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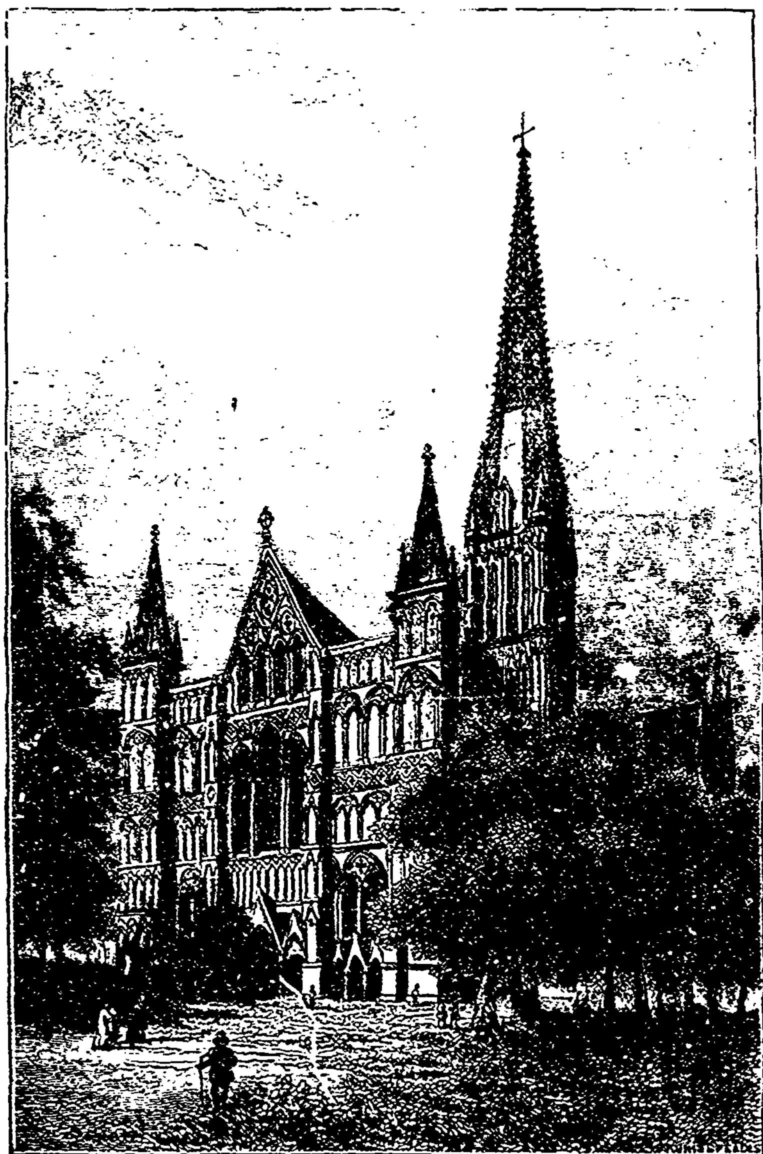


Salisbury Cathedral.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
MARCH, 1882.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

II.

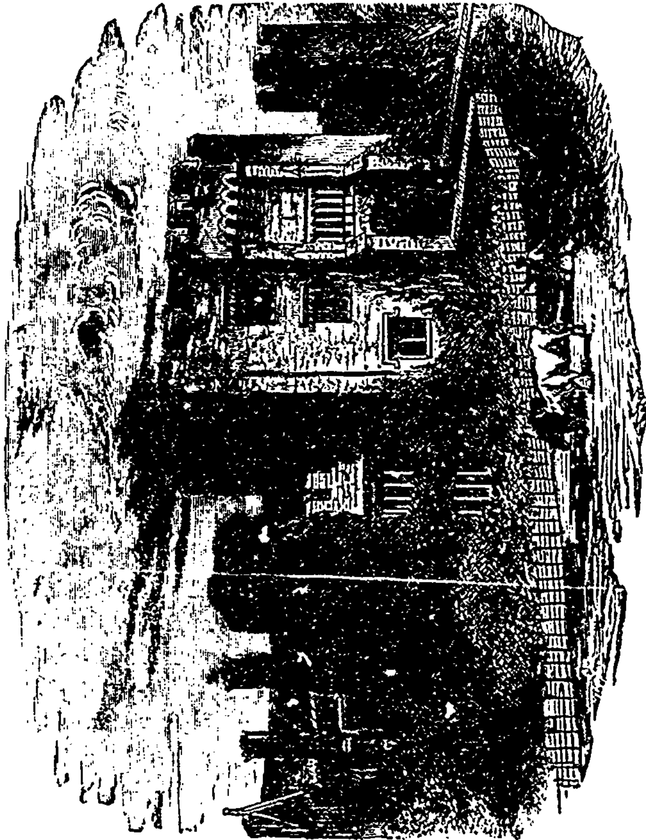
HEVER CASTLE.

THE early home of the murdered wife of Henry VIII. and mother of Queen Elizabeth is invested with tragic associations. As an initial cut to the description of Hever Castle, the authors of the "Stately Homes of England," to which sumptuous volume we are indebted for the illustrations which accompany this paper, give an engraving of a headsman's block covered with a velvet pall, on which lies the royal crown of England, and against which leans the headsman's axe—a symbol of the dark tragedy by which a crowned head was brought low.

In an old manor-house at Hever, near the river Eden, in Kent—which, under a license of Edward III., had been fortified as a castle—dwelt Sir Thomas Boleyn, descended from an ancient Norfolk family. Here was born to him a daughter Anne. In that sequestered place was her childhood passed—happy had she never gone beyond the moated walls of her father's house, to see more of the living world than she knew when she knelt in the village church, amid the tenants of her father's manor. When only seven years of age, the little Kentish girl was appointed maid of honour to King Henry's sister, the Queen of France.

* *The Stately Homes of England.* By LLEWELLYNN JEWETT, F.S.A., and S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Two vols. in one; pp. 400 and 360, with 380 engravings. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $8.

After eight years abroad, she became maid of honour to Queen Catharine, wife of Henry VIII., and was thus brought under the notice of that detestable and profligate monarch. She was betrothed to young Lord Percy, but the King banished him from court, and compelled his marriage to another. The broken-hearted girl retired to the moated manor of Hever, and when the

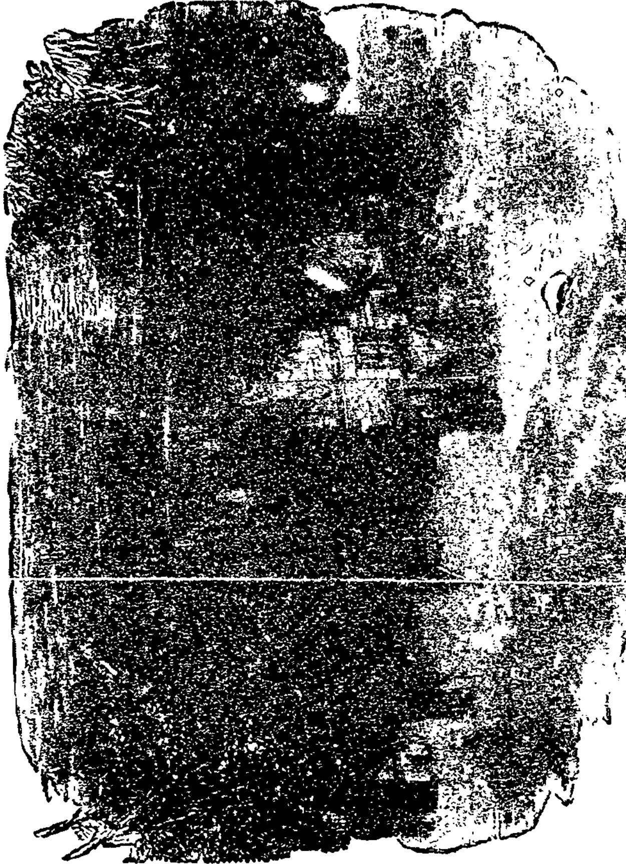


Hever Castle—Entrance Gateway, with Portcullis.

royal voluptuary came a-wooing, she kept her chamber under pretext of illness, and refused to see him. But the King summoned her father to court, and she was obliged to accompany him.

The unhappy story of the wicked divorce of good Queen Catharine and marriage of Anne Boleyn are part of English history, and need not be here repeated. The beauty of the young Queen at her coronation captivated all hearts. From her Irish

descent she inherited "the blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes," and her sprightly fancy and wit. The royal Bluebeard soon tired of his new toy, and, says Milman, the machinations of the Jesuits wrought the fall of the Queen, because she favoured the Reformed doctrines. Henry, according to his custom, was smiling on his victim while the axe was sharpening. Upon a foul and



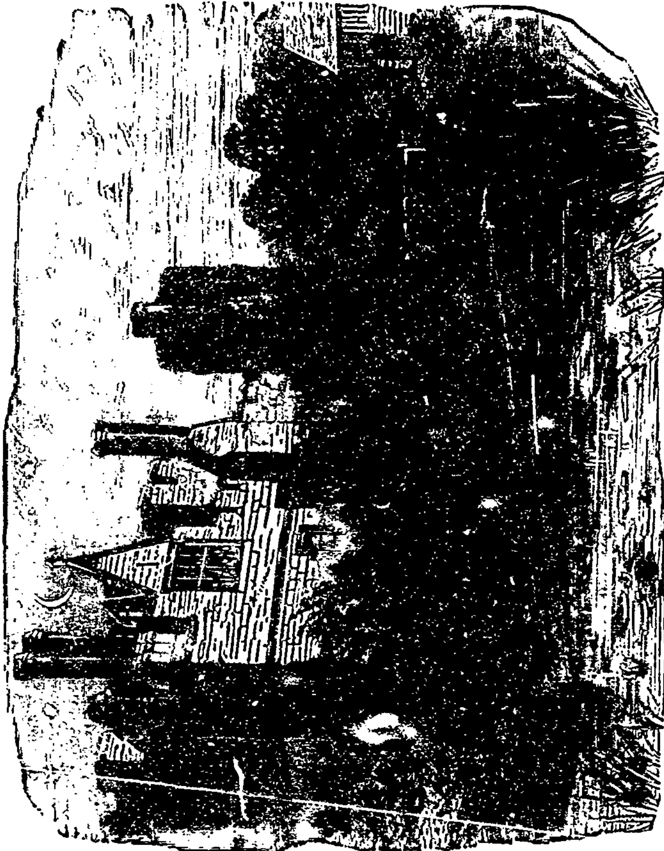
groundless charge she was thrust into the gloomy Tower, whence she came forth only to the scaffold. To the King she wrote a letter, which may still be seen in the Cotton Library, that might have softened any heart but one of adamant:—

"Never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have had in Anne Boleyn. Try me, good king; but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies appear as my accusers and

judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame. . If ever I have found favour in your sight; if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and so I will leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

"Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

"ANNE BOLEYN."



HEVER CASTLE FROM THE WEST, WITH IVY TOWER.

But a siren's voice was singing in his ear, and the unkingly King was deaf to the cry of a wife foredoomed to death. Dean Milman, with infinite pathos, describes the closing scenes of this dark tragedy, but in doing so has only versified the pages of history. The Queen, imprisoned in the great dungeons of the Tower, speaks thus:—

Oh! awful walls,
Oh! sullen towers, relentless gates, that open
Like those of Hell, but to receive the doom'd,
The desperate—Oh! ye black and mossy barriers,
But broken by yon barred and narrow loop-holes,
How do ye coop from this God's sunshine world
Of freedom and delight, your world of woe,
Your midnight world, where all that live, live on
In hourly agony of death!
Whither will ye plunge me?
Into what chamber, but the sickly air
Smells all of blood—the black and cobwebed walls
Are all o'ertraced by dying hand, who've noted
In the damp dews indelible their date
Of torture—not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
But bears th' impression of a wretch called forth
To execution.
Cranmer, behold this book, my sole companion,
Yet whose sweet converse makes my prison day
So short, I'm fain t' encroach upon the night.
See, were I guilty (and in truth I know
My crime but vaguely), there's a passage here
Of one detected in such nameless sin,
That had been blotted with my scalding tears;
'Tis stainless, and in truth unread; nor ask I
If my accusers are less deep in sin.
If I am guilty, let who will cast first
The avenging stone, and heap death upon me.
Lord God of Hosts! the Way! the Truth! the Life!
Thou knowest me guiltless; yet oh! visit not
On these misjudging men their wrongful sentence—
Show them that mercy they deny to me.
Oh, Heaven! will they keep up this heavy din
Forever, mocking me with hope, that now
For me are knolling—roll on roll and clash
On clash. Oh! music most unmusical!
That never sounded but when graves are opened
And widows' hearts are breaking, and pale orphans
Wringing their hands above a silent bier.
Four knells have rung, four now are dust, thou only
Remain'st, my brother! thou art kneeling now,
Bare thy majestic neck.
Ha! thou low-rolling doubling drum—I hear thee!
Stern bell, that summon'st to no earthly temple!
Thou'rt now a worshipper in Heaven, my brother.
My child—my mother—they've forbidden me
To see once more on earth your dear loved faces;

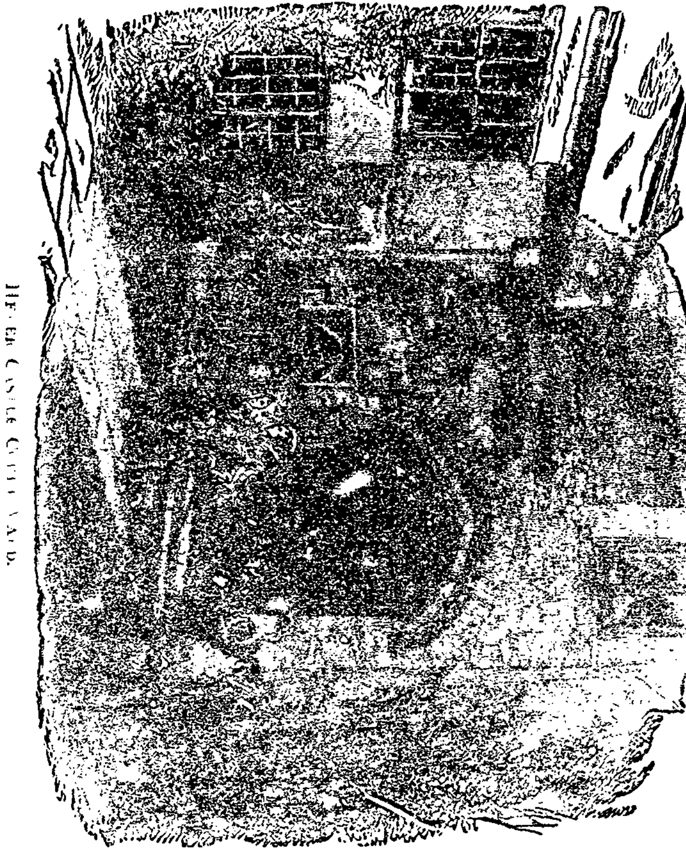
There's mercy in their harshness—here's no place
To entertain the future Queen of England,
And God hath given me courage to keep down
The mother in my heart; thou, too, my parent,
What hadst thou done but torn my heart asunder,
And all distracted my thoughts of Heaven?
And yet, I think, Christ Jesus, through Thy blood,
I'm but about to change an earthly crown
For one that's amaranth.
Is it true, Sir William,
You've brought from Calais a most dexterous craftsman
In the art of death?—here's much ado, good truth,
To smite asunder such a neck as this,
My own slight hands grasp easily.
Ye weep
To see me smile—I smile to see you weep.
I have no tears; I have been reading o'er
His agony that suffered on the cross
For such poor sinners as myself, and there
Mine eyes have spent all their moisture. . . .
My fellow-subjects, I am here to die!
The law hath judged me—to the law I bow.
He that doth know all hearts - God knoweth mine.
Beseech you, my good friends,
If in my plentitude of power I've done
Not all the good I might, ye pardon me--
If there be any here to whom I've spoken harshly
Or proudly, humbly I entreat forgiveness.
No, sir, I'll wear no bandage o'er my eyes,
For they can look on death, and will not shrink.
Beseech you, sirs, with modesty unrobe me,
And let my women have the decent charge
Of my poor body.
Now, God bless the King,
And make His gospel shine throughout the land!

The body of the young and lovely and unstained Queen of England was thrust into a chest made to hold arrows, and hurriedly buried in the Tower, and while the beautiful clay was scarce cold in its bloody shroud, King Henry wedded her rival, Jane Seymour—an infamy which is the best vindication of the innocence of his victim.

In the engraving on page 194 we see the massy keep of Hever Castle, in which the unhappy Queen was born. Over the gate are a row of machiolations, just beneath the battlements, from which molten lead could be poured with terrible effect on the

heads of assailants. The cut on page 195 shows the deep moat by which it was surrounded, where the little maid may have plucked the water-lilies, or fished for carp and roach. On page 196 is seen another side of the castle, with its ivy-mantled tower. It fulfils exactly Tennyson's description of the moated grange:—

> "About a stone-cast from the wall
> A sluice with blackened waters slept,
> And o'er it many, round and small,
> The clustered marish morses crept."



THE CASTLE COURT YARD.

On this page is shown the court-yard, with the grim portcullis, an iron-studded frame, like a harrow, with iron-pointed teeth, which, sliding up and down in its groove, a companion to another at the outer gate, might bar the entrance, if the drawbridge across the moat were forced. There are, besides, solid oaken

doors, barred with iron, and two guard-rooms, where a dozen men-at-arms might long dispute the entrance of an army. The artist has shown the bluff old knight and his daughter receiving the salutes of the courtiers and men-at-arms. A little wainscotted chamber is still shown as Anne Boleyn's bedroom, with quaint old furniture and relics of her happy childhood.

Hever has another link with the infamous memory of Henry VIII. It became, at a later period, the home of Anne of Cleves, who had succeeded Jane Seymour as his wife, but who was in six months divorced on a frivolous pretext—the mere whim of a sensual monarch. Her chamber is still shown, also a dark dungeon underground, created as a place of shelter in those troublous times.

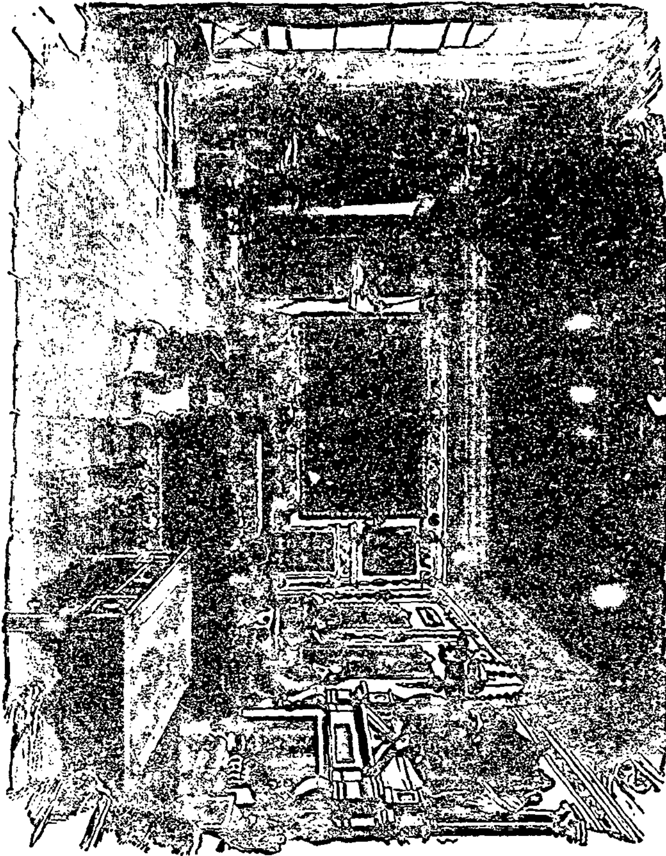
WILTON HOUSE.

Of the ancient lords of Wilton, writes Sir Bernard Burke, "The name of Pembroke, like the scutcheons and monuments in some time-honoured cathedral, cannot fail to awaken a thousand glorious recollections in the bosoms of all who are but tolerably read in English chronicles. Sound it, and no trumpet of ancient or modern chivalry would peal a higher war-note. It is almost superfluous to repeat that this is the family of which it has been so finely said that 'all the men were brave and all the women virtuous,' and what nobler record was ever engraved upon the tombs of departed greatness?"

In this stately home dwelt the bravest and gentlest of English knights, Sir Philip Sydney, who, *dying on the field of Lutzen*, waved aside the cup of water, with the words. "Give it to yon wounded soldier, his need is greater than mine." Beneath those ancestral trees it requires slight stretch of fancy to imagine Sydney rambling with his friends, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Massinger, who was born on the estate. Here Sidney wrote his "Arcadia," and this is surely the very pastoral scene he describes with "the shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old, and a young shepherdesse knitting and withall singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice's musick."

Here the Virgin Queen—the Gloriana of Spenser's verse—banquetted and held her court; and here dwelt that noble Countess of Pembroke, commemorated in the beautiful epitaph attributed to "rare Ben Jonson"—

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.



Drawing Room, Wilton House.

Wilton House—"a place of pleasantnesse," and "not unfit for solitarinesse"—is one of the grandest and most beautiful in the kingdom. The house dates only from the days of the Charles's, having been designed by Hans Holbein and Inigo Jones, but has been remodelled in a style of the greatest modern elegance. Its art treasures are invaluable, one being a family picture—the masterpiece of Vandyke—seventeen feet by eleven feet high, containing ten full length pictures. The great hall, depicted by

our authors, contains the identical suits of armour worn by the Earl of Pembroke, Marshal of England at the battle of St. Quintin, and those of the Constable of France and the Duc de Montpensier, taken prisoners at that eventful fight.

The drawing-room, shown on the previous page, combines the elegance of modern luxury with the stateliness of Palladian architecture. Its frescoes, carvings, and paintings are of great interest and value.

Another man of genius and piety, the gentle George Herbert —a humble and faithful servant of God—here wove his quaint ingenious fancies into imperishable verse.

One of the sights of Wilton is the famous Axminster Carpet Factory, established by the Earl of Pembroke in 1745. That industry was then unknown in England, but witnessing its great success in Flanders, the Earl imported Flemish workmen, and now England leads the world in this important manufacture.

Three miles from Wilton is the historic "pocket-borough" of Old Sarum, once a fortified town, now a mound of ruins, which nevertheless returned two members to Parliament till the Reform Bill of 1832 swept away the abuse. Salisbury, or New Sarum, near by, is an Episcopal city, with one of the noblest cathedrals in England. The harmony of its proportions, the simplicity and elegance that reign throughout the whole inspire it with a charm peculiarly its own. Its graceful spire is the loftiest in Great Britain. It is as perfect in structure and adornment to-day as when erected by the monks of Sarum, six hundred years ago. See frontispiece.

Near at hand are the relics of an older religion, the dark superstition of Druidism, "when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones"—the gigantic ruins of Stonehenge—concerning which even tradition is dumb. There they stand, as they have stood for thousands of years, solitary in their solemn grandeur, upon the desolate plain.

