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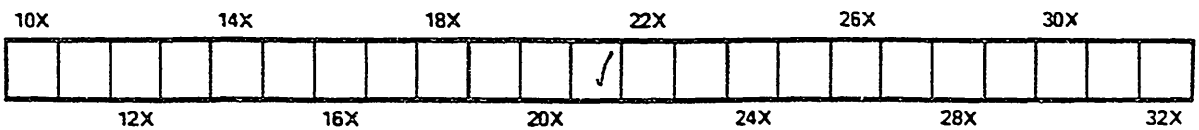


DAVID AILLISON, M.A., LL.D.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

DAVID ALLISON, M.A., LL.D.

BY THE REV. JOHN McMURRAY.

Doctor Allison, Superintendent of Education for the Province of Nova Scotia, and still better known to many readers of the Canadian Methodist Magazine through his long and honourable connection with our educational institutions at Sackville, was born at Newport, N. S., on the 3rd of July, 1836. His family has been somewhat prominently identified with the Methodism of the Maritime Provinces for about a century, his paternal grandfather having been one of the earliest converts of the Rev. Freeborn Garretson, during that celebrated missionary's sojourn in Nova Scotia. His warm attachment to the Church of his fathers is due, however, we are well assured, to independent convictions, rather than to the accidents of birth and association. His earliest education was, of course, at the village school. He subsequently enjoyed the advantage of a year's course at the Provincial Academy at Halifax—since reorganized as Dalhousie College—and of a four years' course at the Mount Allison Academy, Sackville. This was preliminary to a successful and brilliant career at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, where he was graduated Bachelor of Arts in June, 1859. These years were not spent in vain. The foundations of a thorough and comprehensive education were laid. All proper knowledge was intermeddled with, but the studies of language, history, and philosophy exerted a peculiar attraction, as we believe they still do. On graduation at Middletown, he was bracketed at the head of the class with George L. Roberts, now a leading member of the Massachusetts bar. The class, embracing thirty-six members, was, as a whole, quite a notable one, including, among

others, Colonel Squire, distinguished for his benefactions to the University; Rev. Fred. Woods, a brilliant preacher of the New England Conference; and the Hon. George E. King, of New Brunswick, to whose bold, progressive legislation his native Province owes a debt of gratitude yet to be more fully repaid.

With the exception of a year, the first after graduation, spent as Principal of the old "Stanstead Academy," Stanstead Plain, Quebec, Dr. Allison's sphere of labour, until 1878, was found in connection with the educational institutions of our Church at Sackville. From 1860 to 1862, he was teacher of Classics in the Academy; and from 1862 to 1869, Professor of Classics in the College. How well and enthusiastically he worked in this department of instruction, none need to be reminded who ever sat in his classes. Latin and Greek were not *dead* languages in his class-room. Young men already climbing to honourable distinction, ascribe the dawn of their ambition to the inspiration received there. In 1869, on the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Pickard from the position which he had filled with such honour to himself and such advantage to the country, Professor Allison, though but in the thirty-third year of his age, was unanimously chosen by the Board of Governors to succeed to the Presidency. The young President entered upon his duties without any flourish of trumpets. As if aware that the problem which he had undertaken was not without its difficulties, he forbore to say or do anything which should excite expectations incapable of realization. If, however, some of these difficulties were found to be inherent in the situation, and if he was compelled to transfer others, in an unrealized form, to his friend and successor, Dr. Inch, much was accomplished during the years of his presidency, for which the friends of the College have reason to be grateful. The Faculty was enlarged. The lapse of legislative grants was more than counterbalanced by a respectable endowment fund of nearly $60,000, contributed by the Methodists of the Maritime Provinces, who, on his accession to office, had just replaced the original Academy, destroyed by fire in 1866, by a handsome modern structure, at a cost of about $20,000. The educational repute of the College was confirmed and extended. In the accomplishment of these results, Dr. Allison no doubt prefers to regard himself simply as a co-worker with others. Those with whom he worked, and the friends of our institutions generally, however, recognized in his scholarship and character elements of

incalculable benefit and strength to the young and struggling College. When, in the autumn of 1877, it became known that he had prospectively accepted the position of Superintendent of Education for his native Province, those who had learned to appreciate his worth, and who knew his strong and varied hold on the public esteem, not unnaturally feared that his removal might injuriously affect the fortunes of the College. His own contrary anticipations, we are glad to know, have been fully realized in the prosperity which has attended the administration of Dr. Inch and his distinguished Faculty. Still, the removal of such a man must be regarded as involving loss not easily reparable.

Dr. Allison accepted his present position probably under the influence of a variety of motives. He naturally wished for relief from the severe and peculiar strain of administrative duties, even if relief should come only in the form of change. A strong pressure was put upon him by the leading men of Nova Scotia, irrespective of party, to come over to their help. Something like an educational crisis existed in that Province, and the presence of a strong man was needed. His acceptance was as heartily hailed at Halifax as it was regretted at Sackville. His departure from the latter place, where, either as student or teacher, he had lived nearly a quarter of a century, was marked by suitable expressions of appreciative regret from fellow-professors, students, and citizens. In his new field of labour he is vindicating the wisdom of his appointment, working with quiet energy, and bringing to pass desirable reforms.

Dr. Allison is in the prime of manhood, and is "every inch a man." In advocating or defending good causes, he can use, with equal readiness and effect, voice or pen. He is a patriot without partisanship, and a Christian without bigotry. As we have seen, he is a Methodist of the third generation. He has been a member of our Church since his eighteenth year, and is "well spoken of" as a local preacher. His sermons or addresses are not of the stereotyped pattern, and generally live in the memory by reason of some freshness of exegesis or striking vigour of expression. He received the degrees of B.A. and M.A. in due course from his Alma Mater, and in 1873 had conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., by the University of Victoria College. In 1876 he was appointed Fellow of the Senate of the University of Halifax. He was a member of both General Conferences and was an Assistant Secretary of that of 1878.

HALL'S SECOND ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.*

For three centuries and more, Arctic discovery has been a national passion of the maritime countries of the world. From the days of Columbus the hope of finding a northwest passage to the Indies continued to be a strong incentive to North American exploration. In 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby, an English sailor, in attempting a northwest passage to China, perished of cold in a harbour in Lapland. The following year, he, with his crew, were found frozen to marble in their oak-ribbed sepulchre. In 1576, Sir Martin Frobisher again essayed the task, "as the only thing in the world yet left undone, by which a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate." In a vessel of only five and twenty tons, he reached the straits still known by his name. He took possession of a barren island in the name of Queen Elizabeth, and found in its soil some grains of gold, or what resembled it. A gold mania ensued. Two successive fleets, one of fifteen vessels, were despatched to the arctic El Dorado. Several of the vessels were wrecked or driven from their course; the others returned, laden with hundreds of tons of glittering mica. The discovery of its worthlessness ended the attempt at arctic colonization, but the dream of a northwest passage was still a potent spell.

The names of Hudson, Behring, Baffin, Davis, Parry, Ross, Wrangel, Barrow, Scoresby, Franklin, Kane, Rae, Hayes, and Hall do not complete the list of gallant explorers in those northern wilds. One of the most notable of these is the subject of the present sketch. His personal history is very remarkable. He was born at Rochester, N. H., in 1821, and died in Greenland, in 1871. Into these fifty years was crowded more adventure, hardship, and discovery than falls to the lot of most men, even of the longest lives. "A blacksmith by trade, he

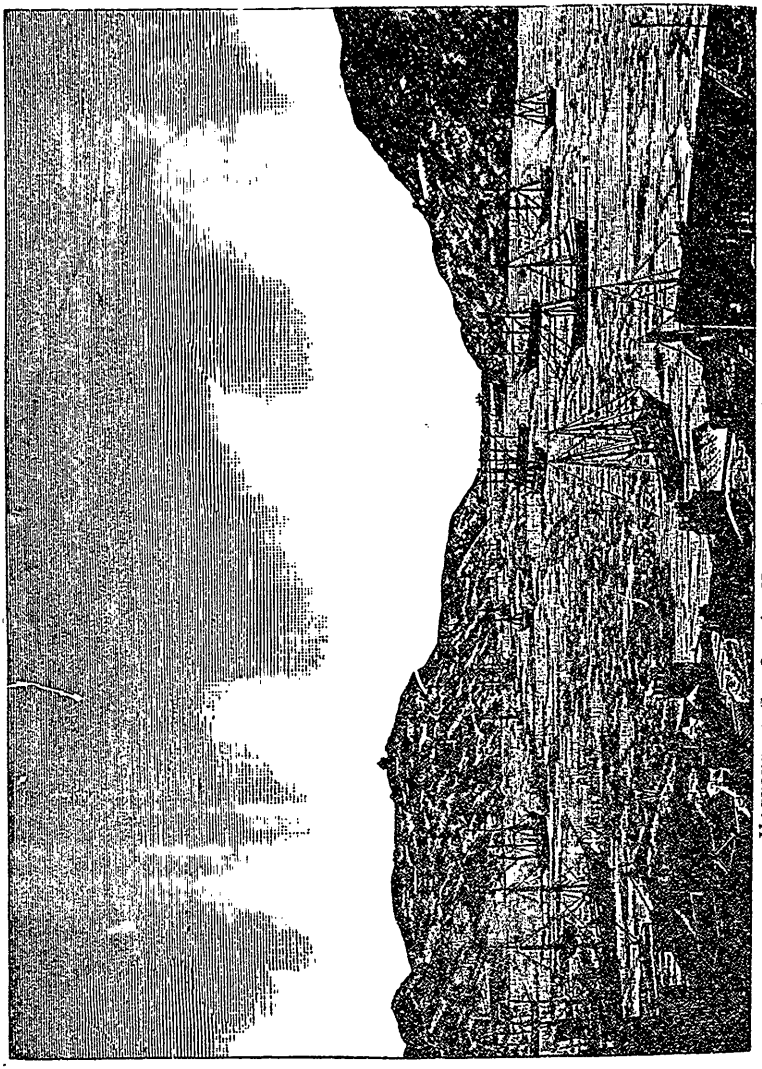
* For the information given in this article we are indebted to the magnificent 4to volume on this subject, published by order of Congress. It contains 644 pages, and is sumptuously illustrated with wood and steel engravings, and with coloured and folding maps of the polar regions. May be ordered through this Book Room for $3 per copy. Through the courtesy of the accomplished Editor, Prof. J. E. Nourse, we are enabled to present some of the engravings from this volume.—Ed.

finally became a journalist in Cincinnati. In 1859 he went to New York, and at a meeting of the Geographical Society offered to go in search of the bones of Franklin." Funds amounting to about $1200 were raised for this purpose, and in May, 1860, he set out from New London in a whaling vessel. The whaler

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

having become blocked up by the ice, Hall resolved to make himself acquainted with Eskimo life. He remained two years among the natives, learning their language, adopting their habits, and exploring over 1,000 miles of coast. He found no trace of Franklin, but discovered relics of the Frobisher expedition, over

300 years before. He returned to the United States in 1862, accompanied by two natives—"Joe," and his wife "Hannah,"—published a book of "Arctic Researches," and prepared for a

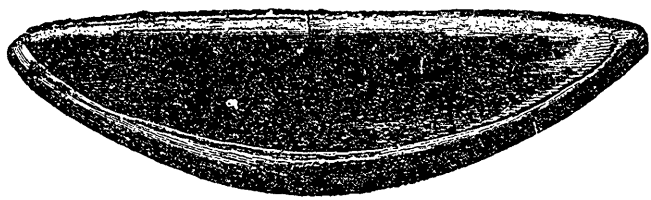


HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—FILLED WITH PACK ICE

new expedition. In July, 1864, he set out upon this second expedition, of which we purpose to give some account.

Were he not a man of indomitable will and strong enthusiasm, he would have been daunted by the hardships and discourage-

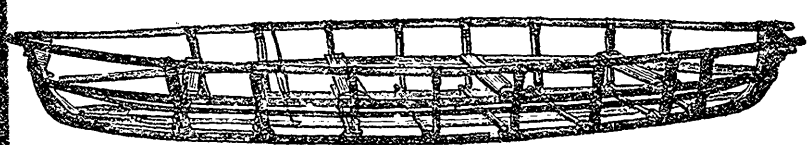
ments which he encountered. The crisis of the civil war was pending, and his friend and patron, Henry Grinnell, Esq., who had previously spent over $100,000 in promoting arctic exploration, had lost half a million by commercial reverses, and was unable to assist as heretofore. To maintain his Eskimo *proteges*, Hall lectured through the country, but was himself reduced to



ESKIMO STONE DISH.

wear a threadbare coat. Yet he bated not a jot of heart and hope. He wished an equipment of $20,000, but was willing to combine whaling with exploring, or even to go before the mast and be set down on some arctic coast to prosecute his explorations alone, "even if it took him ten years." "I will accomplish my purpose," he wrote, "or die in attempting it"—and die he did in the attempt. While writing his book, he says, "I had rather make a dozen voyages to the regions of ice and snow than prepare one book for publication." A similar remark is credited to Dr. Livingston, and Kane used to say that "his book was his coffin."

Hall at length sailed, with Eskimo Joe and Hannah as passengers, in a whaling ship, July 13, 1864. At St. John's, New-



SKELETON OF BOAT.

foundland, he received courteous hospitalities, and cleared for the arctic seas, July 18th. They soon fell in with pack ice, through which the whaler had to slowly bore her way. On the 20th of August they were put ashore on Depot Island, lat. 63° 47′ N., with his outfit and twenty-eight-foot boat, the *Sylvia*, and began their five years' arctic residence. He hired, also, Rudolph, a German sailor, as an assistant. Making a *cache* of

reserve stores, he pushed on in his boat toward Repulse Bay. Winter set in early and severe. Hall and his companions built their *igloo*, or snow hut, with a sheet of ice for a window, and with a covered entrance fifty feet long. In this they spent the winter, Hall studying mathematics and writing copious notes. He often "wondered at the simplicity to which the necessity of life could be reduced." He strangely blended the pursuits of

"JOE" GOING OUT HUNTING.

savage and civilized life, now banquetting with the natives and now conducting scientific observations. The Eskimo had *cached* beneath stones and snow, 300 or 400 reindeer, within a circuit of twenty miles. They ate their meat in frozen chips, dipped in rancid oil. Hall writes, "I have found that I can do without liquor, and I do not touch a drop of anything stronger than water."

During the winter Rudolph, weary of the hardships of Eskimo life, left him and the exploring party to join a whale-ship, and

Hall was left alone to carry out his self-imposed task. So intense was the cold that he found it difficult to keep his journal. He adopted the ingenious device of heating metal plates, and placing them beneath the paper on which he wrote. Light was obtained during the long arctic night by burning seal or walrus oil in stone vessels, by means of wicks of moss. Seal were hunted by watching patiently the live-long night in the bitter

ESKIMO WOMAN HANNAH.

cold, beside their breathing-holes in the ice, and even then the wary animal often escaped the harpoon.

As the spring approached, Hall renewed his plans for pushing on as far as possible to the north. "Remember," he writes, "that I purpose to go to that part of the world where 130 picked men—the very flower of the British navy—all perished save three, in a short month or so, by cold and starvation. But," he adds, with quiet heroism, "as I shall make deposits of records,

and describe how they may be found, if we do perish, the world can still learn what I have accomplished."

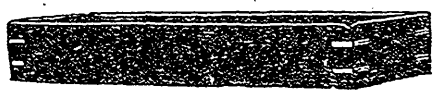
With incredible toil an advance was made to Repulse Bay. One of the Eskimo sickened, and Hall writes, with compunction, "I feel that I have neglected to teach these children of the

SLEDGE JOURNEY ON THE ICE.

North their religious duties. Indeed, I feel that I need myself a teacher, and am brought to know that I need a new heart. O, may I learn from the glorious Bible my duty, and, by the help of God, perform it."

It is needless to give details of the succeeding winters, marked,

as they were, by a weary monotony of cold, and storm, and privation. Yet amid it all our hero sang his *Sursum corda*. "Was ever a man so blest," he writes, on a frosty night in the open air, "with an opportunity of observing some of Nature's grandest works, as I to-night, here on my back, with the heavens stretched out and moving panorama-like before me. I cannot describe the scene, and can simply behold and praise God, the author of these glorious works." In the fall they killed and *cached* several hundred deer. This was a work of great labour, a single deer often requiring a ton and a half of stones to protect it from the bears and wolves; and this was sometimes insufficient. It was almost as much labour to break down the frozen mound in the winter. Sometimes food was plenty, and they feasted on raw and frozen chips of venison or whale-skin—but "to a hungry soul," Hall writes, "every bitter thing is sweet;" and sometimes it was scarce, and they "went to bed hungry to dream of friends and better times coming." From the scarcity of fuel—chiefly seal oil and heather—little cooking could be



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FRANKLIN'S DESK.

done. The preparation of skin dresses also occupied much time. Disaster visited the little company, and while hunting deer, one of the Eskimo was drowned by the upsetting of his ky-ak, or seal-skin boat. New Year's was celebrated by a feast, an illumination with ice lanterns, and dog sled races. Sometimes, with the thermometer at 40°, the storm howled above the *igloo* or snow hut as though it would crush it in, and it was impossible to stand upright against the gale.

On the 31st of March, 1866, Hall and his Eskimo, after "rendering thanks to God for His innumerable mercies, and asking protection from the dangers that abounded on every hand," started north for King William's Land. He might have returned to the United States by a whaler, but would not leave his task unaccomplished. A report of his progress thus far, written with much patient toil, which almost killed him, he said, he buried in a sealed package, that, if he perished, the record of his work

might at some time be recovered. The sledging was hard work, the men being harnessed with the dogs. The latter are a very tough and wiry breed, although in times of scarcity they were fed only once a week. From some Eskimo whom he met, Hall heard traditions of the crushing by the ice of a ship believed to be Franklin's, and of the subsequent death of all the mariners.

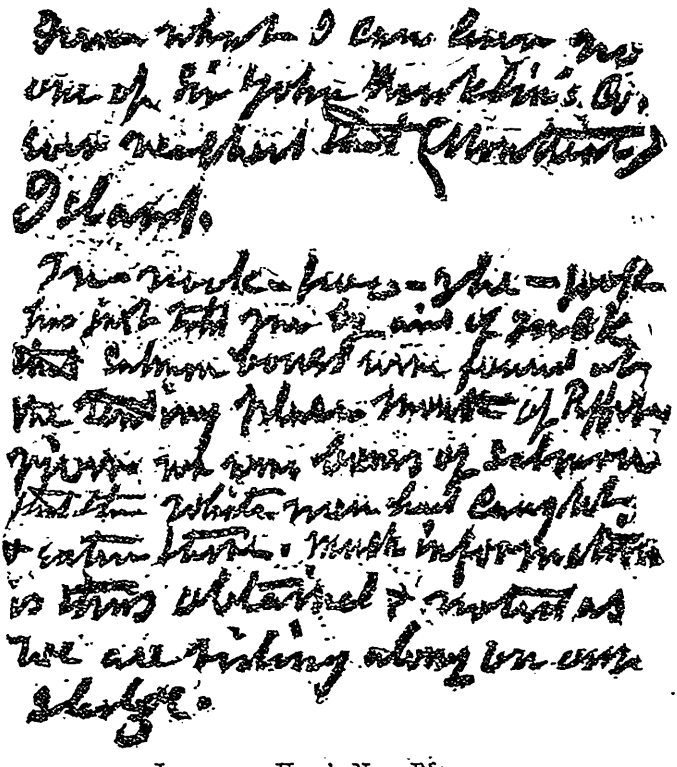
He also obtained a number of interesting relics—spoons with Franklin's crest, barometer case, and the like. The written records, however, had been given to the children and destroyed—an irreparable loss to the world. The natives proved unfriendly and menacing, and, disappointed and discouraged, Hall was compelled for the present to return; "but by the aid of High Heaven," he writes, "I will yet succeed."

A touching incident was the death of a little Eskimo babe. On a wild stormy day it was buried in the snow, Hall placing with its little fur robe the record of its death, and over its grave the Christian symbol of the cross. The grief of the poor mother was almost inconsolable.

During the summer of 1866 Hall made a careful survey and chart of Repulse Bay—a task all the more difficult from the variations of his compasses. In August came news from home—a whale-ship from New London, with a copy of his book, published in his absence, and a letter from Lady Franklin, offering £100 for her husband's journal, and another £100 for his own expedition. During the winter he remained in his snow-hut, near a group of ships. Although invited to share their cabins, he preferred the freedom and facility for study of his "own house." He engaged a number of whale-men for a sledge journey, and drilled them for their work. But dogs could not be had without a journey of 300 miles, occupying ninety days. An Eskimo woman and sick child caused frequent delays. Provisions ran short, and the dogs had to be muzzled to prevent them eating their harness. Hall had to eat two-year old walrus hide. For days he was gale-bound. "Too bad," he wrote, "but God overrules all." He bought fourteen dogs and 4,000 pounds of walrus meat, giving for the latter "some small pieces of hoop-iron, an old meat can, and a stick of wood." Four needles were adequate payment for building a snow house.

On his return to the whale-ships, the captains withdrew their promised aid, because the whaling season had opened, and Hall

was doomed again to bitter disappointment. The natives, too, became refractory, and menaced their guest, who was now practically their prisoner. His hardships were almost incredible. Suffering from sickness and snow-blindness, he struggled on after the sledges. Yet he made provision, by *caching* stores, for an advance the following year. Many of his dogs died, and bears, foxes, mice, and wolverines imperilled their *cached* provisions.



Leaf from Hall's Note-Book.

Hall was able to purchase supplies from passing ships by selling the whalebone of the fish he caught.

An unhappy event now occurred. Hall had hired four whalemen to assist his explorations. Disgusted at the hardships they had to endure, they mutinied, and used threatening language. Hall ordered their submission, which, being refused, in self-defence he fired his revolver, and one of the men was severely wounded. The others submitted to the strong will of their

master; but notwithstanding his best efforts to prevent that sad occurrence, the wounded man, after lingering some weeks, died.

