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THE  
CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

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VOL. XXI.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1885.

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DEVOTED

TO

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& SOCIAL PROGRESS

EDITED

BY

REV. W. M. WITHEROW, D.D.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1885.

No. 1.

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THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.



# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*JANUARY, 1885.*

---

## THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

FORTH through the solemn street  
The sad procession swept,  
Pacing its mournful way with measured feet :  
While inly wept

One mourner, in a grief  
Stern as the silent years,  
Which seemed to mock the common, weak relief  
Of outward tears.

Keen was her sense of loss,  
An agony untold ;  
For Death had seized, amid a world of dross,  
Her piece of gold.

They bore her only son,  
Star of her evening, fled ;  
Whose lesser light recalled that vanished one  
Now long since dead.

For her best love had died ;  
And, stunned from former bruise,  
The widow's joyous oil of life had dried  
Within her cruse.

Desert her heart, and bare ;  
Like lone house on a wild ;  
No voice to make blithe music on the stair--  
No laughing child.

No solace from the past,  
No hope in days to come,  
She cowered, as if sorrow's second blast  
Had struck her dumb.

But, near the city's verge,  
 A sudden silence came ;  
 The hired mourners swift forbore their dirge,  
 As if in shame

To mourn a lifeless clod,  
 With such despairing cry,  
 While the Redeemer—"the strong Son of God"—  
 Was passing by.

"He came and touched the bier."  
 They wait, in curious pause :  
 Has He the power and will not interfere  
 With Nature's laws ?

He walked upon the waves !  
 His word the thousands fed !—  
 Is He imperial in the place of graves  
 Over the dead ?

Then spake the royal word ;  
 And, quick with rushing throes,  
 The red life in the clay obedient heard :  
 The dead arose !

And spoke—just as before—  
 Unconscious of eclipse :  
 Like babe, who only knows that night is o'er  
 From mother's lips.

Or one who, free from harm,  
 From the perfidious sea  
 Comes home, and finds all in his father's farm  
 Which used to be.

No desert dream of tombs,  
 Nought but life's love and joy ;  
 As Nature has no thought 'mid summer blooms  
 That storms destroy.

The same through endless time,  
 Thus Jesus healeth now,  
 With "many crowns," for victories sublime,  
 Upon His brow.

Conqueror in each stern fight  
 O'er mortal sin and dread ;  
 And mighty, from corruption's foulest night,  
 To raise the dead.

YALE,  
FRASER RIVER.

*From a Sketch by the*

MARQUIS OF LORNE.



## CANADIAN PICTURES.\*



THE BEEK-NEOK STAIRS, QUEBEC.

FOR a number of years the London Tract Society has issued an annual volume of travel, illustrated with pen and pencil. We have thus had French, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, and other pictures, which have been exceedingly beautiful and popular parlour books. The book this year is devoted to Canada, and is, we think, the most sumptuous and beautiful yet issued. It contains nearly a hundred engravings—many of them, especially the mountain views, being of great artistic merit. A large folding map accompanies the volume. Through the

courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to use a number of the fine engravings of this volume, and to give a brief outline of its varied and valuable contents.

Our late genial Governor-General has shown his profound

\* *Canadian Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil.* By the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.; 4to, pp. 224, with illuminated cover and numerous illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto; Montreal and Halifax. Price \$2.75.

interest in the Dominion in the preparation of the letterpress, which gives graphic sketches with personal reminiscences of the various provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has travelled so extensively through the country that he can describe with the fidelity and vividness of an eye-witness its fairest and grandest scenes. To most of us the engravings of the Rocky Mountains and scenery of the Thompson and Fraser will be a revelation of sublimity akin to that of Switzerland and Norway. There is a chapter also on the political relations of Canada and Great Britain, a discussion of the tariff question, and a strong plea for maintaining the unity of the empire. He was evidently in love with our glorious climate—our bright suns and clear air and blue skies. The picture of a Canadian vineyard will open the eyes of many who have thought, with Voltaire, that Canada was only a dreary waste of snow. An ardent sportsman himself, the Marquis gives such a glowing account of Canadian fowling and fishing as must awaken the envy of his English readers. The book is a most attractive one, and will be the favourite Christmas gift-book in Canada, and cannot fail to give more correct views of Britain's noblest colony to a large circle of British readers.

The Marquis begins this interesting volume with a brief historical and descriptive sketch of each of the provinces and of the Confederation of 1867. The historic associations and scenic attractions of the seaboard provinces are sketched with a light and graceful pen. The Bay of Fundy, with its rushing tides, and the forest primeval alternating with the dyked meadows on its shores, and the pathetic memories of Evangeline and Gabriel and the Acadian exiles, receive appreciative treatment. An exquisite engraving presents a view of the fertile Basin of Minas, lying far below the level of the winding Gaspereau, and in the distance Blomidon's heights, where

“Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.”

The picturesque surroundings of Halifax and Annapolis, and the stirring historic associations of Louisburg—once the strongest fortress in America—are duly described. At the latter place, “where giant navies rode, and earth-shaking war achieved such

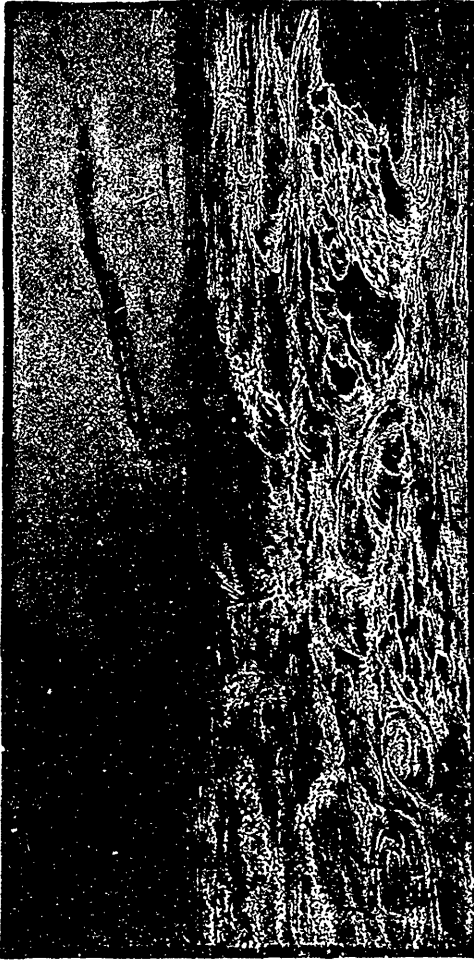
vast exploits, to-day the waters of the placid bay kiss the deserted strand, and a small fishing hamlet and a few mouldering ruin-mounds mark the graves of so much military pomp and power and glory."

The majestic forests of New Brunswick, the home of the moose deer, and its crystal streams, the haunt of the salmon, awaken the sportsman instincts of the author, and are sketched with both pen and pencil. "The clear current," he says, "allows every stone under its gliding surface to be distinctly seen. You can hear the big owls lamenting from the thickets, and the loud drumming sound of the grouse. The Cascapedia, which flows through a sylvan paradise, is perhaps the best salmon river in the world." The majestic Gulf of St. Lawrence and the storied heights of Quebec of course stir the patriotic emotions of the Governor-General of Canada. The memory of his gallant predecessors of less happy fate, who kept their feudal court on the fortress-crowned rock, often besieged and at last defeated, appeal at once to his sympathy and admiration. He pictures again the scene on the Plains of Abraham, and visits with romantic interest the quaint old Hotel Dieu and Ursuline Convent. Our initial cut shows one of the queer steep streets leading by a short cut from the lower to the upper town. Not elsewhere on this continent—and in very few places in the world—are there combined such broad majestic views, such picturesque surroundings, and such thrilling historic associations as in this old walled city of Quebec.

"Memories haunt its pointed gables,  
Like the rooks that round them throng."

The city of Montreal in its varied aspects is well illustrated and described. We give the view of the descent of the Lachine Rapids. Many of our readers have experienced the excitement of this adventure. It would seem as though the staunch steamer would be dashed in pieces as she plunges into the seething torrent. But strong hands are at the helm. The keen eyes of Jean Baptiste, the Indian pilot, note every rock and eddy. Now the steamer makes straight for a huge rock lying in mid-channel. A crash seems inevitable, but with a sudden swerve it turns aside, and gliding terribly near a sunken ledge sweeps out into the calmer current below. The sensation of sailing perceptibly down hill is a very extraordinary one.

Soon the steamer reaches her berth at the busy wharf at Montreal—the Liverpool of Canada. Except at the great port of New York, nowhere else on this continent will be seen a denser forest of masts than that which clusters along the river front—



IN THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

the fussy little tugs puffing about and conducting to their moorings the shipping from almost every clime. And not even New York possesses such a magnificent stone revetment wall as that which confronts this great fleet. In the middle - distance rises the hugemass of the twin-towered parish church, and in the background looms up the woody slopes of Mont - Royal, with its noble park, commanding one of the finest views in the world.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom or otherwise of the choice of Ottawa as the seat

of government, certainly there are few nobler sites in Canada than that occupied by the Parliament Buildings, and no grander architectural group exists, we think, on this continent, than they. As we first saw them, cut like a silhouette against the crimson western sky, they were very impressive. The view from the bluff on which they stand is also one of majestic beauty.

The vivid verdure of the foliage which clothes the slope; the broad and gleaming river, alive with tugs, barges and rafts; the seething caldron of the Chaudiere, and the far-rolling Laurentian Hills, make up a view of singular grandeur. The Marquis ap-



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

pears to cherish a loving regard for the picturesque environment of Ottawa, which was, more than any place else, his home while in Canada.

The Province of Ontario receives its due share of attention, and is illustrated by splendid full-page engravings of the Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, and a beaver village, and by several lumbering scenes.



One of the most interesting parts of the book is devoted to Western Ontario, Manitoba, the new territories, and British



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ELBOW RIVER.  
(From a sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

Columbia. No other Canadian Governor has ever so thoroughly explored the vast and virgin wilderness of our Canadian North-West. This book will give many English readers better ideas than they ever had of the almost limitless extent of and exhaust-

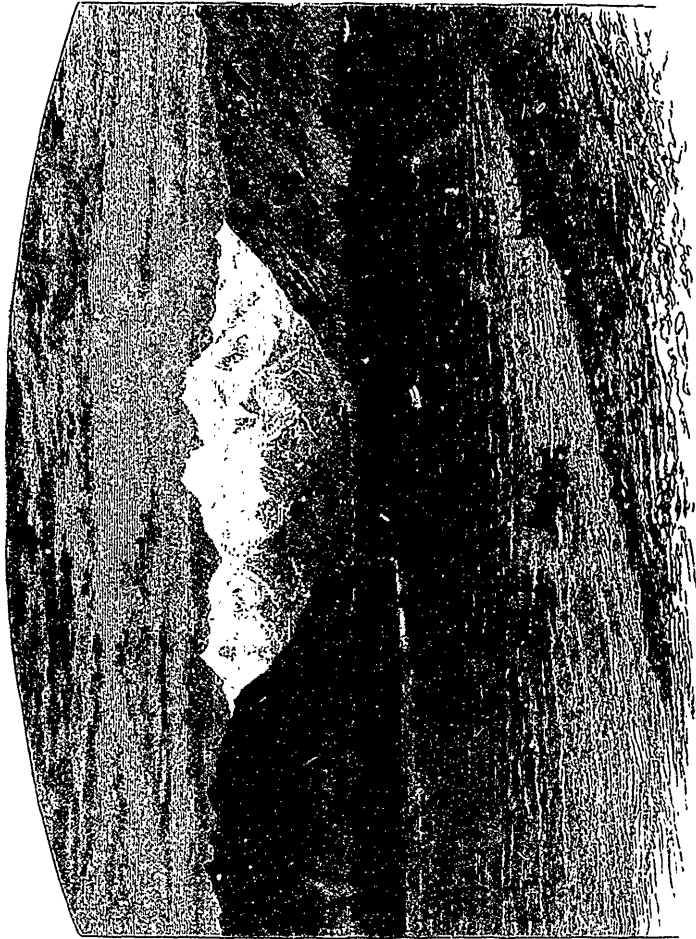
less resources of our country. The author describes the growing amazement of the tourist sailing up the St. Lawrence and the lakes, as lighthouse after lighthouse beckons him on till he reaches the remote north shores of Lake Superior. And then he is not half way across the continent. The rapid growth of Winnipeg is described, and the Manitoba system of higher education—a common university for all the denominations—strongly eulogized. The Marquis recites the striking history of the Russian Mennonites, driven from their Pomeranian home to the Crimean wilderness on the shores of the Azov, and thence across the whole of Europe, the Atlantic, and half of America to find liberty and peace and a new home in the Canadian North-West. Our late Governor is enthusiastic about the fertility, the beauty, the brilliant prospects of this great country. His anticipations are perhaps a little too glowing for sober realization. He describes graphically the rapid progress of the Canada Pacific railroad, constructing in a single week twenty-six miles of track, and six miles in a single day.

Much attention is given to the Indian tribes, and this section is one of the most copious in illustration and in graphic description. The management of the Indians by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Mounted Police, the liquor law, Indian superstitions, the medicine men, etc., all receive due description. The following tribute is paid to the labours of the missionaries: "Nothing has kept peace among the heathen tribes but the Christianity introduced by the missionaries, who have, isolated and unsupported as they were in the old days, yet produced a marked effect wherever they took up their residence." Several engravings are given of scenes on the plains and in the broad valleys where flow the waters of the Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle, and Peace rivers.

As one proceeds westward the scenery grows in grandeur. Higher and higher rise the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, loftier and more majestic than Alp or Appenine. One never grows weary of their ever-changing aspects. Like Cleopatra's beauty, age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. Rose pink at dawn and eve, snow white beneath the noontide sun, pale and spectral by the wan moonlight, they are a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

But it is on the Pacific coast that the true sublimity of moun-

tain grandeur and mountain gloom are best seen. The beautiful view of the Coast Range from Esquimault harbour reminds one of that of the Jung Frau from Interlaken or of the magnificent view of Mont Blanc from Geneva. Graphic illustrations are



VIEW FROM ESQUIMAULT.  
(From a sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

given of the tremendous precipices of the Cariboo road and of other striking aspects of British Columbia scenery. The view of Yale on the Frazer river, with its environment of towering cliffs, where the serried ranks of pine trees cling and climb, is quite Swiss-like in its picturesqueness. The steamer in the foreground furnishes a scale of measurement of the mountains behind.

The Pacific Coast Indians seem more amenable to the influences of civilization than those of the plains. Many of them work in the salmon "canneries," in the sawmills and fisheries, and exhibit considerable constructive skill and artistic feeling in their houses, bridges, carved effigies, and the like, of which examples are given.

TOTEM POSTS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Our last engraving, which, however, is not taken from the Marquis of Lorne's book, shows a characteristic Indian village scene in British Columbia. In the foreground are wooden dug-out canoes, in which the Indians gather the harvest of the sea. A little back are the rude plank houses, and rising ominously, like grim spectres in the gathering twilight, are the totem posts of the several families of the little community. Concerning this strange

heraldry, Mrs. Crosby, the accomplished wife of our heroic missionary at Fort Simpson, writes to us :

“ ‘ And they painted, on the grave posts  
Of the graves, yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral totem,  
Each the symbol of his household,  
Figures of the bear, and reindeer,  
Of the turtle, crane, and beaver.’ ”

“ So Longfellow sings of the Indians of the Atlantic shores. The same custom is found, with some difference, among the Tsimpshian and other Indian nations of the North Pacific. These figures were not only painted on the graves, among these people, but before the houses also were erected crest or totem-poles, some of them as much as sixty or seventy feet in height, and elaborately carved—some throughout the entire length—with the symbols of the crest of the family to which they belonged. In some cases the ashes of the dead—for, in old times, the Tsimpshians burned their dead—were preserved in boxes attached to these poles. These crests are common to different tribes and even distinct nations, and are but four in number, of which the most distinguished is represented by the Eagle, Beaver Dog-fish and Black-duck. No one is allowed to marry within his own crest, or, as the Indians would say, within his own family, for, of whatever tribe or nation, members of one crest are to each other as brothers and sisters. The height of the crest pole indicated the rank of the chief, and any attempt to erect a higher pole than was his right was quickly resented, and in some cases has led to bloodshed. These poles are a striking feature in the heathen villages—a few old ones are still standing in our village of Port Simpson, but the best of them have been sold to tourists and curiosity-seekers. Two specimens of these poles were sent from this place to the Centennial Exhibition.”

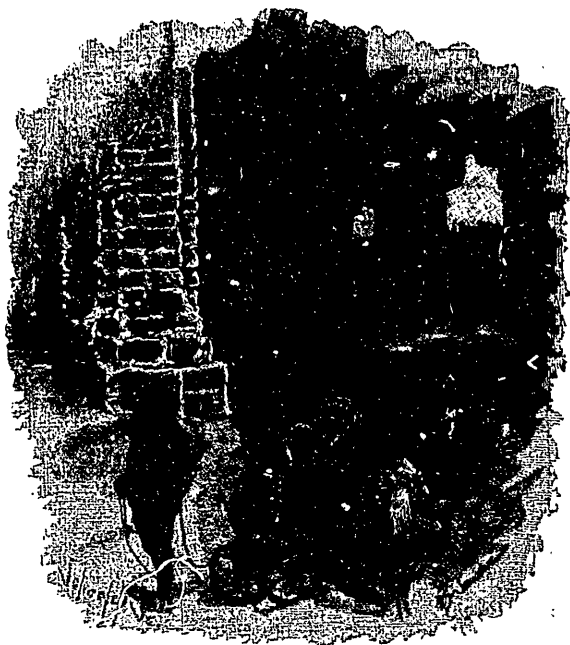
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“ A CHILD He was, and had not learned to speak,  
Who with His words the world before did make ;  
His mother's arms Him bare, He was so weak,  
Who with His hands the vaulted heaven could shake.  
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
Whom all the world is not enough to hold ;  
Who of His years as of his age hath told,  
Never such age so young, never a child so old.”



THE ICE PALACE, MONTREAL—INAGURATION NIGHT.

## THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL.\*



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

THE Montreal Ice Palace was the first ever tried in the New World. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions were about ninety by ninety feet, with rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. The Ice

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, for the cuts which accompany this article. They are specimens of the style of illustrations of their popular monthly for young people, which is announced in our advertising pages, and which is clubbed at greatly reduced rates with this *MACAZINE*. The letter-press is condensed from Dr. Beer's admirable paper on the Canadian Carnival. This description refers to the Ice Palace of 1883.

Palace was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sunlight or moonlight. By the electric light it reminded one of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I went on top of the mountain and



TOBOGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

looked down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and at this glowing structure in the middle. It was like fairy-land.

Tobogganing is the nearest thing to flying one can find. One couldn't live long if he kept going at such a speed. The toboggan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It



has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by cat-gut. The Indians make them, and use them to carry the game they shoot over the snow through the woods, and the Canadians turn them into use



SNOW-SHOEING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

for pastime in sliding down hills. The tobogan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery.

My first experience of toboganing was on the back part of

Mount Royal. The mountain was thus named by the discoverer of Canada, when he first saw the St. Lawrence river and the landscape from its summit. The toboganing slide here is partly an artificial one. It is a big structure of logs and planks made in an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your tobogan. To tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A man sits behind and steers with his foot.

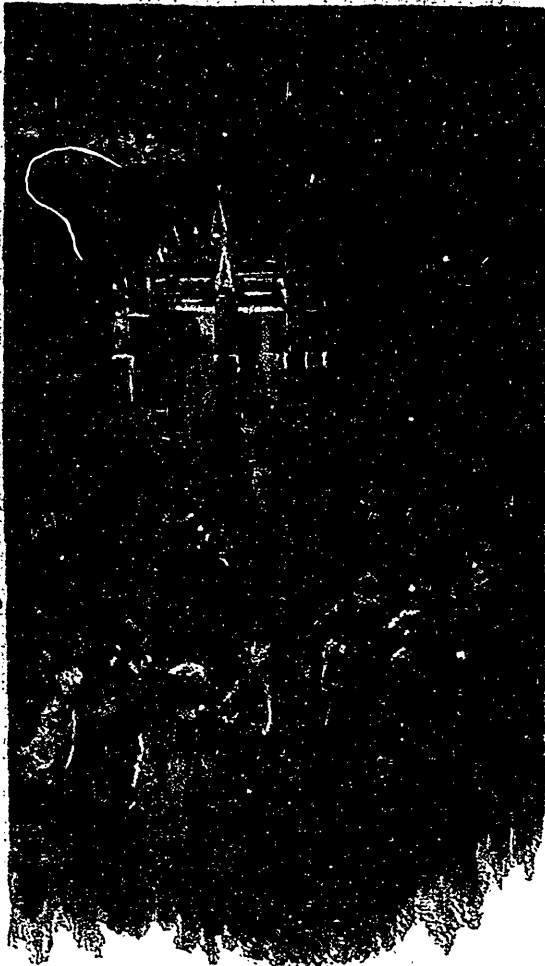


GAMES ON THE RIVER.

The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smashup, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a tobogan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the strangers who are having their first try, you feel as if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction; but by-and-bye you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears.

The Montreal Toboganing Club has a splendid series of slides a short ride from the Windsor. The inauguration night was

magnificent. The hills were lit up all along the route with torches stuck in the snow banks at each side; and a great lot of lanterns and locomotive headlights illuminate the ground, while at the foot a huge bonfire was kept burning, into which they threw coloured powder.



