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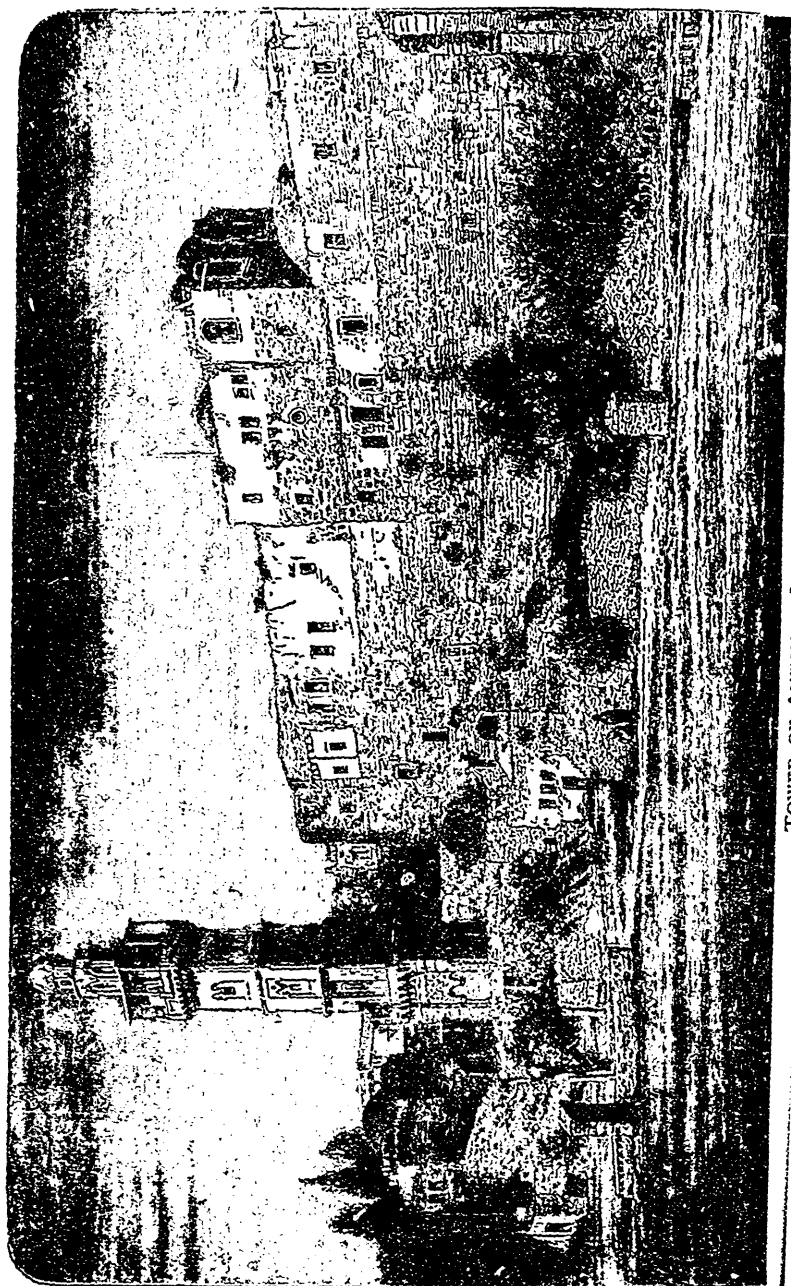
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TOWER OF ANTONIA, JERUSALEM.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1879.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

III.



ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

ON the 25th of May, 1874, Dr. Ridgaway and his companions in travel rode out of Jerusalem on their journey to Northern Palestine. Reining up their horses on the highest point of the hill Scopus, where the army of Titus encamped, they took their last lingering look at the Holy City. There rose its gray and venerable crenelated walls, the twin domes of

the Holy Sepulchre, the vast and beautiful dome of the Mosque of Omar, and the massive masonry and elegant minaret of the traditionary tower of Antonia, now a Turkish fortress.

After gazing wistfully on the scene, one of the most thrilling in the world, they rode northward to Samaria and Galilee. Bethel, the scene of Jacob's vision and vow; Shiloh, the resting-place of the ark and scene of the death of Eli; and Sychar, with Jacob's well, in turn stirred their devout recollections. The well

truly is deep,—in 1838 it was 105 feet, and in the time of our Lord must have been deeper,—and there was nothing wherewith to draw. Hard by were Gerizim and Ebal, the mounts of blessing and cursing. By actual test our author found that, notwithstanding the cavils of infidels, the words of the law could be distinctly heard in the valley, as described in Deut. xxvii. and Joshua viii. 33-35. The story of Jotham (Judges ix. 7) was also corroborated. On the summit of Gerizim are the ruins of the ancient temple of the Samaritans, and here, alone in the world, the feast of the Passover is celebrated after the Mosaic ritual. The Samaritans, “the oldest and smallest sect in the world,” now number only 120 persons. In their synagogue at Nablous, the ancient Shechem or Sychar, is preserved the venerable MS. of the Pentateuch, claimed to have been written by “Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron,” 3,500 years ago! It is probably of the seventh century.

The ruins of Samaria, the capital of the wicked Ahab, indicate a city of great splendour, probably the work of Herod the Great. At Dothan is shown Joseph’s Pit! Riding across the Plain of Esdraelon, the bloody field of so many battles, Jezreel is reached, the scene of Jezebel’s unhappy fate. Her tower and the field of Naboth are still pointed out.

The valley of Jezreel and the Mountains of Gilboa, coupled with two of the most important events in the history of the Jews—the victory of Gideon and the defeat and death of Saul—were duly visited, and Nain, the scene of one of Christ’s most striking miracles.

Somewhat to the west of the present route of our tourists, but visited by them in a former journey, the Wady Heshbon pours its flood into the Jordan. The waters of the stream, arrested by rocky obstructions, collect in deep dark pools, in which the fish love to hide, and reflect on their placid surface the surrounding landscape and the blue cloud-flecked sky overhead. Probably this feature of placid beauty is the key to the simile in the Song of Solomon: “Thine eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon.” Cant. vii. 4. Certainly the comparison is not inappropriate between the deep dark pool and the lustrous eyes of the woman of Moab sitting beside it, as shown in the engraving.

Our author vindicates the claims of Tabor as the Mount of Transfiguration, against those of Hermon, and, passing through

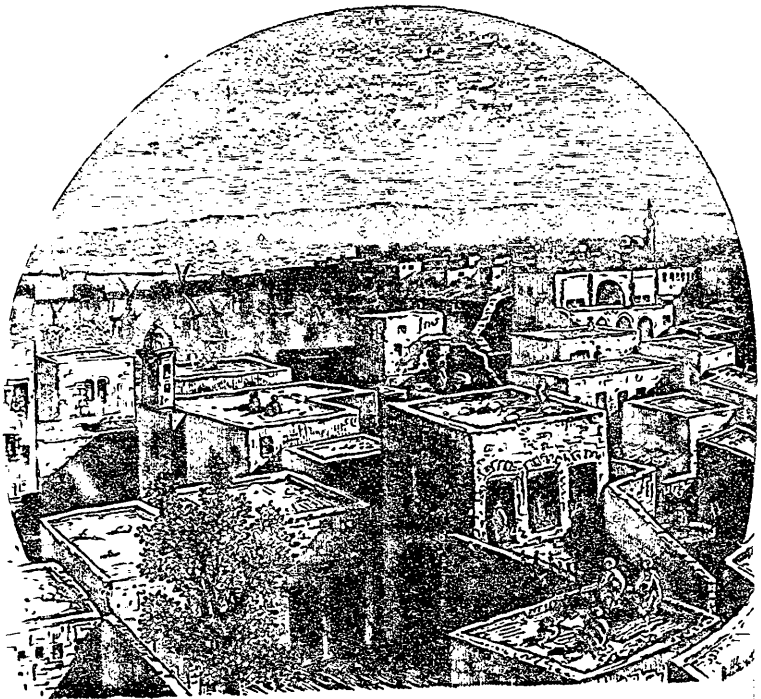
Cana of Galilee, reaches Nazareth, with its memories of the child Jesus, of Mary, the blessed among women, and of Joseph, the village carpenter. The women of Nazareth, as a special



POOLS OF HESBON.

grace to the Virgin, says Antoninus Martyr, are noted for their remarkable beauty. Monkish traditions have done their best to

vulgarize the associations of that hidden life of our Lord for thirty years. The kitchen of Mary, the workshop of Joseph, the cave of the Annunciation, and other traditional sites are shown. With better assurance one may believe the Virgin actually drew water from the well at the gate of the city, and that on the embosoming hills the child Jesus played and the Man of Nazareth held communion with God. The same scene,—Hermon, with its crown of snow, “the excellency of Carmel and Sharon,” the hills of Galilee, and the valley of the Jordan—were spread out before His eye.



MODERN TYRE.

Fording the “swift River Kishon,” with its associations of Deborah and Barak, Jael and Sisera, our travellers climbed the steep heights of Carmel. Half way up is a large spring and a broad plateau, the traditional and probable site of Elijah’s sacrifice. Riding a little further, the crest of the hill is reached and the broad Mediterranean bursts upon the view, out of which rose the cloud “like a man’s hand.” On the bold promontory



RUINS OF TREL HORN, CAERNARVON.

jutting into the sea, is situated the convent of the Carmelite or bare-footed friars, an order which claims to have been established by Elijah himself!

Descending the mountain, the party skirted the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, over the Plain of Acre, memorable for one of the bloodiest battles of the Crusaders, and, more recently, of the arch-despot Napoleon, to the ancient port of Tyre. Once the capital of Hiram and the Queen of the Seas, whose merchants were princes, in the last century it was a miserable fishing village of only ten inhabitants. See Ezekiel, 27th and 28th chapters, for an account of its glory and a prophecy of its shame. "I will make thee like the top of a rock—a place to spread nets thereon," a prophecy which is literally fulfilled to-day. Near by is shown the huge "Tomb of Hiram," and near Galilee the ruins of Meroz, still blasted with the curse of God.

No spot save Jerusalem is richer in hallowed recollections of our Lord's ministry than the shores of Galilee. Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, where many of His mighty works were done—exalted unto heaven in privilege—are now mere ruin mounds, the very names of which are matters of dispute. Tiberias, which, as a heathen city, Christ probably never entered, still exists, with 2,000 inhabitants, but in such a state of squalor that, according to the Arab proverb, "The King of the fleas there holds his court." Near by is the Mount of Beatitudes, and in full view, far and wide, the white-walled Safed—"a city set on a hill that cannot be hid." The calm beauty of this Mount of Blessing is a striking contrast to the stern grandeur of Sinai, the Mount of the Law. Yet beneath this hill, where Christ said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and by that placid shore where He walked, was waged throughout a long burning July day the most terrible battle between the Crusaders and Saladin. By it the power of the Christians was broken and they were driven from the Holy Land. McCheyne's beautiful hymn is brought to mind by the sacred memories of this lovely lake:

How pleasant to me is thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,

THERSIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.



But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea ;
But ah ! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

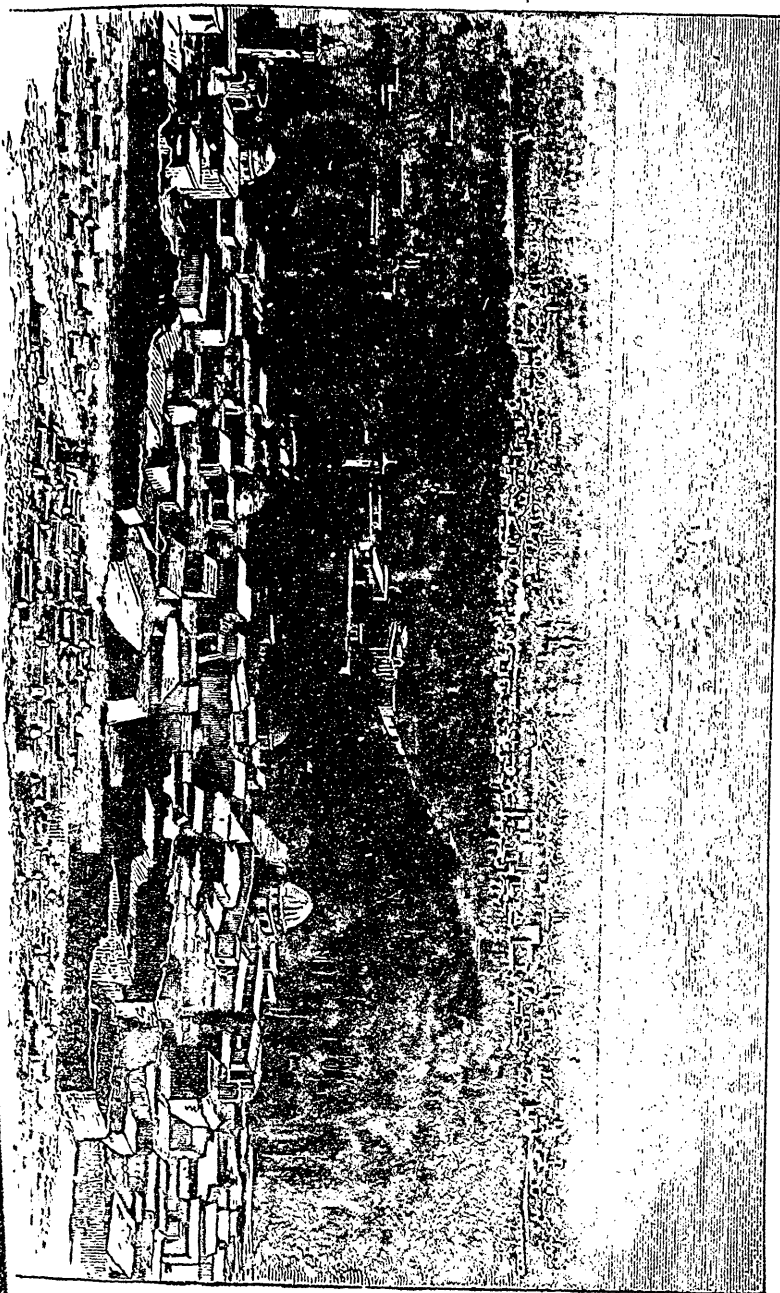
Those days are passed—Bethsaida, where ?
Chorazin, where art thou ?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here ?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear ?

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand
And every fragrant hill.

From Galilee the route lay northward to Damascus and Lebanon, and thence to Beirut, its termination. Ten miles north lie the waters of Merom, mentioned in Joshua. On a spur of Mount Hermon is Cæsarea Philippi, the furthest point north visited by our Lord. Its fortress was strengthened by the Phœnicians, by Herod, the Crusaders, and the Turks, and is one of the grandest ruins in Palestine. Near by is the principal source of the Jordan, which bursts forth in a large stream from a mountain cave.

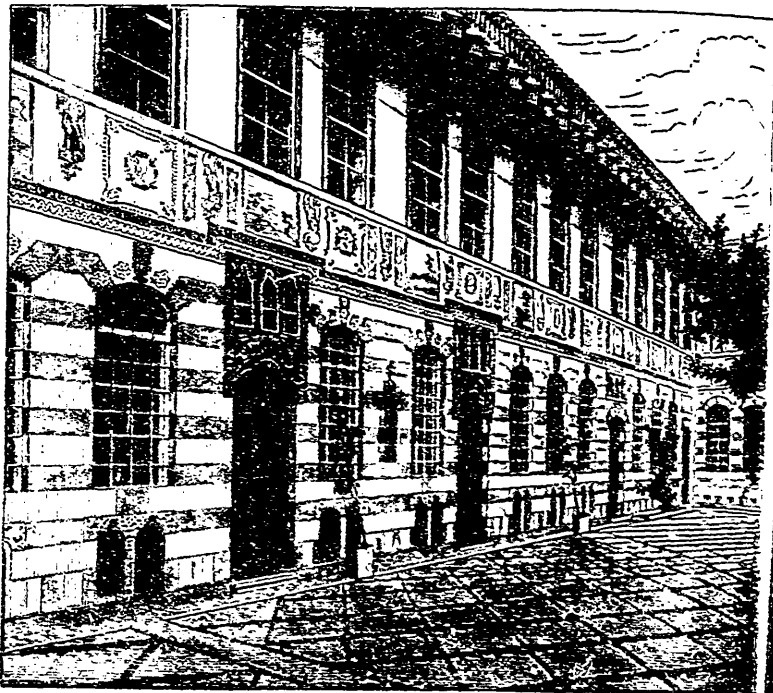
Our author grows enthusiastic and eloquent as the beauty of Damascus, the oldest city in the world, dating from the time of Abraham, bursts upon him as he reaches the crest of the neighbouring hill. "The effect," he says, "was as if a vision were suddenly let down from heaven. As far as the eye could see, a broad strip of green, glistening like an emerald, stretched along the plain. Through this strip of green could be seen an occasional quiver of the Abana, as it rushes along, sending out, like threads of silver, through innumerable canals, its life-giving waters to the roots of every tree, and the homes and shops of the people. Amid and above a vast forest of trees, rose domes, towers, and minarets, springing gracefully into the air, all shining in their whiteness with intense brilliance as the rays of the morning sun fell upon them. It is impossible for language to



DAVAOU

exhaust the beauty of the scene. I could not wonder at the tradition which relates that when Mohammed approached the city and saw it from the neighbouring height, he reined up his charger, and, after looking long in silence, said, 'God gives to man but one paradise; I take mine in heaven;' and, wheeling about, turned away forever."

A closer acquaintance with this famous city is apt, in some respects, to dispel the illusion. Many of the streets are narrow and dirty, and the walls are high and bare, with few external openings—after the exclusive manner of Oriental cities. But



INTERIOR COURT OF A HOUSE AT DAMASCUS.

when the inner court is entered, exquisite gardens, with all manner of flowers and fruits, sparkling fountains, and graceful arabesques abound. The bazaars are rich in precious Damascene manufactures, of quaint design, brilliant colours, and finest workmanship. It requires, however, about as much negotiation, diplomacy, and *finesse* to buy a nargileh, or a scimitar, or a tarbusch as would be employed in Europe in purchasing an estate.

The "street which is called Straight" is one of the objects whose identity is unquestioned. The same can hardly be said of the house of Ananias and the spot where Paul was let down by the wall in a basket, or the site of Naaman's house. In 1860 the fanatical Druses instigated a massacre of the Christians, and many thousands in Damascus and throughout Northern Syria were slain. Our late Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, was sent as a commissioner to Syria to report upon the subject, and efficient guarantees are now given for the protection of the Christians.

Thirty miles north of Damascus lie the mysterious ruins of Baalbec, the splendid "city of the sun,"—according to an ancient tradition, identical with Baaeth, one of the garrison cities which Solomon built for Pharaoh's daughter, who was his wife. The great temple of Baal, a thousand feet in length, is unequalled for grandeur and beauty in the world. Several of its stones are over sixty feet long, and one which lies still in the quarry, is sixty-eight feet long and fourteen feet broad and high. How they were placed in the wall is a mystery. Six noble Corinthian columns still stand, the last of fifty-four. They are seventy-five feet high, seven feet in diameter, and support an exquisitely carved entablature, fourteen feet deep. The great doorway shown in the engraving is forty-two feet high, and is partly filled with rubbish. A part of the lintel has fallen and is supported by a pier of rude masonry. Its exquisite carving will be observed.

From Baalbec our travellers crossed the mountains of Lebanon, climbing their highest peak, amid drifts of snow, 10,000 feet above the sea. On the western slope is the celebrated grove of cedars, now reduced to 400 trees, only a dozen of which are of great age. The largest is forty feet in girth, a venerable forest patriarch, dating probably from the days of Solomon.

These glorious mountains, surpassing in grandeur and beauty the Alps or Apennines, are filled with the thriving villages of the Maronite Christians, who can tell many a tragic tale of the Druse massacre of 1860. The Falls of Adonis is a scene of fairy loveliness, where the beloved of Venus was slain. The waters still, at certain seasons, run purple to the sea, but it is from the reddish tinge of the soil. Here was a temple of the goddess, and earlier still the worship of Tammuz was celebrated.



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

The river is spanned by a natural bridge, whose arch is 160 feet in length and 80 feet in height.

As the road passes between Lebanon and the sea, the smooth mountain wall is carved with the memorial slabs of Ramesis, Sennacherib, Antoninus, and many another conqueror. "That old road," says Dr. Thompson, "climbing the rocky pass along which the Phœnician, Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, Græek, Roman, Frank, Turk, and Arab have marched their countless hosts for four thousand years, has much to tell the student of man's history could we but break the seal and read the long roll of revelations."

At length is reached Beirut, the end of the journey. It is a thriving town of 80,000 inhabitants, the commercial capital of Syria. For centuries a seat of ancient learning, it has become now a centre of missionary and educational effort. Here sleep the remains of the apostolic Bishop Kingsley, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, who died, after a missionary tour around the world, in the year 1870. Here ended the journey of two thousand miles through Bible lands which we have been following. If our brief outline has given aught of instruction or enjoyment, we can assure our readers that is but an adumbration of that which they may derive from the detailed narrative of the book itself.

RELIGION'S SHRINE.

BY MRS. SIDDONS.

SAY, what's the brightest wreath of fame,
 But canker'd buds that, opening, close?
 Ah! what's the world's most pleasing dream,
 But broken fragments of repose?

Lead me where Peace with steady hand
 The mingled cup of life shall hold;
 Where Time shall smoothly pour his sand,
 And Wisdom turn that sand to gold.

Then happy at Religion's shrine,
 This weary heart its load shall lay;
 Each wish, my fatal love resign,
 And passion melt in tears away.

SUBURBAN HOMES.