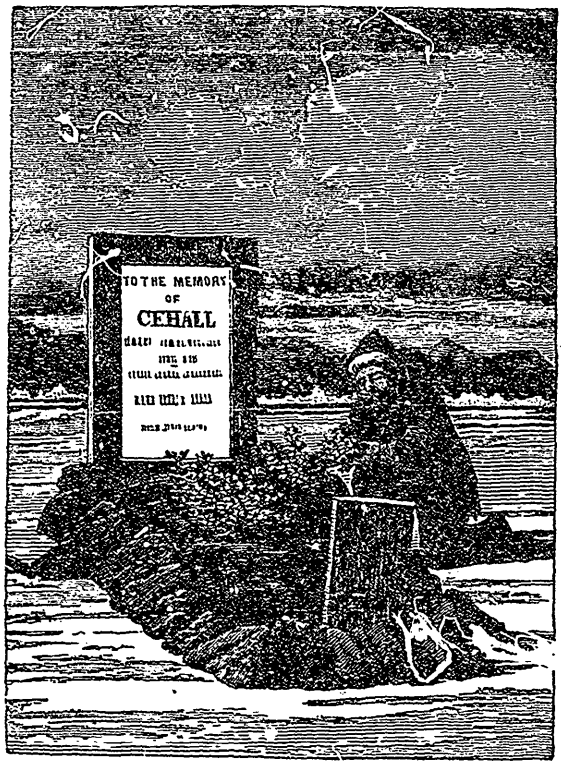
Hall's journal for March 23, 1869, notwithstanding the four and a half years' delay in his project, opens with the cheerful words, "Now for King William's Land." He had two sledges laden with over 5,000 pounds of stores, a load of nearly 300 pounds for each of his eighteen dogs. The character of the road is shown on page 394. After a toilsome journey of seven weeks, Hall reached at last King William's Land, when he records in his note-book, "It is a glorious feeling I have, for I have been struggling for this for ten years." In the native huts he found quite a collection of Franklin relics, including a mahogany desk, silver spoons, some blocks and tackle of a boat, etc. With the aid of the Eskimo, he found also the bleaching skeleton of, he supposed, one of Franklin's sailors, over which he raised a cairn of stones, and hoisted the American flag at half-mast. During all his journeys Hall kept careful notes, the task of deciphering which, for the preparation of this bulky volume, has been skilfully performed by Professor Nourse.

There must be a strange fascination about this arctic exploration, for Hall determined on making a sledge journey, if possible, to the North Pole. But he decided first to return to the United States, and providentially, shortly after his return from King William's Land, an American whaling vessel arrived. "God be praised," he devoutly exclaimed, "for He doth continually bless me." On September 26th he made his last entry in his journal of this eventful journey. "How thankful to High Heaven ought my poor heart to be for the blessed privilege of again placing my foot on the land of my native country." His journeying during his five years' absence from civilization amounted to over 10,000 miles, most of it over pathless snows, amid the rigors of an arctic winter.

Hall brought back with him his two Eskimo, Joe and Hannah, who had been his faithful friends and interpreters during his sojourn in their country. In 1858 they had been in England, and were presented to the Queen—whom Hannah describes as "very kind, very much lady!" Hall spent the winter lecturing on his adventures, and endeavouring to organize another Polar expedition. Congress voted $50,000, and the *Polaris*, a strong screw steamer, was equipped and despatched, June 29,

1871, with Hall as commander. In September, the *Polaris* laid up in "Thank-God Harbour," and Hall went on a two weeks' sledge journey.

On his return he was taken ill, was attacked by delirium, and fancied that he was being poisoned. On November 8th he died, and was buried in the frozen earth by lantern light, amid an arctic storm. It was fitting that he whose passion it was to brave the rigors of the frozen North, should sleep his last long sleep in its cold embrace.



CAPTAIN HALL'S GRAVE.

Discord and disaster now overwhelmed the little company. A year of unavailing effort found them still in the ice. One stormy night in October the ice nipped their vessel badly, and the alarm was given that it was sinking. In the darkness and confusion, boats, stores, arms, and half the ship's company were

hurried on to the ice-floe, when the steamer slipped off and floated away. In three days the sinking steamer was beached on a rocky coast, and the crew, after a winter among the Eskimo, were rescued by a whaler.

Much more terrible was the fate of the party on the floe, which included Joe and Hannah, and all the Eskimo—one an infant two months old. When the steamer glided away in the darkness, they were ready to despair. Next day she was sighted ten miles off, but they could not attract her attention. One night the floe on which they were broke up, and they drifted off

ESKIMO WOMAN, JENNIE.

with only one boat, on an ice-raft, "not more than 150 yards square;" and not till five days after did they regain the larger floe. Famine stared them in the face, but a seal or bear was always providentially captured before the dread resort to cannibalism became necessary. So the long winter wore away. The ice-floe finally crumbled to pieces, and its twenty passengers had to take to their single boat, landing at night on the largest ice-cake they could find. At last a whaler was sighted, but passed by, plunging them in deeper despair. Then another, and a third. This one almost ran upon them in the fog, and soon they were on her deck, after being on the ice-floe and in their boat for 190 days, and drifting 1,600 miles.

On their return to America, Joe and Hannah settled at Groton, Connecticut, in a house purchased for them by their beloved "Father Hall." Joe again went to the Polar regions in the *Pandora*, but Hannah fell into consumption, and "breathed her last as the old year went out, Dec. 31st, 1876, aged 38." She had become a sincere Christian, and her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take Thy poor creature home." As he knelt by her grave, Joe faltered out, "Hannah gone! Punna (his child) gone! Me go now again to King William's Land," and in 1878 he sailed again for that far north which had been to him and his such a stern and cruel nurse.

It is a matter of regret that Dr. John Rae, himself a distinguished arctic explorer, has thought it necessary to impugn the truthfulness of Captain Hall's narrative. The animus of this attack is not far to seek. Hall, while frequently acknowledging his indebtedness to Dr. Rae, affirms that he himself went a little further north than Rae. The best evidence that we can find confirms, in every respect, the truthfulness of Captain Hall. Sir Allen Young, the distinguished explorer, who has been three years in the same regions, frankly acknowledges that he has "learned a great deal from Hall's notes." Sir John Nares, of the English Arctic Expedition, paid the homage of a noble nature in honour of a brave explorer. On the 13th of May, 1876, he raised a brass memorial, prepared in England, at his grave, which records, "This tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience." In his magnificent and sumptuous volume on this subject, Professor Nourse has evidently bestowed very careful editing, in which he had the assistance of Mr. Bryan, of the *Polaris* Expedition.

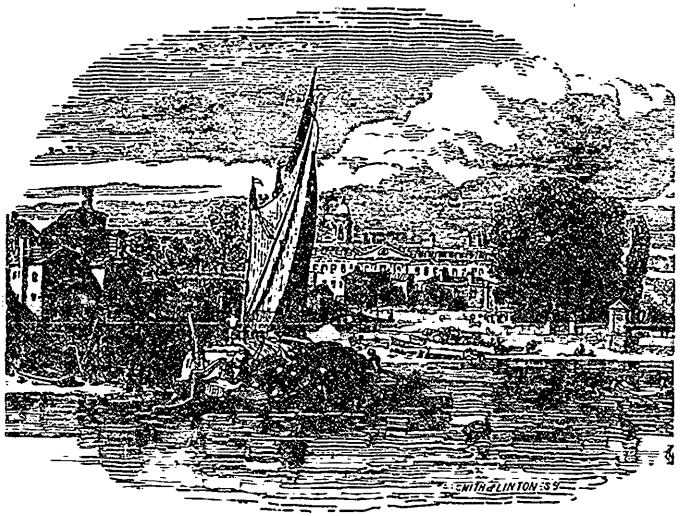
FROM the sun's searching power can vagrant planets rove?
How then can wandering men fall wholly from God's love!
Still from each circle's point to the centre lies a track;
And there's a way to God from furthest error back.

—*Reckurt.*

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

LONDON AND THE THAMES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



CHELSEA, FROM THE RIVER.

THE great city of London would demand a volume for itself. I can give it only a few pages. Next to Rome, Athens and Jerusalem, probably no city in the world abounds more in historic memories. Almost every street and square is connected with some great event in English history, or some great actor in the mighty drama of the past. Their very names as we come upon them strike us with a strange familiarity, as of places we long had known. Many a monumental pile—perchance a palace or a prison—has been the scene of some dark tragedy, or of some sublime achievement. In the darksome crypts or quiet graveyards of its many churches sleeps the dust of many whose name and fame once filled the world. Undisturbed by the ceaseless roar and turmoil of the great city, they calmly slumber on.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

The most striking topographical feature of London is of course the winding Thames. Near its banks are grouped many of its most famous buildings, and on its bosom took place many of its most stately pageants. It will give a sort of unity to our short survey of the world-famous city to follow up this storied stream, glancing briefly at the memorable places which we pass. Perhaps we may as well begin as far down as Greenwich—although we might well begin at Tilbury Fort, where Queen Elizabeth harangued her troops, and visit Woolwich, with its famous dock-yard and arsenal.

FULHAM.

It was on a bright sunny day that I visited Greenwich Hospital and park. The famous old palace dates from 1433. Here Henry VIII. and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, were born, and here Edward VI. died. The vast pile, with its river front of nine hundred feet, bears the impress of successive sovereigns down to the time of George III., when the royal palace became the home of two thousand seven hundred disabled sailors, with two thousand receiving out-of-door relief. It is now used chiefly as a naval college and picture gallery, in which the victories of England's wooden walls still stir the Viking blood of the old salts, who bask in the sun and fight their battles o'er again. About a thousand boys in white and blue were training for the sea, drilling and swarming like monkeys over the rigging of a great ship, high and dry on land—protected against falls by a strong netting all around its sides. The park, with its tame deer and

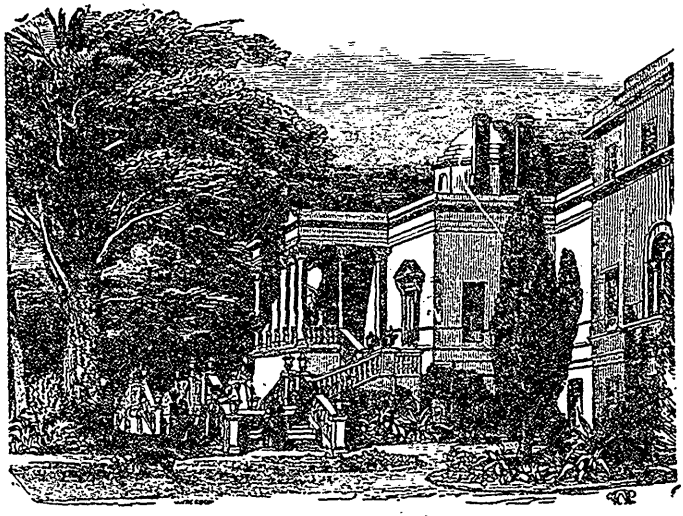
old chestnuts, its sunny slopes and grassy glades and famous observatory, is a favourite resort of hilarious holiday-makers from the town. Near by, Jack Cade and Watt Tyler harangued the London mob before entering the city.

I gained the impression that Londoners are the most bibulous people I ever met. In the Thames steamers, not only was almost everybody drinking something or other, but a perambulating nuisance was pacing up and down the deck, calling out with detestable iteration, "Ale, brandy, gin, rum and stout," till I felt my temperance principles quite outraged.

PUTNEY.

Threading the forest of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England—perhaps than any other in the world. Here the soil drank the blood of Fisher, More, Cromwell, Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Admiral Seymour, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Grey, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, Lady Shrewsbury, Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Guilford Dudley, Strafford, Sir Harry Vane, Stafford, Algernon Sidney, Laud, Monmouth, Lord Lovat, Russell, and many more of England's princes, warriors, statesmen and nobles. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries

the grim instrument of tyranny, and here was wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. In its gloomy dungeons languished Bruce and Baliol, kings of Scotland; Wallace; King John of France; the young princes, sons of Edward IV., slain by order of Richard III.; the Duke of Clarence, drowned in Malmsey; Lord Cobham, the most distinguished of the Lollards, burned at St. Giles in 1410; Henry VI., murdered in Wakefield Tower; Anne Askew burned at Smithfield; Cranmer; Raleigh, beheaded at Westminster; and many another. These stern vaults are a whispering gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of tyranny and wrong. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous beef-eater is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, and cast their shadow of crime athwart the sunlit air.



CHISWICK HOUSE.

I threaded my way through the maze of vast warehouses in Thames Street, where Chaucer lived five hundred years ago, and lunched at a little den not much larger than a packing-box, much frequented by warehouse clerks. Passing the Custom House, which employs two thousand men, and Billingsgate, the greatest fish market in the world,* we reach the Monument, which, with

*At the Billingsgate market a wretched old woman, begging fish offal, aroused my sympathy, but a policeman told me he had seen her go into a

its crest of gilded flames, commemorates the Great Fire of 1666.

To the left is London Bridge, across which pass one hundred thousand persons and twenty-two thousand vehicles every day —an ever-flowing tide of humanity which seems to know no ebb. The skill of the London Jehus and police are taxed to prevent a blockade of the immense traffic. Across the bridge stood Chaucer's Tabard Inn, and to the right is Eastcheap, the site of Falstaff's "Boar's Head Tavern." Further on is that wonderful square in which stand the Bank, Exchange, and Mansion House—the very heart of London's civic and commercial life. Traversing the old historic Cheapside, probably the most crowded thoroughfare in the world, we reach St. Paul's, five times burnt down and rebuilded, and associated with many of the chief events of English history. Its mighty dome dominates the entire city with a majesty surpassing even that of St. Peter's at Rome. Of all its monuments, I thought the most impressive that of England's greatest sailor, Horatio Nelson, in the solemn crypts, and that of her greatest soldier, Arthur Wellesley, in its lofty aisle, the latter a magnificent sarcophagus beneath a marble canopy.

> Under the cross of gold
> That shines over city and river,
> There he shall rest forever
> Amongst the wise and the bold.
> In streaming London's central roar
> Let the sounds of those he wrought for,
> And the feet of those he fought for,
> Echo round his bones for evermore.

From the golden gallery, 400 feet in air, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity and its abodes than is elsewhere seen on earth. The crowded streets, the far-winding Thames, the distant parks and engirdling hills, make a majestic picture, whose impressiveness is deepened by the thought that the pulsations of the heart of iron throbbing in the mighty dome vibrate upon the ears of more persons than people the vast extent of Canada from sea to sea. I was surprised to see in the churchyard, near the site of the famous St. Paul's Cross, an old-fashioned wooden pump, which

neighbouring tavern thirty-five times in a single day. The drink problem of England is the most difficult one with which social philanthropists have to grapple.

seemed to have done duty from time immemorial. The strange names of Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row commemorate the ancient sale of religious books, which still makes up much of the local trade.

Passing down Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, the heart of newspaperdom, and enter the purlieus of the law, Lincoln's Inn, and the secluded chambers and gardens of the Temple. The Temple Church, a thick-walled, round Norman structure, dating from 1185, is like a fragment of the middle ages in the busy heart of London. Here once preached the "judicious

STAINES CHURCH.

Hooker." On the paved floor lie stone effigies of the old Knights Templar, in full armour, with legs crossed, in token that they had fought in Palestine.

The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

These effigies recall the lines in Spencer's "Faerie Queene:"

And on his breast a bloudie crosse he wore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever Him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For Soveraine hope, which in His help he had.

Beside a simple slab in the churchyard, every visitor pauses with feelings of peculiar tenderness. It bears the brief yet pregnant inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." An old gardener showed me a tree which he said was planted by Henry VIII., under which Goldsmith and Johnson used to sit.

Lock at Windsor.

Passing through Temple Bar and following the Strand, so named from its skirting the bank of the river, we pass the Savoy Church, half under ground, where Chaucer was married, and the vast Somerset House, on the side of the Protector's palace, where languished three unhappy queens. It is now used as public offices, employs nine hundred clerks, and contains, it is said,

3,600 windows. At Charing Cross is a copy of the stone cross erected where the coffin of Queen Eleanor was set down during its last halt on the way to Westminster, six hundred years ago. Opposite is Trafalgar Square, and the noble Nelson Monument, with Landseer's grand couchant lions at its base. On this grandest site in Europe is one of the ugliest buildings in existence, the National Gallery—the home of British Art!—with its paltry façade and absurd flat domes, like inverted wash-bowls. Right opposite is Whitehall—named from England's once grandest palace. Only the Banquetting Hall now remains. Here Wolsey gave his splendid fêtes; here the Royal voluptuary, Henry VIII., fell in love with the hapless Anne Boleyn; and here Charles I. stepped from the palace window to the scaffold. Here the bard of Paradise Lost wrote Latin despatches for the great Protector, who died within these walls; here Charles I. held his profligate court, and here he also died. The Hall is now a Royal Chapel. I arrived late for service, and found it locked; a little persuasion induced the guardian to open the door; but the haunting memories of the grand old hall, I am afraid, distracted my mind from the sermon.

Across the street is the Horse Guards, with its statue-like mounted sentries, and the splendid new Government Offices flanking each side of Downing Street, from whence has been ruled for a hundred years a Colonial Empire vaster than that of Rome in its widest range.

Passing through a narrow street, we come upon one of the grandest groups of buildings in the world—the venerable Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, and the New Palace of Westminster. Of course the Abbey first challenges our attention. Grand and gloomy and blackened by time without, it is all glorious within—a Walhalla of England's mighty dead. A very courteous and clerical-looking verger, wearing a much befrogged gown, escorted a party through the chapels. I only discovered that he was not the Dean or Canon by the promiscuous manner in which he dropped his h's. After he had parroted his piece, I asked permission to stroll through the chapels alone. It was kindly accorded, and for hour after hour I mused amid the mouldering effigies of the kings and queens, and princes and nobles who slumber here. The exquisite stone fretwork of Henry VIII.'s chapel can scarcely be over-praised. But its chief interest

is in the tombs of two women, "not kind though near of kin"—the proud and lonely Queen Elizabeth, who found her crown but a gilded misery; and the beautiful and unhappy Mary Stuart, who even in prison and on the scaffold commanded the homage of thousands of leal hearts. Here, too, are the tombs of many of England's sovereigns, from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died eight hundred years ago. Beneath those moth-eaten banners and fading escutcheons and crumbling effigies they keep their solemn state in death. Above the tomb of Henry V. hangs the armour which he wore at Agincourt, the helmet still exhibiting the gash made by a French battle-axe. The Coronation Stone, affirmed to have been Jacob's pillar at Bethel, is geologically identical with the Scottish stratum at Scone, whence it last came.

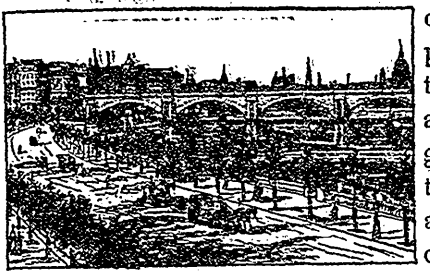
But a yet stronger claim upon the homage of our hearts have the kings of mind who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. I stood with feelings strangely stirred before the tombs or cenotaphs of the genial Chaucer, father of English verse; of Spencer, "the prince of poets of his tyme," as his epitaph reads; of Johnson, "O rare Ben;" of Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Southey, Campbell, Newton, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Lytton, Thackeray, Livingstone, and many another whose written words have often given instruction or delight.

The Chapter House of the Abbey, a large and lofty octagonal room, from 1282 to 1547 was the Commons Chamber of England—the cradle of Constitutional Government, and the scene of some of the stormy conflicts by which were won the civil liberties we now enjoy.

From this chamber it is an easy transition to the New Palace of Westminster, where the great Council of the nation is royally housed. The architecture is, I think, the finest civic gothic in the world—a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the great *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else I ever saw. Parliament had risen, so I could only see the empty seats of the great athletes who fight the battles of the Titans in the grandest deliberative assembly in the world.

The adjacent great Westminster Hall, with its open oaken roof six hundred years old, was the scene of some of the most important events in the history of the nation. Here many of the

early Parliaments were held; here Charles I. was condemned to death; and here Cromwell, throned in more than royal state, was saluted by the proud name of Protector. Among all the statues of the kings, princes, and nobles in Westminster Abbey and Palace, there is not found one of the peer of the mightiest of them all—the man who found England well-nigh the basest of kingdoms and raised her to the foremost place in Europe. In the Abbey I saw the spot from which the embalmed body of Cromwell was rifled, and then the pinnacles of this same Hall on which his head was exposed to sun and shower for thirty years. At length in a storm it was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry, concealed in his house, and is now—strange irony of history—preserved, it is said, at Sevenoaks, in Kent.



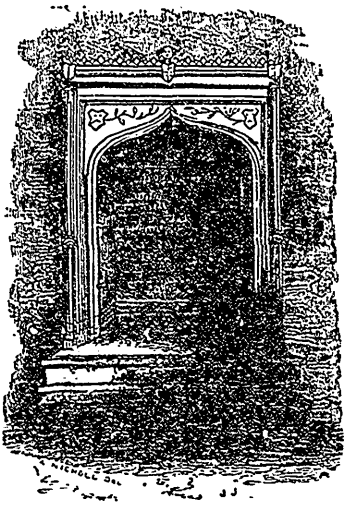
THAMES EMBANKMENT.

The small cut gives a view of the Thames Embankment, from Westminster. Opposite us is Blackfriars, the long building to the left centre is Somerset House, and to the extreme right is the dome of St. Paul's.

Diverging to the right from the river, we may pass through St. James', Green, and Hyde Parks to the wilderness of fashionable west-end squares, and the historic royal residences of St. James, Buckingham, and Kensington Palaces. But continuing to follow its pleasant windings we at length escape from the din of the great city to the quiet of its rural surroundings. A string of pleasant villages are strung upon the stream, like pearls upon a necklace. The first of these is Chelsea, now a suburb of the city, with its hospital for invalid soldiers, shown in our cut on page 402. Chelsea has many potent memories—here dwelt

OLD WINDMILL, BATTERSEA.

Pym, More, Locke, Addison, Steele, and Swift; and here still lives the venerable sage, Carlyle. In the quaint old church is a memorial slab of the luckless minister of Henry VIII., and near by the tomb of Sir Hans Sloan.

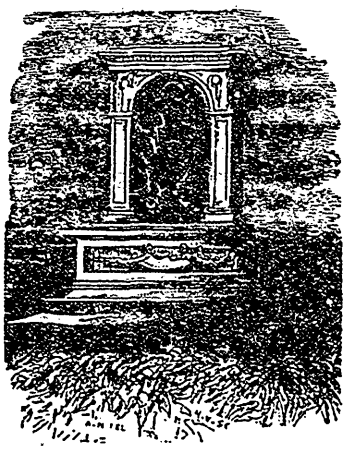


Sir Thomas More's Monument.

