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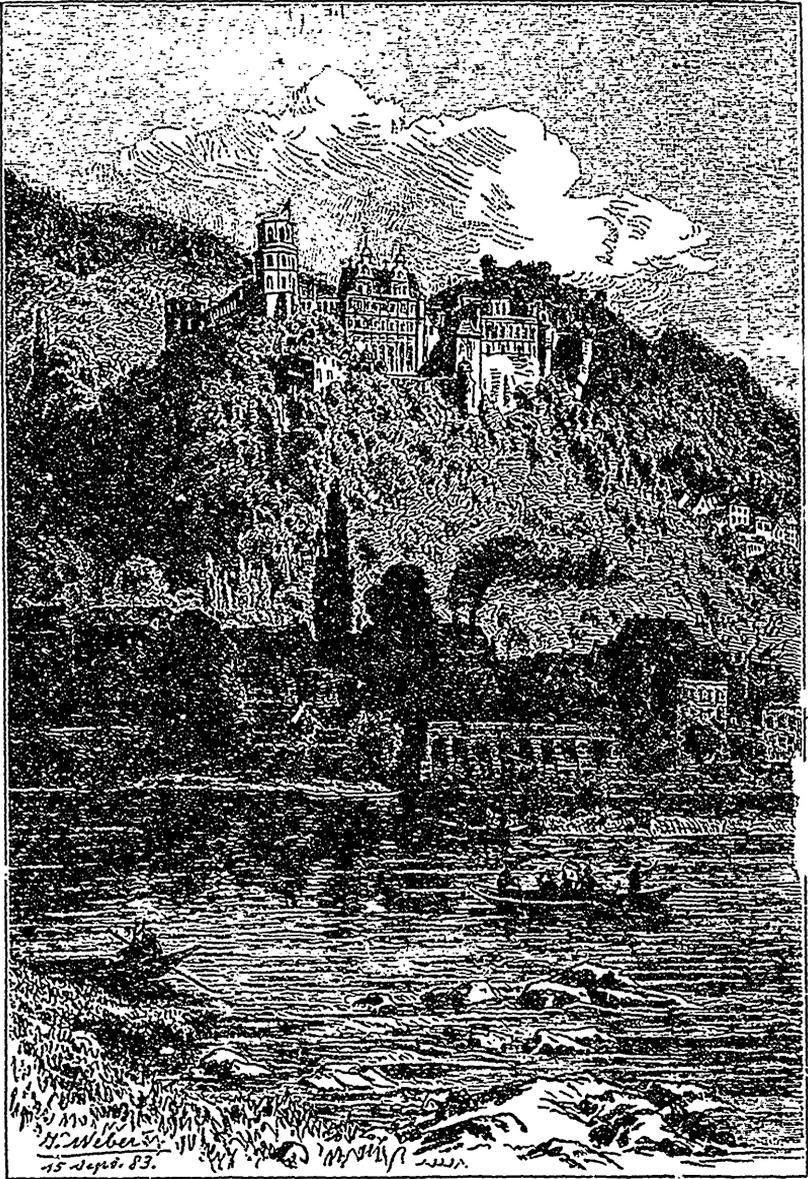
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HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

THE  
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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,

EDITOR.

VOL. XXXIII.

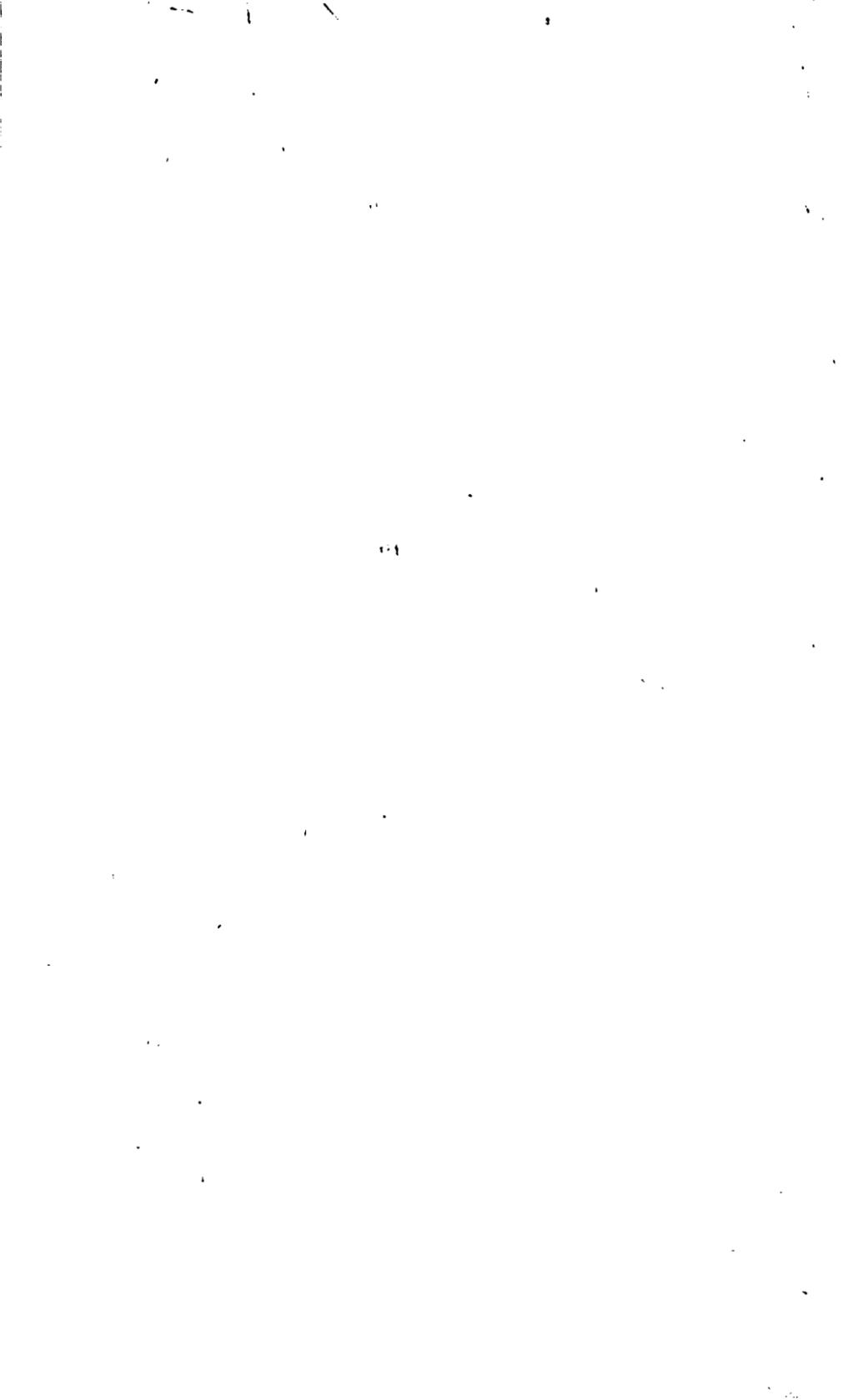
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THE  
Methodist Magazine.

January, 1891.

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CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.  
THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

I.



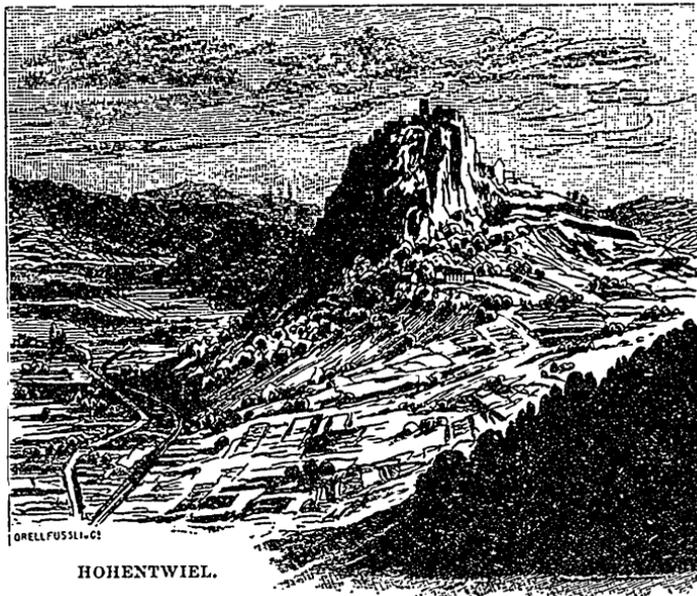
THE ALPS FROM HOHENTWIEL.

FOR our ride through the Black Forest we secured an entire railway carriage for our party. This gave us ample room to change from side to side of the car, as the finest scenery was now on the right, then on the left hand. It enabled us also to make the ride all the way to Strassburg without change, whereas all others had to change cars *en route*. The Swiss cars are a happy compromise between the English and American systems. They have separate compartments, but have also a passage through the car, so that all the compartments can, in effect, be thrown into one if desired. I was fortified with a formidable document, securing the undisturbed possession of the whole railway carriage, couched in the most impressive official language, which acted like a charm on all who would invade our privileged

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domain. Several times aggressive travellers, taking no heed of the placard reserving the car, attempted to enter. But one glance at the document was sufficient to make them promptly retreat. One particularly aggressive individual, who was very near-sighted, attempted to force his way into the car with a great bundle of belongings. As for my letter, he would take no notice of it till I insisted on his reading it, when, with most profound apologies, he instantly withdrew.

The wild mountain region, through which we were about to travel—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a



HOHENTWIEL.

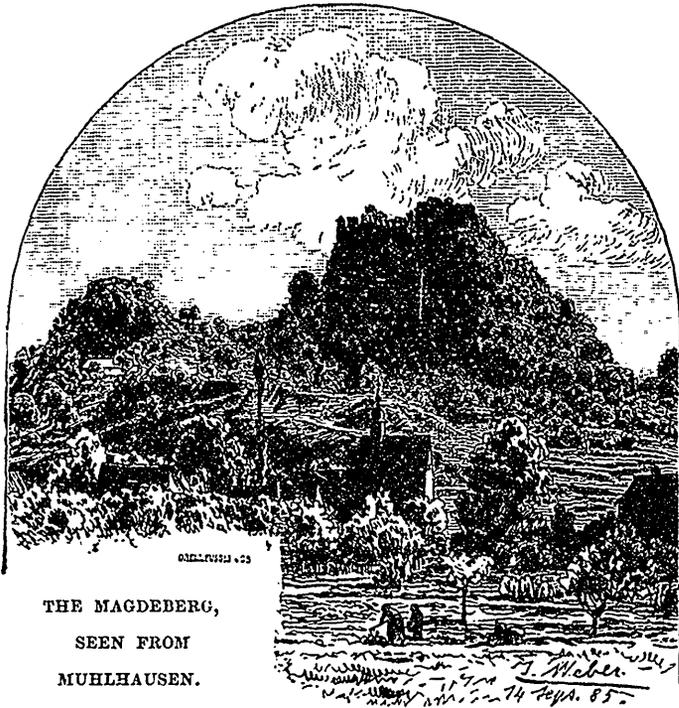
portion of the old Hercynian Forest, which once covered a great part of Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering works in Europe. The line reaches its greatest elevation at the first station in the basin of the Danube—Sommerau. Here it is 2729 feet above the level of the sea. Thirty-eight tunnels and 142 bridges follow each other in rapid succession. It was necessary in several places to change the bed of the Danube.

Dr. Hardmeyer, whose monograph on this subject we shall frequently quote, thus rhapsodizes over the engineering achievements:

“Near Hornberg the mountains present so firm and unyielding a front,

that the line has no choice but to force a passage through them, or come to a standstill. The railway boldly accepts the challenge, and advances stealthily to the assault, winding and twisting about as if to spy out the weak points in the enemy's armour. At last it vanquishes him, and with a long, shrill cry of triumph, plunges into the valley of the Danube through the watershed of Sommerau."

It was a glorious day on which we made this delightful journey. The sky was bright, the air clear, and the sunlight warm and pleasant. First, we rode through grassy meadows, beside the



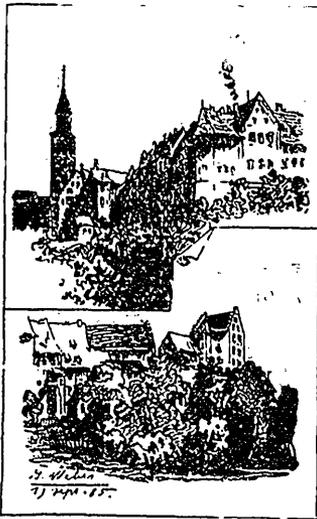
THE MAGDEBERG,  
SEEN FROM  
MUEHLHAUSEN.

Unter See, which sparkled with many dimpling smiles in the bright sunlight. In an hour we reached Singen; the true beginning of the Black Forest Railway.

Here we entered the strange region called the Hegau, studded with basaltic cliffs, rising like islands above the surrounding country and telling of violent volcanic action in bygone ages. Many of these cliffs are crowned with ruined castles, once the stronghold of robber-knights, who from their eagle-like eyries dominated the plains. The first of these that we met is the castled crag of Hohentwiel, rising one thousand feet above the level of Lake Constance. Its massy ruins seemed a part of the

rocky ramparts on which they are built. The old castle held out bravely during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War, and is thus described by Dr. Hardmeyer:

"Upon the outbreak of the French Revolution, the flames of which were especially apt to devour castles and palaces, Hohentwiel met its fate. The buildings that had been slowly accumulated upon the rock through the centuries were destroyed within a few months by the French general Vendamme. Since that date the castle, which was the most extensive building of the kind in Southern Germany, has remained a shapeless heap of grass-grown ruins. The steep path winds round the rock, and leads through gates and across bridges to the ruins which soon begin to line the way on either side, and above which are the still more extensive ones crowning the summit of the mount. From the tower a panorama opens which is among the finest, if not the finest, afforded by any of the hills of Southern Germany. Peaceful villages studding the plain at our feet, with a wide expanse of the Lake Constance glistening in silvery sheen before us, and the noblest and mightiest peak of the Alps standing out on the horizon and forming a snow-white rampart whose limits the eye fails to discern."

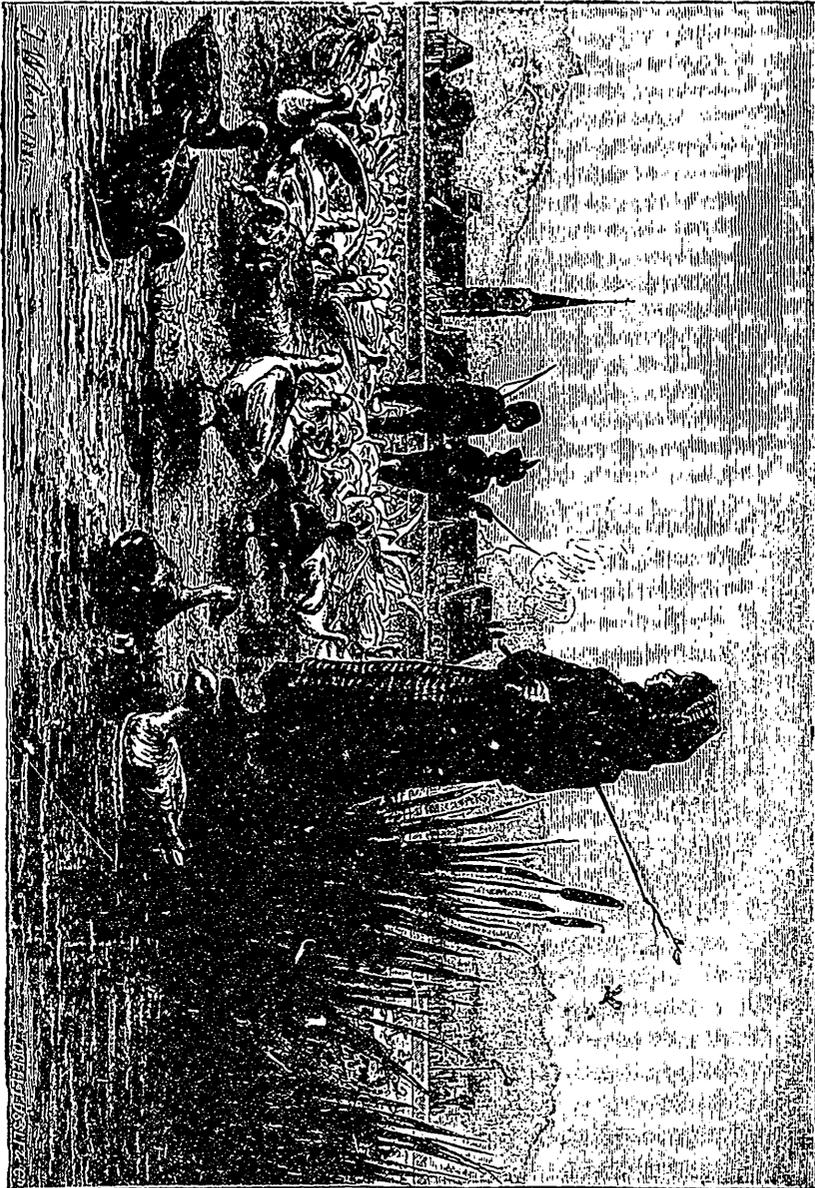


VIEWS OF ENGEN.

In a few minutes more we pass beneath the scarcely less lofty rock of Hohenkrähen, with its grim bastions, behind which dwelt fierce robber-barons, swooping down like eagles on the peaceful inhabitants of the plain, pillaging their barns and flocks and herds, and from their rocky eyrie defying their vengeance or pursuit. Magdeberg is another, which owes its name—the "Maiden's Mount"—according to tradition, to St. Ursula, the leader of the "Eleven Thousand Virgins," who is said to have built a chapel on the summit. "Ursula, a faithful saint of the Catholic Church," so runs the legend, "with eleven thousand virgins, encountered at Cologne an army of Huns, by whom they were massacred, Ursula having refused an offer of marriage from the prince. Their corpses were buried by the people of Cologne, and a church was erected to their honour, in which bones, said to be those of Ursula and her companions, are exhibited to this day." Hohenstoffen, Hohenhowen and many another ruined castle tell of an age of rapine and blood, now, thank God, forever gone.

The rocks of the Jura assume the quaintest forms; in places

the mountain-side appears as though built of masonry, and in other spots as though loose slabs of stone were piled one upon



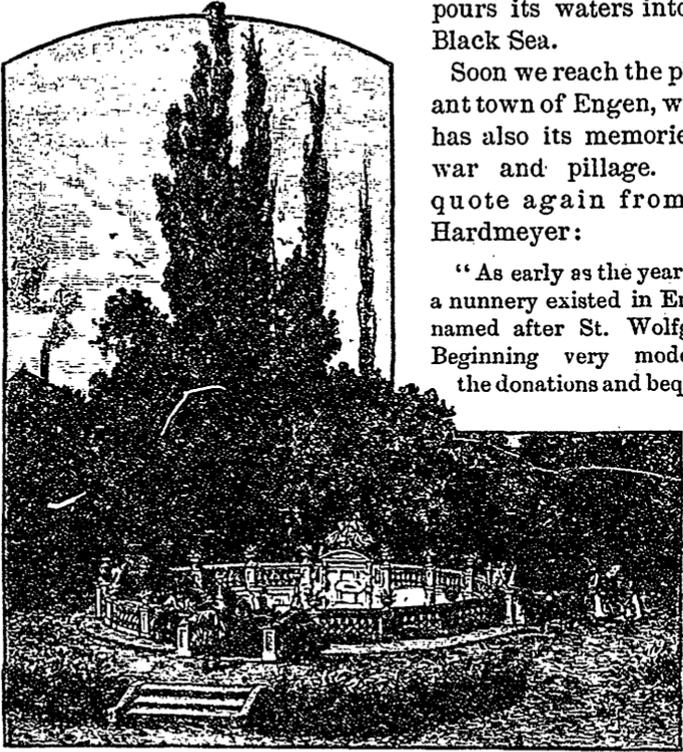
NEAR GISINGEN.

another. Lofty embankments, huge masses of masonry, and other artificial works succeed each other in rapid succession. Now we traverse beautiful beech-woods, in which many an inviting

glade is seen. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutturals are everywhere heard. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the “beautiful blue Danube,” which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth and Belgrade, and, after a course of 1780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Soon we reach the pleasant town of Engen, which has also its memories of war and pillage. We quote again from Dr. Hardmeyer:

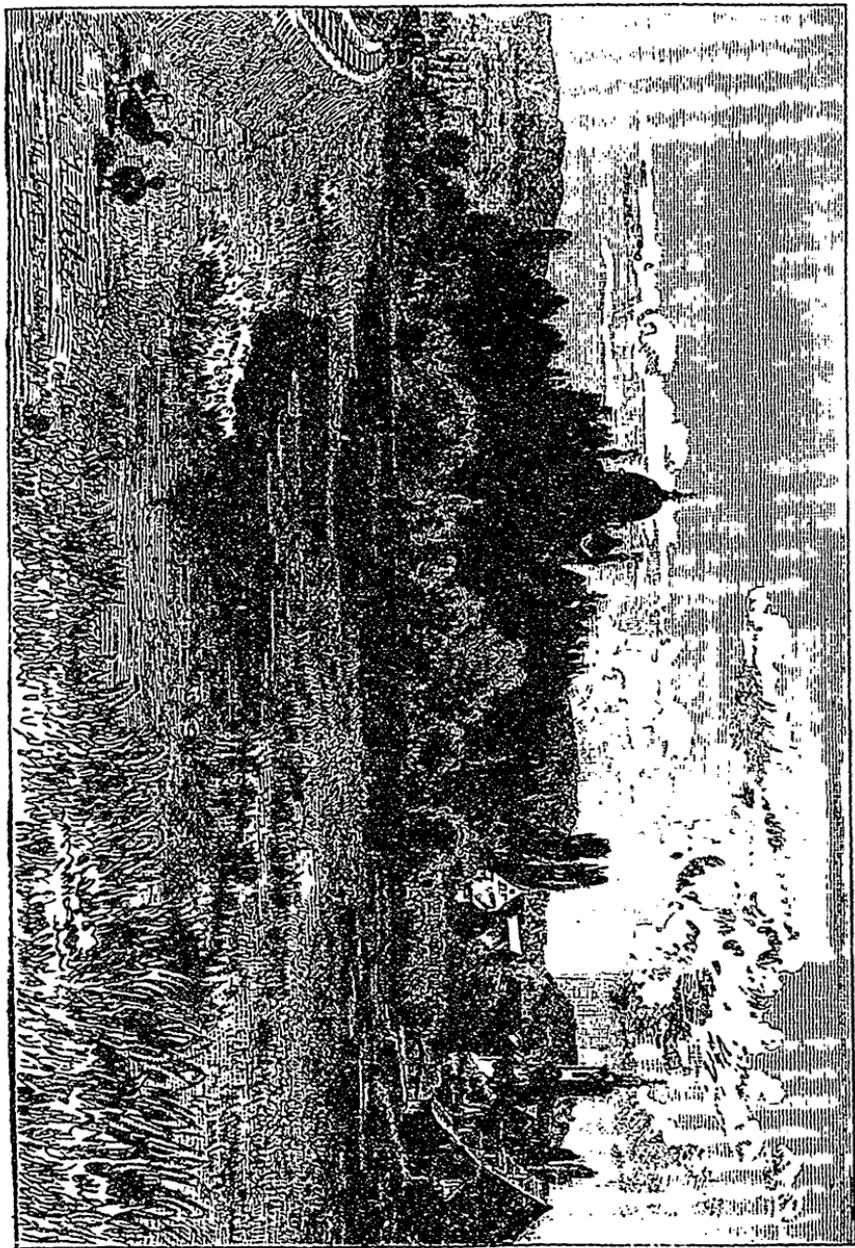
“As early as the year 1333 a nunnery existed in Engen, named after St. Wolfgang. Beginning very modestly, the donations and bequests



SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

it received soon rendered it wealthy. One of the nuns of this convent, a certain Sister Verena, has left behind her, in the form of a diary, an evidently faithful account of the dreadful calamities which befell Engen at the time of the Thirty Years' War. The pious sister recounts all the brutalities perpetrated by the troops of Wurtemberg, Sweden and France, and devoutly thanks God that none of the inmates of the convent suffered harm. But at length they were obliged to flee across the Rhine into Switzerland. The diary describes in a very spirited manner the appearance presented by the convent on their return—how they found all the apartments empty, and everything plundered and destroyed. ‘But there was six acres of ripe corn in the fields, and the Lady Prioress could get no one

to reap it.' Our stout-hearted Sister Verena, however, told her to take courage: "We will cut it and carry it ourselves." So we did, and in



CHRYPP-CHAPPEL AT NEUDINGEN.

thirteen days, by St. Dominic's Eve, we had brought the whole crop into the convent.'

"In the brief intervals between the various wars the little town of Engen

often became quite prosperous, and the inhabitants led comfortable lives, though their individual liberty was much restricted by the numerous guilds. The rules and regulations of these guilds are still extant, and they show that the people of Engen laid great stress on decorum. In the Bakers' Guild, for instance, swearing and loose talking were forbidden under penalty of forfeiting a pound of wax for the use of the church. Whoever appeared at a meeting of the guild with the three top buttons of his coat



VIEW IN THE PALACE  
GROUNDS OF FURSTENBERG.

unfastened was fined three-pence. Whoever entered the room where the guild was assembled without knocking at the door, or whoever sat down

or got up without saying, 'By your leave, honest masters and mates!' was mulcted in three kreutzers. Any member who insulted another by applying to him such opprobrious epithets as 'rascal' or 'scoundrel' was liable to a fine of three-pence; if the word 'rogue' was used, the penalty amounted to ten-pence. The Guild of Barbers, which had assumed the high-sounding designation of the 'chirurgical faculty,' stood in particularly high repute with the people of Engen."

Near Neudingen, on a small eminence, we notice a graceful little building surrounded by a dome. It is the Sepulchral Chapel

of the Carolingian race, and is a very imposing building, well adapted to its solemn purpose, and many of its details are remarkable as works of art. As shown in illustration on page 9.

We soon enter the grassy upland valley of the Danube, where the second largest river in Europe has its origin.

At Geisengen is a famous pilgrimage chapel, with which the following strange legend is connected :

“Not far from the town stood a crucifix. One day, during a very heavy storm, a troop of Swedish horsemen passed by ; on seeing the crucifix they began to revile our Saviour as the cause of the inhospitable weather and the wretched state of the roads. One of them, a cornet, drew a long pistol from his holster, took aim across his left arm, and fired at the image of Christ ; the ball penetrated its forehead. Suddenly the earth opened, and swallowed up horse and rider. Seized with consternation, his companions galloped to the town and informed the people what had happened. A procession was immediately formed, and headed by a cross and banners the clergy and people proceeded to the spot, which has ever since been held sacred.”

The Danube here, a small and sluggish stream, winds its wandering way through marshes and meadows, bordered by cat-tails and sedges, and haunted by innumerable flocks of waterfowl, which are frequently



PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF  
FURSTENBERG.

accompanied by juvenile goose-herds—if that is the right word to use of the wardens of these feathery charges. At the picturesque town of Donaueschingen one of the chief curiosities is the Donauquelle, or Source of the Danube. It wells up from the ground in a copious flood, and is surrounded by a graceful wall, as shown in the cut on page 8. But is this indeed the true source of the river? Is this the very tip of the tail of the great water-snake that stretches full across the continent?

“I, for my part,” says Dr. Hardmeyer, “am quite ready to assume that I am standing here at the veritable source of the Danube. The course of a great river appeals to us with much more vividness when we are standing at its real or supposed source. As we stand here and watch the water

bubbling up from the interior of the earth in a ceaseless flood, and as we read the words chiselled in the stone enclosure—*Ueber dem Meer, 678 Meter, and Bis zum Meer, 2840 Kilometer* (Above the sea, 2224 feet ; to the sea, 1763 miles), the most varied scenes rise up before our mind's eye : villages and castles, populous cities and quiet convents, marshes and corn-fields, spacious plains and steep cliffs, German, and Hungarian, and Slavonic peoples, and at last the broad delta, and the stormy Euxine. How varied are the countries and their inhabitants along the banks of this mighty stream, at whose source we are standing, and how diversified the pictures when, going back in thought, we call to mind the various scenes enacted on the banks of the Danube in the course of the centuries."



PARISH CHURCH,  
VILLINGEN.



which follow—  
Its old ruined  
names, and

almost sole mementos of those stormy times.

The town of Villingen is situated in a broad, open valley terminated on all sides by undulating hills, which are in their turn bounded by wooded mountains. The horizon is wide, and the vault of heaven overaching it is as unbroken here as in the plains ; but the consciousness that we are on an elevated plateau, from which we must descend to reach the lowlands, gives to the expanse an air of solemnity, heightened by the fringe of dusky fir-woods which appears in all directions on the horizon. The ancient parish church is a venerable edifice with two towers, similar to those which adorn many of the cities and towns in the

Another of the sights of Donaueschingen is the palace of Fürstenberg. Passing the palace, with its bulbous turrets, we reach the park belonging to it, which is thrown open to the public. It has two very remarkable features—magnificent trees, and an abundance of clear water, enlivened by a multitude of water-fowl.

