss Thoburn, one whose whole heart is in intense sympathy with this phase of charitable work, writes:

"It was a comfort to find in another dying Roman Catholic a trusting Christian. 'Are you a sister?' she asked of the Deaconess who went to spend the night with her. 'Yes, a Protestant sister,' was the reply. 'It is all the same in Christ,' said the dying woman, and through a night of pain she was comforted by the words of promise that are the joy of all the saints in the dark valley."

A Deaconess tells the following story of a worthy poor family, who at one time received help and encouragement from the Home:

"A few years ago they were on a farm in Dakota. A prairie fire swept away everything, and they barely escaped with their lives. They drifted with the tide to Chicago. The father secured work, but was soon disabled by iron filings thrown by accident into his eyes, and had been sick all summer. Then came the serious illness of the mother, and here we found them.

"When the door was opened, I saw first three little barefooted boys, ranging in age from three to eight years. One of these went to school, another could not go for lack of clothes, the other was too young. On a bed in one corner of the small room lay the sick mother. In her arms was a child two weeks old. Not three feet away was the stove. The bedding was far from white, and everything had a dingy look. What else could one expect?

"Some ladies from our own Training School had called and left a clean comforter and packages of rolled oats, rice and sugar. I stayed five days,

cared for the mother, cleaned and cooked. The father during the time succeeded in getting a job. The father attended a meeting at the chapel during the week, and seemed much affected at what he heard. The sweet songs, fervent prayers, good news of heavenly love and mercy, and kindly advice, touched his better nature and roused new hopes and courage. They could find no words to express their gratitude to the Deaconesses."

"Cared for the mother, cleaned and cooked." These are some of the things which the willing hands of Deaconesses find to do. Commonplace? Not if done "heartily as unto the Lord."

The opportunities of a Christian nurse are so great and so obvious, that there is no need to recount them. For nurse Deaconesses there is a large field of usefulness, both in public institutions and in private families. Their strong, calm faces and the gentle, womanly touch of their skilful hands, are welcomed in asylums, in homes for little children and for the aged poor, and in hospitals. But it is among the sick poor in their homes that their ministrations are especially grateful. For there are many sufferers, both among the abject poor and the so-called respectable, to whom removal to a hospital and a hired nurse are equally inaccessible, and it is to these that the nurse Deaconesses are in the highest degree a blessing. Through their devotion mothers have been spared to little children, and children have been brought safely through the cruellest and most malignant diseases, while more than one soul has passed into the darkness of the shadow of death cheered by their presence. Their skill and reliability are day by day becoming more recognized and more in demand. Physicians in their work among the sick poor are coming more and more to depend upon the assistance of the trained nurse Deaconesses, who know what to do in a sick-room, are collected in emergencies, can intelligently comprehend and obey orders, and are ready to go wherever they are needed at once and without charge.

In order to an understanding of the process of organization and modes of operation in the Deaconess Homes in the United States, so far as these can be said to be developed, there is, perhaps, nothing so practical as the story of the inception and progress of the Chicago Home, the oldest in the country, and that with which the name of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer is so brightly associated.

Its beginning was in the Training School for City, Home, and Foreign Missions, opened in the autumn of 1885, under the management of Mr. J. S. Meyer and his wife. The history of this school is full of interest.

"At the close of its second year, June, 1887," writes Mrs. Meyer, "we found eight or ten among our students who were willing to remain in the

city during the summer and continue the practical missionary work which had formed a part of their training in the school, provided only they could be supplied with a home and board—a basis of work. The matter was brought before the Executive Committee of the Training School, and they voted to allow us the use of the large school-building during the summer, for these women."

The same month, in *The Message*, the little paper published in the interest of the Training School, appeared an article, claimed to be the first printed matter in America relative to the establishment of Deaconess work in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In it occurs the following paragraph:

"The opportunities for work in a large city are often better in summer than in winter. This fact, together with the desire we have that our building, which would otherwise be nearly vacant for months, may be used for the advance of the kingdom, has determined us upon opening a Deaconess Home during the summer months. Into this Home we purpose to receive such ladies as shall be approved, and for whom we can find suitable openings, who wish to devote their time to city missionary work. They will receive no salary, but we promise them a home, such board as the Lord may provide, and the payment of necessary car-fare. Workers in the Home are at entire liberty to leave at any time, without warning, but while with us must obey the rules of the Home, and submit to the decisions of those in authority."

At the end of that summer, during which there was an average of eight persons in the Home engaged in city missionary work, two of the number, in a rented flat not far from the Training School, opened the independent Deaconess Home.

During the three years of the history of the Chicago Home it has greatly enlarged and its efficiency has been increased by the addition of nurse Deaconesses, but there has been little change in other respects. It no longer occupies three or four rooms in a hired flat, but is established in a comfortable and commodious building adjacent to the Missionary Training School. At first the members of the Home did all the work of the house, but as the outside demands upon their time and strength multiplied, it was found that this became a diversion of their energies from their special work, and, at slight expense, it was put into other hands.

The Deaconesses work entirely without salary and accept no remuneration for their services. The gifts sometimes bestowed in grateful recognition of their ministrations are passed at once into the general treasury, and employed in meeting the expenses of the Home. The Home is supported by voluntary subscription—a method which appears very precarious, but which, nevertheless, has met with a success truly remarkable. The most careful economy is, of course, practised in all the details of the life of its inmates.

The sum of two hundred dollars provides for the support of a Deaconess in the Home for one year. Some are able themselves to pay this amount, and it is desired that as many as can shall do so. Several Deaconesses have been maintained in the Home by individuals who are impressed with the importance of this phase of Christian work, or who wish thus to show their grateful appreciation of services rendered by the Deaconesses. One church in Chicago pays annually several hundred dollars to the Home. Three Presbyterian ladies are supporting a Deaconess each, two of them choosing this manner of preserving a memorial of their mother. Oftentimes aid is given by persons who hold themselves aloof from all strictly religious enterprises, but whose sympathies are enlisted for this because of its practical philanthropy.

The regulations of the Home are simple, yet sufficiently comprehensive. There is absolutely nothing conventual in its associations. The members take no vows, and the spirit of cheerful home-life always pervades the atmosphere. Around the teatable, at the close of each day's work, the Deaconesses talk over the events of the day with its amusing, its encouraging, or its painful experiences, thus gaining new strength and cheer from the sense of fellowship common to them all.

For protection, economy, and the fostering of a spirit of "sisterly equality," it was early decided that a distinctive dress should be worn by the Deaconesses. After much discussion and some experiment, the uniform agreed upon was a plain gown of dark gray, with black for out-door garments. No jewellery, except a collar-pin, is worn. The hair is not covered with veils or bands, but is worn "plain," that term meaning, as Mrs. Meyer has explained, "dressed with no artificial means." The sentiment which the Deaconesses themselves entertain towards their uniform is expressed in the language of one of them in one of a series of charming papers recently published in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*:

"We could not live on \$200 a year and dress as you do. We could not get at our poor sisters dressed as you are. The rustle of a silk dress is worse than the rattle of musketry to close the heart of the poor woman who wipes the soap-suds from her hands on her apron and sinks into a chair to nurse her baby and rest a moment while you talk to her about Jesus Christ. But our plain serge dresses win their way to her heart. Then our costumes mark us as religious workers. We are called 'sisters' constantly, and never deny the title, only adding 'Protestant sisters,' that we may not be misunderstood. And, thanks to the Romish Church, such a sentiment has grown up around the costume, that our workers find it a great protection. It is like a coat of mail to us. Clad in it we penetrate where few men and no woman would care to go after dark, and we are never molested. But I

must tell you, and am happy to say it, that our women really like to wear the costume now ; aside from these weightier reasons, you see it lifts from their minds once and forever all the care and thought of dress."

What has been said of the Chicago Deaconess Home is in all essential particulars true of the various other Homes throughout the United States. It was felt at the time when the work was inaugurated that a general uniformity was desirable, and a convention of representatives of all the Homes was held, with a view to securing this end. In costume, in organization, and in modes of operation, Methodist Deaconesses, wherever found, are under practically the same conditions.

The work of these Methodist Deaconesses being, as we have seen, of so great importance, there is the more urgent need of careful and thorough training in preparation for it. This probationary training in all the Homes covers a period of two years. It includes a course of suitable reading and study, attendance upon lectures, and much practical work under proper direction. In affiliation with the Chicago Home is a hospital, in which the nurse Deaconesses receive a special and most needful training. At the end of two years, probationers are admitted to the office of Deaconess, and authorized to perform the duties of the order in connection with the Church.

We have thus far spoken of Methodist Deaconesses in the United States, but the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess movement has penetrated, with all its essential and distinctive features, into very distant lands. Deaconess missionaries have been wonderfully successful abroad as well as at home. There are already in India six Methodist Deaconess Homes, and very recently two Deaconesses from Chicago have gone to China to establish a Home in Nankin. Another is just being inaugurated in Japan. The life of these missionary Deaconesses is as nearly as possible like that of those at home. They wear the same dress, are appointed to similar duties, and are under like conditions as to support and responsibility. Through this agency will be met in far larger measure than heretofore the ever-increasing demand for cultured and trained missionary workers, women who have received systematic instruction in the Bible, in church history and doctrine, in the history of all great philanthropic movements, and, what is equal in importance to any of these, practical hygiene and nursing.

Several months have passed since the question, "Shall Canadian Methodism institute an order of Deaconesses?" was answered in the affirmative by the representative body of the Church. With this decision of the General Conference the first step was taken in a movement which is more and more commending itself to

Christians all over the world. But all-important as the first step is, if a second step be not taken there can be no advance. Some, perhaps, who at one time felt a certain interest in the subject, have been conscious of a gradual wane in that interest, as days passed by and there was nothing tangible for it to centre upon, until it has been well-nigh forgotten. Others are asking, "When may we look for a practical outcome of the Church's decision? Is anything being *done* in this direction?" But it may be that here and there among the churches, are those whose hearts are warm to the work, who would gladly and earnestly enter into it, did they but know what to do, and who are eagerly asking how to begin to carry out an idea which seems to them so full of promise.

Perhaps the only answer to the inquiry of such is the old one, familiar to triteness, "The way to begin is to begin."

The Deaconess work, wherever it has been planted, has been eminently practical. In most cases, also, it has been spontaneous and experimental. A few persons, usually not more than two in any single locality, who have recognized the great need of such work as Deaconesses do, and whose hearts have been filled with the burning desire to do their part toward meeting that need, have solved the problem of how to organize a Deaconess Home by organizing one, relying upon the knowledge that always comes with experience, and trusting to a higher Wisdom to supplement their own as demands should arise. Oftenest, too, they have had little or nothing in the way of precedent or example to guide them, except in very recent times and in the most general way, as they could learn from the great Deaconess establishments of the Old World. Thus while certain broad principles have been outlined for them, countless details have been left to be worked out by actual experiment, and those who have been leaders in Deaconess work have in very truth learned how to do by doing.

Probably no one, least of all those who know it best, would claim that the system as it exists on our own continent is yet complete. Much remains to be thought out, much to be done, and there is a call for the Methodists of Canada to contribute the fruit of their judgment and experience in perfecting a work still young and in the experimental stage.

THE crisis is upon us! face to face with us it stands;
 With solemn lips of questioning, like the Sphinx in Egypt sands.
 This day we fashion destiny, the web of life we spin,
 This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin.
 Even now from misty Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 Call we the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down."

A NOVA SCOTIA MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY MISS MAY TWEEDIE.

THE subject of missions is one so prominently before the public at present, that to utilize space in the prefatory statements it naturally suggests—thus rendering less detailed the noble career of an honoured pioneer, Rev. John Geddie—would be a loss to readers eager to acquire a knowledge of the labours of this consecrated Nova Scotia missionary.

The biographies of distinguished men usually include all available ancestral history. We introduce none more remote than that of the pious parents, whose influence and training largely developed the sterling Christian character which formed the basis of Mr. Geddie's successful career. John Geddie, sen., for some time did a prosperous business in Banff as watch and clock-maker, but owing to the commercial disaster occasioned by the changes which followed the peace of 1815, he was led to emigrate, and accordingly reached Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1816, accompanied by his wife and family of four children. Here he resumed his original trade. But no vicissitudes of business ever resulted in any neglect of religious duty. The struggling Presbyterian Church, with which he became identified on his arrival in Pictou, was ever the object of his solicitude, and owed not a little of her prosperity to his shining Christian example and to his faithful fulfilment of the functions of his office as elder.

Our first glimpse of the embryo missionary is as a shrinking, timid, little school-boy under the tuition of a worthy pedagogue, particularly proficient in the energetic use of the ferule. But he soon revealed the determination and activity which shone with brilliance in later years. On the completion of his Academic course at Pictou Academy, Mr. Geddie entered on the study of theology under Dr. Thomas McCullough, then the only professor of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

His student life presents nothing remarkable. In class-work he gave no indication of superior power, but was noted for diligence and attention to his studies. The boisterous athletics of school and college had little attraction for him. He preferred to seek recreation in retirement, the society of a kindred soul or some mechanical employment. None anticipated that he would ever throw himself alone and unarmed among savages.

On the completion of his theological course, at the age of twenty-two, he was licensed to preach. From his earliest youth he had

been the subject of serious conviction, resulting in a public profession of religion at the age of nineteen. Years previous to this important event, vague desires to engage in foreign mission work had filled his mind. The first impetus in this direction was doubtless derived from missionary literature sent to the family by an aunt in London, and eagerly perused by all, particularly John. Aspirations which the thrilling romances of Scott, the fascinating poetry of Byron, or the sensational literature of the time were powerless to impart, were borne from the enchanting islands of Polynesia to mould the plastic imagination of a future missionary.

During an illness at college all the vague desires of former years crystallized into an earnest, immutable resolve to carry the message of salvation to heathen lands, if God should restore him to health. He was now ready, but the Church was not. At the time of his licensure foreign mission work was wholly impracticable. The interest of the Church in this now cherished scheme was then confined chiefly to prayers, good wishes, and comparatively insignificant contributions. The hasty development of measures likely to result in the establishment of a foreign mission being utterly impossible, Mr. Geddie entered with great assiduity on his pastoral duties in New London, Prince Edward Island, where he had received a call.

A pleasing event of the early years of his pastorate was his marriage to Miss Charlotte McDonald, a daughter of Dr. McDonald, of Antigonish. But the claims of foreign missions were not forgotten in the absorbing interest of pastoral duties. With rare tact he introduced innovations almost startling to the spirit of the time. He preached annual sermons breathing a large sympathy with the benighted of other lands. He urged the formation of missionary societies in all the congregations of the presbytery, and distributed much literature calculated to stimulate the interest of the Church.

With these commonplace measures culminated the missionary enthusiasm of all save Mr. Geddie. He had yet to advance the novel idea that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, poor and small as she was, might and ought to engage in a foreign mission of her own. To his most intimate friends he expressed his convictions. His extravagant views elicited many a smile of amusement, while his calm, persistent earnestness and impressive arguments made an occasional convert. The Rev. Dr. Kerr, an aged and experienced divine, was his first genuine friend and ally. He supported Mr. Geddie's project by the introduction of an overture to the Synod of 1843. It was very hurriedly disposed

of, the majority of that august body regarding it as a harmless hobby of "poor little Geddie."

As it was impossible to utterly ignore a measure sanctioned by Dr. Kerr, the Synod condescendingly referred it to the several presbyteries for consideration, with instructions to report thereon at its next meeting. Thus the Convocation of 1844 had for their consideration the most important matter ever before a colonial Synod.

A long, serious discussion resulted in the adoption of a resolution that a board of foreign missions be appointed for Nova Scotia. Among the prominent names enrolled thereon was that of Mr. J. W. Dawson, the present Sir William, whose scientific research has so eminently contributed to the support of the Christian religion so early espoused.

One year subsequent to their appointment they advertised for candidates to enter on foreign work. Two important questions awaited decision, the selection of a field and the choice of an agent. Many promising spheres of labour were inaccessible, owing to the limited means of the Church. Much prayerful deliberation and discussion of the various fields available led to the selection of New Caledonia, a section of Eastern Polynesia, as a suitable field for the Nova Scotia missionary. In response to the question, "Who shall go for us," Mr. Geddie modestly tendered his services. He was cordially and unanimously accepted. But one shadow dimmed the joy of that memorable hour, the thought of parting with an aged and widowed mother. Then for the first time Mr. Geddie was informed that this praying parent, with his now sainted father, had placed him in God's hands to fashion him for this special work.

