

NOON-DAY REST IN MARBLE CANYON.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1879.

THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.*

I.



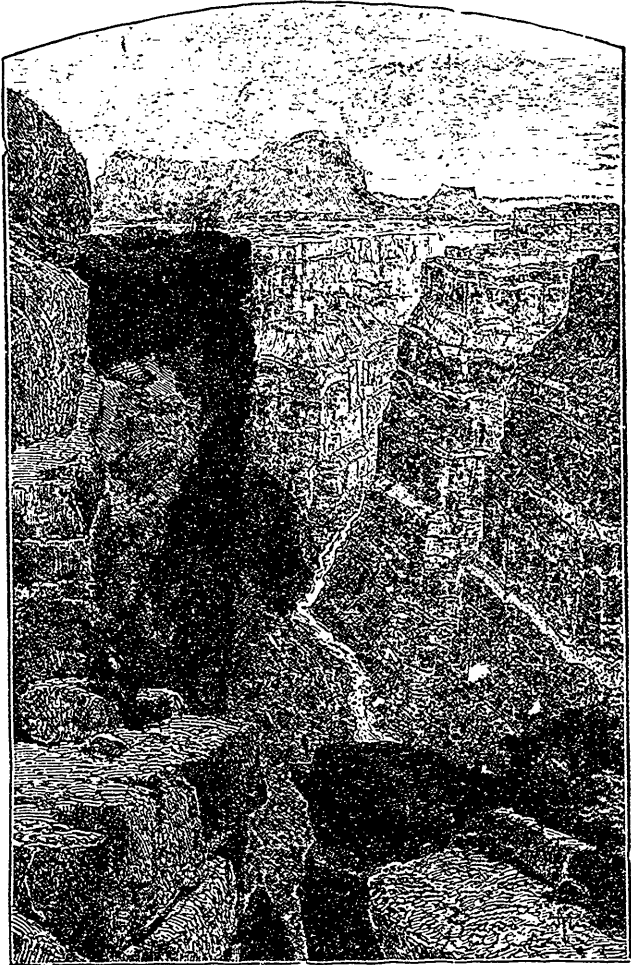
ECHO ROCK

THE Colorado Basin, which, on account of its general elevation, is called the Colorado Plateau, is that part of the Great West drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. The whole area is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred miles in breadth, containing about three hundred thousand square miles. The Rocky

Mountain Range, "the Switzerland of America," forms the eastern boundary of the plateau; the Basin Range System, the

* We have pleasure in reproducing from the pages of the *National Repository* this admirable article, by Miss Rosa Lattimore. For the beautiful engravings by which it is illustrated we are indebted to the courtesy of Major J. W. Powell, of the United States Army, who personally conducted the Government Survey herein described, under the direction of the late Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.—ED.

western. With the scenery along the iron trail of the Union Pacific Railroad most of us are, from photographs and pictures, more or less familiar; but the region south of this line of travel is strikingly different in topographic features, which are in many



GRAND CANYON, LOOKING EAST FROM TO-RO-WEAP.

respects unique, some not being reproduced, except to a very limited extent, on any other portion of the globe. Could one be elevated to a sufficient height above the plateau, he would see beneath him a great plain, bounded on every side by mountain

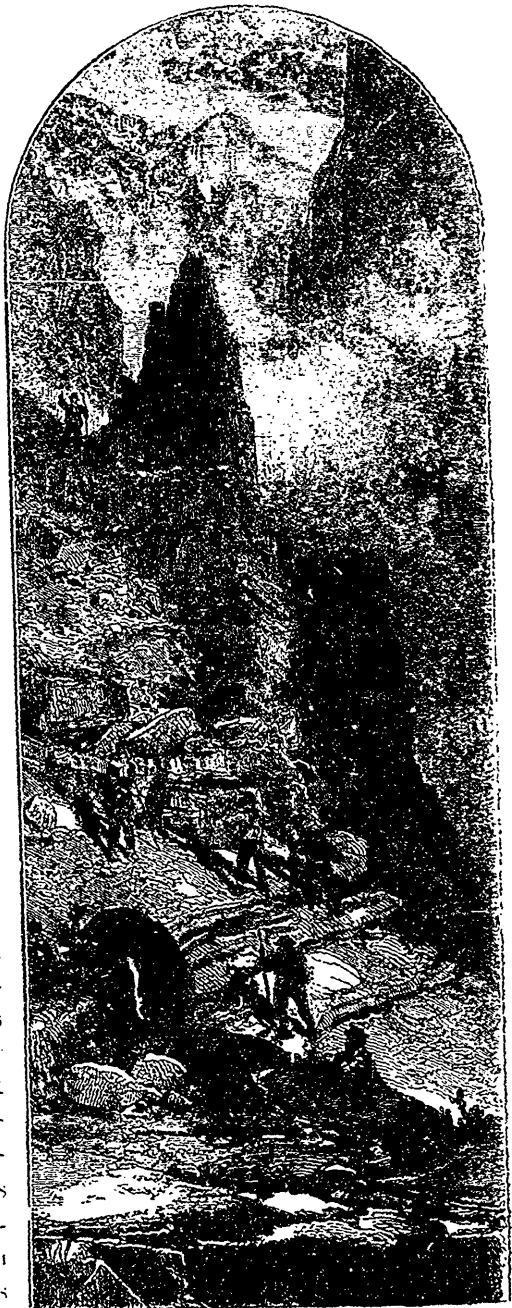
ranges; here and there isolated mountain masses, rising like islands from a rocky sea; "defiant peaks, where eternal snows and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature." The most interesting element of the strange scene now claims the attention. A land of canyons! The profound chasm of the Colorado River scores with tortuous course throughout the entire length of the greatest diameter of the elevated plateau. At the bottom of this Grand Canyon, from three thousand to six thousand feet below the general level of the plain, the river wanders, lashing its confines of precipitous rock for hundreds of miles. More than this: not only has the Colorado cut for itself a canyon, but every river entering has cut a canyon; every lateral creek has cut a canyon; every brook runs in a canyon; every rill born of a passing shower has cut a canyon. So that the whole tableland is traversed and meshed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges. The wonderful elaboration and diversity with which this work has been done is only equalled by the vast scale on which the plan was laid. The extent and the complexity of the system of canyons is simply wonderful. Some portions of the plateau are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Belts of country, miles in width, have been swept away, leaving only isolated mountains standing in the gap; fissures so profound that the eye can not penetrate their depths, are separated by walls whose thickness can almost be spanned; and slender spires shoot up a thousand feet from vaults below.

After the canyons, the next feature characteristic of the country is the long cliffs of erosion, called mesa-walls. These are bold escarpments, often hundreds or thousands of feet in altitude; great geographical steps, scores or hundreds of miles in length. These mesa-walls, running east and west, facing south, mark the limits of successive strata. The plateau is further subdivided by longitudinal cliffs, produced by "faults," or the dropping down or lifting up of a continuous line of an otherwise unbroken stratum. It is obvious that the displacement would, in either case, form a cliff or long step.

The region is further diversified by short ranges of eruptive mountains. There are many centres of volcanic action, from which floods of lava have poured, covering mesas and table-lands with sheets of black basalt. The expiring energies of these volcanic agencies have piled up huge cinder-cones, that stand

along the fissures, red, brown, and black, and naked of vegetation, and conspicuous landmarks, set as they are in contrast to the bright, variegated rocks of sedimentary origin. The surface, stretching clearly between the elevated points in the picture, is arid and desert-like,—barren wastes of rock and sand, nowhere continuous forests or protecting mantles of grass; only here and there dwarfed pines and cedars, or scattered sage-bush of dusky hue, and threads of green along the streams.

This bird's-eye view inspires a sense of greatest desolation. But there is a certain grandeur about the scene; it is so fearlessly pronounced and savagely peaceful in its desolation, so "sullenly sublime" in its barren heights



CLIMBING THE GRAND CANYON

and depths, that one would exclaim, with a recent traveller in a desert waste: "What divine affluence, what magnificent abandonment is here! How rich must nature be to afford to throw away so much!" Perhaps no portion of the earth's surface is so irremediably sterile, none more helplessly lost to human occupa-



CAMP AT FLAMING GORGE.

tion. Although there is an awful sort of enchantment to this distant view, it is increased on coming nearer; then only will some of the mountains don their "purple hue." Around the margin of the plateau, at the immediate bases of the mountains, the traveller will behold many scenes of beauty and fertility,



PA-RU-NU-WRAP CANYON.

strikingly in contrast with the aspect of the country nearer the river. Here are unlimited districts deserving our highest encomiums,—regions of green and flowery mountain valleys, of clear and copious streams, magnificent forests. Here the atmosphere is of unrivalled purity, and the climate delightfully tempered. It is curious to mark the gradations by which the foliage of the valleys disappears as the mountain sides are ascended. The aspen, trembling with some unspoken terror, gives out first; the sturdy pine keeps on, undaunted by colder airs and a rocky footing, for a while, but at last “covers towards the earth, becomes cramped and distorted,” lags behind, and falls out of the march. “Timber-line” is now passed, and there remain only a few scant grasses, brave little flowers, and small lichen-like plants, which keep along almost to the summit. “*Hæc fabula docet*”—something! At this point one is reminded to how great an extent the language of a people is influenced by the scenery to which they are accustomed. In this land of many mountains a man with a bald head is described as having his head above “timber-line.”

The mineral treasures, of which the sedimentary rocks of the plateau furnish almost none, are here found; and here will be congregated the mining population, whose business it will be through future ages to extract the wealth with which many of these mountain ranges are stored. Then what a turning and twisting these peaceful little streams will get! Somebody, describing gulch-mining, says: “It is impossible to give one who has seen nothing of the kind an idea of the fearful transformation which this process works in a clear, beautiful mountain stream; of the violence, cruelty, and remorselessness with which the greedy miner heads it off, backs it up, commits highway robbery upon it,—‘your gold or your life!’—how he tortures and ruffles it, and rolls it, by panning, sluicing, and shaft-sinking,—till its own pure mother-fountain, up among the eternal snows, wouldn’t know her much-abused daughter.”

A mere pleasure-seeking tourist would be content to rest awhile in these charming nooks, breathing the marvellous air, which seems pulsing with an influx of new life, fearing no sting or hint of dampness from the balmy evening breezes; or perhaps basking in the excess of sunshine, which is so remarkable here,

preferring to *look* magnificent distances than to plod with weary feet, or to jolt and jerk on the back of a weary mule, over them in search of new wonders. Not so the geologist. To him his possessed knowledge is never "well enough." To him this vast



SUMNER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

stretch of plateau land, the simplicity of its structure, the thoroughness of its drainage, which rarely permits detritus to accumulate in its valleys, its barrenness, and the wonderful natural sections exposed in its canyons, conspire to render it a

very paradise! Then he can examine in visible contact the strata of nearly the entire geological series for hundreds of miles. Stay and laze? Not he. So, with the enthusiasm of a boy starting out to fly his first kite on the green, this curious species of the human family—this geologist—sets out on a toilsome and perilous journey of months. When his feet sink at every step in the soft bed of disintegrated marls, as in a bed of ashes, he is repaid by their rich and variegated colouring. In other places the rocks are a loose sandstone, the disintegration of which has left broad stretches of drifting sand, which gleam in the sunshine, white, golden, and vermilion. When this sandstone passes into a conglomerate, a paving of pebbles has been left, a mosaic of many colours, polished and curiously etched by the drifting sand. The limestones are carved with a net-work of vermicular grooves into the most beautiful and intricate arabesque designs. And right here, foot-sore and weary, perhaps with lips cracked and bleeding from the arid heat of the plain, the man of science will stand and reason it all out on this wise: "In humid regions the traces of sand action are seldom seen; partly because dry, volatile sands are of rare occurrence. But in arid climates, where the power of frost is greatly lessened, and vegetation does not suffice to protect the soil from the winds, sand and dust are in almost continual motion, and the cumulative effect of this incessant impact is very considerable. In passes and in contracting valleys, where the wind is focused, and its velocity augmented, the most conspicuous results will, of course, be seen; but no little work is accomplished on broad plains, where its normal force only is felt."

As the traveller approaches the broad valleys farther on, he is surprised and puzzled as the most grotesque and weird rock masses loom into view; shapes resembling monuments of Titanic art,—sometimes assuming immense proportions, like Cyclopean structures, then lighter forms, like half-ruined Gothic cathedrals. These are *buttes*, huge outliers of stratified rock of the most varied and curious shapes, often three, four, and five hundred feet in altitude. Here are lofty pinnacles, seeming to totter on slender bases; designs having regular outlines, thin sides, vertical walls, broken by deep re-entering angles; massive dome-like, and conical mounds. If—

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,”

what shall be said of the Architect of these mighty structures?

“It seems as though a thousand battles had been fought on the plains, on which each giant-hero had reared a monument,



W. H. NICHOLS, SC.

PA-RI-ATS—INDIAN GUIDE

compared with which Bunker Hill is but a mile-stone.” Nor do these strange forms depend alone upon their proportions to excite an awful admiration. The artist gods must have seized the rainbow tints from the sky, and imbedded them in these rocky

prisons, with a demoniac scorn that a sign of promise should span this stretch of horrible desolation. The lattes, composed of gypsiferous strata, are of many hues, from light gray to slate, then pink, purple, and brown. The morning sun shines in splendour on the pointed faces of orange and vermillion sandstone masses, the salient angles on fire, the re-entering angles buried in warm shadows.

At a distance, cliff escarpments of this sandstone appear as long banks of purple clouds piled high into the heavens. The cause of this scenic element is undeniably the result of erosion; indeed, the whole of the Colorado plateau is justly regarded as the most magnificent example on the face of the earth of how much the land may have its features altered by the agency of running water.



MARY'S VEIL.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY T. K. HENDERSON.

WEEP not, O mother of the dead !
 Weep not those bitter tears of grief
 For him who o'er the narrow bed
 Is borne away : his days, how brief !—
 For death shall soon renounce his prey,
 And give thy loved one back to-day.

Her words fall heedless on his ear,—
 She grasps a cold hand passively ;
 And o'er her son's untimely bier
 Hot tears are falling heavily.
 For women's love is strong and deep,
 Outliving e'er the last, long sleep.

An only son ! how sore the blow !
 Her heart is crushed and desolate ;
 No filial arm to help her now,
 Or labour for the bread she ate.
 It was the chast'ning hand of God,—
 She bowed her head and kissed the rod !

She bowed her to the solemn King
 Who claimed his subject in that hour ;
 For who may turn aside the sting,
 Or vainly mock the monarch's power !
 And forth, to lay him with the dead,
 She faltered with a woman's tread.

Ah ! little dreamed her lone heart there,
 Amidst those images of pain,
 That o'er that night of dark despair
 The cheerful morn would rise again !
 But oft from out the cloud appears
 The sunshine that dispels our tears.

She knew not then that One stood by,
 And gazed with pity on the scene,
 Whose soul o'erflowed with sympathy
 For all the suffering sons of men,—
 Who knew the sorrow and the woe
 That we must drink of here below.

Loud was the wail, but louder still
 The voice that bade the dead arise ;
 An' lo ! those tones' electric thrill,
 Unlooked again the seal'd eyes !
 Now cease, ye weeping minstrels, cease,
 Let hymns of joy your tears efface.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOISTER.*

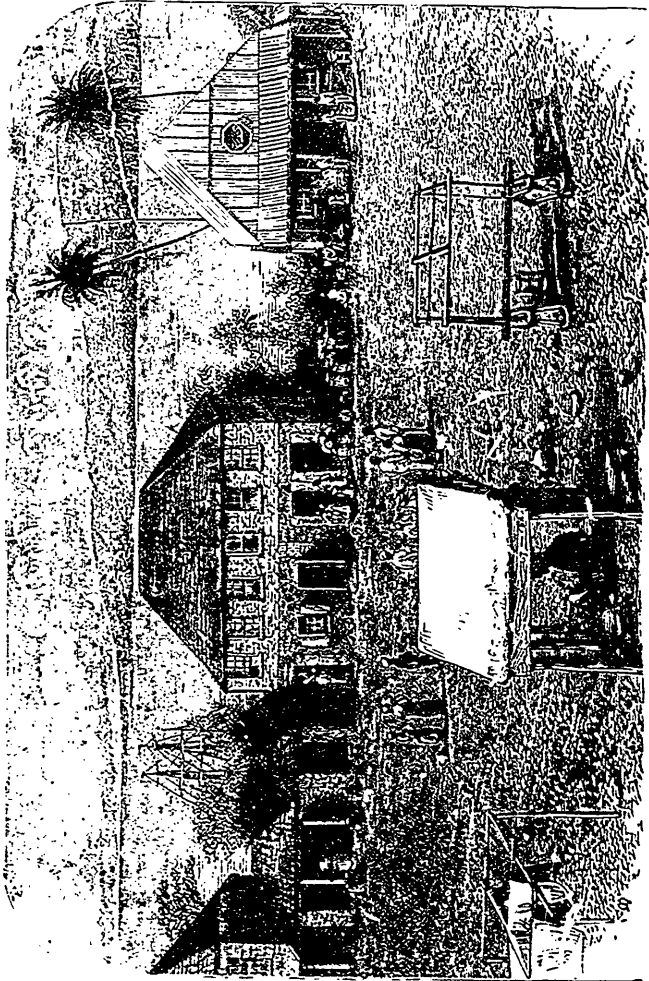
THE introduction of Methodism to the West Indies may be traced directly to the blessing of God on Mr. Wesley's preaching in England. He mentions in his journal, under the date of the 17th of January, 1758, that he preached at Wandsworth, in the house of Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq., a lawyer, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly in Antigua, who was staying there for the benefit of his health. He states also that two of his negro servants and a mulatto were present, and appeared much affected under the sermon. Mr. Gilbert heard Mr. Wesley preach repeatedly afterwards during his sojourn in England, and there is reason to believe that both he and some of the members of his household were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; for two of his slaves were baptized by Mr. Wesley,—one of whom he declares to be "the first regenerated African that he had ever seen,"—and the planter himself ever afterwards became identified with the despised people of God.

On his return to Antigua, Mr. Gilbert confessed to his friends and neighbours what a treasure he had found; and commenced at once to hold meetings for the religious instruction of his own people, and those of the surrounding estates. From his high connexions and position in life, this strange proceeding brought upon this man of God the ridicule and sneers of the ungodly; but these he regarded not. At first he confined himself in the meetings which he held to the reading of sermons and the singing of hymns; but he soon found himself doing the work of an evangelist as an exhorter and catechist, and leading classes composed of those who were willing to flee from the wrath to come. In these exercises he was assisted and encouraged by some members of his family, who had been made the happy partakers of the like precious faith, and by the founder of Methodism himself, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence. By these pious efforts Mr. Gilbert was made the means of salvation to a considerable number of negroes and others; and he ceased not to labour for the benefit of his fellow-

* Condensed from his "History of Wesleyan Missions."

men in every possible way till he was called to his reward in heaven.

There was no one qualified to take Mr. Gilbert's place when he was removed by death; but the Society which he had formed was kept from desolation by the faithful labours of two pious



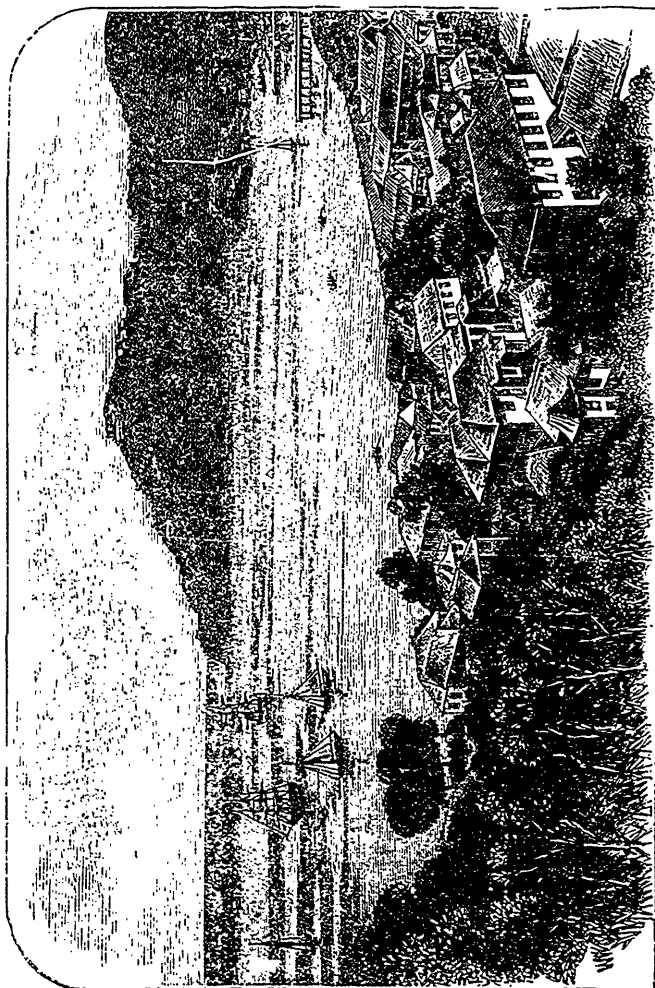
MARKET PLACE, TOBAGO, WEST INDIES.

negro slaves named Mary Alley and Sophia Campbell. Whether these sable converts were the two domestics whom Mr. Wesley baptized in England, we have been unable to ascertain; but it is evident that they were unwearied in their efforts to do good, by holding prayer-meetings and other religious services among their

fellow negroes almost every evening, till the Lord of the harvest provided more efficient help. This was brought about in a manner quite unexpected, by the evident interposition of Divine Providence. Additional shipwrights being required for His Majesty's service in Antigua, in 1778, John Barter, a Methodist local preacher, was sent from the royal dockyard at Chatham. He found the remnants of Mr. Gilbert's society still kept together by the two pious women already mentioned, and immediately began to preach to them. The results were most encouraging; and to meet the urgent demands for religious instruction, he soon extended his labours to various parts of the island, exerting himself to the utmost of his power for the spiritual welfare of the people, whilst at the same time he had to labour at his worldly calling for his daily bread.