The grounds are traversed by shady walks, adorned with frequent statues. This whole region, now so peaceful in its pastoral beauty, has been ravaged by the Peasants' Insurrection, the Thirty Years' War, the War of the Spanish Succession, and the wars ed the French Revolution. castles, memory-thrilling silent graveyards are the

valley of the Rhine. The interior is pleasing in its effect. To one of the columns several cannon-balls have been attached, as a memorial of the siege and bombardment of the town, and as a token of gratitude for its deliverance from the dangers that threatened it.

The burghers exhibited much bravery during the war of the Spanish Succession, when they defended themselves against an army of 40,000 men. It endured another terrible siege in the year 1704. Prince Eugene bestowed great praise upon the fidelity and bravery of the burghers, and on his inquiring what boon he could ask from His Majesty the Emperor on their behalf, one of the councillors, whose forte was not orthography, replied: "We want nothing, your Highness, but three B's,—Bread, Bullets and Bowder." (Brod, Bulver and Blei.)

The rapid tourist who makes a flying visit to this romantic region does not properly enter into its inner life. My friend, Mr. Blackwood, who has enjoyed a prolonged residence amid its noblest, scenery will give, in the following article, a graphic sketch of some of the more unfamiliar aspects of the Black Forest.

---

## THE NEW YEAR'S LESSON.

BY GEORGIANA CRAIK.

O NEW YEAR! teach us faith;  
The road of life is hard;  
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds do scathe,  
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marr'd  
Than any man's, who saith—  
"Make strait paths for your feet"—and to the opprest—  
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamp-like hope  
Above this unknown way,  
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,  
And our hands strength to work while it is day.  
But if that way must slope  
Tombward, Oh! bring before our fading eyes  
The lamp of Life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—  
Love of all human kind;  
Love special, close—in which, like sheltered dove,  
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;  
And love that turns above  
Adoringly; contented to resign  
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

## MEMORIES OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE intricate windings of a railroad that follow charmingly the foldings of pine-clad valleys will nowadays conduct the traveller well into the more

frequented portions of the Black Forest. One minute he will look down from the car window into the yawning depths of rocky gorges, with a wild torrent brawling over the stones at the bottom; while the next will show him a smiling green valley, with the same wild torrent transformed into the smoothest of clear streams. He will pass in and out of the wooded mountain slopes, as the train follows the curves and twists of the ingenious Schwarzwald railway, and, after



BLACK FOREST GIRL IN BRIDAL DRESS.

reaching a height of nearly 3,000 feet, will descend again into the plain of the Rhine.

In this way the hurried tourist may undoubtedly see a good deal of the Black Forest country.

If, however, he wishes to get away from the civilization which the prosaic railroad invariably brings with it, he must leave the cars at one of the little stations and strike northwards into the interior. With a light knapsack and a stout staff he can then follow at his leisure the lovely little paths that wind in and out

amid the great trees, leading from village to village, or across the hills to the more open valleys. With no other companions than the squirrels playing among the boughs and the great buzzards circling far overhead, he may in this manner traverse wide tracts of solitary forest. He may quietly drop in upon the quaint and legend-haunted hamlets, surprising the good burghers and peasants at the occupations which have been theirs, and their fathers' before them, for ages past. He may sit beside the sturdy peasant, in the sand-floored village inn, and from his strong, honest face may call forth many a pleasant smile, as they chat together in the most friendly manner over the important events of this hidden, secret world of trees. And he may discover the fair daughters of the forest, in their most characteristic costumes, with fantastic top-knots and plumes waving from their bridal head-dresses, as in our initial cut, or clad with their bright-coloured skirts and bodices at work in the fields.



IN THE VILLAGE INN.

In an easy day's journey from the railway he will seem to have stepped backwards into the Middle Ages; and the unfrequented portions of the Black Forest will certainly tend to keep up the illusion. It is only in this manner that the remnant of the vast Hercynian Forest can be seen to the fullest advantage. To be really *known* the Schwarzwald must be studied in all its aspects during the different seasons of the year.

The Black Forest on a still, hot day in August, when the tall pines rise motionless against the blue sky, like the beautiful spires of some old cathedral, is not the same Black Forest we see in an autumn storm. Then the whole forest seems to sway to and fro as the winds roar through its myriads of branches and the trees and sky mingle in impenetrable gloom. Nor is it the Black Forest in its white winter robes, when all its sounds are deadened by the thick snow.

But the weird loveliness of the Schwarzwald can only be appreciated by those who have watched the changes that grow upon its stern face under the wondrous lights of sunrise or sunset; or as night creeps slowly over its hills or villages, investing them with a blackness all their own; or again, in the magic hours that follow sunset and precede the dawn. With this object in view, perhaps the best place for the traveller to leave the train is at Somerau. This little station is the highest point on the line, and

immediately after leaving it the train begins its long descent. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of this typical village is more open than in many parts; and a rough little path leads up a steep slope where the pines are less dense. A short hour's climbing brings one to the summit, and the view that bursts upon the sight is surprisingly extensive. In great undulating waves the gloomy hills of the Schwarzwald roll away on every side as far as the eye can reach. The air that sweeps across the summit is sweet and pure, and it is as redolent of the ocean of fragrant pines it has crossed as the sea breeze is of brine and ozone. If the day be dull and the horizon cloudy, the general aspect of the view is so gloomy that the origin of the word Schwarzwald at once suggests itself with great force. It is indeed a black forest.



COTTAGE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

It is strange that this spot, with its so beautiful view, should have been selected in the dim past as the place of execution for witches and criminals. Yet so it was; and the remnants of the rude gallows still rear themselves up ugly and gaunt into the air—two roughly hewn granite slabs, across the top of which formerly rested a third slab. As late as 1847 there was an execution in this place, when an old witch, so-called, was hanged from these very granite slabs. There seems a refinement of cruelty in the idea that the victim's last view of mother earth was one so fair. The forbidding blackness of the nearer forest soon fades into the softer blues and rich purples of the far distance; while the various shades between the two enormously enhance the general effect.

Such a view can never, of course, be called bright or glorious. It is too sombre, not to say even monotonous. Yet herein lies the

peculiar charm of the Schwarzwald. There is about it a certain grim grandeur; a stateliness and an indefinable dignity that seem to link it with hoar antiquity. It is strangely invested with that sense of strength and greatness that surrounds the ruined old castles of England. The tall, straight pines that guard the dark interior of the Schwarzwald seem to demand of us the respect



FARM-HOUSE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

due to the ancient home of so many wild and beautiful legends, of so many deeds of valour and renown.

The ever-increasing stream of tourists that yearly tramp through the more accessible portions of the forest would certainly seem to be driving to the remoter regions those customs and practices which are more especially peculiar to the people. However this may be, the belief in those picturesque forms of the supernatural—gnomes, fairies, wizards and water-nixies—still

clings to the haunts that for centuries have been their home. In many a village and farm-house the past yet lives on in the present, clinging to the hearts of the simple-minded folk that love to cherish it.

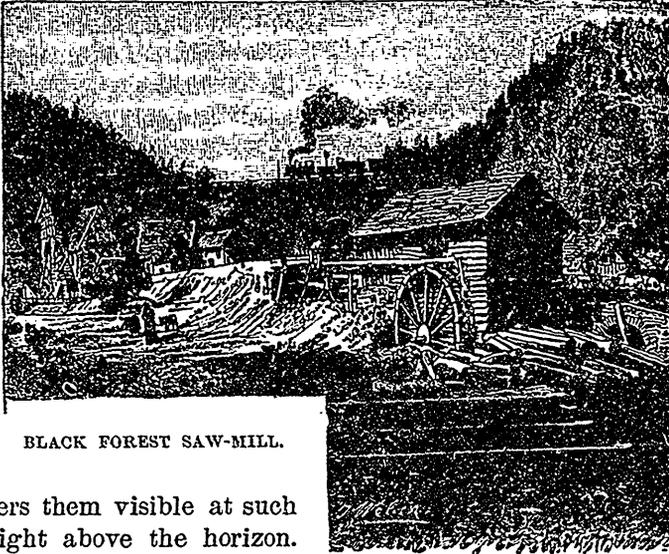
At the foot of the bold spur of hills of which we have spoken nestles a charming little village—Furtwangen. It is a centre for straw-plaiting, which, next to wood-carving, is the chief industry of the peasants in the southern portion. But instead of descending the rough path to the valley, let us return to Somerau. Here again we are in a Protestant community, while Furtwangen is Roman Catholic, and the roads are often adorned with little chapels or crucifixes, before which the peasants offer up a short prayer in passing.

Following the railway for a mile or more, we come to the next station, Königsfeld-Peterzell. It is a lonely-looking spot; only a couple or so of houses and a few straggling old barns of enormous capacity. We leave the railway to pursue its downward course, and again ascend through the woods in a northerly direction; occasionally vistas of lovely colours and light opening out on either side.

Suddenly we leave the woods and enter upon a clearing of considerable size, in the centre of which is a little village, the very picture of precise neatness. This is Königsfeld, a Moravian settlement, and one has little difficulty in distinguishing the boys' and girls' schools, placed at opposite ends of the village square. In every direction glades in the forest invite to the most delightful walks. Outside the village for some distance one notices the picturesque forms of those huge, unwieldy farm-houses, with barns attached. The wooden walls, darkened with age and weather, are in great part covered with the most curious, and oftentimes the most beautiful lichens; while in the cleared spaces one may find a profusion of wild flowers, conspicuous among which is the rich purple colour of one of the gentians. In the forest itself, under the shade of the grand old trees, the moss, often twelve inches thick, presents a carpet of gorgeous colouring, offering a striking contrast to the dark stems of the pines.

When the slanting rays of the setting sun fall upon a scene like this, setting afire the golden mosses and glinting from one dark tree to another far into the forest depths, the effect is truly magical. Looking to the south, on an ordinary day there is nothing to be seen but the undulating waves of the forest, as it stretches away over the Duchy of Baden and part of Wurtemberg. But on one of those extraordinarily clear days that so often precede long spells of wet weather, a very different sight will greet the eye. From

Saints to Mont Blanc the white forms of the snowy Alps are visible hanging in the sky. So huge, so white, so grandiose do they appear that to one who has been used to the subdued tints of the surrounding Schwarzwald they come like a revelation. They seem to be suspended in the lofty atmosphere like the phantom mountains of some shadowy ghost-land, and one feels that at any moment they may suddenly melt away like a dream. It would seem that the Alps thus occasionally seen are in reality too far below the horizon to be ever *actually* visible, and that it is only a strong refraction caused by a certain state of the atmosphere that



BLACK FOREST SAW-MILL.

renders them visible at such a height above the horizon. This accounts for the enormous size and general weirdness of their appearance.

The tourist who loves to study the thousand different effects of light on forest scenery, and to converse with nature face to face under some of her most seductive aspects, cannot do better than spend a month or two in this little Moravian settlement, away from the world of noise and fashion, and surrounded by the most typical effects of Black Forest scenery.

There are many others places in the Schwarzwald that we would gladly revisit in imagination, were space and time more generous. The ruins of the old monastery of Allerheiligen—All Saints—lies farther north, in its lonely valley, with its surrounding fringe of pines faithfully guarding it from all irreverent gaze.

With what pleasure would we again stand on the spur of hills that skirts the great plain of the Rhine, where lie the fortified

old cities of Strassburg and Rastatt; and from our elevated standpoint watch the sunlight gleam on the distant stretches of the Rhine, lighting up the fertile country for many a wide league.

In the early spring, too, when the pines are tipped with the exquisite fresh green that comes but once a year, we would willingly take our readers to many a quaint village and farmhouse, peeping in upon the wood-carvers and the clock-makers at work, and watching the old saw-mills cut up the fragrant pine logs. With what pleasure would we visit with them the blue hills that surround Eden-Eden in its beautiful valley, and show the lovely combination of colour that is caused by the mingling of the golden leaves of the early beeches with the dark velvet of the pine woods, and the blue sky seen between. Perhaps, on a future occasion, we may be able to do this, and to plunge deeper still into what will ever be the most romantic of forest lands.

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“WE WOULD SEE JESUS.”

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

We would see Jesus, when our hopes are brightest,  
And all that earth can grant is at its best;  
When not a drift of shadow, even the lightest,  
Blurs our clear atmosphere of perfect rest.

We would see Jesus, when the joy of living  
Holds all our senses in a realm of bliss,  
That we may know He hath the power of giving  
Enduring rapture more supreme than this.

We would see Jesus, when our pathway darkens,  
Beneath the dread of some impending ill;  
When the discouraged soul no longer hearkens  
To Hope, who beckons in the distance still.

We would see Jesus, when the stress of sorrow  
Strains to their utmost tension heart and brain;  
That He may teach us how despair may borrow  
From faith, the one sure antidote of pain.

We would see Jesus, when our best are taken,  
And we must meet, unshared, all shocks of woe;  
Because He bore for us, alone, forsaken  
Burdens whose weight no human heart could know.

We would see Jesus, when our fading vision,  
Lost to the consciousness of earth and sky,  
Has only insight for the far elysian;  
We would see Jesus when we come to die!

VOYAGE OF THE "SUNBEAM" FROM DARNLEY ISLAND  
TO PORT DARWIN, MAURITIUS, CAPE OF GOOD  
HOPE, AND ENGLAND.

BY LORD BRASSEY.\*



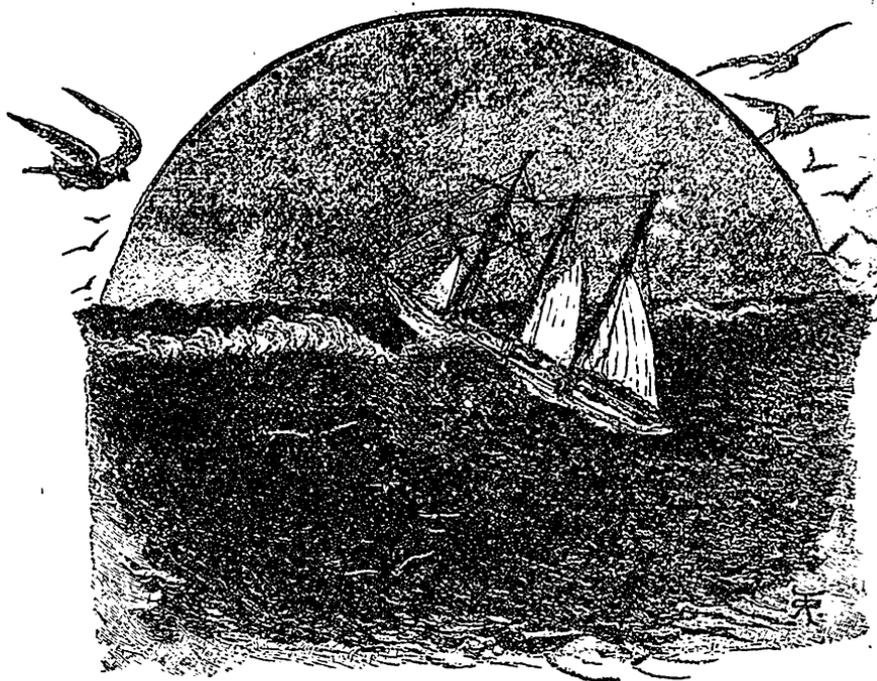
ST. LOUIS, MAURITIUS.

THE pen having fallen from her hand, the task which a brave yet gentle spirit was struggling so hard to complete must be accomplished by one who does not possess her gifts. For obvious reasons, the description of the remainder of the voyage will be compressed within the closest limits.

The *Sunbeam* sailed from Thursday Island on September 1st. On September 5th, in the evening, the *Sunbeam* was navigated, not without difficulty, through the intricate channels of Clarence Straits. On the 6th at an early hour the anchor was dropped off the settlement of Palmerston. Our arrival at Port Darwin took place under such circumstances as render it impossible to offer any description from personal observation.

From Port Darwin to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to

\* After the lamented death of Lady Brassey her devoted husband takes up the narrative and gives in very succinct form the return voyage of the *Sunbeam*.—ED.



OFF THE CAPE.

Sierra Leone, the voyage lay for the most part within the zone of the South-east Trades. It is a painful task to attempt to describe scenes which would have been painted so much more effectively by another. To give the daily life, which, needless to say, was very sad, I will not attempt.

Mauritius is one of the few ports in which sailing ships still hold the field against steamers. It was filled with a noble fleet. As a mark of sympathy, which touched me deeply, their flags were hoisted at half-mast as soon as our sad intelligence became known.

Viewed from the anchorage of Port Louis, the island of Mauritius presents a scene of much beauty. A chain of peaks and craters of picturesque and fantastic forms runs through the island from end to end. The needle-shaped Peter Botte, 2784 feet, and the Pouce, 2707 feet, are conspicuous summits. All the mountains are of volcanic formation. Their barren precipices are blue and purple, and their vegetation, watered by frequent and abundant showers, is of the richest green. The staple industry of Mauritius is the cultivation of sugar. More than 100,000 tons are annually exported. India and Australia are the chief markets. The bounty on the production of sugar in France and Germany has

driven the sugar of Mauritius altogether out of Europe. Mauritius received a great blow from the opening of the Suez Canal, but it still possesses abundant resources. The wealth of the island may in some degree be measured by its public revenue, which amounts to no less than £700,000 a year.

Mauritius produces scarcely anything required for its own consumption. It imports rice from India, grain from Australia, oxen from Madagascar, and sheep from the Cape.

The passage from Port Louis to Algoa Bay occupied eleven days. To the southward of the Trades, off the coast of Natal, a short but severe gale from the south-west was encountered. The gale was followed by a fresh breeze from the east, which carried the *Sunbeam* rapidly to the westward. In three days a distance of 797 miles was covered.

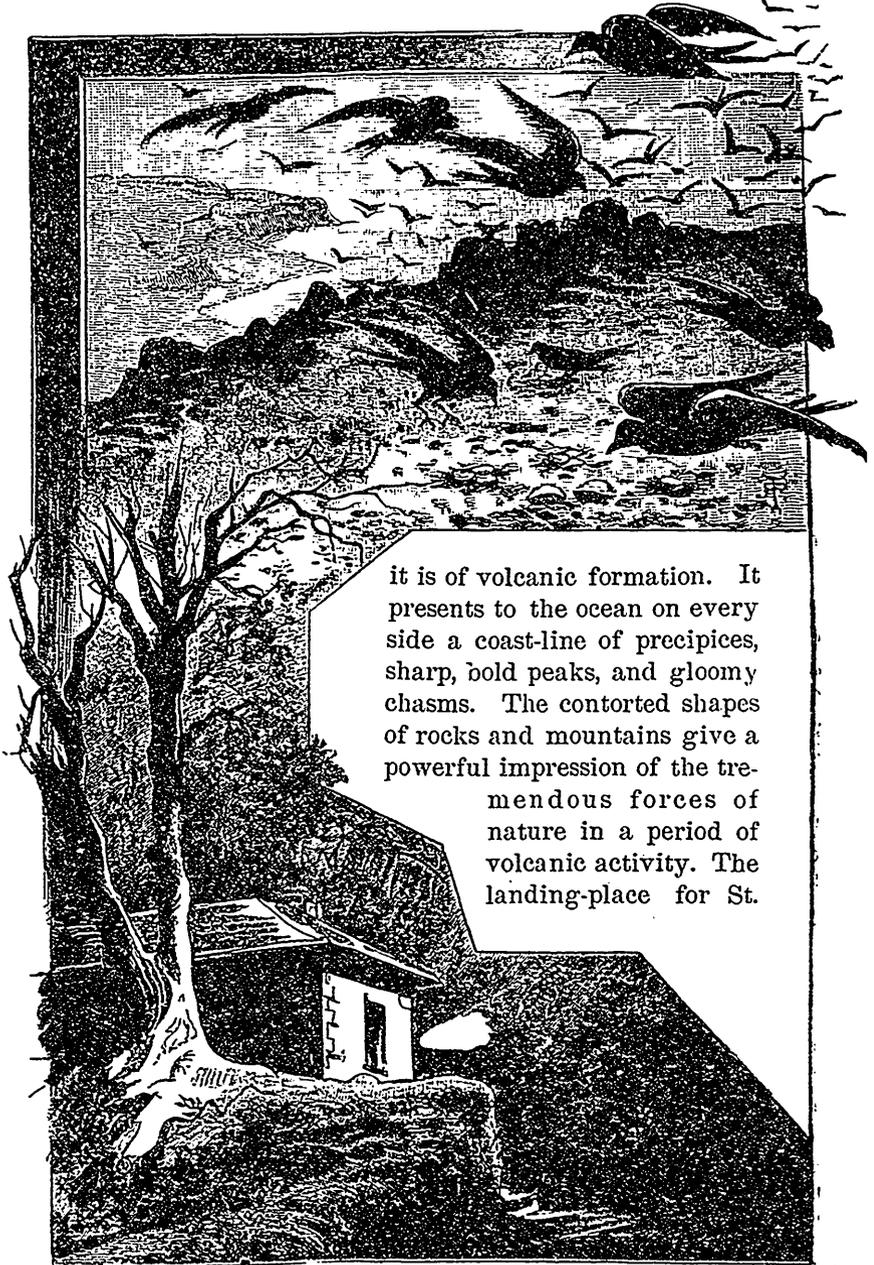
The *Sunbeam* reached Port Elizabeth on October 12th. From the sea it has the aspect of a small Brighton. On landing, it presents many cheerful indications of prosperity, in its pier, railway station, municipal buildings, streets and shops. The residential quarter is happily situated on elevated ground, swept by refreshing breezes from the ocean.

A day was spent at Port Elizabeth, and two days of rapid sailing before an easterly wind brought the *Sunbeam* into Table Bay on the morning of October 15th, just in time to gain the anchorage before one of the hard gales from the south-east, which are not infrequently experienced at the Cape, set in. Between Port Darwin and the Cape the distance covered was 1,047 knots under steam, and 5,622 knots under sail.

Table Mountain is admirably described by Hübner as a mighty buttress confronting the restless billows of the Southern Ocean. It was covered, on the morning of our arrival, with the graceful wreaths of mist which have so often excited the admiration of travellers. Table Mountain presents to the dwellers in Cape Town a scene of beauty which changes from hour to hour. Every veering of the wind brings some new yet ever effective adjustment of a mantle of vapour, seldom cast aside, which is sometimes silver, sometimes purple, and from time to time subdued to a sombre tone by an approaching fall of rain.

Cape Town contains not a few buildings of which the inhabitants of an older capital might justly be proud. The House of Assembly is a noble structure. The admirably kept and beautifully situated Observatory, the banks, the railway station, and the docks are all excellent. The Botanical Gardens, and the shady avenue dividing them from Government House, would be an adornment to the finest capital in Europe.

The *Sunbeam* left Cape Town on Oct. 24th. St. Helena was reached on Nov. 3rd. Like all the Atlantic islands,



it is of volcanic formation. It presents to the ocean on every side a coast-line of precipices, sharp, bold peaks, and gloomy chasms. The contorted shapes of rocks and mountains give a powerful impression of the tremendous forces of nature in a period of volcanic activity. The landing-place for St.

ASCENSION GREEN MOUNTAIN—NODDY ROOKERY;

Helena is under the lee of the island, at Jamestown, a small town depending entirely on shipping.

Above Jamestown, for some 2000 feet, the country is inexpressibly sterile. At a higher level the soil is watered by the frequent showers brought up from the ocean by the South-east Trades, and is covered with a rich carpet of grass. In every sheltered dell, the growth of timber is abundant and varied, combining the trees of the tropics with those of our cold English latitudes. The water-courses are innumerable. The bed of every stream is filled, and every bank is covered with lovely masses of arum-lilies. The scenery of the island is most beautiful. The Acting Governor occupies a fine country-house surrounded by a noble park. It is sad to visit Longwood, and to reflect on the intolerable weariness of such a place of confinement to the doctor in many battles, and the former arbiter of the destinies of Central Europe.

A personal visit to St. Helena is necessary to appreciate the facilities for the defence of the island. The landing-places are few, and they are commanded by works of considerable strength. New works are in progress which will give an extended range of fire to seaward. The guns are not yet to hand. The expenditure recently authorized, amounting to some £10,000, appears fully justified in view of the importance of St. Helena as a coaling station for the Cape route to the East. As a sanatorium it might be of great value to the ships of the African Squadron.

The *Sunbeam* touched at Ascension on November 7th. This barren and inhospitable volcanic island has presented a singularly unpromising field of labour to the naval detachment which for many years has been maintained there. Solid and capacious stores, extensive ranges of buildings, miles of roads, the tanks, the hospitals on the sea-shore and on the mountain, the farm on the peak—a green oasis crowning a heap of cinders—attest the zeal of a succession of officers and men. In the present circumstances St. Helena offers unquestionably superior advantages for all naval purposes. It is repugnant to abandon to utter ruin an establishment created with much labour and expense. To this alternative, however, we must come, unless we are prepared to put Ascension in a state of defence.

Sierra Leone was reached on November 14th. This is an important coaling station, half-way between England and the Cape. The harbour is large and safe for ships of heavy tonnage. The works of defence are in active progress.

The British settlements on the West Coast of Africa date from 1672, when the British African Company was first formed. The British protectorate is estimated to extend over 3000 square miles.



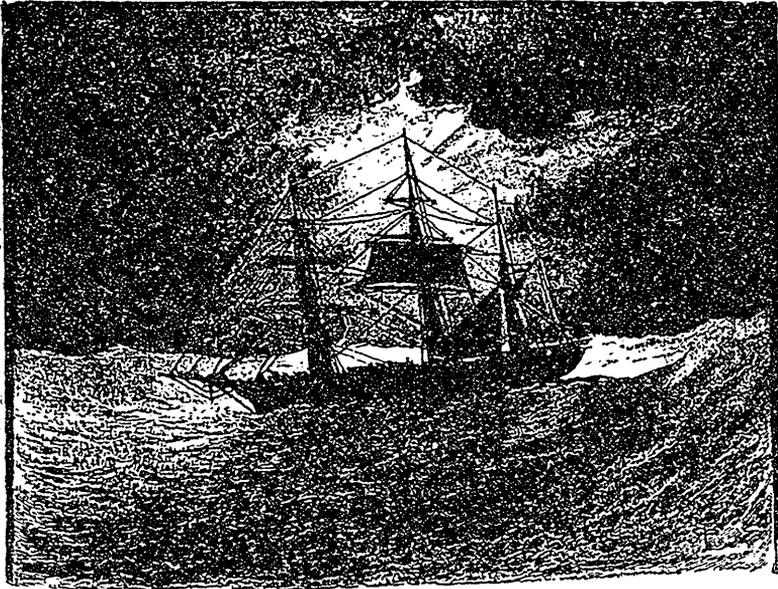
Freetown, the capital, is built on a peninsula about eighteen miles long. The town is backed by mountains of considerable elevation, richly wooded, and beautiful in outline. The streets are laid out with regularity on ground sloping rapidly to the river. The houses are of wood, and the roadways are unpaved. The population is 37,000. The

SIERRA LEONE.

throng at the landing-place has a decided family resemblance to any similar assemblage of the Negro race in the West Indies. The general aspect is cheerful and free from care. The washerwomen, dressed in Manchester prin. gowns of gorgeous colour, are conspicuous and grotesque personages.

At Sierra Leone the Church of England is strongly supported by the Church Missionary Society. It has a large body of adherents, and is the see of a Bishop. It has a college, affiliated to the Durham University, which has turned out coloured students of distinguished ability. My friend Mr. Blyden, author of "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," is a distinguished leader of the higher culture among the Negro race.

The capabilities of the coloured races are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A coloured barrister of marked ability



BARK HOVE-TO.

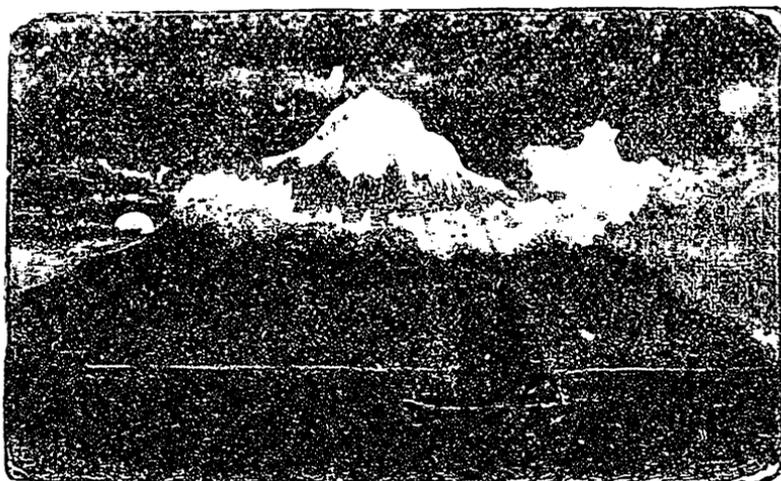
is the leader of the Bar, and makes a professional income of £3000 a year.

