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GARDEN SCENE.

COUNTRY VILLA

BERMUDA.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

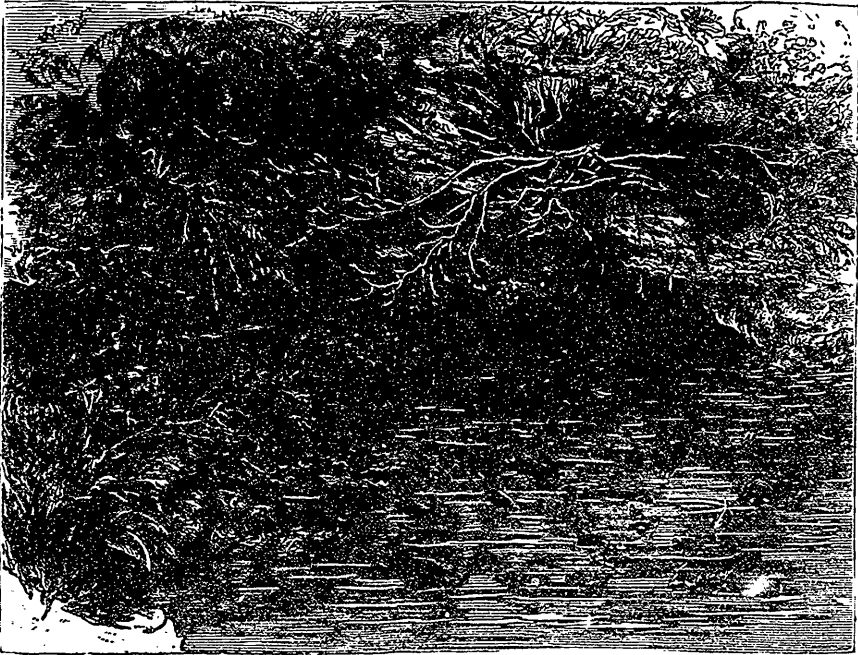
DECEMBER, 1877.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

II.

FROM St. George's to Hamilton there is a fine ocean drive of eight or nine miles. Going by Harrington Sound you will pass the Devil's Hole, or Neptune's Grotto, between which and the Sound there is a subterranean communication—the Sound, by the way, being an arm of the sea. Fish caught at the most favourable seasons of the year are kept here until wanted for use. The usual number is 1,000, though it will hold twice as many. There are many varieties of fish, and the spectacle is as pleasing as it is novel. These ponds, on a small scale, are quite numerous throughout Bermuda. Like most limestone countries, Bermuda abounds in caves, and nowhere are they more beautiful than in Walsingham, not far from Neptune's Grotto, on the road leading around Harrington Sound, one of the loveliest sheets of water imaginable. The whole region is singularly attractive. Mimic lakes, reflecting the varied hues of the rocks which enclose them, with trees overhanging their banks, teem with fish wonderful in variety and colour, whose motions are the very ideal of grace. By-paths through the tangled wildwood lead one through a wilderness of beauty. Nature has been lavish of her gifts all through this locality, and as it is, geologically, one of the oldest sections of Bermuda, all the rocks seem to have the

weather stain which the vines love so well. Over the whole is thrown the charm of poetry, from the fact that it was one of Tom Moore's favourite haunts while living in Bermuda. It is fitting that Nature should have her temples in such a place. Humility is one of the conditions of entrance to them, and so bending low, making a slight descent, we are soon standing in a room from whose arched roof hang large stalactites. Artificial lights bring out each in its full proportions, and one contemplates



NEPTUNE'S GROTTO.

with wonder this strange architecture, regardless of the ages it has endured. In a second one near by, and which is much more spacious, is a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal and of an emerald tint. The finest cave is the Admiral's, which guides may fail to mention from the fact that it is more difficult of access than any of the others; but to one at all accustomed to climbing there is little danger and no great difficulty in visiting any of them.

Back to the enchanted ground, we lunch under "Moore's calabash-tree," hacked by specimen-hunters, but beautiful still. Here he sat and wrote, and so acquired the poet's right to all this place.

One of the most delightful places in Bermuda to visit is Clarence Hill, the residence of the Admiral, who is supposed to live there three months each year. The road from Hamilton is a wild one, and full of variety, with most charming combinations of the woods, country, and sea. There are flowers in abundance,



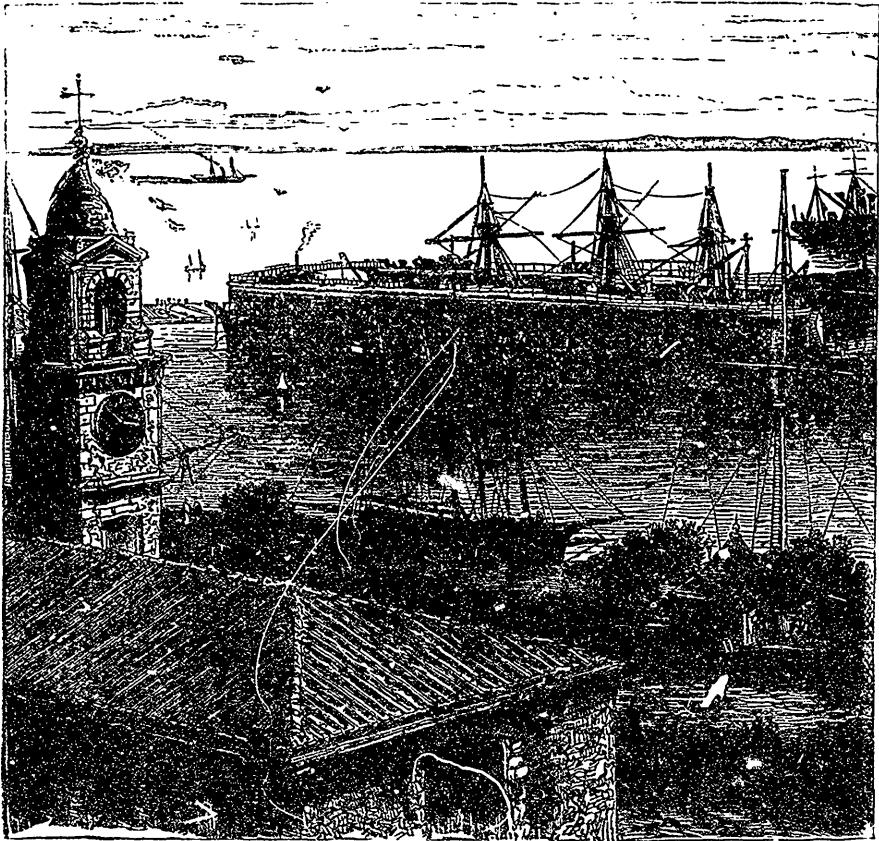
MOORE'S CALABASH-TREE.

which, with the air and views, will sustain life for a month or so. A pretty verandah overlooks the water, with its

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

For absolute beauty I know of but one other view in Bermuda comparable with this—that from the summit of St. David's Island. The atmospheric effects are marvellous.

The grounds at Clarence Hill are quite extensive and well kept. The house is plain, but the attractiveness of the place is in its marine views, and in the fact that nature has been left to herself. Mosses, ferns, and many tropical plants grow in such profusion and grace, peeping from under rocks, climbing over



THE FLOATING DOCK.

them, that it is only by critical inspection that you perceive that their presence is due to cultivation. Near by is a cave, against whose outer wall the sea is ever dashing.

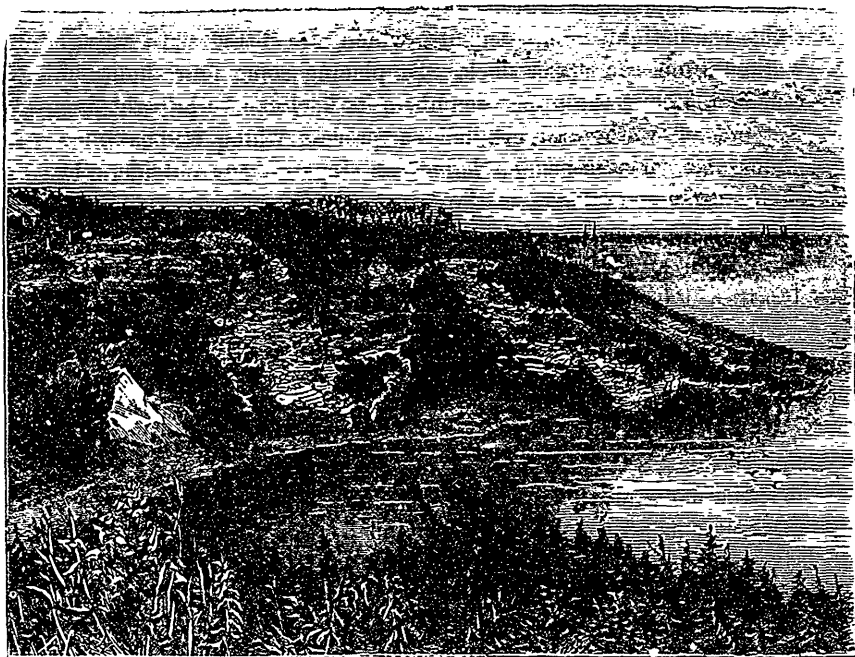
Some pleasant morning a visit must be made to Ireland Island, the site of the dockyard and naval establishment, and one of the

four telegraphic signal stations. We land, and encounter at once the British sentinel. The most remarkable object of interest is undoubtedly the floating dock, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world, which was built in England, and was towed across the Atlantic to its present position by five ships. Its length is three hundred and eighty-one feet, and its breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet. The largest and heaviest man-of-war can be docked. It is divided into forty-eight water-tight compartments, which are fitted with valves worked from the upper deck. By placing some four thousand tons of water in the upper chambers its keel can be brought five feet out of water and cleaned—a process which it has once undergone. You ascend a ladder or steps on the outside, and get a fine view. There is the usual number of machine shops, offices, and magazines, with vast quantities of powder—much more than a quiet little place like Bermuda would seem to require. Places have been tunnelled out here and there and filled with munitions of war. Everything is arranged in the most deliberate and scientific manner. There is no suggestion of peace or its congresses, unless the maiden-hair fern which grows on the rocks wherever there is sufficient moisture may be considered one.

If the moon, tide, and party are just right, Fairy Land presents as great a contrast to Ireland Island as can well be imagined. Five or six hours are needed for the expedition. You row into coves, then into what seem to be lakes, so perfectly inclosed is the water; and around islands, where the mangroves, every leaf glistening in the moonlight, throw out their branches in the most welcoming way. All this, and much more, is in store for him who goes to Fairy Land, the enchanted spot of Bermuda.

Bermuda having suffered several times from yellow fever, grave errors have arisen in regard to the healthfulness of the climate. The fever seems to have been due rather to imperfect drainage and defective quarantine regulations than to any predisposing causes in the climate. This has subjected Bermuda to unfavourable criticisms respecting the healthiness of its climate; but any country might suffer under like sanitary conditions. So admirably are the islands situated that there is no excuse for

defective drainage or quarantine. Strangers usually resort here in the winter, and generally speak highly of the agreeability of the climate. Rains are quite prevalent at this season, and most houses are not sufficiently protected from dampness, as the native Bermudian thinks fires unhealthy, and sits on his verandah throughout the year. But grates and stoves are gaining in favour, and



CAVES ON THE COAST.

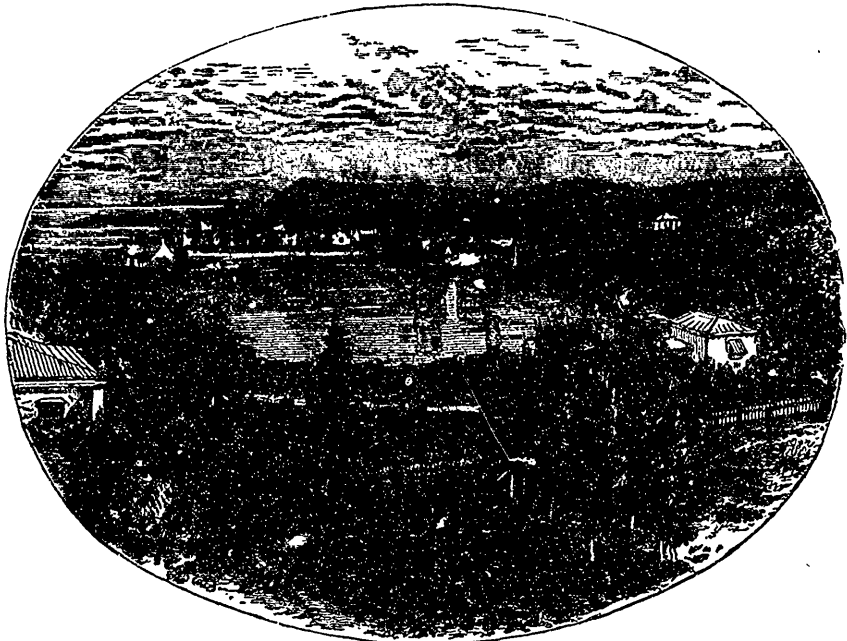
are being used more and more. A few people have learned that Bermuda is a pleasant summer resort, and act accordingly. There is almost invariably a good breeze from some quarter, and the nights and mornings are cool and delightful. Sunstroke is unknown. August and September are the hottest and most disagreeable months, owing to the enervating southerly winds. The mercury seldom rises above eighty-five degrees, or falls below forty, while the average is about seventy degrees.

There seem to be no diseases peculiar to the climate, but there are ailments enough to keep several excellent physicians actively employed. Consumptives often resort here, but seldom derive that benefit which they experience in a dry climate, though they often improve, and in some cases are nearly cured. The climate seems to be especially beneficial to those afflicted with rheumatism and certain nervous diseases. Bronchial affections are generally relieved and not unfrequently cured.

Some slight consideration of the political and social condition of Bermuda may not be uninteresting. As if to protect them from invasion, coral reefs, extending some ten miles into the sea, threatened with disaster, if not destruction, the "Ancient Mariner," who, with imperfect knowledge and rude craft, attempted to find his way into some safe harbour. And many a ship in days gone by has been wrecked on these shores, leaving few or none to tell the tale. In fact the colony owes its origin to a disaster. In 1609 a fleet sent out with reinforcements for the Virginia colony was separated by a storm, and the ship bearing Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers was wrecked off the Bermudas. After enduring incredible hardships for three days, land was "most wishedly and happily descried" by Sir George Somers, and not long after there came a calm, so that they unshipped their stores, with "all conveniency and ease," into boats, and reached land "in safetie, without the loss of a single man." This place, which had become a terror to seamen, so that they had named it "The Isle of Devils," Sir George Somers and party found "the richest, healthfulest, and pleasantest" they ever saw. After constructing two ships they embarked for Virginia, leaving two men on the island. They found their countrymen in a most pitiable condition on their arrival. Supplies were much needed, and Sir George Somers, "whose noble minde ever regarded the generall good more than his own ends," offered to undertake the voyage to the Bermudas for their relief. But "the strength of his body not answering to the memorable courage of his minde," he died shortly after his arrival at St. George's, named in honour of him.

Such flattering reports were made of the islands that the Virginia Company procured an extension of their charter, which

included Bermuda. Soon after one hundred and twenty gentlemen purchased their right, and all profits arising from the culture of the soil were to be divided between the proprietors and their tenants.



PITT'S BAY, BERMUDA.

Agriculture was at first the leading pursuit, but was gradually abandoned for ship-building, the manufacture of salt at Turk's Island, and the carrying trade. So generally were these pursuits followed, and so dependent upon America had Bermuda become, that, at the breaking out of the American Revolution, she actually suffered for supplies. Bound by ties of relationship and business interests to the colonies, her sympathies were warmly enlisted in their behalf.

Slavery, introduced in the early colonial days, was abolished in 1834, Bermuda being the *first* colony to advocate immediate rather than gradual emancipation. The laws recognized both Indian and negro slavery. There were never the large planta-

tions as in the South, and the institution was undoubtedly of a mild form. The more intelligent learned trades or followed the sea, and many could both read and write.

Since 1685 Bermuda has been a crown colony. The Governor, the highest official in the country, receives his appointment from the crown. His term of office is from five to seven years. From the fact that Bermuda occupies such an important place as a military and naval station, being second only to Malta, it is deemed advisable to fill the office with a man sufficiently conversant with military affairs to command any land forces which may be stationed here. He appoints many civil officers directly, while he nominates others for positions held by the crown. He has the right of veto, and no bill can pass the Assembly without his consent. Hence the office demands a man of varied talent, and for some time has been most worthily filled by Major-General Lefroy, who is a scientist of distinguished ability, and finds here ample field for pursuing his investigations. His efforts for the improvement of Bermuda in every way are untiring. His broad and liberal views do not always meet with the appreciation they deserve. Still, even when criticism was adverse, I never heard anything which would indicate that he was other than a judicious ruler, a Christian gentleman, and high-minded man. By the successful culture of fruits, vegetables, and plants new to the islands, he has instructed in a most useful and potent manner, and demonstrated the wonderful adaptability of the soil to a wide range of products.

The Legislature consists of the House of Assembly and the Council. Bermuda is divided into nine parishes, from each of which four representatives are sent to the Assembly. The Council consists of nine members, nominated by the Governor and appointed by the crown. The blacks have the same civil rights as the whites, yet they have never sent a coloured representative to the Assembly, and though they outnumber the whites two to one, there are not one-third as many coloured voters as white.

The Assembly usually convenes on alternate days in summer. The opening is quite an affair. The Governor, dressed in uniform, makes his speech; soldiers enliven the scene; ladies are present,

the only day during the session ; and, on the whole, it is a most agreeable contrast to the dullness which characterizes the subsequent proceedings.

One of the greatest needs of Bermuda is a good system of public schools, a matter about which the masses are very indifferent. All the educational work is done by a few earnest people, whose labours are unappreciated and poorly rewarded. The sum of £500, granted by the Assembly for schools, is divided



A STREET SCENE IN ST. GEORGE'S.

among some fifteen or sixteen, which are not public in our sense of the term, since most of the pupils pay tuition fees, though no child would be excluded if unable to do so. The appliances of the school-room are of a rude character, and it is matter for congratulation that so much is accomplished with such imperfect means. The children are cleanly, orderly, and respectful.

The Episcopal is the established Church here, and out of

twenty-four churches the Episcopalians have twelve, the Methodists nine, Presbyterians, two, and Catholics one. All the churches are very well attended. The general appearance of the congregation is not unlike that of a Canadian country audience, with faces a trifle less care-worn. The preaching is peculiarly simple, with no suggestion of sensationalism in it. The people enter into the services with spirit and evident satisfaction.