As the work expanded, application was repeatedly made to Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke for missionaries for the West Indies, but at that early period Methodism was doing a great missionary work at home and in America, where every available labourer was required to assist in reclaiming deeply degraded populations, only just emerging from the darkness of ages. Consequently Mr. Baxter was left to toil alone with his sable charge in the island of Antigua. He had thus laboured with untiring zeal for eight years, and had under his care a society of one thousand five hundred and sixty-nine members, all blacks except ten, when help was sent by an interposition of Divine Providence which has scarcely a parallel in the history of Missions. About five o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day, 1786, when the lonely preacher was plodding his way along the streets of St. John's in order to conduct Divine service in the rude chapel which he had built chiefly with his own hands, he was unexpectedly met by a party of strangers, the arrival of whom was destined to mark a new era in the religious history of Antigua and of the whole of the West Indies. The principal person in the group, which consisted of four weather-beaten travellers who had just landed from a half-wrecked vessel in the harbour, was a little clerical-looking gentleman, who inquired for Mr. Baxter, and whose eyes sparkled with joy when he found he was speaking to the man himself, and understood where he was going at that early hour. This was Dr. Coke, with Messrs. Hammet, Warrenner, and Clarke, three missionaries, with whom he had

embarked at Gravesend for Nova Scotia, just three months before, and who had been thus mysteriously driven by the violence of the tempest to the West Indies, under the guidance of Him whom "wind and sea obey." The missionaries at once saw the



FORT CHARLOTTE, ST. VINCENT, WEST INDIES.

hand of God in this remarkable dispensation of His Providence; and they went directly to the chapel to render thanks to their heavenly Father for their merciful preservation. Dr. Coke immediately ascended the pulpit, and preached with his wonted zeal and energy to a large and attentive congregation. The

loving heart of the zealous little Doctor overflowed with emotion as he gazed upon the upturned faces of a thousand negroes, anxiously listening to the word of life; and he no doubt felt, as he had never done before, the force of his own favourite text, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." He was, moreover, struck with the neat and cleanly appearance of the congregation, as it clearly showed the beneficial influence of the Gospel in a temporal point of view.

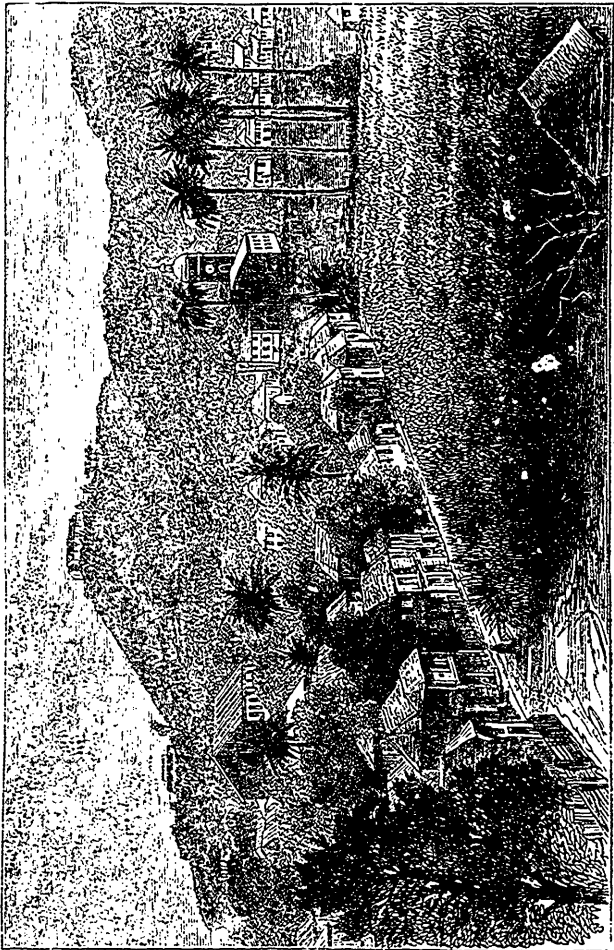
During the two weeks that he remained in St. John's, Dr. Coke preached twice a day to crowded congregations, besides two or three times in the country; and on the 5th of January, 1787, he embarked, in company with Messrs. Baxter, Hamnett, and Clarke, on a tour of observation among the islands, embracing every opportunity which presented itself of preaching to the people. As the work advanced from year to year, new stations were occupied, and the number of labourers was considerably increased, till almost every colony was brought under the influence of the Gospel. The nature and progress of the enterprise will be best understood by a succinct and systematic account of the respective islands and circuits comprised in the West Indies.*

Antigua itself is not the most important island in the West Indies, but it is deserving of prominent and further notice as the cradle of Methodism in the Antilles, and also because it possesses many features of special interest in a missionary point of view. The land being generally low, the scenery is not so grand and romantic as that of some other islands. The soil is generally fertile, however, and it is celebrated as a sugar colony. As a Wesleyan mission station, Antigua has been one of the most prosperous in the West Indies, according to the extent of the population, which is estimated at thirty-eight thousand. When additional missionaries were supplied to occupy the ground, after the favourable commencement already noticed, the work of God greatly prospered, out-stations being ultimately formed at English Harbour, Freetown, and other places, in addition to the headquarters in St. John's, the capital of the colony, where the work commenced. The chapels in some of these places are substantial and elegant buildings, especially that in St. John's.

Dominica is a romantic, mountainous, rugged island, twenty-

*Two of our own ministers, the Revs. Dr. Wood and Dr. Douglas, have been intimately identified as missionaries with the evangelization of these islands.

nine miles long by sixteen broad, with a population of about twenty-two thousand. The interior of the country is still covered with forests of timber; but there are many fertile valleys, watered with numerous streams, and well adapted for cultivation. In



KINGSTOWN, ST. VINCENT WEST INDIES.

former years coffee and cotton were cultivated to a considerable extent; but sugar is now the principal article of produce. Dr. Coke called at Dominica in the course of his first voyage of observation in 1787, and preached to the people with much acceptance. About two years afterwards he visited the island

a second time, accompanied by the Rev. William M'Cornock, whom he left to commence the mission. The zealous missionary had only laboured a few months, however, when he was called away by death, being the first Wesleyan missionary who fell in the West Indies, or in any other part of the foreign field.

Nevis is a beautiful little island, which appears on the approach of the voyager like a conical mountain rising out of the sea. It is only eight miles long and five broad; but, being well watered and fertile, it was formerly very productive in sugar, ginger, and the usual fruits and provisions of the tropics. It could once boast of a population of thirty thousand; but by reverse of circumstances, emigration, and the desolating effects of cholera in 1853, it has been reduced to less than one-third that number. Dr. Coke first visited this lovely little isle on the 19th of January, 1787; and in the course of the following year a mission station was regularly organized by the Rev. William Hammett, who came from St. Kitt's to preach to the negroes.

St. Christopher's was discovered by Columbus in 1493, and, for some reason not explained, he gave to it his own christian name. The island is of a peculiar shape, having the form of an outstretched leg. The soil is very fertile, and produces large crops of sugar. The population is estimated at twenty-three thousand. In 1787 the Rev. W. Hammett was left in this island by Dr. Coke, and he commenced the mission under the most encouraging circumstances. The Lord of the harvest greatly blessed the labours of His servant; and on revisiting the colony in 1789, the zealous Doctor was delighted to find seven hundred members in the Society.

St. Martin's is an interesting little island belonging to the Dutch and French conjointly; but the Protestant portion of the population of both colonies is entirely dependent upon the ministrations of the Wesleyan missionaries for religious instruction. It may be stated, to their credit, that the public functionaries, and the people generally, attend the public worship of God with remarkable regularity; and both the Emperor of the French and the King of Holland have contributed liberally towards the support of the Wesleyan ministry in their respective possessions.

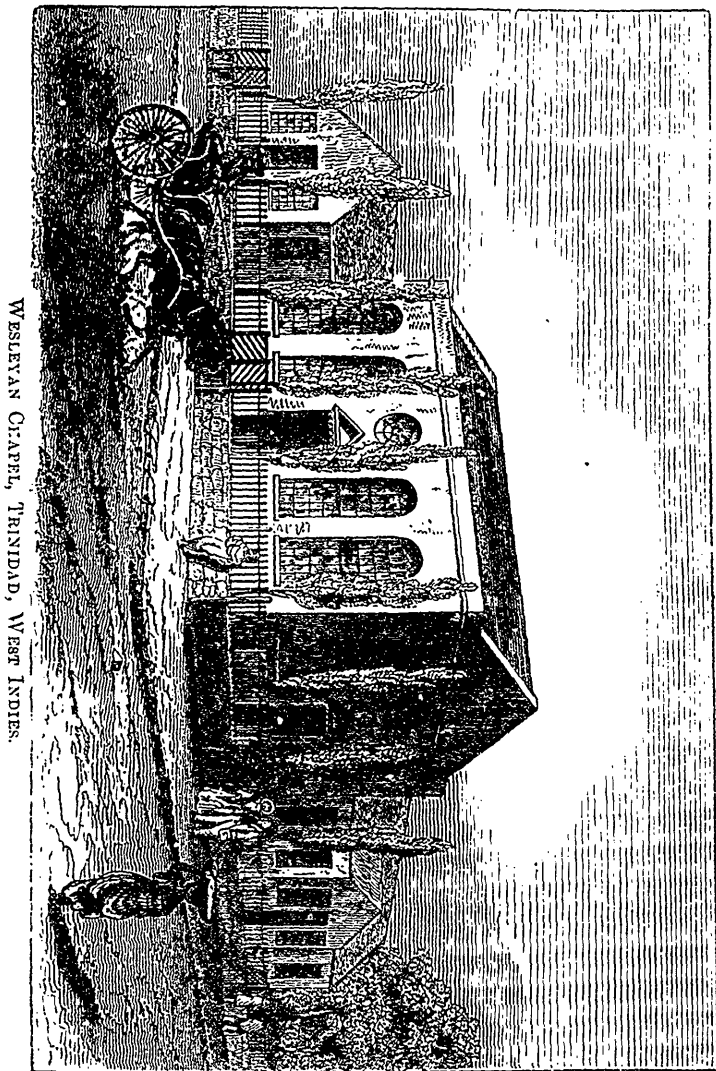
Tortola is the largest and most important of a group called the "Virgin Islands." They are celebrated for the excellence and great variety of the fish which are caught on their shores;

and in some of them mines of copper, black lead, arsenic, and even gold and silver were formerly worked to advantage. The population of Tortola and the adjacent islets was in a fearful state of spiritual darkness when Dr. Coke first landed there in 1789; but a wonderful change was speedily effected by the regenerating influence of the Gospel.

St. Vincent is a rugged, mountainous, and romantic island, rising in the centre in the form of a cone, to the height of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The interior is still covered with forest trees and brush-wood, but some of its fertile valleys and the plains along the shores are well cultivated and very productive, being watered by numerous streams. Having been neglected for a length of time during the early period of West India colonization, this island became the place of refuge, and the principal stronghold of, the oppressed native Indians or Caribs, with whom fearful wars were waged by the colonists for many years. At length they were subdued and scattered, and their place was supplied with negro slaves, only a very small remnant of the aboriginal tribes remaining when we laboured there. The Wesleyan mission in St. Vincent's was commenced by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, whom Dr. Coke left in the island on the occasion of his first visit. For some time the work was generally very prosperous, except that among the Caribs, which failed of its object. Then came a storm of persecution which has seldom been surpassed for violence. One of the missionaries was imprisoned, the chapels were closed, and the progress of the Gospel was seriously retarded by persecuting enactments passed by the local legislature. An appeal having been made to the British Government, religious liberty was, at length, restored, and the whole island became encircled with a chain of Wesleyan mission stations, by means of which about one-half of the entire population, estimated at thirty thousand, was brought under religious instruction.

Trinidad is a large and fertile island, eighty miles long and thirty broad, bordering on the continent of South America. The Wesleyan Mission to Trinidad originated in a visit, on his own private affairs, of the Rev. T. Talboys, from St. Vincent's, in 1809. Finding a favourable opening for usefulness, the missionary preached as he had opportunity during his stay in Port of Spain; and the results were so satisfactory that an earnest request was

made for the continuance of his labours. To conciliate the Roman Catholics, the Governor thought proper to require all Christian teachers to sign a certain document, binding them not



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, TRINIDAD, WEST INDIES.

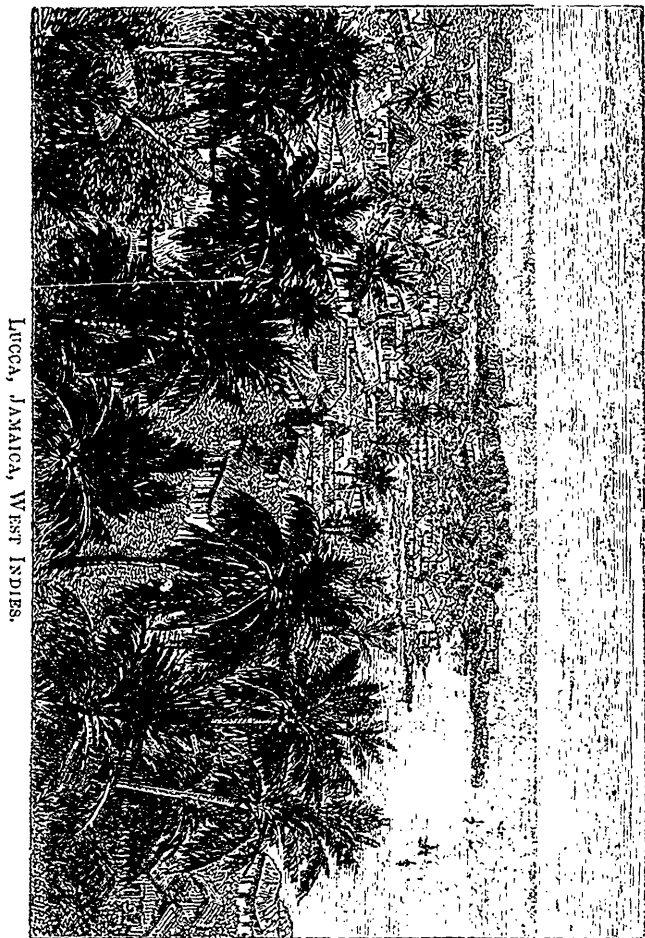
to give utterance to anything which would interfere with the dogmas of Roman Catholicism. This the Wesleyan missionaries conscientiously refused to do, and the chapel was consequently

shut up for twelve months. An appeal to the Imperial Government brought the desired relief, and when every restriction was removed, the mission was reorganized, and a substantial chapel built in Port of Spain.

Barbadoes has sometimes been called "Little England," and in many places it presents to the view of the British traveller scenes which strikingly remind him of his native land. Being to the windward of all the rest, it is generally the first island that is seen by persons on board a vessel coming from Europe to the West Indies. It appears above the horizon like a huge turtle floating on the surface of the water. The Wesleyan Mission to Barbadoes was commenced by the Rev. B. Pearce, whom Dr. Coke left there on his first visit in 1788, and who was greatly encouraged in his evangelical efforts by a few pious soldiers whom he found there, who had been for some time in the habit of holding religious meetings for their mutual edification. It was in the hired room of these men that the zealous Doctor preached on the evening of the day on which he arrived, and from the attention of the people the success of the Mission seemed hopeful. A storm of persecution, however, burst forth, such as had seldom been witnessed in any country. It culminated in the entire demolition of the chapel and Mission-house in Bridgetown, and the banishment of the missionary from the island. During the dark night which followed these acts of violence and enmity to the Gospel, the timid flock who had lost their shepherd were kept together by the vigilant care and zealous efforts of a pious coloured female leader, who was truly a "mother in Israel." In 1826 the Mission was re-commenced by the Rev. Moses Rayner. Henceforth the Mission was carried on in peace; a tide of almost unparalleled prosperity set in, and Barbadoes ultimately became one of our most important stations in the West Indies.

On the 5th of August, 1846, when sailing in an open boat, with two negroes, on the placid waters of the Gulf of Paria, which separates the Island of Trinidad from the Spanish Main, we were overtaken with a fearful thunder-storm. We were on our return from a missionary visit to the Couva station, when the heavens gathered blackness, the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared in fearful peals, whilst the sea was lashed into fury by the storm. When the hurricane was at its height, the

electric fluid struck the frail bark in which we sailed, and shivered it to pieces beneath our feet. One of the men was struck dead in an instant and never moved or breathed again, whilst the other was paralysed, and we all went down together



LUCCA, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

into the mighty deep. By a remarkable providence the survivors, both of whom could swim, regained the wreck of the boat when it arose to the surface of the water, to which they clung by a desperate effort, till seen and rescued by a passing sloop sometime afterwards, when the storm cleared away. After

being out at sea another night we were mercifully restored to our homes and friends, who received us with gratitude and joy, as if we had been raised from the dead.

On another occasion the writer, with his wife and several brethren, suffered shipwreck in this district, when the missionary schooner *Hadie* was dashed to pieces on the coral reef whilst sailing out of Calliaqua harbour in the Island of St. Vincent. In that instance there was much damage and loss of property, as all we had was on board; but there was no imminent danger to life, a number of boats immediately coming out to take us from the wreck.

The largest and most important island in the West Indies, belonging to the British crown, is Jamaica. It is about one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty broad. The general aspect of the country is rugged and mountainous, but it abounds with fertile valleys, and almost every part of it is covered with perpetual verdure. It is, moreover, watered with numerous streams, which flow towards the ocean in every direction, which circumstance seems to justify the name given to it by the aborigines, which signifies in their language, "the Land of Springs." The island was discovered by Columbus in the course of his third voyage to the new world, in 1494; but it was not settled by the Spaniards till 1503, soon after which they commenced their cruel work of exterminating the native Indians. In the wars of 1655, the colony was taken by the English, since which time it has continued to be a part of the British Empire. A church was ultimately erected in every parish; but we are informed, on good authority, that even when there was a priest for every parish, the church was seldom opened, except on occasions of marriages and funerals. Sunday was the day devoted to the public market and parties of pleasure. It is doubted whether, previous to 1789, the Sabbath ever dawned on Jamaica which witnessed five hundred persons assembled in all the places of worship put together, out of a population of nearly four hundred thousand. The idea of imparting religious instruction to the negro slaves scarcely seems to have entered into the mind of any one; and, with few exceptions, all classes were sunk to the deepest depth of moral degradation. The Sabbath being the principal market day, the negroes assembled in the towns and

villages, for the purpose of petty trade and worldly amusements rather than to worship God.

When the zealous and devoted Dr. Coke had succeeded in establishing Methodist Missions in several of the smaller islands of the West Indies, he hastened to Jamaica on a tour of observation to see what could be done for a place and a people such as we have described. He landed at Kingston on the 19th of January, 1789, and preached four times in the city during his brief stay, though not without some opposition and disturbance at two or three of the services which he held. The noise and interruption proceeded not from the poor negroes, however, but from a few intoxicated white men, who boasted of their respect-



MISSION HOUSE, ST. ANN'S, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

ability, but who were not ashamed to mock the man of God whilst faithfully warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

We generally find that when God works Satan also makes himself busy. In tracing the history of the Wesleyan Mission in Jamaica, in the earlier stages of its progress, we find it marked by scenes of persecution such as scarcely have a parallel in any other country. Many of the planters, and the whites generally, were living in a fearful state of immorality and sin, and they no sooner saw that the successful labours of the missionaries would probably interfere with the gratification of their unbridled passions, than they vented all their wrath against them. And

then there was the vexed question of negro slavery, with which they feared the free promulgation of the Gospel might interfere. These circumstances, in connection with the innate depravity of the human heart and its natural opposition to the truth of God, gave rise to a systematic course of hostility to Missions in Jamaica, which continued for several years, in various forms and with different degrees of violence, which it would be tedious and unprofitable to attempt to detail. Sometimes laws were passed by the local legislature, prohibiting the preaching of the missionaries without a license, which the magistrate might decline to give at present. Then for the alleged violation of the law the missionaries were cast into prison, where they suffered indescribable miseries. Again, they were assailed by ruthless mobs, and insulted in the most shameful manner. Some of the chapels were closed for years together, and others were entirely demolished by the enemies of the Gospel. The faith, and patience, and Christian courage of the missionaries was often severely tested during these days of darkness. In due time the dark cloud passed over, persecuting acts were disallowed by the Imperial Government, enemies to the Mission were removed out of the way by the hand of God, and religious liberty was restored to the land.

Hayti is the name given to that portion of the island of St. Domingo or Hispaniola which is occupied by a republic of black and coloured people, who cast off the yoke of slavery and of the French Government together, and declared their independence in 1803. The soil, climate, produce, and general aspect of the country are similar in their main features to other parts of the West Indies. This little native commonwealth, exhibiting as it does the capability of the negro race, possesses many points of interest to the genuine philanthropist; but we are most concerned in the origin and progress of Christian Missions.