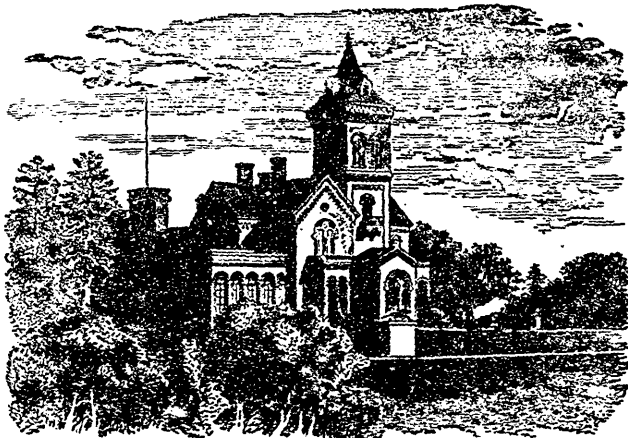
GLENOLDEN GLEN.

To go out of town "for a change" has been the natural ambition of well-to-do citizens in all time. The patricians of Rome had their villas overlooking the blue Mediterranean; the cities of Greece dotted the shores of the Peloponnesus with the summer-houses of the wealthy Argives; and modern research has shown that Memphis and Thebes lined the banks of the Nile with suburbs of palaces and gardens. It is clear, then, that the motives for this movement from city to country must lie near the fundamental impulses of the human heart, and among them will be undoubtedly found that desire for rest and refreshment which instinctively seeks satisfaction in "country sights and country sounds," as contrasted with endless areas of wall and pavement. As such contrast is most strongly and beautifully defined where an outlook over an expanse of water constitutes a feature of the scenery, we accordingly find locations affording these conditions have ever been sought as sites of suburban homes.

The banks of the river, or shores of the bay, on which one of our modern cities may be located, are sure to be required for the uses of commerce and manufactures. Water fronts are too valuable for these purposes to build even costly residences upon, especially if the ground is near the level of the water and accessible to transportation both by car and by boat. But if the shore line is followed, at some distance back, by a range of higher ground, giving a view over the water and over the busy

scenes at the water's edge, with distant glimpses of the city itself, perhaps, near and yet apart, then that city is favoured with the best possible surroundings for the country-places of its most fortunate families. Art has only to supplement nature by providing proper facilities of communication, and such a location will be taken up as fast as the prosperity of the city will permit, by the successful, the intelligent, and cultured of the community, and this by force of human impulses that have found invariable expression whenever opportunity has offered since history began.

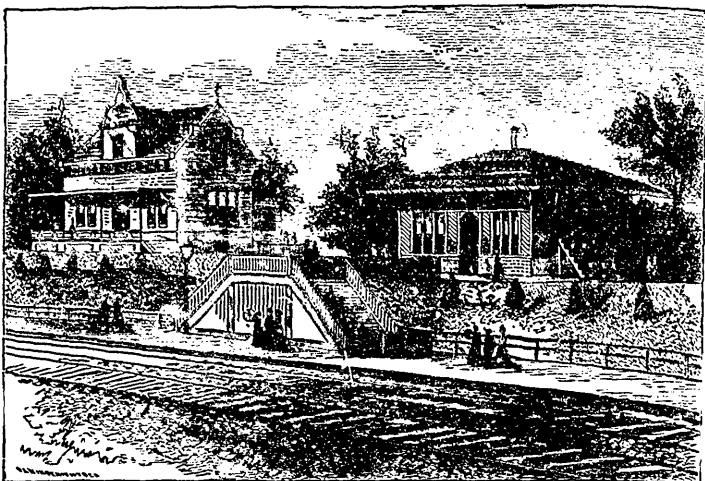
These conditions are very largely fulfilled in our Canadian cities of Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Hamilton, and par-



BARTRAM HALL.

tially in Quebec and Ottawa. As a consequence, a noble border of villa residences fringe the outskirts of those cities. But we venture to say the near future shall witness such a development of suburban residences as has not yet been seen in Canada. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to observe the evolution of this idea in the neighbourhood of older, larger, and wealthier cities, and to note the manner in which the pleasures and benefits of town and country life are combined by their inhabitants.

One of the best examples that we can find is the group of villa residences on the banks of the Delaware River, in the vicinity of the city of Philadelphia. The broad river, already widening toward the great bay, gives long vistas of water view, enlivened by the constantly passing commerce of the second



BONNAFFON STATION.

entrepot on the Atlantic Coast. To the eastward lies the great city, with a thousand steeples shining in the summer sun; while northward a rich farming region adds pastoral variety to the scene.

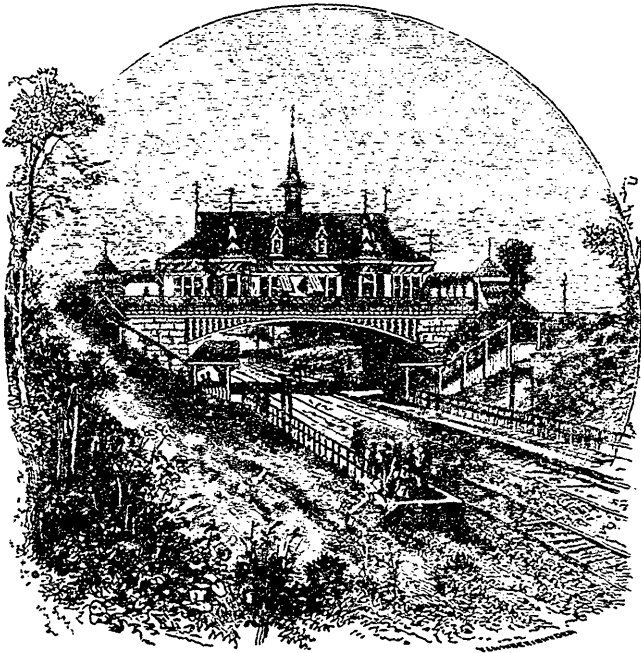
Immediately across the Schuylkill River is Bartram's Botanical Garden, the home of John Bartram, a distinguished naturalist, a contemporary of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette, and a philosopher of the highest repute at home and in Europe. The surrounding grounds are tastefully laid out, and show many specimens, still living, of the rare vegetation formerly collected here. The place is still called Bartram Hall, in honour of its former owner.

Along the line of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railway a series of new places have sprung up, owing their existence entirely to the facilities afforded by the road for reaching the country-side from the city streets. Clustering round the choicest and most desirable sites, groups of villas, country-seats, cottages, and suburban mansions have sprung into being since the railroad opened opportunity for them, and new rural communities enriched by all the advantages wealth and good taste command are strung along the track, like gems upon a necklace.

One of the first attractions to the eye of a visitor is the architectural beauty of the different depots and station houses

Those at Bonnaffon and Ridley Park Stations are fine examples of how depots can be made to adorn a landscape, instead of being a blot upon it.

A stranger's first impression of one of these admirably planned towns cannot fail to be pleasant. He arrives at a depot which is really an elegant building, surrounded by handsome grounds, and approached by smooth hard drives and well-laid sidewalks. He finds broad avenues, shaded with elms and maples; the public buildings, churches, schools, and hotel designed with taste



RIDLEY PARK STATION.

and located with good judgment; a large area, suitably selected and planted with trees, reserved for a park; and the natural building sites of the place carefully improved in such manner as to develop the most attractive features of each, and at the same time preserve the unity of the whole.

To the lovers of the picturesque, Glenolden will prove very alluring. A pretty little rivulet breaks down through the hills, forming a deep forest-shaded glen. The romantic dell, the wide, green meadows, with the great sail-whitened river beyond, the

villa-crowned hills, the farm scenes on either side, and the city, dim in the distance, form a combination of landscape attractions rarely to be met.

The beautiful Garden City, ten miles from Philadelphia, is Ridley Park. Five hundred acres of land were selected here for a landscape town. The situation is high, giving pleasant views in all directions. The topography is diversified, characterized by gently undulating hills, with valleys traversed by unfailing streams. The Ridley Park Association, owners of the property, have carried out their admirable plans in a spirit of intelligent liberality. The streams have been expanded into lovely lakes, with wide margins of beautiful shore, the common property of all residents. A park of about twenty acres and a cemetery of fifteen acres have been laid out in the most tasteful manner. The roads, avenues, and sidewalks are wide, thoroughly well-constructed, and shaded with trees. The Association not only divide the land in this generous way,—giving about one-half the original purchase to public uses,—but they have planted an immense number and wide variety of trees, drained and improved the entire tract, and supplied artificial water-works; but further than all this, they are putting aside a certain percentage from sales to create a permanent fund for preserving and adding to the beauties of the place. This fund can never be used for the introduction of water or gas, or to reduce taxes, but must ever remain the property of the landholders to insure the maintenance of roads, to provide for care of public property, and to guarantee the prosecution of further improvements.

Nothing in this plan has been left to chance. The sites selected for the town-hall, the hotel, for churches, schools, stores, lumber and coal-yards, etc., are those most appropriate and best suited to meet special requirement. All these points are connected with each other and with the station by roads adapted to the shape of the ground, following the natural and easiest lines. These ways, and the groves, lakes, park, and common grounds are arranged in most beautiful sequence, leaving sites for fine houses in the manner of pedestals for statues, and shading with discreet veils the more utilitarian and prosaic features of the scene.

The Park Station, shown in our picture, is noticeable for novelty of design as well as for architectural beauty. The build-

ing itself forms a shelter for the platforms of the station, and on either side there are covered stairways of graceful appearance, leading from the level of the track to that of the ground above. The interior of the depot is finished in natural woods, with floors and ceilings of marquetry. The social exchange informally held here during a summer morning, while passengers are assembling for the frequent trains, is one of the pleasant features of suburban life.



RIDLEY PARK LAKE.

The Railroad Company has made arrangements with real estate owners by terms of which, whenever a dwelling-house is erected, the Company issues to the owner a free annual passage-ticket for each \$1,000 such building may cost. That is, for a building costing \$5,000 a ticket will be issued for five years, or five tickets for one year, and so on, up to \$10,000,—the limit of the agreement. The Company has similarly undertaken to transport building-material for dwellings at one-half the current freight rates.

Chester is the oldest city in Pennsylvania, and, until outstripped by Philadelphia, fully expected to be the commercial metropolis of the State. The business of the place, long dormant, has grown wonderfully since the introduction of steam for manufactures. An active ship-building industry now makes busy the venerable old town.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY JOHN W. CORSON, M.D.*

"That they all may be one."—John 17: 21.

THAT precious gift, thy parting prayer,
That we may all be one,
Blest Saviour, help us now to share,
And breathe, "Thy will be done."

One home above to faith appears—
One path by millions trod ;
One Cross lights up this vale of tears,
To all the saints of God.

With those that gazed from Tabor's height,
Let love unite our throng ;
May "Jesus only," fill our sight,
And echo in our song.

Our pains, and toils, and conflicts here—
E'en Jordan rolling past,
Will be as dreams, when pressing near
The Throne, we meet at last.

Fade earthly shrines, and altars fair,
And names, and temples old,
If, Lord, Thou wilt but claim us there,
And count us in Thy fold.

Reign in our hearts, Thou Lamb Divine !
And make us one in Thee,
Bring us with all the host of Thine,
Thy glorious face to see.

ORANGE, N. J., *April, 1878.*

* Let me briefly tell the story of this hymn. I happen—as then a very young member—to be one of the few survivors of the first general meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in London, in 1846. It came in the hour of sore spiritual need. I was depressed in my religious feelings, from close confinement for many months previous, in my studies as a young physician, among the narrow lanes, crowded hospitals, and gay Sabbaths of the "Students' Quarter" in Paris. And the contrast of that hallowed vacation of fourteen days, among the war-torn Christians in London, seemed almost heavenly.

The leading spirits of that gathering are nearly all now with the "Saints in Light." Tholuck, Adolphe Monod, Eardley, Bickersteth, Norman McLeod, Candlish, Bunting, Burns, Angell James, Lyman Beecher, Baird, Peck, Emory, and a host of others have all gone home.

The sainted Bickersteth, with his pale, sweet face lit up with emotion, stopped to weep as he attempted to give out the opening hymn. And we all choked with tears at the first stanza, as to the air of Luther's Old Hundred we commenced to sing in English and other tongues, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne."

But the suspense was only for a moment. Soon there swelled, from more than a thousand voices, a mighty chorus, like the sound of a battle hymn sung by the Swedes and Germans before an engagement in the Thirty Years' War. I then sighed for more Union hymns. You have the fruit before you.—J. W. C.

THE HOME OF LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.

THE home of Longfellow, under the classic elms of Cambridge, is one of the few American houses to which pilgrimages will be made—a sort of mental Mecca of the admirers of the poet. It was surrounded with historic associations before he entered it, and is now surrounded with poetic ones—a double halo encircling its time-honoured walls. It is supposed to have been built in the first half of the last century, by Colonel John Vassal, a staunch old Royalist, who died in 1747. In the next generation it fell into the hands of the Revolutionary Government, and became the headquarters of General Washington. To this the poet refers in the lines,—

Once, ah once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread ;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

The old house was successively occupied in later days by Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, and at length came into the possession of its present occupant,—the best-known and best-beloved poet of the New World. Well has Longfellow spoken of the former dwellers in these venerable halls:—

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands ;
 Owners and occupants of earlier dates
 From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
 And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

Longfellow is now in his seventy-second year, and is like his own picture of Hans Sachs—"an old man gray and dove-like"—the finest head we ever saw.

The poet's life has not been without its sore discipline of sorrow. Wandering in the cemetery of his native town, Portland, we came upon a tombstone with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mary, wife of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who died at Rotterdam, Holland, aged twenty-three." In the flush of youth and hope and love, the poet and his bride went abroad on their wedding tour—one to come back in her coffin, the other with a life-sorrow in his heart. "The setting of a great hope," he exclaims in his *Hyperion*, which is largely autobiographic, "is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy." His household gods were broken. He had no home. Alas! between him and his sorrow there could be no sea but that of time.

Long was that tender memory cherished. His sorrow is embalmed in immortal verse in his "Footsteps of Angels:—"

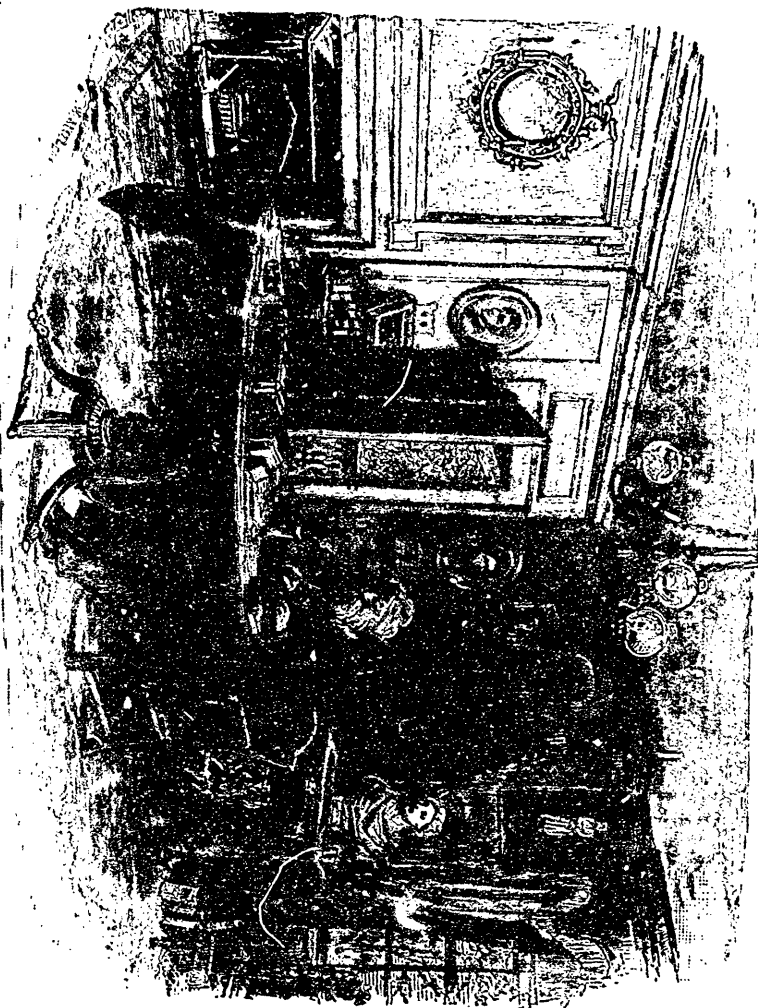
When the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight :

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more ;

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beautiful,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger, divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.



Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !

His heart at length found solace in second marriage, but his happy wedded life was destined to have a tragic close. His wife, an accomplished and noble woman, was amusing her children, in the very house pictured here, by taking impressions of seals in wax. Some of the burning wax fell upon her dress, which caught fire, and the unfortunate lady was burned to death. These domestic sorrows have given a tender pensiveness to the poet's songs that has awaked a responsive chord in many a stricken heart. This is heard in the sad minor strains of many of his poems, as in the following :

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

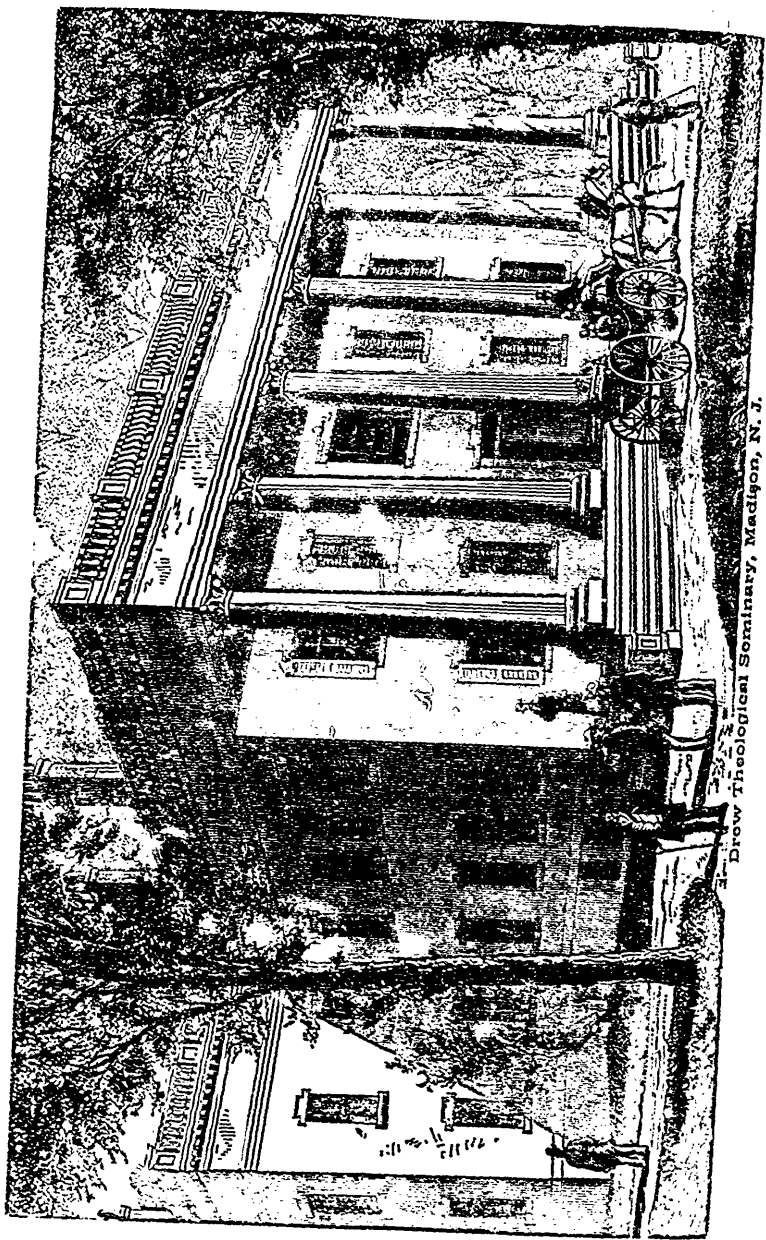
O fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before :
 Thou layst thy finger on the lips of Care,
 And they complain no more.

O suffering, sad humanity !
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing and yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
 Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
 The battle of our Life is brief,
 The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,—
 Then sleep we side by side.

See also the *Rainy Day*, *Curfew*, and *Afternoon* in February—all steeped in the very spirit of sadness. So also is his greatest poem, *Evangeline*, and much of the *Golden Legend* and *Hiwatha*. This, perhaps, is the secret of their pathos and their power.

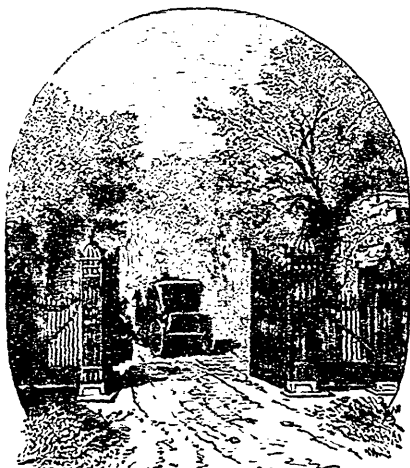


Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

METHODIST COLLEGES.

DREW SEMINARY.

BY FRANK H. WALLACE, B.D.



ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS.

METHODISM, expelled from the University in which it originated, has still been true to higher instincts; has never been content to remain outside college bounds, and, like the man who was too poor to buy a book, and therefore made one for himself, has always sought, in the true spirit of independent enterprise, to furnish itself with all educational appliances, and to make them as perfect as its circum-

stances and its absorbing aggressive work would allow.