Battersea, with its handsome park, slender bridge, and quaint windmill, lies on the opposite side of the stream. The tomb of Bolingbroke, near by, is the chief memorial of one of the most brilliant and profligate of English writers.

Fulham has been for six hundred years the country residence of the Bishops of London. To the left of the picture on page 403, is seen the palace and church. Here Richardson wrote the tear-compelling story of Clarissa Harlowe.

At Putney, famous in boating annals, Gibbon was born, and the younger Pitt died. "England shall moult no feather of her crest," declared the great commoner, and he made good his proud boast.



Sir Hans Sloan's Monument.

Chiswick House, a splendid Palladian Villa, with fine park and gardens, witnessed the last hours of Charles Fox and George Canning.

> Drop on Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle on his rival's bier.

In the churchyard is the grave of Hogarth, the great moralist of art, bearing the inscription by Garrick—

> If genius fire thee, reader, stay:
> If nature move thee, drop a tear;
> If neither touch thee, turn away,
> For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here

We glide past the terraced lawns and splendid gardens of Kew

the village of Richmond, and the stately halls of Hampton Court, all of which I have already described.

Still following up the narrowing stream, we reach at length the picturesque old town of Staines, deriving its name from the "Stones" which once marked the limits of the jurisdiction of London in this direction. The sluggish stream, traversed by its slow-moving barges, and its venerable parish church, are shown in the engraving on page 407.

HOGARTH'S TOMB.

The Thames, here a meagre stream, is converted into a canal, by means of locks, many of which are favourite subjects for the artist's pencil.

Near by is Horton Church, a venerable ivy-mantled structure, in which is buried the mother of John Milton. In the churchyard is shown an ancient tree,

HORTON CHURCH.

beneath which he used to woo the muses. Here his sweetest poems, Lycidas, Il Penseroso, and Allegro, were written.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XI.

First Division among the Methodists of Upper Canada caused by the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, from 1817 to 1820; Settlement of Differences and Recognition of the true Wesleyan Principles of Methodistic Oneness between the English and American Conferences; Intended Violation of those Principles by the London Wesleyan Committee, under the influence of High Church Representations and Promised Pecuniary Grants in 1832.

By the late Rev. John Ryerson; with Notes by his brother, Egerton Ryerson.

Introductory Remarks by E. Ryerson.—The late Rev. John Ryerson entered the Methodist ministry in 1820, while the writer of these Essays entered it in 1825. Mr. J. Ryerson's early connection with all Methodist affairs, and his personal acquaintance with the late Bishop Emory and other chief ministers of Methodism in America; his tenacious recollection of the most minute facts which came to his knowledge; his careful accuracy and inviolable integrity in his statements, qualified him for narrating what came within his own personal observation, or of which he had been informed. When, as the senior member of the deputation to England, with the late Dr. Green, in 1847, he was introduced by Dr. Bunting to address the Conference Committee on Canadian affairs, Dr. Bunting observed that the Committee might rely with perfect confidence upon the strict accuracy of every statement that Mr. John Ryerson might make to them.

Mr. John Ryerson never wrote a line on any subject of controversy, ecclesiastical or civil; he was an able preacher, and confined himself wholly to the work of the ministry and the general affairs of the Church; he thought and formed his opinions for himself on all subjects, irrespective of friends or adversaries. For no one, perhaps, did he entertain a warmer

affection than for myself; yet he scrutinized my acts with rigour, and reproved or remarked upon what he thought was wrong with severity, as will be seen in the following paper:

In 1866 he furnished me with upwards of 200 pages of closely written manuscript, carefully transcribed, containing historical recollections of Canadian Methodism, embracing the most interesting account I have yet read of the Methodist divisions, caused by Mr. Ryan, the Episcopals (given in Essays IX. and X.), and the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, as also a brief but comprehensive account of the origin and early progress of the various institutions of Canadian Methodism, such as the Missionary Society, Upper Canada Academy (now Victoria University), Domestic Missions, Indian Missions and their agents, the Book Room, Superannuation Fund, Contingent Fund, etc., etc. My brother's historical recollections will, doubtless, at a future day be published in their entirety, with explanatory notes. In the meantime, instead of writing an account myself of the schisms and divisions in Canadian Methodism, I think it best to avail myself of what my late brother John has written on these subjects, supplying some omissions, and adding explanatory notes.

The thirty years' history of Methodism, from 1816 to 1846, its relations to the American and British Conferences, its defence of its religious and civil rights, its schisms and divisions, embraces the least understood, yet most important, period of Canadian Methodism, and must be thoroughly discussed in order to be understood—not from any party standpoint, or resting on individual statements, but on the authority of documents which were first published from sixty to forty years ago, at the times the events referred to transpired, summarized by the late Rev. John Ryerson in the narrative which follows in this and the next ensuing essay.

Historical Account by the late Rev. John Ryerson.

In the year 1832 a determination was come to, and arrangements made by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London, England, to send British missionaries into the Province of Upper Canada. The Rev. Robert Alder (afterwards Dr. Alder), one of the secretaries of the Society, was appointed a deputation to conduct a company of twelve missionaries, who were appointed to take up stations in Upper Canada.

In order to a clear understanding of this matter, it will be necessary to go back to the years 1817 and 1818, and briefly review the proceedings of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee in regard to this country. It has already been stated that Methodism was introduced into Canada by preachers from the United States. In 1812, just at the commencement of the American war with Great Britain, several of the American preachers who had been appointed to Canada declined coming, as they feared the approaching troubles. The same spirit influenced American preachers in this country—namely, Roads and Densmore, who applied to the Canadian Government for permission to return to their own country. Mr. Ryan, who was left in charge of the work, immediately called out and sent into the field other labourers, by whom all the circuits were supplied, and the work maintained in its integrity. After the close of the war, a few restless spirits sent communications to the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, requesting the appointment of British missionaries in Canada, stating that the preachers then in the country were American republicans, enemies to the Government, etc.* The London Committee, without having any

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—This representation to the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee was perfectly untrue in every respect. It has been shown in the first number of these essays that the first Methodist preachers came to Canada in its destitution because they were Loyalists, and the first members of the Church were the first Canadian Loyalists; and when, after a few years, two or three preachers of the New York Conference volunteered to come into the Canadian work, not from partiality to British institutions, they declined to accept appointments to Canada on the eve of the American war in 1811, and the only time preachers in Upper Canada of American sympathies—Messrs. Roads and Densmore—obtained, on application to the Canadian Government in 1812, permission to return to the United States; so that there was not a Methodist preacher in Upper Canada, during and at the close of the war in 1815, who was not as loyal to the Throne and Government of England as any member of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee. It was stated in the evidence before the Select Committee of the U. C. Legislative Assembly, in 1828, that no less than four of the Methodist preachers volunteered their services in the extremity of their country's danger, and fought in several battles, in which two of them were wounded. And, as a witness before the same Committee, the late Hon. William Dextler, of the District of Niagara, the theatre and field of the chief battles of the war—himself a High Churchman—testified that "the Methodists as a religious sect prompted and encouraged their hearers in defence of the Province, and

consultation with the authorities here, resolved to act on the petitions of the very few individuals who had memorialized them, and forthwith sent missionaries to Cornwall, Kingston, York, Niagara, and a few other places. The result of the labours of these missionaries can easily be conceived, for they entered not a place where our Methodist preachers had not laboured before, and where societies had not been formed. These circuits were at once everywhere disturbed, societies divided, and all the evils of schism inflicted on the people. Thus things continued, growing worse and worse, until 1820, when the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States resolved to send a deputation to the British Conference respecting these troubles. The Rev. John Emory (subsequently Bishop)

in repelling invasions in that part of the Province where I resided." In the face of these indubitable facts and testimonies as to the true loyalty to the Throne of the ministers and members of the Methodist Church in Upper Canada, the London Wesleyan Committee, on the *ex parte* representations of the enemies of Canadian Methodism, without inquiry as to the truth of the representations, determined to send missionaries into Upper Canada—not to the heathen aborigines or the destitute settlements of the country, but to the principal places where the Canadian Methodist preachers had visited the people in the destitution and infancy of such places, had formed societies, and erected places of worship. This first mission of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee to Upper Canada was, therefore, like the two which followed, wholly political—a war upon the Methodism of the Province on the false representations of High Churchism.

So glaringly unjust and anti-Methodistic was this proceeding, that, on the representation of the American Methodist General Conference to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1820, the latter agreed forthwith to withdraw their (political) missionaries from Upper Canada, while the former agreed to leave Lower Canada to the sole care of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee and its missionaries, like the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. This agreement was founded upon the principle laid down by Mr. Wesley, and formally avowed by both the British and American Conferences in 1820, that the Methodists were one body (or Church) throughout the world, and were determined to remain so. But Methodism, though wholly self-supported, advanced more rapidly in Upper Canada, and obtained a wider influence than in any other province of British America.

This arrangement continued from 1820 to 1832, during which time a Canadian Conference was established (in 1824), and the Methodists in Canada were formed into a separate connexion from that in the United States (in 1828).

was appointed on this mission. Suffice it to say, that the negotiations of Mr. Emory resulted in an arrangement by which the English Conference agreed to withdraw all their missionaries from Upper Canada, and the Methodist Episcopal Church agreed to withdraw theirs from Lower Canada. This agreement was carried into effect the following year, with the exception of the missionary at Kingston, who, it was supposed, influenced the Missionary Committee in London to refuse (as far as Kingston was concerned) to carry into effect the arrangements agreed upon by the two branches of what both declared to be one Church throughout the world.*

This satisfactory adjustment between the English and Ameri-

* *Note by E. Ryerson.*—The resolutions of the English Conference, held in Liverpool, August, 1820, and signed by "Jabez Bunting, President," and "George Marsden, Secretary," anticipated by sixty years all that the Methodist Œcumenical Council, to be held in London in 1881, can say on the *oneness and unity* of the Methodist Church throughout the world. I give the following extracts of the resolutions of the English Conference, and instructions of the London Wesleyan Committee, from the pen of the noble-minded Richard Watson, who, had he been Missionary Secretary for Canada in 1840, instead of Robert Alder, no separation between the British and Canadian Conferences would have taken place. The resolutions of the English Conference, adopted August 20th, 1820, are as follows :

"On the subject of the unpleasant circumstances which have occurred in the Canadas between the American preachers and our missionaries, referred to the Conference by the Missionary Committee in London, with their opinion that Upper Canada shall be left in possession of the American brethren, and that our missionary exertions shall be confined to the Lower Province, the Conference adopted the following principles and arrangements :

"1. *That as the American Methodists and ourselves are but one body, it would be inconsistent with our unity and dangerous to that affection which ought to characterize us in every place, to have different societies and congregations in the same towns and villages, or to allow of any intrusion on either side into each other's labours.*

"2. That this principle shall be the rule by which the disputes now existing in the Canadas, between our missionaries, shall be terminated.

"3. That the simplest and most effectual manner of carrying this rule into effect appears to us to be to accede to the suggestions of the American Conference, that the American brethren shall have the occupation of Upper Canada and the British missionaries that of Lower Canada, allowing sufficient time for carrying this arrangement into effect, with all possible tenderness to existing prejudices and conflicting interests on both

can Conferences again restored unity and concord to the Church, which nothing occurred to disturb until 1831, or early in 1832, when, as above stated, the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London again resolved to send missionaries to Upper Canada. I was at that time President of the Canada Conference Missionary Society, and of course of the Missionary Board, whose meetings were held in York, which was also my circuit. In the month of May, 1832, I received a communication from the Rev. Mr. Alder (afterwards Dr. Alder), informing me that the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London had determined to resume their work in Upper Canada, and that he, with twelve missionaries, would, in the course of a few days, sail from England on this mission.

sides; the arrangements to be completed within a period to be fixed as early as possible by the Missionary Committee.

"4. That if hereafter it shall appear to any of our brethren there, either British missionaries or American preachers, that any place on either side of the boundary line needs religious help, and presents a favourable opportunity for usefulness, the case shall be referred by the Canada District Meeting to the General Conference, or by that body to the Canada District; and if either shall formally decline to supply the place on their own side of the boundary, then the other shall be at liberty to supply the said place, without being deemed to have violated the terms of this friendly compact.

"5. That it shall be explicitly understood in this arrangement that each party shall be bound to supply with preachers all those stations and their dependencies which shall be relinquished by each of the Connexions, that no place on either side shall sustain any loss of the ordinances of religion in consequence of this arrangement.

"6. That the Missionary Committee be directed to address a letter to the private and official members, trustees, etc., under the care of our missionaries in Upper Canada, informing them of the judgment of the Conference, and affectionately and earnestly advising them to put themselves and their chapels under the pastoral care of the American preachers, with the suggestion of such considerations, to incline them to it, as the Committee may judge proper.

"7. That the Bishops of the American Connexion shall direct a similar letter to the private and official members, trustees, etc., under the care of the Methodist preachers in the Province of Lower Canada, requesting them to put themselves and their chapels under the care of the British missionaries."

The following extracts of a letter of instructions from the Missionary Committee in London, signed "Joseph Taylor, Richard Watson, Secretaries," and dated "Wesleyan Mission House, 77 Hatton Garden, London,

It will be necessary for me here to show both the ostensible and real cause of this movement. The controversy respecting the Clergy Lands, called the "Clergy Reserve Question"—involving the equal rights and privileges of the religious denominations—had been going on for several years. The *Chris-*

23rd August, 1820," furnish a clear exposition of the application of the above avowed principles to the case of Upper Canada :

"*Extracts of a Letter of Instructions from the Missionary Committee in London to the Rev. Messrs. R. Williams and the other British Missionaries in the Provinces of Canada.*

"Dear Brother,—Herewith we transmit you copy of resolutions passed at our late Conference, on the subject of the disputes which have unhappily existed between our American brethren and us, relative to our missions in Canada.

"We have given you the resolutions in full, that you may see that we have recognized the principle *that the Methodist body is one throughout the world*, and that therefore its members are bound to cordial affection and *brotherly union.*

"The resolutions of this Committee, passed some time ago, and forwarded for your guidance, prohibiting interference with the work of the Canadian brethren, would show you that the existence of collisions between us and them gave us serious concern, and that the Committee were anxious to remove, as far as they at that time were acquainted with the circumstances, every occasion of dispute.

"Certainly the case of the Montreal chapel was one which we could never justify to our minds, *and the Committee have, in many instances, had but a partial knowledge of the real religious wants of Upper Canada, and of its means of supply.* The *only reason* we could have for increasing the number of missionaries in that Province was the *presumption of strong necessity, arising out of the destitute condition of the inhabitants, the total want, or too great distance, of ministers.*

"On no other ground could we apply money, raised for missionary purposes, for the supply of preachers to Upper Canada. The information we have had for two years past has all served to show that the number of preachers employed there by the American brethren was greater than we had first supposed, and was constantly increasing.

"To us, therefore, it now appears that though there may be places in that province which are not visited, they are within the range of the extended American itinerancy ; and that Upper Canada does not present to our efforts so fully and decidedly missionary as the Lower Province, where much less help exists, and the greater part of the population is involved in Popish superstition.

"We know that *political reasons* exist in many minds for supplying even Upper Canada, as far as possible, with British missionaries ; and however natural this feeling may be to Englishmen, and even praiseworthy when

tian Guardian had taken a leading part against the exclusive claims of what was called the "High Church party." Indeed, the *Guardian*, and the Methodists its supporters, formed the principal, if not the only, serious barrier to the success of the exclusive and monopolizing claims of the High Church party. Every possible effort was, therefore, made by the High Church party and their friends to break down and level to the ground this great mountain of Methodism, which stood so frown-

not carried too far, it will be obvious to you that this is a ground on which, as a Missionary Society, and especially as a society under the direction of a Committee which recognizes as one with itself the American Methodists, we cannot act.

"1. Because, as a Missionary Society, we cannot lay down as a principle that those whose object is to convert the world shall be prevented from seeking and saving souls under a foreign Government; for we do not thus regulate our own efforts.

"2. To act on this principle would be to cast an odium upon our American brethren, as though they did not conduct themselves peaceably under the British Government, which is, we believe, contrary to the fact.

"3. That if any particular exceptions to this Christian and submissive conduct were, on their part, to occur, we have not the least right to interfere, unless, indeed, the American Conference obviously neglected to enforce upon offending parties its own discipline. Upon any political feeling which may exist, either in your minds or in the minds of a party in any place, we cannot therefore proceed. Our objects are purely spiritual, and our American brethren and ourselves are one body of Christians, sprung from a common stock, holding the same doctrines, enforcing the same discipline, and striving in common to spread the light of true religion through the world.

"In conformity with these views, we have long thought it a reproach, and doing more injury, by disturbing the harmony of the Connexions, than could be counterbalanced by any local good, that the same city or town should see two congregations, and two societies, and two preachers professing the same form of Christianity, and yet proclaiming themselves rivals to each other, and, in some instances, invading each other's societies, and thus producing party feelings.

"The Committee, previous to the Conference, went with the representative of the American General Conference fully into the discussion of the disputes in the Canadas, and recommend those principles of adjustment which the Conference, after they had been referred to a Special Committee during the time of its sitting, adopted, and which we now transmit to all the brethren in the Canadas.

"You will consider these resolutions as the fruit of very ample inquiry and serious deliberation.

"None of the principles here adopted by us do indeed go further than

ingly in the way of their success. Strenuous exertions were used to destroy or weaken the influence of Methodism; every seceding party, however trifling, was encouraged. Ryanism was openly patronized by Churchmen, who utterly hated everything connected with Methodism. Mr. Ryan and his friends received direct pecuniary assistance from Dr. Strachan and his friends.*

But in spite of all, the circulation and influence of the *Christian Guardian* (then the leading newspaper in Upper Canada) increased daily; the number and power of the Methodist Church grew more and more every year; so that the greedy few felt that

to prevent interference with each other's labours among the American and British missionaries, and the setting of *altar against altar, in the same city, town, or village;* but knowing that circumstances of irritation exist, and that too near a proximity might, through the infirmity of human nature, lead to a violation of the union which the Conference has deemed it a matter of paramount importance to maintain, we have thought it best to adopt a geographical division of labour of each, and that Upper Canada should be left to the American brethren and Lower Canada to you.

"Feel that you are one with your American brethren, embarked in the same great cause, and eminently of the same religious family, and the little difficulties of arrangement will be easily surmounted; and if any warm spirits (which is probable) rise up to trouble you, remember that you are to act upon the great principle sanctioned by the Conference, and not upon local prejudices.

(Signed) "JOSEPH TAYLOR and RICHARD WATSON, Secretaries."

Remark by E. Ryerson.—Had Richard Watson (the author of the above truly Wesleyan and patriotic resolutions and instructions) been Missionary Secretary in 1839 and 1840, instead of Robert Alder, not a ripple of dissatisfaction would have disturbed the tranquil unity of the British and Canadian Conferences, much less a separation between them, and all the evils of schismatic divisions in Upper Canada.

*"The Conference of 1827 was held at Hamilton, and commenced its session on the 30th of August, Bishop Hedding presiding. The Rev. Henry Ryan withdrew from the Church. Mr. Ryan having now severed all connection with the Church, set to work to more perfectly arrange the plans which he had for some time been forming, of effecting such a division in the Church as should eventuate in a general disruption. To this course he was urged by the counsel, and encouraged by the aid, of parties who, high in authority, were still, as ever, the bitter, unscrupulous enemies of Methodism, and judged this one of the best methods of retarding its progress in the country. Among those who thus urged Mr. Ryan on were the Hon. John Wilson, the then Speaker of the House of Assembly, who had formerly been a member of the M. E. Church, but who had become dissatisfied; and Dr. Strachan, Mr. Ryan's former opponent, who

their prey was in great danger of being lost. For their protection, justice was out of the question; and every scheme and effort to divide and defeat the friends of right and truth having failed, they knew not what to do or on whom to call for help.

One thing, however, remained to be done, which was to try again the plan of 1817 (to divide the Methodist Church by sending English missionaries into Upper Canada), which had been defeated by the measures entered into between the English and American Conferences in 1820. The Government and Church party (for they were but one party, under the control of the Archdeacon of York), therefore, lost no time in mastering a plan to induce the British Conference again to undertake the occupancy of Upper Canada as missionary ground, and forthwith to send missionaries into the province for that purpose. A correspondence was opened between the head of the Canadian Executive Government, Sir John Colborne, and the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, on the subject of the new missionary enterprise into Upper Canada.

took this opportunity of manifesting his contempt for, and hatred of, the Methodist Bishops, and of that form of Methodism which had accomplished so much for the Canadian people by its opposition to the establishment of a State Church, by sending Mr. Ryan the sum of $200 to assist in what he professed to consider the praiseworthy effort to break up and destroy those Yankee Methodists."—*Webster's History of the M. Church in Canada*, chap xvii., pp. 200, 201.

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars;
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men; this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

—*Shakespeare, Richard II.*

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

V.

TUESDAY, Dec. 25.—We have had a quiet day, to the small content, alas! of my elder children, who would fain have been merrier, as they name it. If the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which leavened the whole three measures of meal, verily, so likewise is the kingdom of the Devil. My poor Patty's pert speeches have in so short a time told upon my whole family.

"Sure, papa," she says, "there can be no sin in doing as other folk do, so long as we break none of the commandments." Poor, foolish child! Is not the man of purest life judged after the law, yet guilty of all? And who, indeed, can say that there is but one point in which he hath offended? Verily, I have sinned in suffering the child to be bred as a milliner. Dreading my wrath she speaks not openly, but great is my fear that in her heart she holds with the fashionable folk who frequent her mistress's shop, and who, 'tis said, have well-nigh given up scoffing at the faith of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as being a silly dream so often flouted that the jest is stale. I overheard my poor child mocking at the joys of heaven. "Hester," quoth she, "wouldst wish to go to heaven, to sing psalms and say thy prayers all day and night for ever and ever, Amen? 'Tis well enough to go once a week to the Abbey, to look at the fine ladies and the beaux—ay, and to be looked at too, Mistress Hester; some of their great beauties envy me my face, and Mistress Spaull saith that I have a genteeler figure than the best of them—but a single week of psalms and sermon even there would sicken me."