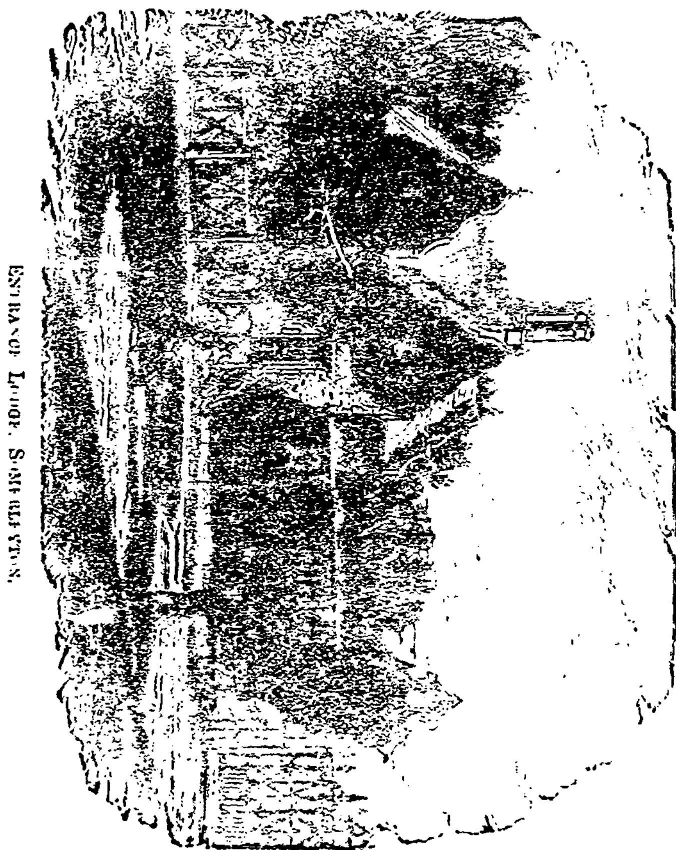
SOMERLEYTON.

For thirteen generations the old Suffolk family of Jernegans* held the fair domain of Somerleyton, when it passed into the

* In the parish church is an altar-tomb with the inscription :—

"Jesus Christ, both God and man,
Save thy servant Jernegan."

hands of Sir John Wentworth, a stout old cavalier, who suffered much from Cromwell and his Roundheads. In modern times it came by inheritance into the possession of Lord Sidney Godolphin-Osborne, a distinguished writer, and father of Captain Whyte-Melville, the author of many books. By a change of fortune, the old home of the cavaliers became the property of a modern knight of industry, Sir Morton Peto, who made his

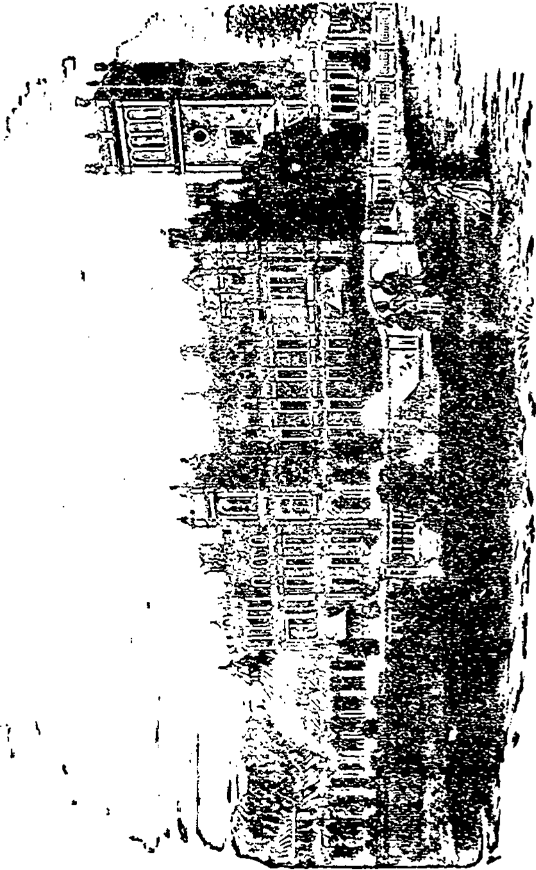


ENTRANCE LODGE, SOMERLEYTON.

colossal fortune by building the Grand Trunk of Canada and other great railways. Sir Morton almost re-created the grand old place, but by a turn of fickle fortune's wheel was compelled to part with it in 1862.

Its new possessor was another self-made man—Sir Francis Crossley. His father was a carpet weaver; his mother a farmer's daughter and a farm servant. "As my mother," says Sir Francis,

"went with her usual energy, at four o'clock in the morning, to Dean Clough Mills, she made a vow: 'If the Lord shall bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it.'" To this vow, faithfully kept, he attributed his father's and his own success. The son has adopted as the motto for his crest the devout acknowledgment,—*Omne bonum ab alto*—"Every good gift cometh from

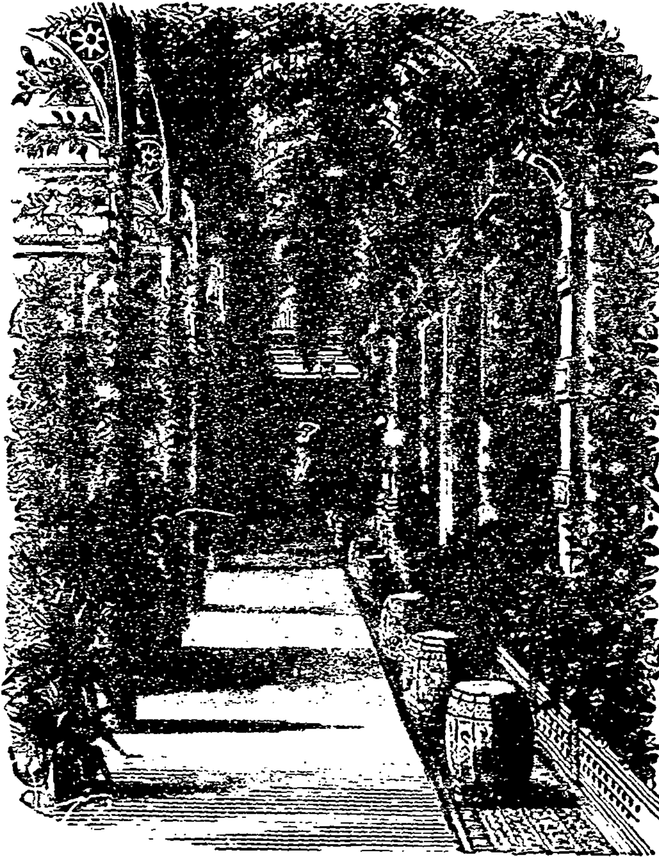


above." He is a sturdy Independent—in the days of Cromwell he would have been a staunch Ironside—and has been munificent in his benefactions. To the town of Halifax he gave the People's Park, at a cost of £40,000, and £10,000 to be loaned to deserving inhabitants. He built a home for 400 orphan children at a cost of £65,000. He gave £20,000 to the London Missionary Society, and £10,000 each to funds for retiring Congregational pastors

and pastors' widows. Thus has he proved his true nobility more than if he were the heir of a hundred earls.

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

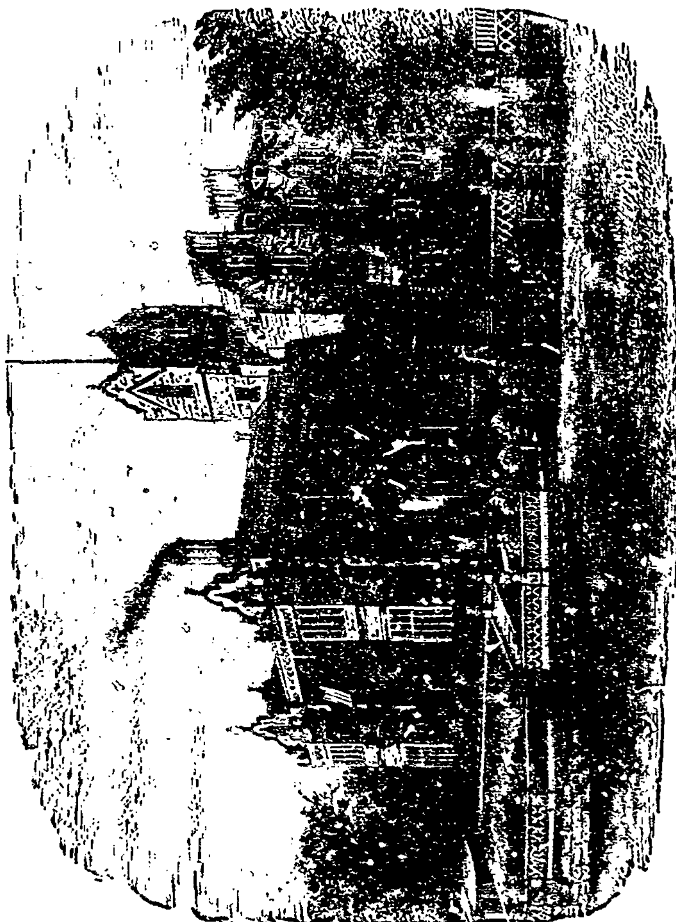
The old hall and park are very noble. Of one of the ivy-clad lodges we give a cut on page 203, but the chief attractions of the place are the fine summer and winter gardens. Of one of the alleys of the latter we give an engraving. Rare and costly



IN THE WINTER GARDEN, SOMERLEYTON.

exotics, statuary and vases, make a palace of delight, and bear evidence of the taste and culture, as well as of the wealth, of its owner. Unlike many men, who, when they become rich, forsake the Church of their fathers for one of supposed greater dignity

and social importance, he has been faithful to the simple services of the Congregational body, and worships in a little chapel erected near his house. If Dissenters of wealth in England had more of this sturdy manhood, they would more fully command the respect of even Churchmen themselves.



WARNHAM COURT.

This "stately home" is not remarkable for its magnificence or antiquity, but is a fine example of a modern Elizabethan mansion. It is built in the pleasant Sussex town of Warnham. Its mullioned windows, and clustered chimney shafts, and broken outline, give it a very picturesque appearance, and it has an air

of old-time hospitality that is not belied by its history. Its grounds cover some thousand acres of the garden county of England, and its flowers and fruits are amongst the finest in the realm. It has interesting associations with the poet Shelley, born at Warnham, and often a visitor at the Court. The erratic life of the gifted poet estranged the regards of his friends, but his tragic death in the Gulf of Spezzia, and the brilliance of his genius, have won the sympathy and admiration of the world.

OUR KINDRED.

OUR kindred are the human race,
  Of every clime and every grade;
Nor crime nor idiocy efface
  What God as kindred nature made.

We recognize the cry of want,
  And feel the thrill of others pain;
And any aid that we can grant,
  Our manhood bids us not restrain.

Children of poverty and crime,
  Merit our tender love and kiss;
For in their ignorance and grime,
  We recognize the heirs of bliss.

If God has lent us richer gifts,
  Or finer brain or deeper thought;
Or heavenly truth and grace, that lifts
  The veil that sin and death has wrought;

These are but talents, He bestowed,
  To be employed for others good;
Which richest grow as best employed,
  To lead the wayward back to God.

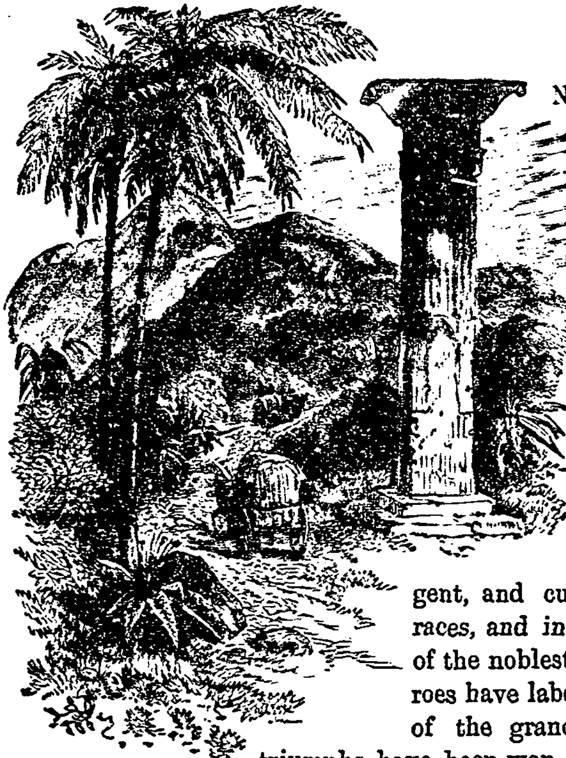
The soul immortal is the prize
  That devils covet, angels thrill:
For which the Saviour left the skies,
  Upon the cross His blood to spill.

That gift divine all souls outweighs,
  And sets on each an equal price;
The precious heritage of grace
  Attests and strengthens human ties.

MISSIONARY HEROES.

HENRY MARTYN.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



SCENE IN INDIA.

INDIA is the most interesting mission-field in the world. Its two hundred and *forty millions* of people are the subjects of a Christian Queen, and are ruled by a Christian Government. They are the most acute, intelligent, and cultured of pagan races, and in this field some of the noblest missionary heroes have laboured, and some of the grandest missionary triumphs have been won. Macaulay has given us, in his essay on Clive, a brilliant picture of that gorgeous Inde, which—

> With richest hand
> *Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,*

of its ivory palaces, its stately temples; "the burning sun; the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa trees; the rice-field and the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, and the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imaum prayed with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners,

and gaudy idols; the devotees swinging in the air; the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side; the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect; the turbans and the flowing robes; the spears and silver maces; the elephants with their canopies of state; the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady; the halls where servitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns; the wild moor where the gipsy-camp is pitched; the bazars, humming like beehives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas."

Yet the story of the conquest of an empire by a merchant's clerk with a handful of troops, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, is to many an unfamiliar one. "We have always thought it strange," says Macaulay, "that, while the history of the Spanish empire in America is so familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our own countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest. The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the vanquished Americans, and were at the same time quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz; viceroys whose splendour far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic; myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain. It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course of a few years, one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, the subject is to most readers not only insipid, but positively distasteful."

Upon this wonderful story we will not now enter, but merely give a single chapter—the record of a short but brilliant life—in the grander story of the conquest of India for Christ and Christianity.

Martyn spent only six years in India, and died at the early age of thirty-two, yet he has been called, not without reason, the

first great missionary of the English Church since Boniface, the Apostle of Germany; and his brief life and heroic death have been an inspiration to missionary effort throughout the world.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, Cornwall, 1781. His father had been a working miner at Gwenap, but by energy and industry—learning to read, write, and cipher in the pauses of his labour—he became in turn mine captain, and office clerk. Young "Harry" Martyn is described as a little, ugly, unhealthy lad, with red eyelids, and hands so studded with warts that the schoolmaster could not cane him as he wished. He was a passionate boy, and once flung a knife at a comrade, which, missing its mark, stuck quivering in the wall. His uncle was a trustee of the Wesleyan chapel, but the boy was brought up as a strict adherent of the Established Church. After an early training at Grammar School, he went up to Oxford at fourteen, but failed to pass. A little later he went to Cambridge, and in three years won fame as "senior wrangler." "I had obtained my highest wishes," he wrote, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow." He found that "Fame," he said, "concealed a death's head under a mask of beauty."

The sudden death of his father, and the prayers of a pious sister, touched his heart. He began to search the Scriptures and to find a new joy in holy things. The "Imitation of Christ," of old A'Kempis, to him as to Wesley, was a stepping-stone to the divine life. He had chosen the study of law, "because he could not consent to be poor for Christ's sake," but he now gave it up to become a preacher of the Cross. His purpose was to become a diligent worker in the home-field, but a chance mention—or was it chance?—of the labours of Carey in India, turned his attention to foreign missionary work. Soon after, he received a fresh impulse from reading the life, by Jonathan Edwards, of David Brainerd, the enthusiastic young American, who, consumed with the passion of preaching to the red Indians, flung away patrimony, comfort, home, health; and, yearning to leave no sacrifice unmade, quitted his very converts as soon as he had gained them, and pressed on alone, with bleeding lungs, to reach fresh settlements, until he laid down his broken life at about the same age as this apostle of India himself did afterwards.

In the meantime he devoted himself unweariedly to parish work, visiting the poor, the sick, the dying—passing many an

hour in the hospital or almshouse. At length an opportunity occurred to accept a chaplaincy in the East India Company. This was no what he wanted, but active mission work among the heathen; yet it was a step, and a long one, in that direction. We cannot, however, see that the acceptance of the salary of £1,200 a year was "the master-stroke of Martyn's self-denial," as his biographer remarks; although he says himself, "On my own account I should have preferred a state of poverty." There were reasons which made it especially painful to leave England for a foreign land. He had formed a deep and fervent attachment to a lady in Cornwall, of beauty, accomplishments, and piety, "in every way worthy of him." Her duty to a widowed mother prevented her sharing his lot in the mission-field, and he parted from her with a melancholy certainty that they should never meet again. In his journal, which, like the "Confessions" of Augustine, are true "cardiphonia," or heart-voices, he writes after this separation as follows:—"How miserable did life appear without the hope of Lydia! I have not felt such heart-rending pain since I parted with her in Cornwall. Shall I hesitate to keep all my days in constant solitude, who am but a brand plucked from the burning? I could not help saying: Go, Hindoos, go on in your misery, let Satan still rule over you, for he that was appointed to labour among you is consulting his ease. No, though I, hell and earth shall never keep me back from my work."

After waiting three months for the fleet—it was a large one of fifty transports and five men-of-war—to make ready, it had no sooner sailed than it was driven into Falmouth and delayed a month longer, and the pang of parting had again to be undergone. "It was," says his biographer, "a tragical voyage, the account of which cannot be read without a sense of almost killing misery. First, they beat about for days in Mount's Bay, within view of St. Hilary spire and the beach where he had walked with Lydia, thus deepening still further the sense of unmitigated desolation which came over him. Many of the sailors and soldiers fell ill, and the captain died. Martyn, like Xavier on a similar voyage, though ill himself, ministered to their temporal needs and spiritual comfort. The fleet touched at Cork and at Madeira, then made its way across the Atlantic to San Salvador, twice narrowly escaping shipwreck by the way. Here his home-

sickness had a slight alleviation in the kindness with which some Portuguese colonists received him; and he had some amusing adventures in a Franciscan monastery, whose inmates he endeavoured to convert. From thence the fleet crossed the ocean again to Capetown; and Henry Martyn was present at the taking of that city by Sir David Baird."

This historic event is thus recorded:—"On the 10th of January, 1766, the thunder of a gun was heard, which was answered on the instant by all the men-of-war. On looking out for the cause, the British flag was seen flying on the Dutch fort, and the Cape of Good Hope passed into the possession of the English crown."

During the battle Martyn ministered to the wounded on the field, being himself under fire, and narrowly escaping death at the hands of a drunken soldier.

At this place his spirit was greatly refreshed by making the acquaintance of Vanderkemp, the missionary, whose history he had read with deep interest at Cambridge. But, in spite of some few drops of comfort such as this, the horror of that passage cannot be exaggerated. Ignatius, on his progress to martyrdom, tied to the leopards who watched him, was in a less horrible plight than Henry Martyn. The one soldier in whose company he found any solid satisfaction, died before they reached India. He was mercilessly ridiculed by all the officers on board but one, and not only ridiculed, but hated. He persisted in reading and explaining some religious book between decks every day; but the audiences were small and inattentive. One service on a Sunday was grudgingly allowed him; and at this service the poor sickly young priest of twenty-four, whose tender nature shrank from uttering a word of blame, and who made it a rule "never to rebuke unless he felt at the time a peculiar contrition of spirit," felt himself compelled by the insolent profligacy of those on board to denounce, in several successive weeks, the judgment of God upon sin. These denunciations were mingled with rapturous setting forth of "the all-sufficiency of Christ to save sinners;" but the whole ship was in mutiny against him. On September 22 he writes: "The threats and oppositions of these men made me unwilling to set before them the truth which they hated; and yet I had no species of hesitation about doing it." They would listen, they said, to a sermon of Blair's, if he would read it, but there must be nothing about hell. The captain him-

self said: "Mr. Martyn must not damn us to-day, or none will come again," but Mr. Martyn's only answer was to give out for his text: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Some of the cadets and many of the soldiers were in tears; and poor Martyn felt that he had not spoken in vain. Yet the mockery continued to the end of the ten months' voyage. His farewell sermon off the mouth of the Hooghly awoke nothing but ribald revilings; and so, through as appalling a fire as ever hero passed, Martyn entered "into the vineyard of St. Bartholomew and Pantænus, of Ziegenbalg and Schwartz."

No sooner had he reached India than his soul was pained at the irreligion and profligacy of many of his own countrymen. "It is a most sad and horrible thing," wrote an Indian chaplain, "to consider what scandal there is brought upon the Christian religion by the looseness and remissness of many who profess themselves Christians, of whom I have often heard the natives, who live near the ports where our ships arrive, say thus, in broken English which they have gotten, 'Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk; Christian much do wrong; much beat, much abuse others.'"

Martyn was eager to preach to the Hindoos. "I almost think," he writes, "that to be prevented going among the heathen as a missionary would break my heart." And he adds: "I have hitherto lived to little purpose, more like a clod than a servant of God; now let me burn out for God." He devoted himself with energy to learning Hindustani, lodging meanwhile in an ancient pagoda or temple. "Thither," he says, "I retired at night, and really felt something like superstitious dread at being in a place once inhabited as it were by devils, but yet felt disposed to be triumphantly joyful that the temple where they were worshipped was become Christ's oratory. I prayed out aloud to my God, and the echoes returned from the vaulted roof." The devils, however, had not retired far; and it was here that Henry Martyn first made acquaintance with the horrors of suttee and of heathen worship.