One of the best recent illustrations of this spirit is to be found in the establishment of Drew Theological Seminary. The enthusiastic thanksgiving of the Methodists of the United States, on the occasion of their ecclesiastical centenary in 1866, crystallized into more enduring form than anthems, sermons, and orations. Measures were then taken to lay broader and deeper the foundations of that thorough ministerial education, which, especially in the present position of American society and the Methodist Church, is of such prime importance. And of all the generous gifts made by liberal and far-sighted lovers of the Church, the most munificent was that of the then well-known and powerful Wall Street magnate, Daniel Drew, who proffered the sum of \$500,000 to found a theological school in or near New York. This benefaction, which was afterwards increased by nearly \$200,000, was, up to that time, the largest ever made in America for such an object, and has stimulated other large-hearted men to a wholesome and most useful rivalry.

It was decided to locate the Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, a small town about thirty miles west from New York, charmingly situated among the Jersey hills,—just high enough and just far enough from the sea to secure a climate unsurpassed for comfort and for health, surrounded in all directions by the elegant country-seats of rich New Yorkers, near enough the great city to secure many of the advantages of a metropolis, and yet remote enough to have the quietness and isolation of the country. In this picturesque spot a magnificent estate was secured, consisting of ninety-five acres of land, all in woodland or in park, laid out in the style of an old English demesne, intersected with walks and drives, and now dotted here and there with the various collegiate edifices, forming a *tout ensemble* of rare beauty and attractiveness.

The main building, or Mead Hall, was the old family residence of the Gibbons, being still familiarly known among the students as the "Mansion," and is a well-built and costly edifice in the Ionic style, whose spacious, well-finished, and tolerably well-furnished halls and rooms serve amply the purposes of the Seminary. Here are the lecture-rooms, the professors' studies, and the library with its unusually carefully selected 15,000 volumes.

At a little distance stand Asbury and Embury Halls, plainer buildings, erected for the free accommodation of the students, containing comfortably furnished bedrooms, capacious refectory, and a neatly appointed hall for the meetings of the literary societies, "the Philoponean," "the Foster," and "the McClintock." The buildings are all heated by steam.

At various well-chosen points throughout the park stand the handsome and commodious residences of the professors, each erected at a cost of \$20,000.

Of more importance than grounds or buildings are the course of study and the staff of teachers. And already has this nascent school of the prophets associated with its own name the names of several of the foremost men of American Methodism. The true-hearted, broad-souled McClintock was its first President, and his memory is still cherished as an inspiration to all good work within its walls; Dr. Foster, the second President, left the class-rooms, in which his lofty eloquence thrilled all hearts, for the wider work and influence of the episcopate; and the scholar

Nadal died at his post as professor of Church History. Drew Seminary already has a history.

The present staff consists of the polished and accomplished Dr. Hurst, President and Professor of Church History, well known as the author of a History of Rationalism and several other successful works; that full, ripe scholar, Dr. Strong, Professor of Old Testament Exegetics, whose numerous works on Biblical literature, especially his incomparable Cyclopaedia, reflect such real credit, not only upon the Seminary of which he is an ornament, but even upon universal Methodism; the amiable and pains-taking Dr. Buttz, Professor of New Testament Exegetics; the dignified Dr. Kidder, Professor of Practical Theology, so long connected with the Sunday-school and Missionary work of his Church, and now so widely known as a writer on Homiletics and the Christian Pastorate; and that thoughtful and clear-headed divine, Dr. Miley, Professor of Systematic Theology, whose fugitive productions and whose remarkably successful lectures give promise of valuable contributions to the higher literature of Methodist theology. In addition to this able staff of regular instructors, there is, each winter, a course of free lectures from distinguished visitors, among whom have been numbered such men as Foster, Winchell, Curry, Crooks, John Hall, and Talmage.

The Curriculum is arranged to suit the attainments of graduates in Arts, extends over three years, and in its broad and generous outline covers all the chief subjects of theological study. If it be somewhat ambitious, if the course mapped out be rather more extensive than the ground actually traversed, it must be remembered that all great enterprises take time for their full accomplishment; that to aim high is better than to aim low; and that if Drew Seminary be not yet perfect, it is, at least, in the true Methodist spirit, "going on to perfection."

The professors are men of genial mind, of polished manners, of generous culture, well travelled, and cosmopolitan; their homes are on the Seminary grounds, and always open to the students, and many a young man has received spiritual encouragement and mental stimulus as he has walked the campus with one or other of those affable and brotherly instructors, or has enjoyed the hospitality of their pleasant Christian homes.

The students are of all sorts and conditions, whether regarded

from a social or an educational point of view, and well represent the wide and varied constituency of Methodism. They are from the east and west and north and south; from home and from abroad; warm and generous souls from the chivalric home of the late rebellion; sedate men from frosty Maine and Canada; polished graduates of New England Universities, and homespun, lank, good-natured western youths, with energies, imaginations, and ambitions as boundless as their native prairies; and— trophies of the missions of the M. E. Church and pledges of still greater triumphs yet to come—representatives of such distant lands as Bulgaria, India, and Japan; men of many nationalities, and many languages, and many degrees of culture, but of one faith and hope and work. At one time seventeen different languages were represented in the polyglot society of the Seminary,—more than in any other school of America.

It is not the easiest problem imaginable how Methodism is to pass from its old phase of happy, untutored, and unconscious effort to that of equally happy but conscious and cultured power; how it is to gain all the advantages of the highest scholarship and, at the same time, retain the old enthusiasm and continue the old success. It seems as if this problem is being solved at "Drew,"—as, doubtless, also at our other Methodist schools of theology. The spirit of the Seminary is that of active Christian work. A large number of the students are in charge of small stations in all parts of the country about, wisely left by the bishops to be thus supplied. And as these brethren come back from their battle-fields to camp and tell of their Sabbath victories and count over their spiritual spoils, those who have not yet been out are stirred with the martial spirit and grow eager for the day of glorious war. In one winter, nearly two thousand conversions were reported from the various fields occupied by the students. So often are young men called away from their Seminary life to prosecute revival work upon their charges, that there seems more danger that the spirit of work should interfere with the spirit of study than that zeal for scholarship should lessen the zeal for souls.

Expenses are light, as the Seminary fees are nominal, and the students, by combining in one large club, appointing their own officers, hiring their own servants, choosing their own bill of

fare, and then, on this co-operative plan, sharing the expense, contrive to have excellent board for about three dollars a week.

I need not stop to add recollections of hallowed class-meetings; of rich treats on Wednesday mornings, when professors and students gather regularly in a prayer and fellowship meeting, or one of the "seniors" preaches; of jolly games of football (to the damage of Seminary windows and the enrichment of the Seminary glazier); of never-to-be-forgotten rambles with genial chums, through fields and woods, and over hill and dale, in the fresh, sweet morning air, or at "dewy eve," or when the morn's soft beams come sloping through the foliage of that lovely park. There is any amount of good feeling and sociability among the "boys," and the joyous club life of the Seminary is gratefully recalled, amid the sterner scenes and duties of after-life, by many a successful minister at home, and by not a few noble missionaries who have gone forth from Madison to the four quarters of the globe.

Upon the fair prospects of Drew Seminary there burst a storm in March, 1876, when Mr. Drew's colossal fortune went down with a crash, carrying with it, in one common and irretrievable ruin, the endowment of \$250,000, which the founder had retained in his own hands, and on which he had paid annually a sufficiently high rate of interest to meet all the expenses of the school. Nothing now was left the Seminary but its valuable grounds and buildings and equipment, which, happily, had been put into the hands of trustees at the first. Something more was left—the generous sympathy of friends. The trustees at once munificently subscribed money to foot all bills for one year, and Dr. Hurst, with heroic and indefatigable energy, set himself to seek a re-endowment. Already some \$200,000 have been promised, the Seminary goes on, students flock to it in as great numbers as ever, and, though some of the professors may have found the last few years emphatically "hard times," yet the future permanence of the institution which they love, and for which they labour, is secured beyond all reasonable doubt, and eventually the calamity which threatened ruin will be found a benefit, as enlarging the constituency to which appeals can be made for sympathy and support. Already several individuals have made liberal gifts to the new endowment fund, and Drew

Seminary now is looked upon, not as the care of one man only, but of the Church at large.

Perhaps I cannot better conclude this sketch than with the following incident: Mr. A. V. Stout, of New York, one of the trustees, came out to Madison to preside at a meeting of the McClintock Association, a society of ladies for the financial help of students. As Mr. Stout ascended the steps of the church in which the meeting was to be held, a friend stepped up to him and said: "Mr. Stout, have you heard the news? A. T. Stewart is dead and has left a hundred millions." And as Mr. S. entered the church, filled with the thoughts suggested by this startling announcement, the words of this hymn, sung by a choir of students, greeted him: "Oh! what shall the harvest be?" And then and there he resolved to do for God as much as God would enable him to do, and secure for himself and others a bountiful harvest of joy. He was the first man to give \$40,000 to the new endowment.

What Canadian layman will consider that same solemn question, and sow similar seed for the harvest of the Church, by generous endowment of our own Canadian Methodist Theological Schools, so thoroughly worthy of the aid which they so much require?

OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If you sit down at set of sun,
 And count the acts that you have done;
 And counting, find
 One self-denying act, one word
 That eased the heart of him who heard;
 One glance most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went,
 Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day
 You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 You've nothing done that you can trace,
 That brought the sunshine to one face;
 No act most small,
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

— A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

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

CHAPTER IV.—THE WAGES OF WAR.

AT The Holms, as may well be supposed, the rude alarm of war, at the very door, as it were, threw the quiet household into unwonted excitement. The early cannonade brought every member of the family with eager questioning into the great kitchen.

"It has come," said the squire, "the day I have long looked for. We must meet it like brave men."

"God defend the right," added Neville, with solemn emotion.

"And forgive and pity our misguided enemies," said Katharine, the tears standing in her eyes.

"And send them back quicker than they came," exclaimed Zenas, with some more hard words of boyish petulance.

"We must help to send them, eh, Sandy?" said Tom Loker.

"Ay, please God," devoutly answered Mr. McKay. "I doubt na He will break them in pieces like a potter's vessel—a vessel fitted for destruction."

After a hurried breakfast the two men hastened to join their militia company. Mary having first filled their haversacks with a liberal supply of bread and cheese, ham sandwich, and, at Sandy's special request, a quantity of oaten bannocks.

"They're aye gude to fecht or march on," he said, "an' we're like eneuch to hae baith to thole or ere we win hame again."

The apparition of Sir Isaac Brock and his aides galloping past the house in the early dawn, and an hour later of the breathless messenger returning to hurry up re-enforcements, and of the troops from Fort George marching by to the inspiring strains of "The British Grenadiers," had been witnessed by Zenas, and had excited his highest enthusiasm. "Now, father," he said, "the time has come for me to do my part for my country."

"You shall, my son," said the squire tenderly. "Even as David went to his brethren in the camp, shall you bear succour to the

brave fellows who are fighting our battles. Some of them may sorely want help before the day is over."

"And I," said Neville, "will go with him. I hope I may be of some use, too."

"That you may," answered the squire. "I only fear there may be but too much need for your services."

With busy hands the old soldier and his son loaded the waggon with such articles as his military experience had taught him would be most needed by men exposed to all the deadly vicissitudes of war. Katharine prepared a great boilerful of tea—"The best thing in the world," said the squire, "for fighting men." All the bread in the house, a huge round of cold beef and half a dozen smoked hams, a large cheese, several jars of milk, and the last churning of great yellow rolls of butter were gladly given to the patriotic service. With his own hands the squire put up a generous parcel of his best Virginia leaf tobacco. "I know well," he said, "how it soothes the pain of wounds and numbs the pangs of hunger." More thoughtful provision still, Kate, with a sigh, brought out the stout roll of lint bandage which, at her father's suggestion, she had prepared for the unknown contingencies of the border war.

"O this is dreadful, father," she said. "It seems almost like making a shroud before the man who is to wear it is dead."

"It may save some poor fellow's life, my dear," he answered, "and one must always prepare for the worst, war is such an uncertain game. Indeed, wounds and death are almost the only things certain about it."

"Keep in the rear of the troops, my son, and take your orders from Major Sheaffe or of the army surgeon. I told them both what we were sending, as they passed. Keep out of gunshot and avoid capture: the time may come only too soon when you'll share the battle's brunt yourself."

"I wish it were to-day, father. I'd give almost anything to be with Brock and his brave fellows."

"So would I, my son; but I must be the home-guard. It would never do to leave Kate and the maids unprotected, with an invasion so near. And no work can be more important than may be before you both before you return."

The brave boy drove off to the scene of action, the distant rat-

tle of musketry, and at short intervals the loud roar of the cannon, making his heart throb with martial enthusiasm. The young preacher communed with his own heart on the unnatural conflict between his own kinsmen after the flesh and the compatriots of his spiritual adoption—and was still. The brave old veteran, shouldering the musket that had done good service at Brandywine and Germantown, patrolled the river road bounding the farm.

As they approached the village of Queenston, Neville and Zenas found that a temporary lull in hostilities had taken place. The Americans had possession of the heights, and were strongly reinforced from the Lewiston side of the river.

The redcoats from Fort George—about four hundred men of the 41st regiment, together with a part of the 49th, which had already been in action—were about to march by a by-road apparently away from the scene of action.

“Hello!” said Zenas to young Ensign Norton, of the 41st regiment, who was a frequent visitor at his father’s house. “I don’t understand this. You are not running away from those fellows, are you? Why don’t you drive the Yankees from that battery?”

“We intend to, young Hotspur, but it would be madness to charge up that hill in face of those guns. We are to take them in flank, I suppose, and drive them over the cliff.”

“Where’s Brock?” asked the boy, jealous of the fame of his hero, which he seemed to think compromised by this prudent counsel.

“Have not you heard,” said Norton, with something between a sigh and a sob. “He’ll never lead us again. He lies in yonder house,” pointing to a long, low, poor-looking dwelling-house on the left side of the road.

“What! dead? killed—so soon?” cried the boy, turning white, and then flushing red, and unconsciously clenching his fists as he spoke.

“Yes, Mister,” said a war-bronzed soldier standing by, who looked doubly grim from the blood trickling down his powder-blackened cheek from a scalp wound received during the morning skirmish. “I stood anear him when he fell, an’ God knows I’d rather the bullet had struck me; my fighting days will soon be over, anyhow. But we’ll avenge his death afore the

day is done. They call us the green tigers, them fellers do, an' there's not a man of us won't fight like a tiger robbed of her whelps, for not a man of us wouldn't 'a' died for the General."

"To the right, wheel, forward march!" came the order from the Colonel and the "green tigers" filed on with the grim resolve to conquer or to die.

The militia, clad chiefly in homespun frieze, with flint-lock muskets and stout cartridge boxes at their belts, were drawn up at the roadside, and were being supplied with ammunition, previous to following the regulars.

A number of Indians, whose chief dress was a breach clout and deerskin leggins, formidable in their war-paint and war plumes, with scalping-knives and tomahawks, were only partially held in hand by Chief Brant, conspicuous by his height, his wampum fillet and eagle plumes, and his King George's medal on his breast.

"Drive on to the village," said Major-General Sheaffe, who was now chief in command, to Zenas as he passed. "You will find plenty to do there."

At the house where Brock's body lay, a single sentry stood at guard, his features settled in a fixed and stony stare, as though by a resolute effort controlling his emotions. Beyond the village a strong guard was drawn up, and two field pieces, with their gunners, occupied the road.

Soldiers were passing in and out of a large barn which stood near the roadside. They came in groups of two each from the trampled hill slope, bearing on stretchers their ghastly burden of bleeding and wounded men. Although coming within musket-range of the American force, no molestation was offered. Their work of humanity was felt to be too sacred for even red-handed War to disturb. Indeed, both American and British wounded were cared for with generous impartiality.

Zenas and Neville, assisted by an officer's orderly, conveyed their hospital stores into the barn. On bundles of unthrashed wheat, or on trusses of hay, were a number of writhing, groaning, bleeding forms, a few hours since in the vigour of manhood's strength, now maimed, some of them for life, some of them marked for death, and one ghastly form already cold and rigid, covered by a blood-stained sheet. At one side they beheld an army surgeon with his sleeves rolled up, but, notwithstanding

this precaution, smeared with blood, kneeling over a poor fellow who lay upon a truss of hay, and probing his shoulder to trace and, if possible, extract a bullet that had deeply penetrated.

"Why, Jim Larkins, is that you?" exclaimed Zenas, recognizing an old neighbour and recent schoolfellow.

"Yes, Zenas, all that's left of me. I won't fight no more for one while, I guess," he answered, as he moaned with agony as the doctor probed the wound.

"Give him a drink," said the doctor, and Zenas, as tenderly as a girl, supported his head and held to his parched lips a mug of cold and refreshing tea.

"Blessings on the kind heart that sent that," said the wounded man.

"It was Kate," said Zenas.

"I knowed it must be," murmured Jim, who was one of her rustic admirers. "Tell her," he continued, in the natural egotism of suffering, "she never did a better deed. Heaven reward her for it."

Zenas thought of the benediction pronounced on the cup of cold water given for the Master, and rejoiced in the privilege of ministering to these wounded, and it might be dying men.

"You'll have to lose your arm, my good fellow," said the doctor, kindly, but in a business-like way, "the bone is badly shattered."

"I was afear'd o' that ever since I got hit. I was just a-takin' aim when I missed my fire,—I didn't know why, didn't feel nuthin', but I couldn't hold the gun. Old Jonas Evans, the Methody local preacher, was aside me, a-prayin' like a saint and an' fightin' like a lion. 'The Lord ha' mercy on his soul,' I heard him say as he knocked a feller over. Well, he helped me out o' the fight as tender as a woman, and then went at it again as fierce as ever."

"Don't talk so much, my good follow," said the doctor, who had been preparing ligatures to tie the arteries and arranging his saw, knife, and tourniquet within reach. The operation was soon over, Jim never flinching a bit. Indeed, during action, and for some time after, the sensibilities seem, by the concurrent excitement, mercifully deadened to pain.

"I'd have spared t'other one too, an' right willin'," said the faithful fellow, "if it would have saved Brock."

Zenas, at the doctor's direction, held the poor fellow's shattered arm till the amputation was complete. As the dis-severed limb grew cold in his hands, he seemed more distressed than its late owner. Instead of laying it with some others near the surgeon's table, he wrapped it tenderly, as though it still could feel, in a cloth, and going out where a fatigue party were burying on the field of battle—clad in their military dress, in waiting for the last trump and the final parade at the great review—the victims of the fight, he laid the dead arm reverently in the ground, and covered it with its kindred clay. He thought of his sister's remark, about preparing the shroud before death, but here was he burying part of the body of a man who was yet alive.

Neville, meanwhile, had been speaking words of spiritual comfort and counsel to the wounded and the dying, and receiving their last faint-whispered messages to loved ones far away. He also read, over the ghastly trench in which the dead were being buried—one wide, long, common grave, in which lay side by side friend and foe, those recently arrayed in battle with each other, slain by mutual wounds, and now at rest and for ever—the solemn funeral service. As he pronounced the words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the earth was thrown on the uncoffined dead, and then over the soldiers' grave their comrades fired their farewell volley and again mounted guard against the foe.

Zenas received a lesson in surgery that day of which he found the benefit more than once before the war was over. He was soon able to apply one of Katharine's lint bandages or dress a wound with a deftness that elicited the commendation not only of the subject of his ministrations, but even of the knight of the scalpel himself. Neville, too, evinced no little skill in the surgeon's beneficent art.

"Young Drayton," said the surgeon, "I think we shall have to trespass on the hospitality of your house on behalf of Captain Villiers, here. He has received a severe gunshot wound, from which he will be some time in convalescing. I know no place where he will be so comfortable, and I know the squire will make him welcome."

"Of course he will," said Zenas, with alacrity. "He would make even those wounded Yanks welcome, much more an officer of the King."

While Neville remained to minister to the dying, Zenas made a comfortable bed of hay in his now empty waggon, on which the wounded captain was placed, with a wheat sheaf for a pillow, and drove carefully to The Holms. He was preceded by a waggon conveying a number of wounded soldiers to the military hospital at Niagara. As this load of injured and anguished humanity was driven down and up the steep sides of the ravine which crosses the road to the north of the village, at every jolt over the rough stones a groan of agony was wrung from the poor fellows, that made the heart of Zenas ache with sympathy, and when the team stopped at the top of the hill, the blood ran from the waggon and stained the ground. War did not seem to the boy such a glorious thing as when he saw the gallant redcoats in the morning marching to the stirring strains of the "British Grenadiers." The boy seemed to have become a man in a few hours. Not less full of enthusiasm and high courage, but more serious and grave, and never again was he heard vapouring about the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war.*

CHAPTER V.—A VICTORY AND ITS COST.

WHILE the events just described had been taking place, an important movement was made for the recovery of Queenston Heights. Major-General Sheaffe, with a force of about nine hundred redcoats and militia, made a circuitous march through the village of St. David's, and thus gained the crest of the heights on which the enemy were posted. Here he was re-enforced by the arrival of a company of the 41st grenadiers and a body of militia-men from Chippewa.

With a volley and a gallant British cheer, they attacked, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the American force, which had also been re-enforced to about the same number as the British. Courage the enemy had, but they lacked the confidence and steadiness imparted by the presence of the veteran British troops. Nevertheless, for a time they stoutly stood their ground; but, soon perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, they everywhere gave way, and retreated precipitately down the hill to their place of landing.

* Accounts of several of the above-mentioned incidents were gleaned from the conversation of an intelligent lady, recently deceased, who, as a young girl, was an eye-witness of the leading events of the war.