A surprising degree of interest was awakened in the projected mission, and such was the liberality displayed that an active layman who might go out as a catechist or mechanic was sought for. A tender of service was accordingly accepted from Mr. Archibald, a young Nova Scotian of promise. The time had now come when Mr. Geddie must sever the endearing ties of home, resign the blessings of civilization, the refinements of social life, and after eighteen thousand miles of dreary voyaging, expose himself and family to the prejudice and superstition of barbarous men, acquire their language, court their society, and in some measure become familiar with their disgusting habits of life, in order to gain their ear and win their hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. Geddie then proceeded to Halifax, receiving *en route* farewells from several congregations. One bright December day in the year 1846, the missionaries were hurriedly

summoned on board the brig *Acadian*, in which they were to sail for Boston. Eight days of stormy voyaging brought them to their destination only to find that a delay of some weeks was necessary before embarking for the distant islands of the Pacific. Communication with foreign parts was at that time so irregular and inconvenient that the earliest and only available medium of transit was a small brig to sail for the Sandwich Islands in January.

The trying experiences of six months' confinement in a small brig are not easily depicted, but they must have been such as missionaries are not now called to endure. Three dreary, perilous weeks were spent in rounding Cape Horn, then with milder winds they were quickly wafted toward the Sandwich Islands. The picturesque hills of Honolulu gradually loomed into view, and ere long the ship cast anchor in its coral-reefed harbour. The missionaries of the American Board, to whom Mr. Geddie had letters of introduction, relieved his feelings of loneliness by a cordial welcome. After a few weeks' delay, the party embarked for the Samoan Islands. Five tedious weeks elapsed before these hill-girt islands were reached, early in 1848. Tutuila, with its quaint huts peeping through a dense foliage of bread-fruit and cocoanut trees, was selected as the place of landing. Rev. Messrs. Murray and Bullen, incumbents of that mission, joyfully welcomed their unexpected brethren. There they remained several weeks, to await the advice of the meeting of missionaries, appointed for an early date, as to a permanent station. The New Hebrides Islands were selected as a suitable field for the commencement of a mission. Messrs. Geddie and Powell, of Samoa, were appointed to this field.

The picturesque New Hebrides group had already been the scene of missionary operations. On the Island of Erromanga, the Rev. John Williams had obtained the martyr's crown, and others had seen trying service in these regions of heathen darkness.

The missionaries were coldly received by the natives of Aniteum. The atrocities perpetrated by the white men who came thither had so aroused their prejudice, that the Chief Nohoat, afterward an ardent supporter of Christianity, issued orders to annoy but not to kill the missionaries, at least for a time. Some days later, when impelled by curiosity, the natives visited Mr. Geddie's humble abode, and found it destitute of muskets, cannons and other implements of destruction conspicuous on the walls of the Sandal-wood establishment and Roman Catholic missionary building, which reared its iron walls in their midst, they were favourably impressed. Mr. Geddie, with remarkable tact gained the permanent good-will of his dusky visitors, and Mrs. Geddie won

their confidence by graciously permitting them to use the soot from her pots in besmearing their faces.

Six Sundays after their arrival, owing to energetic linguistic study at Samoa, the missionaries were able to address the natives in their own tongue, in a neat building fashioned by their energetic hands to answer the double purpose of school-house and chapel. As early as possible they navigated the five divisions of the island, and arranged for their occupancy.

Mr. Geddie's first years of labour were arduous and disheartening. He found the natives capable of a high degree of intellectual and moral improvement; but their awful degradation and superstition could only be overcome by patient, diligent labour. Just here we are met by the temptation to linger among the wealth of incident which lend vivacity to the pages of Rev. Dr. Patterson's valuable biography, which we are fortunate in having at hand.

The journal of Mr. Geddie's early labours is so replete with graphic sketches of native life and character, so gracefully interwoven with pen-pictures of perilous voyaging among islands of marvellous beauty marred only by human violence, so touchingly brightened by occasional glimpses of domestic life—perhaps the departure of the children to seek an education in a distant land, a visit from the genial Episcopal Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, Mr. Geddie's firm friend, or a despondent hour brightened by the arrival of the good *John Williams* with letters from home, or boxes of clothing prepared by devoted Nova Scotia women; so pathetic with pitiable details of heathen violence, followed by a brighter vista; perhaps a glance at Mrs. Geddie's feminine "diamonds in the rough" being polished by this skilful lapidary to shine in celestial mansions, that we regret to confine ourselves to less interesting but more essential matter.

Mr. Lowell soon returned to Samoa, and Mr. Geddie was left in a situation unparalleled in the history of modern missions. He was left in a benighted island, fifteen hundred miles distant from the nearest missionary brother; he had none from whom to derive sympathy or counsel, none to share his increasingly arduous labours. The spread of the Gospel led to great antagonism between the heathen natives and those recently Christianized. Mr. Geddie's life was endangered and his converts persecuted. But a brighter day dawned.

The real success of the mission dates from this period, though Mr. Geddie's first four years of labour, during three of which he was without the aid of a missionary brother, show splendid achievements. A language acquired and reduced to writing, works

prepared in it and thousands of copies printed, some hundreds taught to read, hundreds more in school, nearly half of a population numbering four thousand brought to embrace Christianity, and in addition to all this the multiplied mechanical labours of printing, and opposition such as few men have had to encounter. It has been well said that the history of modern missions does not afford an instance of "such extensive work by so feeble an agency, and in such a brief period of time."

The mission might now be said to be entering on its second stage—pronounced by Bishop Patterson to be the most difficult of the two—the building up in knowledge and virtue of a people till lately sunk in the lowest degradation of heathenism. The success of the agencies employed to hasten this result was pleasingly apparent some years later, when the whole population were outwardly transformed, the Sabbath observed as well as in Scotland, family worship established, two church buildings erected, in which one thousand persons assembled every Sabbath, and over three hundred church members. Neat houses supplanted the hovels in which as heathens the natives had lived. Industry and thrift became everywhere apparent. Nor was this all. Twenty teachers had gone forth from this island, till lately in the darkest heathenism, as pioneers of Christianity on surrounding islands, now clamorous for the Gospel.

While the Church at home was rejoicing in its prosperity, the tide had turned in the far distant islands of the Pacific. Aniteum, so bright with promise, was swept by a distressing epidemic. The measles were brought thither by a sandal-wood vessel. No care was taken to prevent contagion, and the disease quickly spread over the whole island, proving terribly fatal.

The burning of a commodious stone church, but recently erected by the energetic hands of Mr. Geddie and his congregation, was a severe blow to the mission. But the cup was not yet full. Reports, which proved only too true, of the murder of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon on Erromanga, were wildly circulated.

Lack of space prevents a detailed reference to the fate of this well-known Nova Scotian, who had been the first to respond to Mr. Geddie's appeal for help and who so nobly struggled to qualify himself for the work which cost him his life. His place was supplied by a brave brother, Rev. J. D. Gordon, who on the same island became also the victim of the fury of the natives.

The proceedings on other islands, though less violent, struck terror to the hearts of the missionaries. Thousands on many islands were being swept into the grave and superstition was everywhere rampant. Then followed a violent hurricane, fear-

fully destructive of life and property. These calamities fell with almost crushing weight on Mr. Geddie's spirit. The confused state of the work, encompassed as it now was with almost greater difficulties than marked its inception, was a severe trial to his faith. But the same directing Spirit which had led him to this rugged path of service sustained him as he sorrowed amid the ruins of shattered hopes. The effect of a long and laborious residence in an insalubrious climate had so impaired his health, and also that of Mrs. Geddie, that he yielded to the solicitations of his brethren to spend a year in Nova Scotia. They accordingly set out in January, 1864, just a few weeks subsequent to the arrival of the *Dayspring* from Nova Scotia with three missionaries on board. This commodious mission ship, constructed in New Glasgow, will be remembered as the one built by contributions of the Nova Scotia Sunday-school children, augmented by funds from New Zealand. Mr. Geddie accomplished much for the missionary cause during his visit. On the eve of his departure from Nova Scotia, the University of Kingston conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, of which his first intimation was a letter addressed, Dr. Geddie, that reached him in Australia. He resumed work on his beloved Aniteum, with something of his former energy, but his constitution had lost its elasticity and the decay of his nervous energy was followed by mental depression, sometimes to a morbid degree. Being unable for the laborious work of a station, he was appointed sailing missionary. After one year of service in this capacity, he was compelled to retire to Australia for his health. After some months, he returned to the island with his daughter, the beloved wife of a missionary, the Rev. Mr. McDonald. But the stroke of paralysis, which his friends had feared, soon laid him aside. It was then arranged that he should be taken to Geelong in charge of his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Neilson, of Tana.

But it soon became apparent that his work was done. The Rev. A. J. Campbell, of Geelong, thus describes the closing scene:

"Dr. Geddie gradually sank into a state of unconsciousness, with some signs of occasional intelligence, especially when a friendly voice offered prayer at his bedside. And so he lay like a weary pilgrim at the gate of heaven enjoying the peace of God's beloved, answering the question of his trust in God by a smile calm and beautiful. Life ebbed away in perfect peacefulness, and in the early hour of a bright summer morning in December he fell asleep."

The people of the Presbyterian Church, of Victoria, to whom God had committed his mortal remains, erected a handsome monument to the memory of this unassuming, self-denying

founder of the New Hebrides mission. His warm-hearted children on Aniteum wept bitter tears when they heard that their good father was dead.

A wooden tablet bearing the following inscription was placed in the church at Aniteum :

“In memory of John Geddie, D.D., born in Scotland, 1815, minister in Prince Edward Island seven years ; missionary, sent from Nova Scotia, at Aniteum twenty-four years. He laboured amidst many trials for the good of the people, taught many to read, many to work, and some to be teachers. He was esteemed by the natives, beloved by his fellow-labourer, Rev. John Inglis, and honoured by the missionaries in the New Hebrides and the Churches. When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen. He died in the Lord, in Australia, on December 14, 1872. 1 Thess. i. 5.”

We cannot better conclude this imperfect sketch than by reproducing a selection from the eloquent tribute of Mr. Geddie's devoted co-labourer, Rev. J. Inglis :

“He was admirably qualified to commence such a mission as this. With singular facility he could turn his hand to anything, whether it was to build a mission-house, school-house or church ; to translate a gospel, prepare a catechism, or print a primer ; to administer medicine, teach a class or preach a sermon, to traverse the island on foot, sail round it in a boat, or take a voyage in the *John Knox* to the adjoining islands. He was ready for all manner of work and every occurring emergency. He was raised up by God and qualified to do a great work. That work he did, and did it well. His faults, his failings, his infirmities, will soon all be forgotten ; but he will continue to be remembered as the father and founder of the Presbyterian mission on this group, as one who has left his mark broad and deep in the New Hebrides, but especially on the island of Aniteum, and whose memory will be long and gratefully cherished by the natives ; as one, also, who has increased the usefulness, extended the boundaries, elevated the character and heightened the reputation of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia ; and as one whose example will fan the flame of missionary zeal in that and other Churches for many years to come.”

ACADIA MINES, N.S.

FAME.

WRITE thou thy name in stone or hardened brass,
As years roll on, in time will come to pass
A day when one thy monument will see,
And ask what none can answer, “Who was he?”

And yet, perchance, in him who asks unknown
May bloom a precious seed which thou hadst sown,
That gives him strength to bear his daily part,
And think you which is best ? Ask thou thy heart.

COTTONOPOLIS.

BY REV. JAMES LUMSDEN.

THOUGH historic records of Manchester date as far back as A.D. 70, and though she still retains interesting monumental remains of the past, the Manchester of to-day is, in her general aspects, one of the most modern of modern cities. Both the town and environs exhibit strikingly the wonderful triumphs of the practical genius and industry that have specially marked our times. Said Disraeli, in "Coningsby": "The age of ruins is past: have you been to Manchester?" Certainly we may read here fuller meaning into Milton's suggestive lines:

"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war."

The population of the city is about half a million; while that of Greater Manchester, or the district of which Manchester is the centre, and which contains a number of important towns, is simply enormous. Were it not authoritatively stated, we should pronounce it incredible that within six miles of the Manchester Exchange there are one million of people; within twelve miles, two million; and within twenty-five miles, the largest population of the world, not excepting Peking or London.

The name Cottonopolis (familiar sobriquet for Manchester) plainly indicates the staple article of manufacture and trade. The present perfection of the machinery used in cotton-spinning has not been attained by any one man, nor achieved in a day; far from it—the history of the marvellously ingenious appliances now familiar to us is a long one, dating as far back as 1733, when John Wyatt and Lewis Paul discovered the mode of elongating and spinning by rollers, and embraces invention after invention, and improvement after improvement by a number of heroic investigators—many of them poor and self-taught men—including the well-known names of Kay, Leigh, Hargreaves, Blackburn, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright, and Roberts. To such indomitable spirits, under a kindly Providence, Manchester owes her present proud position as the manufacturing metropolis of the world.

The architectural adornment of the city has of late years been conspicuously advanced. Among recent erections stands first the Town Hall, a truly magnificent structure. Here, besides splendid offices for the transaction of municipal business, are palatial

apartments reserved for special use, where many distinguished persons, including royalty, have received civic honours and hospitalities. The building, which is in stone and in the Gothic style, contains 314 rooms, and covers 8,648 square yards. A massive and richly ornamented tower rises in the centre of the front to the height of 288 feet, from which at intervals chimes forth a fine peal of bells, heard distinctly for miles around. The cost of the building, including furniture and land, was over £1,000,000 sterling.

Another scarcely less remarkable pile is the Royal Exchange. The style of this imposing edifice is Italian. Corinthian columns and elaborately wrought entablature form a commanding and elegant frontage. The exchange room, 207 feet long, 193 feet wide, eighty feet high, and with an area of 5,170 square yards, is said to be the largest in the world. The centre of the ceiling is adorned with a great glass dome, superb in its richly blended colours, appealing not only to the eye of all beholders by its chaste and quiet beauty, but also to the heart and conscience of the busy traffickers by its encircling inscription, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." To a pedestrian the most striking feature will be the almost innumerable lines of handsome warehouses; they are as characteristic of this city as the docks are of Liverpool. In the sense that St. Paul's stands a monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, the buildings of this great city stand a monument to the "grit and gumption" and the bone and sinew of Manchesterians.

We have touched upon the Royal Exchange as a building; let us take a glance at the impressive scene it ordinarily presents when thousands of merchants are met within its precincts intent on business. On Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of twelve and two—"high change"—we imagine ourselves occupying one of the balconies. Before us is a spectacle the like of which few cities can equal. The floor of the great room is crowded with men of business representing the intelligence, enterprise and wealth of Lancashire, among whom may be distinguished by costume, if not by physiognomy, many a trader from afar. Disorder and confusion would seem to be the first law of the Royal Exchange. What order could we expect where so large a concourse is separated into small groups, each transacting business independently of the rest? Very varied is the scene; the eye is arrested by the gesticulations of the eager salesman, or anon, by the concentrated brow of the ready writer in the act of booking valuable orders, or follows the windings of the clerks and messengers in search of heads of firms, etc. The continuous roar of

voices and the general hubbub is, perhaps, somewhat confusing and by-and-by we are glad to leave, feeling, however, that we have witnessed a spectacle not soon to be forgotten.

Cotton mills are being built chiefly in the neighbouring towns rather than in Manchester. Oldham alone, for instance, has two hundred. The general features of any great manufacturing district are much the same—street after street of small brick houses, the homes of the operatives, and here and there the huge, unsightly mill with its high chimney which, though valuable on utilitarian grounds, is intolerable on æsthetic principles. Were we sojourning in one of these neighbourhoods we should doubtless find our peaceful dreams disturbed by the clamorous sound of many bells comingled with the deep intonations of the horn known as the "American devil." It is about 5.30 a.m., and this is the call to labour. But hark! more perplexing sounds—what are they? When curiosity is strong enough to overcome our drowsiness, and we seek the street, the explanation is readily found. The sounds that puzzled us proceed from the patter of a thousand feet on the stone pavement—each foot being snugly encased in the dainty Lancashire clog, or wooden-soled and steel-rimmed shoe. The clog has a history. It was the product of the cotton famine, and intended only as a temporary expedient in that time of bitter distress, when mills were closed and cupboards empty.* The continued popularity of the clog proves that it has merits of its own, independent of the adventitious circumstances of its origin. It has the reputation of being comfortable, and when nicely kept, with its pointed and upturned toe, embellishments of buckle and fancy toe-cap, it must certainly be conceded to be the pink of neatness.

