



THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

SPRING.*

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more !"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer !
Like one in prayer I stood.

*We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Belford Bros. for the engraving accompanying this poem, which is taken from their recently published volume, "The Prattler."—ED.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back again,
 Low lisplings of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh stay !
 Ye were so sweet and wild !
 But distant voices seemed to say,
 " It cannot be ! They pass away !
 Other themes demand thy lay ;
 Thou art no more a child ! "

WORTHIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE history of early Methodism, like the history of primitive Christianity, shows that not many mighty, not many noble were called to the great religious work of those important eras. Both won their trophies chiefly among God's great family of the poor. But as there were those of Cæsar's household who acknowledged Christ, so there were those of noble rank who became the friends of Methodism. One of the most notable of these was Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

The names of Wesley and Whitefield are inseparably joined as the apostles of Methodism. Yet, a difference of opinion on doctrinal grounds soon led to a divergence of operations and a division of ecclesiastical interests. Whitefield was destined to be the flaming apostle whose mission it was to revive the almost extinct spiritual life of the Church of England and to establish that Calvinistic Methodism which is so potent for good in the principality of Wales to the present day.

It was with this branch of Methodism that Lady Huntingdon was connected. She was of noble birth, the daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, and was remotely connected with the royal

family. In her early youth she was married to Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. Lady Elizabeth and Lady Margaret Hastings, her sisters-in-law, had become interested in the Oxford Methodists. Through their influence, and through severe personal and family affliction, the Countess was led to a religious life and to a strong sympathy with the methods and principles of the evangelists, especially of Whitefield.

Her husband sent for Bishop Benson to restore her to a "saner mind," but the learned prelate failed in the attempt. Although she moved in the most aristocratic circles, the Countess was not ashamed of the lonely and despised Methodists through whom she had received such spiritual benefit. She invited John Wesley to her residence at Downington Park, where he preached to fashionable congregations the same uncompromising Gospel that he declared at Gwenap Pit or Moorfields Common. With a wise provision of one of the greatest evangelistic agencies of the age, she specially encouraged the employment of a lay ministry, against the strong ecclesiastical prejudices of the Wesleys.

When the separation took place between Whitefield and the Wesleys on the ground of the Calvinistic controversy, she sought to win the beatitude of the peacemaker by mediating between them. She succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation, which was confirmed by exchange of pulpits and of kindly offices. The friendship thus happily cemented continued unbroken through their lives, their only rivalry being one of hallowed zeal in promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Lady Huntingdon still considered the moral unity of Methodism unbroken, and when Wesley's first Conference was held in London, in 1744, the entire body were entertained at her elegant mansion at Chelsea. She used her social influence in high places with such effect on behalf of brave John Nelson, who had been impressed into the army and suffered bonds and imprisonment for conscience' sake, that he was rescued from his persecutors and set free to range the kingdom, proclaiming everywhere the great salvation.

In 1748 Lady Huntingdon became a widow. Henceforth her life was devoted to labours of pious zeal in the promotion of Christ's kingdom. Whitefield became one of her permanent

chaplains, and the trembling plumes on the heads of the court dames in the elegant *salons* of the mansion of Chelsea, no less than the tear-washed furrows on the grimy faces of the Cornish miners, attested the power of his message. High-born and titled hearers were now brought under the influence of the simple Gospel story, and not unfrequently, with saving and sanctifying results. Lord St John became a convert from the fashionable skepticism of the times to the faith of Christ. His brother, the witty Bolingbroke, complimented the preacher, but despised his message. The wife of Lord Chesterfield and her sister, the Countess of Delitz, received the Gospel and died in the triumphs of faith. Many "elect ladies" of the highest rank became devout and humble Christians, adorning with their holy and useful lives the doctrines of the Lord Jesus.

Many of Whitefield's courtly hearers were doubtless attracted by the fashionable character of the assemblage, as they would be to the opera; and others were fascinated by the eloquence of the preacher, as they would be by the skill of an actor. The skeptical Hume, for instance, said that he would go twenty miles to hear him; and Garrick, the actor, who doubtless took lessons in style from his matchless elocution, declared that he could make one weep by the way in which he pronounced the word Mesopotamia. Chesterfield paid his courtly compliment, and Horace Walpole employed his keen wit upon the earnest preacher whose solemn messages they both neglected and despised. The notorious Countess of Suffolk, the fair and frail favourite of George II., procured admission to one of the fashionable religious services. Mr. Whitefield's burning denunciations of sin, which probed her guilty conscience to the core, were an unwonted and unwelcome experience to the proud court beauty. She flew into a violent passion, abused the Countess to her face, and declared that she had been deliberately insulted. Deeply mortified she went her way and returned no more.

Nor was the zeal of this high-born and pious lady, whose life and character are the subject of our present study, restrained to mere passive patronage of those zealous evangelists—a sort of dilettante piety that cost her little. She proved her sincerity by her self-sacrifice and by her generous donations to the cause of

God. She curtailed her expenditure and reduced her domestic establishment that she might build chapels for the poor. She gave up her liveried servants and costly carriage, and sold her jewels that she might have money for charitable purposes. In London, Bristol, and Dublin, she purchased public halls and dilapidated chapels and theatres, that the Gospel might be preached to the perishing masses. Many new chapels were also erected by her liberal aid in England, Ireland, and especially in the principality of Wales. In these philanthropic labours she expended not less than half a million of dollars—a sum relatively much larger a hundred years ago than it is to-day.

The practical heathenism of a large portion of Great Britain, notwithstanding the vast organization and immense revenues of the Established Church, appealed strongly to her Christian sympathy. She devised a comprehensive plan for the evangelization of the kingdom. With a shrewd practical method she divided all England into six districts, to be systematically visited by travelling "canvassers," as she called them, who were zealously to preach the Gospel in every village, town, and hamlet in the country. With her were associated in these pious labours some of the most learned and devout Evangelical clergymen and Dissenting ministers in the kingdom; such as Venn, Madan, Shirley, Romaine, Toplady, Dr. Conyers, Berridge, Howell Harris, Fletcher, Benson, Whitefield, the Wesleys, and many others.

With certain like-minded noble ladies, she made tours through many parts of England and Wales, accompanied by eminent evangelists, who everywhere preached the Gospel to attentive multitudes. Where they had opportunity, they preached in the parish churches, or in Wesleyan, or Dissenting chapels. Indeed, some of the evangelists were parish clergymen and had churches of their own; but frequently the churches were closed against the itinerants, in which cases they preached in the churchyards, on the highways, or in the fields. Public worship was held twice a day, sometimes for several weeks in succession. Under the burning words of Whitefield all Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties were kindled to a flame; then pressing on to Scotland, or over seas to America, he left to his fellow-workers the task of

organizing into churches the multitudes of converts quickened into spiritual life by his apostolic labours.

In this good work the Countess of Huntingdon, and the elect ladies who journeyed with her, took a profound interest, though never transcending what was deemed the bounds of decorum for her sex, by taking any part in the public assemblies. While she counselled the converts privately, and assisted the evangelists in planning their labours, she was only a quiet hearer at the public preaching.

Notwithstanding the growing divergence of doctrine between the two branches of Methodists, yet so deep was the piety that animated both parties, and so catholic their charity, that, as the devoted Grimshaw expresses it, "it is difficult for either themselves or their enemies to distinguish between them." In the year 1762, with Whitefield, Venn, and others, Lady Huntingdon visited Wesley's Conference at Leeds. They were received with the utmost cordiality, and Wesley records his gratitude to God for the rich spiritual influences and Christian fellowship that prevailed.

The record of a grand "field day," on one of those preaching excursions, is preserved. It was at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire. The use of the parish church was refused for preaching, but Whitefield mounted a tombstone in the churchyard, and addressed the assembled thousands from the words, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Many of the hearers fell prostrate on the graves, others sobbed aloud, and all seemed stricken with a solemn awe. Whitefield himself, under the stress of his intense feelings, burst into tears. His word of exhortation, says Venn, cut like a sword. Many of the people cried out in their anguish of soul. The zealous evangelists present went among the crowd to comfort and counsel the penitent seekers of salvation; and each was soon surrounded by an eager audience anxious to learn the way of life. "A remarkable power from on high," wrote the Countess concerning these services, "accompanied the message, and many felt the arrows of distress."

But though excluded from the parish church, the Methodist evangelists were not unbefriended. A nobleman of the highest rank, the friend of his sovereign, a member of the Privy Council

First Lord of Trade and Secretary of State—the Earl of Dartmouth—stood by their side among the graves, and opened his hospitable mansion for their reception. That night Whitefield administered the sacrament in his house, and the next day, standing on a table beside the door, preached to the multitude that filled the rooms within and thronged the grounds without. Charles Wesley and many zealous Methodists from Bristol and the neighbouring towns hastened to take part in the good work and to share the blessings of those Pentecostal showers.

It was this Lord Dartmouth to whom Cowper refers in the lines,—

“ We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays.”

His name is commemorated in America by Dartmouth College, of which institution he was a zealous patron. “ They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast,” said George III., who always had a profound respect for religion ; “ but surely he says nothing but what any Christian may and ought to say.”

Through the influence of Lady Huntingdon, the friendship of the Wesleys and Whitefield became firmly cemented. These once estranged but now reconciled friends, unable to coincide in doctrinal opinion, wisely agreed to differ, but kept up to the close of their lives a kindly interchange of Christian courtesies. They formed with each other and with the Countess, their common friend and the peacemaker between them, a sort of formal “ quadruple alliance,” as Charles Wesley called it, whereby they agreed to co-operate in their common work, and to knit more firmly the bonds of Christian fellowship between them.

For John Wesley’s genius for organization, Lady Huntingdon had a profound regard. In this respect, he was much superior to his more eloquent colleague Whitefield. Indeed, the greatest historian of modern times has bestowed on him the eulogy of having had “ a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu.” * The permanent and wide-spread organization of Arminian Methodism, as contrasted with the comparatively evanescent results of Whitefield’s labours, is largely the result of Wesley’s superior gifts of ecclesiastical legislation.

* Macaulay—*Review of Southey’s Colloquies.*

Far more than Whitefield did Lady Huntingdon possess this qualification, and had she been a man the history and present status of Calvinistic Methodism might have been very different. She was deeply convinced of the necessity of a college for the training of ministers for the numerous chapels which, through her zeal and liberality, had sprung up in many parts of the country. She broached her scheme to John Wesley and others, and received their hearty approval. A romantic and dilapidated old castle at Trevecca, in Wales, was accordingly purchased and fitted up as a place of residence and instruction for candidates for the ministry. This enterprise exhausted her means, but she was assisted by contributions from titled and wealthy ladies who sympathized with her project. The saintly and accomplished Fletcher became its first president, and the learned Wesleyan commentator, Joseph Benson, its headmaster. The first student was a poor collier, who subsequently became an able and useful vicar in the Established Church. The ancient cloisters were soon thronged with earnest students. No conditions of admission were imposed, other than those of conversion to God and a purpose to enter the Christian ministry, either in the Established Church or in any Dissenting body. In this truly catholic institution the students received lodging, maintenance, instruction, and an annual suit of clothes, at the expense of the Countess.

The first anniversary of the college was celebrated as a religious festival of holy rejoicing. For nearly a week previously, the scattered evangelists of the "Connexion" continued to arrive in the courtyard of the picturesque old castle. Very different was the scene from those of tilt and tourney with which it had resounded in the days of knightly chivalry. Hymns and prayers and sermons, in English and Welsh, echoed beneath the ancient arches. On the great day of the feast, Wesley and Fletcher, Shirley and Howell Harris, Arminian and Calvinist, English and Welsh, preached and prayed, and administered the sacrament and celebrated the "love-feast," together, all differences being forgotten in their common brotherhood in Christ. The ministers all dined together with Lady Huntingdon, while great baskets of bread and meat were distributed to the multitude in

the courtyard. Thus they all kept high festival with gladness of heart before the Lord.

Still it was not the purpose of either Wesley or Whitefield or Lady Huntingdon to establish a new sect. They were all attached members of the Church of England. Not till they were thrust forth from its embrace did they organize separate societies. In order to protect her numerous chapels from suppression or appropriation by the Established Church, Lady Huntingdon was obliged to take advantage of the Act of Toleration, and thus convert her "Connexion" into a Dissenting community. The clergymen of the Establishment who had hitherto been her most influential allies now withdrew their aid and preached no more in her chapels.

The doctrinal divergence between the two branches of Methodism continued to increase. The controversy which called forth Shirley's "Narrative" and Fletcher's "Checks" tended to widen the breach.

The Countess, not content with the success of her evangelistic plans in Great Britain, resolved to extend her efforts to the New World. Whitefield died in 1769. The support of the Orphanage and of the mission work in Georgia, objects of deepest solicitude to that zealous philanthropist, became the cherished purpose of the Countess of Huntingdon. A day of solemn fasting and prayer was observed in all her churches on behalf of this work. She resolved to send a principal and pastor to the Orphanage and a band of missionaries to carry on the work of evangelism among the colonists and blacks. The movement stirred an impulse of Christian sympathy in the heart of British Methodism that greatly quickened its zeal in the missionary enterprise, of which it has since given such marvellous illustrations.

Before they sailed, the missionaries preached daily to immense audiences in Whitefield's Tabernacle and in the open air on Tower Hill. At length, amid many prayers, not unmingled with the tears of thousands of spectators, the "destined vessel, richly freighted," sailed on its voyage. The labours of the missionaries were attended with great success, especially among the coloured population, and it seemed probable that Calvinistic Methodism would become the predominant type of religious belief through-

out the Southern colonies of North America. But Providence had willed otherwise. The Orphanage was destroyed by fire. The Revolutionary War entirely disconcerted the plans of the Countess. Most of the missionaries, remaining faithful to their allegiance to the mother country, returned to Great Britain. The Countess had acquired by purchase large estates in Georgia, which she held for missionary purposes. She corresponded with Washington for their recovery, and Benjamin Franklin acted as one of her trustees. But the disturbances consequent upon the prolonged war and severance of the colonies from the mother country, prevented the restoration of her estates.

Full of years, as full of honours, like a ripe sheaf waiting to be garnered home, the Countess of Huntingdon drew near her end. Earthly distinctions had been hers, worldly wealth and troops of friends. But as she bent beneath the weight of four and eighty years and faced the mysteries of the spirit-world, what was the ground of her confidence and hope? Simply her humble trust in the atonement of her Redeemer. As the outward body failed, the inward spirit was renewed day by day. As the frail tabernacle crumbled, she exulted in the possession of a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Amid the sufferings of a lingering and painful sickness, she exclaimed: "I am well; all is well—well forever. I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The thought fills my soul with joy unspeakable—my soul is filled with glory. I am as in the element of Heaven itself. I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy; I long to be at home; O, I long to be at home!" Shortly before she died she said over and over, as though she longed to be away, "I shall go to my Father to-night." Soon after she exclaimed, "Can He forget to be gracious? Is there any end of His loving kindness?" Almost with her dying breath she exultingly declared: "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

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

The very year that this aged saint passed away, 1791, John

Wesley also died. Thus passed from the toils of earth to the everlasting reward of Heaven two of the most remarkable spirits of the eighteenth century, who, more than almost any others, left their impress on the age. One of the most striking proofs of the moral and intellectual superiority of the Countess of Huntingdon was the influence that she exerted, during a long series of years, over many of the most eminent men of the time, and this influence resulted from sheer force of character and earnestness of purpose, and not, as has been well remarked, from an official or ecclesiastical prerogative. Her private character was one of great simplicity and beauty. Says one who knew her well, "In conversing with her you forgot the earldom in her exhibition of humble, loving piety." She sometimes asserted her woman's prerogative in her tenacity of opinion and of purpose; but her opinions were the result of conscientious conviction, and her purposes were purely unselfish. Her contributions to the poor were liberal to excess, so much so as often to leave herself embarrassed. Her benefactions for religious purposes amounted, as we have seen, to the sum of half a million of dollars. At her death she left twenty thousand dollars for the poor. The residue of her large fortune was left for the endowment of the sixty-four chapels which had been erected, chiefly through her instrumentality, in different parts of the kingdom.

It is in the principality of Wales that the influence of the Calvinistic Methodism of "Lady Huntingdon's Connexion" has been the most strongly felt. Largely as the result of the stimulus that it imparted, says a competent authority, the thirty Dissenting churches of 1715 have increased to twenty-three hundred, so that "a chapel now dots nearly every three square miles of the country, and a million people, nearly the whole Welsh population, are found attending public worship some part of every Sabbath."

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail:
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gate of hell.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

V.

JACK has got his commission at last. He is wild with delight, and patronizes us all, and bestows imaginary fortunes on every one in the parish, on the strength of the cities he means to take, and the prize-money he means to win.

Father seems to live over his youth again, as he talks to Jack of the perils and adventures before him; and although he warns him that the days of victory are few and the nights of watching many, and the days of marching long, yet the old martial enthusiasm that comes over him as he fights Marlborough's battles over again, certainly has more power to enkindle Jack's ardour than the sober commentaries at the end have to cool it.

It is pleasant, however, to see how cordial father and Jack become over the old book of "Fortifications," and in their endless discussions concerning arms and accoutrements.

Meanwhile mother and I rise early and sit up late to complete Jack's outfit. And many tears mother lets fall on the long seams and hems—although I am sure it is easier for us both, than if we were rich, and could pay some one else to do the work, while we sat brooding over the parting. It is a comfort to put our whole hearts into every stitch we do for him; to feel that no money could ever purchase the delicate stitching and the elaborate button-holes, and the close, strong sewing we delight to make as perfect as possible. Mother sews her tender anxieties into every needleful, and certainly relieves her anxieties as she does so. And I sew all sorts of mingled feelings in, besides; repentance for every sharp word I ever spoke to Jack, and every hard thought I ever had of his little mistakes, and plans of my own for his comfort. For the bees, and the three Spanish hens, whose honey and eggs constitute my "pin-money," have been very successful lately; and I can very well, with a little contrivance, make my woolsey dress last one more winter; so that I shall have quite a nice little sum for Jack.

Father seems to feel as if he were going forth again to the

wars and adventures of his youth in Jack's person. But to mother it is not a going *forth*, but a going *away*. She shudders as father goes over his battles on the table after supper, with the bread and cheese for fortresses, and the plates and salt-cellar for the armies, and talks of "massing forces," and "cutting up detachments in detail."

"My dear," she said one day, "you talk so coolly of masses and forces, and of 'cutting them up!' You seem to forget it is *men* you are talking of, and that our Jack is to be one of them."

Father smiled compassionately, and went on detaching his salt-cellar. Jack laughed and kissed mother affectionately, and said, "But I am *not* to be one of them, mother. I have no intention of letting any one cut me up."

But mother could not hear any more military discussions just then; and we took a candle to a little table near the fire, and comforted ourselves once more with Jack's outfit.

I suppose that it is meant that men must leave us one day, and go forth into the world to do their work. But it does seem a little hard they should be so glad to go.

Yet when I said this one day to mother, she said, "I would not have Jack one bit less eager and pleased, on any account, Kitty! What are women for, unless they can help men in the rough things they have to do and bear? They work and fight hard for us, and if we have our own share of the burden to bear at home, the least we can do is to bear it cheerfully, and not hinder them with repining looks and words."

"Only, mother," I said, "it seems wronging the old happy days to part with them so easily."

"The old happy childish days are *gone*, Kitty!" she said. "Men cannot set down on the march of life, gazing with lingering looks on the way behind them. And women should not; Christian women ought not, Kitty," she added softly. "You know *we* also have something to press forward to. Our eyes should chiefly there be fixed whither our feet are going."

"Dear mother," I said, "if one were only sure that this step forward would be a step really onward for Jack! There are so many dangers in the army, are there not?"

"What makes you so desponding, Kitty?" she said, "It is

not like you; and it seems as if you had too little confidence in Jack. We must not sit and wail together over possible evils. When such anxieties come, we must separate and pray. I know no other remedy, my child."

And I could not find it in my heart to tell her my peculiar anxieties about Jack. Besides, it would have seemed ungenerous to him.