Her flippant, frivolous, profane talk cut me to the heart. I must speak with her mother as to the cancelling of her indentures, at whatever detriment to her worldly interest. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Thur. 27.—This day mine own holiday ended, but wishing to gain counsel as to what were best to be done for our Patty, I went before business to the Churchyard to crave leave for the

dear child to remain with us until the beginning of the approaching week. Mistress Spaull readily granted permission, and was in very gracious mood, wishing me the compliments of the season, and pressing me to taste her cordial. "'Tis but cherry brandy, Mr. Pidgeon," she simpered. I fear, alas, from the look of her eyes, that it had far more of the brandy than the cherries in it. I had not thought before that she was a woman addicted to strong waters. So early, moreover, in the day. This discovery makes me still more disturbed about my child, not that I fear that Patty would ever take to drink. From that, fearing its effects upon her looks, her vanity would save her—one devil casting out the other. O God, guide thou my steps. For the sake of thine only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, let my dear child be brought to the knowledge of the truth.

Fri. 28.—This evening I called on Izaak Wellow, and had much talk with his sister, who had been tarrying with him during the holidays. I was glad to be of some comfort to her, but her views of spiritual matters are very dim, for she hath not yet spiritual discernment. She is evidently a decent woman, sorely tried in her home. She may well need more comfort than this world can give her, and she is groping for it all but blindly, scarce as yet even seeing men as trees walking. O Lord, lay Thou Thy hands again upon her eyes. Make her look up, and she shall be restored, and see Thine whole truth clearly. Her husband is a squatter by the Quantocks. Nominally he lives by turf-cutting and brooming, stealing his heather from the moors and his sticks from the wood which first comes handy. A strange, wild, idle race these squatters would seem to be, herding together like pigs, and as ignorant of God as any heathen. Hating regular labour and restraint, moreover, as much as any of the Red Indians of whom Mr. Wesley tells. Those who try to hire them at fixed wage for aught but turf-cutting, soon give it up as a vain effort. In half-a-day or less these English wild men weary of their whim, fling down their tools, and go back to their hovels in the wilderness. The children cut thistles for the farmers, and work in the turf, as do the women, they and the children dividing the square slabs the men have cut, and piling the turfs up into what they call their hiles and ruckles. The children run about with scarce a rag to cover them, and paddle like ducks in the black ditches. To reach their homes they must

either wade or leap, since even a plank for bridge can scarce be found. The women and children pick whortleberries, and peel withies likewise, cut in beds belonging to poor folk like themselves. In time of flood, the flooded-out folk huddle into huts that were too full before; so 'tis little wonder that modesty amongst women is scarce known. The men help themselves to the wild fowl and the tame geese in the marshes, and sometimes they make bands to hunt the red deer on Exmoor. Wellow's sister, poor woman, described to me her loathing of the wild life into which she had brought herself by her imprudent marriage, and, although she hath now lived upon the moors for the best part of her life, she says they have never yet seemed to her a home. She rejoices that she hath never borne a daughter. Her sons, she says, although headstrong young men, fearing not God, nor regarding man, treat her in their rough way with kindness, but her husband, who is scarce ever sober, cider there being plentiful and cheap, often beats her when they are away.

But what is most lamentable is that these squatters know nothing of a God in Christ. Nay, 'tis to be doubted whether they have any notion of a God. Most like they never trouble themselves to think of whence they came or whither they are going. The marsh colts about them have as much divinity as they.

Yet are they very superstitious. That witches have been, no one who believes God's Holy Word can doubt; and he who believes not that hath no right to pass an opinion on aught. That some are still suffered to live, only he who hardeneth his neck and stoppeth his ears against honest men's testimony will dispute. But 'tis idle as cruel to take every ugly, mumbling old woman for a witch; and exceeding cruel and absurd is the Quantock people's remedy for witchcraft. They roast a cat alive. And again, although the King's Evil may be in an especial manner a disease that can be cured by prayer (else why did the Healing Service ever find a place in the Prayer Book ?), yet 'tis manifestly ridiculous to suppose, as do these poor Quantock people, with no rubric to show for it, that the afflicted person may be made whole by putting bread and cheese in a handkerchief upon the coffin, when the words "Deliver us from evil" are read at a burial.

Sat. 29.—I had thought that, at least for a season, our oppo-

nents had ceased from opposing, and that we should be suffered to end the year in peace. But I have been roughly aroused from that fond imagining, doubtless for my good. Peradventure I was too much at ease in Zion, and 'twas needful that I should be stirred up from slumber in my nest.

Farmer Jeakes having professed his willingness to let us have his smaller barn, which is well-nigh empty, and to lend us lanterns to light it, I requested William Jones, as is my wont, to go round from house to house and state that it was my purpose to preach there at seven o'clock this evening. To my astonishment, William showed much reluctance, and made many excuses. 'Twas plain that he had something on his mind, but what he would not say, although often urged. At length he went, or professed to go. In any case the barn was filled. But 'twas soon evident that many had come with no thought of worship; at their head Black Jack, who, 'tis said, is half a gipsy, the hostler at the Blue Boar. He soon beginning to make a noise, the blacksmith's man, who, before his conversion, was notorious as a bruiser, went up to the noisy fellow, and, taking him by the neck and breeches, quietly put him out, Jack wriggling like an eel, but not daring to strike, remembering former combats in which he had been worsted, although himself a famous boxer.

For a short time there was peace, but soon powder was let off, now here, now there, the smoke filling the building, and some of the straw catching fire. 'Twas providential there was so little of it, or the barn might have been burned down. In the confusion there came a shower of missiles from another mob outside the doors, and two of the lanterns were smashed. When the air had cleared a little, and we had hung up fresh lights, I began again, but then there rode in a foolish fellow mounted on an ass with his face to the tail, and, so seated, he rode the beast at me wherever I might take my stand, protesting that he could not see his way before him. My champion was still busy with Black Jack outside, or he had not so long been suffered to do it with impunity. When the blacksmith's man came in the fellow soon righted himself, and, whanging his ass's ribs with his cudgel, galloped out, the ass getting more blows and kicks from them on whom it trampled. Poor beast, I pitied it its cruel belabouring, and likewise its dishonour, when I thought of Him who came riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass. Once

more I essayed to speak, but was pelted with rotten eggs, and as I remonstrated with the people on their filthily unmannerly behaviour, "Here's new milk to cleanse thee," shouted a fellow, and he emptied a pail of the same over my head.

'Twas hard to bear, but I thank God for putting a bridle on my lips.

"Sure, friend," said I, as though unruffled, "thou mightest have had more wit than to waste thy substance."

"Nay, nay," cried he, "'twas none of mine; 'twas Jeakes's."

At that the farmer made a rush at him to secure him, and we broke up with much disturbance, many of us being chased to our homes.

All my family were much concerned at my plight, but poor Patty seemed even more vexed at the manner in which it had been brought about.

"Sure, papa is crazy," I heard the silly wench whisper to her sister. "'Tis so low to be a Methodist." Alas! poor child, if we be not willing to be called the scum of the earth, small chance have we of entering the kingdom of heaven. 'Tis a hard saying. No wonder the dear child stumbleth at it. Her elders, who have tasted of the riches of grace, do so likewise. In my own experience I have felt how hard it is to brook affronts with what the world calls tameness; and yesterday, when Mr. Saunders had been most wrongfully, to my joy, accused of unfair dealing, and was naturally much incensed thereat, and I had reminded him of the cross which all who would be Christians must take up and patiently endure, he answered hastily that he would bear such slanderous language from no man, nay, verily, though the lawing to right himself cost him never so much. Good Mistress Saunders shed oil upon the troubled waters. "Dear John," she said, "remember, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.'" In a sense 'twas for the Lord's sake Mr. Saunders was reviled, inasmuch as his accuser railed at him the more bitterly that he made a profession of piety. God grant that he always walk worthy of it.

Sun. 30.—Young Mr. S——, nephew of Squire F——, called upon me in much perplexity. I had noticed him once or twice at our meetings, but had never spoken with him before. His uncle having adopted him, he hath been looked upon as his heir,

but his succession to the estate depends entirely on the squire's will, and now he is threatened with disinheritance.

He tells me that while eating his terms at the Temple, as they strangely name study for the bar, he and a brother Templar went for sport sake to a meeting of the Society in Fetter Lane, now some five years agone or more. There he first heard Mr. Wesley, and was much impressed by his manner and its effect on the congregation. 'Twas a season of rebuke and humiliation before God, many falling to the ground, and finally all bursting forth in a song of thanksgiving. Finding that Mr. Wesley was to preach next morning before breakfast in Moorfields, Mr. S—— rose betimes (an unusual thing with him in those days, he saith), and found some thousands assembled there, to whom Mr. Wesley expounded those blessed words, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," making reference to the summer sun, which, though the service began at seven, was very hot, filling the air with a stifling haze. In the afternoon Mr. S—— took a wherry and was rowed to Lambeth, whence he went in a friend's coach to Kennington Common, where at five, to a still mightier multitude, Mr. Wesley proclaimed the Gospel, taking for his text "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Not the text only, but great part of the sermons, likewise, word for word, Mr. S—— saith he could remember for many months afterwards.

But the impression they had produced upon him wore off, and he again led the gay life which, alas, is too common among young gentlemen who have not to work for their living, until about a year back. While then visiting at his uncle's, to pass the hours when heavy rain had prevented him from indulging in the sports of the field, he was led by the good providence of God to take up Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" in the original; and to test whether he had forgotten his Latin, he began to construe the sentences. Pleased to find that he could do so with ease, he read on, when lo! as if suddenly, he saith, an unseen finger had probed a sore skinned over, but not healed, his former aching craving for peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, returned. Alas! he hath not yet found that pearl of great price, although he hath sought it with many tears. Doubtless, 'tis lingering fear of man that holds him back. He still shrinks from taking up his cross and following Christ openly.

He hath abstained from worldly amusements, made the Bible and books of divinity and devotion his sole study, and been instant in private prayer. He had become a constant church-goer, and at times been present, Nicodemus-like, at the meetings of our brethren in Bath, as he hath at ours; getting, he saith, more good from our services than from aught he hears at church. At first his uncle, who hath much worldly affection for him, and at one time took much pride in him, strove to coax him out of what he calls his gloomy ways; but now he speaks roundly. Yesterday, Mr. S—— tells me, the Squire sent for him into his private chamber, and having bidden him be seated, said—

"Nephew, the New Year draws nigh, and thou must hear my mind. If thou wilt not, at my wish, who have done so much for thee, give up thy mopish megrims, thou must leave my house. I will give thee £500 down upon the nail, and not a penny more through all my life; no, nor a penny nor an acre of my land at my death. Be well assured of that. £500 will not last for ever even in thy hands, which have become so sparing. Plenty thou couldst make spin once, and I did not grudge it; no, though to be made ducks and drakes of in a manner becoming a gentleman. If thy law will not keep thee in bread and cheese, 'tis not my fault. I paid thy fees and thy bills likewise; and heavy ones they were, both at the University and thine Inn."

Mr. S—— confesses that he doth, indeed, know but little of the law, but adds, with justice, that his uncle encouraged him in his neglect of its study, as pettifogging, save for a general smattering, which might prevent him from appearing as a nincompoop, and becoming a mere nose of wax for his low-bred clerk, when placed in the Commission of the Peace.

"At first," the Squire went on, "I winked at thy ways, because I had heard that the Methodists were secretly working for the good cause. But 'tis all moonshine. 'Tis not through them the King will get his own again—the low-lived vermin. I would as soon turn my house into a rat-run as have Methodist preachers swarming in it after my death, as they would an thou wert master, and still a Methodist. Better turn preacher thyself, and be pressed for a soldier. I'll not be thy bail. Nay, nay, I'm hale and hearty. I'll take a wife, and get a jolly little lad to laugh at his fool of a cousin who didn't know on which side his bread was buttered. Rather than let a Methodist have my land,

I'd leave it to the poor. Tut, tut, there'll be no lack of better folk to leave it to. I was proud of thee, Tom,—loved thee for thine own sake, as well as my poor sister's. 'Tis well she's in her grave. 'Twould break her heart to see thee drivelling. Ay, and thy father too. He was a man, and I had hoped his son would better him. I'll give thee till the year's out to make up thy mind. If thou'rt a Methodist on New Year's morn, out wi' ee, and no more two words about it."

I could but tell the young man that worldly wealth was dung and dross in comparison with heavenly gain; that a light earthly affliction, which would be, comparatively, but for a moment, might work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and urge him, if he thought it would be conducive to his growth in grace, to unite himself openly with us.

I pray that the necessity under which he is laid of making a decision may lead to the salvation of his soul; but I have my doubts, to my great sorrow, for he is a young gentleman of exceeding winning manners. My heart was drawn out towards him. How hardly shall they who have great possessions, or the expectation of them, enter into the kingdom of heaven!

Mon. 31.—The devil is afeared, and fights hard for his throne here, which, thanks be unto the Lord, we have shaken. It would seem as though he dreaded that, if he could not subvert our work before the year was out, he might never accomplish his purpose. I have again been in the hands of the sons of Belial, subjected to more degrading indignity and placed in greater peril of my life than on any previous occasion; but, glory for ever to His name, I have been preserved, and my soul hath continued unruffled. The Vicar shows not in these disturbances, but 'tis idle to say he is not answerable for them. I fear he actively, although secretly, promotes them, and in any case the lifting of his finger would stop them, an the mob thought he were in earnest; for though they might hold his office in slight esteem, thanks to the way in which he hath performed its functions, they look up to him as a gentleman of family and fortune, and friend of most of them which be of authority hereabouts.

Since Christmas there hath been much drunkenness in the parish; some of those who did once run well having, alas! fallen away. When faithfully, yet tenderly, I reproved poor James Mynn for the vile language he had uttered, with lips which I

had heard earnestly pleading for mercy, and afterwards uttering praise, which, methought, could never wax less fervent for the assurance of salvation which he had then obtained, he raised his arm and would have struck me had not one held his hand.

This morning I was to have preached by candlelight in Mr. Jeakes's barn. The early hour and coldness of the weather kept some of our friends at home; but the devil had roused a busy mob of mischief-makers from their beds.

Scarce had I opened my mouth, when the sweep came up and strove to embrace me, and when I avoided him he beat me over the head and shoulders and about the legs with his bag, which, although empty, sent forth abundance of choking soot. Next, Thomas Burrows, the constable, laid hold of me and told me I must come with him.

"Whither?" I asked.

"To the Blue Boar," said he, "until the nearest Justice be awake."

So saying, he haled me out, roughly enough, but the mob thinking he did his office too gently took me from his hands, and dragged me along the frosty ground, so that my clothes were cut through to the skin. Coming to a horse-pond, they brake the ice with pitchforks and threw me into it on the farther side, pushing and prodding me back with their forks—nay, holding me down, head under water, when I had broken through the ice and staggered to the brink, until at length Burrows came up and pulled me out.

Then they cried I was not fit to go before the Justice, and brought the wheelwright with his cart-grease and his paint-pots to smear my wet rags with his stinking stuff, and daub them blue and red. After that they suffered the constable to take me to the Blue Boar, where the landlord, pretending to commiserate me, sent to my house for a change of linen and apparel, set food before me, and ordered hot drink to be prepared.

When I had shifted myself, and eaten and drunken, I felt much refreshed, and demanded to know why I was so treated, what evil I had done.

"Popery, flat Popery!" shouted the constable. "Whatever zum o' the gentry be, we be King Monmouth'z men, and wunt have no Popery, Popery, Popery!"

'Twas strange to hear him rolling that which he professed to loathe, like a sweet morsel under his rough tongue.

Soon afterwards he took his departure, to see, as he stated, whether the Justice were stirring. Instantly in rushed the mob and seized me, the landlord making no resistance. Nay, with a sneer said he, "'Twas pity that you changed your clothes."

I heard the screams of my wife and children, as I was hurried past our home to the river, and my little Jacky's voice crying, "Dada, dada;" and caught sight of the brave little lad running out of the garden gate. Black Jack knocked him backwards with a brutal blow, and straightway was floored himself by the blacksmith's man, who had not been at the meeting, but now came running up in hot haste.

I remember little more until men swung me by the arms and legs, and with a "One, two, three, and away," hurled me into the river.

The stream was swollen by flood, and must have borne me down some way before I came to the surface, where I clutched a half-drowned pollard. The blacksmith's man came off to me in a punt, and after much difficulty in poling, availing himself of a swirl in the current, brought me to land, and assisted me to my house. May the Lord reward the good, fearless man! He taxeth himself with not having been at the service; but flesh is weak, none can be always vigilant; and he hath stood me in better stead, and brought greater credit to our cause than he could have done by fighting for me on land. The Lord, methinks, will forgive him for the punishment which, he tells me, without shame, he inflicted on Black Jack. The cowardly, hulking rascal, to strike my harmless boy! He hath a sad bruised head. The doctor hath put on leeches; but the poor little lad is very proud of his black eye.

Strange to say—though, why should I say strange, when 'tis the doing of our gracious Lord?—save for a few aches and scratches, I feel but little the worse of my rough handling. I have been for some hours in bed, and when I have taken further repose, I hope yet to be able to join our brethren in Bath at the Watch-Night. Mr. Saunders, I feel assured, will not chide me for my absence from business when he hears what hath happened. This solemn service, which I have not yet been privileged to attend, was, he tells me, first held in London on the Friday night

nearest the full moon, before or after, so that the worshippers dwelling at a distance might have her light to guide them to their homes, and to betray the lurking footpads. It began at half an hour past eight and was continued until after midnight; a deep awe, as 'tis easy to suppose, hushing the congregation at the midnight hour until, stirred by the perfect love which casteth out fear, they burst forth with their triumphant song—

> "Hearken to the solemn voice,
> The awful midnight cry!
> Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
> And feel the Bridegroom nigh."

When I was brought to land, the mob had fled, thinking that they had done my business, and fearing that they had gone too far.

Her mother had taken Patty back. The dear child showed much feeling when she parted from me. I had been over-persuaded to suffer her to return, but have still grave doubts as to whether I have acted right in so doing. I must keep my eye on the dear lass. O Thou, who never slumberest nor sleepest, make her the object of Thy watchful care!

THE TIDE.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens towards the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;
The little waves with their soft white hands
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

—*Longfellow's Ultima Thule.*

GREAT REFORMERS.

*THOMAS CRANMER.**

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE character of Cranmer exhibits, strangely blended, great strength and great weakness, the noblest fidelity and painful apostacy, the grandest heroism and pitiful cowardice. But, thank God, the heroic triumphs over the ignoble. Like a day that has been beclouded by storms, but whose sun at last sets in splendour, so his life-sun went down sublimely, and left a long trail of glory in the sky, and "nothing in his life became him like his leaving it."

A complete life of Cranmer would be almost a history of the English Reformation. We can here give only a rapid outline sketch. He was born in 1489, and died 1555, and in the sixty-six years of his life bore a prominent part in the history of England during three reigns, and reached the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the realm. At school he was trained by a harsh preceptor, from whom, he says, he "learned little and suffered much." On his father's death he was sent, at the early age of fourteen, to Jesus College, Cambridge. Here, for eight years, he was a diligent student of the scholastic learning of the day. Twelve years longer he spent in the study of philosophy and the Holy Scriptures before he received his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He continued five years longer at his College, recognized as one of the most learned men of his time, and not till the ripe age of thirty-nine did he enter upon the public life in which he subsequently played so prominent a part.

In 1529 Henry VIII., twenty-five years after his marriage with Katharine of Arragon, affected to be troubled by religious scruples, because she had been his brother's widow, and wished a divorce, that he might wed the younger and fairer Anne Boleyn. The pope, under various pretexts, evaded and postponed giving a decision on the subject. The impatient

*The authorities for this sketch are Strype's Annals, Foxe's Martyrs, Lives of British Reformers, and Hume's, Hallam's, Knight's, and Froude's Histories of the period.

monarch asked the opinion of Cranmer and other learned men expert in ecclesiastical law. Cranmer answered that the question should be decided by the Bible; that the divines of the English Universities were as well fitted to give judgment as those of Rome or any foreign country; and that both the king and pope would be bound to abide by their decision. The bluff monarch declared that Cranmer "had got the right sow by the ear," and he was summoned to court, made a royal chaplain, and was ordered to prepare an argument on the question. The conclusion of the argument was that marriage with a brother's widow was condemned by the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Fathers. This opinion is not surprising, since it is held by many Protestant clergy of the present day.

Cranmer having declared his readiness to defend his decision even at Rome, was sent thither on an embassy. His more familiar acquaintance with the "Holy City" and the papal court opened his eyes to the manifold corruptions of both the one and the other. He then visited the leading Lutheran clergy of Germany, and seems to have become completely converted to the Reformed doctrines. He showed his dissent from the Romish decree enforcing the celibacy of the clergy, by marrying the niece of Osiander, one of the leading Reformers. Returning to England, he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1533. His consecration was delayed for six months because he declared his intention not to receive the archbishopric from the pope, whom he considered to have no authority within the realm. The pope, deeply chagrined, did not feel at liberty, however, to quarrel with his powerful suffragan.

Cranmer proceeded with the divorce, and declared Henry's marriage null and void. In this he has been accused of subserviency to his royal master; but although we believe him to have sanctioned a grievous moral wrong, we believe, also, his own strong convictions of right, and not the will of the king, to have been his supreme motive. The pope, enraged at this contempt of his authority, excommunicated the king, and Cranmer became the active instrument of the Reformation. A violent breach between England and Rome took place. The payment of Peter's Pence was discontinued, and the papal power was entirely set aside. Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and three others, refused

to accept the change of succession, and, in spite of Cranmer's remonstrance, were put to death as traitors to the Crown.

Cranmer now urged forward the translation of the Scriptures, and the placing of a copy in every parish church in the realm. Gardiner, a papistical bishop, strongly opposed the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue. "Does it contain any heresies?" demanded the King. The bishop could not affirm that it did. "Then, in God's name, let it be issued among our people," exclaimed the impetuous King. As soon as Cranmer received some copies of the new edition, he exclaimed, "Glory to God," and declared that it afforded him more pleasure than the gift of £10,000. The people thronged to the churches to read the sacred volume, which, for safety, was chained to the desks. So great were the crowds, that the best scholar among them used to read to the others who stood or sat around. A prisoner in the Lollards' Tower, at a period soon after this, being accused of having said that he "trusted to see the day when maids will sing the Scriptures at their wheels, and yeomen at the plough," replied, "I thank God that I *have* seen that day, and I know husbandmen better read in the Scriptures than many priests."

Notwithstanding the many cares of his high office, Cranmer rose daily at five o'clock, and gave many hours to study, especially to the study of God's Word. He preached with great diligence, confirming his teaching by quotations from Scripture. "And such heat and conviction," writes Foxe, "accompanied the archbishop's sermons, that the people departed from them with minds possessed with a great hatred of vice, and burning with a desire for virtue."