The churches are very plain, built frequently in the form of a cross, surrounded by the church-yard with its dead. The traveller will find the hotels on the island on the whole satisfactory. He can secure clean rooms, quite good attendance, and almost perfect quiet. The usual price of board at the hotels is \$2.50 per day in 'gold. Definite arrangements at the outset in regard to carriages and horses are wise and economical. The Bermudian horse is neither stylish nor fiery, but, on the contrary, is a queer looking beast, constructed with slight regard to the laws of proportion. There are now and then some very fair travellers that make up in speed what they lack in beauty. It may be pertinent to add that if a carriage is desired at any specified time, it is wise to order it an hour earlier.

Those who plume themselves on their culture, and who regard all places, except those in which they have resided, as very benighted quarters, would, of course, look upon Bermuda as almost outside the limits of civilization. Closer acquaintance would dispel many of the delusions. A stranger would be impressed at once with the marked courtesy of the people. From the lowest to the highest one will receive the most polite attention. A simplicity almost Arcadian characterizes their manners, especially those of the women. Many who have led very circumscribed lives, who have never been away from Bermuda, possess an ease and grace which would do credit to *habitués* of society, arising apparently from perfect faith in others, and an earnest desire to add to their pleasure in every possible way.

They are a comfortable, well-to-do set of people, with here and there a family possessing ample means. As in England, property, especially real estate, remains in the same family for a long period. There is very little real suffering from poverty, though there are many poor people, who had rather be poor than make

the necessary exertion to improve their condition. In this connection the coloured people deserve some notice, forming, as they do, a large majority of the population. The importation of negroes from Africa ceased long before the abolition of slavery, which may account for the improved type of physiognomy one encounters here. The faces of some are fine, and many of the women are really good-looking. They are polite, about as well dressed as anybody, attend all the churches and are members thereof, are more interested in schools than the poor whites, and a very large proportion of them can both read and write. They have their own secret and benevolent societies.



RAVINE ON SOUTH SHORE, BERMUDA.

Degraded by slavery, labour has not risen from its low estate. Skilled workmen are rare; there are almost no manufactured articles, nearly everything being imported from England. The old feeling still bears sway that work is good for blacks, but injurious to whites.

By his indifference to the superfluities of life the Bermudian gains much time, which offsets in a measure what he loses in

other ways. His house is simple. He cannot understand why a man should have so many things which he would be just as well off without. The test question with him about houses, furniture, and dress is, "Will it last?" If it will, it is worth having; if it will not, somebody else may buy it, for he will not. What to him is a new-fashioned chair, which will have to be replaced in a year or two? Those in his dining-room are one hundred and fifty years old. They are chairs worth talking about.

Life is not nearly as dull here as might be supposed. There are plenty of out-door recreations—driving, rowing, yachting, there being a fine club here; cricket and croquet and dinner-parties enliven the time, especially in winter. There are always two regiments of troops stationed here, together with some marines, and all this gives a certain tone to society. Bermuda takes her place as a naval and military station, and gets all she can out of it.

The Governor receives every Wednesday. On Saturday a croquet party is usually given at Mount Langton, his residence. The ladies are dressed in simple garden costume. Some play, while others sit and talk under the trees. The learned judge, the doughty colonel, the jovial marine, all mingle here and take a hand in the game. The conversation may and may not be indifferent. You may hear the household gossip, or, if skilful, may listen to "bits of talk" about India during the rebellion, about China, the scenery of Jamaica, the gay life at Malta, or the dear old England. So the play and the talk go on until refreshments are announced, which are served in the pretty dining-room overlooking the sea. There may be music from some regimental band which will be very fair. These bands often play at their rooms, and it proves quite a pleasant entertainment.

However interesting Bermuda may be to the pleasure-seeker it is even more so to the scientist, in proof of which statement I make the following extract from one of Colonel Nelson's valuable letters:—"I have often regretted the want of a suitable opportunity of impressing on the world of naturalists the expediency of occupying Bermuda as a point with especial advantages for study in many branches of their craft. It is decidedly a hot

climate in summer. One immense advantage to the naturalist in these islands is the characteristic tendency and necessity of coral formations to form well-sheltered lagoons. This, however, would be of small avail if there were sharks, but there is only one species there—the so-called blue shark, which rarely comes within the reefs unless tempted to do so in the whaling season, and even then is never aggressive, though he will fight if attacked. Again, the water on its sandy bottom is so exquisitely transparent, exactly the colour of the aqua-marine variety of beryl, that in a dead calm I have distinctly seen worm heaps, corallines, etc., at a depth of eleven fathoms, which I measured exactly. Again, the summer temperature there admits of such prolonged working in the water. My last good day's work was on November 5, 1832, when, as usual, I remained from three to four hours, swimming, wading, and creeping on all fours."

A superficial survey may be made of Bermuda in a month. More critical observations will require six months or a year. He who has found in Nature a friend or teacher will here have abundant cause for renewing his love, or opportunity for adding to his knowledge, and will bear away a memory of its beautiful scenes which will enrich a lifetime.

RISPAH—A SONNET.

BY R. EVANS.

THOU seest, sad queen, thy sons uplifted there,
 And in their shadow thou dost rise and spread
 The sackcloth on the rock beside the dead.
 Grief-stricken soul, thou hast no thought of fear,
 Only the lovely and the loved are here ;
 In vain the vultures hover overhead,
 The beasts of night that sleepless watcher dread.
 They flee the presence of such fixed despair,—
 Such mute, such restless, self-sustaining grief.
 Sad, soul-wrung Rispah, who shall comfort thee ?
 Thine ears are blasted in the gathered sheaf.
 Thy morn was passed in envied royalty ;
 Thy latest hours of life thus day by day
 Sink into darkness as they pass away.

HOME RECREATION FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS IN OPTICS.*

BY ELIZA A. YOUMANS.

THE little work of Mayer and Barnard, designed to introduce beginners to the experimental study of optics, is so much needed, so skilfully done, and may be so helpful to teachers and students of all ages, that it is desirable to offer a few illustrations of the method of experiment adopted, and to point out some of the cheap and simple ways which Prof. Mayer has hit upon for exemplifying and proving optical phenomena. Fig. 1 represents the arrangement adopted to prove that

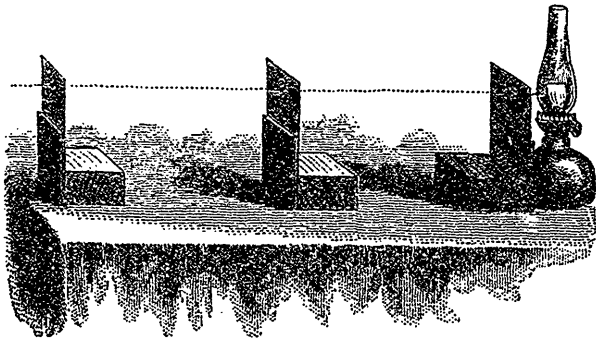


FIG. 1.—EXPERIMENT PROVING THAT LIGHT MOVES IN STRAIGHT LINES.

light moves in straight lines. He first gets three little blocks, two or three inches square; then three slips of pine, three inches by four and one-eighth of an inch thick; and then three postal-cards, through which a small aperture is to be

* *The Experimental Science Series. I.—LIGHT*, by PROF. A. M. MAYER and C. BARNARD.

We have pleasure in calling attention to this admirable volume, the first of a valuable series to be published by D. Appleton and Co. Copious use has been made of its text and cuts in the accompanying article, which is taken from *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly*, the ablest exponent of recent scientific progress.—ED.

made. Now, lay the postal-cards flat on a board, one over the other; measure off a half-inch from one end of the top postal-card, and with an awl punch a hole through them all just half-way from each side. Tack the cards squarely on the wooden blocks. Place one of the blocks near a lighted lamp, as shown in the figure, and another at the opposite side of the table, where the observer can sit to look through the aperture. When the light is seen through both openings, draw the third card into line between the others, when the ray will be seen to pass through all three cards. Next, take a piece of thread and stretch it against the sides of the three cards as they stand, and it will be seen that they are exactly in line, and as the holes in the cards are at the same distance from their edges, it is proved that the beam of light that passes through all the holes must also be straight.

Now, if the student wishes to prove the variation in the quantity or intensity of light at varying distances, he can do it in the simple way shown in Fig. 2. A small slit is

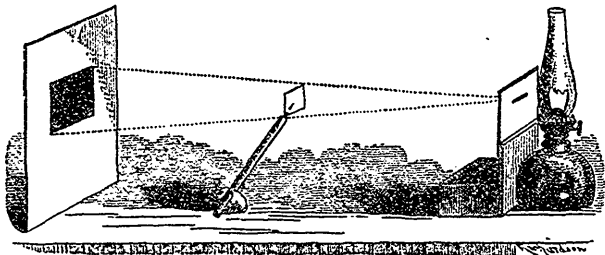


FIG. 2.—EXPERIMENT WITH SHADOWS.

cut in the card near the lamp, through which the light passes. A sheet of white paper, resting against some books at the opposite side of the table, forms a screen, upon which the light falls. A bit of paper, an inch square, is held by the point of the awl, the handle of which is stuck in some wax on the table. Set the needle-awl, with the bit of paper, about twelve inches from the lamp, and then darken the room. Upon the screen, which is placed two feet from the lamp, will then be seen the shadow of the square bit of paper.

With a lead-pencil trace an outline of this shadow on the screen, and then move it a foot farther back, and note how much the shadow is increased in size. With the pencil trace this shadow on the screen, and then laying the paper on the table, and measuring the two shadows, you will see how they compare in size, and get a clue to the principle of inverse squares, as it is called.

Fig. 3 represents the means used in showing that the angle of the ray as it strikes the mirror is the same as that

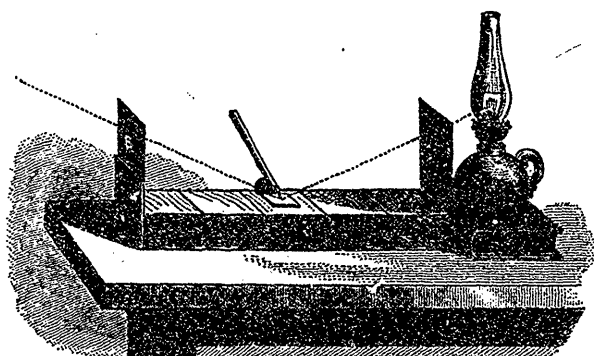


FIG. 3.—ANGLE OF INCIDENCE AND REFLECTION.

at which it is reflected. *A* and *B* are two of the postal-cards and their blocks used in the first experiment, turned with their inside faces towards each other, and separated by three more blocks of the same dimensions as those supporting the cards. The flame is placed even with the hole. On the middle block rests a piece of glass, coated on the bottom side with black varnish. The eye looks through the hole *B* upon the glass, where it sees a small spot of light that is the reflection of the ray from the lamp through the hole *A*. The point of the needle is placed directly over this spot, and held in position by the wooden handle with a piece of wax. A strip of paper, filling the distance from *A* to *B*, and four inches wide, is held upright between the cards, with the bottom resting on the mirror. The edge of this is marked with a pencil at the hole *A*, and again at the needle

point. A straight line joining these marks will form an angle at the bottom of the paper that is identical with the angle of incidence. By reversing the ends of the paper, and comparing this line with one from *B* to the needle, both will be found alike. The angles of incidence and reflection agree.

Fig. 4 shows the effect of particles in scattering the light. A clean glass jar stands upon a black cloth laid on a table

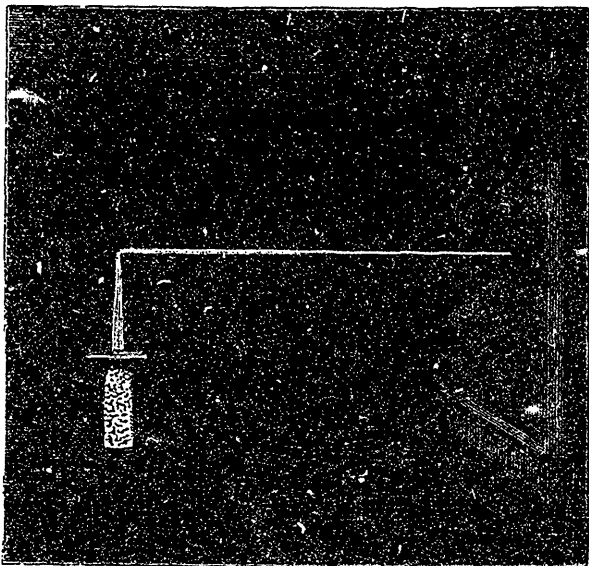


FIG. 4.—LIGHT REFLECTED BY FLOATING PARTICLES.

in a dark room, and over its mouth rests a postal-card having a slit in it one inch long and one twenty-fifth of an inch wide. A beam of light enters the room from one side, and is thrown downward upon the postal-card by a hand-mirror. Now set fire to a small bit of paper, and drop it into the jar. When it is burned out, put the postal-card in place, and the vessel will be filled with smoke. The beam that is reflected downward from the mirror enters the slit, and you see a slender ribbon of light extending downward through the jar, while all around it is quite dark and black. Fig. 4 shows the light streaming through the opening in the card, and lighting up the particles

of smoke in its path. Take off the card, and let the reflected beam fall freely into the jar; the smoke is now wholly illuminated, and the vessel appears to be full of light.

Let the jar be filled with water, to which a spoonful of milk is added. Throw the beam of light down once more. The minute particles of milk floating in the water catch and reflect the light in every direction, so that the entire jar seems filled with it, and the room is lighted up by the strange reflections that shine through the glass.

By the following simple contrivance, illustrated in Fig. 5, Dr. Mayer shows the pupil how he can demonstrate the law of

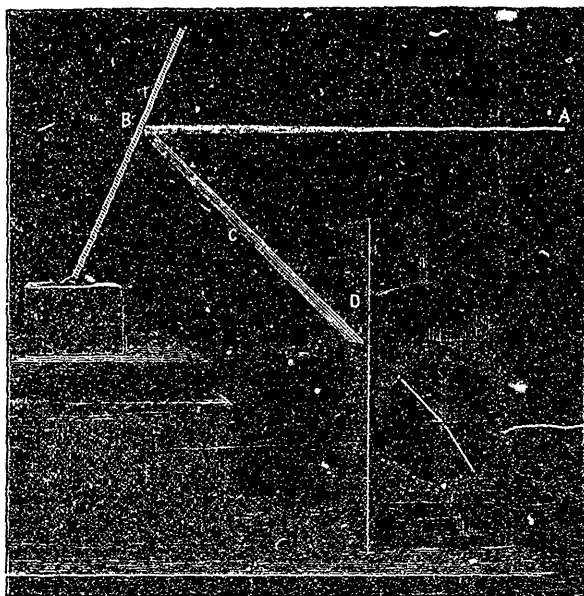


FIG. 5.—EXPERIMENT SHOWING THE LAW OF REFRACTION.

the refraction of light: 1. We have a clear glass bottle, with a sheet of white paper, in which a perfectly round hole has been cut, pasted on its side; 2. Horizontal and perpendicular lines are drawn with ink upon the glass at right angles across each other, and within this circle, dividing it into four equal

parts; 3. Water is poured into the bottle until its level is that of the horizontal line; 4. A postal-card containing a slit is placed as at *D* in the figure; 5. The mirror, *B*, reflects the beam into the bottle so that it may touch the water where the two lines cross. The light is seen to bend as soon as it enters the water.

With a mirror on the table and our bottle arranged as in Fig. 6, total reflection will occur, that is, all the light of the beam will be thrown downward from the surface of the water.

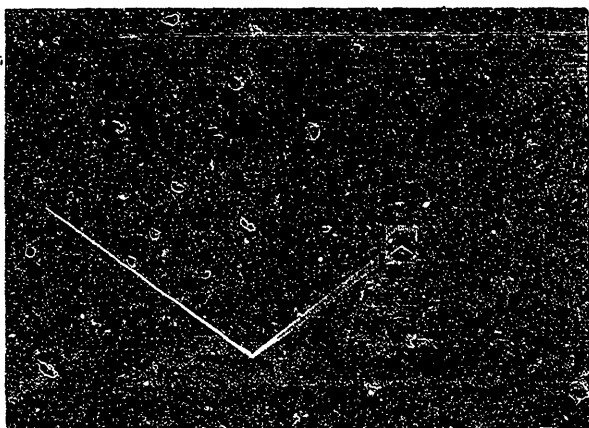


FIG. 6.—TOTAL REFLECTION.

Fill a clear glass tumbler with water, and put a spoon in it, or dip one finger in the water, and hold it above your head, so that you can look into the water from below. You will find that you cannot see through the water up into the air above. The under-surface of the water will appear to shine like burnished silver, and the spoon or your finger will be reflected in it, as in a beautiful mirror. This illustrates total reflection, and shows that in this case all light thrown upward through the water is reflected from its surface.

Fig. 7 shows a neat and simple arrangement by which water can be used for a lens to illustrate refraction. It is merely a long pine box fourteen inches high, made of thin boards, with one side open, and a round hole in the top five

inches in diameter. On this opening rests a hemispherical glass dish made by cutting off the round top of a glass shade, and which is filled with clear water. A piece of looking-glass is supported below at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to reflect a stream of sunlight upward through the water-lens. The rays are thus refracted and brought to a point at a proper distance above. If a sheet of paper is held horizontally just over the bowl, it will be lighted up by the rays coming through the lens. Raise the paper slowly, and the circle of light on its surface will grow smaller and brighter, till it is reduced to a point, when it will burn a hole in the paper.

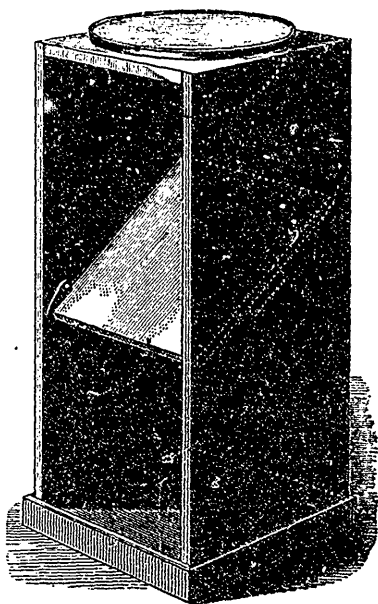


FIG. 7.—THE WATER-LENS.

One of the most beautiful experiments in total reflection is that illustrated by Fig. 8. A Florence flask filled with water acts as a lens. The room is darkened, and the light coming from without is brought to a focus on the inside of the flask. A hole has been made through the glass, and as the water streams out the light is totally reflected so as to illuminate the stream as it falls into the pail below.

How magical! The curving stream of water is full of light, and appears like a stream of molten iron. The spot where it falls seems touched with fire. Put your finger in the stream of water, and it is brightly illuminated.

Place a piece of red glass behind the flask in the beam of sunlight, and the stream of water will look like blood. Place a green or blue glass behind the flask, and the stream of water will turn green or blue. Hold a goblet in the stream, and it will overflow with liquid light.