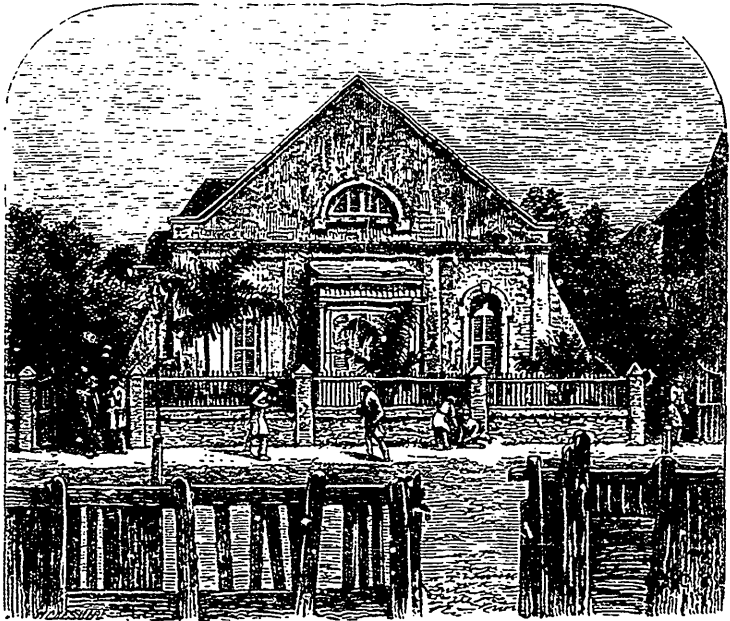
In the year 1817, the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent out two missionaries to commence a Mission in Hayti. They were kindly received, both by the Government authorities and the people; and for some time they laboured with acceptance and success. After awhile, however, when their efforts to evangelise the inhabitants were beginning to produce a powerful impression, a spirit of persecution was excited by the Romish priests, which resulted in the passing of laws entirely subversive of religious

liberty; and the following year the missionaries were obliged to leave the country. But although left as sheep without a shepherd, the converted natives would not return to the thralldom of Popery. They were insulted and oppressed in every possible manner; but they endured persecution with a patience and steadfastness worthy of the best days of the Christian Church. As they had opportunity they continued to meet together for prayer and praise; and they kept up a constant correspondence with their banished pastors, informing them of their proceedings, and of the course of public events, indulging the hope that brighter days would dawn upon them.

At length the way seemed to open for an effort to re-establish the Mission; and in 1835 the Rev. John Tindall was appointed to Hayti, in conjunction with a converted native, who had been, up to this time, instrumental in keeping the people together, and who was now called to the office of assistant missionary. There being now no longer any violent opposition to Methodism, the work was prosecuted for a time with cheering prospects of success. In consequence of the instability of the Government, the intolerance of Popery, and the trying character of the climate, there have often been stations without missionaries, and the work has been generally prosecuted amid numerous difficulties, and with frequent fluctuations. In the month of November, 1869, one half of the city of Port au Prince was burnt down, during the prevalence of a civil war. The calamity involved the entire destruction of the Wesleyan Mission premises, consisting of a substantial chapel, school-house, and minister's residence, which had been erected at an expense of about £4,000. With commendable zeal and diligence the afflicted members of the church procured a quantity of boards with which they constructed a temporary place of worship; but the progress of the Mission has been seriously retarded.

Although we would not attach undue importance to mere statistics, knowing that they cannot always be regarded as a sure index of the state and prospects of the work of God; yet, taking them for what they are worth, it is pleasing to contemplate, by their light and aid, the progress which has been made in our Mission work in this important part of the great field up to the present time. There are now in connection with the respective Wesleyan circuits and districts in the West Indies eighty-five

missionaries, forty-one thousand six hundred church members, and twenty thousand scholars in the Mission schools. But these numbers represent only a small portion of the good which has been done by the agency of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the sunny isles of the west. An influence has been exercised, and spiritual results have been achieved, which can never be tabulated on earth, and which will only be fully known in heaven.



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, PORT AU PRINCE, WEST INDIES.

We look back with feelings of gratitude and joy to the happy years we spent in the West Indies, from 1834 to 1847 inclusive, when the poor negroes were just emerging from their long night of slavery, passing through their transition state of apprenticeship, and entering upon the enjoyment of full and unrestricted freedom.

The most important event which occurred during the period of our personal labours in the West Indies, was the glorious emancipation of the negro slaves. We had long waited, and laboured, and prayed, in anticipation of the happy day; but when it came it seemed to take us by surprise, and a mental

effort appeared necessary to realize the fact that it was even so. The conduct of the people themselves on the occasion, especially those who made a profession of religion, was everything that we could desire. They received the boon of freedom as from heaven. The last night of their bondage found most of them assembled in their respective places of worship on their bended knees before God, holding a solemn watchnight service. And when the clock struck twelve, which was the death knell of slavery, they rose to their feet, and with joyful hearts sung, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then might be seen husbands and wives, parents and children, and friends and relatives, fondly embracing each other, and with overflowing hearts and eyes rejoicing that they had lived to see the day of freedom come. It was with strange emotions that they repaired to their homes, and in the domestic circle tried to realise the fact that they themselves and their children were their own.

The beneficial effects of this great and glorious change in the civil condition of the people was at once apparent in their proceedings and circumstances. Being no longer under the control of others, they could go to the house of God on the Sabbath, and at other times, without restraint; and there was, consequently, a large increase in the attendance on public worship. New chapels had now to be erected and old ones enlarged on almost every station; and it was with difficulty that accommodation could be provided for the crowds who flocked to the sanctuary. A gracious influence, moreover, attended the preaching of the Word, and every week, if not every day, witnessed numerous accessions to the Church of Christ, and in one circuit where we laboured one thousand new members were received into church fellowship in the course of twelve months. We are deliberately of opinion that, for consistent piety and zeal in the cause of Christ, the members of our churches in the West Indies will compare favourably with those of any other country. And we are quite sure that in some other respects they excel, and might be imitated with advantage by their fair sisters and brethren in other lands.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CANADA.

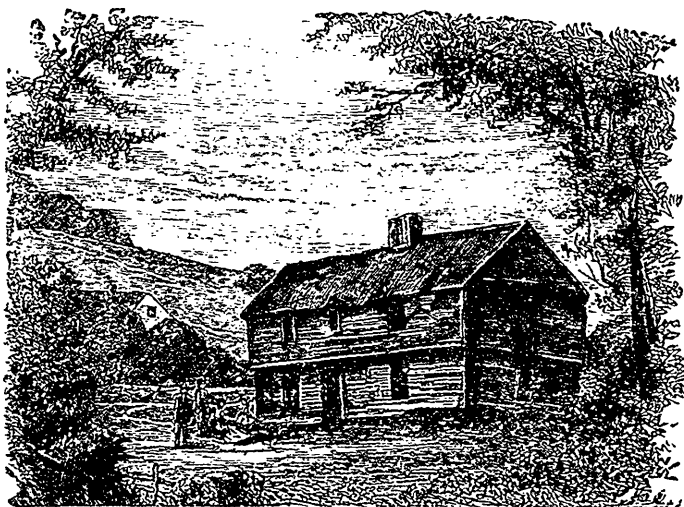
BORDER CONFLICTS.*

IN 1860, the confederate Iroquois menaced with a fatal blow the very existence of the colony of New France. Twelve hundred plumed and painted warriors were on the way to attack successively the three military posts of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec. Behind their loop-holed palisades, the trembling inhabitants gathered, their hearts failing them for fear. The colony was saved from extermination by an act of valour and devotion, as heroic as any recorded on the page of history. Dulac des Ormeaux, a youth of twenty-two, with sixteen others, youthful like himself,—all of Montreal,—resolved to save their country, though they perished in the act. They made their wills, confessed, received the sacrament, and bade a solemn farewell to their friends, like men about to march to their death. And so they were. Not one returned alive. Stemming the swift current of Ste. Anne, they crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and took their stand at the Long Sault rapid, near Carillon, on the Ottawa. Here they were joined by forty Christian Hurons and four Algonquins. They took possession of an old redoubt, a mere breastwork of logs, and awaited the approach of the Iroquois. A force of two hundred soon appeared. The French and their red allies strengthened their scanty defence with sod and earth, leaving twenty loop-holes through which to fire, and prepared for a death-struggle with their foe. For five long days and nights the Iroquois swarmed around that frail redoubt, repulsed again and again by its brave defenders, who, though worn by hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, fought, and prayed, and watched by turns. Iroquois re-enforcements now arrived. The Hurons, dismayed at the inevitable result of the unequal contest, deserted to the enemy.

For three days longer seven hundred ferocious savages beleaguered the crumbling redoubt, defied by the score of brave men who, reeling with weariness, kept their lone post with the courage of despair. The Iroquois, having made huge wooden shields,

* Condensed from Withrow's "History of Canada," 8vo. Edition. The Engravings are taken from that work by the kind permission of the Publisher.

rushed at the palisades, and, crouching below the fire of the loopholes on their penned up victims, tore open a breach in the walls, and swarmed within the redoubt. The French fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as possible. Four men alone were found alive. Three of these were mortally wounded, and were burned upon the spot. The other was reserved to glut the rage of his captors with further torture. The renegade Hurons paid the penalty of their treachery by their death, except five, who escaped to tell the tale of horror. But these brave men died

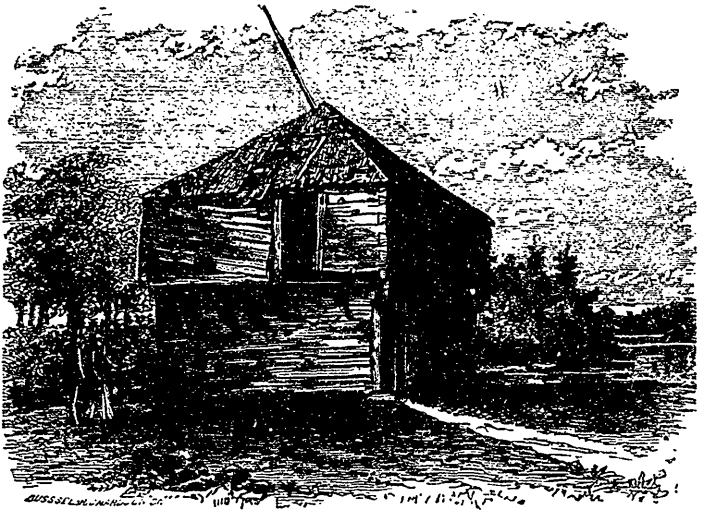


GARRISON-HOUSE, BUILT ABOUT 1645.

not in vain. The colony was saved. The baffled Iroquois retired to their forests to nurse their wrath for a future day of slaughter. The pass of the Long Sault was the Thermopylæ of Canada.

The Abenakis Indians, on the Maine frontier, were the allies of the French, and among them were several Jesuit missions. In retaliation for the massacre of Lachine, they attacked the New England fort at Pemaquid, on the seacoast, between the Penobscot and the Kennebec, and other frontier posts. All the horrors of Lachine were renewed. Some two hundred persons are said to have been slaughtered. The blow struck terror to the heart of every New England frontier village. The inhabitants were compelled to take refuge in strong block-houses, such as shown in the accompanying engravings, around which deadly fights were often waged.

In midwinter, Frontenac organized three expeditions to ravage, with fire and sword, the British colonies. Early in February, 1690, two hundred men, half French and half Indians, under the command of Lieutenants Mantel and Sainte Helene, left Montreal. For two-and-twenty days they traversed the wintry, snow-encumbered woods, crossing morasses and swollen streams, till they reached the vicinity of Albany. Deterred from attacking that place in their exhausted condition, they turned aside to the neighbouring village of Corlaer, now Schenectady, containing some eighty wooden houses. At midnight, in a bitter storm, the brigands entered stealthily the little hamlet, sleeping in fancied



OLD FRONTIER BLOCK-HOUSE.

security, with open and unguarded gates. Each house was invested by grisly figures, bearing murder in their hearts and muffled weapons in their hands. Commands were given in whispered tones, and the human hyenas awaited, in silence, the signal for slaughter. The wild war-whoop was raised, the terrible tomahawk gleamed in the lurid flames of the burning buildings, and in two hours, sixty men, women, and children were wantonly butchered, their blood crimsoning the snowy ground. Twenty-eight were taken prisoners, and every house was reduced to ashes. It was not war; it was midnight murder. A few half-naked wretches escaped through the blinding snow-storm, to Albany. The French

rapidly retreated, pursued by the English from Albany, and by a band of Mohawks, who cut off twenty-five of their number, and chased the way-worn survivors almost to the gates of Montreal.

The second expedition was led by Lieutenant Hertel, who, when a boy, had been captured and tortured by the Iroquois. He now bitterly avenged his wrongs on their English allies. Setting out with fifty men from Three Rivers, after two months' weary march over a rugged country, he fell on the little village of Salmon Falls, in New Hampshire, and after a bloody engagement, gave it to the flames, burning houses, barns, and cattle in their stalls, and carried off fifty-four prisoners. The country was now roused, and two hundred men, thirsting for revenge, were in hot pursuit. Taking his post, sword in hand, at the bridge of Wooster River, Hertel, with a valour worthy of a better cause, held the pursuers in check, and covered the retreat of his comrades. The sufferings of the captives were intense. They were compelled to carry through the wilderness the spoils of their own homes. One of them, rejecting his burden, was left by the Indians to perish over a slow fire. Mary Ferguson, a girl of fifteen years, bursting into tears through grief and fatigue, was scalped forthwith. Suckling infants were thrown into the river, or abandoned in the forest, that they might not embarrass the retreat.

But although there might be no delay for mercy, there was for slaughter. While returning, Hertel joined a third party from Quebec, in an attack on the British fort at Casco Bay. For three days the fort held out, till its palisades were fired, when a crowd of prisoners were handed over to the tender mercies of blood-thirsty savages. The works were razed to the ground, and every house burned for two leagues around. Four vessels, that were sent from Boston to relieve the fort, came in sight, only to behold the flag of the Bourbons waving upon its ruins.

In retaliation for these attacks on their English allies, the Iroquois ravaged the Canadian frontier, burst from the forest on solitary outposts and lonely hamlets, shot down the peasant in his field, and destroyed the growing crops; and then disappeared as suddenly as they came.

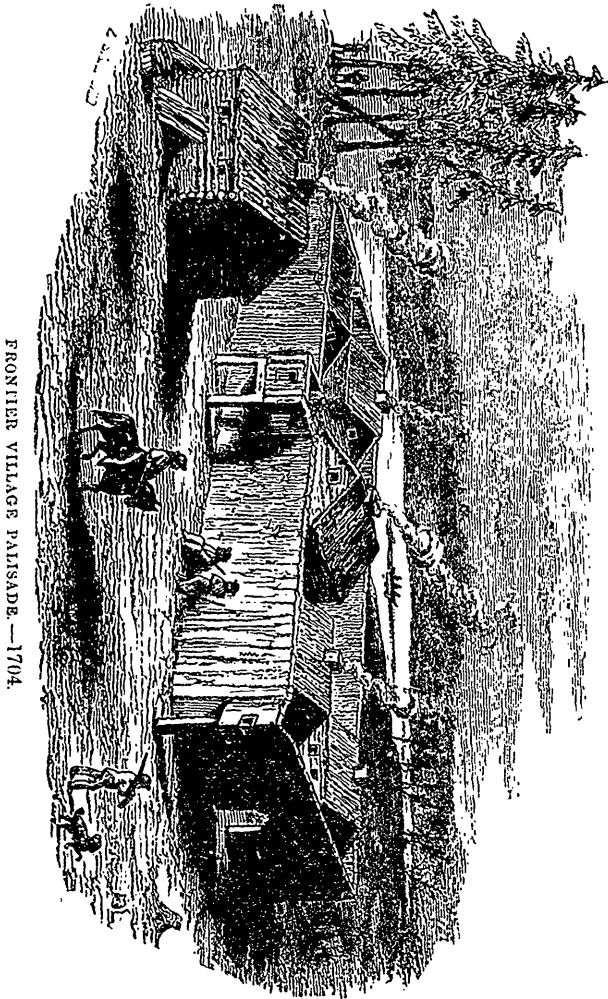
The record of these ruthless deeds is a dark and dreadful page in the annals of our country. Cruel wrongs were inflicted on either side, often upon the helpless and the innocent, and a heri-

tage of hatred was handed down from sire to son, that embittered for generations the ruthless conflicts of neighbouring Christian peoples, who rivalled in deeds of pitiless savagery their pagan allies.

The English endeavoured to secure the neutrality of their ferocious neighbours, the Abenakis. A congress of chiefs met the Governor of Massachusetts at Casco, in 1703, to ratify a treaty of peace. "The sun," they solemnly declared, "is not more distant from the earth than our thoughts from war;" and belts of wampum were given as the pledge of fidelity. Yet, within six weeks, on one and on the same day, they burst upon every hamlet, lonely farmstead, or forest fastness, from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua, sparing neither hoary age, nor childing mother, nor tender infancy. Like human hyenas, they lay in wait for their prey, thirsting for blood, and, after the savage spring, skulked off into the forest with the victims who were not slain upon the spot. Blood-stained and smouldering embers were all that marked the site of many a happy home. Death hovered upon the frontier. Within many a village palisade, such as shown in the engraving, the sentinel watched the live-long night away. Every house was a fortress. No mother lulled her babe to rest but knew that before morning the roof-tree above her head might be in flames, or her infant's life dashed out by the blow of a tomahawk; and often, in shuddering dreams, the terrible war-whoop rang like a death-peal in her tingling ears. No man might go abroad in safety. As he held the plough, or reaped the scanty harvest, the bullet of a lurking foe, perchance, would whistle through the air, and the scalpless body would be left lying on the ground. Even little children, gathering flowers, and mothers going to the well, or cooking the midday meal by their own hearth-stone, were startled by the apparition of a dusky form, the glare of fiendish eyes, the gleam of a glittering knife, and were slain on the spot, or dragged off prisoners to a doom still worse than death.

And Christian men surpassed, in these deeds of slaughter, the cruel pagan of the woods. In the midwinter of 1703-1704, Hertel de Rouville, with two hundred French and one hundred and fifty Indians, marched two hundred miles on snow-shoes to the little town of Deertfield, in the English Province of Massachusetts. They laid it in ashes, and of its inhabitants, forty-seven bedabbled with their blood the snow, and one hundred and

twelve were dragged, with inhuman torture, through the wintry woods, to Canada. Among the prisoners was Eunice Williams, the wife of the village pastor. As the dreary procession halted in the snow, she nerved her soul for suffering by reading the holy



words of her Bible, with which she would not part. Weak from recent child-birth pangs, she soon faltered by the way. With a mother's dying prayer, she committed her five captive children to the care of their Father in heaven, when the blow of a tomahawk

ended her life. "She rests in peace," said her stricken husband, "and in joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" more happy in this than those who still toiled through the wintry wilderness. Two men perished of cold and hunger. Did an infant's feeble wail disturb the savage warriors, or did a mother totter beneath her load, the babe was tossed into the snow, or the agonized mother was brained upon the spot. The child of Pastor Williams was adopted by the Caughnawaga Indians, and became a proselyte to the Catholic faith. No money could procure her ransom. She married an Indian chief, and years after, clad in Indian dress, she visited her kin at Deerfield; but not the fasting nor the prayers of the village congregation could win her back to the faith of her fathers. She returned to her wigwam in the forest, to take care of her dusky babes.

In these border raids, the worst passions of human nature were let loose. Aimless butchery ravaged the frontier, unrelieved save by the heroism of brave men dying for their hearthstones; and of weak women avenging the murder of their mangled babes, or with unwearying mother-love escaping with their orphaned children through the trackless wilderness.

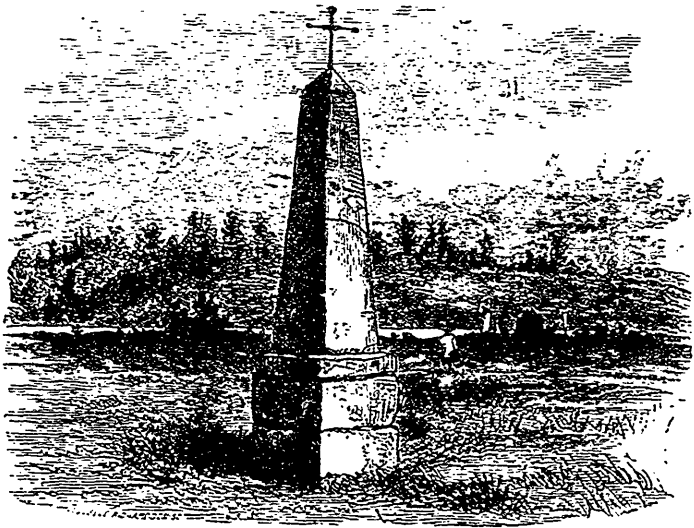
Again, in 1708, De Rouville, not yet weary of slaughter, with a hundred picked Canadians, and a troop of savages, set out from Montreal to ravage the English villages. They ascended the St. Francis and penetrated the passes of the White Mountains, traversing six hundred miles of tangled forest or rugged rocks, and reached the little town of Haverhill, besides the placid Merrimac. At day-break they fell upon the sleeping hamlet. The tragedy of Deerfield was repeated. Before the dew was dry upon the grass, those happy homes were a heap of smouldering ruins, and the village green was sodden with the blood of the faithful pastor and his wife, of brave men, and fair women, and mangled babes. The loud noise of the firing, and the smoke of the burning houses, aroused the country far and wide. Snatching from their support, above the fireplace, the gun and powder-horn, the sturdy farmers hastened to avenge or rescue their killed or captured neighbours. Though but a handful, they hung upon the rear of the flying foe, and many of the French returned from their hunting of human prey no more. The English mourned the dead, sought to ransom the living, and to avert the recurrence of such wanton massacre. "I hold it my duty towards God and man," remonstrated honest

Peter Schuyler, of Albany, to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French Governor, "to prevent, if possible, these barbarous and heathen cruelties. My heart swells with indignation, when I behold a war between Christian princes, degenerating into a savage and boundless butchery."