The day seems drawing near when it will be no longer necessary to send Englishmen to administer the government in a climate so often fatal to the health of the European. The trade of Sierra Leone, in common with that of the Gold Coast generally, consists mainly in the exportation of the palm kernel, from which an oil, much used in the manufacture of soap and candles, is extracted.

The *Sunbeam* left Sierra Leone at sunset on November 15th, under steam. A call of a few hours was made at Porto Praya on November 19th. It wears the air of decay so commonly observable in foreign settlements under the Portuguese flag.

We found three kind Englishmen leading a life of exile, in charge of the station of the West African Telegraph Company. St. Vincent, the only island of the Cape de Verdes which has any trade, is a coaling station much used by steamers on the South American route.

On the day after leaving Porto Praya the *Sunbeam* lay becalmed under the lee of St. Antonio. The anchorage used by us in 1876 was in view, as was also the house and plantation of which a drawing is given in my dear wife's "Voyage in the *Sunbeam*." There were many sad reminiscences as the former track of the *Sunbeam* was crossed. On November 29th, without warning from the barometer, a strong gale commenced from the east,



PICO.

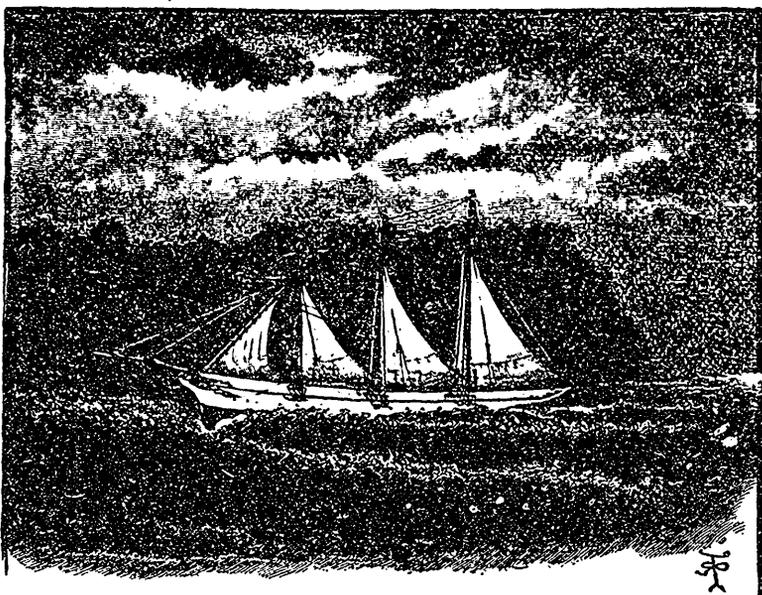
and lasted without intermission for four days. Under low canvas and close-hauled, the *Sunbeam* gallantly struggled forward, making 130 knots, on November 29th, and on the three following days 112, 57 and 92 knots respectively. While hove-to in this gale the canvas was severely punished.

The gale was blowing dead on shore at Horta, and it was preferable to run for shelter under the lee of the island. As we closed the land, grand effects were produced by the clouds and mist driving before the gale down the green slopes of the mountains to the dark cliffs of lava and basalt, on which the mighty surges of the Atlantic were breaking into foam. Late in the afternoon of December 2nd the *Sunbeam* gained the northern entrance to the channel which divides Fayal and Pico. An attempt was made to reach Horta, but it was found that a heavy sea was running into the anchorage. It was a pitchy night, and

we determined to wait outside till daylight, standing across to Pico under steam for shelter from the wind and sea.

At dawn on the 3rd the moon was still shining on the northern face of the noble mountain, towering in solitary grandeur to a height of 7800 feet. The snowy peak stood up from its mantle of clouds, and took the rosy hues of the morning. An hour's steaming carried us into the anchorage at Fayal, where we remained through the day of December 3rd.

The local prosperity depends mainly on shipping. Business is on the decline. The opening of the Suez Canal, the introduction



BEARING UP FOR SHELTER.

of the powerful iron and steel-built ocean liners, which suffer comparatively little from the effects of heavy weather, have combined to produce a marked diminution in the number of ships calling at the port. The whalers under the United States flag still make it their head-quarters in the summer season.

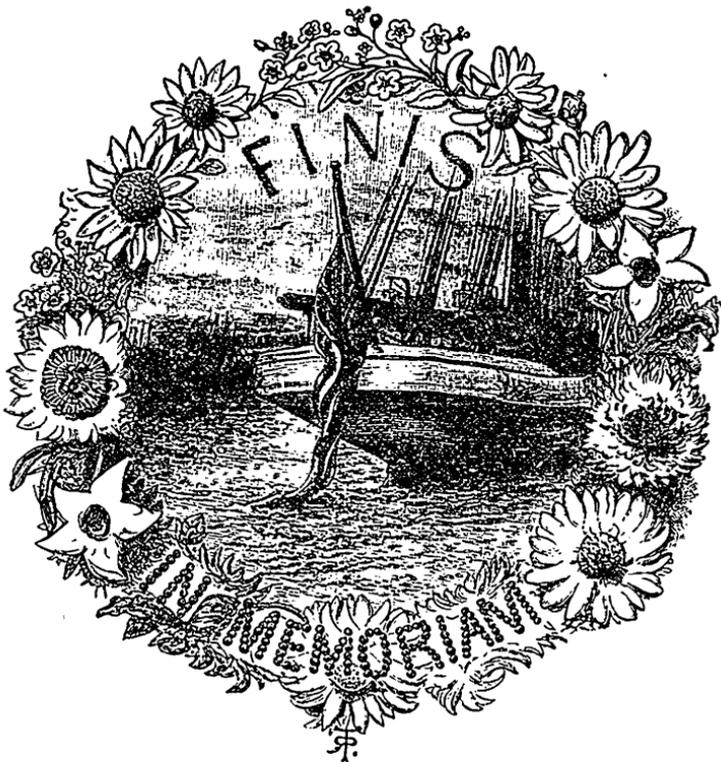
Having taken in water and provisions, the voyage was resumed on the evening of December 3rd. At midnight the wind shifted suddenly to the north-east, and on the following morning the *Sunbeam* bore up, before a severe gale, for shelter under the lee of Terceira. Late in the day the veil of lowering clouds was drawn aside, and the sun descending to the west, lighted up the landscape with a flood of golden light.

Terceira is of volcanic formation. The highest ridges attain

an elevation of 4000 feet. The crests of the hills are clothed with forests of pine and rich pastures. At a lower level the indications of laborious cultivation are seen in range upon range of terraced gardens and vineyards. The island is densely inhabited, and the numerous white houses give an air of cheerfulness and prosperity to the scene, which recalls the more familiar charms of the Bay of Naples and the Straits of Messina.

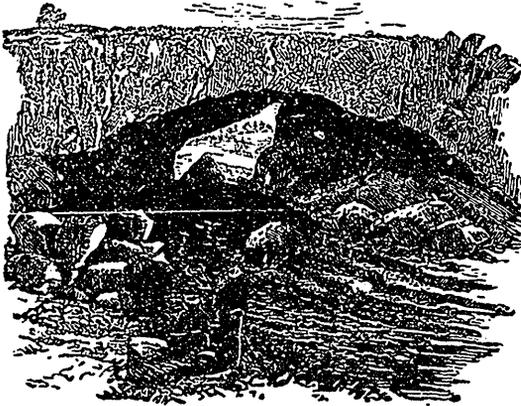
On December 5th, the gale subsided to a calm, and the voyage homeward was commenced. The total distance from Fayal, including the cail at Terceira, was 1440 miles, of which sixty only were under steam. The average speed was seven knots. The *Sunbeam* entered Portsmouth Harbour at noon on December 14th.

The total distance covered during the voyage was 36,709 nautical miles, 25,800 under sail, and 10,909 under steam. The runs under sail only included thirty-nine days over 200 knots, fifteen days over 240, seven days over 260, three days over 270. The best day was 282 knots. The total consumption of coal was 330 tons. Though the quality taken in abroad was, in many instances, inferior, an average distance of 33 knots was steamed for every ton of coal consumed.



## VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

*OVER THE LEBANONS TO THE SEA.*

A NATURAL BRIDGE, ON THE DOG RIVER.

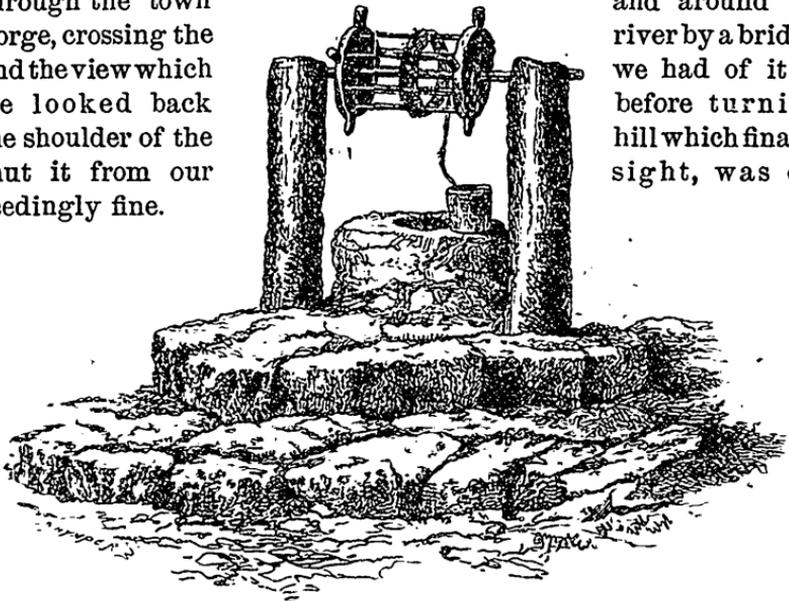
In the bright, clear air of early morning we left our camping-ground beside the ruins of Baalbec, and after gazing for the last time upon the mighty masses of masonry and visiting the quarries whence its huge stones were taken, we struck diagonally

across the plain of Buka'a toward the chain of Lebanon on its farther side. In half an hour we passed close by a curious building used as a Moslem chapel, and composed of fragments of old columns ranged in a circle, with a sarcophagus turned on end for a prayer niche. Close beside it was to be seen a suggestive instance of change of fortune, in the shape of a fine old column of syenite, made into a roller for smoothing the roads.

The road then continued diagonally across the valley, here somewhat monotonous, but soon showing evidence of considerable fertility, and with comfortable-looking villages dotting it at intervals; and, early in the afternoon, reached the foothills of Lebanon. At one village that we passed, every one was in holiday attire for some local festival, and the hill-side on which it stood presented a brilliant scene. The village is called Kerak Nuh, so named because it contains, so the Moslems say, the tomb of Noah. We went to see it, and found it to be about fifty yards long! It is probably part of an old aqueduct. As my companion and I rode out of the village, a little boy hailed us in good English. We entered into chat with the little fellow, and found that he had been attending one of the British-Syrian schools—institutions founded by the liberality of an English lady, and doing great good among the villages of Syria.

After winding some time along a pleasant road, we came to the large village of Mu'allaka, and soon after reached Zahleh, the

largest and most flourishing of the Lebanon villages, having a population of nearly sixteen thousand, nine-tenths of whom are Christians. It is magnificently situated in a large gorge, with Lebanon rising in lofty slopes above it on three sides, and a rapid stream—the Litany—pouring its bright waters through its midst. The houses are built in terraces around the sides of the gorge, and below them the river rushes through groves of poplars, while on the slopes above them are vineyards. The clean, prosperous appearance of the town, and the bright, active look of the inhabitants were very noticeable, and the whole scene gave proof of what Syria might become under anything like a fair and stable government. The road led us right and around the river by a bridge, we had of it as before turning hill which finally sight, was exceedingly fine.



ANCIENT WELL AND WINDLASS.

An hour or so after leaving Zahleh, we struck the French *Diligence* road at Sh'tora, and over its splendid macadam our horses climbed easily up the zigzag to our camp, far above on a lofty plateau of Lebanon, commanding a magnificent prospect over the plain of Buka'a to the serrated and lofty peaks of distant Anti-Libanus. It was our last night in camp, and as we gathered in the saloon-tent for dinner, there was a good deal of a feeling of sadness that the close and pleasant fellowship of our camp-life was so soon to cease. We had grown to know each other so well, we had travelled over so many miles in company, we had enjoyed together so many scenes of interest and beauty, that it was impossible not to feel the approaching break-up of our pleasant, romantic journeying.

Before the evening shadows came, my friend M—— and I sat at our tent-door to be photographed, that we might carry with us a souvenir of Tent No. 90—our canvas home for so many memorable nights. Later on in the evening, when the stars were out, and many of our company wearied by the day's riding had retired, we were sitting in our tent, when the sound of singing attracted our attention, and we sallied out to find the singers. We had all subscribed that day to a common fund of backsheesh, which had been divided among our attendants and muleteers, and we found that our largesses had been the occasion of the singing. A lot of the men were grouped together at the extremity of the camp, and one of the muleteers, a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, was



TREES OF LEBANON.

improvising a wild song, in the constantly recurring refrain of which the rest were joining heartily, making a strange but very pleasant melody. The strain, we were told, was a praise of the liberality of the party, a prayer for our continued prosperity and happiness, and a description of the beauties and wonders of Beyrout, and our dragoman told us that the improvisation was wonderfully clever and good. It was a curious scene and thoroughly Oriental, and added another interesting memory to the many already connected with our camping-life in Palestine and Syria.

In the morning early we struck camp for the last time. The "tim-tom bell," as our dragoman called the combined music of

one or two tin horns and a tin pan or two vigorously beaten, aroused us from slumber that had been, perhaps, lighter than usual, from the sharp cold occasioned by our lofty camping-ground; and, with a good deal of regret, my friend M—— and I saw Tent No. 90 packed up for the last time with the dexterity and speed we had so often admired. Once more we assembled for breakfast in our big tent, and once more our horses were brought round, for the day's ride to Beyrout. We had still two thousand feet to climb before we reached the pass at the summit of Lebanon, and then our route would be down-hill all the way to the shores of the Mediterranean.

It was a glorious day, as usual, with cloudless blue sky and brilliant sun, and the splendid road was all the more pleasant travelling after the wretched bridle paths which had made up most of our experience of highways in Palestine. Patches of snow became frequent on the hill-slopes on either hand, and, as we neared the summit, we came upon one close to the road, and somebody suggested a snow-ball fight. There were five of us together, the rest of the party having ridden on ahead, and the idea of a snow-ball fight seven thousand feet up the Lebanon—plus the opportunity—was a thing not to be slighted. We went heartily into it—both the idea and the fight—and dismounting and tying our horses, were soon hard at work in the snow, snow-balling one another furiously, and yelling like schoolboys. A grave and scholarly Presbyterian divine, two shrewd and thoughtful Manchester manufacturers, a young American medical man, and the ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference, laughing and shouting and banging one another with snow on the summit of Lebanon—truly, “men are but children of a larger growth.” M—— took a shot at us with his camera as we stood engaged in the tussle, and another after we had remounted our horses with the snow patch for background; and I cherish these pictures as among my most valued souvenirs of delightful days and pleasant companions in never-to-be-forgotten travel.

As we reached the summit, a magnificent panorama burst upon our view. Below us lay the seaward slopes of Lebanon, here undulating in smiling hill-side and valley, there torn into dark and terrible gorges, stretching far away on either hand, while right in front, far down the billowy slopes, on a lovely promontory, lay the city of Beyrout, its clustering dwellings glistening white in the fervid sun, and beyond spread the blue waters of the Mediterranean, flecked here and there by a passing sail.

The famous cedars of Lebanon, shown in the cut, were some distance out of the route here described. There are now only a dozen of the oldest

CEDARS OF LEBANON.



trees left, though in all the cedars number 400. The largest measure round the girth about forty feet, and are supposed to be several thousand years old. They resemble our pine rather than our cedar, the branches

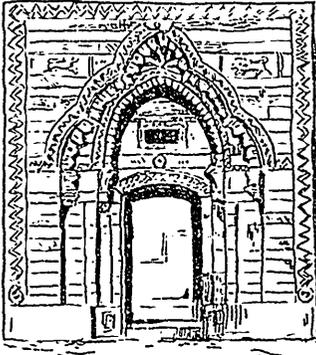
extending horizontally with a gentle upward inclination. Though there are now but a few solitary clumps of these great trees to be seen, there can be no doubt that the whole region once abounded in them. Hence the expression, "shall shake like Lebanon," refers to the rustling of these giant trees when, as a vast forest, they covered the whole mountain.

Down the slopes, growing ever more fertile, we now turned our horses, the wonderful windings of the French road giving ever new settings of foreground to the splendid landscape before us. Well on in the afternoon we rode through gardens, where a beautiful tree something like our lilac, was in full blossom, into Beyrout. Our hotel was within a few steps of the sea and commanded an uninterrupted view of its blue waters, a refreshing sight, truly, after our long inland journeyings. But I was ill prepared, that day, when we arrived, to appreciate the beauty of our surroundings. All the afternoon I had been suffering from racking headache, and had scarcely been able to sit on my horse. As soon as we reached the hotel, I dismounted, too sick even to give a farewell look or caress to the faithful little animal that had carried me so far and so well, and for a few hours I lay very miserable on my bed, exciting the commiseration of my fellow-passengers and the anxiety of my friend, the young doctor, who was apprehensive of an attack of fever. But I thought it was simple fatigue and biliousness, and was more amused than alarmed at the doctor's nervousness. Indeed, I retain, still, a vivid sense of the ludicrous aspect of the affair, as I lay with a thermometer stuck in my mouth for ten minutes that the doctor might gauge my temperature. A night's rest restored me almost completely, and ended the only indisposition I experienced in all my travelling.

Here let me state a simple fact that may be worth noting in this regard. I had been told, I had heard it said more than once, that one could not travel in Egypt or Palestine and drink only water, that it would be necessary to take spirits of some sort, or wine, to qualify water. I drank the water freely, as it was furnished to us at meals, and I never touched one drop of spirits or wine, and I never suffered to the smallest extent from dysentery or any of those ills which it was threatened would overtake one who drank the water unqualified. I had the most perfect health, strength and spirits amid all the fatigue and excitement, amid all the heat and unrest of our journeyings. And, further, we were a large party; some were accustomed to stimulants and, of course, took them with them; some were habitual abstainers, but thought it necessary to use the spirits and wine, according to the notion I have referred to; two or three of us determined

not only that we would not use them, but that we would not take any with us even for medicine. Some of those who used them suffered from dysentery; some admitted at the close that they believed they would have been better without them; and those of us who did not use them at all, had perfect health all the way through. My experience is, therefore, this, that a man may make an Eastern tour on total abstinence principles, not only with impunity, but with very great advantage, so far as health is concerned.

Beyrout is a city beautiful for situation. Above it tower the heights of Lebanon, while the environs abound in splendid gardens. It is essentially modern, and contains little of anti-quarian interest. It has a large trade with Europe, and in its fine

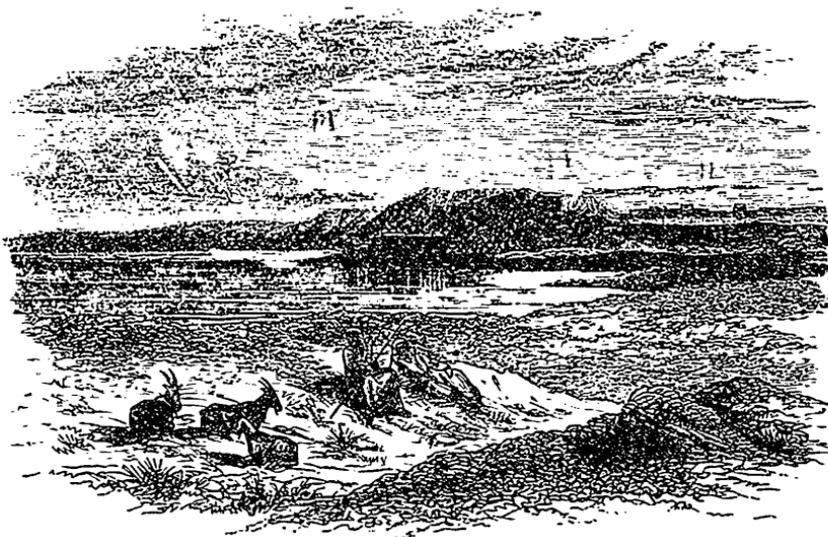


GATE IN SIDON.

roadstead ride the shipping of many a flag. It is the head-quarters of the splendid missionary work of the American Presbyterian Church in Syria, and here they have a finely equipped printing and publishing establishment, which disseminates Christian literature far and wide through the East, and a college with three faculties—theological, medical, and instructional—to furnish ministers, doctors and teachers for the wide-spread and open fields of the Oriental world.

The trip to Sidon was one of the most interesting and romantic incidents of our Syrian life. Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, our kind hosts in Damascus, made the journey from thence on purpose to go to Tyre and Sidon with us, and together we travelled the eighty miles by diligence over Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon by night; a strange experience truly, with its semi-sleep, its frequent interruptions at way-side stations, and its arrival in Beyrout in the early morning. By noon, or before, our indefatigable friend had three horses and a guide waiting for us at the hotel door, and we were soon cantering off in the direction of Sidon, or Saida, as it is now called. At first our path lay through the suburbs of Beyrout and outlying villages, then through a great grove of pines growing apparently out of the sand, and then we came upon the smooth sands of the Mediterranean shore, and, with the exception of our rough riding over a rocky promontory or two, we had this pleasant beach all the way to Sidon.

All the afternoon we rode on over the sands, the Mediterranean splashing over our horses' hoofs as we paced or cantered close by the shore. It was an ideal day, an ideal experience; the glorious sunlight, the far-stretching blue sea, the continuous boom of the rollers dashing up upon the bright sands on the one hand, and on the other the broad dark slopes of Lebanon, with, at intervals, the white houses of some village among the trees. We halted for lunch at a way-side khan, and under the shade of its rough awning drank coffee and ate the light refreshments we had brought with us. Then on again we went over the sand, towards Sidon. The daylight waned and departed, the stars came out, and the young moon threw its weird light over sea and strand, long before

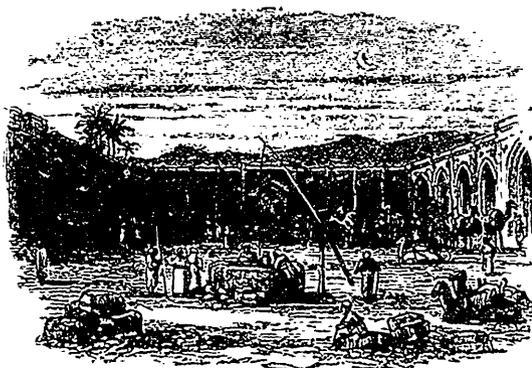


ON THE SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, NEAR TYRE.

we arrived at our destination. We reached a river at length whose rapid current was tearing its way through the sands, leaving ugly-looking holes, full of whirling water, and dangerous quicksands all undermined, where the careless traveller might easily be entrapped and drowned. But it had to be forded, and higher up, where the current was broader and shallower, we urged our horses into the stream. As my horse stepped in, he suddenly sank down upon his knees, and, in alarm, I jumped off his back into the water. He immediately rose, walked off into deeper water, which he swam, and then, gaining the opposite bank, galloped off on his own account, leaving me standing up to my ankles in the river, gazing after him. Here was a plight. However, it

did not last very long, for my friend the doctor, well mounted and an accomplished horseman, overtook the fugitive, after a sharp gallop; and once more bestriding my runaway Rosinante, I rejoined my companions. The stream was the Nahr-el-Awaj, the ancient Bostrenus, and we were now within a mile or two of Sidon, the lights of which twinkled ahead of us.

About half-past nine we entered the narrow streets of the town, and halted our horses at the centre of an open square, while the doctor and our attendant went off to secure us quarters for the night. Where we were to put up we knew not, and in this state of blessed uncertainty we sat in our saddles, awaiting our friend's return. After a long time he came; he had at last succeeded in obtaining quarters for us in the Latin Convent, and we could come on at once. But here an unexpected difficulty arose.



INTERIOR OF CARAVANSERAI.

The place where we had halted was opposite the Turkish police-barracks, and some officious officer now came up and demanded to see our passports. Fortunately, we had provided ourselves with the local passports, or *teskarries*, before leaving Damascus, and with infinite

disgust, and many muttered exclamations of annoyance at the untimely interference of the unspeakable Turk, we now produced them. By the light of a lantern they were scrutinized, commented on, and turned over with provoking deliberateness and delay, and then the official coolly said he would take them to the governor, and we could have them next morning. But here the Highland blood of my friend M—— could brook this interference with the rights of free Englishmen no longer. He absolutely refused to part with our precious *teskarries*. They were our own property, we had paid for them—dearly enough for that matter—and they should not be given up. We would go with them and see the governor. But he was in bed, was objected. Well, we would not give up the *teskarries*, we might never see them again. And so the matter was settled; the official, astonished apparently at our vexation, and yielding to our determined resis-

tance to the carrying off of our papers, at length left us in peace, and we followed the Doctor to the convent, where one or two of the monks were waiting to escort us to our rooms. In a little while we were forgetting in quiet sleep the weariness of our long travel, and the annoying officialism which had been our first experience as we drew rein in Sidon.

Sidon is one of the very oldest of cities. It is mentioned in the Bible with Sodom and Gomorrah; and, Josephus says, was built by Sidon, the grandson of Canaan and great-grandson of Noah. Very early it must have acquired great importance, as Joshua calls it Great Zidon, and Homer speaks of it in connection with the Trojan war. Its ships carried its merchandise to every mart, far and near, of any importance; and one of its first colonies was Tyre, which Isaiah calls its daughter, and which was destined to rival it in commerce and art. The Sidonian architects are spoken of in the First Book of Kings, fifth chapter, as the best in Syria, and Strabo celebrates their acquirements in astronomy, geometry, navigation and philosophy. With its sails whitening every sea, its keen merchants known in every market, and its manifold arts and manufactures employing the industry of its teeming citizens, ancient Sidon must, indeed, have sat as a queen on the shores of the Great Sea.

But all is changed now. The vestiges of her former greatness are, for the most part, in the tombs of her departed sons, in the splendid sarcophagi, and the beautiful ornaments which have, from time to time, been exhumed, and many more of which, doubtless, still await the excavator's spade. She has dwindled to a small town of some nine thousand inhabitants, of whom about seven thousand are Moslems, five hundred Jews, and the rest Catholics and Protestants. The city that once was mistress of the seas has now scarcely a ship, and the very harbour in which of old her galleys floated proudly is now filled up so that only small boats can enter. Sidonian purple has long ceased to be an article of demand, but the former extent of that manufacture is still shown by the tons upon tons of *debris* of the shell-fish from which that celebrated dye was made.

Silk is still one of her staple productions, and luscious fruit— oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, plums, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, pears, and bananas—from the rich and fertile orchards which fill the plain around. The harbour is formed by a ledge of rocks, running parallel with the shore, and on one of the largest of them is an old romantic-looking castle, connected with the shore by a bridge of nine arches.

The town itself has little of interest, the buildings are unim-

posing, and the streets are narrow and irregular. The American Presbyterians have a very fine seminary for native girls at Sidon, under the care of a resident missionary and two lady teachers.

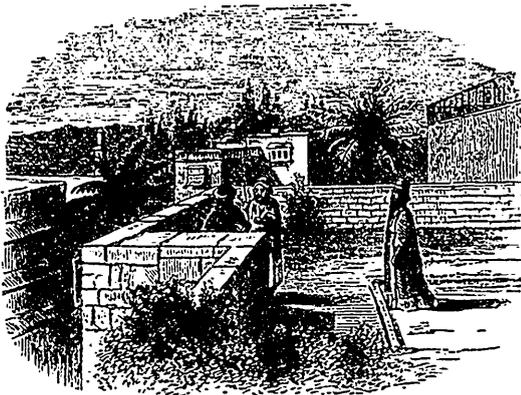
SALIDA—SIDON FROM THE NORTH.



The curriculum is very extensive and occupies four years, and the institution must exercise a wide-spread and most beneficial influence in training girls of the better classes for work as teachers in the country schools, and in raising the tone of female social

life generally. My friends and I went over the fine buildings of the seminary, had much pleasant converse with the workers, and photographed the students in their large and well-appointed school-room. In company with the missionary we visited the tombs in the outskirts of the town, and looked with longing down a deep shaft, guarded by Turkish soldiers, at the foot of which were chambers containing some splendid sarcophagi just discovered.