But to proceed—we suppose it is a dark December morning. The mills are aglow with light, and the streets alive with a merry hum of voices. Women, we see, form a large proportion of the crowd. The factory girl with her brightly polished clogs, long white cotton gown or over-all, black leather belt with shining metal clasp, and shawl-covered head, has a distinct and recognized personality in these parts. Judging by the lively gossip and merry songs we hear on all sides, Lancashire's sons and daughters have neither grown spiritless from toil, nor dull from the effects of smoke and grime. Of course, the Lancashire dialect is spoken, and the stranger who wishes to understand all he hears had better secure the services of an interpreter.

The citizens of Manchester are at present engaged in two gigantic enterprises—the Thirlmere water scheme and the Ship Canal.

Our Compositor says the clogs were in use long before the cotton famine.—Ed.

The first is designed to supply the city with water from Lake Thirlmere, in Westmoreland, now the property of the Manchester Corporation, a distance of over eighty miles. The work is being pushed on to completion, and will cost the city £2,500,000. The Ship Canal has attracted universal attention. The rivers Mersey and Irwell are being canalized in such a way as to make Manchester practically a sea-port. When completed—within two years, as it is expected—the canal will be thirty-five miles long, and will really be a system of dock-works covering the whole distance. It is estimated that the cost will be £8,000,000. Liverpool, apprehending exhausting competition, bitterly opposed her neighbouring rival when the project was brought before the Houses of Parliament for sanction, and it is said she spent not less than £60,000 in obstructive tactics. On the other hand, the advocates of the scheme have never ceased to declare that “when the sun of commercial prosperity shines it cannot light up Manchester without warming Liverpool.” And there is no room for doubt that the people of Manchester, high and low, share alike the most sanguine and confident expectations of vastly increased commercial prosperity when once the city possesses a water-way to the ocean. From an economical standpoint alone it would appear that the belief is well founded. “It has always been known, especially since the steamboat was invented, that goods could be carried for three thousand miles on water at a cost equal to thirty miles on rail.”

There is sound reasoning in the words of a Manchester merchant on this point. “Every step made by us to cheapen our powers of distribution, every obstacle removed between us and the plantations, gardens, cities and peoples of the earth give permanence and solidity to our commercial position.” The final outcome of the enterprise will doubtless be greater than we can imagine, and the project may fairly be claimed to be of national rather than local importance.

This hasty sketch would be incomplete if it left the impression that the people of Cottonopolis cared only or chiefly for money-making. The city and district have been the home of patriots of the calibre of Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden and John Bright. The political influence of the county is attested by the acceptance and currency of the dictum, “What Lancashire says to-day England says to-morrow.” The platform of the Free Trade Hall bespeaks the taste of Manchesterians for music and oratory of a high order. Here for years Sir Charles Halle has given his brilliant concerts. Numerous and widely differing are the gifted men who have discoursed to rapt thousands within these walls. The following names spring spontaneously to the writer’s mind,

most of whom he had the pleasure of hearing—Disraeli, Robert Moffatt, John Bright, Dr. Punshon, Gladstone, Moody, Bret Harte, Charles Garrett, J. B. Gough, Stanley, Joseph Arch, Cardinal Manning and Henry Ward Beecher.

Manchester now boasts a University—Victoria, formerly Owen's College—which thus early gives promise of a career of commanding usefulness. Turning to the pulpit, the name of Dr. McLaren needs no more than to be mentioned. The fine church in which he ministers is always numerously attended, but the famous preacher speaks to a congregation larger than could be gathered within the compass even of an edifice as large as his—a congregation reaching beyond seas and dispersed over continents. Unquestionably the Manchester ministry is able and indefatigable. The late Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, and the Rev. Charles Garrett (Wesleyan minister then stationed in Manchester) may be instanced as the type of men popular in democratic and practical Lancashire. Large-hearted, far-seeing, fearless and earnest—such were the men named, and both enjoyed much success, reaching classes usually holding aloof from “the parson.” No ecclesiastical boundaries could keep asunder men of their lofty character and Christ-like spirit, and they were often associated in the work which their common Lord committed to His servants.

The Ragged-school movement and the city mission have accomplished much good in the slums which, perhaps, are neither better nor worse than the purlieus of other great cities. In Sunday-school and Temperance work Manchester holds an honourable—yea, more, foremost—position. Several theological schools are located in the neighbourhood. The Primitive Methodists possess one, and there is the Wesleyan College at Didsbury, and the Independent College at Old Trafford. The Forward Movement in the Methodist Church finds its best provincial exemplification in Manchester. The antique chapel in Oldham Street has given place to a magnificent Central Hall, which from its opening day has been variously and conspicuously useful.

In such a city as Manchester the past and present are strangely intermingled. Amid the life and roar of a great modern city, here and there may be met curious relics of other days. Take two instances. Within a stone's throw of one of the largest railway stations, with its outflowing stream of vehicles and pedestrians, stands grim old Chetham College, a fine specimen of mediæval architecture, where in feudal times the barons ruled with power of life and death, and in the yard of which Roman soldiers had their summer camp. In another busy thoroughfare

we suddenly light upon the inn of "Ye Old Seven Starres," a public-house in a good state of preservation, whose license dates as far back as A.D. 1350. In these days of temperance reform, we may well question if any public-house will have a chance of life at all five hundred and forty years hence, not to speak of the repetition of such a case as "Ye Old Seven Starres."

Although Manchester already ranks with the great cities of the day, it would appear that her people are just now laying for her the foundation of a greater future. Who can say what that future may be? Old, yet young; though hoary with years, pulsating still with the spirit of enterprise; scene of many triumphs in freedom's oft-repeated battle, and in the rough, jagged pathway of mechanical invention and contrivance, yet to-day eager to press on from achievement to achievement; stern nursery-ground of many a grand life, yet never more than now the patron of aspiring youth—behold, strong city of the north, thy prospects gilded with the bow of radiant hope!

TO MY SHADOW.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

A MUTE companion at my side
Paces and plods the whole day long,
Accepts the measure of my stride,
Yet gives no cheer by word or song.

More close than any doggish friend,
Not ranging far and wide, like him,
He goes where'er my footsteps tend,
Nor shrinks for fear of life or limb.

I do not know when first we met,
But till each day's bright hours are done
This grave and speechless silhouette
Keeps me betwixt him and the sun.

They say he knew me when a child ;
Born with my birth, he dies with me,
Not once from his long task beguiled
Though sin or shame bid others flee.

What if, when all this world of men
Shall melt and fade and pass away,
This deathless sprite should rise again
And be himself my Judgment Day !

THE CLASS MEETING: ITS PLACE AND POWER IN METHODISM.

BY TERRA NOVA.

CHRISTIAN fellowship will always be a subject of intense interest to the Church of God. "I believe in the communion of saints," is not the least important article of our creed. And "to them that have obtained like precious faith," it should ever be both a duty and a privilege to maintain a holy fellowship.

The New Testament is reticent as to the details of Church organization, but there is sufficient said to show that the highest place was given to homely and experimental Christian fellowship. The Church, with its opportunities for fellowship, was the only place where such kindred spirits could commingle, and find the congenial surroundings necessary for fostering the new spiritual life which they possessed. We may well say with Dr. Rigg in this connection :

"Unless the Christian Church in some effective manner makes provision for real individual fellowship, fellowship which joins into one living brotherhood the general society of believers, so that each believer may have actual spiritual comradeship with some company of others, and be linked to the whole body in vital and organic connection, and so that all may have an opportunity of using their spiritual faculties and gifts, that Church is essentially defective."

It is worthy of notice that in every period of revival the privileges and necessity of Christian fellowship have been accentuated, or, in other words, in the matter of "fellowship," as well as in "the apostles' doctrine," and "in breaking of bread, and in prayers," the day of Pentecost has been repeated during each and every succeeding or minor pentecostal season. This feature characterized the revival of the eighteenth century. That remarkable movement is famous for having brought into prominence both lay agency and Christian fellowship. The class-meeting included the two; for the leader is a sub-pastor and the "class" is for mutual intercourse in divine things.

Like many other elements in Methodist economy, the class-meeting arose unexpectedly and grew spontaneously from an exigency. It was intended at first that the leaders should merely visit the members at their homes, to solicit their contributions and inquire into their spiritual state. That was found to be both inexpedient and inconvenient. The weekly meeting was then organized, and the class-meeting became a power for good.

“It can scarce be conceived,” remarks Mr. Wesley, “what advantages have been reaped from this little prudential regulation. Many now happily experience that Christian fellowship of which they had not so much as an idea before. They began to bear one another’s burdens, and naturally to care for each other. As they had daily made a more intimate acquaintance with, so they had a more endeared affection for each other. This was the origin of our classes, for which I can never sufficiently praise God.”

Thus the class-meeting became a means of grace, the weekly gathering being sanctified by religious experience, exhortation and prayer. Its unspeakable usefulness being vouched for by the history of Methodism and the holy lives of thousands of godly souls; while the entire movement serves to show how the hand of God was by these means leading back His Church to primitive Christianity.

It will be easily perceived how necessary it was in the days of early Methodism that all who claimed membership in the societies should be placed under direct pastoral control. What religious community could long maintain its life and purity without some such expedient? And what really serious and godly individual would refuse to comply with a requirement that insists upon attendance at such a means of grace as the class-meeting? A means of grace so highly calculated to promote the social edification and bring out the holiest aspirations of the devout and sincere believer. And though the times have changed and the face of society is somewhat altered, yet the circumstances that existed in Mr. Wesley’s day, making class-meeting a necessity, are still prevalent, and need to be dealt with as efficaciously and on the same “old lines” as ever.

Those who claim a place in the membership of the Church will always need a fellowship that will bring out the best ideas of the thoughtful, the holiest feeling of the devout and the practical experience of all. There are some who tell us that they have no need of such means of grace, but we are forced to the conclusion that it is their presumption rather than their piety that leads them to say so. Common-sense, not to say Scripture, will show that communion with others is necessary to clear and broaden our ideas concerning our own individual life. A more exalted spiritual life will show itself in an increased desire for Christian intercourse.

The Church has a responsibility to fulfil with regard to its members. Each one should be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. It has a right to insist on the privilege and duty of moulding the religious character of all who claim its protection, ask for its succour, seek its sympathy, share in its

worship and participate in its sacraments. The Church exists for the grand purpose of fostering and propagating in this world an intense love for God and our fellow-man. That object, hitherto, has been best attained by individual contact and communion among its members, and the adaptation of means, so that the most feeble and timid may receive such attention and instruction as will develop all or any latent talents and gifts that would otherwise lie dormant. Methodist history and biography are rich in instances showing that for these purposes the class-meeting has proved beyond a doubt its utility and power. Methodism has always had an advantage over other Churches in the minute knowledge of what every member is able to do for Christ, and the readiness with which it can lay its hand upon every kind of ability and influence, this superiority is owing to the weekly assembling of the members in "class." From these weekly gatherings men and women have gone forth as live coals from the altar—souls intent on kindling a fire in other hearts, that they also might enjoy the same love, joy and peace through believing on Jesus.

There is also greater reason than ever to emphasize the paramount importance of proper discipline in the Church. We know full well of the proneness there is to laxity in religious life and right living. The class-meeting has proved its efficiency in dealing with this difficult matter, because through its agency each individual member of the Church is brought under the direct supervision of a recognized leader. The suitability of the class-meeting for the circuit work of Methodism and its itinerant system is also beyond dispute; because the peculiar features of Methodism as a system have grown out of the class-meeting, and Methodists will do well to re-assert, at the present time, the cardinal position of the "class" in the economy of our Church. To surrender the class-meeting is to take the heart out of Methodism; to esteem it lightly is to enfeeble the pulsations of that heart.

Again and again do we hear of circuits where the class-meeting is practically extinct. We are constantly told that "there are hundreds if not thousands" who have their names on class-books but never attend. Also it is stated, and on good authority we presume, that there are many godly Methodists who from various reasons do not meet in the weekly class-meeting. Because of these things, it is said, some other *test* of membership should be introduced into the Connexion. One way of getting over this difficulty, as has been suggested by some, is to keep a record of the names of all such as are communicants. No one who has the cause of God and the welfare of Methodism at heart would object

to communicants being placed under proper pastoral oversight. In fact, it is of paramount importance that more should be done to guard the Lord's Supper from the intrusion of unworthy persons; and also that those who sincerely wish to participate in it should be instructed and encouraged. This is a state of things that did not exist in Mr. Wesley's days. But whatever changes are made, in no case can we afford to bring down the class-meeting, from the high unique position it has held in our beloved Methodism. It is well to bear in mind that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper does not make so much as that it manifests the members of a Church, nor can it be a substitute for the class-meeting in the Methodist Church, no more than the preaching-service or the prayer-meeting can be a substitute for either the Lord's Supper or the class-meeting; each has its own place and utility in the Church. The class-meeting *leads* to the Lord's table and "fences" it in a most admirable manner, so that the "Communion of the body and blood of Christ" is, to say the least, the attestation of a fellowship already established.

The chief characteristic of the class-meeting is its *devotional* aspect. All Christian fellowship must ever keep that in prominence. The united worship of God by those whose hearts the Lord has touched must always be a most invigorating exercise to such as love the Lord in sincerity and in truth. It is a sorry state for a class-meeting to reach when the fire of holy devotion is not burning briskly on its altar of service. It is not at the door of such a class that the anxious inquirer will knock for admission; an aching heart longs for better company and will seek the healing balm elsewhere. The poor in spirit will not seek spiritual comfort from such as are lamenting their leanness. But let the meeting be bright and lively, let the members be really in earnest and interested in "our class;" not neglecting to think, work and pray for its prosperity, a marked change would be soon felt and a tide of real success would flood in. It should ever be borne in mind that the class-meeting is a *social* means of grace. With our forefathers the class was a centre of brotherliness; the most fraternal relations existed between them, they loved each other, knew how to shake hands, too. The heartiness of their singing and fervency of their prayers might shock some fastidious ones nowadays; but what of that if it helped some heavy heart over some hard places on life's rough ways. The brotherly talk, the kindly words and smiles, the social intercourse and fraternal greetings made such impressions that it took far more than a week's temptations and trials to cut off the good effects, and ere that was done the next weekly meeting was on hand, and so were the

members. It is now too often the case that the members have got on some stilts of respectability and formality; and there is sadly lacking that freeness and heartiness that is so conducive to the success of social and devotional meetings.

There is great need of a revival of "old-fashioned" Methodism, the best "forward movement" is really a backward one as far as the matter of Christian fellowship is concerned in our Church. Most revivals fail in their after-results, because new members are thrust into cold, formal, cheerless classes which have an icy feeling in their atmosphere and a chilling effect upon a newly converted soul. Hence it is that a large number of evangelists recommend that new converts should be arranged in new classes; and experience has proved the wisdom of such a course of action.

Much might be said about the manner in which a class should be conducted, the need of good leaders; the necessity of lively singing; the power of a prayerful, energetic, and consistent membership. But we would recommend most cordially the reading of a little book on the "Class-meeting"* which contains some prize essays, the reader will learn much from its pages. It is published at a very low cost, and can be got through our Book Rooms.

The future of Methodism depends very much on our attention to this matter of Christian fellowship. Our educational policy may be perfect, our missionary income and work may go ahead, our Sabbath-schools may prosper even, but alas, alas for us if we let our class-meetings diminish. We need more and more to see that this sheet anchor of our Church is doing its work well, or we shall drift from our moorings and lose that spiritual life and fervour which has always been the strength and hope of Methodism in all lands.

BRIGUS, Nfld.

ONLY a word may leave a sting
 To wound some kind and loving heart,
 It may be but a trifling thing,
 That cuts as deeply as a dart.