This beautiful experiment is as interesting as it is strange and magical, and it illustrates both refraction and total reflection. The flask makes a lens, and the falling stream of water is lighted up by the cone of light that enters it at the hole in

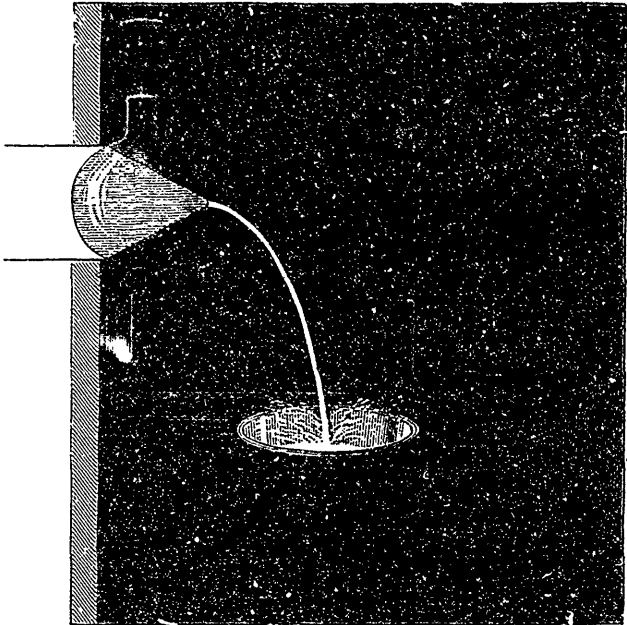


FIG. 8.—THE FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

the flask. Both the water and the light pass out of the hole together, the light inside of the water. That this is so, may be proved by permitting the water to escape, when the light will be seen shining out of the hole horizontally into the room. Why, then, does it not shine out into the room while the water is escaping? When the stream of water is flowing out, it falls in a curve into the tub on the floor. The beam of light, passing out with the water, meets its curved surface at such an angle that it is totally reflected. This beam of reflection again meets the surface of the water, and is again totally reflected. In this manner it is reflected from side

to side, again and again, till it reaches the tub, and there we see it shining brightly. It is a prisoner in the water, and follows it down into the tub.

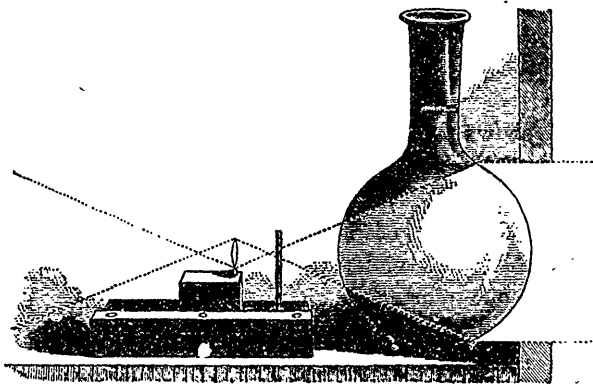


FIG. 9.—THE SOLAR MICROSCOPE.

Prof. Mayer uses his flask-and-water lens, as illustrated in Fig. 9, to get a solar microscope. With some blocks of wood,



FIG. 10.—THE COLOUR-TOP.

a twenty-five cent microscopic glass lens, and a slide carrying a microscopic object, he gets very striking effects. Animalcules in water, and all sorts of transparent microscopic objects, can be projected upon a curtain by its aid, so that a large number of people can be entertained by observing the effects produced.

Fig. 10 shows how a common iron top, such as may be found in any toy store, may be transmuted into a colour-top. By fastening disks of various colours, made of drawing-paper, around it, all sorts of chromatic changes may be studied. With red, green, and violet, white will appear by spinning the top. With one-quarter green and three-quarters red a deep orange may be produced.

Another method of producing these recompositions is shown in Fig. 11. We have here a square piece of board for a base,

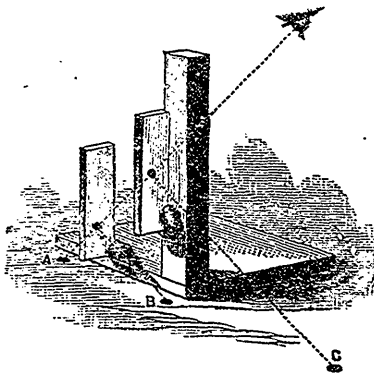


FIG. 11.—DIRECT RECOMPOSITION OF THE COLOURS.

an upright block at the corner, two pieces of glass to which the dotted lines run, and in which reflections are to be seen at the spots where the lines meet, and three pieces of paper at *A*, *B*, and *C*, painted respectively red, green, and violet. The image of *A* is supposed to go through both pieces of glass to the eye, while the reflected images of *B* and *C* are, by adjustment, to be made to overlap each other and the image of *A*. When this is

accomplished a single white object is seen.

A great point has been gained for scientific education by thus putting it in the power of any student, with ordinary ingenuity, a few tools, and a few shillings, to make such a large number of interesting and instructive experiments.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.

A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

—Herbert.

FRANCIS ASBURY: THE PIONEER BISHOP OF AMERICA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

ASBURY never married. In his quaint journal he gives the following reasons for what could scarcely be called his choice: "Among the duties of my office was that of travelling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of fifty-two with her husband. Besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife and by voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder. It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this that I had but little money, and with this I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong I hope God and the sex will forgive me."

"He often impoverished himself," writes his biographer, "to relieve the wants of others. At one time we find him with only two dollars in the world, and his poor preachers ragged and destitute. First his little purse was drained, and then followed his cloak and watch and shirt." His own clothes were often threadbare and faded, and he has been known to start on a journey of two thousand miles with an outfit of only three dollars. He was almost as dependent on the providence of God as Elijah when fed by ravens. These were no times for marrying or giving in marriage. He who did so was almost invariably compelled to "locate" in order to earn a living for his family. "We have lost the labours," writes Asbury, "of two hundred of the best men in America from this cause."

As a discreet unmarried man, who was destined by his own choice to live and die in celibacy, Asbury, when he could do so, avoided the society of young ladies. But sometimes he could not do so. Dr. Strickland relates one instance in his biography which

we give, largely in his own words:—He was travelling in a wild Western country and was in danger of missing his way and becoming lost in the woods. The daughter of his host proposed to pioneer him through the wilderness. He did not positively decline the offer of his fair guide, though it would have suited his notions better to have gone alone, even if he had missed his way. Roads there were none, nothing but blind or blazed paths. The horses were soon ready and the bishop in his saddle. With the celerity for which the Western girls were famous, Mary sprang to the back of her spirited steed and was at once by his side. They soon entered the forest and were lost to sight. Mary knew the route and led the way. They came at length to a deep and narrow ravine, whose rugged and precipitous banks seemed to forbid a passage. The bishop at beholding it felt relieved, as he thought he had arrived at a Rubicon which his fair companion could not pass. Spurring his horse he cleared the ravine at a bound. He congratulated himself that he was now rid of what he felt rather an encumbrance, as he had considerable qualms of conscience about going to the appointment, where he was a stranger, in company with a young lady. Turning on his horse he was about bidding her good-bye, with the exclamation, "Mary, you can't do that"—a most unhappy suggestion for him to make to a proud-spirited Western girl. "I'll try," was her prompt and fearless response, and suiting the action to the word horse and rider were in a moment at his side. Faithful to her task, she accompanied the bishop to the end of his journey, and after the preaching returned with him to her father's house.

Asbury was the father of missions in American Methodism, sending out preachers to the destitute settlements, and soliciting funds all over the country for their support. He also established the "The Preachers' Fund," for the aid of superannuates, widows, and orphans. He organized the Book Concern which has been such a source of diffusion of religious light and knowledge. He was the first man in America to introduce Sunday-schools, 1786. The schools, according to the Discipline of 1792, were held "from six in the morning until ten, and from two in the afternoon until six," where it did not interfere with public worship.

The early years of this century were times of great religious

revival, especially in the Middle and Southern States. The immense gatherings known as camp meetings took their origin from the open-air sacramental services held by the Presbyterian ministers, which lasted several days. Sometimes from ten to fifteen thousand persons were assembled, and the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers laboured side by side in their work of faith. So vast was the crowd that several preachers, from different stands, proclaimed at the same time the Word of Life, and hundreds, if not thousands, might have been seen prostrate on the earth, or wild with joy, shouting the praises of God. Sometimes thirty preachers were present and four hundred persons were converted.

Toil, travel, and exposure wore down Asbury's strength, yet he gave himself no rest. In his fifty-seventh year he crossed the rugged Cumberland Mountains for the fiftieth time. He was suffering from acute pain in his whole body and with swelling of his knees, which he attributed to sleeping uncovered in the woods. By the aid of laudanum he got two hours' sleep in the forest beneath a blanket stretched out like a tent. His companions slept beneath a cloak thrown over a branch. He had to be lifted on his horse like a child. Scarce able to refrain from crying out in his agony, he writes "Lord, let me die, for death hath no terrors." Yet the heroic soul so sustained the frail body that through mountains and forests he completed his usual annual journey of six thousand miles. He deeply commiserated the wretched emigrants journeying by hundreds over the mountains—almost foodless, shelterless, clotheless, toiling along on foot, those who were best off having only one horse for two or three children to ride at once. Yearning over these lost sheep in the wilderness, he writes in his journal, "We must send preachers after these people."

Methodism in those days was to many an object of intense aversion. Let one example of this, as given by Dr. Strickland, suffice: Dr. Hinde was the military physician of General Wolfe. At the close of the French war he settled in Kentucky. His wife and daughter joined the Methodists. The latter he banished from home. The former he put under medical treatment for what he feigned to regard as insanity. His remedy was a blister plaster extending the whole length of the back. The fortitude and meek-

ness with which the Christian wife bore her persecutions resulted in the doctor's conviction and subsequent conversion. He became one of Asbury's best friends. "He will never again," wrote the bishop, "put a blister on his wife's head to draw the Methodism out of her heart."

In his sixty-third year the indomitable pioneer writes, "I am young again and boast of being able to ride six thousand miles on horseback in ten months. My round will embrace the United States, the Territory and Canada." At this age he frequently rode three hundred miles a week. On his "round" he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. But he provided himself with a pair of crutches and rode on through a shower of rain. He had to be lifted from his horse and carried into the house. He was now compelled to take to a carriage and this is the way the grand old veteran writes: "We are riding in a poor thirty dollar chaise in partnership, two bishops of us (himself and Bishop McKendree), but it must be confessed it tallies well with our purses. What bishops! Well, but we have great times; each Western, Southern, and Virginia Conference will have a thousand souls truly converted to God, and is this not an equivalent for a light purse, and are we not well paid for starving and toil? Yes, glory to God."

Yet he felt the weight of years and travail. A little later he writes, "I am happy; but I am sick and weak and in heaviness by reason of suffering and labour. Sometimes I am ready to cry out, 'Lord, take me home to rest.' Courage, my soul!"

His labours seemed to increase as his time for toil grew shorter. In his seventieth year he travelled six thousand miles in eight months, met nine Conferences and attended ten camp meetings, and at these meetings he laboured above measure, often sleeping but about two hours out of the twenty-four. Even when he had to be carried into the church, he would preach with unquenchable zeal. From one of these services he was carried to his lodgings and "thoroughly blistered," says the record, "for high fever." Two days after, he rode thirty miles through the bitter cold, the next day thirty-six more, when he was again carried to the pulpit to preach the Word of Life. But the frail body

was borne up by the strong will that seemed as if it would not let him die.

But the end was approaching. In his seventy-first year he attended his last Conference. Like a faithful patriarch, leaning upon his staff, says his biographer, whose words we largely adopt, he addressed the elders of the tribes of the Methodist Israel, being assured that he would ere long be called away from their councils. A sense of loneliness came upon him as he remembered the friends of other days who had passed away. Five and forty years of toil and travail in cities and villages, in the log-cabins and wildernesses of the Far West and South, travelling round the continent with but few exceptions every year—he crossed the Alleghanies sixty times—subject to every kind of itinerant hardship and privation, wasted away the frail body but left his indomitable spirit strong in immortal youth, preening its wings for its everlasting flight to that land where they grow not weary evermore, and rest not day nor night from the rapturous worship of the Most High. When unable longer to stand, he sat in the pulpit and poured out the treasures of his loving overflowing heart to the weeping multitude, who sorrowed most of all at the thought “that they should see his face no more.” He writes at this time in his journal, “I die daily; am made perfect by labour and suffering. There is no time nor opportunity to take medicine by day-time, I must do it at night. I am wasting away.”

By slow and difficult stages, continues Dr. Strickland, whose account we condense, he passed through South and North Carolina till he reached Richmond, Virginia. “I must once more deliver my testimony in this place,” he urged in reply to remonstrance. It was a bright Spring Sabbath, glorious with all the beauty of the South. The venerable bishop with his silvery hair flowing down his shoulders, announced in tremulous tones his last text: “For He will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness.” He seemed like one who was waiting for the summons of the Bridegroom. From time to time he was compelled to pause from sheer exhaustion. Nevertheless he preached for nearly an hour, during which time, says the narrator, a deep and awful stillness pervaded the entire assembly, broken only by the sobs of

sympathetic hearers. The spectacle was one of moral sublimity.

Eager to attend the General Conference at Baltimore, he pressed on. But near Fredericksburg, on ground since deluged with blood shed in fratricidal war, he reached his last earthly resting-place. He was carried into the house which he was never to leave till his worn and weary body should be carried to the tomb. On the last Sabbath of his life he called the family together for worship. The twenty-first chapter of Revelation was read; and doubtless by the eye and ear of faith he beheld the Holy City coming down out of Heaven and heard the blessed assurance that God would wipe away all tears forever. As the service closed the spirit of the patriarch passed away and thus—

Like some broad river widening toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly joined eternity.

Beneath the pulpit of the Eutaw Street Methodist Church in Baltimore, which he had so often occupied in life, sleep the remains of the pioneer bishop of America. In labours he was more abundant than even the apostolic Wesley himself, since the conditions under which he toiled were so much more arduous. He ordained upwards of three thousand preachers. He preached seventeen thousand sermons. He travelled 300,000 miles—from the pine-shadowed Aroostook to the savannas of Georgia, from the surges of the Atlantic to the mighty Father of Waters—through pathless forests, over rugged mountains and across rapid rivers. He had the care of a hundred thousand souls and the appointment of four hundred preachers.

His character was one of the most rounded and complete, and his life one of the most heroic recorded in the annals of the Church. Says one who knew him well: "He was great without science and venerable without titles. He pursued the most difficult course as most men pursue their pleasures. The delights of leisured study and the charms of recreation he alike sacrificed to the more sublime work of saving souls. Prayer was the seasoning of all his avocations. It was the preface to all business, the conclusion of whatever he undertook. He never suffered the cloth to

be removed from the table till he had given thanks to God in prayer."

His preaching was attended with a Divine unction which made it refreshing as the dew of Heaven. His words were at times "a dagger to the hilt at every stroke," and at times so tender that they made the hearts of listening thousands

"Thrill as if an angel spoke,
Or Ariel's finger touched the string."

He was a man dead to the world, a man of one work. The zeal of the Lord's house consumed him till he wore out in the work and died at his post. "If I can only be instrumental," he was wont to exclaim with streaming eyes, "in saving one soul in travelling round the continent, I'll travel round till I die."

His devotion and tenderness towards his parents was exceedingly beautiful. In their old age he regularly remitted to them a portion of his meagre income. "My salary," he writes, "is sixty-four dollars. I have sold my watch and library and would sell my shirts before you should want. I spend very little. The contents of a small pair of saddle bags will do for me, and one coat a year. Had I ten thousand pounds per year, you should be welcome, if you needed it." To his aged and widowed mother he wrote, with tender recollections of his boyhood, "Were you to see me and the colour of my hair—nearly that of your own—my eyes are weak even with glasses. When I was a child and would pry into the Bible by twinkling firelight, you used to say 'Frank, you will spoil your eyes.' Hard wear and hard fare, but I am healthy and lean, gray-headed and dim sighted. I wish I could come to see you, but I see no way to do it without sinning against God and His Church."

Asbury could not be called in the strictest sense a scholar. He never enjoyed the University training of the Wesleys, Fletcher, and Coke. But he was better read than many a college graduate in theology, Church history and polity, civil history and general literature. In his saddle bags he carried his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, and in his long and lonely rides, and in the smoky cabins of the wilderness, he diligently studied the oracles of God in their original tongues. His

journals give evidence of his shrewd observation, keen wit, and strong idiomatic English. "Be the willing servant of slaves," he was wont to say, "but the slave of none." At the Virginia Salt-Works he writes, "Alas! there is little salt here, and when Sister Russell is gone there will be none left." He describes a journey in New Jersey as "over dead sands and among a dead people." Yale College in his day was considered the "seat of science and sin." Yet with all his wit did he never in the pulpit stoop

"To court a grin when he should save a soul."

His keen sense of the beautiful in nature is shown in his sympathetic descriptions of the "noble Hudson," the "lofty Catskills with their towering cliffs," the "beautiful Ohio," the "wild Potomac," the "lovely Shenandoah," the "thundering Niagara," "the interminable forests," and the "broad prairies," with whose varied aspects he was so familiar.

Bishop Asbury had an intense moral antipathy to the drinking customs so rife in the community, which he denounces as the curse of the country. The vile whisky of the day he denominates "the devil's tea." He describes the drovers and their herds whom he met on the roads, as "beasts on four legs and beasts made by whisky on two." "Keep whisky out of your cabins," he was wont to exhort the settlers, "and keep them clean, for your health's sake and for your soul's sake; for there is no religion in dirt, filth, and fleas."

Few men were more revered and beloved. Beyond the sea as well as at home his character was honoured, and the British Conference requested him to visit that body, engaging to pay all the expenses of his journey. Few have ever had so many children named after them. Many of these became his sons in the ministry. To all who bore his name he left by his will a handsome copy of the Scriptures. Without wife or child the Church of God was his spouse, which he loved and cherished better than his own life, and a great multitude of spiritual offspring rose up to call him blessed.

The record of such a life is an inspiration to duty; a summons, like a clarion call, to blessed toil for the Master and to increased zeal in His service. It is a scathing rebuke to self-seeking, or

apathy, or indolence in the most glorious of callings. Asbury has lived out his threescore years and ten on earth, but his work, behold it remaineth forevermore !

The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on.

On the Methodism of this broad continent, from the region beneath the Northern Bear to that which sees the Southern Cross, from the crowded cities on the Atlantic to the far off lonely regions

Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashing,

he has impressed the stamp of his powerful mind, his mighty faith, his unconquerable will. And down the ages the tide of his influence shall roll in ever increasing volume, till the angel of doom shall stand with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land and swear, by Him that liveth forever, that time shall be no more.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night.
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the infant light :
Come and Worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ the new-born King.

* NOTE.—These records of the "Worthies of Early Methodism," which have appeared during the year in this MAGAZINE, are reprinted in a separate volume, 12mo., pp. 160, suitable for Sunday-school and other libraries. It was designed to have included a sketch of Dr. Coke, the Father of Methodist Missions, in his series ; but limits of space have prevented. It will be given in a gallery of Missionary Heroes which will form the series of biographical sketches for 1878.