We wandered about the lonely suburbs of the town, and ate luscious oranges after our walk was over, sitting in an arbour on the mission premises. From the convent roof we took in the wide panorama of sea and shore, from the promontory of Tyre on the



HOUSETOP WITH PARAPET.

south to the coast-line of Beyrout far away to the north, and watched the sun go down into the sea. And in the evening in the missionary's parlour, in the company of other travellers, just arrived, and in the pleasant atmosphere of Western home-life, we forgot for a while our Eastern surroundings.

Next morning saw us early in the saddle, after a hurried picture or two on the beach, and soon we were retracing our steps over the sands to Beyrout.

My last morning in Syria was spent in visiting the sculptured cliffs of the Dog River, where the old world conquerors, Egyptian and Assyrian, have left tablets in commemoration of their visit and their conquests. Nahr-el-Kelb, the Dog-River, the *Lycus Flumen* of the old writers, is some ten miles to the north of Beyrout, and we rode out to it on horseback along the sands most of the way. A rocky cliff, some hundred feet high, bounds the river valley on the south, and against its foot the Mediterranean breakers dash unceasingly. Here, cut in the rock, is an old Roman road, made, as an inscription tells us, by the Emperor Antoninus, and above it is a still older road, dating back, indeed, to the early Phœnician times.

Upon the limestone rock of this storm-smitten promontory, look-

ing out over the waters of that sea which was for them the centre of the world, some of the great conquerors of ancient times have left their records; and it was with minds full of thought and interest in these far-off but stirring associations, that we rode round the cliff by the old paved Roman highway, and, putting up our horses at the khan by the river side, set out to discover and photograph the tablets. There are nine in all, three Egyptian and six Assyrian, and they date as far back at least as the days of Moses, for the three Egyptian ones commemorate the triumphs of Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greek historian, the Pharaoh of the oppression. The Assyrian tablets were erected by Tiglath-Pileser (B.C. 1100), Shalmanezar (B.C. 860), Sennacherib (B.C. 702), and others. Sennacherib, it will be remembered, was the monarch whose invading host, "untouched by the sword," was overwhelmed in a night by the power of the Almighty.

The oldest of the tablets is nearest the river, the latest up the hill nearest Beyrout, and they are cut in chronological sequence from the one point to the other. The oldest of them all, with wretchedly bad taste, has been used by the French to commemorate their occupation of the country during the massacre of 1860, their inscription covering the face of the tablets of Rameses. The Egyptian tablets are all square-shaped; the Assyrian have arched tops, and are large enough to hold the life-size figure in relief which was originally sculptured upon them. Figures and hieroglyphs beaten upon by the storm and sun of thousands of years are well-nigh completely obliterated; but gray and weather-worn as they are, they remain among the most interesting and significant monuments in this land of memories. How far they carry the memory back—to days when the Israelites yet toiled in the Egyptian brick-kilns, and the Canaanite still possessed all the land of promise, and to later days still far away from ours when the favoured nation, so strangely perverse and rebellious, was scourged by the invasions of the mighty monarchs of Assyria.

After essaying a photograph of the most obliterated tablets and a view or two of the rocky valley of the Dog River,\* we turned our horses again towards Beyrout. Along the sands, with the rollers dashing against our horses' hoofs, we galloped gaily and swiftly back, reaching the hotel in time for luncheon, and thus within a few hours of our final departure, adding another bit of most interesting sight-seeing to the many which Syria had already afforded us.

\*This river is spanned by the bridge shown in cut on page 31, which is 163 feet in length and 80 feet in height. The thickness of the arch is 30 feet, and the width of the roadway from 120 to 160 feet.—Ed.

## POETS AND POETRY OF CANADA.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

## INTRODUCTORY.

My subject is one that is beginning to assume a considerable degree of importance. Until recently we had not in Canada a poetical literature, outside of a few names that must ever be cherished by us as those of the pioneers in this field of literary activity. Nor were these names unworthy of wide and warm recognition. I need only mention Heavysege, Sangster, McLachlan, John Reade, of *The Dominion Illustrated*, and Dr. Dewart, of *The Christian Guardian*; the last of whom, unfortunately, has found little time of late, amid the press of editorial duties, to sun himself on the slopes of Parnassus. These names are deserving of honour, and will never lose their place among the poets of Canada.

But within the last few years a younger race of singers has arisen, which has been more largely influenced by poetry of the modern school, and has felt the inspiration of the national life that is beginning to be developed in our country. Indeed, they themselves have already had a considerable share in creating and fostering a national sentiment. This reciprocal action is going on all the time, and we hope great things will be produced by it. Some from this younger band have won recognition outside of Canada, and even outside of America. The names of Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, W. W. Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Miss A. M. Machar, are frequently found in the New York and Boston monthlies of the highest class.

Professor Roberts is held in high esteem in England, and was chosen one of the editors of the Canterbury Poets' Series, published in London. His genius is of a varied type; but he is above all a poet, and that, too, of a very high order. Bliss Carman occupies a position of importance on the New York *Independent* staff, for which his fine critical taste and appreciation of the subtleties of verbal expression eminently fit him. Miss Machar and her *collaborateur*, Mr. T. G. Marquis, have earned the hearty thanks of all Canadians, by their "Stories of New France." This fascinating little volume is a mine of wealth to our poets in search of themes. One of the most hopeful signs in connection with our poetry is that it promises to be, to a large

extent, distinctively Canadian. The narrow, sectional spirit which opposed Confederation has been, and still is, a hindrance to literary activity; but that spirit is dying a natural death, and its influence will soon be a thing of the past. The path of success for every department of our literature lies along broadly national and patriotic lines. Especially is this true of our poetry. And there are already strong indications that our poets of note will be enthusiastic, continent-wide Canadians.

In this series of papers I do not intend to follow any chronological or logical order, or to make many critical remarks; but to put in a convenient form a little biographical and bibliographical information, as well as a small collection of gems which will invite some to make a more intimate acquaintance with our Canadian poets. A few of them, perhaps, hardly need this service, but some of them do, and none will be injured by it. I hope that my work of love may have the effect of increasing the interest of Canadians in one of the most important and influential parts of their literature, as it is in the literature of any people.

#### ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The subject of this sketch was born in Hants Co., Nova Scotia. After spending several years in the office of *The Acadian*, at Wolfville, N. S., and one year as compositor at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., he entered the East Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His wife is a New Brunswick lady. His stations have been successively Pembroke, Lunenburg, East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth and Cherryfield. He is not yet forty, and we shall look for still better work than any he has done. Over the pseudonym of *Pastor Felix* we meet with many articles of a critical or literary flavour from his facile pen, in the *St. John Progress*, *Portland Transcript*, and *The Dominion Illustrated*. Together with his brother, Rev. B. W. Lockhart, he published at Bangor, in 1887, a volume entitled, "The Masque of Minstrels."

Eighteen out of the one hundred and twenty-eight pieces in this volume were written by the younger brother, Burton W. Lockhart. A few quotations from these will give us reason to regret that this younger brother has not given more encouragement to his poetical excursions. Here is the concluding stanza of "Bird on the Sea":

There is hope, there is joy, for a wing as free  
And a heart as constant as One above  
Hath given to thee!

To the ear that is open, to the eye that would see,  
 To faith in the dark—in the sunshine, love—  
 There is never despair ; for with God we move,  
 Bird on the sea !

“The Retrospect” is a poem read before the Annual Meeting of the Acadia College Alumni in June, 1886. I quote two stanzas :

Trust thy soul's highest vision—trust !  
 Think not to touch or taste :  
 Time's ancient mystery—poor dust !—  
 For thee will not make haste. . . .

Truth comes in holy, earnest strife ;  
 The Hamlets dream and die :  
 What boots an Obermann's sick life ?  
 An Amiel's weary cry ?

One more extract from the younger bard must suffice. It is taken from “The Old Home.” Speaking to the waves that had engulfed his brother, lost at sea, he says :

Ye sounding siren waves, still beat !  
 And roll, thou hollow-dirging sea !  
 A world's funereal anthems meet  
 Deep in thy weird antiphony :  
 Still lash thy plaintive-murmuring shore !  
 I see thy driftwood idly roll :  
 So hope and love, within my soul,  
 Drift idly on for evermore ;

For evermore, until shall ring  
 The Voice, across thy dread abyss,  
 That crowns thy victim, man, a king,  
 And gives thee back to nothingness :  
 O let the Soul her languished flame  
 Rekindle at the fount of Day,  
 While heaven and earth do flee away  
 Before the Everlasting Name !

When I begin to make selections among the poems of the older brother, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, I am embarrassed by the large number of passages and short poems that I should like to reproduce. There is an original vein running through them all. They are remarkable for a glad appreciation of the beautiful in nature, and a deep and tender sympathy with the pathos of human life. Prof. Roberts says : “I have discovered a true poet in these papers. A very fresh, quaint, original and delightful inspiration.” The most of his pieces draw their colouring from Nova Scotian scenery, and, living for the present though he be in the United

States, he is none the less a Canadian. Mr. Lockhart asks in "Acadie":

But, O my birth-land! wilt thou not  
Bring forth thy glowing minstrel choir,  
Bright masters of enchanted thought,  
And skilled to strike thy native lyre?

In the same sweet poem he says again:

Acadie! sweet thy name to me  
As music trembling from afar  
And breathing o'er some moonlit sea  
'Twixt fire-tipt wave and silver star:  
Of other lands a sound I hear,  
Names with a meaning half divine;  
But none can ever fill my ear  
With such a melting throb as thine.

In another strain is the following, from "Destiny":

But can it be, O Lover of mankind,  
That any soul must dwell were Love is not,  
Dead to itself, in prison blank and blind,  
Chained to a curst and miserable lot?  
Ah, that this might not be! that hearts so sore,  
So wretched, might obtain their hopes renewed,  
And Darkness boast such conquest nevermore!  
Ah, that from Evil to the far-off Good,  
Through woes unnumbered and long penal years,  
The soul, eased of eternal doom and blight,  
Might come, at last! and *that*, it thought not gain,  
Be clearly seen—a slowly-dawning light,  
Pursued, desired, obtained with rapturous tears,  
And heaven be greeted with a new-born strain!

This is beautiful, none the less so because Tennyson and Whittier have expressed in words familiar to all the same sentiment; neither of them, as I think, more adequately than Mr. Lockhart. Our poet, as many others, can find rest only in the ability of man, necessitated by his freedom, to resist the utmost effort of God's grace. There is a little poem in the book that I should like to quote entire, "Jerusalem." It reminds one of Herbert's best style, without excessive quaintness and uncouthness. I consider it a perfect gem. To quote a part of it would mutilate and spoil it. "Guilt in Solitude" has some striking lines, as when the murderer exclaims:

Ears but for one unceasing cry!  
Eyes but for one unfading stain!

The poet's love for Nova Scotia finds frequent and strong expression, especially in "Gaspereau":

The banks where Avon's waters flow,  
The sheltering coves of Chevarie. . . .  
I watch the Avon sweep along  
Beneath a tranquil summer sky,  
Cheered by each chanting warbler's song  
Blent with its own wild lullaby ;

Or hear it, when the north wind raves  
And bellowing tides of winter roar,  
Dash the hoarse music of its waves  
Along its dark resounding shore. . . .  
Each wind that sweeps the roughening sea,  
That flies the way I wish to go,  
Wafts my fond fancy swift to thee,  
O lovely vale of Gaspereau !

To quote more largely, from the treasury contained in this little volume by two brothers would defeat two of my purposes, perhaps, in preparing this series of papers. One is to occupy but a small space in the MAGAZINE; short articles are more likely to be read than long ones. The other is to excite without satisfying the curiosity and interest of the readers of this MAGAZINE with reference to our Canadian poets. Mr. Lockhart's pen is kept busily engaged, and his contributions in prose and verse are among the most attractive features of several high-class periodicals in Canada and the United States.

BENTON, N. B.

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#### THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE year wanes fast.  
His dying wail  
Sounds in the gale,  
Which tosses rain  
On sleet-rimmed pane ;  
He sighs his last.

The Old Year dies.  
The rain and sleet  
His requiem beat,  
And snow-flakes fall—  
A noiseless pall—  
To shroud his obsequies.

Toll, mournful bells !  
For memories sad,  
With fair hopes glad,

Rest in his grave :  
And mourners crave  
Slow-echoing knells.

The New Year comes ;  
Then, with glad shout,  
Ye bells ring out !  
Chant roundelays !  
Keep holy days  
In happy homes !

The gay New Year !  
O, strengthen hopes,  
To come in troops,  
To whisper dole  
To care-racked souls  
And banish fear !

## METHODISM, A POWER PURIFYING AND ELEVATING SOCIETY.\*

BY THE REV. WM. ARTHUR.

WHEN we speak of purifying and elevating society, we must take into our view the social duties arising out of the conjugal relation, and out of those other domestic relations which flow from it, namely, the parental, the filial, and the fraternal relation. We must further take into view all the social duties which arise out of such relations as in the system of Christianity are but extensions of the fraternal relation—the relations, namely, of neighbour, of fellow-townsmen, of fellow-countryman, of fellow in craft or calling, and, finally, of fellow-man. We are not permitted by the Gospel to hold that any man, however separated from us in nation, religion, or manners, is a person with whom we have no tie of kindred. We are not, indeed, permitted to regard him, however far removed, as farther removed than a brother fallen and in a far country, a brother over whose character we may mourn, but over whose recovery we should be bound to rejoice.

When we speak of purifying and elevating society, the terms are so large that they lead us to think of a purified and elevated discharge of every duty arising out of any social relation whatever, from the relations of wedlock up to those of empire with empire. It is the mission of the Christian Church, viewed on its social side, to bring about a purified and elevated discharge of all such duties. And as a portion of that Church Methodism has been called to do its part in fulfilment of this benign mission.

It is admitted on all hands that the age in which Methodism took its rise was one in which society, taken in every sense, abounded in moral evils. The mode in which the new form of Christian energy grappled with those evils was not by special organizations directed against this or that vice. It aimed at making good men and good women, assured that every one of these would become the centre of moral forces, repelling evil in society and attracting good. It loudly called on every wrong-doer to repent. Even where this call was unheeded it awoke a consciousness of liability to rebuke; often a consciousness that the rebuke was well merited. But wherever it was obeyed, the turning from his ways of one evil-doer conveyed a rebuke to his

\* Abridged from a paper read before the Œcumenical Methodist Conference in City Road Chapel, London.

fellow-sinners—a rebuke more penetrating than words could give, and one which coupled condemnation of sin with an example of emancipation from its thralldom. In the society to which every converted sinner belonged his new life operated as a lever for its purification and elevation. And the total purifying and elevating force exerted in any one neighbourhood by Methodism would always be closely proportioned, first, to the numbers who were converted by its instrumentality, and, secondly, to the degree of holy living attained to by such converts.

In proportion to the frequency of conversions would always be the iteration of such practical appeals to conscience, and in proportion also would be their cumulative effect in creating a higher moral tone. But one man pre-eminent for righteousness, one whose happy, blameless, benevolent, useful living rose far above the common level even of religious people, would in this respect produce more impression on a neighbourhood than would a considerable number of sincere but stumbling Christians. Of such bright and warm-hearted servants of God and man the Methodist revival ever and anon raised up examples which were fair to look upon; men who made their careless neighbours say in their hearts, If there be little in other people's religion, there is reality in his. And this effect once produced in any mind, not only are the ideas of duty and virtue arrayed to that mind in new form, but they are connected with the supreme spring of motive, the remembrance of God. The great sinner, converted into a believer, was, in popular language, the monument of grace. But a still greater monument—one whose long-sustained influence commemorated the sufficiency of grace in all the changes of life—was the man whom the young had always known as a saint, whom the old hardly remembered as a worldly man, and whom old and young would trust as the friend of all, the enemy of none; a man whose presence made goodness appear sweet, and made a sinful action appear as something which could not be just then done. It was the men and women who were happy in their holiness and holy in their happiness who among the Methodists, as in every branch of the Church, effectively fulfilled their mission in purifying and elevating society.

Even in Christendom, what men call company had been generally devoted only to eating, drinking and amusements. If men, when they met in company, abstained from trying to make one another silly or wicked, if they did not either stimulate themselves or tempt others to conduct and speech of questionable tendency, if they avoided profanity, gambling, intemperance and indecorum, they were taken to have carried social morals to a

high level. For men to meet in company, in order to make one another wiser and better, was looked upon as belonging rather to the exotic culture of a few philosophers or ascetics than to every-day institutions for common men and women.

Early amid the movements of the Methodist revival sprang up a new form of company. Common men and women, common youths and maidens, met together in small companies on purpose to help one another to love God more and serve Him better, to help one another to bear their burdens cheerfully, to do their daily tasks thoroughly, to fight a good fight against all sin, to love their neighbours, and to spread on earth the kingdom of heaven. This fellowship brought out the best ideas of the thoughtful, the most practical maxims of the prudent, the holiest aspirations of the devout, and the instructive experiences of all. It thus cleared and broadened for each person his ideal of his individual religious life, and at the same time gave him a high conception of what human intercourse might be. It mavelously augmented the self-diffusing force of Methodist moral influence.

This persuasion of the freeness of grace for all was one important limb of that compound lever which Methodist moral influence brought to bear for the elevation of society. No man was so far fallen as to be below the reach of the grace of God. No precept was so high up as to be above the reach of the grace of God. Therefore did the Methodist aim at purifying not here and there a few, but the whole human race; and aimed also at elevating it even to the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

Another agent was the itinerant character of the ministry, by means of which an influence intense at any one point was carried over wide surfaces. The periodical appearance in a quiet country town, in a lone farm-house, or among pioneer settlers in newly-opened tracts, of a bold witness against prevalent sins, and a fervent advocate of every neglected virtue, was a social power of no small account. The homes into which these travellers were received on their rounds were often of the humblest; and not unfrequently were they the first in their neighbourhood to rise out of the level of their class and begin a movement upward. In homes of a different class it often happened that the one which received the preacher on his round was the one where first hospitality ceased to be connected with intemperance, and whence first there went out through the vicinity an influence in favour of purer family life.

Another element of moral influence that operated silently but profoundly was the discipline exercised in the Methodist Churches over both ministers and members. The evidence, which soon

came to light, that if in the Methodist Churches a minister fell he could, by a discipline of easy procedure and prompt issue, be deposed, was in itself no small contribution towards forming a conscience on the consistency of public men. And as to private members, when the neighbours of a man found that his life no longer responded to his profession, and began to think ill of the Church, they sometimes learned that she had required him to choose between his sins and her fellowship, and that on giving proof that he adhered to his sins he had been severed from that fellowship, whereupon they began to feel a new moral impression, an impression that with some Christianity was in earnest.

The ministry of the Gospel, laden with titles, raiment and fatness of earthly good, had come to be generally regarded as a profession with many prizes, and calling for slender qualifications and next to no self-sacrifice. A ministry arose, subsisting on a pittance and toiling as workmen toil; a ministry in which eminence led to no worldly position or political rank, a ministry in which the return for great services rendered was with greater love and respect only the demand for more service. Out of this ministry sprang a branch reaching forth to foreign missions, and whether men of the world hated or liked the object of the worker at home, of the adventurer abroad, they often felt that he was a man giving to a public interest talents and an amount of toil which, if only given to his private interests, would raise him to prosperity. The effect of this spectacle was not small on men in secular pursuits; its effect on the Christian ministry, viewed as a whole, in all nations was exceedingly great. It would be hard to describe a purification and elevation more signal than that which characterizes the Christian ministry all over the world at this moment, as compared with its character and repute when first the churches were shut against John Wesley.

Out of the merest embers of the primitive Christian order—embers hardly allowed to live by clerical assumptions—arose the old institution of what is called lay agency. This big word only means that it was not considered in Methodism that the ordinary particles of leaven should leave all fermenting and spreading to certain dignified particles selected in proportions of one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. So the ordinary particles began to move, instinct with a life that gave no reasons and that heeded no rebukes; to move, because the mass in which they lay hidden was capable of being leavened and becoming one whole and wholesome lump; to move, because the life was in them, the inert mass around them, and they must move; to move, not by the rules and successions of a carnal commandment—a thing of

orders and genealogies—but by the power of an endless life, of that endless life which, from its point of fulness in the great High Priest, overflows into all His members.

Out of this recovered life sprang a vast and multiform activity, personal, yet often grouped; local, yet everywhere reproduced; spontaneous, yet speedily making its own organization; and after a long while the world awoke and called it lay agency. But during the whole time the effect had been silently going on upon the general mind of a spectacle in which swarms were seen all astir, running to and fro, preaching, teaching, visiting the sick, gathering in children off the streets, making books, lending them, giving them away, rearing buildings, making garments, sitting in committees, breaking out in new and unexpected places and forms of activity; swarms that not only improved the sunny hour, but faced the east wind and the snow-storm.

When men of the world saw the stonemason and the shopkeeper, the doctor and the merchant, the attorney and the manufacturer, devote the strength left from daily toil to toil for others without fee or reward, just doing the work for the love of it, and not only doing it, but spending on it much of their own hardly-earned money, the observers might dislike the men, they might despise the work, but they could not help seeing, in this prodigious outlay of unpaid labour for the building of a living temple, the healthy spectacle of effort elevated by an idea, and that one idea tending to the purification of society.

When society in Africa underwent for all future time that pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the banner of the slaver, became the pavilion of the captive, how much of the power behind Wilberforce was contributed by Methodism? When society in Asia underwent the pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the protection of the suttee pile, became the protection of the widow, some part of the power behind Lord William Bentinck was lent by Methodism. And so in all efforts, whether by pure literature or good schooling, by kindly, upward associations, by generous international sentiment, by city missions, by Bible-women, or by sick visiting, much of the *power*, first in the form of the life-impulse, then in that of the tentative efforts, and always in that of willing workers, has been contributed by Methodism.

Methodist moral influence has, in some measure, affected many races of men. Some of the master races it has scarcely approached. The potent old Arab race has barely felt its touch; the wide-spread and even yet mighty old Berber race we may say not at all; the Slav and the Tartar races only in indirect ways, or in

the measure of a mere commencement; the Greek race only indirectly; what is absurdly enough called the Latin race, to an extent directly which is already traceable, and indirectly to a much greater degree.

On the Hindu and the Chinese races the action of Methodism directly is still both of recent origin and limited extent. The fields on which its operation has been most powerful have been among three races of wide diffusion and gigantic capabilities—the Anglo-Saxon race, the African race, and the Polynesian race.

The ancient African race had seen all that age could of itself do for us; it was old, very old, when the name Anglo-Saxon had never been pronounced or printed. The Polynesian race had enjoyed all the benefits of the gentle tuition of nature in her fairest attire. The Anglo-Saxon race stood high among the pupils of civilization, whether regarded from a national or a municipal, from an industrial or a literary, from a commercial or scientific, from a military or courtly point of view. Yet what were these races as touching social virtues when Methodism arose? The Anglo-Saxon country gentleman, brave, free, sincere, was often a coarse sot; the Anglo-Saxon crowd, in general law-abiding, was one of the rudest of human mobs; the Anglo-Saxon colliers of Kingswood and Newcastle, of Wednesbury and Madeley, were among the roughest boors alive. And the child of nature in Polynesia, instead of being akin to sylphs and zephyrs, was nearer akin to the furies as a savage. And the heir of all the ages in Africa was in every art a child, and in every social arrangement needing to begin.

Among these three races, then, Methodism has laid out the main part of its strength. It has dealt with the Anglo-Saxon race on the ancestral soil, where it tills its few narrow acres under the guidance of an ancient monarchy. It has dealt with it beyond the ocean, where amid recent wilds it gazes out into boundless openings, and expands under the guidance of a young Republic. It has dealt with it in British colonies, in Australia, in British North America, and Southern Africa. It has dealt with it in colonies of pure Englishmen or Americans, struggling with nothing but nature, in colonies mixed as between English, or Americans, and French in Canada and Louisiana, as between English and Dutch at the Cape. It has dealt with it in free settlements, where slavery never appeared. It has dealt with it in mixed plantations, where Anglo-Saxon and African stood to one another in the relative position of slave and slave-owner. It has dealt with it where the Anglo-Saxon settler dwelt side by side with aboriginal races, mixed with Red Indians or Kaffirs, with cannibal

Maoris in New Zealand, or recently Christianized cannibals in Fiji. It has dealt with it under all its strangely various phases, and will yet have to deal with it in new phases which we do not now foresee, but which its extending relations with other races will bring into view. But in one posture; just alluded to, will it, we may confidently believe, never more have to deal with the Anglo-Saxon—the position of a slave-owner authorized by law. As to this race, what has been accomplished in the past is sufficient to encourage effort for the work that has to be done in the future; but that work is yet far too vast to allow us to waste time in boasting of things done, or to allow us to forget where our strength lies.

With the African race Methodism has had to deal both in its fatherland and in the colonies of the West Indies and the States of America. In the two last it has had to deal with it in the day of bondage, in the day of emancipation, and now in the day of settled freedom. Of it, again, we may say that what has been done is sufficient to encourage us as to the vastly greater work that remains to be done.

With the Polynesian race we have had to deal in its native state of savageism, and now in various degrees of a Christianized condition and of settled government. Of it, as of the other two, we may affirm that what God has wrought warrants us to work on with good hope that there are good things in store for the labourers who shall take up our toil.

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TRUST.

BY AMY J. PARKINSON.

DEAR Lord, Thou know'st I cannot understand ;  
 Bewildered and confused,  
 Sometimes I almost fear to lose my Guide ;  
 Hold Thou my hand.

Dear Lord, I will not try to understand ;  
 I cannot see my way,  
 But surely, in the dark the touch I feel  
 Is Thine own hand.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee *Thou* dost understand,  
 And through the mist and cloud  
 Safe Thou wilt lead me to the light at last,  
 Holding my hand.

TORONTO.

## FORMER HIGHER LEVEL OF THE GREAT LAKES.\*

At the time of a memorable flood I had occasion to pass over the Great Western Railway from Suspension Bridge to Detroit. From Chatham to the vicinity of Detroit this road runs within sight of Lake St. Clair. On this occasion the country was submerged almost as far as the eye could reach in every direction. Our engineer seemed to be practising a new species of navigation—rather grallatorial than natatorial. The little lake had become rampant. Outraged by the long encroachments of the land, it had decided to assert again its ancient supremacy. Then I was reminded, if I had never been before, how slight a rise in the lake would submerge entire counties lying upon its borders.

A large part of this Canadian peninsula is scarcely above the ordinary level of the lakes. The whole region looks like an ancient swale and a more ancient lake bottom. The same is true of a considerable breadth on both sides of Lake St. Clair and Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. Lake St. Clair itself—except when rampant—is little better than a marsh with a river running through it. Among navigators it is the opprobrium of the lakes. One never ceases to hear sailors talk about “the flats,” and Congress never ceases to be importuned to make another lake where Nature is in the very act of blotting one out. If the reader has ever taken a steam-boat trip through the lake, he could not avoid discovering that it is the very similitude of ostentatious learning—“all breadth and no depth.” The bulrushes are boldly invading and occupying it on every hand. A thousand incipient islands are breaking up its continuity. Once it was fifty miles in width and a hundred miles long. A rise of ten or twenty feet would make it that again.

But the whole series of lakes is nearly of the same level from Chicago to Buffalo. The former high waters of Lake St. Clair imply similar floods in the other lakes. Indeed, we easily discover corroboration of this in the topography of the country at Chicago, Detroit and Toledo. These cities are built upon the slime of the lakes, and a slight elevation of the waters would bury them beneath a new deposit of lacustrine mud.

These evidences of higher waters lead us to inquire for the cause. They could scarcely be occasioned by a greater volume of water, since the outlets are of sufficient capacity to prevent its

\* Abridged from *Sketches of Creation*, by Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

accumulation. Nothing but an obstruction of the outlet can explain the phenomenon. This obstruction must have existed at a point where the contiguous shores were sufficiently elevated to prevent a flank movement of the water. It must also have existed at a point beyond or to the eastward of all these obvious traces of the inundation. It could not have been at Mackinac, for that would not have flooded Canada West. It could not have been at the foot of Lake Huron for the same reason, and because the contiguous country is too low. It could not have been at Buffalo for the last-named reason, and also because the country between Buffalo and Lake Ontario belongs to the submerged area. It must have been at the mouth of the Niagara River.

The Niagara River commenced its present gorge during the "Champlain Epoch." In reality there was no Niagara River when this work commenced. Lake Erie stretched down the valley of the existing river, and the overflow of its basin wore the notch in the rocky rim which was the beginning of the Niagara River.