Jack is gone. Now he is really off, and silence has settled down on the house after all the bustle. Father's apprehensions seem to over-balance his hopes. He roams restlessly in and out of the house, and then sits down to his "Fortifications," and after reading a few words, shuts the book and pushes it impatiently aside, and walks carelessly up and down, or stands whistling at the window, or goes to the door and looks at the weather, and wonders how that poor boy is getting on at sea.

And Trusty, feeling there is something wrong, goes to the door also, and also looks out at the weather, and also wonders, and wags his tail in an indecisive, meditative way, and returning to the fire, sits bolt upright before it in a cramped attitude, staring vacantly at the flames, and saying, as plainly as a dog can, that he can make nothing of it.

Mother, on the other hand, makes frequent visits to the little chamber over the porch, and comes down pale and serene, and with some little cheery observation changes the current of father's thoughts, or reminds him of some work about the farm.

Then Trusty feels that it is all right again, and stretches himself out in his easiest attitude on the hearth at her feet, and sighs, and composes himself to sleep.

Yesterday evening, to my great surprise, Betty came into my room after I was in bed, looking wild and haggard, and she said,—

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear, I can bear it no longer. Whatever comes of it, I must go and hear that Yorkshireman again. He is to preach at six o'clock to-morrow morning on the Down above the house. I shall be back again before Missis wants me, for it won't last more than an hour. And if she is angered, she must be angered. I can get no rest night nor day. The words that

man spoke are like a fire in my bones ; and hear him again I must. I can but perish either way. And if I must perish, I had rather know it."

She went back to her room. But I could not sleep for thinking of her wan, wild face. It haunted me like the vision of some one murdered. And I felt as if it would be hardly safe to let her go alone.

Accordingly, when Betty crept through my room the next morning very softly, that she might not wake me, I was already dressed, and, in spite of her remonstrances, insisted on accompanying her.

The appointed place of meeting was in a slight hollow on the top of the Down. We were early, and as we sat down on a tuft of withered grass, closely wrapped in our hoods and cloaks, waiting for the preaching to begin, I thought I had never been in a place more like a temple. The solemn dawn was coming up in the east ; and I always think nothing is so solemn as the coming up of the morning. Then there were the soft twitterings of the waking birds in the wood below us, and the murmurs of the waves far off and far below, and the sweeping of the winds over the long ranges of the dewy moors.

It seemed to me I wanted no other preaching, or music. But the silent solemnity of the dawn, and the murmurs of the great sea, and the songs of birds, have no power to lift the burden from the troubled conscience.

That work is committed not to angels, nor to nature (as Hugh Spencer used to say), but to poor blundering, sinful human beings, who have felt what the burden is.

John Nelson was there already. He stood earnestly conversing with a little group of men ; and I watched the frank, trustworthy face, and the tall, stalwart form, with no little interest, remembering how he had been thrown down, and trampled on, and bruised, and beaten by the mobs for Christ's sake, and had dared the same rough usage again and again to tell them the same message of mercy.

At length the congregation began to assemble. Solitary figures creeping up from the farms and lone cottages around, miners, in their working clothes, on their way to the mines,

labourers on their way to the fields, and from the nearer villages little bands of poorly-clad women and children.

In a few minutes about two hundred had ranged themselves around the preacher, who stood on a hillock, his tall figure and strong, clear voice commanding the little congregation, so that he spoke easily, more as if conversing privately than preaching. He said he would give us some of his experience, as it might be of use in comforting any who were in trouble.

The preacher went on, but I heard no more, for Betty was sitting with her hands clasped, the tears raining over her rugged face, yet with such an expression of hope on it, that I felt I could safely leave her; so I told her to stay, I would see to her work, and put everything right by the time she came back.

As I went down the hill the sound of a hymn followed me, at first faint and broken, but soon rising strong and clear, through the morning air. I thought I had never heard pleasanter music; and as I lighted the fire and got the breakfast ready, my heart sang, and I prayed there might be melody also in poor Betty's heart.

She came back before any one had missed her.

All day she went about her work as usual; her face looked more peaceful, but she said nothing, and Betty's silences were barriers no one else but herself could safely attempt to break down.

In the evening, while mother and I were sitting by the fire alone, and I preparing to confess to her my having accompanied Betty to the morning preaching, Betty appeared with the supper, and after lingering about the things until I thought she would not go till father came back, and I should be left for the night with the burden of my morning expedition unconfessed, suddenly she stood still and said:—

“Missis, I may as well out with it at once. I am going to hear that Yorkshireman again to-morrow. It's no good fighting against it. I have tried, but I shall have to go.”

I had to fill up the vacancies in Betty's narrative, as clearly as I could, hastily confessing my share in it.

Mother looked seriously grieved.

“Kitty,” she said, “I did not expect this of you.”

"Mrs. Kitty went to take care of me," interposed Betty. "She thought I was going mazed—and so I was, sure—and Mrs. Kitty went to keep me from mischief."

"Betty," said mother, very gravely, "I cannot sanction your going to such places. You know I never hinder your going to church as often as you like, and I am sure Parson Spencer is a very good man; and there are the lessons and the prayers. What can you want more?"

"I am not saying anything against our parson, Missis," said Betty; "I'd as lief say anything against the King and the Parliament. I've no doubt that what he says is all right in its way. But ever since I heard Parson Wesley, I've had a great thorn fretting and rankling in my heart, and our pastor's sermons can no more take that out than they could take a rotten tooth out of my head. It isn't to be expected they should; they're not made for such rough doctor's work. Pat that Yorkshireman's can. He made me feel better this morning and I must hear him again. And then, Missis, when I've got rid of the burden on my heart, I can sit easy and hearken to Parson Spencer. For no doubt his discourses are uncommon fine. I'd as lief listen to him as to the finest music I ever heard. Only it's not to be expected that the finest music 'll stop a sore heart from aching."

"But the Bible *is* made for that," said mother; "and you hear that every Sunday in church."

"Yes, sure, and so I do from the Yorkshireman; but he has a way of picking out the bits that suit you, picking them out and laying them on, as you did the herb lotion, Missis, last week, when I bruised my side. The herbs were in the garden before, sure enough, but I might have walked among them till doomsday, and my side been no better."

Mother sighed.

"Take care, Betty," she said, "that you do not pick out the texts you *like*, instead of those that really suit you. Bitters," sighed mother, "are better than sweets often."

"And bitter enough they were to me," said Betty; "it's my belief it is the smart that did me the good."

"Well, Betty," said mother, "I cannot sanction it."

"Bless your heart, Missis," said Betty, "of course you can't. I never thought you could. But I thought it my duty to tell you before I went."

Mother shook her head, and Betty went; for beyond this right of mutual protest our domestic government with regard to her does not extend.

Betty went, and returned, and said nothing. Nor did she give occasion to mother to say anything. The cooking was blameless, the floors spotless, father's meals punctual to a minute. Only there was an unusual quiet in the kitchen, and on Saturday old Roger said to me privately:—

"I can't think what's come over Betty, Mrs. Kitty. She's so cruel kind! and as quiet as a lamb. She hasn't given me a sharp word for nigh a week, and I can't say what'll come of it. It makes me quite wisht. They say folks with Betty's tempers fall into that way when they're like to die. And in the evening she sits and spells over the great Bible you brought her from London. It's quite unnatural, Mrs. Kitty; I didn't like to tell Missis, for fear she should take on about it, she's so tender-hearted; but I couldn't help telling you. The Methodists be terrible folk; they say in my country up to Dartmoor that they know more than they ought to know, and I shouldn't like them to ill-wish Betty. I used to think her tongue was a trifle sharp by times, but the place is cruel wisht without it, and mortal lonesome; and I'd give somewhat to hear her fling out with a will once more, poor soul."

Every other Sunday afternoon has always been one of my most delightful times. There is no service then in our parish church. The vicar rides to a daughter-church some miles off, too far for us to reach, and we have the whole afternoon for quiet. Mother sits alone in the porch-closet, and I spend the time alone in my own chamber, or in the old apple-tree in the garden.

Last Sunday afternoon I was sitting, as usual, at my chamber window. The casement was open, and it was so still that the hum of the few stray bees, buzzing in the sunshine around the marigolds in the garden below, came up to me quite clearly. But the bees were evidently only doing a little holiday work quite at their leisure.

There was a ripe calm, and a sacred stillness over everything, which made me feel as if I knew what the Bible meant by the "shadow of the wings" of God. For where "shadow" and "God" are spoken of together, shadow cannot mean shade and darkness, but only shelter, and safety, and repose. It seemed as if the whole earth were nestling under great, warm, motherly wings.

My Bible lay open on my knee, but I had not been reading for some time. I had not consciously been thinking or even praying, my whole heart resting silently in the presence of God, as the earth around me lay silent in the sunshine: conscious of His presence as the dumb creatures are conscious of the sunshine, as a babe is conscious of its mother's smile, neither listening, nor adoring, nor entreating, nor remembering, nor hoping, but simply at rest in God's love.

It seemed like waking, when a low murmur below my window recalled me again to thought.

It was the broken murmur of a woman's voice. The room immediately under mine was the kitchen, and as I leant out of the window and listened, I perceived that the voice was Betty's.

I went down-stairs into the court, and as I passed the kitchen window, I saw Betty sitting there with her large new Bible open before her on the white deal table.

It was a long window, with several stone mullions, and casements broken into diamond panes. The casement at which Betty sat was open. The cat was perched on the sunny sill, and Trusty was coiled up on the grass-grown pavement beneath.

Betty was bending eagerly over the book; the plump fingers she was accustomed to rely on in so many useful works, could by no means be dismissed from service so laborious to her as reading a book; and her lips followed their slow tracing of the lines, as if she would assure herself by various senses of the reality of the impressions conveyed to her by the letters. As she bent thus absorbed in her subject, I noticed how much power was expressed in the firm, well-defined lips, and in the broad, square brow, from which the dark grey hair was brushed back; and, indeed, in every rugged line of the strongly-marked face. As I approached, she looked up. She seemed to think it necessary to apologise for her unusual occupation, and she said:—

"I was only looking, Mrs. Kitty, to see if what that Yorkshireman said is true."

I could not help thinking of the noble women of Berea; and leaning on the window-sill, I listened.

"For you know, my dear," she continued, "if his words made my heart as happy as a king's, what good is it if they were only his own words? But if it's *here*, it is not his but the Lord's, and then it'll stand."

"Then his words did make your heart light, Betty?" I said.

"My dear," she said, "'twas not his words at all. It's all *here*, and has been here, of course, ages before he or I was born, only I never saw it before."

And turning the Bible so that I might see, she traced with her fingers the words—

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

"There's a deal more as good as that, my dear," she said; "but I keep coming back to that, because it was that that healed up my heart."

Her eyes were moist, and her voice was soft and quiet as she went on—

"Mrs. Kitty, the cure was as quick as the hurt. Just as Mr. Wesley's words went right to the core of my heart in a moment, and made it like one great wound, feeling I was a lost, ungrateful, sinful woman—*these* words went right to the heart of the wound, and flowed like sweet healing balm all through it, so that just where the anguish had been the worst, the joy was greatest. Not a drop of the sorrow but seemed swallowed up in a larger drop of the joy. For it was not thinking, Mrs. Kitty, it was seeing. I saw in my heart the blessed Lord himself, with all my sins laid upon Him, and He, while He was stretched bleeding, there on the cross, all alone, and pale, and broken hearted with the anguish of the burden, the burden of my sins, seeming to say with His kind looks all the time, '*I am not unwilling, I am quite content to bear it all for thee.*' And oh, my dear, my heart felt all right that very moment. I can't say I felt light, for it seemed as if there lay upon me a load of love."

and gratitude heavier than the old load of sin, but it was all sweet, my dear, it is all sweet, and I would not have it weigh an atom lighter for the world."

I could not speak, I could only bow down and rest my face on Betty's hand, as I held it in mine. We were silent a long time, and then I said:—

"Did you tell Mr. Nelson?"

"He came and asked. I had set myself as firm as a rock, that there should be no crying, and praying, and singing over me, Mrs. Kitty, but I was so broken down with joy, that I didn't mind what anyone did or thought about me, but sat crying like a poor fool as I am, until Mr. Nelson came up to me quite quiet and gentle, and asked if anything ailed me, and then I said, 'You may thank the Lord for me, Mr. Nelson, for to my dying day I shall thank the Lord for you, and that you ever came to these parts.' Then he asked what it was, and I told him all, Mrs. Kitty, as I have told you, and he looked mighty pleased, and said it was being converted; and said something about the 'inward witness,' 'the witness of the Spirit.' But what that meant I knew no more than a new-born babe, and I told him so. I knew my heart had been as heavy as a condemned murderer's, and now I was as happy as a forgiven child, and all through seeing the blessed Lord in my heart. And they all smiled very pleasant, and said that was enough, and that what more there was to learn, if I kept on reading the Bible, and went to church; the Lord would teach me all in time. But I felt I could bear no more just then, so I wished them all good day and went home alone. For I was afraid of losing the great joy, Mrs. Kitty, if I talked too much about it. I felt as if I had got a new treasure, and I wanted to come home and turn it over, and look at it, and make sure it was all true, and really mine."

"You spoke of *seeing*, Betty," I said, "but you had no visions or dreams."

"No," she said, "and I don't want any. I don't see how it could be plainer than it is. And I found it quite true," she went on, "about the Lord teaching me at church. It is strange I never noticed before how the parson says every Sunday in the prayers so much that John Nelson told me. 'All we, like sheep,

have gone astray ;' and about the forgiveness of sins, and all. The prayers seemed wonderful and plain to me to-day, Mrs. Kitty ; but I can't say I've got to the length as yet of understanding our parson. But, oh, my dear," she concluded, "it is a great mercy for us ignorant folks that the Bible does seem the plainest of all !"

Then I left Betty again to her meditations, and went up for the precious half hour with mother before father came back from the fields. And I thought it right to tell her, as well as I could, what Betty had told me. She was interested and touched, and looked very grave as she said —

"I don't see what we can say against it, Kitty. Your father thinks that John Nelson is a very remarkable man. Anything which makes a person keep their temper, and love to read the Bible, and go to church, does seem in itself good. But I think Betty is quite wise to wish to be alone, and not to talk too much about it. It seems to me we want all the strength religion can give us for the doing and the enduring, so that there is little to spare for the talking, or to waste in mere emotion."

"Yet, mother," I said, "it is love, is it not, which strengthens us both to do and to endure, and love has its joys and sorrows as well as its duties."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "many sorrows, and also joys. Yet, Kitty, love is *proved*, not by its joys and sorrows, which are so much mixed up with self, but by duty. God said, 'I will have obedience, and not sacrifice ;' and I think that means that God will have, not the offering of this or that in the luxury of devotion, but the sacrifice of *self* ; for obedience is nothing else than the sacrifice of self."

"Yet, mother," said I, "if the love is so deep that it makes the obedience a delight, can that be a mistake ?"

"That would be Heaven, child !" she said. "But I think none but great saints have experienced that on earth, at least not constantly."

"Yet, mother," I said, "it seems to me, the more one is like a little child, with God, the more one does delight to obey."

"Perhaps it is the little children that are the great saints, Kitty," she said, smiling.

"But you think we need not trouble Betty about what she feels, mother," said I, "she seems so gentle and happy?"

"I think we must wait and see," said mother.

And so our conversation ended.

Can it have been only yesterday morning I was sitting in the hall window, when Hugh Spencer came in, and, after just wishing me good-day, asked where mother was, and left me to go and find her? It seems so much longer.

I felt surprised that he should have no more to say to me, when we had not met for months, and he had been ordained in the meantime. And I supposed he wanted to consult mother, thinking me too inexperienced or too much of a child to be able to give any advice worth having.

I did feel rather hurt, and then I began to be afraid I might have shown him that I felt vexed, and received him stiffly and coldly. And I resolved when he came in again (if he came) to speak quite as usual to him. What right, indeed, had I to feel hurt? Of course mother was a better counsellor for anyone than I could be; and everyone could see how much better Evelyn's opinion was worth having than mine. But then my thoughts went off into quite another channel.

Then Hugh came back, and his voice was very gentle and low, for he was standing quite near me; and he said:—

"Kitty, I came to speak to you about a very important subject." And then I looked up; but, indeed, I do not know what we said.

Nor, when Hugh went home and mother came in, did she say much. She only took me to her heart, and murmured, "My darling child."

To think that Hugh had been wishing this so many years!

Only I am not half worthy of Hugh and his love.

Yet God can make me even that, in time.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

THE knock was loud at thy heart to-night ;
 Hast thou let thy Master in ?
 He touched thy eyelids to give thee sight ;
 For a moment the world lost its false, fair light,
 And hell seemed near, and Heaven seemed bright,
 And heavy the weight of sin.

Hast thou opened yet ? For He standeth near,
 And He bids thee look and see
 The side they pierced with the cruel spear,
 The nail-torn hands, and the thorn-crowned head,
 And the blood at thine atonement shed,
 That the curse might pass from thee.

Hast thou opened yet ? Oh, the words were plain
 That have touched thy heart to-night,
 They told of the Saviour's life of pain—
 Homeless, sorrowful, tempted, lorn,
 That sinless robe might by thee be worn
 In Heaven's own spotless light.

By that life and death with thy soul He pleads,
 And fain would His rich gifts bring ;
 There is full provision for all thy needs,—
 A sight of the Crucified gives thee peace—
 From the curse of sin and its fear, release ;
 From the hour of death, the sting.

There are robes of earth that in dust shall lie,
 And songs that shall end in tears ;
 Sunshine to set in rayless gloom,
 Flowers to hide their way to the tomb,
 And through endless ages a lost soul's cry,
 For the wasted, vanished years.

There's a home where God wipes the tears away,
 Where we lay aside the sin,
 Where never a ransomed one will say,
 " I am sick or pained, or grieved to-day."
 And the Master waits to show thee the way,
 And to bid thee enter in.

Joy in the presence of God to-night,
 If thou wilt arise and come ;
 But the joy of fiends if they see thee slight
 The robe, the crown, and the home of light ;
 And choose the path that will end in night,
 And hell for the soul's long home.

WHAT A WOMAN DID AND DARED.

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS ALEXANDRINE TINNE, THE HEROINE
OF THE WHITE NILE.

BY SHIRLEY ROSS.

ON this side of the Atlantic but little has been published concerning the celebrated Dutch lady, Alexandrine Tinne, who, during her brief life, made explorations of Africa which entitle her to a high place on the list of discoverers in a land towards which the eyes of the civilized world are now turned.

Miss Tinne was born in 1839, at "The Hague," the capital of Holland. On the maternal side noble blood flowed through her veins, her mother being a baroness in her own right, at one time occupying the position of maid of honour to the Queen of Holland. A wealthy Englishman named Tinne sought and obtained her hand in marriage. Mr. Tinne died when their only child was but five years old, leaving her the richest heiress in Holland.

Mrs. Tinne superintended her daughter's education with great care, the youthful heiress enjoying all the advantages accruing from wealth and high position. The Queen of Holland became so attached to the beautiful girl that she offered to procure her access to the courts of Europe. Miss Tinne, however, evinced no preference for the frivolous occupations of court life.

Persons who met her in after years state that she was remarkably intelligent, vivacious, and well-informed, and possessed of all that elegance of manner to be found in well-bred women. Miss Tinne early indulged her fondness for travel. Her first journey was to the North Cape. This trip acted as a stimulant, and she resolved to visit the distant south. Africa itself now arrested her attention. The thrilling stories recounted by travellers of their wonderful adventures, while exploring that distant land, wrought upon her imaginative and susceptible nature, and she determined to behold its wonders for herself. She unfolded her project to her mother, who consented to accompany her. Preparations were immediately begun for the journey,

and the party were soon on their way to Africa. Their route lay through Italy, but that land of storied memories could not detain our ardent travellers. They finally arrived at Cairo, in Egypt, where they decided to remain for a time. Ardent, energetic, and impulsive, Miss Tinne, although but eighteen years of age, began to entertain the idea of exploring Upper Egypt, and attempting the discovery of the secret of the Nile. Circumstances, however, occurred which prevented for two years the consummation of her purpose. At the end of that time she set out on her eventful journey. Young and attractive, possessed of immense wealth, surrounded by affectionate relatives and admiring friends, and by all that taste and the highest culture could suggest or bestow, and occupying an enviable position in the most aristocratic circles, she persistently rejected the splendour of her prospects. We behold her utterly indifferent to the allurements of a life of rank and affluence, or to the multiplied enjoyments generally attractive to youth.