ALICE NORMAN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

“When thou makest a feast, call the poor, . . . and thou shalt be blessed.”—WORDS OF JESUS.

“Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me.”

LONGFELLOW—*The Legend Beautiful.*

“WHAT means that sigh?” asked Alice Norman, looking up from her work with a half playful, half anxious expression.

“I was thinking of Roderic, Alièe.”

“What about him, auntie; he has been doing so well lately. I'm sure we ought to be glad and thankful.”

“So I am, dear, thankful beyond all expression; but I must confess I am foreboding a little; you know a fortnight from to-day will be Christmas.”

“I have just been thinking of that myself.”

“And I am quite sure the Brants intend inviting us to dinner on Christmas evening, and you know they always have wine, and the temptation would be too strong for poor Roderic, I'm afraid. We could, of course, decline the invitation, but that would displease him, and I would not for the world hint to him my reasons for doing so.”

“You will not be surprised, auntie, that the same thing has been very much on my own mind, and I have been concocting a plan by which, in case the invitation does come, we may have a previous engagement.”

“Well, dear, what is your plan? I shall be so glad if we can prevent what could not help being disastrous to Roderic.”

“My plan is this, auntie, and I hope thereby to kill two birds with one stone. There are two or three families in my district who will have no Christmas at all, unless we can manage to give them a little entertainment. There are the Adamsons with their ‘bairnies seven,’ the Browns with four children, the Turners with five,—sixteen children and six adults, making in all twenty-two

souls whom we might make happy on Christmas evening, and for a week or two beforehand in anticipation, and for months afterward in recollection.

"Now you will ask, what has this to do with Roderic? Have patience and I will tell you. There is a large room in a vacant house down there; not very handsome, to be sure, but it could be made to look quite enchanting if trimmed up with evergreens, paper flowers, and red berries; and with a Christmas tree loaded with fruit, candies, and knick-knacks for the children, the scene would be too brilliant for description. Then Roderic's part will be a very important one; he is to help us fasten up the evergreens and decorations, and in the evening to act the part of Santa Claus, dressed up in white hair, beard, etc., after the most approved fashion, and to distribute the presents from the tree. I am sure he will do it, he is so obliging, and enters so heartily into any fun of that kind, especially as we will get a few other young people to help about the arrangements and be present. What do you think of the plan?"

"I think it an admirable one, Alice, but it involves considerable trouble. How would you heat the place?"

"O! I have that all arranged. I know a good-natured hardware merchant who will lend and have put up a second-hand stove for the occasion; and *you* will give the wood, auntie," she added, in a coaxing tone.

Auntie laughed. "You know how to cut out work for other people, don't you? What part are you going to take in it yourself?"

"Me? why, I'm manager of the whole affair. I'll have to go to the landlord and engage the room; go to my poor people and invite them to come; get Turner—he's the best man to do it—to bring me a lot of spruce and cedar; collect a little company of young ladies to make up neckties, mittens, muffs, scrap-books, and little *etceteras* for presents, and work like a Trojan myself, for you see the time is very limited, and, auntie, if you consent I'll go this minute and commence my arrangements."

"Certainly, Alice, I consent with all my heart, and will help you all I can; how delighted the poor people will be! Alice," she called, as her niece was running off, "you had better ask

them very soon so that they will have longer to think about it, and our engagement will be of longer standing. But there is one thing you hav'nt mentioned,—we must give them tea.”

“Of course, auntie, that's an important part of the programme.”

“Very well, I'll attend to it, and you had better go now.”

Mrs. Norman had been a widow for about sixteen years. Her only son Roderic, now about twenty-two years of age, was a young man of considerable talent and an affectionate son, but was addicted to the vice of intemperance. Alice, about three years his senior, was an orphan, and had passed the greater part of her life in her aunt's family. Her efforts were united with those of Mrs. Norman for Roderic's reformation. Many an hour they spent in prayer together for him; many were the little stratagems to which they resorted to keep him at home in the evenings and to make home pleasant for him. About two months previous to the date at which our story opens he had suddenly abandoned the use of liquor and broken away from his evil companions. Since then his evenings had been passed at home, and he had been all that could be desired to his mother and cousin, except that he seemed to resent the slightest allusion to the change in his habits. Out of consideration for him they refrained from mentioning the subject to him at all, except on one occasion, when, as she and Roderic were alone in the parlour, engaged respectively with sewing and reading, Alice had said gently,—

“Dear Roderic, you cannot think what a comfort you have become to auntie; she is like a different person.”

Roderic had not looked displeased, but had continued his reading, making no reply. Still, his mother's anxiety was by no means at an end; she knew that until her son's heart was changed by the grace of God there could be no assured safety for him, and she and Alice redoubled their prayers on his behalf.

That afternoon, Alice having ascertained that she could secure the room for Christmas-day, went to invite her guests. She left the Brown and Turner children in a state of ecstasy at the bright prospect before them, Mrs. Turner reiterating, in response to Alice's request that her husband should supply evergreens for the room, that the boys and their father should bring as much as

Miss Norman wanted, "and if you'd like any for your own house, Miss, they'll get you plenty."

Alice thanked her and went on to the Adamsons. It was a wretched hut in a crowded alley, and Alice's heart sank, as it always did when she saw the groups of neglected children, as with tattered garments, affording poor protection against the cold wind, with soiled faces and unkempt hair they played about in the snow, which here soon lost all its purity, "mixed with the filth of the horrible street."

Calling a little Adamson from among the rest, she asked him if his mother were at home. Little Hughie knew "Miss Ailie," and rushing into the house ahead of her he called,—

"Mither, mither, come doon the stair. Miss Ailie's here."

Mrs. Adamson soon appeared,—a stout, good-humoured looking Scotchwoman. She greeted Miss Norman with a smile and curtsy, setting a chair for her near the cooking-stove, the heat of which would have been most agreeable had it not been for the closeness of the atmosphere. Though Mrs. Adamson's house was clean and tidy, pure air was not considered one of the necessities of life in the locality in which she lived, and so accustomed had she become to the stifling atmosphere that she had no idea of its offensiveness to her visitor, accustomed to spacious apartments and a free circulation of air. Alice, however, took the chair, and seating herself, after making some pleasant remarks about the weather and the children, asked,—

"And how does Adamson get on?"

"'Deed, miss, naebody could be better nor my mon this five months back; he's worked as stiddy, an' he's saved an' brought hame a' his wage, and fixit up litle things about the hoose, an' he says, miss, we'll no bide in this sma' place, wi' nought but a kitchen an' a loft. 'Deed, miss, it's waur nor a but an' ben. Again spring comes he'll hae eneuch siller laid by to rent a cottage wi' four rooms—ye never saw a better mon nor my John syne he signed the pledge, God be thankit."

"And are the children going to school?"

"They're a' goin' til' school, Miss Ailie, but little Hughie an' the twa babbies; 'deed it's been a hard scratch to keep them in claes, an' we tryin' til' save a' we can for the Spring movin'."

"Where is your husband working now?"

"Up til Maister Rogers's, miss, an' there's ae thing my heart do be unco' sair a'boot, times. Ye ken Maister Rogers is a gude maister, an' his men do be vera fond o' him; weel, o' Christmas morn they'll a' gang til his hoose to gie him a braw goold-headed cane an' a' address, an' John 'll be there a' rigged up in his best claes like the rest, an' I ken weel, miss, that Maister Rogers 'll no let them leave till he gies them a' round a glass o' liquor, an' I'm just feared that John 'll no hae courage to refuse, an' gin he once pits that dreadful stuff til his lips again he'll no bide content till he's had mair, an' he'll be daunderin' ower the streets again a drunken sot;" and poor Mrs. Adamson fairly burst into tears at the prospect.

"Are you sure Mr. Rogers will offer them liquor?"

"Yes, sure, sure, miss. I says to John yesternight, says I, 'John, ye'll no hae need til gang, let the ither men gae,' an' he says, 'Do you want me to lose my place, Janet?' says he, quite dourlike, an' I doubt he's feared for himsel, miss."

"I wonder if anything could be done about it. Could'nt you go to Mr. Rogers and tell him your husband's danger, and ask him not to tempt him? It seems a horrible thing that masters will put such temptation in the way of their men; and there must be many others to whom it would be just as dangerous as to John."

"That's ower true, miss, but gin I were to interfere wi' the maister, John wad ne'er forgie me, and perhaps it might set him aff drinkin' again."

"But he need'nt know."

"O, he wad ken o' it, miss, I'm afraid he wad ken o' it; but if sic as yoursel', Miss Ailie, wad go an' speak til Maister Rogers aboot it,—he wadna list till a puir wife like me, but he'd hae til think aboot it gin a young leddy like yersel' went."

"But it would not do to tell him the secret, would it? Is it not to be a surprise?"

"'Deed, miss," said Mrs. Adamson with a laugh, "he'll ken a' aboot it afore Christmas morn. Gin the men were a' Scotch it wadna do to tell their secret, but there are thae amang 'em as couldna keep a secret to save their necks; an' I heerd John

sayin' he doubted the maister kenned a' about it a'ready, though he disna say aught."

"Well," said Alice, rising, "I will ask my aunt and see what we can do about it, but I came this morning to ask you to come to a little party I am going to have on Christmas evening. We are to have tea about six o'clock, and a Christmas tree for the children in the evening; we'll have some singing and, perhaps, one or two addresses, and we want you, your husband, and all the children—babies and all—to come. It is to be in Mr. Jackson's big house, just round the corner; he has lent me the front room for the occasion, and I hope we'll have a nice time. Will you come?"

"The Lord be gude til ye, miss, but ye're ower kind," said the woman, wiping her eyes; "dear, but it'll mind us o' the gude auld times at hame,—and the bairns, there'll be no hidin' in the hoose wi' them; they'll a' gang daft when I tell them,—but oh, miss, ye *dinna* think my John wad ever break his pledge, do ye?" And she looked into Alice's face most anxiously.

Alice took her hand kindly and said,—“Do you pray much for him, Mrs. Adamson? You know he needs your prayers continually. Would it not be better for you, instead of worrying yourself about the future, to pray that the Lord will shield him? And He has promised to answer, you know. I will make an effort with Mr. Rogers; but you must pray with all your heart that it may be successful. I think it would be best not to see him about it till Christmas eve, so as to give him plenty of time to learn the secret from another source. Good afternoon,” and Alice was on her way home again.

The next day Miss Norman engaged the services of several young ladies of her acquaintance in making up presents for the tree, and that evening, as she sat knitting a little scarlet muffler, she made her “attack,” as she called it, on her cousin. He had been reading a paper and had just thrown it down with a yawn.

“Roddie,” said Alice, “you are lazy; you want me to give you something to do.”

“Well, what would you like me to do? Carry a pail of soup to some rheumatic old woman who lives in the eighth story of a mansion in Thieves' Row?”

"I am not as well acquainted with such a locality as you seem to be," said Alice; "but seriously, will you do something for me?"

"Depends on what it is."

"It's something you can do easily."

"All right, go ahead."

"Well, I want you to help me and a few other young ladies trim up a room for a Christmas entertainment; and more than that, I want you to be Santa Claus in the evening, and hand the presents off the tree to the expectant little ones with all the animation which is generally attributed to that gentleman."

"O yes! I'll be Santa Claus; nothing would suit me better," said Roderic, carelessly, "but as to nailing up your trumpery on the walls, I'm by no means sure that I'm not to lazy for that."

"Thank you, Roderic, I knew you would do what I asked you, especially as it is for three *poor families* who shall have a happy Christmas if we can make it for them." Alice looked a little anxiously at Roderic to see what the effect of this piece of information would be, but he only said, disapprovingly,— "Three families! why don't you have more while you're about it; you might as well have fifty children as a dozen."

"Well, you see, dear, our time is so limited; if we had had three months in which to prepare, or more money to lay out, we might have had more children, but these will be as many as we can manage now, and beside, auntie could'n't very well provide tea and cake and things for more than thirty people, and there will be at least that number, counting ourselves and all."

"What presents are you going to give them?"

"Useful things chiefly, socks, mittens, jackets, caps; this is a necktie I'm making now for one of the young ones."

"I wonder if the women would like some crayon pictures for their walls? I might make a few while I'm doing nothing in the evenings, and I could whittle out frames with my penknife."

"Just the thing, Roderic, how good of you to think of it," said Alice, with a radiant face, "and if you'd make a great, big 'Merry Christmas' in coloured crayons, to put just opposite the door, it will save the expense of buying one, and be so much nicer than any we could buy."

Roderic ran up stairs, whistling, to get his crayons, while Alice and Mrs. Norman exchanged glances of delight.

Time sped rapidly. The invitation had come from Mr. and Mrs. Brant and had been politely declined, and now the morning of the twenty-fourth had arrived. It was snowing heavily, and Alice sighed as she looked out of the window and thought of the mission she must perform that morning. Feeling almost like a martyr, she put down her work, and after arraying herself in fur cloak, cap, and muff, and wrapping her cloud about her head and face, she went into the parlour to tell her aunt she was going.

"I feel a great sinking of heart about it, auntie," said she.

"I know, dear, but 'be strong and of a good courage,' you are on a good errand and you do not go alone."

"And you will pray that the Lord will touch that man's heart, won't you, for if *He* does not, I'm sure no words of mine will," and Alice went out into the storm.

Arrived at Mr. Rogers's office with a beating heart, Alice asked the boy who admitted her if she might speak to his master a few moments on business.

Mr. Rogers came forward, received her courteously, and conducted her into an adjoining room, placing a chair for her.

"I hope you will pardon my seeming rudeness, Mr. Rogers," she began, "in interfering in such a personal matter, but it is my great anxiety for one of the men in your employment which compels me to do it. I think that you can hardly be unaware, sir, that your hands intend making you a presentation to-morrow morning."

"I did hear of it, yes," said Mr. Rogers, smiling, "but I was not aware that there was a young lady interested in it."

"I have nothing at all to do with the matter," said Alice, colouring slightly, "except this: one of your men, John Adamson, signed the pledge five or six months ago, and"—

"Ah, yes, I know that; indeed, it was only upon condition that he would give up the excessive use of liquor that I would retain him in my employment."

"The only way, sir, for John Adamson and many others to give up the *excessive* use of liquor is to abstain from it entirely; and, Mr. Rogers, if you offer spirituous liquor of any kind to

him to-morrow morning, I can only say the consequence will be that he will become a more hopeless drunkard than ever."

"Oh! my dear young lady, you certainly go too far; what possible harm can it do him to drink my health in a little brandy, on a cold morning? I am not going to make him drunk, nor anyone else."

"It will revive the taste,—a craving that will never be satisfied. Think of his poor wife and children, after beginning to hope for better days, they will be plunged into deeper misery than ever. Excuse me, sir, but could you not substitute coffee?"

Mr. Rogers laughed. "You do not understand these things, miss. We business men must retain our popularity with those in our employ; they would think me the meanest of men if I offered them nothing stronger than coffee on Christmas morning."

More conversation followed. Alice used all the arguments she dared, at the risk of being thought impertinent and unladylike. Finally, as she rose to go, she said:

"Well, sir, if John Adamson is lost, I am afraid his ruin will lie at your door."

Mr. Rogers looked annoyed at first, then serious, and, after a few seconds' thought, said quietly:

"I should be sorry to see John break his pledge if he has really promised to abstain from liquor altogether; though if he cannot take these good things in moderation, and chooses to make a beast of himself, it is none of my business; but since you seem so very anxious, and have taken so much trouble about it, I will, at your request, have coffee as well as brandy, and those who prefer it may take the former."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," as with a deep sense of relief that such an unpleasant duty was accomplished, and gratitude for the measure of success she had had, she started on her homeward way.

Christmas evening came. The great, bare, unfurnished room had been transformed into a fairy palace. Festoons of evergreen, made gay with red paper roses and carnations, depended from the ceiling; wreaths of evergreen, enlivened with red berries, clothed the walls; texts framed with spruce and cedar spoke glad messages to the beholder, while Roderic's

"Merry Christmas,"

with its gay colouring of scarlet and green and gold, was the

first object to greet the eye and gladden the hearts of those who were entering the room. At one side of the room stood the Christmas tree, its top almost touching the ceiling, festooned with pop-corn, laden with rag-dolls, warm wraps of scarlet wool, baby-shoes and socks, with some books and slates and pictures for the older ones.

Just on the opposite side gleamed and glowed the great old cooking-stove, sending forth fragrant odours of tea and coffee, while down the centre of the room was spread a long table, which seemed to smile benignantly with its abundance of good cheer. Pyramids of oranges (Roderic's gift), and Christmas tarts and plumcakes, and cold turkey adorned this table, while, in order that the æsthetic taste might not be entirely swallowed up in the animal appetite, pretty vases, containing pressed ferns and autumn leaves, had been placed at intervals upon it.

Alice and her coadjutors are just putting on the last finishing touches. A flag is hung before the tree to hide its distracting beauties from the children's eager gaze until the appointed time shall have arrived for the exhibiting and distributing them.

Now the company begins to arrive. Jacky and Edgar Turner, as they lead by the hands their little sisters, point to the ever-green wreaths and whisper to each other:—

“Ain't them nice?”

“I got that piece.”

“See that branch nailed over the window? That's the bit o' spruce I cut with father's jackknife.”

Then come the four Browns, the eldest a girl of fifteen, trying to keep in order her two younger brothers, while the father and the mother, with the baby in her arms, bring up the rear. The Adamsons are not slow in making their appearance, and now nothing remains between them all and tea but the arrival of the minister, who has kindly consented to be present for a short time. Fortunately he is just on time, and after singing with joyous hearts,—

“Hark, the herald angels sing,”

the blessing is asked, and all sit down to do justice to the ample repast set before them.

After tea the children were allowed to amuse themselves with games for a while, Miss Norman having suggested the quietest games she could think of, while the elders formed themselves into knots of two or three and chatted. Alice took an early opportunity of asking Mrs. Adamson about the affair of the presentation.

"I see your husband is here, and all right," said she, "did he say anything about the coffee?"

"Oh! miss, I've been sair to tell ye a' day. This morn I was jist redly to break my heart about John, an' before he went I says, 'John,' says I, 'ye wunna tak a drap, wull ye?' An' John, —I never see him so saft before, he says, 'Janet, let's pray a wee.' So he ca'd in the bairns, an' he tuk the guid book, an' he read a' about the birth o' Christ, an' then he prayed wi' us a' an' he said, God helpin' him he'd no hae prayers once a year, but he'd hae them ilka day o' his life; an' I was no more feared for John then, miss. I think it was along o' the minister's words o' Sunday night, he begged the heads o' houses to pray wi' their families, an' he warn'd them no to wait anither day, but to begin that night; but John, he cudna begin afore, he said, an' then when he cam hame frae Maister Rogers's, 'Hech, Janet,' he says, 'but it must ha' been the Lord that pit it intil the maister's heart to ha' coffee the morn.' An' I couldna help but say, 'Isna there a vairse i' the guid book that says,—"He wunna suffer ye to be tempted aboon that ye are able?"'"