Lake Erie stands at present three hundred and thirty-four feet above Lake Ontario. At the time of which I am speaking it stood three hundred and seventy-two feet above Lake Ontario, and filled the valley of Niagara River as far as the heights above Lewiston. Indeed, there are clear evidences, in the form of beaches containing fresh-water shells, that the level of the river was once forty feet above the present summit of the falls. No barrier has ever existed to dam the water to this height except the escarpment at Lewiston. This is one hundred and five feet above the summit of the falls, and thirty-eight feet above Lake Erie. The indications seem to be conclusive that the waters of Lake Erie stood thirty-eight feet higher than at present, and poured over the bluff at Lewiston, in a series of cascades, three hundred and seventy-two feet, to the sea, which at this time filled the basin of Lake Ontario. During the subsequent ages, the mighty stream has dug a gorge in the solid rock, which is seven miles long, two hundred and fifty feet deep, and, on an average, about one thousand feet wide. The material transported from this gorge into Lake Ontario is over three hundred and forty millions of cubic yards, and weighed nearly seven billions of tons. The time consumed in the execution of this stupendous piece of engineering may be roughly calculated from the observed rate of recession of the falls. In 1842 Professor Hall executed a careful trigonometrical survey of the shore-lines and landmarks of the falls. In 1855, thirteen years later, M. Marcou made careful re-examinations, which he reported to the Geological Society of France. From these dates it appears that the

Canadian Fall, over which the largest body of water is discharged, has receded, by the wearing of the rocks, to the extent of twelve feet, or a little more than eleven inches a year. With this clew, we determine that the time required for the excavation of the entire distance from Lewiston is thirty-five thousand years.

This presumes the rate of recession has always been the same. The more I consider the subject the more I am impressed with a conviction that the rate of recession was formerly more rapid than during the last one hundred years. I am willing to reduce the time consumed to twenty-five thousand, or even to ten thousand years. Geologists most greedy of time ought to be satisfied with this, when it is considered that this interval is but the unit in the arithmetic which calculates the time consumed in the revolutions of the globe. Before the beginning of the excavation of the great gorge, geological agencies had strewn the surface with drift-deposits, some of which had been transported hundreds of miles. Before the transportation of the drift, the basin of Lake Ontario had been scooped out, and the vast erosion of the escarpment at Lewiston had been effected. At the commencement of the excavation of the gorge, the fauna which populated the region was essentially the same as now.

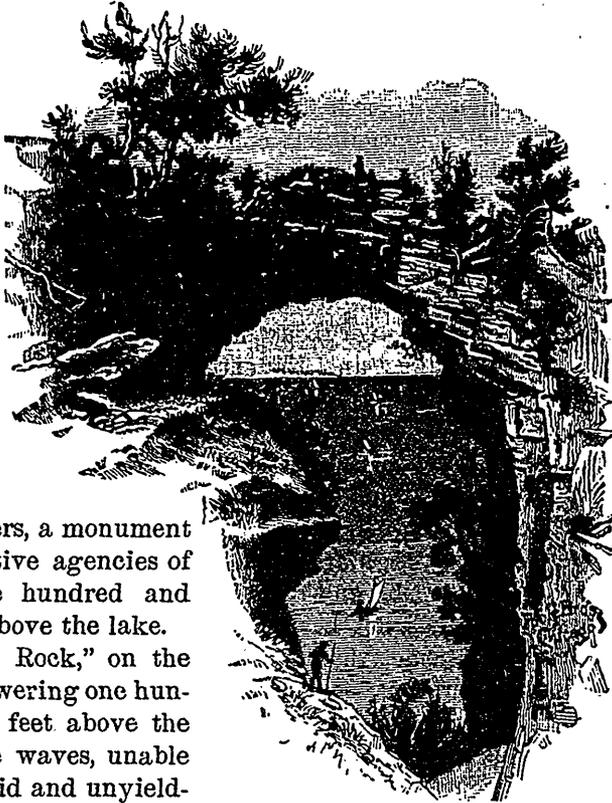
I said that the level of Lake Erie was once at the top of the heights of Lewiston, thirty-eight feet above its present altitude. This elevation submerged the flats to the east and west of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and united Lake Erie with Lake Huron by a shallow expanse of water, which in some places possessed a breadth of fifty miles or more. Still farther, the level of Lakes Huron and Michigan was raised twenty-five feet above their present altitude, and a portion of the waters of the upper lakes found an outlet from Lake Michigan into the Des Plaines River, and thence into the Illinois and the Mississippi—if, indeed, a large portion of the prairie region of Illinois was not submerged by such an altitude of the lakes. At the same time, Saginaw Bay of Lake Huron stretched into the centre of the peninsula of Michigan.

This is not the highest altitude at which the waters of the lakes have stood, though the barriers which dammed them have long since disappeared. Along the southern borders of Lakes Erie and Ontario, the rocks arise from their more southern depressions, and face the lakes in bold escarpments three hundred and fifty feet above the respective levels of the waters. These bluffs have been the rocky shores of the lower lakes. For unnumbered ages the furious north wind has rolled mad waves against those adamantine walls, and battlement after battlement, has tumbled down

and been ground to powder by the tireless beating of the stormy surge. Between the foot of the mural escarpment and the present margin of the lakes is a series of parallel terraces, each showing the altitude at which the receding waters have made a pause. These terraces range from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet above the present level of the waters.

At Mackinac Island are deeply engraved records of a higher level of the waters. The island itself is but a vestige of an ancient formation which once filled the straits, and joined the highlands on the west and south. It towers, a monument of the destructive agencies of geogony, three hundred and eighteen feet above the lake.

At "Arched Rock," on the eastern side, towering one hundred and forty feet above the lake, the fierce waves, unable to reach the solid and unyielding brow of the precipice, have mined beneath it, perforating the limestone wall; and a natural bridge hangs there, with one end resting on a winged abutment stretching toward the lake. All round the walls of this castellated and charming island the recording waves have left their hieroglyphs, from the water's edge to the battlements, and he who can read the language may ponder there the vicissitudes of the ages.




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MAKE Thou my spirit pure and clear  
 As are the frosty skies,  
 Or this first snowdrop of the year,  
 That in my bosom lies.—*Tennyson.*

## THE WONDERS OF A CELESTIAL JOURNEY.

BY GARRET P. SERVISS.

RECENT researches on periodical comets have brought into stronger light the relations of the solar system with the contents of surrounding space. A comet has not only come to be regarded as simply a comparatively compact mass of meteors, which, through the effects of solar and planetary attraction, is gradually scattered along its orbit; but the latest investigations lead back to Laplace's conclusion that comets are visitors from interstellar space, and that it is only through the interfering attraction of the larger planets that they are turned into permanent members of the sun's family.

For those that thus fall under the dominion of the sun is reserved the fate of gradual disintegration into swarms of meteors. The sparks that everybody has seen darting through the sky annually in August and November are but the scattered relics of great comets that may once have affrighted the world. Within fifty years man has actually beheld the destruction of a comet and the process of its transformation into a meteoric swarm. We refer to Biela's comet, which was first split in two in 1846, and afterward entirely broken up, so that it has disappeared as a comet, although regularly recurring meteor showers at the crossing point of its orbit and that of the earth show that the substance of the comet has not been destroyed, but simply dispersed. A piece of this comet that fell in Mexico a few years ago is one of the most precious possessions of astronomers.

But if a comet drawn into the solar system from outer space approaches the sun near enough, it may suffer disaster from the encounter, even though it should escape capture and fly off again into unknown depths. The great comet of 1882, which was for a few days so bright that it could be seen at noonday, skimming close to the sun like a white bird, was torn asunder in its perihelion passage. There is no certainty that this is a periodical comet; and if it is not, it is now sailing through space in a dishevelled condition, as a result of its meeting with the solar giant that guides the destinies of our planetary system.

The more one considers these celestial encounters, the stranger seem the adventures of the sun and his attendant worlds in their stupendous voyage through space. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that this voyage is an actual one; that the sun is really carrying us with him toward the northern quarter of the

firmament at least two hundred million miles every year. A railroad train does not more certainly whirl us to our destination than by this great solar migration we are swept on through the abyss of the heavens towards the constellation of Hercules. Only in the one case the rate of speed is more accurately ascertained than in the other. The wildest imaginings of the Eastern story-tellers, with their magic carpets and enchanted horses, appear spiritless in comparison with what science tells of the wonderful flight in which the inhabitants of the earth all unconsciously are engaged.

But, as we have said, the greatest attraction of this story of astronomy for the mind lies in the certainty that it is absolutely true. We are actually going on this celestial journey in a vast spiral track, the direction of which is governed by the combined influence of the sun's attraction and that amazing impulse, whatever its origin may be, which keeps the sun itself ever flying northward. And as we go, what adventures we are having! Out of the profundity of surrounding space, as we plough through it, come comets rushing sunward, and then rushing back starward, trailing the electric splendours of their trains across the sky. In past ages they affrighted the nations; now the astronomers with mathematical precision predict their motions, and when they have disappeared tell us whether they have escaped for good or not, in how many years they will be back again. The increase in the power of telescopes and in the number of observers has resulted in the discovery that a very large number of comets have been captured by the sun, and are now accompanying him in regular orbits like his planets.

Another incident of this wondrous voyage is the approach of the meteors. Now and again the world is startled by a fiery shower filling the heavens as the globe plunges through the *débris* of some old disintegrated comet; but encounters with more scattered meteoric matter are taking place all the time. Millions of these little bodies, large enough to make a streak of fire at night as they dart into our atmosphere, fall to the earth every twenty-four hours. And vastly more numerous are the still smaller particles that sift continually down through the air. Prof. Winchell has put the fact very picturesquely:

"Out from the depths of space, beyond the clouds, beyond the atmosphere, from a granary of material germs which stock the empire of the blue sky, comes a perpetual but invisible rain of material atoms—like the evening dew, emerging from the transparency of space into a state of growing visibility."

In some respects the most interesting of all the incidents of this

vast journey are the falls of meteorites. It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that, while stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. We have all read the story in Livy how it rained stones in Picenum the first winter that Hannibal was in Italy, and how the superstitious Romans expiated the prodigy with a nine days' festival, which one commentator assures us was "the established remedy for a fall of stones." Ancient history contains many references to such events, but it remained for the present century to demonstrate that stones actually come tumbling out of the sky upon the earth. They are simply part of the forage of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things: iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon the earth, nickel, and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance, at least, appears in the form of minute diamonds!

But it is the sun that is the leader in this exploration of the universe, and the sun gets most of the spoils. It is the sun, not the earth, that captures the comets and the meteor swarms, and so prepares strange spectacles to brighten the long nights of his unending voyage.

The longer the way the greater the spoil, for the realms of space appear to be inexhaustible. Is there any peril involved in the adventures of this great solar fleet of ours? The possibility of collision exists, but it is so remote that it may be entirely disregarded. As to what the effect of a collision between the sun and another body of equal mass and moving with equal or greater velocity would be to us, there can be but little doubt. In the withering heat developed by such a collision we should be shrivelled up like flies in a furnace. Still other possible perils have been thought of. Space is sprinkled with nebulae. The old idea was that these nebulae are enormous masses of gas, but Mr. Lockyer's new theory that they are swarms of meteorites is finding wide acceptance. Suppose the earth or the sun should plunge into a nebula, what then? If it was a large and dense nebula, the results might be disastrous; but if its constituent meteorites were widely scattered, the effect would simply be the production of an uncommonly brilliant meteoric display. But if we were approaching a nebula we should know it, unless it had not sufficient density to be visible, and in that case it could not cause any disastrous effects through collision.

On the other hand, it may be asked, might not the introduction

of foreign matter into our atmosphere, even in comparatively small quantities, produce deleterious if not fatal effects? It is not possible to reply positively to this question. In fact, epidemic diseases and strange conditions of the atmosphere have several times been ascribed to such a cause. When the celebrated red sunsets made their appearance a half-a-dozen years ago, many supposed that they might be due to an encounter between the earth and a cloud of meteoric dust. Later investigations, however, seem to have demonstrated that they were caused by the enormous quantity of volcanic dust thrown into the upper air by the stupendous eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. The great dry fog of 1783, which covered Europe for two or three months, and was accompanied by diseases of the respiratory organs, has been ascribed to a meteoritic origin. The annually recurring cold spell in May has been explained to the satisfaction of some people by the theory of the interposition of a cloud of meteoritic matter between the earth and the sun, the cloud being, of course, a permanent member of the solar system now, although it might have been picked up originally by the sun in the course of its travels.

But leaving out of account mere possibilities, the established facts of our peregrination in the universe appear sufficiently astonishing. Who would not wish to view with an all-seeing eye this caravan of worlds on its way? Always gathering new material from the realms of space, adding comets and meteor swarms to its dominion, the sun sweeps on, and the obedient planets follow in wide circling orbits; but whither we are going and how it will all end even the astronomers cannot tell.

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#### THE NEW YEAR'S ANSWER.

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet—  
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;  
I asked, and paused. It answered soft and low:  
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried.  
But ere the question into silence died  
The answer came: "Nay, this remember too—  
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"  
And once again the answer softly fell:  
"Yes, this one thing, all things above—  
God's will to love."

## THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

BY JAS. N. SHANNON.

"STAND back there out of the way," growled the officer in charge of the iron gate, which he kept just open and no more, fearful, perhaps, lest the crowd without might carry the position by assault and threaten the security of those within. "Don't you see those gentlemen trying to pass? Stand back out of that, and make room for them."

Steenie and I had taken a jaunt to New York, and luckily had run across a gentleman of leisure and influence who was kind enough to spend some time showing us the sights; and I venture to say no two youngsters ever saw so much of the big city in one short day. As Steenie whispered to me when our friend was out of hearing,

"I say, we lit on our feet when we fell in with him, didn't we?"

Two places stood out with special prominence in our youthful minds as invested with a halo of romance. One was the headquarters of the Police Department, and the other the Tombs. The mere thought of either would call up thrilling tales of burglary, or bank robbery in broad daylight, in which the skilful machinery of the Detective Department came in for a share of glory—when successful.

The "Rogues' Gallery" and the odd collection of implements used by that dangerous class in every large community, and some small ones, who are not wont to pay scrupulous heed to the legend :

"He who prigs vat isn't his'n,  
Ven he's cotched, vill go to pris'n,"

all had a rare and exciting interest for us, and it was a great thing to tell afterwards with an air of pride about our interview with the renowned Inspector Byrne.

Our influential friend, among many kindnesses, procured for us from the mayor's office in City Hall, authority to visit the Tombs, and in due form we presented our passport for admission. The Tombs is a grim and gloomy pile, built in the stern architectural style of an Egyptian temple or sepulchre. It was a motley crowd which pressed about the gateway, to the annoyance of the officer in charge, and for a time barred our progress. Curiosity was the prime motive in bringing most of them together, and it was a wonder to us that no means were used to keep them away. Two or three, like ourselves, were entitled to penetrate

within these gloomy walls, and I doubt not that others, as often happens, were possessed by a strange fascination to dally awhile on the ragged edge of liberty and peer into precincts that they would be ready to confess were once made but too familiar by the inflexible arm of the law. A young girl, poorly clad, with a rough shawl thrown over her shoulders, was importuning the gatekeeper to deliver to some friend the paste pie she produced, to which he gruffly consented. "All right, but you must keep the knife and fork. You can't send them in."

In one of the rooms our passport was taken, and each of us received instead a red ticket with a yellow strip of paper attached. Passing through the corridor, we emerged on the courtyard, being first challenged by a jovial, good-natured, round-favoured warder, who carefully examined our tickets.

"We are to hold on to these, I suppose?" said the gentleman with us.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, given in a hasty, off-hand way, but with an earnestness, too, that sent a half shudder through my frame. "If you don't hold on to them we'll hold on to you." And this was by no means the joke we might at first have thought was intended, and every now and again I kept feeling my pocket to make certain the ticket was still there.

Across the courtyard we entered the main building—the prison proper—and were conducted through this sombre habitation of forced retirement.

If liberty and the activities of mind and body are held in high esteem, then truly the restraints put on by the law—intended both as deterrent and reformatory—and the utter seclusion from life as we know it and love it, all prove that the way of the transgressor is hard. Wide may be the gate and broad the way, to start with, but one has only to imagine himself, if he can, a prisoner within iron bars and the occupant of a cell in the Tombs in order to realize that he has reached a bourne with no gate and only a very narrow way.

Standing in the centre of the building, in the high open space which was three or four times greater in length than in breadth, we had a full view of these narrow quarters, arranged in tiers on all four sides, and reached by means of galleries connected by staircases at either end. Down there where the light is dim, the walls and galleries rise forbiddingly, like some grim spectre of the night; for here men have paid the penalty of crime at the end of the hangman's rope.

Passing along the galleries, we notice that each cell has two doors, one of stout iron bars and kept closed; the other or

inner door stood partly open in many cases, and we could see the unfortunate tenant within. Here is one fellow, evidently a man of some taste, with a vein of refinement too, who, in trying to make the best of the, durance his own perverted faculties have brought upon him, has fitted up his abode with ornaments, pictures and knick-knacks sent by friends, or it may be purchased at his own request. An aristocratic felon he is, as he sits there in richly-worked smoking cap, reading the morning papers, and not deigning to take any notice of us. It was not at midnight hour he laid cruel hands on what "wasn't his'n," noiselessly effecting unlawful entrance upon another's domain. These were the tactics of the base fellow in the cell adjoining, and constitute that vulgar proceeding known as burglary. But he—he never moved on so low a plane; he despises the man who does, calls him a coward and a villain, who must needs wait for darkness and slumber to cover his nefarious work. *His* little indiscretion, as he would term it, was committed in broad daylight, with jewelled hand, in business hours, and in a position where over-confidence in his trustworthiness had given him control of the property of others—the widow's all, the poor man's savings, or the contributions to some benevolent enterprise; and it only became an indiscretion by being detected. But his indiscretion or the other's crime, call them what you will, have reached the same level now, and aristocrat and pauper alike receive their righteous due—giving outraged society the satisfaction of beholding one instance at least where law and justice are coincident.

Scarcely has this reflection stifled whatever feeling of compassion our peculiar surroundings may have excited, than we catch sight of a veiled figure coming through the main entrance. Our eyes follow the graceful form as she moves along the gallery, stops at one of the iron doors, where, pressing her face close upon the bars, she talks in low whispers. Her whole attitude is one of woe. Clad entirely in black, yet not what fashion would style mourning, and concealing a face which we afterwards knew was an attractive one, she proclaims her sorrow for one who, while not actually dead, has caused her as much pain and is as fit a subject for mourning as though he were. His ruin has involved others. This sister, or wife, or *fiancée*—whatever may be the relationship that gives her the right to be here—is the representative not alone of those affected by the blight of sorrow, but also of those on whom rests the more indelible blight of disgrace and ignominy. And they cannot escape this, even by disowning the transgressor.

I said once to an old Irishwoman, "You have no family, Mrs. O'Connor?"

"No, sir, I haven't a chick nor a choild," when all the while an only son was languishing in the county gaol.

The penalty attached to the infraction of law looks to avenge public justice; but who or what will atone for the wrongs of those upon whom the guilt of one of their own blood has brought such terrible recoil? The one black sheep has tinged the whole flock.

Guilt is a sword that cuts both ways. On the one hand, the community suffers, the law is broken, authority and good government are set at naught. But on the other hand, family and friends bow their heads in shame under the cruel stroke, and there are darkened homes and broken hearts, and the gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave.

We continue our tour with melancholy interest, and finally return to the courtyard, and nervously (at least that was my condition) present ourselves before the guard. The lady we had seen at the cell door was there just ahead of us, still closely veiled. At a sign from the guard she raised her veil, and then it was we saw the clear, fresh complexion and regular facial outlines, with their cloud of sadness, and asked how it was she was made to raise her veil, and were told that on one occasion a convict had escaped in female attire, and but for the veil which hid his face would not have passed the scrutiny of the guard without detection.

We also submit to the scrutiny of our jovial friend, whose hasty glance is direct enough to assure him we had not transferred the tickets we were glad to part with; and I will own to a sigh of relief when at length we breathed the breath of freedom once again.

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**"OLD YEAR, GOOD-BYE."**

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

STILL on—as silent as a ghost!

Seems but a score of days, all told,

Or but a month or two at most,

Since last our New Year's song we trold,

And lo! that New Year now is Old,

And here we stand to say "Good-bye!"

Brief words—and yet, we scarce know why,

They bring a moisture to the eye,

And to the heart some quakes and aches;

We speak them very tenderly,

With half a sob and half a sigh—

"Old Year, good-bye! Old Year, good-bye!"

## THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

BY JAMES J. ELLIS.

"ARM, arm, arm! the Irish are up!" shouted a horseman, as he dashed along the busy streets of Derry. "Arm, arm, arm! Speed, speed, speed! Stay not, good folks! Bar the gates! Arm, arm, arm!"

The clatter of the looms ceased, the hammer was flung down by the anvil, the shops were deserted, and from all quarters of the egg-shaped city the citizens hurried into the central square, called the Diamond. The street-cries, "Maids, buy a mop," "Old shoes for some broomes," were silenced by wild shouts and fierce exclamations of vengeance upon the Kernes and their priests.

In the Diamond an excited throng pressed round Alderman Tomkins' house, at the door of which the messenger's horse stood, panting and covered with foam. From the upper window of the two-story building (the usual height of houses in Derry) the Alderman cried out—

"The red coats are coming! The red coats are coming! They be with my Lord Antrim at Limavady, and will be here this day."

"Let them come! we have not fought them under Oliver for nought; they shall have a warm welcome when they set foot in Derry."

"Set foot in Derry they will speedily," cried another messenger, who had arrived while the second speaker was delivering his story. "I passed through the red coats not two miles away; an ye are wise, 'twere well to lose no time."

"What shall be done? I cannot advise, I will counsel it with the Minister and Bishop," said the Alderman. "Meanwhile, good people, be still, and heed not folly,"

"Advise with yourself, father," said a sturdy, tall young woman, with high cheekbones that told of her Scotch extraction. "Would you ask if it be wise to let the wolf into the sheepfold?"

"Softly, softly, Norah!" said a fragile, beautiful girl. "Call not the King's soldiers wolves; I cannot believe that there is danger."

"Believe it or not, you are the only person in Derry who misdoubts the warning," said a youth, the brother of Norah. "James Spike tells me that the town is mad, and will not let the red coats in, cost what it may to keep them out."

"And much it will cost to keep them out," replied his father. "What shall I be doing? James Gordon says shut the gate before them, but the Bishop says, if they be minded to cut our throats, we should allow them; it is well pleasing to God to let the King have his will. Why can't they both say the same? it bothers a man when opinions disagree. First I think one way then I think the other is wise and good."

"'Tis what Bishop Hopkins is always preaching—submit, submit, submit; but when they stole his cows he took the law like a Baptist meetinger. But listen, father," said Norah, "whatever you say, or Ezekiel Hopkins either, no Papist enters this house while Norah can keep the door."

"Where's the good wife? I'll to her; it's ill talking with ye. I talk, talk, talk, and ye heed it not one whit. My mind is just like a pair of balances, up one, down the other, and ye don't know what I suffer."

"No, I don't, father: I see what's right, and I try to do it," replied Norah.

"Just to think! a fine shop lined all through with good deal that cost me much money, and such piles of goods that no one in Derry can show better, and all to go. What shall I do to save my gear?"

"Oh, the folly! the utter folly! blank treason! enough to make Derry like a Sodom and Gomorrah!" wailed a tall, athletic man who now entered the room, which he paced backwards and forwards with hurried steps.

"To think, Master Tomkins, three companies of troops were at the waterside, and some were not more than sixty yards from the gate, when some of our 'prentice boys, who had been better employed minding their masters' shops than meddling with the King's affairs, seized the keys, locked the gates, lifted the draw-bridge, and now have seized the powder magazine: this judgment will come upon poor Derry. Yes, and to make matters worse, James Morrison, the preaching saddler, cried aloud, 'Bring about the great gun there,' and had not the King's men run down amain, he had fired upon the servants of the Lord's anointed."

"Tut upon anointing, Mister Walker; tell that to the gossoons, who know no better. The only anointing we believe in is done without oil," said Norah. "But open the window, the Bishop is preaching."

Her brother Roger did so immediately, and above the hum of the angry crowd they caught snatches of the Bishop's speech.

"They who resist a king, fight against God," he said. "'Twill be a war if ye open not the gates. The Deputy is appointed by a lawful king, and must be hearkened to; we must do the King's will or suffer it, else it is mortal sin. 'Tis laid down in the Bible that ——"

"Well put, my lord, good sermon that; but we can't attend to it now!" shouted a voice from the crowd. "No preaching! keep the gate fast! no red coats! no popery! the Protestant city of Derry for ever!"

The voice of the Bishop was drowned in the huzzas of the multitude, and all that night the gates were kept fast.

"But what means all this to-do, friend Tomkins?" said a tall Scotch merchant. "I came into Derry the morn, and went on farther, but I had work amain to return here. What are the folks so mad about?"

"Roger will tell ye, or Norah, for she loves to talk. If thou wilt allow me, I must speak to my wife about what is to be done; she has been sick this many a day, and I do nought without her counsel."

"Well, Master Lindsay, ye must know that lying Dick, King James' Deputy in Ireland, hath been working us Protestants much harm. He put Roman Catholics upon the bench, and made them sheriffs, and then he turned all the Protestants out of the army and town councils, so that in Derry we have forty-five Romanists and only twenty Protestants on the council. When he set aside John Campsie as Mayor, we spoke to him of it; but he flung his wig on the floor and stamped upon it, and then told our deputies he would do so to every Saxon in Ireland. He sent the troops that were here to England to aid King James against the Prince of Orange, and now he wishes us to allow a horde of wild Irish, armed with clubs and knives, to come to garrison Derry. All through the country the priests have been preaching to the people, urging them to get weapons, even if it be only skene, and bidding them to kill us all. They seized a church not far hence, and hung up a black sheep in the pulpit, with some part of the Bible before it; they mean to kill us, but by God's grace we will keep them out of Derry."

After a short visit to their invalid mother, the girls retired to their room, and before going to rest, stood looking over the broad stretch of water that spread like a silver carpet below the city of Derry. The clear light of the moon shone upon the white walls, and glistened upon the armour of the figures upon the ramparts.

"Betrayed! betrayed! The Governor Lundy is treating for a surrender! They be stealing out of the town to join the Papists! Now or never! Close the gates again! 'Prentices to the fore!" shouted Roger Tomkins. "Citizens to the walls!"

And it was time, for the gates were unguarded and unfastened; not four miles off lay King James with his Irish and French forces, marching upon Derry.

"Change the watchword, and call up the horsemen to the defence," said Spike. "Brave Murray will head us."

"No surrender! No surrender! No surrender!" shouted the throng. "To give up Derry is to lose Ireland! No surrender!"

"Then ye who are thus minded," cried Murray, "put ye a white cloth strip upon your left arm. We will open the magazine. The traitor Lundy sent back the English soldiers sent by King William to help us; there is nothing left but to defend ourselves. God defend the right! They have been sending for the Presbyterian ministers to induce me to counsel surrender, but they are of my mind. Now, men of Derry, what say ye to this?"

And all through the night, preparations were made to defend the city, though it had no protection beyond a wall not more than seven feet high in some parts. The junction of two rivers formed a broad stream, which opened into a broad stretch of deep water,

called Lough Foyle. Three miles before the river entered Lough Foyle, and twenty miles above the Lough, stood the city of Derry. The deep water protected two sides, a morass defended another portion; there was but one gate by which the city could be entered from the land. Upon the flat roof of the Cathedral, the highest point of the city, cannon were now planted; the paving-stones were dug up from the streets that the cannon balls might bury themselves in the soft earth; twenty thousand human beings were cooped within the walls, of whom not more than seven thousand were capable of defending themselves.

"Oh, Norah, you should have been with us but the day since," said Roger, bursting into the room where his sisters were sitting. "King James rode up to the walls as if he were in Hyde Park and looked as if he expected the walls to fall as Jericho did before Joshua. They say he has gone back to Dublin, and that we are to be conquered by the French general he brought with him from France."

"They tried to bribe the brave Murray—offered him £1,000 and a colonel's commission if he would surrender!" said a sturdy weaver. "But Murray will never betray his trust. What a pity he will never be sole governor!"

"But hist! the siege is beginning. See, that shell struck a house near yours, Tomkins; we shall have warm work yet."

During that day and night the shot and shell continued to fall upon the devoted city. Little damage was done except to the roofs of some houses. In the deep darkness of the early morning, Spike and Roger, seeing a blaze in the vicinity of the Market House, hastened in that direction.

It was as they had feared. A shell had set fire to Alderman Tomkins' house, and the flames were raging with terrible fury.

"Good news, Norah! good news! An English fleet is in sight! We can see them from the Cathedral tower, sailing up the Lough! Thirty sail in all, and not ten miles hence!" cried Roger.

"And better, a messenger hath come in from Kirke, who commands the fleet. He sends to say that he hath money, men, arms, and oh, food, too," added Spike, who followed him.

"No need now of firing brickbats covered with lead; and, Bridget, ye can have a daintier dish than horseflesh, though we are thankful for that when we are hungry."

"What has been done," asked Norah, "to tell of our wants?"