With their increase of population, the English Colonies extended their settlements along the Atlantic sea-coast, toward the St. Croix, and into the adjacent interior. The Abenakis had long claimed this region as an ancestral possession, under the protectorate of the French. For more than a quarter of a century, Father Rasles, a Jesuit priest, had maintained a mission at Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec. He had a well-cultured mind, and wrote Latin with classical purity. A rigorous ascetic, he used little food but pounded maize; his only drink was water. With his own hands, he built his cabin, and erected a forest sanctuary of more than wonted magnificence, hewed his wood and tilled his garden. In order to attract the attention of his savage catechumens by an appeal to their senses, he exhausted his artistic skill, which was not small, in painting sacred pictures on the walls of his chapel, and carving an image of the Virgin. He trained, also, a choir of forty Indian neophytes, arrayed in cassock and surplice, to chant the hymns and assist in the daily religious service.

To counteract the religious influence of Rasles, the English of Massachusetts sent a Puritan minister among the Abenakis; but the system of Calvin presented less attraction to the savage mind than that of Loyola. The English seized several Abenakis chiefs and held them as hostages, even after the payment of a stipulated ransom. The tribesmen of the captives demanded their release, and the evacuation of the Abenakis territory, under threat of active reprisals. A border war, with all its inhuman atrocities, now broke out. The English seized the young Baron St. Castine, who, by descent, on his mother's side, was an Indian war-chief, and held also a commission as a French officer. They raised a formidable force of a thousand fighting men, and urged the Abenakis to surrender Father Rasles, who was especially obnoxious as the directing spirit of the tribe. The Indians were hunted like wolves; and the mercenary revenge of private individuals was stimulated by the bounty of a hundred pounds offered for each scalp.

The Abenakis, in retaliation, burned the town of Brunswick, and overshadowed, with a cloud of terror, the entire frontier. Father Rasles clearly foresaw the inevitable result. He was urged to take refuge in Canada, but, although a price of a thousand pounds was placed upon his head, the brave soul replied, "I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish with joy the ministry which I have received." An armed expedition penetrated the Penobscot as far as the site of Bangor. Here was a stockaded fort, seventy yards by fifty, with a large chapel, and a score of well-built houses. The inhabitants had fled, and the whole was given to the flames.



RASLES' MONUMENT AT NORRIDGEWOCK.

In August, 1724, a force of two hundred English ascended the Kennebec, and, unperceived, reached the Norridgewock mission. A deadly volley, poured into the unarmed village, was the first announcement of the presence of the foe. Fifty warriors seized their arms, not to fight, but to protect the flight of their wives and children. Eighty were slain or drowned, while seeking, beneath a shower of bullets, to swim the rapid stream. The chapel and houses were first pillaged and then burned, and the invaders returned from their work of blood. The surviving Indians, groping amid the ashes of their homes, found the scalped and mangled body of their beloved missionary, his skull and the

bones of his legs broken, his mouth and eyes filled with mud. With tears and kisses, and bitter lamentations, they washed his body and buried it beneath the altar, at which he had so often ministered. His countrymen regarded him as a blessed martyr; the English considered him the incendiary of a savage war. More than two hundred years after his death, in 1823, a monument was erected to the memory of the murdered missionary, on the scene of his apostolic toil. It is a plain granite obelisk, surmounted by an iron cross, as shown in the accompanying engraving.

For three long years of horror and bloodshed, the hideous border war went on, when, by a treaty signed at Boston, the Indians east of the Kennebec owned the sovereignty of Great Britain.

A CHIME.

BY REV. H. F. RAWES, M.A.

I HEAR a Chime that is ever ringing,
From fields and sea-beaten caves,
From cities, from woods where birds are singing,
From the lilies on dead men's graves.

A voice comes from the pine-crowned mountains,
From the rivers and from the sea,
From sheaves of corn and from crystal fountains,
From the desert and fruitful tree.

It rises and falls in the morn and even,
It is heard in the bright noon-day,
And when midnight has set her stars in Heaven,
It lingers and goes not away.

It cometh sometimes with a sweet, bright sadness,
A plaintive sound and low;
It cometh with hope and with gentle gladness,
And often it cometh so.

For this Chime is heard in the silence, pealing
From the height of yon azure dome,
A whisper of love from Paradise stealing,
A voice from our Father's home.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER :

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

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

CHAPTER XIV.—TORONTO OF OLD.

THE state of religion in Canada could not be expected to be prosperous during the prevalence of the demoralizing influences of war. The Methodist circuit work, as well as the work of other denominations, was very much disorganized. It was, from the interruption of intercourse caused by the unnatural conflict, without any supervision of the American Conference by which the Canadian preachers had been stationed. They were consequently left to their own resources to carry on their work as best they could, and most of them struggled bravely, like Neville Trueman, the example we have selected for illustration, against the various obstacles in their way—the recklessness and spiritual indifference begotten by the war—and the unjust and cruel suspicions and aspersions to which they were themselves subject.

The Rev. Henry Ryan, as Presiding Elder of the Upper Canada District—extending from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the banks of the St. Clair—endeavoured, by frequent journeyings throughout the vast field, to encourage both preachers and people in carrying on the work of God, amid the disheartenments and difficulties of the times. The Rev. Ezra Adams, in his recollections of the period, says, "He used to travel from Montreal to Sandwich, holding Quarterly Meetings: to accomplish which, he kept two horses at his home at the Twenty Mile Creek, and used one on his trip from the Niagara Circuit on his down country route; the other he used on his Sandwich route."

Supplementing this statement with additional facts, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, in his invaluable "History of Canadian Methodism," further remarks: "As his income was very small and precarious, he eked out the sum necessary to support his family by selling a manufacture of his own in his extensive journeys, and by hauling, with his double team in winter time, on his return route from Lower Canada, loads of Government stores or general merchan-

dise." Such were the shifts to which Methodist preachers had to resort in order to sustain themselves in a work which they would not desert. Mr. Ryan, by his loyalty, gained the confidence and admiration of all friends of British supremacy, and, by his abundant and heroic labours, the affections of the God-fearing part of the community. During the progress of the war he held three Conferences, one as we have seen at St. David's; another, in 1813, at Matilda; and a third, the following year, at the old Methodist settlement of the Bay of Quinte.

After the burning of Niagara, and the complete disorganization of his circuit by the border strife, Neville Trueman sought an interview with his Presiding Elder during one of his periodical visits to the town of York. In consequence of the military exigencies of the times, navigation was maintained across the lake by armed brigs and schooners during the greater part of the winter. Taking advantage of one of these trips, Neville obtained permission from the military authorities to take passage in the armed schooner *Princess Charlotte* to York. The voyage was tedious and the weather bleak, so he suffered severely from the cold. As York harbour was frozen over, he landed on the ice and made his way to the twice-captured capital. It presented anything but a striking appearance, unless for dreariness and ruin. The half-burned timbers of the Parliament Building, Jail, and Court-House, showed in all their hideous blackness through the snow that failed to conceal beneath its mantle of white the desolation of the scene. In its most flourishing estate before the war, the town hardly numbered some nine hundred inhabitants, whose residences, for the most part humble wooden structures, were grouped along the loyally-named King Street, near the river Don. At the western extremity of the straggling town were the ruin-mounds of the fort, rent and torn by the terrific explosion of its magazine. On the banks of the Don, and commanding the bridge across that sluggish stream, as though the enemy thought it not worth the trouble of destroying, stood a rude log block-house, loop-holed for musketry, the upper story projecting over the lower, after the manner of such structures.*

Neville proceeded to the hospitable house of Dr. Stoyles, on King Street, near the intersection of the little-used road leading to the country,—Yonge Street, now the great artery of the circulation

* A cut of this is given in "Lossing's Field Book of the War."

of the city. Till the erection of the first humble meeting-house, the Methodist preaching was often held in Dr. Stoyles' house. That gentleman also gave a cordial welcome to the travelling preachers of the day, and here Trueman found, as he expected, Presiding Elder Henry Ryan.

The following is the account given by Dr. Scadding, our Canadian historiographer and antiquarian, in his charming book "Toronto of Old," of the mother Church of Methodism in this goodly city, the parent of the fair sisterhood which now adorn its streets :

"The first place of public worship of the Methodists was a long, low, wooden building, running north and south, and placed a little way back from the street. Its dimensions were forty by sixty feet. In the gable end towards the street were two doors, one for each sex. Within, the custom obtained of dividing the men from the women; the former sitting on the right hand on entering the building, the latter on the left."

The learned Doctor then goes on to illustrate historically the separation of the sexes in places of public worship, from the time of the Jews and the primitive church down to the modern Greek Church, so that at least the early Methodists had good precedent for their usage.

This old church was situated on the south side of King Street, on the corner of Jordan Street, so named from Mr. Jordan Post, the pioneer goldsmith of the capital, while the street in the rear commemorates the name of Melinda, his wife. When the Adelaide Street Church, which, for the time, was a very imposing brick structure, was built on what was then the public square, the old mother church was converted into a "Theatre Royal,"—to what base uses must we come !

All this, however, at the time of which we write, was still in the future; and Elder Ryan preached and prayed and exhorted to a little company in the worthy Dr. Stoyles' great kitchen, which was employed for that purpose as being the most commodious room in the house. It was the day of small things for Methodism in the capital of Upper-Canada. But of the religious zeal of the little company of believers, we may judge from the fact that several of the members of the society came from two to eight miles, through the proverbially wretched roads of "Muddy York," to the class meeting.*

* Carroll's "Case and his Cotemporaries," Vol. II., p. 167.

CHAPTER XV.—A QUARTERLY MEETING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HAVING enjoyed the counsels and encouragements of his Presiding Elder, Neville gladly embraced the invitation to ride with him in his substantial sleigh, well filled with wheat straw, on which they sat, to the village of Ancaster, where a grand Quarterly Meeting was to be held, to which the people came for many miles around. Religious privileges at that time were few, and these occasions were made the most of by the Methodists of the day. There was preaching on the Saturday; then a business meeting, when the contributions of the several classes were received. Of money there was very little; but promises of contributions of flour, pork, potatoes, hay and oats were gladly received instead.

On Saturday night a rousing prayer-meeting was held in the log meeting-house. Fervent exhortations were given, for the preachers looked for immediate results of their labours, and they were not disappointed. Several of the brethren and sisters "got happy," and expressed their religious enjoyment in hymns and spiritual songs, often of rugged rhythm, but, sung with fervour as they were, they seemed to bear up the soul as on wings to the very gate of heaven. Most of these hymns had a refrain of simple yet striking melody, in which every one in the house took part. A great favourite was the following:

"O the house of the Lord shall be filled
With glory, hallelujah!
With glory, hallelujah!
With glory, hallelujah! Amen!

"Let the preachers be filled with thy love.
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"Let the members be filled with thy love,
Sing glory, hallelujah! etc.

"And the work of the Lord shall revive,
Sing glory, hallelujah! Amen!"

The tide of religious feeling rose higher and higher. The standing invitation of Methodism to weary souls seeking the forgiveness of their sins, was given. Several persons presented themselves at the "penitent bench," most of whom were enabled to rejoice in a sense of conscious pardon.

Sunday was indeed a "high day" at the old Ancaster log meeting-house. From near and far, in sleighs, on horseback, and on foot, came the Methodist worshippers, and found hospitable welcome with the families of the neighbourhood. First there was love-feast at nine o'clock. The cruel war had not left unscathed that rustic congregation. There were rusty weeds of woe,—a black ribbon, a bit of crape, or a widow's cap,—that bore witness to the loss of husband or son in the sad conflict. The empty sleeve, pinned across the breast of one stout young fellow, showed that the strong right arm with which he had hoped to fight his battle of life, and hew out a home in the wilderness, had been buried in a gory trench with the bodies of his slain friends and neighbours.

But their temporal sufferings seemed to have driven these simple-minded people nearer to the source of all comfort and consolation. Many of the experiences and hymns had quite a martial ring. One of the latter was as follows :

"Ye soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,
Prepare for the battle, the Gospel alarms.
The signal of victory, hark ! hark ! from the sky ;
Shout, shout, ye brave armies, the watchmen all cry,
Come with us, come with us,
Come with us in love,
Let us all march together to Heaven above.

"To battle, to battle, the trumpets do sound,
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around ;
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,
In the strength of King Jesus, all hell we defy.
Come with us," etc.

As this was taken up by one after another and swelled into a grand chorus, it was impossible not to share the enthusiasm that it created. Another prime favourite was the following :

"Jesus, my king, proclaims the war ;
I want to die in the army ;
Awake, the powers of hell are near,
I want to die in the army.

" 'To arms ! to arms ! ' I hear the cry,
' 'Tis yours to conquer or to die,'
O the army, the army, the army of the Lord !
I want to die in the army."

The god-fearing Canadian yeomanry, as they sang these strains, nourished at once their religious feelings and their patriotic enthusiasm. They felt in their hearts that love of King and country, and their valiant defence and self-sacrifice on their behalf, were also an acceptable service to God.

After the love-feast was a short intermission, during which a luncheon of seed-cakes, comfits, and doughnuts were eaten as a preparation for the after service. Elder Ryan, whose warm, emotional Irish nature had been deeply affected by the experiences of the love-feast, preached one of his most spirit-stirring sermons. It was like the peal of a clarion calling to the battle of Armageddon the warriors of God against the powers of darkness. He was interrupted, but not the least disconcerted, by exclamations of "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" They seemed rather to give wings to his eloquence, for soaring in still loftier flights of eloquence.

After the sermon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to those devout worshippers. By these sacred ordinances, amid the carking cares and tribulations of the present life, were kept in view the far more important realities of the life that is to come, and the souls of the people were enbraved and strengthened for the conflicts, both literal and figurative, to which they were called.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE "PROTRACTED MEETING."

THE day after the Quarterly Meeting, Elder Ryan drove to his home—if home it could be called, where he spent not one-tenth part of his time—at the Twenty Mile Creek. Neville, who travelled thus far with him, thought nothing of the twenty miles walk to the Holms, where he had left his horse.

One of his plans for the spiritual welfare of his scattered flock, was the holding of a series of protracted meetings at the various settlements. One of these was held at the wooden school-house of the little hamlet of Queenston. An old pensioner of the Revolutionary War had gathered a few children together and taught them their catechism, and as much of "the Three R's" as he knew. He was a staunch Churchman, but had a friendly feeling to the Methodists, because Mr. Wesley had been himself a clergyman of the Established Church.

The meeting awakened a deep and wide-spread interest. The awful scenes of carnage and death, of which the little village and its immediate vicinity had been the theatre, seemed to have brought the realities of another world more vividly before the moral consciousness of the community. Moreover there were few families that had not lost some friend or acquaintance, or perchance—

A nearer
One still, and a dearer
One yet than all other.

Under these chastening influences many hearts were peculiarly open to the reception of divine truth. The gracious invitations of the Gospel, and the warnings and admonitions of the Law, were alike faithfully and affectionately urged by the young preacher. It was a characteristic of the preaching of the times that it had in it a strong back-bone of doctrine. It was very different from the boneless jelly-fish-like preaching we sometimes hear,—vague and indefinite, without a single clear conception from beginning to end.

A very profound impression was made by one sermon especially, on a subject on which Neville seldom preached, but which on this occasion was strangely impressed upon his mind. The text was that sublime Scripture and its context: “And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.”

The solemn impression of the sermon was greatly deepened by the singing, to a weird wailing sort of tune, of the hymn which followed. The hymn, whose majesty of imagery—a majesty derived from the Scriptures themselves—and whose resonant cadence gave it much of the character, in English, of the sublime *Dies Iræ*, in Latin, was as follows:—

“The chariot! the chariot!—its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;
Lo! self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the glory of God-head are bowed.

“The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

“The judgment ! the judgment !—the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met !
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.”

A picket of soldiers was billeted in the village, several of whom attended the meeting ostensibly for the purpose of making game of the “Yankee preacher.” But such was the intense earnestness of the man and the spiritual power that attended his message, that all attempts to “make game” of the services were soon abandoned, and not a few who “came to mock remained to pray.”

A deep seriousness pervaded the entire neighbourhood. The usual winter amusements and dancing parties were, to a great extent, forgone—and even the utilitarian paring bees in the great farm kitchens were shorn of much of the fun and frolic and divinings of the future by means of apple-parings thrown over the left shoulders, or apple-seeds roasted on the hearth. The present was felt to be too sad, and the future too full of forboding to encourage fore-readings of the book of fate. The great revival was the subject of fireside conversation at many hearths, and of deep questionings in many hearts. Some of the most notorious ill-livers of the neighbourhood had experienced the emancipating spell of the Truth that maketh free, and were no longer the slaves of vice and drunkenness.

Katharine Drayton pondered these things in her heart. She was conscious of many good impulses, and her life had been marked by many generous and noble traits. But she felt in her inmost soul that these alone would not suffice. She could not from her heart repeat the words which she often sang in the congregation with her lips,—

“Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

“Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.”

She still felt an aching yearning of her soul for a perfect sympathy that she had never known since her mother died. Often,

as a little child, in some childish grief or trouble, she had flung herself on that loving mother's bosom and wept out her sorrow there. And now, with the burden of the dreadful war impending like a hideous night-mare on her soul; with her constant foreboding and solicitude for her brother, so thoughtless—nay reckless in his daring—a yearning for his soul's immortal welfare, if he should be stricken down untimely, even more than for his body, she felt a deep soul-longing for—she knew not what—but for some support and succour for her faltering spirit. She knew not that it was the wooing of the Celestial Bridegroom for the young love of her soul; that it was the voice of the Heavenly Father, saying, "Daughter, give me thy heart."

One night, heavy with a weight of care, and full of vague yet terrible apprehensions of the future, she flung herself upon her pillow and bursting into tears, sobbed out the pitiful cry, "O mother, mother! see thy sorrowing child." As she lay sobbing on the pillow, she seemed to hear a voice of ineffable sweetness, whispering to her soul the words of a familiar Scripture: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

The holy words inspired a sense of hope and confidence in her soul, and led her to lift up her heart in prayer to that loving Saviour who hath promised to send the Comforter to them that mourn. As she knelt in prayer in her little chamber, the moonlight flooding with radiance her white-robed form like the exquisite picture described in Keats' *St. Agnes' Eve*, and poured out her whole soul to God, she felt the sweet assurance of acceptance filling her heart as the Master said once more: "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee."

She felt, however, that if she would experience the fulness of that Divine comfort she must not seek to hide it in her heart, but confess it before men. And from this she experienced an involuntary shrinking. Her nature was one susceptible of great depth and tenderness of feeling, but it was also one constitutionally reserved and sensitive. She knew, moreover, that such an act as joining the Methodists would be exceedingly distasteful to her father, whom she loved with a deep and impassioned affection. He had made the Methodist preachers welcome to his house, with the characteristic hospitality of a Virginia gentleman, and because he respected their character and work; but he himself

retained his allegiance to the Church of England, which he seemed to think identified with his fealty to the King.

Almost unconsciously the thought of Captain Villiers obtruded itself into Katharine's mind, not without some misgivings as to his opinion of the course which she felt to be her duty. Not that for a moment she entertained the thought of any right on his part to influence her performance of duty, or of any purpose on hers to be influenced by him.

Accompanied by her brother Zenas, Kate, on the next evening, attended the protracted meeting. The school-house was crowded. Towards the close of the service, those who had, since the last meeting, accepted the yoke of Christ, were asked to confess Him. "That," thought Kate, "means me; but how can I do it?" She had never even dreamt of speaking in public. It seemed impossible. But she heard the words sounding in her ears, "Whosoever will confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is heaven." Necessity seemed laid upon her; yet she shrank from the ordeal.

At this moment a pure, sweet, contralto voice began to sing with great fervour of expression, which gave assurance of the deep feeling with which the words were uttered, a hymn of rather uncouth rhythm, with an oft-repeated refrain, which, however, thrilled many a heart. It ran as follows:—

“Come, ye that love the Lord,
Unto me, unto me;
Come, ye that love the Lord,
Unto me;
I've something good to say
About the narrow way,
For Christ the other day
Saved my soul, saved my soul—
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

“He gave me first to see
What I was, what I was;
He gave me first to see
What I was.
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery
And then He set me free.
Bless His name, bless His name,
And then He set me free, bless His name!”

As if constrained by a spell-like influence, Kate rose to her feet, and in a modest but clear and concise manner made her confession of filial trust in the Saviour, and of conscious adoption as His child. When this young and timid girl had thus taken up the cross of confession, others were emboldened to follow her example. One after another paid their tribute of thanksgiving, while at intervals glad songs of praise welled forth from grateful hearts. Some of these, great favourites at the time, are now almost unknown. A general characteristic of these songs was a simple refrain, first sung as a solo, but gradually taken up by one after another, till a grand chorus rose and swelled like the organ chant of the winds among the neighbouring pines. One of these, sung to an exultant measure, ran thus:—

“O brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's heavenly shore?
O brothers, will you meet us
Where parting is no more?”

CHORUS.—“Then we'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.”

Another, of touching pathos—with tears, as it were, in every line, and often bringing tears of grateful emotion to many an eye, sung as it was to a sweet plaintive air—ran thus:—

“Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
Oh! He died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

“There interceding, there interceding;
Pleading that sinners might live—
Crying, ‘Father! I have died!
Oh! behold My hands and side!
O forgive them, I pray Thee, forgive.’”

Another, of similar strain, thus set forth in a sort of recitative the story of the resurrection of our Lord:—

“Oh, they crucified my Saviour,
They crucified my Saviour,
They crucified my Saviour,
And they nailed Him to the cross.

- “ Then Joseph begged His body, etc.,
And he laid it in the tomb.
- “ Oh, the grave it could not hold Him, etc
For He burst the bars of death.
- “ Then Mary came a-running, etc.,
A-looking for her Lord.
- “ Oh, where have you laid Him, etc.,
For He is not in the tomb.
- “ Oh, why stand ye gazing ? etc.,
Oh, ye men of Galilee ?
- “ Don't you see Him now ascending ? etc.,
There to plead for you and me.
- “ By-and-by we'll go to meet Him, etc.,
Where pleasures never fade.”