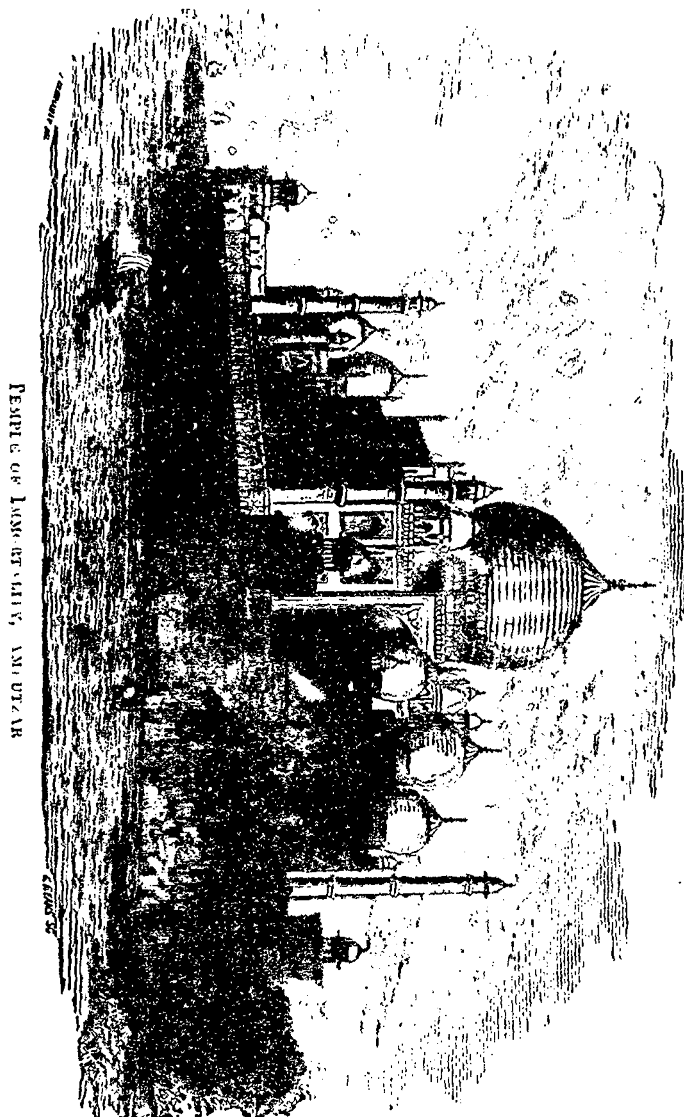
Seeing one day the blaze of a funeral pile, he hastened to the spot to rescue a poor woman from the fire, but she was burned to ashes before he could reach the place. He used to hear the clash of cymbals and drums rising from a dark wood, calling the

natives to their devil worship. He "shivered," he tells us, "as standing as it were in the neighbourhood of hell." While he remained here he became acquainted with his neighbours, the Baptist missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, for whom he entertained sincere respect. They often met for prayer and conference, sometimes in his "oratory."

In October, 1766, he sailed up the Ganges to his station at Dinapore. He would have felt less lonely, we are told, among heathens. His general experience in India was but a repetition of what he had suffered on board ship. The men tittered when he visited them in hospital. The officers swore at him to his face, and maintained infidel opinions for bravado. The general allowed him, as a favour, to have Sunday service in a barrack, "where the only article of ecclesiastic furniture was a long drum. *On this I read prayers, but as there was no seat for any one,* I was desired not to detain the men by a sermon." The death of his sister and other sorrows affected his health. "Sir," he wrote to a friend, "you must not wonder at my pale looks when I receive so many hard blows on my heart." "At first," he says, "I was more grieved at the loss of my gourd than of the perishing Ninevehs around me." But he found inspiration in reading the life of "that great saint," Francis Xavier. He maintained at his own expense five schools for native children. He especially studied, late and early, the native languages. He felt, he says, oppressed with the wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment when so many natives were waiting till he did his work. "I felt eager for the morning to come that I might resume my task."

After two years he was transferred to the teeming city of Cawnpore—destined to become in after times the theatre of such lurid tragedies. Here he began to preach to the natives, and by the distribution of alms secured congregations of from five to eight hundred beggars. He was often interrupted with groans, hissings, cursings, blasphemies, and threatenings; but to the last he never saw any fruit of his preaching. Yet this preaching was not entirely barren. One day a clever and learned young Mussulman amused himself and friends with the "foolishness of the Feringhee padre." Yet the Word sank into his soul and led to his conversion, and he was the means of bringing thirty-nine of his countrymen to embrace Christianity. But of this Martyn

knew nothing when he died. He had only baptized one aged Hindu woman. "Even if I never should see a native converted," he wrote at Madras in 1806, "God may design, by my patience and continuance in the work, to encourage future missionaries."



TEMPLE OF IMMORTALITY, AMRITSAR

The engraving on this page illustrates the wealth and splendour of the pagan system, on which he waged a holy war. It repre-

sents the Golden Temple of Sikhs at Amrutzar—the Fountain of Immortality. It is of pure white marble, rising out of a large tank, and its roof is of plates of copper richly gilded. The blue rippling waves wash against the polished marble court-yard, which surrounds the tank. The temple is connected by a broad roadway, also of white marble, with golden balustrades and lamps. The doors are of solid silver, the windows golden, and the roof seems a mass of gold. Glistening in the bright sunlight, and reflected in the sparkling water, it fairly dazzles the eyes. The marble floor is inlaid with precious mosaics, and the interior is highly gilded, yet this is only one of hundreds of the magnificent and costly temples of paganism in India.

Martyn's great work, however, was his translation of the Scriptures, for which his linguistic skill, as described by his biographer, gave him great advantages. He talked Italian and French, as well as Bengali and several Indian dialects; he preached in Hindustani; he wrote his diary in Greek or Latin; he said his prayers in Latin or Hebrew; he read Arabic and Sanscrit. He translated the whole New Testament into Hindustani and Urdu (publishing one edition also in the Nagri character), and into Persian twice over. He translated the Psalms also into Persian, and the Gospels into Judæo-Persic. He translated the Prayer-book into Hindustani. And this does not exhaust the list of his compositions in Oriental tongues.

On September 30, 1810, his work at Cawnpore was crowned by the opening of the church, for which he had long prayed and laboured. The bell sounded for the first time over this land of darkness. The promised organ had not arrived, but the band of the regiment "led the singing and the chanting." Martyn was ordered by the doctors to take a sea voyage for his health. He determined, and got leave, to go to Persia, and correct his Persian New Testament, intending afterwards to go on to Arabia, and make an Arabic version there. At Goa he visited the tomb of the great Jesuit missionary Xavier. In much weakness he made the terrible overland journey through Persia. The thermometer rose at times to 126°. He had to wrap his head and body in wet towels to prevent sunstroke. There seemed to be a fire in his brain, his skin was a cinder, his pulse violent—twenty times in the night he bathed his burning hands in water. But he

stayed his soul with the thought of the land where "the sun shall not shine on them nor any heat."

At length he reached Shiraz, the "Athens of Persia," but a very Sodôm of wickedness. He proceeded at once, amid much opposition, with the revision of his translation of the New Testament, preaching the while its blessed evangel. In a year it was completed, but not a single convert was the result of his labours. Unable to present his translation to the Shah, he rode three hundred miles—being two whole days without food in a terrible ague and fever—to meet Sir Gore Ouseley, a kinsman of the famous Irish evangelist, who took charge of the precious translation, and had it subsequently printed at St. Petersburg. For two months Martyn lingered on the brink of death, but rallied sufficiently to attempt a ride of 1300 miles across the high lands of Asia Minor to Constantinople. As he crossed the Araxes and passed beneath Mount Ararat, he reflected: "On the peak of that hill the whole Church was once contained. It has now spread far and wide to the ends of the earth, but its ancient cradle knows it no more."

From Erivan to Kars, from Kars to Erzeroum, from Erzeroum to Chiflik, he galloped on, through frost, through parching heat, through drenching rain, in fear of robbers among the hills, and finding no quiet place in the towns, until the ague and fever came back as badly as ever. His cruel Tartar guide took no notice of his illness, but forced him on. On October 4, he implored to be allowed to be alone. They thought it was his pride. Tempted by money they at last brought him to the stable, out the Tartar and a number of others planted themselves there with them. "My fever," he says, "here increased to a violent degree; the heat in my eyes and forehead was so great that the fire almost made me frantic. I entreated that it might be put out, or that I might be carried out of doors. Neither was attended to. At last I pushed my head in among the luggage, and lodged it on the damp ground, and slept." The next day the ague was still worse, but Hassan hurried him on. On the 6th he wrote the last entry in his diary:—"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh! when shall time

give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness?"

In ten days those sacred aspirations found their fulfilment. In utter loneliness, without a friend to wipe the death dews from his brow, or speak a word of Christian cheer or solace—almost like Moses in the wilderness, dying, as the Moslems say, of the kisses of God's lips—the peerless missionary entered into rest. Near that very spot, fifteen centuries before, the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, the greatest preacher of the early Church, in exile and suffering, had ended his life of strange vicissitude. Thus are the severed ages linked together by the bonds of spiritual kinship of Christ's faithful confessors and martyrs—

> Still the race of hero spirits
> Pass the torch from hand to hand.

Over the lonely grave of Martyn is a simple obelisk, inscribed in English, Armenian, Persian, and Turkish, with a brief record of him who "was known in the East as a man of God." In the following lines Lord Macaulay commemorates his death:—

> "Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
> The Christian hero found a Pagan tomb;
> Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
> Points to the glorious trophies which he won—
> Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
> Not stained with tears of hopeless captives shed;
> But trophies of the Cross. For that dear name
> Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
> Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
> Where danger, death, and shame are known no more."

Of this brave soul, consumed with the zeal of God's house, Sir James Stephen writes: "Martyn's is the one heroic name which adorns the annals of the English Church from the days of Elizabeth to our own." Of the revealings of his soul in his journal, writes his early friend, Charles Simeon: "Since the Apostolic age I certainly think nothing has ever exceeded the wisdom and piety of our departed brother; and I conceive that no book, except the Bible, will be found to excel this."

The life of Martyn was a short, and, to a shallow observer, might seem an almost wasted one. But his holy consecration

and heroic self-sacrifice have made it a precious legacy to mankind, and an inspiration to every missionary toiler in the world.

"What is the meaning of the Christian life?
Is it a success? or vulgar wealth? a name?
Is it a weary struggle? a mean strife
For rank, low gauds, ambition, or for fame?
What sow we for? the world? for fleeting time?
Or far-off harvests, richer, more sublime?

"The brightest life on earth was one of loss;
The noblest head was wreathed with sharpest thorn.
Has He not consecrated pain?—the Cross?
What higher crown can Christian brows adorn?
Oh! be content to follow on the road
Which men count failure, but which leads to God.

GOD RULES.

"God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key,
Or, if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

"The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand—I hear him say,—
My help is sure.

"I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

"Enough, this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
Forever blest."

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES.

THE POWER AND ASSURANCE OF THE GOSPEL.*

BY THE REV. GEO. DOUGLAS, LL.D.
President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

"For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."—1 *Thessalonians* i. 5.

THE great spirit of Paul loved great cities, and the mighty centres of commerce. Thessalonica was remarkable alike for its opulence, its architectural splendour, and its mental activity. Thessalonica was one of the first spots on the European continent where the banner of the Gospel was uplifted by Paul. Here his ministry was mightily owned of God, to the intellectual quickening and to the salvation of multitudes. As the immediate result of this, the synagogues became deserted and the classic temples forsaken by the multitudes that were wont to worship there. Now that "an Asiatic adventurer," one who "came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom," should displace the existing order of this proud city, aroused their deepest indignation, and they assaulted Paul and expelled him. With that sublime affection which, as we think, is the grandest attribute in the character of the great Apostle, he clung to this Church of his early love; and when philosophical adversaries sought to shake the confidence of that Church in the Divinity of the Gospel by denouncing him as an impostor, and Christianity as a delusion and a failure, he wrote this, the first of his epistles, wherein he pours out the tenderness of his mighty heart, and opens with a reminder of the Divinity of the Christian system. Says he: "Our Gospel came not unto you," Greeks, "in word only,"—not like a Homeric song, that glistens with genius, not like a cold Platonic speculation; not like a brilliant oration, that coruscates like the aurora borealis. no, our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

First, then, *What is that power which distinguishes the*

* We have pleasure in reprinting from the January number of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* this admirable discourse.—ED.

Gospel? Mystery of power! Who shall declare it? All ages and all sciences, in our day, are sifting to find and solve the problem of power. Power, in its lowest conditions, belongs to the material. Power is in the storm and in the wave, that, like a wilful child, sports and plays with the mighty vessel on its bosom; and in the flashing lightning that, like an avenging angel, smites with destruction. Power, latent or active, belongs to every atom in the vast universe of God. But there is a higher, more ultimate form of power than that which belongs to matter. It is that unique, intangible, immaterial, but triumphant power—the power of thought. What is it that puts energy into him to build his temples of beauty, to construct his engines of strength, to embody thought that shall thrill the ages; to crystallize into thought forms of immortal beauty; to forge, to frame the rallying cries of justice and of liberty; cries which have surged through the nations and through the generations? What is it but the power of triumphant thought? And if you fling back your mind on the infinite past, you can ponder a period when every force in the universe existed but as a thought in the Eternal Mind.

Now, if we come back to our text and ask, What is the power which belongs to the Gospel? I answer, It is the power that slumbers in the great, Divine, essential seed-thoughts of Christianity. Let us ponder them. Our Gospel is a Gospel of incarnation: and who can tell the magnetic forces that slumber in the thought of incarnation? Speak to me of one high in rank—a kingly potentate, or—will you pardon, for the sake of familiar illustration—speak to me of Her Majesty the Queen of the Motherland; tell me of her long ancestral line; tell me of the state and splendour of her royal surroundings, of the sweep of her empire, and you excite a passing interest. But now tell me that beneath that royal splendonr there throbs a widowed heart, the heart of one that wept long and refused to be comforted; a mother's heart, that yearns for the highest good of her children; and a gentle heart, that gladly flings aside the tinsel of royalty to minister to want and human woe; tell me this, and you have started a power that takes hold of my heart, and of every heart that hears. Unity of nature between the lofty and the lowly, in sorrow, is a power that

comes to the consciousness, and is imperial over the spirit of man.

And now what are the great historic conceptions of God?—the God of the Old Testament, of Moses, and of Jacob, and of the Hebrew prophets? Why, they tell me He is clothed with majesty and honour; that, in the plenitude of His might, He "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing;" that seraphim bow before Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto Him. Before the grandeur of these revelations, every element of my humanity bows in reverence and awe. But, then, how cold! how distant! How is my poor mind lost amid the vastitudes of the infinite! How do I feel that it oppresses, but fails to inspire and comfort!

But now turn to this grand seed-thought of the Gospel, and there we behold God in relations which the most venturous imagination never dared to conceive of. See Him! see God! Where? A lisping infant in His mother's arms. See Him for thirty years amid the solitudes and social barbarisms of Nazareth. See Him, joyful amid the innocent festivities of Cana, and then weeping with the weepers of Bethany. See Him, by the display of His omnipotence, giving indications of His Divinity, rebuking disease, calming the stormy seas, and commanding the sepulchral and sheeted dead to come forth to life and consciousness. And, O mystery of God! dying and in sorrow, alone, like a man! Yes, and more than this, when He was about to depart did He not say, "I will not leave you comfortless?" Standing upon the summit of Olivet, with head erected to another world, and bidding defiance to the forces that bound Him to the earth which He was about to leave, did He not say, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world?"

Now, I appeal to you, before God, if these familiar truths have not a perennial freshness? If this "old, old story" of our Jesus is not ever new? If it does not embody one of the mightiest forces that can take hold of our fallen humanity? Oh, to a man who can stand up on God's earth and say, "I want no sympathy from the Infinite," the incarnation means but little; but to the wasted and the weary and the broken-hearted and the aged and the dying, is there not a Divine

power in this Divine thought of a Father-God? Why should we hesitate? We will not give to the Roman Catholic Church the tenderness that belongs to woman; we claim it for our Jesus; for, "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Great is this mystery of godliness! I stand, in thought, and see the Infinite on the high places of the universe, scattering worlds like gold-dust from His hands, to teach men the rounds of immensity; and yet I see this God bowing down to a fragment of His universe, taking hold of my nature, lifting it up into everlasting union with Himself, and by this act taking the entire of our humanity into the bonds of brotherhood to His own heart. Verily, great is the mystery of godliness! Go, publish it. Go, tell it to the wasted and the lost. And then come back and tell us if there is not a grand Divinity in this Gospel of the incarnation—that it comes with "a power!"

Secondly, *this Gospel is the Gospel of unbounded benevolence.* by atonement and self-sacrifice, as an example for the ages. I know that it is the ringing song of the psalmists and apostles of nature, that this is the best possible world. I know that comfortable Paley, in his English home, when he penned his great work on Natural Theology, said, "Well, after many deductions, this is a happy world." But, my brethren, the more profoundly you go into things, the more inexplicable does the mystery become. Under the great shadow of that ever-rising temple of science, one might think that, in one sense, the law of the universe is that of selfishness. Go, follow those mighty intellects that have opened up the foundations of nature, and what tell they us? Why, say they, first was created inorganic matter, then came vegetable life, that took hold of the unorganized matter and absorbed it, and transformed it into the likeness of Itself; then came the carnivora, that wronged, and spoiled, and devoured certain species of animal creation, and transformed them into the likeness of itself; then came the era of mind and of man—his physical nature at war with the animal and the vegetable world, and his intellectual nature and moral being at war with God and with man. For I take it that there is no truth of history more authenticated than this, that outside the influence of Christianity there is but little tenderness, but little sympathy. What

a universe, seemingly built upon the law of selfishness! But into this world God flashed a new thought, He projected a new idea—*that of atonement and self-sacrifice for the good of* others. It was into this world that He commissioned the Son of His right hand, His own Son, His well-beloved Son, to come and make an atonement for man. And He came. He that upheld the universe fainted beneath the cross; He that could command twelve legions of angels died forsaken; died in darkness; died with the wail of desertion upon His lips; died for you; died for me. O, who can stand beneath the shadow of this cross, and gaze upon that face that is "more marred than any man," without feeling that here is a stupendous "power?" We are familiar, by the revelations of science, with the stupendous forces that are at work over this universe of ours. The power of gravitation binds the universe in harmony. Ah, but it cannot bind the intellect that can solve the problems and read out the literature of the stars. But this is the grandeur of the power of the cross of Christ: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." From the hour of the cross this world entered upon a new era. There was a fountain for human guilt and impurity in the atonement; and there was *that everlasting example that hangs, in the light of heaven,* in the sight of all the ages.

From the moment that the tongues of fire fell upon the disciples, there was a disposition to seek the salvation of others. They began to make clothes for the poor; they began to build asylums. The cross has been initiating and moulding civilization and affecting international law.

O, who can tell this winsome power of the cross? Tell me, ye winged winds, where are the caves of your slumbers? Tell me, ye silent stars, beyond that flaming comet, what secrets ye hold in your keeping? Tell me, ye angelic minds that are nearest the eternal throne, tell me the power of this cross. You can never tell.

"God only knows the love of God."

But O, shall we not acknowledge the inspiration, and, with soft-footed benevolence, go forth to tell that story? "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of ur Lord Jesus Christ."

Now to come back. When the Apostle went to this great, selfish city of Thessalonica, carrying this new revelation of benevolence to the world and the most wretched of men, he had a Divine thought of "power" that justified him in saying, "For our Gospel came not in word only, but in power."

And this Gospel is the *Gospel of resurrection and of immortality.*

Who shall tell the shadows that fall upon the land and fall upon the home where the light of Christianity has not come? The heathen mother, I suppose, loves her child as tenderly as a Christian mother. When the shadows of the sepulchre fall around her—when the pale horse and his rider trample all that is dear into ruin—what can light up a ray of hope and fling its glimmer athwart her darkness? O, the ringlet of hair! O, the song that no one sings, and the garments she used to wear! O, the treasured looks and words of the departed, and all the little mementoes to which affection fondly clings, and which are to us the symbols of a better hope! What are they to that mother, destitute of the light of our Christianity? O, could she lift the eye of faith and look into the golden hereafter—could she anticipate the glorious morning that shall dawn upon the night of the tomb, when the form of the beloved shall be raised in beauty and immortality—how would it exalt and purify her!

I have somewhere read that the grandest epoch in the intellectual history of the race was the hour when Galileo pointed his rude telescope to the heavens and discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and then flashed upon him the thought that this world was not an orphan world, but that it was the companion of countless myriads in the immensity of space. But what is this revelation to the one that comes before us in the Gospel? Immortality! We bow before the very term. Immortality! Before it reason staggers, calculation reclines her tired head, and imagination folds her weary pinions. Immortality! It throws open the portals of the vast forever; it puts the crown of deathless dignity upon the human brow; it cries to every uncrowned king of men, "Live forever!" O, the magnificence which these thoughts fling around the lowliest conditions of man!

I have thought of poor Lazarus at the rich man's gate; dying

alone and forsaken. Ah! but with this Gospel there is another revelation. When Lazarus shook off the mortal coil, angels, in softest arms, carried his triumphant spirit on high. For the beggar, the everlasting gates uplifted high their heads. He shall hunger no more, and thirst no more, and die no more. For the beggar, there was the transcendent march through the infinities upward, widening, expanding, and eternally approximating to the beatitude of God.

O Christianity! angel of the morning, what is thy mission but to go where there is a citadel of human despair, and to plant the banner of an immortal and beatific hope!

"Now," says the Apostle—this great intellect—"I am not ashamed" of this "Gospel." Thank God! there are thousands that, amid the atheism of the age and its vain philosophies, are going to stick to the old Gospel, the Gospel of the incarnation, the Gospel of atonement and self-sacrifice, the Gospel of resurrection! And immortality, we won't give it up! "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is *the power of God* unto salvation."

This "Gospel came not only in word, but in power:" and there is something else—it came "*in the Holy Ghost.*" It is a singular truth, but the more widely we look at the universal faith of the ages—I care not what form of religious faith it is—there is, somehow, like a hidden star, this doctrine of a Divine influence coming to the spirit of man. The Pantheism of the old Brahmin involved this. The Theosophites of Egypt, in all their mists and darkness, clung to this. The inner light of the Platonic school meant this. This, from the Montanists downward, was the prime doctrine of mystical theology. This, thank God! finds its culmination and perfection in the Gospel. The Holy Ghost in the Gospels, and the Holy Ghost in us. This doctrine of Divine influence is one of the grandest facts in our Christian revelation. I see it in creation, building up this world out of chaos into forms of radiant beauty. I see it in the history of the ages, walking before civilization, and ever enlightening and leading the intellect and conscience, and laws of men to the right. I see it in every type of humanity, of morality, of human regeneration. I see it above all, in the Gospel. It is the Holy Ghost in the Gospel that gives it its saving power. This world is rich in literature—the grand

conceptions of Newton, of Bacon, and the manhood that has put its multiform life into the dramas of Shakespeare. Well, take the grandest man that the ages ever produced, holding in himself the mighty reservoirs of all wisdom, and let him say, "Weary one, believe my word. Sinful one, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee"—and what a mockery! But let the Holy Ghost take the word in this Divine Gospel, there it is spirit and life—life to every soul of man that accepts it.

And *a Holy Ghost Gospel should have a Holy Ghost ministry.* But if you take a man, however gifted, let his be the eagle eye to solve the mysteries of nature; yet think you that if the man is not anointed by the Holy Ghost it avails anything? No? It is like the summer lightning that hits nothing. It is what the Apostle calls it, a "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." But, O, give the Holy Ghost to man, and the horny-handed speaker, the fisherman, can stand up in Jerusalem and smite the conscience of three thousand. Give but the Holy Ghost, and a Moody, limited in speech and defective in language, can stand in the modern Athens and can shake that great city. Give but the Holy Ghost, and there is not a poor stammerer among us but becomes potential. Give but the Holy Ghost, and gentle, suffering womanhood can whisper words that come with triumphant power to the inmost soul. "Behold, I show you a mystery." Who can explain it? Who can tell how the spring-tide sun goes down and finds the roots of the rose, the tulip, and the lily, and makes them blossom into beauty and fling their fragrance to the breeze? Who can tell how the Holy Ghost goes with the Gospel? And then, instead of the thorn there comes up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier and myrtle-tree; instead of the old sinner there is the sweetened saint; instead of the angular, unworthy, dishonest man, there is one beauteous in holiness; which is "to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

"Then," says the Apostle—and the last seems to come sweetest and best—this Gospel came "in power and in the Holy Ghost," and what else? "with much assurance."