The whole country, in consequence of the breach with the pope, was laid under an interdict, and all the curses in the papal armoury were hurled against the hapless people. No marriages nor baptisms might take place with the sanction of the pope, and the dead must be consigned to unhallowed graves, without the consoling rites of religion. The king retorted by the dissolution of the monasteries and the confiscation of their revenues—a measure warranted by the corruption and profligacy which they harboured. The monks had always been "the soldiery of the pope, and the enemies of the Reformation; and Henry proceeded on the principle subsequently avowed by Knox, "Pull down the nests and the rooks will fly away." Cranmer sought

to have their revenues devoted to religious purposes, but in spite of his efforts the greater part of their lands were devoted to secular objects. From the condition of Spain and Italy to-day, we may conceive the probable condition of England, had those Bastiles of ignorance, wantonness, and superstition been allowed to remain.

The order of Public Service, under the influence of Cranmer, was greatly changed, a liturgy and prayers in the English tongue superseding the Latin mumblings of a mass-priest. The fickle king, now grown weary of the hapless Anne Boleyn, soon found occasion of accusation against her. Cranmer, because he was the Queen's friend, was ordered to confine himself to his palace of Lambeth. But he wrote a spirited letter in her defence to the king. On evidence which conveyed conviction to his mind, he subsequently declared the marriage void. Four days after she was beheaded on that gloomy Tower Hill, whose soil was soaked with so much of England's noblest blood. She faced the stern ordeal with constancy and courage. "The headsman, I hear," she said to the Lieutenant, "is very expert, and my neck is very slender;" and she clasped it with her little hands and smiled. Her last words were, "To Christ I commend my soul." The best defence of her character is the fact that three days after her death, Henry married her rival, Jane Seymour.

Under a Romish reaction, the Act of Six Articles, or "Whip with Six Strings," as it was called, was passed, re-establishing several of the errors of popery, and enjoining the celibacy of the clergy. This Act Cranmer strongly opposed, but ineffectually; and, indeed, was compelled to send his wife out of the country to avoid the penalty of death. In London alone, in fourteen days, five hundred persons were haled to prison for the violation of this Act, some of whom were put to death. Cromwell, a staunch friend of the Reformation, now fell under the king's displeasure, and, under the convenient plea of high treason, was put to death. Cranmer bravely stood by him to the last, not fearing the wrath of the king. The Romish party, gaining courage, procured the prohibition of the Bible to all except nobles and gentlemen. Plots were laid by his enemies against the archbishop. But the king, who was expected to favour the plots, honoured the fidelity of his servant by warning him of the menaced attack. Cranmer invited the two arch-plotters to

his palace, and asked their counsel as to the treatment of such designs. They both loudly censured such villainy, and declared that the traitors who plotted it deserved death, one of them vowing that if an executioner were wanting he would perform the office himself. "Know ye these letters, my masters?" demanded the archbishop, confronting them with the evidence of their guilt. He then, after solemn rebuke, freely pardoned them. Indeed, his clemency passed into a proverb, "Do my Lord Canterbury an ill turn," it was said, "and you make him your friend for ever."

Renewed attempts were made against the primate. "If they do so now," said the king, who was not without his generous qualities, "what will they do with him when I am gone?" and he gave him, after the manner of an oriental monarch, his signet ring, as a pledge of his protection. Henry had much keen discernment. Referring to Cranmer's crest—three pelicans—he admonished him to be ready, like the pelican, to shed his blood for his spiritual children. "You are likely," he said, in unconscious prophecy, "to be tested at length, if you stand to your tackling."

In his own last hours, the king sent for his faithful and honoured servant. Cranmer faithfully admonished the monarch, who was about to appear before the great tribunal of the skies, to look for salvation to Christ alone, and asked him if he trusted in Him. Then the King, unable to speak, "did wring the archbishop's hand in his," says Foxe, "as hard as he could, and shortly after departed." Like David's, his hands were too deeply imbrued with blood for him to build for the Lord the temple of a Reformed Church. That was reserved for the innocent hands of his son Edward and his daughter Elizabeth.

Cranmer was appointed by the King's will one of the Council of Regency during the minority of Edward VI., who was only nine years old. During the "boy-king's" life, his influence was great, and was directed to the establishment of the Reformed religion, which, with the brief interval of Mary's reign, has ever since endured in England. The worship of images was prohibited, and Scriptures, no longer bound, were open to the study of every rank and condition. Many editions of the Bible were printed and freely disseminated. The English Book of Common Prayer, in almost its present form, the Book of Homilies, and

the Articles of Religion, were all set forth in the vulgar tongue for the instruction of the common people. The new Service book was founded on the liturgies of the primitive Church, divested of most of the Romish additions, and retaining the phraseology of Scripture. The pure and noble English and simple dignity of that Service have made it a priceless heritage to the Anglo-Saxon race, and the noblest monument to the memory of the martyr-primate of England.

Cranmer has been accused of austerity to the adherents of the ancient faith. Numerous facts, however, go to prove his lenity and clemency. "If it ever come to their turn," remonstrated a friend, "they will show you no such favour." "Well," said Cranmer, "if God so will, we must abide it." And abide it he did, even unto death.

Nevertheless, the principles of religious toleration were not then, nor for long afterwards, understood; and persecution for religious opinions marked Catholic and Protestant alike. Cranmer's complicity, although only as a member of the Council by which she was condemned, in the death by fire of the Anabaptist, Joan Bocher, is a dark stain on his character, like the burning of Servetus on that of Calvin. The Protestant party, however, have ever more freely permitted the use of the press to their opponents than the Romanist, whose inflexible rule it has been to suppress all discussion of controversial subjects. "Turn or burn" is the conclusive argument they have always sought to employ.

When Edward VI. resolved to leave the crown to Lady Jane Grey, Cranmer reluctantly consented to the change of succession. But having taken his stand, he adhered faithfully to the hapless queen of a day, and shared her fall. His last official act was to serve at the funeral of Edward VI. The next day he was ordered to confine himself to his palace at Lambeth.

On the accession of Mary of bloody memory, the mass was again set up, and the kingdom was once more distracted by a religious revolution. Cranmer boldly wrote and published a declaration against the mass. "My Lord, we doubt not that you are sorry that it hath gone forth," said the complaisant Romish Bishop, Heath. "I intended," replied the intrepid Reformer, "to have made it on a more large and ample manner, and to have set it on St. Paul's Church door, and on the doors of all the

churches of London, with mine own seal joined thereto." He was soon sent to the Tower on charge of treason. He was attainted by a pliant Parliament, but it was resolved to proceed against him for heresy alone. He was sent down to Oxford with Latimer and Ridley, to go through the form of disputing with the doctors and divines on the contested points of religion. They were all three condemned, although they were not so much as heard, and were confined in the Bocardo, or common jail, like common felons. Cranmer was reduced to "stark beggary," for all his effects had been confiscated; he had not a penny in his purse, and his jailers refused to allow his friends to bestow alms upon him—a privilege granted to the vilest criminals.

After a year's imprisonment, he was cited before the Commissioners of Philip of Spain and of Mary, "with," says Foxe, "the pope's collector and a rabblement of such other like." He was charged with heresy, treason, and adultery, for so his lawful marriage was called. He made a firm reply, concluding thus: "I cast fear apart; for Christ said to His apostles that in the latter days they should suffer much sorrow, and be put to death for His name's sake. 'Moreover,' He said, 'confess me before men, and be not afraid. If you do so, I will stand with you; if you shrink from me, I will shrink from you.' This is a comfortable and terrible saying; this maketh me to set all fear apart. I say, therefore, the Bishop of Rome treadeth under foot God's laws and the king's."

He was then remanded to the Bocardo, and the mockery of citing him to appear within eighty days, before the pope at Rome, while he was confined a close prisoner in England, was proceeded with. He wrote to the Queen that he was content to go, but his bonds were not relaxed, and for his failure to perform the impossible, he was condemned as contumacious, and sentenced to death. He was led from his dungeon to see his fellow-prisoners, Ridley and Latimer, burned at the stake.

He was also, with every symbol of contumely and shame, degraded from his high office. He was invested with alb, surplice, and stole as a priest, and with the robes of a bishop and archbishop, "as he is at his installing," says Foxe, in simple, homely phrase, that carries conviction of its truthfulness, "saving this, that as everything there is most rich and costly, so everything in this was of canvas and old clouts, with a mitre and a

pall of the same put upon him in mockery, and the crosier staff was put in his hand. Then a barber clipped his hair round about, and the bishops scraped the tops of his fingers where he had been anointed; wherein Bishop Bonner bore himself so rough and unmannerly as the other bishop was to him soft and gentle. 'All this,' quoth the archbishop, 'needed not; I had myself done with this gear long ago.' Last of all they stripped him out of his gown into his jacket, and put upon him a poor yeoman beadle's gown, full bare and nearly worn, and as evil made as one might see, and a townsman's cap on his head, and so delivered him to the secular power. Then spake Lord Bonner, saying to him, 'Now are you no lord any more.' And thus, with great compassion and pity of every man, in this ill-favoured gown, was he carried to prison. 'Now that it is past,' said the destined victim, 'my heart is well quieted.'"

Every art was used—threatening, flattering, entreating, and promising—to induce him to make some assent to the doctrines of the papacy. For awhile he stood firm, but at last the fear of the flames shook his fortitude, the high courage and serene faith which had sustained him in his bold confession of Christ deserted him, and, in an hour of weakness, Cranmer fell. He consented to affix his signature to a formulary of recantation.

"The Queen," says Foxe, "having now gotten a time to revenge her old grief, received his recantation very gladly; but of her purpose to put him to death she would nothing relent. Now was Cranmer's cause," he quaintly adds, "in a miserable taking, who neither inwardly had any quietness in his own conscience, nor yet outwardly any help in his adversaries. Neither could he die honestly, nor yet live unhonestly. And whereas he sought profit, he fell into double disprofit, that neither with good men could he avoid secret shame, nor yet with evil men the note of dissimulation."

The following year—so slowly did the grim process linger—Cranmer was brought from the prison to the beautiful church of St. Mary's, to hear his final sentence. The mayor and aldermen, priests and friars, and a great concourse of people, assembled to witness the scene. "It was a lamentable sight," says Foxe: "He that late was archbishop and primate of all England, and King's privy councillor, being now in a bare and ragged gown,

and ill-favouredly clothed, with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men."

Dr. Cole preached a sermon, in which he declared that while Cranmer's sin against God was forgiven, yet his crime against the Queen demanded his death. All the while the venerable archbishop stood, "now lifting up his hands and eyes in prayer to God, and now for very shame letting them fall. More than twenty several times," goes on the contemporary chronicler, "the tears gushed out abundantly and dropped down marvellously from his fatherly face." But he wept not for his present or prospective suffering, but for his dire apostacy, which he was now resolved, as far as possible, to retrieve. When asked to make his confession of faith, "I will do it," he said, "and with a good will." Then he asked the people to pray to God for him to forgive his sins, which above all men, both in number and greatness, he had committed. "But there is one offence," he went on, "which, above all, at this time doth vex and trouble me;" and he drew from his cloak his last confession of "his very faith," in which, to the atonishment of all, he boldly retracted his previous recantation as follows:

"And now I come to the great thing that so much troubleth my conscience, more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life; and that is, the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth: which now here I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and which were written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be. And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor; for when I come to the fire, it shall first be burned. And as for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his false doctrine."

"Stop the heretic's mouth and take him away," cried Cole. Then Cranmer being dragged down from the stage—we follow the vivid narrative of Foxe—was led away to the fire, the monks meanwhile "vexing, troubling, and threatening him most cruelly." When he came to the place, in front of Balliol College, where he had seen Latimer and Ridley glorify God amid the flames, he knelt down, put off his garments, and prepared himself for death. Then was he bound by an iron chain to the stake, and the faggots piled about his body. As the flames arose, he stretched forth

his right hand, which he held in the fiercest blaze, steadfast and immovable. His eyes were lifted up to heaven, and oftentimes he repeated, "This hand has offended! Oh, this unworthy right hand!" so long as his voice would suffer him; and using often the words of St. Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

He had overcome at last. The day of his death was the grandest of his life. The hour of weakness was past. The hour of triumph had come. The strong will, and lofty faith, and steadfast courage defied even the agonies of the fire. Beyond the jeering mob and the cruel priests, he beheld the beatific vision of the Lord he loved; and above the roar of the flames and the crackling of faggots, fell sweetly on his inner ear the words of benediction and pardon, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." His brief apostacy deepens our sympathy, like the gaping wound the warrior receives in deadly conflict with his foe. His human weakness proves his kinship to our souls. A man of like passions with ourselves, he fell—fell grievously—but, laying hold upon the strength of God, he rose again. Like repentant Peter, the glory of his final confession makes us forgive, and almost forget, the shame of his denial of his Lord.

EVENING TIME.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

HASTE, haste thee home, it is the evening time,
The sunset deepens in life's lowly vale.
In silence hung, the yellow leaflet pale,
Poised for its fall, doth hear the curfew's chime;
The busy wild bee sees the shadows climb,
And hears the soft notes of the nightingale
Rise from its shadowed rest in their sweet scale,
Then quits her humming round the fragrant thyme
And soars away. Haste, haste thee now, my soul,
And lo, at evening time it shall be light!
Why should'st thou stay till darkness wraps the whole?
Why should'st thou tarry for the cheerless night?
Haste, haste thee home in life's soft twilight dressed;
At eve 'tis nature's privilege to rest.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

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

CHAPTER XV.—A HOPE FULFILLED.

THE slow convalescence of Colonel Pemberton was a time of rich spiritual profit and of deep domestic joy. More even than his wife or daughter, he seemed to like to have his son to wait upon him. And with the tenderness of a girl, if without his sister's deftness and grace, Reginald tutored his awkward hands to administer the medicine and the tasteful dainties prepared by his mother's housewifely skill to tempt the invalid's capricious appetite. And his strong arms could lift and move the pain-racked frame of the sufferer as no other could.

It was now within a month of Christmas. Not a word had been said by anyone with reference to the engagement of Blanche and Elder Dunham, although it was clearly understood by all. At last, one day, as Reginald sat by his father's bedside reading to him a sermon of Mr. Wesley's from the *Arminian Magazine*, the colonel abruptly said:

"My son, I wish you would ask Elder Dunham to spend his Christmas here."

"Are you sure it would be agreeable to you both, father?" asked the young man, who rather dreaded a collision between two strong wills like theirs.

"I have reason to believe that it will be more than agreeable to Mr. Dunham; and I have changed my views on a good many things while I have been lying here, so that it will be agreeable to me. I used him very unhandsomely the last time he was here, and I owe him the apology due from one gentleman to another, for an offence given."

"You will find he bears no malice, father," said Reginald; "I heard him warmly defending you against the abuse of a low-bred fellow who bore you a grudge for having, as magistrate, sentenced him for sheep-stealing to the lock-up at Frontenac."

"Did you, indeed? I confess I am a little surprised at that, after the way I treated him."

"I will not see him myself before Christmas, as I must go to

the other end of the circuit as soon as you are well enough for me to leave. But I can send word through Elder Losee, who preaches here next week."

"Do, and ask Mr. Losee to eat his Christmas dinner with us, too."

"Would you like to entertain your friend Elder Dunham at Christmas, Blanche?" asked the colonel later the same day.

"If I do, father," said the girl flushing and then turning pale, "it must be as his betrothed. I cannot forsake him. I love *you* dearly, father, and never more than now," and she flung her arms about his neck, "but the Bible tells us to forsake father or mother for husband or wife."

"It tells you right, too. Forgive me, Blanche; I have been wrong to come between your heart and a noble man. It was my love for you that made me do it. I have learned that true happiness consists not in houses and lands, but in contentment and the blessing of God. If any one had told me a year ago that Colonel Pemberton would give his daughter to a landless, homeless Methodist preacher, I would have resented it with scorn. But I see things differently now."

"O, father! you are so good, so kind," exclaimed the enthusiastic girl, renewing her caresses of her grey-haired sire. "But I gain more, far more, than I lose—the priceless love of a true and honest heart. God will provide a home and living for us somehow, somewhere, as He does for the birds of the air, that sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them; and are not we more precious than they?"

"I wish I had your faith, Blanche. But you shall never want a home, my child, while your father has a roof above his head. And I have been an obstacle to your happiness so long, that I will keep you waiting no longer. If you wish to be married at Christmas, you have mine and your mother's consent; and God's blessing rest upon you"—and the old man's voice faltered, and a tear rolled down his silvery beard as he laid his hands in benediction on her head.

Blanche kissed the tear away and blushed a little, and with a woman's strange inconsequence replied, "This is rather sudden, father; I don't know what Darius"—what a name to fall soft as a caress from a woman's lips!—"will say."

"O, trust him," said the old man with a merry twinkle in his eye; "he'll not object, I'll warrant."

Reginald's letter, duly conveyed by Elder Losee, explained the state of affairs to Mr. Dunham, and speedily brought that gentleman to the Heck Settlement, to reach which he rode a hundred miles in two days. He stopped at his usual home, the house of the hospitable Hecks, to change his mud-bespattered riding gear, and to don some fresh linen before presenting himself at the Pemberton mansion.

"Right welcome, as you always are," said Dame Barbara; "but what brought you so soon? Sure your appointment is not for two weeks."

"The best business that ever brought any man," said the Elder, enigmatically, but he vouchsafed no further explanation.

"You'll not venture out the night again, and it raining, and you so weary with your long ride?" she rejoined.

"Yes, I must go over to the mansion to-night," he answered laconically.

"To the mansion, of all places in the world," said Dame Barbara to Paul after he had gone, "when he hasn't been there for months and months. What ever can it mean?"

Upon the sacred privacy of the happy meeting between the betrothed pair we will not intrude. As Mr. Dunham was brought into the sick man's room the colonel began his apology. "Forgive me, my dear sir, my unpardonable rudeness the last time we met."

"Not a word of apology, my good friend," said Mr. Dunham deprecatingly; "we both, I trust, understand each other better than we did; and this fair peace-maker," he said, looking expressively at Blanche, "has removed, I trust, the last vestige of misunderstanding between us."

"Yes," said Blanche, taking her father's and Mr. Dunham's hands in hers, "we are all good friends now and forever."

Elder Dunham could only spare a day or two, even on so joyous an occasion as this, from his manifold and wide-spread circuit engagements. But he did not leave without obtaining Blanche's consent that the Christmas festivities should celebrate also their wedding day.

This pleasant news Mr. Dunham communicated to his good friend, Dame Barbara, greatly to her delight and surprise.

"I suspicioned something was going to happen" was her very safe remark, "when you came here post haste and would stay for neither bit nor sup, but it's up and away to the mansion you must go. But I don't blame you now, though I confess I did a little then. Well, sir," she went on, "you're the only man I know good enough for Miss Blanche. God's blessing on you both."

The approaching event created an immense sensation in the settlement. It was the first marriage to take place within the bounds of Upper Canada, and the little community felt almost the interest of a single family in the auspicious occasion. It would be thought nowadays scant time to prepare the bridal *trousseau*, but fashions were simpler in those primitive days.

Mrs. Pemberton's satin wedding gown, which had lain undisturbed in its fragrant cedar chest for years, was brought out, and when trimmed by the deft hands of Blanche with some rare old lace, made a dress of which even a modern belle might be proud, were it not for the "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, which we are afraid would create rather a sensation in a fashionable drawing-room.

Mammy Dinah and Aunt Chloe exhausted their culinary skill in preparing a banquet worthy of the occasion. The larder was crowded with partridge and turkey, with venison from the woods and noble salmon and whitefish from the river, and with all manner of confections and sweet cakes, that quite revived their recollections of the ample hospitality of their old Virginia home.

"It snowed within the house of meat and drink."

There was only one clergyman in Upper Canada who could legally perform the marriage—the Rev. Dr. Stuart, of the village of Frontenac—or Kingston, as it had now begun to be called. Of course, the colonel, as a magistrate, bearing His Majesty's commission, was empowered to celebrate marriages; but being a staunch Churchman, he would not think of his daughter being married except with the fine old service with which he had wedded her mother a quarter of a century before. The clergyman arrived the day before Christmas, with his lawn surplice and bands and prayer-book, in the portmanteau strapped on behind his saddle. That night was devoted by the young folks of the neighbourhood to old-fashioned games and

merrymaking in the great kitchen—snap-dragon and corn-popping, and divining with apple seeds and peelings, and the like rustic amusements. In default of the English holly and Virginia laurel, the house was decorated by the deft fingers and fine taste of Blanche with the brilliant leaves and crimson berries of the rowan or mountain ash that grew on a neighbouring rocky ridge. Some fine old English carols were sung to the accompaniment of the colonel's violin, on which he was an accomplished performer—"Good King Wenceslas," "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen," "As Joseph was a-walking," "I saw three ships come sailing in," and others that had come down from time immemorial, and translated to the Virginia plantations, had been sung by the loyal hearts of the planters as a sort of patriotic as well as religious duty.

Blanche's Christmas presents had a double significance as being also wedding gifts. From her father she received a splendid necklace of pearls that had been fastened by Good Queen Anne on his own mother's neck.

"Her Majesty never thought," he said, "that they would form part of the wedding gear of a Methodist preacher's wife in the backwoods of Canada. But I'll warrant, Blanche, that none of the Court dames of St. James's Palace were worthier to wear them than my own bonnie lass," and proudly and fondly he kissed her fair cheek.

From her mother she received a quantity of old-fashioned silver-ware bearing the family crest—a hart at gaze on a field sown with lilies, with the pious legend, "*Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.*"

"Make it your life-motto, my child," said that noble mother, whose own life exemplified the duty she enjoined. "So let your soul pant after the living God."

But more Blanche prized the gift of her mother's ivory-bound prayer-book, which she gave her with the words:

"Take it, my child. It has been a solace to me in many a trying hour; so may it be to you."

Mr. Dunham's gift was simple, but to her worth all the rest—a plain gold wedding ring. "It was my mother's," he said; "her last gift to me before she passed away from time. I can make no more sacred use of it than to symbolize my love for thee, endless as eternity."

Reginald gave her a handsomely-bound copy of Wesley's Hymns. "It's my liturgy and prayer-book both together," he said; "I never cared a straw for poetry till I read these. They are the genuine thing."

Dr. Stuart presented with much effusion an exceedingly solid-looking calf-bound book of something that seemed neither prose nor poetry.