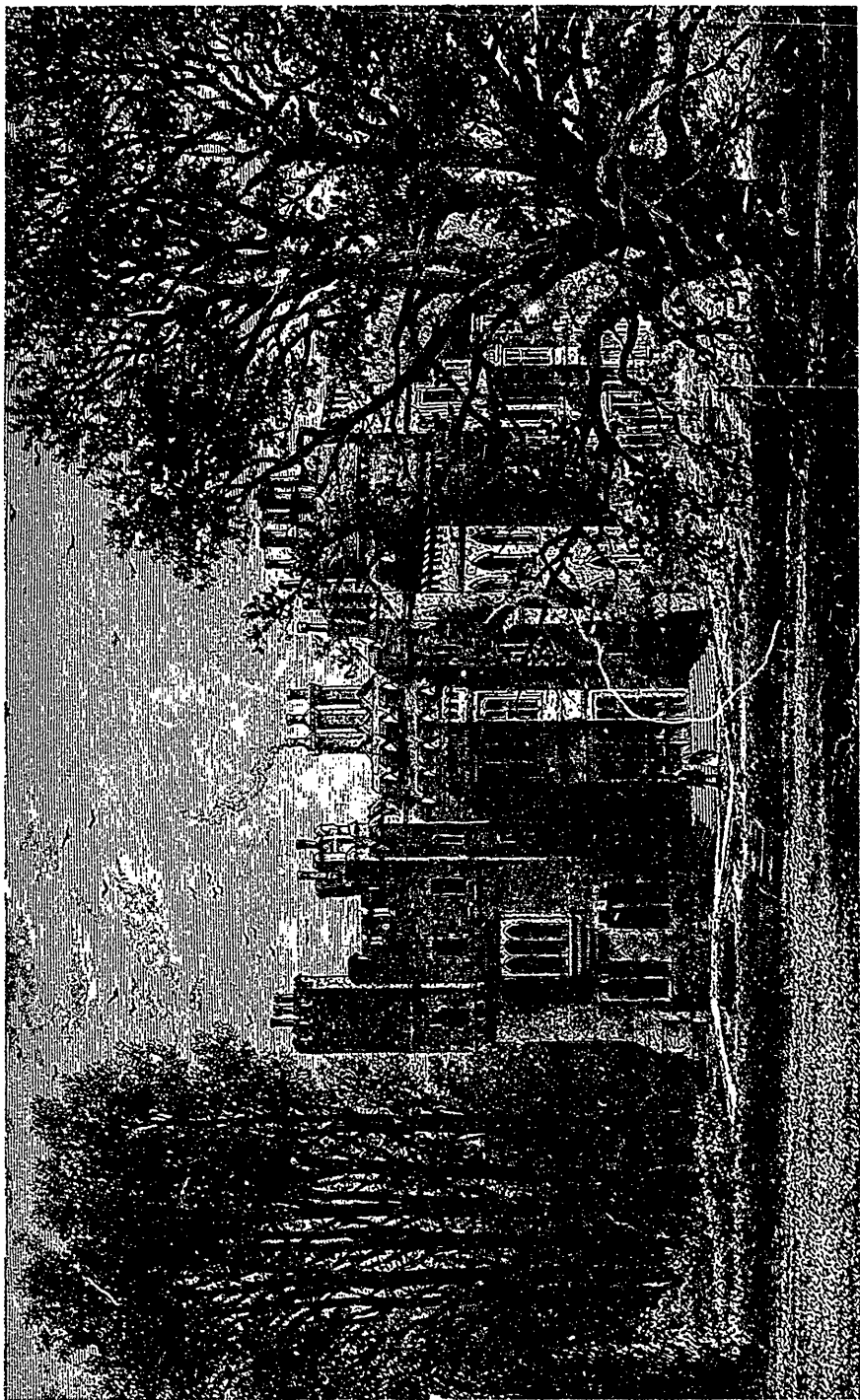
SKATING AT THE VICTORIA RINK.

What a city Montreal is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells, and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. On

the civic half-holiday, there were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined. After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the snowshoers start to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Snowshoes are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasoned feet by thongs of deer-skin. In the evening of the inauguration of the Ice Palace, everybody came to Dominion Square, where there was every sort of light but sunlight. The Ice Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. Bye-and-by the procession of fifteen hundred men appeared in club uniforms, each carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. After going around the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up the old snow-shoe track, and returned down the zigzag road, singing as they swung along,

“Tramp ! tramp ! on snow-shoes tramping,  
All the day we marching go,  
Till at night by fires encamping  
We find couches mid the snow !”

From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge firesnake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snow-storm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army.



HAWARDEN CASTLE—RESIDENCE OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

## MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN, in Flintshire, in North Wales, usually pronounced Harden, is far remote from the great seat and centre of the empire. It may almost be called a suburb of the singular and ancient city of Chester, from which it is only six miles distant. Hawarden is a large village, not pretty, and with all the characteristics of a Welsh village. It has some good houses, and indeed, it may almost seem worthy of the designation of a town. It lies at the foot and outside the gates of the park and castle. The parish is said to contain 13,000 acres, and of these the estate of Mr. Gladstone covers about 6,908 acres.

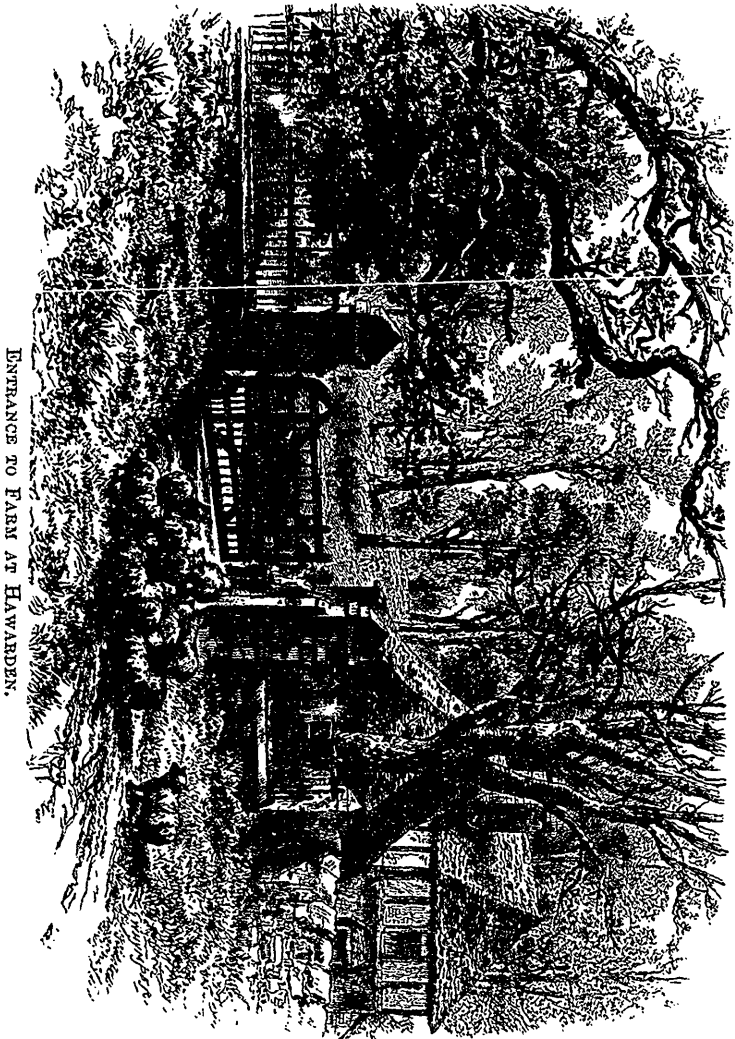
However dreary the road may be, when the gates are passed and we enter the richly-wooded and extensive park all the sternness vanishes, and the eye enjoys charming vistas opening among oaks, limes, and elms. It is, indeed, a fine and ample domain, and there, as you go along the fine drive, on the height on the left is the ruin of the ancient castle, to which the present quite modern and more homelike habitation is the successor.

The aspect of the house is very impressive as it first suddenly seems to start upon the view after the long carriage-drive through the noble trees. Within and without, the house seems like its mighty master—not pensive nor rural, it does not even breathe the spirit of quiet. Its rooms look active and power-compelling, and we could not but feel that they were not indebted to any of the æsthetic inventions and elegances of furniture for their charm. Hawarden is called a castle, but it has not, either in its exterior or interior, the aspect of a castle; it is a home. It has a noble appearance as it rises on the elevated ground near the old feudal ruin which it has superseded, and looks over the grand and forest-like park, the grand pieces of broken grand, dells and hollows and charming woodlands.

When within the house, in every room you seem to be surrounded by books; books, quantities of them, in the breakfast-room, and in the great and noble library, the lofty room surrounded with books. You step from the library into the study—it is the anteroom of the library.

At the door of the study the Minister graciously received us, and with a warm pressure of the hand made us at home at once in this great workshop of the mind, of so many studies and cares; and here, in order or disorder, were still books, papers, busts, portraits, and every variety of furniture of culture and taste. We saw very few indications of any care for costly or elegant bindings. Clearly the volumes were there, not as the furniture of the house, but the furniture of the incessantly acquisitive mind. It is a venerable apartment. At different tables—there are several in the room reserved and set apart for various occupations—the visitor is instantly impressed as by the memories of a variety of labor. This is the literary table; here “*Juventus Mundi*” was written; here the Homeric studies were pursued. “Ah!” sighs Mr. Gladstone, “it is a long time since I sat there!” This is the political table; here the Irish Bills and the Budgets

were shaped and fashioned. And here is Mrs. Gladstone's table; here she probably planned her Orphanage, and the hospital she first called into existence. This is the room where the scholar



ENTRANCE TO FARM AT HAWARDEN.

and the statesman spends the chief portion of his time; there is the theological portion of the library—an ample collection; separate compartments receive the works of Homer and Shakespeare and Dante, and the busts of Canning and Cobden and



Homer bend from the bookcases, and Tennyson looks out from a large bronze medallion.

Of course, we cannot visit Hawarden without also paying a



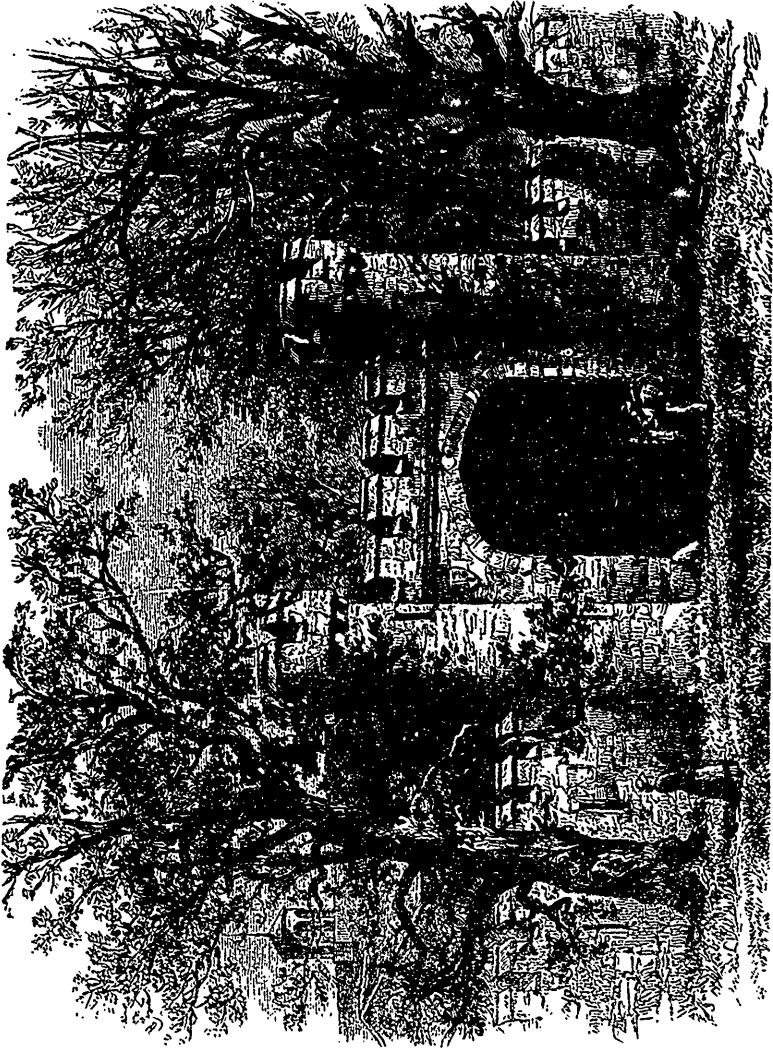
THE CHURCH AT HAWARDEN.

visit to the church. It is a fair large structure, externally a plain old brick building, with a low tower and dwarf spire, standing in the midst of a large number of graves. The present

building is a restoration to the memory of the immediate ancestor from whom the entire estate is derived by the present family. The rector is the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, the second son of the Premier. But no doubt, the most singular scene in the Hawarden Church, beheld usually when the Premier is in residence in the castle, is to see him sitting in the plain, uncushioned pew, near the lectern and opposite the pulpit. It may be thought—perhaps feared—that of the crowds which fill the church multitudes are brought together to obtain a view of that face so gnarled and rugged and often so pale. It must be admitted that the spectacle of the Prime Minister of a great nation taking part, week after week, in the simple service of an obscure village church is a sight the world has seldom, if ever, seen. Seated near to the reading-desk, at the time and place indicated, he quietly rises and goes through his part of the service, reading the lessons from the desk. Then he resumes his seat, and while joining heartily in the other parts of the service, usually listens to the sermon with head thrown back and closed eyes. Then the service closes, and the Premier throws a coat over his shoulders without putting his arms into it; he is only on his way to the rectory. The family all seem to live together in the most beautiful relations of lovable unity. But as he walks along the churchyard path it is probably lined with visitors, waiting, uncovered, to greet him as he passes along. With hat in hand, his head uncovered, he passes through the human lane of lovers and admirers—perhaps of some enemies too—exchanging smiles and nods and friendly negotiations till he is safe in the household room of the rector, his son. We have heard that both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of his health to the fact that he will have his Sabbath to himself and to his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of State, or even the recreations of literature and scholastic study.

Mr. Gladstone possesses a singular variety of faculty and amazing fulness of vitality. Mind and body seem equal in perfection of animation and agility. How truly it has been said, "There is no way of making heroism easy. Labour, iron labour, is the only way." Mr. Gladstone reminds us of what Cecil said of Sir Walter Raleigh, "He can toil terribly." To fell a stout and ancient tree of ample girth, to walk with ease and pleasure a dozen miles, to translate from English into elegant Latin, or to

translate from Latin or Greek into elegant English, to address a concourse of 25,000 people, or to deliver an oration from the chair of a university, to deal successfully with the complicating embar-



THE PARK GATE AND ORPHANAGE, HAWARDEN.

rassments of a tariff, the perplexities of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, to write essays as an accomplished journalist, or firmly to grasp the rudder of the vessel of the State—all these exhibit a variety of power surely not less than astonishing to

ordinary mortals, to all which it must be added that he is not a remote and silent landlord. He is at home and affable with all the tenants and villagers, takes an interest in the literary or young men's society of his little village, is a frequent caller at many of the houses of the villagers. One old dame makes it her boast that she has frequently told Mr. Gladstone all that was on her mind; while a wise old farmer, whose house we passed on our way, is constantly visited by the Premier, who deems it to be a part of the wisdom of his life to make himself acquainted with the opinions and ways of thinking of all sorts and conditions of men. He has something to say to everybody and something to listen to with respect from everybody. He has none of the jauntiness of Lord Palmerston, yet the cares of empire seem to sit lightly also upon his shoulders. He has an affable nearness, and it is impossible to approach him and look into his face without feeling that you are in the presence of a man who disdains all chicanery, all meanness, and who breathes magnanimity as his native air.

It would be exceedingly ungracious to close this paper without mentioning the urbane and beneficent lady to whom Mr. Gladstone is indebted for this noble historical home. Mrs. Gladstone, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynn, has so entered into and partaken of all the triumphs of her illustrious husband that any record would be defective which did not pay honour to her name; and then a very interesting feature, and one of the most interesting buildings at Hawarden, is Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage, which stands close to the castle. Here desolate orphans are well cared for, and find, until they have to enter on the conflict and to encounter the cares of life, a happy home. Also it is very pleasing to record that as there is no village library in Hawarden, the great library at the castle, consisting of some 10,000 volumes, is open to borrowers, no further security being taken than the entry of the name of the borrower, with the date of the transaction. It may be presumed that the treasures of the inner study are guarded from the profanation of uncultured fingers and unlearned eyes.

A personal acquaintance thus describes Mr. Gladstone's manner in private life:

I saw Mr. Gladstone first when he was about sixty years of age. Happening to sit very near him at a dinner-party, I had a good opportunity of examining his appearance closely and of making mental notes of his conversation. I had heard

him called "a sloven," but it struck me that he was even scrupulously neat, from the arrangement of his already thinned locks to that of the small bouquet in his button-hole. The most noticeable point about Mr. Gladstone's *physique* is his immense head, the extreme development of the superciliary ridge giving his dark eyes doubly the appearance of being deeply set. He affected no mysterious reserve in speaking of the political questions of the day; he was frank and evidently sincere. He spoke with affectionate reverence of the present royal family, evidently appreciating not only their public position, but their private virtues. His manner, nevertheless, had a republican simplicity, and when a chord was touched in which the inalienable rights of man vibrated, his eye kindled and flashed, while his tongue poured forth an eloquent appeal, or protest, as it might be, and he showed himself a true lover of mankind.

In society Mr. Gladstone is very popular, in a great measure because he assumes no air of superiority, is entirely free from arrogance, and never monopolizes the conversation. He listens patiently and politely even to a bore, never showing weariness. I was present on one occasion at a table at which the famous but somewhat eccentric Professor Blackie sat next but one to Mr. Gladstone. The professor, who is very energetic and vociferous, brandished his arms while he was speaking, and that so wildly that a lady who was sitting between the two distinguished men had more than once to draw suddenly back to avoid his clinched hand striking her face! He interrupted Mr. Gladstone's remarks several times, the interruption being borne with perfect equanimity and met by a smile, not of superiority, but of indulgence.

At that time Mr. Gladstone was the hardest worked man in England; but from his extraordinary habits of order and method he found time for everything; he never let a note or letter remain more than a day or two unanswered, even those which came from obscure individuals, and in many cases the formal reply of his secretary was followed up almost immediately by an autograph letter, always couched in courteous terms, and, where he was interested, in the most cordial expressions.\*

Mr. Gladstone told me that he approved of everyone doing a portion of manual labour—a practice which he has always ob-

\* One of the present editor's most cherished possessions is one of Mr. Gladstone's books, presented by its distinguished author, with a complimentary autograph inscription.—E.D.

served himself and encouraged in those about him. To this habit a good deal of the vigour of his old age is doubtless due. Speaking of his physical powers he once said to me, "I think I preserve my strength by husbanding it. If I am obliged to sit up late at night, I always rise proportionately late the following morning; and I never do, and never have done, a stroke of work on Sunday."

It was generally at dinner-parties that I met the Prime Minister, and I noticed that he was a very moderate eater and drinker yet without the least affectation of abstemiousness. He has lately entertained at his yacht-table kings, queens, and princesses; but I believe that he is in no wise dazzled by the distinction and homage which his genius and patriotic services have brought him, and that he still keeps a corner in his memory for the obscurest man or woman who has secured his sympathy.

Mr. Gladstone has a fine temper as well as fine feelings; he never forgets his dignity sufficiently to vituperate, nor does his magnificent eloquence ever degenerate into the bitterness of invective.

A more versatile mind perhaps never existed. Apart from statesmanship, his gifts as a scholar would have made him a leader among men. I do not think he is a keen judge of art; at least I have heard him laud productions which had no special merit but such as his partiality for the artist led him to attribute to his work.

Of literature he is a just and generous critic, and despite his labours, he is still an industrious reader. As a man, there is none better living. His honesty of purpose has never been seriously called in question, while his blameless private life and exemplary Christian character have done as much as his brilliant and successful public career to endear him to the great masses of his countrymen.

President Seelye thus describes his character in the *North American Review*: "Mr. Gladstone is trusted in Europe and most of all in England, where he is known best, for his unswerving moral purpose. He is learned in books; he is familiar with history; he has made a careful study of difficult questions of finance; but in none of these ways has he learned his statesmanship. The most prominent quality of his statesmanship is its high moral ground. He would control nations as individuals should be con-

trolled—by the highest moral principle. His aims in this respect sometimes seem too high to be obtained, and he has not unfrequently been called unpractical in his views; but he follows on unfalteringly, confronting questions more difficult than any other statesman of the present hour is forced to meet, but facing them calmly, answering them courageously, as his lofty moral principle directs, believing that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right, and that right and truth and love can settle all things.”

“The Laureate’s words,” says a Canadian journalist, “are true of him as they have been true of but few of those who have figured most prominently in the ‘rough island story’:

“Not once or twice in our rough island story  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples which outreddden  
All voluptuous garden roses.”

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### THE SABBATH.

AWAKE, glad heart ! get up and sing !  
It is the birth-day of the King !  
Awake ! awake !  
The sun doth shake  
Light from his locks, and all the way,  
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

Awake ! awake ! hark, how the woods ring,  
Winds whisper, and the busy springs  
A concert make !  
Awake ! awake !  
Man is their high-priest, and should rise  
To offer up the sacrifice.

I would I were some bird or star,  
Flutt’ring in woods, or lifted far  
Above this din  
And road of sin !  
Then either bird or star should be  
Shining, or singing still to thee.

—*Vaughan.*

## CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N. .

## I.



THE CITY OF LISBON, FROM THE TAGUS.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "CHALLENGER" was placed in commission at Sheerness, on the 15th November, 1872, for the purpose of proceeding upon a voyage of scientific discovery and deep-sea exploration in the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans, descending into the Southern or Antarctic Ocean as far as the ice would permit. For some months previous to the date of her commission she had been in the hands of the dockyard officials, undergoing great changes both in equipment and internal accommodation, so as to fit her with every possible means for furthering the great work in hand. For the use of the scientific staff, of which Professor Wyville Thomson was the director, there was built an ample and compact work-room, containing numerous drawers and receptacles fitted with bottles and jars for holding specimens of organic ocean life, and a well-stocked library of professional books in various languages.

Here also were provided numerous instruments for dissection and microscopic observation, long tubes for preserving rare specimens, harpoons, and many ingenious devices for entrapping and securing larger game than the dredge can possibly furnish.



On the opposite side of the deck, and somewhat farther forward, was placed the chemical laboratory for the purpose of analysing and testing the sea-water obtained from the different depths. The photographic quarters faced the laboratory. A large aquarium was near at hand; while the water-bottles and sounding-machines were secured close by in racks against the ship's side. On large reels were coils of telegraph insulated wire, for the purpose of obtaining the temperature at different depths by galvanic influence.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY ON BOARD THE "CHALLENGER."

Secondly, but not less in importance to the duties of the scientific staff, were those of the naval surveying officers, at the head of whom was Captain G. S. Nares, distinguished as a surveyor for years past. The direction of this great expedition was given into hands thoroughly well qualified for the responsibilities imposed upon them.

On the 7th December, 1872, H.M.S. *Challenger* left Sheerness, encountering very stormy weather on her passage to Portsmouth. On the 21st December all was pronounced ready, and the most important surveying expedition which had ever sailed from any country left Portsmouth Harbour. The weather continuing of

the same wild and stormy character as we crossed the Bay of Biscay, it was not until the 30th December, nine days after leaving England, that an opportunity presented itself of commencing scientific work; when we were about 40 miles west of Vigo Bay, our first sounding was obtained at a depth of 1,125 fathoms, the bottom being Globigerina ooze. Dredging was resumed on the 2nd January, but the dredge fouled the bottom, and eventually the rope parted and some 3,000 fathoms were lost.

Clearing Cape Roca and the beautiful heights of Cintra, we



NATURALISTS' WORK-ROOM ON BOARD THE "CHALLENGER."

steamed slowly up the Tagus; past the straggling suburb of Lisbon, with its many-coloured villas scattered over the slopes; past the wonderful castle of Belem, with its elegant proportions and rich ornaments, recording the skill and the refined taste of the old master masons.

About mid-day we moored in the Tagus, off the capital, and all who desired started for a run on shore. There are many buildings and places of interest to be seen; perhaps the monastery and church of Belem, of Gothic-Moresque architecture, is worth mentioning; no one could pass it without gazing on the beautiful porch, which is rich beyond description in carvings. On entering, the interior is a most charming nature. The church was cool and dim, and the clear, sweet voices of the choristers rose

and fell along the aisle, and seemed to linger in the roof among the sculptured palm-leaves.