There is the assurance which comes from demonstration to others. I refer you to a chapter which reads like a paragraph from old Methodist history. Two lone, unknown men came into a mighty city. They stood up and proclaimed this Gospel,

and there was one—Jason—converted. And Jason said, as Methodist people say, "Come into my house, and abide there." And there was a public clamour, and the rabble gathered around the dwelling, and they cried, "Bring out these men 'that have turned the world upside down!'" I thank God that this Gospel still holds to its character. It is "turning the world upside down." It means revolution; it means regeneration; it means shut up the hells and sinks of iniquity. When the Apostle was writing to the Corinthians, he described some of the basest men that were ever outside of hell, and then he says, "Such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." There is demonstration. There are thousands of us that are better men to-day by the power of this Gospel; and its effects are seen in the walks of commerce, and in the sanctities of home.

Then this Gospel comes with the assurance indubitable of an inner experience: "He that believeth....hath the witness in himself." This Gospel, robed in purity, with the light of heaven beaming in her honest eyes, walks abroad, and she says to every doubter: "Come, prove me, try me, and see if I will not give in thy consciousness a demonstration of my divinity! Broken-hearted penitent, come and see if I will not enstamp upon thy heart the seal of sins forgiven! Slave of passion, come and see if, with my gentle touch, I will not smite off thy chains, and raise thee up; if I will not emancipate and regenerate thee! Broken-hearted one, that wearest the dead leaves of memory, and, perhaps, of a wasted life, come!" This Gospel is soft as a mother; it is gentle beyond all utterances of gentleness. It "binds up the broken-hearted," it proclaims "liberty to the captives." There is an assurance brought to the inner being of the innermost temple of our souls that this Gospel is of God.

And this Gospel comes to us with the assurance of ultimate triumph. "O," said one of England's old and honoured *savans*, as he stooped, trembling upon the very verge of the sepulchre, "my philosophy fails me here!" Yonder, in a darksome prison, with famine in his look and beggary on his back, and manacles about his limbs, is a tottering old man. What sayest thou, Paul? "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my

departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." In mild cadence and on lower key, you and I have seen gentle girlhood in her youthful beauty, and young manhood blossoming into all the hopefulness of life; and age, with intellect broken down by the severity of years, who, when they came to the river, sweet voices came to them from the other shore, and they were more than conquerors. Some of us that have gone far into the valley of death; some so far that we did not want to come back again. We wanted then no Butler's *Analogy*, no *Evidences of Christianity*, to authenticate this truth:—

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible."

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart."

Let us all fling ourselves upon this Gospel. And you, sinners, mind, this vast system that holds empire over intellect—that commands heaven and earth—that, as Chalmers said, touches the uttermost universe, means something for every one of you; it means, if accepted, salvation; if neglected, perdition. Come, you who still are tarrying; come in tender penitence to the feast-house, and you will feel the Gospel comes unto you "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance!"

WHENEVER we will what is good,
We are better because we willed;
And there is worth in an honest would,
Although it be not fulfilled.
For 'tis not with success that we build
Our life, but with noble endeavour,
Full success is a prize won never.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

SIGHTS AND MEMORIES OF BOHEMIA.

I.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, M.A.

HISTORY is the world's instructor. 'Tis a vast museum where are collected paintings from every clime, bas-reliefs from every age, statuary of classic themes, casts of heroic characters, and pencilled outlines of men whom poets sang. We pass enraptured through the enchanted halls; we wonder at the endless array and bewildering variety of characters that we almost fancy must be unreal, the phantasmagoria of an over-heated imagination.

Travel, however, unlocks to us the reality. In some countries we find the broken moulds from which these casts have fallen, and in others living embodiments of facts which seemed almost fabulous. The study of the principles and philosophy of history may be best carried on in the seclusion of one's own library, but the vivid realization of facts and characters can be fully obtained only by observation of the arena where recorded scenes were enacted. As we pass over the famed countries of the past, we can trace our way back through the centuries and we seem transported to other times. The very land, its mountains and vales, lakes and rivers, the woodman's cot, the peasant's cabin, and the hermit's hut, the palace of kings, and the temples of gods, the haunts of the living, and tombs of the dead, the ruined castle and the crumbling abbey, come to our aid, laden with a wealth of suggestive information, as we muse on what has been in the past that is dead, and contrast it with what we find in the living present.

Amongst those lands whose ancient greatness has gone, but whose past looms up as a beacon light for nations of the present, Bohemia, now an Austrian province, stands out prominently in the foreground. Her struggles of centuries ago influenced other lands and other ages for good; and to her sufferings may be traced much of the advance and freedom of our own day. We may learn lessons of wisdom and thankful-

ness as we think of her better days, and weep over the tragedy of her fall.

The vast empire of Austria, including Hungary, Austria proper, Bohemia, Croatia, Silesia, and some other lesser states, is one of the most favoured of all the countries of favoured Europe. The scenery varies from the sublime Alps of Tyrol to the fruitful well-watered plains of the interior. The north is beautified by the Riesengebirge and Saxon Switzerland. In the east stretches the long range of the Carpathian Mountains, beyond which are the stolen portions of Poland. The broad and classic Danube, fed by many tributaries, rolls its sluggish waters through the heart of the country, between banks whose rocks and forests present a fascinating picture to the painter, and whose ruins feed the imagination and make real the history of the long-gone past. Vast tracts of richest lands lie uncultivated and waste because of the indolence of the poor and the carelessness of the rich. The country is incomparably richer than Prussia, but the masses are in abject poverty, while the nobility roll in wealth.

There are two points of difference between the aristocracy of Austria and of Prussia. In the first place, Austrian nobles as a rule are immensely rich, while their Prussian compeers are comparatively poor. One nobleman I heard of while there had ninety large landed estates, each one with its princely baronial hall and representing hundreds of thousands of pounds. These noblemen spend immense sums in dissipation, until they are millions of *gulden* in debt. Their estates are then seized, and the incomes of these being properly farmed, the debts are soon paid off, and the fast young men reinstated in their hereditary rights.

A second point of difference is that the Prussian noblemen are well educated, while Austrians of rank are too generally helpless ninnies, excepting that they may have learned to chatter the French or murder the English language. In Prussia not even a nobleman can hold a place of honour, or an office without the regular drill of an examination. In Austria there are hundreds of noblemen who can scarcely write their own names, and in all the Empire is scarcely a general or a statesman of note.

After the war of 1866 an illustrated paper of Vienna appeared with a picture of the Austrian army. The common soldiers were represented with heads of lions, while the officers were pro-

vided with sheep's heads, and the General-in-Chief with that of an ass. Significant it is that they had to go to Protestant Saxony to borrow a prime minister, Von Beust, who was recommended to the Emperor by Napoleon.

The pride and exclusiveness of the Austrian aristocracy is insufferable. Between the masses and royalty are three distinct grades of nobility, with their different shades and modifications. First there is the Ritter or Knight, then the Baron, and lastly the Graf or Earl. The Ritter is hardly considered a full-fledged nobleman by those of superior rank, they holding that manhood begins with the Baron; all beneath that belonging to the common herd.

And the poor! Ah! the poor kiss the hand of their proud masters, too heavily crushed to rise under the weight of political, social, and ecclesiastical oppression. And nowhere is this more evident than in the position of the women. Even in North Germany you are struck with instances amongst the poor of the forced superiority of what ought to be the gentler sex. You will see a woman carrying a heavy basket strapped to her back, laden with vegetables, and, perhaps, a child, slowly toiling along while her husband walks leisurely by her side, smoking his pipe. In Saxony you may often see two dogs and a woman drawing a loaded waggon, while the man walks beside, or occasionally rides on the load and drives.

But cross over into Austria and you find Slavonian women working with pickaxe, and spade, and wheelbarrow, on the public highway, carrying up hods of brick and mortar to the top of three-storied houses in cities, and in the country you see them stamping compost heaps, dragging the harrow on the hillside, and even hitched like oxen to a plough.

The birth of a daughter among the peasantry of the Continent is not a time of special rejoicing, while that of a son is hailed with delight. Ask a man in certain districts how many children he has. He may have four boys and three girls, we would suppose that he had seven children, but he will tell you that he has four. "What! four children in this houseful?" "Oh, yes!" he will say, "we have four boys,—and three girls," he will add with a sigh.

Enter one of those old stables in Bohemia. It is built as strong as the castle to which it belongs. The walls are immensely

thick, a long row of columns extends down the middle, on either hand are rows of cattle and horses in their stalls, while in the corners are the families of servants, and the cry of the new-born babe is mingled with the bleat of the calf. 'Tis but a slight remove from the olden time of lord and slave. The middle class is painfully small. Everywhere you see that obsequious servility of conscious dependence, real as in feudal days, on their lordly masters. In Poland you may still find old gibbets where barons hanged refractory serfs, and living men tell of the time when local disputes between rival estates were decided by a free-fight between the servants of each, armed with scythes, pitch-forks, and flails.

Virtue becomes less esteemed as you penetrate eastward. Not only is vice licensed, but in many places the sacred family bond is almost unknown, and in Hungary you may witness in a degraded gipsy camp scenes which I dare not describe. Even in what is deemed good society in Austria, there must be little of what we look upon as one of the greatest charms of home. After a heavy day's work in office, or shop, or field, we love the quiet evening at the fireside. But the Austrian starts out with the whole of his family, boys, girls, grown daughters, and all, to a beer garden. And there they sit, gazing at the various flitting visitors, listening to music, sipping their coffee or beer, and eating their evening meal, until the children nod with weariness, and in the night they return to their houses. That is not merely an occasional, but an every-day experience; many families there are the members of which scarcely ever meet at a regular meal in their own home.

We first visit Bohemia, and see her as she now is in this wonderful nineteenth century. The country has an area of nearly 20,000 square miles, divided into 13 provinces, with 318 towns, 237 smaller market towns, and over 12,000 villages, containing in all a population of about 5,000,000. Mountain ranges encircle the land, rising in some of their peaks to the height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet.

The whole country is undulating, sloping towards the centre, forming a sort of magnificent basin, or immense amphitheatre. The Moldau and the Elbe traverse charming valleys. The highest peaks of the surrounding hills are covered with snow the greater part of the year. The mountainous districts are, of course, some-

what cold. The valleys and plains have a mild and healthy climate. The mineral wealth of the mountainous districts is considerable, and very varied. Silver, tin, copper, lead, iron, colbalt, alum, sulphur, graphite, calamine, porcelain clay, and numerous ornamental and precious stones, are to be found in paying quantities. The Bohemian garnet is a beautiful stone, and very common, and rubies and sapphires are also large and numerous. In some parts of the hilly country you would almost imagine yourself in the back-woods of Canada. The log-houses are just the same, and the whole appearance of the country reminds you of our newer settlements.

Enter one of the log-houses, however, and you find the inmates polishing gems, and, in a case, numbers of the finest specimens, worked into buttons and other articles of wear. The manufacture of glass and glass trinkets gives occupation to over 30,000 artizans. Bohemian glassware is, of course, well-known here. A few years ago, a certain kind of glass bead became fashionable, which was a specialty in Bohemia. Every cottage was emptied of its stock, and great prices were paid. The poor were made suddenly rich. But Dame Fashion grew tired of her new plaything, and the poor bead-makers saw their stock increase and no buyers come. So the gaunt wolf of poverty returned to the door, and luxury took her flight out of the window.

Bohemia produces more coal than the whole of the Austrian empire besides. Mineral springs are numerous, and are places of fashionable resort for the wealthy and even the royalty of other lands, such as Marienbad, Carlsbad, and others. The soil is very fertile. More than one half of the area is arable land. About one-eighth is meadow and garden, pastures cover one-twelfth. Vineyards are scarce, but valuable forests cover nearly one-third. No part of an estate is so valuable as the forest when well kept. Each proprietor has his chief forester, with several assistants, and the woods are farmed as carefully as a nursery of fruit trees. As a rule each forest is allowed to grow sixty years. In the meantime all underbrush is cleared away, some trees are thinned out, and what the wind blows down is carefully removed. And then at the end of sixty years every tree is cut down, every twig carefully gathered, every stump taken up by the roots and sold. The ground is then ploughed and replanted with tiny pines, and spruce, and hemlock. These are carefully culti-

vated, and guarded, until they also grow into trees, to share after sixty years the fate of their predecessors. Passing over an estate you will find some broad fields of these tiny plants, others of short bushy shrubs, others of stronger saplings, and then forests of tall soldier-like stems. Each portion is uniform, as far as can be, as regards the size of the trees.

Cotton and linen manufactories give employment to many thousands. About Reichenberg are numerous woollen mills. Passing through this manufacturing district, you might imagine yourself in one of the vales of Lancashire, England, from the number of smoky factories, with their tall sooty chimnies. But the crucifixes and the Madonnas that meet your eye at every turn, on every hill, and under almost every green tree, remind you that England is not here.

The majority of the people, or about 3,000,000, are Slavonian, of the Czechish dialect. The Germans count less than 2,000,000, representing, however, the wealth and intelligence of the country. They are mostly settled towards the north-east. There are scarcely 200,000 Protestants, and these seem to represent little more that a lifeless rebellion against Rome. About 100,000 are Jews.

A very good idea of the whole country may be obtained from a visit to a part. I invite you, then, to a short visit at my old place of residence in Kleinskall, whence we can make excursions to different places of interest at our leisure. Kleinskall lies in the valley of the Iser, and means little crag; the name being a mixture of German and Slavonic. It is in a Czechish part of the country, but only a few miles away from where German entirely is spoken. We pass through the hills of German Switzerland, and after infinite windings up grade and down grade, through varied scenery, we enter at last the peaceful valley of the Iser.

On every projecting crag there seems to be a castle or ruin of some sort. As we approach the little station of Kleinskall, three ruins are full in view. That high on the right is Zberach, in ruins for over 500 years; tall towers away to the left mark the spot where the ancient burg of Fredstein proudly stood; and just above us are the remnants of Kleinskall's early fortress.

We take up our residence in the more modern castle, the Hall of the present Ritter Oppenheimer. This we find built for comfort and beauty, and not for mere defence, as was the old

building on top of the Rock. The Ritter Von Oppenheimer makes this his home for a few months in spring and fall; the summer is spent with other nobles at some fashionable watering-place, and the winter, of course, at the gay court of Vienna. Here we find ourselves luxuriously entertained, and sumptuously feasted in the grand old Hall, half way up the hillside. Above us rise the hills still higher, clothed with corn-fields and forests of evergreen. Below lie the castle-gardens on descending terraces, then an emerald meadow, and beyond this the rapid Iser winds his serpentine way. Along its banks runs a railway train, adding life to the quiet vale. Farther off still rise other hills, charming in their rugged peaks, and well-clothed slopes. Away to the left and right, through the openings of the valley, we see distant, snowy summits, spires of village churches, and dark walls of desolate castles.

From the station below, looking up the wall of rock, we had seen a little temple perched upon the top of a prominent crag, then to the right and left, numerous cliffs and clefts, with rotten bridges and crumbling walls telling a tale of yore. At the base of the rock we pass a horrid-looking crucifix, carved in stone. To reach the top we approach by a circuitous path. Scarcely have we set foot out of doors, when bright, black-eyed children leave their play to come and kiss our hands, a process which is often repeated, and to which we must only submit, as well as to the salutation, "Your Grace," "Your Lordship." Some of these children are as beautiful as eye has ever seen, but after the age of thirteen, a beautiful face is a rarity among the hills; hard work and abuse bring on a premature old age, haggard and worn.

Soon we are climbing up the steep sides of the hill to visit the old home of forgotten knights. About half way up are two deep caves hewn out of the rock. They were formerly cellars, now are the homes of bats, a refuge for the poor in winter time, and a hiding-place for vagabond thieves. Farther up we pass the mouth of a well, which formerly reached below the level of the river, and although the *debris* of centuries has made it somewhat shallower, it is still of marvellous depth, and we have to wait long for the report of a stone thrown in. Soon we reach the massive gates in a wide cleft, on either hand are inscriptions carved in ancient characters. We spring up a few steps, and find

ourselves in the interior of a former robber castle. Words cannot paint the sight, nor portray the train of thought suggested by the scene.

We descend narrow stairways, through half-hidden crevices, into apartments cut out of the solid rock, furnished with loopholes, and seat for the watchman, commanding a view of the whole valley and distant plain. Here is a hermit's retreat, with his pallet of ancient, time-dried moss, his rickety old arm-chair, and at his door a cross and tiny chapel.

A solemn voice comes to us through the wicket gate from the depths of that cave, though we may fully agree with Goldsmith's sentiment—

> "Stay, pilgrim, stay, thy toil forego,
> All earthborn cares are wrong;
> Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

Here are old inscriptions, and a thousand things sacred with age and historic uncertainty. The old building, which commands a lovely view of the valley, extended from the point just over the river, almost an eighth of a mile farther back to another break in the ridge.

The different parts were united by drawbridges and a path with steps hewn in the stone. The little temple is modern, and contains, the gathered relics of the olden time, found among these ruins. Here are immense spurs, and different rusted parts of the equipment of horses, and specimens of ancient arms. We return to our modern castle. We have as guests at our sumptuous board, the ponderous priest of the parish, fond of his beer and of a joke, and then the interesting school-master, who refuses to eat butter and some other luxuries because he is too poor to have them at his own table, and he does not wish to acquire an inconvenient appetite for them, by indulging at a more pretentious board. Our sleep may be sometimes interrupted by the watchman's tramp and his hourly call. For a watchman must be always on duty here, as those caves in the rocks still harbour robbers, and the woods are infested with thieves who beg in the day-time and steal at night. Mein Herr Von Oppenheimer was himself one night locked into his bedroom by burglars who then pillaged the house, and made off with their booty. Scarcely any

one dares to travel at night, and then it is with pistol in one hand and reins in the other, although the highways are constantly patrolled.

To reach Zberach, on the other side of the river, we have a longer and still steeper climb. The masonry, though in ruins since the year 1349 is in parts as sound as ever. The cavernous apartments are darker and deeper than the Kleinskall. Here the whole neighbourhood collected in 1866 to view three battles between the Austrians and the Prussians. The eye sweeps nearly the whole of Bohemia. Rivers are seen winding through plains, and vast plateaux seem elevated on immense basaltic pillar-like bases, and ornamented by hamlets and antiquated ruins.

We will pay a short visit to one of Wallenstein's many old fortresses, and then leave these ruins, which are almost impregnable, and are endless in variety. We drive over a few miles of lovely country. From cottages on the wayside come children, scampering over the fields, they kneel down in the dusty road pleading with outstretched arms for a pittance. If we drive on without satisfying them, they run after the carriage with the swiftness of a deer, crying and yelling for a gift, until we are forced from pity to stop and give them something. We reach at last Wallenstein's old Schloss, magnificent in decay. To reach the highest tower we pass over old walls, through caverns, along a quaint bridge, with weatherworn statues and different marks of ancient chivalry and devotion. From the tower we have a commanding view of Bohemia's plains and mountains, while trees lift their tall stems and lofty tops far up the wall of perpendicular precipices. Returning to our Kleinskall castle we seem to be living partly in the nineteenth century, and partly in times of yore.

THE day is drawing to its close,
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
  Have I presented, Lord, to thee?
What wrongs repressed, what fruits maintained;
What struggles passed, what victories gained—
What good attempted and attained,
  As offerings of my ministry?

—*Longfellow.*

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK IN METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.
President of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

No religious body ever honoured woman as Methodism has done, and none ever enjoyed so richly the fruit of her peculiar endowments. Scan the goodly Temple of Methodism from foundation to finial and everywhere you trace the handiwork of woman. In estimating woman's influence we must especially remember that she is often the inspiration of a work which it is not given her directly to achieve. The virtual founder of Methodism on both sides of the ocean was a woman. Unquestionably Susannah Wesley was the regal mother of the whole royal family of Methodism. To Barbara Heck, that obscure descendant from the refugees of the Palatinate, belongs the honour, under God, of originating the greatest religious movement of modern times in the New World. That pack of cards snatched from the Irish emigrants and thrown by her hands into the fire, kindled a flame which has illuminated the whole eastern world, and lighted a multitude to the heavenly country. The first Methodist sermon preached in America was the result of her impassioned call in the ears of Philip Embury; the first Methodist congregation assembled there was gathered by her zeal; the first Methodist place of worship erected was the product of her prayers and plans.

Dr. Edwards, in his able paper on statistics, truthfully and forcefully said, "there is no sex in Christian work." It is, however, true that the quality and efficiency of the Christian work are often much affected by the sex of the writer, and it must be acknowledged that, by virtue of woman's wealth of endowments, superior work usually comes from the feminine side of humanity. It is always difficult to trace results back to their causes, to estimate rightly the product of forces, and the more remonstrative the force the greater the probability of under-estimating its power. Hence, the world may never know how much it is indebted for its best thought and its noblest life to those who

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have never occupied a conspicuous place on its spectacular stage. So it is impossible to estimate how much richer the world is to-day in all that ennobles the life of man by reason of the saintly lives and sanctified work of the devout women of Methodism.

Society pays homage to men and women of literary distinction. The name of George Eliot—or Marion Evans—is heralded through the land by the trumpet of fame; but who proclaims the greater greatness of that Methodist heroine, her kinswoman, Dinah Evans, by whose holy influence in her younger years undoubtedly much that was best in George Eliot's character and will be most enduring in her writings was inspired? Who of the world's most honoured heroes or heroines has so touched with a transforming power the troubled hearts of men, and left to them such a heritage of blessing, as has that modest disciple of the Wesleyan faith, whose lowly life was radiant with Christ's transfigurative glory, Elizabeth Wallbridge, "The Dairyman's Daughter?" Not until you can grasp the sun and count the stars can you measure the beneficent influence of that one obscure life.

What department of Christian life and work has not felt the refining and inspiring touch of the elect ladies of Methodism? In the all-inclusive work of Christian education the helping hand of woman has been potently felt. At the beginning, the counsel and beneficence of Lady Huntingdon were exhibited in Trevecca College, and in its successor, Chestnut College; and from that day forward, in multiplied ways, our women have been indispensable helpers in promoting sanctified learning. In America, one of our foremost theological seminaries, the Garrett Biblical Institute, was founded by the donations of the noble Christian woman whose name it perpetuates. A stately building of the Ohio Wesleyan University—Monnett Hall—bears the name of its founder, a young Methodist woman, whose generous gift has provided an attractive home for more than a hundred young women who are pressing up the steps of higher education, while the same institution has a professorship endowed by another lady, Mrs. Christman, who is one of the chief patrons and benefactors of the University. Other institutions have equally shared their benevolence, but time forbids their specific mention.