Only a word may be a lance
 Of torture keen as any pain,
 And cloud a bright young life in woe,
 From which it ne'er can rise again.

* "*Prize Essay on the Class-Meeting.*" Published by Rev. C. H. Kelly, Wesleyan Book Room, London, England.

UNDAUNTED DICK.

COLLIER, PRIZE FIGHTER AND EVANGELIST.

RICHARD WEAVER, the well-known evangelist, was born in the little mining village of Asterley, Shropshire, June 25th, 1827. He was the youngest of four sons, who had the inestimable blessing of a praying mother. One of his earliest recollections is of that mother, with her arms around him and another brother, pleading in prayer; and how the father stood over her with an axe, swearing he would cleave her in two if she did not stop; and how she looked up, tears rolling down her cheeks, saying, "Ah, George, you cannot let it drop unless God permits."

When Richard was only seven years old he began to go to the coal-pit, working from five in the morning sometimes till ten at night, in a narrow seam, crawling on hands and knees, dragging a sleigh of coal, the roof being so low that it was impossible to prevent hitting the back against it.

The evil associations of the pit soon led the boy into bad ways, and he went fast on the downward road, while the mother pleaded still with her God. When only thirteen he got drunk at his eldest brother's wedding, and from that time drinking and fighting were his delight. Whilst still a lad his boldness and love of fighting gained him the name of "Undaunted Dick." Many a time during this career of sin the Spirit of God strove with him, and he would cry for mercy, but the feeling soon passed away; he did not yet see himself, or realize his lost condition. He grew weary of home and the restraint of his mother's prayers, and one night struck her to the ground. Then he left home for a colliery in Staffordshire, where his brothers worked.

Now, being free from all restraint, he gave himself up to every kind of evil, and became a terror to the very men amongst whom he lived. He left that colliery and went to another town in Staffordshire, while the praying mother kept pleading for the prodigal, and wrote letters to show him that he was remembered still.

He says: "Once I received a letter from my mother, which I asked a companion of mine to read for me—(I was not able to read then). My mother generally closed her letters with the words, 'I will never give thee up.' So when he had read the letter, he asked me, 'What does she mean by that?' 'Why, that she will never give up praying for me,' I replied; 'burn it, Tom.' 'Nay,' he said, 'it will never do to burn thy praying mother's

letter ;' and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added, 'I wish I had a praying mother; I wish my mother was alive, Dick. Her last words to me when she was dying were, "My son, will you meet me in heaven?" And by God's help I will meet her in heaven; give me thy mother's letter.' And he there and then bade me good-night, and left me. I never saw him again; but, after I was brought to Christ, I received a letter from his brother-in-law, enclosing my mother's letter, stating that it was the turning-point in his life, and that he had died in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, triumphant through the blood. Thus God honoured the tried and faithful mother."

In the year 1852 Richard went to live with his brother George, the underground manager of a colliery, who had been brought to the Lord, and was a preacher among the Primitive Methodists. Here his mother's prayers were answered. He says:—

"I was engaged to fight a man on Saturday, May 21st. On the Wednesday night before the battle I lay in bed planning and scheming how I could beat my opponent. My brother had been to a cottage-meeting that night, and, as I lay there thinking, he came home, and went into the kitchen. His wife asked, 'What was the text, George?' He made answer, 'What then shall I do?'

"Now, as I lay listening to their talk I thought to myself, 'What a funny text! there must be something more than that.' Then I thought, 'Yes, what then shall I do when God rises up in judgment against me?' I turned over in bed, and heaved a deep sigh. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I shall be damned.' The Spirit of God carried that text into my heart, and nailed it in a sure place. I could neither sleep nor pray. A conflict was raging between the powers of Satan and the power of God, and my soul was the battle-ground. The devil held up to view the coming fight, and said, 'If you get converted now they will think you are afraid of fighting.' There he had me.

"That night passed away, and morning came. When it was time to get up and go to work my brother called me, but I said I was not well, and was not going. I was afraid to go to the pit lest I should be killed and go right to hell. All that day I could do nothing, and again on the Thursday night lay groaning and tossing. On Friday morning I went out, spent seven shillings in drink, and had a sparring 'do' with a well-known pugilist. I had a four-mile walk home, and every step I took the earth seemed opening to swallow me up. I fell on my knees, and asked God to spare me till morning, promising then to go and pray in the field I was to fight in. Next morning early I went to the field, and there, in a sand-hole, fell on my knees. I did

not know what to say: there I knelt, trembling. At last I said, 'Now, Lord Jesus, I am on my knees, and I will shut my eyes, and will not open them again till Thou hast pardoned my sins.' The devil whispered, 'You don't know whether you are elected or not,' but I still knelt on with shut eyes, and I thought I heard my mother's voice saying, 'My dear boy, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" I had heard that believing was taking God at his word, and I reasoned that if God loved the world, He loved me; that was the first step. And if I accepted His gift to me, then 'Whosoever' spelled 'Richard Weaver.' There and then joy and peace came."

He immediately began to tell others what the Lord had done for his soul. When he went to the colliery on the following Monday he found that the news had spread far and wide that "Undaunted Dick had got saved." Few believed it, many mocked, but the Lord gave him grace, and in after years many of these old companions were brought to Christ through his preaching. At the time of his conversion he owed pounds for drink, but now never rested till all his debts were paid, taking the opportunity of telling the publicans the change that had been wrought in him.

For more than six months he walked in the light of the Lord; then, under great provocation, he was led into fighting. Like a madman he rushed into a public house, calling for ale, which the landlady refused to give him, seeing that something was wrong. Then he was overcome by a sense of transgression; the fact of having gone into a public-house weighed on his mind; he lost peace and confidence, and became a backslider. What misery might have been saved if he had acted, then and there, on the assurance, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." He thus describes his next action:

"Now that I had fallen I was determined to settle accounts with the man I was to have fought with on the day of my conversion. I went to him, and said, 'Now I have backslidden, and you know how you have taunted and insulted me; now we will settle that fight once for all.' We met about a week after, and in the first round I broke his jaw with a blow of my fist, and was hailed the victor. Some years afterwards, when preaching in a Primitive Methodist chapel, the power of God filled the place, and I invited any one who desired to turn to the Lord to go into the vestry. A man and woman jumped up, and led the way, and forty or fifty others followed. In the after-meeting I was standing on a form, when the man who had gone in first came out of

the vestry rejoicing. He asked permission to speak, and, turning to the people, said, 'The last time I saw Richard he broke my jaw, but to-night God, by his preaching, has broken my heart. I came in here to-night, unsaved, but I go home washed in the blood of the Lamb.'

Richard could not bear to remain on the scene of his fall, so went to work at Clayton Collieries, near Manchester. Here he sank deeper and became the associate of some of the worst characters in the town. But the Lord was watching over His erring child.

"One night I was sparring with a black man, and as we stood up face to face, God's Spirit brought these words into my mind: 'The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.' 'Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' 'Here,' I said, 'pull off these boxing gloves; never shall another pair be put on my hands.' I went home to my lodgings, and there poured out my soul to the Lord, praying Him to heal my backsliding, and to deliver me from the corruption of sin. The Lord answered me, 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.' Next day I went to the Wesleyan chapel, and joined the Society."

In January, 1853, Richard married one who proved a true helpmeet. At this time he worked in the colliery all day, giving evenings and Sabbaths to the Lord's work, and receiving many tokens of blessing. In 1855 Edward Usher and John Hambleton came to Hyde on Bible-carriage work, Richard Weaver and a brother collier joining them at their meetings in the market-place. Next year Mr. Reginald Radcliffe came, and during his visit many were led to the Lord. Shortly afterwards he sent for Richard to come to Liverpool; at first this seemed impracticable, but after waiting on God the way was made plain for him to go. Mr. Radcliffe sent him to Chester to give away tracts and speak to the people, in preparation for further work at the races. The next few years were employed in evangelistic work in Liverpool and the surrounding district; many were the signs that the Lord was working with His servant. One instance here must suffice:

"One night as I was preaching in Liverpool, in the open air, a young girl came up to me, and said, 'Can Christ save me?' 'Yes,' I said, 'for by the grace of God Christ tasted death for every man.' 'Ah, you don't know me!' 'But, my dear sister, Christ knows you.' 'Oh, I am one of those forlorn creatures,' she began to say. 'I don't care what you are,' said I, 'He is able to save, unto the

uttermost, all them that come unto God by Him.' 'Can He save me here? Can He save me now?' 'Yes; now is the accepted time; only try Him.' 'Then,' she said, 'if I perish, I will perish here, crying to Him to have mercy upon me.' She was standing by the parapet of the bridge, and she dropped upon her knees and cried out, 'Lord, if Thou canst save a poor prostitute, save me here, and save me now. Lord, I believe that for the sake of Jesus Thou canst save me now.' She wrestled in prayer a while, and presently got up, lifted her hands, and said, with streaming eyes:

" ' My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh
 And " Father, Abba Father," cry.'

I took her with me to Mr. Radcliffe's house, and she was afterward sent to her friends; she is now a happy Christian wife and mother."

After this, Richard was for some time employed as town missionary at Prescott, where some of the most remarkable experiences happened to him. He left Prescott to devote himself to work as an evangelist wherever the Lord might call him. He laboured in many places in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and was allowed to see much fruit to his Master's glory.

One Sunday evening, during his first visit to Edinburgh, he was advertised to preach on Arthur's Seat. He says:

"All round and above me was a natural amphitheatre, and I faced the people, who ranged themselves on the hillside. What a crowd was there! I took as my text, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' That was one of the most wonderful nights in all my history. At the close of the meeting I was accosted by a woman, who told me that while I stood on that platform she was wending her way along the foot of the hill, sad and sorrowful. As she went she heard voices singing, so left the track, and turned toward the sound, and as she drew near, the first words she heard were, 'Christ for me.' The crowd was so large that I had to take refuge in a shop while a cab was sent for to take me to the Assembly Hall, where we were to hold an inquirers' meeting.

"I could not describe the scene, nor the number of men and women who, with broken hearts, were seeking Christ. Many a poor soul professed to find the pearl of great price at that meeting, and among them the woman I have referred to. She came to me, and drew from under her cloak a rope, saying, 'Take this, sir; I

was on my way to commit suicide by drowning myself, and this rope was to tie my legs; but I was drawn by the Spirit of God to your meeting, and here in this room, instead of being drowned and damned, I am saved, and have life in Christ my risen Lord. Oh, sir! don't despair to preach to the chief of sinners. I praise God that ever you sang that hymn, "Christ for me." "

Richard Weaver's health at length broke down under his continued labours, and he was brought to death's door. But the Lord had more work for him, and raised him up again. An old friend took him for a rest to his house at Oldham, and while there some factory-masters in Hollinwood, near Oldham, asked him to settle amongst them, and visit the people round. It was supposed to be one of the roughest and wickedest places in Lancashire, but here cottage-meetings were started, Bibles distributed, Sunday services held in the Workmen's Hall, and many of the worst characters in the place were brought to the feet of Jesus. A new building was erected to hold the increasing congregations, and for five years Richard worked here. Then he again gave up a settled resting-place, and resumed his more extended evangelistic work, in which he is still engaged. May he be spared to win yet many a jewel for the Saviour's crown.

A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

THE summer rose the sun has flushed
 With crimson glory may be sweet—
 'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
 Beneath the wind's and tempests' feet.

The rose, that waves upon its tree,
 In life sheds perfume all around—
 More sweet the perfume floats to me
 Of roses trampled on the ground.

The waving rose, with every breath,
 Scents, carelessly the summer air;
 The wounded rose bleeds forth in death
 A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
 And yet a truth that all may read—
 It is with roses as with men,
 The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
 Out of a heart all full of grace,
 Gave never forth its full perfume
 Until the cross became its vase.

THE DESTINY OF THE EARTH.

WILL THE MOUNTAINS BE LEVELLED?

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D.

LET us take a glance at the labours of water in levelling the inequalities which ancient volcanic energy had long ago created upon the surface of our planet. Throughout the whole extent of the circumambient sea the tireless surge is gnawing at the rock-bound shore, and mouthful by mouthful the continents and the islands are being swallowed up. The sediment which every summer shower washes down the hill-side is so much material taken from the hill-top and deposited in the valley. The deep mould of the alluvial flat is made up of the spoils of the adjacent declivities. By as much as the valley is raised, the hills are lowered. The turbid waters of a winter stream are hurrying off with a freight of sediment stolen from a hundred townships. The mud which settles in my glass of river water upon a Mississippi steam-boat is a mouthful of the Rocky Mountains—or perchance of the Alleghanies. From month to month, and from year to year, and from age to age, this stately river is floating off the land—not noisily, but sullenly and angrily, as if the waters had some great wrong to avenge upon the land. And all these filchings from the mountain and the plain are restored again to the sea. Old Ocean is receiving back his own. The rivers are his allies, and right faithfully do they forage to supply the cravings of his insatiate maw.

We witness such work in progress during the brief moment of our tarry upon the earth. We look back along this line of operations, and discern for the first time the gigantic results which have already been achieved by the wearing agency of waters. Not during the lifetime of Adam's race alone, but during the age of quadrupeds which preceded him—through the dynasty of reptiles, still more ancient, have these denuding forces been ceaselessly engaged in scraping, and gouging, and scarring the face of Nature. River-beds have been deeply excavated and again obliterated by a plethora of rubbish poured forward by some more gigantic operation. Lake basins have been scooped out—Niagara gorges dug—square miles of land, with its underlying rocky floors, have been swept away. From the lofty summits of the noted Catskill Mountains the Old Red Sandstone once stretched eastward perhaps to Massachusetts Bay, the powers

of water have strewn it over Long Island Sound, and far to the seaward of Sandy Hook. The Cumberland Table-land once reached a hundred and fifty miles westward over the basin of Middle Tennessee. The site whereon the city of Nashville now stands was once a thousand feet beneath the level of the land. Half a state was scraped away to extend the borders of Mississippi and Alabama. The Alleghanies, in their prime, were three thousand feet higher than human eyes have ever seen them. Their ancient summits are sunken in the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The Great American Desert was once as fertile as the valley of the Mississippi. A great river watered it for a thousand miles, while a hundred tributaries dispensed fertility throughout the region which was then the garden, as it is now the desert, of the continent. That fertile plateau has been drained to death. Each stream has drilled a frightful chasm deep through the rocky foundations of the plain. The mother stream, the Colorado, dwarfed to a withered mockery of what it was, now creeps along at the bottom of a narrow gorge whose rocky walls rise, in places, more than a mile in height. From the brink of this appalling chasm, three hundred miles in length, your vision struggles down six thousand feet into the realm of twilight; and in this prison the attenuated Colorado—patriarch of American rivers—is wasting its senile energies from year to year, but, with "the ruling passion strong in death," it is still carrying off the land, even though each season's work sinks it into a deeper grave.

Such are the works of running streams and corroding waves. The record of their labours is the utterance of the destiny of the land. History inverted becomes prophecy. The doom of the mountains is engraven upon their rocky buttresses. Half the pride of the Alleghanies has already been removed. Rounded hill-top is dissolving into plain. Defiant granite, which buffeted the lightnings that rent Sinai, and frowned upon the flood that drowned "the world," shall yet be brought down by the multitudinous pelting of rain, and the insidious sapping of frost. The mountains shall be wiped off. The continents shall be worn out. The rivers will have dug their graves. The ocean will have eaten up the land; and all there was of the dwelling-place of man will be a rocky islet, a ragged bluff, a sunken reef—the crumbs that fell from old Ocean's meal.

There was a time when, by degrees, the continents were slowly and steadily surging from the sea. The sea, robbed of half his dominions, has ever since been raging around the borders of the land. At last he will again reclaim his own, and the universal empire will be Neptune's.

THE REIGN OF UNIVERSAL WINTER.

I have stated that the energies of the earth's internal fires are waning. There is a chain of effects which, when we trace them backward, conduct us to an ancient molten condition of the world. At a period comparatively recent, it was still so warm that tropical vegetation flourished within the Arctic circle. At a remoter period, neither animal nor plant could endure the temperature which prevailed, nor the warfare which fire and water were waging with each other. We retain the solid monuments of a terrestrial condition which carries us still deeper into the heart of eternity; when the whole orb was a glowing ocean of incandescent lava, while yet the waters of the earth hung in invisible vapour upon the outskirts of the atmosphere, like a concealed foe meditating a secret attack upon a powerful enemy.