"Allow me, my dear young lady," he said, in quite an oratorical manner, "to present you with a copy of the Songs of the immortal Ossian, the greatest poet the world has ever seen. I confess, to me Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, seem tame compared with the spirit-stirring strains of the bard of Balclutha. O, fairer than Malvina, be thy hero brave as Fingal and more fortunate. You have, young lady, the only copy of this grand poem in Upper Canada, or perhaps on the continent of America; for it was given me by my friend, the translator, an auld comrade at Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Dame Barbara Heck sent some snowy linen nappery, which she had hackled, spun, woven and bleached herself after the good old Irish method, which was in America almost an unknown art.

Good Hannah Whiteside had come over the previous evening with an ancient vellum-bound copy of George Fox's "Treatise on the Inner Light."

"Father does not hold with fasts and feasts and festivals, she said, nor with the worldly fashion of making and receiving of marriage gifts; but we love thee, and wish thee as well as those that do. It was borne in upon me that I should give thee a book that hath been a great comfort to mine own heart; may it be so to thine! Thee knows the Inner Light thyself; may it shine more and more in thy soul unto the perfect day,"—and she softly kissed the fair smooth brow of the girl, who in turn pressed the silver-haired matron to her heart.

On Christmas Day, Dr. Stuart, dressed in gown, bands and surplice, held a Christmas service in the great parlour. The colonel, who was able to walk in on crutches, repeated the responses very firmly, and the sweet voice of Blanche sang, as if with unwonted significance, the *Magnificat* and *Gloria in Excelcis.*

After the service the marriage took place, according to the

seemly and becoming ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. Then came a generous banquet, to which, as also to the service, a goodly number of the neighbours had been invited. After ample justice had been done to the savoury viands prepared by the housewifely skill of Mrs. Pemberton and her sable satellites, worthy Dr. Stuart, with quite a little oration, drank the bride's health in some of the colonel's old Madeira, which was gallantly responded to by Mr. Dunham; for at that time the Temperance reform had not yet begun in Canada.

The old colonel was jubilant, Mrs. Pemberton by turns tearful and radiant, Mr. Dunham manly and dignified. Barbara Heck warmly embraced the bride with a hearty "God bless you, my bairn." Reginald whispered in the ear of Katharine Heck, "Ours must be the next," for he had found his tongue since the far-off summer days—how far off they seemed!—when he used to bring his offerings of flowers and fruits and spotted trout, and gaze unutterable things, though never a word he said. He had urged his suit so eloquently with the fair Katharine that he had won the confidence of her virgin heart, and her mother had consented that sometime in the future—when the uncertain and wandering nature of his itinerant life would permit—she would entrust her daughter's happiness to the keeping of the manly youth, who even though disinherited she would have preferred as a Methodist preacher to the heir of all the Pemberton estate, without that richest grace of manhood, a converted heart.

One invited guest indeed was absent from the festive gathering at the Pemberton place. Elder William Losee, when first invited to spend his Christmas at the mansion, had cordially assented. Shortly after he received from his fellow-missionary a note, from which the following is an extract:

"Congratulate me, my dear brother, on my good fortune. At last Squire Pemberton has withdrawn his objections to my suit for his daughter's hand, and Christmas is to be the happy day of its consummation. You know the lady well, and know her many virtues, her graces, and her piety. You will therefore be able to rejoice with me in the treasure I have won. I want you to be my best man at the wedding—a friendly duty which I know you will discharge with pleasure. And now, as they say

in class-meeting, 'When it goes well with thee, remember me,' till we meet again."

When Losee received this letter, it smote him like a dagger through the heart. Every word was like the wrenching of the weapon in the wound. He had himself been deeply fascinated with the moral and intellectual and personal attractions of the fair Blanche Pemberton. But a morbid sensitiveness on account of his personal infirmity—a shrivelled arm—and his knowledge of the intense antipathy of the colonel to all Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, together with his native modesty, or rather extreme bashfulness, had prevented him from ever betraying his feelings either to their prime object or to any other human being. "He never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his cheek, and pined in thought." Unconsciously, therefore, his friend and fellow-labourer had probed his wounded spirit to the quick, and inflicted unutterable pain.

"If it had been mine enemy that had done this," exclaimed the stricken man with a pang of jealousy, "I could have borne it; but mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted hath betrayed me. Oh, wicked and deceitful world, I will never trust man or woman more." And he crushed the letter in his hand, as if he fain would crush its writer, too. Then in a moment his better self—his quickened conscience—came to his rescue, and he groaned in the anguish of his spirit, "God forgive me; this is the spirit of Cain, who slew his brother." And going out into the lonely forest through whose branches moaned the melancholy wind as if in harmony with his own stormy soul, he threw himself on the ground and wrestled with his great life-sorrow, and besought grace to bear like a Christian man the wreck and ruin of his dearest hopes of earthly happiness. At length a peaceful calm stole over his spirit. He rose from his knees to retrace his steps to the settler's cabin. As he bared his head, the cool wind of midnight seemed like a soft hand laid in benediction on his fevered brow. Retiring to his little chamber, he summoned courage to answer Dunham's letter—one of the hardest tasks of his life.

"My dear brother," it began, "I wish you every happiness, and pray God's blessing to rest on you and yours. I know well the surpassing merits of the lady who is to share with you the

joys and sorrows of life. May the former be many, the latter be few. Many thanks for your kind request. Pray allow me to decline. I do not feel able for it—for reasons known only to God and my own heart. And now, in the words of our great poet let me say—

> "'Commend me to your honourable wife;
> Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death;'

and should we meet no more on earth, let us meet where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The letter was signed "Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher," and a postscript, added in an agitated hand, intimated that the writer would have occasion to go East, and might never return to his present field of labour.

This letter reached Elder Dunham only the day before Christmas. He was much shocked and distressed at the evidence of mental agitation, if not aberration, that it contained. He showed it to Blanche, saying, "He evidently loved you, dear heart."

She read it thoughtfully, and then said, as she wiped away a tear, "Who would have dreamt it! He never spoke a word of this."

They both, of course, felt very sorry for the unhappy man, but this was one of the cases in which absolutely nothing can be done. They both anticipated a painful situation when they should meet him, but this ordeal they were spared; they never saw him again. His mental aberration became so apparent that he was withdrawn, kindly and quietly, by Bishop Asbury from the itinerant work. "It reflects no shame on the man," says Playter in his 'History of Canadian Methodism,' "but thereby he was unable to perform the duties of his station. Disappointment like a thunderbolt overset the mental balance of the first itinerant missionary of Canada. He became entirely unfitted for the constant and laborious duties of his ministry." After the balance of his mind was restored, he left the Province, returned to the United States, and after a time he engaged in trade in a small way in New York—"an inglorious termination," adds Dr. Carroll, in quoting this passage, "of a heroic career." "He does not wonder," he continues, "that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who when the writer saw her, at the age of sixty, was

still fascinating."* Nevertheless, to both Elder Dunham and his wife the memory was always a painful one, the fair Blanche especially accusing herself of having been the innocent and unconscious cause of so much suffering to one for whom she had cherished a profound respect, though never any more tender feeling.

HEREAFTER.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7.

BY H. E. CLARKE.

CHRISTIAN, when thy way is weary,
And thy faith is sorely tried;
When thy life is dark and dreary
With afflictions multiplied,
All thy joys and all thy treasures
Melting from thee one by one,
Overthrown thy wisest measures
By some power to thee unknown:

Wilt thou then in dark despair,
Murmur at thy Saviour's love?
Doubt thy loving Father's care,
Or His promises disprove?
Calm thy fears and smooth thy brow,
Hear thy Saviour whispering low,
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But hereafter shalt thou know."

Christian, toiling o'er life's ocean,
Where the storms blow fierce and dark,
Every wave in wildest motion
Beating o'er thy shattered bark;
When the clouds in blackness gather,
And thy faltering faith would cry,
"Thou forsakest me, my Father,
Lo, I faint, I sink, I die:"

He who quells the raging storm,
Stretching forth His arm to save,
Lifts again thy sinking form,
Bids thee battle and be brave;
Smooth again thy troubled brow,
While He speaks in accents low,
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But hereafter thou shalt know."

TORONTO, Oct., 1880.

* Carroll's "Case and His Contemporaries," Vol. I. page 13.

JAPAN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COCHRAN.

V.

AMONGST THE PEOPLE.

THAT we may get a glimpse of life in Japan, let us go into the country and observe the people at work and worship, at rest and play. We may go by train from Tokio to Yokohama—a distance of eighteen miles. We must be at the station early, as the doors are shut five minutes before the train leaves, and late comers have to wait an hour and a quarter for the next train. The tickets are printed in four languages—English, French, German, and Japanese. Passing through the station, we find a covered yard at the back, enclosed by a low picket fence. Here the hurrying passengers, dressed in varying costume, native and foreign—and a most ludicrous mixture of both—are congregating with strange clatter of wooden clogs on the stone pavement. The train is yonder to the right, drawn up at the side of a long covered platform. The passengers crowd to the wicket gate, which admits them in single file, the conductor standing on one side, and a policeman in uniform, with baton in hand, on the other. Each ticket is examined and punched at the gate. There are three classes of carriages—the first, divided into compartments nicely upholstered in leather; the second, furnished with cushioned seats running lengthwise like street railway carriages; the third, very plain, with uncushioned seats, but always crowded, because the fare is low. The discomfort of the hard bench is compensated by a simple arrangement. In one corner of the station may be seen on a table a pile of small cushions, and a little tablet leaning against them with the words, *Kashi futon*—cushions to rent. For one *tempo*, a piece of copper cash, in value eight-tenths of a cent, one of these can be secured for the journey—bringing the comfort of the third-class carriage nearly up to that of the second-class, and at only half the cost. For a distance of over two miles we skirt the bay, and then cut across the plain direct to Yokohama. When about midway—in the Kawasaki Valley—we observe orchards of pear trees, with

the branches spread horizontally on bamboo hurdles. Here a new iron bridge has been constructed across the Rokugo river, the total length of which, including twenty-four spans of viaduct, is 1,656 feet of wrought iron superstructure, manufactured in England and brought out to Japan in 1876. The piers which support the girders of the bridge proper are sunk to a depth of from 80 to 90 feet, as no strata sufficiently firm for the foundations to rest upon could be found at a less depth. This valley is one vast rice field, laid under water nearly all the year round, relieved in spots by patches of higher lands covered with vegetable gardens, and small fields of wheat, barley, millet, and buckwheat.

The process of planting, irrigating, and harvesting the rice was matter of continual interest as I travelled over this plain at different seasons of the year. Prior to sowing, the seed grain is soaked from ten to twenty days in water. The time for this is between the middle of February and the end of April. The seed-plot is chosen with an eye to richness of soil and facilities for irrigation. After being turned over with the spade and thoroughly pulverised, the water is let on to a depth of two or three inches, and the seed sown thickly broadcast. In from forty to fifty days after the sowing, the seedlings are taken up and transplanted by hand into fields that have been prepared in the same manner as the seed-plot. In the work of transplanting, the wives and daughters of the farmers are largely employed. My heart has often pitied them as I have seen them day after day, under a burning sun, wading to mid-calf in the soft mud planting the young rice. The fields are without fences or divisions of any kind save the water-courses and low embankments required for purposes of irrigation. An acre of the best ground produces 3,264 lbs. of rice.

In a little over an hour we make the journey from Tokio to Yokohama, stopping at five intermediate stations. Tickets are taken up at the gate on arrival at destination. The grounds of the stations at Tokio and Yokohama are quite spacious, and furnished with pavilions and refreshment booths—planted, also, with flowers and evergreen shrubs, and kept in exquisite condition. Yokohama is the chief port of foreign commerce in Japan. It is pleasantly situated on a beautiful bight in the western side of the Bay of Yedo. There is good anchorage, excellent landing

ground, and abundance of room. It is nearly always gay with the naval and merchant marine of the nations. The broad, bright expanse of water beyond is flecked with the white sails of the numerous native fishing craft, and in the far distance the blue hills of Kadzusa skirt the horizon. Facing the harbour, the city lies in a valley encircled by a low range of bluffs. On the north the hills are covered with the residences of Japanese gentlemen and officers. A large Shinto temple is conspicuous on the most commanding site. On the south is the "Legation Bluff," ceded by treaty as a place of residence for foreigners, and a truly picturesque settlement it is. Tasteful, commodious bungalows, some of them even elegant, with ample grounds, rich in the semi-tropical flora of Japan, adorn the slopes of the rolling hills that, rising sheer from the bay, curve around the south-western side of the city. Merchants, missionaries, officers in the civil service of the Treaty-Powers, professional men, members of the fourth estate, money brokers and land sharks, people out of every nation under heaven, make up a cosmopolitan population numbering about two thousand souls. Below the "Legation Bluff," and stretching some distance along the Bund—*water line*—is the foreign commercial town, with numerous warehouses and stores filled with the manufactures of Europe, America, and the East. The Churches, Bible Depository, Mission Schools, Temperance Hall, and Sailors' Home, are institutions doing great and noble service in the cause of philanthropy and Christian Evangelism. Beyond is the native town, with a population of from 70,000 to 80,000, and rapidly increasing. The shops of the principal streets are filled with collections of curios, bronze, porcelain, lacquer, silks, etc., designed for the foreign market.

We shall now make a short journey on the Tokaido—the great sea road, 307 miles long, which connects the eastern and western capitals. We call a conveyance—a *ginrikisha*—man-power-carriage—a child's perambulator on two wheels, large enough for an adult to ride in, with two shafts, and instead of a child's nurse a strong coolie, with a shaft in each hand, his heels dancing close to the rider's feet. A strong man accustomed to the service, on a smooth road, can keep up a pace of five or six miles an hour, and, with short intervals for rest and refreshment, will run from thirty to forty miles a day. With relays of fresh men one may travel almost as rapidly as with a horse and buggy.

There are stands where scores of these *ginrikisha* men wait for employment. At the word *Ginrikiya!* a dozen of them rush together, and after a short wrangle, in which they cast lots, the lucky winner of the chance comes out with beaming face, and adjusting his head and foot gear, which consist of a light umbrella hat and a pair of straw sandals, he is at once ready for the road. The bargain must be made before we start, and in making it every coolie present puts in his word. They wish us to go strongly equipped, and suggest *Dana san futari kudasai*—"Sir, please hire two of us;" or, taking us for new-comers, they air a little pigeon English, and say, *Two piecy ninsoku dozo*—"Two pieces coolie, please." We ask if in case we hire two they will take us much more quickly? They answer in concert, *Jobu hyaku hone-oremasu*—"Yes, strongly, quickly—we'll break our bones." Having settled the price for the journey—say, eight cents a *Ri*, equal to two and a half English miles—we are quickly out on the Tokaido.

This great Imperial highway, opened centuries ago to facilitate intercourse between the two capitals—Yedo and Miaco—resembles the ordinary well-graded Canadian clay road. The resemblance, however, extends no farther than to the road itself. The country, the people, the houses differ entirely from what we see in the West. The people who cultivate the land build their dwellings close to the roadside, which gives it very much the appearance of a continuous village street. At irregular distances are post towns, many of them large enough to be classed as cities. We are struck with the extraordinary amount of hotel accommodation in some of the small towns, entirely out of proportion to present needs, if we may judge by the half-deserted, dilapidated appearance of these large buildings. They are a relic of feudalism—when the Daimios, with long retinues of armed retainers, marched to and from the Shogun's capital, these hotels were used for their accommodation.

The houses of the people are open to the street; some of the better class are set back, enclosed by fences and surrounded with grounds. Some are roofed with heavy earthen tiles, others with thatch neatly trimmed and shaped into beautiful lines and curves. During the damp season "grass upon the house-tops" is seen all over the country, but when the great heat comes most of it withers and dies away. Grain spread out on mats to dry may be seen along the roadsides on bright days. The principal

industries of the country are open to the observation of the passer-by. The weaver, dyer, carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, and farmer may all be seen at work. Tea-booths and refreshment stalls—some of them elegantly fitted up, others the rudest possible—are very numerous. A most singular feature of Japanese life is the great numbers of children in duplicate playing in the streets. Mothers wishing to devote their time to household duties or to field labour, tie the younger babies on the backs of the elder children, and send them outdoors to amuse themselves. These gather in groups and join in such sports as spinning tops, flying kites, and other games of childhood, and always with overflowing good nature, the little ones on the backs of the elder ones taking quite an interest in whatever is going on. The only drawback is the danger to the eyes and shaven pates of tender children, even infants, exposed without any sort of protection to the blaze of the scorching sun.

We cannot but notice that the people are "very religious," as we behold their devotions, and observe the almost innumerable shrines, stone images, and temples which everywhere abound. Indeed, the nation seems "wholly given to idolatry." Public sentiment, however, is rapidly changing in regard to all this. Very few new temples are being built, and the old ones are fast falling into decay. With no probability of revival, but rather the reverse, it is only matter of time when they shall have entirely disappeared from the face of the country. They cannot live under the light of Christianity and the new civilization. Already "the oracles are dumb," and soon it may be written of the cultus of Buddah and Shinto—

> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

"The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens."

Let us enter one of the houses of the people. In front, under the porch, is a little clay court a few feet square, where the clogs and sandals are left on entering. No one thinks of going into a house with foot gear on; even we must take off our shoes. Stepping up on the polished boards of the narrow porch, we enter the matted room. Each mat is exactly three feet by six—the size regulated from time immemorial by Imperial statute.

The size of a room is always estimated by the number of mats it contains. The mats are about two and a half inches thick, woven of straw, and covered with a very durable grass cloth that looks well and is easily kept clean. The edges are frequently bound around with a strip of figured cloth, which is a pleasant relief to the eye. The parlour is always situated at the back of the house, looking out into the garden, which is ever a model of neatness, variety, and beauty—a perfect landscape, with water, bridges, trees, hills, rocks, and, where a running stream can be had, stocked with gold and silver perch. There is no furniture save the charcoal brazier, which in cold weather supplies the place of a stove, a sword-rack, a few vases of flowers on a raised platform in a recess at one end of the room, and in some cases a small writing table, about eight or ten inches high. The walls are finished in tinted plaster, or papered; the ceiling is made of thin boards, dressed to show perfectly the natural grain of the wood. Pictures, specimens of handwriting, poems, in the form of long scrolls on rollers, adorn the walls. Chairs have been recently introduced, and are becoming quite common.

We are politely requested to be seated, or, if we may express it in the native idiom, *O kake nasai*—"Be so good as to hang yourself." A chair is called a *koshi kake*—a hip hanger. They wonder how we can endure to sit with the feet hanging down, and we are equally surprised to see with how little inconvenience they can sit on their heels. The family room is usually furnished with closets, chests of drawers, and a small table. The partitions are formed of light wooden frames covered with paper, sliding in grooves, and removable at pleasure, so that the house can be quickly made into one room, or divided into many. At night wadded quilts are brought out of the closets and spread on the mats—little blocks of wood with small rolls of rice chaff on them serve for pillows, and with a quilt or large wadded gown for covering the bed is furnished. In the morning all is put away again in the closet. By this wonderful economy of space a small house is sufficient for a large family.

The kitchen is often in the front of the house, and usually contains a good deal of inexpensive but very useful furniture. On a simple range hot water is always kept ready; in the morning, rice for the day is boiled in a large pot, never used for any other purpose, over a quick fire of wood. It is then put into a

wooden vessel with a close-fitting lid, which keeps it warm a long time. Hot rice for breakfast, warm rice for dinner, and cold rice for supper is the order daily, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The meals are served up on little tables—trays on legs, about fifteen inches square—one for each person. On each table is a pair of chopsticks, which serve the purpose of knife, fork, and spoon; a blue bowl for rice, one or two little bowls of soup, a dish of sauce, etc. The large rice-box is always at hand, out of which each bowl is frequently replenished with a large wooden spoon. On a platter there is fish cooked with sauce, also radish and green ginger. Hot tea is served in small cups without saucers. Saki, a very intoxicating rice beer, is drunk in large quantities at meals. When a visitor calls, tea is at once brought, and sweetmeats on a small tray.

Arriving at Odawara, a large town, thirty-two miles from Yokohama, we dismiss our ginrikishas, as the road from this point lies across a rugged mountain barrier for a distance of twenty miles, quite inaccessible to wheeled vehicles. Those who do not choose to walk can call a *kago* or a *norimono*. The *kago* is a basket with the two sides taken out, slung to a pole, carried on the shoulders of men. The Japanese accustomed to it fold themselves up and appear to enjoy it as a luxury. But we could with difficulty endure the constrained unnatural posture required by such a mode of conveyance. The *norimono* is a square box with folding screens at the sides, carried in a similar manner as the kago. Walking is much to be preferred to such a mode of riding. The road over the mountain is little more than a water-course filled with broken rocks; in many places it is steep and slippery, and in wet weather extremely dangerous. The pass was opened over a thousand years ago, and has been a constant thoroughfare ever since. On either side of the road as we ascend are rows of the *Cryptomeria Japonica*, majestic evergreen trees, straight and tall, somewhat resembling the cedar. As the road winds on and up, delightful vistas are opened; we have glimpses of the sea, and of the country over which the day's journey has brought us. In spring and early summer wildernesses of floral wealth lie in vast profusion above and below.

Every few miles, clean, pretty little mountain villages furnish attractive resting places. These villages are perfect hives of industry in the manufacture of wooden-wares, cabinets, toys, etc.,

displayed in open stalls; the traveller is importuned, and not in vain, to stop and purchase. In a deep ravine close to the road, nearly all the way flows a large stream, that in dashing cascades, hurrying on to the sea, fills the mountain with the echoes of its ceaseless music. Like Tennyson's brook, "Men may come and men may go, but it goes on forever." Reaching the summit we descend a little, and the bright waters of Hakone lake flash in the sunlight at our feet. Rounding a little bay, we are soon at the village of Hakone—a village of hotels, the Saratoga of Japan. Here stood the old guard-house that in the days of feudalism no woman coming from Yedo might pass. The Shogun detained the wives and children of his retainers, the Diamios in the capital, as hostages—guarantees of the good behaviour and loyalty of these powerful barons. Nothing remains of the once formidable gate save the stone foundations, covered with rubbish and overgrown with weeds. Hakone is the sanitarium of Yokohama. During the summer the hotels are filled with foreigners, who spend from four to six weeks by the side of these bright waters, enjoying perfect immunity from the debilitating heat and the mosquito plague that rages in the plains below. The lake is about seven miles in length and from one to two miles in breadth; it fills the crater of an extinct volcano 3,500 feet above the level of the ocean, which dashes at the foot of the mountain just nine miles below. Environed by a circle of evergreen hills, some of them rising to a considerable height, that together with the ever-changing clouds are mirrored in its crystal depths, Hakone lake is an object of rare beauty. At the further end of it the mountain was pierced by a tunnel some two hundred years ago, and the outflowing waters irrigate the rice fields of seventeen villages on the slopes below. There are many charming walks around this neighbourhood, and at several places the natural phenomena have a high scientific interest. There are intermittent salfataras, hot sulphur springs, deposits of sulphur crystals, and, to crown the whole, a fine view of the peerless Fujisan, outlined behind the mountain wall which fronts it, is obtained from the village.