Churches, gardens, and palaces are scattered about, all well worthy of a visit; for there was a time when this country was amongst the foremost in the world. In fact, no flag but that of

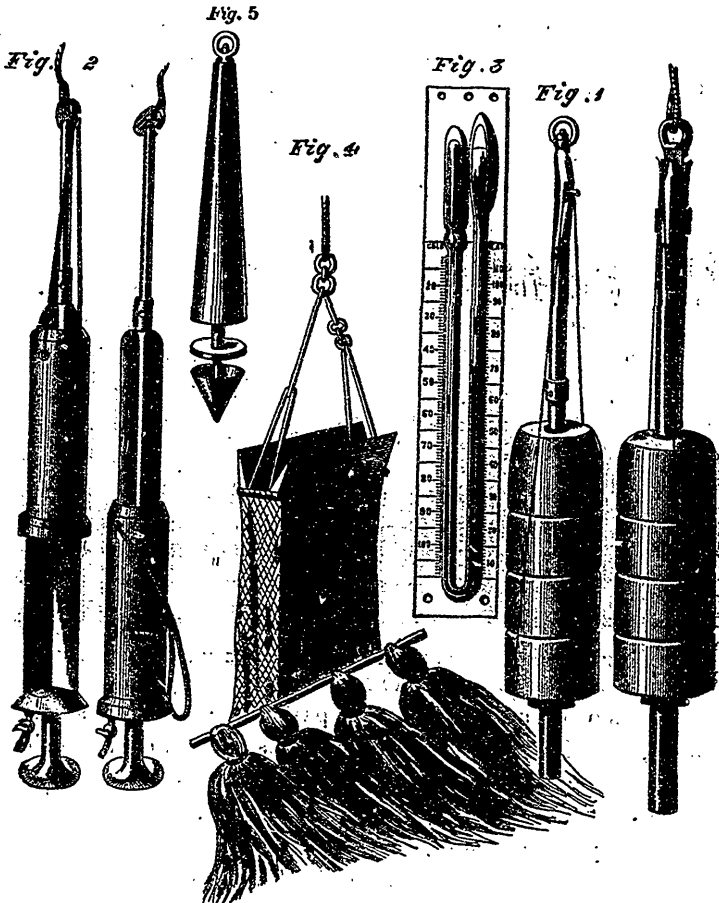


Fig. 1. Sounding Machine. Fig. 2. Slip Water-bottle. Fig. 3. Deep-sea Thermometer. Fig. 4. The Dredge. Fig. 5. Cup Sounding Lead.

Portugal could fly along the whole African coast. No ship, without its permission, dared anchor in any harbour from Gibraltar to Abyssinia, from Ormuz to Siam.

Before we left Lisbon, his Majesty King Luiz I., who is known to be very fond of natural history, did us the honour to visit the

ship, and remained on board for some considerable time, showing the greatest interest in the captures which had been made on the passage from England. After luncheon, and previous to his departure, a group photograph was taken of his Majesty and the officers of the Expedition.

On the 12th we steamed out of the Tagus. When a little to the south of Cape St. Vincent, it was proposed to dredge with the common trawl, and one was lowered in 600 fathoms; after being towed for some hours, it was drawn in just as easily as the dredge. There was no lack of living things, strange-looking fish with their eyes blown nearly out of their head by the expansion of the air in their air-bladders, while entangled amongst the meshes were many starfish and delicate zoophytes shining with a vivid phosphorescent light.

On the evening of the 17th January we passed Cape Trafalgar, and sighted the light of Tarifa. At sunrise next morning we were close under the Rock of Gibraltar, rising barren, grey and gloomy before us. Gibraltar was strongly fortified when it belonged to Spain, but its greatest and grandest works date from the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), when it became attached to England. Stupendous and incomparable are the works which since that period have been executed on it. Excellent and well-kept roads lead to the principal fortifications, which begin at an elevation of only a few hundred feet above the town.

The galleries hewn in the solid rock, forming a kind of casemate, have been constructed at an immense expense of labour and money. Their extent is over a mile in length; and besides these galleries, passages run for miles in the interior of the Rock, affording the garrison a thoroughly protected connection with all points that might be at any time threatened. The grandest and most imposing of these marvellous excavations are the Queen's Gallery and St. George's Hall. At the period of our visit there were about 1,800 guns mounted on the different fortifications. A narrow and rather steep path leads to the Signal Station, at an elevation of 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, where a serjeant of the Royal Artillery is placed in charge. From this point an excellent view is obtained of the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the many charming Spanish villages on the western shore of the bay.

Gibraltar has little save its barracks, military storehouses, and

fortifications to attract strangers; in fact, within the gates it may be considered merely a large garrison. The opening and closing of the gates is daily carried out with a certain amount of ceremony, as if in a state of siege. Immediately after sunrise the sergeant of the guard procures the keys of the gates, which have been deposited at the Governor's the night before, when, accompanied by a guard with rifles and fixed bayonets, he has the gates opened, and the drawbridge lowered; and throughout the day visitors are free to come and go; those from Spanish possessions having a pass which is "viséd." Every evening, soon after sunset, the ceremony is repeated, and the keys are returned to the Governor.

The Naval Yard is a compact and excellent establishment, where defects to the hull and machinery of vessels on this part of the station are well attended to. Stores of all descriptions are to be obtained, and large quantities of coal, some 10,000 or 15,000 tons, are usually on hand.

The town, which is built on terraces on the side of the Rock, gives shelter to some 15,000 souls, consisting of Spaniards, English, Italians, Portuguese, Moors, Turks, Greeks, and Jews; indeed, a mixture of races, customs, and manners, such as can scarcely be found at any other place in Europe.

On 26th January we left the anchorage and proceeded round Europa Point, and as the day was well advanced, hastened on so as to get through the Straits before dark. Early next morning we passed the most southerly point of Europe, and as we steamed on, we gradually lost sight of the coast, which was beautifully illuminated by the rising sun, affording us the last glimpse of the Old World. Deep water, with a soft, oozy bottom, was found to exist, favourable for telegraph cables; and day by day, as the weather moderated, so the dredging and trawling became more successful, and a number of strange new forms of animal life were found; some wondrous formation of sea-urchins and lily-stars, some clustered sea-polypi of singular beauty and of great scientific interest. Thus a week passed, and, on the 2nd February, Porto Santo was sighted—a barren, rocky spot, but, as its name (Holy Port) indicates, viewed by its first tempest-tossed discoverers with thankful hearts, when in their attempt to circumnavigate Africa they were driven out to sea and on the point of perishing.

The next morning we were off the anchorage in the bay of Funchal (Madeira). This island was discovered soon after Porto Santo, and from its dense forests at that time received this Portuguese name for wood. The first act of the adventurers was to set fire to the dense forests, which fed a conflagration that was not fairly extinguished for many years; and when the virgin soil of the land was fully exposed, colonization was successfully established.

This colony of Madeira was the nursery of two notable things of momentous consequence in the history of all subsequently discovered and colonized western countries. One was the introduction into this island of some growing shoots of a plant obtained by Prince Henry in Sicily, but originally brought from South-Eastern Asia, and spoken of by an old Biblical prophet as the "sweet cane from a far country." Here, then, was organized and established the first sugar-cane plantation.

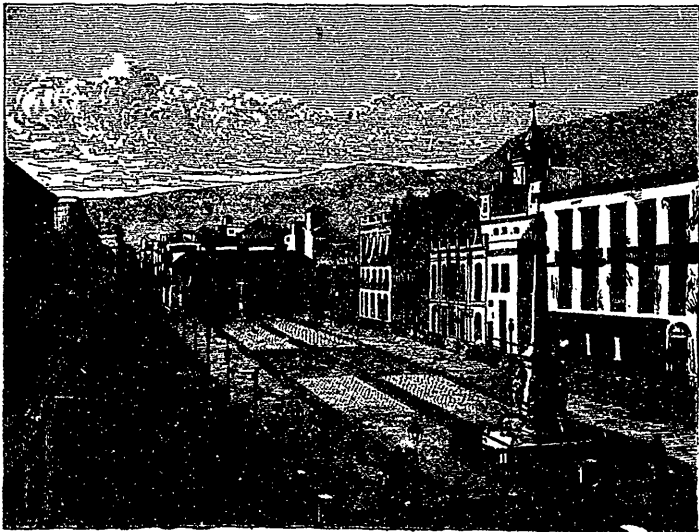
The other notable matter was the labour by which this sugar-cane was so abundantly produced. It was found from the first that Portuguese agriculturists would not voluntarily exile themselves, so recourse was had to the Negroes, who were imported in large numbers from Africa.

On February 3rd we arrived and anchored in Funchal Bay. The weather was fortunately very fine, and we were enabled to coal in safety. Coming in from the monotonous sea, the first impressions of Funchal are delightful and striking, with its luxuriant gardens smiling with gorgeous flowers, and its mountain-sides cultivated almost to their summits with beautiful plants. One must travel a long way, indeed, before meeting with prettier scenery, or a place that will surpass in fragrance and loveliness the floral beauty of this island; and yet it is only within five or six days' run of our cold shores of England. The product which has made the name of Madeira famous and familiar is its wine, which is now produced in great quantities; this and the cultivation of the sugar-cane form its principal trade.

The existing conveyances are either horses, hammocks, sedan-chairs, or sledges drawn by oxen. No stranger should miss the diversion of travelling down from the Nossa Senhora de Monti, where one has a slide down the mountain-side, above 1,800 feet, into the heart of the town, on small double-seated wooden

sledges. These curious vehicles are guided in their descent with admirable skill by a couple of natives, and notwithstanding the velocity with which they rush down the incline, it is very rare that even an accident is heard of. These sledging parties constitute the favourite amusement for visitors.

The dress of the natives is extremely simple, and, as the climate is subject to such slight extremes, their winter and summer attire is much the same, and generally consists of a pair of trousers of some light material, a shirt, and linen jacket. The women, like the men, are not overburdened with apparel, and are mostly employed as labourers in the vineyards and gardens.



PLAZA CONSTITUCION, SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE.

On the 5th February we proceeded out of the bay, and the following morning the brilliant light on Teneriffe was descried ahead. As daylight dawned, we steamed in for the land, and the high, precipitous rocks, all bleak and bare, here and there broken by deep and rugged clefts, rose in bold outline before us. Somewhat later, as the clouds cleared, the celebrated Peak was in sight, a grand and solitary object towering in seeming desolation; for although there is a certain amount of fertility on its sides, it was not apparent as we approached it. After a visit from the health officers, all were free for a run on shore. There is little at Santa Cruz itself to interest a stranger; the

houses are poor structures, the streets narrow, and there are no public buildings with any pretention to taste or elegance. Nevertheless one is repaid for a stroll in the country, where the scenery is remarkably wild and impressive—deep ravines, from which mountainous rocks rise abruptly void of every trace of vegetation except a few cacti and other hardy plants.

There is a sort of grandeur in this volcanic scenery—in the scorched craters of these enormous rocks, ribbed at the sides, rising into a variety of shapes. Now all is quiet, no traces of life, no appearance of vegetation—all is arid, dry, and parched. Here and there were noticed inclosures of cacti, used in rearing the cochineal, which, with the castor-oil plant, appears to be extensively produced for exportation. During our stay a party of naturalists made an attempt to ascend the famous Peak (12,180 feet). They had a pleasant time of it, reaching 9,000 feet, where they found the temperature of the air at night intensely cold.

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#### ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dawning :

Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting ;  
Another year with Thee ;

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest ;

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace ;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face ;

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise ;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence "all the days ;"

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning :  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee.



## ON P REACHING .

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.,

*President of Victoria University.*

PREACHING may almost be regarded as peculiar to the Christian religion. Heathen religions have no systematic arrangements for the inculcation of moral or religious truth. Along the path of Revelation, even in the earlier dispensations, we find some traces of preaching, though not in the stated or regular way of the Christian economy; but among the most highly cultivated nations of heathendom there is a remarkable absence of what we may term the popular didactic element of religion. The Greeks and Romans were both intellectual peoples, fond of philosophy, poetry, and art, and also much given to worship; but religion had with them no moral or rational basis. Their worship was not joined with investigation; their temples had no pulpits; "the priest's lips did not keep knowledge;" their intellectual and their religious life did not truly interpenetrate each other. Christianity, while distinguished from other forms of faith by its divine origin, is equally distinguished by its fearless appeal to all reasonable discussion, and its capability of holding its own under the severest intellectual tests. No other religion so bound its disciples from the beginning to give an answer to every man asking a reason for the hope within them. Coming from Him "who knew what was in men," it touches man on every side of his complex nature, and disdains the conquest of his imagination or his will except through the illumination of his understanding, and the "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." "The foolishness of preaching" is at once the symbol of its character and the means of its propagation.

From this rational character and method of Christianity has arisen, among many other incidental advantages, the wider mental development of modern times. We are not of those who would sneer at Plato and Aristotle. As profound thinkers and earnest seekers after truth, they have never been surpassed. There are to be found many sound speculative principles and moral precepts scattered through the philosophic writings of the Greeks and Romans. We are enriched beyond calculation by their

vast "legacies of thought." But their philosophy was hardly intended for the masses, and was ill-adapted to supply what the masses needed. There remained a great gulf between the school and the people. The Christian pulpit, more than anything else, has bridged over this gulf. By bringing a doctrine and adopting a method suited to the common people, it has caused the common people to hear with gladness, and by means of this hearing has given birth to most of the distinctive advantages of modern civilization, not only those that are moral, but also those that are intellectual and physical. The pulpit is, in fact, the creator of modern systems of popular instruction, and in the press and the school has raised up formidable rivals to itself. From this intellectual influence of the pulpit, indeed, have come most of those questionings and conflicts which now trouble Christianity, and the wise management of which calls for such high measures of knowledge and skill.

There are some great matters that belong to all preaching worthy of the name. To leave out these, or to put them in the background, is to preach another Gospel which is not another; and to preach without preaching the Gospel is to fall back upon paganism, by the deceptive use of nominally Christian methods; is, in fact, to give the people not a dispensation of Christianity, but a dispensation from it. In all preaching we look, first of all, for the essential saving truths of the Gospel: the authority of Revelation, the sinfulness of man, the divinity and atonement of Christ, justification by faith, the work and fruits of the Spirit, all practical forms of Christian excellence, and a future state of retribution. These, and kindred topics more or less implied in them, must ever form the staple of pulpit discourse. It is not enough that they be acknowledged; it is not enough that they be preached: they must be preached habitually and emphatically. They must stand out in bold relief amid all lesser topics, so that their power may be felt and their relative grandeur and importance not mistaken.

It is instructive and admonitory to trace the life and influence of the Church as connected with the faithful presentation of these cardinal truths. No one can miss them in the ministry of Apostolic times; no one can fail to see their working in all the great Reformations, as that of Luther in Germany, and in all the great Revivals, as that of the Wesleys in England. No one,

on the other hand, can fail to mark how they have been overshadowed, or displaced, or denied, or forgotten, in times of religious coldness or religious error and extravagance. These truths have, indeed, ever been a kind of stumbling-block to men, and involve questions of great perplexity to all thoughtful minds; yet behind the mystery of them lies the power of them. Experience shows that these alone are the truths adequate to sound the depths of man's soul, to stir him as he needs to be stirred, or to guide and heal him with a genuine guidance and healing.

The diversities of preaching, then, so far as legitimate, must lie within the range of these cardinal principles. And we may say that most of the exceptionable or powerless forms of pulpit effort come either from neglect of these truths as a system, or from an undue exaltation of some of them to the exclusion or depression of others. Particular sects sometimes fall in love with certain phases of evangelical doctrine, and, blindly enamoured of their little fragment of the Gospel, extol and emphasize it as if it were the whole, thus breaking the integrity and marring the beauty of the divine image. It is no reply to this to say, that out of our sectarian diversities and one-sidedness Providence will bring a higher kind of universality. Providence brings good out of many forms of evil, but we do not need to make work for Providence by indulging any erroneous tendencies of thought or action. We shall, at best, be sufficiently partial and fragmentary in our views, and we, therefore, do well to aim at the highest and fullest ideal conception we can form of this all-perfect religion.

Yet, while we maintain the importance of preaching all the great essential truths of Christianity, it is well to remember that this does not imply the bare and wearisome reiteration of them in the same old scholastic phraseology. Some preachers make the importance of the doctrines a cover for their own indolence. It is always easy to fall back on the mechanical and dogmatical assertion of the traditional commonplaces. But people are not interested or edified in that way. The more familiar and important the truths are, the more study and skill required for their vivid enforcement. The disposition to run on smoothly and lazily in the well-worn groove of orthodox generalities is one of the besetting sins of ordinary preachers. The leading doctrines are, indeed, adhered to and the changes rung on them with some intermixture of exhortation and declamation; but the doctrines

are not sufficiently varied in their statement and illustration, nor adequately carried out to their practical issues and uses, so as to make them touch the many needs of daily life. Christianity is a life, not a mere theory. It is an eminently practical religion. Its basis is indeed doctrinal, and the outcry against doctrinal preaching is really an outcry against the Gospel, for without the doctrine there will remain only what Foster calls "an equivocal and fallacious glimmer of Christianity." The doctrines are, however, for light, and strength, and holy activity, and not for their own sake. They are the seeds or germs of new spiritual being, and must get a lodgment in the affections, that they may be fruitful unto "righteousness of life." Doctrinal systems, like the trees of an orchard in winter, are chiefly interesting and valuable because of the fruit they have borne or may bear again. The seeds of divine truth must be warmed, moistened, and softened in the heart of the preacher, and given to the hearer as living germs, not as old, dry limbs wrenched from theological books. They must already have grown, and blossomed, and borne fruit in the preacher's soul. If the doctrine be thus ensouled within him, it will naturally tend to work, like inspiration of old, through the speaker's individuality, and not come forth merely in the vague generalities of the system-maker. Such a preacher will instinctively cut loose, not from doctrine, but from cant phrases and stereotyped forms of statement. The word within him will give expansion, fecundity, and a kind of creative energy to his faculties. His heart will melt, his fancy will play, his tongue will be loosened, he will deal in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." His diction, his illustrations, his manner, his tones of voice, will all have caught a kind of inspiration. Without ceasing to be a theologian, he will now have drawn near to the sublimer height of the prophet. The weapon in his hand will still be the sword of truth, but it will glow, and gleam, and glance as a sword of flame. Doctrinal and orthodox preaching of this kind will always have power, and carry the day against all modern devices for winning the attention through something extraneous to the pure and simple Gospel of Jesus.

There is an easy transition from this point to a plea for *variety* in preaching—variety not only in the matter, but in the manner. No living man is like another, whatever system he

may hold; dead men are soon much alike. If we will have living men in the pulpit, we must tolerate diversities. Many kinds of preaching might be mentioned, all of which are good, perhaps equally good. "Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, another after that." An affectation of eccentricity is always bad; but where the manner is the natural outcome of the character, and is accompanied by real excellences, we should bear with some peculiarities which may not be pleasing in themselves. Almost any manner that is natural to the man is better than tameness and insipidity. The dignity of the pulpit is, no doubt, to be preserved; but what is more undignified than to sleep in public, especially in a church, but above all in the pulpit? Colloquial freedom and uncouthness may be forgiven when there is an impressive presentation of God's truth. The important thing is to convert the people and build them up in the ways of holiness. All kinds of preaching not conducive to this end are of course radically bad; and foremost among them we must put that dignified and solemn dulness which from time immemorial has been the dry-rot of the pulpit. A flippant sensationalism is an opposite error of which we are now in danger; but even that will not prove an unmixed evil if it should at last render obsolete the old proverbs, "As dull as a preacher," "As prosy as a sermon."

Akin to this freedom and variety, so essential to power, is a certain Saxon homeliness of diction, and the use of illustrations drawn from common life, or at least from real life. These do not altogether harmonize with the traditionary ideal of a sermon, and are especially displeasing to some persons; but the Great Preacher used them freely, and secured this high praise, that "the common people heard Him gladly." It is not easy, indeed, to draw the line between homeliness and offensive coarseness, nor will what is effective with one congregation be always suitable for another; but he who has the tact to keep just within the safe limit will find his power augmented by the nearest allowable approach to the speech of the common people. Boys who have nothing to do but amuse themselves may mount on stilts, but a man with a journey to make will ply his busy feet along the beaten road. Let him who has nothing to say use grandiloquence, but the preacher of the Gospel, burdened with his burning message from heaven, should pour it out with an impassioned direct-

ness and simplicity. Such earnestness is itself exaltation, and in any man of ordinary culture will give sufficient elevation of style. Robert Hall is a name justly revered by the Church, and his discourses are of a high order both in thought and expression; but if one were recommending a model to the young preachers of this day, he would, we think, wisely prefer some one of the type of old Hugh Latimer or Charles H. Spurgeon, dropping from each of these a few objectionable peculiarities. And if any one wishes to know what can be made of our simpler forms of English speech, securing even scholarly polish without loss of idiom or terse nervous diction, let him read the sermons published some years ago by the present Cardinal Manning. There are, or should be, as many kinds of style as there are writers; but there is to our English tongue a peculiar, though indefinable cast, which is always strongly marked in our best authors. Swift, Cowper, Paley, and even John Locke, are good examples of what we mean; and, as some one has remarked, the same may be noticed with admiration in the conversation of English women. The vernacular and homelike turn of language is always the best for all addresses to the people, and especially for discourses from the pulpit. We need hardly add that it is not exactly the style that we have in Johnson or Gibbon, or even in Hall or Macaulay. The two former, especially, may serve to show what it is not.

There is, again, another kind of preaching, which may be called rhetorical preaching. In a certain sense, of course, all speaking is rhetorical, but the reference here is to an ambitious display of sounding words, pompous epithets, and rolling periods—a discourse so constructed that the rhetoric seems to be the end rather than the means, or if the means, then the means to the ignoble and unchristian end of winning applause for the speaker. The fitting sequel to such efforts is the newspaper paragraph of adulation, suggested or even written by the preacher himself. Doubtless there are all shades of this vice, but when at all prominent or marked it may be said to unmake the sermon, as it will, in fact, unmake both preacher and hearer. Let no one confound this spurious rhetoric with a clear, forceful, and burning eloquence, like that of Demosthenes; or the commanding charm of voice and action in Whitefield; or the inscrutable spell and arrowy words of Spurgeon; or the marvellous wealth of thought, fancy, feeling, language, and illustration—in a word, the

infinite felicities of speech remarkable in Beecher ; or the classic and chiselled finish, the happy wedlock of truth and beauty, the "apples of gold in pictures of silver," with the unrivalled elocution of William Morley Punshon. In none of these do you get the impression that the man is speaking for display ; in all of them you are likely to be filled with admiration of the truth rather than of the preacher, or, at any rate, with admiration of the preacher because of the truth. Some have doubted whether the most eloquent preachers are, after all, the most useful ; but as regards these rhetorical showmen, these exhibitors of pulpit fireworks, one need have no doubt at all. They may make the rabble stare, but they make the judicious grieve ; they foster a diseased appetite, they cause the people to loathe the plain truths of the Gospel ; and if men are converted under such sermons, it must be notwithstanding the sermons rather than because of them. If all preaching were of this stamp, it would be an immense gain to have it superseded by well-conducted Bible classes.