If we turn to our missionary work, the hand of our noble women is again most clearly seen. The modern missionary movement has received no greater impulse than has been given to it by the formation of the Women's Missionary Society. I may thankfully say of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it has no more efficient auxiliary in the work of the world's evangelization than it possesses in the most vigorous and most successfully managed organization, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which, in the eleven years of its history has collected and disbursed $698,798, and sent out 61 female missionaries, and supported 210 native teachers. Similiar organizations in the other branches of Methodism have doubtless made a correspondingly encouraging record.

The number of female labourers engaged in our Sunday-Schools constitute a vast army worthy of highest honour. Nor ought the historic fact to be forgotten that the high distinction of originating and crystallizing into form the Sunday-School idea belongs to a Methodist woman. Twelve years before Mr. Raikes commenced his work, this Wesleyan lady, Hannah Ball, formed the first Sunday-School in England. And another Methodist woman, Sophia Cook, is said to have suggested the idea to Mr. Raikes which determined his illustrious course.

In respect to reformatory and philanthropic work, the women of the great Methodist family have ever been distinguished as leaders. Not to mention other forms of such work for want of time, we can only glance at the most important reform of this century —the temperance movement. The pre-eminent place which the women of Methodism occupy in this reform in America—I am not so well informed concerning the facts in British Wesleyanism —is universally acknowledged. Always active in this great reform from its incipiency, a new impulse was given to their activity in that remarkable religious phenomenon known as the Women's Temperance Crusade, which originated in 1874 in the State of Ohio, and swept over the whole country like a tidal wave of spiritual power. The movement was commenced and largely carried forward by heroic Methodist women, many of whom were of high social standing, who were always nobly sustained by the best women of all Christain denominations. The simple recital of that wonderful story of their toils and persecutions and triumphs, if time permitted, would stir the heart of every lover

of Christ and of humanity. Holy women praying, singing, pleading, reading God's message in the ears of the drunkard-maker and his besotted victims, and usually listened to with reverent attention, often with tears coursing down sin-furrowed cheeks, sometimes arrested by order of an opposing magistrate, led to the station-house and locked in with criminals; but, like Paul and Silas, making the prison shake with the mighty power of their prayers and hymns, and striking terror to the keeper and magistrate alike— all this, and much more that cannot now be enumerated, was enacted amid the intensest excitement of communities. And Heaven's favour was manifest in daily victories, in the closing of drinking dens and the multiplication of reformed, converted men.

The work was not, indeed, permanent in form any more than are the blossoms that precede the fruit of the orchard; but, like the blossoms, though passing away itself, its fruit remained, and in that fruit the whole Christian world has largely shared. The impulse of that movement is felt to-day throughout Christendom, and the victories of temperance reform were never so great in all lands as from that day forward until the present moment. The thousands of honoured women worthy of mention in connection with this reform, as well as other Christian work, will not deem the allusion invidious if I mention two distinguished representatives of their sex, conspicuous from their position, both loyal daughters of Methodism, whose influence in this cause no human power can estimate,—the one is the President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Frances E. Willard, whose eloquent words are stirring the whole country, and summoning it, as with a bugle call, to holy warfare against this greatest curse of Christendom; the other is that elect lady, the noble Mrs. ex-President Hayes, whose loyalty to temperance principles, in the Presidential mansion, has furnished the entire world an illustrious example, the influence of which can no more be measured than one can estimate the power of the sun to lighten and gladden the earth.

But not alone nor chiefly in conspicuous positions have the women of Methodism achieved greatest victories and merited highest honour. Let us not fail to recognize the fact that they have done their best and most abiding work in the retired sphere of the domestic circle, in the training of their children for God

and His Church. Cornelia, the Roman matron, is justly honoured in literature and in art because, when asked to display her jewels, she proudly exhibited her children. Surely may the mothers of Methodism rejoicingly point to that living temple of God, the Church, which is largely the product of their faithful Christian nurture.

The visitor to your St. Paul's Cathedral is directed by a conspicuous inscription, if he would see the monument of its builder, to look around him. Do we inquire for the monument of our honoured Methodist women? We have to but "look around" us, and everywhere the work appears, pointing in silent eloquence to its worthy authors. Look over this distinguished assembly of the sons of Methodism gathered here from the ends of the earth to represent the Church they love. Who are they? Loyal sons of devout Methodist mothers, to whose godly training and fervent prayers and holy example we all owe whatever is best in character and noblest in achievement.

Look again with wider field of vision and behold that vast temple of Methodism covering almost the entire habitable globe; see the nearly five millions of communicants bowing at her sacramental altars. This is the monument whose "living stones" eloquently proclaims the glory of those patient workers by whose ministries many of them were builded into this "holy temple of the Lord."

Nor does this broader view fully present the work which we seek to estimate. The entire Protestantism of the Christian world, alike with the paganism of the heathen world has felt the quickening touch of Methodism. It is not too much to say, with all becoming modesty, that there is not a denomination of Christians in the world that is broader, stronger, and more efficient in its work by reason of the impulse given to it from that great religious movement called Methodism. And it is a fact worthy of special emphasis that in no respect has Methodism accomplished more in this direction than in widening the sphere of woman's activity and increasing the volume of her influence. There is probably not an individual in connection with any branch of Christ's Church who does not breathe a freer air and move in a circle of wider influence because of the wise policy which Methodism has ever practiced toward its female adherents and the commendable example which they have exhibited in

wisely using this Scriptural liberty. To have thus enlarged the field of Christian usefulness of nearly or quite two-thirds of all the disciples of Christ is a work of no insignificant moment.

Deeply do we regret that not a moment remains in which to pay fitting tribute to other forms of Christian activity, such as that of providing orphanages and homes for the worthy poor in which many of our women are actively engaged, prominent among whom I shall be pardoned if I mention the wife of the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mrs. Simpson. Nor can we even mention an honoured though unnamed host whose epitaphs are graven on the hearts of men and whose works will follow them. The great Methodist family here assembled bids all these thousands of worthy female workers in the Church at home and abroad a hearty God-speed and gratefully recognizes the efficiency of their godly toil.

But great as is the past by virtue of the spirit and deeds of the honourable women of Methodism as well as its worthy men, the future must be greater. The historic record is assuring, the prophetic view is inspiring. Not yet have the sons or the daughters of Methodism achieved their greatest victories. Not yet has their work reached its summit of moral sublimity. To the women of Methodism comes to-day the call of duty summoning them to greater deeds and grander triumphs than were possible to the fathers and mothers of the infant Church. Never in any age or clime was women honoured with such fullness of liberty, such largeness of privilege, such wealth of opportunity, such grandeur of possibilities as to-day invite the loyal daughters of Methodism to participation in their regal heritage. May the heroic spirit of the honoured mothers of our Israel rest with seven-fold increase upon all the daughters and all the sons of the Wesleyan household of faith, endowing us all with greater power for the greater work to which this advanced hour of the Christian centuries summons us.

AND so the past doth often win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein.

JOHN BRIGHT.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

He must be no ordinary man who can endure in his lifetime to have turned upon his character, his acts, and his motives, the white light of a critical and honest biography. When death closes the earthly career, even one's enemies are commonly disposed to fling the mantle of charity over deeds performed by one who has "gone over to the majority." But during the life of a public man, whose duty or inclination leads him into conflict with the opinions and purposes of other public men, this disposition to put a favourable construction upon one's conduct is seldom manifested. The biographer likewise, who ventures to record the deeds, and to analyze the motives, of one still walking among men, requires gifts of no ordinary kind. He must be very prudent. He must not be a partisan; or else, moved to his task from an admiration approaching hero-worship, the pen portrait which he presents will be too flattering; while on the other hand, if he entertain bitter feelings towards the subject of his contemplation and study, he is very apt to forget the wise canon to set down naught in malice, the while he extenuates no grave fault or crime.

How far Mr. Smith possesses these qualities of which we speak, together with those of wise discrimination, unfaltering fidelity to truth, and proper sympathy with the work undertaken by him, we do not feel called upon to decide. Our business in this article is rather with Mr. Bright, than with the book, though we are indebted to the latter for the summary of facts here presented. Concerning Mr. Bright, however, it will be generally conceded, we imagine, that few public men are alive to-day who could more easily and satisfactorily endure an honest investigation into their public and private life, such as we have a right to expect in a biography with the pretensions of the one before us. Few public men have lived a purer life; few have so happily succeeded in escaping from the contaminating influences of

* *The Life and Speeches of the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P.* By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

political life; not many men could so easily refute the charge of inconsistency; only too seldom do we see such unwavering adherence to honest conviction as that exhibited by the Quaker politician. In saying this no one will suspect us, we trust, of committing ourselves to an endorsation of Mr. Bright's entire public career. We speak of the *man* not of the *Member of Parliament.*

A study of the life of John Bright is peculiarly valuable, not alone for its own sake, but because his history is so interwoven with British history during the nineteenth century, that a survey of one compels a survey of the other. As we follow Mr. Smith through his interesting biography, we watch the overthrow of giant wrongs, the development of nobler political principles, the growth of wholesome practices; and are led in these things to detect a prophecy of better days still in the near future.

Mr. Bright was born in Lancashire, where likewise Sir Robert Peel, Edward Geoffrey Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, and William Ewart Gladstone first saw the light. His birth occurred on the 16th of November, 1811, in the town of Rochdale. Mr. Bright is, therefore, two years the junior of the present Premier of England. As is well known, Mr. Bright came of a stock which, in religious matters, recognize the guidance of the Society of Friends He was the second of eleven children, but by the early death of the first-born, became the eldest of the surviving family. His mother, who died after a married life of twenty-one years, is spoken of as a remarkable woman "fond of reading and poetry," and possessing a mind which was "singularly clear and logical." Of the family of eleven, five survive: Mr. John Bright, Mr. Thos. Bright, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., and Mrs. Maclaren, and Mrs. Lucas, the latter being a widow.

Mr. Bright's parents were honest, noble, self-denying Christians, and doubtless he owes much to his home training. He was exceedingly delicate, Mr. Smith tells us, in childhood, but "in time developed into a handsome and intelligent boy." His boyhood was not remarkable. When he was scarcely more than fifteen years of age (on the 16th of February, 1827), he was taken from school and entered his father's warehouse, also "walking through the mill, and making himself acquainted with the machinery and the different processes of the work." Mr. Jacob Bright, senior, was largely engaged in cotton-spinning. That he should have

removed his son from school at so early an age seems something to be regretted, depriving the young lad, as it did, of the unquestionable advantages of a classical education. This loss, however, was in part made up by a diligent study of the best British poets and of English history. Perchance, too, He who prepared certain of His disciples for the task of fishing for men, by first making them fishers upon the Sea of Galilee, may have discerned a closer correspondence between Mr. Bright's after-work and his early career than we can detect.

As early as 1830, the future statesman became interested in questions of public polity. He at once manifested strong sympathy with the Liberal party, to which by his eloquence and wise counsels he has added so much strength. One of his earliest attempts at public speaking, of which any report has been preserved, was made "in connection with a series of lectures delivered by Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, at Rochdale, on 'Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and India.'" Mr. Bright moved a vote of thanks with remarkable grace and singular felicity of language, foreshadowing the style of oratory which he has since used so effectively.

He became early interested in the subject of temperance, and amongst his first addresses were some devoted to the advocacy of this reform. It was on the occasion of one of these addresses that upon the advice of the Rev. John Aldis, an eminent Baptist minister of that day, Mr. Bright was led to abandon the *memoriter* style of preparation, and to substitute therefor his present method; a careful study of the subject, committing to memory passages of special importance, but depending upon the verbal filling up for the most part to the occasion itself. Mr. Bright declares that Mr. Aldis gave him his first lesson in public speaking.

"In the year 1833," remarks the biographer, "Mr. Bright went abroad for the first time." Returning he entered upon his customary work, but not to the neglect of work of a more intellectual character. He took a prominent part in the formation of the Rochdale Literary and Philosophical Society. It is interesting to observe that the views which he has recently advanced in regard to capital punishment were entertained and advocated in his twenty-second year. His arguments then advanced are, to our own thought, singularly clear and forcible, nay more, unanswerable. Without arguing the question on Biblical grounds he nevertheless

referred to the pet Scriptural argument of advocates of capital punishment, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," yet as Mr. Bright pointed out, David committed a premeditated murder and was not destroyed. "Here then it is proved *that death need not of necessity follow the commission of* murder." Speaking of the New Testament he said, that "there was amply sufficient in that to convince the real enquirer after truth that any extreme of cruelty in punishment beyond what could be proved to be really necessary and indispensable, was *contrary to the spirit of Christianity.*" *Inasmuch then as the* question resolved itself into one of utility, Mr. Bright proceeded to show that the purposes of utility were not really served, in any large degree, by the infliction of the death penalty. In the case of the criminal himself, the real object to be served by *punishment, his reclamation from evil habits, was certainly not* gained. In case of the punishment of guiltless persons, a thing which sometimes occurs, no opportunity remains for correcting the mistake, and of rectifying the awful wrong committed. Is it claimed that murderers are thus prevented from committing a *like crime again? Then Mr. Bright pointed out that insane* persons, by the same mode of reasoning, who display a murderous disposition, should be put to death. The low esteem in which capital punishment is held after all by the people was exhibited, he continued, in the abhorrence entertained for the public executioner. *Why, the speaker asked, should we place him almost* without the pale of civilization, while "the warrior is dressed in a manner calculated to charm the unthinking?" As a substitute Mr. Bright suggested solitary confinement, quoting Lord Byron's testimony touching its horrors:—

> "There is no power in holy men;
> Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
> Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
> Nor agony, nor greater than all these,
> The innate tortures of that deep despair,
> Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
> But all in all sufficient to itself
> To make a hell of heav'n—can exorcise
> From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
> Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
> Upon itself: there is no future pang
> Can deal the justice on the self-condemned
> He deals on his own soul."

In 1836, Mr. Bright made a more extended journey abroad, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta, Syra, Athens, and Marathon. Returning in 1837, he lectured in his native town on the countries which he had visited. It may surprise those whose estimate of Mr. Bright is formed from his career as a statesman that he was exceedingly fond of poetry in the days of which we now write, and that he especially admired Lord Byron's poems!

It was during this period that Mr. Bright gave utterance, for the first time possibly in public, to his views on the question of Church Establishments. His early views strictly harmonize with those of later days. Referring to the stock argument that the downfall of the Establishment means the downfall of Christianity in England, he said: "This assertion carries with it its own refutation; but if arguments are wanted, if instances and examples are requisite, look for a moment upon America and upon Ireland. In the former country there is no civil establishment; all are alike equal in the eyes of the Government; all work smoothly together, and without those never-ending heart-burnings and jealousies which exist in this country, and particularly in Ireland. Will any one venture to say that the United States of America is less religious than Ireland—that crime is more common, and immorality more prevalent?"

Mr. Bright's friendship with Mr. Cobden, from which results of national importance were to issue, was, his biographer tells us, the outgrowth of their common interest in the subject of education. "I went over to Manchester," says Mr. Bright, "to ask him (Mr. Cobden) if he would be kind enough to come to Rochdale and to speak at an education meeting, which was about to be held in the school-room of the Baptist Chapel in the West End of the town. I found him in his office in Mosley Street. I introduced myself to him. I told him what I wanted. His countenance lit up with pleasure to find that there were others who were working in this question, and he, without hesitation, agreed to come. He came and he spoke; and although he was so young a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him so long as he was able to speak at all—clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when conjoined with the absolute truth there was in his eye and in his countenance, it was almost impossible to resist."

The association of the names of Cobden and Bright naturally

reminds one of the movement which must ever remain connected in thought with their memories: the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Before we refer particularly to Mr. Bright's connection with this movement, it may be as well in a few sentences, to give our younger readers some notion of what the obnoxious Corn Laws were, and of the history of their repeal.

The beginning of this century was a time of great privation and suffering to the working-classes of England. Food was high-priced. Taxation was burdensome. War being in progress upon the continent of Europe, and English ports being consequently closed against the importation of grain, wheat rose to an extravagant price. When, however, Napoleon was overthrown and peace was declared, it became possible to import bread-stuffs. The result was that wheat began to find its normal market value. This did not suit the money-loving among the agricultural classes, who had been growing wealthy upon their country's distresses. They appealed to Parliament accordingly for a protective law, in consequence of which a sufficient duty would be imposed upon all foreign grain, to compel dealers to keep up the war prices. If breadstuffs from abroad could only enter England on paying enormous duties, it would be very easy for the agriculturalist to force the buyer into the purchase of home-grown wheat at the prices corresponding to those of the war times. In 1815, a law in harmony with this selfish purpose was passed, and the price of wheat rose again almost to the high figure attained before peace was declared. Food, of course, became very dear. The trading and manufacturing classes, felt the burden to be very heavy. Thousands of them were yearly in great want, and discontent increased as they reflected that they might have a large loaf at a small figure, if ports were only open to foreign grain. Those who suffered saw that one portion of the nation fattened upon their famine. Many others, who knew nothing of personal inconvenience from the Corn Laws, regarded them as an outrage upon British justice. As early, therefore, as 1820, the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was established, "with the object," says Mr. Smith, "of discussing the grievances of the trading classes in that city and appealing to Parliament for relief." In 1832 a Reform Act became law, in consequence of which many who were favourable to the repeal of the Corn Laws, found it possible to find seats in the House of

Commons. The ministry of the day, however, induced their followers to refrain from immediate action in this direction, and no very manifest effort was made to obtain free trade in breadstuffs, beyond some rather harmless resolutions in Parliament, for several years. An abundant harvest in 1835, postponed action still further. It was in this year that several able letters, on the subject of these laws were published in the Manchester *Times*. The writer was afterwards discovered to be Richard Cobden. In 1837 the agitation was advanced by the unsatisfactory state of the money market and the high price of corn. An Anti-Corn Law Association was formed in London in this year, several Members of Parliament being upon its Committee. A motion for a modification of the laws, coming from Mr. Clay in the House of Commons during the following March, though defeated by an overwhelming majority, nevertheless found eighty-nine supporters. The general election of the same year still further strengthened the hands of the repealers.

About this time the famous Anti-Corn Law League was formed. A Dr. Birnie lectured in Bolton Theatre towards the close of July, 1838. Performing his task somewhat indifferently a medical student, A. W. Paulton, consented, upon the request of a friend, to say a few words to the vast audience. He spoke at greater length on the 6th of August. "At Manchester the question was still further discussed in a meeting hastily called to welcome Dr. Bowring, who was on his way to Blackburn. At this meeting Mr. James Howie, proposed that the company then present should at once form themselves into an Anti-Corn Law Association." This was done, and among those advertised on the Provisionial Committee, occurred the name of John Bright.

The agitation was prosecuted amid great difficulties. The Conservative party opposed it openly and actively. The Chartists likewise offered the movement serious opposition, under the impression that a repeal of the Corn Laws would produce a diminution in the price of labour. Still the movement increased in strength. In 1839 the League became a national organization. In the same year Mr. Bright addressed an Anti-Corn Law meeting in Rochdale. In 1840 the decision was reached to build the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. "Great meetings now followed each other in rapid succession, and deputations of delegates waited upon Lord Melbourne, and other members of the

Ministry, but nothing more substantial was obtained than the usual exhibition of official politeness." The press was largely employed by the League at this time. In the meantime the friends of the movement in the House of Parliament were instant in season and out of season in pushing their plans, but with only very indifferent success.

A new election occurring about this time, Mr. Cobden was returned for Stockport. The repealers thus gained an influential helper. Sir Robert Peel now became Prime Minister. The Anti-Corn Law movement found help in the lamentable condition of the people. In Leeds alone 20,936 persons were discovered, whose average earnings were only eleven pence three-farthings a week. "One-fourth of the whole population of Paisley, was in a state bordering upon actual starvation; and, in one district in Manchester, a visitor found 258 families consisting of 1,029 persons, whose average earnings were only sevenpence halfpenny per head per week." These facts were eloquent arguments in favour of repeal. Nor did the aspect of things improve under the investigation of commissioners, who, towards the close of 1841, were appointed by the League to ascertain the condition of the poorer classes. Mr. Bright presented a heart-rending and appalling report. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel introduced a measure, which became law, providing for a sliding scale in the duty on corn. Mr. Cobden denounced the measure in Parliament, and time proved the truthfulness of his prophecies of failure. The condition of the country was most deplorable. Strikes were frequent. The Chartists were loud and imperative in their demands. Suffering among the poorer classes was wide-spread. In the progress of one of his many addresses, uttered during this period, Mr. Bright remarked:—

"To the landed aristocracy, to the monopolist, and bankrupt portion of them, we say, We do not ask you to repeal the Corn Law, and to loose your grasp from the subsistence of this most industrious and meritorious, and yet most injured population, we do not ask it from your sense of justice and from your love of right, for had you possessed either the one or the other, this infamous law had never been enacted,—but we appeal to the millions of our countrymen who are awakening to wrongs they have so long and patiently endured, and to the consciousness that it is you who have inflicted them. We appeal to the intelligence of the middle classes of this Empire, in the full confidence that the hour is at hand when their united voices shall be heard above the roar of party, and shall decree the imme-

diate, and the utter, and everlasting extinction of this odious, inhuman, and most unnatural law."

Such fervid eloquence was needed, his friends thought, in the House of Commons, and accordingly a place was found for Mr. Bright as representative for Durham in 1842. It was during the progress of the canvass which resulted in his election over Mr. Purvis by a vote of 488 to 410, that Mr. Bright gave utterance to sentiments in relation to many public questions, in terms which foreshadowed his after career as a politician. In Parliament, as out of, it he advocated the cause of repeal with amazing earnestness and eloquence. The conflict, into the details of which we cannot enter, continued until at last Sir Robert Peel, appreciating the situation, flung himself into the thickest of the fight, and by legislative enactment in the Parliament of 1845-46, struck the death-blow to this monopoly.

That Sir Robert should repeal the law was a surprise to all, perhaps. Of course there were not wanting those to pronounce his course inconsistent; the ugly epithet "traitor" was employed towards him. This fact called forth one of Mr. Bright's most eloquent speeches. We subjoin the following extracts:—

"You say the right honourable baronet is a traitor. It would ill become me to attempt his defence after the speech which he delivered last night—a speech, I will venture to say, more powerful and more to be admired than any speech which has been delivered within the memory of any man in this House. I watched the right honourable baronet as he went home last night, and for the first time I envied him his feelings. That speech has circulated by scores of thousands throughout the kingdom and throughout the world; and wherever a man is to be found who loves justice, and wherever there is a labourer whom you have trampled under foot, that speech will bring joy to the heart of one, and hope to the breast of the other. You chose the right honourable baronet, why? Because he was the ablest man of your party. You always said so, and you will not deny it now. Why was he the ablest? Because he had great experience, profound attainments, and an honest regard for the good of his country. You placed him in office. When a man is in office, he is not the same man as when in opposition. The present generation, or posterity, does not deal as mildly with men in government as with those in opposition. There are such things as responsibilities of office. Look at the population of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and there is not a man among you who would have the valour to take office and raise the standard of Protection, and cry, 'Down with the Anti-Corn Law League, and Protection forever!' There is not a man in your ranks who would dare to sit on that bench as Prime Minister of England, pledged to maintain the existing law. The

right honourable baronet took the only, the truest course—he resigned. He told you by that act, I will no longer do your work. I will not defend your cause. The experience I have had since I came into office renders it impossible for me at once to maintain office and the Corn Laws. The right honourable baronet resigned—he was then no longer Prime Minister. He came back to office as the minister of his sovereign and of the people —not the minister of a class who first raised him into office for their own special and private purposes."