Few who have studied the physics of the globe, and fewer still who have deciphered geological records, doubt that such were once the temperature and conditions of our planet. From that state to this, it has passed by the simple process of cooling. We trace the footsteps of this progress at every stage. Through the ages heat has been gradually wasted in space—the solid crust has been thickening—the surface conditions have been changing.

There are three hundred active volcanoes in existence, from the craters of which enormous quantities of heat are permitted to waste. The ocean, too, carries off vastly larger quantities than the land. The floor of the ocean is generally overlaid by a stratum of ice-cold water setting southward from the polar regions. This cold stream is overlaid by a warmer one moving northward from the tropics. Water being a better conductor of heat than atmospheric air, this cold stratum must necessarily abstract terrestrial heat with vastly greater rapidity than the average atmosphere of the temperate zone. Many observations indicate the temperature of the solid crust beneath the waters of the ocean is much higher than that of continental surfaces, and hence imparts its warmth in larger quantities. Throughout all that part of the Frozen Ocean north of Europe and Asia, the temperature is found to increase at considerable depths, contrary to the well-known laws of hydrostatics. The same phenomenon has been observed on the coast of Australia, in the Adriatic, and Lake Maggiore. Horner asserts that in the deep soundings of the Gulf Stream, off the coast of the United States, the lead when drawn up "used to be hotter than boiling water."

These facts, with others, seem to demonstrate that our planet is wasting its warmth many times faster than the calculations of the mathematicians would indicate. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the earth should have expended sufficient heat in 2,500 years to effect a sensible reduction in the length of the day.

Thanks to the mathematicians, they have again come to our aid. The tide-wave is a protuberance of the ocean waters raised by the moon, and following the moon around the earth from east to west. This motion is *contrary* to the earth's diurnal rotation, and the friction of the tidal waters against the shore and the standing waters must necessarily tend to retard the rotary motion of the earth. Now it has been calculated that this retardation must have amounted to one-sixteenth of a second in 2,500 years. If, therefore, no counteracting tendency has been experienced, the sidereal day is one-sixteenth of a second longer than it was in the time of Hipparchus. But Laplace has shown that the sidereal day has not varied in length. It follows, therefore, that the shrinkage of the earth from loss of heat has tended to accelerate its rotation to the extent of one-sixteenth of a second in twenty-five centuries. Such an acceleration corresponds to a shortening of the diameter about sixty feet, and a reduction of the temperature of the whole mass of the earth one-fourteenth of a degree.

When the earth was in its youth, just emerging from a molten state, the loss of heat and consequent contraction must necessarily have been rapid. During this period the sidereal day underwent a much more rapid shortening than at present. In the distant future, on the contrary, the loss of heat will become diminished to an extreme extent, and, as a consequence, the retardation caused by the tide-wave will gain the ascendancy, and the day will eventually be lengthened to such an extent that the earth will always turn the same side toward the sun, as the moon always turns the same side toward the earth. The historic period of our race, as Mayer suggests, occupies consequently the comparatively brief space during which the retarding and accelerating tendencies neutralize each other.

These are the determinations of exact science. Mathematics have demonstrated that the cooling process which geology affirms of the past is certainly in progress in the present. It is immaterial how slow the process may be; the ultimate total refrigeration of the earth is a result which time will accomplish. Time, I say, since after the work is completed eternity will stretch onward as fresh, and inexhaustible, and limitless as when the career of planetary matter began.

While we build our cities and recount the achievements of a few generations past, this globe of matter hurries onward in its destined career as rapidly as a million years ago, when merely preparing for the occupancy of Adam's race. Every year and every day witnesses the dissipation of terrestrial warmth. While we ponder the great fact, the world is growing cold beneath our feet. The current of events is carrying us inevitably to a state of total refrigeration. Perhaps the mountains will have been levelled first, and the continents swallowed up in the sea. Perhaps the volcano will have been first extinguished, and the earthquake will have lain down to its final slumber. Buffon imagined that the final refrigeration of the earth would introduce the rigors of perpetual winter, and render our planet uninhabitable. Though more recent investigators have asserted that that event would only reduce our earth's surface temperature one-fortieth of its present amount, it seems difficult to rest upon that conclusion. The interior of the earth is probably half as hot as the sun. The earth's molten core is separated from us by not more than a hundred miles of rocky crust. The glowing sun is a million times farther removed, and yet, it is alleged, yields forty times the warmth which we derive from the nearer heat. In face of the testimony of figures, it is scarcely possible to doubt that the final cooling of our earth will exert a greater influence upon its surface conditions than these philosophers have dreamed.

LOVE THROUGH ALL.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

ONLY let me feel Thee near me,
Though the darkness fall,
Give me but this thought to cheer me,
Love rules over all ;
Surely, then, in peace abiding,
I may wait Thy will ;
In that changeless love confiding,
Suffer and be still.

Let bright hopes, and cherished dearly
Blossom but to die ;
Only show Thy face more clearly,
Bring Thy love more nigh.
So will many a ray from heaven
Gild the cross below ;
So will every trial given
Catch love's tender glow.

TORONTO.

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS THE special meetings at the church went on, Deacon Quickset began to fear that he had made a mistake. He had taken an active part in all previous meetings of the same kind for more than twenty-five years. The results of some of them had been very satisfactory, and the deacon modestly, but, nevertheless, with much self-gratulation, had recounted his own services in all of them.

"Now, here's the biggest movement of the kind goin' on that ever was known in this town, an' I'm out of it," said the deacon. "What for? Just because I don't agree with Sam Kimper—I mean, just because Sam Kimper don't agree with me. I didn't suppose the thing would have come to anythin' anyhow if it hadn't been for that fool of a young lawyer settin' his foot into it in the way he did. Everybody likes excitement, an' it's a bigger thing for him to have gone into this projected meeting than it would be for a circus to come to town with four new elephants. It's rough."

The deacon took a few papers from his pocket, looked them over, his face changing from grave to puzzled, and from puzzled to angry, and back again, through a whole gamut of facial expressions; finally, he thrust the entire collection back into his pocket, and said to himself: "If he keeps on at that work I might have as much trouble as he let on that I would. I don't see how some of these things are going to be settled unless I have him to help me, an' if he's goin' to be as particular as he makes out, or as he did make out the other day, there's going to be trouble, just as sure as both of us are alive. Of course, the more prominent he is before the public the less he'll want to be in any case in court that takes hard fightin', particularly when he don't think he's on the popular side. An' there's that Mrs. Poynter that's botherin' me to death about the interest of her mortgage.

"I didn't think it was the right time of the year to start special meetin's, anyhow, an' I don't know what our minister done it for without consultin' the deacons. He never done such a thing in his life before. It does seem to me that once in a while everythin' goes cross-wise, an' it all happens just when I need most of all to have things go along straight an' smooth. Gracious! if some of those papers in my pocket don't work the way they ought to, I don't know how things is goin' to come out!"

The deacon had almost reached the business street as this soliloquy went on, but he seemed inclined to carry on this conversation with himself, so he deliberately turned about and slowly paced the way backward toward his home.

"I shouldn't wonder," said he, after a few moments of silence, in

which his mind seemed busily occupied—"I shouldn't wonder if that was the best way out, after all. I do believe I'll do it. Yes, I will do it! I'll go an' buy out that shoe shop of Larry Highgetty's, an' I'll let Sam Kimper have it at just what it costs, an' trust him for all the purchase-money. I don't believe the good-will of the place, an' all the stock that is in it, will cost over a couple of hundred dollars; and Larry would take my note at six months almost as quick as he'd take anybody else's money. If things go right I can pay the note, an' if they don't he can get the property back. But in the meantime folks won't be able to say anything against me. They can't say then that I'm down on Sam, like some of 'em is sayin' now. An' if anybody talks about Bartram an' the upper-crust folks that have been helpin' the meetin's along, I can just remind 'em that talk is cheap, and that it's money that tells. I'll do it, as sure as my name's Quickset, an' the quicker I do it the better it will be for me, if I ain't mistaken."

The deacon hurried off for the shoe store; as usual, the only occupant of the shop was Sam.

"Where's Larry, Sam?" asked the deacon, briskly.

"I don't know, sir," said Sam; "but I'm afraid he's at Weitz's beer shop."

"Well, Sam," said the deacon, trying to be pleasant, though his mouth was very severely set, "while you're in the convertin' line—which I hear you're doin' wonders at, an' I'm very glad to hear it—why don't you begin at home an' bring about a change in Larry?"

"Do you know, deacon," said Sam, "I was thinkin' about the same thing, an' I'm goin' to see that priest of his about——"

"Oh, Sam!" groaned the deacon, "the idea of goin' to see a Catholic priest about a fellow-man's salvation, when there's a special meetin' runnin' in our church, an' you've took such an interest in it!"

"Every man for his own, deacon," said Sam. "I don't believe Larry cares anythin' about the Church that you belong to, an' that I've been goin' to for some little time, an' I know he thinks a good deal of Father Black. I've found out for myself, after a good deal of trouble in this world, that it makes a good deal of difference who talks to you about such things. Now, he thinks Father Black is the best man there is in the world. I don't know anything about that, though I don't know of anybody in this town I ever talked to that left me feelin' more comfortable and looked more like a good man himself than that old priest did one day when he came in here and talked to me very kindly. Why, deacon, he didn't put on any airs at all. He talked just as if he was a good brother of mine, and he left me feelin' that if I wasn't good, I was a brother of his anyhow. That's more than I can say most other folks in this town ever did, deacon."

The deacon was so horrified at this unexpected turn of the conversation that for a little while he entirely forgot the purpose for which he came. But he was recalled to his senses by the entrance of Reynolds Bartram. His eyes met the lawyer's, and at once the

deacon looked defiant. Then he pulled himself together with a mighty effort, and remarked: "Sam, some folks say I am down on you, and that I don't sympathize with you. Some folks talk a good deal for you, an' to you. But I just came in this mornin' for the sole purpose of sayin' this: you've had a hard row to hoe, and you've worked at it fir' rate ever since you got out of gaol. I've been watchin' you, tin ag; perhaps you don't know it, an' I come here to say that I believe so much in your havin' had a change—though I do insist you ain't gone far enough—I come around to say that I was goin' to buy out this place from Larry, an' give it to you at your own terms, so that you could make all the money that came in."

Sam looked up in astonishment at the lawyer. The lawyer looked down smilingly at the deacon, who was seated on a very low bench, and said: "Deacon, we're all a good deal alike in this world in one respect—our best thoughts come too late. I don't hesitate to say that some good thoughts, which I have heard you urge upon other people, but which you never mentioned to me, have come to me a good deal later than they should. But, on the other hand, this matter of making Sam the master of this shop has already been attended to. I've bought it for him myself, and made him a free and clear present of it last night, in token of the immense amount of good he has done me by personal example."

The deacon arose and looked about him in a dazed sort of fashion. Then he looked at the lawyer inquiringly, put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a mass of business papers, shuffled them over once more, looked again at the lawyer, and said: "Mr. Bartram, I've got some particular business with you that I would like to talk about at once. Would you mind comin' to my office or takin' me round to yours?"

"Not at all. Good luck, Sam," said the lawyer. "Good day."

The two men went out together.

No sooner were they outside the shop than the deacon said, rapidly, "Reynolds Bartram, my business affairs are in the worst possible condition. You know more about them than anybody else. You have done as much as anybody else to put them in the muddle that they're in now. You've helped me into 'em, and now you've got to help me out of 'em. Now, what are you goin' to do about it? Everythin' has been goin' wrong. That walnut timber tract over the creek, that I expected to get about five thousand dollars out of, is now worth five thousand cents. Since the last time I was over there some rascal stole every log that's worth anything, an' the place wouldn't bring under the hammer half what I paid for it. I have been tryin' to sell it, but somehow everybody that wanted it before has found out what has been goin' on. This is an awfully mean world on business men that don't look out for themselves all the time."

"I should not think you had ever any right to complain of , then, deacon," said the lawyer.

"Come, come, now," said the deacon, "I'm not in any condition to be tormented to-day, Reynolds; I really ain't. I'm almost

crazy. I suppose old Mrs. Poynter has been at you to get her interest-money out of me, hasn't she?"

"Hasn't spoken a word to me about it," said the lawyer.

"Well, I heard she was after you every night in the meetin'."

"She was after me, talking about one sinner or another of her acquaintance, but she didn't mention you, deacon. It's a sad mistake, perhaps, but in a big town like this a person can't think of everybody at once, you know."

"For heaven's sake, Bartram, shut up, an' tell me what I have to do. Time is pressing. I must have a lot of ready cash to-day, somehow, an' here's all these securities that, the minute I try to sell 'em, people go to askin' questions about, an' you're the only man they can come to. Now, you know perfectly well what the arrangement and understandin's were when these papers were drawn, because you drew 'em all yourself. Now, if people come to you, I want you to promise me that you are not goin' to go back on me."

The deacon still held the papers in his hand, gesticulating with them. As he spoke the lawyer took them, looked at them, and finally said: "Deacon, how much money do you need?"

"I can't get through," said the deacon, with less than nine hundred dollars ready, on first-class cheques and notes, this very day."

"Humph!" said the lawyer, still handling the papers. "Deacon, I'll make you a straightforward proposition concerning that money. If you will agree that I shall be agent of both parties in any settlement of these agreements which I hold in my hand, and that you will accept me as sole and final arbitrator in any differences of opinion between you and the signers, I will agree personally to lend you the amount you need on your simple note of hand, renewable from time to time until you are ready to pay it."

"Rey Bartram," exclaimed the deacon, stopping short and looking the lawyer full in the face, "what on earth has got into you?"

"Religion, I guess, deacon," said the lawyer. "Try it yourself—it'll do you good."

The lawyer walked off briskly, and left the deacon standing alone in the street. As the deacon afterward explained the matter to his wife, he felt like a stuck pig.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Tom," said Sam Kimper to his oldest son one morning after breakfast, "I wish you'd walk along to the shop with me; there's somethin' I want to talk about."

Tom wanted to go somewhere else; what boy doesn't when his parents have anything for him to do? Nevertheless, the young man finally obliged his father, and the two left the house together.

"Tom," said the father, as soon as the back door had closed behind them—"Tom, I'm bein' made a good deal more of than I

deserve; but 'tain't any of my doin's, an' men that ort to know keep tellin' me that I'm doin' a lot of good in town. Once in a while, though, somebody laughs at me—laughs at somethin' I say. It's been hurtin' me, an' I told Judge Prency so the other day, but he said, 'Sam, it isn't what you say, but the way you say it.' You see, I never had no eddication; I was sent to school, but I played hookey most of the time."

"Did you, though?" asked Tom, with some inflexions that caused the cobbler to look up in time to see that his son was looking at him admiringly—there could be no doubt about it. Sam had never been looked at that way before by his big boy, and the consequence was an entirely new and pleasurable sensation. After thinking it over a moment, he replied:

"Yes, I did, an' any fun that was to be found I looked after in them days. I don't mind tellin' you that I don't think I found enough to pay for the trouble; but things was as they was. Now I wish I'd done different; but it's too late to get back what I missed by dodgin' lessons. Tom, if I could talk better 'twould be a good thing for me, but I ain't got no time to go to school. You've been to school a lot; why can't you come to the shop with me, and sit down, and tell me where an' how I don't talk like other folks?"

Tom indulged in a long and convulsive chuckle.

"When you've done laughin' at your father, Tom," continued Sam, "he'll be glad to have you say somethin' that'll show him that you ain't as mean an' low down as some folks think you be."

"I ain't no school-teacher," said Tom, "an' I ain't learned no fancy ways of talkin'."

"I don't expect you to tell me more'n you know," said the parent, "but if you've got the same flesh and blood as me, you'll stand by me when I'm bothered. The puppies of a dog would do that much for their dad if he got in trouble."

Tom did not answer; he sulked a little while, but finally entered the shop with his father, and sat down, searched his mind a few moments, and then recalled and repeated the two injunctions which his last teacher had most persistently urged upon her pupils—that they should not drop letters from the ends of words, nor say "ain't" or "hain't." Then Sam devoted himself to practice, by talking aloud, and Tom became so amused by the changes in his father's intonation that he finally was obliged to go home and tell his mother and Mary.