While the incomparably superior lyrics of Wesley and Watts were generally sung in the public service of the Sabbath, when the preacher gave out the hymns from the book ; yet these simpler and ruder strains were the greater favourites at the revival meeting. By these the godly forefather's of Methodism in Canada nourished their souls and enbraved their spirits for the heroic work in which they were engaged, of consecrating the virgin wilderness to God.

UP AND BE DOING.

UP, to thy Master's work ! for thou art called
To do his bidding, till the hand of death
Strike off thine armour. Noble field is thine—
The soul thy province, that mysterious thing
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense.
Oh, live the life of prayer,
The life of tireless labour for His sake ;
So may the Angel of the Covenant bring
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem
To glow forever in thy Master's crown.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"PENNY PLAIN" AND FRIEND.

II.

SOME five or six weeks had elapsed, without my having made the promised visit, when one morning, as I was passing into the district dispensary, I met the brace-seller coming out of it with a bottle of medicine in his hand.

"Morning, sir," he said, stopping me, and without giving me time to return his salutation he went on, "yer ain't dropped in at our crib yet."

I thought I detected a tone of reproach in his voice, and so I answered apologetically—

"Well, I haven't, though after your kind invitation I ought to have done so. The fact is, I have not chanced to be down your way, and there being no special reason."

"Well, there's a bit of a special reason, as you may call it, now," interrupted Burns; "poor Penny, he's on his back with the ague, and he's werry dull and down in the mouth, and 'll stand all the cheering up he can get."

"I'll come at once," I said; "I'm only going in here, and then I'll follow you down."

"That's yer sort, sir!" he exclaimed. "I'll go on ahead and tell him."

Half an hour later I was in the room which served as the joint home of the two gutter merchants. It was a small room and a poor one, but had still a better air than many such rooms that I was in the habit of going into. It was cleaner and fresher, and was by comparison tolerably well furnished. There were only two chairs in the room, but they were complete as to their spars and legs, and moreover gave evidence of the habitual expenditure upon them of a little furniture polish and "elbow grease." The little deal table had *not* got the "rickets," and was well scrubbed, and the walls were enlivened by a number of pictures that had at various times been selected from Penny's stock, and cheaply framed. A couple of chair bedsteads completed the furnishing

of the room, and on one of these the sick printseller was lying, while in the other, done up in its chair form, his friend and nurse sat beside him. He had been prepared for my coming, and quietly answered my inquiries as to the state of his health. It was easy to perceive that he was ill in mind as well as body; was anxious, and nervous, and overwrought; and I was therefore pleased to see, when I came to read to him, that he was gradually soothed—that he understood and felt the comfort and consolation of the words of love and promise.

“Ah, that’s better!” exclaimed Burns, patting him gently on the shoulder; “when I see the cloud a-lifting off yer face I don’t mind. You hear again now, ‘Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.’ Here it’s read to you, and you’ve read it to me many a time, and yet you don’t act up to it, but go getting down-hearted and worry. ɔ yourself what yer to do. There ain’t no occasion for it; there’s always corn in Egypt, and while I have got a loaf you’ve got bread.”

“You are very kind, Jim,” the other said in a low but earnest tone.

“Not at all, old chap,” answered Jim, “I’m only a doing for you what I know you’d do for me, if it was t’other way about, and what it’s only right either of us should do for the other. Ours is a give-and-take palship. Ain’t you read to me, and give me all sorts of good advice, and ain’t you been such a chum to me as has made me care more to stay at home—when not out on business—than to go spending best part of my time and money in public-houses, as I used to do afore we comed to pal together? It’s on’y like live and let live atween you and me;” and here Mr. Burns suddenly broke out with a snatch of a song, which he afterwards explained to me was a very popular one among poor people, and the words of which ran—

“May to live and let live be the end of our being
 Man to his fellow should ever be kind!
 All men are equal before the All-Seeing,
 And nature is weak and fortune is blind.

“To even a foe in distress be a brother,
 For Oh it is sweet to forget and forgive;
 Do good when you can, be kind to each other,
 For nature’s best law is to live and let live.”

There was a sincerity and heartiness in Burn’s attempts to console his friend which were not to be resisted, and we soon had

Penny in a much more cheerful frame of mind than he had been in when I arrived. There is no need to record here our further conversation until it reached the point at which Burns led up to its inducing his friend to tell what of his life's story Jim himself had left untold.

"I do not tell it," the printseller began, "to justify my act, for it is not to be justified, nor even to excuse myself, though I honestly say that I believe if I heard it of another I should think it had something of excuse for him in it. I tell it rather as a proof that out of evil only evil can come. My parents were small shopkeepers in a quiet country town, and they educated me fairly well for their rank in life. I was sent regularly to day and Sunday-school, and chapel, and was well cared for, and had a good example set me at home. When I was about fourteen I went into an office, but as by the time I was one-and-twenty my wages were only a pound a week, and I couldn't get a better place in my native town, I resolved to go to London to seek my fortune, as the phrase runs, but, as you know, I found not my fortune but my fall; and yet I came much better provided than many who have made their fortune are said to have been. I didn't come on a hay-cart with only half-a-crown in my pocket, or anything of that sort; I was in my degree well supplied with clothes, money, and letters of introduction and recommendation, and before a week had gone by I had got a situation in the warehouse where Jim here first knew me, starting with sixty pounds a year and board and lodging. I stood what are usually considered the temptations of London unscathed. I was a teetotaller, never went to places of amusement, spent the best part of my Sundays at a place of worship, and most of my evenings out at a literary institution. I was almost alone among my fellows in leading so regular a life, and I prided myself upon it in self-righteousness of spirit; but the time of my humbling was at hand. At the chapel I went to I used to see a mother and daughter who had every appearance of having seen better days. The mother looked very frail and careworn, and the daughter, too, was delicate, but she was very pretty, and in a word, I fell in love with her. I obtained an introduction to them, but it was some time before they would let me accompany them home; when they did, I found that they were entirely dependent upon their

own exertions, and earned a living—if a living it could be called—as needlewomen.”

“Yer may well say, ‘if living it may be called!’” broke in Jim Burns.

“The mother,” Burns went on, addressing me, “was a shirt hand; working for a sweater—you know pretty well what that is—and the daughter, she was a ‘hand’ at a West-end milliner’s; and we pretty well know what that is. A shilling a day and a tea—and, generally speaking, not even a good tea, but stale bread-and-scrape and washy tea—for working pretty nigh all the hours that God sends, and that in a room where the hands are packed that close as the air they breathe is poisonous. It’s a life as a very few years of will make a girl an old woman in constitution afore she’s a young ‘un in years, and as goes a long step towards accounting for so many on ‘em agoin’ the bad road they do; but there, I’m a-blocking the way with my pattering, so ‘go on with yer barrow,’ as we say in the streets.”

“Well, without wishing to blame any one in saying it,” Penny resumed, “I must say that their lot was a very bad one. They had to work killingly-long hours to earn a very poor living indeed, and any one could see at a glance that it was breaking down their health. In the winter after I made their acquaintance the mother died, and grief for this loss helped to further break down the daughter’s already delicate health. In the following summer I could see that the work of the busy season was killing her inch by inch; and, hoping and meaning to save her from such a life of cruel toil, and to give her something like a comfortable home, I urged her to marry me without further delay—and she did, poor girl, unhappily for herself.”

He had evidently spoken throughout under a strong effort of self-restraint, but at this point his voice failed him, whereupon Jim Burns struck in,—

“Don’t you take on, matey; you meant well, and though I never knew your wife, I’ll be bound to say she didn’t blame you or think hardly of you.”

“No, poor child—for I always think of her as the little more than child she was when I first knew her—*she* didn’t reproach me,” answered the other sadly; “but that was her goodness, not my deserving. She was more inclined to accuse herself than me,

and the sorrow that hastened her end was for me, not herself; and I know that she died blessing me."

Again his voice was choked by emotion; and seeing this, Burns, gently said,—

"There now, I see you're cut up, and I don't wonder at it, and I'd think less of yer, if it wasn't so. But don't you distress yourself, I'll tell the rest, eh?"

The other nodded, and thus commissioned, Jim took up the discourse in his own style.

"There ain't much more to tell, sir," he began; "and I dare say you could make a good broad guess as to what it comes to. What Penny's wife had gone through in the needle-driving line afore she was his wife had done for her, what it does for hundreds and hundreds—throw'n her into consumption. I ain't one as goes to the length of saying that ladies wouldn't care if they did actually know that hands were worked to death; but it's a pity they can't see the bloom of a poor girl's life on their bonnets as well as the bloom of the artificial flowers, which the life bloom is very often there, as yer may say like, for in course I only mean so to speak. Well, the wife was ill, and getting worse, and my pal here wasn't the one to see any one he loved suffering without getting what help he could for them. So he called in a doctor, and the doctor ordered all sorts of things that cost money; and to make short of a long story, he got reg'lar in a corner for cash at a time when things were ordered for his wife as only cash could get, and losing his head, as you may say, with his troubles, he took his master's money, and in such a random style, that in two or three days arter he was found out, and, as I told you afore, he got six months. It was a life sentence for him, and a death-blow for the pretty, delicate young wife. When he came out she was in her quiet grave, free from all trouble, and he alone in the world, a broken man. Them as had know'd him cold-shouldered him, cos the jail-stain was on him; and so he came down in the world till he was as low as I told you he was when I met him again. We've been pals ever since—and it's a goodish few years now—and a kinder-hearted pal there couldn't be. There's on'y me among them as knows him now, as is aware of who and what he has been, and whoever else might be down on him if they knew as much, I am proud to take his hand—as I do now, and with a warm heart, though I say it—and call him friend; and, meanin'

no offence, I wouldn't give much for the man that, knowing what he has gone through, wouldn't take his hand."

"I am not that man," I said; "I shall be very happy to take either his hand or yours; for, meaning no flattery—as you meant no offence—you are a real good fellow."

"Well, as to that," answered Burns, "I suppose I'm not as good a feller as you would like to see me, or as my mate here has tried to make of me; but, for all that, I do hope that I have got the heart that can feel for another, and I try to act up to the commandment to love our neighbours as ourselves."

After a little further discourse of a more general character, I left the two friends, Burns being evidently delighted to find his comrade and me getting on nicely together, and to see the print-seller, as he expressed it, "coming out of his shell," by conversing with me freely and confidently. In the course of a week or two the printseller recovered his health, and returned to his humble business; and from that time I was pretty regular in my visits to him and his friend. When I had known the former a little more than a year, I had an opportunity of recommending a man as an assistant store-clerk in a large manufactory, and I spoke to him about it. But, while thanking me even with tears in his eyes, he declined my offer to try and obtain the situation for him. It would be like starting life afresh again, he said, and though I might think him weak for saying so, he felt unequal to the task of taking up a new occupation, forming new habits, and severing old ties. Moreover, he continued, he had come to realise in a very practical and literal manner that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

In his present humble calling he could earn enough to provide himself with what he had now come to regard as a sufficiency of food and clothing, and the true and tried friendship and companionship of Jim Burns was a great stay to him. If "poor and content was rich enough," he was rich enough in this world's goods, and could as well in his present position as any other so live, as with God's help to fit himself for the other and better world beyond.

So the two strangely-thrown-together gutter merchants remained united, and though by no means a solitary instance in my experience, they were a striking one of brotherly love abounding among the poor and needy.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FRANCIS XAVIER, THE APOSTLE OF THE INDIES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

AFTER five years of wandering through the two Indies and the neighbouring archipelago, Xavier returned to Goa, the seat of Portuguese empire in the East. It was also the See of the Romish hierarchy. Here, too, the dread Inquisition repressed the hated crime of heresy with as relentless and cruel a hand as even the iron rule of Torquemada. In appearance, Xavier was a mendicant. But his fame had spread from the Indies to the Yellow Sea, and to the Islands of Japan. A native of that far-off country, whose conscience was burdened with many crimes, for which he had in vain sought expiation, heard of this great wonder. With two servants he set out to seek from this divine teacher, as he believed him to be, that peace of conscience which he could not find at home. In spite of storms and shipwreck he proceeded in his eager quest to Malacca, and thence to Goa, a journey of eight thousand miles. In these men Xavier saw, he believed, the means for the conversion of Japan. After a course of religious instruction they became not only Catholic Christians, but members of the Order of Jesus.

Japan had only four years before been discovered by the Portuguese. But Xavier was impatient till he had conquered it for Christ.

"I cannot express to you," he wrote to Loyola, "the joy with which I undertake this long voyage; for we consider a fleet sailing to Japan eminently prosperous in which one ship out of four is saved. Though the work far exceeds any which I have hitherto encountered, I shall not decline it; for our Lord has imparted to me an interior revelation of the rich harvest which will one day be gathered from the Cross when once planted there."

In this assured faith he went forth. He was obliged to take passage in a pirate ship. The images of false gods encumbered her deck, and foul demons, so he believed, beset her path with

typhoon and whirlwind. After a twelve-months' voyage, the eight thousand miles journey was accomplished. He found in certain features of the Japanese religion a providential preparation, as he conceived, for the reception of Christianity. These strange people believed in a Virgin Mother and her Divine Son. There were also the analogies of an infallible Pope, an ascetic priesthood, and institutions resembling those of the Catholic Church. We may assume, therefore, without breach of charity, that many of Xavier's converts retained their old doctrines under a new name. The pictures of Mary and the infant Jesus were easily substituted for those of Amida, the Japanese *Virgo Deipara*, and Xaca, her son, and they were as readily kissed and worshipped.

It was a more difficult task to reform the sinful lives of the people. At the provincial capital of Nagoto his reproof of sensual wickedness was answered by a shower of stones. "A pleasant sort of bonze, indeed," the luxurious inhabitants jeered, "who would allow us but one god and one wife," and they drove him, half-naked, away.

The solitary, persecuted, and unprotected man walked, according to the traditionary record of his life, in a constant atmosphere of miracle. Poisons became innocuous, and deadly weapons harmless, when employed against him. He was endowed with thaumaturgic power, he healed the sick; he raised the dead; he possessed the gift of ubiquity, he spoke in many languages at the same time—so runs the fabulous legend. But it needs not these supernatural explanations to solve the secret of his success. Impelled by his impassioned zeal, he acquired, we are told, at an advanced age, a difficult language in a few weeks. He could dispute with the bonzes on the subtleties of their religion with a dialectic skill that won the admiration and often convinced the judgment of his accomplished adversaries. Reports of these polemics are still extant which recall the disputations of the philosophers in the grove of the Academy, or the dialectic tournaments of Padua or Salerno.

But the authentic record of this remarkable life reveals the greatest miracle of all. With a faith that never faltered, a zeal that wearied not, a passionate love for souls that brooked no restraint, and a courage that no dangers could daunt, he eagerly trod the thorny path of the confessor and the martyr. Driven

from one city, he fled unto another. He resolved to visit Miako, at that time the capital of the Empire. The season was mid-winter. The road led over rugged mountains and through tangled forests, icy streams and snowy wastes. Thinly clad against the bitter cold, he set out upon his journey with three of his converts who shared his persecutions. On his back he bore the sacred vessels for celebrating the Mass. A bag of parched rice was the provision for the way. They became lost in the wilderness. A horseman approached bearing a heavy burden.

"Xavier offered to carry the load," continues the record of the adventure, "if the rider would requite the service by pointing out the road. The offer was accepted; but hour after hour the horse was urged on at such a pace, and so rapidly sped the panting missionary after him, that his tortured feet and excoriated body sank in seeming death under the protracted effort. In the extremity of his distress no repining word was ever heard to fall from his lips. He performed this dreadful pilgrimage in silent communion with Him for whom he rejoiced to suffer the loss of all things, or spoke only to sustain the hope and courage of his associates. An entire month was consumed in the journey, the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom adding bitterness to the rigours of nature."

At length he reached the capital. But it offered no repose to the wayworn yet intrepid missionary. The city was enduring the horrors of a siege. Amid the din of arms it was impossible to declare the Gospel of peace. Chanting the sublime strains of Psalm cxiv., "*In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro,*" he set his face resolutely once more toward the wilderness, and retraced his weary journey.

Xavier visited chiefly the great cities of the Empire as the chief centres of influence. His fame as a saint had spread far and wide. At the Port of Fucheo, a Portugese ship was lying. The arrival of Xavier was hailed by a salute of all its guns. The King, in his palace, was astonished at the uproar, but was still more astonished when he found that its object was a miserable being, "so abhorred of the earth," said his messengers, "that the very vermin which crawled over him loathed their wretched fare."

With the characteristic policy of his Order, Xavier affected grandeur or humility, as either advanced the great interests for

which alone he lived. He therefore submitted to the wishes of his countrymen, and assumed the gorgeous garb of the ambassador of his most Christian Majesty Don John of Portugal. He was clad in robes of green velvet and gold brocade, adorned with precious stones. Silken banners and Chinese tapestry covered the barges in which the embassy and escort were rowed ashore, and the oars kept time to the clash of cymbals and the softer notes of flutes and hautboys. Beneath a panoply of state, with all the proud bearing of a monarch, Xavier advanced, surrounded by the chief officers of the ship, who, with bared heads, paid him the profoundest honour. Six hundred men-at-arms were drawn up in barbaric pomp for his reception, through whose glittering ranks he marched with the native dignity of one born to command. The stately pageant produced the desired effect upon the royal host. He received the haughty ambassador of the King with the most courteous deference, whereas the humble missionary of Christ would have incurred only the utmost contempt.

Beneath his royal robes, Xavier cherished the same burning zeal as under his serge cassock. The pomp of courts but made the vanity of earth to his absorbed soul seem more vain. He preached and prayed with redoubled energy. "Care not for me," he replied to the remonstrance of his friends; "think of me as a man dead to bodily comforts. My food, my rest, my life, are to rescue from the granary of Satan, the souls for whom God has sent me hither from the ends of the earth." Such impetuous zeal broke down the most obstinate barriers. The chief bonze and five hundred of his disciples became converts. The King himself lent a paternal ear to the stern rebukes of the missionary. "The worship of Xaca and Armida," says a chronicler of those triumphs, "seemed waning to its close."

The foreign priest, had he so wished, might have become the supreme pontiff in the kingdom of the religion of Mary and Jesus.

The native hierarchy made a strenuous effort to regain their waning prestige. The chief pundit of the Empire, accompanied by three thousand bonzes, held a theological tournament with the solitary Christian missionary. It was like the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal.

"Do you remember me?" asked the pagan champion.

"I never saw you till now," replied the missionary.

"It is just five hundred years since we met," continued the bonze; and he proceeded to expound the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the eternity of matter, and the purifying and final sublimation of souls during the successive stages of existence. Xavier, we are informed, refuted these vain theories. It was not so easy, however, to defend the Catholic practice of celebrating masses for the dead, while condemning an analogous pagan custom. So subtle were the difficulties propounded, that the Christians conceived they must have been suggested by the Father of Lies. But, by the grace of the saints and of Mary, they were all triumphantly answered.

"Father Xavier," said the King, who acted as umpire, "speaks rationally, and the rest of you don't know what you are talking about." And he added the somewhat supercilious advice that they "should keep their heads clear and calm, and not bark like so many dogs." Yet, complains the contemporary chronicler of the dispute, the bonzes, though so signally confuted, continued obstinately wedded to their erroneous opinions. Human nature in Japan three hundred years ago evidently differed not greatly from human nature elsewhere—*semper, ubique, et omnibus idem*.

But a wider field and grander conquests spread before the imagination of the zealous missionary. The vast Empire of China had been but a few years before first seen by European eyes. It burst like a revelation on the heart of Xavier that its dense population comprised one-third of the human race, all dying in the darkness of paganism. He must burst the barriers of seclusion of that jealous nation. He must preach to those perishing millions the religion of Christ.

But he must first return to Goa, across wide wastes of stormy seas, to settle the troubled affairs of his Order, before setting out on his last missionary voyage. His frail bark was driven before the wild monsoon, but through the intercessions of the saint it was saved as by a miracle from destruction—so the mariners devoutly averred. Having given his last counsels to the Church, he set out on the return journey. When he reached Malacca, he found it smitten with a plague. He could not leave the stricken city till the pestilence was stayed—its utter wretchedness had the strongest claim upon his sympathy and succour. He carried in his arms the infected wretches to the hospitals and lazarettos. He watched by their sick couches night and day. He begged

food and medicine for their needs from door to door. He calmed the fevered brow with the caress of his hand. He moistened the dying lip. He administered the last unction. He prepared the dead body for burial, and he laid it in the grave. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He braved the fever demon in his lair and came forth unscathed.

The plague abated, he was eager to depart. The conversion of China rested like a burden on his soul. He had associated with himself, as ambassador to the Court of Peking, Iago de Pereyra, a man who had the heart of a prince, says a contemporaneous historian, although he pursued the calling of a merchant. In order worthily to represent the most Christian King at the Celestial Court, he embarked his whole wealth in costly presents and a lavish outfit. But an unexpected obstacle interposed. The Governor of Malacca, a haughty grandee, coveted the dignity of envoy for himself. He therefore laid an embargo upon Pereyra's ship, the *Holy Cross*. Whereupon Xavier produced a document which clothed him with supreme authority, to wit, the Papal brief appointing him Apostolic Nuncio in the Eastern Hemisphere. The secret of this august dignity had slumbered in his bosom all these years, and he unveiled it now, only to remove a barrier to his mission of mercy to a perishing nation.