We are not here censuring the use of any genuine graces of style. A bald and literal diction is not the best for any popular discourse. People must be reached through the imagination and sensibilities as well as through the understanding. Metaphors are often the most telling arguments. Nathan converted David with a parable, one of the shortest and most effective sermons on record. Nor do such helps from fancy imply any want of solid sense. Plato, Bacon, Burke, and other deep thinkers use them largely.

"The graven flowers that wreath the sword  
Make not the blade less strong."

But the exhibitions of which we have been speaking are not faulty because of metaphor, or melody, or any of the true charms of eloquence. They indicate feebleness and want of cultivation rather than opulence or strength, and do as much violence to the laws of taste as to the spirit of Christianity.

In closing these observations we may touch briefly on the method of dealing in the pulpit with that corroding skepticism, which is eating like a canker, into the heart of the popular faith. No preacher who ignores this fact will be the best minister for the times. But it may be doubted whether, after all, the pulpit gains much by frequent and violent attacks upon skeptical writers. There are occasions when such discussions may be

wisely introduced, but some important considerations must be borne in mind. It is possible for the preacher to encourage the unbelief which he wishes to check. Sometimes his discussion will only serve to advertise publications which would not be known to his people, or to create an interest in that which is made so much of. An attack on Tyndall, or Huxley, or John Stuart Mill, not unfrequently promotes the sale of their works, and the perusal of their works will often have more effect than the hearing of the sermon which led to the perusal—especially as these writings are beautiful and masterly in their way, while the sermon may possibly have been neither one nor the other. It is well, therefore, for only competent men to undertake this task, and then only when it is called for by the state of mind in the preacher's congregation. It is not worth while to import into a country village a conflict that has just begun in some literary or philosophical centre, to inoculate a peasant with the diseases of a philosopher for the sake of curing him. If the preacher wishes to fortify his hearers against the danger when it comes, he will, we think, best do it by building them up in the faith of the Gospel, and in the simple old-fashioned way. Spiritual health will best ward off the infection. We all have our times of doubt and religious perplexity, but it is marvellous how these pass away when we live near to God and busy ourselves with practical endeavours for the Redeemer's kingdom. A sweet hymn, a fervent hour of prayer, or a visit to the afflicted, will often disperse the doubts as the morning sun scatters the clouds.

Even when it is deemed necessary to handle these skeptics, it is wise to do so in good temper and in courteous terms. The influential skeptics of our time are, as a rule, not the coarse or illiterate infidels of former days. They owe their influence largely to their extensive learning, their graces of style, their suavity of manner, and their adoption of much of the pure morality of the Gospel. The preacher should not appear in contrast to his opponents in these respects. It is well also to recognize whatever of good there is in such writers, and to use the good as a leverage toward something better. The addresses of Paul at Athens and elsewhere are the preacher's best models in this kind of work. With what tact and conciliation does the great Apostle proceed in all his Epistles! Even rhetorical rules would suggest such a method; but beyond all rules of rhetoric are the intrinsic merits of candour, fairness, moderation, and truth. According to



Professor Blackie, theologians are not remarkable for candour. If this reproach be merited, it is time it were wiped away.

Many examples, and many recent ones, remind us that it is well to take some pains to ascertain what men really hold, before assailing them. In physical contests men do not often fight against imaginary foes, but in the battles of thought a prominent part has been played by the "men of straw." Locke assailed innate ideas under a form in which no one held them, and Paley discusses the doctrine of a moral sense in a similar way. "His numerous adversaries" (says Mill of the opponents of Bishop Berkeley) "have generally occupied themselves in proving what he never denied, and denying what he never asserted." And that such irrelevant attacks do not always arise from obscurity on the part of the authors assailed, is evident from Mill's additional and just remark, that Berkeley "was excelled by no one who ever wrote on philosophy in the clear expression of his meaning, and discrimination of it from what he did not mean." This kind of misrepresentation has been the stupid vice of controversialists in all ages. The spirit of the true enquirer is very different, as one may see by turning to the pages of Butler, or Cousin, or Jouffroy. We are far from supposing that Huxley and Spencer are in thorough unison with the religion of the Bible; but where they are out of tune they will hardly be set right by general invective, and argument, to be effective, must be well directed. We shall find, moreover, that an honest endeavour to ascertain the skeptic's strong points will best show orthodoxy her weak ones. Even Achilles, we know, was not invulnerable in his heel. "For I conceive the skeptical writers," says Dr. Reid, "to be a set of men whose business it is to pick holes in the fabric of knowledge wherever it is weak and faulty; and when these places are properly repaired, the whole building becomes more firm and solid than it was formerly." In this age of crumbling creeds it will be well for the Church to heed these words, putting some improved masonry at the weak points in her venerable expositions, and thus turning to advantage the assaults of the foe. But while Christian scholars are thus engaged, let the preacher still pursue his work, by proclaiming to the multitudes, with power from on high, those moral and spiritual truths in which the persuasive and purifying virtue of the Gospel has been found chiefly to dwell.

## CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

## I.

THE Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, are the great, the imperial thought, the tradition, and society of this earth. It is from Christendom outwards that power and influence radiate, not towards it and into it that they flow. There seems to be but one point at least on the surface of the earth—namely, among the negro races of West Africa—where Mahometism gains ground upon Christianity; but that assuredly is not the seat of government from whence will issue the *fiats* of the future, to direct the destinies of mankind.

The astounding fact of the manifestation of the Lord of Glory, under the veil of human flesh may, and does, stagger in some minds the whole faculty of belief. Those minds, however, guided by equity, will admit that if this great Christian postulate be sound, much must follow from it. For then we must in reason expect to find, not only an elaborate preparation in the outer world for an event which, by the very statement of the terms, dwarfs the dimensions of every other known transaction, but likewise a most careful adjustment of the means by which, being so vast in itself, it could find entrance into the human mind and heart.

The religion of Christ had to adapt itself to the least as well as to the largest forms of our life and nature, while its central idea was in very truth of such a largeness, in comparison to all we are or can be, as to make the absolute distance between the greatest of human greatness, and the smallest of human littleness, sink into insignificance.

No more in the inner than in the outer sphere did Christ come among us as a conqueror, making His appeal to force. We were neither to be consumed by the heat of the divine presence, nor were we to be dazzled by its brightness. God was not in the storm, nor in the fire, nor in the flood, but He was in the still, small voice.

This vast treasure was not only to be conveyed to us, and set

down as it were at our doors; it was to enter into us, to become part of us, and to become that part which should rule the rest; it was to assimilate alike the mind and heart of every class and description of men.

Like the seed to which Christ compares the gospel, all the early stages of its life were to be silent and to be slow. Gradually to lay a broad basis of such evidence as ought through all time to satisfy the reason and the heart of mankind, seems to have been the object with which our Saviour wrought. The general, if he be a good general and has his choice, will deploy his whole army on the battle-field, before any portion of it begins to fight. The hot and fierce assent of a few enthusiasts might doubtless have been had on easy terms: like a fire of straw, come and gone in a moment, and leaving neither light nor warmth behind.

Are any startled at the idea that our Lord's first object may have been in the main limited to fixing well in the minds of His hearers the belief in His divine mission only? Will they say in answer, that by His reply to the confession of Nicodemus He emphatically teaches the insufficiency of the belief to which that ruler had therefore attained? For the answer of Christ is not a commendation or an acquiescence, but a solemn monition: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." As much as to say, "It is not enough that you have examined my credentials, and that, approving them, you own me as a teacher carrying a commission from on high. You must accept deeper results of my mission than any you have yet thought of, and must give your mind and spirit to be translated into the region of a new and better life."

Such is, I suppose, an approximation to the sense of our Lord's reply. The confession then of Nicodemus was insufficient. But so is the first step of a flight of stairs without those that are to carry us onward to the level above; yet the laying well and solidly the first steps, without any visible sign of regard to those that are to follow, may be the way, and the only way, to construct a practicable and durable ascent.

There is, however, a peculiar delicacy, if this phrase, may be allowed, in this method of procedure adopted by the Great Teacher. Along with that element of superhuman power which was to establish a superhuman origin for His mission, there was

combined a certain character of love, of pity, of unwearying help, of tender and watchful care, which is to be read in the deeds of our Lord from first to last; the only two exceptions, which may have had excellent reasons of their own, being those of the fig-tree and the swine; exceptions not touching the race of man.

Now the gross and carnal temper in man is far more easily caught by power than by love. To a certain extent, then the display of power, intended to show that Christ had come from God to carry us back along with Himself to God, tended to counteract that very object, if it should relatively lower in our minds the force of the attraction of love; if, of the two great functions of deity exhibited in the miracles, the one which was more splendid and imposing should eclipse the one more modest, but more precious and more authentic. Hence, perhaps, it is that we find a certain veiling of the power that was in Christ, by these reserves and injunctions of secrecy. In the rude repetitions of the miracles from mouth to mouth, they would have fared as the picture of some great artist fares when it is copied at second, third, and fourth hand: the finer and deeper graces disappear; the clothing of the idea disappears, and only a coarse outline survives. And so it really seems as if our Saviour had desired to place considerable checks on the circulation of mere report concerning the miracles; and in lieu of its confused and bewildering echoes, to trust rather to each man's seeing for himself, and then calmly reflecting on so much as he had seen.

In all of the greater parables, which present their subject in detail, Christ Himself when they are interpreted, fills a much higher place than that simply of a teacher divinely accredited. They all shadow forth a dispensation, which, in all its parts, stands related to, and dependent on, a central figure, and that central figure is, in every case but two, our Saviour Himself.

He is the Sower of the seed, the Owner of the vineyard, the Householder in whose field of wheat the enemy intermingled the tares, the Lord of the unorgiving servant, the Nobleman who went into a far country and gave out the talents and said: "Occupy till I come;" lastly the Bridegroom among the virgins, wise and foolish. In every one of these our Saviour appears in the attitude of kingship. He rules, directs, and furnishes all;

He punishes and rewards. Every one of these, when the sense is fully apprehended, repeats, as it were, or anticipates the procession of the day of Palms, and asserts His title to dominion. They must be considered, surely, as very nearly akin, if they are not more than nearly akin to declarations of His deity.

Two others there are which have not yet been mentioned. One is the parable of the householder, who planted a vineyard and went into a far country, and sent his servants to receive his share of the produce. In this parable our Lord is not the master, but the master's heir, the person whose the vineyard is to be, and who, being sent to perform the office in which the other messengers had failed, is put to death by the cruel and contumacious tenants. But this parable, if it sets forth something less than His kingship, also sets forth much more, and embodies the great mystery of His death by wicked hands. There is also the parable of a certain king, which made a marriage for his son; a relation which involves far more than had commonly been expressed in the direct teaching.

Upon the whole, then, the proposition will stand good that these parables differ from, and are in advance of the general instruction respecting the person of the Redeemer in the three Synoptic Gospels, and place Him in a rank wholly above that of a mere teacher, however true and holy. They set forth that difference from previous prophets and agents of the Almighty, which has been noticed by the apostle to the Hebrews, where he says that "Moses verily was faithful in all his house as a servant; but Christ as a son, over His own house."

Now, we have to sum up this branch of the inquiry with observing that, in that very chapter of instruction where the proper dignity and weight of the Redeemer in one of His high offices, namely, as a king, begin to be significantly conveyed, there is a veil interposed, as if to cast the scene into shadow. The truth is there; but it ceases to thrust itself upon the mind, and stands rather as the reward to be obtained in after-thought by a docile attention.

Upon the field, then, which we are now examining, our Lord does not so much teach Himself, as prepare the way for the teaching of Himself, and act once more, though from a different point, and in a new relation, the part of His own forerunner.

There is yet another portion of that field upon which we

have to cast a glance. During the brief course of His own ministry, our Saviour gave a commission to His twelve apostles, and likewise one to the seventy disciples. Each went forth with a separate set of full and clear instructions. The commission to the Twelve will be found most fully given in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew ; that to the Seventy in the tenth of St. Luke. In conformity with what we have already seen, both are silent in respect to the Person of our Lord. They seem to aim at reproducing in miniature His own ministry. To the apostles He says, "Preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." To the disciples He says, "Heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." The announcement of a society not then founded, but about to be founded upon earth, the obligation of the hearers to believe in what is announced, the exhibition of works of relief and love, that love taking effect through a preternatural exercise of power—here is the gospel as it was ordered to be preached by the followers of our Lord during His lifetime, and before He had begun to open, even to the Twelve, the awful picture of His coming death.

Notable, indeed, is the difference, it might almost be said the contrast, between these commissions, and those which were given after the resurrection, as they are related in the latter part of the four Gospels. In these latter commissions, the person of Christ has emerged in all its grandeur from the shadow to the foreground : it is His power that is given over to them, into Him they are to baptize, in His name they are to preach repentance and remission of sins.

To sum up, then : there was a twilight before the dawn and a dawn before the morning, and a morning before the day. The contrast between the two classes of commissions, that we have just seen, receives its most vivid illustration on the day of Pentecost, which may perhaps not unfitly be termed the birthday of the Church. This contrast is really a proof, not of dissonances in the divine counsels, but of an harmonious and adapted progression in their development, and thus of their essential oneness of design. During our Lord's life the bulwarks of the kingdom of evil were being smitten again and again by constant exhibitions of His command over the seen and unseen worlds ; and its

foundations were being sapped by the winning force of His benevolence and love. Even before this work approached its ripeness, He cried, in prophetic anticipation of His triumph, "I beheld Satan like lightning fall from heaven." When He had died, and risen, and ascended, then the undermining process was complete; and the rushing noise of Pentecost was like the trumpet-blast about the walls of Jericho, when the walls fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him; and they took the city.

It appears as if our Lord commonly was employed in those kinds of word and deed which, repeated in substance over and over again in a large number of places, and before great multitudes of witnesses, were to constitute the main ground of His appeal to the conscience of the world, and the first basis of the general belief in Him; the basis, upon which all the rest was in due time to be built up. But while He thus wrought from day to day, and from place to place, He was also at times employed in sowing a seed which was to lie longer in the ground before the time of germination.

Sometimes He set Himself to sow it in capable minds and willing hearts; like those of the apostles, or like that of Nicodemus; sometimes to let it fall apart from the common beat of the chosen people, and where it could not be choked by their peculiar prejudices, as with the woman of Samaria. But also in Jerusalem, itself, at least by one series of discourses, He was pleased to state sufficiently, in the hearing both of the people and of their guides, the dignity and claims of His person; so that this authentic declaration from His own lips, of the truths which were after the Resurrection to be developed in apostolic teaching, might accredit that teaching to minds that would otherwise have stumbled at the contrast, or would have been unable to fill the void between such doctrine posthumously preached, and the common tenor of our Lord's words and acts as they are given in the Synoptical Gospels may be regarded as the golden link between the Sermon on the Mount and the theology of the Apostolic Epistles.

The mighty change which Christ achieved in the whole frame and attitude of the human mind with respect to divine things, was transmitted from age to age, but not by effort and agony like His, or like the subordinate but kindred agency of those who

were chosen by Him to co-operate in the great revolution. Sometimes it was, indeed, both sustained and developed by the great powers, and by the faith and zeal of individuals, and by a constancy even unto death ; but in the main it passed on from age to age by traditional, insensible and unconscious influences. As the ages grew, and as the historic no less than the social weight of Christianity rapidly accumulated, men, by no unnatural process, came to rely more and more on the evidence afforded by the simple prevalence of the religion in the world, which, if taken with all its incidents, was in truth a very great element of proof ; less and less upon the results of any original investigation reaching upwards to the fountain-head. The adhesion of the civil power, the weight of a clergy, the solidity and mass of Christian institutions, the general accommodation of law to principles derived from the Holy Scriptures, that very flavour of at least an historic Christianity which, after a long undisputed possession, pervades and scents the whole atmosphere of social life ; all these in ordinary times seem to the mass of men to be, as proofs so sufficient, that to seek for others would be waste of time and labour.

If there be unreason in this blind reliance, there is probably not less, but much more unreason shown, when the period of reaction comes, and when a credulity carried to excess is placed in the fashion of the day, by an incredulity that wanders and runs wild in the furthest outbreaks of extravagance : an incredulity not only which argues from the narrowest premises to the broadest conclusions, but which oftentimes dispensing with argument altogether, assumes that whatever in religion has heretofore been believed to be true is therefore likely to be false, and exhibits a ludicrous contrast between the overweening confidence of men in their own faculties, and their contempt for the faculties of those from whom they are descended.

I do not suggest that a description so broad could be applied to the present age. But it is in this direction that we have been lately tending ; and we have at least travelled so far upon the road as this, that the evidences purely traditional, have lost their command (among others) over those large classes of minds which, in other times, before a shock was given or the tide of mere fashion turned, would perhaps most steadily and even blindly have received them. Their minds are like what



I believe is said of a cargo of corn on board ship. It is stowed in bulk, and in fair weather the vessel trims well enough; but when there is a gale the mass of grain strains over to the leeward side, and this dead weight increases the difficulty and the danger, and does it this way or that mechanically, according to the point of the compass from which the wind may chance to blow.

In such a time, there is a disposition either to deny outright the authority which Christianity may justly claim from its long historic existence, and from its having borne triumphantly the strain of so many tempests, or else, and perhaps with more danger, silently to slight them and pass them by, and to live a life deprived alike of the restraints and the consolations of a strong and solid belief. Under these circumstances, may it not be the duty of the scribe rightly instructed in the things concerning the kingdom of God, when the old weapons cease for the moment to penetrate, that he should resort to other weapons which at the time are new, though in reality they are the oldest of all, and had only been laid aside because they were supposed to have done their work?

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### COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,  
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,  
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!  
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,  
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,  
 Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.\*

BY THE REV. GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

## I.

“For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”—2 Cor. iv. 18.

SHOULD the present era be known in the after years by any distinguishing characteristic, it will doubtless be described as the age of science. We have had the golden, the silver, the brazen, and the iron ages; and now we live in an epoch that differs materially in a hundred ways from any of those that preceded it, and whose leading characteristic is the practical application of scientific knowledge to the requirements and the luxuries of every-day life. The advances that have been made in the various branches of science during the present century are extraordinary almost beyond conception. On every hand, invention and discovery have run a rapid course, and the contrast between the present time and the past of not more than a century ago is so striking as almost to paralyze belief. The steam-engine, the telegraph, photography, and a hundred other of the commonplace things of to-day, would, if our forefathers could have heard them foretold, have seemed to them to belong to an Arabian romance, or a maniac's dream. Scientific discovery goes on at such a railroad pace, that unless we study its doings day by day we speedily become behind the time; and the practical application of invention to the business of life is so wonderful, that to-day we are totally unprepared for what in the natural order of progress may turn up to-morrow. We are daily called upon to realize the words of Milton:—

“The invention all admired and each, how he  
To be the inventor missed, so easy it seemed  
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought  
Impossible.”

In chemistry, in electricity, in physiology, and in every other

\* Abridged by permission from Dr. Sexton's "Baseless Fabric of Scientific Skepticism," with revision and additions by the author.

branch of science, new discoveries are being made almost daily, which eclipse everything that has preceded them, and which, in the large majority of cases, admit of some practical application to the affairs of every-day life. Progress goes rapidly forward, waving aloft her banner, upon which is written the word *Excelsior*; and the grandest and most startling invention of to-day becomes superseded by a still grander and more startling discovery to-morrow. Each person whose business lies at all with those arts that administer to the comfort and convenience of life, devotes his time and his energies in attempts to discover how best he can improve upon what has been done before; and thus competition in invention results in the discovery of facts, which, but for it, would probably remain unknown.

When a man standing on the broad earth and looking towards the ten thousand phenomena that surround him on every hand—from stars and suns down to the minutest insect that flutters in the air or crawls at his feet—begins to reflect upon himself and the objects by which he is surrounded, he is naturally struck with awe at the mysteries which force themselves upon his attention, and for which he has no explanation. There is first of all the external universe with its multiplicity of phenomena in sky, in sea, air, and on the earth; all of which obey some hidden and unknown laws which his intellect is unable to fathom. Then he contemplates himself, puzzled to know what he is in his individuality, and how he differs from the world exterior to himself. He is conscious of his own existence, but of what is that consciousness made up, and what constitutes that existence which he feels not only to be a fact but to be the primary fact of all in his knowledge? He sees his hands, his feet, and the rest of the organs that make up his material frame; but in this respect they present themselves to him, just as do the objects in the external world, and in truth seem to belong to the physical universe outside of himself. But then there is that something which sees, and thinks, and feels, and knows, which constitutes his individuality, and which separates him from physical nature in every form. What is that? Whence came it? What is its nature? Whither is it tending? What is its ultimate destiny? These are questions the answer to which in some form or other he feels must be had at any cost. If science can enlighten him well and good; if she cannot, the knowledge must be obtained elsewhere. At least he seeks her aid and tries her powers.

Then there is that which is perhaps more mysterious still, the relationship which man sustains to that external world which he has already distinguished as being no part of himself. How does he come into contact with it? in a word, how does he know of its existence at all? He hears, and sees, and feels the objects by which he is surrounded. True, but this is only another way of saying that he has learned of their existence by some processes which are utterly inexplicable. For what is hearing, what seeing, what feeling? To say that I know of a thing because I hear it or see it, is to leave the matter exactly where it was before. Because the question is, How does this occur? How does the mind go out from itself to seize external things, or how do external things find their way into the mind? The thing itself cannot enter the mind; all, therefore, that can be cognized is some ideal representative of it. But first, how does this occur at all?—secondly, how can an idea be the representative of a thing with which it has nothing in common?—and thirdly, what proof have we of the accuracy of such representation.

When we see, what happens is simply this: rays of light thrown upon an object are reflected from it, which, finding their way to the human eye, pass through its various coats, humours, and its lens, until there is presented on the retina a picture of the object to be seen. This is all that science can tell us even to-day, and how does it help us to any explanation whatever? For, after all, we have simply got a picture of the thing to be seen, and not the thing itself, and even that picture cannot be transmitted to the mind except ideally. The question is not how does the eye see, for the eye does not see, but how does the mind see the picture which the eye has thus presented? Or take hearing—what is it? The particles of air are thrown into motion by that which is said to originate the sound. These vibrations of the atmosphere strike the tympanic membrane of the ear, which is also thrown into vibration; the motion is transmitted across the complicated structure of the middle and internal ear, and thus reaches the auditory nerve. Now, this has to be heard, but how? Alas! that is a mystery which the science of to-day cannot fathom.

But this is not all. There is yet a greater difficulty to contend with, which I give in the words of Professor Tyndall:—  
“The same air is competent to transmit the vibrations of a thou-

sand instruments at the same time. When we try to visualize the motion of that air—to present to the eye of the mind the battling of the pulses direct and reverberated—the imagination retires baffled from the attempt. And the most wonderful thing of all is that the human ear, though acted on only by a cylinder of that air which does not exceed the thickness of a quill, can detect the components of the motion, and, aided by an act of attention, can even isolate from the aerial entanglement any particular sound.” Of course, this increases the mystery tenfold, since to hear a particular sound resulting from a dozen instruments playing the same note is one thing, but to distinguish each instrument from the other is altogether a different matter. The same mystery will be felt whichever organ of human sense we deal with, and an experience of this it is which has prompted men to the study of science, and led them frequently, as we shall see hereafter, to interrogate her with regard to matters that lie completely outside of her domain, and which she is utterly incompetent to explain.