The Indians, like sleuth hounds that had broken leash, unhappily could not be restrained, and, shrieking their blood-curdling war-whoops, pursued with tomahawk and reeking blade the demoralized fugitives. Many stragglers were cut off from the main body and attempted to escape through the woods. These were intercepted and driven back by the exasperated Indians, burning to avenge the death of Brock, for whom they felt an affection and veneration for which the savage breast would scarce have been deemed capable.

Terrified at the appearance of the enraged warriors, many of the Americans flung themselves wildly over the cliff and endeavoured to scramble down its rugged and precipitous slope. Some were impaled upon the jagged pines, others reached the bottom bruised and bleeding, and others, attempting to swim the rapid stream, were drowned in its whirling eddies. One who reached the opposite shore in a boat made a gesture of defiance and contempt toward his foes across the river, when he fell, transpierced with the bullet of an Indian sharpshooter.

Two brothers of the Canadian militia fought side by side, when, in the moment of victory, a shot pierced the lungs of the younger, a boy of seventeen, with a fair, innocent face. His brother bore him from the field in his arms, and, while the life-tide ebbed from his wound, the dying boy faltered—

“Kiss me, Jim. Tell mother—I was not—afraid to die,” and as the blood gushed from his mouth, the brave young spirit departed.

All that day, and on many a foughten field thereafter, the living brother heard those dying words, and in his ear there rang a wild refrain, which nerved his arm and steeled his heart to fight for the country hallowed by his brother's blood.

“O, how the drum beats so loud !
 Close beside me in the fight,
 My dying brother says, ‘Good night !’
 And the cannon's awful breath
 Screams the loud halloo of Death !
 And the drum,
 And the drum
 Beats so loud !”

Such were some of the dreadful horrors with which a warfare between two kindred peoples was waged; and such were some

of the costly sacrifices with which the liberties of Canada were won. As from the vantage ground of these happier times we look back upon the stern experiences of those iron days, they inspire a blended feeling of pity and regret, not unmingled with a vague remorse, shot through and through our patriotic pride and exultation, like dark threads in a bright woof. Through the long centuries of carnage and strife through which the race has struggled up to freedom, how faint has seemed the echo of the angel's song, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies?
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

The result of the battle of Queenston Heights was the unconditional surrender of Brigadier Wadsworth and nine hundred and fifty officers and privates as prisoners of war. But this victory, brilliant as it was, was dearly bought with the death of the loved and honoured Brock, the brave young Macdonnell, and those of humbler rank, whose fall brought sorrow to many a Canadian home.

"Joy's bursting shout in whelming grief was drowned,
And victory's self unwilling audience found;
On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,—
The sounds of triumph died on every tongue."

Three days later all that was mortal of General Brock and his gallant aide-de-camp was committed to the earth with mournful pageantry. With arms reversed and muffled drums and the wailing

strains of the "Dead March," the sad procession passed, while the half-mast flags and minute guns of both the British and American forts attested the honour and esteem in which the dead soldiers were held by friends and foes alike. Amid the tears of war-bronzed soldiers and even of stoical Indians they were laid in one common grave in a bastion of Fort George. A grateful country has since erected on the scene of the victory—one of the grandest sites on earth—a noble monument to the memory of Brock, and beneath it, side by side, sleeps the dust of the heroic chief and his faithful aide-de-camp—united in their death and not severed in their burial.

As Neville and the squire and Zenas turned away from the solemn pageant of which they had been silent spectators, the latter remarked,

"Captain Villiers said he'd almost give his other arm to be able to be present to-day and lay a wreath on the coffin of his gallant chief. As he couldn't come, he wrote these verses, which he wished me to post to the *York Gazette*. He said I might read them to you, Mr. Trueman, before I sent them." And the boy, not very fluently, but with a good deal of feeling, read the following lines:—

"Low bending o'er the rugged bier,
The soldier drops the mournful tear,
For life departed, valour driven,
Fresh from the field of death, to Heaven.

"But Time shall fondly trace the name
Of Brock upon the scrolls of Fame,
And those bright laurels, which should wave
Upon the brow of one so brave,
Shall flourish vernal o'er his grave."

Neville commended the graceful tribute with generous warmth, when Zenas remarked,

"The Captain will be glad to hear you like them. Leastways, I suppose so. He read them himself to Kate this morning, and seemed pleased because they made her cry."

"He is a brave gentleman," says the squire. "I fear it will be long before he mounts his horse again."

"O he'll soon be round again," chimed in Zenas. "He said Kate would be his Elaine, to nurse the wounded Lancelot back to life. Who was Lancelot?"

"Some of those moon-struck poetry fellows, I'll be bound," said the squire contemptuously.

"Nay, a very gallant knight," said Neville, who had when a boy, read with delight Sir Thomas Mallory's book of King Arthur; but he did not seem to relish the comparison and led the conversation into a serious vein, as befitting the solemn occasion.

ANGULARE FUNDAMENTUM.

HYMN OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED BY A. E. THOMPSON, D.D.

BUILT on Christ the firm foundation,
Christ, the chosen Corner-stone,
Holy Zion keeps her station,
Sure and strong in Him alone.
By His moveless strength sustained
In His glorious life contained.

City that the Lord doth cherish,
Dear and precious in His sight,
From thy streets shall never perish
Joy and gladness, love and light.
Ever there the blessed sing
Glory to the Triune King.

Enter, Lord, this temple builded
For Thy holy dwelling-place!
By Thy glory be it gilded,
Radiant make it by Thy grace:
Ever through its open door,
Boundless benediction pour!

Here, to all their need confessing,
Who Thy mercy shall entreat,
Grant a rich, enduring blessing,
Blessing full, and mercy sweet.
Fit them for eternal rest,
Gather them among the blest.

• Glory, honour, praise, and merit
Ever in the highest be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Rendered duly unto Thee!
God Triune, forevermore,
Thee let heaven and earth adore!

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

THE world owes an immeasurable debt to the mothers of its greatest men. Without the noble characters and hallowed influence of Monica, the mother of Augustine; of Emmilia, the mother of Basil; of Osburga, the mother of Alfred; of Susannah, the mother of Wesley; of Mary, the mother of Washington, the current of history might have flowed through very different channels and with very different results. There is no more illustrious name in the honoured roll of noble mothers than that of Arethusa, the mother of Chrysostom. Left a widow at the age of twenty, beautiful in person, exalted in rank, opulent in estate, she remained for sixty years "a widow indeed." She devoted herself with unremitting tenderness and care to the training of her infant son, imbuing his mind with the loftiest lessons of religion, living to rejoice over his career of distinguished usefulness,—a sword at last piercing through her own soul, also, on account of his persecutions and sufferings. In admiration of her devotion to the memory of her dead husband and to the pious nurture of her living child, even a pagan philosopher exclaimed, "What wives these Christians have!"

John Chrysostom, or, John of the Golden Mouth, as the name means, was born in Antioch in the year A.D. 347. His father, Secundus, was of noble family, and held an office of high dignity on the staff of the military governor of Syria. The boy was educated in all the learning of the age at the school of Libanius, the rhetorician. In the master, something of the old Stoic philosophy still lived. When the emperor Julian ascended the throne of the world, he desired to reward the Syrian sophist who had continued faithful to the pagan religion which almost all others had forsaken. But the sage declined to become the pensioner of the emperor, and deemed it a higher distinction to imitate the simplicity of life of the old philosophers of Greece. Chrysostom was his most promising pupil. When asked who should succeed himself

in the school of rhetoric, Libanius answered, "John, if the Christians had not stolen him." He seems to have inspired his disciple, as will shortly appear, with his own scorn of luxury and rugged independence of character.

But Chrysostom was destined to learn a loftier lore than that of the Porch or the Academy, and to find a nobler theme for his matchless eloquence than the empty sophistries and barren litigations of the schools and courts of Antioch. The sublime teachings of the Holy Scriptures took possession of his soul with a spell beyond that of Soerates or Plato. They fired his youthful imagination and led his yearning heart to Him in whom is all beauty and all truth. The Church gladly recognized and employed the ability of the young rhetorician, and at the age of eighteen he was appointed lector or reader, in the great basilica of Antioch. It was the duty of his office to read to the assembled multitudes the Holy Scriptures, and thus he became at once more familiar with the sacred text and with the practice of appearing before the great congregation.

With characteristic enthusiasm, Chrysostom longed to devote himself to a life of meditation and prayer, in raonastic retirement, amid the solitudes of the Syrian deserts. The superior wisdom of the pious Arethusa prevented that selfish isolation. The wilderness was peopled with lonely eremites, who sought to save their own souls alive by fleeing alike from the temptations and the duties of life. The golden-mouthed preacher was destined to learn that superior moral courage is developed in confronting danger and performing life's duties than in ignoble flight.

It is Chrysostom himself who tells the touching story which forms a companion picture to that of the communings of Augustine and Monica. His long-widowed mother, when she learned his cherished purpose, took him by the hand and led him to the chamber in which he was born. As she sat beside him on the couch, she burst into tears, and into words that were sadder than tears. She spoke of the cares and troubles of her widowhood and of the one consolation of her life—to gaze upon his face and behold in him the image of his departed sire. Before he could speak, she said he had thus been the joy and comfort of her heart. "Think not," she continued, "that I would reproach you with these things. I have but one favour to entreat: make me not a second time a widow; awaken not again my slumbering sorrows.

Wait at least for my death ; perhaps I shall depart before long. When you have laid me in the earth and reunited my bones to those of your father, then travel wherever thou wilt, even beyond the sea ; but, as long as I live, endure to dwell in my house, and offend not God by afflicting your mother, who is at least blameless towards thee."

Such an appeal from such a mother his filial heart could not resist. He seems to have at once abandoned his purpose of becoming a monk. Nevertheless, we find at a later period that he retired for a time to a monastic retreat among the mountains, a few miles from Antioch. These cœnobitic communities seem, like the ancient schools of the prophets, to have been seminaries for theological instruction, under wise and experienced religious teachers. We catch interesting glimpses in his later homilies of that pious brotherhood in those early centuries so long ago. "They rise in the morning," he says, "wakeful and sober ; and, joining together in a choir, they sing with joyful faces and cheerful consciences hymns to the praise of God. After prayer, each goes to his work by which they earn much to distribute to the poor. When they have finished their daily toil, they partake of their frugal repast ; and truly they have not many dishes. Some eat only bread and salt, others add a little oil ; the weaker use herbs and vegetables. Having ended their meal with hymns, they lie down on beds of straw. No complaints are heard among them. They accompany the departed with songs and say not 'he is dead, but he is perfected.'" He magnifies elsewhere the advantages of this free and unencumbered life : "There is no gold or silver, no chests or storehouse, no superfluous garments, no worldly arrogance, no magistrates or slaves, no guards or sentinels." It was a loving fellowship like that of the first Christians, who had all things in common.

The growth of this cœnobitic system led to the promulgation of an edict of the emperor Valens against it, or rather against those who forsook their civil duties for the solitude of the desert. The intrepid John of Antioch did not scruple, even in his youth, to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the lord of the world, and to challenge his statements and endeavour to refute his charges. He eloquently defends what he considers the "true philosophy" of life. "He alone is free," he says, "who liveth for Christ."*

* MacGilvray, *Life of Chrysostom*, p. 34.

In this busy, bustling, modern life, we are too little alone—

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.

Great deeds and noble heroisms often demand solitude for their conception and development. Moses feeding his flock on Horeb, Elijah by the brook Cherith, John in the dungeon of Machærus, Paul in the Mamertine prison, the seer of the Apocalypse in the isle of Patmos, Dante in his wandering exile, Luther in the Wartburg castle, Knox chained to the oar in the French galleys, Milton in his lonely blindness, Bunyan in Bedford Gaol, Pascal on his couch of pain, Grotius in his prison cell—these all, to themselves and to others, might seem to waste their lives—like water spilt upon the ground that cannot be gathered up again. But to these exiles and solitaries, while they communed with their own hearts and were still, God spoke His word of power, and that word became a fire in their bones—the inspiration of their lives—and made them His kings and priests forever.

So Chrysostom, in the silence and solitude of the desert, heard, like Elijah, the still small voice of God, and, like him, was enbraved to declare in the courts of kings the whole counsel of the Most High, and to encounter to the uttermost the wrath of the mighty. The providence of God now called him from the mountain solitude to the populous city of his birth. Antioch, at the time of Chrysostom had a population of about 200,000 souls. Six hundred years before, it had been founded by Seleucus Nicator. As the metropolis of Syria and residence of the Selucian kings, it was the third city of the empire, though now yielding to the growing greatness of the New Rome of the East—the city of Constantine. Its situation was one of great beauty, on the slopes of Mount Silpeus, watered by the rapid Orontes, whose silver-flashing stream divided the town. Its whole length was traversed by a street with marble colonnades, and its palace, citadel, public baths, cæsarium, walls, and gates were renowned, even in an age of architectural splendour, for their magnificence.*

* Antioch derives undying interest in ecclesiastical history as the place where the name of Christians was first applied to the disciples of the Nazarene. (Acts xi. 26). Tradition also records that here the Evangelist Luko was born and that in the neighbouring waters of the Orontes, St. Paul was baptized. In commemoration of this event, to this day one of its gates is called BAB BOOLUS, the gate of St. Paul. The city has now a population of some eight thousand souls.

The glory and alas! the shame of Antioch was the grove of Daphne—a suburb of fountains and streams where a forest of laurels and cypresses, made, even in the sultry summertime, an impenetrable shade. A magnificent temple rose to the honour of the glorious sun-god, Phœbus Apollo, and under the pagan kings, a revenue of fifteen golden talents,—equal to \$150,000,—was annually expended on public pleasures. But this grove of fairy loveliness was polluted by sensual orgies, which made the worship of Apollo to be most fittingly symbolized by one of the self-devining types of the Greeks—“the head of a god combined with the extremities of a satyr.”

But even here, where Satan's seat was, a Christian Church was established. The winsome loveliness and purity of the religion of Jesus supplanted the foulness of heathen orgies. The grove of Daphne was cut down, the shrine of Apollo was consumed with fire, and its licentious rites were abolished. But the worship of the crucified Nazarene has filled the world. The brand of infamy has become the badge of highest honour. The name of reproach and contempt here first given to the disciples of Christ has been ennobled as the highest dignity of man.

The imperial apostate, Julian, who had been in his youth a lay reader in the Christian Church, was greatly chagrined, on visiting Antioch, to find paganism almost superseded by Christianity. At the festival of Apollo, in the Grove of Daphne, the emperor complains that instead of hecatombs of fat oxen, he found only a single goose and a solitary priest in the decayed and deserted shrine. The classic grove had also been desecrated by a Christian Church and Christian tombs. Julian commanded the demolition of the church and the removal of the martyrs' bones which it covered. The relics were conveyed to Antioch by a triumphal procession of Christians, “who chanted,” says Gibbon, “with thundering acclamations the Psalms of David most expressive of their contempt for idols and idolaters.” That night the temple of Apollo was consumed by fire, and never was rebuilt. Well might the dying apostate exclaim, “Galilean, thou hast conquered!”

In the time of Chrysostom, the Christian religion was the predominant faith of Antioch, although it had lost much of its primitive purity and had been corrupted by the pleasure-loving disposition of the luxurious Syrian populace. But not as a man

clothed in soft raiment came the golden-mouthed preacher, but in rugged majesty, like John the Baptist from the wilderness, or like Elijah from the mountains of Gilead. For a year he discharged the laborious duties of the humble office of deacon, ministering to the necessities of the poor, three thousand of whom were maintained by the Church at Antioch. Then, declining the dignity of bishop, which was almost thrust upon him, he became, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, a simple presbyter and preacher.

From various accounts of his preaching which have been preserved, we can form a pretty clear conception of its general character. It was chiefly in the "old church" of Antioch, a large octagonal building, dating probably from primitive times, and so named to distinguish it from the more stately and ornate structures of later days, when Christianity had become the religion of the empire. "Various circumstances," says a historian of his life, "combined to lend additional interest to Chrysostom's first appearance as a preacher in the principal congregation of Antioch. The church was crowded to excess. Men of all ranks and parties, Christian and pagan, were present. Libanius, with some of his heathen friends and fellow-rhetoricians, were grouped together in a retired corner of the house; and it was whispered that Eutropius the eunuch, the confidential adviser of the emperor Theodosius, was sitting behind the curtains in the imperial gallery. The preacher appeared, a thin, sickly-looking man, who walked in with languid step and absorbed air, and took his seat in the reader's desk. He was of low stature; his head, big, but bold; his brow, large and lined with wrinkles. His eyes were deeply sunk, but withal quick and amiable; his cheeks, lank and hollow; his beard, short and thin.

"The tones of his voice were rich and sonorous with a metallic distinctness of utterance, which arrested at once the attention of the audience. As he advanced from exposition to illustration, from Scriptural principles to practical appeals, his delivery became gradually more rapid, his countenance more animated, his voice more vivid and intense. As he rose in his fervour, he rose also to his feet.* The people began to hold their breath; and when the discourse came to an end, the great mass of that spell-bound

* It was frequently the custom to sit while preaching or teaching.

audience could only hold down their heads and give vent to their emotion in tears. For awhile they looked at each other with wonder, and then clapped their hands in ecstasy.* But the preacher rushed on, and bore down their attempts at applause, till their admiration was lost in intense emotion. The speaker himself was lost in the splendour and power of his speech.† The zealous preacher took no delight in the applause of his hearers. "The Church" he said, "is not a theatre, that we should listen for pleasure. Of what use to me are these shouts and tumult? My praise only is that by your works you show forth what is said, and perform with alacrity what ye hear of me."

The pleasure-loving populace forsook the theatre and stadium to stand trembling and awestruck beneath the bema or pulpit of the stern preacher of righteousness. Such was the spell of his eloquence that often at the dawn of day a multitude was assembled to listen to his words. His was no soft and silken discourse. He uttered words of bold reproof of wickedness in high places. He rebukes with scathing sarcasm the rich, who think they confer a favour upon God by coming to His house, but he comforts the poor with the consolations of a practical beneficence. But, above all, he insists on the living testimony of believers before the ungodly and the worldling. "Let us by our example and conversation," he exclaims, "convert the heathen. Let us build up the Church with their souls and enrich it with [†]his treasure. Though thou givest a thousandfold to the poor, thou hast not done as much as he who converts a single soul."

The logical coherence and literary polish of his homilies give evidence of their careful preparation, but their utterance was unfettered by notes or manuscript. Many of them, however, were taken down by *takugraphoi* or shorthand-writers—not a modern invention at all, but one practised in the Roman courts and public assemblies two thousand years ago—or they were afterwards written by himself.

He possessed the happy art of compelling even interruptions and distractions to barb a truth or infix it in the soul. Observing the

* Interruptions of applause, either spoken or by clapping, were common. "These praises," says St. Augustine, "are but the leaves of the tree, I desire its fruit." He desired not the applause of evil-livers. He would rather, he said, have their tears.

† Condensed from MacGilvray.

interest of his congregation diverted toward the *luminarius* who was lighting the lamps, he exclaimed, "Awake from your inattention. I also kindle for you a light—the light of the Sacred Word. On my tongue burns the flame of spiritual instruction—a better and greater light than that on which you are all so intently gazing."

His speech sparkles with illustration and figure, and is pungent with sarcasms of the fashionable fop who is anxiously solicitous about his silken shoe-tie and his lady's perfumes and unguents, and is heedless of the eternal verities of the unseen world.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

GIRT like the mountains with omnipotence,
They stood sublime in changeless fortitude,
Nor recked how near the flaming furnace stood,
Nor that they walked erect beneath the glance
Of the infuriate king; the while his lance
Gleamed in its rest, as if athirst for blood,
His image mocked before the multitude,
His claims arrested in their first advance—
The furnace heat rose sevenfold to assauge
Wrath's fiercer flame that circled round the throne.
Who shall deliver from the despot's rage,
The dauntless three, who fear their God alone?
Lo! Christ is there, the Christ of Galilee,
To walk the flames as He doth walk the sea.

II.

The furnace fires flashed out with sevenfold flame,
And seemed, like angry serpents, all aglow,
Their tongues of death swift darting to and fro,
To strike as lightnings with a blanching gleam—
The vile, they slew; the good, they wreathed with fame.
O Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego,
Where now your bonds, and where your mighty foe?
The Son of God this victory shall claim;
He, in the furnace, glorifies His power
And cools the blazing billows by His glance,
Then with His servants walks the molten floor:
While Persia's idols from His countenance,
Foredoomed to darkness in its fiery ray,
Like dross to ashes turning pass away.

ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

CORPORAL BRIMSTONE'S GARRISON.

II.

WHILE I had been speaking to the girl, Bradley, who was in an excessively weak state, had fallen into a dose, but rousing himself again at this stage, I now directed my discourse to him. Speaking of his illness, he remarked, among other things, that at one time he thought he must have died, and I at once availed myself of the observation, as offering an easy and natural opening for speaking at some length upon the wisdom and necessity, as well as the happiness of so living that

“ we may dread
The grave as little as our bed.”

I knew that Bradley had not been a religious man, but I knew also that he was what is popularly styled a good fellow, and having had some experience of the mere good fellow type of character, I was pleased to find that, unlike many of the type, Bradley was not self-righteous; did not count his good-fellowship as all-sufficient alike for this life and that to come. He shuddered at the thought of what might have been his fate if his illness had proved fatal at the time he had feared that it would do so, spoke earnestly and yet with a becoming sense of the weakness of mere human resolution unaided by a higher power, of his intention to amend, and in conclusion said that the first Sunday he was able he would attend some place of worship to humble himself in thankfulness for his recovery.

The girl had been standing by listening, and turning to her again, I asked, “Have you ever been to church or chapel?”

“No,” she answered briefly, and, as it struck me, rather bluntly.

“But you would like to go, wouldn't you?”