The Governor still proved unrelenting. The envoy of heaven now denounced the judgments of God, in solemn excommunication and anathema, against the obdurate civil potentate. These spiritual terrors were recklessly defied. "One appeal was still open," records the historian, "and prostrate before the altar the zealous missionary invoked the aid of Heaven." Compunction seems to have pricked the callous conscience of the Governor. He detained Pereyra, but permitted Xavier to depart, not to Peking, the capital of the Empire, but to Soucion, an island near the mouth of the Canton River, where the Portuguese were permitted to trade.

Xavier shook off the dust from his feet against the ungrateful city. A multitude followed him to the beach. He fell prostrate on the earth in passionate prayer that convulsed his frame. Rising from the ground, with the symbolic action of an inspired Hebrew prophet, he took off his sandals and smote them together, and cast them from him as a testimony against the doomed city that, despite the judgments of Heaven, continued wedded to its

sins. He then leaped barefooted into the vessel that was to bear him to his fate.

He embarked eagerly upon his forlorn hope. Shipwreck and sickness, bonds and imprisonment, and probably a cruel martyrdom, was the prospect before him. But he gladly braved them all if only he might plant the seeds of Christ's kingdom in the pagan empire of China. But this hallowed ambition was to be disappointed. He reached the very threshold of his desired achievement only to find an insuperable barrier interposed. The agents of Alvaro prevented his reaching the mainland, although it was almost in sight. Miracles multiplied around his pathway as he approached his end. As he wandered in the forest the ravenous tigers, at the sign of the cross, fled from his presence. But the hearts of his countrymen were harder than those of savage beasts, and they abandoned him on the desolate shore of Soucian without shelter and without food. He was about to return to Siam, in hope of joining an embassy to China and so gaining entrance to the Empire. But death, the deliverer, came to his release. All his weary wanderings at last were over. The following is the account of his death, given by his most eloquent biographer, Sir James Stephen :

“ At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a still more awful woe endured for his deliverance, and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith ; and audible to the dying martyr, through the yielding bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes,—tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, “ *In te Domine, speravi ; non confundar in æternum !*—‘ In Thee, O Lord, have I

trusted; let me never be put to shame!"—he bowed his head and died."

Xavier, at the time of his death, was in the forty-sixth year of his age. In his brief but glorious missionary career of ten short years he had traversed, through strange and stormy seas and unknown continents, a distance more than twice the circumference of the earth. His land journeys were mostly made on foot, alone and unprotected, save by the providence of God, and supported by His bounty. Everywhere his infectious zeal kindled kindred enthusiasm. He is recorded to have baptized 700,000 converts, and sometimes as many as 10,000 in a single month. But the majority were converts only in name. They retained their superstition, and often their idolatry, while merely changing the object and ritual. Many, doubtless, followed the example of their rulers through a sort of political constraint without mental assent—performing intellectual *hara-kiri* in the spirit of absolute Oriental submission. Xavier, therefore, sought especially the conversion of rajahs and rulers, but only that he might the more successfully win the masses to the Catholic faith. In many cases, however, a purer form of morality supplanted the social corruptions of paganism.

The noble and simple character of Xavier has been obscured and distorted by the atmosphere of miracle by which it has been surrounded. It has been vulgarized and degraded by the religious romance of which he has been made the unwilling hero. He disavowed the wonder-working power with which, even during his life, his admirers endowed him. When asked if he had really wrought a miracle, as was reported, he replied, with unfeigned humility, "What! Can you really believe such a thing of a wretch like me?"

The greatest miracle in an age of self-seeking, simony, and religious corruption, was his life of passionate philanthropy, his enthusiastic zeal for souls, his dauntless daring and unflagging toil. The spell of his strong will and absorbing earnestness, his wondrous gift of successful leadership, constraining multitudes to embrace his teachings, might well seem miraculous to natures incapable of the same self-sacrifice and concentration of energy. In the process of his canonization, however, half a century after his death, all the miracles reported during his life,

together with many more, were solemnly avouched on the papal infallibility of Urban. VIII.

When all these "vile lendings" are shred away, and the man stands forth in his simple majesty and modest heroism, he commands forever the admiration of mankind. However false we may feel was his creed, and however erroneous were his teachings, the moral sublimity of his character remains. His burning love of souls, constraining to a life of toil and travail unparalleled in the annals of missionary labours, are akin to the divine self-sacrifice of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

SHAPING THE FUTURE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Eas vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain—
Man's works shall follow him!

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

A VISIT to Europe has been for years the dream of my life. To a denizen of this new continent, the monuments and institutions of the past, as seen in the Old World, possess a fascinating interest. In the hoary minsters and crumbling classic fanes, in the many places consecrated by heroism or by song—by the martyr's or the patriot's blood, or by the poet's lyre—one beholds a chrystalized history which thrills the soul with a presence and a power before unimagined. And of all lands in the world our hearts turn with deepest interest to Great Britain and her sister isle, the "mother of us all," the birthplace of liberty, the vanguard of the world's civilization. Next I turn to the early cradle-land of Empire, the City of Rome, with its memory-haunted ruins, and to the nations and peoples which have sprung from its decay. The arts and monuments of mediæval and modern Europe, and the sublime or lovely landscapes of its grandest or softest scenes, will also engage our attention.

In fulfilment of this long-cherished purpose, on Friday, May 23rd, I left the fair city of Toronto. In four and twenty hours I reached the ancient capital, Quebec. The grand old fortress-crowned height, sat proudly on its throne of rock, the royal standard fluttering gaily from the flag-staff of the citadel in honour of the Queen's birth-day. A few hours here before the sailing of the steamship, gave an opportunity to visit the principal places of interest in the quaint old city. I doubt if in the whole course of my tour I shall find a place of more picturesque character, or of greater interest to a Canadian. I doubt also if I shall see one where the authority of the Roman hierarchy is more strongly asserted or more implicitly obeyed. In the old Seminary chapel I observed an altar painting which strikingly set forth the exaltation of Mary above the Saviour, which is a characteristic of the Romish faith. In the lower part of the picture were a crowd of sick and impotent persons eagerly gazing upward, and earnestly praying to the Virgin Mary, who sat enthroned in mid-heaven. Mary, then, as mediatrix between those sinful and suffering souls and God—as though she were more pitiful than He—interceded

for them with the everlasting Father who, wrapped in clouds, occupied the upper part of the picture. In the same church I observed a young girl, thrice fervently kissing the extended foot of a bronze statue of St. Peter. The foot was worn quite smooth with the frequent osculation. I am not likely to witness anything more abject even in Rome itself.

The new Dufferin gates were in process of construction; and the noble Durham Terrace, over-looking the broad river, has been extended for a quarter of a mile along the face of the historic cliff. From the citadel above, at noon, boomed forth, in honour of the day, a royal salute of twenty-one guns. At an interval of half a minute after each gun, from the opposite cliff of Point Levis, an echo sent back a prolonged roar as of defiance. It made me think of the fierce bombardment which preceded the capture of the city by the British, when a large proportion of its buildings were reduced to ruins and the hapless inhabitants wrote, "We are without food and without hope: God has forsaken us." Right in front were the Plains of Abraham, where the brave young heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, each gave his life in the service of his king, and there, on the cliff, was the common monument erected to them both.

Towards evening, a tender took the passengers on board the good ship "Dominion," Captain Bouchette, master, of the Dominion Steamship line. I found her a staunch and strong iron-built vessel of 3,200 tons burthen, with seven water-tight compartments and all the modern improvements of naval architecture. I commend heartily to Canadian tourists the admirably equipped steamships of this line, as furnishing the advantages of safety, comfort, and speed, together with rates of passage considerably lower than any other line. To one sailing in an ocean steamer for the first time, the arrangements on shipboard are of much interest. What strikes one most is the economy of space, together with precautions against danger and means adopted to secure steadiness and safety—the small port-holes, with their iron shutters, the firmly-lashed tables and seats, the swinging shelf for glasses, etc., all suggestions of the effects of stormy weather.

The sail down our noble St. Lawrence was very pleasant, giving good views of the Falls of Montmorenci; the Island of Orleans; Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, where lie the remains

of many a poor emigrant; and of the bold north-shore. Soon we are out in the Gulf, and our good ship feels the effects of the rollers from the Atlantic. The breakfast-table of the second day is a crucial test. More than one countenance becomes,

“ Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;”

and the ladies, without exception, retire to finish their meditations in the solitude of their state-rooms. Locomotion becomes difficult on deck, and passengers make strange lurches in trying to make their way about. The high lands of the south shore of the Gulf are covered with snow, as are also those of Newfoundland; and quite a snow-storm occurs on the 27th of May. As we cross the Grand Banks of Newfoundland a fleet of vessels engaged in the cod-fishery is seen; and soon after two ice-bergs, one a huge and triple-towered snowy mass, a quarter of a mile long and a hundred and thirty feet high, come into view and pass slowly astern. Strange lonely birds also appear and accompany us far out to sea, and some all the way across the Atlantic.

The most striking impression as we sail on day after day is one of the littleness and loneliness of man in the midst of this immensity of waters. On every side the far horizon swings unbroken by a single object. Around us rolls and tosses, like a chained giant tugging at his chain, the tumultuous waves of the multitudinous seas,—

“ Vast-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime.”

A most wonderful thing it is that across the trackless main, in spite of adverse winds or waves, the good ship can find to the destined port her unerring way. So may we sail safely o’er life’s stormy sea, and, having our soul’s anchor cast within the veil, have administered unto us an abundant entrance into the desired haven. I never appreciated so much the beauty and fidelity of the description in the one hundred and seventh Psalm, of God’s wonders in the deep, as when we read it at sea.

After a few days, old Ocean smooths his rugged front. His billows ripple with a thousand smiles. The tables again are filled. The passengers promenade the deck, or group in wind-sheltered and sunny spots. The ship’s library is ransacked. The setting of the sail, the changing of the watch, casting the log, taking the

sun's altitude, and exchanging signals with a passing vessel, excite their lively interest. Every body affects nautical language. It is no longer noon, but "eight bells." We do not go to bed but "turn in," and "Aye, aye, sir!" does duty for an affirmative response.

On Sunday morning at half-past ten the ship's bell tolls for religious service. The officers who are off duty, dressed in their best blue jackets, with the passengers muster in the cabin. At the head of the long dining-table is placed a cushion covered with the Union Jack, which serves as a reading-desk and pulpit. Along the table are distributed a number of hymn-books containing a selection of hymns in which Christians of whatever name may join. The beautiful service of the Church of England is read jointly by the captain of the ship and the present writer, every body joining heartily in the responses. The comprehensive petitions of that service, with its form of prayer for those at sea, for all who travel by land or water, and the prayer to be used during a storm, are realized with fresh power. The present writer then preaches as best he can, amid the rolling and swaying of the ship,—which causes the absence by sea-sickness of several of the passengers,—a short and practical sermon, with special references to our needs as voyagers together over life's solemn main. Montgomery's beautiful hymn, "Forever with the Lord," and Keble's exquisite "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," had a fresh charm as sung by that little company of worshippers in our floating house. Especial significance was also given in our evening service to our closing hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;" and a new meaning was realized in Charles Wesley's exquisite lyric, as it was sung amid the restless tossing of the main and the hoarse roaring of the billow :

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
*While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.*

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
*Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."*

I was glad to find on board a supply of excellent Sunday reading for the passengers and crew, published by the Seaman's Aid

Society, of Philadelphia. Sailors have a special claim upon the sympathy and prayers and aid of those who live at home at ease. Exposed as they are to storm and tempest at sea, and to greater perils from the wiles of pimps and parasites and land-sharks on shore, it seems oftentimes as though no man cared for their souls. But now in all the large seaports are Seamen's Homes and Institutions, Bethels, and missionaries; and much Christian love and care and sympathy are manifested for their welfare.

During the early part of the voyage we were favoured with strong westerly winds, and sped on our way with all sail set. As we neared the Irish coast a heavy easterly gale set in. The "white horses" raced past our vessel, and the sea smote with tremendous shock her iron bulwarks, and then rose high in the air in a column of spray and drenched the deck. With close-reefed sails the good ship forged her way in the very teeth of the gale, mounting up, up on the waves as it would climb the skies, and then sinking down, down in the hollow of the seas, producing a sensation of deathly qualm in those of the passengers who were affected by the awful *mal de mer*. On each side and down the centre of the dining-table were placed guards about three inches high to keep the dishes from sliding off, and one had an excellent opportunity to study the law of hydrostatics by observing the efforts of his soup to maintain its level notwithstanding the oscillations of the ship. This being rocked in the cradle of the deep, as one lies in his berth, rolled from side to side with now his feet and then his head uppermost, is a rather queer sensation. It is rather difficult, too, to walk the deck when it keeps falling away from you or rising up like a hill under your foot. Personally I rather like it; and I write these lines at a table to which I have to hold on as I sit in the cabin. And through all the storm the fearless sea-gulls on tireless wing skim the waves and soar and circle around the ship, the very poetry of motion. With scarce a motion of the wing they beat up against the wind, then glide down its yielding slope, ascending and descending, like the angels of the patriarch's vision,—the invisible stairs of heaven. Sometimes they sit brooding on the stormy wave that breaks into foam all around them, as quietly as if brooding on their nest on shore; and then they will fly so close that we can see the form of their beak and the colour of their eyes. So may we, as unfeared as they, lie in

the hollow of God's hand, and feel that the sea is His. He made it, and in His hand are the deep places of the earth, and He is able to keep unto the uttermost, by water and by land, all those that put their trust in Him.

At length the blue hills of Old Ireland come in view, and a welcome signal they are to eyes weary with the unbroken sweep of the far horizon. The first land seen is the north-west coast of Donegal. Behind a bold and rocky shore are seen, rolling away in purple billows, the Derryveagh Mountains, some peaks of which rise to the height of over two thousand feet. They are not crowned with trees like our hills in Canada, but with a beautiful green sward, through which the naked rock at times breaks forth, rising in sharp peaks and rugged crags.

Before evening we came abreast of the entrance to Lough Foyle, celebrated in Macaulay's brilliant account of the Siege of Londonderry. About sunset we passed in full view of the Giant's Causeway, where, according to the veracious legend, "Fin McCoul," an Irish giant, cast up a highway across the Channel that a Scotch giant might walk across in order to have a trial of strength between them. Fin was of course victor, but he generously allowed his beaten adversary to settle in Ireland, so there being no longer any necessity for the Causeway, it was allowed to be washed away by the action of the waves. Its remains, however, may still be seen for the confutation of the skeptical. At O'Fingal's Cave, in Scotland, and on the Irish coast, the tombs of the respective giants are also pointed out, and what better proof can any one ask than that?

Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giants' pier the war of tempest braves ;
A far-projecting, firm basaltic
Of clustering columns, wedged in close array,
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand.

In the purple gloaming, which here lasts far into the night—we are six hundred miles north of Toronto—we passed within half a mile of the noble cliff of Fair Head, rising five hundred feet in the air, with remarkable columned rocks, known as the Giant's Organ; and looming high on the left was the Mull of Cantyre, in Scotland.

The Irish Sea was tranquil as a sea of glass as we passed the Isle of Man, and twenty miles from Liverpool took on board our pilot. Keen was the interest to hear what had been happening in the great world from which, ten days before, we had been cut off, and the newspapers were eagerly scanned and discussed. A score of ocean steamers were gliding out on ebb-tide as we entered the Mersey, and beheld its seven miles of docks and its forest of masts. From the turbid condition of the river it is evident that "the quality Mersey is not strained."

On the dock I met Mr. Frankland, of Toronto, the pioneer of the cattle trade with Great Britain, for whom we brought \$40,000 worth of cattle; and soon after, in a Museum of Antiquities, a custodian, who had been married in Toronto by Dr. Coony, many years ago. It was Whitsuntide, and the streets were crowded with holiday visitors. The Walker Art Gallery was visited by 24,000 persons in two days. This ministry of art in the esthetic education of the people must be very salutary.

Nothing in Liverpool pleased me more than a visit to the new Temperance Coffee-house just opened. It is a handsome stone building, on the main street. Inside it is elegantly painted and frescoed. Up stairs are rooms with handsome pictures and panelled walls, marble-topped tables, and a luxurious bar, with huge burnished tea and coffee urns. To test the food furnished I ordered coffee and a large bun—both excellent, for which I paid one penny! There are thirty-seven of these Temperance Coffee-houses in Liverpool, under the same Limited Liability Company. They pay a profit of ten per cent., and I believe will yet be the solution of the drink question in England—the greatest social problem of the age. I believe that they owe their origin to the efforts of the Rev. Charles Garrett—a Wesleyan minister.

Taking the Midland Railway, I passed through some of the finest scenery in England; through the celebrated Peak of Derbyshire, and down the beautiful Valley of the Derwent. The memories of that first ride through this dear historic land will never be effaced; the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures. In traversing Bedfordshire, I passed many places hallowed by the

footprints of the immortal dreamer, John Bunyan:—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation, and censured what he believed to be iniquities of priestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, before he knew holy influences, he had led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he “pulled the ropes.” And then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote “The Pilgrim’s Progress to the Celestial City.”

On this gentle pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges, his eyes have often gazed; and from that soft green sward he may have taken his description of “Bypath Meadow.” Was his “Vanity Fair,” I wonder, copied from the London of his day?

I reached London at the St. Pancras Station, the largest in the world, with its vast sky of glass and palatial hotel, and was driven in a “Hansom,” but not handsome, cab—an odd-looking two-wheeled gig, in which the driver sits aloft behind the hood—to a quiet family Temperance Hotel, in a pleasant square filled with trees, in Bloomsbury—the scene of the Gordon riots. My first walk is up Oxford Street to Hyde Park. It is a fine day, and the world of fashion is abroad. Handsome carriages, high-stepping horses, liveried and silk-stockinged footmen—some with their hair powdered white as snow. The broad acres of the Park, with its stately trees, its soft green turf, its moving throngs, make as pretty a picture in the afternoon light as one need want to see. I made my way to “Rotten Row,”—derived, say antiquarians, from *route du roi*, the fashionable drive. Here flows a ceaseless stream of open carriages containing the flower of the English nobility, enjoying their afternoon drive. There is probably no such collection of beautiful ladies and exquisite toilets in the world—fair, fresh English faces, with a delicate bloom, fine-cut profile, an air of high-born culture, and an indefinable but unmistakable tone; and refinement acquired through generations of hereditary descent. Beside the carriage drive is a promenade and a row of chairs—in places four rows—for the less aristocratic portion of

the community, and the fair faces were by no means confined to the carriage people.

One of the strongest impressions felt in London is that of its wealth and its poverty, its greatness and its misery, the immense differences of rank, the luxury of the rich, the wretchedness of the poor. Poverty is everywhere apparent, notably in the itinerant vendors of toys, trinkets, combs, pencils—anything for a penny; and in the poorer regions, the wayside stalls for cheap food—pigs' feet, tripe, etc. I noticed these especially at the Great Smithfield market, with its memories of the martyrs, where cries of the chapmen and vendors vociferously seeking custom was bewildering.

From Smithfield I visited a spot dear to the heart of every Methodist the wide world over,—City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism. It has been so recently pictured and described in this Magazine, that I need not repeat what was there said. But it seems to bring us nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers proclaimed the word of life, to sit in Wesley's chair, to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books; the very time-worn desk at which he wrote; and then to stand by the grave in which he is buried. In the old parsonage I saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other, the words, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc. At his grave I plucked an ivy leaf as a memento of the visit. Near by rests the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism. In the Bunhill Fields Cemetery, on the opposite side of the street, I visited the graves of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, and Daniel Defoe, probably three of the most widely-read writers in the English or in any language. To walk down Fleet Street transports one back to the reign of Good Queen Anne; and further, I had my hair cut in a former palace of Henry VIII., where, in the old timbered ceiling, his monogram is still seen, and some of the old furniture is preserved. I visited Dick's Tavern at Temple Bar; and the Cheshire Cheese Inn, in Wine Office Court, built in 1400, where Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, Richardson, Garrick, and the rest of their goodly fellowship were wont to hold their

Olympic Symposia. Of the Bar itself, on which the heads of rebels were wont to be impaled, only a fragment remains.

In the afternoon I visited the Spring Exhibition of the Academy of Arts, in their noble rooms. As many as 7,000 persons have been present in one day. The collection is of great excellence,—the finest specimens of recent British Art. It was a treat to hear the fine-flavoured English that was spoken, with a purity of accent not common in Canada, and to receive the high-bred courtesies which were graciously accorded to every inquiry. I had heard that Englishmen were cold and repellant in their manners to strangers. I found them the very reverse; cheerfully giving every information in their power, and even putting themselves to inconvenience to do so.

Sunday was a red-letter day. I had the privilege of joining in the worship of God in two of the grandest temples of Protestant Christendom. The first glimpse of the mighty dome of St. Paul's made my heart leap. But a closer inspection of the building is disappointing. It is blackened with London smoke and corroded with the gases in the air, so that parts are covered with a whitish incrustation like nitre. Within, the dome is vast and solemn, and the view down the nave is awe-inspiring, but to me it conveys no religious impression. "Gothic architecture," says Rusken, "confesses Christ; classic architecture denies Christ." The sentiment is extreme, but to me it expresses the difference between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. In the latter the clustering shafts springing toward the sky, and the groined arches leaping from their summit and supporting the sky-like vault overhead, must kindle in the coldest nature a religious aspiration. Then it is hoary with the associations of at least eight hundred years. I saw the crumbling effigies in the cloisters of the Norman Abbots, from A.D. 1068-1214. The pious hands that carved with loving minuteness the fret-work I beheld to-day, had moulded to the dust eight hundred years ago.

A full choral service was rendered—the sublime anthems pealing through the vaulted aisles, as they have for so many centuries. The retention of so much of the Roman liturgy in the Anglican services is an illustration of the conservative tendency that characterizes the English treatment of all ancient institutions. And all around us were England's mighty dead, laid to rest in this great Walhalla of the nation—her Kings, and

warriors, and statesmen; and mightier than they, her Kings of thought and literature—the anointed priests and sages and seers of the “Poets Corner,” in which I sat. And I felt that in all this, though a stranger from over-sea, I was not an alien, but that I shared the inheritance in those spirit-stirring memories, of the English-speaking race throughout the world; and tears of deep and strong emotion filled my eyes.