"Why, ye know when the *Greyhound* came up the river a few days ago, with orders to approach the city, how we made signal to her; but she heeded not, but went aground, and was vexed with their shot. We are now running up and down our flag to beg relief, for indeed we are in sore straits, but Englishmen will want no urging to come to our help!"

"Mary, but they will, though," said the Alderman. "I did hear that the English fleet is sailing away, and that as fast as may be."

"God help us, then," said Norah. "It seems little help can be hoped for from man."

"They say that the *Greyhound* was sent by Kirke from the English fleet, to get into Derry. There was nothing to hinder their doing so; what a pity the ship was not handled with more skill!"

"Well, we must trust in God," said Roger; "perhaps help will come from some other quarter, since the English leave us to die."

"Our watchers tell that the Irish are building forts each side the Crook of Inver, and they are laying great oak beams across the river to form a boom," said Lindsay.

"A boom! what's that?" asked Norah.

"Why, they bound great oak beams together with iron bands, and floated them so as to prevent the passage of any ships up the river. The prisoners we captured said that the boom was bound by cables six inches thick."

"Then no ships can come to help us?"

"Not unless they break the boom, which it will not be easy to do."

"God help us, then," said Norah.

"Amen," echoed the throng.

For a month the ships could be seen lying quietly at anchor, loaded with all that Derry was dying for, and yet no attempt was made to succour them.

Yet the besieged did not yield, and though the famine increased so that a mouse became a dainty to the delicate women who had to keep up life upon meal mixed with tallow fat, no one hinted at surrender.

At this time one pound meal, one pound tallow and half a pound horsemeat formed the daily ration of the fighting men, who grew so weak that they could hardly stand, or fire their weapons.

From the district ten miles round, two hundred men, women and children were gathered, and one morning ten thousand stood shelterless and foodless outside Windmill Hill. But they, cold and hungry, called aloud to the valiant men on the walls not to yield.

Many of these poor wretches had received the King's written promise of protection, which was thus seen to be merely waste paper. Is it any wonder that the garrison refused to believe in the good faith of James or of his cruel commanders?

"But five thousand men left, what with famine, disease and shot, and poor fare to keep up life—one pound tallow, one pound meat, and ginger, pepper and aniseed to flavour the pancakes! Oh, Spike, this is fearful work."

"I bought a good cat for four shillings and sixpence; they wanted six shillings for a dog," said Spike. "It vexed me to see the thin faces at home; though Norah keeps up a brave face, it is hard for her, well I know."

"Know ye fat John Woolmer that lives in Milk Street? He fears to wander abroad, for men, he said, eye him as they would eat him. 'Tis a terrible time; but when will it end?"

"Where all sorrows end, in the grave."

"But why do not the English come to our relief? They might

break the boom, or at least try to do so. If Derry fall, good-bye to English liberty, and good-bye to the Protestant faith. They will both be buried under our walls."

"Ay, and buried never to rise again," said another. "For my part my time is well-nigh run. This fearful atmosphere, full of powder and sulphur, has nearly killed me. It won't be long I shall suffer, nor do I want to. Wife, children, sisters, all killed, but what about the Church of God?"

"Ah! that's the question," said a stout mason; "but, man," addressing a third, he exclaimed, "thy face is black with hunger."

"No more so than thine."

"I fell under the weight of my musket as I went to my post the morn, but when I heard the drums beat, my strength came back to me, so that I was bold and strong once more. And there are many who were so faint that they could not stand, yet did they run with the rest when the Irish came to the assault."

"Ay, 'tis marvellous how strong men become where there is duty to be done. But God send an end speedily. What ho! Why run ye, neighbour Johnson?" he added, as a stout man ran up, nearly breathless with excitement.

"There is a boy come in from the English general, saying that since he cannot come at us by the river, he will attempt it over land; they will come by Inch."

"Yea, by Inch; but an they move by inches, not an inch will they find of an English territory."

"And where is Inch?" asked Lindsay, who had strolled up to the group. "I like not your names, 'tis not like the bonnie land I came from."

"Nay, nay, no land is like Scotland, let a Scotchman tell the tale. But ye are glad to come to ould Ireland, and in no hurry to go back to the poor barren heaths ye left. Inch, man, is a promontory by Lough Swilly, and from thence to Derry is not far by land," said a blacksmith, who still had his apron.

"Well, God have mercy upon us now; 'tis many weeks now since the siege began. All the cows are slaughtered; there are no horses, and all the dogs are eaten. There are eight shots fired from the Cathedral top, and the flag is being lowered as a sign of distress; sure the English will know what we mean."

"Yea, hark! One, two, three, four, five, six great guns from Lough Foyle; sure there is some relief coming."

"But we shall be all dead, an it comes not speedily," said a man who stood near. "The starch is all eaten, and, alas! what will the women do?"

"Could not one go to bring them faster?" asked a stout alderman. "I would, an I could swim."

"Let us go to the Cathedral to attend the service," said Norah. "Twere well that all who are not wanted at the walls should meet for prayer. We have much need, indeed we have, for the way is very dark and very black."

And into the Cathedral, upon whose roof cannon were planted, the throng of black-faced, pinched, gaunt skeletons thronged.

Few were the responses that came to the minister's prayers, but a fearful agony looked from each face. It seemed as if every spirit were too full for utterance, and a silent wail of agony went up to the Father who never despises the cry of distress.

They had but left the building when tidings flew along the streets that made breathing seem insupportable, and every soul hurried to the higher parts of the city to see what made them, giddy with famine, almost delirious to look upon.

"Norah! Bridget! Come! the English are coming at last! Three ships are coming up the river! The wind is north, and they are coming amain! Pray God they may pass the fort and Castle at Colmore, for the neck of the river is narrow there when the tide is low, as the Foyle ends in the stream. Come! come!" cried Roger to his sisters.

With eyes dimmed with tears, a ragged throng, blackened with powder and want, all that were alive, stood watching the scene below them.

"'Tis a ship of war leading the way! The old flag! The red, white and blue, boys! God help them!" cried an aged man, whose scarred limbs were shaking with excitement.

"Well she is handled. Not a shot does he spare for the batteries on the shore. Bravo! now he has wind of the Castle. Huzza! he is at anchor! There goes his gun at them. Bang! bang! bang! There be English hearts at those guns. Not forgotten, though it looked like it; God bless the captain!"

"How he batters them!" said a gunner. "Why, he is but a musket shot from the walls of Colmore, and all the men are going! Brave men! they know the women and children of Derry are looking! What a crash! He will sink at anchor, but he will do it!"

"Look how the merchant ships have slipped by while he was fighting, and a boat is with them. Now for the boom!"

"What about the man-of-war?"

"Why, he has just pulled off, and taken in his sails; he has done his work well. The blessing of the starving and dying be upon him, and every soul upon board the frigate!"

"Oh, the wind is dropping! Look at the swarming Kernes, the balls are flying like hailstones. Why, 'tis the *Mountjoy*! Dame Browning, your good man's ship. He will do it, depend on it."

"Now hush! see, she is going at the boom. Can she do it? Great God, help! Help for the starving!"

A groan burst from the line of watchers as it was seen that the *Mountjoy* rebounded from the boom and was fast in the mud. Every gun the Irish had was fired at her, and the horsemen rode to the water's edge and discharged their pieces at her decks. But the boat's crew was meanwhile cutting with hatchets and cutlasses at the boom, when a sudden discharge of all her guns brought the *Mountjoy* into deep water once more.

"Now look, she is driving at the boom again. Now God help us, 'tis our only chance. Huzza! She has burst it! Now the ships come! Derry is saved! To the quay! Why, man, thou

art livid with fear. Weep not! Shake not! Cheer thee! Food! food! And there are friends come! We are not forgotten, but saved."

"Now they make Ross Bay. Ring out the bells! make a bon-fire! 'Tis not useless to pray, we are saved!"

"Who is she? The *Phoenix* of Coleraine here! Now they are at the quay!" And such a shout went up to heaven as seemed to break the hearts of the sturdy sailors that cheered back, as they looked with eyes full of tears upon the ghastly figures lining the river side.

It was now ten o'clock, and the darkness had settled down upon the city, as the two ships came to an anchor at the little quay, outside Shipquay Gate. A shout of delirious joy went up from the ragged throng, their faces blackened by powder and want, as they saw the relief had come at last.

"Throw up a screen; fill the casks with clay to protect us against their guns. Now for the barrels of meal, cheeses, bacon, beef, biscuit, pease, well done! A different supper to the dinner. Three-quarters of a pound of salted hide and half a pound of tallow was my dinner; now look you, three pounds of flour, two pounds of beefs, and a pint of pease."

With bursts of tears, relieved with shouts of delight, the starving garrison ate their evening meal, the bells of the city ringing out their gratitude that salvation had come.

Two days the Irish continued to fire upon the walls of Derry; the next night they set light their camp, and retreated to Strabane on their way to Dublin.

Kirke, the English commander, now came to the town that had suffered such pangs. He was received with gratitude by the heroic garrison. When he departed for England it was without any tears from the brave men who defended Derry against such numbers that the task seemed utterly hopeless. During the siege no less than ten thousand persons, at least, must have perished.

The siege of Derry saved English liberty. King James was unable to assist the rising in Scotland under Dundee, and when that general fell at Killlicrankie, the cause of tyranny had no champion left.

For 105 days these brave men held out, enduring fearful privations. Tender women joined in the defence, helping their husbands and brothers by showering stones upon the mistaken, misled Irish. During the siege the garrison was reduced from 7,000 fighting men (in a population of 20,000) to about half that number, a fourth of the survivors being permanently incapacitated for further service.

They fought, too, not only for their lives, but for the liberty of England; above all, for the right to read their Bibles, and serve God as they felt He desired.

"Honour the brave and bold,  
Long let the tale be told—  
Yea, when our babes are old,  
And ever onward!"

## PUNCHY PARSLEY AND HIS ORIENTAL FRIEND.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

## AN EAST END SKETCH.

PARSLEY SMILES would have been puzzled to tell who gave him that name—either “Christian” or surname. He was a “promiscuous” acquaintance of mine—a Punch-and-Judy man, whose first memory was of eating damp haws in a foggy ditch, and who often afterwards had not even haws to eat, but who, when I knew him, managed to support a wife and two children. His surname and his calling may suggest the idea of a rollickingly-merry man, but Parsley Smiles was nothing of the kind. Why he was called Parsley it is impossible to guess, but I think he must have been called Smiles in irony. Parsley very seldom smiled when I knew him, and looked as if he had very seldom smiled before I knew him.

He was not a morose man, but it was accident, not choice, that had made a Punch-and-Judy man of him. When he had his “call” in his mouth, and was speaking out the parts for his puppets, I have no doubt that he felt, as well as looked, as grave as a judge. At any rate, when his partner took his place inside the green-baize-curtained frame, and Parsley banged away at the big drum, blew down into the pandean pipes, addressed Mr. Punch and his audience with stereotyped banter, and carried round the saucer for coppers, there was not the slightest trace of fun in his face. I do not mean that it was *kept* grave, to heighten the effect of his jokes: it *was* grave—there was no sly twinkle in the eyes. It was this incongruity between the man and his calling that made me curious to learn something about him. I had met him at various times in different parts of London, and every time he had that same care-worn, not sullen, but most unhilarious face.

One evening when it had grown too dark for Punch-performances *al fresco*, I saw him toiling homewards with the slanted frame on his shoulders, and the puppet-box slung behind him; his partner, still bearded with the Pan’s-pipes, and bearing the big drum, plodding a little before him. I followed the two men across Trafalgar Square, up St. Martin’s Lane and St. Andrew Street, whence they turned into a side street, and disappeared up a dingy flight of stairs. I had not time then to do more than note the name of the street and the number of the house; but a week afterwards, when I had a leisure evening, I went to the house.

The door of the back room was opened wide enough to enable me to see what was going on inside. The Punch-frame stood against the wall by the window; Toby, with his frill still on, crouching at its foot; a little boy with the drumsticks in his hands

was lolling on the big drum; a pretty little girl, with her hair over her forehead and the Pan's-pipes in her hands, was looking sidelong at her tired-out father, who must have taken off his coat, and gone to sleep, upon the only bed I saw, almost as soon, I guessed, as he had got home. The youngsters wanted to "play at father," but their mother was hushing them that they might not wake him. When she saw me she came forward to learn my business. I was telling her that I had come to have a talk with her husband, but that since he was asleep, I would call again when he awoke. I found him willing enough to talk, and partly then and partly at other times when I called upon him, I learnt his history.

He knew nothing of his father and mother. His earliest memory, as I have said, was a meal of damp haws in a foggy ditch. At that time Parsley belonged, as he phrased it, to a travelling acrobat. Parsley was under the impression that this man had literally bought him. His master, Briggs by name, treated him very brutally, often thrashing and half-starving him, if at all slow in learning his business, or if there were but few coppers in the saucer, which Parsley had to carry round. Briggs' mates sometimes took Parsley's part, but not very often. Some of them were no better tempered than Briggs, and those who were good-natured were shy of interfering with him, since he was a very powerful, violent-tempered man. Getting nothing but his clothes and food—and often very little of that—Parsley lived with this Briggs until he was about fourteen. Of course he could only guess his age.

Sometimes engaged at circuses, and sometimes travelling the country as members of a "school," they had in that time not only gone over a good part of the United Kingdom, but also visited the Continent. The posturers' "school" was the only school to which his master put Parsley, but one of Briggs' mates had taught the boy to read and write after a fashion. One Barnet fair, the day of the pleasure-fair was soakingly wet, and Briggs' "school" took scarcely a penny. Thereupon he got mad-drunk, and gave Parsley so terrible a drubbing that he could stand his master's brutality no longer. As soon as he had exchanged his gaudy tumbler's uniform for the shabby suit which was his only mufti, he ran away to London. He knew London pretty well, and for a few days begged enough money to provide him with food and pay for a bed in a low boarding-house.

But Parsley did not relish begging. He wanted to *do* something for a living. One morning he fell in with a Punch and-Judy man who was in want of what Parsley called a "pardner." His musical attainments were just the ones required; the other man taught him the outside patter, and Parsley was taken into partnership. At first he was to have only a quarter of the receipts, which was to be increased to a third when he had mastered the mystery of the "call" and got up the parts of the puppets, so that he could take his turn inside the frame. That and all the

properties belonging to the senior partner, he was to have the remaining two-thirds. But Parsley had saved his life at the risk of his own, when the frame with the "pardner" inside had been upset by a runaway horse-and-cart, and after that, although Parsley confessed that he was not nearly so efficient as his friend either inside or outside the green baize, the "pardner" insisted on Parsley sharing their earnings equally with him.

Two or three years afterwards the "pardner" died, leaving all his little property to Parsley. Parsley then had to seek a partner, and got, almost as soon as he got him, a partner for life. His partner in trade had a sister whom Parsley married—a hard-working, good-principled woman, who made him an excellent wife. She was very fond of him, and very fond of their two children, and looked after the souls as well as the bodies of all three to the best of her ability. Parsley was not a depraved man; he was, considering his circumstances and antecedents, I should say, an exceptionally well-behaved man when he married; but so far as knowledge of Christianity went he was a heathen then. Mrs. Smiles was not a very enlightened Christian, but she was a sincere believer in Christ, and gave a Christian atmosphere to their little home. She read a psalm and a collect night and morning to the little family; she got Parsley to go to church with her on Sunday evenings, first fitfully, but at last regularly; she did not drink, brawl, dawdle, and gossip, like a good many of her neighbours, and little Punch and Judy, as the neighbours called the two young Smileses, were very different from most of her neighbours' saucy, foul-tongued children. They honoured and loved their parents, although both, perhaps, in different ways, were a little too grave for children's tastes.

"Yes, I've seen father play Punch," said little Fanny Smiles to me one day. "Me and Tom had gone an arrand for mother, and we see our frame, and father's pardner playing the drum in Golding Square. So we stopped and heard father do it, but father ain't funny like that when he comes home. He's so tired; he has his supper and he goes to bed. Yes, sir, he's very good to us, but he don't want to make us laugh. He's too tired. Tom's a funny chap. He's got father's old call, and he can do a'most the whole of the talk now, and he can play the drum and pipes, and so can I. Tom says he'll be a Punchy, but mother don't want him to be, nor father neither. Tom's going for a arrand-boy next Monday, and I'm to go and nuss a baby soon's ever I'm eight. Tom and me goes to school in the eveninks, and of a Sunday afternoon. We run arrands for mother now, but we're gettin' too growed-up not to do something that'll bring in money. Tom 'll be nine next birthday. Mother, she makes little boys' trousers when she can get 'em to make, and father he works hard at bein' a Punchy all day long; he can scarce get up the stairs sometimes when he comes home, he's that tired. Father's pardner has to help him up often. Uncle Jack used to be father's pardner, but uncle Jack's gone to Californy."

So far as I could judge, Parsley was a sober, domestic man, and, therefore, having heard or read of Punch-and-Judymen living on the fat of the land, I was rather puzzled by Parsley's meagre style of living. I said to him one day that I had understood that members of his profession—Parsley liked to have Punch-and-Judy spoken of as a profession—made handsome incomes.

"And so they used to make 'em," answered Parsley. "My fust pardner's told me that when he went into the line, he's shared his ten pound a day with *his* pardner, and they've gone home and had their game and their wine like swells. But thinks as is, and thinks as was, is wery different. We used to git horders horfen wnen I fust went into it. I've played in a real live nobleman's drorin'-room more than once; but that's goin' out now; Punch ain't appreciated as he used to was; it's three year now since I got my last horder for a Christmas party; and money's got so scarce that the streets ain't worth 'alf a quarter what they used to was. A long pitch ain't worth much more than a short pitch now. Anyhow, I think I do uncommon well now if me and my pardner shares a bull a day between us. He can git on, because he's only himself to look to, but 'alf a bull a day—and five times out of six it ain't nigh as much as that—ain't much for a cove as 'as got a wife and kids.

"If my wife warn't the good old gal she is, we should horfen find ourselves in a corner. Tain't much she arns, but it's horfen more than I brings 'ome, and she's got the knack of makin' a little go a long way. She's a good old gal, is my wife. She's religious, you see, sir. I ain't religious, I'm sorry to say, but I wish I was. Religious folks seem somehow to make theirselves contented hows'ever thinks is goin'. Them dear little kids of mine think a deal more of she than they do of me; I love 'em, and they love me, but it's her they look up to somehow. No, sir, I don't mean to bring up Tom to my business. He wants to be a Punchy, but his mother don't want him to be, and I don't want him neither. There's temptations, and the boys is horfen wery owdacious—pinches ye through the baize, and makes holes and pokes ye, and pitches their caps right into the frame, and hunts ye about and chaffs ye, and never pays ye nuffink.

"It ain't jolly life now, the Punch line ain't. I should be glad to be out of it, if I could git 'old of somefink else that I could git as much by; but I've got into the way of it, and don't see my way clear to nuffink else I could do as well on, though it is so bad. My wife's troubled in her mind because she thinks it's wicked somehow, but I can't quite see that. Of course it ain't right that a party should fling a baby out o' the winder, and fight his wife, and swear, and so on; but then, you see, it's all make-believe, and my fust pardner used to say that there was a fine moral in it. But I ain't a funny man, and I don't relish arnin' my bread, sich as 'tis, by makin' a fool of myself. I go to church of a evenink now with my old gal and the kids, and when

they're a singin' that there Evenink Hymn, I think o' myself squeakin' out *roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-too-roo-cry*; and somehow they don't tally. I'll be very grateful to you, sir, and so'll my old gal, if you'll put me in the way of gittin' my livin' somehow else, more respectable to a man's feelinks, and his wife's about him. Hopen air I've al'ays been used to, but anythink reg'lar you could git me I'd be thankful for, sir. Punch used to be good pay, but it ain't now; and when a cove's got wife and kids, and hain't got no nateral fun in him, he don't relish, somehow, arnin' his bread—and precious little of it—by squeakin'."

On a dreary winter's day, when dirty, low-hanging snow-clouds had blotted out every inch of blue sky, I happened to be crossing a piece of waste ground in the Middlesex Bromley. On one side was a patch of bony-stalked, snow-wigged cabbages—the gapped hedge that enclosed them was almost obliterated by snow. On the other side was a snow-furred and sheeted huddle of "builders' materials"—planks, piles, scaffold-poles, unglazed window-sashes, a snow-thatched weather-board summer-house, and a reading-desk with a snowdrift in it like a dropped surplice, and snow overflowing its sconces like guttering candles.

Presently I saw two lines of black dots rapidly crossing on a distant snowy background. These were the caps of boys careering along the up and down slides they had cut out on a stagnant pool that had frozen in a hollow in the waste. When I reached it I was rather astonished to find Tom, Punchy Parsley's son, amongst the sliders.

"Why, Tom,," I said, "what brings you here?"

"We live in Lime'us now, sir," Tom answered in a hurry. "Three Colt Street. Father got a boat, and we should both ha' been out in her to-day, only the ice gave her a jam yesterday. Father's a purlman now, and I helps him. It's better fun than bein' a Punchy."

My curiosity being excited as to Punchy Parsley's new mode of life, I found my way to Three Colt Street as soon as I had finished my business.

Punchy Parsley and his wife were both at home, busy in different ways, but little Fanny, I was told, was at school, where I was further informed, she was "getting on famous." I guessed, therefore, that my friend Smiles had bettered himself by his change of occupation.

"Why isn't Tom at school too, Mr. Smiles?" I asked, when I had told him how it was that I had found him out.

"Oh, sir, you mustn't think that Tom's idling away his time," his mother answered. "Tom's a good boy, and what his father and me can teach him he learns willin', and he goes to school, too, at odd times. But he's helpin' his father now in the boat, and a good boy he is, his father says. So as father can't go out to-day, because the boat's mendin', we've let Tom have a run just to stretch his legs. I've no fears of his gettin' into bad company. There can't be no harm in a boy's having a slide, can there, sir?"

"But what do you know about boats, Mr. Smiles?" I said. "What put it into your head to get a living on the river? What is it that you do?" I inquired of the ex-Punchy. Parsley put down the thole which he had been shaping with his pocket-knife, and going to the mantelpiece, opened a japanned tobacco-box which stood on it, and took out a license, which he gave me to read. It ran thus:

## INCORPORATED 1827.

## BUMBOAT.

I hereby certify that Parsley Smiles, of Three Colt Street, in the parish of Limehouse, in the County of Middlesex, is this day registered in a book of the Company of the Masters, Wardens, and Commonalty of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, kept for that purpose, to use, work, or navigate a boat called a skiff, named *Bluebell*, number 51, for the purpose of selling, disposing of, or exposing for sale, to and among the seamen, or other persons employed in and about any of the ships or vessels upon the said river, any articles whatsoever, between London Bridge and Limehouse Hole; but the said boat is not to be used on the said river for any other purpose than the aforesaid.

JOHN SMITH, Clerk.

WATERMAN'S HALL,  
June—, 18—.

"Three-and-sixpence, sir, *that* cost me," said Parsley, as he folded up his license again and replaced it in the tobacco-box; "and I'd to sell my frame and properties at a sacrifice, and I give more than I'd give now for my old boat; but I won't complain. Goin' on for eight months now I've been at my new business, and I won't deny that I've done a deal better at it than I did with Punch. The nip the ice give us yisterday was the only bit o' bad luck we've 'ad, and the man I bought the boat of says he'll 'ave her all right agin by to-morrer. I'll not complain, sir. My present business is real business—sellin' money's worth for men's money without makin' a fool of yerself; and not gittin' children's coppers for nonsense. Arnin' my bread at Punch—specially since it's been sich poor pay—al'ays seemed to me a kind o' make-believe sort of business, and I'm glad I'm out of it, sir, and ain't got to squeak an' make jokes agin my disposition."

"But what is it you do, and how did you learn to manage a boat?" I asked again.

"Well, sir, when I was with that old blind man I've told you of—Dark Davey—I used to go out on the river of an evenin', and the man I bought my boat of I knew then, an' he put me up to makin' a livin' out o' the river, an' though I don't profess to be a waterman, I've picked up my pullin' agin and got used to the scrougin' and the steamers, which they made me funky at first, and that I won't deny. Now Tom at startin' was never skeared, and he can pull better than me—I don't mean for strengtb, but in the way o' nateral knack, you understand, sir. Tom was meant for a sailor. He'll run up the riggin' o' the craft we go

aboard on like a monkey possessed. There's more than one skipper's offered to take him, and that's how it will have to be, I guess, though his mother don't like the thoughts of his follerin' a seafarin' life.

"Tom keeps the bell goin' in the fog pretty brisk, or we shouldn't know where we was wanted. Last November we lost ourselves, an' 'ad to stay all night in the boat; but we run her into a sort o' ditch, and made ourselves snug. We'd grub aboard, and we'd coal enough to keep up a good fire, and a bit o' tarpaulin we rigged to keep the snow off; so we should ha' been as jolly as sandboys, if it 'adn't been for thinkin' that mother an' Fanny would be frettin' about us. It's a deal better livin' than the Punch line, sir. There's no trampin' about, cold and 'ungery, with a 'eavy frame on your shoulders, or a 'eavy box a-luggin' at yer lines, and takin' nuffink arter all. We're sure of a welcome, wherever we goes, and the pay's good, and, all things considered, it's sure, too—leastways, I've lost next to nothin' in the way o' bad debts. And it's real business that a man needn't be ashamed of.

"My old 'ooman she will go on workin' for the tailors, but she needn't if she didn't like. We're a deal more comfor'bler than we was, thank God. Shoulder o' mutton an' taties, or leg o' pork, or somethin' o' that, we can have every Sunday now, an' then the children goes to Sunday-school, an' the missis she goes to church or else to chapel, and I takes my peace an' quietness, without 'avin' to wonder where on earth I'm to git to-morrow's bread from; an' in the evenin' we locks up, an' all on us goes to church, an' takes a walk arterwards, when the weather's fine, an' then we comes 'ome, an' 'as our supper, and the missis reads a chapter and the colic, an' the young uns sings a hymn, and we goes to bed feelin' comfor'ble. It's a deal better than bein' a Puuchy, ain't it, old gal?"

Of course, I was very pleased to find that Parsley's circumstances had improved considerably since I first made his acquaintance; but still I could not help fancying, and regretting, that the change had made him selfish. The comparative comfort which his new calling enabled him to enjoy was almost the only thing, I thought, he cared about. I was altogether wrong, as I generally find that I have been when I have formed an unfavourable judgment. It was natural enough that the poor man should contrast complacently the advantages of his new life with the privations which he and his family had long suffered; but prosperity had not made Parsley selfish—it had rather ripened his kindliness of disposition which had lain almost latent, half starved in him, during the time of his poverty.

About a fortnight afterwards I again looked in at Parsley's. He and his son were out on the river. Fanny was laying the cloth for dinner, and Mrs. Smiles was rubbing with onion and salt the raw looking chilblained feet of a slightly-built, liquid-eyed, golden-syrup-complexioned, green-turbaned East Indian, who, although the weather had broken, and he was muffled up in some

of Parsley's warm woollen clothes, was crouching and shivering, "goose-skinned," over the fire. Miserable though he looked, his native politeness manifested itself when I entered the room. He gave me one of those Eastern smiles which would be so winning, if the person smiled at could be quite sure that they meant anything, and, if so, that they did not mean just the opposite of the good-will they express. He tried to rise and make a salaam, but Mrs. Smiles pushed him back into his chair, saying kindly, "There, you sittee still, Mr. 'yder. Sittee still, me say. The gentleman 'll excuse ye. His feet are awful bad, sir, and he hasn't got the strength of a cat, poor crittur."

And again she rubbed the onion and salt into Mr. "'yder's" swollen toes. Hyder winced under the friction, and yet he looked very grateful to Mrs. Smiles notwithstanding, and talked to her and little Fanny in broken English, and laughed when they answered him in the same.