"There is, indeed, Mrs. Adamson," said Alice, with tears in her eyes, "and I know that it is true."

Looking round she saw Roderic standing near; he had heard every word, and Alice sent up a silent prayer that an impression might there be made upon his heart which would never leave him.

Next came the grand performance of the evening. The Christmas tree was exposed to view, and as Roderic appeared with his long white hair, hoary beard, scarlet mantle, and staff, a perfect shout of delight went up from the children. But oh! the rapture when the gifts were distributed; how the babies hugged their rag dolls, how the boys and girls tied on their mufflers and held up their mittened hands, and what a peal of

laughter went round the room as little Hughie Adamson exclaimed, on receiving an imitation fur cap,—

“O mither, fayther, see my braw, bonnie bonnet!”

The evening was closed with a hymn of praise and a prayer, and as Mrs. Norman and Alice went home that night, they realized more fully than ever the truth,—“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

OTTAWA, Ont.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Oh, how lowly, yet how holy
Was the spot where Jesus lay ;
What a story, yet what glory
Dawns upon the world to-day.

Oh, how sinful, though an inn full,
None of pity spoke a word ;
In a manger, safe from danger,
Angels guard our blessed Lord.

Hear the singing, heaven ringing,
Listen to the angel lay :
On earth good-will to-day fulfill,
Jesus Christ is born to-day.

The angel came with heavenly flame,
To the humble shepherd band ;
The glory-light lit up the night,
All radiant o'er the land.

Such blessed word ne'er mortal heard
Peace to the world proclaim ;
Joy to the earth for a Saviour's birth,
And Jesus is his name.

The angel throng took up the song,
“To you a Saviour's given ;”
Then sped them back, o'er shining track.
Echoed the song in heaven.

We join to-day the angel lay
Of that blest Christmas morn ;
Glory to God, glory to God,
Jesus for us is born.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROF. A. H. REYNAR,

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II.

SAD is the change that, during the years of Danish invasion, has come over the fair lands of Wessex. The industry of the country is destroyed and the arts of peace are forgotten. Learning, which flourished a few years before, is now lost, so that even the ability to read is rarely found. Many of the ecclesiastics and of the learned have fled beyond the seas, many more have been sent by murderous hands to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling," and some wander in the wilderness as fugitives or dwell as hermits in lonely places. The best blood is drained from the kingdom, and the disheartened Saxons toil almost contentedly for their cruel oppressors. Desolation is over the land and "the abomination of desolation" is in the holy places. In the shrines from which were lately wafted sweet psalms to the Prince of Peace and God of love, the Danes and the degenerate Saxons now chant hoarse praises to the bloody gods of the Walhalla. We turn from the glaring light of pagan fires and from the riot of pagan worship and plunge into the pathless forest. There is rest in its dark shades and music to suit our thoughts in the saddest moanings of the ancient trees.

As we wander where it might seem no foot had been before, we come upon a rude dwelling in the wilderness. It is covered from the rain but open to the wind, and the birds pass through it freely. This is now the home of Alfred. His wife and children are with him, and within call are the lodgings of a few trusty followers. The frugal meal is being prepared from game—the prey of the ever-ready bow and spear that hang near by. Alfred lies upon the ground and reads. It is the Book of Psalms: he has carried it for years in his bosom and made it his daily delight. He now begins to read in the morning, as his wont is, and let us suppose he opens at the third Psalm. "Lord, how are they increased

that trouble me ; many are they that rise up against me. Many there be which say of my soul, ' There is no help for him in God.' But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter up of my head." Here he meditates on the Lord his strength, and the troubled air passes from his countenance and gives place to an air of quietness and assurance.

Again, he turns his eyes to the Book and his cheek flushes and his chest heaves as he reads on. " I cried unto the Lord with my voice and He heard me out of His holy hill. I laid me down and slept, I awaked, for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that set themselves against me, round about. Arise, O Lord, save me, O my God, for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone : thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord ; thy blessing is upon thy people." The faithful wife observes her husband's emotion, and he explains its cause. That very night a sainted kinsman of his had appeared to him in a dream, assuring him of God's favour and directing him to make an immediate attack upon his enemies.

It was at Easter, 878 A.D., that the soul of Alfred was thus encouraged. The reflections of the Christian festival and the new life of Nature were all in keeping with this revival of his hopes. At the same time trusty messengers inform him that there are still faithful hearts amongst his people and strong arms ready to venture all at his bidding. They rally at his summons to the standard of the Golden Dragon and advance once more against the hosts of the invader, rapidly assembled under their war flag, the Raven. The desperate decisive struggle begins ; it rages long, but the Saxons stand as a rock against the onsets of the Northmen ; at last the Raven droops its wings and the heathen army lies slaughtered on the field or is scattered in disastrous flight. Alfred immediately follows up his advantage by hemming in the Danish king and army in Chippenham. The Saxons hasten to strengthen the hands of their king, whom they receive as one from the dead, and soon the Danes are reduced to such straits that they are glad to make any terms.

Alfred's victory showed him to be great in valour and endurance, his treatment of the vanquished showed him great in

moderation and humanity. "Pitying the wretched men," the ancient record tells us, "Alfred once more accepted their hostages and received their oaths." In this instance, however, he had most happy cause to be generous to his fallen enemy. Their king, Guthrum, so long the terror of England, sent word to Alfred that he had resolved to renounce his idols and accept the Christian faith. Alfred did not seek to drive the Danes from England, but he left them in possession of East Anglia, the country between the Wash and the Thames. This region had long been in their possession, and it was really peopled by the Danes. Here Alfred wisely and generously allowed them to remain—a Christian nation—a good bulwark against the heathen, and a people akin to the Saxons and capable of becoming an element of strength to England. Soon after the conclusion of the treaty Guthrum came with thirty of his noblest followers into the camp of Alfred to receive Christian baptism. Alfred himself became sponsor, rejoicing in the double joy of patriot and of Christian.

This deliverance from the tyranny of the Dane is but a part of what England owes to her great king. His labours in any one of several departments entitle him to the lasting gratitude of Englishmen. In view of the various directions in which he advanced the interests of his people and the numerous excellences which his labours indicate, Gibbon wrote of him, "Amidst the deepest darkness of barbarism the virtues of an Antoninus, the learning and valour of a Cæsar and the legislative spirit of a Lycurgus were manifested in this patriotic king." To some of these labours we now give a few moments' consideration.

His first great care was to ensure the defence of the liberties that had been recovered with such efforts. The Danes, who were warriors by profession, had gained the advantage over the Saxons not so much by superior force and courage as by their superior skill in warfare, offensive and defensive. Their camps were better fortified, their armies better disciplined, and their fleets—well, they had fleets and the Saxons had none. Immediately after the peace of Wedmore and the treaty with Guthrum, Alfred pushed on with all steadiness the improved fortification of his strongholds. He seems to have had this to do out of his own re-

sources, or rather without special aid from the country. He urged the same improvements on his nobles, and after some of them had bitter cause to rue their disregard of the king's wishes, they all followed his example. In the course of eight years the king had completed the improving and building of his own fortresses and the nobles had strengthened theirs. The result was that when the terrible Hastings, for years the scourge of Western and Southern Europe, came to attack England, not one important Saxon fortress fell into his hands.

Another advantage that the Northmen possessed over the English was in the superiority of their veteran armies over the Saxon troops, who were hastily collected at the call of each emergency and then disbanded again till some new danger should arise. Hitherto every Saxon freeman owed military service, but he owed it in the first place to the earl or alderman of the shire and not immediately to the king. Whenever an invading army approached, the alderman whose shire was threatened hastily called the freemen together and withstood the foe, hoping for support from the troops brought up by the other earls, at the call of the king. This system was too haphazard, and it did not make by any means the most of the war-power of the people. By a reform of Alfred's one-third of the military force of the kingdom was kept ready to spring to arms at a moment's warning, and a large number of these were kept at actual military service. Having served for one month this division was released and the second division called out, and they in turn were relieved by the third division. Service was not exacted during the three winter months. In this way the whole military force of the kingdom was kept under discipline, and one-third ever ready to meet an invader. No doubt it cost very much to maintain these men, and there must have been some grumbling at the waste of time and money. But what was the reward? A profound peace for eight years, since no common foe would venture to encounter one-third of the fighting men of England, and when the terrible Hastings came, the most powerful and determined of the Danish Vikings, he was for three years out-fought and out-manceuvred and then driven from the kingdom by Alfred and his earls.

Another arm of defence, not improved, but created, was a navy.

Before his retreat to Selwood Forest, Alfred had won a naval victory. Two years later, the old chronicle tells us, he "commanded boats and long ships to be built throughout the kingdom, in order that he might offer battle to the enemy as they were coming, and on board of these he placed seamen and appointed them to watch the seas." After the victory of Chippenham he gave closer personal attention to this matter, and became himself the first naval architect of his realm,—perhaps of his age. His ships were twice as long and twice as high as those of the Danes, and it is said "they were shapen neither like the Frisian nor the Danish, but so as it seemed to the king they would be most efficient." These ships *were* efficient. Many a roving Viking was frightened from his prey or caught in the act and brought to punishment, and towards the end of the king's reign the pirates were swept from the coasts of England. All honour to the great Alfred who first gave Englishmen the proud right to sing "Britannia rules the wave."

But more honourable and perhaps more difficult than the overthrow of the invaders' power and the defence against future aggression, was the work of Alfred in establishing law and order amongst his demoralized subjects. After the confusion and terror of many years' war and of the rule of the heathen the utmost ignorance prevailed as to what were the laws of the land, the utmost carelessness and arbitrariness and injustice in the administration of the laws, and the utmost indifference to every law save that of a strong right hand. Without weak hesitation and without weaker haste, Alfred sets about the reform of all these abuses. He draws up a code of laws or *dooms* and has them adopted by his council. Amongst these dooms the leading place is given to the Decalogue, and to such of the Jewish laws as were suited to the Saxons. Then came other dooms selected from the most venerable Saxon codes.

It is much easier, however, to frame a code of laws than it is to ensure their faithful administration. Yet Alfred did this also. It was a work that required great tact and firmness. Some of the most careless administrators were none other than those hardy old earls whose many wounds entitled them to the kindest treatment from their king. By patient and constant exhortations

Alfred made these men feel that his will was righteous and not arbitrary, and they took pains to judge righteous judgment. Many of the grisly old warriors actually learnt to read that they might well understand the laws, and when this could not be done they were expected to keep a reader. With men of a bad will Alfred had another way of dealing. He himself kept constant watch over the administration of justice. In the words of Asser, "He showed himself a minute investigator of the truth in all his judgments, and this especially for the poor, to whose interest, day and night, among other duties of this life, he was ever wonderfully attentive." We have seen how he dealt with ignorant judges, requiring them either to resign their office or to make themselves familiar with the laws. With judges whose hearts were found at fault he dealt more severely, handing the worst of them over to the hangman. The old historians tell many wonderful things of the happy results of Alfred's labours in Saxon law and justice, and a distinguished modern historian states that "within the lives of one generation Alfred converted the West Saxons from a lawless brawling race of semi-barbarians into a peaceable and law-abiding nation."

No less remarkable was Alfred's success in developing the industries of the country and improving the material condition of his people. By the reorganization of the army, by the creation of the navy, and by improved and extended fortification, he had made sure that no foreign marauder could descend on the coasts of England and plunder her children. By reformed laws energetically and righteously administered he had secured life and property from domestic violence and robbery. Every "liege man" was required to have his name enrolled as a member of a tithing and of a hundred. There were no tramps allowed in Alfred's days, and then, indeed, if a man would eat he must work. But the Anglo-Saxon race has always manifested a most inveterate propensity to eat. It was so in the days of Alfred, and the people worked accordingly. Not content, however, with the indirect encouragement of industry Alfred brought from foreign lands the best workers in wood and stone, in gold and silver, for the example and instruction of his own subjects.

So far Alfred laboured to enable his people to live, and in so

doing he did more than most kings. But Alfred did yet more, for by the promotion of learning and religion he strove to make his people live well. Schools were established throughout England, for clergy and laity to work out the noble purpose expressed by the king, "that all the free-born youth of his people who possess the means, may persevere in learning so long as they have no other affairs to prosecute, until they can perfectly read the English Scriptures, and such as desire to devote themselves to the service of the Church, may be taught Latin." A school was established under his own care for the sons of the members of the royal household and others, and Alfred found time to encourage and stimulate this school by frequent visits. There is a story to the effect that the University of Oxford was founded by this royal patron of learning. The story, however, does not find much credence save at Oxford, where there is a leaning toward many other cunningly devised fables, all of which tend to magnify that seat of learning or the religious party there at home.

Alfred was himself an earnest student, and incredible as it may appear, considering his other engagements, the author of many valuable works. In early life his mother inspired him with a love of poetry that never left him. He was also a diligent student of the sacred writings. He acquired the Latin language when well on in life, and read extensively the literature to which that tongue gave him the key. He translated several important works on geography, history, philosophy, and religion, and published much valuable information collected by his own researches. There is reason to believe that he translated some portions of the Bible and that death found him engaged at the holy work of preparing an edition of the Word of God in the mother tongue of Englishmen.

We ask attention to but one other sphere in which Alfred has gained a title to the gratitude of England and of the world, and that is the sphere of Christian and missionary labour. Alfred was first of all a Christian and then a Roman Catholic. This is the reason why the Church of Rome makes so little account of him. Her praises have for many, many centuries been reserved for men who were first of all Roman Catholics and then, perhaps, Christians. His first care was to rebuild the

churches and monasteries destroyed by the heathen. He also built new churches and monasteries, devoting one-eighth of his income to the immediate service of his religion. From far and near he sought out the best men to carry on the work of religious reformation and progress. No country was too distant and no cost or effort too great to have them brought to England and maintained at their work. He took measures to have the most useful books on morals and religion supplied to the centres of learning. And they were no drones—the men whom he placed over these churches and monasteries. Animated by the king's spirit, maintained by his munificence and led by his example, "the clergy were zealous in learning and in teaching and in all their sacred duties, and the people came from foreign countries to seek instruction." Glorious triumph this for Alfred, more glorious than his triumph at Ethandune! How he must have rejoiced when he saw men come from foreign lands to seek instruction in his dominions, where at the commencement of his reign he knew no man that could read the service of the Church.

It is surprising to see how large, how world-wide were the Christian sympathies of this Saxon king, nearly a thousand years ago. He maintained and made more constant the intercourse between the Church in England and Rome, the centre of Western Christendom. But his sympathies did not stop there. His messengers went with his gifts and Christian greetings to the sister Church in the most distant parts of Ireland. They went even to Jerusalem and to the far East, bringing sympathy and aid to the ancient and needy Christian Churches of India.

The following is the record of Alfred's death as given in the Saxon chronicle :—"Six days before All-hallow-mass" (26th Oct., 901 A.D.) "died Alfred the son of Ethelwulf. He was king over the whole English nation except that part that was under the dominion of the Danes, and he held the kingdom a year and a half less than thirty years, and then Edward his son succeeded him." He was thus in his fifty-fourth year when he died. His life was not long when measured by its years, but the record of its deeds is one of the longest and most brilliant in all the centuries. A late historian says with eloquence and justice :—"Alfred is the most perfect character in history. He is a singular instance of a prince who has become a hero of romance, but to

whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable. No other man on record has so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up by insolence in the day of triumph—there is no other name in history to compare with his.”

We cannot leave this noble life without resuming in a few words the leading features of its greatness and the secret of its power, for great as Alfred truly is, there is no man whose life is better calculated to “teach us how to make our lives sublime.” The first element of Alfred’s greatness was self-control. By constant exercise in the chase or in war, he overcame all tendency to softness and indolence, and inured his body to hardship and fatigue. Possessing strong passions, he resolutely strove against them by fasting, vigils, and prayer till what in him was *spirit and man* held dominion over what was material and animal. Again, when his just claim to independence and a throne were not duly respected, he was not insensible to the wrong, as he tells us, but he overcame himself and was ready to forego his right rather than bring on a civil war or disunite the kingdoms in presence of the common foe. He overcame the distracting cares of State and the habits of years to devote himself to intellectual pursuits and hew out for himself a truly “royal road to learning.” Over his religious instincts the same happy self-control was exerted. No sadder aspects of human nature have disgraced this earth than have come from the degeneracy of unregulated religious natures into the bitterness of fanaticism and the baseness and cruelty of superstition. Our hero’s religion was fervent and pure and deep; but it was all the richer and kindlier because it dwelt in harmony with a large charity and a sound judgment.

Another noteworthy feature of Alfred’s character was his moderation. He was not a Tory, and he was not a Radical, but he united the virtues and avoided the vices of them both. He was what might be called a practical idealist. The Radical is an idealist, but he is not practical, and the Tory is practical, but he has no true

ideal. The Radical may have a very lofty notion of how things ought to be, but when he does not find things as they ought to be, the coming short of perfection is to him a constant source of irritation, and he becomes in turn a source of irritation to every one about him. Nothing satisfies him and he satisfies nobody. The Tory, on the other hand, sees only the real, and when that is tolerably comfortable to himself he fears all change lest a new condition should be worse than the old. Now Alfred never lost sight of the ideal, but he accepted the real also as the seed from which the ideal was to be cultivated. The old laws and constitutions, the old offices in Church and State, the old divisions of the country, were all retained, but they were pruned of their redundancies, their growth was directed, new grafts were added to them and large patience was shown in their culture, and the results were such as to put to shame the violence and impatience of exacting and visionary men.

The last feature of Alfred's character that we notice is his fidelity to duty and his loyalty to God. We are not left in any doubt as to where he found the law according to which he ruled in so kingly a way his body and soul and mind, the ideal of the kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness, the patience that bore with the infirmities of men and toiled and waited for their improvement. Through the long eventful years of evil and of good he carried in his bosom the rule of his life—that sacred Book whose first words read:—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

After so many years we listen to the simple yet pathetic words of our great king: "This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily, and after my death, to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

Farewell, thou Father and darling of England! rest till the end be when the King of kings shall hail thee "Well done, good and faithful servant."

GOD IS LOVE.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

SWEETER than all notes of music,
Gentler than the dews that fall,
Purer than Heaven's glittering starlight,
Come those hallow'd words to all—
God is love.

When the world was draped with mourning
For the wreck that sin had done,
Then the Father to redeem us
Offer'd up th' incarnate Son.
God is love.

When the wayward and the wandering,
Penitent and weary, come
Groping midst the darkness round them
Seeking for their Father's home—
God is love.

And the golden gate is open'd
And the Comforter is sent
With the seal of Heaven's pardon
To the humble penitent—
God is love.

When our heart beats low and weary
And our muffled spirit's sad,
Balmier than glowing sunlight
Come those words to make us glad—
God is love.