The story of her life irresistibly impresses the reader that her chief object in exploring Africa was to ameliorate, as far as lay in her power, the wretched condition of its benighted natives, and to obtain geographical knowledge of a more definite character than was then possessed of that country.

Travellers who met Miss Tinne frequently during her journeys describe her as unostentatious, lady-like, of an investigating turn of mind, which rendered her ambitious and energetic, but devoid of that masculine manner which frequently renders a well-meaning energetic woman offensive to her own and to the opposite sex. The journey to Upper Egypt was commenced, and terminated favourably, but its details are wanting in the brief biography before us, which merely states that she successfully explored regions seldom visited by the white man, and navigated a portion of the Upper Nile, accomplishing all this without accident or mishap.

Encouraged by her success, she immediately began to arrange plans for a still more extended tour of the White Nile, the western branch of which, joining the Blue Nile or eastern branch, forms the great river of Central and Lower Egypt. This region was notorious for the deadly malaria exhaled by its morasses

and unending swamps, European constitutions being unable to endure the climate. The knowledge of these facts, with the additional information that the natives of this region were decidedly hostile to all white people—the natural result of deceptions practised among them by slave-traders—did not deter Miss Tinne from carrying out her intention. She was confident that she could conciliate the inhabitants by kind treatment.

In January, 1862, Miss Tinne being then in her twenty-third year, the expedition started, fully equipped for a year's absence, the party requiring three Nile boats for their accommodation. A large number of armed servants accompanied the travellers, and Miss Tinne also provided herself with about four thousand dollars worth of copper coin, intended for distribution among the natives, in order to secure their good-will.

Everything was propitious to the voyagers. The wind gently filled the sails as they glided past verdant banks and ancient ruins, or plunged in the seething rapids. Disembarking at Korosco, a hundred camels were hired to convey the party and their baggage across the desert of Nubia to Khartoom, the capital of Egyptian Soudan. The governor of this place was an unprincipled villain, and Miss Tinne was indignant and disgusted with his hypocrisy. Although forbidden by the authorities at Constantinople to sanction the slave-trade, he was actively engaged in that nefarious business. Having been an eye-witness of many scenes of revolting cruelty on the part of this official towards captured slaves, Miss Tinne collected numerous proofs of his crime, and demanded of the Viceroy his dismissal from office for engaging in slave-traffic.

Obtaining from the brother of the Viceroy the privilege of proceeding, she was so fortunate as to secure a steamboat from him, which enabled the party to reach a healthier locality than Khartoom, in which to pass the rainy season. The ladies felt amply recompensed for all their fatigue and annoyances, when from the deck of the vessel, as she majestically steamed up the river, they enjoyed the magnificent scenery of the White Nile.

After a few days the party entered a part of the country inhabited by Shillock negroes. Miss Tinne was anxious to remain on shore in order to explore the interior, but her negro

servants positively refused to land, so terrified were they of the slave-traders who were known to infest those parts. Miss Tinne had formidable enemies to contend with in the Arab slave-dealers of this country. They had offered her a partnership in their unrighteous traffic, and were surprised and very angry at her indignant refusal to share their unhallowed gains, and sought to thwart her plans in various ways.

German explorers of eastern and northern Africa heard, in the remotest parts, accounts of Miss Tinne, of her wealth, and her wonderful expedition. The natives believed her to be the daughter of the Grand Turk of Stamboul; and the poor creatures, conceiving the idea that she was travelling through their land to benefit them, everywhere anticipated her advent with delight. They were not disappointed, for the "beautiful white lady," as they called her, proved a generous benefactor. Their previous suspicion and hatred of the white race were dispelled, Miss Tinne's gifts and kindness completely winning their hearts. A powerful ruler, notorious as the terror of the White Nile, was so impressed by her beauty, wealth, and goodness, that he hastened to offer her every possible attention, accompanied by barbaric pomp and splendour. Farther on, at one of the negro villages, the cruelly-oppressed natives offered, in their simplicity, to make Miss Tinne their queen if she would aid them in dethroning this same chief. Our heroine, however, preferred exploration to royalty, even though her path was frequently beset by difficulties, so she politely declined their offer of a throne.

Disappointed in her attempt to explore several lateral streams, but not dismayed, our heroine proceeded to Gondo, a noted station far up the Nile. The first stopping place was Holy Cross, at one time an important mission station, founded by the Austrians, and here a dismal sight and mournful story awaited them. Desolation, decay, and death, were written on all sides, and instead of the missionary and his associates being there to welcome the party, they were shown the graves of over sixty of those devoted men who had fallen victims to the climate. The natives were incredibly ignorant and depraved. Around a small church erected by the missionaries, they would assemble, and shriek, howl, and caper about like a band of insane monkeys.

ringing the bell night and day, till they finally drove the broken-hearted, half-distracted survivors of the missionary staff from their village. At the time Miss Tinne visited Holy Cross the church was in ruins.

The expedition proceeded to Gondokoro, an important commercial station only five degrees from the equator. A short stay here sufficed, and the boat steamed up the Nile, but was soon stopped by rocks and cataracts. Discouragements and troubles now began to accumulate. The health of the ladies was not good, the fever prevalent in this region having attacked them all. It was therefore deemed wiser to return to Khartoom and recruit, that place being healthier for Europeans than Gondokoro.

Our heroine and her party had now travelled over seventeen hundred miles, having expended about thirty thousand dollars, up to this date. Shattered health was a formidable barrier to further progress, and a trying one to Miss Tinne, but her good judgment taught her that to return to Khartoom and recruit was the only feasible plan. Her ambition was roused to press on and herself discover the origin of the Upper Nile. Grant and Speke were then returning from successful explorations; and the valorous Baker, hastening up the Nile to join them, met Miss Tinne returning to Khartoom. They exchanged greetings, and the gallant Englishman wished her success in her future explorations. In the account of his travels, Baker refers with pleasure to this meeting with the "charming Miss Tinne."

The indomitable energy of our heroine would not permit her to remain longer at Khartoom than was absolutely necessary. It was not a desirable place of residence, having earned for itself the name of Gomorrah, as "a nest of villains," and her former experience in it was not of a pleasant nature. English, French, and German explorers affirmed that they were convinced from what they heard and saw that numerous large lakes awaited the explorer west of the White Nile, and the opinion prevailed among them that these lakes were the true source of the mighty river. To discover these lakes now became the leading idea with our daring explorer.

While completing her arrangements, Miss Tinne was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of two distinguished

travellers, but lately returned from an extended tour through Abyssinia. Convinced that they would be a valuable acquisition to her expedition, she offered them both honourable positions in her service, which they gladly accepted. They were German gentlemen of extensive scientific knowledge. Dr. Steudner being both botanist and physician, while Prof. Heuglin ranked high as an ornithologist. A relative of Miss Tinne's, Baron —, also joined them, and the presence of such distinguished travellers gave the expedition a dignified character, increasing confidence in its power to accomplish its purpose. The entire expeditionary force comprised two hundred persons, thirty mules and donkeys, and provisions for ten months. Immense quantities of ornamental shells and beads were stored, intended for distribution among the natives, who highly prize trinkets and trifles, readily taking them in exchange in preference to money.

The expedition presented a magnificent appearance as it left Khartoom, and the party were in high spirits, happily unconscious of the fate in store for some of them. After some vexatious delays they arrived at Meshra, and the brilliant spectacle, coupled with the report that the Sultan's daughter commanded the expedition, was the occasion of an enthusiastic welcome, with a display of flags and salvos of artillery, being tendered them.

The intention was, to proceed immediately to Rosango River, a distance of eighty miles, but formidable hindrances arose. Articles absolutely necessary were wanting and unobtainable at Meshra; Baron — was obliged to return to Khartoom for them. Many of their camels had died while wading through the marshes near Meshra, the remainder being insufficient to carry their baggage; while the unprincipled Arab slave-dealers, disliking Miss Tinne and her party, used all possible means to prevent their obtaining either men or beasts. Help was imperative, so Heuglin and Steudner volunteered to go in quest of it. They travelled over marsh and swamp till they reached better land, thickly inhabited, but no price they could offer would induce the blacks to leave their settlement with a white man. Messrs. Heuglin and Steudner decided to proceed further west, but on the journey were both attacked by chills and fever of so malig-

nant a type that the largest dose of quinine was ineffectual. Weak and almost helpless they succeeded in reaching a small village called Wan, and here, despite all Heuglin could do for his heroic comrade, Dr. Steudner died. The almost broken-hearted Heuglin consigned his friend's body to the grave, and then heroically hastened on to Bongo Land, where he was so fortunate as to secure a hundred and fifty men. He returned to Meshra after an absence of six weeks, but the joy with which the expectant party hailed his appearance was quickly changed to mourning when they learned of Dr. Steudner's death. A gloom was cast over the entire expedition, even the sanguine Miss Tinne yielding to despondency for a time; but on Baron ——'s arrival with needed supplies, she decided to proceed. The journey was begun, but tropical rains soon rendered the marshy land almost impassable, and caused endless annoyance and discomfort to the ladies, who were sometimes completely drenched. Persevering, despite these trials, they reached Dfaur River, crossing safely themselves but losing a large quantity of provisions. Miss Tinne's mother suddenly became alarmingly ill. The best medical attention and careful, tender nursing were unavailing. Her death was the first trouble which had the effect of completely prostrating her heroic daughter, and she yielded to the deepest despondency, which additional troubles augmented. A valuable member of the force died suddenly, the Italian interpreter was laid in an untimely grave, and most unfortunately for our heroine her two European maids fell victims to the ravages of the climate. Smitten with deepest anguish, not unmingled with questionings as to the prudence of her expedition, which increased the poignancy of her sorrow, Miss Tinne took a last look at her mother's grave; then, accompanied by her cousin, Baron ——, and Prof. Heuglin, mournfully began the return journey.

Arrived at Khartoom the first intelligence received was that of the death of Miss Tinne's aunt, who had remained at that place. The heart-broken lady hastened back to Cairo, where she found a relative from Europe, who, having heard of her great loss, hastened to offer consolation and assistance. To his surprise, she positively refused to even visit Holland, declaring her intention

of making her home in the land which contained the ashes of her mother and aunt. Cairo affording the coveted seclusion, she procured a comfortable house, where, surrounded by a large number of black servants, mostly rescued slaves, she devoted her time to their comfort and to the study of oriental languages.

After a time, she began to arrange plans for the erection of a residence on the lovely island of Rhodes, but her intentions were frustrated by the Viceroy's refusing to sell her land. His celebrated and luxuriant gardens were situated there, and he did not want the energetic Dutch lady in proximity to his residence. He remembered her courageous attempt to impeach one of his governors.

Miss Tinne had observed with distress that the Egyptian donkey owners were very cruel to their beasts, and her sympathies were immediately enlisted on the side of the donkeys. Obtaining a number of the starved and half-dying brutes from their masters, she had them kindly cared for. In an incredibly short time the owners of all the wretched, maltreated donkeys in Cairo brought their beasts to the "Frank lady," soliciting sympathy in their behalf. Not wishing to establish a "donkey hospital" she declined to undertake the care of any more.

Three years' residence in Cairo naturally lessened the poignancy of Miss Tinne's grief, the old longing to travel again came over her, and she suddenly announced her intention of exploring the Mohammedan portions of Soudan. Her arrangements completed, the force comprised a large number of her most faithful negro servants, fifty negro men of the better class from Tunis, three European attendants, two Dutch sailors—previously in her employ,—and seventy camels. In this expedition Miss Tinne made the lamentable mistake of starting without proper escorts. She endeavoured to obtain the services of the celebrated explorer, Rolphs, but he had been previously engaged by the King of Prussia for special work. Similar efforts to procure other aid failing, she unwisely decided to begin her long and perilous journey with the force she had. Having procured from the Dutch Government letters of introduction to the Dutch Consul at Tunis, she called on that official on her arrival in the city. He refused to see her, his servant being authorized to convey to the

astonished traveller the message that "no Arab lady would so far forget herself as to solicit an interview with a gentleman." He was well aware who the lady was; but as she had chosen to adopt the oriental costume (a course he disapproved of), he determined not to recognise her. Miss Tinne persisting in her effort to gain an audience, he relented, but positively refused to afford her either protection or assistance unless she discarded the "objectionable costume," which our heroine indignantly, but unwisely, refused to do, and immediately left the city.

Miss Tinne's plan was the following: She would first proceed by land to Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, from thence to Bornou, then to the celebrated district containing Lake Tchad, returning by a different route to Central Africa, which would take her through Waday, Darfur, and Cordofan, eventually reaching the White Nile again. Her scheme was a daring one, and if successfully accomplished would have placed her foremost in the ranks of the pioneer explorers of Africa, for no European had yet succeeded in a similar enterprise—those intrepid travellers, Vogel and Beurmaun, losing their lives in the attempt. With buoyant spirits, and under favourable circumstances, Miss Tinne saw her caravan assembled at Tripoli, on the 28th of January, 1809. They reached Fezzan by the first of March, and here Miss Tinne was reported to be *Bauker-Rey*, the Sultan's daughter.

Proceeding, they arrived at Mourzouk, the oasis city of Fezzan and here Miss Tinne was so fortunate as to effect an arrangement with Ichnuchen, the Chief of the Tawarek tribe, by which she was permitted to spend the summer in his domains. He agreed to provide her with a suitable guide for her contemplated journey if she would tarry at Mourzouk till he could summon one. In due time the guide arrived. He was a tributary chief of Ichnuchen's, who was not aware of the animosity entertained towards himself by his subordinate. The latter, thirsting for revenge, conceived a terrible plot, which resulted fatally for Miss Tinne, whom he disliked simply because she was friendly with his hated master.

In July, the unsuspecting, but doomed lady, began her journey to Ghat, and after a few days travelling reached a small

station south west of Mourzouk. The day following her arrival the drivers of the camels began to dispute, and the Dutch sailors attempted to pacify them, unfortunately being without their weapons of defence, which they generally carried. Hearing the disturbance, Miss Tinne hastened to the door of the tent to ascertain the cause. Her treacherous guide, who was at this time in her tent inspecting some of her curiosities, quickly and quietly drew his sword, and by an adroit blow completely severed her right hand from her arm, thus effectually preventing her from using her revolver, which she always carried. At a sign from his infamous master, an accomplice shot her through the breast, and the dying lady sank to the floor of the tent. Hearing her cry of agony her Dutch servants hastened to her assistance, but were instantly shot dead, and before her faithful negro attendants could render any assistance they were seized and manacled, with the exception of two, who contrived to escape to Mourzouk, where they apprised the Turkish authorities of the shocking deed. The latter immediately dispatched a force in pursuit of the murderers, who succeeded in capturing them and a part of their ill-gotten plunder, all Miss Tinne's money and valuables having been pillaged.

The authorities also superintended the imposing oriental burial accorded to the body of the unfortunate lady. Thus tragically ended a life which promised to be a blessing to the African race. This heroic lady was but thirty years old when she forfeited her life in her noble efforts in their behalf.

It has been asserted that Miss Tinne had no higher motive in exploring Africa than that of personal gratification, and that she spent much in accomplishing little. A careful perusal of the story of her life and travels will remove such impressions. Her personal kindness to the natives, the money and gifts so lavishly bestowed on them in order to secure their favour, prove that Miss Tinne had a deep interest in all pertaining to their welfare. Completely won by her kindness, eighteen escaped slaves voluntarily followed her to Cairo, their former suspicion of the white race being entirely dispelled; and a missionary, who met her in the interior of Africa, relates that he frequently knew her to dismount from her beast and cause a sick or wounded slave to be

placed thereon. Sir Samuel Baker attributes to her only the purest, most exalted motives in reference to her travels; and her earnest endeavours to ameliorate the deplorable condition of Africa's benighted children inspired a sympathy equally strong in the kind-hearted Englishman and his noble wife in their behalf.

Among the practical results of her explorations may be mentioned the following:—Accurate and reliable information was furnished the world regarding the disposition, habits, and customs of almost unknown tribes; also weighty suggestions as to the advisability of pursuing certain courses of action in reference to these blacks, in order to effectually reach and benefit them.

The position of Meshra, an important stopping-place, was definitely settled; also the course of the rivers Dfaur and Rosango, and the locality of all the water-courses west of the White Nile was rendered more definite. She proved that Lake Lobat, hitherto believed to be navigable, was but a shallow stream, and Lake No, supposed to be of large dimensions, but a muddy pond.

Even her failures taught the world something; for someone must make the first effort in a cause, that others may profit by their experience. Her untiring zeal and power of endurance; her superior judgment, energy, and undaunted courage under all circumstances, no matter how trying; and above all, her self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of a heathen world, have won for her the distinguished title, "The Heroine of the White Nile." Her generous, large-hearted enterprises, in relation to a degraded and oppressed people, cannot be too highly praised.

SMITH, *Ont.*

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

HE guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known,
The crooked was straight, and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water-springs by the way:
For the glowing pillars of flame by night,
And the sheltering clouds by day.

LONGFELLOW'S USE OF SCRIPTURAL IMAGES.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

THE more one studies our literature the more the impression grows upon the mind that the Word of God has inspired many of the most beautiful, as well as the sublimest utterances which are transmitted from generation to generation by means of the printed page. We have already ventured to call attention to this truth as illustrated in the writings of two of our most popular modern authors. We now crave attention while the same line of thought is pursued in reference to a third.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in 1807, in Portland, Maine. His father is spoken of as having been, at the time of his son's birth, a distinguished lawyer of the city. Evidently appreciating the advantages of the best culture, he bestowed no small pains on the mental training of the future poet. These efforts were not lost, and in 1821 Henry entered Bowdoin College, whence he graduated with honour in 1825. He was then given a desk in his father's office. How far the legal profession accorded with the young poet's tastes, we can only guess. But he was not long left to pour over the somewhat dry literature of the barrister's library, for he was speedily recalled to his *alma mater*, to occupy the chair of modern languages. In order to render himself more fit for his duties, some time was given to travel. Spain, Germany, and other European countries were visited; and it would be an impertinence to indicate to a reader of Longfellow, how perceptibly his travels have left their impress upon his writings. In 1839 a professorship in Harvard University was offered and accepted. A second visit to Europe followed this appointment: indeed, the visit grew into a residence abroad of some considerable time, during which period new countries were explored.

It was in this year that the first volume of Longfellow's poems—"The Voices of the Night"—was given to the public. Among the favourite poems of this volume are "The Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior." Since that date, poems have followed in somewhat

quick succession, and the reception given to each new creation of the poet's fancy has more than justified the wisdom that gave them to the world. Still residing in Cambridge, Longfellow lives amid pleasing surroundings, and his more recent compositions indicate no loss of the mental vigour which, joined to childlike simplicity and rare beauty of thought, has ever characterized the poems of this popular favourite.

No one can fail to notice how many Scriptural figures are to be found in Longfellow's productions. Biblical tropes abound. Many of his poems are purely Biblical in their conception.

In his first volume of poems—"Voices of the Night"—an exquisite gem, entitled "Flowers," appears. One verse illustrates his indebtedness to the Bible in this respect—

"Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn."

Naturally, his earlier poems sometimes rank under the head of "Translations." One, "The Good Shepherd," is, of course, crowded with Biblical figures. A few lines deserve quoting because of their tender meaning :

"Hear, Shepherd ! Thou who for Thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait ! To Thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me ! Yet, why ask it when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me !"

The agitation against slavery found a powerful ally in the earnest verses of the Cambridge poet. As early as 1842, "Poems on Slavery" appeared. They were, the author tells us, with one exception, written at sea. The noble words of Dr. Channing on behalf of the slave awoke a responsive chord in Longfellow's heart of hearts. One of these poems is inscribed to William E. Channing. But the eyes for which they were written never read the lines—death had sealed them before the poet reached the land again. The two concluding verses are,—

"A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice that cried
To John in Patmos, 'Write !'

“ Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;
 Record this dire eclipse ;
 This Day of wrath, this endless wail,
 This dread Apocalypse.”