"Stop that—right away!" exclaimed Mrs. Kimper, as soon as Tom got fairly into his story. "Your father ain't goin' to be laughed at in his own house by his own family, while I'm around to stand up for him."

"Oh, stuff!" exclaimed Tom, in amazement. Then he laughed as he reverted to his father's efforts at correct pronunciation, and continued his story. Suddenly he was startled by seeing his mother snatch a stump of a fire-shovel from the hearth, and brandish it over his head.

"You give up that talk right away!" exclaimed the woman. "Your father is astonishing the life out of me every day by the new way he's talkin' an' livin'. He's the best man in this town; I don't care if he has been in the penitentiary, I'm not going to hear a bit of fun made of him, not even by one of his own young ones."

All the brute in Tom's nature came to the surface in an instant, yet his amazement kept him silent and staring. It was such a slight, feeble, contemptible figure—that of the woman who was threatening to punish him—him, Tom Kimper, whom few men in town would care to meet in a trial of strength. It set Tom to thinking. He said afterwards the spectacle was enough to make a brickbat wake up and think. At last he exclaimed, tenderly: "Mother!"

The woman dropped her weapon and burst into tears, sobbing aloud, "You never said it that way before."

Tom was so astonished at what he saw and heard that he shuffled up to his mother and awkwardly placed his clumsy hand upon her cheek. In an instant his mother's arms were around his neck so tight that Tom feared he was being strangled.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! What's got into me? What's got into both of us? Ev'rythin's diff'rent from what it used to be. It's carryin' me right off my feet sometimes; I don't know how to stand it all, an' yet I wouldn't have it no other way for nothin'."

Tom could not explain, but he did something a great deal better; for the first time since he ceased being a baby and his mother began to tire of him, he acted affectionately to the woman who was leaning upon him. He put his strong arm around her, and repeated the single word "Mother," often and earnestly. As for Mrs. Kimper, no further explanation seemed necessary.

After mother and son had become entirely in accord, through methods which only heaven and mothers understand, Mrs. Kimper began to make preparations for the family's midday meal. While she worked, her daughter Jane appeared, and threw cold water upon a warm, affectionate glow by announcing, "I'm fired."

"What do you mean, child?" asked her mother.

"Just what I say. That young Rey Bartram—that's the Prency girl's feller—has been comin' to the house almost ev'ry day while I've been workin' there, an' he's been awful polite to me. He never used to be that way, when him and the other young fellers in town used to come down to the hotel, an' drink in the big room behind the saloon. Miss Prency got to askin' me questions about him this mornin', an' the less I told her the madder she got, an' at last she said somethin' that made me get up an' leave."

"What's *he* ever had to do with *you*?" asked Mrs. Kimper, after a long, wondering stare.

"Nothin', except to talk impudent. Mother, what's the reason a poor girl that don't ever look for any company above her always keeps findin' it when she don't want it?"

Mrs. Kimper got the question so mixed with her culinary

preparations that she was unable to answer or to remember that she already had salted the stew which she was preparing for dinner. As she wondered and worked, her husband came in.

"Wife," said Sam, "ev'rythin' seems turnin' upside down. Deacon Quickset came into the shop a while ago. What do you suppose he wanted? Wanted me to pray for him! I said I would, an' I did, but I was so took aback by it that I had to talk to somebody, so I came home."

"Why didn't you go talk to the preacher or Rey Bartram?" asked Mrs. Kimper, after the natural expressions of astonishment had been made.

"Well," said Sam, "I suppose it was because I wanted to talk to somebody that I was better acquainted with."

Mrs. Kimper looked at her husband in amazement. Sam returned his wife's gaze, but with a placid expression of countenance.

"I don't amount to much, Sam," Mrs. Kimper finally sighed, with a helpless look.

"You're my wife; that's 'much'—to me. Some day I hope it will be the same to you."

There was a knock at the door, and as soon as Sam had shouted "Come in!" Judge Prency entered.

"Sam," said he, "ever since I saw you were in earnest about leading a new life I've been tryin' to arrange matters so that your boy Joe—I suppose you know why he ran away—could come back without getting into trouble. It was not easy work, for the man from whom he took—he seemed to feel very ugly. But he has promised not to prosecute."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Sam. "If, now, I knew where the boy was——"

"I've attended to that, too. I've had him looked up and found, and placed in good hands for two or three weeks, and I don't believe you will be ashamed of him when he returns."

Sam Kimper lapsed into silence, and the judge felt uncomfortable. At last Sam exclaimed: "I feel as if it would take a big prayer and thanksgiving meeting to tell all that's in my mind."

"A very good idea," said the judge; "and as you have the very people present who should take part in it, I will make haste to remove all outside influences." So saying, the judge bowed in his most courtly manner to Mrs. Kimper and Jane, and departed.

"Let us all pray," said Sam, dropping upon his knees.

CHAPTER XX.

Eleanor Prency was a miserable young woman during most of the great revival season which followed the special meetings at Dr. Guide's church. She did not see Reynolds Bartram as much as of old, for the young man spent most of his evenings at the church, assisting in the work. He sang no wild hymns, nor did he make any ecstatic speeches; nevertheless, his influence was great among his old acquaintances and upon the young men of the town. To "stand up for prayers" was to the latter class the supreme indication of courage or conviction, and any of them would have preferred to face death itself, at the muzzle of a gun, than take such a step. But that was not all; Bartram had for years been the leader of the unbelievers in the town; the logic of a young man who was smart enough to convince judges on the bench, in matters of law, was good enough for the general crowd when it was brought to bear upon religion. As one loungee at Weitz's saloon expressed himself: "None of the preachers or deacons or class-leaders was ever able to down that young fellow before. It's no use for the rest of us to put on airs now; nobody'll believe us, an' like as not he'll be the first man to tell us what fols we be. I'm thinkin' a good deal of risin' for prayers myself, if it is only to get through before he gives me a talkin' to."

When, however, the entire membership of the church aroused to the fact that work was to be done, and Judge Prency and other solid citizens began to take part in the church work, Bartram rested from his efforts, and began again to spend his evenings in the home of the young woman whom he most admired. A change seemed to have come over others as well as himself. Mrs. Prency greeted him more kindly than ever, but Eleanor seemed different. She was not as merry, as defiant, or as sympathetic as of old. Sometimes there was a glimpse of old times, but suddenly the young woman would again become reserved and distant.

One evening, when she had begun to rally him about something and quickly lapsed into a different and languid manner, Bartram said: "Eleanor, nothing seems as it used to do, between me and you. I wish I knew what was wrong in me."

The girl suddenly interested herself in the contents of an antiquated photograph album.

"I must have become dreadfully uninteresting," he continued, "if you prefer the faces in that album, of which I have heard you make fun time and again. Won't you tell me what is wrong in me? Don't be afraid to talk plainly; I can stand anything—from you."

"Oh, nothing," said Eleanor, continuing to pretend interest in the pictures.

"'Nothing,' said in that tone always means something—and a great deal of it. Have I said or done anything to offend you?"

"No," said Eleanor, with a sigh, closing the book and folding her hands; "only—I didn't suppose you could ever become a pokey, prosy, old church member."

The reply was a laugh, so merry, hearty, and long that Eleanor looked indignant until she saw a roguish twinkle in Bartram's eyes; then she blushed and looked confused.

"Please tell me what I have said or done that was prosy or pokey?" asked Bartram. We lawyers have a habit of asking for proof as well as charges. I give you my word, my dear girl, that never in all my previous life did I feel as entirely cheerful, light-hearted, and good-natured as I do now-days. I have nothing now to trouble my conscience, or spoil my temper, or put me out of my own control, as used frequently to happen. I never before knew how sweet and delightful it was to live, and meet my fellow-beings—particularly those I love. I can laugh at the slightest provocation now, instead of sometimes feeling ugly and saying sharp things. Every good and pleasant thing in life I enjoy more than ever, and as you, personally, are the very best thing in life, you seem a thousand times dearer and sweeter to me than ever before. Perhaps you'll laugh at me for saying so, but do you know that I, who heretofore considered myself a little better than any one else in the village, am now organizing a new baseball club, a gymnasium association, and also am trying to get enough subscribers to build a toboggan slide? I never was in such high spirits and in such humour for fun."

Eleanor looked amazed, but also relieved, as she replied: "I never saw religion work that way on other people."

"Indeed? Where have your blessed eyes been? Hasn't your own father been a religious man for many years, and is there any one in the town who knows better how to enjoy himself when he is not at work?"

"Oh—yes; but father is different from most people."

"Quite true; he must be, else how could he be the parent of the one incomparable young woman?"

"Rey!"

"Don't try to play hypocrite, please, for you're too honest. You know you agree with me."

"About father? Certainly, but——"

"About father! More hypocrisy; you know very well what I mean. Dear little girl, listen to me. I suppose there are people who are scared into religion through fear of the wrath to come, who may become dull and uninteresting; it is a matter of nature in a great many cases. I suppose whatever is done for selfish reasons, even in the religious life, may make people uncertain and fearful, and sometimes miserable. But when a man suddenly determines to model his life after that of the One and only perfect Man and gentleman the world ever knew, he does not find anything to make him dull or wretched. We hear so much of Jesus the Saviour that we lose sight of Jesus the Man. He who died for us was also He whose whole recorded life was in conformity with the tastes and sympathies of people of His day. Do you imagine for an instant that if He was of solemn, doleful visage that any woman would ever have pressed through a crowd to touch the hem of His garment that she might be made well?"

Do you suppose the woman of Samaria would have lingered one instant at the well of Jacob had Jesus been a man with a face like—well, suppose I say Deacon Quickset? Do you think mothers would have brought children to Him that He might bless them? Do you imagine any one who had not a great warm heart could have wept at the grave of His friend Lazarus, when He knew He had power to raise him from the dead? Didn't He go to the marriage feast at Cana, and take so much interest in the affair that He made up for the deficiency in the wine? Weren't all His parables about matters that showed a sympathetic interest in the affairs which were nearest the hearts of the people around Him? If all these things were possible to One who had His inner heart full of tremendous responsibilities, what should not His followers be in the world, so far as human cheer and interest go?"

"I've never heard Him spoken of in that way before," said Eleanor, speaking as if she were in a brown study.

"I'm glad—selfishly—that you hear it for the first time from me, then. Never again will I do anything of which I think He would disapprove; but, my dear girl, I give you my word that although occasionally—too often—I have been lawless in word and action, I never until now have known the sensation of entire liberty and happiness. You never again will see me moody or obstinate or selfish. I'm going to be a gentleman in life, as well as by birth. Won't you believe me?"

"I must believe you, Rey, I can't help believing whatever you say. But I never saw conversion act that way upon any one else, and I don't understand it."

Bartram looked quizzingly at the girl a moment, and then replied: "Try it yourself; I'm sure it will affect you just as it does me."

"Oh, Rey—no—I never can bring myself to stand up in church to be prayed for."

"Don't do it, then; pray for yourself; but you can't avoid being prayed for by one repentant sinner; have the kindness to remember that."

"Rey!" murmured Eleanor.

"And," continued Bartram, rising and placing an arm around Eleanor's shoulders, "the sooner our prayers can rise together the sooner you will understand me, believe me, and trust me, my darling, the only woman I ever loved—the only woman of whom I ever was fond—the only one to whom I ever gave an affectionate word or caress."

There are conversations which reach a stage where they should be known only to those who conduct them. When Bartram started to depart his love-life was unclouded.

"Rey," said Eleanor, at the door, "will you oblige me by seeing Sam Kimper in the morning, and asking him to tell his daughter that I particularly wish she would come back to us?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The revival into which was merged the special meetings at Dr. Guide's church continued so long that religion became absolutely and enthrallingly fashionable at Bruceton. Many drinking men ceased to frequent the bar-room of the town, some old family feuds came to an end, and several couples who should have been married long ago were joined in holy bonds of wedlock.

Nevertheless, the oldest inhabitants agreed that never before had life in Bruceton been so pleasant. Everybody was on good terms with everybody else, and no one, no matter how poor or common, lacked pleasant greetings in the street from acquaintances of high degree.

There had been some wonderful conversions during the meetings; hard-swearing, hard-drinking men had abandoned their evil ways, and were apparently as willing and anxious as any one else to be informed as to how to conform their lives to the professions which they had made. All the other churches sympathized with the efforts which Dr. Guide's flock had been making, or they themselves had been affected to their visible benefit.

Dr. Guide himself became one of the humblest of the humble. Always a man of irreproachable life and warm heart, it never had occurred to him that anything could be lacking in his church methods. But he also was a man of quick perceptions, so as the meetings went on, and he realized that their impetus was due not at all to anything he had said or done, but solely to the personal example of Sam Kimper, he fell into deep thought and retrospection. He resolutely waived all compliments which his clerical brethren of other denominations offered him on what they were pleased to call the results of his ministrations, and honestly insisted that the good work was begun by the example set by Sam Kimper, the ex-convict.

Dr. Guide was an honest believer in the "Church Universal," but he had been trained to regard the Church of Rome as the "Scarlet Woman" of Revelation, and whenever he met Father Black in the streets he recognized him only with a dignified bow. The day before the closing meeting, he encountered the priest at the turning of a corner—too suddenly for a change of manner.

"My dear brother," exclaimed Father Black, extending both hands, and grasping Dr. Guide's hands warmly, "God bless you for the good work you have been doing."

"My dear sir," said the pastor, rallying all his powers to withstand the surprise, "I am very glad that you are pleased to regard the work as good."

"How can I help it?" said the priest, impetuously. "The spirit which your church efforts have awakened has spread throughout the town and affected everybody. There are men, and some women, of my flock whom I have been trying in vain for years to bring to confession, so as to start them on a new life. I've coaxed them, threatened them, prayed for them with tears of agony, for what soul is not dear to the Saviour? The worse the

soul, the more the Saviour yearns to reclaim it. You remember the parable of the ninety-and-nine?"

"Who can forget it?" said the reverend doctor, tears springing into his eyes.

"No one, my dear brother, no one," replied the priest. "Well, my lost sheep have all come back. The invisible Church has helped the visible, and——"

"Is my church then invisible?" asked Dr. Guide, with a quick relapse into his old-time manner.

"My dear brother," exclaimed the priest, "which is the greater? Which exists only for the other?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Guide, his face thawing in an instant.

"Again, I thank you, from the depths of my heart," said the old priest, "and——"

"Father Black," interrupted the pastor, "the more you thank me, the more uncomfortable I feel. Whatever credit is awarded, except to heaven, for the great and unexpected experiences which have been made manifest at my church, belongs entirely to a man who, being the lowest of the low, has set forth an example of perfect obedience."

"That poor cobbler? You are right, I verily believe, and I shall go at once to pour out my heart to him."

"Let me go with you, father—brother Black. I"—here Dr. Guide's face broke into a confidential smile—"I want to go to confession myself, for the first time in my life, if you allow the cobbler to be my priest. I want a reputable witness, too."

Then the two clergymen, arm-in-arm, proceeded to Sam Kimper's shop, to the great astonishment of all villagers who saw them.

That night, at the closing meeting of the revival services, Dr. Guide delivered a short but pointed talk from the text: "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom before you."

"My friends," said he, "these words were spoken by Jesus one day when the chief priests and elders, who were the types of our clergymen and formal religious people of our day, questioned Him about His works and His authority. They had a mass of tradition and doctrine, by which they were justified in their own eyes, and the presence, the works, the teachings, and the daily life of Jesus was a thorn in their flesh. It annoyed them so that they crucified Him in order to be rid of His purer influence. We who know more of Him than they, have been continually crucifying our Lord afresh by paying too much attention to the letter and ignoring the spirit. 'These things should ye have done, and not left the others undone.' I say these words, not by way of blame, but of warning. Heaven forbid that I ever shall need to repeat them."

As the congregation looked about at one another to see whom the cap might fit, everybody chanced to see Deacon Quickset arise.