In the summer of 1874, in company with a few friends, I made a visit to Fuji. We started from Hakone by boat, crossed the pass at the foot of the lake, and came out on the wide plain from which Fuji sweeps with graceful curve up to the imperial elevation of 13,000 feet. The whole plain is covered with

luxuriant vegetation, but a few inches beneath the surface is a deep layer of black cinders and ashes, scattered long ago, amid lightnings and thunderings, from the mouth of the bellowing furnace now standing there in silent majesty—silent since 1707, when the last eruption took place. At the village of Subashiri, the point of departure for the ascent, we secured the necessary guides and started in the middle of the afternoon. The path lay across a bed of lava up an easy grade for the first five or six miles; we then passed through a *Torii*—a sort of gate always seen in front of Buddhist temples—indicating that we had entered the sacred precincts of the mountain. From this we crossed a broad belt of heavy timber, that covers at least a third of the whole ascent, the trees gradually diminishing in size, and succeeded by thick scrub, undergrowth, wild flowers, thistles and weeds, until finally vegetation ceases altogether, leaving a dreary, thirsty-looking waste of cinders, slag and lava rock.

We emerged from the forest on the high slope just as night began to fall upon us, and had to rest a few hours in one of the huts, eighteen of which, at regular intervals, are placed on the way up to the summit; but the smoke, noise and filth were intolerable, —sleep fled our eyes and we were not refreshed. It was the season of pilgrimages, and the mountain was alive with people going up and coming down in companies, clad in coarse cotton garments, once white, but now discoloured and travel-soiled, with umbrella hats, straw sandals, bells, beads, water-bottles, and amulets. All were singing in chorus a brief chant or prayer to the God of the mountain. About eleven o'clock we turned out and found the night cloudless, the bright full moon flooding the mountain with silver light to the very summit. The pilgrims were alert, and we concluded to join them. In a few hours we passed the limit of vegetation. Breathing became difficult, and the action of the heart was quickened, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere in the elevation we had attained. We could not go ahead as if travelling on the mountains below; frequent halts were necessary. The ascent grew steep and dangerous, as almost on hands and knees we clambered over the black, slippery whale-back ridge of lava. The top seemed encouragingly near, but somehow did not draw rapidly nearer as we toiled wearily on. The night was departing, the sky was laced with the first streaks of dawn, and "morn in russet mantle clad" walked on the top of the eastern

hills. The clouds that floated slowly over the valleys took a crimson tinge, and became more and more golden as the sun approached the horizon. Over the Hakone range, hiding the lake from view, rested billowy masses of pale vapour, that crimsoned into wondrous glory as the lances of the morning sun shot them through and through—fading again into fleecy mountains whiter than snow.

Gaining the summit, we hastened around the crater, a circuit of three miles, looked down into the vast cauldron, 500 feet deep, that erewhile had spouted cataracts of flame, now entirely silent and partly filled with snow. We stood two miles above the tides of ocean, and being favoured with fine weather the view afforded was indeed sublime. A panorama with a diameter of a hundred and fifty miles lay spread out beneath us—plains, mountain ranges, lakes, rivers, and the sea far as the eye could travel, until all faded into haze on the distant horizon. The ocean expanse in tranquil majesty contrasted strangely with the restless change that marked the surface of the earth and the system of the clouds. As we stood entranced above the scene, the land was all motion, the sea was all rest.

The pilgrims on the summit, waiting for the sunrise, claim a passing notice. They believe that those who witness the sunrise from the top of Fuji will, without doubt, gain the heights of *Gokuraku*, the heaven of Buddhist saints. We were not on the top of the mountain in time to behold their devotions; I must therefore describe the scene in the words of another, who testifies to what he saw and felt: "The pilgrims began to muster, and in a few minutes there must have been something like a hundred and fifty of them standing facing the east at the edge of the crater. The moment was at hand which with many had been the hope of years. And now ensued a deep and impressive silence throughout the whole assemblage. Hands were joined and extended in the attitude of prayer; many fell on their knees and lowly murmured words which, whether of more or less deep meaning, could hardly have been less than expressive of gratitude or supplication to the Supreme Being; and a priest, standing in front of all, pronounced in a more measured, reverent manner than is common with the Buddhists, some hymn or prayer appropriate to the occasion. I envy no man who could remain unimpressed by such a sight, which indeed moved me deeply.

It is on occasions of this kind that the religious sentiment seems to declare itself an ultimate irresolvable fact of our nature, declaratory at once of the existence of a Supreme Being, and of relations between Him and ourselves which we may hereafter more clearly apprehend than is now possible to us."

In my next and concluding article of this series, I shall say something of our Mission, and of Christian work in general in the Empire of Japan.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

CHRIST CLEANSETH AND KEEPETH.

THE Bible teems with commands and promises about being kept from falling—kept from sin. First, however, I would distinctly state that it is *only* as and while a soul is under the full power of the blood of Christ that it can be cleansed from all sin; that one moment's withdrawal from that power and it is again actively, because really, sinning; and that it is *only* as and while kept by the power of God Himself that we are not sinning against Him; one instant of standing alone is certain fall! But (premising that) have we not been limiting the cleansing power of the precious blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, and also the keeping power of our God? Have we not been limiting 1 John i. 7, by practically making it refer only to "the remission of sins that are past," instead of taking the grand simplicity of "cleanseth us from *all* sin?" "All" is *all*, and as we may trust Him to cleanse from the stain of past sins, so we may trust Him to cleanse from all present defilement—yes, *all!* If not, we take away from this most precious promise, and by refusing to take it in its fullness, lose the fullness of its application and power. Then we limit God's power to "keep;" we look at our frailty more than at His omnipotence. Where is the line to be drawn beyond which He is *not* able?" The very *keeping* implies total helplessness without it, and the very cleansing most distinctly implies defilement without it.

It was that one word "cleanseth" which opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. I had never seen the force of the tense before, a continual present, always a present tense,

not a present which the next moment becomes a past. It *goes on* cleansing, and I have no words to tell how my heart rejoices in it. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a *remaining* in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing.

Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is "able to do," or even of what we have thought He might be able to do for us? Why not receive God's promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand? "Take the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the wicked;" "He is able to make *all* grace abound toward you, that ye, having always all sufficiency in all things;" and so on, through whole constellations of promises, which surely mean really and fully what they say.—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Bishop Hamline's Experience.

The doctrine of entire sanctification which he preached was not a speculation, nor a mere dogma, but an experience in consciousness, attended with the "witness of the Spirit," with "signs following" in corresponding fruits and effects. With Bishop Hamline this conscious experience was the great conservative, aggressive, balancing power of his life. His whole character was cast in this mould. To those who had seen and heard him but once or twice, or occasionally on public occasions or social meetings, he might seem to carry this subject to an extreme; but those who knew him long and intimately, saw and knew that what he appeared to be occasionally he was really and daily. "He believed, therefore he spoke;" and that faith was, indeed, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"—"the faith which is of the operation of God." On this subject he spoke not as one that "beateth the air;" but words had a meaning, because the things which they represented had entered into his inmost soul and liveliest apprehension. His teachings on this subject, and on every subject of experimental religion, will be a legacy to the Church, and a waymark to Wesleyan theology in all ages. What he might have been had he never been converted, or what he might have been had he never entered fully and deeply into the experience of perfect love, is not our prerogative to guess; but this we may clearly and safely say, had it not been for the great baptism of the Holy

Spirit abiding with him, he never could have left the record he has. True, he had uncommon natural talents, without which the Holy Spirit would not have chosen him for the particular sphere which he filled; but it was the Spirit using these talents which made him mighty.

The meekness and humility of Bishop Hamline's character were a marvel. He often startles one with his bold expressions. He says: "I find myself often adopting Edwards' expression, '*infinitely vile!*' responding even to the clear and most manifest visits of the Comforter, How canst thou dwell in a heart infinitely vile, and fill it with such jubilating joy? Often my bursting raptures mingle with a most grateful grief, that Jesus should condescend to dwell in so loathsome a heart as mine is, and employ His omnipotent Spirit to purify what is so corrupt. Who can speak in proper terms of such condescension of such a Saviour?" His humility and self-abhorrence were grounded in a deep sense of native depravity and the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It was no affectation. He saw with eyes illuminated by the law, the throne, the nature, and attributes of God. What was he? "Now that mine eyes see thee," says Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Bishop Hamline's joys, which often seemed more than the human frame could sustain, were commonly accompanied with a view of the depravity of our nature, and the ill-desert of sin inversely profound.—*Rev. Dr. F. G. Hibbard's Biography of Bishop Hamline.*

Purity of Heart.

If we would do as Jesus did, we must be His servants; if we would help to heal the evils of the world, we must ourselves be free from them; if we would tend the plague-stricken, there must not be the plague in our own hearts. We must be consistent, and give proofs of our consistency. It was in vain for Seneca to declaim against luxury in villas which excited the envy of an emperor, or against greed with millions out at extortionate usury. Such declamations sound hollow; such appeals ring false. He who would help others, must not only show the way, but lead the way.

If we desire to heal the deadly wounds of malice, we must look well to it that in our conversation be never heard the

serpent's hiss. We must speak no slander, no, nor listen to it. We must not help the half-brained dwarf society

> To find low motives unto noble deeds,
> To fix all doubt upon the darker side;

but our speech must be with grace, seasoned with salt. The reputations of our enemies must be as sacred from our gossip as those of our dearest relatives, and the absent must be as safe on our lips from secret malice as are the dead.

Are these hard conditions? They are not too hard if we use the grace which God gives us, and ask for more grace; and they are noble conditions, and they are absolutely indispensable conditions, and they *do* contribute to the mighty end in view. He who does this; he who lives thus; he whose appetites are his slaves, not his masters; he who has never dropped into the ears of another "the leprous distilment" of unclean thoughts; he who can give liberally and not grudge; he whose palm does not itch for gold; he who can love even his enemies; he who cannot merely say, 'I forgive," but can and does *ex animo* forgive even those who have secretly and most seriously wronged him; he who keeps innocency and does the thing that is right, and speaks the truth from his heart, and has not given his money upon usury, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour: *he* shall not only find peace at the last, shall not only receive for himself the blessing of the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation, but men shall take note of him that he has been with Jesus. And, however obscure or humble may have been his lot, however much fools may have counted his life madness, and his end to be without honour, yet, because he has left the world better than he found it, wisdom, at last, shall be justified of her children; the judgments of heaven shall correct the false and partial judgments of man's brief day; the memory of the just shall be blessed, when the name of the wicked rots.—*Canon Farrar.*

THE death we fear
Is but the eve 'tween two shining days.
—*Alexander Smith.*

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S. T. D.

The one common principle upon which all modern opponents of Christianity are agreed is the absolute and universal supremacy of *naturalism*. Whether the underlying postulates of their philosophy are those of Materialism, or of Pantheistic Spiritualism, or of Positive Agnosticism, they all premise that the supernatural must be excluded by the principles of true science.

Perhaps no writer of modern times has applied this principle more exhaustively, or with a greater show of universal knowledge, than the author of "Supernatural Religion." Of course a work of such a character cannot lay claim to great originality. Its fundamental principle is the old doctrine of Hume, "That which is contrary to experience cannot be true;" and the materials used in illustration or application of this principle are not difficult to trace to their original sources. In the great field of historical criticism, he follows the school of Bauer. Their theory is, that Christianity is the *natural* product of a combination of all the best moral and religious ideas of the age in which it arose. To write the history of the origin of Christianity, in such a way as to seem to embody all the facts in harmony with this theory, was the task undertaken by Bauer. This task, accomplished, would leave nothing *supernatural* in the Christian religion. Of all the facts to be disposed of by Bauer, in harmony with his theory, none was more stubborn than that of the *existence* of St John's Gospel. According to his view of the natural development of the doctrines of the Christian faith out of the original Judaism of its founder, the Gospel of St. John, which represents a very advanced stage of that development, could not possibly have been written before the middle or toward the close of the second century. All the critical ingenuity and learning of this school have been exhausted in endeavouring to maintain this position; and from them the author of "Supernatural Religion" has borrowed the materials for this part of his work.

In opposition to this naturalistic view of the origin of the fourth Gospel, Luthardt has pointed out the fact, that, if the fourth Gospel originated in the second century, it is a unique production of that age, differing from, and almost infinitely surpassing, everything else which that age has produced; and that while we are able to assign the authorship of almost all the comparative trash which that century has produced, this one superlative work can be traced to no known author.

When the views of Bauer were presented to English readers by the author of "Supernatural Religion," Professor Lightfoot, now Bishop of Durham, in a series of articles in the *Contemporary Review*, set forth in the most thorough and conscientiously accurate manner, the external historical testimony to *the existence of the fourth Gospel in the first half of the second century*, and to *its acceptance in that age as the work the Apostle*. In the volume before us we have the same work done for the American Christian public, by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Divinity School of Harvard University. While availing himself of the labours of his predecessors, and giving an admirable summary of the results of their work, Dr. Abbott has added not a little of acute critical research to the investigation of this important subject. This he has done especially in

* *The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel. External Evidences.* By EZRA ABBOTT, D.D., LL.D. Boston: G. H. Ellis.

the examination of the testimony of Justin Martyr, which occupies about one half of the entire volume. Justin Martyr's works were written about, or before, the middle of the second century. If he recognized this Gospel as the work of the Apostle John, it could not possibly be a forgery of this or of a later age; and his testimony to its universal acceptance by the Christian Church in his age would render any such theory as that of Bauer absurd. Dr. Abbott's investigations have made it as certain as the nature of indirect historical evidence will admit, that St. John's Gospel was included in the "Apostolical Memoirs" to which Justin Martyr appeals, and which he says were read together with the Old Testament Scriptures in all the assemblies of Christians in his day.

The truly scientific method always puts facts before theories; and it is encouraging to the faith of Christians to learn from conscientious and impartial labourers, such as the author of this little volume, that the *facts* were thoroughly in harmony with the old faith of the Christian Church.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, *Cobourg.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK.

The issue of this book is an event of Connexional importance. For many years, probably during the lifetime of most persons now living, it will continue to nourish the piety and to voice the religious aspirations of our congregations and people throughout this land. A careful and candid examination, we think, will convince competent judges that this is one of the best hymnals extant. We, at least, know of none better. A comparison of the Old and New Hymn-books will show that no revolutionary spirit has guided the making of the new selection. It is practically the old book with a number of its little used or objectionable hymns removed, and their place occupied by a larger number of choice selections from the wide field of Christian hymnody, from the early ages to the present time. Under the letter A, for instance, in the old book, there are forty-four hymns; of these no less than thirty-six appear in the new one. Among those omitted are the objectionable hymn, "Ah, lovely appearance of death," which few persons can honestly sing; the hymn beginning,

> "Adam descended from above!
> Federal Head of all mankind;"

with its rather commercial view of the atonement—

> "Its Surety, thou alone hast paid
> The debt we to thy Father owed;"

also the rather incongruous funeral hymn,

> "Again we lift our voice,
> And shout our solemn joys;
> Cause of highest raptures this,
> Raptures that shall never fail;
> See a soul escaped to bliss,
> Keep the Christian Festival."

This hymn, however exultant its faith and fervid its spirit, could hardly be sung at an ordinary funeral.

Hymn 466, written upon England's deliverance from the scourge of war, celebrates too exceptional an event to justify its translation to the new book. One, indeed, of the omitted hymns, and but one, we should like to have seen retained, the fine one beginning

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

But in place of those omitted we have twenty-nine others, including Luther's grand old hymn, "*Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*," Lyte's tender "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;" Watts' "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" and "Am I a

soldier of the cross?" Perronet's exultant "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" the grand version of the Hundredth Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell;" an exquisite version of the old hymn, from the Greek of St. Stephen, the Sabaite—although it is credited only to Dr. Neale—"Art thou weary, heavy-laden?" Miss Havergal's beautiful "As thy day thy strength shall be;" Dix's fine Christmas hymn, "As with gladness men of old;" an exquisite hymn on healing and comfort in Christ, that must touch every heart, by H. Twells; Hammond's spirited "Awake, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb;" Montgomery's "Angels from their realms in glory," and "According to thy gracious word;" Mrs. Mackay's touching "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep;" Bonar's "A few more years shall roll;" and others, besides two fine hymns, one of them especially grand, by Charles Wesley, which are not in the old book.

We cannot, of course, continue this comparison through all the letters. Let thus much suffice as a specimen. Of the five hundred and thirty-nine hymns in the old "Collection," not including the Supplement, there are in all about seventy omitted for reasons which seemed good to the revisors, and which, we doubt not, could be vindicated. The more striking of these omissions have been so well discussed in these pages by Mr. Lathern and Dr. Dewart that we need not again refer to them. There are none, we think, that will be seriously missed. After making up for all omissions, there is an addition of one hundred and sixty-six hymns, all of high poetic merit and devotional spirit, making in all over three hundred new hymns. Among the more notable additions are Heber's grand Missionary Hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and his sublime hymn of adoration, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" Montgomery's noble paraphrase, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," his "For ever with the Lord," and "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire;" Keble's "Sun of my soul," and the noble hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory;" Baring-Gould's stirring hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers;" Mrs. Conder's "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing;" Phœbe Cary's tender lyric, "One sweetly solemn thought;" Newman's "Lead, kindly Light;" Faber's "There's a wideness in God's mercy, like the wideness of the sea;" Ray Palmer's "My faith looks up to thee;" Lyte's "Jesus, I my cross have taken;" Bishop Wordsworth's "O day of rest and gladness;" Monsel's sweet marriage hymn, "O love divine and tender;" two fine hymns by Dr. Dewart, two by Dr. Punshon, and several from the sweetest singer of the time, the late Miss Havergal.

Besides these are a number of hymns which have sung their way into our social services, and should be adopted into our song-family and not treated as interlopers and strangers. Among these are the hymns which have led many a soul to the cross: "Just as I am," "Nearer, my God, to thee," "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing," and others so familiar that many will be surprised to find that they are not in the old book.

Then from the hymns of the ages which have come singing down the centuries, and shall go singing on to the end of time, we have the sublime *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Ambrose; hymns by Clement of Alexandria and St. Anatolius: the sublime *Dies Iræ* of Thomas of Celano—we prefer, however, the version beginning "Day of wrath and day of mourning," as more closely rendering the grand rhythm of the original; the grand old "Jerusalem the Golden," "For thee, O dear, dear country," and "Brief life is here our portion," of Bernard of Clugny—all parts of his long poem *De Contemptu Mundi;* two fine hymns by Bernard of Clairvaux—we should like to have seen also a translation of his "*Salve caput cruentatum*"—"O sacred head now wounded." There are also several fine translations by John Wesley and others from the noble hymnody of the German tongue.

The difference between the old and new hymn-books is more apparent than real, from the circumstance of the classification and grouping of the hymns in a more natural and appropriate sequence. Instead of being divided between the first "Collection" and a "Supplement," they are now all brought together under proper heads, which greatly facilitates reference and gives a logical and systematic unity to the whole. This we consider one of the distinguished merits of the new book. A number of the longer hymns have been judiciously abridged—five or six verses are as many as are ever sung at once. Some of the emendations of familiar hymns will probably provoke criticism, because they are changes from our accustomed use and wont. But we think they will commend themselves to the deliberate judgment. Some persons assume that a hymn is a sacred entity which may not be altered in the least without committing a sort of sacrilege. But a hymn that is to be sung by a great congregation as the expression of their own feelings is a very different thing from a poem which expresses only the writer's private sentiments. In framing what is really a liturgy for the use of the whole Church, it seems to us quite legitimate to so emend, if necessary, any hymns as to bring them into fuller harmony with our received theology, or to remove blemishes which, through the change of meaning or obsolescence of certain words, may have accrued.

The compilers of this book have concentrated upon their work a vast amount of thought and careful study and critical ability. They have laid, by their labours, the whole Church under great and lasting obligation. We again repeat, we know of no hymnal extant equal to this for general excellence and adaptation to the necessities of our religious services. We believe it will be a most valuable aid to the worship of Almighty God. In singing its noble hymns, both new and old, the soul will be lifted on wings of faith and love toward heaven, the heart will be inflamed with holy zeal, and the aspirations elevated and quickened. It is a grand body of divinity, conveying in words of richest harmony and strongest expressiveness the great truths of religion, and those special views of certain truths which characterize us as Methodists—the consciousness of sins forgiven and the breathing after full salvation. As a manual of private devotion it will be a means of grace of richest value. It should broaden our sympathies and make us more catholic in spirit to know that, however the Churches may differ in formulating their creeds, yet when they gather around the cross to sing the praises of the great Three-One, the sweetest concord marks their songs. The voices of such different schools of thought as those of Wesley and Watts, and Doddridge and Cowper, and Heber and Stanley, and Keble and Lyte, and Faber and Baring-Gould, and Charlotte Elliot and Phœbe Cary, and Bonar and McCheyne, and mediæval monks and the Moravian poet Montgomery, and the Fathers of the early ages and the sweet singers of to-day, all blend in one harmonious strain, in one grand pæan of praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever. We rejoice in the broad catholicity of this book.

It says much for the rapid development of our publishing establishment, and for the energy and enterprise of the Book Steward, that he is able to prepare and will shortly issue simultaneously five distinct editions—two of which are now ready—of this book. In mechanical execution the books would be a credit to any printing-office or bindery in the world. The stereotyping is sharp and clear; the binding substantial and elegant, quite like an English book; and the prices moderate, ranging from fifty cents upwards, for a book of nearly eight hundred pages. In consequence of these additions to its increasing regular work, few busier spots can be seen than our publishing house. Its staff of compositors, pressmen, electrotypers, stereotypers, binders, clerks in store and warehouse, are kept hard at work, often till late at night. The

weekly average of wages is $500, and the total yearly expenditure for wages alone, $26,000. Notwithstanding this large staff and expenditure, we are persuaded that we but express the opinion of the large and influential committee to which is committed the oversight of this establishment, that the utmost economy consistent with efficiency is observed by the Book Steward. The generous patronage of the Connexion is relied upon to recoup the heavy expense of the extension of business facilities.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1881.