Azure night begemm'd with beauty,
Stars and planets as they roll,
Day with golden grandeur beaming,
Stamp this truth upon our soul—
God is love.

All the joys that earth can give us
When we taste life's purest wine ;
All eternity's rich treasures
Centre in this truth divine—
God is love.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long.
 And then, they say, no evil spirit walks ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,—
 So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SWEETER carols than bird ever sang usher in the wintry weather. The poem of childhood was chanted by angels on the hills of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, and its meaning has been deepening in the hearts of Christian men and women ever since.

The secret of true poetry, as well as of all other true things, lies hidden in the heart of the Babe of Bethlehem—the secret of heavenly love, without which there is no beauty in the works or words of men. “Peace on earth, good-will to man !” is the hymn which must be sung in the heart before any poem worth keeping can be written.

Is it not beautiful that when the flowers of the wood and field have done blossoming, when the trees are leafless, and no birds make melody among the barren boughs, the whole world breaks out into singing over the cradle of its dearest Child ?

Some of the Christmas carols are as simple as nursery-songs, and rude as the ages in which they began to be sung, when Christianity itself was in its childhood. The wassail-cups and yule-fires of the old Saxons were often strangely mixed up with the tender and sacred birthday-story of the New Testament. Sometimes these carols were sung by children at the mansion window or door :

“ Here we come a-wassailing
 Among the leaves so green ;
 Here we come a-wandering,
 So fair to be seen.
 Love and joy come to you,
 And to your wassail too,
 And God bless you, and send you
 A Happy New Year !

“ We are not daily beggars,
 That beg from door to door :
 But we are neighbours' children,
 Whom you have seen before.
 God bless the master of this house,
 God bless the mistress too,
 And all the little children
 That round the table go.”

There are others which, through their very simplicity, carry us back to the hills where the watching shepherds listened to the song of the angels, so many centuries ago, so that we hear with them the first notes of that celestial anthem whose echo will never die away from the earth. Listen to this :

“ All in the time of winter,
 When the fields were white with snow,
 A babe was born in Bethlehem,
 A long, long time ago.
 Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,
 That the Lord whom we do know,
 Should have been a babe for all our sakes,
 To take away our woe !

“ Not in a golden castle
 Was this sweet baby born,
 But only in a stable,
 With cattle and with corn :
 But forth afield the angels
 Were singing in the air ;
 And when the shepherds heard the news,
 To that Child they did repair.

“ The wise men, also, from the East
 Were guided by a star,—
 Oh, I wonder often, at this day,
 Where those good wise men are ! ”

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," from which we copy a few lines, is among the grandest of Christmas poems. Written when the great poet was a very young man, it is full of the noble rhythm which makes all his poetry so wonderful.

“ It was the winter mild
 While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe of Him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great master so to sympathize :

“ But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean.

“ Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time :
And let the base of Heaven’s deep organ blow.

“ When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful raptures took.”

Christmas we all recognize as the loveliest and most welcome guest brought us by winter. Merry Christmas ! that comes to us loaded with gifts, and that we, in return, delight to wreath with evergreen, and bright autumn leaves, and greenhouse rose-buds, and all fragrant and brilliant blossoms,

In memory of that Flower Divine,
Whose fragrance fills the world.

A very sweet poem, bringing Christmas before us in several different characters, is this, by Rose Terry :

“ Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums ;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes !
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows,
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.

“ Here comes the Christmas Angel,
So gentle and so calm ;
As softly as the falling flakes,
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.

“ Here comes the little Christ-child,
 All innocence and joy,
 And bearing gifts in either hand
 For every girl and boy.
 He tells the tender story
 About the Holy Maid,
 And Jesus in the manger
 Before the oxen laid.

e sweet old carols sung by village waits or minstrels from house to house will never lose their charm so long as tender memories of Christmas in old lands beyond the sea shall fill the heart. Many of them have come down the centuries mingling with the sweet jangling and tender yet thrilling associations of the Christmas bells. The following is one of the gladdest and sweetest of them all :

<p>Carol, carol, Christians, Carol joyfully, Carol for the coming Of CHRIST'S Nativity ; And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men, Carol, carol, Christians, For Christmas come again. Carol, carol.</p> <p>Go ye to the forest, Where the myrtles grow, Where the pine and laurel Bend beneath the snow ; Gather them for JESUS ; Wreath them for His shrine ; Make His temple glorious, With the box and pine. Carol, carol.</p> <p>Wreath the your Christmas garland, Where, to CHRIST, we pray ; It shall smell like Carmel On our festal day ;</p>	<p>Libanus and Sharon Shall not greener be, Than our holy chancel On CHRIST'S Nativity. Carol, carol.</p> <p>Carol, carol, Christians, Like the Magi now, Ye must lade your caskets With a grateful vow : Ye must have sweet incense, Myrrh and finest gold, At our Christmas altar, Humbly to unfold. Carol, carol.</p> <p>Give us grace, O SAVIOUR, To put off in might, Deeds and dreams of darkness, For the robes of light ! And to live as lowly, As Thyself with men ; So to rise in glory, When thou com'st again. Carol, carol.</p>
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Still more ecclesiastical in its character is the following monkish rhyme with its Latin refrain, which was lustily chanted for hundreds of years by processions of serge-clad choristers in vaulted minster, and in cloistered abbey :

CHRIST was born on Christmas Day ;
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay ;

Christus natus hodie :

The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

He is born to set us free,
He is born our LORD to be,

Ex Maria virgine :

The GOD, the LORD, by all adored for ever.

Let the bright red berries glow,
Every where in goodly show ;

Christus natus hodie :

The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

Christian men rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King,

Ex Maria Virgine :

The GOD, the LORD, by all adored for ever.

More ancient than any of these, and of a quaint and simple charm is the legend of Joseph and the angel. The now obsolete forms of some of the words will be noticed.

As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing ;
His song was on the coming of Christ our Saviour King.
" He neither shall in housen be born, nor yet in hall ;
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall."

" He neither shall be clothèd in purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen that usen babies all.
He neither shall be rockèd in silver nor in gold ;
But in a wooden manger that rocks upon the mould."

Then be ye glad, good people, this night of all the year ;
And light ye up your candles, His star it shineth near.
And all in earth and heaven, our Christmas Carol sing,
Goodwill and Peace and Glory, and all the bells shall ring !

The story of the Wise Men of the East, or the "three Gipsy kings," Gaspar, Melchoir and Belshazzar, as they are generally called, is related in a great number of these Christmas carols. Sometimes, as fortune-tellers, they predict in mysterious wise the strange blending of glory and of shame in the life of our Lord. In Longfellow's beautiful version of the Golden Legend Gaspar is made to say :

Hail to Thee, Jesus of Nazareth !
 Though in a manger Thou drawest Thy breath,
 Thou art greater than Life or Death,
 Greater than joy or woe !
 This cross upon the line of life
 Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
 And through a region with dangers rife
 In darkness Thou shall go !

MELCHIOR.

Hail to Thee King of Jerusalem !
 Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
 A sceptre and a diadem
 Await Thy brow and hand !
 The sceptre is a simple reed,
 The crown will make Thy temples bleed,
 And in Thy hour of greatest need
 Abashed Thy subjects stand.

BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to Thee, Christ of Christendom !
 O'er the earth Thy kingdom come,
 From distant Trebizond to Rome
 Thy name shall men adore !
 Peace and good will among all men,
 The Virgin has returned again,
 Returned the old Saturnian reign
 The golden age once more.

The grand climax from the lowly "Jesus of Nazareth" to the "Christ of Christendom," cannot fail to strike the reader. The reference in the last four lines is to the pagan prophecies of the Orphic Singers, and in the mysterious oracles of the Sibyls which foretell the Divine birth of the Healer of the world's woes, and of the restored reign of Saturn, father of the gods.

The gifts of the Wise Men are often represented as emblematic of the divinity, the regal office, and the humanity of Christ. *Aurum, thus, myrrham, regique Deo, hominique, dona ferunt*, says Juvenecus: "They offered Him incense as their God, gold as their king, and myrrh as a man subject to suffering and death." This idea is beautifully expressed in the following musical carol:

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale
 Come three kings together,
 Caring naught for snow and hail,
 Cold, and wind, and weather ;

Now on Perisa's sandy plains,
 Now where Tigris swells with rains,
 They their camels tether.
 Now through Syrian lands they go,
 Now through Moab, faint and slow,
 Now o'er Edcm's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
 Each king bears a present ;
 Wise men go a Child to hail,
 Monarchs seek a peasant ;
 And a star in front proceeds,
 Over rocks and rivers leads,
 Shines and beams incessant ;
 Therefore onward, onward still,
 Ford the stream and climb the hill,—
 Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet,
 Therefore incense proffer ;
 He is King ye go to greet,
 Gold is in your coffer.
 Also man : He comes to share
 Every woe that man can bear,—
 Tempter, railer, scoffer,—
 Therefore now, against the day,
 In the grave where Him they lay,
 Myrrh ye also offer.

LIFE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

THE past is not,—the hues in which 'tis drest
 Fond memory supplies ;
 The future is not,—hope-born in the breast
 Its fancied joys arise ;
 The present is not,—like the lightning's gleam
 Its brief illusions seem ;
 This is the life allotted unto man,
 A memory,—a hope,—a fleeting moment's span.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

LET us look into the magic mirror of the past and view the harbour of Cape Cod on the morning of the 11th of November, in the year of our Lord 1620, as described to us in the simple words of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England: "A pleasant bay, circled round, except the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land, *compassed about to the very sea* with oaks, pines, junipers, sassafras, and other sweet weeds. It is a harbour wherein a thousand sail of ship may safely ride."

There had been stormy and windy weather, but now dawned on the earth one of those still, golden times of November, full of dreamy rest and tender calm.

In a moment, there is heard in the silent bay a sound of a rush and ripple, different from the lap of the many-tongued waves on the shore; and, silently as a cloud, with white wings spread, a little vessel glides into the harbour.

A little craft is she—not larger than the fishing-smacks that ply their course along our coasts in summer; but her decks are crowded with men, women, and children, looking out with joyous curiosity on the beautiful bay, where, after many dangers and storms, they first have found safe shelter and hopeful harbour.

That small, unknown ship was the *Mayflower*; those men and women who crowded her decks were that little handful of God's own wheat which had been flailed by adversity, tossed and winnowed till every husk of earthly selfishness and self-will had been beaten away from them and left only pure seed, fit for the planting of a new world. It was old Master Cotton Mather who said of them, "The Lord sifted three countries to find seed for that planting."

Hark now to the hearty cry of the sailors, as with a plash and a cheer the anchor goes down, just in the deep water inside of Long Point; and then, says their journal, "being now passed the vast ocean and sea of troubles, before their

preparation unto further proceedings as to seek out a place for habitation, they fell down on their knees and blessed the Lord, the God of Heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all perils and miseries thereof."

The sound of prayer and psalm-singing died away on the shore, and the little band, rising from their knees, saluted each other in that genial humour which always possesses a ship's company when they have weathered the ocean and come to land together.

"Well, Master Jones, here we are," said Elder Brewster cheerily to the ship-master.

"Aye, aye, sir, here we be sure enough; but I've had many a shrewd doubt of this upshot. I tell you, sirs, when that beam amidships sprung and cracked, Master Coppin here said we must give over—hands couldn't bring her through. Thou rememberest, Master Coppin?"

"That I do," replied Master Coppin, the first mate, a stocky, cheery sailor, with a face red and shining as a glazed bun. "I said then that praying might save her, perhaps, but nothing else would."

"Praying wouldn't have saved her," said Master Brown, the carpenter, "if I had not put in that screw and worked the bear to her place again."

"Aye, aye, master carpenter," said Elder Brewster, "the Lord hath abundance of the needful ever to His hand. When He wills to answer prayer, there will be found both carpenter and screws in their season, I trow."

"Father, may I go ashore? I want to see the country," said Wrestling Brewster, a bright, sturdy boy, creeping up to Elder Brewster and touching his father's elbow.

Thereat there was a crying to the different mothers of girls and boys tired of being cooped up—"Oh, mother, mother, ask that we may all go ashore."

"For my part," said old Margery the serving-maid to Elder Brewster, "I want to go ashore to wash and be decent, for there isn't a soul of us hath anything fit for Christmas. There be springs of water, I trow."

“Never doubt it, my woman,” said Elder Brewster; “but all things in their order. How say you, Mr. Carver? You are our governor. What order shall we take?”

“We must have up the shallop,” said Carver, “and send a picked company to see what entertainment there may be for us on shore.”

“And I counsel that all go well armed,” quoth Captain Miles Standish, “for these men of the forest are sharper than a thorn hedge. What! what!” he said, looking over to the eager group of girls and boys, “ye would go ashore, would ye? Why, the lions and bears will make one mouthful of ye.”

“Dear husband,” said Rose Standish, “wilt thou go ashore in this company?”

“Why, aye, sweetheart, what else am I come for—and who should go if not I?”

“Thou art so very venturesome, Miles.”

“Even so, my Rose of the Wilderness. Why else am I come on this quest? Not being good enough to be in your church nor one of the saints, I come for an arm of flesh to them, and so, here goes on my armour.”

And as he spoke, he buried his frank, good-natured countenance in an iron headpiece, and Rose hastened to help him adjust his corslet.

The clang of armour, the bustle and motion of men and children, the barking of dogs, and the cheery “Heave-o!” of the sailors marked the setting off of the party, which comprised some of the gravest and wisest, as well as the youngest and most able-bodied of the ship’s company. The impatient children ran in a group and clustered on the side of the ship to see them go. Old Deb, with her two half-grown pups, barked and yelped after her master in the boat, running up and down the vessel’s deck with piteous cries of impatience.

“Come hither, dear old Deb,” said little Love Winslow, running up and throwing her arms round the dog’s rough neck; “thou must not take on so; thy master will be back again; so be a good dog now, and lie down.”

And the great rough mastiff quieted down under her caresses,

and sitting down by her she patted and played with her, with her little thin hands.

"See the darling," said Rose Standish, "what a way that baby hath! In all the roughness and the terrors of the sea she hath been like a little sunbeam to us—yet she is so frail!"

"She never had the ways of other babies," said old Margery, shaking her head, "but hath ever that wistful look—and her eyes are brighter than they should be. Mistress Winslow will never raise that child—now mark me!"

"Take care!" said Rose, "let not her mother hear you."

"Why, look at her beside of Wrestling Brewster, or Faith Carver. They are flesh and blood, and she looks as if she had been made out of sunshine. 'Tis a sweet babe as ever was; but fitter for the kingdom of Heaven than our rough life—deary me! a hard time we have had of it. I suppose it's all for the best, but I don't know."

"Oh, never talk that way, Margery," said Rose Standish; "we must all keep up heart, our own and one anothers."

"Ah, well-a-day! I suppose so: but then I look at my good Master Brewster and remember how, when I was a girl, he was at our good Queen Elizabeth's Court, ruffling it with the best, and everybody said that there wasn't a young man that had good fortune to equal his. I remember when he came home to the Queen's court, wearing the great gold chain that the States had given him. Ah me! I little thought he would ever come to a poor man's coat then."

"Well, good Margery," said Rose, "it isn't the coat but the heart under it—that's the thing. Thou hast more cause of pride in thy master's poverty than in his riches."

"May be so—I don't know," said Margery, "but he hath had many a sore trouble in worldly things—driven and hunted from place to place in England, clapt into prison, and all he had eaten up with fines and charges and costs."

"All that is because he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," said Rose; "he shall have his reward by-and-bye."

"Weil, there be good men and godly in Old England that get to Heaven in better coats and with easy carriages and

fine houses and servants, and I would my master had been of such. But if he must come to the wilderness I will come with him."

"See there," said little Love Winslow, "what fine red berries Captain Miles Standish hath brought."

"Yes, my little maid, there is a brave lot of holly berries for thee to dress the cabin withal. We shall not want for Christmas greens here, though the houses and churches are yet to come."

"Yea, brother Miles," said Elder Brewster, "the trees of the Lord are full of sap in this land, even the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted. It hath the look to me of a land which the Lord our God hath blessed."

"There is a most excellent depth of black, rich earth," said Carver, "and a great tangle of grapevine, whereon the leaves in many places yet hung, and we picked up stores of walnuts under a tree—not so big as our English ones—but sweet and well-flavoured."

For the rest of that month of November, the *Mayflower* lay at anchor in Cape Cod harbour, and formed a floating home for the women and children, while the men were out exploring the country, with a careful and steady shrewdness and good sense, to determine where should be the site of the future colony. The record of their adventures is given in their journals with that sweet homeliness of phrase which hangs about the old English of that period like the smell of rosemary in an ancient cabinet.

We are told of a sort of picnic day, when "our women went on shore to wash and all to refresh themselves;" and fancy the times there must have been among the little company, while the mothers sorted and washed and dried the linen, and the children, under the keeping of the old mastiffs and with many cautions against the wolves and wild cubs, once more had liberty to play in the green wood.

Such little touches show what the care of families must have been in the woodland picnics, and why the ship was, on the whole, the safest refuge for the women and children.

The little *Mayflower* lies swinging at her moorings in the

harbour, while every man and boy who could use a tool has gone on shore to cut down and prepare timber for future houses.

Mary Winslow and Rose Standish are sitting together on deck, fashioning garments, while little Love Winslow is playing at their feet with such toys as the new world afforded her—strings of acorns and scarlet hollyberries and some bird claws and arrowheads and bright-coloured ears of Indian corn, which Captain Miles Standish has brought home to her from one of their explorations.

Through the still autumnal air may now and then be heard the voices of men calling to one another on shore, the quick, sharp ring of axes, and anon the crash of falling trees, with shouts from juveniles as the great forest monarch is laid low. Some of the women are busy below, sorting over and arranging their little household stores and stuff with a view to moving on shore, and holding domestic consultations with each other.

A sadness hangs over the little company, for since their arrival the stroke of death has more than once fallen; we find in Bradford's brief record that by the 24th of December six had died.

What came nearest to the hearts of all was the loss of Dorothea Bradford, who, when all the men of the party were absent on an exploring tour, accidentally fell over the side of the vessel and sunk in the deep waters. What this loss was to the husband and the little company of brothers and sisters appears by no note or word of wailing, merely by a simple entry which says no more than the record on a gravestone, that, "on the 7th of December, Dorothy, wife of William Bradford, fell over and was drowned."

That much-enduring company could afford themselves few tears. Earthly having and enjoying was a thing long since dismissed from their calculations. They were living on the primitive Christian platform; they "rejoiced as though they rejoiced not," and they "wept as though they wept not," and they "had wives and children as though they had them not," or, as one of themselves expressed it, "We are in all

places strangers, pilgrims, travellers, and sojourners; our dwelling is but a wandering, our abiding but as a fleeting, our home is nowhere but in the heavens, in that house not made with hands, whose builder and maker is God."

When one of their number fell they were forced to do as soldiers in the stress of battle—close up the ranks and press on.