The discoveries of science that have taken place have of course enlarged our knowledge of the powers, forces and laws of nature; and led us to see clearly, in many respects, what our forefathers beheld but vaguely and dimly. The two instruments, perhaps, by means of which our knowledge of nature has been most increased have been the telescope and the microscope; the one, as Dr. Chalmers has eloquently observed, enabling us to see a system in every star, and the other unfolding to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its peoples and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the vast field of immensity; the other that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit, and the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is

enabled to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings, and that could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope; but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of His glory.

As Cuvier somewhere observes, little did those Venetian sailors who saw the sands of the shores of Bætica transformed by fire into transparent glass foresee what would be the results that should spring from this new substance; "that it would one day assist the astronomer in penetrating the depths of the heavens and in numbering the stars of the Milky Way; that it would lay open to the naturalist a miniature world, as populous, as rich in wonders as that which alone seemed to have been granted to his senses, and his contemplations; in fine, that the most simple and direct use of it would enable the inhabitants of the coast of the Baltic Sea to build palaces more magnificent than Tyre and Memphis, and to cultivate almost under the polar circle the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone." In the discoveries brought to light by these instruments, one marvellous fact of nature has been made apparent, which has a most important bearing upon the question of the relation of science to those higher forms of thought, which it not unfrequently attempts to influence and direct. In the innumerable systems of suns and worlds which have been opened up in the vast star-depths by the telescope, the strictest order and the most perfect harmony has been seen to prevail; and in the worlds in miniature brought into the field of vision by the microscope, the most perfect order is apparent. A marvellous beauty of which our forefathers could not even guess has been now seen to pervade the works of nature from the largest down to the most minute. And herein the handiwork of God is seen to be so unlike that of man.

In all human productions the very highest achievements of art are simply aimed at, satisfying the senses when viewed as a perfect whole, and were they broken up into minute portions all trace of order and arrangement would at once disappear. Take the greatest painting of Raphael, or the finest piece of statuary chis-

elled out by the ancient Greek sculptors, and examine them in detail with the microscope, and the result may be easily foreseen. In neither case could you discover the slightest trace of the skill of the workman, or the genius of the artist. Beauty and harmony would be absent. Now, suppose that in Raphael's Transfiguration every atom of the paint when looked at with the microscope contained a smaller picture, you would then have an exactly analogous case to what we meet with in nature. Down deep below that external appearance of the universe which falls within the range of ordinary vision, hidden away from human sight until powerful instruments are employed to detect it, and much of it perhaps so minute as never to be seen at all by mortal eyes, there is the same elaborated workmanship, the same harmony and beauty, bespeaking the Infinite Worker that is seen in moving planets, in blooming flowers, and in rolling waters.

This will be apparent more particularly to you if you contrast some product of nature with a similar article manufactured by human skill. Take, for instance, a piece of glass and a block of ice, the description of which I quote from Professor Tyndall, for two reasons—first, because he has drawn the sketch with a masterhand; and secondly, because he is known to have no predilections in favour of what is recognised as Natural Theology, his bias being the other way. He remarks, "To many persons here present, this block of ice may seem of no more interest and beauty than a block of glass; but, in reality, it bears the same relation to glass that an oratorio of Handel does to the cries of a market-place. The ice is music, the glass is noise; the ice is order, the glass is confusion. In the glass, molecular forces constitute an inextricably entangled skein; in the ice they are woven to a symmetric web, the wonderful textures of which I will now try to make evident to you. How shall I dissect this ice? In the solar beam, or failing that, in the beam of our electric lamp, we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will remove the agent by which this beam was purified in the last experiment, and send the rays direct from the lamp through this slab of pellucid ice. It will pull the crystal edifice to pieces by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallising force built the molecules up; silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them

down. A plate of ice five inches square and an inch thick is now in front of the electric lamp, the rays from which pass through the ice. Compare the radiant beam before it enters the ice with the same beam after its passage through the substance; to the eye there is no difference; the light is not sensibly diminished. Not so with the heat. As a thermic agent, the beam before entering is far more powerful than after its emergence. A portion of it has been arrested in the ice, and that portion is to be our working anatomist. I place a lens in front of the ice and cast a magnified image of the slab upon the screen. Here we have a star and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice appears to resolve itself into stars, each possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals. When the lens is shifted to and fro, new stars are brought into view; and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, and spread themselves out like fern-leaves upon the screen. Probably few are aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of lavish Nature operating thus throughout the world. Every atom of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. Nature 'lays her beams in music;' and it is the function of science to purify our organs, so as to enable us to hear its strain."

This illustration will serve admirably to show the point in question of the vast difference between the works of God and those of man. I say the works of God, thus assuming the existence of an intelligent Power by whom all nature is controlled and governed, and whose will is expressed in her infinite variety of law, because, to my mind, that is a truth as thoroughly established as any that falls within the range of the human mind. Even Professor Tyndall, in the extract quoted, personifies nature, and talks of her laying her beams in music. Nature is no person, she cannot lay beams or evolve music. Personality implies being and intelligence,—in this case Infinite Being and Unlimited Intelligence, which is only another way of speaking of God.

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LEANING on Him, make with reverent meekness  
His own, thy will,  
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness  
Life's task fulfil.



## TWO BATTLE-SONGS—A CONTRAST.

BY WILLIAM H. C. KERR, M.A.

THE compilers of the new Methodist Hymn-book have enriched the psalmody of the Church by the addition of many beautiful and well-known hymns; but few of the new aspirants to public favour have met with a more cordial reception than Morley Punshon's "Listen, the Master beseecheth," and Baring Gould's "Onward, Christian soldiers." These hymns are like two sisters, who, while presenting some features of resemblance, offer many points of contrast, each heightening and setting off to advantage the beauty of the other. The one appeals to the imagination and the eye; the other to the feelings and the heart. They are alike in being incentives to Christian duty, and in possessing a spirit-stirring refrain—a somewhat unusual, but by no means undesirable, adjunct in congregational hymnody.

But here the resemblances begin and end. They are incentives to Christian effort, indeed—but they are the strophe and antistrophe of a different song. Punshon is the Coryphæus of labour; Baring Gould, of glory. The one is all for work; the other all for show. Punshon's hymn is a bugle-call to duty; Baring Gould's is the processional anthem of a gorgeous ritual. The one contemplates individual exertion; the other, the collective effort of a mighty host. In the former the Christian warrior is doing solitary duty in the trenches before the citadel of sin; in the latter he is on dress parade and feeling the support of his neighbour in the ranks. Punshon's martyr spirit crowns a life of helpfulness and toil by offering himself a living sacrifice on the altar; Baring Gould's brigade are already laurelled victors in all the pomp and circumstance of war, surveying the collective grandeur and glory of the Church of God, and calling upon the bystanders who throng "the shouting streets" to fall into line and swell the triumph song.

Doubtless, both hymns have their uses. But where the tendency of Christian worship trends in the direction of the sensuous and sentimental, Punshon's sturdy didactics ring out a clarion note, which recalls the attention from externals to active personal effort. Now, hymns of a didactic character make good singing, not only for the youth in Sunday-schools, but for children of larger growth. I would rather have one such Sun-

day-school hymn as "Yield not to temptation," with its quiet lesson to

"Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain ;  
God's name hold in reverence  
Nor take it in vain ;  
Be thoughtful and earnest  
Kind-hearted and true"—

than a dozen meaningless melodies abounding in "fields of glory" and "jasper seas." And for the same reason, I prefer Punshon's hymn for either Church or Sunday-school. I think, too, that, with its rousing chorus, it would make a splendid class song, and have done it into indifferent Latin, for such collegiate or inter-collegiate associations as choose to adopt it. I have also added a Greek version of "Onward, Christian soldiers." And I make no apology whatever for directing attention to these stirring Christian battle-cries by essaying to dress them up in dialects which, in their day, were among the most powerful and exact vehicles of human thought. I reflect with pleasure that, in hundreds of Canadian homes, where this *MAGAZINE* is looked upon as a welcome guest, these ancient dialects are not dead languages but living forces to-day. For, with her crowded high schools, colleges, and seminaries of learning on every hand, it may well be doubted if there is a country in the world in which classical culture is more widely diffused than in this Canada of ours. And for those, to whom these ancient tongues utter no intelligible voice, but who cherish the memory of Dr. Punshon, I shall have accomplished no unthankful service if a reperusal of his "Call to Labour" should induce them to institute a comparison between the sentiments of the hymn and the life of the writer. They will find the steadfastness and earnestness of moral purpose which were inspirations, not only to the Church of which he was the ornament and the boast, but to all the Christian Churches of this land, reflected in his lofty verse, and they will be led with me to cast a loving garland on his untimely grave.

Fortunately for the writers of these two fine hymns, their productions have been worthily set to suitable music. The score of Baring Gould's hymn is a universa' favourite, and Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim," has composed an admirable air for "Listen, the Master beseecheth," and one eminently adapted for choral or congregational singing.

## A CALL TO LABOUR.

BY W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

LISTEN ! the Master beseecheth,  
 Calling each one by his name ;  
 His voice to each loving heart reacheth,  
 Its cheerfullest service to claim.  
 Go where the vineyard demandeth  
 Vinedresser's nurture and care ;  
 Or go where the white harvest standeth,  
 The joy of the reaper to share.

Then work, brothers, work, let us slumber no longer,  
 For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger ;  
 The light of this life shall be darkened full soon,  
 But the light of the better life resteth at noon.

Seek those of evil behaviour,  
 Bid them their lives to amend ;  
 Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,  
 And be to the friendless a friend.  
 Still be the lone heart of anguish,  
 Soothed by the pity of thine ;  
 By waysides, if wounded ones languish,  
 Go, pour in the oil and the wine.  
 Then work, etc.

Work for the good that is nighest,  
 Dream not of greatness afar ;  
 That glory is ever the highest  
 Which shines upon men as they are.  
 Work, though the world may defeat you,  
 Heed not its slander and scorn ;  
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you  
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.  
 Then work, etc.

Offer thy life on the altar,  
 In the high purpose be strong ;  
 And if the tired spirit should falter,  
 Then sweeten thy labour with song.  
 What if the poor heart complaineth,  
 Soon shall its wailing be o'er ;  
 For there, in the rest that remaineth,  
 It shall grieve and be weary no more.  
 Then work, etc.

## AD LABOREM INVOCATIO.

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A.

En ! vox Magistri precantis  
 Nomine quemque vocat,  
 Et cor cujuscunque amantis  
 Ministerium lætum rogat :  
 Ite, quã vos vinitores  
 Vineæ sollicitat,  
 Aut quã alba messis messorum  
 Vos collaborantes citat.  
 Nunc agite, fratres, excusso sopore,  
 Vox clamitat, urget : est opus labore ;  
 Lux hujusce vitæ cito nubilat,  
 Sed sol melioris meridiæ stat.

Quærite, si quis peccator  
 Melius vitam agat,  
 Mundoque monstretur Salvator,  
 Qui vel inimicos amat ;  
 Adhuc, si quis cor turbetur,  
 Succurrite auxilio ;  
 Si læsus languescat viator,  
 Adeste, vinoque et oleo.  
 Sic agite, fratres, excusso sopore,  
 Vos obsecrat Deus : est opus labore ;  
 Lux hujusce vitæ, etc.

Capessite proxima ; splendet  
 Quod intentatum abest ;  
 Sed summa lux clarè ostendit  
 Hominibus quicquid adest ;  
 Spernite mundum, si victos  
 Calumniis vos oneret,  
 Cœlestis dum vos benedictos  
 Cum plausu cohors nuntiet.  
 En ! agite, fratres, excusso sopore,  
 Vox flagitat, urget : est opus labore ;  
 Lux hujusce vitæ, etc.

Imponite vitam altari,  
 Hostia sancta placet,  
 Animumque, si cæpit lassari,  
 Levare canendo juvet ;  
 Quid si querelas cor miscet ?  
 Cito cessabit dolor ;  
 Ibi pace æterna quiescet,  
 Nec usque lassabit labor.  
 Ergo agite, fratres, etc.

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

## ENGLISH VERSION.

BY REV. S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as  
to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before!  
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against  
the foe ;  
Forward into battle see His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching  
as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus going on before!

Like a mighty army moves the Church  
of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading where the saints  
have trod ;  
We are not divided, all one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms  
rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus constant will re-  
main ;  
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church  
prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise, which can  
never fail.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy  
throng ;  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph  
song.  
Glory, praise, and honour, men and angels  
sing,  
Through the countless ages, unto Christ  
the King.  
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

## GREEK VERSION.

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A.

Δεῦτε, Χριστοῦ παῖδες, πόλεμος καλεῖ,  
ἴδ' Ἰησοῦ σταυρὸς ὑμᾶς προάγει·  
Χριστὸς ὁ ἀρχηγός, ἐχθροῖς ἀντικρῶ,  
ἰδοὺ, τὰ σημεῖα πρόμαχος δείκνυ·  
δεῦτε, Χριστοῦ παῖδες, πόλεμος  
καλεῖ,  
ἴδ' Ἰησοῦς αὐτὸς ὑμᾶς προάγει.

Ὡς στράτευμα μέγα, τάξει, ἀδελφοί,  
ἐπακολουθοῦμεν, ἧ οἱ ἅγιοι·  
οὐ σχιζόμεθ' ἡμεῖς, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐλπίδι  
ἐσμέν ἓν, ἓν διδαχῆ καὶ ἓν ἐν χάριτι.  
δεῦτε, Χριστοῦ παῖδες, κ.τ.λ.

Στέφανοί τε θρόνοι εἰσὶ πρόσκαιροι,  
ἀλλ' ἐκκλησί' Ἰησοῦ ἐμμενῆς αἰεὶ  
ἧς κατισχύουσιν οὐ πύλαι ἄδου,  
'Ὁ τὸδ' ἔπος εἶπε· τό παρέλθη οὐ·  
δεῦτε, Χριστοῦ παῖδες, κ.τ.λ.

Ἐν φάλαγγ' ἵοντες, λάοι, συμφώνῳ  
ἰὼ καλλίνεε' ψάλλετε ψαλμῶ·  
δόξα, τιμὴ, κῦδος, τᾶνδρες κᾶγγελιοι,  
ὑμενετ' εἰς αἰῶνας Χριστοῦ βασιλεῖ.  
δεῦτε, Χριστοῦ παῖδες, κ.τ.λ.

## CHARLES WESLEY—THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

AMONG the men of sterling worth, whose faces beam upon us from the Album of Biography, one of the foremost is CHARLES WESLEY, the MINSTREL of METHODISM. The cycle of a century has nearly run its round since this "sweet psalmist of our Israel" passed away to his reward; and the design of this series of short papers is to pay a pilgrim's homage at a shrine that deserves to be to every true Methodist what Mecca has long been to the devout Mahometan.

So far but scant justice has been done to our poet; nor to-day is his genius fully appreciated. It is not without its significance that while, in the National Gallery in London, there are two fine paintings of John Wesley, and also an excellent portrait of Whitefield, there is not one of Charles Wesley, at least as far as the present writer could find a year ago; so effectually has the Bard of Methodism been ignored, and so slow is the world to recognize a man the wing of whose genius has swept with an amplitude and a sublimity unsurpassed if equalled by the Church's sweetest singers. As a further instance to the same effect, it is remarkable that while there are a hundred and twenty different portraits of John Wesley extant, and while no less than thirteen separate memoirs of his life have been written, our poet has received comparatively little attention. It was not until he had been dead fifty years that any attempt was made to delineate him in anything like elaborate outline, which was done by his biographer, Rev. Thomas Jackson, in two large volumes. And what Jackson did for his life and character, the Rev. George Osborn, D. D., has more recently done for his poetic genius in editing his Poetical Works in thirteen portly volumes. Still to this day, Charles the poet is overshadowed by John the preacher.

A sort of fate has seemed to assign him to this secondary place, as the following curious incidents would indicate: One day in the year 1744, when the Founder of Methodism was forty-one years of age, John Downes, an itinerant preacher and a marvellous genius, whittled John Wesley's face on the top of a stick and then engraved it on a copperplate; and this was

the portrait that appeared on the fly-leaf of the first edition of the "Notes on the New Testament." How different the fate of our unfortunate bard. In the year 1832, Rev. Thomas Stanley visited Charles Wesley, jun., in London, to solicit the loan of the portrait of his father for the purpose of having it engraved, when, returning with the picture in his hand, he fell in a fainting fit and soon expired, and the portrait was lost.

As was once said of Rousseau so it may be said of our poet:

"Only the future can reach up to lay  
The laurel on that lofty nature."

His fame, crescent now though clouded, shall yet dilate, like a waxing moon, to its full, to know again neither eclipse nor waning. His hymns have embalmed his memory for immortality, and our beloved Methodism is the mighty pyramid where it lies ensepulchred. It is—to change the figure—held in solution in the religious life of the Church he has done so much to quicken; and the day shall yet come when, for all the qualities that go to constitute a sacred poet, Charles Wesley shall stand acknowledged the lyric laureate of all time.

There are really few men worth special study, and fewer still deserving of a permanent place under a glass shade, as it were, or on a pedestal. But our poet is one of these; and the hand that turns the light of day upon such men as they stand in the dim shadows of a past age and generation, does the world and the race a real service. Until this is done their virtues are lost to view. They are like the figures in the old glass window in the Chapter House of York Minster—never seen to perfection save when the sun shines full upon them. It is proposed in successive papers to turn the light upon one of the finest figures that adorn the minster of Christian history. The task contemplated, however, is not that of a Plutarch, to tell the story of our poet's life; nor that of an Appelles, to paint a speaking likeness; it is rather that of a student, to trace the outlines of his genius, to show him up in all his statuesque uniqueness, "with his garland and his singing robes about him," and in this way to furnish a monograph merely—a cameo and not a sculpture—a crayon sketch and not a painting.

The shortest road to immortality, observes one, is by the production of a grand, soul-kindling hymn. Then Charles Wes-

ley has found that road, and reached its goal, for he has produced, not one such hymn only, but many. His work of hymn-writing began, properly speaking, at his conversion in 1738, and was continued to his death in 1788. During that extended period our poet was

“ Married to immortal verse  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce.”

He indulged in versifying as early as 1736, but his earlier compositions were “weeds of Parnassus” in comparison with the flowers of his later muse. They are as different in moral tone as in poetic merit. A specimen of his poetry prior to his conversion is furnished in a hymn written in 1737, entitled “A Midnight Hymn for one Under the Law,” of which the following is the opening stanza :

“ Fain would I leave the world below,  
Of pain and sin the dark abode ;  
Where shadowy joy or solid woe,  
Allures or tears me from my God !  
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,  
Since faith alone confirms me His.”

What a contrast to this doleful whine is the exultant sentiment of the hymn commencing :

“ O what shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him !”

As a matter of fact, our poet wrote no hymn of special value until after his conversion. That event was like the striking of the rock in the wilderness, and from thenceforth there flowed a perennial stream of song. In the smoke of his personal consecration to God the spirit of his poetic genius mounted to a higher heaven, like the angel at Manoah's sacrifice. Within four years from his conversion, he wrote those two masterpieces: “Wrestling Jacob,” and “Jesus, Lover of my soul ;” his muse thus springing, like Minerva, full-panoplied into life. And it was divine grace that did it. Religion quickens genius into ripeness as the sun quickens nature into blossom and fruit. Was it not religion that kissed into flower the germ of genius lying dormant in a John



Bunyan, the tinker of Elstow, and in a Thomas Olivers, the cobbler of Tregonan? And it did the same for Charles Wesley. The celebrated Haydn, we are told, had his musical inspirations excited by the dazzling splendour of a diamond set in a ring that he wore, the gift of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Our poet caught his inspirations from "the pearl of great price" bestowed upon him by "the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, and our Saviour."

Starting, then, at this important epoch, his first hymn, composed on the occasion of his conversion, is the one beginning:

"And can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?"

And containing the singularly appropriate lines:

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;  
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off; my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

On the same happy occasion he also wrote:

"Where shall my wandering soul begin;  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?"

These were the initial lisplings of his newly-awakened muse. The last lines that fell from his lips just before his lyre dropped from his grasp in death, and dictated to his wife, begin:

"In age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?  
Jesus! my only hope thou art,  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,  
O could I catch one smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity."

Between these two polar points in his world of song are some seven thousand hymns, all the production of one pen, filling thirteen octavo volumes of five hundred pages each, and exceeding all the poetry of Watts, Cowper, and Pope put together—marvellous the fecundity of his muse! He wrote, on an average, nearly three hymns a week for fifty years. And the number of

his hymns is only equalled by their range and variety, spanning as they do the sublime empyrean from the first cry of a new-born babe to the last shout of a dying spirit. And as in theme so in style ; he can touch with the kiss of a zephyr the Æolian chords of a child-heart ; or he can

“ Soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven’s door  
Look in.”

What a sweep of style from that imperishable “ bairn’s hymn,” so erroneously attributed to Dr. Watts :

“ Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child ;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee,”

And that magnificent composition beginning :

“ Stands the omnipotent decree,”

—a hymn which Southey, no mean critic, calls “ the finest lyric in the English language.”

Now herein lies Charles Wesley’s claim to immortality. Some men’s remains are all contained in their funeral casket, and are buried with them, or they survive only in the marble of their tombstone ; but our bard lives in the creations of his genius. These are his remains. His hymns, all pure and white, open themselves to the sun and float like water lilies on the tide of time. His verse is not a night flower that sees but one moon : it is an *immortelle* that shall never fade. Hymns that have been the street song of the multitude, the solace of the poor man’s sorrow, and the inspiration of the great man’s thought and piety, are “ not for an age, but for all time.” “ His hymns,” to quote the inscription on his marble tablet in City Road Chapel, “ will convey instruction and consolation to the faithful in Christ Jesus as long as the English language is understood.”

“ Posterity shall hear and babes rehearse,  
The healing virtue of a Saviour’s name ;  
Yes babes unborn shall sing in Wesley’s verse,  
And still reiterate the pleasing theme.”

*Annapolis, N.S.*

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

## REST.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine ;  
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
 This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,  
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;  
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—  
 So shall my rest be sweet

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;  
 All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break.

## BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The first few weeks after conversion determine, in a great measure, the entire subsequent Christian life. In view of this, what are we doing to help our converts? Are any of us so concerned about our own spiritual welfare as to forget the tender lambs of Christ's fold? If so, we may be sure that we not only do them a grievous wrong, but we also miss the Divine method of our own spiritual growth. At the present time, when multitudes are being enrolled as members of the visible Church we would offer the following suggestions:—1. Welcome new converts with a genuine love. Do not survey them with a half-averted glance, as though you questioned their sincerity. Greet them with an approving smile. Do not discourage them with apprehensions of their possible downfall. Rather make haste to speak of Christ's ability to keep them. 2. Do not demand the maturity of godly experience at the beginning. Be patient after the manner of our Lord's forbearance when upon earth. If their apprehensions of truth are indistinct or purposes vacillating, do not be swift to chide. Observe long-suffering and gentleness. 3. Teach converts that progress is the necessary law of spiritual life; stagnation the inevitable sign of decay and death. 4. Set before them the possibility and privilege of perfect love, as an experience in

this life; a fulness of inward life wholly in Christ, by which the soul is able to love God with all the heart, and his neighbour as himself. 5. Impress upon them the importance of maintaining a constant and conscious union with Christ, avoiding whatever tends to interrupt such fellowship. 6. Urge the faithful study of God's word as the uniform habit of the entire life. 7. Show them the nature and reality of prayer, as God's method of bestowing the grace needed, as well as relieving us in all trials of whatever kind. 8. Teach the value of Church fellowship, and the benefits to be derived from honouring the means of grace. 9. If not identified with the Sunday-school, induce them to unite without delay. 10. Give converts something to do for Christ. Show them the field, so wide, so inviting. 11. Let them be encouraged to testify of the grace already received; doing this in an informal, unconstrained manner. 12. Finally, let the example of older Christians be pure, scriptural. Let there be only sincerity in word and deed. Let there be an earnest endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. Above all, let there be prevailing intercessions for the descent of the Holy Spirit, whose abiding presence will insure spiritual power for service.

#### THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

You have made the sacrifice. You have denied yourself, taken up the cross, and followed Christ. You have crucified your worldly ambitions and mortified the flesh in order to serve the living God. But, my brother, is it a living sacrifice?

One of my college friends made a sacrifice which deeply impressed the whole class. He was a brilliant fellow. He had succeeded in every ambition of his life. Just as he was crowned with the highest honour of the university he was suddenly arrested by the voice of God calling him to repentance. His life had been so vain and supremely selfish that he knew there could be no conversion for him which was not sudden, perpendicular, and revolutionary. After a fierce struggle, which almost unseated his reason, he made the complete surrender. A near relative who held a commanding position at the bar and in political life, was waiting to receive him into his office, and push him rapidly into the arena of public life. He let the glittering prize slip from his hands, and with a heavy heart turned to theological studies, for which he had no taste. He was repudiated

by the woman he loved, because she had set her heart upon a gay and glorious career. He refused calls to one or two of the first pulpits in the country, and commenced his Gospel labours in a mission chapel among the tenements of a great city. After a few years he went away alone to one of the most forbidding fields of labour among the heathen. There, at last, he succeeded in his hard, stern exaction of the utmost sacrifice of his life.

It was a noble sacrifice. But on that altar was a lifeless victim. The vitality was burned out of his life at the beginning. He buried his political ambition alive. He was unable to forget what he had given up. His hands and thoughts were in his work, but his heart was in the grave of the past. He could not leave the dead to bury the dead. He was performing an unreasonable service, and toiling for an impossible crown. He kept trying for ten years to offer a dead sacrifice to the living God.

Then, at last, he was led into the light by a heathen whom he was trying to lead out of the darkness. He was preaching about the Saviour, who endured the cross, despising the shame, when a Brahmin of the highest caste happened to enter the chapel. The man was instantly pricked to the heart. He gave up his caste, and soon became a fervent preacher of righteousness. The missionary was astonished to find that his new convert was the happiest man he ever knew. He despised the shame. His service was a living sacrifice, and, by the mercies of God, my friend was led at length to offer his body a living sacrifice to God, which is his reasonable service. He mourns no more over the dead works of the past. The Lord has restored to him the joys of his salvation.

Have I been telling the story of some wearied hearts to whom this paper will come? I beseech you by the mercies of God, remember that the Christian sacrifice is never to be killed. You are denying the Lord that bought you and falling from grace if you put your offering to death. There is no atonement for sin in our sacrifices. Christ has appeared once at the end of the world to put away sins by the sacrifice of Himself. The things that we are to kill, our lusts and our pride, would make an abominable sacrifice to God. But our work, our affections, and our aspirations have been raised from the dead with our Lord, and are to be presented as a living sacrifice. Is it not a reasonable service?—*By the Rev. Wolcott Calkins.*

## THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

THE recent Christian Convention in this city, under the management of the distinguished evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, was an occasion of very great interest. We have never seen the whole city and surrounding country so stirred as by this great religious gathering. At every one of the nine services the spacious Metropolitan Church was crowded to its utmost capacity. As early as half-past seven in the morning people began to gather at the gates, though the meeting did not begin till ten o'clock. At least twenty-five thousand persons, or half of the adult popu-

lation of the city, must have heard him, and over-flow meetings were held besides. Nearly three hundred ministers were present at the Ministerial Conference on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Moody said that he never knew the people so eager, so hungry for the Gospel as now, and as right through the excitement of the Presidential election in the States. He summoned the Churches and the ministers to aggressive Christian work, to lead on the hosts of God in a glorious campaign of conquest. Twenty years ago he said such a Convention of

ministers of the different Churches would have been impossible. It was a significant spectacle to see Baptist and Presbyterian, Methodist and Episcopalian taking part in these services side by side; and at the after meetings directing inquirers to the common Saviour and Lord. It was a grand demonstration to the world that notwithstanding the outward differences there is a grand unity of the faith binding the Churches in Christian brotherhood. Mr. Moody recommended that in small towns and villages union revival meetings should be held, the ministers uniting like a band of brothers in the common work.

The Convention was a triumphant refutation of the baseless sneer that Christianity is decadent or that the interest in the old-fashioned Gospel is dying out. The secular papers gave special prominence to the meetings, the *Globe* especially giving nine or ten columns a day of report of the meetings.

The grand congregational singing was a potent attraction and an inspiring influence. The melodies were simple and easily caught and the effect of the three or four thousand voices was sublime. Especially was this the case at the evening meetings when the only female voices were those of the ladies in the choir. A favourite hymn was the following :

Oh, word of words the sweetest,

Oh, word in which there lie  
All promise, all fulfilment,

And end of mystery ;  
Lamenting or rejoicing,

With doubt or terror nigh,  
I hear the "Come" of Jesus

And to His cross I fly.

Come ! oh, come to Me !

Come ! oh, come to Me !

Weary, and heavy laden,

Come ! oh, come to Me !

"Now," Mr. Moody would say, "let the ladies of the choir sing the next verse and we will all join in the chorus."

After this was done, "Let all in the gallery sing that chorus all the way around," (swinging his arm so as to indicate the whole gallery in its

sweep). The gallery sang with overwhelming effect.

Mr. Moody's theme was the old, old story of Jesus and His love—nothing sensational, nothing dramatic no straining after effect, but the old story told with an intense moral earnestness that burned the truth into the hearts and consciences of his hearers. The most striking characteristic of the man was his sanctified common-sense, his business-like shrewdness and tact in managing a vast audience; his vein of pathos whereby the simple narration of incidents in his personal experience touched almost every heart to tears, his sense of humour, and even of satire and sarcasm as he hit off popular faults and follies; his vivid imagination whereby he described Old Testament scenes in the realistic language of everyday life; above all, his yearning love for souls, and his living ever near to God and in constant access to the throne of grace. His well-marked Bible is as familiar to him as his A B C, and he brings out of this rich storehouse illustration, argument, proof texts, and the strong confirmations of Holy Writ.

The broad human sympathies, the yearning love of souls of Mr. Moody gave him great power with the masses. He is not specially gifted by nature. He is unheroic in form and feature. He owes nothing to the arts of eloquence. He is unlettered in all lore save that of the oracles of God. Yet both preachers and people hear him gladly and hail his visits as those of an apostle, as he goes through the land arousing, inspiring, inciting the Churches to increased energy and zeal.

Another strong hold he has on the people is his absolute disinterestedness. He accepts nothing for his services. He stops the mouth of the caviller who would say, "Moody makes a pretty good thing of it." Now, while it is right that those who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel, it is a great advantage to be able to say with Paul: "I seek not yours but you." We have not the slightest sympathy with the mousing critics who carp at the pay-

men—even the liberal payment—of Christian workers. A popular actor comes along and receives more for a single night than many a faithful preacher receives for a whole year's toil for his fellow-men, and he is complimented on his genius and his fame; but if a successful minister receives a tithe as much there are those who find fault. When a man therefore is able like Mr. Moody or like "California Taylor" to be independent of all payment for his services it is an added power.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers the excellent portrait of Mr. Moody, which accompanies this number, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of A. H. Hovey, Esq., publisher of an admirable volume\* on the life and labours of this eminent evangelist, and of his fellow-worker, Ira D. Sankey, to which we have been largely indebted for the following sketch:—

Dwight Lyman Moody—the sixth child of his parents—was born in Northfield, Mass., in 1837. His father died when he was only four years old, and left his mother a widow with nine children—the eldest but thirteen—with a little home on a mountain slope and a few acres of land, encumbered by a mortgage. Dwight worked on the little farm until he was eighteen, getting what schooling he could in the winter. He then went to work in his uncle's boot and shoe establishment in Boston. Here he attended Mount Vernon church and Sunday-school. He was rather an unpromising pupil; but one day having asked the question, "That Moses was what you would call a pretty smart sort of a man, wasn't he?" his teacher answered in such a way as to gain his confidence, and shortly after to lead to his conversion. He soon began to speak in prayer-meeting, but was advised by the pastor, such was the incoherence of his remarks, not to speak in public, but to serve God some other way.

The following year, he went to

Chicago, and engaged as salesman in a large shoe store—and a right good salesman he was. He joined a Congregational Church, rented four pews, and kept them filled every Sunday with young men. He also exhorted at the prayer-meetings, but was recommended to leave that to those who could do it better. He soon found a little Methodist Church, where the services were more congenial, and he joined a band of zealous young men in tract distributing and Christian work. He went into a mission-school one Sunday, and found twelve teachers with only sixteen scholars. He went out to hunt up recruits, and soon had the school filled.

He now rented a hall—used on Saturday nights for dancing—in one of the worst parts of Chicago, and organized a school for himself. In a year it was six hundred strong, and soon numbered a thousand. "The first time I ever saw Mr. Moody," said Mr. Reynolds, at a Sunday-school convention in this city, "he was standing in a little old shanty, which had been abandoned by a saloon keeper, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a little negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son, and a great many of the words he had to skip. 'I have no education,' said Mr. Moody, 'but I love the Lord Jesus, and want to work for him.'" And this was the man who has since quickened the heart of the Church universal.

In beating up his recruits, Mr. Moody sometimes got into rough company. One day three ruffians cornered, and threatened to kill him. "Look here," he said; "give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?" And he prayed so earnestly that they slunk out of the room, and he got the children he came for.

At length his evangelistic work so absorbed his soul that he gave up business, in order to devote himself wholly to it. He used to sleep on the benches of the Y. M. C. A. hall,

\* *Lives and Labours of Moody and Sankey.* Cloth, \$1.75; leather, \$2.25. Will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price, by A. H. Hovey & Co., publishers, Toronto.



because he had no money to pay for his lodgings, although he had in his pocket money given him to carry on his work. Since then he has never received a salary, nor engaged in business, yet all his wants have been supplied by the providence of God.

During the awful years of the American war, this great-hearted man was engaged on many a battlefield, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, ministering to the bodies and the souls of both white and black, loyalists and rebel alike.

At the close of the war he gave himself to religious work in Chicago, and such was his zeal, that he has been known to make two hundred visits in a day. It is a characteristic incident that the only thing he saved from the Great Fire, which destroyed his church and house, was his well-

thumbed Bagster Bible. In thirty days after the fire, a rough but comfortable structure, 100 by 75 feet, was erected for his church and school, and was kept open day and night for the shelter of the homeless, who were also supplied with food, if necessary.

The subsequent career of Mr. Moody—his labours in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Liverpool, London, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago again—are they not fresh in all men's memory—"writ large" in the history of the religious world? A man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, taught of God, and deeply pondering His Holy Word, God has signally owned his labours as the great lay evangelist of the age.

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## A BRIEF OBITUARY OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH LOUIS, OF QUEBEC.

BY THE REV. JOHN BORLAND.

WITHIN the last few months a serious breach has been made in the circle of the Methodist Church of the City of Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Louis have within these months been called from the fellowship of the Church below to that of the Church above. This providence, though for some time foreseen, was nevertheless painful when it came, especially to those who had best and longest known the departed. The call was not, however, given ere they had reached the period of a good old age, and they had supplied their testimony to the fact that "the hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness."

Mr. Louis was a native of Portugal, and of Portuguese parentage; but when a mere boy, having attached himself to the family of an English officer, he left his country, it being then invaded by the army of the first Napoleon. In connection with this family Mr. Louis first went to England, and shortly afterwards came to Quebec. His arrival in this city was in the year 1814. Mrs.

Louis was a native of Scotland, and came to Quebec in 1818, where they both continued to reside to the day of their death. On his first arrival in Quebec, Mr. Louis was providentially led into the household of a Mr. Shea. This good man was then engaged in the boot and shoe trade, and by religious profession was a Methodist. With Mr. Shea, Mr. Louis learned the boot and shoe business, and became an attendant upon the services of the Methodist Church. In 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Louis were married, and soon afterwards, under the ministry of the Rev. John Heck, they became united as members to the Methodist Church, in which relation, without a break, and in fullest consistency of spirit and life, they continued to the end of their earthly pilgrimage. Trained in their earliest days in the national Church of their native lands, yet, on becoming acquainted with the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church, they at once chose it as the fold whence to get the spiritual care and nurture they

felt they needed. The choice was one in which both the head and the heart had a conjoined act, and was never subsequently a matter of regret or of doubt as to its wisdom and propriety.

Yet while their preference for the Methodist Church was a deeply-rooted one, they ever readily and heartily gave their Christian greeting, and their aid, too, when necessary, to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; proofs of which were abundant during the active portion of their lives, and since then in their will, in which are bequests, not only to a number of persons and objects of their own Church, but for others under the control and management of different Church organizations.

Through a long and eminently successful business life, Mr. Louis earned for himself a high place for integrity and uprightness in the esteem of the commercial community, not only in his own city, but in other places in Canada and the United States. Having taken up the manufacture of leather, which he carried on on a large scale, his intercourse with the commercial world necessarily became greatly extended, but only to lead to a more enlarged circle of esteeming and admiring friends. As a business man he was very successful. Few knew the real extent of his acquisitions until the fact was revealed by his will, when surprise was a general feeling among his friends and acquaintances. Yet prosperity made no observable change in the spirit and conduct of either Mr. or Mrs. Louis other than to give a larger volume and a wider range to their benevolent doings. The means of grace, public and social, which our Church supplies to her members, were by our friends highly prized and conscientiously honoured; and so long as health and strength enabled them to attend them, they did so as a matter of privilege as well as duty. Bodily infirmities, which at first put a limit upon their observance of these, eventually shut them out from them altogether. This deprivation, however, they were enabled the better to bear from the services of a devotional

character they were able to hold by the aid of their family, their pastor, and other loving friends who felt it a privilege to join with them in such exercises. To read and to be read to were at all times, when circumstances admitted, pleasing and prized engagements, especially when the cause of the Redeemer was the subject. Nor were the current topics of the day without their appropriate interest to them. To these Mrs. Louis, particularly, gave marked attention, as from extensive reading and an excellent memory she was the better able to discuss their character and bearings. There were persons who were especially charged to minister to our friends in this way.

On the twenty-fourth of last December Mrs. Louis was called to her Father's house above. She awaited the call with a fully assured hope. Her testimony for her Lord, as her life had shown it would be, was clear and explicit. Her end was seen to be near by her watching and sorrowing family, and soon the *near* became the *present*, and in the gentlest manner possible the spirit of our sister passed away. Mr. Louis was made to wait several months later ere his release came. By many the question was anxiously asked: How will he bear a separation from her who for more than half a century had been to him so loved and loving a wife? But the Master ordered the dispensation both wisely and mercifully for His servant. His mind was relieved of that power of apprehension which would have given a painful consciousness of his bereavement. He could so realize his mercies as to fill his mind and heart with sweetest thankfulness and patience. Every service rendered him occasioned its outflow, while nothing that would have given him pain or sadness had a place in his memory or his thoughts. Thus, from day to day until his change came, he kept his bed a beautiful example of patience, thankfulness and love. On the second day of the following June the happy spirit of our brother was released, and he too became numbered with "the Church of the first-born."

## MONTCALM AND WOLFE.\*

THESE volumes record the closing scenes of a long drama. In previous volumes Parkman has traced the progress for a hundred and fifty years of the struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent. No more fascinating story of heroism and valour and suffering was ever penned. And now he comes to the last act of the long tragedy. The interest deepens year by year as the toils of destiny gather closer and closer around the fated colony of New France, and culminates in that conflict on the Plains of Abraham, which, says Parkman, "measured by the numbers engaged was but a heavy skirmish; but measured by results it was one of the great battles of the world."

These volumes are marked by the same characteristics that gave to the author's previous works their absorbing interest—the skilful grouping of facts, the vivid description of stirring events, the fine exercise of the historic imagination, portraying the very scenes and colors before our minds, the candour and impartial justice which he metes out, and, above all, the fidelity of his research and accuracy of his statements. For the present volumes alone over six thousand folio pages of MS. were copied in France. The study of the vast amount of printed memoirs, correspondence, pamphlets, and documentary evidence has been indefatigably prosecuted. The whole has been fused in the crucible of his own mind and stamped with the impress of his own genius. Parkman's place is secured forever beside those great historical writers of his country—Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, Motley—the peer of the greatest of them, and, in the theme which he treats, to Canadian readers the most interesting of them all.

The opening chapter gives a masterly picture of the state of Europe

and America in the middle of the seventeenth century; the social and military condition of England, unpromising enough; the decay of France, the corruption of court, nobles and clergy; the nascent growth of Prussia under her philosopher-soldier king, Frederick the Great; the growth and characteristics of the British colonies, the strong military position of Canada, the atrocious speculation and fraud of its civil servants.

The conflict in America was virtually one between the free institutions and popular government and Protestant faith of the British colonies and the feudal and military despotism and intolerant Catholicism of New France.

The first outbreak was in the Ohio Valley. Colonel George Washington was sent to warn the French off British territory, and meeting a scouting party he fired on the aggressors. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisbourg, on the heights of Quebec and in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French, and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent, and prepared the way for the independence of the United States.

Braddock's ill-fated campaign is described with realistic vigour. With infinite toil a path was hewed through the wilderness and over the Alleghanies. An unwieldy baggage and artillery train, extending several miles, was dragged over the rugged road by straining horses. Braddock's command, on a brilliant midsummer day reached the Ohio. It was a gallant sight,—the bannered array, the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the little army,

\* *Montcalm and Wolfe*. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. 2 volumes, 8vo., pp. xvi, 514—x., 502. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms. Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$5.

with flying colours, unconsciously pressed on to its fate,—the life and drum corps making the forest ring with the inspiring strains of “The British Grenadiers.” As they entered a narrow defile, suddenly the deadly war-whoop rang, and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by unseen enemies, lurking amid the shadows of the primeval forest. For two hours the deadly conflict continued. The British regulars, huddled together like sheep, fell by scores, their solid platoons being mowed down by the fire of the concealed French and Indians, till, panic-stricken, they broke and fled. In vain their officers sought to rally them. Braddock had five horses shot under him, and fell mortally wounded by a ball that shattered his arm and penetrated his lung. Of the English seven hundred and fourteen, or more than half the entire command, were killed or wounded. Braddock was borne, in a dying condition, with his retreating army. “Who would have thought it!” he murmured, rousing himself from a lethargy; “we shall better know how to deal with them another time.” But his dear-bought experience came too late; that night he died.

One cannot help feeling, as he reads these volumes, a strong sympathy for the French colonists. The condition of Canada was one of extreme exhaustion. During the weary months of winter of 1758 a severe famine prevailed. The cultivation of the fields had been abandoned to the women and children, every able-bodied man being enrolled in the army. The meagre crops that had been sown were almost a total failure. In many parishes scarce enough grain was reaped to supply seed for the next sowing. The soldiers and citizens were put upon short allowance of horse-flesh and bread. The daily rations were continuously reduced till, in April, the allowance of bread was only two ounces. Men fell down from faintness in the streets of Quebec. Three hundred Acadian refugees perished of hunger.

During this period of general distress the country was preyed upon

by a set of cormorants. Bigot, the Intendant, and his partners in crime and extortion,—Cadet, Varin, De Pean and others,—battered like vampires upon the life-blood of the people. Bigot, the chief criminal, was mean in stature, repulsive in countenance, odious in life. His rapacity was almost incredible. He seized, in the King's name, all the grain, cattle, and horses on which his minions could lay hands, and resold them, through his agents, at a tenfold increase in price. He actually, in this time of famine, exported large quantities of breadstuffs to the West Indies, and made enormous profits from the enhanced cost of food at home. While the country languished, this gang of thieves amassed princely fortunes. Their houses were the scenes of the most unblushing profligacy, gambling, and licentious riot and excess. “It would seem,” wrote Montcalm, “that all are in haste to be rich before the colony is altogether lost to France.”

The condition of England was also greatly depressed. “The French are masters in America,” wrote Lord Chesterfield; “we are no longer a nation; I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect.” At this crisis William Pitt, the great Commoner, came to the front. “England shall moult no feather of her crest,” he proudly exclaimed. In a venal age, he had proved himself an incorruptible statesman. He had no private ends to serve, and sought only the glory of England, and the humbling of her enemies. “I am sure that I can save the country,” he exclaimed, “and I am certain that no one else can do it.” His lofty courage, noble patriotism, and honest administration were the guarantee of success. He resolved on the absolute conquest of Canada, even at the cost of England's “last shilling and last man.” He infused his own energy into every branch of the public service. On the Plains of Plassey, in the trenches of Louisburg, on the Heights of Abraham, his influence was felt. From the admiral of the fleet to the sailor before the mast; from the general of the army to the private

soldier, every one caught the inspiration of his intrepid spirit.

The stirring conflicts at Louisburg, at Niagara, in the Ohio Valley, on Lake George and Lake Champlain, and at Quebec, are depicted with graphic skill. The results of the long struggle may thus be summarized :

The conquest of Canada by the British was the most fortunate event in its history. It supplanted the institutions of the middle ages by those of modern civilization. It gave local self-government for abject submission to a foreign power and a corrupt court. It gave the protection of the Habeas Corpus and trial by jury, instead of the oppressive tribunals of feudalism. For ignorance and repression, it gave cheap schools and a free press. It removed the arbitrary shackles from trade, and abolished its unjust monopolies. It enfranchised the serfs of the soil, and restricted the excessive power of the seigneurs. It also gave an immeasurably ampler liberty to the people, and a loftier impulse to progress, than was before known. It banished the greedy cormorants who grew rich by the official plunder of the poor. The waste and ruin of a prolonged and cruel war were succeeded by a reign of peace and prosperity ; and the pinchings of famine by the rejoicings of abundance. The *habitans* could now cultivate their

long neglected acres free from the molestation of Indian massacres, or fear of British invasion ; nor were they subject to the continual pillage of a Varin, a Cadet, or a Bigot. The departure of the impoverished, but haughty *noblesse*, who looked down on honest labour, instead of being a social loss, relieved the industry of the country of a grievous incubus. Even the conquered colonists themselves soon recognized their improved condition under their generous conquerors.

The one hundred and fifty-seven years of French occupancy had been one long struggle against fearful odds,—first with the ferocious savages, then with the combined power of the British colonies and the mother country. The genius of French Canada was a strange blending of the military and religious spirit. Even commerce wore the sword, and a missionary enthusiasm quickened the zeal of her early explorers. The reign of peaceful industry was now to succeed that of martial prowess, and was to win victories no less renowned than those of war.