“Oh I dunno,” she answered with the utmost indifference of tone; and then, after pausing for a moment, she added, “I dessey I might, though, if I had clothes fine enough to go in.”

"There is no need of fine clothes for that," I said.

"Oh, ain't there though just!" she exclaimed in a rather jeering tone; "you say that to father, and see if he won't tell yer different, and I can tell yer different too. If I ain't been in church I've a watched 'em a goin' in. I never seed any but wot had fine clothes, and I've seen ladies and gen'lem a telling the cove wot minds the church gates to start me orf, o'ny jest 'cos I was bad dressed; it couldn't a been for anythin' else, 'cos I wot a doing on anythin'."

The question of the relation between worship and "go-to-meeting" clothes is an exceedingly difficult one to deal with among the poor, and I felt that it would be mere folly to enter into argument upon it with this child, the more especially as it was evident that the man whom she regarded as a father had encouraged her in the view she had expressed, and so changing the subject, I asked, "Have you ever been to school?"

"No, I ain't been to school," she answered, "but I can read a bit," she added quickly and proudly.

"I'm glad to hear that," I said. "Who taught you?"

"Father," she answered; "he teaches me out of his Bible. I can a'most read some of the Testament chapters by myself, and he's still a learning of me. Would you like to hear?"

"Well, as you are agreeable I would," I said, "not that I doubt your word, you know, only I like to hear children read, and especially out of the Bible."

"All right, sir," she said, and going to a cupboard in the room she brought out a stoutly-bound Bible, which had evidently been much used. I selected an easy passage in one of the parables, which, with a little helping, she got through very creditably, all things considered. Turning to the fly-leaf of the volume when she had finished, I found that it was a school-prize gained by James D——, which, as I rightly concluded, was the proper name of Corporal Brimstone.

"And does your father teach you to say your prayers as well as to read?" was my next question.

"Yes," she answered. "I used to say them arter him; but now I can say 'em by myself, and I does, nights and mornins."

The child, in her way, was like the Corporal, naturally inclined to be brusque and stand-offish. With respect to her there could be no suspicion of cant, and I was therefore the more thoroughly

pleased by what she had told me as to how she was being trained, as I knew there was nothing "put on." Her information, also, so greatly raised the Corporal in my estimation, that I determined at all hazards to make a bold attempt to get upon friendly terms with him before leaving the garrison. When, after a little more talk with the girl and Bradley, I quitted the sick-room, I found the Corporal standing just inside the door-way of the room, out of which he had come to bar my passage on my first entrance. I paused for a moment to consider how best to begin a conversation, but, before I could fix upon any opening remark, the Corporal relieved me from my embarrassment by speaking first.

"Do you think Bradley is on the mend?"

"Yes, I think he is," I said; "though it will be some time yet before he's quite himself again: he is very weak."

"Yes, and very worried about his stock-money and traps being gone," said the other; "and, though it's my cue to make light of it to him, I don't wonder at it. It's hard lines to have to commence the battle of life again after an engagement in which, as you may say, baggage and artillery have been swept away; however, he must just keep a stout heart and put his trust in Providence, and, meanwhile, Katie and I will do our best for him; and, so far as it goes, he shan't want while we have bite or sup to share with him."

"You have both been very kind to him," I said.

"Kindness begets kindness," he answered; "he was kind to the child, and so was kind to me; for I look upon her as my own; and I'm not the one to forget a kindness, rough and surly as I dare say you think me, and that brings me to what I've really put myself in your way again to say. I owe you an apology for my behaviour when you came in. I was taken by surprise, and didn't remember until after you had gone into Bradley who you were. Two or three times people have made their way in here just to gape at me; and thinking at first that you were one of that kind, I let out; for my temper, as well as my health, has been a good deal broken; and, moreover, it is my interest to be as quiet here as I can, in case I should get turned out.

"If any apologies are due," I said, "I think they should be mutual, seeing that I had made my way into the establishment unannounced; so I think we had better say that all is well that ends well."

"With all my heart, sir," he answered; and then we fell into a general conversation, which I so turned that it gradually led up to my being able to ask the Corporal to tell me the story of his life.

"Well, sir," he began, "you'll easily guess that the story of my life isn't a very brilliant story, though there was a time when I hoped that the life itself would have been more successful. I never was high in the scale; still I have come down. My father was a dock-labourer; and being a sober, steady fellow, who knew something of the value of education by the loss that the want of it had been to himself, he sent me to school until I was twelve years of age; and as I was fond of my books, I was a pretty fair scholar for that age when I left school to go out to work as an errand-boy. My parents would have liked to have given me a trade, but they couldn't muster up money enough to apprentice me themselves, and hadn't influence enough with others to get me apprenticed without money; so, when I was old enough, I turned general labourer as my father had done before me. As I was a strapping lump of a young fellow, I could generally get work when there was anything like a fair quantity of it about; but, as you know, there are times when labouring work is scarcely to be got at all, and it was in one of these hard times that I enlisted. But, mind you, though I was hard up at the time, it wasn't merely through hard-up-ness, or in any despairing or drunken fit that I took the shilling. I wasn't deceived by any of the swaggering talk of the recruiting sergeants, or tempted by the bounty. I did the thing after turning it well over in my own mind. I thought, well, for a single young fellow, a soldier's isn't such a bad life; and for those who are sober and steady and willing, there are chances to get on in the army; and so, meaning to be a good soldier, and thinking well of the life, I entered the service. I had not joined many months, when the Crimean war broke out, and the regiment I belonged to was ordered out; and it was there I was made corporal. I was in several engagements, and came out from them all unharmed; but, if the shot and shell of the enemy spared me, the work of our trenches didn't. I was in them at all hours of the day and night, and in all sorts of wretchedly wet and cold weather. There was no leave on 'urgent private affairs' for us of the rank and file. We had to stick to the work as long as we could stand, and I did stick to it till I

could stand no longer. I had rheumatics in every limb and joint, and was invalided home, a helpless cripple, with the splendid pension of ninepence a day for two years, and that—the pensioning part of the business I mean—was the thing that first soured my temper. My being crippled was the fortune of war; and I blamed no one, and felt no bitterness on that head; but when I thought of the paltriness of the pension in proportion to my helplessness, and in comparison with those bestowed on some of the ‘urgent private affairs’ men, and others, who had neither done nor suffered as much as me in their country’s cause—when I thought of this, it used to make my blood boil. Ay, and it does now; it’s a brimstone shame!”

His voice became vehement, and a fierce look came into his eyes as he gave vent to the last exclamation; and it seemed for a moment as if he were going to launch out in a torrent of invective, but, after pausing for a brief space, with hands and teeth tightly clenched in an effort at self-repression, he quickly went on.

“But there, I won’t get into a passion; I know you neither made nor can mend in the matter, and, after all, it’s the way of the world, in most other things as well as soldiering—unto them that have shall be given. As I had neither friend nor relation, except my poor old father and mother, I was obliged to become a burden upon them, for my ninepence a day didn’t anything like keep me; and for more than a year after I came home, I was unable to earn so much as a single copper for my own support. They received me with open arms, were as kind as kind could be, and always put a cheerful face on to me; but, for all that, I know that the privations they went through for my sake must have shortened their lives; they died within a couple of months of each other, and about the time when my pension, such as it was, died too. By that time I could manage to hobble about a bit, and was gathering a little strength, and it being a case of needs must, I turned out to struggle for bread as best I could. There were employers who, out of pity, gave me light odd-jobbing to do, but those from whom I had most right to expect pity had none for me; and I say it, sir, more in sorrow than in anger—in sorrow to think how true it is that

‘Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.’

To compare small things with great, I was as a Samson among the Philistines. I was passionate and at the same time helpless; and fellow-labourers seeing this, used me to make them sport; they made a scoff and mock of me, nicknamed me, jeered at my misfortunes, and hustled me about, and all that they might be amused by seeing me in a towering passion. They spoilt my temper, broke down my self-respect, and made my life a misery; and yet, if they had been spoken to about it, I'll be bound to say there was not one of them but what would have said that he meant no harm, and that it was 'only a lark.' Putting myself out of the question, sir, I think there can hardly be a more shocking or heart-breaking thing than to see the manner in which people will bait and torment those whom God has afflicted."

I quite agreed with him there, I said, and added that his cross had been a heavy one, but that he should remember we all had our crosses to bear.

"Yes," he answered, in a quick, emphatic tone; "and, blessed be the Lord, there's *the* cross for us all to cling to with our burdens. I don't know what you may think of me, but I know that many look upon me as a heathen; but thank God, no. I'm no professor, and I know I have my infirmities, especially of temper; but speaking humbly as man ought, I do hope that I am a Christian. As the hymn says,—

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

Though, as I have said, I was a steady enough fellow when I entered the army, I was *then* a heathen, so far as religion was concerned; but the scenes of death I witnessed in the Crimea brought me to think seriously, and to betake myself to my Bible, which I had taken out with me more to please my mother than with any idea of using it, or finding in it the comfort and guidance that I did. So that I often find comfort in the idea that the means which ruined my health were meant to save my soul; and ever since I have had it the Christian's hope of the glorious hereafter has cheered me in the dark present."

I was very pleased indeed to hear him say so, and then after some pleasant talk upon the making sure of that hope by the constant seeking of grace, the Corporal came back to the story of his life. In his crippled state it was only occasionally that he

could obtain employment, and between times he was generally in great straits. One winter in particular, he was absolutely destitute, and seeing no other means of obtaining a bit of fire, he, one bitterly cold morning, went out cinder-raking. In digging in the dust-heaps for the cinders, he turned up sundry odds and ends, for which he realized a few pence, and from this start things went on until he became a regular "rummager," a mode of life by which he had for some years "knocked out" a scanty livelihood. When as a rummager of some standing he had become initiated among the outcast classes, he was let into the secret, kept among a select few of the fraternity, that Take-who-can Castle was a place where a few of the commonwealth of rummagers quietly made unto themselves a rent-free "lurk." Into this circle of squatters he was admitted and by force of will he had gradually made himself commandant of the garrison, which, at the time of my visit, consisted of—in addition to Bradley and the girl—two other rummagers and a half-witted old fellow, who, so far as he was anything, was a sandwich man.

It was in one of his rummaging expeditions that the Corporal had fallen in with the little girl who I had found acting as Bradley's nurse. One summer morning he had discovered her lying on some old sacking under the lee of a shed in a dust-yard. Those who been her companions through the night had departed, but she had been too ill to move. There she lay, poor little thing, like some stricken animal that had crept into a corner to die. She could not raise her head, and was alternately burning and shivering, for the hand of fever was upon her. The sight of her helplessness and suffering had aroused in the Corporal the tenderness of feeling that in him underlay all his heat of temper. Taking her in his arms, he hobbled home with her, and nursed her through the fever. His kindness to her called forth the feelings of love and gratitude that had been latent in her nature, and the two became as father and daughter, and the affection of the child had a greatly softening effect upon the soured and embittered temper of the man.

A few days after my visit to Corporal Brimstone's garrison, met the coster who had told me of Bradley being there.

"So yer got out all safe and sound, sir," he said, with a grin as I came up.

"Out of where?" I asked, not "taking" at the moment

"Out from Corporal Brimstone's," he answered. "I was a thinking it might a been a case of 'Did any one see you come in?' yer know, and the Corporal a saying to you as the butcher did to the bailiff, 'Then no one shall see you go out.' I suppose he cut up rough?"

"I found him a very good fellow," I answered, and then I went on to speak of the thoughtlessness and cruelty of annoying people like the Corporal "just to draw them out," and by talking to this man and others upon this point, I was able to do the Corporal some service in the way of saving him from irritating molestation.

To have visited a man of the Corporal's temperament too frequently would have been a mistake, but I dropped in on him occasionally, and at various times made the acquaintance of the other members of the garrison. They were an eccentric lot, and when once the ice had been fairly broken between us, I used to find these visits very pleasant to myself, while I trust they were not altogether without profit to the others; for though they would not have listened to anything in the shape of a set sermon, I could always put in a few words in season.

Though Corporal Brimstone was one of the best known characters of the district, the generality of those around him really knew very little more of him than that he was of a violent temper, and desirous of keeping himself to himself, and judging him by this superficial knowledge, they did him injustice. Hence his somewhat fearsome reputation. But there was more in the Corporal than met the eye, and the "more" was good. Under his roughness of exterior and abruptness of temper he had a loving and grateful heart, and that Christian faith and hope which can make even the poorest rich beyond measure.

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

THERE is no peace that is not won by strife,
No rest that is not purchased by the sword;
It is no idle hand, no dreaming life,
That earns the blessed guerdon of the Lord.

Wilt thou whose blade is even in its sheath,
Look for the crown that victor brows have worn?
He who would claim the sacred olive wreath,
Must learn to bear the diadem of thorn.

THE ANGEL OF THE APOCALYPSE.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

IN the Book of Revelation there is much that is deep, dark, and profoundly mysterious; and yet no part of the inspired volume, perhaps, bears more striking evidence of unity and completeness of plan and purpose. In the introductory part of the book we have a revelation of the glorified humanity of Christ. Then follow the messages to the Asiatic Churches, to Ephesus, and to Smyrna, and to Pergamos, and to Thyatira, and to Sardis, and to Philadelphia, and to Laodicea—messages still fraught with deepest meaning—and still along the corridor of ages sound the monitory words: "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches." The main part of the Book of Revelation, in several distinct sections, is represented by suitable and appropriate symbols—by Seals, Trumpets, and Vials. This triple series of scenes are not to be understood as chronologically successive. Each series begins at the Apostolic age, and in parallel lines runs on to the end—the winding up of the drama of the world's history.

The first main section is represented by the seals,—*the breaking of the seven seals*. The breaking of the seal and the unrolling of written parchment suggests and symbolises to use the unfolding of divine plan and purpose in providence and grace. This section closes with the vision of the redeemed in the seventh chapter. In that closing vision we have before us in aggregate the grand results of redemption: a multitude which no man can number of every nation and people and tongue, white-robed and blood-washed, with harps in their hands, and golden crowns upon their heads, monuments of the Redeemer's mercy and trophies of His grace, standing before the throne of God, ascribing salvation unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever.

The next important section of the book is represented by trumpets,—*the sounding of the seven trumpets*. The trumpet is a martial instrument, and therefore suggestive of change and of revolutionary movement. This series of disclosures extends to the eleventh chapter, and closes with the appropriate announcement

—“The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.”

The last great section of Revelation, extending to the nineteenth chapter, is indicated by the vials,—*the pouring of the seven vials*; and therefore suggestive of mingled mercy and judgment. It closes with the thrilling triumphant “Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

In the closing part of the book we have, in right sequence, the last things: the Millennium, the first and second Resurrection. Then comes the judgment scene: the great white throne and Him that sat thereon—a throne of fire and cloud such as was never piled for mortal sovereignty—before that dread tribunal are assembled all the dead, small and great, books are opened, and destinies for weal and woe are infallibly and irrevocably proclaimed. The last scene of the Apocalypse, and perhaps the most magnificent of all its metaphorical disclosures, is that of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, the gathering place of the ransomed and redeemed; the very foundations of that city are of jasper, sapphire, calcedony, emerald, and all manner of precious stones—walls of jewelled masonry—gates of pearl—streets of gold—thrones of light and splendour. Then, in addition to the main sections of Revelation, we have several subordinate ones, minor scenes, brief, but beautiful exhibitions of redeeming love and mercy. One of those minor parts we have in this eighth chapter. It comes in between the seals and the trumpets. “And another angel came and stood at the altar having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense which came up with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God out of the angels hand. And the angel took the censer and filled it with fire of the altar and cast it into the earth; and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.” This passage has been forcibly paraphrased by an expositor of Revelation, as far back as the days of the English Reformation. The book is now exceedingly rare. The copy in my possession belonged at one time to the venerable and learned Dr. Adam Clarke, and is quoted frequently in his Commentary upon this part of the New Testament. The paraphrase of this

beautiful prayer scene may with advantage be reproduced: "And the great angel Christ Jesus, came and stood as our High Priest before the justice seat of God, having the office of intercession, and many sweet acceptable praises were made to Him of all God's martyrs and elect, that by His mediation we might offer up the same before the justice seat of God's Throne. And the sweet requests of these praises were accepted and granted of God the Father through the procurement and intercession of Christ Jesus."

The central idea, in this heavenly vision, is *the priesthood of Christ*: the angel priest before the throne; the ministry at the golden altar; the prevalence of hallowed prayer and its ascension as a cloud of incense before God.

I. The Angel Priest: "And another angel came and stood at the altar"—another angel—the angel of the Covenant, the Messenger of God, our great High Priest. The most magnificent disclosures, through all this book of Revelation, you will find, have reference to the glory of Christ. They are unfoldings of His person, office, and mediatorial work. In the first manifestation made to John, in Patmos, we have a sublime description of the glorified humanity of Christ. One like unto the Son of Man walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks, holding the stars in His right hand. As our Redeemer He executes the offices of priest and king; and, as indicative of His sacerdotal and regal character, the flowing robe which He wears is bound with a golden girdle. He is the everlasting Son of God; and, as emblematical of eternity, His head and hair are white like wool, as white as snow. Omniscience is an attribute of His existence, and therefore His eyes are as a flame of fire. His voice is the sound of many waters, the majestic roll of the ocean—the symbol of power; His feet as molten brass, glowing in the furnace,—the emblem of purity; and, as expressive of His underived glory, His countenance shines as the sun in its strength.

In other visions of this book the imagery is of a very different kind. You will find in all these disclosures that the main idea and purpose of the revelation will determine the nature of the symbolism. In the opening vision of the Apocalypse, for example, the dominant idea is *sacrificial*; and the imagery is in harmony with the subject. The Saviour appears as *the Lamb slain*. There, as the curtain rises, in a vision of unrivalled majesty

and splendour, we behold the throne of God and Him that sits thereon. Encircling the throne is the emerald rainbow—the bright and blessed symbol of redeeming mercy. Round about the throne and before the throne are the elders, and the living creatures, and the seven burning lamps which are the seven spirits of God. There, in a still wider circle, are the angel hosts, ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands :

“Far as the eye can reach, on height o’er height,
Rise fiery waving wings and star-crown’d brows ;
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme unmingled light.”

But there in the very midst of the throne, of this heavenly scene, of the elders, of the living ones, of the countless throng of angels, in the very centre of the universe stands the “Lamb as it had been slain” from the foundation of the world, slain on Calvary, and before the throne still as newly slain. The very marks of the Cross, the scars of Calvary, the print of the nail, the gash of the spear, the wounds of Calvary, the memorials of the cross and passion, and are all still retained, and their interest perpetuated. Gazing upon those sacrificial symbols and mementoes, the burnings of seraphim and the raptures of the redeemed roll up into magnificent anthem-strain :

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

In one of the closing scenes of the Apocalypse, again, the dominant idea is the regal glory of Christ ; and, in harmony with the subject, we have symbols of conflicts, of triumph, and of imperial majesty. The Redeemer goes forth as the warrior of the Apocalypse. In righteousness He doth judge and make war. He is called Faithful and True. His eyes are as the searching flame. Many crowns are upon His head. His vesture is dipped in blood. Out of his mouth goeth a sharp two-edged-sword. His garments are rolled in blood. His name is called the Word of God. He is King of kings and Lord of lords.

It is impossible to ponder such a scene without receiving an impression of its power. We cannot but feel its thrill. Christ is enthroned. Many crowns are upon His head, of wondrous richness and lustre, and there shall be one more—the crown of a

ransomed and subjugated world. The sceptre is in His hand ; and it shall become one of boundless sway. The paternal decree peals forth : Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever. The homage of heaven and the rapt adoration of angel hosts, vindicate and challenge the worship of earth. Therefore, with the holy Church, throughout all the world, in acknowledgment and adoration, we unite in the lofty ascription : "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ ; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father."

In this vision of prayer the distinctive idea is that of ministrations—the high-priestly office and work of Jesus—therefore He appears as the Angel-Priest, the Messenger and Minister of God. In the tenth chapter we have the same august form—a mighty Angel descending from heaven, standing with one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the land, robed in light and radiant in brightness ; His face as the sun, His feet as pillars of fire, and round about His head the brightness of the rainbow. Attendant circumstances, such as these, are evidence and attestation of the supreme dignity and glory of the Redeemer—our High Priest with God. We are satisfied, moreover, that, varied and magnificent as are those visions of the Mediatorial glory of Christ, they do not, and from the nature of the case, cannot carry us up to the full height of the subject. The half cannot be told :

"Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth."

II. The ministry of the Golden Altar : "And another angel came and stood at the golden altar and there was given unto him much incense." The imagery of this subject unquestionably comes to us from the Tabernacle and Temple service. At the golden altar there were annual and daily offerings of incense. There was the great Day of Atonement, when the high-priest robed in white, took the golden censer ; filled it with burning coals from the altar of sacrifice ; and then, taking a handful of frankincense, very costly and precious, he sprinkled it upon the coals of fire, and then with a cloud of fragrance, lifted the veil and stood beneath the brightness of the Shekinah—in the immediate presence of God. There was also incense offered upon the golden

altar at the morning and evening daily sacrifice. Taking fire from the place of sacrifice, the ministering priest burnt incense upon the golden altar. While the priest ministered the people prayed. Thus in the ministry of Zacharias as described in Luke's Gospel, "his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord. And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense."

An impressive scene was that presented in the congregation of Israel, when the priest ministered at the golden altar, and clouds of fragrant incense filled the holy place and the multitude stood without and prayed. But that is a more deeply impressive scene which, in this vision, opens up to us in the heavenly places. The Lord Jesus Christ, the Angel of the Covenant, the Messenger of God, our High Priest, stands for us at the golden altar before God. There was given unto Him much incense—the incense of His own death, the merit of His own oblation, the fragrance of His own sacrifice. With that precious incense the prayers of the saints are mingled, hallowed and made meritorious, and wafted to the throne of God. Oh, it is a glorious thought that we have a living Saviour, a living Redeemer, a living High Priest, and an unchangeable priesthood.

"Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands."

It is worthy of remark that in this vision of the Apocalypse there is no allusion to the second veil. In the earthly sanctuary the golden altar stood directly opposite to the mercy-seat—separated from it only by that richly-woven mysterious curtain which no hand but that of the high priest might touch. In the heavenly vision the altar is before the throne. There is no veil. We are thus beautifully reminded of the significant fact that when Jesus died upon the cross the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom. The Holy Ghost thus eloquently signified that the way into the Holiest of all was now made manifest—that a new and living way had been opened up into the presence of God.

There was one part of the priestly ministry at the golden altar, that of the benediction, which we should not overlook. It was the office of priest to bless. While he ministered at the golden altar, the multitude of people stood outside and prayed. Then

when the priest came out from the holy place he pronounced the appointed benediction. That triple formula of blessing in the name of the triune Jehovah, corresponding with the apostolic invocation,—The love of God, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the communion of the Holy Ghost,—comprehending all that we can expect or desire, exceeding above all that we can ask or think, we are still permitted to appropriate: “The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord be gracious unto thee, and cause His face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.”

III. The prevalence of hallowed prayer: “And the smoke of the incense with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God out of the angel’s hand. And the angel took the censer and filled it with fire of the altar and cast it into the earth and there were voices and thunderings and lightnings and an earthquake.”

Of the prevalence of prayer, that the prayers of all saints are hallowed and wafted up to God we have a *threefold* evidence; ascending incense, the falling flame and the sweep of mighty and beneficent revolution.

1. The ascending incense: In ancient times when the worshipper placed his offering upon the altar he waited in trembling solicitude. When the smoke from the altar and sacrifice in spiral form went straight up to heaven he knew then that the worship was accepted. And we have this evidence of the acceptance of the prayers of all saints, and of their efficacy; the cloud of incense ascended up to God. “Let my prayer,” says the Psalmist, “be set before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.” God is still the hearer and the answerer of prayer. We are still permitted and privileged to enter into the secret places of the Most High, and to hold converse with God. I am not unconscious of the fact that the efficacy of prayer has, upon scientific grounds, been challenged; and I know that upon this subject, to thoughtful minds, there are unsolved problems. But as the distinguished and scholarly President of Yale University told us, when presiding at the Evangelical Alliance in New York, whatever the deductions and conclusions of scientist and savan might have been, the Church still kept on praying. No tapestry might more befittingly adorn the walls of the the Christian’s closet than such as might remind us of the prayers

of all saints—of the triumphs of fervent, effectual prayer all through the ages : Abraham communing with God, Jacob by the brook Jabbok wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant, Moses in the Mount talking with God face to face, Elijah at the altar upon the summit of Carmel, the prophet Daniel in Babylon fasting and making supplications, Paul the apostle of Jesus Christ offering in behalf of the Church the marvellously comprehensive petitions recorded in his epistles, John in the spirit on the Lord's Day. The prayers of all saints : what a history ! God has found nothing of earthly renown more worthy of record : Prayer has opened the gates of heaven, has brought angels from their thrones, has divided seas, has dried up rivers, has stopped the mouths of lions, has quenched the violence of fire, has turned to flight the armies of the aliens. The Church prayed for Peter, and at once the prison walls were shaken down. Paul prayed in the Mamertine dungeon, and the triumphs of the Cross were celebrated through all the Roman Empire. John prayed in Patmos, and that lonely isle of the Ægean Sea flamed with sunset visions of golden splendour. Martin Luther prayed at Worms ; and thus fortified, unscathed by sacerdotal lightnings, he braved a power that made princes to quail and sovereigns to tremble. John Knox prayed in Scotland, and his prayers were deemed more potent than an army of ten thousand men.

In the past of this saving economy prayer has ever been an important factor ; but its grandest possibilities may, nevertheless, be reserved for the Church of the future. "Prayer," says the Psalmist, "also shall be made for Him continually ; and daily shall He be praised." There shall yet be a universal concert of prayer—a grand embassy of all saints to the throne of Omnipotence. The redeeming purposes of the Lord Christ shall constitute the burden of united, universal and continuous supplication :

" For Him shall endless prayer be made
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice."

2. The falling flame : "The angel took the censer and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth." Exact and extensive exegesis cannot at this point be attempted ; but we may remember that fire has in all ages been the symbol of the Divine

presence. In the temple vision of the rapt prophet his lips were touched with hallowed flame. A single burning coal from that altar of sacrifice touched his lips, and his iniquity was taken away and his sin was purged.

There are two facts of sacred history which in a very striking way exhibit the connection between prayer and the fire of God. The magnificent temple of Solomon has just been completed. There it stands upon Mount Zion, unrivalled in the vastness and gorgeousness of its architecture: marble and gold glistening and gleaming in the clear light of the serene Syrian sky. The great day of dedication has come. Multitudes of people throng up to Jerusalem from every part of the land: over the Mount of Olives, along the Damascus Road, in at the Joppa gate, up the temple steps, saying, "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." The courts are crowded with worshippers, the priests minister at the altar, and songs inspired by holy ones are chanted by the full-voiced choir. Then a great hush passes over the great silent waiting congregation, and the dedication prayer is offered by the great King. That prayer is comprehensive, and there are petitions just as suitable for us to-day as when, three thousand years ago, the ancient temple was dedicated to God.

In the tremulous earnestness of that dedication prayer, there is the throbbing of a human heart that beats across the chasm of long centuries: "What prayer or what supplication soever shall be made of any man, or of all thy people Israel, when every one shall know his own sore and his own grief, and shall spread forth his hands in this house; then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place and forgive."

And fitting also to this service of dedication were the closing petitions of that marvellous prayer:—"Now, my God, let I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place." "Now," says that sacred historian, "when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good, for His mercy en-

dureth for ever." The presence of God filled the temple, and the priests were unable to minister because of the glory.

There is another illustrative history—that of Pentecost. The disciples of Jesus waited with one accord, in one place, in prayer and supplication; and that prayer prevailed. Fire came down from heaven, cloven tongues like as of fire sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Baptized with fire and endued with the energy of burning speech, the Church was prepared for her grand soul-saving mission.

And here, in the connection between the prayer ascending up to the throne and the fire of God sent down upon earth, we learn the secret of the Church's power. "The arrow of God shall go forth as the lightnings," says the prophet, "and His hand shall be seen over against them." The lightning—when it strikes the lofty fane or scatches the forest tree—goes forth silently, swiftly, resistlessly. Thus the arrow of God went forth at Pentecost, and thousands were convinced of sin and added to the Church. The hand of God shall be seen over against them. The results shall be so marvellously, so magnificently out of proportion to the means employed that the power of God shall be instantly and universally acknowledged.

3. The sweep of mighty and beneficent revolution: there were voices and lightnings and thunderings and an earthquake—language in this book symbolical of change, upheaval, and of revolutionary movements. The philosophy of this subject is plain. The government of the world is in the hands of the Mediator, and all providential changes must therefore subserve the Mediatorial purposes of the Lord Christ. Forms and forces are then directly opposed to Christ, and antagonistic to His throne; but they are destined to final and utter overthrow. Very definite upon this point are the teachings of Revelation. Varied are the representations of organized evil; but the result is the same. In the vision the symbol of evil is the spiritual Sodom, in the streets of which lie the slain witnesses; but the witnesses have a resurrection, an earthquake shakes the guilty city, and the glory is ascribed to God. In another scene evil appears as the Great Dragon, drawing after it the stars of heaven, and ready to destroy the feeble, fleeting church; but Michael and the hosts of heaven fight and prevail, and the Church militant triumphs. Then, again, evil was represented as the beast rising out of

the sea, making war with the saints; but the beast and the false prophet are overthrown and cast into the lake of fire. Then in vision, Babylon, another form and representation of evil, comes up in remembrance before God, and the loud proclamation is made: "Babylon is fallen." In the last of these visions, bringing us somewhere in the region of the millennium, Satan, once again let loose, marshals his hosts, and gathering Gog and Magog from the four quarters of the earth, compasses the camp of the saints of the Most High; but the latest enemies of the Church in this final conflict are foiled and beaten back and devoured by fire from heaven.

And so with every form of evil and opposition to Christ. He shall overturn, overturn, overturn, till He reign whose right it is. In harmony with this expectation and desire, we pray, in the lofty strain of John Milton: "Come forth from thine invisible chambers, O, thou Prince of all the earth; put on the robes of Thine imperial majesty; take to Thyself thine unlimited sceptre; for now thy bride expects thy coming, and all nature sighs to be renewed."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

"'TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

Matt. xiv. 27.

BY REV. S. P. ROSE.

How often on life's ocean
 A much-loved Form appears,
 But view'd 'mid storm's commotion
 Or seen thro' blinding tears,
 We straightway cry, "A Spirit!"
 Our hearts with dread are stirr'd
 (So ill doth fear interpret),
 Until Christ's voice is heard.

Yet were we quick to know it,
 We might His presence see
 In every heart disquiet,
 In all our misery!
 And when our ears are open,
 Sweet accents we may hear,
 "'Tis I, my faithless children,
 Why then give place to fear?"

Seen on the angry water
 Or view'd through Fear's disguise,
 We fail to know the Master
 Who stands before our eyes.
 We falsely read the token
 God in life's storms doth send,
 Of heavenly love unbroken,
 Of joys that cannot end.

Impart faith's inspiration,
 Dear Comforter in grief,
 That in the heart's affliction,
 Thy voice may give relief.
 As falls Thy gentle chiding
 Upon our doubting ears,
 The Saviour's love abiding
 Shall banish all our fears.

TASMANIA AS IT IS.

BY A. MACGILLIS, ESQ.

THE immortal Bard of Avon pertinently asks: "What's in a name?" and, conscious of certain immunity from contradiction, boldly proclaims the truism: "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." The aphorism applies with equal force to other objects in nature besides the rose, and notably so in the case of a small island whose beetling cliffs and basaltic eminences stand out in bold relief against the mighty winds and angry waves of the Southern Ocean, and which, in its physical aspect, bloomed as brightly during the two hundred years that it bore the name of "Van Dieman's Land," as it has during the last twenty-six years under that of "Tasmania." In 1852 it ceased to be a prison house for a certain class of criminals from Great Britain and Ireland, and the name was then changed with the view of purging it of every vestige of its penal character and associations, which it had borne for forty-eight years. That desirable end has been accomplished, so that at present scarcely any taint attaches to it, except in the case of a few surviving convicts who still grace the country with their existence. It should be borne in mind in this connection that although convicts were sent to this colony, many were transported for offences that we would look upon as very trifling in their character, such as killing a pheasant or a hare on a nobleman's estate, perhaps to appease the hunger of a starving family, which would be punished by our police magistrate by fining the culprit one dollar, or a few days in jail.*

Tasmania lies one hundred and twenty miles south of the Province of Victoria (south-east of Australia), and is separated from it by Bass Strait. Its area is about 27,000 square miles, a little less than New Brunswick, with a population of 100,000. Its shape is that of a heart, or an isosceles triangle with the apex towards the south.

The English claim the discovery of Australia in 1542; the

*After the political troubles of 1837-38 in this country, a number of Canadians were banished, for political offences, for a term of years to Van Dieman's Land.—Ed.

Spaniards and Dutch visited it in 1605. Van Dieman's Land was first visited on the 24th November, 1642, by Commodore Abel Jans Tasman while on a voyage from the Mauritius, and he named it after his patron—Antonia Van Dieman, Governor-General of Dutch Batavia, but it was upwards of two hundred years before any notice was taken of it. Captain Cook and Captain Furneaux landed there in 1773 and 1777, and until 1798 it was supposed to form part of New Holland (New South Wales), but in that year Surgeon Bass and Lieutenant Flinders circumnavigated the island and proved its insularity.

The English formally took possession of it in 1803, and in the following year Lieut.-Governor Collins arrived from Sydney with four hundred prisoners and fifty marines, and pitched his headquarters on the right or west bank of the Derwent, where the capital now stands, and bestowed on it the name "Hobart Town," in honour of Lord Hobart, at that time Secretary for the Colonies. He remained six years, and was succeeded by Col. Davey, both of whom made great advances in tillage, building, etc.; but the third Lieut.-Governor, Col. Sorell, made vast improvements in the internal condition of the country, amongst them being a road from Hobart Town to Launceston, near the north side of the island, and the establishment of schools, etc. In 1821 the population was 7,185, and in that year the tide of emigration set in from England. In 1825 it was declared independent of New South Wales, and the chief authority vested in the Lieut.-Governor and Council, and civil and criminal courts of law, with a Chief Justice presiding, were established. Previous to that time litigants had to go to Sydney, about seven hundred miles distant, to have their differences weighed in the scales of justice.

Originally the island was divided into two counties only, Buckingham, comprising the south part, and Cornwall the north. In 1826 it was subdivided into nine police districts, and subsequently into eighteen counties, the capital being in Buckingham County, and Launceston in Cornwall, where that county is separated from the counties of Dorset and Devon by the River Tamar. There are no large towns or cities except Hobart Town and Launceston, but there are many nice, rural villages of some pretensions, that are rapidly increasing in importance since the establishment of the railway system in the colony. The scenery is very beautiful, consisting of hills and mountains, isolated peaks and

romantic valleys, evergreen trees and verdant pastures, intersected by numerous rivers and streams, and having the most delightful climate in the world, it is a perfect elysium for tourists. The highest peak is Mount Humboldt, 5,520 feet, and many others are from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The whole coast presents a bold, basaltic front. In the south nothing can be more rude and majestic than the appearance of the landscape—hills rising upon hills, thickly covered with evergreens. Towards the interior it loses much of its stern aspect, and many fine spots are to be met with, where farming and sheep-raising are carried on extensively, to which the well-watered plains, and the diversity of hill and dale are well adapted. The western portion has been but imperfectly explored, owing to its mountainous character, but there are many fertile valleys, rich in alluvial deposits, interspersed amongst the hills, that will yet be brought under cultivation and be made to “blossom as the rose.”

The rivers are numerous, but four or five only are navigable. The Derwent is the outlet of Lake St. Clair, and after receiving many tributaries, empties into Storm Bay, twenty miles from Hobart Town, varying in width, from its entrance up to the city, from six to twelve miles, having deep water, without rocks or sand-banks, and navigable at all seasons with perfect safety as far as New Norfolk, about sixteen miles above Hobart Town. The scenery is of unsurpassed grandeur and sublimity and the water is salt for some distance above the city. Other rivers are the Huon, the Gordon, the North and South Esk, and others of less importance.

The lakes are numerous and are situated chiefly in the centre of the island. Great Lake is twenty miles long, ten miles wide dotted by fine picturesque islets. Lake St. Clair is smaller than the last, and its scenery is so romantic that it has been compared to the Lakes of Killarney.

The soil is varied, in some places a rich black mould, in others sand or clay, and few countries can produce the same number of bushels of grain to the acre. Every sort of fruit, herb or vegetable that grows in England grows in Tasmania. It is *par excellence* the queen of fruit-producing countries, and visitors who are given us their experience on that point, go into ecstasies at the luscious grapes, delicious strawberries, jam and pre-

serves, in which they revelled during their stay. It being the garden of Australia, canning and preserving fruits for exportation, as well as for home consumption, is a profitable branch of industry, and large quantities find their way to Victoria, notwithstanding the high tariff by which that colony is walled in.

The woods are evergreen; no member of the deciduous family is to be seen. The eucalyptus, or gum tree, is the principal one, of which there are several varieties, producing tannin, gum arabic, keno, and manna, and sheds its bark instead of its leaves. The blue gum tree grows to a large size, six or seven feet in diameter near the ground, clean and smooth to the first limb, a length of one hundred and eighty feet, with a conical top rising thirty feet more. Many of the shrubs, particularly the mimosa, put forth very rich and gorgeous blossoms in spring, but the colour of nearly all is tinged more or less with yellow. The cherry and fern surpass in beauty the whole of the forest trees. The flora is very extensive, and is embraced or classed in ten or twelve natural orders. Among the fauna the kangaroo is the principal quadruped, of which there are forty species in the Australian colonies, from the great forester, which stands six or seven feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, to the kangaroo rat and mouse. The wombat,²—hyena, opossum, or tiger,—is nocturnal, predatory, and ferocious, and very destructive among the flocks: it is marsupial, like nearly all of the quadrupeds in those colonies, and allied to it is the native porcupine.

The platypus is a kind of beaver, opossums are of the squirrel family, and the bandicoot is an offshoot of the prairie gopher, and very destructive in potato grounds, turning up the hills with its snout. The forest kangaroo is a great pest. He goes in herds and eats up the grass and pastures, to the great detriment of the flocks of sheep. He is very swift, and gets over the ground in leaps of thirty feet each. He is a dangerous animal to come in contact with, as he hugs like a bear, tears with his hind feet like a cat, and with his tail can give a stunning blow. He is a beautiful creature, and very docile when tamed, but, as his flesh is much prized, he is fast disappearing from his old haunts. The wallaby and wallaroo are smaller species, and weigh forty to sixty pounds. The locomotion of nearly all the Australian quadrupeds is performed by springing in the air in great bounds, aided by their strong tails. Birds are numerous. The emu, ostrich, or cassowary,

(writers give it all these names) stands at their head, and is also fast disappearing. Its covering is more like hair than feathers. It cannot fly, but is extremely fleet, outstripping the swiftest horse, and kicking with such violence as to break a man's leg. It stands six or seven feet high, and is easily domesticated. The parrot family is largely represented: magpies, birds of prey, and waterfowl; among the latter that *rara avis*, the black swan. There are many kinds of snakes, some very venomous. Lizards grow to a large size, the guana attaining four feet in length. Of insects, there are centipedes, scorpions and tarantulas, many varieties of beetle, several sorts of ants, some of which are an inch long and sting wickedly, and spiders and bees, go to make up the animal life of Tasmania.

The climate is considered one of the finest in the world. In summer the average temperature is 70°, with warm, genial rains, and in winter from 40° to 50°. The seasons there are just the reverse of ours. The spring months are—September, October, and November; the summer—December, January, and February; the autumn—March, April, and May; and the winter—June, July, and August. The longest day is fifteen hours and twelve minutes, and the shortest, eight hours forty-eight minutes. Generally during the summer there are land and sea breezes every day, whose influence is felt a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the coast, the latter tending to cool the atmosphere on the hottest days. The atmosphere is very dry, and contains a large proportion of oxygen. Sometimes a hot wind suddenly blows from the north, producing blight and other injuries to growing crops, but it does not last but a few hours, and rain is sure to follow, and the weather cools down to its normal state. It would be hard for a Canadian to reconcile Christmas with a blazing sun and such weather as he is accustomed to experience at the end of June, but such phenomena are owing to the antipodal position of the two countries. The winters are mild, snow seldom remaining in the valleys but a few hours, but tremendous gales sweep over the little island sometimes, that almost make it rock to its foundation. The longevity of the people is remarkable, which is attributable to the salubrity of the climate: they seem to live as long as the physical machinery lasts, and then die of sheer inanition.

The natives were quite numerous when the English settled

on the island, but they were soon decimated by the white man, and the remnant that survived were removed to Flinder's Island, in Bass Strait, in 1835, numbering two hundred and ten, but afterwards brought back and placed at Oyster Bay, on the east side of Tasmania, where they were fed and clothed by the Government, but they are now nearly extinct. They are of the same stock as the aborigines of the mainland, but less ferocious, and their countenances are more humane, their language, however, is totally distinct from any one spoken on the continent. The women were better formed and of more agreeable appearance than those of Australia. They had neither personal activity nor genius; their habitations were afforded by the largest trees, hollowed out by fire to the height of six or seven feet, so that three or four persons could sit round a hearth made of clay. They had no canoes, and made rude rafts to cross streams. They had no implements for hunting or fishing, no weapon but a club. They resembled the African negro in having woolly hair and black complexions, and were inferior in every respect to the tribes on the mainland. Wives were procured from adjacent tribes by stealing on an encampment, knocking a young girl insensible with a club, when she was dragged off through the bush to the home of her future spouse, where she was treated in the most barbarous and brutal manner.

Since the abolition of the convict system in 1852, and the withdrawal of the £350,000 sent out annually by the British Government for its support, the country was almost at a standstill, until the discovery of the mines infused new life into her industries. Her resources were so few that the young men—her bone and sinew—had to seek employment in the other colonies, and hence their number was sadly out of proportion to her entire population, but now they find ample employment at home without going abroad for it. The wide-awake people of Melbourne and Victoria generally, applied the epithet "Sleepy Hollow" to the island on account of the apparent apathy and inertness of its inhabitants, and looked upon it as a *sanitarium* only, in which to spend their summer months to recuperate their wasted energies or to feast upon its fruits and jams.

The author of a work on Australia, R. Montgomery Martin, vol. ii. p. 101, says.

"As Australia is in everything regarding climate the opposite of England, it may be observed that the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious; it is summer with the colonists when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and to fall before good. To these diversities, it may be added that the swans are black, and the eagles are white, the mole (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) lays eggs, and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo (an animal between the deer and the squirrel), has five claws on its fore paws, three talons on its hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops on its tail; there is a bird (*Melliphaga*) which has a broom in its mouth, instead of a tongue; a fish one-half belonging to the genus *Raia*, and the other to that of the *Squalus*; the cod is found in the rivers, and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold and barren, and the mountain tops warm and fertile; the nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood (*Xylomelum pyriforme*), with the stocks at the broad end; the cherry (*Exocarpus cupressiformis*) grows with the stone outside; the fields are fenced with mahogany (*Eucalyptus robusta*); the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, (*Cedrela Toona*); and the myrtle plants (*Myrtaceæ*) are burnt for fuel; the trees are without fruit, the flowers without scent, and the birds without song."

Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania, is prettily situated on the right, or west bank of the Derwent, with a population of 20,000 souls. It stands upon gently rising ground, which, towards the west, forms a series of graduating hills that culminate in the towering proportions of Mount Wellington, which guards it like a Titan sentinel from the chill western blast, rearing its snow-covered crest to an altitude of 4,166 feet. Snugly ensconced within this amphitheatre of hills, and substantially built, it contains many elegant residences and public buildings; the streets are wide and cross at right angles; a rivulet runs through the centre, supplying power to many manufacturing establishments. The society is highly respectable, and augmented largely by accessions of visitors every summer from the neighbouring colonies. Family history, as a rule, is not generally traced very far back, for fear of stumbling upon some delicate episode in the early life of their immediate ancestors before bidding farewell to the ermined dignitaries in the mother country. Hobart Town is approached from the south by two entrances, separated by Bruny Island: the one most commonly used leads through Storm Bay, on the east, and the other through D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, on the west. The island and channel were so named by the French Admiral Brune D'Entrecasteaux, who visited the place in 1792, with the war-ships *La Recherche* and *L'Esperance*.

Launceston is due north of Hobart Town, and connected with

it by a good road, one hundred and twenty miles long, made by convict labour, and also by the "Tasmanian Main Line Railway." Until that railway was opened in 1876, the two cities had very little in common, except a great amount of jealousy and rivalry which was fostered between them. The situation of the city is quite picturesque, at the confluence of the North and South Esk, on the left or west bank of the Tamar. It is the maritime key of a large and fertile country, and the centre of the commercial business of the colony. It is a fine city, and not much behind the metropolis in the size and elegance of its buildings, although having but about half its population. For a long time it was at a standstill, but it has brightened up wonderfully since the discovery of rich mineral deposits in the neighbourhood. Large shops and fine family residences are fast taking the place of the old wooden buildings, and life, bustle, and enterprise have taken the place of the Rip Van Vinkleism that had so long obtained. The Esk is spanned by a substantial iron bridge, and the view obtained of the city from this point is excellent. The falls, some distance further up, are one of the "sights" of Launceston.

This being the iron age of travel the railways are, of course, a great acquisition to the country. The Launceston and Western Railway extends about thirty-three miles from the city of Launceston, through a fine agricultural district, and is one of the best lines in the Australian colonies. There is also a tramway from Emu Bay, up the valley of Emu River, about sixty miles, connecting with the tin mines at Mount Bischoff, and other lines for short distances running to the different mines.

As already mentioned, the country was in a state of depression and somnolency until the discovery of its mineral wealth three or four years ago. The existence of rich deposits of gold and iron was known to some of the inhabitants for several years, but, through the apathy of the Government and other causes, no action was taken for the development of these treasures. Lately, however, the mines are worked on an extensive scale, and large cakes of gold are constantly being sent to Launceston,—one from "Nine Mile Springs" claim, a short while ago weighed 1,479 ounces, and was valued at £6,000. The minerals consist of gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, zinc, coal, slate, manganese, alum, limestone, asbestos, basalt, carnelian, rock crystal, chryso-

lite, jasper, marble and petrefactions. The northern portion of the island seems to be one vast field of undeveloped wealth, such as even a Mi-las might envy, and since her people have been aroused from their lethargy, the permanent prosperity of Tasmania is assured. Those who hold shares in the gold mines are rapidly making fortunes. Tin and iron mine shares are also doing well. The iron mines at the mouth of the Tamar yield seventy per cent. of the best quality: they are about six miles from the smelting works, where there is a good railway. The mining industry of the island is only in its infancy as yet, but before many years Tasmania will take a front rank in the production of minerals.

The present Government appear to be fully alive to the necessity of opening up the country, and encouraging every branch of industry by improving every avenue thereto by which it can be reached.

The parliament of Tasmania is composed of the Legislative Council and Assembly. The former is elective, and goes by rotation, each member sitting for six years, and a certain number retiring every year. The electors must have a property qualification. The Assembly is elected for three years. Manhood suffrage is the rule. As in the United States, no property qualification is required.

The Tasmanians have the English system of currency, weights, and measures, and adhere tenaciously to the cumbersome pounds, shillings, and pence of centuries ago, instead of adopting the more convenient and sensible decimal system. In fact, in many of their habits and customs they are more English than the English themselves. They are fond of all kinds of outdoor sports and amusements, such as yachting, cricketing, boating, hunting the fox and kangaroo, etc., all of which they indulge in to a great degree.

Tasmania has telegraphic communication with Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand, and Europe.

There are several lines of steamers communicating with the colony from Auckland, New Zealand; Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, San Francisco, Europe *via* Galle, and *via* the Suez Canal.

There are five banks doing business in Tasmania, and insurance agents proclaim the unrivalled merits of the same number of companies.

A Confederation of the Australasian Colonies, and perhaps of the whole of Oceania, will eventually be effected, on a basis similar to that of Canada, but public opinion in Tasmania is opposed to a union at present, as her people think that they can serve their interests best by keeping the control and management of their public affairs in their own hands. But time will modify their views and show them how well the system works in Canada and other places, and also the security and importance that attaches to it, and then Tasmania and the other colonies will adopt it. The time has nearly gone by when provinces that are adjacent or contiguous to each other, and acknowledging allegiance to the same sovereign, can remain isolated and independent of each other, carrying on an internecine war of tariffs and exclusiveness. Before that happy time arrives, however, there are innumerable conflicting interests, emanating from climatic influences, and the geographical position of the different colonies in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, that have to be reconciled. But as in all great emergencies great minds have come forward to cope with and overcome them, so we may reasonably look for some able statesman to come to the front in due time to consolidate into one powerful, homogeneous whole the scattered fragments of the great Dominion of Australia.

TORONTO, Oct., 1878.

A SONNET.

Fragile and brittle, as a glassy urn,
 Is this frail casket which our life contains;
 A breath may wring it with most poignant pains
 And aches. A rude, unkindly touch may turn
 Our strength to feebleness, our hopes to dust.
 'Tis hard, amid our dreams, our active strife
 With stern, unfriendly Fate, to feel we must
 Renounce each task, that gave sweet zest to life,
 And like a bird whose wing in flight is broken,
 Or fleet-winged yacht disabled in the race,
 Can only wait, and watch with thoughts unspoken
 Those happier souls, who near the goal appear:
 Yet he who calmly waits when clouds o'ercast
 His life, may gain the richest prize at last.

—“*Songs of Life*,” by DEWITT.

THE ICE-BRIDGE AT QUEBEC: A WINTER TRAGEDY.

In January, 1871, with a large number of others, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, in the city of Quebec, and looked down on the mighty river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked a very low point, and all around there could be seen but the dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the bosom of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its black waters from view. What could induce human beings, in such an extreme atmosphere, to pace up and down this exposed promenade? The formation of the "ice-bridge" was momentarily expected. Facing the bitter cold, all anxiously looked down upon the hidden stream, and vigorously paced up and down the snow-clad terrace.

Suddenly a cry was heard: "It is taken." Instantly all rushed to the railing and excitedly peered down upon the waters. Slowly the mist arose, and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark-blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point, and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist Nature had performed her work—in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct—a glorious crystal plane, as wonderful as it was beautiful. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening; the intense cold quickly thickened the ice, and in an hour after its "taking," a boy, in a sleigh drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed toward the opposite shore, a rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, rose from the river, for the thin ice was as a sounding-board, and even when the sleigh became as a speck, the rumbling sound continued reverberating between the opposing high lands. Then followed, as it seemed to me, foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped in sweeping circles hither and thither; then hundreds followed.

On the wharfs and quays along the river-side were collected hundreds of onlookers; so I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a closer inspection. A continuous row of people were venturing down, shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glossy surface. Suddenly there was a tremour in the shining mass, and a paralysis seemed to strike onlookers and

skaters alike ; the ice was moving, the bridge was breaking up. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the wharfs, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders ; many were immersed in the chilly waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave.

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright, and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as pure and smooth as any mirror. The venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's memories, rushed wildly over its surface, and ice-boats swept across it with amazing rapidity, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea-gulls. It was a gala festival, and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of human beings, of boats, of vehicles.

Myself and two friends—a bride and bridegroom of few days—were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with an enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates, and soon found ourselves upon the ice. Near by was an ice-boat, ready to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores ; so we closed a bargain with the master, and stepped into our conveyance. Voluminous buffalo-ropes, lined with crimson, were wrapped around us, and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlour fire ; our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which was now carrying us, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Rapidly we passed up the river. On one side were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while on the other were the heights of Levis ; and now we were beneath the Plains of Abraham, crowned by the monument of the illustrious Wolfe, rushing past the now desolate timber cove. On one side were the churches of St. Columba de Sillery and St. Augustine, and on the other, of St. Nicholas and New Liverpool, and then the Falls of the Chaudiere.

We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when, with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat, with marvellous rapidity, was on the home-stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a frozen-in vessel ; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorenci Falls threw their vapoury column high into the rarefied atmosphere ; already its cone had begun to form, and we could

even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, past Beauport, l'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer; when again we turned, and, doubling le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St Joseph de Levis, and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting-point, after a wild ride of about forty miles, accomplished with marvellous speed. We put on our skates, and no sooner had the steel touched the glistening ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle; we seemed hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were gliding hither and thither; ice-boats, with their white sails, were sweeping upwards and downwards; and horses were galloping in every direction. I remained with my friend the bride, while her husband forged ahead, we following as best we could. She, full of happiness and joy, glided along by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her beloved one, as he skilfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the ice. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I turned my eyes and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot, and loud cries; but my attention was diverted from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to catch her and prevent her falling, and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping, and striving to break through the icy fetters! As he passed beneath us he gave one despairing look upwards, and was swept away forever from our sight! I conveyed her to her home, where, for many a succeeding day and night, she lay on her couch, the helpless prey of brain-fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an insane asylum.

—*National Repository.*

Oh, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art in low or high!
Thy skyeey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity.

—*Lowell.*

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

BY DEAN STANLEY.

THE history of the United States may be said to class itself into four principal epochs.

1. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is perhaps the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian states, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less involved in a cloud of fable, whilst those of the American commonwealth stand out in all the distinctness of living and actual personalities.

It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced, when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Salem in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and names from those who first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first governor, and on the other side, the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed, governor of the colony. The office itself was well represented by the honoured citizen who in direct succession filled it at that moment. Their progenitors were not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or the other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the

trees they had planted, the fruit they had reared, the churches they had built, were still amongst us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It gave that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the State which is so marvellously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe;" where he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front De Bœuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States, George Bancroft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers, who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure—well known in America, dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterwards, was chequered with a series of marvellous risks,

* We have pleasure in reproducing in part the generous criticism of the *United States*, uttered by Dean Stanley at Birmingham, England, December 16, 1878.—Ed.

which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardour, which has descended to his lineage in this country—including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth—was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affection of the Indian tribes against whom he alone was able to guard the infant colony. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards; Calameta the lady of Hungary; Trabegionda the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhattan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. "Here," such was his epitaph, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the Bay of Plymouth in New England, and see without a yearning, as towards the cradle of a sacred State, the "Mayflower" winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore—the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one-half the little colony, the others hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighbouring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of

their peaceful invaders, and then the stern determination with which they allowed the vessel, after five months, to return on its homeward voyage without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern General Bradford; the Yorkshire soldier of fortune, doubtful Puritan, and doubtful Catholic, Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic, Oceanus Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White.

Or again, look at that singular eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavoured to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe, till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name, still immortalized in the State that sprang from his exertions, "Providence."

Or again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a State which should appeal not to war but to peace for protection, and which should "improve," to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the City of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, and the spruce of the forest in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was "Let your light shine amongst the Indians, the blacks, and the whites."

Or in Georgia, look at the fine old Churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwav-

ering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul."

He and those I have named may surely be reckoned amongst those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place amongst the benefactors of mankind—the founders of states and empires. They are examples of the hoary sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

2. I pass to the next epoch; it is that in which the French and English nations contended for the possession of the American continent, as they had once, in the Middle Ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare—the only thoroughfare—through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those vast overhanging woods. See at the point between the lakes the fortress, of which the ruins still remain, almost the only ruins to be seen perhaps throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the fortress of Tyconderoga, or, as the French call it, Carillon or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen in the neighbourhood amongst the descendants of his famous clan: or gaze on the historic splendour which surrounds the name of Lord Howe,

commemorated by grateful Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or again, look more northward still to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the Heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his chivalrous adversary the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapt in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, and the Jacobite Highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war-whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and colours of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing them he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles.

3. We pass to the third epoch, that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savour of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who for the first, perhaps we may say the only time, in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when

mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression answered, "The separation of the American States;" and when in his hundredth year he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former days, his last words murmured something of "the war with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar, which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; and on the other side is a monument, erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with one hand on the plough and the other on the musket, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living writers, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village who was present at the time of the conflict:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years, with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of almost regal majesty, looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave, over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has devoted to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American commonwealth.

4. There is yet one fourth group of events which make us feel that even now, in the time in which we live, America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet welded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles the First, were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smouldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface.

SIN IN THE UNIVERSE.

BY REV. WM. J. HEWITT.

THAT sin is in the universe is a fact admitting no denial,—a fact taught us by the testimony of Scripture, experience, and observation. The difficulty of accounting for the origin of sin in the universe has been felt to be exceedingly great in all ages of the world, and since God has not seen it proper to reveal details to us, many of our ideas concerning it are but mere speculation

after all. The Scriptures speak of Satan as the representative of sin in its origin, and teach that while Eve was first in the transgression here, he was absolutely first in iniquity in the universe. Evil once created within him, Satan rested not, but brought all his great powers into play for the dethronement of man, and we know to our cost how fatally he succeeded in his fell design.

Sometimes we attempt to grasp the sum of evil. Looking only on earth, it seems to possess the attribute of omnipotence. It is the blight which has fallen on all things,—the poisonous miasma which, for ages, has robbed millions of life and health. It is the deadly upas tree, under whose influence life could not flourish nor comfort survive. Sin has robbed the earth in sadness, dug its millions of graves, armed man against his brother, and brought sorrows almost infinite in their vastness, number, and effects into existence. Such is the extent of evil that men have asked, "Has Christ not died in vain? Do the comparatively few who are saved compensate Him for the tremendous sacrifice He has made?" Of course we know that these take a very narrow view of the work of Jesus; and also we know they do not understand the greatness of His triumph, to say nothing of the millions who have believed with the heart unto righteousness. Think of the unnumbered myriads of children whose original guilt has been covered by the atonement of Jesus; and then, in view of the greater victories He shall yet achieve on earth, is it not plain that the mass of the race will not (as some suppose) lift their eyes in torments, but will see the King in His beauty and the land afar off?

But, as I view it, sin after all is but the exception, and not the rule, in the universe. I regard it but as the drop of the bucket in comparison to the ocean,—as the grain of sand to the universe,—but as the rolling of a year to the endlessness of eternity. There are but two places in the vast universe of God where sin has an existence. It is found in all its unrelieved horrors in hell. It is prevalent on earth, but almost infinitely mitigated by the atonement of Jesus.

I believe in the plurality of worlds. To me the supposition that these worlds, so varied and so numerous, that only the eternal mind which called them into being can count them, were all created in vain, or at best to be but as splendid tapers to

illuminate the voids of infinite space, is an absurdity. How inconceivable that only on earth and in heaven God would place intelligent beings who were capable of adoring and magnifying His wisdom and love. To say that Scripture is silent on this point affects not our position in the least. Just as reasonable to say that earth holds no other lands save those few that are mentioned in the Bible. Now, the Scripture treats exclusively of one family or nation, and, if other families or nations are mentioned, it is because of their connection with the family "of whom Christ came according to the flesh." So also God has revealed nothing that does not pertain to man as a fallen but a redeemed being. Hell is spoken of as the home of devils and the place of punishment to the finally impenitent among men. Heaven is revealed as the abode of angels and the everlasting home of the saved. Devils are mentioned because of their part in man's fall. Angels, because they are God's messengers and man's ministers.

But, then, Scripture is not entirely silent on this point. "Thus saith Jehovah that created the heavens; God Himself that formed the earth and made it; He hath established it; *He created it not in vain; He formed it to be inhabited.* I am Jehovah, and there is none else." Isa. 44: 18. Here it expressly declared that to have created the earth and left it untenanted by intelligent beings would have been to create it in vain; and by the same reasoning, to suppose that the vast worlds, to which our earth is as nothing, are untenanted, is to impugn the wisdom and love of the God of wisdom and love.

I have read the opinions of many who would deny that other worlds have their inhabitants. Apparently all their arguments may be summed up in one proposition. Other worlds have not an atmosphere like ours. Men cannot live in the conditions these worlds present. Therefore they are not inhabited. Now, variety is God's law in the universe.

Philosophy tells us that there are more than a hundred thousand different species of living creatures in the animal kingdom, and no two alike, even of the same species. About the same number in the vegetable kingdom, and yet no two flowers, blades of grass, or leaves of the forest exactly similar.

Now, if this be so here, why not in every part of the universe? May not God have created a race of beings even superior to man, with capacities and powers just fitted for the worlds in which they dwell? Earth is but a small planet, yet, if my view be correct, it is, of all worlds, the most interesting, since here the problem of a race's redemption, how sin could be punished and yet the sinner saved, has been clearly worked out. There could be but one such an atonement. It is impossible that Christ could die a second time: and the fact that the angels which sinned have been left in utter ruin, to bear the consequences of

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their disobedience; also that the redemption of man cost a price so tremendous that even angels cannot fathom the love that offered it, will forever speak to all intelligent orders of beings, and be the means, in the hands of God, of establishing their vast and varied orders in perpetual obedience before Him. I do not stop to support this view with the parable of the lost piece of silver, nor of the ninety or nine left in the wilderness for the one lost sheep, nor yet, Luke 15:7, "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." Of course, we know that this cannot refer to man, for God has expressly said that *all have sinned*. In conclusion, let me say if this view be correct, it gives a wonderful significance to the passage, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE CURE FOR SKEPTICISM.

We have very little confidence in the efficacy of mere philosophical arguments, in the pulpit or out of it, or in any attempted "reconciliations" of science and religion, as an antidote to skepticism. Skepticism, we think, is often more moral than intellectual,—more of the heart than of the head. The cure, therefore, lies in the realm of the moral nature. If the heart be submitted in all lowliness and teachableness to the law of God, the eyes of the understanding shall be opened, and the mysteries of providence and grace, once dark, shall now be luminous, being "spiritually discerned." Of what use is it to prate of the "reign of law" and the physical objections to the doctrine of the efficacy of

prayer, to a man who daily holds communion with his Maker, and can say with the Great Teacher of prayer: "I know that thou hearest me always." It is not a matter of inference or argument, but of consciousness,—of profound personal experience.

What we have seen and felt,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the world around
The signs infallible.

Let a man submit to the spiritual conditions of the experiment, and he shall receive a spiritual demonstration of the truth, "If any man will do His will,"—the will of the Father of his spirit,—"he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Have the cavillers at Christianity and gainsayers of its

truth tried this crucial experiment? If not, from the very nature of spiritual truth, they cannot receive a demonstration of its power. What the Church needs and the world needs is a new Pentecost—a baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire—a mighty spiritual impulse that shall quicken its dormant moral life, and so mightily convince of sin and of judgment that even persecutors and unbelievers shall cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Before such a demonstration of the mighty power of God as this, the sophistries of infidelity shall vanish like the mists of midnight at the rising sun. Let, then, our Churches labour and pray and wait for this. Around is lying a dead world, - dead in trespasses and sins. Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. And, as in the prophet's valley of dry bones, at the breath of the Almighty they shall stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army, -an army of faithful witnesses for Jesus, and valiant soldiers of the cross.

THE ZULU MASSACRE.

The reverse which has happened to the British arms in South Africa is the most serious military disaster which has occurred in the history of the empire since the Indian mutiny or the annihilation of the Afghan army corps, forty years ago. For a complete parallel, we will have to go back to the destruction of Verus and his legions in the forests of Germany, by Arminius and his hosts, in the early years of the Christian era. The effects of the defeat of the British troops on missionary and colonization projects will, for a time at least, be very disastrous. Native savagery, to which war is almost a normal condition, will be emboldened to widespread and determined outbreak. Of course, it will be put down with the strong hand; but multitudes of hapless wretches will fall victims to their own temerity; and meanwhile, in many an English cottage and hall bitter tears are shed for sons or brothers slaughtered in

an African jungle. It is small compensation for the massacre of these gallant British soldiers that ten times the number of their barbarous enemies were slain.

The question arises in connection with English dealings with aboriginal populations, be they Kaffirs, Maoris, or Zulus, whether it would not be better and cheaper to Christianize and civilize them by the gospel of peace than to conquer them by the art of war. Methodist missions among the Indian tribes of this country have saved untold treasure and blood by averting the awful havoc of Indian wars like those which have desolated the American frontier and been the disgrace of a Christian civilization.

FRANCE.