It was in connection with the passage of the Corn Importation Bill, that Sir Robert expressed his ambition to "leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice." The League was dissolved on the 2nd of July, 1846.

We have thought it advisable to devote so much space to the history of this movement because it called forth the most enthusiastic and earnest labours of Mr. Bright, and because that, perhaps, of all the public acts of his life, those associated with the repeal of the Corn Laws, will be least censured by his critics and the most gratefully recollected by himself. His association with the agitation was, as we have seen, intimate and continued until the hour of victory. Induced to take an active part in the movement, when a deep personal sorrow was upon him, he had the joy, which must ever be the highest to the unselfish heart, of assisting in "lessening the weight of adversity's touch" upon the brow of thousands of his fellow-subjects. Perhaps, in the enthusiasm of the agitation, Mr. Bright and his fellow-labourers may have anticipated too much from success; they may have even attributed to the monopoly evils which had their root in other causes. But they fought against great odds, they wrestled with a great wrong, and their victory was little less than sublime. That the evil should have assumed such magnitude and that its overthrow was so long in accomplishing, illustrate the power of selfishness and the influence of wealth when allied in a common cause. That victory was gained at last and in a way so unexpected at the first, leads one to entertain hopes that greater and more wide-spread evils, such as those of intemperance and war, will be overcome, in God's good time and way.

We should greatly exceed the proposed limits of our paper, if we were to devote anything like equal space to the discussion of other public questions with which Mr. Bright has been actively connected. Mr. Smith's admirable biography will supply our lack of service for those who desire to follow Mr. Bright's career at length. We can only be permitted to add a few brief paragraphs.

In the general election of 1847, Mr. Bright was elected Member of Parliament for Manchester. His second marriage also occurred during the same year, his first wife having been taken from him by death in 1841, after a married life of a few months. His second marriage was to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, and was performed in the meeting-house of the Friends, George Street, Wakefield. "This union," writes Mr. Bright's biographer, "was blessed by a family of seven children," one of these, Leonard, dying in his sixth year, in 1864; Mrs. Bright died suddenly in 1878.

In 1847 the "Irish Question" engaged attention, and continued to be a prominent subject for legislation and discussion until 1853. In one of his addresses in the House on the difficult state of affairs in Ireland, Mr. Bright said:

"The great cause of Ireland's calamities is, that Ireland is idle. I believe that it will be found on inquiry that the population of Ireland, as compared with that of England, do not work more than two days in a week. * * Ireland is idle, and therefore Ireland starves; Ireland starves, and therefore she rebels. * * I defy the House to give peace and prosperity to that country until they set in motion her industry, create or diffuse capital, and thus establish those gradations of rank and conditions by which the whole social fabric can alone be held together."

Even then he anticipated by over thirty years the views which are largely entertained by many intelligent statesmen and thinkers in regard to the solution of the "Irish Question" today. "If," he says in this same session "the Government will manfully and courageously grapple with the question of the condition of the land in Ireland, * * they will enable the strength and skill of Irishmen to be expended on their own soil." In connection with this he likewise advocated the withdrawal of the Church Establishment from Ireland, a course to which the

rulers of Britain were twenty years afterward compelled. His utterances showed a profound study of the entire question and an acquaintance with it in advance of some politicians at this hour. "God has blessed Ireland," he exclaims in another speech, "and does still bless her—in position, in soil, in climate; He has not withdrawn His promises, nor are they unfulfilled; there is still the sunshine and the shower, still the seed-time and the harvest; and the affluent bosom of the earth yet offers sustenance for man. But man must do his part—we must do our part—we must retrace our steps—we must shun the blunders, and I would even say the crimes of our past legislation. *We must free the land;* and then we shall discern, and not till then, that industry hopeful and remunerated, industry free and inviolate, is the only safe foundation on which can be reared the enduring edifice of union and peace."

In the busy period of his life covered by seven years, between 1846-53, Mr. Bright was active in general parliamentary legislation, as well as in the discussion of single great issues. He showed his sympathy in the House of Commons, in 1850, with his youthful views touching capital punishment. In 1848 he took an active part in the legislation in regard to the Game Laws. His addresses at this time display the growth of those characteristics which have made his oratory so popular. In the general election, 1852, Mr. Bright was again returned to Parliament. Shortly after, the discussions which anticipated the Crimean War engrossed the thoughts of the nation. His speeches in opposition to the policy of war were singularly eloquent. It was during the progress of one of his speeches against this war that Lord Palmerston applied to Mr. Bright, the epithet "honourable and reverend gentleman." But, whether one agree with the views of the "Peace Party" or not, it is hard to escape the conviction that Mr. Bright's speeches at this time breathed far more of the spirit of the Divine Master than is usually expected or found in our legislative halls, and that they made the persistence of the country in the war policy, all the less excusable. Closing one of his most eloquent speeches he said:

> "I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. * * I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire,

representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, however, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war. And if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, I should have the consolation I have to-night, and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence, the priceless consolation, that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasury or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

The speech, among the closing sentences of which the above quotation is found, created a profound impression. Mr. Smith says of it: "It was beyond the power of any of the Ministers to make an effective reply to such a speech at the moment, and the House went to a division at once."

In 1856, Mr. Bright was overtaken by his first illness. In consequence of this he visited Scotland, Algiers, Nice, Italy, and Switzerland. Upon the election following Lord Palmerston's defeat on the Chinese question, Mr. Bright was rejected by his own Manchester constituents, and his temporary retirement from public life ensued. His retirement, however, was of brief duration, for in 1857 he was returned for Birmingham. The great question of the session of 1858 was India. Mr. Bright took a prominent part in the discussions which took place. We cannot, however, find space to place his views on this subject before our readers. The Reform agitation of 1858-9 found generous and vigorous support from Mr. Bright. The interval between 1860-64 was largely occupied by questions of an international character. His opposition to Church rates and to Church establishment was very manifest. The years immediately following 1861 will be remembered as those in which England was agitated by the question of America and the Civil war. Mr. Bright's sympathy with the anti-slavery party, and the exciting events of that time need not be re-called. Mr. Bright's utterances on Canada in 1865 may still be remembered by some of our readers. He did not share the fears of those who expected the United States would attack England through Canada. "But," he said, "if there comes a war in which Canada shall suffer and be made a victim, it will be war between the Government of Washington and the Government of London."

In 1865, Richard Cobden died. Lord Palmerston, in referring to his death, characterized him as an "ornament to the House of

Commons, and an honour to England." Mr. Bright paid the following tribute to the memory of his friend :

"Sir,—I feel that I cannot address the House on this occasion ; but every expression of sympathy which I have heard has been most grateful to my heart. But the time which has elapsed since, in my presence, the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever tenanted or quitted human form took its flight, is so short, that I dare not even attempt to give utterance to the feelings by which I am oppressed. I shall leave to some calmer moment, when I may have an opportunity of speaking before some portion of my countrymen, the lesson which I think may be learned from the life and character of my friend. I have only to say that after twenty years of most intimate and almost brotherly friendship with him, I little knew how much I loved him until I found that I had lost him."

In 1866-68 the Irish problem again became prominent. Mr. Bright's friendship for Ireland is too well known to call for comment. The question of the disestablishment of the Established Church in Ireland lent a new interest to the general discussion. How heartily Mr. Bright supported the withdrawal of the Established Church goes without the saying. In 1868 he accepted office in Mr. Gladstone's Government. A second illness in 1870 caused him to resign his position as one of Her Majesty's Ministers ; but upon the reconstruction of the Cabinet in 1873 he returned to the Ministry as Chancellor to the Duchy of Lancaster. Later events are too familiar to need recall. Mr. Bright is still among his countrymen. He is too actively engaged in passing events to make it easy to form a correct estimate of the wisdom of many of his views. Of his moral courage, however, there can be no question. He is charged at times with intolerance, but, as Mr. Smith has justly remarked, "his intolerance is only intolerance against wrong." He reminds one of an old Puritan, and yet he is gentler than we imagine the Puritans to have been. His faults are easily seen ; but they are never of such a nature as to lessen one's respect for himself. Fifty years from now, when England recalls the chief actors of the second half of the nineteenth century, among the names most loved and honoured, the name of John Bright, the Christian Statesman, will, we believe, stand foremost.

ORILLIA, 1882.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FIRST SUNDAY AT FAIRVIEW.

O day of rest! How beautiful and fair,
Day of the Lord, and truce to earthly care!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be.
—*Longfellow*—"Christus," Part III.

IT was something of an ordeal for Edith Temple to attend the public service on the first Sunday after her arrival at Fairview. Although remarkably free from self-consciousness, she could not but feel that she was an object of curious interest to the whole community—the observed of all observers, the cynosure of every eye. As she walked, with her husband, down the broad elm-shaded village street, she became aware that she was the target for many curious glances from spectators half concealed behind window-blinds or curtains. But the Sabbath calm that brooded over the scene seemed to tranquilize and reassure her soul.

The street which the day before had been filled with farmer's waggons, and the stores crowded with farmer's wives and daughters, were strangely quiet. Not a team was to be seen but that of Squire Whitehead, and of some others of the congregation who lived in the country. The drowsy hum of the bees filled the air, and the distant bark of a dog jarred on the ear as an incongruous sound.

On the broad "stoop" of the village inn was a knot of idle boys and young men, and some old ones, who kept up on Sunday their week-day habit of "loafing" about that centre of pernicious attraction. These gazed, some with a loutish expression, some with brazen stare, at Lawrence and his wife as they passed, and one of them, the village blacksmith, who was more often found at the tavern than at his shop, and who was not yet quite sobered from his Saturday night's dissipation, said with an admiring glance, as he shifted the quid of tobacco from one bulging cheek to the other, "She's a daisy; an' I'll fight any man as says she aint."

"Come, Saunders, behave yourself," said Jim Larkins, the burly tavern-keeper, coming out of the open door. "You had better go home and get sobered off."

"I meant no offence," said the half-tipsy fellow, "an' its willing enough you were to have me here last night, as long as my money lasted."

"You fellows had better go to church," continued Larkins. "It don't look well to see you hanging round here of a Sunday, as if it were a fair-day. I'm going to hear the new preacher myself," and accompanied by two or three of the group he sauntered along.

"How dreadful it is," said Edith to her husband, "to see such a man-trap baited for its victims in this lovely spot. I feel already that our Eden has its tree of knowledge of good and evil, and many I fear taste its bitter fruit."

"Yes," said Lawrence, with a sigh, "I fear that that Devil's pulpit will do more to demoralize the people than I can to do them good. Go where you will in this fair Canada of ours, in every village and hamlet, for every church or school you will find two or three or more of these ante-chambers of hell."

As they approached the modest church, painted white, with the little "God's acre" in the rear,—

> "Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,"

a group of the farmer lads and village youth about the door subsided into silence, and even the women in the vestibule drew back with what Milton calls "a noble shame-facedness" in the unwonted presence of the new preacher and his wife. Good Mrs. Lowry, however, came forward with her warm-hearted shake-hands and kindly smile, saying,

"I'm waiting for you; I thought you'd feel strange like. But you'll soon find that we're all your friends," and she introduced some of the matrons that were standing near.

"I feel that already," said Edith, with a bright smile, shaking hands frankly. "We shall soon know each other better."

Here Brother Manning, the circuit-steward, took Lawrence and his wife and conducted them to the "preacher's pew," one of conspicuous honour in the front row, at the right hand of the pulpit, and in full view of every soul in the church. The young wife would much have preferred a much less prominent position,

but she would not object to what was meant for a kindness. The little church had not arrived at the dignity of a separate vestry, so Lawrence left his hat in the pew and entered the pulpit.

Edith soon became intensely conscious that she was the focus to which was directed every eye in the house. She felt her cheeks painfully flush, she saw row behind row of curious faces, but in her nervous agitation she could not recognize one. At last, just opposite her, she caught the loving glance of sweet Carrie Mason, and the broad, matronly smile of Mother Lowry, but also the sharp ferret look and keen, cold criticism of the austere Mrs. Marshall. But glancing out of the window beside her, she beheld beyond the stately elm that shaded the graveyard, the noble vista of the lake and islands, and then close at hand the quiet graves, with bee and butterfly haunting the clover bloom, and the summer breeze fluttered the hymn-book on the open window. And as her husband's voice gave out the hymn, and she joined with the congregation in its holy harmony, she felt her soul attuned for worship by these sweet ministries of nature and of grace.

After the service, as Mrs. Manning and her friend, Mrs. Marshall, walked down the street together, the latter lady, with a dolorous sigh, remarked:

"Did you see her bonnet, them satin ribbons and that flower —and she the minister's wife? Well, I never! Not a girl in the village but will be aping her fine lady airs."

"Well, you know, it's her wedding bonnet, and I'm sure it was tasteful—the neatest and most elegant in the house. An' as for her manners, I think they was just beautiful. As she sat looking up into her husband's face all through the sermon, she looked just like that pictur' of the Virgin on her parlour wall."

"That Papish thing! Well, I wouldn't want to look like it, I'm sure;" and she put on an even more than usual vinegar aspect.

"What a beautiful sermon that was," said Mrs. Lowry, coming up. "It just did one's soul good to hear him."

"Yes," said the circuit-steward, with a critical air, "I guess he'll do. And wasn't the church full! I hope it 'ill keep on so. I see the Crowle boys there, as I hav'n't seen to church since last winter, when they put pepper on the stove. And they put sixpence each in the collection, too, a thing I never know'd 'em to do afore."

CHAPTER VIII.—AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER AND A NEW FRIEND.

You behold in me
Only a travelling physician.
—*Longfellow*—"The Golden Legend."

IN the afternoon Edith rode with Lawrence to his appointment at the village of Morven, six miles distant, at the head of the lake. Lawrence gladly assented to her wish to accompany him, "but," he said, "I give you warning that if you follow me around like this, you will often hear an old sermon."

"Oh, I have to hear a sermon two or three times," she said, "before I can fully understand it."

"That must be because I am so profound," said he.

"Or because I am so shallow," she replied.

"Nay, not that," he said. "It must be that I am obscure; but if I am very taciturn you must excuse me, as I must think over my sermon."

So they drove over the rolling hills, gaining glorious views from time to time of the far-extended lake, with its islands and headlands and indented bays and upland slopes, green and golden with waving forest and ripening grain.

At last they descended into a hollow, and the road lay for a time through a dense forest of the tall, straight trees known as Norway pines, each—

Fit to be the mast of some high Admiral.

The horse's tread was scarcely heard upon the thick matting of pine needles, and the wheels of the carriage rolled noiselessly over them. Through the openings to the sky broad, bright glints of sunlight streamed and made a glory all around."

"Truly," said Edith, in a reverent tone,—

"'The groves were God's first temple. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication . . .
Let me
Here, in the shadow of the aged wood,

> Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
> Acceptance in His ear.'"

And she sweetly carolled the noble hymn, beginning,—

> "God is in this and every place."

They soon passed through this dense forest into a more open region, where the road ran for a mile or more over a rough causeway of logs across a swamp. The elderberry bushes were in their richest foliage of an intensely vivid green. The pure white lilies rose from the black and muddy ooze of the swamp, and breathed forth their fragrance on the air, like the Christian graces blooming in beauty amid a foul environment. The crimson cardinal flowers blushed a deeper scarlet by contrast with their snowy whiteness, like vice abashed in the presence of saintly purity. The noisy blue-jay, the flashing humming-birds, the lithe lizards on the ground, gleamed like living jewels amid the emerald setting of the forest.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Edith. "What splendid ferns! What magnificent orchids! You must bring me here to botanize some day."

Here her exclamations of delight were interrupted by a loud shouting ahead of them.

"Hi! Hallo there! Turn out, or there'll be trouble ahead."

The shouts proceeded from a large, burly individual, perched aloft in the single narrow seat of a high, two-wheeled vehicle, which is known in Canada as a "sulky:" we presume because one person only can ride in it. This vehicle came bouncing and bumping forward over the rough logs.

"Didn't you see the turning-out place back there?" said the florid-faced driver, as he halted his horse, and pointed to the road a few rods behind them, where a double width of logs had been laid down so as to give room for waggons to pass.

"No," said Lawrence, "I did not, I'm sorry to say. This is the first time I ever travelled this road."

"Well, young man," said the first speaker, "the next time you drive this way, don't pass that spot till you see the road is clear ahead of you. Beg your pardon, ma'am," he went on, with a polite bow to Edith, "don't be alarmed, I'll manage to turn around, and give you the right of way. *Place aux dames*, you know!"

For the vehicles to pass one another was impossible, so narrow was the causeway, and on either side was a deep ditch, filled with black swamp water and mud. But with much skill the driver of the sulky turned his vehicle and pony about on the narrow causeway almost as if they were on a pivot, although it was a feat somewhat like that of an elephant balancing on an upturned tub.

"I am greatly obliged for your kindness," said Lawrence, as he drove up. "May I have the pleasure of knowing the name of so courteous a gentleman!"

"My name's Norton—Dr. Norton—if you mean me," said with a merry laugh the burly Doctor, who was splashed with mud from head to foot. "We are not much used to such compliments out here in the bush, ma'am," he went on with another polite bow to Edith. "It's hard to feel one is a gentleman beneath so much mud," and he looked ruefully at his bespattered clothes. "And you?" he added, with an interrogative inflection, turning to Lawrence.

"Temple is my name. I'm the new Methodist preacher at Fairview, and this is my wife."

"Happy to make your acquaintance and Mrs. Temple's," said the Doctor, again bowing to that lady. "We are likely to meet often, sir. There is one thing our callings have in common: we are both much in request with the sick and poor, and we must get our reward in the other world if we get it at all."

"I trust we shall not miss that," said Lawrence, gravely, "whatever else we gain or lose."

"Amen to that!" said the Doctor, with a slight tremor of the voice. "I'm not a religious man, Mr. Temple," he added, "but I've seen enough of sickness and death to feel that there are ills too deep for drugs to cure, and that amid the gathering shadows of the grave man needs more potent healing than any the doctor's wallet contains. Often men ask us Macbeth's question,—

> 'Canst thou not minister unto a mind diseased;
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the rooted trouble from the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff,
> That weighs upon the heart?'

I have learned, too, sir, in many a sick room, to respect the char-

acter and appreciate the generous services of men of your cloth. I hope we shall be friends," and with a frank bow to Lawrence, and politely raising his hat to Edith, he resumed his journey.

CHAPTER IX.—A BACKWOOD'S SERVICE.

" He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor."
—*Holmes*—" Urania."

THE afternoon service was at a little hamlet, where the only public buildings were a log school-house, and that ubiquitous curse of Canada, the village tavern. Around the former a few horses were tied to the trees, and a couple of rough farm waggons were drawn up beside the fence. One could not but wonder where all the people came from in that lonely place. The little village had only half-a-dozen houses, and scarce another was in sight, but the school-house was packed—we were going to say if it were not perpetrating a bull—both within and without,—for there were more persons about the doors and windows than there were inside.

The " meeting " fulfils an important place in the social economy of the backwoods of Canada. Amid the isolation of their solitary farm life, the people—the female portion of the household especially—see little of each other except at these weekly or fortnightly gatherings. In consequence of the divergence or inaccuracy of their clocks and watches—many of which take their time from the sun by a rude astronomical observation of noontide, by their owners, or by a comparison of " sun-up " or " sun-down," with the time indicated in the almanac procured at the village drug store—the people go to meeting early so as to be sure to be in time. Sometimes the preacher is delayed by the bad roads or by mishap, and the congregation often employ the time in social converse. The good wives discuss the various ailments and infantile characteristics of their domestic brood, or the sickness or convalescence of some neighbour—and in a new country, any one within five miles is a neighbour. The girls are apt to compare ribbons and gowns. The men and boys out of doors are prone to drift into rather secular talk—the crops, the weather, the good points or otherwise of the horses hitched to the trees and fence, and of other horses elsewhere. If the delay

of the preacher in coming is long, some one the more spiritual-minded—perhaps the class-leader, gives out a hymn, and then another and another, and a grand service of song is held, the heavenly truths gliding into the soul with the sweet harmonies, and attuning and preparing the mind for the worship of God. The music may be pitched too high, and have more shakes and quavers than the composer designed; but it fulfils its mission to the human soul no less than if it rolled from golden organ pipes beneath cathedral's vaulted aisles.

As Mr. Temple and his wife drove up, a silence fell upon the group without and the singers within. Lawrence shook hands frankly with the men standing near, as if he had known them all his life, and asked for the class-leader. He was in the school-house leading the singing; but seeing the preacher drive up he came out. He was a man unheroic in stature and unbeautiful to look upon. His Sunday suit of clothes was the same for summer and winter—he could not afford the luxury of two suits—and as the day was warm, he looked, after his violent exercise in singing—and he believed in doing whatever he did, singing, praying, working, with all his might,—he looked, we say, as if threatened with apoplexy. His hair, it must be confessed was a staring red, and so was the fringe of beard around his florid face. Indeed, the wags at the village tavern asserted that the picture of the "Rising Sun" on its creaking sign was a portrait of the honest miller, John Crumly. A broad, white collar framed his face, and a black neckerchief was wound almost to the point of strangulation about his neck. Yet this was the man, though poor, unlettered, and uncouth, who was chosen by his neighbours to be their spiritual leader and guide—the under-shepherd and lay-colleague of their minister and chief pastor. His older and comparatively wealthy neighbours accepted his godly counsels and admonitions, as to them the voice of the Church and of God. Such a fact, multiplied ten thousand times in as many rural communities, illustrates the grand democracy of Methodism—or rather it illustrates the grandest aristocracy on earth—passing by the claims of wealth and learning and social rank, for the nobler criterion of moral worth.

"An' you be the noo preacher," said honest John, grasping Lawrence's hand, "Oi be right glad to see ye. An' so be us all.

We'me a-been a-prayin' for the Lord to send us a mon after I's oan heart, an' us accepts you as comin' in the name o' the Lord."

Lawrence made a way for himself and his wife through the crowded congregation to the school-ma'am's stand at the end of the room. The pulpit was a simple table on a small platform, raised about a foot above the floor. It was a capital place to learn to speak without notes. Woe to the unfortunate man who depended upon such adventitious helps, or who was easily disconcerted by trifles. There was a row of children perched along the front of the platform—so crowded was the house—and more than once one of these fell asleep and tumbled off during the sermon. Others trotted across the back of the teacher's stand. Several of the men got up and went out to look after restive horses, and two or three women carried out crying children. A dog, of an imaginative turn of mind, asleep beneath a bench, was apparently pursuing his prey in a dream, or, perhaps, was troubled with nightmare, and expressed his excitement in strange noises, and had to be ignominiously expelled. But the people hung upon the preacher's lips with intensest interest. Ever and anon a hearty "Amen!" or "Hallelujah!" attested their deep emotion, and around the windows crowded eager listeners. The preacher felt that he was not beating the air. No moral miasma of skepticism poisoned the souls of his hearers and rendered them insensible to the appeals of the Gospel. To each of them, though perchance they were living careless or even reckless lives, its every word was the voice of God—its threatenings were dread realities; its hell was an everlasting fire; its heaven a city of eternal joy. The preacher could grapple with their consciences which were not benumbed and paralysed by doubt.