"My friends," said the deacon, "I'm one of the very kind of

people Jesus meant when He said the words that our pastor took for his text to-night, and for fear that anybody mayn't know it, I rise to own up to it myself. Nobody stood up for the letter of the law and the plan of salvation stronger than I, and nobody has taken more pains to dodge the spirit of it. The scales have fallen from my eyes lately, but I s'pose all of you have been seein' me as I am for a long, long time, and you have known me for the hypocrite that I now can see I've always been. I've done a good many things that I oughtn't to have done—I've told half-truths that were worse than lies, I've devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers, as the Gospel says; but the worst thing I've done, and the thing I feel most sinful about, is that when an unfortunate fellow-citizen of ours came back to this town and tried to live a right life, I did all I could to discourage him an' make him just like myself. I want right here, encompassed about by a mighty cloud of witnesses, to confess that I've done that man an awful wrong, and I'm sorry for it. I've prayed to God to forgive me, but I'm not goin' to stop at that. Right here before you all I want to ask that man himself to forgive me, as I've asked him in private. I'm not goin' to stop at that either. That man's life has opened my eyes, in spite of myself, to all the faults of my own, and I want to show my sincerity by promising before you all that I am that man's brother from this time forth until I die, and that whatever is mine is his whenever and however he wants it."

The deacon sat down. There was an instant of silence, and then a sensation as every one began to look about for the ex-convict.

"If Brother Kimper feels inclined to make any remarks," said Dr. Guide, "I am sure every one present would be glad to listen to him."

People were slowly arising and looking toward one portion of the church. Dr. Guide left the pulpit and walked down one of the aisles, toward the point where all eyes were centered. In a seat in the back of the church he saw the ex-convict, with one arm around his wife and the other around his daughter Jane. Sam looked smaller and more insignificant than ever, for his chin was resting on his breast and tears were chasing one another down his pale cheeks. Dr. Guide hurried back to the altar-rail, and exclaimed, in his loudest and most impressive voice, "Sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

THE END.

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after another lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the frant of God.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

BY GEORGE A. CHACE.

A BRIGHT old gentleman said to-day: "I'm in my eighty-fifth year. When I was a boy, seven years old, I worked in the mill. We had to work fourteen hours a day. I remember I was working in the factory when peace was declared in the war of 1812." Within the memory of a man, what great progress has been made! No little boys are now allowed to work at seven years of age in the mills of America. Nobody, except possibly the manager, would think of working fourteen hours a day.

Within the life of this gentleman, a woman would work a week for fifty cents. It was customary to work six months without pay in learning a trade at which a smart woman could earn half a dollar a day. The crudest quality of calico sold at fifty cents a yard, and the first woman laboured ten or twelve weeks to earn enough to buy the material for a new gown. To-day a weaver in a cotton factory in New England can earn enough to buy the same quantity of a better material, in the latest style of design and finish, in a half-day. In other words, if people were content with the things which their grandparents enjoyed, there would to-day be at least nine days of leisure, for rest and improvement, out of the ten days of toil in the olden time. What is true of factory life is relatively true all over, for this is the century of progress.

What has made the change? In the answer to that inquiry may we not hope to find the right methods for the future of our industrial progress? It is not necessary to study the ancient laws of work and wages, for the conditions are modern and not ancient. The evolution is going on around us. Like a mighty current the tide is coming in, scattering or submerging obstacles, lifting rich and poor together upon its advancing waves. Underneath are the Everlasting Arms, bearing upward the masses of mankind; and an Infinite Wisdom is shaping the sentiment of the public. No manufacturer wishes to run his works fourteen hours a day, or to employ children who ought to be in school, nowadays. It is repugnant to his ideas of right, as much as slavery has lost its place in the thoughts of the plantation owner of the South. We are coming into the light. Our grandparents worked fourteen hours in the mill, and all the rest of the day was night. They lived only in the dark, except on Sunday. Thank God for Sunday, with all its light. It saved our fathers.

Gradually the working time of employees was reduced. It ought to go into history that the present standard of ten hours a day in cotton factories was not introduced by legislation, but by the voluntary action of the manufacturers of Fall River, who adopted it as a wise economic measure, which has been enforced since in Massachusetts and other States by law. It was a step in the right direction.

But with all this progress perhaps there never has been a time in the history of industry which has seen such a widespread dissatisfaction among workmen. The malady is epidemic. Emperor and queen, statesman and philosopher, learned doctor and noisy quack, have vied with the best thinkers to prescribe an adequate remedy, in vain. In the meantime the symptoms become more energetic. Can there be a mistake? May it prove, after all, that this universal uneasiness indicates convalescence? Our grandparents were content with their lot. There was no time to grumble. What with fourteen hours at work, and time spent at meals and going to and fro, only about eight hours remained their own, *and it was night*. They were tired and sleepy. They slept. Sleep is contentment. But the workpeople of the day are wide awake. They have an hour or two of daylight. They have tried leisure, and it is good. They have tasted luxury, and it is sweet. They want more. Latent ambition has been aroused in the advance of the times. The higher standard of living demands more.

Wealth has accumulated beyond all precedent. While colossal fortunes, like huge monuments, stand before our eyes to constantly remind us of the fact, yet never was wealth so generally diffused among all classes. Little need be said of the fly-away riches of the rich man, which are measured by sentiment, alternately ruled by "bulls" and "bears," though thousands of millions of dollars, in stocks and bonds, are "listed," that men may speculate upon the daily fluctuations. The substantial wealth remains unchanged, for instance, whether "Union Pacific" is quoted at \$130 or \$28 a share, but the difference in the sentiment, for that is all the quotations mean, amounts to more than sixty million dollars. Its wealth-distributing traffic over its 5,000 miles of track, and the wages of its 20,000 employees, are not diminished or increased by these fluctuations, and the real wealth is carrying comfort and help. Wealth never was so great, and certainly never so beneficent. It increases as it distributes. The workingman lives in more affluence than the *entrepreneur* did two generations ago, and the worthy poor may enjoy more comforts than our self-denying, hard-working ancestors allowed themselves. The directory of the eleemosynary institutions of New York city is already

a large hand-book. The bulk of the savings bank deposits is the money of the workpeople.

Never was there such opportunity for individual ambition. The little mill-boy of 1812, as might be expected, became, in after years, the *entrepreneur*, and later on the capitalist. Invention has opened avenues for latent talent. Ability is sought everywhere, and wherever found is exalted and rewarded.

In briefly summarizing the inferences of our observation of the industrial situation, we note, first: If the workingman will go forward, in the future, he will steer his course by the great beacon light of Sunday and what Sunday stands for. It means more than words can utter to the brawn and sinew of our land. And next to this is the force of popular opinion. Turn on the light! Every facility is afforded. We have a National Department of Labour doing conscientious, scientific work, besides commissaries in a number of the States. All the newspapers will help. Real progress has been made in relation to child employment, but more is needed. The doctrine of *Laissez-faire* is unjustifiable here. In the fourth and central place, affecting the great body of employers and employed, is the reduction of the hours of labour. No one would think to-day of going back to the old *régime*. Shall we go forward? It is probable a nine-hour bill will be introduced into the Senate of Massachusetts this year, with a fair prospect that it may become law. The situation is favourable. A great many see the advantages at this time. A mill-owner said a few days ago: "A nine-hour law would add ten per cent. to the value of my property." The arguments are well known, and experience seems to sustain them. It has made possible our fifth position—a higher standard of living. The distribution and consumption of wealth is essential to industrial progress. Higher wages are alike beneficent to all, giving a market to the producer and means to purchase to the consumer. The elevation of the masses has economic as well as humane warrant. Experiments in modification make slow progress. Higher wages, however, should gradually prevail. It seems hardly necessary to note that invention furnishes a means of advancement. It has often been blindly resisted by labour, and it is hard to see that a machine that throws ninety out of a hundred workmen out of employment is a blessing to the ninety. But it has come to bear our burdens and to make possible the higher standard of living and the leisure of short hours. Finally, there is opportunity for individual advancement—room at the top, and widening room all the way up. Men do not rise as formerly by treading others down, but every young man who is lifted up draws many with him—family and friends, often a whole community.—*Christian Union*

METHODISM, THE JOHANNINE GOSPEL.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S famous doctrine of development is so far true, that every student of Christian history must be aware that the Christian Church, as a whole, has gradually apprehended more and more the full content of the Gospel. Jesus Christ was so unique a revelation of God that He could be described to us only by men moved by the Holy Ghost. Ever their teaching was not of private interpretation, and we may well doubt whether they themselves fully realized all that was implied and involved in the principles which they were commissioned to proclaim. It is quite certain that Christians generally have failed to understand the full significance of the life and work and words of Jesus Christ. As the ages have passed slowly away, Christian men in the light of the history and living experience have understood more and more the meaning of the unparalleled events which were crowded into the brief three-and-thirty years under the Syrian sky.

It is a remarkable fact that the three chief apostles appeared upon the scene in the order in which their distinctive views of Christ have dominated the Christian mind. To St. Peter was given the unique honour of opening the kingdom of Heaven to all believers. But before many years had passed St. Peter receded from view, and St. Paul occupied the foreground of Christian history during its most critical and formative period. When the great Pauline battle was fought and won, St. John appeared upon the scene to crown the edifice of revelation, and to enunciate the final form of Christianity. This feature of the apostolic age was prophetic of future history. The course of events during the last two thousand years may be divided into the Petrine, the Pauline and the Johannine periods. The ancient and mediæval Church instinctively accepted St. Peter as the most conspicuous exponent of the Christianity

they know. At the era of the Reformation the teaching of St. Paul became more prominent than at any previous period, and received an unprecedented amount of study and devotion. But the cycle of Christian evolution was not yet complete. It remained that the peculiarly fraternal Gospel of St. John should be preached to the masses of mankind. Of that John Wesley was as conspicuously the appointed instrument as Martin Luther was the exponent of the Pauline theology of the Reformation. Never since the days of St. John himself was the universal, gentle, gracious, all-embracing love of God so passionately preached as by the apostle of Methodism. There is no greater or more mischievous delusion abroad than that the early Methodist preachers revelled in the terrors of hell. As Dr. Rigg has pointed out, Wesley did not "enforce his application by reference to material terrors or painted horrors." No men ever spoke more plainly of sin and the dreadful consequences of sin than did the early Methodist preachers. But they dwelt on these awful facts, not in the vain delusion that they would bring men to God, but in order that they might furnish a dark background against which they could more vividly picture the irresistible love of Christ. The great effect produced upon young and old by the preaching of the Methodists was caused by such a presentation of the intense and everlasting love of God as had never been given to the people of this country before.

The true theologian, the Melancthon of the Methodist Reformation, was Fletcher of Madeley; and the love of God breathes through every page he ever wrote. "Perfect love," indeed, was the phrase which he employed to describe the highest Christian attainments. His fierce and irresistible protest against Calvinism was based upon the conviction that a limited salvation was incon-

sistent with the love of God. For the true Gospel of Methodism in its essential qualities, as distinguished from the accidental form in which it appears, we must turn to the hymns of John and Charles Wesley. In the only absolutely original hymn from the pen of John Wesley which we possess are these significant words :

“Thou by Thy word upholdest all,
Thy bounteous love to all is showed.”

Charles Wesley, again, whose hymns have done more to spread and to popularize the tenets of Methodism even than the prose writings of his brother, expresses the true significance of the Methodist movement in the well-known and favourite hymn,

“See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.”

Yes! it was the love of Jesus which kindled that fire of Methodism which swept round the world, which has become proverbial, and which never burned more brightly and more intensely than it does to-day. The love of God, we cannot repeat it too often, was the chief and invariable theme with which the Wesleys and their helpers revolutionized the British Empire. It is a very touching and instructive fact that as Wesley lay dying he made great exertions to speak to Joseph Bradford, and for some time his strength was so far gone that he could not make himself heard. But at last, by desperate efforts, he conveyed to Mr. Bradford his fervent desire that a sermon which he had written on “The Love of God” should be scattered broadcast and given away to everybody. This was Wesley's last gift to the British people and to the human race—a sermon on “The Love of God.”

When Wesley began his work in England was an unhappy nation, cruelly governed by cruel laws. But the amazing and unprecedented growth of gentleness and humanitarianism, and the profound sympathy now universally felt for the poor, the friendless, and the fallen, are the direct result of that Evangel of Love which Wesley lived and practised. As the result of that work, consciously or unconsciously, all the great and characteristic theologians of every Church, our own President, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Marcus Dods, and others, have devoted their prime to the exposition of St. John. Robert Browning has given us the Johannine Gospel in verse. Sir Edwin Arnold, in the exquisite volume, “The Light of the World,” which he has just published, gives similar prominence to the sweet and gracious humility of Christ. All these are the direct result in public life and in serious literature of the fact that the Johannine Gospel found its first popular exponent in John Wesley. The passionate love for the suffering and outcast exhibited by the Salvation Army is another striking indication of the great truth to which we have referred. We ought not to close this reference to the most conspicuous feature of the Methodist movement without once more quoting the beautiful story of the little boy, who, on his deathbed, said that his greatest desire was to go to “Mr. Whitfield's God.” Happy beyond all expression are those preachers of the Gospel who succeed in persuading even timid little boys that death itself has no terror for those who go to the God whom they preach. And the greatest glory of Methodism shall ever be that it inscribed the distinctive teaching of St. John upon the hearts of the “common people.”

—*Methodist Times.*

THEN sow ; for the hours are fleeting
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

By an oversight last month, the name of the Rev. C. W. Watch was not reported as Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Conference, and Rev. D. C. McDowell, after forty-five years in the active service, took a superannuated relation.

Manitoba Conference.—The Conference of the Prairie Province was held at Portage la Prairie, commencing June 11th. The General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, presided at the first session, and delivered a characteristic address. The ministerial session was a season of great harmony. Five ministers had been transferred into the Conference. Six probationers were eligible for ordination, but one of them preferred to postpone the honour, that he might enjoy educational advantages. Five probationers were ordained for special purposes. Two ministers were placed on the superannuated list.

Rev. Alfred Andrews was elected President, and the Rev. John Semmens, Secretary.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, attended all the sessions. His addresses were greatly enjoyed. The members of Conference seemed to consider themselves highly honoured by the visit of the General Superintendent and Missionary Secretary, and took every opportunity to call them out. Rev. Dr. Maclean lectured before the Theological Union.

One district meeting recommended that the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches should be amalgamated.

The Epworth League institution seems to be very popular, seventeen Leagues, with 594 members, have been formed, and the Conference recommended every minister to form Leagues in their respective circuits.

There was a good increase both of members and finances. There are now 11,450 members, which is a net increase of 1,544; 743 conversions were reported in the Sunday-schools.

Like all other Conferences, Manitoba is sound on the temperance question, and appointed delegates to the World's Temperance Convention to be held in Chicago in 1892.

The report of the Committee on the State of the Work contained many items of interest, and commended the work of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley and other evangelists, whose labours had been productive of much good. The report concerning the college was of the most encouraging kind.

No deaths in the ministerial ranks were reported.

At a recent meeting of the Missionary Committee of Consultation and Finance, it was stated that a site for an Indian Industrial Institute had been obtained at Brandon, near the Government Experimental Farm. A second institute is in course of erection at Red Deer, one hundred miles north of Calgary. Rev. J. Semmens and John Nelson were nominated Principal of the respective institutes.

Residential schools for Indians are much needed in British Columbia, and such schools, it is hoped, will shortly be established at Port Simpson and Chilliwhack, where there are already institutions under the supervision of the Woman's Missionary Society.

A General Hospital is much needed at Port Simpson. A medical missionary is already labouring there, and should the Government make a further grant on behalf of the hospital, the Missionary Board will do its utmost on behalf of the scheme.

The income of the Missionary

Society is most gratifying; the ordinary revenue is in advance of last year, and there is also an increase in the legacies of \$20,000.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—This Conference met at St. Stephen. Three brethren, Rev. Dr. Wilson, S. T. Teed and A. C. Bell, were added to the list of superannuates.

Rev. F. W. Harrison was elected President and Rev. Thos. Marshall, Secretary. Three ministers had finished their course, of whom honourable mention was made.

Seven probationers were sent to college.

The report on Sunday-schools stated that there had been 461 conversions among the children during the year. The increase in the membership was 150.

Dr. Hart, the appointed Superintendent of the Chinese Mission, was present, and delivered a most enthusiastic address.