Among the same poems is one entitled “The Good Part,” which we forbear transcribing, for the simple reason that we cannot omit any of it without marring its beauty, and we must not ask space for the whole poem. “The Slave Singing at Midnight” has touched thousands of hearts. The lines with which the verses conclude are peculiarly fine—

“ Paul and Silas, in their prison,
 Sang of Christ, the Lord, arisen,
 And an earthquake’s arm of might
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.
 But alas ! what holy angel
 Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?
 And what earthquake’s arm of might
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?”

See also the fine poem in which occur the lines,

“ There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,” etc.

It is certainly something for rejoicing over that the man who wrote so beautifully on behalf of his down-trodden brother has lived to see his freedom proclaimed.

Who has not read “Evangeline ?” We shall attempt no panygeric on so noble a poem. In the following beautiful and simple description of the power of Evangeline a reference to a well-known New Testament character occurs :

“ Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the
 farmyard :
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the
 harrows ;
 There were the folds for the sheep, and there, in his feathered seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock with the self-same
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.”

After this simple people, of whom the poem so touchingly speaks, had been ordered to leave their homes, and the priest, a

very good one, had quieted them into a tender and forgiving frame of mind by his counsels, the evening service came.

“The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded, Not with their lips alone, but with their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated, Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to Heaven.”

How skilfully, toward the close of the poem, another Old Testament figure is employed! Evangeline's lover is dying.

“Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.”

Three years after “Evangeline” had appeared, a small collection was sent forth under the title of “By the Fireside.” In this collection that familiar poem, “Resignation,” (only less frequently quoted than “The Psalm of Life,”) is found. It is too well-known to require more than a reference to it here. Scarcely less beautiful are the verses “Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass.” They are rich in Biblical tropes. Longfellow fancies what the past history of the sand may have been.

“Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore.

“Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

“Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

“These have passed over it, or may have passed.
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.”

The “Hymn for my Brother's Ordination,” coming in the same collection, beautifully works out in charming verse the expression of our Saviour—“If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell that thou hast.”

The "Golden Legend" would have made a reputation for any man. The Middle Ages, with their quaint beliefs, their superstitions, their religious habits, are brought before us in verse befitting the tale. Largely borrowed from the old *Legenda Aurea* of the thirteenth century, a work which had been translated into French two centuries after its appearance in Latin, still it is doubtless Longfellow's own in all that makes it valuable to the reader of to-day. As one might anticipate, the expressions and similes which are plainly of Biblical inspiration are very numerous. How touching Elsie's prayer!—

" My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Let me follow where Thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee!"

After severe heart struggles the child Elsie is given up, that, by dying, she may, as she is taught, save the young Prince's life. The father says, as he makes the sacrifice:—

" As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in Heaven
Gave His, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter."

We cannot follow this poem through to its close, tracing the various Scriptural similes in which it so richly abounds. The reader will find it no task, we trust, to do this for himself.

"The Song of Hiawatha" stands pre-eminent among the works of Longfellow as perhaps the most widely read of any. The style would very probably have doomed the poem to forgetfulness had the poet been an inferior one. In the hands of most writers it would speedily have become wearisome to the reader, and perhaps the fact of its great popularity is the highest possible

proof we could have of the genius of the author. Lacking elaborate plot, dealing with simple narrative, it owes its success to the true spirit of poetry, which is breathed on every page. So simple that a child will find it interesting, it is still so beautiful a composition as to be worthy of the admiration it has called forth from the most gifted men of the present age.

Some very beautiful passages, illustrating the theme of this paper, lie scattered throughout the poem. Who will fail to recognise the source of the following lines?—

“ Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak : their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be ! ”

The coming of the “ Black-Robe chief, the prophet,” is beautifully described, and his words to the people are, as is fitting, of holy things. We read how he

“ Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour :
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do :
How He fasted, prayed, and laboured ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him ;
How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into Heaven.”

“ The Courtship of Miles Standish ” is a well-known poem to all interested in the subject of the present article. The bluff, hot-headed old captain ; the honest John Alden, “ the comely, the youthful ; ” the modest “ Puritan maiden,” Priscilla—are not these familiar to us all ? Perhaps few tales have given us a more correct idea of the character of the old *Mayflower* Puritans, and certainly none have done so in more graceful manner.

One of the first symbols—borrowed from the Word of Life—associated with the communings of John Alden as he goes

with the love message of the bluff captain to the fair maiden whom he himself loves. His heart rebels against his high honesty of purpose by which he is determined to be faithful to his friend.

“ Over him rushed, like a wind that is cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
‘ Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains ;
Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord ; and His mercy endureth forever.’ ”

Will it be a matter for surprise that such a proxy was not a successful one ? Finding that, without meaning it, he had pleaded his own case rather than the captain’s, he leaves the house with a heart full of grief at the thought that he had so poorly fulfilled his mission. Nature, in her prophecy of a coming storm, is lavish of her beauties.

“ Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendour,
Sank the City of God in the vision of John the Apostle :
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.”

The captain goes to the wars. Rumour sends the report that he has fallen by the arrow of the red-skin. Then John Alden and the Puritan maiden are resolved to marry. Surely never had maiden a grander wedding-day ; surely poet never described such a day more grandly.

“ Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High Priest, in his garments resplendant,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates,
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver ! ”

Many of Longfellow’s shorter poems borrow their chief beauty from images unmistakably inspired by the Book of books. The titles lead to this expectation—“ Blind Bartimeus,” “ The Jewish Cemetery at Newport,” and “ The Legend Beautiful,” are familiar

examples of this. See also exquisite examples in "The Gleam of Sunshine," "The Norman Baron," and "The Arsenal at Springfield." "The Children of the Lord's Supper" and the "Story of the Salem Witchcraft" are fairly saturated with Biblical imagery. Longfellow's last poem, in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*—"The Ballad of the French Fleet"—is conceived in a strikingly Biblical spirit.

"The lightning suddenly
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,
 And I cried : ' Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord ! ' . . .
 The fleet it overtook,
 And the broad sails in the van
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,
 Or the curtains of Midian.
 Like a potter's vessel broke
 The great ships of the line ;
 They were carried away as a smoke,
 Or sank like lead in the brine.
 O Lord ! before Thy path
 They vanished and ceased to be,
 When Thou didst walk in wrath
 With Thine horses through the sea.' "

The memory of our readers will suggest numerous additional illustrations of the same sort. We commend the search to all who have followed this article to its conclusion. We may be permitted the prayer that the Book, which has inspired the writers of our choicest literature with some of their most noble conceptions, may be the light of our earthward pathway and the director of our feet to the better land !

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

"O HAND, that never breaks the bruised reed !
 O Voice, that held the waves in its control !
 Speak peace, and let the fettered life be freed ;
 Pass grandly o'er the tossings of my soul,
 Bind up my fragments to a perfect whole.
 So, going forth in thy great tenderness,
 I may grow strong again to cheer and bless."

—Mary Low Dickinson.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

ON a beautiful Sabbath morning, in the month of May, 1872, during the meeting of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, New York, it was my privilege to mingle with the crowd that thronged Plymouth Church. It was the anniversary Sabbath of the Church of the Puritans, and the services were of more than ordinary interest. My first study was, of course, the *personnel* and power of the preacher—the world-famous pastor of Plymouth Church—then, however, without the undesirable and unpleasant notoriety which later developments unfortunately drew upon him.

The features and profile of the preacher are of the Grecian cast; and yet, there is something to remind one of the old Puritan and New England type of men. Around the mouth are lines and curves wonderfully expressive of the rich vein of humour which forms one of his most distinguishing mental characteristics. The features of the preacher, when in repose, strike one as heavy rather than keenly intellectual in expression; but, when lighted up by the thought that fires the soul with the play of fancy or the tenderness of emotion, the eye flashes with a new light and the countenance becomes radiant. There was at times a beaming expression of countenance, a light which almost transfigured the face of the preacher, such as I had associated with the memories of Robert Murray McCheyne, John Summerfield, and Alfred Cookman; but which I had certainly never supposed was to be found in the Plymouth pulpit. The words uttered in such moments of inspiration may not be the most common or the most characteristic of the preacher; but to me they were the most impressive. "When all angels shall have sung, when all choirs shall have chanted, when all things conspiring in harmonies shall have made Heaven full of music if there shall come a pause and there shall be called out the one name Jesus, the music of that name shall be sweeter than

has been the singing of the whole host of Heaven." The utterance of sentences such as this thrilled and moved the great congregation; and like an angel-echo that word Jesus lingered upon the ear.

But the singing! that is the department of that memorable morning's service to which alone special reference can just now be made. What singing! what a grand inspiration of song! what a mighty burst of praise! The organ, the choir, and the great congregation blending into triumphant soul-stirring harmony. The vast building seemed almost tremulous with that outburst of song, as the sound of many waters. There was not, perhaps, the linked sweetness, the delicate cadence, the artistic rendering of professional performers—not the elaborated niceties and intricacies of effort sometimes furnished by a quartette choir—but there was worship. Faultless music, rendered in such a way as could not but charm and satisfy the most cultured taste and the most fastidious ear, there was, but there was also the full chorus of congregational song—the thrill, and life, and power, and holy joy of praise to God. It was more than singing. It was worship—congregational worship. If churches only understood the glorious possibilities of congregational song, they would never allow it to die out.

The power and blessedness of congregational singing was not less manifest on the following Sunday at the Tabernacle, in which Dr. Talmage was preaching to a congregation of some three or four thousand people—the largest probably on the Continent. That morning Dr. Talmage favoured us with a sermon on Methodism from his standpoint of Presbyterianism. The Methodist ministers and people, he said, with their noble hymnology had almost taken possession of the Continent. They had preached and sung their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Mexico. His utterances in relation to Methodism were all cordial and appreciative. It was strange in a Presbyterian church to hear the hymns which, in our own sanctuaries, had become familiar to us the world over. The hymns and tunes of that service, sung by a congregation, we were told, that day of four thousand people, led by a powerful organ, without any organized choir, was suggestive of memories

of Yorkshire worship and congregational song. We felt almost like claiming Dr. Talmage and his Tabernacle and congregation as a part of our own tribal inheritance. He announced in his own emphatic enunciation words often heard before, but never with a grander ring,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

And how satisfying, to hearts panting for God, was the hymn,—

“I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood!”

We could not grudge the appropriation of our sweet songs. They have supplied language of prayer and praise to worshippers of every clime; and they belong now in common to the whole Israel of God. In this respect, as in most others, moreover, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Souls in any measure capable of emotion and tuned to harmony, could not but get on fire as the voices of thousands of worshippers swept into the triumphant strain:

“O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer’s praise!”

It was worth a visit to the Tabernacle, if there had been no other attraction, to hear Perronett’s coronation hymn—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name.”

From the Tabernacle to the Academy of Music for an afternoon service. There was no common interest in the service of that afternoon. It was wonderful to see the crowd,—gallery above gallery, aisle, porch, platform, all thronged to their utmost capacity. The preacher announced for that service was the prince of preachers, Wm. Morley Punshon. A few days before in that same spacious hall, Morley Punshon had “preened his wings of fire.” The most magnificent and most magnetic passage had been a tribute to the names and memories of saintly dead—“Baker, the jurist, and Clarke, the administrator,—Thompson, the Chrysostom of their Church,—Kingsley, snatched away in the ripe fulness of his manhood, dying with the consecration glory of apostolic travel upon him,—Cookman, who went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he

was stricken into victory in his golden prime, and who had nothing to do at the last but mount into the chariot of Israel and go sweeping through the gates into the city washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The effect was indescribable. The great audience was moved to uncontrollable excitement. Even when the tempest had been followed by a hush the spell still seemed unbroken :

"So charming left his voice, that we awhile
Thought him still speaking ; still stood fix'd to hear."

Bishop Simpson, in any elaborate effort, I did not hear until a later day ; but, in comparison with other celebrities, my estimate could scarcely be mistaken. In splendour and sweep of oratory, in despotic mastery over the higher faculties of the soul, in the eloquence which thrills and moves the heart, in chasteness of unique diction and the polished beauty of sculptured sentences, in the loftier regions and grander domain of speech, the greatest efforts of Dr. Punshon are absolutely unrivalled.

After such an effort on a previous day, it was not wonderful that we should get almost hopelessly jammed on that Sunday afternoon. Long before the hour of service the Academy of Music was filled to overflowing. The interval, however, was not lost. It was filled up with a service of song, led by the famous Philip Phillips. After an appreciative estimate of the preacher the confession may be forgiven : that the service of song, the hymns of heart-trust and the sweetness of melodies, heard some of them for the first time, made an impression deeper and more vivid than even the sermon which followed. We were scarcely surprised at a later period, from the remembrance of that afternoon, that Geo. H. Stewart, of Philadelphia, should say, in his enthusiastic way, the only thing wanting to crown the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance was the singing of Philip Phillips.

Since then we have been favoured in the Eastern Provinces by a visit from Mr. Phillips. But, somehow, the charm was left behind. Possibly the accompanying chorus, which, in the Academy of Music, contributed greatly to the effect, was wanting. The Brooklyn service was not an entertainment for which each one paid half a dollar, as in the metropolitan churches of the Eastern Provinces. It was worship—the ascription of praise to

God. The critical faculty was in abeyance, and the spirit of genuine devotion was developed. Each one felt it a privilege to take up the strain and waft it higher.

In contrast with the services already referred to, as illustrative of the value and power of earnest congregational singing, was a service held about the same time on Ascension Day, in a well-known Broadway church. The corporation of that church is said to be very wealthy. It is the grandest, purely Gothic erection on the Continent. It is the only ecclesiastical edifice, as far as I know, in which one has the consciousness of a spell as if the centuries were rolling past, while traversing its venerable aisles—a feeling well understood by those who have visited the grand old cathedrals of England.

For the service, held on that Ascension Day, elaborate preparation had been made. I went prepared to enjoy the service. The surroundings were suggestive of Milton's lines—early learned and admired,—

“ But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowered roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting their dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.”

The performance at that Ascension service was conducted with consummate skill. There was all the pomp and parade of service and all the magnificence that sense could demand. My æsthetic taste may be at fault. The performance was doubtless a gratification to tastes formed at the opera, and to persons whose evenings are given up to the excitement of brilliant and fashionable life. But there was nothing to move the soul, to fire the heart, to fill the vision of faith, to lift the worshippers nearer to God, and to the rapt song of the upper sanctuary. It was petrifying. Elaborate performance was substituted for hallowed devotion. Very apposite, after the processions and ritual of the

first part of the service, seemed the text selected for a brief sermon towards the close: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Recent revival and evangelistic services, on both sides of the Atlantic, signally honoured of God, have been eminently distinguished by the fervour and power of congregational singing. The "Old, old story," the "Glad tidings of salvation," first chanted by seraphic choirs, have been sung, as well as told, with wondrous power and pathos. Hymns full of Christ have struck home to the heart of Christendom. Even the old tunes, dear to the whole Church of God, and consecrated by hallowed associations, though placed in competition with popular melodies, do not lose but gain in their hold upon the heart when sung with fervour in revival services. "Coronation" and "Old Hundred" are yet unrivalled in their adaptation to the worship of a great congregation.

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs" worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

It would almost seem as if the Church of Christ were being led along into a new and nobler era, not of richer or loftier composition, for Charles Wesley is still the bard of the modern revival epoch, and his lyre is still supreme; but of fervent, whole-souled congregational singing. Once the fervour, fulness, and power of sanctuary worship was a peculiar and a distinctive feature of Methodism, but to us, as a denomination, this glory is no longer a solitary one. We cannot, without revival of ancient fervour, maintain front-rank position. O for the inspiration and power of fervent, united, triumphant congregational song! "Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

SELF-HELP IN SCIENCE.*

THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE LIFE.

BY MISS M. R. J.

“HERE I am, still on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of Nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator.”

These are the words, uttered in his sixtieth year, of a most successful naturalist, an associate of the Linnæan and other scientific societies in Scotland, and while their pathetic eloquence awakens a chord of sympathy in our hearts, we cannot but wish to know more of him who has uttered them.

Thomas Edward, the son of a handloom weaver, was born in Gosport, Scotland, in 1814. His earliest instincts showed an intense love for all sorts of animals and insects, and interest in them. His first noticeable observations were made when he was about two years old, upon a litter of young pigs, for the better study of which he passed a night in their pen, to the great alarm of his parents, who had nearly the whole village searching for him. The child was at last discovered by the “pigwife,” who exclaimed, as she threw him into his mother’s arms, “There, woman, there’s your bairn! but keep him awa’ frae yon place, or he may fare waur next time.” As months passed and he was able to toddle alone in the woods, his instinct developed itself in a manner still more marked, and had it not been for the determined opposition of his parents, the family abode would have been converted into a sort of menagerie in which “beetles, tadpoles, frogs, sticklebacks, crabs, rats, newts, hedgehogs, horseleeches, and birds of many

* *The Life of Thomas Edward.* By Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper Brothers.

kinds" would have dwelt together in, it is to be feared, anything but harmonious fellowship.

Little Thomas's father resorted to many expedients for taming the roving spirit of the infant philosopher, upon whom threats and chastisements seemed to have no effect. At one time he tied him to the heavy kitchen table, but Tom, with the aid of his sister, dragged it to the grate and freed himself by burning the cords with which he was bound. At another time his clothes were hidden, but, wrapped in an old petticoat tied round his waist, he ran off to the woods again in search of more horse-leeches, paddocks and tadpoles—dear, queer, little atom! The exposure attendant upon this adventure resulted in a fever, by which he was confined to the house for three months. His ruling passion manifested itself immediately on his recovery from delirium, and his first question was, "Mother, where are my crabs and bandies that I brought home last night?" Alas! they had all been thrown out, and the cat had eaten his shrew-mouse that he had "in the boxie." His "night" had been three months long. After this his mind was no less active than before. His was a nature which an intelligent parent or teacher would have loved to watch and aid in its development; but Tom's parents, engrossed in their daily toil, knowing that things *were* and caring not to know *why*, snubbed and threatened the tiresome child who was always asking strange questions, such as, "How do the rocks grow?" That was something he could not watch as he could the building of a bird's nest. In one of his many excursions he discovered a wasp's nest; determined to have it, notwithstanding many stings he at length succeeded in carrying it home in his shirt!

God had made Thomas Edward a naturalist. Man would fain have obliterated from his nature the marks of the Creator's hand. He had implanted within him the principle which seems almost akin to creative power. The creatures which God has fashioned with such wonderful skill can never be unworthy the careful study of a life; and though unconscious of his talents, acting upon the irrepressible impulses of his soul, it was the great object of Thomas Edward to accomplish, in spite of countless obstacles, the mission for which he had been sent into the

world. And genius is immortal; though you may try to crush, or smother, or cut it to pieces, it lives still, and triumphs.

At the age of seven years young Tom had been three times expelled from school. His education began when he was between four and five, under the supervision of an erudite (?) dame named Bell Hill. But his connection with this school was brought to a speedy termination by an unfortunate occurrence which took place one day when the boy had taken a favourite jackdaw to share with him the advantages of this excellent institution of learning. The good dame was at prayer, when the bird responded in a rather unusual manner with his unmusical "cre-waw, cre-waw," which being by no means helpful to devotion, she sprang to her feet with the ejaculation, "Preserve us a', *fat's this noo?*" Being answered by the boys, who had already had experience of sundry rats and mice which Tom had taken to school, "It's Tam Edward again, wi' a craw stickin' oot o' his breeks," the good woman dragged him to the door and gave him summary expulsion.

Tom was next sent to a schoolmaster, but here his horse-leeches proved too much for the master's patience, he declaring, "Neither I nor my scholars have had a day's peace since he came here."

At his next school he remained eighteen months, but being a third time expelled he was sent to a tobacco factory, where he earned fourteen pence a week. Here he remained until attracted by the prospect of higher wages, when he removed to a woollen factory, where he earned first three, and afterwards six shillings a week.

The time Tom spent at this factory was a very happy period of his life. He must have loved to linger in thought over it in after years when exposed to cruelty and opposed in the pursuits so dear to his heart. Here we can fancy the boy of nine years wandering through the beautiful woods which surrounded the factory, listening with delight to the melody of the birds, finding ever something new to charm his watchful eye or fill his little soul with thoughts unutterable. Here he could dream unhindered; the sweet song of the birds contained for him a hidden tale of rapture and delight which would fall unheeded on a less sympa-

thetic ear; the waving of the trees in the soft, free air of heaven whispered to him of wonder, and beauty, and life, in which he had a mysterious part.