Dean Stanley, the greatest of all the deans of the venerable abbey, whom, most of living men, I longed to hear, preached the sermon. It being Trinity-Sunday, he discoursed on the text, “In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” He is a little old gentleman, wears a skull cap, and has an indistinct utterance, but the sermon was one of the grandest I ever heard. He reminded us that five hundred years ago, this very day, the eighth of June, Edward the Black Prince died, the knight of the Holy Ghost; and exhorted us in the name of the blessed Trinity to be faithful soldiers of the holy Cross. The painted light that streamed through the crimson and purple robes of the apostles and prophets in the great rose window grew fainter and fainter; and before the service was over a solemn gloom began to fill the shadowy vaults and aisles of the vast minster. Among the many monuments upon the wall I noticed the medallion of John Wesley, and the bas-relief of John Wesley preaching on his father’s grave.

I attended also the Old Ludgate Church in the city, and found a congregation of only eight persons. I visited, too, the old Savoy Church, now partly under ground, where the celebrated Savoy Conference, for the revision of the Prayer-Book, was held.

In my walk I passed a half-a-dozen palaces, each haunted with the memory of English Sovereigns—Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen; the town houses of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh; St. James’ Palace, the residence of the English Kings from William III. to George IV.; Whitehall, from the window of which Charles I. stepped to the scaffold; and Somerset House, the home of three unhappy English Queens. But almost every street has memories of the past, which seem almost more real than the experiences of the present.

MEMORIES OF "FATHER CORSON."

BY HIS SON, JOHN WESLEY CORSON, M.D.

THE first cry of Saul of Tarsus, as he rose from the blinding vision on the plain of Damascus, a loving disciple, was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He sighed for action. Providence, in strange mercy, thus prompts human hands and lips to convey the Gospel. Every true Christian, in the joy of his conversion, has felt this missionary *thrill*. He has longed to do something for the Master. It was perfectly natural that Andrew should hasten to tell the great discovery of his life to his brother Peter, and that he should walk all the way by his side to Jesus. George Muller gives a touching tale of a poor sempstress in his flock, who was suddenly left a fortune. She never changed even her calico dress, but began to give like a princess. When reproached by careful friends for her lavish benevolence, she replied, "Did not my Saviour shed the last drop of blood in his veins for me?" We can fancy that Pilgrim, when he found that the City of Destruction and the Slough of Despond were behind him, that the great load had actually rolled off, and he was surely marching towards the Beautiful Gate—was quite overwhelmed with gratitude. The young convert sighs to be serving his Lord. He longs to be "doing good." Like the Roman freedman, once a slave, he is now the "heir" of a great estate. He is "looking unto Jesus." There are longings for the Land of Gold, beyond this vale of tears. And he cares little for earth. Motives like these, doubtless, led our father to take a step at that dark hour, which seemed utterly at variance with the dictates of worldly prudence.

Sickly, "petted" children are often more precocious and observant than others. When the writer was a little turned four years of age, he noticed that good "Elder Case," then in the prime of his young manhood, with his gentlemanly, "winning ways," his mild, dark eyes, and his handsome face, was a frequent visitor at our home. Something was going on. Both father and mother sang and prayed more than usual. There were whisperings and midnight consultations. Were those sobs that he heard? There is a story of a young poet, who was also a tailor; when

he was reproached for his careless stitches, his defence was, that he "had a soul above buttons." Our father, before so frugal and industrious, began to neglect our beautiful farm. His heart was elsewhere. Unconsciously, as he bent forwards, he would walk, as he dreamed, by the wayside past his own home.

There lay before him, as if to tempt him from his lofty purpose, two hundred broad acres, that were his own, in the fertile township of Oxford. They were close to the Harris settlement, and a little more than two miles from Ingersoll. The land rose gently to a ridge in the centre, like the back of a buffalo; a barn stood on the shoulders, while the head was represented by a comfortable frame house, surrounded by a large orchard of choice fruit trees. The road, in front, was fringed by a little brook, crossed by a bridge. But what were the lowing of herds, or the ripening of harvests now to that enchanted young farmer? Nothing. He had once armed for the fray, as an earthly soldier. The great Captain had now sent an officer of his staff to summon him to a nobler conflict. That was the mission of Elder Case.

The principle of "Probation" in the Methodist economy is a "triumph of genius" in perhaps the greatest "organizer" of the modern Church—John Wesley. Both members and ministers must be thoroughly "*tried*" before they are finally accepted. As we afterwards learned, "our father was preparing to be sent out "on trial" by the Presiding Elder. He was invited to leave his beautiful farm, his devoted wife, and his tender little ones, and to plunge into the forest—for four weeks at a time—to preach the Gospel to the perishing souls in the wilderness around him. He obeyed. One day a young man, just turned thirty, led his horse up to that gate. He tenderly folded his arms around the neck of his wife; and the tears fell from both like rain. Then he hastily rode away, as if he dared not look back. Homer's dream of Hector parting with Andromache at the Scæan gate, was not more tender.

When the horseman had disappeared, his wife led her boy back to the house, asked him to kneel down by her side, with his face towards that gate, and prayed—as he fancied he had never heard mortal plead before. That kneeling seemed to last a whole hour. He lived afterwards to stand in the courtyard of the great Orphan House at Halle, on the very spot where that pious German,

Herman Francke, was carried to make his dying prayer for the two thousand orphans he had gathered there. And was not the parting petition of that wife for her missionary husband possibly just as beautiful.

In sections of that country the wolves yet howled, and pursued the traveller at night. Swamps were crossed by the "corduroy bridge," made of small sticks of timber a little longer than railroad ties, and often unsafe. The roads were frequently mere waggon-tracks, winding among thick woods. In great floods the close, ricketty bridges sometimes floated away, so that the horse must wade; or if the stream was large, he must swim. A friend writes, that his relatives used to conduct our father "through the woods by the marks on the 'blazed trees,' with torches," to a night appointment.

When the horse happened to mire in a mora and turned back, there was a singular Methodist invention, by which the rider could tie his beast to a tree, and then, like the stream in Tennyson's "Song of the Brook," he could still "go on." For the unconverted, awaiting him in the neat log schoolhouse, must, in some desperate way, be reached. The English in India are said sometimes to frighten the savages among the hills by a little cannon, carried on the back of a pack animal, call a mountain howitzer. So the Methodist "itinerant" of that day, if his horse mired, walked on with a supply of Gospel ammunition on his arm, concealed in a leathern bag holding about a bushel. This he tenderly took from the back of the jaded beast. It had pouches at each end like the receptacle of the Australian kangaroo. It became famous in the early struggles for religious liberty in Canada as the "saddlebags." The term was sometimes used in the plural; but in memory of its distinguished services, both to religion and freedom, we prefer the more delicate singular.

Seriously, we may here indulge in a little historical episode, throwing light on one of the darkest conflicts in the early career of Methodism in "Upper Canada." In 1827, the whole province was convulsed by a cool attempt of one set of politicians to disfranchise the other side, in the famous "Alien Bill." It created quite as much commotion as did the blow at the Dissenters, proposed by Lord Sidmouth in England. An eloquent and utterly fearless young Methodist minister seemed to be

raised up for the occasion. It was Egerton Ryerson. He will doubtless be better known to future generations of his countrymen by his peaceful labours as the founder of the comprehensive and excellent system of schools for Canada. But in the struggle of which we speak, he wrote a series of public letters which roused the whole country. His eloquent missives and the petitions against the obnoxious "Alien Bill" were both carried largely in the Methodist saddlebags. The Home Government in England nobly came to the rescue, and vetoed the measure. And in the elections of 1828 the Methodists and their friends of other churches triumphed, and elected what their opponents called the "Saddlebag Parliament."

We gladly seize this occasion to record our sacred obligations to an accomplished and faithful teacher, who seemed to wield a wonderful influence for good over all his pupils. George Hughes, Esq., was then the Principal of a flourishing "select school" in the town of Port Hope. Just previous to the usual day for writing "compositions," a loved companion of ours, the son of a greatly respected member of Parliament, playfully proposed that we "fire up" on opposite sides of this exciting question. The writer, then a lad of thirteen, accepted the friendly challenge, as the "son of a saddlebag."

Our two essays convulsed the whole school. The beloved Principal was a sincere "High Church Episcopalian," and a strong "Conservative." But he was also as generous as a prince. The most valued literary compliment that the writer has ever received, was amid the cheers of his fellow pupils as he felt the fatherly touch of his teacher's hand, with the tender words, "Well done, my little saddlebag."

But let us return to our story of dangers. Our father's saddlebag once nearly cost him his life. It did not explode. No, it was an accident of another kind. Just at this period considerable "war losses" had been paid throughout the province in packages of silver. The wise and generous policy of the British Government towards the Indians had rendered them, as a rule, quite peaceable and inoffensive. But there were a few rough exceptions. Our father was creeping along homeward at a slow pace at midnight, just beyond Ingersoll, when he observed an Indian at a distance, first staggering as if he were drunk, and then walking rapidly as if to overtake him. He saw in a mo-

ment that the drunken gait was a sham, and quickly spurred his noble fast. As soon as the savage saw that his game was escaping, he brandished a huge knife, and shouted in a rage, "Give me money! You got dollars in dat ledder bag."

When our father had gained a few rods on his pursuer he turned and said, "No money here! only Methodist books!" But the unbelieving Indian chased him for a full half mile, and finished with his loudest "war-whoop." Our father rode home as if a whole tribe of Indians were at his heels, at a pace like that of Tam O'Shanter escaping from the witches. And the spirited mare lost not even a hair of her tail. Had the Indian captured the saddle-bag he would have been woefully disappointed. One end was spiritual, and the other temporal. The first contained, perhaps, Wesley's Sermons, the Preacher's Manual, Fletcher's Checks, and a Bible and Hymn-book. The other end was very "worldly," and swelled out probably with a change of linen, and, we may as well confess it, with provisions for the minister's family. We remember being once puzzled in surveying the Catacombs at Rome, as to how the millions of Christians who hid themselves there were fed. It was doubtless a mystery to many, in the privations of early Methodism, how the ministers and their wives and little ones lived. We here venture to give a single hint. Their hungry children always eagerly watched the opening of the saddlebag.

In the autumn of 1827, as we were again happy in the abundance of our home on the Oxford farm, our father was suddenly ordered to move one hundred and fifty miles eastward, in the cold and muddy month of November. He was assigned to the Whitby Circuit and the adjoining Scugog Indian Mission. The "personal effects" and furniture were to be sold for a song, or given away. A wife and five children, and the little comforts it could carry, were to be packed into a single lumber waggon, covered with a white cloth. It was a regular gipsy-looking affair. But a staunch Methodist, the venerable Daniel Harris, the father of a noble family of sons, was to be the safe driver. Our father, like the mounted guard to a diligence in Italy, rode ahead with his trusty horse, and the inevitable "saddlebag." Young as the writer then was, he enjoyed the excitement. Methodists along the road, like the early Christians, fed and warmly greeted the family. There was a large lunch basket with cold chicken and

other tempting things, which was often replenished. We bought a salmon in crossing the River Credit. In Toronto, then "York," we were hospitably entertained at a Methodist home. The day that we left York and crossed the River Don was made more dreary from the fact, that a young printer named French was to be hanged for what many thought was justifiable homicide. The town was very gloomy.

When we arrived at Whitby Circuit, it was found that it was reduced by Church dissensions to six appointments and a little mission. The wheat crop had been extensively stricken with the "rust." It was almost a famine year. Flour was very dear. Our father's means had been exhausted by an unexpected long journey. We were thrust into a deserted log-house, through the crevices of which we could see the stars. It was just in the outskirts of the present town of Whitby. Our bread failed. We were reduced to small potatoes. At midnight the writer heard his mother weeping and saying, "Husband, what shall we feed the children to-morrow?" Next morning the boy went to his mother and, without telling her what he had overheard, said tenderly, "How sweet those little potatoes are." Our trials were soon over. Members of other Churches and the few straggling Methodists soon rallied round the new comers. One of the first to bring supplies to the famished wife and children was a young man, since honoured in political life as James Willson, Esq.

The second solace in his trials that we would mention now came to cheer our anxious father. It was what our Episcopalian friends call the "*communion of saints*." He was always extremely liberal towards "all who love the Saviour." He was very fond of "union services." The little Methodist classes in the sparse new settlements were often peacefully gathered from all the leading sects. They met on the broad "platform" of John Wesley, and included all who desired "*to flee from the wrath to come*."

Our father's genial temperament led him all his life to court fraternal relations with the different branches of Methodists, and with all evangelical Churches. Yet he was strongly attached to his own spiritual home.

Just at this time he accepted an invitation from Baptist friends to join them in special revival services in the frame

church below Whitby. Many conversions followed. Methodism soon rallied to a prosperous condition. His social relations were delightful. Few spots have ever had so warm a place in his memories in after years as Whitby Circuit.

The union sentiments to which we have alluded grew stronger as he neared the heavenly land. In extreme old age he promptly accepted the hospitalities tendered him by Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, and other friends; and frequently appeared in their festive gatherings, to make pleasant speeches as "Father Corson."

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil is past, and night is come,
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
 Worn out with labour long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest, and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened not so much with grain,
 As with a heaviness of heart and brain.
 Master, behold my sheaves.

Few, light, and worthless; yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat.
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves;
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
 I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
 Master, behold my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
 For well I know Thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
 And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES W. HAWKINS, B.A.

BY THE REV. GEO. H. CORNISH.

"The memory of the just is blessed." Memorials of the departed are designed to be a means of profit to living Christians. Of those who have fallen asleep in Christ, it may be said, that being dead they yet speak to us. Their useful lives and happy deaths are clear expositions of the nature and advantage of true piety. They stimulate to greater zeal and more entire consecration to God. The object of this brief article is to magnify the grace of God, and to lead the living to emulate the piety and zeal of our deceased brother.

Charles W. Hawkins was the son of Morgan and Elizabeth Hawkins, and was born in Canton, Township of Hope, Ontario, Oct. 15th, 1847. The earnest and cheerful piety of his parents made, while he was quite youthful, a strong and beneficial impression on his mind. When a boy he was noted for his truthfulness, obedience to his teachers, tender affection for his brothers and sisters, and filial attachment to his parents. In his fifteenth year, he was deeply convinced of his state as a sinner before God, and sought earnestly for divine pardon. For several days he could get no rest, and once he rose in the night and went to his mother's room in great anguish of soul, requesting her to pray for him. Shortly after this, in special services conducted by the Rev. Alex. T. Green, he obtained a clear sense of his acceptance with God. Henceforth he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Soon he felt deeply concerned for the salvation of souls, and resolved to do all he could to bring them to Christ. Believing himself called to the full work of the ministry, and convinced of the importance of a thorough education, he devoted himself to study, and in

due course graduated in Arts at Victoria University, in May, 1872. At the ensuing Conference he was received on trial for the ministry. Alderville, Grimsby, Thorold, Oakville, St. Catharines, and Beamsville shared his devoted labours. On all these circuits he was honoured of God, in the conversion of sinners. Under his watchful care the Churches prospered, and he gave God the glory. His soul thirsted for the full salvation of the Gospel, and he was enabled to testify "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." As a minister, he evinced a soundness of judgment even beyond his years. As a preacher he was distinguished for originality. He possessed a clear intellect. He saw the deep things of God and he had an imagination to picture them as they appeared. He was true to his individualism—he was true to his subject. He brought the Bible wide open to his people's gaze and pointed out the words of life. Christ and the power of His resurrection in all places, and at all times was the theme he loved. As a pastor he had few equals, and had his life been spared he would, without doubt, have filled the best appointments in the gift of the Church.

His diary is full of expressions of gratitude to God for the way He had led him, and especially for souls given him in his ministry. For this he lived and laboured. The Conference of 1877 appointed him to the Beamsville Circuit, where for nearly two years he was in labours abundant. Arriving at the parsonage with Mrs. Hawkins, he received the hearty welcome of many who had gathered there for that purpose. After the company had left he said to his wife, "Let us at once ask God's blessing

upon our new home." As they knelt together, he prayed very earnestly for souls, and with apparent strong faith said, "Give us fifty conversions this year." How that prayer was answered may be seen when we record that that year the returns show a net increase in the membership of fifty-two. His last year was in like manner a grand success. In revival services at Tintern upwards of a score of persons were converted to God. In Beamsville, his last efforts were in union revival services. On the evening of the Sabbath on which he died, the Rev. Alexander Langford, Chairman of the District, admitted to church membership thirty-one persons, over whom their deceased pastor had watched, and for whose salvation he had prayed, and to whom, had he been spared, he would gladly have given the right hand of Christian fellowship.

His illness was of short duration, and his death, so soon, was not anticipated. In connection with his arduous labours he contracted a severe cold, which, settling upon his lungs, defied all medical skill. The last week of his life was a complete triumph over everything earthly, Once he said, "I love my work,

and if it is the Lord's will, I will gladly labour for Him." To his dear wife, he said, "Oh, Lizzie! live near to Christ, while you live, and never think of the dying time. The everlasting arms are so strong under me, that I seem to be lifted above all care or thought, even for you or the dear baby." On Sunday morning he was quite hopeful of recovery, and partook of breakfast with more than usual relish, but in a few minutes he had severe hæmorrhage of the lungs and it became evident that he could not long survive. Just before his death he was apparently absorbed in heavenly meditation, and observing that he was endeavouring to articulate something, a listening ear was placed near to his lips, when he was heard to say, "Dear—Lord," and in a few moments he had passed from scenes of revival in Beamsville, to scenes of glory in Heaven. He died on Easter-Sunday morning, April 13th, 1879, in the thirty-second year of his age, and the seventh of his ministry.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE PERILS OF YOUNG MEN IN CITIES.

Cities will always be the centres of influence. There the pulse of social and commercial life throbs more strongly than elsewhere. There both good and evil are intensified in their effects. The means and opportunities of Christian usefulness are greatly multiplied. The force and variety of temptation are vastly increased. But the resistance of allurements to evil develops in the virtuous a nobler type of Christian character than that of the untried soul. The yielding to its seductions leads to greater degradation than is likely to occur in a simple rural com-

munity. To the prudent and diligent, city life is frequently the stepping-stone to success and fortune. To the frivolous and pleasure-loving, it is often the high-road to ruin.

The city is largely indebted for its growth and prosperity to the fresh blood and vigorous young manhood of the country. But when the unsophisticated youth leaves his rural home, where every one he meets is a neighbour or a friend, he often feels in the loneliness of crowds a sense of isolation that impels him to look somewhere for social enjoyment in his hours of relaxation from business. Often without an acquaintance in the city, with no Christian

home open to him, he will seek companionship in places of improper resort. And such places, alas! beset him on every side and multiply their allurements to beguile his unwarly footsteps into paths of sin, often to his everlasting undoing.

One of the most pernicious varieties of the class we refer to is the popular concert saloon, which exists in most of our cities. Many a youth who would not enter a saloon to drink, will be led by his taste for music, it may be naturally fine and successfully cultivated, within the sphere of its pernicious influence. And the music, instrumental and vocal furnished at these places, is often of a superior character. But with the music are often furnished seductions to vice of a most baneful tendency. The concert, it is true, is free; but its patrons are expected to purchase something to drink, for the benefit of the house, from the attentive waiters who continually pass around with trays laden with various kinds of intoxicating beverages.

At some of these halls a professional singer is employed, who nightly regales the throng with the popular songs of the day, the company being invited to join in the chorus. Volunteer contributions to the mirth and "good-fellowship" of the occasion are always welcome and warmly applauded. Any one, therefore, who possesses a good voice and a little vanity may, by the exercise of the one, gratify the other to his heart's content.

And these saloons are nightly thronged from dusk till midnight, as a member of the city police informed us, by a crowd of young men, who amid reeking clouds of tobacco smoke and a babel of talk, jest, oath, song, and vociferous applause, learn the lessons of dissipation and vice which make a wreck of both body and soul.

The Christian sentiment of the community should demand the abatement of this social nuisance, and insist that man-traps so opposed to public morality be put down by the strong arm of the law.

Another and scarcely less pernicious place of popular amusement is found in the billiard parlours connected with many of the saloons of the city. The quasi-respectable character of the game only makes it the more seductive and more dangerous. Those who are fond of this amusement can point to the example of many of what are called "the first families," who keep their private billiard tables—the cost of which would maintain a poor family for several months—and claim the right to a similar enjoyment. We hear much of the healthful exercise and mental stimulus and discipline of the game. In default of personal experience of its benefits or the reverse, we beg leave to quote the following reference to a recent article on the subject by a contributor to the *Graphic* newspaper. He charges that the persons who habitually manifest the most interest in the game and noted players, are persons usually of the lowest type of countenance; the best professional players are usually promoted billiard-markers, a class recruited from the most shiftless, worthless, ignorant class of the community. He points out also, that a bar is almost an indispensable accompaniment of the billiard-room, and that its associations are corrupting. Did any one ever know a billiard-room without a bar? Did any one ever know a billiard-room where players do not habitually play for the drinks? The *Graphic* contributor proceeds with his indictment, charging that the game is an unhealthy one; as exercise it amounts to nothing; the heated, gaslit, confined air is noxious, and the tendencies of the game are physically as well as morally corrupting. Finally, it is nothing more than "playing marbles with a stick." It improves the aim—but for what good particularly? What benefit is it to a man that he knows where to punch a ball in order to make it go just so far in a given direction? The game is unintellectual—it develops neither the "mathematics nor the humanities of the mind." None of the higher mental faculties are called

into play by it, and no man is made better by its exercise

The same remarks will apply largely to nine-pin alleys, bowling-saloons, and shooting-galleries which abound, and which are almost invariably connected with drinking usages and improper companionship.