The manner in which France has passed through an important political crisis is a proof of the growth of those principles of constitutional liberty which are the foundations of national prosperity. The recent change of government does credit alike to Marshal McMahon and to his successor. Time was, and not so long ago either, when a similar crisis would have led to a military *coup d'etat*—to barricades and *mitrailleuses*, and to a menaced reign of terror. The quiet change of government, with scarce a fluctuation at the bourse or a ripple in the *faubourgs*, is the most hopeful augury of the future of fair France that has appeared for many a day. Indeed, a "model republic" near at hand might well imitate, in its presidential crises, the patriotism, the self-restraint, the moral courage shown by Republican France.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. GREEN.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Green removes from among us another of the veteran pioneers of Methodism in Canada. No more shall we behold on the Conference platform that stalwart form, that massive brow, and "good grey head that all men knew," nor listen to the words of wisdom from his lips. The history of Dr. Green runs parallel al-

most with that of Methodism in this country, and in all its great movements he was a prominent actor. In his early days his vigorous frame, his energetic will, his popular oratory, his commanding influence made him one of the foremost preachers, organizers, and legislators of the Church. Of late years his physical infirmity withdrew him comparatively from public view; but his wise counsels were not wanting to the Church to which he gave the years of his prime. In the quiet of his family, and surrounded by loving ministrations, he calmly awaited his summons to his rest. The later weeks of his life were full of physical suffering, but also of religious enjoyment—nay, triumph. "I am resting on the Rock," was his experience of those later days.

Few persons who were present at the memorial service in the Metropolitan Church will ever forget its solemn influence. The appropriate prayer of the Rev. Dr. Potts, so full

of feeling and fervour; the admirable address of the Rev. E. B. Harper, the President of the Toronto Conference; and the touching tribute of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson to his personal relations with the departed during a ministry of five and fifty years, since together they joined the little band of pioneer preachers, of which he is now the sole survivor—these touched a responsive chord in every heart. Small wonder that the venerable Dr. Ryerson experienced the sense of loneliness to which he so touchingly alluded.

Thus one by one the fathers are summoned from their toils to their reward. They rest from their labours and their works do follow them. They were grandly privileged to lay the foundations of Methodism in this land, and nobly did they accomplish their God-appointed task. May their mantles fall on successors who, from generation to generation, shall carry on the glorious work.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Thanksgiving Fund seems to be just now the all-absorbing object with our fathers in England. A Methodist orphanage is likely to be established. A gentleman in Birmingham has offered nine thousand pounds towards this object if the Thanksgiving Committee will give one thousand more; thus, fifty thousand dollars will be secured for this noble purpose. The metropolis has made a good beginning, having subscribed two hundred thousand dollars.

Rev. Dr. Rule has lately visited the missions in Spain. He was able to preach to the Spaniards in their own resonant tongue. He reports favourably of the spread of

Protestant opinions, and says, "In addition to the good work being done by Wesleyans, evangelization in Spain is now carried on by the Spanish society of that name, at six central stations, viz., Seville, Grenada, Cadiz, Huelva, Cordova, and Madrid. These stations are supplied by resident missionaries, besides whom there are travelling missionaries to outlying districts. Several *nucl.i* of churches have already been formed."

Rev. M. C. Osborn, one of the missionary secretaries, has arrived in the West Indies, and is visiting the churches. He is greatly pleased with what he has seen in that interesting mission field.

It is stated as a fact that, among ten thousand Fijians, there is not a house without family worship. The "United Presbyterian" pertinently says this is more than can be said of any ten thousand Christians of America.

From \$5,000 to \$10,000 are contributed yearly by the Friendly Island converts to the Wesleyan Missionary Society. During the late visit of Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., the king, himself a local preacher and class-leader, gave him one hundred pounds for the Metropolitan Chapel Fund, of which Dr. Smith is secretary.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, U. S.

This Church in the United States has 1,088,788, an increase for the year of 17,180; 11,308 itinerant preachers, a gain of 39. Of all these itinerants stationed during the past year not one declined to go to his appointment, nor did any charge decline to receive the pastor sent by any of the bishops.

At Atzala, a few miles from Puebla, in Mexico, the populace were excited by the priests, rose and slaughtered twenty-six of the Methodist converts. The missionary was threatened with violence, but the authorities protected him. Puebla is the most bigoted place in Mexico. Dr. Butler says, "Doubtless, much blood will flow, and many will fall, but Mexico will be brought to Christ."

Bishop Bowman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is at present in India. Dr. Thoburn says the visit of the Bishop in South India has been productive of much good. The Conference at Madras was a season of great rejoicing. Some of the missionaries travelled two thousand miles to be present. There was an increase reported of three hundred in the membership, making a total of more than two thousand, one-tenth of whom are natives.

St. George's Church, the oldest Methodist Church in Philadelphia, and the second in America, recently celebrated its one hundred and ninth anniversary.

The Missionary Society at its late meeting in New York appropriated \$135,000 for foreign missions.

Rev. W. Taylor, the "renowned organizer of self-supporting missions in India and South America," has two more workers under appointment for South America, and he expects to send five additional young ministers to South India in a few weeks. He intends to revisit South America in April.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church had an increased income of nearly fifty thousand dollars last year. The debt on the publishing house is enormous, but strong efforts are being put forth for its liquidation. Some liberal contributions have been made. The book agent is hopeful of success. One third of the three hundred thousand dollars of four per cent. bonds, issued to liquidate the debt, have been subscribed.

Our brethren have nobly resolved to issue a quarterly review,—the first number has been published. They have also resolved to secure thirty thousand subscribers to the General Conference organ.

The increase of members in the Southern churches exceeds forty thousand. The increase in Georgia especially has been very great. The number of illiterates in this State is gradually decreasing. In 1874 the number of persons between ten and eighteen years of age unable to read was reported to be 106,244, but in 1878, the number was less than 80,000.

Like ourselves, the brethren in the South have much trouble about "transfers." The people like to be consulted, especially in the stronger stations. In some of the Conferences the preachers are sensitive. And so friction ensues here and there. It is believed that if the Episcopal prerogative could be exercised as in former times, the evil might be cured, or, at least, be considerably mitigated.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Chairman of British Columbia, Rev. R. H. Smith, has recently been called to mourn the death of a beloved daughter. The mission should be reinforced. The accounts from the missionaries give evidence that they are often "hazarding their lives for the truth."

Want of funds seems to be the constant cry from the Treasury. A few friends here and there are responding nobly. Recently one thousand dollars was sent by a friend, and another friend sent one hundred and fifty dollars, as donations on annuity. Other friends could very easily "go and do likewise," and in so doing they would not only benefit the society in the time of its emergency, but avoid the danger of any disputes at their death, should they remember the society in their last will and testament. We are glad to see that several friends have

doubled their subscriptions at the missionary meetings.

We are glad to observe that the Rev. James Scott, of the Toronto Conference, has been appointed agent and lecturer for the Ontario Temperance Alliance. The long experience of Brother Scott as a temperance campaigner will make his services very efficient in this field.

The Rev. L. N. Beaudry and his faithful band are labouring with their usual zeal in Montreal. Having obtained a church and parsonage, they have better facilities for prosecuting their labours. The prayer-meetings and class-meetings are seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. The attendance at the church is much larger than in their former place of worship. Some young men of more than ordinary intelligence have lately joined the society.

BOOK NOTICES.

Tabor Melodies. A Book of Sonnets. By ROBERT EVANS, Hamilton. 12mo., pp. 125. Toronto: Samuel Rose. Price 60 cents.

The sonnet is at once the most difficult and the most delightful form of English verse. The quadruple and its extreme compression demand great poetical skill, and condensation of thought, and terseness of expression in its construction. Yet it has ever been a favourite with the poets. Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Wordsworth used it with grand effect, and Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, and Camoens, on this "small lute," piped most melodious strains. Mr. Evans' book of sonnets is unique in its character. It contains the largest collection by a single writer in the English language. Shakespeare only wrote some hundred and thirty. Here are two hundred and fifty. This, of course, would be no recom-

mendation if they were intrinsically inferior. Poetry is one of the things in which you cannot by quantity make up for defective quality. But we venture to affirm that this collection is of extraordinary merit. In choice of themes and mode of treatment, the author has been guided by a devout spirit and a correct taste. The subjects are chiefly the immortal characters or sublime events of Bible story, or the spiritual experiences of the soul. And the elevation of sentiment has been worthy of these august themes. We wonder how the writer, in the busy preoccupations of a commercial life—travelling many thousands of miles every year—found the time to write and polish those smooth and graceful lines. It is only by continual communion with the source of all beauty and all truth that the habitual moral elevation of thought that they exhibit is attained. We should like to quote

largely, but limits of space forbid. We can give here only a few specimens of the whole.

PLAGUE OF THE NILE.

Red rolls the mighty flood of ancient Nile,
As if the slaughtered innocents had shed
Their life's blood at its fount; and, as they
bled,

Its limpid waves had flowed all dark and vile—
Flaming blood-red for many a molten mile—
With judgment's banner o'er the waters
spread.

The fish, in shoals, float on its surface—dead.
Egypt, is this your flood, adored, while,
And worshipped in its horrid flow of death?

Look on its slimy current's tinted foam!
Go breathe the odour of its putrid breath!

Is this the guardian angel of your home?
Haste, swelling tide, all darkened into blood,
Thy waves flash back the fiery brow of God.

How vivid in the line, "Flaming
blood-red for many a molten mile."
How striking, also, is the following
figure :

Time, like the Indus, sinks in its own sand,
And, like that ancient stream, with mighty
sweep,
Bears all its own memorials to the deep.

These, also, are vigorous lines :

Truth in the bold minority of one,
One prophet of the Lord; in pampered pride
Eight hundred priests are on the other side, —
Flanked by the nation, marshalled by the
throne.

Elijah in the conflict holds his own,
And, like the rock-built Carmel, doth abide.

We should like to give the two
sonnets on the Remorse of Cain;
but can only make room for one.

This demon hand! with this I dealt the blow;
Standing upon this spot whereon I tread,
I struck him once, — he staggered, and was
dead.

Dead! what is death? his breath grew faint
and low;

I could not stop the crimson current's flow;
And then, he faintly sighed, and his drooped
head,

With all its golden locks about it spread,
Lay thus upon my breast. Youth lost its glow;
His cheek grew pale, then strangely damp and
cold;

And o'er his eye there came a vacancy,
A mist of darkness, as it upward rolled,
And pierced my soul with that which mad-
dens me—

There was so much of tenderness, of pain,
As if he should have said, "Can this be Cain?"

The lessons from the life of our
Lord and of St. Paul are full of in-
spiration, and there is a sweet pen-
siveness in the sonnets entitled
"So Little Done" and "Only a
Little Space," that will strike a re-
sponsive chord in many a heart. A

keen sympathy with nature is shown
in many of these sonnets, and, what
is better, a rare moral elevation and
spiritual communion with the un-
seen. He who studies them will
cultivate at once a poetical taste and
a devout spirit.

*French Pictures Drawn with Pen
and Pencil.* By the REV. S. G.
GREEN, D.D. Illustrated 4to. pp.
xii.-212. Religious Tract Society
and Methodist Book-Rooms.
Price, \$2.50.

It was a very happy idea of the
Religious Tract Society to publish
their beautiful series of volumes of
foreign travel, sumptuously illustrated
with pen and pencil. The present
volume we think inferior in interest
to none of the series, and it has many
attractions peculiar to itself. Dr.
Green has diverged from the usual
beaten route of tourists, and has
wandered in search of the pic-
turesque through the byways of the
storied land of *La Belle France*,
lingering fondly in many a

Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song.

France is even richer than Eng-
land in historic memories and monu-
ments, reaching far back into Roman
times; but many of them are of a
sad, and even tragic character.
Thank God, England knew no
counterpart to the martyrdoms of
Lyons, the persecutions of the Ce-
vennes, the *noyades* of the Loire,
the excesses of the Revolution, or
the wild carnival of blood of the
Commune. But many were the
heroic episodes and grand achieve-
ments of French history, and gallant
was the struggle for civil and reli-
gious liberty. It has for years been
a cherished purpose of the present
writer to recount the tragic story of
"The Church in the Desert," with
its thrilling memories of Ivry, and
Rochelle, and the "Black Bartholo-
mew."

Dr. Brown enters France at
Dieppe, and follows the pleasant
valley of the Seine, making detours
to Amiens, Beauvais, and Rouen,
with their grand gothic cathedrals.

Normandy and Brittany are almost part of England in their historic associations, but with the addition of those provinces a rare charm. Another delightful excursion was up the Loire and into the volcanic Auvergne and historic Cevennes. Beautiful Provence and Vaucluse, the Alps of the Dauphine and the Jura, the Pyrenees and the Vosges, the ancient cities of Arles, Nimes, Vienne, and Avignoa; Fontainebleau, Versailles, and Paris with its memories of princely pageants, of crime and blood, are all visited and described "with pen and pencil." Many of the engravings are superb, especially those of the bewildering beauty of Beauvais cathedral, Mont St. Michel, the Grande Chartreuse, the Salles des Gardes at Dijon, the Pic du Midi in the Pyrenees, and the tower of St. Jacques at Paris. Many of these are by French artists, and have a special characteristic expression.

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Third series. From the Captivity to the Christian era. 8vo., pp. xxxvi-549. New York: Scribner & Co., and Methodist Book-Rooms. Price, \$2.50.

Although this book was published a year ago, we have not had time to read it for review till now. It is marked by the same brilliant and solid qualities as its predecessors in the series. But it will possess to most readers a superior interest, as having more numerous points of contact with the great empires of antiquity, and as bridging the interval between the Old and New Testament. Prideaux's and Davidson's "Connexions," good as they were for the time of their production, are forever superseded by these noble lectures. They are written in that pure limpid English of which Dean Stanley is such a master, and are illuminated with a thousand side-lights from his encyclopædic readings, ancient and modern. The

chapters on the Captivity and Return of the Jewish exiles are, to us, the least satisfactory portion of the book. The learned Dean makes too free, we think, with the generally accepted opinions on the authorship of the later books of the Sacred Canon, and we are by no means convinced of the correctness of his theory of the twofold origin of the prophecies of Isaiah. The remarks on the doctrines of angels and devils, as a religious evolution of the period of the captivity, are striking, in some respects startling, yet they are entitled to a careful examination, but not, we think, to such weight as has been attached to them.

With the rest of the book, there is less ground for divergence of opinion. The chapter on the life and character of Socrates, and on the reflex influence of Greek and Jewish thought, is marked by a noble eloquence and wide sympathy. The parti-coloured life of Alexandria, and its syncretic philosophy, receive luminous treatment in these pages. The heroic struggles of the Maccabees are recounted with kindling enthusiasm. The Apocryphal literature of the intercanonical hiatus is judiciously discussed. With the Roman Period and the tragic story of the ill-fated house of Herod, we are brought down to the Gospel narrative. The account of the rise of the Jewish sects, of the religious parties, and of the social life of the Jews at the time of the Advent is full of instruction and suggestion. Another series, treating the Gospel period, will, if Providence permit, worthily crown the labours of a noble and beautiful life.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for January, 1879.

This grand old Quarterly now enters upon its 61st volume. It is embellished with a life-like steel portrait of its veteran editor Dr. Whedon, looking more alert than many a man half his age. It is a portrait that very many who have never beheld him in the flesh will like to see. It is accompanied by a biographic sketch by Bishop Haven.

The bishop also contributes the first article, on Wesley and Modern Philosophy. The second article is on Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church, by Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., giving the result of certain special studies in that interesting field. Article 3, by Prof. Baird, of New York University, records Schliemann's extraordinary discoveries at Mycenæ. The Rev. Dr. Fox gives a second paper on Plagiarism and the Law of Quotation, with sensible advice to all speakers and writers. Dr. Fuller writes on "The Parish of Wesley," discussing the wonderful recent and prospective growth of Methodism. One of the most interesting articles in the number is, by H. K. Carroll, of *The Independent*, on Present Aspects of Scottish Theology. He shows that the High Calvinism of a few years ago is practically abandoned. A learned article on the Zendavesta is also given. Dr. Whedon reviews at considerable length, and in his own vigorous style, Mr Parton on the "Negro Question," Prof. Newcomb on the "Course of Nature," Dr. McCabe on the "Foreknowledge of God," Prof. Tyndall on the "Mechanical Theory of Growth," and we judge he routs the whole *quadrige*

Library of Theological and Biblical Literature, edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D., vol. I. *Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, by HENRY M. HARMAN, D.D., royal 8vo. pp. 738. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to sneer at Methodism as unfavourable to the cultivation of learning. That sneer finds its best refutation in the writings of Clarke, Benson, Watson, Pope, Rigg, Arthur, and George Smith, in the Old World, and in the New, in the magnificent Theological Encyclopædia of Drs. Strong and McClintock—the best in the language—and in the comprehensive Biblical and Theological Library

of which Dr. Harman's grand work is the initial volume, and a right worthy volume it is—both in the importance of the subject, in the judiciousness of treatment, and in its mechanical excellence—to lead off the important series projected by the enterprise of the Methodist Book Concern at New York.

In this age of re-examination of the historical evidences of Christianity, and too often of negative and destructive criticism, it is very befitting that the highest critical skill available should examine those evidences in the interests of Christian orthodoxy. Dr. Harman, by a long professoriate of ancient languages and literature in Dickenson College, and by a broad range of studies in biblical literature has eminently qualified himself for the successful treatment of his subject. The latest critical works, both evangelical and rationalistic have been employed in the preparation of the book.

A clear and exact account is first given of the ancient MSS. and versions of the Old and New Testaments, and then consecutive historical examination is given of their several books. All the light that secular history, contemporary arts and sciences, internal evidences and undesigned coincidences can yield is employed to render luminous and clear this important subject. An account of the apocryphal books of the Old and New Testaments is also given. This part of the subject we should like to have seen developed somewhat more fully, especially the account of the apocryphal gospels, but doubtless the proper importance of the canonical books caused the subordination of the former to the main theme of the volume.

Every Christian minister, Sunday-school teacher, or Bible student will find a complete treasury of most important information upon the Book of books in this scholarly yet popularly interesting work. Dr. Harman has laid the Christian Church under great obligation by his learned labours in elucidating the history, authenticity, integrity, Divine inspiration, and indubitable veracity of the sacred

Scriptures. Two copious indexes, tabular analysis, and marginal notes greatly facilitate the labour of consultation and study. These 700 closely printed pages furnish the best introduction to the critical examination of the Scriptures with which we are acquainted.

Anglo-Israel; or, the British Nation the Lost Tribes of Israel. By the REV. W. H. POOLE. 8vo, pp. 82. Toronto: Sold at Methodist Book Rooms. Price 25 cents.

The problem of the present identity of the Ten Tribes of Israel has long possessed a strange fascination for Biblical students. Brother Poole presents in these eighty pages an elaborate argument,—philological, Biblical, historical, ethnographic, and heraldic, in favour of their identity with the British nation. Certainly many of these evidences are highly interesting and curious, as, for instance, the derivation of "Saxons" from, by slight modification, "Isaac;" the fulfilment, as alleged, of many Scriptural prophecies in the British nation; the existence of what might be called "Jewish quarterings" in the Royal Standard of England, and many other striking coincidences. The essay is instinct with patriotic sentiments, and whether one accepts the theory or not, he will find much food for thought in the argument.

The London Quarterly Review for January, 1879. Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

This number concludes the fifty-first volume of this sterling quarterly. The articles are reviews of Olver's Fernley Lecture of 1878, and of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent;" a hopeful paper on the Future of the United States, written with evident command of the subject; interesting accounts of Cyprus, its history, and its prospects; and of Turkey and its people. A discriminative estimate of Lessing's place in Literature, and a review of Dr. Graetz History of the Jews, conclude the contributed articles. The editorial book notices, which

are full and varied, are, as usual, among the most interesting portions of this review, the literary and critical ability of which do credit to the higher thought and scholarship of English Methodism.

Social Heroism, by F. LOUISE MORSE, and *Broken Bonds*, by "FELIX MAX," Toronto.

The first of these stories, by a Toronto lady, won the first of four prizes offered for a Temperance tale, and the other, one of the other prizes. The scene of Miss Morse's story is laid partly in Toronto. It is written with much taste and literary skill, and sets forth the social perils of the drinking customs of the day and the moral heroism required to overcome them. The second story is of another phase of the same fertile theme. They are both calculated to promote sound temperance principles and practice.

The *National Repository* begins the new volume with a timely and well-illustrated article on Afghanistan by the editor, Rev. Dr. Curry, and one by Prof. Worman, on Old Colonial Days. A portrait and life-sketch of the late Dr. Hodge are also given.

The January number of *Rose-Belford's Magazine* has a noble Christmas poem by John Reade, our sweet Canadian singer. Prof. Goldwin Smith resumes his incisive Bystander papers, and J. L. Stewart has a pleasant chapter on Christmas literature.

Dr. Deems' *Sunday Magazine* begins the new year with a new and attractive cover and numerous illustrations. The present writer has the honour of opening the volume with an illustrated article on Christmas Carols. Dr. Deems' sermons are always admirable. The current one is on the Bible *versus* Spiritualism.

Scribner's Magazine and *St. Nicholas* fairly surpass themselves in beauty of illustration. They are clubbed at greatly reduced rates with this magazine. (See advertisement.)

"OH! TO BE READY."

Words by I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH

1 "Oh! to be ready, ready." Ready to work or to rest, Just as the Master

wish-es, Just as He thinks for the best; Oh, to be read-y, read-y,

Read-y to go or to stay, Just as the Mas-ter choos-es,

CHORUS.

Just as He o-pens the way. Oh, to be read-y, ready, Ready

watching in pray'r, Ready for Christ's ap-pearing, Ready His glo-ry to see.

- 2 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey;
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He chastens,
Chastens for good, not for ill.
- 3 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call,
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.

- Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear one: to meet,
Shouting the Saviour's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.
- 4 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to join in the song,
Filling the courts of glory,
Sung by a numberless throng.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready with Jesus to dwell;
Saved evermore in heaven,
Saved evermore from hell.