This Hyder was a *protégé* of the Smileses. How he came to be so I did not learn until afterwards. But on another occasion, when I had Hyder all to myself, I heard his history in his own words, and I think I cannot do better than reproduce them:—

"My name Mirza Hyder. Missa Hyder Missis Smile call me. She tink Mirza all de same as Missa. Ah, but she is so kind woman, and Missa Smile is so kind, and de leetle girl. I no like de leetle boy to call me nigger—I no nigger, I Bengal Mussulman—but de leetle boy kind too. I once soldier—Sepoy, you know. But—but—I run away. I no like it, you understand. Den I come over the black water from Calcutta—what you call Lascar—to your docks here here in big ship. Serang very bad man. Bad rice, no ghee, much floggee. Too much floggee for Mirza. I run away again. So cold. De sun not get up for tree week. I shiver, shiver all day long. But de kind Inglis people give me monee. I buy broom, sweep streets, sell de leetle books. More monee. Sahib painter say to me, "Come, I will put you into my picture." More monee. More painter gentlemen say same. More monee. Rich soon as de Lord Mayor, but I feel very lonely. My fader in India, no one here dat know me. De sun not look de same as in India. All so cold. I want to dream and forget dis countrie. I lodge den where dere is Chinaman, and he take me to 'nother Chinaman—what you call Bluegate Fields—where dey smoke de opium. Pay your monee, lie on de bed, and smoke de pipe, and have de good dreams. Spend all my monee dat way. No can get any more for long time. I starve, but officer gentleman dat know me in India see me in Hyde Park, and give me monee. I buy tom-tom of Arab man, and me and Arab man beat tom-tom and sing song West-end, East-end, all round about. Arab man play tom-tom very fine—he make it talk and answer to itself—but he keep all de monee. And he leave me when de cold come again—no monee, no bread, no rice, and bad in my bed. Dey soon turn me out of my bed, when dey know me no monee. I got out with my tom-tom, but my fingers too cold, Too cold in

all my body. Only my cotton clothes on, and me very bad, and my legs shake. Snow, frost, everywhere—on de ground, in de sky, in my heart, in de Inglis people's eyes. No rich English people where I am, all poor people. De poor people no pity me—hungry, themselves. I tink me try for a ship again—get back where de sun shine, and de rice is sheap. So I come down here, but when I get to de wall where de graves are, I tumble down—it so cold—me tink I soon die. De people go by and look at me, and some say, 'poor shap,' and some say me sheat; but not one help me till Missa Smile come. He pull me up on his back and carry me home like de sack of coals, and he give me food and clothes and fire. Every one here so kind. Missis Smile buy rice and curry powder, and curry sprats, and rub my toes for me—a leetle too hard. Leetle girl wait on me, and laugh, and play my tom-tom, and sing me Inglis songs. Leetle boy give up his bed for me. Nine days me here, and dey no tired yet. Missis Smile read me de Bible, and bring parson gentleman, and say she make a Christian of me before she let me go. I say—for a joke, you understand—'Me no turn Christian den for a long time yet, Missis Smile—I like to stay where I am. I gettin' on, Missis Smile—very fond of Missa Smile—I no die Mussulman—so you have patience, Missis Smile.' "

I am not aware that Hyder became a Christian before he left Three Colt Street, but I think he must have carried away a very favourable impression of the Christianity of his hosts there.

It was not until Hyder was quite strong again, and had had his wardrobe replenished by Mrs. and Fanny Smiles' busy fingers, and with donations from Parsley's and Tom's not over-abundant stock of clothes, that Parsley went to that admirable institution, the Strangers' Home, and made known the case of his *protégé* to the courteous old Indian officer—child-like in the courageous simplicity of his Christianity—who gives as much time (and far more energetic service) to the Home as if he received a handsome salary for his assiduous attendance there, instead of managing the establishment, as he does, purely "for love" of its Oriental, African, and Polynesian inmates.

A ship was soon obtained for Mirza Hyder. Parsley and Tom in their purl-boat saw him as his vessel was being towed down from the London Docks to Gravesend, and Hyder saw them. "You very good, Missa Smile," the East Indian shouted, squatting monkey-like on the larboard cat-head. "Good-bye, Missa Smile, good-bye, leetle Tom. Many tanks to you, all of you. Tell Missis Smile and leetle Fanny my love. I remember you all in India—tell my fader how good you all was."

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Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last :  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

## NEW YEAR'S READINGS.

## THE DYING YEAR.

THE days and the weeks, the months and the years,  
 Are passing away—so swiftly away,  
 With our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears ;  
 We cannot command them to stay.

Eternity's ages are coming so fast,  
 Swiftly to you, swiftly to me ;  
 The days of our life-work how soon they are past,  
 And we launch on eternity's sea.

On we are borne by the tide of the years,  
 Swiftly away, swiftly along ;  
 And the rush of eternity sounds in our ears,  
 Though we drown it with laughter and song.

O Lord, clasp us close in Thy sheltering arms,  
 Closer to Thee, Lord, closer to Thee !  
 And soothe Thou our anguish at death's grim alarms,  
 And bring us to dwell in Thy city of palms,  
 Forever and ever with Thee !

—*Mrs. E. A. Hawkins.*

## THIS YEAR.

May this be a year of greater spirituality. As the holy Joseph Alleine wrote from Ilchester prison to his flock at Taunton: "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves; let the world see that the promises of God and the privileges of the Gospel are not empty sounds. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations prove the reality and excellence and beauty of your religion to the world." Aim at an elevated life. Seek to live so near God that you shall not be overwhelmed by those amazing sorrows which you may soon encounter, nor surprised by that decease which may come upon you in a moment suddenly. Let prayer never be a form. Always realize it as an approach to the living God for some specific purpose, and learn to watch for the returns of prayer. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly. That sleep will be sweet, and that awaking hallowed, where a text of Scripture, or a stanza of a spiritual song, imbues the last thoughts of consciousness. See that you make progress. Happy then the New Year if its path were so bright that in a future retrospect your eye could fix

on many a Bethel and Peniel along its track, and your grateful memory could say: "Yonder is the grave where I buried a long-besetting sin; and that stone of memorial marks where God made me triumph over a fierce temptation, through Jesus Christ. Yon Sabbath was the top of the hill where I clasped the Cross and the burden fell off my back: and that Communion was the land of Beulah, where I saw the far-off land and the King in His beauty."

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The year has gone, and come. There is never a vacancy in Time's seat. The echoes of the midnight bell, tolling the departure of the Old Year have hardly died away, ere the joyous peal is heard, ushering in his bright young successor, who comes to each one of us, freighted with such wondrous possibilities. He brings to us fresh opportunities, new duties, or, it may be, only the patient carrying on of the old, but, in a sense, each day's work is new, needing fresh life, renewed strength, added grace.

Could we realize the poet's ideal and obey his call to

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New,  
Ring out the False, ring in the True!"

What a bright new year this would be if we could "ring out" the class distinctions, and antagonisms which have attained so rank a growth among us, the cruel indifference of the rich to the poor, and the deep-seated bitterness of the poor against the rich, and if we could "ring in" the peace on earth, and good-will to men which have been preached for nearly nineteen hundred years, but so little practised even yet, by the professed followers of the Great Peacemaker. Could we ring out the hard feelings caused by differing religious creeds, the narrowness which can see no good in those who fail in pronouncing the cherished shibboleth, and "ring in" the glad time when all believers shall be one in Christ Jesus.

And, oh, how the desire is on the hearts of all our workers that we could "ring out" the drinking habits, and the laws which protect and encourage them! Oh, that we could toll the knell of "society usages" which make it so hard for young men and young women, but especially young men, to keep in the safe path of total abstinence! How we long to "ring in" the time when the saloon door shall be closed, and when so many grocery windows shall not be an object-lesson of Satan, familiarizing our children with the names and the appearance of the alcoholic poison in all its forms.

Ah, but you say, when these and kindred reforms have been "rung in," the millennium will be here. Well, if that is so, then we can all do something to hasten that glorious time. We can, by God's grace, "ring out" the old and the false from our own hearts, and rejoice in the glorious freedom of truth. And, beginning there, like the Macedonian saints, first giving our own selves to the Lord, we shall be ready to be used as He may see best. There is no danger that we will have to stand till the eleventh hour, waiting to be hired; even now His voice is saying, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" There is a startling paradox, which, Dr. Pierson says: "contains the whole philosophy of evangelism."

"Christ *alone* can save the world,  
But Christ cannot save the world *alone*."

He calls for our help, He puts upon us this great honour of being "workers together with Him."

Let us in these first days of the New Year, consecrate ourselves afresh, setting before us higher aims and more exalted ideals than those which have contented us in the past. We must remember that to be truly living we must be growing, we are to be as the light shining ever more and more unto the perfect day. How careful we should be, knowing that we are "epistles," read of those about us, whether it be to the honour of our Lord, or whether it be to bring reproach upon His Name.

As we, in union with Christians throughout the world, open the year with a season of concerted prayer, may we not feel that we are swelling the tide of loving effort, which in God's good time, and we believe that God's time is when He sees His people to be ready, is to

"Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

*Woman's Journal.*

—*Jean Alexander.*

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#### CONTENTMENT.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

—*Archbishop Trench.*

## The Christian Life.

### A HEART OF FIRE.

THE Church that reaches the masses in this indifferent age must be a Church of revivals. She must go to the people with a heart of fire and a hand of love. She must flame with energy, bow down with humility, and bend herself for universal adaptation. Labouring people will never respect a non-labouring Church. A man who toils for bread appreciates a Church that toils for souls. Any denomination with hands and garments too dainty to be soiled by contact with work-begrimed men may as well cease to invite the labouring classes through her portals; they will never go. The masses are ready to be reached and won. Why do not the Churches reach after them? Instead of asking, Why the masses do not crowd into the churches, our question is, Why do not the Churches crowd after the masses? Why? We are impressed by recent remarks from Mr. T. R. Threlfall, Secretary of the Labour Association of England, and one of the most representative and influential workingmen in the United Kingdom. He says: "The masses are just as ready for the truth to-day as they ever were—probably readier—but they should be sought out. Once let even the most degraded and hardened understand that you wish them well, that you desire to lighten their burdens and cheer their lives, and a marvellous result will follow." Again: "For the Churches to go to the masses has been the custom of all revivalists in every age and country. Thus did St. Xavier, when in ragged attire he begged his food and carried the Gospel to India and China; thus did the martyrs of the Reformation, and so did John Wesley and the early Primitives. They sought the people in the streets and amid the haunts of poverty and vice. They were too full of zeal and love to brook delay, and they gathered the congregations for themselves. Probably no more graphic comment could be made upon this complaint than that expressed in the quaint saying of an old preacher, 'In olden times one sermon would convert three thousand sinners, now it takes three thousand sermons to convert one sinner.'"

As a Church we are doing something for the labouring classes and for all the poor, but we need more revival power to convert people of all grades and classes. We want the humble spirit of Christ and the evangelistic power of the apostles after pentecost to keep us alive and growing. Any Church destitute of these elements will ultimately die out of the world. For "a Church without revivals is like a ship without sails. It drifts or sinks

Take the Quakers as a typical case. Originating in a whirl of religious excitement, their ministers, half naked or clothed in sackcloth, travelled from place to place, addressing enormous gatherings in churches, barns and market-places. They had sanguine hopes of enfolding the whole of the Christian brotherhood within their pale; their missionaries went to Europe, Asia, America, and even to Africa; they founded a state and gave promise of amazing power. They thrived under persecution, but decayed under toleration. Since 1689 this Church has never been swept by the fiery breath of revival; it is cultured and wealthy, but it has no hold upon the masses." So will it be with Methodism if she ceases to agonize for revival power. Under God, she must burn with inherent spiritual energy or else grow cold and die. She must adapt herself to every age and country. She must fit her methods to changing conditions. Let other churches build cathedrals; while so many people are poor she will do well to renew her practice of building chapels. Better a great and interested congregation with conversions, sanctifications and other displays of divine power, in a cloth tent or a broad tabernacle, than scant but select audiences with a barren ritual, powerless forms and lifeless services in temples of marble and stone.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

#### THE ONE NAME!

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life; filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live; soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fulness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power; Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption; Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the Mount of God; Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! thou only canst interpret Thy own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at Thy right hand.—*Dr. Bethune.*

## DOING YOUR UTMOST FOR GOD.

Few Christians do their utmost for God. This is true of them in their individual capacity. It is true in regard to giving and doing. Few give to the extent of their ability; many do not give up to the measure of self-indulgence in needless luxuries. Few toil in the Master's service with the diligence and faithfulness they employ in worldly matters. These are confessions that the facts of the case compel and justify.

The people of God on earth are responsible for results, and for the reason, that within their easy reach are faculties sufficient to enable them to do all that is required at their hands. There is no excuse for weakness or insufficiency, much less for indifference or neglect. Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. These are the three characteristics that ought to mark the lives of all professing Christians. Idleness, when one has health and strength, is beyond the range of apology. Laziness is a sin; there is nothing of the Christ's spirit in it or about it. Zeal for God and His cause, fervency of spirit in all enterprises that have relation to the advancement of the kingdom of Christ on earth, must be possessed by all who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus, if they would make men see that spirit and profession and heart are in perfect accord. All this and more is true in regard to serving God. Those who worship Him must do it in spirit and truth.—*Bishop W. F. Mallalieu.*

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BESIDE a manger lowly,  
A mother pale and mild,  
With eyes serene and holy,  
Is watching o'er her child.  
I, too, would gaze and ponder,  
Bowed down in homage low,  
For sight more full of wonder  
This earth did never show.

Across the mists of ages,  
That Infant's form divine,  
Unchanging still, engages  
The heart before His shrine.  
For though in God's anointed,  
The world no charm espies,  
Faith reads the signs appointed,  
" 'Tis Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David.  
The "Shiloh," famed of old,  
The Son of Virgin Mother,  
By prophet's lips foretold,  
Behold the seed of woman,  
Repairer of the Fall,  
The Child Divine, yet human,  
Emanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant, upspringing  
Amid the desert dry!  
Oh, dawn of promise, flinging  
The rays o'er earth and sky!  
Oh, glad and gushing river,  
From Love's own fountain poured,  
Spring up—flow on forever,  
Till all men know the Lord!

## IN DARKEST ENGLAND AND THE WAY OUT.\*

This book is the literary sensation of the day. The first edition was exhausted within three hours of the time of issue. It is characterized by Mr. Stead as "the most epoch-making book of the century." It is worthy of the profoundest study by every lover of his kind, as an heroic attempt to grapple with some of the pressing social problems of the day.

The book is divided into two parts: 1. The Darkness, and 2. The Deliverance. The first part is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and mourning and woe. It is like a chapter from Dante's "Inferno." There are, says General Booth, "a million of souls in the richest country of the world, who would die during one month from starvation, if not relieved by the hand of charity." Add to these the great multitude just above the starvation point, and he asserts that one-tenth of God's Englishmen are doomed to a service of those great Twin Devils, Destitution and Despair. Like the Hebrew prophet, he denounces wickedness and wrong in high places; firms which reduce sweating to a fine art and grind the faces of the poor. "These men nowadays," he says, "are sent to parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to hell, but here we have changed all that; they send their victims to hell, while they are rewarded by all that wealth can give."

General Booth pleads for the thousands of poor wretches who, as Bishop Southey said, "are not so much born into this world as damned into it." He brings a tremendous indictment against the drink system. "Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime," he says, "spring from this poisonous tap-root." With true Christ-like spirit he yearns over the outcast, the disinherited and the lost. He contemplates the salvation not only of the bodies but the souls of these outcasts. "I prophecy,"

he says, "the uttermost disappointment unless the citadel of the heart is reached. If we help the man it is in order that we may change him." He urges the fulfilment of the wonderful words of the prophet (see Isaiah lviii. 6-12). The passage is too long to quote, but our readers, we hope, will refer to it.

The second and major part of the book is devoted to the problem of the deliverance. It is like that thrilling episode in Stanley's narrative, his emergence from the reeking forest of darkest Africa into the bright and beautiful plateau. It is almost like the transition from Dante's nether world to the *Paradiso*. He does not minify the magnitude of the task. He proposes the extension, as described in the December number of this MAGAZINE, of the methods already adopted, at the food and shelter depots of the Salvation Army. During the year 1889, at these depots in London, were sold 496 tons of provisions, besides 116,400 gallons of soup and 14,300 quarts of milk, at prices within the reach of the very poorest—such as soup per basin a  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. for a child and  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for an adult, also supper, lodging, breakfast and a bath for 4d., and if they have not 4d., a chance to earn it. Many thousands have found temporary succour, and many of them salvation as well in these refuges of the Salvation Army. He instances, as a type, the commander of an ocean steamship, who was saved from abject wretchedness and vice, and in a year reappeared in the form of the steamship commander.

He proposes that a salvage corps shall gather up the "fragments that are wasted in London, that nothing be lost." The old bones he would convert into knife-handles and bone dust; the old rags into paper, of which the Salvation Army uses for its periodicals over thirty tons a week; other animal refuse into soap; old

\*In *Darkest England and the Way Out*. By GENERAL BOOTH. 8vo, pp. 285-xxxii. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, \$1.25. Paper, 50 cents.

tin into children's toys and the like. In like manner he proposes to gather the human refuse—waifs and waste and off-scourings of society—and in rural farms, under wholesome and happy auspices, seek their moral and physical regeneration. After suitable training he would draft them away to homes prepared beyond the sea, in South Africa, Australia and Canada.

He proposes to utilize the thousands of square miles that like long ribands line the railway, for raising market produce. He would establish an "employment bureau," which in connection with his farm and factories, would find work for the great army of the unemployed. He would have an advice-bureau for giving council to the multitude of the poor, ignorant and friendless—as for instance the 50,000 poor widows of England and Wales. He proposes an organization to labour under captains of industry, as never before attempted.

To realize this grand dream he asks for £1,000,000—a mere trifle, he says, compared with the sums that Britain lavishes wherever Britons are in need of deliverance if they are imprisoned abroad—as the £9,000,000 spent in the Abyssinian campaign; the \$21,000,000 spent in the Afghan wars. If he receives the sum of half a million dollars he will consider it a sign from God, like the dew was to Gideon's fleece, that he is to undertake this work. Already within a month, half that sum has been secured, all classes from the Prince of Wales to the costermonger, contributing thereto. Statesmen like Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Aberdeen, archbishops and bishops of the Anglican Church, and representative ecclesiastics and laics of every denomination.

The thorough organization of the Salvation Army gives it extraordinary facility for such work. It is the only religious body in the world based upon the principle of implicit obedience. At the command of the General the soldiers must go to the slums of London or of Melbourne. He may leave the Army any day, but while a member of it he must obey like a soldier on the field of battle.

The sway of Ignatius Loyola was

never more absolute than that of General Booth. He has ten thousand officers at his command who will gladly carry out with enthusiasm his orders. By the self-denial for a single week of these poor people, as most of them were, there was raised last year \$100,000.

The Anglican Church, with its thorough parochial organization, might possibly attempt such work, but they could never command the sympathy and co-operation of the nation as this body, belonging to none of the churches yet commanding the respect of all.

The time is past when the Army can be made the butt of the cheap wit of the music halls and of the comic papers. Archbishops and statesmen confer with its founder, as to the solution of social problems which have hitherto defied the wisdom of the wisest. Who knows if, in the providence of God, the Salvation Army has not been raised for the social and moral regeneration of the people? if General Booth has not "gone into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Outside of the United Kingdom the Army exists in a more vigorous operation in Canada, than in any other country. Its thirty-six periodicals, in many different languages, have a circulation of 33,000,000. It holds nearly 50,000,000 religious meetings every week. It has accumulated nearly \$4,000,000 worth of property; it pays for rentals over \$1,000,000 a year, and it has an income of nearly \$4,000,000 a year. Twenty-five years ago its founder was a humble Methodist preacher, who, but for the lack of flexibility and comprehensiveness of the Methodism of the day, might possibly have achieved these great results for that Church.

From some of its methods we strongly dissent; but these are the accident not the essence of its organization. If General Booth succeeds, as we believe he will succeed, in his great scheme for the elevation of the masses, he will prove one of the greatest benefactors of his kind who ever lived. We again commend this book to candid and careful study.

## MESSIANIC PROPHECY.

DR. Workman's paper on this subject in the October number of the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly Review*, has attracted so much attention and has given rise to so much discussion, as to demand at least a brief reference in these pages. With much that that paper contains every one must agree. It expresses many very important truths admirably phrased, and its spirit is reverent and devout. We think unquestionably that the so-called grammatico-historical method of the critical study of the text is the correct one. The scholarly ability which is so conspicuously manifested in the author's able volume on "The Text of Jeremiah," is also apparent in this essay. Nevertheless, the arguments adduced as to the exclusion of Messianic prophecy in its predictive sense from the Old Testament fail to carry conviction to our mind, and we think are, in large degree, erroneous and misleading. Even had we the critical ability, we cannot, of course, in the time and space at our command attempt a formal refutation of this elaborate essay of seventy pages. That would require at least equal space, and much more time than, under the pressure of many engagements, we can command, and much more critical learning than we possess. We cannot but feel it our duty, however, to record our dissent from many of the conclusions at which Prof. Workman has arrived.

Of course, the apologetic use of prophecy has been abused, and the recognition of types and allegories and adumbrations by ingenious theorizing minds have done much harm to the sober exposition of the Scriptures, yet we deem of vital importance the recognition of Messianic prediction in the Old Testament. The doctrine of Messianic atonement, runs, like the scarlet thread through priest's garment, through the warp and woof of the whole tissue of Scripture. The deletion of this seems to us to almost eviscerate the

Old Testament of its very life and spirit.

Prof. Workman seems to us unduly to minify the predictive element in prophesy. On page 417 he says: "In certain cases, doubtless, the prediction might have been suggested by the existing circumstances to a person of great natural sagacity. Owing to their prophetic insight the prophets by their spiritual training might rightly become skilful readers of the signs of the times, as many reverent writers on the subject have suggested." This is, in some cases, possibly true; but it cannot, in our judgment, account for the numerous, minute and circumstantial predictions uttered hundred of years before the time of our Lord which were so manifestly fulfilled in His life and death.

We are not quite sure that we fully understand Prof. Workman's statement that "the essential contents of Messianic prophecy are of an ideal nature, somewhat in the same way that unrealized experience, exceeds realized experience,"—p. 425—and that "there is no passage in which the future Messiah stood objectively before the writer's mind, or in which the prophet made particular and personal reference to the historic Christ"—p. 448.

The distinction between the ideal and real, between the personal and official, between the objective and the subjective, seems in this connection too subtle for ready apprehension. We do not see that Dr. Workman is warranted in making this assertion, or that he can positively assert how far the conception was objective or subjective in the mind of the prophet. When Isaiah 740 years before Christ said in chapter vii., "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," and in chapter ix. exclaims, "Unto us a child is born," and extolled in lofty verse His power as "the mighty God, the everlasting Father,

the Prince of Peace," we fail to see wherein that differs in kind from the prediction of the same prophet concerning Cyrus, calling him by name one hundred years before his reign.

Of course, there is considerable force in what Prof. Workman says concerning interpreting prophecy in the light of its supposed fulfilment; thus reading a meaning into it that we may read it out again, as analogous to the habit of looking for the answer of a problem before attempting its solution.

But if the problem has been very difficult of solution, or wholly insoluble, and if our blessed Lord points out to His doubting disciples that in Him these prophecies have found their fulfilment, why should we not avail ourselves of the key thus furnished to unlock the difficulties of the problem? Many of the predictions of the Apocalypse we think were not designed to make plain to our minds the events to which they refer while still in the future, but to be a perpetual testimony of the divine inspiration of that prophecy *after* the event shall have taken place. So the eyes of the disciples were often holden that they did not discern the true nature of Christ's kingdom and character. But when our Lord put this key of the fulfilment of the Scriptures into their hands, the mystery was unlocked, and they recognized His true Messiahship.

While many of Dr. Workman's applications of the principle of interpretation command assent, yet the general conclusion that "in the Propheticage, Messianic prophecy proper appears; but even here there is no prophetic passage that has an original reference to the New Testament Messiah,"—p 448—strikes us, as it will, we think, strike most Bible readers, with a mental shock. Not all his force of argument will be able to shake the deep-rooted conviction of Messianic prediction, nor induce us to yield assent to the above quoted statement.

Having said this, it is unnecessary to refer at length to the particular prophecies. It seems to us, however, a

"most lame and impotent conclusion" that the celebrated passage in the 3rd chapter of Genesis, the *protevangelium*, given before the expulsion of our first parents from Eden, recognized as a distinct Messianic prediction by the great body of Christian interpreters throughout the Christian centuries, was but the bald and literal statement of the natural "enmity between mankind and serpents."—P. 441. "It has yet to be discovered," says Dr. Clark, "that the serpentine race have any peculiar enmity against mankind; nor is there any proof that men hate serpents more than they do other noxious animals."

When we read twenty-five years ago the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament with Prof. Hirschfelder, to whom the Hebrew tongue is a familiar vernacular, we were deeply impressed with his literal interpretation of these passages as referring predictively to our Lord; and recent conversations upon the subject convince us that he still retains the same interpretation as strongly as ever. It strikes one with a mental shock that even those sacred prophecies of Psalm 22 and Isaiah 53 are explained as having no original reference to Christ or Messianic prediction, although Messianic in their "application."

With the closing pages of Prof. Workman's essay we are much more in accord. There is much that is devout and that is deeply spiritual; much that would make us fain hope that many of the differences of interpretation between Dr. Workman and his critics are differences in manner of expression more than of underlying principle. "The Hebrew Scriptures," he says, "are saturated with Messianic prophecy, but in a sense deeper than Christian people commonly suppose. Because of the divine element in prophecy, the Old Testament is full of Christ, not in the sense of prediction, but in the sense of testimony. From Genesis to Malachi, the prophetic Scriptures, in their lofty ethical conceptions, breathe the spirit of Jesus Christ. 'To Him bear all the prophets witness.' He is the central or focal point, so to speak, in which

all lines of Messianic prophecy converge, not in the predictive, but in the ethical sense of the term.

"As all ethical teaching in the New Testament looks backward to Christ, so all ethical teaching in the Old Testament looks forward to Him. As the manifested truth of God, He embodies or realizes in His own personality the truths and principles of Messianic prophecy." — P. 474.

Nevertheless one cannot but feel that there are vital points of difference between the views taught by Prof. Workman, as we understand them, and the consensus of opinion of the great body of Biblical commentators. Just last Sunday, for instance (December 7), the Sunday-schools of Christendom have been studying the revelation of our Lord to His disciples in the walk to Emmaus after His resurrection, when, "beginning with Moses and all the prophets, He interpreted to them

in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." Throughout Christendom nearly 2,000,000 devout teachers have been instructing 12,000,000 scholars, with the help of the best interpretation that they can procure, the distinctly predictive character of Messianic prophecy. Our own "Sunday-school Banner," for instance, gives references, after Canon Farrar, to twenty-three Old Testament passages of this character. The same teachings are uttered from ten thousand pulpits throughout Christendom. Much of this teaching, it may be said, is uncritical and unscientific, but much of it is fully abreast of the foremost critical investigation of the day. The interpretation which is so enfibred in the heart of Christendom, which has endured through the ages, and is wide as the world, is not to be changed except upon irrefragable evidence such as, in our judgment, has not been, and cannot be, produced.

## Current Topics and Events.

### WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

The question of the eligibility of woman for membership in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States has for some months been prominently before the people of that community. Very strong positions were taken both by official organs and by prominent men on opposite sides of the question. The veteran New York *Christian Advocate*, the *Northern Advocate*, and one or two papers in the South strongly opposed admission. The other official papers were, we think, all in favour of their admission.

The vast preponderance in favour of woman is in the Central and Western States. New York State, which seems to be supposed to be under the special influence of the *Christian Advocate*, is strongly against them; although New Eng-

land, with characteristic independence is strongly for them.

It will be remembered that previous to the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church some five or six ladies, one of the most conspicuous of whom was Miss Frances Willard, were elected delegates to that General Conference. That body, however, after an animated and somewhat heated debate, refused to recognize their eligibility, and referred the question to the vote of the local churches. The New York *Independent* of December 18 gives the returns from 112 Districts. There were 59 Conferences represented in the total vote of 102,000, and there was a majority in favour of the women of 16,614. There are, in all, at home and abroad, 500 Districts, but as these represented all parts of the country, it is probable that the proportion of the votes will

not be greatly altered. This gives a majority of about one-fifth in favour of the election of women to the General Conference.

During the discussion special stress has been laid upon the *dichthm* of St. Paul, that women should keep silence in the churches. On the same principle women should go about closely veiled as in the East. (See Cor. xi. 5 and 6.) Certainly if women keep silence in the Methodist Churches, some of the best and wisest things will remain unsaid.

Fifty years ago domestic work engrossed almost the entire energies of women. They carded and spun the wool, and dyed and wove the cloth; made the garriments, and even the carpets, and did much manual work which is now accomplished by the tireless sinews and nimble fingers of machinery. With their ample leisure has come the opportunity for ampler culture in women's colleges and educational institutions. At the same time God is opening fields of usefulness in many ways and in many lands—in succouring the needy, in visiting the sick, in remembering the forgotten, in carrying brightness and gladness to many a saddened life; and, in mission lands, in pouring upon the dark zenana the light of the Gospel.

Whereas fifty years ago about half a dozen meagre employments were open to women to earn a living, there are now nearly five hundred honourable occupations wide open to her entrance. Especially in church life and church work is her presence felt. The majority of our congregations and membership are women. They do more than their full share in the great sphere of Sunday-school work and as missionary collectors. Especially through the organization of those wonderfully successful institutions, "The Woman's Missionary Society" and "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," have they achieved marvellous results. It does not seem to be a very extravagant request that, where churches desire it, they may be allowed to send some elect ladies to represent such important interests in the great councils of the Church. Such seems

the prevailing sentiment among the Episcopal Methodists of the United States. The vote was not a heavy one, but it is claimed was as heavy as could be obtained on almost any question. The experience of churches in which women have the right to election—as the Baptists, the Congregationalists and the Quakers—has not indicated that anything very revolutionary would be likely to take place were such right granted in the Methodist Episcopal Church. As the *Christian Union* well remarks: "The opening of the pulpit to women will not be likely to result in any real increase in the sacred desk of feminine teachers. The platform is as open to women as to men, but women lecturers are very rare, and women political orators still rarer."