Here he worked hard, beginning at five in the morning and continuing often until nine o'clock at night, still finding time to prosecute his researches in natural history; and he says, "It was a happy time for me while I remained there."

But after two years of this life his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker, who treated Tom in a brutal manner, his insect and animal-collecting proclivities enraging him particularly. At one time, after the boy had loved and trained a little sparrow to sit on his knee and perform various tricks for him, his master came in in a drunken fit, trampled on the bird, and knocked Edward down. He had been indentured to Charles Begg (the shoemaker) for six years, but half of that time was as much as Tom could stand, and he ran away, meeting with several adventures and making an unsuccessful attempt to go to America by concealing himself in a ship. He, however, found another master in the shoe business who encouraged his love for animals and flowers, and Edward was able to have a garden of his own and to take one or two cheap magazines, and probably felt that there was still some hope for him in life.

At about eighteen years of age, having finished his apprenticeship and grown tired of shoemaking, Edward enlisted in the militia, and an anecdote is told of him at this time which illustrates how thoroughly his mind was absorbed in one object. One day, during drill, his attention was arrested by a butterfly of a peculiar kind hovering near him. He gave chase to it, and was, of course, taken to the guard-house for his unmilitary behaviour, only escaping sharp discipline by the mediation of a lady friend of the commanding officer. We cannot help feeling grateful to this lady; and she is worthy of all honour as one among the very few who recognised to some extent the exalted nature of Edward's life-study. It is rare, indeed, to see a youth of that age so devoid of self-consciousness, so utterly unbound by man-made restrictions.

In spite of Edward's dislike for his trade he was obliged to resort to it again, taking up his abode in the pleasant town of

Banff, where he was able to earn about nine shillings and sixpence a week, upon the strength of which income he married at the age of twenty-three. He was so fortunate as to get a wife who sympathized with, and aided him in his collections of animals and plants. In after years she was able to assist him materially in his labours; when able to earn money herself by binding shoes, she would frequently spend it in buying ammunition for his gun, bottles, and wood for making cases, which her husband must have appreciated after the hindrances which his early relations had placed in his way. In Banff, though working at his trade about fifteen hours a day, he contrived by rambling in the woods at night to gratify his love of nature and become acquainted with the animals and birds which made their homes, built their nests, and took nocturnal prowls in Nature's grand temple. It mattered not to him whether the weather was fair or foul, equipped with an old, dilapidated gun tied together with twine, a powder-horn, a brown paper bag containing shot, a few insect-bottles, some boxes for moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for holding plants, he would start off like an emancipated slave, rejoicing in his freedom from the lapstone and awl. "It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in his house," was the frequent remark of his neighbours. Frequently when overtaken by a storm he was obliged to make his bed in a hole in a bank, from which position he would make observations on the polecats, otters, rats, weasels, foxes, bats, etc., and made many additions to his collection. The Sabbath day he hallowed, doing no work and making no tours to the woods on that day: the rest must have been a boon to this busiest of men.

In the course of eight years he had collected a very large number of small animals, birds, reptiles, insects, etc.; stuffing his own birds, and making the cases for his specimens "with the aid of a shoemaker's knife, a saw, and a hammer." But this first collection came to grief, having been so fully appreciated by the rats and mice that they appropriated it for their own sustenance, the cats assisting in the destruction by taking up their abode in a box containing two thousand pressed plants.

Poor Edward! It was "an awfu' disappointment." "But I think," he said to his wife, "the best thing will be to set to work and

fill them up again." This he did; succeeding so well that he exhibited his collection in Banff in 1845, and subsequently in Aberdeen, transporting it thither in six carrier's carts. But though Aberdeen boasted two institutions of learning and much intellect, and though Edward's charges were exceedingly moderate—being for ladies and gentlemen, sixpence, tradespeople, threepence, and children, half-price—he met with very poor success, the exhibition being appreciated by very few. He was so thoroughly disheartened by this and the fact that he was in debt, that he actually came to the desperate resolution of ending his existence by throwing himself into the sea. When quite prepared for the final act he was saved from his despairing mood by the appearance on the scene of a rare ornithological specimen. It was too great a temptation, he must allow himself a little longer in this "vale of tears" for the nearer inspection of the bird, and being obliged to run a long distance for the accomplishment of this desire, he left behind him his dark and perturbed thoughts. Returning to Aberdeen with fresh hope, he sold his collection for twenty pounds, paid his debts, resumed his shoemaking, and went to work, as at first, to make another collection, hoping by perseverance and zeal "to wrench himself free from his trade."

In the course of Edward's rambles after specimens he one night found himself overtaken by a thunderstorm, when he sought shelter in a neighbouring house. The glue which held his boxes together had become softened in the rain, and the ants, worms, slugs, caterpillars, spiders, etc., having escaped from their prisons, were crawling over him from head to foot. We can imagine the horror of the good woman to whom he applied for shelter when he presented himself in this plight; with expressive vehemence she dismissed him with the words, "Man, fat the sorra brocht ye in here, an' you in siccan a mess? Gang oot o' ma hoose, I tell ye, this verra minit! Gang oot!" He was not long in relieving her of his odious presence, finding shelter in an old shed.

In 1858 Edward was the possessor, after great pains and exposure, of a third collection, more valuable than either of the former ones. About this time he had begun to write articles in connection with his favourite pursuit, having improved his educa-

tion by all the means in his power, and, indeed, having learned to write after he had reached man's estate. His articles were first published in the *Banffshire Journal*, and afterwards in the *Zoologist*. Although, owing to his extreme modesty, he refused to believe that he possessed any writing ability, there is a charm in his writings, resulting from the depth of feeling with which he impregnated them, and his extraordinary descriptive powers, which carry the thoughtful reader into the very scenes he describes.

After the completion of Edward's third collection his health began to fail—the inevitable result of his life of exposure and fatigue—and his physician told him that his nightly excursions must come to an end. Again he was obliged to sell his collections to keep out of debt. “Upwards of forty cases of birds were sold, together with three hundred specimens of mosses and marine plants, with other objects not contained in cases. When these were sold Edward lost all hope of ever being able to replenish his shattered collection.”

But his health being partially restored he turned to “the natural history of the seashore,” and with the help of his daughters, and by means of indefatigable searching for specimens of crabs, fish, crustacea, etc., he was able to make very valuable contributions to science; the Banff museum being greatly benefitted by his researches. In recognition of this the curatorship of the museum was conferred upon him, with the munificent salary of four pounds per annum.

This was the only post he could obtain, although he had applied for various offices of a subordinate and not very lucrative nature. He had wished to undertake photography, but had not the necessary capital. Had Thomas Edward lived a century ago we should not have wondered that, after a life of such toil and discovery, resulting in such benefit to mankind, through the increased knowledge he has given on Natural History and Zoology, he should, though past threescore, be under the necessity of supporting himself by means of the “lapstone and leather”; but in this age of intellect, which smiles in pity over the ignorance of the past, and affects to honour brain-work above all other, it is matter for great humiliation that such should be

the case. The Queen has done honour to herself, as well as to Thomas Edward, in granting him, as she has done, since the publication of his life, an annuity of fifty pounds, though we could wish that it had been sufficient to relieve him from pecuniary anxiety for the remainder of his life.

But a nature and gifts like those of Edward constitute a fortune in themselves, and the example which he will leave to posterity of untiring diligence, of hard, earnest work, ennobling, strengthening, and enriching the nature, is better than a heritage of acres and gold. The beautiful lines of Longfellow, addressed to Agassiz, are not inappropriate to this humbler student of the works of God :—

So Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread,
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear, old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

OTTAWA, Ont.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS
OF THY YOUTH."

IN the days of thy youth remember Him
Who giveth upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim
And His love be unforgot ;
And thy God in thy darkest days shall be
Beauty and gladness and joy to thee.

THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

Alas ! Temptation, with its meteor glare,
 Bred of foul vapours, lures the thoughtless tread ;
 False Pleasure, smiling, weaves her flowery snare :
 Her choicest wreaths are round the wine-cup spread ;
 While erring Genius, each pure pulse fled,
 Lures folly with its sweet, pernicious song,
 The mazy labyrinth of guilt to thread,
 And strives the vain delusion to prolong.

—MRS. BALFOUR.

THE growth of habit may be slow, but its influence is mighty. "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus,*" said the Roman moralist—"No one becomes vile all at once." It is by gradual, and frequently imperceptible, degrees that men fall under the tyranny of almost any vice. The continual recurrence of any act begets a rhythmical tendency to its repetition ; till, eventually, the habit becomes that second nature which is proverbially stronger than the first.

This is especially true of the habit of indulging in intoxicating drinks. For it is the peculiar nature of those beverages that they engender a morbid demand for the continuance of their use. Through their fascinating influence they awaken an inordinate passion for their indulgence. The will becomes perfectly spell-bound, reason is dethroned, and appetite reigns uncontrolled. "Alcohol," says Prof. Miller, "breeds thirst, and beguiles the stomach into a craving that is insatiable, till both sense and reason reel ; the frame, even when saturated, is not satisfied, but, like the daughter of the horse-leech, still cries 'Give, give !'"

This tendency of even the most "moderate" drinking to degenerate into ruinous drunkenness is the result of a law of our nature, certain and invariable as that of chemical affinity or gravitation. The entire nervous system is stimulated by the presence of alcohol, and all the animal functions are quickened, but, when the effects of the stimulant cease, a sinking, or collapse, takes place, proportionate to the degree of the previous

excitement. A desire for the repetition of the stimulation is thus created; and now it requires a larger quantity to produce the feeling of gratification. "More, and still more becomes necessary," says Dr. Gridley, "and oftener repeated, until, without it, the man is miserable; his over-excited system is wretched, soul and body, without the constant strain which the stimulus affords."

"Here is the solution," continues that eminent authority, "of the fact that has astonished thousands—how the unhappy drunkard, with all the certain consequences of his course staring him in the face, and amid the entreaties and arguments of distressed friends; with the solemn denunciations of Holy Writ sounding in his ears, and the sure prospect of an untimely grave before him, will still press on and hold the destroyer more firmly to his lips. It is because nature shrieks at every pore. Every nerve, every vein, every fibre pines, and groans, and aches for its accustomed stimulus. No substitute will do; no ransom will purchase relief; insatiate as the grave, every fibre cries, 'Give, give!' The dictates of reason are drowned in the clamour of the senses. Thus the temperate drinker, by persisting in the practice, throws himself within the influence of a law of his system, of which he can no more control the development, nor resist the urgency, than he can of that law which circulates the blood through his heart, or any other law of animal life. That law is the LAW OF STIMULATION, which is never unduly aroused except by sinful indulgences; but when aroused, is dreadfully urgent."

"Very few—old toppers even," says Dr. Story, illustrating the pathology of drunkenness, "drink liquor because they like it. It irritates the nerves of the stomach, which then itch and tingle for a repetition of the stimulus. When more alcohol is taken, they feel for a time more quiet and satisfied, like an inflamed eye when rubbed. But the liquor thus taken to allay this morbid feeling only irritates and inflames it the more, and continues to aggravate the evil and demand the repetition of the same."

"The chief danger of alcoholic liquor," said the Rev. Robert McGuire, M.A., in a temperance sermon preached in West-

minster Abbey, "is the busy activity of the life that is in it, creating its own lust, and building up its own superstructure to the topstone of shame and the climax of disgrace."

Thus the bonds of this seductive habit, though at first they seem light as film of gossamer, and as easily broken, become like threefold cords or fetters of iron, binding the soul in an abject and galling slavery. Though the man, like a rearing war horse, may strive and struggle to get free, yet is he led, with a stern o'ermastering grasp, captive by his tyrannous appetite. None are of such strength of will or force of character as to be free from this danger. Men of mark and men of might, moral athletes, as well as intellectual giants, at whose feet the nations have delighted to sit, have been cast down from their high places, beguiled, betrayed and shown of their strength by this subtle Delilah of their souls, and chained as helpless slaves in the prison-house of this galling bondage. Like a bird in the snare of the fowler

"———the limed soul

That struggles to get free is more engaged."

Like the antelope in the coils of the boa constrictor, the man feels the deadly folds of this anaconda habit gradually tightening about him, but is powerless to escape. Like the ancient criminals bound to a stake within the reach of the tide, he sees these waters of death remorsefully creeping higher and higher, till hope and life are drowned in their cold embrace.

Professor Miller thus eloquently describes the subtle fascinations of intemperance: "The seducer is as some fiend, in fairest form of woman, who with blandishment and smile lures on the silly one. Her arms once around him will scarce let go their hold: at first she leads him gently on, in dance, and gaiety, and enjoyment; their way is among flowers, and green meadows, and pleasant groves; but as they whirl faster on the sky darkens, the road grows rugged; there are briers, and thorns, and dismal swamps and dreary wastes. Now he is alarmed and struggles to get free. Violence, reproach, supplication, are all in vain. The hold grows tighter, and the giddy pace still mends. The night is darkening now; and there are strange sounds and gleamings in the air. Other cold hands are upon him; and other voices

whisper venom in his ears. The yawning gulf is at hand; and another power than man's alone can save him."

Many a far-wandering Ulysses, less fortunate than he of old, after escaping a thousand dangers, is beguiled by this cunning Siren and wrecked on the rock of this sensual indulgence.

None have any conception of the tyranny of this habit save those who have groaned beneath its yoke. "You deserve no credit for abstaining," said a reformed drunkard to the present writer; "you never knew the spell of liquor." After years of total abstinence, he said it often cost the severest effort to refrain.

In the attempt to break off this habit an Irish gentleman, whose income was £10,000 a year, swore that he would not drink in his parlour, and repeated the vow in each room of the house successively, till he fairly swore himself out of the building, for he could not give up his vicious indulgence.

"Dives in hell," said a wretched drunkard, "never longed for water on his tongue as I for strong drink; and I will have it." "If I had to go through perdition for brandy," said a victim of the habit to the present writer, "I would go." "I am on the road to hell," said another, "and I can't stop."

We make it our patriotic boast that Britons never, never can be slaves; that there breathe no such upon our soil; that no sooner does such an one touch our shores, than his fetters fall and he stands up "emancipated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of British liberty." But are there no slaves in Canada—multitudes of self-made slaves, the victims of a bondage far more galling than that of Egypt? "There are slaves," writes Dr. Lyman Beecher, "who feel their captivity, who clank their chains in anguish of spirit and cry for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf of perdition opens before them they recoil, and tremble, and weep, and pray, and resolve, and promise, and reform; but seek the enslaver yet again. They place themselves in the hands of a giant who never releases them and never relaxes his grasp."

Hear the testimony of one such: "For seven years," says John A. Gough, "I was a slave, a poor, whipped, branded slave, wandering over God's beautiful earth like an unblest spirit; digging deep wells in the burning desert to quench my thirst, and bring-

ing up hot, dry sand; steeped to the lips in poverty, wretchedness, misery, want, and woe. . . . I was so weak that the livery of my master had become like a garment of burning poison; yet I hugged it to me. I was so weak that the living corpse of drunkenness was bound to my body by thongs which I felt I could not sever; it was a horrible putrifying mass, foot to foot, hand to hand, heart to heart, one beating with life, the other rotting with putrefaction." God only knows how many such a victim of intemperance is crying out in the anguish of his soul, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The career of the drunkard is strikingly illustrated by an incident which took place some years ago on the Niagara River. A poor Indian, in a drunken condition, lay down to sleep in his bark canoe, which was moored to the bank some distance above the Falls. The rippling of the water against its prow loosened the moorings, and the fragile vessel glided imperceptibly down the stream. The people on the shore strove by shouts and firing of guns to arouse the sleeper; but in vain. He was presently within the terrible sweep of the cataract. The tossing of his little bark by the rapids aroused him to consciousness. The foaming billows roared around him like maddened wolves howling for their prey. He was wide-awake in a moment, and sobered in another by his terrible danger. It was the very crisis of fate. Seizing his paddle he made frantic efforts to stem the fearful torrent; but all his efforts were in vain. At length, with the characteristic stoicism of his race, he folded his arms and calmly sang his death-song, though borne with arrowy swiftness to his fate. At length, when just upon the verge of the river's awful plunge, he rose erect, wildly waved his arms and, with a fearful shriek, was swallowed up in the abyss forever.

In like manner the moderate drinker glides unconsciously down the stream of habit, unaware of his danger, deaf to all the remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, till he is already rocked by the billows of death. When he does awake to a sense of his danger, it is often only to feel that he is already in the power of a resistless habit, and that no efforts of his enfeebled will can stem its terrible torrent. Often, with the recklessness

of despair, he chants his mis-timed bacchanalian songs in the awful presence of death, and is suddenly swallowed up in the abyss of perdition.

An example of the enslaving influence of strong drink is brought painfully before our mind as we write. A gentleman of high position, classical education, and remarkable ability, has been for weeks on a drinking bout--the repetition of excesses but too frequent for years. Social indulgence in wine begot the insatiable appetite which tyrannizes over him. It has dragged him down from his official position in the Christian Church, imbruted and degraded his essentially noble nature, and changed the once tender and loving husband and father, when under the influence of liquor, to a human fiend, from whose presence wife and child flee cowering away. In the intervals of his dissipation he deplores with shame and humiliation his fatal fall; and resolves, and re-resolves to taste no more the accursed draught. But in the presence of temptation, and under bodily depression, his resolutions melt as flax is consumed in a glowing flame, and he plunges madly into an orgie of drunkenness. No prayers will move him, no restraints prevent his vicious indulgence.

"If hell were yawning before me," he said to the writer on one of these occasions, "I'd have liquor." With trembling hand he has recorded, in the name of God and on the sacred Gospel, his fixed resolve to dash the fatal cup aside forever, and an hour after was raving and blaspheming about the house, and unless overpowered would burst, half dressed, into the street, even on the Sabbath-day, in the mad quest for liquor. His noble wife watches unweariedly for days beside his drunken slumbers, yet strives to hide his faults, and, woman-like, loves on in spite of all. Nor is this an extreme or uncommon case. Who is there who knows not some such? The note-books of every Christian minister, of every physician, parochial visitor, and police magistrate, are filled with such tales of degradation, misery, and wrong. In our own pastoral experience we have found numerous instances of wretchedness and woe of a most soul-harrowing description, caused by that prolific mother of sorrows, Intemperance. In one case a church member became, through the habit of tippling, addicted to drinking, and attempted to destroy himself with

poison: In another, a once pious man, involved in the toils of drunkenness, promised, with all the solemnity of an oath, to refrain from liquor, which promise was consecrated by the reading of God's Word and prayer. In a week his wife had to snatch from his hand a brandished weapon, raised to take her life. In another, a consistent church member, whose voice was often and fervently raised in prayer, became a drunkard in consequence of the prescription of porter by a physician. We have seen the daughter's cheek crimson with shame, the son's form quiver with indignation, the wife's eyes fill with tears, at the degradation of the father and husband. We have seen a charming family overwhelmed with anguish at the outrageous conduct of its head. We have known the son compelled to bind the father with ropes to prevent his injuring himself or others.

One day a man sought our intercession for his wife's return to her desolated home, from which she was compelled to fly on account of his cruelty. Bruised and beaten and discoloured as she was, she resolved to return. But the doctor ordered a single gill of whisky a day for the man's disordered nerves—you might as well offer a single sprat to a whale—and in a few days that family was again scattered, and the wife and babes fugitives from their own roof-tree. We are happy to state that in this case the victim of intemperance burst from the toils that bound him, found the single gill a day not only unnecessary but injurious, and became a member of a Christian church.

All these examples occurred in a comparatively limited experience, and in a short space of time. And such cases might be multiplied indefinitely. The Christian minister finds nothing which so mars his toil and frustrates his efforts as *this direful* curse. It not only confirms the ungodly in their wickedness, but draws away even the undoubtedly pious till they fall to rise no more. There is burned into our very soul every day a deeper sense of the appalling evils of those social usages which lead to such terrible results.