We commend these volumes as the fullest and most graphic history extant of the last six years and most eventful period of French domination in the New World.

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#### OLD AND NEW YEAR.

New Year met me somewhat sad ;  
 Old Year leaves me tired,  
 Stripped of favourite things I had,  
 Balked of much desired ;  
 Yet farther on my road to-day,  
 God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,  
 What have you to give me ?  
 Bring you scathe or bring you grace,  
 Face me with an honest face ;  
 You shall not deceive me ;  
 Be it good or be it ill, be it what you will,  
 It needs shall help me on my road,  
 My rugged way to heaven, please God.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## A YEAR OF GRACE.

WE do not remember to have ever known a time of such widespread religious revival as that which is now visiting the churches of the united Methodism of Canada. From almost every quarter comes intelligence of gracious awakening. God is saying to the leaders of our Israel, "Speak to the people that they go forward." And with earnest consecration preachers and people are responding to the call. In this city the visit of Mr. Moody was signally blessed. It was a sublime scene, on the last night of his services, to see four thousand men listening with profoundest attention to his earnest appeals, and then a hundred of them asking the prayers and counsels of the Christian ministers present. And such scenes have attended this distinguished evangelist's services at Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Worcester and elsewhere where he has held Christian conventions.

The labours of Mr. Harrison have also been greatly blessed in Toronto. During his seven or eight weeks' visit about seven or eight hundred have professed conversion. On a single Sunday nearly three hundred of these gave in their names for membership in the Elm St. Church. At Agnes Street and Berkeley Street, and other churches in this city, gracious revivals are also in progress. From many parts of the country comes intelligence of like blessed results. At Listowel nearly two hundred conversions are reported. At Montreal, Kingston, Uxbridge, Brantford, Burk's Falls, Ravenna, Fenwick, Troy, York Station, Eugenia Falls, Luther, Watford, Petrolia, Selby, Fenelon Falls, and many other places religious awakenings attest the power of the Gospel message. A special characteristic of these services is the large employment of lay agency. Under the

direction of the Rev. David Savage, praying-bands of zealous Christian workers carry on revival meetings simultaneously at several different localities, and their labours are abundantly owned and blessed of God. Such achievements and trophies of divine grace are the best refutation of the cavils of skepticism, and the best demonstration of the reality and power of religion.

## CHURCH PARLOURS.

The Metropolitan Church of this city has just completed the construction of the finest *suite* of church parlours, class-rooms, and other accommodation for the social and religious life of the church, that we know anywhere. The Centenary Church, Hamilton, Elm Street, Toronto, and others have also very comfortable church parlours. We anticipate from the general adoption of some such plans very great benefit. The church has its social as well as its religious relations, and should seek to promote the social and intellectual as well as the moral well-being of those committed to its care. We were much struck with the provision made in this regard in the Discipline of the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. It requires the organization, wherever practicable, of free evening schools, libraries and reading-rooms, and the doing of "whatever shall seem fitted to supply any deficiency in that which the Church ought to offer to the varied nature of man." That is comprehensive enough. And in an age of multiplied temptations to young people to leave the path of piety, such provision is as wise as it is kind.

There are multitudes of young people of both sexes who leave their rural homes and come as strangers to a strange city. They live perhaps in crowded boarding-houses. They have no home-life nor opportunity

of making desirable acquaintances. There are manifold worldly attractions placed before the young—especially before young men. Music, mirth, brilliant saloons, gay company, games of amusement and chance are proffered them, to beguile them to their ruin. And many have yielded to such seductions to their eternal undoing. Cannot the Church interpose to rescue them? So at least think many members of the Metropolitan. They have formed an association for the purpose of interviewing strangers who come to the church, of making their acquaintance, of inviting them to its religious, intellectual and social meetings. These latter are not religion and cannot be a substitute for it, but they may lead to it and prepare the way for it. Perhaps the young man who would not come to a prayer-meeting may accept an invitation to a reading-room, or to the Sunday-school, and thus, coming under religious influences, may be led to a consecrated life.

In a large church the membership cannot become mutually acquainted except through such provision for its social life, and many remain year after year comparative strangers to their fellow-worshippers in an adjoining pew. If they come to know each other better they will love each other more, and religion will have more of its primitive character of brotherly kindness and Christian fellowship.

What is wanted is not formal "socials" which are often the most unsocial things in the world—with an oppressive programme of speeches, music, etc.—but an opportunity of becoming acquainted and cultivating friendships. It is surely better that young people who have no homes of their own, should learn to regard the church parlour as furnishing at least some of the elements of home life, than that they should seek society of a less profitable character and under less wholesome auspices.

We hope that in connection with these church parlours of which we write, there may always be provision for a reading-room. For thirty or forty dollars a year, or even less, a

very interesting selection of the most popular magazines and illustrated papers could be made which would prove a potent and ever fresh attraction to young people—and older ones, too—to accept invitations to the church parlours and to share the church life. We believe that such influences would save many from yielding to temptation through the social cravings of their nature, would bring many within reach of religious influences, and eventually into Christian fellowship, who might otherwise drift away from the church and become estranged from all that is holy and pure.

#### THE NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S FAIR.

For the information of intending visitors to the World's Fair, at New Orleans—open from December 16th to June 1st—we have obtained the following rates of travel, which we did not receive in time to incorporate in our article on the Exposition in our December number. The Louisville and Nashville Railway, the leading trunk line of the South, runs two through trains a-day—with Pullman Buffet Sleepers, furnishing meals—from Cincinnati to New Orleans, leaving Cincinnati at 7.55 a.m. and 8.55 p.m., and reaching New Orleans, without change, in 36 hours. Tourist stop-over return tickets, good till June 1st, \$27. Round trip, continuous passage tickets, good for 40 days, \$23. Round trip tickets, good for 15 days, \$23, with a drawback of \$5 on return to Cincinnati, net \$18. This net sum of \$18 is less than one cent a mile, the distance travelled being 1,842 miles. This line passes through Louisville, Nashville, Pulaski, Decatur, Montgomery, Mobile, Biloxi, and other places of interest, and through the most romantic scenery of the Middle and Southern States Cincinnati is reached in about 18 hours from Toronto, making the entire time to New Orleans about 60 hours. Close connections are also made with Jacksonville, Florida, taking about the same length of time.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who has rendered such valuable services to Canadian

literature, has projected an enterprise which promises to be of still greater value than anything which has yet been accomplished in this direction. He announces that, aided by an able staff of writers and translators, he will bring out a Canadian Library, comprising selections, mainly from native writers, in the departments of Canadian history, biography, travel, poetry, fiction, and adventure, together with new editions of works of permanent interest to the Canadian people, embracing reprints of historical works of great value, which are now out of print and rarely to be met with; and translations of books relating to France in the New World, to be found only among the rare collections in our public libraries, or in the hands of a few private collectors.

The publishers of this library will be the well-known firm of John Lovell & Co., Montreal. A full prospectus and other information may be obtained from Mr. G. M. Adam, Toronto. We hope that this patriotic enterprise shall receive the patronage it deserves.

Dr. A. W. Rosebrugh, of this city, contributes to the Canadian medical journals an interesting account of the use of the new local anæsthetic, cocaine. It has a striking effect especially upon the eye, enabling the surgeon to examine and operate on that delicate organ far better than with the use of chloroform. The chief objection to its use is its expense. Its cost a few weeks ago was \$480 an oz., it is now about half that price.

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## CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY J. W. HALLENBECK.

A HUNDRED years, Almighty God !  
Thy saints have proved Thy staff and rod.  
Thy holy Word, through all these years,  
Has been their guide, dispelled their fears.

On this foundation, by Thee laid,  
The pillars of Thy Church are stayed ;  
And all the ages of Thy grace  
Make glad the Church, Thy dwelling-place.

A hundred years, O Christ divine !  
The kingdoms of this world are Thine.  
Now more, still more, this truth shall be,  
This world belongs, O Christ, to Thee.

Redemption's song the nations' sing,  
Through Christ, the Prophet, Priest and King ;  
Atoning death, and rising might,  
Eternal life, and heavenly light.

A hundred years, O holy Dove !  
A Pentecostal flame of love  
Has swept the world with saving grace,  
And roused, and saved, a fallen race.

Spirit of wisdom, truth and fire,  
Burn up the dross of low desire,  
And let the Church, in every hour,  
Still feel Thy presence and Thy power.



## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Seventeen missionaries have recently sailed from England to various parts of the mission-field. Thirteen ladies have also been sent out as teachers in mission schools.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., Missionary Secretary, sailed in a steamship owned by his brother, to India. He will visit Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Lucknow, and Benares. Thence he will go to China and will inspect the work there as circumstances may permit.

The native churches in the Transvaal are in great peril. Some disasters, as the result of the war in China, have befallen the missions there.

The report of the Thanksgiving Fund, which was established five years ago, has just been published. It will prove to be a historical document. Nearly one million and a half of dollars were contributed to the various funds of English Methodism.

The Wesleyans now have two thousand eight hundred and forty-one Band of Hope Societies, with a membership of two hundred and ninety-one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine.

An Australian Methodist has presented the Board of Missions with a staunch vessel of ninety tons register suitable for the inter-island work in Polynesia. The *John Hunt*, formerly used for this purpose, was lost.

The votes of the Methodist Churches in New Zealand have been taken and a very large majority of the Wesleyan, Primitive, Free, and Bible Christian Churches are all in favour of union. A correspondent says that "the consensus of opinion throughout the colony, in and out of Methodism, is that union should take place."

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Board was recently held in New York. There are sixteen foreign missions, ten of which are working in Conference organizations, and six under superintendents. The annual Conferences thus organized are Foochow, Japan, North India, South India, Liberia, Germany, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Italy and Mexico. A new mission has been organized in Corea, where there are twelve millions of people. Dr. Maclay who was so long connected with the Chinese mission, and was the founder of the mission in Japan, is entrusted with the important position of pioneer missionary to Corea. The Board, though bearing a debt of \$146,405, made appropriations to the missions at home and abroad, amounting to \$850,000.

The Rev. J. F. Goucher last year made an offer of \$3,000 towards a university in Japan; now he adds \$2,000 more to his gift, providing that \$7,000 are raised by the Church for the same purpose; he also donated \$5,000 towards the mission in Corea.

Dr. C. C. McCabe relates the following remarkable occurrence which took place at the late General Conference on the morning after four bishops had been elected. "A prayer-meeting was being held, at which about twenty persons were present. During the meeting a coloured man prayed thus: 'O Lord, de bishops has all done bin 'lected and nobody has bin 'lected to lead dy coloured people. O, my Lord, let a bishop be 'lected dis here day for poor Africa; and all dis we beg in de name of Jesus. Amen.'

"William Taylor was kneeling in the centre of the aisle. 'Amen,' he cried, and he said it, as I verily be-

lieve, without a most distant thought that the answer to that prayer involved his own destiny. That very day it was determined to ordain a Missionary Bishop for Africa, and William Taylor was selected." The poor coloured man could hardly have expected such a speedy answer to his prayer. A writer says, respecting Bishop Taylor, that he "has the confidence of a prophet, the zeal of an apostle, and the far-off look of a seer. May his visions not prove dreams, but realities, to the glory of God and the illumination and regeneration of the Dark Continent."

The year 1884 is the Centennial year of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. As these notes are being printed, the Centennial Conference is being held in Baltimore. According to the latest reports the various Methodist bodies in the United States and Canada, which will be represented at the Conference, have a united membership of three million seven hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and eighty-three. Allowing three adherents for every member, the Churches thus have a population of fourteen million eight hundred and seventy-three thousand one hundred and fifty-two. It is somewhat remarkable that a Roman Catholic council was held in the same city a month ago. Rome claims a population in America of seven million, but the Methodists are twice as many.

Great preparations are being made for the Churches to present Centenary offerings during the month of December. The Southern Church hopes to raise \$2,000,000, and the treasurer has already received more than one-fourth of this amount.

Another Bishop has finished his work. Bishop Wiley, who was visiting China, was taken ill and died suddenly in November. He began his career as a medical missionary in China, where he laboured five years. After his election to the Episcopacy, he visited China and held, we believe, the first Conference. His wife died while he was there, and now in the country where he commenced his missionary career he has "ceased

at once to work and live." How admonitory. Three bishops have died in six months!

The *Central Methodist* says that on one Sunday during the past summer there were twenty thousand people at the various camp-meetings of Kentucky.

Dr. Thoburn, who has been a missionary in India 25 years, has lately published a retrospective of the period. He says there has been an increase of practical godliness among Europeans in India; there has been a marvellous growth of the native church and a spirit of inquiry awakened among all classes. A broad foundation has been laid for a work of salvation on a scale so vast as almost to stagger the imagination in its effort to grasp it. By means of translations of Christian literature, wise purchase of property, the use of material good as well as constantly increasing spiritual activity, the Church in India has achieved marked success in the past quarter of a century.

The pastor of the Methodist Church in Schwartzbach, Saxony, called some friends together to practise singing the hymns for service. Not being able to meet during the week, they met on Sunday. The singers were surprised by a summons before the police, and to their dismay were fined twice, once for having met at all on Sunday, and again for once meeting at the hour of service in the State Church. They appealed, but the verdict was sustained, and they had to pay costs and fines to the amount of 100 marks for singing spiritual hymns on Sunday. The same authority permits masons and carpenters to pursue their avocations on the Sabbath. Methodism, however, is prospering in Saxony.

Dr. Maclay has commenced missionary operations in Corea, and has the honour to be the pioneer missionary in that country, and is full of hope that in Corea as in Japan a great and effectual door is now open for the Gospel. The missionaries of this Church stationed at Celaya, Mexico, have been driven out by a mob. Their house was broken open,

and they were forced to take refuge in a small room in a house near by. Here they were besieged for an hour or more, and the mob had just broken in the door and were about to massacre the missionaries when some mounted police arrived.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Meacham, returned missionary from Japan, is, at the time of writing, engaged in a missionary tour in the Maritime Provinces, and is meeting with great success both in receipts to the missionary treasury and books for the college library. The press contains several flattering accounts of the Doctor's services both in the pulpit and on the platform. At one place two letters were handed to the chairman of the missionary meeting from two young men, which contained \$100 each. Two young men also volunteered their services as missionaries to Japan.

Though Canada has enjoyed a most bountiful harvest, the Missionary Committee durst not appropriate more than seventy per cent. of the usual allowances to missionaries labouring on domestic missions. There should be an advance all along the line so that those worthy servants of the Church could receive a more equitable allowance.

Halifax is a station for the English Army and Navy. Recently the soldiers and sailors stationed there were invited to a sumptuous tea, provided by the ladies of Brunswick Street Church. A delightful evening was spent and when the meeting closed, the gallant guests gave three rousing cheers to the ladies of the church, to whom they felt themselves under great obligations. Halifax Methodists do not forget the kindness which was showed to William Black, the founder of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces by the sailors and soldiers then stationed in that city. Some of them assisted to clear the ground on which the first Methodist church was erected. Francis Johnston, who was seventeen years Sabbath-school superintendent in Brunswick Street, was a Roman Catholic soldier of dissipated habits,

but was converted to God in Halifax, and under his instrumentality the late James B. Morrow, Esq., became a man of power, not only in Methodism but in all the religious circles of the city and vicinity.

At the meeting of the Missionary Board, it was resolved to reopen the school for the Chinese on the Pacific Coast.

It was resolved also, with a view to encourage the erection of parsonages on domestic missions, to grant a loan of twenty-five per cent. on an outlay up to \$1,200, by the Society, such grant to bear interest at six per cent. for three years, principal to be repaid by three annual grants for rent. The Rev. John Shaw was appointed Assistant Missionary Secretary.

The Woman's Missionary Society continues to prosecute its benevolent labours. There are now four Conference branches: the London Conference branch contains nineteen auxiliaries; Toronto Conference, fifteen; Montreal Conference, seven; Nova Scotia Conference, four.

There are also two auxiliaries in Newfoundland, one in New Brunswick and two in Prince Edward Island, making a total of forty-nine auxiliaries and eleven mission bands. The income for the past year is \$6,421.15.

The Woman's Missionary Society supports a female missionary in Japan. The Crosby Home, McDougal Orphanage, and the French work in Quebec are also cared for.

Neat missionary boxes can be obtained at the Mission Rooms. They are very convenient for those who give systematically a cent a day or five cents per week. It would be a good sign of the times if there was a missionary box in every Methodist family.

Revival intelligence comes from all parts of the Connexion. In Toronto the Rev. Thomas Harrison's remarkable work continues with unabated interest. Nearly a thousand conversions are reported. A very gracious revival is also in progress at Agnes Street, Berkeley Street and other churches. This is, indeed, a year of grace.

## MISSION NOTES.

The new mission station at Kai Ping, China, has been made into a circuit, with a native preacher at work among the large industrial population around, and Dr. Aitkin has established the medical mission there so long contemplated.

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The beginning of Methodism in Norway deserves to be remembered; thirty years ago the Rev. O. P. Peterson left Norway as a sailor, went to the United States, was converted, returned to Norway to marry the girl to whom he was engaged, and told how great things the Lord had done for him. The people would not let him go. Norwegian Methodism is the result. He did, however, return to America, and the once sailor boy is Presiding Elder of Chicago District, Norwegian and Danish Conference.

Dr. Buckley was delighted with what he saw and says: "If you want to get some idea of how the little one of Methodism has become a strong nation, worship with German Methodists in Germany; Swiss Methodists in Switzerland; Danish Methodists in Denmark; Swedish Methodists in Sweden; Norwegian Methodists in Norway; Italian Methodists in Italy. The leaven is leavening many lumps."

The *Western Christian Advocate* looks with no little anxiety upon the experiment of Bishop Taylor in taking into Central Africa a band of missionaries without any provision for their support from home. The Editor says: "There are no people in Central Africa possessed of sufficient intelligence and wealth to justify the expectation that the missionaries going there can hope for self-support for many years to come. In a land where the breech-cloth is the only clothing, and rice and spontaneous fruits the only diet, it would be absurd and laughable to expect the natives to feed and clothe our missionaries, unless these Christians are willing to adopt the simplicity of the natives." Bishop Taylor is an extraordinary man and has strong faith that his mission will

be successful. His son, Ross, who has been an active holiness worker at San Jose, California, will accompany his father as a missionary.

The following is Bishop Taylor's plan of procedure:—

1. That a chain of from fifteen to twenty stations be established from Loanda, on the west coast, to Tanganyika Lake in the east.

2. That to this end two parties enter the continent, one from Loanda in the west and the other from the Zambesi on the east coast; the western one being under the direction of Bishop Taylor, and the eastern under Dr. W. R. Summers.

3. That each party consist of from fifteen to twenty missionaries, and leaving two missionaries in each station, the parties travel until the pioneers meet each other at a certain central district, having completed the chain.

4. The work, though in harmony with will be entirely independent of the Methodist Episcopal Mission Board, the missionaries being purely self-supporting, heart-consecrated men, depending upon God supplying their needs from the indigenous resources of the country or not receiving a cent from the Missionary Society.

5. That the western party start during the present fall and the eastern one during the spring of 1885.

Bishop Wiley organized a Conference in Japan in August, which begins its career under the most favourable circumstances.

The expenses of the late General Conference at Philadelphia were over \$50,000, of which the Methodists of that city pay \$20,000 and the Philadelphia Conference \$25,000. It costs \$2,200 to bring the California delegation, and \$1,024 for the men from Northern India.

The Financial District Meeting of the Victoria and New Westminster District was recently held, from the report of which we learn that Nanaimo is to be constituted a self-sustaining circuit. Two new missions have been established. The mission to the Flat Head Indians has been resumed. The Chinese mission in Victoria is to be resumed.

The missions propose to raise \$1,120 more than they raised last year.

Eighty years ago, the total sum contributed for the Protestant missions hardly amounted to \$50,000; now the amount raised for this object is from \$6,000,000 to \$6,300,000, about five times as much as that of the Propaganda.

America cannot equal England in her missionary gifts. America gives, on an average of a few years, \$1,500,000 annually. England, \$3,500,000. Germany, \$500,000.

The London City Mission employs 447 missionaries, who paid 3,143,801 visits last year, and induced 5,746 persons to attend religious worship.

Here is a beautiful epitaph from the tombstone of John Williams, missionary to Raratonga: "When he came there were no Christians, when he went away there were no heathens."

A delightful work of grace is progressing in Havanna, Cuba. The Romish priests oppose, but recently at one meeting the Missionary received twenty-two names of persons who wished to become members of the mission.

*The Telugus, India.*—The results of the work of grace under the Baptists are extraordinary and without a parallel in the history of modern Christian missions. The conversions since the great awakening in 1877-78 have averaged more than two thousand a year, the number of church members now being near twenty-five thousand gathered into thirty-four churches.

At a large party in Coahvilla, Mexico, the Governor of the State invited an American young lady to dance. She declined, as her religious convictions did not permit her, as she was connected with the mission there of the Southern Baptist Board. It led to the Governor's acquaintance with the mission, and since to a gift to it from him of property valued at \$140,000.

In Southern Africa recently two native women have been preaching to the Kaffirs and others with great success. They are sisters and were converted through the preaching of

a native evangelist, who has had a remarkable revival, in which hundreds in the colony have been converted. These women go from place to place as they are invited, remaining two or three days at a time. In Queens-town, on a recent Sabbath, one of them preached, and there was a large attendance of white people as well as natives, and her address was interpreted into English. A person present says: "The portion of Scripture selected for the lesson she read in three languages, Kaffir, Basuto, and English. Her text was taken from Proverbs vi. 27, 'Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?' The address was most powerful, showing the effects which various sins produce on the lives, characters and destinies of those who commit them. It was a remarkable service, the power of the Lord being present. Many were led to give up their evil ways and flee to Jesus for pardon."

A writer, describing one of the recent religious festivals or fairs in India, says: "One thing alone I missed of the attractions of an English fair: there was not one grog-shop, not one tent licensed to sell spirits, wholesale or retail. Strange to say, too, over the whole line of road, two miles amid thousands of revellers, we did not see one person the worse of liquor." In this at least the heathen set an example worth following by Christian England and America.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

Since our last issue two of our worthy superannuated ministers have finished their course—the Rev. Isaac Gold, Toronto Conference, who was in the twenty-fifth year of his ministry. For some years he was feeble and had retired from the "active work" a few years since, but he has now received his reward.

The Rev. J. W. Butcher, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, had served the Church of his choice more than forty years. He had endured a good share of the toils and sufferings peculiar to the itinerancy, but he now rests from his labours.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*First Principles of Faith.* By REV. M. RANGLES, author of *For Ever, Substitution, &c., &c.* London: Hodder & Houghton; Toronto: W. Briggs; Montreal: C. W. Coates.

The author of this volume is one of the foremost men in the Wesleyan Church, and is at present stationed in Leeds first circuit. Those who have read his able defence of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, or his still more able exposition of the Scripture doctrine of Atonement, will welcome this contribution to our theistic literature.

This is not a book for babes, but for men. Its theme furnishes a wider and freer field for the author's dialectic skill than any of his former works, and he has used his opportunity to some purpose. All who can appreciate the detection of a fallacy, or the unmasking of a sophism will find delight on almost every page of this volume.