The Christian community should endeavour to provide an antidote to the evil of which we are writing. Persons enjoying the blessings of a home should seek to extend its moral benefits to the homeless young men of their acquaintance. If these were permitted from time to time to share the social enjoyments and refined female society of Christian households, a feeling of manly self-respect would prevent their lapsing into low society and vicious indulgence.

Other counter attractions of a moral and religious character fortunately exist for the young men of our cities. The numerous temperance organizations open wide their doors and offer rational amusements to all who comply with the salutary

conditions of membership. The literary societies of the various churches offer an arena and furnish a stimulus for intellectual activity. And above all, that invaluable institution, the Young Men's Christian Association, seeks to meet the religious and social necessities of our nature. It offers devotional meetings for promoting heart-culture, literary entertainments, and library and reading-rooms for developing the intellectual powers, and furnishes in its excellent gymnasium, the facilities for athletic exercises dis severed from the debasing and immoral influence inseparable from saloons and drinking clubs. We commend such associations heartily to the sympathy of the Church, whose hand-maid, and not rival, they are in carrying out their beneficent work. We would urge every young man, coming a stranger to any of our cities, to seek affiliation with these excellent institutions. They will be a safeguard against evil and a moral and religious benefit of incalculable advantage.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

THE METHODIST CONFERENCES ENGLAND.

The Methodist New Connexion met at Huddersfield, Rev. J. C. Watts, formerly a minister in Canada, was elected to the office of President. There is an increase in the membership of the Church, but a great decrease of income in the various Connexional incomes. Rev. S. Hulme, who has long held the office of Missionary Secretary, is compelled by reason of physical infirmities to retire from the office, and is succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Stacey. Dr. Crofts, well known to many of

our readers, also retires from the "active work." Fraternal delegations were appointed to visit the Wesleyan, and Primitive Methodist Conferences in England, and the Methodist Protestant General Conference at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S., in 1880. One of the missionaries was reported to have died as he was returning from China, where he had laboured ten years.

The Primitive Methodist Conference also reported a decrease of members, a rare occurrence with that body. The treasurers of the Conference Funds, also complained of

a great deficiency of income. The Mission Fund especially has felt the pressure of the times, and now has to bear a crushing debt. The Sunday-schools, mainly through the labours of the efficient agent, Rev. J. Wood, M.A., were reported to be in a flourishing condition. The Mission at Fernando Po, through the interference of the civil authorities, had been given up, but will be resumed with greater vigour. A promising young missionary died a few months after he had landed in Africa. Several ministers, some of whom were the companions of our youth, have retired to the superannuated ranks. The profits of the Book-Room amounted to twenty thousand dollars, two thousand two hundred of which were granted to the Canada Conference.

A pleasing feature in the above Conferences was the attention now paid to Sunday-schools. Children are more than ever regarded as the hope of the Church. Bands of Hope are also being extensively established in the various schools, though all testify that the Band of Hope system is the best organised in the Wesleyan Sunday-schools.

CONFERENCES IN CANADA.

The Conferences of the Episcopal Methodist Church, three in number, were held first, Bishop Carman presided. We have failed to ascertain the numerical state of the membership. The funds were low, so much so, that the Rev. Dr. Jaques, the President of Albert College, has resigned. Some costly churches have been erected, which is strong proof of denominational zeal. Sabbath-school Conventions have been held at various places, and a Sunday-school Parliament is announced to meet at the St. Lawrence campground, which it is hoped will give a still greater impetus to the good work of caring for the young.

The Bible Christian Conference met at Little Britain. A deputation was present from the Parent Body in England, the first we believe that has ever been out, and the appointee had the honour of defraying his own

expenses. The denomination reported a decrease of members and considerable embarrassment in the funds; still, it was resolved to send a Missionary to Manitoba as soon as possible. A special fund is being established for that purpose.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This Conference met at Brampton. The increase of Church members is one hundred and thirty-three. In consequence of a diminished income, the Missionary grants have been reduced fifteen per cent. Rev. Thos. Guttery, late editor of the *Christian Journal*, has become a superannuated minister, and returns to England, greatly debilitated. Rev. J. C. Antliff, M.A., B.D., succeeds to the editorial chair, and the form of the *Christian Journal* is changed, and the price reduced to one dollar. As this is the jubilee year of Primitive Methodism in Canada, it is intended to celebrate the event by establishing a fund for church building purposes.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

We gave some notice of the London Conference in our last issue. Toronto Conference was held at Port Hope, Rev. J. Shaw was elected President, and Rev. T. S. Keough, Secretary. Montreal Conference assembled at Kingston. Rev. G. M. Ritchie was promoted to the Presidential chair, and Rev. T. Williams was appointed Secretary. Rev. S. F. Huestis was elected President of Nova Scotia Conference, and Rev. H. McKeown President of New Brunswick Conference. Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., accompanied by President Shaw, visited the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces. It would be well for brethren now and then to visit each others' Conferences. Such visits tend to cement the bonds of friendship. The writer greatly enjoyed his visit to London and Kingston. The numerical state of Toronto and Montreal Conferences is cause for deep searching of heart and renewed consecration to the service of God. The losses from

removals and emigration have been very heavy. The number of deaths in the ministerial ranks in two of the Western Conferences was the largest that has ever occurred in any previous year. The memorial services in honour of the departed were of the most solemn and affecting character. There was no lack of candidates for the ministerial ranks. Great care was exercised in receiving young men on trial. All the Conferences, east and west, are crowded with married men, and unless the times improve to encourage the extension of missions, but few should be received on trial for years to come.

The great question which occupied much attention at all the Conferences was the Missionary debt, which it was resolved to sweep away by means of a special subscription to extend over two years. The amount to be realized to be \$150,000. Nearly one-half of the amount will be required to liquidate the debt of the Missionary Society, and the balance is to be applied in equal proportions for the extension of missions and to aid the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. Two of the Conferences in the west, and two in the east, contributed very handsome sums as soon as appealed to, and no doubt the others will do the same, thus setting a good example to the people. This is the more remarkable seeing that the members of Montreal Conference only a year ago contributed a large amount on behalf of Stanstead College, which was then in danger of being sold to the Roman Catholic Church.

A scheme of District Scholarships on behalf of Victoria College was also inaugurated by the patronizing Conferences. Each district is to raise at least \$25, and the amounts thus subscribed are to be distributed by the Senate of the University. The scheme will no doubt retain many young men who otherwise would have been induced to graduate at other seats of learning whose scholarships and prizes are very attractive.

The interest in the Missions of the Church was greatly enhanced by the

presence of so many brethren from the mission field. Revs. J. F. German, J. W. Bell, W. Halstead, and J. McDougall, from Manitoba, and J. North-West; W. V. Sexsmith from British Columbia; with G. Cochran and D. McDonald, M.D., from Japan, all of whom return to their respective fields of labour except Bro. Cochran, who remains in Canada in consequence of severe domestic affliction.

The religious services of the Conferences were of the most hallowed nature. The lovefeasts and meetings for the reception of the young men who had completed their probation were especial seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. The Conference sermons, preached by Revs. E. B. Ryckman, D.D., E. B. Harper, D.D., and S. S. Nelles, D.D., were all highly commended.

The Sunday-school reports, though not without their notes of discouragement, contained many items of interest. The number of scholars reported meeting in class and learning the catechism were greater than in former years. The amount received for the General Sunday-School Fund is much smaller than it would be if all the schools would take up one collection annually, as the Discipline requires. The Board, in addition to all other expenses, such as purchasing books for the Winnowed List, &c., has donated nearly \$400 to aid poor schools in various parts of the Dominion; and gladly would the Board donate still larger sums for the same purpose this year if the fund will enable them to do so.

Revs. S. Rose, D.D., and E. Wood, D.D., were added to the list of superannuated brethren, and some others much younger were also added for one year, in hopes that they may soon be able to return to the "active work."

Revs. Dr. Pickard and W. Briggs, enter upon their duties of Book-Steward at Halifax and Toronto respectively; and D. D. Currie, ascends the editorial tripod at the former place.

Rev. E. S. Eby sends a most encouraging letter from Japan. He

had been compelled to give up performing his long journeys on foot, and has bought an old nag, so that he is a real circuit rider, the first of the kind that ever appeared in Japan. The description which he gives of his quarterly meeting reminds us of those of the olden time in Canada, for he says that one man came twelve miles, two thirteen, and one young man actually came twenty-eight miles, and, remember, all those persons travelled on foot. The people receive small wages, still Bro Eby is endeavouring to get them to become self-sustaining as soon as possible. He is baptizing converts weekly

METHODIST INTELLIGENCE, WESLEYAN

More than one hundred and fifty candidates for the ministry presented themselves at the late examination in London. As the number is much larger than was needed, great care was exercised to prevent inefficient men being received. Most, if not all, will be sent to the Theological Institutions

The Mission to the Friendly Islands has ceased to be a charge, and has become a contributor to the treasury of the Missionary Society to the amount of nearly ten thousand dollars a year, a larger sum of money, probably, than had ever been seen in the entire group before the introduction of Christianity.

The subscriptions to the Thanksgiving Fund now exceed eight hundred thousand dollars. May such princely contributions inspire the Methodists of Canada to act worthy of their noble parentage!

A new mission will be commenced in Transvaal, South Africa, as soon as possible.

Eight District missionaries were employed during the past year, to aid the regular ministry in their Circuit work, and also in planting new Churches.

Some strange acts of intolerance have been perpetrated in some of the agricultural districts of England both by clergymen and laymen of the Church of England. It appears

to be the object of such bigots to extirpate Methodism from the places where they exercise an influence. Happily this is not the case with all. There are some pious, devoted men in the Established Church, who, by a variety of means, encourage Wesleyan agency in their respective parishes.

Rev. Charles Garrett, when speaking at the annual meeting of the Home Mission, presented a somewhat gloomy moral picture of Liverpool. He said, "Not one in fifty men in Lancashire enter any place of worship, never read God's Book, and never utter the name of God unless to give point to an oath of blasphemy. Liverpool contained six hundred thousand inhabitants. There are two thousand two hundred drinkshops, which would reach more than twenty miles, and there are only two hundred and twenty places of worship. There is one drinkshop to every forty-eight families in the town, and all these drinkshops cannot be without results. One result is that twenty thousand persons were taken up last year as drunk, incapable, or riotous. There are no less than five hundred brothels known to the police. Picture a street with five hundred houses in it, and there they had the brothels of Liverpool, over every door of which was written by the finger of God, 'This is the way to hell.' In Liverpool there are two thousand prostitutes known to the police, many of whom went from the Sunday-schools of England, over whose heads holy prayers have been breathed, and some of them had knelt at the penitent forms. Then again, out of twenty-seven thousand persons apprehended last year, only three hundred and fifty-two could read and write well, and let them remember that was in England and not in distant nations."

The collection at the Exeter Hall meeting exceeded two thousand three hundred dollars

The Irish Methodist Conference was held at Belfast, Dr. Rigg, President of the British Conference, occupied the chair. Rev. G. Smith, D. D., E. E. Jenkins, M. A., and W.

Arthurs, M.A., were also present from England. Two of the members of Conference obtained permission to join the New Zealand Conference; another had volunteered to go to South Africa; and two others were ready to be sent wherever the Foreign Missionary Committee might direct; and still another offers himself for the Continent of Europe. A strong resolution in favour of class-meetings was adopted by the Conference. Our Irish brethren are true Methodists. Great interest was felt in all the Conference services, hence the open session and the religious services of the Sabbath were crowded to overflowing. A delegation was appointed to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS

Rev. R. Eason has been set apart by the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church to labour as an evangelist under the direction of the President of the Conference.

The revival services begun by Messrs Moody and Sankey in Liverpool are still kept up with success

Meetings are conducted in different parts of the town, and are participated in by ministers of the different denominations, including Churchmen, Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists.

The "Salvation Army," led by the Rev. William Booth, exists for the purpose of fighting vice and wickedness in the lowest classes of the population. Coventry was the latest scene of its assault. A place is selected as the point of attack and a sign is suspended, with the words "Salvation Factory" painted in red and blue letters. Congregations are gathered by marching through the streets singing hymns, and carrying a banner inscribed "Blood and Fire." When the crowd has been drawn into the building, a service consisting of singing and prayer and short addresses by brethren and sisters is held. No doubt some of the methods adopted by the "Salvation Army" may be questioned by some persons, but many of the outcasts of society have thus been drawn into the Gospel net and have thereby been saved.

BOOK NOTICES.

Father Henson's Story of his Life. (Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom.") With introductory remarks by WENDELL PHILLIPS and JOHN G. WHITTIER, and a Preface by Mrs HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. 360 pp., 12mo., fifteen engravings. Price \$1 50.

One of the most remarkable books of the day is this autobiography of his long and exciting life, written by a man who is ninety years old, the first half of whose life was passed as a slave in all the ignorance, misery and abuse of old-time American slavery. His first childish remembrance was of the auction mart, when he, a mere baby, was sold

away from his mother. Before he was 20 years old, he was beaten nearly to death, as a reward for doing his duty to his master, his shoulder-blades smashed, and he has never since been able to raise his hand to his head. The whole forty years that he passed in the land of bondage, was one series of exciting episodes. The story of his escape from his master, who, by a cruel trick, still held him in bondage after he had bought his own freedom, is full of thrilling interest. With his wife and four little children, two of whom he carried on his poor maimed shoulders in a knapsack, he tramped the whole weary

way from Kentucky to Canada, hiding in the bushes by day, starving, footsore, but never flagging in his determination to win his own and his children's freedom. But if the story of his bondage is interesting, even more so is that of his freedom, and the remarkable use which he made of it. Under his lead multitudes of negroes who live in the section of Canada, which is his home, have become well-to-do and respected citizens. During his recent visit to England, all honour was paid to the ex-slave, and Queen Victoria honoured him by a special reception. Not the least interesting circumstance of this aged man, is his never-failing piety—his faith in the Almighty Power which had protected him from his infancy, and to whom he ascribes all his successes in life. The entire proceeds of his autobiography are to be applied to the building of a substantial church for his people in Canada, and every volume that is bought, will add something to this darling object of the good old man's heart. An appendix by Bishop Haven upon the Negro Exodus, is written in his usual sharp and crisp style,—a fitting sequel to the story of Uncle Tom's career.

The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation. A story of Canadian Life. By W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Five illustrations. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 75c.

This story was received with such favour as it appeared in the pages of this Magazine that a desire was expressed for its republication in book form. It is, therefore, reprinted with additions, including a new chapter and other fresh matter. It is designed to describe certain phases of Canadian life in a lumber-camp, at a Canadian Methodist University, and on a Methodist Mission in Muskoka—with what success it is not for us to say. Several well-known and prominent persons in Canadian Methodism appear as characters in the story, under names which reveal as much as they con-

ceal their personality. The book is handsomely gotten up, and contains five original engravings of various scenes of Canadian life. It is hoped that it may circulate largely in our Sunday-schools, and among young readers, who may be stimulated to imitate the moral heroism of the young preacher, Lawrence Temple, in the service of the Heavenly King.

The Romance of Missions. By W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Illustrated. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 60c.

This volume treats, in chronological order, certain great missionary enterprises of the Christian era. Among these are the conversion of Ireland, under St. Patrick; the conversion of England, under St. Augustine; the conversion of Germany, under St. Boniface; the conversion of Norway and Sweden and of Russia; the tragic story of Raymond Lulli, and of the Martyrs of Canada who, in modern times, and in our own country, exhibited the same sublime moral heroism which characterized the martyr ages of the primitive church. The volume closes with an account of the remarkable career of Dr. Coke, the father of Methodist Missions. The wonderful leadings of Providence, whereby he became the pioneer of the grand missionary system of Methodism, in the promotion of which he found his own death and burial in mid-ocean, are subjects which should commend themselves to the study of Methodist readers. It is believed also that the volume will be found of interest and profit to the scholars in all our Sunday-schools. A trustworthy portrait of Dr. Coke embellishes its pages.

Some Aspects of the Christian Ideal. Sermons by the Rev. L CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D. Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's. 12mo., pp. 270. Price \$1.50. London: MacMillan & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms.

It is a remarkable fact that some of the best books of the day are

books of sermons. It speaks well for the taste for religious reading that publishers find it to their interest to bring out successive editions of sermon literature. We have on our desk five volumes of this sort, besides three volumes previously examined and noticed within a week. Some of them are addressed to audiences of the highest culture—English and Scottish Universities—and are devoted with great eloquence and learning to the defence of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity and refutation of the errors and sophistries of skepticism. I though current unbelief makes large use of the press to disseminate its fallacies, there is no lack of able apologists and defenders of the truth; and when the smoke of the conflict shall have cleared away, it shall be seen that the cause of evangelical Christianity is still the omnipotent energy that shall conquer the world. That its teachings are still the spiritual power that shall

"leaven with its fury, leaven
All the hearts of men forever."

Dr. Campbell's sermons are full of freshness and vigour, and are more practical than apologetic in their character. The lecture on the moral element in Greek culture is full of subtle thought and keen discrimination. A curious illustration of the permanence of institutions in the Old World is the preacher's reference to events which took place in the very college chapel in which he was speaking, three centuries before.

Eight Lectures on Miracles, preached before the University of Oxford, on the Bampton Foundation, by J. D. MOZLEY, D.D. 4th ed., 1878. 12mo., pp. xxxii, 304. Price \$1.75. Rivingtons & Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms.

The principal line of attack on supernatural religion by the materialistic philosopher of the day is the assertion of the uniformity of nature and the rigid reign of law as incompatible with the occurrence of a miracle or other supernatural con-

firmation of a revealed religion. This has been accompanied by physical explanations of the Gospel miracles, or a reference of them to unknown laws of nature. It is to combat and confute those teachings that these lectures were delivered. But the permanent value of those lectures is seen in their having reached a fourth edition. The subject is treated under the following heads: Miracles Necessary for a Revelation, Order of Nature, Influence of the Imagination on Belief, Belief in a God, Testimony, Unknown Law, Miracles Regarded in their Practical Result, and False Miracles. The volume is not one to be discussed in a mere book notice.

Human Life and its Conditions.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1876-1878 By R. W. CHURCH, M.A., D.C.L., Dean of St. Paul's. 12mo., pp. 194. Price \$1.50. MacMillan & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms.

These are wise and thoughtful discourses, edited in simple and earnest language. The style is chaste and limpidly clear. The sentiments are evangelical and practical. Though preached before the learned dons of Oxford, they would not be out of place in a village congregation. There is no parade of learning, but its ripened fruits are seen on every page. As a poor ignorant fellow said, "What for is a man a great scholar unless to make things plain to unlearned folk?" In this, John Wesley, as well as all truly great preachers, especially excelled. It is only your half-educated man who speaks great swelling words of vanity hard to be understood, and like an empty drum, resounds the louder the emptier he is.

Christ and the Christian in Temptation. Counsel and Consolation for the Tempted. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW. 12mo., pp. 168. Price 75 cents Nesbit & Co., and Methodist Book Room.

In this world of temptation and oftentimes fiery trial, counsels to the tempted will not seldom be timely

and needed. And of all encouragement to the tempted one, the example of Him who was in all points tempted like as we are, is the most comforting. "Tis one thing to be tempted," says Shakespeare, "another thing to fall." Yet many are in heaviness on account of their temptations, which may, if resisted, become means of grace and stepping-stones by which we climb to a higher and holier life. We can no more help being tempted than we can help the crows flying over our heads. But we need not, as Luther remarks, let the crows make their nests in our hair, nor temptations find a welcome in our hearts. This little volume is what its title page announces, a book of wise counsel and consolation to the tempted, founded upon the example of our great Model and Teacher.

American Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, D.D. 4to. pp. 224. Religious Tract Society, and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$2 50.

America possesses a two-fold interest to the tourist: First, on account of the vast and varied character of its scenery, its immense mountains, rivers, forests, and prairies; and secondly, as furnishing a fine study of the development of free institutions of Anglo-Saxon origin under the altered conditions of the new world. It is always interesting to us to learn the opinions formed of us by intelligent foreigners, and to "see ourselves as others see us." Dr. Manning has traversed the continent from side to side, and visited its most remarkable, historical, or picturesque scenes. He pre-

sents pithily many points of contrast between the Old and the New World as they strike a stranger. The chapters on the New Eldorado, the Yosemite, and Yellowstone, with the superb engravings by which they are accompanied, and the pictures of the Niagara and the Hudson, will portray scenery not to be surpassed, if it can be equalled in any land.

Popular Exposition of the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. 12mo., pp. 218. Hodder & Stoughton, and Methodist Book Room.

There are few portions of Scripture more suggestive of interesting disquisition and profitable application than the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. By his learning, his devout spirit, and his chastened imagination, Professor Plumtre is especially fitted for the task of their popular exposition. Those who have read his beautiful poems on Biblical subjects, we refer especially to his "Lazarus," in which he identifies our Lord's miracle with the rich young lawyer who "went away grieved, for he had great possessions," which identification he supports by a very ingenious and plausible argument—will not need to be reminded of his large and varied gifts and qualifications for the task he has here undertaken. All the resources of a wide acquaintance with history, philology, and the best exegetical criticism are brought to bear on the elucidation of these prophetic messages from Him who walked among the golden candlesticks to those early Gentile Churches.

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

(By permission.)

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PH. PHILLIPS.

1 I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child;

With-in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild.

A fear op-press'd my soul, That I might be too late;

And oh! trembled sore, And pray'd out-side the

gate, And pray'd out-side the gate.

2 "Mercy," I loudly cried:
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burden'd soul,
Then Jesus took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in.