#### DR. KOCH.

The discovery of Dr. Koch is a splendid illustration of the triumph of science. He is well figured in an English cartoon as Perseus flying to rescue Andromeda, bound, as it seems, in her death doom. His discovery of a consumption cure will be like life from the dead to thousands. There are those who claim against the endless experiments of abstract science. Of what use are all those retorts and crucibles and alembics and test-tubes to the daily needs of man! Well-nigh three hundred years ago, Bacon declared that the dews of science that distilled upon the mountain tops would, in time, trickle to the far-off plain and benefit and bless all mankind. The abstruse studies carried on for years by a Pasteur, a Lister and a Koch have found antidotes to some of the most terrible diseases which decimated mankind. They have brought joy and hope to broken hearts and saddened homes, and have appreciably lengthened and brightened human life. Compared with such victories as these, how ignoble are those of war! Bismarck declares that but for him, three great wars, which cost 80,000 lives and an incomparable amount of suffering and sorrow would never have occurred. But who would not prefer to

win the benediction of millions of sufferers, to be the saviour of innumerable lives and the benefactor of mankind.

#### THE FALL OF PARNELL.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the revulsion throughout English-speaking lands at the lapse from virtue of the trusted leader of the Irish Home Rule party. Thirty years ago even more pronounced lapses than that of Parnell scarce attracted attention. But so great has been the advance in public morality that he is hurled from his pedestal of power into deserved ignominy and contempt. The man who to-day will be a patriot and a hero must be a man who will command the moral respect of his fellow-men.

The erratic and ill-starred career of Mr. Parnell since his deposition seems to well illustrate the old saying, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat." The man seems, like a frenzied Malay, to be running "amuck" among his former friends and supporters. He has shown himself a thoroughly selfish, reckless egotist, ready rather to wreck and ruin his party than to sink into deserved obscurity to which his shameless libertinism should consign him. Seldom have the words of Wolsey to Cromwell been more strikingly fulfilled: "And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer; never to rise again."

#### STANLEY.

A considerable number of the people of Canada have had the opportunity of seeing the great African explorer, Stanley, and hearing from his own lips the thrilling account of rescue of Emin Pasha. One cannot withhold the need of praise for the pluck and courage and dauntless dar-

ing of the great explorer—probably the greatest explorer who ever lived. But one cannot help feeling that his last exploit was in many respects a failure. At the cost of hundreds of lives and ineffable suffering he rescued a man who did not want to be rescued, and was unworthy of rescue and who would not stay rescued. Stanley's greatest exploit, that for which he will live in history is his finding of Livingstone and his founding of the Free State of the Congo. It is questionable how far a great expedition, armed with repeating rifles, machine guns and the most deadly engineering of war has the right to plough a furrow of death through primitive tribes and bring to pass the dreadful tragedy but partially revealed to the world in the story of the "Rear-Column."

#### DR. JOHNSTON.

AN entirely different sort of hero is the tall, gaunt, homely, Scottish preacher who left Toronto a few days ago to lead a forlorn hope of eight coloured men into the heart of darkest Africa to preach the Gospel of peace and salvation. Without arms, without prestige, without royal patronage, they go forth not knowing whither they go, but trusting in the power of God to preserve and direct them and to bless their labours. However much we may hear about "the Gospel riding for'ad on a powder cart," we deem the nobler and more heroic method that of taking one's life in one's hand and going forth like the primitive apostles without sword or staff, scrip or purse. Such men as Moffatt, and Livingstone, and Johnston, are to our mind truer heroes than those who with carnal weapons seek to win their victories through the slaughter of their fellow-men.

I WATCH the old moon in its slow decline,  
So pass, Old Year; beyond life's stormy sea!  
Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me  
I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.  
So, fearless, 'mid the wild bells mingled din,  
I ope the door and let the New Year in:

—Independent.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The calls for help from Southern India are incessant. Rev. Mr. Burgess who visited Canada a few years ago, and greatly delighted those who were privileged to hear him in Toronto and Montreal, writes that the baptisms this year number two hundred, and will probably be doubled before the year ends. The missionaries have to decline to enter villages because they have not means to supply evangelists. Already five houses are required in as many places, where there are small native churches. Scores of inquirers are enrolled, and hundreds more are anxious to learn of Christ.

Another anniversary of West London Mission has been held, and was eminently successful. In three years wonderful things have been accomplished. There are now four ministers, two lay-agents and seventeen sisters at work, and all the meetings are crowded. At least five hundred persons have been redeemed from sin and misery. A call is made for \$15,000 to reimburse the general account, and \$5,000 more for Mrs. Hughes' Shelter Home.

One-fifth of the entire population of Cornwall attends Wesleyan places of worship, and one-third of these are members of society. Out of five hundred local preachers, only eighty-two are incapable of service. Several chapels are used for reading-rooms, young men's societies, Rechabite and Good Templar Lodges, etc.

The Fund "in memory of John Wesley," is making progress. Over \$50,000 have been promised. A scheme has been inaugurated for to raise \$50,000 for the "London Missions," and another for a "Children's Memorial" to John Wesley. Mr. McArthur suggests that the children's pence thus contributed, should

be expended in "A Memorial Window" in City Road Chapel.

Leeds Methodists have lately been unusually active in church extension. A bazaar was held at Brunswick Place, which in four days realized \$11,150.

Fifty-four new books had been published, one of which is Rev. E. R. Young's, "By Canoe and Dog Train," which has had a good sale. The largest sale has been hymn-books. The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* should command a better sale, with a constituency of more than a million adherents, and yet it has only 9,000 subscribers.

The income of the Missionary Society has declined \$40,000. The ex-President said that "many of the subscriptions represent the parings of superfluity rather than offerings involving genuine self-denial."

Mr. Lethaby, a local preacher, who has been labouring as a missionary in the land of Moab, has been enjoying a short furlough in England, and has returned to his field of labour. He wanted a reinforcement of labourers, but was obliged to return alone. He declares that the Arabian fields are "white unto the harvest," and entreats British Christians to pray that labourers may soon be raised up.

Our friends in Japan are labouring for the future. They are taking steps to establish a Book Room, and contemplate soon to have a Church paper published.

Among the recently elected members of the Japanese House of Representatives there are ten members of Churches, one of whom at least is a Methodist.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee has been held

at Boston. The Methodists of that city gave the Committee a royal welcome, and a grand social banquet was given in honour of the event.

The total receipts for the year were \$1,135,271, an increase of \$37,000 from collections. The bishops who had returned from their visits to the various mission fields at home and abroad spoke earnest words on their behalf.

Bishop Mallalieu said, respecting Bulgaria: "Forty of our earliest converts were murdered by the Turks, and the work broken up.

One Sunday I was there we had five services, and the church was crowded to the doors. Turks and Barbarians, Scythians, and all the rest that Paul enumerates almost, were there. A young man was converted in Bulgaria while setting up the Discipline.

Bishop Taylor's faith is strong in the Pauline plan of self-supporting missions. He contends that genuine progress is being made along the west coast of the Congo in the establishing of light and power.

Bishop Thorburn stirred all hearts as he spoke of the great awakening which is taking place in India. A native preacher had written him that "he had baptized sixty-five persons in three days, and wants \$40 to build a place of worship. He has started three churches in the villages." At another place, visited by the Bishop a year ago, five hundred persons have since been baptized. The Bishop estimates that not less than eight thousand will be baptized this year.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Dr. David Morton says that \$430,000 has been raised in the past eight years for church extension. Out of this fund 1,900 churches have been aided.

A bronze statue of Commodore Vanderbilt is to be erected at Vanderbilt University, Nashville.

Rev. S. P. Jones and J. P. Culpepper have been to Meriden, Miss., and have had wonderful success. On Sunday afternoon, November 16,

fully 7,000 men rose to their feet and surged forward, many weeping and some shouting, to pledge themselves to lead better lives.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The memorial stones of a new church were recently laid at Leicester. An address was delivered by Sir James Whitehead, ex-Mayor of London. The building will cost \$26,000. Sir James spoke strongly in favour of the Methodist Union movement; expressed the hope that all the branches of Methodists would soon form one body.

The Lavling Medical Mission in China is doing a good work; 5,231 cases were treated last year.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

A mission was inaugurated at Bolton a year ago; the first anniversary was recently held; the cause has greatly prospered.

Harvest thanksgiving services have been held in several places with remarkable success. In one circuit, Callington, thirteen such services were held.

Greenbank Circuit, Plymouth, reports great financial success. In one year \$4,235 were raised for all purposes.

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Our brethren in the Eastern Provinces have been called to mourn the death of another of their ministers, Rev. J. V. Jost. He commenced his itinerant career in 1837, and retired from the active work in 1873.

Rev. F. Smallwood was a native of Birmingham, England, and was converted under a sermon delivered by the late Dr. Beaumont. He became a candidate for the ministry in 1837, and travelled until 1863. His latter years were spent at Charlotte-town, P.E.I., where he was greatly beloved.

Henry H. McMillan, a probationer in Toronto Conference, retired last year and went to California hoping to be restored to health, but he has been called to his eternal home.

Our brethren in Newfoundland

are waging war against the rum-fiend. We are glad to find that the Roman Catholic, as well as Protestant Churches, are resolved to battle against this foe.

Branches of the Epworth League are also being formed at various places in Newfoundland. At St. John's, the members are making themselves useful in visiting vessels and distributing tracts. The Vice-Principal of the College, Mr. West, had also established a night school, which many young persons attend.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, of Japan, has accepted the chair of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in the Maclay College.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Ottawa by Sir John Macdonald.

A new church in Toronto bears the honored name of Epworth, carrying us back to the cradle of Methodism.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have held a successful evangelistic service at Portage la Prairie. One meeting was held for men only, when the hall was packed to the doors. No such gathering was ever seen within its walls before.

The Rev. David Savage has been holding successful revival meetings in Western Ontario.

It is delightful to read of the numerous branches that are being formed in connection with the Epworth League. Four reports coming in one day announce the organization of branches aggregating 175 young persons. The new journal, *Onward*, will be sure to receive, as it deserves, a large circulation among the young people, for whose special benefit it is published.

The annual meetings of the Woman's Missionary Societies in the various Conferences have this year been of more than ordinary interest. At some of them, Mrs. Tate from British Columbia and Mrs. Large from Japan were present. Mrs. Tate stated that there are 35,000 Indians in British Columbia, one-half of whom are not brought under any Christian influence. Infidels circulate their poison-

ous literature among the Indians as fast as they learn to read, and they are quick to learn. Whiskey, she said, is a fearful evil; and the practice of flattening the heads of infants is cruel, and destroys all that is good and noble in them. In one tribe the heads of infants are bound till they assume the shape of a sugar loaf.

Mrs. Large's statements excited great sympathy. The sufferings she has endured in connection with the martyrdom of her husband has made her a heroine. Her heart is in the work, and she is in great demand for meetings. Among other statements which she made, were the following: "In 1889, there were 31,000 Christians in Japan, who gave \$50,000 in one year, and one must remember that first-class carpenters, etc., receive forty cents per day, and so understand what this amount means. The Woman's work is divided into scholastic and evangelistic. The Azabu school has been in operation for six years. Of the 900 pupils passed through their hands, 200 have become Christians."

The French Institute in Montreal sends a good report. The attendance is much larger than was anticipated. The day-schools in the suburbs of the city act as feeders to the Institute, and contribute not a little toward the congregations of the churches. The teachers' duties are very difficult, inasmuch as many of the pupils have but little knowledge of the English language.

F. H. Torrington, Esq., the accomplished organist of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, is to be congratulated on the success which has accompanied his establishment of the college of music in this city. It is on all hands admitted that to no single cause is the development of a high-class musical taste and culture in this city and province so largely due as to the persistent labours for several years of Mr. Torrington.

## Book Notices.

*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.* Quarto, pp. 2,118. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price, full sheep, \$12-50; indexed, \$13.50.

We have used Webster's Unabridged for twenty-five years, and have always found it an exceedingly reliable and satisfactory dictionary. Successive revisions have kept it abreast of the advances in philological science, but this new book is in advance, we think, of every other. It is not a mere revision; it is a new book from cover to cover; printed from new plates, cast from new type, the whole reset, enlarged and improved, bringing it in every department up to date. It has not been a hurried revision; it has been in progress for over ten years, and has engaged the services of more than one hundred editorial labourers. Before the first copy was printed there was expended upon this new book a sum exceeding \$300,000.

The page is considerably larger than in the old Unabridged, and is very clearly printed. The black-faced type make the catch-words, moreover, very distinct. A feature of great importance is the enumeration of synonyms with their careful discrimination in connection with all important words. The derivation of words and their pronunciation are carefully indicated, and their proper use illustrated by citation from a very wide range of authors.

Pictorial illustration is more largely used than ever by means of small, clear engravings in the text and by classified list at the end of the volume, covering eighty-two pages. In the numerous departments of science the definitions and illustrations are especially helpful, so that the book really becomes almost a cyclopædia. The different combinations of the word "photo-," for instance, as pho-

tograph, etc., fill completely two columns, with seventy-five titles. The combinations of "phon-," such as phonograph, cover forty titles, and those of "phos-," as in phosphorus, thirty-two titles. These are but specimens of the very careful treatment of the recent applications of science. Eight coloured plates are prefixed, giving the official flags, seals, arms, etc., of the nations of the world; also a very full and succinct history of the English language, by Prof. James Hadley, LL.D., of Yale College; also guides to pronunciation, orthography, etc.

A series of valuable appendices are added, giving the names of noted persons and places in fiction and familiar pseudonyms, covering thirty-one pages; a pronouncing gazetteer, or geographical dictionary of the world, containing over 21,000 titles, filling ninety-five pages; a vocabulary of Greek and Latin proper names covering nineteen pages; quotations from classical and modern authors twelve pages; and a biographical dictionary containing 10,000 names. So complete is this latter that even the name of so humble an individual as the present writer is included.

The definitions in important departments: as architecture, botany, chemistry, geology, law, mechanics, medicine, music, physiology, etc., have been revised by experts in these different departments.

The whole book is a magnificent specimen of book-making and book-binding—strong, firm and flexible, with a patent leather index in the margin. The price of this book in best style is \$12.50, with leather index, \$13.50.

### *Word Studies in the New Testament.*

By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D.  
Volume III. The Epistles of St. Paul, Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians,

Philemon. 8vo, pp. xl-565., New York: Scribner & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$4.00.

We have already expressed our high appreciation of the admirable critical apparatus which Dr. Vincent has placed in the hands of Biblical students in the earlier volumes of this excellent series of "Word Studies." The success of those volumes has been so marked as to demand the re-issue in the second edition of the studies of the synoptical Gospels, the Acts and the Epistles of James, Peter and Jude. The purpose of these studies is to give the very mind of the Spirit, by a critical examination of the words of the text, with the aid of all the light which most recent philological investigation can focus upon it. This is the only way in which the Scriptures can be intelligently studied and their meaning ascertained.

Dr. Vincent's many years' experience as Baldwin Professor of Sacred Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, has given him the ripened ability to perform this task in a masterly manner. Many of these studies are well-nigh exhaustive of the subject. He devotes, for instance, five pages to the word "righteousness" in Romans i. 17. His criticism is not entirely textual; there is, for instance, a comprehensive note of twenty pages on St. Paul's argument in Romans ix., x., and xi. Of this epistle he says, "It must be grasped entire, no portion of the New Testament lends itself to more dangerous distortions of truth through fragmentary use." An introduction of forty pages gives a preliminary conspectus of the scope of the epistles.

Dr. Vincent notes certain words which seem to have a fascination for the writer, as if they gathered into themselves the significance of whole masses of thought. "Sometimes," he says, "Paul dwells on them caressingly as 'the God of all comfort Who comforteth us that we may be comforted with the comfort wherewith we are comforted.'" Speaking of Second Corinthians,

he says, "It is surcharged with passionate emotion. No one of St. Paul's epistles is so intensely personal, here only he reveals two of those great spiritual experiences which belong to the Christian's inmost personal life, crises which are secrets between a man and his God. One of these—the thorn in the flesh—is a crisis of agony; the other—the rapture into the third heaven—a crisis of ecstasy." In this epistle "ecstatic thanksgiving, cutting irony, self-assertion and self-abnegation, commendation, warning and authority, paradox, apology, all meet and cross and scethe, yet out of the swirling eddies rise, like rocks, grand Christian principles and inspiring hopes."

Speaking of the Epistle to the Ephesians, he says, "In the writing of Paul's equals this in liturgical majesty of its movement; Romans has the ever-deepening flow of a stately river; Second Corinthians, the rush of a rapid; Ephesians is the solemn swell of a calm sea."

From these extracts may be seen with what poetic insight the author enters into the spirit of the Pauline epistles. No less conspicuous is the critical acumen and dialectic skill with which he expounds their meaning.

*In Scripture Lands: New Views of Sacred Places.* BY EDWARD L. WILSON. With 150 illustrations from original photographs by the author. 8vo, pp. xvi.-386. New York: Chas. Scribner & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.75.

The lands of the Bible have a perennial interest to every reader of the Word of God. Especially is this true of

"Those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those  
blessed feet,  
Which eighteen hundred years ago  
were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter  
cross."

Many Bible illustrations are either idealized by the artist or hackneyed by frequent repetition. Mr. Wilson's

admirable engravings are neither one nor the other. They are faithful as a photograph can make them, and even familiar scenes are often taken from a new point of view. By their aid the stay-at-home traveller can get a better conception of those historic regions than ever before. The author devotes a chapter to the land of Goshen, and two others to Sinai and the wilderness. The account of Petra, that wonderful rock-hewn city, is of unique interest and sumptuous illustration. On account of the difficulty of the journey and the inhospitality and treacherous disposition of the natives, few travellers have been able of late years to visit these strange ruins, which fact gives to these numerous illustrations a special and permanent value. The full-cut page of the Bedouins in the Khuzneh Gorge is but a hint of the perils of such explorations.

A chapter is given on the search for Kadesh; two others to the south country and round about Jerusalem, with special excursus to the site of Calvary in the light of the most recent discovery. Then the author goes to Samaria, Nazareth, Galilee, and across the Lebanon to Damascus. The photographs from which the cuts are copied at ten cents each, would cost \$15; and here they are copied, with a descriptive and elucidatory text, in a handsome volume for a quarter of that sum.

*Christmas in Song, Sketch and Story.*

Nearly three hundred Christmas Songs, Hymns and Carols, Selected by J. P. McCASKEY. 4to, pp. 320. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

It was a happy thought to collect the best of the Christmas songs, chansons and roundelays which through the ages have gladdened the gracious Christmas-tide in many lands and in many tongues. Mr. McCaskey, the successful compiler of "Harpers' Franklin Square Song Collection," has not only furnished the words but

also the music of these varied Christmas carols, which music is often quaint and peculiar. Many of those carols go back to the very birth of Christian hymnody, and are invested with a thousand tender recollections. Appropriate Christmas selections from Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Abbott, Berthold Auerbach, Chas. Dickens, and N. B. Warren, accompany the songs; also over a score of beautiful Christmas pictures, after Bouguereau, Defregger, Dielman, Botticelli, Raphael and other masters. The book gives an immense amount of music—two hundred and seventy-five tunes with words—to say nothing of the other text for the price.

*The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland.* By T. W. KNOX. Small quarto, pp. 536. Copiously illustrated. New York: Harper Bros. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$3.

Col. Knox has rendered invaluable service to the young people of two continents by combining in such a high degree useful information and delightful entertainment as he has in his admirable system of the "Boy Travellers" in the Far East, in Russia and on the Congo, in Australasia, Mexico, etc. The young folk will read these books with avidity for the sake of the pleasant story, and cannot help learning a great deal both of the history and the geography, the manners and customs of foreign lands. The volume for the current year, to Canadian, and indeed to all, English-speaking readers, is of still greater interest, we believe, than any previous volume. It takes one back to that dear old land which so many of us regard either as our own birth-land or as the land of our fathers. It gathers up their interesting tales and traditions, and illustrates by nearly four hundred engravings, many of them of rare artistic merit, the most famous historic places, scenic attractions, quaint customs and the like. The family party whose adventures it recounts land at Queenstown, visit Cork and Killarney, Dublin, Belfast,

the Giant's Causeway, etc. They then cross to Glasgow, visit Edinburgh, the Trossachs, Iona, Staffa, the Hebrides, traverse the famous Caledonian canal, visit Perth, Inverness and the whole border region, so full of legend and tradition. Old York is splendidly illustrated as also are Whitby and Scarborough, the Lake District, the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Chester, Cornwall, Exeter, Plymouth, Stafford, Warwick, Oxford, winding up with the prolonged visit in London, with graphic sketches of London society. We know no more instructive book to introduce an intelligent boy or girl to some of the more salient features of the history and literature of Great Britain and Ireland. Excellent route maps greatly enhance the value of the book.

*The Supremacy of Law.* By JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 239. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This excellent volume by Bishop Newman is not exactly a course of lectures on the Ten Commandments taken consecutively, but it covers the ground of the Decalogue very comprehensively. The author brings from the resources of his wide reading corroborations and side lights from the ancient religions of the world to illumine and enforce the law given from Mount Sinai. He treats in a series of ten lectures, the author of law, the promulgation of law, the mission of law, the law of reverence, of rest, of home, the rights of life, of property, of fame, and the law of purity. Bishop Newman is one of the most polished writers of the Methodist Church, and in this book he is about at his best. The book is handsomely printed.

*The Philosophy of Christian Experience.* By RANDOLPH S. FOSTER. Third Series. 8vo, pp. 188. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto; William Briggs.

Bishop Foster is, we think, the most philosophical theologian of the Methodist Church. Of his ability

his great work on the Christian theology is a lasting monument. In this book he gives us eight lectures, delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University on the Merrick foundation. He ably discusses, from the point of view of Christian experience and theological science, the important theme of this volume. He treats the limitations and definitions; the implication and conditioning grounds of experience; its process and elements; forgiveness and regeneration; the antecedent history and principles which colour experience; facts which condition experience subsequent to regeneration; and finally, some phases of experience and possibilities of grace. From this enumeration it will be seen how broad is the scope of his treatment; and the ability of the author will guarantee its philosophical value.

*Education and the Higher Life.* By J. L. SPALDING, Bishop of Peoria. Pp. 210. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

It is a good many years ago since John Foster wrote his famous essay on "Objections of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." Since that time a notable change has taken place in the apprehension of persons of culture of the responsibilities incurred through their superior advantages. A noble spirit of altruism has largely taken the place of the refined selfishness of the dilettanti of the former age. The earnestness of modern life awakens in many a heart the question, "What do we more than others?" The admirable volume of Bishop Spalding is the outcome of such feelings. These essays are characterized by an elevation of thought and an earnestness of purpose which are well adapted to stir the soul to nobler impulses and fuller consecration in the service of God and man. Among the subjects treated are: "Culture and the Spirit of the Age," "Ideals," "Self-culture," "Growth and Duty," "Right Human Life," and "University Education." Not merely to university graduates, but to all who

are seeking mental and moral elevation, this book will give many helpful hints.

*The Lost Centuries of Britain.* By W. H. BABCOCK. Pp. 239. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

The somewhat enigmatic name of this book refers to the obscure period between the departure of the Romans and the reorganization of society in the sixth century, the long submergence of Britain in a sea of darkness, unique perhaps in history of any European country. To this period belong the dramatic story of Hengist and Vortigern, of the beguiling Rowena, of Ambrose the Prince of the Sanctuary, and of the famous court of King Arthur and his Round Table. It is a dreamland of enchantment, the home of myths and shades, of ghostly battles and unreal adventures. Mr. Babcock has exhaustively studied the early literature of the subject, and has endeavoured to give "a local habitation" as well as "a name" to the striking actors and events of that period—a period which has furnished more subjects for splendid poetry, mediæval and modern, than, probably any other. It is a fascinating task admirably executed.

As we close this volume we feel that we have much clearer ideas of that important formative period of English history than we ever had before.

*System of Christian Theology.* By H. B. SMITH, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. xx.-641. New York: A. C. Armstrong and the Willard Tract Society, Toronto.

Dr. Smith's "Theology," first published in 1834, has taken its place as a standard work. Of this the fact that the present is the fourth edition is satisfactory evidence. Dr. Smith now rests from his labour, but his works do follow him. This book is carefully edited by Dr. W. S. William Karr, Professor of Theology in the Hartford Theological Seminary. The present edition has an introduction

by the learned Dr. Hastings, President of Union Theological Seminary, and is admirably indexed and well annotated. Although Dr. Smith's point of view is that of an orthodox Presbyterian, yet, such is the strength of his treatment of the august themes of this volume, that it is quoted on *both* sides in recent discussions. By special arrangement with Dr. Smith's family, this new edition is issued at the low price of \$2.00.

*Life's Phases.* By JAMES STARK. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 85 cents.

This is a series of admirably written essays on some of the salient experiences of the human being from the cradle to the grave. The topics treated are: "At Home," "At School," "At the Divine Bar," "At the Cross," "At Church," "At the Footstool," "At our Wits' End," "At War," "At Work," "At Leisure," "At Play," "At the Altar," "At the Threshold," and "At Rest." These essays are very thoughtful, suggestive and full of wise counsels. They are marked by distinctive literary merit, and abound in graphic illustrative incidents. A choice selection of pertinent mottoes, citing some of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of the day, is prefixed to each chapter.

*The Protestantism of the Prayer Book.* By DYSON HAGUE, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, N.S., Octavo. Pp. xix-171. Toronto: William Briggs.

While there is a party in the Church of England which rejects the good old name of Protestant, it is a pleasure to find such a strong and cogent treatise in defence of that time-honoured name, and of the thing which it signifies, as the volume before us. Mr. Dyson Hague devotes some introductory paragraphs to the anti-Protestant reaction of recent times; he then proceeds to demonstrate the essential Protestantism of the Prayer Book. He notes three special characteristics—it

-is common prayer, it is in the language of the people, it is Scriptural. He notes also the wide contrast between the Reformed Litany and that of the Roman Catholic Church. The Communion service he shows is not the Mass nor the semi-Protestantism service of 1549, but one essentially Protestant. He asserts, although some will not agree with him, that the Roman doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is not found in the Prayer Book. So also with the doctrine of Absolution. He shows, too, how un-Protestant is the auricular confession, which Canon Knox Little and his school so strongly urge. Mr. Hague has rendered a good service to his Church by his excellent treatise.

*An Old Chronicle of Leighton.* By SARAH SELINA HAMER, Author of "Barbara Leybourne." Crown 8vo, pp. 384. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

The accomplished author of "Barbara Leybourne" gives us in this book another characteristic and well-drawn study of the same period, the beginning of this century. It describes life in a quaint old village in one of the northern counties, about the time when the "tickety tack" of the hand looms began to give place to the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. It was a troublous time; there were wars and rumours of wars. Commercial suffering and social disorganization were characteristic of the period. These came to a crisis when the turbulent "Luddites" invaded the town for the purposes of pillaging the shops and smashing the machinery. A striking character in humble life is the homely little Kezia, who staunchly stands by her mistress in defence of their little shop, with a chivalrous feeling "linking the poor freckled workhouse girl, back through the ages, to the brotherhood of knights, to Gareth the kitchen knave, to Sir Galahad and Lancelot, aye, even to King Arthur himself." As a study of the times, with a pleasing narrative in-

terest and some well rendered vernacular, the book is well-worth reading.

*The Stronger Will.* By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Pp. 306. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 90 cents.

This attractive story, by the author of "Oliver Langton's Ward," and several other tales, has withstood the critical test of publication as a serial in *Cassell's Family Magazine*. It loses none of its attraction by being brought into one volume. It is a tale of the somewhat complicated relations of English society; of a very enigmatical uncle, a favourite niece, a rightful heir whom the uncle's prejudice is about to dispossess and whom, the "stronger will" of the beautiful heroine of the story—a fine character study—reinstates in his rightful position and solves a vexed problem by marrying him. The books of this house are admirably gotten up and beautifully illustrated and bound.

*Glimpses of Glory.* Edited by "ZETHAR." Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a reprint of a number of excellent selections from leading religious writers. Its purpose is to furnish incentives to holy living, an antidote to weariness in well-doing, and comfort for the bereaved and afflicted, which purpose it very effectively subserves.

• LITERARY NOTE.

*The Atlantic Monthly* is, in our judgment, the foremost of literary magazines in the United States. It depends entirely upon the high character of its contributions apart from the attractions of pictorial illustrations. Its announcement for 1891 is particularly strong, including contributions from Dr. Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Parkman, Prof. Osborn, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling and other distinguished writers. It is clubbed with the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* at a considerable reduction from its subscription price.