The book is divided into *five* parts. Part I. is a brief, clear, and comprehensive statement of the ordinary arguments employed by theists to prove the existence of God.

Part II. deals with *The Doctrine of Causality*. The skilful logician has left his mark on every paragraph of the ten sections into which it is divided. Hume's doctrine of *Succession*, and J. S. Mill's theory of *Association*, are triumphantly refuted, as well as the use made of them by more modern anti-theistic writers.

Part III. is the doctrine of *causality* applied to the proof of God, or, as Mr. Randles calls it, *Theistic Evidence*. Here we have *ten* propositions forming so many sections, viz.: (1) "The present universe is the effect of a first cause." This first cause is (2) "Eternal," (3) "Self-existent and Necessary," (4) "Intelligent," (5) "A Moral Being," (6) "Personal," (7) "One and Simple," (8) "Infinite." These propositions

are maintained in a manner which reveals the mind of a master. Each is buttressed with a faultless logic. The author looks into the heart of error with the eye of an eagle, drags it into the light, and slays it before our eyes, while the style is as fresh as the morning air, and clear as the sunlight.

Part IV. is entitled "How the Theistic Argument is Affected by the Advances of Science and Philosophy." Mr. Randles maintains that theism has been strengthened by the progress of modern scientific and philosophic thought. This position is substantiated by an appeal to the doctrine of "Evolution," the "Philosophy of the Infinite," and the "Connection of Natural Effects with their First Cause." The section on the Philosophy of the Infinite is specially able, dealing with the varied schools of thought on this intricate subject in a masterly way. We know of nothing equal to it in the same space.

Part V. is on "The Relation of Natural to Revealed Theology," in which it is shown with great force that natural theology while of itself *inadequate*, is the *postulate* and *confirmation* of revealed, and as such is of high value to the theist.

We do not altogether agree with Mr. Randles in his estimate of the rational argument for the existence of God. We think he lays too much emphasis on its value. It is, in our estimation, of most value to those who have least need of it—those who have other and, as we think, higher evidence of this fundamental truth. If the belief of God depended on the capacity to take in the rational argument, we fear the majority would be shut out from the advantages such a belief implies. But we are far from depreciating Mr. Randles' masterly effort. We deem it of very great consequence that reason *can* verify to the soul what the heart has al-

ready trusted, and in this respect Mr. Randles' volume is one of the best that has come under our notice. Though of narrower range, it is every way worthy of a place by the side of Dr. Harris' "Philosophic Basis of Theism," or Prof. Flint's "Anti-Theism." We commend it most heartily to the careful study of our young and rising ministry.

—William Jackson.

*The Destiny of Man, Viewed in the Light of His Origin.* By JOHN FISKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

Mr. Fiske has won well deserved fame by his previous works, "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," "The Unseen World," and other books. He is one of the most able, most candid, and, we were going to say, most orthodox of the advocates of evolution. Yet we cannot resist the feeling that this theory, of the correctness of which he is so positive, is as yet an unproved hypothesis, a mere provisional theory, explaining many things, but leaving many things as great mysteries as ever. The origin of matter, of life, of the human soul, of moral sentiments cannot, we think, be explained on the theory of natural selection and evolution.

Mr. Fiske seems to be a devout theist. He claims that, "as with the Copernican astronomy, so with the Darwinian biology, we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and of the nature of man than was ever attainable before." He assails vigorously the materialistic philosophy, which asserts that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." He declares that the doctrine that "the life of the soul ends with life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy." He finds new proof, in evolution, of the immortal destiny of man, and of that

"One far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves,"

"when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become

the kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign forever, King of kings and Lord of lords."

While we admit the great influence of natural selection in modifying plant and animal life, we cannot accept the evolution of Adam from an ascidian mollusk, or from a tailless monkey, or even from a savage ancestor. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that God made man "a little lower than the angels" and not merely a little higher than the beasts. The Duke of Argyll, in his "Unity of Nature," fairly turns the tables on the evolutionists and shows that "natural rejection" is the correlative of "natural selection;" that all the evidences, historical and ethnographic, with respect to the lowest races of men, go to prove that they are not developments from inferior anthropoids, but degradations from a superior type of man. The achievements and inventions of primitive man in the science of language, of metallurgy, and of agriculture are among the greatest ever reached. Even the false religions of the world are but "broken lights" reflecting the grandeur of the true. As a mere animal man's senses are inferior to those of the ape, the owl, the eagle, the deer. The naked newborn babe is the least fitted thing in the world to survive in the struggle for existence. We want more light before we can accept the doctrine of the evolution of man with all that the phrase implies.

*The Empire of the Hittites.* By WM. WRIGHT, B.A., D.D. London: James Nesbit.

This is the most important recent contribution to Biblical Archæology. Its purpose is to restore the forgotten empire of the Hittites to its rightful position and thus to confirm the scattered references in Holy Scripture to this once powerful people. This is done with much learning and with much ingenious decipherment of Hittite inscriptions by Prof. Sayce and W. H. Rylands, F.S.G. The story of the recovery of these epigraphic remains reads like a page of romance. Copious lithogra-

phic copies of these inscriptions, also of seals, figured slabs, etc., are given. The Rev. Canon Tristram, the distinguished orientalist thus writes of this remarkable "find."

"The most important of all recent discoveries historically has been the insertion of a new volume into the history of the ancient world, by the revelation of the great Hittite empire, the rival of Egypt and Assyria, but of which the very existence has been forgotten. Discovery has shed new light upon several hitherto obscure allusions in the Old Testament. This exhumed empire casts more light on Old Testament history than might at first sight appear. We find that the Hittites of Southern Judah, in and round Hebron, were but a colony left there when the nation formed a principal part of the Hyksos invasion of Egypt. We now see that Abraham's friend, the courteous Ephron, belonged to a civilized and literary nation, whose character is illustrated by one of their towns being called 'Kirjath-Sepher,' or 'Book-town.' He proceeds to enumerate a number of similar references explained by this discovery. We are indebted to the courtesy of our friend, Mr. Bain, of the Toronto Public Library for the opportunity of examining an early copy of this interesting book.

*Pagoda Shadows: Studies from Life in China.* By ADELE M. FIELDE. Pp. 285. Boston: W. G. Cort-hell.

Miss Fielde was for ten years a missionary in China. She gives in this book a number of autobiographic sketches of Chinese women, and it is a painful picture that we get of the condition of one-fourth of the inhabitants of the earth. The tender mercies of the heathen are cruel. One of the great crimes of China is the continual murder of innocent new-born babes. The Chinese seem to think no more of putting to death a babe than of drowning a kitten. Says Joseph Cook of these sketches, "I had studied such translations of the Chinese classics as had come in my way; but I found that the simple,

vidid autobiographies written out by Miss Fielde from the actual dictation of Chinese women, brought me nearer to a close view of Chinese wants than anything else I had used as guide." The book has several engravings from photographs. At this critical period in the history of Chinese missions, when they are menaced with fire and sword, this book will throw much light on the Chinese problem. It is of interest to note that a Canadian lady is a missionary physician in high favour at the Imperial Court. Let us hope that she may induce counsels of peace toward the persecuted missionaries.

*The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church 1884.* Edited by BISHOP HARRIS. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 16mo. pp. 424. Price 25 cents.

The new edition of this Methodist *vade-mecum* is a handy little book issued at a nominal price. It offers many points of interest. The great M. E. Church gives no uncertain sound on the temperance question. It enters a solemn protest against the crying evil of facile divorce. While it does not license women to preach, it provides that they shall not be excluded from the offices of steward, class-leader, or Sunday-school superintendent. It takes advanced ground on the subject of higher and popular education, and requires the organization, where practicable, of free evening-schools, libraries and reading-rooms, and the doing of "whatever shall seem fitted to supply any deficiency in that which the Church ought to offer to the varied nature of man." This comprehensive provision might well be imitated among ourselves. In Sunday-school matters we might also learn with advantage. It is the "duty of the preacher in charge, aided by the superintendent and the Committee on Sunday-schools, to decide as to what books and other publications shall be used in the Sunday-schools." This rule, if enforced among us, would exclude much trashy and un-Methodistic literature from our



schools. It is the *special* duty of preachers "to form Sunday-schools in all congregations where ten can be collected," and "to enforce faithfully upon parents and Sunday-school teachers the great importance of instructing children in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion," and in the study of the catechism.

The young are the hope of the Church. That Church will best prosper which most sedulously watches over, cares for, and trains up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord the young committed to her trust.

*The Folly of Profanity.* By REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH, Pp. 312. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing House. Price \$1.25.

The sin of profanity is still painfully prevalent. A great reform, it is true, has taken place. A hundred years ago, says McKenzie, "the judge swore on the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the fine lady at her cards; the nation was clothed with curses as with a garment." There is still room for further reform, and such books as this will do much to promote it.

The subject is ably treated under the following chapter headings: The Prevalence of Profanity at Home; The Prevalence of Profanity Abroad; The Uselessness of Profanity; The Vulgarly of Profanity; How It Affects Conversation; The Inexcusableness of Profanity; On Reverencing the Name of God; What the Bible says of Profanity; How to Suppress Profanity; An Appeal to the Profane. The book is worthy a place in the family and the Sunday-school library.

*Christmas Carols and Midsummer Songs.* By AMERICAN POETS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.

This is a dainty volume suitable for the holidays, or birthday presentation the year round. The rhymes and chimes of Christmas ring in its musical carols, and the fragrance of the flowers breath from its mid-

summer songs. The illustrations are admirable. Those accompanying Christina Rossetti's carol are especially beautiful, and the eager watching of the deaf-mutes in the picture accompanying Miss Phelps' "Silent Children," is quite touching. The picture of Saint Emily and the flight of birds over the cover are full of grace. The poems are by Mrs. Whitney, Misses Phelps, Hayne, Trowbridge, Nora Perry, Mrs. Diaz, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, H. H., Celia Thaxter, M. E. Sangster, M. J. Preston and other well-known writers.

The *Eléments de Morale of M. Paul Janet* has been translated by MRS. PROF. CORSON, of Cornell University, and is now ready for schools and colleges. It is a system of morals, practical rather than theoretical, setting forth man's duties and the application thereto of the moral law. The position of M. Paul Janet is that of the religious moralist. As to his manner of treating his subject, the signal merit is clearness and decision. A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York.

*The Popular Science Monthly.* Conducted by E. S. and W. G. YOUMANS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$5 a year; single numbers, 50 cents.

The November number begins the twenty-sixth volume. Among its contents are The Relations between the Mind and the Nervous System, by W. A. Hammond, M.D.; The Origin of the Synthetic Philosophy, by Herbert Spencer; Pending Problems in Astronomy, by Prof. C. A. Young. What is Electricity, by Prof. J. Trowbridge (Harvard Union), together with nine other articles and four editorial departments. We have often to dissent from the opinions expressed by this Monthly, but it presents, as no other magazine that we know, the latest results of science, not in a technical but in a popular form. The domain of science is ever widening, and nothing will better help one to keep pace with its wonderful progress than this high-class Monthly.

*The Historical Value of the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis, with some Discussion of the New Criticism.* By the Rev. D. N. BEACH. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Price 75c.

This is a very valuable discussion of a very important theme. The author, with ample study of the literature of the subject, and in a very lucid and methodical manner, examines some recent views of the origin of the Pentateuch—Ewald's, Kuenen's, Graf's and W. Robertson Smith's; states and cogently defends his dissent from these conclusions, and the grounds therefor; and then maintains with great force the authenticity of the chapters under discussion by varied and, we judge, irrefragable argument and evidence. The author has rendered valuable service to conservative Biblical criticism by his able treatment of a subject of vital importance which is exciting a widespread interest.

*Rhetoric Made Racy; or, Aids to Good English.* By WILBUR F. CRAFTS, A.M., and Prof. H. F. FISK, A.M. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co., 283 pages. 1884.

The motto of this book expresses its method.

'Tis well to be amused,  
But when amusement doth instruction  
bring,  
'Tis better.

It may be called "the laugh and learn" method. It teaches largely by pointing out the errors, often the ludicrous errors, of writers and speakers. Even Macaulay, Farrar, Gladstone, Milton, Bacon, Addison, and other literary Jupiters are caught napping. The chapters on misapplied words, mixed figures, verbosity, tautology, misquotations of Scripture, etc., are very instructive; also the studies, in pronunciation, spelling, synonyms, idiom, style, etc. The advice to young writers and authors may save many a disappointment and heart-ache, and the suggestions on associated and consecutive reading are most judicious. This is a bright, clever book and a great im-

provement on the dull and heavy text-books of our boyhood.

*Essentials of English* By ALFRED H. WELSH, A.M. Chicago: S. G. Griggs & Co. Pp. 314.

This book comprehends both grammar, philology, and rhetoric. It begins with a history of the languages of which our own is composed, giving an ingenious account of the origin and modification of the English alphabet and of the growth and development of the language. Many of our common words are traced back to their origin on the plains of India. None of the usual and regular forms of English structure are left untouched. The primary facts are presented with an abundance of illustrations from leading writers. Examples are accompanied by the name of the author quoted, thus conducing to literary knowledge. The presentation is primarily historical, and is therefore thoroughly inductive, progressive, practical and philosophical, yet simple and attractive. The aim is to make reflective users of language; to discipline the student, while it informs him; to make him speak and write his thought accurately, without cumbering his memory with technicalities and non-essentials.

*At Home in Italy.* By Mrs. E. D. R. BIANCIARDI. Pp. 300. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

Mrs. Bianciardi has lived for some years in Italy and is quite at home amid its highways and byways, its historic cities and its rural retreats. She gives us an inside view of Italian life and character, such as is got from guide books and such as the chance tourist never sees. The chapter on Italy as a residence, with its valuable advice on health, comfort, economy, society, art, music, etc., will be very useful to Italian tourists. The sketches of life in Siena, Perugia, Lucca, Verona, Padua, Venice, Florence, etc., are very gracefully written, and are very interesting. The fair artist sketches with a light hand, and with quick and vivid perceptions.

*The Might of Right.* Selected from the writings of WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Pp. 302. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

When the history of this century comes to be written, one of the grandest figures of the age as statesman, scholar, and Christian will be the man who is now the first commoner of England. One of the most striking features of his character is his extraordinary versatility. Of that this volume gives striking evidence. There are chapters on art, authorship, education, government, history, literature, poetry, progress, the pulpit, war, and many other themes. But of more interest will be the thoughts of this high thinker on such august themes as Christianity, conscience, duty, doubt, religion, the Scriptures, sin, worship, etc. In the present number of this MAGAZINE we give some of those remarkable utterances on Christianity.

*Fichte's Science of Knowledge.* By Dr. C. C. EVERETT, Professor of Theology, Harvard University. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$1.25.

This is the third volume of "Griggs' German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students," issued under the editorial supervision of Professor George S. Morris, Ph.D. It says much for the progress of philosophical study in America, that in a mid-continent city only fifty years old, should be projected and so successfully prosecuted this philosophical series which would do credit to the press of Leipzig or Oxford. Dr. Everett's work is a careful exposition and scholarly analysis of Fichte's philosophy and methods of thought, such as has not before appeared in English. The position of Fichte in the development of German philosophy from Kant to Hegel, his relation to Kant as the first great continuator and elaborator of the Kantian system, and his germinal relation to Schelling and Hegel, his great successors,—these things added to the heroic grandeur of Fichte's moral nature,

unite to render the study of his philosophy at once inspiring and indispensably important to all students of modern thought. Probably no man has given to the works of Fichte so thorough and intelligent study as Dr. Everett; and this fact, together with the author's well-known eminence as a thinker and writer, will insure for his work a warm reception, and this all the more because Fichte's language is abstruse, and without judicious exposition is liable to misconstruction.

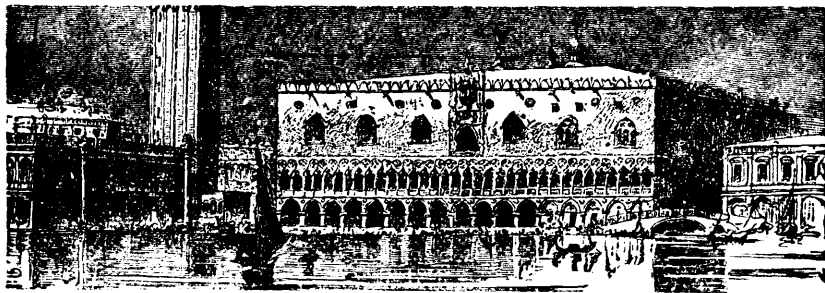
The preceding volumes of this series are "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," by Prof. Geo. S. Morris, of the University of Michigan, and "Schelling's Transcendental Idealism," by Dr. Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston. Other volumes will follow shortly.

*Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Spring Conferences of 1884.* New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$1.

This octavo of 215 pages contains the stations and statistics of forty-four Conferences, extending from Arkansas to Maine, and from Norway to Northern India—a marvelous exhibit of the growth of a hundred years.

#### LITERARY NOTE.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. publish the "I Ams" of Christ: A Contribution to Christological Thought. By Samuel H. Giesy, D. D., in which the author seeks to show that nothing is so remarkable as the way in which Jesus Christ turns thought upon Himself *personally*, and not merely officially. Everywhere it is "I" and "Me." This is His uniform habit—His own unique style. Not what He says or does, but what He *is*, is with Himself the main thing. All this is profoundly significant. Nothing like it is to be found in the whole scope of literature, sacred or profane, ancient or modern. The book is an earnest effort to show how inexplicable these claims are on any purely human conception of His Person.



DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE. (PART OF CUT.)

*Specimen of Cuts from "Venice from a Gondola."*

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In the January number will appear Part I. of above, together with

**"CANADIAN PICTURES,"**

By the MARQUIS OF LORNE.

**"MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME,"**

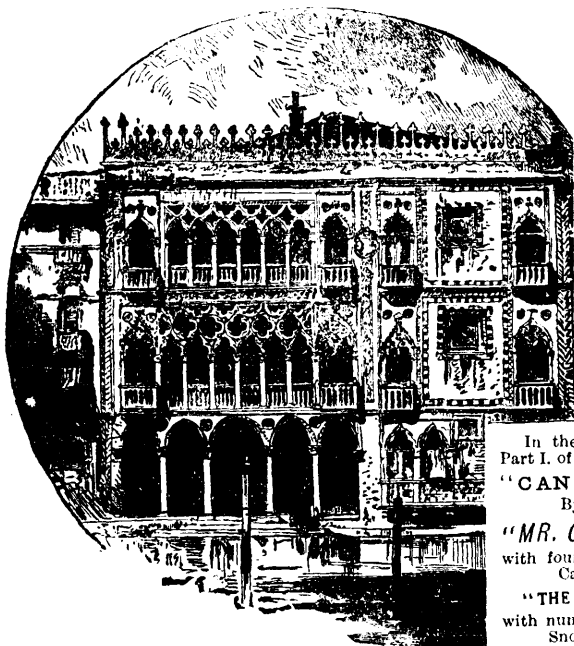
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THE GOLDEN HOUSE, GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

*Specimen of Cuts in "Venice from a Gondola."*

## OTHER ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among those will be the following:

- HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE."
  - "WANDERINGS IN SPAIN."
  - "SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND."
  - "SCENES IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND."
  - "ON THE RHINE."
  - "ALPINE PICTURES."
  - "VENICE FROM A GONDOLA."
  - "WALKS ABOUT ROME."
  - "WALKS ABOUT LONDON."
  - "IN CLASSIC LANDS."
  - "MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS"
  - "STUDIES IN THE SOUTH."
  - "THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS."
  - "JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE."
  - "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH POETS" (Several Papers).
  - "MEMORIALS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE."
  - "STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY." (With Portraits and other Illustrations.)
  - "A MISSIONARY BISHOP."
- Etc., Etc., Etc.

—  
The above will all be handsomely, and some of them very copiously, illustrated.

—  
Several other Illustrated Articles will also appear.



CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE. (PART OF CUT.)

*Specimen of Cuts in "On the Rhine."*

# CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1885.

## OTHER ARTICLES.

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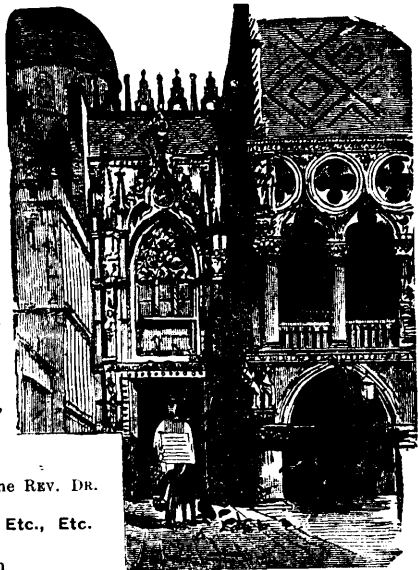
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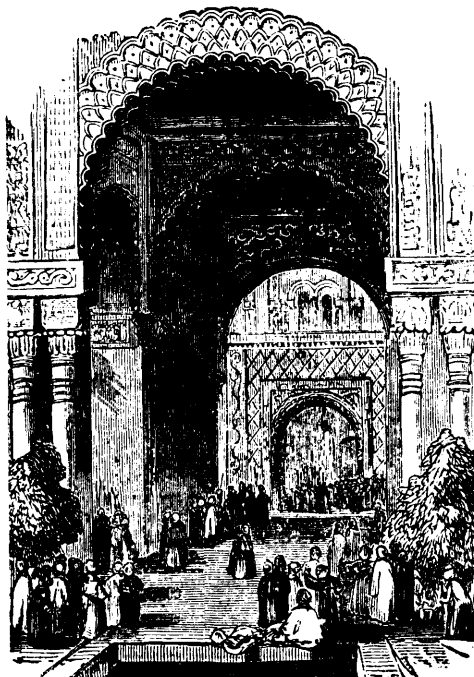
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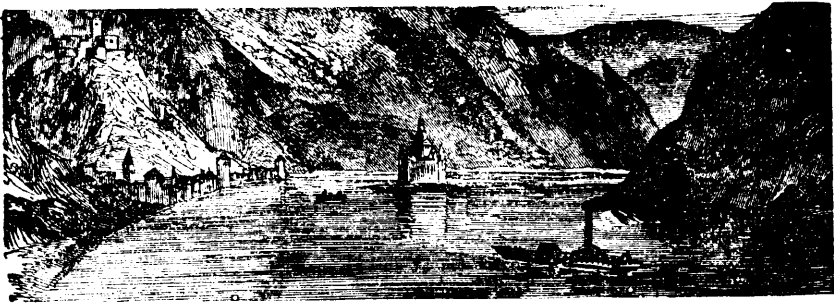
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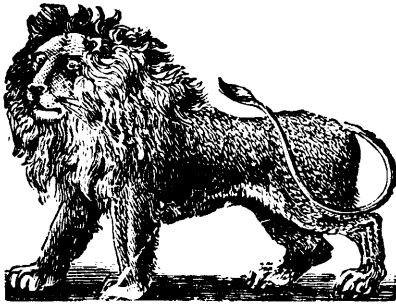
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