Edith was greatly interested in this simple service, to which she was not unaccustomed, for she had witnessed many such scenes in the wilds of Muskoka. She joined heartily in the singing, her rich and pure soprano voice giving a noble quality to the rather uncultured service of song. After the sermon the matrons thronged about her with hearty invitations to come soon and make them a visit.

"We likes to know the preacher's wife," said one. "We never but onct before had one come to the meetin'. We hopes you'll come oftens."

"We may'nt be very fine," said a stout Yorkshire dame, "but your just as welcome to we're whoams as welcome can be."

John Crumly, who was also from the "north country" of old England, and used some of the old-fashioned forms of speech, asked the preacher to "stop and bait" at his house, which request his good wife warmly seconded.

"Us will be proud, she said, "to have you stop. We're hoose hev allus been the preacher's tavern, an' ye mus'n't make strange, ye know."

The house was a tiny one of logs beside the tiny mill. The great wheel of the latter stood still, but the waste water from the sluice made a musical tinkle as it splashed over the mossy timbers and flashed rainbow colours in the afternoon light. The good wife bustled about her tiny kitchen, and set forth a meal that would have beguiled the appetite of the sternest ascetic—home-made bread, golden butter, amber-coloured honey, redolent of clover bloom and thyme, and red, ripe strawberries, buried in rich, yellow cream.

"Bless the Lord," said honest John, "we'me getten a preacher of we're oan. Us will look for a graat work of graace. Peggy an' Oi's been a-prayin' for a graat revival, an' Oi believe we'me a-goin' to have it," and the good man in the gladness of his heart burst forth into sacred song in the midst of the meal.

It is true that he was unpolished in manners, and it must be confessed that he ate with his knife, but Edith felt that he was one of God's noblemen, and reverenced with all her soul his simple, earnest piety. As she rode home with Lawrence in the golden sunset, and then in the purple gloaming, she felt how great and blessed was the privilege of working with him for the spiritual welfare of these simple-minded, generous-hearted people. And any gifts of culture or talents that she possessed, she felt to be only a sacred trust to be used in their behalf.

After an evening service at "early candle-light" at Fairview, as weary in body, yet enjoying sweetest rest of soul, she sat on the piazza of their humble home, watching the moonlight sparkle on the waves, she said to her husband, "This has been one of the happiest days of my life. I have felt as I never did before a breadth of meaning in those words of the Creed, 'I believe in the communion of saints.' I have realized that amid the diversities of rank, condition, and culture of Christ's disciples, is

the same indwelling Spirit. My soul is knit to these people. I shall be glad to do all in my power for their good."

"Let us learn, dear wife," said Lawrence, "more and more the universal brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood of God, and we shall feel that—

'There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

'For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

'If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favour of our Lord.'"

SECURE.

THE winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of His hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waters upright stood;
And He whose power controlled that raging flood
Still succours helpless men.

He knoweth all: the end
As clear as the beginning to His eye;
Then walk in peace, secure though storms roll by,
He knoweth all, O friend!

THE REV. WILLIAM RYERSON.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

If oratory is the power of moving popular assemblies, then observation and experiences warrant us to look for the gift rather in an unfinished state of society than in a highly advanced and cultivated one; and also to prepare to find it at any time, rather among men of irregular education than among those of profound and finished attainments. At least, this latter statement seems borne out by the history of English-speaking peoples. Certainly, the Earl of Chatham, Patrick Henry, John Bright, and James H. Garfield, though fairly educated, by one means and another, were not profoundly learned. And the same holds true of pulpit oratory as well as of other kinds. Not to go beyond the ranks of British and American Methodism, we might remind the reader that Samuel Bradburn, the shoemaker, was more eloquent than Adam Clarke, the scholar. The seething, formative, unfinished stage of American Methodist development, gave birth to a Russell Bigelow, a George Cookman, and a William Pitman, whilst Canada, if it had barely a share in developing Samuel Coate, could claim, at least, a few years later, its William Ryerson, all to itself. His contemporary, Franklin Metcalf (albeit he came *from the States), though a better educated and more polished* man than Ryerson, did not begin to be so eloquent as he.

After the union between the British and Canadian Conferences came into effect, there was another, born in Europe, but converted and brought into the ministry in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who laboured off and on in connection with the Canada Conference, and was placed side by side with our present subject, whom some might suppose his superior. The following parallel, or contrast, from my own pen, embodied substantially in the pages of "Case and His Contemporaries," will show that Matthew Richey, with all his gifts and accomplishments, did not possess the native power of moving assemblies equal to William Ryerson:—

"Mr. Ryerson might almost be called untutored; Mr. Richey had received a classical education. The former was thought-

less of his person and absent-minded; the latter was the easy, polished gentleman. One clothed ordinary thoughts in a Latinized diction; the other could not resist the temptation to employ a coarse term, bordering on the slangy, if he thought it necessary to emphasize something that he wanted to be telling. The eloquence of Richey was, therefore, the more polished; Ryerson's was the more popular, persuasive, and powerful."

I have reason to believe that William Ryerson's first addresses in public as an exhorter, though they were marked by a clumsy, uncouth manner, were observedly stirring and effective. I once conversed with a gentleman who had met and heard William in an early period of his religious career, at a camp-meeting, where he often saw him mount a stump and pour out on the promiscuous throng, in the intervals of the public services, a torrent of the most subduing declamation, repeating the performance again and again all through the meeting. He was the first one of the Ryerson brothers who became converted and joined the Methodist Church, yet his name does not appear in the Minutes as a travelling preacher till two years after his brother John, who was a year or two his junior. This arose from his having to leave home immediately on becoming a Methodist, which induced him to marry and provide a home for himself far from the older settlements, on a bush farm, which, for the time being, seemed to make him less available for the itinerancy than if he had remained single and on the frontier. However, it appears the presiding elder availed himself of his services to labour as a subordinate colleague to others on a circuit adjacent to, and comprehending his own residence, or, at least so near, as not to entail the necessity of a move. He seems to have spent from some time in 1821 till the Conference of 1823 in that relation, when he was, along with some others who became distinguished for usefulness, received regularly on probation for membership in what was then the Genesee Annual Conference.

What expectations he raised while under a presiding elder, I do not exactly know; but the impression he produced as soon as he came into the Niagara country, which was his first circuit under the Conference direct, evinced an effective degree of maturity as a speaker. Before that Conference year was ended, which was the first of my own spiritual life, I was favoured to

see and hear the rising orator. I well remember the first day I saw him. It was well on in the summer of 1824, while on a visit to his brother John, then labouring on York and Yonge streets, during which he preached twice to us in the town, and delivered one of his subduing addresses at the close of the evening service. All his ministrations at that time evinced a tide of religious feeling and an affluence of words such as none of his hearers had ever heard before. The style and manner of his speaking and that of John Beverly Robinson, then Attorney-General, but afterwards Chief-Justice, in those days, always reminded me the one of the other; and when I came to hear Bishop Simpson, near half a century after, there was much in the voice, manner, and volubility of the Bishop to remind me of the other two. Although, perhaps, less refined, William Ryerson was more impassioned and moving than anything I ever heard from either of the others.

William Ryerson was a laborious minister (though not a plodding visitor), an enterprising promoter of Connexional objects, an able Conference debater, an influential legislator of the body, a vigorous administrator, both as "preacher in charge," or "superintendent of a circuit," and as "presiding elder," or "chairman of a district," and, in his own self-taught way, a vigorous and efficient business man; and made his way up from bush and country circuits, through our frontier towns —Niagara, St. Catharines (if we follow the geographical rather than the chronological order), Hamilton, York or Toronto, Kingston, and Brockville, up into the charge of districts, then most extensive, and involving herculean labours—such as the Bay of Quinte, Niagara, Hamilton, Brantford, and London; Superintendent of Missions, and twice President of the Conference, serving on all important Connexional committees, and representing Canada Methodism twice in the American General Conference, and once in the British Conference, taking, the while, if circumstances required it, the lowly and laborious position of missionary to the Mohawk Indians on the Grand River. And in every position he gave a good account of himself as a man of unusual force and energy, evincing a ready and leading mind. He bore a subaltern's commission while yet a mere boy, during the stormy scenes of the year [illegible]2; and if

called to it, would have made a skilful and brave military commander.

Yet his appropriate sphere was the popular assembly, and his greatest distinction the gift of popular oratory. The theatres where the power of this gift was displayed was the church pulpit, the camp-meeting "stand," the Conference floor, the missionary platform, the arena of controversy, the political hustings, and, for several sessions, the halls of our Provincial Legislature. The powers he had at command, and which, employed upon occasion, were as varied as the necessities for their use—such as fluent statement, cogent argumentation, melting pathos, withering scorn, laughter-provoking banter and ridicule, biting sarcasm, awe-inspiring denunciation, and irresistible persuasiveness. We will not deny but that he sometimes forgot himself, or that what he said was sometimes in bad taste, evincing cruelty to an opponent as if determined to annihilate him; but as a general thing he was courteous, touching, and tasteful, while ever and anon there were bursts of eloquence which transcended all example, and bore down all resistance, producing laughter, tears, enthusiasm, and vehement determination, which resulted in prompt and vigorous action, to say nothing of cheers or shouts, according as the theme was secular or sacred.

I fear that I should become prolix, and extend this paper to inconvenient and inadmissible dimensions, if I particularized fully many of those instances of his higher flights. Nevertheless I must attempt to recall a few. Passing over the congregations he drew from 1823 to 1825, in the town of Niagara, and the fluency, fervour, tenderness, and persuasiveness of his first two or three sermons in York and its neighbourhood, my mind recalls the extraordinary subduing power of a valedictory addressed by him, at the request of Elder Madden, to the hundred and forty or fifty new converts at the Yonge Street camp-meeting, during the summer of 1825, the beauty, solemnity, and tenderness of which was enhanced by his piteous, failing voice, enfeebled by declining health at the time, accompanied by his own streaming tears, which produced still more copious floods in the vast congregation made up of old and young Christians. So subduing an address I never heard any-

where delivered by any person. Truly that camp-ground that day was a "place of weepers."

The next address of mark I remember was from the gallows, before the execution of poor young Charles French, in the autumn of 1828. It was but a short one, for he was hampered by the sheriff, but most appropriate and touching, and should have been very admonitory to all the young men who heard it.

His opening addresses in the quarterly love-feasts, after he became a "presiding elder," or "travelling chairman," were the best adapted, I always thought, to bring about that emotional state of feeling which produces a free and fearless manner of intercommunication. Indeed, he could easily sway and persuade the people to co-operate with him, and fling themselves with a sort of abandon into any religious service which he was conducting for their benefit. His Sunday forenoon sermons on those quarterly visits were always noble and efficient efforts of pulpit oratory—tears and shouts attested his power.

He charged heavily when heated in Conference debate, rather over-estimating the claims of any question he undertook to defend or carry. Without intending anything unjust or cruel, he often made his opponents cut a sorry figure by his powers of caricature. This he did especially on the public platform, in the earlier stages of the Temperance campaign in Canada, or in those *quasi* political meetings where the ecclesiastical claims of nonconformists were advocated. He was, no doubt, a true patriot, but, perhaps, for a minister of religion, a little too fond, in both private and public, of the discussion of State questions, even, sometimes, to the borders of party politics.

Sometime about 1850 or '51 or '52, six clergymen, three of a side, agreed to discuss the questions of public aid to religion on the one hand and the principles of voluntaryism on the other. They were all men of mark: Rev. (afterward bishop) B. Cronyn, Rev. Mr. Betridge, Churchman; and Rev. Mr. Bell, Kirk, minister, were the champions on the side of State religion; and Rev. Dr. Ormiston, U. P. Presbyterian; a Mr. Livingstone, a clever Baptist minister, and Rev. Wm. Ryerson, on the side of voluntaryism. It was a very able and spirited discussion, and each interlocutor acquitted himself well, from his own particular standpoint, and according to his own style of talent. Mr. Ryerson's power of sarcasm served him in great stead in

this gladiatorial contest. The Rev. Mr. Cronyn said to his friends it was worth a journey from his own town of London to Simcoe to witness Mr. Ryerson's bantering mode of warfare.

For a time our subject retired from his full ministerial functions, and accepted an election to the united legislature of Canada East and West. His partial deafness and late entrance on a new and untried arena, prevented his appearing to so great advantage as many of the advisers of this course of action expected; but his long clerical career could not prevent his native power of ridicule and irony from displaying themselves from time to time. His burlesquing speech on the question of "representation by population," will be remembered by all the seniors in the country who took an interest in the doings of the legislature, during which he made such a ludicrous use of a verse in the "sorrows of a poor old man." His plaintive repetition of the stanza—

> "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
> Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
> His days are dwindled to the shortest span,
> Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store,"

was felt to be irresistibly ludicrous.

His defence and plea on behalf of the Canada Conference, before the Committee of the English body (it never got before the Conference itself), in 1840, whatever may be thought of the merits of his side of the question, it was said by one who heard it, to have been a masterpiece of indignant declamation. The stride he made from the sublime to the ridiculous, at the Conference of 1839, in defending his brethren against the charge of disloyalty, made by the Rev. Adam Townley, is still remembered by many. He said "he had served his king and country on the battle-field—had relatives who were scarred and mutilated while standing up in defence of British institutions during two successive wars—and he begged to know if he and his brothers, and such men as a Wilson, who had taken the side of loyalty as a dragoon during the Irish rebellion, in 1798, and a Ferguson, who had nearly poured out his very heart's blood on the plains of Chippewa, were to be lectured into loyalty by an upstart boy, who would take flight at the sight of a pop-gun in the hands of a grasshopper!"—an outburst which brought

down the house in a most tumultuous manner. His powers of ridicule found an appropriate subject in the case of a heady, pretentious young preacher, who left his circuit to get married before his four years were finished, and, in his eagerness to accomplish his urgent journey, passed through some of the turnpike gates, leaving the toll unpaid. His love of caricature prevented his resistance of the temptation to represent the poor love-smitten young fellow as, Gilpin-like, "riding a race" as if for dear life.

Some of these lighter escapades were the lesser abuses of a native tendency and power of extempore oratory, which, for the most part, were exercised for nobler and loftier ends.

William Ryerson, in his earlier Christian life, was a most pious and happy young Christian, evincing great liveliness in social meetings, singing the fervent camp-meeting hymns of the day as he went from one place to another, such as—

> "My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue;
> Could I meet with angels I'd sing them a song.
> O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame;
> I sink in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.
> Could I meet with angels. I'd sing them a song;
> I'd sing of my Jesus and tell of His charms,
> And beg them to bear me to His loving arms."

And for the first twelve or twenty years of his public ministry, the same ardour, with increasing refinement and elevation of sentiment and language, was carried into his evangelistic labours.

We do not pretend that at any stage of his career our subject was without fault. A man so sensitive and excitable might easily, under excitement, be betrayed into words and acts which in all particulars would not bear calm reflection; and with increasing years and infirmities, these might so easily increase as to sometimes require authoritative reprehension. But, after a life-long acquaintance, I am bold to pronounce him an essentially good man—manly and honest; and it is a satisfaction to know, that though for years and years he met with some annoying hindrances, he, after all the storms of life were past, entered peacefully into port. It speaks well for his character and reputation, that in the neighbourhood where he spent the last twenty-four years of his life, and was so very

well known, whenever it was announced for him to preach, he commanded more hearers than any other speaker who ever visited the place. He was Canada's favourite orator—Canada old and young. He passed away peacefully, September 15th, 1872, aged seventy-five years.

For the interest and profit of his ministry to me, during my susceptible youthful days, I will ever bless his memory while *my* memory retains its seat. Dr. Clarke said to one who had never seen him, but was curious to know what he was like: "The Creator must make another Samuel Bradburn, and you must see and hear him, before you can have any true conception of the man." The same I must say of my present subject, for we had but one William Ryerson.

Since finishing my article, I have read on the first page of the *Christian Guardian* an account of "Castalar's Oratory," and am struck with the resemblance between the Spanish and the Canadian orator in the following particulars: "The reasoning" of each was "the slave of his ear." Castalar "has harmony in his mind, follows it, obeys it, and sacrifices to it everything that can offend it." So also Ryerson must have had so many words to complete the harmony of his periods, which must be used whether necessary to the logic and syntax of his sentences or not. Of Castelar it is said his collocation of words "approaches the harmony of song." So also Ryerson's style of speaking amounted to a kind of song, or, at least, sing-song. The Spaniard shows great restlessness before speaking, begins with diffidence and distrust of himself, not knowing quite the way his argument will go, or how it will turn out; but when he becomes surcharged with his subject, which happens soon after he rises, he soon controls both himself and his audience, so as to hold the latter spell-bound, no matter how long he spoke. So also the Canadian would rise with diffidence, speaking softly and not very determinately at first, gradually getting command of his thoughts and words and subject; ideas would flow in on him the while, beautified with figures and inflamed with passion, while his hearers became captivated, enthusiastic, and controlled as if floated up and borne away by a flood. Like Castelar, we have reason to believe that Ryerson closed his orations and "went away with his brain in a whirl."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE DEATH OF DR. RYERSON.

To thousands throughout the length and breadth of Canada, the death of Dr. Ryerson will be felt with a keen sense of personal loss. Few men ever had a wider range of devoted friends. The brave battles of his early years for equal rights and civil and religious liberties won the admiration and respect even of those who did not share his views, and the lasting gratitude of those whose rights he championed. The extraordinary development—the creation, indeed—of the public school system of this province, during his over thirty years' discharge of the duties of Chief Superintendent of Education, is a monument more lasting than brass, of his breadth of view, his practical sagacity, his administrative ability. His labours for the Church of his early choice were performed in every position, from that of a missionary to the Indian tribes, to that of the chief officer of its highest assembly. As one of the original founders and first Presidents of Victoria University; as one of the originators and first editors of the *Christian Guardian*, and as repeatedly the representative of Canadian Methodism in important crises of its history, before the British Conference and the General Conference of the United States, he rendered services of the greatest value to the Church of which he was an honoured son.

But by those who knew him best, his memory will be cherished and revered, not for what he did, but for what he was. Dr. Ryerson was one of the most lovable men we ever knew. Few men grew old so gracefully as he. He had been, we may say, a man of war from his youth, and was the hero of many a hard-fought fight, yet he was without a particle of bitterness or guile. Some of his foes became some of his best friends—for instance, the late Bishop Strachan. He was fond of telling to youthful listeners stories of his youth, and by the young who knew him he was greatly revered and beloved. To the last he retained his sympathy with the young. No one could feel his lingering shake-hands without perceiving how much heart there was in it. We never knew a man so simple in his greatness, so generous in recognition of merit in others, so tender in the bestowment of sympathy, so wise in the giving of counsel.

Above all, he was the simple, earnest, cheerful, sunny-minded Christian. We have heard him speak with great warmth of feeling of the abounding joys and consolations of God in his soul, when driven, for his fidelity to conscience, from his father's house, and when toiling with his hands in the harvest-field. And we have often heard him say that not when receiving the highest dignities and honours that were conferred upon him, has he experienced such rich enjoyment as in preaching the Gospel to the Indians or to the scattered settlers of the backwoods. Our revered and honoured friend once submitted to the present writer a collection of his early diaries. They were most minutely and faithfully kept during a long series of years, recording his early studies, the texts from which he preached, and his later travels in foreign lands. The first we opened was that describing his first appointment as assistant Methodist preacher in the town of York, fifty-seven years ago, and in it he expresses the most humble depreciation of his own ability to preach to the intellectual and cultured Methodist society of the Ancient Capital. He also wrote many bitter things against himself for non-improvement of his time—although a lady still living has told the writer that he used to rise at four in the morning to study by the light of pine knots on the hearth.

While enjoying life to the full with a genial hilarity of spirit that never could grow old, the thought of death was a familiar and not unwelcome one. We have often heard him converse calmly and cheerfully of the decease which he must shortly accomplish, and then address himself ardently to the duties of the hour. His religion had nothing ascetic in it. It was a calm, confident, holy trust. When apparently very near his end, he held the hand of the writer long, and spoke of that unfaltering trust. "He felt that he had no merit—no desert,' he said "he was simply resting by faith on the atonement of his Redeemer." And he quoted, as expressing the experience of his soul, the words of Wesley:—

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

In the very last interview we had with him, he expressed a strong desire to write another essay, supplementary to those on Canadian Methodism which have already appeared in this Magazine, in which he would endeavour to remove, if possible, the last remains of any bygone bitterness and estrangement in Canadian Methodism. He rejoiced over the growing spirit of fraternity, and none, we think, would have welcomed the organic union of all its branches more warmly than he.

Canada has seldom, if ever, seen such a funeral as when his mortal remains were conveyed to their last long rest. Nearly two hundred ministers joined the procession, many of them old companions who had come from a distance to look once more on the dear familiar face The Legislature attended in a body, the Anglican Bishop and many of his clergy were present, and the cathedral bell tolled for the funeral of this pioneer Methodist preacher. All classes were represented, from the Lieutenant-Governor to the boys of the public schools. Of the many floral tributes on his coffin, one of the most beautiful was a crown from the pupils of Ryerson School. His happy end was well symbolized by another—a cluster of wheat and a floral sickle, for like a sheaf fully ripe, he was gathered to the harvest of the skies. That service in the Metropolitan Church will not be soon forgotten—the sable drapery, the solemn music, the touching prayer of Dr. Rose, the judicious words of Dr. Potts, and the deep emotion of other old friends.

What is the lesson of this life but this—"the good alone are great," not rank, station, nor adventitious circumstances command the truest homage of the soul, but the supreme excellence of moral worth.

> The memory of the just
> Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust.

METHODIST UNION.

Already the Œcumenical Conference is bringing forth fruit. In England, the United States, and Canada, friendly meetings of different branches of Methodists have taken place, with the purpose of promoting greater spiritual sympathy, and possibly also of bringing about an organic union. All such movements have our heartiest good wishes. There may be difficulties in the way, but they are such as may be overcome by time and patience and hearty effort. The inconveniences resulting from union will be transient, and they can scarcely be greater than those of the continued existence of rival altars and rival interests in many places. The benefits of union would be abiding and immeasurable.

God, in His providence, has brought us face to face with a problem with which we must grapple—how to supply with the ministry of the Word the vast influx of population in the opening territory of the North-West. Were but the means for their support forthcoming, any present or prospective surplus of men could be readily employed in that great and fertile field. That great economy of expenditure would result from union of Churches and consolidation of effort in the old provinces is beyond a question. Can the Methodists of the Dominion be justified in the continued waste of means and labour inseparable from

the maintenance of rival interests in many of the towns and villages in the long settled parts of the country, when there is such an urgent demand for labourers in the great harvest field of the North-West? With its vast possibilities of wealth in the near future, missions in that region will soon be more than self-supporting. Let us not carry into those new fields the rivalries of the past. Let us consolidate our forces, and concentrate our energies as a united Methodism in the great work to which we are summoned, in bearing our part in the future civilization of that great North-West by Christian influences and Christian institutions.