But Mary Winslow, as she sat over her sewing, dropped now and then a tear down on her work for the loss of her sister and counsellor and long-tried friend.

"Why do you cry, mother?" said the little one, climbing on her lap and wiping her tears.

"I was thinking of dear auntie, who is gone from us."

"She is not gone from us, mother."

"My darling, she is with Jesus."

"Well, mother, Jesus is ever with us—you tell me that—and if she is with Him she is with us too—I know she is—for sometimes I see her. She sat by me last night and stroked my head when that ugly stormy wind waked me—she looked so sweet, oh, ever so beautiful!—and she made me go to sleep so quiet—it is sweet to be as she is, mother—not away from us but with Jesus."

"These little ones see further into the kingdom than we," said Rose Standish. "If we would be like them we should take things easier. When the Lord would show who was greatest in His kingdom, He took a little child on His lap."

"Ah me, Rose!" said Mary Winslow, "I am aweary in spirit with this tossing sea-life. I long to have a home on dry land once more, be it ever so poor. The sea wearies me. Only think, it is almost Christmas time, only two days now to Christmas. How shall we keep it in these woods?"

"Aye, aye," said old Margery, coming up at the moment, "a brave muster and to do is there now in old England; and boys going forth singing and bearing home branches of holly, and pine, and mistletoe for Christmas greens. Oh! I remember I used to go forth with them and help dress the churches. God help the poor children, they will grow up in the wilderness and never see such brave sights as I have. They will never know what a church is, such as they are in

old England, with fine old windows like the clouds, and rainbows, and great wonderful arches like the very skies above us, and the brave music with the old organ rolling and the boys marching in white garments and singing so as should draw the very heart out of one. All this we have left behind in old England—ah! well a day! well a day!”

“Oh, but, Margery,” said Mary Winslow, “we have a ‘better country’ than old England, where the saints and angels are keeping Christmas; we confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth.”

And Rose Standish immediately added the familiar quotation from the Geneva Bible :

“For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. For if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out they had leisure to have returned. But now they desire a better—that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed of them to be called their God.”

The fair young face glowed as she repeated the heroic words, for already, though she knew it not, Rose Standish was feeling the approaching sphere of the angel life. Strong in spirit, as delicate in frame, she had given herself and drawn her martial husband to the support of a great and noble cause; but while the spirit was ready, the flesh was weak, and even at that moment her name was written in the Lamb's Book to enter the higher life in one short month's time from that Christmas.

Only one month of sweetness and perfume was that sweet rose to shed over the hard and troubled life of the Pilgrims, for the saints and angels loved her, and were from day to day gently untying mortal bands to draw her to themselves. Yet was there nothing about her of mournfulness; on the contrary she was ever alert and bright, with a ready tongue to cheer and a helpful hand to do; and, seeing the sadness that seemed stealing over Mary Winslow, she struck another key, and catching little Love up in her arms, said cheerily,

“Come hither, pretty one, and Rose will sing thee a brave carol for Christmas. We won't be downhearted, will we?”

Hark now to what the minstrels used to sing under my window when I was a little girl :

“ I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

“ And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ?
Our Saviour Christ and His Laydie
On Christmas day in the morning.

“ Pray, whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ?
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

“ And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

“ Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas day, on Christmas day ;
Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas day in the morning.”

“ Now, isn't that a brave ballad ? ” said Rose.

“ Yea, and thou singest like a real English robin,” said Margery, “ to do the heart good to hear thee.”

Sunday morning found the little company gathered once more on the ship, with nothing to do but rest and remember their homes, temporal and spiritual—homes backward, in old England, and forward, in Heaven. They were, every man and woman of them, English to the back-bone. From captain Jones who commanded the ship, to Elder Brewster who ruled and guided in spiritual affairs, all alike were of that stock and breeding which made the Englishmen of the days of Bacon and Shakespeare, and in those days Christmas was knit into the hearts of every one of them by a thousand threads which no after years could untie.

Christmas carols had been sung to them by nurses and mothers and grandmothers ; the Christmas holly spoke to them from every berry and prickly leaf, full of dearest household

memories. Some of them had been men of substance among the English gentry, and in their prosperous days had held high festival in ancestral halls in the season of good cheer. Elder Brewster himself had been a rising young diplomat in the court of Elizabeth, in the days when the Lord Keeper of the Seals led the revels of Christmas as the Lord of Misrule.

So that, though this Sunday morning arose gray and lowering, with snow-flakes hovering through the air, there was Christmas in the thoughts of every man and woman among them—albeit it was the Christmas of wanderers and exiles in a wilderness looking back to bright home-fires across stormy waters.

The men had come back from their work on shore with branches of green pine and holly, and the women had stuck them about the ship, not without tearful thoughts of old home-places, where their childhood fathers and mothers did the same.

Bits and snatches of Christmas carols were floating all around the ship like land-birds blown far out to sea.

“Ah, well-a-day, Master Jones, it is dull cheer to sing Christmas songs here in the woods, with only the owls and the bears for choristers. I wish I could hear the bells of merry England once more.”

And down in the cabin Rose Standish was hushing little Peregrine, the first American-born baby, with a Christmas lullaby :

“This winter's night
I saw a sight—
A star as bright as day ;
And ever among,
A maiden sung,
Lullay, by-bye, lullay !

“This lovely laydie sat and sung,
And to her child she said,
My son, my brother, and my father dear,
Why lyeest thou thus in hayd ?
My sweet bird,
Tho' it betide
Thou be not king veray ;
But nevertheless
I will not cease
To sing, by-bye, lullay.

“The child then spake in His talking,
 And to His mother He said,
 It happeneth, mother, I am a king,
 In crib though I be laid,
 For angels bright
 Did down alight,
 Thou knowest it is no nay ;
 And of that sight
 Thou mey'st be light,
 To sing, by-bye, lullay !

“Now, sweet son, since thou art a king,
 Why art thou laid in stall ?
 Why not ordain thy bedding
 In some great king his hall ?
 We thinketh 'tis right
 That king or knight
 Should be in good array ;
 And them among,
 It were no wrong
 To sing, by-bye, lullay !

“Mary, mother, I am thy child,
 Tho' I be laid in stall ;
 Lords and dukes shall worship me,
 And so shall kinges all.
 And ye shall see that kinges three
 Shall come on the tweelfth day ;
 For this behest
 Give me thy breast,
 And sing, by-bye, lullay !”

“See here,” quoth Miles Standish, “when my Rose singeth, the children gather round her like bees round a flower. Come, let us all strike up a goodly carol together. Sing one, sing all, girls and boys, and get a bit of old England's Christmas before to-morrow, when we must to our work on shore.”

Thereat Rose struck up a familiar ballad-metre of a catching rhythm, and every voice of young and old was soon joining in it :

“Behold a silly, * tender Babe,
 In freezing winter night,
 In homely manger trembling lies ;
 Alas ! a piteous sight,

* Old English—simple.

The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed ;
But forced He is, with silly beasts,
In crib to shroud His head.
Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is inquire ;
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

“Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed ;
Weigh not His mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

“This stable is a Prince's court,
The crib His chair of state,
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.
The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear ;
The Prince Himself is come from Heaven,
This pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King ;
And highly praise His humbled pomp,
Which He from Heaven doth bring.”

The cheerful sounds spread themselves through the ship like the flavour of some rare perfume, bringing softness of heart through a thousand tender memories.

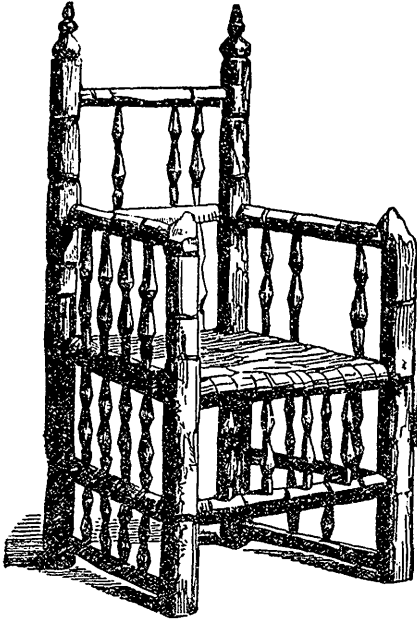
Anon, the hour of Sabbath morning worship drew on, and Elder Brewster read from the New Testament the whole story of the Nativity, and then gave a sort of Christmas homily from the words of St. Paul, in the eighth chapter of Romans, the sixth and seventh verses, which the Geneva version thus renders :

“For the wisdom of the flesh is death but the wisdom of the spirit is life and peace.

“For the wisdom of the flesh is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.”

“Ye know full well, dear brethren, what the wisdom of the flesh sayeth. The wisdom of the flesh sayeth to each one, ‘Take care of thyself; look after thyself, to get and to have and to hold and to enjoy.’ The wisdom of the flesh

sayeth, 'So thou art warm, full, and in good liking, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry, and care not how many go empty and be lacking.' But ye have seen in the Gospel this morning that this was not the wisdom of our Lord Jesus



BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

Christ, who, though He was Lord of all, became poorer than any, that we, through His poverty, might become rich. When our Lord Jesus Christ came, the wisdom of the flesh despised Him; the wisdom of the flesh had no room for Him at the inn.

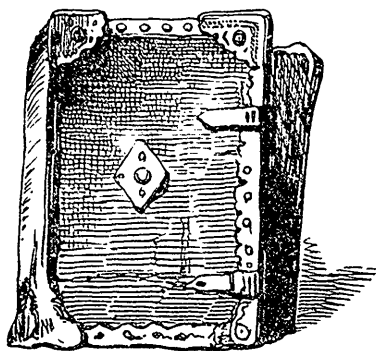
"There was room enough always for Herod and his concubines, for the wisdom of the flesh set great store by them; but a poor man and woman were thrust out to a stable; and *there* was a poor baby born whom the wisdom of the flesh knew not, because the wisdom of the flesh is enmity against God.

"The wisdom of the flesh, brethren, ever despiseth the wisdom of God, because it knoweth not. The wisdom of the flesh looketh at the thing that is great and strong and high; it looketh at riches, at kings' courts, at fine clothes and fine jewels and fine feasting, and it despiseth the little and the poor and the weak.

"But the wisdom of the Spirit goeth to worship the poor babe in the manger, and layeth gold and myrrh and frankincense at His feet while He lieth in weakness and poverty, as did the wise men who were taught of God.

"Now, forasmuch as our Saviour Christ left His riches and throne in glory and came in weakness and poverty to this world, that He might work out a mighty salvation that shall be to all people, how can we better keep Christmas than

to follow in His steps? We be a little company who have forsaken houses and lands and possessions, and come here unto the wilderness that we may prepare a resting place whereto others shall come to reap what we shall sow. And to-morrow we shall keep our first Christmas, not in flesh pleasing and in reveling and in fulness of bread, but in small beginning and great weakness, as our Lord Christ kept it when He was born in a stable and lay in a manger.



BREWSTER'S BIBLE.

“To-morrow, God willing, we will all go forth to do good, honest Christian work, and begin the first house-building in this our New England—it may be roughly fashioned, but as good a house, I’ll warrant me, as our Lord Christ had on the Christmas Day we wot of. And let us not faint in heart because the wisdom of the world despiseth what we do. Though

Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobias the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian make scorn of us, and say, ‘What do these weak Jews? If a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall; yet the Lord our God is with us, and He can cause our work to prosper.

“It is a custom on this Christmas Day to give love presents. What love-gift giveth our Lord Jesus on this day? Brethren, it is a great one and a precious; as St. Paul said to the Philippians: ‘For unto you it is given for Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also that ye should *suffer* for His sake;’ and St. Peter saith, “Behold, we count them blessed which endure.’ And the holy Apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer rebuke for the name of Jesus.

“Our Lord Christ giveth us of His cup and His baptism; He giveth of the manger and the straw; He giveth of persecutions and afflictions; He giveth of the crown of thorns, and right dear unto us be these gifts.

“Let us then take joyfully Christ’s Christmas gifts of

labours and adversities and crosses to-day, that when He shall appear we may have these great and wonderful gifts at His coming; for if we suffer with Him we shall also reign; but if we deny Him, He also will deny us."

And so it happens that the only record of Christmas Day in the pilgrims' journal is this:

"Monday, the 25th, being Christmas Day, we went ashore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; and so no man rested all that day. But towards night some, as they were at work, heard a noise of Indians, which caused us all to go to our muskets; but we heard no further, so we came aboard again, leaving some to keep guard. That night we had a sore storm of wind and rain. But at night the ship-master caused us to have some beer aboard."

So worthily kept they the first Christmas, from which comes all the Christmas cheer of New England to-day. There is no record how Mary Winslow and Rose Standish and others, with women and children, came ashore and walked about encouraging the builders; and how little Love Winslow gathered stores of bright checker-berries and partridge plums, and was made merry in seeing squirrels and wild rabbits; nor how old Margery roasted certain wild geese to a turn at a woodland fire, and conserved wild cranberries with honey for sauce. In their journals the good pilgrims say they found bushels of strawberries in the meadows in December. But these must have been cranberries, which still grow abundantly round Plymouth harbour.

And at the very time that all this was doing in the wilderness, and the men were working yeomanly to build a new nation, in King James's court the ambassadors of the French King were being entertained with maskings and mummings, wherein the staple subject of merriment was the Puritans!

So goes the wisdom of the world and its ways—and so goes the wisdom of God!

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

OUR PROGRAMME.

We confidently appeal to our programme for 1878, for the favourable judgment of the friends and patrons of this MAGAZINE. It has been arranged with much care and cost, and will prove, we are confident, of great interest and instruction, and of permanent value to every one of our readers of every age and either sex. The illustrated articles alone will be worth far more than the cost of the Magazine. Just notice some of them :

"The article on "Watkin's Glen," which will begin the new volume, will be illustrated by *sixteen* engravings, many of them full-page size, of the most wonderful and beautiful glen scenery in America. So remarkable a phenomenon is it, that Secretary Seward, of the United States Government, brought the whole foreign legation—the British, European, and Japanese ambassadors and *attaches*—all the way from Washington to see it.

"A Summer Island" is the title of another illustrated article in the January number, which will give an account of adventures in the Bahamas, with thirteen exquisite engravings of their tropical scenery. The cost of the engravings which will appear in the January number alone has been over \$500. So sumptuously illustrated a Magazine has never yet been produced in Canada. For its contents it will be the cheapest we know in the world.

In an early number will be given an article entitled "Across Africa," which will give a condensed yet complete account of the remarkable recent explorations of Lieut. Cameron, of the Royal Navy, in the heart of that continent. The book which will be thus summarized sells for \$5.00. Our readers will have its

substance given in one or more articles, with a copious selection of its most striking engravings.

Recent Explorations in Palestine will also be made the subject of one or more illustrated articles. We have already secured a considerable number of engravings, and are now in negotiation with the Palestine Exploration Committee of London, England, for others necessary for this purpose. To every Bible student this subject will be of great interest and instruction.

Lake Chautauqua and its beautiful surroundings, the scene of the largest and most successful Sunday-school Assembly in the world, will also be fully illustrated. Numerous engravings of the Assembly Grounds and of the Palestine Park, the model of Jerusalem, of Hermon, the Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, etc., will be given. Every Sunday-school teacher should read this.

The beautiful scenery of Delaware Water Gap, Lewiston Narrows, and the Kittatinny Mountain; the gloomy grandeur of Au Sable Chasm, the rocky picturesqueness of Trenton Falls, the charming vistas of the Hudson, the Swiss-like Mauch Chunk and the Lehigh Valley, the sublimity of Mount Washington and the wild canyons of the Rocky Mountains, will form a range of illustration never before presented in Canada.

Nor shall our own country be neglected in this series. Our Canadian cities and the beautiful scenery of our Northern Lakes will be copiously illustrated. The majesty of Thunder Cape, McKay's Mountain, and the Kakabekah Falls, and the beautiful scenery of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and the Muskoka country, will be fully presented. One or more articles, with numerous en-

gravings, will illustrate the remarkable progress of education in Canada.

For other subjects of historic interest and picturesque beauty, which will be copiously illustrated during the year, see the Announcement on the second and third pages of the cover of this number.

If an increase of five hundred subscribers is obtained, to warrant the large additional expenditure, we will introduce further improvements of a striking character.

One of our greatest difficulties has been to secure a suitable story of sustained interest, and of clear and definite religious teaching. We have at length succeeded in obtaining one specially written for this MAGAZINE. The varied aspects of Canadian life, and the almost cosmopolitan variety of Canadian character, offer a rich and almost un-gleaned field for narrative representation. "The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation," is distinctively Canadian in local tone and colouring. The scene is laid largely in Methodist circles, and the story brings under view some of the most important events in Canadian history, and some of the principal persons, both living and dead, of Canadian Methodism. Its religious teaching is distinctively Wesleyan, and it cannot fail to prove of religious profit, as well as of intense interest, to all who read it. The January number will contain a specially written and timely story, entitled, "New Year's Calling and What Came of It." The scene is laid in Montreal. It has strong local colouring, and the moral is one of great importance.

Other features of great interest will be introduced. Among these will be a powerful and pathetic story of Mrs. Stowe, entitled, "The Deacon's Sin and its Expiation;" and short stories by a Canadian lady writer of great ability. The editor will present a series of papers on the Romance of Missions, giving sketches of Augustine, the Apostle of Britain;

St. Boniface, the missionary hero of Europe; Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies—a wonderful story; Brebeuf and Lalimant, the martyrs of Canada—of pathetic and patriotic interest; Dr. Coke, the Father of Methodist Missions; and others.

The story of our English Bible, which has more than the fascination of romance, will be told by the Rev. W. W. Ross, agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society, who has made the subject a special study.

The Rev. Dr. Wood has promised a biography of the Rev. George McDougall, our martyr-missionary of the North-West. Its publication has been delayed by the effort to procure full and authentic information.

Papers on Practical Religion, the Higher Christian Life, Religious and General Biography, will also be given; together with live reviews of Current Topics, copious Religious and Missionary Intelligence, a condensed summary of the proceedings of the General Conference of 1878, critical Book Notices, and choice Poetry and Music. The MAGAZINE will also be printed on a heavier quality of paper, which will display to much better advantage the elegant engravings by which it will be embellished.

We hope that not a single old subscriber will fail to renew. We cannot afford to lose one of them. We urgently request their *prompt* renewal. Some, in former years, have felt offended at the discontinuance of their MAGAZINE; but we have no alternative unless they order anew. The January number will be issued early in December, and, if ordered at once, will be sent in time for Christmas reading. We have not yet been able to make all the improvements that we would like, and that we intend to introduce. We look for a large increase of circulation, which will enable us, we trust, to make this MAGAZINE a credit to our Church and a cause for honest pride to every loyal Methodist. We ask

the help of every reader. Please show your Magazine to your neighbours, and try to secure their subscription for at least six months, for one dollar. We will undertake to make it, by its increasing excellence, a permanent necessity of their households.

A WORD TO THE MINISTERS.