These usages have been so interwoven with every act of life as to form part of its very fibre, and have been thought essential to the very constitution of society. At the domestic hearth, at the festive board, at the social gathering; in the fields of toil,

in the factory, at the forge and in the mine; at births, at christenings, at marriages, and at funerals they exert their fatal fascination and their fearful power. They have been incorporated into the entire economy of life. The deadly upas of intemperance extends its ramifications throughout the entire community. Its boughs, wide-spreading, overshadow with their baleful influence almost every home. Its roots penetrate every stratum of society, and derive nourishment from many of the common usages of the day. The praises of wine have been sung by poets, and divines have endeavoured to consecrate its use with the sanctions of Holy Scripture. The very association of the indulgence in wine with occasions of festivity and rejoicing—the birthday, the Christmas and New Year's party, with the game of snapdragon, and the plum-pudding enveloped in the blaze of burning spirits—all tend to invest the usage, in the eyes of childhood, with the halo of romance and the sanctions of venerated authority. Often the cup of wine is sweetened by a mother's kiss, and the chalice of death is proffered by a father's hand. Oh, what seeds of bitterness they sow, to bring forth a harvest of remorse in after years. "Strong drink has been my ruin," said a poor, lost girl upon her dying bed; "and, mother, it was you who taught me to drink." "Father, the brand of a felon is upon me," said a wretched felon in his last interview with his agonized parent, "and you affixed it there."

Oh! the cruel kindness of those parents who indulge their children in the luxury of liquors as a special mark of tenderness and love. We have known the wine and cake carried up nightly by a doting mother to her student son, till the appetite was acquired that proved his ruin. We have seen the aged father striving to lead home his drunken boy, whose first glass was poured by that father's hand. We have seen that father's grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave by the unfilial conduct of that son, yet to the last he persisted in setting him the fatal example of using that which had proved his bane. We have known the brilliant college graduate first become intoxicated at the table of the learned professor from whose lips he acquired the varied lore which gave him such distinction.

Thus, even the exercise of hospitality, as though that virtue

were "soluble only in alcohol," becomes a means of temptation, and the pledge of friendship or the gage of love is transmuted to a deadly curse. Even the spell of woman's influence, the witchery of her wiles, the fascination of her beauty, and the magic talisman of her affection, often become the subtle temptations to the formation and strengthening of this habit. Often by banter and ridicule, or from sheer caprice and imperiousness, a gay and giddy girl will become the temptress to perdition of one whom she loves, by inducing him to partake of the seductive glass, only to rue in bitterness of soul the moral wreck that she has wrought.

Elibu Burritt, of the many-linguaged head and large, loving heart, narrates the fall of a young man who had been reclaimed from a career of dissipation. He was the guest of a pious uncle, and the returning prodigal was welcomed by his fair cousins with the warmest affection and kindest congratulation. Wine was on the dinner table. He was challenged to drink with his kind hostess. He hesitated; he flushed and then turned pale; he knew his weakness and the force of the temptation. He looked at his pious uncle, as if for help. Alas! at that moment his uncle was raising his wine-glass to his lips. The young man's resolution wavered. He lifted his glass. He quaffed its contents. The spell was broken. Like the tiger that has tasted blood the old appetite was roused. The slumbering demon awoke with tenfold energy. The reckless youth rushed away, and madly drank and drank again, till he went down swift to a drunkard's grave, and—ah! sad thought!—to a drunkard's hell.

Will God hold them guiltless who led this young man astray? Hath He not pronounced a curse on him who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips? And will not that curse reach its object as well in the parlour of the millionaire as behind the bar of the low saloon? Expose such an one if you will to the temptations of the saloon, the tavern, the vile haunts of sin and shame. There he will be on his guard. There he will be comparatively safe. But plant a sentry at that pious uncle's door. Place there a triple guard. To whatever other dangers you expose him, save him, oh! save him from the captivating smiles of his fair friends. Expose him rather to the fierce assaults of malignant fiends. That were less danger far.

We have in our mind at this moment an old schoolfellow, who ran a brief career of dissipation and early sank into a drunkard's grave. He first became intoxicated in consequence of a round of New Year's calls upon his lady friends, where wine was almost invariably offered by the followers of fashion.

The writer, though not old, as he looks back on the companions of his boyhood, recalls many of the most brilliant promise who fill to-day a drunkard's grave—one by his own hand, another by tragic accident—and others are on the way to the same fearful doom.

On another interesting occasion, too, wine is frequently thought absolutely indispensable, viz.: the first visits received by brides after their marriage. Ah! how many a fond, young wife, in complying with this silly custom, has proved a new Eve, introducing the apple of discord and the curse of bitterness into what might otherwise have been a blessed Eden in this wilderness-world.

This habit exercises its fatal fascination over the most gifted souls and noble intellects of the race. Its victims are not generally the stolid and phlegmatic, but the man of quivering nerves and fine-strung organization. Byron, Burns, Mozart, Poe, and Hartley Coleridge, are examples of brilliant genius that briefly blazed, stimulated by alcoholic liquor, and all too soon went out in blackness of darkness. Sadder than the saddest of his own weird, wild tales, is that of the life of Edgar Allan Poe, the most brilliant poet America ever produced. His whole career was a dark and fearful tragedy. He was banished from school, from college, from his patron's house, and from the army, for drinking. After breaking the heart and hastening the death of his young and loving wife, he became engaged to one of the most accomplished women of New England; but, in consequence of his outrageous drunkenness in her presence, the engagement was broken off. He formed an attachment for a lady in Baltimore, and went thither for their marriage. He met some boon companions, who greeted and pledged him. He drank, and drank, and drank again, forgetting everything in the embrace of the sensual fiend that wrought his ruin. After a night of furious debauch, he was found wallowing in the gutter, was carried to the hospital and amid the horrors of delirium tremens, that gifted man expired.

He might have soared to the realms of light,
But he built his nest with the birds of night.

Listen to the remorseful complaint of Scotland's peasant bard. "Can you minister to a mind diseased?" writes Burns to his friend Ainslie. "Can you, amid the horrors of penitence, regret, remorse, headache, nausea, and all the rest of the hounds of hell that beset a poor wretch who has been guilty of the sin of drunkenness, can you speak peace to a troubled soul? *Miserable perdu* that I am! I sit a monument of the vengeance laid up in store for the wicked . . . and my sins come staring me in the face, every one telling a more bitter tale than his fellow."

Hear the solemn remonstrance of another victim of the habit, the poor lost "Elia," the gentle, loving Charles Lamb: "The waters have gone over me. But out of the depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of the first wine is delicious as some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget the time when it was otherwise; to bear about the hideous spectacle of his own ruin; could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly, and with feebler outcry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

Coleridge, speaking of the strength of a similar habit, exclaims "For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable the sense of my danger staring me in the face, the consciousness of my *guilt* worse than all, I have prayed with drops of agony trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. . . . I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly."

FOOLISH DICK, THE CORNISH CRIPPLE.

BY S. W. C.

OF all the remarkable characters that Cornwall has produced it would be difficult to find one so extraordinary in many ways as RICHARD HAMPTON, or, as he was known through the county for years, and is still widely remembered, *Foolish Dick*. Passing along the valley that runs from Redruth to the sea some fifteen or twenty years ago, we should have been very likely to meet with a man whose appearance would have at once excited our curiosity. A short, thick, heavy man with his loose heavy clothes hanging about him in slovenly fashion; a large weather-beaten hat, set down deep on his head; a gait as awkward as the figure, something between a roll and a shuffle, carrying the short thick legs over the ground.

But if, on coming near to him, we begin to talk, and especially if he should lift his hat from his head, we should feel that this man was not to be passed as a fool. A massive head and face, with a forehead broad and high; shaggy eyebrows, and beneath them an unaccountably strange pair of eyes, that corresponded well with the singular mind; one had a twist, so that you were never sure whether it looked at you or not, but the twist added considerably to the droll humour and sly fun which it expressed, and added, too, in graver moments, to the solemnity and power with which he spoke. This was "Foolish Dick"—with enough of the fool about him to be the ridicule of village boys, but with a quiet humour, with a marvellous memory that seemed never to forget a single incident of any day, and with a power of calculation that was as rapid as it was accurate.

Dick's account of his father is touching in its quaint simplicity. The brogue is here West Cornish:

"My faather's naame was John Hampton. He was a pooar man, an' wurked under groun' aall hes life. 'Twas some time ere he begun to sarve the Lord weth aall hes hart, I reck'n. While he was harty, an' had nothin' the matter wed'n, he kept back, an' wud'n gev up to God; but he liked to hear the

praichers, and thoft (thought) much of 'em. I used to see un go away, when he cud, in a quiet plaace to pray. Tho', when hes cumraades (comrades) got hould ov un, aall the good was drawve out of hes mind. He went on like thes, to an' agen, like the door on hes henges, haaltin' 'tween two openyuns (opinions). At laast he was brock down weth haard levvin' an' wurkin' in the wets an' damp; and, weth another world afore un, he gove up hes hart to the Sperrit's grace, I b'lieve he ded. It was in the 'eer 1796 that Cap'n Garland put on a class-mittin' in our plaace. Faather went, an', as Maaster Garland was gevvin' out the hemn, faather stoppt un, an', says he, 'Say ut ovver agen, ef you please; that's my feelin'.' Thaise was the words:—

'Give me my sins to feel,
And then my load remove;
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.'

Soon arter that he took to hes bed. The night afore he died he caaled aall our family to un,—muther, fower sons, an' waun daughter,—an' tould 'em to be kind to waun anuther, to lev in paice, an' every waun to be dootiful to muther. Then he prayed, and gove hes sawl to God; an', for the laast time, said to aall of us, 'I wish 'ee well,' and depaarted in paice."

Dick was born in April, 1782, "a braave healthy cheeld," but in infancy "he was took weth fits," which left him for some years, it would seem, almost an idiot. The poverty of his parents, the ridicule of the village boys, and the prospect of his burdening his friends helplessly all his life, made those early years empty of all childish joy and happy memories. Still he managed to get to school for seven months, and then, as he says, "my edication was fenished; . . . but when I got hum I gove myself to raidin', and kept on keepin' on tell I cud raid a chaapter in the Testament or Bible." And all the days of his life Dick blest God for that bit of learning. That reading of the Bible, doubtless, had much to do with the deep religious impressions that came upon him early in life. Rough times of it the poor lad had at the mines amongst the lads there. And at the class-meeting which he had joined, they "cud'n look 'pon me as waun of 'em like . . . and I gove up the mittin'." But a more comfortable

home with a farmer gave him the opportunity that he had needed, gave him the kindly encouragement, too, and when about eighteen, Dick says, "my sawl clinged to God an' Hes people."

There is a beautiful little story, to which Mr. Christophers alludes, that is told in the neighbourhood, of the way in which Dick was led to find the Saviour. We give it as we have often heard it in the West. That one evening Dick was on his way to the village well, bearing the pitchers to be filled with water, when a neighbour said kindly,

"Good evening, Dick; are 'e goin' to the well, then, for some water?"

"Iss, measter," said Dick.

"Ah! well, Dick, you know theare was once a woman that found the Lord Jesus to (at) the well."

"Aw, ded she sure 'nough!" Dick replied, going on his way.

But as Dick went he turned it over again and again, "Found Jesus to the well," he said. And having got there, he put down the pitchers and thought he would wait to see if Jesus would pass along again. He looked up and down, but no one came. After awhile he began to think that was a good woman that the Lord Jesus came to, no doubt. And he was not fit for the Lord to come to him. But the Lord would have him pray, and perhaps pity him, and come though he was not so good. He knelt at the well in prayer, beseeching the Lord to come to him. And as he prayed the Holy Spirit gave him the light in which, indeed, to see Jesus, and he sprung to his feet in joyful assurance that Christ was his. Such is the story we have heard, and it is not contradicted by the account Dick gives of the "whoal salvashun, salvashun to the uttermoast," that he describes as coming to him afterwards. "Aall my feears waalked off clain; my sawl was aall fresh an' noo, I was happy sure 'nough! Jesus was so butaful to me, I was full ov love to He an' every waun Nevver ded a thusty man long for cleear spring waater moare than I ded for the next class-nittin'. My sawl waanted to powr foath the rapshur I felt." Dick had found out the want of a class-meeting—and as long as men feel what he felt, nobody need fear for the class-meeting.

Mentally unfitted for almost all work, Dick had still many

hardships to put up with. What could be done with the man who set to weed a bed of radishes or onions, and after working with incessant toil, stretches his stiff back, and turns the twisted eye upon the bed in triumph: "Theere, now, I've done un butaful, I've weeded un clain!" So he had; for not a trace was left of either weeds, or radishes, or anything else! As a messenger in the employ of his friend, Mr. Garland, Dick found an easier and pleasant life. And many of the flashes of humour that are told in the neighbourhood occurred at this time. His remarkable knowledge of Scripture was very frequently turned to good account. A story is told of a gentleman meeting him one day, and saying, "Dick, they tell me you know a good deal of the Bible; go home, and look in the fourth chapter of Habakkuk and you will find a passage that will do for a text for you: the words are, 'Rise up, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!'"

Dick's reply was splendid. It was ready at once, and sent straight home:—

"No, maaster, I doan't b'lieve that they words are in the Bible; and there es no moare than three chapters in Habakkuk, nuther; but I d' knaw that in the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation you'll find thaise words, 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this Book.' You'll fin thaat theree."

Very capital, too, was the way in which he got a dinner, when having walked a long way on an errand, he arrived at the "count-house" as the managers of the mine were having their dinner; the dish was a shoulder of mutton. Dick sat longing in silence for some time, but at last hunger gnawed its way out.

"Cap'n Tom," said Dick, "do 'ee knaw what Samuel towld the cook to do for Saul?"

"No, Dick; what was it?"

"Why, 'Samuel said unto the cook, Bring the portion which I gave thee; . . . and the cook took up the shoulder, and that which was upon it, and set it before Saul. And Samuel said, Behold that which is left! set it before thee, and eat.'" (1 Samuel ix. 23, 24.)

There was no resisting that, so the shoulder was set before the hungry messenger.

How Dick grew in grace, and was preparing for the work that God should call him to do, he himself records:—

“At the time I was converted noane of my brothers was reledju., an’ I cud’n go into my closet in my awn hum and shut the door. But I found a plaace. I went out ’pon the downs, an’ digged out a caave in the side of a smaal hill like, and there I cud git in an’ out of the world weth my Bible and hemn-book, an’ wait ’pon God in paice an’ quiet. Iss, theree I used to go, an’ in dead of wenter I wud taake a showl (shovel) and showl away the snaw from the mouth of my little caave, to git into my deear retrait. Theree I have had sweet uneyon an’ communeyon weth my Hevvenly Faather, and theree I have renewed my strength for the way, an’ got pow’r an’ graace to do my work an’ to suffer my Saaviour’s will.”

And then, made ready for the Lord’s work, having that best of all gifts—a heart filled with love to Jesus; and having that truest ordination—the promptings within him of the Holy Ghost to witness for his Lord, the opportunity soon came, but in a most singular way:—

“I was thirty ’eers of aage, when aall at waunce, in a way that I ded’n ever look for, I was fo’ced out to caal sinners to repentance.” He had gone to Redruth on an errand for his employer. A girl, who was cleaning a window near to which Dick was standing, made some remark on his appearance. That seems to have led on a set of rough boys who got about him, and by their laughing and noise, a mob was soon gathered. They went from ridicule to abuse, and began to push him about; they knocked off his hat and jostled him to and fro, until Dick found himself close beside a meat-stand in the market-place. Afraid that he would be trampled under foot, he got up on the stall and sat down, with the rough crowd laughing about him.

“Then, I felt my sawl all a-fire weth love for everybody theree, and sprengin’ to my feet, I begun to ex’ort, and then took to pray.” Here was not only Dick’s refuge but his strength, too. His prayers were irresistible. And standing there, bareheaded, with closed eyes and uplifted face, praying with simple confidence and mighty fervour to his Father in Heaven, little wonder that an awe fell upon them, and they who took him for a fool a

minute before, now wondered what manner of man this could be. Many an eye was filled with tears, and many a hard heart felt the presence of God as Dick prayed. And as he ceased the crowd stood with a breathless silence. "Aw, what a plaace et was—'twas 'the house of God' sure 'nough! My sawl was so happy! everybody wud cum foath simmin to shaw how kind they cud be. They got my hat for me agen, and some of 'em wud gev me money ef I wud taake ut; but no, 'twas'n silver or gowld that I looked for. I was happy and full of love, and in that staate I went back hum."

So Dick began to preach; and such a good beginning encouraged further efforts. Of course not a few religious folk set themselves against this preaching, and grieved Dick's mind by many unkind things. "What could the Lord do with such a poor fool as he was, with his ungainly ways and coarse, homely speech?" But Dick felt that he had been thus thrust out into this work, and went home to pray and wait. And no philosopher ever settled the matter more wisely. "The Lord gove me strength to g. where He awpened a plaace for me, and when the people was maade ready He drawve me foath." And from that time "Uncle Richard," as they began to call him in his native place, after the Cornish custom—"foolish Dick" as he was called elsewhere—became one of the most noted preachers in the county. Opposition could not stand before the simplicity, the earnestness, and the success of his services; and prejudice was generally silenced and destroyed, for men felt that his Master was with him. Not only in his own county, but into Devon also he went, preaching with the same power, and with the same success.

As an instance of the strange power that lay underneath that singular appearance, Mr. Christophers relates a story of his travelling in a van—a thing indescribable, and only Cornish. His fellow-passengers thought this odd traveller a fair butt for their jokes. "Sir," said one, "pray are you a tinker?" "Sir," inquired another, "are you a shoemaker?" Dick, meanwhile, was singing a hymn to himself, scarcely noticing their questions. "What is your calling?" asked a third. He looked round upon them, and with a ringing voice he cried,—

"My caaling is to caal sinners to repentance! 'Repent ye,

therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.'"

The word rang through their souls, and an awe crept over them that kept them in silence for the rest of the journey. Dick's "calling" was manifest in their consciences, and one traveller, if not more, was led to repentance by the words.

So for many years Foolish Dick continued his rounds of usefulness. His power in prayer melted his congregation, and prepared the way for a sermon, homely, quaint, often striking, always good; and not unfrequently overwhelming as he thundered out the descriptions of the Judgment Day, and the terrors of the world to come. Very many were led to decision for God by his appeals, and he had good reason to sing, as he rolled and rocked himself to and fro.—

" All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,

By the least of His servants, His savour of grace."

It is a pleasant picture that of "Uncle Dick" in his old age sitting on the leafy bench outside the old cracked cottage which he refused to leave, sitting there in the summer's sunshine as early as three and four o'clock in the morning, with his Bible and hymn-book on his knee. The kindness of friends supplied his few wants, and filled his heart with an abundant contentment and gratitude. He died in the spring of the year 1858. Going slowly up a hill toward the house of a niece, the old man paused, leaning on the top of his staff, and there fell asleep. Waking up, he made an effort to go further, but fell in extreme weakness. Friends took him to the cottage, and there, the next morning in his sleep, he passed away, and woke up singing in the Father's House.

So much could a man of so little talent do when he had given himself entirely to the Lord. Reader, you can do much for Him, and He has made you for Himself, and given you every gift for His service. Yield yourself to Him; live, pray, and work for Him, and it shall be no more in vain than was the life of Foolish Dick.

NOTES OF TRAVEL—CHESTER.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

THESE jottings are begun in one of the recesses, such as occur at intervals, on the walls of the old city of Chester, England. To this place I ran out from Liverpool this morning (June, 1876), passing many points of interest *en route*, notably some of Cromwell's "playthings"—castles which came in his way and were demolished by him—the ruins of which yet remain. The history of Chester is co-eval with that of the empire. The walls bear marks of Roman origin. These walls are preserved in their entire circuit, but the growth of the city has long since overrun and now extends far beyond them. Below me are the queer, narrow, winding streets of olden time. Measuring one of the flagged sidewalks, I found it had a breadth, at the point of examination taken, of just *eighteen inches*. Fronting me is a row of tenements which look to be some centuries old—gable-roofed, three-storied, each story projecting past the one below it, heavily timbered. These timbers are exposed to the weather, flush with the rude brickwork, black with age, and bear marks of antique carving. Here is some modern lettering. A central beam in the row of houses divides the initials S. O. P. from S. M. P., which, on inquiring, I found separates the Parish of St. Olives' from that of St. Michael's, a geographical arrangement happily unknown in Canada.