We rejoice, therefore, at the growing feeling of fraternity and sympathy between the different branches of Methodism. Let us cultivate more and more this feeling by inter-denominational courtesies and kindnesses—by pulpit exchanges, by union services, by cultivating friendly relations. Let us forget old issues. *Let us not cherish ancient grievances.* Let the dead past bury its dead. Let us feel that as we come nearer to our common Master, we draw nearer to one another, and in the spirit of Christian love seek the fulfilment of the Master's prayer, that His disciples might be made perfect in one.

> Let us then, uniting, bury
> All our idle feuds in dust,
> And to future conflicts carry
> Mutual faith and common trust;
> Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

PLYMOUTH BROTHERISM.

In an admirable volume on "The Church Systems of England," the Rev. J. Guiness Rogers thus characterizes the Plymouth Brethren: "They make their protest against sects and sectarianism by creating a new sect, the most narrow, bitter, intolerant, and sectarian of any. They make it their main business to detach Christians from the Churches where they have a religious home, instead of seeking to attract sinners to Jesus Christ. Wherever they go, their path is marked by discontent in Churches, heart-grief to pastors, divisions in families, and separations among those who have been fast friends. Their hand is against every Church, and if the hand of every Church is not against them, it is partly, perhaps, because the real extent of the danger has not been understood, and partly because their fair appearance has served to disarm suspicion. Numbers of pure and honest souls have been unable to believe that professions so speceous concealed designs so destruc*tive to Christian usefulness and* harmony, or that those who talked so fairly of charity and unsectarianism were themselves representatives of a sectarianism more narrow in its theory, more severe in its judgments, more uncharitable in temper, and more unscrupulous in modes of action than that of any other sect in Christendom." "It is forcibly remarked," adds the Editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, "that the best members of the sect—men like Muller, Crack, Tregelles—have been driven from it by its narrow, censorious spirit."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The missions in South Africa suffered great injury by the late war, but happily there is now both material and spiritual results of a cheering kind in different districts. A good deal of attention is devoted to *the work of native agency, which* promises to be a valuable auxiliary in extending the Gospel. From one district the chairman writes: "Old centres have been greatly quickened,

and new preaching-places have been commenced. In some of these places the Word has been as a fire." The natives are trained to support those labouring among them. At one place the minister's house fell in with the heavy rain. Another house had to be occupied, and the people paid both the rent and the expense of the repairs.

In the year 1826 there appears in the Minutes of Conference this record: "Tongatabu, five members;" and from this small beginning the flourishing churches of the South Sea Islands have sprung. The venerable John Thomas was the pioneer missionary who was permitted to sit beneath the shadow of the tree which he planted, and to rejoice in its foliage and fruit. Mr. Thomas was a single-minded, saintly man, and he was honoured of God above many. George Tabou, the king, was accustomed to send a sum of money yearly to Mr. Thomas, while he was superannnated, in token of the services which he rendered in the Friendly Islands.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Count Campello has become the editor of a daily paper in Rome, in the interest of evangelical principles. The urgent need of such an instrumentality is seen in the fact that, aside from the Romanist papers, there is not a single daily journal in Italy that is not either rationalistic or infidel.

From the North Indian Mission it is reported that there is a growing prospect that the whole Chumar caste, which embraces about half a million of people, will ere long come over in a body to Christianity.

A young Bunya found a copy of the Sut Mut Niripun; or, "An Inquiry into the True Religion," among some old wrapping paper. He ran over some of the pages, became interested, read more, became convinced, found his way to the missionaries, and is now finishing a course of study in the Bareilly Theological Seminary, preparatory to preaching the Gospel.

The Rev. William Taylor, whose principle is that missionaries should support themselves, has in three years sent out 91 workers to India, Burmah, and South and Central America, all but two or three of whom, he claims, have succeeded in supporting themselves.

The Rev E. L. Latham, whom Mr. Taylor sent out, has been for three years past pastor of the church in Aspinwall, South America. The population is 4,000, one-half of whom are English-speaking. The Church contains fifty members, and a congregation of from 200 to 300. A new building for parsonage and school is nearly completed, which cost $2,500—three-fourths of the amount has been paid.

Mr. Taylor expects to sail from New York soon, accompanied by sixteen new workers for South America.

The Ohio Wesleyan University is represented by two missionaries in Japan, six in China, three in India, one in Italy, two in South America, and one in Mexico.

Already five students of Fisk University have gone to Africa as missionaries. They all went to the Mendi Mission on the west coast, where three of them are still at work. During the present year a pupil from Mendi Mission has been completing his course of study at Fisk University, preparatory to his life-work among his own people in Africa.

During the last forty years 127 missionaries have fallen victims to the climate of the West Coast of Africa, but the converts to Christianity number over 30,000.

The whole Bible has been translated into eight African tongues, and portions of it into twenty-four others, making thirty-two in all.

A society has been formed in Liberia, under the title of "Liberia Interior Association," with a view of developing commerce in the interior, of seeking means of transportation and the employment of beasts in some parts of the country, and of bestowing attention upon the commercial, agricultural, and political interest of the colony in the interior.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

This branch of the Methodist family has 58 chapels, with 1,091 members in China, chiefly in the Province of Shantung. A portion of these are in a district handed over to these Christian workers by the London Missionary Society.

The word "New" is to be dropped. Ministers cannot now be appointed to the same circuit for a longer period than three years. A few years ago the term was lengthened to five years, but the law has been repealed, and three years is now the limit.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

It is gratifying to learn that branches of the "Woman's Missionary Society" are being formed in various parts of the Dominion. The latest of which we have heard is in connection with Grafton Street Church, Halifax South Circuit, Nova Scotia. It would delight us to learn that branches had been formed in all our principal circuits. The presence of Mrs. Crosby, wife of the Rev. T. Crosby, is being well utilized in inaugurating this grand movement. Toronto ladies, we hear, have also come nobly forward, and are labouring with pleasing anticipation of success. Branches have also been formed at Paris and Picton. The ladies of Montreal have long been zealous in working chiefly for the French missions, but their branch is now connected with the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada.

In one of her addresses, Mrs. Crosby relates an interesting account of the conversion of a woman whom they took into the Girls' Home at Port Simpson. She had formerly been the wife of a chief, but had fallen from virtue. She has become a reformed woman, and has been the means of bringing others to the knowledge of salvation. Fifty dollars will support a poor girl at the Home for one year, and if Mr. and Mrs. Crosby had the means they could soon have a much larger number of inmates. Who among our readers will assist to rescue the poor girls in British Columbia from a state worse than death?

Sackville, N. B., Sunday-school sets a good example to other Sunday-schools by supporting the Rev. T. Hiraiwa, native missionary in Japan. He writes an occasional letter to the school, the reading of which always gratifies both teachers and scholars. Recently when visiting an old circuit (Aurora), the writer was glad to find that the Sunday-school in that place devotes its Sabbath collections this year to the Girls' Home at Port Simpson.

A new church, costing near $4,000, has been dedicated on Waterdown Circuit. Churches, also, have been re-opened at St. George's and Port Elgin. We hear that other churches are also in course of erection. As the country has been unusually prosperous during the past year, it is to be hoped that debts will not be left to embarrass the prosperity of the work of God in future years.

From Manitoba and the North-West intelligence continues to reach us respecting the rapid increase of population and the pressing demand for an increase of missionaries. When the Conferences meet, no doubt every means will be used to occupy every suitable opening, but the friends of the Church will please remember that the increase of labourers will altogether depend upon the state of the missionary exchequer.

Our friends in the east have lost no time in taking steps to rebuild Sackville Academy, recently destroyed by fire. An endowment of $100,000 had just been secured when the devastation occurred. It is now proposed to rebuild the Academy, and also a fine college building, to be devoted solely to educational purposes, the present college hall to be used exclusively for dormitories for college students. The cost of constructing all the needful buildings will be about $40,000. The amount required for the proposed enlargements and improvements in addition to funds on hand after paying all indebtedness, will be about $35,000 This amount it is expected to be raised by an appeal to the Methodists generally

in the Maritime Provinces. Perhaps some of our readers in the west will assist our friends in their laudable object.

As one result of the late Œcumenical Conference, steps have been taken to form a union of the various bodies in Birmingham, England. A representative meeting of the Wesleyans, New Connexion, Primitives, and Methodist Free Churches was recently held, and a provisional committee appointed to draw up a basis of union. We shall watch the progress of this movement with interest.

A meeting has also recently been held at Iroquois, Ontario, which was attended by ministers and laymen of the Methodist and Methodist Episcopal Churches, with a view to unification. The meeting appears to have been a very harmonious one, and the changes recommended are not so revolutionary as some would have anticipated. The General Conferences of both Churches meet next September, at which only official action can be taken. In the meantime the subject should be carefully considered : it is too important to be decided otherwise than in the most prayerful and prudent manner.

How rapidly Methodism has spread! There are now 32,652 travelling preachers, and 89,292 local preachers, who are telling of Jesus Christ and preaching a free and full salvation in thirty different languages ; 4,966,889 members, and not less than 23,000,000 adherents, and 4,803,012 scholars in the Sunday-schools. The London *Inquirer* commiserates the children of Methodists because it was urged in the Œcumenical Conference that they should be taught the catechism; but the New York *Independent* says: "We do not sympathize with the feeling. Catechism does children good, and they get too little of it. It is better than Sunday-school story-books." Would that all our Sunday-schools taught the catechisms of the Methodist Church more thoroughly.

EVANGELISTIC.

Lord Radstock, one of the few English noblemen who, like the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Polworth, is actively engaged in evangelistic work, writes from Listieux, France, where he is labouring at present :—"God is graciously working here. From 100 to 200 Roman Catholics come every night. About sixty were present from 8 to 12 30, at watch-night service, and 12 or 14 prayed very simply. More than half of France has given up Romanism—they see the need of something better. But the labourers are yet only a handful for these thirty millions."

Evangelistic meetings are being held in Germany by the Rev. Dr. Somerville, whose work there last year attracted so much attention. In spite of the fact that Dr. Somerville still labours under the disadvantage of having to speak through an interpreter, his addresses draw large audiences.

The pastors of nearly all the Presbyterian Churches in Indianapolis, together with prominent laymen, have united in a series of revival services, holding a week in one church and a week in another, and so giving each church an equal meeting. It is working admirably. The weak Churches stand as good a chance as the strong, besides uniting them in one work. Other Churches might take a hint.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Army recently held a "Council of War" at Exeter Hall, London, which attracted so great an attendance that an overflow meeting had to be held, and that was not enough. "General" Booth, who presided, gave the statistics as made up to last August, with the figures of five years ago. The Army had now 245 stations—five years ago they had 26. Their officers numbered 470, as against 36 five years ago. Then, as regarded their income, five years ago it was reckoned at $20,000 per annum—it is now more than $250,000. The meetings were at-

tended by 46,000 persons a week, and 7,000 "soldiers" were prepared to face "mobs," to speak, and to sing. Mr. Booth spoke of a project for a great world centre, to be called "Salvation Temple," which is to be built at a cost of $500,000, and to hold 10,000 people. The Army has had some success in Paris, and has several workmen enrolled, who profess religion and wear its badge regularly.

The Army is steadily advancing in the estimation of active evangelical workers in England. It reaches the neglected classes, who seem to be beyond the reach of the ordinary Church agencies.

Opinions may differ respecting many of the movements of the Army, but the Chief Constable of Hull says "that the efforts of the Salvation Army have been highly successful, and many of the most degraded persons in the town have been reclaimed. The Editor of the *North-Western Advocate*, who visited many of the "stations" of the Army while he was in England, declares: "We hail, and thank God for, any sort of body that converts and saves a single soul, and when we hear people wishing these workers were more polite and cultured, we fall to wishing the politer and more cultured Churches were making a record that will sound as splendidly in the kingdom."

BOOK NOTICES.

Proceedings of the Œcumenical Methodist Conference, held in City Road Chapel, September, 1881. 8vo. Pp. 632. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price, $1.75.

We have here a complete report of the several papers read, and invited and impromptu addresses given, at the late Œcumenical Conference. The topics treated are of vital importance, the writers and speakers were the most able and distinguished ministers and laymen of the Methodist world. Mr. Arthur contributes a graceful introduction. A report is also given of the Fraternal Meeting at Exeter Hall, and copious extracts from the English press on this great gathering. The papers and addresses of our Canadian delegates, Doctors Douglas, Dewart, Ryckman, Sutherland, Pope, Allison, and John Macdonald, will be of special interest to Canadian Methodists. This is not a book of transient importance, but of permanent value. We have here the most matured opinions of the wisest thinkers of the Methodist world, on such subjects as the Methodist Itinerancy, Lay Preaching, Women and Their Work for Methodism, Scriptural Holiness, the Training of Children, Sunday Schools, the Lord's Day and Temperance, the Possible Perils of Methodism, Education, Ministerial Training, Denominational Literature, Methodist Hymnology, Home and Foreign Missions, Christian Unity, and other allied subjects. No Methodist who can afford to possess it, and has leisure to read it, should be without this book. It cannot fail to make him a more intelligent and loyal member of that great and growing Church, which, in little over a century, has belted the world with its missions, and is to-day one of the most aggressive forms of Christianity on the face of the earth. For a closely-printed volume of this size and character, the book is very cheap.

James T. Fields'-Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches. 8vo. Pp. 275. Boston: Houghton, Mifflen & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.

Few book buyers are not familiar with names of Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co., as publishers

of, we think, the best catalogue of books ever published in America. Through their house the writings of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, and a brilliant galaxy of New England authors, found their way to the public; and their imprint on a volume was an unquestioned guarantee of its worth. The social and literary history of the leading member of this house is a book of unique interest. Few publishers are also authors. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields are both striking exceptions. Mr. Fields was also for ten years Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then and now, we believe, the best edited magazine in the world. His "Yesterdays with Authors" has run through many editions, and by his lectures on the English writers, which were given with great success in most of the large cities of the United States, he did more to foster a love of English literature than any other man of our times.

The most interesting feature of the present volume is the glimpses it gives of the literary side of a publisher's life—his intimate relations with the leading authors of his day. Besides a tender memorial sketch by his wife, and copious extracts from h... own and her husband's journal, it contains numerous letters from the principal recent English and American writers. Mr. Fields travelled much, and had the *entree* to the best literary circles, and his own hospitable table was the gathering-place of all that was best in American literary society. The book abounds in charming sketches and anecdotes of these "heroes of the pen."

It is interesting to note his passionate love of England, English scenery, society, and authors, with which he was so well acquainted. He must have been no ordinary man whose death could call forth such noble poems as those of Longfellow and Whittier, printed in this volume.

Boston Town. By HORACE SCUDDER. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflen & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Although we in Canada may not quite agree that Boston is the very hub of the universe, we will all admit that it is a very interesting old town. Only our own Quebec can compare with it, on this continent, for historic interest; and in its influence on the destinies of the English-speaking race, it far surpasses the old French capital of Canada. It had a grand old history as a British colony for a hundred and fifty years before the American Revolution, with which our young folk should become acquainted. It was a happy thought of Mr. Scudder, the author of the inimitable Bodley Books, to get this patriotic old grandfather to take his grand-sons all over old Boston, pointing out its historic relics, and telling them stories of its early days. And stirring stories they are—of John Winthrop, and Eliot, and King Phillip's War, and Captain Kidd, and Boston Common, and the Old Elm, and Ben Franklin, and Fanuel Hall, and the Old South Church, and the Boston Tea-party, and all the rest of it. And these old historic places, the old streets, and houses, and old faces; yes, and New Boston with its noble avenues, and Trinity Church, and the Art Museum, are admirably delineated with pencil and graver. This is a capital book for all boys, both old and young.

William Lloyd Garrison and His Times. By OLIVER JOHNSON, with Introduction. by JOHN G. WHITTIER. New edition. 8vo, pp. 490. Boston: Houghton, Miffl-n & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.00.

When Garrison was in England, he was introduced to a distinguished anti-slavery philanthropist. "Why," said that gentleman, as he shook hands with him, "I thought you were a black man." It was one of the highest compliments he ever received. He had so thoroughly identified himself with the cause of the down-trodden slaves that his English friend thought he must himself be black.

The history of the Anti-slavery movement in the United States, is that of one of the noblest appeals ever made to the moral judgment of

mankind. Of that movement the prime author and chief instrument was William Lloyd Garrison. His record is one from which no element of the heroic is wanting. In spite of opposition, of obloquy, of ostracism, of persecution, of mob violence, and of imprisonment, he championed the cause of the slave till at last his shackles fell and the oppressed was free. To few men has it been given to see so glorious a triumph of the cause for which their life was spent. After his five and thirty years of anti-slavery warfare, Garrison saw his country's flag at Sumter raised over a free South, was welcomed by three thousand freed blacks in the largest church in Charleston. And after with his own hands setting up the type of the amendment to the constitution forever prohibiting slavery on the soil of the United States, he bursts forth into the following pæan of triumph: "Rejoice, and give praise and glory to God.. Hail, ye ransomed millions, no more to be chained, scourged, mutilated, bought and sold in the market, robbed of all rights, hunted as partridges upon the mountains.. Hail, all nations, tribes, kindreds, and peoples, made of one blood, interested in a common redemption, heirs of the same immortal destiny. Hail, angels in glory and spirits of the just made perfect, tune your harps anew, singing 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, thou King of saints!'"

Whittier, the poet of the slave, well might, in his noble hymn, 'Laus Deo," exclaim, as he heard the bells ring at the passage of this amendment,—

> Let us kneel,
> God's own voice is in the peal,
> And this spot is holy ground.
> Lord, forgive us! what are we
> That our eyes this glory see,
> That our ears have heard the sound.
>
> Did we dare,
> In our agony of prayer,
> Ask for more than He has done?
> When was ever His right hand
> Over any time or land
> Stretched as now beneath the sun?
>
> Ring and swing,
> Bells of joy! On morning's wing,
> Send the song of praise abroad,
> With a sound of broken chains
> Tell the nations that He reigns,
> Who alone is Lord and God!

When the police ferreted out the anti-slavery editor at Boston, early in his career, they found "his office an obscure hole; his only visible auxiliary, a negro boy; and his supporters, a very few insignificant persons of all colours." On this circumstance, Lowell has a ringing poem, which begins,—

> In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
> Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
> The place was dark, unfurnitured, and mean,
> Yet there the freedom of a race began.
>
> O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
> In the rude stable, in the chamber nursed!
> What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
> Through which the splendours of the new day burst!

The book which tells this stirring story has special interest for Canadian readers, for our national record is one of grand anti-slavery effort, and our shores for many years offered the only refuge on the continent for the fugitives from American bondage. The text is accompanied by a steel portrait of Garrison, and other engravings.

Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations. By J. K. HOYT and ANNA L. WARD. New York: I. K. Funk. Toronto: William Briggs, sole agent for the Dominion. Large 8vo, pp. 899, price, $5.

There are few persons who write or speak much who do not often have occasion to verify a quotation, English or classical, or to learn the context, when they can recall but a single word, or to discover its author. And there are fewer still who read much who do not often wish an interpretation of some phrase, proverb, or motto quoted from some ancient or modern language. To both of these classes this book is one of the most useful that can be conceived. It gives in the first place over 17,000 quotations in prose and verse, admirably classified for reference, there being nearly a thousand different subject heads. There are nearly 2,000 quotations from

the Latin; a list of Proverbs, and familiar sayings in French, German, Italian, and other modern languages; a department of Latin law terms, and a department of ecclesiastical terms or definitions, which are particularly valuable; and a biographical dictionary of the names of the 1,200 authors quoted in this work. There are, besides, two hundred and eighteen closely printed pages of a concordance to English quotations, and twenty-five pages of a concordance to English translations of the Latin.

Thus, if one can remember but a single prominent word of a quotation, he will be almost sure to find it. Such books as concordances to Shakespeare and Tennyson are thus rendered almost superfluous. Again, if one wishes to know the most striking thoughts of the great writers of the world, ancient or modern, he will find them grouped under their respective heads. Turning to the sombre but important subject of Death, for instance, he will find fourteen columns of quotations, from Callimachus and Cicero down to Tennyson and Edwin Arnold; and the book, play, act, scene, chapter and verse, or line, are indicated. On the pleasant topic of Love, he will find over twenty-four columns. The veteran *litterateur*, O. W. Holmes, says he will let this book lie near his open dictionaries, and Longfellow writes that he shall often read and enjoy it.

In the proverbs of many lands, the wisdom of many is by the wit of one coined into pure gold, which is current in the commerce of speech in every age and every land. The impress of ancient wisdom and morality is like the stamp of the mighty kings of old on the shekels of Judea, the scarabeii of Egypt, the drachmas of Greece—a certificate of their genuineness and antiquity—as the imperishable mental coinage of mankind.

The above estimate of this book is entirely spontaneous and unsolicited, as the copy we possess is our own private purchase.

The Foster Sisters; or, Lucy Corbet's Chronicle. By LUCY ELLEN GUERNSAY. Pp. 519. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.75.

The writing of historic fiction is one of the most difficult of literary tasks. At the same time, if well done, its results are very fascinating and instructive, and often give one a more vivid and truthful conception of past events and periods than literal historic narrative. This book is one of the best of its class. The writer, with much dramatic ability, has vividly conceived and described the condition of society of the last century. The historic grouping and keeping of the book are admirable, and are evidently the result of much careful study.

The story is that of two English girls who spent the early part of their life in a French convent near Toulon. The sketch of convent life is very graphic, indicating an intimate acquaintance with these institutions. The following is the summing up of the chronicler on this subject:—"I am sure of one thing—I would not send a child to a small-pox hospital unless I wanted it to catch the small-pox, and I would not send a girl to a convent-school if I had any objection to her taking the veil."

On returning to England zealous Roman Catholics, the girls are brought under Methodist influence, and into personal contact with Mr. Wesley. First through sympathy with the persecuted Methodists, then through the genial influence of Wesley, their prejudices melted, and they embraced the Protestant faith, and a good priest, their former confessor, becomes one of Mr. Wesley's "helpers" or preachers. The heartless frivolity of fashionable life, the political intrigues of the insurrection of 1745 in favour of the Pretender, and the power of Methodism to raise the degraded masses are well delineated. The book will be of special interest to Methodist readers, and might well find a place in our "Winnowed List" of Sunday-school libraries.

O COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

FABER.

1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sa - viour who calls you, O come to the Lord who so free - ly for - gives; Though dark be the for - tune on earth that be - falls you, There's a bright home a - bove where the lov - ing Sa - viour lives. Bro - thers, sis - ters, come at once to Je - sus; Doubt not, wait not, come at once to Him.

2 O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children In closest embrace;
O come, for your exile Will shortly be ended;
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Come, come to His feet, And lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, Of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin Is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord To be true to His name.