As in some of the Western Conferences, the Superannuation Fund occasioned much discussion. The Treasurer stated that only 60 per cent. of the claims can now be paid.

Nova Scotia Conference.—Windsor was the seat of this Conference. Only one probationer was received into full connexion; ten young men were received on probation. One minister died during the year, the venerable Dr. McMurray.

Rev. J. G. Angwin and D. W. Johnston, M.A., were elected President and Secretary respectively.

The missionary meeting was more than ordinarily interesting, and was addressed by several ladies. The receipts from the circuits for missions were \$326 below last year.

Dr. Inch, who has long been connected with Mount Allison University, has accepted the appointment of Minister of Education for the Province. The Conference adopted a resolution regretting the loss which Mount Allison thus sustains, but thanked the Doctor for the services which he has rendered. Dr. Sutherland was asked to accept the Principalship, and on his decline,

Dr. Allison, an alumnus of Mount Allison and a former President, was appointed.

The Conference favours a union between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, or at least a scheme of co-operation which may prevent unnecessary outlay of men and money in those districts where the population is small.

Arrangements were made to celebrate the jubilee of the Educational Institutions of Sackville in January, 1893. Professor Andrews wants \$100,000 to be the minimum sum to be raised on the occasion; he would rather have a million of dollars, as it is contemplated to organize a school of Manual Training as preparatory to the school of Engineering and Applied Science; \$2,000 were subscribed by members of the Conference.

From the statistics of former years it appears that the Methodist Church between 1886 and 1890 increased at the rate of more than 9,000 per year. The increase in the Maritime Provinces was 1,772 during the four years.

Newfoundland Conference.—This Conference suffers greatly by the loss of ministers who remove to other Conferences, without receiving others in their places. This year Rev. G. J. Bond was transferred to Nova Scotia, and two to Manitoba, while two others withdrew to connect themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Two probationers were received into full connexion, and one superannuated minister returned to the active work. There are localities which are reported as greatly needing missionary labour.

During the Conference, the sum of \$14,000 was transferred to the President from the estate of the Hon. C. R. Ayre, for the building of the Connexional Orphanage.

The brethren are very earnest in their labours on behalf of temperance, and equally strong in their denunciations of the tobacco nuisance. Substantial progress is being made both numerically and financially; there is a net increase of fifty members.

Rev. Dr. Milligan, Superintendent

of Education, delivered an address, detailing minutely the great duty of the Church on this important subject. A missionary and a colporteur were appointed to labour on the coast of Labrador during the summer months.

Rev. James Nurse and G. P. Story sustain the offices of President and Secretary, respectively. Unless we are greatly mistaken, there is no Conference in the Methodist Church deserves more sympathy than Newfoundland. The ministers are true heroes, and they remind one very frequently of "the early Methodist preachers."

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This assembly met at Northampton, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Ferguson, D.D., and Mr. R. Clapham, was elected Vice-President, and the Rev. R. Bryant, Secretary. Twelve ministers died during the year.

An unusual occurrence took place. Three ministers from other churches were received into the ministry. Many Primitive Methodist ministers have in the past joined other churches, so that it seems the tide is now turning. Thirty-two candidates for the ministry were received.

A local preacher, Mr. A. S. Peake, B. A., had distinguished himself by a successful career, during which he had won the Merton Theological Fellowship of the value of \$1,000 for seven years. Only another Non-conformist in England holds the said Fellowship.

The Book Room report overflowed with grand facts, more than a million of magazines had been sold. The profits were \$21,500, of which \$19,000 were appropriated to the Superannuation Fund. The ministers' subscription to this fund is \$33 each.

Sixty-five places of worship have been erected during the past year, costing \$276,255. One minister was set apart to raise a Church Building Fund of at least \$250,000. One gentleman had given \$2,500 to Connexional Funds. Another undertakes to raise \$5,000, to erect a

chapel at the Connexional Orphanage. In future no person in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, or holding shares in any limited liability or joint stock company where intoxicating liquors are manufactured or sold, shall be a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in Leeds. Rev. H. T. Marshall was elected President. The Missionary Fund is heavily oppressed with debt, somewhere about \$30,000. The question of union has long occupied the attention of the Connexion, but the Conference could not adopt the plan proposed for union with the Methodist Free Church, but very cordially agreed to exercise greater fraternal intercourse than in the past. The principal barrier in the way of success seems to be that the Free Church was opposed to the connexional principle, which the New Connexion holds very tenaciously. There is an increase of 211 members and 375 probationers. The mission in China returned 1,390 members, with 530 on trial. Within six months the missionaries had received thirty-nine invitations to open new places, in twenty of which services are now established. There are ten native students at the Training Institution.

A valuable relic was presented to the Conference, viz., John Wesley's copy of the New Testament, with his explanatory notes and corrections.

Rev. Dr. Watts and J. Medicraft, both of whom are known in Canada, were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Our exchanges mention a local preacher's convention at Garndiffaith, at which essays on early Methodism were read. Open-air services were held during the day very similar to such as were held in the early days of Methodism. At St. Helier a bazaar had been held, which raised \$1,500. Revivals are reported at several

places, and great efforts are being made for the reduction of chapel debts.

Letters received from the missionaries in China show that of late they have been greatly encouraged in their work. Though the opening of the mission is comparatively of recent date, the brethren have acquired the language, and are now regularly preaching the Gospel to thousands of the Chinese people. Having the beautiful province of Yunnan mainly to themselves, they occasionally visit a large number of places, preaching in the market-places and selling books, while in their halls they conduct regular religious services. One of the missionaries, on entering the city of Chao-Tung was greeted by a large company of young men shouting, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," which he thought was not a bad sign. And along the streets children gathered in crowds, some calling, others singing, "Je-su ngai O, O hsiao teh," i.e., "Jesus loves me, this I know," etc. Thus from previous visits the children had learned to reiterate the very message he had come to deliver.

The degree of D.C.L. was conferred at the Oxford encenie on the Hon. S. J. Way, Chief Justice of South Australia. Professor Bryce, in his Latin speech, in presenting him for the degree described him as a learned and just judge, and a friend of letters in a region remote but dear to Englishmen. The Chief Justice is a son of a deceased Bible Christian minister.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

Two missionaries are to be sent to East Africa immediately, another returns to West Africa, and yet another goes to China for three years.

The missionary income is \$3,945 increase, and a net increase of 115 members is reported on the foreign missions. It is intended to establish a Centenary Fund extending over three years, with the hope that \$75,000 may be raised.

SOUTH AFRICAN WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

It is only ten years since the mis-

sions in South Africa were formed into a Conference. It is largely missionary and has missions established among various tribes. At the late Conference there was an increase of 3,771 in the membership. The ordinary missionary income was more than \$20,000 in advance, and \$10,000 of debt had been discharged.

THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

Methodism has always had to struggle against almost inseparable difficulties in Ireland. The late census returns however states that there are now 7,000 more Methodists than when the last census was taken. The Conference consisted of 300 members in equal proportions of ministers and laymen. Eight young men finished their probation and were ordained, five ministers had died, one of whom, Rev. Dr. McKay, had been in the ministry fifty-one years; six others were made superannuates, one of whom had travelled forty-one years.

The "open session" when a general review was made respecting "the work of God" was very edifying. The increase in the membership was 287, more than 2,000 members were received during the year, but the losses by emigration, deaths, etc., were 1,643.

Dr. McMullen, who attended the General Conference in Montreal last year, was presented with a gold watch and chain by the members of Conference, as a token of esteem on the completion of fifty years in the ministry.

NEW ZEALAND WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held at Auckland, the most northern town in the colony. Some of the ministers travelled more than 1,000 miles to reach the Conference.

The "Conference Lecture" was delivered by the President, Rev. H. R. Dewsbury, the subject was "Prayer in Relation to Natural Laws," which "was treated eloquently and exhaustively." It was agreed to extend the ministerial term to five years as soon as it can be done legally.

ITEMS.

Rev. William Fawcett, D.D., of Chicago, recently handed a check to Dr. Potts for \$1,000, to endow a prize in Victoria College, to be known as Michael Fawcett Prize, which is to be given for the best essay on Methodism each year, and only to those students who intend entering the ministry.

China is again the scene of outrages, property belonging to the Roman Catholics and some Protestant churches have been destroyed. Mr. Argent of the *Joyful News* mission was killed.

There is a deficiency in the income of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church South of \$20,000, and there is a debt of \$118,700, while urgent demands are being made for more labourers. The bishops have issued an appeal for increased contributions.

The corner-stone of the Scarritt Bible Training School for missionary workers has been laid in Kansas city. Dr. Scarritt left \$25,000 in his will for this object, on condition that a similar amount should be raised by the Methodist Church in the South. Special offerings were made on Easter Sunday for this object, and the amount was obtained.

The English Wesleyan Conference is now in session, with the Rev. Dr. Stephenson in the chair. There is an increase of 612 members with 213 on trial and 1,759 in junior classes, ninety-five candidates were received for the ministry; forty-eight new places had been erected, which will give an increase of 7,000 sittings. Sanction had been given for the erection of six ministers' houses and nine schools.

Bishop Taylor writes, "Lower down the Suire River at the Jacktam mission, not yet a year old, twenty little boys and girls repeated from memory the Ten Commandments, Apostles' Creed, etc., and sang. I gave them a talk. My interpreter was a boy eight years old, he was ready and emphatic in passing the word."

Bishop Tucker wants forty missionaries for Equatorial Africa.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Andrew Milliken, of London Conference, was called to his eternal home, June 9th. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1856 and laboured successfully on several hard fields of labour, but was not deterred from remaining the full time allotted by Conference. For a few years he was superannuated, during which time he was greatly afflicted, but he endured as seeing Him who is invisible, and now he has entered the joy of his Lord.

Rev. W. Pollard, died soon after the close of the British Columbia Conference. He was well known both in Ontario and Quebec, where he travelled several years in important circuits, and filled responsible offices. If he had survived another year he would have celebrated his jubilee. In 1871 he responded to the call of the Church and went to British Columbia, where he was abundant in labours until 1878, when the state of his health compelled him to ask for superannuation, henceforth he was in age and feebleness extreme, until the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher."

Rev. Joseph Wesley McCallum died in Toronto, June 29. He had suffered severely some time before his death, but no murmur escaped his lips. Brother McCallum commenced his itinerant career in 1841 and laboured faithfully for more than forty years, during which he was instrumental in accomplishing much good. He was greatly esteemed for his urbanity, and always ready to render assistance when able.

Rev. Luther O. Rice entered the Methodist ministry in 1840, and for more than thirty years he did much severe labour in country circuits. He was strong physically and could endure any amount of reasonable toil. In 1875 he took a superannuated relation, and after a few years went to the United States and spent the evening of his life with his children. He occasionally laboured in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was greatly beloved. He died in the State of Indiana in June last.

Book Notices.

Penological and Preventative Principles. By WILLIAM TALLACK, Secretary of the Howard Association. 8vo. Pp. xii.-414. London: Worthemer, Lea & Co. Price \$2.80.

Mr. Tallack writes with the authority of an expert on this subject. As long ago as 1872 he wrote an important work on the facts of criminal administration. For more than twenty years Mr. Tallack has been Secretary of the Howard Association, whose object is the promotion of the best methods of the treatment and prevention of crime. In this more recent book he discusses the first principles in diminishing crime, pauperism and intemperance. He regards prison systems generally as unsatisfactory. He urges strongly prison separation and classification. He discusses life imprisonment, habitual offenders, "rescidivistes," prison labour, prison officers, aid to discharged prisoners, sentences, and forced labour, corporal punishment, probation system, police administration, neglected youth and juvenile delinquency. On the subject of capital punishment he says that great inevitable difficulties in the application of this punishment have rendered its infliction unreliable, that the more certain but secondary punishment would, in general, be a safer one for the protection of society. Nearly half the persons sentenced to death in Great Britain have received commutation of that sentence, and more than three-fourths of the murderers escape the infliction of death in France, Germany, Austria, Russia and United States. The balance of the evidence seems to us to speak strongly against this extreme penalty. Sir George Denham declares, that "more, on the whole, is done by capital punishment to induce murders than to prevent them." Mr. Tallack states that in many cases the death penalty has been wrongly

inflicted. He gives several cases from 1867 down to 1889. The book is a classic on the subject, and should be studied by every penologist. It is thoroughly evangelical and recognizes Christ as the only hope of the world for virtue and happiness, and the cross as the chief basis for moral restriction and deterrence. The author brings a tremendous indictment against the drink habit.

Dorothea Dix. By FRANCIS TIFFANY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is the story of a very remarkable life, one of which too little is known. The study of this volume will be an intellectual and moral inspiration to those who read it. "Here is a woman," says the preface, "who, as the founder of vast and enduring institutions of mercy in America and in Europe, has simply no peer in the annals of Protestantism. To find her parallel in this respect it is necessary to go back to the lives of such memorable Roman Catholic women as St. Theresa of Spain, or Santa Chiara of Assisi, and to the amazing work they did in founding throughout Christendom great conventual establishments. Not in the winning of laurels, but in the succor of human misery, lay the dominating purpose of her life. A woman of great pride and dignity of character, fully conscious, too, of the immensity of the work she had achieved on two continents, she yet shrank in utter aversion from what seemed to her the degradation of mere public notoriety."

Born in 1802, and living to the advanced age of eighty-five, her life spans nearly the whole of the century.

Her story is worthy of comparison with that of Howard, the great prison reformer. Her special philan-

thropy was improving the condition of the insane. In pursuit of this object she travelled far and wide, from Halifax to Constantinople; influenced state, provincial and imperial legislatures, and ceased not from her labours till the infirmities of eighty years had made them no longer possible. The story is one of fascinating interest and is a record of dauntless endeavour and heroic achievement. "All her views of life took an idealistic shape. She craved the society of refined, intellectual and morally superior people. She revelled in poetry. She was a worshipper of intellectual greatness. She was full of heart-break for affliction. She drank in passionately the religious prophecies of teachers like Canning. And yet her love of knowledge, beauty and spirituality were at the last remove from selfish absorption in the pursuit of them. Poverty, ignorance and degradation distressed her as keenly as their opposites allured her; and the moment she could command the means she began to gather together the children of neglect and misery, to make them sharers in a richer life."

Jesus Christ and the People. By MARK GUY PEARSE, author of "Thoughts on Holiness," etc. London: Charles H. Kelly.

This is another of Mark Guy Pearse's beautiful discourses, given chiefly, we judge, in the West End Mission. They are illuminated by the spiritual insight, the poetic imagination, the quaint or touching story, and the conscience-gripping appeal by which this prince of preachers knows how to unfold, expound, and enforce the Word of God.

Old Mortality. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. 12mo. Pp. vi.-504. Boston: Ginn & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

At a literary club in Toronto not long since, a vote was taken as to the greatest of Scott's historical

novels, and "Old Mortality" carried off the palm by a large majority. It gives the most graphic and, we think on the whole, most correct estimate of the noble and heroic Scottish Covenanters that we know. It describes a heroic episode in the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Messrs. Ginn & Co. have done good service by this educational edition, in which the difficulties of the Scottish dialect are explained in copious foot notes and in compendious glossary.

Hand-book and Index to the Minutes of Conference: Showing the Growth and Development of the Wesleyan Methodist Constitution from the First Conference, 1744, to 1890. By the REV. CHARLES E. WANSBROUGH, with an introduction by the REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs.

The title of this book is a sufficient indication of its character. It would be rather dry reading taken continuously, but is admirable for reference, and makes available nearly 150 volumes of Minutes which is otherwise merely a wilderness of words. An appendix gives a text of the Poll Deed and the form of discipline used in 1797.

The Expository Times is a high-class monthly, published by the famous house of T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. It is devoted to condensed reviews of New books and fuller treatment of expository topics. Mr. D. T. McAinsh, Toronto, is the Canadian agent. Price \$1 a year.

The April number of *The Methodist Quarterly* presents an able table of contents. It contains an article by Dr. Stafford, on "Unity of the Race." A paper by Dr. Johnston, on "Culture of the Voice." One by Rev. R. N. Burns, B.A., on the "Intermediate State." One on the "Pensées of Pascal," by Rev. Wm. Jackson; continuation of Professor Hirschfelder's discussion on Messianic Prophecy, and other papers.