Leaving the walls, I am piloted to a building once occupied by Sir Joshua Gamul, who, while mayor of the city, is said to have entertained King Charles I. This was during the memorable siege of Chester by the Parliamentary troops, in 1645, at which time the king witnessed from the top of the Phoenix tower and the leads of the cathedral the fatal battle at Rowton Moor. What a whiff of antiquity comes from this room as its door opens for our admission. It is a lofty apartment with arched ceiling, and a fireplace with finely carved mantle, having a capacity of perhaps nine feet of depth by eleven of breadth. What rousing fires of English oak and beech have snapped and crackled on this

hearth, and flamed and roared up this capacious chimney in days of the past. At present the spacious apartment is put to the humble service of accommodating a Dame's school.

In one of the business streets I stop in front of a gable bearing the inscription, "God's Providence is mine inheritance." The legend of this house is that it was the only dwelling in Chester whose inmates escaped the ravages of the great plague. Here is another sharp gable showing very rude carvings, among which may be deciphered the date, "1003." Passing into the church of St. Peter's, I walk its aisles paved with tombstones, under which lie the dead of other centuries. On its walls are monumental slabs of quaint device. One of them bears date 1671, and is supported by a ghastly skull and dragon's wings. All about are the niches where, in pre-Reformation times, stood the images of saints and virgin. In the vestry is an oaken slab which records that

Raphe Davies and Ellis Lewys were churchwardens from ye 16th day of Aprell, Ano. 1637, to ye 12th day of Aprell, 1640; in which tyme the east end of this church and ye south side thereof from ye window were re-edified; The roof almost all new leaded; most of ye pewes were made new; all ye rest amended and all ye iles flagged.

The cathedral being under repairs is not open at present to the public, but I have effected a smuggled entrance. A noble building it is, but not claiming the interest of old St. John's Church, to which I move on. The grand old ruin (St. John's) was, in its day, the cathedral church of Chester. Its walls are blackened by time, its stones worn smooth, and its sharp angles rounded by the action of the weather. Yew trees are growing in its recesses, wallflowers spring from its sides, ivy, lilac, hawthorn, and elder start from its crevices. I sit down amidst broken tombstones; birds fly screaming from its venerable tower, all around me is hoary with age. The remains of this old church are amongst the finest examples to be found of the early Norman architecture. The original structure claims to have been founded by Ethelred, A. D. 689. It was rebuilt in 1057. Amongst the curiosities of the place are a number of stone lids of sarcophagi, flat on the lower side but with a bold relief of sculpturing on the upper side. Here is one with a representation, life-size, of a priest in

full canonicals, the next to it has the figure of a woman with folded arms rising from her tomb, with the date affixed of "1347." Older than either of these is another slab bearing the effigy of a Knight Templar, dating back certainly to the twelfth century. In the crypt of St. John's are a number of Saxon carvings, lately exhumed, and accepted as relics of the church of Ethelred's time. Here, too, has been uncovered what is left of an old winding stone stairway, part of the original structure, by which the monks of those times—this was then a collegiate church—passed up to their "rodelofte." The fraternity domiciled within these precincts is reported to have mustered, in its heyday of prosperity, four hundred strong. It does not take a large stretch of imagination to people these "boundaries" with the living forms and bustling activities of that period. The atmosphere is heavy with the associations of the past, vocal with its memories;

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !
Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damps
Of this vast plain where Death encamps !

I would recommend all visitors to England from the newer western world to give at least a day to Chester. It will repay, indeed, a much longer examination. There is a spell upon your spirit in passing, as you do, bewildered and with an almost helpless feeling in and out amongst its endless angles and turns, to be surprised by yet another opening just beyond you into some narrow lane or court, kept scrupulously clean, paved with cobblestones, and lined with just such tenements as might have been the birthplace of John Bunyan and his father and grandfather before him. Low doorsteps, tiled floors, diminutive windows with tiny panes in leaden settings, uneven roofs covered with thick slates imbedded in mortar. In some of the principal business streets of this old city are covered ways by which you can pass the whole length of the thoroughfare secure against all the contingencies of weather. These are known in local parlance as "Rows." You ascend to them from the level of the street by flights of stone steps placed at convenient distances. They claim

to be the only thing of the kind left in any of the old centres of the kingdom. An examination of Chester is not complete without a run to Trinity Church, in the graveyard of which lie the remains of Matthew Henry, the commentator. The view from the castle is fine, the river Dee at its base, a handsome bridge spanning its waters, the rocks on the other side, a pretty stretch of country beyond, and the Welsh mountains in the distance. But how shall I speak of the soft touches and gentle lines and shades of landscape scenery in this fair country at this its fairest season. The well-kept roads, sweeping, curving, undulating. The trim hedges on either side scenting the air with the blossom of hawthorn, to be succeeded by that of the elder and wild rose. The modest winn—something like our Canadian juniper—running its furzy branches, covered with a tiny yellow flower, over the low stoue fence. Ivy, in rich and heavy folds, draping the end or sides of some farm steading, flush with the public roadway. Dense tree foliage, rounding, drooping, soft as velvet to the eye and as rich. Glinting sunlight touching the sweet green of park, or lawn, or meadow, or mossy bank, at an angle of perfect pleasantness. Gnarled trunks of England's royal oak, or weatherworn antique finger-posts bearing such quaint appellatives as, "Ulleskelf," "Ossett-cum-Gawthorpe," "Abbey-Holme," "Hucknall Torkard," "Broughton-in-Fens," or "Havening-atte-Bower." The charm of all this upon the spirit of a stranger from a young country like Canada must be felt to be understood.

THE FUTURE.

"THE tissue of the life to be
 We weave with colours all our own,
 And in the fields 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 reappear."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

BY H. W. S.

THE entering on the higher Christian life is like the step out of the seventh of Romans into the eighth. The seventh is the wilderness experience; the eighth is the experience in the land of promise. And God means this land for us to take up our abode in, and not merely for us to visit occasionally.

I was once expounding the seventh and eighth of Romans to a class of coloured Bible women, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant, as I supposed, in their heads. It was before I had learned this blessed secret I have been trying to tell you, and what I said I cannot possibly imagine now, but it was certainly something very different from my present position. After I had been talking quite eloquently for a while, an old coloured woman interrupted me with,—

“Why, honey, ’pears like you don’t understand them chapters.”

“Why not, auntie?” I asked. “What is the matter with my explanation?”

“Why, honey,” she said, “you talks as if we were to live in that miserable seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth!”

“Well,” I answered, “that is just what I do think. Don’t you?”

“Laws, honey,” she exclaimed, with a look of intense pity for my ignorance, “why, I lives in the eighth.”

I knew it was true, for I had often wondered at the holiness of her lowly life, and for a moment I was utterly bewildered. But then I thought, “Oh! it is because she is coloured and poor that God has given her such a grand experience to make up.” And I almost began to wish I was coloured and poor, that I also might have the same experience. But, I rejoice to say to you to-day, that even if you are white and not poor you may yet know what it is to abide in Christ, and to rejoice in all the blessedness of such abiding.

The necessary steps are very simple. First, be convinced from

the Scriptures that it is really in accordance with the will of God. Nothing can be done without this. Then yield yourselves and all your affairs up into the hands of the Lord, to have His holy will done in everything. Then believe that He takes you, and that He undertakes to keep, and save, and deliver you. And, finally, trust Him. It is all hidden in these two little words, trust Jesus. When you have reached the point where you can really trust Him with everything and for everything, you have reached the land of rest. But remember that trust and worry do not go together. If you worry, you do not trust. If you trust you will not worry. Let me entreat of you, dear friends, to trust Jesus. Perfect trust in Jesus will bring the soul out of every difficulty that ever was thought of. Trust in Jesus will carry you along triumphantly through every step of your Christian experience; will save you from going into the wilderness if you are not there; will bring you out if you are; will take you into the land of promise and cause you to abide there continually, and will make you more than conquerors over all the enemies you may meet. If I were about to speak my last word to you forever it would be only this—trust Jesus!

MAY.

FORTH from her lattice, like a cloistered nun,
 Sweet May hath coyly looked at matin hour,
 And hung a rainbow in the misty shower;
 Now hath she doffed her hood of cloudy dun,
 And children, wild with glee, to meet her run
 From many a rustic cot; age, tottering slow,
 Feels her fresh breath, and thinks of long ago;
 The pallid invalid in noon's warm sun
 To latticed porch is drawn. O rapturous thrill
 When quickening life the languid pulses fill!
 Joy, weary one! the flowers are springing sweet
 'Mongst velvet verdure; song and sunshine chase
 Earth's gloom, and soon shalt thou come forth to trace
 The goodness of thy God, and worship at His feet.

—M. T.

EDITORIAL.

OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

THE subject of higher education is one of great national importance. Its intimate connection with the prosperity of our country, in one of its most important aspects, is unquestionable. Mere increase in wealth, in population, in development of material resources, is not the truest standard of admeasurement of national progress. There are elements of national life and prosperity which cannot be estimated by these means. The true greatness of our country depends more upon moral and intellectual, than upon purely material causes. In a new country like this, where the rewards of industrial labour are so great and so immediate, the claims of intellectual discipline and higher culture are in danger of being crowded aside by the inducements and rewards of business. They should, therefore, be the more carefully kept in view and more urgently impressed upon public attention.

The Methodist Church in these provinces, while devoting her energies chiefly to the moral and religious welfare of the people, has not been unmindful of their intellectual necessities. At a very early date, when the chief institution of learning in the country was in the hands of a dominant Church, which closed the halls of that institution, richly endowed from the public lands of the province as it was, to all except the adherents of that Church. At that time the fathers of Canadian Methodism, by voluntary contributions from their scanty incomes, established a University upon a broad and unsectarian basis, for the higher education of those who, by conscientious scruples, were excluded from the state-endowed institution. For many years this University, established and maintained by the liberality of the Methodist people of Canada, has been doing a large share of the higher educational work of the country. Her graduates and ex-students will be found to-day occupying many of the foremost positions in professional and mercantile life.

For a series of years the equitable claims of this institution, and of others subsequently but similarly organized, for aid from the public funds of the province were recognised, and an annual subsidy was granted to assist in its important and unsectarian work. That aid, however, was at length withdrawn, since which time the Victoria University has been maintained, not merely with unabated, but with increased vigour, by the generous liberality of its friends and patrons. During all this time the University of our Church has been carrying on the work of higher education with an efficiency and success unsurpassed by any institution in the country, and never was its usefulness more marked, its claims upon the sympathy and support of our people greater, nor its prospects of permanent success brighter than to-day.

The question of University consolidation is one that is attracting a good deal of attention at the present time. One of the ablest discussions of the subject is that in a pamphlet recently published by Belford Brothers, noticed in our last number. In that pamphlet the very equitable ground is taken that, in any scheme of University consolidation, those chartered institutions which have been doing valuable higher educational work should receive from the public funds of the province a suitable indemnification for the surrender of their charters and their affiliation with the provincial University. The question is thus argued by the writer referred to :

“To each of these colleges has been assigned, by the voluntary act of the Legislature, certain valuable rights, as well as a recognised legal status. Relying on the good faith of the Legislature in granting these powers and privileges, and trusting to their permanency while exercised in the same good faith, these colleges have secured sites and erected buildings without charge to the public treasury. In agreeing to suspend their charters these colleges surrender substantial rights, and forego their legal status as Universities. It does not require any demonstration to show that in doing these things each college not only voluntarily surrenders itself of important and influential functions, but also surrenders a potent source of influence, as a public institution, among its own adherents or friends. To ask any corporation to

thus voluntarily divest itself of its substantial character and functions, without some *quid pro quo*, would be unreasonable and unjust."

The value of the rights and privileges thus surrendered it is proposed to leave to the decision of an impartial commission. Among the conditions of receiving provincial aid the following are proposed :

" 1. That no grant be made to a college the invested capital in good securities of which did not amount to at least \$50,000, independent of buildings and equipment.

" 2. That these securities should be lodged, either in the hands of the Government, as Trustees of the endowment, or in the hands of trustees named jointly by the College and the Government.

" 3. That any grant made by the Legislature should not be paid over to the College, but remain entirely in the hands of the Government as trustees of the fund.

" 4. That the interest on the Legislative Subsidy be paid to the College half-yearly, but that it be withheld, should the College resume its charter, or should the College not be kept up efficiently in the arts department, and in buildings and equipment, according to stipulations agreed to by the College and the Government, and ratified by the Legislature."

It is not, of course, proposed, suggested, nor for a moment intended by the advocates of this scheme of consolidation, to touch one cent of the endowment of the provincial University; but to ask the Government to bring down some comprehensive measure for aiding those colleges which are doing the same sort of work as the provincial institution, and which shall comply with the prescribed conditions of affiliation. The Government makes liberal grants for railways, for colonization roads, and for other purposes. What better appropriation could be made of some of the wild lands of the province, for instance, or of a portion of its large surplus, than in making provision for the higher education of the people? Or is it thought that the endowment, in the infancy of the province, of a single institution, is to meet the educational wants of the country for all coming time. "Our Boys," as was eloquently remarked by a recent writer in

this Magazine, "are worth more than ten Pacific Railways." "*They are Canada,*" and they will well repay any reasonable expenditure on their intellectual development.

The Colleges and Universities under denominational control evidently meet a deeply-felt want in the community. The able pamphlet from which we have quoted justly remarks:

"Time and events have shown us for many years that, in this free country of ours, people will prefer sending their boys, at a critical and impressible age, to the care of persons in whose religious principles and faithful oversight they have confidence. Such people regard education without this influence and oversight dear at any price; and if the education of their children could only be obtained without these safeguards, they would never permit them to receive it.

"We must take things as they are; and we should accept the educational system in this matter. We cannot extinguish the outlying colleges. They will not die, as was prophesied and thought possible when the legislative grant was taken from them. It would be a calamity if they were extinguished, for they are sources and centres of intellectual light all over the province. They are, moreover, doing the state noble service, faithfully and efficiently, according to their ability, and for which the state pays nothing. So far, therefore, as they are disposed to promote the great object of our system of public instruction, we should accept their assistance and seek to give a national direction and value to their labours in the common work of uplifting our country to a high state of intellectual culture, refinement, and intelligence."

It is a demonstrated fact that these outlying colleges are a necessity of the country; and, at whatever cost, the religious denominations to which they owe their existence, sustained as they are by the general sentiment of the community, will continue to carry them on with undiminished vigour. How great soever the present struggles of our own University, for instance, may be, there is not the least doubt that it will, in time, like Yale, and Amherst, and Princeton, become great, and rich, and strong, a centre of religious and intellectual life and energy, that shall be to us as a denomination a tower of strength and cause of honest pride. That consummation may be retarded, but it cannot be prevented

by a churlishness of sentiment towards the outlying colleges on the part of the patrons of the richly endowed provincial University—a churlishness unworthy of the friends of higher education in its broadest diffusion in the country. If it is thought that this policy will starve those outlying colleges into inanition or extinction, there never was a greater mistake. And such a policy would be as ungenerous and unjust as mistaken. To refuse the equitable assistance and recognition of those colleges which through denominational liberality are collectively doing much more for the cause of higher education than the state-endowed university, and some of which have individually done for this cause as much as that institution, will be to estrange the sympathy of important sections of the community from the wealthy college, and, it may be, change into enemies some who would like to be its friends. The question resolves itself into one of public morality, honesty and justice toward those outlying colleges, and, in the long run, the right will prevail.

Our friends in the province of Nova Scotia are trying to solve the problem of University consolidation. We, in the West, shall watch with interest the result of their experiment, and shall endeavour to profit by their experience. The Methodism of the maritime provinces has long maintained a University at Sackville, New Brunswick, and in any consolidation scheme in that province it has strong claims for the recognition of the valuable services it has rendered the cause of higher education.

In the meantime, pending the settlement of this question, our duty as a Church is, as we have done in the past, to sustain in the highest degree of efficiency in our power the institutions of learning under our control. By the broad and liberal culture they impart they lay the whole country under obligation, and help to foster and develop those elements of national character which shall make Canada truly prosperous and great.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes;
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

—H. K. White.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

The friends of temperance throughout the Dominion have recently been encouraged by the success which has attended their efforts for the restriction, at least, if not the repression of the liquor traffic. A wonderful temperance revival has taken place throughout the country, and already in ten important counties the Dunkin Act has been carried, in many places by a very large majority and notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the "Licensed Victuallers" to prevent its passage. The very discussion which has attended this agitation has been of immense service to the cause of temperance. The time was when it was almost impossible to awaken any interest in this subject, or to get an audience at a temperance meeting. During these campaigns, however, night after night, churches and public halls have been crowded with eager and interested audiences. Many who never were at a temperance meeting before attended these discussions, and no few became convinced by the force of arguments which were to them a novel surprise. The utter weakness, and inconsequence, and selfishness of the arguments in favour of the liquor traffic were often their own best refutation. We had, ourselves, the pleasure, in association with the Editor of the *Guardian*, of taking part in the Dunkin campaign in the County of York. We were told by the spokesman of the Victuallers on that occasion, who boasted of taking his six glasses a day, that the tavern-keepers were much more useful members of society than the preachers, for what would the man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho have done if there had been no inn to take him to? The sanction of Christ was claimed for drinking, because at

Cana, when the guests were "jolly tight," He made some eighty gallons of much "stronger stuff" for the already drunken feasters. Such ribaldry, however, overshot its mark, and caused the disgust even of those opposed to prohibition. We are proud and thankful to know that our ministers and members, true to their traditional instincts and sympathies, have taken an active part in this campaign, and their efforts have been consecrated by faith and prayer, and gloriously crowned with success. Moral earnestness will, in the long run, always gain the victory over selfish greed.

JOHN WESLEY AND HIGH CHURCHISM.

There is a class of High Churchmen who claim John Wesley as belonging to the strictest of their sect, and who will persist in lecturing his followers as false to the principles which he held, because they have diverged so widely from the spirit of High Churchism and are entirely opposed to all sacramentarian theories. Some even dream of a possible reunion between the Church of England and Methodism, as did Dr. Pusey a few years ago, if the latter would only acknowledge her errors and return to the bosom of the mother Church. Others content themselves with pointing out the logical inconsistencies of Methodists, and their imagined departure from the principles of the founder of Methodism.

The Editor of the *Christian Guardian* has recently very effectively replied in the columns of the *Toronto Globe* to one of those diatribes against Methodism by an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ballard, who is said to owe very much to the Church which he now assails. We can only note one or

two points in this discussion, which, after the manner of Anglican controversy, largely turns upon historical data.

John Wesley, as everyone knows, as a son of the Church of England, continued to the close of his life to express a strong attachment to her venerable institutions and comely order, notwithstanding the harsh treatment he received at her hand— thrust out of her churches, and persecuted by mobs, not unfrequently instigated or led by her clergy.

"All Methodists frankly admit," Mr. Dewart remarks, "that on several occasions John Wesley very strongly expressed it as his judgment that it was better for the Methodists to remain connected with the English Church; but, on other occasions, he expressed strong doubts on this point, and always discussed the matter from the standpoint of expediency and probable usefulness rather than as a question of right. But, though Methodists cherish a high regard for Mr. Wesley's judgment in this or any matter where the facts were known to him, they do not regard him as an infallible pope, whose opinion on a matter of expediency, expressed a hundred years ago, they dare not criticise or reject. Those who in the providence of God succeeded Wesley in the direction of the affairs of the Methodist Connexion, claimed the same right to judge and decide as to the way in which they could best promote the glory of God and the success of the Agency with which they were identified, that Mr. Wesley claimed for himself in his day. It is surely no reproach to the religious movement called Methodism that it did not remain forever fixed and stereotyped, exactly as it happened to be at the time of Wesley's death—like the hands of a watch whose spring is broken. Yet this is what High Churchmen constantly intimate would have been the correct thing for a living Christian body to have done."

Mr. Dewart then takes up the his-

torical aspects of the question, and shows the practical Dissent of Wesley during his life and the real independence of Methodism as a Church after his death.