Our arrangements for the coming year are not yet quite complete, but we are able to make the following announcements: Among the features of special interest will be a series of articles by the Rev. Donald G. Sutherland, B.D., LL.B, minister of the Methodist Church of Canada at Clinton, Ontario, entitled "JOTTINGS IN EASTERN LANDS." It will give notes of his visit during the present year to the Levant, Egypt, and Palestine, with special sketches of the world-famous cities of Constantinople, Athens, Damascus, and Jerusalem. The series will be finely illustrated; and these pen and pencil pictures of Bible lands cannot fail to add greatly to the attractiveness of the Magazine.

In the January Number will be begun a story by the Editor, entitled "VALERIA, THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS." Valeria was a Christian slave girl, the property of the daughter of the persecuting Emperor Diocletian, whose "melancholy adventures," says Gibbon, "might furnish a very singular subject for tragedy." The writer has made for many years the history and literature and memorials of the heroic period of the Church of the Catacombs a special study, and believes that he can throw much light on the early Christian life and character, and on the social and domestic relations of those stormy ages of persecution, in the form of a narrative, possessing much personal interest, of the trials and triumphs of those martyrs for the faith, "of whom the world was not worthy." The story will be copiously illustrated by elegant engravings.

The Editor will also prepare a series of brief character studies, entitled "MEN WORTH KNOWING; OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY." It will comprise the following: St. Jerome, St. Francis Assisi, William the Silent, Sir Francis Drake, Gustavus Adolphus, Admiral Coligny, Bernard Palissy, Jean Marteilhe, Fowell Buxton, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, and Charles Goodyear. These names have been selected, not at random, but as representing great religious and humanitarian movements of mankind. The writing of the sketches will involve much labour, and the reading of many books. But it is cheerfully undertaken in the interests of the MAGAZINE, and to give its readers, especially its younger readers, a more concise account than they can elsewhere obtain of some of the great men of God who, through the ages, have carried out His providential purposes toward our race.

It has been found impossible to complete in this volume Dr. Ryerson's valuable Essays on Canadian Methodism, and the admirable story of early Methodism, "Nathaniel Pidgeon." These will both be finished during the first half of next year.

Dr. Ryerson's important papers as they come nearer our own times grow in interest and value; and the power and pathos of Pidgeon's Diary culminate in its closing chapters. The London *Watchman* says: "It palpitates with genuine old Methodist experience and feeling. We have been unable to read it except with moistened eyes and deeply moved heart. It brings all the love and glow and gladness of primitive Methodism most vividly to our conscience."

We confess a disappointment in the character of some of the portraits presented during this year. Yet they have been the best that could be obtained in Canada. We cannot therefore definitely announce a regular series, but as we find

opportunity we shall give portraits and life sketches of leading men of our Church.

We regret that, through no fault of ours, we have not yet received the handsome cuts upon which we depended from Mrs. Brassey's sumptuous volume, "Sunshine and Storm in the East." The publishers wrote that they would be glad to comply with the request we made for them. We wrote to England to solicit the kind offices of the accomplished authoress herself, and she has ordered her English publisher to forward the plates forthwith. This book sells in Canada for $10, yet we will give the best of its cuts and an outline of its contents in the forthcoming volume. We expect also to present studies on Biblical topics by the Professors of each of our Theological Colleges. Papers by other leading ministers and laymen will also be given. "Sister Dora," a charming character sketch by the Rev. J. C. Seymour, will shortly appear.

The Departments of "The Higher Life" and "Prayer Meeting Thoughts" will be replete with the wisest words of the Churches' best writers, calculated to promote personal piety and practical religion. In "Current Topics," the great movements, especially of the religious world, will be reviewed. The best issues of the press shall receive notice; and the doings of the Churches put on record.

We ask now the hearty co-operation of both ministers and lay friends to make the next year of the Magazine the most successful of its history, as it will be the most deserving of success. To accomplish this we require at least *one new subscriber from every circuit.* We think this not too much to ask. Let no circuit fail to send at least one. This addition to its circulation would enable us greatly to improve its character. Upon the kind offices of its friends it depends for help. Please show this and the December number to your friends, and solicit their subscription. Notwithstanding the increased cost of production, the price is still kept at the low figure of $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months; with the *Guardian*, $3.50. Send for canvassing and specimen numbers.

Scribner's and *Harper's* magazines will be clubbed with this Magazine for $3 each; but the cash must accompany the order, as it has to be forwarded directly to New York.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

METHODIST CHURCHES.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, has been enabled, by the munificence of a friend, to employ in evangelistic work several young men who could not be appointed to circuits. Mr. Jenkins is also holding meetings in various districts for considering the best means of promoting a revival of "the work of God" in the Methodist Churches.

The Wesleyan missionaries in the New Britain and New Ireland District make favourable reports of the progress of their work.

A dreadful hurricane recently swept over the island of Jamaica and destroyed mission-houses and churches to the value of several thousands of pounds, besides destroying much property of the inhabitants, hundreds of whom have lost their all, and are now in a state of destitution. The Missionary Committee has granted a loan of money towards the erection of the places of worship, and appeals are

now made to the benevolent in England to come to the help of the poor people.

"The Methodist Museum of Antiquities," recently established at the Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate-street, London, is likely to be a great success. Several gentlemen who have been engaged for many years past in the collection of old Wesleyan manuscripts and relics, are coming forward as contributors, and the museum is already rich in the matter of letters written by the Wesleys, portraits of the founder of Methodism, etc. Among other interesting features is a collection of society tickets, an effort being in progress to form a complete set of these tokens of membership from the establishment of Methodism.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The late General Conference amended the Discipline so as "to make the buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, signing petitions in favour of granting license for the sale of liquor, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, renting property to be used as the places in which to manufacture or sell such liquors," as cause for expulsion for those guilty, if not followed by repentance and pledge for future good behaviour.

Up to August 1, 1880, the Board of Church Extension had aided by grant and loan 2,875 Churches. The amount disbursed by the Board on general account, from the beginning to August 1, is $1,076,781. The loan fund has a paid-up cash capital of $351,915, besides real estate sufficient to swell the total to nearly $400,000. The Board has collected and re-loaned $166,476.56, so that loans have been made to the amount of $518,391.56.

In 1882 it will be fifty years since the first foreign mission was established by this Church. Drs. Durbin and Bangs were the originators of this grand work. It is now proposed, under the inspiration of the semi-centennial anniversary, to raise $1,000,000 for foreign missions.

The bishops have united in an appeal to the Church to aid the Metropolitan Church at Washington. The said church cost $225,000, of which all is paid but $30,000. This the people there cannot pay. The pastors are to read the appeal with proper remarks to their respective congregations, and take up a collection during the month of October, so that the debt may be paid.

The Methodist Woman's Foreign Missionary Association has, since 1869, built and sustained three orphanages, three hospitals, ten dispensaries, thirteen boarding-schools, and eight homes for missionaries. Fifty single women have gone out as missionaries, and nearly two hundred national teachers and Bible-women have been employed in doing gospel work. For these enterprises this society has paid, since May, 1869, $590,966. Among heathen women there are already 2,291 auxiliary societies, comprising 60,269 members.

The numerous teachers and preachers sent out by Rev. W. Taylor, D.D., to South America, have held a Conference at Valparaiso, and organized the South American Evangelical Association. The missionaries and teachers receive only their outfit and passage money on leaving the United States, and are expected to maintain themselves in the field. It is known to most of our readers that Dr. Taylor, better known as the "California Street Preacher," has for some years been labouring on what he calls "the Pauline plan," with remarkable success. He is now arranging to found a large boarding-school in Pernambuco, a city in Brazil of 100,000 inhabitants, and the same in Bahia, a city of 180,000. These will each require at once three or four teachers, whom he hopes to get off by November 5th. Then in the spring he wants to send out about twenty well-educated young men, wholly consecrated to God, to go and learn the language, and found a school in each capital of all the provinces of the empire of Brazil. He wants them to engage each a missionary lady, of good teaching qualifications, to become their wives, and,

with all other needed reinforcements, to join them in their work as soon as they can get it sufficiently organized, say six, nine, or twelve months. Such will constitute a broad preparatory base for soul-saving work, to be utilized as the Lord shall direct. The population of Brazil is nearly fourteen millions. Not a dollar is asked from home for the support of any man or woman sent out by Dr. Taylor. Some may receive help for building churches or colleges, but not to support the workers. What is needed is money to pay passage and provide such outfit as may be essential to their work, such as school furniture and findings. None of Taylor's mission-fields in India or South America cover an acre of territory pre-occupied by the regular Methodist Missionary Society, so there can be no conflict between the two classes of workers. He does not want any funds that should, and otherwise would, go into the missionary treasury; but, if there be those who, having done all they could or would in their regular giving, wish to have a share in paying the passage of these workers to Brazil, to Central America and Chili, and also to India, they can send by letter addressed to Rev. W. Taylor, D.D., 805 Broadway, New York. The Doctor supports himself and family by the sale of his books, which have had a large circulation, and cannot fail to do good.

The Methodist Church of Canada.

The Methodists in Bermuda are passing through a season of great trial. Since 1839 there has been no severe hurricane until recently, when a dreadful storm swept over the whole country, some say the most severe of the century. The destruction among the shipping was great, and but few buildings escaped injury. The places of worship belonging to our Church have suffered severely, and unless help be sent from abroad it will be impossible for a long time to come to do a great deal towards their re-erection. The people deserve the practical sympathy of the Methodists of Canada.

A new church, capable of seating 800 persons, is in course of erection at St. John's, Newfoundland. The corner-stone was laid by the wife of the Rev. J. Shenton, whom the trustees presented with a silver trowel for the occasion. The service was one of great interest. This makes the third Methodist church in the city of St. John's.

Dr. Sutherland has returned from his North-western tour. As these notes are being prepared, the Central Board meeting is being held, from which we regret to learn that the income of the Missionary Society has fallen a little behind that of last year, while the demands for increased aid in all the mission departments exceed those of former years, so that painful retrenchments must of necessity be made.

The Rev. Henry B. Steinhaur accompanies Dr. Sutherland, and from his long experience in mission work in the North-west, where he has laboured upwards of a quarter of a century, he will be of great service at missionary meetings during the present season.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Story of the Jubilee Singers, with their Songs. By J. B. T. MARSH. Fifty-ninth Thousand. Pp. 243. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book recounts one of those truths which are stranger than fiction. It tells how a little company of recently enfranchised slaves set out to raise, for the founding of a college for their people, what seemed the fabulous sum of $20,000, and returned in three years with $100,000; how they encountered at first contumely, persecution, and insult; and

how they were welcomed to the palaces of kings, and to the highest circles of the Old World and the New. When the Union armies penetrated the South, black refugees came by thousands to their lines, and on the close of the war 4,000,000 of emancipated slaves sought the long-forbidden fruit of education and liberty. Hundreds of Northern ladies went South to teach these eager catechumens, and in spite of Ku-Klux assassinations, persisted in their heroic task. The hunger for knowledge was stronger than the hunger for bread. Old men and women, after a long day's toil, learned to read from the same books as their grandchildren. Soon seventeen academies and schools for coloured teachers were opened in the South. One of these was established in 1866, in an army hospital at Nashville. A pile of rusty handcuffs and fetters from an old slave pen, sold for old iron, purchased spelling books and New Testaments. In a year 10,000 children were under instruction by the half-taught teachers. It was decided to found a college for their better training. But where was the money for this work? Eleven coloured students, with their teacher, Mr. White, resolved to earn it. The Chicago fire took place. They gave the entire proceeds of their first paid concert to the relief fund. They were turned away from hotels. They were driven by a mob from a railway waiting-room. They were hissed when they appeared on the platform. They suffered from cold through lack of clothing. They often had paid their last dollar for the day's food. They learned to sing, with intense literalness, the old slave song :—

"O, my Lord, keep me from sinking down."

But God raised up friends. Often in their extremity came the helping hand, the timely gift. They sang their way into the hearts of the people. In Brooklyn, Beecher took them by the hand. The *Herald* ridiculed his "Negro Minstrels;" but Talmage, Cuyler, Storrs, and Scudder, opened their churches and their homes to the emancipated slaves. As they sang their weird and plaintive melodies, in which the sorrows of a century of bondage seemed to wail, strong men wept like children. The tide had turned. Henceforth success awaited them everywhere. Manufacturers and publishers aided in giving furnishings and books for their college. They made as much as $1,235 at a single concert. They sang "Go Down, Moses," at the White House. Their songs were published, and were sung by street *gamins* and fair ladies all over the land. In three months, they, who had gone forth weeping, returned, bringing their sheaves with them—an offering of $20,000 for a college for their people.

In a week they were at work again. At the World's Peace Jubilee they thrilled the souls of 40,000 people as they sang the strain :—

"John Brown died that the slave might be free,
Glory, glory, hallelujah."

They broke down the barriers of caste as nothing else could do. They sang in the finest hall in Philadelphia, which had been refused to a U. S. Senator because he was black; and, refused admission elsewhere, were welcomed to its best hotel. After their visit to Newark, the city schools were thrown open to coloured children.

In the spring they sailed for England by the Cunard steamer, several other lines having refused them passage. The Duke of Argyll invited them to his house, where, as they sang, "Steal away to Jesus," the Queen of England was deeply moved. Mr. Gladstone invited them to breakfast, and his wife and daughters entertained them as equals. They sang in Newman Hall's, Spurgeon's, and Dr. Parker's chapels. They were the guests of the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Their income reached $1,000 a night, and they brought home $50,000. In 1875 they crossed the sea again, and sang with great effect at Moody's meetings, and at Newcastle to a multitude of poor people in the streets. They went to Holland and were received at the Royal Palace at the Loo. They went to Germany and sang before the Crown Prince

and Princess, and Kaizer Wilhelm, in the old Palace of Frederick the Great. They sang their way through the land of Luther and Switzerland, and, with more than the skill of Orpheus, sang the stones together of two noble college buildings for the training of their race. The change from the slave cabin to the royal palace might well turn their heads. But they have still the modest bearing of Christian ladies and gentlemen.

Of the twenty-four who have belonged to the company, twenty were slaves, and three of the others were born of parents who had been slaves. Their life stories are of touching pathos. Take for example that of Ella Shepherd, the pianist of the troupe. Her father hired his time, and bought his own freedom for $1,800. His wife and babe were sold South. He bought his child for $350. His wife, her master would not sell, and he never saw her again. He married a second time, and bought his wife for $1,300, and then began life without a penny. In order to learn music, his daughter had to visit her teacher at night, by a back stairway, so bitter was the caste prejudice against her race. By teaching a school of thirty-five scholars, she saved $6 and went to Fisk University, and has since helped to earn $150,000 for the institution.

These singers have never been in Canada. They purpose coming this winter. We bespeak for them a cordial welcome. We made their acquaintance at Chautauqua, where delighted thousands never tired of their sweet songs. Every one is a professing Christian—most of them, we think, Methodists. We hope that while the vulgar burnt cork buffoons, who caricature their race, reap year after year their golden harvests in Canada, these Christian ladies and gentlemen will receive for the noble charity they represent an adequate aid. To hear them sing, "Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord," "I'm troubled in mind," "Children, we all shall be free," "Swing low, sweet chariot," "Steal away to Jesus." and "Goodbye, brothers," is to have the heart touched by a strange and lingering spell. The words and music of 112 of their hymns and their heliotype portraits are in this book.

This notice was crowded out of the last number. Since it was written the "Jubilees" have come and conquered. They received from delighted audiences a most hearty reception.

Ephphatha, or the Amelioration of the World. By T. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. pp. 340. Macmillan & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1.65.

These sermons, most of which were preached in Westminster Abbey, discuss more the amelioration of the physical condition and bodily sufferings of mankind than their moral regeneration, although the latter is not left out of the account.

But, as Dr. Farrar remarks, for one sermon preached on the former aspect of Christian duty, one hears fifty on the latter. These discourses have all the eloquence, the pathos, and the power which characterize the exquisite pulpit style of the learned canon; and his stern indictment of the national vice of intemperance, and his rebuke of England's commercial greed and her war policy, and of the social evils only too prevalent, are like an echo of an old Hebrew prophet. We think, however, he depends too much on mere natural goodness to better the condition of mankind, without giving due importance to moral regeneration as a prime factor of that result.

Lovell's Advanced Geography for the use of Schools and Colleges. 4to, pp. 148. Price $1.50.

Time was when Canadians were, for the most part, dependent on American geographies. Many of us remember with some compunction the hours spent over the old Morse, or still older Olney. The excellent General Geography compiled in 1861 by Dr. J. Geo. Hodgins, first removed this reproach from our educational system. The progress of geographical science has led to a thorough

revision and expansion of the work, till the admirable Advanced Geography now offered the public is the result. Omitting the splendid atlases of Keith-Johnston and other British and foreign publishers, this is by far the best geography we know. The definitions are clear and distinct, and are amply illustrated. The physical description and notes on the products, political divisions, and leading events and statistical tables, are interesting in matter, and are brought down to the present time. The numerous maps—there are forty-seven of them—are admirably executed, and the engravings, over 200 in number—which make the descriptions so much more intelligible, and impress them so much more strongly on the youthful mind—are a credit to Canadian art. We hope to be able to submit some specimens of Canadian scenes in a future number of this magazine.

As is proper in a work of this sort, special prominence is given to our own country, and young Canadians may here obtain a vivid conception of the extent of their country, of its principal towns and cities, its products, and its political relations. But the other parts of the world are not neglected, ample information being given even of such subordinate countries as Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. Geography, when properly taught, is one of the most fascinating pursuits, and we know of no way whereby young people may obtain, in such a pleasant form, so much useful information as by the study of this book.

The Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter. Hall & Co., 239 Broadway, New York.

This is an exhaustive discussion of one of the profoundest problems in the universe. It argues in favour of a theistic as opposed to a materialistic doctrine of evolution, and makes many strong points against the philosophy of Spencer and Huxley. The publishers will send a specimen pamphlet, containing the introductory chapter, free to any address.

—The publishers of the Humboldt Library—J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York—continue to issue high class works on Science, which have hitherto been very expensive, at the merely nominal price of 15 cents. The last three issues have been Spencer's Data of Ethics, his new book which has attracted special attention; Blaserna's Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music; and Bates' Naturalist on the Amazons, a book of fascinating narrative interest. Where the subjects admit of it, these books are fully illustrated. The great works of Proctor, Tyndall, Bagehot, Huxley, and Balfour Stewart are thus brought within the reach of every one. We hope that instructive scientific reading will soon supplant much of the frivolous novel reading in which so many waste their time. These books are on sale at our Methodist Book Rooms. We are not afraid of science.

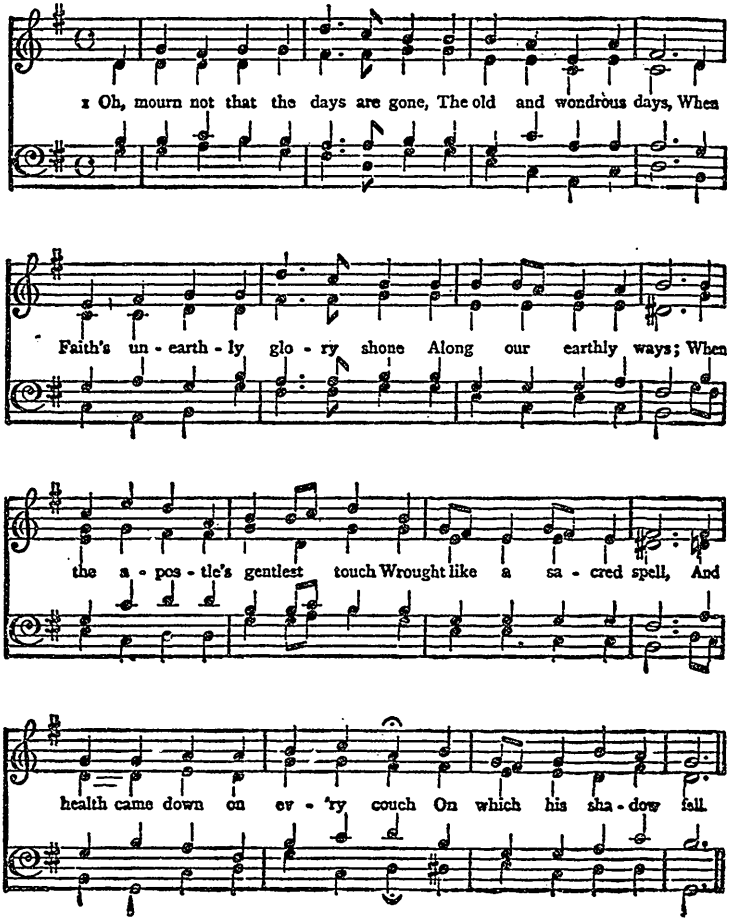
—In addition to the books referred to last month as shortly to be issued from our Connexional Press, we are glad to announce that Dr. Burwash has in press a volume which we are sure will be highly appreciated by the probationers for our ministry, and by many others. It is an edition of the fifty-two sermons of Mr. Wesley, which, with his Notes on the New Testament, constitute the Standards of our Church, accompanied by elucidatory notes of his own.

The Rev. Dr. Ryerson is to be congratulated on the fact that the first edition of his "U. E. Loyalists and their Times" has been exhausted in four months. A second edition has been called for, and is now being put to press.

Our Connexional Book-Room is thus becoming a large publishing house, and has facilities for turning out first-class work in large quantities; and, apparently, the literary activity of our Church will keep it working to its full capacity. We rejoice at this as an evidence of a purpose to use more largely the important agency of the press for the diffusion of religious teaching and influence.

FAITH WORKETH BY LOVE.

Words by J. D. BURNS. T. B. STEPHENSON.



2 The glory is not wholly fled,
That shone so bright before,
Nor is the ancient virtue dead,
Though thus it works no more.
Still, godlike power with goodness dwells,
And blessings round it move,
And faith still works its miracles,
Though now it works by love.

3 It may not on the crowded ways
Lift up its voice as then,
But still with sacred might it sways
The stormy minds of men.
Grace still is given to make the faint
Grow stronger through distress,
And even the shadow of the saint
Retains its power to bless.

From SONGS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE, published by Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room Toronto