To our ministerial brethren we especially appeal for co-operation in making this Connexional enterprise a decided success. Please circulate the specimen numbers sent for canvassing, and commend this effort to furnish wholesome, instructive, and religiously edifying reading to the households of your people. Our country is deluged with a cheap and nasty literature, coarse and vulgarizing in its tendency, which is being diligently pushed into circulation from almost every book stall and news stand in the country. We examined one of these vile reprints the other day and found it a coarse caricature of Methodism, a travesty of its institutions, and an insult to the religious feelings of its adherents. And these things find their way into Methodist houses, and pervert the views of the youth of Methodist families. The way to keep out bad reading is to supply that which is good. For this purpose our Church publishes this MAGAZINE, its able weekly newspapers, the *Guardian* and *Westman*, the *S. S. Banner* and the *S. S. Advocate*. The several Conferences have commended them to the patronage and support of our people, and have requested the co-operation of the ministers who are the authorized and official agents in promoting their circulation. The regular reading of these in a family will be found a great help to the pastors in seconding their efforts to inculcate religious principles, to cultivate religious refinement, and to impart religious and general information on the various operations of interests of our own Church, and of the great social and moral

movements of the day. The most intelligent type of piety, and the most thorough loyalty to the doctrines and institutions and various enterprises of our Church will be found on those circuits and in those families where the periodicals of our Church are most extensively circulated and read. Although the circulation of this MAGAZINE, considering the financial stringency of the times, has been very encouraging, yet it is by no means such as is necessary to enable us to reach the high standard of excellence that we desire. Brethren, shall we have your assistance in obtaining that circulation and reaching that standard? We are persuaded that we shall. We desire to express our deep obligation to many of the brethren who have laboured with energy and success in promoting this result. We earnestly appeal at the present juncture for the hearty co-operation of *all* our brethren in *all* the Conferences, and it will be triumphantly achieved.

The publisher of this MAGAZINE, we are happy to announce, has been able to make arrangements which will enable him to offer greater inducements than he has been able heretofore to offer for a systematic canvass on behalf of this MAGAZINE.

Where the ministers are not able themselves to undertake this task, will they not kindly do us the favour of requesting some active and energetic gentleman or lady—the latter are often the best canvassers—to do so for us? In every congregation, and almost every Sunday-school, there is surely some one who could easily obtain one or more of the valuable prizes offered, and at the same time greatly assist, at a critical juncture in its history, an important interest of our Church. A little effort is all that is needed. A young lad, away off in Newfoundland, in a few days got over a score of subscriptions.

This MAGAZINE has won golden opinions of the press in Canada, the

United States, and Great Britain. It finds its way to almost every State in the Union, and to many a far-off mission station, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, and even in distant Japan, India, and Ceylon. We could easily fill pages with eulogistic press notices, of which the following, from the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Methodist Recorder*, is a type :

"The publisher and editor are to be congratulated on the success of their new departure in the introduction of such numerous and excellent engravings. They greatly enhance the interest and permanent value of this excellent Magazine."

But a Magazine cannot live on compliments alone. It must have the material support of those for whose benefit it is published. That support we have not yet, to the needed extent, received. In view, therefore, of the good harvest and the prospective return of better times, we confidently appeal to every lover of pure, sound, loyal, and

patriotic Methodist literature to lend a helping hand and heart *now*, when the needed help will be more valuable than it can ever be again. *Bis dat qui cito dat*, says the Latin proverb. "He aids doubly who aids *quickly*." Our appeal, we are confident, shall not be in vain.

The local preachers and class-leaders of our Church can lend very valuable assistance in this respect. The books offered will be of great and permanent value. Our brethren, by a hearty and generous effort at this juncture, can place on a basis of assured and permanent success this important Connexional enterprise, which has been struggling with the hard times. They may also greatly aid one of the most important funds of the Church, that for the Superannuated Preachers and the widows of such, to which fund all the profits of this MAGAZINE are devoted. For details of these liberal offers see Announcement on last page of cover.

BOOK NOTICES.

Holman's Bible Teacher's Text Book and Student's Scripture History.

With numerous maps, 1,000 pages, and 2,000 engravings. A. J. HOLMAN & Co. S. Rose, Toronto, Sole Agent for Canada. Price, \$8 to \$12.

This is the most complete apparatus for the study of the Scriptures that we have ever seen in a single volume. It contains, in one large quarto, the substance of many books and gives the results of the latest labours of the most eminent biblical explorers, critics, and students. It is a perfect mine of information, well-nigh inexhaustible, on all topics connected with the Bible. A glance at its list of contents will indicate its cyclopaedic range. Among these are: An Illustrated Bible Dictionary giving every important Scriptural

word with their proper pronunciation and definition; The Antiquities, Manners, and Customs mentioned in the Bible; Biographies of the eminent persons of the Old Testament and the New, also of the Translators and great Reformers; The Natural History of the Bible, very full and comprehensive; The Chronology of the Ancient World, which is the backbone of history, without which it can have little coherence and cannot be clearly understood; The Geography of all Bible Lands, with numerous and accurate maps, a necessary companion to their history, illustrated with many beautiful engravings and views from photographs of recent surveys in Palestine; A Bible Text-book of over 4,000 questions and answers on the Old and New Testa-

ment; An Account, with engraved examples, of the Early MS. of the Bible, with critical analysis of the several books; A History of Religious Sects and Orders, ancient and modern, with much other useful information. The names of the authorities employed are a guarantee of the accuracy of the information given. Among others are Smith, Kitto, Fairbairn, Eadie, Farrar, Hanna, Horne, Allon, Prof. Rawson, Major Wilson, and others.

Many of the illustrations are superb full page engravings, especially those of the weird and wondrous creations of Gustave Dore. Two large folding panoramic pictures of Jerusalem printed in colours give a vivid conception of the City of the Great King. The book is sumptuously gotten up with illuminated title pages and heavy morocco full gilt binding. Every preacher, Sunday-school superintendent, and teacher, and every Bible student who can afford it, should have a copy of this remarkable book, which is a library in itself. In an early number of this MAGAZINE will be given an account of recent explorations in Bible lands, illustrated by several of the magnificent engravings from this volume.

A copy of this magnificent book will be given to the person sending twelve new subscribers, at \$2.00 each, to this MAGAZINE.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement, No. VII., D. Appleton & Co., New York, is full of able articles, some from English periodicals and some original. It opens with an article on "Observations on Social Science." "David, King of Israel," is a free outline of David's history, by the now celebrated Professor W. Robertson Smith. "A Modern Symposium" is a continuation of the discussion on Mr. Harrison's articles on "The Soul and Future Life," in which Lord Selborne, Canon Barry, W. R. Greg, Rev. Baldwin Brown, Dr. W. G. Ward,

and Mr. Frederick Harrison take part. "The Colours of Plants" is by the distinguished naturalist, A. R. Wallace. "The Origin of the Constellation-Figures" is by R. A. Proctor. There is a second article on the "Trial of Jesus Christ," viewed as a Roman Trial. "Cosmic Emotion," by Professor Clifford, is from the *Popular Science Review*. The "Supplement" contains, generally, articles more philosophical than those in the *Popular Science Monthly*. While we by no means agree with all its articles, no more welcome exchange comes to our table. The *Popular Science Monthly* for November is also to hand. It begins a new volume with great vigour. The style of its illustrations will be seen from our second article. This periodical is indispensable to anyone who would keep abreast of the recent advances of science.

We will club these magazines with our own at the following rates:—*Popular Science Monthly* and METHODIST MAGAZINE, post-free for \$5.75; price separately, \$7.00. *Popular Science Monthly Supplement* and METHODIST MAGAZINE, \$4.25; price separately, \$5.00; the three together for \$8.

Littell's Living Age.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending November 3rd and 10th, contain The Colour-Sense, by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, *Nineteenth Century*; The Trial of Jesus Christ (Part II.—The Roman Trial), by Alex. Taylor Innes, *Contemporary Review*; The Colours of Animals and Plants, by Alfred Russell Wallace, *Macmillan*; Doris Barugh, a Yorkshire story, by Katharine S. Maccuoid, author of "Patty"; The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare, *Westminster Review*; The School of Giorgione, *Fortnightly Review*; The Irony of Life, *Blackwood*; Le Grande Dame de l'Ancien Regime, *Macmillan*; Massinger, *Cornhill*; Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black; Mr.

Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism, *Spectator*; Lost in Magellan's Straits. *Chambers' Journal*; The Electric Conductivity of Water, *Popular Science Review*; The Scenery and the People of Lewis, *Spectator*; Great Men at Play, *Globe*; with the usual choice poetry, etc.

For fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low.

We will club the above with the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE for \$9.

The *Methodist Quarterly Review* for October.

The leading article is on the Atonement in its Relations to the Moral Universe, by a Virginia layman. The second, by Dr. Aikman, discusses the use of the words Elohim and Jehovah in Genesis, and maintains the unity of that book. Professor Dippold gives an account of the rise and development of caste in India, of special interest at the present time. Dr. Slaughter maintains a vigorous conflict with the advocates of the Nebular theory, with great cogency of argument. Prof. Lacroix translates an important article of Schœberlein on the Resurrection Body. Dr. Whedon is, as usual, vigorous, trenchant, and racy. He gives a qualified approval of Dr. Raymond's Systematic Theology, but sustains by proof the charge of serious plagiarisms from his work on "The Will." Dr. Winchell's Reconciliation of Science and Religion is reviewed; but the editor does not accept his conclusion in favour of the origin of species by derivation. According to Mr. Wells the war expenses of the world have increased \$20,000,000,000 since 1860, an appalling fact in the face of the Indian famine, Eastern war, and general trade depression.

The *London Quarterly Review* for October.

This number is largely biographi-

cal. The following is the list of contents:—"Charles Kingsley," a sympathetic eulogy; "De Quincey," a critical review; "Sketches of Recent Scottish Divines"—Dr. Buchanan and William Arnot; "Calvin and Servetus," a lucid exposition of this *cause celebre*; "Mahommedanism," a stern exposure of the great apostacy; the "Wesleyan Atlas," showing the growth of Methodism in Great Britain and its lessons; and Naville's "Julian, the Apostate." Several important books are reviewed, as Bruce's "Training of the Twelve and Humiliation of Christ"; Birks's "Fatalism"; "Edersheim's Biblical Series"; Tulloch's "Christian Doctrine of Sin." Sharp *critiques* of Morley and Huxley are also given.

International Readings, Recitations, and Selections, specially adapted for Temperance and Social Gatherings. Edited by JACOB SPENCE, Secretary of the Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League. 12mo., pp. 300. Toronto: A. Miller & Co.; Methodist Book Rooms.

Encouraged by the success of his former series of Temperance Readings, Mr. Spence has prepared another volume of the same character. We congratulate him on its extensive circulation. It is published in London, Edinburgh, Melbourne, and Sydney, Australia; and Toronto. Most of the selections are of a lighter character, but most have a good Temperance moral, and some are of great beauty; as, for instance, the following exquisite poem:—

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass
quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day
Under the one the Blue;
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of Eternity meet ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day :
 Under the laurel the Blue ;
 Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Under the roses the Blue ;
 Under the lilies the Gray.

Lo, with an equal splendour,
 The morning sun-rays fall
 With a touch impartially tender
 On the blossoms blowing for all :
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day :
 Bordered with gold the Blue ;
 Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Wet with rain the Blue ;
 Wet with rain the Gray.

Slowly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done.
 In the storm of the years now fading
 No braver battle was won.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Under the blossoms the Blue ;
 Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of
 our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue ;
 Tears and love for the Gray !
 —M. E. P. Finch.

*Benner's Prophecies of the Future
 Ups and Downs in Prices.* By
 SAMUEL BENNER. pp. 130. To-
 ronto : Belford Brothers.

Mr. Benner is an Ohio farmer of
 a statistical and economico-philoso-
 phic turn of mind. He has studied
 the rise and fall of the prices of the
 staple products of commerce for a
 long series of years, and presents
 diagrams of their regular fluctuation.
 From these elements he predicts
 that the next three years will be
 years of great prosperity ; but that,
 in obedience to his law of rhythmical
 sequence—a law which Herbert
 Spencer quotes—a serious panic will
 occur in 1891. These predictions
 are not empirical, but are founded
 upon a careful observation of the
 laws of commerce.

Messrs. Belford Brothers have
 also in press a history of the Life of
 Pope Pius IX., by T. Adolphus Trol-
 lope, a work which cannot fail to be
 of great historical and personal in-
 terest.

*Norman Stanley's Crusade ; or, The
 Dunkin Act in Turnipham.* By
 ARTHUR W. MOORE. 16mo. pp.
 197. Montreal ; J. Dougall & Son
 and C. W. Coates. Dawson Bros.,
 trade agent. Price, 20 cents.

This is a graphic story, setting
 forth the appalling evils of intemper-
 ance, the incidents of the Dunkin
 Act in "Turnipham," and the bene-
 ficial result of the Act in that fortu-
 nate rural community. It will be of
 interest to all temperance readers—
 a rapidly increasing class.

Just as we go to press we have
 received a large and handsome
 volume of 490 pages, from the press
 of the Methodist Book Room in
 Halifax, N.S., being Vol. 1 of the
 "History of the Methodist Church
 in Eastern British America," by the
 Rev. T. Watson Smith. The sub-
 ject is one of great interest, not only
 to our friends in the Maritime Pro-
 vinces but to us in the West, and
 the book meets a long-felt want.

We trust that it will have a large sale. It is, we believe, the first book of the author, and the first large-sized volume issued by the publisher. We congratulate them both on their success. Bro. Smith writes with all the grace of a veteran *litterateur*, in a clear, strong, lucid, and picturesque

style; and Bro. Nicolson has given us a book that, in mechanical execution, would adorn any library. It deserves a more adequate notice than we can now give it. We anticipate great pleasure in its careful study. In our next issue we shall give it a full review.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The various Conference Missionary Committees have met and have appropriated the amounts at their disposal. Of course it was to be expected that the respective sums would be much below the actual requirements, and, in some instances, were even less than last year. This was painful to all concerned, and, no doubt, will cause much anxiety and self-denial among the mission families; but it is to be hoped that extreme suffering will be avoided, and that the people generally will increase their contributions on behalf of those who are labouring for their spiritual good.

We trust that November 18th, set apart by the Central Board as a day for the missionary work of the Church to be brought before our people, and the prayer-meeting of the following week, will be the means of awakening a deeper interest in the cause of missions generally and those of our Church in particular.

Our readers will, we feel sure, deeply sympathize with our friends at Portland, a suburb of St. John, New Brunswick, which has recently suffered from a disastrous conflagration, in which both the Methodist church and parsonage were destroyed. Coming so soon after the dreadful fire in St. John it is felt to be all the more disastrous. One of the members of the missionary de-

putation who visited the Maritime Provinces a few years ago, told the writer that the church at Portland was one of the neatest and most tasteful that he saw on the whole tour. Our friends in the East have strong claims on the sympathy of their brethren in the West. The Canadian and English contributions to the St. John's fund amount to over \$15,000, of which the three Western Conferences of Canada contribute nearly one-third, with more to follow.

The Methodists in Canada always feel deep interest in the Missions of the Parent Society. Two of its Missionaries have endured a severe persecution at Wuchang, China, from a large mob of military students, during which their lives were in great peril; but they were mercifully preserved, though one of them was so injured as to be confined to his room for several weeks.

Another missionary, Rev. Joseph Race, made a tour up to the Tea District, during which he met with many evidences of the good that such tours accomplish. During the day he and his companions would dispense simple medicines, distribute tracts and small books, and preach at every opportunity. A great number of the people came to them with portions of the Scriptures, which they gave evidence that they had read to some purpose. Frequently they were thus addressed:—"Look!

we have already purchased a copy of your book, but, having no one to teach us, we cannot understand it." Is not the harvest great?

Three hundred Chinese have been received as members of the Protestant Churches of California, and there are, besides, seven hundred Chinamen in Christian associations learning Christian doctrines.

TURKEY.

The missionaries have necessarily been placed in very trying circumstances, in consequence of the war. One writes from Bulgaria:—"There has been great fear and much suffering. Many have been thrown into prison. The tumults have tested the faith and firmness of many Christians, though, in some ways, a new opportunity was given to spread the Gospel. The people are distressed,—the war tax is exorbitant

and, in some instances, has left the people penniless." A missionary, writing from Constantinople, says:—"We have just returned from a hurried trip to Bardezag,—the whole region is in a state of terror, in fear of the Circassians. For eight days all business was suspended at Abad-azar, just before the departure of several hundred troops. The great object of the Circassians was to get horses, but they took money, clothes, tobacco, blankets, everything in fact that they could carry with them or leave to their families. And the Government winked at it all; in fact, permitted it. In this way horses are obtained for the cavalry. . . . It is not prudent to go outside the city limits. The poor among the people are the great sufferers. They are robbed or kept from work at a time when their families are suffering from want of bread."

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Richard Shier	Sunderland, O.	Brock	82	Sept. 6, 1877.
John Mahood	Fordwich, O.	Fordwich	98	9, "
Mary Patterson	Amherst Isle, O.	Amherst	80	11, "
Mrs. Edward Miller		Bertie	55	13, "
Charity Tuttle		Bertie	76	14, "
Edward Carroll	Salisbury, N.B.	Elgin	45	15, "
Elvira Armstrong	Avondale, N.S.	Avondale	32	22, "
Hon. Chas. Perley	Woodstock, N.B.	Woodstock	80	23, "
Alexander Cowan	Pittsburgh, O.	Pittsburgh	70	28, "
Mrs. Susan Cahoon	Digby Neck, N.S.	Sandy Cove	26	30, "
Lucy Ann Jackson	Sherbrooke, P.Q.	Sherbrooke		Oct. 4, "
Richard B. Huestis	Wallace, N.S.	Wallace	56	5, "
Rosanna Cather	Toronto, O.	Toronto	67	6, "
Mrs. Mary Michener	Hantsport, N.S.	Mouat Denson	86	10, "
Mrs. Mills	Winchester, O.	West Winches'r	30	11, "
Mrs. Jane Barker	Hantsport, N.S.	Hantsport	76	13, "
Hannah Peterman	Kleinburgh, O.	Vaughan	59	14, "
Edward Jost	Halifax, N.S.	Halifax	67	19, "
Mary Jane Morrison	Walton, O.	McKillop	36	23, "
Mrs. Pamela Allen	Hantsport, N.S.	Hantsport	83	27, "

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

THE GOSPEL BELLS.

(From *Crystal Songs*, by permission.)

Words and Music by

S. WESLEY MARTIN,

1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to
2. Tho Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre - par'd for

sea: Bless - ed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.
all: Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gra - cious call.

"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son he gave, Who - so -
"I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun - gry soul, Tho' your

e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
sins be red as crim - son, They shall be as white as wool."

CHORUS.

Gos - pel bells

how they ring;

Golden

Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land, from sea to sea;

bells free - ly bring
Gold - en bells free - ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

3. The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain.

4. The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.