Mr. Ballard subsequently returns to the subject, and endeavours to show that Wesleyan ordination is invalid—that "a conference of lay preachers chose four of their number, who were lay preachers like themselves," for the ordination of the rest. Therefore the Wesleyan Church, lacking the true apostolic succession, through the scandalous popes and graceless bishops of the dark ages, is no Christian church at all. Hence, "in the great battle for truth their body shall disappear as it came, as have hundreds before them. For no body with such a history and resting on such a foundation can long stand in the great battle with evil. Sooner or later they must verify the truth of the passage, 'Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not lanted, shall be rooted up.'" Such is the charitable conclusion at which our Episcopalian critic arrives. Judging from the relative growth both in the Old World and the New of the favoured Church which is the depository of all this episcopal grace, and of the unfortunate pseudo-Church which, deprived of this priceless boon, has yet overrun a whole continent where a century ago its name was scarcely known, which has belted the world with its songs of praise and studded the darkness of heathendom with the blazing beacons of light and truth—the Methodist Church is in less danger of being "rooted up" than the venerable Establishment for which some of its injudicious friends claim such exclusive churchly validity.

Mr. Dewart has shown that the self-constituted censor of Methodism entirely misapprehends the very facts he cites as proof of the invalidity of Methodist ordination, and that Cranmer, Whitgift, Stillingfleet, and other great lights of the Anglican communion recognise the entire

validity of the mode of ordination without laying on of hands, previously observed for years, which he denounces as spurious.

But it is not by groping in the sepulchre of the dead past that the credentials of a true Church shall be found. It is the living spirit of the present, the zeal for God, the conversion of souls, the sanctification of believers—that is the attesting seal of a true Church. Though we could trace our lineage up to the Church before the Flood, it would avail us

naught if we have not the presence and power of God in our midst. And if we have that presence and power, though we were but of yesterday, yet shall we be like Mount Zion which cannot be moved. And should we be false to the grace which we have received, or to the traditions of our spiritual ancestry, God is able of the very stones to raise up spiritual children to establish His Church in the earth and to get to Himself a glorious name.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Punshon has gone to Italy on a visit to the mission churches, and during his stay will take part in the dedication of the Wesleyan church in the city of Rome, which is pronounced to be the most imposing structure in connection with Protestantism in that city.

The circuits in New Zealand have experienced a gracious visitation. Believers have been roused, idlers set to work, the entire agencies of the Church vitalised; while many belonging to other congregations have attended the special services, and having found peace with God have returned and joined their own communion. Such a numerical increase has never been realized in that colony in the same space of time.

In Africa a glorious work has been accomplished by means of some Kafir boys. A missionary writes,—“They commenced holding meetings among the people, in which they sing and pray and relate their experience of the power of Christ to save: exhorting their neighbours to repentance with such power that many have yielded. Two of the

leaders came to me one day with twenty-one young men and boys, who had been brought under conviction and wished to join the class. The elder people at first looked on amused, then softened into seriousness, and at last acknowledged that the hand of God was in the affair. The work still progresses. I have translated fifteen of Wesley's sermons into Kafir.”

The Committee on Lay Delegation have finished their labours, and recommend that the Ministerial Conference shall transact only such business as belongs to the pastorate; then a Mixed Conference consisting of two hundred and forty ministers and laymen each, shall be held for ten days, at the close of which the members of the legal hundred shall meet to ratify the proceedings. In this way, it is believed, the provisions of Mr. Wesley's Deed of Settlement are all complied with.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Haven has just returned from Liberia, Africa, where he presided at the Conference which was held at Monrovia. His letters, published in the *Christian Advocate*, are

very graphic, and give pleasing evidence that the Gospel is permeating the minds of the people of that colony.

Cape Mount, forty miles north of Monrovia, is soon to be occupied as a mission station. It is supposed to be largely free from the malaria which infests the greater part of the fatal west coast. Near it live the Vyes—a superior race of negroes who have formed for themselves a written alphabet—and several enlightened Mohammedan tribes, who are tolerably proficient in the Arabic tongue, and have thankfully received copies of the Scriptures printed in that language.

Bishop Andrews is making a tour on the continent of Europe, and holding the various Conferences there. He has already been in India, and Turkey, and Sweden, and while we write he is in Italy.

The Bishop, in writing from Bulgaria, says that the political condition of the country makes the work of the missionaries very difficult. The massacres, though at a great distance from the mission, have frightened the people. It is not safe to travel away from the great highways.

Methodism is one in spirit. Bishop Peck says he is in possession of evidence—constantly increasing—that the brethren both in the north and south, long and unhappily estranged from each other, are meeting in delightful harmony and embracing with truly Christian gratitude and affection. The work of the commissioners has been productive of the best results in both the Churches.

MEXICO.

Rev. W. Butler, D.D., the zealous superintendent, in a recent communication, says that he visited a city where twelve months ago there was not a single native Protestant, and one Sabbath he preached there to a congregation of one hundred and fifty; and a Sabbath-school has

been formed, attended by one hundred scholars. Forty-nine persons remained and partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The missionaries have often been in danger. On Sunday Dr. Butler and Mr. Sibert were pelted with stones as they went to church. On their return they saw a woman selling cabbages, and when they came near her she shouted aloud, "Oh, holy Mary, save me from the influence of these devils!" Dr. Butler is much encouraged with the prospect of the mission, and anticipates great good from the labours of the female missionary who he expects will soon commence her efforts among the women of Mexico, who are more oppressed than even the women of India.

Bishop Marvin, of the Southern Church, has been in Japan and is now in China, and will proceed to India and other parts of the world. His visits to the brethren in those distant fields have been highly appreciated, and will encourage them in their self-denying toils.

METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

Revival efforts in all the Conferences have been crowned with great success. We are especially glad to learn that our French missionaries in Montreal have met with much encouragement in their special services among the *habitants*. These brethren deserve sympathy.

The accounts published in the columns of our *confrere*, *The Wesleyan*, respecting the missions among the lumbermen of New Brunswick and the fishermen of Labrador are not only gratifying but give evidence that the heroes of Methodism are not all dead. The names of those brethren are worthy of a foremost place on the missionary roll of the Church.

Bermuda.—The *Missionary Notices* for January contained an earnest appeal on behalf of the mission on this island. Since then a series of letters have been published in *Zion's*

Herald from the pen of Professor Johnson, who has been spending the winter there, and has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the situation of Methodism. He says there are nine churches and one other place of worship, but there are only four ministers. Professor Johnson writes very commendatory of our brethren, but he thinks they need additional labourers. The April *Notices* contain interesting letters from these islands. The military and naval work is of great importance.

Bishop Harris recently gave proof of his brotherly regard for our section of the Methodist family by ordaining Rev. C. Bryant, of British Columbia, who attended the Conference at which he presided at Stockton, California, and thus saved a considerable expense to our Missionary Society. Such acts of Christian courtesy deserve honourable record.

Another of our aged brethren has passed away. On the sixth instant the venerable Gilbert Miller died, in great peace, at his residence in Picton. Father Miller, as he was affectionately called, joined the Canada Conference forty-eight years ago, travelling a year under the Chairmanship of the Belleville District. After nearly twenty years' itinerant labour he became supernumerary, and retir-

ed to the pleasant town of Picton to spend his days. Here, within the bounds of his first District, he spent the last thirty years of his life, the subject of much infirmity, but adorning with his simple piety the doctrines of the Lord Jesus. With his death another of the ancient landmarks of pioneer Methodism is removed.

THE DEATH ROLL.

During the present year the number of deaths among Wesleyan ministers in England has been unusually large. Rev. W. Stamp, D.D., an Ex-President, and Rev. J. P. Dunn, have both entered into rest. Rev. Robert Ward, the first missionary sent to New Zealand by the Primitive Methodists, more than thirty years ago, has just passed away. Two of his sons have entered the ministry. He was deservedly esteemed, and leaves many spiritual children behind him, who will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. The Church Missionary Society has lost three native pastors: Rev. James Kadshu, Rev. Perumal Abraham, India; and Rev. Joseph Wilson, Sierra Leone. The latter was twenty years in orders, and, before that, had laboured thirty years as a catechist and schoolmaster. He was originally, like Bishop Crowther, a liberated slave.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life and Times of the Rev. Anson Green, D.D., written by himself. With Introduction by Rev. S. S. Nelles, D.D., LL.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 448, with steel portrait. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.00.

Dr. Green's autobiography has been awaited with much interest and

will be read with great pleasure. The venerable author's ministerial life runs almost parallel with the existence of Canadian Methodism as a separate Church. In all the leading affairs of that Church, during half a century, he has borne a prominent part. He has been Circuit preacher, Chairman of Districts, Book Steward, and President of Conference, has attended more than fifty annual Con-

ferences, and a General Conference, has been three times at the English Conference as representative of Canada, and also the same number of times the representative of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, United States. During these years he has kept an accurate journal of his personal history and of Connexional and public affairs. This mass of information he has now condensed and digested into the valuable and interesting volume before us. It is a transcript of the growth of Methodism during half a century. And very marvellous that growth has been. When Dr. Green entered the Canada Conference it contained only thirty-eight ministers. At the time of the union, in 1874, there were seven hundred and fifteen; the amalgamation of the Methodists in the Eastern Provinces, and the New Connexion, have swelled the number to more than one thousand. The membership has increased from 6,150 to over 100,000.

The book will give the present generation a vivid picture of the hardships and privations of the pioneer Methodist missionaries of this province. Smith's Creek Circuit, on which our author laboured, reached all the way from Bowmanville to the Carrying Place, River Trent, and Mud Lake, four hundred miles round. He rode on horseback summer and winter, when the greater part of the roads were through the trackless forest. He preached the first sermon ever delivered at Port Hope, where he had for a church a shoemaker's shop, the bench for a pulpit, and six persons for a congregation. There were only two churches in the whole circuit. The same tract of country now comprises twenty-four circuits. Several accounts are given of thrilling adventure, amusing incidents, and providential escapes. It is well to have placed on record by a prominent actor in these early scenes, these incidents of pioneer Methodism in Canada. We would like to have seen fuller treatment of some

important Connexional events and early contemporaries of the author, but we suppose the necessary conditions of space have excluded much that would otherwise have appeared. The book is not a history of Methodism but an autobiography. For fuller details we must refer to Dr. Carroll's admirable volumes, the last of which will soon be in the hands of the public.

The profits of this work are devoted to the Superannuated Preachers' Fund—an additional reason why it should have a large sale. A fine steel portrait represents the author as he appeared in the prime of his vigour. The Introduction by Dr. Nelles is a very graceful and felicitous tribute to the venerable author of this work.

The Cruise of the "Challenger"; Voyages over many seas, Scents in many lands. By W. J. J. SPRY, R.N. With map and numerous engravings, 8vo., pp. 388, price \$2.50. Belford Brothers, Toronto; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This admirable volume gives an account of probably the most important scientific expedition ever undertaken. H. M. S. *Challenger*, a corvette of 2,000 tons, with a picked crew was placed by the British Government at the service of the Royal Society, for deep-sea exploration, sounding, dredging, and the discovery of the marvellous mysteries of the ocean. The good ship sailed from Portsmouth on the 21st of December, 1872, and returned on the 24th of May, 1876, after an absence of nearly three years and a-half. In the meantime she completely circumnavigated the globe, sailing a distance of over 68,000 miles, traversing the deep sea basins from side to side and from end to end, visiting many of the most commercially important and scientifically interesting portions of the earth. Everywhere the officers and scienti-

tists were *feted* and honoured, and furnished with every facility for the observation of every thing best worth seeing in nature and art. Mr. Spry, of the Royal Navy, records in a simple, untechnical, and vivacious style the adventures of the expedition both afloat and ashore. The book is one of fascinating interest and of rare instructiveness. We get glimpses of Lisbon, Gibraltar, the Azores, West Indies, Bermudas, Halifax, Brazil, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea, the Philippines, China, Japan, the Fiji, Sandwich, and Society Islands, Chili, Magellan Straits, Uruguay, and of many other places. It is quite a geographical education to read the book. It is a cause for patriotic pride and devout thanksgiving to note the evidences of British power and Christian influence in almost every region visited. The book is copiously illustrated, many of the engravings being of full page size. So great is the interest of this volume that we shall present in our June number a special article on the expedition, accompanied by several engravings.

Ocean to Ocean, Sandford Fleming's Expedition Through Canada in 1872. By the Rev. GEO. GRANT, of Halifax, N.S. Enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated, with map, cr. 8vo., pp. 390.

This book should be one of great interest to every patriotic Canadian. The Rev. Mr. Grant, who is an honoured minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, acted as secretary to the exploring expedition of Sandford Fleming across the continent, seeking a pathway for our great inter-oceanic railway. He gives a graphic account of the incidents of the journey and of the magnificent material resources of the country. So far as we have ourselves travelled the route—from Halifax to Fort William—we can bear testimony to the faithfulness of his description. He bears very generous testimony

to the success of Methodist missions in the North-West, and to the character of those devoted Methodist missionaries, Rev. T. Hurlburt, Rev. Peter Campbell, and especially of the late Rev. George Macdougall, with whom he travelled for nearly a thousand miles, and for whom he cherished a warm affection. His account of a visit to the Indian Sunday-school at Victoria Mission is very interesting. The older scholars all read the English Bible, more or less fluently and with understanding, answering every question put to them. "Their knowledge of hymns," says Mr. Grant, "was such as could be found only in a Methodist school; if any of us named a hymn in the collection, the tune was at once raised, and all joined in without books." "We have seen enough to-day," he continues, "to convince us more than all the arguments in the world, that missionary labour among the Indians is a reality, and that the positive language on the other side is a language of ignorance, self-interest, or downright opposition to the Gospel. . . . A mission without schools is a mistake, almost a crime. And the Methodists deserve the praise of having seen and vigorously acted on this, and they can point to visible proofs of success in their Indian missions."

The book contains several excellent illustrations and a map of the route.

The Lives of D. L. Moody and I. D. Sankey, with Sketches of P. P. Bliss and Eben Tourjee. By Rev. ELIAS NASON. Cr. 8vo., pp. 360, illustrated. Boston, B. B. Russell; Toronto, S. Rose. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is unquestionably the best book on the great evangelists and their work that has yet appeared. It gives a fuller account of their personal history than any other, and brings the records of their labours down to the present year. Fine steel portraits of Moody, Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and Dr. Tourjee embel-

lish the volume, which is further illustrated by wood engravings of the numerous structures, both in the Old World and the New, specially erected or adapted for the monster meetings which focused the religious enthusiasm of such multitudes on the great subject of salvation. The literary style of the book is vivacious and attractive, and the narrative abounds with illustrative anecdotes. Its perusal will be at once a mental pleasure and a means of grace. Dr. Eben Tourjee, whose life is here sketched, is a distinguished Boston Methodist, Dean of the Musical Faculty in the Boston University, and President of the Musical Conservatory of that city, which in ten years has had 16,000 music students. He organized a choir of 2,000 trained voices for assisting the revival meetings now in progress. A chapter of Mr. Moody's most striking anecdotes is added to the volume.

The Starling. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. 12mo., pp. 392. Toronto, Belford Brothers.

This is another of those charming stories, with their blending of pathos and humour, by the late genial editor of *Good Words*. It records how an innocent starling set a whole parish by the ears, was condemned to death by the Kirk Sessions, and was finally reprieved. The character of the obstinately conscientious Kirk minister, of the God-fearing elder, and of the "ne'er do weel" Jock Hall, are admirably sketched. The effect of human kindness in bringing Jock to a better life, and the sanctifying effect of affliction to them that "are exercised thereby," are well shown. The book will be read with mingled smiles and tears, and will do good to both head and heart. It is graphically illustrated.

The Methodist Quarterly Review—April. Dr. Abel Stevens opens this number with a highly appreciative paper on "Macaulay's Life and

Letters," and Mr. Southall refutes some adverse criticisms of his book on the "Recent Origin of Man." A review of the Rev. Wm. Taylor's "Four Years' Campaign in India" illustrates the remarkable success of missionary labour in that country. A Kansas pastor compares and contrasts English and American Methodism, to the advantage, we think, of the former in many respects. Prof. Winchell grapples with some of the difficulties of the Evolution theory, showing the slight ground on which Prof. Huxley bases some of his conclusions. Articles on "The Classical Literature of the Chinese" and on "The Thirty Years' War," with over a score of editorial book notices complete the number.

The Art of Teaching. By FREDERICK C. EMBERSON, M.A. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This little book, by an accomplished scholar and veteran teacher, will be of immense practical value in improving the most important of all arts. It is eminently philosophical in its principles, and practical in its method. It discusses, not merely the culture of the mind, but also of the eye, the ear, the voice, the health, the manners, and the morals of the pupils. School appliances, organization, discipline, time-tables, etc., are succinctly treated. No teacher, no parent, can read it without receiving many profitable suggestions.

The Popular Science Monthly. D. Appleton & Co.

The April number of this admirable monthly contains a very interesting communication from our accomplished townsman Dr. Canniff, on "The Nature and Cause of Fermentation." It freely criticises Prof. Tyndall's previous paper on that subject, and presents some seemingly insuperable objections to the complete

acceptance of his theory. It will probably call forth a response from that eminent scientist, and will doubtless lead to a clearer exposition of the entire subject. In the current number Dr. Tyndall contributes a paper describing his "Combat with an Infective Atmosphere," which has all the fascination of romance. We read the popular scientific expositions of this Magazine with exceeding interest. The account of the wonderful self-taught scientist, Thos. Edward, contained in a recent number, we present in a condensed form in this issue.

A Vindication of Theology, by CLARK MURRAY, LL.D. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is a forcible and timely address to theological students by the accomplished Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy of McGill College. It will repay a thoughtful reading.

We have also received *Sangster's Mensuration for Public and High Schools*. (Lovell Publishing Co.) Its standard reputation and the exhaustion of four large editions is a sufficient proof of the excellence of this book.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Mrs. Eliza A. Beck ..	Sound Isld., N.F.	Sound Island ..	34	Jan. 3, 1877.
Mrs. Rachel McKenny	Deer Island, N.B.	Deer Island ..	39	" 13, "
Margaret Roper	Cornwall, P.E.I.	North River ..	20	Feb. 1, "
Chief James Givens..	Grand River ..	Tuscarora, O. ..	79	" 9, "
Mrs. S. A. Clements ..	Mill Village, N.S.	Port Medway ..	78	" 16, "
Mary Robinson	Avanmore	Lunenburg, O.	" 17, "
Hutchinson Clark....	Hamilton	Hamilton, O. ..	71	" 17, "
Caroline M. Buchanan	Lockport, N.S.	Lockport	56	" 18, "
Mrs. Geo. Heckman ..	Petite Riviere..	Petite Riviere ..	69	" 24, "
Mrs. Nancy Oulton ..	Point de Bute ..	Point de Bute ..	57	" 25, "
Margt. Rose Atkinson	East William, O.	32	" 25, "
William Beal	Columbus	Brooklyn, O. ..	60	Mar. 2, "
Rachel Stewart	Camden, O. ..	64	" 4, "
Major Remson	Granville, N.S.	Granville	45	" 5, "
Mrs. Annie D. Spurr ..	Liverpool, N.S.	Liverpool	44	" 7, "
Mrs. Moulton	Yarmouth, N.S.	Arcadia	80	" 10, "
Lewis S. Leard	Summerside ..	St. Eleanor's ..	41	" 12, "
James H. Tupper	Berwick, N.S. ..	Berwick	60	" 13, "
Lois Dawson	Belmont	London East, O.	41	" 16, "
George Hardwick	Annapolis, N.S.	Annapolis	54	" 19, "
Solomon Chambers ..	Sussex, N.B. ..	Sussex	107	" 23, "
William Rilance	Oakwood	Mariposa, O. ..	69	" 27, "
Mary J. Johnston	Sarawak	Sarawak, O. ..	20	" 27, "
Elizabeth Netherton..	Prince Albert ..	Prince Albert, O.	70	" 29, "
Jane Gulley	Darlington	Hampton, O. ..	56	" 31, "

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

"WHOSOEVER WILL,"

Joyfully. P. P. Bliss

"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around;

Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev - er man is found, "Whoso - ev - er will may come."

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will, who - so - ev - er will," Send the proclama-tion o - ver vale and hill:

'Tis a lov-ing Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home, "Whosoev-er will may come."

Whosoever cometh need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;
 Jesus is the true, the only living way;
 "Whosoever will may come."
 "Whosoever will," &c.

"Whosoever will," the promise is secure;
 "Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;
 "Whosoever will may come."
 "Whosoever will," &c.